

The Duke & The Thief

Part 1

By TROGDOR297

Jetkar crouched in the snow, his breath puffing into mist before him. "God, I hate winter" He muttered as he rubbed his hands together. His fighting leathers were decent protection against a blade, and gave him an edge against plate in terms of speed and mobility, but it did shit all against the cold.

Around him in the brush crouched half a dozen of his men. An equal amount was positioned in the brush across the road, alongside the crew leader Mako. They'd received a tip by raven from one of their contacts in the capital that a wealthy nobleman would be travelling through this specific wooded trail. And that he'd be lightly guarded.

It'd been a hard winter, and so the chance to make some serious coin had been too good to pass up. Jetkar, Mako's second in command, had protested, suggesting that they shouldn't act without more information. His argument fell on deaf ears. In the world of brigands there was only one voice that mattered, the crew leaders. Mako was hungry for a good job and it seemed like one had just dropped itself in their laps.

From up the valley an owl hooted in the twilight. Not uncommon for the nocturnal birds to be awake this early, but Jetkar knew it wasn't actually a bird. That was their sign that the mark was approaching.

"Bows out!" He hissed to the 6 men shivering in the cold alongside him. "We strike hard, and we strike fast. Don't give the guards a chance to pull their swords." The men all nodded their agreement. Mako may have been the leader of the crew, but they all trusted Jetkar implicitly.

Soon the sound of horseshoes in the snow could be heard. Over the hill to their right the cart came into view. Four massive black horses pulled an ornate cart. The man to Jetkar's right whistled softly, voicing his admiration. Jetkar cuffed him on the back of the head, holding a finger up to his mouth to remind him of the need for silence.

Jetkar squinted through the snow at the cart. There were only 4 guards, covered tip to toe in heavy plate. They trudged through the snow, their gait awkward and unnatural. "Aim for the neck and the arm pit" He whispered as the men lifted their bows. Mako would make the final call on when to fire, all they had to do was wait.

Jetkar peered through the trees to try and catch a look at the cart's door, typically where they placed the nobleman's seal. There were few seals he didn't recognize, and it would give him a good sense of how lucky they were about to be. As the cart passed before them, he got a clear glance of the image painted on the side of the cart. In bright red there was a viper's fang surrounded by four crescent moons.

Jetkar's blood ran cold. This was going to be a slaughter, but not for the nobleman. "Stop!" He hissed to the men around him, "Signal Mako, we must call off the attack! Our lives are in peril!"

"FIRE!!!" Came the familiar hoarse yell from across the road.

“Fuck!” Jetkar cried out as the men around him released their arrows, before nocking another set. The volley of arrows pelted the guards, sticking into them. Their bodies flinched at the impact, but they did not fall.

Then with a click of a latch the door of the cart swung open. “Oh god, we’re dead” Jetkar moaned.

A tall man dressed all in black velvet, with a long cloak about his shoulders emerged. His brown hair was slicked back with only a few traces of gray. He bore a trimmed goatee, and wore a dark pair of round spectacles.

“Don’t fire!” Jetkar warned, but his men were too eager. The nobleman was right there before them, what an easy kill.

A slew of arrows flew out of the brush towards the lord, before stopping in mid-air, two feet before him. The nobleman reached out and plucked one from the air. “Hm. I wasn’t expecting interruptions on my trip” he said loudly, snapping the arrow in two.

He raised his right hand and snapped his fingers. In the brush Jetkar felt his arms constrict at his side, as if he was bound by an invisible rope. Around him his men suffered a similar fate. Then the nobleman extended his index finger, and spun it in a circle. At once the party of bound bandits slowly drifted through the snow, legs dragging behind them as they were levitated out of the brush. Soon all fourteen of them were in a line along the side of the road. Some struggled against the invisible confines, others just sat limply, awaiting their punishment.

“Let me guess” The nobleman said. “Someone told you a noble was passing through and you thought you’d make an easy score? You fellows do know that banditry is against the law of this fair land...and punishable by death?”

Starting at the end of the line one of the guards stepped forward with a knife, and slashed the man’s throat, his body crumpling to the ground as he passed. Jetkar, third from the other end, sat quietly and waited, listening to his men be executed one by one. To his right was Mako who still angrily struggled against his bonds.

“Did you know it was Duke Fenrod” Jetkar hissed at him nodding towards the viper fang seal.

Mako turned to his lieutenant. “Aye, I did.”

Jetkar nodded sadly “Well then, I guess I have some comfort in knowing that I’m not responsible for these men’s deaths. You are”

Before him the guard stopped. Jetkar looked up to meet the man’s eyes through the facemask and saw...nothing. The helmet was empty, as was the rest of the suit of armor. Jetkar smiled; of course Duke Fenrod wouldn’t use hollow men. “Get it over with” he said lifting his chin. The enchanted armor reached forth and cut his throat in a quick slash. Mako fell shortly after.

Duke Fenrod turned to return to his cart, the bloody business done, when one of his guards spoke, an echoing metallic noise emanating from within the breast plate. “My lord, this one is a woman”

The Duke looked over his shoulder. The last one in line had kept their hood up hiding their face. Pulled down it was revealed that indeed she was a young lady, no older than 25 he reckoned. Her eyes were sharp, her cheekbones fierce. Her lips were pursed into a frown, as she stared at them defiantly. Her hair was orangey-red, tied back into a tight bun on the crown of her head.

The Duke walked over, his face cold and emotionless. "What a delicate flower hiding amongst the weeds." He nodded to the guard standing before her. With a single slice the guard cut through the strings that bound her leather top together. She gasped as it fell open exposing her bare chest to the frosty night air. She was thin from malnourishment, a reality of being the weakest member of a thieving crew.

The Duke stepped closer and raised a hand, hovering before her bare chest. She felt her nipples go stiff in the cold as she stared up at him angrily. "So, you're just a typical nobleman, then? Slaughter the men and rape the women?"

His face was a blank slate, giving no reaction to her barb. "I didn't slaughter your men, dear lass. They committed a crime punishable by death under the king's law. As did you, may I remind you. They were given justice, nothing more. But to answer your question, no, I am *far* from typical. I shall not lay a finger on you, though by sparing you now, your life is mine"

He swished his finger in the air before her, as if he were holding an invisible paintbrush. The female bandit felt a tickling on her skin between her breasts. Looking down she saw black marks appearing, like ink on parchment. When the Duke was finished, there imprinted on her chest was a replica of his seal.

The Duke turned on the spot and walked back to his carriage "Alright. Give her a blanket and have her sit in the back. Let's get out of this god forsaken forest, it's bloody freezing"

At once the invisible constraints around her were lifted, as she fell to the snow in a heap. With a grunt she pushed herself up, when a heavy blanket was dropped on her. Strong arms wrapped themselves around her before she could react, followed by a rope. Soon she found herself bound once again, this time by more conventional means, sitting on the back of the carriage as it rolled away.

She stared back at the line of corpses in the snow, their blood leaving red streaks amongst the white. She felt a numb emptiness inside. The crew hadn't exactly been her family; they'd mostly been cruel or uncaring towards her, except for Jetkar. But they'd been her people for better or for worse, and now they were dead. Murdered at the uncaring command of this pretentious high lord.

She refused to panic as the carriage rolled off through the woods. This wasn't the first time that she'd been captive in a nobleman's clutches, and she'd escaped then. This time would be no different.

Hours later they arrived at what she assumed was his keep. She'd dozed off, leaning against the back of the carriage, awoken only when it jolted to a sudden stop. The sound of chains moving and gears turning echoed from the front of the carriage. Then it rolled forward once

more. She watched as they passed through a massive portcullis, its bars 3" thick steel, which promptly lowered to the ground with a thud after they passed through.

The walls of the keep were tall and austere, featureless black stone. She noted that at even intervals around the walls stood guards in plate such as the four that they'd tried to slay in the forest. No doubt hollowmen as well.

The carriage entered into the main keep and a wave of comforting warmth hit her. From the front she heard the door open and the Duke emerge once more. "Inform Madame Windtree that I've brought another girl for the staff. Get her cleaned up and dressed. I'll be in my quarters; send dinner in an hour"

Two hollowmen rounded the cart and grabbed her by each arm, leading her away from the entrance hall. She tried to catch sight of the Duke as they led her on, but he'd already disappeared into the castle's interior.

She was brought into a large well-lit room, a warm fire blazing in the hearth in the wall. The hollowmen pushed her forward into the room's center, their motions steady and without malice, then returned through the door they entered, locking it behind them.

The girl stood and looked about, rubbing her hands to bring warmth back into them. She stood in what she guessed was the nobleman's laundry room. Several large wooden wash basins were scattered about the room, with shelves of various chemicals and soaps lining the right wall. A large cauldron filled with water rested within the fire. On the left wall was a large wooden door that opened moments later.

From the doorway emerged two young women. They were unlike any young women that the bandit had ever seen before. They wore identical clothing, most likely a required uniform, that consisted of a black floor length dress made from fine cotton. Around their waists they each wore a leather corset over the dress, strung tightly to emphasize their slim figures. But it was what was above the corset that surprised the red-headed bandit. The corsets were pulled up snug to the underside of their busts...which were rather impressive. Each of the young ladies was extremely well endowed. Their breasts rested comfortably in the bustline of the dress, the garment having a white ruffle around the low neckline, meant to draw the eye to the 6" of cleavage that rested within. Each of their breasts was nearly the size of their head, full and round, flesh firm and smooth, arcing up from the neckline of their dress to just below their collar bones. Both were quite pretty with their long hair, one blonde the other brunette, done up into a crown of braids upon their head.

They curtsied before her as one, then the left one approached, while the right walked over to the fire place. "Good evening, my lady! We'll be getting you cleaned up, right proper" Spoke the one who approached her. "Let's get these wet clothes off of you" she said as she began to undress her. The bandit offered little resistance, her body sore and cold.

The other maid returned from the fire hauling the full cauldron of water, which she poured into one of the wooden basins close to her. "My name is Sashy" said the blonde as she poured the water into the bath. "And this is Vantica" the brunette gave her a kind smile as she removed the last of her clothing. "What's your name?" Sashy asked as they gestured for her to enter the bath.

The bandit stepped into the warm water, slowly sliding in until she was sitting on the bottom of the basin. She was still rather confused about the situation. She'd never heard of prisoners being treated so well.

"My name is Bryn" she said as she let the warm water soak her tired body. She couldn't remember the last time she'd had a proper bath.

"Lovely to meet you Bryn, I'm sure we'll be good friends!" Vantica said as she knelt down beside her with a cloth. The two maids began to wash her body, scrubbing the dirt and grime from a life of living on the road from her body.

Bryn found the entire experience surreal. She'd never been washed before, let alone by women who looked like this. She couldn't help but stare at the cleavage of the two busty maids who cleaned her, their breasts jiggling within their dresses as they vigorously scrubbed her. Why did the Duke have two women with such spectacular bodies working as maids?!

From behind her she heard the door that she'd come in through open. Simultaneously the two girls stood and bowed, the motion exaggerating their bustline as gravity pulled them away from their bodies, making them nearly pop out of their dresses. Bryn turned in the bath to see who'd caused the commotion, her eyes widening as she did.

Before her stood an older woman, hands clasped behind her back. Her face was tight and focused, frown lines visible on her face. Her hair was silver and done up into a large bun that rested at the base of her scalp. She wore an outfit similar to that of the other maids, though hers was much higher quality. The skirt was a finer material, with lace at the hemline. The leather corset featured gold inlays in intricate designs. The top of her dress wasn't an open neckline, but instead was buttoned up to her neck hiding bosoms from view, though there was little point trying to hide them.

This woman's bust made the two maids look small in comparison. They sloped away from her body, reaching over a foot in front of her. They hung down over the edge of the corset, easily reaching her navel. Each massive breast filled the fabric of her dress to straining, the buttons up the center pulled tight. Two dents were visible at the outer edge of their round masses, two bumps the size of shot glasses pressing from inside the fabric.

The older woman looked down at Bryn and sneered. "I see the Duke has brought home another stray... The fool."

She walked around the tub, to stand before Bryn. Each step caused her ponderous bust to shudder, bouncing against her body within the dress. "My name is Madame Windtree. I am the head of the Duke's staff. What is your name, girl?" She said pointedly.

"Bryn" She replied, voice curt.

The older woman nodded once "No doubt short for Brynnifer?"

"My name is Bryn" she said defiantly.

"Not here it is not, Brynnifer. Here you will be a lady in service of the Duke, for as long as he sees fit" She laced the fingers of each hand together and rested them atop her bust. "Serve him well and your life will be...comfortable."

"And if I don't?" Bryn spat back.

The silvery lady rolled her eyes at Bryn's impertinence. "You bear the Duke's mark. If he so wishes he can control you as easily as a puppeteer with its puppet. You'd be surprised how a lack of free will drains the soul..."

Bryan laughed "I see. He captures girls to be his slaves and if they don't comply, he forces them. Must be nice for you lot! Get to watch him order me around while you live free?"

Madame Windtree lifted her hands off her bust and carefully undid a series of buttons on her dress. Then she leaned forward, allowing Bryn to look down her cleavage. Bryn was shocked to see that unlike the weathered flesh upon her face and neck, the skin on her chest was smooth and fair, as smooth as that of the maids. Then she saw what the Madame wished for her to notice. There tucked down in between her two massive breasts was a faded but clear black seal. The two maids also leaned forward, and using their hands they spread apart their breasts to show the black seals that they also bore.

"Do not think you have received special treatment. The mark you bear you share with all the other women who live in the castle. It allows him to keep track of us and keep us safe...but also control us if we disobey." Madame Windtree said coldly as she did up her dress once more. "Our lord is careful, not cruel. Do not go looking for a reason to disobey him." She turned to address the two maids. "Cloth her and prepare her. The Duke has demanded she serve him dinner" then without another word, she left the room.

The two maids let out a sigh of relief as she left. "Alright, let's get you dried up" Vantica helped Bryn out of the bath, wrapping her in a plush towel, while Sashy left the room to get clothing.

"Sorry about Windtree. She likes to keep things running smoothly, and she doesn't like change" Vantica said as she helped Bryn dry off.

Bryn stared ahead blankly, an obvious question burning in her mind. "Vantica, where...where did he find you all?"

Vantica looked up, lifting a confused eyebrow as she kneeled before Bryn drying off her legs. "What do you mean?"

"What I mean is...I've been to brothels and whore houses all over the king's land. Each of them claims to have the most beautiful, the most enticing, the most voluptuous women. None of them, and I mean *none of them* have women that look like you...let alone Madame Windtree!"

Vantica eyes lit up with understanding as she stood back up. "Oh! You mean...these?" She gestured toward her breasts. Standing this close to her, they completely blocked the view of Vantica's lower body. "I keep forgetting that to most people Sashy and I are considered busty. Around here we're small!"

Bryn lifted her eyes away from the compelling view of the maid's cleavage. "Yes, I meant your breasts! Clearly the Duke has a specific type...but I've never met anyone with figures like yours"

Vantica giggled "You're right that the duke has a type alright. But it has nothing to do with where we're from, or who we are. It has to do with this" she reached forward and tapped the seal on Bryn's chest.

"Wait, you mean the Duke...?" She said surprised.

Vantica nodded "Yup, he makes them grow. He's a powerful sorcerer you know? The most powerful in the kingdom. Most of the time he uses his magic to help the king: help the crops grow, win battles, typical high lord stuff. But these..." She cupped her breasts giving them a loving squeeze "...these he does just for him and us"

"Why do you say 'us'?" Bryn asked suspiciously. "Surely...surely you don't like what he's done to your body?!"

Vantica shrugged, causing her breasts to bounce in place. "I didn't at first...but they do look nice, don't they?"

Bryn looked back down at the maid's chest. They certainly did make her look...womanly. "They aren't heavy? They don't hurt?"

Vantica gave her a cheerful smile "Nope! Part of the Duke's enchantment. He likes them large and perky, so they just sort of stay up on their own. They also feel pretty good too...I just wish I had someone to touch them"

"Wait...you mean the Duke doesn't?" Bryn asked.

"Touch us? Oh, gods above, no! He's far too honorable for that! The only women he touches are his consorts, and they're women who asked for the role!"

Bryn considered what the Duke had told her in the snow; that he wouldn't lay a finger on her. Apparently, he meant it. Still, as honorable as he was, he was keeping her captive, and she was still eager to escape.

A thought suddenly came to Bryn. "Wait...does that mean that mine are going to grow?" She clasped her hands over her chest.

Vantica nodded "Oh most definitely. Every girl he employs, he gives them the seal and then pretty soon they start to develop. Don't worry you'll learn to love it, I know I did!"

Bryn groaned, imagining herself with a bust like Vantica's. That would make sneaking and thieving very difficult. "So...I'm going to grow breasts as big as yours" she said, voice shocked.

Vantica smirked "Well...probably bigger, actually. Like I said, me and Sashy are on the small end, that's why we're laundry maids. The bigger girls get more important roles. Which, on that note, we've got to get you ready to serve the Duke his dinner!"

As if summoned by her words, Sashy waltzed back through the door seconds later. In her hand she carried a familiar black dress with a white ruffled neckline and leather corset.

Bryn put on the dress feeling strange. She'd never worn a dress before. Living on the street she'd only ever worn pants and a shirt, something she could move and fight in. The smooth fabric felt nice against her legs. Somehow it fit her perfectly, the neckline covering her modest chest rather flatteringly.

"And now for the corset!" Sashy said, holding out the leather piece. The two maids wrapped it around Bryn's midsection, instructing her to hold it against her body. "Ok, now say 'Pringetto'"

Bryn looked at them skeptically but followed their lead "Pringetto?" With a whirl of magic the corset squeezed tight against her. "Oof!" She said as it fastened into place. "That's...tight"

The maids shrugged "You get used to it. It's what all the noble ladies wear!"

Bryn shook her head, feeling frustrated. This would take some getting used to. The dress was flowy and elegant but it was heavy. The corset enhanced her figure, but made it impossible to bend. If she wanted to fight and escape, she'd have to do so without this ridiculous get-up.

"Alright, head to the kitchen," Vantica said with a smile. She pointed at the door that the two of them had initially come through. "It's down the hall on the right. Just follow the smell!"

Sometime later Bryn walked through the halls of the castle carrying a tray of food and wine. The kitchen had indeed been easy to find, not just from the smell but also the sound. The sound of dishes and cooking had echoed down the hall. The kitchen staff were mostly hollow men, but overseeing them were a pair of middle-aged women dressed in white, both egregiously top heavy. They'd directed Bryn to a waiting tray that sat on the counter then shooed her away.

She'd left the kitchen unsure of where to go. She took a step to the right, when the tray suddenly buzzed angrily in her hand. She stopped in place, then instead turned to walk straight out from the kitchen. The tray stayed quiet. Clearly it knew the way to the Duke's chambers and would inform her if she strayed off course.

She arrived before an ornate wooden door. Balancing the tray in one hand she knocked.

"Enter" Came the muffled voice from within.

Bryn leaned against the door with her hips and pushed, holding the tray steady. The Duke's room was a large vaulted circular chamber. In the center of the room rested a large wooden table, littered with maps with various markings upon them. To her left was a massive hearth, filled with warming flames. To the right was another ornate doorway, leading to the Duke's personal chambers. The far wall, where the Duke currently sat was a set of long desks, piled high with books. He was currently bent over one such book, his finger resting on a particular item of interest.

He lifted his head and turned from his seat. Even though he was indoors he still wore the black round spectacles. His black velvet coat was draped across the back of his chair; he wore a simple white shirt underneath. A hint of a smile appeared on his face. "Our newest maid. From scoundrel to scullery. Good to see the ladies were able to clean you up, and get you into some of our finest." The trace of a smile disappeared; the pleasantries finished. "Place the tray on the table and leave...I'll ring you later to retrieve it" Then he turned back to his desk.

Bryn stepped forward and gently placed the tray on the table. She looked up at the Duke, he was wholly engrossed in his reading and didn't seem to notice that she was still there. She exhaled quietly to steel herself for what she planned to do.

Carefully she stepped out of the hard soled slippers they'd given her to wear and moved noiselessly around the table. She'd always been the stealthiest amongst her crew, and today it would be her saving grace. She slid silently across the floor, footsteps barely making a sound as she stepped. She slowly brought one arm around and gripped the hilt of the kitchen knife that she'd snatched off the counter and stuck into her corset earlier. She slid the blade free and lifted it point down. She was mere foot steps away, mere feet away from earning her freedom.

Suddenly she froze, but not of her own accord. She gritted her teeth and urged her muscles to move, but they wouldn't budge. The Duke didn't turn to face her as he spoke.

"I spare your life on the road, and this is how you try to repay me? With a knife in my back? Whoever taught you your manners didn't do a very good job"

Then her legs started to move, but not by her will. Her body walked over to stand beside him, her movements completely under his control. It was a feeling of total horror as she found herself a prisoner in her own body. She watched helplessly as she stepped up beside him and gently placed the kitchen knife down on the desk beside the book he was reading.

"I'll admit you're rather quiet, and if I was a normal foolish highborn you'd have split open rather well. But I'm not, so you didn't" His eyes never left the page that he was studying. He waved idly with his left hand over her shoulder. Bryn's body walked itself back across the room until she found herself at the door once more. Tears streamed down her face, from the mental trauma of no longer having control of her body.

Then, as suddenly and as silently as his control had begun, it vanished. Her body was hers again. She crumpled to her knees in the hallway, breathing in great gulping breaths as she sobbed, body shaking from the shock.

"I will ring you later to retrieve the tray" He said coolly. "When you do, could you be so kind as to not make an attempt on my life? Thank you" Then the door swung shut in her face, leaving her a weeping mess in the middle of the hall.

She returned to the bottom of the castle, eyes and face still red from the tears she cried. She found Vantica and Sashy chatting in one of the hallways. "Oh good, you're back" The brunette said with a smile, which promptly dropped when she saw Bryn. "Bryn! What happened!"

Sashy shook her head disapprovingly "She tried something"

Bryn nodded "I...I tried to kill him"

Vantica winced "Oh dear...yes the lord doesn't take kindly to such...behaviour."

Bryn sat down against the wall, pulling her legs up into her chest "He...he took control of me. It was awful...horrible" A fresh set of tears welled in her eyes.

Vantica got down beside her. "Yes, it is an...unnerving experience I've been told. I've never had it happen to me but Sashy has"

The blonde nodded, still standing above them "I tried to run away my first week. I barely made it out the front gate when I suddenly stopped. He walked me all the way back in and up to his chambers to apologize"

Bryn wiped at her eyes "He's a tyrant!" She moaned. She was beginning to realize that it was very likely that she'd never leave this place.

Vantica wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "He's not so bad. If you'd tried that at one of the other lords' keeps, they would've killed you!"

"But...but you're...we're trapped here! Prisoners for him to do with what he pleases!" Bryn sobbed.

Vantica squeezed her shoulders "Thinking of it like that doesn't help. If we were to leave, where would we go? What would we do? End up in a brothel? Or become the wife of some brute, who beats us? Yes, Duke Fenrod is...strict, but he isn't cruel. We're treated well here, kept warm and safe, given good food, a comfy bed. There are a lot of people who live much, much worse than we do"

Bryn thought back to many a night that the crew had spent sleeping on the cold dark earth when the money had run out, rain soaking through their clothes. But at least...at least then she was free.

Vantica gave her another reassuring squeeze, the side of her bust leaning into Bryn's arm. "Besides, we aren't here forever! We aren't slaves!"

Bryn turned to look at her. "Really?"

Vantica nodded "Most of us came here by choice. We come from villages within the Duke's lands. It's well known that he pays his staff well, he's just very strict. Everyone is given a 5 year contract that they must fulfill. Once the 5 years are up, you're given the choice to leave. Some do, some stay. Madame Windtree has been here for decades."

Bryn pondered this as she still wiped tears from her eyes. "That doesn't make sense...I've travelled through the Duke's lands before. I would think that I would've met at least one of his former staff during that time? But I never met anyone with busts like yours!"

Vantica nodded "Of course not. When you leave the Duke's service he removes the seal" She nodded towards the mark visible on Bryn's chest. "The seal contains the magic that gives us our size. Once he removes the seal they shrink back to normal"

Bryn perked up at this news. "So...eventually I can leave? I can go back to my life?"

Vantica frowned "Well...I don't really know. Your case is a little different. From what I heard you owe your life to him. I don't know if the same rules apply to you"

Bryn wilted once more. Vantica patted her on the arm as she stood back up. "Come on, no sense fretting about it now. Let's go get some dinner and then we can show you our room"

After a meal of simple bread and broth, Vantica and Sashy led Bryn to a small wing of the building. There they opened the door to a comfortably decorated room. Within were four plush beds with a night table and vanity beside each. Two of them were piled high with items. In the back of the room a fire blazed spreading warmth throughout the space. Above the hearth were two small windows, the dark blue of the night sky visible behind.

"You can have either of those beds," Vantica said with a smile. "This one's mine" She pointed to the one closest to the fire on the right. Bryn walked silently into the room. Her eyes widened at the assortment of items on their tables. Brushes, hair wraps, makeup of all colors.

"Where did you get all this from?" She asked.

"Why the Duke of course! If you need anything, just ask Madame Windtree and she'll have it ordered. They take it out of the salary we've earned." Vantica replied sitting down on the foot of her bed.

Bryn stared jealously at the various accessories. She'd never had makeup of any kind before.

The redhead decided to claim the bed across from Vantica's. The brunette clapped happily at this, bouncing up and down. "Oh good, now we can sit and talk at night!"

Bryn smiled weakly at the giddy maid, whose stupendous breasts bounced wildly with her movements. She closed her eyes and let out a sigh. She could do this. She'd always known it was likely that her path in life would lead her to a prison cell. She just had to treat this like a cell. She would stay, do her time, and then leave. At least this would be a lot more comfortable than prison.

A sudden tingling sensation bloomed on her chest. "Ooh, ouch!" She cried. Looking down she saw that the outlines of the duke's seal were glowing red.

Vantica leapt up. "Oh! The duke is summoning you!"

Bryn nodded understanding dawning on her. He had said he would 'ring' her when he was done. She hadn't thought about the logistics of how he'd do that, but seeing as he had these seals upon every member of his staff, it made sense.

The tingling intensified into a burning. "Ah, that's hot!" She yelped.

Vantica nodded "It gets worse if you don't go. The Duke can be a little impatient sometimes..."

Bryn stood and started walking towards the door. Immediately the sensation lessened to just a minor tingle. She made her way through the keep, retracing her steps back to the Duke's room. Any time she took a wrong turn, the tingling started to hurt again, which quickly set her back on course.

As she walked, she took deep breaths to calm herself. She'd wiped her eyes dry, though there were still red marks around her face. She didn't want him to see her weak, to think that he'd gotten to her, but there was little she could do at this point. She may be forced to work for him, but she would at least still try to maintain her dignity.

She entered the room without knocking, the demanding tingle on her chest permission enough to enter. The tray she'd brought up covered with food now had only scraps. The goblet of wine rested on the desk beside him where he sat, poring over a new tome. In the center of the silver tray lay the kitchen knife that she'd previously stolen.

She hurried forward and picked up the tray, quickly retreating to limit her interaction with the Duke. She'd nearly made it back to the door when he spoke.

"Lady Brynnifer...I...must apologize"

She stopped and turned to look back at him. He'd turned his head to the side, viewing her with his peripheral vision. "I understand how terrible it feels to have your body controlled like that. I was angry in the moment and I overstepped. As Duke and lord of this house I have a duty to care for all those who reside here, even the ones who do so unwillingly."

Bryn held her chin up high "Can I get anything else for you, my lord?"

The Duke turned around fully to face her. She could've sworn she noticed his face soften when he saw the marks on her face. He stared at her, face neutral, before he turned back around. "No, Lady Brynnifer, I will require nothing more this evening. Good night"

She stepped out to leave, before turning back around. "My name is Bryn" She said with quiet defiance.

Across the room she saw the Duke's head lift as he snorted. But he said no more, and so she took her leave. After returning the tray to the kitchen she made her way back to the room she shared with the other two maids. Without a word she stripped herself of her new uniform, and climbed into the warm comfy bed. Within minutes she was asleep, body exhausted after the tumultuous day.

She awoke the next morning feeling rested. She had to admit that she'd never slept that well in her entire life. The room was warm with the fire gently crackling in the hearth. The blankets were thick and soft. Around her she heard the other two girls already up and about. It was all just so...peaceful.

"Wake up, Bryn!" Vantica urged. "Don't want to miss breakfast!"

Bryn opened her eyes. Vantica stood across from her fully nude as she coiled her braids atop her head. Bryn watched her silently, eyes fixated on her body. Her huge round breasts were even more impressive, fully bare. Indeed as Vantica had described, they seemed to just sit

perfectly projecting from her chest. Her nipples were a light pink, two little nubs with wide pebbly areolas covering almost the entire front of each breast.

With a grunt of annoyance Bryn tossed off her covers, swinging her legs off the bed and pulling her body upright. "Ahh!" She screamed as she felt the unexpected weight that now resided on her chest. Overnight her breasts had grown until full handfuls; perfectly round orbs, like two ripe oranges sitting high upon her chest. Light blue veins traced her pale skin. Her nipples had swollen slightly and pointed gently up towards the ceiling. They were still small compared to her roommates, but they were far bigger than Bryn had ever had.

Vantica turned her head to see what was wrong, then laughed as she saw Bryn gawking down at her chest. "Didn't think it would happen so soon, eh? Everyone is surprised on the first day! At least you had us to warn you that it was going to happen. Now, come on, food's waiting!" The two other maids pulled on their dresses and corsets and then hurried out of the room.

"Wait!" Bryn called after them "I don't have anything that fits..." She was too late; they were already gone. She looked at the black dress and corset that she'd left on the floor the previous night. With a sigh she picked up the flowing garment and slid it on. She'd have to get a new one, or get this one adjusted.

Or would she? As she pulled on the dress, she found that the front of the bust had been let out to perfectly fit her newly grown assets. She slid on the corset next and said the magic word, securing it around her mid-section. She turned to look at herself in the vanity mirror beside her bed.

"Ooo" she cooed softly as she looked at her reflection. She'd always known she was beautiful, or at least as beautiful as a street urchin could be, but she'd always been scrawny. Looking at herself with an actual woman's figure stunned her. She looked amazing. The corset accentuated her thin waist gorgeously and then the way her new bust filled out the dress...Wow. She still had reservations about growing breasts as large as Vantica or Sashy (she couldn't even fathom being as large as Madame Windtree), but she had to admit that she liked the way she looked now. She actually looked like a lady.

She found herself smiling as she walked to breakfast. She felt better today. She was alive, she was safe, she was warm. Things could indeed be a lot worse.

After a simple breakfast shared with the other two maids, Madame Windtree approached their table. The older woman towered over their table, her massive tits creating a shadow over them.

"Lady Brynnifer, today your task will be sweeping the hallways. Understood?" She glared down at her.

Bryn flushed red. She hated being called Brynnifer, but it would appear that she was going to have to get used to it. "Yes, Ma'am" She said quietly.

"Very good. The Duke complimented you on your service last night. I was shocked to hear it, but perhaps you may very well fit in here" The Madame frowned at her, but said nothing more as she walked away. Bryn watched her leave. For an old woman she was certainly graceful.

Vantica squeezed her shoulder "Did you hear that! The Duke likes you! That's great!"

Bryn shrugged "Whatever. I only care if that means he'll let me leave"

Vantica's smile fell. "Yes...of course. Well...we best get to work. We'll see you at lunch"

Bryn's morning dragged on. Sweeping was not exciting work; the castle had a lot of corridors, and apparently, they were all dusty. She didn't know how much time had passed when she suddenly felt a tingling on her chest. She looked down to see the red lines appearing on the seal. The Duke was calling for her? But why? She set her broom down and set off, following the directions the tingling gave her.

She first found herself at the kitchen. She walked into the bustling room where a tray with two bottles of wine and two goblets was immediately pressed into her arms without further instruction. She turned around and set off down the hallway towards his chambers. But when she stepped on to the stairway that led to his room, the tingling started to burn. Confused, she stepped off the staircase and followed it down a separate hall. This corridor led her to a wing of the castle she'd never been in before, one with thick carpets, and artwork decorating the walls.

At last, it brought her to an unmarked doorway. She stepped forward to knock when she heard something echo through the doorway. Screams, loud female screams... no... wait...they weren't screams. They were moans. Bryn blushed. This room must belong to one of the Duke's consorts who he'd decided to visit this morning.

The tingling on her chest started to burn. "Ok! I'm coming! Sheesh" She whispered, as she knocked loudly on the door. From inside the moans stopped. Moments later she heard the Duke's voice. "Come in"

Carefully she pushed the door open and entered. The first thing she noticed was the smell, the room stank of incense. The space dimly lit, with only a few torches spread out. She stepped forward into the darkness, letting her eyes adjust. She nearly dropped the tray at what she saw.

She understood now why Vantica had said she often thought of her and Sashy as being small. The woman who laid on her stomach on the bed before her was enormous. The bed was made up of several mattresses stacked on top of each other, so the top surface of the bed was 4 feet off the ground. The consort laid face down on the bed so her breasts flowed over the side...to where they reached the floor. Each one got wider and fuller the further away from her body they were. Where they rested on the floor each one was almost 3 feet deep. Her dark brown nipples were thick and turgid, like an upside down mug. The woman's caramel skin glistened with sweat from their recent lovemaking. Her dark brown curly hair flowed down her back all the way to her plump bottom. Her face was equally gorgeous, currently resting with her eyes closed with a satisfied smile, but with everything else about her, it'd be the last thing you noticed.

Bryn stared open mouthed at the woman, until she heard footsteps approaching her. Out of the darkness emerged Duke Fenrod.

Bryn was no stranger to the male body. She'd even had sex a few times, typically with local farmhands of the villages her crew had stayed in. They'd been fine, good enough to scratch an itch, but they'd just been boys.

Duke Fenrod was not a boy. What emerged from the incensed haze before her was a man. She'd forgotten how tall he was, but standing before her now in the nude, he towered at least a foot over her. His body was toned and heavily muscled, surprising for a nobleman. Thick dark hair covered his chest and arms. Despite the obvious darkness of the room, he still wore the shaded glasses. Of course, Bryn noticed these details secondarily, as her focus was primarily upon his cock.

His dick was hard and erect, glistening with his consort's juices, fresh from love making. It was easily the biggest that Bryn had ever seen. It was deep pink and throbbing, with veins pulsing on the surface; it was easily 10" long and as thick as her wrist. She felt her mouth go dry as she stared at it. Her mind raced with images of her with that cock inside her. Could it even fit inside her?! Part of her desperately wanted to try.

He stopped in front of her, the tip of his cock mere inches from her. He leaned down and took the tray from her arm, having to pull slightly as her fingers idly held on. "That will be all Lady Brynnifer. Thank you"

Bryn turned back to look at the consort lying on the bed. The woman turned her head to face Bryn and flashed her a greedy smile, before she reached back to slap her juicy ass.

"I Said, That Will Be All" The Duke said more sternly.

Bryn nodded numbly, rushing from the room and slamming the door behind her. She stood there leaning against the door trying to catch her breath, her mind a whirlwind of lustful desire. After a few seconds she heard the consort's moans of ecstasy begin once more. Now Bryn could picture them in her mind. The woman with her gigantic breasts spready before her, and the Duke filling her with his long hard meat. Bryn shook her head to try and shake the vision free as she ran away.

She returned to sweeping for the rest of the day, trying to put what she'd seen out of her mind. But it was pointless. Images of the Duke and his impressive body fluttered in and out of her focus. Why did she desire him so? He was just a man. Yes, a handsome, powerful man, but still. She was better than this, acting like a desperate school girl.

As she joined her two new friends for dinner in the servant's quarters, she knew she had to say something. Maybe talking it out with the two other maids would help her recenter herself.

"I...I saw something today" She said quietly. The two other girls leaned forward excitedly. Their perky full bosoms slid across the table as they leaned in, pushing their bowls of soup before them.

"Did you see one of the Duke's experiments?" Vantica asked.

"A monster? Or...a visiting lord?" Sashy piled on.

"Did you see the King?!" Vantica hissed.

Bryn shook her head, leaning in as well so she could speak in a whisper. "I saw...the Duke with...with one of his consorts"

Vantica and Sashy gave each other a knowing look. "Ohhh... So you *did* see a monster" Sashy teased. Vantica giggled at the joke.

Bryn's eyes widened. "You knew?!"

The two other girls nodded. "Yes, it's a bit of a rite of passage amongst the staff. I'm surprised it happened to you so soon!" Vantica said with a smile.

Bryn slumped in her seat, her own breasts now being the ones to jiggle. "Gods above. I've been thinking about it all day"

Sashy nodded "Don't worry the desire goes away over time. It's just such a shock at first. Who would expect the most powerful sorcerer in the land to also be a sex god!" This time Bryn joined in with the giggles.

Bryn took another slurp of her soup. "So, neither of you have..." She raised her eyebrows suggestively.

Sashy frowned shaking her head. "Oh, goodness, no! Like we said, the Duke only deals with his consorts. He just likes us to be eye candy." She sighed with disappointment. Clearly the desire didn't go away as easily as Sashy claimed.

"Speaking of" Vantica said with a grin. "Who was he with?"

Bryn shook her head. "I don't know her name. She had light brown skin...and breasts the size of rain barrels."

Vantica nodded "Ah ok, that was Celestia. She's very nice. I mean they're all pretty nice...except for Heronia."

Sashy nodded in agreement "What a bitch..."

Bryn cocked her head to the side. "Who's Heronia?"

"The Duke's oldest consort. He's had her for years. She's his...uh...biggest consort, if you know what I mean" Vantica said nodding towards her own bust.

"So what, she's just rude?" Bryn asked.

Vantica shrugged. "Rude...and bitter. Which I sort of don't blame her. As you know the Duke's magic gives us our endowments. Well for the consorts he often makes them bigger to satisfy his desires more completely. Well with Heronia, she pushed him to make her bigger, and bigger, and bigger, hoping that she would finally be large enough that he'd give her what she wanted"

"What's that?" Bryn asked.

"A proposal. She wanted to be the duchess, and she thought if she gave the duke what he wanted he would grant her that. But...well the Duke isn't one to marry. And so, each time it was brought up he denied her. Now she can't leave her room, completely immobilised by her breasts. She doesn't even use a bed any more, she just lays atop them. Bitter and angry at being jilted"

"But...couldn't the Duke just remove the magic seal and she'd shrink back to normal?"

Sashy continued the tale "Yes, but then she'd have to leave. And the Duke still does give her attention; he doesn't pick favorites with his consorts. So I suppose she's decided that she'd rather live like this then have a life outside these walls"

Bryn sat in silence as she thought about what they'd told her. She couldn't imagine a life like that, completely dependent on others, all so she could occasionally receive attention from an unrequited love. All things considered, Bryn felt pity for her.

Her first day was certainly her most exciting as the following days settled into a much more predictable daily pattern. She woke, ate breakfast with the girls, swept the castle from one end to the other, ate lunch with the girls, swept the castle from the other end back to the beginning, had dinner, then went to bed. After that first day she never saw the Duke again, nor was ever asked to call on him or serve him. This was for the best, she figured, as it helped put any sort of lingering thoughts of desire out of her mind.

Though her life had settled into a bit of a routine, there was one thing that was constantly changing; her bustline. No morning was as shocking as the first with how much growth had occurred, but neither did the growth stop occurring. Every day she woke to find a little more flesh having made its way into her breasts, filling them out more and more. Her nipples had taken it upon themselves to grow equally as aggressively, turning into a pair of thick fat nubs, each the size of a cork. By the end of the second week, she had reached the size of Vantica and Sashy, each teat just slightly smaller than her own head.

Every morning she stopped and stared at them, wondering how big they would grow. Vantica had told her that her growth stopped after two months, whereas Sashy had only taken one month. The consorts, she explained further, grew for years at a time, but it was highly unlikely that would be the case for Bryn.

Staring at herself in the mirror after having dressed, she found herself mesmerised. Her slim waist, wrapped tight in the corset, and her exaggerated bust sticking out over top, breasts perky and round, made her look like a letter P. Her nipples stuck angrily through the fabric, refusing to be hidden. She smirked at them, as she turned her body back and forth to inspect herself further. They'd almost gotten her into trouble the day before, when in the middle of sweeping out of curiosity she'd given both of her engorged nubs a squeeze. She'd nearly collapsed in the hallway from the wave of pleasure it brought her, her teeth clenched tight to hold in the moan that tried to sneak out of her. She'd managed to get back on her feet, just in time for Madame Windtree to round the corner and give her a suspicious glare.

It was the evening at the end of that second week and Bryn sat in her room, brushing her hair. She'd always kept it cut short during her years with the thieving crew, but had started to grow it out. She was envious of the long braids that her two friends had. Vantica and Sashy had

already stripped down for bed, and were sitting chatting about news that had made its way over from the nearby village; some local tiff involving people Bryn had never met.

It was a clear winter night with a full moon. Bryn gave herself a gentle smile as she set down her brush. A night like this was perfect for doing jobs, the moon giving off just enough light that you didn't need to use a torch to light your way. The sound of an owl hooting in the distance came through the window.

Bryn's eyes shot open. "Wait...did you hear that?" She asked.

Vantica turned from her bed "What, the hooting?"

Bryn nodded.

"It's just an owl, Bryn. Surely you have them where you're from?"

Bryn got up off the bed and walked over to the wall. She went to press herself against it, before she remembered that her breasts wouldn't allow her to get close enough. Instead she turned around and set her back against the wall, closing her eyes. Listening...

She heard it again. The hoot of an owl. But Bryn knew that was no owl. She'd been trained to recognize the difference.

Pushing off the wall, she hurried across the room, heading for the door.

Vantica sat up alarmed "Bryn, what is it?!"

Bryn opened the door and turned back to look at her friend. "We're being robbed. Stay in your room and keep the door closed until someone you know tells you to open it"

Vantica's face went white with fear. "But...what about you!"

Bryn gave them a grim smile, then she shut the door behind her and set off at a quick pace. She moved silently through the halls, her thief instincts kicking in. First, she needed a weapon. In the two weeks that she'd been here she'd never once seen an armory. The hollowmen all carried weapons, but seeing as they never tired, they never needed a place to store them.

Wait, where are the hollow men? She thought as she crept through the corridors. She turned a corner leading to the kitchen and found a pile of armor strewn about on the floor. She grimaced at the sight. Whoever was infiltrating the keep had known how to disable the castles guards. She reached down and picked up the greatsword that the hollowman had carried, but could barely lift it off the ground.

"Dammit, I need a knife..." She said as she dropped the mighty weapon back on the stone floor with a loud clang. She dashed across the hall into the kitchen and grabbed a blade off of a nearby carving block.

As she returned to the hallway now armed, she heard a loud bang echo from above her, like a thunder crack. The noise came from the direction of the Duke's chambers. She frowned as she

looked up in the direction of the sound. Whoever these thieves were, they were pretty shit at not drawing attention to themselves. Unless...they weren't thieves at all. The realization flashed into her mind in a moment. This wasn't a robbery; it was an assassination.

Bryn took off at a sprint up the stairs. She immediately found it difficult to run in her current state. Her long dress restricted her legs, the corset prevented her body from moving naturally, and of course her oversized breasts bounced excitedly with every step. She soon found herself feeling flustered and out of breath, both from the exertion of running and the stimulation brought about from her breasts slapping against her torso as she ran, the motion causing her nipples to rub against the inside of her dress. Another loud bang echoing down the hall repressed her sexual fervor, and renewed her focus. The Duke was in danger and needed her help.

She arrived at the door to his chambers to find it ajar, voices echoing from inside the room. She edged closer, keeping her back to the wall. It was there that she found herself facing a moment of intense clarity.

What was she doing? She was about to risk her life to aid her captor? The hollowmen, the only guards in the keep, had been dispatched. Once these assassins dealt with the duke she could just leave. Walk out the front door and return to her life. But is that what she wanted?

She'd have to start fresh. She had no money, no gear. But she'd lived like that before and she'd managed to drag herself up out of poverty. No, it wasn't the challenge that held her back.

Was it the comfort then? It'd only been a few weeks; had she already grown accustomed to this soft life? One of dresses, hair brushes, and extremely large breasts. She had grown to enjoy them in her own way, the way they felt, the way they looked. But was that worth her freedom?

"Grrrr-Ahhh!" Came the Duke's voice from the open doorway. Bryn felt her heart leap, and her breath catch. Was this all it was? That she still desired the Duke, still lusted after him? That didn't seem like her, but the proof was evident. She'd rushed here to help him, ignorant of the danger.

Making up her mind she slipped into the room, taking in the chaotic scene before her. The fire in the room had gone out leaving the room cold and dark. The table that used to stand in the center of the room was upended and cast to the side. The Duke stood with his back to his reading desk, standing tall. He wore the same black pants and simple shirt she'd seen him in previously, though the shirt was now stained with blood. A number of small cuts lined his face, also oozing red. Though his posture was sure, his breathing was heavy. Most noticeable of all was the absence of black glasses. His eyes were wide open, and blazed with light, glowing a bright sky blue, illuminating his half of the room.

His company this evening were three men in black leathers, who all stood with their back to her. In their left hands they carried wicked looking daggers; two of men's daggers had blood dripping off them. In their right each of them carried a large dark purple crystal. Bryn didn't have to wait long to see their purpose, as she watched the Duke's eyes flare with light. Lightning bolts flew from the tips of his fingers, replicating the loud thunderclap she'd heard from below, arcing towards the men. The men held up the crystals, and as suddenly as they'd appeared, the electrical bolts disappeared, absorbed into the gems. The force of the spell pushed the men back, but they were otherwise unharmed, and began to advance on the Duke once more.

Taking the kitchen knife out of her corset, she zipped across the room towards the closest man, staying low as her silent feet carried her to him. It was trivial for her to reach up and slice his neck. The man died with a low gurgle, as he collapsed on the floor.

All three men in the room turned to face her at once. She didn't know who looked more surprised, the assassins or the Duke himself. All at once they leapt into action. The man to her right leapt towards her, leaping over her with an impressive back flip. The man to her left also turned to approach her, but with his focus on her he left himself exposed to the Duke. With a savage snarl the Duke muttered a number of short choppy syllables under his breath, then snapped his finger. A turquoise light shot from his hand into the floorboards. In an instant the floor beneath the assassin phased into non-existence, and with a shocked yell the rogue plummeted into the void below. It took several seconds before the crunch of his body was heard.

With a savage grin the Duke turned back to the final assassin, stopping with a hiss as he saw them. The man's flip over Bryn had allowed him to get a knife to her throat before she could move out of the way. Now the assassin held her against him, crystal in one hand, knife in the other, blade hovering less than an inch from windpipe. Inside Bryn cursed at her own foolishness a cold fear starting to flow through her. She'd messed up and now she would likely die.

"Tsk, tsk" The assassin spoke, his voice oily and low. "I'm going to have to murder my informant. He said all the other staff beyond the hollowmen were harmless girls. Those two were some of my best men...Alas, more money for me"

"Let her go" The Duke said, voice stern and cold.

"Oh, but why would I do that?" The killer sneered. "She's perfect leverage against you. Such a pretty thing too. And this body! I'd heard rumors, but to see one of your famed maidens in the flesh...and so much flesh too..."

Bryn trembled as the assassin took his right hand, which held the crystal, and caressed against the top of her ample bust. With his pinky he hooked his finger into the neckline of her dress, and tugged it down, exposing her impressive tits. Her overly large nipples stiffened and extended in the cold air.

"Oh my..." The assassin said, his voice dangerously close. "Yes, after I kill you, dear Duke, I'll definitely have to sample your little play things, starting with this one!" The same finger that he used to remove the top of her dress, he now rubbed against the side of her engorged nipple. She whimpered at his unwanted touch, her eyes squeezing shut in fear.

The Duke took a step forward, the glow in his eyes intensifying. "Let. Her. Go" His voice was like ice, but the assassin laughed it off.

"Ah, the mighty Duke Fenrod, brought so low. I bet you're curious who paid us? Pity, you'll never know. It was someone close to you, one of your friends. But which one!" With his knife still tight to Bryn's throat, he'd started to use more of his other hand to grope her, the crystal only held lightly between his thumb and index finger. Bryn whimpered louder as he pawed at her chest aggressively, tears forming in her eyes. "Sh, sh, sh, my dear. No need to cry now.

Soon I'll give you a *real* reason to shed some tears. Ha ha ha!" He cackled in her ear loudly, her body tensing as she cringed away from him.

The Duke's face was frozen in a mask of pure rage, the blue fire in his eyes raging beyond control, but he could do nothing. With the crystal between him and the assassin his magic was useless.

"Honestly, Duke, it was trivial to break in here. You really do rely too much on your magic. I'm shocked that no one's tried it before." The assassin said as he pressed his nose into the back of Bryn's head, taking a deep sniff and drawing a shudder of disgust from her.

"You're a dead man. You and whoever paid you. And you will tell me who it is, that I promise you. A swift death though...that I cannot guarantee." Each word the volume and temper of the Duke's words intensified. His hands were clenched at his side, wreathed in purple flames.

The assassin snarled at him "Idle words from a dead man! The only one who will receive a swift death here is you, and then your maiden" He emphasized the word 'you' with a point of his knife towards the Duke. With the blade no longer at her throat, Bryn made her one desperate move. She quickly arched her back and heaved, thrusting her chest forward. The large mass of breast surging forward against his hand, surprised the assassin...and made him lose his grip of the crystal. The dark crystal fell dead upon the floor, after which Bryn immediately kicked it away.

"Wait, NO! Ack?!" The assassin's protestations were cut short as his body lifted off the ground, his arms and legs bound by rings of purple fire. Bryn fell forward away from him, scurrying across the floor as the Duke advanced on the killer.

"Tell me what I want to know and this can be over" the Duke lifted his right hand and squeezed. The flames constricting the man burned hotter, drawing screams from the assassin.

"You'll...you'll have to kill...me!" The assassin spluttered, voice weak and strained from the pain.

The Duke snarled. "Your death was assured when you threatened and assaulted my maiden. There is no saving your pitiable life now. The only choice you have is whether to give yourself a quick death...or a long one"

The assassin's knife flew from his hand, and danced in the air around him. With each pass it sliced at the man, leaving a thin line of red.

"It...it was...Lord...Angus!" The man screamed as his body was cut to ribbons.

Without another word the Duke lifted his left hand and snapped. Before him the man's head twisted around to face behind him with a violent crack. The Duke shook his hands loose, and the body fell to the floor in a bloody heap.

The silence in the room was deafening. Bryn watched as the Duke's body visibly released tension and then slumped, the toll of the battle now wearing on him. He turned and slowly walked towards her. Getting down on one knee he offered her a hand. "Bryn...I'm so sorry that I let them touch you...Are you alright?" The icy rage had disappeared from his voice. Now there was only warm compassion. No one had ever spoken to Bryn like that before.

She nodded quietly, taking his hand. His grip was strong but gentle, his hands smooth. In a swift, sure motion he lifted her back to her feet. Then without making mention of it, he grabbed the front of her dress and lifted it up to restore her modesty. He then turned away from her and trudged over to his desk, where he sat down hard in his chair. A grunt of pain escaped him as he sat.

"My lord!" She cried as she rushed over. "You're wounded! Do you know any healing magic?"

The Duke picked up the black circular spectacles and placed them back on his nose, as he did so his mask of indifference returned. With a wave of his hand towards the fireplace, it relit with a roar. He turned to look at her, then shook his head, his voice neutral. "No, I cannot heal my wounds. Please fetch Madame Windtree, she is skilled enough with a needle and thread."

Bryn shook her head. "There's no need for that my lord, I've stitched plenty of wounds in my time"

The Duke nodded, leaning against the desk heavily. With another wave of his hand, needle and thread flew off a nearby shelf, hovering before Bryn expectantly.

"You...you'll need to remove your shirt, my lord" she said hesitantly. In a simple motion the Duke reached over his head, grabbed the back of his collar and pulled his shirt off.

Bryn gasped at what she saw. He'd suffered several cuts and slices from the assassin's blades before she'd intervened. Blood seeped from each of them, leaving red trails across the firm ridges of his muscled torso. Most were minor enough that they'd heal on their own, but three required immediate attention.

"It's not that bad" He muttered.

Bryn shook her head "You nearly died, my lord." She plucked the needle and thread from the air and started to work away at the largest cut that ran along his entire right bicep.

He shrugged "These are not the first men who have come to try and kill me, though they have gotten the furthest...Regardless they are now dead, and we are alive...and I finally have some knowledge on who has it out for me." His face was a stoic mask of solemnity as he stared straight ahead while she worked on him. Only minor twitches of his cheek muscles gave any hint that he felt pain each time her needle pierced his skin.

Bryn opened her mouth to remind him that he would be dead if it weren't for her, but thought better of it. Instead, she decided to try and find out more.

"Who were they?" She asked.

"No one of consequence. They were men just like those that led your old crew. Desperate for coin and with an easy penchant for violence." He nodded at her in silent thanks as she finished stitching the first wound and started on the next.

"What are those crystals?" She asked next, turning her head to look at the dark purple rocks that lay scattered on the floor.

“Dimeritium. A rare gem that is capable of absorbing any and all magic that draws near to it. It’s incredibly hard to come across, and incredibly expensive. The fact that each of them bore a large shard of it, confirms that they had a high lord’s backing. Whether or not it is Lord Angus as he claimed, is still up for speculation”

Bryn nodded quietly as she finished the small cut on his shoulder. The next wound was a slice across his abdomen. To reach it properly she would have to press her body...her breasts...against him. She kneeled before him and leaned forward. The flesh of her bust rested upon his legs, filling his lap. As she leaned closer the outer curvature of breasts gently kissed his abdominal muscles. She flushed as she could feel his body tense at her contact, his rhythmic breathing making his form press back against her. She felt her nipples stiffen again, though this time not from the cold...They pressed against her dress insistently and into the Duke’s side; there was no way he couldn’t feel them.

Whether or not the Duke did or didn’t, he said nothing. He sat upright in his chair, back straight, the same posture he’d formed when she’d started. Bryn’s breathing grew heavy as she worked, as she found it difficult to focus with her nips rubbing against his warm body.

“Is something wrong?” He asked quietly.

She shook her head, anxiously. “No! No, my lord. Almost done” She wasn’t lying; moments later she snipped the thread and tied the final stitch tight. She moved her hands away from him, but didn’t move, savoring the contact of their bodies. He turned his head and looked down at her, an eyebrow raised indignantly.

Bryn pulled away with a jolt, standing quickly. “All done, my lord.”

With a curt nod, he retrieved his shirt and threw it back over his head. He started to walk towards his private chambers when he stopped mid stride. He looked over his shoulder at her. “...Thank you. If you had not intervened tonight, I would likely be dead.” Then he continued his slow walk towards his room.

“My lord?” She called after him.

He stopped with his hand upon the door handle. “Yes?”

“Earlier, after the fight...Did...did you call me Bryn? ”

She could see his shoulders visibly tense but he didn’t turn around. Instead. he just shook his head. “Unlikely. Please return to your quarters now, Lady Brynnifer. Good night” And with that he disappeared into the other room.

Bryn let out a sigh, releasing the tension that she hadn’t realized she’d been holding. She picked her way through the blood and bodies, and with one final look at the carnage, she exited the room and returned downstairs.

She told her friends little of what happened. Just that there'd been an attack and the thieves had been dealt with. She didn't share how involved she'd been, how she'd saved the Duke's life, or how she'd stitched him up.

Laying on her back in bed that night, she felt her body ache with desire as she reminisced the feel of his warm body pressing against hers. Her nipples visibly poked through the blanket that covered her twin mounds as excitement built within her. She reached up under the covers and massaged her round masses, taking her nipples in between her index finger and thumb and squeezing gently. Her breathing quickened, little breathless moans escaping her lips as she teased herself. Eyes shut tight she imagined that it was the Duke's hands caressing and groping her. Her teeth clenched on to her bottom lip to keep herself silent as her excitement grew. Feeling her release building inside her, she flipped over onto her stomach pressing her face into the thick pillow.

"MMMMMM" Her heavy moan reverberated from deep within her, screamed into the pillow as her legs shook and spasmed from her climax. Rolling back onto her back, she lay there silently, breathing heavily as the last tingles of pleasure left her body. In moments she was asleep.

The next morning she arose feeling exhausted, having been awake for half the night. She swung her legs out of bed and got dressed the same as she did every morning. As she tightened her corset she looked down at her chest. Over the past fourteen days she'd made judging the size of her breasts compared to the previous day part of her routine. This morning, for the first time in those two weeks, she couldn't notice a difference.

"Guess I'm done growing" she said to herself as she stared at her reflection. Why did that fact disappoint her so?

She joined Vantica and Sashy for breakfast, a simple meal of sweetened oats. Bryn had assumed that after last night, her life would return to the same monotony that she'd gotten used to, so she was surprised when Madame Windtree approached their table near the end of the meal.

The Madame placed a bundled package on the table beside Bryn. Bryn looked up with a confused look upon her face. Windtree met her eye "Your clothing, Lady Brynnifer, from before you arrived here. Freshly laundered and pressed, thanks to your two compatriots here"

Bryn looked down at the package then back up at the matron. "Thank you? May I ask why you're giving these to me?"

The older woman folded an arm behind her back, and pulled out something that had been tucked into her own corset. It was a red silk handkerchief, with a gold frill, neatly folded into a small square. She placed the piece of cloth on top of the package and pushed it towards Bryn. Both Vantica and Sashy gasped loudly, the blonde looking shocked, the brunette looking absolutely crestfallen.

Bryn shook her head. "I'm sorry...I don't understand"

"It's the Duke's cloth! Used to remove his seal!" Sashy burst forth. Vantica said nothing, tears forming in the corners of her eyes.

Bryn looked down at the red silk. She could faintly make out the Duke's sigil imprinted onto the handkerchief. "Wait...does that mean?"

Madame Windtree nodded "Yes, child. Though the Duke did not provide me with the full details of what occurred last night, he did inform me that you have paid your debt to him, and as such are free to leave. Use that cloth to wipe the seal from your body and then you may go. Return to your life of crime, though I'd recommend you avoid making trouble in the Duke's lands"

Bryn stared at the ornate red cloth. Just like that, she could leave. But...did she want to leave?

Bryn looked back up to meet Windtree's eyes. "What if I wish to stay? Would that be allowed?"

The faintest of smiles graced the Madame's lips "Why of course, Lady Brynnifer. You are free to do what you please, though if you stay you must retain the Duke's seal"

Bryn nodded "Then...I'll stay. Please thank the Duke for his kindness, and tell him I still wish to serve him."

Across the table Sashy's face fell open in shock, while Vantica's split into a broad grin, as she began to clap excitedly.

Madame Windtree merely nodded "Very well. The Duke will be pleased to hear this. I don't know what you did for him, but it is not easy to get the Duke's appreciation. Please wait after breakfast, the Duke may wish to reassign your duties" leaning forward, her ponderous breasts nearly reaching the tabletop as she did so, she picked up the package and red handkerchief. Then she turned and walked away, sliding gracefully across the floor.

"What the fuck did you do!" Sashy hissed as soon as the Madame was out of earshot.

Vantica giggled with glee "Ah, who cares, Sashy! She's staying! I knew we'd be best friends!"

Bryn smiled at them both, eyes locking with Sashy "I just helped him stop the robbery. That's all," She lied. "I used to be a thief, you know? I guessed how they'd try and get in"

Sashy nodded suspiciously. "That's all, hm? And your debt is repaid, just like that? Odd..."

Bryn shrugged "I guess the Duke was feeling...generous? I don't know, does it matter?!"

Vantica shook her head "It doesn't matter. What matters is you're going to stick around! But...why did you do it Bryn? I thought you were eager to leave?"

Bryn nodded thoughtfully "I thought I was...I guess I just didn't want to leave my friends!" She gave a soft chuckle, hoping the two girls would buy it. That wasn't the reason why she stayed and Bryn knew it. "I wonder what I'll be doing now, though? I'll certainly be glad to never have to sweep again!"

Unfortunately for Bryn she was a fair bit shortsighted in her excitement. Madame Windtree informed her after breakfast that sweeping would indeed still be part of her daily duties, something which drew an agonized groan from the young redhead.

"Don't you complain now" Madame Windtree chided "You decided to stay, after all"

Bryn nodded with a sigh. "Yes, Madame. Will that be all?"

"No, it will not. Beyond sweeping, the Duke has asked that you serve all his meals going forth. There may also be additional tasks for you, but that will be on a case-by-case basis." She gestured to a tray of food on the table beside her.

Bryn felt her irritation drain away in an instant. She would see the Duke again! Everyday!! Part of her knew that it likely wasn't healthy for her to continually pine after a man she could never have, but she couldn't help it. She thought back to him kneeling before her last night, the kindness in his voice, and the feel of his skin on hers. The memory brought a tingle to her loins.

Bryn picked up the tray and set off for his quarters with an eager trot. As she walked through the hall's she noted that the Hollowmen were up and active once more. In the center of each of their breast plates a small shard of dimeritium had been inset into the metal. Whatever magic the thieves had used to disable the automated guards would not work a second time.

Minutes later she knocked on the door to his room. There was silence for a few moments and then the Duke's voice spoke clearly "Enter, Lady Brynnifer"

Bryn found herself flushing before she was even in his presence. Just hearing him say her name, even though he refused to use the shorthand she preferred, did something to her.

This morning he stood staring out the window that spanned above his desk, hands clasped behind him. The room had been cleaned since the night before. Not a speck of blood or viscera remained. Bryn hurried forth and placed the tray on his table. Hearing the clattering of silverware, the Duke turned to face her. He'd changed since the night before as well, his clothing no longer blood stained.

"Good morning, My Lord" She said with a curtsy as his eyes rested upon her. She felt excitement build within her as she stood in his presence.

He nodded slowly. "Thank you. That will be all" He turned back to stare out the window.

Bryn felt her excitement falter at his immediate dismissal. She didn't want this encounter to end so quickly.

"You've been busy, My Lord?" She said, hoping to incite a conversation.

The Duke didn't stir, didn't turn to face her. "I needed to get my house in order. Now, once again, that will be all. Do not make me repeat myself a third time" His voice had gone from polite but stern to harsh; his rejection obvious.

Bryn felt like she'd been dunked in ice water. She turned about face and rushed from the room, closing the door behind her. She hurried away down the corridor, tears forming in her eyes. She turned and ran down one of the halls that she'd learned was typically deserted. Finding a place near a torch to provide her warmth she leaned against the wall and slumped down to the floor.

"Oh gods above, how could I have been so stupid!" Brining her knees up, she crossed her arms across her bust and buried her face in them, tears flowing freely. Her freedom had been in her grasp and she'd thrown it away, for what? More time with a man who would never want her, never hold her, never love her. That last word lingered in her mind. Love. Did she love the duke? No, surely not. She knew nothing of the man. She just admired him, desired him. He was handsome, and powerful; he had an aura of strength to him that called to her body's desires like a moth to a flame..

But...that wasn't all that he was. He was honourable, and fair. Nobody else knew of what she'd done last night, and still he'd been willing to pardon her, let her go. He could've told no one and kept her as one of his maiden's forever. But he hadn't.

And he'd shown her kindness. She remembered the sorrow in his face as he apologized to her for what the assassin had done. How his strong hands had lifted her up. How he wordlessly had fixed her dress. And...how he'd called her Bryn. He could deny it all he wanted, but Bryn knew what she'd heard.

She wiped her eyes with the sleeves of her dress and stood. She didn't know how to properly describe what she felt about the Duke. Was it love? She'd never been in love before, but surely there was more to it than this. With a mournful sigh she set off back towards the servants quarters to retrieve her broom so that she could begin the day's sweeping.

After that she pushed her feelings deep inside her. She'd made her choice and now she had to live with it. At lunch and dinner she brought the Duke his meal and then departed without a word. The Duke had nothing to say to her, and so she didn't linger, hoping to minimize the time spent with the man who burdened her heart.

She wept again in bed that night, silent sobs into her pillow. She'd been deluded to think that just because the Duke had asked for her to serve on him, it signified any sort of meaning beyond that she's a good servant. He did not care for her, he did not want her. He hadn't even ogled her the previous night when she'd been exposed to him, gave her no reaction when her full warm chest had pressed against him. No, it was clear that any sort of feelings she felt for the Duke were not reciprocated.

She awoke the next morning feeling drained. She sat up in bed with a sigh, looking across to Sashy and Vantica who chatted together while they did their makeup. Wiping the sleep from her eyes Bryn got herself up and dressed. This was her home now, and she would have to make the most of it. She was fed, protected, and had good friends. That would have to be enough for her. Her feelings for the Duke were inconsequential and she would not let them get the better of her again.

The days turned into weeks as Bryn settled into her new routine. The passage of time confirmed to her that indeed her breasts had ceased their growth. She still felt disappointed at this change, despite the fact that they were by all accounts quite large.

"I really thought you were going to get bigger, Bryn" Vantica said over breakfast, three weeks later. "You grew so fast at first, but then...you just stopped? It's odd. Never seen the magic work like that."

Bryn nodded with a sigh "Oh well..."

Vantica gave her a smile "I mean, they still look amazing! They're a great size, right? I honestly think I would've been a little envious if you grew bigger than us!" She laughed, though the laugh wasn't convincing.

Sashy rolled her eyes at Vantica's antics. "How's the Duke keeping?" She asked Bryn.

Bryn looked up from her porridge. "Why ask me?"

Sashy shrugged "You see him every day? I figured you'd know better than us?"

Bryn shook her head with a sneer "The Duke shares nothing with me, I'm just a house maiden." She spat out this final word "The man's a fortress, cold and unfeeling. I'd sooner know how to answer how the wind is feeling"

Sashy raised her eyes at Bryn's charged response. "Ok...um...sorry I asked?"

Across the room the Duke's meal was brought out and set on a table.

"Excuse me, I have to go" Bryn said with a frustrated tone, pushing herself up from her seat, walking over to the table to collect the food, before exiting the dining area.

After delivering the Duke's meal and receiving the same stony response as she did every day, she returned downstairs to collect her broom. Instead she was met by Madame Windtree, waiting at the bottom of the stairs.

"Lady Brynnifer. Might I ask if you could fill in for one of our staff?"

Bryn raised her eyebrows in surprise. "Oh, ok? What can I do?"

Madame Windtree beckoned for her to follow. "One of the Duke's consorts maids has fallen ill. As such we need someone to step in and attend them. Can you do that?"

Bryn nodded eagerly. She was desperate for any sort of change in scenery. "Of course, Madame. Which consort, might I ask?"

"Lady Heronia" Madame Windtree said as they re-entered the kitchen. Bryn thought back to what her friends had told her of the consort weeks before. She was the Duke's longest running consort...and his largest. She apparently had a rude temperament, due to years of being rejected by the Duke. A grimace unconsciously formed on her face. The two of them had something in common.

They stopped before a towering plate of fruit and sweets. "You will bring this to her chambers, and assist her with whatever she requires. Can you do this?"

Bryn bowed her head in deference. "Yes, Madame"

Windtree nodded back "Good. You know where the consort's wing is? Her chamber is the one at the end of the hall. Now off you go. She gets irate when her food is late...or at least irate than normal"

Bryn hoisted the overfilled tray and hurried off, making her way through the keep to the consort's wing. As she stepped into the plush hallway she was reminded of that day over a month ago when she'd seen the Duke with Celestia. She gulped as her mouth went dry at the thought of his erect cock passing through her mind. Repressing the vision, she hurried forward, past the door to Celestia's chambers, all the way to the end of the hall.

She knocked once on the door before an angry voice echoed from within. "Britha! You're fucking late! Get in here, now! I'm bloody starving"

With a deep breath Bryn steeled herself and then pushed the door open. Unlike Celestia's room this one was well lit, torches in sconces blazed around the perimeter of the room, and two large cast iron chandeliers filled with candles hung from the ceiling. The room was also considerably bigger than Celestia's, but it was obvious why this was the case; the room had to be bigger to fit Heronia herself.

Bryn gaped in awe as she slowly stepped forward into the room. Describing her as the 'largest' of the Duke's consorts was an understatement. Before Bryn lay the side of one colossal breast. Its immensely massive form nearly filled the room before her, leaving only 5 feet of space on either side. Bryn's eye travelled up the wall of flesh before her to its upper surface, nearly 10 feet off the ground. It was then that she spotted Heronia herself, laying horizontal atop her mountainous bust, fully in the nude.

"Britha! Hurry your ass up!" She shrieked.

Bryn looked around the room. How did Britha normally deliver her meals? It was then she spotted a staircase with wheels at the side of the room, with a platform at the top that overhung the base. Bryn walked over and grabbed it, pushing it around to the front of the woman's cleavage. As she walked around, Heronia's other breast came into view, equally massive. Each one had to be nearly 12 feet across. Something else caught her eye as she walked past. Along the side of her breast, a nipple poked out where her tit met the floor. It was bright red and the size of a man's helmet. It visibly quivered, though for what reason Bryn didn't know.

Lifting the tray, Bryn climbed the staircase and set it down on the edge of the platform, which rested mere inches over the upper curve of Heronia's bust. Heronia herself looked up from the book that she'd been perusing, resting in her cleavage. "Finally! You're in rare form this morning Brit-oh? You're not Britha? Who the fuck are you?" She said accusingly.

Standing on the overhanging platform, Bryn curtsied before her. "My name is Bryn, Lady Heronia. Britha is sick and so I am here to serve you"

Heronia narrowed her eyes at her for a moment before she shook her head in dismissal. "Whatever. I'm still starving!" She waved for Bryn to bring her the food.

"My lady?" Bryn asked confused.

Heronia looked back up at her, exasperated. "I can't very well reach it myself can I?! Not exactly mobile, if you hadn't noticed?! Bring it to me!"

Bryn blushed with embarrassment, but did as she was told. She knelt down at the edge of the platform, and taking the tray, leaned forward and placed it atop the woman's bust. Without a word of thank's she plucked a slice of peach off the tray and stuffed into her mouth, her focus returning to her book which she now held up with her other hand.

Bryn sat and watched the other woman eat. She was certainly an...impressive figure. Bryn guessed she was in her mid 40's. Her face was beautiful, but sharp like a hawk's. Her raven black hair was loose and thick, flowing from her head like a waterfall, covering her entire body down to her ankles, and cascading to each side of her, across and then down the curves of each titanic breast that held her aloft.

Heronia turned back to look at her. "Can I help you?" She said sharply.

Bryn flinched at her tone. "I was told I was to serve you, my lady?"

Heronia sneered at her "And you're going to do that by staring at me all day?"

Bryn shook her head "No! No, my lady. What...what may I do for you?"

Heronia sighed with frustration "Oh gods above...I'm going to have to speak with Windtree about who she sends up here. Ugh, Fine! For today...Just brush my hair. That should take you awhile"

Bryn rushed down the mobile stairs to retrieve a hairbrush that she'd seen earlier, sitting on a shelf upon the wall. She hurried back up the steps, freezing at the top. "Umm...My lady...how should I?" Bryn's eyes darted back and forth, unsure of how to proceed.

Without looking up from her book Heronia spoke "Just step on them, you silly girl. They're enchanted to not feel pain" She gestured towards the expanse of flesh that spread beneath her, before she grabbed a custard tart off the tray and bit into it.

Nervously, Bryn removed her slippers and then gently lowered a foot atop the pale creamy skin of Heronia's right breast. Her foot sank in a few inches before the flesh provided enough resistance to support her weight. She then stepped fully off the platform, settling her full weight atop Heronia. The older woman didn't even flinch as she finished her custard tart, eyes locked upon the book she read.

Bryn carefully stepped her away across the vast bulk of just one of Heronia's bosoms, until she was standing beside her supine body. Sliding a mass of hair out of the way, she knelt down, and picking a random spot near her shoulders, she began to gently brush Heronia's hair.

Bryn looked about herself as she carefully pulled the brush through the consort's extremely long hair. Looking in each direction Heronia's monumental breasts dominated her view. She was unbelievably huge. Bryn and her two friends could easily lay atop just one of her breasts, with room to spare. How could all of this flesh be one woman?

She turned back to brushing, moving down her lower back. "Careful!" Heronia snapped. "You're not brushing a horse's tail, you clumsy maid! I'm the Duke's favorite consort!"

Bryn sighed as she moved the brush slower through the seemingly endless lengths of black hair. Sitting here atop Heronia's gigantic bust brought a shocking amount of clarity to Bryn. She'd been crushed by what she assumed to be the Duke's rejection; his ignorance of her, his abject lack of notice. But of course he wouldn't notice her; look at the women he consorted with. Heronia's breasts were hundreds of times larger than Bryn's, and she even had trouble keeping the Duke's attention. Bryn never even had a chance.

Nearby Heronia finished the food on the tray and with a casual callousness picked up the tray and tossed it off of her, letting it clang on the floor before her. Not turning her head she spoke, voice haughty.

"So, Prim, was it?"

Bryn rolled her eyes, confident that the consort couldn't see her. "Bryn, My lady" She said, voice perfectly polite.

Heronia crossed her arms before her and laid her chin upon them. "Mmm, right, Bryn. So, tell me Bryn. Where did he find you?"

Bryn continued to gently brush the woman's mane, easing the tangles and knots that this amount of hair inevitably formed. "I was part of a thieving crew. We attacked the Duke's convoy and he spared my life after executing everyone else"

Heronia smiled wickedly "Good. Thieves deserve justice, and my Duke never fails to deliver it. Odd that he didn't kill you as well. Maybe he's getting soft..."

Bryn nodded "I do not know, My Lady, but I am thankful for his mercy"

Heronia snorted "Mercy? Being a pretty bird in a cage isn't mercy. He'll keep you here forever you know? Welcome to the birdhouse"

The two sat in silence for a few moments as Bryn struggled with a particularly tricky tangle. "He offered me my freedom" She said quietly.

Heronia lifted her head off her arms. "What? Then what the fuck are you still doing here?"

Bryn blushed with shame "I...I decided to stay"

The black haired beauty threw her head back and cackled "Ha! You're stupider than you look! Why would you do that!"

Bryn sighed. "I...I don't know. I thought the Duke..."

"...thought the Duke, liked you? That he cared for you?" Heronia finished her sentence for her, her voice suddenly taking on a softer cadence. "Listen to me little one, I know the Duke better than most, maybe better than anyone. Fenrod...he only cares for himself and his power."

Bryn looked up from her brushing, shocked by the woman's suddenly sincere tone. "But...he takes care of us? He feeds us and protects us?"

Heronia nodded "That he does, but only because it makes him feel good about himself. Trust me."

Bryn shook her head, not wanting to believe it. "So...he doesn't care about us?"

Heronia lay her head back upon her crossed arms before her. "I wouldn't say that. But he cares about us like a farmer cares for his cattle. There's no personal connection."

Bryn shimmied her way back up towards Heronia's shoulders to start working her way down another length of hair. "Surely, he has some connection with you? With his consorts?"

Heronia looked over her shoulder to look at Bryn. "Bryn, darling. Look at me. Do you see what he's done to me? Do you see how fucking big I am!? Tits each the size of a village cottage! I can't leave this room. Ever! Do you think someone who really cared about me would do this to me?"

Bryn shook her head in confusion "I was told you did it by choice?"

Heronia sighed and nodded "Yes, when I was young and foolish like you. I thought if I gave the Duke his wildest fantasies there's no way he wouldn't fall in love with me. I was a stupid girl. Now I just sit here all day, waiting for him to show up once a week to fuck me for an hour, and then it's back to perpetual boredom. The only fun I get is taking it out on you maidens." She looked at Bryn sympathetically "Sorry, about the insults earlier. You seem like a sweet girl, deluded by an uncaring man"

Bryn gave her a weak smile back. Heronia wasn't nearly as bad as the other girls had said. As Bryn returned to brushing she heard the sound of liquid spraying on to stone. She looked around for the source.

"It's my nipples" Heronia said unceremoniously.

"My Lady?" Bryn asked confused.

She settled back atop her arms and closed her eyes "One of the Duke's fantasies; lactation. I'd agreed to it early on when my breasts weren't much bigger than yours are. It was just a delicate little spray then, a cute little distraction. It pleased him, and so I kept it. Little did I know when his magic made by breasts grow it would affect the milk ducts as well. Now once a day they spray gallons of milk uncontrollably. Don't worry about the mess, there's drains in the floor"

"Oh my. Does...does it hurt?" Bryn asked.

Heronia shook her head “Can’t feel a thing. In fact, I can barely feel them at all, my breasts. The enchantment that prevents pain, prevents most other sensations. Only time I can feel them is when the Duke comes to fuck me.”

She continued to angrily rant “You also have to thank the Duke for today’s task I’ve bestowed upon you. The Duke likes long hair, so I let him enchant it to grow. I thought it’d only go to my waist. Sigh...just a stupid girl”

Bryn felt sorry for the woman; a prisoner in her own body. But there was something that still bothered her.

“My lady...” Bryn asked tentatively. “I...I was told that you could leave if you wanted? That the consorts aren’t bound by contract. Could you not just remove the seal, and leave?”

Heronia didn’t answer. For a minute they sat without speaking, Bryn brushing her hair while the sound of milk spraying against the stone below continued.

At last Heronia let out a deep, exhausted sigh. “Yes that is true. If I wished I could summon Madame Windtree and have her bring me one of those pretty red cloths and my breasts would shrink away to nothing and I could walk out that door a free woman. But I don’t wish it, and I doubt I ever will.”

Bryn knelt motionless beside her “Why?”

Heronia looked back at Bryn over her shoulder and gave her a sad smile. “Why didn’t you leave?”

Bryn felt herself go red “Because...”

Heronia turned back to face her front “Because you love him. As do I. He’s an infuriating, indescribable man, but I love him nonetheless. And so here I remain. Forever hoping that one day he’ll walk into my chambers and profess his love. Until that day I will have to settle for his lust.”

They sat in silence for a few minutes more, Bryn contemplating what Heronia had told her. Bryn wasn’t in love with the Duke...was she? She didn’t really know, but she found herself deeply empathetic to what Heronia spoke of.

It was then that Bryn’s curiosity got the better of her. “Is...is the Duke...good?”

Heronia turned with a start, a shocked smile on her face. “Good? In bed?!” She gave Bryn a devilish smile “Oh honey, the Duke is the *best*. I take it you’ve seen him...in the flesh?”

Bryn nodded, feeling flustered.

“Yes well...he *feels* even bigger than he looks. And he knows how to use it. He swears that he never uses magic to enhance himself but sometimes I wonder. But yes, It’s not just to escape boredom that I look forward to that one visit a week. The enchantment on my breasts that

mutes their senses...I didn't used to have it. But the stimulation from so much sensitive tissue, left me a quivering mess for days on end. You laying atop them like you are now would nearly bring me to climax. So, the Duke dulled my senses as a kindness. But when he comes...and turns the enchantment off." She bit her lip and moaned. "Needless to say, it's the bright spot of my week. Does...that answer your question?"

Bryn nodded, herself starting to feel excited. Her nipples had grown turgid and poked through her dress. Heronia nodded toward them. "Not bad, little one. I wish I had nips like yours when I was your size"

Bryn gave an embarrassed smile, as she returned to brushing another length of hair. "Would...would you say you're happy, Lady Heronia?"

Heronia laid her head back against her arms before her. "What does it matter, my dear. I've made my choice. You want my advice, little one? Don't fall in love with the Duke. It will bring you no modicum of happiness. Don't end up like me, a poor deluded woman, who has to convince herself that she's the Duke's favorite." Heronia looked back to meet Bryn's eyes again "And if it's too late and you're already in love with him? Well at least try and get him to fuck you. It helps remove some of the sting..." Heronia faced forward with a sad sigh.

Bryn continued to brush in silence until Heronia turned to address her. "I'd...I'd like to be alone now."

Bryn nodded, standing and making her way back to the staircase. As she made her way down the steps and across the floor Heronia called to her. "Lady Bryn..."

Bryn stopped at the doorway, turning to face her. "Yes, Lady Heronia?"

Heronia nodded at her and gave her a warm smile. "Don't be a stranger, dear"

Bryn curtsied at her from the doorway with a smile, then exited.

Bryn spent that evening and the following day considering her conversation with Heronia. By the following evening, as she made her way to the kitchen to retrieve the Duke's dinner, she'd decided on a course of action.

She entered his chamber much the same as she had every evening for the past few weeks, though after she placed the tray of food upon his table, she hesitated.

The Duke rose from his desk and walked over to the table. He raised a single eyebrow in her direction as he stood before the tray of food. "You may leave, Lady Brynnifer" His voice was as dispassionate as ever.

"My...my lord" she said quietly, feeling nervous. "May I ask something?"

The Duke sat down before his food and nodded. "If you must"

She nodded in thanks. "My lord. Is it true that you control the growth of our...figures?" She gently cupped her hands under each breast and lifted slightly, to exaggerate her point.

Without looking at her he nodded. "Yes. It is typical for a lord in these lands to accent his staff with women that he finds attractive. Lord Jentu in the north specifically hires women who are with child to serve in his keep, moving them on after they give birth. I am no different...I just have more control"

He speared a piece of meat with his fork and placed it gently into his mouth. "I thought this information was common knowledge?" He said, turning his head slightly toward her to address her.

She nodded "Forgive me lord, yes. But I meant specifically...do you control what size each maiden will attain? From what I have heard it seems that it's random, but then I met your consorts and that couldn't have been random..."

He held up a hand to silence her. "Yes, I decide when a girl will stop growing. It is not random. Now if you please?" He nodded towards the door.

Bryn stood her ground "May I ask just one more thing, my lord?"

The Duke set his cutlery down on the table, and turned to glare at her. "What?" He asked, getting annoyed.

Bryn nodded her head forward then looked up at him. She'd clasped her hands in front of her before her waist, the gesture pressing her arms against the side of her breasts squeezing them together. "Why did you make me stop growing, My Lord?" She asked innocently.

The tension lifted from his face, as her question disarmed him. "...I'm sorry, Lady Brynnifer, what did you say?"

She pouted at him, laying on her charm thick. "I asked, 'Why did you make me stop growing, My Lord?' I stopped after only two weeks! I thought I was going to grow bigger..."

The Duke's jaw opened slightly, as he searched for the words to say. It only took him a few moments to regain his composure "My apologies, Lady Brynnifer. I was under the impression that you had no interest in growing further. I may have been misinformed... Would you like to continue growing?"

Bryn fluttered her eyelashes at him as she nodded sweetly.

The Duke nodded "Very well. How much bigger would you like?"

Bryn arched her back, pushing her chest out. "How much would please my lord?" She purred.

Once again the Duke found himself speechless. "Oh...I could see you being...quite a bit bigger"

Bryn stepped forward toward the seated Duke, leaning forward letting him get a good look at her impressive cleavage. "Then make me as big as you'd like, My Lord" She gave him a coy smile.

Bryn gave a surreptitious look down at the Duke's lap, hoping to see that she'd had a particular impact on him. The front of his pants were tented quite drastically, proving her success.

The Duke closed his mouth, swallowing silently, then nodding. "As you wish, Lady Bryn" His voice was raspy, his mouth dry. "Would...would you care to join me for dinner?" He asked, gesturing to his food.

Bryn stood up straight with a bounce, before giving him a curtsy. "A generous offer my lord, but that would not be proper. I must return to my duties" Then she turned and left, shutting the door behind her, leaving a surprised Duke to deal with his throbbing erection on his own.

Bryn bore a triumphant grin as she made her way back down to the servants dining quarters. She didn't know if what she felt for the Duke was love or not, but she didn't care. She would have the Duke. But she wouldn't let him take advantage of her like he had done to poor Heronia. No, she would have him on her terms, begging on his knees. She'd cast her lure into his waters, now to see if he would take the bait.

The next morning Bryn woke with a not so unexpected weight upon her chest. She pushed herself up and inspected her body with a grin. Her breasts, previously the size of her head, had grown overnight, adding an inch to their diameter. Her pink nipples pointed toward the heavens, full and stiff. She ran her hands over them, feeling their new size and weight, indulging herself with a quiet moan of delight.

She got out of bed and got herself dressed, taking one last look in the mirror with a satisfied smile. "Let the games begin"

END OF PART 1