

AN APPRENTICE'S OVERSIZED AMBITION

by Rack-Coon

for toabqut

Corinna's scarlet locks fell into her face as she leaned over the podium. Blowing the hair out of her eyes, she studied the book lying in front of her. It reeked of old paper, just like the whole hall with its all its bookshelves that reached to the tall ceiling. While skimming through the pages littered with runes and anagrams, Corinna could hear her mistress talk to the librarian behind her.

"Once more, I beg your pardon for the intrusion of my apprentice." The way she spoke, how she stressed certain syllables and added a sultry flavor to her voice made Corinna seethe with anger.

"It is quite alright, Lady Ramira" the librarian assured her, sounding a little too happy. "Luckily, you arrived just before I could hex her."

Silently, Corinna harrumphed. Keeper of the royal library or not, no hex from a bookworm could match *her* magic.

"Indeed, very fortunate" Ramira soothed. "After all, we wouldn't want a misunderstanding like that to taint our relationship with the largest vault of arcane knowledge in the kingdom, possibly on the whole continent."

Corinna didn't turn her head but could picture exactly what her mistress was doing: Leaning forward, she'd show off the monstrosities that were her breasts, Corinna's suspicion hardened as she heard the "dress" stretch around her mistress' orbs, the red fabric hanging like a scarf around them. The plunging neckline of olive skin could have swallowed an infant, while vast flanks reached far beyond her shoulders out of her dress. Eyes on the book, an image formed in Corinna's mind how her mistress tilted her head at the librarian, so her smooth raven hair would drop on the wide slopes of her breasts, emphasizing their size and shape. Corinna took a short glance at her own chest, barely vaulting the buttons of her blue dress with nothing to show for the scoop-neck. Her eyebrows furrowed, the pages rustling as she angrily flipped them.

"I will leave you to your studies" the librarian said to Ramira. "But remember, the next time you come by, I will have to see the letter that you and your apprentice have permission to conduct research in these halls."

"Again, my apologies for forgetting it – on my next visit, I will bring it straight to your office." Hearing her dress stretch around her mistress' breasts, Corinna looked over her shoulder. All her theories were confirmed as she saw Ramira plant her assets against the librarian's chest, each as large as a plucked goose stuffed for a feast. The huge swells squished his body as she leaned to his ear, whispering softly: "Then, we can take aaaaall the time we need to settle the... formalities."

Seeing how the librarian lecherously grinned at her mistress' cleavage, Corinna furiously turned back to the book, red strands flailing around her. While looking at the arcane writing, she heard the librarian leave the hall.

"That was a little too close for comfort now, was it?" Ramira asked once the door had fallen shut, still a sultry ring in her voice. Hearing her step closer Corinna leaned further over the podium, only to suddenly feel a heavy burden on her head – or rather two burdens, dropping around and engulfing her scarlet hair. "To be perfectly honest, when I saw you backed into a corner, I was a little disappointed" Ramira told her. "I thought I taught you better than to get caught red-handed when snooping around the royal library."

"I'm really sorry, Lady Ramira" the boob-hated apprentice mumbled, eyes on the runes.

Her mistress giggled, putting even more weight on Corinna as she crossed her arms on top of her bust. "It's quite alright. You're still a little chick, after all – one that was lucky the big hen had planned to sneak into the library herself."

"I'm really grateful for that, Lady Ramira" Corinna said, trying not to grit her teeth as she turned the pages.

"Oh, don't mention it. Now, what is it you were looking for?" Ramira leaned forward, hair falling on her breasts as she looked over her cleavage at the book in front of Corinna. Her breasts pushed around her student's head, almost reaching from her cheeks to her eyes. "Permanent transmutation? And guides for applying it in other spells?" Curious, Ramira tilted to the side, cocking Corinna's head as she lifted one breast with her hand to look at her face. "My dear Corinna, are you trying to cook up a spell of your own design?"

Feeling the mass of bosom pull on her face Corinna grumbled. She was about to flip the pages again but halted. Her eyes scanned the text, carefully going through each line. The dropped corners of her mouth rose, her smile growing from excited to wicked to almost maniacal. Soft chuckles shook her body, making her Ramira's rack tremble on top of her.

“...Corinna?”

Almost shoving her head between her mistress' breasts Corinna burst out into laughter. Surprised Ramira stepped back, watching her apprentice turn towards her. “I did!” she exclaimed, the triumph in her voice echoing throughout the hall. “It took me months of hard work and research, but at long last, I found the final piece for my incantation!” Proudly she pulled back her shoulders, making her dress camber a little around her nimble bosom, not nearly enough though to make cleavage appear or arch the buttons. “For years, I had to put up with your *huge* ego, feeling *tiny* in your presence – but now, I can finally rise from your shadow and put you in your place!”

Ramira raised an eyebrow at her apprentice. “My dear Corinna, whatever are you talking about?”

Grinning, Corinna lifted her arms. “I’ll show you.” Closing her eyes, she muttered under her breath. “Oh swelling desire of my heart, lay bare my passions so my wishes may take shape...”

An aura of light illuminated her hands. She reared back her glowing palms, before smacking her chest.

“GAH!” A surge of magic hit her, Corinna’s eyes shooting wide open as she gasped. As arcane energies whirled within her tingling sensations took hold of her bosom, embracing its nimble curves. Hands still on her chest, her heart raced beneath them as she felt a weak push. Immediately Corinna pulled her hands away, eye shining as the humble bump of her chest slowly bulged larger.

“Yes, YES!” she screamed, greedily absorbing every detail of the little swells vaulting her dress, pressing it smooth and convex over their rising curves. “My boobs are growing!!”

Watching her apprentice get all giddy about her growing chest, Ramira blinked at her. “Your... what are what?”

Under the incredulous stare of her mistress Corinna’s breasts slowly expanded. With the glee of a little child the young sorceress watched herself become bustier by the second. The buttons between her breasts got lifted forward, following the gradually arching curve of her bust. As they got nestled between their distending roundings, a slight sink formed between her assets, while the fabric steadily knitted around the sharpening edges of her bosom, forming slopes that got steeper the further they bent outwards. Tenting up around her breasts, clearly framing their billowing surface, the wrinkles steadily cambered along the swelling sides they rested on. At the same time, the creases on the bottom were peeled off her body, slowly rising into a wrinkly slant. Reaching deeper down the more her bosom projected from her, the slant pulled up the next button under her chest. While it tilted towards her bust the wrinkles falling off dented inwards,

towards the bottoms lolling down her ribcage. Similarly, their tops were pressing their shape into her dress, bulging the fabric into domes while slowly dragging down her neckline.

“Wow... I can't believe it's really working!” Mesmerized by her mammaries, Corinna ran her hands over them. Touching her curves and feeling them swell against her fingers made her shiver, goosebumps forming all over her. Beneath the fabric, she felt her breasts gradually swell towards each other, closing the gap between them. “Months of research to formulate the incantation... learning to weave the arcane waves... I nearly worked myself to death, but DAMN, it was worth it!”

Watching her student caress herself, Ramira scratched her head, the motion shaking her own assets in her skimpy dress. “You snuck into the arcane library, a crime that could have very well gotten you imprisoned for life, to develop a spell that... grows your breasts?”

Still rubbing her bust Corinna cackled. Then, her laughter transitioned into murmuring, speaking under her breath. “...so my wishes may take shape.”

Hearing her student recite the incantation again Ramira's eyes bulged. “Hold on, at least wait until the first spurt has finished!”

But Corinna had already raised her hands off her breasts, her palms glowing a little brighter than last time, and smacked them again. She cooed as her bosomy grapefruits jiggled, filling with even more arcane energy. Growing around her body her breasts swelled into spheres, the buttons drifting apart over their rapidly increasing curve. The one under her chest quickly moved up the slant under her bust, which continued to expand down her abdomen towards the next button. More and more clearly the fabric rounded over the bottoms of her bosom, the wrinkles clutching her breasts as they hung over her ribs. Meanwhile, the sides of her bust reached beyond her torso, smothering the wrinkles on their round curves while making them assemble around the edges of her rack. Overlapping her arms her breasts pulled the fabric taut, the neckline descending bit by bit towards her bust. After getting peeled off her sternum it curved towards her breasts gap, until eventually, the hem snuggled her skin. A slight scoop-neck formed, slowly spreading out around the top of her bosom the further it reached out from her. The soft kiss of the fabric gliding over her swelling flesh made Corinna shaky on her legs.

“Oooh, that feels soooo goood” she moaned, giving her growing cantaloupes a firm grope. Fabric squirmed between her fingers, the bulges between them growing like her entire bust. Their spherical shape became more striking by the second as the surface bending over her arms steadily expanded. Back slopes formed and spread out around her, the wrinkles getting pushed into the shadow behind them. Meanwhile her neckline continued to widen across her breasts, which steadily made the fabric climb up their

slopes as they bulged behind it. Passing the crests of her mounds the hem continued to slide down towards the front of her bust, unveiling gradually more skin. While rising out of her dress the inner curves of her breasts crossed the distance separating them, the round walls of her flesh hugging each other. From the center outwards, their curvature began to flatten under the growing pressure between her mounds, squeezing even tighter as Corinna hugged her bosom. "So soft... so warm..." Cuddling her breasts she almost teared up. "It's like years of inadequacy and belittlement are melting right off my chest and flow into my boobs..."

With a wobbling cleavage Ramira stepped forward. "Corinna, my dear, conjuring up such a potent spell surely is an impressive feat" she soothed, eyes on her disciple's steadily larger mammary melons. "However, I advise you not to get too carried away."

Laughing, Corinna took her arms off her bust, provoking a dominant bounce. "What's wrong, old lady? Feeling intimidated?" Crossing her arms behind her head she swayed her breasts around, each swing a little wider than the last as they kept growing. More and more clearly the round fronts stretched the fabric around them, its azure hue turning sky-blue. While the buttons kept cambering across her rack, lines of tension popping up around and pointing directly at them, the fabric started drifting apart between them. Steadily, her breast gap peeked out as the thin rifts got pulled into oval holes, especially the central one expanding across her bosom. "Cause you have every reason to!" Corinna suddenly declared, a sinister ring in her voice as she raised her hands one more. Bulbs of light danced on her palms as she recited the incantation before smacking the lights into her breasts.

The intensity of the sensation made Corinna shudder. Jiggling and rippling, her breasts expanded even faster, steadily obscuring her torso. The slant falling from them got pulled underneath them, the button on it latching onto her curves as her dress formed a pocket. While the buttons rode up her bust and abdomen, the slopes of her breast flanks swelled beyond her, their steadily larger domes only leaving her elbows and shoulders visible when she pulled her arms around her body, cupping the bottom of her bosom. "That's it! More... MORE!"

Intoxicated, Corinna wrapped the fabric around her fingers, pulling it even tighter over her curves. Larger than her head her breasts pushed down her groping hands, while shoving their flesh into the growing windows of cleavage. The further the fabric opened between the buttons, the more the edges of the windows were folded into triangles, turning into diamonds. Out of these diamonds the surface of her breasts was starting to bulge forth, standing from her dress with their squeeze zone approaching its level. Similarly, the tops of her bosom reached above her neckline, swelling against each other and muffin-topping out of her dress. Lips flowed over and pushed the neckline further down, crescent wrinkles forming below the flesh hanging over it. The more her bust capped her bright blue dress the more constrained her curves appeared inside the fabric,

the bare slopes looming over the bodice. Some of the wrinkles around her fondling fingers smoothed while others kept tenting up, though generally, it was getting thinner around her breasts. Behind their bulge, the next button was pulled on her bust, leaving only one on her abdomen that steadily ascended.

Staring as the fabric turned semi-sheer around the distending fronts of her Corinna's breasts, Ramira raised her hands. "Come to your senses, Corinna!" she tried to appeal to her apprentice, making her own bust spill out between her arms. The difference between their bosoms was shrinking by the second, Corinna catching up to the stuffed geese her mistress carried. Around the diamond-shaped cleavage windows, the fabric folded into thin bands, the tips of the diamonds flattening under the swells that reached over them, appearing more cramped inside her dress by the second. "You need to stay focused, or else the magic will overwhelm-"

Suddenly, the central button popped off Corinna's chest. While Corinna gasped as the fabric snapped across her curves, the button flew straight at Ramira. Hit in the head she stumbled backwards, leaning so far back it made her breasts jump to her face. At the same time, Corinna's fused cleavage windows expanded to the twice the of the others, her breasts wobbling as they rounded inside it. With their inner curves splaying out her breasts bulged the fabric in an even more globular shape, nearly filling the entire bodice of her dress. The final button was pulled up, its cleavage window spreading out over the underside of her bust. Once she had digested the sensation Corinna's eyes gleamed as she gazed over her breasts, each as tall as her torso, clearly outsizing her mistress.

"Yes... YES!" she laughed, rubbing her assets in pure ecstasy. "Finally, I'm the biggest mage in the land! The biggest mage in the world!! THE BIGGEST MAGE WHO EVER LIVED! AHAHAHAHA!"

As Ramira caught her balance, her breasts almost bouncing out of her cleavage, she scowled at Corinna. "Alright, young lady, you've had your fun. Now cease this childish behavior at-"

She was cut off by the button between the lower windows popping. While forging one huge window on the bottom of Corinna's shaking bust, it bounced off the ground against Ramira's mammaries. The mage gasped as the small projectile dived into her flesh with incredible force, pushing a deep dent into it. When the surface rebounded the button was shot off again, her bosom jiggling like mad and making Ramira tumble. Corinna enjoyed seeing her mistress flail around, though she enjoyed even more the fact her sight on Ramira diminished due to her mounds rising into her field of view. Piling up above her dress Corinna's breast gap longed for her chin, making it look like their slopes framed her nose from the front. Ever larger lips bulged over the neckline, burying and creasing it under their weight - the higher the flesh pillows mushroomed out of her dress, the more the fabric bunched up on their flanks. As the pressure increased the cleavage

windows were stretched into the width, the tension folds tenting up as the stress on the remaining three buttons increased. Each breast around the diameter of a carriage wheel they forced huge windows into her bodice, held by the button on her neckline and the one nestled between bottom peaks of her bust, with the last one hidden behind the slope of the bottoms. "Oh yes" Corinna cooed, frantically rubbing her growing mammaries. "Grow for me! Bigger and bigger and bigger and--"

"Enough!" Ramira's breasts wobbled like jelly as she stomped her foot on the ground, furiously glaring at her student. "Stop this ridiculous nonsense at once! You are way too obsessed over your breasts!"

"Obsessed?" The look on Corinna's face hardened raised her gaze over her bosom at her mistress. "For years, I was forced to watch you flaunt around your fat meat bags right in front of my face. Their size mocked me, their weight crushed me – literally and figuratively. But no more!" Alongside her voice Corinna raised her arms, the light in her palms glowing brighter than ever. "Let's see how you like a life in the shadow – in a HUGE shadow!"

"Corinna, wai--"

"OH SWELLING DESIRE OF MY HEART, LAY BARE MY PASSIONS SO MY WISHES MAY TAKE SHAPE!!!"

Under Ramira's aghast stare, Corinna slammed her hands against her breasts. They wobbled about, her whole body shaking as a huge surge of magic flowed into her bust. "Ohhh... OHHHHH!"

Overwhelmed, the young disciple rolled up her eyes. Hands on her rack it spread out even faster, filling her bodice down to her lap. Corinna's entire view was filled by the swells rising out of her dress, the gap between tightening right before her eyes. As cleavage was overflowing the central window its bottom button popped off, bouncing off the ground and diving between Ramira's breasts. While the sorceress gasped at the little dot shaking her mounds, the lowest button of Corinna's bodice popped as well, landing at Corinna's feet. As her bodice opened across her jiggling jugs, only the button of her neckline remained, separating the swells flowing over her dress from the wobbling cleavage window spanning the front and bottom of her bust. Between the swelling bulges, the fabric knitted over the flanks of her bosom, restraining their growth. As the bare swells expanded up- and downwards, they took the shape of an ever-larger hourglass overflowing the fabric on each side.

Finally, the last button popped. It followed the other between Ramira's breasts, hitting her in the sternum. As Ramira bent over, breasts hanging and swaying from her, Corinna's dress raced across her curves, both women moaning. Corinna's arms got thrown off her rack as it exploded from her, the huge back slopes encompassed her

shoulders while her split bodice fell around them. Unable to hold their weight Corinna dropped to the ground, kneeling against her breasts. With Corinna leaning on them, they gradually flowed over the floor, their round bottoms flattening into smooth fields of skin. Still swelling swiftly in all directions, her breasts started raising her off her knees, making them push against the wide backsides of her bosom as they rose on their surface. Large enough to fill a mattress they spread forward from Corinna as well as to either side around her, while towering higher and wider above her head. The slopes of her breast gap vanished from her sight, turning into a straight line that shot straight up in front of her nose. Hands clinging to them her arms rested almost evenly on them, so vast were the curves that stretched out around her. When they reached as far from her as she was tall and almost lifted her on her feet their growth finally slowed down, Corinna carrying a pair of mounds reaching far above her.

As Corinna huffed, she brushed her red hair, the other hand remaining on her curves. A faint smile on her face she traced her fingers along them, while pushing one knee into her bust. "Who's... the little chick... now?"

Still bending over, Ramira also panted. Slowly, she got back up, breasts wobbling with each step as she walked to her disciple. The bounces made the buttons fall out of her cleavage, her once mighty mammaries now looking like grapes in front of apples as she stood next to Corinna. The sorceress circled around the mounds towering above her, until she reached the rest of Corinna behind them. Though exhausted, the apprentice grinned victoriously at her mistress.

A soft chuckle echoed between the bookshelves. However, it wasn't Corinna who laughed.

"W-what's so funny?" Corinna asked, craning her neck to look past her bosom at her giggling mistress.

Ramira's chortles grew into a cackle, until her laughter boomed through the library. As it died off, she put a hand on her side, tilting her bosom a little. "I have to applaud you, Corinna" she congratulated her student, a sliver of pride accompanying the sultry ring in her voice. "I always knew you were an extraordinary student, one with great ambitions. Yet even I wouldn't have expected you to conjure such a powerful spell all on your own – one that took me years to figure out."

Corinna didn't catch on. "Wha... what are you talking about?"

Taking a step back from Corinna's bust Ramira raised her arms. A bright gleam suddenly engulfed her hands, outshining Corinna's final spell by a landslide. "My dear, sweet Corinna" she soothed, her apprentice watching in horror as she reared back her arms "Did you really think my bosom was anything but the result of massively sexy magic?"