

Lady Luck versus PRINCESS PUFF PUFF

by Rack-Coon

“Muahahaha!”

Everyone on the street screamed and ran from the shining figure walking towards them. Each of his steps left deep prints in the concrete, cracking around his feet. Dressed in a business suit the figure and his clothes were entirely out of gold, even his skin and teeth shining. Large golden sunglasses covered his eyes, while his golden hair was combed back as if a dozen bottles of conditioner had been put into it.

“Fools!” his voice bellowed over the screams of those running away. “There is no escaping from the Mighty Midas! I am the most successful businessman in the world – every endeavor I touch turns into pure GOLD!!!”

As if to prove his point, he grabbed one of the parking meters on the sidewalk. From where his fingers touched, a golden shimmer spread, until the meter was twenty-four karats from top to bottom. With no effort he ripped it out of the sidewalk and tossed it over the street. People cowered and screeched as the meter flew over their heads, golden coins raining out of the busted vault. As they bounced across the street, everyone hit by them started to shimmer. Their screams died as they transformed into golden statues, frozen with looks of pure horror on their faces.

“See?! Pure gold!!” Hands on his sides Mighty Midas laughed aloud, opening his mouth so wide one could see it was still flesh unlike his golden exterior. “With a town full of golden statues, companies will FIGHT to have ME as their CEO!!! MUAHA-”

“Hold it right there!”

Mighty Midas stopped. One of the golden coins skipped over off the roof of a car into a side-alley, diving into the subtle display of an ample bosom. For a second, the swells of cleavage glittered, before the golden glimmer dispersed.

Between the statues of horrified victims, the still not-golden citizens turned towards the young woman in the alley. Her red hair was tied into two short pigtails, with a small, slightly off green top hat between them, while her cheeks were dotted with freckles.

“Fortune is guiding my path – leading to a future shining with luck.”

The horseshoe soles of her boots clapped as she tap-danced. The puffy, short sleeves of her green dress bopped slightly, just like the grand swells of her bosom. They jiggled out of the deep U-neck of her dress, wrapping her lime green blouse tightly across them. A bit of cleavage poked out above the top of the three golden buttons, while on the center of her right breast, a brooch was tucked into the blouse, shaped like a four-leaved clover.

“But at every turn, misfortune is lurking, trying to steer our hearts into darkness.”

Her breasts, easily the size of cantaloupes, wobbled even more after she spun around herself. Her emerald eyes burned fiercely as she posed, pointing her fingers like guns at the golden man.

“Evil spawn of misfortune! In the name of good fortune, I, Lady Luck, have come to stop you!”

Coming out of their hiding, the people jubilated, praising their savior.

“Thank goodness, Lady Luck is here!”

“Her fortune will save us from that spawn!”

“She seriously is lucky – just look at her boobs!”

As the citizens cheered her on, Lady Luck stemmed her fists into her sides. “So, you’re trying to turn everything into gold, huh? Sorry, but if you harm innocent people, you are anything but a golden boy – cease your evil acts this instance!”

With a harrumph, Mighty Midas adjusted his tie. “Foolish girl! I shall make your stocks hit rock bottom.” He grabbed one of the cars parked on the side, turning it into gold. “Your luck may counter a tiny coin, but this will turn even you into a statue – flat as a pancake, but still worth a fortune!”

The metal crunched in his grip as he lifted the car above his head, before tossing it at Lady Luck. Spinning around itself it rapidly approached her.

“We’ll see about that!” Lady Luck’s hands, covered in fingerless gloves, shimmered as she touched the walls of the alley. “Touch of luck!”

The shimmer spread from her fingers to the alley. As the car came down, it miraculously aligned with the walls. Shreds of gold came off as it scratched along the walls, getting stuck just before its roof touched Lady Luck's little hat.

"Hooray!" Again, the citizens jubilated. Their voices filled with hope and the smug smirk on Lady Luck's face made Mighty Midas clench his fists.

"Grrr, you little...!" Blind with rage he charged right at her, the street trembling under his golden stomps. "I WILL FOLD YOU INTO A GOLDEN PRETZEL!!"

Ducking under the stuck car, he tried snatching her with both arms. Gracefully Lady Luck hopped backwards, grabbing under boot. "Take this!" She detached her horseshoe sole, pulling back her arm. But instead of throwing it at Mighty Midas as he reached for her again, she tossed it right at one of the car's mirrors. Breaking into countless golden shards, one of them flew right into the villain's mouth.

"Wha... No!!!" Stumbling backwards, Mighty Midas spit out the splinter. However, he could already feel the inside of his mouth turn into gold. "No, stop! My gold!! My goooooold!!" Arms reaching for the sky, his movement slowed down until he was petrified.

After whirling through the air, Lady Luck landed on her feet. "It's not all gold that glitters, you know?" With a grand gesture, she poked the clover charm on her chest. It shined bright, ringing like chimes.

"O vile misfortune, release the heart of this innocent soul and cleanse it in the light of good luck!" As she said this, a black and violet flame appeared on Mighty Midas' chest. Cupping her breast, lady Luck aimed at it. "Lucky shot!"

A green blast of energy flew out of the charm right at the flame. As it dispersed, the golden villain shined brightly. When his entire body was engulfed in a green sheen, it shined out of the alley, engulfed the entire street. As it subsided, everything that had turned into gold was normal again. The un-petrified people looked around in confusion, some getting hugged by friends and family.

While everyone rejoiced, Lady Luck walked forward. Where Mighty Midas had been a man in a business was crouching over, his tie worn-out as if he had tried ripping it off. Scratching his head, he looked even more lost than the former statues. "What... what happened?"

Lady Luck knelt towards him. "Are you alright?"

"I'm not sure...but-" He paused, a shadow falling over his face. "Oh. I remember now. I got the news the company I put all my stocks in went bankrupt." His voice was shaking as he grabbed his knees. "I... cursed my unluck... that every deal I make turns foul..."

and while I was lamenting my bankruptcy, I wished anything I touched would turn into gold.”

As he stared at the ground in shame, Lady Luck pulled out a four-leafed clover from her back. “Next time you trade in stocks, try to diversify a bit.”

The man took the clover, smiling back at her. “I will. Thank you, Lady Luck.”

“Happy to help.” As Lady Luck walked out of the alley, someone started to clap. More joined, until the whole street applauded their savior.

“Thank you, Lady Luck!”

“Your luck saved the day!”

“Great boobs- I mean good job!”

Turning towards them, Lady Luck tipped her hat. “No need to thank me – I’m just sharing my good fortune with everyone!” The crowd cheered as she jumped on a building, the reformed villain waving with the four-leaved after her. “Have a lucky day!” she called as she skipped from roof to roof into the distance.

A few minutes later, Lady Luck landed in another alley. After making sure nobody was watching, she poked the charm that had reappeared on her chest. “Luck’s Out!”

She glowed for a second, before the clover charm snapped off her chest. As it dispersed into four green lights circling around her, her appearance drastically changed: Her pigtails uncurled, her red hair turned auburn, her emerald eyes became grey, and her freckles disappeared. Her outfit changed into a blue summer dress with crossed holders, and a white cropped vest. Her boots were replaced by slippers and her hat by a simple hairpin, holding her hair on one side while letting it fall over her ear on the other. A ring of light appeared around her torso that turned into a purse, each breast standing out around the strap. Once the glow subsided the young brunette let out a sigh.

“Thank goodness that went so fast!” Her fingers dived into the slight display of her cleavage, fishing out the gold coin that had dropped into it. “A broker wishing to turn everything into gold...” She flicked the coin in the air and caught it, shaking her head. “These spawns of misfortune get dumber by the day.”

After flying around some more the four green lights united. Where they met, a little man popped up. Dressed like a carpenter from the 19th century in green, he put his smoke pipe into his mouth, while stroking his fiery red goat beard. “Ye know how it goes, Riley. When someone curses their bad luck and makes a malicious wish...”

“...the misfortune corrupts their heart, and they become a spawn. I know.” Grumbling, Riley stuffed the coin into her purse. “But I bet half these people wouldn’t even turn into

spawns if they didn't blame bad luck for their problems. Losing all your money in stocks isn't bad luck, it's being bad with money."

Floating beside her, the leprechaun puffed out rings of smoke. "If it's out of people's hands, whether good or bad, they'll call it luck."

"Exactly! Everything people can't understand, they call luck – like my boobs!" Her crossed holders slacked as she grabbed her breasts, the strap of her purse riding up between them. "People say I'm lucky because I'm so busty, but luck's got nothing to do with them – only a healthy diet and favorable genes, that's all."

"Having favorable genes and the opportunity for a healthy diet can be considered good luck..."

Letting go of her breasts Riley adjusted her purse. "All I'm saying is, if people got a better grasp of statistics, they wouldn't blame everything on bad luck and turn into spawns" she said as she walked down the alley.

The leprechaun harrumphed. "Don't talk like smart stuff – ye'll need a lot of luck not to fail statistics this semester."

"Only because these stupid spawns keep me from learning. I could say that's bad luck, but I don't believe in that."

The leprechaun shook his head. "A Lady Luck who doesn't believe in luck – a fine gal I picked..."

Riley glared at him. "If you're so unhappy with me, just search someone else you can turn into a human weapon."

"I told ye, I can only pick a new Lady Luck every seven years."

"Right." Riley poked her breast where her four-leaved clover charm had sat. "I bet you only stay because whenever I transform, you get to sit at your *lucky* spot."

The leprechaun rubbed his temples. "For the hundredth time, I don't care about that." As they approached the end of the alley, the leprechaun looked around. "By the way, where are ye going?"

"The campus. Maybe I can cram in a learning session before the test."

"Didn't ye want to meet for lunch with Patty?"

Riley stopped. "Oh crap, I forgot!" Panicked, Riley turned around, purse and bust bopping as she ran in the other direction. "If I hurry, I can still make it in time!"

One hand behind his back, the leprechaun dived into her purse. "Poor gal can probably use a shoulder to cry on."

“Don’t say that! I’m sure last night went great!”

The moment Riley entered the pub, she could feel the aura of gloom emanating from her best friend. With lunch rush over, she was sitting alone in the corner. Head on the table, she weakly grabbed her mug with one hand, while burying her face with her other arm.

“Went great, huh?” the leprechaun hushed.

Riley gave her purse a nudge. As she approached Patty, she could hear her groaning into her arm.

“Heeeey Patty. S-sorry I’m late.” Trying to sound upbeat, Riley sat down opposite to her. “So, um, how was your date?”

Patty didn’t react. Riley tried to get a look at her face, but only the bangs of her bob-cut looked out. Suddenly, Patty mumbled a single word: “Pop...”

“Eh?”

“POP, RILEY!!!” Patty raised her head, so fast her glasses almost slid off her nose. “My date went pop!”

Riley blinked at her in confusion. “W-what do you...” A shadow fell over her face. “Don’t tell me you wore the balloon bra?”

“I’ve perfected it, okay?!” Patty cupped her hands in front of her chest, as if to grab a pair of breasts that weren’t there. “The bounce, the shape, the firmness – it was just like the real deal! During the movie, he kept sneaking glances at my chest – I was sooo happy! But when we were at my doorstep and he leaned in for a kiss, his brooch poked through my top, and my boobs went pop!” The mug trembled as Patty slammed her fists on the table. “What kind of guy even wears a brooch on a date, with frigging spikes on top of it??” Again, the mug shook as her head fell on the table before her body went limp. “It was so humiliating...”

“I’m... really sorry Patty” Riley mumbled, blushing.

Slowly Patty sat up again, looking as deflated as her chest. “I know I shouldn’t make such a deal about it, but still... being flat sucks hard.”

“Now, Patty, having a small chest has a lot of perks!” Riley tried cheering her up. “Buying bras is much easier, a-and you don’t have any trouble with your back...”

“Like you got room to talk!” Reaching over the table, Patty grabbed Riley’s breasts. “You’re a damn melon monster, you know that?? Big and soft, with a smooth touch yet firm in shape – you know how lucky you are to have those AMAZING tits?!”

“S-stop it, Patty!” Deeply embarrassed, Riley ripped Patty’s hands off her chest and shielded it. “My... my breasts got nothing to do with luck!”

“But it’s so unfair!” Holding her hands over her chest again, Patty fumed. “Everyone I know got bigger tits than me! My best friend, my sisters, everyone at college – heck, our professor in statistic even gives your boobs a run for their money! Sometimes it feels like I am the only small-chested person in the world!”

As Patty lamented her flat fate, a waitress approached them. “Excuse me, may I take your or–“

“See?” Patty’s hand suddenly latched on to the chest of the waitress, grabbing the slightly busty bump of her uniform. “Even that random waitress is bigger than I am!”

“PATTY!!”

As Riley stared at her friend in shock, the waitress stepped back and screeched. “Eep! M-miss, stop that or I’ll call the police!”

Again, Patty dropped her head on the table. “It’s hopeless” she murmured, pulling her arms around her head. “I am cursed with tiny tits...”

Riley wanted to pat her sulking friend on the shoulder. But as purple steam started pouring out of her body she pulled back. “P-Patty?”

“Cursed with mosquito bites... cursed to have bad luck with guys.” The more she sulked, the thicker the steam became, enveloping her whole body.

“A-are you alright?” the waitress asked, her blush fading at the sight of the dark aura around Patty.

“Please, Patty, calm down!” Riley tried to appease her. “No... no reason to curse your unluck!”

Around Patty, it was as if the light in the pub became dimmer, while a dark sheen ran over her body. “I wish I got big boobs like... like everyone else... I wish... I wish...”

“Hey, do something!” the leprechaun quietly urged from Riley’s purse. “If this keeps up...”

Riley gulped. “L... let’s go outside and get some fresh air, yes?” Though smiling, Riley felt the sweat running down her face. *“Don’t make a malicious wish, don’t make a malicious wish...!”*

Suddenly Patty raised her head, throwing her hands over her face. “I WISH ALL BOOBS IN THE WORLD WOULD GO POP AND I COULD INHALE THEM!!”

“WHAT’S WITH THAT CRAZY SPECIFIC WISH!?”

The aura around Patty exploded, knocking Riley off the chair and the waitress on the floor. Horrified, they watched as the gloom turned into a burning pillar, a black and purple maelstrom of misfortune. Growing thicker and denser, the silhouette of Patty gradually disappeared inside it.

“*N-no...!*”

Eventually, the dark pillar shrunk. A high-heeled boot suddenly emerged from it, stomping so hard on the table the mug fell over.

“Oh-hohoho!” Cackling with mischief, a woman in a skimpy black outfit was standing on the chair where Patty had sat. Her features and figure resembled her, the corsage of her black girdle lying plain on her bosom. But her hair was purple instead of black, with a large Venetian mask covering half her face. Wearing large gloves, she had one hand at her side, the other at her wickedly laughing mouth. Strapped to her shoulders, she carried an air tank almost as large as her on her back. “Behold! I am Princess Puff-Puff! All you ungrateful tramps shall turn into blimps to feed my bust! Oh-hohoho!”

Riley stared at the evilly laughing woman, frozen in shock. “T-this can’t be happening...”

Also looking at the villain from the ground, the waitress was trembling. Slowly, then with great haste she scrambled to her feet, screaming as she ran to the door.

“Not so fast!” As Princess Puff-Puff pointed at the fleeing waitress, a hose shot out of her tank. It winded through the air, the waitress almost falling on her back as it cut off her path. Her teeth chattered as the hose hovered in front of her face, before it suddenly flew into her mouth.

“Hmph!” Panicked, she grabbed the hose with both hands. Her lips formed a duckface as she tried pulling it out, but it was stuck inside.

“Now, if I may take your order – I can really recommend TWO large JUGS of MELON JUICE!!” One hand on the hose, Princess Puff-Puff turned the valve on her tank. It hissed as the air flowed through the hose right into the waitress.

“Mph... hmmmph!” The cheeks of the waitress puffed up. Looking past it down on herself, her face went blue as the air filled up her breasts. The swell of her uniform quickly grew more pronounced, larger and tighter wrinkles surrounding it as the fabric billowed from her. The more it creased over their bottoms, the tighter her uniform was pulled against them, gradually outlining the curves reaching down her ribs. “Hm-hmph hmmmmph!!!”

“What’s that? Do you want more? Why, of course!” With a devilish grin, Princess Puff-Puff turned up the valve. The breasts of the waitress billowed even faster, bending into full spheres. While long creases formed on the sides of her breasts, cupping them like spider legs, the fabric stretched at the widest parts of her bosom surging past her torso. Watching from behind, Riley could steadily see the waitress’ rack distend beyond her, outgrowing her own breasts as they swelled into the space under her armpits.

“Hmmp!” The waitress frantically flailed her arms, eyes blank as the crests of her breasts bulged up her neck towards her face. Like bowling balls, they projected from her, pulling apart the fabric between the buttons of her uniform into steadily larger slits of cleavage. “HHHHMMMMPH!!!”

“Still more? My, my, aren’t we greedy – but don’t worry, this one’s one the HOUSE!!”

The valve rattled as Princess Puff-Puff opened it even further. Hissing loudly, the hose widened at the surge of air flowing through it, blowing up the waitress’ cheeks even further. Arching her back, she thrust out her chest, her breasts jiggling with air as they puffed up faster. The slits of cleavage grew into double-tipped teardrops, their round sides first curving, then knitting as they further folded into diamonds. As the tip of the diamonds reached for the middle of her breasts, the cleavage inside them slowly lolled beyond the fabric, creasing it as swells of skin popped from her uniform. Squeezing together her breasts pushed each other apart, standing inch by inch past her shoulders. They swelled to the size of steadily larger sports balls, obscuring her torso all around them. Eyes rolled up, the waitress was blushing ferociously, her hands clenching the sides of her taut bust as they swelled out of her grip.

“S-stop it!” Riley begged, kneeling on the floor. “You... you’re torturing her!”

Princess Puff-Puff chuckled. “For me, it looks like she’s enjoying it – besides, we’re almost done!”

As the fabric bunched up between the waitress’ fingers, the cleavage windows were pulled further open. Retreating over her curves, it sounded like the fabric was scratched over tight rubber balloons. Loudly the stitches began to tear, slowly giving in to the burgeoning flesh. As cleavage spanned the entire middle lane of her basketball-sized assets, the fabric tattered all around her bust. Slight swells ripped through her uniform, slowly expanding, until...

POP!

Shreds of fabric flew around the waitress as her uniform loudly burst over her chest. Buttons dropped to the floor and the waitress to her knees as if she were fainting. Though a huge hole gaped in her uniform, there was no sign of the monstrous mammaries she had grown just a moment ago. On the contrary, her breasts were far smaller than before,

being reduced to what barely qualified as pancakes. As the end of the hose plopped out of her mouth, she immediately wrapped her arms around her bust. “M-my chest!!”

Riley stared at the flustered waitress, before raising her gaze. Two clouds of black air were floating above the waitress, each around her “original” breast size.

“Would you look at that?” The hose retreated, Princess Puff-Puff twirling its end in her hand. “Looks like MY order is ready now – don’t mind if I serve myself!” Pouting her lips, Princess Puff-Puff inhaled deeply. Like a vacuum cleaner, she sucked in the air of the pub. Riley grabbed on to the table, her hair and hems of her clothes fluttering towards the villainess. The black puffs above the waitress were pulled towards her mouth, filling the cheeks of Princess Puff-Puff as she sucked them up. The inhale stopped as she closed her mouth, swallowing a big chunk of air.

“Oooohhh!!!” A black aura surrounded Princess Puff-Puff. Relishing in the feeling, she thrust out her chest, stretching her girdle across her plain bosom. “Here we goooooooo!!!”

As the aura around her intensified, her girdle creaked under the pressure of her growing breasts. Slight swells formed on the leather, steadily spreading out as their surface got rounder. The further they billowed, the more clearly the edges of each breast stood off, showing how they jutted out from her body. As their curves approached the cut in her corset its strings stretched between them, slowly rising off her sternum. From barely convex slopes they gradually grew fuller and rounder, as if steadily larger slices of steadily larger fruits were put into her outfit.

“Ohhh, that feels so goood!” Moaning in pleasure, Princess Puff-Puff rubbed her swelling bosom, the end of the hose tucked between her fingers and bust. While fondling them the edges of her breasts appeared gradually sharper on her girdle, pushing the leather roundly over their flanks. As they swelled into globes, the leather slightly hung off their bottoms, but still clearly outlined her growing mounds. Slowly pulling the halves of her girdle apart, the inner curves of her breasts swelled into the gap of her corset, a steadily narrower rift forming between the swells obscuring her sternum. Alongside cleavage appearing in her corset, the tops of her breasts slowly grew out of her girdle, pulling down its curved hem. The edge between her bosom and body got sharper the higher her breasts surged, peeling themselves as two fleshy orbs out of her body.

“Yes, yes, YES!” Ecstatic, Princess Puff-Puff pushed her breasts together, forcing her cleavage to close. She watched her breast gap grow tighter by the second, while the front of her bosom protruded little by little forward, blocking the sight on her abdomen. From her midriff, her girdle was slowly pulled up, the middle of the hem being lifted off her body as her bosom forced it up with growing strength. Growing to the size of grapefruits, her breasts spread her fingers across their curves, forcing her palms to bend over their flanks as they flared towards the edges of her torso. The strings drifted apart, expanding

the windows of cleavage between them. While her breasts billowed over her girdle, the décolleté of her corsage widened, opening in a V-shape over her breasts. Just as they reached the former size of the waitress' their growth slowed down, leaving Princess Puff-Puff with a modest but respectable rack.

“Thaaaat’s more like it!” After groping herself some more she let go of her breasts, merrily watching through her mask as they jiggled on her body. When not squeezing them there was still a rift in her cleavage, just big enough to slip a hand in without touching her curves. Jumping down the chair Princess Puff-Puff walked to the waitress, grabbing her by the neck. “That’ll teach you to mock me with your tits!” she said, picking the waitress up and rubbing her breasts against her face. With a fiery blush the waitress looked down while covering her own chest. “Let’s see how you like being as flat as your water! Oh-hoho-!”

“Stop it, Patty!”

Princess Puff-Puff looked over her shoulder. Back on her feet, Riley was glaring at her, fists clenched and tears in her eyes. “This... this isn’t like you! You are not that vain!! Sure, you’ve been fiddling with that balloon bra since high school, a-and you keep groping my breasts, but... but still!! You are a kind person, and my best friend! Snap out of it!!”

Through her mask, Princess Puff-Puff coldly looked at her. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. I am Princess Puff-Puff – and my best friends are right here.” Dropping the waitress she hefted her breasts, playing with and fondling them. “And I want to keep our friendship *growing*.”

Her jugs swung with her body as she turned at Riley, tossing the hose at her. Its end coming at her, Riley covered her mouth and jumped to the side. The hose made a turn, following Riley as she ran to the door. Every time it launched at her she jumped to the side, zigzagging her way through the tables and chairs inside the pub.

“Come back here, you lucky bitch!”

“I’m not lucky, just busty!!” Heel ahead, Riley slid under a table. The hose followed, also when she dashed to the side and slid under the table again. Her breasts brushed the hose as she ducked under the part that had followed her, like some sort of twisted limbo. When on the other side she jumped over the table, making one more slide under before leaping for the door. As she stopped to open it the end of the hose was right behind her, shooting for her mouth.

“Now you’re mine! Oh-hoho... ho?” Princess Puff-Puff’s cackle abruptly stopped, just like the hose. It hovered behind Riley, but didn’t go further. Princess Puff-Puff stared dumbfounded as Riley left the pub.

“Wait, what? Why-” Suddenly, her jaw dropped, while her cheeks glowed in embarrassment. Her hose was entangled in half the pub’s furniture, knotted around the table Riley had dived under.

“HEY, THAT’S CHEATING!!!” Fuming with anger, Princess Puff-Puff smashed the furniture until her hose was free. “Now you’ve REALLY made me mad!” she yelled, her face scarlet while veins twitched on her forehead. “I’m gonna make you pop so hard they’ll hear it in SPACE!!”

The hose retreated into her tank as she stormed out of the pub, leaving the bust-naked waitress behind. As she picked up shreds of her former uniform and pressed them against her former bosom, she sobbed. “Last week a nerd who trapped me in his dating sim and now this... why do I even still live in this town?”

Outside, Princess Puff-Puff shielded her mask from the sun. She was in the old part of the town, a car-free zone, with paved roads framed by old buildings like the pub. “Where are you?” Princess Puff-Puff yelled. The street was bustling with people doing errands or meeting up at cafés. “Come out so I can blow up your-“

She stopped. More and more people on the street noticed her. Some were pointing their finger at the woman with the air tank and mask, while others had a dreadful suspicion. However, she wasn’t paying attention to their reactions. There were many women among them, dressed in light tops showing off skin, cleavage, and if more concealing, the shape and outlines of their breasts. Most were small to average, but while none rivaled Riley, some tops struggled to contain their bosomy swells.

“Oh-ho-ho-ho!” As Princess Puff-Puff smiled wickedly, more hoses slithered out of her air tank like snakes. “Maybe I don’t need that lucky bitch...”

A bit off the pub, in a side alley between a bakery and a souvenir shop, Riley was catching her breath. Heart beating inside her chest, she tried to digest the shock. “I... I can’t believe Patty turned into a spawn of misfortune!”

From her purse, the leprechaun poked out its head. “Considering her luck with men, I’m surprised it took so long.”

“Shut up and transform me!” Riley yelled, taking her stance. “She may be a boob brain, but I will save her heart, no matter what it takes!”

The leprechaun took a puff from his pipe, then grinned. “Right on it, Lady!”

Riley raised her hand into the sky. "From beyond the rainbow, I call forth the power of the pot of luck!"

A rainbow spread from her palm, engulfing her body. Eyes closed, she started floating, her clothes dissolving as her silhouette took on a green sheen. As her purse vanished the leprechaun flew out, scattering into four lights that circled around Riley. Where the lights touched her, she took on the appearance of Lady Luck piece by piece: Boots with horseshoe soles, fingerless gloves, a green dress with a deep U-neck, her lime green blouse closed by three golden buttons with just a hint of cleavage poking out. Her hair turned red and formed pigtails. Her hair clip was replaced with a small top hat, sitting a little off. Freckles dotted her face, while her eyes shined like emeralds as she opened. Floating back to the ground, she spun on the spot.

"Warrior of good fortune, I shall protect all from the clutches of misfortune."

The green lights united at her right breast, her bosom bouncing as they turned into a four-leaved clover. Tapping her horseshoes, she made a V-sign in front of her eye.

"Putting the charm in lucky charm, I am Lady Luck!"

The glitter around her disappeared. Immediately she ran out of the alley, heading back to the pub. *"I gotta save Patty, before things get out of..."*

Taking a turn she stopped dead in her tracks.

"...hand."

Horried, Lady Luck stared at the scene. In front of the pub, at least a dozen women had hoses in their mouths, blushing bright red as their breasts were growing. Some desperately tucked on the hoses, while others grabbed their breasts in shock, or tried covering them. Though with some variety, they were all carrying mounds around the size of their head, tightly wrapping their clothes around them. Hems were lifted off abdomens, under cleavage oozing out under cropped tops, while low cut tank tops were overflowing with necklines. Diamond-shaped windows spread between buttons, their cleavage steadily expanding. Flesh and skin grew out of all available openings as the women's breasts protruded from them, while the fabric tightened across their curves.

"Oh-hohoho!!" At the end of the hoses, Princess Puff-Puff was standing with the tank on her back, breasts bouncing as she laughed with her hand at her mouth. "That's right, you wretches! This is how big your tits feel to a poor, flat-chested girl – ever thought about that while flaunting them?"

Jaw dropped, Lady Luck stared at the plethora of ballooning bosoms, completely spaced out.

[Oi, get a hold of it! If ye let her have her way, she'll only get more powerful!]

Hearing the leprechaun in her mind Lady Luck shook her head. “H-hold it right there!” As she started tapping, she made a few missteps. “F-fortune is guiding my path – leading to a future shining with luck. B-but at every turn, misfortune is lurking, trying to steer our hearts into darkness.” Having regained her composure, she pointed at Princess Puff-Puff. “Evil spawn of misfortune! In the name of good fortune, I, Lady Luck, have come to stop you!”

Princess Puff-Puff greeted her with a sneer smirk. “My, my – if it isn’t the famous Lady Luck.” Hands on her sides she strutted through the field of bosoms steadily obscuring their owners’ torsos, swinging her own with each step. “Have you come to challenge me, the great Princess Puff-Puff, to a battle of who is the biggest?”

“Listen, you’ve got to stop this!” Lady Luck yelled, breasts swaying as she made a dramatic gesture. “There’s no point in blaming misfortune for your small breasts –they have nothing to do with luck!”

“Like you’re one to talk!” Princess Puff-Puff snapped back at her, angrily stomping her heel into the street. The cracking of the pavement was overwhelmed by the creaking of fabric. Tops were pulled sheer across more and more bosoms, holding back the flesh puffing up underneath. Through V-necks, under cleavages, and between buttons, breasts were spilling forth more and more prominently. “A lucky bitch like you will never understand what it’s like to be born with the misfortune of small tits!”

“Boobs are not the product of good or bad luck!” Though blushing Lady Luck cupped her breasts, figuratively shoving them at the villainess. “If anything, they are the fruits of hard labor and love!”

[What the heck are ye talking about?]

“No idea!” Lady Luck thought. “I’m just mad Patty turned into a spawn over something so stupid!”

Ever bigger, the breasts of the women on the street were growing, shoulders and arms vanishing behind them. The smallest ones were outgrowing volleyballs while the largest had already surpassed the waitress from the pub, straining their clothes to their limits. “Well, Lady Luck, in that case you certainly won’t mind if I harvest the fruits of my hard labor – though in this case, they are not the fruits of love, BUT HATE!” Reaching behind her, Princess Puff-Puff turned up the valve of her air tank.

“Don’t!”

The hissing noise got louder as more air streamed through the hoses, puffing up the women’s cheeks. Under their muffled protests, their breasts ballooned even quicker. Straps of dresses and tank tops dug into skin as lips of flesh embraced them. V-necks opened over the crests of breasts. Cleavage between buttons expanded towards the

flanks of bosoms. Side and under cleavage swelled into freedom, rolling up the fabric around ever-growing bulges.

“Hmph!” Growing even more panicked some women desperately tore on their hoses, while others tightly clenched their breasts. Into the muffles mixed the sounds of popping buttons and tearing fabric. Buttons flew across the street as V-necks and cleavage windows expanded to absurd sizes. Holders snapped, releasing buoyant crests of flesh mushrooming out of tank tops and dresses. More skin got exposed as breasts grew down abdomens and up faces. Tops started ripping, V-necks extending as the splits raced down bosoms. As the first women sported beach balls for breasts, they were visibly fighting with the pressure, looking like they were about to faint.

“It’s not too late to stop this!” Lady Luck pleaded Princess Puff-Puff. “Abandon your evil ways before...”

POP!

“KYYYYAAA!!” Lady Luck’s heartfelt monologue was cut short by one of the women screaming as her bust popped. Like the waitress, there were no signs she was hurt, except for the shreds of her shirt bursting off her chest. As the woman dropped to her knees, covering her flat bosom in shame, two spheres of black air hovered above her.

POP! POP! POP!

One by one, the other women followed. Dresses, blouses, tank tops – they all exploded over giant breasts, leaving their owners flat as boards. The women screeched as the hoses plopped out of their mouths, trying to cover themselves up. As shreds of fabric rained on the road, spheres of black air were ominously floating upwards, each in pairs. Some were small, their shape more discusses spheres, while others were closer, in size to though always smaller than Lady Luck’s breasts.

“I’m afraid you’re wrong, Lady Luck.” As the hoses retreated into her air tank, Princess Puff-Puff wickedly smiled at the street full of flat-chested women and black spheres. “It is too late – too late to stop me!” Sticking out her chest, she took a deep breath.

“No!” But as Lady Luck reached out her hand, a vortex of air flowed into Princess Puff-Puff’s mouth, so strong she and the women had to stem themselves against it. The black spheres uncurled, floating right into the villainess’ mouth. Her cheeks comically puffed up, until the last bit of black air was inside her mouth. For a moment, her head looked like a pufferfish, before she forced all the air down her throat.

“Ooohh... I can feel it...!” Closing her eyes, Princess Puff-Puff spread out her arms. A black aura surrounded her, growing more intense by the second. Flames of violet and black burned from her body, billowing from her like evil wisps. “The misery... the darkness... but most of all...”

Her aura exploded as she thrust out her chest. Shielding herself from the wind, Lady Luck watched as the rack of Princess Puff-Puff started to swell.

“THE BOOOOOOOOOBS!!!!” Arms spread out Princess Puff-Puff bathed in the black whirl of misfortune. Faster than before, her breasts were growing, stretching her girdle while growing out of it. The gap between them steadily closed, hiding her sternum between them, while their crests were rising out of the fabric towards her collarbone. Pushing forth her girdle, the billowing surfaces also pulled it apart, stretching the strings across their ever-narrower gap and widening her cleavage. On the sides, the leather rounded as her breasts flared beyond her, slowly creasing the fabric in the gradually sharper transition from her body to her breasts. While approaching her shoulders, her breasts continued to swell down her body, forcing the fabric into the edge between her curves and her abdomen. The tight fit of her girdle made their size even more striking, quickly approaching Lady Luck’s.

“Yes – YES!!!” Without touching them Princess Puff-Puff held her hands next to her breasts. Greed in her eyes she watched as the gap between them closed, first squeezing gently, then with growing strength against each other. “Finally! My misfortune surpasses the luck of luckiest hero in the world!! Ooh-hohohooo! OOO-HOHOHOOOO!!!” Cackling in absolute evil, she let her breasts grow into her palms. Eagerly her fingers grasped their curves, digging into the tight girdle. Growing to the size of her head, her breasts filled her torso from her neck down to her ribs, more and more cleavage oozing forth as her corsage stretched into a steadily wider V.

Her pigtails swaying in the wind coming off Princess Puff-Puff, Lady Luck covered her teared-up eyes with her arms. “Patty...”

[Listen, ye gotta stop her! I know she’s a swell gal inside, but if we let her run amuck, she will only fall deeper into misfortune.]

“I don’t want to fight her but... it looks like I really have no choice.” With a deep breath, Riley tightened her resolve. “Spawn of misfortune!” she yelled, stemming herself against the wind. “You have plagued these innocent women long enough. Prepare to be purified by my luck!”

Though the aura around her dimmed, Princess Puff-Puff’s breasts kept growing. The squeeze between them increased, tightening her cleavage while making it lurk for the strings of her girdle stretched above it. “Oh-hoho, that’s rich! You really think your puny little tits have a chance against me?” Pulling back her shoulders she bounced her assets, proud as they jiggled further up her face and down her abdomen with each leap. “But you know what? Let’s be fair!” As the sides of her bosom reached past her shoulders, six hoses slithered out behind them from the tank. “I shall grant you the joy of giant breasts for just a moment... before I make them pop and absorb them!”

Going around Princess Puff-Puff's breasts, the hoses shot right at Lady Luck. Immediately she leapt forward, jumping over the mouth pieces as if they were steppingstones while clapping her hands together.

"Gotta finish this quick!" When pulling her palms apart a rainbow spawned between them. As the hoses turned and lounged at Lady Luck she jumped backwards over them, tossing the rainbow at Princess Puff-Puff like a boomerang. Its colors cut through the air, soaring right at the villain's inflating chest.

"As if that'd work!" Twisting her torso, Princess Puff-Puff smacked the rainbow with her breasts. Lady Luck quickly reared to the side as bounced back at her, women shrieking when it crashed between them on the road.

"What the heck?" Lady Luck's emerald eyes stared aghast as her rainbow dispersed behind her. "She brushed my attack aside with her breasts?!"

[Remember, a spawn grows more powerful the more they relish in their misery – or in her case, her mammary.]

"Your tricks are as puny as your tits! Oh-hohoho!" As Princess Puff-Puff laughed with her hand at her mouth, her breasts jiggled in rhythm. Over her trembling breast gap, one could see the strings of her girdle drift apart while stretching across the swelling surface of her V-neck. Encompassing the entire length of her cleavage, its angle shallowed as it the bottom part opened towards the width of the top, turning the V-neck into a straight line of cleavage. At the same time, as her breasts covered her entire sternum, overflowing her girdle as they swelled up her neck. Subtle lips reached over the hem, growing more prominent the further they mushroomed out of the leather. "Now feel my wrath!"

The hoses reassembled and shot at Lady Luck again. Immediately she sidestepped, narrowly avoiding getting one shoved into her mouth. While dodging the hoses she kicked her horseshoe off her boots, catching them and wielding one in each hand. "How about this?"

Adding a spin to her next dodge, she tossed both horseshoes at Princess Puff-Puff, this time aiming for the head. Again, the villainess deflected them with her bust, knocking one right and one left. "Foolish girl! Did you really think that-"

Suddenly she froze. As she smacked the horseshoes aside, they were tangled up in the hoses coming from her air tank. Still spinning they furled the hoses around them, pulling them away from Lady Luck.

"Urgh! You and your rotten luck!" Grunting, Princess Puff-Puff tucked on the hoses. While she tried shaking off the horseshoes, her breasts continued swelling out of her girdle. As her cleavage pressed on its entire length against the strings, it slowly puffed

out of her corsage. The girdle further split as swells protruded between the strings, stretching them thinly over her breast gap while they cut into their skin.

While the breasts of Princess Puff-Puff surpassed large volleyballs in size Lady Luck jumped at her. “Got’cha!” she declared, her own bust wobbling as she stood in front of the imposing rack of her opponent.

For a second, Princess Puff-Puff was stunned. Suddenly, the horror on her face turned into a fiendish smile. “You really think you can outsmart me like this?” With a quick pull she ripped out the hoses from her tank, causing new ones to spawn. “I’m the one who got YOU! OOOHH-HOHOHOOO!!!”

But as the hoses shot at Lady Luck, she leapt into the air. Her pigtails swayed as she jumped upside-down over Princess Puff-Puff. When landing behind her, she took a short glance at Princess Puff-Puff’s breasts embedding her shoulders as they billowed beyond her, before she stretched out her hand. “Touch of luck!”

Her hand shimmered as she tagged the air tank. Immediately Princess Puff-Puff jumped away, turning around while grabbing for the tank. “W-what did you... ahh!” As she touched the vent it suddenly fell off. With a loud hiss the air came rushing out, with such force the straps on her shoulders snapped. The tank clanked as it fell on the road, tumbling and spinning as air rushed out. As it smacked Princess Puff-Puff’s boots she almost fell over, her cleavage bumping against her chin. While she stumbled, the tank switched from spinning into moving in steadily larger circles, until it hit the edge of the sidewalk and flew into the air. Several women ducked as it soared above their heads towards the sky, until it vanished in a blink.

“Y-you!!” Despite only being filled with air, Princess Puff-Puff had trouble to rebalance her massive chest as she toppled around. Once she regained her standing, she stared after the tank, anger and frustration written over her face. “Wha... what did you do?!”

“It’s over!” With pinky and index finger of both hands, Lady Luck pointed at Princess Puff-Puff. “Without your tank, you are not even hot air!”

Princess Puff-Puff gritted her teeth. Just as her breasts grew up the bottom of her furious face, their swelling calmed down, stuffed like a pair of grand basketballs into her girdle. “Grrr...!”

“Now it’s time to cleanse you and turn everyone back to normal!” Cupping her breast, Lady Luck pointed the clover at the villainess.

“N-no wait!” Her airy assets trembled as Princess Puff-Puff stepped back, shielding them with her arms. “I-I-I’m sure we can talk about this!”

“O vile misfortune” Lady Luck declared, her clover charm glowing bright green “Release the heart of this innocent soul and-”

“Lady Luck, watch out!”

As one of the women screamed her name, Lady Luck turned her head. The air tank had made a U-turn, flying back from the sky to the ground. Watching it rapidly come at her, Lady Luck jumped back, just in time to avoid it. But as the tank hit the road, it bounced off, spinning around itself as it whirled towards Lady Luck. “Eh?”

Fwoomp!

Lady Luck’s eyes shot wide open as the open vent shoved itself into her mouth. She almost tripped as she landed on the ground, stumbling until she came to a stop. The pressure from the tank made her rear back her head, her cheeks inflating as air rushed into her body.

“Hmph, mph – hmph!” Panicked, Lady Luck grabbed the tank. However, no matter how much she pulled or tried to open her mouth, her lips remained tightly sealed around it. Her full cheeks blushed as the air filled her up, streaming right into her chest.

“Wha-?” Princess Puff-Puff and all the women on the street stared in disbelief as the large rack of Lady Luck was pumped even bigger. Already prominently sticking out of her dress, the lime green blouse was further pushed forward, the sides of her bosom cambering past the edges of her U-neck. Steadily, their widest flanks billowed past her torso, filling into the space of her armpits. While her breasts lolled down the bodice of her dress, their tops reached higher, pulling the fabric from her shoulders. Bit by bit her breasts projected from her, arching the three golden buttons as they grew rounder and perkier.

“W-what’s going on? Why did the touch of luck make the tank end up inside my mouth?”

[Well, the touch of luck brings about great fortune for the one who uses it...]

“And how is this fortunate!?”

After staring dumbfounded at her swelling adversary, Princess Puff-Puff suddenly burst into laughter. “Oooh-hohohooo! Looks like SOMEONE bit off more than she could chew, huh? OOOH-HOHOHOOO!!”

Holding the air tank, Lady Luck grumbled. Her breasts wobbled against her arms, more frequently the further they were flaring towards her shoulders. As they outgrew her head, the fabric between the buttons slowly opened. Slits formed through which cleavage poked, steadily expanding across the top and bottom of her bosom. The further the openings expanded, the more the fabric around the buttons creased, forming crowfoot-like wrinkles. At the same time, the slight cleavage in her blouse extended as the top button was pulled down, getting nested alongside the others between the fronts of her breasts as they billowed forth. Wrapping her blouse around it, her bosom stretched the

fabric over its undersides. In the shadow of her bust, tight creases ran from the edges of her U-neck over the bottom of her bust, a steadily larger bulge falling on her midriff.

“My, my, how the tides have changed” Hands on her sides, Princess Puff-Puff strut over to Lady Luck. With her finger she traced her bosom, running it over the billowing curve. “I can’t wait to see you pop – your tits will be the crown jewels of my collection!”

Lady Luck muffled, angrily glaring at the villainess. She couldn’t move though as the tank forced air into her mouth – it was taking all her strength not to topple over, her back arching from the pressure. Blowing up larger than volley balls, her breasts steadily swelled against her arms as she held the air tank, growing into the space between her elbows. Ever further, the space between the buttons expanded, two large windows of cleavage slowly encompassing her rack. As their edges folded from circles into diamonds, the swells of her breast gap slowly spread forward, their gap getting tighter as they approached the level of the fabric. In addition, the top button steadily got pulled up the rising slope of her bust crest, while the bottom button also pulled more cleavage out of her dress. Tighter wrinkles spawned where her blouse reached out of her dress, curving over the slope of her gradually growing bosom.

“S-shouldn’t that thing be empty by now?!” Again, Lady Luck tried pulling out the tank, but like the hoses in the women’s mouths had, the vent remained stuck in hers.

[It’s the power source of a spawn – there’s a good chance it’s infinite.]

“I must say, you’re blowing up quite nicely” Princess Puff-Puff mocked her, watching as Lady Luck’s mounds caught up to, then steadily outgrew her own. She planted her hand on her bust, smiling evilly as the growing curves outlined her fingers more and more clearly. “Those huge boobs really suit you – truly, you are one *lucky* girl!”

If her mouth hadn’t been full of air Lady Luck would have gritted her teeth. While wrinkles framed the tips of the cleavage windows, the lime green fabric of her blouse was steadily growing brighter over the fronts of her mounds. On the wide surface the color of her skin gradually shined through. The space between her arms was getting more cramped by the second, her elbows pushed aside by two medicine balls that kept filling up with air. Around her torso, where her breasts reached out of her body, their slope was bending to a convex plain, reaching behind her and engulfing her shoulders. While the flanks of her rack flared past her body, they also bulged up and down, approaching her chin and navel.

“Damn it, it can’t end like this!” Desperate, Lady Luck tried moving the tank. But no matter whether she pulled, shoved, or even turned it, it was locked in position. *“There must be SOMETHING I can do!”*

[Not sure what we can do here. Ye used most charms already, and even if not I’m afraid they wouldn’t help in this situation.]

There was little comfort in the leprechaun's words, but Lady Luck knew he was right. The tank blocked part of her sight, but she could see the swells of her bosom rise around it – worse, she could feel her breasts swelling up and touch it. The upper cleavage window bumped against the air tank, Lady Luck muffling as skin touched the metal. Squeezing against each other, the slopes of her breast gap oozed out of her blouse, bit by bit standing off from the long, diamond-shaped gaps. As such, the fabric opened even further, the creases around growing as the windows spanned from the middle of one breast to the other's. Her arms parted more and more as her breasts shoved them aside, easing her grip on the tank. It was compensated though by the tops of her bosom steadily embracing the source of her growth, their very peaks reaching for her mouth. Lady Luck's eyes darted left and right, watching her breasts grow around the air tank, two massive globes absolutely dominating her body.

“Looks like you're almost ripe.” Taking a step back, Princess Puff-Puff relished in Lady Luck's lady bumps growing to the size of beach balls, full and perky from all the air inside them. “Now, it's time for you to go pop, so I can absorb your tits and make them my own! Ooh-hohohoo! OOOH-HOHOHOOOO!”

Princess Puff-Puff's cackle in her ears, Lady Luck muffled. Once more she tried pulling out the tank, but it was fruitless. *“How is this even possible?! My touch of luck should have directed all harm away from me, not shove this thing into mouth!!”*

[That is indeed odd. Perhaps...]

Clank!

The top button popped off Lady Luck's blouse against the air tank. While it bounced back into her cleavage, the sides of her blouse opened across the entire top of her bust. The wobbling swells embedded the air tank, the fabric creasing around the fresh, deep V-neck. *“P-perhaps what?”*

[Listen, I know this sounds crazy, but I think the touch of luck might still be in effect.]

Ping!

The bottom button popped, bouncing across the road. The bottoms of her breasts stripped out of the released fabric, her whole bust rocking up and down between Lady Luck's arms. Only the central button kept her blouse closed, shaking as it divided her cleavage into an hourglass. Flowing down her abdomen and up above her eyes, almost her whole torso was covered behind the bare swells growing out of the fabric. Though their sides were still covered, as the fabric bunched up between top and bottom bulges their cover also shrunk. *“Are you mental?! Even a pervy little gnome like you can't say this has anything to do with luck!!”*

[I know it seems absurd. But all we can do right now is trust in the touch of luck.]

“The touch of luck royally screwed me up!”

Overflowed by lips seeping out of the fabric, the fabric on the flanks of her bust got pushed into accordion folds. The naked cleavage pressed against her arms, Lady Luck having to push into her breasts to keep hold of the air tank. While bulging out of her blouse, her breasts engulfed the leftover fabric, while stretching it around the final button. Over the hissing of the air tank, one could hear its stitches tear one by one.

“I guess that’s it.” Unable to grasp over her bosom, Lady Luck let her fingertips slip off the air tank. Though it wobbled, the grasp of her breasts kept it in place, steadily engulfing the tank as they swelled out of her blouse. Arms on her globes as they eclipsed yoga balls in size, Lady Luck closed her eyes. *“To think I’d meet my end like this”* she thought, blushing bright as she prepared for the inevitable...

CLANG!

PING!

SHRIP!

...

...

The button had burst off, first hitting the tank and then the road, while the tense fabric tore across her curves. Eyes still closed, Lady Luck didn’t dare looking at her flattened breasts.

Until she realized they were still as gigantic as before.

“Huh?” As Lady Luck opened her eyes again, most of her vision was filled by her breasts. While lifting the air tank in their valley their bottoms fully fell on her lap, lolling past her waist down her legs. With shreds of lime green confetti raining around them, nothing covered their curves as they continued inflating all around, bulging far beyond her body while protruding inch by inch from her.

“Wha- why didn’t I pop? Not that I’m complaining, but why?”

[It’s ye luck! It protects ye from the damaging effects of the spawn’s power!]

“But I thought it only worked on fragments of their power?”

[Maybe it’s because the power specifically targets the core of ye fortune.]

“No way I’ll accept my boobs are the core of my luck!! Besides, having blimps for boobs is hardly better than popping – how am I supposed to fight like this??”

As her breasts titled the air tank when ascending above her head, it forced Lady Luck to crane her neck, the open end still stuck in her mouth. Her arms were also strained as the

slope of her breasts reached behind her, her curves tearing on her shoulders with each bit they spread out.

“H-hey, what’s going on?” Instead of cackling, Princess Puff-Puff stared in confusion at Lady Luck’s rack. “Why didn’t you go pop? I DEMAND your tits to pop so I can absorb them!!”

But Lady Luck’s breasts didn’t listen to her, also not to the muffled protest of their owner. Without clothes to constrain them and the air making them firm and perky, their inner swells pushed each other apart, swelling into round walls. As such, the pressure on Lady Luck’s shoulder increased further as the fronts of her breasts pointed apart, shoving their backsides against her arms while their flanks swelled beyond her.

“Stop!!” Princess Puff-Puff’s jugs trembled as she furiously stomped on the ground. “Stop growing right now!”

“Hm-hm hmph!” Lady Luck mumbled, meaning “I would if I could!” Instead, her breasts only continued to escalate, reaching towards her knees while their crests exceeded her by a head. Although they were full of air, Lady Luck had to move her arms as far under her breasts as she could to support their weight. She could barely get a grip on their bottoms, however. At the same time, the pull of the tank on her mouth warped her lips into a duckface.

“You little...!” Large enough to be used as bean bag chairs, Lady Luck’s breasts cast a literal shadow on Princess Puff-Puff and her bosom, the head of the villainess getting even redder than the humiliated heroine’s. “I WILL NOT ALLOW YOU TO BE BIGGER THAN I AM!!!” she yelled, digging her gloves into colossal mounds in front of her.

“Mmmmmph!!” Lady Luck blushed hard as the villainess climbed her breasts, shoving her fingers, boots and own breasts into the inflating slope. With the weight of Princess Puff-Puff, Lady Luck’s legs buckled, her bosom approaching the road even faster. When she stood on top of Lady Luck’s breasts, legs split over her breast gap, Princess Puff-Puff grabbed under the air tank. “I’ll show you who’s the true mistress of giant tits!!” she declared, before pulling a dozen hoses out of the tank and shoving them into her mouth.

A tremendous amount of air puffed up her cheeks. Standing over Lady Luck’s cleavage, her own bust filled up and swelled, steadily reaching from her. Proudly, Princess Puff-Puff stuck out her assets, their bounce not hiding their growth. Inch by inch they bulged in every direction, gradually obscuring her body. Their crests further muffin-topped out of her girdle, while cleavage pushed out of her corsage. Rising bulges grew between the strings, her skin even creasing as they were digging into it. While blowing out of her girdle, her breasts were constrained by where her outfit still fit over her curves, seemingly halting the growth of their flanks and bottoms. However, its hem steadily

crawled upwards, approaching the bottom of her bust as it reached down her abdomen. As piles of flesh grew over the lower half of her face, Princess Puff-Puff rolled her eyes under her mask.

“Mh-mh hmph – hm hm-hm mph!!” (“Oh yes! That feels so good – I should have done that from the start!!”)

“H-hm hmph!... Mmph?” (“G-get off my boobs you creep! ...Wait a sec, why can we suddenly understand each other?”)

“Hmph? Hm hmm hmph!!” („Who cares? All I know is I need more of this!!”)

Reaching around her breasts Princess Puff-Puff pulled even more hoses out of the tank and stuffed them into her mouth. Her cheeks blushed as they grew even fuller, just like her breasts. Quickly they went up the sports ball scale, growing through basketballs, medicine balls and beach balls. Her girdle creaked and groaned as it tried to fit around her rapidly inflating rack, lips of flesh pouring over. While hanging over the fabric like mushrooms, her breasts widened her corsage stretching its strings into nothingness, engulfing them in their growing bulges. Hanging in the air, the hem of the girdle soon landed on her breasts as they rolled down her abdomen, steadily exposing their round bottoms. Flowing out under her girdle, they approached her lap, forming bulges of under cleavage like their crests.

“Mh-hm-hm-hhhmmmmph!!! ...hm?” („Ooh-hohohoooo!!! ...hm?”)

As she stood on Lady Luck’s breasts, Princess Puff-Puff noticed she was slowly elevated. Under her boots, the bosom of her nemesis was still growing, almost touching on the road as they exceeded her height.

“Hm-hmph hmhm? Hmph!” (“Still trying to stay ahead, huh? We’ll see about that!”)

Kneeling over Lady Luck’s cleavage, Princess Puff-Puff reached under her own bosom for the neck of the air tank.

“H-hmmph?!” (“W-what are you doing?!”)

“Hmph!” (“Getting my fair share of air!”)

From the neck of the tank, Princess Puff-Puff pulled out more hoses than Lady Luck could count. Just before the lips of her cleavage blocked her face Princess Puff-Puff stuffed them into her mouth. Her cheeks looked like they were about to burst, her breasts quickly hiding them as they blushed in pleasure. With the air flowing out before it could reach her mouth, the growth of Lady Luck’s breasts slowed down. At the same time, she felt as her adversary was growing even faster on her bust. She wasn’t really getting heavier since her breasts were filling with air. Still, as she knelt on her breasts, Lady Luck watched in horror as the bosom of Princess Puff-Puff grew right above her head, casting a growing shadow on her as they exceeded hula hoops in diameter.

“Mhh – hmph! Hmph!! HHMMMPH!!!” (“Yes - more! More! MOOOORE!!!”)

As Princess Puff-Puff moaned with her mouth full of hoses, her breasts escalated her body. Their bottom swelled against her lap while their tops rose above her head, her girdle compressing them into an hourglass shape. The strings invisible in her cleavage, her corsage continued to widen across her chest, her cleavage lolling forth inside it. Despite being impossibly cramped, her outfit was holding, ever larger swells reaching over and under it. Their shadow spread over Lady Luck and on the road around behind her, blocking the sun.

“Hm, Hm-mh hmph??” (“So, how is it in the literal shadow of my boobs?”)

But as Princess Puff-Puff relished in her mighty mounds steadily catching up to Lady Luck’s, the strings buried inside their flesh were starting to tatter.

“Hm-hmph! Hm hm hmph mh hm mh!” (“At long last! Never shall guys ignore me because of my tiny tits!”)

Snap!

One string after another, her corsage started to break. Each snap catapulted the bulges in her cleavage forth, sending ripples across her bosom.

“Hmph, mh-hm hmm! Hmph hm mmh!” (“Never shall I feel inadequate because of my boobs again! Never shall I feel small and insignificant!”)

Snap!

As her corsage broke, the halves of her girdle drifted apart, allowing the flanks of her bust to smoothen with the rest of her bosom. With breasts as large as those she was kneeling on, Princess Puff-Puff tightly groped herself, ditzzy from her ecstasy.

“Hm hm hmph! Mh mh! Mh hm hmph-“ (“Look at me, world! Stare at my glorious knockers! For I am the absolute-“)

BOOM!!

The bang of Princess Puff-Puff’s rack rung in everyone’s ears. Jolting back on Lady Luck’s cleavage, Princess Puff-Puff stared at shredded pieces of her girdle flying off her naked, absolutely flat bosom. Where mind-boggling mammaries had been a moment ago, dozens of black spheres were floating in pairs. Suddenly, they dispersed, one shooting into the pub while the rest aimed for the women on the street.

“Aaah!” As most were clutching their naked chests, they were shocked when they felt them swell against their arms. Those who had tied clothes around their bosoms watched bumps grow and distinguish themselves from the fabric, often tearing or overflowing it. One by one, the “air” streamed back into their breasts, returning to their former size.

Some happily cuddled their rejuvenated racks, though most were embarrassed as their busts were still naked.

“My tits!” The hoses plopped out of Princess Puff-Puff’s mouth as she hastily covered her chest. But the airstream from the hoses was so powerful it blew her back. Rolling over the entire length of Lady Luck’s cleavage she fell off its front, right on her head.

“HRNG!!” Standing on her head, Princess Puff-Puff grimaced in pain. As Lady Luck’s bosom softly bumped against her, she toppled forward. Arms crossed over her plain chest she lay on the road, with blank eyes as she had passed out.

“N-now is my chance!” Trying to turn her head despite the tank in her mouth, Lady Luck looked past the back slope of her bust at the tattered remnants of her top. At her heel, she spotted the part with her clover charm. As fast as her proportions allowed her, she turned her body – despite being larger than her, her breasts fortunately barely weighted anything. When she had tilted her chest far enough to see Princess Puff-Puff lying on the road, she kicked the ripped fabric with her heel into the air. The charm rang like chimes as it was tossed upwards before she kicked it at Princess Puff-Puff.

“Hmph mh hm, hm hm mph HMPH!!” (“O vile misfortune or something, I don’t care just end this perverted nightmare LUCKY SHOT!!”)

Passing the backside of Lady Luck’s breast the charm hit the defeated villain. A violet flame erupted from her chest, immediately getting shot down by the charm. As the fire dispersed, Princess Puff-Puff began to shine brightly. Lady Luck and all the other women shielded their eyes as the light engulfed the entire street.

When it faded, Lady Luck slowly lowered her arm, then opened her emerald eyes. There was no tank sticking to her mouth. The women on the street, they had all gotten their clothes back, many sighing as they didn’t need to cover themselves anymore. But what relieved Lady Luck the most was she could SEE all of this.

“Thank goodness!” A literal weight off her chest she put a hand on her bosom. Her blouse was back, with all buttons closed, the charm sitting on her right breast again. While still the largest on the street, her breasts were back at their *regular* big size. *“Everything’s normal again...”*

[See? Because the tank ended in your mouth and you outgrew her, Princess Puff-Puff used her power on herself and blew herself up – in the end, the path of fortune guided us to victory!]

Lady Luck glared at her charm. *“Riiiiight... and you swear you didn’t steer the path a little so it would blow up my tits like crazy?”*

[For the last time, I can’t manipulate how fortune works, and I don’t care about...]

“Urgh...”

Recognizing the whimper, Lady Luck turned her head. Where Princess Puff-Puff had been, Patty was lying on the street, the last traces of misfortune evaporating from her. Immediately Lady Luck rushed over, helping her sit up. “Are you okay?”

“L... Lady Luck?” Groggily, Patty adjusted her glasses. “What... happened? I remember talking to my best friend Riley, when... when... oh no.” With a look of realization, she pulled her legs against her. “I... I turned into a spawn... and wanted to steal everyone’s’... uuuuh.” Blushing bright red, she buried her face deep into her knees. “I wish *I* could pop right now...”

Carefully, Lady Luck patted her back. “I... think we all had enough popping for one day.”

“That’s not even the worst.” Raising her head, Patty’s eyes glistened with tears. “My friend, Riley, I... before I transformed, we talked about a date that went wrong. I blamed it on being flat-chested, and... and attacked her for having big breasts.” She sobbed. “She’s... she’s my best friend. But I was so frustrated I never have any luck with men, I let it all out on her. To think I was envious of her breasts... and turned into a monster over it...” A shadow fell over her eyes. “I don’t know how I can ever look her in the eyes again.”

With a reassuring smile, Lady Luck pulled a four-leaved clover from her back. “I’m sure she’ll forgive you” she said, handing Patty the clover. “Besides, you don’t need big breasts to impress men. Just be more confident in your natural charm.”

Wiping the tears from her eyes, Patty took the clover. “You... really think so?”

“I know so” Lady Luck said and winked. “So please, no more balloon bras, okay?”

Patty chuckled. “Okay.” She sniffed, then took a deep breath. “Thank you, Lady Luck!”

“Anytime.” Lady Luck tipped her hat. “Now, if you’ll excuse me – and remember, believe in yourself, not your luck.” Her horseshoes soles clacked as she jumped on the roof of the pub. The women cheered as she skipped across the buildings, vanishing in the distance.

Holding the clover against her chest, Patty smiled after her. Suddenly, she frowned. “Wait, how did she know about the balloon bra?”

“Luck’s Out!”

As Lady Luck stepped on the roof of a tall business building, her body glowed. Her auburn hair flowed to her shoulders as she transformed back into Riley, sighing in exhaustion.

“That was the worst fight EVER!” she moaned, leaning against the door to the inside. Gloom covering her eyes, she looked at her breasts, wrapped into her blue summer dress with its crossed holders. “I’m not sure which was worse – fighting Patty or... urgh!” She shuddered.

Meanwhile, the four lights of the clover united into one, and the leprechaun hovered in front of her. “At least luck helped us find out way to victory” he comforted her, smoking on his pipe.

But even the stoic guardian of luck trembled at the death stare Riley was giving him.

“I... I’ll be quiet.”

“Well at least it’s over” Riley said, adjusting her purse. “All I want to do now is take a shower and go to bed.”

“It’s still afternoon. Besides, didn’t ye say you have to study?”

Riley’s breasts shook as she winced. “Oh crap, you’re right! I hope it’s not too late.” She rummaged through her purse, looking for her phone. When she pulled it out, the golden coin from her battle with Mighty Midas hung between her fingers.

“Thinking about it, it’s odd ye got no trinket” the leprechaun remarked as he looked at the coin. “Usually, after each big spawn battle, luck grants ye reward. I wonder why not this time?”

“There wasn’t really anything to gain – besides, I don’t want anything to remember this encounter.” After checking the time, Riley cheered up. “Thank goodness, I can still make it” she said, feeling so relieved she took a deep breath...

Creak.

She froze. As she breathed in, she could hear the eerily familiar noise of stretching fabric from her chest.

Mortified, she looked down. Her eyes were met with the swell of her bosom, protruding proudly from her figure. However, she could swear it was protruding a little... more proudly than usually.

Riley thought she was hallucinating. Riley *prayed* she was hallucinating. That the whole incident left her paranoid and super-sensitive to her bust size. She brought her hands to her breasts, wanting to make sure they were as regularly big as always. But as she gently squeezed them, their size suddenly deflated. At the same time, Riley blew air out of her mouth – she couldn’t control it, a burst just came rushing out. It was short and slight,

her bust retreating back until it looked like always. However, the fact she saw it go back confirmed it had actually been larger before.

“It... couldn’t be...?”

Though everything inside her repulsed, Riley took another deep breath. As her lungs filled with air, her chest pushed forth. However, it pushed more than it should, the convex domes billowing while slightly pointing apart around the strap of her purse. The slight neckline of her dress was pulled lower, her crossed holders stretching towards her breasts, while the sides of her white jacket were pushed further off their flanks. Immediately Riley held her breath, staring terrified at the extra bit of bust line she had gained.

“Oh... oh.” The leprechaun stared just as bewildered as Riley at her chest before he cleared his throat. “Well, it... it seems ye cleansed and absorbed that spawn’s power. I’ve seen something like that happen to a few Lady Lucks in tense fights. Not often. But it happens.”

As Riley cupped her breasts, the strap of her purse making each pop, she could only smile in terror. “N... no way.”