

The Prince's Favour

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For the lords and ladies of the Eastern Hinterlands, there was no greater cause for celebration than a royal visit. For the commonfolk who lived underneath them, they honestly couldn't give a shit...But this story isn't about them!

The Eastern Hinterlands were a cold miserable place, and so the royal family rightly avoiding visiting as much as possible. The nobles of the East didn't begrudge them for this fact, they weren't oblivious to the fact that their home was uncomfortable to all but the hardiest folk. Many of them spent much of their lives moaning and whining about the latest storm that had ruined crops, or the packs of wild trolls that continued to lay waste to merchants. They knew very well that their home was quite frankly terrible, but still...it was home.

Only the most important of occasions would draw the Royal family out of the warmer lands to the West. And currently there just so happened to be one.

It had nothing to do with the people of the East, or their traditions. Last year had been the anniversary of the 8th century since the East had been settled. There'd been a massive festival, with feasts for a month straight, hosted by different lords every night, welcome to both common folk and nobles alike. The Royal family only sent a polite letter of congratulations.

But when Crown Prince Phillip, son of King Harmon III, and sole heir to the throne is in need of a wife and has been unable to find a suitable bride out of any of the noble houses of the West...well, apparently *that* was a good enough reason for the Royals to make the arduous trip across the continent.

They'd received word months ago and preparations had started the next day. Now the time was here, and a ball was being held at the keep of Lord Carson the Grey, the wealthiest lord in the region.

Gathered in his grand hall was a who's who of the noble families of the East, particularly those with eligible unattached young ladies. Having your daughter chosen to join the Royal family wasn't just an honour, it also came with a rather immense dowry and a seat at the Royal Council. Needless to say, many were eager to find the prince a match.

One such lady who sought Phillip's hand was Lady Tylia of ClearRock. Her family hailed from lands at the southern edge of the Hinterlands, their home a mighty fortress carved into the side of the cliff itself. She stood alone in the grand hall, only her Lady in Waiting, Mary, by her side.

"You look lovely this evening, my Lady" Mary spoke softly at her side.

Tylia gave her a half smile "Thanks...I hope the prince shares your opinion"

Mary nodded "Of course he will. You're obviously the most beautiful here this evening"

Tylia rolled her eyes. Mary was sweet, but she was obviously biased. Tylia was just one of many. She was dressed in an elegant gown, with a modest neckline. The sky-blue colour of the dress complimented her tan skin well. She had a darker complexion than most here, a sign of her mother's southern heritage. Mary had braided Tylia's long black hair into an intricate up-do, far fancier than her normal style.

The air in the room was tense, everyone anxious for the Royal family to arrive. Tylia nodded politely at the other young nobles who passed. She recognized a few, only faces, no names. Their family wasn't one of the major players in the game of Eastern politics, so she'd spent little time rubbing shoulders with her contemporaries.

One such contemporary sidled up next to her. "Tylia! Holy shit, I am shocked to see you here! I thought you and your family never left that dismal rock you call a home!"

Tylia glanced to her right to see the smarmy face of Lady Abigail, daughter of Lord Carson, their host for the evening. Tylia gave her a polite smile, but held her tongue. She knew better than to take the bait when dealing with Abigail. They'd occasionally crossed paths in the past, and Tylia had left every encounter feeling dirty. Abigail was so unrefined, so coarse, so *unladylike*.

She was also quite popular, not only because her father was the richest lord this side of the continent. She was also quite attractive, with her fierce features and blonde curls, especially to the male gaze. She was short, barely reaching Tylia's shoulder, but what she lacked in height she made up for in curves. Her dress this evening was scarlet red and shoulderless, the décolletage daringly low, showing off a great deal of her full chest. Unlike the other ladies, including Tylia, her dress lacked a flowing skirt that billowed out around her. Instead, the lower half of her dress was tight, hugging her wide hips and showing off that her curves were in fact balanced down below.

"All these poor girls" Abigail continued to talk, uncaring that Tylia hadn't responded. "Such a waste of time getting themselves all pretty and perfect, when they have no chance to win over the prince."

"Oh?" Tylia said, curious against her own better judgment.

Abigail nodded, as she looped her arm through Tylia's and began to lead her through the room. Tylia walked along, listening intently, but still smiling politely and offering greetings to all they passed.

"This is the fifth ball that's been hosted for the Royal family to try and find him a match." Abigail said conspiratorially. "One hosted by the Royal's, and then one in each of the major keeps across the continent."

Tylia shook her head "I know that...what does that matter?"

Abigail sighed “Don’t you see? At this point, Prince Philip has seen every eligible lady in the realm. Do you really think he’d have passed over all of the women from the North, the West, the South, just to come out here, to the asshole of the continent, and fall in love with Lady Ophelia of WindCreek?”

She gestured to a lady standing on her own across the room, wearing a simple green velvet dress. It suited her well, but didn’t save her from the fact that overall she was rather average.

“That’s mean...” Tylia said “I’ve never met Lady Ophelia, but I’m sure she’s lovely”

Abigail laughed, a haughty obnoxious titter “Oh Tylia, please! I *have* met Lady Ophelia and I can tell you she’s a fucking bore, same as most of the women in these room. None of them have a chance to woo a prince”

They passed a young lord, walking arm in arm with a lady Tylia didn’t recognize. His eyes wandered, drinking in Abigail’s cleavage. Abigail noticed immediately and did a little shimmy with her shoulders to show off, baiting him. The lord fell for it, eyes locking in on her flesh in motion.

“Get a good look?!” She said aggressively. The young lord blushed and turned away, hurrying off with his confused partner in tow.

Abigail shook her head as they watched him scurry off. “What a loser. Would rather eye-fuck another woman then be happy with what he’s got... Anyway, as I was saying. There are maybe two women who actually have a chance to catch the prince’s eye, the rest are just here to fill the space”

Tylia frowned as they pressed on through the crowd, walking the perimeter of the room. Mary trailed along behind, sure to never be too far away from her lady.

“Why are you telling me this?” Tylia asked.

Abigail looked over at her smiling “Isn’t it obvious? Because you and I *are* those two women!”

Tylia stopped walking, as she turned to look at Abigail. “What?!”

“Don’t be so surprised, Tylia, it’s obvious you’re the prettiest one here tonight.” Abigail said nonchalantly.

“I am not!” Tylia said, her face beginning to blush.

“Oh, stop it with your fucking modesty” Abigail said “It comes off as pretentious. Just own the fact that you’re absolutely gorgeous. Everyone else already knows it, so why pretend?”

Tylia's blush deepened but she said nothing. Abigail continued. "I may not be as pretty as you...but I've been told our dear prince has a love for ladies with a figure." Her hands came up to cup her breasts, lifting and adjusting them within her dress. "That is where I've got you beat"

Tylia pulled her arm free from Abigail "This is ridiculous! I can't believe you'd insult all these people, so freely"

Abigail looked over at her and laughed "I'm not insulting them, darling, I'm just being honest. Just you watch. Whenever Phil gets here, he's going to make a beeline for me or you."

Tylia moved to walk away, desperate to put distance between her and Abigail "I highly doubt that. I'd be outright shocked if he talked to me even once tonight"

Abigail shrugged "Suit yourself. I'll be happy to take him all for myself. Ta-ta, Tylia! May the best woman win!" Abigail's cackle echoed over the noise of the crowd, even after she disappeared from view.

Tylia pushed through the throngs of people, to the edge of the hall where plush luxurious chairs had been placed. Plopping herself down into one, sinking a few inches into the deep padding, she huffed in annoyance. Mary stopped short a few seconds later.

"A drink, my lady?" Mary asked.

Tylia nodded, wordlessly. Mary turned about and disappeared back into the hall, eager to fetch her lady some libations.

Tylia sat back and watched the people around the room in silence. Her conversation with Abigail had unnerved her. Not only with how brazen Abigail had been, but with how much it had hit close to home.

Though she would never admit it out loud, Tylia knew she was as beautiful as Abigail had assessed. She'd been turning down suitors for years at her family's behest, lesser lords drawn by her looks. Their reasoning was her family wanted her to wait for someone who could benefit them. When it'd been announced that the prince was looking for a wife, they'd made the decision for Tylia that this was the match they wanted.

It'd been early last year when her family had told her of their secret. Their house was in dire straits. Crops had been bad, trade had been worse, and the family needed a healthy infusion of capital and to keep themselves afloat. Capital like a royal dowry.

So, Tylia was here seeking the prince's hand, not for her own desire, but to serve her house. She agreed that Abigail was likely her closest rival in winning the Prince's favour, but Tylia was sure that her feminine grace and charm would win out over Abigail's more...physical benefits.

Mary returned with a full goblet of a deep purple wine. Tylia took it from her and drank half of it in a single go. It burned lightly going down, but it did help take the edge off. It was a good thing it did, because the time had come.

From across the hall the trumpeting cavalcade of a dozen horns announced the arrival of the Royals. Tylia stood up and walked over until she could get a clear view of their promenade. Mary whispered in her ear, providing her with names and titles.

“First comes the royal guard, half a dozen of the deadliest men in the continent. Then some of the lesser lords. There’s Lord Billiam, the royal accountant, and then there’s Lord Grover, High Admiral of the Royal Army. And of course, their wives”

Tylia watched with mild interest as the Royal retinue made its way into the hall. She was waiting for the prince, although the arrival of a tall, broad man, clad entirely in brown leather piqued her interest. His face was bearded, unusual for the current style of the time, and he had a long sword with an ornate handle slung across his back.

“Who is that!?” Tylia asked.

Mary pursed her lips “Mmm...I think...I think that’s the King’s First Ranger? Edgar? Edwin? Something like that...Regardless, he’s taken. Just returned from overseas with some foreign bride that the Royal Court is quite taken with”

Tylia nodded “She’s not here?”

Mary shrugged “Guess not. I assume that’s why he looks so grumpy! Ah and here they are! The King and Queen, and of course Prince Philip!”

Tylia’s head spun towards the door, eager to catch a peek of her potential paramour. King Harmon III was easy to pick out, with his regal bearing, and luxurious splendour. An impressive crown studded with cut gemstones sat atop his thick head of long silver hair that reached his shoulders. Around his neck he wore several gold chains with various pendants on them, and around each of his fingers were large, jewelled rings. His wife, Queen Penelope, was far less bombastic with her displays of Royal wealth, her only jewellery a large pair of diamond earrings. The set likely cost more than Tylia’s family home...

But she wasn’t here to gawk at the King and Queen, she wanted to see the Prince. As the King and Queen sauntered into the room, she finally caught sight of him. Dressed all in black velvet, he was a striking figure. His blond hair was cut short on the sides, a bit longer on top, jutting forward over his forehead. He bore an easy smile, his earthy green eyes intelligent. Tylia found herself smiling as she watched him enter, stopping to shake hands and greet the lesser nobles who had gathered. He certainly passed the handsome test...now to see if he liked her.

Tylia started to push her way through the crowd eager to meet the Prince. As she got closer, she noticed Abigail also pushing her way across the room, clearly of the same mindset. Tylia frowned as she pushed harder through the crowd, shoving people aside as she rushed forward. She wouldn’t let that harpy steal the Prince before she had a chance.

Both Tylia and Abigail arrived at the same moment, stopping just short of Prince Phillip. The Prince had been facing to the side, engaging in small talk with another lord, and so was startled when he turned back forward to find these two women suddenly before him.

“Your Majesty” they said as one, both curtsying before him. Abigail leaned slightly forward as she curtsied, drawing further attention to her cleavage. Tylia silently cursed as Abigail winked at her.

“Oh, Hello” He said, nodding to each of them in turn. “And you are...?”

“Lady...” They both said at once, eager to be the first to respond. Each of them stopped themselves as they gave each other a glare.

“Lady Abigail” Abigail said, quicker to recover. “I hope you find my home acceptable to host you and your family”

“Lady Tylia” Tylia said shortly after, not wanting to lose her chance. “I hope that the journey here was not too difficult, your Majesty?”

The Prince shrugged “No journey is too difficult when you’re in a carriage. Though I wish I’d gotten to ride for a bit. Father forbid it of course...how dare his heir have any sort of fun...Fucking Bullshit, I say”

Tylia blushed at the Prince’s unexpected swearing. Abigail instead smiled, sensing a kindred spirit. “Total Bullshit! You’re the prince, you should be able to do what you want!”

“His Father was just caring for his safety...he’s the future of the kingdom!” Tylia countered.

“Yes, yes I know, don’t remind me. I hear enough of it at home.” The Prince looked away, obviously no longer interested in the conversation with either woman.

“Can I get you something to drink, Your Majesty?” Abigail said, a hint of desperation in her voice.

“Or something to eat?” Tylia added.

The Prince looked back at them, shaking his head. “That’s quite alright, I can find my own refreshments. Nice to meet the two of you, have a wonderful evening”. Then after giving them both another respectful nod, he walked off through the crowd.

Both Tylia and Abigail watched him go before looking at each other, both confused.

“What the fuck?!” Abigail said. “He just blew us both off!”

Tylia’s nose wrinkled with disgust at Abigail’s language, but she did agree with her sentiment. “I guess we’re not his type?”

Abigail frowned “Young and beautiful isn’t his type? What the hell is he looking for!”

Tylia sighed “I don’t know...” Tylia was feeling distraught. For months now her hopes had been riding on this first meeting, and it couldn’t have gone worse. There’d been no playful banter, no longing looks, no accidental touching. Instead, it’d been less than a minute of small talk, and then a polite goodbye. She might as well have been a footman.

“Well, the hell with him” Abigail said, crossing her arms over her ample chest. “Spoiled rich prick, doesn’t know what he wants”

Tylia looked away watching the Prince across the room. He was talking with...one of the servants? Yes, that was a serving girl, she was wearing the customary drab smoke grey dress of a servant. They were ugly things, those dresses, sewn with no style in mind, just a shapeless bunch of fabric meant to cover the body. They weren’t meant to look good, or even sexy.

Clearly no one had told this girl.

Tylia had thought that Abigail would be considered curvy, but this girl made her look flat. The normally overly loose servant outfit was taut, stretched out by the girl’s bust underneath. Her endowments each were likely double the size of Abigail’s, or perhaps larger. It was difficult to ascertain their exact size underneath the dress, but Tylia guessed they were easily larger than the girl’s head.

The exact size wasn’t relevant, what was relevant was the way the Prince looked at her. The servant girl’s face was pink with embarrassment, both confused and afraid that the Crown Prince was addressing her directly.

“Abigail” Tylia said over her shoulder “You should see this”

Abigail walked over beside Tylia “What is it? Don’t tell me he actually *did* fall for Lady Ophelia...”

“Worse” Tylia said.

Abigail frowned, getting up on her tiptoes to try and match the taller girl’s eyeline. She gasped. “Who?! Wait, is she a servant!”

“It would appear so” Tylia said.

“Why is he talking to a servant! What’s so special about her!?” From her viewpoint Abigail could only see the girl’s face and shoulders.

Tylia grabbed Abigail by the arm and pulled her to the side until they got a clear view of the pair. A crowd of young ladies had gathered around the prince a short distance away, but none were brave enough to interrupt the conversation he was having with the busty servant. The poor girl’s face had gone a deeper shade of pink, as she couldn’t help but notice all the angry glares being shot her way by the nobles around them.

“What the fuck!” Abigail said in shock when she finally saw the servant's entire body. She looked down at her own exposed chest, suddenly feeling inadequate.

Tylia shook her head “At least that proves your rumor to be true...he does like women with a figure. Yours just wasn't enough...”

Abigail shot Tylia an icy stare but said nothing in response. Instead, she said “Time I put an end to this” before marching over to where the Prince and the poor girl stood.

“You there!” Abigail said, voice shrill. “What is the meaning of this! I'm so sorry, your majesty, she should know better than to bother a Prince!”

The servant looked back and forth between the Prince and Abigail, unable to speak. The Prince turned to Abigail looking surprised. “Bother? She wasn't bothering me, Lady...” He trailed off, having clearly forgotten her name.

“Abigail” She said, annoyed that she had to remind him. “Regardless, you're needed in the kitchens, girl! Off with you!”

The servant bowed towards Abigail, recognizing her authority as daughter of the house. “Yes, my lady” Then she turned around and scampered away, disappearing from the hall. The Prince morosely watched her leave, a sad frown on his face.

Abigail seized her moment, walking over and looping her arm through his “Come, your majesty, let me take you back to the party” The prince immediately pulled his arm free of hers, giving her a withering look before he walked off on his own.

Tylia watched all of this from a far. It was obvious what the Prince wanted, and clearly no noble lady was able to provide. This unexpectedly well-endowed servant had caught his eye, but bodies like hers were very rare, especially in the East. With a sigh, she gestured for Mary to follow her as she left. There was no point in sticking around for the rest of the ball.

After returning to the room assigned to her within Lord Carson's keep, Tylia began to pack what few things she'd brought with her. “I hate to admit it, but Abigail was right. This was a waste of time” She said, as she stashed away her hair brush and makeup tins into her traveling chest.

Mary walked over and intervened, gesturing for Tylia to sit down. Tylia pushed her away “It's fine, Mary! Just please go away! I can pack my own things.”

Mary backed away, looking upset. Tylia stood up and sighed. “I'm sorry, that was rude. I'm just frustrated. Frustrated at myself for getting my hopes up...and frustrated at the Prince. He was as handsome as I'd hoped, but clearly has no desire for a woman like me” With a huff she scooped up the sleeping gown that lay on the bed and dumped it into the chest.

“Begging your pardon, My Lady, but...what if that could be changed?” Mary said.

Tylia turned to face her. "What do you mean?"

"What if you could become that woman?" Mary said.

Tylia laughed "Mary please, don't be foolish. What you're suggesting is impossible."

Mary shrugged "I've heard rumors of a witch who lives in these areas. They say she can grant wishes?"

Tylia frowned "Heard from who?"

"The other ladies in waiting...we talk"

Tylia pursed her lips for a moment as she considered what Mary was suggesting. After ruminating for only a few seconds she sighed, walking over to her chest to pull out her sleeping gown. "Fine. I wasn't keen on giving up and I didn't really want to leave the keep this late at night anyway...We'll go see your witch in the morning"

As she moved to help her get undressed, Mary nodded with a smile "Very good, My Lady. Very good."

The sun was high in the sky as Tylia followed Mary down a dismal cobblestone street. Mary had spent the morning tracking down the location of the so-called miracle worker and had come to fetch Tylia as soon as she'd been successful.

Tylia was beginning to have second thoughts, as they briskly passed one miserable stone hut after another. It was a bright day, and there were plenty of people about so she wasn't scared for her safety, but still she had reservations. People of upstanding reputations didn't live in neighbourhoods like this.

"It's just right here, My Lady" Mary said, pointing to a small stone building. It looked no different than the others, but Mary seemed to be sure this was the spot, as she pushed open the door.

Tylia followed her inside, vision taking a moment to adjust to the dark interior. Immediately her nose tickled and her eyes watered from whatever pungent substance laced the air. She felt Mary take her by the hand and lead her in, and so she walked along obediently, all the while becoming more and more unsure of this endeavour.

"How can I help you?" Came a surprisingly cheerful feminine voice. At last Tylia's sight cleared, as she saw a woman standing behind a stone table in front of her.

"Are you the witch?" Tylia asked uncertain.

"That's not a title I find particularly flattering...but yes" The woman replied with a wry smile.

“You...you are not what I expected” Tylia said looking her up and down.

“Oh? You were expecting some old hag?”

Tylia nodded “More or less...”

The woman nodded with a smirk “Sorry to disappoint”

She was young, only a few years older than Tylia if she had to guess. Young and unexpectedly alluring. Tylia wouldn't have called her beautiful, but she was also far from ugly. She was different; her features exotic, hinting at an ancestry not entirely human. Her complexion was pale as milk, her hair long and an unnatural shade of purple, tied back into a braid that trailed behind her. She wore a billowy brown dress, modest in its cut that hid what figure she may have had.

“Sorry” Tylia said blushing “Can we start over? My name is Lady Tylia of ClearRock”

“Welcome, Tylia. My name is Morgan of...well nowhere you've heard of. Now, please come in and tell me how I may assist you” Morgan leaned on the edge of the stone counter that separated them giving Tylia a sly smile.

“I need...I want...I was hoping...” Tylia stumbled over her words as the embarrassment of what she was doing grew on her. Was she really doing this? Turning to some stranger with the hopes that she could change her body to maybe win over the Prince?

She pushed down her doubts. She had to do this. Her family needed her to succeed, and so for them she would do this.

“Don't be shy, dear” Morgan asked, looking down to inspect her nails. “I've been doing this a long time, whatever you're asking I'm sure I've heard it before”

Tylia took a breath to calm herself, then she spat it out, making herself do it. “I want you to make my breasts bigger!”

She expected Morgan to laugh at her, to mock her, maybe even insult and curse her. Instead, she barely reacted at all. Perhaps she really had heard it all before?

“Have a certain size in mind?” Morgan asked casually.

“Uhh...” Tylia said “Not...not really? Just bigger...much bigger”

“Alright, I can do that for you” The witch said, turning around and walking into her back room. Tylia heard the sound of a fire lighting and liquid being poured into what she assumed was a cauldron.

“How much will it cost?” Tylia called.

"I charge nothing for my services" Morgan replied, voice echoing from the back. "I do however welcome tips" A large glass jar flew from a nearby shelf, landing on the stone counter before Tylia with a clink. A half dozen gold coins already sat at the bottom. Mary proffered Lady Tylia's coinpurse, from which she took three coins, each stamped with King Harmon's face, and dropped them into the jar.

"Very generous, thank you" Morgan said from the back room.

Tylia frowned "Wait, how did you..." Before her sentence was finished the jar flew away back up on to the shelf from whence it came.

Morgan returned from the back, easy smile upon her face. "I *am* a witch, dear."

Tylia smiled "I thought you didn't like that term?"

Morgan shrugged "It's different when I say it. Now...might I ask why exactly you wish to enhance your bust? You're already quite beautiful, I'd be shocked if there was any lord in this half of the continent who wouldn't fall desperately in love with you at first sight"

Tylia blushed "Oh, that's very kind, thank you. Unfortunately, I'm trying to win the heart of someone who *isn't* from this half of the continent..."

"You mean...a certain visiting Royal?" Morgan said leaning across the counter, suddenly interested.

Tylia nodded. "Precisely. I thought, as you did, that my beauty would be enough to charm him, but I learned last night he likes his woman more on the...fuller side."

Morgan nodded "Ah, I see...well that does explain a lot"

Tylia frowned "It...does?"

Morgan smiled "Yes, it explains why Lady Abigail came here earlier today asking for the exact same potion."

Tylia felt anger flare in her, despite herself. "What! Abigail came here?!"

"Yes, not long after dawn. I'd thought it odd that she would want it, as she's already decently endowed...but if the Prince's heart is on the line...it certainly makes a bit more sense"

Tylia groaned with frustration. Damn that Abigail, she was continuing to be a thorn in Tylia's side.

"So...Prince Philip likes huge tits..." Morgan muttered to herself, looking off to the side contemplatively. "Interesting...Very interesting"

"Why is that interesting?" Tylia asked.

Morgan looked across at Tylia, almost as if she'd forgotten she was here. "What? Oh, nothing. Never mind. Your potion is almost ready, it'll just be another moment" The pale woman with purple hair returned to the backroom. In less than a minute she exited with a small glass vial filled with a clear red fluid.

Tylia took it from her and lifted it up to look at it. "Do...Do I pour it on them?"

"No, dear, you drink it." Morgan said stifling a laugh.

Tylia ignored her mockery, uncorking the vial and tossing its contents down her throat. It had a bittersweet taste, not entirely unpleasant.

"So...what happens now?" Tylia asked.

"Your breasts will grow" Morgan said taking the empty vial back from Tylia.

Tylia looked down at herself, expecting something to happen. There was no sign of movement on the front of her dress, no change in her silhouette.

"Not immediately, silly girl" Morgan said. "Don't worry, you'll know when it happens"

Tylia nodded "Right, thank you. How...how big will they get?"

Morgan smiled at her "That's up to you, Tylia. Here, take this." She offered a second vial, this one filled with a blue liquid. "That's a universal antidote to my magic. As soon as you drink it anything of mine that's affecting you will stop. So...once you've made your girls big enough, just drink that. Sound good?"

Tylia passed the second vial to Mary, before turning back to Morgan and curtsying. "Thank you, Lady Morgan. Your help has been most appreciated"

Morgan rolled her eyes at her. "I'm no Lady, Tylia. But regardless, you're welcome. Have fun with the Prince..."

Tylia turned around and left, looking over her shoulder to take one last look at Morgan's smiling face before she disappeared from view.

The walk back to Lord Carson's keep was long and boring, made even longer by Tylia's impatience. As she walked along, Mary by her side, she kept waiting for something to happen. Every little errant itch, or tingle on her skin, she thought it was her growing, and every time it was nothing.

As they re-entered the keep, Mary stepped away to quickly speak with one of the servants.

"They've just finished serving lunch, My Lady" Mary said after returning. "But they said there should still be some food out"

Tylia nodded, walking off toward the hall, her stomach beginning to growl. Entering the hall the smell of cooked meat hit her nostrils and made her mouth water. Tylia hadn't realized before now how hungry she'd gotten. Breakfast had been hours ago, and she was absolutely ravenous.

Ignoring decorum, she hurried over to a table and began to snatch cuts of meat off of a serving tray, piling them atop her plate. Roasted potatoes, and freshly baked rolls joined the pile, followed by a large wedge of cheese. She bit into one of the rolls and began to chew on its fluffy interior as she walked over to a side table, that still showed signs of previous guests dining.

"My lady...?"

Tylia ignored Mary's voice as she began to fill her face, forgoing cutlery to simply grab handfuls of succulent meats and rip off chunks with her teeth. She'd never tasted anything so good as this, nor had she ever felt such need.

Tylia moaned deep from her chest as she chewed and swallowed a mouthful of rich potatoes. They were a bit dry, could've used some gravy, but at this moment she didn't care. Bent over her plate, she continued to stuff food into her mouth, while her other hand blindly reached across the table. She needed something to drink and hopefully...there, a goblet. She pulled it toward her, lifting it towards her mouth, when a hand wrapped around her wrist.

Tylia turned angrily to see who was grabbing her, only to find the concerned face of Mary looking down at her. "My Lady!" Mary pleaded. "Are you alright? You're behaving rather...oddly. If you wish to drink something I can fetch you something?"

Tylia looked up at her lady in waiting, her mind feeling muddled. What...what had just happened? It felt like she'd gone into a stupor. Looking back at her plate, it was mostly empty, only scraps remaining. Her hand raised to touch her lips, feeling the juices running down her lips.

"I...I'm fine. Please get me some wine and meet me in my room. Thank you."

Mary gave a quick bow, before backing away. Tylia quickly stood and left the hall, still feeling strange. She'd never felt that hungry before, but now the feeling had thankfully passed.

Tylia was halfway back to her room when it hit her. An extremely pleasant sensation bloomed within her chest, making her breath catch.

"Oh!" She cried out. "Oh...Oh my!"

She'd never felt anything like this before, nothing that had ever felt this good. Not even that feeling she got when she'd accidentally touched herself in that one spot, one time in the bath.

Chest heaving, mouth watering, skin burning she hurried onward, eager to reach the safety of her room. She didn't know what was happening, but whatever it was it wasn't something she wanted to happen in public.

She burst into her room, and slammed the door shut behind her. She felt so hot; she needed to get out of these clothes. She reached behind her neck to try and undo the ties that held her dress together, but couldn't get them free. Desperate with frustration, she instead dug her fingers into the loose seam on the front and pulled with all her might.

A great ripping sound rent the room as she pulled the dress apart by the stitches, letting the tatters to fall on the floor so that she was standing in her room fully nude. She still felt terribly hot, the strange feeling of pleasure and discomfort combined not abating.

"Oh gods!" She moaned "What's happening to me?! Is it a fever?! Was it something I ate! Was it-"

She stopped mid-sentence, jaw falling open when she caught sight of her reflection in the mirror across the room. Her gaze dropped down to look at herself, trembling hands coming up to her chest.

Her breasts were growing...just as the witch had promised. That heat that she'd felt was emanating from her chest, and now she could see what the cause was. Before her eyes they were swelling, growing fuller and rounder with each passing second. They were as big as Abigail's now...no bigger! Great, big, handful sized tits!

"Oh yes!" Tylia whispered with delight. "Don't stop! You need to be bigger!"

Despite her urging them on, her breasts slowed to a stop, their growth ceasing. Tylia let out a sad moan as the feeling within her vanished. Why had they stopped! She hadn't drank the antidote...it was still with Mary.

Speaking of, it was at that moment that Mary knocked at the door. "My Lady? I'm back with wine, as promised. Are you well?"

"Come in, Mary" Tylia said with a sigh.

The door opened and Mary entered, stopping in the threshold in surprise as she beheld her Lady standing there in the nude.

"My Lady! Oh goodness, your dress! What happened..."

Tylia waved angrily at her. "Close the door, Mary! Please!"

"Right, sorry" Mary said, quickly shutting the door behind her. "I'm sorry, my lady, I just didn't expect to see you in such a state." The lady in waiting walked over to the night table and placed an empty goblet down, pouring wine into it. "Here you are, my lady, as...are your breasts bigger?!"

Tylia sighed, but nodded.

“Well, that’s fantastic, My Lady! It worked!”

Tylia shook her head “No, it’s not fantastic! It didn’t work well enough! They aren’t nearly large enough! Sure, they’re big…” Her hands came up to cup them, squeezing them. A shiver ran through her…that felt rather nice… “...But they aren’t big enough! Abigail had breasts this size, and the Prince didn’t spare her a second look!”

“Begging your pardon, My Lady, but I do believe you’re bigger than Abigail” Mary said with a smile.

Tylia huffed “Fine, I’m bigger than her. I still don’t think it’s enough! And I have no idea why it happened or why it stopped!”

Mary nodded. “I’m sure we’ll figure it out. For now, have a drink, and get some rest. There’s another feast and ball tonight, and we’ll want you at your best. I’ll see what I can do about your dress”

Begrudgingly Tylia did as she was told, taking a sip of wine to calm her nerves, and settling in for an afternoon nap, while Mary collected the remains of the dress off the floor.

The young noble found rest impossible that afternoon, as she was too engrossed by her new assets. Laying in bed she couldn’t help but continually touch and fondle them. They felt so good in her hands, so full and sensitive. She now understood why Abigail acted with such confidence all the time; why wouldn’t she when she had breasts like these to make her feel beautiful. That was still no excuse for her coarse language and demeanour…but still, Tylia understood.

That evening Tylia walked into the grand hall for the feast, a new woman. Her esteem had only grown as the afternoon had gone on, and as Mary had helped her get dressed, in a dress that her lady in waiting had altered to fit her new proportions, Tylia had found herself smiling with excitement. She looked *good*. She had the looks *and* the body. She just hoped it would be enough to wow Prince Phillip.

The reaction she received as she entered the hall helped further boost her confidence. Murmuring conversation stopped, and heads turned as she walked past, chin held high, chest thrust out. Mary had done excellent work on the dress, tailoring it to fit her perfectly. It still hugged her waist, with a billowy skirt below, but the modest neckline was gone, replaced with something more risqué. Now a great deal of cleavage was on display, dipping very low on her chest. She had to be careful how she carried herself this evening, as she feared any sudden jolts would cause her to pop out of her dress.

Now in the centre of the hall, she stopped and waited. She didn’t need to go to people, they would come to her and come they did. Immediately lesser nobles flocked to her, eager to be associated with Tylia and her beauty. Tylia’s dazzling smile never left her face as she engaged in small talk with people whose names she didn’t know, who were all eager to know her.

So, this is what it was like to be popular...she could get used to this.

Of course it wasn't just ladies who were vying for her attention. She had her hands full with several young lords approaching her and asking for her hand, whether for just a dance, or even a full engagement. Tylia politely declined each and every one of them, though a few of them were rather cute. Either way she couldn't help but feel better and better about herself after each one.

Not even Abigail last night had received this kind of attention, surely she would be worthy of the Prince's eye tonight.

Across the hall there was a sudden hubbub. Was it the Prince? No, there would've been the royal fanfare. Over the heads of the crowd around her, Tylia could see people turning to look towards the door, excitedly pointing.

Frowning, Tylia walked in that direction. Who could possibly be drawing such attention? Stealing her spotlight?

The crowd around her parted, but soon she had to push through people who were facing away from her. It didn't take long to get to the centre of the throng, as she stepped into the clearing and found herself face to face...with Abigail.

Tylia gasped at the sight of the blonde. All at once the visit to Morgan this morning came back to her, including one detail she'd forgotten with the events of this afternoon. Abigail had also gone to her for the very same potion, and the results were evident before her.

Abigail's dress was downright conservative compared to what she'd worn yesterday, a simple yellow number that matched her hair in a traditional cut, its neckline only reaching just below her collarbones. All of that was irrelevant with how much it was filled out in front of her, the fabric taut trying to contain her endowments which were massive. She was much bigger than Tylia now, each breast the size of her head, reaching well past her ribcage and projecting over a half foot off her chest.

Abigail smiled widely at the sight of Tylia, eyes flitting down momentarily to her newly developed cleavage on display. "Well, look who it is! After you left so early last night, I thought you'd gone home!"

Tylia gave a fake smile to Abigail "Of course not, I was just tired from the journey. I assure you I wouldn't want to leave the festivities so soon. Walk with me?"

"Of course, darling, of course!" Abigail said as she stepped forward to join Tylia. Together they walked deeper into the room, speaking to each other quietly so as to avoid being overheard.

"I see someone paid a little trip to Miss Morgan" Abigail whispered, as with a turn of her shoulders she nudged her own much larger bust against Tylia's. "Still second place though, bitch"

Tylia scoffed "Not for long. I *will* win the Prince's Favour, and not even you and your overgrown udders can stop me"

Abigail laughed "Oh please, my udders are precisely why the Prince will choose me! And besides, do you really think I'd let you get ahead of me? Not fucking likely"

Tylia let herself scowl for just a moment as they continued to walk together, wiping the look from her face to smile politely at the other guests they passed.

"Just you wait." Abigail continued gloating "When that potion kicks in again I'll grow even bigger, you'll never be able to catch up."

"And when will that be?" Tylia asked.

"It...well..." Abigail stuttered.

"You don't know how it works do you?" Tylia said.

Abigail let out a huff of annoyance before she spoke. "Alright, fine, I don't. Do you?"

Tylia shook her head "No...they just started to grow this afternoon out of nowhere..."

Abigail nodded "Same...it felt good though, didn't it?"

Tylia's lips curled up at the side into a smile. "Maybe..."

Abigail laughed out loud "Maybe?! Oh please, I nearly got myself off when it happened! Get out of here with 'Maybe'... You are such a prude, Tylia, which is another reason why I'll win. You wouldn't know what to do with the Prince even if you did get him."

"I know what to do!" Tylia said, a mite too quickly. She was still a virgin, had never even kissed a boy before, but Abigail didn't need to know that.

Abigail continued to laugh. "I highly doubt that...Oh look! There he is now, shall we?"

Across the room the Prince had entered, dressed in the same all black outfit he'd worn the previous night. He meandered through the room, shaking hands and smiling at everyone he passed. Before Tylia could say otherwise, Abigail dragged her along, making a beeline for the Prince.

"Good Evening, Your Highness!" Abigail said, curtsying. Tylia quickly curtsied herself, not wanting to be outdone.

The Prince turned to look at them, his smile widening at the sight of them.

"Good Evening! So lovely to meet you!"

“We...met last night, Your Majesty” Tylia said.

“Did we? Forgive me, I met so many people it was all a bit of a blur. Though I’m surprised I don’t remember the two of you...you’re both very memorable” His eyes had drifted lower to look at their chests, darting back and forth between the two of them.

“Don’t mention it. So, Phillip, how’ve you found the East so far?” Abigail said.

The Prince’s eyes jumped up to look at Abigail, his smile wavering at the unexpected use of his name. It wasn’t forbidden, but it was certainly unorthodox.

“It’s...it’s been fine. Your land is very...”

“Miserable?” Tylia offered.

“Shitty?” Abigail joked.

Prince Phillip laughed, but shook his head. “I was going to say rugged, and beautiful.”

Tylia nodded “Of course, Your Highness. We do pride ourselves on the beauty of our landscape. The Hinterlands are brutal, but in a pure sort of way, like they’re nature’s greatest test”

“Yes, yes!” The prince said nodding. “That’s a brilliant way of putting it! What was your name again?”

“Lady Tylia” She said with a smile.

“And I’m Lady Abigail” Abigail said butting in.

“Of course” Phillip said. “Once again so lovely to meet the both of you! Will you be around for the rest of the feast? I would very much like to speak with you both again after I’ve done my rounds”

“Yes, of course, Your Highness” Tylia said.

“Wouldn’t dare leaving without getting to know you more, my Prince” Abigail said, voice taking on a sultry tone.

Prince Phillip nodded “Wonderful, wonderful. I’ll come find you in a bit. Oh! I think they’re bringing out the food! Excellent. I went on a hunt this afternoon, and I’m frankly quite starving.”

Tylia smiled “Let me fetch you a plate”

“No, no” Abigail said “This is my house, I’m the host, I will fetch him a...” Abigail trailed off distractedly. Her mouth had dropped open, drool forming at the edges. Beside her Tylia was in an equivalent trancelike state, eyes lidded, jaw slack.

Phillip frowned as he looked at the two of them. "My ladies? Is something wrong?"

Both Abigail and Tylia pushed past him, as if he were no more than a street urchin. "What *is* that..." Abigail moaned.

"It smells so good..." Tylia said, voice husky.

They walked together in a trance towards the central table, where trays of food were being set out. Side by side they stood over them, breathing heavily.

"Oh fuck" Abigail grunted "So hungry..."

Tylia nodded "Yeah...Starving..."

They looked at one another, and shared a grin, their rivalry temporarily vanished at the sight of the feast before them. As one they both dove in, scooping food out of trays and filling a plate, and then a second. Meats in thick sauces, tender roasted vegetables, slices of golden baked breads slathered in butter. More and more they grabbed, desperate to claim as much food as they could.

Neither woman waited to take their food to a side table, instead they just set them down on the edge of the serving table beside each other and began to dig in. They ate without speaking, though not in silence, the sound of lips smacking, teeth chewing, and throats moaning with delight very audible.

Around them there were worried murmurs of conversation amongst both servant staff and nobility. What had possessed these two young women to act in such a way? Surely someone should intervene...and yet...that was Lady Abigail. No one in this house, other than her father and the Royal family themselves outranked her while on these grounds. No one had the authority to stop them if they wanted to.

"Oh fuck, this is so good" Abigail grunted, after swallowing a mouthful of roast beef drenched with gravy.

"More..." Was all Tylia said in response. Abigail nodded, after releasing a subdued belch. Yes, she too wanted more.

Tylia lost track of time, lost track of where she was, lost track of *who* she was. All that mattered was that she ate more. As one hand stuffed a handful of potatoes into her mouth the other grabbed hold of a pitcher of something. She didn't know what it was until she lifted it to her mouth and tilted it up. It was gravy, not juice or wine, but to her in that moment it was like the nectar of the gods. She chugged the thick rich fluid down, ignoring the gasps from onlookers.

Feeling a tightness around her midsection as she set the empty pitcher down, Tylia stood upright, feeling dizzy. Beside her Abigail also pushed herself away from the table, blinking as if she'd just awoken from a deep sleep.

Through the crowd Mary emerged, face a mask of shock. "My Lady! Are you...oh gods...are you alright?!"

Tylia nodded meekly. "What...what just happened?"

"Fucking hell..." Abigail said, hands coming up to rub her face. "I thought I was just really hungry at lunch...but this is twice now..."

"Lunch..." Tylia muttered. "It happened to you at lunch too?"

"Yeah..." Abigail said. "Wait...are you thinking..."

"The potion" Tylia and Abigail said at once.

"So that's how it works..." Tylia said. "How much did we eat?"

"Oh fuck..." Abigail said, eyes wide as she looked over at Tylia.

Tylia followed her gaze down to her own front, her jaw dropping. Visible beneath her bust she could see her stomach bulging a few inches past, stretching her dress to its limits.

"Oh fuck!" Abigail cried as she then looked down at herself, finding an equally large belly protruding from her midsection.

Tylia looked to Mary, who still looked frightened and confused. "I'm ok, Mary" Tylia said, and she meant it. Even though she'd eaten enough food for a dozen people she didn't feel discomfort or pain, just a pleasant heavy fullness. "I just need to sit down..."

Mary nodded, coming forward to take Tylia's arm to lead her onward. Abigail waddled after them, also desperate for a place to sit. Together they made their way to the side of the room, where they were able to sit down on a set of plush chairs.

Tylia let out a sigh of relief as she sat down, she hadn't realized how much weight she'd been carrying until she'd gotten off her feet.

"Right?" Abigail said, agreeing with her sentiment as she too leaned back into the comfortable chair. "It doesn't feel bad though...just heavy"

Tylia nodded, closing her eyes to rest for a moment, while she rested a hand upon the round shelf of her food filled gut.

"I wish Morgan had given us a bit more warning" Tylia said.

Abigail laughed "Yeah, no kidding. She really told us fuck all...So after lunch how long until yours grew?"

“Mmm...a few minutes” Tylia said, looking over at Abigail. She couldn’t help but laugh out loud at the sight of them.

“What?” Abigail said “What is it?”

Tylia shook her head, still laughing “It’s just...all of it...it’s just all so ridiculous. Look at us! We look like we’re with child!”

Abigail shrugged “Well, yeah, I can’t argue with that. It’s been fun though...”

Tylia smiled then whispered “No kidding. I spent all afternoon touching them...”

Abigail gave her a knowing look. “Sounds familiar. It is nice being big, right?”

Tylia nodded with a giggle. “More than I thought it’d be”

“Wait until you get to this size...”

“Hopefully I will be soon!”

Abigail smirked “Maybe, but I’ll still be bigger!”

“For now...” Tylia said.

Abigail laughed “Oh yeah? What are you planning, bitch?”

Tylia just smiled “You’ll just have to see...bitch”

Abigail gasped “Tylia! Such language!”

Tylia rolled her eyes “Oh shut up!” Then they both broke into a fit of giggles.

Though Tylia would never admit it out loud, a part of her was thankful that Abigail had also taken the potion. Having someone going through it with her, knowing what it feels like...it was comforting. Abigail was a little rough around the edges, but she was surprisingly fun, and sharp. Now that she’d spent a little more time with her, Tylia could actually see them becoming good friends.

“Ah there you are!” A tenor voice sounded. Both Abigail and Tylia looked up to see Prince Phillip approaching. In a single moment all levity and thoughts of friendship vanished. They’d almost forgotten that they were both competing for the same man, and Tylia couldn’t afford to lose.

“There was some spectacle by the food table, I couldn’t get close enough to see” The Prince said looking over his shoulder. “Are you two alright? You both look rather spent?”

“We’re fine, thank you, your highness” Tylia said. “Please...forgive us for our strange appearance”

The Prince frowned “Whatever do you mean?”

Tylia sat up, and reached her hands forward underneath her bust. The round dome of a stomach was gone, her midsection returned to flatness. Where had all the food gone? A warm tingle that started in her chest gave her a hint.

“Abigail” Tylia said turning to her. “The growth is starting”

Abigail grinned “Perfect. My Prince, you are in for quite a show...”

Tylia grabbed Abigail’s wrist. “We can’t do it here! Everyone will see!”

Abigail looked over at her “So?”

“So, we’ll be naked in front of the entire court! We can’t do that!”

Abigail sighed “You really are such a prude. Alright fine, I know a place we can go”

Prince Phillip stood before them looked bemused. “What in damnation are you two talking about?!”

“Come, your highness” Abigail said as she stood up. “We’ve got something to show you”

Abigail led the way out of the hall with Tylia, Mary and the Prince trailing behind her. Tylia caught up to her hissing frantically. “Why did you invite the Prince?! He’s going to see us nude!”

Abigail snorted “Yeah, that’s kind of the point, Tylia. You realize Husbands see their Wives naked?”

Tylia blushed with embarrassment “Ok, yes, but...”

Abigail shrugged “Do what you want, bitch. You don’t have to come with us. I’ll take the Prince with me and he can watch me grow big delectable tits, and then you can go find somewhere private to grow. How about that?”

Tylia fumed silently, but she couldn’t argue with Abigail’s logic. “Fine. How close are we...I can feel it...it’s going to start really soon”

Abigail nodded, closing her eyes as a shiver ran through her “Me too...Mmm, how exciting!”

“I really wish you two would tell me what’s going on!” The Prince said annoyedly.

“Don’t worry, My Prince” Abigail said over her shoulder “You’re really going to like this. Here we are”.

Abruptly Abigail turned to the left and pushed open a solid wood door. Behind was an empty stone room with torches on the wall for light, with no windows.

“What is this place?” The Prince asked as they entered, looking around. The puzzle of the mystery room would have to wait, as his attention was suddenly taken up by the two women before him.

Without saying a word both were in the process of disrobing, loosening ties and pulling at fabric. Soon both stood topless, chests flushed and heaving as the change began.

The Prince went pink at the sight of these two women suddenly exposing themselves. He turned his head to look away as he spoke “By the gods! What are you-”

Mary caught him by the arm pointing “Look, your Highness! Look!”

At Mary’s urging he looked back across the room at Tylia, who stood panting heavily, her tan skin beading with sweat. Despite the physical signs of discomfort, she had a broad smile on her face, eyes closed as her hands held her breasts. Her fingers were sinking into her flesh...no, she wasn’t moving...her breasts were expanding *around* her fingers!

“Yes!” Tylia said, half moan half scream. “Bigger!”

The Prince’s eyes widened, a stupid grin forming on his face as he watched Tylia’s breasts swell before him, growing from moderately large, to absolutely huge. More and more flesh filled out her chest, each breast growing without stop, sloping past her rib cage, reaching her navel. Each of them was perfect; round, smooth and huge. They were like two pumpkins attached to her chest.

“Oh Fu-hu-hu-huuuuuck!” Abigail moaned. The Prince jerked his head to the left to look at her, mouth gaping open. Abigail had already been huge, not much smaller than the size Tylia had just reached. Now she was gigantic, her breasts dwarfing the rest of her as they swelled outward in all directions. Abigail moaned with sheer ecstasy as her breasts continued to grow to truly unreal sizes, two magnificent globes each two feet in diameter. Together they covered her entire torso from collarbone to hip and spread a foot past the edge of her body on either side.

Phillip didn’t know how she was still standing; her breasts were obviously larger than the rest of her, but she somehow stayed upright. Abigail’s eyes were closed as her arms gripped the underside of each massive mammary, using all of her strength to keep herself vertical.

Tylia’s voice spoke from his right, her voice high-pitched with excitement “By the gods! Look how big I am! Abigail how were you able to walk around at this size, they’re so heavy...and they feel so good! I can’t stop touching them...”

Abigail let out a grunting laugh “You think yours are big...Holy shit...I am HUGE!”

Tylia looked over to her, a pout forming on her face. “Yes...yes you are” she said dejected.

“My ladies!” The prince said, aiming to get their attention. “I’m both shocked and amazed! You were both already beautiful, but now you are simply breathtaking!”

Both women turned to look at the Prince, smiles forming on their faces. They’d been so caught up in their own growth that they’d forgotten that he was still in the room with him.

“You like them, Your Highness?” Tylia asked shyly, hands lifting up her breasts to hold them out towards the Prince, as if offering them to him.

Prince Phillip nodded “Very much so”

“But not as much as he likes mine!” Abigail snapped “My Prince...surely you’ve never seen breasts as large as these” She stepped forward, back arched dramatically to help balance the weight of her enormous bust.

“Yours are also amazing!” The Prince said, not showing favourites. “But to answer your question...yes I have”

Both girls gasped. “What!?” Abigail yelled. “Who!” Tylia added.

“A woman of stunning beauty” The Prince said with a sigh. “One who belongs to another...Damned Brightblade... As soon as I saw her, I knew I wouldn’t rest until I found someone who rivalled her. I thought my search would forever be fruitless...until today.”

Both girls smiled, thinking that he was talking about them. Abigail noticed first, snorting loudly. “What are you grinning about, bitch? He’s obviously talking about me!”

Tylia rolled her eyes dramatically “Not everything is about you, Abigail! He was looking at me!”

“Unlikely!” Abigail laughed “How could he even notice you with those tiny little titties, compared to my...what was the phrase you used? Overgrown Udders? Oh, they’re definitely overgrown now, little one!”

“I am not little!” Tylia fumed. “My breasts are bigger than yours were five minutes ago!”

Abigail shrugged with a smirk “Key word there: “were”. Face it, bitch, you’ll never be as big as me”

Tylia let out a yell of frustration, when suddenly the Prince stepped in between them. “My Ladies! Please! I was talking about both of you! You’re both lovely and I’d be happy to choose either of you to be my bride” This calmed them down a bit, but they still shot angry glares at each other.

“But” He continued “I can only choose one of you.”

“Me, obviously” Abigail said, sticking her tongue out at Tylia.

“Shut up!” Tylia snapped.

“No, not you” The Prince said.

“Ha!” Tylia yelled. “Told you!” Then she turned back towards Phillip stepping towards him.
“My Prince, thank you so much, I would be honored to be your bride”

Prince Phillip chuckled “Aha, I didn’t mean that I’m picking you either”

Tylia frowned “Oh...”

“I’ve not yet made up my mind” The Prince said “Tomorrow morning I intend to make a decision, so please meet me in the grand hall then. I hope to see you both there, hopefully outshining your current beauty...”

He bowed his head at each in turn and then turned and left the room. Simultaneously each of the girls looked at each other, narrowing their eyes at one another.

“I...” Tylia began. “I’m feeling tired...I don’t think I’ll be returning to the feast”

Abigail nodded “Me neither. I want to get some rest too...”

One after another they left the room then went in separate directions, Tylia towards the guest wing, Abigail towards her own quarters. Mary trailed behind, catching up with Tylia.

“My Lady, how do you feel?” Mary asked, watching as Tylia walked topless through the halls, each magnificent teat projecting nearly a foot off of her chest.

“I feel...determined” Tylia said. “You heard what the Prince said, at the end? About outshining our current beauty?”

Mary nodded “Yes, my lady?”

“He wants us to grow bigger” Tylia said. “So that’s what I’m going to do.”

Mary looked over her shoulder. “But you need food to grow, if I understand correctly? Shouldn’t you return to the feast?”

Tylia shook her head “No. I don’t want Abigail to know that I’m planning to grow bigger. I’ll have to do it in secret. Tonight, after everyone’s gone to sleep...we’ll sneak to the kitchens. Then I’ll have free reign to eat as much as I can. Abigail won’t expect that”

Mary nodded, an excited smile on her face “Of course, that’s brilliant, My Lady!”

Tylia smiled back “Thank you, Mary. And thank you for all your help”

They arrived shortly in front of her quarters. "Come fetch me at midnight" Tylia said to her lady in waiting. Mary gave her a quick bow then scurried off. Tylia entered her room and shut the door behind her. Then she got into bed and despite the excitement coursing through her body forced herself to sleep. She would need the rest if she was going to be up all night.

A knock at the door awoke Tylia from her dreamless slumber. She rose from her bed, wearing nothing, grabbing only a loose bed sheet to cover herself. None of her dresses would fit her now, and they especially wouldn't fit her if she was successful tonight.

Mary stood outside with a lit candle in hand, looking nervous. "Are you sure about this, My Lady?"

Tylia nodded "Definitely. I *will* be chosen by the Prince tomorrow, once I grow these bigger than Abigail's" Her hands rested atop her breasts hidden by the sheet. An image of herself appeared in her mind, absolutely immense breasts, more than double the size of Abigail's. A shiver of excitement ran through her at the thought.

"Let's go" Tylia said.

Together the two women crept the dark halls of the keep, being careful to avoid being spotted. Down into the depths of the stone manor they travelled, until finally they stopped in front of a wooden door. With a nod from Tylia, Mary pushed it open.

Together they stepped it into a dimly lit room, that was clearly the house's kitchens. A low fire crackled in a massive hearth on the far side of the room, providing an orange glow to the surroundings. Barrels filled with food lined the walls while fresh vegetables lay in stacks on the counters. On the far side of the room a door with the words "Cold Cellar" written on it in simple paint could be seen.

Even now, hours later, the scent of the evening's feast still permeated the room, thick and enticing. Mary looked around, nodding to herself. "Where would you like to begin my lady? ...My Lady?"

Beside her Tylia walked into the room, steps slow and dragging. Her eyes were half-lidded, as drool formed at her lips. It all smelled so good...and she was so hungry.

"I need...all of it" Tylia groaned. "Give me all of it!"

Mary gulped at the urgency present in her Lady's tone, but she complied immediately. Rushing around the room she collected bread from cupboards, salted meats from barrels, and cheese and fruits from the cold cellar. She brought it all to the large wooden table that sat at the centre of the room that Tylia stood beside. As soon as the first of the food had been delivered, Tylia began to eat, scarfing down handful after handful with glee.

Time passed in the dark kitchen as Tylia ate without stopping, her hunger seemingly insatiable. There was no end to the food either, as Mary continued to bring out tray after tray from various locations in the kitchen.

After an unknown amount of time, Tylia stood upright to catch her breath for a moment. Her stomach rumbled loudly, eagerly calling for more, still nowhere close to being full. She reached out a hand to her front to feel how big she'd gotten. Her breath caught in her throat as she felt the side of the large dome of her stomach projecting off of her. It was hard to see it over her bust, but she could feel her breasts resting on top of it. She was larger than a woman full-term.

Tylia smiled as she saw Mary bring out fresh plates piled high with food. She would have to thank Abigail tomorrow for how well stocked her family's larder was.

Or perhaps she would thank her right now...

Behind Tylia, the wood door to the kitchen opened to the sound of a voice mid conversation. Abigail's voice. "- outgrow me! I can't let that happen so I'll just have to-What the Fuck?!"

Tylia turned around with a smug smile as she faced Abigail who stood in the doorway. She too wore only a loose bedsheet to cover herself, though it wasn't large enough to cover her fully, the front of her breasts in view. Behind Abigail stood her own lady in waiting, who Abigail had been talking with.

"Oh Hello, Abigail" Tylia said. Her mouth still watered, desperate for food, but she could control herself for a short while to taunt Abigail.

"You bitch!" Abigail hissed. "How dare you steal from my family!"

Tylia smirked "It's just food Abigail. When I'm married to the Prince I'll be sure your family is recompensed." Tylia's hand rubbed the taut round form of her belly as she moaned. "I *will* be bigger than you"

Abigail stepped into the room, a vicious sneer on her face. "I don't fucking...ooo...fuck that smells good" Her anger dissipated as her own hunger welled inside her. Turning she pointed at her servant "I need food, now!"

Tylia turned back to Mary who stood waiting with her own tray of food. "I'm ready for more"

Tylia moaned as she took the food from her. Abigail walked over and set up on the opposite end of the table, as her own servant brought her plates piled high with food which she immediately dug into.

No words were spoken, just the occasional angry glare across the table. Both were too busy, focused on eating as much as they could. It was a desperate race to consume, to ensure that by the end when they both would grow, they would come out on top.

Their gorging continued without stop until the morning broke. At last when the rooster crowed, they called it a truce. Though neither would admit it, both had been ready to stop for quite a while, but each had driven the other on, neither willing to submit.

Together they sat side by side on a sturdy wooden bench that stood along the side wall of the kitchen. Both rested with their heads tilted back against the wall, breathing heavily.

“Are...are you done?” Tylia said, voice tired.

Abigail groaned as she looked at the half-eaten roll she held in her hand. “Done? No fucking way I’m-” Her stomach gurgled ominously, after which Abigail let out a pained whimper. “Ok...yeah, I’m done”

“I think...we may have overdone it” Tylia said looking across the room to Mary who stood waiting with another tray of food in case her Lady wished to continue.

“Yeah...” Abigail said. “Maybe...”

They sat on the bench, which was starting to bend from their weight, because they could no longer stand. Underneath their busts each of their bellies protruded, each massive, round and taut. From where she sat, Tylia’s belly rested on the floor in front of her, forcing her legs to spread apart. It extended out from her body horizontal for a few feet before sloping down to the front. Her belly button, having long popped out, rested nearly 6 feet away from her.

Abigail’s belly wasn’t quite as big, as she hadn’t eaten for as long as Tylia, but it was still unbelievably large. Looking at her from the front you couldn’t even see her face. Her belly filled the space from the floor up to her chest, and then her colossal breasts, which rested atop her gigantically swollen gut, rose higher than her head.

“How do you feel?” Tylia asked.

“Tired...” Abigail said. “My jaw is sore”

“Yeah, me too”

“But...other than that. I feel alright...”

Tylia nodded “Right? That potion must be some powerful magic if it can keep us feeling fine while we look like this...”

Abigail laughed “Yeah, no fucking kidding. We must look like we swallowed an entire cow!”

“Two cows, My Lady” Mary said, voice serious.

“By the gods...” Tylia murmured. “So much food...just imagine how big we’re going to get”

“I only care about how big *I’m* going to get” Abigail said. “Just as long as I end up bigger than you, I’ll be happy”

Tylia said nothing, taking a moment to just breath. It was overwhelming, feeling this immense, but she knew it would be temporary. Soon she would be a different kind of immense...

Tylia's stomach gave a sudden lurch, which caused her eyes to shoot open. She could feel a strange tickling sensation on the underside of her belly. She soon realized it was the feeling of her skin sliding across the floor. Her belly was shrinking; growth would soon follow.

Looking over she could see Abigail's girth also starting to reduce, her breasts slowly lowering until her face was visible from the front again.

"You won't beat me!" Abigail said, though her voice was unsure. Tylea had eaten *a lot*. It was difficult to say whether Abigail would have enough of a head start with her current bust size.

Tylia ignored her, hands reaching forward feeling the skin of her midsection shifting beneath her touch. Second after second, she could feel weight disappear from her front, as her gut slowly shrank. After a minute had passed her hands felt the last of it vanish, her stomach back to normal.

"Ok..." Tylia said feeling a tingle begin to grow in her chest. "Here we-"

Her growth hit her like a tidal wave, breasts exploding out from her. In seconds they overflowed over her lap, reaching the floor and spreading out before her. Tylia was completely bowled over by the stimulation of it all. In mere moments she went from being ridiculously busty to being a body attached to an impossible abundance of flesh.

Her breasts continued to grow, spreading outward across the kitchen. She felt them bump against the wood table in the centre of the room and easily push it out of the way. Her chest rose and fell, heaving as she gasped for air, trying to keep herself lucid with the hurricane of pleasure she found herself in.

More sensations began to pop into her mind. A solid hardness on her right where her breasts collided against the cupboards. A tiny delicate touch near her front, Mary reaching out to feel her. Most noticeable was the radiant heavy warmth she felt from her left. Abigail...or more accurately her breasts, pressing against Tylea's.

Forcing her eyes open, she looked over in that direction, to see just how big Abigail had grown. All she could see before her was four massive hills of creamy flesh, her own two breasts and then Abigail beside her. Their breasts sloped up and away from where they sat, rising higher than their heads as they swept across the room.

"Abigail...are you ok?" Tylia asked.

Abigail opened her eyes and looked over at her. "I'm fine...Did I win?"

Tylia shook her head "I have no idea...we're both enormous"

Abigail huffed "I can see that, but what I want to know is, am I bigger!?"

"Mary?" Tylia called over her breasts. "Who would you say grew larger?"

"Umm...that's rather difficult to say My Lady" Mary's voice echoed back. From where she stood, the Lady in Waiting could only see a wall of breasts, four of them stacked side by side completely filling the kitchen. Here at the far end, they were taller than she was and just as big across. Their flesh was just as soft and smooth as it'd always been, now there was just so, so much more of it.

"Well, figure it out!" Abigail yelled. "We need to know for when the Prince arrives!"

"Yes...about that" Mary said, sounding embarrassed,

"What...what is it?" Tylia asked.

Mary sighed. "I've just received word that the Prince has left. Returning home with his new bride in tow"

"WHAT?!" Both women yelled angrily.

"Yes...I'm sorry My Lady, apparently he snuck off in the night after meeting her. So unfortunately the Prince is no longer available. But I'm sure in your current state you'll have no shortage of suitors. That is, once we figure out how to get you out of here..."

"Fucking Hell" Abigail cursed then sighed. "Ah well...I wasn't really that excited about marrying that prick anyway, he was kind of a jerk..."

"Right?" Tylia said "He really wasn't as charming as they claim..."

Abigail nodded "Yeah...I really more cared about-"

"-beating you" they said together, Tylia helping her finish her sentence. Abigail laughed "You too, huh?"

Tylia nodded with a smile "Guess I'm not so different from you"

"Friends?" Abigail said reaching a hand out towards Tylia.

Tylia grasped it in her own, just barely able to reach. "Friends!"

Abigail smiled as she squeezed her new friend's hand.

"Mary?" Tylia said calling across the room. "Mary!"

"Sorry, My Lady, I was...staring. What can I do for you?"

“Could you please go fetch Morgan, we need her assistance”

Abigail gasped. “What!? Don’t tell me you want to make them smaller!”

Tylia laughed “Of course not! But we *will* need some kind of magic to move around...and to get out the door”

Abigail sighed with relief “True, true. Yes, please go get Morgan immediately!”

Across the room from behind the mountain range of their busts, Tylia and Abigail heard Mary sigh. “Oh dear...um, My Ladies...about Miss Morgan...”

Several miles away...

“Are you comfortable, My Prince?” Morgan the Witch said with a smile as she floated along the King’s Road, keeping herself aloft by way of magic.

“Never been more comfortable” Prince Phillip replied from where he lay, arms crossed behind his head, resting upon her cleavage, surrounded on either side by breasts each larger than the royal carriage. Her massive zeppelins were each over twenty feet long, and nearly that big across, humungous fat masses of alabaster pale flesh, supported unnaturally in the air by yards and yards of black silk, that she’d enchanted to provide lift to her divine assets.

“Good” Morgan purred, her head over ten feet away from where he lay.

Morgan had felt a little bad at first, selling those two girls a watered-down version of her potion. But that guilt had quickly evaporated when she’d learned a seat at the Royal council was on the line.

Ever since an Elven Maiden from Arkentum bearing powerful life magic had joined the Royal Court, Morgan had been trying to get her way into the inner circle of the Royal Family, and now she’d done it. And all she’d had to do was grow a pair of impossibly massive tits. She didn’t even consider that a downside; they were quite delightful to look at and felt marvellously good.

Atop her bust, Prince Phillip rolled onto his side nestling against the warm expansive mass of her breasts. Morgan’s smile widened as she felt his weight settle against her. The Prince was already hers, wrapped tightly around her finger. She was in.

THE END...