

All of fairy kind was still in chaos just after that infamous wish made by Timmy Turner. Timmy's wish created a major, magical fluctuation in the magic/space continuum flux. This flux was making all fairies spontaneously inflate with magical buildup, even when they didn't have godchildren. From what the fairies were told, Jorgen Von Strangle and the best fairy scientists were working on a solution. For the time being, the fluctuation was unpredictable, both in who got magical buildup, and where the magic focused.

A couple of fairies, Basil and Ginger, were relaxing at home after a long day in Fairyworld. Basil had been working at his temp job while his wife Ginger was in class so they could become fairy godparents together. Basil had maroon hair neatly shaped with mousse, his eyes the same color as his hair. He was wearing a plain, dark red shirt and jet black pants. He was fit and muscular.

Ginger had beautiful, long, flowing, curly, dirty blonde hair that landed just above her shapely, large, bubble butt. Her big, perky breasts hugged tightly together, and her cleavage was exposed in the plunging sweetheart neckline of her sapphire dress. Her dress tightly followed and sculpted her chest and butt, accentuating her ample endowment, and was pleated just below her butt like a mermaid's tail.

They were cuddling on the couch while watching a news story featuring several experts discussing the recent disaster that struck fairy-kind.

"We've estimated at least half of fairy kind, and not just fairy godparents, have popped since the initial incident," one scientist said to the host, "and what's alarming is the fluctuation seems to have had other effects on magical buildup."

Another expert picked up the well-rehearsed dialog and continued "As we know, traditionally, magical buildup only effects fairy godparents and is a full-body inflation experience. Now, neither is true. We have had reports fairy godparents and non-godparent fairies alike of full-body inflation; targeted inflation to the chest, belly, or buttocks; and niche targeted inflation to genitalia." At this information, the news crew looked shocked while the third expert continued the information.

"We are still trying to understand fully what is causing this and working on a solution." The final fairy expert noted.

"Goodness," one of the fairy hosts exclaimed, "how long do you think it will be until we have an answer?"

"At this point," the first expert chimed in, "months if we are lucky. That is why we are recommending fairies use their magic as much as possible and to have an auto dustpan to help clean themselves up when they explode."

At this a little flutter of excitement filled Basil and Ginger's hearts. "Ginger dear, given the circumstances, wouldn't it be best to maybe, you know, get ahead of the curve?" He eyed her with a dopey grin that made his twin cowlicks pop up from his maroon mess of hair.

Ginger's mouth quirked to one side, the beginnings of playfulness bubbling up. "Are you suggesting we...start using a little less magic around the house? Try and...force this?" She bit her lip, tongue pressed between teeth.

A flush spread over Basil's neck and up his ears. He wasn't much of a rule-breaker—never had been, even in fairy grade school. But this was the apocalypse, wasn't it? Or at least the fairy tale. At worst, they would need that magic dustpan to sweep them up if they exploded.

"Could be fun," he said, hoping his voice didn't squeak as much as it felt like it did. "We just have to remember to keep the dustpan handy."

Ginger giggled. "You're adorable when you're nervous." She draped long arms around him, wings fluttering their faint chemical perfume, and tucked her chin over his shoulder. "I'll handle the dustpan. You just poof up dinner. Maybe something... messy?"

He eyed his wife, nodding at her request and imagining what the night might have in store. A flick of his wand—a metallic sparkle, a subtle charge in the air—and the entire living room filled with the aroma of sizzling peppers and ginger soy glaze. Their tiny glass table, perpetually sticky with shared snacks, now hosted a hovering bento box, its compartments steaming and reshuffling every few seconds.

Ginger wriggled in delight and reached for her wand, the tip already sparking with anticipation. At the flick of her wand a poof filled the corner as a device materialized. It appeared to be a metal cylinder with a touch screen that simply read "ready" attached by a hose to a glass jar.

Basil barely had time to sit before Ginger's sapphire dress shifted, the fabric snuggling closer and closer to her curves, until the neckline threatened to become a scandal. She snickered as she tapped her bra as it loosened in preparation for their night of fun. The couple then dug into their food to ensure they had the energy for the activity planned for a few moments from now.

The meal roared with heat and sweet and tang. Basil's mouth was on fire, his tongue numb and lips buzzing, and every swallow shivered straight to his core. The surging magic in the air left his skin prickly, alive. Even the forks tingled. Ginger's hair, every wild curl, seemed lit from within as the energy turned the very air electric and dangerous—like before a summer storm, if summer storms were made of sex and soda and a little bit of helium.

By the second bento box (because Ginger warped another in from the kitchen as soon as the first vanished), their words were evaporating into giggles and sticky caresses. Spicy sauce dotted the corners of Ginger's mouth, and Basil didn't think twice about licking it off, which made her snap her teeth playfully and squeal at the tickle. Her laugh always set something off in him. The kind of sound that wrapped itself around his ribcage and compressed it, like a big warm hug.

"Basil, I got some special honey that was GUARANTEED to make sex more fun," Ginger teased as the foreplay began. "You're meant to let me lick it off of you, and you can lick it off me." She yanked Basil's shirt up, catching his chin on the hem, so his head popped through in a static-crackling cloud and left his hair standing even more on end. All the while, her hands were

everywhere—shoulders, back, underarms—exploring like she hadn't seen him naked a thousand times. She made a show of licking her palm, then dragging it down his chest as if she could taste him through her skin. Basil squirmed and tried to retaliate, but she was fast, already working at his waistband with nimble, conjuring fingers.

He nearly lost his balance, so she pulled him into her lap, and his legs folded awkwardly over her mermaid skirt, the fabric slippery and oddly alive. With one hand, Ginger summoned a glob of golden honey. It looked like liquid sunlight, and the scent was almost narcotic—syrupy, honeysuckle with a chemical tang that left him dizzy before it even touched his tongue.

Basil's mind went muddled as the spicy food's afterburn tangled with the anticipation of Ginger's honey. She propped a foot on the coffee table and hiked her hips, which sent the fabric of her dress up, up, up—showing the lace edge of her sky-blue panties. Ginger shuffled her bosom as her dress floated off her body, leaving herself nearly completely exposed. Basil's mouth dried out. He watched Ginger dab a thumb in the “special honey,” liquid gold with a shimmer like dissolved starlight, and draw a line from her clavicle down the deep groove of her cleavage, pausing where her breasts pressed together above her bra.

Ginger's index finger swirled the honey in her palm, then she dabbed it over Basil's sternum, watching it trickle—syrupy, viscous, gravity-drunk—down his navel and toward the band of his black pants. The sticky coolness sent goosebumps skating after it. Basil shivered and tried to laugh, but the sound got caught in his throat as Ginger's other hand found his waistband and flicked it open.

“You know, baby, this honey is supposed to make things **swell**,” Ginger whispered, punctuating the word with a roll of her thumb just beneath Basil's ribcage. Her eyes glittered with mischief, her lips parted in a smile that was all appetite. “And you know how much I like... seeing things **grow**.”

Basil's brain was full of soft, melting sugar, and he barely noticed when Ginger tugged his pants down to his thighs. The honey pooled just above his waistband, and she ripped off his briefs, leaving Basil completely exposed. Ginger took the pot of honey and turned it over, letting the honey slowly cascade over his swelling member.

Basil finally got a semblance of control over his brain as he realized Ginger needed to save some honey so he could tease her. “Make sure you save some Ginger for me honey,” he said, messing up his words “so I can eat you out too-oo!” Ginger had started tasting the honey on his penis and his toes curled as liquid starlight settled in sticky bands along his shaft. Every nerve sparkled; he squeezed his knees together and arched off the sofa with a shivery groan. Ginger's tongue was hotter than the peppers they'd just eaten, her lips plush and insistent, and the honey went fizzy and warm where her mouth pressed, as though she were drinking fairy lightning through a straw.

Ginger licked, sucked, and nuzzled up and down, everywhere Basil's body had grown hypersensitive and needy, and the honey made every motion both a caress and a tickle. Basil's

wings fluttered so violently the couch cushions trembled, and his hands dug into the curves of Ginger's arms, forearm, accidentally knocking her wand onto the rug.

Ginger's hair tickled his thighs, then his stomach, but his focus atomized into shards when she took him in fully, slow and deliberate, as if savoring a rare fairy truffle. She hummed, the vibration stabbing through him, an ache so keen it felt like a threat. He squeezed his eyes shut, but the bright blue afterimage of her dress-less body burned on the insides of his eyelids.

Basil suddenly felt a shift in his body. A shift he had never felt before, an emptiness, hollowness, a funny feeling, a pressure building, mounting sensation causing him to tremble.

“UhuHuhohOHoh!” he cried.

Basil's toes curled on the effervescent tingle, and his vision pixelated: every blink left behind a mosaic of Ginger's face, the curve of her lips sticky-sweet, her proud huff of satisfaction when she felt him tense, twitch, and start to balloon.

It was happening, wasn't it? Magical buildup? He'd seen so many videos of “build-up,” but experiencing it in person, the swelling starting incremental, then exponential: skin stretching in slow-motion, then swelling in large bursts. With little FWOOMPS, his cock expanded first, an almost comical pulsing that forced Ginger to let go and gawk, a sticky string of honey trailing from her mouth to where his tip had previously been until, FWOOMP! The honey made everything throb and pulse and dilate with a syrupy, glossy, engorged radiance. FWOOMP! His cock inflated in segments—shaft thickening, FWOOMP! then lengthening, FWOOMP! balls swelling taut underneath until they hung like iridescent plums. FWOOMP! He didn't know whether to be terrified or delighted. Everything below his waist was so pumped, so turgid, and growing, FWOOMP!

“Magical Buildup!” Ginger squealed, delighted, and scrambled to straddle his lap as Basil ballooned bigger beneath her. She seemed determined to keep up, pinning him to the couch and coating herself with sticky honey as she wrestled more of him into her mouth, though “more” was rapidly becoming a moving target. Even her hands seemed small in comparison, fingers unable to encircle his newly thickened shaft.

“Oh, I like this!” she giggled, voice muffled by the full mouth, and then a much deeper FWOOMP! filled the apartment as the swelling began moving into his body.

FWOOMP! The surge of magical pressure started in Basil's loins, but his gut followed, and before he could even gasp his whole middle had blossomed outward, tight and humming like a balloon with a bellyful of seltzer. His abdominal muscles, once proud and discrete, now mounded into a taut slope, every inch hypersensitive under Ginger's sticky fingers. The pressure was impossible, ridiculous, and it made him whimper. He grabbed at Ginger's hips for balance, but his wrists slipped off the oil-slick curve of her ass, which he'd never felt so bouncy and so alive.

FWOOOOMP! The second wave hit, and this time it shot up his chest and shoulders, his whole upper half pinging bigger with a sound like a cork popping off a bottle.

FWOOOOMP! He could barely see past the shelf of his inflated pecs, and his skin buzzed as if painted on by trembling, caffeinated artists. Sweat and honey mixed in little rivulets down the sides of his expanding cock.

FWOOOOMP! Somewhere in his consciousness, Basil wondered if he was about to die in a good way, or if he'd just become the poster child for whatever the magical scientists called this new mutation of build-up.

FWOOOOMP! His body felt swollen, radiant, brimming beyond capacity—like a party balloon right before the snap.

FWOOOOMP! His skin prickled tight, and the swelling pulsed out from his groin into his belly, then up, forcing his chest to barrel outward beneath the thin skin of his shirtless sternum.

FWOOOOMP! Even his wings began to expand, growing denser, iridescent veins snapping with magical voltage.

Ginger, undeterred and apparently thrilled, clambered to wrap herself around him. She licked trails of honey off every new surface as it bloomed. The pressure inside Basil built past the point of words: he could only moan, groan, and try to hold on.

Ginger's hands darted everywhere at once—palming the new mass of his pecs, the ballooning arms and quivering belly, teasing at the seam where skin went from normal to stretched-thin tight, the color shifting from light pink to a deeper, nearly maroon flush. She nipped at his left pec, then swirled a stripe of honey over the shiny tension in his belly, and when the next surge hit, her laughter vibrated against his skin.

FWOOOOMP! Basil couldn't stop the noises—not words anymore, just long, high-pitched ooohs and tight little gasps with every FWOOMP. His cock, now comically oversized, bounced and flexed and jerked, dripping honey and precum across his already sticky thighs.

FWOOOOMP! Ginger, barely able to wrap her hands around the base, stroked him in time with his body's swells, jiggling the shaft from root to tip with an almost reverent glee.

Then, as she locked eyes with him, she lunged forward—no, dove—mouth like a homing missile, locked onto its target and gobbled him up, her lips sealing around the fattened, honey-lacquered crown.

FWOOOOMP! Basil gasped as he swelled—he could feel her tongue spiral and nestle, lapping the honey off in tiny, meticulous sweeps.

FWOOOOMP! The sensation was so intense his hips bucked involuntarily, popping her further down the shaft, and Ginger only giggled again, her throat humming around him as she bobbed her head.

There was no neat, elegant way to process the feeling: it was like every nerve in his body had been soldered directly to her tongue, and she was playing him like a harmonica. His mind hiccupped, lost the thread of space or time, and his hands clamped to the sofa cushions for dear life. The world condensed to Ginger's mouth, her tongue, the electric-hot press of her lips, and the sticky-sweet delirium that pooled in his skull like champagne.

“H-h-h-h-holy fuck,” he managed, voice quivering in a way not familiar to him.

As Ginger continues showcasing her skill with her tongue, she starts rapping and tapping his ever inflating dick with her fingernails. The pressure within Basil's shaft FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! methodically and rhythmically.

Each tap from Ginger's nails sent a wave of pressure through Basil's shaft, a rhythm like a mischievous incantation: tap tap tap and then a fresh, greedy FWOOMP, as if her fingers were spelling instructions directly onto the swelling flesh. FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! The honey was everywhere—she smeared it over every inch, swirling it with the broad, flat strokes of her tongue, then flicking at the tip with tiny, electric licks. Every time she took him to the root, his vision pixelated into starburst static, the pleasure like a physical current winding up through his bones.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! The percussion of Ginger's fingernails on Basil's shaft set off a sympathetic throb in his temples, a glorious pressure running up from his crotch to his skull with every steady tap-tap-tap. She played him like a glockenspiel, tongue dancing along the sweet, sticky veins while her nails demanded attention with their click and stroke.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! His cock seemed to pulse in time with her rhythm, its skin hypersensitive, the sensation multiplying as the swelling continued—first little increments, then with each pop of her tongue, an entirely new circumference.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! He tried to form words, to tell her what the honey, the tongue, the tapping combination felt like, but it all dissolved in a fizz of involuntary moans and squeezed-off gasps.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! His cock—no, his whole body—swelled with each beat, the shaft so turgid and glossy it looked manufactured, a sex toy molded in his own image, only larger, thicker, and somehow even more his.

He looked like a giant fairy ball with a tree trunk sized shaft sticking out, and Ginger looked like a pixie queen conquering a parade float. His skin radiated heat, a feverish, magical glow that lit Ginger's cheeks gold as she hungrily swirled her tongue around the swollen head.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! She alternated licking with that insistent percussion, her nails landing in a little drumroll just below the corona, and Basil's whole world funneled to the sensation—no past, no future, just pressure and pleasure and the sense that he might pop at any moment.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! He couldn't move for a second except to shudder under her mouth, wings flapping like a shutter-speed blur behind him, the fibers stretched and humming with every ballooning pulse.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! His hips lifted helplessly, driving more of himself into Ginger's mouth, no longer fitting inside her, and she just laughed around the girth, a low, delighted sound that vibrated all the way up his spine. Her mouth sealing off the exit for his cum.

FWOOOOMP! tap tap tap FWOOOOMP! Basil's member twitched and shot pearlescent pre-come, only instead of sticky, it was effervescent—confetti and micro-glitter and iridescent fairy dust that spattered Ginger's chin and cheeks and the inside of her mouth. She instinctively gulped in rhythm with each FWOOOMP, her belly growing more and more full and bloated until she broke free of the trance and yanked back, blinking in surprise, and the stuff kept coming, splashing her arms, her breasts, speckling her rounded belly like a cake decorator on a bender. With each FWOOOOMP, the stuff fountained out, until Ginger was coughing and spitting sparkles, laughing so hard she nearly lost her grip.

Basil's body continued pulsating with each FWOOOMP. Suddenly, FWOOOMP hit with a cannonball force, and a massive sheath of confetti shot past Ginger's lips, filling the air with a sweet, papery scent and the tang of fresh ozone. Basil's body arched, his brain whiting out in the static, and the buildup mounted—he could feel the pressure backing up from balls to belly to chest, every surface stretched to the point of vibrating.

FWOOOOMP! The feeling in Basil's everything was so intense it flipped over into euphoria—too much, then so much it was nothing but sweet numbness. Then, without warning, Basil reached his limit with one final

FWOOOOMP!

BOOM!

Fairy dust confetti cum erupted from his dick as he exploded in a glorious flash of magic. His body instantly converted into a pile of fairy dust and confetti, and his eyes cartoonishly landed on top.

Ginger was a mess, her face and breasts streaked with rainbow flecks and shimmer, her laughter a bubbling, wild thing. She was so distracted by her lover that she didn't feel the strange feeling growing within her. Her bare stomach, once a taut canvas, now curved outward in a gentle dome. It continued to swell beneath her splayed fingers, each breath making the skin stretch tighter, like a balloon being steadily filled.

“Oh my god,” she said, picking blue, gold, and pink sparkles off her tongue. “Basil! You’re like a portable party cannon.” She cackled and licked more off her wrist, then playfully scooped a finger’s worth from between her breasts, popping it into her mouth. “And sweet! So-oh-oh-oh-oh-OH!” she moaned as something inside her belly went haywire.

Honey + Basil’s confetti + the magic flux? Dangerous. The sensation was like swallowing a family of fireworks, then waiting as they set up the grand finale in your gut. Ginger blinked, dizzy, as her skin started to thrum. Her bosom tingled, then her whole body fizzed, every inch of her surface sizzling with anticipation, like a fuse running toward a hidden stash of dynamite.

“Oh,” she said, knees wobbly. “Oh.” Her nipples hardened instantly, the areolas blooming a deep, shiny pink, and her skin flushed with the heat of a thousand blushing sunrises. Her stomach gave a lurch, and then an unmistakable pressure. She’d seen magical buildup hit plenty of fairies, but she’d never felt it like this—raw, direct, impossible to ignore.

The dustpan whirred to life as it began to collect the dust pile that was Basil, as his love was starting to experience the same fate. His confetti shuddered with anticipation as he said, “Looks like it’s your turn!”

As she shivered Ginger, like Basil, felt the magic initially focus in her nethers. A rather cute fwoomp was heard from her pussy as a rolling pressure started in Ginger’s groin, an effortless, ballooning fullness that made her clench her thighs, her body working against itself to hold it all in. She tottered forward, clutching the arm of the sofa.

With a fierce, desperate grip, she seized her dress and ripped it away from her body with a ferocity that left the fabric in shreds. Her breath came in ragged gasps as the torn pieces fluttered to the ground, leaving her exposed and defiant. Her panties strained against her skin as her pussy swelled with an overwhelming force, pushing and pressing against the fabric until it seemed ready to burst from the building pressure.

FWOOMP! It started as a gentle pulse, then became a juggernaut. The honeypot between her thighs swelled, then doubled, her labia fattening until they looked painted on with a glossy, candy sheen. Inside, every nerve ending sizzled; it was as if she’d dipped her whole lower body in champagne. Ginger gasped and pressed her palm to her crotch, but her fingers splayed helplessly. She could feel herself growing, filling, stretching, every wet fold as she felt more and more flushed.

FWOOMP! Her clit swelled, engorged, poking so audaciously at her panties it looked like the whole lacy triangle had been built just to tent dramatically around it. The fabric darkened wet, visible even in the halogen glow of their living room, and her thighs slipped slick against each other. Ginger yanked her ruined panties off and the band snapped her on the ass, leaving a cartoon lip-print in rainbow bloom. Her body seemed determined to outdo Basil’s.

FWOOMP! The second wave surged through her abdomen, terrifying in its strength—her uterus contracted, causing her belly to firm up under her skin, pushing her abs into a tight, alluring

dome that flexed with each gasp. The pressure made her knees feel weak, so she leaned heavily on the armrest, arching her back as the third wave struck, forcing her hips to widen further.

FWOOOOMP! Her hips snapped wider, then the sensation crash-landed into her chest. Ginger's boobs, already a force of nature, suddenly felt swollen and hypersensitive, every bounce doubly amplified, every brush of air like a tickle and an ache combined. Her nipples turned to diamonds, then quarters, then bottle caps, pushing out so hard they nearly split the air. The areolae puffed, glossy and cartoon-hued, as her tits began to outpace her own arms, making it harder and harder to hug herself.

She tried bracing against the kitchen counter, but FWOOOOMP!—her rack lurched outward, so heavy and buoyant she lost equilibrium and nearly faceplanted in the fairy-dusted carpet.

FWOOOOMP! The pressure in her breasts was like a firehose left on at full blast, only instead of pain it was deliciously, deliriously good, like every drop of milk she'd never made as a fairy had been weaponized into a high-pressure gun loaded with whipped cream and espresso. Milkless but full, tight as a drum, the sensation was exquisite and almost intolerable.

Somewhere at the edge of her vision, the auto dustpan busily swept the Basil confetti into a little commemorative glass bottle, but Ginger's focus tunneled to the delight and ridiculousness of her own transformation.

FWOOOOMP! She braced for another wave and it didn't disappoint: this time her ass and thighs flourished outward, flesh pillowing under the skin, hips rounding and swelling with lavish immediacy. The sensation gob smacked her—tightly wound, invasive, and, good god, spectacular. She couldn't focus on anything but how explosively alive she felt. Her honeybee hips jiggled when she tried to move, weightless and heavy at once, as if the air itself caressed the new curves.

The next FWOOMP almost knocked Ginger off her feet. She landed square on her brand new cushion of ass, and the sofa spat a cloud of Basil's confetti into the air. Her body, every inch throbbing and stretched, responded by bucking up, pelvis cantilevering her forward as all sensation narrowed to a single point between her thighs. Her fingers clamped onto her clit—now a swollen, supercharged bean, wobbling with each convulsion as if trying to launch herself clear out of Fairyworld.

FWOOMP! FWOOMP! FWOOOOMP! Her body was one live wire. Every pulse made her clench, bare knees knocking together, thighs squeezing involuntarily on the thick mess of pleasure blooming in her core. She was vaguely aware of her hands—one clawed to the sofa, the other lost between her legs, her palm sticky with something that wasn't just honey. She squeezed herself and the ripples ran up, up, up her body—boobs quaking, ass jiggling, groin quivering.

She felt her lips peel apart in a high, bright moan—less a scream, more a whoop of delight, the sound you'd make jumping off a high dive and realizing, just as you hit the water, that landing would be even better than flying. Her vision corkscrewed for a second, the edges turning electric, and all at once the building pressure went meteoric.

She screamed. FWOOMP! Her entire body tremored, and she felt her pussy blossom outward as if it were blooming, each pulse heavier than the last.

FWOOOOMP! Her breasts blooming with each pulse.

FWOOMP! Her entire body pulsating larger and larger, more and more sensitive, and. It was too much—her whole body shuddered as she hit a seismic, full-body orgasm, squeezing every drop of sensation out of herself. She squirted, a geyser of honeyed, sparkly liquid arcing high and splattering over the fairy-dusted carpet, shot gunning glitter and liquid over the counter, the couch, and the wall.

“OH SHIT! OH FUCK!” she yodeled, barely aware of anything except the urge to hang tight and ride it out.

Her body had transformed into a cartoonish caricature of femininity—breasts swollen to beach ball proportions that defied gravity despite their heft, her pussy plumped to a glistening candy-apple red heart that seemed to pulse with its own heartbeat, and an ass that had ballooned into two perfect hemispheres so round and bouncy they looked like they might actually squeak if squeezed. Every curve was exaggerated beyond any human proportion, glossy and taut like an inflatable doll pumped far past its recommended PSI.

FWOOOOMP! She could barely hear her own voice over the pounding in her ears. Her skin was electric and everywhere at once—she could feel every droplet landing on her, every glitter-slick ripple of come pulse in every finger and toe, the friction of her own skin against itself somehow enough to set her off again, and again, and again.

FWOOOOMP! The room was awash in the effluent of her pleasure, a shimmering glaze that painted the furniture, the windows, even the air. The honeyed-slicked couch squelched as her ass ballooned wider, the seams of the cushions biting hard into her hips as she spread, filling every inch of space she could find.

FWOOOOMP! She couldn't have stood up if she wanted— her body ballooning beyond her control, pressing against everything around her like dough rising in too small a pan. Her climax's aftershocks still trembled through her, distant as summer lightning. And then the real expansion started.

FWOOOOMP! Her chest, belly, hips—everywhere—swelled outward with sudden, ridiculous velocity. Ginger squealed again as her already massive tits doubled, tripled, domed outward like someone had just switched on a hidden leaf blower inside her body.

FWOOOOMP! Her skin tingled, stretched, and then zipped cold and hot at the same time as her body inflated further, and further, until her overflowing boobs pressed up to her chin and blocked out everything below. She tried to look down, and all she saw was a planet of shiny, jiggling tit-flesh, slick and glistening, her nipples now broad as her fists and so sensitive she could feel the pulse in every pore, but the magic wasn't done. Not even close.

FWOOOOMP! A trembling, feverish energy began to build again—not as a pulse this time but as a steady, relentless pressure, as if the orgasm had been only the starter’s pistol for something far more unhinged. Ginger gasped, the air in her lungs suddenly insufficient. The world tilted as her body swelled incrementally with each breath, inflating everywhere at once.

FWOOOOMP! Her thighs pressed against the arms of the sofa, then over them, her ass now overflowing the seat and bulging past the cushions in a pillowy, springy dome. Her breasts swelled with every heartbeat, the areolae stretching wider, the nipples so sensitive that even the stray breezes from her frantic wings set them ablaze.

“Oh-ho-ho my god,” FWOOOOOOMP! she wheezed, squirming as her own skin grew hyper-reactive, hypersensitive at every slight change in the air, every swollen inch begging for more. She wanted to laugh, or scream, or maybe pop right then, but the wave just bucked her higher, the pleasure getting sharper as her body strained at its new boundaries.

A voice floated up from below, twinkling and smug. Basil’s confetti eyes, perched in the bottle, tracked her every tremor.

“Go on, Gin! You can do better than that!” He rattled the glass, spurring the auto dustpan to whirl around the base of the couch, scavenging stray sprinkles. “Don’t stop now! I wanna see you fill the room—no, the whole house!” The dustpan began to hum as Basil was starting to be reformed, though Ginger was so lost in lust that she didn’t pay any attention.

FWOOOOOOMP! Ginger howled, the sound torn away by another surge. Her head swam. She tried to push a hand between her legs, only to find her arms couldn’t bend. Her pussy bloated, puffy as a doughnut, the slick heat of it dizzying her. She tried to brace herself, but her arms and legs had been swallowed by her ballooning body, disappearing into dimpled folds of glistening skin until only her hands and feet poked out like tiny appendages on a beach ball, wiggling uselessly as she tried to find purchase against the slick, honey-coated surface beneath her.

From below, the confetti bottle shook with Basil’s voice, “That’s it, Gin! C’mon, fill it up! You’re the queen of balloons, let’s see you take the crown!” She wanted to yell at him, tell him to stop egging her on, but the words caught in her mouth as another swelling wave forced all the air out of her lungs. Her body had gone from plush to taut, to buoyant, to ridiculous, and now to something so vastly, cartoonishly inflated that she could hear the faintest hiss of air escaping as her skin stretched tighter than she’d ever felt. The edges of her vision sparkled, then went white.

FWOOOOOOMP! The sound was nearly deafening now, a sonic boom of expansion that vibrated the walls. Ginger’s boobs pressed up around her head, her face nestled between two titan swells of titflesh, her hair gone wild and static-charged. Everything in her body blared with pleasure, every cell a tiny megaphone for sensation. She could feel the ceiling drawing nearer, the soft whumps of her own body muffling the sound of lamps and knickknacks tumbling off shelves as she grew, and grew, and GREW.

FWOOOOOOMP! Her legs, her arms, her whole midsection—a single, expanding sphere with her face mashed comically atop it, red and hot and glazed with sweat—swelled further. She tried in vain to brace herself, but the growing friction against the walls only forced her body into new directions, bulging to fill whatever space the room allowed.

FWOOOOMP! Her ass pressed deeper into the couch, then over its back; breasts ballooned until the glistening orbs pressed up under her chin, crowding out her neck; her belly ached from the pressure, but the pleasure was so overpowering she could barely think.

FWOOOOMP! She could feel her pussy, enormous, puffy, leaking in a slow, sticky torrent, pressed helplessly against the expanding cushion of her belly with a wet, slapping sound at every heartbeat. What would've been the inside of her thighs twitched with a slick, buttery friction against the carpet; every twitch made her clit ping against the air, so swollen it almost stuck to the underside of her stomach.

FWOOOOMP! She tried to rub it, but her hands were too far apart now, the span of her own body shoving her arms out and away, until it felt like her bones had become spaghetti.

The air was full of spice and honey, ozone and sweat, and also the rubbery funk of brand-new balloons. Ginger's head lolled back, sweat matting her curls to her sticky, bloated skin. Somewhere, she heard Basil's bottle clink to the floor, and then a new sound, a hum and a chime as his body was reformed.

A wolfish gleam lit Basil's eyes as he watched her pussy—now swollen to the size of a beach ball, glistening with honey-slick arousal, its folds pulsating with each thunderous FWOOOOOOMP!. The enormous labia quivered like gelatin, spreading wider with each FWOOOMP of expansion, the once-delicate pink flesh now a deep, urgent crimson that seemed to throb with its own desperate hunger.

Basil's body, reconstituted in a gust of ozone and confetti, barely had time to finish knitting itself together before the sight of Ginger's monstrous, glistening pussy—now the main event, an attraction so huge it demanded worship—yanked every drop of sense and hesitation from his brain.

She was bloating helplessly before him, her body so inflated she seemed more balloon than fairy, limbs flailing helplessly, her face a mask of delirious, helpless, pleasure. Her swollen flesh shimmered, juice and sweat and magic honey dripping in fat, sticky beads down the trembling curve of her groin.

He dove.

No thought. No plan. Just a singular, biological imperative: put his mouth on that. Put every atom of himself into her.

His tongue landed first, the taste a wild, intoxicating blend of honey, salt, fireworks, and some impossible, pure animal sweetness that shot straight to the back of his skull and snapped

something vital. The sensation wracked Ginger's entire being. Any control she may have had over the swelling came to an end as she violently expanded.

FWOOOOOMP! Ginger's awareness fractured into white-hot, jagged edges. Basil's mouth, electric and greedy, latched to her clit, sending bolt after bolt of something not-quite-pain and not-quite-pleasure screaming through every neuron. She couldn't even move; she was so impossibly full, so swollen and stretched, the barest suckle on her clit sent seismic shudders out to the farthest surface of her ballooning skin. It was as if he'd plugged her into a generator, overloaded every circuit and dared them to keep up.

Ginger's vision whited out as Basil's tongue hit home, everything inside her surging forward, her body expanding at an exponential rate. Every lap of his tongue sent seismic ripples through her globular body—not just the surface, but way up inside, a deep, gut-level quake that blurred the line between pleasure and pressure until they felt like the same thing.

The first taste—sweet, tart, electric—set off a pulse that ballooned her entire lower body; her ass quaked, hips groaning outward wider with an audible squelch, the skin stretched so taut it shone. Ginger felt Basil's hands dig into her thighs, the grip almost lost in the slickness of honey and sweat, but the pressure of his tongue was unmistakable, a hot, writhing brand that left her with no idea where the licking ended and the swelling began.

FWOOOOOMP! Her body lurched, jerking upward and outward as Basil licked and sucked with abandon, tongue slicking the entire surface of her overfilled, glitter-splattered pussy. She blinked, tried to lurch away, but her tits blocked her view—two rising suns, shadowing her face and crowding her chin, their surface glimmering.

FWOOOOOMP! Her body bulged around him, her pussy eating Basil as he moaned into her, the vibrations bouncing his face and tongue deeper, deeper.

FWOOOOOOOMP! She was swelling now at ungodly speed, her body ballooning out so fast the room audibly compressed around her. Her inflating lower hemisphere gobbled Basil's head and locked him in place, trapping him in a velvet vise that tasted like every fantasy he'd ever harbored. He moaned—she could feel the vibration with her whole, ballooning body—and Ginger's pussy clenched and pulsed and squirted a brilliant, honeyed arc right into Basil's mouth, splattering and splashing as he lapped it up.

FWOOOOOOOMP! The world squeezed in around Ginger, pressure cranking up with every lap of Basil's tongue, every desperate, sucking gasp for air. She was seconds from detonation. Her skin felt like stretched latex, her head mashed between her own tit-mountains, her groin a howling chamber of need. The room compressed—walls, ceiling, even the lighting seemed to bend around her—and then, in the midst of this pressure-cooker climax, the entire apartment shuddered with a sharp, businesslike knock at the door.

For a heartbeat, only the sound of Ginger's frantic, ballooning pulse filled the air. Then the knock came again—three brisk raps that cut through the sticky, glitter-splattered haze like a

knife. Ginger was far too lost in her euphoric swelling to hear or pay any attention to the knocking.

"Fuck!" Basil on the other hand could hear the knocking, though he could barely hear the knocking only the second time through the billowing memory foam bean bag chair that was Ginger. He wanted to warn whoever was at the door but he was still being smothered by Ginger's pulsating, engorging, tender pussy and lower body. His limbs twitched with residual magic, his wings instinctively curling in to shield his body from what might be coming. Ginger, still swelling and squirming, tried to shift her titanic form, but the magic pressure inside her felt like it might split her apart if she so much as tensed the wrong way.

The door swung open with the careful authority of someone used to walking in on weird crises. Standing in the entryway, framed by a halo of hallway light, were their friends Meringue and Chell.

Meringue was a vision—tall for a fairy, dusky pink skin, and arms that had the muscle definition of a champion wrestler, but his face was soft, squishy, and bespectacled, with hair like a swirl of whipped topping. Chell was completely the opposite: a little blue bottle rocket, pointy and sharp and wearing a beautiful blouse with a sweetheart neckline and miniskirt, her blue hair neatly in a beautiful bob. They both blinked at the scene, then at each other, and then at once at the chaos that filled the living room.

Ginger was so lost that she didn't hear the door open, while Basil was trapped under the swelling mass that was Ginger and failed to warn them of the imminent danger. A thunderclap of expansion rocked the apartment, and Ginger detonated in a geyser of confetti, honey, and shimmering pink balloon-shrapnel. Basil, caught mid-dive, was catapulted backward by the blast. Everything went sticky, sweet, and hot; the world pinwheeled. For a second, he thought he'd popped again, but he was still together, only slick with Ginger's residue, blinking through a haze of syrupy mist and glimmer.

He tried to shout, but his mouth was full of sparkling fizz. He hacked, spluttering, and looked up to see the absolute carnage: the sofa now just a confused skeleton of springs and frame, every surface in the living room lacquered with a pearlescent glaze of fairy ejaculate and rainbow debris.

Ginger's glasses clung to what remained of a lampshade, but there was no sign of her—only a slowly settling blizzard of gold flecks, neon-pink and aquamarine streamer-globs. The air reeked of ozone, sugar, and the warm, embarrassing funk of sex. And there was Meringue and Chell, both plastered in the mess, frozen like they'd walked into a crime scene and found the bodies still leaking.

A slow, viscous drip plopped off the ceiling and landed directly on Meringue's glasses, making him flinch. He blinked hard, wiped at his face with a hand, and found his pink skin now glistening under a streak of banana-scented goo. He looked over at Chell, who had been leveled by a tidal wave of magical ejaculate, her sharp blue jaw slack with shock and then, abruptly, a cackle.

There was a beat of silence—every other fairy in the room clocked, for the briefest moment, the absurdity of the situation—and then Chell snapped her fingers, conjuring a tiny umbrella that popped open over her head, already too little, too late, a token defense.

“Wow,” Meringue said, adjusting his glasses, “the news was not exaggerating.” His tone was strictly scientific, but even so, his ears were the color of bubblegum. The dustpan, detecting a fairy busting, whirred back to life and began its job.

Chell, who was not above embarrassment, waggled her tongue at the mess and snorted loud enough to set loose a fresh rain of glitter from the ceiling.

“Now that’s what I call magical build-up!” she said, blue eyes twinkling, tongue out to catch a glob of sparkle as it floated down. “It’s a good thing you guys have that dustpan! You didn’t forget about our game night, did you?”

Basil, sticky and a little concussed, flopped onto his back and stared at the ceiling, searching for meaning above the slowly drifting cloud of pink and gold. Every muscle in his body tingled, and his cock, though no longer the size of a baseball bat, still lay thick and lacquered against his stomach, glistening with aftershock. He could feel the fizz of magic aftermath in his skin, a ghost of the expansion that, moments ago, threatened to balloon him apart.

He tried to speak, but the best he could manage was a gurgle and a wheeze, not nearly as impressive as he intended. It sounded kind of like a dying goose.

“Oh, dude.” Meringue’s voice, behind the slow-motion snowfall of confetti, was gentle as a pillow. “You all right?”

Basil raised a thumb in the universally recognized symbol of I survived, though it flopped bonelessly, sparkling with honey and fairy-jizz. “Uhhh, maybe, I think,” he managed, then immediately choked on the taste of his own words. Literally. It was like licking a pixie stick dipped in ginger ale and left to ferment.

Chell dropped her tiny umbrella, snapped a picture with her phone, and arched a blue eyebrow. “You look good, Basil. Better than you did at Homecoming.”

A dozen retorts fizzed in his head, but each ran up against the cold, sticky logic that he was splayed ass-up in the ruins of his own living room, naked, and covered in...well, Ginger. The dustpan materialized a mason jar as it collected confetti Ginger. “Well, someone didn’t put it in our calendar.” Ginger’s confetti pile responded to Chell, a hint of responsibility in her tone.

A moment later, the dustpan completed its sweep, pixelating Ginger into a mason jar that hovered beside Basil on the carpet. The sight snapped something in Basil’s brain—he laughed, a wild, hiccupping giggle that set his teeth on edge and promptly turned into a coughing fit. He rolled onto his side and spat a mouthful of sparkles, feeling the sharp grit between his teeth.

Through the prismatic drizzle and the ache of overused everything, he managed to prop himself upright, knees jittery, cock deflated to something only slightly above baseline, but so tender it throbbed with every pulse of his heart. He squinted at Chell, who was already setting up the board game on what remained of the kitchen table, fingers shuffling cards with the impatience of a caffeine junkie.

“We, uh—” he croaked, then realized there was nothing he could say to make the situation better. He reached for his wand and materialized his clothes, even though their friends had walked in on them in a more compromised situation. He shivered in a sudden draft, still a little blown open at the seams.

The kitchen clock ticked a judgy rhythm and Chell, without missing a beat, conjured a fresh round of drinks. “Rum, honey, and lavender, I thought it might be fitting,” she said as she poured a fizzy, lavender-blue cocktail into four glasses with the precision of a witch at a cauldron, never minding the streaks of glitter and residue swirling in their cups. Basil felt the vibration of the tabletop through his elbows as he joined the others, side-stepping puddles and a sticky memorial of Ginger’s recent fate.

Meringue peeled a strip of confetti off his arm. “You ever think the universe is just...” He paused, searching for a Basil-shaped word. “Horny?”

“What do you think?” Basil said, voice raw. He watched the Mason jar on the table, the pink swirl of Ginger’s essence undulating within, waiting for the dustpan’s magic to finish its cycle and let her pop back out. The pink swirl was hypnotic. He reached out a finger and tapped the glass, just to see if Ginger would thump back.

She did, ping-ponging the inside of the jar with a defiant little spark. Knowing what Ginger’s thump meant, Basil took his wand and flicked it. As is shone, the apartment instantaneously cleaned itself. The couch was back to normal, the tables rebuilt, the décor back as it was intended by Ginger, everything was as if nothing happened. Really, the only way you would know something happened would be due to the smell lingering in the air. It was a combination of ozone, honey, the remnants of dinner, and the electric prod of magic tingling inside their noses.

“That’s my wife,” he said, pride cutting through the residual embarrassment like a knife through butter “Wait, I’m safe from exploding for a while because of the refractory period, shouldn’t you two be... I don’t know... concerned?” A hint of understanding crept across his voice.

Meringue leaned in, a look of pleasure and mischief on his face as he said, “We’ll be fine. Don’t you worry.” Meringue winked, then continued, “your wife, do you want us to wait, or...?”

As if on cue, the dustpan pinged as all of Ginger had been collected, and, in a cloud of magic, she rematerialized. "Well, that was quite the adventure, wasn't it?"

"I've never enjoyed myself more, and it was great to have an audience..." Basil said, "Now, are we going to go for a round two or just game night, I can't remember what our calendar says."

Basil expected the conversation to veer toward wildness, but Meringue surprised him. Meringue straightened his lapels, which were inexplicably already sticky with the confetti aftermath, and shot a nervous look at Chell. "We're...uh...just here for game night," he said, voice tight, but he didn't sound unconvinced. "We, uh, brought snacks."

Chell fished a lumpy parcel from her purse and set it on the table between the drinks, next to Ginger's empty jar. "Banana-blueberry muffins. You guys got a candle? It smells, well interesting in here." She said, looking around.

"There's some in the cupboard." Ginger said. "Get one with the label reading 'Supposed to help with relaxation' so we can try to relax."

Chell nodded and hopped off her chair and made for the kitchen. The cupboard over the sink was a graveyard of scented candles, each with a label more dubious than the last. She scanned the shelf: "Serenity Now," "Unwind," "Pink Lemonade Vacation," "Corpus Erotica." She snorted—leave it to Ginger to keep the weirdest candle names in reserve.

She grabbed the one with a blue waxy swirl and a label promising "Deep Calm and Relaxational Focus," which sounded like what the room could use. She brought the blue candle into the kitchen and placed it on the table. She flicked her wand, igniting the wick with a spark that made the air sizzle. Instantly, an aroma exploded from the wick: not lavender or mint, as Chell expected, but a wild, heady cocktail of honey, brown sugar, spices, and something else that tickled the bottom of her skull with a hot, almost peppery tingle. The effect was immediate and overwhelming.

Ginger, Basil, and Meringue took a deep inhale of the now sparkling candle fumes. The various aromas dancing around their noses like the carbonation of sparkling water. With the candle in full force, the smell of ozone and sex was nearly entirely erased. The warming comfort of the relaxation candle washing over the four fairies accompanied by a sensation of electrical pulses.

A tingling sensation started in their feet, as if they had been dipped into warm chocolate. Their bodies being slowly lowered into the invisible chocolate bath. As the feeling came over their respective loins, a heat overtook the calming sensation. Twitching started in Meringue and Basil's members as they looked at their lovers, Chell and Ginger. Chell and Ginger responding as their pussies engorged and swelled, in anticipation of their lover's stiffening members.

The fairies' hearts began racing, breathing becoming labored, as the warmth washed over the rest of their bodies. Nipples becoming erect, the fabric of the fairies' clothes sending shockwaves of electrical impulses through their breasts and chests. In an instant, the fairies tore their clothes off and dove at each other, like a hungry dog at the sight of bacon.

Basil tackled Ginger onto the sticky ruin of the sofa, his tongue already inside her mouth, their bodies colliding with a slap of honey and sweat and leftover confetti. Her tits, even post-rematerialization, were still the size of overfilled grapefruits, squishing against his chest and pushing the button of his brain marked “Do Not Think, Only Fuck”. She wriggled under him, legs locked around his waist in a vise grip, the wet heat of her pussy grinding against the outline of his cock. He felt her pulse through their groins, every beat like a little electric shock.

A few feet away, Chell and Meringue had abandoned all pretense of game night. Meringue’s cock was out, slicked to a shiny gloss, and Chell had hopped up on the kitchen table, skirt already hiked around her stomach, panties gone. She gripped the edge of the table so hard her knuckles matched her own blue hair and was lowering herself slow and careful onto Meringue’s slick, turgid cock. Basil caught a flash of it from the corner of his eye—Chell’s body tensed, then relaxed as she took the whole of him in one smooth, practiced motion, her breath hitching, then catching on a giggle that set her tits bouncing in their lacy blue bra. Meringue gripped her hips, knuckles pale with the need, his own pulse visible in the flex of his arms as he guided Chell’s slow rise and fall. Their wings fluttered in a hurricane of magic, pollen, and arousal, knocking over every glass on the kitchen counter.

The candle’s smoke suddenly changed its shade, definitely not enough for the lovers to notice, they were too busy riding, howling, gasping, and rhythmically smacking each other. The other fairies’ bodies shimmered in the candlelight, their edges already blurring, pulsing.

Basil felt it first—not in his cock, but in his whole self, a depth charge rolling up from his bones, an impossible, swelling vibrato. He tried to say Ginger’s name, but his tongue thickened in his mouth. His hands, kneading her hips, felt like they were growing. No, they **were** growing; his fingers ballooned wider, the palms puffing with every heartbeat, until his grip on Ginger slipped to a clumsy squeeze. His cock, sandwiched between them, surged hot and enormous, growing stiffer and then thicker, thicker, thicker—he watched it, awed, as the head flared with every pulse and pressed up against Ginger’s slick folds, already parting her with each ridiculous increment.

Ginger’s breath hitched, her nipples brushing his jaw as her tits inflated again, the skin tightening to a glassy sheen against his cheeks, her moans ratcheting up in pitch as her pussy drew him in with a greedy, wet pop. He felt the flex in his cock, the impossible bloat, and his body responded to Ginger’s swelling with its own. The two of them ballooned together, a duet of expansion and friction and sweat.

Basil’s arms grew thick and cartoon-sturdy, sleeves shredding as his skin went tight with each swelling increment. His biceps pillowed into Ginger’s sides, pinning her beneath him, but she seemed to love it, grinding up with force as if she wanted him even heavier, even bigger. His cock, pressed between her thighs, bashed upward with the inevitability of a piston, each thrust stretching her further, until she was screaming into his mouth, her whole lower half fluttering in time with the throbbing root of him.

Ginger felt the world soften and blur, the edges of everything melting into the heat of Basil’s body. His cock was inside her now, so thick, so swollen, so alive she doubted he could pull out.

She held him there, thighs cramping with the pressure as his hips pumped, friction turning her skin slick and overbright. Her tits pressed up against his face, and he buried himself in them, licking at her nipples, suckling them with desperate, greedy pulls. The sensation bottled her up, tight as a shaken soda. She tried to groan but the noise came out thin and reedy, like a kazoo.

The next expansion hit with no warning. It billowed up her thighs first, then the whole of her belly, a heat expanding in waves from where Basil filled her. Her skin vibrated. Tits, hips, and ass all jostled at once, going glossy and round, stretching tight enough to make her nipples ache with pleasure.

He'd barely gotten two more thrusts in before that familiar, syrupy pressure started building at the base of his cock, a heat that licked up his spine and flattened everything in his head but the need to pop and pour and fill Ginger until she burst. Her lips pressed to his ear, the sound of her own swelling a gasp and a wail and then a wordless, primal humming as her insides bloated with the promise of his load. He felt her pussy clutch him—harder, tighter than ever, as if the walls themselves inflated with each pulse of blood—and then, all at once, her whole body went rigid.

FWOOOMP! The noise was more felt than heard, an air-cannon thump that sent Basil's hips jostling upward. Ginger's pussy gripped him so tight it nearly hurt, the friction a wild, stinging pleasure. She shrieked, a peal of laughter and exultation, and then another FWOOMP! Basil felt the jolt travel up his cock, then watched as Ginger's inflating body rippled outward, tits swelling to the size of party balloons, her thighs and ass pillowing under his grip. The entire room seemed to contract around them. He heard the wet, frantic whine of Ginger's orgasm as she bucked against him, her hips spreading wide, then wider, as his own cock detonated with a final, vibrating snap.

Basil's vision blurred for an instant, the moment of climax a supernova behind his eyelids. Her pussy gripped him so hard it felt like it might pull him inside out; he saw rainbow pinwheels and static as his cock pulsed, growing even as it unloaded torrent after sticky-hot torrent of magic cum inside her. He barely noticed the splatters of confetti and honey mist pinging off their bodies and the ruined sofa, or the tinkle of glass as Meringue's drink toppled in the kitchen.

Meringue and Chell were deep in their own world, equally swollen and blimping, and couldn't care less about the beautiful, heavenly, and erotic sight of their blimping lover friends, even with the incessant FWOOMP! sounding through the apartment. Chell was the first to experience the magical swelling between her and Meringue.

No sooner had Chell impaled herself on Meringue's cock than the candle's blue haze caught her nose and pulled it up, up into her brain, and she realized instantly there was magic at work, some deep, wild, bottomless magic that vibrated in her bones and made her want to climb him like a tree and never come down.

She shrieked—she never shrieked, but this time it was involuntary, a high, staccato keen that sawed through the drowning noise of the other room. The first pulse hit her clit, then her whole lower body, an instant, catastrophic swelling that clamped her onto Meringue so hard she thought his cock might tear in two.

She looked down, eyes wide, watching her pussy—already fattened and glossy from arousal—bulge and bloom around him, ballooning so fast she lost sight of his shaft and balls. The next pulse rocketed through her hips and belly; her hips swelled—her ass at first, then the backs of her thighs, then her whole stomach, puffing out in a perfect, taut arc that pushed her torso upright and sent her tittering, off-balance, against the kitchen wall.

Meringue's cock flexed inside her, the sensation a delirious, comical pressure, and Chell watched herself expanding, glossy and blue and beautiful, until her own hands couldn't reach around her hips to grab her lover's shoulders. She hooked her fingers into the edge of the table and rode the bloat, her pussy stretching out to match every new inch of him. The heat in her body switched from a rolling boil to full meltdown; every nerve on her skin fizzed with the memory of the candle's blue smoke, every touch a little electric pop.

She couldn't stop herself, not that she wanted to. The next breath, and her thighs were twice as thick, blue skin stretched glossy and bright, the sensation so overstimulating she saw white. Her wings snapped out and fluttered, shedding tiny blue sparks. She heard Meringue groan, so deep it vibrated the floor.

FWOOOOOOMP! The next pulse went up her spine, through her tits, which billowed forward like two water balloons tossed onto a trampoline. Her nipples glazed instantly, sweat pooling in the cleft between her boobs, and when she looked down, she saw her own rack crowding out half the room.

FWOOOMP! She could barely get air past her teeth, her breath locking in tight little pants as her body grew heavier and rounder, stuffed with the impossible tension of someone else's heartbeat. The next jolt in her pussy sent a syrupy rush up her spine, and then her arms swelled, soft and pillowy, pushing her chest up and forward even more. She felt buoyant, almost weightless, as if she might float off the kitchen table and bounce around the room.

Meringue felt the pressure mounting in his cock, too, so thick and urgent it almost scared him. He had a second or two to marvel at the way Chell's body ballooned around him—how her clit shivered against his pelvis with each pulse, how her ass seemed to mushroom out and wrap around his hips—then the build-up hit him square in the balls.

The heat was white-hot, a lightning strike from nuts to crown. His vision blurred, then tunneled. He felt his balls swell with each throb, the skin glossy and slick. His cock expanded in a heartbeat, thickening, stretching Chell further, pressure doubled—tripled—in his veins, in his cock, everywhere. The thick, wet FWOOMP! pumped him tighter inside Chell, so tight he thought she might snap him in half. The sensation was like nothing he'd ever felt, dizzy and continuous, a spiral of pulse and expansion and wild, overstretched pleasure.

He glanced down, barely able to see past the planet of Chell's swelling ass and thighs, but what he could see of himself was transforming: his cock had been respectable, even impressive, but now it looked monstrous, glistening and veined and nearly blue itself from the pressure. He felt his balls swing heavy and taut, every twitch ballooning them outward, each pulse of blood

stretching the skin to a glassy, trembling dome. FWOOOOMP! The force of her pussy squeezing him was irresistible, relentless, and the more he tried to hold back, the harder the next wave hit.

Meringue had never felt anything like it. His balls were tight as cannonballs, the pressure behind his cock so intense it made his teeth ache. He watched, awed and a little freaked out, as Chell's body swelled and pulsed around him. She'd always been a tight fit—now she was a wet, velvet glove that kept thickening, her pussy puffing and gripping each new millimeter of him until he thought he'd lose circulation. The sensation was so sharp, so all-consuming, he couldn't think of anything more than the sight in front of him.

His torso started to balloon. The buttons on his shirt strained, then one by one shot off and pinged around the kitchen. He felt the growing sensation of an orgasm building within him as he was pulled increasingly tighter and tighter. If anyone had walked in and beheld the orgasmic sight and sounds between the FWOOMPS!, the groans, moans, and slapping of wet skin, they would've immediately begun their own erotica-induced magical buildup.

With each thrust, Meringue felt the entire world condense to Chell's blue, ballooning body. The sight of her swelling around him, her ass doming and her thighs doubling in diameter, made his own cock thicken greedily, every pulse nearly audible. The heat in his nuts—no, in his gut, his whole chest—built with a pressure that felt cosmically unfair, like he was about to be milked for every last drop of his insides.

The kitchen was a blur: the table bucked under Chell's weight, plates and cards skittering to the edge with every bounce of her glossy blue ass. Her knuckles whitened on the laminate edge, her eyes squeezed shut, mouth punched open in a high, warbling moan that vibrated up his cock and into his skull. At one point he tried to drag in a breath, but the press of Chell's body around him was too thick, too tight, and all the air left his body in a single, dumbstruck gasp. The blue haze from the candle thickened, pooling in the corners of the kitchen, and then—right as Chell's hips sank flush to his thighs and her body began to quake—everything in Meringue's frame seized.

His cock jerked, a sudden, brutal spasm, and then he was cumming, harder than ever in his fairy life. Every muscle clamped tight. He felt the veins in his neck bulge, the world tilting as the orgasm ripped through him, and the swelling at his groin went full cataclysm. His cock ballooned inside Chell, twisting her giddy yelp into a reedy squeal as her pussy stretched to accommodate it. His balls pulsed huge, then tighter, then so taut he was sure the skin would split.

The pressure was so intense tears sprang to his eyes. He locked arms around Chell's spreading hips and held on with everything he had. He could feel his cock pumping, each spurt some impossible ultra-dose, so much it had to go somewhere: Chell's pussy swelled around him, her whole lower half blowing out even further, rounding, taut, until she could barely reach her own thighs. The clench and pop of her orgasm convulsed up her spine, locked her jaw, and then bent her backwards over the table, tits to the ceiling, hair wild and crackling with blue sparks.

Chell shrieked, arms spasming, her hands scrabbling for purchase as wave after wave shot through her. Every pulse ratcheted her body bigger, a runaway swelling that gathered speed as Meringue's overload hit its stride. She lost her voice on the third contraction, mouth open but

nothing coming out except a high, whispery whine, airless as a popped balloon. She glanced down and saw her belly pushing Meringue's chest backward, his own torso ballooning, his arms thrown wide to embrace the curve of Chell's ever-expanding ass. He gripped her, holding close as the blue candle smoke thickened, then watched, dazed, as the motion of her swelling hips knocked a highball glass off the end of the table.

The glass struck the floor, shattering into a thousand rainbow-edged shards. For a beat everything paused, as if the entire room closed its lungs in anticipation. The sound conjured a spike of ozone and a wild, sugary tang that set every nerve in Meringue's body to trembling. Something about the shattered glass, the crackling scent of the wax, the sudden hush—he felt it, a pulse of magic so big it made his skin crawl and the hair on his arms prickle. He glanced at Chell, her glossy blue skin stretched tight, her body thicker and rounder with every second. Every part of him ached for her—then, all at once, something in the air snapped.

A sound like a cork blasted the moment their cocks erupted, a double detonation from Basil and Meringue as the swelling in their loins reached panic-level pressure.

The effect was instant, like a trick shot had gone off in the apartment. As soon as Meringue and Basil hit their climax, the pressure in their cocks bucked wild, and both Chell and Ginger took it hard—filling, stuffing, then overspilling, their bodies shuddering with the force of each pump. It was like the air in the kitchen had turned to pure helium and everyone was drinking it straight from the tap. Meringue's balls clenched and pulse after pulse of his thick, sticky cum shot deep inside Chell; and in the next breath, her belly ballooned with every drop, skin going from taut to domed to downright spherical.

Basil felt his own shaft seize, his balls cinch up hard, and then everything reversed course and exploded forward in a single, ragged spasm. The load hit Ginger's pussy with the force of a pressure washer, the magic-laced cum instantly overflowing her. She squealed, eyes popping wide as her whole body shuddered. It wasn't just the sensation, it was the volume—so much, so thick, so hungry, that her insides pinwheeled and, in a flash, locked down. Her pussy clamped so tight around Basil's cock that the spurt had nowhere to go but directly into her, pressure multiplying like a piston.

Meringue's load triggered the same wild rush—Chell's pussy clamped him with a vengeance, sucking every spurt, every twitch, until she was inflating around him, stuffed to bursting. The girls' pussies clamped down with such vicious force that Basil and Meringue's throbbing cocks—once gushing like broken fire hydrants—choked to desperate trickles. The backup was instant and catastrophic; their balls swelled to the point of agony, their shafts bulged obscenely, and the pressure built with nowhere to go but back into their own bodies, threatening to rupture them from the inside out.

The effect was more than tidal, it was volcanic. Meringue's balls cinched and bucked, and immediately the bottle-rocket pressure in his cock went critical—the head ballooned, skin pulled rubbery-tight, and his shaft pulsed a massive, syrupy jet of cum so dense and so charged that Chell's pussy just—FWOOMP—swelled wider around him, sealing shut like a magma vent. The pressure didn't abate; if anything, the clamp in Chell's body made the spill-back even harder,

and the only way out was further, deeper, shoving the hot pulse straight up into her ballooning belly.

Chell's body drank him in, her insides ballooning with the impossible volume, every bone and joint rubberizing, her blue skin going glassy with tension. The swelling didn't stop at her stomach: her hips flared, then her thighs, her ass rounding out under the constant, pounding injection.

It was a perfect, mirrored chaos: on the sofa, Ginger and Basil's wild, glitter-slick spectacle of expansion and friction; in the kitchen, Chell's blue body was swelling up, up, up, her belly pushing Meringue back against the table, and her breasts mushrooming so high she could barely see over the top.

The pressure in Chell's cunt was a paint shaker, trembling with every new wave of Meringue's orgasm. His cock pumped so much spunk it should have overflowed, but her walls clamped around the root, sealing the liquid in. She felt herself filling, stretching, her pussy gone numb with pleasure as her insides ballooned out and up, rippling the surface of her stomach with every new pulse. Her ass spread wider, her hips a glossy blue crescent, then a sphere, then something more than a sphere—a balloon animal made of pure, inexhaustible want.

Ginger and Chell's skin went tight as a grape, every inch tingling from the inside. The pressure in their pussies was so much that even their clits were swollen as well, the former pearls turned whales crowning above their slick folds, hot and aching for relief.

While they had stopped the cum-hoses with their pussies, Ginger and Chell were still rapidly swelling and growing, effects from both the magical cum growing and swelling inside them and the candle, still burning on like the fate of the world depended on its light.

Basil's cock, still trapped inside Ginger's vise-tight, swelling pussy, gave another lurch. The pressure inside him was rising again—somehow, impossibly, his nuts had puffed up even more, each a tense, fever-hot orb wedged between his thighs. The backup was so intense it felt like he'd been caught in a tourniquet at the very root of him, every ounce of cum squeezed and locked and forced to cycle back up into his gut, around, and back down, over and over, as if the pressure itself was what kept his body from unraveling. He could hardly move; every twitch set off an ache that radiated up his spine and made his vision fizz.

Meringue couldn't catch his breath. He couldn't catch anything, actually, except the increasingly urgent sense that his own body had become the world's cruelest water balloon. The pressure pressurized. His cock, still inside Chell, felt fused at the hilt. When he tried to pull out, her pussy only sucked him in harder, the internal grip multiplying by the second—like it was hungry to keep him, to milk him until he was nothing but a wrung-out heap. He groaned, but the sound buried under Chell's own panicked giggle as she groped at her stomach, watching it distend, rounder and rounder, the skin so smooth and taut it reflected the blue haze of the candlelight.

The air throbbed with electric, sensual energy—every molecule heavy with the wild aftershocks of unleashed magic. The space had become a decadent playground, dominated by four fairies so

outrageously inflated that their bodies were nearly pure spheres, locked together in a spectacle of forbidden excess and molten desire.

Ginger was the dazzling centerpiece, transformed into a gleaming golden globe, her skin slick and shimmering in the candlelight. Her breasts were huge, impossibly round, perched atop her swollen belly in a way that begged to be touched, worshipped. She sprawled across the couch, her swelling mass filling the cushions and spilling over the edges, tethered intimately to Basil.

Their bodies were fused at the core—his thick, rock-hard cock buried deep inside her, stretching her even wider, the connection between them a glistening, throbbing bridge. Ginger's pussy was transformed into an overfilled, plush spectacle—her labia puffed and glossy, stretched taut and shining with arousal, the deep, swollen folds a glistening red-pink heart at the center of her golden, rounded body.

The flesh throbbed and shimmered, every inch slick and engorged. Her clit was swollen to an obscene, mesmerizing prominence—no longer a dainty pearl, but a bold, glistening gem crowning her inflated, glossy folds. It pushed outward, fat and flushed, the skin tight and shining with arousal, every heartbeat making it twitch and throb visibly above Basil's plunging shaft.

The engorged nub was so sensitive that even the brush of air or the tremble of Ginger's own voice made it quiver, leaking glistening beads of honey-sweet slickness that dribbled down the pulsing seam of her puffed, golden pussy. Each pulse of expansion made her slit glisten and part even wider, desperate to swallow every inch of him, the pressure inside her almost visible, the surface glossy and wet.

Basil was a vision of masculine excess, his physique ballooned into a muscular orb, arms and legs thick and powerful, every part of him exaggerated and pulsing with need. His size was almost comical—except the intensity of his gaze and the relentless piston of his hips left no doubt: he was lost in Ginger, and she in him, their bodies rolling and rocking together in an endless loop of swelling, grinding ecstasy. Every thrust, every tiny shift, sent shockwaves of pleasure rippling through their bulging, sensitive forms, their moans echoing off the walls, raw and helpless.

Across the room, Meringue and Chell were locked in their own breathless spiral. Meringue's entire body had swelled into a towering, perfectly round orb, his bulk accentuated by thick, powerful limbs, his cock fused deep into Chell's clutching heat. The connection between them pulsed visibly, a slick, desperate bond that refused to let go.

Her pussy was a vision in blue, swollen to cartoonish proportions, her labia thick and velvety, the color a deep, electric indigo fading to shimmering turquoise at the edges. Her folds were fat and juicy, glossy with desire, stretched wide and straining to hold Meringue's cock deep inside. The lips looked impossibly plump, almost balloon-like, the inner pinkness peeking out from between the glistening blue flesh.

Her clit was an electric blue jewel, dramatically enlarged and jutting from within her puffy, ballooned folds. It gleamed like a sapphire raindrop, its surface taut and wet, standing out in

stark relief against the indigo and turquoise flesh of her swollen labia. Each pulse from her body made it throb, swollen so big it wobbled with every movement, hyper-sensitive to every touch and rush of magic. The tip glistened, weeping a slick sheen that added to the shimmering, succulent spectacle of her engorged, needy sex, drooling a steady stream of slick that ran in sparkling rivulets down her swollen, sensitive skin.

Chell was a study in blue temptation: her spherical form bounced and jiggled with every movement, her breasts wobbling atop her inflated belly, her skin glowing with arousal. Each pulse from Meringue's shaft made her belly bulge tighter around him, her moans sharp and unrestrained, filling the room with music of pure need.

The air was thick with the scent of sweat, honey, and magic. Every inch of fairy skin was hypersensitive, every touch, thrust, and ripple amplifying the wild, shared pleasure. Their spherical bodies rocked and collided, gliding slick and hot against one another, the intimacy of their unions only deepening as the magical chaos drove them higher, rounder, and closer to the breaking point. It was intoxicating—pure, unfiltered, overwhelming sex and magic, all tangled together in a scene of unforgettable, explosive bliss.

FWOOOOMP!

The world snapped sideways, and Basil's vision went white as a bonfire. The pressure detonated—no warning, just a full-body, soul-wringing convulsion as the orgasm ripped every thought out of his skull and replaced it with pure, incandescent sensation. His cock seized, the shaft swelling one last impossible time, and he saw, in the split second before detonation, Ginger's glossy, golden body clamp him in a velvet grip so absolute it locked him in place.

His balls cinched so hard the pain and pleasure blurred. He tried to hang on just for Ginger, but the sensation was so much, so total, that every muscle in his body spasmed at once, locking him into a full-body arch that felt like breaking and flying and cumming and dying, all at once. The heat, the pressure—it all funneled to a single, cataclysmic point.

BOOM!

He shattered.

Not exploded, but shattered—every atom of him flaring with blue-hot magic, the climax echoing outward in a literal wave. His cock detonated—thick, creamy ropes of magic-laced cum shooting so hard, so fast, that the first pulse bulged Ginger's belly out with a cartoon pop, and the rest of the load just kept coming, every spurt a new, sharper jolt.

He felt his body pop at the seams, skin atomizing into confetti and ozone, every cell a tiny, glittery bomb. His cock shot a final, legendary blast that painted the ceiling, the sofa, Ginger's swelling belly in a river of molten, sparkling goo. The force in his nuts yanked the rest of him right through—he quaked, vision snow-blind, then snapped into a million pieces. The relief, the delirious, perfect relief, was so huge it wiped out the universe.

The next instant, Basil was gone, his body a cartoon explosion of confetti and shiny, wet mist, the sound like every champagne cork in history going off at once.

FWOOOOMP!

Ginger's body absorbed the impact—her skin bulged, her tits and belly surging against the force, her pussy clamping tighter, tighter, every drop of Basil's supercharged cum jamming her up like a garden hose left running. The pressure hit a runaway pace—her insides liquefied, her brain fizzed out, her body inflating so fast the couch frame bent and careened, popping a leg and sending her (and the sticky mass of her swelling body) thundering straight up and through the drywall. She didn't even have time to moan. Her vision blacked out, body seizing in a final, perfect orgasmic lockstep with Basil's detonation.

FWOOOOMP!

Ginger followed Basil, her body seizing up in a supernova of pleasure, the pressure in her belly and chest and everywhere else collapsing into a single, sweet, devastating moment. She didn't even scream—couldn't—her mouth wide open, jaw locked, every tendon in her body rigid with the need to *let go*. The pressure behind her clit, her tits, her ballooning ass, all fused together, a singularity of sensation that snapped her like a rubber band.

BOOM!

She burst. She felt herself burst, the skin of her world blown open in a spray of pure bliss and golden, sparkling goo, every drop of it hot and perfect and everything she'd ever wanted. Her vision flashed white, then pink, then gold, then nothing but a rain of confetti, honey, and the wild, candy-sweet bliss, her whole sense of self unmade and then raining down in fat golden drops and sparkling dust, a sticky, drifting nebula where once there'd been a fairy.

It was as if existence itself declared a holiday in her honor—every molecule of her body dissolved into a shockwave of honey-gold glitter, a microburst of rainbow confetti, a geyser of glimmering, slick, ecstatic spray that coated the apartment in a thick, sticky dew.

Across the room, Chell and Meringue took the cue as a challenge. The blast wave of Basil's orgasm pinged through them like a lightning strike. Chell's belly, already so tight and full it ached, ballooned instantly—her hips and ass doubling, then tripling, her blue skin shining glossy as patent leather. She howled, mouth open but not even able to exhale.

FWOOOOMP!

Chell's head snapped back—she sucked in a breath, but her blue, ballooned body cinched so tight that nothing came. A soundless shriek. Her pussy squeezed Meringue's cock in a death grip, the pressure inside her gone critical, her belly rounding out so fast she couldn't get her hands around it.

FWOOOOMP!

Her arms and legs curled in, drawn tight against the slick, swelling orb of her own body as if to hold it together, but the pressure bulldozed every muscle, every bone, and left only trembling, tingling blue skin.

FWOOOOMP!

Her ass and thighs domed outward, glossy and trembling, and then—no warning, no deceleration—she erupted.

BOOM!

A blue-shockwave of confetti and jizz detonated around her, coating Meringue and the kitchen in a squall of sapphire shimmer, lube and magic soaking the tabletop and the walls and the ceiling and everything in arm's reach. Blue everywhere, spattering the cabinets, streaking the windows. For a second, Chell—the real Chell, the mind inside the blue balloon—felt every cell of her body ring with joy. She hit the ceiling, then the floor, then the insides of Meringue's eyelids, and then she was mostly just a memory etched in the glitter and slick that rained through the kitchen.

Meringue's cock, finally freed from Chell's vice grip, was still rock hard, veined and pulsing with the kind of pressure that made him want to howl. The sudden release sang through his whole body. But her final clamp had him locked so tight, so full, that the pressure inside him had built to a horrifying, beautiful, impossible degree.

The instant Chell popped, every muscle in his body went slack, and his cock was still thick as a redwood tree. Meringue's body seized, every nerve in him snapping to attention as the sudden vacuum left behind by Chell's bursting sent his cock lurching forward, unopposed, into open air. He didn't even have a second to register how much space there was—how much pressure he'd built up, how tight his balls had drawn, how the blue candle haze and the sex-thick air made it impossible to even see the ceiling anymore—before his orgasm detonated.

Meringue's balls cinched and then, with Chell's clamp gone, detonated. The first spurt was a cannon-blast, a rope of thick pearlescent come that shot across the kitchen and splattered the far wall, immediately followed by a barrage, each pulse harder and hotter than the last, a paintball gun on full auto with no safety and no off switch. Meringue's cock bulged and flexed, the pressure in it so wild that the skin seemed to ripple, distending in time with each impossible blast. He collapsed backward, ass thumping the floor, and the head of his cock—blue, swollen, drooling a string of slick from the slit—pointed straight up. The next spurt rocketed out and hit the ceiling so hard that a web of white streaks dripped down like the world's most perverse stalactites.

And he was still growing, even with the constant barrage of cum flowing out of his shaft, he couldn't get rid of it even remotely fast enough. He couldn't stop. The flow was relentless. Meringue lay back, hands braced against the sticky, flash-splattered linoleum, and watched his cock spout an unbroken ribbon of cum that pulsed and glittered in the blue candlelight. It looked alive, a living hose that flexed and pulsed with each heartbeat, the skin of the shaft so engorged

and glossy he could see the blue veins twitch under the surface. Each thrum in his balls sent a new shock down the line, another hot, thick arc that splashed across the kitchen tile and pooled around his knees. The stuff was everywhere: splattered on the glass, flecked across the chairs, streaked up the side of the fridge. He tried to haul in a breath, but the air tasted slick and syrupy, a heady burn of ozone and cherries and sweat.

His body wouldn't stop swelling, either. He could feel every cell in him his skin humming, his balls aching, his arms and chest inflating, the muscle and flesh of him bulging out and rounding over like he'd eaten a hot air balloon and decided to join it on its journey. His vision tunneled, and his head lolled back; even the cartilage in his ears felt swollen, his jaw unhinged with every gasp. He heard the wet, insane slap of his cock against his belly and the sticky splash of cum hitting floor, walls, ceiling, everything. The sound was the only thing keeping him anchored to his body; otherwise, he'd have floated away on a tide of blue and white and the sweet, dizzy fizz of his own magic.

He wasn't just cumming anymore. He was leaking from every pore, sweat and pheromones streaming off him with a sharp, spicy tang. Magic smoke pooled around his ankles, swirling in eddies as the candle's blue haze chased every drop of sanity out of the kitchen. The river of cum flowed into the lake that filled the kitchen and the rest of the apartment.

His body shuddered—thighs swelling, ass rounding out beneath him, chest and belly ballooning with each new rush of magic—but—

FWOOOOOOMP!

Meringue's cock swelled further, the veins crawling up its length so fat and throbbing they looked stitched on, each pulse visible even through the haze of blue magic and sweat. His balls clenched and his hips jerked, and then the pressure in his shaft snapped from "impossible" to "something's got to give." He groaned, his jaw unhinged and his fingers dug trenches in the linoleum.

Something below his spine pinged—hard. Meringue's balls snapped up so violently it stung, shot a ripple of static up his shaft and lit his whole body with pins and needles. Every muscle in his frame spasmed. He heard his own voice break out of him, a desperate, high-pitched whine, more animal than fairy.

He felt it in his nuts first—an impossibly dense, dazzling pain, then a hot, biting shock that shot up the root of his cock like a firework lit from the wrong end. For a half-breath, he thought he might beat the pressure, keep it together through sheer force of will, but the world disagreed: the pressure quintupled, then thousand-upled, and his cock swelled into uncharted territory, the shaft a pure, pulsing column of desperate sky-blue.

His balls followed suit, the skin drawn to creaking tightness, so overfilled he could sense the microscopic fizz of every packed cell. He didn't just ache; the ache was the only thing he could remember. He wanted to scream, but even his lungs were ballooning, his chest so full it locked the sound inside him.

Then the pressure let go—no, it detonated, a cartoon flashbang behind his eyes—and a tidal wave of cum erupted from his cock, the stuff splattering Chell’s blue-glazed remains, the kitchen wall, up the window and into the light fixture, which instantly shorted and kicked off a rain of sparks in every direction. The eruption was so forceful it whipped his cock up, then down, then up again, splattering the ceiling, the cupboards, the whole damn world. It just kept going, relentless, a firehose with no off switch, until it exploded in a firework of cum.

FWOOOOOOMP!

Meringue’s cock went off like a riot cannon, the blue haze painting his vision in a prismatic, blinding spray. The pressure behind the eruption was so huge he didn’t even feel the next few seconds. His whole body was nothing but pulse, shimmer, and the wild, jagged ache that followed every new rush of cum out of him. The last thing he saw—hell, the last thing he even was—was a sky-blue haze, a mess of glitter, the room spinning and buckling around the sound of his own orgasm.

Then: POP! The sensation was a velvet hammer, a quick, bright snap that didn’t even hurt. He—everything—atomized, the world going cool and blue and sweet and almost peaceful, like the instant after a fireworks finale when the world takes a breath and all you can smell is sulfur and burnt sugar.

He didn’t burst so much as he atomized, skin and hair and cock and balls rendered down to blue confetti, white-pink microdust, and a mist of warm, marzipan-scented jizz that splattered the tile and painted the inside of the kitchen like a Jackson Pollock tribute, finally extinguishing the offending candle.

Bing! At the sound of the final explosion, and the threat of re-inflation by the candle gone, the dustpan whirred to life and began cleaning up the mess. Within a few hours, the four fairies were back to normal, albeit with slight modifications in the size of their breasts, asses, or other areas of their bodies.

Breaking the silence of the cleanup, Chel remarked “Hell of a candle Ginger.”

“Best...fucking...game night...ever!” Meringue said as he finally reformed.

“Absolutely!” Basil agreed.

In a moment of genius, Ginger chimed, “So, when do we want to schedule round 2?”