

Just a Kiss

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *lactation*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

Commission: The following is a commission for DeviantArt user *GuildmasterPascal*.

- *Madam Materia*

Was this the place? Above the door, jutting into the street, was a neon sign. Highly stylized, it read "Alluress", the final two letters mirrored to create the illusion of a heart-shaped bustier, juxtaposed over the art in the back of a woman with her hands above her bust, a coy smile on her lips. The letters glowed a brilliant scarlet, even in the bright midday sun, drawing eyes to the frankly unassuming entrance just below.

Well, it either was, or Marcie was about to wander into a seedy back alley club with a similar name. She gathered herself, brushing her muted tunic and skirt before tucking a lock of her cropped woody hair over her ear. It was now or never if she was going to get what she wanted.

The door creaked softly, its hinges clearly oiled, but not entirely beyond wear. The sound of a bell hung above rang, letting the little shop's owner know she had company. From behind the counter, a pair of eyes rose, masked by a soft steam coming off whatever concoction she was currently working on. Even so, they pierced the veil, brilliant scarlet that refused to be muted, making them seem to glow as much as the sign outside.

They drew one into her soft caramel features, full bee-stung lips, all framed by shining platinum blonde locks that ran down and beckoned the eye to follow. Down to her bare shoulders, the swell of her bust locked in a svelte red dress, pressed into a deep cleavage. She was undeniably gorgeous, and one could find themselves lost in any part of her, unwanting for freedom; and she quite clearly knew it from the curl on the corner of her mouth.

Marcie swallowed thickly, snapping her stare back up from where it had been lingering. "A-Alluress?" she asked, reaching up and nervously tucking away another few stray strands of her brunette hair.

"That's the name of the store, yes," the beauty teased with a giggle, her voice as sultry as her looks, "I prefer to go by Kiki, personally."

She straightened, coming back from her veil of steam to her full height, showing off the sinful dip of her waist out into the matronly flair of her hips; hugged tight by that scarlet skirt. It seemed like she might approach, the way those enchanting eyes continued to appraise the woman in her little abode. Instead, she went to the shelves, a slender-fingered hand, each digit tipped with a crimson manicured nail, running through the jars and containers on display. "What brings you in?"

Another nervous tick ran through her guest. "Uh," Marcie stammered, having to forcefully drop her chin to tear herself away from the full, delicious ass of the sorceress. "I was hoping to get something

to help with my..." she paused, blood tinting her cheeks as she struggled with the courage to let her desire over her lips, "'feminine issues'."

Kiki's giggle was like a song. "That's something more akin to an apothecary's work, wouldn't you say?" she teased, casting a playful, half-lidded leer over her bronze shoulder. "I think there's a drug store not too far away."

The blush that filled her was all the more obvious on her pale complexion, going all the way out to her ears. "N-no! Not, not that kind of issue," the brunette stumbled through her words.

Her hands went to her chest, palms completely covering her non-existent chest. Compared to the buxom enchantress, well, she may as well have been a young boy; a feeling Marcie had carried with her for most of her life.

"Ah, I see," the scarlet-clad beauty mused, plucking a bottle from her collection and twisting the lid off to pour into her ongoing brew, "Looking to fill out into a more feminine figure."

Her guest gave a nod, lithe fingers curling into the soft padding she had, where boobs should be. "Puberty passed me over in that department. I heard that you have the power to change that though, that you can give people their dream bodies."

The sorceress's plush lips curled into a grin, those unreal red eyes resuming their provocative undressing of the slight-figured woman. "I've been known to do such things," she told her, giving her pot a stir to get it moving before coming to her counter.

She leaned forward on her elbows, her more mature bust pushing through her arms, pressing tight together in yet more alluring swells. "So, is it just the tits you're after, or is there more to this little desire of yours?" she purred, bridging her fingers to rest her chin and listen.

"I mean," Marcie twisted, taking a look at herself; perhaps wondering what this woman, Kiki, found so interesting about her. "I could probably use some work on my other curves too, but let's just focus on one thing at a time. Can you do it, miss Kiki?"

"Just Kiki," the blonde beauty corrected, "and what should I be calling you?"

That blush returned. "M-my name is Marcie," she told her, like giving the spell caster an intimate part of her soul.

"Well, Marcie," the curvy woman right herself, running her hand through her hair to keep it parted away from her features, "it's a pretty simple request, more than do-able."

"Great," the slim girl lit up with a genuine smile. To have her lifelong dream realized, it was hard to contain such excitement. "So, uh, how long will it take?"

"Not long," Kiki replied, rummaging through the concoctions on her shelf, plucking up a small metal tube the size of a finger. "This kind of thing gets asked for a lot, so I've got a few remedies laying around, just in case," she offered a suggestive wink, implying she may have had such things for more than just business.

Marcie didn't mind at all, now more confidently stepping into the little shop. "Cool, so what, I just pop a potion and voila?"

Another lilting giggle from the magical minx. "Not quite," she popped the lid of the tube in her hands, twisting it that its contents were pushed to the surface; a deep burgundy lipstick.

"Most tend to want this kind of a change as a matter of passion," she ran it across her lower lip, deepening the already temptuous red she wore. "So, the spell works best applied in an act of passion, in the case," she pursed her lips, rubbing them together to spread the rich colour across them in an even coat, "just a kiss."

That smile returned to her face, and it sent a shiver down the brunette's spine. Excitement? Nerves? Accompanied by the blush in her cheeks, it really could have been either. "A-a kiss?" her navy blue eyes were once more wandering, running up and down every sensual curve of the woman before her.

"Yup," the blonde replied, catching the look, crossing the threshold of her counter with long strides of her toned legs to rest on the other side. She rest her hands back casually, the act arching her back, pushing her chest out, tucking her waist in to show off for her guest. "Unless a kiss is too much? I know some like to save that kind of thing for their first 'true love'. I'm not one to judge."

Marcie found her heart skipping, a lightning strike of fear briefly coursing through her and forcing her to act. "N-no!" she blurted out quickly, as if not doing so would have everything slip through her fingers. Her blush deepened at the outburst, leaving her shyly toying with her bangs over her ear. "I mean, a-a kiss is fine."

"Well then," the sorceress raised her hand, curling a finger to beckon the girl to her.

Was there magic involved? It certainly felt like it as the brunette's feet seemed to move on their own. One step at a time she drew closer, to the teasing grin on those ruby lips.

"It's okay, I don't bite," they purred, "unless you want me to."

Slowly, and with a blush matching that lip liner, her guest came into reach. The scarlet-garbed beauty got to her feet, that inviting finger now sitting on the plain girl's chin. Just a couple digits, and it was as if the bronze-skinned vixen had complete control over her.

"Are you ready?"

Such simple words, and yet, they warmed Marcie to the core, her breath a hot puff as it escaped her, carrying but a single word: "Yes."

Kiki's giggle was like a song. More such playful ribbing was unnecessary, the girl was all but weak kneed by her charms. Best give her what she came for before she melted into a puddle on the store's floor.

Her nails tickled her guest's neck, as she braced her to come in for the kiss. Lips touched, tasting faintly of cinnamon; spicy and warm as the tongue that wasted no time in slipping between their barriers.

A soft gasp built up in Marcie, squeezing out between the small gaps offered by their embrace. She hardly knew what to do, her arms stiff to her sides as this dream of a woman all but had her way

with her. Even were this not a spell, it would be magic in its own way, just from the talent the scarlet sorceress displayed in so simple an act.

But it was a spell, real magic. Soon, it felt like Kiki's breath moved into her, spreading a tickle to every point of her body. Out to her fingertips, her toes, before all that power turned back inward up towards her chest.

Her nipples hardened, making her squirm from their sudden spike of sensitivity. Her steady moan became a whimper that forced her lips apart and let the magical minx deeper in. A hand found her hip, steadying her, keeping her close as the sorceress worked her magic.

Slow and steady, another brushing of their mouths against one another and the growth was beginning. Marcie could feel her bust swelling, her chest rising with each sharp intake, only to fail to fall as she blissfully mewled. Her top grew taught, stretching between her plumping, stiff teats and leaving it all outlined in just a few moments.

She wished she could see, but she was locked into the kiss by the bronze-skinned beauty. With no other option coming to her lust-hazed mind, her frozen arms jumped into action, coming up between them and taking her growing boobs in her fingers.

Her heart was hammering so hard with excitement she could feel her pulse in her cheeks. Her tender buds were like sparks as they pressed into her palms, each beat pushing them further. Doughy flesh started to push between her fingers, filling in the picture in her mind's eye of her growing bosom.

Blind pawing soon became cupping as they rounded out. Flat was a thing of the past, as already the roll of their teardrop-shaped weight was making its way into her hands. Her tunic continued to struggle, the only line of defense keeping her contained. Moment by moment it grew tighter, the slackness disappearing and eventually robbing the feeling of her budding breasts overflowing growth as their pliant softness started to conform to the garment.

They greeted the girl with a new sensation though. A gentle creaking of fabric, as the threads of her top started to spread. Smooth texture became rough as limits were reached, the pale tone of her skin starting to show through, right down to the line where the pink of her puffy areola started on her developing mounds. Up at her neckline the sound grew higher, right up until-

Pop, pop, and finally a cascading tear that threw Marcie off balance. Their lips disconnected, as the jump of weight rushing forward into the new space offered by her torn garment knocked her off her feet, and into the arms of the vixen if a sorceress.

Kiki gave another gentle giggle, helping the girl to her feet, tugging some of the folds of her damaged top, adjusting that new v-neckline created by the shredded collar to show off the cute little valley of cleavage her client now had to display.

"There we go," her voice was a sultry purr, a satisfied grin on those painted kissers. "What do you think, what you imagined, Marcie?"

Taking a step back, the brunette finally got a proper look at herself, falling slack-jawed at the sight. She had boobs! Proper, full, luscious boobs, that bounced in her hands as she continued to absent-mindedly toy around with them in disbelief.

The rush if it all was, perhaps, not the best for making decisions. The previously plain woman's face rose back up from her new curves, a smile on her face that the magical shopkeep assumed was prefacing thanks. Instead, the girl jumped forward, her arms draping over the bronze beauty's shoulders, her new tits docking on those tan mounds as she bowled them both back into the counter to resume their kiss.

The sorceress was certainly caught off guard, wide eyed and pinned by the sudden explosion of motion. It wasn't something she was against. The girl wanted a little more? She could oblige. One hand curled into the dip of her guest's back, the other, taking the mood in full to grope at the previously meek girl's rump, coping a feel of the decent amount of ass she'd sport in tandem with this new bust of hers.

Lips again locked in a reversal of their passion, the growth resumed. Marcie's hands didn't return to her chest however. She could feel it on its own, stiff teats pressing down as they slid along the beauty beneath her's while they grew. Instead, she followed the mystical magic maker's lead, cupping her cheek as she sampled more of that spicy cinnamon on the woman's lips, and keeping her close with the other.

Another pop of thread, it wasn't her half-destroyed top they were conforming to this time around though. Each beat pumping her boobs bigger had them pouring outward over the beauty beneath her. In moments they eclipsed the sorceress's, and as the hungry kiss continued her bounty ran out of room and began pushing up towards their shoulders.

The brunette seemed oblivious to her own growth. Each extra inch added was driving her onward, as size was carrying with it sensitivity. They just felt so good, squishing up and around Kiki's body, each little squirm or wiggle of their bodies spiking the wonderful sensation of the pressure on her melons. To have them squeezed, caressed, just imagining it had her moaning and doubling down, until the eventual, inevitable end.

Marcie's tongue stretched out as she felt the minx's lips slip away. A shallow whimper coming out of her throat as her eyes peeked open to see the blonde diva's face beneath her.

With a wide grin, the woman chuckled. "Not my choice, love," she flicked her crimson gaze downward to guide her guest's attention.

And the buxom brunette followed, turning red when she caught the cause. She'd grown massive, a literal wall of tit flesh holding her up and away, out of reach of the sorceress. "I didn't-" she started, lifting herself up only to remain pulled down by the sheer weight of her mammoth mammaries. It took looping her arms beneath them, the pliant fat smothering her in the attempt, and hoisting them with a grunt just to get them off the counter.

She stumbled back, tripping over her feet as her top-heavy center of balance yanked her about this way and that with the slightest movement. Eventually she couldn't take it, and fell hard backwards onto her ass, the mountains of womanhood dominating her body pooling out and covering her torso like a blanket and knocking the wind out of her.

All the while, Kiki just had a laugh, covering her mouth with a hand to hide her grin; and at least veer towards polite pity. "A might more than you were hoping for?" she still couldn't help but tease as

she lifted herself from her perch and went to her shelves. "Don't worry, I've got something that should fix you up."

The pinned woman could hardly see, most of her vision currently taken up by her own bosom. "Th-thank you," she muttered, resting her hands on her giant chest and just feeling the squish of it under her fingers. If she could stand, it probably wouldn't be too bad; especially with how they felt.

In her blind spot though, the magical minx was hard at work. She gave her pot another stir to keep it from burning after that little make out session, and get to work with another small bowl. A small handful of ingredients: a white powder; some bitter-smelling oil; and a few drops of a sparkling elixir, all were whisked together while the brunette remained stuck on the floor, trying to part her cleavage to get a peek at what was going on.

When finally everything became a thick cream, Kiki took up a dollop on her fingers. "Here we are," voice was still a calm, controlled and lustful purr, as the sound of her heels clicked along to fetch her downed guest.

A hand appeared, and the top-heavy woman was quick to take it. It took a small huff from the both of them, but the weight of her giant tits rolled forward off her to come to a rest in her lap.

Once more, the sorceress's smile was on display. "Alright, let's fix you up, Marcie."

The digits bearing her new concoction came up, and at once pressed down into the pliant and sensitive flesh of the monstrous bosom at her mercy. "Careful not to squirm too much, though I'm not sure you're going far," she cast a teasing smirk at the girl.

There was merit to it though. The temptuous woman's fingertips were cold on her skin, sending a delighted shudder through the sensual mounds and down her back. It took biting her lip to keep still, as the magic user worked her craft.

A circle, bridging between the warm pillows before being filled with a series of swirling runes. The moment the last stroke was finished Marcie could feel it, another tingling rush of magic within her bosom. She expected simplicity, just a simple cold shrinking of her bosom. To the contrary, she was watching them firm up before her eyes.

"No worries," the blonde seemed to notice the concern on her client's face. "Trust me, Marcie, I know what I'm doing."

It didn't seem it, but the girl couldn't really do much other than trust her. Something getting harder by the moment as her nipples grew dark and tender on the ends of her teats.

With their sensitivity, the top-heavy girl could feel the subtle change in sensations. This wasn't like her previous growth. Her skin was stretching taut, being filled from within with-

Kiki wiped her fingers off on the tatters of torn fabric before her, getting back to her feet and slipping back behind her counter. "Should probably be ready to save some of this; breast milk isn't the easiest ingredient to get one's hands on."

As the pressure hit its apex, the dam broke. Pearly white beads of cream appeared on those diamond-stiff nipples, quickly growing as large as marbles before gravity took its toll. Marcie let out a

shuddering whimper, as the warmth started trickling down the underside of her overstuffed bust. A pleasant tingle, and an ache to see this new feeling satisfied.

“There there,” the sorceress chuckled, a handful of bottles in her arms as she returned, getting comfortable on her knees before the leaking Bessie, “I’ve got you.”

Those talented hands were back on her, tenderly sinking into the full flesh of her bosom. Just that little additional pressure and the creamy dribble became a small jet, one caught by one of those prepared receptacles as its lip was pressed to the leaky teat. It was cold, sending a shudder that rippled through her, puckering her nip and adding to the flow as she let out a soft moan.

The bronze beauty giggled, as the sudden spike left a few rivulets of the warm cream missing the bottle to roll over her fingers. “Alright, message received,” she set the half-filled container down with the others, “I’ll warm things up first.”

Marcie had to pry her eyes open. Her curiosity at what the temptuous woman meant refusing her reprieve, even with the euphoric sensation of her leaking, oversensitive nubs. Kiki remained on her knees in front of her, brushing a cascade of that long, blonde hair over her shoulders. For the briefest moment, those scarlet orbs flicked up, catching contact with a wry, teasing smirk. All these subtle motions that hammered the brunette’s heart in her chest, behind her currently overflowing bust, with anticipation for the next tease or trick she had in store.

She licked those sumptuous lips, making the lip crème on them shine once more. A playful smack, and her hands returned to the gigantic globe of feminine expression before her. Trying to lift it just left them sinking in, making more milky mess of the sorceress’s floor, but she accomplished her goal. That pert tap was pushed up, in just the right position for her to open wide, lean in, and take it into the wet warmth of her mouth.

Her guest couldn’t contain herself. In her simple shoes her toes were curling, a tremble moving up her legs that squeezed her thighs together as she let out a blissful cry of ecstasy. The woman on her teat was like an artist. The seal of her lips had her cheeks filling with each deep swallow of cream she took. Even then, her tongue was darting in, lapping at the nub she latched to with its tip to tickle. Her hands were kneading, sinking in and pushing the white ambrosia towards the exit and down her greedy gullet.

One would expect her to fill quickly from the heavy drink. It wasn’t pooling in the pit of her belly, however. Though she couldn’t see the curvy minx, hidden behind the wall of boob, she could feel her. The woman’s own chest started to press into her. That sleek dress was slipping down, bare skin starting to rub against bare skin, the doughy planes of cinnamon that held the magical shopkeep’s nipples starting to peek over and reveal her own excitement.

What a tease Kiki was, coming off that needy bud with a lewd pop; a string of milky drool connecting them for a brief moment. “There, better?” she purred, sliding her talented fingers back up, keeping the flow going as she fetched her bottles once again, “Now let’s empty you out so I can work on the other one.”

Marcie's loins were quacking after such a display, like she'd only gotten half the ride, sitting at the top of the hill and eager for the fall. Perhaps that was the intent? It had made her flow a steady

stream, and the sorceress took full advantage to fill a number of her containers with the warm, thick cream.

A few minutes, and perhaps a half-dozen bottles, and the sensation had at least dulled to a calm rhythm. The brunette's left tit was far more manageable, able to be held up by her caretaker, and right about where she wanted for its size. Obviously though, things weren't done. Her other was still large as a ripe melon, and the neglect had her weeping cream from the intense pressure still holding behind a barely holding dam.

Kiki let the tended breast from her grasp, watching it slap back into place on the girl's chest. "Alright, round two," she shifted to lay on her hip and disappear again behind the still-full boob.

The moment her fingers touched down that spike in pressure once more elicited a moan, a short spurt arching out to paint across the sorceress's cheek. "Maybe I left you sitting a little long?" she teased, wiping her face in a scrap of dress.

"M-maybe?" Marcie challenged, lifting her own arms up and laying her weight against her remaining, heavy milk sack.

The pressure picked up again, pushing against that dam in an erratic spray that left the bronze-skinned vixen shielding herself with a laugh. "Alright, alright," she shook the wetness from herself with a naughty curl to her mouth, "I'm not getting that kind of jet into a bottle unless I want froth, so how about I warm you up again with seconds?"

Once more she moved to get comfortable, this time letting her guest do the work and simply leaning in to take her nip between her lips. Her cheeks at once bulged, letting a trickle out of the corners of her seal, but that was all she allowed to escape. One heavy swallow and she was caught up in a moment.

This time the brunette had a better look at the curvy body feeding from her, and the subtle little changes affecting that divine form. As each gulp was pulled down her gullet, her bust rose, only to fall just that little bit less. Her areola started coming into view, the soft cinnamon planes muffining over the hem of that svelte red dress.

It was quite the sight, leaving Marcie breathless as she watched, waiting for the moment those nubs would pop over the barrier. They were getting close, their stiff peaks dragging their tents up a micro-inch at a time. The shelf pushing over her dress was getting heavier, casting a faint shadow until-

Pop. Kiki's nipples revealed themselves, the last. The last bastion keeping her dress up, and it wasted no time snapping down around her waist and letting her boosted bust flop out freely.

It broke the moment, her scarlet eyes flicking down at the commotion, and milk dribbling on her chin as she pulled away to inspect. She couldn't help a giggle, lifting one in her hand, feeling the doughy flesh spill through her fingers. "Perhaps a little more passionate with that than I anticipated?" she mused to herself, even as she caught her guest's stare with a smirk. "Let's finish you off then, before we end up trading places indefinitely."

At that, her gifted hands went back to work, kneading out the last of the creamy bounty amidst the soft moans of her customer. A clean dozen bottles filled, the sorceress gathered them up against her naked bust as she rose, whisking them away to the counter with a sensual sway to her hips.

"Okay, you can get up, Marcie," she continued to tease over her shoulder, propping her butt against the surface to watch. "Have a walk around, see how they feel!"

Right! In all the commotion, the brunette had almost forgotten she'd come in just for the boobs. Her legs were a bit like jelly as she picked herself up off the floor, not helped by needing to re-adjust to her own center of balance for the third time.

As she found it though, her back arched, pushing her new assets out and on full display. It would take her some time, but she had the eye-catching curves she'd always wanted; standing high and proud on her chest with her spit-slicked nipples pink and shining.

"I'll take that smile as you like them?" Kiki grinned, drumming her fingers on the edge of her workspace. Something was still needed.

She rolled, fishing into the drawers behind her till and pulling out a pair of thimbles. A quick slip of them onto her thumbs and she was up again, crossing the room with steps that left her unbound bust bouncing.

"Can't have you going out with everything on display," she purred, taking the torn pieces of the girl's tunic and pulling them together again.

They magically stitched together, rearranging into a tight bodice that sucked the girl's tummy in to put her tits in full focus. Then, from nowhere, she pulled up another layer to sit over them and leave the girl properly dressed once more.

So simple a change, and yet, it made her look and feel one hundred times better. "Thank you," she flushed softly, looking to the milky mess on the floor. "So, how much do I owe for payment?"

The sorceress gave a dismissive wave. "Consider it covered. This was a good time," she told her with that sultry smile on her painted lips.

That pink flush went to a deeper red. "Well, thank you," Marcie replied, giving a little dip of her head before turning to head out. As her fingers wrapped around the door handle though, she paused. "Actually," she turned over her shoulder, "can I ask for one more thing?"

The caramel beauty curled an arm under her unclothed bust, sly as ever. "Depends what it is."

The woody-haired client built herself up, coming back to stand before the curvy blonde. "Your number? I wouldn't mind having some good times, away from business," she tried some of the woman's tricks, tilting her head, looking up at her from the corner of her eye.

Clearly something new for the magical minx, as even her tanned cheeks couldn't hide the soft blush. "I think I could satisfy that request," she went to her counter, fishing out a stick of charcoal and a bit of receipt paper to scrawl down her contact and return to hand it off. "I tend to be free weekends."

Marcie took it, tucking it into her new bust. "I'll try to make sure it's a fun time," she leaned in, their breasts docking against one another to steal one last quick kiss. An act of passion that stole one last little boost to her bust that deepened her cleavage as she overflowed her custom-adjusted top.

She knew it though, pulling back with a smirk before slipping away and out the door.

Kiki found herself touching her plush lips, the subtle blush deepening again as she smiled giddily. "I'm sure you will," she looked down to her own expanded assets, grabbing the hem of her dress to pull it up with her magical thimbles before getting back to work in fridging her new supply of fresh milk.