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Of Elves and Milk

contains unwilling breast, hip, thigh and ass expansion; giantess growth; lactation; vore

On the outskirts of town, itself miles away from the imperial capital, sat a lone hut. A hunched figure, wearing a brown cloak over her stout form backed out of the hut with a sealed paper scroll clutched tightly in her hands.

“Oh, thank you, Lucia, thank you so much!” a young dwarf said graciously. She made her way over to a dapple gray pony tied to a post. The hood fell off her head as she rode off, revealing a lustrous mane of curly auburn locks that descended into a braid extending halfway down her back.

Tilwynn had been blessed with a healthy body, even for a dwarf. Her tanned skin lacked blemishes or stretch marks for the most part. Her face featured a cute button nose, naturally rosy cheeks and deep brown eyes. The motion of the galloping pony sent her breasts tumbling and jostling within her bright green blouse. Though she wore a corset, it functioned more as a belt. Relative to her body, Tilwynn's breasts were each the size of a tankard fit for an adult human male.

The busty dwarf adjusted her position atop the pony. Thick, juicy thighs guaranteed she'd keep a tight grip of the saddle. On occasion she had some difficulty getting into it, due largely to her plump posterior. At four feet two inches tall the very top of her head was chest-height even to shorter humans. Few other dwarves could boast such ample, jiggling curves as she. There was only one person that she had ever met that made her question her stature.

The object of Tilwynn's ire just so happened to be queen regent of the capital. Her name was Solana and it was her that the dwarf was bound to serve as handmaiden. Upon finally arriving at her quarters in the imperial castle she made sure to hide the scroll. She placed it underneath her bed's meager mattress as a precaution. A knock suddenly came at the door; then, it was violently thrown open.

“Well, well, well, I see you've returned from your little sojourn!” the intruder yelled. The elven woman was dressed in a vivid green sheath dress highlighted by gold trim. Her figure was nearly

the opposite of the dwarf's: lithe, possessing only the slightest hint of curves, and utterly towering. An average human was eye level with most elves' chins.

Solana was either lucky, blessed by some deity or magically enhanced. Only the tallest elves were eye-level with her, but most others only came up to her neck. Her body may have been at least fifty-percent leg; she stood tall at all times, visibly proud of her slim yet imposing stature. Her straightened golden-blond hair hung down just past her flat buttocks, tied into a long braid just as her handmaiden's.

"For you it may have felt a short reprieve," Solana said dramatically, "but, Tilly, I'll have you know that I've had to work long into the night without your slight help! I can no longer allow your little games to continue!"

Every bit of wordplay that Solana laid out sent Tilwyn, or rather Tilly, further into a jealous rage. Even though her face burned red, however, most onlookers would only recognize it as a compliment to her rosy cheeks.

"Yes, I'll...I live to serve," Tilly stuttered.

"You live to serve..." Solana repeated impatiently.

"Milady," both Tilly and Solana spoke in unison.

"Wonderful! I have a load of laundry for you to wash," Solana clapped her hands twice. An armor-clad guard stepped into the room with a wicker basket filled to the brim with an assortment of clothing. The hamper was placed on the ground with a loud thump; it was nearly as large as Tilly herself.

"Ah, yes, milady, I...the clothing," Tilly swallowed her pride, "I'll have this dealt with immediately."

"Wonderful," Solana said as she and her armed escort took their collective leave. Tilly reached a hand over to the hamper and picked up a single piece of clothing. It was a dress whose stains clearly demonstrated that an entire bottle of wine had been poured out on it for no reason other than to dirty it. Tilly snapped, and immediately grabbed the scroll with the intent of using it immediately.

The kindly witch, Gertie, had warned that the spell etched onto the parchment was tricky even for her. She said the wording was tricky, the spell was easily noticeable, and it was not to be used near any other people at all costs. Tilly had requested a spell that would let her force those

around her to treat her with the authority and respect she deserved. Gertie had said that involved a whole lot of arcane mumbo-jumbo that didn't concern Tilly one bit.

"Finally," Tilly whispered to herself as she unwound the scroll. A strange rune was drawn on the page littered with strange markings and words in some strange language. In the center, Tilly focused on the incantation which fortunately was written in a language she could understand.

"The meek shall inher...inherit," Tilly tripped over the incantation. No magical sparks or thunderous claps filled the room. She realized she needed to speak the full sentence without stumbling. A knock came at the door but she paid it no mind.

"The meek shall inherit!" Tilly shouted at the top of her lungs. In the same moment that she chanted the verse her door was thrown open.

"Oh, Tilly!" Solana said as she stepped into the room. A diminutive arcane spark rose out of the spell scroll. When she finally came to a stop, the spark seemed to rush forward and vanish into her torso.

"No! No no no no no no!" Tilly panicked. She wasn't sure what she was more afraid of; that Solana had absorbed a spell meant for her, or that she'd somehow cast a defective spell on her ladyship. (Where does the death spell thing come from?)

"Now, just what's going on in here?" Solana placed her hands on her slender hips. A blinding burst of chromatic light filled the room in response. All throughout the castle, a thunderclap like no other violently ricocheted off the walls. Every particle of dust in Tilly's tiny quarters was swept into the air, pressured by the spell's transmutative energies. A faint red glow outlined the elven woman's body but faded quickly.

"Tilly! I demand an explanation!" Solana waved away the dust and coughed. It took every ounce of willpower Tilly had to keep from bursting into tears.

"I truh-truh-tried to cast a spell that could make me taller," Tilly half-sobbed.

"Well! You'd best refrain from fiddling with such unpredictable spells! Now," Solana gazed around the room in search of something to latch onto, "get this cleaned up! It's most unseemly for one of my handmaidens!"

Solana turned on her heel and left Tilly to her sobbing. The guard standing just off to the side in the hallway was waved off. A strange feeling had overtaken the regent but it quickly faded.

Teasing her favorite handmaiden brought her such joy every morning. Duty called, however, which put a sour look on her face.

In the throne room, Solana was greeted by some military dignitary and his personal retinue. As always, she would have to stand just next to the empty throne. The foreign troop took a step forward and offered a brief greeting. The strange feeling of warmth began spreading through her body again, seemingly hottest in her chest. Something in the back of her mind told her that the general was, somehow, the catalyst of the tingling feeling.

Rather than speak to Solana, the general was solely discussing matters with her treasurer; he was a human man who, prior to that position, smithed nails for a living. She looked down her nose at him as she did with most others. This makes it sound like it's happening over the past few days or even weeks. Slowly but surely, as the seconds ticked by, she seemed to be looking much further down than usual.

In fact, she began to feel as if she was having an out-of-body experience. Some phantasmal force was gripping her by the head and shoulders, pulling her up toward the ten-foot tall ceiling. Yet, that same force seemed to be holding her feet to the ground as though what remained of her between those two points was to be unfurled like a piece of elastic. The realization seemed to sweep her further up with greater force.

"I'm growing!" Solana giddily thought to herself. Imagining her flawlessly-slim form towering further over her subjects filled her with a sense of pride and power. This feeling immediately fell away when more invisible hands made themselves known. The unseen servant pushed her backside outward; that same servant both steadied and massaged her hips. The feeling of her body being slowly pulled in every direction began to overwhelm her.

Solana felt an ethereal grip begin to pull her breasts forward; another grip appeared to pull them to the sides and then a third appeared to pull them upward. Indeed, the whole of her formerly pert, palm-sized teats were slowly pushing outward. All of her glee turned immediately to disgust.

"No! My body is perfect!" Solana again thought to herself. Her face twisted into a pained grimace while watching her slim figure expand outward each second. A frenzied hand clapped her right buttock, creating an audible smack due to the already-thin fabric being stretched into a second skin over her growing assets. Her derriere collectively had become as wide as a buckler, and as thick and soft as one of her chamber's royal pillows. Coupled with her thickening thighs and hips her bottom half was, more each second, turning heart-shaped.

“Stop! Stop stop stop stop stop,” Solana repeated in her head over and over. The sound of tearing fabric from under her chin caught her attention. Though it was just a sliver, she could clearly see through her torn dress the enormity of the cleavage she now possessed. Still, the grip pulled on her without tiring or slowing its advance. Her tits must have each been the size of her head and still growing. To make matters worse she felt something filling her tits as her nipples stiffened and engorged; whatever was filling her up was making its way to the front.

“Uh, Regent?” the general spoke out suddenly. Solana whipped her head up from her inflating breasts and bumped it on the stone ceiling.

“Yes, general,” Solana managed to get a grip on herself, “was there something about our trade agreement, which hasn’t been changed in six generations, that you wished to clarify further?”

In the moments following the outburst Solana felt the tingling suddenly halt. Her neck and shoulders were rubbing on the ceiling, her tits had grown to twice the size of her head and stretched the dress to ruination. Her entire bottom half looked like she was smuggling a linen closet’s worth of pillows. Tears welled up in her eyes as the audience wordlessly gawped at her.

“Well? Was there nothing else?” Solana’s greater size added greater force to her voice. All in the room, the treasurer included, vigorously shook their heads.

“Then, you are dismissed! Good day!” Solana snapped. Tears streamed down her face even as she spoke. Once the room had been cleared she collapsed onto her plush rear. The motion caused her to bounce somewhat. Jiggling tremors cascaded across her generous curves.

From the opposite side of the chamber, hiding in the hallway, Tilly had collapsed in a similar manner. Solana lamented what she thought was the permanent destruction of her perfect body. Tilly spiraled into despair at the thought that she’d given away what she so desperately wanted. The curvaceous dwarf hadn’t noticed the inflated elf’s disdain over the transformation.

A member of Solana’s personal guard gingerly entered the room to take stock of the situation. Before his very eyes, the enormous woman seemed to be rapidly shrinking. The gasp that echoed from his armor awoke Solana from her sobbing. She, too, noticed her body retaking its perfect shape once more. The dress, however, was not so lucky, and had stretched beyond repair.

“I want that little trollop taken into custody this instant!” Solana sniffled ruefully. Upon stepping out of the dress, she took a moment to come to terms with her own public nudity. Her hands once again were placed upon her hips. For the briefest moment she felt like she was lacking something while touching her slender physique.

“No! Wait!” Solana’s order stopped the guard dead in his tracks, “I want her brought to my quarters, instead! Alone!”

A few more tears were shed while Solana made her way from the throne room to her quarters. She dressed in the first nightgown she could find, of which there were very few. The prank she’d decided to pull on Tilly meant very little in the way of clothing remained in her room. A knock then came at the door, followed by Tilly being pushed in by one of the guards.

“Oh, milady, how may I be—” Tilly attempted to feign ignorance but was cut short.

“Explain! Now!” Solana hollered.

“I bought the spell from Lucia, the wi—” Tilly’s exposition was also cut short.

“I’ve not asked for your daily diary! What sort of spell did you cast?” Solana hissed through gritted teeth, “Out with it!”

“It’s a transmutation enchantment. It-it-it... whenever somebody thought me lesser, I asked for a spell that would make me bigger,” Tilly explained sheepishly.

“Bigger? How much bigger?” Solana crossed her arms impatiently.

“Just... bigger? I didn’t specify, I just said whatever it would take for people to take me seriously...” Tilly was on the verge of tears again.

“And how long is this enchantment to last? Is it permanent? Can it be dispelled?” Solana rattled off one question after another.

“I-I-I...” Tilly could hold back no longer. Tears burst from her eyes as her last shred of willpower gave into jealousy and fear.

“Tilly, please, I nearly doubled in size in the middle of the court,” Solana’s voice softened. She took a step toward the handmaid. Tilly looked up at the elf, and through her tears a scornful expression had covered her face.

“It might be permanent, I don’t know because I didn’t ask,” Tilly spat, “and I’m sure it can be dispelled. Shall I travel to the witch to find a counter charm?”

Despite Tilly's offer appearing to be a genuine solution she spoke it like a threat. Her entire body was trembling, causing the expanse of cleavage on display through her blouse to jiggle. The compassion that Solana had summoned melted away.

"You've two days, or it is your head, do you understand?" Solana spoke slowly and with methodical enunciation of each word. Tilly's only response was to nod at which point, without being ordered, Solana's guards opened the chamber door and ushered the dwarf out. Before the door could close again one of the guards seemed to start speaking with somebody in the hallway.

"Regent," one of the soldiers uttered, "your presence is being requested—" he too was interrupted.

"The roundtable! Seven Devils," Solana cursed, "tell them I'll be running late, and to begin without me."

The guard ran off and the chamber door was again shut. Solana wasted no time looking for something to change into. Of what she had available she wanted something that could possibly contain her. There was only one outfit she owned that was both bulky and untouched by her desperate prank. Realization dawned on her that the person she'd tasked with her laundry had also left the castle, once again.

What Solana found was stored in its very own wooden dresser. It was a ceremonial elven robe technically meant to be worn over another, smaller outfit. In emergencies it could be used as protection against the cold, a blanket, or emergency kindling for a bonfire. It was an enormous, thick green robe with white trimmings. The robe was so rigid that it stood on the ground of its own agency. Wearing the robe with nothing underneath made her feel as far from royalty as she'd ever felt. She'd decided this was a better idea than ruining more clothing.

Upon entering the great hall to join fellow heads of state at the roundtable, Solana's face felt flush. She chalked the feeling up to how efficiently the robe drew in and stored heat. All in attendance, both guard and dignitary alike, stared at her with raised eyebrows.

"Ah...regent, thank you for joining...us..." one of the visitors, an elven ambassador, said.

"Yes, very good, I've arrived, let's continue," Solana said dismissively.

Conversation picked back up in lock-step with the mounting heat in Solana's chest. The unsettling feeling told her that two guards in the room were causing it, as well as the elf that had spoken up. Over time, the sensation emanating from the other elf seemed significantly stronger than the guards in the room. The tingling sensation did not yet return to her body, however.

The discussion lasted for what felt, to Solana, like an eternity. Her mind wandered, imagining entire civilizations rising, thriving and falling in the time it took one of the men to begin and finish talking. She was certain the word ‘agrarian’ was, at one point, being frantically repeated by everybody at the table save for her.

“Gentlemen, please, must we belabor the same point so obstinately?” Solana finally gave into frustration and spoke up.

“Oh, I do apologize, regent. Were we boring you with our discussion?” the elven ambassador quipped.

Tingling took to Solana’s body like fire to a patch of dry brush. She gritted her teeth and cursed under her breath. A single palm slapped and rubbed her forehead as she let out a deep sigh.

“I apologize, I have had a long morning. Please, forget I said anything,” Solana’s request was genuine.

A spectral hand locked Solana’s feet to the ground while its twin tightly gripped her by the head. She was pulled upward by the enchantment with reckless abandon. When before the robes she wore brushed the ground even while sitting, her ankles were soon poking out. A powerful wind seemed to cut through her robes and push her torso outward. A sudden chill caused her nipples to stiffen. She felt mounting arousal attempt to take hold which she held at bay.

A sensation of bloating and flowing pushed at Solana’s breasts from within. She felt herself break into a cold sweat which seemed particularly centered on her breasts. The feeling of a river rushing past her midsection gave the distinct sense that her bottom half was being carried away. However, the grip that kept her feet to the floor ensured that only her buttocks, thighs and hips would be carried by the ethereal river.

Solana bit her lip as she felt the weight pushing and pulling on her swelling curves increase in intensity. Soon, her knees bumped the underside of the table; her breasts began pushing into the robe’s fabric more each moment, and her ass began to create a visibly round impression through the thick robe. Some liquid, which she chose to believe was sweat, trickled from her breasts into the robe.

As the word ‘agrarian’ was repeated for the hundredth time Solana had to stifle a scream. Having felt her body grow only once before, she wasn’t necessarily accustomed to the feeling. It was the arousal she felt not at the feeling of growth, but the very idea of growing larger itself. Thoughts swirled and confused her mind, each telling her to bother the men into further fueling her growth.

When Solana's breasts reached half the size of a keg of mead she felt them rest on the table. With a quick glance she confirmed that her legs nearly reached halfway to the person sitting opposite her. Her royal rump had plumped enough that it alone was raising her position in the chair. She briefly felt her hips brush against the chair's armrests.

"If you'll excuse me, gentlemen, I've some..." Solana stuttered for a moment as the tingling seemed to increase, "some womanly matters that require immediate attention."

While nobody argued with Solana's reason for excusing herself, the tingling's intensity told her just how the men felt. Upon standing it was clear that her original height would now only reach eye level with her tits. The robe had been filled and lifted from the ground enough that her knees were visible as she walked. None of the guards, even in their heavy plate armor, stood higher than her belly button.

Each time Solana stepped she felt something pushing her feet to meet the floor with greater speeds. In direct contention with that pushing feeling, though, her head was held in place each time the natural motion of a step caused it to rise up. By the time she reached the entry to the corridor she had to duck to get out. As she did so her breasts grazed the sides, and her hips did the same.

A few more steps took Solana into a large area usually reserved for parties or dances. The ceilings were vaulted and utterly enormous. The tingling feeling died down which elicited a sigh of relief. The interior of the robe felt wet, particularly the front side which she chose to attribute again to sweat. To her chagrin, quickly as it had ended the tingling reignited with great fury.

"Regent, if you please, I've just a question regarding crop trades," said a familiar voice. Solana turned to face the same elf that had helped elicit her ascension. Despite craning his neck a great deal to meet her eyes, he seemed to take no notice of her increased stature.

"Yes, well, do go on, I've not the time to stand here and while away the day," Solana began to panic. The ceiling was demanding the presence of her head which seemed to be gladly obliging. She could feel her coat hungering to be filled by her body which, too, eagerly agreed. The robe was rapidly becoming a dress. She felt both nipples brush against the rough fabric and could not contain herself. A soft moan escaped the expanding giantess' lips.

The elf did not seem to react other than to shift his head slightly, though he continued talking. The word 'agrarian' was said twice more, possibly in a row. Solana could be certain that the tingling had multiplied in intensity by a factor of ten. The swelling hourglass shape of her body turned the robe into a form-fitting dress. Rough, itchy material rubbed against her soft, jiggly

skin as she pushed ever-upward. The sensation utterly removed all rational thought from her mind. She became overwhelmed with the desire to push this feeling to its absolute limit.

The ambassador clearly noticed that Solana's eyes had closed, she was licking her lips, and gently feeling herself over the robe. Despite his ongoing diatribe he was clearly reassessing the elven regent on the fly. The invisible hand demanded Solana's presence at the height of a chandelier hanging from the ceiling. A sudden jolt pulled her up by several feet at once. The robe was briefly stretched over her body and instantly burst into pieces.

Enormous tits each the size of an ox flew free from their prison. Solana's thighs had thickened to the point of eliminating the gap between her legs. Her thighs had plumped but so had her waist—just enough to keep her lower half within reasonable proportion. The woman's divine derriere was the size of a hay bale. Two small, milky streams were leaking from the tips of her puffy nipples. The ever-flowing stream from her burgeoning bust pooled on the floor around her feet. Just as she was nearly ready to attend to her sexual needs she heard it again.

"Agrarian," the elf had said.

Solana snapped out of her stupor, surveying herself with lucidity for the first time. In a fit of rage she lifted the little elf with a hand large enough to carry him with three fingers. Her gigantic eyes locked with his.

"Stop. Saying. That. Word." Solana commanded emphatically. That the tingling hadn't stopped was a telltale sign that words had no effect. Even as the ambassador seemed to be in a fit of trembling and sweating from fear it was clear he still didn't take the regent seriously. From where he was summoning such courage she could only guess.

"Ag-ag-ag...agrarian!" the ambassador sputtered. Solana's body was drawn outward until her head bumped the vaulted ceiling. The gentle stream of milk flowing from her tits grew into a rushing stream. Her hand covered more of the stubborn dignitary with each passing moment. Embarrassment gave way to fury which helped her to realize the solution to her growing problem lay in the difference in size between the two.

Solana lowered her body into a sitting position on the floor, and partially on the still-growing puddle of milk. With two fingers gripping the man by the chest, she raised him up, opened her mouth and dropped him into her throat. The tingling remained even after she had swallowed, causing her to panic. Her posterior was pushing her further away from the floor, helped by the hand pulling her head back into the ceiling she had only just escaped.

Breasts the size of hills continued pushing outward on Solana's chest. Tears began welling up in her eyes; she was terrified that the growth may never stop. Another pressure built up within her stomach, leading her to question if another transformation was to come. Then, in a manner she found most unladylike, she let out a belch.

At long last the tingling came to a gradual halt. Solana breathed a sigh of relief, and wiped the tears from her eyes. She felt arousal begin to retake her, and knew she had some time before she would shrink. A hand crept up to her still-lactating breast and the other down into her sex. If growing into a caricature of the female form that would make a fertility goddess blush didn't get anybody's attention, her euphoric moans certainly would.