

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Super villainess with a boob fetish has won and is making her kingdom of tit as she speaks.*

Contains: Breast Expansion

---

### **Empire of Tits**

Lady Titania, Empress of the Realm, reclined languidly on her throne. Kneeling beside her, a pretty dark-haired woman in black and white maid livery held out a tray of meats and cheeses. The maid's dress was low cut and Titania took a long, appreciative look at the small line of cleavage made by her her apple-sized breasts.

With a gesture, the Empress sent a weave of power into her maid's body. In seconds, the woman's breasts doubled in size, pulling the material of her livery taut and plumping over the hem.

Titania grinned in self-satisfied pleasure. The woman had once been a "hero." A scrawny thing, all muscle and sinew, she had been flinging arrows at Titania's guards just yesterday.

"Empress?"

Titania looked up, but a voice beside her spoke first.

"*High* Empress."

The woman who'd spoken was tall and blonde. She wore the same maid livery but already had breasts the size of her head. With a gesture, Titania filled her up another inch. The woman grimaced but made her face calm with a visible effort.

"*High* Empress?"

"Yes?"

"General Alyce has a new batch of palace guards for you to approve."

Titania nodded her assent.

She watched the maid leave the throne room with a smile. She'd been a knight yesterday. Bulky and strong. Now her muscles were replaced with soft curves, perfectly toned. The only use her maid had for muscles was supporting those glorious tits. Before the maid passed through the door, Titania gave her another inch.

General Alyce marched into the throne room, followed by a half-dozen women in the polished steel plate-kinis of Titania's Palace Guard. Each was more beautiful than the last. Brunette, blonde, red-gold, with strong lines of jaw, lithe limbs, and firm bare tummies.

Titania rose from her throne, stepped off the dais, and inspected each soldier in turn. One after another, she waved her fingers in front of each guardswoman, plumping her bosom until the chain bindings of her steel breastplate creaked. With breasts twice the size of their heads, the Palace Guard would make ineffectual fighters. But they were not meant for fighting. They, like every woman in the Imperial Palace, existed only for the Empress' visual pleasure.

"Excellent work, General."

Alyce nodded and led the guard in a march from the throne room.

Titania resumed her throne, propping one leg over the arm as she plucked a square of cheese from the proffered tray.

The woman seated in the plain chair beside the throne spoke. "Mistress..."

"Yes, Lyssa?"

"I know you are fond of bosoms."

"They are the only thing of worth in this world, apart from power. What of it?"

"Forgive me, Mistress, but why do you not have larger ones yourself? Can you not use your magic on your own body?"

Titania laughed derisively. "My magic can do anything, Lyssa. But what a wretched nuisance they'd be. Weighing down my shoulders, flopping about... No, I much prefer to admire them on others."

The Empress glanced at her Hand. The black-haired elf wore a white robe to cover the breasts that filled her lap. Her bosom was the largest in the Empire, for now. Titania activated her magic. The woman could stand to be a *little* bigger.