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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

Based on characters from "How Not to Summon a Demon Lord."

Shera L Greenwood's Secret

Rem and Shera ducked behind Diablo as the troop of elves emerged from the trees. The stupid elf whimpered and clung to the Demon Lord, squeezing his arm between her fat boobs.

"Shera!" Yelled Keera, the elf prince and Shera's older brother. "What happened to you?"

Before Rem had time to wonder what he meant, Diablo spoke in his Demon Lord voice. "She's not answering any of your questions, elf."

The elves loosed a volley of arrows that all bounced harmlessly off Diablo. After he wounded a few of them with his magic, they all ran away scared into the forest. Rem noticed a few voices were clearly female, but she hadn't seen any curves much bigger than her own, nearly nonexistent ones. Was it normal for elves to have smaller breasts? Was that why her brother was so shocked? Had Shera only grown those ridiculous honkers since she left the elven Kingdom of Greenwood?

Back in the city, they met in the tavern's common room for an important meeting with Celestine, the head of the Mage's Guild. When a giant platter of sausages arrived, the fat elf did one of her stupid little songs.

"I love food! Food loves me! Stuffing my face makes me so happy!!"

Her noisy, enthusiastic chewing and humming were almost enough to distract Rem from the meeting with Celes. Every time Shera skewered another piece of meat with her fork, she made a little dance with her elbows squeezing her boobs—the damn things never stopped bouncing!

After Celes and her mages left, Diablo confronted Rem about her secret. Before she could explain, the beastly man threw her over his shoulder!

“Wait, where are you going?” Shera whined.

“I’m a Demon Lord,” Diablo barked. “I’m going to get that secret out of her!”

The elf’s face went pale, and she stuffed another sausage in her mouth. “Okay, hav’ fun. I’ll just be here shtuffing my face...”

He didn’t torture her, as it turned out, but the stupid elf still could have at least *tried* to save her! Rem wondered if she cared about anything other than food.

The three of them went on many quests and adventures after that. To her annoyance, Rem started to like Shera and Diablo. They made a great team, and the Demon Lord was so strong he never failed to save them whenever they got in trouble. The question of the elf’s fat boobs still ate at her, though.

One night, the girls were having dinner in the tavern while Diablo rested from a big fight with a high-level summon. Shera, as usual, was stuffing her face. Rem couldn’t be sure, but she thought the elf’s outfit looked a little tighter than usual—in the bodice, anyway.

“Say, Shera...”

“—Mmm, *ulp*— Yeah, Rem?”

“How did your boobs get so big?”

Rem felt her cheeks grow hot. Had she really just come out and said it?

“Why do you ask?” Shera teased. “Are you trying to make yours grow? I’m sure they will, eventually. They’re cute little buds just waiting to blossom! —*homf*—”

"Don't be such a jerk! As if I would want to be fat like you..."

"I told you, I'm not fat!" Shera's pouting denial was undermined somewhat by her mouthful of potatoes.

"Fine, don't tell me. I was just making conversation, idiot!"

"Sorry!" Shera grinned. Her unending cheerfulness really was annoying. "I thought I told you before –*nom*– food loves me!"

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard. Food doesn't have feelings!"

The elf shrugged, making her boobs bounce even harder. "I don't know... I've always had a bigger appetite than most elves. Once I ran away from home, they just kept growing."

"So you really are just fat, after all."

"Remmmm! Why are you so meeean?"

Rem stood from the table. "I'm going to bed."

"Fine," Shera pouted. "I'll be up as soon as I'm done eating."

Rem knew that would take a while. Hopefully, she'd be asleep by then.

Over the next few days, Rem's mind replayed the conversation whether she wanted it to or not. They were on another quest, so they had to ration their supplies. Shera had to be content with the same amount of food Diablo ate, which was still twice what Rem could stomach. It made sense—she was the smallest member of their party by far—but when she thought about Shera's idiotic explanation, other memories popped into her head.

"I have a bigger appetite than most elves..."

A large sausage dangling from Shera's mouth while she tried to talk.

"Once I ran away, they just kept growing..."

Shera waving to Mei for more food, surrounded by stacks of empty plates.

"I told you, food loves me!"

The stupid elf shoveling food into her greedy maw with two forks while her green bodice got tighter and tighter...

Shera was definitely an idiot, but maybe she wasn't wrong about this. Rem had to try it—as soon as they got back to the city.

"I'll start with the roast combo, please!" Shera sang.

"I... I'd like the same!"

"Are you sure?" Diablo asked. "That's an awful lot of food."

Rem snapped, "I just want some proper meat after all those pack rations, okay?"

Diablo held up his hands defensively. She couldn't interpret his expression.

When the food arrived, Rem had second thoughts. It was more than twice as much as she usually ate. But when she heard the fat elf making cutesy little happy sounds and watched her shake her boobs as she scooped up a mouthful, Rem steeled herself.

It was no use. Rem was already full, with over half her plate left. She'd forced herself to keep eating, but she was sure one more bite would make her barf. Her shoulders slumped as she dropped her fork in defeat.

"If you're not gonna finish that," Shera said, waiting for her second helping, "I can help you."

"N-No!" Rem sat up too quickly, a sharp pain lancing through her packed stomach.

"Oh, sorry! You looked like you were done."

"I couldn't eat another bite..."

"Let me help you, then. That's what friends are for!"

Rem was too weak to protest as Shera slid the plate to her side of the table and resumed stuffing her face. *"—Mmmm, mmm—Sho good... —nom—"*

While Shera gorged, Rem watched helplessly. Bite after bite of her failure disappeared down the elf's maw. Her ridiculous boobs bounced and jiggled until Rem saw them twitch. She sat up carefully, rubbing her eyes. Yes, Shera's bodice was a little tighter than when they'd sat down. She'd been right—all that food was going straight to her boobs.

I'm hungrier than most elves...

Food loves me...

They just keep growing...

"Diablo!"

The Demon Lord glanced down at her. "What is it?"

Rem dropped her voice to a whisper. "Shouldn't you be worried about Shera?"

"Huh? Why? We already dealt with the Greenwood elves."

"Not that," Rem hissed. "What about her... her *boobs*."

The last word was barely audible, but Diablo went pale, and his eyes widened. "What... *—ahem—* What about them?"

Oblivious to their conversation, Shera stuffed her face. Mei brought her second helping, and she cheerily scraped the last of Rem's plate on top of it.

"They're getting bigger..."

"W-what!? That can't be. They've always been *—erm—* large. I'm sure you're imagining things."

"Homf, nom nom, ulp, Mmmm!"

"I'm not! Look how tight her outfit is!"

Diablo looked, then looked away. His face grew red, and he looked again. Putting on his Demon Lord voice, he said, "Shera."

"Mmm, mmm, huh?"

"Have your... have you..." He was getting all flustered again. The Demon Lord voice was gone.

Rem sighed. "He's asking if your boobs have grown, you stupid elf."

Shera swallowed her latest bite and looked down at herself. Rem wondered how she could even see her plate past those things. "I guess they might have filled out a little more..."

She looked up at Diablo. "But that's okay, right? It's like I told you before: I want to get as strong as you and Rem someday. So I have to keep growing, and growing, and growing!"

Her part of the conversation apparently over, Shera stuffed another forkful of meat into her mouth.

"See!?" Rem hissed.

"I guess I don't see what the problem is..." Diablo mumbled.

"What if they get too big for her to use her bow? She's gonna slow us down!"

"Om nom, mmmm, chomp"

Diablo hesitated, then said, "Ha! As if I can't handle any challenge we face. I'm a Demon Lord, after all!"

Rem scowled, watching Shera eat. Mei brought another bowl before she'd even finished this one. She watched the elf's outfit get even tighter as she gorged.

"It, uh, it reflects poorly on you!" Rem was getting desperate. She lacked the stomach to catch up with Shera, but maybe she could stop the fat elf from growing any bigger.

"Huh? I'm still strong enough to protect you both, no matter how *-er-* big Shera gets..."

"Then what about all the food?" Rem asked. "We're spending all our quest reward gold feeding her!"

"Hm hm hmmm! Yay for food! Homf"

"Did you forget? We saved the city. Mei said all our meals are on the house from now on."

Rem put her head in her hands. She could still hear Shera stuffing her face. She looked up in time to see the elf adding another empty bowl to the stack just as Mei brought her another one. Shera's bouncing boobs twitched again, and her outfit grew tighter. The idiot was going to end up being more boob than elf at this rate.

"I hate this place..."