

THE DUKE & THE THIEF

PART TWO

BY TROGDOR297

Brynn walked down to breakfast with a confident smile on her face. Last night she'd put her plan into motion, and this morning the effects were already evident.

Living with Duke Fenrod for the past 5 weeks had taught her a lot. She'd learned that she wasn't nearly as comfortable living on the streets as she had thought she was. She'd learned of the Duke himself, and his impressive magical powers. She'd learned of the Duke's apparently infamous love of the female chest, reflected in her own bountiful bosom. And she'd learned that surprisingly she also had a fondness for large breasts, particularly her own.

But the most important thing she'd learned was that the Duke, while generous with his gifts and powers, was reticent with his feelings. Brynn, like many of the girls in the castle, had fallen for the Duke: the mystery, the strength, the surprising acts of kindness, the body... Brynn was adamant that the Duke was the man for her. But she would not settle for just being one of his consorts, a body to use for momentary shared bliss. No, Brynn was dead set on winning the Duke, heart and soul. And how? By doing something that no other girl had done before; not letting him have what he wanted.

It would not be easy, of course. The Duke was an intoxicating and enticing figure. Just last night he'd invited her to join him for dinner, and it had taken all of her willpower to deny him. She knew this would not be the last trial she would have to pass.

As she walked, she savored the feeling of her breasts. For the past 3 weeks they'd been static in their size, similar in volume to her own head. But after goading the Duke last night, her breasts had begun once again to grow. They'd added an inch overnight, now the size of a large pair of melons. Though the Duke's magic kept them perky and firm, and helped relieve some of the weight, it didn't stop all of it, and so Brynn could definitely feel the increase in mass as they gently bobbed with each step. The neckline of the magical dress each of the maids wore, which automatically resized itself to fit each girl's growing bust, was quite exaggerated now, showing off a good 7" of tight, juicy cleavage.

Bryn entered the kitchen humming a quiet ditty. She sat down at the table across from the two other maids she shared a room with, Sashy, the blonde, and Vantica, the brunette. The two had become dear friends to Brynn, and she knew she wouldn't have survived her time at the castle without them. When she'd first met them, they'd seemed impossibly curvaceous to Brynn. As of last night, she'd now officially surpassed them.

Resting her bust atop the table, common form for the staff of the house, she picked up her bowl of porridge and began to eat. "Good morning" she said cheerily after she swallowed her first mouthful.

"Morning," Sashy said, not looking up from her meal.

Vantica said nothing as she stared at Brynn, the colour draining from her face. "You grew..." She said quietly.

Brynn said nothing, a serene smile on her face as she swallowed another mouthful of porridge. Sashy now looked up at Brynn, and promptly dropped her spoon in shock. "Holy hells, she's right! Brynn, what happened!?"

Brynn shrugged "Oh nothing, really"

"Nothing!" Vantica cried "You started growing again! You're bigger than us now" She let out a quiet sob at this.

"How?" Sashy said as she picked her spoon back up.

"Simple" Brynn said. "I asked the Duke if I could keep growing, he said yes"

The jaws of both girls sitting across from her dropped. Sashy spoke first. "You can do that?!"

Brynn nodded "Sure, why not? The Duke is a generous man as you've frequently said. Why wouldn't he listen to our requests?"

Vantica rested a hand on both cheeks and sighed, eyes not leaving Brynn's now superior bust. Sashy slapped a hand to her forehead "I can't believe I never thought of just asking him...We ask him for tons of shit, he doesn't care about. Brushes, make-up, accessories. He provides it all, no question. Why did we not think to ask him to give us the one thing that he'd also enjoy..."

Brynn shook her head "I don't know. He may not say yes, I sort of had to convince him"

Sashy rolled her eyes "Oh right, I'm sure you really had to twist his arm"

Vantica gave another mournful sigh, and returned to eating her porridge. Brynn gave her friend a sympathetic smile. "What's wrong, V?"

Her friend looked up with a frown "Oh it's nothing. It was just nice all of us being the same size"

Brynn nodded "Aw, I know. Can you at least be happy for me?"

Vantica sniffed away some tears, and then gave her a weak smile "Of course, Brynn. Anything for you. They do look fantastic, by the way. How much bigger do you think they'll get?"

Brynn reached across to squeeze her friend's hand in thanks. "That's up to the Duke"

Sashy chuckled "Then I'd say they're probably going to get *a lot* bigger"

The other two girls laughed at the joke. *They'd better*, Brynn thought, *I'm counting on it*.

The girls peppered Brynn with questions on how it went down but Brynn was tightlipped about it. She wasn't ready to share her plans with her friends. She trusted them, but this was something she had to do alone.

After finishing her breakfast, she excused herself and hurried to collect the Duke's own breakfast. This first morning was critical. Last night she'd made the first move and the Duke had responded with his own volley. Now she would face him once more.

As she made her way through the castle, tray of food balanced atop her bust, she stopped in front of a Hollowman standing sentry in an alcove. She set the tray of food down on the floor, then turned to look at herself reflected in the shine of the sentinel's breastplate.

She quickly teased her hair, running her hands through it to increase its volume. Then sliding the dress off her shoulders, she hooked her fingers into the neckline of her dress and pulled down. The garments were enchanted to adjust their sizing to properly cover whatever size each girl reached, but Brynn didn't want to be properly covered today. Pulling forward on the dress she extended her cleavage by a few inches, the top halves of her breasts now fully exposed, the edge of her bright pink areola now visible at the hem. She tucked the extra fabric from the dress into her corset and with a smile picked up the tray once more and continued on her way.

Minutes later she was knocking on the Duke's door. "Enter" The Duke's voice beckoned.

With an innocent smile, Brynn shifted her grip on the tray, holding it out in front of her and pulling it into her chest. She pushed in the door with her hips and walked in with an eager bounce in her step. Her breasts jiggled energetically against the tray, which pushed them up against her torso.

"Good morning, My Lord!" She said as she made her way across the room.

The Duke, bent forward over his desk, stood up and turned to face her. "Good Morning, Lady Brynnifer" As his eyes settled on her as she approached the table, he stopped moving. He made no visible reaction, his face was the unflappable mask that was his trademark look, but that motionless stare spoke volumes. Brynn knew that she'd gotten his attention.

Setting the tray down upon the table, she stood straight and curtsied, the normal demure gesture made scandalous with how much of her bouncing bust was exposed.

"I trust you slept well, My Lord?" She asked voice polite and innocent.

The Duke cleared his throat and crossed the room towards her. "Yes, thank you. You're looking very fetching, Lady Brynnifer" He pulled out the chair at his table and sat.

She nodded, "Oh thank you, My Lord. You are very kind" Brynn struggled to contain a laugh. "Fetching" wasn't exactly the look she had been going for when she'd decided to enter almost topless, and she suspected it wasn't the word the Duke wanted to use either.

Sitting at the table he turned his head to face her directly. "Thank you, Lady Brynnifer, that will be all...unless there is something that I can do for you?"

The innocent question was loaded with subtext. It was the question that Brynn had been waiting to hear, a question that she suspected had been proposed to each of his consorts.

The Duke was an honorable man, that had been made very clear to Brynn through her time spent at his keep, and was part of what drew her to him. A man of his position and his power

could have any woman he wanted simply by taking them. But acting in such a way was the nature of brutes and tyrants, something the Duke was not. This had led to the Duke never pursuing women as a rule, lest their consent to his advances be driven not by mutual desire, but by fear. As such he did not lay a finger on any women that did not expressly desire it.

And so came the question. That question showed the Duke's hand. The Duke desired her but was honor bound to not make the first move, and so he put the onus on her. For what woman wouldn't jump at the chance to become one of the lovers of Duke Fenrod, one of the most powerful men in the kingdom?

Well, Brynn was one such woman. She didn't want to be one of the Duke's lovers. She wanted to be his only Lover. And to do this She had to make him break his rule.

Brynn gave him an innocent smile and bowed her head. "I need for nothing my lord. Thank you again for your generosity and your kindness"

The Duke was still for a moment, then nodded, apparently unperturbed by her response. "Very well. Good day" Then he turned back to his food and said no more.

Brynn gave a final bow, her breasts nearly popping out of what little of her dress contained them. Her nipples made two very large dents in the black fabric, the only thing holding her dress in place. Then she spun on her heel and strutted out of the room.

Closing the door behind her she silently danced on the spot with delight. That had gone exactly how she'd hoped. Her goal had been to lure the Dukes attention and she'd succeeded. Now she just had to keep it up, keep teasing him until he bowed down to her.

She returned downstairs to start her daily tasks within the castle when she was met for the second time this week by Madame Windtree waiting for her. The silver haired stern matron was the head of The Dukes staff, an impressive woman in her own right. She stood with her hands clasped against her waist, tucked underneath her own pumpkin sized breasts. Brynn eyed the senior woman's bust with a new appreciation; if all went well, she would soon be that size.

"Lady Brynnifer" the Madame said with her typical frosty demeanor.

Bryn bowed in respect as she stepped off the stairs in front of Windtree. "Lady Windtree. How may I serve"

Windtree raised a judgmental eyebrow. "Lady Brynnifer...what has happened to your uniform?"

Bryn blushed with embarrassment. She'd forgotten that she'd left her dress pulled down, the top of each massive melon exposed to view. "Sorry, Madame" she said as she pulled her dress back up to a slightly more conservative position. "Must have slipped when I stepped on it on the stairs"

The older woman rolled her eyes and turned around beckoning her to follow. "You received warm praise from Lady Heronia. An unexpected surprise to be certain; there aren't many beyond the Duke who can cheer her up"

Bryn smiled at this news. Lady Heronia was one of the Duke's consorts, and Bryn had served her a few days back when her normal servant had been ill. The woman had breasts each larger than a carriage, and yet the conversation had been the most interesting takeaway for Bryn.

"You can tell Lady Heronia it was an honor" Bryn replied.

Madame Windtree snorted "I shall not. I try to limit my exposure to Lady Heronia as much as possible. Why she turned a soft eye to you is a mystery. Anyhow, Lady Heronia is not why I have accosted you this morning. Lady Ophene is. She too finds herself without a maid this morning, and seeing how you handled Lady Heronia so splendidly you should have no trouble with Lady Ophene."

"As you wish My Lady" Bryn gave another respectful nod to the Madame as they entered the kitchen. Windtree gestured to a simple tray of a teapot, an empty teacup and sugar. "Lady Ophene's door is the last one on the left" Then she turned and exited the kitchen, having business elsewhere.

Bryn picked up the tray and set off toward the consort's wing of the keep. Bryn had met two of the Duke's consorts thus far during her stay. Celestia, an exotic beauty from the south, and of course Heronia, the Duke's long-suffering paramour. Bryn didn't know how many consorts the Duke had but the consort's wing had at least a dozen doors in it. *Surely not every room is occupied*, she mused as she entered the plush carpeted hall of the wing. She certainly hoped they weren't...The less competition she had for the Duke's heart, the better.

There was little gossip about the consorts within the halls of the Duke's keep, and so Bryn had very little to go off of what she should expect from Lady Ophene. It was a safe bet that she had a monumentally large chest, but beyond that she was an enigma.

Bryn made her way to the end of the hallway. She heard no moans or screams of sexual delight as she passed each door; The Duke was not in this morning. She stopped in front of the last door on the left as instructed, and gave it a firm knock.

"Yes, yes, come in" Came a distracted voice from inside.

Bryn opened the door and stepped in. The room was dimly lit except for the center of the room where Lady Ophene sat, which was lit by several chandeliers of candles, creating almost a spotlight in the center of the room.

"Good morning, My Lady, my name is-" Bryn started before Ophene cut her off.

"Lady Brynnifer, yes, I know who you are. Is that my tea? Good, please bring it over" Lady Ophene waved her over from where she was sitting, a high stool in front of a tall desk. She had an intelligent face, enhanced by the wire frame glasses she wore. Her hair was golden blonde and tied into a thick braid that reached the floor behind her. Unlike the previous two consorts, she was not fully nude. She wore a simple pair of black linen pants covering her legs, and a silk jacket with long sleeves over her arms and shoulders. The jacket wasn't done up, nor did she wear a shirt underneath, for, as Bryn had correctly assumed, her breasts were massive.

Each sloped away from her body and underneath the desk, to where they rested upon the floor a few feet in front of her. They were like enormous teardrops, spreading wider as they fell away

from her. Where her flesh rested upon the floor each breast was at least 4 feet wide. Their most significant feature was their nipples, which were enormous, far bigger than to be expected for breasts that were already colossal. Her areola spread three feet in diameter on the upper face of each teat, surrounding a pink fleshy nipple the size of a water bucket. They stuck straight up off of each breast, and nearly reached the underside of the desk they were sheltered by.

Bryn approached, with the tea. Lady Ophene didn't look up as she neared. She held a quill in her hand, and was writing furiously with it, pausing only to dab up more ink from the inkpot.

"On the desk, thank you" Ophene said without looking up as Bryn stepped up beside her. Bryn did as she was told, placing the tray upon the surface of the desk in the one spot that wasn't covered with parchment.

Bryn stood silently beside her, the only sound the scritch of quill on parchment. After a minute of being ignored, Bryn spoke.

"Is...is there anything else I may do for you, My Lady?"

Ophene sat up with a start "Gah! You're still here!? Goodness, you're quiet." At last, she turned her head to face Bryn. "And pretty too! Oh, the Duke must love you!" Bryn guessed that Lady Ophene wasn't much older than herself, probably 30 at the latest.

Bryn blushed at Ophene's appraisal "Why do you say that, My Lady?" She asked.

With a smirk Ophene reached out and flicked the tip of one of Bryn's nipples, causing it to swell, further increasing the size of the dent it made in the fabric of her dress. Bryn cried out with shock at the surprise sensation.

Ophene turned back to her writing on the desk. "The Duke loves a good set of nubs, as you can see" She gestured under the table towards her own set of gargantuan nipples.

Bryn took a few deep breaths to calm herself, her nipple still tingling from where it was struck. "Once again, My Lady, is there anything else I can do for you?" She asked again after recovering her composure.

Ophene shook her head. "Not really. I've got a lot of work to do, and I don't think you can help me with it" With a frown she made a number of marks on her current piece of parchment, then dipped the quill into the inkpot once more.

"Work?" Bryn asked, suddenly confused. "I...I thought you were one of the Duke's consorts?"

Ophene nodded, a frown still on her lips. "Oh, I am. But the Duke only comes once a week. I'm too smart to just sit idly by in a room all day, reading poetry and eating bon-bons. I take care of the Duke's financials for him"

Bryn's jaw opened in surprise. This was not what she'd expected from the third consort. It's not that she thought she'd be stupid; Heronia had been incredibly insightful. She just thought the life of a consort was to be doted upon and used. Lady Ophene had clearly rejected that stereotype. Bryn closed her mouth, but it was too late, Ophene had noted her gape.

"What's wrong? Didn't think someone with tits this big could be smart? Tsk tsk, how very judgmental of you" Ophene wagged the tail of the quill towards Bryn in a reprimanding fashion, but followed it with a wink, to ensure her sarcasm was caught.

Bryn shook her head, feeling embarrassed "No, no! Sorry, I just didn't know any of the consort's did...things"

Ophene smiled, setting down her quill "Don't worry about it. If I was standing where you are, I'd be surprised too. This certainly isn't where I thought I would be 10 years ago when the Duke first found me"

"Where was that?" Bryn asked.

"At the royal academy of course. I've always had a head for numbers, and so living in the capital, I'd gone to the academy to properly hone my skills. Was planning on joining the king's tax collectors. It's a lucrative position if you can get it, easy work, as long as you've got the mind for it, and comes with a plot of land for retirement. Of course, that all went out the window when I met Fenrod. Two sugars please" Ophene gestured to the teapot and empty teacup.

Bryn quietly set out about preparing her tea while Ophene continued her tale. "I was very close to graduating when I heard my friends mention this supposedly amazing guest lecturer who was in town for a few days. Apparently, he was brilliant, and had grand ideas for the kingdom. Three guesses who the lecturer was" Ophene looked to Bryn as the redhead handed her a piping hot cup of tea.

"The Duke?" Bryn said with a smile.

Ophene nodded "Mhmm, Duke Fenrod himself. The lecture hall was packed, mostly with women. His supposed grand ideas, were a little less fantastic than the rumors made them out to be, but it was clear he was brilliant, and had a keen mind for the future. After the lecture finished, he was mobbed by the students, asking him for employment, a reference, a date... Of course, I was one of them. Gods above knows why he picked me out of the crowd, but he did. I was in his carriage heading back to his keep the next day, my dreams of tax collecting abandoned."

"Wow" Bryn said "Just like that you were his consort?"

Ophene shook her head "Oh no, I did this for him first." She tapped her finger on the parchment upon her desk. "It was about a year after I first joined, and we were up late in his office discussing a potential crisis. By the end of the night, I'd found a solution. The Duke was thrilled, and asked me if there was anything he could do for me"

Bryn nodded. An all too familiar question.

Ophene continued "It was amazing at first. The sex was fantastic, watching my breasts grow ever more pendulous and full was thrilling, and knowing the Duke cared for me just filled my heart with joy"

Bryn raised an eyebrow "You said 'at first'?"

Ophene shrugged "Nothing good lasts forever. Turns out the Duke didn't care for me as much as I would've liked. The sex is still fine, though it's more for him these days than it is for me. And eventually my breasts stopped growing, thank goodness for that. I can barely move around now as it is."

Bryn leaned on the table, hanging on to her every word. "Wait, I was told that the Duke is amazing in bed! How is it just fine!?"

Ophene lifted an eyebrow "Told by who? Old Heronia? Figures. Still trying to be his favorite, even when he's not in the room."

Bryn held up a mouth to her hand in surprise "Oh...so, he's...bad?"

Ophene laughed "No, no, no. The Duke's reputation is sound. He is indeed excellent in bed, it's just our sessions are...a little one note. You see, I always enjoyed nipple play when I was young, so when the Duke expressed to me that he had a thing for large nipples...well you can obviously see the results. But he wanted to take it a step further..." She pointed towards the massive nipple closed to Bryn, nodding at Bryn to go take a look.

Bryn stepped over to the other side of the desk, leaning over to inspect it. It looked like a normal, just much, much bigger. The she noticed something off about it. At the center of the tip it looked like there was a thin line, a dent in the flesh. "What am I looking at?" She called over to Ophene.

From several feet away, Ophene bent down to look towards her under the desk. "Go ahead, touch it"

Bryn returned her attention to the nipple, reaching out with a finger extended. She touched the small line in Ophene's flesh, and surprisingly it parted, her finger sliding deep within.

Bryn gasped "Oh gods!"

"Oh gaaaawd" Ophene moaned from her seat.

Bryn pulled her finger out in shock. "Aw you tease!" Ophene joked.

Bryn rushed back over. "Does he...does he fuck your nipples?!"

Ophene nodded "Mmhmm. I being the young consort, desperate to please the Duke, agreed to the change wholeheartedly. If only I'd known. Now when he comes to me it's all he wants. No "Hello, Ophene! You're looking beautiful", or "My Darling, how I ache to make love to you". No, now he just walks in and sticks his cock in my nipple and does his thing. I'm lucky if I get a kiss, or a slap on the ass"

Bryns face slumped with sadness "Oh, Ophene, that's awful. Does it hurt?"

Ophene smirked at her "No, of course not. That moan of mine when you stuck your finger in wasn't fake. It feels wonderful...it's just purely physical. It's not the same as him being close,

his hands around my neck and on my shoulders, his breath in my ear. It's very impersonal. These days I often don't even stop working while he's here"

Bryn didn't know what to say. She'd expected another competitor for the Duke's affections, and had found the opposite. Although unlike Heronia, at least Ophene didn't seem to be jaded by it. Same as with Heronia, a simple question bloomed into Bryn's mind.

"So...why don't you leave?" Bryn asked.

Ophene gave her a confused look. "Why would I leave? I'm happy here?"

Bryn returned her look of confusion. "You...are? The story you tell sounds like you're miserable; stolen away from your dreams, just to be abandoned by the man you love?"

Ophene snorted through her sip of tea, sending droplets spraying across the room. "Love! Ha Ha! Oh, that's a good one. No, you are mistaken, Lady Brynnifer. I do not love the Duke, he is my employer"

Bryn shook her head, still confused. "You...don't love him? But you...he and you..."

Ophene set her quill down once more. "Oh, you silly girl. You think you have to love everyone you have sex with?"

Bryn frowned "No...I know that. It's just I thought the consorts..."

Ophene rolled her eyes "You thought that the consorts were all madly in love with the Duke, which is why they became consorts. Not all of us have as sad a tale as Heronia, the poor thing. Brynnifer, I became the Duke's consort because it seemed like fun, and it was fun for a time. Now I have other things to fill my day with. Do you know how many children were fed at orphanages last year?"

Bryn shook her head blankly. Ophene gave her a warm smile "I do. From my little desk here, I have a watchful eye over the Duke's lands, and do my part to keep things running. The Duke and I may not have as engaging a relationship as we once did, but he keeps me safe and comfortable, and I help him run his operation. Frankly it's for the best, we work much better as colleagues than we did as lovers."

"Wow" Bryn said, still shocked. "But...couldn't you still do all that without being his consort? Without...those?" She gestured to Ophene's breasts which filled the space beneath her desk.

Ophene smirked at her. "You make it sound like I don't like them! Quite the opposite my dear, I find them absolutely delightful. If I have any regrets about my time with the Duke, these two aren't among them." She absent mindedly rubbed a hand against the upper slope of one of her breasts as she made another mark in her ledger, then turned once more to face Bryn. "So, you know my story, now tell me yours?"

Bryn looked up and nodded her own smile forming "Oh, sure! Well, I used to be in a thieving crew, but when we attacked-"

With a wave of her hand Ophene cut her off “No, no, I already know all that. I want to know why you’re still here. I get a notice whenever one of the Duke’s staff receives a red cloth. You received one three weeks ago...and yet you’re still here. Why?”

Bryn blushed “Because...I love him”

Ophene nodded, an expression of pity forming on her face “Well that does explain your confusion with my situation. So what, you plan to be his next consort? This wing is starting to get pretty cramped...”

Bryn shook her head vehemently “No. I won’t be his consort. I want him to love me. To choose me above all others. I want to be his wife, his Duchess”

Ophene stopped writing. She turned and gave Bryn an appraising look “Well, well, well...you’ve got ambition, I’ll give you that.”

Bryn sighed “I know it sounds stupid, and maybe it is. But it feels right...I think?”

Ophene nodded “Well, I applaud you for trying, though I doubt your chances of success. As you well know a number of women have tried to climb that mountain, and here we remain, cluttered about this wing. So, what happens when the Duke offers for you to be his next play thing, in that roundabout way of his”

Bryn gave a small smile “He already did. He asked me this morning “

Ophene’s eyebrows lifted in surprise “Really!? So soon! He does like you...”

“I said No” Bryn cut her off.

Ophene couldn’t help but be surprised. “Really...I admire your will, for someone who claims to love him. So...that’s your game then? Tease him, lead him on, until eventually he submits?”

Bryn nodded “I don’t think any woman has ever made him work for their affection...No Offense”

Ophene waved her off “None taken. As you’ll remember I abandoned my schooling to go gallivanting off with the Duke after a single night with him. I didn’t exactly play hard to get.” Ophene rubbed her chin thoughtfully. “Well, I’ll admit it’s an inspired plan, if a bit simple. Do you want my advice?”

Bryn nodded eagerly “Oh, yes please”

“Smart girl. I have two things to offer you. Firstly, do you know why the Duke has never married?” Ophene said.

“No!” Bryn replied leaning forward eagerly. She’d never considered his reasoning before now.

“Me neither,” Ophene said with a sly grin. “The Duke is an emotional fortress, he never discusses himself or reveals anything. That’s why I started conversing with him solely through letters. He’s a brilliant man, but can be frustrating to communicate with face to face.”

Bryn nodded, agreeing with Ophene's assessment.

"If you want to get the Duke to marry you, you have to figure out why the Duke is opposed to marriage in the first place. Not easy, but nothing of what you're trying to accomplish is."

Bryn sat silent for a moment, contemplating what Ophene had told her. The woman had a very focused analytical mind, and it showed with how quickly she'd identified one of the critical steps that Bryn needed to take.

"My second piece of advice" Ophene continued "...Be careful. The Duke is a powerful man, an honorable man, maybe even a kind man. But he is still a man, and men have their limits. If you push him too far, deny him what he wants for too long...he may break his rule and just take it. *Without asking.*" These last two words she said with heavy emphasis, her tone dead serious.

Bryn's smile fell from her face at the grave warning Ophene offered. Her mind flew back to the first night at the Duke's keep when she'd attempted to murder him to earn her freedom. Without any effort whatsoever he'd taken control of her body and marched her around the room like a marionette. It had been the most terrifying experience of her entire life.

"Thank you, Ophene" Bryn finally said. "I will be careful"

Ophene nodded "Good. I'd hate to see a pretty little thing like you ruined by poor choices. Now if you could fetch me some more tea, I've got to get back to my numbers" Then she turned back to her desk and began to write once more. Bryn curtsied and then left the room, heading back to the kitchen to retrieve a fresh pot of tea.

Later that day Bryn made her way to the Duke's chambers with his dinner. She'd spent the rest of the day thinking about what Ophene had told her. She had no idea how she would figure out why the Duke had never married, when their conversations typically lasted less than 30 seconds. She needed an opportunity to really sit and talk with him, but when would she ever get that...

Her time with Ophene had given her at least one immediately actionable item. Standing before the Duke's doorway she set down the tray of food, then reaching both hands down the front of her dress she took her nipples into her hands and began to squeeze and massage them. Her body immediately responded, waves of pleasure emanating from her tips, as they began to swell and stiffen with excitement. With her nipples fully extended she pulled her dress back up over top. If the Duke liked a good set of nipples, then she'd give him that.

She knocked on the door, and entered as soon as the Duke voiced his reply. She strode into the room, head held high with pride. Her nipples formed two prominent bulges in the front of her dress, the fabric stretched tight to contain them.

"Good evening, My Lord" She said her voice sweet and kind.

The Duke didn't turn from his desk. "Good evening. That will be all Lady Brynnifer"

Bryn frowned. How was she supposed to entice the Duke if he didn't even look at her.

"My Lord, won't you come eat?" She asked.

"Later. I'm busy now" Came his gruff response.

"But, My Lord-" She protested.

"ENOUGH!" He yelled. Bryn flinched from his sudden anger. "I will eat when I desire, not when my *maid* commands it. Now BEGONE!" He put a nasty emphasis on the word maid, clearly making note of her lower station.

Bryn turned and left in a rush, feeling rejected, but not discouraged. She'd gotten too self-confident after this morning; one encounter with her cleavage was not going to be enough to get the Duke eating out of the palm of her hand, certainly not after she rejected him. His ego was bruised and he was lashing out. Bryn took a deep breath as she returned downstairs. As Ophene had said, this would not be easy.

Over the week the Duke's demeanor improved little. The same could not be said for Bryn's bust. Each morning she woke to find her breasts swollen ever further from the previous day. By the end of the week, they were nearly the size of Madame Windtree's, full and round, a pair of prize pumpkins. In her dress they hung over the edge of her corset, reaching her navel, a full foot of cleavage on display. Her nipples had continued their inexorable growth as well, expanding longer and thicker. When excited, they were large enough that it took her entire hand to wrap around them.

That evening, she sat on the edge of her bed with her dress off looking down at them. They were impressively large, covering her entire torso and just barely touching her lap when she sat. Despite the Duke's dismissive behavior, she'd caught his glances lingering upon her for just a moment longer than they should. Though he wasn't showing it, he liked what he was seeing. And so did she.

"My god, Brynn. You really grew this week!" Vantica said wistfully as she herself got undressed.

Brynn nodded joyfully, hands carefully caressing the upper surface of each breast. "Right? I'm definitely growing faster than before!"

Vantica sat down on the bed across from her. "So...how do they feel?"

Brynn grinned back at her "Pretty good! Do... you want to touch them?"

Vantica leapt across the gap between beds. Clearly, she'd been waiting for Brynn to give her the opportunity. Immediately her hands were on them, feeling their size and weight. Brynn leaned back supported by arms outstretched behind her, eyes closed while she enjoyed the stimulation of another person's hands on her chest. In her mind she imagined it was the Duke inspecting and groping her. "Mmmmm" She let out a low moan of pleasure.

Vantica was mesmerized by them, as she continued to paw at her friend's newly grown bust. "I wish mine were like this" She said under her breath. Her hands traced around the edge of Brynn's areola, the tickling sensation drawing her nipples to attention. Vantica's eyes lit up as she watched the little pillar of flesh elongate and grow rigid. "Wow...your nipples are so big."

"Mmhmm!" Brynn replied gleefully.

Vantica leaned forward, eyes fixated on them. She opened her mouth, tongue extending, desperately seeking Brynn's flesh. The tip of her tongue made contact with the end of Brynn's nipple, sending a wave of excitement through Brynn. She let out another moan, when a different sensation hit her. A burning tingling emanating from the seal upon her chest.

Brynn leapt to her feet, throwing Vantica backwards. "The Duke!! He's calling for me!" She cried out happily.

Vantica rushed over to grab Brynn's dress. "Quick, get dressed!" She said as she helped Brynn into her clothing. With her uniform back on Brynn rushed for the door, turning back only momentarily to look at her friend. Vantica's face was still flushed, her own nipples stiff with excitement. "Go!" She urged a smile upon her face.

Brynn smiled back, then set out into the hall. *That was...interesting* She thought with a bashful smile as she walked through the halls. Just a momentary lapse, that's all.

She would have to consider it later. For now, she was focused on the Duke. He had called for her, well after hours. Her excitement grew as she climbed each set of stairs. Could this be it, already? Him calling for her to express his deep desire for her? Brynn giggled to herself at the thought. What would she say to him? Perhaps she would reject him, really turn up the heat on her campaign of teasing. Would she even be able to say no, if he really bared himself to her? Part of her knew she would likely crumble if he fell to his knees before her and expressed his love.

Without hesitation she pushed through the door. "Good evening, My Lord..." She purred, voice sultry. She expected him to be waiting for her, to rush forward to greet her. Instead, he stood before the fire, face grim as he stared deep into the roaring flames. His black glasses were off, exposing the flaming blue light of his eyes. He wore his typical black velvet pants, and plain white shirt, though today the sleeves were rolled up to his elbows, exposing his muscular forearms. In his right hand he held a goblet of wine, that he sipped from every few moments.

"Can you read?" Was all he said, his voice neutral.

"My lord?" Brynn replied, confused.

"I said, 'Can you Read', Lady Brynnifer" He said without turning to face her.

Brynn nodded, still unsure of what was happening "Yes, My Lord. I was taught by another member of my crew"

"The letter on the table, read it" He commanded.

Bryn stepped forward hesitantly. There upon the table was an empty envelope, and an unfolded letter. She picked it up and squinted her eyes, straining to make out the text in the dim light.

"I'm sorry, My Lord, I can't quite-" With a snap of the fingers on his right hand, a small glowing orb the same colour as his eyes appeared over her shoulder, perfectly illuminating the page "Ah, Thank you". The letter now in clear view, she read the untidy script.

Fenrod,

It's been too long since we've dined together. Come west and spend a week at my keep. I know you don't agree with some of the decisions the King has made lately, so let us discuss and scheme like we did when we were young lads at the academy.

Bring one of your girls with you, I know you and I have differing tastes in women, and I wouldn't want your trip to be poor for a lack of excitement.

Come for the first of the month. I look forward to seeing you once again.

Your Friend,

Lord Angus

The final line of the letter hit her like a gut punch. "It's a trap" She said immediately, her mind acting out of instinct.

"Perhaps" The Duke said quietly, his back still to her. "Perhaps not. Lord Angus is indeed one of my oldest friends. Someone whose loyalty I would've considered absolute"

Bryn threw the letter down on the table. "But, My Lord, the Assassins! They gave his name as their patron!"

The Duke shrugged "The desperate words of a dying man. We cannot trust his accusation; he may have given that name just to make the pain stop."

Bryn walked over to stand beside him before the fire. He tilted his head to the side slightly to spare her a glance. She looked up into his blazing eyes of light. "My Lord, why did you summon me" She asked tentatively.

The Duke turned back to the fire. "I told no one else about the events of that night where you aided me. The only living people alive who know the details are standing in this room. Seeing as this invitation is directly correlated, I sent for you. To see what you thought."

"I think it's a trap, My Lord!" She replied without hesitation. "You cannot go! You'd be walking into the wolf's den!"

The Duke nodded slightly, the fire in his eyes dancing "That is a likely outcome... Or perhaps the invitation is as innocent as it looks, an old friend looking to commiserate"

"My Lord, no! Please, don't go, it's not worth the risk!" She pleaded to him, turning to face him. The outer edge of her breasts brushed the side of his arm as she turned. He didn't react though she did see goosebumps appear on his flesh where they'd made contact.

"I must, Lady Brynnifer. I cannot live my life a coward, hiding away in my keep while my enemies scheme and plot. Lord Angus is my friend, and if he is guilty of this treachery then I shall face him head on, and if he is not...then I must pray that he can forgive my suspicion"

"My Lord...Fenrod...please" The Duke turned with a raised eyebrow at the use of his name. Brynn didn't care about the impertinence, as tears formed in her eyes. She couldn't stand by and do nothing as the man she loved discussed willingly walking into the arms of his foes. "Please don't go alone. Please..."

The corner of the Duke's lips raised ever so slightly. From his back pocket he pulled out a red handkerchief, very similar to the one Brynn had seen weeks before. With a flourish he folded it over his hand, then gently dabbed at the tears on Bryn's face. Bryn was breathless, standing still as she felt the Duke's hands gently dry her eyes.

"Silly girl" He said "I never said anything about going alone. Didn't you read the letter? I'm supposed to bring a companion. Which is the second reason why I've summoned you this evening" The Duke folded up the handkerchief, now damp with tears, and slipped it back into his pocket. Then he turned about and walked over to his desk where he took a seat in his chair facing her.

"Wait..." Bryn said in disbelief "You...you mean me?"

The Duke nodded, the tiny smile on his face gone once more. "Of course. It was *your* instincts that kept me alive that night, and I hoped I could count on them again. If I'm going to discover whether or not my friend has betrayed me, then I'm going to need a good thief to help me"

Bryn started to hyperventilate, her enormous chest heaving. This was not how she expected this rendezvous to go. Putting both hers and the Duke's life in danger was not high on her list of things to accomplish. The Duke said nothing, waiting for her to calm down.

Slowly Bryn got control of herself, as the realization of what this meant dawned on her. The Duke trusted her, trusted his life in her hands. Not only that, but she would get to spend an entire week with him! There was no way she could let this opportunity pass.

Taking a deep breath once more to steady herself she turned to him and bowed. "As you wish, My Lord. It would be my honor to accompany you on your trip"

"Good" The Duke said "We leave in the morning. But first a few details"

Bryn nodded "Of course, My Lord"

"It'll raise too many suspicions if I arrive with a lowly maid in tow. Therefore, for the week you shall pose as my latest consort. Of course, it will be an act, we shall sleep in separate beds, and I shall not lay a finger on you...Any objections?" He paused slightly before asking this final question.

Bryn bowed once more "No, my lord" Bryn smiled as she faced the floor. By giving her the opportunity to object to the no contact rule, the Duke had once again tried to bait her into becoming his consort, but Bryn would not be shaken from her path.

"You'll need to look the part, but that shouldn't require much change" He said, idly scratching his goatee. "You're already easily beautiful enough"

Bryn blushed at the compliment, her heart beginning to beat wildly in her chest. "Oh...thank you, My Lord. My breasts then?"

The Duke shook his head "No, I think those are a perfect size right now. Clearly large enough to mark you as one of mine, but not so large to impede your movements. Your hair however..." His eyes flared and Bryn felt her scalp begin to itch. Then she felt a tickle on her chest. She looked down to see the ends of her hair, which previously rested just below her shoulders, sliding down her chest. As it grew, her hair became shinier, and thicker. Bryn couldn't help but run her hands through it, feeling its beautiful lengths as it passed her waist. Finally it stopped growing, slightly above her knees.

Before her the Duke spun his fingers in a complex pattern. Suddenly her hair lifted on its own accord and began to twist around itself. When Bryn felt the movement stop, she reached behind her head to feel what had happened. There she found two large braids that trailed from the back of her head down her back, reaching the middle of her thighs. With a coo of delight, she pulled them over her shoulder, letting them cascade down off the front of her chest. Her face split with a smile as she imagined how she must look. The Duke's expression was neutral, but he must've been pleased for he didn't change anything.

"And new clothes of course" he said, followed by a snap of his fingers. Bryn watched as her dress transformed before her eyes into a scandalous black and red silk number. The front of the dress was split from just below her belly button up to her collar bones, leaving the entirety of her cleavage exposed. Despite this massive break in the front, the dress clung to her curves, moving with her as if it were a second skin.

"Oh my..." She said, running her hands down the front of the dress. The fabric was incredibly fine, the stitching and design impeccable. "You have excellent taste, My Lord" She said with a smile.

The Duke nodded "You'll find similar items in the trunk that's been dropped off just outside your room. Pack whatever else you wish to bring, perhaps that little kitchen knife of yours." His lips twitched at his joke. "The carriage leaves at first light. Do not be late" Then without another word he turned back to his desk. This audience was over.

Bryn gave a bow and exited the room hastily. She practically ran back down to her quarters, bouncing with excitement all the way. As she rushed down the stairs her breasts jiggled in her new silk dress, bringing whoops of delight from the redhead.

When she'd returned to her quarters the door was open. Inside Vantica and Sashy were bent over the trunk that the Duke's hollowmen had delivered. Bryn stepped into the room with a sigh of contentment.

"Oh Bryn, you're back" Vantica said, not looking up. "They dropped off this trunk of beautiful dresses, but I'm not sure wh-Whoa! Look at you?!"

With a smug smile upon her face Bryn walked past the two who stared at her with open mouths, hands on her hips as she swung her ass back and forth as she walked. "How do I look?" She teased, running her hands down one of her newly grown braids of bright red hair.

"Incredible!" Vantica said with a gasp as she stood up to take her friend all in. "Where did you get that dress! And your hair! So luxurious!"

Sashy crossed her arms across her chest, raising an eyebrow. "Did you become the Duke's consort?"

Bryn frowned at her friend, putting on a mock show of being upset "Sashy, I can't believe you would accuse me of such things!"

Sashy narrowed her eyes "So...you're not his consort?"

Bryn shook her head "Nope"

Sashy looked at the dresses in the open trunk "But he just gave all of this to you?"

Bryn gave her a magnanimous smile "Yup"

Sashy let her arms flop to her side in frustration "Why?!"

Brynn looked back and forth between her friends. Vantica who was currently circling her and fawning over every aspect of her new look, and Sashy who looked at her completely exasperated.

"Ok, I'll tell you" Brynn said "But shut the door, it's a secret!"

After making them promise not to tell anyone, Brynn filled them in on the events from several weeks back when she'd saved the Duke's life. Then she told them of how the Duke had invited her to join him with the hope of tracking down the culprit. She conveniently left out the part about trying to marry the Duke, as she felt that was an unnecessary detail for the current situation. Plus she didn't really know how the two would react.

They'd started sitting on the bed together, but had found it uncomfortable, and so after getting undressed the three girls had transitioned to Bryn lying on her back propped up by her pillows, with the other two girls snuggling in beside her, each resting a head upon one of her breasts, each one the size of a large pillow. Bryn had been a little surprised when the two had crawled in to bed with her after she'd laid down, but she wasn't complaining. Their skin was smooth and warm against her own.

"Please be careful Bryn" Vantica said, as she pressed herself tighter against her friend. Bryn smiled, leaning down to kiss her on the top of her head. "Of Course, V. Nothing's going to happen. I'll be with the Duke, the man is practically a god"

Sashy idly played with the end of one of Bryn's nipples as she spoke "He's not a god though. He almost died! What if they try to kill him again?"

Bryn bit her lip to hold in a moan as she felt her nipples tingle from her friend's touch "Ooo, easy, Sashy, that...feels a little too good. And to answer your question...well they may try. But we do have an advantage; we know the possibility is coming"

Sashy smiled but didn't stop teasing the redhead's nub "Yeah...you're right. We just worry about you, is all."

"Yeah" Vantica said "If we lose you...who's gonna let us play with their tits?" Before Bryn could react Vantica reached out and pinched the end of her other nipple.

"Ohhhhhh, fuck!" Bryn moaned, her eyes squeezing tight. "What...what are you doing!?" She said in shock.

Vantica and Sashy sat up and looked at her with wide grins on their faces. "Vantica and I have been just a little jealous of your new titties, Bryn darling. They just look so...delectable. So huge, so soft, those glorious nipples" She finished her sentence with a flick against said nipple, causing Bryn to inhale sharply.

"So, when I told Sashy about the fun we were starting to have earlier, she definitely wanted in." Vantica said, continuing to squeeze Bryn's nipple. "And since you're leaving in the morning...well, no time like the present"

Bryn was powerless to resist as the girls moved upon her. Sashy pushed herself up and locked her lips around the end of the nipple she'd been teasing, her hand now moving down between Bryn's legs, gently caressing and teasing her unexpectedly moist crevice. Vantica slid up so her head was beside Bryn's, then she began to kiss the redhead's neck and ear, while she increased the rhythm of pressure she applied to the nipple between her fingers.

"Oh God...Mmm...Ohh god!" Bryn said breathlessly, in between quickening pants. The stimulation, the pleasure, it was overwhelming. Sashy's juicy round lips locked around her one nipple, Vantica's gentle but firm fingers upon the other. The speed of Sashy's hand upon her pussy increased, as her fingers rubbed circular motions around her clit. With Vantica's free hand she grabbed onto one of Bryn's newly grown braids and pulled hard on her hair. "Ahhh!!" Bryn cried out with exhilaration at the pleasurable pain.

"Oh, Bryn, do you know how fucking sexy, you are?" Vantica whispered in her ear as she continued to kiss her. "Won't you come for us?" She exhaled sharply against her, drawing a whimper from Bryn.

She was like puddy in their hands, her entire body trembling. She felt the tidal wave of release build inside her, pushed onward by her friend's teasing touches.

"Ah...Ah...AHHHHHH" She screamed as she came, her hips bucking and lifting off the bed, her legs and arms spasming involuntarily.

She collapsed back into bed, her breathing labored as her two friends snuggled in beside her once more. They each leaned in and kissed her on opposite cheeks. Bryn smiled in between heavy breaths as her friends leaned their heads upon her once more.

"Please be careful on your trip, Bryn" Vantica whispered.

"It'd be a shame if we couldn't have any more fun with you" Sashy continued the sentiment.

Bryn let out a soft chuckle, letting the tension of her body out as she melted into the pillow. Soon they were all asleep, the three of them a twisted tangle of femininity and breast flesh.

When Bryn woke it was still dark. The seal on her chest was tingling angrily. "Shit!" She whispered, not wanting to wake the two girls who laid on either side of her. Carefully extricating herself from them, she grabbed a dress from the trunk; a simple blue one, with a deep neckline, and a flowy bottom. Tucking her breasts into the dress, the fabric stretched almost to its limit by them, she turned to leave. She paused a moment, then rushed over to the side of the bed, leaning over to kiss both of her friends on the cheek. "Good bye, you two" She whispered as she turned to leave.

She grabbed hold of the trunk and began to drag it behind her. "Gods this thing is heavy!" She groaned as she made it out the door. Luckily there were two hollowmen standing at attention just outside their room.

"Oh, thank goodness. Could you two please carry this?" She asked sweetly. She didn't know if hollowmen had feelings, but she wasn't going to risk being rude.

"Of course, Lady Brynnifer" The one on the right said, his voice the same metallic echo that they all shared. At once they each grabbed hold of one side of the trunk and lifted. "After you, My Lady"

With a nod of her thanks, she set off down the hall. As they walked a sudden thought occurred to her. "How...how long had you been standing there?" She asked.

"All night, My Lady, as per the Duke's instructions" The lead hollowman reported.

Bryn felt herself blush. "Did...did you hear anything?"

The hollowman said nothing for a few moments. Then he spoke "Your business with Ladies Vantica and Sashy is your own. We respect the privacy of all members of The Duke's staff."

Bryn let out a quiet sigh of relief. She didn't know how the Duke would react to her...playing with her friends. Best to keep it a secret, which appeared to be the hollowmen's specialty.

They exited the castle, stepping into the chilly air of the courtyard. Immediately she felt the exposed surface of her ponderous bust tense from the frosty sensation. Ahead of her the Duke stood before the cart, wearing the same all black ensemble she'd first met him in. The man was as rigid with his wardrobe as he was with his emotions.

"Forgive me, Lady Brynnifer" He said as he turned to greet her, noticing how she clutched herself and rubbed her arms to try and relieve the cold. "I forgot that you came to us without travelling gear." Spinning his hands around each other rapidly, a large white bundle appeared from thin air in his hands. His face a blank slate, he handed it to her.

Bryn gasped with delight as she unfolded the gift, a luxurious plush white fur coat. She slung it on, and the cold of the morning was immediately repelled. The warm overcoat reached all the

way to her ankles, completely shielding her from winter's wrath, and protecting her body from prying eyes. She curtsied before him, a wide smile upon her face "Thank you, My Lord"

The Duke simply nodded "I can't have you dying from exposure before we reach our destination. Now come, the journey is long" He turned and opened the door to the carriage and gestured for her to enter. Bryn hurried forward and stepped up into the carriage, sitting on the bench to the left. The Duke followed her in and sat across from her.

The carriage was as beautiful on the inside as it was on the outside. The seats were upholstered with rich red leather. Fine metalwork rimmed the windows, and traced patterns on the ceiling. The floor was a thick carpet, allowing passengers to remove their boots and relax on particularly long trips. The Duke pulled the door shut and then knocked upon the roof of the cab. Moments later the carriage set off, pulled by the same team of beautiful black horses that Bryn had first seen in the forest.

Together they rode in silence. The Duke, with his black glasses on, stared out the window at the cold forest they rode through. His arms were crossed over his chest. Though his face was his typical neutral mask, Bryn could tell he was tense.

She sat across from him, hands folded delicately in her lap, twin braids cascading down her front and resting upon the seat on either side of her. The coat was extremely comfortable, and soft upon her skin. The Duke really did like to treat his ladies. A few times in the first hour, she tried to build up the courage to speak, but couldn't bring herself to do it. The question of "Why aren't you married?" kept bobbing into her mind, but she knew that she couldn't ask that. They weren't nearly close enough yet.

Finally, after two hours of quiet she spoke, having thought up a topic that she figured he'd be open to discuss. "My Lord?" She said quietly.

"Yes, Lady Brynnifer?" He said not turning from the window.

"What can you tell me of Lord Angus?" She'd come up with this question, not just to prepare herself for their destination, but also to hopefully pry a bit into the Duke's past.

He looked across at her "He's a boastful, arrogant, petty man. And for most of my life, he's been my best friend. He and I attended the academy together, all those years ago. He's incredibly smart, has a way of seeing things like no other, but his station has tainted him. I much preferred him before he became "Lord Angus"; now I can only handle him in small doses" The Duke's voice softened as he discussed his old friend, of their friendship that had waned.

Bryn nodded "I'm sorry to hear that, My Lord"

The Duke waved a hand at her dismissively "It's nothing. People come, people go. Such is the way of life. I try not to get attached" He turned back to the window, arms crossing once more. The Duke's attitude stung Bryn, but was not a surprise to her. A man who did favor emotional attachments would likely have been wed by now.

"My Lord...do you think he's really responsible for the attack?" She asked.

The Duke lifted a hand and rubbed his chin in thought, fingers running through the trimmed hair of his goatee. "I really can't say. I can see reasons both for why he would and wouldn't have been behind it."

Bryn leaned forward slightly in her seat. "But what do you feel?"

The Duke said nothing, as he stared out the window, hand covering his mouth and chin. Bryn sat for several seconds in silence before he lowered his hand and spoke. "I feel...that my friend would not do this. We've had our arguments, our squabbles, as all intelligent men do. Though I feel he has changed in personality, what has not changed are his morales. He wouldn't resort to subterfuge to achieve his goals." He sat in silent contemplation for a moment before he continued "What I feel is irrelevant. I cannot refute the facts before me; some amount of evidence points to him and I cannot ignore that"

Bryn tilted her head to one side "Do not be so quick to deny your intuition, My Lord. I acted on a feeling that night, when I rushed to your room with only a knife. I knew none of the facts of what I would face, but I felt that something was wrong, and so I acted. If I'd not trusted my intuition...who can say what would have occurred"

The Duke turned to look at her, tilting his head slightly forward. The black circles of his glasses slid slightly down his proud nose, revealing just a hint of the blazing lights of his eyes over the top of the rims. His stare was intense, and Bryn felt the urge to flinch away, but she maintained her resolve, a peaceful look upon her face.

"That's very wise, Lady Brynnifer" He said as he turned back to look out the window. "I appreciate your counsel"

Bryn nodded, eyes shutting as she gave him a demure smile "Thank you, My Lord". Within, her heart thumped wildly against her chest, but on the surface she was the image of serene calm.

They returned to silence, the only sound the clomp of the horse's hooves against the stony road as it pulled them through the forest. Bryn had shifted to lean against the side of the carriage, staring out the window herself. With each bump of the carriage wheels over a loose stone, she felt her breasts jiggle upon her lap, bringing tingles of delight. Her mind kept wandering to the previous night spent with the two other maids, and it took a decent bit of self-control to prevent herself from getting more flustered than she already was.

An hour later they passed a surprisingly familiar stretch of forest. Bryn looked out the window confused at why she recognized the scenery, when she saw them. There along the side of the road were 13 lumps covered in snow; the bodies of her former crew. They were several hours' ride from any village; no one had come to collect them. She gasped softly as they passed.

"Do you resent me for what I did, Lady Brynnifer" The Duke asked from across the cab.

She turned her head towards him to find him watching her. "I...no, no My Lord. We were criminals. You acted within the law"

The Duke raised an eyebrow. "Many cruel things are undertaken in the name of the law. The King's tax collectors take from the poor, men are taken from their homes and are slaughtered in war. I ask again, do you resent me?"

Bryn looked down, unable to keep his gaze. "I think I did for a time. When you're raised on the street, it's easy to believe that the nobles are ignorant about those beneath them. I thought you were the same. Taking me and forcing me into indentured servitude didn't help...um, My Lord" She blushed slightly after her correction. She'd forgotten who she was talking to.

The Duke leaned forward resting his arms on knees. "So, now you've changed your mind? Just like that, the nobles are redeemed?"

Bryn shook her head "No...I still think they're aloof, greedy and uncaring...Just, not you. You've been kind, and generous. Honorable. And not just to us in the keep. I spoke with Lady Ophene, she told me about the orphanages. I didn't know they were paid for by you, My Lord. That is incredibly decent of you"

The Duke sat back against the wall of the cab. "They were Ophene's idea. That girl is responsible for most of the good and decent things in my land." The Duke shook his head. "Don't be too quick to not paint me with the same brush as the rest of them, Lady Brynnifer. I've done plenty of greedy and uncaring things in my time"

Bryn frowned "Do not say such things, My Lord. You are a good man. Do you judge me based on my past life as a thief? No, you've opened your house to me and shown me great kindness and trust. I think you should allow your own self a similar treatment of forgiveness"

The Duke said nothing, his gaze fixed out the window. The side of his lips twitched up ever so slightly, though he lifted his hand up to rest over his mouth in an attempt to hide it. "Lady Brynnifer, you're the smartest thief I've ever met"

Bryn smiled "My Lord, I do believe I'm likely the only thief you've ever met"

The Duke's lips lifted higher, as he exhaled through his nose. It wasn't quite a laugh, but it was the closest Bryn had ever seen from the Duke.

They settled back into silence, but it was not rife with tension as before. Now it was a comfortable silence, as they both watched the road pass by as their carriage rolled slowly through the forest.

Bryn woke with a start, panicking for a moment as her conscious mind struggled to recognize where she was. She'd dozed off during the voyage quite accidentally. The Duke said nothing, still idly gazing out the window.

"Oh goodness" Bryn said as she sat up. "Forgive me for falling asleep, My Lord. This coat is quite warm and comfortable"

"Think nothing of it, Lady Brynnifer" The Duke replied, eyes not leaving the passing scenery.

Looking out the window she saw that the Sun was nearing the western horizon. "Are we nearly there, My Lord?"

The Duke shook his head “No, it’s a two day trip. We’ll stop for the night at Pine Grove Falls, a town at the border between our lands.”

Less than an hour later they pulled into the small village, just as the sun had dipped out of view. Through the carriage window, Bryn could see villagers peering curiously from their homes at the passing convoy. These were still the Duke’s lands and they easily recognized the sigil of their lord. The cart stopped in front of what Bryn suspected was a tavern.

Bryn slid across the bench towards the door to open it when the Duke reached across and placed a hand on it, holding it closed. Bryn looked up at him confused. “My Lord?”

The Duke’s face was serious, somehow more serious than it normally was. “Though we are still in my land, my enemies have spies everywhere. Therefore, it is time for our facade to begin. You are my consort and will act as such. You bow to no one, not even me. You will act in the manner that you accurately described the nobles; aloof and uncaring. Do not be overly affectionate with me, but also do not be avoidant. Finally, you will address me by my name, not my title. Do you understand, Lady Brynnifer?”

Bryn’s mind whirled, filing away all that the Duke had just said. With a confident smile she nodded “Yes, My Lord”

The Duke raised an accusatory eyebrow at her

“Oh!” She said “Sorry, I mean, Yes, Fenrod” She savored the way his name sounded coming from her mouth. Yes, she was definitely going to enjoy this.

The Duke nodded at her correction. “Good. Let’s go” Without another word the Duke pushed open the carriage door and stepped out, turning back to offer her a hand. Bryn gently gripped his hand with hers, the touch thrilling her, as she stepped gracefully out of the carriage. “Thank you, darling” She said, flashing him a dazzling smile. Her voice puffed into mist in the cold air, her cheeks taking on a bit of colour. The Duke simply nodded before turning and leading them into the tavern, Bryn following dutifully behind, her hands held together in front of her, fully covered by her sleeves.

Bryn stepped past the Duke as he held the door open for her, stopping to wait just inside the door. The Duke followed her in and walked towards the counter. In one smooth motion she fell into step beside him, linking her arm through his. She felt the Duke’s muscles tense at her unexpected touch, but he said nothing. Behind them, two hollowmen tramped in through the door, carrying Bryn’s trunk.

The tavern keepers face went white as he saw them approach. “My Lord! Welcome! We were not expecting you!” The portly man aggressively bowed low before them, his head nearly banging off the bartop.

“We will require a room. A private room” he Duke said, staring down the tavernkeeper.

The man nodded far too many times “Yes, yes, of course my Lord. We have plenty of rooms, though they may not be up to the standards you are used to...”

Bryn leaned against the Duke's arm heavily "Fenrod, my dearest love, can we have a room facing the East? I love watching the sun rise from my window, especially in your warm embrace!"

The Duke turned his head towards her and shot her a look. *Tone it down*, it read. Bryn shifted her weight off the Duke, blushing slightly. She may have laid it on a bit too thick.

The tavern keeper was too dumbstruck to notice the subtle interaction that had occurred before him. "We've got a lovely room with a large window that faces the east. Here you go my lord" The man handed him a key with a numbered tag attached to it.

"Thank you" The Duke said, turning towards the staircase. He turned to give the man one last look over his shoulder. "Send up dinner in an hour. After that, no interruptions"

The man bowed again, not lifting his head until the Duke and Bryn had ascended the staircase.

They made their way to the correct room and entered, with the hollowmen following behind. With a loud thump they set her trunk on the floor. "Return to the carriage" The Duke said. Without a word they set off back down the hallway and back downstairs.

Bryn looked around the room. It was a fairly standard tavern room, like countless others she'd stayed in before. Small, but cosy. A small hearth with a fire crackling was set into the back wall. There was no furniture save for a single bed and a small table with two chairs. As promised the wall across from the bed featured a prominent window that faced directly east.

The Duke removed his black jacket and sat down at the table. "I would've thought someone as learned in the criminal arts as yourself would be a bit more subtle"

Bryn nodded, ignoring the barb "Sorry, My Lord. I'll do better"

He looked over at her "Fenrod. I appreciate your sense of duty, but I'd prefer we keep up the act even if we think no one's around. Understood?"

She nodded again with a smile "Yes...Fenrod" She said his name slowly, emphasizing each syllable. The Duke's stare remained on her for a moment, before he looked away. "I have work to do. You may do what you wish with your time" With a snap of his fingers, a stack of parchment appeared on the table before him, along with a quill and ink. Snatching the quill from its hold, he settled in and began to write.

Bryn undid the clasp on her white fur coat, and slung it off her shoulders. The air in the room was warm, and she breathed a sigh of contentment to be free of the heavy coat's burden. Delicately she walked over and sat down at the other chair at the table.

"What are you writing?" She asked curiously.

"A letter to the king" The Duke replied without looking up.

"Oh! What about?" Bryn said leaning in, interested. Her breasts which filled her lap, pushed against the table, causing it to slide away from her as she leaned. Across the table, the Duke's

quill dragged a line of ink across the parchment as the table moved unexpectedly beneath it. He looked up at her, face stern.

“Oops, Sorry” she said with an embarrassed smile. The Duke said nothing, as he crumpled the paper into a ball and tossed it over his head, landing it perfectly in the fire. He pulled a fresh page from his stack and started anew.

“The King is a troubled man. He often turns to me for advice” The Duke said as he began to write once more. Bryn nodded, sitting back in her chair so as to avoid her bust impeding on the Duke’s work once more. She silently sat and watched him, hands idly playing with her long luxurious braids. She hummed a quiet tune as she ran her fingers through her hair, content to just sit and be relaxed for a bit.

After a while there was a knock at the door. “Dinner, my lord” Came the voice through the door. The Duke snapped his fingers and the parchment he’d been working on disappeared. He opened his voice to speak when Bryn held out a hand. “Wait!” She whispered. The Duke raised an eyebrow at her, but said nothing.

Quietly she made her way around the table, then pushing the table slightly away from the Duke, she wrapped an arm around his shoulder and slid into his lap. She held tight to him, pressing her body against his, his thick taut muscles easily felt beneath his shirt. For the final touch grabbed his one arm by the wrist, and lifted his hand, placing it upon one of her breasts.

“What are you doing?” He said, his voice quiet, but harsh.

“Being convincing,” She hissed back. “Come in!” She said, raising her voice. The door opened and the tavern keeper entered with two plates of warm food. As he entered Bryn let out a fake laugh, a high-pitched titter directed at the Duke.

“Oh, Fenrod my dear, you are so funny!” She said, voice giddy. She turned to face the tavern keeper, who’s previously pale face was now going red seeing the Duke and his Consort in such a compromising position. “Just on the table, if you please” Then she turned her attention back to fawning over the Duke.

The Duke said nothing, though his body spoke volumes. She could feel his heart beating rapidly where her voluminous chest touched his. The palm that rested upon her bust was still but clammy. Where her arm clung to his shoulders she could feel his muscles flexing. His breathing had quickened by just a touch. She reckoned if she sat here for much longer she’d soon begin to feel something else of his, poking into the bottom of her thighs.

The tavern keeper placed the two plates of food down on the table, and bowed. “Thank you” The Duke said with a nod, before the man retreated hastily, slamming the door behind him. As soon as he was out the door, Bryn stood up and returned to her seat, pulling one of the plates of food toward her.

“Lady Brynnifer...” He started, voice stern.

Bryn cut him off “Fenrod, what kind of high lord has his consort alone in his room, sitting across from him while he works? I’m supposed to be your lover, not your mother.”

The Duke was silent, his lips pressed thin. Brynn began to eat, not looking at him, her face a nonchalant mask of calm. She could feel the tension emanating from him, but he said no more, instead picking up his own fork and beginning to eat. Bryn smiled as she ate, not belying the fact that she herself was also feeling incredibly aroused.

When the evening was late, the Duke finally put away his parchment and quill. Bryn had moved to the bed hours ago, and was reading a book that the Duke had packed for her in her trunk. She'd never had a book to read before, and found the experience delightful.

The Duke walked up beside the bed, standing close to her. Without saying a word he leaned down over her, Brynn raising her head up towards him. *What is he doing?* She thought, *Is...is he going to kiss me?!* Bryn closed her eyes and lifted her head towards him, but nothing came. Keeping his distance, the Duke reached across her and grabbed the unused pillow off the bed. Standing up straight, he dropped the pillow on the floor beside the fire. With a snap of his fingers a thin blanket appeared in his arms. Gingerly, he got down and laid upon the stone floor, resting his head on the pillow and draping the blanket over himself.

Bryn, still flushed from what she'd thought was going to be a kiss, leaned over the edge of the bed to address him. "Fenrod...I thought we were going to keep up the facade? Sleeping on the floor is unbecoming of you"

The Duke removed his glasses, setting them on the floor beside him. The blue fire of his eyes lit up the dim room, before he shut them. "There are some lines that I will not cross, My Lady, no matter the circumstances. Goodnight" After that he rolled over onto his side, facing away from her.

Bryn sighed wistfully as she settled herself into bed. When she'd seen the single bed, she'd imagined a night with the Duke's warm body beside her, but it would appear it would not be the case.

She pouted to herself. That stupid man and his stupid honour. She knew her plan of keeping him at arm's length, making him come to her was working...but dammit it was hard! He was so close, just laying on the floor beside her. Part of her wished for him to sweep her up in his arms then and there and make passionate love to her. Thankfully her more rational side won out.

"Lady Brynnifer..." His voice called from the floor beside her bed.

"Yes?" She replied from where she lay, head turning toward him.

"The east facing window...that had a purpose, didn't it?" He was still facing the fire as he spoke.

Bryn smiled; she'd wondered if the Duke would notice that "It's an old thieves superstition. Most crews won't make a play on an east facing room. If something goes wrong, and it takes too long, that's the side of the building that gets first light at dawn. Instead of risking being caught when making their getaway, it's just a common rule to never go after an east room"

Nothing but the crackle of the fire. Then, "Clever... Well done today, My Lady"

A gleeful grin split Brynn's face. "Thank you...Fenrod" Underneath her nightgown she felt her loins tingle, her nipples engorge with excitement. She gently caressed the massive mounds of her breasts that piled high upon her chest, taking deep breaths to calm herself. She needed to quell her desires; she would not get herself off with the Duke in the room, though she desperately wanted to. The Duke said nothing more, and soon they both were asleep.

The next morning, they left at early light once again. Bryn had dressed herself in a flowing black velvet gown, to match the Duke's outfit. It covered her chest up to her neck, hiding her cleavage from view. Despite the dress's modesty, her obscene silhouette still made her incredibly ravishing.

The Duke stopped on their way out and paid the tavern keeper a handsome amount, far more than the room was worth. "For your discretion" The Duke said with a nod. The man bowed once more, head low to the countertop "Thank you, my lord"

Outside, the Duke led Bryn to the carriage, arms linked, before opening the door for her and helping her in. As she stepped up into the carriage, she turned and leant back, planting a delicate kiss upon his cheek, before she entered the cab. The Duke followed her in and pulled the door shut behind them, and with that they were off.

"Forgive me, My Lord" she said from within the safety of the carriage. "I thought it would be a convincing sign for anyone watching"

The Duke simply nodded, settling in to gaze out the window as the carriage left the town behind.

They ate a simple breakfast of bread and jam, as the sun began to climb in the sky. The Duke noted when they'd crossed over into Lord Angus' lands shortly after leaving the village. Bryn looked out the window as they did. There was no marker, no wall, nothing to distinguish the border whatsoever.

"How can you know?" She asked, confused.

The Duke didn't turn to face her as he responded. "With all that you know about me, that's what you find surprising?" Though his tone was as flat as ever, Bryn could've sworn she detected a hint of mirth.

Bryn scoffed, rolling her eyes at the Duke, though he wasn't watching.

The hours rolled past in silence once more. They'd passed through a few small villages on the road to Lord Angus's keep. They looked exactly the same as the villages in the Duke's lands, just a different sigil featured on the border posts. Bryn sat quietly across from the Duke, continuing to read her book. Suddenly she sat up, the motion so sudden that it broke the Duke's stupor as well. He looked at her expectantly.

"My Lord...do you have a plan for discovering whether or not Lord Angus is behind the attack?"

The Duke nodded "Of Course. Sometime during the week I will devise a way for myself to break into Angus's chambers. If there is proof of his treachery, that's where it'll be."

Bryn nodded, lips pursing "And if you're caught?"

"I'll play innocent. Or perhaps fight my way out. Whatever feels right, I suppose" The Duke turned back to the window, feeling that he'd sufficiently explained himself.

Bryn watched him in silence, in her mind a plan of her own was forming. A dangerous, risky plan. A way to really tug on the Duke's emotions, and bring his desire for her out of hiding; Jealousy.

"My Lord..." She said, voice quiet and careful. "What if...what if I seduce Lord Angus?"

The Duke's head shot around; she'd never seen a reaction like that from him. Clearly, she'd struck a nerve.

His face was steady, but his voice had a note of concern "Lady Brynnifer, I cannot ask that of you. It would not be right. No woman in my employ will ever be forced to do something with her body that she does not wish" He'd removed his glasses, his eyes dancing with the sky-blue flames.

Bryn nodded gently "Of course, My Lord. Please understand, I would do this willingly. You're correct in your assessment; as a thief, If I was trying to break in and find proof of Angus' treachery, I too would look in his chambers. But why risk dangerously breaking in, when I could make him welcome me in with open arms?"

The Duke said nothing, his mouth a thin line.

"My Lord...Fenrod...please trust me" She'd leaned forward and took one of his hands in hers, squeezing it as she pleaded with him. They sat in silence for a moment, her warm hands cradling his.

The Duke pulled his hand from hers and gave her a quick curt nod. "Very well. I don't like it, but there are many things about this ordeal that I don't like. Such is the way of things"

Bryn sat back in her seat, giving him a warm smile. "Thank you for trusting me, My Lord. This will work"

The Duke shook his head. "Not at the moment it won't"

Bryn raised an eyebrow confused. "My Lord?"

"You lack...the assets that Lord Angus likes in a woman"

Bryn looked blankly at him. She placed both her hands atop her bust, just below her collarbone, then slid them down her front, emphasizing the full size of each impressive breast that currently sat resting on her lap. "Surely, I'm womanly enough for him?"

"I'm afraid not. Angus prefers his woman to be more...bottom heavy"

One of Bryn's hands subconsciously went to her hips, sliding down to her ass. "Oh, I see...Well...can you change me?"

The Duke nodded. "I can. But before I do...are you sure this is what you want to do, Bryn-- Lady Brynnifer?" The Duke quickly corrected himself, but Bryn noticed nonetheless.

She nodded with a smile "Yes, My Lord. I will do whatever is necessary"

Without another word the Duke raised a hand and muttered a series of foreign syllables. At first Bryn felt nothing, then she felt an intense sensation spreading through her legs.

"Oh..Oh My" She said as she began to feel flushed. The growth of her breasts had occurred slowly, over days and weeks, and so she'd barely felt it. This growth was happening all at once and so the feeling was very noticeable.

The intense tingling reverberated through her thighs and bottom as she felt additional flesh being born into existence. Her breathing became short pants as she felt herself grow, her body slowly lifting off the bench as her ass grew deeper and rounder.

Then as soon as it had started, it was over. She reached down to feel herself, curious of how much she'd grown. Previously her hips weren't much bigger than her waist. This was no longer the case. Her flesh sloped away aggressively from her waist to the outer curve of her hips, at least 4" difference on each side. Lifting herself with her legs she reached behind and squeezed the new curves of her ass. Each cheek was round and jiggly, curving away behind her impressively to where they met her newly thickened thighs.

She sat back down, bouncing in place upon her new ass. A frown formed on her face. "Is that as big as you can go, My Lord?"

The Duke raised both eyebrows. "Lady Brynnifer. You currently have an incredibly large posterior. Surely this is enough?"

Bryn shook her head. "No. If I want to seduce him, I need to impress him. I need to have the largest ass he's ever seen." She crossed her arms over her chest and waited for the Duke to comply.

He held her gaze for a moment, then lifted his hand once more. The tingling returned, further intensified. "Ohhh yes" She moaned as she felt the expanse of her behind begin to grow once more. She bit her lip as she enjoyed the sensation of her flesh sliding outward, claiming ever more of her seat. Finally the stimulation abated, and the growth ceased. She looked down at herself, eyes lighting up "Oh, perfect, My Lord"

Her ass filled the bench of the carriage, reaching from one door to the other. Her body had been lifted several inches off the seat to make room for the new flesh that had filled her posterior, each cheek round and taut, the size of a pillow. Her hips flared out at least a foot to either side of her waist, further accentuating how slight her figure was. She placed a hand on either side of her three-foot-wide ass, sliding them up to her waspish waist and then out along her equally preposterous bust. She let out a soft moan of joy; she had the ultimate hourglass shape.

“What do you think, My Lord?” She asked, looking him in the eye.

The Duke nodded curtly, colour forming in his cheeks. “I think that should be more than sufficient in earning Lord Angus’s attention”

He looked away out the window, but not before crossing his legs. Bryn suspected she knew the reason why, as she settled back into the seat, balanced upon her new massive rearend.

The Duke kept his gaze off of her for the rest of the trip. Bryn just rested against the back wall of the cab, feeling triumphant. *Who knew the Duke was also an ass man?* She mused. *Not him, that’s for certain!*

Evening had fallen by the time they’d arrived at Lord Angus’s keep. The carriage rolling to a stop in the courtyard of the castle. Looking out the window Bryn took in the surroundings. It was very similar to the Duke’s keep, except for one key difference. There were men everywhere. Not everyone could count on the tireless loyalty of magical hollowmen.

“You ready?” She asked, turning to face him. The Duke reached across the cab, grabbed her hand, and nodded. Bryn looked down at where he held her hand then back up at him with a smile.

“Let’s Begin” He said. And with that he pushed open the carriage door and stepped out into the night.

END OF PART TWO