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Edith is, in appearance, the Sorceress from Dragon's Crown. But since I've never played that game I don't know anything about her lore and have used typical fantasy lore instead, apologies to any true fans.

Contains: Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Magic, Dark Themes

Edith

I.

In a crowded and bustling tavern, an adventuring trio sat at a booth in a quiet corner. There was a diminutive Elf, dressed in dark leather armor and having more than a few daggers holstered about her person. Beside the Elf, passed out leaning against the wall with a half-empty mug of ale in her hand, was a hulking amazon. Across the table was a woman who would be tall if not for the giant also seated there. This woman was dressed in a flowing black robe that was open at the front, a dark skirt to her ankles, and a white lace bodice that was being put to the test by a pair of breasts larger than the woman's head. She also had on a pointed hat with a very large brim.

"Say, Edith?" The Elf woman spoke softly, neither waking their sleeping companion, nor being heard by anyone else in the room.

"Mmm?" Edith replied, her tone that of a well-bred court lady, despite the fact that she had a mouth full of commoner's stew.

"How do you always eat so much and never get plump?"

The Elf paused glancing down at the valley of cleavage that could conceal multiple daggers the length of the tiny assassin's forearms.

"Well... not plump in your middle, I mean.... Is it magic?"

"You curious little thing, have you uncovered my secret?"

The Sorceress glanced around the room to be sure no one was listening.

"Well, I'll tell you. But you must swear to secrecy."

"Of course."

"Practitioners of magic must have access to magical Source, or what we call mana."

"Right..."

“There are various sources of course, deities, high level demons, Ley lines...”

“Mmm hmm.” Elf nodded. At this point Edith paused to fill her mouth with stew again.

“And then there are some mages who store mana in their bodies. If you’ve ever seen a very fat mage or warlock, there’s a good chance they’re one of us.”

“Us?”

“Precisely, my dear. When I learned of my aptitude I halted all my other studies in magic to focus on body manipulation magic.”

“Body manip-”

“That’s right, they’re the spells we normally use to change our faces or perform *enhancements* on wealthy customers.”

Elf pondered that a moment while Edith took a few more bites.

“Anyway, when I was first learning magic and found out I was a blood mage, I knew that I wanted two things. I wanted to gain as much magical power as I could, and I wanted to stay beautiful.”

“So you were naturally beautiful?” The little Elf blushed slightly.

“Indeed. Aside from stopping aging around my 25th name day, this is the face I was born with.”

Another chunk of potato passed her full red lips.

“The rest of me, however, is magically enhanced. I used a series of spells to retrain my body on where it stores excess fat. Now I can store as much mana as I can carry, and my waist will stay as narrow as yours.”

Elf glanced down to try and compare the larger woman's waist with her own, but her line of sight was blocked by the lace-clad bosom that was close to resting on the tavern table.

"I thought I noticed you increasing these past weeks..."

"That's right, when I eat it all goes to my breasts, and they are full of mana."

"So... you're eating extra lately to prepare for this mission?"

"Mmm, quite. If this mission goes well, that town council will be so grateful they might offer us the ladyship of the town."

"Wait, you're retiring from adventuring?"

"Well I don't know about 'retiring,' let us say, taking an 'extended holiday' from adventuring. I've been doing this almost 200 years now and I need a break. Plus it will drive my academy roommate crazy. She's a shameless status chaser and I'll soon have my revenge."

Edith trailed off as she spoke and scooped up the last spoon of gravy in her bowl. The Sorceress's free hand rose sharply into the air, sending her bloated bosom bouncing. The cook nodded at her request for a refill and within moments the empty bowl was snatched up by a serving wench and returned more than a few moments later brimming with hot mutton and vegetables.

The Elf watched in silent contemplation as her companion began scooping large mouthfuls of stew into her maw, trying to remember whether the number of bowls the pneumatic Sorceress had already emptied was fewer than four.

II.

“Four months.” Elf said with faint annoyance. No longer was the small white-haired woman clad in leather but instead a flowing gown. No doubt she still had many knives tucked away in her more opulent clothing.

The two women were again dining together, though now they sat in a palace. Marble tile floor replaced cobblestone and rich Mahogany replaced rough-hewn Oak.

“What’s that?” The Sorceress was dressed much the same as before. Her robes were now of a finer cut and had more elaborate embellishment, though she no longer wore her enormous hat. Her auburn hair was done up in elaborate braids with small jewels, while still flowing smoothly around her shoulders as she worked her way through an entire fruit pie.

“I said I’ve been here over four months. I really need to leave.” The Elf had a plate of scones in front of her she was trying to resist, with little success.

Edith swallowed her current bite.

“You do? Whatever for?”

“I said I couldn’t stay forever when Amazon left. I stayed to help you get the town re-established and everything’s been running smoothly for over a month.”

“Very well, if you must you must. But you know you are welcome back any time, for luncheon, supper, elevenses, afternoon tea...”

The Sorceress trailed off and resumed her pie gorging.

“Yeah, that’s the other reason I’m leaving. Not all of us have magic bodies keeping us from outgrowing our armor.” Elf took a bite of a scone and rested her free hand on a tiny belly that was beginning to make its presence known against the silk of her gown.

Edith opened her graceful mouth to object before the Elf forestalled her.

“No no, I know you would fix it if I asked. But the day I need the help of magic to be a thief, is the day I retire from thieving altogether.”

The Sorceress shrugged, sending her enormous mana tanks wobbling. Elf could tell that her companion had grown since they'd taken over the town. Honestly she was surprised the woman wasn't larger. She'd done almost nothing but eat since their arrival, and only their clever decrees of rationing and farm subsidies had kept them from draining the castles larders completely by this point.

A nearby servant took the Sorceress's empty plate and replaced it before the magical woman had swallowed the last bite.

“Very well, though you're going to miss the launch of our new food exchange system.”

“I still don't quite understand why you're doing that, why trade food 2 for 1?”

“My dear assassin, you never listen when I explain magical things. Or is it maybe, that you don't know how to listen while you're eating?”

“Good thing that's not true for you or else you'd have to hold council meetings while you sleep!”

Ignoring the Elf's barb, Edith continued. “I can summon food using magic, but if I eat it I don't get back enough nutrients to make up for the mana it costs to conjure it. Why do you think I ate tavern stew all those years? For that matter why have we been using up the food reserves in this castle?”

“I thought it was because your summoned food all tastes like shit.”

The Sorceress sighed. “It doesn't taste bad, it's just bland. It always tastes like boiled chicken. Nevertheless,” she continued, popping a buttery lemon bar between her lips, “I require actual, non-magical food to restore and build up my mana and mana storage. So I will trade conjured food to the people in exchange for real food. They get twice as much to eat, and I can continue to build my power without begging the county.”

“Well, your math adds up, I guess. Though speaking of ‘building your mana storage,’ you’re not as big as I thought you’d be after four months of luxury...”

Edith swallowed another lemon bar and gave her companion a wicked grin. “Are these not quite big enough for you, my sweet?” With this she paused her eating for just a moment to grab her bodice on each side and heft her enormous bosom upward, the bulging flesh nearly reaching her chin. Elf was fairly certain she could curl up on those pillows and take a nice warm nap.

Edith let her chest fall back to its unnaturally buoyant state and picked up another pastry. “As always your powers of observation are impeccable. I have indeed added new magic to my arsenal. I have grown larger than what you see, but am using body magic to compress myself into these dimensions, to not shock and distract the people around us, and for practicality while eating, or moving about the castle.”

“Wait, moving about...? So how big are you actually, and couldn’t you have done that from the beginning and gotten fat like a normal blood mage?”

“Don’t be silly my dear. I didn’t have nearly enough mana or magical aptitude back then to maintain a body illusion all day.”

“So you change back at night?”

“That’s right, why do you think my bedchamber is so large?”

Elf had no response to that one, popping another bit of scone into her mouth.

“Anyway, I am currently compressing myself to almost half of my true size.”

Elf’s jaw dropped. “H-h-half??”

“That’s right,” another lemon bar down the hatch, “this castle was well stocked, and the town and surrounding farms produce very well. I’ll trade the populace extra conjured food for their real food, and I can keep growing more and more powerful. Elia will find me eventually, but by the time she does it will be too late.”

“Well my friend,” Elf said, rising and brushing crumbs off her fine gown, “good luck with all of that. I’m getting out of here before I also grow to the size of a cart horse.”

III.

Nearly a year to the day of the Elf’s departure, Edith was seated in her usual place, a custom cushioned chair below the dais of her throne. She had tables to her sides so she could eat around her massive front appendages, which now rested in her lap. Each table had a platter of food, one of meats and cheeses, the other of pastries and chocolates. She was alternating between one and the other, adding to her caloric reserves.

Without warning there was a cacophony of sound in the corridor outside. She could hear the sound of armored bodies being tossed aside and suddenly the double doors to the massive chamber were thrown open by an unnatural gust of wind. Behind the wind followed a woman dressed in black robes and wearing a pointed hat with a massive brim. She had long curly blonde hair and a stern expression, and her eyes glowed with magical power. A guard rushed in behind the intruder with their sword drawn and attempted to attack. The newcomer flourished one hand and the guard was thrown to the wall where he collapsed in a heap, blood leaking from one ear.

“Elia dear, you could have simply called first.” Edith swallowed the last few morsels on each plate and held up a hand to forestall the servants from replacing them. She stood, her massive breasts straining against her bodice, exposed almost to the areola and wobbling slightly with every breath and movement their owner made.

“So it’s true,” the blonde woman said, her voice frosty as she crossed the chamber, her hair tossed lightly about by an otherwise undetected breeze. “You somehow swindled your way into noble status and are here gorging yourself into immobility.”

“Do I detect a hint of jealousy, my precious former classmate?”

“Jealous? Of those??” Elia stood close enough now to reach out and poke the Sorceress in one enormous breast, receiving a sudden mental flash she couldn’t quite identify.

“Of these,” Edith patted both sides of her bosom sending them to violent wobbling. “Of this,” she gestured to the opulent chamber around them, gold lamp-stands flickering light onto exotic tapestries lining the walls. “Of all of it, of course you are.”

Elia sputtered, too furious to form words.

“Don’t bother trying to deny it, my dear. Did you know I now hold the rank of Duchess? I’m 4th in line to the throne. What’s the highest rank you achieved again, Countess? But you don’t even have that anymore, do you my dear?”

Elia shook with rage. “At least I’m not so greedy and vain as to blow myself up to grotesqueness.”

“Grotesque am I? We’ll have to get a second opinion from one of the two-dozen noble’s sons (and a few husbands) I keep in my bed rotation.” Edith stroked the exposed surface of one breast with a distant look and licked her lips greedily.

“Well not for long! You don’t deserve any of this, you don’t even care about rank!” Elia was truly infuriated, and the invisible wind began to whip around her, sending her robes flapping as she levitated several inches off the floor. “You’ve lied and fucked your way into what should have been mine, and now I’m going to take it all from you!”

Elia raised both hands above her head to begin an invocation, when suddenly she froze. In a heartbeat the magic wind stopped, and she went from levitating in the air to hanging, her wrists held by invisible bonds.

For her part, Edith had not visibly moved, but stared straight into her former friend’s eyes.

Something unseen took hold of Elia's ankles as well, and they were lifted behind her until she hung like a trussed-up animal, her face a mask of outrage.

"What ar-" she tried to say before her mouth snapped shut. She shook her head violently and tried to move, but her position only became more tightly bound as she did so.

"No, my dear, I think you'll not be taking anything from me today. What I now have you could not begin to comprehend, much less command."

Elia's expression went from rage, to shock, to confusion, to curiosity. Edith raised one eyebrow and Elia was able to speak again.

"How..." Elia choked, "such power...?"

"You know how, there is mana stored in my body."

"Yes but even a grotes... er um... 'voluptuous' body like that can't hold *this* much magic."

Edith brushed an imaginary fleck of dust off her left breast.

"Unless... no!"

"That's right my dear, body manipulation magic."

Edith stepped up to her throne and sat, unfastening the front of her lace bodice and letting her breasts fall free, seeming to swell slightly without the slight compression of the garment. The Sorceress then flourished both hands and the illusion fell away, her breasts swelling into their true size. They filled her lap, then overflowed it, then spilled down onto the floor. Across the chamber they grew, getting closer and closer to the blonde still magically bound in midair. As Edith's monstrous mana reservoirs approached her, Elia found herself being levitated higher so she could continue to meet Edith's eyes.

When they finally settled, Edith's breasts half filled the enormous chamber. Most of Elia's field of vision was taken up with flesh, a line of cleavage longer than a column of five mounted knights. "You greedy bitch..." Elia whimpered helplessly.

"What was that, dear?" Edith asked in a sickly sweet tone.

"Er, I said, bless you, Lady Edith." Elia tried to think fast, this had been a trap, and she had to concoct a scheme to get out alive.

"Hmm?" Edith raised an eyebrow again, her hands resting on the upper swell of each bosom.

"That is to say... A blessing on you and your people! I can clearly see now that you were born to be superior, far above me in both rank, aptitude and um... endowment! I concede defeat! Please spare my life and I'll depart henceforth, you'll never see me again."

"Oh I don't know Elia, after all those pranks at the academy? After filling my undergarments with itching powder? After stealing my boyfriend, five times!?"

Edith sighed, the sudden exhalation and natural inhale that followed seeming to make the entire room shudder.

"To say nothing of breaking into my home and killing my guards..."

"Please Edith I'll do anything you ask, just spare my life!"

The floor scraped and creaked as Edith restored the illusion and diminished back into her daytime form.

"Anything, you say?" Edith's wicked grin returned as a pair of servants returned with replenished platters of food.

Epilogue.

Edith sat at large table in conference with the Town Council, planning crop rotation and road logistics. Food was being delivered to and from the palace by the wagon load in a non-stop stream by this point, and the radius of farms joining the exchange was ever widening.

The men and women of the Council looked far healthier than they had when Edith and her two companions had liberated the town from the wicked swindler that had been oppressing them. All five members were dressed in finery, and that finery clung to bodies made plump by the abundance of conjured food available at all times.

Standing near the Sorceress-turned-Duchess was her constant companion, the Baroness Elia. It had taken some time for the Council and other prominent figures to accept the constant presence of the woman, but they had done so nonetheless. A new companion or member of a noble court was not unusual, what was unusual was what the blonde noblewoman did. As Edith sat in meetings and audiences, Elia hovered around her and offered her food, of all kinds and at all times. Often taking small and not-so-small pieces of food and dropping them right into Lady Edith's waiting mouth.

Rumors circulated, but Lady Edith was well known for her appetite, and after a few months the higher classes found other things to whisper about. The town had done nothing but flourish and grow since she took over, after all.

And speaking of flourish and grow, "Lady" Elia had the privilege of watching her handiwork day-by-day. Edith had granted her magical sight, and she could see that, behind her body illusion, Edith had gotten so large she would press against both sides of this conference room. At night when she let the magic fall away, she crushed a few more pieces of furniture in her bedchamber every week.

For her part, Elia had become a passenger in her own body.

“Lemon bar, my dear?” Elia’s mouth asked, as her hand extended a yellow treat to her former rival.

“Why yes, thank you Lady Elia.” In two quick bites the treat vanished, adding itself to the legions of lemon bars that had helped build the palace-filling breasts.

“Another, please.” Edith said, and Elia’s hand again took a treat from the tray and fed it to the Sorceress.

Edith locked eyes briefly with her former roommate and saw the faintest glimmer of Elia deep within her eyes. She didn’t always keep her bound this low, only in public. Sometimes she would give Elia full control of her body but keep her physically bound, making the woman watch as Edith’s harem of lovers stuffed her with food while they stuffed her in other ways. Elia’s verbal abuse had become an aphrodisiac for the growing Sorceress, and made those nights of hedonistic pleasure all the more enjoyable.

For now though, Edith returned her attention to the speaking councilwoman, opening her mouth again for Elia’s body to provide another lemon bar.

Deep in her mind Elia could see the massive mana reservoirs beginning to press against the ceiling and could only mentally whimper, “please, stop eating...”