

Another Adventure

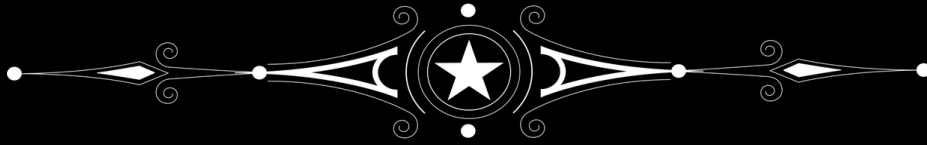
Commission for Deiser

By

Desmond Fallout

The following contains: Multiple anthro behemoth TFs, altersex TG, muscle growth, hyper growth, sex, hyper cum, cumflation

Read at your own discretion.



It began with lots of screaming and violent gnashing of teeth...

As most adventures tended to go...

Deiser had awoken from that morning fresh as a daisy. After taking care of the towns infestation of vampire squirrels the previous night, most of the residents were overjoyed to let them stay in one of the finest rooms their local inn had to offer.

For being called The Vomiting Rat, that turned out to be a room luxurious enough for nobility. It had the detailed decorative walls, the silk bed sheets, and even a bowl of freshly picked fruits.

The staff were an especially friendly pair of mice women that seemed to want to use his lap for a seat despite plenty of bench space around every table. They insisted on literally hanging off him as much as possible, hugging and giving his tired muscles a massage in random places. He didn't mind making some new friends, though he couldn't think of a way to tell them they really got in the way of his relaxing, especially when trying to eat dinner.

One of them mentioned something about taking turns riding the stallion all night long, which sounded ridiculous. Who the heck goes horseback riding out in the wilds after dark? Even if he wasn't exhausted from slaying a horde of blood sucking rodents, that sounded very dangerous. Not to mention they'd catch a cold with how loose those girls liked wearing their shirts. Letting their fat chests hang out all exposed would surely be very uncomfortable.

Maybe they already did have colds, or those poor mice were just not morning people. Deiser barely had enough time to sit down and react to his bowl of oatmeal getting tossed across the table in time to catch it. A mug of tea got slammed next to him, barely missing his hand, yet still splashing a good portion across his shirt, bringing a searing pain with its warm temperature through the cotton.

"Thank you, Nancy!" Deiser still managed to get out with a broad smile. A chipper attitude was always more contagious than a sour one, so he hoped rubbing a little off could lighten that intense glare she was drilling into his eyes. "I'm feeling a lot better today. Would you be interested in taking that pony out for a ride together this afternoon?"

The aura of raw grumpiness didn't disperse, though the mouses large round ears dropped with her change of expression. For several long seconds her pointed muzzle

hung open in sheer disbelief. When the brain inside her fuzzy skull decided to work again Deiser still wasn't granted the dignity of a response. She turned on her high heels and strode off to wait on other people coming in for a hot breakfast.

He thought there had been some grumbling about a 'brain dead child,' though Nancy could have just been chittering her pronounced teeth. Besides, that's a pretty cruel thing to call a kid.

It was only a few spoon fulls into his meal that another presence walked around the table to have a seat across from him. That really got his smile showing some teeth before even looking up to greet them.

"Good morning, Yuki!" he swallowed another spoon of oatmeal, savoring the dried raspberries that'd been mixed in. "You managed to get our reward already?"

The silver haired woman chuckled, tossing a small bag onto the table. It landed just shy of the steaming bowl with a loud clink of shifting coins. "They were more than happy to pay double the reward, actually. Might have even given you a cow if you wanted."

"Now what the heck are we going to do with a cow?" Deiser said through a hearty laugh. "That'd be a hassle bringing off to the city for a sale. Did you remember to take your cut?"

Yuki chewed on her lower lips, eyeing the bag with her sparkling sapphire eyes for a moment. Those star shaped pupils were always so cute. A not-so-subtle sign of being touched by magic blood.

"All I did was cast buffing spells. You were the one swinging around a giant axe like a golf club."

"Do you have any idea how hard it is to hit a squirrel without some kind of magic area attack? You're flame damage was just what my axe needed to make this job cake." He used his free hand to slide the bag back over. "We're not leaving until you count your share."

"Oh, fine!" Yuki broke it a grin, untying the purse so she could sort out the gold within.

"Here ya go, hun!" Nancy had returned without either of them noticing. A plate stacked full of pancakes and a cut of pork in some herb smelling sauce was gently set beside the human woman, followed by a tankard of fresh smelling coffee. Sunshine practically radiated from the tavern windows behind her toothy mouse smile. "Appreciate all that healing you did for my family after the bloodsuckers got'em."

"Happy to help out!" Yuki all too eagerly sipped the offered beverage, moaning with content to have warmth go down her throat. "Remember the herbal remedy's I mentioned if they show signs of vampirism."

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"I doubt my little brother can be a menace but I will!" The mouse gave Yuki an affectionate pinch on her cheek, making them squirm a little with the area of dark brown skin gleaming red.

"Glade to see you're feeling better, Nancy," Deiser pipped in, finishing his cereal with a few scraps against the bowl. He handed it to her after a hard gulp of his remaining tea. "Don't work too hard today. Okay?"

It was like a cloud passed over the mouse as she eyed Deiser in silence. She slowly took the empty dished, whiskers swishing about with her disgusted grunts.

"Whatever, idiot."

Yuki blinked, watching the voluptuous barmaid stroll towards the kitchen with her dishes. Looking back to Deiser, she was even more surprised the interaction had not phased him out of looking over some news flyers left on the table. The tavern made a point of sharing local news, as well as odd jobs for adventurers. No doubt the biggest thing of note today would be the pair of adventurers.

"What's with her?"

"I dunno." Deiser hiccupped, eyeing a job that looked to have a picture of wild boars on it. "Her sister asked if I could plow their fields last night, so I think they're still grumpy about that. I kept trying to explain it'd be hard to work in the dark at two in the morning. Besides, I'm not much of a farmer."

A sudden coughing fit made Deiser almost jump out of his seat. Looking over found Yuki doubled over her breakfast, slapping the space between her breasts trying to dislodge the hunk of pancake she'd started chewing on. When that didn't work, the mug of coffee got emptied in several hurried gulps.

"Geez! Are you okay, Yuki?"

"I'm fine," she said once the itching in her throat died down. It slowly became apparent she was laughing and coughing at the same time. "You are way too much of a little brother sometimes."

"Thanks!" Deiser beamed at the apparent compliment while his magical partner resumed eating her meal. "So, should we do some odd jobs around here, or set off for another adventure?"

Yuki chewed the hunk of meat off her fork before using it to gesture at the piles of coins divided between them. "We're not exactly hurting for cash right now. Is there a hurry to do more work?"

"I just don't want to get bored, is all. There might be something else exciting around this area if something can spawn a horde of vampires."

"Do we really want to go looking for something that can do that?"

"Might be better than leaving it be this close to other people."

Yuki pursed her lips, letting sweet pancake soak against her gums for a second. Deiser's expression had also grown slightly more serious than his usual nature.

"Okay. Good enough point. Still, it's not like we have any idea where to look. I'm not about to go wandering blindly in a forest hoping something of interest comes waltzing up and...can we help you?"

It took Deiser a few seconds longer than Yuki to realize someone had come waltzing up while they'd been talking. A young opossum woman, to be exact. Her long black hair was tied back in a ponytail, making her sharply pointed muzzle more apparent as it bared rows of sharp fangs in a grin. The patch covering her right eye made them look less than inviting

"Greetings, lowly humans!" she declared while clapping both hands together as if in prayer. The dark grey fur ended just at the knuckle, almost making it appear like she was wearing gloves as pink skinned fingers clicked together. "Forgive my eyes dropping. I did not wish to interrupt your morning banter. Although, it seems like a good sign for my needs. I am Beatrice. Most people call me Bea. I'm a roaming merchant, alchemist, collector of oddities, repair gal, and overall soldier of fortune."

"Hi. I'm Deiser!" The man tipped an invisible hat and gestured across the table. "That's my big sister, Yuki. I hit things really hard and she casts magic."

"That's an overly simple way to summarize our operation," Yuki said around a mouthful of pancake. Every word the opossum spoke came out in that overtly energetic tone a salesman uses right before they trick you into buying a pound of fake gold. The cackling posture didn't help Bea's case, either. Still, she wiped a bit of stray sauce off her rounded nose and kept her attitude friendly. "What brings you to our table so early?"

"Well, I don't know if this is relevant to what you were discussing a moment ago, but it sounds to me like we're all seeking out an adventure today." Bea fished around in the back pockets of her pants. The long scaly pink tail above them slapped the floor a few times in her awkward hip dancing while pulling out a yo-yo, three daggers, a frog that was somehow still alive, and finally a piece of parchment. This she passed off to Deiser before trying to stuff the rest of her belongings back in.

Except the frog, which managed to hop madly across the common area in desperate need for escape.

"No way!" Deiser exclaimed before Yuki could consider commenting on anything. He had unfolded the offering and was scanning over its secrets with growing elation. "Is this a treasure map?"

"It's a map. Yes." Beatrice grumbled, watching her frog leap out an open window towards freedom. Deciding not to give chase, she turned back to the duo with a shrug. "It was given to be in a bundle sale two days ago, which brought me to this village. There's no way of knowing where it leads to or what's out there. Thankfully, I got wind of

some adventurers that seem really capable were also in this area and I'm lucky to have caught you before you took off."

"Well," Yuki finished her meal with a hard swallow of chewed pork. "That sounds incredibly dangerous to go into something blind."

"I know. I'm getting excited already!" Deiser smoothed out the paper on the table, fingers running through drawn land marks for his calculations. "Looks like nearly a days walk, so it'll be near sunset by the time we get there."

"Hun. There could be nothing out there. For all we know, the previous owner already cleared things out and kept that for sentimental reasons."

"At least this way we'll get some exercise and an excuse to do some camping."

"You got a point." Yuki scoffed, shooting him a grin. Turning to Bea, she added, "So what's your offer?"

"I'm joining the party for this, of course. Even split on all riches, but I get first pick of magical items, including cursed ones!"

That got Deiser to raise an eyebrow. "Why would you want cursed stuff?"

Such a question made Beatrice recoil in shock. "Are you serious? The best stuff is always cursed! It's got the most magical power. The most intricate designs. You can learn a tone of useful stuff by breaking down a curse."

Yuki took a sip of her remaining coffee. "Example?"

"Okay. This one time I found a necklace that transformed me into a cecaelia..."

"A cactus?" Deiser said amidst vacant blinks.

"Those people with octopus tentacles for legs," Yuki explained.

"Thank you." Beatrice gave her a thankful nod, though her eyes lingered on Deiser for a moment. "It was pretty cool having eight legs, but more importantly, when I broke the curse, I learned how to make a potion to let people breathe underwater."

Deiser's eyes lit up. "That's cool!"

Yuki had a suspicion. "Does it involve transforming them into a cecaelia too?"

Beatrice looked to her with genuine surprise. "How'd you know? Did I sell you one at some point?"

"It kinda sounds like all you did was learn to spread the curse."

"It's not a curse if it's controlled and willing! The point is, I'm a pioneer not afraid of anything evil people leave behind. Even the worst intention can be repurposed for practical functions."

"Can you imagine all the stuff you can do with eight extra limbs?" Deiser pipped in.

That got Yuki glancing over to him. "Like what?"

"You can play five instruments at once! Imagine being your own band?"

The woman's starred eyes gained a distance look for a moment. Damn. He did make that sound cool. She shook her head back to reality with a giggle, focusing back on Beatrice. "Okay. You got a deal."

"Great!" The opossum might have almost jumped for joy the way she clapped in place. "Let's grab our stuff and meet at the west gate in an hour. I'll even leave the map with you guys."

"Oh? Cool. Thanks." Yuki toasted the opossum with her empty mug. "Here's to a fun adventure then?"

"Bet!" Bea twirled on her naked paw feet and scurried out of the tavern. Her ropey tail whipped a few people on the way with how hard she was shaking about.

"She seems nice." Yuki remarked while the other mouse maid took her dishes with a flirty squeak.

"Merchant though," Deiser countered, his focus still going over their new map. As if rubbing his hands repeatedly across its surface might reveal a secret. "I'm not sure we should have given her first pick of magical stuff. It's kind of weird she'd emphasize curses too."

She could only offer him a shrug. "Lots of people are eccentric like that. Remember when Desmond made us bring back that magical bubble making relic?"

"Oh yeah!" Deiser's smile rose and plummeted in the span of a second. "I still have the nightmares sometimes."

"Me too," Yuki mumbled, regretting the topic change. She devoured what remained of her breakfast before moving to stand. "You get the supplies. I'll rent us some horses and get our gear. At the very least I can look forward to a relaxing journey to whatever pitfall this opossum has planned."

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"Man! That was a heck of a trip. Huh?" Deiser hopped off his horse, elated for a chance to stand on some fresh grass. Arms rose towards the dwindling evening sky with chest thrust forward in a big stretch. The reward was a loud popping of every single vertebra in his spine.

With joints properly loosened, his hands busied themselves brushing away virtually invisible dirt of his clean and crisp fighting clothes. Before him, only a few yards away, started the remains of what might have been an impressive set of buildings. All

that remained these days were various speckles of stone slabs jutting out of the ground. Heavy layers of moss and vines worked to cover most of them. Mother nature desperate to pull these last remnants of a forgotten time back into the earth.

Such sights really did give Deiser time to pause and enjoy the simple blessing of being alive. The young man took a deep breath, letting it exhale all his fatigue away. There was no telling what great things could be hiding in such a remote little section of forest. Just what an adventurer needed to get excited.

"Isn't this great, ladies!?" he asked when a pair of extra hooves finally caught up to him. Deiser felt a little bad for taking a slight head start on his party, but after that easy battle with a family of dire beavers, he figured they could hang on back for a rest while doing some responsible scouting duties. Hands could barely keep still unsheathing the big axe off his back and turning to the pair. "This place looks perfect for hidden secrets. Don't you think?"

"Uuuugh," wasn't exactly what came out of Beatrice's limp-hanging muzzle. It was more of less what Deiser's mind interpreted.

The opossum's ponytail had been rendered split in six directions like a flower with all the tree sap coating it. Most of her coat and pants were covered in various globs of mud, with plenty of grass still rooted in them. Beatrice held her gaze straight forward into the horizon of a setting sun. A zombie longing for the relief of death. Fur-less hands clenched the reigns of her frightened horse as if grounding her to this mortal coil.

Yuki was handling herself a lot better than their current client. Hands worked to pluck stray branches out of her hair, using them to brush what mud she could off her formally pristine mages cloak. Sure, there were spells that could clean off the stains and mend all the new tears decorating it's length, but she had a feeling preserving mana would be very important for the night ahead.

"The hell kind of trip was that?" Beatrice sputtered once she'd found her sanity again.

"That was a light jog in the wheat fields when you party with us." Yuki tossed her muddy stick away with a giggle. Getting off her horse when every muscle ached proved a far greater challenge. Thank the gods she thought to buy extra medicine potions.

Beatrice shook in her saddle, which seemed to spark a resurgence of energy. A quick slide off one side of her mount had the opossum bouncing on her bare anthro feet like a kid again. "Okay. I could understand the pig-riding bandits, and the yodeling werewolves, but what was up with the cat-taurs trying to make us brides?"

Yuki paused mid-gulp of a healing potion. "You could understand the werewolves?"

"Gotcha! Probably best I don't think about it too hard. The real adventure starts now."

"That's the spirit!" Deiser pumped a fist with axe resting across his shoulders. "So where does the map tell us to go?"

All the excitement on Beatrice's muzzle drained away. "You were the one holding the map this whole journey."

"Oh, right!" Deiser smacked his forehead with a playful laugh. Both women watched him precede to rummage through his pockets with a free hand. When that produced no map, he set down his axe to rummage through the same pockets with both hands, to similar effect. "Huh. That's odd. It was totally in one of my pouches when we left."

Something flashed across Yuki's face as she slowly blinked. "The same pouches you threw to distract the pigs while we escaped those bandits?"

"Oh yeah!" Deiser said, snapping both fingers back at her. "They were devouring all my stuff like candy so we could get away. Guess the map is probably digested by now, huh?"

"Yup." Beatrice clicked the roof of her mouth, taking in his casual demeanor and still clean attire a lot better than Yuki had seen in a lot of their previous clients. "I guess all we can do now is look around and poke random things to see what happens?"

"That's the spirit!" Deiser hefted his axe back up with an about face. "I'll take the lead for traps. I may not look it, but I can really take a beating."

"We know, hun." Yuki watched him march off way to happily for their situation into the ruins. Turning to Beatrice, she plucked leaves off the opossum's sap coated shirt. "You get used to it after a while. Sarcasm and jokes go right over his head a lot of the time."

Beatrice laughed, her muzzle pulling back to show all her sharp teeth. "Who said I was joking? I find most of my best stuff by randomly overturning rocks like this place."

"Oh." Yuki held up a finger, mouth agape, but made no further comments. She watched Beatrice skip off after Deiser with pink skinned tail wagging high through the air. "I guess that works out then. Least she didn't threaten to have us purified of bad luck hexes like the last guy."

Neither gal had to go far in their need to catch up with Deiser. Rounding the bend of a giant oak that'd apparently grown through the very center of one stone building, Yuki found something none of them had expected. An archway stood amidst the foundation of one such rocky ring still mostly intact. Enough so that there was a clear stairway entrance going deep underground.

"That was a lot easier than I expected," Deiser said once everyone had gathered around the gaping entrance. Even without it already getting onto nightfall, he doubted they could see very far down the stairway. Being at the landing afforded all of them the

stench of mildew and mold. "Doesn't look like anyone's explored this for ages. Good odds for our loot tables."

"I'm all for a good payday too." A quick pulse of blue energy from Yuki's hands caused Deiser's axe to start emitting a soft, constant light. More than enough to illuminate several feet in front of them. She repeated the action on a short sword Beatrice drew from her giant backpack, finishing with a third cast of her spell on the mana boosting tiara she wore. "That should give us enough light to look around in for a while."

Beatrice marveled at the light trail her sword left when swung for a second. "So what do you guys have as a plan of attack?"

The human mage shrugged. "Deiser always stays in front in these dungeon type cases. Assuming we don't blindly activate a trap in his face, I have plenty of spells to trigger them at a safe distance. Don't suppose you have any thieving skills in your merchant repertoire?"

"That would make me a pretty bad merchant, honestly. More of a con artists with that kind of skill set."

"Can't fault you for that. Feel free to hang in the back if you want. We can handle anything that's not a giant dragon."

"As opposed to a tiny dragon?"

Beatrice had meant it in jest, though it still caused Deiser to visibly shudder. "The tiny one's are the most dangerous. They like to steal the fruit right from your plate."

"I suppose so?" Beatrice watched Deiser begin descending the mossy staircase without further elaboration. Giving a dismissive shrug, she followed a few steps behind.

Yuki quietly took up their rear guard without further commentary. It only took a minute of careful progression for them all to realize these were not simple steps into a basement. Things started to bend in a subtle spiral, taking them into a deep descent below the surface. They lost track of how long the climb had taken by the time a corridor finally greeted them at the bottom. Mold and plant life were virtually non-existent at this point, though there was little of anything else worth noting. A few nooks in the wall might have once been used for torches, or maybe a roaming monster went nuts in this narrow space. It was hard to tell.

At least there wasn't a door to worry about at the end of everything. Deiser held his axe forward, letting it's magical light illuminate their path as he cautiously crossed through the open archway. Beyond it was a massively wide chamber that seemed to serve as some kind of hub. The ceiling was so high even Yuki's light spell could barely reach it. Over a dozen more open pathways branched off to lord knows where. Granted, several were collapsed from decades, if not centuries, of decay.

That wasn't what interested Beatrice. A glinting of gold at the dead center of the room had her gaze locked on the source. Resting on a raised stone platform at the chambers center was a small pedestal carved of the rare material to resemble a massive animals paw. It's base had to have been made of solid gold, with silver used for the claws coming out of each fist-sized toe. Bits of copper decorated various ridges meant to imitate fur. Perhaps it was meant to resemble a wolf or bears limb.

"Should you really be getting that close to it?" Yuki's voice cut through the silence, drawing Deiser's attention from some faded mural paintings by the entrance they came through.

Her words barely reached Beatrice. The opossum was already stepping onto the platform, leaning in for a closer inspection. Bringing the light of her sword closer finally made it apparent what felt so off about this sole room decoration. Not a hint of rust shown on the bits of copper trimmings. While silver and gold could fade over time, the red metal needed near constant maintenance for this level of shine.

"This is either brand new, magically enhanced, or someone is still living here," she said conclusively. More out of idle musing, though it did help share a warning to her new friends approaching slowly to join her. "Looks a bit heavy for us to be lugging up those stairs, though. Good thing I brought tools for breaking it apart."

"You really want to mess with this thing?" Yuki stopped at the platforms edge, missing her chance to catch Deiser on his approach. "I'm not too thrilled about taking someone's property if they're still here."

"Anything that lives here is probably a lich or something subterranean." Deiser gave the paw a gentle kick in the toe with his boot. There was no hollow resonating sound like he expected. However, it did cause Beatrice to recoil with a startled hissing noise specific to an alarmed rodent. "Besides, the rest of this place is way too worn down to have any working booby traps. What are the odds..."

Everyone turned stiff as statues when a loud clunk rang throughout the chamber. There was no mistaking the sound of a mechanism lurching on old rigs from somewhere around the decorative bait. From atop the statues flat top opened a chamber that allowed a smaller stand of ivory to rise up. Within it's three prongs sat the largest emerald any of the adventurers had ever seen. It's top could have easily gone a full foot around, barely fitting into the paw that had housed it.

"Okay. We can forget the stand." Beatrice could practically be seen drooling as she reached out with both hands for the presented jewel. "This is going to buy us a city block."

"I'd be happy with a good cut of steak," Deiser said with a chuckle. "Grab it and lets go?"

Beatrice hissed at him with an angry glare. "You just proved through your own meandering this place still has working mechanisms in place. Lifting a great treasure off its resting place without securing it is never a good idea."

"You have no idea how many times we've had this conversation." Yuki's low grumblings went largely ignored.

"Relax. There's nothing here we can't handle."

Without a second thought, the scrawny fighter plucked the emerald off its stand, leaving Beatrice gawking at empty space with her fingers still outstretched around the same area.

Before anyone could gather enough wit to comment, they heard a loud bang from under their feet. The entire platform began to jostle, prompting Yuki's adventuring reflexes to make her jump off. Her feet hadn't even touched the ground before the entire section gave way, sending the treasured paw table and the two idiots next to it tumbling down a concealed slide. A moment later the platform rose back into place with the golden paw back where it had been like nothing had happened.

"Fantastic," Yuki gasped once she'd realized their new situation. The giant emerald was now also gone along with Deiser. While the monetary value wasn't all that a concern, it did give her something to work with. Hands flew in front of her weaving an invisible tapestry. Words came out in a hushed tone of an ancient language. Every motion filled the air with bright glowing lines until it almost formed a shape in front of her.

The mage gave out a loud gasp upon her spell's completion. All the magic she'd gathered from the surrounding earth rushed across her face, feeding the humans mind with vital information. Deiser always disliked her use of tracking spells. Something about them making exploration a lot less fun. In this such case, he'd have to go along with it, as tracking the gem now gave his exact location and the quickest route to get there.

"Try not to set off anymore traps without me, goof," she mused, straightening her robes before turning towards the correct passageway. Luckily it wasn't one of the already collapsed ones. A round about path would make her feet hurt more than the stairs already did.

It didn't really matter in the end. Yuki didn't get three steps when a tingle struck her in the neck, eliciting a yelp. Some unknown force pushed in between her shoulders, tracing itself along her spine to the small of her back. With it came an explosion of cold racing out from her center, freezing her down to toes and fingertips.

"NOW THAT IS AN ADORABLE LITTLE CRY FOR A HUMAN. HOW CUTE!"

The voice was powerfully feminine, echoing across the chamber walls with its amplified acoustics. More than enough to jump start Yuki's fighting instincts. She leapt forward, doing a spin in mid-air so she landed facing back towards the platform. Hands raised, already drawing magic in for a barrage of attack spells.

Nothing greeted her except the same golden monster paw and empty ivory stand as before.

"And who are you?" she called out, surprised to find her voice didn't carry in the slightest with all the empty space. "Please don't tell me Deiser just released another demon lord."

A sound akin to a laugh and a roar combined reverberated across Yuki's entire body. The magic she'd gathered in her hands dispersed as those were needed to cover her ears. It continued for so long she was sure her blood was vibrating.

"THAT IS INTERESTING IT'S HAPPENED TO YOU MORE THAN ONCE, BUT MAYBE A TALE FOR ANOTHER DAY. NO. I AM MUCH MORE MAJESTIC THAN SOME POMPOUS HELL SPAWN."

"Well, at least you're not pompous."

"OH NO. I'M TOTALLY POMPOUS. I'M JUST A LOT BETTER THAN A DEMON. THOUGH I AM GREATFUL FOR YOU LOT FREEING ME."

Yuki wondered if this, obnoxiously loud, entity understood the meaning of the word 'pompous' while struggling for a plan of action. Running back up the insane length of stairs was totally out with her weak legs. They were so far underground her teleportation spell wouldn't make it to the surface. Dying from phasing your physical body into bedrock was not the tale she wanted to make.

And now there was black smoke rising out of the ivory stand.

Yuki was quick to resume prepping her offensive spells. Defying all known logic, the ivory decoration appeared to be melting before the woman's eyes. Streams of smoke exuded from the material like it was on fire without a hint of a flame. Meanwhile the thing regressed into little more than a puddle across the stands flat supporting surface.

The fact said smoke remained condensed into a single cloud floating high above the chambers ample space left Yuki knowing better. Her entire attention focused on that ominous black substance. Fingers drew back ready to direct her strongest attacks at anything daring to form from, or materialize out of its thick cover.

Something pointed tapped her shoulder gently enough to feel the poke.

"OVER HERE, SWEET CHEEKS!"

Panic ripped Yuki from her trained stance. Her screaming, incoherent words became drowned out by another round of growling laughter. Flailing arms discharged the carefully set spells in her hands, blasting bolts of lightning, fireballs, and a few rounds of acid across various walls in the chamber. Most of which caused enough damage to cave in two more of the old tunnels.

"WATCH WHAT YOU USE IN HERE, PEON. NEGLECTED AS IT MAY BE, THIS IS STILL MY HOME."

"Sorry!?" Yuki sputtered, and then kicked herself for apologizing to something she knew nothing about yet. Regaining some composure, she forced her hands to remain at her sides while turning to face them. "Oh...hell..."

"I JUST SAID..." The looming monster coughed several times, a giant extremity that looked like it might have been a paw, but with a thick rounded thumb, rubbed at the girth of its throat. "Sorry. I've been sealed for so long my throat got a bit scratchy."

"Understandable," Yuki said in a squeak. Her gaze drifted up trying to see the towering monster past the reach of their enormous breasts. "How does a behemoth end up getting sealed in a place like this?"

Large nostrils flared in a loud, angry snort. The female, as it was undeniable so with those hips, scrunched her snout enough so lips revealed some sharp front teeth. "My name's Ciel. Thanks for asking, intruder. Nice to know humans are still grubby little ants after all this time. Not that I know how long it's been. Stuff to look into later, I suppose."

Yuki pondered making a break for it, but with leg muscles as big as her entire body, that would be a very brief attempt.

There were plenty of tales and books about the mighty monsters known as behemoths, but this would be her first time being up close to one. The massive digitigrade paws it stood on for feet spread its three meaty toes looking ready to break her legs in a single step. Most of its fur seemed to be a short crimson red, though large collars of shaggy white fuzz decorated its heels and wrists. Despite being a beast of mythical standards, she sported a curvy figure most ladies would die for. Complemented with the powerful muscles creasing her coat in dense ridges. Something told Yuki trying to run her dagger through that six pack of abs would only result in a broken knife and a very angry beast.

"You're staring, hun." Ceil's repressed, yet still booming, voice jolted Yuki into gawking up at their face again. She was like a mix of a bull and a wolf. Their snout bulged out wide and blunt, lined with so many dangerous looking teeth. Two large horns grew from her head and jutted forward two feet into sharp points, shining a coal black to match the spikes protruding from her shoulders. Around their base grew out a rich mane of the blue hair, cascading down her back following to the very tip of a long, meaty tail. A powerfully thick log of muscle she slapped the ground with while flashing an amused smirk. "If you want to grope my tits, you can just ask. I'm feeling generous for my release."

Yuki's response at being invited to such amazing breasts bigger than her head was thrusting out her first two fingers. Twin bolts of lightning fired off at the tips in a zigzag pattern striking Ceil straight in her cleavage. She prayed to the gods for a result of burning fur smells, screams of pain, and the flailing of those boulder muscles getting several thousand volts rushed through them.

Instead, the spell passed right through Ceil's chest, causing her torso to spread open in a small hole with the shoulders and stomach around it waving about like vapor wisps. Yuki's lightning continued on its set course, only being stopped with an explosion of rubble by the far wall. The behemoth turned like a third of her body wasn't dissolved into a red mist, complete with disembodied arms and head attached to nothing. Assessing the damage made her eyebrows furrow as she began growling in long breaths.

"Now that's just being rude," she said, turning back to glare down a stunned Yuki. Slowly her mist began to fill back in, interconnecting webs until she had a solid looking set of shoulders and breasts again. "I just said this was my home and you go causing more damage. It's not like I know anything about repairing stone, you know."

"Sorry." The response came almost on reflex at being scolded with such intense anger that Yuki kicked herself for apologizing to this monster. If they'd been sealed for centuries, it might have been for a good reason. "I didn't realize I was dealing with a ghost."

That assessment didn't feel quite right either. Ghosts were the incorporeal remnants of vengeful undead. They were hard to kill by conventional means, but rarely immune to the effects of magic. Yet, Yuki had a dreading sense that this wasn't just some illusion, either.

As if picking up on her train of thought, Ceil started that booming laugh again. "You're half right, mage. My body was obliterated by people much stronger than you, but I bound my soul to this place just in case. Not exactly a phylactery like those ugly liches. More like making myself a pickle in a jar until I can find a new vessel. Shame they figured it out and made that mana stone to seal me."

"Mana..." Dots connected fast inside Yuki's head. Her gaze risked turning away from Ceil's looming form back to the golden paw atop the platform that'd stolen her party.

A force akin to a brick wall struck her before she could get her arms halfway up. Her chubby body sailed through the air at such high speeds that the chamber was spinning in a blur of grey rocks. All things considered; Yuki was grateful that she landed on her side in a hard skid across the floor. A far better cry from her face meeting the wall.

"Didn't think I can still do stuff, did ya? Huh?" Ceil taunted while pulling back her left hand. The punch had been little more than a love tap despite being a fist comparable in size to a dwarf. Rounded squishy fingers uncurled from their fist formation back into their natural paw shape. "Just because I don't have a body for all this beef doesn't mean my powers are lacking. Now it'd be nice if we could stay polite to each other without trying to destroy the only container keeping me alive for the moment."

The way Ceil's plump, animalistic hands ran over the curves of her hips and bust during 'all this beef' went unappreciated in Yuki's current state. They were still sputtering on the floor slowly trying to figure out if their organs worked after such a punch. After a bit of enduring pain, she was relieved to find her arms and legs could move enough to roll into a sitting position on the floor.

"Are you going to kill us now?"

"You're funny." Ceil dropped to all fours in a fit of giggles. A posture that looked just as natural to her monster attributes as standing upright. Her four paws made no sound while they carried her around Yuki, though that didn't make her predator circling any less intimidating. "I just said I don't have a body, and three little derps just happened to come climbing down and release me. This is a grand day for all of us."

"Oooh."

Nothing about this answer worked to reassure Yuki. Granted it probably wasn't meant to be. The giant beast wasn't about to give her an opportunity to fully weigh in on the matter either way. Ceil finished her lap around their frightened human company, coming to a stop in front of Yuki resting hunches against the floor like the world's biggest dog. Golden eyes with vertical slits bobbed up and down, scanning her in an almost violating way.

"Not too bad." Ceil clicked the roof of her snout in playful approval. "Might not be exactly what I'm going for though. We'll have to see after some renovations. Let's not waste any more time. I don't like thinking about what your two friends could be off doing in my lower chambers."

One of her huge hands came forward and slammed down upon Yuki's legs. She cried out, flinching away in the expected rush of pain. Unlike what happened with the punch, however, she was startled to not feel any physical pain. What was more akin to a wave of ice water crashed upon her lower body, chilling her down to the bone while it washed over her chest and arms.

Looking back to Ceil, it seemed the apparent attack had the same result as Yuki's lightning bolt. The pawed hand had dispersed into a cloud of red and black mist up to the fluffy 'bracelet' of feathery fur around her wrist. The beast chuckled at her questioning gaze and pulled back her arm. While the hand took it's time reforming out of her muscular stump, the mist lingered as a blanket across Yuki's legs. It wasn't so much as fading, as it seemed to be drawing into her pants, seeping past the fabric and assaulting the smooth skin underneath.

"Oh no."

The way the fine hairs on Yuki's legs itched at this monster's invading essence was not a good sign. A sentiment confirmed when her boots grew tight. Yuki's voice cracked into a squeak. She lifted her legs up, watching leather bulge around her calves. Everything below the knee thickened at an alarming rate, making the material groan in protest to stay around her. From within she could feel her bones cracking, the very

anatomy of her feet adjusting. The tips of each boot bubbled especially hard as she lost feeling in some toes, while other became much more pronounced.

"Oh no! No! No! No!"

She focused through the disturbing sensations of her body's unseen changes in an effort to conjure up more magic. By then it was clearly too late. Yuki's traveling footwear held out for an amazing long time thanks to some minor durability enchantments. The ends throbbed in grotesque boils with her feets unrelenting growth within, border lining painful with how hard they pinched whatever toes were left.

It was a surprising rupture from her heels that finally relieved her tension. Granted, the last thing Yuki was happy to see were giant black claws coming out the back of her feet. The heel itself jutted out a few inches with it, wiggling about with durability no human should have. It was like she'd just grown a reverse toe.

With this breach, seams binding the soles to her boots began to loose their hold, popping off the bottom. The remaining footwear tore off the overwhelming girth of Yuki's swelling legs. What unfurled out from inside them were the same paws as the beast looming over her with smug satisfaction. Three massive toes stretched out in the open air, round as oranges and decorated in the same black claws. Coating their once human skin were hundreds upon thousands of fine hairs decorated a creamy white running along the digitigrade soles to her heel-toe. The rest were coated in in a pelt a dark blue that reminded her of the night sky.

"Hmnngh! AAah! Aah!"

Yuki kicked her altered feet against the writhing magic creeping up her legs. Gashes formed along the length of her pants, letting flesh bulge through in signs of its growing fur coat. More than that, she was dumbstruck at the rapid way her flesh wrinkled and bulged. Muscles she couldn't have achieved with a lifetime of squats filled out her legs, making the enormous platforms a lot easier to move. Granted that left each limb almost as big as the rest of her still human body.

"Whoa boy!" Yuki groaned from the lingering pops of sinew and bone settling into their new behemoth cast. Another itching overtook her shins and she was only a little surprised to watch long silvery hairs sprout out of her lower legs, creating a fluffy collar from knees to paws. "Wha-WHOA NOW!"

Hard shifting struck Yuki in the hips, forcing her into a roll onto one side. Hands shot back to her flank trying to grasp some control. Flesh squirmed in her grasp as things bulked with incredible running muscles, spreading her pelvis impossibly wider. What remained of her pants exploded off her butt inflating several times its usual plumpness. Words failed the stunned wizard with her hands trying to grope over soft blue fur and excessive amounts of squishy fat.

"W-why are you doing thi...oooooh! Ah geez!"

Pressure pooled at the base of Yuki's spine, making her face blush harder at what could only be coming next. She somehow managed to work her legs into rolling onto her stomach. The disproportional enormous, and very naked, lower half of her undulated against the floor amidst strained and sensual moans.

From the space just above her enhanced posterior sprouted a fleshy tent among the fur. More of the long silver hairs grew out in a thick bush waving above her ass crack like a little tree. That was before a rush of rapid pings tickled at the very nerves of her spine, sparking the pleasure center of her mind. New vertebrae formed into existence, becoming wrapped in flexible muscle and sinew that started pushing the large tuft away from Yuki. Its mass billowed out, spreading her cheeks to find room for its building power. Extra mass slinked between the thick muscles of her thighs, tickling the souls of her paws as the tuft crawled past them.

"I said I needed a body," Ceil said, tracing a claw over Yuki's twitching tail upon its finished growth. Her efforts elicited the cutest of shivers from the changing human, who wasn't to having so much extra nerves. Like hers, it was thick and strong as behemoths should be. Though Yuki's had a trio of short spikes protruding out from the tip, surrounding the base of her tuft. "I also can't be a behemoth queen without a few aids and attendants. Now, can I? Being a magic caster will make you invaluable as a servant, so I won't bother possessing you or altering your mind. Not yet anyway. We'll see how you take to being uplifted by my generosity."

"Thanks," Yuki said against the stone floor her heated face had planted into.

She wasn't exactly thrilled about considering her now bottom-heavy body being called uplifted, nor the idea of one of her party members being taken over by this lingering creature. Problem being there wasn't much she could do about it at the moment. The sheer girth of her legs, combined with their inhuman strength was making it hard to shift position. If she could just get that damn gold statue in sight, she could have at least flung some fireballs at it.

"O-oh!" Air blasted out her lungs when something kicked at her chest. Another hard jostle against her cold stone floor made Yuki realize her breasts were shifting. Hoisting on to hands and knees the best she could with one part four times larger than the other, her jaw hit the floor watching her tunic ruffle about with frantic motions.

"Oh my god!" she cried when her chest succumbed to whatever force it was fighting. Within seconds her breasts went from modestly ample to stretching out her top like it was stuffed with watermelons. Bits of fleece tore all over the pronounced bulges sinking ever closer to the floor, allowing soft flesh to bulge through the cracks coated in the creamy white fur. "Haa! Haa! HNNNGH! N-no!"

When the front of her tunic busted open, the mammaries that spilled out across the floor and her outstretched support arms were just as enormous as the rest of her. The girth of enlarged blue nipples ground against the stone floor, sparking a flame of arousal she couldn't help moaning with. So much fat poured into her that they became the main support from another face plant instead of her trembling human arms.

The rest of her torso wasn't far behind. Cracks and hard snapping of growing bones expanded her waist. Stomach fat ironed out, only for the smoothed area to rise up in chiseled sets of bricked around her belly button. With a loud crunch, Yuki cried as her back hunched in a massive surge that tore the rest of her tunic apart. Shoulders broadened to better match her thick curved hips, helping everything even out in a much, much larger state. From the middle of her upper back two thick black spikes pierced through the flesh, weaving into an offensive formation above her muscular shoulders as natural charging weapons.

Drool rained out of Yuki's gaping mouth. Fur was bristling all over her exposed body, and she watched dense layers trickle down her arms with no idea how to combat these changes. Biceps flexed of their own accord, growing longer and incredibly thick with defining ridges bulging through the fresh pelt much like her thighs. Copious amounts of the silver hair busted from her forearms in a whoosh of air, leaving them with the feathery style collars.

"Mmmpphhh!" she growled in an increasingly animalistic way.

Tension rolled down the final way into her hands and she clenched both into fists against the trying to hold it back. All it really bought were a few extra seconds. Both hands pulsed in a building rhythm, puffing large and inflating, leaving them just a bit bigger each time. On the final, hardest flex, her fingers were forced to shoot out in an open spread. Each digit exploded into a rounded meatball so thick they rubbed against each other at all times. Perfectly maintained nails popped off in favor of claws so sharp that her involuntary grasping pierced small holes through the stone beneath them.

Yuki found her overgrown body a bit easier to manage with things becoming more anatomically proportionate. Some areas more than others, she lamented with a scoffing gaze at her tits smushed on the floor. Newfound arm muscles allowed her to push off into a sitting position on her haunches, reminding her of all the fat that'd piled on back there. The motion left her disoriented for a moment simply because of the drastic increase in height even this position left for her. Everything felt so much further away.

She held up her transformed hands, clenching and opening them in awed experimentation. The palms and underside of each digit had the same creamy white as her feet's bottoms, chest and stomach. They could grip things well enough, but the girth of her paw-looking fingers severely dampened their ability to grip complex tools every again.

It was certainly going to make casting with somatic components a nightmare to relearn.

"Well, aren't you looking cute with that tiny little head of yours!" Ceil's chiding rocked Yuki to look up, finding herself eye level with the standing behemoths equally ample chest. "Let's wrap you up fast so I can see to the other ding dongs. Boop!"

Without explanation one of her thick pointer fingers pushed on Yuki's nose. Like before the section that interacted with living flesh dispersed into a cloud of thick red and black mist. That was still something Yuki didn't like getting shoved in her still human face.

"Bleh!"

Try as she might, Yuki couldn't hold her breath against the lingering fog. Her mouth flung open, eyes growing wide at the sensation of her tongue flopping out in a long dangle down her chin. Eyes went cross trying to make sense of how it'd bloated so long and thick it couldn't even wiggle back into her mouth.

"Hggggh!! S-shtoopphh!"

Guttural pleas were drowned out by the enormous crunches pushing at her face from underneath. Skin bubbled like she was covering a roaring couldn't, leaving cheeks stretching and cranium expanding. Then there came the crackling of her jaw growing. Little by little her chin hefted up the engorged tongue like an extending bridge, becoming flush with a growth of white fur that quickly became matted in drool. Her nose was getting pushed out along the way, nostrils forcibly moving apart with the reforming wide bone structure underneath.

"GAH!"

The moment all tension suddenly left her head Yuki couldn't help slamming her mouth closed with a loud snapping of sharp teeth. It was a miracle she didn't bite her tongue in the process, though by then it'd obvious been made for enough room now. Her eyes remained crossed trying to take in the thick bridge jutting out at the bottom of her vision. Hands gingerly patted the rest of her altered head, being mindful of the claws. Ears now stretched out, large and pointed more towards the top of her scalp and coated in thick blue fur. Behind them emerged two solid horns jutting towards the ceiling like lightning bolt. It spoke volumes to her neck strength that she couldn't even feel the large bones extra weight. The already long silver hair she'd kept as a human had become much thicker, running down her back in a rich main all the way to her tail base.

"Now you're perfect! I especially like the blue." Ceil cooed, running her hand over Yuki's hair in waves of running mist.

"Ooohhh...so...big..." Yuki couldn't believe how deep and rumbling her voice felt when speaking now. So much shifting and jostling with even the slightest movements, especially with the enormous tail thrashing about behind her. Still, the minor gesture across the many tiny hairs of her fur felt relaxing. she couldn't help leaning into it, letting her tongue roll out the side of her muzzle with heaving breaths.

At least until she felt something more solid slink around her neck and tighten with a metallic clink.

"HEY!"

Yuki reeled back, both hands thrusting out and through Ceil's form. When pushing the beastly manifestation didn't work, she scrambled onto her paws and took a few clumsy steps to gain some distance between them. Walking on tip toes with a massive log of meat weighing down one's ass was one of many adjustments she was not excited about learning.

"The heck is this for!?" Yuki grasped at her neck. There was the definite feeling of a leather collar strapped around it, but her digits could get a grip on the clasp with their current paw likeness. She certainly wasn't about to risk using claws in such a vital area to remove it.

"A simple magic suppressor," Ceil shrugged while her chest and stomach slowly reformed. "I keep those well stocked for wandering adventurers like you. Glad they weren't all looted by now. Anyway, I don't expect you to master casting magic in your perfect behemoth body right away, but just to make sure you don't try and end up damaging the cask keeping me alive, this is better for all of us. Don't make me regret leaving you alone while I chase down your friends. Okay?"

The red behemoth put a hand to the front of her snout and blew Yuki a kiss. A motion that disturbingly dislocated said mouth and sent it flying to the voluptuous blue behemoth in the form of a paw print. Seconds later the rest of her body dissolved its defined shape and floated as a thick cloud down the passageway Yuki's spell had directed its detection magic earlier.

Yuki didn't bother trying to dodge the kiss as it struck between her sloshing breasts and dispersed. Why did she end up even curvier than the narcissistic demon trapped here? She could worry about seeing the floor when standing again later. No sooner had Ceil left than she directed all her attention on the golden paw standing in the middle of its trapped platform.

Having magic sealed might be one thing. They clearly haven't considered Yuki was now just as huge and muscular as Ceil herself. Nostrils flared wide with her smug grin, back doubling over as she aimed one of the deadly spikes on the source of all their problems. The charge was swift and fast, thanks to her tails natural ability to compensate with all the forward weight on her chest. Paws padded across the stone with amazingly little noise for her size, closing the distance on her target with maximum force.

"OOOOWWWWWW!!!"

While Yuki's aim was true, the force of her spikes collision with the statue only resulted in her tumbling off to one side and rolling across the floor. Pain vibrated from the base of her spike directly into the nearby spine, leaving her seeing stars on a red backdrop through the pain. Animal barking filled the chamber with her blind thrashing for several seconds until things finally cooled enough that she could see straight over her muzzle again.

The attack hadn't so much as put a dent in the glittering object. Yuki growled as she circled the thing on all fours, a stance that was disturbingly easier than moving on her hind legs. That was sure a lot of pain for breaking a tip of her back spike. Taking a deep breath, she reared up and slammed both hand against the paw. Once again, it didn't wobble in the slightest. A few ricks of her claws generated an ear bleeding screech and still left no damage on the valuable metals.

Were she a less disciplined person, the former human might have even tried out her sharp fangs trying to bite the stupid thing. That would explain Ceil's concern about the use of magic. Objects protected with enough resistances could be virtually immune to natural attacks. She'd probably need something like a keg of gunpowder to make any headway. Shame the only one likely to have that was Beatrice and her bottomless travel pack.

"Ah crap!" Yuki's pointed ears perked at remembering the other people that'd fallen for this trap. Making an amazingly sleek about face for all her rich curves, she broke into a gallop down the same tunnel Ceil had taken. "Deiser, I better find you before she does!"

*

Hard landings were never enjoyable, but of all things Beatrice could land on, she was glad it was her tits. A tail is nothing more than an extension of nerves and spine muscle. Just getting it caught in a door would mean solid pain for the next hour. On the opposite end, landing on one's head was equally painful at best, and a broken neck at worst. Thriving opossums looking for a good sell can't make profit with a broken neck.

A minute or so passed before the overwhelming vertigo passed, allowing Beatrice to rise on shaking legs. Some quick pat downs confirmed not much was broken, though her clothes had several new gashes thanks to the slides corroded stone surface. Fun times for all.

"Any of you guys here?" she called out to the darkness.

"I'm somewhere," Deiser's voice answered from off to the right. "Where did we go?"

"Apparently? I'd say we're even further down than we already were. Hang on a tick." Beatrice fished around her pockets, delighted to find most of her emergency trinkets weren't broken. Pulling out a small metal square, she flicked at a latch that caused its top section to swing open. The old lighter clicked on after a few tries of its turn switch, washing green light over the opossum's slightly dirty figure.

The little magic pocket torch was just one of many items that'd seem plenty of use over the years, but she was glad to always have on hand for situations like this. From the looks of things, they might have landed in a living area of some sort. Most ruins that might have resembled furniture were dried out or rotted away from anything discernible. Only the stone carved bases for beds and seats remained, covered in moss and chipped away by time.

Very large seats, Beatrice noticed. Wide enough to fit two of her comfortably.

It was easy enough to find Deiser without the light. All that gear clinking together as he got up rang through the cavernous dwelling like an orchestra. Seeing him straighten with barely a blemish, much less change to his cheerful smile really had the opossum wondering what this guy was made of.

"Wow." He glanced around the stone room in rapt awe, taking in all the green light could illuminate before settling back on Beatrice. "This place is a dump. How do we get back upstairs? Yuki is probably worried sick."

Beatrice snorted. "I have no clue. We should probably check the map."

"Great idea!" Deiser happily dug through his remaining pouches, then checked his pockets. It was amazing that it took him three rotations of this before looking back at the opossum with a grin. "Funny!"

"I thought it was," she replied, sticking her tongue out at him. "I see a few exit tunnels over on that side. We'll have to chalk mark our path and hope our luck works out. Most dwellings aren't exactly labyrinths."

"That's always a good sign." Deiser brushed away some rusted metal that might have been armor at some point, revealing an even rustier grating for a vent shaft in the floor. He immediately regretted that mistake when it kicked up a cloud of dust. "You got chalk right?"

"Are you crazy?" Beatrice hefted her body-sized backpack off the ground where it'd fallen from their tumble. "I need all the room I can manage in this thing for the copious amounts of trout I hoard."

Deiser stepped off the grate trying to wave the annoying dust away in his coughing fit. Given the green light of Beatrice's torch, both failed to notice the increasingly red tint of the cloud seeping out of the vent behind him. "You stuff that thing with trout? I've been wondering about that smell for days."

"That was pure sarcasm, you dazzling goofball!" Beatrice laughed in her efforts to pull a stick of chalk from a side pocket. Her pink skinned tail dropped with a passing thought. "Wait. What smell of mine are we talking about here!?"

"Well, it all started back at town when I...aye aye eeeeeeee arrrrrugh?!"

"That sure explains a lot." Beatrice tried sounding amused, but having the equivalent of one's security start jabbering did not bode well. Stretching her magic light out, it better illuminated how Deiser had become almost obscured by clouds of red smoke. His posture remained stiff with limbs giving off random joint twitches. "Uh, Deiser?"

His response was little more than random noises as if imitating an animals. Eyes stared intently forward, right through the very worried opossum.

"Ah!" A female sound voice boomed from everywhere at once. It's tone seemed to reverberate off the stone with a low growl. "Now this is a good host."

"Wha-?" Deiser couldn't even force the single word out. All at once the thick cloud seemed to compress in, wrapping around his body. Hands shot out to either side of him clenching into fists. Teeth clenched in a strained cry.

Such small resistance could do nothing against whatever force assaulted him. Beatrice nearly dropped the torch with her jaw baring witness to the red vapors entering the humans body. Armor and clothes seemed to do little to hinder the attempts, phasing right through to pierce the skin underneath. Within seconds the thickened smoke was simply gone, leaving Deiser slumped to his knees heaving for breath.

"You, uh, doing all right there?" she ventured to ask, though didn't dare take a step towards him. In fact, her bare pink feet were instinctively backing away.

"GRAH!"

Getting a slurring attempt at a roar in response wasn't what really alarmed Beatrice. Watching Deiser throw his head back, thrusting chest out deserved that honor. The padded leather around his pecs warped and stretched in ways that went beyond a simple flexing. A softer, rounded shape too squished in the limited space to be all muscle. Material groaned against the impressive shelf billowing Deiser's chest outward, several rips sounding off across its surface so bulges of red fur could breach.

"Whaaarrgghh!"

Deiser's mighty struggle barely lasted a minute before most of his vest exploded off in a rain of tanned scraps. The sheer girth of newly grown breasts that he set free took Beatrice's breath away. Absolute boulders covered in shaggy red fur bounced against the floor twice before settling into the human's lap. Excess mass spilled over his legs, virtually smothering his lower body from sight. Areolas round as bread plates shinned back at the gaping opossum in their jet-black skin covered in goosebumps.

"Is...is this...supposed to happen?" Deiser struggled to get each word out with each breath. Hands groped at the tits bigger than the rest of his body combined, unable to do much besides squeeze at their soft flesh. Both him and Beatrice probably couldn't hope to lift just one like this. "I think I...need...haa..heee...RRRRAAGH!?"

Spasms wreaked across Deiser's body in a series of rapid-fire pops. Slowly but steadily the man's size increased in pulsing waves, putting an increasing strain among his remaining clothes. Among his strained groans and snaps of growing bones came the cracks of breaking seams. Leather creaked around the swelling definition of what was undoubtedly muscle filling his flailing limbs. Areas of increasingly exposed skin made it clear the red fur was doing its best to overtake his entire body.

In all fairness, Beatrice wasn't sure how to take this mounting series of events. On the one pink-skinned hand, the party tank was quickly transforming into something big enough that those massive tits were looking less overbearing. On her other hand,

this was starting to look insanely sexy. Those were epic boulders on someone the size of Clydesdale horse, and demanded the opossum's attention with every bounce. Watching his pants explode with the drastic widening of his hips only made this building figure of feminine power all the more alluring. That was certainly a muscle butt that could crush a walnut.

"Bwah!!" The sudden growth of a tail rocked Deiser forward onto hands and feet. Even with his incredible size, those boobs still hung with enough weight that they threatened to squish onto the cold stone floor. He couldn't really focus on those swaying flesh sacks with the back of his shorts tenting against the painful pinch on his spine. It certainly wasn't stopping things from adding on more vertebrae and muscles with every passing second. The very cheeks of his rear had to split over a thickening base demanding much more room. Excess bulged down one pant leg while more bunched up trying to escape over the waistband.

This is why Beatrice never liked investing in enchanted clothing. Whatever Deiser had spent on getting those pants reinforced wasn't worth it in this silly, yet sexy, state. It was like the time she invested a ton of gold into getting her bra upgraded against poison attacks only to be transformed into an intersex cow person. Nearly crushed her rib cage when those huge tits couldn't break the cups.

All the more reason she felt it a personal favor when the opossum went around carefully cutting at Deiser's pants with her utility knife. Some snips along the outer edges helped free a set of juicy thighs ridged with beef. She bit her lower lip fighting the urge to hug them.

Trying to cut the seat around that amazing ass with a writhing tail inside it was a little trickier. Not helping was how her gentle touches on Deiser's exposed red fur elicited surprisingly sensual moans from the transforming man.

"Hang on," she cooed playfully. The blade managed to find its way under one big gash in the hemp for her to saw at the waistband. "I got you, big guy."

In hindsight, it would have been helpful to account for the large length of muscle getting bunched up inside the tearing set of stubborn trousers. Finally getting the waistband sliced apart produced a spring-loaded effect on the meaty tail Deiser was starting to waggle round. There was enough time to watch the remaining pants fly off in separate pieces, then the opossum's vision became marred by a large bushel of soft white hairs at the tails tip.

"Bwaaaah!" her cute squeal echoed in the empty chamber as a single swing of Deiser's curvy hips created a tail slap that sent Beatrice flying. She came to a crash several meters away sprawled on her back. The ceilings murals might have been heavily faded, but they still looked like they were dancing.

Drool leaked down Deiser's mouth despite having the state of mind to glance back at his accidental attack. "Sorry about thrrraaht! Rrrargh!"

Cramps cascaded down his thighs, compelling his back to arch and stretch out both legs. In one flex, their already dense thick muscles doubled in size, and then doubled on each other again. Space between them became incredibly narrow with so much dense curves running down to calves firmed up with the strength of a deadly pouncing predator.

All this strength crashed into his shoes with a reverberating crunch. The heels tore from their soles with the drastic lengthening of his feet, forcing them to stay at a high arch in the air. Collars of thick blue hairs developed on the raised heels while the fronts tore apart with the explosive spread of giant animal paws. Plump, rounded toes splayed wide apart, digging sharp black claws into the stone floor like knives into cheese.

"Mmmh!" Deiser reversed his stance, grinding his hips against the floor with chest thrusting his imposing tits forward. Little moans sounded off with a deep rumbling sound that could be considered purring. Exceptionally large spikes grew out from behind his broadening shoulders. Constant flexing made short work of what remained of his shirts. The boney protrusions jutted forward, growing into great natural weapons for rush attacks. "Feels...so good..."

He was a bit too out of it to realize he no longer sounded like himself. The deep pitch escaping around sharpening fangs oozed with a confidence that border lined arrogance. Every breath gave off the impression of flirting with a hungry beast.

Biceps bulged, making Deiser slam at the ground with his hands in a steady rhythm. Much like his legs, both arms increased in size again and again, swelling in timed flexes so his pounds hit with increasing force. On the final punch, both hands spread their fingers with an explosive feeling of bones popping, rings of dense blue hairs fluffing into existence around the wrists. Digits puffed into rounder, less flexible, meatballs supported by plush fleshy pads at each tip. Fingernails popped off with the unsheathing of much bigger black claws, digging trails in the stone ground with barely a second thought.

"Gwah!" A hard shift right between his eyes made Deiser snap back to reality, if only for a split second. Now golden eyes went cross trying to take in how much wider his nose looked. Nostrils bulged with his upper lip, stretching themselves wider in the process. "W-what's going...aahhhnnnnnnnggrrraah!"

The feeling quickly returned tenfold. A force not unlike a sledgehammer pushed at his face from underneath the skin, forcing everything further away from his skull. Jaws fell open into a forced yawn, stretching in a series of tense cracks to make room from additional fangs growing in. A thick tongue flopped over his front lips a moment before the growing muzzle could catch up enough to contain it. It was almost luck he avoided biting it when the bull like horns pierced through his temple in a final explosion of growth.

"Aaaaahh!!" The naked behemoth shook her frame out like a typical canine, relishing the way her muscular physic loosened its freshly made strength. In the process

her nearly non-existent brown hair turned a bright shade of blue, gaining feet worth of growth with every bob of her head until it nearly covered the whole of her back. "Yes. This is perfect. Thank you for letting me borrow your new body, silly human."

Ciel flapped her jaw a few times, continuing to watch the bridge of her thick muzzle as she got used to having an actual mouth again. It'd really been so long that the simple act of salivating brought a sense of unfamiliarity. Giggling at the silliness of it, she reared back onto hind paws. Her hands thick bappers took their time roaming along the curves of her looming figure, enjoying every ridged contour of muscle or plush fat filling out the edges. Having an actual tail to thump across the floor was a sensation she never knew she missed. Not to say anything of her prized titanic breasts.

"Oh?" She had to pry the mounds apart to see past them. There was a stirring in her crotch the monster woman definitely never had before. Still wasn't a totally unwelcome surprise to find the sight of a thick black phallus steadily rising to attention from between her thighs. A red furred sack dangled from under it. The ample girth enough that it brushed against her knees in its gentle rocking. "I see some parts of him don't want to give up without a fight. No worries, big guy. I can find a use for you."

Her gaze drifted over to the opossum still sprawled out on her chamber floor in a daze. Poor girl looked like she got rattled by too hard a tail thwacking. A little friendly resuscitation looked to be in order.

Ciel dropped to all fours again, lopping over to Beatrice with a surprisingly elegant gait for how much certain body parts jiggled about. Behemoth eyes made it so easy to see in the dark, but she still gave a deliberate flick of tail tuft that set several dormant stone torches ablaze with magical light. Some extra illumination made it easier for studying her next pray.

Casting a looming shadow still wasn't enough to rock Beatrice from her pleasant visions of epic red furred butts. Violently shaking her in the air while trying to remove her pants with one massive paw, however, rattled the opossum's brain back into action.

"Woof!" A soft gasp escaped Beatrice upon flopping back onto the floor. Pure luck barely kept her from a painful landing on her tail. Although the floor felt much colder on her nearly bottomless legs now. "Oooowie! What the..."

Meaty paw hands thumped on either side of the opossum, trapping her between pillars of rippling red fur. Having crimson tits bigger than her entire body splash down on her legs made sure Beatrice was totally trapped. She could think of far worse things to get pinned by than that warm, inviting cleavage. A low grumble from above forced her pointed nose to tilt away from such an arousing sight into the glowing gold eyes of the behemoth owning such awesome features.

"Oh...hello gorgeous!" Beatrice flashed a bright smile, showing off her own rows of sharp pearly whites. Her hands absently rubbed at the pawed hands flanking either side. "Not that I'm complaining about such wonderful new company, but dare I ask what happened to poor Deiser?"

The reaction was subtle, but Beatrice could tell it was throwing off the beast's smug aura. It still did a good job bouncing back despite the gentle caress on their plump fingers.

"Afraid he's taking a nap for the moment. You can call me Ceil, a queen of the ancient behemoths. I wouldn't worry too much about that little nerd," The beast talked with a purring growl under every word. A thick tongue trailed along her muzzles upper lip, brushing the fangs with fresh saliva. "I need to finish converting you trespassers into some fitting subjects for my lair. Then once I restore my full power, we can fashion myself a proper new body and I might just leave his like this. Hopefully he won't mind coming back as my twin sister."

"Mmmh!" Beatrice cooed as she sat up. Those massive red boobs rolled into her lap and pushed against her front better than any inn pillow she'd experienced. "That's kinda hot."

"Um...what?"

"I mean, who wouldn't enjoy some quality time with themselves?" Beatrice traced her hands up to cup the behemoths large cheeks. "Can you imagine the fun I'd have with three extra me?"

"Uh huh." Ceil popped her lips regretting that she entertained such a thought. Instincts had her recoiling from the affectionate touch without realizing it. The massive weight of her chest lifted off Beatrice. The room was feeling usually warm. Was she blushing!?

"I...must admit you are taking this with a lot more... enthusiasm than most mortals I capture."

"Clearly those mortals never knew how to have a good time." Beatrice didn't waste an opportunity to jump back onto her paws. An act that sent Ceil backpedaling several steps, remaining defensively on all four. "So how are we doing this? You already got my pants. Oh! You wanna take me from behind? Right? Just like I'd expect from a wild queen."

She didn't wait for a response before spinning her back towards Ceil. A rather big show was made of bending forward and removing her panties. The thick, skinless tail danced about with her seductive hip wiggles, waving a full opossum moon at the stunned behemoth. Pussy lips peeked out to say hello occasionally from between her thigh gap.

"What the heck is happening...?" Ceil said in barely a whisper. Most of the bravado had deflated from her aura as she took another cautious step back. Eyes couldn't tear away from that bouncing behind, unsure if she was even looking at prey anymore.

"Hey! You can't just rip a girl's pants off and get blue balls. That's just rude." Beatrice straightened up and closed the distance at a speed that left Ceil horrified. Long

shadows stretched across her face, further exaggerating the gleam of her sharp teeth. "Guess I have to make all the first moves from here."

"Whoa! Hey! Get away from me, you little weirdo!" Ceil recoiled onto her back paws, hoping to swat this horny woman away with one of her enormous hands. Instead, the tuft at the end of her thick tail caught in a nook of worn stone and sent her flopping into a painful landing on her back.

"Oh, hello baby!" Beatrice cried out upon having gotten caught between the behemoths spread muscular legs. The sheer girth of those crimson thighs was enough to crush her body in a pincer, but what drew all the opossum's affection was the stiff black phallus standing erect at Ceil's crotch. Now that was a thing of beauty; extending as long as her arm and swollen to be twice as thick. Even grasping it with both hands, she couldn't get her fingers fully around.

Having one's penis stroked was more than enough to snap Ceil out of her pratfall daze. A panicked bark escaped her lips as she propped up onto elbows watching the opossum go to town on her crotch.

"H-hey! You can't just go playing with a girl's...rrrggghhh...ah hell..."

"Yeah?" Beatrice's grin widened to show all her teeth looking back from the space between the behemoths spilled boobs. Her hands had drifted from the sensitive erection into a firm grip on the furry ball sack beneath it. A few gentle kneads on the testes within sent the monster's legs kicking her paws at the floor. "You like that, big queen? Someone is sure easy to domesticate."

"H-how dare you!" Ceil couldn't even bring herself to try sounding angry. Those furless pink fingers were working her junk with the skilled poise of a masseuse. It'd been so long since she'd had a physical form with either sex organs. The sensations of pleasure getting one of them played with like sacks of flower was basically new. "I...grrrr...huff...I am a mighty beast and yoooooOOOOoooo...show me proper tribute. GRah!"

"How about some expert worship instead?"

Beatrice's mouth dropped open and for a second Ceil's tail went stiff at seeing that many fangs not her own that close to her dick. Thankfully, their intent was made clearer when her tongue shot out and dragged slowly along the members underside towards its head.

"Mmmrrrrrrrwwaaaah!!" The behemoth fell back onto her shoulder spike, head rolling into the ground with a rumbling moan strong enough to make both of them tremble. Hands grasped at the stone floor, ripping out chunks with her claws. "This is n-not wha...what I had in mind, you know?"

"I don't see you trying to stop me."

The opossum's teasing tone was as arousing as it was insulting. Ceil had half a mind to raise one leg and give them a hard kick with her equally sized paw. That was before Beatrice started undulating her naked hips against the behemoth's balls, both hands and tongue working to assault her throbbing dick between humps.

"Looks like I'm the one about to get some tribute," The opossum cackled.

"C-curse you...who even are you...you..." Something stirred within Ceil's pelvis, causing her pupils to shrink to the size of raisins. Their large muzzle hung open for several seconds desperately gulping for air.

Feeling the large member swell and stiffen against her body encouraged Beatrice to increase her improvised penis humping in earnest. A bit of practiced yoga got her feet in on the action by squeezing toes around the squishy skin of Ceil's sack. She only needed to work the behemoth's pole a few more times when the big lady unleashed her greatest roar throughout the tunnels.

Ceil never realized she could see in polka dots before. Tension clenched across her pelvis, sending all the muscles in her lower body contracting. Wild bucks sent her hips thrusting into the air, greatly testing the opossum's grip. Each slap of her tail created larger cracks in the stone floor.

Giving the size of this beauty, Beatrice had expected a nice shower and was still surprised. Her arms grasped around the thick cock pulsing against her chest and got drenched in an absolute geyser of milky grey fluids. The first shot out the behemoth's cock alone had enough force that it splattered across the ceiling fifteen feet above them. Consecutive firings lost a significant amount of momentum, yet the balls under the opossum's feet never seemed to run out of juice. Molten hot cum came down in a rainstorm rendering both of them coated in the sticky substance.

Unfortunately, it also made the beasts member rather slippery. By Ceil's fourth attempt at fucking the air, Beatrice lost her grip and got sent flying as a result. Her half-naked body landed with a wet splat, going into a slide across the spunk coating everything. It was only by the uncomfortable embrace of a wall she came to a stop at all.

"Hot damn!" Her fall wasn't nearly as painful as it'd looked. Beatrice rolled into a sitting position without a moments pause. Hands clawed the layers of behemoth sponge from her face in a fit of gleeful laughter. "You must have been pent up for centuries to carry a load like that. You poor girl."

Given the big behemoth was still twitching about in small spurts of cum, it was likely she couldn't even hear Beatrice. That goofy smile as their muzzle hung open gasping for breath told everything for them.

"Oh?" A sudden twitching in her right hand stopped Beatrice from getting back up. She held it up enchanted by the way her fingers flexed out of sync in little growth spurts. The palm itself became too thick its weight pulled at the attached arm. Rough pads formed at the end of each sausage digit, just below sharp looking black claws.

"Wicked!" She grinned with a loud cackle, watching her other hand undergo the same pawification process. Both her cartoonishly large, beastly hands were quickly developing a fun coat of violet fur overtaking her usual patterns, complete with a collar of bushy black hairs around her strengthening wrists. "Guess it's my turn for the fun parts. Who knew behemoth cum was contagious?"

Crunches sent her feet kicking at the floor. The opossum looked down at her feet spread out before her. Toes clenched at the rush of tension filling them before splaying in a rush of soft pops and thick swelling. Souls grew even faster to become massive platforms easily capable of some good stomping if she felt like it later. A few more crunches lengthened the bone between toes and heel, giving her a crazy high arch to walk on. More of the long black fluff grew around the tops just above where some big dew claws were growing out.

Some hard shifts in her hips made Beatrice gasp. She didn't need to look to realize everything down there was getting bigger too. Some harsh grinding of added bones was met with a wider and wider girth. Her butt oozed across more the floor behind her with increasing amounts of fat and muscle and was soon squishing against the cold stone wall.

She took that as her cue and rolled over to be propped on all four of her new paws. She had meant to stand back up fully but having a rear suddenly get five times bigger kept her joints a bit pinned. Besides, this animal like stance was feeling almost as natural already. That was kinda hot.

"Ooooooh~!" Beatrice exhaled her joy at the assault of twinges occurring across her body. Her naked snatch was already getting really wet in the open air with the transformation going into overdrive. Little by little her opossum fur patterns faded under the darkening purple hue taking hold.

Under her thickening furry pelt, the girl's muscles were giving off little flexes in seemingly random places. It was almost like her body was a boiling pot, pushing out her mass thicker and stronger over time. Even her stomach and back got incredibly beefed, tearing her shirt in the process.

An invisible hand rolled across Beatrice's spine, coaxing her juicy ass high into the air and face buried in her hand-paws on the floor. The hairless rodent tail thrashing atop it resembled an inflating balloon with how much muscle filled it out. Its base became thick enough it had to push aside her rear cheeks for more room. A trio of black spikes emerged from the tails top, each becoming slightly smaller on its way down the increasing length. The end erupted into a thick bush of the black hairs before purple fur blanketed the once pink skin.

"Hell yeah!" While developing an epic butt and rocking muscles was nice, the rush of heat into her breasts was the event Beatrice really got excited for. She reeled back onto her hind paws trying to get a good view. The modest pair of mounds visibly quivered under what remained of her shirt.

Their tender flesh felt so full that she bit her lower lip fighting the urge to grab them just yet. A moment later they exploded from the pressure. Cup sizes passed in seconds. Purple fur bulged through the rips in her shirt, rending them larger with the outpour of flesh demanding every inch of space it could get. The already tight garment didn't last long and shredded off Beatrice's giantess body, letting her swelling udders flop into a free hand between beefy biceps.

She couldn't resist anymore. Leaning her weight to one side, Beatrice used her opposite hand to grope at her chest. The black flesh of her stretching areolas were so sensitive her pussy spurted a little between her legs just having paw pads rubbing against them. That was to say nothing about how fun it was having so much tit spilling around and out of even these enormous bapper grabbers. Maybe it was the horny drunkenness spinning her thoughts, but the changing opossum felt she looked even bigger than Ceil sprawled on the floor over there.

"Hrrrk!!" The changes pushed through Beatrice's skull so hard she had to release her boulders for boobs to keep from falling over. Horns sprouted out from among rapidly growing hair, developing a rich mane across her broad shoulders. Her muzzle fell open in a silent yawn, making it easier to stretch longer and wider and drawing her nose flush into huge nostrils. A few flicks of her ears sent them falling to the sides of her head where they thinned into fin-like membranes. "GGRRRRAAAWWRRRR!!"

With the last bits of crunches finishing up her face, she drew in a deep breath that pushed her tits against the floor before giving off a satisfyingly pleased roar. Once that was over her nostrils flared with her settling irritation. Much as Beatrice enjoyed the last bits of her transformation, it sadly didn't give the fresh behemoth woman an orgasm. The process had brought her so close too. All that fun muscle development and fat stretching her out had felt so good her pussy was dripping a puddle between those rich purple thighs.

Luckily, there was still a perfectly workable behemoth cock half-asleep on the floor. Ceil was just starting to regain feeling in her leg when a hefty weight fell upon her lower body. Eyes popped open wide awake while what little air she had rushed out her gapping maw.

"Wakey wakey, your highness!" The purple behemoth wasted no time straddling her red counterpart. Plump butt cheeks sandwiches Ceil's member between them, getting nice and sticky in their work it hard again. "Hope you don't mind another round."

"W-what...hmmmffff..." Ceil tried sitting up, only to have Beatrice shove her back to the floor with both paw hands in her breasts. A few rough kneads of her ample mammaries helped the soft grinding until her dick was stiff enough to poke at the underside of the ex-possum's tail base. "Whooop the heck a-are you?!"

Beatrice pinched Ceil's nipples between meaty fingers, eliciting a sheepish moan that totally betrayed her owed status as a demigoddess. Ceil couldn't muster any strength to push back when they leaned in, mashing their epic breasts together in a pile

of fuzzy dough. The purple beast gave them a quick peck on the nose as their hips lifted and aligned themselves better with the throbbing erection under them.

"I'm just a friendly neighborhood merchant, Hun."

Beatrice let gravity slam herself back down atop Ceil. Dripping pussy lips gobbled up the entire length of the red behemoth shaft until they hilted with a slapping of hips.

"Huh..." Beatrice wrinkled her nose, shifting ever so slightly so her warm tunnel massaged Ceil in an agonizingly gentle caress. "You don't feel as big as you look. Good thing you're still pretty cute down there."

"Hnnnngh! Hey!" Ceil huffed. Her hands grasped onto Beatrice's hips, helping them keep balanced while they ground delightfully on her cock. "I'm...huff...borrowing this from that...hng hng...other guy. Any...graw...huff...any subjective inadequacies are his fault."

"Hm Hm! If you say so, hun." Beatrice let her tongue roll out to one side of her wider monster muzzle. Her body gradually amped up the pace of her fucking. Spine undulating in full waves that had her meaty tail slapping playfully with the one belonging to the red babe under her.

If such playful banter had come from any regular mortal, they would have likely met an unceremonious end inside Ceil's stomach. As it was, all she could manage was holding onto the purple behemoth riding her into the floor. Claws racked across Beatrice's fur enjoying the feel of their taut thighs and plush ass.

To be serviced like this had made the centuries of waiting worth it. How the queen of mythical beasts missed the warmth of another. She supposed such disrespectful dominance could be forgiven. It was kind of arousing, even if Ceil didn't understand why.

The phallus between her legs sure wasn't complaining.

Paws slammed onto Ceil's breasts, sparking a mixed roar of surprise and arousal. Beatrice alternated pressing and lifting off them. Plush pads of her palms ground across the entire surface of night black areolas.

"Come on, oh great queen!" Beatrice growled in ravenous delight. So much strength was getting pumped into her lower body's bucking that it was sliding Ciel back and forth along the floor. Slick wet slapping met between their legs with how much leaked from her pussy. "You can't tell me there's only one load left in there."

"Grrr...y-you...aaargh!" She couldn't even get a vague threat out with the way Beatrice kept mashing her tits. There was only a split second to recapture a bit of air before it got shoved right back out again. Claws dug firmly into the fine pelt of the purple behemoth's hips as she tried countering with a few well-placed bucks in return. That sure got those big mounds looming over her sloshing good. "Oh, by the gooooooohhsssss!"

Beatrice could feel the wonderful member inside her stiffen and bit her lower lip in anticipation. A few more good rocks of her cowgirl rhythm were all it took to send Ceil arching her back. Boobs got shoved into the eager lover's paws as the queen let out her biggest roar yet.

"O-oh!" A hard pulse against her tunnels walls made Beatrice's head spiral. Paws clasped onto Ceil's chest trying to use their enormous mounds for a brace. In seconds she felt her womb fill to bursting with so much warm behemoth spunk. But then the cock twitched again

And again!

"Oooooooooohhhhhh!" Beatrice leaned back trying to glance down past her own amazing rack. Cum was filling her in a near endless torrent, making her belly fur visibly ripple trying to contain so much.

She squeaked from a sudden sensation of something giving and with Ceil's next offering, the behemoth's tight ab muscles smoothed away. Beatrice gently rested a paw on her belly button, marveling at how soft it suddenly felt. Not unlike a filled water skin thanks to all the hot contents resting within.

Except the behemoth kept coming.

"GRWAAAAH!" Beatrice couldn't take all the massaging and skin stretching, rocking back with delight at her own climax. In the interim her paw kept getting pushed further and further away with the steady rounding of her developing gut. The squishy orb of purple fur billowed out into a gentle rest atop of Ceil's body, it's top squishing greedily for room against the pair's chests.

"Deiser!? Beatrice!? Are you in-YEEEE!"

Beatrice had no idea how long she'd been laying atop her own inflated belly and Ceil like a bed. Having a third behemoth sporting lovely blue fur galloping into the room was a sure way to snap her from the high, though. Shame they didn't get far before their front paws slipped on the excessive amount of sticky fluids decorating the place.

While the new arrival was busy gagging from their prat fall, Beatrice sat up, purring at the heavy way her belly sloshed from the motion. Most of the sagging furry bulge could be seen past the shelf of her tits rolling off it. She must have inflated large enough to house a whole other behemoth in there. Even for all the monster muscles its weight borderline overwhelming.

"What...did I just get into?" Yuki asked once she'd managed to found her footing on all fours. She hated how quickly this was becoming natural. Seeing an overly gravid behemoth like they were expecting several kids threatening to smother another one with said belly ranked one of the weirdest scenes they'd run across yet. The way the purple one rolled her head lazily onto one shoulder to grin at them brought back a rush of familiarity, especially with that mane done in a ponytail. "Beatrice? Is that you?"

"Oh! Hey, Yuki. I see the queen here got you too." Beatrice huffed in her strain to get all the added weight off Ceil. There was a loud slurping noise echoing around the chamber with the red behemoth's cock sliding its way out of her.

Yuki's eyes bulged at the girth almost as much as the length being revealed before it finally fell out of Beatrice with a bubbly popping noise. Much like a cork being removed, a waterfall of milky grey fluid poured from Beatrice's stretched opening. That made for a rather messy afterglow shower across Ceil's twitching legs as the inflated purple behemoth shuffled away.

"These hulking bodies are sweet, right?" Beatrice said between heaving breaths. Both her giant paw hands were trying to cup under the sagging gut so it didn't spill between her knees, but they struggled to get any grip with how much squished around her palms. "Sorry if you wanted a turn. I think I might have spent their load already."

"What the..." Yuki's gawking snout dipped to stare at the bouncing stomach shambling towards her, then at the sprawled red behemoth Beatrice was leaving behind. "Is that Deiser!?"

"Well, most of him, anyway." Beatrice let out a burp that surprised even her. "Looked like he got possessed by some kind of ghost."

"Yeah. That's about right for him." Yuki rubbed a paw across her forehead with a sign. "As long as she's down, we can probably...what the heck is happening now?"

"Hm?" Beatrice had to shuffle sideways to turn enough and see what had caught her blue beast friend's attention.

Ceil's sticky coated body had shifted slightly, her muzzle hanging open with head rolled to one side. From the steady wheezing and rumbling with the rising of her breasts, it was clear the behemoth queen had fallen asleep in the wake of her orgasms. The thing that got both girls attention was the thick cloud of red smoke exuding from their muzzle, even when they were sucking in a breath.

"That's the same stuff that went into Deiser right before he changed," Beatrice said, tail wagging in amusement. It wasn't long before the large cloud of the thick vapors had fully exited the red behemoth, hovering high in the air above them all. "I guess I fucked the ghost right out of him."

"That's fine!" Yuki grinned at hearing a snap beneath her and the collar she'd been wearing slid off. It crumbled into dust before it ever got close to the floor, leaving her with a refreshing sense of energy. "If she's weakened, it means I can do this."

Yuki rose to her leg's full height. Pawed hands made several fast motions in the air in front of her, gathering mana in way that caused her plump fingers to start glowing. The motions took way more concentration than usual thanks to the giant tits her arms kept smacking into, but eventually she finished the seals well enough. She finished the spell by thrusting both open palms up at the cloud, shouting three words of an archaic language.

Thunder cracked from nowhere and everywhere at once. Beatrice almost slipped off her paws in her panicked jump, not helped by the pull of her mid-section. In that split second the red mist went from existing to being gone. No fanfare or extra bright lights. She almost felt ripped off after that kind of buildup.

"I'm surprised you can cast magic with paws like that."

Yuki stared at her own monstrous hands pensively. Some lingering mana discharge added a rather cool glow effect to her claws and pads. "Honestly, I didn't think I could. It seemed like the best opportunity to try, anyway."

"Cool. Cool." Beatrice continued her half walk, half waddle over to her backpack. Upon which she happily flopped her big butt down and leaned on it for a bit of support. The thick tuft of her tail coiled across her lap while hands continued kneading her over filled belly. "Did you disintegrate her or something?"

"What? No! That was my strongest banishment spell. Given the...state you left Deiser's body in, I don't think she'll be able to come back for a while."

"Heehee...come."

Yuki fought back the urge to snicker with the other behemoth. "Anyway, we should have plenty of time to raid any treasure and get out of here."

"I like this plan." Beatrice pushed off the ground, but only managed a few inches before slapping back down with a violent wobbling of her belly. Despite leaking possible gallons of Ceil's offering out, that blob of purple fur still rested fully across her lap and tail. "You guys might have to carry me for a bit. She was very pent up."

"I can see that." Yuki shuffled her way over to the red behemoth. After a few seconds of consideration, she decided to risk giving their shoulder a firm shake. "Deiser? You back with us?"

"Hnngh mwah?" Golden eyes fluttered open, taking in Yuki's snout filling up their view. "Hey Yuki! Did you do something with your hair? Why do I feel sticky?"

Yuki grinned, bopping the end of their snouts together and helped Deiser sit up. They were certainly taken aback by the heavy weight and hard fall of breasts big enough to hit their stomach. "It's been an adventure, that's for sure. You got possessed again."

"Aw man." The red behemoth snorted, groping her chest a few times. Something else seemed to grab her attention and she wiggled both sets of fingers in front of her nose. "Hee hee. I got paws."

"We all do, Deiser. Can you stand?"

Deiser blinked. She shifted a few times, tail sweeping around the floor with her hips jerking. After the third attempt and failure to get either giant foot under her, she offered Yuki a meek shrug.

"I might need a minute. Most of my lower body feels numb for some reason."

Yuki shot Beatrice a look, but they simply smiled and burped again. "Well, we got some time. I just want to get back to town before too long."

There was a long pause as Deiser took in his own body's rich curves. He then looked over to Beatrice still drunk on her own sloshing, and then up at Yuki.

"Hun? We're all behemoths now. Won't the towns people, like, be a little concerned if we go back."

"I..." Yuki started in interjection, only for her ear fins to flop with her jaw. A desperate look at Beatrice only got a shrug in return.

"Don't look at me. This is already one of my best excursions yet." Beatrice rolled her head back, showing off her mouth's depths with a big yawn.

"Right..." Yuki smacked her lips, drawing on her best options. "Hope you got chalk and herbs in that bag. I need to start some reversal magic on us."

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Afterward

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