

In recent years Illaria had been invading Milan's dreams more frequently. Sometimes she would even wait until Milan slept specifically to strike. Often engaging Milan's deeper and more involved desires and pushing her until she would wake and immediately follow it up with a plethora of lip smacking kisses, cuddling and, perhaps, sexual engagement. The more malleable atmosphere of an environment where one was not limited by the world's laws was sometimes more appealing. Though nothing could ever truly beat the real thing.

In this case, however, the increase in frequency of invasions was actually due to something else. Usually Illaria would remain hidden until Milan found her out, but now she was revealing herself immediately. Then, after a brief greeting, Illaria would reshape their dream world into a creation of her own. Like flaunting a world she'd created by loading it into Milan's fantasies directly.

So when Milan suddenly found herself standing in front of a uniquely bright and colorful mall, there was little surprise. Milan looked all around her. A distant city-line was out past a grandiose parking lot. Most of the spots were currently empty and only a few people walked about her. As Milan comprehended where she was, she looked down at her clothing. Illaria had chosen a black hoodie with long sleeves, a black skirt, long stockings and a pair of leather boots that made her already incredibly tall size even taller.

Milan's eyes fixated on her delicate fingertips with blue colored claw-like nails. Her stark white flesh reflected the evening sun. Then her thick, blue colored lips parted to release sound. "Illaria!" She called out.

There was a fanciful display of sparkling fireworks that accompanied Illaria's sudden arrival. Trumpets appeared from nowhere with purple and white cloth hanging from them to deliver boisterous fanfare. The voluptuous woman posed as though she'd practiced for hours. She flaunted a new outfit, one that made her look like a ring master with royal purples and with golds accenting it. "Welcome my beautiful Milan!" Illaria swiftly circled the much larger woman. Her arms went about her head and she relaxed while floating in the air. "How can I help you?"

It was difficult for Milan not to smile, but she managed a straight face for at least a few seconds. "You forgot my gloves." Milan held her hand up.

Illaria wheeled forward and her nose almost touched her hand. "Oh I suppose I did!" Up her body jerked in the air and her arm flung itself back. Stars and sparkles appeared around her fingertip as she spun it about. Then with a cute little cry she thrust her fingertip towards Milan's hand and suddenly a glove appeared on both of them.

However, it was a glove with the fingertips cut out.

"Illaria, you know I don't like touching things with my fingers." Milan crossed her arms and narrowed her brow with mild annoyance.

"Oh blah! We're in dream land!" Illaria spun around, twirled and then soared high above Milan. Behind her was a backdrop of a three story mall with numerous balloons, streamers and banners to signal it's opening. "Nothing bad can happen here!" She shouted with joy. Illaria then began to hum a little tune that was playing off in the distance and slowly floated back down towards Milan. As she drew closer, her voice lowered in volume. "Besides...I wanted to be able to see those lovely claws of yours..." Illaria lifted Milan's hand and admired the woman's painted nails.

Milan let out a sigh, but smiled. "As you wish love." Illaria only grinned and released Milan's hand. "So we're here at the mall you've designed...what would you like to show me?"

Illaria's grin widened. "Oh Milan! Oh Milaaaaan!" She wiggled and wobbled. Wide hips shot back and forth while her hands met and she smiled pure happiness. As she did so, her body gradually grew in size until she was only a few feet shorter than Milan. "Nothing 'specific', but just to show you to some new things I've added!"

And with that, Illaria snatched Milan's hand and began dragging her towards the automated doors. Milan obeyed.

The mall was sized for a mixture of races both small and large, but with an extra added layer favoring the larger races. The escalators ran next to one another with the largest stairs in the middle going up and down next to one another, and the smallest towards the outside. Each floor was exceptionally tall and held ample head space for Milan. Even the vending machines were made with considerations to the taller races.

It was obvious of Illaria's bias towards liking Milan and wanting her to be able to enjoy the mall more than others because obviously she might be the only one to be able to enjoy it.

Unless Illaria asked Milan to pull others into her dream.

The soft sounds of a familiar percussion and string instrument reached her ears alongside several other stringed instruments she wasn't familiar with. Among the air was a gentle symphony of music accompanied by a fresh breeze. The smell of baked pretzels and cheese wafted through her nostrils. A sudden, subtle yearning filled Milan's mind and before too long she was hungry.

As Milan was pulled in further she took note of the many exotic designs ranging from the potted plants to the vendor stands. Whites, blues and purples and golds. The whole place was fantastic and felt nice and cool. Often Milan didn't like malls, but this one somehow felt like home. She adored it.

The two women then spent some time exploring the mall together all the while Illaria continuously talked about each and every little detail. Milan tried her best to be polite since she'd been in Illaria's position before. It was very fun to

show off one's creation to others and even though Milan wasn't interested in every tiny little detail, she patiently listened to everything she had to say.

After a time, the two of them came upon an open area near one the food courts on the upper level. Illaria had gotten Milan a pretzel and the two were now sitting on a comfortable couch and relaxing. Milan slurped fake soda and chomped down false pretzel. They were absolutely delicious. Illaria continued to talk, stars of happiness in her eyes.

Again Illaria was pulling on Milan's wrist. "Ok let me show you something really fun now!" Milan was still focused on her refreshments, but stood and followed. A few moments later and they were next to a booth of sorts. A photo-booth to be exact. "Here! This is a 'special' photo-booth that will ensure that your trip to the mall is 'very' memorable!" Her lips pulled upward with mischief.

Milan would normally recognize this look immediately and know the woman was up to something, but she was far too busy enjoying her drink and pretzel to really notice. "Mmmpf...you wahn ta take a pit-cher hmpf?" Her words were distorted by pretzel.

"Mmmhmm." Illaria's hips wiggled back and forth excitedly.

Milan nodded. Illaria pulled back one of the flaps to allow Milan to slip in. Fortunately there was plenty room for the two of them in spite of Milan's grand figure.

With both of them in, Illaria looked to Milan who swallowed her last bite and was looking to take another. The screen in front of them showed what the picture would look like and had a lot of options for dolling it up. Illaria left out all the extra features for their first picture. "Lets take a normal one first. Ready?" Milan nodded again and Illaria pressed the button. There was a short countdown. "Say cheers!" Illaria easily said so, but with Milan her mouth was still full and it came out muffled and she looked a bit silly as the flash went off.

Then came a subtle change. One that was accompanied by a soft, gentle creaking like the sound of leather straining. Illaria's chest, by comparison to a normal sized woman, was around the size of double D's. They ever so slightly bulged up into the shape of round fruit compressed by her doublet. Her thighs and rear were excellent accompanying sizes and they too swelled to match.

Milan's figure, on the other hand, was more bottom heavy. Her already large hips, juicy rump and bulging thighs increased even bigger. But her chest was more modest and only a bit more than a handful. Her bra stretched as her bust, eager to equalize with her lower half, pumped up much faster.

The growth was very brief and only resulted in a mild change. It was subtle enough that Milan didn't even notice. The very wizardy black hoodie helped to hide the bigger breasts that Milan was now sporting.

Illaria's cheeks dimmed with the mildest of pinks as she peeked over to Milan's chest. "Ok. Now I'll put a few filters on and we can take a few pictures!" Illaria giggled and began to put on a star banner of sorts. Milan was still much too

into her food and drink to notice. The loud sound of her slurping the almost empty cup came alongside a brief nod. Illaria changed the number of pictures to take at once to three and pressed the button eagerly.

3...2...1...

The camera flashed with three delayed chirps. A low gurgling and grumbling became rather audible as both women's curvature once more began to grow and swell. Illaria relished in the feeling and embraced taking the silly pictures. By the third her cheeks had taken on a visible pink coloration. Her bust bloomed outward and her bustier creaked. The buttons on her clothes began to tighten and strain as they were pushed outward and pulled sideways.

Illaria crossed her legs, weight building upon either of them. She could feel her panties and bra getting nice and tight under her clothing. The feeling was wonderful and made her eyes dip. Down her teeth came upon her lip with the softest of intent. Under her breath and betwixt her lips came an 'mmmmnnn'.

On Milan's end, she was still happily chewing away at her pretzel. She didn't yet notice the fabric of her hoodie rising. Two plump orbs slowly swelled beneath. There was a faint puffing like a pair of balloons being inflated. Puff, puff, puff. Milan savored her pretzel and merely assumed the tightening of her undies to be her enjoyment of it. She swallowed and her lips parted to release the mildest of moans. "Such a good pretzel." Milan whispered as her eyes fluttered shut.

Within her mind she could feel a tinge of warmth. A certain sensation that she associated with arousal. The initial 'squeeze' she always felt between her thighs when she first laid eyes upon Illaria. That 'push' when they kissed or when she felt Illaria's nipples slip between her fingertips while playing.

Or even when Illaria would let out that first tantalizing moan. Milan felt desire escape her lips. She squirmed for a moment, not even realizing that her thighs were steadily increasing in size. *My panties feel so tight for some reason.* She thought to herself and wiggled her hips trying to adjust. Milan's eyes reopened and she was mildly puzzled to find herself feeling a bit taller. Or maybe she was sitting higher?

Illaria could see her confusion, but didn't mention the size increase. Her eyes again molested Milan's figure. They paused at her rump which had grown quite a bit and gave her more cushion to sit on. That skirt of hers was about to get very tight. "Those are nice, but lets make them sillier! How about making a face or two?" Illaria leaned over and kissed Milan. Milan requited her kiss and her cheeks developed a very pale and greyish purple blush to them.

"Mmkay." Milan shifted a bit more. "After this I need a moment to adjust."

"Of course! We'll up it to five this time so be sure to make lots of goofy faces and poses!" Illaria giggled as she set everything up. She increased the count and triggered the button. "Cheers!" She said while reaching around behind Milan to give her bunny ears.

3...2...1... Again the camera went off with delays and once more the women's figures bulged and bloated like hourglasses.

Milan wasn't one to jump about and contort herself into goofy poses. Instead she crossed her eyes and puffed out her cheeks to act silly before chuckling. Before each shot she tried to make an even sillier face, but each picture seemed to make her heart beat faster. Her face heated up and she had to take in a deep breath in an attempt to settle her heart. Milan tried to make a silly face for the final picture, but instead she found herself making an expression of pleasure. She opened her mouth and her tongue flopped out followed by a rather loud moan.

There were little surges of energy pulsing through Milan's body gradually causing her to heat up. Her thighs were already pressing together tightly so the extra growth began to press outward. Her stockings and flesh bulged at the latex straps. The sheer width of her hips and size of her butt was starting to make her skirt tight enough to bulge the flesh as well. Milan's legs slid up and down alongside one another as she still had no clue what was happening. Even as her panties continued tightening against her, she had no idea.

Illaria was giggling and tittering as Milan was steadily succumbing. So much so that she didn't realize just how much enjoyment she was having. Illaria was jerked back to reality when one of the buttons on her top suddenly popped off. Her eyes went wide at the sight of her breasts pushing her overcoat to either side and struggling to tear apart her shirt. Illaria took in several quick breaths as her chest tightened. The sensation of her bust's inexorable growth sent waves through her body.

'Pump, pump, pump.' she could hear the magic pushing into each breast. It was liquid-like and sloshed as it entered either breast. The fabric of her top whined at the buttons holding it together. A moment later and another button popped off just as the camera took it's final picture. It ricocheted off one of the walls and landed on Milan's inflating tits. Illaria's eyes followed it as it came to rest on Milan's huge, plump rack.

Milan was in a bit of a haze. She'd just finished swallowing another bite with only one more to go when the button bounced and landed upon her chest. Through joy addled vision she spotted the button just resting on a black sort of shelf. She blinked a few times and set the rest of her pretzel down on the shelf to pick up the button. As she groped at the button, she felt her own touch. Again she blinked and looked down at the shelf, noting how it seemed to be stretching outward. Finally her senses snapped to and she realized that this was no shelf.

Suddenly her ears shot up and stiffened to points. They looked like a pair of blades swinging upward and might have even been able to slice a limb off with how quickly they'd flung themselves upward. "Eeep!" Milan squeaked like never before in a high pitched and uncharacteristic tone. She jumped up, nearly hitting her head on the ceiling of the photo-booth. Thick curvature bounced and rippled all along her body. "M-my chest!" Immediately she realized it was more than just her chest.

Both of her hands shot back and around her steadily expanding rump. "And my ass?!" Milan felt her rear end. It was like a big bowl of growing jello. Deft fingertips moved all over and examined her body further. "Thighs and...hips too..." Milan's face darkened to a deep greyish purple. "Illaria!" She cried out and twisted to face the minx beside her. Milan's fangs flashed and she grit her teeth.

Illaria was far more relaxed than Milan was. She sat in as sexy a pose as she could. The final button on her shirt was hanging on like a noble knight holding a door closed. Illaria was huffing and puffing softly, her cheeks a deep pink. In between breaths she managed to speak. "Yes darling?"

"You should ask my permission to inflate me!" Milan growled. Deep inside her body though she was certainly enjoying the feelings of growth still permeating her body. "You never ask." Milan crossed her arms and sat back down. She still felt warm all over even though the expansion was slowing.

"But it's just so fun to watch your reaction to it!" Illaria smiled widely. Her hands reached up to her new set of breasts which were as big as her head. Unbelievably, the button on her top was still holding. Around the edges of her cleavage there was hints of her fancy bra peering through.

"Would it not be fun if I knew ahead of time?" Milan frowned.

"Oh Milan..." Illaria hopped up and pressed Milan back into her seat. She maneuvered herself and hopped up on the larger woman's lap. Her knee's had to splay out to fit around Milan's vast hips and bloated thighs. "You are always so uptight and stiff! Loosen up my love!" Their chests met. Both sets of breasts were like big sacks of dough squishing together.

Milan found herself staring down a grinning, sexy elf. Her eyes trailed downward to Illaria's amazing cleavage. The feeling of her own undergarments squeezing tightly against her was certainly not helping her desire to resist. But then she came up with an idea. *She wants me to loosen up? How about instead I make BOTH of us uptight and stiff!* Milan leaned back as Illaria leaned forward. Suddenly Milan jumped into Illaria, both arms snaking around the smaller woman's plump figure.

The two embraced, their wet lips locking together. Milan groped at Illaria's behind. Each squeeze elicited a moan from Illaria. Harder she gripped and louder Illaria cried. The small woman arched her back suddenly and Milan took the moment to pull her in even closer. Their breasts began to squeeze together nice and tight. Upwards Illaria's breast flesh bulged. It fought with her top to slip out, but still could not escape.

Milan took to Illaria's neck without warning. Her teeth were rough, yet delicate. Her fangs could penetrate in a second, but instead merely tantalized. Their heart rates grew and synced together. The thumping of both resounded in Milan's ears alongside Illaria's ever increasing volume.

"Ah, Milan..." The words slipped gracelessly from her mouth. Milan pulled Illaria in and up so she could kiss and nip at the woman's collar. Soon Milan had a face full of Illaria's cleavage. She couldn't help herself and pressed her nose in

before kissing several times. Illaria whined happiness and her hands gripped at her lover's shoulders.

It seemed for a bit like the two were going to make love right then and there in the photo-booth, but Milan had other plans. As Illaria was pulled more against Milan, she was on her knees and fully extended upward with the bottom of her breasts on display for Milan. It was at this time that it would be easiest for Milan.

Her face smothered with a pair of amazing tits, Milan leaned forward and felt around the photo-booth console. She fiddled around with it for a moment and then pressed the on button. The confirmation chirp made Illaria, very suddenly, cease her moans and turn around.

"W-what? Did I hit the start button again?" She asked in a shaky tone.

"I suppose maybe I hit that button." Milan grinned as she leaned back in her seat and looked past the huge woman in front of her.

Twenty-five. The machine was going to take twenty-five pictures.

3...2...1...

There really wasn't any time for regrets or complaints. Instead the two women exchanged a brief glance of mixed nervousness and excited anticipation of what was about to happen. Illaria settled in on Milan's lap as the first few pictures went off and her chest blimped outward.

Even though Illaria was in front of her, Milan still felt the full effect. Each flash caused a sudden surge of energy to rush through her body. The first few weren't too intense, but each addition made her heart throb in her chest. "Ahn!" Milan let out a yelp as her chest leaped forward. The straps of her bra began to dig into her back while the cups were tight over her flesh. The feeling of her nipples gradually trying to escape was wonderful. A delightful tease made worse by the cups of her bra squeezing them and the lovely building of creaking and puffing.

Slowly and steadily she felt her skirt beginning to chafe around her widening hips. The straps of her panties held fast leaving flesh to swell up around them and push harder on her skirt. Milan bit her lip as her ears were filled with the tantalizing audio of stretching and straining clothes mixed with the gurgling and creaking of her body's growth. Bigger and bigger her curvature pulsed. Tighter and tighter her clothing became until a long tearing made her eyes shoot open. Her skirt pulled apart with ease and fell away to reveal soft black panties which were starting to look more like a thong with how immense her rear end was getting.

A sudden pair of quick 'pops' and her bra fell away giving her full tits plenty of room to puff up inside her hoodie. The relief she felt wouldn't last long. Soon her breasts were bigger than her head and she could feel a hefty pressure built inside either of them. With her bra gone, her nipples quickly began to perk and rub against cloth. The simple touch of her clothing was like silk to her face. No

matter how gentle the caress, it filled Milan with intense satisfaction.

Unable to wait any longer, Milan's hands went up and grabbed a handful. The soft dough contested her fingertips constantly. Her own nipples sliding from her grasp and perking further was incredible and sent waves throughout her body. She simply could not stop herself from squeezing more and more until she was gasping and struggling to keep pace with her heart.

Illaria couldn't help but to enjoy watching her lover swell. Even as she was pumping up herself, she focused on Milan. Watching her figure inflate was a real treat for Illaria. Feeling it happening to herself at the same time was like having cake and ice cream. Delightful and delectable. She was absolutely more vocal than Milan and easily went to moans and sighs of pleasure. Her thighs and knees were about Milan's waist and puffed up nearly uncontested. Save for her clothes that was.

Her breasts were already moving far past the size of basketballs. They blimped and her shirt, complain as it might, suffered a similar fate to Milan's skirt. The final button popped off and ricocheted out of the booth. Illaria's bust bounced and jiggled for a full pair of seconds, but didn't cease it's growth. The now loud sound of each milk tank being forcibly filled excited the two women. Illaria's bra was much thinner than Milan's and stretched further. Her nipples rose up immediately into the silky fabric and elicited a quick gasp from Illaria.

Illaria was familiar with these sensations. She knew they were coming, but somehow the two of them growing at once was making things all the better. The sensitivity of her body was somehow higher. When Milan whined or whimpered, she could feel that much sought after tightness building inside her. And she wanted for it. Yearned to feel it once more.

Her wish would certainly be granted, but first her pants would go. Holes tore in them at first and briefly one could see the flesh pouring out of them. Firm, supple flesh. The same occurred to her breasts. The immense valley of cleavage grew as plump meat spilled over the tops of her bra cups. Her tits, held in only by her stubborn, erect nipples, looked like a pair of muffin tops baking in the oven. Her thighs similarly began to bulge more and before she knew it, her bra snapped open and her pants shred apart with a long, loud shearing sound.

Thighs now free, Illaria felt them. The flesh was taut and full yet so very soft. She loved it. And so did Milan apparently. Illaria yelped excitedly when she felt Milan's fingertips diving in. They squeezed rough and playfully making Illaria choke on her lust. Her hips bucked as best they could. Milan obliged the woman's clear wants and gripped even tighter.

Then Milan's hands were on her breasts and squeezing. Without warning she felt fingertips wrapping around her nipples. Illaria nearly lost it right then and there. They pulled and twisted and played. Instead Illaria responded by reaching forward and gripping Milan's swollen balloons. The responding squeaks and squeals transformed Illaria's eyes into hearts. Both sets of tits between them were so full and weighty as though filled to the brim with milk.



Shivering with delight, Illaria felt her breasts meet with Milan's again. She could feel her perky nipples through her top and it made her heart pound even faster. "M-Milan!" She managed her lover's name once before she cried out in pleasure. Illaria tried to arch her back, but found it pressed against the machine. Her butt too. And she knew that photo-booth wasn't getting smaller.

Milan was well aware of what was happening, but just didn't care. Her hands worked her breasts like dough and she was rewarded. Her melons continued to swell relentlessly against Illaria's. The feeling of their nipples rubbing together made her pant and whimper. The pressure inside each of her breasts built. Before long the tips of her nipples and ears were throbbing in that oh so pleasant way. And as the pleasure and pressure built, so did the intensity for both women.

Soon Illaria's round rump was pressing hard against the machine and her thighs were pressing tightly against Milan. Their tits were pressing together roughly while their thighs squeezed themselves and each other. The space around and between them was shrinking every second that passed. Everything was getting so tight and squeezing the two women together more and more.

Loud hissing accompanied their figures bloating big enough for flesh to bulge around the inner frame of the booth. Neither woman seemed to care and was so caught up in groping at one another's bodies and enjoying themselves.

When finally the growth stopped, the two were pressed upwards by their rumps, their valley of cleavage meetings in the middle. Both of their hands were touching everything they could get to while loudly proclaiming pleasure.

It took quite a bit of time for the two to come down from multiple peaks and even after they were still fully flushed. Milan panted like a pup while Illaria whimpered joy. Neither one could move as they were wedged into the booth with their huge, curvy bodies pressing tightly together.

"That was very good..." Milan huffed and puffed. Her hands were still touching and toying, but there was more curiosity this time around. She couldn't believe how big she'd gotten.

"Hmpf. I wasn't aware...you liked to get so big."

"I wouldn't honestly, but if you make it feel good of course I'm going to like it." Milan stuck out her tongue. "I just wanted to give you a taste of your own medicine."

"Well you succeeded...and now we're stuck." Illaria let out several more moans, still quite aroused.

Milan scoffed at her comment. "Stuck? We're in dream land remember?" Milan half laughed, half moaned. Then she let out a long, happy sigh.

Illaria pouted. "I do now." The violet haired woman began to wiggle her fingertips as though to cast a spell, but then stopped. She began to grin mischievously. "Well even if you don't like getting big, I think I quite like it."

“Oh?” Milan raised an eyebrow.

“Yep...though how about we wake you up now?”

“Well alright.” Milan shrugged. There was a brief little bit of a haze as the world about her vanished. Milan then immediately opened her eyes to the view of her room. Her body was back to normal and everything seemed to be in order, save for Illaria sitting on her lap, pinning Milan beneath her. “Hello there my sexy little...” It took Milan a moment to realize that Illaria's chest was swelling up. And it was growing quite rapidly.

So rapidly in fact that they were already the size exercise balls. Milan tried to get up all the way, but was forced back by Illaria. “You wanted to make us big and I'm gonna get so big for you Milan.” She let out an evil little laugh. There wasn't a whole lot Milan could do as her lover's enormous breasts smushed against her chin and then began to envelope her face. There also wasn't much she really wanted to do about it. Being smothered by a pair of bean bag sized boobs to put her back to sleep was perfect. Milan's fingertips groped and squeezed the massive, squishy mass of breasts as everything went dark.