

# Lilah's Plan

## The day of the lecherous slimes

The two-woman party consisting of Lilah and Anabelle ran into the old main square, having broken line of sight to their pursuers, for the moment. The town had been abandoned for at least a couple decades at least from the looks of things, either due to ancient monster attacks or some boring change in economic situation. Lilah was not big into history so she didn't know which, but she did know this place didn't have a reputation of adventurers going missing. Which was good enough for their purpose right now.

The sun was getting low, Lilah noticed it almost touching the top of the bell tower attached to a small church on a hill a few streets away. It was getting dark so soon now, this was probably the last warm evening before fall would begin in earnest.

"I reckon we should be safe for maybe ten, fifteen minutes, take some time to catch your breath." Lilah said to Anabelle, looking down at the stretched fabric of the smaller girl's mage robes. Anabelle's unusually swollen chest was heaving as the mage sat down on a bench and leaned back, exhausted and gasping. "Uugh... I'm not... built for running, even normally..."

Anabelle's robes, usually looking baggy and almost oversized on the short woman, were now looking a few sizes too small if anything. Her thin frame was now, Lilah assumed from the robe's tightness which had certainly not been there half an hour ago, decorated with a huge set of tits and a more than modest butt.

Lilah opted not to sit down, not quite as tapped out for a few minutes of running. "I'd love to carry you, but your honor would never allow it. But seriously though, mind explaining why those slimes weren't trying to eat us like they usually do? And why you look like a succubus fucked an hourglass?"

Anabelle let out a small chuckle at the joke. "Pfft... Let me... catch my breath..." She panted, leaning back against the bench, tugging at her now ill-fitting robes. The view was pleasant enough that Lilah didn't mind giving her some time.

Lilah and Anabelle were adventuring partners traveling together between two towns, Lilah, the fighter, providing the sword skills and Anabelle, being a mage, provided the spellcasting expertise. They made a good team, more than enough to deal with any stray monster that might accost travelers on this relatively safe road.

But for some reason a group of common slimes had given Anabelle a fright when they encountered the party on the side of the road. They had come out from some dense woods so it was impossible to tell how many there were, but regardless Lilah had drawn her sword and prepared to fight. However, Anabelle had insisted that they had to run at once. As they were

making a run for the road, one of the slimes, a big one the size of a barrel, had managed to tackle Anabelle in the back leaving a dark spot of goop on the back of her robe before the two of them could get away safely.

But rather than the slightly acidic effects slime attacks usually had, over the course of about a minute it seemed to have caused her to swell around her chest and hips. Anabelle was not a curvy woman by any means yet as they were running away her robes had grown visibly tight and her usually pale face had started blushing.

Lilah had asked what the hell was going on but Anabelle had just pointed to a side road leading to the abandoned town, saying she would explain when they got away. A horde of slimes varying in color emerged from the woods next to the road behind them. The slimes were not as fast as the two women running, but faster than a person walking, and seemingly determined to catch up to them.

Lilah, by virtue of being a fighter, was in better physical condition than Anabelle, had made sure to stay behind her as they ran, matching the pace of her friend and covering her back. Doing so had also come with the benefit of seeing Anabelle's rear which had grown a lot more distinguished than usual and her chest peaking out around the side of her back as she ran. Lilah had felt her own face growing hot as well as she thought about the strange new curves decorating her partner.

Now that they were no longer running, Lilah could get a better look. Anabelle was usually rather unendowed when it came to womanly shape, the only curves of note being her cute butt, which she tended to keep under baggy clothes most of the time anyways.

Normally her robes would be completely hiding her somewhat lanky frame, but now the front of it was stretched, not enough to be in danger of tearing but enough to look too small and probably uncomfortable. Like she was carrying a pair of large fruits or rolled up clothes underneath. Around her waist the fabric got a bit loose again only until it reached her belt. The skirts of her robes clung awkwardly around her enlarged hips, too tight around them and loosened again as they continued down.

Lilah tore her eyes away from her partner's body and looked into her face, a streak of her brown hair having fallen down over her eyes. She was starting to catch her breath, and as much as Lilah enjoyed the view of her chest heaving, she also wanted an explanation of what was going on.

"Why not just let me fight them? We got plenty of healing potions. You know I've taken down worse. You've seen me take down worse." She looked down with a bit of worry, reluctant to put a hand on Anabelle's shoulder in case she was in pain or something.

Anabelle looked at her like she'd just said something stupid, which wasn't really a terribly rare occurrence. "Look at me." She said, gesturing around her form.

She couldn't help herself from making another joke. "You'd have to ask me to look away." Lilah said, smirking, prompting a deeper blush from Anabelle who carried on as sternly as she could muster.

"Thanks, but I mean, do I look hurt? Do you reckon a healing potion is gonna slim me back down?" Lilah had to admit, Anabelle did not look hurt, the opposite if anything. "You don't. I guess you could... err- Well. ...Huh..." Lilah's mind was stuck in a weird state between coming to realize that their stock of healing potions might be useless for this, and staring at the robes filled with boob.

Anabelle tried to take a deep breath, stopped herself as her robes constrained her, and continued. "I get it. I'm distracting you. I'd probably be staring as well if I had a mirror. Point is, if we would have stayed and fought, we'd both be looking like this by now."

Lilah laughed, as she tended to do in the face of things she didn't understand... or things that were dangerous. Plus it tended to make Anabelle give a proper explanation to set her straight. "And that is a bad thing? Come on, tell me what's going on."

Anabelle looked like she wanted to be outraged but not able to bring herself to the point. Eventually she sighed again and started one of her long-winded explanations.

"Okay so, whenever the autumn equinox occurs simultaneously as the full moon, that is about once every 15 year or so, but not exactly since the full moon cycle is separate from the yearly rotation of the sun but 15 years on average, these types of slime enter a type of 'heat' style reproduction period. During this time they will actively seek out other creatures to use as... well, not exactly hosts, but close enough to it i guess.

Lilah tried to stay focused, she really did. She was always really impressed with how Anabelle was able to memorize these sorts of obscure things. She herself didn't have the talent for that kind of book learning. Man, Anabelle really looked good, Lilah wondered what she looked like underneath the robe. They were no strangers to being naked around each other, but neither of them had a figure anywhere near what Anabelle was rocking right now. Maybe there was enough time to have a peak before they had to keep moving. Oh no, she caught herself spacing out again. She'd have to ask for a summary after the explanation was done.

"They mostly pick mammals but that depends on what they have access to and what region they are in, sometimes lizard-folk or bird-men can be targeted as well. And of course this can include animals, which is what usually occurs as people tend to be smart enough to stay away during this period. But i forgot the equinox was this week, sorry about that. So anyways the slimes reproduce by approaching an animal or a person and splashing their reproductive mucus which is absorbed through the skin causing the err... swelling i'm currently experiencing. This is in order to-

"Wait, you're saying the slime nudded on you?" Lilah didn't really think about it that way before, but it was pretty funny to her.

That gave Anabelle pause. “Their- reproductive...mucus... Well, that is to say... they are already made out of slime so it’s hard to distinguish their bodies from... You know what, yeah I guess it did...” She looked down on her still slimed robe, stretching out over her now impressive chest. Her hand rubbing gently at the semi-fluid trying to clean some of it off, a strange expression on her face.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable. It is kinda gross.” Lilah stopped herself from giggling and did her best to make a straight face. But she knew Anabelle was hiding her embarrassment behind a facade of professionalism, which was always cute when she was broken out of.

Anabelle’s face broke into a smile. “Hehe, no, no, you got a point, I just hadn’t thought about it that way. Finally managed to charm a monster I guess.” Lilah clapped her hands with a smile. “That’s the spirit. So are you like, slime prego or what?”

Anabelle went back into the explanation. “Right, not quite but in a way. So, the ...mucus causes the animal to experience swelling of sexual characteristics, which is exacerbated the more slimes manage to splash you, normally by just impacting but you could theoretically harvest it and apply it yourself. The swelling is more prominent around the area that is directly in contact with the fluid, the upper back in my case, hence my chest being so enlarged compared to my err, the rest of me. Ideally, (from the slime’s perspective) the animal or person gets splashed so much they are slowed or even immobile, allowing more slimes to splash them. The swelling lasts for about a week after which the absorbed slime will have temporarily altered the creature to expel new slimes via milk ducts or sexual fluids. Because of this slimes tend to favor mammals, because we actually have milk ducts and don’t lay eggs. The swelling is harmless and technically healthy, I’ll get to that in a bit. Men who have had it happen to them have described it as feeling similar to an erection, but over a larger area. There are rituals for undoing the effects before a week has passed but I don’t have the materials on me. Alternatively we could use a potion, but that would have to be bought from a shop in town so that’s not an option.”

Lilah assumed a good memory was a skill you needed to be a mage. Personally she preferred thinking on her feet. She wondered what it felt like to be so big though. She was a bit bustier than Anabelle normally was, but having lost weight due to training, her own breasts were just barely big enough that she preferred to bind them while moving around. And any other plumpness of note elsewhere had been worn down by exercise, leaving her with a toned form she was proud of.

She preferred it that way of course, she liked to think she was practically-minded. That’s why she kept her own red hair short too, just barely down to her ears. Didn’t get in her eyes, didn’t get tangled when moving around. Some more weight around her hips might be nice, give her a lower center of gravity, and look good too. Those curves really looked odd on Annabelle, her otherwise mousey appearance clashed completely with them. Odd but the contrast was kind of hot, Lilah had no difficulties admitting to herself. What was she talking about again?

The leading theory is that these slimes were created by some pervy wizard a few thousand years ago and escaped their dungeon. Anyways, the high concentration of mana in the slime is actually very healthy for the target, having rejuvenating effects which keeps the host healthy during the process. Obviously the slime doesn’t want the host to starve during the process so some of the energy from the mana is used as nourishment for the animal. Because of this the slime

residue is a useful ingredient for many restoration potions. But the downside of this rejuvenation is that it is so healthy it also functions as a somewhat potent aphrodisiac, usually you can boil this away when making potions, same as with the acid in the usual case. The idea is for the target to be slowed down and distracted, allowing more slimes to-

"Huh? Does that mean?" Lilah looked up and stared Anabelle in the eyes.

"That woke you up huh?" She let out an exaggerated sigh while smiling, unable to hide her amusement. "So, I'd probably be hornier if we weren't on the run but yes, I am more distracted than I would be from just carrying extra weight." Anabelle looked down over her own chest and shifted slightly, like she was sitting uncomfortably on something. Anabelle was clearly trying her hardest to act serious, which was fair Lilah supposed, even if this wasn't a life-or-death situation.

"But I'm trying to stay focused, and so should you." Upon hearing that prompt, Lilah realized she hadn't been watching the road into the town square for a few minutes, her head snapped over in that direction, but no slimes were catching up yet. "I can think of more productive ways to spend a week than tripping on slime-hormones." Anabelle finished, raising a cautionary finger in front of her.

"Hard to stay focused thinking about what you look like under those clothes you know." Lilah retorted, still scanning the surroundings.

"Believe me. It is just as hard being inside them. This is hell on my concentration, if I had been hit by more of them I might end up...Well..."

"Asking me to tear your clothes off?" Lilah suggested as Anabelle was looking for a classier way to put it.

"Not. Helping." Anabelle closed her eyes and clenched her fists. "Please don't say things like that again, but yes." She must be really struggling, Lilah thought, feeling somewhat guilty, somewhat horny at the thought.

She turned back to Anabelle and gave her a guilty smile. "Sorry. Ehm... could you give me the short version though? I sort of zoned out."

"Sometimes I worry about your attention span, you know. But fine." Anabelle opened her eyes and held up four fingers, lowering one for every point.

1. The more you get splashed, the bigger you grow.
2. If you let them, the slimes will splash you until you're an immobile horny mess for a week.
3. Slimes are pursuit predators, (so are we, but slimes don't sleep).
4. The nearest town is still almost a week away, so we're not outrunning them.

This was more Lilah's speed. "So we need a plan. Can't you make one of those warding things to keep them away?"

Anabelle nodded. "I could cast a warding spell using ritual for it, but I'd need time and materials to set up a magic circle. Chalk and candles, the rest I have in my bag." She patted the bag she'd put down next to her on the bench. "As for curing myself, I'd need the same things but it would take a bit longer, and we don't have time right now. And I'm fine, just a bit... worked up. So a ward should be our first priority."

Lilah thought for a moment. Okay, a problem to solve. They needed someplace where there would be candles and chalk. Ideally someplace that could be defended, or that slimes couldn't reach. She looked around the town square. No place looked like it could be made completely slime-proof, they'd slip through cracks of wooden doors. Defendable then... She looked over the roofs and saw the bell tower again over the top of them. Aha!

"I got it! We go to the church up the hill there. It's high up and they might have left stuff inside." Lilah put her fists on her hips, satisfied with her fast thinking.

Anabelle looked at her, face slack with surprise. "...You fucking genius, that took you what, two seconds? What are we sitting around here for? Let's move!" As the busty mage stood up it was clear the only thing keeping her from jiggling all over the place was the tightness of her clothes. Even while restricted, her mass was carrying considerable momentum as she moved.

Lilah wasn't able to admire it however, as when the two of them started moving towards the church, slimes started pouring in along the street the duo had entered from.

## Trip one

After a few minutes of climbing a winding road going up the hill, the pair reached the front door of the church. The large single front door was old and barely hanging on by its rusted hinges, but it did open. Lilah came to the conclusion after trying to swing it backwards, that it would not close again without a mending spell, and Anabelle was too occupied at the moment. She decided to prop it open with a rock. The door wouldn't have stopped slimes from getting in anyways, the bottom had enough rotted off it to probably let raccoons in.

The church had a small entry room with three doors, one door being the front door they entered through. The second door leading into the main congregation room, sturdy but not slime-tight beyond as a delaying measure. The third door leading to stairs going up to the belltower, and probably a small storage room on the way up, in Lilah's experience.

Lilah took charge, as was the usual plan when quick, rather than deep, thinking was required. "I'll set up a defense here, you check the main room and then the tower."

'On it. Be careful.' Anabelle grabbed their bags and carried them into the main room while Lilah observed the position she was about to defend. She drew her sword and took a few warm-up

swings to limber up as she measured the area. The area outside the door was big and open, covered in soft gravel with some grass peeking through in places. In front of the door was a sturdy worn-down slab of stone, acting as a step onto the threshold.

The doorframe in the front was a just bit over 5 or 6 feet wide, even if they could close it, that would just mean the slimes would be looking for other ways in. And she knew buildings like these always had a back door, it'd be a fire hazard otherwise. Better to be bait at the front door, she figured. She could see the first couple of the horde slowly rolling up the hill. She wasn't sure how many there were in total, so she just assumed Anabelle would be able to do her thing well before the number of slimes ran out.

Each slime was a translucent mass of colored goop, like a jellyfish on land. Minus the stringy bits, she thought to herself, and even less coherent. Odd creatures, shaped like a big drop, translucent and faceless. Their sizes ranged, but the smallest were about the size of a human head. Any smaller than that, they would just sort of slither around aimlessly until they ran into another one. She decided to fight outside the door to have more space to maneuver, and that way she could fall back into the entry room if she needed to.

Her half intentional plan of going uphill had worked, the slimes were slowed by the steep climb and the path leading up funneled them niceley. By her measure, it would take about a minute for a group to reach her after they first became visible from behind the houses, giving her plenty of time to know if she was about to be overwhelmed. With a health potion or two...or five... she could have held them off just fine, she figured, maybe even outlast the entire horde. But if they weren't going to try and damage her as usual it might be a bit dicey.

Her plan was simple. Slimes lost their semblance of intelligence when split into chunks smaller than about a head. So all she had to do was split them up, by force. Except she was unsure she could pull it off without getting hit at all. Normally slimes were slightly corrosive, not enough to melt your skin off unless you laid in it for a few hours, and the minor acid burns were nothing a healing potion or two couldn't heal.

Except healing potions wouldn't work here. Any hit she took would instead cause her to... She thought about Anabelle's changes, how even a skinny woman like her had swelled up so much from one splash, albeit from a big slime. A smaller one probably wouldn't be as bad, probably. Anyways, she wished she had a chest-plate or something, it would probably be more fluid resistant than the thick wool traveling shirt and leather pants she was wearing.

The first couple slimes made their way to the door and she cleared her mind. "Let's go then you pieces of goop!" She yelled as she raised her sword the first time, more to bolster herself than anything else, she was pretty sure slimes weren't smart enough to register insults.

Five small slimes drew near, each the size of a head or so. Slimes were not smart enough to move in unison, so they would just jump at her when they got in range, at least nine times out of ten.

The first slime lunged straight into her ready sword, splitting with a satisfying splash as she dodged the second. She cut that in two with the backswing and cut the third in half as well as she turned to the fourth. Simple, but she was just getting started, she was careful to pace herself.

“There’s a black board in there! With plenty of chalk, and they got a back door in case we need to run.” Lilah had a few moments before the final two would reach her, so she looked back through the doorway. Anabelle ran out from the main room, with noticeable care, one arm holding her chest to keep it from bouncing too much. Lilah noticed that the robe wasn’t quite tight enough to prevent Anabelle’s mass from billowing around her forearm. She took a moment to enjoy the view, but just a moment. She had a job to do.

“Alright great!” Lilah said as she turned back to the remaining two slimes. She didn’t bother pointing out that running wasn’t really an option since the slimes would eventually catch up to them. They both knew it, but it was nice to have the option open. “There should be a storage up the tower, go check it out.”

“Got it!” She heard Anabelle’s voice behind her as she started cutting into the remaining slimes. Slimes, horny or not, were predictable combatants fortunately, without much self-preservation or strategy. As long as she was careful the biggest issue would be getting tired. A quick swing split the fourth slime in two.

Anabelle would probably be well on her way up the stairs by now, slowed a bit by her extra weight, probably needing to take the steps carefully, probably getting sweaty under her clothes from all this running and climbing.

Her concentration slipped when swinging at the last slime in the group and she swung too soon. “Ah shit-” She yelped as the slime impacted her torso and bounced down on the ground. “Come here you little-” She prepared to swing as the slime lunged for a second strike. Or where it *would* have lunged normally. Instead the slime was scurrying away instead of continuing its attack. For all a creature sliding on the ground could be considered scurrying.

“Huh... Oh.” She’d been hit by slime tackles before, knew that her skin should be burning slightly from the acid leaking through her clothes. This time was different, as she felt the lukewarm goop slide down her shirt, over her chest bindings and onto her skin. She did feel burning, but not in the literal sense, more like blushing, like a lot of blood was rushing to her chest making it feel heavy.

“Ah nuts...”

The feeling also found itself tricking down below her waist, igniting a bothersome simmer of arousal in her groin, and making her underwear feel tight around her butt. Her chest binding started feeling uncomfortably tight as well, but not too bad. She stared down, expecting to blow

up like Anabelle did but the feeling subsided after a few seconds, though the faint arousal remained. In fact she felt good, even a little invigorated. This was barely enough extra weight to notice, just enough to make her clothes feel a bit tight.

Which was good because another group was coming her way, three small ones and one a bit bigger, about the size of a dog. Medium sized, would take three swings in total. She took a few cursory steps and waved her sword to make sure she could still move. Besides the suddenly noticeable chafing on her groin and nipples, the only issue was her chest binding feeling like she tied it on a bit too tight, but not enough to stop her. Her pants were a bit tight as well, if she did something crazy they might split at the seam. But even if they did, there was hardly anyone to embarrass herself in front of that hadn't seen her butt before.

She lunged at the small slime leading the pack and cut in two, the pieces slowly sliding downhill through the grass. This wasn't too bad, she really did feel invigorated, alert, clear-headed, even a bit excited. Two more small slimes were bisected by her blade before the medium one slid up to her. She had to make a narrow dodge but she was able to cut it in two.

Her tight clothes were a constant feeling of minor discomfort, but moving around making them hug her sensitive spots tightly felt pretty good she admitted to herself. She caught herself moving her legs to adjust her underwear, for comfort, not just because the fabric felt good against her skin, and snapped back to focus as the two remaining pieces of the slime jumped at her. Her sword was a bit delayed, but not enough to let the slimes past, and two swings later the pair were dispatched.

She let out a triumphant cheer as she saw the next group approach a bit further back. "How's it going up there?" She heard steps going down the steep stairs, slow steps.

"Good news, they got candles for days! Bad news, carrying these bastards is gonna take two more trips." Anabelle emerged from the stairs carrying a big box with both hands, her breasts resting on top of it. "And I'm not too fast right now." Lilah had to put in effort to look her in the eyes. Was she intentionally pushing those things up with the box? No, probably just made it easier to carry.

Focus! She told herself. Two more trips, plus setting up the circle... Not great news, no matter how energetic she felt. She would have to be more careful pacing herself. "Great news! Keep going!" She said as she returned back out the door.

"Good news my ass. You're just trying to make me feel be- Hey! Your clothes are wet, did you get hit?" Anabelle asked behind her.

"Just a little, I was careless. It won't happen again. But... please hurry!" She stared down another group of slimes, a big group this time.

"I'll go as fast as I can. Seriously, be careful, okay?" Anabelle said as Lilah could hear the box being dumped on the floor inside.

"I'm always careful." She replied.

"You're never careful and you know it!" Anabelle started climbing the stairs again. "Just give me a few more minutes."

## Trip two

Lilah looked at the next group of slimes, just a handful of small ones. She got to work, taking care to only attack when she knew her target had already committed and couldn't change its course. The increased sensations from her tight clothes were present the entire time, and the excessive movement didn't help, but she maintained her focus. She felt like she could do this all day, or at least for another ten minutes at least. Before long, she had cleared the entire group without letting a single one touch her.

A second group rolled up after that, or duo rather. But big ones. Two large slimes, each the same size as the ones which had tagged Anabelle earlier, about a barrel worth of slime in each. "Can't let those ones hit me, or I'll be as big as her soon." She took a few steps back toward the door, circling around slightly in order to separate the attackers. One strike to split into two medium ones, which each needed one to split into two small... two... four... eight...?

Wait, if they hit her she would be even bigger since she got hit once already. How much more would she grow from both the small one from before and this big one? Better stay focu- The first one lunged at her unexpectedly and she barely dodged it but was put off balance. Before she could recover the slime lunged again from the ground, hitting her hard in the solar plexus, knocking her back a few steps.

"No!" She yelled, catching her balance as the slime that had tackled her thankfully slid to the side, rather than capitalize on its advantage. She imagined the fucking thing looking smug, even though it didn't even have a face. The second one moved in but she was not about to let that happen twice.

Her legs pushed her forward as she felt heat move both up and down from where she had gotten hit. If the slime had eyes, it would not have been able to blink before she slashed it three times, turning it into a pair of medium slimes, and those two into a total of four small slimes. Warmth was filling her body, her body filling her clothes, her head filling with pleasant but distracting sensations. But she had to move quickly, so much for pacing herself...

She dashed in before the slimes could lunge at her, rather than wait, her sword making four quick but perfectly accurate slashes, clearing the current issue.

She fell back towards the door as she felt her clothes tighten. The next group was still a bit back.

Her underwear were starting to dig into her groin, as did her pants. She had to admit that it was far from unpleasant. The former were of a fancy type she'd picked up in a large town, a mix between bloomers and boxers, so she figured they would stretch well without digging into her asscrack too badly.

She felt her already tight binding digging into her back and her breasts starting to overflow inside her shirt, brushing against the rougher fabric. It was a good thing it too was so tight, it reduced the rubbing against her nipples, which were starting to get seriously hard and pushing against the cloth. She could feel a slight jiggle developing when she moved, and an unfamiliar weight developing on her front and back, straining her slightly. Annoyingly, her binding provided constant shifting pressure, much like what was going on against her pussy whenever she took a step.

"Damn it!" But she didn't have time to complain much, or bask in the sensations, as the next group of slimes, a trio of medium ones approached. This was going to be tough, but she could handle it. Just had to be careful. And focused.

The first slime fell in two pieces from her opening slice, but as she stepped to the side to dodge the second she heard her pants rip below her. Not letting it distract her she swung before the slime could go for a second lung. Another good hit, splitting it in two as well. "Gah!" she gasped, feeling the slightly chilly air flow into her pants and through the thin fabric below. She stepped back towards the door again watching the four small pieces of the slimes as well as the remaining medium one advance slowly.

She knew how to fight with a wound, but this was the opposite of a wound, it was a whole different type of distraction. Taking her mind off a cut or a scratch was much easier than pleasure, but she managed, mostly.

Okay, feeling the colder air on her nethers was not helping as much as it should, she had goosebumps down there, everything felt so much more sensitive than usual. And it also felt like half her ass was hanging out, despite being covered by the underwear. No. She had to focus. Two of the small slimes lunged at the same time and she cut them both in half with a single cut. Followed by two more swift cuts as the other pair jumped at her. The last slime moved forward to catch up but it stood no chance alone.

Three swings later she found herself with another moment to catch her breath and inspect her state of undress. She suspected that her binding was the only reason she could get a good view downward, and even then her breasts were presenting a distracting amount of cleavage which took most of her willpower to ignore.

Yup, her pants had torn down the middle. And a strange mixture of heat and chill told her that, unsurprisingly, she was getting wet from more than just sweating. And her binding was starting

to restrict her breathing. She thought about taking it off. But that would require her to take her shirt off, plus that might cause her to... shift... more with the extra weight on her chest. Where did the mass come from? Mana? Had Anabelle mentioned that? Anyways, this was going to put a strain on her back. She corrected her posture as best she could, without making her bindings prevent her from breathing entirely.

She wished she could take her clothes off entirely and inspect herself in front of a mirror. Bound up or not, her chest felt a lot heavier. Did busty women really carry this much weight around? And her underwear was starting to dig into her hips. She bet she would look pretty hot naked right now. Maybe there was a mirror in the church. Well, she didn't have time at the moment. But later maybe. Maybe she could have Anabelle inspect her, compare sizes... have a good-

She was brought out of her fantasies as she heard the sound of steps coming down the stairs again. "You... You got hit again!" came Anabelle's accusing voice from behind her. She looked back, seeing the mage carrying another box, her breasts once again resting on top of it. They were being pushed up by the support of the box, giving the illusion that they had grown even further. Her robes looked slightly damp with sweat and seemed to cling even closer to her skin than before.

Anabelle looked down to Lilah's crotch and her eyes went wide with embarrassed surprise. "And your-"

"Yeah yeah I know. I'll give you a full show if you want." She caught herself and shook her head to clear it. "A-after we're done, keep moving alright?" By the gods she wanted to forget about the door. Wanted to just get out of her clothes, get Anabelle out of her own clothes as well, snuggling down next to a warm fire together and-

"Behind you!"

Lilah dodged with uncanny speed and swung behind her without looking, splitting a small slime in half and dodging under a second one which leapt past her through the door. Before she could react, it jumped into the arms of Anabelle who was too weighed down to dodge it well.

"Augh!" The slime impacted her chest with a smashing thud "Oh no...OooOHAaa" She half gasped, switching over into a moan as her chest visibly started growing and the slime fell to the ground. To her credit she managed to hold on to the box as her chest swelled above it, stretching her robe to its absolute limit. And then some.

A few of the stitches gave out, revealing a lovely patch of skin underneath, and then a few more, causing her breast to bulge out as if teasing anyone nearby to rescue it from the robe's grasp. Lilah could swear she saw the edge of the nipple peek through and looked away. Both to be polite, and in order to keep her bothersome arousal from growing stronger.

“Hurry!” She pointed at the main room and as Anabelle started moving Lilah was unable to resist taking a look back at the lower back of the mage. And what a back... bulging proudly to both sides of her hips, her movements making the fabric hug the flesh and muscles below. Lilah half wished the seams would break there as well, but she had no such luck.

### Trip three

She turned to walk through the door before Anabelle came back and noticed the now spent slime casually moving through it alongside her. She gave it a good kick and it half flew, half splashed down the hill, leaving a spot of goop on the ground where it had been. She had a few seconds before the next group would arrive, time to think. Thankfully it seemed the slime's load was blown, and the touch did not seem to make her swell further.

She reached down to pull a knife from her boot, needing to hold her breath as her movement stretched her binding, and her pants ripping even further, probably fully ruined at this point. If she had the time she would have probably discarded them entirely rather than stand with a pair of legs. She unbuttoned her shirt (with some difficulty), revealing her bindings, she used the knife to make a few nicks in carefully considered places of the fabric, this way if she got hit again it would tear easier, rather than constrain her even more.

She also had time to practically rip off her belt and throw it on the ground. Maybe she would have time to get rid of her pant legs between groups, but she was out of time for now, she chucked her knife harmlessly into the next approaching group, one large, one medium, and two small. She took a deep breath, testing the limits of her binding. Screw the math, she could just swing until they were gone.

“Let's rock!” She said as the medium slime jumped at her, she swung at it and split it in two, but rather than step back she advanced before the large slime could react to her suddenly being closer and gave it a horizontal slash, dividing it into two medium slimes.

The extra weight was noticeable on her back and legs, and she could feel that this was drinking her stamina faster than usual. She better be more careful, she thought to herself. She hopped back as the original small slime jumped and brought her sword down through it. She was not doing a good job pacing herself, and it was not getting easier. Were it not for her bindings she doubted she could have hopped like that without holding her breasts to them to keep them from smacking her in the face.

Another dodge and a swing and only two medium slimes remained in front of her. She might be able to pull this off. And it felt good too, the cool air on her nethers had quelled some of her arousal at first, but all this moving around was rapidly bringing it back. And so had seeing Anabelle swell before, she would have to commit that view to memory. Imagining it brought back another flash of arousal but she was ready for it, and it didn't distract her as the two remaining slimes jumped at her. She did have to take two swings to finish them off however, her arms starting to feel tired now.

She twirled her sword in a flourish before realizing the display would not intimidate a creature that was barely smart enough to move. Her heart was beating fast now. It felt good, and not just because it sent happy throbbings to her groin and nipples. As annoying as the extra weight on her chest and hips was, she could make up for it as long as she was careful.

Wait, how many slimes had-

Something impacted her from behind. She had forgotten one of the small slimes. "Fucking-" She flailed her sword behind her, but with no effect at the slime slithered off into the distance.

At least it was just a small one. Her chest did not swell as much as she had feared this time, her binding not quite tearing further, but it was now constantly threatening to. Instead most of the heat enveloped her backside and groin. Enough to make her not even feel the cold air anymore.

She noticed her pant legs being pushed down as her butt and upper thighs swelled up to be even more impressive. Damn, her ass looked twice its normal size. But more distracting was how the feeling she had assumed before to be arousal now proved to be more tangible: her pussy was absolutely swelling up.

"Anabelle didn't mention this... Damn, I'm getting too tired..." She looked at the path and to her great displeasure three large slimes were moving up it. She took a stance with her feet further apart and prepared to face them. This would have been a GREAT time for Anabelle to come down the stairs, but no sound could be heard from the door.

"And I'm. Too. Fucking! Horny! To deal with this shit!" She yelled at the trio who did not react to her anger. "AAAGH!" She ran in and bisected the leader into two medium slimes before falling back. The second lunged after her but she was able to just barely dodge backwards and land a counter hit splitting that in two as well.

She was running out of breath, her steps were making her pussy squish all too pleasantly between her thickened tights, and she still couldn't hear Annabelle coming down the stairs. She must be having issues moving with all that extra mass, probably would need to use the box to push up her- STOP! Focus!

She started falling back towards the door while catching her breath, giving more ground than she preferred to. The first duo of medium slimes fell to a series of six fast strikes, but the second duo gave her trouble.

Thankfully the remaining large slime was slower and did not interrupt her as she took her opportunities carefully, whittling down the duo until it was just her and the large one left. Her arms were aching at this point, as was her legs. But she was pacing herself, sort of. Her groin was aching too, but in a good way. Which, she reminded herself, was a bad way right now. The only saving grace was that she was prepared for her bindings failing if this got any worse. When

this was over, she swore to herself, she would get inside the church and jill off until she fucking passed out.

The last, and tragically large, slime of the group jumped at her and she moved to dodge, but her foot slipped in the puddle on the stone slab she had left by kicking that slime before. She caught her balance and blindly dodged again, probably would have escaped the attacker, if she had not misjudged the location of the door. She bumped into the wall, rather than the doorway, and let out a yelp of surprise, cut off but a splash of slime covering her from head to toe.

“Motherfucker!” She spat out a mouthful of goop and staggered through the door without even checking if another group was on the way. She didn’t think she’d seen one, so she should have at least half a minute, maybe a full. She didn’t dare wipe any of the slime off, her skin suddenly feeling very warm and aware of everything rubbing against it.

Passing through the door she leaned against the wall, feeling her butt bump into it and, being too tired to adjust her stance, bulged up against it. Her pussy was screaming at her, demanding attention and she pressed her thighs together trying to suppress its throbbing call. All that did was make her feel every inch it swelled, until it felt like she had a big sensitive pair of lips between her legs, which wasn’t technically wrong she supposed. She refused to let go of her sword, and kept her other hand balled up tight into a fist.

Her poor overworked bindings dug all too pleasantly into her skin as her tits swelled with each of her panting breaths. After a few seconds they gave way at long last, a few of the loops of cloth ripping and allowing her breasts to fall down, still half covered by the remains. They must have been the size of her head, and still they swelled for a few breaths. There was enough mass for the motion to send pleasurable ripples through them as they came to rest. She was probably putting on a hell of a show right now, but she wasn’t present enough to care.

She gave a loud noise closer to a groan than a moan of pleasure as she was finally able to draw breath properly for the first time in what felt like hours. Although she couldn’t see her nipples, he suspected them to be harder than they had been in her life, she could feel her heartbeat in them, in her entire tits even come to think of it, not to mention her swollen cunt.

Her ass was pushing up against the wall, she felt her underwear struggle almost as hard as she did as she was slowly pushed from the wall. Thankfully they weren’t tight, or at least they hadn’t been originally, so they weren’t at risk of breaking, yet. But fucking hell, they were really clinging to her most sensitive spots.

The swelling hadn’t managed to bring her to climax but it would have been so easy to achieve, she felt like she wouldn’t even need to use her hands. She could just rub her legs around her engorged throbbing lips, grinding her underwear into her clit-

She slammed her free fist into the wall and she leaned her head back. She wanted to fall to the ground and masturbate right there. She wanted it so bad. But she suspected that if she did she

would not be able to get up before the next set of slimes arrived. Maybe that wouldn't be so bad. Anabelle had said it shouldn't be dangerous right? To just give in and let the slimes blow her up so big she couldn't move and just spend a week basking in the feeling of... No. Anabelle was there. She had to keep her safe while she performed the...

"Lilah! You-"

Lilah opened her eyes and stared right into Anabelle's face. Her eyes moved unbidden down to the mage's chest. Her breasts rested on the last box of candles, one of the pair having fully fallen out of the confines of her robe displaying a beautifully erect nipple. It seemed to hook directly into Lilah's brain and force her eyes toward it. Anabelle was standing at the bottom of the stairs, face dark with her blushing. Lilah noticed that Anabelle's eyes were well below chin-height as well.

## The plan

It occurred to Lilah what display she was putting on. Her shirt unbuttoned, bindings mostly torn, pants split in half, underwear probably had a huge wet spot. Oh, how she wanted Anabelle to throw the box to hell and embrace her. For Anabelle to just fuck her on the spot. But she couldn't let that happen, Lila knew she would not be able to resist it. Anabelle was probably thinking the same thing. Lilah weakly pushed from the wall.

"I'm... fhi... fine..." She lied, knowing Anabelle hated when she did this.

"You... You are certainly not! You're in no condition to fight. I need to help you-" Anabelle looked like she was about to put the box down as Lilah cut her off. She did the best to sound like she wasn't in the middle of getting fucked.

"The only thhinng- You need to do... is to get in there." She swallowed and sucked in a breath of fresh air and pointed at the inner door. "Bar... the door, ward of these FUCKING slimes, and then... And then! You can do anything you want to me, I swear. You told me to stay focused, remember?" She even mustered a smile, though she had to grit her teeth to do so.

Anabelle looked like she really wanted to throw the box to hell, but she swallowed and nodded. "Fine! But you call for me if you need my help." Lilah's heart jumped at the look of determination on her beautiful face.

"The best help you can give me..." Lilah had to control her tongue carefully, lest it betray her and convince Anabelle to fuck her right on the spot. "Is to get the ward up. And then to come out here and fuck my brains out until i can't walk for a week. Deal?"

Anabelle tried her best to hide it, Lilah could tell, but couldn't suppress the smile on her face as she nodded in agreement. "Deal." Lilah thought she saw Anabelle's legs rubbing together, but she might be hallucinating a little at this point she figured.

Lilah looked out the door, seeing a few shapes in the distance, they had maybe a minute before she needed to be out there. As she took a careful step she noticed how badly her balance was thrown off. These things must weigh as much as her entire torso, or maybe she was just tired, either way her back felt like she's been doing sit-ups for an hour.

"Help me tie these things up and I'll give you as much time as you need." Lilah pointed down at her massive chest. The growth had slowed down, and the arousal was a dull but powerful throb. Her heartbeat was going down as well, which helped.

Anabelle went to drop the box in the main room and then tore her robe off as she came back. For a confused moment Lilah wondered if she had said the wrong thing and asked her to fuck her on the spot.

Then her thoughts were annihilated by seeing Anabelle's magnificent tits decorating her chest. Slime goop really must be good for the skin, they looked perfect. Not quite the size of the woman's head, they were still more than big enough that they could have been seen from the back, and without the robe containing them, Lilah's brain was working at full capacity to register every minute wobble. Anabelle's thin frame made them stand out so much more. Thin except for her butt which must have been half again as wide as the rest of her.

Anabelle's tits seemed to scream at her to reach out to them. To put her hands around them and never let go. She found herself biting her lip, she also noticed her thighs rubbing together, her knees feeling weak. Her heart was suddenly beating as fast as it had been before, sending mana-boosted hormones through her system.

Her free hand weakly started to rise toward the pair of heavenly boobs on Anabelle's chest as Lilah clung to the crumbling remnants of her resolve. All it would take would be to drop her sword. Then she could...

She closed her eyes and shook her head. She bit her tongue hard to distract herself. Just, a few more minutes. Just a couple more minutes fighting and they would be safe.

"Are you sure you're okay? You seem... flushed."

"I'll be fine. Just... hurry. Please." Lilah forced together all her remaining resolve. "And try not to shove those in my face." Anabelle blushed deeper, even her ears had turned red now. She had to be really horny herself for that to happen, but raised her robe up towards Lilah.

"Turn around." Lilah obliged, allowing Anabelle to pull the shirt off her back and wrap her robe around Lilah's ridiculous chest, barely making it around. It felt so soft against Lilah's sweaty skin, and it smelled like Anabelle too. Lilah let out a gasp, not entirely out of pleasure as Anabelle tightened the wrapping and tied it tight behind her back. A lot of it was pleasure though, her tits were so sensitive she had to stay as still as possible as she got used to the snug feeling.

“If you change your mind, knock on the door and we’ll escape through the back.” Anabelle said as she closed the door between them. Lilah couldn’t help but feel guilty and responded. “You know, we won’t outrun them through the back door right?”

“You knucklehead, don’t you think I know that? I was the one that told you they’re pursuit predators. But don’t you usually say it’s nice to have the option open?” Lilah was stunned for a moment, and then they both smiled.

“Stop worrying about me worrying then!” She said as she carefully moved toward the front door, trying to keep her enlarged body and runaway urges from ruining the moment.

“No you!” Anabelle yelled after her.

Moving with this much mass, even tied up, was a serious impediment. Without the extra stability from the robe she doubted she could have moved faster than a slow walk. Even so she had to walk carefully to avoid rubbing her lower lips and clit between the swollen thighs too much.

The cool evening night air was no longer doing anything for her arousal, she felt like if someone had thrown water on her skin it would have evaporated before it touched her. She took stock of her status.

Tits and ass: Overencumbering. She would run out of stamina fast, her legs and back were aching even after her short break.

Mobility: Restricted. If she moved too fast she would swing her boobs off the side and probably fall over.

Movement: Limited. Taking more than a few steps was enough to make her weak in the knees.

Focus: Clouded with arousal. She would have a hard time keeping her mind off the sensations of her body, or the fact that Anabelle was probably on her knees inside placing candles, boobs wobbling all over the place, ass in the air...

Yup. This was going to be hard.

“They should be writing songs about this shit...” She mumbled as she readied her sword, her usual stance being impossible due to her chest getting in the way of her off-arm. She couldn’t even raise her sword properly. Why was that turning her on? A question she would have to consider in a more introspective moment.

This group of slimes weren’t the largest so far. Just a pair of small ones and one large. But she knew she had to be much more careful than before. She couldn’t circle around them or risk getting blasted by sensations from her pussy, so she had to let them attack first and then counter. She drew deep breaths as she let the slimes come to her. Her breasts were still constricted, but the robe felt like she had Anabelle’s arms around her, and the fabric stretched slightly, allowing her decent airflow at least.

The two small slimes jumped at her, she was able to cut one while stepping out of the way from the other. If it wasn't for the weight on her chest she could have cut the second right then, but she had to lean awkwardly to maintain her balance. The large one went for an attack that she just managed to dodge, not into the wall this time, she learned that lesson before. She cut it in two as it reeled and used all her strength to dodge the small slime's second jump. Her tits threatened to topple her over again, forcing her to take a few steps to adjust herself, making her lower parts rub and jiggle, stealing away her focus. This was not the recipe for a winning fight.

Rather than dodge the first medium slime she moved toward it, baiting it into attacking. She cut it in two and carefully stepped back, keeping the remaining three small and one medium slime at a distance.

She saw another group of small slimes appear from the town. Great, and now she had to finish these up quickly or she'd end up with more at the same time. She looked at the three small slimes, they were predictable, if she moved just right she could bait them into leaping at the same time...

She took a careful, wide-legged step towards them, watching the distance and... POW! They all jumped in almost perfect unison and her sword was able to catch all three of them in midair in a single swing. Good thing too because she wasn't sure she could have managed a second swing in time.

That left the medium one. It was getting hard just holding her sword, she'd need at least three swings to finish this one off, and another group was just out of range. She briefly thought about letting it hit her just so she wouldn't have to fight it, but that was just going to make things better. Err...wait... Worse! She held her sword up and stepped up to bait it into attacking. It did so as predicted, but her sword was not where it usually was. She had been too distracted to notice that her arm was blocked by her massive tit and she clumsily slapped the sword against the slime as it barreled into her, covering her entire front with a fresh coat of "reproductive mucus".

The familiar heat filled her, she felt herself growing impossibly hotter as the slime happily rolled away down the hill. She felt like she might collapse if she got any heavier. This was a mortal wound, and she knew it.

What remained of her pants ripped at last as her hips and ass swelled until they felt about twice the width of her torso, allowing her to free herself of them by stepping on each leg with one foot and pulling away with the other, ripping the remainder with surprising ease. The robe and the remainders of her binding squeezed her breasts uncomfortably hard, but was probably the only thing keeping her from falling over within a single step. And between her legs, her sex felt like a boiling cauldron, demanding that it be given every bit of attention she could muster, the gentle air pushing her underwear against her, feeling like a lover's caress. Like Anabelle's caress. Like her fingers gently stroking along her lips, her breath blowing on her clit-

She squinted towards the path. The next group of slimes were just a group of small ones. She couldn't count exactly how many, maybe five? Six? She needed a plan, right now. Running? Out of the question, both physically and practically. Belltower? Like she'd even fit up the stairs. Knock on the door, get help? That would mean she'd need to fight longer. Lay down and let the slimes hit her until she was so big and hormone'd up she was unable to think straight? That was the best one yet. But no, that wasn't much of a solution. The idea did stick stubbornly in her mind however.

The best plan she came up with was pulling back into the doorway. Maybe with her back against the wall she'd think of something smart. She carefully backed towards the door, realizing she had to actively calm her breath or she was worried she might lose control and just give in to the sensations.

"Sorry, Belle." She said as she took the sword and carefully cut through the already torn robe, leaving her chest to hang freely in the remains of her binding, still providing minimal support, if not any dignity. She realized that that left her wearing nothing but her tattered bindings, her stubborn underwear and her boots.

"And uh, sorry to whichever god this church is for i guess." She continued as she ripped off the struggling piece of underwear off her massive ass, carefully in order to minimize brushing against her cunt which felt like the entire thing was pulsing at this point. She discarded the torn cloth on the floor next to her. Man, that was a nice carpet. She thought it strange how you notice things like that in dire straits like this.

As the slimes met her at the door her plan was no more formed than it had been when she started backing up. She swung at the first couple lunges, but she was not able to dodge any more. One of them broke through, her arm too tired, splashing her chest with a familiar heat. A few more swings at leaping slimes; another went too low to hit, receiving ample coverage by her boobs. It smashed into her stomach, filling her with an impossibly stronger feeling of warmth. How was she supposed to ignore her body screaming for further stimulation? This was imposs- Her lapse of attention allowed the last two slimes to barrel into her chest.

"Maybe that was the last of them." She thought as the heat intensified and her breasts slowly started filling out the tattered remains of her binding. She was having a hard time feeling anything below the hurricane of heat that was her genitals, she was probably leaking all over the floor, but she managed to move toward the doorway and get a good look outside.

She gave out a half-sigh half-chuckle. Still shambling up the path was a procession of slimes at least as long as the one she'd been fighting so far. Still grouped out, sure, but still enough to make her worry if she'd been in peak condition. Had she just been fighting the ones pulling ahead?

But what made her chuckle was the leader, a bright red slime twice the size of a person, at the front of the group, bigger than any she had fought all day. Bigger than any she'd ever seen. She

didn't think her sword was going to do anything against that thing. She took a staggering step back, sending a fireworks show of demanding signals to her brain from every remotely erogenous part of her body, the effects of the small slimes still ongoing as her curves filled out gently but relentlessly, much like the advancing of the procession outside. She needed to think fast. She needed to touch herself. She needed a plan. She needed to get...

Lilah's arousal-addled mind realized that if she fought inside she might end up too big to fit through the door, so she moved to step out again, another blast of pleasure coursing up to her brain from her crotch being rubbed by her thickened thighs, urging her to give in and masturbate then and there, consequences be damned.

Then an idea hit her.

Lilah smiled. This was, if she did say so herself, the best plan she'd ever had. How had it taken her this long to come up with it?

Lilah put a boot on the carpet, dragging it so that the edge of it was against the bottom of the front door's threshold. She then carefully threw her sword into a corner where it was unlikely to be in the way. She considered taking her boots off, but that would require her to bend down and she didn't think she had the strength or agility to do so right now without tipping over.

She stood at the doorway and measured it, the big slime could probably fit through but she made sure to stand right inside the threshold of the front door. The slime in question was just a couple dozen feet away from her now, she wondered what it would feel like getting hit by one that big, considering what the smaller ones had already done to her. Luckily for her, she had a plan.

She held her chest out proudly and her arms out wide as the giant slime approached, a smile on her lips, eyes and vision getting hazy with arousal. Her breasts were probably each more than the size of her entire torso now, each struggling for room despite not being clothed, pulling at her back and shoulders. Her ass must have been the size of a pair of pumpkins. And if the throbbing singularity that was her crotch was any indication, her pussy must have been well over the size of a fist. She could swear her vision was going pink. "Sorry again to whatever god this church is for, but I'm sure you'd allow a girl one indulgence, right?" She said, not expecting a response.

She meant to kneel down gently but her legs partially gave way underneath her and bumped into the soft carpet inside the threshold. She gasped with surprise but was cut off by her chest hitting the stone plate outside the doorway. The resulting jiggling alone felt like it would take her over the edge if it went on for a second longer. The rough stone felt like the cool side of a pillow against the flushed and heated skin on the underside of her breasts.

Her back was too tired to hold her up, but she found that her breasts were actually big enough to lean against. This was it, she couldn't resist digging her hands into them for another second. She needed it. She needed to-

The slime arrived and positively drenched her. The results were mind-blowing and immediate. Her hand made contact with her groin, the other pushed as far into her boob as she the tired arm it was attached to could muster. She felt herself swell more than ever before. Her mind turned pink, warm and soft as she came, one final thought before she practically blacked out. "Best plan ever."

## After the ritual

Anabelle placed the last candle and ran to the center of the circle, lifting the skirts of her robe with one hand and holding her chest in the other. Anabelle trusted Lilah to come up with a plan, and she in turn trusted Anabelle to get the ritual done. Doing so would have been enough of a challenge with just these huge tits to carry around, but she also had to keep herself from thinking about how hellishly horny she was the whole time. Ever since that second slime had splashed her she had wanted nothing more than to go out to Lilah and fuck her on the spot. Especially seeing Lilah be so huge the last time she passed through the entrance. But, tragically, she couldn't abandon her task.

Besides, Lilah probably thought the exact same thing. And probably even more intense considering how large she had been. Her toned body had looked strange with outrageous curves, but the contrast gave her a fascinating appeal. Her strong arms enveloping a pair of giant soft breasts, each begging for- No, she had to focus.

She dropped to her knees in the center of the magic circle, placing herself on the soft prayer mat she'd placed as part of the ritual. She had to steady herself for a moment, getting on her knees with breasts this big was an unusual strain on her balance. As well as her back which was seriously starting to complain at this point.

"Please let this work." She said, hands clasped, both as part of the ritual and a prayer to the patron god of just rewards, Diavald who this church had once belonged to. The circle began glowing, the candles suddenly lighting up with multi-colored flames and a sphere of divine light appearing centered on her and the circle. With a specific vocal command for range, the sphere began expanding out toward the walls of the church, then through them. Until the entire building, plus a little extra to be sure, would be contained within. It would only physically push away slimes, no other monsters, but that was all she needed it to do.

The ritual should have taken longer because the ward needed to be made to last long enough for the slimes to give up and leave, and for it to cover such a large area. She had placed the dozens of candles just right, but had taken every shortcut she could to reduce the time needed. Normally the spell would have taken half an hour to do properly. She had managed in less than ten minutes. Something she would later take pride in.

She could tell that the magic was functioning correctly, else it wouldn't have produced a sphere of light like that. She could probably set up another circle using these supplies to counteract the changes to their bodies in a couple hours. "Or..." she thought, they could wait until they were in town... Spend a night or two enjoying themselves. She couldn't stop a smile from forming on her face as she recalled how large Lilah had been.

And if the slimes had gotten to her a few more times, well what harm would it be? "No!" She shook her head and put her palms on her cheeks. Lilah might not even like growing like this. She probably hated being so big at all. She really cared about staying fit. Always working out at camp, flexing her muscles under her clothes... More importantly, she might need help still!

Anabelle got up and moved to the surprisingly mostly soundproof door. She was getting more used to her new center of gravity at least. She was about to ask Lilah how she was doing when she heard her voice yell from the other side.

"AAAAH! FFFFUUUUCCKK!"

Her heart sank. She could be injured! Anabelle scrambled to lift the bar off the door, she had to strain to lift it up but she managed.

"FuckfuckFUUUUCKKK!!!"

"I'm coming Lilah!" She yelled as she flung the door open into the entry room, the sight within leaving her stunned, requiring several seconds before she was able to process what she was seeing.

In front of her was Lilah. Seeming perfectly healthy, thankfully, but entirely naked save for her boots. Her face flushed red like she was drunk, eyes clenched shut but a smile on her lips. She was leaning face first against the door in a 30 degree angle, feet pushed as far back as she could, bare ass sticking up. Her ass was... the size of a barrel, and a big barrel at that. Below it, between her legs she saw one of Lilah's hands rubbing a pussy half the size of a head. Her other hand pushing against something blocking the door, a huge skin-colored mass of... Wait, was that... her...?

"FFFUUUUCCKK YEAAAH!!" Lilah screamed as she arched her back.

Anabelle saw Lilah's eyes open and roll up into her head as she gritted her teeth for a long few seconds before her knees dropped onto the carpet which for some reason lay pushed up to the threshold. She also noticed that the flesh colored mass in front of the door had a crack down the middle, it wasn't blocking the door entirely, but Anabelle was not able to see over it.

"By the last surviving gods..." she said, mouth agape, as she realized that outside the door was Lilah's breasts, each the size of a wagon, at least from what she could see from in there. The last bit of sunlight casting a curved shadow between the faintly wobbling mounds of flesh.

Lilah, hearing her voice, turned her head around, hands still working on her pussy and one of her breasts. Her eyes were a bit unfocused and she looked positively drunk on pleasure.

“Door’sh blocked boss! Haahhh...” she said with a wide smile. “Did you do... mmh... the ththing?” Anabelle was still processing what she saw, and trying to ignore the way it made her nethers throb. There was no denying that Lilah had stopped the slimes from going through the door, she supposed.

“Y-yeah I did, it... worked...” Anabelle’s chock was putting up a valiant effort but it was rapidly being overwhelmed by arousal at seeing Lilah in this state. She could feel her groin growing damper and hotter, as if they knew there was no longer a reason to hold back.

“Hah HA! Besht plan everrr!” Lilah said and wiggled her huge ass. Its mass jiggled enticingly at Anabelle, ripping her reason to shreds. There was no way she could have resisted, especially through the effect of the slime on her own body and mind.

She knew they would have to spend a day or two shrinking down to a manageable size. Her last reasonable thought before she buried her face in Lilah’s pussy was: “Hope we have enough candles...”

### Three days later

The two adventurers walked down the road. Anabelle walked behind as she was currently the faster of the duo, allowing Lilah to set the pace. There had not been enough candles to undo the entirety of the effects for both of them, and Lilah had been the most critical patient and even then...

After a long night of enjoying every inch of each other (there had been a lot more than usual) and half a day of sleeping afterward, Anabelle had placed a huge magic circle spanning both inside and outside the church using the remaining candles. Even using a few extra boxes from the belltower, there hadn’t been quite enough to undo the effects entierly. As a result Lilah was-

“Man, why do they have to kill my back this bad? They look so good but I feel like I’m carrying a ton of bricks.” Lilah said for the third time that day. “I can’t feel my back!” She looked at Lilah from behind, not that she could have taken her eyes off her without effort.

The fighter’s form would have been next to impossible to hide even with tailored, baggy clothing and a thick cloak. As for her current “outfit” made from a mix of sleeping blankets, the remains of Anabelle’s robe and a cloak; it would just barely keep her out of jail in most towns. Lilah’s ass was probably the most covered part of her body. Still sticking out well on either side of her huge hips, and hidden by a makeshift dress around her waist. Her breasts were clearly visible from behind her muscular back when she walked, each more than the size of a large pumpkin and covered by a blanket tied together with the remains of Anabelle’s robe.

“And if my cunt wasn’t constantly keeping itself greased up at this point i would have probably chafed the fucking thing off by now!”

“Such are the troubles of the adventurer’s life...” Anabelle giggled, enjoying the animated gestures Lilah made when she was complaining. They made her jiggle just the right amount: a ton.

As for herself, her own swollen assets seemed easy to bear compared to Lilah’s, although walking was a bit of an issue both from needing to carry the extra weight up front, and almost having to walk bowlegged. She thought her ass would balance her out but it had turned out that just made it harder to lean backwards without falling over. Maybe she needed more practice, she still wasn’t used to having enough weight for it to matter.

Lilah continued. “Those slimes are lucky they paid us, willingly or not. Or I’d half a mind to go back and cut them all into goop!” She hefted her breasts gently trying to adjust them to strain her back less, causing a pleasant jiggling motion before giving up.

“The whole point is for you to not be able to move so more slimes can cover you more. But you got a point, even these ‘tiny’ things are heavy. My back is killing me too...” She gestured to her own chest, still as big as it had been three days ago, but at least covered by Lilah’s shirt, though it was straining to do so. Lilah’s eyes were unabashedly looking at the fabric being stretched. Anabelle found herself enjoying the attention, knowing how much Lilah enjoyed the view. Hell, she enjoyed it herself whenever she looked down to inspect the huge amount of cleavage between the buttons.

They had scooped up the slime residue around the church and filled every container they had with it; it should pay them a pretty sum once they got into town. Speaking of, once there they should be able to get a potion to restore themselves to their usual size.

Assuming they actually made it there in time before the slime’s effect caused them to start producing baby slimes from various holes for a few hours straight. Which, Anabelle supposed, wouldn’t be the end of the world she supposed, since they weren’t wasting a week for the pleasure. But it would be preferable to get to town in time.

“Listen, the only reason I’m not bitching you complaining about your back is because I know how bad it is.” Lilah said, still not tearing her eyes off Annabelle.

“Oh yeah? No other reason at all?” She shook her torso from side to side and smiled slyly.

Lilah sighed with a smile. “Well since our respective backs are killing us both, time for a break?” Their pace was slow due to their frequent breaks, which tended to last longer than usual whenever the two of them couldn’t keep their hands off each other.

“Yeah I think we made enough distance for now, but we still have to make a few miles before nightfall.” Anabelle watched Lilah find a rock next to the road and sit down on it, her breasts and butt coming to a rest a considerable time after the rest of her did.

“You really should complain less, you did do that to yourself after all. Still can’t believe that was your plan.” Anabelle sat down next to Lilah glad to have the weight off her own back.

“I can’t believe you would victim blame me like this.” Lilah’s cheeky smile was unbearable.

“Shut up. You should have just asked me to help. I could have done...” Anabelle puffed up her cheeks, but she could not find a satisfying way to end that sentence.

“Fuck. And. All. Is what you could have done. I figured the slimes wouldn’t be able to resist a ginormous pair of tits, and if they were blocking the door, you would be safe, and I would be... Well you know...”

Anabelle crossed her arms under her breasts. “Uh huh. And the fact that you spent the next couple hours cumming yourself stupid was just a coincidence. Making me get you off with a me-sized pair of nipples for half the night was just a funny side effect. Having your ass big enough for me to use as a sofa was just... I don’t know, good luck? You really took one for the team there. If I knew you were gonna do that you could have done that from the start.”

“First of all, you enjoyed every second of it. And second, we both know that’s not true. I could feel more slimes hitting me all the way until your ward pushed them away. And if I had gotten any bigger you wouldn’t have been able to shrink me back down to even this size, no way i could have carried that much weight all the way to town.” Lilah had that smug look on her face that Anabelle hated, the look that meant she was right.

“Fine. But you’re not going to convince me you knew I would have enough candles to actually get you down to a reasonable size.” That at least, elicited a blush from Lilah.

“Well... I might not have... Thought that far ahead... You know? Kind of just assumed that would be the case to be honest. But it worked didn’t it? And now we can make it into town and enjoy the results.” Lilah bent forward towards Anabelle, giving a display of cleavage that would have dropped her jaw to the floor a few days ago.

“I...” She sighed. “Can’t wait. But you know... Maybe a few miles less today wouldn’t be too bad.” Anabelle looked down at the mind-consuming amount of cleavage in front of her. Her pulse rose as she put her hand on Lilah’s chest. It provoked a chuckle sending vibrations down the huge mass of boob under Anabelle’s palm.

Lilah looked up with a smile. “Still the best plan ever.”

The end.