

Alchemammary III

by Rack-Coon

The guards stood at the portal of the palace, not even flinching as the sun shined onto their faces. However, one did raise an eyebrow at a group of women approaching. All three wore large belts around with several pouches that jiggled at each step – among other things.

“Good day, sirs” one of them, the oldest, addressed the guards. Pinching the tubular folds of her skirt, she bowed before them. The gaze of the guards shifted to the deep cleavage exposed in the carmen neckline of her dress, carrying breasts so large they covered her midsection as she bowed. “My name is Adria, a freelance alchemist, and these are my apprentices, Belle and Cinzia” she introduced them, gesturing at the two younger women beside her. “We have an appointment with your mistress.”

The guards mustered the three women and exchanged a glance. “Please wait here”, one of them said “I will inform her royalty of your arrival.”

“But of course.” While one guard went through the portal inside the place, the other took a closer look at the two other women. Though notable smaller than her mistress’, one also carried massive breasts the size of her head, stuffed into a dress with a transparent neckline. However, despite the enticing décolleté, just looking at her made the guard uneasy. Not because her skin was ashen, her eyes purple, and her short silky hair silver in sheen. It was her soulless gaze that made him dread staring too long at the cleavage shining through the semi-sheer fabric and turn to the other apprentice.

Awestruck by its opulence, she gawked at the portal of the palace. A red bandana with white dots was tied around her strawberry blond hair, which itself was tied into a braid falling to her shoulder. As paradox as it was, her modest, small chest even made her stick out from the busty bombshells, the corsage of her red dress being tightly closed over it. The buttons of her white underdress still just looked out between the laces, while its puffy white sleeves poked out of her sleeveless dress, the rest of her arms bare except for the fingerless gloves she wore. Her skirt, reaching down half her thighs, bopped slightly as she marveled at the decorations of the gate.

Said gate opened as the other guard returned. “Your royalty awaits. Allow me to guide you to her.”

“Why, thank you kindly, dear sir” Adria said, smiling even more. As they followed him inside, she hushed at Cinzia: “How did you stand all that etiquette nonsense while working here?”

“I was only the apprentice of the royal alchemist”, she flatly replied, her and her mistress’ breasts bouncing as they walked up the stairs into the palace. “People rarely took notice of me. I was never in a position I needed to care about etiquette.”

Trailing behind them, Belle approached the guard at the gate. “Um, excuse me, sir, but... do you know what this is about?” she asked shyly. “We weren’t told why we were called, only that it’s urgent.”

“I am not allowed to speak about the matter.” More quietly, the guard added: “But you will see...”

Though confused, Belle nodded and followed the others. Once inside, her jaw almost dropped. The guard led them through a richly decorated foyer – no, not a foyer. Several stories tall, it was like a ballroom. Every wall, nook and cranny was decorated with frescos, ornaments, statues, and velvet curtains. Golden chandeliers with crystals (or were they diamonds?) hung on the tall ceiling, while Belle had to be careful not to slip on the marble floor. The reflection on the tiles was so clean, Belle blushed as she looked up her own skirt, seeing her bloomers loosely hanging around her butt. Raising her gaze, she accidentally glanced at the tiles under Cinzia. As her bell-skirt bopped on her hips, the reflection on the marble occasionally showed her underwear, black panties with red roses stitched into the lacey fabric, thorn-stalks on the rim of her panties while rich blossoms went over her butt gap.

“Like what you see?”

Hearing Cinzia’s stoic voice Belle quickly looked away. “S-sorry.”

Cinzia glanced over her shoulder, then looked straight ahead, muttering under her breath: “It wasn’t a rhetoric question.”

“Did you say something, Cinzia?”

“Nothing.”

Out of the foyer, the guard led them into a corridor. Just as richly decorated, Belle couldn’t take her eyes off all the gold, silk, ebony, and what other expansive material they used as decorations. Busts and portraits lined the walls, while the ceiling showed frescos of the highest quality, depicting religious, political, and historical motives.

“Try to keep your tongue inside your mouth, Belle” Adria whispered as Belle craned her neck at the frescos. “This is the royal court – we can’t allow us to show any weakness.”

“Sorry” Belle said, trying to pull her gaze away from all the splendors. “It’s just so... overwhelming!”

Her mistress harrumphed. “The only thing overwhelming is the tasteless display of decadence” she muttered, scoffing at a marble bust.

“I have to concur” Cinzia said, stoically but with intent. “It’s well-crafted yet lacks finesse and modesty.”

Belle glanced at the two women walking ahead of her. Over her chest, Adria’s green dress was parted in a V-shape below her generous neckline, where black fabric stretched across her bosom. A network of golden stitches was woven into it, crisscrossed to form diamond shapes. Cinzia meanwhile wore a black off-shoulder dress, also with a V-neck across which a layer of transparent silk “covered” her cleavage. Like on her underwear, roses were stitched into the negligee, large blossoms with small holes that showed the pale skin of her orbs. Her multi-layered bell-skirt dangled down to her knees, a bit of her thighs poking out over her thigh-high stockings, matching the silken gloves that reached up her elbows. A spiderweb pattern was woven on skirt and bodice, silver like the tips of her high heel boots, the webs stretched wide across the flanks of her bosom.

“Sure” Belle murmured as she mustered their dresses, which were giving their huge breasts just enough freedom to bounce at every step. “Decadent with no modesty...”

The guard, either not listening or caring, continued leading them through turns and corners through the palace. “Sheesh, how huge is place?” Feeling tired, Belle stretched her arms above her head. Interlacing her fingers that poked out of her leather gloves, she held back a yawn. The corsage of her dress slightly widened across her chest, showing more of her underdress’ buttons. Even when stretching, Belle’s chest showed no sign of a bosom, loose wrinkles hanging on the plain board.

But as Belle stretched, these wrinkles slowly cambered across her chest.

She didn’t realize at first. Little by little, her dress was tenting up on each side of the corsage, the fabric billowing like little bubbles. As domes protruded from her bodice, the wrinkles over them bent and collapsed, smoothing across the gradually more convex swells. On the edges, small creases drew a frame around her breasts the further they popped, while the fabric below slightly was pulled up. Between her breasts, the strings of her corsage started rising off her underdress, which was similarly pulled and stretched.

While Belle was still oblivious to her own breasts’ expansion, Cinzia’s purple eyes were peeking at her. “Belle, your boobs” she whispered.

“Wha- oh no!”

The guard turned his head. Cinzia quickly stepped in front of the shocked Belle, blocking the sight on her chest as it swelled into a pair of hemispheres the size of her fists. The guard eyed Cinzia for a moment before he continued staring straight ahead.

“Keep it together, Belle!” Adria told her quietly. “Just hurry and take the restrainer.”

“R-right.” Hands shaking, Belle reached for one of the pouches on her belt. While she fumbled to open it, her breasts continued to reach out from her, the pace of their expansion picking up. The further their curves billowed the fabric, the more they bent over, slowly sticking from her torso in a spherical shape. When Belle managed to pull a potion bottle out of her pouch, almost letting it slip between her fingers, her breasts were already as large as a cusp formed with one’s hand. She popped the cork and raised the bottle but hesitated to put it on her lips.

“What’s wrong?” Adria asked.

While her corsage stretched across her chest and the buttons were lifted underneath, Belle frowned at the dark potion sloshing around the bottle’s round bottom. “It’s so... bitter!”

Adria rolled her eyes. “You’ll survive. Besides, bitter flavors sharpen your tongue.”

“But this is the third time I have to take it today!” As Belle’s breasts curved out her dress, the fabric smoothed across their fronts, while creasing where it was pulled more and more sharply up her bust. “Didn’t you say that stuff was strong?”

“That *stuff* has to keep several gigatons of flesh from blowing out of you” Adria reminded her. “The fact it’s lasting longer than five minutes is already proof of its potency.”

The sides of Belle’s breasts slowly lapped over the wrinkles framing them, hiding them as they bulged into a pair of round grapefruits. “But-”

“We don’t have time for this!” Adria hissed, eyes on the guard. “This is our chance to show the court how much better we are than their royal alchemists – we can’t afford to embarrass ourselves by walking up with an apprentice whose lack of restraint ended her up with over-sized hooters!”

Belle blushed. “T-that’s now how it happened!”

“You think they’ll care about the details? Now be a big girl and drink up, before your tits get out of hand!”

Mouth turned up, Belle looked at the vile potion, the top of her bust rounding in her periphery. She glanced at her mistress, making sure she paid no attention as she grabbed into another of her pouches...

“What are you trying?”

Though it was quiet and not aggressive, Belle nearly flinched as Cinzia spoke to her. “I, I just want to take a bonbon” she whispered, pulling a small candy from the pouch. “So the potion goes down more smoothly.”

Cinzia looked at the little bonbon, then at Belle’s growing breasts, then for a moment at her eyes but ended up watching her chest swell a little longer before fully facing her. “For being the senior apprentice of us, you certainly are reckless, mixing other ingredients into alchemistic potions.”

Belle pouted. “I’m not an idiot, okay? There are not alchemy ingredients in this bonbon.” Fully rounding out of her body, her breasts began pulling her dress under their bottoms. The fabric falling off her bust creased more prominently, with the wrinkles slightly drifting apart in a V-shape to match the growing width of her bust. At the same time the fabric turned into a pinkish hue across her breasts as her underdress shined through. “It’s perfectly harmless!”

For most people, it was impossible to read anything in Cinzia’s stoic face. But after working with her for a while, Belle had learned to notice the very subtle nuances of her expressions when she was angry, sad, or happy. So, when Cinzia gave her a stern look and reached out her hand, Belle sighed.

“Fiiiine.” As she untied the pouch with the bonbons and gave it to Cinzia, her breasts pushed the buttons under her corsage forward, filling the space between her clothes. Underneath the buttons, her breasts grew towards each other, almost squeezing when Belle put the vial to her lips. However, before drinking she glanced at Cinzia. While Cinzia was busy tying the pouch with the candy to her belt, struggling to see beyond her bosom, Belle quickly slipped the bonbon she had already taken out into her mouth. With the sweet flavor dancing on her tongue, she smiled as she sipped from the potion.

Only for her to grimace in disgust.

“It made it WORSE!” As the sweet of the candy mixed with the bitter, viscous restrainer she almost threw up. *“The sweet doesn’t eradicate the bitter, the bitter seeps into the sweet!! It’s like eating rotten candy!!!”*

Belle wished she could just spit it all out, but knowing she couldn’t waste one drop of restrainer, she forced herself to swallow. When she pulled the bottle off her lips the swelling of her breasts quickly slowed down. Just as their sides were about to breach her shoulders they stopped, each globe a round sphere stretching her dress as if it were stuffed with honeydew melons. “I really hope we can brew enough remedy one day I don’t have to take this restrainer anymore” she coughed while putting the cork back on.

“That is unlikely” Cinzia said after securing Belle’s bonbons on her belt. “We would have to turn the entire kingdom into a giant honey farm to produce enough rose honey to turn your boobs back.”

Stuffing the bottle back in its pouch, Belle sighed. "Sometimes, I wonder if I should just stay a mountain of tits forever..."

"I wouldn't mind that."

"Did you say something, Cinzia?"

"Nothing."

Eventually, they arrived at a large double door. The guard pushed it open, just by a notch, and gestured the three women to enter. Adria had to squeeze a little to get her humongous bust through, almost ripping her dress, with Cinzia having similar issues. When Belle followed, the guard looked for a moment at the swell projecting from her chest, but shrugged it off before also going in.

"Your royalty", he declared with a firm stance, "I announce the alchemist Lady Adria, and her two apprentices."

Light shined through windows framed by arches, with velvet curtains on each (though conspicuously, one was missing). Opposite of the gate, a large throne was standing, with a woman sitting on it – as far as it could be called sitting.

"Y-your royalty, you, um..." A little speechless, Adria quickly regained her composure, elbow dipping into her cleavage as she coughed into her fist. "It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance" she said, bowing slightly.

Jaw dropped, Belle stared at the noblesse, until her mistress jabbed her in the side. "Um, y-yes your royalty!" Smiling nervously, she tried to keep her eyes locked onto the noblesse's face. But while the makeup she wore radiated elegance, it couldn't lighten up the sour, almost hostile look on her face. "It, it is an honor to meet you!"

Cinzia looked into the noblesse's marron eyes, at her black hair braided into a tower bun, before she lowered her gaze. "Your ass is huge."

"CINZIA!!"

As both Belle and Adria snapped at Cinzia, the royal harrumphed. Though a large piece of cloth (suspiciously resembling the velvet curtains) had been wrapped around her lower body, it couldn't hide her giant butt. Through the fabric, one could see the outlines of her thighs, wide cones the diameter of her waist at the top. They continued into even larger hips and buttocks completely filling her throne, squeezing into the armrests.

"Your apprentice has a keen eye" the noblesse snarked. Her torso, looking small as it poked out of the curtain covering her huge bottom half, was dressed in a dark blue dress, with black sleeves falling off her elbows. Lilies were stitched into the rim of her V-shaped neckline, just shy of showing a décolleté for her practically flat chest. "That will be all" she told the guard, who bowed and left.

Once the door had fallen shut, Adria stepped forward. “So, your royalty, why did you, er, want to see us?”

“Ah yes” the royal said, calm and collected. “I have summoned you to the royal court on behalf of a very important – WHY DO YOU THINK I CALLED YOU?!” she suddenly yelled, her thighs rippling through the thick fabric as she slammed them. “TO FIX MY BUTT AND GET ME OUT OF THIS THRONE, YOU FAT-TITTED PEASANT!!”

Again, Adria coughed into her fist. “I... suspected as much.”

“What exactly happened?” Belle asked.

“It’s all the fault of that fraud!” the royal hissed, clenching her thighs. “I asked my head alchemist to brew a potion that would expand my chest for an upcoming festivity. However, instead of giving me assets that would make all other women seethe with envy, she got me stuck in my own throne!”

Belle leaned towards Cinzia. “Was your old mistress really that bad of an alchemist?”

“She was good at the craft, but not so much at inventing potions” Cinzia whispered back. “Though it is weird she would hand out a potion that goes beside the intended effect.”

“I demanded her to fix her mess”, the noblesse continued, “But instead, she turned on the heel and run away! My soldiers have been searching her for weeks with no luck – I am surrounded by incompetent fools!”

“You’ve been stuck in this throne for weeks?” Belle asked. “E-excuse me, but how did you...”

“I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT IT!!” Her face red with anger, the noblesse huffed, needing a moment to calm down and address Adria. “I have heard you are one of the most capable alchemists in the land. I promise immense riches if you JUST get my BUTT OUT OF THIS THRONE!!”

Adria’s cleavage puffed up as she cackled in confidence, arms crossed under her breasts. “It pleases me to hear my reputation has reached your ears. As it happens, we are in need of a new laboratory”, she said, glancing at Belle who immediately blushed, “And as such are grateful at every opportunity to improve our financial situation.”

“I promise you enough gold to build ten laboratories!” Beneath the drapes, one could see the butt of the noblesse move, rippling and jiggling as she wriggled on her throne. “Just get me out of here!”

“Then I shall take you by the word!” Content and confident, Adria pointed forward, pushing aside her bosom with her arm. “Belle, Cinzia – let us get to work!”

An hour later, with the help of some guards, a workbench had been set up in the throne room. Cauldrons sat on burners, while liquids were distilled through complex glass mechanisms. Adria mixed ingredients from the countless flasks and urns stapled on the bench, with Belle and Cinzia helping her. Though occasionally bumping bosoms, Adria and Cinzia effortlessly managed to maneuver around their busts. Belle, despite carrying the lightest load, seemed more hindered, stumbling and fumbling around. The noblesse watched them, impatiently drumming with her fingers on her thighs.

Finally, Adria dipped a scoop into a cauldron. She took a sniff from the bubbling green liquid and nodded. "That should do. A bottle, Belle."

Belle grabbed an empty bottle from the bench. She was about to hand it over but tripped while turning. Before she fell Cinzia grabbed her from behind, catching her by pulling her arms around her waist.

"T-thanks, Cinzia" Belle murmured, clenching the flask. As she handed it to her mistress she felt the skin of Cinzia's bust through the thin silk pushing into her back. "Um, you're squeezing a bit..."

"Yes, I am."

While her apprentices were cuddled up, Adria poured the potion from the scoop into the flask. "Just to be perfectly clear, your royalty, no other potion but the one that caused your current condition is affecting you right now?" she asked while walking over to the throne.

"Of course not! All I took were some potions to help me with... necessities."

"And you also took nothing to try and shrink down already?"

"I wish!" Snorting, the noblesse stemmed her hands into her massive hips. "I asked the other alchemists of the court, but they all chickened out!"

"Heh, always knew they were a bunch of show-offs." With a sly smile, Adria leaned over the noblesse's lap, her huge breasts pressing on her thighs as she gave her the bottle. "For starters, please drink half of the potion inside that bottle."

The noblesse skeptically looked at the liquid sloshing inside the bottle. "I warn you, I am not playing the test subject for some half-baked concoction!"

"It's just a mimic potion" Adria told her. "It will replicate the effect of a potion currently affecting you."

“What?!” The noblesse shook in her throne. “You wish to blow my butt up even MORE?!”

“Nothing of the like, your royalty!” Adria assured her. “You see, one of the basic principles of alchemy is that effects of the same potion can’t stack. However, when you drink from this potion, the rest of it will also take on the effect, and, more importantly, its taste. That way, I can drink it myself and analyze the components to determine a remedy. Now please.”

The noblesse still seemed skeptical. “It doesn’t taste icky, does it? I can’t swallow anything salty, bitter, or sour!”

Adria took a sharp breath that caused a lip of flesh to bulge over her dress but kept smiling. “Do not worry, it is tasteless.”

“Urgh, I detest bland tastes even more... but for once, I shall make an exception.” Though reluctant, the noblesse drank from the bottle.

“You really think this is a good idea?” Belle hushed at her mistress. “What if something goes wrong?”

“What could go wrong?” Adria asked back. “As you should be VERY well aware, only when someone falls into a cauldron a potion’s effects can multiply.”

“Except if the potion is unstable” Cinzia said. “Meaning it doesn’t have a fixed effect but fluctuates between multiple. Then the effects can stack infinitely.”

Adria shrugged. “Well, yes, but not even that doofus of your former teacher could have been that dumb to hand out an unstable-“

“AH!” Just as she finished half the potion the noblesse pulled the flask off her lips. “My chest, it feels like... like... Urgh!”

Winching, she thrust out her bosom, throwing the flask into the air. As it dropped into Adria’s cleavage, its bottom getting stuck inside the jiggling décolletage, she and her apprentices watched the dress of the noblesse billow. Beneath the lily stitching of her neckline, two little swells began puffing up, pushing the fabric into round swells.

Adria turned pale. “Oh dear...”

Steadily, the silken wrinkles smoothed across the growing surface of her breasts. Around their billowing fronts, the fabric threw new wrinkles, showing where it was pulled up the rising slopes. “What the... why is this potion NOW doing what it is supposed to?!” she screamed, grasping her growing bosom. The fabric tightened even further around her groping fingers, slight cleavage appearing as she pulled down the stitched neckline. “You said this was safe!!”

“It, it was supposed to be!” Adria replied, not knowing what else to say.

“Wait, your royalty” Belle said as a thought struck her. “You said you didn’t want to be a test subject. Did Cinzia’s... I mean, did your former head alchemist show you that it worked?”

“Well of course!” The cleavage of the noblesse deepened, fistfuls pulling the fabric up their increasing slope. In the growing neckline, the gap between her breasts narrowed, their inner curves swelling towards each other while her dress rounded on all other sides. “She blew up her chest right in front me. But when I took it, I got this cursed ass!”

“What? Why didn’t you tell us earlier?!” Aghast, Adria watched the breasts of the noblesse bit by bit push forth the hands that cupped them. Underneath, their surface distended, standing out as they tented up the fabric from her abdomen. “Instable potions are a NIGHTMARE to reverse!”

Her hands unable to grasp her bosom fully, she took them off, her eye-liner hidden by how much her eyes widened. Little by little, the stitched rim wandered up the bulging crests of her rack, the deepening cleavage showing how the shaft between her breasts gradually closed. Carrying breasts the size of large oranges, the noblesse glared at the three alchemists. “Y-you are no better than that fraud! Fix this mess or you will spend the rest of your days in the dungeon!!”

As Adria stepped back from the throne, her apprentices rushed to her side. “Wha... what shall we do now, Lady Adria?” Belle asked.

“I do have an invisibility potion in case we wish to follow my old mistress into exile” Cinzia flatly said, her bosom brushing Adria’s. “However, since we also become invisible from our own perception, running around with tits so huge may become a tad bothersome.”

“That is nothing we have to worry about.” Adria took a deep breath, before pulling the half-empty bottle out of her cleavage. “This will be a challenge, for sure, but none I intend to back away from – not with what is on the line!”

“Our freedom?”

“A lot of money?”

“The chance to one-up the royal alchemists!!” Fire burning in her eyes, Adria gulped down the second half of the mimicry potion, her apprentices slapping their foreheads.

While Adria drank, the noblesse continued growing bustier. Her curves pulled the wrinkles draping from their bottoms against them as they bent outwards. Slowly, her breasts forced her bodice to pocket their shape as they swelled larger than a cup formed with both hands, visibly hanging over her ribs. At the same time, they flared over her arms, bit by bit blocking them from sight. The gap between her assets closed, first in the

middle, until the squeeze gradually took hold of her entire cleavage. “W-what’s taking so long?” she asked, wriggling her giant rear as her rack spread out from her.

After finishing the potion, Adria smacked her lips. “Hmmm... I taste a lot of different components – and they are not harmonizing.” As the taste lingered in her mouth, motion went through the domes protruding out of her dress. Bit by bit, they were mushrooming out of the neckline, rising higher while widening the display on her skin. More slowly, her bosom was puffing up where her dress covered it, blowing up like resting dough. As the bust of the alchemist outgrew the little rest of her torso poking out, she scowled. “Gosh, did that woman just throw together anything that was in her reach? There are at least a dozen different ingredients, many of them contradicting one another.”

Belle looked at her mistress growing breasts, then watched as the royal’s rack swelled larger and rounder, outgrowing her mounds and aiming to rival Cinzia’s. “Is that why its effects are instable?”

“Not just instable, dangerous!” While wrinkles ran around Adria’s neckline as her bust bulged out of it, the stitches crossed over her bosom were pushed forward, slightly widening the diamond-shaped gaps between them. “It’s a miracle no one was harmed drinking it!”

“Wait, what?” The noblesse trembled, causing her swelling jugs to jitter. As the lilies on the hem wandered from the top down the front of her bosom, the mass of her breasts shifted forward, creating domes that muffin-topped her dress. “Are you telling me that wrench could have KILLED me?!” she screamed, her panic turning into anger. “That’s it, if I ever get my hands on her, I will personally execute her – WITH MY ASS!”

“That will be difficult, for long before that, you will be back to normal!” As Adria set the empty flask on the bench, she pondered for a moment. In the meantime, her bust continued to reach away from her, the crests of her cleavage billowing up her neck. “Still, we should approach this carefully and be prepared if something goes awry... again.” She turned towards Belle, who had to step back not to get smacked by her swelling morning star mammaries. “Belle, would you be so kind and get a doctor? I don’t think we will need one but better have one nearby in case one of the countermeasures does cause damage.”

“Oh, um, okay.” Belle turned around, then paused. “Er, which way to the infirmary?”

“Just ask a guard” the noblesse told her. As her dress was stretched bright across her breasts, giving the almost black blue a brighter hue, their swelling slowed down. “They’ll point you in the right direction.”

“T-thanks.” Belle’s corsage stretched as she made a hasty bow before she left through the portal.

“Alright, your royalty” Adria said as the noblesse’s growth reached its end, leaving her slightly more stacked than her stoic apprentice. Similarly, her own growth stopped, the extra inches on her already ginormous bosom not as striking, but still noticeable. “Time to get you out of this throne!”

“Well, what are you waiting for?” With an enhanced rack and butt, the noblesse looked like a doll whose curves had been stuffed with plums. “Get to it!”

“Before that, there is one thing you should know.”

“What is it?”

Adria coughed. “You see, your royalty, instable potions not just trigger random effects and are able to stack. They also tend to... respond ill to counter-measurements.”

“What?”

“It means a failed remedy will likely grow you even larger” Cinzia said.

Adria shot a glare at her.

Once more, the noblesse slammed her massive thighs, causing her cleavage to jiggle. “I told you, I will NOT be your test subject!! Either you give me a potion that is guaranteed to work or-“

“I know, dungeon or death by butt.” Adria paced through the throne room, each step bopping her bosom. “Let me think...”

“We could try to recreate the potion and test it on others” Cinzia suggested, but Adria shook her head.

“Too risky. I can make sure the remedies won’t trigger harmful effects but brewing that abomination of a potion and giving it to test subjects goes against my principles.” After thinking about it some more, she deflated her bosom with a sigh. “Oh well. Guess there is only one way to do this.”

Placing her bosom on the workbench she began to work. After some more brewing, she poured a red liquid from a cauldron into a bottle. “Is that the remedy?” the noblesse asked as Adria approached her. “I told you, I won’t drink anything that is not-“

“Do not worry, this is nothing untested. This potion is called Shared Burden. After drinking it, the effect of any potion you drink will instead infect someone you’re linked with.”

She handed the potion to the noblesse, who skeptically looked at it. “Linked? Does this mean we will be drinking from the same bottle again? ...Are you just trying to get indirect kisses from me?”

Adria shook her head. "This one works a bit differently: You must drink it with something that has a very strong taste. Everyone in the vicinity who encountered the same taste will become linked to you."

The noblesse raised an eyebrow. "What kind of weird potion is that?"

"One of my own creations" Adria said proudly. "My sensitive tongue inspired me."

The noblesse sighed. "Let's just get it over with." She was about to drink but stopped. "And what I shall I be taking with it?"

"Oh. Um..." Adria fumbled around her pouches. "I'm afraid I have no food items with me right now, and we can't use alchemy ingredients for they would interfere..."

"Here."

Adria had to tilt a little to see past her cleavage at Cinzia's outstretched hand, a bunch of shining red balls lying on it. "Aren't those the sweets Belle likes so much?"

"I took them from her when she tried to mix them with her restrainer."

"That girl." As Adria took one of the candies from Cinzia's hand, she gave it a cautious inspection. "Are you sure she didn't take any? The potion also works on people who shared the taste before the target drinks it, and it has a pretty large range."

"I didn't see her take any today."

"Good. Because a sudden growth spurt might interact with her... condition."

Cinzia handed the noblesse a candy over her thighs and stuffed the rest back into the pouch – except for one.

"You don't need to take one" Adria told her as Cinzia put it to her lips. "I am your mentor, so this is my duty."

"Which is why we should split the shared burden" Cinzia flatly replied. "We don't know how many attempts this will take and how big we will end up. We must make sure one of us can keep working. Besides" she said while patting her chest, "it's been a while since I've blown my babes up, and I'd love me some booty to match these puppies." She smacked her flat butt, swinging the layers of her bell-skirt.

Adria raised an eyebrow. "Belle is right, hearing you say things like that is irritating to say the least."

"Would you zip it with the chitchat?" the noblesse cut into their conversation, her foot tapping under the large fabric. "I got a fierce itch I've been trying to ignore for days!"

“Pardon, your royalty.” All three women put the candy into their mouths, with the noblesse drinking the potion afterwards. Once she had downed the bottle and all of them had swallowed their candy, Adria shuddered.

“Is everything alright?” Cinzia asked.

“I’m fine. It’s just... darn it, Belle, is there anything in those but sugar? That sweet stuff ruins your tongue!” Shaking her head at her apprentice’s sweet tooth, she turned back to the bench. “Oh well. Now that this is settled, let us start on creating a remedy.”

Standing sideways to her bench, she reached past her breasts for three bottles. One contained fine, long threads of silver straw, the second a black oily substance with yellow bubbles inside, and the third root bulbs shaped like noses. “First, we must make sure the instability of the potion won’t cause any harmful effects. I say we lay the foundation with straw of sylph grass, oil of crushed salamander olives, and bulbs of gnome nose weed.”

While Adria put everything into a cauldron, Cinzia scanned the ingredients provided by the royal palace, until her eyes settled on an array of small jars. “Should we also add some rose honey?”

“Rose honey? I don’t think that would...” Adria paused. “Oh yeeees, rose honey, of course! Brilliant idea, Cinzia. Just put some in.”

As Cinzia picked up the jars, Adria held out the cauldron to her. With their breasts blocking the view from the noblesse, Cinzia stuffed the jars into a pouch.

“Good thinking, Cinzia”, Adria whispered with a smirk, “That should knock a few more inches off Belle’s breasts.”

Cinzia sighed a little sadly but nodded.

Once they were done with their ruse, Adria put the caldron on a boiler. After adding some more ingredients, she dipped a scoop inside and pulled out an orange potion. “Alright, I’ve tried using the distilled essence of volcano ash to even out the imbalances in the potion’s composition. Let’s see if it works.”

“It better does!” Drops spilled on the noblesse’s décolleté as she snatched the scoop from Adria’s hand. But after taking a gulp, she immediately pulled it back. “Urgh, what a vile taste! Can’t you make it sweeter?”

“Bulbs of gnome-noses are very bitter” Adria told her. “And I am afraid any ingredient strong enough to cover its taste would interfere with the effect of the potion.”

“Then take it out!”

“It’s necessary to counter harmful effects. And surely, some yucky taste is worth reducing harm for yourself and others, right?”

The noblesse stared thoughtfully into the room.

“Um, your royalty?”

“Hush, I’m thinking!”

While the noblesse tested Adria’s impatience, Cinzia twitched her shoulders. The moment the noblesse had taken the gulp, a warmth started cursing through her, intensifying in her breasts. “I do believe this first attempt was a bust, so to speak” she deadpanned.

Turning towards her, Adria and the noblesse watched Cinzia’s silken cleavage puff up, alongside the rest of her bosom. From the size of her head, her mounds steadily expanded and spread out, blocking her torso as their curves reached over. The silken crests rose up to her face, their squeeze increasing while they stretched their sheer cover across the tightening cleft. The roses stitched into the fabric were pulled across the surface swelling underneath, the holes in them also slowly growing to show even more skin. Similarly, the silver spiderweb on the black fabric covering the flanks and bottom of her bust widened, the fields between them expanding like the surface underneath. Swelling past her shoulders and down her ribs, her breasts were gradually catching up to the mounds of her mistress, each growing wider than her waist.

Adria sighed. “Well, at least shared burden is working – still, I’m sorry it hit you, Cinzia.”

“No need to be.” While protruding through the silk, her cleavage widened the V-cut of her dress, the edges curving across her curves. The tip slowly vanished under her bust, gliding down its underside as it swelled down her midriff. “As I said, I felt like getting more up-top.”

“And I feel very much like getting less bottom-heavy!” The noblesse’s bosom angrily bounced. “Now get back to it!”

Adria took the scoop from her and returned to the bench. While she brewed another potion, the echo of Cinzia’s creaking dress grew louder. As the silk visibly was pushed out from the rest of her dress, the fabric around the neckline began to crease. The silver threads of the spiderwebs smeared a little where they stretched across the round swells of her bosom, while the black fabric inside was growing slightly transparent. Though unfazed, Cinzia’s violet eyes glanced at the cleavage spreading out under her nose. Her black lips didn’t smile, her eyes were stoic, her cheeks pale with no sign of a blush. Yet Belle would have noticed her joy as her jugs jutted little by little from her.

When their diameter started to come close to Adria’s former size, their swelling slowed down, settling the moment her mistress approached the noblesse with another scoop. “Okay, this time, I added some sea algae. I tried covering the salty taste with scarlet dreadnuts, but like I said, I can’t do anything about the bitterness.”

Taking the spoon the noblesse harrumphed. “Well thank you for your concern” she huffed before taking a sip. Again, she only took a little before putting it down in disgust. “Urgh, how many more of these must I take before you find the right one?”

Adria was about to reply when she suddenly froze. “At least one more, I’m afraid” she mumbled, feeling a tingle spread through her. However, as she prepared for her décolleté to puff up again, the sensation wandered to a different region. “Oh my!”

Her whole body tensed up as her behind was tingling. Underneath the tubular folds of her skirt, her cheeks were filling up, pushing out under her belt. Little by little, the slight curves of her posterior billowed larger, growing into the seat of her skirt as their surface increased. Flustered, Adria felt her underwear stretch across them, the slight slack getting smoothed as the curve of her bum increased. Bit by bit, the folds falling to the floor tented up on the increasing slope, getting pulled upwards.

“This feels... odd.” The assets of the alchemist were shaking as she uncomfortably shifted around. As she swayed her hips, they were slowly widening underneath her skirt, forcing it to curve across the sides of her body. Though invisible from the outside, her thighs were also growing under her skirt, swelling thicker and wider while shrinking the gap between them. “I am used to my breasts expanding, but this...”

“At least you know now what I’m going through!” the noblesse said, glaring over her breasts down on the growing alchemist. “Now go ahead and try again!”

Below the belt separating bodice and skirt, Adria’s butt bulged the fabric, their curve steepening from her back. “Can I wait until I’m-“

“NOW!”

Swallowing a groan, Adria turned back to the bench. “Cinzia, dear, would you please assist me?”

“Of course.” Under the keen watch of the noblesse throning on her butt, the two worked on the next potion. All the while, the bump in Adria’s skirt continued to reach out, her skirt smoothing across the swell that protruded behind her. As the hem of her skirt was lifted off the floor, the heels of her boots poked out. At the same time, the shape of her hips was starting to get more prominent as they flared out below the belt, little by little filling her skirt alongside her thighs. Growing wider by the second, her upper legs squeezed slightly against each other below her groin, more so the more their circumference increased. As the fabric started to fall slightly between her buttocks, indicating the shape of each cheek, she could feel her panties ride up, slowly uncovering the corners of her behind as they bent out from her thighs.

When Adria stirred the potion with the scoop, the growth of her behind neared its end, finishing just as she pulled another sample out of the cauldron. Her skirt shifted around the bump jutting out a couple of inches from her back as she walked back to the noblesse,

bosom jiggling in rhythm to the sway of her hips. "This time, we added the ground seeds of four-leaved clovers and-"

"Yeah, yeah, just give it to me." Leaning over her lab, breasts almost touching her thighs the noblesse snatched the scoop from Adria's hand. She looked at the blue potion in disgust, then pinched her nose and took a sip. "Urgh, this tastes even worse!" she blerghed, shaking her voluptuous body.

The three women waited for something to happen. However, even after a minute, neither did the noblesse shrink down nor did the alchemists blow up.

"Hm, that's strange." Adria stroked her chin. "Even if it didn't work, there should have been some sort of reaction... maybe you didn't take enough?"

"It took more than plenty of that sludge, thank you very much!"

Adria was about to retort when Cinzia stepped forth. Without saying a word, she took the scoop from the noblesse's hand and took a sip.

"No, definitely no dud" she deadpanned as she felt a tingle in her behind. Slowly, her cheeks inflated, swelling into the plentiful space her bopping bell-skirt provided. As her buttocks swelled larger, her lacey panties steadily stretched across them, the fine knitting growing wider and even more transparent. Gradually, the stitched roses were pulled over her rear, from the dense field of blossoms that covered her butt crack to the thorny vines framing the edges of her underwear. At the same time, her hips were also billowing the sides of her skirt, while the top of her butt grew firmer, sharpening the transition to her lower back. Cinzia's fisher-net stockings widened on her thighs, the holes stretching compared to her sheens as their firm flesh was bulging. "Although, it is not the effect we were looking for."

Adria scratched her head. "Then why did nothing happen-"

"Who cares?" the noblesse snapped at them. "It didn't work, so go make another!"

"Your royalty, maybe we should let it be for today?" Adria suggested. "I am afraid we need to come up with a whole different approach. If you give us, let's say, another week, I am sure we will-"

"A WEEK?! You want me to spend another WEEK like this?!" Fuming, the noblesse clenched the curtain on her thighs so tightly the fabric almost tore. "Just so you know, if you don't fix me by the end of the day, I will have you and both your apprentices thrown into the dungeon!"

Adria's curves shivered along the rest of her. "As you wish, your royalty..."

"By the way, shouldn't Belle be back by now?" Cinzia asked as she and Adria returned to the bench. Though her skirt still hid her cheeks, they began to slightly push against

the fabric, making it tilt ever so slightly as the top of her butt formed a shelf. Growing crispier and larger her buttocks reached out of her panties, forcing their edges to camber inwards as the cheeks bent out of her thighs. Slowly, the blossoms over her butt gap were folded between the slopes arching around them. When her underwear lay on her bum like a triangle, her backside just large enough to turn some heads on the streets, their swelling stopped, the layers of her skirt bopping around her firm posterior as she grabbed a bottle. "I am afraid she might have gotten lost, even with instructions from a guard."

"Wouldn't surprise me" Adria whispered as she emptied the cauldron. "But frankly, she might be safer wandering around the palace than we two are here right now."

With the noblesse impatiently watching them, Adria and Cinzia continued to mix all kinds of herbs, roots, mushrooms, and other ingredients into the cauldron. Scoop after scoop made its way into the noblesse's hands, who drank each of them with disgust. But as much as she scowled, as much as she shook her curvaceous body, her firm booty remained stuck in her throne.

Instead, every time the noblesse tried another potion, it caused a part of Adria or Cinzia to swell. More and more, the seat of Adria's dress was billowing, billowing out of her body while throwing wrinkles between the cheeks. The further her buttocks distended, the more their top curved out of her belt, while the tube folds hung more freely down their bottoms, lifted as they got shoved back. Cinzia's caboose wasn't as visible under her skirt, yet its top also pushed against it, causing the bell to tilt slightly to the back. As her cheeks grew large enough one could rest a cup on them, the waistbands of Cinzia's panties started gliding down their slope while cutting into her skin, a slight butt crack looking out in the free space under her skirt. Similarly, they were riding down her hips as they pushed out under her waist, just like the sides of Adria were arching her skirt.

At the same time, their panties retreated into their butt gaps. The field of black roses creased and sunk into Cinzia's while the thorn rim glided across her cheeks that inflated out of them, slimming the triangle covering her behind. Adria's panties were also growing smaller on her rear, their form tightening on her buttocks while slowly getting sucked up from the bottom. As the women's glutes steadily slipped out of their underwear, they were bending over their legs in a crisper and clearer edge, which also grew firmer as the circumference of their thighs increases. While the alchemist's thighs freely swelled against each other under her skirt, Cinzia additionally stretched her stockings across her upper legs, widening the net across their cone-shape while slowly pushing them down to her knees.

Alongside their behinds, the fronts of the two women also steadily reached from them. Cinzia's silky cleavage stretched thinner by the second, her pale skin shining through the bright hue of grey. While one could watch the squeezing of her assets increase on their entire length, slowly lolling forth from the V-neck that stretched into a U across

her bust, Adria's breasts muffin-topped her carmen neckline more and more noticeably. Looking straight forward became a chore, a lip of flesh hanging over and creasing the neckline as the domes of her bust puffed up. More slowly, her breasts swelled across her dress, their undersides slowly lolling down her lap while bulging way past her arms, and their backsides pressing against her shoulders. The crisscrossed laces were steadily stretched by her bust pushing against them, the diamonds widening while being pulled into her breasts from the growing pressure.

Despite their swelling curves, the two kept creating new potions, maneuvering around the bulges on their front while moving with the growing bulk of their bottoms. Adria used her cleavage as a depot for bottles while standing sideway to the bench, something Cinzia also had to start doing as her rack started dropping on top of the desk. As she caught up to the former size of her teacher, Adria blew up well beyond any reasonable scope, her cleavage bulging up her face while her bosom reached for her swelling thighs. On her skirt, their imprints started to show more and more clearly the further her lower body filled the space in it, pushing the gradually wider shape of her behind into the seat while lifting the hem up her ankles. The wrinkles cascading down the bump in her skirt clearly outlining the bottoms of her cheeks as they swelled to the size of her head.

Cinzia's dress also had trouble covering her backside, her thick thighs poking out underneath as her hips widened the bell-skirt. Despite its circumference increasing, Cinzia's buttocks slowly filled the top of the bell, making it less movable as it lay on the wide, round desk of her bum. From a triangle, her panties turned into a V with curved sides, the roses sucked up by her butt crack, which expanded as her panties slid down the top of her rear. While her butt slowly overflowed her panties, the fine texture cutting into her cheeks, the silk over her breast gap grew brighter. Silently, a hole tore into it, exposing her pale cleavage. While it slowly spread out, more tears appeared around it, dotting the silk like holes in cheese. Similarly, her stockings began to tear around her thighs, growing wide even near her knees as they gained the diameter of a lamp post.

Growing like this, they worked away to create a remedy. Every time their curves started to settle, usually when they finished another potion, once the noblesse drank it, one of them would blow up again. And with each growth spurt after a failed attempt, Adria was growing more worried.

"We're running out of options" she hushed at Cinzia as she added the last ingredient of their latest attempt. Her breasts were so large, she had to almost turn her back to bench, craning her neck to look at the cauldron. Each breast took up the space of a doorframe, while her butt was the size of the noblesse's breasts. "If this doesn't work, I don't know what else we can try!"

With breasts covering her torso, Cinzia was also having trouble positioning herself towards the bench. Her butt was of similar magnitude as her bust, her hourglass body breaking the limits of her wardrobe as her breasts widened the holes in her silken

cleavage while her bell-skirt latched onto her booty. "In worst case, we can always mix poison into the potion."

Adria scowled at her before dipping the scoop back into the cauldron and bringing it to the noblesse. "H-here." Her hand jittered, not just because she had to stretch her arm to reach over the noblesse's lap while standing sideways with her breasts. Taking the spoon, the aristocrat brought it to her lips, shivering again at the taste. Several seconds passed, only filled by the sounds of the two alchemists' clothes stretching around their curves.

"Did you feel something?" Adria asked Cinzia. With the large lips reaching over the neckline and domes of her bust reaching out of her dress, her breasts truly looked like mushrooms at this point, while her lower body was a pear.

"Nothing new" Cinzia replied. The further her dress dissolved along her cleavage, the more her bosom bulged forth, while her thick thighs poked out under her skirt. "Although, any extra growth is hard to notice at this point."

"Well, I certainly don't feel like I'm shrinking!" the noblesse yelled, bust projecting on top of her butt throne as she stuck it out. "So chop chop, back to work!!"

Adria pressed her bust against the side of the throne. "Your, your royalty, we have been at it the whole day" she said, stretching her neck to look the noblesse in the eyes. While her breasts billowed higher, the laces kept widening over the front of her bust. Slowly, the black fabric between them bulged forth, covering the gradually thinner threads. "I'm afraid we've tried everything we can for today."

"So, the legendary alchemist is folding?" The noblesse harrumphed. "Should have figured – what's a peasant worth who's not even a royal alchemist?"

Adria tried to keep her cool, hardened by the pressure of the laces driving into her bosom. "Please, if you just give us a few more days!" Going to her tiptoes, breasts almost touching the ground, Adria stuck her butt behind her. Under her rising skirt, one could see the wide stance of legs due to her thighs squeezing against each other. If not hidden behind her bust, the shape of her thighs would have been prominent on her skirt as its folds smoothed across their curves. What was striking though were her buttocks, too wide together to fit into an armchair. Faintly, the outline of her panties shined through the taut seat, showing as their edges curved towards her butt crack and got eaten up by it. "I am sure we will come up with something--"

"Silence!" From atop her massive butt, over her massive mammaries, the noblesse glared down on Adria. "You will not get a few more days – you will not even get a few more hours! If you don't get me out of this throne by the end of the hour, I will throw you, your gloomy apprentice, and that little runt that was with you earlier into the depths of my dungeon and see it that you shall never see the light of day again!!"

Adria was about to keep begging when Cinzia stepped forward. "If I may, your royalty" she said, her stoic face slowly vanishing behind the rising horizon of her bosom. From her pouches, she pulled out three vials, each containing a colorful liquid, and stuffed them through the holes into her cleavage. As the tears grew around them, her breasts slowly encompassed the vials, spreading out of her dress while fusing with other holes. Most of her breast gap was on display at this point, more holes popping up all around her bust. "I may have a solution for your predicament."

"You are saying that only AFTER forcing me to drink all this vile junk?!" The noblesse snorted. "I should put you in the dungeon just for that – now hurry up and fix my ass!"

"Cinzia, what are you doing?" Adria asked, nervously watching her apprentice approach the throne. While her bust bopped with each step, Cinzia's skirt lay taut on her backside, her butt smoothing its hem as half of it looked out below. Only the thorn stalks of her panties were framing her butt crack, the rest of her cheeks safe for the waistbands gradually wandering down and into her flesh. The growing girth of her behind steadily made her taller, reaching half a head above her mistress as her thighs and butt not just expanded into the width. Ever greater cones rested atop her comparably slim knees onto which the rest of her ripped stockings were pushed, her sheens getting pushed apart as her thighs swelled against each other.

Standing in front of the throne, Cinzia placed her growing bosom on the noblesse's lap, shoving the three vials towards her. "Please take the red one first."

The noblesse did as she was told. While she drank, Cinzia's breasts squeezed against her lap, slowly lolling over against Adria's breasts. With the cleavage spreading out, the stitched roses got pushed aside, just like the spiderweb of her bodice, throwing wrinkles as her U-neck widened across her bosom.

"Now the blue one" Cinzia said as the noblesse put down the vial with a shudder. "And right after that, the black one."

The noblesse grabbed the two vials, looking at them in disgust. "When this is done, I'll tell the pâtissier to bake the sweetest cake he can conceive."

While drinking the potions, Cinzia's breasts pushed Adria's bosom aside, for once due to their own growth, but also because her torso was slowly shoved upward by her butt. Growing together, her curves gave her figure the appearance of a large hourglass, while Adria appeared like a deformed wine glass, heavy on the top with a smaller bulge at the bottom. That bulge though was only small in comparison to her chest, cheeks larger than the cauldron pulling her skirt so taut one could see the wrinkles of her panties as they vanished inside her butt gap, while the hem was going up her sheens towards her knees.

"Blergh!" The noblesse threw the vials aside, scratching her tongue with her fingernails. "I hope those concoctions of yours work, because these tasted like poison!"

Adria's eyes widened at the mention of poison.

"It has nothing to do with poison" Cinzia assured her, taking a step back from the noblesse. The last patches covering her breast gap dissolved, its walls pushing the roses aside so the silk assembled at the rim of her cleavage. Billowing out of her dress, they also shoved off the fabric with the spiderwebs to the very bottoms and sides of her breasts. Over both hips, the seam connecting her skirt to her bodice began to tear under her belt, threads stretching under it until skin poked out, showing her panties stretch into nothingness. "Like you wished, it will get you out of this throne."

"I sure hope so for-" The noblesse suddenly fell silent. Bust dangling, she squirmed even more than before. "W-what is this feeling?"

"Cinzia, what did you do?" Adria sternly asked, stepping back from the throne and trying to look over breasts half as tall as her. As the golden laces stretching across her rack were covered fully by the bulges seeping out between them, the first started to snap, warping the shape of the diamonds into asymmetrical rhomboids. Sticking her butt behind her, her panties further retreated into her butt gap, creasing and getting sucked up. For a moment, the seat of her skirt turned sheer before it suddenly split in the middle. But Adria did not care about the stitches stretching and dissolving across her rear, nor about her panties looking out in a steadily grander tear. "What did you give her?"

Cinzia was about to reply but was interrupted by the noblesse's scream. "AAAAH! My... my butt! My breasts!" She shook her body, growing more panicked by the second. "They feel like... like rocks!"

"Rocks?! Don't tell me you-!"

"Ah... ah... AAAAAH!" Again, the noblesse's scream cut through the throne room. Her torso stiff on her butt, the royal thrust out her chest. Slowly at first, then rapidly faster, her breasts stretched her dress across them, swelling beyond the size of her head. Overflowing the golden rim of her neckline her cleavage pushed it further open, her breasts squeezing together with growing force. Startled, the noblesse stared at her décolleté spreading out under and towards her nose. "What have you doooooone toooo meeeeee-!"

Her angry shout turned into a squeal. As her breasts flowed towards her lap, her thighs swelled back. The drape wrapped around her lower body bulged, filling with her thighs and hips as they grew inside the confinements of the throne.

"Yes, Lady Adria" Cinzia said, watching the noblesse grow without batting an eye. "I gave her a potion to harden her breasts and butt, as well as an experimental hourglass mixture I am currently working on."

While the noblesse was growing curvier by the second, the growth of Adria and Cinzia slowed down. Their butts destroyed their skirts a little further, Cinzia's ripping on the

sides while Adria's tore in the middle. In addition to the tear in her skirt expanding towards the edges of her panties, the strings of her bodice broke, releasing the black fabric to freely bulge from her. At the same time, Cinzia's décolleté bunched up at the edges of her U-neck, the lips growing out of the cleavage overflowing the crinkled roses. While their growth ended, the noblesse's was only getting started, her butt and bosom expanding to the size of large melons as she helplessly flailed on her throne.

"You realize she is going to kill us?" Adria asked dryly. Her skirt fully opened over her behind as the waistbands of her panties snapped, causing naked buns as wide as her waist each to thrust out of the tear, shooting her underwear into the open.

"She would have killed us anyway" Cinzia replied just as dryly. With one last push the tears on her skirt went full circle around her hips. Casually she pushed her skirt down her butt, letting it drop to her ankles, leaving buttocks bigger than her torso covered by nothing but her tiny, overstretched panties. "But this way, we get to see some nice tiddy and ass one last time."

Arms rubbing her cleavage Adria she massaged her temples: "At least you've got your priorities... straight isn't the right word in this context, but you know what I mean."

As their curves settled, Adria's breasts reaching from her knees above her forehead while Cinzia's matched her rear, the noblesse was steadily catching up. The fabric draping from her throne was quickly pulled up as her lap and butt filled it, smoothing the folds across their billowing curves. Already standing over the armrests, her thighs further overflowed them, while her butt shoved itself against the backrest. As her torso was pushed forward like this, the noblesse held her arms under her humongous bosom, feeling it rapidly swell larger. Bulging down her midsection, her bust eventually pushed against her lap, pinching her arms between her curves. Wrinkles were pulled up the growing backsides of her breasts as they bent out of her body, squeezing her shoulders and upper arms. Her eyes bulged at the sight of cleavage rising up her face, obscuring her features until they reached her forehead. Her face flinched at the slopes of breast flesh right in front of it, looking like they were about to eat it.

"This... this... hnrgh!" The noblesse groaned, feeling more cramped by the second. Not just was her outfit constricting her, both bodice and curtain growing tight across her curves. As the lily rim crinkled under the flesh billowing out of her dress, the tip of the neckline slowly began to tear, constantly filling the large throne hall with the sound of splitting fabric. While the deepening neckline allowed more of her breasts to spill out of her dress, the fabric covering her rack turned brighter and more transparent. The formerly thick dark blue fabric grew sheer as her bust flanks flared beyond the throne's armrests. Similarly, her skin was starting to show through the curtain, the thick red fabric stretching into a fine layer of velvet. As the imprints of her thighs wrapped it around them, holes popped up where the fabric was stretched beyond its limits. However,

although her flesh oozed through the tearing curtain, her throne caused her far more discomfort than her ill-fitting clothes.

“Hnrgh... urngh!!” As the noblesse’s backside expanded, it was steadily overflowing her throne. Swelling over the armrests her curves first pulled up tight wrinkles where they dragged the fabric out of the throne, then overflowed them as her thighs and buttocks reached over the edges. Similarly, her butt flowed up the backrest’s height, lifting her torso higher by the second. Bit by bit, the curtain was pulled down the top of her rear, revealing a butt crack as the shelf of her backside forced her to lean forward, pressing her breasts against thighs the diameters of tree trunks. With growing strength, they squished each other, their cone-like shape getting pushed off the throne while growing thicker and wider. Ever higher, her backside was reaching, each of her humongous cheeks wide enough to fill the entire throne. Yet both had somehow to fit inside it, their shape deforming inside their stone confines. “H-help me! Help! I’m getting smooooooootheeeeeeeeered!!!”

Screaming as her torso was elevated by her swelling booty, the noblesse squeezed her bosom against her thighs. The rift in her dress raced down her cleavage, the fabric splitting towards the flanks of her breasts. The pressure cut into her globes, forcing them to spill out of her V-neck and bury the lilies. The tip of the tear vanished under the bottom of her breasts, while their crests puffed up into domes the sizes of coffee table. Past the equator of her bosom the rim of the neckline was pushed down, their tops rising above the noblesse’s head. She pulled her arms out between her curves, breasts hanging over her knees and swelling around her thighs. Outgrowing Adria’s assets the noblesse vanished behind them, only her sheens visible as they were lifted off the floor, rising due to the increasing girth of her behind. “I, I can’t take it anymore! I... I...!”

With a loud rip, dress fully split, her breasts plopping out of the fabric. The noblesse gasped as her bare bosom pushed out from her, naked swells hanging in growing bulges from her lap. However, her lap equally swelled underneath them, theoretically able to outgrow their width if it wasn’t for the throne holding her. Fabric got sucked under the armrests as the holes on her legs turned into long tears, while more fabric vanished between her tremendous thighs, large wrinkles showing where it was pulled into their abyss. Similarly, the curtain slid down the top of her butt, naked flesh squeezing against the throne and lifting her torso above the backrest. With her butt and bosom expanding large enough to host several people eating at them, the noblesse pulled back her head, screaming into the throne room.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!”

Both Cinzia and Adria stepped back from the colossal figure of the noblesse. Over her scream, they almost couldn’t hear the cracking of stone. Buried by the mass of her thighs, the armrests started to crumble. Similarly, cracks were spreading over the backrest. Little by little, the rests tilted, pushed by the enormous swells of flesh. As

cracks and rifts grew and multiplied, her caboose was pushing out even further, its true size and shape becoming more visible.

CRACK!!

“EEEEEP!” The noblesse squealed as she suddenly fell forward. Crumbling into bits, the throne broke around her giant butt, releasing it from its prison. The large mass on her front caused the noblesse to slide forward, off the crumbling throne. As large chunks and little pebbles dropped to the floor, so did the noblesse, breasts avalanching off her lap towards the two alchemists.

“Watch out!” Adria yelled. Her and Cinzia’s breasts trembled as they jumped back, away from the noblesse’s massive bust. With a loud thud her royal meat mounds dropped on the floor, torso wobbling behind them as it was embedded in their giant backsides. Her butt shoved her further into her cleavage as it virtually pushed against her from behind. Falling on her knees, her sheens were buried under her thighs, each as wide as one of the pillars framing the entrance. Adria and Cinzia could see her butt poking out above her bust as she knelt, each of her cheeks being as tall as either of the women, probably even taller, with breasts exceeding even Adria’s in size.

“See?” Her gloves folded in front of her naked lap, Cinzia stood straight in front of the noblesse, no snide or malice in her voice as she spoke over her own bosom. “As promised, you are out of your throne.”

“Cinzia, you are playing with fire.”

Under Adria’s nervous and Cinzia’s stoic watch, the curves of the noblesse swelled even larger, breasts lolling towards them while her butt surged upwards. The rate at which they spread out decreased, calming so far until no more growth was visible.

“Ungh... ooooh... uuuuhh.” Groggily, the noblesse raised her head from her cleavage. With her arms, she grabbed into her massive flesh, huffing as she pulled her torso up as far as she could. “I... you... this...”

She trembled, trying to get on her feet. One cheek rose further above her breasts as she pulled out her sheen from under her thighs, followed by the other. Standing like this, butt raised in the air, legs spread out to accommodate for her thunderous thighs, she tried lifting her bosom off the floor. For a moment, her torso pulled on the massive spheres, slowly raising them. It was only for the massive size of her behind that they wouldn’t touch the floor as the noblesse straightened her back, her imposing figure towering right in front of the alchemist and her apprentice.

“Wha... what have you DONE to me?!” Aghast, the noblesse stared at the naked swells of her bosom filling her sight, before turning to the even vaster butt crack right behind her, her curtain having fallen off and leaving her bare on the backside. “I’m... I’m...

I'maaaaaah!" She suddenly screamed when her body tilted backwards, arms flailing as she lost balance.

WHAM!

Her butt crashed into the remnants of her throne. The seat was crushed into chunks, while the smaller fragments turned into dust. Her bust wobbling on her lap, the noblesse blinked. Slowly, she stood back up again. From her caboose, pieces of stone dropped, alongside sand falling to the floor.

"Your, your royalty, please accept our sincerest apologies." Pinching her skirt, Adria pulled it above her knees as she bowed in front of the noblesse, letting her breasts hang to the ground while sticking her butt out through the hole in her skirt. "Of course, we promise to do everything in our power to return you back to... your royalty?"

The noblesse wasn't listening. Staring at her butt, she suddenly smirked. Hopping into the air, she let herself drop on her rump again.

WHAM!

Laughter filled the throne room, alongside the sound of stone crumbling under the noblesse's rear. Wriggling her cheeks, she crushed the crumbles, relishing at the rough sand scratching her skin. "Hehe, did you hear that? WHAM!" Giddy and excited, she once again got up to fall on her butt, crushing the last bits of the stone into pebbles. "That crunch... that OOMPH! I can crush rocks with my ass! How amazing is that?!"

"Only until the effects of the hardening potion wear off--"

"Quiet, Cinzia!"

"Oh my gosh, I just feel so POWERFUL!!" Though visibly struggling with their weight, the noblesse swung her assets around, shaking her huge bust and booty. "Like, I could OBLITERATE everything and everyone with my tits and ass! Ahahahaa!!"

As the noblesse laughed, Adria carefully rose from her bow. "I... take it then you will not throw me and my apprentices into the dungeon?"

"The dungeon? You jester!!" Stemming her hands into hips wider than the double-door portal, the noblesse turned sideways, smiling as she presented her bottom-heavy profile. "Your WONDERFUL disciple has helped me achieve this AMAZING form! Say, what would you say if I hired you as new head alchemist of the royal court? You are no nobility, but I can give you a fancy title if you like!"

Adria's heart leapt inside her huge chest. However, she kept her calm as she bowed at the noblesse once more. "You are most generous, your royalty. However, for humble alchemists like us, this is too much of an honor."

The noblesse's knockers rippled as she dropped her shoulders in disappointment. "Oh well. A pity. Still, if there is anything I can do for you, be not shy to ask."

Adria tried her best to hide her smirk. "Well, if you offer so kindly: As I mentioned, we are in need of a new laboratory..."

"OHOHOHOOOO!!"

Laughing from the top of her lungs, Adria strutted down the corridor. Her cleavage clinked with each bouncy step, stuffed to the brim with golden coins. Under each arm she carried a bag with more gold, while another balanced on the almost naked desk of her rear. Cinzia walked behind, also carrying a gold bag under each arm. While her ripped cleavage was too loose to carry coins, jiggling freely out of its flimsy cover, each of her buttocks carried another bag, bouncing slightly on the giant glutes. "I see you are quite pleased, Lady Adria."

"Of course I am! This turned into the best day of my LIFE!" Bumping her gold bags against her breasts she rattled the coins in her cleavage. "All that coin is MORE than enough to buy a new lab – heck, we could build a tower from scratch, with ebony workbenches and cauldrons made of GOLD! And we'd still have enough to hold off on commissions and focus on research for MONTHS. But the best of it all is... I GOT TO REJECT AN OFFER AT THE ROYAL COURT!! OH, HOW I CAN'T WAIT TO RUB IT INTO THE FACES OF THOSE ROYAL ALCHEMISTS' NOSES!!! OHOHOHOOOO!!"

As her mistress cackled like a maniac, Cinzia silently sighed.

Once the echo of her laughter died off, Adria cleared her throat. "Anyway, we have a lot of things to prepare. Let us grab Belle and be on our way."

Over the hopping top of her bosom, Cinzia looked inside a corridor that split off. "She has been gone for pretty long now..."

"Probably stumbled over her own feet or got lost. We can ask the guards where she-"

Adria stopped. As the corridor split in front of them, the wall opposing them looked strangely deformed: Instead of going straight to the ceiling, it had a round shape, like the bottom of a glass bottle.

"Odd." Bags under her arms, Adria looked up the slope of her cleavage at the slope of wall, head tilted. "Was this wall shaped like this when we arrived? Or did we end up lost?"

Walking past her, Cinzia inspected the wall up close, running her gloved hand and the side of her bosom along it. “Lady Adria... I am afraid I am very familiar with the arc of that wall.”

Adria first looked at her apprentice in confusion, then in horror. “Oh heck, no!”

The bosoms of the two quaked trembled as they hurried down the corridor, gold coins hopping out of Adria’s cleavage. Although the hem of her dress hovered at her sheens and she had the bags under her arms she pinched her skirt and lifted it not to trip, her and Cinzia’s thighs rubbing together as they ran. After taking a corner at the end of the wall, she halted so abruptly more gold spilled out of her cleavage, jaw dropping at the sight in front of her. “D-Dear...!”

Cinzia stopped beside her. They were standing at the entrance to the foyer – however, the entire opening of the gate, being at least a dozen meters tall and wide, was completely blocked by two gigantic bulges of flesh squeezing against each other and out of the foyer. At the very top of the portal, Belle hung on these mountains. Arms stretched out, she softly cuddled the flesh exploding out of her chest, smiling as she rubbed her face against their slopes.

“Hmm” she cooed, skirt shaking around her backside. Though the sight of her apprentice’s mammary monsters already unsettled Adria, what shocked her even more was that Belle’s butt was several times larger than usually: Giant thighs reached out of her knee-high boots, dangling from buttocks the size of large water melons – small compared to hers and Cinzia’s butt, tiny compared to the noblesse’s, but by any other standard huge. As the two of them approached her, they could clearly see under Belle’s skirt, her bloomers lying tight around her rear, with their legs having been reduced to tiny stumps of fabric. Her skirt was stretched miserably across her hips, fraying slightly at the seams.

“Haa, I missed you girls” Belle murmured, blushing as she cuddled her bosom even tighter. Head between her breasts, she didn’t notice Cinzia and Adria staring up her cleavage at her butt. Eventually though, she caught a glimpse of them standing at the foot of her bust. At first she didn’t react, until her half-closed shot open, the bliss on her face giving way to embarrassment.

“AH!! L-L-Lady Adria!” Quickly Belle took her arms off her breasts, grabbing her skirt and trying to pull it down. “I... I can explain!”

“Stay calm, Belle” Adria said, still seeing her apprentice’s panties despite her efforts to conceal them. “First, are you injured?”

Belle shook her head. “N-no. I was able to drink the hardening potion Cinzia gave me before anything happened – thank you VERY MUCH for that!”

“Thank goodness.” After breathing a sigh of relief, the top-heavy alchemist scowled at her. “Now, explain.”

Still trying to cover her bloomers, Belle pushed her huge thighs into her breasts but found this only made it harder to pull down her skirt. “I, I was looking for the infirmary but ended up back at the entrance. On my way to ask the guards, the restrainer wore off, a-and my breasts started growing. I wanted to take another, but then out of nowhere my butt started growing, a-a-and I dropped the bottle. All I could do was let my boobs grow, and... yeah.” She wriggled on her giant mammaries. “So... sorry.”

Adria glared at Cinzia. “You said she didn’t eat any candy!”

“I said I didn’t see her take any” Cinzia responded. Though looking as emotionless as usual on first glance, Adria did catch the slight sparkle in her eyes as she stared at the hyper-breasts of her fellow apprentice, and her bloomers stretched across her buttocks.

Adria’s cleavage puffed up as she took a deep breath. “I’ll brew you another restrainer, Belle, but first... how much damage did you cause?”

Finally, Belle gave up, letting her skirt dangle around her bloomers. “Weeeeeell, most of the marble pillars have shattered, plus some of the tiles. Also, I felt a few of the frescos crack, alongside pieces of the wall crumbling. Aaaaand I’m pretty sure I crushed at least one golden chandelier in my cleavage.”

“Lucky chandelier...”

“Did you say something, Cinzia?”

“Nothing.”

With each damage Belle listed, more color drained from Adria’s face. “Oh well. That... that is manageable” she said, trying to feign optimism. “I mean, a few of these we may be able to restore with potions. Maybe the noblesse will refrain from making us pay-“

CRASH!

Adria flinched at a booming crack. The arched wall crumbled, Belle gasping as her breasts broke into the corridor. The whole palace trembled as Belle’s bosom replaced the support of the wall, yet pieces of the floor above them still collapsed. Adria and Cinzia dropped their bags, those on their butts falling off as they jumped away from a large piece of rubble falling. The rebound of her bust rocked Belle around, but as the quakes settled, she sighed in bliss. “Oh gosh, that feels so much better” she moaned, returning to cuddling her cleavage.

Mouth agape, Adria stared at where the wall had been. Only crumbles of it were left, framing the swell of her apprentice’s bosom or lying on it. A small piece then slid down Belle’s skin, landing right inside Adria’s cleavage. More coins popped out, Adria staring

at a wolf head carved out of stone between. Resting between her jiggling swells, it was made of finest marble, teeth dropping from its maw into her cleavage as it gazed with eyes made of rubies at Adria.

Adria's face wasn't pale anymore, it was blue. The piece jiggled even more as Cinzia bumped breasts with her. Their butts also hitting each other she leaned to her ear, whispering with the same stoic nonchalance as always: "Perhaps we'll have to settle for silver cauldrons."