



After having had such an amazingly fun time with my love Milan, I had to know more about the limits of my body to grow and stretch! Of course I am not one to haphazardly throw about magic as though it were alcohol at an a'garian wedding ceremony so I decided to just grow my breasts out a little.

Naturally I am a short five feet tall or so, but I'm capable of growing a lot bigger! I could be several stories tall if I so desired, but I've never really tried as doing so in an inconspicuous fashion is difficult. I'm sure there is also a limit and I also do not wish to draw Malphosia's attention to me. She may be displeased with such a wanton use of power. My most common use is growing to match my twelve foot tall lover Milan. Again I will test my magic in an attempt at attracting her attention.

I bring a mirror to gaze upon myself in and gently examine my features. I feel as though I am quite beautiful, but it is only an opinion. One I believe shared by my beloved Milan! Calmly I touch my soft flesh. My angular face, my pointed nose, my thin neck, my plump painted lips and, of course, my squishy breasts. *She really likes to watch them grow?* Those are my thoughts. I don't see the attraction to it. She told me more about it. The way the flesh bulges as it expands, the way the clothing becomes tight and then bursts off! The look on my face was apparently quite pleasing too, but I think she seemed most excited when describing the *sound*.

Her lower lip quivered and she began to sweat when she described it. The creaking of cloth stretched taut, the low gasps and gentle moans of pleasure and finally the ripping. Milan explained in vivid detail how the sound of the ripping ran along her sensitive ears like silk across ones fingertips. Oh how her ears perked up when talking about the way they spilled out, bouncing heavily accompanied by cries of pleasure! Just the way she illustrated it made me quite excited!

So here I am now in front of my mirror examining myself, ready to use my magic to fertilize my bosom.

I initially hesitate, unsure exactly how I should go about it. I realize that I had done so before in such a rudimentary way, blinded by desire. After the moment passed though I decided that similar magic to my size increase was going to be the best way. I laid not a hand upon my breasts and let the magic in my body begin to work upon them. They were already a good size, but as my magic went to work they quickly put that size to shame.

My body has mostly become magic since ages ago and as a result the sudden shift was quite invigorating. I'd felt it before, but now I was trying not to let the feeling overcome me. Fortunately I kept my head about me as they swelled forth with only the gentle twinkling sound of activated magic. Still it was a bit of a surprise with how quickly they grew in spite of my own desire to keep the swelling under control.



I took a bit of a breather once they had reached a certain size much larger than their original shape. I groped and fondled them, feeling how they were firm and quite light, but still there was a certain weight that felt right. They were still quite perky and did not sag in the slightest. My rolled my thumbs over my soft nipples until they pressed forward with desire. The growing had certainly made them more tender for it brought me more joy than they ever had.

A single bead of sweat reminded me that I needed to remain in control and aware. This was something I wanted to be able to easily replicate so that I might finally convince Milan to fulfill my desire of sex! Yes something as trivial as sex, but I must have it! If I could just get her to engage her shadows and dance upon the pleasure spots in my brain I could finally put to rest such a superfluous

desire and move forward with our love. Call me shallow to your heart's content, but I recognize my primal need and how it hinders me. It must be fulfilled.

But enough about that, let us go back to that of my breasts and their swollen state as I know you want to. Satisfied I would be able to continue to restrain myself, I began to fuel their growth again. Forward they grew and finally I could hear the sounds Milan had described. Gentle stretching, tightening and even a subtle sigh from my lips. "Ahhnn..." I licked my lips and watched in the mirror as they gradually began to overflow my top. A glance down and I could see a valley forming. A vast one.

With both hands I reached up and I groped either side of my breasts and pressed them together. A surprised gasp escaped my lips and I felt my hips jut forward instinctively as a jolt of pleasure shot through me. I looked upon my wide eyes in the mirror and felt a bit silly before I looked down again. The valley between my breasts had grown quite deep. I shook my head, the growth having been put on halt from the surprise. Without waiting any longer I let the magic begin working again.

Around this time I began to feel a trickle of excitement flowing through my body. A kind of warm, electric tingling that made me feel hot. My cheeks flushed and I began to breathe heavily. Gingerly I massaged my growing breasts, the sensation of my velvety gloves sliding along my flesh evoking erotic thoughts of my Milan. *Oh Milan...I want to feel your fingers all over my breasts...* My naughty thoughts clouded my better judgment and I began to pour more of my volatile magic into my breasts. They inflated faster and the warmth grew. I could feel it all along my breasts as it spread into my shoulders and back. Before long I was dipping my fingertips over the expansive cleavage and into my bra where I gave my erect nipples attention.

Soft whines escaped my lips. "Haahn...haahn..." I closed my eyes as my breasts began to press against my arms detesting their limited room. I squirmed, my knees pressing together. I could feel a tightness between my thighs that urged me onward. My whines grew in frequency until they transformed into a mix of whining and panting. I was slowly losing myself to the primal flood of instincts that clouded my mind. At last the squeezing of my breasts against my arms awoke me from my lust and my arms dropped in surprise. My breasts were enormous!

Even surprised, the the flow of pleasure hadn't been turned off and I ignored my better judgment as flesh bulged over my top, sounds of creaking and growing reaching my ears and provoking me to continue. I remembered Milan's description and it only turned me on more thinking about her. I struggled to keep at least one of my eyes open as I was filled more and more with the amazing

feeling of their growth and the magic flowing through my body.



*This feels so good! I could do this all the time with Milan! She would love it and I would love it!* Again I reached up, to the best of my ability and groped the gigantic ballooning flesh mountains. I squished them together and let out a moan of desire. “OOOooooohhh!” I wanted more of this amazing feeling and of course the magic coursing through my body obliged. The immense satisfaction I experienced from groping them was indescribable. The best I could say is that I shut my eyes tightly and began to cry out loudly my lovers name. “Milan! Yes! Milan my love!” My knees nearly gave out I tell you, but I stood strong. Albeit a bit wobbly.

Between each cry my bust swelled and grew even larger. The straps to my

top were slowly consumed by flesh. My top became taut and nipples even more erect. I could just barely see them peeking over the top of garment. The feeling of them sliding inexorably upward was very arousing. So much so that I began to struggle to grope and fondle my nipples once more. Oh the feeling of them sliding along the fabric without being able to touch them was one of the worst kinds of teasing! I pulled at the sides of my top to try and remove it, but the straps refused.

I could feel the tightness between my thighs over it all and my nipples only made the tightness worse. It simply kept on getting tighter and tighter without allowing me release! It drove me crazy to the point where I fondled my thighs and as many other areas as I could think, but nothing compared to the feeling of my breasts and nipples being rubbed. Nothing would grant me release! "Oooooohh...Come on..."

This was not to say that I was not enjoying myself. Far from it. My gasps of excitement mixed with the much more pronounced sounds of stretching. I wriggled uncomfortably struggling with my top until finally I gave up. If my top would not come off normally then I would force it to! Through eyes of blind desire I viewed my swollen breasts. Forcing forward even more magic, I felt a sudden intense surge of euphoria. So powerful was the feeling that it forced the air from my lungs in a string of long quick cries of pleasure. "Ahh, ah, ah." The words I spoke were in ancient tongue, but simply meant 'yes'.

My eyes closed tightly and I felt my breasts billow outward like water balloons being filled by a fully open tap. Then I finally heard it. The sounds that had made Milan so turned on. The mixture of gentle twinkling, stretching, cries of pleasure and ripping. The straps holding my top in place gave way, popping open with barely a sound. A sound that roared through my ears and made the crippling tightness worse. I would have been dumbfounded by how much this affected me had I the ability to think straight.

The release of one strap gave my breasts room to grow. It took quite a bit for the second one to give way, but when it did I nearly fell over from the combination of events. I groped my breasts once more, squishing, squeezing, rubbing. Everything felt perfect. There was a brief lull in the stream of pleasure and I bit my lower lip and opened my eyes. I couldn't believe how big my breasts had gotten, but still I wanted more and I could still feel my top taunting me.

With renewed determination I sent more magic forth, letting out more moans as the tightening continued. *I'm so close...so close...so close...so close. Oh Milan, free me from this torment!* My mind went back to her figure, one to which I was intensely attracted to. All of the sensations culminated, my eyes opening wide as I choked for a moment as a powerful wave slammed into me like a brick

wall. “Guh!” The waves throttled me again and my eyes clamped shut, mouth opening to let forth cries of joy.

And just like that I could feel the front of my top ripping apart. The sound threw me overboard and an odd influx of magic made my breasts expand even faster. So quickly so that I could feel my top explode off of me, breasts bouncing around for a bit before they finally came to a rest.



Without warning, the tightness that had been building released and my whole body shook. My hips jerked forward and back making my breasts bounce up and down. The feeling was so good that I again went to crying out loudly in native tongue alongside rapid gasps of pleasure. “Ah! Ah! Ah! AHH! AAAHHHhhhn!” The tightness returned several times and released again. And

again. And again.

And yes I am aware it was an orgasm as I have had...similar results in the past, but this was so very different. So very unique. So very good. One to which I will never forget. After the excitement finally died down I fell to my knees. Though I was not necessarily exhausted, just out of breath. I stood up just a bit later and gasped when I saw just how big my breasts had become. Realization settled in and I struggled to cover them up.



Considering their size it was quite difficult, but I managed. I tried to grow my breasts even larger, but it did not feel quite as good as it had initially. Beyond this point it was just a drop in the bucket. It seemed like only a change from small to very large would merit any real pleasure!



After everything was said and done I was certainly pleased. I'd had a lot of fun and now I knew just how big I could get while it would still be fun. This would be a good measure for when I tried to finally convince my love Milan to have a little more fun with me. But before I let my body return to normal, I glanced back at my butt. I hadn't even tried to make it bigger. Next time I would have to expand myself like an hourglass.