

Just Practicing

Sara Steinbeck is special.

She knows that. As does everyone else. That's why they're here.

"Here" could be referencing anywhere from the room that Sara and her assistants are currently occupying, to the not-quite-a-mountain expanse that the Serling Academy of Enriched Magicians sits upon. Most students are likely at the base of the thousand meter hill, enjoying their brief time off from classes at the pub while the sun sets overhead. The pupils are likely slinging ales around as quick as they can slurp them down. One percent of them, give or take, will pop in the festivities before classes resume. Thus, the noises that emanate from the town do manage to reach Sara Steinbeck's eardrums on occasion. She tries to ignore them however, she's not looking to pop anyone this evening, though she'll at least be getting close.

The half elf's tall, slim figure towers over the one seated in the wooden stool before her. The standing Sara is an elegant, slim faced woman in a bright red peplum that tucks into a bedazzled, white skirt. The only thing brighter than her wide eyes is her thickly braided, red hair. Two small ears poke out of the sides of her healthy mane, a triangular ear ring hanging from the right lobe, while the left remains unpierced.

While Sara lets her cleavage hang loose, and her clothes cling tight to her figure, she's downright demure compared to the girl below her. Her friend sits bare assed on that wooden stool, risk of splinters be damned.

The brown skinned, human girl sits with her legs crossed to preserve a modicum of decency, though that's not to suggest she's at all uncomfortable. Sara watches her brush her brown hair aside, revealing a small smile above a sharp jaw. It's a faint grin, one that suggests she's simply doing something to help her friend and is happy to do so. Her soft, brown eyes are as round as each of her exposed nipples, one of which she idly rubs at as though she were just scratching an itch.

"It's cold in here, why'd you choose this class anyhow?" The nude girl asks.

Sara nods. "Apologies Rune, but I just feel at the top of my game when I'm in a classroom."

"That's Professor Sula's suggestions swaying you." Said a small voice from the opposite end of the space.

In the process of stripping off layers upon layers of leather armor is a gnome, no taller than Sara's waist. Her pale skin and trademark wide nose are not the only things that give away her race. So too is the trademark tuft of hair at the base of her stomach that reveals itself as she pulls away her top. Her breasts spill forth too of course, about as large as her head and pointing slightly outwards.

"It doesn't feel like a classroom with all the desks removed." The gnome continues, looking around as she unbuckles her second brown belt.

Sara chuckles softly. "Maybe to you... but after all the time I've spent in here... it could be a pile of rubble and still feel like home."

The gnome sticks out her tongue to blow a crude raspberry at Sara. "Such a schoolbody! It's no wonder you're practicing your spellwork tonight and not building a bar tab! You aren't merely the teacher's pet, but their steed, livestock and game!"

Sara waggles her finger at her friend. "Just remember what's in it for you, Lina."

"Aye, if I am not tatters on the floor! Oh well." She flicks her pants to the side, now fully in the buff. "Best be on with it."

Sara nods. If Lina, or either of the girls for that matter, are to burst, it would not be the first friend or fellow student Sara had detonated. The elf named Nito had exploded in a shower of pebbles and dirt when she had manifested an ecosystem inside of him. Arta the drow had filled up with water enough to flood the bottom floor of their dormitory when she popped. It's currently her third year at the academy, but it didn't even take one for Sara to realize that most students were only enrolled to serve as fodder for practice of the extraordinarily gifted ones. The most advanced institute for magic in the land, and somehow, everyone was alright with half the student body graduating as a pile of scraps. It did produce results after all.

The most powerful magicians in all the land, reigning as politicians, aristocrats and beyond, all graduated Serling.

Sara doesn't exactly have ambitions for power however, she seeks knowledge. Skill. For her final project in inflationary magic, she hopes to demonstrate an ability that many only think to be a rumor. It was during one of her many lavish field trips did she find herself in the Bazterrica library in the city of Tiranogram, a known hotspot for obscure knowledge. She'd ended up pinning through books in a random section when she uncovered a thin text that did not bare a library label. She felt a bit guilty about removing it from without permission, but she was worried that it'd be confiscated if she tried to check it out. No one came looking for it so she figured nobody was missing it. She soon found the tome to be a poorly formatted study on the rare form of inflation magic. The one that she hopes to demonstrate for, and upon, her naked friends in this very classroom.

Though the writings noted that most who attempt the spell, which demanded its own book, will simply pop themselves, Sara's not most people. This she'd been told all her life.

She looks down at Rune, at her large, brown eyes, and smiles. A sea of gratitude pines at the inside of Sara's chest, begging to pour out of her. Her beautiful friends, she wants nothing more than to plant kisses all over them for letting her do this. The professors want Sara to view her fellow students as pawns, but she could only see them as queens.

That being said, a decent chess player knows you can sacrifice a queen if it means

victory.

"I'm going to begin with a simple inflation spell." Sara begins.

Rune rolls her eyes and laughs. "As if any inflation spell is simple, you gloat!" She teases.

Sara suppresses her own giggle. "All right, slow yourself, I need focus."

The half elf raises her left arm, then rests her right index upon the bicep, as though feeling for a vein to administer an injection. A quick incantation, a few stretched fingers, and Rune is letting out a deep moan.

"Oh... you always make it feel wonderful." She presses a hand to her golden stomach, her fingers quickly spreading apart as she begins the transition from woman to balloon.

"So I ought to just stay over here then?" The gnome calls out from the other side of the room. "How big is she to grow?"

"Just enough so that it's a challenge." Sara rubs two hands together as she watches her friend expand, the low pitched hissing from inside becoming apparent in the diminutive silence.

Rune is shameless about letting her crotch roll across the round stool. It doesn't even phase Sara, she masturbates so eloquently, lips curled only slightly, head gliding upward with her expansion, as though soaring to the clouds. Her hips do not buck, they gently roll, as though she were doing a light stretching routine. She keeps her hands at her side, if only to pretend that she isn't pleasuring herself with the inflation. Soon those arms are swallowed whole by her expanding body as she reaches the point where it's hard to appear elegant. The ball of woman still looks marvelous to Sara however, and just as Rune reaches a small orgasm with a shudder and a moan, Sara stops the flow.

Not quite the biggest Rune could inflate, but the moment isn't about her. The human opens her eyes and looks down to Sara. Rune is not quite a sphere, but her circular qualities are undeniable. She is able to see past her inflated breasts and down the slope of her front, which glistens in the moonlight as her skin bears itself with the increased width.

"And now you're to take all this away?" Rune asks, her naturally sultry voice slow dancing through the room, unaffected by her ballooned form.

"While I'm in my element." Sara responds. "Be still." Her next move looks as if she is turning an invisible shirt inside out, while speaking incantations most unknown to everyone else in the room.

"So how does the air-" Lina begins to ask a question but is abruptly cut off by a light. A light, in the dimness, so sharp that one couldn't help but squeeze their eyes shut. If they might manage to sneak a quick peak, they'd see that the brilliant

glow is emerging from Rune's distended body. Like an opaque, glass lamp, she shines in every direction. Just as quickly as it arrived however, it disappears, but the room does not darken all that much.

Rune is now patting herself down, seated in the stool, her normal size restored, and her head apparently spinning.

Sara squeezes what appears to be a smaller form of whatever was filling up Rune between her two hands, pressing down as if trying to shatter it. In reality, she is keeping it together, trapping the inflationary magic she'd pulled from Rune's form inside a thin layer of spellwork. If she were to let it go, it would dissipate and simply vanish.

"You've done it!" Lina called out excitedly. "Inflation transference!"

"Not quite finished yet." Lara said, looking up at the gnome and grinning. "Are you prepared?"

"Wait, how much was in that? Rune got quite big after-" Lina doesn't get to finish her sentence.

Lara gives the magic orb a hefty shove, drilling it through the air and into Lina's chest. A brief flash, so brief it only elicits a blink, and Sara watches her friend rapidly blow up with a mighty BWOMPH. Lina doesn't even seem to get a moment to process this before-

BANG.

The gnome's scraps shoot throughout the room like thin shrapnel, causing the girls to shield their eyes. A pause, a moment, and Sara locks eyes with Rune. Their wide gazes hold for a moment, before the both burst out in laughter.

"You knew that would happen, that was way too much for her little body!" Rune points at Sara, more teasing than accusatory.

"My mistake! I just needed to know how much air I could extract from you!" Sara rubs the back of her head sheepishly.

Just then, the door to the classroom bursts open. A tall figure pushes through, soon revealed to be the indelible Professor Tessier. The forty something woman never seemed to shed her heavy, marine colored robes, and this moment was no exception. Her long face and piercing blue eyes demanded everyone look into them, which the students did, past her auburn hair that she kept pulled back.

"Goodness, girls. You frightened me, I didn't realize any students were still here." Her voice was like a smooth set of gears. Mechanical, yet perfectly comprehensible. "Whose scraps are these? They're everywhere!"

"Sorry professor, they're Lina's." Sara gave a slight bow.

"The gnome? I suppose I'll be canceling my tutoring with her. Now put on some clothes, girl." The professor indicates to Rune. "What were you doing here, anyhow?"

Sara pauses. She does not wish to play the card that is her spell just yet. "Oh, you know." She begins, giving an innocent smile. "Just practicing."