

Wand of Inflation (Inflation)

Xillia smiled as she marched through the field, her boots crunching the grass beneath her soles. Looking up at the clear blue expanse above, she sighed in delight. There wasn't a cloud in the sky—it was a perfect day, and she couldn't wait to take advantage of it.

Lowering herself to the ground, she folded her legs, placed her hands quite firmly on her knees, and closed her eyes, forcing herself to focus. As a cleric of Eilistraee, she had lots of experience with meditation, though for some reason she found herself struggling today. Her chest felt tight—her skin sweaty. What was wrong with her?

It took her several further minutes of fruitless concentration before the truth occurred. *Oh, of course!* she thought, wanting to slap her head in embarrassment. *I'm still wearing all my clothes!*

Pushing herself up, she hurriedly stripped off, kicking off her shoes and her tight and tossing away her skirt and her cloak. Running her hands down her deep gray skin, she sighed in satisfaction. There. Now she should have no trouble concentrating.

She lowered herself to the floor and folded her legs once more, closing her eyes and focusing her attention on the mysteries of the Goddess. This time, she had no difficulty concentrating.

She was so focused, in fact, that she didn't even notice the sound of footsteps in the grass behind her.

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Svestis came to a stop as she reached the edge of the forest. Raising a hand to shield her eyes from the sun—ugh, how could anyone even stand to be up here?—she took a step out into the field and squinted at the figure in the distance. Was someone sitting there?

Approaching as cautiously as she could, which was very, since she was a master of stealth, she came close enough for her excellent elven eyes to finally pick out her target's identity.

Well, well, well, she thought, licking her lips, *if it isn't a cleric of Eilistraee.* No other drow would be out meditating in the nude like this.

Creeping closer, she felt a flurry of sick ideas already forming in her gut. As a cleric of Lolth, there was no way she could simply allow a rival priest to go unopposed like this, could she? Who knew what kind of heresy she might enact if she were allowed free rein?

Chuckling beneath her breath, Svestis slipped a hand into the bag of holding at her waist and rummaged around inside until at last she found the item she was looking for: a curling rod capped in a simple egg-shaped gem: a Wand of Inflation. Licking the tip, she turned it on her target with a smirk. Yes, this should ensure that the obnoxious cleric of Eilistraee was unable to spread any more heresy.

She gave the wand a flick and uttered the command word. A thin bolt of magic flew from the wand's tip and struck the enemy cleric's back. She flinched, but otherwise she didn't react at all.

Grinning, Svestis slunk away to watch from a safe distance.

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Xillia shuffled on the spot, squeezing her eyes tight. She'd been meditating for almost an hour now, and the urge to stand and stretch her legs was growing overwhelming. Soon, she wouldn't be able to resist.

Five more minutes, Xillia, she told herself, biting her lip to keep her mind on course. *Five more minutes and—*

Something struck her in the back—she flinched. *What the hell was—?! No. No, Xillia, stay focused. Stay focused. It was probably just a stray fly or something.*

Barely a minute passed before she started to feel strange though. It began with a sudden tightness in her gut, as if she'd eaten too much and her belly were suffering from bloating. Shuffling uncomfortably, she squeezed her knees and tried to keep her thoughts from straying. *Just a few more minutes...*

Soon, however, the sensation spread to her legs and became almost unbearable. Her thighs felt as if they were going to explode, they were so tight.

Stubbornness kept her eyes locked shut and her hands where they were for just a little longer, however. Just long enough for the sensation to reach her breasts, at which point her eyes snapped open and she squealed in surprise as a sudden bolt of pleasure struck her. "Nnn~! Ah! Wh-what the—?!"

Looking down, she gaped in shock. Her boobs had blown up like a pair of overripe fruit, her nipples pointing the way ahead, hard and erect. Beneath it, her belly had swollen into a sphere so ridiculously gravid she couldn't believe what she was seeing, squeezing tight against her bloated thighs in the process—she looked as if she were twenty months pregnant! "Wh-what the hell?! What the hell is happening to me?!"

Struggling to her feet, she moaned as she stumbled, a wave of sudden lightheadedness washing over her mind and drowning all her thoughts. When she fell, it was in slow motion, as if her body were under the effects of a Feather Fall spell. Landing on her swollen belly, she screamed as her weight squished it.

With a boing, her boobs doubled in size, followed swiftly by her upper arms and thighs. Stumbling back to her feet, she struggled to regain her balance—as she did, she realized to her horror that her stomach was still growing. With every second that passed, it became that little bit larger.

H-help. Help. I've got to get help! She made to run, but she only managed three steps before she found she couldn't touch the ground again—her feet floated above the grass, which was rapidly sinking away from her. “No! Let me down! Let me down!”

As she rose, her stomach continued to pump up, forming a fat sphere of over-stretched flesh, taut and squeaky, which soon assimilated the rest of her in its continuing growth. Her upper arms and thighs vanished inside it, followed swiftly by their lower counterparts, until all that remained were her hands and her feet and her boobs and buttcheeks, all blown to ridiculous new sizes.

Oh, and her head, mercifully unaffected. “Help me!” she cried as she sailed into the sky, swollen neck squeezing against her chin. “Heeelp me!”

Down on the ground, Svestis chuckled in amusement.