

Adventures in Growth

Contains breast, butt, full-body expansion and lust domination

Lira's cat ears twitched as she and her companion stood outside the cave entrance. Thrust into the side of a mountain, the opening was overgrown with brush. It would have been impossible to find had Agnys not led the way.

"So... How did you hear about this place again?" she asked. A furry black tail flicked and she shifted her lithe weight between her feet.

Agnys hefted a battle axe over a shoulder. The tallest of her adventuring group, the barbarian woman nearly doubled some of the others' height and dwarfed their muscle mass. Most human men would perish trying to accept her weight. "I heard someone talkin' about it in the pub! They said only a *man* could make it through. *HA!*" A scoff scared several birds from a nearby tree. "We'll show them!"

The other two from their party came up on their heels, dripping sweat from the trek up the mountain. Summer's heat bore down from a sky clear and blue.

"*Slow doooowwwwnnn...!*" Hephi groaned. She removed her wide-brimmed hat to fan herself. Long brown hair fluttered at the breeze and she leaned on her staff for support. "*We're not all made of pure muscle or skinny cat people!*"

"Hephi should put on more muscle then!" Agnys laughed and delivered a pat on the back that almost sent the sorceress to the ground. "More time lifting weights instead of books!"

"*Goddess, take it easy!*" she snapped.

"Sorry..."

A short blonde woman wearing a white robe brought up the rear. A calm demeanor concealed her fatigue. Placing her hand on Hephi's shoulder where she was already rubbing a bruise, she released a small flow of blue energy. The pain subsided and Hephi sighed in relief.

"Thanks, Ghala."

A soft smile passed and she opened her robe to catch the mountain breeze. Below its heavy fabric she wore a plain form-fitting tunic and skirt of white. "Think nothing of it. Now, what were you saying, Agnys?"

"They said only guys can finish this dungeon!"

Hephi snorted. "Right, as if there's anything men can do that women can't do better."

Lira purred into a giggle. "Like knitting a sweater?"

"I'll knit one *and* fill it better." The sorceress looked to the tallest. "Agnys, what's at the end of this thing?"

The axe bounced on her shoulder when she shrugged. "Dunno. Treasure?"

"*Good enough reason for me!*" Lira cheered. Prancing to the entrance, she poked her head inside and sniffed the air. A petite rear protruded out behind her, stretching a pair of tight black pants. "*Come on!*" she urged, looking over her shoulder.

"*I'm comin'!*" Agnys declared, bounding after the catgirl and into the cave.

"Wait! Not so-- *Guys!*" Hephi yelled. "*We should stay together!*"

Ghala gave an amused laugh and followed at a gentle pace. “Hard to control eagerness, isn’t it? For some people there truly is no time like the present.”

Hephi ducked and maneuvered her taller frame into the hole. Wood thunked from her staff striking the wall and casting a helpful illuminating glow several meters around her. “Well they would do well to spend a little time in the future.”

“Woaaaaahhhhhh... *This place is huuuuge!*” Lira’s voice echoed through the cave. After the entrance, the interior opened to a spacious tunnel multiple times taller and wider than even Agnys. There was room for the group to walk abreast with plenty of space to spare. Giddy with adventuring energy, she jumped onto Agnys’s arm and clung like a monkey. “How deep do you think it goes??”

“To the hells, I hope!” she roared with laughter.

Ghala observed the various rock formations and small crystals dotting the ceiling. “Hard to know... Could go clear to the base of the mountain.”

“Then it better exit there too. I’m not climbing back up this thing from the inside,” Hephi insisted.

Agnys snorted and flexed her muscles, making Lira squeal as she was flung off like a snapping bracelet. She puffed her massive chest out in confidence until cleavage bulged over her armor. “Cave don’t seem so hard to me. Those guys at the pub were wimps.”

“We’ve only just started, Agnys.” Ghala looked over the ground. “There *are* signs of struggles... Particularly from other women.”

“Oh yea? Like what?”

Clatter

Lira’s foot struck something metallic. “*Oops! What’s--*” Her heart pounded when she saw Hephi’s magical light play over a leather breastplate fitted for a woman. It was split down the middle as well as had the metal clasps broken down the back. “I wonder how this happened...”

“There are more,” Ghala indicated with a sweeping finger. “Look around.”

Paying more attention to the sides of the tunnel, the group saw what she meant. The boulders and debris lining the walls were mixed with breastplates and armor of all sizes. Some were steel and still shined bright as the day they were forced. Others were dull and weathered, made of leather or wood.

“*OH!!*” Agnys gasped and stooped down. “*Pants!*” She held up a tattered piece of fabric. The rear was shredded and the front split down the front and over the crotch. Tears opened the thighs in a dozen places. “*Someone had a good time here!*”

Ghala softly said, “Don’t be crude, Agnys.”

The barbarian ignored her. “They look like that time I got drunk and tried to wear Lira’s clothes!”

“*Those were my favorite pair!*” Lira screamed and batted her hands against Agnys’s hip. “*Do you even know how good they made my butt look?! My tail looked amazing in those pants!*”

“And my butt looked good blowing them open!”

“Shhh, you two,” Hephi shushed. “Look around...” She picked up a piece of leather armor cropped to show the midsection. The top where it was molded to a woman’s bust was

warped and stretched, leaving pale cracks in the aged material. One shoulder strap was snapped in half and dangled to the side. “All of these armor pieces have something in common. First, they’re all made for women. And second--”

“They all like like they’ve been destroyed,” Ghala finished.

“*By a monster??*” Agnys hoped.

“No...” She inspected the leather. “Almost like they were all destroyed from the inside out. By great pressure or stress.”

Agnys snickered. “Like when I flex and break my armor. Muscles too big sometimes.”

Ghala frowned along with Hephi. Both had the same thought. “That’s...almost exactly what it looks like. But everything is centered around the curves. Strange...”

A shiver passed through Hephi. She shuddered, gripping her staff tight as they walked deeper into the tunnel.

“What is it?” Ghala asked.

“Nothing, yet... But there’s something here... This place has strong magic to it. We should tread more carefully.” She motioned to the giggling catgirl and barbarian ahead. “That means you two!”

Lira looked over her shoulder with tail twitching. “Hm?”

“Don’t touch *anything* unless--”

“*Lira, look at this rock!*” Dirt shifted and fell when Agnys hefted a boulder from the ground and held it overhead like a trophy. “*It has a face!*”

“*Ahhhh look at that!*” Lira howled with laughter, holding her belly and doubling over.

Agnys nodded with a giant grin. “*Doesn’t it look like Hephi when she’s angry or--*”

Bloommmmp!

A familiar sound of thick, bubbling fluid drew their attention. Where Agnys had pulled the boulder was a small blob of green slime oozing from between the rocks. It gathered to form a sphere roughly the size of a melon.

“Goddess, slimes,” Hephi groaned. “This place already isn’t worth the trouble. I’m not getting anywhere near those things for whatever is at the end of this dungeon! They--”

Bloommp!

It rolled toward Hephi, pushing the sorceress back. Several more slipped from crevices in the walls and came from under rocks to pursue the lanky woman.

“*H-Hey! Stop!*”

“Awww, they like you!” Lira giggled.

“*They don’t like me!*” She flung the bottom of her staff out and struck one, sending it splatting against the wall only for it to reform and resume its quest. “*They smell my mana! Damn things absorb it to no end! They’re like mana sponges!*”

One brushed her foot and oozed over an ankle, engulfing her lower calf in a transparent green mass.

“*EEEEKKK GET IT AWAY FROM MEEEE!*”

Ghala moved to offer advice but maintained a fair distance. She'd seen first-hand what too many slimes can do to a magic user. "If you just calm down and--

"It just wants a hug!" Agnys roared with laughter. *"Give it a kiss!"*

"Get it off get it off get it offfff!!" Hephi flailed her leg to shake the creature but it held firm, slowly creeping up her shin and passing her knee. She pulled her dress up to a daring height to catch it halfway up her thigh. *"THAT'S IT!"*

KZZZPPP!!

Light flashed from her staff. A blast of chilled air rushed through the tunnel to make even Agnys shiver and her nipple harden into tiny rocks. Frost hung in the air around Hephi but the sounds of creeping slime had stopped. As the air cleared, they saw each ball of ooze frozen solid around her.

"Hmph!"

Tap!

Her staff clinked against the solidified goo around her thigh. It cracked before shattering into a mess of green chunks and pelted the ground around her feet. She lowered her dress and moved to compose herself.

"There." Fixing hair from her face, she glared at her companions. *"Thanks for all the help!"*

Gloooooorrrmmpp...

Ghala's eyes turned wide now. She backed away from Hephi and moved behind Agnys like a shield.

"What? What's wrong? They're dead, no thanks to you lot." Hephi said.

Gloooooorrrmmmp!!!

"H-Hephi--" Ghala whispered. "Come here very slowly and--"

"Why?? Can we slow down and figure out a game plan instead of wandering aimlessly first??"

Lira's face paled and her tail drooped along with her ears. *"Shh! You're gonna make it angrier!"*

"Make *what* angrier?! Why are you three so--"

"GIANT SLIME!!" Agnys bellowed, pointing her axe toward the ceiling.

GLOOOMMP!!!!

RRMMMBLLL!!!

It fell behind Hephi like the foot of a giant, slapping the rock with gelatinous wet ooze and sending shockwaves through the cave. The force knocked the sorceress off balance and sent her to the ground, the staff flying out of her grasp and clattering against the wall. Looking back, her eyes dilated at the monstrous mound of slime quivering over her like a small house. Rage quaked its form at the death of its children. Hunger for mana rumbled through its mass.

Hephi squeaked. *"O-O-Oh dear Goddess..."*



GLOOORRRMMP!!!

“G-GET AWAY!! GET IT AWAY FROM MEEE!!”

Hephi’s yells echoed down the tunnel. A tentacle of slime had wrapped around her legs to take her to the ground. Fingers clawed at the dirt and rock to pull herself away but the towering mound of slime rumbled with hunger for the sorceress’s magic. It wouldn’t let go so easily.

“Lira! My staff!” Hephi begged her feline companion. A desperate hand pointed to the wooden weapon tossed several meters away. *“I need my staff!”*

The catgirl’s ears flattened and she clasped her hands to her chest. *“No way! What if that thing grabs me too??”*

“WHAT IF IT ENGULFS ME?!” Hephi interrupted.

Lira shrank. *“O-Ok, I’ll try! Maybe I can somehow--”*

A hand fell on her shoulder. She looked back to see Ghala stopping her. *“Stay back.”*

“Ghala!!” Hephi roared.

The white mage shook her head. *“It’s too dangerous to risk another of us getting caught. That slime is hungry for her magic. It’s too big to fight off without--”*

Agnys bellowed with might. *“Grraaahhhh!!”*

Splooosh!!

A boulder sailed through the air to strike the side of the monstrous green slime. Ooze sprayed in thick globs as the rock sank halfway before stopping and slowly creeping down the creature’s body to the floor.

There was no effect. Hephi clawed as the transparent tentacles crept up her thighs and hips. They were exploring. Venturing under her dress. Her thighs clamped tight but she knew no crevice was too slim for a slime. Warm, slippery masses poked and explored her bottom half as she was pulled closer.

“A-Aahhh! Do...something! Ghala!! Please!” she squeaked, feeling a rounded head of slime slipping between her thighs. *“Do something!!”* Hephi’s eyes sprang open at a wriggling sensation against her pelvis.. *“BEFORE IT--MMPH!!”*

Guuuurrrgle...

The group held their breath when the inevitable happened. Hephi tensed, squirming as her dress pulled and shifted around her body. Slowly her legs spread open at the encroaching mass of slime searching for her source of magic.

“Mnngh!! I-It’s-- Someone-- It’s...Mnnngh!!!”

Guuurrrrrgle!!!

Hephi rolled over as pressure and ooze moved into her body. Hands fell upon her abdomen. It had begun rising into a bloated dome, tightening her dress across her belly. Rounded masses pushed from her breasts to take in any extra slack.

Guuurrrrrgle!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Slime poured into her. They watched Hephi’s belly rapidly expand to that of a pregnant woman, her swelling globe stretching within her hands.

“She’s blowin’ up!!” Agnys turned to her friends. *“What do we do??”*

Lira whimpered and backed away, holding her own belly. “I was attacked by a slime once... Never again. A-And... It wasn’t nearly as big. Don’t we have any slime deterrent??”

Ghala chuckled. “Hephi said it wasn’t worth the weight.”

“Then what do we do??” Agnys asked.

Shrrriiip!!

Rending fabric broke the air. At the slime’s curiosity, Hephi’s dress was splitting at the seams. A belly like a pumpkin wobbled on top of her, pushing two engorged breasts into her chin. They were far from the petite assets Hephi took pride in; these were oversized piles of flesh jiggling with welling masses of goo.

“Mmmgh!! Mmmmghhh it’s...going deeper!!! It’s-- MMPH!!”

Hephi was at the slime’s mercy. Tentacles held her down and coiled around her torso until one found her mouth. Another pair explored her breasts as they pushed free of her dress like fruits splitting their rinds.

“MMMMPHH!!!”

GLOOOOOMMMP!!!

The slime shivered at all the space it had just discovered. Hephi’s eyes bulged, feeling pressure well within her throat and between her legs. Pulsating motions pounded against her nipples to draw them long and swollen within the slime’s clutches.

GUUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMPH!!!”

Shrrriiip!!!!

Agnys dropped her axe when her friend’s dress lost the last of its seams. Left naked amid the writhing pile of slime, Hephi’s body was transforming at an accelerating pace.

Her breasts surged forth, eclipsing the size of her head before coming to dwarf watermelons. Her belly groaned as it towered into a heaving mass of sloshing ooze three feet in diameter. Against its taut underbelly, her thighs pushed back with mass of their own. Ass cheeks crept across the ground, plumping and filling as the slime left no inch unexplored. Slowly her hips rose upon her filling rear. Her legs spread open despite no gap ever forming between her thighs; they were thickening too fast.

“Hhmmsh!! Hhmmsh~!” Hephi’s nose hissed in desperation. Her eyes stared at the tentacle pumping the fluid into her mouth. Overhead the mother slime shivered. It had hardly lost any of its titanic size yet Hephi felt as though she were already nearing her limit.

“We have to do something!” Lira panicked. She grabbed Ghala’s arm. *“Isn’t there any magic you can use?!”*

“Well...”

Strrrrrtch!!

“*MMMPHH!!*” Hephi strained and arched her back. The slime was pumping faster. Her hands trembled as they were pulled away from her belly. “*T...Tight!!*” she rasped through the slime. “*I’m getting-- Too tight!!*”

Ghala chewed on her lip. The last thing she wanted to do was draw attention to themselves, especially her own magic. Lira and Agnys would be powerless against the beast.

“Hephi...” she called out in caution. “How are you feeling?”

Strrrrrrtch!

“*MMMMGH!!!*” Urgent eyes stared at the ballooning mass of her stomach. It loomed over her until cleavage swallowed her face. Hips too wide for a doorway shuddered beneath her gut’s weight. Clenching fists voiced her rising panic.

Lira whimpered. “*She’s going to pop, Ghala!!!*”

“I... I have something that will help the tightness, but it’s not going to stop the slime. It will only excite it. I’m afraid you’re--” Ghala paused. “*You’re going to have to take all of it.*”

Hephi’s eyes turned toward the mage from her cleavage. “*MM?!*” She shook her head in protest. The slime was the size of a house.

STRRTCH!!!

Pressure surged her body in all directions. Tightness urged her to reconsider and Hephi’s mind shifted. Hands clenched into fists, she nodded as her face grimaced. Skin trembled with spreading firmness that groaned in her ears.

“Very well...” Ghala stepped forward. Raising her hands, she mouthed several ancient words. A glow enveloped Hephi in a pink light. When it faded, it left her with an oiled appearance shining across her skin.

GLOOOORRRRRMP!!!

“*Mmmmmmm!! M...Mmmmngh~!*”

Hephi’s pulling movements slowed even as the slime bore down, sensing the additional magic within its prey.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“*Mmmmmmmmm!!!*”

Flesh swelled wildly. Lira’s jaw dropped when Hephi’s belly began taking over her entire frame. Spread eagle, the sorceress looked to be giving herself to the slime as the sides of her torso rounded outward. Fullness spread across her back and shoulders.

“What--” Lira swallowed, unable to speak.

“What is she doin’??” Agnys asked instead. “*Why is it goin’ faster??*”

Ghala sighed. “I cast an elasticity spell on her body. It solves the tension she was no doubt feeling, but...” She took a step back. “The slime won’t stop until it’s completely within her. Not after tasting more magic.”

GLOOOORRRRRRRMP!!!!

The slime almost roared with delight. The entire mass tilted forward, applying more weight to Hephi’s openings. Sounds of rushing fluid oozed through the air as gallon after gallon pumped forth.

“Mmmmm!! Mmmpghhh~!”

Lira blushed. “I-It sounds like she’s almost...enjoying it...”

“It’s an exotic sensation, to be able to stretch and expand without fear of the inevitable.”

Ghala watched intently as the slime started to shrink. “There *is* still a limit, but I believe Hephi can handle its volume before her body--”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMMMMMGH!!!!!”

A muffled groan of intense pleasure rumbled through the floor. Hephi was trying to grope and massage herself but her body was becoming too large. Her torso had swelled like a balloon of itself, stretching her belly and breasts with it. The spherical mass seemed to swallow her legs as her navel and crotch inched lower between her thighs. Her arms pushed to the sides of her body, unable to bend as her biceps fattened with slime.

Ooze churned across every inch of her being. Her belly had grown taller than Agnys. Breasts wider than the barbarian’s wingspan stretched full and taut across her belly in pale hemispheres. From between them sat Hephi’s head, nestled within a sunken divet of flesh.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“MMMMGH!! Hmmmsshhh!! Hhhmmshhhh!!”

Rasping gasps escaped her nose. Divine stimulation assaulted her from every angle as her sensitive gardens of pleasure were stretched and pulled. Slime massaged her from the inside out. Shifting skin tingled and sparked with lust. As large as two merchant carts, her body inched across the floor as a growing blob of flesh.

“C-Can she really hold all of that?!” Lira asked in fright. “*There’s still so much!!*”

“We’ll have to see.”

GLOOORRRRRRMP!!!

The slime pushed harder. Ooze flowed faster. Hephi’s body rumbled as it ballooned in all directions. Her legs spread fully as her elongated, puffy nethers pushed down to her ankles. Her back rounded beneath her to make every motion send her wobbling and swaying. Helpless hands flapped and slapped against her sides as her arms vanished within her mass.

They could see the slime shrinking. Hephi had overtaken it in size. The smaller it dwindled, the faster it delved into her body.

“MMM!! M-M-MMMPH!!!”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MNNGH!!”

Hephi groaned, her body rolling forward from the weight of her stomach until she was upright, unsteady and braced between her waistline and protruding ass cheeks. Breasts hung heavy off her globe-like body in distended mounds too firm to fold over.

“*S-She’s getting tight again!!*” Lira screamed. “*Ghala!! DO SOMETHING!!*”

“The spell only works once. It can only give so much stretch...”

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Hephi squeaked, feeling slime struggle to pump down her throat and nipples. Her crotch ached as it bulged outward like a dam ready to burst.

“HANG IN THERE, HEPHI!!” Agnys roared. *“YOU’RE ALMOST THERE!! YOU’RE--”*
CREEEEAAAAAAK!!

“MMMNNNGH?!?!?”

Her eyes popped open when her body complained. The walls of the tunnel pressed against her sides, squeezing her entire spherical body into an oval. An overripe fruit ready to pop.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMPH!! MMMPH!!!”

Ghala frowned. “Oh dear...”

“C-Come on, Hephi!!” Lira’s tail twitched in worry. She stared at the slime, now hidden behind her bulk. *“It’s almost gone!!”*

CREEEEAAAAAA--POOMPH!!

“MNNGH?!?!?”

Her belly button sprang forth to send a deep echo through her house-sized mass. Strained beyond measure, even with magic’s aid, her body struggled to contain the slime’s load. Steaming rushes of air left through her nostrils as she felt her breasts tighten into smooth hemispheres, drawing her areolas into ghostly circles at the same time.

Lira twitched. She felt as though she were standing too close as the rumbles intensified. “S-Should we maybe hide behind a--”

CREEEEAAAAAAK!!!

“MMMGGH!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!”

Hephi’s body squeezed within the tunnel’s opening. Skin bulged and creased. Eyes clenched tight, she felt her body fully swallow her limbs and face as every limit was tested. Slime crept over her body in thinning trails.

GUUUuuuuurrgle...

The churning slowed. The trails of slime narrowed and vanished into her nipples and mouth. As the last of it settled within her, Hephi’s storm of gurgling, flowing ooze fell silent.

“H...Hephi...?” Lira whispered. “Are you--”

“Mmng... Goddess... It... I’m so...” a labored voice moaned from atop the human globe. *“I’m...too big...”*

“Hephi... *YOU’RE HUGE!!*” Agnys clapped. *“You’re a wall!!”*

She shivered. Blush spread over her naked, rounded figure. She couldn’t hope to see her friends from atop her bulk. *“D-Don’t call a woman a wall, Agnys!”*

Ghala agreed. “She’s correct, though.” Approaching, she placed a hand on Hephi’s side. Her skin was drum-tight and hot to the touch. “You’re blocking our exit.”

Lira stiffened and her tail puffed. *“Wait so we’re stuck in here?! What if there are more slimes?!”* She ogled Hephi’s new shape. *“I CANNOT get that big!! I refuse! I won’t do it! I--”*

“We’ll have to continue on and hope for another exit, then come back for Hephi with slime deterrent.”

“Y-You’re going to leave me here??”

Agnys laughed and gently pounded on her belly. “What should we do, roll ya along with us?”

“DON’T YOU DARE!!” Her voice softened. “I-I’ll just wait here.”

Lira hummed. “I don’t think you have a choice... Sorry, Hephi.”

Metal scraped as Agnys retrieved her axe from the ground. Ghala was already leading the way deeper into the dungeon.

“We’ll come back! Try not to get any bigger!” Agnys teased.

A whimper came in return. *“P...Please hurry...”*



“Hmm~ Hmm~ Hm Hmmm~”

Whimsical humming echoed through the dungeon. Prancing with hardly a care in the world, Lira’s lithe body skipped and bounced with a friskiness only a catgirl could muster. Her tail waved in amusement at her surroundings while her ears pricked at the smallest sound.

Agnys frowned at her companion’s merriment. “You shouldn’t be so happy. Hephi is still back there!”

“I know!” Lira turned around and clasped her hands at her back while walking. Hardly a care in the world shone through her green eyes. “And that slime was scary! But Hephi is fine! Aaaaaaand...” Her grin curled into a teasing giggle. *“It’s not like she’s going anywhere.”*

The barbarian gawked, nearly dropping her axe. “That’s mean, Lira!”

Her tail flicked. “Buuuut it’s true~ And we’re not going anywhere either. You saw her. She’s basically a wall! A big, jiggling, slime-filled wall,” she managed to add with hardly a straight face. *“I don’t know if her butt will ever go back to norma--”*

“Lira!” Agnys lunged and grabbed the feline by her collar.

“Hey! Put me down!!”

“You should apologize! That’s our friend!”

Lira crossed her arms under her tiny bust while she was held out like a mischievous kitten. *“I was only saying what we were all thinking.”*

Ghala stepped in and tapped Agnys’s arm with her staff. “Put her down. She’s crude but correct. We have to keep moving and come back for Hephi when we’re more prepared. There’s no taking care of her until we take care of ourselves.”

Grumbling, Agnys set Lira down. The catgirl stuck out her tongue.

Bonk!

“Ow!!”

Ghala’s staff thumped her head. “And *you* need to be more on guard. There’s something strange about this place. Some kind of energy. That slime could be the first trial of--”

“Aawwww, dammit!!” Agnys interrupted as they rounded a corner. *“A wall?!”*

They stood before a smooth surface of stone stretching across the tunnel. It stood out from the rest of the surroundings, clearly foreign to the earth.

“Hello??” Agnys called, pounding on the outside. It echoed but no answer came. *“Anybody there??”*

“Agnys, hush...” Ghala said. She scanned the floor with interest and tapped a raised platform with a square shape. *“What’s this here? It looks like--”*

“Treasure!!” Lira’s voice rose over theirs with shrill excitement. Bounding like a deer, she raced to a small hollow on the other side of the tunnel. A stashed lock box opened with a crack of her dagger before revealing gleaming jewelry within. *“Look at all this!”*

“In a moment,” Ghala said with little amusement. *“Agnys, come step here.”*

“Why...?”

“Because you’re heavy.”

The barbarian looked offended and clutched a hand to her chest before pondering for a moment and agreeing with a relenting nod.

“OHOO LOOK AT THESE!!” Lira squeaked. A pair of golden earrings glimmered in her hand. *“They’re like little cowbells!!”* Fixing them to her earlobes, she shook her head and listened to the tiny jingles. *“What do you guys think?? Cute? Adorable? Both??”*

The pair paid her little mind.

Ghala stepped back and pointed to the raised platform. *“Stand here.”*

“Ok...”

A pout puffed Lira’s cheeks. *“Hmph! Don’t know good treasure when you see it.”* The bells chimed in her ears as she donned a necklace, followed by an ornate belt. Feeling the gold touch her tiny exposed cleavage sent chills down her spine that made her shiver. Hands ran down her figure and over her petite rear as she inspected her new plunder and her tail curved. *“Does this belt make my ass look incredible or what?!”* Excitement tingled like electricity. She stooped down once more to search. *“Mrrroowlll what else is here??”*

Thunk!

Agnys’s weight moved the platform. It sank several inches, triggering a hidden mechanism.

Whrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

A rumble shook the dungeon. Dust fell in clouds. At the wall, she and Ghala saw a doorway slide open with grinding stone.

“You’re a genius!” Agnys cheered and ran for the door. *“All we had to do was push! Now--”*

Thunk!

The platform raised. The entrance closed. Agnys stopped, frowning. She placed her foot on the platform again. Her weight was barely enough to make it depress, bringing the entrance open once more.

“It won’t stay!”

Ghala nodded. “It appears we need something heavy to hold the trigger mechanism down.”

Looking around, the barbarian whined, “There’s no boulders here! And I don’t wanna stand forever! I want to *FIGHT!* What are we going to--”

Shrriip!

“N-Nyaaa!!”

A sound of rending fabric and a kitten’s shriek split through the air. They gave their attention to Lira now as she froze on her hands and knees to look at her presented rear. A rip had formed down her backside, splitting her pants and revealing the immodest pale valley below.

“Ha!! *Lira split her pants!*” Agnys pointed. “Someone needs to lay off the sweets!”

The catgirl whimpered as her earrings chimed. Her hands had stopped digging through jewelry. Turning her head forward, she let her gaze fall to her front. Tension shifted through her shirt. “H...Hey... I feel-- Kinda--”

Strrrrrrtch

“Eeeep!!!”

Ghala raised an eyebrow. “Lira? Everything alright?”

She stared at her chest. It was pushing into her skin-tight top to the point of discomfort. Heavy cleavage bulged from the neckline. Far too swollen to be the tiny mounds she adored, the melon halves filling her tunic were enough to make her breath hitch.

“I-I-I think my chest is--”

Shrriiip!!!

“Mrroowwllll!!!”

Shock flattened her ears when the tear in her pants grew wider. All three saw her hips plump, Lira’s bottom half thickening several inches down through her thighs. The crack of her cheeks pushed through her torn pants, spreading the gap down through her crotch and across the backs of her thighs.

Booomph!!

She fell back in panic, reeling at the sudden weight filling her curves. Jiggling flesh wobbled on her hips as she sat upon a fattening ass lifting her into the air.

“W-W-What’s happening to me?! I’m--”

Strrrrrrtch!!!

“EEEEEEK!!!”

Her eyes returned to her front. Her tail shot out and puffed. Grabbing her breasts, Lira’s eyes bulged upon seeing her former B-cups engorge into mammoth udders that filled her arms. Her shirt pulled from her pants into a skin-tight crop top hugging her bust. Wine-stopper nipples stood into the fabric to make her blush at their sensitivity. Blocking any view of her hips, she gazed at the burgeoning expanse of cleavage.

“I’m blowing up!! I’m-- Mmrroowwllllll!!! B-Blowing...up!!! HELP!!”

Agnys stared as Lira’s hips widened around her to swallow her waist. “Wow... You really do need to lay off those--”

“IT’S NOT THE SWEETS, AGNYS!!” Lira panicked.

SHRRRIIP!!!!

“Ahh!! Mmmnghhh~!!”

Her pants tore open completely. The trio blushed when Lira’s entire bottom half was laid bare. Her legs flailed to get underneath her but her heels only dug into the dirt. Wobbling ass cheeks spread over the ground, slowly lifting her higher upon a fleshy couch. Between two thighs, each surpassing the width of her shoulders, Lira felt her pussy throb in wetted desperation.

Straining stitches groaned around Lira’s torso. She whimpered, leaning back as pressure flowed into the tightening garment. Flesh heaped over her trembling arms and into her eyes.

“D-Don’t just stand there!! Do something!!” she begged over the sound of the cowbell earrings chiming in her panic. *“They won’t stop growing!!!”*

Agnys approached with concern and dropped her axe. *“Did a slime sneak into you??”*

“No a slime didn’t sneak into me!!” Lira blushed and tried to close her legs as they spread each other open. Her ears pointed in anger. Cleavage bulged up to her chin while skin squeezed out of her arm holes. *“I’m GROWING!! Something is making me swell up!! I’m-- MRROOWWLLLL!!!!!!”*

Shrriiip!!!!

Flesh burst through her shirt like a blossoming flower. Lira’s arms flew to gather the heaps of flesh but there was little to be done against the overwhelming growth. Her rock-hard nipples evaded her reach and she hugged the sides of her breasts as they distended to fill her heaving lap.

“What’s happening?! W-Why am I getting SO BIG?! I FEEL LIKE I’M--”

“It’s the earrings.”

Lira and Agnys turned to see Ghala approaching with her ever-calm demeanor. The end of her staff prodded the jewelry at Lira’s ears, making them chime.

Strrrrrtch!!!

“A-Aahhhm!!”

Flesh bloated from all curves. Being consumed by her hourglass figure, the catgirl tensed as she felt her ass rub higher up her back. Her tail whipped with mental struggles to resist the sensations.

Lira mewled against a wall of pleasure. *“G-Ghala~ Don’t... D-Don’t do that~! It makes me--”*

Agnys poked an earring. *“Heh heh~”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMMRROOOOWWLLLL!!”

Lira yowled when her body seared with growth and sensitivity. Everything bloated, her breasts far exceeding the capacity of her arms as they pushed to cover her knees. Even the largest of doorways would have been impossible to fit through regardless of the angle with her swollen backside.

“You look like that witch after she cast the wrong spell!” Agnys roared with laughter.

“*This isn’t funny!!!*” Lira grabbed the earrings to cease their chimes. “*Ghala, help me get these off! I-I can’t get any bigger! Everything feels--*” A shudder left goosebumps across her skin. “*It’s too much!*”

“Well, I could try, but they’re likely cursed. Removing them improperly could make the swelling permanent.”

Lira’s ears drooped. “*P...Permanent...? No. No please! I-I can’t sneak around like this! I-I can’t even walk!! Pleeaaaaaase, Ghala!!*” Her cheeks burned red. “*I miss my tiny chest!!*”

Gears turned in Agnys’s brain until Ghala smelled smoke. “*Oh! Oh oh!! I know!*”

The barbarian bore down upon Lira. Muscle-ripped arms curled under the catgirl’s knees and back. Agnys grunted as she flexed.

“*What are you doing?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!*” Lira screamed, feeling her bed-filling curves shift and jiggle.

“Lords, you’re heavy!” Agnys huffed. Her arms strained as she reared back and carried Lira to the center of the room.

Strrrrrrrrtch!!!

The earrings chimed with every step.

“*Down!! D-Down!! Put me down!! You’re making me-- Aaaahhhhm~!!! MEEEOOOWWWW!!!*”

Hot, sticky wetness flooded Agnys’s forearm as it pressed against Lira’s over-swelled crotch.

“This works!” Agnys announced.

BOOOMPH!!!!

Flesh rippled when she placed Lira on the platform.

“*MMMMMMMM!!!!!!*”

STRRRRTCH!!!!

Flesh grew and stretched. Firm with her new developments, Lira squeaked as her torso was swallowed between her chest and rear.

Thunk!!

The platform gave under her weight. Stone dragged and creaked as they watched the passage open amid Lira’s gasping pants.

“Brilliant idea, Agnys!” Ghala clapped.

They stepped toward the passage.

“*W...W-Wait! You--*” Lira’s tail drooped across her butt as it squished over the edges of the platform. “*You’re just going to leave me??*”

“You’re too heavy for even me to carry through the dungeon,” Agnys admitted.

Ghala continued on. “Plus, we need someone to hold down the trigger. I’m afraid you found the solution to the puzzle without realizing it.”

“*What am I supposed to do??*” Lira tried to move but lifting even a single leg was impossible. Breasts like small tables pinned them down.

Strrrrtch!!

“Mrrroooooowwwlllll!”

A rush of growth ballooned her curves. Cleavage pushed into her face. Her arms fell across the top to push rising flesh away like a smothering pillow.

“Try not to get any bigger while we’re gone!” Agnys suggested. “Or Hephie will *really* make fun of you!”

“We’ll be back with something to break the curse, dear~” Ghala promised. “Hang tight.”

Lira watched them enter the passage and vanish into darkness. Fearful of every movement, she held the earrings to stifle any possible chimes.

Strrrrtch!

It was only so effective. She whimpered and felt herself grow ever wider. Ass and breast flesh squeezed up and around her head as her hands fought back.

“P-Please hurry--”



“Mrrroooooowwwlllll!”

Agnys looked over her shoulder upon hearing another yowl echo down the dungeon. Lira’s overblown hourglass figure still stuck in her head. “She’ll be ok, right?”

Ghala motioned with a finger and sent an orb of light ahead of them. The tunnel was narrowing. She could sense a presence but saw no source. “I’m sure our feline friend will be perfectly fine. A little more swollen by the end of this, but we’ll get her back to her normal self. Might not be as lithe as she once was, though.”

“Lira was always good at fitting into tight places... How’s she supposed to do that if her butt stays big??”

“Questions for another time, Agnys.” Ghala’s steps slowed. The dungeon ahead came to a bottleneck. The walls took on a smooth surface and reflected her light as if wet. “It’s a tighter fit here. Difficult to see what’s ahead... Would you mind?”

Pride beamed on the barbarian’s face with understanding. “I’ll be your meat wall!”

Agnys ran in front of her companion with axe drawn to lead the way. Although the illuminating orb was sent ahead, Ghala could hardly see a thing from behind Agnys’s bulk as the walls closed in. The passage grew narrower until walking side-by-side would have been impossible.

Agnys turned partly sideways when her shoulders rubbed against the walls. A grimace curdled her face when she rubbed over their surfaces. A warm ooze dripped from them and ran over her arms. “*Grooooooss!*” They were soft and leathery, easily compressed under her bulk.

“It seems we’ve strayed from the usual rocky path...” Ghala gathered her dress to keep it from touching anything. It only lasted so long before even she was pressed on all sides.

“Why are they warm??”

Sickening suction and slicks filled the air as Agnys shoved herself through the encroaching tunnel. It squeezed and deformed against her like dark malleable masses. The women might have thought they'd wandered into a dragon's throat.

"Careful, Agnys. We're not sure what this is. After everything else we've encountered in this dungeon, we should take extra caution. It seems intent on preventing women from reaching--"

"HEY!!!" Agnys roared suddenly. Held in place by the undulating vice-like walls, she extended a hand with a grunt. "*Gimme back my axe!*"

"What??"

"*It took my axe!*" Agnys began thrashing and pushing through the passage. "*GIVE IT HERE!*"

"*What took your axe?!*"

Rmmmbbllllll

The world seemed to breathe. Ghala froze when the walls shuddered and tensed. Slime dripped in thickening waves. In the flickering light of her orb, the tunnel looked like it was made of snakes.

"*Agnys! Stop!!*"

"*GIMME MY AXE, DAMMIT!!*"

"*Agnys!!*"

"*BUT IT'S GOT MY-- MMPH!!!*"

Sehhhl!!!ck~

Ghala bristled at the sickening sound. Agnys was fighting something in the dim light. Arms pinned to her side by a coiling mass, her body stumbled and turned. A thick black serpent-like mass shot from the ceiling and dove into her mouth. Agnys's eyes bulged at the intrusion as it writhed like a pillar of leathery flesh.

"*Mmmph!!*"

Ghala didn't dare move. Anticipation left her legs weak and anchored in place. "Agnys... Don't move. I think we found a nest of--"

Gllloooooorrrmmmp~

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

She grunted when it thickened and pulsed. Moving like past meals through a snake's body, bulges of fluid pumped through the tentacle. They throbbed into Agnys's mouth and stretched her throat. Hands tensed at her sides and her muscles flexed at the invader.

Strrrrrrtch...

Her breastplate groaned. Cleavage from an already mounded pair of breasts rose to push against her collarbones.

"*Mmph?!?*"

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Strrrrtch....!

“MMPH!!”

Agnys watched as the tentacle slowly pumped, throbbing between thick and thin, forcing its strange fluid into her bust. Flesh bulged around her breastplate until skin overflowed the sides. Even for a woman of her immense stature, the assets dominating Agnys's torso were overwhelming.

“Hold on!” Ghala yelled as the walls writhed around her. *“It's a Temper Tendril nest!! I'll cast a--”*

Something thick and warm slithered up her dress and between her thighs.

“--GAAHH!!!” She yelped when it nuzzled her groin before plunging deep with its own lube. The cleric clamped her legs shut but there was no keeping it at bay; the tentacle had found its way in. Tension pulsed within Ghala's inner walls as it thickened to anchor itself deep within her. *“A...Ahmmm~!”*

“Mmph??” Agnys ogled.

The cleric blushed a shade of red none of her companions had ever seen. Hand clenched to her navel as the tentacle's head throbbed within her, she breathed, *“Haahhhh~ It's-- Goddess-- It's going to--”*

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

“M-Mmmmm~!”

Bulbs of fluid began traveling through the squirming leathery body. Ghala's eyes hung heavy with anticipation when the bulges traveled under her dress. She felt them squeeze between her thighs for only a moment before the pressure pumped into her lower half.

Strrrrrtch!

Pleasure shot Ghala's eyes open. She looked to the side when her dress tightened around her hips. Tension pulled across her ass when each cheek plumped and pulsed outward with weight. Whatever thigh gap she could boast rapidly swelled shut.

“O-Ohhh Goddess-- It's--” She chewed on her lip and bent forward, accentuating her rounding rear. *“I'm--”*

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Fluid continued to pump into the women. Agnys watched helplessly as her bust bloated without end. Several sizes too big for her armor, leather and metal groaned against the barbarian's swelling bust.

PING!!

A rivet exploded and sent a shoulder strap flinging like a whip.

“MMPHH!!” she begged.

“It's...making me...bigger--” Ghala whimpered. *“I can...feel it's fluid...stretching me...!”*

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

“I can't-- It feels so--”

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

STRRRRRRTCH!

“Ahhh~!!”

Heavy blushing turned the cleric’s face red with shame and lust as her bottom half widened to twice its normal size. Flesh sloshed and jiggled with her steps when her dress pulled drum-tight. Her hips swallowed her waist when her dress forced them to squeeze up and around her. Creases dug into her thighs as her legs strangled the thrashing tentacle between them.

Shrrriiip!!

“O-Oh dear~” she whined when a seam split across her ass.

The walls flowed with excitement at their prey. Closing in, they squeezed the two women like playthings. Pressure assaulted their new curves from every angle like two giant massaging hands.

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

“M...More~!”

Agnys stared at the cleavage pushing into her face and shook her head. *“MMMPH!!!!”*

PING!!!!

Another rivet blew off Agnys. Like a can ready to burst, her breastplate buckled and shuddered. Leather dug into her torso and into her muscles. Filling her lungs proved difficult between the constricting armor and tentacles. Air wheezed through her nose as the struggle grew.

Creceaaaaaa--BOOM!!!

Leather and steel exploded. Lurching forth like rapid animals, Agnys’s chest swelled into their new size without restriction. Heavy engorged teardrops large enough to bury a man’s torso hung off her front to reach her hips.

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Ghala reared back and sank both hands into her protruding sides. *“Ahhhhmmm~ Mmmmmmmgh~!! Goddess it feels so--”*

“NNNGH!!!” Agnys’s eyes flared. Biting down in rage, she tore through the tentacle and spat out a chunk as the end flailed and spewed a thick white liquid. *“GHALA!! SNAP OUT OF IT!! YOU--MMPHH!!!”*

Another took its place like a striking cobra, this time thicker and deeper.

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

GUVURRRRGLE

Her expression turned from anger to worry when pressure surged within her bust. Agnys arched her back against the binds wrapping around her as her chest rounded fuller and tighter. Pressure ached behind her nipples to make them stand full and hard as apples.

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

“Haaahhhh~ Yesss~ It’s--” Ghala’s eyes wavered with conflict. Sweat and lust dripped down her body, yet she knew it couldn’t continue. Standing was becoming a challenge as her thighs widened too large for her frame. “I--”

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

“N-Nnngh-- This can’t--” Panting like a dog in heat, Ghala watched her bottom half widen several inches with fluid. Skin squeezed through the rip in her dress, widening it further by the second. Another few seconds and her dress would fail altogether.

GUURRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMMMNGH!!!” Agnys bellowed with a full mouth as her breasts surged too large even for her.

“T-This can’t...c...c-continue...!” Straining as if tearing herself away from heaven, Ghala closed her eyes in sheer focus. Her trembling lips muttered in silent meditation. Both hands rose in front of her and came together in prayer.

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

Gllloooooorrrrrmp~

“N-NNGH!!” Agnys’s whimpered in desperation as her skin drew tight.

Ghala’s eyes glowed behind her eyelids. They sprang open with a blue illumination.

“*DELIVER US FROM THIS EVIL!*”

Her arms flung open with the end of her prayer. Holy light poured forth from her body, bathing the area in holy fire. Tentacles hissed and writhed, the walls recoiling at the pure energy. The tunnel withdrew like a thousand fleeing serpents. Each tentacle pulled itself free from the adventurers as if burned and retreated with the rest of their brood.

Only dirt and stone remained when the tendrils vanished into their nests and holes. Ghala and Agnys fell to the ground, fighting the new pressures shifting within their curves. Too large to process, Agnys stared at the heaving globes squeezing between her torso and the ground.

Shhrrriiiip!!!

“Mmgh~”

Ghala gave a final whimper when she fell to all fours, shredding her dress around her hips. Chilled subterranean air caressed her exposed, dripping privates as they flared between her trembling tree trunk thighs.

“You...” Agnys swallowed and tried to stand. “*Why did you take so long?!*”

Ghala couldn’t look her in the eyes. “*We all have-- A-Ahh~!*” She quaked in lingering pleasure. “*We all have our...dirty little weaknesses, Agnys...*” A disheveled expression turned upward. Drool leaked from one corner of the usually collected cleric’s lips. “*Don’t tell the others, won’t you?*”

The barbarian narrowed her eyes, but grunted in agreement. “*Lucky that thing didn’t pop me...*” Standing on her feet with her new top-heavy assets left her needing to cradle them in one arm. “*Gonna need a new set of armor now. Might not be enough steel in the country for these new-- MY AXE!*” Agnys’s eyes brightened when she saw her weapon several meters away on the

ground. Her breasts became a second thought when she was reunited with her weapon and a smile formed.

Ghala rose to wobbly legs. “Come... We should-- *Mmgh~* We should continue before they return... I may not be of use in a second attack.”

Agnys grunted and adjusted the half of her armor that remained. “I promise not to tell the others...”

Smack!

“*Ahh~!! A-Agnys!!*” Ghala scolded, holding her exposed rear where a handprint stung.

“Unless they ask why I’m topless and you blew out the bottom of your dress.”



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

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

“But we need to hurry! Everyone needs our help!”

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

“I see something!”

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

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

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

“What is it?” Ghala asked.

“Not sure. I can’t read it...”

Gathering her strength, Ghala rose and left her boulder wet and shiny. “Let me take a look.” The paladin recognized the text immediately. Tracing her fingers along the rows, she

studied the words. “Oh-- It’s written in a dead language. An entire history of this dungeon... This place might be older than we thought.”

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

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

Agnys huffed. “Well I haven’t seen a whole lot of testin’! Just a lot of traps and curves blowing up!”

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

“What?”

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

“Like a spell?”

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

“Well that’s no problem!” Agnys laughed. “You’re the purest one in our group!”

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

Her axe hefted and the handle mashed into her breasts as she readied the weapon. “I’m here!”

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

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

“Ghala...?”

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

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

“*Ahh~ Aahhhmm!!!*”

Agnys lowered her axe. “Ghala...??”

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

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

STRRRRTCH!!!

"MMNNNGH!!!"

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

"Ghala, calm down!" Agnys stepped forward.

"I can't!! I can't!! I'm not...as strong...as you think I am!!"

Shrrriip!!

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

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

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

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

"I...need... YOU."

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

STRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

"AHMMM~!!!"

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

"G...Ghala...!" she said, muffled through her bosom.

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

"Get a hold of yourself!"

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

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

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

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

STRRRRRRTCH!!

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

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

Slap!!

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

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

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

"Ghala? Ghala, the door is open!"

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

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

"Ahh-- AHH-- AAAHHHHHHH!!!!!"

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

"A...Agnys...?" she whimpered, mind momentarily freed.

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

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

"GHALA!"

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

"I can't just leave you!"

Ghala giggled with devious thoughts and leaned forward. Agnys could see she was gone once more, and it would take more than a tiny orgasm to bring her back. *“Mmngh, then how about you stay and we see who breaks first?”* The paladin’s hand slipped between Agnys’s thighs and cupped a massive mound. *“My turn~”*

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

BWOOOOMMMMPH!!

“Nngh!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



It wasn’t often Agnys felt nervous. It was even rarer that she felt scared. Now, as the barbarian made her way alone through the dungeon’s tunnels with all of her companions left behind to their expansive fates, she had to admit both emotions were getting the better of her. Ghala’s absence forced the use of a torch. Flames cast dancing shadows over the walls, each jolt of movement causing Agnys to tense and throw a protective arm across her swollen bust.

“Make my friends swell... Damn dungeon...” She gritted her teeth and felt herself sweat from the effort to carry her enhanced assets. *“You won’t bring me to the ground! Hear me?! My momma was twice this size and fought off a hoard of goblins while carrying me as a--”*

Rocks clattered around a corner. Agnys’s words cut off in fright and she raised her axe only to see a rat scurry by in the dimness. Watching it vanish into the shadows did nothing to calm her racing pulse.

She rounded a corner. There was something more peaceful here compared to the rest of the dungeon. Chaotic energy didn't saturate the air. For the first time since entering the tunnels, her heart calmed.

A door presented itself. She paused, steadying herself for whatever might be waiting, then pushed the heavy stone entry open.

"Hello...?"

Her words echoed without response. Footsteps bounced off the walls and back to her.

The room was small, barren, and carved smooth. Darkness fled like cockroaches at her torch's light. It fell upon an ornate altar adorned in ancient offerings of food now hardened and shriveled to stone.

It was what stood behind the altar that took Agnya's breath away. She lowered her axe, gazing at a towering stature outlined by her firelight.

Stone had been hewn to depict a woman of incredible beauty. Wearing nothing but a sash of fabric twisted around her body, the delicate features of her fertile form were boasted with the utmost detail. Soothing facial features sat framed in a tumbling head of voluminous hair. Lower, a belly heavy with child protruded to be cradled by one arm. On top were a pair of breasts resting in supple mounds engorged to their utmost limit. Wide birthing hips hugged thighs in a competition for space that nestled a precious rose of intimacy. Even in stone, the woman's curves shone with tempting softness and warmth.

"Well..." Agnys stared at the woman, feeling herself blush. "Pleased to meet ya."

The chamber remained silent. She explored hoping to find another passage, but every moment that passed brought more frustration. There was no way to continue. No additional tunnel or door.

"Mnngh~!"

Agnys looked over her shoulder. A distant, labored groan echoed from where she'd come. Which of her friends had loosed the cry of distress was impossible to know.

"Where-- *Where do I go?!*" she huffed. Peeking behind the statue revealed nothing. No hidden passage or chute to crawl through.

"MNNNGH!!!"

Another groan. Frustration turned to rage at the dead end. Standing in front of the altar, she addressed the mystery woman's statue.

"*Where do I go?!*"

The statue only stared. Unmoving eyes didn't waver. Her lips, while full, would not speak.

Agnys dropped her torch to raise the axe overhead with both hands. "*WHERE IN THE HELLS DO I GO?!*"

CRAAASH!!!

The weapon came down upon the altar like a meteor. Sparks exploded and Agnys's muscles flexed in anger when steel met stone. A plume of dust burst forth when the altar gave way like glass. It split down the middle before crumbling into a heap of rock and ancient offerings.

Air struck her with a wall of freshness. It was enough to extinguish the torch at her feet. Even without its light, she could see there was a passage hidden beneath the altar. Stairs led deeper underground. At their end was a pale illumination. It smelled of fresh air.

The possibility of an exit was enough to lift her spirits. Agnys descended, already envisioning going back to town to get help and anything necessary to aid her friends. Steps flew underfoot. Light peeked through a small corridor at the bottom. Cautious but optimistic, Agnys entered with her axe poised to strike any possible threat.

Summer scents filled the hidden room. High overhead, too high to hope to jump, a shaft of light penetrated the darkness to deliver sunlight from the world above. The beam of gold bathed layers of foliage that covered the floor and walls. Almost sacred, the hidden grotto quelled all rage within the barbarian.

Agnys lowered her axe and turned her head toward the hole in the ceiling. It was at least two hundred meters up with nothing nearby to help ascend. The beam of light itself was centered over a podium in the center of the room overgrown with vines and moss. Stepping forward, metal clinked under her steps. She brushed a section of vines aside.

Gold glinted back. Treasure in all forms sat beneath the moss and leaves. From coins to jewelry to chalices, it was all waiting in piles below the greenery.

A golden sword pulled free with gems in the hilt. "At least we won't go home empty-handed..." Agnys admired it for a moment before dropping it back to the pile after remembering what had happened to Lyra and her necklace.

None of this helped. Treasure was worthless if she and her friends were still stuck below ground. Her attention turned to the podium. It looked much like the same podium Ghala had read her incantation from before falling prey to her desires. Rather than a book, this podium presented a golden cowbell the size of Agnya's fist. She took the treasure and felt its weight.

Anger followed.

"Rraaahhh!!"

The bell sailed through the air in fury to crash amongst the other treasures.

"What am I supposed to do with that?!"

So ungrateful...

The air shifted. Agnys looked around in caution. There was another presence in the chamber.

"Show yourself!"

All these gifts, and you toss them aside. The voice sighed. Well... I suppose I can't expect so much from a simple-minded barbarian. I'd truly hoped one of the others would make it here. Someone less...muscl'd. Softer.

"Face me, COWARD!"

You dare call Kainra, Goddess of Fertility, a coward?

Agnya's nostrils flared with fuming breath. *"Is this all your doing?! Return my friends to normal!"*

Another sigh left from the ether. The goddess, though disappointed, accepted her guest. *Your companions are fine. Enjoying themselves, even. But you... You're the first to reach this*

sacred grotto in centuries, barbarian. While not who I'd hoped to receive, I must admit you're pure of heart. Purer than your cleric friend, anyway.

"SO?!"

So I shall name you my champion. For besting the challenges and reaching my holy presence, you shall be imbued with my sacred power of fertility and bring its goodness to the world.

"Listen here! I don't need your power! I don't want to be no one's champion! I just want--Mmng!" Her words stopped, stifled by a surge of energy through her body. The axe fell with a heavy clang. Agnys turned her attention down in time to see her bust quiver. Her skirt of leather shifted around her hips and rear.

Behold... My generous gifts shall be yours~

GUUURRRGLE

Agnys's ears perked and her body shivered. Something heavy and thick was moving through her bust. It started from the center of her breasts and moved outward like a small reservoir building within each one.

Creeaaaaa--SNAP!!

"H-Hey!!!"

Metal buckled and snapped at her waist when her hips outgrew her belt. Leather stretched as best it could, but soon cracked and turned pale around her lower half. Agnys breathed in worry, watching her chest gain inch after inch within her arms all the while her thighs mashed together in a fleshy battle.

Isn't it glorious, my dear champion?

GUUURRRRRRGLE!!

"M-Mmng...!! It's--" Pressure rose. Heat throbbed through Agnya's mounds and coated them in sweat. *"It's making...me... M-Me... M...Moooo!!!"* Horror took hold. The animal-like bellow still echoed around the chamber when Agnys clamped a hand over her mouth.

Leather creaked and drew up her sides. As if being filled by her own rapid breath, Agnys watched her curves swell and bloat with weight. Muscle definition, once chiseled to perfection, smoothed out down her legs to be blanketed in pillowy flesh.

"S...Stop!! This isn't--"

GUUURRRRRRGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!!

Wet heat ran over her hands. Feeling her nipples pulse and puff, Agnys pulled her hand away to see it coated in a layer of creamy white. It was enough to make the barbarian whimper. She was filling. Slowly and steadily, she could feel milk building within her mammarys. It made her legs weak as she felt her body stretch to contain not only the growth being forced upon her, but the liquid so eager to engorge her from within.

"T...This--"

Agnys chewed on her lip. If this was how It felt to grow, then she couldn't blame her companions for falling prey so easily.

It's simply divine, isn't it?

She fell to her knees. Agnys wanted to speak, but feared her words would only come out as another bovine cry. Something was slithering down the back of her skirt and tickling her plumping thighs. Atop her head, she felt her hair shift and part. Developing horns itched at her scalp.

SPLRRRTCH!!

"Mmmgh!! H...Haaahhhh~ This...isn't--" Weight wobbled and milk sloshed when she fell onto all fours. A seam burst down the back of her skirt as leather failed and exposed her sopping intimates to the open air. "Stop-- Make it...stop...!"

The goddess hummed. *Oh? You don't wish to be my champion?*

Tremors rattled down Agnys's spine. The pressure within her breasts was commanding and warm. Her nipples pressed into the ground while skin bulged around her arms. At this size, she'd be lucky to fit through a doorway turned sideways.

"I... Just want...to save my friends!"

GUUURRRGLE!

"MMMGH!"

Agnys resisted as best she could when intense engorgement flourished to stretch her mounds large enough to start supporting her weight. A puddle of milk spread over the treasure-littered floor.

Well, not to worry. A goddess takes care of her champion, does she not? A champion needs loyal companions. Especially a champion for a rising goddess.

Hands clenched, Agnys gasped at her overwhelming growth. The last of her skirt fell away and her legs spread in newfound freedom. Even with knees parted wide, her thighs still smothered her imprisoned groin. Every inch of her wanted to give in to the sensations tingling and stretching across her skin.

Be my champion, and I shall help your friends and more.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

"Ahh~! I--" Cleavage pushed into her shoulders and neck. Even for a barbarian, the breasts anchoring her to the floor were a daunting challenge of weight.

Do you accept, barbarian? The goddess snickered. Or shall I bestow even more milk and we can see just how mighty that body truly is?

A fur-tipped tail whipped and fwapped. Furry ears flicked on the side of her head. Feeling at her limit as her breasts ached with the goddess's blessing, Agnys rasped. "You...promise to return my friends...to normal?"

Anything for my champion~

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

Pressure rose to unbearable levels. With nipples pinned between the ground and her chest, Agnys couldn't release her cream fast enough given its rate of production. Her mouth stammered in an attempt to say anything but it all came out smothered by lust.

"I-- Mmnggh!"

Everything trembled. Fluid trickled down her inner thighs. Cleavage threatened to swallow her face. Desperate for relief, she nodded with squeaking gasps.

Excellent.

GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

Milk surged. Breasts stretched to contain their overloaded contents. In a blinding wave of light, the chamber was bathed in white as Agnys succumbed to the blessing.

“M...M-MMMOOOOOOOOO!!!”



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

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