

## Total Eclipse from the Boobs

*by Jay Philia*

“Hear ye, hear ye! Gather one and all!” boomed the town crier, barely audible above the hubbub of the town square on market day. “We have a special proclamation from our village astronomer. Please lend him your ears!”

Off to the side huddled three people, well past childhood but well under middle age. Emilia, a buxom witch, stood next to her dearest friend, Flint, and Flint’s lover, Asher.

“You’re sure about this, Flint?” whispered Emilia. The black of her brows matched her pointed hat and pleated skirt. Atop her sizable chest rested a white cotton tunic.

“I’m...yes, I don’t understand how, but, yes,” Flint said. Dressed all in black, a long tuft of hair shrouded his left eye.

“What do you mean you don’t—” started Emilia, only to be shushed by Flint.

“Thank you, fair townsfolk,” croaked the astronomer, acknowledging the applause. “As you know, for seven long years, young Flint here has served as my apprentice,” the ancient man gestured to Flint, causing the flock of townsfolk to focus their gaze. Flint grimaced.

“Now the time has come for him to test out of his apprenticeship. If he passes the test, he will be granted the title of Master Astronomer, allowing me to,” the old man paused here to hack up a lung “allowing me to retire.” The entire town tittered and jittered. Doubts ran rampant that the old man would ever retire, or, even more so, that Flint would ever pass his test.

“I will allow young Flint to explain,” choked the decrepit one, moving aside.

Emilia and Flint glanced nervously at one another. Asher gave Flint’s hand a tight squeeze before letting go. Flint walked over and stood between the town crier and his instructor.

“Uhm, yes, thank you everyone. For my test, I must predict an impending astrological event. And um, according to my calculations, today, now in fact, in just five minutes time, we shall soon face a total solar eclipse.” Flint spouted nervously.

“Wharr’s that mea’?” shouted the town drunk, affectionately nicknamed Drunky.

“Ah, it means, um, that the sun shall be blotted out—it shall become dark during the day, but not by the clouds,” Flint explained. Excited murmurs lit up the crowd.

“We’ll believe tha’ whe’ we see it!” shouted Drunky, who also happened to be Flint’s father.

“Well, just you watch—don’t look directly at the sun, mind you—but pay attention, and you will see the shadows start to form within moments!” said Flint. A smile crossed his face.

But moments turned into minutes, which turned into a mass of disinterested faces. Emilia and Asher rushed over to Flint.

“What’s happening?” squeaked Emilia.

Before Flint could respond, the ancient astronomer swooped in.

“Flint, I will give you until the strike of three. If the sun has not been blotted out by then, you will hereby be banished from astronomy for Unscrupulously False Calculations of the Stars!” As quickly as the old man had appeared, he was gone.

“Flint, if you don’t become a Master Astronomer, how will we support each other?” said Asher, whose lips, ruby red as his hair, were in a pout. Flint swallowed hard and glanced at the clock tower. A quarter to three.

“Emilia, please. You have to help me,” Flint said, wringing his hands.

Emilia cocked her head and raised her brow as she crossed her arms.

“Help you? How, Flint? You know my powers can’t move the sun and the moon,” she said.

“I don’t know, isn’t there any spell you know? Some potion? Can you convince these people I predicted...something?” Flint said, eyes wide with panic. Emilia paused to think. Asher moved forward and whispered something in her ear, causing her to blush and giggle.

“What, what is it? Asher, what do you know about magic?” asked Flint, hackles raising.

“No, no, it’s nothing, it’s just a joke,” said Emilia.

“This is no time for a joke! Please, whatever it is, just try it. Do something, please!” begged Flint.

Emilia and Asher stared at one another. Asher fervently shook his head, but Emilia just grinned, causing Asher’s eyes to widen. With a flourish, Emilia took a large vial from her lambskin bag and uncorked it, swallowing the viscous pink substance in a series of greedy gulps.

Dropping the empty vial with a crash at her feet, she panted heavily. Suddenly, her nipples started to protrude visibly from underneath her tunic.

“Emilia, what was that?” asked Flint.

“Boobies,” Emilia responded dumbly.

“What?!” said Flint.

“She’s going to grow,” said Asher, “*huge.*”

“What are you talking—” Flint started to say, then stopped. For just then, Emilia indeed began to grow. Her breasts, sizable to start, pushed up and out, stretching her tunic to its limits.

“Unggh,” she moaned, crossing her legs at the knees and squirming with visible pleasure.

“Sweet mercy, Emilia!” said Flint. Already her breasts were like two massive, fleshy gourds, cleavage spewing over and underneath her tunic. Several townsfolk began to gawk at the widening witch.

“Uhhnn uh oh,” squealed Emilia, and in an instant the growth accelerated.

“Stand back!” Asher yelled.

The crowd screamed and ran as Emilia’s breasts billowed outward with a gelatinous, rumbling noise. The mounds strained mightily against her tunic until, with a *snap!*

like the cracking of a whip, the fabric broke, sliding across her boobs and onto the ground. Her naked nipples lengthened and thickened, abutting her accreting areolas.

Emilia's fleshy roundness *fwoomphed!* forward with alarming speed and force. Falling forward only to be caught by burgeoning boobflesh, the witch's tits soon surpassed the size of a house, a church, a monastery, a mountain! More and more she became, bowling over everything in her path, until suddenly her swelling stopped.

"Tha's some tits that is," shouted Drunky from below.

"They blot out the sun! Flint was right!" added the town crier, just as the clock tower struck three.

And *that* is how Emilia and her boobs helped Flint become Master Astronomer. ♥