

A Swell Visit to the Elven Village!

“You made a gigantification spell?” Chrysanthia asked.

“Yeah, I wanted to repay you and the rest of the village for taking me in last year,” Vivian answered. “You said the Ylinite tree was really important to the elves and that it needed a lot of maintenance to keep up its protective barrier, so a gigantification spell that lets you reach the canopy seemed like it would be helpful.”

In this elven village surrounding the Ylinite tree, every elf has blonde hair, blue eyes, and pointed ears. Vivian was the only human visiting the village at this time. A short brunette mage with pink highlights at the end of her hair. Two tufts came forward and rested around her neck like a scarf, and the rest was wavy and hung down to her waist. Her eyes were big and blue, her bosom was ample, and her hips matched.

Chrysanthia, the elven nurse, had previously cared for Vivian a year ago. She wears her straight hair in a shoulder-length angled bob cut. Her eyes had a drooping shape, while her body was slender and slightly above average height.

The two of them were standing in front of Chrysanthia’s house. Some houses were lofted in the trees, but this one was closer to a log cabin, firmly planted on the ground with a square floorplan, but a beautiful garden out front adorning the natural-looking pathway with colorful flora

Chrysanthia reviewed the scroll Vivian had handed her describing how to cast the spell, “This is great! Yeah, this’ll definitely help us out!”

“I’m glad it paid off,” Vivian remarked, “Also, your village council said they’d get the villagers together for a celebration.”

“Ah, so that’s what the commotion was all about,” Chrys realized. “Well I just finished escorting growberries back to the village, so maybe you’ll get to try our village delicacy: Growberry Parfait.”

“Growberries? What’s that?” Vivian asked.

“A variety of berries known for their parasitic nature. It’s become a delicacy around here because the Ylinite tree’s barrier cleanses them. So we’re the only ones who can make a desert out of it.”

“Ah, so I’ll be eating a parasite?” Vivian pointed out.

“Yep! Don’t worry it’s safe, we’ve been eating them for years,” Chrys assured.

“Ok, I’ll take your word for it,” Vivian accepted. “Anyway, I’ve been instructed to rest here until the party is ready later tonight.”

“Oh, I see. By all means, come in. I’m sure Poppy will be glad to see you too,” Chrys invited Vivian inside. After chatting through the open doorway for the last few minutes Vivian finally entered Chrysanthia’s home.

Vivian had been to the elven village only once before, after suffering grave injuries in the forest a year ago, Vivian was found by Chrys and a small foraging party from the elven village. Chrys decided to bring Vivian home and nurse her back to health. Upon her departure, she promised to return with a gift as a thank you. While in the village recovering she met many townsfolk, including Chrys's younger sister Poppy (she was the elven equivalent of 19 years old.)

"Vivie!" The energetic elf called out as she appeared from the hallway. Wrapping her arms around Vivian and mashing her face into the mage's ample chest. This woman was about the same height as Vivian so for her face to end up there, she must have purposely leaned forward. Poppy turned her head up and looked Vivian in the eye, face framed by cleavage. Her hair was long and layered with well-cut bangs, and her eyes were a youthful round shape similar to Vivian's. Her body type was similar to her sister's. "Are you going to stay for good this time?" she asked Vivian.

Vivian chuckled, "No, I might stay for a week but nothing more." Vivian patted Poppy on the head.

"Aww. But things are so much more fun with you around," Poppy pleaded. Then she removed herself from Vivian. "The sporting team is meeting in a couple of days, can I convince you to go to that?"

"You probably can," Vivian agreed.

"Good. And I'm glad to see you doing well," Poppy responded. She then leaned in and whispered quietly in Vivian's ear, "Chrys talks about you a lot you know."

For the rest of the afternoon, the three women passed the time with various activities, cooking and eating lunch together playing a tabletop game popular among elves, and experimenting with simple harmless spells that Vivian knew like one that makes bubbles and another that levitates objects.

Outside of the house, an elf named Amaranth with loose curly hair, big eyes, and an ample chest was arguing with her sister, an elf named Jasmine with straight hair in a bangs cut, narrow eyes, and a smaller chest. Both were around the same height, a little taller than Vivian, and both were around the same age, a little older than Poppy.

"You always give the information, I don't want to be off to the sidelines this time," said Amaranth.

"You know I'm more succinct than you are," Jasmine responded, "Just leave it to me." Jasmine knocks on the door in front of her.

"No. Wait, why is this a competition? Just, when they answer the door: shut up," Amaranth demanded.

Almost immediately, the door was opened and both girls started by saying, "Heeeey," with a cheery smile.

"Wha- Jazz!" Amaranth stammered.

"The village council has asked us to—" Jasmine continued.

“Nonono stop stop stop!” Amaranth interrupted by trying to cover Jasmine’s mouth with her hand.

“–come and let you know th– *murph*” Jasmine got about half of her words out before being muted.

“The party is ready!” Amaranth finished the message.

Jasmine pulled the other elf’s hand away by pinching her arm to make her recoil. Amaranth responded with a sharp “OW!”

“Keep your dirty hands away from my mouth,” Jasmine rebuked.

“Hey, I told you I wanted to say it,” Amaranth responded.

“That doesn’t excuse you getting all handsy,” Jasmine explained. “Next time I might just bite it off.”

Amaranth gasped, “You would bite the hand that feeds you?”

Jasmine stammered, “What do– You don’t feed me.”

“Hah! That’s a saying the humans use. It means you should show respect to your family members, dear sister,” Amaranth explained.

“Alright, that’s enough!” The elf standing in the doorway finally spoke up. It was Chrys.

Then from behind her, Vivian spoke up, “That’s not what that saying means.”

“Oh, it isn’t?” Amaranth dropped her arms as she questioned Vivian.

“What does it mean?” Jasmine chimed in.

“‘Biting the hand that feeds you’ means to hurt those who have helped or are currently helping you. You should never ‘bite the hand that feeds you’ or rather, you shouldn’t refuse help from someone.” Vivian explained. She stepped forward, “Anyways, shall we go?”

Both Vivian and Amaranth poised themselves cheerfully, ready to go, letting their bodies bounce a little. Jasmine saw this and placed her hands over her chest. She acted aloof. Clearly, she was upset about something.

Under twilight skies, the village had gathered to celebrate Vivian’s return. A small band played shanties and several proud cooks prepared the banquet. The council thanked Vivian for her gift and all in attendance enjoyed the night together. The celebration lasted about 3 hours. Towards the end, Chrys’s neighbor and priestess Rose, approached Vivian. A tall regal woman, with medium-length straight hair in a crop cut, softly shaped narrow eyes, and a respectably full figure.

“Congratulations on the new spell Vivian!” Rose cheered, “Even if it’s only temporary, turning into a giant should be very helpful when it comes to caring for the Ylinite tree.”

“That’s the plan, do you have any questions for me? Since you’ll be the one using the spell,” Vivian asked.

“None at the moment, I’m a bit too tired for it now anyway, I wouldn’t remember the important parts,” Rose responded.

"I know this tree is important but I feel like a gigantification spell is such a simple solution, I didn't need a whole party thrown for me," Vivian reasoned.

"Don't be so humble. You should know the reason your spell is so helpful. It's because it's efficient. I've looked into gigantification spells before, but they consumed too much mana to be practical. Yours doesn't," Rose assured.

"Well then, thank you for the party. It was a lot of fun," Vivian said.

"How was the Growberry Parfait?" Rose asked.

"Oh, uh. It was good, why?" Vivian answered.

"It's sort of an Elven delicacy, and I made them myself," Rose explained, "I know Chrys didn't get to try it, unfortunately."

"That's too bad, she was telling me about them earlier," Vivian responded. "She mentioned they were parasitic?"

"Oh. Well, because of the barrier the berries that do that would never get into the village, but normally if they are the parasitic variety, they would hijack the body and start converting its mana into juice," Rose explained.

"Oh, that's a bizarre effect," Vivian remarked.

"Yeah, that's why the people in this village are probably the only ones who use them in making dessert," Rose concluded.

Rose soon departed and it was just Vivian and Chrysanthia left. Their conversation continued into the night, surrounded by the calm silence of a post-celebration elven village courtyard. Vivian was an adventurer with many expeditions behind her. The two of them recounted some of those experiences before looping back to the events from a year ago that landed Vivian in the elves' care.

"You know, I'm really glad I got to see you again. Even if you hadn't brought that spell with you it's nice seeing you on your feet after healing you and letting all this time pass. Makes me feel very accomplished as a nurse, you know?" Chrys remarked.

"I'm surprised you'd ever doubt yourself," Vivian replied, "Even the highly trained doctors in the human cities aren't as gentle with their patients as you are. I don't think I could've been luckier for who found me out in the forest that night."

Between speaking turns there was a long moment of silence. There was a stillness in the air that not even a breeze dared to disturb. The lanterns that lit the cobblestone street flickered, their flames dancing. They played with the shadows they cast like puppeteers giving the illusion of life to objects that had none. This isn't to suggest there was no life in the courtyard, off of both sides of the cobblestone path was a line of plantlife brimming with the green vibrancy of a lively forest. And in the center, wooden tables sitting satisfied of their work supporting the community that had feasted there just a few hours ago. The food was cleaned off, but there was still a random assortment of objects left behind: a stack of plates, an old barbeque, some children's toys, among other items.

After the spell of silence, Chrys said, "I would really like to take the time to convince you to stay in the village for longer, but we should head home for tonight."

The two of them left the courtyard.

Upon returning home that night Vivian and Chrys discovered a concerning scene. With only faint moonlight bleeding through the trees and windows, the inside of Chrys's home was very dark and dimly lit. Poppy slept in a room near the entrance. The returning pair could hear a concerning amount of distressed rustling and moaning coming from inside that room.

Vivian and Chrys decided to investigate, they approached her door, their weight rocking the wooden floorboards and causing some to creak. After knocking and calling Poppy with no response they entered slowly. Inside her room was still too dark to see anything but vague shadows. The sound was clearer though, revealing a bubbling/growling sound emanating from Poppy. The air was thick with a sweet musky smell.

Vivian cast a light spell to reveal more about the situation. It was about as bright as a candle. In the light of this new magical aura, it was clear that something was wrong with Poppy. Her chest was engorged, ready to pop out of her nightgown, and she was slowly turning purple, the pigment emanating from her nipples and spreading out quickly. A liquid-like juice was slowly dripping out of her through her nipples, mixing with her sweat and soaking into her nightgown and bedsheets. She was clearly still asleep but things were quickly going from bad to worse. She was breathing heavily, she was sweating profusely, and her boobs continued to rise and grow, eventually bursting out of her top.

Chrys was beside herself in complete disbelief, but still managed to take action. She figured the first order of business was to wake her sister, and she asked Vivian to fetch a basin.

"Poppy... Poppy! Wake up!" Chrys called to her sister.

"Hmmm... huh? Sis? What's going on...?" Poppy said through heaving breaths, she was stirred from her sleep as her growing chest was nearly covering her entire torso.

"Can you sit up? There's a bit of a situation," Chrys explained in the calmest voice she could muster.

Poppy rolled over, and her tits shifted with the movement. She was able to sit up. "Why... are my... boobs..." Poppy's energy was being drained. As she sat up her breasts draped over her knees and continued swelling in her lap quickly dominating her stature.

"Chryssie? What's happening to me?" Poppy asked, clearly starting to panic.

"It's nothing we can't handle Peeps. No matter how bad this gets, the worst that'll happen is you'll pass out ok?" Chrys explained the consequences first.

"They're... getting really big," Poppy continued as her face was placed just out of sight by the growing mass of boobs.

As Vivian returned with the basin, Chrys explained the procedure, "We're going to get the juice out of you now, just relax and let your body remain loose while it's being expelled."

"I don't know Chryssie, this is kind of intense..." Poppy complained from the other side of two purple yoga balls.

"It's ok, just try your best," Chrys assured.

From two purple nipples the size of her fists, Chrys managed to begin extracting berry juice out of her sister and into the basin laid just below her. The swelling slowed to a crawl as the basin was filled.

Then Vivian chimed in, "I don't know if I even need to ask, but these symptoms seem awfully similar to the condition you were telling me about."

Chrys replied, "Yeah, this is exactly what I was talking about. This shouldn't really be possible because of the barrier, but there are certainly exceptions. And while it's unlikely, this could happen to anyone else who had one of those parfaits. Vivian, could you check on the neighbors? I'm sure Rose would've had one considering her sweet tooth."

"Did you forget that I also had one of the parfaits?" Vivian reminded her.

"I remember, however, you should've seen symptoms by now, and you're human. The berry would still affect you but with much less intensity than an elf," Chrys explained.

"Hmm... alright," Vivian accepted hesitantly.

Once outside Vivian was beholden to something deeply concerning. In the next house where the young elven couple, Rose and Arbor, lived. Vivian spied a purple mass bulging against their window. And in the house on the other side, A mother who was currently away, and twin daughters, Jasmine and Amaranth. Vivian could see what was probably the breasts of both Jasmine and Amaranth fighting for space as they grew. Vivian then used a spell of farsight in order to see into the other homes around the Village. Just about every single one had some elven woman growing massive growberries from their chest. Vivian predicted that most of them would at least remain smaller than their bedrooms, but some of the burgeoning masses were sure to start causing damage, especially the ones in lofted houses. Creaking and the sound of splintering wood were coming from several houses, especially Rose's house.

After witnessing the crisis outside Vivian rushed back inside to inform Chrys. As she did a crashing noise could be heard from next door. Compared to what she had seen, Poppy's condition was quite tame. At least, it was when Vivian last saw her. Upon returning, Vivian saw that Poppy had grown enough to fill the bed and then some. Two huge purple mounds dominated one side of her room and threatened to crush the bed. They were taugth and full of juice. Light from the moon and the light spell glistened off of the sweat on the purple orbs, moving with the expansion. The same sweet smell hung heavy in the air, and the gurgling noise had gotten louder. Meanwhile, Chrys was

desperately trying to juice her poor sister, berry juice flowed freely and was beginning to flood the room. At this point, it had filled up to the girls' ankles.

"Vivian, I need your help! I can't reach both of her nipples, can you work on that one?" Chrys asked keeping her composure.

"No time, most of the villagers are blowing up like balloons and I'm sure Rose's growth will crush this house before long," Vivian responded.

"Surely we have time to help my sister first," Chrys reasoned.

But to no avail, behind Vivian the opposite wall began to bend and creak, clearly being pushed from the outside by something huge. "No, I don't think we have any time at all, sorry," Vivian remarked.

Chrys hesitated, switching between Vivian, the wall, the door, and her sister's growing bosom. "Ugh...ok. I'm sorry Poppy!" Chrys shouted to her sister.

"Chryssie! Please? There's so much juice!" Poppy pleaded in a muffled voice. She continued to get buried behind her ripening chest.

Vivian and Chrys made it out of the house shortly before the walls caved in. The two of them were surrounded by a total of 6 massive purple breasts in this corner of the Village. Rose, Jasmine, and Amaranth had all grown unbelievably large and destroyed their own houses. They all seemed to be settling down at the size of beached whales, Poppy was clearly still growing though, her boobs slowly broke out of her room and pushed back against the two nearest growberry breasts.

Rose's husband, Arbor, approached in a panic, "Chrysanthia, do you know what's going on? We were just going to sleep when I felt Rose's chest on my arm and it took a moment to realize what was going on, and she was growing and then it just didn't stop. I didn't know what to do. I heard her asking for help the whole time, but—"

"Arbor! Arbor! Arbor. It's ok, I know what's going on," Chrys had to calm Arbor down so she could explain, "These symptoms are in line with a growberry infection. Although on this scale, it looks like we have a growberry outbreak."

"Oh, ok. Wait, but the barrier is supposed to filter out the infectious growberries isn't it?" Arbor asked.

"Yeah, I'm just as bewildered as you are on that one... The Ylinite tree and its barrier have been getting weaker, maybe it's just that simple," Chrys reasoned.

"Chrys," Vivian called, "You said the growberries sap out mana to make juice right?"

"Yeah, are you feeling drained," Chrys responded.

Vivian's chest began changing color, labored breathing caused her plump J-cups to rise and fall, she undid her shirt's top button to let the girls breathe. Sweat dripped down and gave her breasts a glossy sheen that glistened against the light of the street lamps. At a brisk pace, Vivian's titty skin changed from pale to purple.

"I thought you said it wouldn't affect humans as much," Vivian pointed out.

"Yeah, humans typically have less mana than elves so the process doesn't last nearly as long," Chrys explained.

“Oh... no... Chrys,” Vivian responded behind swelling breasts. The fastener holding her cloak to her front was pulled taught. Purple flesh bulged out of the opening in the neckline and a welling gurgle emanated from her chest.

“I’m a mage...” Vivian continued. She undid the clasp on the cloak and let it drop to the floor. She undid her bra as well and dropped it on top of the cloak. Now her long button-up shirt was all that remained. The fabric clung to her figure revealing the teardrop shape of her ripening breasts. They quickly surpassed large watermelons in size and filled with juice quickly, happily gurgling in the meantime.

“I train every day to increase my magic capacity...” Vivian continued. She carefully made her way to the floor and sat with her legs at her sides, each breast was about half the size of a yoga ball and weighed more than bowling balls. They slowly sank then rested in her lap once they were big enough.

“I’m going to have to deal with this, I just need to get all the juice out right?” Vivian asked just as her breasts had grown enough to fill her shirt and pull all of the buttons tight. She needed her arms for balance and therefore struggled to reach them forward in order to undo the buttons. Vivian’s condition quickly got worse and they all began to pop off on their own. The boobies heaved with growth quickly surpassing the size of yoga balls. Juice leaked from her nipples, sweat glistened all across her purple bosom, and a loud gurgling rose along with the boobs.

“Are you sure you’re going to be able to get all of that out?” Chrys questioned in response. Vivian’s chest pressed forward growing in all directions, quickly spilling out of her lap and crawling along the ground. They filled with juice faster than a waterfall would fill a tub and rose ever higher. Chrys and Arbor were beside themselves, they were watching Vivian transform into a pair of supersized growberries right before their eyes. For once, Chrys didn’t know what to do. At this rate of growth, Vivian would easily grow larger than any of the other girls in the village and nobody was sure if it would be possible to juice her faster than she was growing.

“I think I can figure something out, go help your sister ok?” Vivian assured.

Chrys started to take action and decided to ask the priestesses for help. Normally the process is to remove the juice, then purify the individual and once the purple color fades away, they’re cured. Most of the priestesses were celibate, spending a lot of time in isolation, so most of them didn’t attend the gathering earlier, meaning they didn’t eat the growberry parfait. Chrys hurried to find them in the village and brought Arbor with her.

Meanwhile, Vivian tried different spells to help juice herself. Anything from water magic to control the flow of the juice, to teleportation spells to just teleport the fluid out of her body, to earth magic to squish her chest with rocks and squeeze the juice out. Nothing worked. The juice couldn’t be extracted faster than it was created and all attempts to slow the production down were futile. Vivian had never trained to reduce the capacity of her mana so her chest continued to fill up. When she started attempting

spells her bosom rose higher than her standing height, and after the last spell, they were twice that height.

“Juice... Juice... So much Juice,” Vivian moaned.

Vivian’s chest was growing so big it began pressing into her, causing her face and body to sink into the mass halfway, before shoving her backward along the ground. Her boobs rose from the ground filling with juice eventually surpassing the height of the street lamps, several were knocked over in the wake of her growth. There was enough growth that Vivian was now being lifted into the air.

Chrys and Arbor had gathered some help and were assisting some of the lesser cases so that they could get more hands helping the rest. Then when they circled around the village back to where Vivian was. Vivian’s bosom had surpassed the width of the pathway, there was easily enough width to fit at least 4 horse carriages on that path, and Vivian grew right over it. Her growing juice-filled breasts had grown high enough to look down on the houses, even if they hadn’t been destroyed. With more moans and more juice Vivian’s breasts were now officially larger than any of the elves’.

“Oh my god Vivian are you ok?” Chrys called out.

Vivian, halfway up the side of her growberry boobs called back, “Don’t worry about me, I can handle it, just make sure everyone’s alright!”

“That includes you though doesn’t it?” Chrys reasoned.

“Just go help your sister and the others I don’t want to slow you down from getting to them!” Vivian pleaded.

“Viv, remember what you said this afternoon? About the saying Amaranth was using?” Chrys reminded Vivian of something familiar hoping it would convince her. “Don’t bite the hand that feeds you! You need my help right?”

Vivian felt surges of Juice flowing in her growing chest, she was hopeless to stop this as things were going. “Ok, I’m sorry. I need help. Please help me!”

The growing continued, Vivian’s boobs were still filling up as fast as ever despite surpassing the size of the Ylinite tree’s trunk. 9 average houses could fit inside the Ylinite tree’s trunk and Vivian continued growing. Her body continued to pump growberry juice and make her bosom larger by several orders of magnitude.

“I have an idea! I can use the new gigantification spell to help you out!” Chrys called out.

“That makes sense!” Vivian responded.

So Chrys prepared the spell, one of the priestesses held onto a copy of the scroll, and through that, Chrys was able to become a giantess. Her flesh expanded and she grew taller, but her clothes didn’t follow. She slowly rose from the ground and the clothes she was wearing quickly became too tight and were being torn apart by the expansion. “AAAHH!” Chrys cried out in embarrassment. “It doesn’t magnify clothes?”

“Sorry, part of the efficiency of the spell meant that all your clothes were supposed to be identified individually so they would grow too. Too late now though,”

Chrys was able to roll Vivian forward to be sure she wasn't going to be suffocated by her own mass anymore. The growing continued, and when Vivian's breasts were tall enough to reach halfway up the Ylinite tree Chrys could see the sheer size of Vivian's chest causing lots of havoc and damage on the village below. The intensity of this growth was astounding, and it kept going. There seemed to be no end in sight for Vivian's growth. Juice continued to fill her up more and more.

Chrys then figured out an orientation to juice Vivian from. Pressing Vivian's body against her chest and picking up her breasts as if they were her own, Chrys was able to squeeze and juice them as if they were her own breasts and an ample amount of fluid was flowing from them.

Unfortunately, this wasn't enough. Vivian was still growing and starting to become too big for even a giantess to handle. Chrys was soon overwhelmed by Vivian's ripening growberries and had to abandon her plan. Standing up she was about the same height as the Ylinite tree, she moved around Vivian to get to her nipples and juice her from there, one hand on each desperately squeezing as much as she could.

After some time Vivian was now large enough to fill up half of the village and nearly reach the tree's canopy, she was almost rising higher than Chrys's height despite her having used the gigantification spell. And the juice kept flowing. Vivian grew more eventually reaching the canopy of the Ylinite tree, then pressing up against it. Vivian grew past Chrys's giant height and continued filling with juice. The growth of Vivian's boobs was still going and threatening to topple the largest tree in the world.

Fortunately, this is where the juice seemed to be satisfied and Vivian stopped growing. Finally, her mana had run out. Chrys looked down to realize the mess that was being made. The Village was flooded with growberry juice, up to her ankles again, although for those on the ground, it was up to their necks. The worst was over then, all that was left was a massive amount of cleanup. Thankfully this part of the story was marginally uneventful. Juice flowed from the Village for weeks after. While everyone made a full recovery within a few days, Vivian took so long to drain out it was like she was a monument in the village for some time. It seems the villagers found a way to convince her to stay in the village for longer after all.