

## Gala Gone Wrong

“Are you sure this looks okay?” Amala asked as she inspected the lace of her deep crimson dress.

Stealing her attention away from the extravagant manor, Ruby turned to check on her lover for herself.

“More than okay hon!” Ruby remarked as she began to dig through her purse, “But we do need the final touch.”

After a brief moment of searching she pulled out an equally lavish necklace adorned with a series of deep red crystals. Before Amala could say a word, the tiefling danced around her back to put it on her. Unable to help herself, Ruby leaned in close, making sure to press the full weight of her cleavage against a patch of exposed skin on Amala’s back while she latched the chain together.

“This~” Ruby cooed, “Should keep you from swelling...at least until we’re alone later~”

Amala could feel a wave of heat wash over her cheeks at that last part. Even after their previous adventures together, she always found herself smitten after a comment like that from Ruby.

“Thank you!” She said, shaking herself out of the beginnings of a steamy daydream, “Let’s get inside before the main event starts, I want to try and see at least a few exhibits while we’re here.”

“Lead the way!” Ruby replied.

The warm glow of streetlamps guided the pair towards the manor where the gala was being held. Despite winter having only just started, a thin blanket of snow covered most of the surrounding lawns and pathways. Looking up, Amala gazed at the layer of clouds above. Without a doubt there would be another bout of bad weather again tonight, and the thought of cuddling close to her partner and watching the snowflakes fall was more than enough to keep her heart warmed.

Frigid cold and early winters were things she was well used to by now, so bundling up hardly seemed necessary to her. Amala’s dress managed to hold a perfect balance of a snug fit and leaving just enough room to stretch should the need arise. In similar style, Ruby’s dress revealed its own fair share of skin, though for different reasons. Her crimson skin seemed impervious to the winter’s bite, and her staggeringly large assets could prove to be adequate handwarmers should an emergency call for it. Not wanting to limit her own fun, Ruby had also declined to wear any of Amala’s mana-limiting crystals, instead putting

her trust in the midnight black dress to stretch if it had too. Though she anticipated it coming off long before size could be an issue.

Careful not to slip on the frozen steps up to the manor, both girls held each other in hopes that the other would catch them. At the grand entrance to the manor, Amala and Ruby were met with a pleasant wave of warm air and the earthy scent of various drinks and perfumes. Welcomed in by one of the mansion's servants, both girls couldn't help but share a brief giggle at his attempt to control his wandering eyes. Once inside, the high ceiling of the main hallway guided the duo deeper into the manor towards the cacophony of the gala.

"So, how do these galas work anyways?" Ruby asked, taking in the view of the pristine marble surrounding her.

"Well, usually they start by letting guests roam around and see the displays of new or interesting magic, then they allow time for some formal dancing before some speech." Amala replied.

"Hmm...would you care to dance with me when that time comes?"

Hearing those words were more than enough to fluster Amala, let alone the fact that there was no teasing remarks to follow. She knew the question was pure and honest.

"Oh...absolutely!" Amala beamed.

Hoping she wasn't blushing too much, Amala led Ruby through the last set of doors before the grand hall. While they could feel the faint vibration before, the couple was greeted with a sweet and gentle symphony upon fully entering the gala. Easily close to a few hundred guests mingled in small pockets around the room, talking about the latest gadgets and showing off flashy new spells. No orchestra was present anywhere. Instead, the music was coming from a handful of strange metal boxes placed around the room.

A fair handful of displays were set up around the room as well, each showing off special products and new designs and prototypes. This building alone could serve as a magic emporium, if only the event lasted longer than a couple nights.

"Wow...consider me impressed!" Ruby exclaimed, trying her best to take in everything at once.

"I *told* you that it was!" Amala giggled, "What do you wanna check out first? We have all night assuming these crystals can keep repelling the excess mana in the air." She said as she gently lifted her necklace, inspecting its condition.

"Well, maybe not *all* night. I still have some plans for later.." Ruby teased as she let her eyes wander up and down Amala's figure, "But let's start over there!"

Amala followed her gaze to see a smaller display of tables near the back of the hall. While nowhere near as grand as the other setups, this stand seemed to harbor its own air of uniqueness compared to the others. Looking to see if the area was manned, she managed to make out a familiar face amongst the sea of people.

“I think that’s a great place to start! Let’s go!”

Taking Ruby’s hand, the pair dived into the crowd. Almost immediately upon moving through the mass of people, Ruby realized her assets became a bit of a hinderance. She could barely take two steps before having to turn and briefly apologize to whoever was unfortunate, or very fortunate, enough to find themselves momentarily enveloped by her magnificent curves. Realizing what was happening as their progress through the gala slowed to a crawl, Amala tried her best to find the least crowded areas to pass through.

Finally beyond the suffocating swarm, Amala and Ruby had reached the first display table. Despite its modest size, the tables were abundant with devices and tools seemed to prioritize function rather than the over-the-top flashy devices on display everywhere else in the room.

“Soooo...what was so special about this table?” Ruby asked as she picked up a strange vial from the table.

Just as Amala was about to reply, a call came from somewhere inside the crowd.

“AMALA!!!!”

Emerging from the bustle of the gala was Amala’s friend Lily. Pushing past the last few bodies, she practically ran into her redheaded friend before wrapping her in a hug.

“You didn’t tell me you were gonna be here!!!” Lily squealed, “OH!!! This must be Ruby! I’ve heard so much about you!!”

Unsure how to react, Ruby replied cautiously with a gentle wave, “Hii! Amala’s told me a lot about you too!”

“Awww! That’s sweet!” Lily said as she eased off of her near-choking embrace of a hug, “I see you’ve already started taking a look at my new wares here, would you be willing to try one out?”

Slipping behind her display table, Lily dug out her lab coat and tied her platinum blonde hair up in a messy bun. Quickly snagging an identical vial that Ruby held off the table, she simultaneously produced a small pamphlet from the inside of her coat.

“You two just met! Are you really trying to run a sales pitch for my girlfriend?” Amala teased.

“I’m just gonna give her the rundown on how it works, she’s a mage after all so it might be super useful for her!”

Peeling her eyes off of the vial, Ruby excitedly waited to hear what the device was – until she noticed the smattering of singe marks across Lily’s lab coat.

“Uh...Are you sure this is safe?” She asked.

“Of course! Now, just place your thumb over the top like this.....perfect! Now watch!”

No less cautious than she was at the start, Ruby kept a careful eye on her finger as a dull tingle began to creep through her finger. Slowly, she watched as a faintly glowing liquid began to fill the vial. Within mere moments it was filled, leaving Lily stunned as she gawked at the now crystal blue colored tube.

“Wooooow...it usually takes mages around here at least a couple minutes to fill that, you must be wayyy more powerful!!!”

“Well, maybe just a little.” Ruby said, trying to be modest, “So...how do I empty it?”

Happy to oblige, Lily leaned over the table to demonstrate the latch mechanism on the vial. With a little difficulty, Ruby managed to open hers.

“Perfect! Just like that!” Lily said, “Now from here you can either use it for any magic tools or just drink it if you run low on mana!”

“Huh...I don’t wanna snap this dress quite yet, could I keep this with me? I can pay of course!” Ruby replied, staring curiously at the viscous liquid as she closed the lid.

“Oh, no need! Any friend of Amala is a friend of mine!” Lily smiled, “If you really feel like you own me though, then I would ask for the opportunity to test your magic sometime!”

Despite the obvious evidence that her ‘tests’ might not be perfectly safe, Ruby figured there wasn’t too much that could go wrong if all that was being tested was her magic.

“Alright, when would we do that?”

Before Lily could respond with any particular date, a new customer began hovering around the table to inspect the strange devices.

“Ah, don’t worry about that right now! I’ll get in touch later, you two go enjoy your evening!” Lily said as she started walking over to greet her next potential buyer.

Stuffing the vial into her satchel, Ruby’s mind raced with ideas on when to use it on Amala. Moving away from the display, Amala and Ruby dived back into bumping shoulders with the crowd as they continued their perusing of the other vendors and stands nearby. A

common theme of utility began to arise as the couple continued their walkaround of the gala. Even the most unique display they came across sporting tiny mechanical animals seemed to only praise their capabilities as tools instead of pets.

Just as they were about to seek out a table to rest at, Amala spotted a surprisingly empty standy. Walking over to it together with Ruby, the pair was delighted when a familiar sweet scent greeted them.

“Would either of you ladies care for a hot chocolate?” An older woman behind the table asked.

“Absolutely! It’s been so long since I’ve had one! What about you Ruby?”

Whether she planned them or not, pieces for her plan seemed to fall effortlessly into place. She composed herself quickly, hoping she didn’t come off as too excited.

“I’d love one too!”

“Wonderful! please give me just a moment, this machine has grown troublesome as of late, but I’ve never seen newer ones make hot chocolate as good as this before.” The woman said with a confident grin.

The brass-colored machine was far more complex than anything Ruby had seen before for something that solely made hot drinks. But compared to everything else she’d seen tonight this antiquated hunk of metal carried a homey and relaxed air with it. To add to its peculiarity, it demanded constant attention from the old woman, who every so often pulled down on a hefty lever before capturing what smelled like liquid heaven in a pristine ceramic mug. Before long, the woman returned to her and Amala carrying two steaming mugs.

“Here you ladies are! Thank you for being so patient!”

“Of course! How much do we owe you?” Amala asked, a smile appearing on her lips when the chocolate scent reached her nose.

The woman beamed, “Oh! Nothing dear, it’s on the house. I just like being here to remind people that, sometimes, simple is better!”

Before Amala could say anything, the woman turned around and started prepping the machine for anyone else who might come by. Not feeling right to leave without at least a tip, her and Ruby dug through her purse and scraped together a fair amount of stray coins before setting them gently on the table.

Turning back to face the bustling crowd, the girls looked around for a moment before Ruby pointed out an empty dining table for two. Braving the sea of people once again, the

couple swam through the swarm with relative ease before finally running aground at their table.

Taking a seat, Ruby was finally given a moment of peace. Now that she had the opportunity to appreciate it, she glanced around at the gothic style ballroom that held the event. Towering pillars of marble supported a massive domed roof that gave way to several sky lights. Just as her mind began to wander, the smell of hot chocolate brought her attention back to the table. She looked over at Amala, who seemed to be unable to take her eyes off of her. Her gaze carried a sense of fondness, as well as a touch of curiosity.

“What’s up?” Ruby asked, returning the redhead’s gaze.

“Just thinking about when the dance will start...” Amala replied, her cheeks gaining a pinkish hue.

A smile fell upon the tieflings face. Thinking back over their adventures so far, sharing a couple’s dance was something that never seemed to present itself during any of their earlier travels. The thought of being able to hold each other close made her heart beat a little faster. Then her mind trailed off to the vial in her purse, and her plans to get Amala all to herself for the night. She contemplated whether it might be best to save it for after the dance, but she figured she should at least tell her what she wanted regardless, rather than keep it a surprise.

“Y’know, I was thinking after our dance...there was something that I –”

“Amala!!! I need your help for a second!!”

From out of the crowd and all-to-familiar voice called out. Lily soon emerged and ran over to Amala.

“Sorry Ruby! I just need her artificer expertise for a second!”

Looking a bit irked as she was dragged off, Amala called back to Ruby, “Don’t worry, I’ll be back before the dance starts!”

Left alone at the table, and with her mind still stuck on thoughts of the magic vial in her pack, she debated with herself. It seemed the whole world was in on her plan and wanted to help her, but she was having second thoughts. Removing the vial from her purse, she looked it over. She’d made Amala grow plenty of time with her magic, but never in such a pure form. As the gentle blue light danced across her skin, a thought crossed her mind.

*What if she could do both?*

Carefully, she opened the latch holding the vial shut. A cautious whiff proved there was no scent. Reaching over the table, she took hold of Amala’s drink. Making her choice, Ruby tilted the vial gingerly over the mug.

*Drip*

*Drip*

*Drip*

Playing it safe, she stopped after a small handful of drops had fallen into the steaming mug. She had no idea how powerful the dose was, but was banking on Amala's magic-repelling crystal to help balance out any unforeseen consequences. Sliding the mug back over, Ruby made sure it sat as close to where it was before she took it. Taking a deep breath, she leaned back in her chair and enjoyed a sip from her own cup as she watched a handful of fancily dressed musicians begin to set up on the far side of the ballroom.

The wait was enough to make her antsy, but Ruby soon saw Amala appear from the crowd looking a tad peeved. Though the sour look seemed to melt away as she approached and sat at the table.

"Sorry that took me so long! Lily accidentally broke a prototype at someone else's stand and needed some...professional artificer backup let's say."

"Haha! No worries, I'm just glad you're back in time! There's a lot less band members than I expected so I was worried they'd start soon."

"Yeah, this is a unique case though." Amala said, "Each of their instruments are magically enhanced, so each one sounds like a whole section on their own! Despite the speakers, it's still nice to have the music played in person."

As the couple watched on, they were soon surrounded by the hum of string instruments warming up. It felt as though an entire symphony was being prepared, yet it was all confined to a couple of musicians.

Rising to her feet, Amala quickly drank the majority of her hot chocolate before it could go cold. Ruby stared on, both in awe and concern. She only hoped her mana wouldn't take effect immediately. Switching her focus back to their upcoming dance, she saw Amala with her hand outstretched. Taking it without hesitation, the pair made their way to the dance floor as swaths of people began to mill out of the way.

"Would now be a bad time to tell you I'm...not the best when it comes to dancing?" Ruby squeaked, her heart racing.

Amala looked up at her and smiled, “Of course not. I’m a bit nervous too, but just follow my lead, OK?”

Several other couples had already begun to warm up on the floor as more instruments joined in. Slowly, the music coalesced into a brisk waltz. A faint hum of a brass section could be heard, giving the air a slight tinge of jazz amongst the traditional ballroom sound. The unfamiliarity of it made Ruby all the more nervous, but she soon fell into a rhythm alongside the bass notes.

“Ready?” Amala asked, unable to hide her smile.

“Mhmm!”

Placing her hand on Ruby’s waist, Amala pulled herself close before taking the tieflings other hand and holding it just off to their sides. Although there was only a six-inch difference in their heights, Amala had to hold her head up just a tad to avoid planting her chin between her and Ruby’s chests as they fought for space. She was determined not to let that get in the way however, and gently led her partner into a simple step to the music.

Catching on quick, Ruby matched pace with Amala. She held a loving gaze, admiring how the lights gleamed across her partner’s crimson dress. Silver eyes looked back at her thoughtfully, capturing her smile in their faint opal hue.

“And you said you weren’t a good dancer!” Amala teased, “Let’s try something...hold your hand up.”

Although she’d seen this move done before, Ruby was unsure what to do beyond raising her hand to initiate a spin. Before she had a chance to overthink it, Amala flowed into the spin like water. Her thigh-length skirt rippled outwards briefly before falling back into place as the redhead pulled herself back into Ruby’s embrace.

Minutes felt like hours as they danced to the rise and fall of the orchestra’s opening waltz. Eyes from the crowd watched on as this unique duo drew in more and more attention from the bystanders. As the song’s finale began to play, Amala leaned in close and whispered to Ruby,

*“How much do you trust me?”*

Looking down curiously, Ruby could see a suppressed smile curl at the side of the redhead’s lips.

“With my whole heart...”

“Good...just hold on to me!”

Before she could ask why, Ruby felt herself fall backwards with surprising speed. Her core barely had any time to lurch before she felt herself stop, caught by the beautiful



redhead standing over her. With the last fanfare of notes, the room fell silent. Taking a breath and regaining her focus, she saw crystal eyes returning her stare lovingly. Their faces were only mere centimeters apart, and the subtle scent of cocoa still lingered on Amala's breath. She thought about stealing a kiss but was pulled back to her feet before she could try. Patting the wrinkles from her dress, Ruby looked down, awestruck at Amala.

"Where did you learn to dance like that!?"

"It's just a hobby of mine. It's a lot easier with a good partner though." Amala replied, turning her head away to hide her blushing cheeks.

As the dancers trickled away from the floor and new ones replaced them, Amala and Ruby found their way back to their table. Trying to keep her glances subtle, Ruby kept peeking at Amala's bust. Despite having drunk the purest form of mana she could, there didn't seem to be any changes. Maybe the dosage was just too low, or the repelling crystal too powerful. Either way her plan had failed, but the night was still far too young to not be enjoyed.

Back at the table, Ruby sat down to let her still-racing heart relax. The last moments of her dance with Amala played on repeat in her head, leaving her feeling warm and fuzzy as she tried her best to not smile like a fool. Looking up at Amala, she started to ask a question when a dull red glow stole her attention.

Carefully holding up the agate necklace, Amala inspected it as the light in its center began to glow brighter.

"Hmm...guess it couldn't hold out for the rest of the night." She sighed, "It is strange though, I didn't think there was enough mana in the air to – *mmmmnnghhhh!!!*"

A suppressed moan escaped her lips as her hand flew to her chest. The growth wasn't fast, but it felt *intense*. Unrelenting pressure filled her as the fabric of her dress stretched as far as it would allow.

"I think...*hah*...we should probably go..." Amala breathed, trying her best to hold back her growls of lust.

Rushing to her side, Ruby propped herself under her arm before taking her hand and leading her through the crowd to the main doors. Her plan had worked after all, leaving one last part she was all too eager for. Expertly dodging through the droves of attendees, the duo soon found themselves at the entrance to the grand hall. Opening the door just wide enough for them to slip through, they entered the hall to find it devoid of potential prying eyes.

"*Nnnngah!!* Why is it...so s-strong..." Amala breathed, clutching her chest.

Her ample chest seemingly doubled in size since the growth spurts started, opting to spill out the top of her dress in an attempt to conquer new spaces.

“I *may* have added some of my extracted mana to your drink earlier...” Ruby said tentatively.

“*Mmmm...I knew it! Only your magic...h-has a reaction like this...*” Amala moaned, “*hah...It’s s-strong this time...*”

“We should get you home, that way we can –”

“No...” Amala interjected, “*I...ngh...need you...now~*”

Ruby’s heart skipped a beat. It was rare for Amala to be so pent up, and even less so to the point where she demanded it. Not daring to wait a second longer, the pair tore down the hall looking for a private room. Spotting an open door, Ruby peeked in briefly to make sure it was empty before pulling Amala in after her.

Taking care to not slam the door, Amala quickly shut it before resting her back against it. Although a tad small, the room they entered was at least partially furnished, complete with a small sofa and coffee table.

“*hah...Do you think anyone saw us?*” Amala gasped, gulping down as much air as her constricting dress allowed.

“I don’t think so...” Ruby said, her hungry eyes refusing to leave her prey.

Relief washed over Amala as her shoulders relaxed, “*Good...I don’t think this dress could’ve handled any – mmmph!!*”

With the coast clear, Ruby could deny her temptations no longer. She pounced on the opportunity of being alone with her lover. In one fell swoop she pinned the redhead’s hands above her head with one hand before their lips locked together. Her free hand traversed unabated across the crimson fabric that somehow managed to still contain Amala’s swollen chest.

“*MMM—ah...Ruby...lock –mmph...lock the door!*” Amala breathed in between each passionate kiss.

“*Mmm...don’t have to tell me twice...*”

Removing her hand from Amala’s swollen assets, Ruby pressed it against the door before muttering under her breath. A beam of light flared from the handle for just a moment, followed by the sound of a heavy latch being set.

“*Now it’s just us...*” Ruby breathed in Amala’s ear as she began planting kisses down her neck.

Whimpers and soft moans were the only communication Amala found herself capable of. Butterflies ruffled relentlessly in her gut. She'd never gotten this far with Ruby in public before, and the mild fear of getting caught only seemed to drive her desires to new heights. Sinking into the bliss of what would surely be a fun night, her lust-addled mind was pulled back to reality when she felt the familiar tingle of magic around her wrists. Gazing upwards, she saw the gentle glow of magic rope holding her arms aloft.

*"Hmmm, someone's eager~"*

Ruby responded wordlessly, gazing deep into her lover's eyes. Amala could tell she was far more ravenous than she was as she began pulling down the lip of her strained outfit. Slowly loosening the lace of her dress, Ruby leaned in, her overbearing bust swallowing what it could of Amala's torso.

*Pop*

The gentle release of the last knot in her dress came free, leaving the crimson outfit to fall to the ground at her feet. Taking control, Ruby brought a punchbowl sized breast to her mouth. She circled Amala's nipple with her tongue and offered a brief nibble before latching on tight.

*"MMMNNNGHHH!!! RUBY!!!"*

Amala's core tensed and a shiver rushed down her spine, but she was held firmly in place by Ruby's assets. Foreplay was rarely enough to bring her this close to orgasm. She suspected the magic bindings were affecting her, but quickly lost her train of thought when Ruby met her face to face and quickly locked lips with her again.

*"Mmm...you're usually bursting with milk by now...is something wrong?"* She asked.

*"Must be this.....guess it's stronger than I thought..."* Amala cooed, gesturing down with her chin to point to the red crystal still around her neck, *"Dare to take it off?"*

Ruby contemplated for a moment. Her thirst felt nigh unquenchable, but a better idea popped into her head.

*"Later...I think we can have a lot more fun here if you can't make a mess..."*

The tiefling backed away from Amala. Walking over to the couch she flicked her finger, and the ropes holding Amala began to lead her close behind. She stumbled for a brief moment before following the rope. Stopping just in front of the table, Amala watched Ruby slowly walk behind her. The sound of fabric hitting the ground soon followed, alluding to what was surely a glorious view hiding just behind her line of sight.. Trying her best to catch a peek, Amala couldn't quite look back far enough as her chest and bindings worked in unison to hold her in place.

“It’s not often that *you’re* growing instead of me~” Ruby teased, pressing her now bare body against the redhead’s back.

Curious fingers slid up Amala’s leg and brushed over her core, quickly finding their place against her breast. Slowly they began to knead her soft mounds, occasionally taking a moment to pinch and squeeze her swollen nipple.

“Just how big do you plan on making me?” Amala asked, egging Ruby on.

*“As big as I want~”*

A strange warmth met Amala’s leg. It crept around to her front slowly before gracing her pussy. It took only a moment for her to recognize the intense tingling of Ruby’s mana. Crystal blue light danced between her legs just out of sight as the electrifying vial circled her clit. She found herself gasping, practically on the edge of begging for more when she felt Ruby slide the vial upwards. It soon came into view, its addictive blue hue glimmering beneath a faint coating of her juices. She watched helplessly as it was brought to her lips.

“It only took a few drops to get you to this point...I wonder how you’ll react to *all* of it.”

The warm glass graced her lips finally. Time seemed to slow as the vial tilted upwards. Unable to help herself, Amala greedily devoured every drop of the incandescent liquid that flowed.

*“Hmmm...good girl~”* Ruby cooed.

Even with the repelling effects of her amulet, Amala could feel a tingling wave of energy surge through her body as the tiefling’s mana entered her system.

*Bwoomph*

Almost immediately her breasts lurched forward, swelling several inches in all directions. A soundless moan formed on her lips as her body was racked with pleasure. Unable to help herself, she turned her head to face Ruby, her eyes silently begging for a kiss or two...or twenty.

Unable to deny the request, Ruby locked lips with her while continuing to knead her growing mounds. Amala could feel her flesh slide through her lover’s hands as it tried to contain the massive amount of energy from the raw mana. Pressure began to rise once more, eliciting an intense moan from her.

*Bwwoommpphhh*

Another growth spurt forced her to rapidly swell again, doubling her size in a matter of moments. Whatever she could see of the table before was eclipsed by her bust that rivaled the size of a nightstand. Recovering quickly from her near-orgasmic release, she felt

Ruby pull her hands away. Deciding to push her luck, she pushed her butt back to tease her.

*“MMM...What’s wrong? Too big for you to h-handle?”* Amala purred.

Ruby bent down and delivered a brief nibble to her ear before replying, “I think you forget you’re dealing with a sorceress...”

A quick finger snap followed. Amala looked around for a moment before she felt a pair of hands sink into her billowing flesh. Ruby always seemed to make exquisite use of mage hands when they were in the bedroom, and this time was no different. The spectral digits were an impossible mix of gentle and rough, their electrifying touch felt heavenly on her apple-sized nipples as they relentlessly tweaked and massaged them.

*“MMMMNNNGAAHH!!!”*

Satisfied with her spell, Ruby descended upon Amala once again as her body shivered and tensed in ecstasy. Snaking a free hand down across the redhead’s body, she made sure to pinch and massage all her most sensitive spots before finally coming to rest between her legs. Her inner thighs were drenched in her sex, and her pussy begged for her touch. Slowly dancing her fingers around their prey was enough to make Amala buck her hips uncontrollably, leaving her gasping for air.

*“MMNNGGGHH...Ru-Ruby...m-make me...bigger!!”* Amala pleaded.

Ruby snickered, “That was *always* the plan~”

She didn’t think it was possible she could feel any more stimulation, but Amala was soon proven wrong when she felt the gentle burn of magic between her legs. As the spell’s intensity rose, the crimson charm glowed brightly around her neck. Even now it was trying to resist the tiefling’s onslaught, but even with all its might some of the spell’s effects managed to trickle past the invisible barrier. What had only been a series of growth spurts before soon ramped up, causing her to swell with every breath.

Within moments her curves came to rest on the table in front of her, giving her a mere moment of reprieve before she felt her supple flesh begin overflowing its surface. Under any other circumstance she would’ve been petrified growing this large in public, but with the person she trusted most at her side, she felt like she could just keep growing. Inch after inch poured into her bust from Ruby’s enhancement spell. Just as she was about to let herself fall completely into her lust, Amala felt a raging pressure build within her core. The mana she’d drank earlier reacted aggressively with Ruby’s spell, causing its power to rise within her rapidly.

*“NNGGAAHHH!!! RUBY! The m-mana.....it’s getting...STRONGER!!!”* Amala howled, *“I f-feel like.....like I’m gonna...POP!!!”*

Before her fears could take hold, Ruby had ceased her spellcasting and wrapped her arms around Amala's stomach, pulling her into a tight hug from behind.

"You *never* have to worry about that when I'm with you." She whispered sweetly, "Besides, we both know you've been *much* bigger than this~"

With a subtle flick of her finger, Ruby dispelled her mage hands and the magic bindings from the redhead's wrists. Unsure what to do with her newfound freedom, Amala began greedily squeezing and massaging the tops of her bloated chest, eager for any kind of relief.

"Mmnggh...hah...W-why do I...feel so FULL...I-I'm not even making any –  
NNNGGGHHH!!!"

*Bwoommpphh*

*BwwwwwooooOOOMMPPHH*

Another round of growth spurts assaulted her already massive breasts, leaving her comparable to the table she rested on. The pressure within her core waned for only a moment before quickly surging in strength. Whatever worries she had moments ago fizzled into nothing as her desires raged like never before. Her mind *craved* the explosive release just beyond the horizon, and there was only one thing – one someone – who could get her there.

"hah...hah...Ru...I need you..." Amala growled as her lust took over.

"Oh? Whatever do you *need*?" Ruby taunted.

*Bwoommpph*

"MMMMM!!!! YOU!! I need you to –"

*BwOOOOmmmpph*

Surges of growth came on faster and faster as each moment passed, overwhelming both her body and mind. Skin stretched ever higher, quickly passing eye level while remaining pinned to the table.

"NNNGAAHH!!! I don't care what spells you cast, just have your way with me!!!"

"Oh?...Well I supposed we can have a *little* more fun here." Ruby breathed, waving her fingers as she cast another spell.

She leaned forward, pressing her own chest against her lover's back. Despite such a mundane action, Amala was left immediately gasping for breath as her body demanded relief. Her hands shot down between her legs, greedily working her aching pussy to push

herself over the edge. She was so close, wanting nothing more than sweet release. But her body seemed to refuse, leaving her painfully close on the precipice.

“Hmmm, someone’s *eager...*” The tiefling cooed, mimicking the words spoken to her earlier.

“*W-wha...what did you...cast...on me!*” Amala begged, her fingers working feverishly between her legs.

“Oh nothing serious, you’ll just feel like orgasming every time I touch you.” Ruby snickered, “But you’ll only be able to come when I say you can~”

Toying with her prey, Ruby glided her hands across the surface of the redhead’s breasts before sinking her hands deep into the soft flesh. Amala threw her head back, mouth agape in a soundless scream.

*BWOOOOOOOMMPHHH*

Pleasure only seemed to enhance the growth effects of the mana from earlier, forcing Amala to swell nearly a foot in all directions. Overwhelmed by her assets, the coffee table beneath them couldn’t bear the weight any longer.

*ccrrrreeeeEEAAA—SNAP!!!*

The table collapsed, having valiantly serving its purpose. Amala’s stomach lurched as she was dragged forward. Her monoliths hit the floor with a resounding thud, thankfully left unharmed by the table beneath. The fall was far shorter than expected, leaving her on her feet but forced to lean on her gargantuan bust. She was just able to see over the top of them again, if only a little, and realized she’d come to rival the sofa in size. She barely had time to recover before she felt Ruby’s hands slink lower across her thighs.

“*Mmm...I can feel my magic flowing through you...and it feels like it’s about to...erupt~*” Ruby purred.

Seizing the opportunity, she brought a hand to Amala’s aching clit while her other traced circles across her belly. She curled her fingers gingerly, her own desires burning to bring Amala to the moment she wanted to share all evening.

*Bwwwwoommmphh*

Another surge rippled through Amala’s assets. Her tea kettle sized nipples collided with the couch in front of them, sending a tidal wave of goosebumps across her tightening skin. The pressure in her core raged, desperately awaiting the spark to light its fuse. She turned her head, knowing Ruby sensed it too. She tried to beg, but moans and whimpers were the only sounds she could formulate amongst her mind-rending pleasure.

“You’re so beautiful when you’re under my spell~” Ruby teased, quickening the pace of her fingers between Amala’s thighs, “*I hope you’re ready...three...*”

*Gggrrmmmmbbllleeee*

“*NNNGGHHHH!!!! R-Ru...Ruby...I-I’m gonna...*”

“*...two...*”

*RmmmmBBLLLLLEEEEE*

Her breasts ached. Every fiber of her being tensed. The pressure in her core screamed. The fear of outgrowing the room flickered in her mind but she didn’t care. All she wanted to hear was –

“*...one.....Amala...I love you...*”

Before she could process the words the reverberated in her mind, she was pulled into a deep, intense kiss. Their tongues danced as she felt the accursed spell dissipate.

***BbbbbWWWOOOMMPPHHH***

Amala’s breasts billowed several feet in every direction. They slammed into the wall behind the couch as it was absorbed by their mass. Every muscle in her body tensed as she finally came. Her hips bucked wildly as Ruby continued to work her pulsing clit. Her growth threatened to break up their kiss, but the tiefling held tight, feverishly making out as she continued to swell. Aftershocks rippled through her body in time with her pounding heart, forcing her titanic mounds to swell into the ceiling. The sensation was indescribable, every nerve in her body burned in ecstasy. Unable to handle the mental overload, Amala blacked out.

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Rocketing awake, Amala’s mind flooded with memories of the night’s events. She tried to stand up but found herself still firmly rooted to the ground by her curves. Though her size had dwindled a fair amount, she was still far too big to move on her own.

Looking around, she saw she wasn’t in the gala’s manor anymore. Instead, she found herself in the cove by the river underneath her shop. Craning her neck, she peeked over the top of her bust to see Ruby finishing up the handwaves of another spell. Before she could guess what it was, she watched as a semi-transparent veil descended over the mouth of the cove, sealing them off from the winter’s cold bite.

“*Ngh...How long w-was I out?*” Amala asked.



The tiefling turned to her and smiled, “Long enough for your swelling to go down. You feeling okay?”

“Better than okay...but uh...could you come here a moment?”

Wanting to be certain she was alright, Ruby rushed over to where Amala had managed to rest herself atop her queen-sized chest. Just as she was about to ask what was wrong, the redhead grappled her shirt and pulled her into a deep kiss.

“I love you too...” Amala whispered.

Blushing, Ruby returned another kiss. Several heartwarming moments passed before either of them spoke up.

“Y’know...the night *is* still young...” The redhead taunted, curious to see Ruby’s reaction.

“*Mmm*...I couldn’t agree more.” The tiefling replied, unlatching the necklace from around Amala’s neck.

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