

# An Unusual Tutor

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## **Synopsis:**

"A sorceress struggling to cast even basic charms meets an unusual tutor bearing promises of power that could outgrow even her wildest dreams."

Written by CrypticExpansion for AliceLilith, as a gift to Autumn's Creator, Lumin.

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Sophia sighed as she slammed the cover shut on yet another tome, before forcefully adding it to the pile beside her on the table. A Sophomore at the College of Sorceresses and she *still* couldn't cast any magic. It wasn't uncommon for even the new apprentices to join with casting abilities, and yet she had *nothing*. She may be the most knowledgeable, and be top of her class in her studies, but she heard the *sneers*, the *mockery*.

"Small Sophia!" They insulted her. "Flat as an ironing board!" While all the more prodigious sorceresses cast basic charms and trinkets, without any sophistication or knowledge of advanced runes or magic. Life was cruel, and unfair.

The short little sorceress stewed in her chair, practically steaming like a tea kettle in the otherwise silent library. Her glasses fogged, and brown hair frizzled about as she clenched her tiny hands in pathetic balls. All her efforts and brains for naught, because the goddesses above cursed her with a flat bosom.

*Schwwooooooffpt*

A crackling of lightning caught the would be sorceress by surprise. Her head jerked sideways and caught sight of strange phenomena on the grand balcony of the library: a statuesque, scantily clad, woman emerging from a portal as it closed around her.

Sophia stared, jaw dropped, for a moment. Not only were portals in the library forbidden, this woman was.... *huge* to say the least. Almost twice her own height, the sorceress had reckoned. Brown hair, dyed purple and blue at its tips, and Charcoal-colored horns framed a radiant pale face. Elegant in its own right, it was utterly dominated by eyes of shimmering shades of blue that could consume a soul whole. Sophia shivered.

... And yet her face, as awe-inspiring as it may have been, was insignificant compared to the stupendous bosom she carried. Each massive orb eclipsed the rest of her torso, block sight of all but her shoulders above, and a small pocket in her underboob where her navel peaked through. The fabric loosely draped against the woman's bosom held more cloth than the whole student cloak that Sophia wore contained, and yet each one was barely covered.

The fabric draped onward, between her legs, each as tall as Sophia herself. A large tail, fatter and just longer than either leg, swooshed down, having been hidden entirely behind the silhouette of the massive orbs.

Sophia gulped as she gaped at the woman's form, before realizing that the soul-sucking eyes were staring directly at hers. The dragoness smiled, soft, knowing. The sorceress averted her gaze, and slinked deep into her chair, trying to make herself smaller than she already was. Even still, she peeked out of the corner of her eye at the irresistibly, intimidating figure.

The dragoness gently walked down the stairway of the grand balcony, each step purposeful and calm. Her body demanded attention, reverence, and yet she herself seemed nonchalant at such an idea. She casually scanned the room with each step, tail swaying casually, as she descended the stairs two at a time.

Sophia watched, pretending to open yet another tome on magic, as the dragoness reached the bottom of the stairs and trekked towards her. Her long gaits quickly covering the short distance. The sorceress felt like prey, knowing full well that nothing she could do could get her away from this woman. Only sitting still, hoping - nay - praying, that the demoness-like figure near her would leave her be. A smooth voice, velvety, restrained in volume and power dashed all of Sophia's hopes.

"Hello."

The sorceress looked at the source of the voice. Where before the dragoness seemed tall, she loomed over poor Sophia. "H-hi... D-do you nee-ed something?" she stuttered, visibly trembling in terror at the woman before her.

"Yes, little one. I am looking for a very powerful sorceress."

"You are?" The sorceress, confusion shocking her out of her terror.

"Indeed. I believe I've found her. What is your name, little one?" the dragoness asked.

"So- Sophia." the sorceress spoke. "Why do you think its me? I can't cast anything at all."

"No matter, Sophia. I'm Autumn." The dragoness said, as she swooshed her tail mere inches away from Sophia's leg. The lengthy protuberance begin to faintly glow as it approached.

"My tail glows near mana, dear. It shows you hold immense power."

"H-How? I'm flat!?... I can't cast *any* magic!?" Sophia pleaded.

"I will explain everything, let me sit beside you." Autumn spoke, as she conjured a chair opposite the table from Sophia.

She left space for her knees, as they peaked above the mahogany wood, and spread her legs wide to rest her humongous breasts upon. Even still, they projected forward and rested atop the

table, and blocked the view of most of the dragoness's body. The height difference between the two was comedically astounding; Autumn towered, like stars above, far over Sophia. She had to crane her neck and lean back to look into the sapphire eyes as she patiently waited for whatever explanation she had for her.

"Sophia, your understanding of mana here is that it absorbs into one's breasts, yes?"

"Yes?" Sophia asked, confused. *What kind of question was this? This was magic fundamentals!* "...My body rejects mana tha- thats why I'm flat." She looked down, crestfallen. *Maybe I should hear her out...* "...Why do you believe differently?"

"Because not all mana is stored in the breast. In your case, it simply can't make the right connection there to store it."

"... what? Then why can't I use magic then?"

"Your body has not been properly prepared for the power you contain. The same way your chest struggles to absorb mana into it, your mind struggles to direct that mana into a spell. A mere oar can not direct the raging sea."

Sophia sat and listened to Autumn, her mind racing. *Years of ridicule, humiliation, lack of understanding, and research, all flashing before her.*

"... So... Can you fix me then?"

"Fix? Dear..." Autumn softened. "You are not broken, you are special. I can teach you to harness this power, little Sophia. Though... afterwards you may not be quite little for long." She smirked.

"... teach me? What do I need to do?"

"We just need to give your body a little help is all."

Sophia felt a strange sensation as Autumn raised her hand before gently flicking her fingers sideways, as though something was being shifted within her. It wasn't unusual, though not entirely unpleasant.

"There, try casting now." "Just a candlelight perhaps?", she snapped her still-raised hand, and a fire burst to life in her palm.

Sophia eagerly mimicked the snapping. Sparks flew, a dash of smoke rose, and... nothing. She repeated the snap several times, each no more successful than the attempt prior. Hope faded once more.

"All is okay, Sophia. All that is necessary now, is to give you the confidence in yourself as a sorceress. What is the sign of status among a high sorceress?" Autumn asked, knowingly.

"Uh... big breasts?"

"Huge ones. I'll help guide the mana for an alteration spell for you. How is this for a size? Is it appropriate for a powerful sorceress?" She smooshed her hands deep into her bosom, attempting to mimic a size. Her bosom practically swallowed her hands.

Sophia's eyes went wide and her cheeks flushed at the remark and sight. "Uh... yeah! uhh... that'd be good!"

"Very well. Follow along with me", Autumn said, as she began a brief incantation.

Sophia followed along as best as she could, but was lost in thought at the idea of actually having tits. The wobbling monstrosities in front of her were not helping either. A strange sense of pressure and bubbling began welling up within her with every continual motion, where it rose to a head and suddenly rushed out of her, like water rushing out of a dam. Sophia looked down. No more boobs than she started with.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" Sophia asked.

"Absolutely certain, dear. It sometimes takes a few tries. Let's go again."

They repeated the motions of the charm again, Sophia a bit more focused this time on following along, now that failure had shocked her into the sobering somberness of reality. Once again, strong sensations, rising up to a peak followed by.... nothingness.

"Once more dear."

Sophia was beginning to get a little impatient. Dread crept and gnawed at her, but she would humor this Dragon one last time. They went through the ritual again, but something felt... *different*. The bubbling pressure didn't stop, if anything, it grew stronger and stronger until...

*bwomf*

The pressure broke loose suddenly, and Sophia's bust burst forth. Reaching further, faster, and... after barely tenting against her academy uniform - ceased entirely... Sophia was joyous. She had BOOBS! They tingled, a lot, actually, But... they were supposed to be much bigger! What gives!?

"Au -" *bwooooooooooooooooomffff Schrrrrriiip*

The dam of pressure burst entirely as her bust exploded in size. Her attire ripped to shreds as her newly-freed breasts near-instantly crossed the table. The masses knocked magic tomes to and fro before bumping into the dragoness she was about to decry. Stopped from protruding further forward, the immense orbs swallowed up the remaining space on either side of the table before inching higher. The table, designed to seat six, wasn't quite big enough for 'Small Sophia.'

"Autumn!!! You did it! I'm sooo biig!" Sophia practically jumped with joy, only achieving to send undulations across her bosom. She was *finally* busty!

"No, Sophia, we did. I merely guided your hand."

A multitude of sensations zipped and sparked across Sophia's wall of pliant flesh. Relishing in the pleasure, she tenderly explored their expanse with her dainty hands. Each indentation a tiny poke, comparatively, yet she could feel it as strongly as anywhere else on her body.

The mahogany wood, with its occasional dimples and scratches from wear, dug into her. Somewhere underbust, an errant tome lay trapped. The most powerful sensation of all, though, was the statuesque woman her bosom pressed against. She could feel the heat emanating off of the dragon, the thumping of her heartbeat, and a strange... *that couldn't be right*. A slight pressing against her. *Was Autumn growing?* Barely perceptibly, she felt it, a gentle pressure. Easily lost with other motion, but indisputably there if her focus was on it.

"I can feel you moving, yet you seem like you're sitting still. Are you growing?"

"Indeed, Sophia. The size before you is but an infinitesimal fraction of my overall bust. I'm *always* growing and absorbing mana. How fast merely depends on how much mana is around me."

"... That's so cool! Y-you must be immensely powerful!", Sophia blurted out. Illusion magic wasn't unheard of, but if this were an illusion she'd be colliding with a bust that she couldn't see. She knew the dragoness was powerful, but... matter displacement in real time? That... even portals required an immense amount of magical energy, Autumn must rival the whole pantheon of goddesses in power!

"You could say that, dear. Few can stand before me if I were to choose to fight. I much prefer helping 'small' girls such as yourself become... *something more*"

"Can I learn to hide my bust like you some day?"

"You probably could compress yourself now if you wanted to, but what would be the fun in that when you could be so much bigger?" the dragoness teased.

"What about the breast growth spell? Should I be able to do it on my own?"

"Of course, dear. Let me get out of your way."

Autumn returned to her full height, towering over the waterbeds of Sophia's bosom, as she dispelled her chair. Even the underside of her own breasts were visible above the mountainous swells. For all of Sophia's size, she rose further above. The dragon goddess walked around beside her, and Sophia wasted no time casting the spell once more.

Her bosom once again spread forth, the table already inadequate to hold so much weight, split and crunched beneath her. Her bosom undulated and quaked as it was forced downward, nevertheless expanding forwards. The other chairs crunched underbust, and her bosom soon began to encroach on and eradicate the other tables of the study area. Sophia was gravely unable to see any of this, relying solely on the sensation of every crack and groan of pressure from the furniture to tell what was going on. Her expression was one of bliss already, and then she felt it; Her nipple embedded itself into a bookshelf, wedged between the tomes. She felt herself knock them free as her other breast collided with yet another shelf. A dizzying array of textures from hard leather, dimples, and metal fixtures and engravings pressing into her sensitive nipples and areola. Just as the rising pressure started to feel jussst right, she heard and felt the bookshelves begin to tumble backwards. A domino reaction occurred, too much tit for such a priceless collection of tomes and artifacts, as bookshelves boomed and banged; wood splintering across the library. Dozens of thousands of books, millennia of collective knowledge and history on the magic arts, thrown asunder by one sorceress's titty greed.

The heavy bangs shook Sophia to her senses, and she finally realized perhaps things may have gone a touch too far, and ceased channeling the spell. Her lust for bust had left her a little blind to the consequences around her. Despite halting the spell, she noted it didn't entirely stop growing.

"I may have gone too far... haven't I?" Sophia spoke softly, her eyes distant.

"Nonsense dear, there is no such thing as too big. Are you worried about the consequences for all of this?"

"Yeah... Is this all okay? What would the Headmaster say if she found out?"

Autumn smiled, warmly.

"It's alright. I admire your consideration for others. Many of my would-be pupils simply would not care. However, I've already considered that. We've been making a lot of noise, have we not? And yet no one has come to investigate."

"Huh... you're right. Did you do something to them? Are they okay?"

"Of course, dear. Let's say I brought us to a place where you can grow as much as you'd like, consequence free. What would you do if you had gone to such a place?" Autumn's voice shifted, teasing her pupil. "Surely such a small size isn't big enough for you, no?"

"As much as I'd like?... and you'll teach me... what did you call it?... 'compression magic' too?"

"Of course. We wouldn't want to limit you by pesky things such as 'mobility' to stop you from getting as *big* as you want, would we?"

Sophia practically drooled at the idea. Already bigger and more powerful than any sorceress in the history of her world, and yet her bust lust remained unsated. Bigger... Bustier... More... It

was within her grasp, and this sexy dragoness even *wanted* her to achieve it. Her face and groin burned as she began the spell once more.

Shelves cracked and crumbled as Sophia's breasts continued. One by one she could feel them shatter, before being squashed as flat as the paper they once contained. The bookcases hugging the walls were not spared either as she felt them press, so tiny, against the sides of her bosom, squeezing it higher as it had nowhere to go but up and forwards. A chandelier jingled and shook within her cleavage, before tumbling down to never be seen from again, adding to the myriad of senses the sorceress experienced. The support beams and ceiling soon joined in the room's quest to touch her bosom, and still she grew.

A constant cacophony of cracking and splintering rang out, over faint rumbling, as Sophia continued channeling her mana. With every second, the newly-capable mage better grasped her abilities, and the spell grew stronger. Though, her overall control was still weak, with brief spurts and slowdowns - especially when the remains of a bookshelf grazed the bottoms of her areola. The sorceress continued to grow faster, and faster.

The ceiling collapsed, finally, as the supports were knocked loose. Rather than the floor and bookshelves above falling down, they instead were pushed up by Sophia's unrestrained growth before being smooshed against the ceiling above. The stone walls began to give out, and the entire structure began to collapse and be replaced by breast.

"Ooooh... fuuuck." Sophia moaned, as the heavy stone and tiles fell onto sensitive flesh. Her control of the spell slipped, and spurred her growth on further. The roof cascaded down across her bosom, closer and closer to where the pair stood, and she heard Autumn cast a small incantation behind her as rubble harmlessly bounced away before it could hit them.

"You're doing fantastic. Keep going." Autumn spoke. Sophia felt a massive hand gently stroking her head in affirmation. She slumped into her bosom, toes curling, overwhelmed from so many sensations as she continued to grow. Massive stones and bricks felt like small pebbles against her as she smothered the remains of the once-great library. Nearby buildings and walls, that she knew to be the campus, felt like mere toys against her. They barely put up resistance as her bosom bulldozed through them with scant effort at all. Every building smaller than the last, even the massive tower that the Arch Sorceresses used snapped to pieces, like a twig, with nary an effort.

The toy buildings stopped, and barely-bumps instead replaced them. Sophia focused closely, with all of her senses, on singular sensations and picked out townhouses crumbling like matchsticks against her. The grand city surrounding the college, crown jewel of an Empire. So vast that many lived their whole lives within its walls, brushed as an afterthought to Sophia. Formerly a great wonder, now a mere breastnote in the new history of the underside of her bosom. As she pondered this, a larger pebble shattered, the castle of the Emperor, a labyrinthine fortress known for being one of the largest in the world. Another powdered stain on Sophia's underside, and yet... she still grew.

Sophia felt moisture above and below her bosom. From tiny puddles on the surface to the moisture of the clouds and cool winds above. Trees barely brushed against her underside like well-groomed grass, hills bulldozed away like farmplows, and dozens upon dozens of towns swept away in an instant. Tiny crunches of wood and stone, shattering against her. An entire Empire smooched under Sophia. Mountain ranges mere grains of gravel, lakes licked at her like drops of water. When she reached it, the ocean was a piddling puddle, like the great lakes before, as the curvature of the whole world began to be felt between her cleavage.

The sorceress's focus darted every which way, from the great mountain ranges, to the titanic timbers of the great forest. Far too much to take in all at once. Her growth slowly faltered, exhaustion taking hold. Sophia, exerted beyond what she ever could've ever dreamed of, slumped into the soft bed before her.

"Had enough, dear?" Autumn's soft voice asked.

"Mmmm... sooo tired. Is this all a dream? I never want it to end. It feeelllls sooo good...". She felt Autumn once again caress her head.

"I can make sure of that. Here, I have a treat for you."

Sophia felt the massive dragoness lean against her breast, before lifting her tiny frame up, delicately, as she was cradled in her arm like a baby. Autumn's *massive* breast confronted her, skin laid bare, as her goddess's sapphire eyes disappeared behind them. The areola alone dwarfed her face, and the nipple protruded invitingly like plump sausage.

The sorceress felt her mouth stuffed full, exploring it tenderly with her tongue. Tiny beads of heaven itself dripped from the bumpy surface. Addictive, sugary bliss. Sophia was enraptured by the taste, tingles shooting from her mouth down her neck and spine. The feeling of growth picking up again, though a mere afterthought as the whole of her focus on the magnificent nectar the dragoness freely delivered. Each bead flowed more freely, until small streams came out with each of Sophia's greedy sucks. The dragoness continued to caress and pat at her head, caring for her as if she was her own divine child.

Sophia felt a strange sensation in her bosom, no longer quite pulled against the planet, but floating more freely as it pulled into itself. *Something* was clearly happening, as she felt small pebbles occasionally bump against her, but goddess Autumn's gentle headpats and cream dominated her focus over anything else.

"Ouch" she mumbled into breast.

"Hush, Sophia. It's okay. Just a mere star. The first one always stings." the dragon goddess reassured her. Sophia continued suckling, trusting her mentor. A few more impacts, tiny pieces of gravel and sand, impacted against her more, before nothingness.

The flow gradually continued further and further, small swallows transitioning into greedy gulps, as more sensations once again spread throughout her tits. The churning sensations of growth

constantly droned on in the back of her mind while she embraced her goddess's breast. Tender head scratches and headpats caress her very being as endless emissions of milk gently flowed into her.

Another small spark of heat, tiny and insignificant burst against her left breast, before another few on her right. Little beads of molten helium, like a drizzle of warm mist, splattered continuously across her skin. Harsh and *small*, unlike the overwhelmingly comfortable warmth her goddess's body radiated onto her.

Her goddess pulled her hand back, and her elbow poked into Sophia's wall of bosom. The surreal realization that even Sophia's goddess felt insignificant against the surface, though she knew that this was but a fraction of Autumn's size.

"You're doing fantastic, dear. Keep it up."

Sophia tried to smile and nod behind her goddess's bosom, not as though it would be visible. She felt her goddess's hand, wet with her divine cream, brush gently against her thighs, where it snaked through the tattered remains of her sorceress robes and found her loins and underwear soaked. The goddess mixed her creamy nectar with Sophia's own honey, and delicately rubbed at her folds and clit. She moaned at her goddess's touch.

Sophia's senses were still being assaulted from every which way. The newest additions were occasional sucking, twisting, and tugging impressions. Each borderline painful, before they vanished as suddenly as they appeared. The hot mist continued to tease her skin, but all paled compared to the pale, sweet cream she swallowed greedily. Divine dragoness milk still made its way down her throat, explosions of heaven on her taste buds, a feeling of fullness in her stomach of her goddess's production. Bliss as Autumn teased and tantalized her lust better than even she could herself. Sophia struggled to comprehend whether her body cried out "too much!" or "more!", as the fight within her reached a crescendo.

She moaned loudly into her goddess's teat, feeling wetness spurting out to coat her inner thighs. Sophia pulled back from the nipple, exhausted, as it popped free from her face. Divine cream drooled out of her open mouth as she rode the high of climax. A few remnant streams shot out from Autumn's nipple onto her face. A baptism of boobage and cream. Sophia's chest rose and fell sharply, concealed behind her galactic bosom, as she gently opened her eyes and stared deeply into the sapphire swirls of her goddess's eyes.

"Now, dear Sophia.... onto our next lesson. Compression Magic."