

Sacred Form

Thunk

Stone collided with a wooden desk. Roughly the size of a cinder block, and just as heavy, Gina wiped her hands of the centuries-old dust still found on its beige surface.

“No one has to know... No one *will* know!” she assured herself, heart still racing from the deed. “No one saw me take it! No one even knew it was there! You can’t miss what you never had, and they already have so much to sort through! They won’t miss it... They can’t possibly miss it...”

Gina chewed on her nails. A shower was desperately needed. Sweat and dust clung to her body in a layer of grime. Her excavation outfit, clean this morning, was now a darker shade of brown and betrayed the sweat from under her DD breasts as dark splotches. She couldn’t think about such mundane things right now, however. All that occupied her mind was the archeological find of the century her team had just made: the tomb of Akhenaten. She could still feel the rush of uncovering the great door amongst the sands of their excavation site. Even more so the vast treasures waiting within the sealed chamber.

Gold... Foods... Art... Statues... Scrolls and texts... Canopic jars... It was an archeologist’s dream. Until Gina spied a small stone sarcophagus stashed in a corner surrounded by its own pile of preserved food and riches. It was ornate and hewn from the same material as Akhenaten’s abode of death. Its sides depicted an untranslated story of hieroglyphics. Cats were especially prominent on the object. Nothing like it had ever been recorded in Egypt.

And now it was Gina’s. Smuggled out in her bag while the rest of her team was busy fawning over the sarcophagus of Akhenaten. That was hours ago. They had gone to bed, she was certain of it. If someone had seen her take the tiny coffin, they would have said something by now.

“I’m in the clear... It’s not even *that* bad!” Gina ogled the stone box in the light of a single lamp illuminating her room. A seam ran around the top where the lid was sealed. It featured a feline’s head fitted onto the sleeping body of a human. “Everyone takes a memento every now and then...right?”

She reached out, visions of her future swamping her mind.

“Plus... If I find the right buyer on the black market... I could be set for--”

The air started to hum. Gentle vibrations ran through the desk to cause the tiny sarcophagus to clatter and shake. Fearing an earthquake, Gina stepped toward a door frame only to freeze in her tracks when the clattering stopped and the stone box slowly began hovering from the desk.

Electricity filled the air. Hair standing on end, Gina stared at the levitating artifact. It rose to eye level and oriented itself to be upright. A dull blue glow emanated from the cat’s eyes carved into the lid.

“What in the world... I...” She approached with caution. A smile crept over her face. “*I am going to be so fucking rich! This--*”

CrrrACK!!

“*SHIT!!*”

The lid burst open and flew across the room before embedding itself in the hotel’s drywall. Gina stared at the plate-sized object jutting halfway out of the wall before slowly turning her attention back toward the humming coffin.

Blackness stared back. An abyss trapped within the floating sarcophagus’s confines, swirling and inky. The humming grew louder, shaking the air in Gina’s ears as she stared more intently, trying to find anything inside.

Something moved. Lithe and thin, like a flattened snake. She squinted and reached out. “*What is--*”

Shwwiiip!!

“*AH!!*”

It shot out like a cobra, coiling around her wrist several times. Gina tried to pull her arm back but there was strong resistance when she flexed. It was a length of bandage, gray and rough from centuries of waiting.

“*The hell?! Get it--*” She started pulling at it with her other hand when it wouldn’t release. “*Get off!!*”

Shwwiiip!! Shwwiiip!!

“*W-What?!*”

Two more burst from the coffin, finding her ankles. They were creeping up her limbs, binding her arms and legs.

Gina tried to retreat but her feet refused. “*Somebody!!*” she called toward her hotel door. “*I need--*”

Shwwiiip!! Shwwiiip!!

She lost her remaining arm. Feeling a bandage wrap around her mouth, she whimpered and felt the wrappings traveling up her body. Tension came across her arms. Slowly they raised overhead until her wrists were bound together. There was no warning when her toes left the ground.

“*Mmph!!*”

Panic set in when Gina saw the floor waiting several feet below her toes. She tried flailing, but the wrapping instead pulled her legs open.

Shwiip! Shwwiiipp!!

A handful of wrappings came out in a flash to attack her thighs and torso. Coiling like snakes, they moved up her frame and slithered under her clothes unabashed.

“M-Mmngh!!” Gina squirmed, her hands clenching as the bandages found their way into her bra and panties. She was at their mercy as she watched her clothes bulge and shift with the length of sentient bonds.

“Oh yes... You’ll do nicely...”

“MPH?!”

She looked around for the source of the voice. It sounded like it had come from the center of her head. Dark and brooding, it loomed over her mind like a cloud of insidious intent.

The bindings tightened, squeezing her breasts and legs as if she were meat at the market.

“After some modifications, of course.”

Strrrrrtch

“Mmmph!! M-Mmmmmngh!”

A whimper left Gina’s gagged mouth when sensitivity and stimulation exploded across her curves. Her clothes jolted as if they’d instantly shrank several sizes into skin-tight garments.

Strrrrrtch

“Mmmgh... Mmmngh!”

The bindings were moving. Coiling. Contracting in rhythmic motions as if serpents were trying to milk her entire body. They squeezed her breasts in strong prisons that left her feeling engorged. Between her legs, her pants creaked where their seams rubbed too firmly against her crotch for comfort. Wrappings massaged around her cheeks and deep into her crevices to leave nothing unattended.

Shrriip!!

“M-Mph??”

A seam split down the side of her left thigh. Soft, blushing flesh bulged through the gash. Gina stared in shock at the pants that had always been loose-fitting.

Strrrrrtch!

Then something moved to block her view: two mounds straining her button-up shirt like smuggled volleyballs. Her eyes widened at what were supposed to be her breasts, now bloated into expanding globes.

“MGH?!”

POP!!

POP POP!!

Buttons burst free like firecrackers. Cleavage pushed its way into the open like a bully, flaring her shirt open.

It was real. Soft, sweaty flesh rose to meet Gina’s panicking expression. She tried to squirm her way to freedom but found no give from the bonds at her wrists.

Strrrrrtch!!

“MMMMGH!!”

She watched the wrappings squeeze her bust, sinking deep into her flesh and massaging their way over her bulk. Cleavage pushed against her collarbones. Then her shoulders and neck. Steaming breath hissed through her nostrils as she watched her mammaries bloat.

Poomph!!

“M-Mmmmngh...”

Pleasure spiked when her nipples burst through the seams of her breast pockets. Gina’s eyes fluttered. Moisture was trickling down her thighs, lubing them as she felt their bulk starting to rub together. Something was attacking her pussy like the hand of an eager lover.

“My servant must have more...” the voice demanded.

STRRRRTCH!!

“MMMMGH!?”

Energy shot through the bandages. Flesh heaved forth from Gina’s frame. A muffin top plumped around her waistband, thickening until her belt trembled like a cable. It made her wince, fearing what may result.

SHRRIIP!!

Fleshy pressure split the back of her pants like paper. Her ass did the rest, rendering her trousers useless and leaving it in a pile below her dangling feet. Only a pair of pink panties flossing their way between her thighs and crack was left.

POP POP POP!!!!

“Mmmph!! Mmmmmm!?”

Gasps rocked Gina’s body when her shirt gave up. Breasts as large as pumpkins spilled forth and leaped from her bra. Even her nipples had outgrown her cups as fattened pink tissue puffed full and erect.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Mmmgh...! M-Mmgh...”

“Give yourself to me...” The voice was like velvet. *“Do you not like what you are becoming?”*

The bandages turned her head toward a mirror. Gina saw herself suspended in the air as her body resembled a naked parade float. Blown larger than beach balls, her breasts hung heavy and engorged off her front like teardrops. Her bottom half mirrored their bulk with thighs too plump to let her knees come together. An ass pulled at her back and wobbled, creasing over her thighs.

Her protesting stopped with a whimper.

“Good.”

STRRRRTCH!!

The wrappings dug into her like one hundred fingers, deforming and squeezing her curves. Gina watched herself distend, her breasts inching their way lower and lower down her body.

Fwip!

Something flashed in the mirror. Black and furry. She stared with weary eyes trying to see it again.

Fwip fwip!

It came again, whipped from atop her butt as two furry cones popped from her mussed hair: cat ears and a tail. All three jet-black and slender.

“Mmmmm!! Mpph!!”

The bindings released from her mouth and she gasped, feeling her tail beat against her swelling rear.

“I’m... I-I’m yours...!” she moaned.

STRRRRTCH

“B...Bigger!! Please...” An ear twitched and she bit her lip. *“M-Mrrroowwl, please make me bigger...Master!!”*

She could feel the presence’s amusement. Energy poured into her body. Flesh bloated faster than her mind could react, sending Gina into a thrashing coil of lust. Fluid squirted from her groin as she felt her breasts press into the cold floor.

“MMMM!! Yes!! Y-Yes, Master!! Please!!”

STRRRRTCH!!

They started to grow beneath her, giving her body support within her cleavage. The wrappings loosened their grip and allowed her feet to return to Earth. Standing behind her chest, Gina gazed at the mountains growing to shoulder height.

Growth trembled when heat flourished within her core.

Snap!!

“Mmm!!”

Snap!! Snap!!

Bandages began rupturing. Bursting like rubber bands, they could no longer keep pace with her curves and stretch to fit. Every breakage sent ripples across her skin where they skidded, making Gina tense and cry out. They felt like smacks shocking her to her very depths.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“Mooore!! Mrrroowwwlll!! More!!” she begged, presenting her ass as a wrapping tensed across her engorged pussy. *“M-Mmm--”*

Pink, blushing flesh squeezed around the tightening bandage. It spread her, sinking deep into her folds and tensing against her throbbing clit.

Creaaaaa--SNAP!!

“GGAAHH!!”

The final snap shocked the most, leaving her pussy stinging and crying out with sensitivity. Gina collapsed onto her breasts, giving herself to their bed-sized cushions as her butt sandwiched on top of her.

“Mmmm... M-Mmmmm... Mrroowwlll...” she mewed and whimpered, tail thrashing behind her.

Something slithered from the sarcophagus. In a flood of white, fresh bandages poured forth and enveloped Gina in a writhing sea. She squeaked and moaned when they wrapped around her body, clinging to her and pulling tight. Straps coiled over her back and shoulders to cross around her breasts, helping lift them with magical suspension.

Crash!

The sarcophagus fell to the ground and shattered. Its humming ceased.

She was brought to shaking legs. The mirror revealed her new goddess-like form, clad only in skimpy bandages that left her crotch and nipples exposed in a proud display of nudity.

“Fitting attire for my servant,” the voice said, no longer in her head.

Gina whipped around, her chest knocking the lamp from her nightstand. Darkness fell, but she could see two eyes glowing on her bed in the murk. A tail whipped just like hers, frisky and ready for anything.

“Come,” the cat said, jumping to Gina’s chest. Pressure tensed within her under its paws. The bandages tightened across her body like reins, squeezing her to the point of crying out in desire. *“We have much to do in this strange new world.”*