

Illaria was a woman who indulged in many things ranging from the simpler pleasures of watching a sunset to the complexities of the theatre. Of the many things she enjoyed in life, makeup might as well be at the top. The ability to design and change the appearance of something mundane and make it fantastical was basically the best thing ever to her. And in her life before becoming a demi-goddess, she'd embraced that to it's fullest.

So transforming herself into different shapes and appearances was not so far off on the joy scale. Milan's strange enjoyment of expanding and growing curvature was not a far stretch for Illaria. She found herself to rather enjoy both the sensations and the reactions she received when her breasts swelled to nearly double the size of her head before smothering Milan. Illaria fully embraced the then bizarre fetish and the gratification of feeling even more beautiful.

Of course Illaria loved the sexuality of the transformations and the wonderful new pleasure that came from it. She was always willing to try new things, but Milan, on the other hand, wasn't. In this way Illaria relied heavily on Milan to give the 'ok' on anything. It limited Illaria's creativity in a way, but she was very ok with this. Illaria was accustomed to working inside a box with many restrictions.

However, in order to figure out exactly what restrictions there were, she needed Milan to tell her. Something that Milan's shyness hindered greatly. If she could find a way to get past Milan's timid nature, Illaria was confident she could see her lover open up a great deal more. And that would mean a LOT more fun.

And so whenever Illaria had free time that she couldn't spend with Milan, she expended it trying to figure out new ways to forward their relationship. Today she had a rather mischievous idea that she believed would tell her a great deal more about Milan and her desires. This little naughty idea took the form of a book. A huge tome nearly the length of her torso and as thick as her arm.

The mauve tome was bound in leather and accented by silver. The book sat distinctly between fancy and plain. Illaria had created the tome to be magical and linked her very essence to it. She smirked and eyed up the gentle hints of energy it radiated. *When Milan writes in this book, anything she conjures up involving me will actually happen to me!* Illaria purred to herself at the thought.

Of course there were limitations and naturally Illaria had fail safes built in to protect her from some catastrophic failures. She wasn't a stupid woman and ensured there was no way Milan would accidentally kill her or blow up the world. The book was limited purely to the transformative effects and their potential sensations on Illaria's body. This would let her learn what Milan would allow and, simultaneously, what of those she would enjoy herself.

Now all she had to do was to pass the book onto Milan and convince the

woman to write her fantasies down. *While telling Milan what this book will do to me might generate some enjoyment, I think it best she be completely unaware. At least from the start. If she knows it will affect me, she will not be completely honest with her writing. She will worry what might happen to me and hold back.*

Smiling ear to ear, Illaria gripped the edges of the massive book and held it as though it weighed no more than a feather. Briefly her eyes closed and her body was transported nearly instantaneously to the quarters of her loved one. She appeared in a shower of pink, violet and teal sparks that burst from her body. They bounced about and dissipated quickly. In front of her was a tall writing desk built for someone twice her size.

Quickly Milan looked up and smiled at Illaria. "Hello Illaria." Immediately she went back to her writing.

"Good evening my love!" Illaria replied with enthusiasm. She lifted the giant tome up above her head and had a quick look at the desk that was nearly eye level. It had several little amenities and even a small statuette that Milan referred to as her 'good luck charm'. The statuette was a miniature of Illaria. "I see you are engrossed in writing today."

It took Milan several seconds to reply. "Yep."

"Well I've brought you something that I think you will enjoy having!" Illaria wiggled herself about, jiggling her assets. Milan practically ignored her. Illaria only smiled further. Then she focused her magic and closed her eyes. Her body quickly grew in size with a soft, sparkling sound to accompany it. Upwards her form increased until she was barely shorter than Milan. "I can wait." And while she certainly could, she didn't. Not really anyway.

Illaria released the book above her head and it floated a few inches into the air. She hopped up on Milan's desk with her legs falling off one side. Milan briefly looked up and then back down. Illaria held her sideways position for a moment and then twisted around forward. Her legs lifted up above another pair of books and some writing utensils as she wheeled around up next to Milan's limbs. Her legs hung over the ledge and she scooted forward until Milan's arm was touching her thigh. Finally she crossed her legs and sat with arms propping her up waiting for Milan to address the sexy devil on her desk.

It didn't take long as Illaria was hogging quite a bit of the space and made it difficult for Milan to easily write. "Ahh...sorry, I am really quite into this at the moment. I don't mean to ignore you Illaria." Milan went back to work for a minute or two more before she put the quill down. "However I suppose if you're here then you won't let me finish before demanding my attention." Finally she looked up to Illaria with her deep red eyes. Her deep blue hair was let down and looked well taken care of.

"That is quite true! When I arrive, I am to be the center of your attention! For you will have days, weeks or even months until you see me next!" Illaria flaunted herself to Milan. Then the book that was hovering above her gradually floated forward. Illaria pulled it down and presented it to Milan. "However I won't

be about long now anyway so you will be able to return to your writing soon.” Illaria nodded. “I just wanted to leave a special book with you before I left to work.”

With Illaria much larger in size it was less unwieldy to hand Milan the book. As she let go of it, the weight became obvious and Milan gripped tight. “This is a hefty tome. You’ve put many pages into it...and I can sense a mild aura.” Milan looked up to Illaria. “What makes this book so special?”

“It’s special because only you and I can read it’s contents!” Illaria declared.

“Oh.” Milan took the book, but still appeared confused. Which was fine since Illaria knew she would need to explain further.

“Yes! So now you needn’t be shy about recording any sexy scenarios you may have floating around in your head. You needn’t fear your sister stumbling upon a book containing your deepest most intimate fantasies!” Illaria fluttered her eyelashes toward Milan.

“Ohhhh...” Milan looked down at the book completely unexcited.

Illaria knew such a look would come about and that Milan would not be quite so enthused. Not at first. Milan needed to be coaxed into liking the idea. “Hm. You don’t like it do you?”

“I’m sorry Illaria, but you know I don’t really write smut.” Milan shook her head apologetically. “Or at least, I try to avoid it when possible.”

Illaria sighed softly and tried her best to appear disappointed. “Ah I understand. I should apologize to you really. I didn’t mean to offend you.”

“You’re not offending me Illaria. When I say that I do not write smut it’s typically because you’re the only one I care to share moments like that with. I prefer to act on my desires rather than to record them.” Milan set the book down on her desk and pulled Illaria down onto her lap. There she closed her eyes and delivered a love filled kiss.

Illaria squeaked softly and requite the kiss. “Well...I would really quite enjoy to read about your fantasies you know. I am rarely about to feel your touch and I would alight to reading of what naughty thoughts you’ve had in my absence.” Illaria still frowned a little, but looked hopefully toward Milan. “If you don’t want to write them as they come, you could, perhaps, try to think of things you would potentially enjoy.” Illaria narrowed her eyes mischievously. “Especially those things you would enjoy to see happen to me.” Illaria bit her lower lip softly and locked eyes with Milan.

Milan seemed to understand where Illaria was going with her idea and swallowed nervously. “I think I might be capable of doing that, though I must admit my reluctance.” Milan averted her gaze and her cheeks deepened to a soft greyish purple.

“There is no need to worry. Only you and I will be able to read it.” Illaria scooted forward on Milan’s lap and pulled her knees up about the woman’s hips.

Illaria's arms went up about Milan's shoulders and their gaze's met once more. "You won't be speaking them or acting them out right away. Instead you merely only need write down the scenarios and we can talk about them and take it slow." Illaria moved in even closer. Their chests met, soft breasts squishing. They kissed again. "Let this be your little book of desires. When you think of something you'd like to try with me, simply write it down." Illaria pouted ever so slightly. "For me? As a potential gift?"

Milan took in a deep, slow breath. There was another quick kiss with a satisfying smack when their lips separated. "I will try to write some ideas. As a gift for you Illaria."

Illaria grinned a big wide grin. "Oh wonderful! Wonderful!" Illaria kissed Milan quickly several more times and pushed in even closer. "Mmmnnn...I *am* looking forward to these ideas." She then relieved Milan of her presence by floating upward off of her lap and then down to her side. "I just know that you will have many fun ideas for us to discuss." Then she started to move around behind Milan.

"Perhaps. Though I want you to know that I am even uncertain myself that I would enjoy some ideas I have. You must know that." Milan seemed quite nervous and reluctant to allow Illaria to stand behind her.

With good reason. As soon as Illaria was fully behind Milan, she began to massage the woman's lengthy ears. "Oh I understand. You shouldn't worry as I will think no less of you no matter what you enjoy." Illaria pressed her thumbs deeper into Milan's ears. She pulled them upward, tugged and played. Milan's body tensed up. Her ears were unresponsive at first, but after a minute or so of play, they began to rise.

As they did so, Illaria could hear Milan taking in deliberate breaths and feel her heart rate in her fingertips. Slowly and steadily the pumping blood grew in intensity as her ears continued to stiffen and rise. "Illaria...you seek to kindle my fire even though you've not the time for me?"

"It is intentional my love." Illaria's fingertips rode upward and pulled at the tips. Milan gasped under her breath. *Oh Milan...I would so very much enjoy to yank and tug on these lovely ears of yours until you call out my name, but sadly I can only afford to tease you.* Illaria didn't want to release Milan's ears and did so only after kissing the back of Milan's neck several times. "Will you be upset?"

Milan turned to face Illaria. Her cheeks had darkened in coloration to a pale purple. "Mildly. You really want to hear of the things that interest me?" Illaria nodded in reply. "Then you shall have it." Milan suddenly stood and her arms forcibly pulled Illaria in. The strength of her grip alongside her aggressive kissing surprised Illaria pleasantly. Milan's hands squeezed Illaria's rump tight and her cheeks lit up as though a switch had been flipped on. The two embraced deeply for nearly a minute until Milan hesitantly released Illaria.

For a moment Illaria didn't want to leave. She felt a sudden longing for their usual intimacy. The feeling took longer than normal to fade, but once it had,



Illaria's visage contorted into a genuine smile. "Thank you Milan. I love you."

"I love you too you minxy little pixie." Their hands touched together. Then Illaria closed her eyes and once again she was in her home. Almost instantly Illaria pranced off with excitement. Her ears bobbed up and down while her more exaggerated features jiggled and bounced. *Oh I can't believe Milan agreed! I can't wait, I can't wait! Now I'll get to find out what she truly likes!* Illaria pranced off and down the pathway of cobblestone back towards her cozy little ancient home. As she did so, her body deflated back down to it's usual size.

The world around her was currently bright and sunny with flowers blooming and birds chirping. Which of course it was since she had full control over this tiny pocket of space and right now she was feeling so enthused. The small lake with several green leafed trees was positively teeming with life. Her home was ancient elven in design. There were no doors, but the roof was slanted and shingled. This little home of hers appeared as though there was only one modest sized room perched atop a platform with a wooden porch out front and the roof hung over it.

As she hopped inside like a giddy young woman, she spotted the many little amenities she'd accumulated over time. Various keepsakes hung from the walls or stood in corners. Things to which she spoke of to very few, but meant the world to her. She ignored them and faced the back of the room where there was a door. But this door led into another room, which could not be seen from the outside world. Inside was anything she wanted to be inside and this time she wanted her own private little room. So that's where it led.

She passed through and it led to the back of the house that she and Milan had often met in and embraced one another. The outside was black and it always rained. The inside of the house was made of dark, rich wood with stone supports. It was a mirror to her own world except darker and the house had been made specifically for her and Milan. As such, all the furniture was too big for her. A problem she resolved in moments by growing to match.

Illaria went to the front where there was a door and a series of windows that let her see outside. The rain was still falling and the thunder and lightning still rumbling. The house was still nice and cozy with the fireplace at the other end of the house still burning. Right there in front of the entrance was a large comfortable bed with deep blue sheets and black and blue pillows. Just over a short divider was a dining room in case the two were ever feeling romantic. Milan almost always was.

This was not a logically designed house as no one in their right mind would put a bed right in front of the entrance. Though it was certainly made to optimize cuddling. But for now Illaria just wanted to fantasize about being with Milan and wait patiently. So she hopped up on the bed and lit a candle in a skull on a nearby shelf. Then she pulled out a book to read and finally she relaxed on the bed itself propped up by a few fluffy pillows.

It took about thirty or so minutes of waiting for Illaria to notice anything

happening at all. When she did, she had to pull out a mirror and look closely to see. There was just a mild itching sensation on her scalp. Nothing at first, but then she spotted her hair gradually shifting in color. Not all of it, but most of it was slowly turning black. "Oh my! Milan likes black hair?" She watched the change with curiosity until it completed. Not long after she felt a sprinkle of makeup appear on her eyes and across her lips.



Now she had black hair laced with long streaks of violet. "Interesting. I always thought she liked my purple and lavender hair." Illaria didn't have much time to dwell on it as she felt something else happening inside her body. This

time it was something she was expecting. A subtle pressure inside her breasts that was gradually building. “Mmmnnn...” Illaria closed her eyes and relished the lovely feeling. Her chest slowly began to swell in size until it was nearly double the shape.



It halted soon after and left Illaria a little puzzled. *Surely Milan likes them larger than this? Or maybe she is actually writing a story about us and it has pauses!* That was a thought that excited her. A story would be a joy to read and process all the fun things that Milan wanted to do to her. A couple minutes later and Illaria felt the pressure return.

However, this time she felt multiple spots growing. Not just her breasts, but also her rump and thighs and hips. Her curvature was rapidly plumping and it felt wonderful. “Ahhnn...” Illaria released a light moan. The first of many. “Feels

really nice...I can't wait for more!" Her hands were immediately upon her figure and lustily groping and squeezing at the plump shapes now within grasp.

But then the pressure began in another location. This time it was just above her thighs. She knew this spot all too well and her eyes went wide. "G-goodness!" She stuttered as her womb began to fill loudly with some kind of magical liquid. The sensation grew in intensity and she pulled her steadily growing breasts back so she could see down past them. Her eyes fixated as her lower torso very slowly inched forward.

It was an odd pressure that pumped into her from out of nowhere like magic. The familiar sounds of creaking flesh and liquids was arousing to say the least. Her stomach bulged at the bottom and steadily gained weight and shape. Illaria's heart started to pick up. The gentle thumping could be felt in the tips of her ears and fingers.

Illaria couldn't help herself and was letting out a steady stream of little moans and gasps. She bit her lip briefly as a small surge nearly threw her back in the bed. She tried to keep sitting upright even as her figure plumped and swelled. *I don't feel any tentacles. I wonder what she is writing to make it feel like this.* Her question went unanswered.

Of course she didn't really care. Instead her hands were much too busy groping and squeezing the soft, billowing flesh as it increased in size. "Oooohhh...this always feels so nice...just to touch and play..." Illaria went about sighing pleasantly over and over again until finally the growth came to a halt. She was a little disappointed to see she hadn't grown much at all, but knew it was likely more was on the way. She smiled and waited for more.



Illaria expected the expansion to continue, but instead was surprised when she felt phantom hands squeezing her curvature. The hands felt like Milan's delicate fingertips. They started at her hips and gradually rose. A squeeze here and there gave her pink cheeks. There was a brief pit stop at her belly where the digits massaged her stomach. It felt strangely nice and Illaria breathed deep with each rub.

Then those perverted hands went back up her stomach and wrapped around her big breasts quite roughly. Illaria gasped sharply and then followed it up with a series of soft, pleasant moans. "Ooooooh! Milan you toy with me! If only you knew what you were doing to meeEEE!" Her voice went high pitched and she squeaked loudly as she felt her nipple being tugged and played with. Her back arched into the false hands momentarily before relaxing back into the pillows.

The hands slowly toyed with her nipple through her top and Illaria opened her eyes to watch. Of course there were no hands to see, but her breast being squeezed was somehow arousing. Not just the feeling, but the visual of it. A deep imprint would appear and squeeze her fat flesh before squishing and massaging it. She sighed pleasure with each little squeeze until the hands momentarily vanished. Then they slipped up under her top and she bit her lip. Her eyes fixated on her nipple as she watched it rise up into her top from being pulled and tugged. It twisted and she stifled another moan.

It wasn't long until she closed her eyes once more and embraced the busy hands on her big breasts. *Yes Milan...please don't stop writing!* She was loving this feeling and only wanted more. When the hands vanished again, they did not return. At least not for a while.

Illaria didn't have to wait long to figure out the reason why. Less than a minute later she felt that familiar pressure inside her body. The lovely slow building inside each breast and the wonderful tingling feeling between her thighs. The sound of her hips widening came first followed by the loud bubbling and gurgling of her breasts as they ballooned.

Each of Illaria's nipples were already perked up from the playful hands, but now the building pressure was making them even more erect. A lovely, filling sensation inside each of her tits led to a subtle throbbing in her nipples that made her face flush. Creaking of her flesh being pulled taut only served to arouse the woman even further. Her heartbeat steadily picked up as did her moans.

Her breasts weren't the only thing becoming quite huge however. Her hips and thighs and rump were all puffing up quite rapidly. She could sense her stockings getting good and tight. The flesh was bulging around the tops and the seams were steadily complaining about room. Illaria's shape and figure was rapidly hourglassing up and she yearned for more.

Of course there was more to this than just her hourglass figure. There was the ever present building magic inside her womb that was very steadily pumping full. Instead of gripping her breasts this time, Illaria felt her soft belly. She could

feel the tight ball of pressure within and giving gentle squeezes made small surges of pleasure shoot through her body. She had never had her womb blown up with magic before, but she was quickly figuring out that she liked it. *Milan...I would carry your children any time you asked me. Though I think you'd prefer to carry mine.* Illaria giggled at this thought, but it faded into another moan of pleasure.

Soon her body was full of all sorts of curves and steadily growing. The long creaking and gurgling of her growth filled her ears and tantalized her senses. Illaria was enjoying the steady expansion. Her whole body was surging outward and growing in size. Her eyes fluttered shut and she just listened and felt and enjoyed. The magic inside her body doing it's work was titillating. There was little else for her to do but lie there, grasping her body as her flesh gradually puffed up and appeared tighter and more full. Plumper and rounder.

Not even the sound of her stockings beginning to tear could pull her away from the reverie. Illaria's thin silky top tightened around her breasts and soon started to tear. Even the loose transparent flap that connected around her back was pulled tight against the sides of her belly.

Bigger and bigger she swelled. She lie on the bed taking in slow breaths and exhaling moans and sighs of joy. The pile of pillows was perfect to help prop her up especially as her rump was getting huge. She leaned back into the soft pillows further. Her body jiggled and sloshed from the motion. Illaria pressed her big, swollen thighs together and felt how rounded they were. The feeling of them sliding up and down against one another was fantastic.

The pressure inside Illaria continued to build to a peak. She could feel her stomach pushing forward and lifting her tits up towards her chin. Like a nice shelf, her breasts rested atop her belly. Her nipples were perked up perfectly through her top. Her belly started to look like a big beach ball with how huge it was getting.

Inside all the bubbling and gurgling was intensifying. Her moans heated up and her heart pounded. Both of her hands reached down to the bulging distention beneath her breasts and massaged. *G-goodness! I feel so full...and so tight. I don't think I've ever felt like this.* Illaria wobbled her stomach back and forth feeling the insides slosh around and pulse outward in reply.

Bigger and bigger her belly ballooned and the tighter it got, the more intense the pleasure. Illaria started to pant loudly. She could feel her stomach pulling the front of her panties down ever so slightly. She felt her panties sliding betwixt each cheek. Her hips were wide enough to keep them on, but the tightness between her thighs was making her hot and bothered.

Without warning Illaria suddenly felt several quick surges in her womb. Her belly blimped up in size once, twice, three times. Then she felt her belly button force out into a smooth little mound with a soft little POP sound. Illaria couldn't help but to touch her now outie belly button and giggle. *Milan you stole that idea from me!*





Illaria sighed pleasantly as the growth of her body began to slow once more. She felt wonderful in this shape. Since apparently Milan needed a writing break, Illaria took the moment to admire her figure in a floating mirror. It was impossible to see her body without it. Looking down just showed a thick line of cleavage and two huge breasts with little mounds atop them. *So Milan likes a big pregnant belly and big, round curves does she?*

There was much pondering for Illaria to do as she waited Milan's next moves. Much fondling accompanied her thoughts. Illaria prodded her big, soft, squish-able body. She was surprised with just how big she'd gotten. Her thighs were enormous and thick. They were thicker than a log and round as a balloon. Her belly was like having a fully inflated beach ball attached to her stomach filled with jelly. It was nice and soft and full of pressure and magic. And of course each of her breasts was bigger than a basketball. Big and swollen and pressurized just like the rest of her. She could feel all the milk inside them sloshing around with every movement and jiggling with every motion.

With a big, lust filled sigh, Illaria leaned back once more into the pillows. Her whole body bounced and wobbled and jiggled until finally being at rest. *I wonder if this is all Milan really wanted?* Of course it wasn't.

Shortly after thinking this, Illaria started to feel strange once more. However this time it felt like she was being tugged. Not her hand or her nipple or her breast, but her whole being. She blinked a few times as her form blurred and stretched. Magic sparkles burst from her. There was a certain intensity to the pulling that made her feel like she was being stretched like taffy and in some ways she was. Her whole plump form pulled and stretched until she felt a 'snap' of energy and she split in two.

Though not necessarily in half. Instead Illaria looked up at a replica of her and she looked down at a replica of her. However the version of her lying down was big and plump and round as it had been before, but the one atop was a very normal looking version of her. She rested upon herself, thighs wrapping around her pregnant belly as it wobbled and bulged around her weight.

This duplicate wasn't separate however. This was also Illaria. She could simultaneously feel and see from their eyes as well. It wasn't another being, it was still her. So if something happened to them, she would feel it at the same time.

It was a little bit of a surprise to have her own technique evoked in such a way, but she quickly understood what had happened. *Oh! Milan has written about a second me. Perhaps starting over from the beginning? Or maybe she wants more than one of me?* Illaria didn't know. The version of her that sat on top of her belly climbed down onto the bed and sat there. Illaria waited in silence to see just what would happen.

Not long after she got her answer. A similar pressure quickly built inside her chest and Illaria watched her new form's breasts blow up. She was surprised at first by the similar expansion until she noticed a certain tickling sensation

below her tits. Her less inflated form brought both hands up and just below her silky top where she felt the flesh. Her fingertips caught on two small nubs that she recognized as nipples. It was a strange and exotic feeling to touch them that forced a surprised moan from her lips. *E-extra nipples? Surely she doesn't mean to-* Her thoughts ran into a bit of a snag as an extra set of breasts rapidly filled into her palms.

A loud gasp followed by long, quick moans hopped out of her open mouth. She squeezed the new set as they came in and whimpered joy from the strangely fun feeling. They felt just like normal tits, but her nipples felt extra sensitive. Every little touch made her heart pulse faster. She pulled and played until she had to force herself to let go. She exhaled hard as both sets puffed up big and round. Illaria closed her eyes as one of her hands instinctively began to run itself through her hair. She wanted to touch more, but somehow she just couldn't bring herself to. A magical feeling inside of her was restraining her.

The magic inside her body seemed to take over and a warmth spread upward from her chest. Her heart pounded like a drum with excitement as she wondered what was coming. A gentle throbbing in her chest split and spread into four, two pulses heading up her neck and making her briefly choke with pleasure, while the other two hung out just beneath her arm pits.

The two beneath her arm pits pushed outward quite hard and it took her breath away. The rough, forceful feeling intensified until she felt her flesh stretching outward. Illaria's eyes went wide and she watched the new Illaria as long flesh nubs pushed out. For a moment there was no joy and she almost felt horror, but it gave way as the realization that it was just arms dawned on her. They grew and stretched until she sported an extra set of limbs.

However it wasn't over just yet as the two pulses in her throat pushed upward to her forehead. Suddenly her head itched, but her wobbling awkward limbs didn't respond. Instead she just had to endure the feeling of bone pushing her flesh upward. It didn't hurt of course, but the feeling almost made her choke. Her pounding heart brought excitement as she realized she was now sporting a pair of horns too. And were her eyes darker somehow? Black even? She wasn't sure.

Once the transformation seemed to finish, she felt the former pressures return. The feeling of inflating breasts and thighs and rump and hips. Her figure pushed outward into a curvy shape and returning her to the usual lusty emotions. Though now those feeling were amplified with a second set of tits. The double stack of breasts swelled into one another and outward. Her nipples perked up through her top and displayed themselves freely on the lower half. A nice pink coloration of course.

When finally the growth subsided and Illaria was once again in control, she quickly went to touching all over. It was an easy task given her new set of limbs. Squeezing and pulling and playing. Both of her forms were playing and touching. It was strange, but still enjoyable. Illaria snapped her fingers and magic caused duplicate clothes to appear on her new additions.



*Milan you are a mischievous thing. Do you fantasize about me like this? Would this arouse you? Or perhaps you are writing potential ideas and I am a toy to an unwitting woman.* Any of the possibilities was ok by Illaria. The new form was strange to her, but she was a very open women to new things. She had to be since, after all, she'd encouraged it of Milan.

Delicate fingertips slid up and down Illaria's curvature. Her flesh was soft yet full and plump. Her tit flesh was so wonderfully full and pleasant to touch. It turned out that having four arms and tits was quite nice after all. All four of her hands groped and squeezed eliciting numerous moans from both iterations of her. Her heavily pregnant form gently rubbed her heavy distention while the demon Illaria played and toyed with all four of her nipples simultaneously. The erotic combination made her unimaginably hot. Both of her faces were flush with joy and her shoulders were turning a soft pink from pleasure.

Of course it wasn't going to stop there. A few moments later and Illaria felt that stretching feeling again. She was being pulled like taffy once more and after a minute or so there was another normal Illaria propped up on her big belly. *Oh my! Milan has more ideas? I am so eager for the next!* She didn't wait for any changes and instead continued to play as the new Illaria, fully flushed and pleased, climbed down and onto the edge of the bed. Illaria sighed pleasure and joy and felt her heart pumping heavily in her chest.

Then she felt the changes to her new form. A strange feeling of being squeezed all over her body. It felt like she was being compressed and before long she could see why. Her new body was shrinking in size, but her curvy figure remained very sexy. Her lips filled out nice and plump while her hips, relatively speaking, widened and her breasts grew. Her outfit started to fall loose, but never quite fell off. She shrunk in size until she was nearly half her normal size, yet her curvature was quite big.

It wasn't just that, but her face was just slightly chubbier. Her lips were big and plump and her tits quite huge for her size. Although her clothing was smaller, the extra size to her curves held it up. A strap slipped down her shoulder and a nipple almost slipped out. *This is...new.* A mirror floated in front of Illaria as all three of her forms gazed at her and she gazed at herself. *I am short, but fully stacked. Oh! I think that would make me a short stack!* She giggled happily before hefting her huge tits. They were lovely to squeeze.

And then she got a nice little surprise as she felt her little short stack body being groped and fondled by phantom hands. It felt like Milan's delicate digits once more. Illaria quickly returned to pleasure and she gasped loudly from the groping. Her eyes trailed down and she watched as her breasts were squeezed tightly together from invisible hands. Then an imprint of fingertips massages her tits. The mere concept of being fondled by Milan without even being able to see it made Illaria hot.

A pair of hands were on her ass. She yelped and hopped up. Her pregnant form watched as hand marks appeared on her rump, squishing and rubbing. The fingertips slid up and down making Illaria pant loudly and freely.

*This is way better than I could have imagined! Oh yes! Milan please show me more of your naughty ideas!* Illaria huffed and puffed loudly as the molestation continued. This time there was no pause to the fondling as Illaria, once more, felt the stretching feeling. Another of her appeared atop her swollen belly, grinning from ear to ear with anticipation of what was next.

She hopped down once more, all of her were moaning just barely out of sync with one another. Each one's voice was slightly different than the last. Illaria was so caught up in touching herself and feeling her short stack assets being played with that she didn't even notice the new form's changes at first. Her ears itched and felt like they were being pulled and tugged in different directions. They started to grow in shape and size while fur was growing on them. Heavy tufts of hair puffed up inside each ear as they migrated upward.

Seconds later and black wolf ears were atop her head. Before she had time to appreciate them however, she felt a very tight pressure just above her rump. It built until she had to grit her teeth. A soft little pop sound accompanied a sudden burst of fur that shot outward. A big, fluffy purple and black tail spilled out just above her rump and puffed up until it was nice and big.

Then came the usual pressure in her tits. Illaria was sensing a pattern as her hips widen and her tits bulged. Though now she also felt her lips pump up. A few soft little pulses caused them to swell into soft, rounded shapes. And of course her tits grew rapidly. Big, round mountains rose rapidly with perky little mounds atop them. They pushed outward until squishy flesh was spilling out of the top with nipples barely contained just below the hem.

This new form thrilled Illaria for several reasons. As the phantom hands came to molest her new form she returned to loud panting with small little gasps and pleas for more. *Milan liked when I changed myself to look like a talimari! I am so glad to know she likes some of my ideas!* Illaria was half starry eyed for a moment among all of the heat and happiness. Her bulging thighs rubbed together against one another with desire and she felt herself open mouthed and loud.



Now Illaria was caught up in herself. All of the sensations riddling her body was starting to occupy her mind. It was no surprise when she barely even noticed another of her had been brought about. This one hopped down next to the short stack version of her and the talimari. *Milan...Oh Milan! I know not how much more I can take!*

Then the next transformation began. This one was far more subtle than the last few. She didn't really detect a change for several seconds. Then she noticed and all of her forms focused in on the new Illaria as she changed. This time her hair darkened near her roots while the tips gradually turned a bluer coloration. Her hair started to grow and steadily shaped itself to be more tame and organized. Then her earrings transformed into objects resembling mystical celestial elements.

Purple and green gradient makeup began to paint her features. Her eyebrows thickened into precise, sparkling purple and teal colors. A moon tattoo formed on her forehead and several white sparkles dominated her features. Freckles appeared on her cheeks and her lips filled out as they too were treated to celestial purple and blue paints. Gradually her bright eyes shifted in coloration to match her new celestial appearance. Her features softened and she felt as though somehow she'd become even more beautiful. She felt almost like a real goddess as her hair kept growing down past her knees and flowed about her freely.

Without warning she felt the ground falling away from her as though the world was rapidly shrinking. Her other forms told a different story of her growing rapidly in size. Illaria's heart nearly leapt from her chest. A strange heat and joy filled her body like ecstasy. Her chest heaved up and down as she struggled to catch her breath. She didn't need to breathe, yet here she was gasping and panting like a dog and not for recreation. It was a strange need.

Her whole body filled with energy like a long lost memory of the time she'd become a demi-goddess. It couldn't be the same, yet it FELT as though it was. Her head hit the ceiling painlessly and she grunted. Thankfully her growth stopped here. Illaria looked down at her other versions, but also up at the latest version. She was nearly five times her normal size now and resembled a very sexy goddess. Her lengthy hair and heavy makeup excited Illaria. She LOVED the new make up. *Milan this is a great idea! I love it! I knew this was such a wonderful idea!*

Becoming as big as she was certainly brought a lot of joy to Illaria's heart, but it wasn't quite over just yet. Illaria was not too busy this time to recognize the pressure, once more, in her chest. Illaria couldn't help but let out a very full bodied laugh that shook the whole house. *Oh yes, I forgot that My Milan would want my tits to be huge!* And certainly her breasts did swell. They puffed up inside her shirt, but as they did grow, her clothing morphed into a ethereal purple and blues with sparkling stars that wrapped tightly around her swollen breasts.

And as her hips and rump and butt pumped up, so did her panties and stockings and sleeves. It all transformed into new, silky celestial garb. Illaria would have loved to admire it more, but the sensation of her body swelling now was somehow even more erotic than all of the previous transformations combined. She could hear the loud gurgling of liquid as it pumped into her breasts and she bit her lip. *W-why does this...f-feel so much better?* Illaria's body quivered. The straining of her hips widening rumbled throughout the house.

Illaria nearly fell on herself as she stepped backwards next to the dining tables. Her bloated thighs shivered against one another. Illaria's cheeks deepened to a cherry red. Her mouth opened wide and out came hot clouds of moisture. *T-the feelings...are being amplified somehow...w-what's causing it? I-is it my size?* Her breasts puffed up and outward against her top and pillowy flesh bulged around her top. The tight clothing only got tighter. It squeezed her form and formed numerous bulges here and there.

Illaria gasped loud and tried to hold in all the pleasure before she cried out. "Milan! Oh god Milan!" She felt the pressure in either breast reach capacity and her nipples were forcibly made erect. Her hips shot outward and she fell forward onto her hands nearly smashing into her other forms. One of her tits bounced off of her first form's belly while the second gently smushed her demon form. Then her breasts swelled more and she began to see why Milan loved to be smothered by them.

They grew and grew and before long her nipples and the tips of her ears were throbbing along with her heart beat. Illaria, all of her, moaned and gasped and panted. All of the sensations rocking her body made her cry out several more times in her old, ancient tongue. Words begging for relief spilled from her lips like a waterfall. *Oh yes! Yes! YES! Milan! Milan I NEED you! I want to feel your hands all over my swelling body!* Illaria could take no more. Her tits were so full and big and barely contained by her top. They were on the brink of slipping out and gushing everywhere.

Illaria could not wait any longer. She had to be with Milan. She could not be patient for even a second more. A snap of her fingers and suddenly she was back in Milan's room. This time however, all of her forms were positioned about her room with the first form sitting up on the woman's desk, swollen belly right in Milan's face. The giant version of her very easily fit as a back drop to the pregnant Illaria while the short stack sit next to her and the demon stood opposite.

The talimari version was writhing on Milan's bed, groping at her body in every possible way searching for relief.

"Milan I cannot resist any longer!" Illaria forced herself forward into the bemused woman's lap. Her giant, swollen belly pushed Milan end over end in the chair. Milan nearly rolled out of her seat which slapped into the stone loudly. Milan's eyes were wide with surprise. Her cheeks were red and her ears were fully straightened from all the naughty thoughts she'd been having.



Illaria mounted Milan's hips as best she could, belly squeezing into Milan's stomach. Her thighs were bulging so big that they barely fit around Milan. Milan had a face full of Illaria's tits and could just barely see the woman's face past them. "Milan..." She whimpered as her forms crowded in around the object of her desire.

Milan, still stunned, lie on her back just looking up at the set of women before her. Once the reality of the situation dawned on her, Milan's brow furrowed. "Illaria...did you really do what I think you did?"

"Yes Milan! Yes!" Illaria huffed and puffed as drool slid down the corner of her mouth. "I could not resist! I had to know!"

"You could not wait for us to discuss?" Milan pursed her lips together disapprovingly. "What if I had written something vile in that book? What if I had written you dying?"

"Nay Milan! You needn't worry for I had safety measures in place! I had planned to experience it and then to discuss it with you! Yet I had to know first hand. I just had to! And I do not regret it!" Illaria panted and leaned in. She struggled with her shape to kiss Milan, but kiss she did. Milan was slightly unresponsive at first, still a little upset by Illaria's trickery, but eventually she requited.

"You are a naughty, dirty thing Illaria." Milan kissed her once more and started to grope at Illaria's form. Illaria released longing from her lips. She sighed pleasure and moaned loudly. "We are going to have a long talk after this!"

"I accept the consequences of my actions." She managed the words freely and then returned to her joy.

"Oh? Do you?" Milan squirmed underneath Illaria until her arms were completely free. She had a moment to squeeze Illaria's tits and to play with her nipples. Then she relented and sat up. Her hands rose and held empty air for a moment until the book and a quill hovered in.

Illaria blinked several times and didn't quite fathom what Milan intended at first. "Milan?" However she learned very quickly.

Milan wrote and as she did she dictated it. "And then the demon Illaria felt her breasts swell to triple their size. So big in fact that she could rest upon them if she wished!" Milan dotted fiercely and then quickly her writing came true. The demon Illaria's breasts did swell. They bulged and inflated and Illaria loved it. She gasped and moaned and cried out loudly as her dual tops strained and ripped and tore. Shreds fell about as four plump breasts were freed, pert pink nipples displaying themselves to Milan. Forward the demoness fell atop her massive tits. Without missing a beat her hands were groping again.

"Y-yes Milan! More! Please more!" Every one of her cried out in their different toned voices.

"You want more?" Milan grinned and her revan feather went to work. "Suddenly, Illaria split into twenty more versions of herself and all of them began

to expand into the shape of a great hourglass!" Illaria's eyes went wide and she felt that familiar stretchy feeling. Numerous versions of her formed and shakily stepped out and off to the side. Then they quickly began to blow up.

Milan watched with great joy as Illaria's eyes started to roll back into her head. She choked on the amplified feeling to the point of nearly blacking out. At last, her forms fit into their new sizes, each one in new positions. Some sitting on their rumps while others were on their knees. Illaria suddenly cried out with a rasp of absolute joy. She shivered, shook and shuddered with pleasure. Every single one of her.

When finally Illaria came back to Milan, her eyelids were limp and her tongue hung loose. Milan could only smile. "I did not think pleasing you could be so easy."

"Nnnngghhh..." Illaria couldn't respond just yet. Her mind was so fuzzy and happy that she hadn't come around just yet.

"Oh that look in your eyes is amazing." Milan looked up at the giant version of Illaria. "Did you like my idea of you as a goddess?" Milan asked, but didn't receive a fully coherent reply. "You know I didn't get to finish what I was going to do with it." Milan gave Illaria a look that she recognized in herself as mischief. Then she began to write once more. "Then the largest of the Illarias felt a great surge within her. Her teats began to rapidly fill full of milk until they could contain it no longer! They stretched and strained and grew and bulged until her top ripped apart and she freely gushed!" Milan tapped the dot on the paper and then looked up to the giant galaxy woman above.

Illaria was still a bit tired from the previous line, but she quickly heated right back up. Her breasts were already very full. They sloshed and gurgled and bubbled as more of the liquid was forced into them. Whether or not they wanted to accept the liquid, it came. Illaria's eyes went wide and she grit her teeth as her nipples bulged forward. Her breasts swelled in size and her top tightened more and more. Each breast was now as big as Milan was tall and equally round. Another surge of pressure and her tits inched more and more towards Milan.

Of course Milan enjoyed watching her cleavage line grow longer and longer. Illaria was positioned perfectly so her breasts were growing down around both the pregnant Illaria and Milan, but her tits were so big that the pregnant Illaria was being squished into Milan's chest and the two of them were being smothered by the massive tits.

Illaria's eyes became intense and drool formed at the corner of her lip. She whimpered and whined from the intensity which built further and further until finally the poor girl could take no more. She leaned back, her tits swinging upward and bouncing once and then surging outward causing her top to burst into pieces. Shining stars and magical sparkles scattered about as Illaria's nipples stretched outward ever so slightly. They throbbed with pleasure and Illaria's tongue hung out.

Finally the pressure became too much. Illaria began to rapidly moan with

increasing frequency and volume. Her tits pulsed bigger and bigger and bigger until suddenly they gushed. Like a cork being popped on a champagne bottle, milk squirted and Illaria's eyes drew upward once more. She rapidly moaned and cried pleasure as the shower of milk landed behind the two woman and spattered the floor. Illaria gushed for nearly a minute until finally the liquid stopped and she relaxed on her knees.

By now, Illaria seemed exhausted. Even the pregnant, swollen version of her was limp and panting. But Milan was not through with her. "What a naughty little girl. To think you'd trick me into pleasuring you like this and not even let me watch the effects." Illaria could not reply. She was too busy gasping and struggling with her pounding heart. "Well I must say that I think there is only really one solution Illaria." Milan released the book and quill and they floated free of her hands.

Illaria was still recovering, but she noticed the event. She saw how Milan was sitting up and bringing the swollen version of her to their feet. She felt it as Milan wrapped her arms happily around Illaria and gently touched and squeezed. Illaria loved the feeling of comfort that it gave her, but it was quite short lived. "You see Illaria, your magic can certainly please you..." Illaria suddenly felt a certain darkness about the room. Purple mist seemed to flow in and before she knew it, there were shadows coating the floor and sticking to her feet and thighs. "...but they can never top my shadows."

Quickly the shadows in the room began to come to life. They stretched upward into the shape of many, many tentacles. Numerous ones for every single Illaria, giant and small. The biggest of her forms found itself pulled to the floor and into it's own tits. She gasped at the rough way she was handled. The tentacles restrained her and pulled her into a web of shadowy claws and tentacles. She could feel Milan's essence in every single one of them as they started to squeeze her fat curves. Her thighs were squeezed and her tits were groped. Every single one of her was tied up in her shadows like a fly in a web.

Milan herself held the original Illaria in her embrace. Her hands pulled tight and tentacles wrapped around Illaria's features. Milan let an evil grin onto her visage. "Then Milan used her shadow magic to pleasure every single Illaria in the room simultaneously." She purred into Illaria's ear. "And Illaria loved it."

It turned out that the last line was true, but a bit understated. As Illaria felt the tentacles pushing in and and out her eyes turned into hearts. She was cross eyed within seconds and her tongue was hanging out of her mouth. Not long after she became unable to speak. Her mind was almost mush from the intense pleasure. Each and every tentacle relentlessly pumped her full of magic and she felt every single womb of hers blowing up full. One of her bellies was small and then a moment later it filled to the brink and jiggled as her belly button was forced into an outie.

Then another. And another. Soon the air was filled with subtle little pops of her womb being filled. Illaria wanted to call out Milan's name, but hadn't the breath for it. The already pregnant Illaria felt her belly inflating even further along

with her tits. She gasped loud and felt Milan squeezing her tight. In that one moment she felt a contentedness like never before. Somehow, in that brief second, her desires were sated. Her hunger for sex finally quelled. And then after Illaria rapidly cried out Milan's name again and again in increasing frequency and volume until she couldn't speak it any faster.



Soon after, Illaria blacked out.

It was only a pair of seconds, but it still happened. A rarity for her. A feeling of intensity so great that even a demi-goddess had lost consciousness.

When finally things settled, Illaria's many different forms began to burst into magical sparkles and find their way back to her. Many minutes later and Illaria was sitting on Milan's lap, dazed and still recovering. She was completely back to normal and everything was as it was before, but now she was on the bed. Milan stroked the woman's hair slowly and held her close.

Eventually Illaria returned to her senses and realized what had happened. She felt sheepish and embarrassed by just how far she had taken it, but also really quite satisfied. The embarrassment faded relatively quickly and Illaria smiled at Milan. "Oh Milan...that was indescribable."

Milan chuckled. "I would hope that I could describe it. It would certainly be nice to replicate this again." Milan held the book in front of her. "Though now that I know what power it holds, you may not be pleased with what I do with it."

Illaria was suddenly a bit nervous. "O-oh?" She hadn't liked the way Milan said that.

"Yes...because now when I can't see you I may write some naughty things knowing full well that you will have to deal with it while you work." Milan let out an evil cackle.

Illaria forced a smile. "You wouldn't do that to me though...would you?"

Trying to stifle her laughter, Milan replied. "Oh heavens no." Milan paused. "Well, maybe." She turned to Illaria and her eyebrows curved down and she displayed her fangs. "Having a little power over you might finally help me to convince you not to do naughty things."

Illaria huffed softly. "You know I can just make it vanish right? You don't have REAL power over me."

Again Milan chuckled. "Of course Illaria. I was just being silly. Now come here..." Milan let the book float into the air and hugged Illaria nice and tight.

Then, while Illaria was busy, the book floated down in front of Milan and opened its pages. The revan quill, directed by a shadowy tentacle, began writing. *And the two of them lived happily ever after.*