

## Sensor-cery Overload

"I still can't believe you accepted that contract." Keri mused as she peered over the desk watching as her partner furiously worked away at her newly designed device.

"Well, we need all the money we can get if we're going to try and get you a new physical body." Amala sighed as she looked over at her accomplice's ethereal form.

Reclining in the air, Keri took a deep breath. "When's your client supposed to show up anyways?"

"Late this evening, I'm just about done with this aside from one last piece I still need to get." Amala said, still focused on the device.

Ever since Amala had delved into an ancient magus' crypt just a few short months ago she'd been bonded with Keri's spirit. The transparent form of what was once a powerful cowgirl mage hung idly over the desk, emitting a faint blue glow over Amala and her new device, her sheer clothing doing little to hide her well-rounded form.

"What is that thing you're working on anyways?" Keri asked.

"It's a sensor meant to detect various magic traps and wards for those who lack their own magical senses." Amala stated, growing ever perturbed by her friend's constant questions.

"But don't you need your own source of mana to be able to detect other forms of magic." Keri asked, making a point to bring her full attention to Amala and her device.

Amala sighed. "Yes, you should know better than me when it comes to magic. I intend to use a mana gem for the core of the device rather than a typical cut gem, so it emits a larger magical sphere that reacts to various forms of magic."

Keri, unable to help herself, begins grinning ear to ear. "And don't you get all —" she puffed up her cheeks, resembling a blowfish, Amala's face burned red,

"That's beside the point!" She cried, cutting off Keri.

Keri visibly stifled her laugh. "I know, I know, it's mostly my fault that you swell up anytime you come in contact with magic, I just don't have anywhere else to store my mana."

"Hence why we're working towards getting you a new physical form." Amala stated as she grabbed her satchel from the back of her chair, spending several moments adjusting it to rest comfortably over her shoulder. The baggy cream-colored shirt she wore did considerable work hiding her shapely body.

Being a formidable mage in her time, Keri was able to train her body to absorb magic through contact with spells and latent magic in the air, now that ability affects her host as well. She floated alongside Amala. "This better be a quick trip, the magic emporiums taking place

down at the market, I can't stand people who think they have *real* magic. But I *can* stand the jewelry they create." she said as she began to idly cast specks of lights around her and Amala.

"It'll have to be quick if I want to get back here at a decent size." Amala said, a pit forming in her stomach as she realized she forgot the emporium was taking place today.

The heavy wooden door to the lab shut behind the pair, an equally weighty lock clicking behind them. Not even a few steps away from the main street and she could already sense the overwhelming magical presence in the market nearby. "Not quick enough..." she mumbled out of earshot of Keri.

The town was lively with people both local and foreign, crowds forming around every storefront to see what new bits and bobs various inventors have created over the past year. A soft autumn breeze floated through the air, helping to keep Amala cool underneath her curly auburn hair. Trepidation filled her as she approached the market as she sensed the buzz of excess magic in the air.

"Why couldn't you have sent someone else to go get what you need, you're getting paid an awful lot for just this little device." Keri groaned, hanging softly behind Amala.

"Because only I know what exactly I'm looking for, and I don't trust a runner to see the same importance in the project that I do. The client also asked for a higher quality sensor, so I *need* a crystal with more magic, and I have an old friend here who should have just what I need." Amala said, subconsciously picking up her pace when she passed several stalls loaded with various glowing devices.

On a small corner packed amongst other tiny stores and shops was the store owned by Amala's contact. The shop remained tucked away from the main action of the emporium, easing her nerves if only a little.

"Looks like there's something on the door." Keri stated passively, already getting distracted by a neighboring clothing parlor.

Grabbing the note and hastily reading it, Amala began to grow increasingly worried. "No no no! I needed one of her mana crystals before she left for the emporium!"

"I guess she wanted to get an early start to the day, if she's as good as you say I don't blame her, she must be making a fortune out there." Keri said, still partially distracted by the other storefronts.

"Well, I can! She's one of the only few people who know about my – about *our* situation!" Amala said, growing more flustered by the second.

"Take a deep breath, we'll find her. Just keep your head on straight and we'll get you through this, did the note say where she was?" Keri asked soothingly.

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Amala, while still worried, steeled herself as best she could. “The note just says, *‘find me where the action is!’* No doubt she’d be near the center of the market. Alright, let’s go.”

“That’s the girl I remember when we first met!” Keri said, floating a little higher, “C’mon, I’ll try to guide you through, no promises that I won’t get distracted though.”

Amala shook her head. “Just stay close by, remember, you’re supposed to look like a familiar when we’re out in public.”

“Even *with* my horns that’s a bit of a stretch, just don’t expect me to moo or anything.” Keri sneered.

As the pair began approaching the market, Amala couldn’t help but notice the satchel’s strap around her torso had grown a bit tighter. She silently sent a prayer to the gods for inventing baggy clothing.

The street was abuzz with people all huddled around what felt like hundreds of mini shops and street vendors. The constant banter and haggling of prices would’ve been enough to drive Amala mad had she not been truly devoted to her mission of tracking down her friend. The street only grew more crowded as the duo inched their way towards the main set of shops, people began gathering in clusters throughout the street to see the small fireworks display near the central fountain.

“Do you know which stall your supplier will be at?” Keri asked, not bothering to hide her growing interest in Amala’s assets.

“Well, no, but she’s rather...*flamboyant*, so she should be easy to spot” Amala said, pulling on the collar of a shirt that felt as if it was beginning to shrink.

“Y’know if you keep messing with your clothes like that, you’re likely to draw attention. Attention that isn’t mine.”

Amala’s face flushed, crossing her arms in an attempt to hide her assets. “It’s not my fault I feel like I’m about to turn into a magic balloon! Can you take a look around for me, it’s hard enough to move as is.”

“Of course, give me a moment” Keri said as she ascended above the hustle and bustle.

Looking down on the street below, Keri couldn’t help but notice an extravagant display at the origin of the small magic fireworks show, as well as several glowing contraptions all packed into one stall next to the fountain in the center of the market. She descended back down to Amala to report what she saw, finding her conversation locked with one of the many vendors.

“But you would look great with this necklace! They say it’s forged with only the best gold, and it even has a mana crystal! It’s just perfect for an aspiring mage such as yourself!” the saleswoman said to Amala, trying to get the pendant around her neck.

“It’s beautiful, but I’m just here for some light shopping.” Amala said trying to step around the saleswoman.

“Surely I could cut you a deal! Name your price, I can work around it!” The saleswoman replied, trying her best to model the jewelry on her newfound prey.

“Please, I’m in a bit of a hurry, I need to – ah!”

Stumbling back into the woman’s stall, Amala felt the faint click behind her neck as the saleswoman stood back, a large grin appearing on her face. “Doesn’t that just look great!” she said triumphantly.

Feeling a surge of magic energy, Amala began fighting the latch on the necklace as she felt her breasts beginning to shift and swell. In only a few seconds Amala managed to get the amulet unhooked from her neck, but to her it felt like ages. Her bust came to rest at the size of prize-winning melons. She set the necklace down on the stall and turned to the woman,

“I r-really need to get going, please e-excuse me” she said as she began looking around for Keri, trying to readjust her shirt in the process.

“Uh...of course miss, have a good rest of your day” the woman stuttered, barely maintaining eye contact. She stepped away from Amala and hid the amulet beneath the stall before locating her next victim.

“You couldn’t just tell her no?” Keri asked as she floated up next to her swollen friend.

Amala, still trying to hide the true nature of what remained hidden under her shirt, looked up at Keri defeatedly. “I tried to, but she just wouldn’t back off! Now I have to deal with *these!*” She gestured to herself, her once oversized shirt now generously filled out.

Keri took her partner’s hand and began guiding her through the crowd. “Don’t worry, I’ve dealt with these types of scenarios before, I’ll get you in and out of here. Can’t say the same about your shirt though” A small smile appearing on her lips.

Amala frowned, holding her growing chest and satchel close to her body. “The relentless shopkeepers or the swelling breasts?”

“A bit of both, c’mon you’re on a timer here, we need pick up the pace.” Keri said, pulling her friend deeper into the congested street.

In what felt like an eternity pushing their way through the hectic thoroughfare Amala and Keri reached the center of the market, the intricate carved designs on the fountain becoming much clearer. It didn’t take long to find where the little fireworks show was taking

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place. Packed amongst several larger machines was a handful of what looked to be miniature cannons launching small orbs into the air, and an uncoordinated woman behind the counter trying to keep everything running smoothly. Mechanical devices whirred behind the makeshift counter casting a brilliant blue hue on the table, Amala walked over and watched as her vendor loaded up another round of fireworks, oblivious to the buxom redhead and transparent cowgirl behind her.

“Hey Lily!” Amala called out, resisting the urge to peruse the myriad of items strewn about the table. Noticing the pressure in her chest starting to rise slowly, she began inspecting the devices behind the stand but was unable to find where the source of magic was radiating from.

Lily turned around, clearly startled, her wide blue eyes made larger by the thick lenses of her glasses. She pushed her platinum-colored hair away from her face. “Amala! Sorry I didn’t notice you there, trying to keep up with all these people really takes it out of a girl, y’know?”

“I get it.” Amala said, “What’s up with the firework display you have, is it just meant to attract customers?”

“A little yeah, but these are actually part of my most recent project!” Lily exclaimed as she rested against one of the glowing metal cylinders, standing a head taller than the device. “Since gunpowder doesn’t come cheap and I lack any magical prowess, these devices will actually condense magic sources into pure mana, which I then use for my little light show!”

Amala shifted uncomfortably when she realized these machines were the cause of the rising pressure within her bust. “I see...well, I don’t wanna keep you from your customers, but by chance do you have those mana crystals I asked for?”

The look of pride drained quickly from Lily’s face, turning into embarrassment. “Oh my gods, I meant to have a courier get those to you before the emporium started today! I just saw so many people showing up early I had to get my station set up, I’m so sorry!”

“Don’t worry, I’m not mad. I’m just finishing a project of my own for a client tonight is all.” Amala said as she once again readjusted her satchel.

“Oh! Of course, let me grab them for you! You should totally check out these magic fireworks though, I swear you can feel them pulsing with energy!” Lily said as she loaded up another makeshift cannon.

“Look, I would love to, but I do have my...*condition* to work around.” Amala said, gesturing back towards Keri floating idly nearby, enamored with a large display case of jewels nearby.

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that too, Keri’s her name, right? You know, if you’re willing, I would love to run a few tests with both of you to see what really causes your –”

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“Maybe another time.” Amala said, waving a dismissive hand. “Although, it might be good to learn what I can and can’t do with magic, I’m sure Keri wouldn’t oppose.”

“Alright, just let me know! Now, for your mana crystal. I snuck a few extras in there for you, give me a moment to dig them out here.” Lily turned her back and began digging through her mountain of wares.

Lily located the small sack, pinned beneath one of the machines. Overestimating her strength, Lily dislodged the bag of goodies from under her stockpile easier than anticipated, throwing herself back into the second glowing machine behind her in the process. The whole setup rattled, causing one of the firework launchers to fall over, aiming directly at Amala. In a split second, a small magic missile shot out of the stand and careened towards her. The ball of light dissipated upon colliding with her, fading before any damage could be done, the faint afterglow of magic gravitating towards the already swelling mounds beneath her not-so-baggy shirt.

“Oh my gods! Amala I’m so sorry!” Lily cried, quickly fixing the fireworks display and inspecting her friend for any injuries.

The sound of seams stretching dominated Amala’s hearing, though it was barely noticeable above the sounds of nearby crowds. Holding her hands to her breasts, Amala could feel inches of growth being added by the second. Several shoppers took notice of the spectacle before them, assuming it to be another extravagant display of magic. “It’s...*nnggh*... fine, just...just hand me the bag please...what’s the fastest way out of here, I need to...*hah*... get back to my lab.”

Looking utterly remorseful, Lily pointed back down the path Amala had approached from, towards a small alcove amongst a pair of buildings. “Your best option is to head back the way you came, try taking that alley if you can, it’ll keep you away from the crowded streets long enough to make some headway.”

“Do I look like I can fit through an alley right now!” Amala said loudly, drawing the attention of Keri and the further attention of shoppers. Keri’s translucent figure drifted back over to her friend’s side, clearly captivated by Amala’s recent developments.

“You could fit through a few if you hurry, don’t worry about payment either, I still owe you a few favors, now go!” Ushering the Amala and Keri through the crowded street.

Cradling her watermelon sized breasts, Amala began to push her way through the busy street to the alley. “Keri, I need you to...*mmnnngh*...I need you to carry the crystals for me...just u-until we get closer to the lab.”

The translucent spirit floated next to her overly curvaceous friend. “I do believe the brothel was the other direction, Amala.” Keri said snickering.

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“Very funny...can y-you help me or not...” Entering the alley, the space between the buildings quickly began to dwindle as her chest burgeoned.

“Why do you need me to carry it, I think you’re handling *them* just fine.” Keri gestured to Amala’s shirt rather than her bag of gems, still trying - and failing, to hide her smile.

Ignoring the sarcasm, Amala groaned as she pressed through the shrinking alleyway. “Maybe it’s the...*nnggh*...fact that I *absorb* magic! These crystals are chock-full of the stuff, *powerful* stuff, I...*mmm*...need them to be away from me s-so I don’t get stuck anywhere!”

“Ok, ok, I can help you, but maybe you could do a favor for me in return.” Keri said, studying Amala’s growing form.

With one last push Amala made it through the alley, just on the outskirts of the market. Still not accustomed to her newfound weight, she fell forward on top of her bust, sinking into the soft mounds that broke her fall. “What could you possibly want, you can conjure up most anything w-with your powers.”

“We’ll go over the details later, nothing too crazy I promise.” Keri said.

“*Mmph*...fine, later I g-guess...” Amala gasped, feeling a small surge in her growth, the seams of her shirt reached their limit as she began nearing the size of beachballs. The heavy teardrop shaped mounds made sure that her shirt was not long for this world. With some effort she regained her footing.

Growing ecstatic, Keri began to float around happily, “I didn’t hear a no!”

“Alright, take the b-bag already.” Amala tossed her satchel over to Keri, struggling to stay upright with her newly added weight.

Keri watched the bag travel through the air. With a wave of her hand, it stopped dead in its tracks. She floated up next to it, high enough above Amala to help reduce her swelling.

With the late afternoon crowds beginning to dissipate, the duo cut back towards the market and began making their way through the main street. Amala deemed the occasional wandering eyes of the people around her to be far easier to deal with than potentially getting lodged in the alley. Each step she took felt like a workout, her enlarged nipples began threatening to reveal themselves to the afternoon sun.

Rounding the last corner onto the street that housed her lab, Amala almost ran headlong into a dwarf trudging angrily down the road.

“Watch where yer walking!” The dwarf took notice of Keri inspecting the bag of crystals behind Amala, “Damn magic users, always with the enhancement magic! Always the self-centered type! Always with magic whatnots! Where did that blasted horse go!”

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The muttering and swearing of the dwarf continued as he walked angrily on leaving just as quickly as he appeared, the smell of singed hair leaving with him. The street finally becoming quiet as he rounded a corner, Keri turned to Amala, "What was his deal?"

"Wish I could...*nnh*...tell you, just k-keep moving, we're almost b-back to the lab."

Turning on the street towards where the dwarf appeared from, they came across why he was so irate. A horse-drawn cart with a busted wheel and a distinct lack of a horse, various ores and gems cast about the cobblestone road glistening gently in the approaching evening light. The faint scent of charred wood filling the nearby air. Keri drifted over to the cart, allowing Amala to be a generous distance from the magic-radiating tote she carried.

Inspecting the cab, she came across an open note left sitting open on the seat, both the note and wood beneath it had their fair share of burn marks. Flecks of light illuminated the broken glass that was scattered across the floorboards. Unable to resist her wandering eyes, she began scanning the message.

"Woah! I can see why that dwarf was so mad, he was making a delivery to an archmage, but their name is scratched out. Guess their employer didn't deem a name necessary to the job. It says something about volatile materials...protection wards...ok, now I'm curious what's here."

"Don't...poke around in there. We don't k-know what was being delivered." Amala said, still making her way to her lab at the end of the street.

Ignoring the warning, Keri began sifting around the cabin of the cart, discovering the origin of the burn marks. Inside the compartment sat a stone box, its lid set aside leaving the contents exposed. On a small bed of straw sat a handful of vials, most of which were intact, but a couple had begun to crack.

"Well, no wonder these are broken." Keri said, raising one of the vials to the late afternoon sun, the pink hue dancing with the translucent blue of her ghostly form. "These wards are, rather were, barely capable of stopping a gust of wind, let alone the bump of a cobble road."

Sitting down in the grass next to the road, Amala tried to catch her breath. She fixed her shirt, squeezing her breasts higher on her torso seemed preferable than having her teacup sized nipples revealing themselves. Watching Keri's excitement as she inspected the various magic items was almost enough to distract her from the additional weight on her torso. Amala started putting pieces together, the burn marks, weak wards, and the archmage recipient, she realized what the cart's explosive cargo really was.

"Keri! KERI! Put the vial down, that's a magic amplifier!"

Poking her head up from the rear of the cart, her face betrayed that she had already known what resided within the vials. "Oh, well, it's not that big of a deal, this is pretty weak



stuff compared to what I could make. Amplifier barely affects the wielder, just the output of their spells.”

Picking herself up off the grass proved to be a much greater task than anticipated, Amala began making quick headway towards the lab. “Maybe in your time, amplifier affects the user now too, as well as outside stimuli! That’s why there were burn marks in the cabin of the cart, the dwarf must’ve dropped it after hitting a bump in the road! Just put it down!”

“I see, I guess I’ll need to get my hands on some later, could be useful.” Keri said, floating back over to the cabin to return the contents.

Finding a renewed vigor, Amala reached her lab in record time. Digging for her key, she chose to lean against the door, letting her breasts squish against the cool frame as she slotted the key into the lock. Now that Keri was in close proximity with Lily’s crystals, a soft pulse was beginning to rise within Amala as she felt herself inching larger once again.

Furious clicking began emanating from the lock as Amala kept jumbling the key. With each failed attempt she felt her chest pulse larger, soon filling the door frame. After a handful of agonizing minutes, the latch sprung open, the heavy door swinging ajar to the cluttered lab. Squeezing past the doorframe proved a monumental task. Forcing herself through the door frame, Amala fell into the lab, her assets feeling as if they would swallow her whole when she hit the ground.

The sound of ripping fabric bouncing off the stone walls almost drowned out the closing door, the strained shirt finally relieved of its burden. “*nnngh*...I’m gonna miss this shirt.” Amala said weakly.

“I guess it fulfilled its purpose. A shame though, that was one of my favorites that you had.” Keri said, mourning the loss of clothing.

“Did t-this always feel this good...*nng*...to you?” Amala asked, catching her breath while laying on top of her welcoming breasts, resisting the urge to inspect what felt like a river beginning to form between her legs.

“It did, but I guess I just got used to it after a while I suppose. You seem to be enjoying yourself more than I thought.” Keri said, floating around to inspect the swelling girl.

“M-maybe, but I don’t h-have time to...*hah*...enjoy myself yet, the client’s will be h-here soon.”

Cradling what she could of her chest, Amala forced herself to press on. The last few steps to her desk proved to be the hardest task yet. After reaching the stool, knocking over a stack of books in the process, she rested on the desk and let her still pulsing breasts hang just barely above the floor.

“*Hah*...Keri, could you...bring me that satchel...still gotta f-finish the device...”

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“Sure thing, I may have added a little something of my own to the crystal bag though.” Keri said as she fished out Lily’s bag of gems and deposited it on the desk. She then retreated to the windowsill next to the desk, letting her body add a blue hue to the room.

Amala dug through the bag, finding three perfectly cut stones and a vial. The stones reflected the approaching evening light, their purple light dancing along the walls began to mix with Keri’s blue gleam. Upon looking into the small flask, Amala instantly recognized the menacing pink liquid inside.

“KERI! I told you to l-leave this back at the cart! Why did y-you bring it back here!” Amala set the vial on the side of her desk as far away as she could reach.

The cowgirl floated sullenly over to her friend. “I thought it would be helpful for us later. Besides, the glass filters out most latent magic, so it won’t react to the gems you have.”

“Fine, just k-keep it in the window with you for now, I don’t...mmm...trust it on the desk.”

“Okay, I will.” Keri set the vial on the windowsill, then floated back over to observe the creation of Amala’s magic sensor.

The brass sphere was just larger than the palm of her hand. Keri watched in awe as the redhead worked deftly on the metal ball, aggressive clicking filled the room as several gears were spun in rapid succession. With a final clink a small hatch opened on the device, revealing several slots for mana rocks and gems to be exchanged between uses.

Amala swiftly grabbed a matching pair of gems from the desk, feeling a shiver down her spine as a surge of growth finally made her breasts big enough to reach the cold stone beneath the desk. Goosebumps soon followed as her teacup nipples became as hard as the stone they rested on.

“MMM...a-almost done...just have to t-test it...” Sliding gems into the hatch and closing the compartment with a faint click, Amala tightened a few more gears before holding up her prize. A small button appeared on the sphere. Hesitation flowed through Amala as her thumb rested atop the metal nub.

“Ok, h-here goes – AH!”

The sphere whirred to life, small gaps and crevices in the sphere turned the same purple color as the gems within. The effect of the sensor was instant, the other gem on the table began to glow a brighter purple. Keri was most notable by far as her once blue form now matched the colored waves of an aurora as her light was also cast around the room. The device’s sensor reached to the corners of the lab, illuminating everything with a faint purple tinge. The vial of magic amplifier in the window produced a handful of bubbles as it started absorbing some of the radiating magic.

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Amala fought against a moan as her oversized mounds reached and quickly surpassed the size of yoga balls. *“MMMPHH!!...hah...oh my gods! That w-was...not what I h-had in mind!”* She quickly turned off the magic sphere, the room’s color growing dull. After a quick inspection of her surroundings, she noticed she rested more on her breasts than the chair she sat in. Amala tried to adjust herself to reach her workspace, forced to stand to make any progress. Her swollen assets squished against the desk as she tried to regain her focus, her mind playing on the edge of orgasm.

“What do you mean that wasn’t what you had in mind? That looked pretty successful to me.” Keri said, practically drooling at the sight of the massive redhead before her.

“N-not that...mmmph...the device w-worked great. I just d-didn’t expect to g-grow so much...”

Allowing herself to sprawl across her desk as best she could, Amala tried to catch her breath. The cold stone beneath her felt heavenly against her overgrown body, only now she noticed she was sweating as if summer had made a personal visit to her lab. Intending to finish the job she started, Amala began reaching for the carrying case she made for the sensor. Pressing her burgeoning chest against the desk further she moaned uncontrollably as she snatched the small leather case.

“*Hah-* Keri, c-can you keep an e-eye on the door please...the c-client should be here any...any minute now...”

Her grip faltered as she began trying to stuff the metal ball into the pouch, the sensor slipping from her clammy hands. As if in slow motion, the sensor rolled off the desk, falling onto the activation button. The metal ball flared to life as the same violet light flooded the room again, forcing Amala to soak up the expelled magic for a second time.

“*AHH!! NO NO NO I’M A-ALREADY TOO BIG – MMMMM!!*” The effect was immediate, her breasts began devouring the magic energy, adding inches upon inches to the swollen mounds.

“*If I could j-just grab the –MMMPH!!*” Holding a hand to her mouth Amala tried to fight back a moan. Her body was rocked to the core by an intense orgasm. As if in response, her chest surged at her newfound pleasure, removing any attempt to grab the haywire device as she was raised into the air. Her body demanded space, rapidly swelling into the nearby area. The nearby books and stool were given no mercy by the encroaching magic-laden orbs.

“I never knew my magic could have this strong of an effect on someone...” Keri said passively to herself, captivated as the wall of flesh before her grew wider around than their host was tall. Keri could swear she saw Amala’s hand sneak its way into her pants.

As if feeling left out, the small bottle of amplifier began bubbling again from its perch in the window. Although blocked by the bed-sized breasts before it, the contents of the vial started absorbing dangerous levels of magic.

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*“THIS IS TOO MUCH!! I-I CAN’T – AH!! PLEASE K-KERI! TURN IT OFF – “*

As if in response, the sensors onslaught of magic flickered. Keri didn’t budge, clearly awestruck by the scene before her. Amala tried to gain leverage atop her engorged mounds but was forced to obey their command with every pulse. Every second added more inches than she could count. Had her desk not been hewn from the stone beneath it, it most certainly would’ve been crushed by the burgeoning flesh before it.

The bubbling from the amplifier in the window evolved into a furious boil, threatening to break the glass prison surrounding it. The clicking of glass on stone demanded the attention of both girls, but only succeeded in drawing Amala’s.

On the verge of passing out from the pleasure, Amala brought what she could of her sex-blinded senses into focus. *“Oh n-nngh...please, K-Keri...y-you need t-to...stop the a-amplifier... I can’t...get much b-bigge – NNNGAH!!”*

The devilish ball’s power spiked, forcing Amala to endure one more aggressive growth spurt, then answered her prayers for respite and quickly flickered off. The violet light fled the room leaving the remaining colors looking dull, the ball came to a quiet rest beside the mountainous girl. Amala’s breasts dominated the room, having grown enough to hold the redhead against the ceiling, her plump rear caressing the cold stone above it. The scent of sweat and sex was enough to bombard even Keri’s dampened senses.

While still bubbling, the amplifier’s boil slowed to a simmer, as if satisfied by merely threatening disaster. Keri came to her senses, inspecting the damage to the room. She floated cautiously up to Amala, clearly hanging on by a thread.

*“How’re you holding up hon?”* Keri asked as she did her best to keep eye contact.

*“T-that should n-not...feel that g-good...look at m-me, I’m HUGE!”* Spreading her arms and legs across her colossal bust, Amala allowed herself to sink into the welcoming softness.

*“Glad to see you enjoyed yourself. Now, let’s finish this job proper –”*

A knock came from the door, both girls snapped to attention, both doing their best to look at the door. A second set of knocks rang through the lab before either of the pair reacted.

*“Just a...mph...Just a m-minute!”* Amala called out. Every readjustment she made sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. *“Keri, p-please, grab the sensor and the e-extra crystal. Quickly!”*

Gliding through what she could of the room, Keri swooped down to the sensor. Fighting with it against the leather bag, she finally latched the pouch shut as she descended towards the faint speck of light still somehow visible on the desk. With every failed grasp at the gem, she evoked another moan from Amala.

With a final pull, eliciting a sharp gasp from the bloated artificer, Keri snatched the crystal. Praying the room divider was enough to hide her friends swollen form, she made her

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way to the door. Opening the doorway just enough to squeeze outside, she was greeted by what she hoped was the client.

“Ah, you must be a familiar. Rather risqué, though I suppose every master has their preferred tastes. I’m here to see the artificer Amala, is she available by chance?” The man said, surveying the building.

“She’s a bit erm...held up at the moment, I’m helping her out for now.” Keri said, biting her tongue at the snide remark.

“I see...do you have the project she promised?” The man said as he adjusted his leather arm guards. A faint glimpse of armor peeking through a gap in his cloak.

Keri held the bag forward with one hand, the mana crystal in the other. “I do believe it meets the standards you set.”

Gracefully taking the pouch from the ethereal being, the client produced the hellish sensor from its confines. After a brief moment of fiddling, he popped open the gem slot, taking notice of the expended crystals.

He silently removed the dim crystals and slotted the active one. Looking towards Keri for permission to use the device.

A slight smile came to her lips. “Give it a go, just a quick one though, my *master* could need me any minute now.”

“Of course, of course. Let’s see what we have here – “

The sensor blazed to life once more, the same purple light painted the front of the lab. Keri’s form became the same dazzling aurora it had before.

“Truly stunning, your master must have more knowledge in the magic arts than I thought!” The man said, studying Keri’s flowing form.

A muffled moan rang out from inside the building, the client turned off the sensor. “I believe your master is calling, here –” He produced a rather large pouch, the clinking of coin emanating from within. “This should be more than enough, farewell! Tell Amala I look forward to employing her services again in the future.”

“Of course, goodbye!” Keri said, quickly diving back into the lab.

The final bombardment of magic was enough to press Amala against the ceiling. On the verge of madness, she had given into her body’s demands. One hand covered her mouth, the other shamelessly disappearing into her nether regions. The cold stone against her bare back felt divine.

“W-why...did you...I-let him t-test it...again?”

“No particular reason.” The response evoked a glare from Amala.

“A-and the...payment?”

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Keri floated to what remained uncovered of the desk and deposited the bag of coins. "He claimed it was more than enough. Dunno how much that really is, but I guess you can count it after the swelling goes down."

"Right...h-how long will t-that take?" Amala drew a deep breath and sighed. A feeling of relief washed over her knowing her project was a success.

"Long enough for you to enjoy yourself. Long enough for me to enjoy it too." Keri said, resting her back against the pillowy yet firm breasts. A final soft moan was driven from Amala's lips in response.

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