

Alchemical Imbalance

“No no no, *like this*,” Magnus insisted, reaching to take the bottle from Ramona’s hand. The young apprentice mage pulled back. “I know what I’m doing!”

Quickly, she finished pouring the rest of the vial into the small cauldron with a circular motion. Purple liquid mixed into the blue. Smoke hissed and popped from bubbles, the potion turning a bright pink moments later, much to Ramona’s pleasure.

“There. *See*? I knew what I was doing.”

Magnus stroked his beard. “So you did... This time. These are delicate arts, though. Not to be underestimated.”

The cautious tone of his voice didn’t register with the young sorceress. Though she was extremely talented and aware of it, her master could see a vast capacity for arrogance swirling under the surface. This group effort of concocting an elixir for a client was meant to help her see her flaws, yet Ramona was intent on only acknowledging her skills.

“Now that we’ve added the extract of nightshade, what’s next?” he quizzed.

Ramona didn’t bother looking at the tome opened on the table. “Sprigs of milkweed.”

“You’re certain? This elixir is not to be trifled with.”

Her eyes didn’t waver. “We add sprigs of milkweed next.”

“Very well. How many?”

“Five.”

“Check the tome, Ramona. I’m most certain it’s--”

Caw!!

Magnus paused, looking up. A raven had landed on the open window. There was a note tied around its leg. Approaching the bird as Ramona continued stirring, he removed the message. Eyes read the notes slowly.

“I must attend to something in my office,” Magnus said without explanation.

“But the elixir!”

“It will wait. Do *not* continue without me. I won’t be long.”

He left the alchemical study in Ramona’s care. The gurgling mixture filled the silence as she stirred in annoyance.

“Magnus?” she called.

No answer. Huffing hair out of her face, Ramona eyed the potion.

“I don’t need to wait for him. There’s only one step left.”

She dug into a small pouch and withdrew five sprigs of milkweed. Crushing them between her fingers, she sprinkled the ground-up herb into the elixir. It consumed them with a magical hunger, beginning to roil and churn with a sweet scent. Ramona watched from above, confident in her abilities.

In a final display of alchemy, the pink elixir darkened to a twilight fuchsia. The apprentice knew she’d succeeded, possibly even better than Magnus could have done.

“Hrmph. Whatever the client is paying us, it’s not enough for the quality he’s getting!” Arrogant pride left her beaming. Ramona wondered what Magnus would think when he returned to see everything finished.

“Well... While I wait... A chef should always taste her dish before serving it, right?”

The elixir was meant to cause overwhelming joy and happiness, filling the drinker with delight to the point of child-like giddiness. After working so hard on mixing the brew, Ramona couldn’t think of a reason why she couldn’t reap some of the benefits.

She dipped a spoon into the swirling mixture. The pink fluid almost sparkled when she raised it to her lips. Sweet as fruit juice, she drained the spoon in a single motion and swallowed.

Pleasure dilated her eyes. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach. Happiness flooded her veins. Ramona couldn’t help but smile at the intense warmth filling her chest, as if she’d just kissed the boy of her dreams for the first time.

“*Whew... O-Oh wow...*” she breathed, leaning on the table for support. Goosebumps spread over her skin with pleasing shivers. “*That’s...*”

Breathing wasn’t easy. Her lips pursed and a moan slipped free. Rather than dissipating, the heat in her torso concentrated within her breasts. The erect points of her nipples tented her form-fitting dress. Blushing cleavage rose against the neckline as she took slow, shaking inhales.

“*I-I didn’t know... It was going to...*” Ramona swallowed, feeling her nipples throb. “*I didn’t know it was THAT kind of a pleasure potion! I-Is it supposed to--*”

Guuurrrrrgle

“*Ahhh~!*”

She stumbled, doubling over and clutching her breasts when they burned with energy. Sweat glistened on her cleavage as she sank her fingers into the supple mounds she’d treasured since maturing.

“*Haahhh-- What’s-- Why do my--*”

Guuurrrrrgle!!

“*Nngh!?*”

They were pulsing against her palms. With every inhale, they pushed her arms wider, yet they didn’t recede when she exhaled steaming air. Ramona shivered when her dress pulled tight around her back and her sleeves drew up her biceps.

“*W-What the?!?*”

Skin bulged over her dress’s neckline. Back straightening in fright, Ramona stumbled to lean against a wall. Rapid breaths hefted her bust up and down. Cleavage filled her view with the melon-sized globes testing her dress.

Strrrrrtch!!

“*Mmmmmgh!*” A whimper squeaked from her lips. Heat flourished beneath her skin. Slowly, she watched her breasts engorge within the confines of her clothes. They had been

designed to show off her slender figure before. Now, they only tightened and squeezed her bust against her torso.

“Why are my breasts--”

They swelled, forced flat and deformed by her dress. Cleavage hot as coals shoved up to her collarbones.

“W-W-Why are my breasts--”

GUUUURRRRGLE!!!

A deep, muffled sound of rushing fluid made her jaw fall open. As Ramona’s mammaries surpassed the size of her head, she saw them quiver as pressure moved from their bases to her nipples. It throbbed until reaching her areolas, where it made them puff and elongate outward.

Splrrrrtch!!

“EEEK!!! I-Is that--”

A squeal of fright filled the room when milk sprayed through her dress. Horror left Ramona’s eyes wide when it didn’t stop. The pressure was only rising, pushing her breasts larger by the second. She brought her hands to them and hesitated to feel herself. When they overflowed her palms, her breath hitched at the overwhelming sensitivity flaring within.

“A-Ahhmm~!”

Dairy rushed beneath her skin. Bloating her like balloons, the cream desired her to be ever bigger. Flesh burned in her grasp and she squeezed, pushing back on her breasts as if it might reduce their size.

“S...Stop!! STOP!! You have to stop!! Stop growing!! B-Before--”

Shrrriiip!!

“Ahh! No no no!!”

A tear opened down the side of her dress, splitting a seam under one arm. Another seam followed. Down her front, stress creases shot across her watermelon-sized bust.

Weight tugged on her shoulders. Leaning forward and cradling the mounds in her arms, she fell upon the table and pored over the tome.

“What did I do wrong?? What did I--”

STRRTCH!!

“Gaah! Where did I--” She saw it then. Her heart skipped a beat and her dress split wider. Milk soaked the fabric to leave the weakening garment clinging to her ripening curves. *“I-I-It really was only three sprigs of milkweed...”* Face pale, Ramona looked down at her chest as its reaction to the elixir grew. *“T-That means... I’m gonna...”*

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

SHRRRIIIIP!!!

Fabric exploded. All air left her lungs when two gargantuan mammaries fell free, heavy and fattened enough to cover her belly. All sense of modesty abandoned Ramona. She watched her dress fall around her ankles and wished dearly that she’d worn undergarments.

Spplrrrrtch!!!

Milk sprayed without regard for her environment and splattered over several feet in front of her. Ramona cupped her nipples, only leaving cream dripping in a leaking waterfall from her palms.

“Stop! S-Slow down!! I--” She looked around. *“I need to stop the reaction! Before--”*

STRRRRTCH!!

“Nnngh!” Pressure made her wince. It rumbled through her bust as it struggled to keep pace with the magic. So much milk could only be contained thanks to the potion, but it wouldn’t last forever. Already her skin was showing signs of stretching. Drinking more would ease the tension, but accelerate the lactation. *“I need to stop this before I POP!!”*

Ramona waddled to a cupboard. Dairy sloshed in her straining arms. Fatty milk made her skin slick against her grip. Slowly, her swollen underbellies pushed against her thighs as she walked hunched over. Sweat dripped from her body’s screams of heightened sensitivity. There wasn’t time to think about the searing heat blossoming between her legs. Maybe later, but not as she was rapidly growing to rival even the village’s biggest pumpkin.

“Where?? Where is it?!”

GUURRRGLE!!

Pressure struck harder than ever. Her legs trembled. A gray bottle of quicksilver solution caught her eye as her chest dragged her lower. *“There!!”*

Barely able to reach, the cork flew off with a flick of her thumb. Ramona tilted the bottle against her lips. Heavy gulping bounced her neck. When finished, the bottle rattled across a table, and she grabbed her chest.

Rmmmbbbllll

Ramona gasped, falling to her knees as her bosom proved too heavy. She kneeled over them, feeling their bulk lifting her torso inches at a time.

“No no no no noooo! Please! I-I drank the quicksilver!! It should cancel the--”

Her chest pushed into the alchemy table. Wood screeched across the floor. The milk was slowing down, but not fast enough. Ramona’s hands grabbed and massaged her chest in fear as everything tightened. It was a race to see what would have the final say in her chest’s fate: the potion or the antidote.

“Nnngh!! N-Nnngh!! Ohhhh hurry please hurrriyyyyy! I-I can’t take much more of this!”

They started to slow. Panting, Ramona watched her breasts quiver as her knees left the ground. The alchemy table shifted when they pushed it against the wall. The back edge lifted up the wall, angling the table toward her.

“T-That’s it...! Almost-- A-Almost... Nngh! There...!” She dared to sigh with relief. The pressure was still bloating her nipples into apple-sized fountains, but at least it wasn’t rising.

Rrrmmmbbblll...

“M-Mmmgh!”

A final push of engorgement strained her skin. Ramona tensed, feeling her breasts wedge themselves between the askew table and the cupboard. Finally, they stopped their growth.

“Hah... Haahhh-- They--” She swallowed. *“D-Did they stop? I don’t think I could have lasted another--”*

Metal slid against wood. Movement caught her eye. Looking up, and seeing the alchemy table on a slant, Ramona’s heart sank.

“Oh, goddess, please no--”

The cauldron fell off the table. Filled to the brim with potion, it dumped over her breasts in a deluge of pink that filled Ramona’s cleavage and gaping mouth. She swallowed without thinking.

She froze in place. Potion tingled in her belly. Waves of happiness were washing over her, but even they weren’t enough to distract Ramona from what she knew was about to happen.

Intense hot flashes flared through her already overgrown breasts. Whatever had been dumped over her chest was quickly absorbed by her skin. Almost alive, her breasts heaved, churning with unprecedented potential.

Pleading eyes looked at her bust. *“M-M-Maybe the quicksilver will stop it from reacting again, and--”*

GUUUUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

Words failed her when the growth restarted with a vengeance. Flesh surged beneath her, lifting Ramona’s toes from the floor as if she were a doll.

RRMMMMBBLLL!!!

“MMMGGH!!! NNNNGHHH!!!”

She was helpless against the torrent of milk filling her body. Rivers of cream engorged her chest faster than her mind could process.

“S-Stop!! STOP!! I-- Can’t--” Tiny, rapid squeaks for air left her sinking into cleavage as Ramona was lifted higher and higher. *“Too much!! T-Too much!!”*

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!

Milk heaved louder than ever. A single taste of the potion had been enough to bring her to her knees. Now, with the entire batch in her system, the effects were going to be devastating. Ramona knew the walls would never be able to contain her. The village itself would be in trouble.

GRROOOOOAAAAAAN

A new sound came as her chest roared like rumbling thunderclouds. *“Oh no!! Oh no oh no oh no!! I-I--”*

Milk-gushing nipples pressed against the far wall. Pressure backed up with nowhere to escape. Cold stone met with her back and exposed ass. Ramona held a hand against the ceiling as it closed in on her.

“A-Aahhhhh!!”

Somewhere, she heard a door click open. It wedged itself stuck against her skin.

“Dear lord! RAMONA!” Magnus boomed from somewhere behind her cleavage.

“M-M-Maaaaasteeerrrrrrr!!” she wailed. Mortar and brick bowed against her bulk as the gallons of potion took complete control of her milk glands. A shuddering crack shot through a wall to expose the sunlight of the outside. *“I THINK I MIGHT HAVE MESSED UP!”*