







Her time had nearly run out. The elixir - what kept her frail, natural-born physique hidden from the judgmental eyes of her peers - rested before her, a watered-down... diluted nectar of its former self. She exhaled in deep anxiety. Soon, the world would know of the real Haley.

The Starlight Gaze's bar was as busy as any other night, but Haley figured she was able to keep to herself so long as she remained far removed from the crowd. After all, this would be the last place she would typically be found.

"Are you sure I can't get you anything, miss? Some water, even?" A gorgeous female bartender approached Haley while cleaning a tall glass. "I-I'm alright... thanks..."

Haley tilted her potion to and fro with the tip of her finger, struggling to maintain her composure. "I cannot show my face to Brian. Not after what happened! Never again! I-I'ts just... too embarrassing..." Haley's foot bounced up and down against the leg of her stool as her nervousness slowly grew stronger. The magic that maintained her figure was already warning her that time was almost up. She struggled against the tingling sensation. "Hnnnggg!! And Azmerelda... that greedy-- Fffhh!! ...She clearly never had plans to help me. As far as she's concerned, our contract has not been broken." Haley's frustrated expression broke into a small knowing smirk. "At least I was smart enough not to become a full-time employee of hers. Those poor chumps."

Haley looked over her shoulder to survey her surroundings. Beautiful girls filled the room of every shape, race, and creed. She watched intently as Azmerelda's employees worked effortlessly to tempt their horny customers. Soft feminine curves pressed into shoulders and giggled at tasteless jokes for the sake of making them feel like kings and queens for the evening.

Haley was envious. Thoughts of her night at the cottage echoed in her mind - as a frail girl with tears in her eyes - and though, as she looked down at her top at this moment, filled with large breasts that jiggled and swayed like the rest of the women around her, she knew she was not the same. She sighed. Perhaps this was not her beauty to be had.

A gust of wind kicked up behind her as a hand shot down in front of her and pulled the front of her top up. "Well well WELL! What do we have here?"



"Oh, Haley... your pitifulness never ceases to amaze me. Are you REALLY admiring your tiny titties all by yourself at the bar? You act like you just got them! Hahahaha!"

It was Twilight. Her presence always demanded attention.

"Shouldn't you, you know, be in those dirty caves - playing with the rats and bats? Managing our gates like a good little witchy-poo while the rest of us do our important jobs?"

Haley sighed. "Can't you mind your own damn business, Twilight? I'm busy right now..." Haley stood up with a frustrated expression as she restored her modesty. Twilight's face took on a sarcastic expression as her eyes scanned her shorter friend up and down. "Ya, right... I can see that! Hahaha!" Her laugh was almost as obnoxious as her potent perfume that she intentionally wafted into Haley's face with a firm flick of her silver mane.

Twilight turned and gestured towards the crowd. "Can't you see all the pretty Starlight girls are busy WORKING to keep this business afloat? You should scurry off back to the hole you came from before your creepy eyes ogle more than your boobies, pipsqueak."

Haley fought to keep her composure. She knew if she cast any magic here, not only would she be in a lot of trouble, but she would also shorten what little time she had left of her potion's effects. "I-I'm not that short..." Haley mumbled out. Twilight's eyes shot down at Haley's platform heels before breaking out into a full-on grin. "Your shoes say otherwise! Hahahaha!" Once again, that high-pitched laugh. So obnoxious!



"Just admit it, Haley. You're here to pick up a guy. To find yourself a man! There's nothing wrong with that! Maybe you'll be less of a stiff-head once you've received a good pounding! Hahahaha!" Twilight slapped Haley's back, nearly sending her hat flying off her head. "I'm not here to find a man, Twilight! I told you - I'm busy!"

Twilight rolled her eyes. "Oh... Come... ON, girl! You can't expect me to-- look. See?" She wrapped her arm around Haley and brought her in close. "Look around you. Every single one of us has a man attached to us. It's allllll part of the game. Grab a customer, seduce them, and give them a wild, EXPENSIVE night that they will NEVER forget. This is where it all starts - at the bar! It's where the golden goose lays its eggs for the Starlight Gaze Lounge!" Haley smirked knowingly as Twilight ranted on about the importance of being a Starlight Gaze slut. How beautiful brothel workers are so rare to come by. Haley couldn't help but take the opportunity to take a jab at her bravado.

"But Twilight, where's YOUR man??" She innocently asked. "W-Wha... m-my man?! Well, erm... I... I just got here!"

"But if you don't find a customer tonight, won't you get in trouble with Azmerelda?"

"N-No! I-I'm one of Azmerelda's favorites!"

"...Not if you can't pull in any customers!"

"Listen here, pipsqueak! I can get ANY man that I want! Your tiny ugly frame could never understand how EASY it is for me to pick up someone!" Twilight removed her robe.

"...Oh ya?... Haley asked, skeptically. "Y-Ya! You just watch me! I'll show you how pathetic you really are!"









"Huh? Whaaaaahhhhh!!!!" The sound of a little voice growing more distant by the second filled his ears.

"Lyla? Sweetheart!" The customer turned and called out as the fairy on his shoulder was nowhere to be seen.

Instead, Twilight was standing before him with her shoulders rolled back and her huge valley of cleavage out on display. She turned to Haley with a look, as if to say "Now watch how a real woman works."

"Oh, darling! A fae? Really? You can do so much better. A man's man like you is surely after something a bit more... endowed." With both hands, she jostled her mega mammoth titties in front of him, swaying them back and forth. He stood mesmerized for just a moment before snapping out of it. "Actually, I was--" His response was interrupted with an annoying click coming from Twilight before she wrapped a hand behind his head and shoved him between her breasts.

"A good boy deserves to sleep between momma's big... SOFT... curves... Am I right, sweetheart?" Once more, he seemed to pause to consider his options. He took in a deep breath of her perfume and sweet feminine scent. The soft give of the flesh on her hips sent his lust into overdrive. And yet...

"Hey! Zane's MY customer, Twilight! Finders keepers!" A little voice cried out from above. The soft yet constant fluttering of a small set of wings could be heard between the gentle wind she generated around her. Twilight chose to ignore her, but Zane seemed to be a genuine man. "Actually," He began, lifting his head out from Twilight's valley of temptation. "I'm sorry... Twilight, was it? But... L-Lyla is right. She's been wonderful this evening. So accommodating. Exceedingly so!" He seemed to blush while staring longingly at the fairy girl. "I would like to spend my evening with her, i-if that's ok..."



Twilight winced as she caught Haley attempting to stifle a laugh. She grit her teeth in anger. "You'd prefer HER over ME?! Look at me!!" Twilight gestured to her figure. "I'm a fucking goddess!" Zane was confused. He wasn't sure how to proceed. "Uhh..."

Lyla buzzed back onto Zane's shoulder and interrupted. "You're not the only one with big boobies, Twilight! Look around you! Plus..." She stood up and walked across his shoulder and pressed her assets into her customer's cheek. "Zane thinks my jubbies are cute! Isn't that right, Zane?" He simply blushed and looked away. "He's a shy one, but he's one helluva breast fiend!" She proceeded to peck him on the ear before sitting back down with a jostle of her titties.

The lights flickered as thunder roared just outside the bar. Twilight was fuming with rage. "Oooohhh... you like breasts, do you?! I'll give you more than you can fucking handle!"



Zane could feel the electricity in the air cause the hairs on the back of his neck to stand up as Twilight appeared to be preparing for something big! He took a step back, more scared than aroused at this point.

Twilight hunched forward as she fell into a trance, focusing intently on something to come. Then, right as another roar of thunder echoed into the bar, she arched her back and let out a moan in pleasure. Right before their eyes, her breasts began to stretch the fabric of her outfit tighter and tighter as they filled every opening they could. They doubled in size, then tripled! The eruption in size caused Lyla to fall backward off Zane's shoulder!

"Oh... my... God..." Zane uttered under his breath as Twilight came back to her senses. Her eyes caught the tent in his pants before she could ask.

She smiled knowingly at him as she approached him. "So... are these big enough for you?" "...M-Momma..." Once again, she wrapped a hand around him and brought him into her cleavage.

As she stroked his hair, she whispered. "They may just keep on growing... if you treat them right." At this point, his hard-on pressed painfully against her thigh. From the depths of her cleavage, he whimpered in defeat. "Does that mean you'd like to spend the night with me instead tonight?" He silently nudged his face deeper into her breasts to avoid the question. "Zaaayyyynnnnnnee. You've got to speak up, honey." His arms wrapped around her mountains and squeezed as if his life depended on it. Twilight had truly broken him. "Heh... Hey!" Lyla attempted to interrupt but stopped when she saw Zane dry-humping Twilight's thigh in front of everyone's eyes. "Well, then its settled! It seems this little puppy wants to spend the evening with a MUCH bigger set of boobies.

Better luck next time, Fae!" Twilight winked at Lyla. "N-No fair!"



















"Don't fall for her devious plans, Zane! She still can't do what I can do for you! I'm not giving up!" Lyla desperately called out as she buzzed behind her customer's head and tugged at his hair with all her might. "Guhhhh!! Move gosh darn it! Bah!!"

After realizing the futility of her current efforts, her Fae brain had another bright idea. Her delicate arms and legs quickly got to work as she grappled closely to his skin, using his hair as leverage as she made her way around to his ear. Her tiny tongue busily licked along the outline as she whispered sweet words. "You know... my entire body can massage you, babe. Up... and down... up... and down." With each word, her pelvis ground against his neck, and her soft breasts jiggled against his earlobe. "My whole body... every tiny part of it... is all yours." She giggled playfully while exhaling slowly onto him. Her hand stroked his beard. "Imagine what your fingers could do to me. Mmmhhnnn... that would feel SO good. It's making me wet just thinking about it." Zane's bulge in his pants grew painfully erect as he paused his thrusts against Twilight to consider Lyla's offer. Lyla tipped the scales in her favor with her last words. "I need you. I need you inside me! Break me so good, baby!"

"Huh? W-What's wrong now?!" Twilight barked as the man distanced himself from her yet again. "I... I want to spend the night with Lyla!" He shouted back, blushing with closed eyes. Twilight's physique was too intimidating to look head-on.

There was a pause before she sternly spoke. "...Open your eyes and speak to me like a man." It was an order. Twilight commanded. One at a time, his eyes cracked open as his vision was bathed with a sea of soft feminine curves glistening from the warm ambient light. Zane couldn't help but stare longingly at her figure. As a breast man, it was nearly impossible to look away. He barely managed to stop himself from drooling while staring agape for so long. Twilight smirked knowingly. "As you were saying?" His head slowly turned towards her face, but his eyes never once left Twilight's valley of warm cleavage jiggling with every subtle movement. "I... He began but had trouble keeping his thoughts together. "...youuuuu? What? Today, if you don't mind." Twilight smugly mocked him. "I... I-I-I-I-" Lyla quietly hugged him for reassurance. "I already told you! I want to spend time with Lyla, not you!"



Twilight's top seemed to whine alongside her sour expression - still fighting to contain her monstrous assets from breaking free. Still, despite her discontent, she seemed to maintain her composure. This concerned both Zane and Lyla. "Do you know why this outfit hasn't fallen apart yet?" Twilight asked plainly, now bearing a friendly face while her breasts heaved to and fro with her hand gestures. She didn't wait for a response. "It's because it was specially made. Just. For. Me." Zane raised an eyebrow, confused.

Then, the groaning of her fabric grew louder as the bulging masses of her breasts seemed to once again stretch larger and larger, looming ever closer to Zane's face. Twilight said nothing, instead smiling as his face said it all. He was utterly hypnotized. As they grew in size, their increased weight caused her assets to tilt lower, presenting everyone with an even more eye-capturing display of brilliant cleavage. With each passing second, they grew bigger and bigger. It seemed like they would never stop growing! Zane could not contain his fixation anymore as he literally drooled at her Twilight's gigantic assets pulsing larger in waves. Finally, when it stopped, they were more than twice as large as her previous spurt. Lyla looked up at Zane and realized she had lost him completely.

"He's all mine now." Twilight thought to herself with a cynical smirk as she showcased how soft her breasts were. "Are these... more to your liking, big boy? Hmm? Aren't they so *big*... and *soft*?" She let out a girly giggle. This time around, Zane failed to speak a single word. Instead, choosing to slowly stumble closer to, in his eyes, the goddess of all boobs. "Come give them some attention. They need your hands allllll over them." Her hands met at the center of her cleavage as she parted a sea of breast flesh to reveal the warmest, softest cavern of love he could imagine. "Come feel how warm it is inside me... I'm all yours." His eyes darted, for just a moment, to her puckered plush red lips - imagining them wrapped around his shaft as his arms and face bathed in her mountainous soft mounds sprinkled in the sweetest of perfume. Perhaps it was the trick of the light, but he could swear her breasts were still, slowly but surely, growing larger as she spoke. They were beyond enormous... and getting bigger by the second.

"Come touch them. Suck on them. Worship them. They're all yours, after all. And they can be as **BIG** as you want..."





"NO!!! -- WAIT!" A tiny voice could be heard zipping through the air and landing on Twilight's knuckles. "I-I'll get you another cigar! Do you want the same one as last time?? Z-Zane?!... Zane!!!"

Lyla's faint voice fell on deaf ears. His eyes had already glossed over at the benevolent sight of Twilight's gigantic bountiful assets. The silver-haired girl couldn't help but laugh as her breasts continued to groan larger in their confines, stretching the material for all it was worth. Her laughter caused Lyla's enlarging seat to jiggle in soft, silky waves. "It's no use, little Fae! Can't you see? Hahaha! He's only paying attention TO ME! A REAL WOMAN!"

"W-We... We will get you a discount! Right, everyone?!" Her little face surveyed the room, as if for confirmation, but the other worker-girls gave her a look and quickly avoided eye contact.

"I-If you stay the night with me, it will be... half off!"

Zane's hands began to glide against Twilight's magnificent breasts. Squeezing gently and feeling their weight. His cheek softly pressed into the give of one huge boob as his nose and tongue traced against the thin fabric that separated him from one of her succulent nipples. Lyla was panicking.

"O-Ok! You're really pushing it, but today's on the house, then! ON THE HOUSE, ZANE!!" Twilight interrupted, "Azmerelda would never approve of tha--"

"Shut. Up!!" Lyla shot back.

"Did you hear me, Zane?! Let's just make sweet love, on the house toni-- ArghhmmMmmMmgpphhh!!!"



Zane's arm dove into Twilight's deep and inviting cleavage before Lyla could move out of the way, leaving the small Fae stuffed upside down inside Twilight's boobies!

Too fixated with her monster mammaries, his fingers explored how magnificent it felt to be between two of the softest mounds he had ever seen, let alone felt.

"That's right, babe. Imagine all the things you can do to me. What THESE can do to you." Twilight's words pierced him deeply. He wanted to ravage them so badly - like a wild animal -- to stick his dick in between her huge breasts, and thrust aggressively as they continued to grow and fill the room!

"You greedy, greedy little boy," She smirked up at him as her thigh rubbed his raging hard-on. "I can see it in your eyes. Nothing is ever 'big enough' for you, is it? You want to worship these breasts. These great... **BIG...** *soft...* breasts." His eyes flared wider at the reality of what she was proposing. "That's right, sweetheart. Worship them. Because..." She leaned in while Lyla remained inside her cleavage - kicking and screaming. Twilight's hot breath tickled his ear as she whispered, "...this is only the beginning." She ended her seduction with a kiss that sent his head spinning. Her lips were just as beautiful as the rest of her.

"Momma..." He moaned out loud as his legs gave out from underneath him. Zane was officially broken.

As the man licked and lapped at his new goddess, Twilight slowly turned her head to Haley and wore an expression that said "See? I **CAN** get any man I want."

She proceeded to guide her new worshipper out of the bar, but not before looking down at Haley and dismissively uttering, just loudly enough for her to hear, "Pathetic. Lonely and pathetic..."





Haley was devastated.

It would seem the world was against her. As her body continued to send warning signals that time was almost up and that she would soon return to the thin and frail version of her true self, she would be bullied by the very person that had the ability to change the size of her breasts at will. She couldn't help but wonder if this was some cruel joke from a higher power. Was God mocking her? Perhaps this beaten path was always meant to be. Paved, just for her. It matched her sins, after all, she reasoned.

Broken and defeated, Haley collapsed onto her chair and began to sob uncontrollably. Tears began to trickle down the palms of her hand and soak into her blue sweater. "I-Is everything alright, ma'am? Can I get you something?..." The female bartender politely approached her. Out from her disheveled hair and between the persistent sniffing, she managed a response. "I'm... fine. Please leave me alone." "As you wish."

With her hands still covering her face, she listened as the tapping from the bartender's loud shoes grew distant, but the silence only lasted a moment before she returned.

"Anything for you, sir?" The bartender asked.

"No, thank you. Perhaps something later." It was a deep, stoic voice that felt familiar. Haley couldn't help but wonder why the man beside her did not order anything from the bar, and yet remained silent beside her. Perhaps he had already left his seat and she simply didn't hear him. Or perhaps, he was waving down a girl to throw his attention towards. Either way, she did not care. In fact, she really wished he would have chosen somewhere else to sit. Preferably as far away as possible from her.

"Haley? Can we talk?" Immediately, she recognized who it was.



"Brian - no - can you please just leave me alone? I really don't need to talk to anyone right now..." Her words ignited the tears once again, as she sobbed into her hands, refusing to let him see her like this.

From beyond the veiled darkness of her hands, she heard him respond simply. "That's fine. We don't need to talk." She heard him shift his stool closer. "But I'm not leaving you alone. Not like this."

Haley proceeded to sniffle silently, but only for a moment. Her face scrunched up in confusion before lashing out. "Why do you even fucking care?! We literally just met!"

He said nothing. And still, she refused to look. Her sobbing grew louder.

"You're here to bully me - like all the others. Right?! So get it over with!" Still, her sobbing grew louder and her breathing came in sharper. Her words were difficult to comprehend, as she turned away from him. "Y-You know my secret already, B-B-Briannn. An-And soooooonnn... the rest of the world will know too!"

At this point, Haley was bawling her eyes out. Her world had crumbled in front of her, and her tough exterior was nowhere to be found. "I don't give a FUCK anymore!" She screamed and thrust what little remained of her magic potion aside, towards Brian. The glass container spun before coming to a stop. "It's too much work... I can't keep this up anymore!"





Haley's bar stool creaked as it was shoved back along the polished floor, making space for her quick departure - and opting to leave the glass bottle behind.

However, her momentum was short-lived. A firm grip at the wrist held her in place. "Let go of me!" She shouted at Brian. Her words traveled through her teeth as her angry gaze snapped up to his.

"I don't need your sympathy!" She ripped his fingers off of her and attempted to leave once more, but was held firmly in place.

In one swift motion, Brian removed his gloves and stuffed them in his back pocket. His hands, now bare, felt more intimate on her skin as he held her in place.

She dared not look at him even though she knew his eyes remained on her. It made her feel... vulnerable. With averted eyes and a furrowed brow, she asked. "Why are you even trying so hard for me? Why do you care? You don't even know me..." His hands maintained their grip on her, still quiet.

"I know what's going to happen. Perhaps not now... or in a month... but eventually... you're going to abandon me, just like everyone else has in my life. They always do!"











Brian pondered at what type of past traumas she might have been eluding to but dared not ask.

They stood in the far corner of the bar without a word being spoken, and she couldn't bring herself to look him in the eyes. The silence, in a way, was soothing to her. A moment of reprieve.

"I guess it's ok to be alone. I'm a mistake, after all... my whole life is one big fucking mis--"



"Enough!" He tightened his embrace, surprising her. "Stop beating yourself up, Haley. Haven't you done enough of that already?! Look at what has consumed you!" She had never heard him speak so passionately before.



His eyes searched within hers for an answer to her pain. "You're not alone. You're not." He rested his hand against her cheek and let her know that he was there. The warmth from his hand felt good, Haley admitted, as she felt butterflies begin to dance in her stomach. His next words caught her off guard.

"You're beautiful and I'll do whatever it takes to make you happy."









For the first time in so long, Haley did not feel alone. During her darkest hour, Brian had been there for her. Her beacon of light. She assumed it was only in dreams that she would find someone who yearned to be by her side. And yet, while their lips touched and her happiness was peaked, something still itched at her. "Is this too good to be true?" She pondered. Part of her still believed she was being used or manipulated... haunted by her brutal past. But as his strong arms firmly embraced her, she felt a sense of reprieve.

"This man loves me... and I love him."

It was then that the faint orange liquid that sat atop the bar counter began to bubble and churn.

...It was changing!













Their intimate moment was abruptly cut short by Brian's loose shoes nearly causing him to trip! "What the...", he muttered in disbelief as his heel slid back and forth within its confines. "Brian, your pants!" Haley gestured towards his waistline, which barely held a drooping belt buckle. "Shoot," Brian scratched his head in confusion. "I must have... picked up... the wrong uniform this morning?? It's a size too big. That's so strange..."

Brian was skeptical, however, as this didn't explain how his uniform seemed to have fit him fine throughout the day.

A bright pink light caught their peripheral vision nearly at the same moment. "...Your potion! It-It changed color!" Brian's words seemed to have escaped his mouth involuntarily as his mind raced. He wasn't a dumb man. There had to be a connection between his uniform shrinking and the potion changing, but his thoughts were interrupted by Haley quickly grasping and uncorking it.

Haley held the bright substance up to her face, swirled its contents around, and sniffed it. "Oh my god... Brian! It smells sweet! Almost like... like strawberries and roses!" His initial shock was finally wearing off, and in its place was concern and apprehension. "Haley... I don't know about this. Are you sure that it's safe?" Her face dropped in disapproval as she shot a glare at him. "Pff-- of course it's safe! I made it, didn't I?"

Brian held his breath as she continued to analyze it intently. Her demeanor seemed to change as she blushed and turned to Brian embarrassingly. "You know... I-I usually apply it to my body like a lotion... but the complete version of the concoction is supposed to be ingested orally. Brian, I think something must've triggered it! My potion is finally complete!" Brian could see the excitement well up in her eyes. She was practically jumping up and down with joy. He couldn't bring himself to tell her his suspicions. That, perhaps, somehow his uncomfortable clothes were related to her discovery.



"Do you think it has something to do with me?" He attempted to lure her thoughts in the right direction. "You know, you might be right!" Haley's eyes sparkled with excitement as she explored his proposition. "I think..." she began, biting her lip in embarrassment. "True love might've been the final ingredient." She waited with bated breath as he clung to her words. "T-T-True love?!" Brian finally blurted out, a bit surprised, and took a step back. "You don't mean..." "Mhmm..." She affirmed his suspicions as she approached him and tugged on his collar to bring his head down to her level. With her heels on, she was only about a foot(30cm) shorter than him. "Which means, YOU were the answer to my despair! In more ways than one! Finally, I have a permanent solution to my problems!" She giggled with joy and winked at him. "You're the best, Brian! Thank you!"

Once more, she quickly uncorked the potion - and this time, with the intent to drink it. With a hearty smile, she declared, "Bottoms up!" "W-wait!--" Brian attempted to interject, but the rich glowing pink liquid was already halfway down her throat. A part of him feared that this was the beginning of something he could not stop. He felt powerless, in a way. However, Haley's happiness could be read all across her face - hopefulness was restored in her visage. It was a stark contrast to the girl he visited just moments ago. For that reason alone, it was enough for him to remain silent. But it still felt, in a way, that he was saying goodbye to a part himself that he could no longer retrieve. It was an uneasy feeling. As if a grasping hand plunged deep into the murky waters of his very being and stole something vital. Whatever it was, it called out to him through the abyss... and right in front of him.

The last of the vibrant sweet nectar crossed her lips as the light from which it emanated dissipated into thin air. As quickly as the moment began, it ended.

"This time will be different!" She announced, already feeling the butterflies beginning to dance within her. "Everything I gain from this," she turned with a greedy expression and looked him right in the eyes. "Will. Be. PERMANENT!!"

















