

One tap of her ancient staff was all it took for the chest to creak open. Casta Varda's piercing blue eyes scanned over the crate of loot for not even enough time to call it a "moment" before she tapped it again. Another creak, and it had shut. There was loot, sure, and she'd earned the right not to take it. She didn't want it. Anyone else would have to figure out the chest on their own. The mage had no problem pulling the ladder up behind her. The solo mage's finger lit up like a candle, a simple spell that illuminated enough of the dank, dusty dungeon to search for creature threats. If there were any, she could blow them up with a quick wave of her hand. Not that they would be any threat to her in one piece, just an inconvenience.

Varda's angular jaw raised upon illuminating the sight of a suspiciously sturdy-looking ladder. The walnut-colored ascent perched against a wall of massive, stone bricks. The mage opted not to climb the dodgy rungs, instead opting to cast a simple levitation spell with a wave and tap of her left foot. She float-walked to the alcove above the ladder, as if she were a doll lifted by an invisible hand. Sitting in the center of the simple square was, of course, a chest.

The mage was far too knowledgeable to simply grab the chest and crack it open, knowing full well it could be a mimic waiting to sink its teeth into, or suck into a void, her slender, trim body. A simple wave would crack the chest open at its jaw/hinges, to see test whether it were creature or inanimate.

\*Creak.\*

Inanimate.

Satisfied with that fact, but knowing she likely wouldn't be satisfied with the loot, the mage set her feet down those stone bricks...

Only for one of them to noticeably sink below her foot upon placing pressure on it.

PSSSHHHHHHH.

Too relaxed to recoil, the mage inhaled a full blast of the blue, gaseous cloud. Little streams had shot out in a wide path from the chest and every crack and crevice that surrounded the tiny alcove, quickly coagulating into said cloud, just at her face's height.

Drat! Stroll through a whole dungeon, down 24 levels, annihilating anything in her path, and she manages to be caught by a simple pressure point. Clearly, this must be some sort of blueberry spell. No matter! She would consume an antidote. As soon as she stepped down from here.

Waving away the dust and the blue air, she turned around to see... wall.

Was she left disoriented by the gas? She turned another ninety degrees.

Wall.

Wall.

Wall.

Each direction was wall, that became abundantly clear once the dust had settled, thoroughly coating the floor beneath her sandaled feet. The mage shrugged. An illusion no doubt, she'd figure her way out in a moment once-

**\*GURGLE\***

Once she stopped this filling! She looked down to see that her tunic-covered stomach was already spilling out of the exposed sides of her plate armor. It might leave her with a slight gut for a few days, but it would not pop her. All she needed was to consume the blueberry suppressant. The mage went for her pouch.

Her pouch that she did not have. As soon as her free hand flew to her hip (the flame at her fingertip long extinguished), she felt nothing but her flaky, leather belt. An image from the morning slashed through her mind, that of her recalling that she'd left her bag at the base camp after leaving, and deciding it wouldn't be necessary, given she'd never fallen for a trap in all her years of dungeon crawling. She wished for a time spell for nothing else but to reverse the clock and slap her past self across the face.

So she'd no antidotes, but she still had no fears. As her belly popped away her armor plates, one at a time, revealing a blue midsection, she used her powerful memory to think back to that one incantation...

"Klatuuu... Booata... Mikto!"

\*Clink\* She tapped her magic staff against her metal breasts plate...

...

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FWOOMP, CLAMBERRRRR.

The chest armor fell to the floor, as two, bulbous, blue breasts, rumbling with the juice they were sucking from her stomach area, lurched forward. This caused no alarm to Varda, given this was exactly what this spell was meant to do. Soon, similarly just as expected, her pointed, quivering nipples began to at first secrete, then geyser a steady stream of blue juice. The drainage pattered against the floor with a slight echo, and the human fountain could only thank her lucky stars that there were four walls to prevent any other adventurers from stumbling across her in this state. She could wait to break that fourth wall.

Soon enough, she would drain herself of this awful spell and be on her way. In the meantime, the slender woman leaned her staff, and herself, against the nearest of those walls, pausing to watch her berry boobs do their thing...

[illegible]

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"Hmph."

Varda patted at her belly, just in time for her to feel the last stomach armor plate explode off her figure. She watched it rocket across the room and embed itself edge-first into the opposite wall. Her breasts were draining, and yet, her stomach was filling up faster than her nipples could squirt. She couldn't see the berrying belly beneath her bread-basked sized mounds, but she could feel it stretch beneath her hand.

She looked a little left to see her flank on that end quickly becoming what one might call a "love handle", sagging to her thighs with the blue juice filling it. "Damn you. Drain! Drain while I still stand!"

The arrogant sorceress plunged two hands into her jiggling, liquid pillows, which didn't increase the flow, but did elicit a moan from the woman. Her frustration turned to arousal as she continued to knead at the juice fountains on her chest, her knees that were already wobbling under her increased weight soon buckling. Now on her knees, she paused to reconsider her position.

She was currently inflating into a blueberry at a speed far too great for the drainage spell to keep up with. Her tunic was tearing away, and her armor had all but fallen off. Her belly was about as wide as a standard table, and the heavy liquid was keeping her anchored against the floor. She could levitate if she could reach her staff, but what good would that do if she couldn't go anywhere? She could blast a hole in the wall that covered her escape, but what good would that do if she was still growing fatter with blueberry juice?

She decided she would still need to reach for her wooden staff, not to cast any spell with however. The rational side of her mind saw no escape for herself, and she had a VERY rational mind. Thus, when she reached her staff, she would naturally use it to masturbate.

She stretched her left arm out, but found the staff just barely out of reach. Not to worry. A simple heave to the right, a ho to the left, and her whole jiggly body rolled in its direction. She managed to wrap her fingers around the pole before being straightened up again, the weight of her belly keeping her grounded still.

It was then that she took in how unnaturally smooth this staff was... years of use had filed any nubs or splinters away, leaving it a testament to Varda's perfectionism. The bottom was a perfectly rounded end, and thus, with a few more incantations, she let it go. The staff would gentle lower to the floor, though that rounded end stayed suspended at the point in space at which it had been when the staff was released. It slowly, surely moved its way under her fat belly, squirming a bit like a rigid snake, until it disappeared beneath the blueberry's roundness.

It reappeared not in Varda's sight, but in her very soul. She gasped as the fat end of her staff that had served her through countless dungeons discovered a new mode of pleasing her with a wet clapping sound. She flicked her left finger upward, feeling

it move in with the force of a battering ram and sending a tremor throughout her wavy, fleshy body. The finger flicked down, and the ram withdrew to move in for another motion.

This would most certainly do.

The lever-style finger motion continued to elicit moans from the sorceress as her inflation took on a more full-bodied nature. She could feel the space between her breasts and belly swell outwards faster, so that those teats of hers began to disappear into her torso. The aforementioned love handles soon joined in on the march to make Varda into a perfect sphere, and she thanked her lucky stars that no one was witnessing this. Her years of valiant efforts warranted an explosion that was either remarkable and seen by all, or unknown and seen by none. The ladder option at least meant people would continue to speculate over her exploits, wondering where she had gone and where she was now. They would assume the best of her, that she was slaying dragons and accruing wealth in some far corner of the world. They wouldn't see that she was turning bluer than her outfits and being wedged between four mysterious walls.

Varda wasn't sure how long she had spent inflating, nor how many times her finger had flicked her staff in and out of her. It was clearly over an hour, perhaps two, and the wooden thrust count must've reached above the hundreds. It was at this point that her sphere shape had begun to sag at the edges, taking on a form that was wider than it was tall. She looked up from her idle wall-staring to see that she could nearly kiss the ceiling that bore the very same texture as that wall.

It was at this point she stopped flicking her finger and just let the staff stay, the pressure being put on her clit and other points of pressure (which was basically all of her) being enough. She noticed a cool sensation at the nubs that were her feet down below and presumed it to be the juice that continued its fountaining down her stomach pooling on the floor.

'Well...' she thought, as she reached her third orgasm. '...I'm about done. It would be a fine time for me to-'

SPLAT

The sorceress filled the room, cementing her status as a legend, despite her little mistake.