

When they were told the city was going to be “mostly empty”, the trio seriously underestimated what the guide meant with “mostly”. It was technically correct, in that the vast majority of the ruins were bereft of anything that could remotely hurt them unless any of them poked around where they shouldn’t... but that didn’t mean they were immune from harm either, not when Shades still roamed the place, eager to find *someone* stupid enough to walk into the remains of the lost city without adequate preparations. And, as Elida, Voltair and Boran took the “mostly empty” to mean they just had to bring their *good* combat equipment as opposed to anything more esoteric, they were very much at the mercy of the entity’s powers, to the point where most of the fight, which by that point had been dragging on for five minutes, consisted of them dodging psychic blasts while trying to avoid being hit by the rubble. They couldn’t even coordinate either; any time they tried to stop to set up a battle plan, they had to jump in a random direction to avoid being hit, creating a downward spiral that would only end when the Mudsdale, sick and tired of being on the defensive, used the momentum from one of his dodges to propel himself forward. He sunk his hooves into the tiled ground, managing to break through to the earth beneath, before launching himself at the Shade at maximum velocity, hoping to get one good blow in before being casually tossed aside; he didn’t even get *that* much done, as the spirit simply twirled around itself as it glided gently off to the side at just the right moment to leave Boran to overshoot his attack like a mindless bull, just barely avoiding smashing against a wall. Elida, desperate for an out, used the opportunity to lunge at the threat, only to have her entire body paralyzed even before the Shade so much as bothered to look at her; she could see the sheer *malice* in its eyes, as it pondered what to do with its captured prey... before casually throwing the equine backwards, off the ledge and into the depths of the city’s lower levels. In that moment, when Elida got to watch as the ground she once stood on rose upwards and away from her extended arms, she was convinced that she was never going to leave; her body would smash against a hard surface at some point, reducing her to something that would be best placed inside a closed casket, assuming anyone even came back to get her, rather than leaving her to fill up the place as yet another adventurer who learned their lesson in combat preparedness. Instead, either by pure luck or divine intervention, one of her sides impacted a soft, rounded piece of stone jutting out from one of the walls, thoroughly knocking all the wind out of her sails, but angling her descent just enough that, rather than freefalling to the bottommost layer a good two minutes down, she instead slid onto a platform a mere couple of stories below where Boran and Voltair still fought the Shade; close enough that she could see what was happening, but too far for her to actually do anything to help. Not that she could; the fall was relatively short, but it was still bad enough to leave her unable to move without it causing some serious pain, requiring the use of several health potions before her back stopped screaming every time she tried to straighten it. Even then, just moving around in general was an absolute chore and a half, and it took so long for her to find her footing again that, by the time she stood up and looked at where the fight was going on, it had gone silent; the short moment of panic cleared up when she realized the body sliding off from the top of the city towards the very bottom of it, the one condemned to a fall that she herself had just narrowly avoided, was that of the Shade’s. Her Ampharos and Mudsdale

travelling companions, mercifully, were up there staring at her, looking about as worried as they did injured; cuts and bruises were visible on *far* too many spots on their bodies, but they *were* alive, and well enough to also stand, so that was something at least.

“Elida, you alright?” Voltair called out, “What happened?!”

“I fell,” she replied, trying her best not to sound too snarky on a response that obvious, “and I hurt my everything in the process. You guys alright?”

“About as good as we can be after a fight like that,” Boran responded, “listen, we can’t get to you from here, but there has to be a way down; we’ll be taking care of battle damage and then we’ll try and fight a way to get to you, alright?”

“I’ll see if I can’t find a way up as well,” Elida shouted back, looking at an opening a few paces away, “you guys be careful, alright?”

“Same. Come back in one piece!”

A nod, exchanged between friends, before Elida faced away from them and towards her newest destination: the labyrinthine interior of the lost city. Lacking any maps or information on how to orient themselves, the group had *assumed* they could simply chart the various passageways, stairwells and avenues, drawing what they saw in an impromptu map as they went along. They weren’t the best scouts, but surely, if they just kept meticulous enough records, the odds of them getting lost were... minimal, maybe. With their not-so-carefully laid-out plans now in ruins after a chance encounter with the Shade right at the entrance, Elida had to rely entirely on her sense of navigation in order to make her way back to the very top of the tiered city, most likely through a series of pathways that were entirely impossible to navigate if one didn’t already have an encyclopedic knowledge of the metropolis’ layout. Its vertical design didn’t help either, as there was a myriad of locations built around either enormous spires or equally gigantic pits, with habitations and what had once been (presumably) commercial establishments built into the walls; the Faè city had been a hub of trade when it was still around centuries prior, and even after the ravages of time had their way with it, the sheer *scale* of everything around her was enough to leave Elida slack-jawed and wide-eyed whenever she walked into an open area and felt herself shrinking just looking at the majesty of it all. She could imagine what it would’ve looked like, filled to the brim with both the native inhabitants and folk from all over the world, come to congregate in the center of trade for the whole continent, a place where anyone could make their fortune *and* immediately lose it in both entirely legal and wholly illegal manners. Millions could live there like it was nothing, each one with their own slice of personal paradise, either carved into the walls of the creator the city was built in, or within the very mega-structure of it; legend had it that each one was magically insulated for maximum privacy, so that even if the end of the world was happening outside the front door, no one would know of it until it struck.

Which it did.

Very little was known of the disaster that befell that civilization, only that it had wiped them clean off the face of the planet while leaving most of their creations behind, their only legacy being the now-ruined city and, apparently, the occasional spirit haunting the place, most likely drawn in from elsewhere. For Elida, it gave the ruins a certain air of grandiose magnificence, as

if she was somewhere that shouldn't be, a relic from a time past that *should've* long crumbled into dust, yet steadfastly refused to fall before the march of time... and that, *that* presented a wonderful adventuring business opportunity. Ruins almost always meant valuable goodies; *well-preserved* ruins turned that into a certainty, the only variable being just *how* valuable the finds would be. It was entirely possible that the city had been picked clean, or that anything that could be found within simply had no demand in the outside world; then again, it was also possible that there could be unthinkably precious finds just waiting for Elida to stumble onto them, prompting her to start diving into open doorways and whatever passages hadn't yet collapsed, hoping to find *something* to show to her adventuring companions to prove that coming there hadn't been a complete waste of time. She wouldn't have to look too deeply either, as it appeared the city's sole entrance, along with the reputation it had for being an adventurer killer, had kept most of its treasures safely out of the hands of looters over the ages: gold and silver, matted with dirt and age, stood next to bronze that had once shone brightly, yet had by then been covered with a dull green; everything from cutlery to jewelry and even arms and armor were to be found wherever she looked, appearing as if the civilization that once made the city its beating heart really *had* just vanished overnight, leaving everything behind like an interrupted meal. There was so much of it, in fact, that Elida couldn't decide what to bring as evidence... plus, there was a reasonable chance the whole lot might be cursed as well, so better if she just went back to mentally marking her path while trying to find her way up; still, she made the effort of going through rooms and abandoned merchant posts whenever she could, occasionally stopping to marvel at contraptions and machinery far beyond her understanding. It was during one of these forays that Elida ended up getting a bit *too* close for comfort with something that, in her mind, was entirely innocuous: a wall-mounted panel, sticking out ever so slightly. Built out of what felt like cast iron, it was clearly at least partially magical in nature, judging by the runic designs inscribed on it. The language on which they were written was indecipherable to Elida, though she had no clue whether it was because it was ancient, or thanks to her not being the most well-versed in magical theory; there was a reason they had Voltair around, as he at least could pull his weight several times over when it came to wizardry and the occasional piece of obscure historical lore. Still, it couldn't be *that* bad, as surely any residual magic that could've been present there was sure to have evaporated after such a long time; it was highly unlikely that whatever curse befell the place would affect what was most likely just a price listing table, one that the establishment's proprietor could change without having to waste ink or a piece of flint. So, she touched it, if only lightly, as if brushing off some of the vast quantities of dirt that had accumulated over the ages, only to *immediately* regret doing so, when her whole body was paralyzed by a sharp electric jolt! She felt like flying backwards, but instead, it just dissipated after an instant, leaving Elida wondering whether she'd imagined the whole thing... only for her chestpiece to start feeling incredibly tight. Worried that she might've accidentally shocked her heart so hard that it stopped, her eyes immediately veered downwards in a futile attempt to restart it with a worried look, at which point Elida was presented with the sight of a bust that had *most certainly* not been there just moments before. With a yelp, she jumped backwards, as if

doing so would do anything to get her away from her own breasts; in fact, once it didn't, she flinched back *again*, only then realizing the folly of her actions. It was hard to decide whether she should panic or otherwise lose her mind at the prospect of being given a free tit boost, even harder once her leg armor began to tighten around the edges as well, leaving the equine *ecstatic* at the prospect that she might've accidentally unleashed a hidden *blessing* rather than a curse! It all happened quickly enough that she barely had time to remove her equipment, at times resorting to cutting up the straps holding it together rather than waste even a *second* not revealing the curves she was being blessed with; it was a chance glance upwards that revealed the runes on the metal plate were actually *moving*, and in a rather conspicuous manner as well: a handful of them remained stationary while glowing red, while those in front of them inched to the right while glowing red. The rate at which they did so *seemed* to synch up perfectly with how quickly Elida felt herself filling up... so could it be? Only one way of finding out: taking a few wobbly steps forward and slamming her fingers against the surface of the rune-inscribed panel, attempting to drag the moving sigils further off to the right... and succeeding admirably! No sooner had she tried to shift the sigils than they were moved with effectively zero resistance, leading to a comparable, and *very* respectable increase in her own size! What had once been merely a larger-enough bust that she had to remove her chestpiece became a pair of torso-obscuring tits; where once had been an ass *just* big enough to strain the seams on her undergarments was now a bubble butt of such absurd dimensions that Elida could easily sink her whole hand into a single cheek and still have room left for her other one, to say nothing of how *soft* those thighs of her felt whenever she tried moving. It was heaven, and it was provided to her at absolutely no cost; better yet, it didn't seem to be over yet, as even though she'd burst free from most of her adventuring gear, leaving only the non-critical bits, Elida could still feel as the weight on her continued to mount. It was as if someone had plugged a hose into every part of her curves that could possibly be upgraded and let loose a slow, but unstoppable pumping of soft pudge, leaving her with heavier breasts, a fatter and rounder ass, plumper and juicier thighs, and even a bit of extra something-something around her waist; it gave her a well-rounded look that was distracting enough for her not to think about how much it would be an impediment to her combat abilities. Really, it even seemed to be slowing down, so surely, by the time it stopped, she'd be left with the *perfect* hourglass figure, albeit one slightly exaggerated in terms of size; not that Elida was going to complain, not when such proportions were the kind of stuff she dreamed about whenever she felt particularly aroused going to sleep. Hell, the faces on Voltair and Boran alone would be more than worth the trouble of climbing upwards with all that extra weight on her... not that she *wanted* to move, of course. There was something about her that left Elida thinking that maybe she should take a break, maybe she should sit down and enjoy herself for once, rather than constantly worrying about achieving goals and accomplishing objectives; maybe she'd earned the right to have a little fun, after nearly falling to her death and then stumbling onto a magical size-altering machine that seemed intent on giving her the kind of curves that she'd always dreamed of. Maybe, just maybe, she should sit down and just let it happen... or, perhaps, she should keep moving. Her eyes shot wide-open, her mind awakening

from the stupor it had just fallen into; for a few moments, Elida was left feeling disoriented, as if she *had* just climbed out of bed too quickly, only to then realize that she was still standing up, still in the middle of an abandoned city, and still, somehow, growing. It was only then that the puzzle pieces fell into place, and the equine came to understand that whatever that panel did, it had most likely attempted to hijack her mental processes, forcing her into a far more pliable state where all she'd think to do would revolve around her newfound size, and the love for more of it thereof. She could only assume that was *not* its original intention, and either the runes had been corrupted over time or the whole place *was* cursed, just as she'd feared; what mattered, however, was getting as far away from it as possible, because if that thing was powerful enough to try and take over her conscious self, it couldn't possibly be safe to stay around it in the same room. Granted, it would've been easier if she'd tried to leave before, as while the doors were sufficiently wide that Elida had no trouble using them before, the extra weight to her bottom half had turned that on its head; while she hadn't noticed it, thinking that moving through empty spaces would be just as easy as before, this notion would be destroyed once she tried to leave the room she was in... and promptly got stuck in the doorway. The flinch that came with it, the momentary jerk forward as she battled momentum, left Elida feeling more confused than anything; for a moment, she considered the possibility that her tattered clothes might've gotten tied to something, and were still strong enough to pull her back. It was only when she tried to push herself forward, both hands on either side of the doorframe, that the truth of the situation came crashing down on her: her legs had gone through, but her asscheeks had gotten stuck. Immediately the adventuress' cheeks turned a bright red as the mental image flashed in her mind's eye, of her butt being so big that it literally couldn't fit through a door; it wasn't altogether negative, at least not for the lewder side of her, though the longer she considered it, the more Elida came to notice that it was only getting worse: if beforehand she could still feel some minor movement, albeit one that left her feeling painfully chafed, after a short while she couldn't even so much as move her wide load of an ass far enough for it to rub against the surface it was stuck on. She was immobile, *completely* so, and *that's* when panic set in. Would she continue to grow into the door until her body collapsed in on itself? Would her cheeks keep on bloating until the walls crumbled and she was buried underneath both herself *and* the ruins around her? Or would her frantic attempts at freeing herself end up bearing fruit? She certainly wasn't going to sit around and wait for the answer to reveal itself, though at that point, her options were limited; Elida couldn't see herself passing through the door the conventional way, but the more she pushed *back* against it, the more she realized the solution was the exact opposite: she should pull away, forcing herself back into the cursed room... and then use momentum. Again her cheeks lit up, but at least it was a plan that *could* work, so with all the strength she had left, Elida swapped the side of the wall her hands were pushing against, dislodging herself almost comically easily before skidding a couple of feet backwards, ending up flat on her colossal, by-then-couch-sized ass. Getting up was the hardest part, with her brain unable to comprehend how it was supposed to coordinate a lower body of that size, but as soon as her center of gravity was discovered and properly accounted for, it was a simple matter of

turning around, having her butt face the door, and then throwing herself backwards as hard as she possibly could. In Elida's mind, the city around her was old enough that it should be easy to force the walls to crumble underneath such an assault, and it wasn't until she was rolling around outside the room, covered head to toe in rubble and debris, that she even thought of the possibility of a cascading failure ending with the whole city landing on top of her. It hardly seemed to matter, since she'd either end up buried under it or stuck inside of it anyway, and at least by rolling out of her would-be prison, Elida ensured she had *some* chance of escaping. Of course, by the time she successfully pulled herself back onto her feet, her body had been warped beyond all recognition, so much so that she herself had to stop and stare at herself for a few seconds just to make sure she wasn't hallucinating. Her clothes were, obviously, basically gone by that point; with her adventuring uniform having been ripped to shreds back during her initial transformation, the additional size to her lower end had done a number on her undergarments, leaving her fully nude and exposed to whomever might be watching. And what a view it would be: a look back, and sure enough, there was a rear so wide that both of her adventuring partners could probably sit on it and have room to spare, melting down to a pair of thighs so deliciously engorged that poor Elida had to bite her tongue just to keep herself from moving her hands toward them. Up above and out front, a bust that had not only fattened to the point where it covered most of her torso and spilled out near-obscenely on either side of her, but a bust *filled* with sweet, warm milk, a thin cream that ran down her front and gently pitter-pattered onto the floor in small droplets... growing thicker with each moment she spent not doing anything about it. The sloshing soon became evident, as did the fact that she was still growing outwards, leaving Elida frozen between her desire to see herself become massive and the understanding that she *had to leave* before getting too big to be able to do so; unfortunately for her, getting out of the city was far easier said than done, seeing as her body had become an impediment to the very act of motion itself. Just *trying* to take a step in any direction had become a fight against gravity and momentum, what with her enhanced mass *wanting* to keep moving, causing shockwaves to course through her form, leaving jiggling in their wake, whenever she moved forward and then had to pull herself back to prevent tipping over; this only shifted the balance backwards, at which point Elida had to lean forwards to keep herself from falling flat on her ass, creating a cycle whereby instead of simply walking, she waddled like an upright pendulum, making some short progress before obliterating it near-entirely. Two steps forward, one and three quarters step back, the growing adventuress *very* slowly made her way towards the grand stairwell she could see off in the other side of where she was, an enormous open space just like all the others she'd seen before, albeit one that *felt* significantly bigger as a result of her own inability to walk properly. Every step came at an absurd cost, the equine huffing and puffing as her form became too heavy for her to move without a significant amount of effort, sweat running down her brow as a result... though, at times, it was hard to tell whether it was because she was approaching the one-ton mark, or because her very size was causing an internal reaction within Elida's mind that left her increasingly vulnerable to the predations of her more sexual thoughts, the ones who were *screaming* their heads off about how beautiful and wonderful and *desirable* it was to have a body

that acted the way hers did. She tried her best to ignore them, but the more she walked towards the exit, the more she felt the weight on her increase with every step, the sounds of her hooves landing on the floor growing louder over time, eventually accompanied by the unmistakable crack of stone being broken. The blush on her face didn't get any better either, not when she had to deal with her body wobbling all over the place when she did literally anything other than stand perfectly still, or with the waterfalls of milk being produced by her tits; this alone was significant cause for concern, because Elida *was* thirsty, and with her gear having been left in the room where it all began, there was only really one solution to that, one that she tried her best not to think about. It was ludicrous, downright obscene, far too lewd for her to even so much as consider even as Elida brought one of her hands down to her right breast and began lifting it; never in her wildest dreams would she ever even consider the possibility of plugging her mouth with her own nipples and then drinking deeply and greedily from the font of sweet, deliciously sugary milk that came from within it. Certainly not then, when her teat was forced between her lips and the flow began, certainly not when her eyes went half-lidded and her muscle control vanished into the aether, and certainly not when Elida found herself taking long, full gulps of some of the most delicious cream that she'd ever had the pleasure of tasting in her entire life. There was something instinctive about it, like the taste or the feel of the teat were enough to break down whatever resistance Elida still had to the idea of just... drinking. Of giving up trying to leave the ruins and instead focusing entirely on the very wonderful act of chugging down her own lactic production, of feeling its warmth trickling down her throat and landing heavily in her stomach, again and again, until finally she was slaked and the physical thirst went away, leaving only the metaphorical one behind. Once both were taken care of, only then did the adventuress return to her senses, right about when her right breast slapped against her torso and the ground at the same time, the slight difference between it and its left sister easily made up for within a couple of short seconds. Satisfied, and thoroughly stuffed, Elida knew that it was time to resume her attempted escape, which was made slightly more difficult than it should be on account of her being sat down and unable to get back up. It was a hard thing to process at first; the ability to stand was such a basic process that her inability to go through with it left her brain scrambling to try and understand what was happening, as surely, she shouldn't be *that* immobilized yet. It took a lot of effort on her part before Elida began to understand just *how* big she'd gotten in the indeterminate amount of time spent guzzling down her own milk, at which point she was left perplexed at her own perception of time; from her perspective, it had only been a few seconds, no more than a minute of straight drinking, so it was either a case of her having blanked out entirely for far longer... or perhaps her milk had accelerated her growth, a possibility that left every nerve in her body tingling at the possibilities it brought. Unfortunately for the equine, her tits had since become too bloated for her to reach their buds again; much as she'd love to try out a new round of mindless consumption, the fact was that her stubby arms were just too small to reach over to where her endlessly leaking nips were, which let her know just how colossal her body had become, and thoroughly cemented the notion that yes, she *was* stuck in her spot, firmly within her mind. It was a hard truth to swallow, but the more she tried to wobble, the more she

attempted to fight gravity and pull herself back up, the more Elida slowly realized it was an uphill battle on a mountain that kept getting taller at a much faster rate than she could climb it. Giving up was always an option, though not one that Elida wanted to contemplate... at least, not at first. When it became clear that, against all odds, she was *still* getting bigger and fatter and fuller and *heavens above* whatever else, the adventuress had to admit to herself that she wasn't going anywhere; stuck in the middle of a ruined city and waiting for her friends to come fetch her, there wasn't anything that she could feasibly do other than wait until rescue arrived, and there was something *liberating* about that. Previously, she'd been wasting time and mental resources worrying about how she could escape, how she could use her size to her own advantage, how she'd have to deal *with* said size in time; now though, after throwing such concerns to the wind and simply embracing the reality that she was stuck there, things felt immensely better. Now, without any prospects of ever leaving until her adventuring partners stumbled upon her, Elida could focus on what *truly* mattered: her body, its mounting size, and the sheer fullness of it all. Just herself, stuck there, unable to move *because* she was so immense, relishing in this undeniable fact and knowing that it would only ever get worse; she was, after all, still growing, the magics coursing through her still active enough that Elida could feel as her asscheeks swelled, her thighs thickened and her tits fattened and filled. She was, ultimately, *still not done*, and above all else, this was what gave her *life*.

She sighed. Never before had she experienced that level of calm before, and judging by the size of the city itself, it'd be a while before she would have it be interrupted... longer still before anyone came to take her away from it. *And with her body being what it was, all she had to do was gently wobble from side to side if she ever wanted to get her hands on any specific part of it, even it ran the risk of toppling her over... though, then again, even if she *did* fall, she'd just end up buried beneath her own heft.*

So why not enjoy it while it lasted?