

Legendary Swell

By: IndigoRho

August Spiritstorm looked upon his latest creation with pure elation. The charr mesmer had spent months slowly gathering resources, conducting rituals, and commissioning weaponsmiths, all for a singular purpose: the forging of a spectacular greatsword. Pouring some of his own magic into it had been the final requirement, and the formerly dully-glowing blade now bathed his black-and-white fur in wondrous light.

The hilt and guard were made of gold, depicting multiple sets of intricate wings. The blade was thick, and the most spectacular aspect of the weapon. Instead of metal, stone, or even carved gem, the blade appeared to be a shaped window into the sky itself. Light and clouds shone from its surface, a shifting mix of pinks, reds, oranges, blues, and everything in between. Its name, aptly, was Sunrise.

Though Sunrise wasn't the only greatsword of its kind, crafting it had still been a considerable accomplishment for August, who still remembered the first time he'd witnessed a warrior showing one off in a tavern. Now it was his turn to beam with pride and gloat.

August grabbed the greatsword in one paw and strutted off into the corridor, eager to find someone else in his guild to show the weapon to. It wasn't long before he stumbled across another charr in the great hall, his Guild Leader Aiden Azureflame.

Aiden was still in his shimmering perfected envoy armor, having likely just returned from a successful expedition. With his awe-inspiring golden glow the guardian could be rather imposing at times, but at the moment he seemed in a good mood.

"Aiden, I finally did it, I made Sunrise!" August exclaimed ecstatically, holding up the massive weapon. "I can't wait to try it out on some bandits or dragon minions!"

The Guild Leader nodded in approval. "I remember when *I* crafted Sunrise, so long ago. Of course now I've got Eternity."

With a wide grin Aiden unsheathed the greatsword on his back, a burst of light emanating from his body that forced August to shield his eyes. The weapon Aiden revealed resembled August's a great deal, though its blade gave the impression of a brilliant starry night as opposed to a sunny day. Eternity was a legendary weapon created through the fusing of two other legendary greatswords: Sunrise and Twilight. The magical aura pouring from it was heavy, something August hadn't fully grown accustomed to yet.

Showing off to someone as accomplished as Aiden may have been a doomed venture from the start, but August wasn't about to let his creation be overshadowed so easily.

"Eternity's great and all, but I rather enjoy the consistency of Sunrise," August said with questionable confidence. "Though I guess you'll always know when the sun's gone down at least."

Aiden scoffed, accepting the unspoken boasting challenge. "Just means that even when there's a roof over my head I can gaze into the night sky." He twirled the greatsword with ease, a trail of night left lingering in its wake.

"Um...well." August stared at Sunrise as he thought, before blurting out the first thing that came to mind. "My Sunrise's aura definitely tastes better!"

Aiden burst into laughter. "What do you mean it 'tastes better'? That's ridiculous, the auras of our swords aren't edible!"

August's claim had been utterly ridiculous, but he refused to back down. "S-sure they are! Magic is totally edible, I've seen you gorge on it plenty of times, so why shouldn't our swords be any different?"

"Because—uh, hmm." Aiden was suddenly lost in thought himself, the unintended logic of August's words settling in.

"Exactly!" August replied as if he hadn't just accidentally stumbled upon the idea. "Now as I was saying, I'm certain my Sunrise is far more flavorful than your Eternity."

August confidently dipped a paw into the greatsword's blade, coaxing from it a wisp of light. He gently ushered the wisp right into his mouth and gulped it down. A euphoric smile came across his face. The light had tasted incredible, better than any pastry or perfectly-cooked chunk of meat. It was energizing, filling his belly with a warmth that left him desiring more. *Much* more.

Had he not witnessed it himself Aiden wouldn't have believed it. Without hesitation he scooped up a pawful of darkness from his own blade and gave it a taste. He wasn't disappointed. Aiden couldn't believe he hadn't considered the unique culinary possibilities of Eternity, amazed that he'd been unknowingly carrying around a buffet of rich mana for so long.

Aiden's second dip into the sword was less cautious than the first—and far greedier. The darkness' taste was still as good, and scoop after scoop found its way into the charr's maw. His belly began to swell from the consumption, inflating little-by-little as he gluttoned.

August wasn't far behind, glutting on the delicious aura until his normally flat middle ballooned outward, straining his vest. It was addicting, alerting him to an insatiable hunger he hadn't realized was there. Surely Aiden would be forced to accept that his Sunrise was superior. When he finally glanced over to gloat, though, he noticed the Guild Leader sporting a sizable gut from his own gorging.

"Sunrise tastes amazing!" August said in between gulps, barely able to tear himself away from the feast for even a moment. "I bet I could eat this aura all night and still be eager for more!" There was surprisingly little exaggeration in his voice.

"Hah!" Aiden managed after swallowing another mouthful of magic. "I could indulge on Eternity's for a week straight!"

The bellies of both charr were bulging considerably, August's faintly glowing blue and Aiden's black. Casual boasting had suddenly turned into a full blown eating contest of sorts, with each charr intent on proving their sword was better through sheer gluttony.

August held Sunrise high, a cascade of light pouring into his open maw. His middle bounced as it rapidly swelled, black-furred belly peeking out beneath his poor-fitting vest. He didn't feel the slightest bit full, though. The influx of raw magic made him feel powerful, as if he could take on any challenge and beat it with ease. The sensation was as intoxicating as the taste.

Meanwhile Aiden was swelling just as swiftly. His magic armor stretched and expanded along with him, expertly covering his massive gut no matter how much he consumed. He too was experiencing the magic high, imagining himself not just in charge of a Guild, but a whole Legion. He'd always had the skill to, and now thanks to Eternity's bounty he'd have the power to.

As light as the magic was, gorging on it still left the charr contending with awkwardly large bellies. Tired of holding Sunrise up himself, August conjured a pair of illusions in his own image, who dutifully took over. The mesmer was then free to practically shovel the aura into his maw, his cheeks swelling. His contest with Aiden was still in the back of his mind, and he was intent on being the victor despite there not even being an agreed upon win condition.

Aiden noticed August's shift in tactics and followed suit. While he couldn't create clones of himself, he could at least make Eternity float on its own. A ghostly blue aura enveloped the greatsword, mixing with its natural one of darkness. Aiden lazily opened his mouth and tilted the sword nearly vertical, sucking in the aura till it resembled a waterfall. Naturally he began to blimp up even faster.

The obscene amount of magic the pair were guzzling could not be restricted to merely their guts. Their limbs gradually started to puff up and glow, August and Aiden swelling more and more. Their bodies took on a mostly spherical shape, engulfing swollen limbs until only their heads, paws, and tails were left jutting out. With his incredible armor Aiden resembled a miniature star, shining bright. August's vest and pants had been ridiculously stretched out, his exposed middle glowing spectacularly as well.

Though both charr appeared filled to the brim, they refused to stop stuffing themselves with magic. They continued to expand in every direction, the once spacious great hall starting to get cramped. August and Aiden grinned as their bellies pressed into one another.

“Looking pretty full there Aiden!” August shouted before returning to chugging more magic.

“Ha, I'm practically starving over here!” Aiden shot back. “Once you finally bow out I'll have to feast on Sunrise's aura too just to sate myself!”

Bloated charr sides pushed against the walls relentlessly, causing them to creak and groan from the pressure. August and Aiden were on the verge of filling every nook and cranny of the great hall, and showed no signs of slowing. Cracks appeared in the walls and plaster fell, the structure fighting a losing battle against the gluttonous charr within. Pillars snapped and crumbled. With a rumbling roar the entire great hall collapsed outward, revealing the two enormous spheres.

August and Aiden laughed as they outgrew the great hall, finally halting the feast.

“I guess we should've—*uorrrrrrrrrrrrp*—had the competition outside!” August grinned, his cheeks wobbling orbs.

“If the hall wasn't able to handle us then it—*braaaaaaap*—needed to be bigger anyway!” Aiden said. “I'll make sure the replacement is twice—no, *three* times larger at the very least!”

The two mountainous charr began laughing again, their legendary swords resting atop their massive forms...