

Loki's Misfortune Part 1

Contains breast, butt, and thigh growth

The rambunctious sounds of Asgard echoed around the goddess of mischief, Loki. A soft hand pulled a strand of blonde hair away from her face. The gentle twilight breeze drifting across the realm brought with it an air of trickery. It tingled against her exposed cleavage, boosted upward by way of a sturdy corset.

The eyes of Asgardian warriors stared as she walked the streets. Although one of the most entrancing women of the nine realms, none would dare call out to Loki as if she were a common harlot. Doing so would incur the wrath of the royal family. Gazing for more than a second ran the risk of bringing Loki's trickery upon you. Such a fate was not easily escaped.

Tonight she was not concerned with the attention of others; she was on a mission to bring playful embarrassment to her brother, Thor. Their rivalry had become the stuff of legends. Although wary of her tricks and wiles, Thor remained one of her favorite targets. It wasn't often he escaped her clutches, and when he did, Loki made sure to double her efforts for the next attempt.

Boisterous laughter came from one of the more popular taverns in Asgard. A crackle of electricity in the air could only be caused by one being and his trusty hammer. The cloud of energy followed her brother wherever he traveled.

"There you are," Loki chuckled softly. Reaching into a pouch at her side, her hand grasped a circular object. She would have to be quick to catch him by surprise. Likely drunk on mead, Thor would be slower but not slow. She couldn't have asked for a better setting nor audience for her tricks.

Cobblestone clicked under her heels to send waves of energy through her body before ending as jiggles over her exposed cleavage. If this went according to plan, she would be mocking Thor for his inability to control such things.

The front door was too obvious. Ducking into an alley behind the blaring tavern, Loki disguised her appearance as that of a buxom barmaid. Green and black armor transformed into a simple white bodice and brown skirt. Partial to her golden hair, she kept it pouring over her shoulders. Most prominent were her breasts as they wobbled off her front without adequate support. Tender bumps from nipples erect with excitement stood out against the white cloth.

A back door granted Loki access to the tavern as well as a wave of joyful roars. The heat from a massive hearth warmed it like an oven, comforting the drunken Asgardian warriors inside.

"I'll have some milk if you're feeling a little full, barmaid!" a man laughed from a back corner when she passed by. Mead dripped down his chin to stain his shirt below.

“Hush, I’m busy” Loki hissed. A wave of her hand turned the man sober in an instant, though not before he found himself transforming into a mouse. He scampered across the floor while dodging feet and weapons. Nothing would distract Loki from her task.

Finding Thor wasn’t difficult. A simple glance towards the center of the tavern revealed his drunken form laid across a table in peaceful slumber. Several companions stood around him, each trying to lift his hammer.

“It’s almost too easy, Brother,” Loki sighed. Weaving her way through the festive crowd, she approached Thor from behind. In her hand swung an enchanted amulet ready to carry out her task. All it would take is simply slipping it around his meaty neck.

“Time to say goodbye to the god of thunder, and say hello to the goddess of--”

KKZZZZPPP!!!

“NNNGH!!!”

A sudden jolt of energy surged from the floor. Tendrils of magic shot from below forming a cage before dissipating. An invisible force held her in place. The barmaid disguise shimmered away to reveal her armor glistening in the tavern firelight.

CLANK CLANK!

The amulet slipped from her grasp and the bar grew quiet at its noisy bouncing. Struggling and pulling, Loki felt like a statue frozen in the middle of the room. She paused when a deep laugh made Thor’s back rise and fall.

“You’re getting too easy to predict, dear sister...”

Thor rose from his chair. All around the table, his companions watched in amusement at the age-old sibling rivalry. Thor stood in front of Loki, grinning at his successful magic trap.

“Thor! Release me!” she demanded, struggling once more. Doing so made her chest wobble for all eyes to see. In her current restrained state, they weren’t afraid to watch.

He ignored her request. Stooping down, he plucked the amulet from the floor with a cautious grasp. “What were you planning on doing with this?” Inspecting the runes across its front, Thor hummed. “I doubt you simply wished to give me a stylish gift.”

Addressing the tavern then, Thor boomed, “Should we find out what my dear sister planned to do to me this time??”

“YAAAAAHHH!!!!!”

The building shook in agreement. Stepping forward, Thor held the amulet’s strap open over Loki’s head.

“I think it will suit you far better than myself,” Thor teased.

“T-Thor, wait!! Don’t let it--*NNNGH!!!*”

Upon touching the skin of her chest, the amulet bound itself to Loki. Magic poured from within, previously meant to turn Thor into a woman. When focused on Loki, however, its feminine energies turned to amplification rather than transformation.

“*Aahh!! MMMNGH!! THOR!!*” Loki screamed. She could feel her powers of mischief leaving her in a cloud of green vapor. Within seconds, she was left mortal and helpless. The magical bonds holding her in place vanished and allowed her to collapse to the floor.

“Planning to weaken me, eh?” Thor laughed. “Surely not another ploy to weasel my hammer away from--”

The amulet wasn’t done. Eyes wide, Loki groped her ample bust in full view of the tavern. It lurched and groaned in her grasp as if possessed by demons.

“*Nnnngh!!! Thor!! What...What have you done?!*”

SSTTRRRRRRTCH

A sound like leather armor pulling tight echoed through the tavern. On the floor, Loki’s body could be seen shifting and swelling in several directions. Flesh bulged over the top of her corset. She gasped at an increasing weight within her mammaries. The amulet sang and glowed, pushing her bust fuller by the second.

“*I didn’t know she was the goddess of balloon breasts too!*” someone joked. An uproar of laughter rang out.

“You were tryin’ to give me a pair of tits??” Thor roared with amusement. “Hoping to make me top-heavy??”

SSTTRRRRRRTCH

“*AUUGH!!!*” Loki screamed in frustration. At twice their natural size, her breasts felt crammed into her corset. Deep cleavage quivered as a fleshy chasm pouring heat into her face.

“Looks like she’s evening out!!”

Under her skirt, Loki’s thighs and hips bloated against the already tight fabric. Stress lines pulled taut to cut into her plumping figure.

“*I-It’s making me too big!!*” she cried out, having to cradle her chest in her arms like two massive watermelons. “*Thor, you need to stop it!! I-I’M GROWING!!*”

“Stop it?? I have a feeling my payback is only just beginning!!”

CRRREEEEAAAAAAK!!

“*Ahh!! A-Aahh!!*” Loki’s breaths came fast and short when her outfit pulled drum-tight. Nipples the size of her fist squished over the brim of her corset.

SHRIIP!!!

POP!!!

POP!!!!

“*T-THOR!!!*”

The amulet knew no mercy. Bloating into an extreme hourglass, Loki watched in increasingly helplessness at her out-of-control body. Several seams burst and popped open to release slivers of supple skin. The metal clasps of her corset strained like weapons ready to explode.

Thor chuckled and took hold of his hammer. “I think it’s time for me to be going... I’m not here to see my dear sister burst naked out of her armor!” Walking towards the exit, he

announced, “Though the show is free for everyone else!! She might need some help fitting through the door by the looks of it!”

A storm of cheers echoed upon his departure.

CCRREEEEEAAAAAK!!!

“*N-Noo!! NOO!!!*” Loki whined at her engorging frame. Cleavage pushed over her shoulders and skin billowed out of her failing skirt. Against her own enchanted amulet, she was powerless as warriors approached in anticipation of her failing armor.

CCRREEEEEAAAAAK!!!

“Somebody take it off!!! Take the amulet off!!!”

SSSTRRRRRRTCH!!!

“I can’t get much bigger...nnnngh!!!...b-before--”

CCRREEEEEAAAAAK!!!

Flesh pushed against her chin. A pair of gargantuan udders heaved in front of her while an ass and thighs balanced her backside.

“I’M GETTING TOO BIG!!! MY BREASTS!!! MY ARMOR CAN’T HOLD THEM MUCH LO--”

CCRREEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

Eyes widened when metal stretched and bent from fleshy pressures before finally, Loki’s armor gave out.

BOOM!!!!

To be continued