

Nicole—Loins on Fire!

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It was a beautiful day. The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and her plan was coming together as smoothly as she could ever have hoped. Fantasia flitted above the heads of oblivious humans, winging her way through busy city streets She'd left suburbia behind—Viktor was a little too... tied up to get into trouble. She giggled at the thought of how she'd left him and the two women exhausted in the apartment. While he was so occupied, she had other ideas to put into motion.

Asphalt and cement gave way to grass as she wandered into a park. It was moderately warm and the beautiful weather lured people out of their homes to enjoy it. She settled onto the end of a slender tree branch. It bowed and bounced ever so slightly under her weight. Her large breasts swayed, threatening to burst out of the too-tight top. With a slight pout the faerie kneaded her massive rack, trying to ease the ache that had settled there.

"Ooh, I didn't think I'd be backed up so soon." She tsked, scolding herself under her breath. She was all full to the brim with magic and if she didn't let off some soon, it was going to get even more uncomfortable. Pushing herself off the branch, she dusted her hands off on her shorts. "Well, I guess there's only one thing to do!" A wicked smirk curled her lips.

She spotted a handsome young couple jogging down the path towards her recently abandoned perch and she zipped over the woman's shoulder. From her vantage point she could see her breasts jiggling despite the sports bra she wore. Clearly she wasn't the only one admiring the view. The woman's running partner was definitely sneaking looks as well.

With a wiggle of her hips and a snap, a stream of magic struck the female jogger in the back. Almost immediately she stumbled, her thick nipples peaking the elastic fabric of her top. She stumbled off the edge of the sidewalk into the grass with a small cry of surprise, landing on her chest with her ass in the air. It only took a little magic to pop her tight, lust dampened running shorts down over her well-presented ass.

Giggling gleefully, Fantasia spun around to look at her friend, who was trying to help her up. She pointed and he pants drop, exposing a raging erection. It wasn't terribly impressive, though, and the faerie wiggled her nose thoughtfully.

"We can't have that," she declared with a pout. Suddenly, his throbbing erection lengthened and thickened. He cried out a protest as he was pulled unerringly towards his partner's dripping pussy. He scrabbled at the grass but like a man being walked by a strong dog he eventually succumbed and schloop! The woman moaned and bucked back against him, her face gone slack with lust. Bent over her back, her boyfriend groaned and pounded into her, giving her cunt the workout it demanded.

Too bad it wouldn't last, Fantasia thought wickedly. The spell's duration was very limited, and then he'd be back to his normal size.

"My god! What's wrong with you people?" A woman on a nearby bench looked on at the rutting couple, aghast. Her long skirt and sweater covered a figure that Fantasia guessed was pretty fine despite the fact that the baby sleeping in the carriage next to her couldn't have been very old. Indeed the heavy breasts that filled out her sweater gave Fantasia another idea. She reached up to rub one of her own, sighing happily now that the ache was starting to recede.

"Oh!" The mother gasped as her breasts began to swell even further. Dark, wet spots appeared on the front of her sweater and she quickly crossed her arms over her chest. Her cheeks flushed scarlet at the suddenly heightened sensation of her flesh pressing against her bra and the added pressure of her arms and she tried desperately to hold them in. There was a pop and rip as her bra gave way; moments later, her sweater busted open.

At that point, her breasts were too big to be hidden, but suddenly she wasn't sure she cared so much. The drips of milk coming from her obscenely huge nipples quickened to streams, and then gushed out as though someone had turned up the pressure. The white liquid stained the sidewalk cement dark and covered her hands as she pawed at her breast, not sure anymore if she was trying to cover herself, stop the milk, or just give in to her body's demand for touch. Her eyes soft and unfocused, she lifted one soaked hand to her lips and licked the creamy droplets off her skin. Ooh, that was good.

Fantasia giggle again as she watched the woman trying to bring her own breasts to her mouth, covering herself in her own spraying milk in the process. Laughing so hard she was almost in tears, the faerie zipped away through the park. Emerging on the other side she found herself at the edge of the busy business sector of the city.

A slim woman hurried along the busy sidewalk, glancing at the dainty, expensive watch on her wrist. She was dressed in a dark, close fitting suit with a skirt and hose—very conservative for a conservative office. Fantasia flitted behind her for a while as she dodged behind people, her fingers twitching a bit to work a more subtle spell.

She saw the slight hitch in the woman's step as her panties slipped, riding up into her crack. The silk slithered sexily along her pussy, working between her lips. She slowed down as her panties caressed her clit, a faint shiver going up her spine. She glanced at her watch again and picked up her pace, heels clacking imperiously against the cement sidewalk. Every long stride she took rubbed her sensitive nub a little harder until the sensations made her legs shake and she slowed down uncertainly. She glanced around but there were too many people for her to try and fix it.

The business woman looked at her watch again, and she realized if she didn't keep hurrying she was going to be late for her appointment. She picked up her pace again but her knees nearly gave out when she tried to hurry. Fantasia laughed so hard she tumbled through the air, tears coming to her eyes.

She righted herself in midair after a moment, wiping the dampness off her cheeks. A glance around told her she was in the right area and she zipped down another street and through an open office window. As pleasant as that diversion had been, now it was time for the real entertainment of the day. The faerie spotted her prey quickly.

Nicole was alone in her office. *Oooh, she went shopping*, Fantasia thought. Indeed, her swollen breasts were almost completely contained inside of a new blouse. A blazer was slung over the back of her chair and she was wearing a snug pencil skirt. Client day, of course. The faerie barely remembered to muffle her giggle behind a hand as she floated into the small office.

The petite woman jerked at the sound, closing her browser window to pull her work screen back up. She spun in her chair. At first her eyes widened in shock when she saw Fantasia fluttering there at eye level, then she scowled.

"What the hell are you doing here, is Viktor here?" Her eyes darted around the office, trying to spot the by now familiar figure. Fantasia shook her head. She laced her fingers in front of herself and stared down at them.

"I'm here because Viktor ordered me to torment you all day." She feigned sorrow. Nicole started to get to her feet then stopped, glancing towards the backs of programmers stuck in their cubicles. Recalling that they couldn't see the faerie even if she could, she settled back at her desk and turned to her computer. She pretended to be working, fingers tapping lightly across the keys. Fantasia fluttered closer, dropping down to stand on her desk next to the monitor.

"I don't have a choice. I have to do what he tells me too." The faerie sighed and crossed her arms underneath her heavy bosom, pushing her perky breasts up a little. She saw Nicole's gaze dart towards her.

“What did he tell you to do? The least you can do is tell me so I’ll be prepared.” She kept her voice down though her irritation was evident as her eyes slid between the faerie and her computer screen.

“I’m really so sorry.” Fantasia sighed softly, shaking her head so her blonde hair fell forward and screened her face, to better hide the smirk she was struggling to keep down. “Every hour, your clit is going to get engorged and become so sensitive you’ll go mad with lust. Until you come, that is.” She added the last as almost an afterthought, carefully gauging the human woman’s response. Nicole’s lips tightened into a thin line of distaste, but she simply nodded.

“I can deal with that. I’ll take a break when I need to.” She set to typing in earnest. “I have work I need to do, so just stay out of the way.”

Fantasia nodded enthusiastically and fluttered up away from the monitor. She tried, honestly, to sit quietly on the edge of a lamp, but five minutes hadn’t gone by before she was bored out of her mind. Another idea occurred to her.

“Oooh, you’re such a slut. I bet you’re just waiting for the hour to come,” she cooed, fluttering over to the empty desk, peering at one of the action figures that decorated it. Nicole shot her a dark look and she clapped her hands over her mouth. “Oh my gosh, I’m so sorry. Viktor told me to do this, though, so I can’t stop it!”

Nicole sighed and rolled her eyes. “Whatever,” she muttered. Digging around in the messenger bag at her feet, she pulled out a pair of ear buds and plugged them into the computer. Fantasia hid a smile behind her hand as she turned back to inspecting the action figures. Nicole’s eyes flickered to her once in a while, but as time went on she seemed to forget about the faerie and become absorbed in her work.

The faerie fluttered up to her shoulder and tugged one of the ear buds out. “I bet your panties are wet, just thinking about what’s going to happen.” Nicole jumped, her hands flicking over the keys. The image on the monitor changed as another window popped up and the woman batted at Fantasia. She dodged back out of the way, shrugging helplessly when Nicole glared at her.

“I’m trying to hold off as long as I can. It’ll start soon though—the hour’s almost up.” She pointed to the clock and had the distinct pleasure of seeing the alarm in Nicole’s face when she realized how much time had passed. She shoved her chair back as the seconds ticked down and made for the door, walking as fast as her fitted skirt would allow. Fantasia fluttered along behind her, humming to herself as she set the spell in motion.

Nicole gasped softly at the suddenly intense friction of her own lips rubbing against her clitoris with every step. The soft brush of her panties became intensely sensual. Her skin flushed red and hot, a fever of lust overcoming her. She could feel a thin sheen of sweat beading up on her forehead and she ran that last few yards to the restroom, slamming the door behind her. Fantasia zipped in at the last moment, barely avoiding the slammed door.

With the door securely locked, Nicole sank down onto the toilet. She hiked the skirt up around her hips, eyes widening as the sight of her already damp panties. Quickly she pushed them down around her ankles.

“Oooh, I knew you couldn’t wait you horny slut!” Fantasia taunted her, perching on the edge of the sink.

“Shut up,” Nicole protested, while her fingers traced up the smooth skin of her thighs to the heated flesh of her cunt. Her entire body shook at the feather-light caress. Her pussy lips were already being forced slightly apart by her huge, engorged clitoris. The hood had been forced back from the sensitive nub and when Nicole brushed the tip of her finger along it she moaned and slumped back against the toilet tank.

Her fingers began to work in earnest, one on either side of her obscenely swollen clitty, rubbing the sensate flesh in small circles. Her other hand pushed up underneath her blouse so she could caress her breasts, tweaking and tugging her nipples.

“You really do get so wet from this.” Fantasia flitted down to the front edge of the toilet, only inches away from Nicole’s frantically moving fingers. “I bet you wish one of your coworkers would come in right now and see you like this. Can’t you just imagine their tongue in your pussy, their lips rubbing and sucking on that proud clitty of yours?”

“Go—aaaaah—go away,” Nicole gasped in between moans, her eyes glazed with pleasure. She was only half aware of the faerie’s mockery, her body consumed with the need to come. Her hand left her breast and drifted down to her eager slit. Fantasia dodged back out of the way, fluttering in midair to get a good view.

The petite programmer sank two fingers into her sopping wet hole without preliminaries, a high pitched mewl coming from her throat. She crooked her fingers inside of herself, dragging them along the upper side of her tunnel until she found that spot that made her vision go starry. She thrashed and writhed, barely able to keep her seat on the toilet. Her fingers jerked and pumped erratically, unable to keep a solid rhythm going. She cried out in pleasure and frustration, bucking her hips and trying to grind herself against her hands even though her clit was almost too sensitive to touch.

Drowning in pleasure so intense it was almost painful, her body began to spasm. Her muscles clenched down, sucking at the fingers pressed deep into her cunt. Her clit quivered and throbbed in time with her pulse and her mouth opened in a silent scream as her orgasm robbed her of breath.

Limp, she slid off the toilet to the floor, unable to maintain her balance. With half-closed eyes she watched with distant fascination as the engorged nub at the crux of her splayed legs slowly began to shrink until the still sex-swollen lips completely hid it once again.

Nicole levered herself to her feet and pulled her panties up, carefully smoothing her skirt down. Going to the sink to wash her hands, she shot Fantasia a dirty glare. The faerie looked up at her innocently from her perch on the edge of the white porcelain sink, flitting away when the water splashed down and sprinkled her.

“Don’t look at me like that, you enjoyed it.” Fantasia crossed her arms under her perky breasts with a huff. “Everything worked out fine, see? If we just work together you’ll get through today just fine.”

“I guess.” Nicole sighed, scrubbing her hands under the hot water. Her knees were still a little shaky and she wasn’t quite sure she trusted herself to walk back down to her office yet. She took her time smoothing her skirt back into place and brushing her hair back into some kind of order. Taking one last look in the mirror, she turned towards the door. “Alright, let’s go.”

Fantasia smirked as she followed the human woman out of the bathroom. Though she didn’t think Nicole saw it, the faerie definitely caught the gazes of a few coworkers following her curiously. Her lengthy restroom break has apparently not gone unnoticed. Not that she’d tried to be very quiet. Giggling like a high-school girl peeking into the boy’s locker room, she tumbled through the air and grabbed on to the edge of Nicole’s ear to steady herself as she came to perch on the dark-haired woman’s shoulder.

Nicole flinched and started to reach up to bat her away, then seemed to become aware of the cubicles of workers they were passing. She let her hand fall and let Fantasia ride until they walked into the office.

“Get off of me!” She hissed as she faked a stretch to try and knock the faerie off. Fantasia darted away, rolling her eyes. Nicole dropped back into her office chair with a huff, unlocking her computer.

“Get off, get off, that’s all you ever think about, isn’t it?” Fantasia pouted, then clapped a hand over her mouth. “Sorry!” She fluttered over to the desk, sitting on the edge of it and looking up at Nicole with the best puppy dog eyes she could muster.

“Viktor’s commands work in subtle ways, sometimes. Turn things around as I’m trying to say them.” She sighed and looked down at her lap. “It’s like I’m losing control of myself.” She tried to make herself sad and wistful, hunching her shoulders and mustering as much of a sniffle as she could even though all she really wanted to do was laugh. She peered up under her eyelashes and saw Nicole watching her. She sighed again and shrugged.

“Not that you care, I know. I mean, I’m the one tormenting you.”

“I have work to do, just try and stay out of the way, okay?” Nicole pulled herself closer to the desk, fingers tapping furiously away at the keyboard. After a moment though the furious typing stopped and she glanced at the sorrowful-looking faerie again. “Just remind me when the hour is almost up, if you can.”

“Oh, of course! Whatever I can do to make it easier for you!” Fantasia brightened, nodding enthusiastically. Then Nicole’s attention turned back to her computer and Fantasia smirked, fluttering over to poke at the action figures on the other desk again.

The next few hours passed almost exactly as planned, with a few close calls. One of her programmers had an urgent question for her that she hadn’t quite finished answering when the hour came up, but luckily she managed to wrap it up and flee for the bathroom before she completely lost her composure. Nicole ordered lunch in and

ate at her desk. She seemed to be trying very hard not to acknowledge Fantasia's presence even when the faerie goaded and taunted her.

Her continued composure had Fantasia a little frustrated. While she was patient, to a degree, some of the novelty of this adventure was wearing thin. Something else needed to happen, something like... she saw another woman walk towards the restroom. Ah, something like that. A glance at the time told her it was still a few minutes from the hour, but a twitch of her fingers fixed that and then she raced to Nicole's shoulder.

"Hour's up, cunt!" She chirped, then clamped a hand over her mouth and murmured a feigned apology. Nicole jumped to her feet, brows knit together in confusion.

"Already, I thought I had a little longer," she murmured, but didn't argue, already taking long strides towards the restroom. She could feel it beginning, the heat flaring between her legs and tingling through her body.

"Go go go!" Fantasia urged her like a cheerleader at a football game. She reached the restroom and rattled the handle. A faint voice yelled that it was occupied and Nicole froze. She could feel the desire beating at her, making her heart race. She looked around wildly and for a moment Fantasia gloated triumphantly over her confusion. Then her eyes locked on an innocuous looking door. In an instant she had grabbed the handle and ducked inside, locking it behind her. In the darkness Fantasia couldn't see, but Nicole found the light switch and clicked it on.

They were in a tiny closet filled with reams of paper and boxes of office supplies. Paper clips, pens, pencils, toner for the copiers. Fantasia zoomed around a bit, but there really wasn't much to see besides the petite woman desperately rubbing herself off with one hand as she held onto the shelves with the other to keep herself from falling over.

She finished and rushed back to her desk, praying she didn't smell too much like sex and sweat. Fantasia was practically crying with held back laughter. Nicole's frantic pace didn't stop in the office though. No, instead she dragged on her blazer and tried to smooth some of the wrinkles out of her skirt.

"Shit," she murmured as she pulled the hair tie out of her hair and desperately ran her fingers through the inky black strands, trying to get it to look ordered and neat without a mirror. Finally she just gave it a shake and hoped it looked fine.

"What's wrong?" Fantasia's curiosity got the best of her.

"Client meeting, I'm going to be late." Nicole rushed out the door, barely remembering to keep her voice down. Fantasia grinned and flitted along behind her. Oh yes, she couldn't have planned this better! Well, she could have, but it was so much easier when events just conspired to work with her. Now she just hoped the meeting ran long.

Nicole, to her surprise and to Fantasia's amusement, was the second person to arrive for the conference call and they commended her for being early. Bewildered, she sank into her usual chair while her colleague dialled in the conference call. The voice over the phone made her blush slightly—she should have remembered who the call

was with. It was the same client she'd met with in person shortly after meeting Viktor. Her cheeks flushed as she remembered her conduct in said meeting.

Soon though, work seemed to have her attention. Fantasia found that she really wasn't enjoying being ignored anymore, no matter how sharp or witty her remarks were. She was good at this, why couldn't that little bitch cooperate? Fantasia crossed her arms under her bust and perched on the back of an empty chair to think.

The room dimmed and a projected flashed graphs and charts onto the wall that meant nothing to the conniving faerie. All that mattered was the ticking of the clock. Oooh, the meeting was dragging long. She yawned, but anticipation kept her from getting too bored. She bounced a little on the back of the chair and squealed delightedly when it started to spin slowly. Nicole shot her an annoyed glance, then focused on the presentation. She really wasn't needed here and her boredom was clearly evident, at least to Fantasia.

At least she could alleviate that boredom, Fantasia thought with a grin. Her hour of reprieve was up. The faerie frowned, concentrating on the spell. Almost immediately, Nicole began to squirm in her seat.

The presenter droned on. Nicole felt the heat growing between her legs. The darkness in the room, thankfully, hid the flush that colored her pale skin. She ran her teeth lightly over her bottom lip and almost groaned at that simple sensation. Every tiny movement pressed her thighs together in the slim-fitting skirt, rubbing torturously over her clit. She could feel it swelling and she imagined she could almost see it if she looked closely enough at the dark fabric of her skirt.

"Are we boring you, Ms. Swan?" The voice made her attention snap to the forefront and she shook her head.

"No, not at all. Please continue." Her voice was shaky though and she saw the people closest to her cast back questioning looks. Her breath was coming faster, her chest heaving with each pant. Her breasts swayed, rubbing against the fabric of her blouse. Her nipples tented the thin fabric. If not for the concealing darkness, everyone would've been able to see her arousal. She pulled her hands off the table, clasping them in her lap. Nicole bit her tongue to keep from crying out at the new sensations the pressure brought. Her hips rocked, trying to rub herself against her hands. The chair squeaked in protest.

The presenter's words had lost all meaning as she tried alternatively to try and keep control of herself and subtly rub herself to her peak. She cast a desperate glance at Fantasia, but the faerie could only shrug helplessly, her hands outstretched in a plea of helplessness.

"Ms. Swan!" The sudden sharpness of her name made her look up again. Everyone was staring at her. From the way he'd spoke, she guessed she had missed him asking her a question or something. Her eyes couldn't make sense of the chart on the screen though and instead she looked around wildly for an escape route. She stood suddenly, shoving her chair back, and grabbed her phone off the table.

“I’m sorry, there’s something I need to take care of, very urgent phone call.” She raced out of the room. Fantasia flitted along behind, tumbling through the air with careless glee. Nicole couldn’t wait to reach the privacy of the restroom. She threw herself into a nearby empty cubicle, her skirt riding up around her hips as she collapsed into the rickety spinning chair. The lights were dimmed here, most of them turned off until night shift came in.

One hand slid inside her panties, desperately tugging and stroking her engorged clit. Her other hand fisted and pressed against her mouth until her teeth dug into her skin, muffling the cries and whimpers she couldn’t hold back anymore.

“You wish you could’ve kept going in there, don’t you.” Fantasia mused, hanging off the desk lamp. “Such a whore, you’d have liked it if they had bent you over the table and taken you together while that guy on the phone listened. I bet you’ll fantasize about it when you get home at night.”

Nicole came hard, barely making sense of the faerie’s words. Cum squirted from her pussy, soaking through her panties and into the chair. A brief moment of relief flitted through her mind. At least she’d pushed her skirt up, otherwise she would’ve had a stain. The relief was quickly washed away by humiliation. She knew who sat in this cubicle and whose chair she’d just defiled. Taking a quick breath to try and steady herself, she forced her shaky legs to work. She peeled her sopping panties off and tossed them into the trash, hoping maintenance would take care of it that night.

Smoothing down her skirt, she shuffled through her purse to find a clean pair of panties, putting them on quickly. Then she hurried back to her office. When the door finally closed behind her, she sank into her office chair and buried her face in her hands.

“You have to make it stop, I can’t take any more of this!” Her voice still shook. Fantasia wondered if she was going to cry. The faerie fluttered closer for a better look. She put on her best sympathetic face and patted the woman’s arm.

“You’re almost through, you can make it!”

“No I can’t, I can’t deal with this anymore. I’m going to lose any respect anyone had for me and my job on top of that. I just can’t keep doing this! Can’t you please stop?” She lifted her head to watch Fantasia, then dropped it back to her hands when the faerie simply shook her head.

“I’m sorry Nicole, it’s a time-based spell. There’s nothing I can do until it’s run its course,” Fantasia lied, fighting back a smug grin. She had the woman on the ropes now. She couldn’t know it was a powerful spell that Fantasia had to cast manually every hour. It was much more fun this way. She looked down at her huge knockers and another idea suddenly burst into her head. “Well, almost nothing.”

Nicole perked up immediately, but her suspicion was clear. “What do you mean ‘almost nothing’?”

“I can’t change the fact that the magic’s been cast, but I might be able to change it.” Fantasia let a little of her enthusiasm for the idea show through, lifting off the desk top and back into the air. “I could change it from the Raging Clit effect and just have the

magic channel into your breasts.” She lifted her own breasts. “Magic likes breasts, they’re like reservoirs for it.” This time she couldn’t help but giggle at her own silliness.

“So, what, they’d be bigger?” Nicole asked.

“Yes,” the faerie said with an emphatic nod. “That, and more sensitive. But nothing like your clitty has been today.”

“Fine, do it.” The programmer sounded resigned, but her posture straightened and her shoulders squared. Clearly she felt like this was something she could deal with more easily. Fantasia didn’t care. She’d gotten the entertainment she’d come for and this was far more lasting. Hmph, and some people said faeries couldn’t plan ahead!

Slowly, Nicole’s breasts began to swell. She had to stop typing to unbutton her blouse partway. She whined softly as the skin became even more tender and sensitive, the formerly soft fabric of her shirt now constraining and almost abrasive. Her nipples grew as well, pushing out against the fabric to form little mountains. They advertised their presence to the world, even when soft. Fantasia nodded to herself. Now, that was a proper set of tits.

Grumbling in frustration, Nicole tried to adjust herself to the new growth, shifting back from her desk. Now her tits were so huge, she couldn’t see her keyboard unless she was too far away to touch it. It was a good thing she didn’t really need to see to type. The rub of fabric on skin kept her in a constant state of mild arousal and she could feel her fresh panties getting wet and slick as the last few hours of the day passed.

Finally, five o’clock rolled around. Nicole walked slowly to the elevator, not wanting to try the stairs in heels or with her massive bouncing tits. Fantasia flitted along just above her shoulder. The elevator was, thankfully, empty. The woman turned to look at her, clearly tired.

“I appreciate you trying to help today, Fantasia.” She pushed her hair back into a messy ponytail.

“I wish there was more I could’ve done, but Viktor…” Fantasia let her voice trail off wistfully.

“It’s okay. I’ll help get both of us free of him, okay?” The faerie zoomed closer to the woman as the elevator doors opened and they stepped out into the parking garage. She pressed herself against Nicole’s shoulder in an awkward hug, then flitted back. She took a shuddering breath.

“Oh thank you, thank you so much!” Fantasia buried her face in her hands with a choked sob, fighting back laughter. Through the veil of her hair she watched Nicole get into her car and drive away. A slow smirk grew on her face and finally the laughter she’d been holding in all day burst free, echoing maliciously through the garage.

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About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

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