

My Crystal Ball is Down Here, Part 2 (Breast Absorption/Expansion)

Finding the correct sigil was *such* a pain in the tits. Two days of fruitlessly searching her grimoires for the closest equivalent and she was on the verge of finding another crystal ball and figuring it out that way. Ugh, she *hated* summoning magic.

In the end, Amelia simply decided to wing it. She had a good image of what she wanted to summon, and it wasn't *that* hard to translate it into the sacred geometry, even if she did have to bust out her old primer. The result was pretty slapdash, but she was pretty certain it would hold. And if not, well – this time she'd prepared a fire extinguisher.

Grabbing a fresh piece of chalk from her arts and crafts set, she set to work drawing her circle. Her first two tries were wonky as hell, and in the end she had to resort to the old string and nail trick, but her third attempt was almost perfect, and that was nothing if not a good sign: three was the magic number!

She repeated this little factoid to herself as she filled in the actual sigil, using the cheap plastic protractor her mom had bought her for middle school to make sure she got all the angles right. The result was... well, it definitely wouldn't get her full marks in her summoning class, but it should be good enough for what she wanted. As far as sigils went, it was actually a pretty simple one, with only five circles and a handful of connecting lines. It looked a little like a cat's paw, which she guessed wasn't a coincidence.

Finally, satisfied with her work, she decided it was time. Closing the curtains of her bedroom, she lit a candle for maximum magical ambience and grabbed her grimoire, flipping rapidly to the page of the summoning spell. Kneeling beside the circle, she scanned the words, read them a few times in her head to make sure she'd memorized them, and, with nothing else left to prepare, sat there frozen in a state of indecision.

Was she *really* going to do this? It was one thing to fantasize about it after all, but it was entirely another to actually go ahead and cast the spell. Once the summoning was complete, she had no doubt there was no going back. Oh, of course, you could *technically* banish your summon, but everyone knew that never worked in practice. Either they obeyed you or they ate you. Or, they put you in their... in their...

Swallowing, she clasped her hands and made her decision. This was it. She had to do it. She had to. She just couldn't get the image out of her mind. The picture, the feelings. The ecstasy. The sheer, unrestrained *ecstasy*.

The words were out of her mouth before she even realized she'd read them.

As the incantation took hold, the circle flashed and ignited like she'd painted it with gasoline, throwing up a thick plume of choking black smoke. Amelia almost broke off the spell with a gasp – only the tension knotting her nerves kept her energy flowing into the circle.

With a vicious crack, the circle ignited *again*, throwing off stark bolts of Stygian lightning. It rumbled too, like a storm cloud was swirling around above her; belatedly, she realized it was the house: the whole house was shaking with the force of the spell.

“Amelia! Amelia!” Footsteps on the stairs. Her sisters' voices, panicked. “Amelia, what are you doing in there?”

Sweat beading on her brow, Amelia summoned every last ounce of concentration she had spare and flung the strongest barrier spell she knew at the doorway. It wouldn't keep her sisters out for long, but she only needed to buy a minute or two more.

The circle flared, burning like a gas fire now, blue hot and searing, blasting away the smoke with the force of its power. Arcs of magical lightning danced around the circles and lines of the sigil, grounding themselves in the protective circle at the edge. The energy in the air was practically palpable: she could *feel* the hyperdimensional bridge taking shape—

“Amelia!”

With a pop, exactly like a balloon, the spell exploded. Amelia flew back, striking the far wall with a gasp, and every candle she'd lit went out in an instant. Smoke filled the room, while little embers of magical flame danced around the ruined remains of her circle.

Amelia sat and stared at it, her whole body dripping sweat. Had it failed...? Had she miscast it? Had—

“...Where the hell am I nyow, nya?”

And just like that, out of the circle stepped a demon.

As Amelia sat and watched, frozen in fright and something considerably more erotic, the most beautiful creature she'd ever seen stepped out of the smoke and studied her, head tilting quizzically. “Oh, I see. Nyou're a summoner, nya? Hmm, that's a first for me. Hey, I'm always up to try nyew things though.”

Amelia's guest had furry ears and a tail, tiger-striped in orange and black, and a tall, almost muscular figure, though it was her fat that attracted the most attention. She wasn't plump—in fact, she was mostly slender—but what fat she *did* have was concentrated in two places in particular, and she had more of it than most people had in their entire bodies. Crammed into her school blouse, her boobs were twice the size of her head if not larger, and when she moved, they jiggled so hard Amelia worried they'd fly off.

But, more importantly than anything else, Amelia recognized them, recognized them exactly. Because she'd been in them. Was destined to be in them. They were her home, her fat, jiggly future home. She wanted to run over and grab them.

A smirk crept onto the tiger catgirl's face. “Oh really?” she said. “So that's why nyou summoned me, huh? Nyou wanna be part of these bad girls, do nyou?” And she cupped her enormous boobs and she bounced them up and down in her hands, up and down, up and

down, first the right and then the left, producing a sloshing sound, like she was playing with a pair of water balloons.

Amelia felt very hot and very wet between the legs. Biting her lip, she nodded, nodded twice. She didn't trust herself to talk—she felt like the only sound she could make was a moan at the moment.

The catgirl snorted. “Nyou know, it's nyot often I get asked to absorb people, nya. Actually, it kinda annoys me, nyou know. Who do nyou think nyou are, demanding to be a part of me, huh? Would nyou eat a loaf of bread that was begging nyou to eat it? Nyo, I don't think so. I pick my own prey.”

It was like she'd taken Amelia's dreams and torn them into scraps. With a spluttered gasp, she scrambled forward, throwing herself onto her knees at the catgirl's feet. “Please! Please! I'll do anything! Anything! Please, just let me be part of them!”

The catgirl's amused expression didn't change. “Hmm... I don't know, nya. I'm pretty selective about who I absorb, nyou know...”

“Please...!”

“On the other hand... maybe I *could* make an exception. If nyou prove nyou deserve to be part of me, of course.”

“Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!” cried Amelia, all but weeping in her bliss. She wanted to throw her arms around her Mistress's legs and kiss her, but she didn't know how she'd take it. “Wh-what do you want me to do, Mistress... Um...?” Belatedly, she realized she didn't know her new owner's name.

“Chounyuu,” said the tiger-striped catgirl, stretching her arms and flexing her tail. “Or just Chonyu, if nyou want. I don't care either way.”

“Wh-what do nyou want me to do, M-Mistress Chonyu?” Amelia could feel herself pouring all over, especially between the legs. If this went on any longer, she was going to be sitting in a puddle.

“Hmm, I guess—”

“Amelia!” The crash of a counterspell slamming into her bedroom door; Amelia felt her barrier shudder, ready to break. “Amelia, let us in!”

Chonyu's smile spread wider than ever. “Oooo, on second thought, just stay sitting there and watch, nya. Watch what I do to nyour sisters~.”

Amelia's heart leapt. “Wh-what are nyou going to do with them?” As much as she wanted Mistress Chonyu's favor, she didn't want her to hurt her family.

“Don’t worry, nya,” said Chonyu, looking back with a smirk. “I’m just going to have a little heart-to-heart with them. And she bounced a little on the spot, making her boobs rise and fall like a pair of crashing planets.

Amelia made a squeaking sound.

Not an instant later, her barrier broke with a crash, and her bedroom door flew open, trailing smoke from the lock. In the doorway appeared her sisters – Theodora ‘Teddy’ the Druid in brown, and Althea the Healer in white – both of their wands raised and ready to fire on whatever monstrosity their little sister had brought into their domicile.

The actual appearance of Mistress Chonyu seemed to give them pause though: freezing on the threshold, they dropped their eyes to her chest and stood there for a second blinking, clearly struggling to process what they were seeing. “A-Amelia?!” said Althea, at last. “You summoned a succubus?!”

Amelia blushed in embarrassment. “I-I– Of course not!” Arguably she’d done worse, but...

“Don’t worry, Amelia, we’ll clean this up,” said Teddy. And was there an unspoken second part of her sentence? *Like we’ve cleaned up all your other messes...*

Amelia sat upright, fists clenched.

“Aw, don’t be like that,” said Chonyu, putting her hands behind her back and leaning forward to give her boobs as much emphasis as possible. “I don’t wanna fight, I just wanna be friends! Why don’t we all have a nyice big hug and get to know each other, nya?”

“A big hug?” cried Althea. “Are you insa–?”

She didn’t get to finish her question. Halfway through it, Chonyu leapt. Fast, so absurdly fast Amelia couldn’t even believe it. One minute the catgirl was standing there with her hands behind her back, wiggling her boobs playfully, and then she *blurred*, and all of a sudden her arms were wrapped around Teddy and Althea’s heads. The two squealed as she drew them into a crushing bearhug.

Or, at least, it looked like a bearhug to start. Squishing the pair against her chest, Chonyu planted her hands on their heads and pushed down instead, forcing them facefirst into her cleavage. Teddy and Althea’s protests cut off, abruptly silenced, as several metric tons of titfat muffled their voices. “Mmmmph! Mmmphf!”

Giggling, Chonyu pushed a little harder.

What Amelia saw next shouldn’t have been possible, even *with* magic. With one last push from Mistress Chonyu, her sisters’ heads slipped into the catgirl’s cleavage like a piece of cloth through a gap in a conjurer’s fingers, sucked through with only the slightest resistance.

“Mmmphf! Mmmmmmphf!” With wild, if very muffled cries, the two fought even harder, grabbing the catgirl’s boobs and pushing and kicking their legs as their heels left the floor.

None of it made the slightest difference. Claspings her boobs, Chonyu shook them and jostled them and jostled them, making them smack like a pair of lips, and sure enough her sisters slipped between them, sucking up like two long strands of spaghetti. *Schlup!*

Amelia sat and watched, her eyes as wide as they could be, as her sisters' arms were forced against their sides and together, like a pair of sinking ships, they upturned and slid into the depths, still kicking and screaming as they went. Finally, with one last tremble of the feet, they vanished with a plop inside her. *Plop!*

Chonyu's boobs slammed together with an emphatic clap. "Nyaaah~," she said, releasing them with a sigh. "Nyot bad, nya. Nyow we can *really* get to know each other."

Her boobs shook, shaking and pulsing, as if something inside them were fighting to escape. Amelia simply stared, feeling hornier than she'd ever felt in her life.

"Want me to fetch a mop?" asked Chonyu.

"Y-you absorbed them."

"Nyep." The catgirl folded her arms, making her boobs spill around them. The shaking seemed to have stopped, and was it Amelia's imagination, or were they *growing*? "How do nyow think I got them so big in the first place?"

"P-put me in there too," said Amelia, feeling the tears return. "Please!"

"Hmm, maybe later," said Chonyu, turning back to the doorway. "In the meantime, I'm gonna go for a little hunt, nya. There's nyothing more exciting than trying out a nyew hunting ground." She gave Amelia a smug grin. "Hmm... I wonder where I should start, nya..."

Amelia bit her lip as she realized what Chonyu was implying. "I-I'll show you! I know a ton of different places you can find people! L-like the college! You'll find lots of people to absorb at the college!"

Chonyu licked her lips. "Purrfect, nya."

Her boobs rumbled, as if with a ferocious hunger.