

## Fairy Fail Part 1

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.

"*Mmngh!!! 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-Mmng!!”*

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.

*“Mmmng!! N-N-Nng!! Please!! I-I don’t want to--”*

*SSTRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*“Ahh!!!”*

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

She fell to the ground like a boulder.

*BWOOMP!!!*

*“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...mmng!! 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.

*CRREEAAAAAK*

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.”

*To be continued*