

Degrees of Fantasia
By Angelus

Sky took a deep breath to steady her hands and relax her shoulders. The small bottle she held in hand was filled with a mystic liquid that shimmered and swirled from the slight tremble in her fingertips. A Fantasia, as it was called, was capable of making all manner of changes to one's physical appearance without pain or flaw. As such, it was an expensive brew, but the lady Miqu'te had saved up for this.

She set it back down on her dresser and sighed, leaning back in her chair in a way that crumpled up her blue nightgown around her waist. The bunched fabric was lumpy under her rump, making her snort and sit upright again so she could tug the garment smooth again. Her cat-like ears laid back along the top of her head as she looked at the bottle once more. Small as it was, its potential was daunting, and she wondered if it was worth it to use it for something so small.

Sky had no grand redesign in mind. Rather, she planned to use her prize for a simple bump to her bust size... And it wasn't even a vanity project. It was an attempt to grab the attention of her longtime companion and crush: a fellow Sun Seeker Miqu'te, Y'shtola. The Miqu'te Black Mage had a knack for filling out the chest of every outfit she wore, and while Sky felt certain that Y'shtola was far from shallow, she felt that measuring up to her a little couldn't hurt her chances.

Sky grabbed the bottle. She took another deep breath, put on a brave face, and popped the cork on the bottle. Before she could reconsider, she brought the bottle to her mouth, knocking the glass against her teeth in her rush. She winced, but didn't stop, and quickly swallowed the mouthful of sweetly-sour elixir. An electric tingle surged through her whole body. The fur on her ears stood up and her tail straightened out with a jolt. Before she could fully process the feeling, her entire body relaxed to the point that her midnight-blue evening dress felt loose on her shoulders. Her entire form felt dangerously malleable, as though the slightest thought could change everything about the way she looked. Focus was paramount. She concentrated on her self-image in her minds' eye.

Brown hair with blonde streaks, tied into a ponytail, but leaving long bangs at the front. Brown eyes. Light skin. An athletic build. She made sure every detail was exactly the same except for the one she wanted to change. She inched out her bust. Slowly. Carefully. Sky was looking to add a few cup sizes at the most, few enough that people who didn't know her well might not even notice. It was difficult to restrain herself. Before she knew it, she'd overshot her goal by almost double. Sky gasped, and her tail kinked itself into a zigzag as she reeled the extra size back down to what she originally planned. Not that the bigger size wasn't a good look... but she wasn't looking to go overboard here.

Once she was sure all the details were correct, she tensed up her body, and it felt like all of the details were locked into place. The feeling of being like wet clay faded, and she felt over her body and face just to confirm her solidity. Finally, a check in the mirror revealed that she was still the same old Sky, but with a slightly tighter top. "Huh, nice." She muttered to herself and turned sideways to get a better impression of the size. She was definitely bigger where it mattered. She gave her bust a lift and let it drop, and could feel the bit of extra weight. "Perfect!"

She grinned and pumped her fist into the air. As expected, the Fantasia worked. Now it was time to pay Y'shtola a visit.

Sky stepped out of her room and into the hallway that connected all of the various sleeping quarters. It was late in the evening, and she was sure some of the early risers were already in bed, so she stayed quiet as she made her way to the door down the hall. She knocked, and was greeted by Y'shtola's voice from within. "Do come in."

The door was unlocked, so Sky pushed it open. Y'shtola's sleeping quarters were basically identical to Sky's, aside from a difference in taste when it came to decoration. Y'shtola herself was sitting in a lounge chair across from a desk, paging through a weathered tome as a bit of before-bed reading. She looked up from the book as Sky closed the door behind her, and she locked her pale, cloudy eyes on the one entering her room. "Good evening Sky. To what do I owe the pleasure?" She carefully closed the book and set it on the desk before standing to properly greet her guest.

"I was curious if that book we found had any interesting insights? Judging by the looks of things, I'd guess you've been quite absorbed." Sky observed that Y'shtola was still in her day clothes, which was to say she had yet to change out of her black mage battle dress. The dark fabric contrasted nicely with her white hair and the fluffy gray mantle that hung at her shoulders. The top was secured at the front by black ribbons arranged like a corset, though the Miqu'te's considerable bust strained the ribbon, and the low cut showed a few inches of smushed cleavage. Sky tried to keep her face on Y'shtola's face, lest her own face go red and dissolve her resolve.

Y'shtola's ears flicked, and she looked over herself with a reserved sigh. "I suppose it is getting a bit late to still be in my day clothes. That answers your question I'm sure." She moved from the lounge chair to sit on the edge of the bed, and beckoned for Sky to join her. "Come, sit. We may speak a while before we sleep."

Sky approached and took a seat beside her, making sure her tail didn't catch on the tousled sheets nor brush against the other Miqu'te. There was only a hand's breadth of space between them. "Any highlights you'd like to share?"

Y'shtola touched a finger to her chin and stared at the wall straight ahead. Her forearm squished into the side of her bust, a fact that Sky tried to ignore even as it made her tail tip flick to and fro. "It's been a fascinating if difficult read. The way the practice of black magic has changed over the centuries is truly fascinating," she said as her mind turned over everything she had learned. She sat up straighter and her eyebrows raised, and she turned to face Sky. Her bust swayed from how quickly she turned. "In fact, there was one detail that I found particularly interesting. Did you know that- Ah. Hmm." Y'shtola's brow furrowed and her eyes flicked down to Sky's chest, but only for a moment.

Sky tensed up, worrying that her own staring had been noticed.

"My dear lady, have you used a Fantasia on yourself this evening?" Y'shtola got up and stood in front of Sky, looking down at her with a scrutinizing look. From such a steep angle, Y'shtola's bust partly obscured her face.

Sky blushed at the view and tried to stammer a response. "Ah, w-well, yes, I did-" Sky certainly wasn't planning on lying about it, but she hadn't imagined she'd be caught so quickly.

“That’s quite an expense for such a small change, no? Were it me, I’d have saved it for something more significant,” she said as a matter of fact. Yet her eyes flicked down to Sky’s bust, just as Sky’s gaze did the same to Y’shtola’s.

Sky swallowed as her nerves caught up to her. “W-well, I mostly did it so you would maybe notice, so it worked! That makes it worth it, right?” Her tail whipped back and forth across the bed sheets.

Y’shtola’s ears and brows perked up. “Oh? Oh my. Well, if that was your goal then it was certainly achieved.” She paused. “However.” She leaned down, putting her cleavage at eye level with Sky. Sky’s eyes widened as she got the closest look she could remember to the valley of boob trying to escape the Black Mage’s dress. “Just between us two, as respectable ladies, if this is truly the approach you planned to take to try and impress me...” She tugged at the corset ribbons securing her top and loosened them. Each tug let them out another inch or so of the dress, and every inch of give she gave was subsequently filled with more breast.

She did this until her breasts were twice their already impressive size, leaving them bigger than her head. “Then it is as I said. You should have gone for something more *significant*.” She smiled and stood back upright. The fabric of her dress creaked around the shoulders as the seams strained to hold back all of the extra weight. Even the mere act of standing made her pale breasts bounce, and the fabric looked fit to tear if she dared to make it support another inch.

She left a stunned Sky gazing up at an absolute shelf of boob that was contained in a straining black dress.

Sky’s face was glowing warm and her eyes were wide. She could hardly believe what she was seeing. “H-how did... how did you change your size without a Fantasia? Unless, did you know I was coming?” It seemed unlikely that her crush on Y’shtola was THAT easy to read, but Y’shtola was always clever and attentive.

“Oh it’s nothing as complex as that. I may have gotten... over eager with a Fantasia of my own long ago, and ended up rather, shall we say, inconveniently large in areas.” She crossed her arms under her bust and they almost vanished beneath them. “Surely I don’t need to tell you how expensive those little bottles can be, so for a time I would simply glamor my clothes to conceal the size while I saved up for another Fantasia. However, when I found I finally had enough saved up, I realized I was doing just fine without one. I decided I would save the money instead, and I’ve simply been hiding my size ever since.” Her tone remained cool throughout the explanation, but the swish of her tail betrayed the smug joy she felt while recalling her past.

“That’s...” Sky didn’t know what to say. Moreover, she couldn’t believe she had never noticed. For all the time they spent together, she couldn’t recall Y’shtola’s size ever being inconsistent. It was mind boggling. “Wait. Wait wait. How big *are* you then?” she asked the question before thinking about it. “Erk-! I mean, that’s not what I meant, I was trying to say, ah-!”

Y’shtola smiled, but Sky could feel a certain ferocity behind it. She clammed up and squirmed where she sat on the edge of the bed. Y’shtola’s smile widened. “I can show you, but you must know it’s something that only you and I can know. If you tell another soul, I’ll burn you to cinders.” Across the room, the gemstone in her staff glowed.

Sky nodded. “Of course! I didn’t plan to share any of this.”

“Good~” She took two steps in, closing the space between herself and the seated Sky. The shadow of her breasts loomed over the seated Miqu’te. “In that case, I’ll share this secret with you, and you alone. In truth, it will be nice to get it off my chest.” She loosened the straps of her dress, and a valley of cleavage grew and surged until it filled Sky’s vision.

As for how large lady Y’shtola truly was, we will never know. Sky was true to her word, and never told a soul what happened that night~