**Her Biggest Fan**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

* *Madam Materia*

The sound of the idol pop music blaring through Elliott’s earbuds preceded him as he made his way into the unusual knickknack shop. He had no memory of such a place being downtown at all, but yet here he was, surrounded by shelves in a room that should have in no way fit between its neighbors. At least half this place should have been the Chinese food place next door.

“Hello?” the dark haired boy called out, tossing his earbuds over his shoulder as he looked around.

It took a minute for a voice to ring out from the back, “Coming, coming,” the feminine voice groaned impatiently.

The woman who came to meet him was stunning. Fiery red hair framed her face, highlighting her golden eyes and the subtle femininity of her face. She looked like she'd just come away from cosplay event, what with the wide brimmed witch’s hat on her head, and the corset dress that had to have taken hours for her to lace up on her own. She carried herself so casually though like it was everyday wear, bouncing on spatted heels to site herself down behind the counter.

He was so distracted by her look that her voice caught him by surprise. It was sultry, lower than he expected from someone so done up. “Welcome to Madam Materia’s Magical Menagerie, I'm Madam Materia, though just Matty is fine for customers,” she explained, resting a hard on her full chest, pushed up and out by her attire to highlight her exaggerated melons.

It took a shake of his head to snap him out of it, his dark eyes darting up from get tits to try and lock with her intimidating treasures. “You’re-“ he stammered with flush in his cheeks.

Her ruby lips curled up into a grin, “Beautiful? Picturesque? Surreal?” she offered with a teasing shimmy of her shoulders.

It was like she'd read his mind, leaving him tongue tied as he attempted to collect himself. All were accurate depictions of the witch-dressed woman, though not what he wanted to say. Was there even a word for it? Something between the most beautiful woman he'd seen in person, and the most terrifying with her unabashed confidence.

“You’re sublime miss Matty,” the flustered boy managed.

The witch-dressed woman gave a giggle, hiding her smile behind her fingers. “Madam, not miss,” she corrected, resting on her elbows and letting her tits spill over her forearms, “So what brings you into my midst today then?”

Elliott honestly didn’t really know, recalling what she’d just told him. “You said ‘magical'?” he inquired curiously.

“I did,” the redhead replied simply, cocking her head to the side with a playful little smirk.

His cheeks reddened at her cool response. “Well um… What kind of magic?” he asked her.

Slowly the coy woman rose, golden eyes flashing mischievously, “What kind are you looking for?” she countered, heels clicking on the floor as she walked around the counter.

For such an obvious question he didn’t have an answer, only what he was imagining. Her lilting voice was washing against his senses from the earbuds hanging over his shoulder; Aurora Starr. She was an angel given form, a pop star with a siren song voice and a smile that could melt through even the coldest winter. Absolute perfection.

He was smitten, but what chance was there for him? He was a nobody, just one fan among tens of thousands that probably felt the same way. A face in the crowd, admiring her from afar. So far in fact he'd never even been to one of her concerts. Not that he didn’t want to go, but they were way out of his reach. Too expensive, and they sold out within minutes of going live. So he caught every live stream, followed all her social media, and bought every bit of support he could.

Materia's giggle snapped him from his reverie, and he found the redheaded witch had somehow slipped by him to the shelves. “Hmhm, a star struck crush,” she mused to herself, “Well I've plenty of magic for something like that.”

A chill ran up his spine at how easily she nailed his thoughts on the nose. “How did you-“ he started only to be cut off by her raised hand.

“Please Elliott,” she called him out, walking her fingers over the shelf to find what she was looking for, “you’re as obvious as any other mortal that walks into my little abode.”

Mortal? Obvious? And how did she know his name, he didn’t remember ever telling her? “Sorry miss-“ he was quick to correct himself, “Madam Matty,” he apologized for his naivety. The place was magical right? So of course she probably was too.

She just chuckled, wiggling her hips up and down as she picked out a small velvet box. “Here we are,” she purred, turning her golden eyes to him, staring through his very being, “A gift for your little northern star, that should help put you in her spotlight.”

Swallowing nervously the dark haired boy accepted the box, taking a peek under its hinged lid to see the chained bracelet inside. The wrist worn part was adorned with a series of prismatic gems, and leading to where it would loop around a finger was a glorious woven pattern. It must have cost a fortune to make, but on top of that, “What does it do?” he asked the saleswoman.

The witchy woman smirked at the question, “It'll let you stand out from the crowd, give her something no one else can,” she explained, gliding around her customer as he followed her with his eyes, “Then you'll get to meet the real her.”

Anyone could give her a bracelet, what made this so special? Matty seemed to have confidence in the trinket though, and whatever mysterious magic it had. Now was for the hard part though, “How much is it? I’m afraid I don’t have much money,” he admitted.

With a giggle the redhead waved her hand dismissively, “Please, there are more valuable things in this reality than money,” she scoffed playfully, “I’ll get my payment when I see the smile on your star’s face,” she explained to the boy.

Swelling with hope Elliott couldn’t keep the smile from his face. “Th-thank you madam Matty,” he spat quickly, holding the little bauble tightly, “I promise that it'll be the best smile you've ever seen.”

With that he scurried out, leaving the madam to saunter back to her counter, “I dunno,” she mused thoughtfully, a smirk crossing her ruby lips, “I’ve seen quite a few.”

There was a lot to think about, and pick up, on the drive home. The bracelet sat in its box, alongside a shipping envelope and a pack of stamps, in the passenger’s seat as he pulled up into his driveway. For as much of a fan as Elliott was of the idol he unfortunately didn’t remember her fan P.O. box, and didn’t have the time to fiddle around at the post office. Aurora was doing a livestream and he wasn’t about to miss it.

He could see his mother's car over his dash, his father’s missing from the space next to it; usual for this time of day, the man worked hard to keep their household going. That was good, the dark haired boy could already imagine the spiel his dad would have given if he saw him walking in with an expensive looking piece of jewelry and postage. *“Wasting money instead of saving to move out of my house,”* he shook his head. It just wasn’t that simple.

Collecting everything Elliott tucked it all under his arm and locked up, making his way to the door and over the threshold. “Hey mom, I'm home,” he called out.

“Hey sweetie,” her voice piped up over the sound of the television in the living room.

Doubly good, he could probably sneak upstairs with everything and avoid his mother potentially saying anything. “I’m gonna go catch the Aurora stream,” he informed his mother, slipping through the kitchen to get to the stairs.

His mother didn’t even look away from the television, sunk into the couch as she enjoyed her game show. “Alright, just don’t have it too loud!”

Perfect. His gift in hand the dark haired boy ascended, making a b-line for his room and locking himself in. His little fortress of solitude. Every wall had a poster of his idol in varying styles, from full size photoshoot prints to some of the animated promotional materials from some of her videos. The modest looking brunette was everywhere.

Once again that hope was welling up inside him, as Elliott slipped into his chaired and flicked his PC to life to catch Aurora’s stream. As her face lit up the screen, violet eyes of her caricature sparkling with her trademark innocence at the timer counted down for the show. That gave him a few minutes at least.

Opening up a new window he navigated to her website, fishing through to find the section with fan mail instructions so he could get everything ready. Through the process of packing the item away he was smiling, Matty’s words ringing in his ears. *“This will help you stand out… You'll be able to meet her.”*

Blush filled his cheeks as he turned his face back to the monitor, the timer and the rendition of his dream girl looking back at him. She was perfection. Fresh out of high school she had a youthful glow, and always smiled with her pink glossed lips. Those violet eyes, like natural amethysts the way they sparkled. She was lithe, graceful with the way she moved around the stage, with just enough curve to give her a little bounce in her step. Her caricature was of course extra exaggerated in that department, typical of the eastern toony style, with a little line of cleavage peeking from behind the frills of her dress. How could he not be in love?

Compared to her what was he? Painfully average build, barely tall enough to be taller than his prior girlfriends at five eight, and boring dark brown hair and eyes. He could blend into and crowd. He had his hopes though, as he finished up the P.O. box and return address and packed up his dreams to send to the angel that had stolen his heart. Just in time for the countdown to reach zero.

The animated image gave a wink before fading with radial patterned sparkles to reveal her. She was on stage, mic in hand with the lights beating on her. Her dress positively glittered, her brunette locks pulled back by a flashy headband to keep out of her face. “Check check, can you all hear me?” her heavenly voice asked.

The little chat display in the corner erupted as it went live with confirmations, and Elliott was no exception, typing in his *“Yes,”* and watching it quickly get buried by thousands of other replies in seconds.

His idol gave a cute giggle, turning her hypnotic eyes to the camera, meeting with his through the screen. “Great. I’m so glad you could all be here today,” she chirped excitedly, dancing on her toes, “And it’s gonna be an extra special demo of my new song. So hopefully you’re all ready cause I wanna start right away to dedicate this new song to you, all my fantastic fans,” the idol went on with a wink, as seamlessly the music started up behind her.

Elliott let out an infatuated sigh at the sound of her voice, paused by her dulcet tones. His speakers didn’t do her justice, his heart longed to hear those words on his ears without the digital barrier between them. What was in his lap would make that wish come true.

He'd deliver it tomorrow, for now he could just enjoy the song of his angel.

As intended the dark haired lover boy sent off his gift the following morning, being promised by the post office it would reach her in six to eight weeks; basic postage was the best he could afford. His heart remained hopeful for days afterwards, but as the weeks went on slowly the boy forgot about the trinket. By the end of the first month it was a faint memory; by the second Elliott had forgotten it completely, as he settled back into the mundane flow of his life.

That wasn’t to say there wasn’t exciting things happening. Aurora was set to do a live show this evening, and as usual Elliott wasn’t going to miss the stream of the event. “Dinner was great mom,” the dark haired boy said, pushing his half-empty plate to the center of the table.

His mother replied with a half-smile, though the sharp glare from his father spoke much more loudly. Their son wouldn’t hear it all, disappearing upstairs to catch the show, but the beginnings of the older man's complaints weren’t missed. “You baby him,” he grumbled, into what would undoubtedly turn into another argument over him still living with them.

Elliott was glad to not be hearing it again, shutting his bedroom door tight and settling into his seat. Aurora’s animated face was their waiting, the rendition on her offering just enough movement to make it feel alive. Little blinks, the rising and fall of her exaggerated chest, it all contributed to building up the hype for the real idol; due in only minutes according to the timer.

The picture in picture showed the stage in the corner of the screen, the lights shining center stage as the camera people got everything ready. The excited murmurs of the crowd had his speakers buzzing, reminding him how much he wished he could be there instead of catching things from home. Just to be in her presence.

Aurora Starr's walk onto the stage was met with a rising roar of applause. She was cute as ever, glitter making her cheeks sparkle and highlighting those amethyst crystals that were her eyes. Her colourful dress complimented her rich natural colours, the frills bouncing with each little hop on her way to the spotlight.

“Welcome all of my beautiful fans,” she called out over the crowd.

Holding her microphone in her hands, the camera caught the shine of a prismatic jewel on her wrist. Elliott felt like his heart skipped a beat, immediately recognizing the gift he'd gotten from the Menagerie. She was wearing it.

The pop idol giggled at the response from her crowd, raising her jeweled hand and giving a wave. “I love you all so much, and thank you all for being here. Whether in person, or at home,” she added, giving a wink to the camera.

The crossfade happened in time for the boy at home to see it all full screen, making him blush. The way she was drawing attention to it, she had to be talking to him directly. His cheeks flushed, and he could feel his heart fluttering up in his throat. It felt like forever ago that he'd walked into that little shop, yet the witch’s words came back to him. *“You’ll get to meet her, be in her spotlight.”*

“Alright,” Aurora chirped, striking a pose. The screen behind her lit up with her cartoonish avatar, striking the same as the background music started, “Let’s get started!”

A doofy smile spread across the boy's face, and his mind wandered into reveries as he leaned forward on his elbows to listen to his angel sing. It was like a dance with herself as her dance moves contrasted with her exaggerated counterpart, it was almost hard to choose where to rest his eyes. The way he animators had made those full boobs bounce with motion was hypnotic. Maybe Aurora would grow the same kind of figure one day?

No sooner did the thought pass through his head that something happened, something not right. There was a flash that drew his eye, the bracelet he'd given her glowing fiercely; and he wasn’t the only one to notice. Aurora looked down, unsure of what exactly was going on, but not missing a note of her performance.

What was happening? It was clearly the thought on both their minds. The violet eyed idol's face turned to one of horror almost immediately. It was hard to see through his monitor, but from the way she rubbed her wrist vigorously to try and get the item off something was wrong. When her free hand came away Elliott was privy to he site of her hand.

What once were the delicate chains of the trinket were now the ornate lines of a tattoo, as the thing had seemingly fused into her body. It was beautiful of course, intricate as the original piece of jewelry was and still just as bright, but the girl had not asked for such a thing to be part of her. Her panic stopped the song, her animated avatar still singing in the background and her real life counterpart fell into silence.

The jewel made mark still shone, enacting change elsewhere on the popstar. Her done up eyes shifted away from her wrist down to her chest, though Elliott couldn’t make out much more than that; for the moment anyway. Her glittered cheeks flushed with embarrassment, and nervously the girl was retreating towards the back of the stage. Still the camera followed her though, letting the plain boy follow what was happening.

The neckline of her dress was dragging down, eventually revealing the line where the foundation ended and her milky skin tone started. Slowly, one millimeter at a time, barely noticeable at his screen's resolution, her breasts were growing. The space in her dress filled up, leaving the singer confused as her show continued around without her. She raised her hands, cupping her swelling bosom and immediately having her palms overfilled. Her face was torn between many emotions, putting on the best face for her show as no doubt she was scared, having this sprung on her.

As the number came to a close Aurora was squishing a pair of hefty tits between her fingers, jutting out from her scrawny torso like a pair of torpedoes. There were inches of cleavage showing from her dress, and the woman was just standing flabbergasted. The crowd's cheering from the song started to die down as it was clear finally something was wrong with the idol.

Her violet eyes tore up, out to the crowd. No one appeared to have noted the change, the feed was still going, which meant she was still on air. “S-sorry everyone,” she offered with a nervous chuckle, covering her mouth as she put of a fresh smile, “Got a little distracted, where were we?” she asked, giving a small bounce on her heels that had her new curves doing the same.

Elliott was terrified himself, shutting off his monitor as his heart hammered in his chest. What had he just done? Turning away from his desk the room around him drove it home. All of his posters of Aurora were different, this new voluptuous chest an asset she clearly always had, which made it click for him as he saw her next to the caricature of her persona. They were one for one comparable, Aurora’s new tits practically a carbon copy of her animated self; though on a real girl of her proportions they looked huge.

He broke into a cold sweat, his thoughts playing back to him. All he did was imagine it and the next moment she was… Redness filled his cheeks, and he felt an erection filling his pants at what he had witnessed, the evidence of which was all around him. What had that redheaded witch given him?

He was missing the concert as he sat conflicted. What if he turned it back on and something worse ended up happening? His throbbing dick though was posing him another question however. What if something better happened?

The picture was formulating in his mind, though his fear guided self control had him shaking it away. He had to be careful, who knew what he could wind up doing to her? And if she ever found out what he did… Elliott dreaded the idea.

The dark haired boy needed to clear his mind. Everything would be fine, right? He just gave her a rack, and that’s all he would do. Getting up he went over to his bed, flopping down only to be greeted face to face with his posters, her violet eyes still smiling with her new huge chest. He could feel her judgement on him though, for being a perverted creep with his cock pointing up at his dirty work.

And he could hardly deny it. Biting his lip he started to slip out of his pants to tend to his lewd cravings. “Everything will be fine,” even in his head the statement sounded hollow, as he began to jerk off to the newly busty Auroras surrounding him.

The next morning sank Elliott’s heart into the pit of his gut. Overnight Aurora’s social media exploded with the announcement that her next show was to be cancelled. It cited technical problems from last night’s performance as the reason, but the dark haired pervert knew better. He knew this was his fault.

What could he do though? He spent the afternoon trying desperately to imagine her how she had been, but the posters around his room remained the same. No matter how hard he tried he couldn’t do it, and worst of all he couldn’t figure out why. Figuring out how the bracelet worked was practically an impossibility without just tossing things at the wall to see what stuck, and doing that to her was unthinkable. She was his angel, and he… he was turning into something terrible for her.

Dwelling in his room wasn’t good for him, surrounded by his deed. Not to mention that without Aurora doing any events in the near future there wasn’t a lot of reason to be sitting in front of his computer. The best thing for him to do was to try and get out, sink into his work and pray that everything turned out okay.

As the days went by the idol's feeds went more and more silent. It wasn’t like her, something was happening and it was slowly raising the boy's anxiety about his actions. Maybe it was just a matter of adjusting?

“Elliott?” his mother’s voice called up to him on the afternoon of the fourth day since his sin.

He was sitting at his desk, punching the refresh button over and over on Aurora’s accounts hoping to see something change, to get more feedback to know she was okay. “What is it mom?” he called back. Whatever it was it would hopefully be a distraction to take his mind off everything.

There was a delay to her reply, though he could hear despite the walls she gave a giggle. “You have a visitor,” she finally answered.

A visitor? He wasn’t expecting anyone. “Let them up?” he offered, confused.

His mother’s conversation reached his ears as only murmurs, but her interest in this guest was a little unnerving. The initial bout of his nerves though was nothing compared to the wave that hit him when his door came open. As the handle turned and the hinges creaked he was greeted by amethyst eyes and shining brunette locks.

“A-Aurora Starr?” Elliott stammered as the cutely dressed idol stood in his doorway.

She gave a cute giggle, covering her mouth with her recently tattooed hand. “I’ll take it you’re Elliott hen?” she teased with a grin, showing her perfectly straight and paper white teeth.

She knew his name, and hearing it from her glossed lips had him blushing profusely. “H-how did you-“ he started only to have her cut him off.

With a sly little smirk the brunette pulled out a small slip of cardboard from her back pocket, part of the box he'd sent her the gift in. “Return address,” she told him, “Took me a while to dig through the fan mail to find it, but I hadn’t written you your thank you yet,” she explained with a cheery little wink.

As she moved her tits, the things he'd forced upon her, were bouncing in their frilly prison. He could even see the edges of her bra showing, as she must have had to squeeze into the undersized dress to come see him. It took all his will to drag away though, to the prismatic, droplet shaped symbol on her hand. “I-I am so sorry,” he apologized quickly.

“So you can see it,” she mused, lifting her marked hand to look at it. “I figured that might be the case, since you gave it to me after all.”

The dark haired boy sat confused, catching his idol's jewel-like gaze before she continued. “I tried to show my manager and he couldn’t see it. Nor could anyone else, I tried to take a picture of it and it just came up blank,” she explained, turning her lithe fingers over to examine the ornate design from every angle.

There was a little bit of relief in that. If he could fix her chest then no one would be any the wiser then. “I’m sorry, I didn’t know,” he tried to explain, fighting against his nerves, “I didn’t mean to-“ his gaze darted to her exposed cleavage, and his body's autonomic responses betrayed him with a tightening in his drawers.

She caught his look, leaning forward to give him a better view as she smirked. “Why be sorry?” she countered, “I rather like them,” she teased, reaching up and giving them a squeeze.

His blush deepened, and the sight had him squirming a bit in his seat, something that didn’t escape her notice. Quietly the star closed the door behind her, stepping in on her cute flats and making her voluptuous orbs bounce tantalizingly. “I think you like them too, or you wouldn’t have given them to me Elliott,” she purred, coming up close and leaning over him, letting her breasts hang in front of his face.

Staring he couldn’t deny it, finding himself reflexively sinking into his seat just to maintain some distance. “Y-yeah,” he admitted guiltily.

Aurora gave a giggle, shimmying her shoulders and swaying her hypnotic breasts in front of him. “So, how does it all work?” she asked, her arms rested on either side of him to block him in.

“I-I’m not entirely sure,” the meek boy answered.

The tits that had been dominating his vision pulled away, as the idol straightened and crossed her arms under her bust to push it up. “Why not?” she pressed him with a little pout.

His dark eyes once more shot away, as he tried to collect himself; and not be distracted by her perfection of course. “W-well, I got if from this little shop. The owner didn’t tell me much of how it all worked, just-“ his cheeks were red hot, as he darted a gaze over at her, “just that it would help me meet you,” he explained to her.

One of her glitter-painted nails tapped on her arm, “I see,” she mused, looking up towards the ceiling in thought. Her cute face turned to a smile and those violet gems caught his look, “So then, what did you do to give me these?” she went on, cupping her more than handful melons in her slender hands.

Once again he was entranced, staring at the way she was playing with herself, making the pale, soft flesh start to billow over the hem of her top. “I um,” he stammered, looking away to one of her drawn posters, “I let my mind wander a bit. Pictured you a bit more as your avatar. I haven’t been able to figure out changing you back though, I even tried as hard as I could! I just don’t know exactly… how it all works,” he explained the situation.

She giggled at his nervousness, covering her mouth with her marked hand once more. When it finally withdrew she was wearing a little smile, and plopped down onto her knees in front of him. “How about we find out together then?” she suggested.

Seeing her down there, getting a perfect view down her top at her perfect boobs, he couldn’t help but get aroused. “H-how do you mean?” he countered.

Her pink glossed lips curled into a smile that showed of her pure teeth, yet held a certain minx-like appeal. “Come on Elliott,” she purred with a wiggle, “A pair of double Ds can’t be the only thing that wets your appetites,” she teased with a giggle.

Was she asking him to…? Blood couldn’t decide whether his cheeks or his dick were priority. “You want me to-“ he stammered.

Shaking her head Aurora stood, returning to leaning over him. This time however she closed their distance, pressing her lips to his in a kiss. She was soft, like feathers or fine velvet, and tasted of bubble gum. He felt his toes curl and his heart working overtime as his angel was upon him. When it finally broke her eyes were fluttering inches from his face. “Yes Elliott,” she purred, “make me into a proper fantasy!”

Swallowing thickly he gave a nod, “O-of course m-miss Starr,” he stammered.

“You can call me Aurora,” she replied, giving him a playful lick on the cheek and backing away and resting her hands on her hips to show herself off.

Shifting in his seat the plain boy sat up, taking in every aspect of the idol. She was so much more in person, the vision of perfection that covered every wall of his space radiated beauty. The spark of life, how her chest rose and fell with her breaths, how she had little movements like turning on her heels, and the subtle motions of her face. How could he improve on such beauty? Spotting the hefty bust strapped to her chest he already realized, turning to the animated counterpart to the angel.

Elliott bit his lip, turning his dark eyes between her and the overly cute cartoonish poster of her. Guiltily he had gotten off to the image, done up especially suggestively with her exaggerated figure. “Alright, Aurora,” he managed, feeling his heart hammer harder.

He tried to get into the mindset he was earlier that week, how had he done it? It had been like a *“What if?”* so maybe he had to think about it that way? What if she looked more like her exaggerated self?

There was a small shimmer out of the corner of his eye, drawing him back to looking at the girl centered in his room. The mark that was the bracelet was glowing, drawing even her attention. She grinned at the sight, pulling her hand up to admire it. He doubted she could see the changes coming to her they were so subtle, not like growing a giant rack out of nowhere, perhaps she felt it though?

The most obvious were her lips, the svelte lines pumping up into proper kissers under her makeup. She couldn’t help giving one a nimble, letting her pearly whites drag on the new expanse of soft tissue. Her lashes thickened, clumping into sharp stylized points that highlighted her amethyst eyes, more so as those pristine gens started to widen. They enraptured before, not they positively pierced with otherworldly beauty as they captured the light like true precious stones and sparked.

Her hair took on a golden shine, like rich honey, as the changes started down her body. Big wasn’t the only attribute her other self's boobs had in the real counterpart. They visibly perked, like the idol suddenly put on a push up bra, and became nice and firm. A giggle of approval had Aurora swaying her shoulders, watching the perfect mounds dance as other little things tightened. Her nose became a perfect little button on her face, her posture pushed her chest out, and her waist pinched inwards like a permanent corset that made her hips flare out in a sensual hourglass.

As it finished suddenly Elliott was sitting before a divine beauty, beyond what should be possible on this world. A true angel. “Not bad,” the idol giggled, rolling her hips and running her hands up her new body, “So, how did you do it?” the image of perfection pressed him, entwining her hands behind her and leaning forward suggestively.

He was lost in her for a moment, stalling as his addled brain tried to process everything. “Um, I guess I just… wondered?” he tried to explain, “Like, what if you looked more like-“ he gestured to the image her on the wall. All of the posters had changed, the new her nearly indistinguishable from her animated self, almost looking like perhaps a 3D version.

Again her hymn-like laugh met his ears, as she tapped one of her glittery nails to her chin. “That doesn’t seem so hard. I wonder how far we can take it?” she mused aloud, strutting a circle around him towards the bed. “How about we try something else?” she offered, plopping her sexy rear on his unmade sheets.

He was straining his pants watching her oversexed self walk so casually about his room. “Like what Aurora?” he asked her, dark eyes trapped on her.

She seemed thoughtful, pondering what sort of experiment they could contrive. “Something non-physical,” she replied, “How about money? It’s something I could readily check in a moment’s notice,” she pulled her phone out from her cleavage as she spoke for proof.

Money? “Okay, we can do that,” the boy nodded, starting to think about it.

“Wait!” the idol stopped him, drawing his attention as she was busy tapping into her device, “I gotta see how much is in there now, just to be sure,” she said with a wink.

He gave a nod, “Sorry,” he muttered, waiting for her to do what she had to. “So, how much should I try to give you?” he asked.

A small smirk crossed her plump lips, “How about a million?” she suggested, “A little outrageous, but it'll be immediately obvious.”

She finished her check, setting her phone down next to herself and giving him the approving nod to start. “Okay, a million dollars,” he mused. How about if she just had an extra million in the bank?

Unlike her physical changes nothing immediately happened. It took a second for the design on the back of her hand to light up, and just as quickly it faded back to the mundane prismatic mark. Taking her cue the brunette checked her phone, grinning excitedly as she saw the results. Her giggle was the only answer he needed.

“It worked?” he moved to verify.

She gave a nod that had her long locks dancing about her face. “Yup,” she replied, setting her phone aside and rising back up.

Her curves rippled with motion and she sauntered back to him. Once again she was upon him, those full lips pressing to his, even better than before, and her sinuous tongue pressed into him mouth. He felt her weight sink into his lap as she straddled of her, his cock able to feel the warmth of her even through his jeans, and her panties. Her breasts squished up against his chest, pushing towards her chin as her arms draped over his shoulders.

What was even happening? Had he died and gone to heaven to have this perfection all over him. As she broke the kiss her jewel-like eyes fluttered at him, as her arms slid back for her hands to rest on his shoulders, “How about we try something else now?” she suggested, “Imagine us somewhere a little more, private, like my place. Then I can give you a proper 'thank you',” she teased, grinding up on his groin suggestively.

Elliott’s mind was racing. He tried to make words at what Aurora was suggesting but all that came out was a babbling “Dooah!” as he nodded like a fool. He pictured it in his head, to the best of his ability. At her place, probably an extravagant room with a four poster.

He wasn’t disappointed. The mark on her hand once again lit up, and the world around them disappeared to be replaced a room that looked out of a mansion. It had to be as big as the living room at his parents’ house, and it was filled with all sorts of things from stuffed animals to bouquets and other gifts from fans. In the center of it all was a queen sized bed that put his to shame, done up in fine satin sheets with overstuffed pillows adorning the headboard.

They were seated in a desk chair, her desk of course had a PC probably worth double his own, as well as what looked forms of some kind. That was as much investigation as he could do though before she'd pulled him back in to smother him with her lips.

“Perfect,” she purred into his ear with hot breath before rising back to her feet.

The picturesque idol beckoned him to his feet with a curled finger, and pulled him over to her luxurious sleeping space. He was like a slave, going along with her without so much as a peep, and why wouldn’t he? This was perhaps one of his greatest fantasies suddenly made real, and them some as she bounced her way up, tits threatening to pop out of her top.

With a playful shove the dark haired boy was on his back, his manhood ever more obvious with the new positioning, and Aurora was crawling up. “Now then, your thank you,” she giggled with a grin.

Her fingers deftly traced up his legs, shooting electricity through his body as she made her way to his needy member. With a flick of her glittering fingers his button popped wide, forcing his zipper down a few notches in his eagerness to get out. He could only watch, practically salivating, as his angel peeled his jeans down to reveal the wet stain on the front of his underthings.

She took it in stride, giggling at the show of arousal and making him shudder as she rand a fingertip up his length to the wet tip. “Oh wow,” she cooed, flicking her eyes up to him, “Someone’s excited,” she teased him as she curled her fingers into the waistband of his boxers.

Elliott let out a gasp, feeling the roughness of her glitter-painted nails brush against his skin as she started to strip him of his final barrier. With a little bounce that flung a droplet of his precum onto her cheek his ready rod was revealed to the cold air, throbbing eagerly as he looked down at her. She just gave a cute little laugh, collecting the errant drop on her fingertip and flicking it away.

With a cute little wiggle the idol broke into a smile, “Now you just wait right here,” she teased, tapping the sensitive head of his member with her finger. With a hop she was off him, skipping across her room to her nightstand and digging into the drawer; the reason becoming obvious as she came up with a condom, “Can’t be making a mess now, can we?” she chirped.

She was adorable, leaving the boy to chuckle a bit himself at her antics. “No, we can’t,” he agreed.

Grinning she returned, jumping onto the bed and making the springs whine with her curvy weight. The neckline of her dress was slowly lowering from her movements, showing off more and more of the frilled pastel bra hidden underneath. She was making no move though to correct it.

Tearing into the packet her lithe digit fished out the rubber. In a second she was playing up the cute innocence of getting on all fours, tits pressed into the sheets and darkening her cleavage for him, and lining everything up with a cute little pout. Deftly she stroked his cock as she started to unroll the contraceptive, gliding them down to unroll it until she lost the rim only to slide back up and do it all over, until it was flush with the base of his pubic hair.

“There,” Aurora wiggled excitedly, sitting up so fast the edges of her areola bounced up over the edge of her underthings. “Are you ready Elliott?” she asked, flashing her long-lashed jewels back up towards him.

Every inch of him was on fire. The most he could do was nod, voice catching in his throat as his dick jumped eagerly. And the idol didn’t disappoint.

With a shrug of her shoulders the radiant star's dress fell, leaving her top in just her fancy bra, doing its best to contain her new robust melons by squishing them together into a tight cleavage. He could have sunk his whole face into it and still had those soft pillows wrapping around his cheeks. The brunette bombshell had other plans though.

Slipping her arms out of her sleeves the garment fell slack around her tiny waist, showing off yet more of her flawless canvas of skin. Never had he seen so much of her revealed, and god he was eager to see more. For now though he was shuddering as her jewels turned up to him.

She took her breasts in her hands, making them pour out underneath her bra and overflow her fingers, and let out her tongue. A thin line of drool dripped down the pink muscle and dripped sinuously into the dark crevasse she'd created. Drip after drip titilated him further, as she started to knead and spread her slippery saliva over her tits until they were shining, then with a cute little giggle she crawled up to him.

Her face was adorable, as like a playful little kitten she toyed with his rod. Taking it in one hand she held it aloft, scooting herself into place with wiggles of her hips until his swollen tip was butting against the entrance she'd made with her underboob. He wanted to thrust, craving the warmth of her cleavage, but she was insistently keeping him pinned with her knees. All he could do was watch, and enjoy.

With a pleased hum and a wry little smirk she sank onto him, making him gasp at just how tight her cleavage was, constrained by a barely too small bra. It just made the tit fuck all the sexier though. When his tip popped out between her boobs she gave a giggle, craning her neck down and planting a kiss on his flared head before she returned her hands to her burgeoning bosom and started to stroke him with her soft assets.

If there was a heaven this had to be in, cock between his angel's tits as she happily worked to get him off. “How is it?” she purred the question, only to receive his reply in a breathy moan.

A response that only ushered her further, egging her on and making her go faster and faster. Her pliant flesh was bouncing in its confines, her bra moving up and down and giving little peeks of her pretty pink areola only to have her deny him the sight of her precious nipples by stopping to fix it every few seconds. It was an edging that kept him going longer than he expected.

In the end though he couldn’t hold out. He felt his body tighten, his cock inflating and twitching as it remained firmly trapped between her glorious breasts. The perfect prison as his head shot back with a grunt and the tip of the condom swelled with shot after shot of his climax.

She held him there, giving another cute little giggle as the rubber bubble grew up from out of her cleavage like a little mushroom. “I’m so glad you liked it,” she cooed, giving the colourful little cum-ball a poke before slowly dragging herself up off his softening meat.

He couldn’t help gasping as the sensitivity, and when he was finally released his half-hard rod flopped down to pat her tight tummy. “I love you,” he admitted, only able to make a few words.

“I know,” she replied with a little wink and a cock of her head that had her curves bouncing. “How about we make another change?” she suggested as she sprawled out towards him, resting on her elbow so her bust was hovering right next to his face.

His dark eyes locked onto the sight, as he continued to gather himself in the post-coitus haze. “Sure, what would you like Aurora?”

Her glossy lips turned to a shy smile, and her cheeks tinted rose as she flashed her amethysts at him. “How about you imagine that you lived here with me?” she told him, “And have been dating for a while.”

He didn’t need to be told twice, picturing it in his mind to the best of his ability. The shining from the hand currently resting on his chest was all the indication needed to know it had worked. Much to Aurora’s delight.

It was an odd transition, in that unlike a normal move all of his things were already here and in his new room, set up and waiting for him. He found it a pinch odd that despite being openly dating and living together he and Aurora had different rooms, but considering the size of the place, and her career, he supposed it made sense. His stuff sullying up her room for her fan selfies, or Elliot himself, would obviously spark some discontent.

Overall though he couldn’t complain; he was living his dream come true as his angel's boyfriend. She was spending this first real day of them being together out, discussing with her manager to go get her shows back on schedule, which just left him sitting in his room as normal. Well his room as almost double the old size, and he was living in another part of the county, but other than it was fairly normal. He also didn’t have his parents around, mother looking after things or his father’s complaints. Hell looking through his messages from the past while it looked like they'd been super supportive.

Not that he really needed support, with Aurora backing them they were living in luxury, and if the coffers ran dry he could with a thought fill them back up for her. He was set, everything seemed perfect.

In the huge place the sound of the door echoed out, informing the dark haired boy that his angel had returned. His neutral response was to just wait in his room, as he used to when he lived at home, though clearly that wasn’t what his girlfriend wanted from him. “Elliott,” her heavenly voice called out to him.

A smile crept across his face, and immediately the lovestruck boy shot up to his feet. “Yeah Aurora?” he called back as he left his room, still a little overwhelmed by the size of his new home.

“Come here,” she replied, her voice moving around towards the kitchen.

It took him a good minute to navigate the place but he eventually made it, greeted by the pop star dressed down for once in only a loose fitting tank top and tights. Had she left in that or just changed when she got back? Either way, even such drab garments were made jaw dropping by her ten out of ten figure.

He felt his arousal butting on the cusp, tightening his pants around a growing member. “So how did it go?” he asked to keep the topic off sex, prove to her that there was more on is mind, “Was your manager able to stop the stage bookings from falling through?”

She almost seemed taken aback, turning a confused look to him for a moment before she clued in, “Oh right, those,” she muttered, phone in hand and turning her sparkling gems to her reflection in the glass. “I’m putting them off, exploring some other career paths,” she explained flatly, hooking one finger into the neckline of her top and pulling it low.

She put on a flirty smile, winking as she snapped a selfie of her deep cleavage, and leaving Elliott a pinch dumbfounded at the answer. “Other career paths, but you’re Aurora Starr, your fans are gonna miss you,” he retorted.

The brunette smirked, tapping something into her phone and only heeding him in the peripheral of her attention. “Oh they'll still have me,” she told him, leaving it and setting her phone down. Suddenly her gaze was on him, and she was leaning forward, turning that tantalizing cleavage his way. “So, I was thinking of going a bit bigger,” she stated flatly, rolling her full breasts over her forearms for him.

Bigger? “Why?” the dark eyed boy asked in reply, “You’re already perfect, the spitting image of your-“

He wasn’t even finished and she was rolling her sparkling eyes, “Elliott,” she whimpered, pushing out one of her pouty lips, “Why does it matter? I just wanna be a little bit sexier, to help with my image. And of course,” she purred, licking her lips and making them shimmer, “for other reasons,” she teased, leaning further forward to pull her top down and show off more of her milky cleavage.

She had a point, how could he say no? Eyes fixated on her tease and redness in his cheeks he gave a nod, “A-alright Aurora,” he relented, starting to focus before her hand shot up to stop him.

“Oh, and I want to be a little bit taller as well, make my new form seem more… mature, womanly,” she added to him.

Going along he offered an “Okay,” picturing it in his head. A little taller, more mature, womanly, bigger breasts.

Aurora’s hand lit up, along with her face, as the newest round of modification started up. Her tits began pouring over her resting arms, adding cup sizes until they were resting on the table. Each could have rivaled her head, putting even the idea of her previously over exaggerated representation to shame. These were a sex symbol, like one would see out of more adult productions.

Even with her curves they looked out of place on her body. It wasn’t a problem for long though as she crept up those few inches. Her cherubic face changed from round to a slender almond, her back curved, accentuating her chest that little bit more, and her delicious legs stretched out under the table. Just that little bit made a massive difference, as her shining locks rested in the dip of her back.

She stood, her whorish tits bouncing from the motion as she brushed her hair over her shoulder. It was a mouth watering to have that cuteness turned into proper sexiness, leaving Elliott stunned as she walked up to him with sensual rolls of her hips. “Thank you Elliott,” she purred with hot breath, planting a kiss on his cheek before continuing past him.

He was rock hard, letting out a mumbled nothing before it clicked to him she hadn’t stopped. “To the bedroom?” he asked after her obvious earlier teasing.

“No,” she answered flatly, though she was headed that way. “I’m going out tonight,” she told him as she disappeared to the second floor.

The dark haired boy scurried after, watching as she slipped into her room. “Going out?” he parroted, “Well, how about I go with? We could go on a date,” he suggested.

He heard her give a hum from inside her room, “No, I don’t think so,” she mused, “Tonight’s a me night, what with all this change, the cancelled shows. I've got to… adapt, you understand,” she explained through the door.

He supposed that made sense, though it didn’t help him at all with his current horny state. “Well, can we do something when you get back then?” he asked.

There was a pause before her answer, but it eventually came, “Sure,” simple as that. That was good enough.

He was caught off guard when she emerged in a layered outfit. Her monumental tits were held in a practically painted on tube top, showing off inches of her canton of cleavage as well as her toned and tiny midriff, underneath a jacket that hugged her arms, and he doubted would zip up if she tried. Her perfect legs were squeezed into capris that pulled into her crack and left nearly nothing to the imagination.

She seemed confused he was standing there, pausing long enough to maneuver around her clearly excited boyfriend. “Don’t wait up for me,” she told him as she slung a purse over her shoulder and headed for the door.

Elliott was still collecting himself, watching her pert rear rise with her hips and bounce its way out of the house. There was no way he was going to miss out on when she got back, and they got to enjoy some alone time with those new “mature” curves.

The hour was late, and darkness had settled over the mansion. The only lights came from Elliott’s room, as he sat at his desk watching some of Aurora’s old shows. With all the changes she'd gone through though there were new things to see. The way her massive breasts danced about with every little motion, rippling with movement that didn’t stop until seconds after she stopped moving, the sexual gyrations of her hips, and of course the new sultry aspects of her perfect face. It was like a whole new woman, and the boy couldn’t deny the appeal.

He was holding off though, nodding in and out as he waited for his angel girlfriend to return. He was almost worried he might pass out when the sound of the front door fumbling open finally resounded out through the place. He didn’t even bother stopping the replay as he got to his feet to greet her. What he saw when he got to the main hall however had his heart sinking in his chest.

Aurora was moaning softly, her lips tangled with another man she was stumbling in with. His hands were all over her, one slipping up her thigh with his thumb stroking at her tightly wrapped nethers while the other had snuck into her top and was fighting to play with a breast too big for even both of them would have been unable to contain. She gave a giggle as he managed to get her nipple, nibbling on him hungrily as they manhandled one another towards the stairs.

“What the-“ Elliott stammered aloud, unable to contain the swell of frankly every emotion inside him to a boiling point.

One of her jewel-like eyes caught him and the idol let out a groan, breaking up her make out session to address this distraction, “I thought I told you not to wait up,” she chastised him, as her new plaything continued to be all over her, not caring about the interruption.

Where should he start? His words were practically tripping over themselves in his head as he tried to process everything. “I thought you were my girlfriend, who's he? What is all this?” he stammered out.

With a roll of her eyes she planted a last kiss on her new toy's head, pulling him away from his attention of her. “Go wait upstairs for me?” she ordered him, “And be ready, condoms are in the top drawer.”

Condoms? So she was planning on… Elliott didn’t even get the chance to voice anything before she had turned back to him, her new plaything slipping away as told.

“I told you tonight was a me night Elliott,” she told him, a cute tone in her voice as she curled an arm under her bust to show it off, “and I wanted to have a little fun.”

He couldn’t believe what he was hearing, as the oversexed idol put on a pout for him. “I’m here, I'm up, and again we’re dating Aurora,” he countered back quickly.

The brunette bombshell just scoffed, shaking her head, “Fuck, are you seriously that dense?” she shifted entirely, doing away with her façade and leering at her live-in date.

He'd never heard her cuss before, from her social media presence, to her shows, to even snippets of her private life. It sounded harsh, wrong coming from her mouth, yet it had. He moved to speak, to say something back to her, only to have her go on.

“I'm sick and tired of putting on this charade for dumbasses like you,” the woman went on, resting a hand on her hip, “so how about I spell it out clearly for you. I really don’t give a single shit about some nobody like you, *Elliott*,” she spat his name like a curse.

His dark eyes winced at the harshness, “But… my gift, you came to find me, moved me in. You asked for us to be dating,” he brought to the forefront as he tried to reason with it, with himself to try and grasp this.

She replied with a cruel chuckle, laughing at his naivety, “Yeah, you gave me the ability to have literally anything I wanted. All I had to do was placate some fanboy's fantasies and I could get anything I could dream of, and I did,” she explained, hugging her huge bust and making it squish up to her chin. “People can’t take their eyes off me, and it’s a shit-tonne less effort than getting on that stage for shut ins like you to ogle and faun over me. Now it’s as easy as a shared selfie and some paid nudes, and I'm rolling in the money and attention I want.”

She just used him? He grit his teeth, hands balling into fists. “This isn’t the Aurora I know, that I idolized,” he retorted. “You’re not like this,” and he could fix it, he just had to imagine her as she was, his perfect innocent angel.

He focused hard, eyes darting to the mark on her hand as the image formed itself in his head. He was only met with a laugh from her though, as she nearly doubled over in her fit of giggling, “I presume you’re expecting this to do something about me?” she teased, raising her marked hand, with her middle finger standing erect to flip him off and add insult to injury.

Why wasn’t it working? “Y-yes,” he replied honestly.

She just laughed harder, rubbing a tear from her eye, “Good lord you’re such a pathetic idiot. Didn’t even figure that much out,” she scoffed, as a grin crossed her sultry lips, “Did it never dawn on you *why* you couldn’t fix my chest when you made me a, frankly insulting now, double D?” she posed to him.

Aurora had a point, he hadn't thought about it, and the look on his face gave him away instantly. “You can’t change anything unless it’s something I want. I wanted the tits, so you couldn’t take them away,” she told him, giving them another squeeze just to taunt him with them, “What’s more, anything you give me I can, filter. I found that much out when I had you give me a million. You see, I used it as a test, since I wanted to be more than some pervert's ideal of me, but you came up short. So I told you to give me a million but only really wanted half that, and lo and behold I got a clean five hundred K instead of the million you offered,” she explained to him.

The reality of her deception was piling on, inciting his anger and desire to fight back, to gain some ground in this battle. “I won’t let you get away with this!” he threatened.

It was toothless, enough to keep up the oversexed idol's bemused laughter, “Oh really?” she chuckled, “You and I are the only two that can even see this thing,” she reminded him, holding up her marked hand, “let alone even know that anything changes whenever we use it. The whole world just accepts the new normal, I could have you make me a twenty story kaiju and no one would bat an eye.”

For as much as it was a joke it was true, he'd watched her shows and seen it himself. His mind raced for the next best thing, “Well, I'm not doing anything more for you!” he put his foot down.

The sex bomb scoffed, looking at the mark on her hand as she spoke, “Oh no, I think you are,” she replied.

He couldn’t help grinding his teeth, “You can’t force me to keep-“

She cut him off with a grin, “Oh but I can, as a matter of fact, I've thought of two things you're going to give me right now. I'm thinking I should be immune to any and all diseases, and unable to get pregnant unless I explicitly want to,” she ordered him.

His glare had her giggling once more, “You seriously believe I would tell you any of this if I didn’t have you by the balls? Not that your really have any,” she jabbed, crossing an arm under her bust. “You didn’t even think twice about us *'dating'*. Remember I get to filter it dummy,” she reminded him tapping her temple with her finger.

“You’ve probably seen the few announcements I made about it in my past feed, and maybe if you were smart enough checked to see if you made any when reality accommodated that little change,” she began, leaning on the wall to relieve some of her chest's weight from her shoulders, “I however, pictured us having dated for much longer. The evidence I've got piled on us dates back years, to before I was a star, and you've got six years on me dumbass. It's all set up as an instance of an older boy grooming me into his perfect little *'angel'* as you call me,” she explained, “So, if you don’t do as I demand, and give me what I want, I'll let that little tidbit out into the world, and you'll spend the rest of your worthless life in a jail cell.”

She was blackmailing him? Elliott went pale in the face, the true reality of his situation settling in. The sheer magnitude of manipulation Aurora Starr, the demon had managed in just a day to plant herself so firmly and sink her fangs into him. There wasn’t an out, she'd covered every corner, every escape. There wasn’t anything he could do.

Seeing that it had finally caught up to him the idol smirked, crossing her arms and tapping a finger impatiently. “Now, I believe I asked for something?” she reminded him.

Swallowing thickly the dark haired servant nodded, picturing in his head that she would be free of illness and in perfect control of her reproduction. The prismatic tattoo shone, the change though not really something that could be seen on the surface.

Aurora just smiled, bending forward and showing a good look down her shirt for him. “Good boy Elliott,” she purred, tickling his chin with her finger, “Now go to your room, and don't bother me. Go fap to your pictures of me and wait until I call for you! And if you’re lucky, maybe I'll let you be more than a little pay pig,” she finished, turning on her heel to go and finally get what she was after when she left that night.

Elliott just sat stunned for a moment, waiting until he heard the door to her room shut before falling to his knees defeated. It was at that moment that what Madam Matty had said truly came back to him, without his naïve desires muddying up her words. *“You'll get to meet the real her.”*

This was the real Aurora Starr, and he could imagine the sadistic smile on the idol’s face as he handed her everything she wanted.

With a giggle Materia watched as the oversexed idol lay on her back, getting reamed by her new plaything as her mammoth tits rocked up and down threatening to knock her in the face. “A close contender,” she mused to herself, turning the orb displaying the scene in her hand and savouring the blissed out grin on the brunette’s face as she got a proper fucking, “but not the best I've seen,” she sighed sarcastically.

Rising to her spatted feet the witch removed her hat, a pair of blonde furred vulpine ears popping up through her fiery locks as her hands morphed into bestial claws. Her twin foxy tails sprouted from the base of her spine, dancing devilishly behind her as she wandered over to the shelves lining her back room.

As her claw traced over her collection the mists obscuring their surfaces parted, revealing dozens of women in the throes of pleasure just like the devious Aurora. “I suppose that's just the nature of stars though,” the redhead went on, clearing a spot for her new acquisition as the scene inside shifted to poor Elliott, curled up in his chair as he struggled with his last fleeting hopes for an escape, “They’re beautiful at a distance, but get too close and you'll get burnt.”