

Rules of the Fey

Carriage wheels thundered against the rough cobble street. Snow-capped trees passed silently in the dim silence of the dawn. With every jostle and bump, Lily rethought her choice to join Amala at such an unreasonable hour. Hopelessly seeking another minute of sleep, not a moment went by without the road or the redhead causing a distraction. Through sleepless eyes, Lily looked over to see Amala rummaging through her satchel.

“Could you at least *try* to let me sleep?” Lily groaned.

“Oh! Sorry Lily, I'm just so excited to have gotten a lead on one of Keri's old artifacts.” Amala grinned.

“What're you messing with anyways.” Lily asked as she leaned against the window.

“Just some new tools, mainly this –” Within moments Amala retrieved a small, hollow sphere with a pointed red gem inside, “It's a mana compass, it'll point to anything with a strong enough magic aura!”

Lily shifted upright to get a better look. “I thought those were nigh-impossible to make! How did you do it?”

Gingerly, Amala set the compass back in her satchel. “It was Keri's idea really, she's been working on a glyph that prevents excess mana from radiating out of my devices. She also applied it to all of my other tools too! It's been doing wonders for my shop!”

“You sure are taking up a big task to repay her.” Lily said, brushing her platinum blonde hair off her face.

“I know, I just felt that finding something of hers seemed like the best place to start. She also mentioned that there may be an old channeling circle in the area that you can study.”

The pair fell silent. Amala returned to meticulously checking her supplies and Lily tried to catch a few winks while the sun was still below the horizon. Sounds of the road faded as she managed to drift off, only for a rasp to come from the roof of the cab.

Thump Thump

“You two awake? We made it.” The coachman's voice called out.

Amala, with far too much energy, practically leapt from the cart. As she dug through the trunk for her extra supplies, Lily groaned as she donned her coat and stepped out into the frosty morning air. A heavy layer of clouds painted the sky, blocking out most of the early sunrise.

“I still don't see why you rented a private carriage just for a hike, but I'll wait here until you two get back.” The coachman said as he loosened the horse's reins.

“Thank you.” Amala said as she passed him a small pouch, “Half now, half later, as we agreed.”

With a tip of his hat, the coachman eased himself back onto the seat. Amala returned to Lily just as she slid her daypack over her shoulders.

“You ready?” She asked.

With a yawn, Lily responded drowsily, “Yeah, let's go.”

Marching silently into the dense forest, a cold mountain breeze greeted the pair as they trekked the snow-covered path. Vibrant pink and orange hues soon painted what could be seen of the skies as the sun peaked from behind the mountains shadow. A deep breath and a cloud of mist later, Amala produced another bronze device from her pack. Several clicks and whirrs later the device came to life, sending waves of heat and goosebumps across her and Lily's body.

“Whoa! That's a lot of power coming off of that, are you sure this won't affect your... condition?” Lily asked, cautiously eyeing her friend's chest.

“Don't worry, I tested the glyphs to be certain nothing would happen.” Amala replied, “Besides, my *condition* only gets really bad if I'm surrounded by large sources of mana.”

“I see...just be careful, I get worried after what happened after the emporium.” Lily said cautiously.

The pair continued through the forest in silence, occasionally checking the special compass to make sure they were on the right path. After an hour of chilly hiking, the compass began to chime softly. Amala removed it from her satchel and saw that it seemed to point away from the trail towards a small collection of trees. Stepping off the path and past a small arc of white-capped mushrooms on the ground, Amala approached the trees. She ran her fingers across the white bark, only seeing the remnants of old trail markings. Looking down at the compass, she saw that the crimson gem was spinning slowly.

“Woah, check out the compass!” Lily said, gawking at the spinning crystal as she joined her friend's side.

Amala's look of calm curiosity melted away to reveal fraught concern. Looking around warily, she spotted the mushrooms on the ground that they crossed over. A quick check showed the duo was standing in the center of a large circle.

“We need to get out of this circle now!”

Before Lily could react, she was dragged out of the circle. Upon leaving the pair saw the sky was filled with tiny snowflakes. Any hint of the sunrise had also disappeared, leaving a cold grey blanket of clouds above them.

“What was that?” Lily asked, still processing the change of scenery.

“That was a fairy ring!” Amala blurted, furiously checking the trail. Letting out a deep breath, she returned to her friend. “Our footprints are still in the mud on the trail, I think only about an hour or so passed.”

“What do you mean an *hour* passed? It was only a couple minutes.” Lily asked.

“Fairy rings cause a wide variety of effects, the most known is time dilation. We were lucky we only lost an hour.” Amala replied, still frazzled.

Careful not to move past the border of white caps, she crouched next to it and plucked one of the mushrooms from the ground. In an instant a wave of pressure hit both girls, nearly knocking Lily off her feet. An all-too-familiar feeling struck Amala’s chest at the same moment, only to disappear seconds later. Cautiously feeling her already ample bosom under her cloak, she stifled a moan as she poked at the small amount of flesh that now poured over her bra.

“Is the compass still spinning?” Lily asked, steadying her feet.

Still acutely aware of her chest, Amala produced the metal sphere once more. The gem had stopped spinning but pointed deeper into the forest. Turning it left and right proved it hadn’t broken, leaving the girls questioning what it pointed to.

Several moments of silence hung in the air before Lily spoke, “Are you sure we need to keep going?”

“Without a doubt, I have to do this.” Amala replied.

With a sigh, Lily pulled her coat on a bit tighter. “Okay...lead the way.”

Putting their faith in the sorceress’ magic, the two girls traversed deeper into the forest. The compass stayed vigilant as it guided the girls to their unseen destination. Far from the path the trees began to grow more wildly, intertwining and blocking out the sky. After what felt like ages, Amala and Lily could begin to make out a large clearing amidst the untamed growth. With renewed vigor they pushed towards the glade.

The trees soon came to an abrupt halt. Grass seemed to be the only plant life beyond the break in the foliage. The wide area before them looked as though it could hold an entire city block. On the far side of the clearing sat the dark maw of a cave, devouring any light that entered. Amala leaned down to inspect the edge of the forest.

“The compass is pointed towards that cave.”

Lily looked down at her friend, “What if there’s something in there?”

“I came prepared for that.” Amala said as she snatched a handful of mushrooms from the edge of the clearing.

Bracing themselves for the pressure wave, nearly a minute went by with no reaction from the circle.

“Weird, that should’ve disabled its magic.” Amala said.

Slowly, she eased her hand and the metal sphere over the edge of the circle. The compass needle held firm, aiming directly at the cave entrance. With one more test of hopping back and forth over the broken ring, she fully stepped into the wide-open space. Lily followed suit but felt no less uneasy, until she noticed the weather within the grove.

“Amala...it’s not snowing in here...”

“Maybe it just stopped? Like I said, there shouldn’t be any—”

A faint rumbling from the ground caused the girls to freeze in place. Within moments several vines burst from the ground, wrapping themselves around Lily.

“*AH!* Amala!!”

Removing a small dagger from her boot, Amala rushed over and began cutting at the vines. Each leafy tendril that was cut was replaced by three more, all while holding Lily aloft as she writhed against them.

“Let me see if I can—”

Two more vines sprouted from the ground. Tougher than a tree’s roots, they wrapped around Amala’s wrists and dragged her to the ground as she swiped at their writhing forms. Worry began to fill the redhead as she felt unfamiliar magic radiate from the vines.

“*Ngh!!* No no no! I can’t...grow here...”

Under her cloak she felt her breasts begin to swell, stretching and growing tighter.

SNAP!

The clasp of her bra broke and fell from her chest defeated. Cold air rushed in to tease her nipples as they stood on end, adding a layer of unwanted pleasure. Reaching the size of pumpkins within a few heartbeats, her shirt begged for mercy as the squeals of stretched fabric rang out. The growth began to taper off as the vines stopped moving.

Sttrrrrrrr—RIP!!

As the swelling subsided, Amala felt a tear open up in the front of her shirt. If it weren't for her cloak covering her she knew there would no doubt be a window to an addictive amount of cleavage.

"The intruders have been caught m'lady!" A tiny voice called out.

From the mouth of the cave came a handful of colored lights. The brightest among them a rich forget-me-not blue.

"Don't worry about hiding our names this time Elva, I can tell these two are particularly...*special*."

Unable to do anything but watch helplessly, Amala saw the lights come into proper view. Once they entered the clearing she was able to make out four figures, but they felt too small even for being a distance away. As they approached, tiny wings fluttered into view. Fear gripped Amala's heart when she realized she was dealing with fairies.

The blue fairy stepped forward to face Lily. Though she only stood a foot tall, her incredibly voluptuous body resonated with authority.

"For what reason do two humans have for desecrating our grove?" She asked firmly.

"We're sorry! We didn't mean to – *Nngah!!*" The bindings wrapped tighter around, squeezing the air from her lungs.

"What brought you to our grove?" The fairy reiterated.

"Don't lie Lily! It'll only make things worse!" Amala interjected.

The fairy's attention shifted to Amala. "Ahh, I see you understand our customs. Perhaps *you* could shed light on why you're here."

Swallowing hard, Amala tried to get a read on her, but the steely visage revealed no emotion. Hesitantly, she replied. "We're looking for an artifact that belongs to a friend of ours, this compass led us to this clearing."

"And yet you felt it necessary to destroy our circle..." With a subtle hand gesture, the fairy named Elva approached Amala. "If you truly know our culture, then you know that we seek reparations for your negligence."

"H-how? With what? We didn't bring any honey." The redhead said, growing nervous.

"Oh, what a shame...but I can sense you brought an alternative."

With another hand gesture from the lead sprite, the two remaining fairies removed Amala's cloak. She tried desperately to fight back but found herself unable to budge. The hefty cloth fell to the ground around her ankles, revealing her engorged chest and deep cleavage to the world. The

blue fairy stepped forward and pressed her hands into the soft mounds, forcing large wet spots to appear on the front of Amala's strained shirt.

"*This will do wonderfully. Elva, bring them inside.*" She said, disappearing past the cavern entrance.

"Yes, Azurea" Elva replied sheepishly.

Soft chanting began to fill the air. Amala and Lily fought against their bindings to no avail. Slowly, the vines lifted from the ground and began to carry the captive duo into the cave.

The tunnel was nearly pitch black. The gentle glow of the fairies would've given off a soothing effect had Amala not been their captive. Her breasts groaned from the pressure of her unrelenting production. With their size outgrowing even the best prize-winning pumpkins, the fairy began to struggle holding her aloft as they travelled through the cavern.

"*Why didn't you tell me you were able to produce milk!?*" Lily asked in a hushed shout.

"*It only started recently, Kerina said it's an ability she had that must've transferred to me.*" Amala replied in a whisper.

"No talking, both of you. You may be heavy, but I can spare a vine to silence you." Elva said, her face unreadable amidst her ethereal purple glow.

Surrounded by silence once more, the girls noticed the beating of wings and writhing of roots soon began to echo louder around them. After what felt like ages, they stopped moving. The air was warm inside the cave, fighting the chill that lingered from the outside. A quick command was given by Elva in a language neither Lily nor Amala understood, and the cavern soon blazed to life. Tiny orbs danced through the air, illuminating a large basin in the center of the room. Off to the side, Azurea and the two other fairies hovered just within earshot.

"Well none of the other humans we caught could help us, why are these two any different?"

"You sensed it too Thalia, there's something more there than *just* human." Azurea said. "She may be able to draw out the latent power of the dress."

"We're running out of time, this better work." Thalia said before storming off deeper into the cave.

Snapping back to her constrained situation, Amala felt the cold ground beneath her as she was released from her bindings at the edge of the circle. The mana coursing through her began to settle, allowing her to focus on her surroundings. The basin looked wider across than a town square, and as deep as she was tall in the center. Gentle slopes descended into the large bowl, separated into four smaller circles by runic rings.

“Why am I still tied up!?” Lily demanded, now hanging from the roof of the cavern by the vines.

“*Hah...* Because your friend is heavy enough she doesn’t need them, and she got *bigger* since I caught you two!” Elva exclaimed as she tried to catch her breath.

“Enough bickering, it’s time to begin.” Azurea said as she approached Amala’s engorged assets.

With the fairy too small to see from behind her massive chest, Amala grew uneasy as she felt tiny hands press into her soft flesh. A pulse of magic flowed through her at the gentle yet forceful touch. Slowly, her skin pushed larger and grew tight along with her shirt, forcing milk out of her nipples as they swelled past the size of strawberries.

Sssttrr-RRIP!!

With a final cry and a loud tear the shirt finally gave out, splitting down the middle to reveal the supple orbs beneath, each now larger around than her own torso. Azurea held her finger to a bloated nub and gathered a large drop of milk.

“*Nnngh...* what are...you doing...” Amala breathed.

“Conducting a small test.” Azurea replied, bringing the drop of dairy to her lips.

Even at the slightest taste the effects were powerful. The blue fairy’s light flourished briefly before dimming to reveal a fairy that was taller than before. Azurea’s petal dress hung on by a thread as her body nearly doubled in size. Her overstuffed outfit was enough to put any seductress to shame.

“*MMM...This will do nicely...*” Azurea moaned as she felt her growing form. “*Thalia, Irida, grab the dress. Our ritual begins now.*”

The nearly identical fairies disappeared into the darkness. Amala tried to readjust herself but was shocked to feel herself so weighed down. Barely able to look over the horizon formed by her bust, she was just able to see small rivulets of cream dribble down the side of the basin and pool in the center. They coursed over the runes, causing the unfamiliar markings to glow as they soaked in the mana from her milk. Just as Amala began to get used to her increased size, the twin sprites returned with dress in tow.

“*Ngh...* that dress...where did you...get that?” She asked.

The fairy lights flickered as they hovered with the dress, their pastel colors glistening off of the midnight black dress. The embroidery along the sleeves and hem of the dress mixed with the twinkling lights of the cave resembled the night sky and galaxies above. But on top of it all, the fabric seemed to be bursting with a frightening amount of mana.

“Records from an ancient coven said this belonged to a sorceress with immense power who used to visit this channeling circle frequently.” Azurea breathed.

“I...I need it...for...*mmngh*...It’s w-what we...were trying to find...” Amala moaned.

“*Need* it, hmm?...Well, if it’s so special, perhaps we can make a deal...” The blue fairy’s fingers danced along the redhead’s swollen nipples. “Our magic has failed to grant us access to the power of the robes, but your body seems more than capable of absorbing magic essence...”

Only mere feet away from her and Amala could feel the radiant energy from the robes. So much mana could be dangerous, but leaving the grove empty handed would make the whole trip for nothing. Hesitantly, Amala replied. “*hah...f-fine...*”

A grin slowly crept up Azurea’s face. “Wonderful...you help us claim the power within the robes, and we’ll let you keep the dress.”

With a wave of her hands, thin vines began maneuvering around Amala’s arms and lifted them just high enough to slip into the robes.

“*NNGAHH!*” Amala cried.

As the silk dress began resting on her shoulders, a rapid flood of mana began pouring into her already swollen body. Her breasts gushed as they began filling faster than she could grow. Skin stretched beneath her palms as she tried her best to control the rapid swelling. A tiny mouth could be felt on one of her nipples as Azurea began to drink.

“*MMMM!!! N-not there!!!!!*”

Blind to the world, the fairy leader gulped down mouthful after greedy mouthful of the irresistible cream. Every cell in Azurea’s body welled with magic energy as it washed over her. Oblivious to her body changing, it felt as though Amala was shrinking. Breaking free from her trance she noticed that her captive had stopped growing, and instead was stuffed tighter by the second. Massive breasts groaned and churned as they tried to release all the milk they produced. Azurea looked down at her own still-growing body, easily taller than most humans now and far more curvaceous. She gave a gentle pinch to her new assets before crawling over to Amala. Leaning in close she pressed her engorged body against the magic fabric of the robes, the tingle of magic dancing across her sensitive body.

“*You’ve surpassed my expectations.*” She said, pressing her hands into the top of Amala’s breasts, her taut skin beginning to reflect the colored lights around them. “*Though I suppose even you would have your limits...allow me to help you...*”

“*NGH!!! What are...y-you...MMMMM!*” The redhead gasped, feeling more mana pour into her from the fairy’s hands.

The pressure behind her teacup sized nipples began to dwindle, but in its place her sensitivity rose. She watched helplessly as her breasts began to swell once more to contain the

tidal wave of mana, quickly growing larger around than even the biggest of carriage wheels. Endless gallons of milk swirled within her, slowly draining her sanity as she continued to fill. Out of the corner of her pleasure-ridden eyes she could see the remaining fairies beginning to pester Lily as she fought against her restraints.

“*Ngh!!* Don’t you *dare!!*” She cried.

“C’mon Elva! It’ll be fun!” Thalia and Irida begged as they pulled at Lily’s clothing.

“Oh fine, but you use *your* vines to carry her.”

Eager to have their way with the captive artificer, the twin fairies began weaving their own vines along Lily’s body. Slowly, they began to chant.

“No! Please, I can’t...*MMMM!!*”

Pleasure rocketed through Lily’s restrained body. Deep within her she could feel an unfamiliar pressure rising. She fought helplessly as the strange sensation slowly moved to her chest and her legs. Within moments she could feel her body press firmly against her clothes, fabric squealing as it rubbed against the vines. She looked over to Amala, who was now pinned between her ever-growing bust and the relentless fairy leader, knowing full well she would share a similar fate.

“Hmm...you keep looking at your friend.” Elva chimed in, “Perhaps you wish for the same treatment?”

“*Mmmnnghh...No...I can’t...it’s too much...AH!*” Lily cried.

An odd feeling had begun welling up behind her nipples. Her once flat chest, now threatening the buttons of her shirt, was greeted by the twin fairies as they massaged her strawberry sized nubs. Chills coursed through her body as the fairies cast another spell, tiny fingers massaging her swelling curves. A deep gurgling noise rose from the depths of Lily’s bust, quickly replaced by the dripping of milk as white splatters appeared on the ground beneath her. From across the cavern Azurea called out.

“Be careful, we need to keep this one’s milk pure.” She said, gently running her hand along Amala’s bust. “So try not to overindulge.”

Lily watched helplessly as Amala continued to fill larger still, her massive breasts approaching her height if she were standing. Another jolt of pressure from her thighs brought her focus back to her own body, and she realized her breasts weren’t the only victims of growth. One by one the threads along the seams of her pants began to split, revealing the pale flesh beneath. Wrapped tightly in the leafy tentacles, her thickening thighs were soon complimented by the rising mound of her butt.

“Hey Thalia,” Irida whispered, barely audible above the churning of dairy, “She only said to avoid mixing their milk, not to stop filling her.”

A devious smile crossed the twins' faces before their chants grew louder. Lily tried to fight desperately against the vines as her breasts grew heavy.

"Please don't, I can't...*oh GODS!!!*"

Bliss and panic filled her mind when the drops of milk flowing from her swollen bust stopped as pair of vines to wrap themselves tightly around her nipples, sealing off her dairy's only escape. Trapped within the vines, she had no choice but to endure the growing demands of the fairies.

"Hehe! I think she likes it!" Irida laughed.

"*NNGH!!* Stop...please...I'm t-too full!!" Lily begged, writhing in pleasure against her restraints.

"Don't worry, we'll stop once Azurea says the ritual is over." Elva teased.

"If it ever ends!" Thalia chimed in.

Stuck between growing walls of flesh and slithering vines, Lily was in awe at how big the fairies magic pushed her. Easily the size of a dairy farm's milk drums, each of her curves were hugged tightly to her body as the vines grew more and more invasive. On the verge of passing out, a loud moan from across the cave brought her attention back to her friend.

Mind awash with pleasure, Amala could barely focus on reality as Azurea continued to massage the enhancement magic into her growing masses. The inside of her legs were slick with desire, a free hand working tirelessly as if it had a mind of its own. Her unrestrained growth fueled her lust to swell larger, though she'd never admit to anyone that she loved the feeling of growing beyond her limits. The thought of never escaping the cavern began to creep into her mind, only to be dispelled when Azurea ceased her spell. Amala's bust groaned as the fairy's magic dissipated, her unrivaled growth beginning to slow as her milk production began to take over. Easily larger than a king's carriage, her skin grew tight once more as her breasts filled relentlessly without the fairy's enhancement magic to balance her growth.

"Impressive, the dress is all but drained of mana." Azurea said, "Yet you're still filling."

"*mmmmnngh...I...it's ...too much...mmMMM!!*" Amala whimpering was cut short as her body approached its limit. The white deluge refused to slow, strained nipples aching from the constant release. Her skin groaned in defiance, refusing to hold even another drop, and yet relief seemed impossible.

"You look as if you're about to burst." Azurea said, "And I have just the spell to relieve you, should you accept one last request of mine..."

Barely able to speak, Amala looked up at the fairy. With nothing but pleasure and ecstasy in her head, she managed to give a brief nod.

“Hmm Hmm...” The fairy laughed silently. Slowly, she eased herself against Amala’s back, making sure to squeeze her own curves in between their bodies. Even more gently, she slid her hand down the redhead’s arm and cupped her fingers over Amala’s awaiting nether region. A brief enchantment was whispered, and a pulse of magic escaped her fingertips.

Untamed arousal gripped Amala as chills coursed through her body. Desperate to satisfy her desires, her other hand found itself sneaking between her legs. She tried to ask Azurea what the spell was but was left moaning wordlessly.

“This spell will allow you to empty yourself all at once should you be brought to climax, a preferred spell in most...*exotic* brothels...” Azurea breathed, gingerly working her fingers with Amala’s as she tried her best to relieve herself.

Barely a word was registered as Amala found herself bombarded by wave after wave of magic-enhanced pleasure. Milk swirled endlessly within her engorged chest, begging for release as it pounded against her massive nipples. It felt as though her body was commanded to grow larger by the spell as her breasts expanded rapidly in every direction. Spots filled her vision as the pressure began to peak, the scent of sex filling the air as her legs became drenched with lust. As if in slow motion, her core began to tense up. Every fiber of her being tingled with lust as she approached her mental limit. Finally letting Azurea take control, she let the overwhelming pleasure dominate her mind as she reached her climax. Heavy cream burst forth like water from a broken dam, dousing the world in front of her in a layer of milky white. Despite her fingers no longer cooperating, Azurea’s kept working her aching pussy. With unending pleasure and relief from every angle and no end in sight, Amala fainted and fell back into the fairy’s arms.

A soft tapping on her shoulder roused her from her slumber. Looking around through sleep-filled eyes, Amala could just barely make out the figure of Lily.

“Five more...minutes...” She mumbled, ignoring her friend’s attempts to wake her.

Rather than being left alone like she’d hoped, Amala found herself shaken awake by her blonde friend. Fully opening her eyes, she found herself face to face with Lily. Looking around, she saw the once dim walls of the cave were aglow with golden light.

“H-how long was I out?” She asked drowsily.

“A couple hours.” Lily replied, fidgeting uncomfortably in her clothes, “Long enough for them to drain *you* back to normal.”

There was a hint of resentment in her words. Wiping the sleep from her eyes, Amala sat up to find herself on a makeshift bed. Her body ached as she reached over to her clothes beside her,

hoping to cover her bare assets and regain some amount of modesty. Looking up at Lily, she noticed immediately why she was snappish.

“Woah... you grew...what happened?” She said, mouth agape.

The once flat-chested artificer stood over her, arms crossed beneath her now monumental breasts. At a glance, they almost looked bigger than Amala’s own. Further down, her toned abs sloped gently into a pair of wide hips that rivaled her shoulder width and threatened the seams of her pants.

“Well, after you passed out they drained the rest of your milk into the basin.” Lily replied as she tugged at her shirt, “Then they started a prayer of some sort and the milk disappeared. Their magic got stronger after that, which made the spells they cast on me even more powerful. Or so they said.”

“Is this...*permanent*?” Amala asked cautiously.

A heavy sigh escaped Lily, “They didn’t know. They said at best I would go down a couple sizes, but I’m more likely to stay at this size.”

“Well...I can help you fix your wardrobe once we get back.” Amala offered.

“I might just take you up on that. Also, the fairies already got your dress packed into your bag.”

Donning the rest of her clothes and seeking out her gear, Amala looked around for the fairies. “Where are they anyways?”

“They left already, said they were finally able to return to their realm with the mana you gave them.”

Peeking into her bag, she saw the cosmic embroidery of Kerina’s dress glittering softly from the faint yellow light around them.

“We should hurry up before it gets dark.” Lily said as she slipped into her too-small jacket. “Azurea cast a clairvoyance spell on me before she left, I should be able to lead us to the carriage.”

Leaving the cave behind, the girls travelled back to their carriage. The thick cloud layer that hovered in the sky for their trip was nowhere to be seen, leaving a misty pink haze as the sun began its descent.

As the carriage slowly came into view, Amala could see the coachman reining in the horses. Beside her, Lily shifted awkwardly in her clothes, hoping to gain an ounce of modesty.

“Welcome back you two, I hope the hike went.....well...”

Knowing full well that the coachman was looking at her, Lily scrambled up into the cab in hopes of hiding her new assets. Dumbfounded, the coachman turned to Amala to find her holding out another small pouch.

“As promised, the other half of your payment.”

With a tip of his hat the coachman climbed back up into his seat without a word, cheeks red from the curvaceous spectacle he had just witnessed. Easing into her seat, Amala found the cab to be a bit more cramped than it was before.

The town was dark by the time Amala made it back to her shop. The cobble road clicked beneath her heels as she approached her shop. Keri’s dim blue hue flickered in the window as she approached. Upon opening the door she was bombarded by the cowgirl and an unrelenting hug.

“You said you were only going to be gone a few hours, it’s nearly midnight!” Keri shouted.

Amala broke free from her friends embrace, hoping that no one nearby was awoken by the cowgirl’s bellows. “I know, I know...but I did manage to find what I was after.”

“Oooo, show me!”

Removing the dress from her pack, Amala held it up and flourished it to let the embroidered swirls dance in the light. Keri stared wide eyed before slowly approaching the silky robes.

“I didn’t think this was what you found...it’s been so long...”

She slowly took the dress and held it up to her for a brief moment before disappearing around the corner. Within moments she returned, the black fabric held tight to her skin. Her silver horns poked out of the top of the hood, shimmering almost as bright as the hem of the dress. Spinning around one more time, she wrapped Amala in another hug.

“Thank you thank you thank you!!! I don’t know how I’ll repay you, but I will!”

“There’s no need, you’ve helped me enough as is.” Amala replied, fighting for breath.

“Well, I’ll still do *something* for you.” Keri said as she released the redhead.

With the day’s events coming to a close, Amala found herself at ease. Her sore muscles begged her to rest, and soon, she could no longer deny them. Drifting off on a soft bed, she could still hear Keri giggling to herself as she flitted around in her dress.