

Claire—Self-Satisfaction

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Before we start, I'm going to tell you what to call me. I'm not going to tell you my faerie name, so don't bother asking. You humans can't deal with knowing a faerie's true name. It leads to bad things. Bad, bad things. And it's even worse for the faerie. So no, you're not getting my true name. Just call me Naughtybelle, that's good enough for the likes of you.

Oh, and don't start with the Tinkerbell references, I've had it up to here with those. If I'd known Walt was going to turn us into this air-headed stereotype, we would have had a different conversation back then. I suppose I should have known better—humans will always muck everything up.

But I digress. I suppose I should start with a few basics. You probably already figured out I'm a faerie. I'm not very tall by your standards, but tall enough for my kind. I'm a little bigger than those tablet devices many of you carry around. I think I'm pretty. My reflection in the mirror—I call her Nuttybelle—certainly seems to think so. (She and I have some interesting conversations, you know?) She's got this really long and curly blue hair and big boobs, just like mine—can you believe that? She's a riot, but just between us, she's been a little off since she lost her human a century ago.

Well, enough about little old me, let me tell you about Miss Claire Clayworth, a big shot lady at some engineering firm.

* * *

I had spent all of last night having fun with one of her employees. Her name was Cindy, a chubby Christian girl from accounting who keeps calling Clayworth a stuck-up

bitch behind her back? Long story short, I learned lots about Claire Clayworth from her. She really doesn't like her. The I'll-stab-you-in-the-night kind of dislike, if you ask me. But at the same time, she has amazing lesbian fantasies about her, so maybe she was talking about another kind of stabbing, the kind that involves that big black dildo she played with all night. She wasn't very clear, what with all the moaning and coming that happened. The self-loathing in that girl is pretty incredible. She keeps throwing herself at these black men who are into fat chicks, just to feel wanted. She didn't really tell me this, I have to admit, it's more like I picked it up from her fantasies, but it's true all the same.

But getting to the point, I followed her to the office this morning. She was walking a little bow legged from all that masturbation, and every time she locked eyes with a man, her clit would get a little jolt of pleasure. (I did that!) Won't last more than a few days, but perhaps that'll loosen her up.

I was on her shoulder when Clayworth called her and a few dozen other people into that big room. Nobody could see me, but I was there. We faeries generally aren't visible to humans. Miss Clayworth stood on that stage with a microphone, in that charcoal gray power suit and with that stupidly uptight hairdo, thin as a rail and proud as an eagle. She had no time to waste and made her announcement without preambles.

"Our last quarter was below expectations," she said, "like the two quarters before that. So for that reason, we have to lay you off. This is effective immediately. HR will meet with you and hand you your severance packages."

That was it. There were plenty of tears and outrage. She handed the microphone to some person from human resources and walked off the stage with a satisfied smile. I guess she felt she'd done her job well.

That's when I decided I should follow her. That smile she made. It was like she was getting off on causing them pain, so I figured she'd make a better plaything than that Christian girl. And I swear to you, she really did.

The first thing I noticed about her is that she was pretty fit. That's a good thing. But she was SO fit she had just skin and bones and muscles, but no curves. I thought that was a shame, with a pretty face like hers, that she didn't have any boobs, hips or butt. It wasn't long before I realized she thought so as well.

"Good morning Miss Clayworth," her assistant said as she silently passed her desk on her way to her office.

"Morning, Denise," Claire said, glancing surreptitiously at the large-breasted blonde. "Is everything confirmed for my interview with Mr. Edwards?"

"Yes, Miss Clayworth, he'll be here in fifteen minutes."

Let me tell you, Denise was as stunning as human females get, and I've seen a my share. Long blond hair, carefully straightened, delicately painted lips, meticulously manicured nails and vivacious eyes that sparkled with intelligence. And boobs any woman would die for (not me, though, my boobs are already spectacular!). She was the kind of girl men always undress with their eyes and fuck in the privacy of their minds.

I didn't expect Claire to fantasize about here, but there it was! A bright flash had surged in her... ah... I guess you'd call it her aura. We faeries can't read human minds, at least not without sharing our true name (and I don't do that anymore), but we're definitely attuned to human desires. What flashed from Claire Clayworth was definitely a mix of lust and jealousy. There was something about her assistant that Claire envied, and it was pretty obvious it was her boobs. They were pretty impressive, neatly and rigorously clad in a perfectly fitting bra, covered by a thin blue sweater with an extra-wide loose turtle neck. I wondered for a moment why she'd want a loose collar like that, then it hit me! In case she wanted to check how her boobs were doing. I do that with mine all the time. Silly me!

I gave the situation some thought and decided it'd be a good idea to sow some seeds right away. As Claire disappeared into her office, I hovered near Denise, wondering which spell I should throw at her.

Pussy Ember was the first to bubble up to the surface. "Choose me! Choose me!" it chanted with relentless enthusiasm. *Clitch* and *Phantom Cock* also joined the chorus, but I chose *Pussy Ember* in the end. I don't like to play favorite with my spells—they can get so prissy and jealous, sometimes—but *Pussy Ember* is one of my more subtle spells and it never startles its victims. I cast it at Denise and it gently settled in her lap. A smooth operator, that one. In an hour or so, Denise's tight cunt would be wet as a sponge and she'd never quite know what set it off. I zipped under her chair and past her legs to look at her lower half. High heel, long skirt and--YES! A thong! Oooh, you naughty girl you! This was going to be fun!

I left Denise and snuck into Claire's office through the half-closed door and settled on a bookshelf behind her. It was a big office, with a large desk and two chairs for formal meetings, and an L-shaped couch with a low table in the corner for more casual conversations. A discreet door on the side wall drew my attention and I flew through it to see what was on the other side. (We can do that, you know? Fly through stuff. It's a faerie thing, you wouldn't understand.)

On the other side of the door, I found a small bathroom. There was a small mirror on the wall, and believe it or not, there was Nuttybelle! I hadn't seen her in hours! How I'd missed the little gal!

"Hiya!" she said, smiling brightly and waving her hand at me. I waved back.

"So that's where you've been hiding, you little devil!" I shook my finger at her and she did the same.

"I figured I'd find you here, Naughty. Isn't this a great spot to lay down a trap spell?"

I clapped my hands with enthusiasm.

"You're right! What do you have in mind?"

Nuttybelle pondered the question for a few moments, tapping a finger on her chin. She's so adorable when she does that! Then she snapped her fingers.

"I got it! *Boobalicious* on the doorknob and *Foul Mouth* on the sink." She looked at me expectantly. "What do you think?"

"TWO traps?! Nutty, you're a genius! But first, we have to get her to come in here. *Nitch*?"

Nuttybelle pumped her fist in victory. "Nipple Itch, yes! That's always a winner!"
We nodded in unison.

"All right, we're set," I said. I laid down both spells, then flew out and rejoined Claire. She was talking on the phone at the same time she was reading a report on her computer screen.

"We're going to have to redraft the press release for the quarterly report," she said flatly. "The angle should be that we've done much worse than anticipated and the layoffs were a necessary evil to redress the ship."

The person on the other end must have said something displeasing because she scrunched up her nose.

"No, not tomorrow, we'll need this by end-of-day today. Your appointment is just going to have to wait. Tomorrow's too late. Just get it done, or I'll re-hire one of today's layoffs to do it in your place."

She hung up without waiting for an answer.

Eeek, I thought. I've seen witches with more tact and empathy than her. If I had any doubt she deserved what she was about to get, they were swept away that very moment.

"*Nitch*, you ready?" I asked. It just pulsed a few times in response. *Nitch* was never much of a talker, more of a doer. It was itching—no pun intended—to get to work. I released it and watched it swirl toward its intended target. With my *Faerie Sight*, I looked at Claire's naked body through her clothes. She really was pretty fit, with a set of abs seemingly designed to draw the attention away from her small chest. I took a mental picture of her boobs, especially her nipples. Everything about her breasts said "small." Barely an A-cup, she had, and tipped with tight pink nubs surrounded by aureolae barely the size of a quarter. That wasn't going to last, though, not with *Nitch* getting ready to work its magic.

Claire's nipples grew longer and thicker. She didn't seem to register the change, however, and remained focused on her computer screen. The rigid tips soon chafed against the fabric of her bra and I saw her hand jerk reflexively toward one nipple. She caught herself before the hand reached its destination, looking around suspiciously. She shrugged and returned to work, mumbling to herself.

"Damn AC, always too low."

No problems, I thought, confident *Nitch* was about to turn up the heat. And it did. Her nipples grew some more, both in length and thickness, and her areolae became puffier. The intensity of the itching must have jumped a notch because she yelped in surprise, quickly covering her mouth with her hand.

"What is going on?" she asked out loud, surely not expecting an answer.

She looked around to make sure no one was there, and reached for her nipples with both hands. Her fingers crept up her diminutive breasts and reached the hard nubs,

eliciting an unexpected sigh. Her fingers involuntarily curling around her rigid tips. I could see they were thick and swollen inside her bra, and tenting her blouse visibly.

“T-that’s... ah... that’s not...”

With trembling hands, she unbuttoned the top of her blouse and looked inside one of the cups—finally she saw what I was seeing! Hard and puffy nipples that itched for her touch. Her expression, with furrowed eyebrows and questioning eyes, was priceless.

“Damn it!” she blurted.

She got up and briskly headed for the bathroom. The instant her fingers touched the doorknob, *Boobalicious* swirled up her arm and settled in her small breasts.

Claire quickly removed her jacket and blouse, and unhooked the front of her bra. Her breathing was fast, now, and her face flushed. *Nitch* was really turning on the heat! Her hands gently caressed her erect nipples. How they ached, now, begging for her touch! She knew she shouldn’t be doing this, but a deeper part of her mind—the horny part she had spent years taming—was coming to the surface, urging her on. I was a bit surprised myself; there was quite a beast buried in her psyche. It lay dormant beneath the surface, like a volcano, and ready to erupt.

Her fingers kept caressing her tits and peaks, eliciting a constant stream of moans from her. Moisture was gathering in her pussy. Every caress of her nipples seemed to cause tingles between her legs, like the two areas were connected. She clenched her thighs, perhaps to fight it, perhaps to fan the flames that were dancing inside her clit. Gasping for air between moans, she looked at her reflection with shock. The woman in the mirror was carrying on like a tramp, fondling obscene nipples, her face a mask of lust.

“You go, girl!” I cheered on, watching the Beast within her slowly rise to the surface. “You let that inner slut out.”

She couldn’t hear me, but she reacted just as if she had. She gave her boobs a hard squeeze and tweaked her nipples almost to the point of pain. She yelped, her knees giving way under her, and she barely caught herself against the sink. Her expression softened, then shifted to something more lewd, more primal. She growled like an animal, unaware that yet another spell had jumped from the sink, raced up her arms and settled behind her lips. *Foul Mouth* was impatient and got to work right away.

“Oh... Oh yeah... Hmmm... Fuck that feels good...”

She gave her boobs another squeeze, not yet realizing the flesh in her chest had already begun to grow. She writhed and ground her pussy against the sink while her hands worked her heated tits.

“Fuck!” she repeated. “Holy fuck that feels good! Oooh yeah, my tits... Shit they feel so good! I just love to fondle them... Squeeze them... Pinch my hot nipples just like — yaaaah!”

Despite her squirming and rising desire, she dimly realized she was narrating her movements and talking to herself. Her moaning, too, was abnormal and loud, much louder than it usually was.

“What the fuck? What’s going on? Why am I so loud, and talking so much? It’s like I can’t stop it... A-and my tits... So hot... and my nipples... They’re so hard they’re starting to hurt.”

She looked at her reflection in the mirror and saw how much flesh her hands were holding.

“My tits! A-are they bigger?! Aaah... Mmm, they feel so good... God, what’s going on?”

She kept on massaging her tits, moaning loudly as each rubbing motion shot white lightning into her pussy, causing rhythmic motions in her hips that pushed her clit against the sink.

“Oh yeah... Oh yeah-yeah-yeah...” she whimpered, her eyes half-closing. Her panties were soaked through and she needed some sexual release. She reached down with one hand and pulled her skirt up her thighs. Her fingers found her engorged clit and rubbed it through the slick underwear.

Her breasts had grown to an unmistakable B-cup and Claire could no longer ignore it.

“Fuck! My tits! So hot... and big! What’s going on? What the fuck is going on?! Aaah... Can’t stop... Can’t stop rubbing them... Oh shit, my pussy’s so wet!”

She pulled her panties aside and plunged her fingers in her steaming gash. Her legs trembled like a newborn deer. She turned around and sat on the sink, spreading her knees to give herself better access.

“Oh yeah, yeah... That’s the stuff... Oh God I’ve needed this!”

One hand rubbed her boobs faster; the other thrust in and out of her slit like a blur.

“Yeah... Yeah... I’m gonna... gonna...”

I clapped my hands cheerfully. Come, my little human bitch, come!

“COME!” she shouted, right on cue. “FUCK YES!”

Back arched, eyes closed, she spread her legs impossibly wide and squirted cum juices, splashing her hand and the bathroom door in front of her. Her body jerked and thrashed about on the sink, but miraculously she didn’t fall to the floor. It was an unnaturally long climax, spurred on by the magic fuelling the heat between her legs. Her loud moans echoed against the walls of the small bathroom, gradually fading into mews, then whimpers, then soft gasps.

Still shivering, she slid off the sink, turned around and examined herself in the mirror. Her shirt was open wide and her boobs hang heavy against her chest, larger than they were just a few minutes ago. And everything below her belt was a wet mess, her thighs slick with fluids that were still oozing out of her pussy. Her skirt, bunched up around her waist, had mostly been spared.

“What the fuck just happened? I... I came so hard! And—oh shit, I’m still so fucking horny! And I have an appointment in just a few minutes! This is bad!”

She quickly grabbed the roll of toilet paper, wiped her thighs clean and pulled down her skirt. Claire then tried to clip the front of her bra, but her breasts were just too big to fit.

“My tits! My fucking tits! What happened? They fucking grew! They don’t fit!”

She gave it another try, but pinched a nipple in the process. A white-hot jolt of pleasure zapped her clit in response.

“Ah! Oh fuck! My nip!”

She shifted the bra around, her boobs overflowing in all directions, and finally managed to clip the reluctant undergarment. Her boobs weren't done growing, however. A C-cup wasn't enough for someone like her. I really wanted her to grow to bimbo-esque proportions, to a size competing with her assistant Denise, so I'd instructed *Boobalicious* to go up to double-Ds. The flesh kept growing and pushing against the bra, straining it to capacity.

"Ah!" Claire cried. "Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck, this is too tight!"

She tried to unclasp her bra, but it was too late. Her breasts were still growing and the clasp was stuck. With surprising quickness of mind, she reached for the first aid kit under the sink, pulled out some small scissors, and snipped the front of the bra. Her boobs sprung forward and bounced against her chest, as if celebrating their newfound freedom. With an irritated sigh, Claire finished removing her garment and threw it in the trash can.

"A-all right," she told her reflection in the mirror. "Get a grip, get dressed, and get it done."

Putting back her blouse proved to be a greater challenge than she had expected. The soft fabric slid across her sensitive skin like a lover's caresses. She shivered, her whole body alive and vibrant, like a violin string being tightened. When she finished buttoning up her undersized blouse—not without some effort—the friction against her nipples caused something to melt inside her. She stared at her nubs protruding obscenely against the thin fabric and resisted the urge to touch them. One touch, she knew, would send her into a masturbatory frenzy, but Mr. Edwards was almost here. She would have to control herself during the interview.

The phone rang. Yes, the phone. The one next to her. Who has a phone in her bathroom, I ask you? Well this lady does. The kind of person who works all the time, even during nature calls. (That's really creepy and weird, if you ask me.)

She picked up the receiver.

"Clayworth," she said curtly.

I overheard a female voice on the other end. Denise, probably.

"Let him in," Claire said. "I'll be right there."

Claire spent a few moments cleaning herself up and arranging her jacket so it would cover her oversized tits and crazy-hard nips. Her blouse looked like it was several sizes too small, the gaps between the strained buttons revealing she wasn't wearing a bra. Edwards was sure to notice, but it couldn't be helped.

She then exited the bathroom, boobs up front, trying to keep a steady gait despite the background desire that weakened her knees.

She hoped she could keep it together and nail the interview.

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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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