

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Villainess makes a device that instantly steals all the boob size from all the women in the city and gives it to her in an instant.

Contains: *Breast Expansion*

Rounding Error

Morgan stirred the bubbling cauldron with a huge spoon, dropping in bits of ingredients as her minion handed them to her.

“How long will it take to work, Mistress?”

“The effect should take but a few moments, Wendy. Soon, the excesses of bust hoarded by the women of this town will be mine!”

Morgan stepped into the natural spotlight created by the full moon through the high tower window. Her wide-brimmed hat cast a shadow over her face, but her eyes glowed in the moonlight. Her black robes fell flat over her gangly form, and the white lace covering her chest was like a doily on a side table.

“No longer will Morgana, Last Daughter of the Fae, be scoffed at and derided by the lowly peasants of this land! When my mortal body has bloomed to full ripeness, my beauty will be undeniable! Knights and Lords will prostrate themselves before me! Verily will they shower me with their gold for just a chance to look upon my glorious bosom!”

“Yes, Mistress...” Wendy added, bowing so low her head was almost on the stone floor.

Morgan “tsked” and walked back to her pot. “The final ingredient, Nightshade!” She barked at the portly young woman.

Wendy handed her a small bucket filled to the brim with ground powder. Morgan paused.

“Are you certain this is the right amount?”

“Yes Mistress, twelve fists-full.”

The sorceress shrugged, dumping the powder. When the reaction started, she quickly grabbed a gilt goblet and scooped out the essence of her potion.

“And now... behold!” She cried, bringing the cup to her lips and tilting her head back as she gulped greedily.

In seconds, the goblet was drained. Morgan screwed her lips and shuddered. She tossed the goblet to the floor and stepped back into the spotlight.

Morgan and Wendy watched as the sorceress’s body twitched. Flesh filled her skeletal limbs, wrinkles on her face smoothed, and her hair lengthened and shone in the moonlight. In seconds, she was transformed from a withered hag to a woman more beautiful than a princess in full bloom. More quickly than she expected, a pair of breasts the size of apples sprouted on Morgan’s chest. Her eyes gleamed as she watched the fabric of her gown stretch over their supple round form.

But they didn’t stop. They grew to rival grapefruit, then honeydew melon.

“Eep!”

The squeak of distress from her minion drew Morgan’s attention from her rapidly swelling bosom. The chubby assistant was clutching at the loose fabric of her robe. Her handfuls of puppy fat breasts were gone.

“What have you done!?”

Morgan stepped to her spell book, running a finger down the page. Her breasts swelled into the edges of her vision as the threads on her outfit snapped, and she was left exposed.

“You imbecile!!” Morgan screamed as Wendy huddled on the floor, still grasping for her non-existent breasts.

“This says 1/2 a fist full, not twelve, you blithering fool!!”

The weight of Morgan’s breasts pulled her shoulders down. She used both arms to hold them up as she attempted to remain standing, but they were still growing. Soon, the weight was too much for even her magically-enhanced legs, and the sorceress dropped to her knees.

Filling her lap and spreading outward, the cold stone against her bare skin made Morgan shiver. She tried to push down the heat of arousal burning between her legs as she frantically flipped pages in her spell book, desperate to find an antidote. She needed to reverse this before she got too big to move.

Or before a horde of flat-chested women stormed her tower with torches and pitchforks.