

Hedonism of the Skull Heart

A light thrum on the side of Filia's head stirred her from her peaceful slumber. When her body insisted that she try to remain asleep, she felt a series of small, vine-like tendrils whip at her ear to try and convince her otherwise. Realizing that it was the parasite that had taken over her hair, her first thought was to scold him for the rude awakening.

Samson was spared the harsh words from the young woman as she looked at where she was. All around the chamber were walls of throbbing flesh of varying shades of pink and red. In-between the organic matter she could just barely make out the discarded pews and stain glass windows of a church. Any resemblance the location had to a place of worship for the Divine Trinity only served to increase the sense of unease going through her body.

Much to her horror, Filia realized that the fleshy growths were currently keeping her pinned to the wall. Arms and legs bound by the flesh left her undersized uniform on display. Any shame about having her chubby midriff exposed and her black skirt barely covering her panties was left to the side as she frantically struggled to break free.

"Sorry kid, I already tried," Samson said, waving about the black tendrils. "The most I could do is wake you up."

"How did we get here?" Filia asked.

"We were kidnapped."

The voice was a strange yet familiar one to Filia. Sure enough, what she saw tangled up in the fleshy manacles was a long mane of crimson hair partially obscuring the upside down cross on the woman's black sweater. While the princess of the Canopy Kingdom had looked imposing on TV, Parasoul seemed to be just as helpless as her in that moment.

"Who did this?" Filia asked.

“Some freaky nun,” called a similarly famous voice.

Recalling the sound from broadcasts of a circus performance, Filia was greeted by the bright blue hair and bombastic appearance of Cerebella. The performer looked the part with her loose fitting, orange dress. However, there was a noticeable absence in the form of her exposed, upper ponytail. As Filia looked around for the living hat, Vice Versa, she spotted yet another captive.

“Mew’ve got a lotta nerve calling her a freak,” a feline feral woman commented, her long, brown ears flicking against her white hair.

“Shut it!” Cerebella said, flexing her arm as she tried and failed to break free of her restraints. “You’re the reason I’m here in the first place. You dumb cat.”

“First off, you can call me Ms. Nadia Fortune,” she replied. “Second, it’s not my fault that you couldn’t keep your paws to yourself,” added, flexing about the claws on her fingers and exposed feet.

“Whatever,” Cerebella said, taking in a deep breath to reserve her strength. “Why don’t you break out of here? It should be easy for a thief like you.”

“It’s no use,” Nadia replied, her body trying and failing to slip out. For a moment, it appeared that her various limbs and head were trying to separate. Unfortunately, she wasn’t able to accomplish much with the tendrils wrapped tightly around the parts of her body that weren’t covered up by her black short shorts and even smaller, blue top. “Whoever is doing this knows a little too much about us.”

“That would be because of me,” said a voice from above.

As everyone tilted up their heads as far as their restraints would allow, they each took notice of the woman held above their heads. Her nurse uniform adorned with pink shuriken

crosses was a stark contrast to her ponytail of blue hair. Though no one could see her mouth thanks to her facemask, they could tell from her one, red eye the distress weighing heavy on her mind. With a sudden jolt her body was sent plummeting towards the ground. Stopped a few feet above the rest of the group, the nurse's sizable bosom threatened to break free of her top with its vigorous jiggling.

"Wait, I know you," Parasoul spoke up. "You're Valentine. I thought you went rogue."

"Are you the one responsible for kidnapping us?" Cerebella asked.

"No, but I know who is," Valentine replied. "I was working alongside them, but they caught on to my plans."

"Who are you talking about?" Filia asked.

Valentine's eye went wide as the doors to the chamber opened up. The group watched as a lone nun, adorned in a blue habit slowly made her way into the room. In spite of the disturbing décor, the holy woman contently walked by at a steady pace with her eyelids shut.

"Double," Valentine said as the nun drew nearer. "What are you planning?"

"A solution to our problems," the nun replied, their words distorted by the numerous voices speaking at once. Flickering open their lids revealed a set of pale orbs where their eyes should have been. "An end to unworthy hosts for the Skull Heart."

With a wave of their hands, Double managed to bring Valentine down to the ground. Another gesture summoned forth a tendril that throbbed with unsettling tremors. The group got a glimpse of the strange, black liquid leaking out of the limb's tip as it slinked over to Valentine. The ninja nurse's face mask proved useless as Double dragged it down in order to let the tendril force itself down her throat.

“The Divine Trinity forgives you for your betrayal,” Double explained as Valentine tried and failed to escape her bonds. “You too will be able to enjoy the bliss we have in store for those that do not meet our standards.”

A snap of Double’s fingers led to vigorous tremors cascading through the tentacle. As the shudders reached Valentine, droplets of the black liquid could be seen again coming from the sides of her mouth. As the vile fluid pumped itself into her body, her curves became less of a draw to her body as her belly began to rapidly swell. At first Valentine reacted with muffled screams as she tried everything in her power to fight against the flow.

Everything changed once Valentine’s gut popped apart the bottom buttons of her scrubs and soft moans could be heard interspersed between her gulps. Eagerly drinking up the fluid began to spread the growths towards the rest of her body. In spite of the worrying weight gain covering up her once athletic form, she only stopped sucking from the tentacle to let out another pleased hum.

“What did you do to her?” Parasoul asked.

“She has been provided with a special drink we created to keep you content and incapable of foiling our plans,” Double responded over the sound of the nurse’s clothes straining to keep her expanding blubber contained. “Keeping you in confinement will be much easier for both us and you if we provide all that is required for a content life. Have no fear. You will understand what we mean shortly.”

Parasouls’ eyes went wide as another tentacle, dripping with the black goo emerged from the ceiling. Try as she might to avoid the tendril, there was little she could do as more sprouted up from around her to keep her head still. Lips forced open by the limb, she took on a full gulp of the mystery fluid.

A few swallows of the gunk were enough to make the cross on Parasouls' chest disappear between her engorging cleavage. Several more took away some of her dignity as everyone got to witness the pair of Annie of the Stars underwear stretched across her expanding rump. In spite of having her flesh and shameful secret exposed, she couldn't stop herself from drinking up more of the fluid.

"Who would like to go next?" Double asked as the princess's sweater grew taut around her expanding mid-section.

"Let me out of here now!" Cerebella replied, shaking about her arms as her own tendril appeared. "When Vitale hears about this, you'll--"

"Enough of that," Double said as the tendril slithered down the circus performer's throat. "I am well aware of what the Medici family is capable of. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but they have no power here."

At first, Nadia seemed to revel in the muscle of the criminal organization she despised so much get forced to drink the black sludge. That lasted up until her pointed ears flickered at the sound of the first moan. Taking in the intoxicating drink, Cerebella didn't mind the layers of fat that swallowed up her once muscular arms and legs. The euphoric cries increased as the once fit circus performer gained an overly plump hourglass figure to contain the deluge of fluid. Seeing Cerebella's growing belly begin to sink closer to the floor, a shudder went through the feline's body.

"N-nyow let's not be too hasty," Nadia said as the nun approached. "I don't need the Skull Heart anymore. You can just let me go and I promise I'll never come back."

“If only we could believe you,” Double said, shoving the tendril into the feline’s mouth. “However, this way should allow you to live the rest of your life truthfully. You can’t tell lies if you are unable to speak.”

Filia watched on in horror as Nadia fell to the same fate as the others. The already tight clothing around her form was pushed to their limits as her assets swelled. The movements of her tail across her expanding rear became more relaxed as she eagerly drank up every drop that slid across her tongue. While the opportunity presented itself for her to split apart her thick limbs, she seemed content to stay in the grasp of the nun.

Motivated by the sight of the feline’s filling belly slamming against the ground with its girth, Filia did everything in her power to try and escape. Samson tried to aid her, but nothing he shaped her hair into was able to break through the organic restraints. While her parasite tried to saw through the matter with a collection of jagged, knife-like follicles, Double drew ever closer.

“I am disappointed in you, child,” the nun said as she caressed Filia’s chin. “You had so much potential. Save for a few flaws, you would have made an excellent Skullgirl. We dread the thought of what we’re missing out on due to your own, rebellious nature.”

“I’m not a child,” Filia managed to shout out over the sound of Samson trying to fight off the encroaching tentacles. “I’m eighteen and I’m not going to let you get away with this.”

Double merely shook their head. “Still so young in the eyes of the Trinity. Perhaps you could have been cultivated into a suitable host, but for now you are nothing more than an obstacle in our way.”

The tendrils shot out towards Filia in an attempt to feed her. Clenching her mouth as tight as possible, she managed to fend off the assault for a while. Even if her limbs were being held

back, her hair was able to fight back against the many tendrils that approached her. Unfortunately the battle ended abruptly when a single tentacle managed to get through and find an opening.

“Samson?” Filia gently called out from her closed mouth.

What Filia heard in response was a plethora of muffled curses as the parasite was forced to swallow up the tendril. The moment that she let the realization weigh on her shoulders proved to be the opening Double had been looking for. Shooting towards her mouth, Filia wasn’t able to evade the thick tendril that pried open her lips. With the tentacle in place, she could barely see the visage of the nun as the being shuffled towards her.

“Disobedient, but we have no reason to punish you for your own ignorance,” Double commented. “Our intentions shall become clear once you are fully integrated like the others.”

Filia’s muffled plea of defiance became drowned by the slurry of sludge that pumped its way down her throat. It only took a few gulps for her to experience the more docile nature that had overtaken the other girls. The exact flavor of the fluid changed just as her taste buds began to grow tired of the flavor. Sweet, salty, bitter, savory, sour; all of them were present to keep her in a state of acceptance as she absentmindedly drank up gulp after gulp. With Samson in an equally gluttonous state, it didn’t take long for her body to feel the side effects.

The already undersized uniform that hugged Filia’s torso undid a few more buttons as her belly began to bulge outwards. While the other women’s guts had a sizable lead on her, the double feeding method allowed her to quickly catch up. Eventually her belly managed to droop down far enough to press against the tile floor and send a shiver up her body. While the sensation of her engorged mid-section momentarily gave her awareness, it was quickly shut out by another deluge of the fluid making its way into her stomach.

“Interesting,” Double commented as they looked over Filia’s swelling form; moving their head to the side as button flew off of Filia’s top to give her swelling bosom more room. “I suppose it makes sense that the process would be accelerated by increasing the intake. Shame that you’re the only one with two mouths.” Turning away from Filia just as her skirt was stretched thin across her double-wide rear, the nun turned their attention towards Valentine. “We’ll have to consider alternative methods.”

Double’s task became much easier as the swelling of Valentine’s belly began to tear at the sides of her skirt. Removing the remains of her lacy panties with a flick of a tentacle, Double sent over another tendril. Though it took a few moments to find the right angle, the tendril eventually made its way to the opening it was looking for.

Valentine was broken out of her feeding stupor as the tentacle slid into her anus. The sensation made the ninja nurse fight against the flavors on her tongue in an effort to break free once more. However, her resistance was snuffed out as the tendril attached to her backside began to tremble.

Each pump of fluid forcing its way into Valentine’s anus increased the rate of her growth at the cost of diminishing her ability to escape. As she settled back into blissful consumption, more of her clothes began to tear apart. To no one’s surprise, the top of her scrubs was the first to go in order to give her ample bosom as much room as it needed to engorge. While her ass cheeks swelled in unison to try and keep up, they were no match for the udder-like tits as they sagged against her prominent gut.

“A fine result,” Double commented as the last of Valentine’s clothes ripped asunder to leave her hat as the only surviving garment. “It should make the process for the others that much easier.”

Just like Valentine before her, Parasoul's second fattening tube was met with a shrill cry of realization. However, there wasn't much she could do considering her girth was currently keeping her pinned in place. As the fluid pumped into her form from both sides, there was a strange sense of euphoria that vibrated across her skin. The sensation became even stronger once her breasts became large enough to tear through her sweater. Adding hums of pleasure to each pump and swallow, she didn't even bat an eye as her beloved Annie panties were completely torn to shreds by her swelling backside.

The increased flow into Cerebella's body took a turn for the strange as her sleeves were the first to be torn apart. Added blubber around her arms matched the thickness of her legs, but was as equally useless in helping her move. Not that she had much reason to considering how content she was to let her belly fat overflow onto the floor. The performer side of herself was pleased with the way her tits burst out of her top to make them even more appealing. Even if her widening rear made it impossible for her to ever go on the high wire again, she graciously accepted every helping of the ooze while Double continued to make her rounds.

Pushing aside Nadia's tail and widening the hole in the seat of her shorts, the tentacle found its way between her butt cheeks as well. The immediate results were a bubble butt that put a definitive end to the cat burglar's days of sneaking around in vents. That was made all the more apparent thanks to her equally enormous tits and gut as they ripped apart the rest of her clothes. Through all of this, the feral woman continued to suck away on her tube and further puff up her chubby cheeks.

With the rest of the group properly on the path to integration, Double once more brought their attention to Filia. In the time since they had left her behind, she had easily tripled in weight. All that remained of her clothing was a tight bra that was getting split further and further by her

bosom with each passing second. With a loud snap, her panties were flung across the room to give her backside a chance to jiggle around and show its heft.

Waiting for the tremors to cease cascading through her body, Double couldn't look away from her backside. Eager to make the process go as smoothly as possible, they felt little reason to hold back as they sent a third tentacle out to further increase Filia's fattening. Sure enough, the added flow going into the school girl's backside brought her size to staggering proportions as she easily outgrew a car's mass and figure. It was only once her gut had pushed away any remains of her clothes that the nun found it suitable to step away.

Standing in the center of the gathering gave Double the perfect opportunity to observe the growth of her captives. From there, they watched as the very last bits of cloth around the women's swelling bodies were popped apart. Any scraps that didn't get trapped within the fat folds would get covered up by droplets of the feeding fluid that leaked from the women's orifices. For a moment, the cacophony of pleased swallows and expanding flesh brought Double into a sense of calm.

The snap of flesh from above brought Double's attention towards the large blob careening towards them. Their nun visage fell apart to allow their mass of various materials to slip out of the way. Reforming into a humanoid shape, they looked back to see a pale orb of flesh adorned with a blue ponytail. This would have been fine, had it not been for the sight of two, naked tendrils blindly spewing their fluids across the floor.

"What is this?" Valentine asked, struggling to get a hold of her surroundings with the tentacles no longer filling up her form.

The question was answered by a multitude of more snapping noises. All around Double, they watched as their captives grew too large for their restraints. Finding a safe corner to stand

in, they observed as the orbs of fat rolled up against one another. Though they were all in the shape of rounded blobs, the immobility came with a sense of clarity about the situation. Soon enough, the sound of jiggling flesh gave way to a myriad of insults and complaints.

“Unfortunate,” Double commented, seeing that only the tentacle shoved in Samson’s mouth had managed to remain in-place. “It appears we were too eager to fatten you up and forgot to make the necessary adjustments to your restraints.”

“Change us back,” Cerebella demanded, her arms flapping against her thick sides.

“Mew heard her,” Nadia added, frantically wiggling her feet to try and move forward.

“We’re not going to let you off so easy,” Filia added, shaking her head back and forth in an attempt to get Samson free.

“Once the egrets track down our location, you’ll be swiftly taken care of,” Parasoul added, giving some much needed authority to the threats of the fattened up women.

“Hmm,” Double replied, giving little thought to the shaky promises of retribution. “It appears that the fluid isn’t enough to keep you fully content. There is still a sense of stubbornness only you mortals are capable of. I suppose we’ll have to move on to the next phase sooner than expected.”

“W-what are you going to do?” Valentine asked.

“It’s simple,” Double replied as they approached Parasoul. “By providing something to fulfill another carnal desire of yours. For you princess, it’s something your various duties have prevented you from fully indulging in.”

Holding their hand over some of the discarded restraints, Double wordlessly ordered it to reshape itself. The mound of organic matter obeyed as it stood itself up and began to take form. Parasoul’s eyes went wide as she recognized the curves of the figure’s body. Her suspicions

became all too real once the form became a near perfect replica of her normal self. Staggering forward, the fake Parasoul flung about her hair to show off the blank, white of her eyes.

“What is this?” Parasoul asked as her doppelganger treaded closer.

“The final piece to the puzzle of your contentment,” Double replied. “Have no fear. She only wishes to help you let go of your former constraints.”

“No! Get away from me you-“

Parasoul was shut up as her copy locked lips with her. Grabbing what she could of the lardy woman, the clone sunk her fingers into the bounty of flesh. It was around the time the doppelganger’s fingers reached Parasoul’s breasts did her muffled pleas morph into something else.

The frantic wriggling of Parasoul’s fingers became more relaxed as she gave into the pleasure of having her bosom groped. In addition to their mammoth size, her tits were granted an increased sensitivity to further her pleasure. With each poke and prod, another moan managed to rise from her throat just to be muffled by her copy. The group finally got to hear one of the euphoric cries themselves once the clone released her grasp and stepped away.

“That was just a taste of what will be given to you once you comply,” Double commented, placing their hand on the fake Parasoul’s shoulder. “Will you accept this wonderful gift?”

Filia thought the answer would be obvious. For someone who held so much pride in the safety of the Canopy Kingdom, the princess should have been able to easily dismiss the offer. However, there was a visible change in Parasoul’s demeanor. Her breath was still heavy, with a shiver going across her bountiful back flab that demonstrated the overwhelming desire trying to take control.

“More,” Parasoul said, smacking her lips as she looked out towards her copy.

“I...need...more.”

“We are happy to provide,” Double said, sending the copy forward to with a pat on the back. “For your acceptance, we will move straight to the source of your carnal desires.”

Though Parasoul tried to follow the sight of her clone making her way around her body, the blubber around her face made her lose track. For the other women, they managed to watch as the copy slid her hand along the princess’s sides to create a series of moans. When the doppelganger reached Parasoul’s backside, it pulled apart the set of meaty ass cheek before diving in head first.

Though no one had a chance to see what was happening, they all knew what the copy was doing once they heard the husky moan escape from Parasoul’s lips. Amidst the cacophony of the princess’s blubber shaking around in ecstasy, they could hear the sound of a tongue vigorously licking at her womanhood. In no time at all, they all got to witness the blobby woman get lost in pleasure as she reached her climax.

“Good girl,” Double said, while Parsoul’s copy came back around to put her fingers through the princess’s hair. “Would you like a drink? You’ll need your stamina back up before your next session.”

A vigorous nod of Parasoul’s thick chins was more than enough to summon forth another tentacle. Rather than force itself down her throat, the tendril was eagerly accepted by the once regal ruler. Sucking up the fluid, she looked in heavenly bliss as her copy rubbed at her form as she began to expand once more.

“Now, who would like to go next?” Double asked to the group. “I know it’s scary at first, but in time you will all see the blessing this opportunity offers you.”

“As if!” Cerebella called out, accidentally drawing the attention of the nun. “Like I’d fall for that.”

“It is not just your form that we took notice of,” Double commented, as they held their hands over two pools of organic matter. “Your feeding session gave us more than enough information about those from your past that would make your new life complete. Even if you are unaware of it. Allow us to demonstrate.”

Just like before, Double managed to use the excess flesh to create a copy of the captive Cerebella. While she ignored her white eyed reflection, Cerebella couldn’t stop from gawking at the thing standing next to her. Having spent a long time rehearsing with her, it was no surprise that she managed to recognize the red dress and black and white hair of her lither partner, Feng. In spite of knowing what the copy was, that didn’t make it any easier for her as the false Feng leaned in for a kiss.

As Cerebella leaned forward to lock lips with the false Feng, her duplicate went around the back. Given pleasure from both sides, she easily gave in to any and all provocation. In a matter of moments, her make out session was broken up by a heavy moan rolling up her throat. Recovering from her orgasm, she was given only a moment to catch her breath before latching on to the tendril that was offered to her to continue expanding her blubber.

“As for you,” Double began, as they turned their attention towards Nadia. “I believe you require a few more clones to make the most out of your time here.”

Making use of three puddles, the nun sent forth a trio to surround the feline woman. Nadia’s ears stood on end as she watched her copy making her way over to the left side of her wide hips. On her right, she watched as Irvin, a detective she had only briefly met, nodded his hat towards her before disappearing around her left. Turning her thick neck towards the front, she

spotted the blue scales and cute appearance of a Minette clone standing before her. The very moment she allowed the Dagonian doppelganger to begin squeezing her bosom was the sign for the others to take care of her.

Nadia's tail stood on end from the treatment of her two clones. Grabbing hold of her ample backside, the Irvin copy used a girthy cock to dive deep into her dripping womanhood. Her own clone used its detachable head to reach far enough in-between the behemoth butt cheeks to give full service to her anus. Assaulted by her trio of lovers, the cat woman was gracious to accept another tendril in her mouth in order to keep up her strength.

"You can't do this to me," Valentine said as Double began treading towards her.

"Still so defiant," the nun replied with a shake of their head. "However, I am aware that your betrayal stemmed from your desire to avenge your fallen comrades. It is a noble effort. As such, I shall reward you with a reunion for your confinement."

A small lake formed out of the flesh Double summoned forth. From the collection of pools rose up the former members of Last Hope. The familiar faces filled Valentine with a sense of dread. Try as she might to get her bloated form to move, there was little she could do to prevent her former comrades from approaching and surrounding her.

"No, this isn't right," she said as she endured the green scrubbed Easter pressing up against her gut and sinking between her stomach rolls. "You aren't them," she added, enduring the sensation of the pink adorned Patricia and blue clothed Hallow sinking their fingers into her backside. "You aren't them!"

"Does it matter?" Double asked as Valentine's own clone joined the red haired Christmas to latch onto her breasts with vigorous fervor. "They are as real as they need to be to put you into the right state of mind for your future."

Valentine lost all of her ability to fight back once the group around her started their work. The repeated stimulation of her expanded flesh began to rock her body back and forth with euphoria. Jiggling about every inch of flesh available to them, the reformed Last Hope members did everything in their power to make her submit. Lost in the throes of ecstasy from the combined effort, Valentine voiced her surrender with a passionate moan.

“Excellent,” Double commented as the team of nurses filled Valentine’s orifices with either tendrils or pleasure. “We are one step closer to achieving our goal. All that remains is to remove the final obstacle in our path.”

“Please,” Filia said, her voice barely audible over the sound of a surge of flesh beginning to take shape around her. “You don’t have to do this. You can just let us leave.”

“You are correct, it is not necessary,” Double replied as copies of Filia began to sprout up the ground in the dozens. “In the event that you would attempt to take the Skull Heart, it would be trivial to stop you. However, this method ensures you a future full of nothing but delight. All you must do is accept the gift that has been offered to you like the others.”

The droves of Filia clones made their way over to the massive blob with one goal in mind. Working in unison, the copies spread across the enormous woman in an effort to meet her every need. Climbing across her hundreds of pounds of fat, they managed to zero in on each and every weak point they could find. Whether it was from simple groping or diving in with their mouths at the ready, the army of doppelganger’s did everything in their power to prove that the nun’s words rang true. In the midst of the constant stimulation, she could feel herself reach the brink of what she could handle.

Just as she was about to break, Filia was given a momentary reprieve as the clones all at once backed away. Though they were no longer touching her, she could still feel the lingering

warmth of their fingers along her flesh. Peeking up her head towards Double, she saw a content smile.

“Well, what is your answer?” the nun asked. “Would you prefer to spend the rest of the days struggling against our overwhelming power? Or will you accept your fate as one of the lucky few capable of experiencing the hedonism of the Skull Heart?”

The time allotted to Filia to think over the decision was marred by the sounds that echoed in her ears. All around her, she could hear the other women enjoying their submission to Double’s will. Parasoul’s early surrender was rewarded by a copy of Adam, her second in command coming forth to help service her backside. Cerebella was reveling in the feeling of Feng rubbing along her back fat while her copy kept going in for more. Nadia’s holes were in a constant state of pleasure thanks to her three, false lovers and the stream of fattening liquid being poured down her throat. Even the once fearful Valentine looked to be in complete bliss as she was serviced by her harem of clones. Whether it was from feasting on the mystery fluid or having their bodies serviced by the legion of doppelganger’s, they all reveled in their surrender to the Skull Heart’s influence.

While not a single hand or tentacle was placed on Filia, her body clung to the memory of the joy she had felt through it all. As much as she wanted to stick to her promise to use the Skull Heart for herself, she could not deny what her desires were telling her. With an intense sense of shame, she once more turned her attention to Double.

“I accept!” Filia called out, nearly making Samson choke on his tendril. “Please, let me fall back into your-“

For Filia’s obedience she was granted a pair of tentacles hanging right by her face. Wrapping her lips around the tendrils, she was gifted a constant flow of the addicting fluid

cascading down her mouth. Her fervent drinking was halted as her group of clones hurried their way back over to her. Following the desires flowing through her veins, the group was able to address each inkling of pleasure she could ask for. This culminated in a series of moans that threatened to break apart the cathedral's windows as she fully gave into her new life.

Through the group's combined descent into pure hedonism, they failed to take notice of how large they were becoming. As each woman grew to overshadow their old forms by hundreds upon hundreds of pounds, their groups of lovers were forced to spread out. Their rounded out forms became a great expanse that required the fleshy doppelgangers to increase their numbers and efforts in order to keep up with the desires of the fallen seekers of the Skull Heart.

"We are pleased with you all," Double said from the safety of the cathedral's entrance. Watching the women contently being service by the clones, they took joy in the fact that the captives worked as both a physical and mental barrier to the tombs below. "When the time comes," Double said as they closed the door on the gathering, "you will all be the first to witness the creation of the perfect Skullgirl."