

(All fictional characters in this story are considered at least 18)

WARNING: THIS CONTENT IS AN 18+ PATREON EXCLUSIVE STORY, AND CONTAINS FMG, GTS, DESTRUCTION, SEXUAL THEMES, HOURGLASS EXPANSION, AND MORE. ALL CHARACTERS AND LOCATIONS BELONG TO FIRE EMBLEM AND THEIR RESPECTIVE COPYRIGHT HOLDERS.

The simmering afternoon sun beat down on the bustling city within Ylisse's borders. People were going about their daily routines; the blacksmiths preparing horse shoes, the bakers selling breads, and the citizens moving through the busy streets. There, on the corner, with a large series of crates stacked behind her, and a makeshift wooden table in front, there was a woman.

Crimson bangs cascaded over her forehead, with the rest being tied up in a messy pony-tail, as if someone with too little time to think about looks had put it up. Her attire was of an almost carnival like appearance, with long, triangular pieces of wrapping around her collar draping down over her cape. Knee-high boots of metal, and tight, finger-less leather gloves adorned her hands and legs. The entire ensemble was a mixture of primarily red, with a splash of yellow. Though, the most alluring part was the woman's eyes, which was a saturated ruby red; which struck out against her lighter complexion.

“Oh, you like you're a smart shopper! Fishing for a bargain?” The woman inquired to a passing man. Her voice held a confident tone, but an underlying cadence of skulduggery; as if she already knew, that you knew, that she knew, that you knew, that these goods were probably obtained in the most legal way. “Take a gander! It's all plenty good stuff!”

The man, an older looking gentleman, looked down at the table before him. “Hrm...I suppose an elixer would be nice. Though, sixty gold is rather steep.” Placing his hand under his chin, the man looked to Anna, raising a brow. “How about forty-five? The going rate here is fifty, you know.”

The red-haired woman puffed out her cheeks; looking down at the corked potion. “Forty-five? Sorry, but no can do! Though, I'll level with you at fifty-five. I know the going rate here, but this is stuff is way better than what they sell in town! From up North, made by those fancy-pantsy alchemists from the Academy! Primo stuff! Personally, I think sixty is a steal, let alone fifty-five!”

Taking a moment, the man held a gruff groan in his throat. “I see...and from who exactly did you procure these?”

Smirking, Anna would lean over the table; beckoning the man to lean closer. “Trade secret!...”

Letting out a defeated sigh, the man would nod. “Alright, fine. Fifty-five. Here you are.” With that, the elder gentleman took out his coin purse; dumping the goods into the Merchant's soft hands.

Immediately, Anna's ruby eyes would light up with a shimmer at the sight she loved so much. Gold! A somewhat decent amount-at least the most she had gotten that day! The feeling of coins rattling in her hands was unlike anything else in the world! Money made the world go round after all, and the more she had, in a way, the more she controlled! She couldn't beli-

“Umm...ma'am? May I take the elixer?” The Elder man inquired, reaching his hand out to grab the

item.

Shaking her head out of her own thoughts, the Merchant's cheeks would form a blush. "O-Oh, right! Yes, of course! Enjoy! And remember to tell your friends!" With a courteous wave, Anna would see her customer off. "Well, not a bad haul so far, but it could always be better." Counting her coin, the red-head wasn't exactly getting the amount she had hoped for. "Dang, there are some cheapskates here, though. That old man was my best customer so far. Didn't expect rich people to be stingy with their money."

Letting out a defeated sigh, Anna would look up towards the sky; daydreaming. "Swiping coin isn't so easy with the super rich people as it is with bandits; and they're pretty damn smart about spending. If only there was a way to get more money..." Looking down at her table of wares, the woman's small battle was reminding her of the war she was losing. She could practically smell the gold and jewels everyone walked around with. So close, yet so far; just like her life goal. To be surrounded in gemstones, while sitting on a throne of coins. Everyone surrendering their valuables to her for simply existing. The thought was so tantalizing, and the imagery of her overlooking the peasants below her was nearly enough to make her drool!

Suddenly, another voice had once again destroyed her internal thoughts. "U-Umm, excuse me? Helloooo?"

The woman looked over to see a young man with wine red hair, wearing spellcaster's robes, as well as an over-sized witch's hat. His complexion was light, with freckles decorating his face, and bright silver eyes. Anna had an eye for interesting people, especially picking out non-locals. If there was ever one, this guy would be it. "Wha? Oh, sorry! Been kinda spacing out a bit today! Let's try this again. Ehem. Welcome to Anna's pop-up shop! What can I do for you?"

"Well, I was hoping..." The boy spoke; considering his stature, it wasn't surprising to hear his tone sounding less like a man, and more like a slightly masculine woman. Still, it was nice to not be out-sized by a customer for once, as Anna only stood at five-eight; only a few inches taller than the young man, but more nonetheless. "If you'd be willing to buy something off of me?" Reaching into his satchel, the boy would pull out a rusted bracelet. What looked to be a once bright and shimmering silver had now been wasted and rotted into little more than a copper-colored, crusty pieces of metal.

"Huh? This thing?" Taking the object in her pale hands, Anna looked over the item. She had known that one man's trash could be the treasure of another, sure, but the amount of work to refurbish this thing was more than she was willing to put in. "Hrm...sorry, I don't buy junk. Though, if you're looking for jewelry, I've got just the thing!"

With an audible gasp, the Wizard crossed his arms in protest. "Junk?! I'll have you know that this used to belong to a Queen long ago! Before even Ylisse was founded!" The boy was quick to point out the small differences in the metal through the rust. "See these marks here? That's a sign that it's not from Ylisse, since our blacksmiths can't forge like that."

Anna's red hues double-checked the statement. To her shock, he was...right?! "O-Oh my! I didn't make it out through the rust, but yes, this must be tens of thousands of years old at the least!" Placing her thumb delicately over the item, she felt the subtle bumps and scorches that she didn't notice prior. While it still wouldn't be necessarily worth it to go through the hassle of getting it fixed, it would be a great selling point to show just how eclectic her wares are! If she wore it, it'd be a walking

advertisement! “Wow, it might not be worth much in this condition, but I wouldn't mind trying it on. Okay, kid, name your price.”

Pouting, the boy muttered. “I'm not a kid...I'm twenty-two. Anyway, hrm...let's see. Say, three-hundred gold? This isn't just some ancient jewelry: like I said, it belonged to a Queen. A woman who was said to be the strongest, biggest, and wealthiest in all the land. It was said that as her wealth grew, so did her power! Didn't do much for me, but maybe some of that luck will rub off on you?”

Anna placed her finger under her chin in contemplation. Three-hundred was allot...in fact, it was all she managed to make that day. Though, she always trusted her gut, and her gut told her to buy it from this little guy! “Alright, kid, you got yourself a deal! Though, if this doesn't work, I'm coming back for my money, heheh!~”

“I just told you, I'm not a-nevermind.” With that, the boy took the coin from Anna. She, herself, was always reluctant to give away her earnings, but as the saying goes: you gotta spend money to make money.

As Anna waved the boy away, she carefully placed the item around her wrist. “Okay, time to work your magic! Be good, or I'm putting you back, okay?” Yet, as soon as she spoke, she could feel...something. A tingle that moved up her spine like a chill. “Egh! D-Did it get cold or something? No, surely it was my imagination.”

Looking out in to the streets, Anna hadn't need to raise an arm before a woman arrived at her stand. *'Perhaps this thing is working after all.'* “Welcome to Anna's pop-up shop!” It wasn't long before another sale was made. This one, less substantial than the old man, but decent enough. Some flowers, which amounted to roughly fifteen gold. “Thank you, come again!”



Placing the gold in her coin purse, the woman would feel...strange. A soft wave of relaxing pleasure was soaking into her body. Unbeknownst to the Merchant, Anna's form was beginning to fill out; her flat stomach becoming more dense, a hint of a four-pack forming underneath her-now-less baggy clothing. "Huh? W-Whoah..." Her thin arms were blossoming as they burgeoned outwards; with her biceps, which were already toned from combat, were now gaining extra beef onto them. Meanwhile, her calves pressed against the metal of her boots, with her thighs expanding, and beginning to hug around her leggings.

"Strange. I'm normally exhausted at this part of the day, but I feel pretty good!" Looking down at the bracelet, Anna hadn't notice that her once five-eight frame had slowly inched upwards to five-ten. "Hrm, still, it's getting to be a bit late. Perhaps I'll retire to the inn until tomorrow."

---

That night, Anna found it hard to get to sleep. It was almost like she had drank several coffees, as well as taken an energy potion! There she lay, staring up at the ceiling with a huff. "Hrm...maybe a bath will help relax me. No use trying to force myself, anyway."

Stripping down, the red-headed Merchant let out a subtle gasp as she noticed herself. "W-What?! Oh my gosh, what happened to me?!" The woman took a more inquisitive glance, noticing her bust had gone from a flat-chest to soft A cups. "Since when did I get these?!" Taking a moment to cup her bust, Anna would stifle a soft moan, before noticing just how large her biceps are, even without flexing! "Wow, these things are like oranges!" Taking a moment, the woman flexed her arm-noticing the tenseness of her swollen musculature. "So hard..."



The woman's hands continued to explore her new body, running her palms down her stomach; squealing quietly at the feeling of the soft bumps of her abdominals. "Mmm~ hehe, I'm sure I'll be able to snatch some better gear with muscles like these!~ Though, it just doesn't make sense! How did?..."

Suddenly, the woman's brain made the connection. "That little Wizard boy...what was it he said? Something about 'as her wealth grew, so did her strength'?" With her more-plump rear, Anna sat down on the bed; feeling the gentle fat and muscle underneath gently jostle. "That's not possible, right? Well, I suppose in a world of magics, anything is possible...and if it is...~" Looking at the bracelet, Anna's smug smirk slowly churned into a wicked grin. "Then we're going to have some fun tomorrow!~"

---

The next morning was off to a fantastic start, as the woman reached for her pack of items. Normally, it took a good bit of heft for the woman to carry all her belongings towards her spot in town, but as she gripped it, Anna noticed the ease of motion as she placed her pack on her back. "Wow, these are some toned forearms alright!" Lifting her sleeves up for a better look, the woman gently made a fist, staring in awe at the veins surfacing under her arm. "Whoah...and all this from a bit of coin! I wonder...how far can I take this? I guess the answer is how much cash I can get out of people!~"

Her stride seemed to exude more confidence than before, with her hair seeming much more voluminous and shimmering as well. With her coat swaying behind her, Anna placed her wooden stand before neatly sectioning her stock of items. "And done! Now to make my-" Suddenly, the woman's enthusiasm was stopped short as a man clad in heavy metal armor approached her table.

"Excuse me, Ma'am, but this is a public space. If you wish to sell your wares here, then you are required to have a permit, or own private property to sell from." The man looked down at the stock, then to the five-ten woman; crossing his arms.

Feeling a bead of sweat move down her face, Anna leaned forward towards the Guard. "I-umm, lost it, you see! Very embarrassing stuff! Though, I promise I'll have it tomorrow for sure! Just let it slide for a pretty lady today, okay?~" Batting her eyelashes, the red-head gave the best smile she could probably muster, considering the circumstances.

The Guard, however, did not appear to be phased. "Sorry, I don't make the rules. Either show proof that you can sell here, or pack it up and leave." The six-five foot man looked down towards Anna; his piercing eyes seeming to show even through his visor.

"W-Wait, please, you don't understand! I can-" Suddenly, a loud crash, and a wince from the woman happened in one smooth motion. Looking back, the Guard's leg had landed down onto the table; breaking the weak wood and causing the entire series of items to collapse into themselves. Anna let out a gasp of anguish as she took a step backwards. "Huh? No! My stuff!!!"

The Guard sneered as he continued to slam his leg further down into the destroyed mess of items. "Now, I think I made myself clear. Get what you can salvage, and go."

A silence swept over the woman as she looked at her hard-stolen loot. "M-My stuff..." A wealth of sadness seeped into the red-head's soul as she gazed over her hard-snatched goods. Tears would stream down her cheeks as she looked up; an inferno in her red hues. "Y-You're gonna pay for that, or else!"

"Or else what? You threatening a guard? If that's the case, then I have no choice but to put you under arrest." With a sturdy motion, the large, armored man motioned to his blade, ready to force the

Merchant into submission.

Anna thought to herself; panic beginning to set in. She had to do something, there was no way she could escape such a large place by herself, no matter how good she was. Not to mention her own ego, and lust for revenge for her goods was already fueling her to stay well enough. Though, what was she to do? “S-stop it!”

The man then unsheathed his blade, aiming it at the Merchant. “By the laws of Ylisse and her people, you are to be taken into custody for resisting an order. Now, come quietly.” Reaching his arm out, his hand would grasp Anna's own. Even with her increased strength, pulling away seemed to do very little.

Her heart was racing, and she needed an out. Suddenly, a thought formed in her head. It was a desperate hope that such an action would work, sure, but it was better than nothing! “I said *let me go!*” With a swiftness that the Guard did not expect, Anna reached her free arm towards the man.

Reflexively tightening his grip on his blade, the man would lift his sword into the air. “Nice try, but they always try to disarm you in desperation! Now then,-huh?”

“Hmhmhm!~” The cute chuckling of the woman had silenced the cocky Guard, who looked at her palm-seeing his coin purse in her hand. “Wasn't aiming for it!~” Suddenly, Anna's body would feel that familiar chill move up once more. A soft series of pulsations rapturously spread through her form; her face shifting to a redder hue as the Merchant's womanhood began to quiver in anticipation. “O-Oh...yeah, this'll be goooood!~”

“Now you have committed thievery as well! Surely you'll be-wh-what?” The man would look down at his hand, noticing Anna's sleeve beginning to swell in small pulsations.

“Ohhh!~ N-No, keep going-uhngf!~ D-Don't mind *little...*” Another spurt of growth would run through Anna's form, her five-ten height lengthening to six-foot in moments. “*hrm!~ ol...*” Her shoulders would broaden into near cannonballs, swelling and stretching the fabrics she wore! Anna's red face had beads of sweat dripping down them, as she watched her bust sprawl forward. The tight top that she was now wearing was tearing open; a torrent of white cleavage spilling out as her breasts swelled into DD cups; undulating softly at the freedoms from her confide clothing. The pleasure was getting to her, as she felt power flowing into her form! “*ME!~ AHH!~*”

The orgasmic bliss continued, as the Guard had no choice but to release his grip on her, as the Amazon's forearms were now larger than even his own! Her legs, meanwhile, were bursting at the seams; with taut muscle fibers decorating her legs as she continued to groan in joy. “Mmnr!~ Oh by the Gods YES!~” The jingling of coin, the feeling of her strength increasing, it was all delicious to the Merchant as her now six-seven form loomed over the man.

“W-What Witchcraft is this?! Surely this can get out of hand! Die, monster!” Quickly moving his arm horizontally, the man attempted to slice at Anna. People around began to scream as the growing woman's hand reached out with ease, catching it mid-swing. “W-What?!”

“M-mng!~ Ahhh!~ O-Oh, oopsie!~ L-Looks like you're out of money!~” The woman teased, cocking her widened hips in a smug display. In her other hand, she grasped the bag of coins, her biceps flexing and swelling larger and larger, finally becoming at least eighteen inches around! “Mmm!~ A shame. I don't do window shoppers! So~” With that, the woman's grip would tighten. The metal of the man's

gauntlet burying into his arm.

“A-Agh! G-Get the rest of the Guard! S-Someone! NOW!” The man ordered; with many people beginning to run and scream. Anna, meanwhile, couldn't help but giggle at the sight of the man struggling against her own grip strength.

“Oh, I bet that sword sells for a decent amount! I'll just take that!~” Putting away the coin purse, the red-headed hulkette grasped the tip of the blade, before placing it against her destroyed table. “Mmm!~ Yes, that was a good buy, alright!~” The woman let out another moan of pleasure, as her rear began it's own expansion. The confines of her leggings were no more, as her plump, juicy ass cheeks fell outwards against the pointless fight of her clothing.

“P-Please! Let me go!” The man begged, only to receive another giggle from the woman.

“Hrm...okay, fine, but under one condition!~ You have to give me alllll your stuff! Okay? Promise me.” Anna felt her sadistic side beginning to rear its head further as she lifted the man's broken arm upwards. The groans of pain were music to her ears, but not as beautiful a ballad as the sound of coin and submission. “Or else I might take more than just your belongings!~ Won't be hard with these *big strong muscles* of mine!~ So promise me! Say: 'Goddess Anna, all my stuff is yours!'”

“O-Okay, okay! F-Fine! Take whatever!-AGH!” Another tightening of her hand only made the dented plating in his arm rend his bone further.

“I believe I told you to say something specific.” Anna retorted; her eyes staring into his entire soul as her voice became substantially more serious.

“R-Right! G-Goddess Anna, all my stuff is yours!”



“Chuh-ching!~” The Merchant responded; her eyes beginning to glow a faint red. Her smile widened as she could hear the footsteps of the rest of the Guard approach. “Mmm!~ J-Just in time for the special, guys!~ Hrm! HehehahahahAAAA!~” What were once soft giggles were now evolving into moans of ecstasy as Anna's body began to enhance once more.

Releasing the man, the woman's back would arch; her six-pack abs inflating denser and denser. The top she once had began to tear away into tatters before the man, revealing her sculpted torso with brick-abdominals. “SOOOO GOOD!~ MNG!~ A HOUSE, YOUR ARMOR!~ YOU GAVE-AHH!~ G-GAVE IT ALL TO ME!~”

The grunts of pleasure continued as the woman's height jumped by leaps and bounds before the Guards. Seven foot...ten feet....twenty feet! The ballooning breasts spilled forward; her rear not far behind. Her ass of destruction continued to improve by a mix of fat and beautiful muscle, creating a perfect circle for each rear cheek. Her calves enjoyed the growth spurts as well; breaking out of her metallic boots with muscles larger than most men's upper torsos!

“HAHAHA!~ HOW CUTE!~ YOU BROUGHT ME MORE BUSINESS!~” Looking down, Anna bent forward; her mighty chest swaying wildly into the armored men, knocking several to the ground. The woman couldn't help but snicker at the power she had been granted. The enjoyment of her own breasts being stronger than a fully grown men was enough to get her own womanhood going. But such pleasures would be saved for later.

“Hehehe!~ Now then, tell you what: you surrender your items to me. In fact-this whole damn city will-and I promise not to crush you under my perfect ass!~ Sound like a deal?” The looming shadow of the Amazonian Anna was enough to give the Guards a second thought. One, however, looked as if he wanted to be brave.

“D-Die wench! We do not surrender!” Running forward, the man brought his blade out; bringing it to Anna's leg. “W-What?!” Watching in surprise and remorse, the man's blade would bounce away from the hulking woman's skin as if it were a rock.

The Merchant let out a muffled groan as she felt the woman as if it were a minor touch. “Aww, how cute! Now then, it seems you all don't believe me! I assure, you, however, I'm a Merchant of my word! Allow me to give you a demonstration with this volunteer here!~” Reaching down, the woman's hand gripped the Guard's helm; lifting him up to her face. “See? Now then we'll just set him back here!~” Moving her arm, the woman would place the struggling man in between her large rear-bags. “O-Ohh, he's a mover alright!~ Oh, this is going to feel *exquisite*!~”

“H-HELP ME!” The helpless rookie would beg, but the rest could only watch as the pale flesh of Anna's rear enclosed around him; trapping him in a coffin waiting to crush him alive.

“Now, this can be a two-for one deal, if anyone else is interested!~ No? Too bad, I guess it's just you!~” With that, Anna lowered herself down; her large ass pressing against the ground as she sat. The executed would let out a scream only once more, before the pressure built up from the Merchant's perfect ass was enough to pop him like a grape; splattering all over her rear. “MMMM!~ YES!~ So wet and good!~ Hah...I-I mean: see? Pretty simple to do!~ Now then, anymore takers? Or are you going to pay me now?~”

There was no hesitation as the men lowered their weapons. “T-Take whatever you want! I-It's yours!”

Said one. “H-have all I own! I-I swear, you can take it!” Spoke another. Soon, the entire group of men were offering all their items. Coin purses were being tossed to the woman, as well as swords, armor pieces, necklaces. Soon, Anna looked down at a small pile worth thousands of pieces.

But it did not stop there, as soon, the townspeople could not fight against the woman's authority. Eventually, all were giving their entirety to the Merchant, causing a mass pile of coin and valuables to surround the greedy gal.

A tremor would erupt along the ground, as Anna's eyes widened. The glow of her eyes becoming more intense by the second. Her breath would become labor as she felt her body indulge in a torrent of wealth-based energy. “Y-yes...so...much...POWER!!!~” A gluttonous laugh filled the air as Anna's back immediately formed into large slabs of rock-hard muscle. Definition upon definition pumped into her as she felt herself ascending.



“GAH!~ MGN!~ M-MORE!~ G-GIVE ME ALL YOU HAVE, PEASANTS!~” The woman demanded as her height escalated to thirty feet, then forty, followed shortly by sixty! “HAH!~ YES!~ ALL YOUR COIN IS MINE!~” Another swelling surge, as her muscles gorged on the power. Her biceps were cannonballs in shape, but were roughly thirty feet around! The casual sways and movements of her enlarging body would send chunks crashing towards the ground, only to be met with a giggle as Anna pridefully enjoyed the feeling of the structures collapsing under her strength. “HEHEH!~ LOOKS LIKE THAT'LL-UNG!~ NEED REPLACING!~ MMM!” Her thighs were beyond tree-trunks, instead like towering structures that were quickly in danger of dwarfing the other buildings!

“BIGGER! I DESERVE TO BE HUGE!~ I DESERVE TO HAVE ALL THE MONEY!!~” The torrent of power caused Anna's body to continue to improve; her hourglass figure becoming more and more exaggerated as she continued to rise beyond one-hundred feet! Her shadow dominating the streets below as the citizens could do very little but watch in fear as the woman's body continued to level up at an astonishing rate. Her back becoming carved out chunks of thick muscle, which seemed to only engorge further and further; spreading out her lats wider as well.

Her tongue splayed from Anna's mouth as she trembled in her own euphoria; the Merchant's groans and moans a sign of approval as she felt herself spray womanly fluids out of her wet womanhood. “MMM! ~ SO GOOOOOD!~” Unknowingly flexing, Anna's triceps were archways of size, which were at least as large as her upper torso. Her whole form easily overlooking several city blocks as even the wall of the City was looking little more than a toy to her.

The people were in shock as the woman's blissful orgasm rained down onto them. None of them moved, in fear of being crushed, as the titanic two-hundred-fifty foot woman let out one final thrust of her extreme hips.

“Y-YES!~ YES!~ YEEEEEEEESSSSSS!!!~” A definitive roar that could be heard for miles, surely, as the massive Merchant's body finally stopped at an astonishing three-hundred feet. Her intense musculature causing even the slightest twitch to send pressure enough to shatter against windows. Despite this, it was clear that her lengthy orgasm had caused her body to spasm softly; which only helped assure her strength as doing so created more and more cracks along the buildings which survived the initial spurt.

“Wh-Whew....wow....!~ T-Talk about an upsell, huh guys?~” Anna took a moment; panting wildly as her body calmed itself down. The drunk feeling of power was almost too much for her to handle, but she loved every second of it. Looking down, she couldn't help but smile at her piles and piles of coin. The saturated mound was a sight to behold, but the feeling, she needed more, surely.

“Hrm...it's a good start! But I'd like to see what this entire Kingdom has to offer me! I'm sure we could strike a deal!~”