

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Burnt-out lipomancer meets a beautiful new apprentice who helps rekindle her love of fat-based magic

Contains: Breast Expansion

The Lipomancer's Apprentice

Mistress Emilia, best and only lipomancer in the whole of the Western Isles, was sick of her job.

"There you are, Lady Clement, fit and trim like a maiden of eighteen." Emilia's smile didn't touch her eyes.

The Countess turned in front of the mirror, vainly admiring her stick-thin figure. Emilia carried the whole of the consequences of Lady Clement's affinity for chocolate on her own frame. Nearly 4 stone of extra weight settled around Emilia's hips and bottom.

"Excellent work as always, Emilia," The Countess said haughtily. "Here's your fee plus a little extra. I expect you'll be receiving a call from the Baroness Wilton within a fortnight."

Emilia nodded graciously to her customer. At least Lady Clement had the good grace to tip her. Few of the noble women did, which is why Emilia charged them double her rates for commoners.

After the Countess left, Emilia stepped out to her small pasture to distribute the extra weight to her cattle. She'd been quite pleased with herself when she discovered this method of lipomantic transference. It was very lucrative. She charged overweight clients to remove their excess, gave some of it to those wanting to... "rearrange" their proportions, and used the rest to fatten up her cattle, which

also sold for a tidy sum. Everyone won, but Emilia was just so tired. The same tasks, every day. While her fellow wizards were influencing nobles and fighting battles, she was here feeding superficial vanity day after day.

As she stroked the neck of one of her favorite cows, Emilia heard the chime of her door. She stepped back inside and found the most beautiful girl she'd ever seen. Porcelain skin, golden ringlets, shining emerald eyes. She had a perfect bow of bright pink lips in her heart-shaped face and wore a simple white dress draped over a trim figure with barely a hint of curve.

After several moments of silence, while Emilia admired the girl, she cleared her throat.

"A new customer, lovely! You must be wanting some *enhancement*. Give me just a moment to fetch some material. What are we looking for today? Bust? Hips? Bottom? The whole works?"

"Actually, I..."

Emilia was already out the door. She returned a few moments later, two stone plumper.

"Now then, if you'll step over to the mirror here..."

"Mistress Emilia, wait!"

"Hmm?"

"I've come from The Tower."

"The Tower?"

"They sent a letter?"

Emilia realized with annoyance that she'd not sent her refusal in time. There was barely enough work for herself; what in the Nine Realms would she do with an apprentice?

"You want *me* to mentor you?"

The girl's smile was shy, but it sparked heat in Emilia's chest. "Yes, please, Mistress."

"And you know what I do."

The girl nodded. "But, if you want to demonstrate it for me, that would be alright..."

Emilia stepped up to the girl, turning her to face the mirror. "Very well. Where would you like it, and how much? A nice hourglass, perhaps?"

The girl's cheeks flushed the most adorable pink, and she met Emilia's eyes in the mirror.

"Just, um, my bust?"

Emilia grinned as she placed her hands on the girl's shoulders, watching the flesh well up and tent the bodice of her well-cut dress.

"How's that, my dear?"

The girl fondled her new breasts thoughtfully. "How much is this?"

"About half a stone."

"I felt some of the weave, but could I see it again?"

Emilia grinned as she channeled more fat into her new apprentice's bosom. "Of course, dear, as many times as you like."