

Once upon a time, there was a powerful lord named Kiopur, who had a wife named Anna. Anna was beautiful, but flat chested, and was often given to fear that her husband desired other women, and so she said: "I want bigger breasts."

The witch to whom she uttered those words gave her a narrow look. The witch was clad in dirty old homespun, while the lord's wife wore a fabulous dress of gold and white silk.

"You wish me to pierce the veil between this world and the next, to disturb the almighty spirits, and to bend the laws of this reality, so that you can have slightly bigger tits?"

"I don't want to be slightly bigger," Anna fumed. "I want to be *big*."

The witch felt that this was not quite the point, but upon consideration, decided not to bring it up with the noble lady before her. She sighed, and considered the woman and her fine dress, and then said: "It will be expensive."

"Money is not an object."

"And using magic in this regard often ends poorly. The spirits do not like being disturbed."

"Then one wonders why you made a profession of disturbing them," Anna snapped, and the witch threw up her hands.

"Alright," she said. "How big do you want to be? Exactly."

"Big enough," Anna said firmly, "that my husband stops looking at other women."

The witch, for her part, felt that her betters clearly used the word "exactly" differently from the common folk. She'd been hoping for more of a finite size, be it a comparison to another woman, to fruit, or simply a gesture with hands and the phrase "about this big."

But, after some consideration, the witch had an idea. "I can do that." And she set to work at once, preparing a potion from the ingredients on her shelf. It took hours, but Anna was willing to wait, and to the witch's surprise, Anna did not complain incessantly, but sat patiently for her prize.

When the potion was done, the witch put it in a stoppered bottle, and turned back to Anna. "Wait until the night of the next full moon, and then drink this while naked in the moonlight. It will do nothing right away, but whenever you lie with a man, the spirits shall take the measure of his mind, and if he desires women with grander figures than your own, you will grow. And thus your figure will swell, until your husband no longer desires other women more than you."

Anna thanked the witch, and generously paid her, and did what she had been told. The first time she slept with her husband, nothing happened, and she thought the witch had cheated her. But the second time, some growth became discernable. Then more the next time, as her once non-existent breasts pushed out into the world.

"It's like I'm finally becoming a woman," she told one of her maids, a gleeful grin on her face. "Soon, we'll have to get all my dresses let out. Won't that be wonderful?"

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In the weeks that passed, as Lord Koipur and Anna regularly lay together, more changes overtook her figure.

Her waist thinned, her hips flared out, and her once bony posterior started to fill out backwards. She became curved, back there, round and firm. Soon, none of her dresses fit, at least not without hiking up over her rear in a way that was quite indecent.

"I didn't realize quite how big you wanted my hips," she admitted to her husband one day, examining herself in the mirror. "Or this. Is it really appealing to see my butt this way?"

In response, he brought his hand down upon her bare backside, gripping her, sinking his fingers into the soft padding there. "I like playing with your body," he whispered, wrapping his other hand around her front. "I need a good handful to play with."

"Well, you've got that." She laughed. "In back at least."

In front, while she was no longer flat-chested, she was still certainly small. Her breasts were two nubs—bumps really—with tiny pink nipples pushing outwards. But Koipur reached up anyway, gripping what there was to grip, and circling one of her nipples with a finger.

"Give it time," he said, "you'll grow."

Then he reached down between her legs, and stroked her slit, and made sure she would grow that very evening.

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In another month, she was average. In two months, she was above average. And as the fall turned to winter and snow fell upon the land, Anna woke up one morning, turned to her husband, and smiled.

"Hey," she said. She took his hand, placed it upon one of her breasts, and pressed her fingers down around his. "I grew."

She had grown during the night. She was past a D-cup, and a good handful, and she squealed as her husband woke to play with her tits. He fondled them, he sucked on them, he played with her nipples until she moaned and panted.

“Oh goodness these are sensitive,” she laughed. “This is going to be fun.”

“Say it,” he whispered to her. “Say you’re a big woman.”

“I’m your big, busty woman.” She laughed breathlessly. “With my big tits and my big hips and that big butt you love grabbing.”

“Now spread your legs,” he said. “And I’ll make you the biggest woman in the whole castle.”

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And he did, one thrust at a time. Her breasts swelled past D, to DD, to F. She grew bigger than the bustiest maids, bigger than the exotic girl one of the knights married. She grew so big, she needed a special corset fashioned to support the weight, and no matter what dress she wore, it always seemed like she was in danger of spilling out.

She loved those days. She mocked the other girls for their size, delighted in having new dresses made, and adored the attention from her husband. Hardly a night passed he didn’t squeeze her, didn’t play with her, didn’t remind her how beautiful he thought she was.

Until one day, she hiccuped, and popped a button off her dress.

She was sewing with her friends. The button flew off her dress and scattered to a stop on the table between them, bouncing and rolling across the hardwood.

“Oh,” she laughed. “How embarrassing. Could you-”

Then she hiccuped again, and the lacing on her bust tightened. Her special corset groaned.

“Um.” Her face turned red and she slowly rose, eyes never departing the rest of the group.

“Would you excuse me a moment?”

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When she got back to her room and stripped away her clothes, there was no doubt: she was bigger. Her dresses, made specifically for the bustiest woman in the castle, barely fit anymore. She called for her servants and her husband, and stripped to survey the changes.

"What is it?" her husband asked when he came to her. She was in front of her mirror, cupping her breasts with both hands, trying to guess the weight.

"I'm still growing," she said, "the old witch must have done something wrong."

"I don't think so." He stepped up behind her, pushed away her hands, and then gently cupped her breasts. "They feel a good size to me."

"But I'm already the biggest woman in the castle." She hesitated. "How big am I going to get?"

"You don't like being bigger?" he asked, kissing her neck. The feeling of his hands on her breasts made her body warm. They'd grown more sensitive to his touch, as well as larger.

"I do. I do." She let out a long sigh, resting her hands over his. "But at sewing practice today I burst my top."

"So?" he laughed.

"Do you want the other women to see me topless?"

"Yes," he grinned, rubbing her leg with a hand. "I want every one of those flat-chested girls to see just how special you are. How beautiful, how talented, how fertile. Don't you want to see it too?"

She hesitated. "Would it be... special for you?"

"Of course it would." He kissed her, he squeezed her, he stroked her. "You're my big, busty woman, remember?"

He squeezed hard, she spread her legs, and that night, she got a little bigger still.

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Anna and her husband had been sleeping together multiple times a week for months. It was amazing it took her as long as it did to get pregnant. And soon enough, her belly was swelling.

It had to be twins, they said, or triplets. Her belly was growing so fast, and her bust was growing with it. She swelled past what cup sizes could measure, until each breast was as big as a melon and her husband could put two hands on each one.

"Of course," she said at her sewing group, when she was coming near to term. "It will be an easy birth. I'll finally get to use these great big hips for something."

She meant it as a joke, and because she was the lord's wife and he ruled the castle, all the other women laughed.

"And it's nice to know I'll be able to nurse without help," she said, patting her bust. "No wet-nurse for me."

"You could be a wet-nurse," one of the women offered. "To several children, I should think."

"I could!" she grinned at the thought. "Wouldn't that be nice? I'll have plenty of milk I'm sure, and it would be—"

She hiccuped at the thought, and a button popped off her dress. She laughed, and because her husband ruled the castle, everyone else laughed as well. "Whoops. Well, speak of the devil."

But before she could continue, she hiccuped again, and the lacing on her dress tightened. Then a third time. Her breasts, trapped in her tight dress, pressed together to form cleavage. Then her cleavage pressed up and out of the increasingly tight fabric, her nipples pressing forward.

Every woman leaned in to stare. "I think she's going to pop," someone whispered.

"Who said that?" Anna demanded. But before she could press her accusation, the sound of tearing fabric sounded around her. Her dress split open along the back. And the front of the thing, the space around her nipples, turned dark.

"She's leaking milk!" one of the women pointed.

"She's not done growing," said another. And both of them were right.

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By that evening, Anna's breasts were each the size of watermelons. She'd nursed every child in the castle, and still she had milk to spare. And so, her husband had a solution.

He got a bucket from the milkmaids, had her get down on all fours, and pulled her breasts over then bucket. Then, one at a time, he pulled at her teats.

She filled the bucket, and it felt so good—the sensation of having her nipples tugged was so strong—that she moaned uncontrollably. She groaned. She spread her legs and begged her husband to take her.

And when she awoke the next morning, her breasts weren't the size of watermelons. They were bigger.

“How big do you want me to get?” Anna asked him.

He toyed with her breasts until she got horny, and they did it once again.

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Between her enormously pregnant belly, wide hips, full butt, and breasts bigger than her head, Anna could hardly walk. She waddled, and when she did, every part of her body jiggled and swayed.

When she made her way into the witch’s hut, she had to squeeze. Her hips didn’t fit through the narrow door. Her robe slipped off her shoulders, leaving her bust bare.

“You need to be milked,” the witch observed. “You’re overfull.”

“I always need to be milked,” Anna said, breathlessly. “My husband is a pervert.”

“Obviously. But if so, not an unusual one. You look like a fertility idol.”

Anna did not care for this observation, shooting the witch a sharp glare. “How do I fix this? I wanted to be attractive, not a cow!”

“I cannot undo what was done. You can avoid sleeping with your husband, if you don’t wish the situation to grow any worse. Or perhaps you could lie with a man who prefers small breasts, that the situation might gradually reverse itself.”

“No!” her hand hit the table. “You’re magic, aren’t you? There must be something you can do. Fix it!”

And the witch gave her a long stare.

“It will be expensive,” she said.

“And the spirits don’t like being bothered yes yes,” Anna snapped. “Do it.”

And the witch prepared for her a potion.

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When Anna returned to the castle, she found her husband at once, and poked him in the chest with a finger. “Koipur,” she said. “I am your *wife*, not a common whore, and I won’t be treated this way. I don’t know how you think our marriage works, but I won’t lounge around the castle, moaning in pain, waiting for you to come and relieve the pressure in my tits.”

He froze, caught off guard by this change in attitude. "What... what do you want me to do?"

"I want a milk maid," she said, hefting one enormous teat. "For when you're not around. Someone cute to play with me."

Again, he hesitated, giving her a slow nod. "Anything else?"

"I won't waddle around the castle. Have a special table made to support me, so my friends have to come and sit with me instead of my going to them."

"Yes, yes of course, but..." He tilted a head. "Why?"

"Because you are a terrible man. And when you stick that long hard shaft into me..." She pushed him back against the wall, mashing her breasts against his chest. "I'm only going to get bigger."

The witch couldn't shrink Anna's tits, but she could fix what she felt was Anna's deeper problem -- her insecurity.

The last potion made her love her body *exactly* as much as her husband did.