

Adventures in Growth Part 5

Small talk had given way to panting gasps for air. After the tentacle assault, Agnys and Ghala were left lugging curves far larger than they were accustomed to. Even for Agnys's muscled frame, the triple-sized breasts were more than enough to overwhelm her free arm.

"Agnys... Agnys, please..." Ghala breathed. She tugged at the remnants of her dress, reduced to a tattered shirt, and tried to cover her exposed bottom half. Weight jiggled through her enhanced rear and thighs with every lumbering step. She paused and leaned on her staff. Sweat was causing her inner thighs to slide with intimate humidity. *"Agnys, can we...slow down...?"*

"But we need to hurry! Everyone needs our help!"

"I know, I know... But..." Tremors shivered through her body. The tentacles might have been left behind them, but they hadn't left her mind. Ghala's body still yearned for their invading touch. Battling her urges on top of the struggle of carrying her bottom half was enough to leave her legs weak. *"But we've been going non-stop... I need...a--"*

"I see something!"

They rounded a corner into the glow of firelight. Amid the sound of Ghala's labored gasps, they came upon a round chamber. In the center stood a stone podium between two torches. An ornate carved door waited further along the back wall, decorated with a bas-relief of a woman in the throes of passion.

Ghala breathed a sigh of relief. *"Oh thank the goddess..."* She found a boulder and lowered herself onto its surface, only for her mass to engulf the top. Its chill was welcomed as her own heat warmed the rock.

Agnys dropped her axe against the podium. The front of her breasts pressed into it as she pored over the top. An aged tome rested before her, browned and crusted with time. Opening it left her perplexed at rows of characters she didn't recognize.

"What is it?" Ghala asked.

"Not sure. I can't read it..."

Gathering her strength, Ghala rose and left her boulder wet and shiny. *"Let me take a look."* The paladin recognized the text immediately. Tracing her fingers along the rows, she studied the words. *"Oh-- It's written in a dead language. An entire history of this dungeon... This place might be older than we thought."*

Agnys hefted her axe as if ready for battle. *"Does it say how to break the curses?? Or who we have to kill to do it??"*

"No, no... Apparently this dungeon is the work of an ancient fertility goddess by the name of... Kainra. With the help of a djinn and a demon lord, they created this cave as a test for all female adventurers." Her fingers paused on a line. *"A test of femininity."*

Agnys huffed. *"Well I haven't seen a whole lot of testin'! Just a lot of traps and curves blowing up!"*

Ignoring her companion, Ghala read on. The pages flipped. It wasn't long before her eyes widened and her face turned red. She looked at the sealed door behind her and back at the tome.

"Oh my..."

"What?"

"It..." She breathed and steadied herself against the podium. "The only way to open the door is for someone to recite this incantation."

"Like a spell?"

Ghala nodded. "It's another trap. The incantation fills you with primal lust. The idea is only the pure of heart will be able to withstand it and overcome its power to continue."

"Well that's no problem!" Agnys laughed. "You're the purest one in our group!"

The battle with the tentacles said otherwise. Sexual anxiety tingled down Ghala's spine. She tugged her tattered clothes down in nervousness. "R...Right..." Looking up, she gave a warning glance. "I'll begin. Be prepared for anything."

Her axe hefted and the handle mashed into her breasts as she readied the weapon. "I'm here!"

The paladin cleared her throat. The incantation was short, but it was the effects that would come after that concerned Ghala.

"Heat of lust and pride of passion, pour upon me the attention of a lover's hunger. Grant unto me gifts of flesh until I bear the holy weight of womanhood." The air shifted. Light glowed from the tome and veiled Ghala's face in purple. Her thighs shifted with growing heat, tensing at a wave of stimulation. *"L...Let my body become your vessel of desire, so that I..."* She swallowed, her breath heavy and humid. Firmness tingled across her curves. Not even the tentacles had gotten her so excited.

"Ghala...?"

"S-So that...I may prove myself...worthy of its dominating--nngh...!--p-power."

The final word hardly left her mouth before Ghala's breath was taken away. She fell over the podium with light enveloping her body. Tremors shook her curves, forcing her up on her toes to lift her rear and present it to the room.

"Ahh~ Aahhhmm!!!"

Agnys lowered her axe. "Ghala...?"

Pleasure exploded in the back of her head. Her hands gripped the podium until her knuckles turned white.

"It's-- It's making me--" She panted and arched her back until plumped folds squeezed from the backs of her thighs like a blossoming flower. *"Agnyyys! It's-- I can't-- fight it!!!"*

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMNNNGH!!!"

Her breasts pushed forth. What remained of her dress pulled up her body as her bust expanded. Cleavage heaped toward her shoulders at the seam-stretching tension. With every inch she grew, light reflected brighter over firming cleavage.

“Ghala, calm down!” Agnys stepped forward.

“I can’t!! I can’t!! I’m not...as strong...as you think I am!!”

Shrrriip!!

Tears opened across her bust. Nipples larger than Agnys’s tore through fabric like knives. Exposed, pale skin burst free and mashed over the podium in a jiggling heap of nudity. They shimmered with the heat of her gasps falling upon them.

“Agnys-- A-Agnys-- I need--” Her hand reached out in desperation. Weary eyes fluttered behind a glossy layer of lust.

Agnys dropped her axe and ran forward. *“What do you--”*

Ghala’s clutched Agnys’s arm with an iron grip. Steam poured from her lips. Quivering took over her legs. Looking down Ghala’s back, Agnys saw her friend’s bottom half beginning to widen.

“I...need... YOU.”

She moved with more speed than Agnys thought possible. Attacking with heated weight, Ghala tackled Agnys to the ground. Even the barbarian was powerless against the overwhelming lust pouring into the paladin.

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

“AHMMM~!!!”

Mass heaved into Ghala’s lower half when she pinned Agnys to the ground. Dripping arousal ran down her thighs and onto Agnys’s as she struggled beneath the increasing bulk. Eyes looking up from beneath Ghala’s engulfing cleavage, she saw a contorted face of carnal need staring back.

“G...Ghala...!” she said, muffled through her bosom.

“Mnnngh!! It’s...so...good...!” Her groin started to buck and grind. Agnys’s leather skirt bunched up to expose her to the dripping invader. She’d seen Ghala naked before, but never experienced her bare body so up close and personal.

“Get a hold of yourself!”

“Haahhh~ Mnnngaahhhhhh~ Agnys--” Fingers ran down the side of her neck before curling into her hair and clenching tight. *“K...Kiss me.”*

Ghala came closer, squeezing their breasts together until skin bulged taut and stretched tight between their torsos. The paladin’s nipples throbbed against Agnys.

“Fight it, dammit! FIGHT IT! You need to-- Mmph!”

Their lips met. Agnys blushed more than she’ll ever dare to admit when her friend’s tongue slipped into her mouth like a serpent. Ghala sucked the breath from her lungs, hands exploring the barbarian’s front without shame. Nectar mixed between their lower halves. She’d been with tough men before, but always maintained the dominant role. Now, being the one pinned, Agnys didn’t know how to handle herself.

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Ghala reared back when her curves surged. “*AAUUGH!!! It’s-- Getting so big!! Goddess, look at me!! I could fill a merchant’s cart with this sinful rear!!*”

Her thighs clamped around Agnys’s hips. Each twice as wide as her torso, they consumed her body and left it buried under Ghala’s mountain-like ass as everything from her belly to her knees were swallowed.

Slap!!

Agnys couldn’t believe she’d just struck her companion. A handprint stung over Ghala’s face.

“*H...H-Harder~*” Ghala whispered. Grinning and bearing down, she growled, “*Show me what a barbarian can do to a woman.*”

The ground rumbled. Dim light cracked through the wall as the door’s seal broke. Agnys watched the pathway open as the spell took hold of its victim.

“*Ghala? Ghala, the door is open!*”

“*Mnnnnghhhh!! FUCK ME!*” Ghala roared, grinding harder. “*Stay here, and make a mess of me!! MAKE ME--*”

Agnys acted in desperation. Plunging a hand between their hips, she curled her fingers and slipped three into her friend’s depths before hooking her like a fish.

“*Ahh-- AHH-- AAAHHHHHH!!!!!!*”

Ghala screamed at the sudden stimulation. Fluids poured from her pussy to coat Agnys’s hand while the paladin arched back and clawed at her nipples in orgasm. When the release passed, she relaxed, panting, with eyes partially cleared.

“*A...Agnys...?*” she whimpered, mind momentarily freed.

She pulled her hand free. “*Get off me! We need to go!*”

Ghala shook her head. Mental struggle shone on her face. “*I... Mnnngh... This won’t...last long... That shocked me out of it, but...*” She bit her lip, wiggling her ass as it swallowed her back and hips like a fleshy tide. “*Mmmm, I can feel the lust...coming back...*” Ghala’s eyes began to fog once more. Her voice grew deep and breathy. “*I’m not...as pure as you all think... If I... I-If I do anything to you, just know that...I’m...s-sorry... But I need--*” Whimpering moans drifted as she hugged her enlarged mounds into her face. Fiendish giggles replaced guilty whimpers. “*I need... You to ravage me.*”

“*GHALA!*”

She blinked but couldn’t control herself for long. “*I can’t fight this spell. You have to... Mnngh!! G-Go on without me-- It’s too much.*”

“*I can’t just leave you!*”

Ghala giggled with devious thoughts and leaned forward. Agnys could see she was gone once more, and it would take more than a tiny orgasm to bring her back. “*Mnngh, then how*

about you stay and we see who breaks first?” The paladin’s hand slipped between Agnys’s thighs and cupped a massive mound. *“My turn~”*

Eyes widened with Agnys felt herself part at her friend’s touch. *“N-NO!!”*

BWOOOMMMMPH!!

“Nngh!”

Bellowing, Agnys threw her overwhelmed friend to the ground. It took a surprising amount of force given her swollen frame, but once on her back, Ghala wouldn’t be getting up on her own.

“Aahhhh~ Mnnghhhhaaaahhh~!! Agnyyyys!! Pleeeaaaase!! I need you!!”

She rose and looked upon her friend. Stranded on her back, Ghala’s legs and hips dominated her body as if she’d become a fleshy piece of furniture. Titanic thighs refused to let her knees bend, forcing her legs to stand almost straight into the air. Folds and creases opened themselves to the world with glistening pink being strummed by Ghala’s desperate fingers.

“Stay~ Ohhh please stay!! I can’t-- Do this on my ooown! I need help...with all of this...LUST!! Do whatever you want with me!! Use your hands!! Y-Your lips!! YOUR AXE HANDLE!!”

Agnys stumbled back. There would be no helping Ghala now. The lust wouldn’t cease until she reached whatever awaited at the end of the dungeon. Agnys grasped her axe and righted her armor as best she could. Sweat and nectar wouldn’t soon dry from her skin. Giving her friend the courtesy of privacy, she turned her back as Ghala’s whines reached a fever pitch and her fingers plunged deep and frenzied.

“Ahhh~! MNNGGGHHH~!! IT’S SO GOOD!! THIS BODY FEELS...SO GOOD!!!”

“I’m sorry, Ghala. Be strong, and I’ll be back. Back for everyone.”

With every companion fallen to the dungeon’s wiles, Agnys continued onward alone.

To be continued