

## Fairy Fail

Darkness yawned down the stone halls. Only the light of a lone fairy battled the inky blackness as she flitted deeper into the tower.

Celeste's stomach growled. "Where is it...? I know it's here."

The small creature sniffed the air. Not only was there powerful magic about, but sweet dairy as well. Such a tantalizing scent brought her wings to flutter and her legs to tremble. Resisting the temptation was too great of a task. Keeping herself from growing sexually aroused was impossible.

The fairy *had* to have it.

Delving deeper into the tower, Celeste came upon several wooden doors. Peeking through the keyholes only revealed the wizard's possessions she couldn't have cared less for. The scent grew stronger, but the source was yet to be found.

Celeste ran an excited hand over her chest. Only a thin dress of leaves provided cover for her nudity, and she feared her nipples might soon tear through the delicate green garment. The scent of such sweet magic was enough to bring them into hard points and tingle her tiny breasts. It might soon prove necessary to tend to the urges deep between her thighs, lest they distract her from the task at hand.

"*Mmng...*" She whimpered and clutched a breast as if to silence its excitement. "*Come on, you damn wizard. Where is it? It's close. I can feel it in my--*"

Celeste froze when she floated into a body-quaking aura of magic. A single door stood before her at the end of a hall.

"*I-It must be in there...*"

Panting and barely able to fly straight, the fairy approached the door. It unlocked easily enough with a spark of magic before cracking open to reveal the wizard's workshop. Placed upon a small podium along the back wall sat the treasure Celeste sought: a glittering crystal flagon of honeymilk.

The sight of the golden cream brought the fairy's mouth to water. Honeymilk was impossible to come by from any normal means. Only attainable by milking a pregnant dairy cow during a full moon after having fed it enchanted wheat nourished by crystal light, honeymilk was liquid gold. It could quench a man's hunger for the rest of his days, or heal any wound. A single drop could cause a cow's milk production to flourish tenfold. Should a woman sip it from a glass, she would become fertile beyond nature's intention and her breasts would engorge with overflowing fervor to feed the mouths of her children and hundreds more.

To a fairy, however, honeymilk was among the most tantalizing of delicacies. Its magic overwhelmed their senses beyond the point of intoxication and brought their glows to shine like the sun. Infamous for their proclivity for milk, the creatures turned ravenous at the drink's scent. Fairies would guzzle its golden nectar until their bellies bulged to bursting and their wings could no longer keep them afloat. Frantic, screaming orgies were common in fairy villages on such

occasions. Tingling with magic and milk-drunk out of their minds, they allowed carnal pleasure to overtake their bodies in a glittering whirlwind of ecstasy.

Celeste's vision blurred at the sight. Her heart beat against her chest like a rabbit's. So much honeymilk for one fairy was too much to wish for. Leaving herself alone with such a treasure was a death wish; there was no way she could exercise enough self-control to not drink the full amount.

And yet she drifted closer with saliva dripping from her lips.

"I can...already taste...it..." she panted. *"I can feel it sliding down my throat... Filling me with--"*

***SHOOM!!***

A blanket of energy enveloped Celeste in a flash of light.

"*W-What??*" she cried out, dizzy as she stumbled back in the air. Her vision doubled as she struggled to stay upright and keep the honeymilk within her focus. *"I...have to get to the...nnngh...!"*

Celeste grabbed her chest. Energy sang within her nipples from waves of energy washing over her body. She couldn't help but squeeze her breasts below her leafy dress. The room spun around her. Heat flowed from her cleavage. Tiny droplets of lust formed between her thighs.

"*What's... What's happening...?*" Massaging her breasts, Celeste moaned at the extreme heat within. It caused her toes to curl and her breaths to escape in quick puffs of air.

***STRRTCH***

*"A-Augh!!"*

Her tiny voice cried out. Pressure assaulted her bust and her dress rubbed across her nipples. Red-faced and overwhelmed with sensations, Celeste hovered in midair with her gaze glued to her front.

***SSTRRTCH***

*"M-My BREASTS!!"*

Flesh heaped within her dress at a rapid pace. Once too small to fold over, she could only watch as her bosom swelled out of her hands and eclipsed her head in size. Heaving skin bulged high and round, mounding to her shoulders in a matter of seconds as if she were a doll sporting two garlic cloves for breasts.

***SHRIIP!!***

*"MY DRESS!!!"*

The leaves split open with little resistance. Fairy clothes weren't designed for stress, nor fleshy pressures. Tumbling free, Celeste's bust fell from her front to dangle in the air and pull her forward.

*"Mnngh!!! They're...getting bigger!!! Why am I growing?!"*

She grabbed at them madly, hoping to gather the massive overflow of flesh in her arms. They only continued to engorge, gaining weight and girth with every tiny, frantic breath.

*“M-My breasts... They’re... They won’t stop swelling! I can’t... Mmmnnghhh!! I-I can’t handle them!!”*

Skin stretched before Celeste. As large as two grapefruits, they hung off her tiny body in massive disproportion. Cherry-like nipples quivered towards the ground with extreme sensitivity. The chilly air stung against their pink surfaces, bringing Celeste’s thighs to clamp tight around her crotch.

*“Stop! Y-You have to stop!!”*

Her wings beat at the air. Sweat poured down her face. The effort to keep herself airborne with such a load was becoming impossible.

***SSTRRRRTCH***

Celeste whimpered in helplessness. As incredible as the rapid growth felt, she couldn’t let herself lose altitude. *“M-Mmngh!!!”*

Skin pulled at her torso and shoulders. Weight ballooned beneath her tiny frame.

*“Haahh...!! C-Come on...!! Stay...up!! I... I-I...”*

The room started rising. Celeste was losing altitude. Her wings could only beat so fast, and as her breasts neared the size of cantaloupes, she found her chances of flight slipping from her grasp.

Inches turned into feet. The cold floor was rising to meet her aching nipples as they hung like juicy, swollen fruits.

*“Mmmngh!! N-N-Nngh!! Please!! I-I don’t want to--”*

***SSTRRRRTCH!!!***

*“Ahh!!”*

The weight became too great. Failing her, Celeste’s wings clapped together behind her back.

She fell to the ground like a boulder.

***BWOOOMP!!!***

*“MMNNGHHHH!!!!!!”*

The pleasure was immense. Colliding with the cold stone, Celeste’s breasts flattened and heaved around her like a fleshy trap. Her arms pushed to the sides to prevent the chasm of her own cleavage from squishing her in darkness.

***BWOOP!!***

Her body sprang out moments later atop the bouncy mass. Trapped atop two watermelon-sized knockers, the fairy lay prone as the world jiggled and rocked. Angry nipples flared against the floor with no hope for relief.

*“NNNGH!!!! AAHHH THEY’RE TOO SENSITIVE!!!!”* Celeste cried out in sexual agony and tried to fly. Attempting such a feat was pointless given the dozens of pounds stretching her chest. *“I-I can’t...I can’t take it!! Why did...mmngh!! Why did I grow?!”*

Fluid ran from her crotch at the swollen sensations of her chest. Horny beyond belief and unable to process the event, Celeste struggled to stay conscious against the waves of pleasure. The honeymilk glowed from across the room, taunting her with its cream.

*“They’re too big...! I can’t...MOVE!!!”* Her arms and legs beat against her chest. Tiny ripples spread across their bulk.

*CRREEEAAAAAK*

She froze when the door opened behind her and footsteps echoed around the walls.

“Well well well...” an amused voice chuckled. “I know I put some humor into my immobility trap, but I never thought it would result in a sight like this!”

Celeste squeaked when she looked over her shoulder. A bearded man in a cloak stood over her. He wasn’t very old, but wisdom and trickery gleamed in his eyes.

The wizard had found her.

“Trying to get my honeymilk, were ya?”

“P-Please! I only wanted a drink!” the fairy begged, trying to hide in her cleavage. *“Turn me back and I’ll leave! I promise!!”*

“I don’t think so.”

Two hands rubbed against the sides of her breasts before sinking in. Celeste felt the ground leave her nipples as she was lifted into the air.

*“W-W-What are you doing?!”* Skin jiggled around her as if she were trapped in a bowl of pudding.

“You fairies never learn a lesson so easily.” The wizard grinned. “You’ll get your drink of honeymilk, but not until we have some fun.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

*GUUUURGLE*

*GUUUURGLE*

*“Mmmgh!!”*

High-pitched fairy whimpers echoed through the stone halls. Had a passerby not been privy to the situation, they never would have guessed such erotic noises of tortured pleasure could be emanating from such a small creature. Had they been in the wizard’s workshop, however, they could have glimpsed the sprite trapped atop her own breasts like a doll glued to two watermelons.

“Amazing...” the wizard awed after placing her on a table.

*“M-Mmmgh! So...big...!”* Helpless and far too heavy to fly, Celeste could only struggle to stay above her own cleavage. Taut skin rippled in all directions. Keeping her head and legs out of the fleshy chasm would have been far easier if not for her body becoming so slick with lustful juices.

“Tell me, how long did the transformation take before you reached this size??”

“H-Huh??”

He poked her soft mass with a finger.

*BWOOMSPH*

“Ah!!”

Waves of movement spread across her bust. She felt trapped in a wild ocean of heat and jiggles.

“Your growth! I never thought my trap could affect an intruder in such a way!” Gazing in wonder and underlying lust, the wizard watched the fairy’s breasts come to a stop. “I’m surprised your body could handle it.”

*“It can’t!! I can’t fly!!”*

“Yes, yes, I’m sure they’re extremely heavy for you.”

*STTRRRRTCH*

*“Ah!! T-They’re--MMGNH!!!”*

Flesh crept across the wooden table in a slow conquest. Watching them swell and firm, the wizard couldn’t help but notice Celeste’s reaction to their engorgement. Her toes and fingers curled. Drops of dew leaked from her groin. Such an ingredient was highly sought after. Rarely was one in such a position to collect it.

*“Please... Please don’t touch them...”* Celeste moaned when their growth ceased. *“I think...it makes them bigger.”*

“Interesting. It’s as if their very natures have changed...”

Her eyes grew like grapes when he brandished a smooth examination stick. Waving his hands over it and muttering a spell under his breath, the wizard brought the stick to glow with gentle warmth and energy.

*“W-What are you going to do with that?!”*

“Nothing you can’t handle, my dear.”

He ran the stick across the front of a breast. Intense vibrations brought the mound to quiver as if it were alive and bursting with joy.

*“Augh!! W-Wait!!! That’s--”*

*SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*“A-A-Aahhh!!! MMMNGHH!!!”*

Celeste’s mammaries ballooned. Enduring intense stimulation, she gasped and panted as she felt herself stretch across the table. Skin extended several inches to push bottles and books out of the way. Clenching her legs together, she did what she could to endure the rushing sexual urges calling her hands to action.

“Very interesting. So the trap’s magic is still active within you!”

*“I... I can’t take much more of this...”* Celeste panted and gasped for air. It was surprising her breath wasn’t steaming. *“I only wanted a little honeymilk! I’m so thirsty!”*

The wizard nodded and promised, “And you will have some! I wish to study the effects of my trap a little longer, however. This is most peculiar.”

“Study?? What else could you possibly want to do to m--EEEE!!?”

The prod pressed against the backs of her thighs at the base of her tiny rear. Slick and weak, they spread apart to reveal the glistening magic of a fairy’s pussy. Pubic hair fine enough for the most expensive of paintbrushes encircled her pleadingly plump lips.

She felt the stick’s smooth surface rub between her thighs.

*“M-Mmmgh... Please...! D-Don’t! If you do that, I feel as though my chest will grow too large!! I couldn’t handle such an ordeal!!”*

“We’ll see, won’t we?”

The prod rubbed against her pussy. Far too large to enter, it spread her lips and massaged her clit with intense pressure, stretching her opening and teasing her nerves.

*“MMNGH!!! O-Oh please!!! It feels too good!!! T-THEY’RE GOING TO--”*

***SSTTRRRRTCH!!!!***

*“Ooohhhhhhh MY BREASTS!!!”*

The wizard paused in shock at the intense rate of Celeste’s growth. Experiencing what looked like a gallon of mass expanding within her, the fairy’s tits bloated within seconds to dominate the table.

***CRASH!!***

Several bottles flew from the edge to shatter against the ground. A book was crushed helplessly beneath her mass.

Celeste squirmed against the overwhelming amount of flesh attacking her from all sides. *“A-Ahh!! I can’t--”*

***BWOOMPH!!***

Her cries were cut off when the two mounds suddenly closed together. Engulfing the fairy’s body in its entirety, the wizard gawked as his stick remained between her legs, lodged within her cleavage.

***SSTTRRRRTCH!!***

“That was rather sudden. So the intensity of the stimulation directly affects the amount of growth...”

*“Mmmmnphhh!! MMMPH!!!”*

***SSTTRRRRTCH!!!!***

Muffled screams came from within. Causing her mass to wobble, Celeste struggled for air and to resist the vibrating stick between her legs. At the rate she was growing, she might never see the light of day again.

***CRREEEAAAAAAAK***

“Oh dear!!”

The table groaned from the weight of several dozen melons. Recovering from his shock, the wizard quickly removed his stick before any damage could occur. Careful hands spread the top of Celeste’s cleavage to reveal the fairy within like a small prize.

*“Gaaahhhh!!”* she gasped for air, red-faced and sweaty. *“What did you do to me?! I FEEL LIKE A MUSHROOM SWOLLEN AFTER A RAIN!!!”*

“You’re quite large!” he chuckled. “You dwarf even the largest of human women!”

*“Mmgh... Nnnngh...”* Celeste massaged her breasts and shivered. They screamed for further attention. Thinking about the honeymilk only increased her desires. She might soon wither to a husk from the amount of fluid leaking from her loins.

*“I’m so large... I’ll never fly again!! W-What can a fairy do with such fleshy burdens?!”*

“Shall we see?” The wizard leaned toward two strawberry-sized nipples pinned against the table.

*“What?? No!! N-No!! You can’t touch those!! I’m begging you!! Those are mine!!”*

He smirked. “Says the thief.”

Both pink mounds found themselves pinched between his fingers. Hot and throbbing, they pulsed in his hands.

*“Aaahhh!!! Ooohhh gods!!! My CHEST!!!”*

*GUUUUURRRRRGLE*

Celeste’s face paled when her cleavage rumbled beneath her.

*GUUUUURRRRRRRGLE*

The wizard listened with amusement. “Oh? What is that, I wonder?”

*“N-No... No! Anything but--Aah!!”*

Pressure struck her bust like a hammer. Reeling from the intense sensation of rising fluid, Celeste felt her skin tighten and firm. Forces pushed against her areolas and swelled her nipples within the wizard’s hands like ripe fruits.

*“Stop!! Y-You’re going to make them--”*

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“MMNGHAAAHHH!!!”*

Milk erupted into the wizard’s hands. Releasing her form, he stood back to watch as she engorged full and round with dairy. Milk spilled over his table before falling to the floor in thick waterfalls.

*“Mmmmmmm!!!! Ooohh when is it going to stooooop?? I feel so FULL!!! I don’t want to pop!!”*

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!*

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“Aahh!! Aahhh!!”*

Her mini orgasmic gasps burst forth in time with surges of lactation. Puffing thick, her nipples sprayed milk across the room with enough force to clear a shelf.

*“Nnnngh!!! I-I can’t handle the pressure!!”*

The wizard never took his eyes off her. Entranced, he saw what he believed to be a self-fueling process. As the fairy’s chest grew and produced more fluid, the overflowing milk

only stimulated her further, encouraging further milk production. It was a vicious cycle, wrought with leg-tensing orgasms and squeals of delight from the victim.

Eventually, drained of milk and reduced in size, Celeste's intense release ended. Milk trickled over the table and her body lay coated in sex and perspiration atop the melon mounds.

*"Please... P-Please..."* she rasped. Her back heaved with exhaustion and erotic torture. *"I fear I may soon faint from this ordeal... My body...cannot handle this much pleasure... Will you not release me? Have you not had your fun?? I'm sorry for what I did!"*

"You want to leave so soon? But I was just about to give you your honeymilk!"

Celeste's eyes brightened. Recovering exceedingly fast, she propped herself up on her arms and gazed at the wizard. *"REALLY?!"*

"I promised you could have some."

*"RIGHT NOW?!"*

Drool ran down her chin. Forgetting the massive globes beneath her, she heaved with thirst for the magical drink.

"You may have a thimble."

*"GIMME!!"*

Celeste didn't blink as he poured a small amount from the flagon. The scent was heavenly, bringing the fairy's heart to palpitate with anticipation. Subconsciously, she spread her legs as if preparing to accept a mate.

"Here you are," he said, handing her the small container.

She grabbed the thimble in a frenzy. Burying her head in the thick, golden contents, Celeste gulped the honeymilk without taking a breath.

*"Mm!! Mmm!!!"*

"Good?"

*"MMHM!!!"*

Honeymilk soaked her hair. Threatening to splash over her chest, she never allowed it to spill despite her ravenous thirst.

"Now, there's one more thing I would like you to let me try," the wizard said calmly over her slurping.

The fairy burst from the thimble to gaze at him with delight. Honeymilk dripped from her face and coated her smile. *"Anything!! Anything for more honeymilk!!!"*

He grinned, catching a glimpse of her distended belly. It protruded from her twiggy frame as if she'd swallowed a walnut. "You look a little full!" the wizard chuckled.

*"But I'm still thirsty!! Can I have more honeymilk??"*

Lifting his hand, the wizard promised, "You may have all you desire if we're successful."

Celeste did not hear him mutter ancient magic under his breath. Cocking her head, she asked, "Successful in wh--"

*RRRRMMMMBBBBLLL*



The fairy's body trembled. Turning her gaze lower, Celeste saw her breasts beginning to tight and swell. Intense heat spread through their depths.

*GUUUURRRRGLE*

*"N-Nngh... What...What did you do...?"*

Collapsing, she massaged her swollen belly between her hands. It churned against her palms, overladen with honeymilk.

*"Ooohhhh my belly! I feel like it's...like it's going to...Ahh!!"*

Fearing she may soon feel her abdomen swell and stretch into her hands, Celeste was relieved when her gut retreated into her frame. Within seconds her waistline resembled what it had once been. Still the heat remained, flooding her mammoth chest.

*GUUUUURRRRGLE*

*"W-What's happening to me...??"* She groped her chest and tensed her body. *"The pressure!! T-The pressure...is back!! I don't want to lactate again!!"*

The wizard watched intently. He could feel he was on the edge of destiny. Slowly the fairy's chest came to glow a soft golden hue.

*"What?! My chest!! Why is it...so hot?! Everything is tingling!!! I-It's--MMMNGH!!!"*

*GUUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!!*

*"Augh!!!"*

Celeste couldn't help herself any longer. Giving in to the temptations, she flung a hand between her legs to accompany her aching pussy.

*"A-Aahh!! Aahhhh!! My...chest!!! It's...so...TIGHT!! I... I-I can't... I feel like it may burst!!! MMMMGNHAAHH!!!"*

Sweetness filled the air as she orgasmed. Fluid flooded her palm and thighs in a thick river. Confused, she brought her hand to her panting face.

Golden cream dripped from her fingers. Smelling of sweet honeymilk, Celeste's senses were overwhelmed. Despite just fingering herself, she slowly extended a tongue to lick a finger.

*"It's honeymilk!!! I-I just... And then I... Honeymilk just came out of my--"*

"That's not all," the wizard grinned in triumph.

Celeste followed his gaze to her nipples. From their bloated, puffy forms oozed a thick cream glistening with magic. It flooded the table in richness.

*GUUUURRRRRRGLE*

*SSTRRRRRTCH*

The fairy didn't take much notice of the churning of fluid within her bust, nor the sound of her skin stretching as she came to fill the table to its breaking point. Flesh bulged over the sides as she grew over a meter in width.

*CRREEEAAAAAAK*

The table groaned.

“I... I-I’m lactating honeymilk...?” Celeste whispered in disbelief. The smell was unmistakable. The pressure in her mammarys was overbearing. Several pale veins throbbed in protest of her gargantuan volume. “*My chest is making HONEYMI--*”

***CRASH!!!!***

Collapsing under several hundred pounds of flesh and milk, the table broke beneath Celeste, sending her plummeting to the ground. Skin heaved around her gawking face as she was swallowed in her own mass.

***BWOOOMPHSH!!!!***

***SPLRRRTCH!!!!***

***“MMMNGH!!!!!”***

Pure honeymilk rained around the workshop from her fountain nipples. Trembling and raising her rear into the air, Celeste fingered herself for the dear nectar leaking from within. She couldn’t lick her hands clean fast enough as her chest continued producing gallon after gallon.

“*Honeymilk!!! So much...honeymilk!!!*” She gasped and gulped, barely able to speak through her swallows. “*I HAVE ALL THE HONEYMILK I COULD EVER WANT!!!*”

The wizard couldn’t contain his excitement. Pleased with his experiment, he tugged on a nipple to release a torrent of the valuable, magic-loaded cream into a glass. Celeste only groaned in response.

“And so do I,” the wizard chuckled.