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The red desert of Rodtsted was no place for a halfling, that much Norrin knew well enough. He hadn't intentionally lost complete track of his caravan, after all. Norrin recalled the previous night fairly clearly up until his fourth tankard, and from that moment onward the mead had taken over. The twenty-eight year old halfling could hold his liquor better than many of his kin, but attempting to match shots with a dwarf would elude his grasp for some time yet.

Norrin was confident that somebody would be sent back to find him, it was just a question of when. Agrarian magic lacked the crowd-pleasing drama of summoning a fireball but more than made up for it with utility. The world would always need farms, Norrin often said when asked about his chosen field of arcane study.

Knowing that he needed only to wait, Norrin sat where he'd last seen the caravan and munched on some rations. He reached for his waterskin and found it was a little lighter than he'd expected. He tried to drink from it and found only a few drops no matter how vigorously he shook it. Norrin grimaced and tossed it aside as the gravity of his situation began to set in. He reached back into his satchel to grab another handful of rations and found empty air.

"Oh," Norrin murmured. He began to feel desperation set in and it was only a few hours into the day. The sun mercilessly beat down upon him and the red sand unique to the region's expansive desert. Over the course of the day he tried every spell he could think of to try to conjure either food or water. Not one inch of the wasteland's sand responded to him, nor were there any animals nearby—not even a vulture flying overhead.

Norrin began scrambling through his belongings to try to find a solution; he should have been able to at least create something as simple as a single cup of water. It took too long to dawn on him: aside from what was on his person, everything was with the caravan, including his spellbook within which was everything he needed to solve his problem. That night, he went to sleep in the cold with the fear that his drunken misadventure may well turn fatal.

Something ripped Norrin from his slumber, grunting and panting feverishly. He tried to wriggle free but was trapped in a grip as powerful as a steel vice. In the moonlight he could barely make out the shape of tusks, an untamed mane and a hulking, animalistic frame. Norrin wasn't sure what it was, but he immediately let out a frightened yelp.

"Quiet!" a gruff but recognizably feminine voice commanded. Norrin squinted and the figure that had grabbed him came into focus. She was an orc, standing about three times his meager height of three feet tall. Her rippling muscles, scar-ridden skin and tattered leather armor indicated the type of violent life that Norrin assumed was typical for most orcs. Even in the dim light he could still make out much of the orc's rough physique up to and including the leaking wound on her abdomen.

“Are you magic?” she demanded.

“Whuh-huh-sh,” Norrin stammered, “I’m Norrin!”

The orc wasted no time gripping Norrin more tightly until he felt like he was about to burst.

“Yes! I know some, but—”

“Fix this, Morron,” the orc barked. She forcefully planted Norrin on the ground and sat down herself. Norrin watched her lift her arm and present the wound to him, as though that would make his life any easier.

“It’s not that simple,” Norrin explained.

“Then *make it so*,” the orc seethed through gritted teeth. Norrin heaved a sigh and tried to go through what he had that didn’t involve plants or pest control. He began weaving his hands, tracing runes in the air just an inch away from the orc’s wound. The runes lit up and the bleeding stopped, but the wound remained. The moment he’d done so the orc looked down at the wound and immediately passed out. Norrin looked around the area to confirm nothing else was coming before deciding to follow suit in the hopes that he’d awaken to find it had all been a bad dream.

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The feeling of sand brushing against her face woke Taveela to the burning feeling of the desert’s unforgiving sun on her skin. She looked over to see that the halfling was still asleep, and half his face had been burned beet red. Taveela hated to admit that she found him cute, as she did just about anybody so much smaller than her. Dwarves, gnomes, halflings—so long as they were compact, she was enamored with them. Some days she fantasized about being small, herself, though living in the wilderness apart from her kin required strength.

Taveela stood to stretch and felt a sharp pain in her side. She touched the wound with two fingers and found it had started bleeding again. Between the expansive desert and her wound, she didn’t think she’d make it far on her own. She took stock of what supplies she had while the halfling groggily awoke a few feet behind her.

“You need to go get real medicine,” Norrin called out.

“From where?” Taveela replied.

“Home, or your tribe or clan, or whatever. It’s infected,” Norrin said.

“No ‘tribe or whatever’, long story,” Taveela turned to face Norrin, “Just cast the spell again.”

“It’s temporary,” Norrin advised, “but my caravan ought to come looking for me...eventually...”

"They'll be here today?" the musclebound woman raised an eyebrow quizzically.

Taveela watched the halfling enter into a state of deep thought. A smirk crossed her lips as she observed his tiny form grappling with some type of existential crisis.

"I can do something permanent..." Norrin finally spoke, "but you won't like it."

"So, no caravan today." Taveela nodded, "Then just cast it, Nimrod."

"What's your name?" Norrin asked.

"Taveela," she said with a nod.

"Great, Taveela, my name is *Norrin*. Nor-rin," the halfling spat.

"I know, it's funny..." Another sharp pain interrupted Taveela's teasing. She gripped her side and nearly collapsed again.

"Oh, boy, well first you should know this enchantment is technically a vitality spell for c—"

"Skip the lecture!" Taveela interjected. Norrin shrugged and began weaving his hands, once more tracing arcane runes into the air. He sighed heavily as he finished the final rune, causing a white aura to briefly surround Taveela's body and disperse as quickly as it manifested. Taveela felt the pain melt away and watched her wound knit itself back together. She checked herself top to bottom but found nothing out of the ordinary aside from a strange tightness growing in her chest and legs.

"What were you worried about, again?" Taveela questioned the halfling. Norrin's face was twisted into a grimace, and his eyes were glued to Taveela's doublet; specifically, he was looking at her chest. Taveela's athletic physique had meant she had little in the way of curves and had no use for it given her lifestyle. Moreover, even with part of her armor having been damaged her torso was still largely covered.

Yet, Taveela was looking down at her chestpiece stretching over the undeniable curve of her bust. Her eyes went wide when she realized that her armor was actually stretching further and further. Taveela looked over at Norrin as her hips began to pinch against her bottoms, her eyes narrowing with suspicion of the hapless halfling. She strode over to him and lifted him up with both arms.

"What did you *do*!?" Taveela angrily demanded. She felt her boobs rubbing against the underside of her armor with each ounce of generous, soft padding added to them. Embarrassing as it was, Taveela was beginning to feel turned on. That she felt like her thighs were chafing against her pants wasn't helping.

“I-I-I-I...” Norrin warbled.

“Talk!” Taveela shook Norrin violently. He seemed to become heavier in Taveela’s hands over time, driving her to squeeze even tighter. Her tits had continued expanding, unabated, while the pinching feeling in her bottoms had only become worse.

“It was a spell for cows! It enhances their constitution, and-and...” Norring sputtered out again.

“And *what?*” Taveela growled. She had to change her grip, holding him from under the arms as she felt her strength continually sapped.

“It increases milk production!” Norrin squealed. Taveela dropped the halfling into the sand; her entire body was shaking. Her mind was awash not with confusion but arousal and anger. She looked down at her inflating chest and finally caught sight of her arms. It was subtle, but her brawn looked like it had diminished. She flexed, but her muscles only bulged out slightly. She stepped toward the halfling but stopped suddenly. Though her waistline was still tight, her pant legs were pooling around her feet.

“Is this supposed to happen?!” Taveela cried. She watched her brawny definition continue to dwindle as her skin became smooth. Signs of scars, calluses, and stress injuries, too, began fading from sight.

“I’ve never cast it on a person before!” Norrin blurted. Taveela felt her breasts conquering more and more ground in her top, spreading toward her sleeves and neckline. Her trousers felt like they were stretched to their limit, and upon looking down she let out a panicked yelp. Taveela’s hips were spilling out of her pants, but that hadn’t been what took her by surprise. The ground was becoming increasingly close with each passing second.

“When will it stop?” Taveela was panicking. Her head began to tingle as her large tusks began to recede while, simultaneously, two bony nubs began to protrude from atop her head.

“I don’t know! I’m sorry!” Norrin was also panicking. Taveela’s top had stretched such that she could see her cleavage through her neckline. Slowly, she was being treated to the curious sight of watching her cleavage rising toward her while her head seemed to be lowering toward it. There was a sound of cloth ripping which elicited a fit of stuttering yelps from Norrin. Taveela scrambled to remove her armor as she felt herself sinking lower and lower.

While jostling and jockeying, Taveela couldn’t avoid brushing her enormous boobs with her arms. Her bouncy jugs might have swelled to the size of melons and hadn’t slowed down whatsoever. Pressure was beginning to build at her sensitive peaks and only became worse over time as inches continued to pile into her chest. By the time she’d removed her top, Taveela found that she was only a few feet taller than Norrin; she might have been six feet tall, if that.

Taveela's hips were tearing through her bottoms, but it was more than that. Her rump had swelled much faster than the rest of her. Every movement caused her bodacious posterior to jostle and jiggle, drawing her trousers taught until it had torn out. The sun shined on her glorious green rear end, which continued to bubble and bloat. Her body was simultaneously shrinking and growing; what she was losing in height she was gaining in her breasts, thighs, hips and ass multiplied by an order of magnitude.

Freed from her top and most of her clothing, Taveela wiped sweat from her head with an arm that had lost all sign of muscular definition. She looked down at her rising breasts, causing her brown hair to cascade over her assets. Her entire body had given up any outward semblance of power in favor of creating a plump, curvy figure. Taveela felt her tusks vanish completely as the horns on her head finished sprouting. She could only watch in stunned silence as her body completely reshaped itself before her eyes.

Taveela watched her breasts pumping further out, soon threatening her ability to see her own feet. Still, she could watch the hot sand drawing ever closer as her body continued to shrink. She placed one of her hands on her breasts, hardly able to reach far enough to touch one of her dark green nipples. The slightest touch caused her to moan softly; the pressure that had been building seemed to relent for just a moment.

Beads of white liquid were forming on Taveela's puffy crests as her boobs became firmer and tighter in addition to continuing their expansive journey. She looked at Norrin, who didn't seem so small anymore, and recalled how she'd felt watching him sleep. Memories of lasciviously peering at cute little dwarves and gnomes and other halflings going about their business, adorable and attractive, slowly took control of her train of thought.

All the while, Taveela's other hand had absentmindedly wandered to her other engorging tit, straining to reach and tweak her nipples. Milk sprayed and gushed as she did, and the plump woman couldn't help but moan. Her hips continued to billow outward, rapidly encroaching on the width of her shoulders. Taveela's thighs plumped and pumped, their soft expanses squishing into one another like pillows. Her buttocks had continued to surge, adding more and more pliant flesh that begged to be squeezed. Each cheek was easily the size of her head, if not an inch or three larger.

Taveela's body had continued dwindling, and by the time she noticed that Norrin was slack-jawed, staring at her curvaceous body she was no more than two feet taller than him. Milk pooled in the red sand, soaking through but leaving wet patches as Taveela continued squeezing her teats. Her boobs were gradually pushing her arms apart, threatening to grow further than she could reach without straining herself.

Slow, methodical steps caused Taveela's transforming body to jostle and jiggle. Her thick legs gradually shortened while her thighs and hips gradually grew. Her breasts quaked and jostled on her chest, becoming larger and fuller with each jiggle. Taveela's hair lightened a shade and

became smooth, growing until it hung three inches below her jostling posterior. Several inches of her golden brown locks pooled in her cleavage, which continued to deepen with each step.

A sweet fragrance began tickling Taveela's nose as it wafted through the air, and it only became stronger over time. Milk was gushing from her teats, further fueling the cloying scent until she could practically taste her milk on the air. Her steps slowed as she grasped just one of her mammoth breasts with both hands, pointing it up just enough that she could crane her neck and fit her mouth around one of her nipples. She drank of her own milk, groaning ecstatically between each gulp.

Taveela's arousal hit a fever pitch; her nethers were afire with a need she didn't want to fulfill alone. Her eyes locked on the halfling, and her mind was made up. Taveela made the difficult decision to let her tit go, allowing her bust to deliciously jiggle back into place. She licked the leftover milk from her lips, advancing upon Norrin with a feral hunger.

"Uh-uh-uh-uh..." Norrin found once again he lacked the ability to speak. Taveela thrust her chest into Norrin's face, knocking the halfling back onto the ground. She straddled his hips, her thick thighs pushing into him with greater force as she gradually shrunk to four feet tall, just one foot taller than the halfling. Pinned down by a pair of breasts that were nearly half the size of his entire body, Norrin's own arousal began to take over.

With milk soaking the red sand, an idea crossed Norrin's mind before he became entirely devoted to Taveela's buxom figure. A few runic tracings in the air, and he managed to convince the ground to solidify enough to save them from being covered in sand. Taveela coaxed Norrin's hands to her boobs and as he massaged her enormous mounds she made short work of undoing his trousers.

The two of them turned their little haven into a milk-laden oasis. When Norrin would run out of energy, Taveela would encourage him to suckle from her milky jugs while she did the same herself. The stout orc's heavenly milk staved off hunger and fatigue, and with each delicious gulp the heat of the unforgiving sun and sands became a distant memory, as did any sign of sunburn from either of their bodies. Taveela cried out in ecstasy each time she brought Norrin to completion.

By the time dusk began to fall, Norrin and Taveela's naked bodies were damp with her milk. In the dim light of the setting sun the vague shape of a caravan could be seen. Taveela had allowed Norrin to sleep, and so witnessed the impending end to their fun alone. She sighed dreamily, and hugged her watermelon-sized tits to her face. Taveela shuddered, and watched a bead of milk form once more at the peak of either teat. She looked down at Norrin hungrily and thought, one last time, she'd abruptly wake him from his slumber to help her.