

Adventures in Growth Part 7

“Nngh... N-No more... No more... No...m-m...mmmooooooooo!!”

Agnys jolted upright. The dim light of the dungeon’s chamber was gone. Golden sunshine filtering in through several windows warmed her face. Sheets draped over her body but fell away as she sat up.

“She’s awake!”

Blurry figures rushed to gather around her bed. The room smelled of medicine. Sounds of a bazaar filling the street outside came through the windows. Even from bed, Agnys could tell she was in the town’s infirmary.

“Agnys? Agnys, dear?” Ghala asked, leaning in close. “How do you feel?”

Her mind swam. Placing a hand to the side of her head, she rubbed her temples. “I... Feel...”

Fingers played over something long and hard protruding from the top of her skull. Memories came flooding back. Agnys felt her horns, then fluffy new ears. Slowly she turned her gaze downward to find her curves swollen beyond recognition. She felt stronger than ever, but her precious muscles were dwarfed by the layer of feminine softness adorning her figure. Everything from her knees down hung off the mattress thanks to her enhanced stature.

“It... *It was real?!?*” she gasped.

Her companions gathered closer and she looked up. They all sported similar enhancements of cow horns, ears, and a tail.

Hephi sighed. “Trust me, I’m still wishing it was a dream, too.”

Jaw dropping, Agnys took in her friends’ transformations. “Hephi, you’re--”

“I know. I know.”

The sorceress looked ready to give birth. Far removed from the cave-filling balloon of slime, she was a picture of bovine feminine beauty. A dress ripping in several places was stretched across a pair of watermelon breasts resting atop a rounded belly capable of being used as a mini table. For as rotund as her abdomen was, it was unable to hide the girth of her hips flaring outward. The dress visibly strained to contain her, as Hephi remained in denial of her changes.

Lira jumped and leaned on the bed. *“It’s not all bad! I’m probably the only cat-cow girl in the world!”*

Cat ears twitched next to her horns. Behind Lira’s back, a cat tail twisted around a cow tail like a pair of dancers. Most impressive were the heaving breasts filling a fluffy white bodice. Even larger than Hephi’s, Lira’s bust extended down to her hips. They were like anchors on the otherwise lithe former feline. Agny’s eyes sank into her cleavage for what felt like miles.

“And look at these!” Lira squealed, leaning back to heft her bust in her arms. “I’m *HUGE!*”

Ghala rolled her eyes. “You should at least take off those earrings.”

“Why?? They go so well with my udders! And besides, the curse is gone now!” Her tails swished behind her. She giggled and eyed Agnys from behind her heaped cleavage. “I’m less than half your size, but my chest is almost as big as yours!”

Hephi adjusted her dress. “We’re going to have to find a new rogue.”

“Are not!”

“You can’t sneak around like that!”

“I can so! I just have to be a little more careful!” Lira’s hand shot out and delivered a smack to Ghala’s rear. “If anyone needs to be careful, it’s you!”

“Eep!”

Agnys remained speechless. She hadn’t seen from her position in bed, but as she leaned over to get a better look at the paladin, she saw Ghala’s changes for what they were.

Along with the bovine additions like the others, Ghala’s bottom half had engorged to monstrous proportions. The front half of her dress hung like a loincloth in front of her otherwise naked hips. Even turned sideways, Agnys was certain she had trouble fitting through doorways. Mountainous stacks of curves jiggled with every adjusting movement the paladin made.

“T-The tailor is still trying to make me a dress that can cover everything...” she said softly.

Agnys paused to process her words. “Wait, how long have I been out??”

“A few days. Lira hasn’t left your side.”

“It’s true! I haven’t!” Her eyes glittered.

Agnys looked around in renewed anxiety. “But-- The-- What about the--”

“The dungeon?” Hephi sat down to relieve the weight on her back. A hand rested atop her belly. “Ghala and I have been doing some investigating while you’ve been recovering. The place is deserted now that you reached the end.”

Ghala nodded. “Apparently, the dungeon was created by an old goddess some centuries ago. She made it as a test to find her new champion. She felt the world had forgotten about her, and knew that if a woman could make it to her altar, then they would be worthy of spreading her name once more. I guess over the years, her ‘test’ turned into just a rumor about some dungeon that was rigged against women. But you--”

The barbarian crossed her arms. “No.”

“No?”

“I don’t want it.”

“But, Agnys, it’s--”

“She didn’t ask! She forced me to accept it if I wanted to save you three!” Agnys grunted. “Now I have horns, puffy ears, and a tail. My chest is too big to swing an axe. I’m going to hit my head on ceilings even more than before. If I could give it all back, I--”

“Don’t reject her gifts!”

They all looked at Lira.

“It’s not that bad! Really!” Lira held up her chest and let it slam on the bed. “They’re big... *Really, really big*. But it’s mostly milk! Same with yours! I’ve been neglecting them today, so they’re extra full. But if I keep up on it, they can get much smaller! I’m sure yours will too!”

Hephi gave a sarcastic hum and grabbed her belly. “Great. Now tell me how to shrink this thing.”

“I-I don’t know... Give birth?” Lira snickered.

The sorceress fumed and stood up. “Listen, *cat*. If there is *anything* growing inside of me, it’s an ass-whooping that’s coming for you! Watch your mouth before--”

“Pointless champion...” Agnys mumbled.

The room quieted as they returned attention to her. “What’s that, dear?” Ghala asked.

“What’s the point in being a champion for a goddess that’s been forgotten? She was forgotten for a reason. Now this is going to get in the way of our adventures.”

Fret not, my Champion.

A voice chimed in their minds. All looked around the room at the divine, sourceless words.

You shall have no blockades from my favor. Only blessings and the righteous protections of a blossoming goddess rising once again to providence. You have my word. With your strength, the world shall know me once more. They will sing your name.

That was enough to buy favor with Agnys. Even if her body was oversized, she couldn’t deny that she felt capable of overpowering any challenge that came her way. The bed itself felt ready to break beneath her if she flexed too hard.

There is also the matter of my other gift to you and your companions.

Agnys looked around, then pulled away her sheets to check for any other bodily changes she hadn’t yet noticed. “Gift?”

Ghala motioned to the window. “It’s out there.”

A quick nod came from Lira, and an annoyed nod from Hephi.

Slowly, Agnys rose from bed and approached the window. Outside she saw a bustling street full of color, but nothing out of the ordinary. “I don’t see anything.”

“Look up! Look up!” Lira squealed.

She did so. Then her eyes bulged and she pressed her face into the window for a better look.

Floating above the city, like a hovering dreadnought, was a small island. Its bottom featured sharp corners and smooth walls, where tunnels and rooms comprised the majority of the tiny floating fortress.

“What is *that*?”

Behold my dungeon, now transformed into your castle. It shall follow you and respond to your beck and call. Headquarters worthy of my champion.

“It’s... I-It’s floating...” Agnys said.

Lira exclaimed, *“It means no more random hotel nights! Or sleeping on the street! We’ll always have comfy beds! And baths!”*

Hephi relented. “Ghala and I also agreed it would be helpful in cutting travel expenses, while giving us privacy to practice our fields.”

“A floating fortress is nothing to scoff at, Agnys,” Ghala added.

“So can we keep it?”

“Uhh...”

“As long as we can finally leave this hospital,” Hephi groaned and massaged her belly.

Ghala stepped forward and knocked the bed with her hips. “What do you say, Champion?”

The barbarian looked around the room. Pleading eyes came from all directions. Pressure pulsed in her breasts from milk more than ready to spill free. Muscles waited below with power she’d only dreamt of attaining.

“Well...” Agnys caught Lira’s eager eyes and smiled. “I guess I can give it a try. For a little bit at least. What’s the worst that can happen?”

The End