

FRUIT FLESH

by Rack-Coon

Anonymous client

Test a machine that squeezes fruits into juice

Directions on the back

5 coins + all the juice you can drink

E-rank

That was the only low-rank quest Cinder found on the quest board of her guild. Plenty of mages were sitting in the hall, most with a mug in front of them, but only she was checking the board littered with sheets. Her large oak staff in her hand, she went over all of them again. The few D-ranks all required two or more members, and the rest was C or above. Grumbling, she ripped the E-rank off the board.

“Oh, what’s this?”

Already miffed, Cinder grimaced at the voice behind her, even more when a soft, round surface squished against her back. Though she didn’t turn around, Cinder pictured the mocking grin of the one standing behind her. Someone pinched and pulled on her long elven ears, not so much it hurt, but bugged her.

“Did our pointy-eared sweetie find a quest that’s not too hard for her?” The soft swell pushed against Cinder’s large purple hair as the woman behind her leaned over Cinder’s shoulder, peeking at the sheet in her hand. “Oh my, that DOES sound dangerous – you better watch out, or you could choke on some un-juiced piece of fruit – ahahaha!”

Her nasty laughter in her ear, Cinder felt the soft mass pull back. Sighing, the elven mage turned around. Hand on the side of her mouth a woman with skin the color of dark olive, a shade brighter than Cinder’s was staring down on her. Her dark green hair was tied in an updo with a braid on the back, while thick make-up accented her features. Most prominent about her however where the large lumps of flesh bouncing in front of Cinder, her cackles rocking the humongous bosom wrapped into her tight purple vest. Each breast larger than her head, plenty of cleavage poked out over and under the golden hems of her vest, as well as between the straps closing it. Below her bare midriff, her body transitioned into a cloud of glittering green smoke that billowed to the floor.

“Thanks for the warning, Fatah” Cinder grumbled, her large hair bopping as she slouched her shoulders. “I’ll... take it to heart.”

Fatah's arm pushed her bust aside as she slapped Cinder's shoulder. "Well good luck then!" she wished in badly feigned kindness, before bolstering her chest so much her vest almost burst with cleavage. "While you're off drinking juice, I will go on an *S-rank* to defeat a dragon in the charred mountains!"

Mumbles were exchanged around the guild hall. Those who weren't ogling already turned at Fatah, whose chest appeared to blow up even further as she grinned from ear to ear.

"But don't take your quest lightly, even if it's not as pompous as taking down a dragon!" Fatah told Cinder, barely holding back a chuckle. "After all, you only know ONE teeny-tiny spell to defend yourself – you can't even heal!"

Cinder slouched her shoulders even further. "Elves aren't born as healers, you know..."

"Now don't feel bad!" With both hands, Fatah pointed at the ceiling. From the tips of her fingers, small embers shot into the room. A collective wow went through the guild as they exploded like fireworks. All kinds of lights sizzled and crackled in the hall, some were made of flames, others of electric sparks or even snowflakes. "Not everyone can have complete control over ALL magic, no matter how powerful, no matter from which school!"

"Too bad you can only cast three spells before you need to rest."

Cinder's dry remark erected some chortles from her guildmates. Others, however, nervously watched as Fatah's smug smile faltered. Her dark cheeks blushed for a second, before her features contorted in anger.

"I'M SORRY, DID YOU SAY SOMETHING?!" Hefting her under cleavage Fatah shoved her giant bosom against Cinder's nimble chest, her breasts almost covering her torso while bulging around the elf's shoulder. "I have a hard time hearing the voices of scrawny, itty-bitty-titty losers like you over MY MASSIVE MAMS!!" she yelled, leaving over her breasts at Cinder's face.

Cinder pulled back her head from Fatah's cleavage. "Why are you suddenly bringing up our breasts?"

With a harrumph Fatah floated back, her smoke tail billowing over the floor. "Well have fun on your kiddy quest, while I go slay a dragon! Maybe I'll drop by when I'm done – check if you need some help, you know." Her breasts swayed as she turned towards the exit, showing Cinder her shoulder. "We're leaving, Serena!"

A woman at one of the tables put down her mug. Her curly blue hair was tied into a braid that hung on one side of her face, swinging a bit as she lowered her head and sighed. From behind the table, she moved across the hall towards Fatah. A large body of water encompassed her lower body, which consisted of a pink tail with a fin. It swayed

slightly inside the bubble as it glided across the floor, leaving not a single drop behind. When passing Cinder, the woman leaned towards her.

“I’m really sorry” she whispered, a sad look in her aquamarine eyes. While not as busty as Fatah, she sported some large breasts of her own, accented by the fact their rosy skin was covered by nothing but a pair of pink starfishes, the only “clothes” she wore. “I would love to go on a D-rank with you. But I need to pay the guild fee for this month, not to mention the instalment of my academy loan, and...”

Reaching over the blob of water, Cinder patted the mermaid’s shoulder. “You’ve wasted too much time with me on badly paid quests already, Serena” she said, winking at her. “Now go and rip one out of that dragon for me!”

Serena smiled at her. “Will do!” Leaning forward in her bubble she hugged Cinder, squeezing her starfish against her flat chest, before gliding towards the exit. In the doorway Fatah was waiting, her cleavage engulfing her chin as she crossed her arms under her bust.

“No slacking off” the genie scolded her. “You should be grateful I’m even taking you on this quest!”

“You’re the one who invited me...”

“Because I figured having a water mage would come in handy when fighting a dragon – though I doubt your assistance will be needed. That clown will be down by my second spell, if it even survives my first!”

Laughing with a swollen chest Fatah floated out of the guild, Serena’s breasts drooping as she followed with her back buckled. Before leaving she waved at Cinder, who waved back as she glided off in her bubble. Once they were gone Cinder checked the quest in her hand again.

“Five coins... that’s not even enough to get drunk after the job.” Sighing, she was about to stuff the sheet into her sleeve, when she spotted a note at the bottom – it had been blocked by another quest on the board. Upon reading it she raised an eyebrow. *“‘Only for female mages’ – what’s up with that?”*

Something about this quest was off.

The more Cinder thought about it, the less sense it made. Aside from the strange note, why would someone even request a mage to test a juice machine? Her suspicions were hardened when the directions led her to a lost wood, the kind of forest where one wrong

turn would send you back to the beginning. Fortunately, the directions told her which way to go. Unfortunately, they were more of a rough guideline than real directions. After following them successfully for a while she stood at a crossroads, with the directions telling her to “follow the forked tree” – which was standing right in the middle between two paths.

“Brilliant idea to use trees as a waypoint in a forest.” Clenching her staff, surrounded by trees and bushes, Cinder growled. “This day just keeps getting better...”

Her encounter with Fatah still lingered on her mind. Normally, she quickly brushed off her insults – part of her knew she only picked on her to boast her own self-esteem. Fatah’s lack of confidence was most evident in her absurd fixation on breasts. When Serena had joined their guild a couple of months ago, outsizing the genie’s bust by half an inch, Fatah had started showing up with bigger and bigger breasts every day, until they had turned into the current behemoths. Thinking about Serena’s and Fatah’s breasts, Cinder glanced at her own. Her beige, dirt-stained dress barely vaulted across her nimble bosom, the corsage of her bodice not even trying to show cleavage. “*Must be nice to do anything with magic...*”

Brsh...

A rustle in the bushes alerted her. Careful not to leave the path and trigger the magic of the lost woods, she reached out her staff for the bushes. Pushing the twigs aside, she saw something shimmering on the ground. It was a small bulb of light, with two small butterfly wings protruding from it.

“A fairy!” Those weren’t uncommon in lost woods but would usually fly away before you could get close to them. With utmost caution Cinder hunkered towards the fairy. Thought flapping its wings it only slightly moved, and the light of its body was very weak, with a hectic, irregular pulse. “Burned out, huh? I know that.” Squeezing her arm through the bush, she held out her palm. The fairy wriggled, trying to bounce away. “Shh, it’s okay.”

Cinder’s hand glowed softly. Illuminant threads of light came out of it, shimmering like silk. Whirling around each other, they formed a larger thread, which was flowing right towards the fairy. It stopped, lying limp as the thread touched it. Its body absorbing the light, its shine steadily got brighter, while the hectic pulse calmed. When the thread dispersed as Cinder pulled back her hand the fairy flew out of the bush, happily cuddling the elven mage’s face.

“Heh, you’re welcome.” As Cinder got up the fairy kept circling around her, leaving a trail of sparks. A thought crossed Cinder’s mind. “Say, you wouldn’t be able to show me the way?” she asked, holding up the quest note. “I’m looking for a hut or something alike.”

The fairy hovered in front of the note, then quickly flew up and down. Cinder followed its sparkling trail as the fairy moved ahead, down the path with the two-forked tree. *“So whoever wrote this uses forks with two tips, huh? Good to know.”*

While following her new friend, Cinder cupped her fingers. The vein on her wrist popped as she concentrated, staring intensely at her hand. A single ember flew up her index finger, followed by one from her ring finger. She concentrated even more, her whole hand shaking. After a while however, she lost her focus, and dropped her arm in frustration. *“No use. The day I cast a fireball will be the day Fatah stops mocking my tits.”*

Ever so silently, she sighed. It wasn't that she had no talent. But her family couldn't afford magic school, let alone academy. So, she had to teach herself magic while working several part time jobs – and the only spell she had managed to learn like that was the weakest of all light spells. She had thought joining a guild of mages would help her get more experience. But it turned out just to cover her expenses she had to take on so many low-rank jobs, there was no time to practice. And with tasks such as searching for stray familiars or cleaning up an enchanted garden low-rank quests didn't help her get better at magic, either – even with Serena's help, the best they could accomplish was taking down a few slimes in a simple D-rank. Stuck in this loop, she was starting to wonder if she should just quit. *“Maybe that's why I can't get Fatah's insults out of my head – because I know she is right...”*

These gloomy thoughts in mind, she scuffed behind the fairy. The path wound itself deeper and deeper into the forest. At one point the fairy suddenly strayed off, flying through some low hanging branches. Curious Cinder shoved them aside. Behind them was a small clearing, with crude wooden shack in the middle.

“Guess that's the place.” She checked her notes on the sheet. “Huh. Must be a shortcut past the Lost Wood magic. You saved me from some very crude guessing of tree-shapes – thanks.”

Clearing the way with her staff Cinder stepped out of the woods. The shack was surprisingly large, a little more than twice as tall as Cinder. Old and run-down, it looked like it could fall apart any second.

“Eyup, this job is definitely fishy.” Still, after having come so far she decided to pull through. “Thank you for guiding me” Cinder said to the fairy, bowing in front of it. “I'll find the way back myself.” Leaving the fairy Cinder walked to the shack. The door creaked when she pulled it open, as well as when she closed it behind her.

The moment Cinder was inside, a vine suddenly shot from the forest, grabbing the fairy and pulling it into the woods.

A strong smell of fruit hit Cinder as she closed the door behind her. There were no windows, yet plenty of light fell through the holes and cracks in the walls and ceiling. One half of the room was empty, while the other was mostly occupied by a large table. Next to it stood a large contraption. The bottom of it consisted of a round wooden socket, with a small shelf and a valve on the side. On top of the socket sat a large glass cylinder, closed by a wooden lid. A metal ring was attached to the socket at the bottom of the cylinder, carrying several sharp blades.

“That must be it.” The boards creaked as she walked to the machine. Upon approaching, she spotted a lever on the other side, with a note attached to it.

“Place as many fruits inside the cylinder as you like, then pull the lever. The machine will create a magic vessel corresponding to the amount of juice. When done, fill out the survey on the back of the sheet.”

As Cinder ripped off the note and turned it around, she found some basic questions, if the machine worked properly and if she was satisfied with the results. She shoved the note into her sleeve along the quest note, then turned towards the table. Its surface was covered by bowls, filled with all sorts of fruits Cinder could imagine: Apples of all colors, citrus fruits like oranges to lemons, all kinds of berries, even exotic fruits like kiwis and starfruits. Larger fruits were chopped into slices, while hard seeds and peels had been removed. Though some appeared like they had been lying around for a bit, they all were relatively fresh.

“Let’s get this over with.” Leaning her staff against the machine, Cinder searched the bowls. Though she could use as many as she wanted, she just picked her favorites: a sliced up red apple and a hollowed avocado. Tipping the lid, she dropped them into the cylinder – the fruits barely covered the blades on the bottom, leaving plenty of space. “Alright, do your thing” she said while pulling the lever.

A shrill sound filled the shack as the blades started spinning, tingling Cinder’s ears. Pieces of mashed apple and avocado splattered against the glass, flowing down and mixing into juice. Once all had been liquified the blades stopped. With a rumble that made Cinder step back the juice suddenly got flushed out of the cylinder. The shelf on the side glittered, a small glass manifesting under the valve. Out of it, thick juice was flowing into the glass, filling it nearly to its brim. When the last drop had fallen the lever jumped back up, rippling the juice.

It took a moment before Cinder approached the glass. The juice wobbled, its color a mixture of apple juice-brown and bright green avocado. When Cinder picked up the glass and held it to her face, she frowned at the thick texture.

“Magically produces a glass but doesn’t filter the pulp... great.” Eyes closed she raised the glass to her lips. Though her favorite flavors flowed into her mouth, all the chunks gave her goosebumps as she swallowed it. Still, she steadily tilted the glass further, gulping down the pulpy juice. When the last drop was down her throat she set it down, her messy hair swaying as she shook her head.

“Gosh, I hate fruit flesh!” While she shuddered, the glass disintegrated in her fingers, alongside the leftovers of juice inside it. Her whole body tingling, Cinder tried to shake the feeling off. “Alright, now to fill out the feedback and then it’s back to the-“

A sudden dizziness overcame her, making her stumble. The tingle she had thought to stem from swallowing so much pulp, she realized was something... deeper. “Wha... what’s going on?” she mumbled, worried as the strange feeling was growing stronger. Her eyes widened when she remembered the note about female mages only. Had the juice been drugged? Was this a trap? Her pointy ears perked up as she jumped to attention, scanning the shack for anything suspicious.

But while searching for strangers in the shadows, she didn’t notice what was happening to her own body: As she stood straight, the nimble bump of her bosom slowly reached out from her. Little by little, her dress bulged outwards, the stained fabric tenting up into a pair of round shapes. As they prospered against her bodice, it smoothed across gradually protruding hemispheres. Between their rising slopes, the stitches of her corsage were lifted off her sternum, just like the fabric on her ribs was pulling forth and upwards. It was the feeling of fabric draping from her chest that made Cinder look down, almost jumping at the sight.

“Huh?” Puzzled, Cinder stared as her flat bust steadily gained volume. Like a pair of hands that was clenched into fists under her dress, her breasts were perking up, growing larger by the moment. The silver of her irises fully peeked out as she opened her eyes as far as possibly, looking like they were about to fall out. “Wha, wha, heck, wha, heck, what the... what the... wha... ?”

Overwhelmed, Cinder stepped backwards, before standing paralyzed. The further her breasts obscured the sight down on her torso, the more prominently her dress was throwing wrinkles around them: Below each breast, where the fabric was peeled off her ribs, it formed loose folds that extended towards her midriff s her bosom reached out from her. While the folds tightened the more they were pulled forth by her rack, more wrinkles spread out from the bottom to the sides of her breasts, as well as popping up around the strings of her corsage. Waves bridged the front of each little mound, while her corsage steadily was raised by them. The further the strings were lifted off her sternum, the more

Cinder's curves swelled into the pocket that forged inside her dress, their rounding shape billowing the fabric.

Still not believing what she saw Cinder blinked at her growing breasts. Each was around the size of an apple, growing into steadily larger sorts. As the most protruding parts of her curves reached out from her, the "base" of her breasts bulged over her body, bending them into globes that were blowing out of her body. Her dress creased more prominently around her breasts as they overlapped her torso, their round shape popping the larger they got. Slowly Cinder brought her hands to her curves, but just before touching them she stopped. However, as her hands hovered in front of them, they slowly vaulted towards her palms, bit by bit flowing against them and her fingers. Feeling the soft yet firm flesh through the fabric Cinder blushed, even more when the growth made her passively grope herself. Quickly Cinder ripped her hands off her breasts, eyes once again widening at the sight of them jiggling. "H-how... why?"

Her questions fell on a deaf but growing bosom. Underneath her dress the wobbling curves gradually approached each other, the space between them shrinking into an hourglass framed by her sternum and dress. Between and around the strings of her corsage the wrinkles sharpened, while at the same time they smoothed where her bosom directly bulged against them. Ever tighter Cinder's dress was lying on her breasts, the dirt strains visibly stretching over their growing surface. The slight slopes overlapping her torso steadily expanded, casting growing shadows on her upper arms in the dim light of the shack. Behind the swells billowing away from Cinder, her dress continued throwing sharper and more folds, framing her bust on both sides. Similarly, the wrinkles falling down were also growing tighter, getting pulled up the steadily steeper ascent of her curves. As the fabric fell to her waist, it slowly dented towards the bottom of her breasts, forming a subtle pocket that accented their shape.

"This is... this can't...!" At a loss for words, Cinder could only stare at the crests of her breasts rising against her dress towards her collarbone. Lifted off her sternum the fabric also creased up to her shoulders, further highlighted the shape of her mounds as they were surrounded by wrinkles on all sides. When her breasts stood out as a pair of firm spheres from Cinder, on the verge of touching each other inside her dress, she felt the tingling sensation calm down. Just as she could no longer see the top of her stomach behind their bulge, their growth stopped, only moving forth and back from her labored breath.

Unable to calm down, Cinder stared at her rack. Again, she raised her hands, but stopped halfway – even just slightly moving her arms was enough to cause her breasts to jiggle. She tilted her body, making them sway inside the dirty fabric, then bopped on her heels, so they bounced a bit. Though the motions of her new flesh flustered her, it somehow helped her relax a bit. At the same time, the feeling of their skin rubbing the fabric hammered in she wasn't hallucinating – her breasts really had grown. "That... explains

the only female thing” she mumbled to herself. “Guess it’s better than getting drugged by a creep...”

Again, her bosom jiggled as she turned to fruits on the table. If she had to guess her breasts were roughly the size of grapefruits on it, a little smaller than Serena’s. Carefully wrapping her fingers around their bottoms, lifting and dropping them in her hands. No emotion showed on her features as she measured and played around with them, except for her cheeks getting a little darker. “Well, at least Fatah can’t call me itty-bitty-titty loser anymore.” Pondering about this, she slouched her shoulders. “Scratch that. She’d mock me even if I had breasts the size of-“

Brsh...

Her ears perked up at a noise from outside. It sounded like someone was stroking a twig along the shack. Taking her hands off her breasts she reached for her staff. Eyes on the door, she didn’t see a vine crawling over the floor towards her...

Snap!

Just as her fingers touched the staff, the vine shot up and grabbed her wrist. Cinder shrieked as she was pulled into the air, her breasts bumping against each other and her ribs. Getting shaken around she fought against the nauseating feeling, while trying to take a glimpse at what had caught her. Around her wrist, a thin but strong vine had wrapped itself, slowly winding its way up her arm. Her silver eyes followed it down to the floor, then up again to a hole in the wall.

Through that hole, something purple and green suddenly squeezed itself through. Despite the small size of the hole, a creature larger than her dropped into the shack, the fruits trembling in their bowls as it hit the floor. Countless leaves and vines sprouted from its bulb-like green body. Its “torso” thinned into a slim neck, carrying a purple bud on its top. Standing up tall the bud opened into a flower with tattered petals, which then formed a maw that grinned at Cinder.

“A violent!” Cinder had heard of them, but never encountered one – they were said to wander lost woods, lurking for prey. Though it had no eyes it seemed to be staring at her. From its flower mouth, a large tongue hung out, licking its blossom lips. Cinder shivered, even more when the creature slithered towards her, using the tiny roots on its bottom as legs.

“S-stay off!” Her arm brushed her bust as Cinder pointed her palm at the creature. Threads of light emerged, tying themselves into a thick braid that flew at the violent. But when hitting its body, her spell was simply absorbed, a leaf sprouting on the spot. “Oh crap, I forgot – plant creatures absorb light spells!”

Panicked, she tried ripping the vine off her wrist. It refused to budge, even growing tighter as it slithered into her sleeve up her arm.

“Gehehe!” As if laughing at her struggles the creature gargled, shaking Cinder even more. Her messy purple hair flew all around, and her chest wobbled about. “H-how does Serena stand this!?”

Suddenly, as she was flung around, Cinder’s eyes caught something. Inside the violent’s mouth, a little ball of light helplessly flew around. When it finally found an opening and got out, the monster’s tongue whipped at it, snatching it midair.

“Gehehe!” Cackling, the violent held the fairy with its tongue, about to swallow it again. Horrified, Cinder watched the monster squeeze the fairy, the one who had guided her here, who she had saved in the woods, and was now in danger because it had helped her.

“Stop!” Forgetting her own peril, Cinder reached out her hand. “Leave it alone!”

Poof!

A cloud of smoke appeared above the monster’s head. Confused, both it and Cinder raised their heads at it. As the smoke cleared a large avocado hovered over the violent, before dropping on it like a rock.

“GRAH!” Crushed by the avocado, the blossom was shoved inside its body. Its tongue wriggled and unwound itself, the fairy quickly flying away. At the same time, the vine unraveled itself from Cinder’s arm. She fell to the floor, the impact jiggling both her bust and hair.

“Ouch!” Shaking off the pain Cinder got up. She stared at the avocado that had buried itself deep inside the creature’s body, some petals falling off around it. The surface of the fruit was even rougher than that of a normal avocado, almost stone-like. Cinder’s gaze shifted to her hand. The moment the avocado had appeared, she had felt something – not unlike when she cast her light spell, yet... different. Firmer. More solid. She closed her palm, holding her fist against her corsage. “Did I really just-“

“GRAAAAH!”

The gargles of the monster forced her attention. Its vines grabbed the avocado and tossed it aside, tearing a hole into the wall. The leftover petals formed a furious maw that lurched right at Cinder, vines flailing about.

Though her body was stiff she gathered her courage, and pointed both palms at the monster. “I told you... leave us alone!!”

Another sensation washed over her, warm and powerful. From her hands, a shining red apple plopped out. The pattern of a flame glistened on its peel as it flew towards the violent. Out of instinct, it wrapped its tongue around the apple and pulled it into its maw. As its petals snapped shut around it pulled back its head, stopping its assault. “Guh?”

BOOM!

Flames reflected in Cinder's eyes as the head of creature exploded. Quickly she shielded her face while the creature was blown back. Burning petals flew through the shack, quickly crumbling to ashes. The rest of the creature also went up in flames, tumbling a little before limply falling to the side. The shack trembled at the impact, again affecting Cinder's assets. Lowering her arms Cinder put them around her breasts, glaring. "Seriously, how does Serena stand all this jiggling?"

Suddenly, a ball of light collided with her bosom. Cuddling the dirty fabric, the fairy pressed itself against her breasts, slightly pushing into their surface. Though irritated, Cinder smiled at it. "Heh, you're welcome" she said, patting its wings.

After some more snuggling the fairy flew off, floating around Cinder as she approached the violent. Within seconds, it had burned down, leaving nothing but a pile of ashes. It took a bit for her to really understand the situation, even more than after the growth of her breasts. "A... fire spell" she whispered, then looked at the avocado-shaped hole in the wall. "And an earth spell. I... I cast a fire and an earth spell."

Slowly, she turned towards the juice machine.

A fire ball shaped like an apple.

A boulder spell shaped like an avocado.

Two spells she didn't know, yet miraculously had been able to cast – right after drinking an apple-avocado juice.

"It... it can't be." Again, Cinder looked at her hands, still feeling the tingle of magic. Was the reason the one who had built this thing needed a mage because the juice could teach... magic? Turn fruits into spells?

It was ridiculous. Still, the thought made Cinder clench her fists. Breasts bopping, she walked to the table. Countless fruits were laid out in front of her. Flying next to her, the fairy watched as she picked one after another and placed them inside the cylinder. She only took a small piece of each but made sure to take as many different ones as possible, scanning each bowl thoroughly for ones she didn't grab yet. When she was sure to have one of everything she closed the lid. Almost half-full, a colorful fruit mix was resting inside the cylinder. Cinder looked on her heavily grown chest again. With a sigh she placed her hand on the lever, hesitating a moment before she pulled it down.

The machine hummed. Pieces of sliced fruit were thrown around the cylinder, the blades chopping them into smaller and smaller pieces. From bottom up, they turned into a colorful whirl. When all fruits were liquified the blades stopped, and the juice was flushed out. Again, the shelf glittered. Instead of a glass, a large jug appeared beneath the valve, the juice flowed right into it. When it was full to the brim the lever jumped back up, and the machine came to a rest.

Cinder grabbed the jug by the handle. Careful not to spill anything she held it to her face, its bottom brushing her bosom. All the pulp swimming inside made her scowl. Still, she places the jug on her lips. Sweet and sour flavors of berries, citrus fruits and all other kinds tingled her tongue as she took a gulp. Swallowing the fruit flesh gave her goosebumps, yet she continued to do so, gulp after gulp, until only drops flowed off the rim on her tongue.

“Blegh!” Cinder shook her head. While the jug in her hand disintegrated, she stared at her wobbling meat jugs. It didn’t take long for a familiar sensation to build up, growing stronger by the second. “Here we go...”

The fairy by her side, Cinder watched the bulge of her dress reach from her. The further her breasts protruded from her, the more their slope bent over the wrinkles framing them. As the flanks of her bosom rounded the wrinkles paired up into steadily sharper arrowheads, with the open ends pointing towards the billowing curves of fabric that swelled towards her shoulders. While her arms gradually got obscured, the subtle pocket grew more pronounced as her breasts reached over and forced the slants against it, filling the space inside the knitted fabric. As they occupied her dress, the hourglass space between her breasts shrunk to a paper-thin slit. Cinder’s shoulders tensed as her curves squeezed against each other, the zone of squishing slowly increasing and spreading out.

“A-alright, still seems to be working.” Below her blushing face, the rising crests of her bust forced their shape into the fabric, making it crease over her steadily tighter breast gap. The growing pressure caused her breasts to slightly drift apart, slowly stretching the stains on her dress into the width while splitting the fabric between the strings of her corset. A small slit opened in the center of her chest, growing into a window that showed off the inner curves of her breasts while getting shoved forth from Cinder. After watching her breasts grow to the size of cantaloupes, she raised her gaze from them. “Now let’s see about those other gains.”

With nothing to defend against, she simply pointed her palm into the room. Her breast grew against her arm, shifting her rack to the side and making her other breast swell past her shoulder. Trying to ignore this Cinder closed her eyes. Nothing happened though, and she didn’t feel any magic flowing into her fingers. After a while of standing there, arm stretched out and bosom growing, she felt incredibly silly. *“I’m such an idiot! It took me years to learn one measly light spell – to think I could just drink some juice... I should just grab my staff and-”*

A recoil went through her body, shaking her growing mounds. Immediately she opened her eyes, just to see a flash of light shoot out of her hand. It was fast, yet she recognized its shape as that of a bright yellow crescent, like a banana. It flew in a straight line into the room, slowed down until stopping, then flew back, also in a straight line. Cinder flinched as it hit her palm and dispersed into fine glitter.

“Woah!” Amazed, she looked at her hand. It had felt a bit like her light thread spell, soft with structure, yet also a lot more solid. Wondering what had triggered it, she remembered she wanted to grab her staff. “Perhaps...”

She turned to the table with the fruits. Again, her arm brushed her bosom aside as she held out her palm, pointing at a bowl with peach and melon slices. This time, the recoil was much softer, only slightly jiggling her bosom as the glowing banana shot out of her hand. When it reached the bowl, it magically enveloped it, carrying it on its way back to Cinder. She quickly grabbed the bowl with both hands as the spell dispersed.

“A boomerang spell!” A sliver of excitement in her silver eyes she stared at the bowl with the fruits. Holding it close to her chest, her breasts were obscuring part of her arms, steadily crawling along their length while standing further off each side. Flustered by the sight Cinder quickly put the bowl aside, but kept her focus on her growing breasts. Looking over the steadily ascending surface of her rack, she saw some cleavage poke out on top of her corsage, gaps forming on the entire length of her chest. Veiled in shadow at first, snippets of cleavage expanded between the strings, more and more of her dark skin poking out as the edges of the beige fabric rounded around her breast gap. While most were still slits, the cleavage in the middle was growing prominently larger, proudly showing off cleavage. Inside it, her breasts were reaching forth, the surface around her breasts gap bit by bit evening to the level of the fabric. Seeing the size of her assets Cinder gulped.

“I’m... bigger than Serena” she murmured, her voice calm, yet shaking at the same time. As if to inspect them the fairy flew around her breasts, their swells approaching its tiny body. While the sides of her bust formed fully spherical slopes that bulged beyond her body, the crowfeet wrinkles were steadily shrinking on their edges, getting shoved back towards her torso. Likewise, the bottom of her bust fully bent over the wrinkles and squeezed them against their ribs, her dress fully pocketing her bosom as it started lolling down her midriff. Even without her arm pushing them aside, both breasts were about to pass her shoulders, while swelling past her collarbone towards her neck. Their size and shape were accented even more as she arched her back, the stains on the fabric stretching across the firm surface.

While Cinder outgrew her busty mermaid friend, her mind raced with other spells. She remembered how the plant had absorbed her light spell. The apple bomb had saved her, but that seemed to only work with a delay. “*A fire spell with a direct effect sure would be handy.*” Just as she thought that Cinder felt a tingle in her fingers, warm like when she had summoned the apple. Suddenly something shot out of her fingertip. Startled, the fairy whirled through the air while Cinder stumbled to the side, looking in shock past her jiggling rack. There was a scorch mark on the floor, with a tiny tongue of flame on it that just went out. From Cinder’s finger, a small trail of smoke was billowing.

After digesting the shock, Cinder raised her arm. Holding it to the side she closed her fist, then pointed with two fingers at the wall. She focused for a moment, then shot something out of her fingers. It was fast, but Cinder believed to recognize it as a flaming strawberry. With a bang it exploded on the wall, leaving a stain of ash. Awestruck, Cinder shot another one at the wall, and another, before rapidly firing them off. Slight recoils jiggled her bosom and swayed the wrinkles around the strings of her corsage, also forming crowfeet.

When the wall was littered with scorch marks Cinder pulled back her fingers, and blew off the smoke. “Heh, this should be useful.” Remembering the other berries in the juice, a thought struck her. Again, she held out her fingers and focused. Instead of flaming strawberries, she fired a blueberry, its surface rippling like the sea. When it hit the wall it splashed into a burst of water, washing off some of the ash. Grinning, Cinder fired off more, bit by bit cleaning the wall. After that, she shifted her focus again, this time firing yellow sea buckthorn fruits at the wall. Little bolts of lightning raced across the wet boards, before suddenly freezing up as Cinder fired snowberries, leaving frost stains shaped like snowflakes on the wall. While she fired berry after berry, the constant shaking of her breasts couldn’t hide how they were surging beyond her shoulders, gradually protruding past her figure from behind. The larger they swelled the brighter the beige fabric turned across them, especially the stains as they warped across breasts the size of her head.

Eventually, Cinder lowered her arm. The fairy hovered in front of the wall with all its elemental marks, before quickly flying back to Cinder’s bust. “Frisky little thing, aren’t you?” Cinder joked as it bumped frontal into her cleavage. On her entire corsage the slits had formed windows as large as her hands. Through them, her breasts swelled into the open, slightly elevating their surface compared to her dress while billowing around the fairy’s ethereal body. Between the gradually rounder and larger domes, her corsage continued to stretch, further expanding the gaps of cleavage. Growing up her neck, the crests of her bosom blocked her sternum, stretching the fabric from her shoulders into a ramp as they reached above her shoulders. They were so large they covered most of Cinder’s vision when looking down, and were prominent even when staring straight forward. “What should I tell Serena and the others?” Though still in a rush from her newfound powers, the thought of going back to the guild like this made her blush harder. “I can hardly hide these...”

Another tingle embraced her fingers. Surprised she raised her hand, holding it next to her growing bust. While its flanks steadily swelled towards her arm, at the same time reaching forth from Cinder, tiny droplets of liquid popped from her fingertips. A strong smell of lemon filled the air as they hovered in front of her. They were so small and clear she could barely see them, yet felt exactly where they were floating. Curious, she swept her hand. The droplets formed a diffuse veil that followed the movement. Smiling Cinder played around for a bit, steering the veil through the air. The fairy docked off her

cleavage and followed, Cinder making her little friend chase after it in circles. “This is fun, but I doubt this spell is just for playing with-“

Her smile dropped. When the cloud of drops collided with the fairy, it suddenly disappeared.

“Oh no!” Panicked Cinder looked around, even under her steadily growing bosom. Had she accidentally...?

But when she looked up again, the fairy was flying right above the veil.

“Huh?” While she blinked in confusion at the fairy, something caught Cinder’s eyes: As the fairy hovered on the spot, the bottom of its glowing body disappeared every time it went behind the liquid. Carefully, Cinder made an upwards motion with her hand. Rising like a curtain, the veil covered the fairy – despite being crystal clear, it was completely invisible, Cinder seeing through the veil right at the wall. She then waved her hand, making the veil larger and thinner. The slight waves of the drops became unnoticeable, making it look like there was nothing.

“An invisibility cloak!” She pulled the veil off the fairy towards her. Stretching out her hand, it “vanished” where the liquid overlapped it, Cinder seeing right through her arm and clothes. Amazed by this, she forgot for a moment the increasing bulk of her chest, until the constantly building pressure made her aware. Ever further, the gaps of her corsage opened, turning into large round holes that steadily unveiled the middle line of her bust. Ever further her breasts bulged out of her dress, knitting the fabric around them. The strings of her corsage were stretched across her breast gap, allowing the halves of her bodice to slowly drift apart. Seeing her breasts stick from her like a pair of large pumpkins, Cinder tilted her head. “Hmmm... maybe...”

With a flick of her fingers, she moved the veil towards her bust. It took a few more flicks until it covered her breasts entirely, forming a shield around them. From her point of view, it was almost like before her growth spurt, being able to look past them at the floor – even though she could still feel her bosom blowing up, rising towards the layer of magic liquid at her chin and abdomen. “Guess I won’t have to worry about stumbling over my own feet” she said, a little relieved. As the fairy flew towards her bust and vanished behind the veil, she frowned. “Though it’s a bit impractical I can’t see through it myself...”

Again, her hand tingled. Cinder arched an eyebrow as a large green ring grew out of it, black dots surrounding the hole in the center – it looked like the slice of a kiwifruit that had been cut out in the middle. Hovering above the liquid cloak, she could see the crests of her bust through it, steadily rising and spreading out. “Kiwi of Clairvoyance, huh?” Cinder remarked, watching her cleavage bulge through the hole in the kiwi. “Bit of a stretch, but at least it’s an alliteration.”

Cinder snapped her fingers. Both kiwi and the veil disappeared, fully revealing her breasts again. Proud and firm, they stretched the stains far and wide across their surface. It was getting hard to distinguish dirt from the steadily brighter beige of the fabric, her dark skin shining through at the tightest spots. Her bodice was so taut, it only slightly creased as she crossed her arms under her bosom, hefting it a little. Even further her breasts were reaching through the cleavage windows, enlarging them as they forced the fabric to split and crease around them. Their crests rose to her chin, staying close even when Cinder dropped her bosom again, chuckling as it bounced on her frame. Close to her navel it was reaching towards her lap, almost obscuring her entire torso. Though the thought she had surpassed the buxom Fatah made her smirk, it was the tingling of magic in her fingers that really got her worked up. “What else can I do?”

Excited, she thought of all kinds of things to do with magic. Almost each responded with a fruit-themed spell: When thinking of poison, purple plums shot from her fingers, leaving skull-shaped marks that let the wood wither. When thinking about transporting some of the juice, gourd pumpkins appeared that could be used like literal gourds. Starfruits popped out of her hands that left trails of sparkles behind them, before she summoned a pink shield with the thorny scale-structure of a dragon fruit on it. The old shack rumbled and shook under her magic, but she couldn't stop herself, exploring her newfound magic with the joy of a child.

All the while, her breasts kept growing larger, jiggling as she flung spell after spell. The backsides of her bosom slowly cambered into wide surfaces that expanded against her shoulders, creasing her dress where it pushed against them. To either they were reaching a foot beyond her body, overshadowing her waist and obscuring her neck as they rose to the level of her face. The cleavage windows continued to widen, steadily more flesh oozing through them. The larger the swells became, the more the fabric waved around them, while the strings keeping her bodice closed were getting overgrown. The growing pressure made them cut tight into her skin, dividing her cleavage into large baubles reaching out of her dress. Despite the growing pressure, Cinder paid little mind to how huge her bosom became, too absorbed by testing out her magic – the only thing she noticed was that as she cast spell after spell, the tingle in her breasts changed. It wasn't growing stronger or weaker, just felt different, almost like...

Snap!

Suddenly, the string in the very center of her bust snapped. Immediately the fabric raced across her globes, unveiling more of dark flesh that surged into freedom. A magic lamp that looked like a honey-melon danced on her fingertip when Cinder's attention snapped back to the giant melons of her chest. More strings snapped and split her bodice, each extension of her cleavage making Cinder flinch and her jugs giggle. The windows united and spread across her breasts, taking some pressure off the fabric as it retreated towards the sides of her bust. After several strings had popped off only four remained: One in

the shadow at the bottom of her bust, one at her collar, and two framing the central third of her rack. As such, three large, oval cleavage windows gaped in her bodice, spanning the entire vertical third of her bosom. Though the extra cleavage decreased the bulge of her breasts by a bit, large swells still reached out, squeezing each other like pursed lips.

“Woah.” Cinder pulled back her head from the cleavage window reaching to her lips. Carefully Cinder placed a hand on them. The fabric was skin-tight, like it was about to rip at the faintest touch, so she refrained from putting too much pressure on it. Still, she clearly felt the surface billow underneath her palms. The pace of the swelling then began to decline, to the point it nearly stopped. When her mounds breasts each around as tall as her torso, reaching from her mouth to her waist line the tingle in them subsided, leaving her with a monumental pair of mammaries.

“Woah” she repeated, gently stroking the backsides of her bust. If she had been able to stretch her arms straight through her breasts, their fronts would have reached at least to her wrists, probably to her palms. Even without growing, her breasts tingled deep down to their very tissue. While Cinder gawked at her vast bust, the fairy hovered around, excitedly bumping into her large curves.

“Easy there.” Smirking, Cinder raised her hands off her bust. The residue of magic still numbed her fingers a little, but that was not why they were shaking. A few minutes ago, she had only known a single spell, one of the weakest in existence. One jug of (horribly chunky) juice later, she commanded dozens of spells, from all kind of magic schools, be they elemental or arcane. Hands trembling she clenched them into fists, smiling from ear to ear. “Finally, I am a real mage!” Hopping on the spot her breasts reacted with slight delay, her cleavage rising and falling like giant spheres of jelly in front of her face. “...I’ll get used to the rest.”

Wrapping her arms around her breasts Cinder slowly turned towards the door. Even when supporting them they wobbled at each step, and the fairy constantly cuddling them didn’t make it easier to walk. Still, she managed to tumble her way through the shack, one step at a time. In front of the door she stopped. She gauged the width of the doorframe, then at her bust. It would take some squeezing but may just work. She was about to maneuver herself out when she remembered something. Her mighty mounds quivered as she turned around, seeing her staff was still leaning against the machine.

“Almost forgot.” Since walking back would be a hurdle (and she really wanted to use her magic) she reached out her hand. Suddenly, the fairy flew off her bust and whirled around her arm, bumping into the back of her palm. “Hey, careful!” With her glowing friend distracting her, the banana boomerang went slightly astray, missing the staff by a notch. She scowled, watching it hover for a moment behind the staff before it flew back, again about to miss it. *“Shoot. A boomerang banana is useful, but it sure would be nice to control its path...”*

Just as she thought that the boomerang steered to the side, grabbing the staff before returning into Cinder's hand. As her fingers closed around it she blinked at the staff, then held out her palm again. Shooting another boomerang, Cinder found that she could slightly control it, making it steer left and right before it returned to her hand. "Odd – I'm sure it could only go in a straight line before..."

Her gaze wandered to the smeared and wet wall. Pointing with two fingers, she fired more strawberries at it. Not only was she able to shoot them faster, but the scorch marks were also a little larger than before. The magic tingle in her fingers also felt stronger, more intense. Stopping her fire, she held her hand up at her face, closing and opening it. "Not only did I learn new spells, it's almost like my magic... leveled up?"

Boing!

Another jolt went through her breasts as the fairy launched a strike on her central cleavage window, trying to force its way inside. Annoyed, Cinder was about to bounce it off, when a thought struck her.

Fairies were attracted to magic – and the bigger her breasts had become, the more the fairy had gotten attracted to her breasts.

Lowering her eyes just by bit, she stared at the plunging neckline stretching out in front of her nose. Its swells rubbed softly, but with pressure against each other. One arm holding her staff the other stroke over her breast, feeling the lingering tingle inside them – a tingle, as she realized, not unlike that in her fingers when she used a spell. "Could it be... that my magic gets stronger... the bigger my...?"

Cinder glanced at the table. Having only picked one bit of each, the bowls were still overflowing with fruits.

"Hngh!"

Gritting her teeth, Cinder tried to push down the lid. But even with both hands and her bosom on top of it, the cylinder wouldn't close. As if to help, the fairy kept bumping into her breasts from above, rippling the swells around her chin.

"It's no use." Frustrated, Cinder pulled back, letting her breasts glide off the lid. It tumbled on top of the pile that overflowed the cylinder, some fruits already mashed from getting shoved inside. Hands on her breasts Cinder tapped the taut fabric, then snapped her fingers. Breasts wobbling, she tilted her torso, pointing her palm above the lid.

Poof!

A rock avocado appeared in a cloud of smoke. Around the size of one of her breasts, if not bigger, it dropped on the lid. The whole shack trembled while the fruits were smashed together. Surprised by the force Cinder was afraid the cylinder might break, but the glass didn't even crack.

“Phew... guess my magic really has become stronger” she noted, the avocado over two times larger than the last. Her cleavage rubbed against the glass as she held the avocado with one hand while pulling the lever with the other. The vibrations shook both the avocado and her bosom, Cinder blushing at the feeling. Already half-mashed the fruits quickly were sliced into juice, uniting into a whirl of colors. Once the machine stopped took a step back, watching the juice get flushed out of the cylinder. With a flick she dispelled the avocado, then shoved her breasts aside to look past them at the valve. Nothing came out, making her wonder if she may have overloaded the machine.

Swish!

Suddenly, a door on the bottom compartment opened. Her silver eyes widened as a huge barrel was pushed out of the machine, tumbling slightly in front of her. It was roughly half as tall as her, reaching to the bottom of her bust. With mixed feeling she raised her gaze to the table. The bowls were scattered across it, empty save for some smears of fruit. A bit hesitant Cinder pulled out the cork on the barrel. Colorful juice wobbled inside, the barrel being filled to the absolute brim with it.

“I... didn't think it would be that much.” The cork in one hand and a blush on her face Cinder stroke the side of her bust.

One jug had made her the bustiest woman on the planet.

Now there was an entire barrel in front of her, full of juice.

Horribly chunky juice.

As she bit her lip, a shimmer suddenly flashed past her eyes. From the top of her rack, the fairy headed straight at the barrel, hovering around the hole.

Cinder nearly destroyed her dress as she took a deep breath. “A lot of pulp... but also a lot of magic.”

Dropping the cork to the floor she grabbed the rim of the barrel. However, holding it like this revealed two problems: One, her bust was resting on the lid, fully sealing the opening to drink. Two, even with both hands the frail elf couldn't so much but raise the large barrel an inch off the ground.

“Come on... you stupid thing!” Popping her rack, she put her whole back into it, scratching the wood with her fingers. As she clenched the barrel, a tingle suddenly engulfed her hands. Something sticky flowed out of her palms, foam-like with the consistency of syrup. Surprised Cinder watched an orange cloud grow from her hands,

pushing them off the barrel as they surrounded it. The distinct smell made Cinder scrunch up her nose. “Apricot?”

The fairy floating beside her, Cinder took a step back as the foam fully enveloped the barrel, save for the lid and bottom. When the cloud cut itself off her hands, Cinder instinctively raised her arms. The juice sloshed as the barrel hovered off the ground, levitating in front of Cinder. She looked at her hands, then at the barrel, and smiled. “Well – that’s convenient.”

Carefully Cinder maneuvered the barrel towards her. It was a finicky task, at the end of which she was standing with her back to the machine while facing the empty room. Once the barrel was above her bosom, she slowly tilted it until it hovered nearly horizontally. Once more, she looked over the size of the barrel and her rack. Though her hands were shaking, she reached over her breasts. Her fingers grabbed the soft mass of apricot, pulling the hole in the barrel towards her lips.

“*Blergh!*” Dozens of flavors dancing on her tongue, Cinder had to force herself to gulp down all the pulp – still, it bit by bit made its way down her throat. Occasionally she raised her upper lip to let some air in, careful to catch every drop. After she had chugged down quite some juice, the sensation of growth returned to her bosom: Slowly at first, then steadily faster its curves cambered again. Her dress creased as her breasts swelled against her shoulders, billowing around her body. To either side large fields formed that surrounded her torso, while the widest parts of her breasts stood further and wider from her. Stains and clean fabric became indistinguishable as they were stretched almost sheer across her increasing bust. The three windows of cleavage overflowed, while the two strings separating them vanished between the bulges swelling around them.

“*This is... intense*” Cinder thought, gaining inches of bust line in seconds. Growing out of the fabric, her breasts started to swell against the barrel. Flustered, Cinder tilted the barrel even further, making more juice flow into her mouth. With each gulp the sensations in her breasts grew stronger, upping the speed of their expansion. In addition to the growth, the lingering magic inside her breasts was also growing more prominent, making her drink even faster. “*But... intense in a good way, I guess.*”

While the crests of her breasts reached up her face, obscuring it from her mouth up to the level of her eyes, their bottoms rolled towards her knees. Her bosom slowly got taller than children, steadily older adolescents, even small adults, the rest of Cinder slowly vanishing behind it. The more it pushed against her arms, the harder it was for her to keep the barrel on her lips. When it slipped out of her grip, more foam suddenly popped out of her palms. Its grip on the barrel tightened, while she also felt her control of the foam increasing, allowing her to maneuver it with more precision to her mouth.

“*No doubt about it – big tits equal big magic.*” Pulling her arms back, she put them under her breasts, at least as far as she could reach. Her fingertips barely touched the

transition of the back to the bottom, and were steadily getting shoved back. As the underside of her breasts expanded out of her grasp, it slowly approached the floor. With her knees being overflowed, they slightly pushed her breasts forward, even more when her legs buckled from the weight they had to carry. While her breasts rolled down her sheens, the bulges of cleavage pressed against the barrel, trying to push it off her mouth. Moving her apricot cloud Cinder shoved it deeper between them. The bulges seeping out of her dress were so tight they would barely budge, but made just so much room the barrel was secure. While her flesh rose around the barrel, it pushed aside the fabric of her dress aside, expanding the cleavage window across the top of her rack. Chugging down more and more juice, it was hard for Cinder to keep a clear, the sensations overwhelming her.

“It’s... too much!” Eyes closed she pulled back her head, not so much though her lips parted with the barrel. Ever deeper her legs pressed into her bust as they gave in to its weight. Hands shaking Cinder tightly clenched her breasts, creasing the fabric as she groped them so hard it almost hurt. In addition to the growth, the magic inside them was also growing stronger. It wasn’t so much a tingle anymore, but she felt the arcane power flowing through her breasts, shaking her to her very soul. *“Too much, but... I want more! I NEED more!!”*

Shriip!

Alongside her demeanor breaking, her dress ripped around her hands. Her fists clenched the torn patches, flesh bulging out of the tears against her knuckles. Bubbles formed and slowly overlapped the wrinkles that piled up around the holes, waves of fabric framing the bulges. More tears appeared, creating fields of tiny holes that spread out all around the bottom of her bosom. While her dress turned into holed cheese, the tears on her hands expanded even faster, pushing the other holes aside. Cinder’s palms opened to drop the pieces of cloth, before they tightly grabbed her naked flesh. With a firm grip Cinder massaged her growing breasts, fueling its expansion as she greedily swallowed more juice.

Snap!

The string separating the upper cleavage windows broke. Though still closed at her neck, her bodice opened into a full scoop-neck, revealing the entire top of her bust. Bouncing forth, her curves slightly rounded in her cleavage, allowing the barrel to sink further between them. As it was half between her breasts, Cinder’s lips had a better grip on it, allowing her to drink a little faster. However, with the barrel taking up more space the bulging crests of her breasts drifted faster apart. As such, while her breasts grew around the barrel above her head, they increased the pressure on her dress, tattering it around them. While muffin-topping out of her dress her breasts continued bulging out of the bottom cleavage window. As the holes in the fabric steadily surrounded it, they one by

one united, forming gradually larger tears through which her breasts bulged. With fields of naked flesh spreading out around her bodice it steadily dissolved.

Shriiip!

Her rack jolted as the fabric suddenly gave in over the entire bottoms of her bust, bouncing down to her ankles. The last string of her corsage rode up her bosom, holding together the two bands of fabric that remained of her bodice. Between the swells of upper and under cleavage the fabric was folded together, bunching up around the equator of her bosom and cutting into spheres taller than Cinder herself. The tight swells closed around the fabric, making it look like a fissure was going around her bust.

“Ungh!” Feeling as if her breasts were getting cut in half, Cinder groped them even harder. Her arms were lying steadily flatter on the vast curve that spread out around her. Unable to hold the weight her knees gave in, her breasts hitting the floor. Only the tip of her hair poked out before for a moment Cinder was completely overgrown by her bust. As she leaned against it, it slowly picked her back up, the sheer mass straightening her legs against them. Even as she was rocked around Cinder kept drinking, her mouth refusing to let go of the barrel. *“Moooooore!!”*

SNAP!!

With a sound snap her bodice ripped on her right breast. Like a whip it slashed to her left, her released jugs bouncing forward. Her flesh freely rippled and wobbled as nothing held it back, making Cinder “jump” behind them.

“Hmmpf!” The juice bubbled as Cinder moaned into the barrel. With her focus broken the apricot cloud dissolved, but it wasn’t needed anymore: With the pressure of the fabric gone her breasts pointed apart, allowing the barrel to fully sink between them. Round and large, the front and flanks of her bosom rolled towards the walls while their crests reached for the ceiling, slowly filling the room.

Edged by the sensations, Cinder let her arms wander up the backside of her breasts. Their curve shallowed under her palms, ever larger fields of flesh spreading out around and engulfing her body. With the barrel resting tightly between them, it was much easier to drink, which Cinder gleefully made use of. Despite all the pulp, she didn’t feel full in the least – it was as if all the juice was going straight to her breasts. Slowly but steadily filling the room, their bottoms flowed over the floor, flattening and pushed their mass up. Cinder arched her back, her skin prickling from the growing magic inside her breasts. The sensation was intoxicating, making her forget she was far more breast than rest at this point.

Crreeeak!

Below her breasts, the boards creaked from carrying their weight. Above, their tops were reaching over three quarter into the room, aiming for the ceiling. With the bulk of the

mass shifting higher, Cinder felt her heels rising of the floor. Her soles followed, leaving her on her tiptoes for a moment, until she fully lost contact with the ground. Her feet bounced a few times on the floor, before Cinder was fully levitating in the air, wobbling behind her breasts. Below her feet, a steadily larger slope formed, further raising and pushing her back into the room that was getting overtaken by her bust. The curves of her breast gap kept rounding and shoving each other aside, causing the front of each breast to tilt towards the corners of the room. Soon, only a narrow corridor led around her bosom, growing smaller the further her mounds were blowing up. Despite carrying assets taller than standing elephants Cinder didn't notice she was filling half the shack, too absorbed by the magic running through her body.

Crack!

The sound of wood breaking ripped her out of her daze. It wasn't the shack though, for her breasts still didn't touch the walls or ceiling. Instead, the barrel was starting to crumble between her breasts, their flesh pushing from all sides against it. At the same time, she could feel the flow of juice decline. Cinder stretched her neck until her lips could no longer hold on, then caught every drop that trickled out of the opening. When no more juice flowed out the round walls of the barrel suddenly shattered. Her breast breasts shook as they smashed the barrel, Cinder at the feeling. The splinters squashed by her breasts quickly disintegrated, leaving her with a pair of giant mounds that raised her half into the room.

“Haa... haaa.” As Cinder caught her breath, she felt a growing pressure around her rack: First her right, then left breast started spreading against the walls. Lightly at first, steadily tighter squeeze zones grew across them, even faster when her breasts swelled against the wall in front of them as well. Finally, their tops also collided with the ceiling, fully occupying the space in front of Cinder as they reached from wall to wall to wall to ceiling. Like on the floor, the surface of her breasts steadily flattened, invading the corners of the rooms. As such, their backsides steadily bulged into the free space behind them, swelling around and pushing back the rest of Cinder as she hung on them. But as uncomfortable as getting squeezed inside the shack was, it was drowned by the excitement from all the magic building up inside her breasts, energizing her whole body.

“Oh... I can feel it!” Though she pushed her arms, legs and body as deep into her breasts as she could, their imprints were miniscule on their vast surface. She shoved her cheek between them, cuddling their swelling slopes with her face and hair. “The magic, it's... it's flowing through me... pulsating... GROWING!” Deep between the growing walls she shoved her head, softly breathing into the abyss. “It's just so... so...!”

Cinder rubbed her breasts with all her body. She neither cared about her breasts getting compressed into cubes, nor the walls and ceiling slowly bending around them. Out of the various holes in the shack her flesh was oozing, including the one shaped like an avocado, while the wood cracked and groaned as it arched over her bust. More and more

visibly, the half of the shack occupied by Cinder's breasts was bulging on the outside, shaping the shack into a pear. The boards on the walls drifted apart, letting her flesh seep into the open, before the first snapping off her dark-skinned swells. Bit by bit, the shack crumbled around Cinder's breasts as they broke into the outside.

CRASH!

The entire shack suddenly shattered, releasing Cinder's breasts. Bursting into freedom, they reached far beyond their former confines, Cinder bouncing up and down behind them. Debris was catapulted off their flanks, while the rubble slid off their crests and fell to the bottom of her breasts. From there, the broken boards were gradually shoved aside, her curves rolling over and growing into the clearing. Beyond the intact walls and ceiling of the shack, her breasts continued to grow, the front of each arching further and wider forward. The shadow they cast steadily extended over the grass, looming towards the forest. In addition to rising above the ceiling, their crests were starting to reach over the trees, exceeding steadily more canopies.

"Ooooh!" Moaning into her breasts, Cinder had long lost a feel for how large she was. As she was lifted to the ceiling, like a little figurine strapped to a pair of watermelons, she only felt the magic inside them. "So... powerful!" In addition to her breasts having outgrown the shack, the rest of Cinder also reached the roof. When first her purple hair, then her back scratched along its broken edge, her growth slowed down. The abyss between their fronts continued to widen a little further as they drifted apart, just like their backsides continued spreading out around Cinder before the swelling sensation died down. When only a small line separated her breasts and the forest they fully stopped, leaving them as tall as a two-story building, twice the height of the busted shack.

"Haaaaa...!" It took a while longer for Cinder to truly settle down. All the magic numbing her senses, she felt like she had a hangover. Groggily, she looked to the side. One eye was blinded by the huge slope of skin in front of it while the other barely saw the trees past it. Some of her hair fell on the roof as she arched her back, staring up the tight abyss that stretched out far, far above her – she could only vaguely spot the top of her bust, framed by the bright blue sky. While seeing nothing but her breasts around her, her legs dangled in the air, slightly pressing against their smooth skin. Her arms were equally limited in their movement, only able to rub the vast field that reach in all directions around her. When it finally dawned on Cinder how massive she was, she cleared her throat. "I... may have overshot by a notch."

Boing!

Startled by something bumping into her Cinder turned her head. A few feet next to her, the fairy was pushing a small dent into her bosom, as if it wanted to dive right into her flesh. Giggling, Cinder raised her hand. A small thread of light emerged from her fingers

– its structure, as Cinder noticed, was far more dense than usual, and its glow brighter. Instead of a tiny thread a large rope grew out of her fingers, winding itself towards the fairy. The surface of her breast rebound as the fairy flew off, following the trail into Cinder’s palm. As it sat down on her hand, flapping its little wings, Cinder smiled at it.

“Well, at least my tits are fairy-approved.” While she retracted the thread back into her hand, safe for a little piece for the fairy to munch on, Cinder stroke her breast with her other hand. Even now, she could feel the arcane energy whirling inside her breasts, coursing through her tissue. A few hours ago, she had been the weakest elven mage who probably ever walked the world – now she had more magic in her than even Fatah, a genie entirely made out of magic. “Is this for real?” she whispered, wondering if this whole quest had just been a dream...

Her body jolted to attention. The quest!

Hair whipping around her she looked down. In the crack between her body and roof, she could see the machine below her. Her breasts cast a shadow on it, but it didn’t seem damaged by her growth spurt. As Cinder breathed a sigh of relief, she also spotted her staff, leaning next to the (now very redundant) door. Cinder twisted her torso as far as she could and pointed her palm at it. The banana boomerang came off in an odd ankle, but Cinder had no trouble directing it through the gap between breast and roof towards the staff. On the way back she made a few loops and hoops, letting it soar around the shack – it felt like she could let it fly infinitely now, and control its every movement to a T.

Confident, she grabbed the staff as it returned to her hand, then shoved it between her breasts, just so far the top looked out. “I don’t think I really you anymore, but we’ve gone through too much to just part over a pair of knockers.” As she patted her bosom, she felt the sheets in her sleeve move. The fairy flew off her palm as she pulled out the note with the instructions. She turned it to the site with the feedback, when something occurred to her. “Wait – I don’t have anything to write.”

No sooner than she said that her finger tingled. A small black spot formed on its tip, smelling like grapes. Chuckling, she held the sheet against her bust. Though slightly curved the surface was plain enough that she could write with her finger in clean, smooth letters, adoring her handwriting with ornaments as she wrote her feedback:

“Awesome stuff – but try getting the pulp out.”

“Huff... huff...”

Panting, Serena lay on the ground, supporting herself with one arm while her other tried to cover her breasts. The starfishes usually covering them lay in the puddle that used to be her bubble. In the heat of the volcanic landscape, the water steadily evaporated, further drying the mermaid's fin-tail. The strands of her busted braid hung over her bruised face – barely she could keep her head up, one eye closed while glaring upwards with the other.

In front of the smoke-ridden sky, a red dragon loomed in front of her, its grim features staring down on the mermaid. “Pitiful mortal” its voice bellowed, not in a scolding, but menacing voice. “For you to actually believe your feeble water spells could stand up to my scorching flames – you were almost as deluded as your comrade.”

Serena glanced over her shoulder. Behind her, Fatah was also lying on the volcanic ground, her smoke tail spreading into a diffuse mass behind her. Burnt remnants of her top clung to her head-sized breasts. Strands of her busted updo lay scattered across her bust as her face was buried in her cleavage. “H... how?” Fatah whimpered, her voice muffled by her breasts. “I... I’ve never met a monster I couldn’t defeat with three spells...”

Serena gritted her teeth. “Well, there’s a first time for everything...”

The dragon spread out its wings, their shadow falling around the two mages. “Fools like you, I have met hundreds in my lifetime. All thinking they can become a legend by slaying me, all ending as ash flying through these charred lands – as you shall!”

Pulling back its neck the dragon opened its maw. A ball of fire formed inside it, growing larger until it nearly burst out of its jaws. As the light of the flames shined on them, Fatah stared up from her cleavage in horror, while Serena calmly closed her eyes.

“Let that be a lesson to all mortals” the dragon shouted over its fireball. “That there is no force, no magic in the world grand enough to defeat-“

Poof!

The dragon stopped when a shadow suddenly fell over it. Holding the fireball in its mouth it rolled up its eyes, seeing something hover above it. “Hm?”

Wham!

The flames in its mouth dispersed as a giant avocado smashed the dragon into the ground. The impact made both Serena and Fatah hop on the ground, agitating their busts. With wobbling chests, they stared dumbfounded at the fruit that had buried the dragon, its shell rough and rock-like. Larger than a house, it had left a crater in the barren rock, cracks spreading around it. Only the tips of the dragon's wings poked out, twitching slightly.

“Wha... what the...?” As Fatah tried to comprehend what just had happened, a shadow suddenly fell on her. Panicked she covered her head with her arms. But instead of another giant avocado, what she saw were clear drops of liquid dispersing around two large, round objects. Confused, her eyes suddenly widened when she recognized their shape. “Wait, are those... boobs? Giant... giant floating boobs?” She smelled the air. “And they smell like apricots?!”

Once the cloak was fully gone, a huge bosom indeed hovered above Fatah. Orange foam covered parts of their fronts and sides, apparently carrying them in the air. While the genie gawked from below at those huge breasts with her jaw dropped, Serena could see past the slope at the person lying on top of them. Even with the large puff of purple hair, it took a moment for the mermaid to recognize her. “Ci... Cinder?”

“WHAAAT?!” Even more shocked, Fatah stared up the humongous rack literally overshadowing her. “That useless wimp of a mage... that tiny-titted failure... HOW THE HECK IS SHE BUSTIER THAN ME?!”

Serena almost dropped on her breasts. “That’s your first question?”

On top of her giant breasts, Cinder rested her head on her fists while bopping her legs. Her staff poked out in front of her, the little fairy flying around it. “Hey girls” she greeted them, smirking a bit. “I finished my quest and decided to drop by. Check if you need some help. You know.”

“N... no way.” Fatah’s bust rocked as she fell on it, looking even more defeated than before. “Saved by the weakest of all mages... and she got bigger tits!”

While Fatah’s life drained from her features, Serena smiled over her shoulder at Cinder, still covering her suddenly very small looking breasts. “Well I’m sure glad to see you. It seems like a lot of happened, but...” Intimidated by the massive appearance of Cinder she coughed. “Are you sure you were on an E-rank and not a Double D? ...Or centuple D times a hundred?”