

Adventures in Growth Part 6

It wasn't often Agnys felt nervous. It was even rarer that she felt scared. Now, as the barbarian made her way alone through the dungeon's tunnels with all of her companions left behind to their expansive fates, she had to admit both emotions were getting the better of her. Ghala's absence forced the use of a torch. Flames cast dancing shadows over the walls, each jolt of movement causing Agnys to tense and throw a protective arm across her swollen bust.

"Make my friends swell... Damn dungeon..." She gritted her teeth and felt herself sweat from the effort to carry her enhanced assets. *"You won't bring me to the ground! Hear me?! My momma was twice this size and fought off a hoard of goblins while carrying me as a--"*

Rocks clattered around a corner. Agnys's words cut off in fright and she raised her axe only to see a rat scurry by in the dimness. Watching it vanish into the shadows did nothing to calm her racing pulse.

She rounded a corner. There was something more peaceful here compared to the rest of the dungeon. Chaotic energy didn't saturate the air. For the first time since entering the tunnels, her heart calmed.

A door presented itself. She paused, steadying herself for whatever might be waiting, then pushed the heavy stone entry open.

"Hello...?"

Her words echoed without response. Footsteps bounced off the walls and back to her.

The room was small, barren, and carved smooth. Darkness fled like cockroaches at her torch's light. It fell upon an ornate altar adorned in ancient offerings of food now hardened and shriveled to stone.

It was what stood behind the altar that took Agnys's breath away. She lowered her axe, gazing at a towering stature outlined by her firelight.

Stone had been hewn to depict a woman of incredible beauty. Wearing nothing but a sash of fabric twisted around her body, the delicate features of her fertile form were boasted with the utmost detail. Soothing facial features sat framed in a tumbling head of voluminous hair. Lower, a belly heavy with child protruded to be cradled by one arm. On top were a pair of breasts resting in supple mounds engorged to their utmost limit. Wide birthing hips hugged thighs in a competition for space that nestled a precious rose of intimacy. Even in stone, the woman's curves shone with tempting softness and warmth.

"Well..." Agnys stared at the woman, feeling herself blush. "Pleased to meet ya."

The chamber remained silent. She explored hoping to find another passage, but every moment that passed brought more frustration. There was no way to continue. No additional tunnel or door.

"Mnngh~!"

Agnys looked over her shoulder. A distant, labored groan echoed from where she'd come. Which of her friends had loosed the cry of distress was impossible to know.

“Where-- *Where do I go?!*” she huffed. Peeking behind the statue revealed nothing. No hidden passage or chute to crawl through.

“*MNNGH!!*”

Another groan. Frustration turned to rage at the dead end. Standing in front of the altar, she addressed the mystery woman’s statue.

“*Where do I go?!*”

The statue only stared. Unmoving eyes didn’t waver. Her lips, while full, would not speak.

Agnys dropped her torch to raise the axe overhead with both hands. “*WHERE IN THE HELLS DO I GO?!*”

CRAAASH!!

The weapon came down upon the altar like a meteor. Sparks exploded and Agnys’s muscles flexed in anger when steel met stone. A plume of dust burst forth when the altar gave way like glass. It split down the middle before crumbling into a heap of rock and ancient offerings.

Air struck her with a wall of freshness. It was enough to extinguish the torch at her feet. Even without its light, she could see there was a passage hidden beneath the altar. Stairs led deeper underground. At their end was a pale illumination. It smelled of fresh air.

The possibility of an exit was enough to lift her spirits. Agnys descended, already envisioning going back to town to get help and anything necessary to aid her friends. Steps flew underfoot. Light peeked through a small corridor at the bottom. Cautious but optimistic, Agnys entered with her axe poised to strike any possible threat.

Summer scents filled the hidden room. High overhead, too high to hope to jump, a shaft of light penetrated the darkness to deliver sunlight from the world above. The beam of gold bathed layers of foliage that covered the floor and walls. Almost sacred, the hidden grotto quelled all rage within the barbarian.

Agnys lowered her axe and turned her head toward the hole in the ceiling. It was at least two hundred meters up with nothing nearby to help ascend. The beam of light itself was centered over a podium in the center of the room overgrown with vines and moss. Stepping forward, metal clinked under her steps. She brushed a section of vines aside.

Gold glinted back. Treasure in all forms sat beneath the moss and leaves. From coins to jewelry to chalices, it was all waiting in piles below the greenery.

A golden sword pulled free with gems in the hilt. “At least we won’t go home empty-handed...” Agnys admired it for a moment before dropping it back to the pile after remembering what had happened to Lyra and her necklace.

None of this helped. Treasure was worthless if she and her friends were still stuck below ground. Her attention turned to the podium. It looked much like the same podium Ghala had read her incantation from before falling prey to her desires. Rather than a book, this podium presented a golden cowbell the size of Agnys's fist. She took the treasure and felt its weight.

Anger followed.

“Rraaahhh!!”

The bell sailed through the air in fury to crash amongst the other treasures.

“What am I supposed to do with that?!”

So ungrateful...

The air shifted. Agnys looked around in caution. There was another presence in the chamber.

“Show yourself!”

All these gifts, and you toss them aside. The voice sighed. Well... I suppose I can't expect so much from a simple-minded barbarian. I'd truly hoped one of the others would make it here. Someone less...muscled. Softer.

“Face me, COWARD!”

You dare call Kainra, Goddess of Fertility, a coward?

Agnys's nostrils flared with fuming breath. *“Is this all your doing?! Return my friends to normal!”*

Another sigh left from the ether. The goddess, though disappointed, accepted her guest. *Your companions are fine. Enjoying themselves, even. But you... You're the first to reach this sacred grotto in centuries, barbarian. While not who I'd hoped to receive, I must admit you're pure of heart. Purer than your cleric friend, anyway.*

“SO?!”

So I shall name you my champion. For besting the challenges and reaching my holy presence, you shall be imbued with my sacred power of fertility and bring its goodness to the world.

“Listen here! I don't need your power! I don't want to be no one's champion! I just want--Mmng!” Her words stopped, stifled by a surge of energy through her body. The axe fell with a heavy clang. Agnys turned her attention down in time to see her bust quiver. Her skirt of leather shifted around her hips and rear.

Behold... My generous gifts shall be yours~

GUUURRRGLE

Agnys's ears perked and her body shivered. Something heavy and thick was moving through her bust. It started from the center of her breasts and moved outward like a small reservoir building within each one.

Creeaaaaa--SNAP!!

“H-Hey!?”

Metal buckled and snapped at her waist when her hips outgrew her belt. Leather stretched as best it could, but soon cracked and turned pale around her lower half. Agnys breathed in worry, watching her chest gain inch after inch within her arms all the while her thighs mashed together in a fleshy battle.

Isn't it glorious, my dear champion?

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

"M-Mmnggh...!! It's--" Pressure rose. Heat throbbed through Agnya's mounds and coated them in sweat. "*It's making...me... M-Me... M...Moooo!!*" Horror took hold. The animal-like bellow still echoed around the chamber when Agnys clamped a hand over her mouth.

Leather creaked and drew up her sides. As if being filled by her own rapid breath, Agnys watched her curves swell and bloat with weight. Muscle definition, once chiseled to perfection, smoothed out down her legs to be blanketed in pillowy flesh.

"S...Stop!! This isn't--"

GUUURRRRRGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!!

Wet heat ran over her hands. Feeling her nipples pulse and puff, Agnys pulled her hand away to see it coated in a layer of creamy white. It was enough to make the barbarian whimper. She was filling. Slowly and steadily, she could feel milk building within her mammarys. It made her legs weak as she felt her body stretch to contain not only the growth being forced upon her, but the liquid so eager to engorge her from within.

"T...This--"

Agnys chewed on her lip. If this was how It felt to grow, then she couldn't blame her companions for falling prey so easily.

It's simply divine, isn't it?

She fell to her knees. Agnys wanted to speak, but feared her words would only come out as another bovine cry. Something was slithering down the back of her skirt and tickling her plumping thighs. Atop her head, she felt her hair shift and part. Developing horns itched at her scalp.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"Mmmgh!! H...Haaahhhh~ *This...isn't--*" Weight wobbled and milk sloshed when she fell onto all fours. A seam burst down the back of her skirt as leather failed and exposed her sopping intimates to the open air. "*Stop-- Make it...stop...!*"

The goddess hummed. *Oh? You don't wish to be my champion?*

Tremors rattled down Agnys's spine. The pressure within her breasts was commanding and warm. Her nipples pressed into the ground while skin bulged around her arms. At this size, she'd be lucky to fit through a doorway turned sideways.

"I... Just want...to save my friends!"

GUUURRRRRGLE!

"MMMGGH!!"

Agnys resisted as best she could when intense engorgement flourished to stretch her mounds large enough to start supporting her weight. A puddle of milk spread over the treasure-littered floor.

Well, not to worry. A goddess takes care of her champion, does she not? A champion needs loyal companions. Especially a champion for a rising goddess.

Hands clenched, Agnys gasped at her overwhelming growth. The last of her skirt fell away and her legs spread in newfound freedom. Even with knees parted wide, her thighs still smothered her imprisoned groin. Every inch of her wanted to give in to the sensations tingling and stretching across her skin.

Be my champion, and I shall help your friends and more.

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“Ahh~! I--” Cleavage pushed into her shoulders and neck. Even for a barbarian, the breasts anchoring her to the floor were a daunting challenge of weight.

Do you accept, barbarian? The goddess snickered. Or shall I bestow even more milk and we can see just how mighty that body truly is?

A fur-tipped tail whipped and fwapped. Furry ears flicked on the side of her head. Feeling at her limit as her breasts ached with the goddess’s blessing, Agnys rasped. “You...promise to return my friends...to normal?”

Anything for my champion~

GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

Pressure rose to unbearable levels. With nipples pinned between the ground and her chest, Agnys couldn’t release her cream fast enough given its rate of production. Her mouth stammered in an attempt to say anything but it all came out smothered by lust.

“I-- Mmnggh!”

Everything trembled. Fluid trickled down her inner thighs. Cleavage threatened to swallow her face. Desperate for relief, she nodded with squeaking gasps.

Excellent.

GUUUURRRRRRRRRGLE!!!

Milk surged. Breasts stretched to contain their overloaded contents. In a blinding wave of light, the chamber was bathed in white as Agnys succumbed to the blessing.

“M...M-MMMOOOOOOOOO!!!!”

To be concluded