

Lavine walked through the quiet halls of the College of Magic, tightly clutching a bloodstained bag. A member of the Adventurers' Guild, she knew what she was about to do was stupid and immature, but she had reached a breaking point.

For months, her boyfriend Drynn had been completely engrossed in his studies. As Drynn was taking Medicinal Alchemy, taught by the notoriously strict Professor Nadir, Lavine was initially understanding. She was used to being overlooked, *especially* as a gnome, but here she had felt it was a worthy cause. She was even proud when her boyfriend revealed he was one of the class's top students.

This all changed, however, when Lavine overheard two of his classmates talking about the professor. On her way to meet with Drynn after class, she couldn't help but overhear their conversation. One of the students held his arms out in front of him, as if weighing an imaginary object.

"Did you see how **big** she was after that test yesterday?" he said.

The other student snickered. "Are you kidding? That's all I could see! I don't even remember if we had a lecture."

"Nadir said she's never had so many students pass that test, let alone score so highly... listen, you should really stop by Drynn's study group tonight. He's determined to get the class's average grade up as much as possible."

"*By the Goddess*, I wonder how big she'll get..."

Lavine stopped in her tracks, her curiosity piqued. "What are you talking about?" she said, stepping closer to them.

The students looked down at her, startled to see someone listening in. "Oh, uh, nothing. Just... class stuff," one of them muttered, shuffling his feet.

Lavine took another step closer, looking up to meet their gaze. "What did you mean about Professor Nadir getting bigger?"

The students exchanged nervous glances, unsure of whether to tell Lavine the truth. Finally, one of them sighed and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "Look, most people never pass Nadir's class. But when people start getting higher grades, she... grows bustier."

Lavine's eyes betrayed her skepticism, and the student continued. "I know it sounds crazy, but it's true. It wasn't very noticeable at first, but after your boyfriend started his study group, the class has been doing *really* well. And that means, uh, Nadir is... stacked. She's almost knocked over the lectern more than once, and she's only getting *bigger*. Every quiz, test, assignment, as soon as it's graded, she grows a few cup sizes or more."

Lavine was silent for a few moments. *This* was why her boyfriend seemed to have no time for her, always studying or talking to his professor after class.

“And... you said that Drynn’s started a *study group*?” she said, her voice low.

The student shifted uneasily. “Well... yeah. some of us wanted to see how big she could get. It’s kind of a game, you know? How big will she grow by the end of the semester?”

Lavine’s stomach churned. Her eyes glanced down toward her own ample bosom, wondering why this wasn’t enough for Drynn, before realizing: *she was ample for a gnome*. She couldn’t compete with a Drow taller than she was, with breasts *bigger* than she was!

She shook her head, banishing those unpleasant memories from her mind. She might not be able to compete with Nadir physically, but she could certainly overshadow her in other ways. After spending the last week fighting her way through a bandit encampment and retrieving her prize, Lavine knew that her gesture would not fail.

Drawing closer to the lecture hall, she could hear the sound of Professor Nadir’s voice growing louder. She took a deep breath to steady herself. This was her moment to shine, to show everyone what she was truly capable of. More importantly, this would finally show her boyfriend that Nadir was not worthy of his attention.

“This’ll have to be dramatic... I can do dramatic.”

Lavine kicked open the door to the lecture hall and strode inside. Trying to ignore looking at Professor Nadir, Lavine nevertheless took a peek and internally screamed. It was looking as if Drynn’s study group had been paying off, with interest. Nadir’s heavy breasts strained against the fabric of her blouse, with several buttons looking as if they might fly off at any moment. It was astounding that the woman was even standing, given her slender frame showed no signs of muscle mass. Lavine bit her lip in jealousy. Nadir could possibly be the bustiest woman Lavine had ever seen.

She felt a jolt of panic as Professor Nadir raised an eyebrow. There was only a moment to make her mark, and it was fading, quickly. Tearing her gaze away from Nadir’s figure, Lavine cleared her throat and turned to face the class.

With a flick of her wrist, Lavine unclasped her bag and overturned it, dumping its contents onto the floor with a loud **thud**. A gray, bulbous ogre’s head tumbled out, sending a wave of gasps and shrieks through the lecture hall. Lavine reached down and roughly grasped it by its hair, lifting it high. Even in the dim gaslight of the hall, the head’s ruby-red eye glinted.

“Behold!” shouted Lavine, “Balor Red-Eye, the ogre bandit leader, dead by my hands! His gang will trouble Shan’guoth no longer.”

The room was silent for a time, as the image of a severed ogre's head settled in their minds. Lavine's heart was filled with pride as she scanned the audience, row-by-row, searching for her boyfriend, but her pride was short-lived. Drynn was nowhere to be found, and her pride was replaced by a growing sense of disappointment.

Professor Nadir's expression was one of surprise as Lavine made her boast, but it quickly faded into one of unimpressed resignation. She cleared her throat and opened her mouth to continue her lecture, but as her eyes flicked downward to the bloodstains now adorning her floor, she frowned. Nadir rapped her fingers on the lectern, drawing Lavine's attention, and gestured towards the door.

"Miss Lavine," she said in a stern tone, "while I appreciate your enthusiasm, this is a lecture hall, not the arena. You will have to take your... display, elsewhere. I have a lecture to continue, even if this room is no longer suitable for teaching in its current state."

Lavine's face flushed with anger. She had expected some kind of reaction, but the professor's dismissive tone caught her off-guard. *Lavine's display? What about the professor's constant display of her chest?* Before Lavine could respond, however, she was startled to see her boyfriend stepping out of the door to the professor's office, a stack of papers in hand.

"Professor," he said, looking confused at what he had walked in on, "I've finished grading the quizzes for you. It seems like the class scored several points higher than you told me we would."

Lavine's heart skipped a beat at the mention of the class's grades. Had her efforts been for nothing? Had she crawled through cavern muck and chopped off that ogre's head for no real reason? She looked up at Drynn, searching for some sign of approval or disappointment. But he wasn't even looking at her! He was looking at...

Professor Nadir took a step back and leaned on her lectern, gasping as several buttons popped off her blouse. Her bust *ballooned* outward, pushing a frilly, colorful brassiere into the view of the entire class. The sound of fabric *stretching* and *straining* was audible in the otherwise silent lecture hall.

"Mister Drynn, those quizzes were five percent of your grade," said Nadir, her voice tinged with pleasure. "If you keep this up, I might have to get a harness installed in my class. *These are getting far too heavy...*"

Lavine dropped the ogre head to the floor and bolted out of the lecture hall, her hands trembling with anger. The severed head rolled towards the audience, prompting several students to lift their legs out of the way.

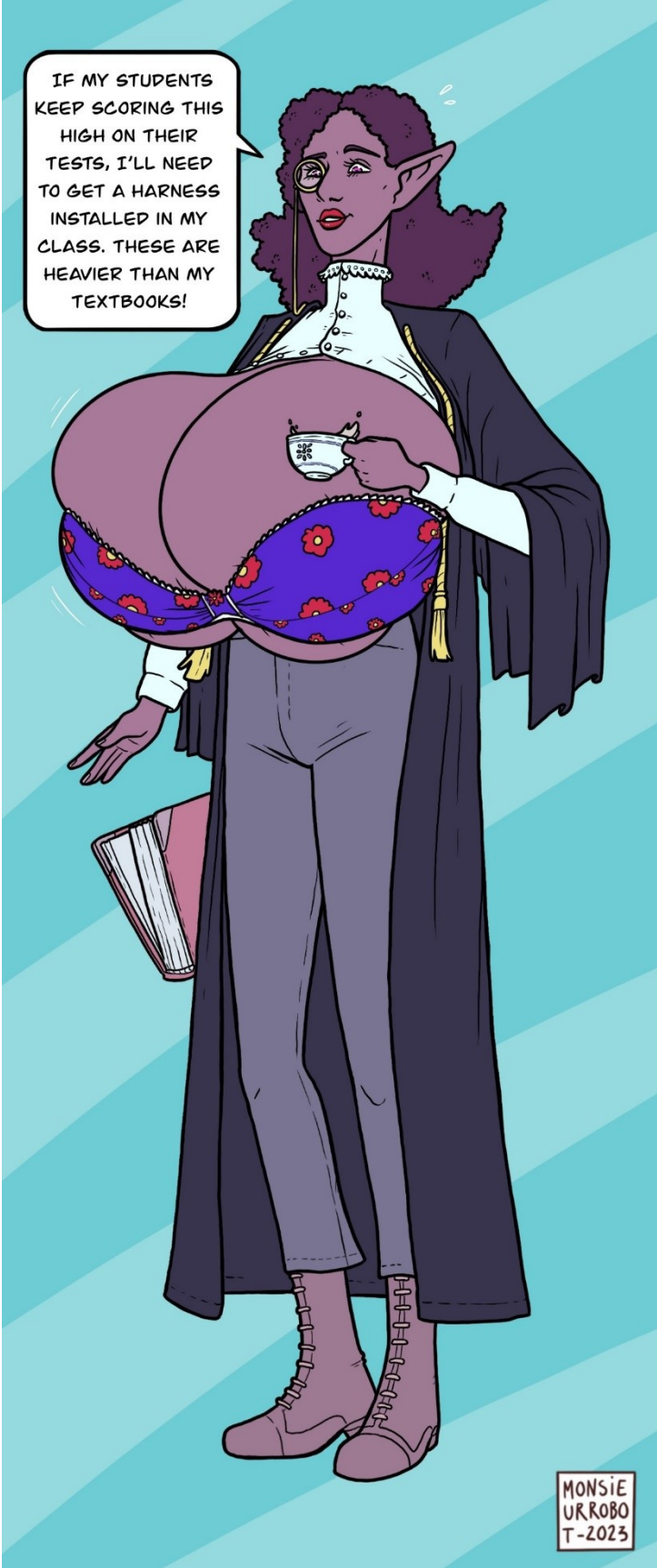
Professor Nadir watched as Lavine stormed out of the room, concerned.

“That was... unexpected,” she said, before turning to Drynn. Her growing breasts lagged in turning, and overshot their destination, before bouncing back to the center. Drynn stared openly, as Nadir's bust *jiggled* and slowly *swelled* further.

“Mister Drynn?” Nadir snapped her fingers, getting his attention. “If you could be so kind as to remove the... item that Miss Lavine brought in?”

Drynn nodded, his eyes darting between the ogre's head and Nadir's *quivering* breasts. He couldn't help but wonder what circumstances had led to his girlfriend leaving a severed head in his lecture hall.

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