

Dragon's Dream *Deep Blue Sea*

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Based on a world concept by
Between-Scylla

Standard Disclaimer: This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion and blueberry TF themes. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.

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Revisions

- *2/22/2025: Complete rewrite of Chapter 14. Added details to some expansion scenes and Chapter 13. Un-Elfed Gretchen.*

Foreward

This turned out to be the biggest, most elaborate, and downright lengthy story I've written to date. It's been said that writing is like a marathon. It's hard to get started and if you lose momentum, it's just as hard to get it back. That said, this was a pain in the butt for me to actually sit down and finish (*a rarity, I know*).

As such, I would like to sincerely thank all my friends and the fellow writers in the community who encouraged me to keep going. Moreso, I would like to give special thanks to the following people who, above all others, stuck with me and were there to help brainstorm, edit, and/or support me more than my sorry ass deserves and *especially* if this stuff isn't even their cup of tea.

So, please-please-**PLEASE** give each of these amazing people's works a look if you have time and interest.

Thank You

BE Engineer ([@Swelltales](#))

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Prologue

Kalen Jasper stepped into the virtual reality chamber. An experimental headset hung suspended from cables in the middle of the brightly lit, enclosed space. The room was somewhat large, spacious enough to easily fit a car, with curved white walls that gave it an almost spherical shape. Cool, sterile air whooshed around Kalen as the door sealed shut behind her; a ponytail of long chestnut hair fluttered against her toned back.

The young woman carefully folded her dark peat coat and set it by the door. She took a moment to straighten up her attire, tucking her cream-colored blouse into her black pants and retying her ponytail just to keep it tight. Kalen tucked her bangs behind her ears before unplugging the headset, but they fell to frame her narrow face again regardless as the cables coiled back up into the ceiling.

She placed the headset over her piercing, topaz yellow eyes and tightened its straps. Switching it on, a flash of light filled her vision and her mind went foggy as she entered...

The Dragon's Dream.

Chapter 1

The world around Kalen seemingly faded away and she found herself suspended in a foggy darkness. She was calm, patiently waiting to load into the virtual world. Gradually, her body began to change and morph into her character model.

Already quite tall for a woman at six feet in height, Kalen felt her slender, athletic body stretch several inches taller. Her ample E-cup bust pushed outward until her breasts were the size of large coconuts. Toned muscles tightened and hardened further. Lastly, two crescent shaped ox horns sprouted from either side of her head, one longer than the other.

Kalen's clothes shimmered and shifted into a mix of modern and feudal Japanese styles. She still wore her tight black pants and blouse, but her thigh-high boots morphed into a laced-up pair better suited for adventuring. Materializing around her was a loose, black kimono decorated with golden blossoms that hung open and extended down to her mid-thighs. It was all held together by a red and white obi belt wrapped around her waist. Her hair tie changed into a thin, red ribbon tied into a bow. The final touch was a simple silver necklace with a jasper stone pendant as big as a grape.

The sights and smells of the boozy tavern Kalen and her companion, Liana Corig, had previously logged out in began to phase into view. Blurry at first, the familiar shapes of tables, chairs, and a bar materialized around her. Scents of smoky hearths and hearty meals tingled her nose, making her mouth water for the remarkably realistic food the game had to offer. Shouting voices and raucous laughter echoed from a seemingly long ways away, gradually growing closer and louder until it filled the room. Shadowy figures came into focus, some leaping up from their tables while others backed away.

As the details of the tavern patrons finally sharpened into clarity and Kalen could distinguish their voices, something came flying at her head. Before she could react, it cracked her right between the eyes; her skull rang from the sharp impact as a beer bottle bounced off and shattered on the floor at her feet.

“Oh, shit! Someone loaded in!” the apparent culprit cursed in surprise. She appeared to be a wiry looking girl with wolf ears and a tail, clad in some revealing leather armor that looked strangely loose on her.

“Hey! You hit my friend!” cried the familiar, high pitched voice of Liana from directly behind her.

“I wasn't aiming for her, bitch! *Get out of my way!*” the wolf girl shoved Kalen against the bar as she barged past. Judging from the glowing red nameplate hovering above her head, she was another player. “Gimme my boobs back!”

The magic katana that was now tucked in Kalen's obi belt vibrated and buzzed eagerly against her hip. Before she knew what she was doing, Kalen's hand went for her weapon. The moment her fingers touched the glossy, silver-etched hilt, it released an electric jolt that caused her hand to clench it tightly and her arm to flex, drawing the sword with unnatural speed. Faster than the wolf girl could process, the black, silver-edged blade sliced cleanly through her back. It passed through without a mark, but the blow still hit.

“*Fuck!*” the wolf girl cursed, clutching her side and stumbling to face her attacker. She fumbled for a hatchet on her hip, but Kalen's sword arm was faster. The black blade sent another jolt through Kalen's arm, causing it to move of its own accord. It slashed three more times in quick succession in a figure Z.

There was no blood, but the wolf girl shrieked as she collapsed and the tavern went dead silent; her body fizzled and faded out of existence before it hit the floor. A wispy mote of white light bolted from her fading corpse and was sucked into the tip of Kalen's blade. Its glow traveled down the length of the sword, lighting up the swirling, silver lines etched along the black blade like gusts of wind. It flowed through the hilt and up her arm before landing in her chest. Her ample bust pulsed slightly larger, the sensation sending an almost intoxicating rush through her veins that elicited a subtle moan under her breath.

“Kalen!” gasped Liana, the short curvaceous woman gawking at her with big, green eyes. Calico cat ears were perked straight up through her short brown hair and a matching tail swished anxiously behind her. She was clad in white and gold robes and clutching an ornate wooden gavel that was large enough to be wielded as a one-handed weapon.

“Huh?” Kalen responded, still somewhat dazed from the blow to her head.

“Why'd you kill her? It was just a misunderstanding!”

“Oh...whoops,” Kalen's eyes drifted down to the heaving melons that were tugging Liana's robe open. They weren't usually that large, but even in their normal state they were substantially larger than Kalen's.

Oh great, they're already bigger, Kalen thought to herself with a tinge of annoyance before speaking. “Started without me, I see.”

“Yeah, well I - *Look out!*” Liana pointed past Kalen's head.

Without looking, Kalen's sword arm shot out and batted a throwing knife out of the air; it wedged itself firmly in the bar counter. Her head turned after the fact and she processed what had happened. On the far side of the tavern was the knife's owner, another wolf girl player whose eyes went wide as dinner plates when she saw how reflexively Kalen had deflected her attack.

The leather-clad patron bared her fangs and drew dual short swords. “*Get 'em, girls!*” she barked to her comrades and charged at Kalen and Liana.

Two other wolf girls, one armed with a sickle-bladed khopesh sword and another with a curved scimitar, rushed forward close behind. Judging from the lack of nameplates, they were probably non-player characters, also known as NPCs, allied with the wolf pack. A red robed player with a hood, wielding a gem-tipped wooden staff held back near the exit. Kalen couldn't help but notice that they were all remarkably busty. Bustier than her, in fact.

Kalen and Liana squared up and readied their weapons. Scimitar veered off to the side around some tables to flank them, her steely gaze locked on Liana. Khopesh and the dual-wielder focused solely on Kalen. They closed the gap in moments.

Gripping her katana with two hands, Kalen felt jolts through both her arms as the sword willed them to move. Khopesh led with a battle cry and an overhead swing, which Kalen parried before quickly slashing her sword across the attacker's throat. Kalen's slash followed through to go for the dual-wielder's throat as well, but the wolf girl ducked under it by just a hair.

Khopesh choked out a cry and flinched back, her hand grasping at her unmarked throat. There was no blood in this game, but that didn't mean attacks wouldn't hurt. The simulation often felt very real in that regard.

The dual-wielder crouched low and kicked Kalen's legs out from under her. Mid-fall, Kalen's sword released a massive jolt that caused her to chop hard enough through the wooden bar counter that her blade became wedged-stuck; she halted her fall by hanging on by the hilt. Another tremendous jolt sent a spasm through her muscles that drew a startled scream from her throat. With one swift move, she yanked herself back to her feet and pried her weapon free of the hardwood counter, flinging splinters in her wake.

Before the dual-wielder could react, Kalen got two quick cuts in that momentarily stunned the wolf girl. Khopesh took a heavy swing at Kalen, but her katana deflected the blow so that the sickle-shaped blade lodged itself firmly in the counter. As the dual-wielder shook off her hits, she lunged for Kalen with both swords at the ready. Kalen's sword arm pushed off the bar top, sending her stumbling into her surprised attacker and knocking the dual-wielder back into a table with a loud crash.

Khopesh was struggling to pull her sword free, but she wasn't fast enough. Kalen finished the NPC off with quick flurry of attacks and a look of wild-eyed bewilderment. Even she was struggling to follow what her arms were doing.

As the dual-wielder clambered to her feet for another round, a wispy mote of light fluttered from the fading remains of her companion into Kalen's blade. Kalen's bosom pulsed slightly larger again, but she was ready for the rush this time. She let its heat fuel her next move and she lunged for the unsteady wolf girl.

The dual-wielder managed to block the first couple attacks, but Kalen's sword was too fast and hard-hitting. In seconds, she was defeated and fading away. Another mote of light fed Kalen's bust and she let out a heated gasp.

Meanwhile, Liana was still busy fending off the scimitar wielding NPC with her wooden gavel. From the way they were panting, they'd probably already exchanged a few blows.

Her heart pounding from the rush of growth and combat, Kalen brazenly shoved a table aside and hurled herself at Scimitar; but her attack was sloppy. The wolf-girl sidestepped her with lupine grace. Momentum that was intended to kill instead carried Kalen clumsily forward, crashing into another table.

Searing pain flared across Kalen's back and she knew that her opponent had gotten a hit in. She cried out from the mix of pleasure and pain coursing through her veins. Her sword arm swung her around on its own to block the next attack, much to Scimitar's surprise.

Liana snuck up behind the wolf girl and bonked her on the head with her gavel.

"*PURIFY!*" Liana said clearly. A golden glow radiated from her gavel and both their chests. Scimitar's eyes went wide as she felt her cantaloupe-sized breasts shrink in her leather armor while Liana's surged even larger. "*Be cleansed, you mutt!*"

"M-My tits!" stammered the wolf girl, feeling her now modest chest.

With a flash, the golden radiance vanished and Liana bit her lip, stifling a whimper from the titillating transfer. Still, she managed some semblance of authority and stammered between gasps, "Y-Your corruption...has been cleansed!"

"*You bitch! Gimme back my-*"

Sensing an opening, Kalen's katana lashed out in several lightning fast blows. Scimitar yelped in pain and soon faded away like the others. Liana watched curiously as Kalen absorbed the resulting wisp from the fallen foe, taking note of how hot and bothered she looked.

"Need me to purify you too?" Liana asked, looking rather flushed herself. She twirled her gavel and adjusted her robe over the pair of basketball-sized knockers now jutting out from her chest.

"No!" Kalen grunted more forcefully than she'd intended. Liana looked more surprised than hurt, but Kalen still felt a pang of guilt and tried to backtrack. "Uh, not just yet. Still got one more to fight," Kalen nodded towards the hooded player near the door.

The player raised her staff and the gem on its tip glowed a vibrant crimson; her ample chest radiated the same light. Immediately, Kalen's sword arm swung out and hooked the end of her blade through a mug handle. With startling accuracy, she flung the mug across the tavern and nailed the spellcaster in the head, interrupting her spell.

"Whoa! Nice shot!" blurted Liana.

Kalen charged at the spellcaster. Just as the hooded player raised her staff again, Kalen leapt over a table and ran her sword straight through her, pinning her to the wall. She cried out in pain and dropped her staff.

Up close, Kalen could see that this player was a fair skinned elf with flaxen hair under her red hood. She cried out again, “Brigette! Help!”

The tavern doors swung open and an imposing figure stepped through. She was a whole head taller than Kalen and built like a tank. A solid six-pack stacked like bricks tensed under a torn, black crop top. Breasts as big as watermelons bulged out of her low neckline in contrast to the hardness of her body. Arms that looked like they could bend steel flexed under armored sleeves that were layered like shiny black and gold shingles all the way down to her gauntleted fists. Gnarled, orange alley cat ears and a crooked tail twitched as the brawler took notice of Kalen. A glowing nameplate hovering above her head identified her as a player, Brigette Catscratch.

“Well, what have we here? A little cow strayed from her pasture?” rumbled Brigette with a gravelly voice thick with smug confidence.

“Whoa...big kitty,” muttered Kalen in awe of her new opponent. Her eyes lingered on her tremendous bust a little longer than she would have liked.

“Go get her, Kalen!” cheered Liana from the other side of the tavern.

Brigette smirked and cracked her knuckles. Kalen withdrew her sword from the spellcaster, who grunted and slid down the wall.

“Bring it on, little cow,” said Brigette, squaring up.

Kalen raised her sword and let out a battle cry as she brazenly charged at the behemoth brawler. Her pulse had quickened and adrenaline pumped through her veins. A jolt through her arms brought her sword down hard on her foe.

An armored hand casually batted the blade aside. In the next moment, a fist the size of Kalen’s head filled her vision.

Chapter 2

“Goddamnit,” groaned Kalen, holding her pounding head. She slowly sat up on the cool marble floor and winced, her entire body ached from revival; especially her arms and shoulders. “I can't believe we got our asses kicked that bad.”

“No kidding,” Liana griped on the floor next to her. “That could have gone better. I've never seen someone get hurled by their boobs before.”

“Yeah, I could have done without that,” said Kalen, rubbing the undersides of her breasts through her clothes.

They found themselves waking in a marble-slabbed shrine that was maybe large enough to fit a carriage in. Wisps of sandalwood incense trailed through the air and ornate tapestries depicting scenes of ancient miracles hung from the walls. A statue of a stoic golden dragon with a glowing, yellow gem inlaid in its chest stood nearby in an alcove; its stern gaze stared out to the busy street beyond the open, doorless entrance.

“Back again, Miss Jasper? Sister Corig?” said the shrine maiden. She posed it more as a statement than a question. Clothed in modest white and gold robes, she wore a golden horned headdress that veiled her eyes. Her figure was motherly, as was her demeanor.

She held out her hand to help Kalen up. The maiden's silken touch was soft and soothing to the warrior's calloused grip. A pleasant warmth passed over her like a cozy blanket and instantly assuaged her aches and pains.

“We need to stop meeting like this, Maiden Cyril,” grunted Kalen as she got to her feet. Her bosom bounced with newfound weight. It wasn't much of a difference, but it was noticeable.

The shrine maiden laughed softly. “Casticia's shrine will welcome you no matter how you come to visit us. Be it by foot or revival.”

“Thank you, Sister Cyril,” Liana bowed after standing up and straightening her similarly styled robes.

“Yeah, thanks,” said Kalen. “Although it would be nice to come in through the door every once in a while, instead of just popping up here.”

As they both straightened up and gathered themselves, Liana's eyes locked onto Kalen's chest. Her former coconuts had earned several more inches of girth from the fight, but that wasn't why she was staring.

"Hey, your boobs didn't go down!" she pointed out in surprise. Despite having amassed a pair of heaving melons back at the tavern from absorbing the wolf girls' corruption, Liana's fruits had been reset to their usual cantaloupe size upon respawning. Without waiting for an explanation, she raised her gavel and bonked Kalen on the head. "*PURIFY!*"

The gavel glowed with its golden radiance, but nothing seemed to happen. Kalen's chest remained unchanged.

"Ow!" Kalen yelped. While the blow wasn't hard, her head was still tender from the fight. "*What the hell, Li?*"

"Huh, it didn't work. That's weird," muttered Liana, confused.

"What is?"

"Your corruption didn't go away when you died. It's not supposed to carry over from one life to the next."

"What? You've never noticed that my boobs keep getting bigger?" said Kalen, hefting her bosom for emphasis.

"Well of course I've noticed that," Liana retorted. "I just never noticed they stuck around like this."

"I did get a pretty decent boost this time," said Kalen. Her sword vibrated at her side and she lowered a hand to touch it. A slight spark tingled her fingers and she got a faint impression in the back of her mind that it was pleased with itself. Ever since she'd ended up with the weapon, she'd found herself strangely connected to it. A bond that felt oddly...right. "You really did a number on those girls back there, didn't you?" Kalen quietly muttered to her sword.

"What?"

"Nothing," Kalen quickly returned her attention to Liana. "Maybe...Maybe this isn't corruption. Maybe it's something else."

"Permanent changes are not unheard of," said Maiden Cyril.

"True," conceded Liana. "But the way her sword absorbs energy from the things she kills seems like something a corrupted weapon would do."

"I guess you've got a point there," said Kalen, thoughtfully. "I'm not sure how I feel about getting bigger tits from killing people, even if it is just a game."

Not to mention the fucking rush I get between my thighs whenever I do, she thought privately. For all the power and pleasure this seemingly living weapon brought, something did seem a little off about it.

No response. She knew it could sense her seeds of doubt, but it had curiously nothing to say on the matter.

“Are you adventurers?” asked a cold voice from the doorway.

Kalen and Liana both jumped at the sound of a newcomer. A pale, almost ghostly looking young woman had poked her head into the shrine. Wide, shimmery eyes like pools of mercury peered at them through damp locks of long, silver hair. She tilted her head curiously, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to frighten you.”

“No, no! You’re fine, sweetie. It’s okay,” Liana smiled as stowed her gavel at her side and held her hands up in a friendly gesture. Kalen tried to force a friendly smile with mixed success. “Can we help you?”

“I hope so,” the silver-haired girl stepped out where they could see her. Their eyes all went wide when she did.

Voluptuous and nude, her plush, almost plump, curves were exposed shamelessly. An impressive pair of breasts as big as her head hung like fruits ready to be plucked. All that preserved her modestly was the tangled cascade of silver hair that flowed down to her hips and clung damply to her bare skin. Although it did little to conceal anything, much less the bloated melons that made Kalen’s eyes twitch with envy.

Try as she might to avert her gaze, something odd kept drawing Kalen’s eyes back those round orbs, though. What first seemed like a trick of the shadows soon presented itself clearly:

Her breasts were flushed a rich violet hue.

“What the fuck?” Kalen blurted out loud before catching herself. The girl seemed unabashed and made no effort to cover herself.

“Oh my!” gasped Liana. “You poor girl, you definitely came to the right place. Here, let me cleanse you.” Without waiting for a response, the overeager paladin bopped her on the head with her gavel. “*PURIFY!*”

A golden radiance washed over both of them and the silver-haired stranger’s abundant curves quickly diminished while Liana’s sprouted. One cost of this holy transaction was a burden of pleasure that this purveyor of purity was more than willing to pay, seemingly hand over fist. The glowing gavel shook in her quivering hand and she bit down hard on her lip as her once modest robe tightened around her in all the right places.

The robe’s panels parted like curtains, revealing inch after inch of deepening cleavage; the golden hem only served to frame it. Elsewhere, Liana’s womanly hips widened further and her waist plumped up just enough to make her look pleasantly plush. Her body eagerly sucked up every ounce of weight this girl seemed to have until she was downright skinny by comparison.

By the time they were through, the stranger had been reduced to a svelte physique while Liana had blossomed into a walking wet dream. Tits rivaling the massive melons she had back at the tavern nearly spilled out of her robe, having tripled in size in just seconds. If her flushed cheeks and subtle whimpers weren’t clear enough evidence of her arousal, then the solid nipples poking through the white fabric like pinky tips surely gave it away.

“Your corruption,” Liana panted like she’d just gone a round or two with a lover. “Has been cleansed.”

A look of confusion crossed the stranger’s face. She looked down at herself and curiously cupped her petite chest. Strangely enough, it was no longer violet.

“Geeze, Li. You could have left a little for her,” said Kalen. “You also could have given her something to wear before you did that.”

Kalen shrugged off her kimono and held it out to the stranger. She eyed it, as if perplexed, before tentatively taking the robe. Her silver gaze studied the black fabric and its patterns of golden blossoms curiously. It soon lost her interest and her hand returned to her chest.

“Odd. I’m empty,” said the stranger quietly.

“Empty? What do you mean?” asked Kalen.

Liana moaned softly and felt her fattened curves. “I-I think I know what she means. *Mmh! I feel weird. Kind of.... full.*”

Wet spots formed at the paladin’s nipples and dark stains spread like ink blots across her white robe. *Violet* ink blots.

“What the...Liana, your tits are leaking something weird!” gasped Kalen.

“W-What?” stammered the cat girl. Immediately, her hands reached around her front and felt around. They came back slick with something dark and sticky. “O-Oh my!”

The surprises didn’t stop there. If she hadn’t already seen it on the stranger, then Kalen would have thought she was imagining things. Beneath Liana’s groping hands, her pillowy mounds were changing color. A faint, almost lavender hue slowly washed over her chest.

“Uh, Liana? They’re turning...*purple*,” Kalen gulped anxiously.

“They are?” Liana yanked her robe open, almost exposing herself entirely. Her eyes bugged out of her head at the sight of the vast tracts of lavender land before her. “*Oh fuck! They are!*”

“Ahem,” Maiden Cyril cleared her throat. “Language, Sister Corig.”

“Oh, sorry,” Liana blushed.

Much to their relief, the strange color didn’t spread beyond her breasts.

“Well, looks like whatever it is stopped,” said Kalen.

“Juice,” muttered the stranger.

“What?”

“It’s blueberry juice,” the stranger confirmed. She gazed curiously at Liana’s chest, her face betraying no emotion.

“I’m sorry, *what?*” Kalen said incredulously.

“*Mm! It is!*” Liana’s ears perked up excitedly as she licked the purple ooze from her fingers.

“Don’t eat it!” balked Kalen. “That’s...*weird!*”

“No, it’s good! I’ve actually heard of this kind of thing before,” Liana said, wiping violet streaks on her white robe. “It’s usually some kind of blessing from the goddess the Blue Monks worship.”

“Cyanophia, the Goddess of Bountiful Harvests,” Maiden Cyril clarified. “Her blessings often manifest as an overabundance of blueberries. Her monks frequent this town with gifts of food and drink.”

“Correct,” nodded the stranger. “An evil has corrupted our temple and I was sent to seek help.”

“Ooh! A quest!” Liana lit up gleefully.

“Hold on second there,” Kalen raised a hand. “We can’t even win a bar fight. How are we gonna beat actual evil? I mean, we’re already on a first name basis with Cyril, here.”

“Cyril is not my first name,” the maiden countered.

“Speaking of which,” Kalen turned to the stranger. “I didn’t catch your name.”

“Sylvie,” said the silver-haired girl softly.

“Sylvie, I’m Kalen and this is Liana. It’s nice to meet you, but I don’t think we’re the people you’re looking for.”

“Kalen!” wined Liana. “Come on, you don’t even know what we’d be fighting yet.”

“Exactly. I don’t.”

“Then ask!”

Kalen flushed an angry red. “Fine. What are we up against, Sylvie?”

“We do not know,” said Sylvie. “It sealed itself within our temple and we need your help to open it.”

“See? *She* doesn’t even know!” Kalen went on.

Playing up the cat angle, Liana gave her best, most pitiful, big-eyed stare. “Please?”

Kalen’s frown faltered and she tore her eyes away. She let out an exasperated sigh and pinched the bridge of her nose. “Look, I’m just tired of getting my ass kicked. Okay?”

“Maybe you should learn how to dodge, then.”

Steam practically blew out Kalen's nose. She opened her mouth to shout, but her sword buzzed in agreement at her side. Furious, she practically throttled it. *"Oh, shut up! No one asked you!"*

"Who?" Liana looked puzzled.

"No one," Kalen quickly looked back to Liana. "Besides, I didn't see you doing so well either when you just stood there and let that behemoth of a cat pound you into the floor like a peg!"

"Perhaps this could be a good learning experience for both of you," Maiden Cyril chimed in calmly.

Kalen spun around to retort, but her frustration evaporated at the Maiden's touch. A fair hand graced her shoulder and all that tension disappeared. She let out an exhausted sigh and seemingly deflated.

"She's right," said Liana. "We could both use the practice. Besides, this is an opportunity to do some real good. Even if we fail, at least we tried for the right reasons."

"Oh, alright," sighed Kalen, turning to Sylvie. She looked almost pained doing it, but she extended her hand for a shake. "You can count on us."

Sylvie stared blankly at her hand. Kalen looked at her expectantly. "Shake?"

Still seeming unsure of what to do, Sylvie gingerly pinched Kalen's hand between two fingers and gave it a weak shake. Kalen forced a smile, secretly trying not to wince.

"All right! We're going on a quest!" cheered Liana.

"Ahem," Maiden Cyril cleared her throat again. "Aren't you forgetting something, Sister Corig?"

Liana's ears flattened and she let out an awkward chuckle. "N-No, of course not."

While absorbing rampant corruption might be the most noteworthy duty of a Castacian Paladin, it is not their only duty. The curvy cat girl readjusted her juice-stained robe over her bulging bosom as best she could and stepped before the golden dragon statue. She laid her hand over the glowing yellow gem inlaid in its chest and closed her eyes.

For all the corruptive energy flowing into this strange world, an equal amount needed to be dispelled to maintain balance. Liana hummed softly, focusing her concentration. The calico fur on her ears and tail rippled from an unseen breeze. A familiar golden glow traveled up her arm and into her hand, glowing it bright like a lantern bug.

Liana's robes seemed to sag and loosen. Her heaving melons ceased leaking and began to recede back into her chest. All her swollen curves did the same as she allowed the dragon idol to draw the corruption from her. When it was done, her body had returned to its normal measurements.

“There, all gone!” Liana shook any residual sensations from her hand and tightened her robe again. Maiden Cyril nodded in approval. “So, where are we going?”

“Yeah, where is this temple of yours? It’s not far, is it?” asked Kalen.

“No,” said Sylvie. “It’s just under the sea.”

Chapter 3

“Oh, it’s just under the sea. No biggie,” grumbled Kalen sarcastically as she followed Sylvie through the busy streets. Flickering neon lights, assorted creatures, and small hover vehicles crowded the avenue. The mix of sci-fi and fantasy themes in this virtual world seemed odd at first, but she quickly got used to it. “How in the *fuck* are we supposed to do this, Li?”

Liana shrugged as she kept pace alongside Kalen. “I guess we take a boat. Sylvie did say she’d take us there.”

“Yeah, but then what? The temple is *underwater*. It’s not like we can grow gills and swim to it.”

“You needn’t worry about that,” Sylvie called back over her shoulder. The silver-haired girl had attempted to put on Kalen’s kimono, but was apparently unfamiliar with how clothing worked. Kalen had given up trying to explain it her, but she had at least succeeded in putting it on backwards. It flapped open in the breeze like a hospital gown, displaying her bare ass for all to see.

“What’s *that* supposed to mean?” griped Kalen.

“It means that she’s got some solution to that problem,” answered Liana.

A passing group of players drew the paladin’s eyes. Each of them sported curves that were practically bursting out of their clothes and armor. Liana’s ears perked up and she withdrew her gavel; but as soon as she took one step towards them, Kalen yanked her back to her side.

“You know, for someone who’s supposed to be all about purity and whatnot, you sure do love getting corrupted,” Kalen said wryly, keeping her friend at bay.

Liana laughed nervously. “Whatever do you mean? I just wanna help ease their burdens.”

“Maybe a little too much. That whole thing back at the bar-”

“Tavern.”

“Whatever,” groaned Kalen. “What I’m saying is that you need to let people *ask* for help before you ‘help’ them. Otherwise, we’ll keep getting into misunderstandings like what happened at the *tavern*.”

“Like the misunderstanding from you killing that lady?”

“She was drawing a sword on you!” Kalen retorted.

“No, she wasn’t.”

“Well, she was going to...probably.”

Speak of the Devil and he shall appear. A familiar group of scruffy looking wolf girls stepped out of a potion shop nearby, squabbling over a bottle one of them was holding.

“Oh fuck! Cover your face!” Kalen turned away and hoped they didn’t spot her. “It’s those fuckers from the bar!”

“*What? Here?*” Liana hissed through her teeth and tried to shield her face with her sleeve.

“Yeah, go fucking figure.”

One of the four wolves wrenched the potion from her packmate’s grasp and ravenously started chugging it. Despite her best efforts to avert her gaze, Kalen couldn’t help but watch as the former foe’s bust ballooned outward, testing the limits of her already revealing leather armor.

Another wolf girl pried the bottle from her lips and yelled at her. “Hey! That’s supposed to be for all of us!”

Pleased with herself, the chugger relinquished the potion and reveled in her continuing growth. She seemed almost drunk off it. Her breasts bulged around her chest piece, quickly surpassing their former glory before Liana had purified her. While her packmates took turns taking swigs behind her, she gleefully hugged and squeezed the head-sized knockers fighting for space on her-

“*OOF!*” distracted by the enviable scene across the way, Kalen walked into a pedestrian.

“Hey! Watch where you’re going!” snapped the woman she’d nearly knocked over due to her tall stature.

“Uh, sorry about that,” Kalen looked back towards the potion shop and felt her stomach drop as she locked eyes with the growing wolf girl. The commotion had drawn her attention. “Ah, shit.”

By some fluke chance, a three-legged beast of burden hauling a fully-loaded hover trolley passed between them. Not keen on letting her good fortune go to waste, Kalen grabbed Liana and hastily walked alongside the trolley. She kept her eyes peeled, but thankfully no one followed them.

Once the avenue opened up into a wide ship port, Kalen breathed a sigh of relief. “Looks like we’re safe. Thought we were about to have some trouble back there.”

“Nah, they were too busy pumping their boobs back up,” said Liana, shaking her head. “And after I just cleansed them, too.”

“Some girls just like ‘em big,” muttered Kalen. “Hey, where’d Sylvie go?”

“Weren’t you following her?”

“Weren’t you?”

They both looked up and down the bustling docks. Fishing boats, pleasure yachts, and dinghies of various shapes and sizes crowded the piers. Beyond was the alien vista of the Weightless Sea.

Sparkling blue water lapped at the docks; but as it went further out, it cascaded upward into several water spouts feeding a massive bubble of water that lazily hovered by overhead. At its center was a core of rock and coral. Colorful alien fish darted to-and-fro within the floating sphere; they were either blissfully unaware of the strange state of their home or had long ago adapted to it. For as far as the eye could see, dozens, if not hundreds of similar bubbles hovered over the swirling sea. It was a sight that never ceased to entrance her.

“Kalen! I see her!” Liana tugged on her shoulder and pointed. Further down the dock was Sylvie. She had apparently gotten the attention of a particularly crusty looking sea captain. Liana waved at her, but Sylvie didn’t return the gesture and only stared back.

The two adventurers hurried over to their ill-dressed companion where they were greeted by the captain who sounded just as gruff as she looked. Weathered skin that was tanned from exposure rather than purpose added decades to the appearance of this grizzled woman.

“Aye. You two know this one?” she nodded towards Sylvie, eyeing Liana’s juice-stained robe.

“Yeah...no...sort of,” said Kalen. “We’re helping her. Is that your boat?” she gestured toward an old fishing boat that seemed befitting of this captain.

“Aye, it is,” said the captain curtly, folding her arms. “Have ye’ told this girl she’s wearin’ that thing backwards?”

“Yeah, I tried,” said Kalen, glancing at her borrowed kimono. She quickly changed the subject. “We need to get to this girl’s temple somewhere way out in the sea and we...uh, don’t really have a good way to get there. So, uh, could we...maybe...hitch a ride on your boat?”

A thoroughly unimpressed stare was all she got.

“Please?” she added, nervously.

“Real smooth, Kalen,” Liana snickered.

“Oh shut up.”

Finally, the captain’s stern expression softened. “Alright, ye can book passage on me boat. It just so happens I’m fixin’ to head that way myself.”

“Oh, thank y-”

“That’ll be fifty credits,” the captain held out an expectant hand. “Up-front.”

Kalen looked down at the empty hand and then to Liana with an apologetic smile.

“Oh no,” Liana started shaking her head. “Not again.”

“Please?”

“How are you still broke, girl?”

“Look, it’s not my fault I didn’t grab my starting pack at the beginning. No one even told me there’d be one!” Kalen complained. “If I had known, I would have at least had *some* cash to start with.”

Liana rolled her eyes and fished a coin pouch out of her cleavage. “Oh alright, but you owe me!”

Liana paid up and the captain quickly counted the dough. The crusty lassie gave an approving nod and ushered them aboard her fishing boat. “Welcome aboard the Ocean Rose. I’m Gretchen, and I’ll be yer captain on this voyage.”

“A nice name,” said Kalen. “Why’d you call it that?”

“Cause she smells so sweet when she comes into port with a full load o’ fish,” Gretchen said with a wry grin.

Kalen wrinkled her nose and climbed aboard, followed closely by Liana. When Sylvie stepped onto the deck, Gretchen stopped her. The captain’s stern eyes squinted with recognition. “Ain’t I seen ye before?”

“No,” answered Sylvie, her voice betraying no emotion.

“Aye, I think I have,” Gretchen rubbed her chin thoughtfully. “I seen ye snoopin’ around town from time to time, haven’t I?”

“Perhaps. I like to explore sometimes.”

Gretchen’s gaze gouged into Sylvie’s expressionless demeanor. Gleaning nothing else from the girl, she finally let her pass. Her suspicious eyes tracked her the whole way.

“So, will we be leaving soon?” asked Kalen.

A sharp squint from Gretchen made her flinch. “Patience, lassie. Need to let the engines warm up first.” She unmoored the boat and hobbled into the main cabin where the controls were.

After a few minutes, the engines came to life and the Ocean Rose lurched out of port. This wasn’t the whirring of a conventional boat engine. This was the high-powered roar of twin ion engines mounted on either side of the hull.

“Might want to hold onto somethin’!” laughed Gretchen from behind the wheel.

The world seemed to tilt as the boat took off into the air. Kalen nearly toppled over and clenched the nearest railing with an iron grip. Liana, on the other hand, whooped and hollered

like she was having the time of her life. In stark contrast to either of them, Sylvie sat neatly on her knees at the bow of the ship, unperturbed by their launch.

“Oh my god. We’re gonna die,” Kalen panicked, her arms and legs shaking uncontrollably.

“Oh, relax! We’re perfectly safe,” Liana laughed.

Kalen blinked away ocean spray from a nearby water spout and held onto the rail for dear life. *“That’s easy for you to say! I HATE flying!”*

Carried aloft on a flying boat, they weaved between floating sea bubbles and sailed into the alien waters of the Weightless Sea.

Chapter 4

The ride wasn't so bad once the boat leveled out. However, it still rocked back and forth whenever Gretchen maneuvered it. Kalen hadn't let go of the railing since takeoff and her knuckles had gone white. Liana hadn't settled down either. She was rushing from one side of the Ocean Rose to the other, eagerly taking in all the sights.

Water surrounded them on all sides. Above. Below. Starboard. Port. Bubbles of crystal blue sea water the size of city blocks, sometimes larger, floated past. Rocky cores of coral and some dark, smooth stone Kalen couldn't quite make out slowly spun like asteroids within each one. It was all she could see; they blocked out the horizon. Many were connected together by webs of water spouts that would form as one bubble approached another, and would disperse when they parted.

Sea life both fantastical and alien thrived all around them. Colorful schools of tropical fish darted in and out of coral reefs. Wing-finned fish dove and glided like silver missiles from one bubble to another, as did rays as big as cars. Flocks of strange seabirds, or what passed for them, swooped down and snatched prey right out of the air. The animals that couldn't glide made use of the water spouts, which would suck them up and deposit them on the other end.

It was a wondrous sight to behold, albeit surreal. Kalen had never dreamt she would see something so strange and beautiful. Despite her shakiness from flying, she couldn't help but find herself entranced by it all.

Absentmindedly, her free hand gently stroked the glossy, smooth hilt of her sword. Electric tingles arced through her fingertips with each subtle brush. It was oddly soothing. She had caught herself doing this more often lately. It was becoming a nervous habit.

A splash of ocean spray snapped Kalen back to the moment. Looking around, she still saw Liana delighting in every little thing that swam by. Sylvie hadn't budged an inch since sitting neatly down towards the boat's bow, her silvery gaze was locked straight ahead.

"Odd girl," Kalen muttered to herself.

It occurred to Kalen that her grip on the railing had loosened somewhat. Perhaps her shakes had calmed down as well. Only one way to find out.

Still gripping the rail, she pulled herself to her feet, careful not to look down over the side. Her legs wobbled like jello, but she could stand. "Okay, so far so good. Let's pay the captain a visit."

Not confident in her balance just yet, she leaned on the railing and granny-walked her way towards the main cabin. It was an awkward, shuffling gait, but she didn't stumble once. Feeling proud of herself, she stepped away from the rail and reached for the door latch, but her legs had other plans.

Kalen's knees went weak and sent her stumbling face-first into the metal door.

"FUCK!" she cursed as her forehead banged loudly on the door. She pushed herself off and readjusted her nose. Fortunately, it didn't feel broken. "Damnit, that hurt."

Peering over her shoulder, Kalen breathed a sigh of relief when she saw that neither of her companions seemed to have noticed. Her dignity intact, she slid the door open.

"Ye got a strange way of knockin', lassie," chuckled the captain. Gretchen was at the helm, manning the wheel and steering the Ocean Rose safely through the bizarre sea.

"Yeah, sorry," Kalen sagged as she stepped into the cabin.

"Found yer sea legs, have ye?"

It took Kalen a moment to process what she meant. "Oh, yeah. I finally got kinda used to- *Ack!*" Her horns bumped the ceiling when she tried to stand up straight.

"Mind yer horns! They're scratchin' me ceiling!" barked the salty sea captain.

"Sorry," Kalen hunched down. She started to have second thoughts about making herself so tall in the avatar creator.

Gretchen sneered. "Bah. Best watch yerself lest I cap those horns of yers."

"I said I was sorry! I just wanted to check on things back here."

"I'm sailin'. What's it to ye?"

"Just curious," Kalen shrugged. Her yellow eyes examined the array of brass controls and dials displayed out before them. She recognized some just from common knowledge, but half of them seemed like something from a sci-fi movie. Oddly enough, in spite of the crusty condition the rest of the boat was in, everything on the dashboard looked spick and span.

Gretchen eyed her curiously. "Never been on a boat before, have ye?"

"No. Not one like this, at least."

"Aye, I can see it in yer eyes. Everythin' seems shiny and new to ye. Not to mention ye're clumsier than a fish outta water," Gretchen laughed.

"Hey, I'm getting bet- *Ow!*" Kalen bumped her horns again.

"Oi! Don't make me get out me tennis balls!"

"There's tennis here?" said Kalen, puzzled.

“There be tennis *balls*, but I don’t know about this ‘tennis’ of yers.”

“So, there’s tennis balls without any tennis?” pondered Kalen. “Weird. Must have been an oversight on the game developer’s part.”

“Pardon?”

“Sorry, just talking to myself.”

“Aye, I do that plenty,” nodded Gretchen. She turned her gaze out past the bow of the Ocean Rose and focused on steering. After a few moments of silence, she opened her mouth to say something, but hesitated. “How well...do ye know that girl?”

“Who? Sylvie?”

Gretchen nodded.

“Well, we just met her today. So not very well,” admitted Kalen. “Why do you ask?”

The captain’s eyes narrowed. “Somethin’ smells fishy and it ain’t me boat. I’d watch that girl if I was you. I’d watch her *real* close.”

Kalen followed her gaze out to Sylvie’s perch. Something had seemed odd about her from the moment they met, but she hadn’t thought much of it. Perhaps the captain was onto something?

Her sword buzzed cautiously at her side. It seemed to agree with Gretchen’s suspicion.

“I’ll keep an eye on her,” said Kalen, quietly. Gretchen nodded in approval.

Liana’s voice hollered out on the deck. “*Kalen! You’ve gotta come see this!*”

Kalen sighed and gave Gretchen a little wave farewell before trudging away. “*Ack!*” she squawked as her horns clacked against the doorframe.

“*Oi!*”

“I know. I know,” she grumbled, ducking down lower to clear the doorway. Outside, Liana was pointing excitedly over the railing; the last place Kalen wanted to look. She groaned to herself and delicately shuffled down there, hugging the rail the whole way. “Alright, Li. What is it?”

“Looking a little wobbly there, grandma,” giggled Liana.

“Oh shut up,” Kalen rolled her eyes. “What’d you want to show me?”

“Look!” Liana gleefully pointed over the railing. “Sea cows!”

Kalen grimaced at the thought of getting any closer to the edge, but reluctantly inched close enough to see. Just over the starboard bow, a herd of what looked like bull-horned manatees floated near the surface of a sea bubble; except they were huge, almost whale-like. The

largest could easily rival a bus in size. They grazed peacefully on the upper reaches of a kelp forest, their humped backs breaching the surface.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” said Kalen, bemused. “Literal sea cows.”

“Yeah, I figured you’d like them. They might be distant relatives of yours,” Liana joked, tapping one of Kalen’s horns.

“Hey! For the last time, I’m not a cow!” retorted Kalen. “These are ox horns! *OX!*”

“That’s a type of cow, dummy!”

She opened her mouth to argue more, but she stopped at the sound of another voice.

“We’re close,” said Sylvie, so quiet that they almost couldn’t hear her.

“What?” asked Kalen, gingerly stepping closer.

“There,” the silver-haired girl pointed dead ahead. A murky haze filled the void and obscured their path.

“Looks like we’re coming up on a fog bank!” shouted Gretchen from the helm. *“Sit tight, lassies! We’ll be through before ye know it!”*

Kalen and Liana exchanged anxious glances and hunkered down next to Sylvie as the fog swallowed the boat. The Ocean Rose reduced her speed and cautiously plowed on through the blanketing abyss.

“Goddamn, it’s like pea soup,” whispered Kalen. Something about it made her almost afraid to raise her voice.

“Did you see that?” hissed Liana.

“What?” Kalen clenched her sword tightly.

“I thought I saw something move out there.”

They scooted closer together and watched nervously for any sign of movement. Sound seemed to travel differently through the fog. Splashing water and guttural animal calls seemed both near and distant. Every little noise sent jitters through both of them.

The only assurance Kalen had of their safety was that her sword wasn’t reacting to anything. She’d learned fairly quickly that it had a knack for sensing danger. Still, she gripped it like her life depended on it.

After what seemed like hours, but could have been minutes, the fog began to part.

“Looks like we’re finally coming out of it,” Kalen sighed with relief, finally relaxing some.

“Good. I thought I was gonna wet myself back there- *Ooh wow...*” Liana gasped at the vista that opened up before them. Even Kalen was awestruck by it.

The largest sea bubble yet hovered before them, spanning several miles wide. Half a dozen smaller bubbles orbited it like moons. Everything practically glowed with life. Sea creatures of all shapes and sizes dove majestically through the sparkling waters. Herds of sea cattle grazed on kelp forests. Kaleidoscopic coral reefs painted the miniature worlds in colors that couldn't even be named. Near what could be considered the north pole, a dome-like structure rose up nearly to the surface.

All of it was all nestled discreetly within a pocket in the fog. Nothing of the outside world could be seen beyond the cloudy borders. It was as though they had traveled to a pocket dimension.

At last, Sylvie stood up. "We're here."

Chapter 5

“Take us down near the temple,” Kalen pointed towards the undersea dome. Gretchen obliged and as they got closer, she could see that it was more like a half-buried sphere consumed by the coral.

“*Hold on tight, lassies!*” the captain hollered from the helm. The Ocean Rose pivoted almost vertically, angling itself for a landing on the surface of the gargantuan sea bubble.

“Oh fuck! *FuckfuckfuckFUCK!!!*” Kalen held onto the nearest railing for dear life as the world tilted around her. Despite her stomach turning upside-down, she didn’t feel herself falling.

It seemed that gravity reoriented with them the closer they got to the miniature planet. Considering that it had its own little moons, it made sense that it would have some sort of gravitational pull; but it was odd for it to have so great of one. Not that she minded so long as it meant she wasn’t about to confront her fear of falling from great heights, too.

The landing could have been softer. Kalen and Liana were thrown flat on the deck as the boat splashed down on the shimmering surface. It skimmed along a little ways before Gretchen eased off the throttle and brought the ride to a gentle halt.

The weathered sea captain stepped out onto the deck. “Alrighty, lassies. Welcome to yer destination. Now get the hell off me boat!”

“Give...give us a minute,” said Kalen, shakily trying to pull herself to her feet.

Even Liana seemed a little jittery, but she still managed a weak giggle. “W-What’s the hurry?”

“The sun’s gettin’ low and I got fish to catch,” said Gretchen.

“How can you tell?” Kalen squinted up, or whichever way that was now, and saw nothing but the swirling fog overhead. Come to think of it, there shouldn’t have been as much light as there was with the sun being blocked out. She mentally shrugged and just chalked it up as another quirk of this virtual realm.

“The Temple of Cyanophia is just below us,” said Sylvie.

Liana peered over the side of the boat and shuddered for some reason. The fur on her ears and tail bristled, standing on end.

“Something the matter?” asked Kalen.

“I...I don’t know. I just got a weird feeling is all. It’s probably nothing,” Liana shook it off, but still gave the temple a nervous, sideways glance before heading towards the cabin. “I’m gonna change into something I can swim in.”

“Actually, that brings up a good point,” said Kalen. “How the fuck are we supposed to get all the way down there? We can’t hold our breaths that long.”

“A siren’s kiss,” Sylvie answered softly.

“A what now?”

“My kiss will allow you to breathe and speak underwater as though you were of the sea.”

Gretchen’s eyes widened with sudden understanding. “Ah, yer one of them fish folk, ain’t ye?”

“Correct,” Sylvie nodded.

Kalen looked her over, puzzled. “You don’t *look* fishy. You honestly look more like an elf with those pointy ears.”

“You will see,” said Sylvie.

“How long does your siren’s kiss last?” asked Liana.

“Long enough.”

Kalen exchanged a dubious look with Liana, who just simply shrugged. “Alright. Pucker up, I guess,” Kalen sighed.

“You first,” Liana said with a cheshire grin.

“No.”

“Come on.”

“No,” Kalen shook her head. “What if I get fish lips or something? You’re the adventurous one. *You* do it.”

“Okay, fine,” Liana giggled and stepped up to the plate. She closed her eyes and puckered her lips. Sylvie silently leaned forward and delivered a gentle peck. For a magic kiss, it was rather anticlimactic. Liana’s eyes blinked open and she looked almost disappointed. “Oh, is that all?”

“Well, you didn’t grow gills. So, either it’s fine or it didn’t actually do anything,” Kalen said flatly.

“It did,” Sylvie’s cool, expressionless stare pierced through her words.

Kalen’s mind blanked on any sort of snappy comeback, so she quietly stepped forward for her turn. Being a nearly a whole head taller than Sylvie, she had to lean down far enough for her to reach. Unlike Liana, she watched as the silver siren’s face drew close, their eyes locked

together. That mercury-filled gaze betrayed no emotion nor intent and Kalen soon broke the lock to escape it.

Their lips met, and then it was over. No magical transformation or strange feeling. It really was just a peck on the lips.

“Huh. That’s it, I guess,” muttered Kalen, unsure of what to say or feel about the whole ordeal.

“It is time to begin,” Sylvie shrugged the borrowed kimono off her shoulders and held it out to Kalen. “Thank you for lending me your garb. I will no longer be needing it.”

Gretchen raised an eyebrow at the siren’s nudity. “Alrighty then. I’ll be below deck while ye lassies get nekkid on me boat.”

Kalen’s cheeks flushed bright red. “We are NOT getting naked!”

“I don’t know, could be fun,” Liana giggled.

“What happened to getting changed?” Kalen snapped.

“Oh, all right. Just having a little fun,” the cat girl stuck her tongue out and sauntered off to the cabin.

“Like I said, I’ll be down below,” Gretchen flung open a hatch and climbed down. Her voice bellowed up from within, “*I expect ye lot to be off me boat by the time I get back!*”

She hadn’t put much thought into it until then, but Kalen realized that she probably ought to change as well. If she dived in with what she was wearing, swimming would be a chore. Her hands began loosening her obi belt, but Sylvie’s unblinking gaze gave her pause.

“Do you mind?” Kalen said impatiently. “I can’t change with you staring at me like that.”

“Okay,” Sylvie closed her eyes but still stood there facing her, which wasn’t much better.

“Look, just go over there or something,” Kalen waved towards the far end of the deck. “And turn around. It’s weird with you just standing there.”

The siren obliged and moved far enough away that it wasn’t quite so awkward. Undressing in the wide open still wasn’t ideal, but it doable. It wasn’t like there was anyone else around to see her.

Kalen sighed and returned to her belt. Her hands fumbled with its ties before she managed to get it off. It hadn’t occurred to her that she’d never actually had to take it off before. Her outfit was always just sort of there. Next were her boots; she had an easier time unlacing those. The sword belt wasn’t too unusual either; its buckle came undone easy enough.

She gently leaned the sword against the rail, but hesitated. Letting it go felt almost... wrong. It took a surprising amount of willpower to release her grip and step away, as if she were leaving a part of herself behind.

That feeling gnawed at her as she hastily unbuttoned her blouse. When her hands went to unfasten her pants, she paused. It would be easier to swim with less clothing, but they still had no idea what awaited them inside the temple. The thought of fighting in her skivvies was not an appealing one. Instead, she opted to leave her pants on and to tie her blouse up under her bust. It showed off a lot of cleavage and her toned waist, but she felt more comfortable than she would have otherwise.

Before she knew it, she was already fastening her sword belt around her waist again. It was like she couldn't put it back on fast enough. Once her sword was back at her side, a weight seemed to lift from her chest and Kalen felt whole again.

The sword urgently buzzed a warning and her hand shot to it. She saw movement out the corner of her eye and turned just in time to see something duck underwater nearby. It was too fast to see what it had been, but she had a sneaking suspicion that it had been watching her. Whatever it was seemed to be gone. No further warnings came from her blade.

"Aw, are you really just gonna go in that?" Liana's voice made Kalen jump.

"*Shit!* Knock or something, would you?" Kalen's heart settled back in her chest. Getting a look at her friend, her eyebrows raised at the sight of the frilly, white and gold one-piece swimsuit hugging the cat girl's body. The way it squeezed her boobs up into its low neckline somehow made them look ever bigger. "Damn, Li! That looks nice! Where'd you find it?"

"Oh, it's just something I've been meaning to try on," the paladin said, twirling her gavel playfully.

Kalen's brows furrowed. "Hold on, where are you gonna put your hammer? It'll be hard to swim with that thing in your hand."

"In my inventory," she said, coyly.

"Yeah, but where?"

"All right, ye daft lot. *Off me boat!*" Gretchen clambered out of the hatch. Her eyes danced between Liana and Kalen's choice of swimwear. "Ye know, I half expected ye'd be wearing somethin' a little skimpier," she raised an eyebrow at Kalen.

"I don't feel like fighting in a bikini."

"Aw, but it would be sexy," pouted Liana.

"Allow me to put it this way: I will NOT be fighting in a bikini!"

"You'll be fixin' to fight *me* if ye don't get off me boat. Now get movin', lest I toss ye overboard," Gretchen pointed over the side of the rail.

Kalen looked expectantly Sylvie, "You heard her. Lead on."

The siren nodded and stepped onto the railing. With a grace befitting her nature, she dove into the water barely so much as a splash. Liana stepped up next, but turned to wave at the captain before following.

“Thanks for the ride, Captain Gretchen!”

“Bah, don’t mention it,” Gretchen grumbled and cast a dismissive wave her way.

Liana leapt up and cannonballed into the sea. Salty water splashed up and into Kalen’s face. She’d expected her eyes to burn a little, but was surprised when they didn’t.

“Remember what I told ye,” said Gretchen, pointing to one eye.

Kalen nodded and climbed up onto the railing. The water looked every bit as clear up close as it had from afar. She could see the others swimming idly by below. Her hand tensed around her hilt at the thought of meeting whatever she’d glimpsed a few minutes before, but that was something she’d just have to face.

With one last breath, she closed her eyes and took the plunge.

Chapter 6

It hadn't exactly been warm on the deck of the Ocean Rose, but Kalen immediately wished she were still on board. Cold water soaked through each layer of clothing and sent shivers through her body. A muffled squeal forced its way through her tight lips.

A warm hand tugged on her arm and she pried her eyes open. Once again, she was surprised that the salty sea water didn't burn them. Floating beside her was Liana, a wide, cheshire grin spread across her face.

"You're okay, dummy!" said Liana, bubbles floating up from her mouth.

It took Kalen a moment to process the fact that her friend just spoke...underwater. She tried to reply, but her lips refused to open. If they did, they'd let all her air out. Instead, she just made muffled noises.

"It's okay, just breath in and talk!" Liana took a couple exaggerated breaths for emphasis. "See? Sylvie's kiss worked!"

Fighting every survival instinct in her body, Kalen wrenched her mouth open and gasped for air. Cold water filled her lungs and she started choking, but then her lungs relaxed. She wasn't drowning. She was breathing water.

"Holy shit," Kalen said aloud. Her eyes went wide with realization. "*Holy shit! It worked!*"

"Told ya," Liana laughed.

"Correct," Sylvie said from below them.

Kalen twisted her body around to look down and was momentarily confused to see Sylvie with what looked like one very long leg. It wasn't until it flexed and propelled her through the water that she realized it wasn't. From her hips downward, Sylvie's slender legs merged together to form an elegant fin. Silvery scales shimmered along its length and several webbed frills wriggled to maneuver her. She truly was a siren, a mermaid of myth.

"Whoa," muttered Kalen, awestruck.

"I know, right? Isn't she gorgeous!" Liana gushed.

Sylvie's lips curled into the faintest hint of a smile, the first that either of them had seen on her. She looked serene with her lengthy locks of silver hair drifting around her like tendrils. It was easy to understand how sailors could fall for such beauty.

“Come. This way,” the siren gestured for them to follow as she dove deeper into the sea towards their objective. The round temple loomed before them like a stone monolith. Somewhere down below, where the coral reef was trying to swallow the structure, was a round indentation that was presumably an entrance.

“I’ll race ya!” Liana dove down after Sylvie, her calico tail trailing behind her.

“Ack! Hold up!” Kalen clumsily reoriented herself. The way her horns and clothes dragged through the water was taking some getting used to, but her character’s added strength allowed her to propel herself with enough force to offset it.

Down they went, deeper and deeper until the water pressure made their ears pop. Schools of blue-scaled fish passed by. Strange, eel-like creatures with twinkling, violet bioluminescent lights leisurely swam in undulating patterns over the colorful reef. There were no sharks or obvious predators about, which was a blessing. Kalen rather liked being at the top of the food chain and preferred to stay there.

As they neared the sea floor, the water lost some of its crystal clarity. It became almost an almost hazy blue, but not quite murky. The murkier waters seemed to be much deeper down in crevasses that were gouged out of the reef. Another interesting observation was that the coral closest to the temple was exclusively in shades of blue and purple. Kalen began to wonder if there was a connection there.

The round indentation in the temple did indeed appear to be an entrance. A rather large one at that. The Ocean Rose could have fit through it if it had been open. Intricate carvings of interlocking circles decorated the curved, cyclopean doors.

Sylvie swam down to a spherical structure that was tiny by comparison. It had been almost camouflaged beneath an overgrowth of blue coral. Kalen probably would never have found it on her own.

They stopped just above a perfectly circular opening in the top of the sphere. Sylvie pointed down into it. “There. The key to opening the temple doors is within.”

Liana peered curiously down into the hole. “I don’t anything but sea lilies and anemones.”

Kalen did the same and squinted into the dark chamber. The interior was hollowed out like an eggshell. Covering every surface were dozens and dozens of spindly sea lilies that glowed with a faint purple light. Mingling among them were an assortment of anemones alight with the same luminescence. It was as if the room were alive with a carpet of magic feather dusters.

“Huh, I don’t see anything either,” said Kalen. She turned to say something to Liana, but frowned when she saw something missing. “Hey, where’s your hammer?”

Liana smiled coyly. “It’s in my inventory.”

“That doesn’t tell me anything.”

Feline eyes drifted down to Kalen's chest and her smile grew. "What was that about not being a cow?"

Kalen seemed puzzled at first, but then she looked down and saw that her bra was showing through her white blouse. The unmistakable design of black and white cow-print was certainly incriminating.

"Is your bra size measured in cups or cartons?" Liana teased.

Flustered, Kalen tried to cover herself with her hands. "*H-Hey! I thought it was a cute look, okay?*"

Liana giggled. "No shame in hiding your true colors. Besides, you've got some lovely high-beams shining right now."

Kalen felt her rock-hard nipples prod her palms through her clothes and blushed furiously. "*What? The water's fucking COLD! I can't help it!*"

"Are you two done?" Sylvie's voice had a slightly impatient edge to it, the first hint of emotion she'd shown. It actually startled them.

"Uh, yeah. We're good," said Kalen, awkwardly. "So, what's supposed to be in there?" she gestured down the hole.

"The key to opening the temple doors."

"You're gonna have to be a bit more specific."

"The key to opening the temple doors," Sylvie repeated, sounding more impatient. "Remove the lilies and you shall see."

"Good enough for me," Liana shrugged and dove in.

Kalen was about to dive in after her when her sword buzzed another warning. She immediately grabbed the hilt and it sent a jolt through her arm that jerked her around just in time to glimpse a shadow duck into a crevasse. A few seconds passed and whatever it was didn't reveal itself.

"Is something the matter?" asked Sylvie.

Kalen frowned and kept her eyes on the crevasse. "I thought I saw something."

Sylvie followed her gaze. "There doesn't appear to be anything there."

The sword had never been wrong before and she had definitely seen something. If she had to bet, it was probably the same thing that had been watching her get changed. As long as it kept its distance, it probably wouldn't be a problem, she hoped.

With no further warnings from her sword, Kalen reluctantly relaxed. She took one last wary glance at the shady crevasse before pulling herself through the portal after Liana. The feathery fronds of sea lilies circling the hole tickled her skin as she brushed past.

“There you are! What took you so long?” asked Liana.

“I think something’s been following us,” said Kalen in a hushed voice.

Liana’s eyes widened. “Really? What?”

“I don’t know. Just be on the lookout, okay?”

Liana nodded. “Then let’s find that key and get going.”

Their eyes scanned the cramped space for any sign of Sylvie’s “key.” After a moment, Kalen could make out the shape of some sort of round plaque or console embedded in the wall, but it was too obscured by sea foliage to tell for sure.

“Hey, I think I’ve got something,” Kalen reached out a hand to brush the sea lilies off, but as soon as their fronds touched her skin, they sent a warm tingling up her arm. Recoiling, she saw blue splotches on her hand from where she touched them. “*What the fuck?*”

“What’s wrong?” Liana asked urgently.

“It’s the lilies. They...did something to my hand,” stammered Kalen. The splotches soon faded, as did the tingling. “Huh, weird.”

“Did they hurt you?”

“No. It just felt...weird and tingly,” Kalen said, looking over her hand curiously. “I guess they’re harmless,” she muttered, though she sounded uncertain.

Cautiously, Kalen reached out again and experimentally felt the feathery lilies. Warm tingles coursed up her arm once more and she watched as blue splotches formed. It was an oddly pleasant sensation that drew her hand deeper into the glowing bouquet. The tingling intensified and the warmth slowly spread across her body the longer she endured it. An azure hue claimed her appendage and worked its way up her arm, darkening a deeper shade as it went.

“Uh, Kalen? What are you doing?” asked Liana, puzzled.

Breathing heavy, Kalen realized she was getting a little too into whatever this was and pulled her arm out. Both women gawked at what had become of her skin. Her hand all the way up to her elbow was completely blue, her fingers darkened to an almost purple shade. It was as if she had dunked it in ink.

“Whoa! What did they do to you?” gasped Liana.

“I-I don’t know,” stammered Kalen. The color was already beginning to fade, but the warm tingles continued. There was a subtle pressure flowing up her arm, almost like a fluid pumping through it into the rest of her body. “It feels...weird.”

They watched as her skin gradually returned to its natural tone. Once it had, the sensations finally ceased.

“Hm, I guess they aren’t venomous. May as well get this over with,” Kalen said before swiping her arm through the lilies. She brushed many of them off, but at a cost.

An eruption of stimulating sensations that would have brought Kalen to her knees if she weren’t floating flared through her arm. She gasped as its entire length turned blue and purple. Something undeniably tangible and fluid rushed from her arm and through her body.

She stifled a moan as she felt it flooding into her curves. “*Ooh, I might have fucked up.*”

Kalen could feel her pants and bra tightening around her as the mystery substance pumped her up. This wasn’t like the growth she was used to. There was a tangible pressure that forced her skin to stretch to contain it. She wasn’t growing, she was blowing up.

And it felt *good*.

Liana watched with shock as her friend’s bust and hips slowly swelled before her eyes. What had been form-fitting before soon became skin-tight. The contrast between the two women’s curves was becoming less and less stark by the second.

“*Oh fuck,*” Kalen panted. “*What’s happening to me?*”

By the time the color finally faded from her arm, Kalen’s breasts had swollen at least a couple inches bigger. Her cow-print bra squeezed her chest noticeably and pillowy flesh bulged out of her open blouse. A tight line of cleavage ran from her collar bones all the way past the length of her sternum. Down below, her hips and butt had plumped up considerably to pair with her enlarged knockers. Even her abs had softened somewhat, adding a slight amount of pudge to her waistline.

Left flushed and breathing heavy, Kalen gingerly felt her new curves. “What the fuck?”

“This is the work of the corruptive evil,” said Sylvie. She’d been watching through the hole the entire time. “It has perverted Cyanophia’s blessings and corrupted the area with them.”

Kalen looked down at her chest in concern. “So that means…”

“You were filling up with blueberry juice!” blurted Liana.

“Great,” Kalen groaned sarcastically. She normally wasn’t one to complain about a boost to her bust, but this was a little too weird for her liking. “You couldn’t have told us this *before* we came down here?”

“You didn’t ask,” said Sylvie.

Kalen glowered at her. “So, touching these things is out of question. How do we clear them?”

“Leave it to me!” Liana said confidently. She reached into her cleavage and withdrew her holy gavel.

Kalen knew what she was about to do and scrambled to get away. “*Waitwaitwait-STOP!*”

Too late. The paladin held her gavel aloft and spoke, “*REPEL!*”

With a flash of golden light, a bubble rapidly grew around her as a shockwave repelled the water, foliage, and Kalen away. Sylvie ducked out of the way as a jet stream blew Kalen and the lilies out through the opening before the vacuum immediately sucked them back in. Water crashed back in on Liana and tossed her and everything else around like a wash cycle.

When it all finally settled, the sea lilies fluttered out through the hole in a panic and the anemones were all tucked into their shells. Blue and purple splotches covered both the frazzled women in their wake. A lone lily writhed inside Kalen’s cleavage, tickling her with its fronds and staining her breasts blue.

Stifled moans escaped Kalen’s lips as she watched her bust slowly balloon larger. Dark azure mounds bulged against her tied blouse, plumping up fuller and heavier with juice. Their weight was negligible in the water, but they had more drag to them. Once they had grown large enough to rival Liana’s melons, she daintily plucked the lily from her cleavage and watched it flutter away. A part of her wanted to leave it there, maybe even stuff a few more in with it to really get her titties growing, but her sanity prevailed.

“What a rush!” Liana whooped and giggled as she reoriented herself. Her skin had already returned to normal with only a slight amount of swelling. “And you weren’t kidding, those lilies *did* feel weird!”

“Li,” groaned Kalen. “Next time, if it’s not too much trouble, would you please *WAIT FOR ME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE YOU BLAST MY TITS OFF!?!?*”

That only made Liana erupt into another fit of giggles. “Oh, fine. I’ll be more careful,” she said, slipping the gavel back into her cleavage.

Seeing the lilies out of the way, Sylvie swam down to join them. However, her focus was solely on the console Kalen had been trying to clear. It was a series of circular disks, one large one with six smaller disks arranged around it along concentric circles. In the center of the large disk was some sort of round nodule with ornate markings similar to the ones on the temple doors.

“Nice to see you, too,” grumbled Kalen. “So, what is that thing?”

“The key to opening the temple,” Sylvie’s repeated response was grating on Kalen’s nerves.

“Okay,” she said impatiently. “But how does it work?”

“Watch,” Sylvie’s hands touched the smaller disks and their edges lit up with a dull purple glow. The disks could be slid along the lines of the concentric circles etched into the stone. With practiced precision, she slid each disk in place directly above the larger one in a perfect row.

All around the room, intricate carvings of intertwining circles that had been previously hidden glowed with the same violet energy. A spear of light pierced down through the aligned

disks into the center nodule and it pulsed to life. Kalen and Liana watched with wide-eyed wonder as Sylvie plucked the node from the wall and the lights went out.

“Do you see now?” asked Sylvie. She held out the fist-sized relic that still glowed in her hand.

“So that’s the key,” muttered Kalen in awe, gingerly taking it from her. It felt warm in her palm.

“It is only part of it,” she pointed to the disks in the wall. “Look closely.”

Kalen moved closer to study the wall. It looked like a sort of diagram, but she couldn’t make sense of it. She shook her head. “I don’t get it.”

“I think I do!” Liana piped up. “Here, may I see that?”

“Sure,” said Kalen, handing her the relic. “You can stash it in your ‘inventory’ when you’re done,” she smirked.

The busty cat girl smirked back and examined the ornate item. Her eyes traced its lines and compared them to the ones on the plaque. She pointed to the large disk, “I think that’s supposed to be the big bubble world we’re on and those smaller ones are the moons.”

“Correct,” nodded Sylvie. “We must align all six of the Daughter Reefs directly above the temple to open the doors. We must go to each one and guide them with that stone.”

“Oh, cool!” Liana was giddy.

Kalen was not. “Oh man, that’s gonna take forever.”

Chapter 7

“Looks like ol’ Captain Gretchen ditched us,” grumbled Kalen, bobbing at the water’s surface. The Ocean Rose was nowhere in sight. One of the sea bubble moons loomed overhead, as if to mock them. “Just how the fuck are we supposed to get up there?”

“I’m sure there’s a way,” Liana said cheerfully. “Maybe we can ride up one of those water spouts like the fish do?”

“Correct,” said Sylvie. “But you will need stronger fins than the meager ones you land creatures possess.”

The siren ducked back underwater and the others followed. True to her nature, Sylvie called out to the creatures of the sea with a song that could only be described as enchanting. Ancient words of an unknown language reverberated through the water and travelled to the far corners of the surrounding reefs.

The sound waves passed through Kalen, resounding with what felt like her very soul. Sylvie’s song stirred up emotions of longing and passion that had been buried long ago. Her body ached for the touch of another and her eyes were drawn to the song’s source.

Sylvie had never seemed so beautiful. How had she never seen it before? Her long locks of silver hair. A body so elegant and pure that it felt almost blasphemous to gaze upon it. Eyes like pools of-

“Ack! Get out of my head!” Kalen shook herself out of the trance.

Much to her relief, Sylvie stopped singing. “My apologies,” she said. “The songs of the sea can have some profound effects on your kind.”

“You don’t say,” Kalen said with a thinly veiled glare.

“Yeah, it was really...something,” panted Liana. Judging from her flushed cheeks and heavy breathing, it had affected her more sensually.

A high-pitched squeal echoed up from the deep. Answering the siren’s call were two large fish that resembled dolphins with the flat, fin-like heads of hammerhead sharks. They playfully encircled the party and dove in-between Kalen and Liana, clicking happily.

“Whoa! What are these things?” Kalen asked cautiously, her hand anxiously clenching her hilt.

“They will be your fins,” answered Sylvie. “They will do you no harm.”

One of them nudged Kalen's arm and nuzzled itself against her hand. Tentatively, she rubbed it on the head. "I guess they're okay."

"Ooh! They're wonderful!" Liana was hanging onto the wide head of her dolphin and squealed with delight as it carried her through the water. It certainly seemed much faster than swimming.

"Well, I guess I'm riding a weird space dolphin today," Kalen muttered to herself. She grabbed onto her dolphin's head like Liana had and braced herself. "Okay, don't got to fast now- *AUGH!*"

The dolphin bolted forward after its partner. Kalen held on for dear life as they cut through the water at breakneck speed, her tits nearly billowing out of her top. Swimming alongside them was Sylvie, who seemed to be guiding the mounts towards a towering waterspout. From underwater, the mouth of the spout looked like a monstrous, inverted whirlpool.

As they approached it, they picked up speed. The spout was sucking them up. Kalen tightened her grip and silently prayed she would make it out of this alive.

The trip up the waterspout was nauseating. The swirling current carried them high above the sea in a fast, spiraling arc. She thought for sure one of them would get flung off and fall, but thankfully neither of them did. At least it was mercifully quick.

The waterspout spat them out into the shallow waters of the first Daughter Reef. Kalen had to let go and gather herself. Gravity had shifted again, pulling her upwards. Or rather, up was now down on the bottom of the tiny moon. Seeing the ocean world she was just on filling what should have been the sky was intensely disorienting.

"Kalen! Are you okay?" Liana dismounted her dolphin and swam over to her.

"Yeah, I'm just...a little woozy. The ride up here kinda threw me," Kalen could already feel her senses normalizing. She reoriented herself in the water so that the moon's reef was at her feet. Gradually, the world made sense again. She breathed a sigh of relief and steadied herself. "Okay, I think I'm good now."

"You sure?"

"Yep."

"Good, because your tits are hanging out," Liana snickered and pointed.

"What?" Kalen blushed in surprised embarrassment when she saw that Liana was right. Her round melons had slipped free of the confines of her clothes and floated weightlessly before her. She hastily tried to cover herself, but her arms could only hide so much. "*Don't look!*"

"How can I not with those blue nipples of yours?"

"*WHAT!?!*" Kalen hoisted her boobs up towards her face. Her nipples were same pleasantly pink color they were supposed to be.

Liana burst out laughing. “Made you look!”

“*Oh shut up, you pervert!*” Kalen crossed her arms over her ample chest again.

“They’re so big and juicy,” Liana hummed with her cheshire grin. “Almost as big as mine, wouldn’t you say?”

That struck a chord. Kalen’s cheeks flushed bright red and she almost blurted out a retort, but bit her lip instead. She knew damn well her tits were bigger than hers now.

Liana smiled coyly as she slid her gavel out from her tight cleavage. “Maybe I ought to purify you and take a load off your chest? Hm?”

“N-No...I’m good.”

“Are you sure? Those might not fit back in your bra.”

Kalen bit her lip harder, almost drawing blood. “No, really. I’m fine,” she squeaked.

A devilish glint flashed in the paladin’s feline eyes and she tucked her gavel back in her inventory. “Have it your way. Don’t come crying to me for help when your bra snaps.”

The thought of bursting out of her bra made Kalen’s thighs clench together. Were her secret desires really that obvious?

“Come. The altar awaits,” said Sylvie, beckoning for them to follow.

“Ooh, that sounds cool! Come on, Kalen!” Liana swam off after her.

“H-Hold on! L-Let me get my boobs back in place,” Kalen wrestled her bra back over her swollen chest. It was a tight squeeze, but she managed to get it to work. She re-tied her blouse under her bosom and hurried to catch up.

Situated on the Southernmost pole of the moon was a wide, circular platform with what looked like a pedestal at its center. Just like the key room, this too was covered in frilly, violet sea lilies.

“Oh great, more of those things,” groaned Kalen.

Liana swam up to them confidently. “No problem. I’ll just-”

“Nope,” Kalen stopped her arm as it reached into her cleavage. “We’re letting Sylvie handle this one.”

“Aw, okay,” Liana pouted, flattening her ears.

“Very well. You may want to cover your ears,” said Sylvie before taking a breath.

Realizing what she was about to do, Kalen and Liana both clapped their hands over their ears just as another siren song resounded through the sea. Even muffled, the ancient words sent shivers up and down their spines and made their loins ache for a lover’s touch.

All of the sea lilies fluttered up and away in a flock, as if called to some unknown purpose. In their wake, the pedestal was revealed. Sylvie ended her song and looked expectantly at the others.

Kalen breathed a sigh of relief when it was over. Any longer and she might have shoved her hand down her pants. Liana didn't look much better.

"Thank god that's over. Let's see what we're working with here," Kalen swam over to examine the pedestal.

Up close, it appeared to be something of a control panel made of the same stone and ornate designs as the key room puzzle. Several round nodules surrounded an empty notch that looked the same size as the relic. She had a feeling she knew what to do.

"Hey, Li. Hand me that glowing thingy, would you?"

"Sure thing!" Liana reached into her tight cleavage and produced the glowing relic. "Here ya go!"

"Thanks," Kalen took the stone and inserted it into the slot, but nothing happened. She waited, but there was no reaction. Puzzled, she turned to Sylvie for guidance. "Is there like a delay or something to this?"

"No, you must activate the altar to awaken the Daughter Reef."

"Yeah, but...uh, how do I do that?"

"You must activate the altar to-"

"How about *you* just do it?" Kalen interrupted.

"No," Sylvie shook her head, sounding impatient. "It *must* be one of you."

"Can you at least give me a hint?"

"I already have."

"When?" Kalen was losing her patience.

"When you interrupted me," Sylvie was clearly losing hers, too.

"Ooh! Pufferfish!" Liana pointed behind them.

"Li, you're not even paying attention, are you?" Kalen scolded.

"Of course I am!" Liana said without looking. Her hand pointed away again. "Ooh! Another one!"

Kalen pinched the bridge of her nose and exhaled. "Okay, fine. I'll figure it out myself."

"Gee, there's a lot of them around here," Liana said behind her.

“Okay, there’s six of these doohickeys and six moons,” Kalen muttered to herself, trying to decipher the controls.

“Uh, Kalen?”

“Not now, Li.”

“*Kalen!*” Liana sounded urgent, but the vibrating warning from her sword is what spun Kalen around.

She was face to face with a round, purple pufferfish as big as a basketball. Its spines stood straight out like needles. “Oh. Uh, hello there,” Kalen said awkwardly.

Several other pufferfish, all swollen and round, approached them curiously. There were two examining Liana; they seemed particularly interested in her cat ears and tail. Several others followed Sylvie’s tail. Meanwhile, Kalen’s drifted down to her chest and stared straight into her cleavage.

“Okay, let’s not swim in there,” Kalen gently pushed the puffer away. It evidently didn’t appreciate that and contracted its body, spewing a violet cloud at her chest. She inadvertently breathed some in and the unmistakable aroma of blueberries flooded her senses. “*Ack! Fuck!*”

Kalen’s sword rattled urgently at her side and she finally reached for it. As soon as her hand gripped the hilt, it sent a jolt through her arm that drew her blade with a slash through the cloud of juice. The water slowed her attack, though, and the deflated fish darted away beyond her reach.

She tried to back away from the cloud, but her butt bumped into the altar. The damage was already done, though. Blueberry juice soaked through her clothes and into her skin, staining her breasts violet. A worrisome tingling sensation and warmth spread throughout her chest.

“*Ooh, fuck,*” she moaned and bit down hard on her lip as she felt her melons swell even larger. Her bra constricted her chest like a snake and her blouse parted like curtains to reveal more bulging, juice-stained flesh. Like two sponges, her breasts soaked up most of the juice cloud. She swore she could hear them gurgling.

A sharp cry pulled her attention away from her burgeoning bosom. The two pufferfish inspecting Liana had doused her in clouds of juice as well. The cat girl’s breasts and butt took the brunt of it and visibly swelled larger before her eyes, each stained violet. Several more puffers were heading her way.

“*LI!*” Kalen shouted and kicked herself off the altar, diving into action.

Eager to see use again, her katana sent a stronger jolt than before to compensate for the water drag and compelled her arms to slice straight through the first puffer. It popped into a cloud of juice that Kalen was too slow to avoid. While a tiny mote of light shot out of the cloud and down her blade, her tits dredged through it and gurgled larger. The feeling of her sword’s absorption was drowned out by the flood of juice stretching her breasts fuller.

“*Mmph!*” Kalen moaned through clenched teeth as her bra dug into her ballooning boobs. She had no choice but to keep going and try to dodge the next one.

Two more electric jolts in rapid succession sent her blade slashing through the next couple puffers. This time, she was able to swim around the worst of it. Some juice still found its way into her chest, but at least she was able to feel the absorbed motes plump it up slightly larger. It was a distinctly different sensation to the building pressure of the juice. With the effects of her sword, her breasts actually *grew* instead of filled.

“Li, are you okay?” asked Kalen, trying to ignore the tightness of her bra.

“Yeah, I think so,” panted Liana. It seemed like she had already absorbed all her juice. Breasts as big as her head bulged out of the stretched neckline of her swimsuit and ass cheeks to match tugged its lower half into a tight wedgie.

“Good, because we’ve got more coming our way!”

A dozen or more pufferfish rose up from behind a coral ridge and swam towards them on an attack vector. If even half of those fish blew up in their faces, they’d be out of commission or worse. Still, Kalen couldn’t help but feel a slight thrill at the thought of her sword absorbing all of their essences. Granted, these meager fish hardly equaled even a few souls of-

“What the fuck am I thinking?” Kalen shook those deranged thoughts from her head and hoped no one heard her.

Nearby, Sylvie slapped a few puffers away with her tail. She turned to see the swarm approaching and put herself between them and the party. “I can disperse them. Cover your ears.”

She took a deep breath, preparing for another siren call, but was surprised by a pufferfish she hadn’t seen. The spiny balloon locked lips with her and Sylvie let out a muffled cry just before it unloaded itself down her gullet. Her slim stomach bulged outwards with enough juice to make her look six months pregnant. Even empty, the stubborn fish refused to let go of her lips.

While Sylvie struggled to pull the fish off her face, a gargantuan shadow loomed up from beyond the ridge. Round and wide as a hot air balloon, the mother of all pufferfish was coming.

“Oh, fuck.” A pit formed in Kalen’s stomach at the sight of the behemoth. As if the regular ones weren’t enough, that sea monster alone carried more juice than she could fathom holding. “Li, I’m gonna need you to buff me and run interference while I try to take out the big one.”

“Alright,” Liana said firmly, setting aside her bubbly demeanor. She struggled for a moment to find her gavel in her much deeper cleavage before drawing it. Holding her holy weapon aloft like a stoic hero of olde, it flared with golden radiance. “*PROTECTION!*”

A halo of light passed over Kalen, coating her body with a shimmering magic barrier. She gave one last nod to her partner before kicking off to the left of the oncoming swarm. Half of the pufferfish veered off to meet her while the rest continued on course to Sylvie and Liana.

The first few puffers were easy enough to dispatch and avoid, but as more poured after her, Kalen was finding it increasingly difficult to juke around the growing minefield of juice clouds. Liana's protection spell bought her a few slip ups, but it didn't last nearly long enough.

Jolt after jolt coursed through her arms as her sword willed them to slice away rapidly at the fearsome fugu. She lost count of how many she slew, each one releasing another mote of light for her blade to devour. All she knew was that her growth was throwing fuel on her smoldering desires and pumping adrenaline through her veins.

Somewhere behind her, she could hear the shockwaves of Liana's holy attacks, likely blasting fish away by the handful. Though, she dared not turn to look; not when her target was almost in her sights. The giant pufferfish slowly turned ominously like the Death Star taking aim at her.

Kalen's sword jolted her with a warning as the behemoth suddenly ballooned even larger. Anticipating some sort of attack, she was ready when it contracted and fired arrow-like spines in every direction with jets of juice. Her sword arm deftly slashed away one projectile, but another grazed her thigh. It cut open a thin gash in her pants and left a purple mark on her leg that she could feel spreading. She didn't need to look to know that it was juice.

She bit back a curse and dove headlong at the monstrous fish, but the bastard kept its distance. More regular puffers got between her and it, slowing her charge. The steady flow of juice pumping into her lower curves from her wound only hampered her further as she felt her pants tighten. It was becoming clear that she wouldn't be able to keep this up much longer.

"*SMITING BLOW!*" shouted Liana from nearby as she blasted away more puffers with a concussive blow from her glowing gavel. "Kalen! They just keep coming!"

"I know! I can't get close enough to nail that fucker!"

The two of them regrouped and held off another wave of pufferfish. The clouds of juice were closing in on all sides and it was clear that they were both nearing their limits. Since she'd last seen her, Liana had taken on enough juice to look downright plump. It was a wonder her swimsuit hadn't burst open yet.

"I'm just about out of energy," panted Liana. "What about you?"

"I can keep going, but not for much longer." A seam burst down Kalen's pant leg to hammer that point home. "Where'd Sylvie go?"

"I don't know!"

A familiar high-pitched squeal echoed down from above. They both looked up to see Sylvie with the hammerhead dolphins from earlier; but before they could rejoice, another volley of spines from the big puffer pierced through the purple haze of juice. Kalen batted one away while another, by some twist of fate, was blocked by a hapless fish that got in the way.

"Come on! I've got an idea!" Kalen hastily led Liana up out of the enclosing juice fog.

Sylvie and the dolphins dove down to meet them. They batted a few puffers back down into the fog, but more were coming.

Kalen grabbed onto one of the dolphin's flat heads. "Sylvie, can you tell this one to charge that big puffer?"

"I can, though I don't see the wisdom of such a-"

"Just do it!"

Sylvie leaned in and whispered something to the dolphin that it seemed to understand. With a pat on its back, it rushed forward straight at the goliath pufferfish. Their target saw them coming and ballooned up for another barrage. It was going to be close.

Just as the giant reached critical mass, Kalen hit home. Her sword smacked an emerging spine out of the way, turned her head down, and drove her horns straight into its side. It popped like a balloon into a catastrophic explosion of blueberry juice with Kalen at ground zero.

She vanished into a dark, billowing cloud of tainted juice.

Chapter 8

The world went dark and purple.

There were no sounds but rapturous moans.

They were her own.

Blueberry juice was all Kalen could see, taste, and smell. She should have been choking, drowning in the stuff, but the siren's kiss evidently worked on this as well; at least, mostly. It felt like she was huffing fumes. Her lungs felt heavy and her brain foggy.

Fireworks exploded through her mind, blasting away all thought. She was completely, mercilessly, inexorably overcome by pleasure. Every inch of her body screamed in ecstasy. Most of all, her breasts. Her precious, delicious breasts.

Already engorged to begin with, their increased surface area only exacerbated their absorption exponentially. The bigger they stretched, the faster they glutted themselves on the vast bounty of juice swirling around them, eagerly gulping down every ounce they touched. They were unabashedly insatiable.

And so was she.

She wanted more.

Kalen didn't mind that her breasts were blowing up with blueberry juice, as weird as that was. She didn't even mind that the rest of her body was blowing up too if it meant that her massive, fucking titties would swell bigger...*bigger*...**BIGGER**.

Bigger than any others.

Bigger than anyone could handle.

Bigger than even *SHE* could handle.

All her pent-up desires that she'd been trying so poorly to ignore were finally being fed a lavish feast of lechery. She never even knew they were there until she set foot in this world and realized just how small her ample E-cups really were. They had always seemed so big in the real world, but they couldn't begin to fill most of the bras these women were bouncing around in.

That simply wouldn't do. It wasn't *fair*.

She had to be bigger. She *had* to be the **BIGGEST**.

Her bra was squeezing the life out of her like an anaconda. Its straps felt like they were cutting into her skin. Finally, one of them snapped. She laughed. It was twisted, manic, intoxicated laughter.

Another strap blew. All that was left to do was stretch out that pitiful, tiny bra like a rubber band until it snapped.

More juice. *Bigger tits.*

They were swelling steadily faster now, but not fast enough. Gallons of purple nectar bubbled and churned within her. She could feel her breasts stretching out, filling far beyond any natural limit. Nothing like this should have been humanly possible, yet it felt so real. So *visceral*.

She needed *more*.

Fabric creaked and popped. Her underwire was warped far beyond repair.

Bigger.

Hooks began to bend and snap.

More.

Her bra was on its last leg. The anticipation was agonizing. Nothing she'd ever done in her life justified this level of sheer torment.

She. Just. Wanted. It. To. BREAK.

MORE!

At long last, Kalen's tortured cow-print bra exploded into black and white shrapnel that vanished into the inky darkness. Tits, *massive fucking badonkers*, ballooned out to a natural rounded shape, each the size of *beach balls*.

Screams of joyous, mad, laughter tore at her vocal cords. She'd just busted a bra. She'd actually grown so *fucking huge* that she *burst a bra!*

Her tits kept filling and stretching *bigger and bigger*. They just wouldn't stop. She didn't want them to.

Hands grasped Kalen and pulled at her, but she was too enraptured to care. There were two huge funbags begging for attention.

Eager arms hugged and squeezed them like teddy bears as they blew up in her grasp, pushing hot flesh up against her face. She could barely reach around them anymore. Fumbling fingers went on a blind scavenger hunt for her nipples.

When they finally found them, she was momentarily shocked by how swollen her areolae had become. They were domed outward like hills from all the juicy pressure. She could feel it; they were like powder kegs primed to blow. Meanwhile, her nipples weren't much bigger than

the pinky tips she was used to; but *damn* were they sensitive. Just a teensy pinch was enough to light sparks in her eyes.

If she could, Kalen would have found a way to get those tasty teats into her mouth, but her playtime was cut short. Light flared before her eyes, and not the flickering sprites of passion. Natural light. She was out of the juice cloud.

Voices called to her, repeating her name. They seemed vaguely familiar. Two blurred figures leaned over her. She felt hands that weren't her own touching her, shaking her. It felt weirdly good to her tingly skin.

"...more," was all Kalen could mutter, a drunken smile on her face.

"She seems delirious," said one voice.

"Oh, fuck! I have to cleanse her immediately! Kalen, hold on!" said the other.

Something cool and hard touched her forehead. There was a blinding solar flare of gold and one of the voices said, "*PURIFY!*"

Like a sheet being yanked off her, Kalen's delirium of lust was sucked away and rationality returned.

"*OH, FUCK!*" she gasped, coming back to the realm of sanity.

"Kalen!" cried Liana. The cat girl flung her arms around her.

"What...What the fuck happened?"

"You blew up the big pufferfish, but you got caught in the blast," said Liana. "I thought we lost you, but Sylvie went in and pulled you out."

Floating nearby was the silver siren, but her breasts and belly were swollen full as kegs with enough blueberry juice to tinge them purple. If she grew that much just from diving in to get her, then what about...

Kalen's eyes drifted down to herself. "*Oh, JESUS!*"

What little she could see of herself past her gargantuan tits was stained a rich violet. Every inch of skin was tainted with blueberry essence. She felt around and found a belly bloated full enough to fit triplets and ass cheeks so wide that she'd never fit in a normal chair again. Her pants had completely burst apart, exposing a pair cow-print panties that looked one wrong move away from joining them. Scraps of cloth fluttered around thighs as thick as tree trunks. Fortunately, her blouse was still intact, the knot having come undone at some point.

"I'm fucking *HUGE!*"

"Yeah, no shit," giggled Liana. "I thought for sure you'd explode or something."

"Had she stayed in there much longer, she would have," said Sylvie.

Not a comforting thought. She felt like a water balloon with so much juice sloshing around inside her. Kalen looked at the siren with newfound appreciation. “Sylvie, you risked your life for me. Thank you. Really.”

Sylvie looked momentarily perplexed, but nodded in acceptance.

“You know you both would have respawned later, right?” said Liana.

“Well, yeah. But...it still counts for something. Wait, what about the rest of the puffers?” Kalen looked around but saw none, only swirling clouds of inky juice that were slowly settling into pools on the reef.

“They swam away after you took out the big one. We took care of the ones that didn’t,” Liana said proudly.

Kalen breathed a sigh of relief. She really didn’t think they’d have lasted much longer if the fight had continued. Adding pufferfish to the list of enemies she’d gotten her ass kicked by would have been embarrassing.

“So, you’re still huge. Time to finish cleansing you,” the paladin lightly bopped Kalen on the head with her gavel.

“Just...don’t take all of it, okay?” Kalen hugged her beach ball bosom gently. Liana raised an eyebrow in a way that made her blush. “What? I just don’t wanna have to roll you back to town if you get too big!”

Liana gave her knowing smirk before continuing. “*PURIFY!*”

Both their bodies gurgled loudly as gallons of blueberry juice were rapidly transferred from one to the other. A part of Kalen wanted to scream at the sight of her hard-earned tits shrinking. In a moment of weakness, jealous eyes leered at the greedy bosom that was purloining *her* juice. Tightening cleavage darkened a deeper shade of violet as pillowy flesh puffed up and out of the thief’s low neckline.

Moans slipped past Liana’s lips and made Kalen’s fists clench. That should be *her*.

The silver and gold swimsuit creaked as it stretched around the cat girl’s ballooning body. It was pulled tighter and tighter by an already swollen belly that was rapidly surpassing the metrics of any pregnancy until the taut material was practically flossing her crotch. An ass that could crowd a loveseat jutted out round and wide behind her with thighs thick enough to match.

When it was over, the moment passed and Kalen relaxed, ashamed of herself for resenting her friend. As she requested, she wasn’t completely empty. Her hips and belly still bulged outward, but not so much as to make her look obscene anymore. Most importantly, her breasts retained enough juice to rival basketballs in size. More than enough to fill her arms. They were still violet, but it looked like the rest of her body had returned to its natural shade.

“Your corruption...has been...” Liana panted, struggling to form words. “*Ah, fuck.*”

The overtaxed paladin looked ready to pass out...or cum, whichever came first. Her face was flushed pink and her breaths came hot and heavy. It was impressive that her swimsuit still hadn't burst. The silver and gold material was stretched thin enough that the violet hue of her swollen curves was faintly visible through it. That thing was packed *tight* with flesh.

A belly bloated round and wide as a yoga ball dominated Liana's body. Humongous hooters rested atop it and threatened to suffocate her any time she looked down. However, it brought Kalen some small satisfaction to see that they weren't quite as big as hers had been.

Kalen took her gavel before she could drop it and hooked an arm under her shoulder to keep her from sinking. "Easy there, Li. I think you might have overdone it."

"N-No...I can still...still cleanse Sylvie, too," Liana panted, her eyes drooping.

"How about we take a mulligan on that for now?" Kalen suggested.

"Y-Yeah. Maybe you're right."

The stretched and shredded remains of Kalen's black pants slipped down her legs and floated down into the depths. Aside from her open blouse, all she had left preserving her modesty were her skimpy cow-print panties. "Well, looks like I'll be fighting in a bikini after all," she sighed. Liana managed a weak chuckle in response.

"We should activate the altar before any more tainted fish find us, or worse," said Sylvie.

"Agreed. We shouldn't stick around much longer," Kalen said. Helping keep Liana afloat, they swam back to the ancient altar.

By the time they returned, Liana's face looked less flushed and she seemed to have cooled off. Having acclimated to her swollen form some, she swam more confidently, albeit a bit clumsily.

"Are you good now?" asked Kalen, cautiously.

"Yeah, I think so," answered Liana.

"Good. Here's your hammer back," Kalen returned her gavel. Liana's eyes brightened up and she slipped it back into her tightly packed cleavage.

Turning her attention back to the esoteric console controls, Kalen was relieved to see that the glowing relic was still at its center, right where she left it. "Okay, now where were we?"

"You were trying to figure out how to start this thing," said Liana. She pantomimed starting a car engine. "Gotta rev it up. *Vroom vroom.*"

That sparked a sudden idea in Kalen's mind. "No way," she thought quietly to herself. "It can't be that simple."

Tentatively, her hand grasped the relic and twisted it in its slot. That circular section of the console turned with it and the moon shuddered beneath them. Vibrations rippled through the water around them.

“Holy shit, it is!” Kalen twisted the relic the rest of the way and the Daughter Reef rumbled to life. The rest of the console lit up and violet lights streamed out through crevasses and cracks in the surrounding coral as far as they could see. “Okay! Now we’re cooking!”

“See, I told you to simply activate it,” said Sylvie, a hint of smugness in her voice.

Kalen shot her a sharp glare before experimenting with the controls. A blinking stone button caught her eye and she pressed it. The altar shook violently and began to extend upward telescopically. It pushed up against their feet and gave them a true sense of their increased weight.

The massive pair of basketball boobs Kalen been so pleased with no longer felt so manageable. They pulled her forward into the controls and she hoped desperately that they weren’t mashing into any buttons. Still, feeling so much weight pull at her chest filled her with childish glee.

The altar burst through the surface of the sea and finally ground to a halt just above the waves. An alien vista of miniature worlds greeted them. The round dome of the temple was visible below them nearby.

“Okay, at least now we can see to steer this thing,” said Kalen, carefully hoisting her heaving bosom off the console. She wobbled on her feet like a newborn finding its legs. Even without being so absurdly top-heavy, it had been so long since she’d felt her own weight that it took her a minute to get used to gravity.

Liana had it worse. Her ballooned curves weighed her down so much that she couldn’t even stand. Try as she might, she could not push herself off her belly. “Mmh! I feel like a beached whale!”

“Save your energy. You’ll need it for the other Daughter Reefs,” said Sylvie. Her legs had reformed from her tail. She didn’t seem off-balance in the slightest.

Kalen groaned. “Oh, right. We’ve got five more after this.” If they were in such poor shape after just the first moon, then she seriously doubted they could survive the rest. Still, she sighed and sallied forth. “Well, one thing at a time, I suppose.”

She straightened up and pulled her blouse tight across her bust to re-tie it. Sumptuous boob flesh bulged outrageously over and under the sopping wet shirt halves. The soaked, light cotton did nothing to hide her dark, purple nipples; but that wasn’t quite the point. When she was done, she looked like a blown-up pin-up model, but at least her tits had a little support.

With that done, she was ready to move mountains or, in this case, moons. The six nodules that had confounded her before were now lit up and clearly appeared to be trackballs like on an

old computer mouse. She gently rolled one and felt the moon shift beneath her feet. The Daughter Reef rotated slightly to face the temple.

“Alright! I can do this!” Kalen said more confidently.

Still not quite certain what each of the trackballs did, she started messing around with them. Slowly, the moon made its way towards their destination. However, that didn’t last long as it started to roll to the side and drift closer to the larger sea bubble.

“You’re, uh, flying a little low there, aren’t you?” said Liana, nervously.

“Uh-huh,” grunted Kalen, focused on trying to steer them back on course. She didn’t seem to be having much luck. The sea bubbles began brushing up against each other, their waters colliding. If theirs hadn’t rolled in such a way that the altar was off-kilter, then they all would have been washed away.

“Might wanna pull up a bit.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Uh, Kalen-”

“Shut up. Let me drive,” Kalen snapped.

“Kalen,” continued Liana. *“Kalen! Look out for the cows!”*

Up ahead, a large herd of bull-horned sea cows meandered at the sea’s surface, drifting between them and the temple. In a panic, Kalen spun some random controls to try and avoid them. The moon rolled even further off-course, dipping deeper into the larger bubble’s surface, but thankfully overshot the innocent herd.

A tsunami wave crashed over the altar, washing everyone away. The swirling waters tossed them around like bath toys until the seas finally calmed. When Kalen had regathered her bearings, she realized they were back on the large sea bubble.

“Oh, fuck,” she muttered, watching as the moon traveled onward without them.

It carved a path of destruction through the larger reef, gouging a deep valley in its wake. With a resounding impact that shook the very world itself, the moon collided with the side of the temple, cracking it wide open like an egg. They watched in stunned silence as the moon continued on and careened off over the horizon.

After several long moments of silence, Kalen finally spoke. “Well, that’s one way to open the temple. Guess we don’t have to move the rest of the moons, huh?”

“You crashed a moon,” muttered Liana in disbelief.

“I did not!”

“You did! You crashed a *whole-ass moon!*”

“It was just a fender-bender! Look, it’s still in the air!” Kalen retorted.

“My, Goddess,” said Sylvie, slack-jawed. “What have you done?”

“Oh, fuck,” Kalen backpedaled. “Sylvie, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to break your temple-”

“It’s brilliant!” Sylvie grinned. It was a little unnerving.

“What?” Kalen and Liana both stared blankly at her.

“You have just saved us a great deal of trouble,” said Sylvie. “Come! Let us face the source of this corruption and cleanse my temple once and for all!”

Chapter 9

The crack gaped before the party like an open wound in the side of the temple. Water funneled steadily into the breach, flooding whatever chambers were inside. Considering that the spherical structure tanked the impact from a wayward moon, it honestly didn't look that bad.

"Are you sure you aren't upset about us smashing a hole in your temple?" asked Kalen.

"Yes. I am actually quite pleased about it," replied Sylvie, seeming uncannily exuberant about the whole situation. Kalen couldn't help but wonder why.

As they neared the opening, Liana stopped and shuddered like she had back on the boat.

"Li? What's wrong?" Kalen swam over to check on her.

"It's this place. I wasn't sure before but I can feel it so much stronger now," said Liana, apprehensively. "Corruptive energy is pouring out of it."

"You can feel that?" said Kalen. She hadn't noticed anything, but Castician Paladins were probably more attuned to that sort of thing.

"Yes. This whole area is permeated with corruption," Liana shuddered again. "I've never felt anything like it."

"All the more reason for us to hurry before it spreads any further," said Sylvie. She swam on ahead of them.

"Hey, wait up!" Kalen pulled Liana along after her, but an otherworldly glow from behind gave her pause.

A gut feeling told her not to turn around, but she did anyway. Behind them, a swarm of squid that glowed an eerie blue flocked out from a sea tunnel that had been opened up by the crashing moon. The squid held close together like a school of fish and sped towards them.

"*Oh, shit!*" Kalen fumbled for her sword, but it wouldn't budge from its sheath. No electric jolts or zaps came from the hilt either. It was completely inert. Fear gripped her heart as she realized her living weapon had gone dead. "*Oh, SHIT.*"

The spectral swarm of squid parted and swam past them. They shot straight into the temple and vanished, leaving Kalen and Liana stunned in confused relief. Meanwhile, Sylvie looked like she'd seen a ghost. Her silver eyes stared into the dark hole in horror.

"What was that?" asked Kalen.

“A spirit,” mumbled Sylvie. “A dangerous spirit. We must take great care inside the temple now. It may be watching.”

Kalen’s katana buzzed back to life. Relieved, she whispered to it, “What happened back there? Why didn’t you come out?”

It sent back a puzzled response. It had no idea either.

“Uh, Kalen? Are you talking to your sword again?” said Liana.

“Huh? No!” Kalen shook her head. “Just mumbling to myself as usual.”

“Okay,” Liana didn’t look convinced, but said no more.

The temple opening awaited. A strong current pulled at the party, drawing them in with the flooding waters. Sylvie let the flow take her without hesitation and was sucked into the breach.

“Well, here goes nothing,” said Kalen. She dove in and briefly panicked when she felt herself being dragged along without control. All that water flowed into a waterfall that spat her out into darkness.

The breach opened up into some sort of inner wall chamber that was maybe ten feet wide at most. Another, smaller sphere curved downward and Kalen was unceremoniously dropped down on top of it. She felt herself sliding and grabbed futilely for any sort of handhold, but the smooth stone was slick with cascading water and offered no reprieve.

Kalen cried out as she slid down into the inky depths. Fortunately, she splashed down into a pool of sea water that had filled the lower portions of the chamber and broke her fall. It was dark. Very, very dark. It was impossible to tell where Sylvie was or if she was even nearby.

“Sylvie? Are you down here?” Kalen called out into the dark, her head bobbing atop the water.

“I am here,” came Sylvie’s cold voice from right behind her. Kalen spun around to see her, but could only make out the faint outline of her silhouette.

A shrill cry echoed down from above as Liana careened down to join them. Her hefty bulk plunged into the water like a pregnant hippo. Kalen dove under and managed to blindly grab her hand and help pull her up to the surface.

“Li! There you are,” said Kalen. “Is everyone all right?”

“Yeah, I think so,” said Liana.

“As am I,” answered Sylvie.

The air shifted and a palpable energy passed through the chamber. All along the walls, ornate etchings like the others they’d seen lit up with a dim, purple glow. It wasn’t much light, but at least they could see each other.

Liana shuddered violently and whimpered. “The corruption...It’s so much stronger in here...The air is thick with it.”

The air was indeed dense and musty, smelling faintly of old blueberries, but Kalen was still oblivious to whatever dark power Liana was sensing. She placed a comforting hand on her shoulder. “Hang in there, Li. We can do this. We’re almost there.”

Liana managed a weak nod and Kalen smiled. In a comforting voice, she said, “It’s still a bit dark in here, Li. How about you light it up some for us, eh?”

The paladin smiled and reached into her cleavage for her gavel. It took some searching, but her fingers eventually grasped the handle and pulled it out. Holding it aloft, she said, “*RADIANCE!*”

A small, glowing orb of sunlight materialized over Liana’s head. It lit up the chamber much better than the dim, glowing walls did. However, its range was rather short.

“Thanks, Li. Now, where the fuck do we go from here?” Kalen looked around.

“There,” Sylvie pointed to a low walkway that was within reach. It had been hidden in the dark and bridged between two entrances on either curved wall.

“Looks good to me. Let’s go,” Kalen waded over and tried to pull herself up onto it. Her boobs got in the way on the first attempt, but she managed to pull them up and over. Once she was up there, she hung a hand down for Sylvie.

The siren took hold of it and pulled herself up alongside her. Sylvie’s silver tail soon morphed back into a pair of legs. Together, she and Kalen hoisted Liana up out of the water, which wasn’t easy considering how much heavier she’d become.

“Geeze, Li! You should skip on the pies for a while,” Kalen grunted as she pulled her friend up.

“I can’t help it,” Liana grunted back jokingly. “You know I can’t resist a good dessert. Especially if it’s got-”

She sloshed onto the platform and panted from excursion. “Blueberries,” she finished.

Kalen let out a quick chuckle and helped the cat girl to her feet. It wasn’t easy, Liana’s equilibrium was thrown completely out of whack, but they got her standing.

“Okay, now where do we...go...” Kalen’s voice trailed off as she puzzled at something on Liana’s face. A growing, purple splotch was slowly spreading over it. “Uh, Li? Your nose is going purple.”

Liana’s eyes went wide and she pawed at her nose. “Oh, no. Really? You’re not getting back at me for the nipple thing earlier, right?”

Kalen shook her head. “No. You’re turning violet!”

“Oh, fuck. *Oh, fuck!* The corruption in the air,” Liana frantically rambled. “I think I’m absorbing it!”

“What? How?”

“I-I can’t help it,” she stammered. “There’s just so much of it! My body is just soaking it all up like a sponge! I have to get back to the shrine! I have to purge all of this! I can feel...I can feel myself *growing!*”

Sure enough, Liana was definitely larger than before they went in. Not by much, thankfully, but it was still worrying. She continued working herself up into a panic. “I can’t stay here! There’s too much corruption! I’ll just keep soaking it up more and more until...*until I fucking explode!*”

“*Liana!*” Kalen barked. It startled Liana somewhat to her senses. “Li, get ahold of yourself. You’ve got this. We’re the only ones who can do this. We’ve come this far, right?”

Still anxious, Liana nodded uncertainly.

“Good, and Li?”

“W-What?”

Kalen smiled. “Language, Sister Corig.”

The callback to Maiden Cyril got a half-hearted laugh out of Liana. She definitely seemed lighter, though perhaps not literally. Despite the heightened spirits, she was still becoming increasingly purple and slowly swelling. Ready or not, they were on a timer now.

“This way,” Sylvie called from down the passageway leading deeper into the temple. “We must reach the heart of the temple.”

Kalen started that way, but a *very* urgent warning from her blade spun her around to stare down the other passage. It led only into darkness, but she thought she could hear something echoing from it. She froze in place, squared up with her hand gripped firmly on her hilt, ready and waiting for whatever was down there to show itself.

“This way,” Sylvie said more forcefully.

“There’s something down there,” Kalen growled. Liana brandished her gavel and stood ready by her side.

“Nothing that should concern you. The heart of the temple is more important,” said Sylvie. “Now come. We must hurry.”

Reluctantly, Kalen eased up and followed, but a cautious eye kept watch over her shoulder. She had a bad feeling about this.

Sylvie led them down a labyrinth of seemingly endless, winding corridors and vacant chambers until finally, the hall opened up into a wide, perfectly round room like an inverted

sphere. Several pools of water were arranged artfully around the floor, which was etched with flowing lines that glowed violet. At its center was a large, stone orb carved with similar luminous designs that pulsed like a heartbeat.

This was undoubtedly the heart of the temple.

“You know, when you said we were going to ‘the heart’ of this place, I didn’t think it would be so literal,” said Kalen.

“Yes. Beautiful, isn’t it?” said Sylvie, an uncanny smile spread wide across her face.

“Yeah, sure. So, where is this evil we’re supposed to be cleansing?”

“It’s here,” gasped Liana. Something about the chamber was clearly getting to her. In the time it took them to reach it, her entire body had shifted to a rich violet hue and had swollen noticeably fuller. Walking had become rather taxing for her. “The source of the corruption is here. I can feel it.”

Sylvie’s smile grew. “You are correct. It is now time for you to face it,” her voice took on a sinister tone.

She started walking towards the central orb and Kalen’s sword rattled urgently. Something wasn’t right.

“Stop,” Kalen said firmly, her hand on her hilt. She was poised for a fight.

Sylvie only smirked and carried on. She placed a hand on the orb and it glowed brighter and beat faster at her touch. It rotated in place, revealing an opening in its bottom that had been hidden by the floor. An ominous, violet light radiated out from inside.

“UNNH!” Liana doubled over and fell to her knees, shaking. The radiant orb fizzled out above her head. Her skin darkened and a faint gurgling noise bubbled up from within her. “*Oh, Goddess! Oh, fuck! It’s too much!*”

The woefully outmatched paladin groaned and began to swell significantly faster, a victim to her own absorption ability.

“LI!” cried Kalen. Furious, she turned to Sylvie. “*What did you do to her?*”

Silhouetted against the sinister light, the siren laughed. “I’ve released the corrupted heart of this temple. Isn’t it beautiful?”

“*But why? You asked us to help you cleanse it!*”

Sylvie’s smile spread into a mad grin. “*I lied.*”

More warnings buzzed from the sword and turned Kalen’s attention to the figures climbing up out of the pools. They were humanoid, definitely female, but had more in common with deep sea fish than Kalen. Fins and frills lined their bodies. Instead of skin, they had almost slime-like, purple jelly for flesh. Through it, their bones glowed and pulsed with a violet light

that harkened to the corrupted heart. Some bore stark white, crustacean shell armor and tridents. Those without helmets leered viciously at her with pointed teeth and remarkably fair faces.

Dozens of fish people oozed out from below and quickly surrounded Kalen and Liana, cutting them off from the exit. It didn't look like they'd be getting out of this without one hell of a fight, and Kalen was prepared to dish one out.

Sylvie sauntered forward with an uncharacteristic swagger. "I really ought to thank you two. Unlocking the temple would have been ideal, but breaking it wide open was a stroke of genius. At least, it would have been had it not been such a catastrophic blunder on your part."

Kalen sneered. "Gretchen was right about you. I shouldn't have trusted you."

Sylvie laughed sardonically. "Oh, did that simple fisher clue you in on me? Then you must truly be a fool to have followed me regardless. Though, I cannot imagine why anyone would be leery of such a pure cause. Do you know what that is?"

Liana groaned. "*Don't...listen to her!*"

"Ah, you're feeling it as we speak, aren't you my little paladin? And Kalen, I suspect you felt it earlier too when I pulled you from that cloud of juice. That feeling of freedom. Of *unrepentant lust!*"

Kalen's eye twitched. It had felt good. Too good. Far too good to be safe or sane. But it hadn't fully left her yet. That desire for more. The need to be bigger. Is this what it was to be corrupted?

"Now, thanks to you, our glorious heart is free to spread its good will further and further into the world. Those elder monks had thought to seal it away, but you've undone all of that," Sylvie boasted. She held out a slender hand to them. "Join us. You can finally be truly free to explore your every desire. To revel in sensuality without fear of persecution or judgement. Don't you want that?"

It was tempting. It shouldn't have been, but it was. Every rational fiber of Kalen's being screamed at her for faltering for even a moment, but it just felt so-

"No," muttered Kalen, shaking away those thoughts. Again, she said it, more forcefully this time. "*NO.*"

Liana smirked defiantly and, fueled by determination, hauled herself to her feet. Together, they drew their weapons and stood steadfast by each other's side.

Sylvie frowned. "So be it."

Chapter 10

“*PROTECTION!*” Liana’s gavel flared with holy light that enshrouded Kalen. It dissipated into a hazy shield encompassing her body just as the first attackers charged forward.

Kalen rushed to meet them, katana clenched tightly with both hands. She was ready for this. Time to go down in a blaze of glory or not at all.

A trident lunged straight for her chest, but her sword batted it aside. Jolts shot up her arms from her weapon as it willed them to slash rapidly and precisely between every little chink in the fish women’s armor. In a blur of steel, the first two went down and fizzled away, leaving behind motes of light that Kalen’s black blade hungrily sucked up into her bosom. Just an appetizer for the feast yet to come.

Liana stumbled up behind her, fighting to stay upright when so much of her body was laden with tainted blueberry juice. She swung her gavel into another of Sylvie’s minions. “*SMITING BLOW!*”

An explosion of radiant energy blasted the slimy sea woman back into her comrades. They toppled back into the pool they climbed out from in a heap.

“Nice shot, Li!” Kalen cheered, but her celebration was cut short by several more fish women joining the fray. All around, the horde was pressing in. They had them completely surrounded.

Swinging with both arms was becoming cumbersome with Kalen’s basketball-sized boobs getting in the way. Since they were only getting bigger with each fallen foe, she had to opt for one-handed combat, which was not her preferred style. The katana was still able to keep up with the increasing barrage of attacks, relentlessly sending jolt after jolt through her until its movements were a blur.

Foe after foe fell before Kalen’s blade, feeding it and her chest a near constant stream of essence. Her knotted blouse was becoming distractingly tight. Despite her best efforts to suppress her lust, the feeling of so much growth, *actual growth*, was becoming too much to bear. Adrenaline pumped through her veins. Her heart was pounding. Sweat ran down her glistening body and she couldn’t ignore the fact that it was faintly blueberry scented.

She was having fun.

Meanwhile, Liana was not holding up quite so well. Her increasingly encumbered state was slowing her down and her huge curves were making it extremely difficult to hit anything.

All she could really do was continue casting spells, but even that was wearing thin. She hadn't fully recovered from the battle with the pufferfish and her energy reserves were dwindling.

The minions of corruption learned to keep their distance from the paladin and made defensive jabs at her with their tridents. They were trying to wear her down bit by bit and it was working. Finally, Liana couldn't take any more and collapsed. Her knees buckled and she toppled forward onto her balloon-like belly, sloshing like a waterbed.

"*LI!*" cried Kalen. Two slimy tendrils suddenly wrapped themselves around her sword arm, restraining it. They led to one of the weaponless fish women, who had somehow grown them from her jelly-like flesh. "*Ah, fuck!*"

A trident pierced her in the leg. It passed through without a wound thanks to the virtual world's rules, but it *hurt*. Kalen screamed out and yanked her sword arm with all her strength, pulling the tentacle woman towards her. Her sword jolted and sent its blade slicing cleanly through the tentacles and their owner.

Slimy hands grabbed her arms and shoulders and dragged her away from where Liana had fallen. Their jelly flesh tingled Kalen's skin and left purple splotches wherever they touched. They too were heavily tainted with cursed berry juice.

"*OH NO YOU DON'T!!!*" Kalen shrieked as she twisted herself in their grasp and tackled them into a pool of water.

The fish women tried to swim away, but Kalen pinned them down with her tits and sliced through them. More fuel for her growth. She didn't bother suppressing her moan of ecstasy as a seam burst open down the side of her blouse.

Then a wave of pure harmonic bliss reverberated through her body. She instantly knew what it was. *Who* it was. The pools were connected beneath the floor and Sylvie was staring straight at her from a neighboring one, grinning as she sang her siren song.

Had Kalen not been in the throes of expansion, she might have been able to resist it; but those captivating words amplified her pleasure tenfold. She shoved a hand down her cow-print panties and masturbated feverishly. Stars burst before her eyes and she screamed out in orgasmic rapture. Her body convulsed as she completely lost herself to lust.

Fish warriors cautiously surrounded her, preparing to finish her off. No...they were lining up for the slaughter. They were walking cup sizes just waiting to be reaped. She needed them.

She craved them.

She wanted...

"*MORE.*"

An electric current coursed through Kalen's entire body from her katana. She gave herself over to it wholly. It was in control now.

The sword's hilt and blade suddenly extended, nearly doubling in length in the blink of an eye and transforming into a legendary odachi blade. All the fish women and even Sylvie were taken aback, giving Kalen ample time to act. With one mighty swing, she cleaved through four minions who had surrounded her.

Kalen's blade feasted on their essence, expanding her tits several more inches. She groaned with delight and stared down Sylvie with hungry eyes. Those silvery pools widened with the realization of what she'd just unleashed. For the first time, the treacherous siren looked truly, genuinely terrified.

The traitor bolted and Kalen dove after her, cutting through two more minions along the way. Sylvie rounded a corner and out of sight. By the time Kalen caught up, she was gone.

"*Damnit!*" Kalen cursed. She wanted to take that pernicious bitch down, but couldn't tell which way she went.

Figures moved overhead, just above the edge of the pool. Kalen saw them and grinned. Sylvie could wait. There was more fuel for her growth that needed to be collected.

In an explosion of water, Kalen leapt out of the pool and barreled through the unsuspecting warriors. One flipped back to her feet and stabbed her trident at her, but Kalen ducked under and hooked it with her horns. With a twist of her head, she ripped the trident from her foe's slimy grasp and flung it into the pool before cutting her down. The others weren't quite so quick.

There were two squads remaining, one of which was preoccupied with some large mass near the entrance. The other saw her coming and readied themselves. Kalen charged forward and leapt up into the air, landing behind them. She laughed as she cleaved through half of them with a single blow. The rest fell soon enough.

What was once a fairly loose-fitting blouse tied under her bust was now strained to its limits by a pair of dumbbell-sized breasts. They'd experienced so much actual growth that the ratio of boob to juice had balanced out enough for her skin to regain most of its natural tone. But it wasn't enough. Not even close.

She had to have *more*. They needed to be *bigger*.

Kalen was about to finish off the last squad when the shining violet light in the temple's heart drew her eye. Something about it seemed enticing, like it was calling out to her. It had what she needed.

Entranced, she lumbered into that small chamber in the central orb. The light was almost blinding, but she refused to look away. Perched atop a small pedestal was the source of all the corruption that had tainted that once holy temple. A cancerous mass of alien flesh was rooted there as if it had grown from some hideous seed. At its core was a brilliantly glowing, beating heart.

A Heart of Corruption.

Disgust and desire fought for dominance as Kalen stared at the thing. For as repulsive as it was, it had a commanding presence. It wanted her. It would give her everything she desired if she were to free it. No one else in the universe would be able to compare to her.

She could have *more* than she could ever wish for. She could be *bigger* than anyone who ever lived.

All she had to do was take it.

Slowly, her hand reached out.

Take it.

Her fingers touched its surface and recoiled at an intense tingling that shot through them. It had turned them completely purple.

TAKE IT.

With one surgical slice of her blade, the heart tumbled loose from the cancerous pedestal. She caught it before it could hit the floor and fell to her knees as she was overcome by its raw, corruptive energy.

The violet hue quickly traveled up her arm and spread across her entire body. Every inch of her screamed out in ecstasy like it had in the juice cloud; but unlike before, she could feel each ounce of juice pump through her body directly into her tits. She watched with purple tears of joy as her breasts overtook her overtaxed blouse. The cotton ripped and tore until it finally burst apart into tatters, releasing her massive, juice-laden jugs. They slapped down heavily onto her stomach, hanging so low that they almost grazed her hips.

To her dismay, the heart's power faded and its radiance dulled to a dim glow. Gradually, her skin returned to its natural color once again.

So close. She was so close to having everything she wanted.

She almost threw the heart down in anger, but felt it beat in her hand once more. It was still alive. It still had power. It merely needed a new place to take root and she was to be its bearer.

Taking a page from Liana's book, Kalen tucked the heart in her cleavage and was pleasantly surprised to find that it didn't fall out. It seemed that this really was some sort of inventory system. Yet another reason to be thankful for her huge knockers.

With the heart tucked away safely, Kalen got to her feet and was about to head back into the fray, but paused. She could feel a familiar, tingling warmth as the heart beat between her breasts. Violet splotches seeped out from her cleavage. The juice was still flowing, filling her bosom with its sweet, tanginess. She might get what she wanted sooner than she thought.

Enemies approached. Kalen was alerted to them before they even knew she was in there. Another squad of fish women was climbing up from the depths to find her. She couldn't see them yet, but she knew they were there.

A sly grin crept onto her face. “That’s right. Keep them coming.” She shrugged off the tattered remains of her shirt and committed to finishing this fight in only her underwear. If she had to do it all, it may as well be sexy as hell.

Before they had even pinpointed her position, Kalen burst out of the orb and cut down the nearest minion. The others saw her coming and babbled something in a language she didn’t know and dived back into the pool.

“Oh no you don’t! Get back here, you cowards!” Kalen charged after them and dove into the pool in hot pursuit.

They fled down a tunnel that led away from the central chamber. She started down that way as well but a phantasmal, blue glow surrounded her. The mysterious squids that they’d seen rushing into the temple earlier had reappeared.

Surprised, Kalen swung at them, but the squid swarm merely parted as her blade passed through them. A squid swam up to her face and lightly touched her forehead with one of its tentacles. Calm serenity flowed through her.

It was like waking from a dream. All at once, the electric current from her sword, the lust, the passion, and the need evaporated from her body. The odachi blade felt heavy in her hands. It no longer controlled her actions and had gone completely inert. She could still feel the heart beating in her cleavage, but she felt no compulsion to serve it any longer.

Kalen’s will was her own once more.

“What...Where am I? What happened?” Kalen blinked wearily in a daze. The memories of what she had done came flooding back to her. She felt a tremendous weight tug at her and her eyes began to burn, but her tears melted away underwater.

The squid lightly touched her hand and she felt a wave of reassurance wash over her. It reminded her of Maiden Cyril’s gentle touch. She was safe, for the moment at least.

But wait, where was Liana?

Kalen’s eyes widened in shock. “Oh fuck! Li!”

She clambered out of the water and saw that final squad of fish women rolling some big round thing away. Liana was nowhere in sight, but maybe they had her. Kalen got to her feet and picked up her sword, not for boobs and lust this time, but for her friend.

Chapter 11

Walking with a pair of dumbbells hanging from one's chest was easier said than done. Without the energizing influence of her sword, Kalen was *really* starting to feel every pound. Still, her friend needed her.

“Hey! Fish bitch!” she hollered at the remaining squad of minions. They all stopped rolling whatever that big round thing was and looked at her. “Yeah! I’m talking to you!”

One of them sneered and charged at her with a trident. For the first time since she'd ended up with her sword, she had to swing it herself, which would have been a lot easier if it were still a katana. Instead, she found herself hefting a big-ass, unwieldy odachi that was probably as long as most people were tall.

Putting her weight into it, Kalen swung the giant sword in a wide arc that the fish warrior blocked with her trident, but the sheer mass of the blade knocked her to the floor. The trident flew from the warrior's slimy grasp and clattered away towards the others.

Kalen raised her sword up and brought it down hard on her fallen foe. It crunched through her crustacean shell armor and wedged itself halfway through her chest before her body fizzled away. This time, though, there was no mote of light. No growth. No rush.

It was strangely relieving.

Two more minions charged forth, one with a trident and the other sprouting slime tentacles from her arms. The trident wielder pulled her weapon back for a lunging thrust. Kalen raised her sword, preparing to parry, when the tentacled one lashed out and bound her wrists.

Unable to defend herself, she was helpless when the trident plunged itself into her stomach. Seering pain brought Kalen to her knees. Her vision went blurry and she feared she might be dying, but the thought of leaving Liana redoubled her resolve.

She lunged to her feet and rushed headlong into the tentacle fish that had her arms restrained. Like a rampaging ox, she rammed her horns straight into the warrior's chest, puncturing her armor and knocking her onto her ass. The tentacles released their grip and retracted back into the woman's arms with an audible slurp.

Kalen swung around and bashed the other one in the head, bludgeoning the loathsome monstrosity with her sword until she fizzled to dust. Then, as she saw the tentacle slinger getting back to her feet, Kalen picked a trident off the floor and hurled it at her. Its prongs impaled the fiend and sent her to her next life.

The stragglers sputtered in an alien tongue and fled out the main entrance, abandoning the large, almost spherical thing they'd been rolling. That was it. All of the freaky glowing fish women had been defeated, mostly by her alone. Kalen collapsed onto her hands and knees, panting and taking note of how her nipples grazed the floor. She had never felt more exhausted or badass in all her life.

The round thing wiggled and gurgled. She looked up at, trying to figure out what it was. It was almost completely round, but had some sag to it; not dissimilar to a gigantic water balloon. There was some sort of pale, rubbery material stretched most of the way around it that was translucent enough to see the dark purple color of the thing through it. Four, stubby mounds bulged out of openings in the pale material and some sort of rope hung down from its-

"Wait a minute," she muttered to herself. Her eyes widened when the rope swished from side to side. That was no rope. "Oh. My. God."

"K-Kalen? Is that you?" came Liana's voice. Her head was facing away from Kalen, but she could make out her pointy cat ears from around her bulk. Hands and feet wiggled helplessly atop each of the four mounds that had once been her limbs, now swollen and flattened almost completely into her body. She had quite literally blown up like a balloon.

"Li? Holy shit, what happened to you? You're so...round!" Kalen climbed to her feet and stumbled around Liana's girth.

"Kalen! You're okay! I...I'm sorry!" Purple tears welled up in Liana's eyes. Flesh was pushed up all the way against her chin, making it hard for her to move her head. It was unreal. "I...I couldn't stop! I *can't* stop! My body...it just keeps absorbing more and more corruption! I just keep getting bigger and bigger!"

As she babbled, Liana was swelling perceptibly bigger and rounder. While they were significantly flattened and wide, she still had a massive pair of bulging hills for breasts. Her swimsuit was stretched beyond recognition and creaked with tension. It was either the suit or her skin. Kalen wasn't sure which considering they both looked dangerously taut.

"Ooh, Kalen. I'm so full," Liana moaned. "It...It feels so...*good*," her cheeks blushed a deeper shade of violet in shame.

"Holy hell, Li. Hang in there. I'm gonna get you out of here...somehow," said Kalen. She fumbled with her sword, trying awkwardly to get it back in its scabbard. That too had elongated to match her blade and she was becoming very fed up with having something so long strapped to her hip.

"Kalen! The heart! You have to remove the heart!" Liana rambled on in a stupor.

Finally, the unwieldy sword slid back into its sheath and Kalen re-tied it to her back, sliding the belt strap between her breasts. "Don't worry, Li. I've got it right here," she reached into her cleavage and pulled out the grotesque, beating heart.

“*Unngh!*” Liana moaned as her body reacted to it. Juice bubbled loudly inside her, stretching her gravid body even fuller. Kalen watched in horror as her friend’s hands and feet sunk slightly into her swelling bulk as she outgrew her own frame.

“*Fuck! Sorry! I’ll get rid of it!*” Kalen reeled her arm back to hurl the accursed thing away.

“*NO!*”

She stopped and looked at her friend in surprise. Had she gone mad with lust like she had?

“Don’t!” Liana pleaded. “You have to take it far from here! We promised to cleanse this temple! It won’t heal if you don’t!”

“But Sylvie lied to-”

“It doesn’t matter! We’re here! We can save this place whether she wants us to or not! Please, take it back to Maiden Cyril! She’ll know what to do with it.” Tears of blueberry juice streamed down the defeated paladin’s face. “Please! *We promised!*”

Kalen choked back her own tears and nodded. She stuffed the evil thing back in her inventory and thought about how to get Liana out of there. A sound like something from a horror movie echoed from down the hall they came in through. She recognized it as the noise she thought she heard when they first entered the temple. It was like many inhuman voices moaning together in rapturous chorus.

And it was getting closer.

She immediately went for her sword but struggled to unsheathe it. Inactive, the weapon refused to budge, just like it had when the squids first appeared. She realized her blunder too late. “Ah, fuck. It’s stuck. I should have thought of that before I put it away.”

The moans echoed again, closer this time.

“W-What was that?” Liana asked apprehensively.

“I don’t know and we’re not about to find out,” Kalen shoved at Liana’s round bulk, her hands sinking up to the wrists into Li’s balloon-like body. It took some effort, but she was able to roll her friend like a giant ball...or a blueberry.

“Just leave me! I’ll only slow you down!”

“*The fuck I am!* Come on, I’m getting you out of here whether you like it or not!” Stubbornly, Kalen continued rolling her friend like a ball towards the pool she’d seen the squids in.

“Where can we go? We’re trapped in here!” said Liana, grunting each time Kalen’s hands pushed into her.

“Some of the fish ladies escaped down a tunnel in that pool over there. I don’t know if it leads out, but at least it’s better than staying here,” said Kalen. “You know, when I said I didn’t want to roll you back to town earlier, I was joking. I didn’t think I’d *actually* have to.”

Liana chuckled weakly. “Yeah, blowing up into a big fucking blueberry was not on my bucket list.”

“Hey! Language, Sister Corig,” Kalen playfully scolded.

“Oh, shut up!”

On the way, Kalen’s foot kicked what she realized was Liana’s wooden gavel on the floor. Knowing better than to leave it behind, she scooped it up and tucked it into her own cleavage for once. That was surprisingly satisfying.

They reached the edge of the pool and with one last shove, Liana toppled into the water with a colossal sploosh. Whatever was coming down the hall moaned louder, as if it heard them. Without a second thought, Kalen jumped in after her.

She looked around for the tunnel she’d seen. To her surprise, glowing squids swooped past her head and arranged themselves in a line, blinking in sync towards the opening. They were actually guiding them.

Underwater, Liana was simultaneously both easier and harder to move. She felt lighter, almost like a big balloon, but she was too big to really maneuver. That didn’t stop Kalen from pushing on, though. She was very thankful the big berry girl fit through the tunnel; though at the rate Li was swelling, that might not be the case for much longer if they couldn’t find a way out soon. Hell, at the rate *she* was swelling, Kalen’s boobs might even get stuck soon.

They followed the glowing squids down the tunnel and past several forking passages until it opened up into a large cavern chamber. Glowing anemones and sea lilies clung to the walls and ceiling. What looked like pools of some dark, purple substance were scattered around the cave floor.

“Three guesses what that stuff is,” grumbled Kalen.

“Juice,” sighed Liana, her voice slightly muffled. In the time they’d been traveling, she’d ballooned up to the point where even her head had begun to sink into her gravid flesh.

“Yup, I’d bet money on it. Juice brine pools.” It was also a safe bet what would happen if either of them dipped their toes in the stuff. Kalen would have to take extra care not to accidentally dunk Liana. She was already getting too full. There was no telling how much more her body could handle.

Slowly and carefully, Kalen nudged Liana into the cavern. Finding the right pace was stressful because she couldn’t go too fast or risk losing control, but she didn’t want to go so slowly that Li would grow too big on her own. It was agonizing and she’d be sweating bullets if she weren’t underwater, but they were making prog-

Something swooped down from above and tackled Kalen. Liana tumbled weightlessly onward without her. Whatever it was tried to drag Kalen into a brine pool, but she shoved it away. They both spun around to face each other.

It was none other than Sylvie.

“You bitch,” growled Kalen.

“Still alive, I see,” said Sylvie. A knowing smirk crept onto her pallid face. “And I can tell what you’re carrying. Stealing from a temple is wrong, you know.”

“Fuck off!”

Sylvie’s eyes leered towards Liana. “I see my little paladin isn’t so little anymore. It seems she just couldn’t help herself to all this juicy corruption. It is her duty to absorb it all, you know. Like a sponge sucking up an ocean. But how much can she hold?” An evil grin contorted her fair features. *“Shall we find out?”*

The siren dove down after the helpless berry girl and Kalen scrambled to cut her off, but she realized too late that it was a ploy. She moved right where Sylvie wanted her to. Faster than Kalen could react, the siren twirled around and smacked her down with her tail.

A brine pool came up to greet Kalen’s face and she kicked her legs to swim away. Thankfully, her buoyant breasts acted as ballast and kept her just inches from the inky surface. Just when she thought she was clear, Sylvie swooped in to finish her off.

Like a crocodile trying to drown its prey, Sylvie grabbed hold of Kalen and pulled her down to the brine pool. Kalen fought for her life and managed to kick the homicidal siren away. Meanwhile, Liana was floating dangerously close to a juicy end.

“Mmph! Kalen!” squealed Liana. She flapped her hands and feet helplessly, but only managed to paddle herself into a slow spin.

Kalen saw what was about to happen and dove between Liana and the brine pool just in time. She tried to stop her, but there was just too much inertia behind that bulk. It pushed Kalen backwards until one of her feet skidded into the pool.

An intense rush of blueberry juice that was rivaled only by the initial flood from the heart shot up her leg and into her lower curves, straining her last shred of clothing. Kalen cried out and, with all her might, heaved Liana up and over her. The balloon-like berry girl careened over the pool on an arc to clear it.

Relentless, Sylvie tackled Kalen yet again right into the brine pool; but Kalen thought fast and shoved her sheathed sword straight down into the juice. By a stroke of luck, the pool was shallow enough for her sword to hit the bottom. Using it like a pole, she pushed herself away from the surface and kicked Sylvie back.

Once more, the pernicious siren came around for another pass. It was her turn to get juicy, though. Kalen swung her sword down and splashed a wall of thick juice into Sylvie’s face.

She shrieked and tried vainly to block it with her hands, but it was too late. Every droplet that touched her pale skin left a violet splotch that spread like ink on water.

Before she could recover, Kalen whirled around and smacked Sylvie down with her boobs into the berry brine pool. The siren screamed as her body ballooned uncontrollably. Her voice wasn't so enchanting anymore.

“Get a taste of your own medicine, you oversized anchovy,” said Kalen.

Watching Sylvie turn completely purple and rapidly blow up out of proportion was infinitely more satisfying than simply killing her like she'd originally wanted. The formerly svelte and sexy siren rounded out like Liana had, her extremities sinking into her inflating bulk. It kind of brought to mind the giant pufferfish...as well as what happened to it.

Kalen's eyes went wide with a sudden realization. “Oh fuck. *Fuck-fuck-fuck!*”

Liana was resting at the pool's edge while Sylvie's body began to dwarf hers. Kalen frantically swam over and shoved her friend towards the cavern exit as fast as she could. Behind them, Sylvie gurgled and creaked ominously as she grew out of control. Her head and hands had sunk so deeply into her overinflated body that they weren't even visible anymore. Muffled moans and cries for help were barely audible over the sounds of the juice equivalent of a nuclear meltdown.

The doomsday clock was ticking and Kalen was racing against time to get Liana out of there. A great shadow loomed over them, steadily growing larger. The gurgling and creaking were reaching a fever pitch. Every imaginary pressure gauge in her head was in the red and boiling over.

Time was almost up.

They reached the lip of the cave exit and Kalen felt the unwise urge to look over her shoulder. A blob the size of a house filled most of the cavern behind them. It hit critical mass and all the gauges shattered. What Sylvie had become detonated like an atomic bomb. The cavern vanished from sight into an explosion of juice.

The shockwave launched Kalen and Liana through the cave mouth and down the tunnel while a billowing purple cloud chased after them. Miraculously, it didn't reach them. The water grew calm again and they found themselves alone and about as safe as they could be.

“Holy shit, that was close,” panted Kalen.

“Mmph. No kidding.” It was becoming increasingly difficult for Liana to speak clearly. She had to angle her head upwards to keep from being smothered by her own body. While she was tiny compared to what they just witnessed, she was still growing.

Something was creaking and Kalen immediately worried it might be Liana's skin, but thankfully it wasn't. A rip popped open along the widest point of her belly. Then another. Finally, her seemingly impervious swimsuit burst apart, leaving the poor girl completely naked.

Liana whimpered and Kalen gave her an affectionate pat. “Now, now. Cheer up,” she said. “At least you got to wear it once.”

“*MMPH!*” was Liana’s muffled retort.

Something echoed from the cavern behind them. They both went dead silent and waited for it to come again. Fear gnawed at Kalen’s gut when the horrific moaning grew closer.

“Okay, break time’s over. Time to go!” Kalen hastily shoved Liana down the tunnel, but could only move so fast. Between Li’s sheer mass and her own juice-filled curves slowing her down, things were not looking good.

“Mph. Kalen,” said Liana. She ignored her and kept on pushing. “Kalen!”

“What?” she snapped.

“You and I both know how this is gonna end,” Liana said, grimly.

Kalen wanted so badly to argue and tell her she was wrong, but deep down she knew they weren’t going to make it. “Yeah... Yeah, I do,” she said solemnly.

“Do you have my gavel?”

“Yes,” Kalen was growing concerned about where this was leading.

“Good. Get around me, let me purify you, and leave me.”

“No. Absolutely not.”

“Kalen! This is no time to be stubborn! You can’t save us both, so let me save *you*,” Liana implored. “I can buy you some time. Just let me do this. Please.”

“But you’ll-”

“I’ll respawn back in town,” Liana cut in. “I’ll meet you back there and you’d better have that fucking heart. Promise me you will.”

Kalen hated what she had to do, but she nodded. “I promise.”

“Good. You know what you have to do.”

It was a tight squeeze, but Kalen managed to get around her. Without a word, she pulled the gavel from her cleavage and placed it in Liana’s sunken hand. She hugged her friend goodbye, wrapping her arms as far as they would go around her swollen body. The gavel tapped her head.

“P-P-P...Fuck. *PURIFY!*”

The tunnel glowed with holy light. Kalen’s curves shrank while Liana’s body gurgled larger. Gallons of juice flooded from one to the other. The tunnel walls closed in until Liana pressed against them. Kalen refused to let go, even as she felt her friend’s body grow tighter and tighter against her own.

When the paladin's hand had sunk so far into her body that it could no longer reach Kalen's head with the gavel, it stopped. Kalen lingered a little longer, listening to the gentle gurgling of juice as Liana continued passively absorbing the latent corruption surrounding them.

"Mmph!" Liana's muffled voice urged. Like her hands, her head was now completely engulfed. Only her eyes and part of her face were visible anymore.

More tears evaporated in the water. Kalen stepped away and saw that Liana was now tightly packed in the tunnel, sealing the passage completely as well as her fate.

"Thank you," said Kalen, trying not to choke up. Liana tried to say something, but it was impossible to hear what.

Kalen turned her back on the friend she had tried so hard to save and swam onwards to what she hoped was salvation.

Chapter 12

The flight through the tunnel was possibly the quietest and loneliest of Kalen's life. She felt hollow for leaving Liana behind, but she couldn't let her sacrifice be in vain. Whatever had been pursuing them couldn't have been that far behind. It was only a matter of time before it hit Li's blockade and after that...well, she was glad she wouldn't be there to see it.

Up ahead, the tunnel forked again, but there were no magic squids in sight to guide her. There was no way to know which path could lead out. Maybe they all did, or maybe none and those squids had just been toying with them.

Deep within Kalen's cleavage, the Heart of Corruption pulsed. It had been beating the whole time, but this felt different. Deliberate. It pulsed again and this time she felt a surge of warmth tingling in her chest. Blueberry juice was brewing inside her breasts once more.

"Fuck, not again," she muttered.

After her trade with Liana, Kalen's breasts had been reduced to mere basketballs in size. Funny to think of that as small. Now, they pulsed larger in step with the Heart. Each beat sent another small surge through her and threatened to derail the sanity she'd regained.

Something ghostly blue floated by. Kalen looked up to find one of the squids hovering over her. Just its presence alone was reassuring. The Heart throbbed and practically flooded her jugs with juice. They gurgled and stretched larger, weighing her down.

Feeling herself drifting towards the floor, she reached out to push herself back up but gasped when her hands went straight into a bouquet of sea lilies. Almost immediately, her hands went blue and purple and she felt juice pumping up through her arms.

"Ah, fuck!" Kalen cursed.

She frantically kicked herself away from the floor, but the damage was already done. Excited heartbeats throbbed in her bosom. Her *growing* bosom. It continued to swell in short pulses. *Stretch. Stretch. Stretch.*

Inch by inch, her mammoth mammaries stretched larger. They were too big to easily fit in her arms anymore. Already, they passed her navel and kept going. *Bigger.*

The Heart pounded harder. Loud enough that she could feel it in her ears.

Wait...that was *her* heartbeat.

Bigger.

Kalen's breathing quickened. Her breasts felt full and heavy in her hands. She couldn't remember when she'd started caressing them, but they felt so good that she couldn't stop.

More.

Her eyes drifted longingly to the sea lilies. She had some time, right? Surely plucking one or two couldn't hurt, could it?

MORE.

Before she knew it, she was reached down for a whole bushel of them. Hell, she would stuff every one she could find down her cleavage if she could. But why couldn't she? Why *shouldn't* she?

KEEP GROWING.

She knew why.

DO IT.

She clenched her jaw and gritted her teeth, "*No.*"

DO.

IT.

NOW.

"*Get...out...of...my...head!*" Kalen groaned. She tried desperately to fight back, clinging to memories of Liana and their promise to rid this place of the very thing beating in her chest. Of *her* promise to Liana.

The Heart flared as bright as had in its tumorous throne. Kalen cried out as her breasts ballooned larger in leaps and bounds, passing her hips in seconds. By the time she felt them grazing her thighs, she thought she would pass out from such intense expansion.

"*NO!*" she screamed. "*I won't give in!*"

With the single-minded will to keep going, she pulled herself along walls to her goal. It would not beat her. She was going to escape. She was going to do it for Liana and together they were going to find some way to destroy this thing.

Rays of blistering hot violet light poured out of Kalen's cleavage. It felt like the Heart was trying to burn its way through her. Visions of indescribable pleasure seared themselves into her mind. She felt herself with god-like tits dominating the wills of any man or woman who dared gaze upon them. The universe was her plaything to do with as she pleased, no matter how depraved or lecherous. Complete, unrepressed freedom.

Freedom to lust. Freedom to be beautiful. Freedom to love and make love to whomever she pleased.

It could all be hers if she would *just. Let. It. OUT.*

“GYAAHH! STOP! I WON’T DO IT!”

Kalen’s eyes rolled back into her head and she started convulsing. Strangled screams choked their way out of her throat. A monstrous force was throttling her mind. It clutched and twisted her very being as if it were a ball of clay, forcing its fingers deep into thoughts and memories.

If she would not bend, then it would *break* her.

Suddenly, she was bathed in a blue light. The other ghostly squids had come and surrounded her. Each of them reached out to her with a tentacle and she felt the nightmare subsiding. The visions faded. Her thoughts became her own once more. The oppressive *need* was gradually forgotten.

Soon, the only heartbeat she could feel was her own. The Heart of Corruption had been put to sleep, or whatever equated to it. Its power still warmed her chest though, and she could feel her burdensome breasts continuing to slowly stretch larger.

“Thank...thank you...whatever the fuck you are,” Kalen panted, her head pounding from what she’d just endured.

She didn’t expect the squids to answer, but they did swim down one of the forking paths and flashed their lights at her to follow. Fully placing her faith in these mysterious creatures, she heaved her massive juice tankers and followed.

The water pressure started to feel different the further along she went. Hopefully, that meant an exit was near. If there wasn’t, then her prior fear of getting her boobs wedged stuck might become a reality. They were already surpassing the colossal beachballs she grew after the pufferfish fight. Even with the Heart calmed, her growth was slowly picking up speed.

A faint glimmer of light shone at the far end of the tunnel and with it, Kalen’s hope. Could this finally be an exit?

Her spirit bolstered, Kalen hauled herself as fast as she could towards the light. It was duller than it first looked, but it was undoubtedly a way out. Up ahead, the squids were signaling for her to keep going.

A single heartbeat throbbed in her bosom.

Bubbles stirred in her breasts. Their growth surged and her nipples scraped against the tunnel floor. Arcs of pleasure racked her chest. They were far too sensitive for this.

“Nnnh!” Kalen groaned, but pushed on.

Another heartbeat, and her breasts ballooned noticeably wider. They were as big as yoga balls and still growing. Kalen had to change up how she moved to keep them from brushing against anything.

“Damn it. Just a little further!”

A staccato of heartbeats sent a barrage of little surges into her chest. Her yoga balls ballooned into full beanbag chairs. The tunnel was becoming cramped.

“Fuck! Come on!”

With one last push, Kalen reached the opening. The sky overhead was dark, but the sea was alight with blue bioluminescence. Clouds of luminous plankton mingled near the surface while a menagerie of strange fish darted through them to feed.

It was so close.

But the Heart wouldn't have it.

It awakened with a savage pounding that filled Kalen's chest with a flood of juice. Her burgeoning bosom wedged itself stuck in the tunnel mouth. The hard, stone-like coral squeezed her sensitive chest as it bulged out of the opening.

“NO!!!” Kalen shrieked. It wasn't fair. It wasn't supposed to win.

She struggled against her treacherous chest, trying desperately to wriggle free to no avail. Like a vice, it just squeezed tighter and tighter around her. It was becoming hard to breathe, the pressure beginning to crush her lungs.

A slight tremor rumbled through the tunnel. Kalen was almost too preoccupied to notice it, but felt a sudden change in water pressure on the other side of her tits. Something rushed up from within the tunnel and popped her free of the hole like a cork. A geyser of blueberry juice gushed out into the open sea.

“Holy shit! YES!” Kalen cheered, but her jubilation quickly faded when she realized what that likely meant.

Liana was gone.

A pit formed in Kalen's stomach and she felt herself choking back tears. She couldn't cry, not when she was so close to fulfilling her promise to Liana. But she choked back more...then choked again.

Her eyes widened with fear. *She was choking!*

She couldn't breathe. Her lungs were burning. Sylvie's kiss was wearing off, and at the worst possible time.

Kalen swam as hard and fast for the surface as her burdensome chest would allow. As luck would have it, there was a boat floating just overhead. All she had to do was get to it and she'd be-

“Grrghk!” she choked again and her vision began to fade. She willed her arms to keep rowing, but they grew weaker and weaker. She was so close.

Blue lights filled her fading eyes. She was dimly aware of the ghostly squid swarming around her yet again. They had their tentacles around her limbs, tugging on her. The lights blurred together. It almost looked like something.

A face? A woman's face? Why was she smiling? Why...

...

Why...

Chapter 13

Kalen was dropped like a load of fish onto the boat's deck. She landed onto a pair of boobs as big as loveseats and sloshed with enough juice to overflow a hot tub. Her consciousness returned and she immediately choked and coughed up lungfuls of water.

“Well, I’ll be damned! What in the blue blazes happened to *you?*” asked a familiar, crusty voice.

Another lungful of water joined the rest on the wet deck. Kalen’s weary eyes looked up to see Captain Gretchen gawking at her. Exhausted and broken, she managed a weak smile before collapsing into her cleavage.

“Quick! Quick! Get this poor lass some blankets, ye slug!” Gretchen ordered someone she couldn’t see.

Kalen’s eyes fluttered open and closed. She didn’t know if she wanted to keep fighting to stay awake or not. After all, she was finally safe. She deserved a good rest.

A sinister heartbeat stabbed a spear of dread through her.

It came again, and again. Slowly, her gargantuan bosom lifted her higher, groaning larger beneath her. She was too weak to fight it. All she could do was moan half-heartedly.

Gallons of juice bubbled and stirred within her. With every heartbeat, her breasts pumped up bigger and bigger. Tighter and tighter. Her skin stretched and her mammaries ached with a fullness beyond anything she’d ever imagined. Fingers of tingling pleasure tickled at Kalen’s drained body, eking out whatever vestiges of energy she had left.

She whimpered as her toes left the deck. Her body rocked gently atop her waterbed boobs. They were so warm against her damp body, somehow still soft enough to sink into like a foam mattress and just as inviting. Each one could comfortably bed a full-grown person. To have such company in that moment would have been *very* welcome.

And still they grew, swelling and bloating beyond any rational measurement. Beyond huge. Almost incomprehensibly big. Being dwarfed by one’s own breasts was a strange sensation. They were a part of her, yet so much bigger than her that the roles could be reversed.

The feeling of her breasts spreading wider across the deck sent shivers up and down her spine. Being able to feel *more* of the deck was surreal. There was so much of her. So much surface area. Everything her breasts touched felt smaller. Even *she* felt oddly tiny laying against them.

Tiny.

Everyone else would be tiny compared to her. They *had* to be. There was no way *anyone* could be bigger than her now. She could stop there and be content...but she could still be bigger. Her tits were so full and tight, yet they just kept on stretching to hold more. How big could they get?

That thought alone was toe-clenching. It was so tempting to just drift away and let her growth continue unabated. After all, she *was* finally safe. She *deserved* this. She *should* be the biggest.

“...bigger,” she whispered.

“Well, what do we have here?” boomed another familiar voice, startling Kalen out of her stupor. “The little cow grew up!”

“Ugh. Not you,” Kalen groaned softly.

Brigette Catscratch and her gang of wolf girls (*plus one sorceress*) climbed out from below deck. The beefy, alley cat brawler loomed over her and admired the vast expanse of purple boobflesh before her. “Goddamn! You got big! Almost too big to handle, am I right, girls?”

The wolf-eared pack hooted and howled with laughter. They’d all regained their chests, more or less. The one who’d chugged most of that potion earlier sported a pair of tits big enough to hang down past her navel. Her leather chest piece was far too small and was crudely tied around her bulging boobs with cord. Lurking behind them was the elven sorceress player who studied Kalen intently from afar.

“Look, I’m sorry about what happened at the bar,” Kalen croaked. “It was just a misunderstanding, you know?”

The mischievous look in Brigette’s eyes didn’t give an impression that she was feeling forgiving. But that look was quickly replaced by one of confusion, then shock, then fear as something rose up from the water behind Kalen and cast an ominous violet glow over them.

“*What. The. FUCK?*” Brigette said slowly.

Kalen heard it before she saw it. Moans from many throats announced what it was. Whatever had been pursuing her and Liana had finally caught up. Two giant tentacles of translucent purple goo slapped down hard on either side of them, shaking the deck.

Despite every gut instinct that was screaming at her, Kalen slowly twisted around to look at it...and immediately wished she hadn’t.

The thing that had risen from the sea was a blasphemous amalgamation of bodies. Dozens of deep-sea fish women writhed together in every sexual position Kalen could imagine and many she hadn’t. It was like some perverse avatar of the Kama Sutra. Their purple, jelly-like flesh was melted into a glue that held the sex golem together. Portions of it congealed to form the long, thick tentacles that were clutching firmly onto the boat. Bioluminescent skeletons pulsed in

sync, casting that haunting glow over the deck. Worst of all was the chorus of rapturous moans that pulled at Kalen's sanity, as if beckoning her to join.

"HOLY SHIT! KILL THAT THING!" shouted Brigitte.

Every one of the wolf girls brandished their assorted weapons and started hacking feverishly at the tentacles holding the thing to the boat. It made no indication that it felt pain or even noticed. Even without a face or discernable features, Kalen knew it was focused solely on her.

The Heart of Corruption throbbed excitedly in her bosom, emanating a violet glow that seemed to call to the thing. A tentacle shot out and tightly bound Kalen's ankles. It hoisted her up by her legs, but her giant tits were too damn heavy. They yanked hard on her chest and she cried out, feeling like they were going to rip off.

Several more tentacles wrapped tightly around her breasts and constricted them. Juice sprayed like twin firehoses from her nipples as the thing heaved her boobs up with her until she was dangling upside down over what might have passed for its head.

The tangled mass of slimy bodies parted like a yawning maw below Kalen. She feared at first that it was going to swallow her, but another tentacle shot out like a tongue straight into her cleavage. Kalen yelped as the cold, gooey appendage frisked around between her breasts until it found what it was looking for. What had been calling it.

Out came the shining, thumping Heart of Corruption. It was blindingly bright, glowing with a frightening fervor. The tongue quickly slurped it into its maw and the mouthlike pile of bodies closed around it. Its entire body throbbed and pulsed with radiant corruptive energy. It was clear that juice was flooding into it, but instead of bloating, the thing funneled every ounce into sprouting more slimy tendrils.

Down below, Brigitte combated slinging tentacles with her armored fists and claws. The jelly-like limbs burst apart with every blow, but she had her hands full keeping up with the rapidly increasing number of them. She hollered out to the captain, who was busy hastily throwing switches in the main cabin, *"What are you waiting for? Take off already!"*

"I can't! She's got to warm up her engines first!" Gretchen shouted back.

"Bullshit! Just-GAAH!" Ropelike tendrils yanked Brigitte's feet out from under her and dragged her towards the writhing mass. She screamed with a mix of fear and fury, lashing out at everything that moved, but it wasn't enough.

The moaning fish folk reached out for the brawler, accepting her with open arms. She shrieked and tried vainly to wriggle free. Her wolf girl compatriots were too preoccupied with fending off tentacles to come to her rescue. The sorceress caught sight of her and attempted to sling a red lightning bolt at the thing, but one of its tentacles blocked it, exploding into foul smelling burnt goo.

Suddenly, Kalen's sword rattled to life on her back. Her hands were free, so she wasted no time in grabbing it. The electric prickling that she'd almost begun to miss greeted her like an old comrade.

"You're back! Holy shit, good timing!" Kalen blurted excitedly. Despite what it did to her last time, she wasn't about to let this monster eat her and everyone else. She felt the blade about to will her to draw it, but she cut in before it did, "Hold on! I've got an idea!"

Down below, Brigitte was being pulled into the nightmarish orgy. Kalen reached out her arm and shouted down to her, "Hey! Hold out your arm!"

Brigitte looked up with desperate eyes and held out her hand. Kalen gave her sword an approving squeeze and it jolted her arm, drawing the man-sized odachi blade and, in one smooth motion, sliced the tentacles that were holding her up. She dropped down like a ton of bricks and caught Brigitte's arm on the way down. She ripped the alley cat from the thing's clutches and they both landed in a heap atop her mattress-sized boobs.

Brigitte looked at her in surprise. "Th-Thanks!"

Kalen nodded and was about to say something, but the Ocean Rose lurched beneath them. Her engines roared to life, but were met with resistance from the leviathan clinging to her hull.

"Dammit all! Let go of me boat, ye blasted devil!" Gretchen cursed from the helm. She gave everything the boat had to the thrusters. They whined and howled deafeningly.

Finally, the boat began to move. The thing moaned louder and grew more tentacles to bind itself to the hull. With all the added weight, the engines let out a strained whine but Gretchen only poured more power into them. Despite it all, the Ocean Rose picked up speed and lifted off from the sea. Dangling from the side, the thing practically wrapped itself around the boat to stay attached.

Feeble tendrils reached for Kalen, but her sword made short work of them. Even immobilized by her breasts, she was still a force to be reckoned with. She looked to the others and mustered enough energy to call out to them. *"Cut it loose! Cut the big tentacles!"*

All of the wolf pack, the sorceress, and Brigitte hacked and ripped away at the largest of the many trunk-like tentacles wrapped around the boat. But the thing was stubborn and so was the Heart. It wanted them, and it *would* have them.

The bodies parted like a gaping maw again, but just as it was about to snatch the makeshift party, the Ocean Rose rammed sidelong into dried up moon. From the lack of water and glowing lines running along its surface, Kalen could tell that it was none other than the wayward moon that she had thrown off course. Perhaps her driving wasn't so bad after all.

"Hang on tight, lassies!" shouted Gretchen as she fought to keep control of her boat. She rammed the monster against the exposed reef.

Coarse, jagged coral grinded against the hull. The thing's moans turned to inhuman screams as it was ground down into slime. Fish women by the dozen fizzled away into the next

life. The colossus was coming apart despite the Heart's furious attempts to regenerate it. Tentacles were redistributed back into its mass, but at the cost of its grip on the boat. An explosion ruptured much of it into jelly as the engine on that side blew out.

With an unnatural howl of searing fury that could send even demons cowering back to Hell, the thing finally slipped free of the hull and was smeared across the side of the moon like blueberry jam. Fury turned to agony as the remaining voices sang out in a cacophonous chorus of shrieking that was cut suddenly and chillingly short.

The Ocean Rose peeled away, listing to one side but holding steady. Kalen tried to look back to see if the Heart was still alive, still glowing, but it was already out of view. The thing was gone and the subtle presence of the Heart with it.

They all slumped to the deck in stunned silence as the boat rattled away into the Weightless Sea.

It was over.

No more juice. No more corruption. No more monsters in her head.

It was done.

Chapter 14

When the Ocean Rose limped back into port, Kalen was sound asleep atop her still swollen bed of boobs. Her recovered kimono was draped like a blanket over her nearly naked body. Worn out beyond belief, even the constant suction of the industrial strength pumps Gretchen had hooked up to her breasts couldn't rouse her. It wasn't until a feline figure prodded her that she stirred.

"Kalen. Wakey, wakey, sleepyhead," said an all too familiar voice.

"Hunh, wh-what? Where am I?" Kalen grumbled drowsily. Her bleary eyes blinked open and squinted into the morning sunlight. She'd evidently slept through the night on the deck.

"You're back in town, safe and sound. I said I'd meet you here, didn't I?"

Her eyes flew open and she shot up. "*LI!*"

Liana gleefully launched herself at her friend and wrapped her arms around her. "You made it! *You actually did it!*"

"Whoa! Hey, watch the boobs!"

"Oh, sorry!" Liana giggled and pushed herself off the overfilled juice tanks she'd practically tackled in the process. They sloshed and jiggled like twin waterbeds before settling.

Kalen had to stifle a moan. She may have gotten used to the constant teasing suction of the pumps, but her overblown balloon tits were still far too tight and sensitive for any kind of action. Just one firm squeeze and she'd... "*Mmmh...*"

It took a few moments for her to get a grip on herself again. The oddly excited way Liana was watching didn't help much.

"Need a room?" joked Liana.

"Oh, shut up!"

That only made Liana giggle more. "I'm glad you made it out, Kalen. I was worried you'd end up like me. I almost can't believe you managed to beat that thing!"

"I know! I can't believe it either!" Kalen beamed with glee. A joy that seemed strangely hollow, as though there were something still nagging at the back of her mind. Her smile wavered and Liana took notice.

"What's wrong?"

“I...I don’t know,” that nagging feeling dug itself ever deeper into her mind. But what was it? Kalen shook it away. The Heart was gone. Destroyed. It *had* to be. “Nothing. It’s probably nothing.”

A wary buzz from between her behemoth breasts suggested otherwise. Too tired to try fastening the sword to her back again, Kalen had shoved the inordinately long blade the only place she could reach. The fact that it fit rather comfortably did not go unnoticed. One might wonder what else she could fit in her “inventory.”

Her fingers twitched. The urge to touch the hilt was almost instinctive, but Kalen clenched her jaw and resisted. Not again. She would *NOT* be taken over by it again. The Heart may have been the strongest force in her head earlier, but it was the sword that guided her every move...and it had felt *good*.

It vibrated between her aching full breasts again, jostling them just enough to make her...Wait...did the blade feel...*hurt*?

It did. The accursed weapon actually seemed sorry. Guilty. Apologetic.

No. It had to be a trick or something. Everything else in this world up to that point came with some perverse twist or-

“Kalen?”

“Hunh?” Kalen’s mind snapped back to the ship. She’d forgotten that Liana was right there, probably watching the inner turmoil play out on her face. Her concerned frown was a good indication that she had. “Oh, sorry. Got distracted.”

“So, what *did* happen to the Heart?” asked Liana. “The others told me some of it, but are you sure it’s really gone?”

It took Kalen a moment to find an answer. The nagging grew into a gnawing. A pit formed in her stomach as she forced herself to answer honestly. “I...I don’t know.”

Liana stared worryingly back. Her silence was telling.

“I lost sight of it after that...*thing* took it. For all I know, it’s splattered on the side of that moon,” Kalen frowned. “I *hope* it is. Fucking monster.”

“So do I,” said Liana. A few quiet moments passed between them before she nervously opened her mouth to speak again. “It got to you too, didn’t it?”

“Huh?”

“You know what I mean. It got inside your head, right? Made you do...things,” Liana looked away and blushed, flustered.

Kalen chewed her lip, unsure of whether or not to admit how far she had fallen. There was no hiding the physical effects it had. The state of her chest was damning evidence of that. “Y-Yes...It did.”

“I can only imagine. I never even touched it and it still...*twisted* me,” Liana said bitterly. “It knew I was weak. It knew I couldn’t help myself. All it took was a little nudge and I let myself go!”

“Li...”

“*No!*” she cut in. “I’m a *Paladin of Casticia!* I should be better than that! But...B-But I just couldn’t help myself.” Her eyes started to water, more from frustration than anguish. “I-I just wanted...*more.*”

That last word struck a chord in Kalen. She knew it all too well. “Li, it’s okay. It did the same thing to me, but it’s gone now. It can’t fuck with our heads anymore.”

“You don’t know that!” sputtered Liana. “You said it yourself! You don’t know if it’s really gone! It could come back, and if it does...”

“And if it does,” a new voice chimed in. They all turned to see Shrine Maiden Cyril coming aboard. “Then you both will be more than a match for it once again.”

“Sister Cyril!” gasped Liana, giving her a curt bow. “What are you doing here?”

The shrine maiden smiled with the warmth of a hearth on a cold winter night. “I came to personally thank both of you for what you’ve done. Not many fledglings can say they withstood such a powerful corruptive force and lived to tell about it. Fewer still can say they bested it as well.”

“Well, it wasn’t all us,” admitted Kalen. Over on the docks, her eyes spotted the motley group of brawlers getting ready to head off into town. Brigitte’s ears twitched and she turned around to lock eyes with her. They both shared a knowing nod.

They were even now.

Cyril eyed the hoses suctioned over Kalen’s purple nipples. “I see you’re well on your way to a full recovery,” she said with a wry smile.

Kalen blushed and tugged her kimono tighter over her bare shoulders as if it would conceal anything. “I’m...uh. I’m getting there.”

“You don’t really need all the pumps, you know,” said Liana. “I could just purify you if you want. Though it’ll probably take a few trips since you’re so...big.”

“*Don’t ye touch those hoses! Those pumps are milkin’ her for me!*” hollered Gretchen from below deck. The clattering of tools on metal echoed up after her. “*That juice is a downpayment on fixin’ me boat!*”

Kalen managed a weak smile while Liana laughed. Meanwhile, two newcomers boarded the ship. Both were wrapped in rich blue robes with hoods concealing their features. Like almost every other person they had encountered up to that point, they appeared to be women. Remarkably tall and thin women, at that.

“Uh, hello? Can we help you?” Kalen asked uncertainly.

“You already have,” answered a silky-smooth voice. One of the strangers raised her head just enough for Kalen to see her pale skin, silver hair, and matching eyes.

“You’re like Sylvie!” gasped Kalen. A spike of panic pierced through her and she immediately dug through her cleavage for the sword.

“Relax, Miss Jasper. They are friends, not foes,” said Maiden Cyril. She laid a soothing hand on Kalen’s breast and calm soon embraced the warrior again.

“Blue Monks!” Liana blurted excitedly, her ears perking straight up. She quickly stepped forward and bowed respectfully to the two sirens. “Forgive us. We have never met members of your order before,” she paused. “Well, unless Sylvie really was one of you.”

The first monk returned the gesture and bowed with a thin smile. “We are indeed followers of Cyanophia. As was Sylvie, I am sad to say,” she let out a tired sigh. “You have done us a great service by cleansing our temple and thwarting her plans. Had she succeeded, I fear the entire region would have succumbed to corruption.”

Kalen chewed her lip and thought for a moment. There was a chance her next question would sound incredibly stupid. “What...exactly is corruption?”

“In what sense?” asked the monk.

“I mean, I thought it was just a word for whatever makes us change and...uh. You know, feel good,” Kalen blushed and patted a boob. “But that thing we fought down there was more than that. It was *alive*. It could *think*. What the fuck was it?”

“Ah, I see,” the monk nodded. She exchanged a wary look with Cyril before answering. “You were not entirely wrong in your first assumption. There is an energy, a force, that permeates this realm and manifests itself as bodily transformations. Often pleasurable ones,” she gestured towards Kalen’s immense breasts. “However, that same energy can be bestowed upon us as blessings. Which is why such blessings can be drawn out with the purification magic followers of Casticia use. It can also be burned away as fuel for other kinds of magic.”

Liana shot a perplexed look at her shrine maiden. “Wait. So, if blessings and corruption are the same energy, what’s the difference? Why would Casticia want us to take all that away from people?”

“Indulgence without restraint creates imbalance in our world,” answered Cyril, unfazed by what might have been a blasphemous question from her own disciple.

“Too much of a good thing,” muttered Kalen.

“Correct,” nodded the monk. “A blessing from Cyanophia can nourish the land, but a corrupted blessing would drown it.”

“Yeah, I think we’ve seen what that’s like,” said Kalen, thinking back to how even the landscape had been affected by the Heart’s power. “But that still doesn’t explain what that heart thing was.”

“The Heart,” the monk began with another tired sigh, “is something else entirely.” Her companion shifted nervously. It didn’t seem like either of them wanted to think about this, much less discuss it. “There are beings dwelling beyond our realm that are drawn to this energy. They wallow in it, reek of it, and delight in spreading it to every corner of this world. They would be gods in their own right if they weren’t mad with insatiable lust.”

Kalen’s skin began to crawl. The thought of some otherworldly tendrils taking root in her brain was unsettling, to say the least. Even if none of this was real, that encounter had felt far too visceral for her liking.

“They are drawn to potent sources of energy like moths to a light. If the source is powerful enough, then it may weaken the walls of this realm and allow something to come through. In this case, our holy idol, the focal point of our temple and a physical extension of Cyanophia herself, had become tainted over time by overindulgent followers such as young Sylvie,” said the monk sadly. “The more they drew from the idol to sate their increasing lust, the more potent the blessing became. Our goddess must have thought there was a greater need of her energy, and so she lent us more and more until something from beyond forced its way through and took root. We sealed the temple in the hopes of stalling its spread and left to find help. Little did we know that Sylvie had done the same.”

“So, it could come back,” Kalen said grimly. Doubt was no longer gnawing at her, but had firmly rooted itself in her mind.

“It could, yes. Beings such as those never truly die. They can only be banished back to their realm of chaos.”

“But what about the Heart?” asked Liana, worried. “It could still be on that moon! We have to go back and make sure it’s really gone! We have to-”

“Remain calm,” Maiden Cyril interrupted firmly. “You have done your duty, Sister Corig, and you have done it well. You all have,” she beamed a warm smile to all on the deck. “Yes, the Heart of Corruption may have survived. If it did, then it will have already gone. Crawled away to some dark crevice to hide and regenerate. You are not likely to find it again until it wishes to be found. Until that day comes, there are plenty of other corruptive forces that need heroes such as yourselves to cleanse them.”

Heroes.

That’s what they were now. Heroes.

Two hapless idiots who couldn’t even win a bar fight had somehow bumbled their way through harrowing odds to defeat an alien evil and save the temple of some weird goddess from becoming irreparably tainted. They may as well have just saved the world because it sure as hell felt like they had. Kalen knew in her gut the Heart of Corruption was still out there. They *would*

meet again and when they did, *she* would be the one to send it back to whatever rank armpit of Hell it oozed out from. She *knew* it.

“We’ll be ready for it,” said Kalen with newfound confidence.

“Yeah, we kicked its ass once, we’ll do it again!” cheered Liana.

“Language, Sister Corig,” chided Maiden Cyril with a wry smile. “I trust you will do well, should you face it again.”

“Let us hope that will not be for a long while,” said the monk. “We have much work to do in the meantime. A congregation to cure and a temple to rebuild.”

“Oh, uh...sorry about, you know, breaking your temple,” Kalen scratched her head awkwardly.

“Your good deeds have more than made up for it,” the monk made some sort of gesture with her hands that Kalen took to mean forgiveness. “Like all living things, the temple and the reef will heal over time. As will our fallen friends. Though I fear it will take some time for them to fully overcome the scars the Heart likely left on their souls. Especially young Sylvie. Some things even revival cannot mend.”

The Blue Monk gestured for her companion to come forward. As she did, the other monk withdrew two tarnished silver coins, each with a rich blue gemstone inlaid in their centers. She held out the coins to Kalen and Liana and bowed, as though bestowing them to persons of high honor.

“Though a blessing from our high priestess would be a more appropriate reward for your tremendous service, the best we can offer in our humbled state are these tokens,” said the first monk. “Take them to any of our other temples and you shall receive such blessings. There happens to be one just a day’s travel to the South of here.”

“Thank you. We will,” said Liana. She bowed politely before taking the coins and handed one to Kalen, who couldn’t quite reach from her prone position atop her chest.

“It is *we* who should be thanking *you*. Your other companions were less gracious about receiving their tokens. Though I suppose it is fair considering we had promised them a more substantial payment,” sighed the monk.

“Wait, you two *hired* Brigitte and her lackeys?” Kalen asked incredulously. “*That’s* why they were there?”

“Yes,” said the monk, looking a little confused. “Did you know them?”

Kalen could only chuckle. Go figure. It *would* have been them of all people. “Yeah, you could say that.”

Without any further elaboration, the monk chuckled back and bowed her silver-haired head. “We thank you again for your service. We hope to meet you again once all has been restored. May Cyanophia’s generosity aid you on your journeys.”

“And you, miss...uh...I’m sorry, what was your name?” asked Liana.

“Sylea, and this is Truvyl.”

“It has been an honor, Miss Sylea,” Liana nodded. “May Casticia’s light protect you.”

“Yeah, good luck,” added Kalen.

With that, the monks took their leave and Shrine Maiden Cyril soon followed, giving the two heroes a polite curtsy before she did. Alone on the Ocean Rose’s deck once more, Kalen and Liana turned their attention back to the two, juice-filled elephants in the metaphorical room.

“So, uh...Want any help emptying those things?” asked Liana with a sly grin.

“You just wanna trade places,” Kalen’s eyes narrowed.

“What? You say that like it’s a bad thing!”

Kalen laughed. “I’ve already had to roll you around once today. Why should I let you blow yourself up again?”

Liana leaned on one of Kalen’s swollen breasts, eliciting a stifled moan from her overburdened friend. Slowly, she slid a hand into her own tight cleavage and withdrew her holy gavel. With a sultry smirk, she said, “Oh? Like you have a choice?”

Whoa. Kalen didn’t really swing that way, but that got her chewing her lip all the same. “Just...Just leave some for the Captain.”

Epilogue

Reality manifested itself around Kalen Jasper again. She pulled the headset off and fell to one knee. The transition back was always disorienting, especially the longer she stayed in the dream. This time more so.

Something was odd.

She felt strange. Damp.

Her bra was tight and her clothes were wet, stained with something...

Juicy.

THE END