

Big Fairy Blunder

for IceOff2

by Rack-Coon

“I wish I had boobs...”

Staring into her bedroom mirror, Dana sighed at the reflection of her non-existent bosom. Nothing bulged her pajama top, no sign of a curve filling the slack fabric under the buttons.

“It’s not fair!” Fists at her sides, her pouty lips and puffed-up cheeks stared back from the mirror. A pair of large glasses sat in her stubby nose, while voluminous dark brown hair framed her round face. “I mean, I’m a total cutie! All I need for the full package are some sweet sweater-puppies. But it’s like puberty just glanced briefly in my direction and then never bother to look again - it’s so frustrating!!” Closing her green eyes, she folded her hands as if to pray. “I don’t wish for much, just a teeny bit of bust... maybe a C-cup... D even...”

In a sudden mood twist she greedily clutched her hands in front of her chest while grinning like a maniac. “Or a massive killer rack, literal wrecking balls so huge their sheer size will shut up everyone who mocked my tiny tits and crush all those laughing at me!!! AHAHAHAHA!!!”

Throwing back her head she laughed hysterically, until breaking into a fit of coughs. “Yeah, like that’ll happen” she groaned, arms and head dropping as an aura of gloom surrounded her. “I’m way past the age I can hope for a miracle growth spurt...”

Dragging her feet over the floor she slouched to her bed. Since it was a warm night she tilted the window above and only slipped to her stomach under the blanket. Once more she glanced at her chest, barely showing even as she lay. “Oh well, a girl can wish” she sighed as she took off her glasses and put them on the night table. After turning the light off she lay her head on the pillow. Soon, she had drifted into a peaceful slumber.

Hours passed. The moon gently shone in the night sky, slightly illuminating the bedroom through. Suddenly, a pair of tiny feminine shades appeared in in the window. With some effort one squeezed itself through the narrow opening. A little woman popped into the room, tumbling through the air. Quickly her iridescent wings flapped and stabilized her.

“Come on, Harley” she called at the other shadow still trying to get inside “We don’t have all night!”

“I-I’m trying, Miss Laurel!” Teeth grit as she tried to squeeze her bosom through, Harley held on to the window with one hand, while holding a large bag with her other.

“Urgh, why do I always get the trainees?” Flying back to the window, Laurel grabbed Harley’s arm. With a hefty tug she pulled her through, the momentum causing both to fall inside. Squealing they dropped in an arc on Dana, landing on the blanket at her stomach. Dana winced as they rolled over her, but quickly returned to a quiet slumber.

“Oof!” Once she had stopped, Laurel got back on her feet. The pattern on her four pairs of wings glimmered as she balanced herself. When standing firm she reared back her head, flicking the bangs of her smooth dark blonde hair, while adjusting the tie of her business suit. It curved over a pair of breasts around the diameter of nickels, on her frame the equivalent of a D-cup. They slightly pushed her business suit’s jacket open, showing her white dress shirt stretching across her mounds. “Not the smoothest entry, but at least we are in.”

Behind her Harley was lying on her bosom, eyes spinning. A little larger than Laurel’s, around the size of nickels, her breasts were squished between her body and the blanket. “Urrrgh...” Slowly she sat up, shaking her short hair along her head. She watched her wobbling rack for a moment, before a look of panic crossed her face as she stared at her empty hands. “Oh no, where’s-”

A wave of relief washed over her when she found the bag next to her. Quickly she grabbed it, checking the knot. “Thank goodness” she sighed, seeing it was tight and secure. “Nothing spilled!”

While Harley fluttered back on her feet, bah in her hands, Laurel looked at the plain field of Dana’s chest. “So, this is our target?” Her hand slipped into her suit, squishing her breast a little as she pulled out a sheet of paper. “Dana Olston, 23 years old. Was supposed to get dust treatment from age 12 to 16 until reaching C-cups. Unfortunately, the administration goofed up, which led her case to drop out of the system. It was only a short while ago her file was found during a clean-up in the archive.”

“So, it was... eleven years ago?” Harley asked as she walked besides Laurel, hugging the bag against her bust. “Hey, wasn’t that around the time you said you started working as an intern in the administra-“

“Anyway” Laurel cut her off, stuffing the document back in her suit “Now that the mistake has been found – even though it will forever remain a mystery who was responsible – we’ve been sent to correct it.”

“Which means, er, we’re giving her the usual treatment?” Harley asked. “Over, um... four years?”

Laurel shook her head. “Fraid the shortage in personnel won’t be able to cover an extra shift, especially for an adult – no, we’ll just dump some of the highly purified stuff on her and hope she won’t ask too many questions.” Laurel turned to Harley. “This is your first time in the field, isn’t it?”

Harley nodded.

“Well, no better place to learn the ropes. You know the procedure, right?”

“Um, s-sure.”

“Good.” Laurel stepped aside. From her suit she pulled out another sheet and a pen. “I’ll do the paperwork while you do the handiwork. The HQ said to give her a D-cup, as a little compensation so to speak. The dosage is the same as one regular treatment, but the potent stuff will get the full result in minutes, so be careful.”

“O-okay.” Slowly, Harley stepped towards the edge of the blanket, right in front of Dana’s flat chest. Even in her deep sleep, it only slightly rose with her breathes. “*Calm down, Harley – you can do it!*”

She put down the bag, her tie dangling from her breasts as she leaned over and loosened the knot. From the inside, she pulled out a small bit of golden, glittering dust. But as it lay on her palm, her mind drew a blank.

“H-how much was I supposed to put on for a D-cup again?” She glanced at Laurel, who was still filling out the document. *“I should ask Miss Laurel but... I can’t let her know I have no idea what I’m doing. Think, Harley, think – how did the nursery rhyme for D-cups go again?”*

She closed her eyes, thinking. “For a handful bust, rub with two full hands” she mumbled to herself. “Don’t be shy with dust, just spread it to no end.” Clutching the bag, she flew over to Dana’s right breast. After landing on it she plunged both hands into the bag, pulling out so much dust it trickled between her fingers. Then, she rubbed all of it on Dana’s breast, making sure not to waste a single grain, before flying over to the left breast and repeating the process. Once she was done, she flew back, landing at the edge of the blanket. “*Fingers crossed!*” she thought as she turned around, bag in her hand, heart beating in her throat.

At first, nothing happened. Harley was about to have a panic attack. Suddenly, Dana arched her back, while her fingers clenched the fabric of the blanket.

“Nghh...!” As Dana made a soft noise in her slumber, the plain surface of her chest slowly started to camber. Where Harley had spread the fairy dust, the fabric was rising, forming a pair of bulges that tented up in a spherical shape. The flat shape of her breasts distinguished into a pair of slight domes protruding from Dana’s torso, growing larger and rounder. The buttons between them got pulled forth, making her bosom stand more uniformly from her, even when they fell between the slopes distending around them.

“Phew!” Harley sighed as Laurel stepped to her side. Putting the sheet and pen back into her suit she watched the growth of Dana’s mounds from the edge of the blanket.

“Looking good.” From the height of their feet Dana’s breasts steadily grew up the fairy’s legs. The higher they reached the more their sides were curving, the slight elevation starting to gain a hemispherical shape as they billowed up the fairy’s knees to their laps. Their edges bent even further, her breasts slowly turning into full sphere as the fabric billowed around them. The two fairies steadily raised their gazes as Dana’s breasts reached to the height of their torsos, looking like someone had sliced a grapefruit and put the halves into her pajama top. “Alright, mission complete” Laurel declared. “Now, let’s bring the distilled dust back to HQ and-“

She stopped. Although being firm and large Dana’s bosom kept growing, steadily reaching for the heads of the fairies while forming distinct slopes on top, bottom and sides.

“Um, shouldn’t they stop by now?” Harley asked, nervously taking a step back from the bottoms that gradually arched in their direction. All around creases formed as the slopes of her bust reached outwards, steadily larger and rounder swells looming over the blanket and her torso.

“How much dust did you put on her?” Laurel asked, also taking a step back.

Watching the bulge rise to the level of her eyes Harley gulped. “Um... t-two handful for each?”

“What?!” Laurel yelled, staring aghast at the flinching trainee. “That’s way too much even for normal dust, and total overkill for potent one!!”

“B-but I just followed the nursery rhyme!” Harley defended herself, squishing the bag against her funbags as if to hide behind it. “F-for a handful of bust, rub with two full hands. Don’t be shy with dust, ju-just spread it to no end!”

“What nonsense are you babbling? The rhyme goes ‘a handful for a cup, a cup for two full hands. Don’t be shy to rub, spread it on all ends’ – it means just a cup for the whole bosom, not two handful for each breast!”

“O-oh...”

While Harley’s cheeks turned red in embarrassment and Laurel’s in anger, Dana’s bosom continued expanding towards them. Between her rising mounds the buttons of her pajama steadily drifted apart. Slight slits formed and spread across her rack, bending from the center outwards into sharp diamonds. Spreading over her breasts the ones in the center became the largest, forming windows showing off her cleavage. But even through the smaller gaps on the bottom Laurel and Harley could see Dana’s breasts swelling towards each other, to the point their most inner curves rubbed against each other.

“Urgh... nghh!” Behind her rising bosom, they could hear Dana moan in her sleep. As the squeeze zone between them expanded, their gap reached forth in the cleavage windows towards the level of the fabric. Dana flinched, slightly rocking the two fairies on her. Using their wings to stay on their feet, they had to steadily look up as the front of Dana’s bosom reached above their heads, growing larger than cantaloupes. Outsizing them the two fairies quickly stepped back from the slope that loomed over her abdomen, casting a growing shadow on the blanket. The wrinkles at the foot of her breasts bent outwards, before getting buried underneath the swells rolling over the fabric. All the while the buttons kept arching across her rack, the diamonds between them growing larger while her curves squeezed out of them.

“My gosh!” Clutching the bag Harley’s eyes bulged, just like Laurel’s as they stared at the surface growing right in front of them. Flaring past her shoulders Dana’s breasts hung past her arms, steadily expanding on the mattress. Suddenly, the flanks of her bust fell to the sides. The tall fronts of her breasts tilted as they rolled on her arms, causing the gap between her assets to widen again into a canyon with curved, wobbling walls. This caused the diamond-windows to spread out even further, the moonlight shining through between her breasts to the sternum at their bottom. However, though the cleavage windows continued to expand as her bust pulled on them, the light shining through steadily narrowed as her breasts approached each other again. Similarly, they were swelling on all other ends, bulging on Dana’s arms over the bed and down her midriff towards the two fairies.

When each mound was as large as Dana’s head, Laurel snapped out of her daze. “We gotta stop tits – I mean this!” Turning to Harley she grabbed the bag. “Give me that, before you make things any worse!”

Still staring up the rising curve, Harley was startled as Laurel pulled on the bag. In her shock she let go before Laurel had a firm grip, causing it to slip out of both fairies’ hands. A large cloud of dust whirled out of the still open bag as it dropped on the blanket. Engulfed by the cloud the two fairies coughed. More than in their faces however, the dust was billowing around their busts, settling on the prominent bumps in their suits.

The two fairies looked at their glittering breasts, then at each other. “Uh-oh...”

Suddenly, their bodies tensed up as a sensation took hold of them. Slowly, their ties started cambering over their bosoms, the buttons of their dress shirts steadily bulging underneath across the increasing bulge. Their suit jackets billowed around the flanks and bottoms, accenting the roundly growing shape of their breasts as the fabric drifted apart into gradually larger V-shapes. Their diameter climbed up the coin scale, steadily approaching quarters. As their dress shirts were filling with their busts the fabric falling from them got pulled up, stretching from their abdomens over their breasts while creasing right under them.

“Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!!” Teeth grit and head red, Laurel watched her bosom grow. The billowing slopes swelled well beyond her arms, at the same time tilting the creases that ran from her shoulders to her breasts. “This was supposed to be a simple job, and now it turned into this mess!” Her mighty mammaries wobbled as she kicked the dust bag, sending it flying into the air. “It’s always the fucking same!!”

“C-careful!” Harley warned her, breasts a bit larger than her superior’s. Legs shaking under their weight she dropped to her knees, clasping her arms around them as they outgrew her head in size.

“You be quiet!” Stemming her fists into her sides Laurel angrily glared her, breasts hanging and swaying as she leaned towards the trainee. Her tie hung off her chest, vaulting over its steadily rising top. “This is all your fault!! Seriously, two handfuls of dust? Who the hell fucks up a nursery rhyme like that?!”

While Laurel’s breasts freely fell from her, their swelling making them hang closer to the blanket by the second, Harley’s assets grew into her arms, steadily overwhelming them with their round and firm mass. The fabric creased around her fingers, at the same time growing out of their grip as it was pulled around her curves. But despite cowering in front of the furious Laurel, folding her wings in fear, something caught Harley’s attention. Past Laurel’s swelling rack and the translucent wings she had spread out in anger, Harley saw the mountains of Dana’s bosom still growing, reaching higher as they lay sideways on Laurel’s body. In the chasm between them, right at the bottom on Dana’s sternum, Harley spotted the bag of dust. Lying half-off it fully toppled over, spilling its content right on Dana’s chest. “U-um, M-M-Miss L-Laurel, the bag’s-”

“Don’t you dare talk back!” Laurel shut her up, pointing her finger at her. Around their ties cleavage windows were spreading out, while crowfeet indicated the position of the buttons as the fabric knitted towards them. Alongside snippets of their skin poking out in the windows, their dress shirts got uncovered on the sides of their busts as their jackets bit by bit opened, retreating over the billowing flanks. Eventually their racks fully slid out of their jackets, making their bosoms pop from the fairies’ frames as only their tight dress shirts covered them. Long creases went over the sides of their breasts, extending as well as smoothing over the round growing slopes. The top of Harley’s bosom overlapped her collar while Laurel’s breasts hung to her knees as she leaned forward, their mounds around the size of large marbles. “Like, how did you even make it to trainee? I was a klutz when I started, but even I never messed up THAT bad!”

While their bosoms ballooned larger, the dust continued to trickle between Dana’s breasts. Behind Laurel, the mounds of flesh towered steadily higher, steadily faster. Despite the cleavage windows spreading out on top of her rack, the pillars of moonlight shining through them steadily shrunk, getting narrowed by the slopes approaching each other more and more rapidly inside Dana’s top. Underneath her, Harley felt something move beneath the blanket. A moment later the hem of Dana’s pajama slipped out of it and snapped against the bulging bottom of her bosom. Under-cleavage swelled towards



the two fairies as her top rode up the bottom peak of the giant rack, then slowly crawled up the slope towards their escalating front. “I-I’m really sorry I messed up, but-“

“Damn right you should be sorry! I’m responsible for you – you know how this will look on my resume?!” At this point, Laurel wasn’t so much leaning forward to scold Harley, but because the weight of her assets prohibited her from straightening her back. The first button of her suit’s blouse was shot off, making the cleavage windows in the center of her chest fuse and enlarge. Harley also felt first of her buttons give in, bouncing against the tie and back into her breast gap. While her breasts surged through the grown cleavage, slightly engulfing her tie, Laurel’s tie continued to arch over the top of her chest, shortening over its cambering curves. The bottoms of the two fairies’ breasts overlapped the hem of their dress suits as they glided up their midriffs, the fabric fully pocketing the outlines of their golf ball-sized breasts. Steadily more buttons popped off their racks, either flying against Harley’s tie or from Laurel’s bust on the blanket. “I’ve already got tons of entries in my file, I don’t need a rookie to pile up even-“

“MISS LAUREL!” Harley finally screamed.

“What?!”

Boing!

The fury in Laurel's features gave way to a blank stare as she felt something bump against her. She reached her hand behind her, touching the swelling curve that arched against her, before slowly turning around.

Jaws dropped, she and Harley looked up the giant wall of Dana's bosom, each breast larger than a beach ball. More than a third of her breasts bulged out under her pajama, while the gap between them had turned into a narrow rift, soft flesh filling her top. Rising from her torso, they hung past her arms and flowed over the mattress, slowly creeping towards the sides of the bed. As their shadow loomed over the fairies, one of the buttons suddenly popped, making the walls of her breast gap round a little as cleavage expanded across her chest. After flying in a straight line up the button fell down again, sliding between the inner curves of her breasts. At their very bottom, the bag was lying, buried by Dana's breasts. The last dust got squeezed out as the walls of flesh rolled over it, their growth still accelerating right in front of the fairies' wide eyes.

"Ho...ly...!" That was all Laurel could say while slowly retreating from the rapidly approaching curve.

"W-what shall we do?" Harley asked, slightly flapping her wings as she heaved her still growing breasts up. "Can we... can we reverse this?"

"Are you kidding?!" Laurel screamed, almost stumbling over her feet. "There's no way to reverse a whole bag of highly concentrated fairy dust! All we can do is GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!"

Balancing bosoms as large as their torsos, the two fairies flapped their wings. When they set off, they almost bumped into the cambering surface of Dana's breasts, the extra ballast making them tumble in the air. While flying up the swelling bulge, their own busts kept growing larger, overlapping their bodies from their heads down to their laps. First Laurel's, then Harley's collar button popped, fully opening their dress shirts into wide V-necks. While the fabric continued to split around the prospering swells of their cleavages they ate up their ties, to the point only the tip looked out and was slowly pulled into their breast gaps.

"Quick!" Avoiding a collision with the naked bottom of Dana's truck tire-sized breasts they flew over the hem of her pajama. Steadily it was rolled up the flesh bulging out underneath, reaching farther than the wide field of fabric Laurel and Harley had to cross. Barely able to lift their racks as they grew out of their suits, the fairies hovered dangerously close to the cleavage billowing out between Dana's buttons. Alongside the fabric getting overgrown, the tensions lines around the buttons increased, the fabric surrounding each getting stretched into long lines that were overgrown by flesh.

"Watch out!" Harley screamed as another button popped off right in front of Laurel. Just in time she stirred to the side, almost causing her to drop on the yoga ball-sized assets. One by one the buttons of Dana's pajama came undone, forcing the fairies into a zigzag path towards the window. Below them the cleavage windows of Dana united one by

one, while the gap between her breasts further rounded as they dropped a little more to the sides at each launched button. Meanwhile their own suits were pushed aside by their bosoms, ever larger lips hanging over their V-necks and pushing against their chins.

“Almost...” Claspings her breasts, Laurel heaved her bosom higher. Finally, she passed the surface of Dana’s rack, flying over the face covered up to the forehead by the gigantic bosom to the tilted window. As she let herself drop into the gap her breasts got stuck for a moment, but their weight made them plop through into the outside. “Hurry!” she called to Harley.

Huffing and puffing, Harley also made it to the window. Her bust didn’t go through quite as smoothly, Laurel having to grab and pull her. The growing mounds in her hands she pulled Harley out, both fairies whirling around before catching themselves. “W-what do we tell HQ?” Harley asked as they flew away with breasts the size of nectarines, only slightly smaller than they were tall.

“That we added the bonus as instructed” Laurel deadpanned.

While the fairies set off into the night, Dana’s bosom continued growing inside her bedroom. Two large cleavage windows spanned her rack, eventually becoming one as the button between them popped off. Dana’s sleeping head vanished behind her breasts as they grew over the pillow towards the window, while filling out the width of the mattress and bulged out under the hem over her midriff over her legs. The squish on her pajama increased, pressing into the surface of her bust while the bulges of her under cleavage and cleavage window increased. Eventually, the last buttons popped, causing the fabric to race across her breasts and drop to either side under her bust. One last time the gap of her breasts widened as they fell to the sides, before it closed for good, burying the tiny bag of fairy dust along her entire torso and head.

With half the mattress’ length occupied by her breasts, they steadily aimed to conquer all of it. Past her knees, sheens, ankles, and eventually the foot of the bed her breasts were swelling while reaching ever higher towards the ceiling. Growing into the room her bosom protruded further than the height of her body. All of Dana and her bed vanished under them, steadily larger swells seeping over the mattress. While they flowed over the night table, rolling across her glasses and knocking over the lamp, they pressed against the wall above her head. Growing against they squished against it, before suddenly closing it from their pressure. While the wall slightly made them tilt towards the foot of the mattress, a low crackling noise emerged from under her bed. With a loud creak its legs snapped under the weight, sending her massive breasts wobbling on top of Dana.

However, even as her breasts grazed the ceiling, Dana didn’t even twitch her eyelids. Her face underneath her bust she peacefully slept through as it slowly filled the entire bedroom, gradually pushing aside the furniture towards the walls...

“Urgh...”

Even before Dana was fully awake, she noticed something was odd. For once, it was usually the sun tickling her nose that woke her up in the morning. However, all her half-open eyes saw was pitch-black darkness. Also, aside from the morning grogginess in her limbs, she felt heavier than usual. As if something was weighting her down...

Suddenly, her eyes shot wide open. Her arms fumbled around, feeling the weight was not just metaphorical but something was literally squeezing her against the mattress – something soft, but heavy. Her hand reached for the glasses on the night table, barely grabbing them by the nick. Under the round mass on top of her she pulled her arm to her face, fidgeting a bit before her glasses rested on her nose. In the little light she had, she could see a of huge, roughly skin- colored surface on top of her, with a clear divide in the middle.

Then, as her senses came to her, she realized that surface wasn’t just lying on her – it was part of her. All her nerves fired at once as she felt she was filling her entire bedroom, skin touching ceiling and walls, as well as all the furniture that had piled up around her... her...

Breasts.

Her giant, room-filling breasts.

Staring at her breast gap right before her face, Dana dropped her head on the pillow, barely able to close her mouth and gulp. “I... I should be more careful what I wish for...”