

Slime in the Cellar

“*Why are you always so mean to me??*” Joan yelled.

Her sister, Agatha, laughed from the kitchen table. A chunk of fresh bread was clasped in her hand while her mouth chewed. “Because I’m your older sister, and Mom and Dad put me in charge while they’re out.”

“You’re older by a few minutes...”

“Older is older. Now sweep.”

Joan grumbled and took up the broom. Outside, the small village of Berthway went about their business. King Hanlem was expected to make a proclamation soon regarding a change to the kingdom’s taxes and everyone was abuzz with hope. The twins’ parents had left only an hour ago to fetch supplies for the family bakery.

“Are you going to help clean at least? They said we need to have the *whole* house clean by the time they get back.”

Agatha waved her hand. “Why would I when I have you to do it for me?”

“*Agathaaaa! You need to help!!*” Joan threw the broom down. “*I can’t do all of this on my own! The house is filthy!*”

“I’ll help, I’ll help. Probably... Don’t get so huffy.” Her eyes lit up. “Speaking of huffy,” she lowered her voice, “did you hear what happened to Sage the other day?”

“The...blacksmith girl?”

“Mhm.” Another chunk of bread filled her cheeks. “The one that’s obsessed with her bellows. I heard they found her--*A-Ack--*”

“Agatha?”

“*Gaahh!*” Her face reddened and she coughed. Watering eyes looked at her sister for help and pointed to her throat.

“Oh!! Oh no!! Hang on!!” Joan raced to her side and pounded on her back.

“*A-Ack--*”

She hit harder. Brown hair toppled into Agatha’s face.

A final smack sent her forward with a gag. Bread sailed free of her windpipe and left her gasping for air at the table.

“*Are you alright?!*”

“I’m--” Agatha caught her breath and steadied whatever panic remained. “God, did you have to hit me so hard??”

Joan recoiled. “I... I was only trying to help...”

“Thanks, but I feel like my ribs are out of place now.” Another piece of bread replaced the one she’d lost. “And now my throat is all scratchy. Go in the cellar and get me a cup of Dad’s mead to wash it down.”

“W-We’re not supposed to have mead...”

“Wow, I guess I’ll have to drink it all before they get back then, huh?”

Joan shrank and held her hands against her chest timidly. They might have looked identical, but the two girls couldn’t have been more different.

“Today, please. Before I choke again. Mom baked some dry bread today.”

“A...Alright...”

She turned toward the back of the house. It wasn't a large structure. The front was used as the family bakery while the back half served as the family room and kitchen. Their parents' room was closed off with the loft left to Agatha and Joan for their room and privacy. Most days it was cozy. Some days it was far too crowded.

Joan approached a wooden hatch in the floor of the far corner of the kitchen. It opened into a flight of stairs leading into blackness. Taking a small smoldering stick from the hearth, she lit a lantern before descending into the inky blackness.

Subterranean chill washed over her legs. The thin dresses she and Agatha wore weren't thick enough to protect against the cellar's bite. Hugging an arm across a perky set of breasts she was proud to say overfilled her hands, Joan tried to warm herself. The cellar was cold no matter the season.

Lantern light played across storage shelves. Baking ingredients, pans, and preserved food stared back. It wasn't uncommon to come across a rat or several mice on such a trip.

"Make sure to fill it to the top!" Agatha called down.

Joan grabbed a wooden flagon and moved toward a barrel resting on its side atop a table. A spigot protruded from one end. Turning it let a stream of golden nectar flow into the mug.

Clatter!

"Ahh!"

Joan cried out when a bucket tipped over. She backed away from the barrel for protection and sent mead splashing over the ground as she swung the lantern to illuminate the corner. From the floor rolled a light-pink blob. Shiny and translucent, it oozed over the stone like a sentient glob of jelly no bigger than an apple.

"You good down there?"

Joan breathed. "Yea...! It's only a sli--" She caught herself. "I-It's... Uh... Only a slippery bit on the floor."

"Well just don't spill my mead."

Joan made a face at the stairs before turning back to the slime. It crept toward her with curiosity, seeking anywhere warm to nestle.

"Lost, little guy? Shouldn't be down here... How did you even get in?" She looked around in the blackness. "Is there a crack somewhere?"

Inspiration struck then. Slimes were notoriously devious and fond of finding their way into tight places. Particularly the warm, dark places women tended to possess. Such attacks led to comical swelling across the victim's body wherever the slime settled.

Joan snickered and stooped down to corral the slime. It filled her hand and jiggled like a gelatinous pink gem. Her heart pounded with indecision for only a moment before it plopped into the mug.

"You get lost down there or what??"

"Comiiing~" Joan called back. Mead splashed into the cup to conceal the magical creature. It mixed with the alcohol and lost its form in confusion. Knowing she had to be quick, she turned off the spigot and raced up the stairs.

Thunk!

The mug settled before her sister.

“Fiiiiinally!”

“Filled straight to the top! Hope your throat feels better...” Joan smiled. “Now drink up before Mom and Dad get home. I don’t want to get in trouble.”

“Heh, best idea you’ve had all day.” Agatha took the mug and paused. “Uhh, why is it *pink?*”

“Be...cause...Dad made a...strawberry batch...?” She looked at the floor.

“Oh. I had no idea.” Agatha shrugged.

It tilted into her mouth then. Joan watched as her sister chugged the drink and the surprise mixed within. She came up for air moments later and wiped her mouth with a satisfied gasp.

“Now *that’s* a lunch!” She motioned the empty cup at Joan. “You should have some too! A little sister bonding before--*A-Ahhhh...*”

Agatha leaned forward and held her stomach. Rumbblings came from within as she tensed.

“Everything alright?” Joan feigned. “You look a little flushed!”

“I-- *Oohhhh... Nngh!*” Leaning back in her chair, Agatha breathed deeply. A prominent bulge domed her abdomen as if she’d eaten three meals at once. “*I think I drank too fast or something! Maybe I-- MNGH!!*”

Guurrrgle...

The bulge shifted. Confusion fogged Agatha’s eyes when she felt her stomach move with a mind of its own. Slowly the excess size began moving toward her chest. As her belly shrank, a prominent fullness began pouring into her breasts.

“*W...W-What the--*”

Guuurrrrgle...!!

“*Haahhhh... Nnngh...! Joan...! Something is--*”

Containing her giggles was difficult. “What?? Are you alright??”

Strrrrtch!!

“*EEK!!*”

Agatha grabbed herself, filling her palms with flesh as her bodice tightened across her breasts. Defined mounds pushed back, rounding out the loose fabric into two distinct domes. It was all Joan could do to keep a straight face.

“*Joan!! Joan, what’s happening?! My chest is--*”

Guurrrrgle!!

All breath left her lungs when Agatha’s bust surged forward. Weight pulled them down and stretched her dress’s neckline until supple cleavage bulged like rising dough. The mounds plumped inch by inch until her hands had no hope of containing their shapes. Flesh tensed her dress until seams warned of their imminent popping down her sides.

Strrrrrtch!!

It slowed to a stop with a squeak of confusion. The slime had fully settled in her breasts, leaving Agatha with a pair of mammaries as large as her head and vastly disproportionate to the rest of her slender body. The chair toppled when she jumped to her feet in horror.

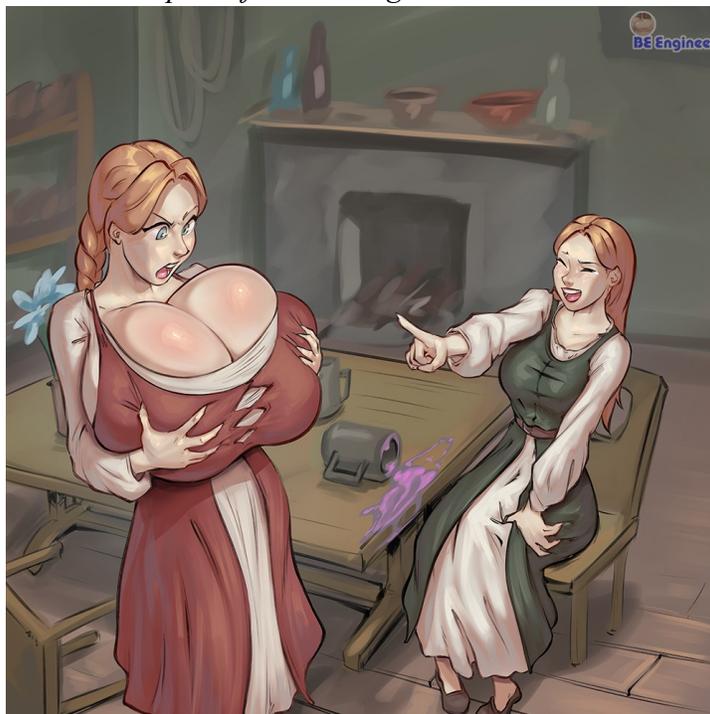
“*What happened to me?! I-I’m HUGE!!*” She grabbed them and piped at the incredible sensitivity sparking through her swollen orbs. “*I-I-I don’t know what--*”

Laughter burst from Joan then. She could contain herself no longer. Hugging her stomach, she squinted through watering eyes. *“How did that slime taste??”*

Agatha looked up from her bloated breasts. *“W...What??”*

“I put a slime...in your mead!!” Joan fought to catch her breath. *“How was it?? Ohhh, oh! Don't tell me!! It was filling, wasn't it??”*

“You... You made me drink a SLIME?!” Her fingers groped her new breasts hard and squeezed until cleavage pushed to her collarbones. *“Joan!! LOOK AT ME!! I can't hide these! What am I supposed to do with a pair of tits this big?!”*



“I hear the tavern is looking for a new barmaid! You'll get a LOT of tips with those things!”

“This isn't funny!! My dress feels like it's about to rip open!”

“SERVES YOU RIGHT! Maybe now you'll--HEY!!”

Agatha moved fast. Grabbing Joan by the collar, she pushed her chest into hers. It was hard to believe their breasts used to be the same size. *“I'm gonna kill you.”*

“Oohhh relax.” Joan wiped a tear and then sank a prodding finger deep into Agatha's chest. *“Drink some vinegar and it'll come right out.”*

“That's not how it works, idiot! Vinegar makes slime-- Ahh!! NGH...!”

Guuurrrrgle!!

“Agatha?” Joan asked when her sister grunted and stumbled back.

“It... Gaahhh, it's...moving... It feels like it's--”

Guurrgle!!

“Nngh!!”

Her breasts seemed to tremble. Expanding and contracting ever so slightly, they heaved in her grasp with minds of their own. Hardened nipples tented her dress like fingertips.

“W...What’s it doing?” Joan asked with real concern.

“Ahhhhh, it’s moving!! Why is it moving?!” Agatha moaned. Sweat beaded on her cleavage. Every shiver sent shockwaves of stimulation through her breasts. Moisture dampened her inner thighs. “It feels like it’s--”

THUD!!

The cellar door jolted and flung the handle. The girls froze and stared at the hatch.

“Joan...” Agatha said as softly as she could with a pair of breasts trembling in her hands. “How small was the slime...?”

“It-- It was just a little guy! I swear! I--”

THUD!! THUD THUD!!

The cellar boomed and the house shook. Joan whimpered and hid behind her sister.

“Did you happen to check...for the mother slime?”

“T-The mother what?”

BOOM!!!

They screamed when the door blew open. From the hole emerged a pulsating mass of pink ooze. It rose from the hatch in a growing shimmering mound before billowing over the floor. Gallon after gallon of pink slime came forth, mounding up within the kitchen until it stood as a hulking beast of ooze reaching to the ceiling.

“The mother slime...” Agatha whispered. “It must have been hiding in the shadows... And YOU took it’s baby and made me--”

Guuurrrgle!!

“Augh!!” Agatha clenched and hugged her chest as if to keep it quiet. “It’s trying to call its mother!!”

“What do we do?!” Joan stared at the towering mass of pink jelly. “Should we run?!”

Sweating as the child slime danced within her, Agatha said softly, “Just stay as still as possible and inch for the door. We--”

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

“MMGH!”

Her chest shuddered. The giant oozing mass shivered and turned to face Agatha. In the blink of an eye, it lost its form and flattened into a flood of pink that washed over the floor. The girls were up to their shins in an instant with syrup-like fluid.

“Ahhh!!! AGATHAAA!!! WHAT DO WE--”

Glllooooooormp!!

Slime mounded around Agatha, holding her in place as her chest lurched and heaved in her hands. Her legs were swallowed within seconds as the slime traveled past her hips and to her chest. Slowly, it forced her hands off her chest and held her arms at her side.

“Shit!! SHIT!! Joan!!” Agatha began squirming. “Do something!! It’s gonna--”

Her eyes bulged. Her pupils dilated. Pressure massaged itself against her crotch. Her petals parted with ease as the slime slid within her like a hose. Heat moved through her abdomen when Agatha felt the jiggling creature invade her body. A high-pitch gasp emptied her lungs upon feeling the mass prod where it didn’t belong.

Guuurrrrrgle!!

“MMGNH!!”

“Agatha??”

“It’s going inside of me!! JOAN, DO SOMETHING!! BEFORE--”

It had already begun. Roundness bulged across her curves. Agatha forgot how to speak when tingling waves traveled through her butt and thighs. Looking down, she saw her lower half widening within the slime’s shimmering body. It pulsed and squeezed, pumping itself into the warm confines of her figure.

“N-Nnngh! No, nooo!! It’s...m-making me...bigger!!” Agatha writhed and tried to fight the tantalizing sensations of her rear end stretching forth. Her dress remained loose only briefly before betraying her new curves. A tense outline of her hips resting atop grinding thighs pushed against its seams.

The slime moved higher. Creeping up Agatha’s body, she whimpered when the blob engulfed her chest. Her already swollen breasts tickled beneath her dress as slime explored and prodded her mounds.

“Oh please, please no!! I can’t--” She gulped when it felt like a dozen fingers began pushing upon her nipples. “I-I don’t think I can handle--”

Gllloooooommp!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Joan’s gaze widened in shock when her sister’s bust renewed its growth. Blush reddened her cheeks as she watched Agatha’s figure turn into an extreme hourglass. Inch by inch, her curves bloated heavier with the invading slime.

“Agatha... You’re...”

“Do...something...! I-- Mnngh!” A cry of orgasmic distress trembled her lip. Agatha clenched her hands inside the slime as it rose to her neck. To feel gallons of ooze slither their way into her was beyond pleasure. Everything pulled and stretched as if being kneaded from the inside out. Pressure came at her folds from every angle.

Shrriiip!!

“Ah!!”

Ecstasy burst out when a seam split down her side. Skin bulged through the opening and forced the rending stitches wider.

“Joan~ Joan...! Please... You have to...” Agatha rasped.

Pop!!

Shrriiip!

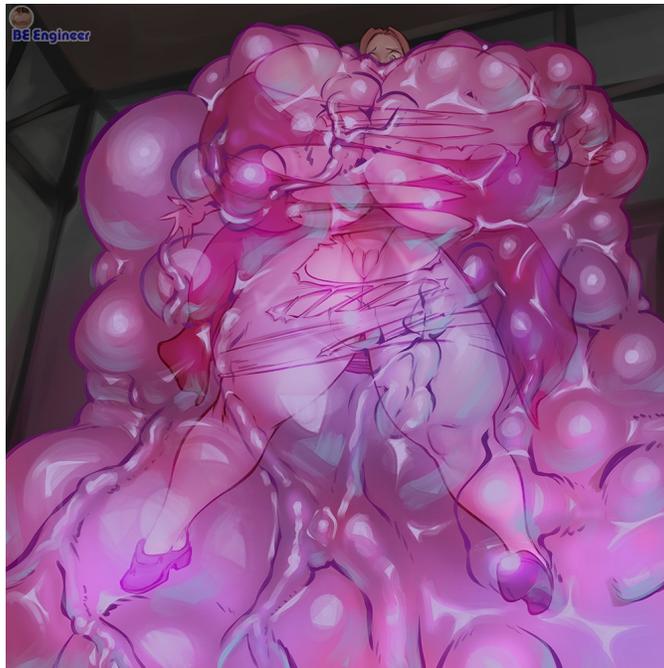
“Nnnngh!! My hips are...getting too big...!!”

A split formed at the bottom of her dress. Slowly it tore upward at the command of her tremendous thighs. There was no room left to give as her dress sank into her lower half. The outline of a swollen pussy, nestled between her tree trunk legs, pushed against the front of her dress like a fist.

Shrriiip!!

Agatha's head spun with stimulation. Intensified sensitivity teased her to no end. "*Ahh!! No no nooo! Please!! I can't...be so big that--*"

"*Your dress,*" Joan whispered. "*It's...*" Her eyes remained locked on her twin. Breasts like ripe pumpkins strained the cheap garment. Cleavage heaped against her chin in an obscene display of fullness.



Guuurrrrgle!!

"Ahhhhh~ Aahh~!! Jooaaan!! It's gonna--"

SHRRITIP!!!!

Her dress exploded. What would have been a storm of tattered fabric was reduced to a muffled *poomph!* within the slime's body as her clothes simply jumped apart before hanging limp in the gelatinous mass.

Agatha's figure, however, sprang into its full form. Her legs parted from shoulder-width thighs refusing to be close to one another. Breasts thrice the size of her head lurched forward with nipples as big as strawberries.

"*God, you're big...*" Joan whispered.

"*OH I HADN'T NOTICED!!*" Despite her size, the slime had hardly shrunk. "*NOW HURRY UP AND--*"

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

"*Ahhhhh it's going fasteerrrrr!!!*" Tensing as her body shifted and trembled, Agatha whimpered as micro-orgasms ravaged her core. The slime was hitting all the right buttons in its exploration of her being. Nothing felt off limits as it sank into every nook and cranny. Flesh surged in rapid spurts. Around her, the slime shrank with every contraction as it squeezed more of itself into her body.

Glooommp!!

Gloooooompp!!

“Mmmngh!! Mmmmgghhh oohhh God it’s...so...DEEP!!!” Her hand slid over her pelvis. Gentle fingers played over the quivering bulge of her stretching lips, massaging and helping the slime inch deeper despite what common sense said.

Joan managed to find some of her wits. *“Don’t worry! I’ll get it off!”* She grabbed a pan from the table and approached it. *“Maybe if I--”*

“N-No!!” Wear eyes watched her sister approach. *“JOAN, DON’T TOUCH IT!!”*

Sploomsh!!

She acted too quickly. The pan slapped the goo and sounded like a rock striking a frozen pond as ripples spread across the pink slime. Joan tried to pull her weapon back but it held firm. Ooze swallowed it and crept up her arms. No matter how she tugged, it would not release.

“A...Agatha?” she cried out, flinching as it flowed up her arms and reached her shoulders. Warm goop crawled over her chest. Anxiety fluttered in her heart when she felt it soak through her dress and begin exploring her nipples. *“What do I do?! What do I do?! I don’t want it to-- EEK!!!”*

Guuurrrgle!!

Joan’s breath hitched. Pressure pushed into her breasts with a thick goeey heat. So small compared to Agatha’s heaving globes, she watched as her front pushed outward.

“W-W-W-Wait!! I don’t want to grow!”

Her eyes widened when her chest swelled large enough to tighten her dress and draw stress lines over the front. The slime ebbed and crawled up her arms, continually feeding her breasts.

POP!!

“EEEEEEK!!!”

A seam burst. Pale skin peeked in a widening sliver from her compressed bust.

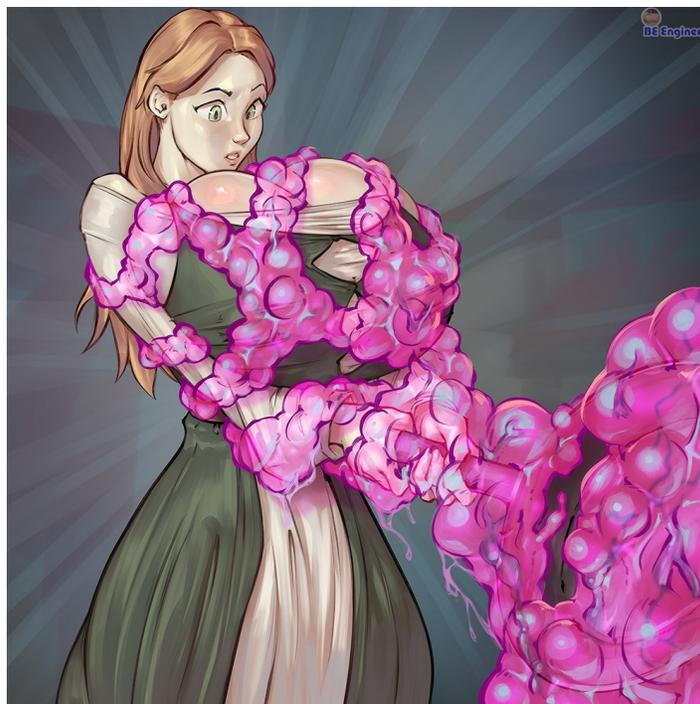
“AGATHAAAA! I’m getting too biiiig!! I’m gonna pop!! I don’t want to pop!!”

“Are you kidding me?! LOOK AT MY BODY!!” Agatha growled above her. Immersed in the slime, she’d taken on an appearance worthy of a fertility goddess. Breasts and thighs too large to fit through their doorway heaved off her timid frame. *“You can get at least as big as me!! And you...d-deserve it! This is your--nnggh!!--fault, Joan!!”*

GUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“NNNGH!!!”

The girls moaned in unison. Several rips burst open across Joan’s chest. Her nipples, enlarged and bright pink, squeezed through the gaps with eager erection. Her thighs came together as she felt herself growing wet at the mystifying transformation. A part of her wanted the slime to attack her nethers as it had Agatha.



“Bigger... I-I’m getting...bigger...” Joan whispered. *“So...big...”*

The sounds of her dress failing across her gallon-sized breasts drove her to tremble. Weight pulled at her shoulders as her chest hung lower by the second, stretching to hold its invader. Their shapes grew round and bloated like teardrops nearing the maximum possible size before bursting.

“Agatha... I think I... Want to know...” Joan began encouraging the slime to move down her body. Toward the steaming crease of lust nestled between her thighs. *“I want to know how it feels...to be entered...”*

Agatha’s eyes widened. *“You can’t!! Fight it, Joan!! You have to fight it!! If it gets a hold of you, we’re both done for!!”*

Gloooomp!!

It started to move. Joan gasped, feeling it travel down her abdomen and hips. *“I-I want--”*
“JOAN, STOP!!”

The slime had shrunk considerably. Enough to grant Agatha some movement. Her foot struck forward, kicking the pan in Joan’s grasp. It was enough to surprise the slime and her sister, releasing it from the slime’s hold and sending Joan to the floor. Enhanced flesh sloshed on top of her when she fell. Breasts rolled to her side, large enough to overflow her arms.

“Oowwww!” She glared over her bust. *“Why did you do that?! I--”*

GLOOOOOOMMMSH!!!!

“A-Aahhhh!!! OH NOOOOO!!!!”

Anger shivered through the slime. Losing its side dish, it redoubled its efforts on Agatha. The blob shrank rapidly now and began pumping itself into the girl faster than ever. Sounds of rushing ooze churned through the air as Agatha’s body strained to keep pace.

“T-Too...fast!!” Color drained from Agatha’s face when she looked down to see only an expanse of flesh sloping from her body. Breasts large enough to fill their kitchen table were held

aloft only with the slime's assistance. Her legs were spread to the maximum angle by crushing thighs.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!!

"G-Gonna--" She whimpered and moved her hands through the slime to push on the sides of her chest. Firm skin bounced back. "*I-I think I'm getting too big, Joan!! My skin is...getting tight!!*"

GLOOONOMMMSH!!

It pumped faster. Dwindling in size, the slime shrank around Agatha and her feet touched the ground. It had turned into a thin pink column hardly able to keep her upright. Hourglass curves extended outside of its bounds as her body assumed more than half of its mass.

"*Hahh! Haaahh!! Haahhh oohhhhh no!!*" Agatha groped what she dared. Everything trembled with rising pressure. The slime wanted its entirety inside of her. It had no concept of her limits. Dense, muffled rumbles emanated from her curves.

Joan whimpered as her sister cast a widening shadow and blocked the windows. Her heart raced beneath her swollen bust.

"*It-- Can't hold...me up!*" Agatha whined. With most of the slime now inside, her legs were left to carry the weight. She tottered like a drunken child. The mass of ooze left outside of her helped carry her weight when she tipped.

BOOONOMMSH!!!!

"MMMNNGHHHH!!!!"

The world jolted when she fell. A chair crushed beneath her breasts when they spilled over the floor. Taking up most of the kitchen, Agatha's body wobbled with internal waves as the slime settled.

"*Nnnngh!! J-Jooaaan!*" she groaned, pinned. Slime continued rushing into her as she lay eagled on the floor. Thighs as wide as her bed spread her legs and pushed against the bottoms of her breasts. An ass too large for any horse-drawn cart angled her bottom half toward the ceiling. From under her mountainous chest, Agatha could see only darkening cleavage.



“I-I can’t...take any more!” Agatha said in warning.

“I’ll...” Joan’s mind raced. Streams of slime ran to her sister’s flagon-sized nipples and gaping crotch. A tight, skin-shimmering sheen reflected over her body.

“It’s...all going...inside!! There’s no way...I CAN HOLD--MMPH!!” Her voice cut off, swallowed by cleavage engulfing her mouth.

“Agatha... What do I--” An idea sparked. *“I know!! I know!! VINEGAR!! Remember?!”*

“MMPH?!”

“I’ll get the vinegar!! Just hang on!!”

“MMPH!! MMMPPH!!!!”

Joan wrestled with her pendulous, engorged breasts and got on all fours. They rubbed over the floor and drove her to gasp. What remained of her dress fell off in tatters as she rose to wobbly legs.

GUUURRRGLE!!

“MMMPPH!!!”

“I know...! I’m...hurrying!”

The vinegar was on the other side of the kitchen with other jugs. A thigh as tall as her waist and a breast as high as her shoulders stood in her way.

“Don’t worry, don’t worry!” Joan assured, grabbing Agatha’s leg.

“MMPH!!”

Slooommsh!!

Slime swirled as Joan climbed and scrambled. She took care to avoid the ooze still outside of her sister’s body. Her hands and feet sank into Agatha’s chest until firm pressure refused any more indentation.

“*W-Whoa!*” she gasped, unable to find her balance. Joan fell flat across the titanic mound. Rising flesh trembled beneath her in anger. Heat made her sweat as her naked body rubbed over the bulging surface.

“*MMPH!!!*”

“*Sorryyyyyy!!*”

She resumed, crawling slow and low. Once over the middle, Joan slid the rest of the way and became pinned between Agatha and the wall. The jug of vinegar was just in reach. She took it in triumph, turning toward the top of her sister’s cleavage.

GLLOOOOMMMMMP!!!

The slime outside of Agatha’s body trembled. Pressure was fighting back as it tried to force itself where there was no more room. Areolas domed upward in pink mounds inflating as a last resort.

“*MMMMMMNNGHH!!!*”

“*I’m here! I’m here!*” Joan announced, standing over Agatha’s head. Bulging eyes stared up at her from pinning cleavage. “*Vinegar gets rid of slime, right??*”

“*MMPH!!!*” Agatha tried to scream but no words came free.

The cork came out with a pop. “*Open your mouth!! I’ll dump it in!!*”

“*MMPH!!!*” She tried to shake her head in rejection. “*MMPH!! MPH MPPH!!!!*”

“*I know I know!! Here it comes!!*”

Joan stuffed the jug’s mouth into Agatha’s cleavage. Vinegar gurgled, emptying between her breasts and flowing down.

“*MMMPPPHHHH!!!!*”

Agatha tried to keep her lips closed as vinegar cooled her cheeks. But as cleavage sealed around her nose, she was forced to open her mouth.

Vinegar flowed. Swallow after swallow, Agatha drank until it had all run over her shoulders and onto the floor.

Glooommsh...

The remainder of the slime slowed as if in thought. A shiver of discomfort ran through the pink jelly.

“*Look!! Look, Agatha!!*” Joan cheered. “*I think it stopped!*”

“*Mmnng....!*”

“*Huh?*” She looked down and saw her sister blue in the face. “*Can you not breathe?!*” Grunting, she pushed against Agatha’s cleavage until it released her face.

“*GAAHH!!! YOU...IDIOT!!*”

Joan looked hurt. “*W-What?*”

“*Vinegar doesn’t repel slime!! It--*”

Rrmmmblllllll

“*Nnnghhh!!!*” Agatha groaned when her body trembled. Extreme pressure contorted her face.

“*What?? What’s wrong?!*”

“*Vinegar causes slimes to--*”

Fssshhhhhhhhh!!

Whatever slime was left started to bubble and hiss. Its translucent pink color turned pale and opaque with air. Slowly it expanded, gaining size with a boiling flurry. Pink foam bubbled across Agatha's body from what remained of the creature.

Joan watched, confused. "What? What do you mean?? I thought--"

SPLOOMSH!!

Pink froth exploded when it could no longer hold itself together. Joan stared in shock as it dripped down her face. Understanding fell upon her.

"It...just..." She looked at her sister's overfilled body. "*B-But that means--*"

RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL

"NNNNGHHHHH!!! *Aahhhhhh, JOOAAANNN!!!!*" Agatha groaned like a cow in labor when her curves heaved.

"*A-A-Agatha...? What's--*"

Fssshhhhhhhhh

It started low and muffled. A bubbling from deep within Agatha's chest. Joan stared as her sister's mounds shivered with internal vibrations. It pushed their chairs away in anger.

FFSSSHHHHHH

"*Aaahhh!! AAHHH OOHOOH GOD!!*"

Swelling resumed with fresh energy. Joan was forced back by a rush of stretching skin that pinned her against the wall. Tight and alive with tremors, it rubbed over her body and face. A window's chilly glass pressed her skin flat. Nothing would have been left to someone passing by outside.

"*I'm sorry!! I didn't know!! I didn't know!!*"

"*Joan!! JOOAAANNN!!! I'm-- MMMGH!!! I'm gonna...kill you!! If I don't--*"

FSSSHHHHH

GUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!!

"*MMNNGHHH!!!!!! Aahhh if I don't...p-pop...!!! I'm gonna...kill you!!!*"

Agatha's voice came slow and ragged. Pleasure stole every other syllable. It was all she could do to stay sane as her body screamed with heightened sensitivity.

Crrnnch!!!

"*NNGHH!!! Ohhhh too big!! TOO BIG!! There's--*"

CRNNNCHH!!!!

Tables and chairs smashed under her ass as it ballooned into the rest of the house. A wall collided with her cheeks, forcing her legs upward. The backs of her thighs pressed against the ceiling.

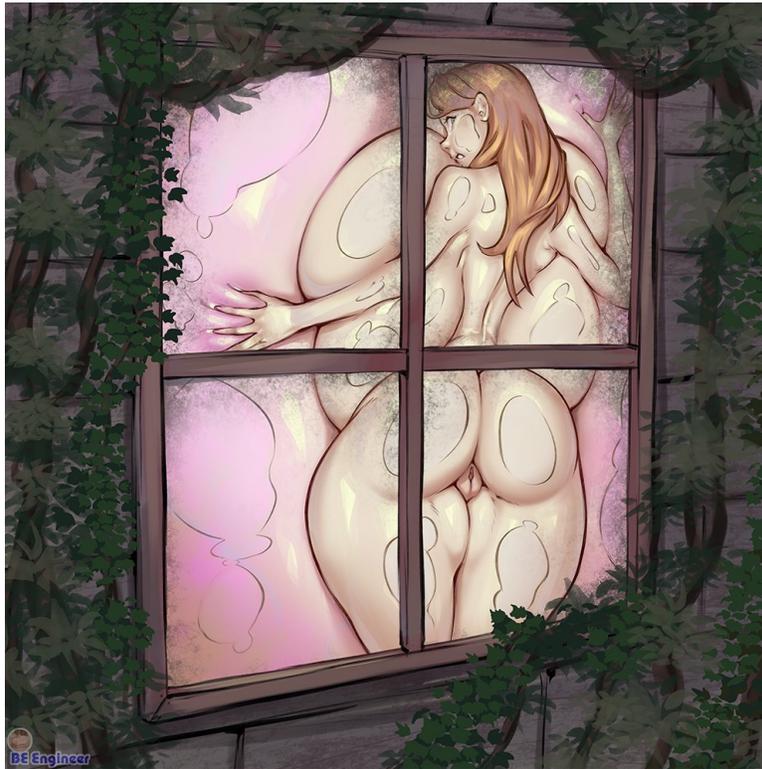
"*THERE'S NO ROOM IN HERRREEE!!!*"

FFFSSSSHHHHH!!!

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

The slime fizzed and hissed louder. Agatha's breasts swelled like balloons taking on hundreds of gallons of foam. Tight and airy, they squeaked against the walls and ceiling. Joan

dared to look and saw a pinkish hue spreading over her sister's skin as the swirling slime within became visible.



“Oohhh I can’t hold it! OOHFFF GOD I CAN’T HOLD IIIIT!!” Agatha’s breaths became short and high. Somewhere she felt her nipples stretch into domes tight enough to pull her pink creases smooth. The ceiling pushed her boulder-sized nipples back into her chest like corks.

“HAAHHHH THE PRESSUUURE!! I--”

FSSSHHHH!!!!!!

RRMMMBBLLLLL!!!

Joan tensed, her own chest being squeezed between her and Agatha.

“I CAN’T KEEP IT ALL-- I’M-- I FEEL LIKE-- LIKE I’M GONNA--”

Agatha felt her pussy bulge forth. Pink folds swelled like a dam ready to burst between her thighs. A wall cracked like a stale cookie. Against her mammaries, the ceiling started to bow upward and throw their room into chaos.

RRRMMMBBLLLLLLL!!!

“AAHHHHH I’M-- I’M GONNA--” Agatha clenched as her body refused to stretch any larger. She felt her clit push out from her folds as an engorged pink button as a final warning.

“I’M GONNA COOOOOO--”

SPLOOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!

A tremendous roar filled the air when the expanding slime erupted. In a set of triple geysers, Agatha’s body released its foamy contents in a flood of frothy pink. It filled the room

until the windows shattered and it poured into the street beyond. A plume of rose could be seen by the whole town when it blew out of their chimney and came crashing down to shower the surrounding houses.

“AAAHHHH!!!! OOOHHH GOOOOOOOOD!!!!” Agatha screamed in ultimate release. Her body was not her own as it endured the eruption.

She wasn't certain when it had stopped, she only knew when the orgasms ceased their assault. Swollen chest heaving with leftover slime, she opened her eyes to see the house's interior painted with dripping pink froth.

Joan sat up beside her. A pair of breasts still heavy with intact slime filled her lap. Eyes blinked through a curtain of foam covering her head to toe. A hand settled nervously on her bust. “U-Uh oh...” she whimpered, seeing the mess. “H...How are we going to clean all this?!”

“You...” Agatha moaned and held her aching breasts. They buried half her torso. She glared from beneath them. “You better start working. Because once I manage to get up...you are...SO dead.”

