

The Boob Fairy

The Boob Fairy visited Megan one night shortly after her eighteenth birthday. Till then, Megan had been a gamine redhead, slender and spunky, all angles and no curves. From the strong cheekbones of her triangular freckled face to the narrow hips she twitched in a habitually brisk walk, there was no softness or languor about her. Megan smiled often and joked more. While her vivacious spirit and a very speaking pair of green eyes helped make her popular with everyone, most of the boys, at least, appeared to like her more as a pal, than a prospective girlfriend. Except for Tommy. More from him later.

Megan too, seemed oblivious of the power spunky personality and cute looks create, even without a chest. And she had none. Zip. Nada. All this changed the night the aforementioned fairy made her stop over Megan's bed, a rather longer stop than was good for Trina, Pat, Carrie, and Annie, the other girls on the fairy's list that night. But, it wasn't really all the fairy's fault, you know.

It was close to Christmas time and the fairy had been stepping out with one of the elves who had just come off shift making toys for Santa. The Muse Thalia was tending bar at "Mythopoeia Market," the night spot, where the Elf and the Fairy liked to hang out. Thalia's nature occasionally caused her to give a little push to things, and Thalia thought it would be a good thing if the Fairy moved from spending time to making time with the elf, who was, after all, on the fast track to management in Santa's workshop. A good match in all respects. So, Thalia spiked the peppermint swizzle stick in the Fairy's drink with Ambrosia dust. Wicked stuff, Ambrosia dust. At the first lick on the stick the fairy's pupils went sproing. The second lick made the fairy pant and her eyelids flutter. At the third, the fairy crunched the candy, downed the drink in a gulp and the Elf became a very lucky man, er, humanoid, that evening.

But, Ambrosia dust has a few other properties, among them temporary memory problems and a rush that lasts and lasts. So by the time the fairy left one exhausted and satiated elf behind to fly on her rounds, she was, well, still flying high.

And Megan was first up on the roster. Now under the normal course of events, Megan might have come away from this encounter with a modest B-cup to complement her trim frame. But, not this time.

Which brings us to fairy dust. There are as many different types as there are fairies and that is rather a lot. Tinkerbelle's supply of fairy dust had nothing on the powerful stuff in the plain looking leather satchel on the Boob Fairy's hip. This fairy dust did a whole lot more than let you fly when thinking happy thoughts. Though happy thoughts certainly contributed to what happened to Megan.

Megan was in the midst of a pleasant dream kissing Brad Pitt, when the Boob Fairy flittered unsteadily into her room. Megan had worn a loose black t-shirt to bed and some gray sweats. She lay on her back upper body elevated by the three pillows she liked to use. In the midst of her pleasant dream world dalliance with the movie hunk, a sparkling cloud of fairy essence drifted down on her face and neck, into the v-neck of the T, trickling onto the pink nubs that were her nipples.

Megan moaned as she felt her chest warm. She continued to kiss dream-Brad as her breasts briefly glowed and then grew. The more arousing the image in Megan's dreaming mind, the larger she swelled, settling into a pert and perky set of Bs. There was actual cleavage.

At which point the addled fairy giggled and dumped a second cup of dust onto Megan. More went down the neck of the T-shirt to glitter briefly on Megan's nipples and be absorbed,

but most drifted further south, sifting below the loose waistline of the sweatpants and channeling into Megan's crotch.

Megan inhaled sharply, breathing in some of the magical motes still hanging in the air and her eyes moved faster under her sleeping lids. Her tongue moved over her pink lips. They parted. She panted. Once. Twice. And then Megan's nipples began to grow and the aureoles tightened upward a moment, then spread wider than they had been. Her boobs pushed forward, puffing, plumping, and rounding, pushing the t-shirt outward. It was no longer loose at all.

Megan's dream was progressing further than kissing Brad. It had gone on to nuzzling and stroking, and well, groping. And as it did Megan stretched and expanded. Her boobs glowed and grew again. The Fairy hovered lower. Megan inhaled deeply, and the pixilated fairy laughed giddily and dusted her again.

Suddenly came a swelling and a rounding, a pushing and a tenting and a denting of the increasingly stressed night shirt. Megan moaned softly in her sleep and tossed her new firm D cups from side to side.

And now to Tommy, who was quite literally, the boy next door. Tommy was one of those odd adolescents...almost completely well adjusted. No dark mutterings, no resentment of his parents, just good clean living, good grades, and whacking off to centerfold magazines enough that he didn't make a pest of himself drooling over girls or socking them in the arm, when he would really rather snag a kiss. But, since he was such a good boy, Tommy was also shy about the getting to know girls as friends part that later leads to the greater mysteries and opportunities. He and Megan knew each other and had played together when younger. They still had fun, but the unacknowledged changes wrought by puberty made things different, though they couldn't have articulated how.

Tommy would have been happy with a relationship with Megan status quo ante. Not that he didn't appreciate a fine pair of breasts. Tommy was male, after all, and tits were great. But, Megan's clean lines, white skin, fiery hair and freckles, and her flashing personality had long ago made Tommy besotted, bosoms or no. He was just at a loss of how to go about it. Clean living does not necessarily give one a clue.

Now, the Fairy had been well ploughed by the worthy elf, not so long ago and appeared to be all in favor of returning the muse's favor. So, she blew a few more granules of dust into Megan's face as the sweetly swelling woman sleep walked out of bed and toward the fairy. The fairy retreated and blew again, flew back and puffed, flew back and puffed, coaxing the hornily dreaming Megan down the hall, out the door, and over the chilly grass to Tommy's house.

Through all this, Megan's tummy remained trim, the perfect double dome of muscle tone with just the right amount of padding. She was still so slender in the waist that it drew the eyes to the fecund splendor of her hips. For the fairy dust did more than grow Megan's boobs huge and spherical.

Ah, those hips. They no longer twitched her tight and tiny rump from side to side, they swayed and sashayed. The gorgeous full and firm...there was no other word than....ass... Megan now had lifted and lilted from side to side in a motion as arresting and absorbing to males as pollen draws the attention of a bee.

Tommy was also in the middle of a lovely dream, making out with a movie starlet. But, he wasn't so deeply asleep he didn't wake up when a soft and curvaceous body climbed in bed with him and kissed his neck. A glowing vision greeted Tommy's eyes. It was Megan from next door. But, a Megan changed out of all likeness to the one he had known before. Instead of a girlish pixy, a laughing slender whip of a girl, there was this open mouthed panting needy

goddess. Still the red hair shining darkly in the moonlight and the cream white skin peppered with freckled. But, not the lankly Megan he knew. Not wiry, but, rounded, frankly fertile and womanly. And then she opened her eyes dreamily her own pupils so wide there was scarce an iris and kissed him.

Tommy may have been clueless, but he wasn't a fool. As Megan's breasts continued to swell, Tommy kissed her back and grabbed her in a hug. Their arms circled each other and their tongues twirled urgent and deep.

At which point the plotzed fairy upended the remains of her satchel over them both. The two young things lost their bed clothes fast as Tommy's muscles started to swell. Megan grabbed Tommy's cock and package, pulled him to her and rubbed the penis and balls through her glowing dusted thatch. This had approximately the same effect on Tommy as a direct injection of adrenaline. He felt a rush up and down his spine, his penis glowed with the dust. It tightened, jerked up once, and then he grew and grew. He was already hard, but the warm swelling pushed and expanded the head of his dick into what felt like a hot pulsing balloon. And then Megan shoved his cock into her slit with a quiet moan. Tommy thrust forward into the warm wetness and thought he was going to die it was so good. It didn't stop as he pushed and slid and pushed and slid.

They were both moaning and their bodies were making slick noises where pussy and cock danced.

Out of dust and still unaware she had given two people the amount of dust allocated for five, the fairy buzzed crazily home, splatting against three windows before finding the way out of Tommy's house. Trina, Pat, Carrie, and Annie never knew what they missed or that Megan got everything.

Tommy and Megan's entire frames absorbed the dust, her tits expanding, hips filling, ass ballooning outward and his muscles becoming taught and tempered, his dick and balls swelling as they fucked and fucked and fucked. He sucked on her nipples and she moaned. She rode him hard and he groaned, pinching her jutting nipples, squeezing and rubbing her mammoth jiggling orbs above him.

They stroked and squeezed and pleased each other on and on and on. They cried out, screaming in mutual ecstatic wanton release. Tommy spurted over and over. Megan gushed and clamped and clamped again in a moment outside of time, and they slumped exhausted in each others arms.

As morning sunbeams warmed Tommy's eyes he opened them to see glowing red hair inches away and Megan, busty lusty Megan in his arms smiling at him. "Hey you," she said. "I had the best dream." "I did too," Tommy said, "though it appears it wasn't a dream." His now hefty cock chubbed and rose. Nipples poked and tightened on her huge firm breasts. They kissed again and began to stroke each other.