

CHAPTER 2

LLOYD: LV. 10, 320/320 HP

ARLEI: LV. 10, 430/430 HP

RIZZI: LV. 16, 710/710 HP

“New champions escape from tournament of terror! Modo soundly defeated!”

That the Bard managed to sing the news so well didn’t do much to help your lingering doubts and confusion over the battle with Modo, and your fleeing the scene of the ruined colosseum. Thankfully news of your identity had yet to make it along with the rest of the updates, as no one seemed to be chasing you down yet. After all, it was yourself, an 8-foot female kobold with bulk boons, and a monster-sized lizard maid, looming up to the rooftops and past at a whopping 55 feet in height.

Frankly, even if no one knew you were the escapees, you figure it’s only a matter of time before you get incarcerated for *something*.

Every constable in uniform slows down to stare along with the citizens of Volstep, the capital city of Stargos; it’s the only region of the kingdom open enough that you can get Arlei permitted inside. Granted, you’re constantly shooed and herded by the law to giant lanes only, but if that’s what it takes, then so be it.

It was only a day’s travel to the city, thankfully, but even after using a tent to save (after that battle, how could you not) you’re all tired again, and just need some rest for a short bit. You hustled the ladies along for fear of being caught by any Guild agents out and about—not Avros agents, as none were *technically* allowed to hunt or quest in Stargos without a special permit, including you.

“There,” you say, at last, pointing to a large establishment nearby, down the road. You had been resting on Arlei’s breasts along with Rizzi, up to the city gates, but the kobold and you both were on foot, per city law; Rizzi seems happy to strut around with her enlarged bosom and bulky muscles, anyway. “That bar has a huge veranda! They must serve giants along this way.”

“Hey, alright,” Rizzi whoops, the towering female wagging her stubby, thick tail all about. “About time we get something to drink, I’ve been dying out on the trail!”

She darts on inside without thinking to wait, leaving you to Arlei as she thuds up behind on enormous feet and looks out past her looming bust.

“Oh, good, you can finally drink something, Master Lloyd,” she sings, seeming just fine on her own. “I imagine you must be terribly parched!”

“We’ll all get something, including you, Arlei,” you shout up, drawing the attention of nearby patrons and citizens rounding the bar corner, who all stare up in astonished shock. “Go

around to that veranda on the other side, I'll bring you a barrel of ale!"

"Ooh!"

Her massive apron flaps against her overtaxed black dress as she *thoom-thooms* over and takes a heavy seat, shaking the streets and panicking horses and their carts on impact. Her huge tail settles and snuggles up against her bulbous scaly rump as she sighs, then politely adjusts her gigantic cap and cuffs, as if being prepared as a maid included looking clean for booze.

For all you know, it's true.

Inside, everyone is looking outside; barflies of varying species crowd the double windows at the back wall, looking out as Arlei's toes and claws and soles fill their view. Not bothering to join, you instead walk over to the bar, sidling up next to Rizii, who already has a gigantic mug of ale in each hand.

"Heh, I didn't know you were the drinking type, twerp!" she booms, laughing at how funny she thinks she is. "Good for you!"

"Aren't you a little big to be so drunk, already?" you ask, before the bartender clears her throat, and nods to five emptied mugs on the other side of Rizii.

"She's fast," the female tiger huffs, leaning in at you. "What'd you want?"

"A barrel of ale, and some water. Not in a barrel."

The tigress cocks one brow. It's all she has to give.

"Do what, kid?"

"For her, out there," you explain, thumbing back at the crowd.

"Someone's out there?"

"Well, yes. She's big. A giantess."

The bartender pinches her muzzle at the eyes, and sighs.

"Gotcha. Okay, gimme a few minutes, I need the hose."

A certain and highly specific sympathy blossoms for her, as she turns and trudges off behind the bar mirror, vanishing silently.

"You know what you should do, kid?" Rizii chuckles, slamming another vanquished ale down onto the bartop. "You know? You should, I should have gotten—yeah, why'd you only

order one barrel? Hell, order me one, be a sport!”

“The one barrel will be money, enough,” you retort, making her snort loudly through her reptilian muzzle. It’s honestly...fairly adorable.

“Pfft! Cheap-ass! No wonder the ladies, they all say...what they say—”

“They don’t ‘say’ anything!” you shoot back, making Rizii elbow you hard.

“Just you ask the ladies in here!”

“You just *got* here, you lush!”

“Yeah, the night’s still young, true, true.”

It was midday, but any further discussion was about as beneficial as observing the same item over and over again, so you let it go and wait for the bartender to reappear. In the meantime, ogres and orcs and even a stray elf all stare on outside, wondering aloud:

“Who’s she with? Giants don’t come alone, this is crazy!”

“She’s beautiful! Why’s she all dolled up, though?”

“Who cares, look at her—”

“One barrel,” the tigress huffs, thudding a full barrel of ale down unhappily. “Have fun, yeah?”

You only need a glance to understand that she’s not taking that thing out to the veranda. You sag a bit, then step over to the end of the bar, grip it around the center, and awkwardly start to walk it away. Rizii keeps drinking, somehow, and the patrons are all distracted, so no one notices the difficulty with which you lug the sloshing barrel up the stairs, step by step, out to the veranda. Of course, by that same token, no one helps.

One patron notices as you thump your way up to the top of the flight, and as the human follows, so to do the ogres and orcs and elf, until everyone is crowding the top flight as you finish lugging the barrel over, and let it rest as you catch your breath.

“Oh, perfect, Master Lloyd, bless you,” Arlei chirps, her huge, silky voice rattling the veranda as she gets one huge hand easily around the barrel, and rests another warm, heavy palm over you, giving you the nicest, softest, deepest little squeeze of affection. “I shall duly cherish this moment—”

“Oh, just drink, it’s fine, Arlei,” you half-laugh, half-wheeze. Even at double digits, you’d think your level would give you enough strength to lug a full barrel up some stupid stairs.

The patrons go from dead silence to rambling chatter amongst themselves as they put the

numbers together. Most of them point to you, then her, while some just point and giggle. Is it that hard to believe you're in charge of the towering beauty?

Thinking on it, you opt not to answer yourself. It's for the best.

"Looks like you're ready to recharge yourselves," a familiar voice chimes in, making you jump in place as Arlei loudly sips up above.

You look down, to see Goh there, the little rabbit-man beaming up through his buck teeth and long whiskers. He sets a huge pack down, making a greater thump than the barrel had.

"Have you been here?" you ask, trying to work the logistics of his arrival out.

"Just arrived, same as you, my friend! So, what'll you have today?"

You pause, then feel the coins in your pocket, and shrug. Why not?

The store menu opens once again. From your 400 GOLD, you see fit to make what purchases you can manage, on your budget, leaving your inventory thus:

INVENTORY:

HEAL POTION
MAGIC POTION X2
POWER ELIXIR
ANTIDOTE X2
TENT

KEY ITEMS:

MAP
MASTER KEY
BLUE JEWEL
RED JEWEL
GREEN JEWEL

Not too bad, though the lack of smelling salts is *slightly* troubling. You'll just have to make your potions and magic work, until you absolutely need to save with the tent. Still, you got a pretty good deal, for what money you—

"Oh," you gasp, thinking. "The ale! I didn't pay the barkeep!"

Goh hums, adjusting his little burlap hood after your outburst.

"I wouldn't worry about it. Now, if you'll pardon me, I've got to update the Stargos Guild roster, and fast. They'll be needing new blood for the latest quest, nasty business that it is."

“Oh, sure,” you mutter, still wondering why you shouldn’t worry about a tab with an upset tigress. “Take care, then.”

“Ah!” Arlei booms, drawing your attention (along with the district’s).

“What?” you ask, looking the gigantic female over.

“COLD!”

Arlei puts great big hands to a great big throat, as if to warm it up. Several of the men around you start pooling their untouched ales into the barrel as the giantess sets it down, eager to curry favor, or just to see a building-sized lizard on a bender. There’s even a few bigger women chipping in.

You head back downstairs for a minute, to make sure you’re alright with the barkeep, when you look past her and Rizii, over to a huge post board for the Stargos Guild quests. Goh has just finished putting up two posters, instead of just the one you heard him mention, and as he leaves the bar you creep in to inspect both.

One is for the quest, but the other nearly makes you holler:

WANTED FOR QUESTIONING BY STARGOS HIGH COURT

***HAVE YOU SEEN THIS PARTY?
LAST SEEN IN THE RUINS OF THE PHOST COLOSSEUM
POSSIBLE CHAMPIONS/CRIMINALS
IF SEEN, CONTACT YOUR CONSTIBLE FOR A REWARD***

Below the text are several pretty good etchings of Rizii, Arlei...and one of you with a blank face, filled with a question mark. Were you really that unremarkable?

Normally not one to deface, you nonetheless rip the poster off and start tearing it quietly to tatters. The cry behind you makes you clench as, of all people, it ends up belonging to Rizii.

“WHAT THE—”

Her bulky blue arm shoots out past you, over your shoulder, and the huge kobold pulls the newly-posted quest off the board, starting at it with bugging yellow eyes.

“W-what?” you ask, turning to her.

“This quest,” she says, slurring a tiny bit, squinting to make sure she’s reading it right. “It was undertaken by Talus Rath, Jadee, and...B-Byrna! P-party unaccounted for? Two day-days!? No, no, no...can’t be right-right, can’t!”

Even fighting for your lives against Modo, you hadn't seen Rizii anywhere near this scared, and it almost scares you in kind. She pushes her snout to the poster, muttering her way through the rest, before slamming it back onto the board, stomping over to a large set of stamps, taking one in red, shoving it into the pad, then stamping the poster loudly. With her sheer muscle, she nearly smashes the board in two.

“What is it? Who's Talus?”

“Some jerk, forget him,” Rizii snaps, her hands clenching and unclenching erratically. “Guild members from Stargos, a knight, and Jadee, a beast-tamer, they don't...it's Byrna that matters, twerp! My Byrna!”

You steal a glance at the poster. The red ink is still fresh as it reads *ACCEPTED*.

“We're going,” she says, steeling herself in such a way that her scaly muscles bulge bigger, stretching her plates slightly. “And I don't want any pushback! Get Arlei!”

“Well, isn't this a big rash, we don't even know what we're up against—”

“READ IT!”

You do so, quickly:

MID-THREAT QUEST, DARDIA MINING QUARRY

***SUCCUBUS SEEN LURING MINERS
INTO THE LOWER DEPTHS***

CAUTION ADVISED

***REWARD OF 30,000 EXP
TREASURES FOUND ARE NOW PROPERTY OF PARTY***

STAMP RED FOR ACCEPTANCE

ACCEPTED!

“But,” you splutter, hurriedly returning the poster to its home, “that's a Guild matter! Not just anyone can accept posted quests—”

Rizii grumbles impatiently as she forces her hand into her cleavage, withdrawing a concealed Guild badge.

“Yeah, there, see, let's go already!”

As she storms over to the front door of the bar, you grab her thick arm, pulling her back

as best as you can. She cuts you an indignant look.

“What!?”

“Outside, look!”

Through the door, at least ten lawmen are approaching. All of them have posters in their hands, and you can guess which ones they are. There might be time enough to sneak off, down the other way, if you move quickly.

“Back?” she says, not arguing any.

“Back!”

Back, it is.

The both of you burst out the veranda doors, shove through the crowds of patrons offering more and more ale, and scramble up atop Arlei’s massive breasts. You patpat on the plating, making the giant reptile cough into her drink, then looks down in surprise at the both of you as you and Rizii wave.

“Arlei! We need to go, now! The law! Here!” you hiss-shout, as if whispering loudly works. “Stay low, and get us out of here!”

“Ooh, wh-where to, Master Lloyd?” she asks (correctly).

“The Dardia Mines!” Rizii shouts, not bothering to try quietude.

“Where is—”

“Behind you, then left! Toward the mountain base outside of the city! Go, go!”

As it happens, Arlei proves incredibly agile, for her size; her huge white cap and bronze head hardly bob above a rooftop as she sneaks out from behind the building, waved off by a throng of new admirers. The creak of scales and the pulling at her maid’s dress are indeed loud, at such a scope, but buildings and foot traffic and cart wheels and shouting merchants all help to mask it as she steps over citizens, livestock and wares, thudding past.

The path into the Dardia mountain range is winding, a mad thing squirming over erratic slopes and rock outcroppings. Signs for the mining colony are freshly made, and in good condition, lulling you into a brief calm as the three of you near its entrance.

“Aren’t these mines enormous mazes?” you ask, as Rizii storms along ahead of you and Arlei. “How will we know which sector to check?”

“Smell,” Rizii replies, not looking anywhere but ahead. “I can smell her, faintly, real faint-faint. Inside the mines, though, it’ll be easier, less interference.”

“Your nose is that good?”

“Amazing, Rizii!” Arlei adds, making the muscular kobold puff proudly a bit. “But, ah—will I fit inside, Master Lloyd? I would surely rather not wait out here, alone.”

“The cavern mouth is meant for large-scale mining, you’ll be fine,” Rizii comforts, just as the last slope clears out to the opening of a vast cavern system, torchlight and wooden machinery all silently waiting within it. “Right, in we go, quick-quick.”

“Lead the way,” you offer, which she already is. Rather than fuss over it, given the huge kobold’s fearful expression, you opt to let it pass, and just help out your party member.

Huh. *Party member*. She is, now, isn’t she?

It’s fairly easy for Arlei to simply walk inside the mouth, her cap only brushing the lowest of nearby stalactites on occasion. Her huge hips nearly bump a vast multi-layered conveyer belt loaded with ore, its unfinished task proof that something bad enough happened to interrupt the kingdom’s most lucrative work. No wonder the poster was updated so quickly.

“So, how do you know Byrna?” you venture, trying to fill the dead air inside with whatever you can think of. “Sounds like the two of you go back some.”

“A lot, some,” she huffs, moving faster. You can’t quite tell if she has that tone out of concern, or if you’re already annoying her. “Guild partners, multiple times. She’s one of the best, but I can’t believe she took a higher-level quest without me!”

“Well, you were gone—”

A mean snort interjects from Rizii, stopping you short.

“I’m sure she’s alright, Rizii, have faith,” Arlei begins, her big voice echoing off the walls. “If you can still smell her, she must be alive, most likely!”

“Sure, but in what shape?” Rizii groans, starting to walk even faster.

“Maybe not so fast, yeah?” you ask, just as a heavy rumble breaks in, and a nearby wall blows out. A spray of dust and clattering rock covers your path as a lumbering beast stomps in with you, lowing like a huge ox!

The smoke clears to reveal a gigantic bear, with an owl’s head and a mean beak!

“Owlbear!” you holler, as the beast looks to you, and snarls.

“What’s an Owlbear doing in a mine!?” Rizii roars, raising her massive cleaver high.

“You’re looking at it!”

OWLBEAR, LV 25, CHARMED

HP: 1,450

MP: 0/0

Oh, hell, it’s a powerful type.

“It’s been charmed, watch out!” you add, making Rizii growl in frustration.

With one lumbering slash, the Owlbear strikes first, smashing with staggering strength! You’re knocked back into a tumble for a harsh -250 DAMAGE, while Rizii is struck for -100, and Arlei is hit for -150!

Rizii roars in mounting anger, planting her feet and swinging the cleaver furiously.

“SMASH 2!”

Rizii’s cleaver SLAMS into the Owlbear, catching it on its side and lifting its huge bulk clear off the ground as it screeches, flying off into a stalagmite for a whopping -700 DAMAGE!

Nearly half of the creature’s HP is eradicated in one blow, making it shakes its head, then charge forward again, its eyes still glowing pink, the enchantment still completely in effect—and whatever it is it’s seeing, in its charmed state, it sure is mad with you over it.

“Look out!” Arlei cries, as her body absorbs the attack, making the towering reptile boom bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Her curves burgeon with swells of hot muscle as raw power floods her growing body; her head thumps up into the mine ceiling, her breasts billowing out against her apron and dress, the cuffs stretching, the choker choking as she surges to 60 feet, then 70!

Both you and Rizii dive away in a panic as Arlei grunts and swells to 90 feet, her arms cascading with bulk! She raises her huge mace as it grows with her, readying to channel everything into her strike:

“BRUNT!”

The mace crashes down, colliding like a boulder at high speed with the Owlbear, hitting it dead-on for -250 DAMAGE! The cavern shakes, reminding you that, perhaps, this isn’t the best place to create deep quakes. Still, it halts the beast’s second attack!

For another surreal moment, Arlei grows on, ballooning bigger against snapping rocks and crushed machinery, carts jostled off by dint of her growing rear and lengthening tail. Her bosom sags down overhead, fabric-tented nipples the size of wagons bulging nearer, as her

groaning head and neck and shoulders grind above. At 120 she stops, making you thankful that, in this case, her skill activated on a lower-damage strike.

“HUAAAHH,” she puffs, the enormous reptile shivering out a little quiver of pleasure down through her tail. “GOODNESS, I FORGOT THAT HAPPENS FOR ANY BATTLE!”

“Don’t worry about it!” you comfort, as the stunned Owlbear rights itself and stumbles away from the mace. “Just focus, you’ll get it back on the next level!”

The Owlbear hurls itself into Arlei’s leg, managing to still harm her for -200 DAMAGE; she grunts and crashes backwards, her head and cap blowing the stalactites to dust before thudding down on the cavern floor, shaking everything even harder.

With Arlei down to 80 HP, and you at a shaky 70, only Rizii has the vitality to stand a chance for this round! She steps in between the enraged Owlbear and the two of you, and from the sounds the kobold is making, you suddenly feel worried for the monster.

“BUFF!” she hollers, making her body light up in red, before her blue muscles tremble, tense, then erupt even larger, bulging out in a single percussive swell of pressurized might and growth! Her armor pulls even tighter as she booms at least 6 inches wider, all around, her shoulders rising, her biceps peaking, her thighs ballooning massively.

With one furious heave of her cleaver, the Owlbear takes a cataclysmic crack to the head, point-blank, for -900 DAMAGE! The impact is so hard that it drives the Owlbear’s entire beak, face and feathered head into the ground, cracking the rock. It fades off into a cloud of sparks as Rizii snorts angrily, not in the least bit relieved as she keeps the cleaver brandished and stomps ahead, not bothering to see the results:

+200 GOLD
+3,000 EXP

You feel that now-familiar burst of energy, despite your low health and fatigue, as your third of the EXP rolls in. It’s not quite enough to level you up, but it’s still some—

LEVEL UP!

You turn in time to see as Arlei shrinks down to her normal height, only for the EXP to start pumping her even bigger! And did she just level up? Ahead of you!?

“OOOOOOH! M...MUH-MASTER...LLOYD!”

Her voice deepens like steam and honey as the lizard maid explodes bigger, blowing right back up in size, expanding hungrily in all directions. 60 feet bloats out to 70 as Arlei shakes in place, huffs, then grits her teeth and rolls her big eyes, closing them as she moans her way up to 75 feet, stopping with a muffled snort of rapture.

ARLEI, LV 11, HOLY MAID

HP: 540/540

MP: 190/190

STRENGTH: 75

DEFENSE: 140

DEXTERITY: 330

SPEED: 170

HEIGHT: 75'5"

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 2, BRUNT

NEW AUTO-SKILL UNLOCKED: ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 1

Sure enough, she outpaced you, already. You try and shake the feeling off.

“Arlei, let’s take a look at that new skill, real quick.”

ECONO 1: Automatically multiplies EXP gained X5

You gulp, and gulp hard.

“OOH, HOW LOVELY!” Arlei chirps, echoing off the hallways. “I’LL GET SO BIG! AND ALL FOR YOU, MASTER LLOYD! I’LL KEEP GETTING BIGGER, AND BIGGER!”

“For me?” you ask, cocking a brow up at the looming female.

“WELL, NATURALLY!”

“Not because of how it feels.”

“IT ALWAYS FEELS GOOD TO SERVE YOU!”

“That’s...really not what I, you know what, Rizii’s ahead, let’s join. Can you move any?”

All 75 feet of Arlei shifts as she quietly looks one way, then another, then down the way. She sucks in a huge breath and holds it, as though it makes her curvy waist or massive hips any smaller, in reality. All it manages to do is bulge her breasts back up against her tight apron straps.

“HMM HMM.”

Deciding against any prolonging of this entire joke, you turn and march ahead, hearing

Arlei's humongous scaly body *thump-thump-thump* on all fours behind you.

"Rizii sure seems worked up over this Byrna character," you wonder aloud as the two of you advance into the mine shaft, with only the echoes of Rizii's stomps giving her away. "Wonder what sort of history they have?"

"HMMMPPH MM."

"Right."

A massive breast sways just so over your head, creating a soft tug of a breeze between the waves of heat coming off the lizard's body. You hear Rizii snuffling around in the air ahead, catching up only due to her stopping long enough to catch the scent back.

"Which way?" you huff, as Rizii smells around in the relative dark.

"HHHL!"

You feel your body warm up as a glow overtakes it, Arlei's muffled spell giving you back 100 HP—not too shabby! Back up to 170/320, you feel a bit more lively, and find it easier to stand without wobbling as Rizii jerks his muzzle to the right, and points with her weapon.

"This way! Keep up!"

Down the way you go, the torches becoming more and more sparing, further apart, leaving large portions of shadow in which you all vanish, then reappear. You count two lefts then a hard right in the pitch before the first *skitter* intrudes, so very softly.

"What was that?" you gasp, as Rizii stops to listen, perking her floppy kobold ears up high as Arlei shuffles heavily up at the rear. "Did you hear?"

"Yeah," she hisses, her topaz eyes gleaming as they narrow. "I did hear."

"It was small."

Another skitter, across from the other direction. Then another, overhead.

"It smells...sweet," Rizii says, slowly, as you hear her words soften, and see her eyes flutter some, before she snaps back to her usual angry self. "It's sickening!"

It is a bit much.

"HHHL!"

Again, you feel Arlei's spell pushing your health back up as you gain another 120 HP, to a preferable cume of 290/320, making you feel back and around in the dark for a finger as big as

a small tree, giving it a thankful pat. She must have lapsed into another casting round.

“Thanks, Arlei, that’s a lot better–”

The skittering returns, here and there, like flies buzzing through ancient stone; you stop long enough to bother trying to trace its source as the party anxiously advances deeper in, nearing a single fluttering torch on a carved wall mount.

As soon as you enter its light, you regret it.

Bugs. Insects. Creepy crawlies of unusual size all bore up through the stone itself, as if it were dirt or brittle clay. Each one must be as big as a dog, pale and shiny like porcelain, set upon at least six appendaged legs. A thousand yammering mandibles twitch and natter like madness as they encroach into the light, making you pull back, making Rizii wretch and the mostly-unlit Arlei squeal in surprise.

Just like that, the swarm overtakes you. Before you can even draw a sword, the light fades, your mind defensively retreats, and everything slips into full black.

When you come to, there’s light—but it isn’t any light made by man.

You groan as you awaken, a neon pink glow emanating from the walls of what appears to be a holding cell of some sort. You must be so far into the mines that you’re in the holding station of the mining colony. Fresh patches of mold sprout along the mortar, seemingly grown overnight, each one glowing that same soft, eerie, yet alluring hue. Large fungi protrude from cracks in the ceiling overhead, having forced their way in, rose-tinted and massive.

Whatever struck here, struck fast. But...mold and fungi hardly seemed in keeping with succubi, as you understood them. They were lust demons, usually prone to vanity and finer things, and such.

“Rizii?” you whisper, as several skitterings outside the cell door respond, then fade off. “Arlei? Hello?”

You look around, adjusting steadily to the glow-light. It’s only you, and three skeletons in a corner, each one looking stripped of all meat and clothing, alike. No one rots in a few days—which was worse for you. They were surely *devoured*. And *not* whole.

Leaving would be ideal.

You go to the door for a test-shake, against all common sense. Naturally, it’s locked. Thinking on it a moment, you remember your bag, still on your person, and you open it up to retrieve the Master Key!

There’s enough of an opening for the bars in the door that you can get your hand and arm

through them, and feel about for the keyhole on that side. Fussing with it a minute, you find it unlatching loudly, the door swinging open for you right after! Yes!

You sneak out into the hall, then slip out of the holding station, to find yourself in a large cavern town, now abandoned and gravely silent. A row of stacked homesteads and businesses line the other side of what may as well be a street, now lined with massive pink-glow mushrooms. Beyond them and the township is yawning darkness, with only a pinprick of light far, far down at its vanishing point.

It's only you, now, so if you're going to save, now sure seems like a good time!

You rush back inside, head into your cell, and set it up, figuring no one will bother you if they think you're still incarcerated. Do the bugs even think, to that extent? Well, they did put you here, after all, didn't they?

Your tent is all set and just as you climb in, you hear something in the cell next to you.

"Wake up!"

You stop just shy of going in, listening. Had you passed someone in another cell?

"Please!"

You cautiously exit the cell, and peer into the neighboring one, to see Rizii there, holding a smaller, curvier, softer female lizard, who seems utterly lost in a powerful charm. Her huge eyes swirl in pools of pink, her glowing orange-red skin fading and brightening as she's shaken by the larger kobold. She's a Salamental, an offspring of a fire spirit and a lizard-folk, evidenced by the huge tuft of flame-fur hugging about the back of her neck and shoulders, like part of some boofy coat. A dark-blue vest and gold-trim pants snuggle her huge bosom and wide hips, which shake subtly every time Rizii tries to rock her awake.

"Rizii!" you whisper, waving from her cell door. "Hey!"

The big kobold jerks upright, her ears perking up at sight of you. She doesn't even play at being put off.

"Twerp!" she gasps, her thick stub-tail whipping into a frenzy. "How'd you get out!?"

You answer the best way possible, by turning the Master Key in the lock, and creaking her cell door open with a grin.

"Courtesy of Kogo Varan," you say, as you enter. "She's charmed?"

"Yeah, bad-bad, real deep," Rizii sighs, the concern returning. "I cant get her to snap out of it, no matter how violent I am! It's usually the answer!"

“Let me see,” you begin, rummaging through the bag for the unspent item from before. You pull out a bottle of all-purpose antidote, and hand it over, putting it in Rizii’s big, soft, warm paws. “You should be the one, right?”

She doesn’t even thank you as she takes it and laughs, a kind of wild, wheezy laugh of relief. You watch as Rizii uncorks it and pours it into the unresponsive salamental’s soft muzzle.

Those huge eyes blink, at last, the pink gleam fluttering off with it as Byrna groans and wrinkles her short, tapering muzzle a little. She jaws big and wide, her teeth incredibly small and fine, like a row of tiny ivory bumps, with glowing-orange gums between and an ember-glow tongue.

“Heh,” Rizii purrs, giving the smoother, more supple she-salamander a few light slaps to her chubby cheek. “Byrna! Hey-hey! There we go, come on back-back.”

“Riz?” the female grunts, asymmetrically blinking her oversized, soft-violet eyes. She comes to fully, sitting upright, her eyes suddenly wide, her flame-tuft flaring bright as she wraps both plush arms around Rizii’s bigger, bulkier body. “RIZ!”

You stay back at the door as the two reptiles snuggle in, Rizii’s thick muscles and cool blues contrasting with Byrna’s fiery reds and smooth curves. When they both stand back up, Rizii nearly shoves past you, pulling a startled Byrna with.

“This is part of the party I’m in, the human, we need to get going right now,” she speed-talks, as you find yourself quickly being left behind. Byrna’s comparatively massive breasts wobble as she twists around, her glowing tongue stuck out in a friendly blep.

“N-nice to meet you–”

“Lloyd!”

“Hee, Lloyd! I like your name!”

No wonder Rizii liked her. Between the two of them, Byrna must have had all the *nice* on lockdown. Even *you* already like her, hell.

“Where are we headed?” you ask, rounding the detention center hallway after them.

“I can smell Arlei!”

“Gotcha, keep going! Great!”

“W-who’s Arlei?” Byrna asks, the shorter reptile bouncing to stay in step.

“Another lizard, you’ll LOVE her! Promise!”

The lack of appreciation is hardly appreciable. Not that she's wrong.

Arlei rests against the mother of all stalagmites, suspended to it by a vast, body-encasing cocoon in which she remains, unconscious. All around the cavernous enclosure are massive mushroom clusters, mold patterning the rock face in intricate, hypnotic waves. As she rests, a great mound of pink, glimmering mold grows up from the cracks in the ground, swelling into a kind of huge pillow, upon which rests the succubus. It has to be her.

And yet, it's equally hard to believe, given she's a moth.

She rests there, luxuriating, as though getting up from a nap not quite finished. For a demonic entity, her body is powder-white, blood red slashes crisscrossing her shoulders and hefty breasts, meeting in a crimson oval covering her belly and hips and upper thighs. That same mold threads about her thighs and calves, though cleaner, more refined, glowing bright against her fluffy body. Two big black compound eyes open, red irises swiveling in all directions over each segment as she stretches. Long, glittering antennae bob delicately over her head, a mound of red fur cradling her jaw right up to the chin, as it were. A pair of massive red wings flick out behind her, trembling the same way a stretching cat's tail might, revealing two gargantuan false eyes on each.

"Well," she chitters lightly, turning in her seat to Arlei's huge body. "A fine wrapping for a fine gift! That certainly takes care of that nasty holy aura, doesn't it."

Her voice seems to come from nowhere specific, yet it's almost right in front of you. Rizii and Byrna twitch, flinching in a similar fashion to the demon's echoing purr. The look on Byrna's face cements the *likely* into the *certain*: this is what went wrong for her party.

Both huge wings whip wide out, fluttering rapidly, and the succubus easily takes to the air with a thundering buzz. She flitters up to Arlei's gigantic muzzle, the only part of her allowed any exposure beyond the cocoon.

"Now, what exactly do we need, to get you primed for feeding? You're no good to me, all goody-good and calm. We need you a little more...excited!"

At that, as the three of you watch, the moth snaps a furred, segmented finger, chuckling. A flash of pink floats lazily through the space between them, planting itself on Arlei's muzzle, then fading within it for a moment.

"What is it that makes you slick, down there, my gigantic dear?"

A low grunt of pleasure escapes as Arlei twitches a little, then licks her muzzle over, in a daze. Within, the cocoon groans angrily, as if the massive lizard's teats were stiffening against its insides, straining it a telltale bit tighter.

You gulp; there's no helping it. You can practically see the steam coming off of Arlei as

she rumbles and snorts, then outright *moans*.

“That’s right, dear, tell,” the moth coaxes, cocking her head into her tuft. “Tell!”

“M...MAS...TERRR...”

You’re suddenly beet red.

“PRESSING...INTO MUH-ME...”

A blast of heat escapes Arlei’s huffing muzzle as the entire cocoon trembles in joy.

“Is he, now?” the moth asks, dripping with enthusiasm. “How hard?”

“V...V-VERY! HE’S AS BIG AS M...ME! HUH-HE...KEEPS RUBBING ME!”

You’re shrinking back from the rock you all hide behind, beyond mortified. Byrna looks to you, then to Rizii, but the kobold is nearly drooling from the rising scent flooding off of Arlei’s quivering body.

“MASTER LLOYD...KISS ME THERE...H...HAAAH! AH!”

The moth flutters in closer, delightedly egging the giantess on.

“Kissing? What is he kissing? Tell! Scream it!”

“MY NUH-NIPPLE...I C-CAN’T STAND IT!!”

If you could just figure out how to stuff yourself into your own bag of holding, you would do so, promptly, and never come back out.

“MASTER LLOYD! MAKE ME...GROW! MAKE THEM BIGGER! FILL MUH-M-MEEE WUH-WITH LOVE...HU-UNTIL I GUSH!”

Byrna is suddenly blushing so hot, her flame-tuft ignites, sizzling softly. She must realize that you are, indeed, *that* Lloyd.

“Oh, my word,” the salamental gasps, fanning herself, as Rizii drools openly, breathing in big, clumsy, raspy breaths, overtly aroused. Her nipple boom roughly out against her snapping armor, her thighs clenching in painfully tight. Was her sense of smell *that* crazily strong!?

“Not so pure as we look, are we, then?” the moth chuckles, as her slit-mouth parts, and a long, bright pink proboscis curls out, flopping into a length of sleek, quivering need. “I’ll help relief it, honey. But you burn for as long as you wish!”

“Oh, no,” Byrna groans, pointing, forcing you to look. “See that? That’s how she fed on

everyone! While charmed! She arouses you, and...feeds on the lusts her charms conjure!”

“She fed on everyone in the colony?” you ask, agog.

“She spread her mold at a terrible rate, that way, yes! Each feeding raises her power!”

“Meaning, if she feeds on Arlei...then...no!”

Indeed, the moth feeds: at first there’s a light shudder, a tingle that rattle her entire frame, before the red dots vanish from her eyes, leaving only black as she ‘blinks’. In one propulsive, hot burst, her body surges out, visibly swelling larger! With one gulp of sorts, she stretches and bulges, her fine powder-fur bristling in a wave of shock and delight as she groans.

She breaks off from Arlie, lest she be overwhelmed, and looks her larger self over in disbelief. Next to Arlei, you surmise she likely stood about 6 feet even in height; now, she looks to be at least twice that, bigger than even Rizii.

“Oh,” the moth huffs, small tingles and twitches still tickling her breasts and ruffling her neck-fluff into a happy mess. Two thick nipples start to push out from her red pattern bosom as she exhales loudly, gathers herself, and flutters even closer. “Oh, your power is...staggering! I need it! I need you, darling! Get hotter, wetter!”

Again, she blows a pink charm spell, and the moment it impacts the massive reptile, she screams outright, bellowing, her tongue lolling out in a cute flop as you hear the cocoon stretch even tighter!

“M...MMMUAH-MU-MAAASSSSST–HUUUURRRRAHHH!”

She catches a deep breath, then whines in overflowing bliss as her throbbing swells and self-rubbing echoes out, driving the enraptured Rizii wilder yet.

“Is there any way to snap her out of it, Byrna?” you practically beg. “We need her!”

“S-she’s ah, really hard to stop, when she gets going,” the curvaceous salamander coughs, blushing even hotter at whatever it is you’ve got her thinking.

The moth screams along with Arlei as she sucks more pleasure and lust in, ballooning her rumbling body with a cataclysmic, overpowering *BOOM* of growth! Her antennae lengthen and thicken into forearms, then columns, as the red dotted, collective irises of her bulging eyes roll back. Her breasts bounce bigger, a faint slosh riding the burst, before her segmented fingers grip both of them tight, just as they explode twice as big, nearly toppling her!

“NNNNH...HNN!”

Her panting escalates as she blows up to 40 feet, against Arlei’s 75, her overgrown bosom rumbling loudly as jets of pink cream dribble loose, then geyser from her teats. Her fluffy

shoulders rock back as she arches her chest forward, letting her expanding mammaries mash and dimple and billow uncontrollably bigger against Arlei's cocoon as she gulps, and erupts even bigger, easily towering over Arlei and the massive rock she's stuck to.

"NNNNNNNNHNNNMN!!"

Her panting grows desperate as she hugs Arlei tightly, her overflowing breasts cascading out around her; the moth presses her soft, blushing face tightly to Arlei's muzzle, her proboscis going in deeper, taking more power, making her boom-roar into the lizard's panting maw as the succubus explodes bigger, and bigger, and bigger!

"We have to stop this, somehow!" you say, rummaging through your bag. "She's stealing Arlei's power, so maybe if there's less of Arlei to go around—"

Byrna looks down as you root around, then fish out a red base jewel, holding it up to where the soft lizard can see it glint in the nearest mushroom's light.

"What is it?" she asks, wide-eyed. "It's so pretty!"

"Who's stronger, normally? You, or Rizii?"

"My power is mostly in my elemental fire, so—"

"Right, Rizii, then! Put this in her hand, and make her use it!"

The moth and Arlei's howls of lust grow bigger, deeper, echoing everywhere, as Byrna obliges, and sweetly takes Rizii's hand. The kobold is still entrapped by lust, however!

"Riz, honey, would you please use this?" Byrna politely asks, to no effect.

"Tell her this!" you shout, leaning in to whisper into the slightly-taller salamander's ear hole. She blushes even darker.

"It will!?"

"Yes!"

"Ooh," is all that escapes Byrna's muzzle as it curls up into a giddy grin.

She uses her own hands to force pressure on the red jewel.

"I want to see your muscle grow, honeydrop—"

Rizii's feet clench the floor so hard it cracks. She whips out of her stupor, her eyes slitted and fine as they lock onto Byrna, she seals the deal by planting a sugared, long kiss right on the big kobold's muzzle. The jewel breaks in her hand before the kiss does, and a great glow soaks

into her, making her tremble with two-fold joy as her strong body swells even stronger!

“HMM!!”

Rizii hugs Byrna tightly, pressing the kiss painfully, wonderfully tight, her tail cycloning about past her rump, letting her glowing muscles burst to fantastic size! Rizii’s scaly arms creak and bulge and sing as Byrna blushes red-hot, closing her eyes and kissing her back, grunting happily as she’s overwhelmed by female bulk, more and more and more.

Even you gulp at the sight of it as her partially-buried flame-tuft roars like real fire, blazing hot, hardly able to hurt the swelling kobold as she moans into her silk-tongued mouth. Her muscles nearly detonate twice as big, taking Rizii from an amazonian to a bodybuilder, and now to a thickening tank of power! Her shoulders alone are bigger than the lid of a barrel, her neck swelling into a pillar, her back muscles erupting, her thighs each growing as wide as wagon wheels! She...she’s a goddess of muscle!

Rizii pulls back with a huff so powerful it could knock you over, squeezing all she has into sweet, wagging Byrna, who squeals in delight as their busts play and rub and creak tight together. She sets her comrade down tenderly, despite so much girth, and she flexes on the spot, peaking her blue biceps into twitchy mountains of scales, making Byrna pant openly at the sight of it all.

“So b-big!” she moans, fanning herself, in turn making the tuft around her head hotter.

“Damn straight!” Rizii laughs, before maybe, maybe flashing you a big grin as she turns and stomps over into the open, holding her huge cleaver out in just one hand, easily.

You look to see Arlei shrinking down to about 30 feet, making her sink back into the cocoon with a last lewd wheeze. With less to really hold onto, the gigantic succubus moth finally snaps out of her own glee, and looks around. She must be...she must be over 150 feet tall, easily! The cavern region is open and huge, but she still takes up a healthy share, as she huff-huffs, shakes her huge head, and looks down over her torso-consuming bosom.

“Hey, you!” Rizii bellows, all confidence. “Let that maid go!”

“HMM?” the towering she-moth purrs, blinking the red ‘eyeballs’ a bit. “WHAT’S THIS? ANOTHER SNACK, LOOSE FROM THE PANTRY? AND JUST HOW DID YOU GET OUT, DARLING?”

“Puh!” Rizii snorts, stomping nearer. “Like that could hold me!”

“This lovely human let us out!” Byrna coos, stepping forth.

“Aw, hun, c’mon,” Rizii grumbles, looking back over her huge shoulders. “Don’t tell her that, I was doing my thing!”

“Oh, Riz, you keep on doing it, hee!” Byrna rumbles, the bouncy female beaming.

“THE HUMAN?” the moth repeats, before breaking into a fit of blasting laughter, her hands on her monumentally titanic breasts, still leaking cream from two overloaded teats. “REALLY!? THAT HARMLESS LITTLE *DANDER FLUFF* SAVED YOU?”

“Why can’t anyone take me seriously?” you balk, loudly, stepping out to challenge the unkind sentiment. “I pull my weight!”

“FOR ALL THAT YOU WEIGH, MY LITTLE PUFF,” the moth casually booms.

You can swear, Rizii is actually chuckling at that.

“Forget him, demon,” Rizii shouts, her throat muscles so strong that her voice is a gunpowder explosion of bass and smoke. “I’m the one you have a problem with!”

Byrna hops in place, elated to see her even-bigger lover in action.

“OH?” the immense succubus trills, cocking her head. “SO, I SHOULD SEND YOU TO MY GRIEVANCE DEPARTMENT, YOU MEAN? I CAN ARRANGE THAT!”

BOSS: MOTH SUCCUBUS, LV 30, DEMON

HP: 1

MP: 300

Before you can ponder her tiny HP the skittering sounds return, a thousand fold, and your skin tries to get away before the rest of you as it gets worse and worse, going from a thundering to a full-on hurricane of motion. Rizii narrows her eyes, as the rocks and ore chunks and discarded pickaxes and bones start to jitter and dance in place, before shrugging it off, and slashing the moth with a charge, for a staggering total of [NULL].

“What?” she hisses, blinking, as her attack lands, but seems to draw no damage whatsoever. She looks up at the moth, then down at her sword. “Nullified? Why?”

“HYA!” Byrna shouts, opening her mouth wide, and letting her smoldering-hot tongue lash out like a long whip. So that was her weapon!

The whip-tongue snaps at the moth’s bulbing thighs, ruffling the fine fur, as [NULL] again appears. The tongue *fwips* back into her mouth, the salamander staring on in bafflement.

“DON’T HAVE MY WEAK SPOT HANDY, DO YOU?” the gigantic female moans, still shivering in pleasure as she puts both hands down on the cocoon and rips it off the rock formation, bringing it up to her tremendously big bust. “DON’T TAKE THE FAILURE TO HEART, DEARS.”

At that, the swarm bursts from every opening in the cave, making you and Byrna leap

back and run in terror. Rizii holds firm, however:

“Pah! It’s a trick! If we can’t hit her, she’s probably an illusion, meaning—”

The scuttling horde of giant insects washes over Rizii, and it goes about as badly as you fear it might. Bite after bite lands on her bulky form, and even with her thickness and defense, the damage adds up fast:

-30 DAMAGE

-35 DAMAGE

-25 DAMAGE

-30 DAMAGE

As the mighty kobold female’s lofty HP drops to 590/710, she panics and attacks the nearest of the swarm:

“MULTI-S-STRIKE 2! GAH!”

Her slash cuts in a wide sweep, smashing through at least 20 attacking insects for -600 each, an incredible blow! They dissipate in a flurry of sparks as they leave their own results:

+50 EXP

You can see the words appear all 20 times, confusion compounding atop confusion. Those should only tally at the end of the battle! And why didn’t you feel any of it coming, when you were all in the same party? Where was the split?

“SEE TO THEM, MY LITTLE SWEETHEARTS!” the moth bellows, as you and Byrna round the corner, back toward the mining colony.

As you do so, however, you can hear Arlei’s growth reigniting, as the charmed reptile can be clearly heard swelling slowly bigger once again, within the cocoon. *Was she...was the experience going directly to her!?*

“BATTLECRY!” Rizii roars, the kobold’s SPD surging temporarily higher, allowing her to strike down more and more of the horde as it surges around her, some biting her, others following after you and Byrna, still more dying at her attacks.

+50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP...

“They aren’t so tough!” Rizii snarls, before another bite hits for -35 DAMAGE, and

[POISON]

The bulging kobold staggers back, wincing, as a sickly-green aura overtakes her, and another -20 DAMAGE seeps off of her, then another, still.

“...Wuh-oh.”

Byrna wobbles at the chest and hips as she jogs after you, her glowy ember-tongue flapping around, her webbed toes slamming the floor loudly.

“Where do we hide!?” she squeals, as one insect gets near enough to snap, missing.

“The colony! Any building we can hide in!”

You race back down the street, as it were, the bouncy salamander following close as you break out the Master Key, run to the nearest building on the far side, and unlock its door. She slams into you, having a tougher time stopping, and you feel her belly and bosom thump down with a supple jiggle, her weight pinning you to the hardwood flooring of the interior.

“S-sorry!” she croaks, her tongue still out.

“Door!” you shout, handing her the key, feeling her overly-warm fingers close around it.

She locks it behind you both, just as the horde slams into it from outside, scrabbling and biting blindly. You rise to a stand as she pets your head over apologetically, and gives you the key back. You catch your breath, then look around, to see another makeshift prison! Instead of bones, however, it's several males, most of them kobolds!

“What in the,” you start, as a green male wakes up, nude and ragged, and looks up at you with a start of his own.

“What...a human? H-help us! Help-help, please!”

“C-calm down, shh!” you hiss, as Byrna thumps up behind you, seeing what you see. The others sluggishly stir awake, and start gasping and pleading as well:

“Save us, please!”

“S-she's crazy! Mad-mad! W-we were just working here in demolition, a-and she...it was fun-fun at first, but she kept taking!”

“Yes, yes! Taking! She killed others! Help us!”

“Okay, alright,” you soothe, or try to, as the droning of the swarm outside grows louder. “We'll kill her, just help us keep the horde out okay?”

“But how?” Byrna asks, leaning in, her bust incidentally pressing your back. “Rizii couldn't land one hit on her!”

“I know, I know, she has a weak spot, the same as Modo did,” you hum, thinking quickly. “We need to search the place for it, and strike, otherwise Rizii will get worn out, and who knows how much bigger that moth will get, feeding on Arlei all she wants?”

The door thuds as more and more insects throw themselves at it, some killing themselves in the process. You can hear the +50 EXP sounds dinging, outside, on and on.

“We need to move up and search, Byrna, we can’t stay here!”

“What about us-us?” the green kobold asks, pleading.

“What’s your name?” you ask, quickly.

“Channik!”

“Channik? Okay, I need you to keep that door holding with all your might, okay? We need time to search the place over, and if they think we’re still in here, it’ll distract them!”

“What might?” Channik balks, the adorable, waist-high reptile asks. “She drained us!”

“Ah, okay...I...I know! Yes!”

You take the power elixir out of the bag, and waste no time in splattering its contents all over him, soaking the little fellow thoroughly.

“There!”

Channik trembles instantly, all over, and you step back along with Byrna as the surprised kobold huffs, then stutter-swells up bigger, stronger! His arms booms bigger, thickening with wave after wave of growth, bands of raw muscle blowing up across his legs and pectorals as he wobbles up taller, lurching nearer to your own size! When over, he’s not as big as Rizii, but he’s grown into a handsome specimen of a male!

“Wow!” Channik gasps, looking himself over, as the other males slap his muscles testingly, then laugh and nod in approval. “Big-big! Lookit!”

“Yes, now please, hold that door!” you beg, just as the enlarged male hugs you tenderly.

“Thank you!” he purrs, his enlarged shaft bulging out between your legs as he nuzzles your cheeks warmly, holding you in his empowered grip. It’s not like you can stop him, now.

“R-right! The door!” you wheeze, as the nude male cuddles you up tight and rumbles dearly to you. The other two slap your muscles, then shake their heads, and go back to fondling about in awe at Channik’s improved body and size.

“Door, yes! Of course, friend!” Channik laughs, setting you down, and giving a rather

warm grin to Byrna, who puts her soft paws to her plump cheeks as she blushes.

“Miss.”

“Mister,” she purrs back, wagging her larger tail wildly as he passes and presses his swollen muscles proudly against the door, holding it in place.

“Him, too?” you ask, dusting yourself off as Byrna sashays over, grinning.

“We don’t get big males, he’s lovely! Cute is cute!”

Rather than belabor the already-awkward exchange you run up the interior stairwell, up into the second story. It must have been a store, before the takeover, there are goods and papers scattered everywhere.

“What sort of clue could we find here, Lloyd?” Byrna wonders, as you both look around. “We don’t know what the colonists saw! What if they didn’t write down any clues about her weak spot?”

“I don’t know, it’s our only shot!”

You shuffle through pages, tossing receipts and old invoices, before Byrna’s tuft-glow reflects back, illuminating the far wall:

FIND THE HEART

You’d be happier for the clue, were it not scrawled in what was surely blood.

“What heart?” Byrna ponders, as you hear Channik down below:

“They’re scaling the building! Get away, up there! Get-get!”

The skittering is getting higher, for certain! They’ll breach the windows, at this rate! As you go to the nearest one to shutter it, several insects burst through, shattering the glass and biting you for -25 DAMAGE! You stagger back, just as [POISON] appears over you, covering you in a green glow.

“Lloyd!” Byrna roars, as more insects crash through an opposing window, bleeding inside quickly. “Lloyd, get back into the corner, out of range! Quickly!”

Reeling from the poison, you manage to do so, stumbling away just in time:

“FLAME!”

The tuft along her neck, her shoulder, elbow scales, and every freckle-like patch on her muzzle and cheeks all ignite in bright, flaring orange as a wall of fire comes booming out around

her, in a ring of blazing carnage that incinerates every one of the insects! Still, as you huddle back, watching on, you see other insects fearlessly spilling in, anyway, not caring that it means instant death, as +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP, +50 EXP clouds up into view through the fire wave, stacking on and on—

No. Wait a minute.

One insect panics on sight of the flame, just as it crawls up into view. It's red. Compared to the others, it's the only one. It's also the only one that scrabbles away in terror.

You think on it for only a second, as the poison hits for another -20 DAMAGE, taking your total down to 240/320. There isn't much time to waste. That insect must die!

"I found it!" you holler, quickly taking off after it through the window, the moment Byrna's flame wall subsides. "Hold them off, I'll be right back!"

"But," she stammers, stunned. Only have so much MP! I can't keep doing it forever!"

You leap out the window, thumping down onto the roof of an adjoining establishment. You try to run and fumble in your back for one of the antidotes in your inventory, but the bug is skittering away too fast, you can't afford to stop and make it happen, without losing it!

-20 DAMAGE

Gritting your teeth, you take the damage, and tear off after the damned thing, chasing it over onto another rooftop, then crashing through a shuttered window to follow it inside of a hole in the wall it used for ingress. You stumble over mining equipment before chasing it down the stairs, into a loading bay and a large mineshaft, following it into darkness.

-20 DAMAGE

The antidote is practically begging you to use it, but the sounds of the heart's skittering is growing fainter, and you instead double down and speed up through the pitch, until torchlights begin to return around the bend!

There's no time to go back! It's now or never!

Winding up the shaft, you can see large portholes cut in the rock wall, allowing you to see out over the very same cavern opening from before...and what you see is jaw-dropping.

An entire swarm of +50 EXP hovers nonstop over Arlei, and the cocoon is rapidly expanding bigger and bigger down below, straining too tight as it begins to rip, all as the growing lizard maid burgeons and billows in size! The 150-foot female moth cries out in shock as Arlei trembles one last time, then erupts, bursting with a terrible roar as the cocoon rips and tears apart around her ballooning breasts!

-20 DAMAGE

She pours out as her apron finally snaps and her dress rips, letting her colossal bust boom free, fat nipple gushing with cream as they wallop down against the startled succubus, making her huge breasts bulge back into dimpling curves against their rampant growth.

“MMMMMAAAAASSSTURRRRRRR–”

Arlei’s voice grows too big for her swelling neck as the aroused reptile blows up beyond 230 feet...260 feet...280 feet! The EXP keeps relentlessly pouring in, presumably from Byrna and Rizii’s attacks! *But again, how!?*

“OH, YESSSS,” the smothered female moth giggles, rubbing Arlei’s rumbling breast plates and playing with her monstrous nubs. “YESSSSS!”

-20 DAMAGE

The boss begins to feed yet again, and the vicious cycle is clear, as she too begins to heave bigger, swelling hotly, tenderly against the groaning reptile, breasts slipping and mashing and inflating loudly, scale and fur rubbing tighter, tighter! She booms to 300 feet, against Arlei’s 300 feet, their bodies swelling uncontrollably against cracking rock and shaking stone, prompting you to hustle it up as you feel yourself hit with another sickly -20 HP!

The cacophony of their moans and nuzzlings and pressings fills the air as their breasts gush milk and pink cream all over, spattering their swelling girth and growing curves as they hug and squeeze each other, evermore lost in a surging sea of flesh and growth!

330 feet! 350 feet! 360 feet!

-20 DAMAGE

You claw your way up the incline of an unfinished shaft as the skittering gets closer, and closer; it’s dark up ahead, the passage is a dead-end! This is it!

“STROOOOOKE...MUH-MEEEEEE, MASSSTURRRR!”

“LOVE ME, DARLING!” the growing moth bellows, just as hungrily, squeezing up into Arlei’s torso-sized bust needfully, giving the maid what she wants—the illusion of her Master’s touch. “LOVE ME MORE! P-PLEASE! AH! N-NO ONE HERE LOVES ME...THE WAYYYY...HUH-HIII NEEEEED!”

The ravenous moth blows up even faster than Arlei, her pink glow getting brighter, more intense, to the point that size starts to outright leave Arlei, and funnel into her quaking body. She heaves bigger in messy, wet spurts, her furry thighs blasted with streak after streak of fluid as her breasts overwhelm even the mighty maid, bunching together tightly as her 400-foot body erupts BIGGER, billowing against the ceiling and walls!

“GIVE ME IT ALL! LOVE...AHHHH, MUH-MEEEEEEEEEE!!”

Arlei slips down to 300 feet, then 250, getting wedged in between the moth’s billowing breasts and widening hips, her backside caged in by her furry, swelling thighs, as she blasts heedlessly up, up to 450 feet, then 500, then 600! The place can’t take anymore pressure!

-20 DAMAGE

You draw your sword, feeling dizzy from the poison, just as the heart-insect slashes back out from the darkness, having no other recourse.

-100 DAMAGE!

020/320 HP

Your vision blurs as you ready your sword, and swing for all you’re worth:

-1 DAMAGE

The strike connects! The heart shrieks, shudders, then withers away.

Just outside, as over 700 feet of throbbing, aroused she-moth bloats into the other side of the same passage walls, just before her growth explodes to the point of caving the entire mine in on itself, she screams, wide-eyed, and bursts into innumerable sparks, letting Arlei fall down with a crash onto her breasts and thighs.

300X EXP BONUS!

Good grief, you think, shaking the dizziness off as you root around in the bag for your antidote, taking it quickly. 300 insects, slain!? But that would tally up to...

300 GOLD

15,000 EXP

ECONO 1 BOOST = 60,000 EXP

As you hobble your way out of the unfinished tunnel, readying your only heal potion, you stop. The words are boggling, to you. Then, it hits: everyone is getting at least one level, here, so your HP will heal itself, and you can save the potion!

Then, the real idea hits: Arlei learned Econo 1, of course. She must draw individual EXP!

Down in the partially-crushed cavern opening, as a haggard and poisoned Rizii watches, as the ret of the horde fizzles off to nothing, all that EXP slams into Arlei, just as she snaps to.

“OH, MY, THAT DREAM,” the 100-foot maid gasps, before gasping louder, as her body

rumbles angrily, then starts to boom bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger! “HAAAH!”

Her rumbling quakes through the walls as you exit the mineshaft, then see yourself out of the loading bay building, back out onto the streets. Byrna, the smaller kobold males, and a very-strong Channik all join you, each of the other four fearful and wondering about the commotion. You already know what it is.

You usher them all in to find Rizii there, still poisoned, staggering against her cleaver for balance as the green glow consumes her muscles.

-20 DAMAGE

She’s at 230/710 HP, still holding strong, thanks to her sheer bulk and health reserves.

“Look at her...grow!” Rizii huffs, as Arlei’s bellow of joy gets deeper and deeper.

You fish about for the last antidote as the huge lizard maid swells with power, her ripped suit reforming from the level up as more and more pumps into her:

LV 12

Her 110-foot tall body balloons rapidly, eagerly and hotly blowing up against her dress, even as it fixes itself, pulling and tugging, forcing her bursting chest to stay caged as her cap slides on her head; she pants violently, her tongue poking out as she blows up to 120 feet, then 130 feet, getting larger, nonstop.

LV 13

Her rump expands into her heels, her tail bashing bigger and mashing and curling against the back wall of the cave as she grunts, then bursts to 140 feet, then 150! Her hands are so big, each attached cuff could make a boat sail! Her feet as the size of the average villager’s home!

LV 14

“YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEE!”

Her cry shakes the mines as Arlei blows up noisily to 160 feet! 170! You start to step away as the entire place fusses and moans, rocks breaking loose here and there. Her perfumed scent spills everywhere as her stretching underwear suddenly soaks wet, her breasts booming against a stretching top as she shows her huge teeth and flares her nostrils wide!

“AM I...SUH-S-STILL DREAMINNNNG!?”

LV 15

She isn’t stopping. 180 feet surges with a rubbery, lowering groan to 190!

LV 16!

At exactly 200 feet, even, she finally comes to a stop, blowing the last of the lust out in a wave of pressure, errant shudders of bliss taking her huge body as it finally calms back down. Erect nipples as big as old oak trees tent out of her huge dress as she gulps, and puts her huge hands up to her neck, feeling her own blush.

“OOOH.”

ARLEI, LV 17, HOLY MAID

HP: 750/750

MP: 230/230

STRENGTH: 100

DEFENSE: 220

DEXTERITY: 360

SPEED: 180

HEIGHT: 200’09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: AURA, SMASH 3, BRUNT, ECONO 1

SPELLS: HEAL 1

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: CURE ALL

You’re so stunned, you don’t even notice the other levels, or your own, for a moment:

LLOYD, LV 13, ADVENTURER

HP: 440/440

MP: 110/110

STRENGTH: 74

DEFENSE: 125

DEXTERITY: 190

SPEED: 190

HEIGHT: 5’09”

WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: CONFUSE 1, STEAL

RIZII, LV18, KOBOLD AMAZON

HP: 890/890

MP: 150/150

STRENGTH: 330

DEFENSE: 300

DEXTERITY: 500
SPEED: 340

HEIGHT: 8'04"
WEIGHT: ????

SKILLS: BATTLECRY, MULTI-STRIKE 2, SMASH 2
SPELLS: BUFF

NEW SPELL UNLOCKED: BUFF 2!

NEXT LEVEL: 6,700/11,000 EXP

At last, you see Byrna's stats...and it's a bit of a shock:

BYRNA, LV 25, FLAME SALAMENTAL
HP: 640/700
MP: 210/210
STRENGTH: 130
DEFENSE: 400
DEXTERITY: 430
SPEED: 210

SKILLS: WARP, ECONO 1
SPELLS: FLAME, BUFF

NEXT LEVEL: 15,800/16,000 EXP

Good gravy, she's the highest-level member of the party! And then some!

"Ooh, I was close, wasn't I?" the smooth salamander giggles, shrugging. "Next time!"

"Happen before you know it, honey," Rizii chirps, her tone so much lighter, even as she's summarily dinged for another -20 DAMAGE. This prompts you to pop open the remaining antidote, and toss it to her. The towering kobold catches it and downs it in one gulp. Her muscles remain as freakishly colossal, even after the battle, the permanent buff leaving the female looking like several cords of lumber were tied together, *per arm*.

"Thanks, Lloyd," Rizii says, at the last moment, cutting you a small but real nod. "Way to go with the quick thinking, once again. Least you can do something, after all!"

"Riz, come on," Byrna soft-scolds, turning back to snuggle you up into her chest and belly, her flame-heat like slipping into a hot, scaly bath. "You were great, Lloyd, really!"

"I...don't mention it," you stammer, at a sudden and brutal loss. This is new.

“I *knew* I’d get even bigger and stronger, sticking with you two,” Rizii laughs, flaring up a bulging bicep, which Byrna quickly nuzzles at. They hardly stow away their affections! “And you even got me my precious hot rock back!”

Hot rock?

“MASTER LLOYD,” Arlei interjects, her huge voice booming softly up above. You’re only as big as her thumb, but that clawed thumb strokes on you gently, impossibly so. “I, AH, DO H-HOPE MY DREAM WASN’T...T-TOO LOUD.”

“Loud!?” Rizii laughs, wagging. “You were like a furnace of lust!”

Arlei bites her reptilian lip, eyes wide.

“OH, OH NO, NO. YOU AH, H-HEARD?”

“Half the kingdom probably heard!” Rizii replies, before Byrna sweetly shushes her.

“I was off finding information, Arlei, I didn’t hear a thing,” you offer, half-truthing.

“YOU...YOU DIDN’T?” she chirps, daring to let some relief in. With a face bigger than a street was wide, it was hard to miss the look.

“Whatever it was, I missed it. Are you okay, up there?”

“I...AH, YES! YES, MASTER, I AM! VERY FINE! BUT, EH...I DON’T THINK I CAN FIT OUT AGAIN.”

“WARP!” Byrna shouts, just as everything blurs in on itself, then flashes white.

“So, you’re sure she’s hidden, for now?” Byrna asks, as you hurry up behind her and Rizii, just outside of the Stargos Guild headquarters, located at the back of Shaga, a nearby satellite outside of the capitol. “I don’t want her to get into trouble, while we’re out here.”

“Not to worry, Lloyd,” the smiling salamander chirps, as she goes into the double doors, Rizii following behind. “I found a building big enough for her, I haven’t heard any rumblings about outlaws in this region, so we’ll go in, claim our guild reward, then hurry along to wherever we’re heading.”

“Hope you know where we’re going, twerp,” Rizii adds, though she’s smiling this time. “Because Arlei’s getting way too big to take just anywhere. You know that, right?”

“Yeah, I do,” you sigh, following her inside.

The Stargos Guild is a little less opulent than your home base, back at Avros, but it’s still

moderately impressive. You follow the bulging kobold as she lords herself over her colleagues, heads turning, chins tilting, all as she huffs and beams.

“No wonder you wanted to come inside,” you mutter.

“You kidding, Lloyd? Wouldn’t you want to?”

“What, were you really only my size, before?”

“Shorter. I *hated* it.”

As you both reach the main desk, Byrna’s already bouncing back, doing a chubby little twirl in place. She unfurls the poster with its stamp, with another CLEARED stamp over it, covering the entire thing proudly.

“Ta-dah! Now, the reward!”

+30,000 EXP

You feel your level shoot up again, Rizii purring in jubilation, as Byrna calmly grins and lets herself become more powerful, too. Before you can check your new stats, however, something that had been circling your thoughts finally swoops in, making sense too late:

“Wait!”

There’s a terrible, deep rumble nearby, powerful enough to put the streets and buildings into a pitchy wobble. Even the Guild shakes from it, as you hang your head in embarrassment.

“What’s that?” Rizii gasps, before widening her yellow eyes along with you. “Oh, crap!”

Several streets and intersections away, rows of buildings back down the way, a large storage building starts to crack, then bulge out, distending into a bloated hull of force as something inside relentlessly shudders bigger, and bigger, and bigger, and bigger. Even from the Guild windows, you can see it balloon larger, wider, higher, mortar tumbling off as the cracks begin deepening into ugly fissures.

LV 19

You tug at both ladies’ clothing, and they both nervously nod and jog out with you, taking to the streets as the shaking worsens.

LV 20

The fissures snap and part as great bulging swells of scaly bronze girth erupt, until the sliding segments of the building each go differing ways, carried off by huge billowing breasts or widening thighs or a snaking tail that fills the back lot and adjoining alley.

LV 21

Arlei roars as her body blasts completely free of the gutted ruins, which slough off as her 300-foot body hiccups bigger, still, bursting with waves of heat and energy up to 320 feet, then 330 after!

LV 22

She screams in agonized pleasure as her body relentlessly explodes larger, heavier, stronger, surging with another rude hiccup to 340 feet, then 350!

“We can’t take her to another normal kingdom,” you begin, as the three of you run towards the confusion and panic. “Byrna, can you warp to multiple realms?”

“Some, yes! Where do you want to go?”

“The only place we can go, right now! The giant’s realm! We’re going to...”