

FUN WITH SLIDERS

Daniel's gaming setup was more than just a comfy couch and big screen TV, it was his temporary temple, transporting him away from the troubles of the day. The wall glowed with LED strip backlighting, pulsing softly in a cycle of electric blues, purples, and neon reds that shifted in rhythm with whatever was happening on screen. Stretched low and wide, his entertainment center contained shelving and cubbies that were equal parts museum and collectible showcase.

Tonight was launch night for *Eclipse Realms Online*. The game that promised the kind of immersion that made headlines, especially for those lucky to have neural-feedback touchpads and haptic gear. Even more impressive, however, was the proposed depth of character creation, allowing you to change *everything* from head to toe, as if you were a deity shaping a follower from scratch. For someone like Daniel, late twenties, introverted, self-professed RPG nut, it almost felt like Christmas.

As the title screen faded to a sleek, mystical UI, Daniel cracked his knuckles and leaned forward. He scrolled past the default templates, orc warlords, busty vampire hunters, cyber-paladins, and opened the "Create Custom Hero" option. The screen flooded with an endless sea of potential, more sliders than anyone could possibly know what to do with, but he was more than determined to give it a try.

"Holy hell..." Daniel whispered. "This is... just wow. This even puts Black Desert Online and inZOI to shame."

Normally, he'd start crafting his dream character, some curvy vixen with anime eyes and a snarky voice, but tonight, something tugged at him, a warmth in his chest, a flicker of affection. His mind wandered to his partner, Valerie.

Throughout their marriage, Valerie had put up with his all-nighters and lore rants. She baked his favorite muffins on raid days. Showered him with kisses when she wanted his full attention. She was in the other room at the moment, humming as she sorted the laundry.

Daniel smiled to himself. *Let's see how close I can get.* Getting to work, he started with her warm, golden skin, always with that little freckle under her left eye. Hazel eyes with flecks of amber, tilted just slightly at the corners, framed by thick lashes. Her lips, soft and expressive, with a natural pout that made him weak whenever she chewed on them while reading.

Slider after slider moved beneath Daniel's fingertips. Cheekbone elevation, nose slope, jaw softness. He even adjusted the **Smile Responsiveness** to match the gentle, slightly lopsided way she smiled at him when he said something corny.

Daniel crafted her hair nearly strand by strand, mimicking the way her locks always curled just enough to look like she had tried, when in fact she would just let it air dry. The avatar stood

before him now, dressed in a placeholder tunic, shifting slightly on its feet with her exact body language.

“Val,” Daniel said softly. “Look at you.”

Leaning back in his chair, Daniel was proud of his handiwork. It was *her*.

In the laundry room, Valerie tugged warm sheets from the dryer, her voice humming along with the drone of machines. She paused for a moment, brushing a strand of hair from her face as a strange tingle rippled down her spine. Like a shiver of déjà vu, but balmy. Her fingers lingered at her collarbone as the room suddenly felt a few degrees warmer.

Daniel hovered over the **Finalize** button, but curiosity stirred. The **Advanced Body Morphology** tab called to him like a siren’s song. Without thinking, he pressed the button and froze. The sheer volume of sliders was overwhelming, breast fullness, nipple elasticity, areola warmth response, lip plumpness, waist-to-hip fluidity, thigh squeeze coefficient, dozens of sultry sliders no game had ever dared include.

Lips curled into a guilty grin as Daniel hovered over the **Breast Fullness** slider. “Well... I mean, it’s not like she’d mind.”

Testing the setting, Daniel only bumped it up a notch. The avatar’s chest swelled modestly, rising into a fuller curve that pressed against the thin silk tunic. He switched the **Enhanced Physics** toggle, and watched as the avatar’s breasts bounced gently with a soft jiggle, responding to subtle environmental movements.

Back in the laundry room, Valeria gasped, her hands darting to her chest. Her bra tightened without warning. No, it wasn’t just tight, it stretched. Her breasts felt heavier, fuller, her nipples stiffening against the cups, rubbing slightly with each breath. A flush crept into her cheeks.

Valerie straightened slowly, pressing her thighs together. “What the...”

Daniel adjusted the thighs next, thickening them slightly. The inner lines of her avatar’s legs grew softer, more pronounced, pressing together with a sensual curve that made him adjust in his seat.

Valerie dropped a dryer sheet, turned to pick it up, and froze mid-bend. Her leggings now clung tighter than they had minutes ago, like the fabric had shrunk, or her body had changed. She stood and looked down, her fingers brushing over the fabric. Her thighs touched, hips swinging slightly as she shifted her stance.

“Did i... put on weight?” she whispered, but her voice lacked conviction. It wasn’t *bad*. If anything, it felt oddly *pleasant*, tingling.

Daniel moved the **Ass Bounce Damping** slider to the left and maxed out **Softness / Rebound**. Then he tweaked the curve parameter until the avatar's rear jutted out like a well-rounded peach wrapped in velvet.

The **View Idle Animation** button was tapped, resulting in a subtle stretch from the character, pushing her hips to the side.

"Mother of *god*..." Daniel breathed.

Across the apartment, Valerie's hand flew to her backside. Her fingers sank into new, pliant softness, a sweeter swell than it had been that morning. The sensation sent an electric pulse through her, heat crawling from her hips to her chest. Her breath hitched. Something was *changing* and it felt *amazing*.

Valerie stood in the middle of the laundry room, arms folded under her breasts, which now rested heavier in her palms than they had just minutes ago. Her hoodie clung to her chest, fabric stretched taut across rounded curves that felt foreign, yet familiar. She blinked slowly, lips parted, her breath shallow.

The air felt charged, like static had crept into Valerie's clothes, her skin, her spine. She touched her cheek, skin feeling *heated*. Her body felt softer, as though she had just finished a facial, glowy and plump. She flicked her tongue across her lips, feeling that they were definitely fuller, almost swollen. A soft gasp escaped her.

Sinking into the cushions, Daniel was chewing his lip in boyish amusement, playing with the sliders like a kid left alone in a toy store. He hadn't even noticed how hard he was getting, too engrossed in the action onscreen. He adjusted the **Lip Volume** slider, gave the **Voice Tone** a huskier setting, and deepened the **Idle Breathing** to add a subtle signing sound to the avatar.

Valerie moaned. It wasn't intentional. It slid from her throat like honey, breathy and throbbing with confused pleasure. Her thighs rubbed together to try and quell the aching heat that was bubbling up. Something inside her stirred, deep, low, *insistent*.

"W-what the hell is going on?" Valerie murmured, though her hand was now teasing her hip, marveling at the exaggerated curve that hadn't existed when she had dressed. A tickling sensation teased her thighs as she walked back toward the mirror above the hallway console. Each step felt *different*.

Valerie's thighs continued their delicious friction. Her leggings now hugged her body like a second skin, supple flesh spilling over the top, the fabric visibly straining against the round, plush shape of her ass. The sight of it stole the breath from her lungs.

"Daniel?" Valerie called out, her voice a melodic echo, just slightly lower, richer.

Daniel didn't answer. He was still watching the digital Valerie on screen, now dialing the **Sensitivity** slider to max, followed by a slight change to the **Erogenous Nerve Mapping**. Her character's face blushed red on screen, eyes closing as she let out a soft, pleased exhale.

In real life, Valerie's knees buckled. She braced herself against the door frame with a trembling hand. Her whole body buzzed, no, *throbbed*, like her skin was an antenna for pleasure. Every brush of her hoodie's fabric across her erect nipples sent goosebumps racing down her arms. Her panties were soaked, clinging to her slick folds.

This can't be happening, she thought. *I didn't take any edibles, so why do I feel like this? Am I really changing?*

Valerie's other hand crept under her hoodie, fingertips grazing the underside of her swollen breasts. She shivered, skin hyper-sensitive, like every pore had bloomed to full awareness. It was a surreal and salacious experience.

The **Nipple Reactivity** slider was the next change, the avatar letting out a soft, helpless cry, only for Daniel to hear a muffled echo of the same sound coming from the hallway. Daniel's eyes widened. "Valerie?"

Valerie was biting her lip now, head resting against the wall, chest rising and falling as she slid a hand down the curve of her waist. Her fingers trailed under the band of her leggings, finding slick heat and swollen flesh. The second her fingertip grazed her clit, a jolt of *electricity* arched through her. She gasped his name, loud enough to be heard clearly this time.

Daniel dropped his controller. He stood slowly, the realization creeping over him like the inexorable pull of gravity, pulling his attention towards his partner.

No. Way.

Rounding the corner, Daniel spotted Valerie. She stood with one leg cocked, hoodie pushed up to reveal the soft swell of her belly. Her hand buried in her leggings, her face flushed and glistening with sweat and need.

Valerie looked up, dazed, panting. "*Fuck... why can't I stop?*" she whimpered. "It feels so *good*, Danny..."

Awestruck, Daniel stepped closer. "Babe... I think... I think it's the game. The character-"

Valerie choked as another ripple of pleasure surged through her. "You... *you were playing with me? You made me like this?*"

"I didn't mean to. I was just... I was building you. I was trying to recreate *your beauty*, but then I started tweaking things and-" But he was cut off again.

“Then don’t stop,” she moaned, curving her back in a way that pressed more of herself toward him, “*Please*, don’t stop.”

The soft thud of her footfalls traveled down the hallway, slow and sensual, hips swaying more dramatically with every step as Valerie followed Daniel into the living room. Her hoodie was bunched around her waist now, while her leggings looked painted on, clinging to curves that hadn’t existed even thirty minutes ago. She paused when she saw the screen.

Valerie’s character stood idle on a glowing dais in a magical realm, gently swaying, her impossibly plump thighs brushing with every subtle breath. Every feature mirrored hers, with incredible accuracy. Her eyes locked with Daniel’s as he flopped onto the couch, wireless controller in hand, the screen lighting his blushing face.

“So,” she cooed, teeth nibbling at her lip, “what else does your game let you do to me?”

Daniel swallowed hard, heart hammering. “A... a lot.”

Stepping forward, Valerie straddled Daniel’s lap, her weight delicious, plush, and soft in all the right places. Her breasts now pushed heavily against his chest, and even sitting, her hips overflowed around his thighs. She leaned in, brushing her lips along the shell of his ear.

“Then do it,” Valerie pleaded. “Take it *further*...”

Daniel stared for a moment, head tilted. “You sure?”

Licking Daniel’s neck, she pulled back into a devilish grin. “If it feels *anything* like before then I absolutely want more. Make me too hot to move, too sexy to think straight.”

Daniel didn’t need to be told twice. With one hand gripping Valerie’s thigh, Daniel thumbed through the sliders until he found **Bust Size**. He gave it a slight increase, purposely toying with her to start things off.

Back arching, Valerie gasped as her breasts surged outward. They bounced once, settling with a thick, natural wobble as she moaned into Daniel’s neck. He pushed again, this time holding the analog stick.

Valerie’s chest ballooned, flesh pouring outward, nipples hard and huge beneath the thin fabric of her sports bra, now hopelessly outmatched. Her breathing turned quick, frantic, lips trembling as she clutched Daniel’s shoulders.

“O-oh *fuck*, they’re *heavy*...” Valerie panted, watching them rise like dough. Her areolae now peeked out over the edge, swollen and dark, her nipples visibly pulsing with arousal. Then, *snap*, as her hoodie gave first.

The zipper audibly *strained*, then popped open an inch at a time, with a series of sharp *clicks*, metal teeth tugged apart by the relentless expanse of Valerie's breasts. Her breath came faster, watching the fabric peel back in time with her growth. Each wobble of her enlarging chest caused another stitch to split. The hood bunched uselessly behind her neck, sleeves tugging as the shoulder seams groaned.

I still can't believe this is real, Valerie thought, eyes wide, *I'm getting too big for my own clothes, and it feels amazing*.

The final seam over Valerie's sternum tore with a satisfying *rippp*, her breasts bursting free, barely held in place now by the trembling stretch of her sports bra. Her hoodie fell away completely, crumpling around her arms like torn gift wrap.

Cold air kissed Valerie's skin, making her nipples even harder. She whined, half embarrassment, half raw desire, but it didn't stop there. The sports bra held a second longer, just long enough to *hope*.

Valerie felt the band dig deep under her chest, riding up, compressing, trying and failing to contain the sudden influx of mass. Her breasts surged outward once more before the fabric finally gave up.

SNAP.

The elastic exploded at the back with a muffled *pop*, and then everything tore forward in a smooth, slow motion, like a curtain being yanked aside. Her bountiful breasts spilled free with a *bounce* and *jiggle* so intense it made her lightheaded. The ruined bra hung from one strap for a moment, then dropped away entirely.

Valerie moaned, the feeling was intoxicating, her breasts finally unrestricted and massive, glorious, heavy with heat and sensitivity. They jostled with every breath, nipples slick and wet with arousal, droplets rolling down the considerable swell, and yet they continue to grow. What had begun as a mischievous tweak of the slider was now spiraling into something deliriously overwhelming.

Bubbling outward with each breath, Valerie's tits were already bigger than Daniel's head, and they *kept growing*. Her skin was soft and warm but *taut*, like overfilled balloons made of pure pleasure. They began to press against him, first just grazing, then *pushing*, squishing into his shoulders and collarbone. Daniel blinked, leaning back slightly as the twin orbs of flesh started to creep around the sides of his neck.

"V-Val!" Daniel was about to have a deep-seated fantasy come true *and* meet his maker, all in the same instance. "Your breasts are-"

"I *know*," Valerie squeezed out between a throaty groan, eyes fluttering. "I can feel it. Every inch. Every stretch. It's *incredible*."

Valerie's voice was dripping with lust, thick with anticipation. Her boobs were rising so high and spilling so wide that they pressed together in the middle and formed a deep, pillowy canyon. The couch creak, her bosom weighing nearly as much as she did now, and she *felt* it, heavy, satisfying, dominating/

Daniel was being overtaken. Valerie's flesh enveloped his chest, then his shoulders, *creeping up toward his jaw*, the soft pliant weight threatening to smother him in plush sweat-slicked heat. Just before her bust could swallow him whole, she *giggled*.

In one smooth motion, Valerie slid off Daniel's lap, landing beside him with a bounce that shook her enormous breasts like gelatinous domes. They wobbled wildly together as she tried to cradle them with both arms, gasping as her fingertips *sank deep* into the endless softness.

"Holy *shit*," Valerie laughed, cheeks warm, eyes wide with arousal. "Daniel... look at me."

Daniel did. There was no way he couldn't, given how much space Valerie's chest was now taking up. They rested in her lap like twin beanbags, each one nearly as big as her entire torso, slightly larger even. They swelled and shifted with every tiny movement, the heat radiating from her chest making the air around them feel charged, electric.

"Still good?" Daniel inquired, as turned on by his partner's form as he was worried for her safety.

Valerie giggled breathlessly. "More!"

The words lingered in the air, Daniel doubting whether he really heard them or not. She was already pinned to the couch by her own heft, how could she possibly want more? Rather than deny the love of his life her request, he adjusted **Ass Size** next.

Valerie let out a low, hungry grunt as her hips stretched wide beneath her, ass cheeks beginning to inflate with warmth and weight. Her flesh expanded outward, swelling with salacious slowness. What had once been a shapely backside became something women paid surgeons fortunes for, thick, plump, eye-grabbing. The fun didn't stop there.

Leggings *groaned* in protest as each cheek surged in volume, rotund and high, the kind of ass that made strangers bite their knuckles in public. The stretchy fabric of her pants clung desperately, pulled tighter across the billowing mass of her expanding rear. The couch creaked beneath her, then *groaned*.

The frame *shuddered*, wood and metal fighting for dear life to accommodate the combined weight of Valerie's monumental breasts and rapidly growing ass. The entire cushion beneath

her bowed visibly. Her ass spilled outward in all directions, twin mounds of jiggling flesh that quaked with even the slightest shift. Still, she grew.

“Daniel...” Valerie whimpered, inhaling and exhaling rapidly, “my... my ass is- *ahhh!*”

Seams *screamed* along the curve of Valerie’s cheeks, thin lines of white straining over bulging, trembling flesh. The waistband rode higher, now lost between her bosom and the swell of her hips, wedged beneath her belly and into the deep, greedy split of her ass.

Valerie’s soaked panties were *gone*, visibly devoured between her thick, swollen cheeks, wedged hard against her glistening pussy, the thin material cutting into her swollen lips and vanishing deeper into the wet canyon between her ass cheeks. She held her breath in anticipation.

RIPPPP.

The leggings split down the middle, the fabric tearing like paper between Valerie’s thighs. It unraveled like peeling latex, flinging open across her hips and around her waist. Strips of it popped off and slid down her legs in defeated tatters.

Valerie’s panties snapped next, right at the waistband, torn apart by the unrelenting flesh and the sheer wetness coating them from the inside. Valerie moaned, tipping her head back. She was completely naked now, both her breasts and bottom rivaling one another, her essence rolling freely down the inside of her thighs, collecting in little puddles between her legs and the dented couch.

The destruction went unnoticed by Valerie, her brain swimming in dopamine-soaked euphoria, every nerve ending singing the sweetest symphony of sin. She *loved* it, *loved* the mass of her body, the soft jiggle of her breasts, the deep, hot weight of her ass pressing against the couch and threatening to crush it beneath her.

Valerie’s fingers trailed over the curves of her belly, down the slope of her inner thigh, and back up to the underside of her breasts. She giggled, wild, breathless.

“I can barely move,” Valerie purred, voice slurred from bliss. “I think I’m stuck. I’m so big and so *wet*, and I can’t... I can’t even pleasure myself.”

Valerie looked over at Daniel, eyelids fluttering. “*What are you gonna do about it, baby?*”

As much as Daniel loved gaming, he loved his partner more, loved *pleasing* her more. The choice was obvious. As he went to the exit game, he was met with a dialogue box that asked if he wanted to save the current **Body State** before leaving. Daniel and Valerie exchanged a knowing glance, as he confirmed the choice.