

Filling the Vessel

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

An air of unease breathed down through the trees as a lone shrine maiden made her way up a winding path up the hill. Storm clouds brooded overhead, turned a mottled auburn by the setting sun. It was obvious that the path hadn't seen regular use in some time. Fallen branches and weeds threatened to trip the young maiden on her way, but a prong-tipped staff helped keep her footing.

Clad in white and red robes and thigh-high stockings, the shrine maiden shivered against the wind as it tossed her dark, jaw-length hair. Slits in her robe left her legs exposed and her stockings did little to keep them warm.

A small clearing opened before her to reveal a small, run-down homestead surrounded by trees near the top of the hill. The place was clearly abandoned with numerous patches of rotted wood, boarded windows, and missing ceramic shingles.

"This looks like the place," Otome said to herself. Breathing a sigh of relief at finding shelter before the storm could hit.

The local villagers had recently reported sightings of ghostly figures inside. Most seemed to believe that they were the spirits of the elderly couple who had passed away there several winters ago. With how dilapidated the place looked, she could easily believe that it could be haunted.

A rumble of thunder hastened Otome's pace. Even a haunted house seemed better than getting caught in a storm at that moment. Besides, dealing with ghosts was what she had come there to do. The temple elders had sent her out there to cleanse the old home as her very first solo assignment. Up until then, Otome had only ever worked under the supervision of a mentor. That fact was not lost on her and she found herself having to gulp down her anxiety the closer she got to the house.

Hesitating at the door, Otome gingerly slid it open and peeked inside. "H-Hello? I-Is anyone in there?"

Silence answered back. An impatient thunderclap startled Otome through the door. "YEEP!"

A musky scent of age and mold greeted Otome. Despite its outward appearance, the old homestead wasn't in too terrible condition inside. All she could see in the dimming light creeping through the slats in the boarded windows were a few pieces of modest, dust-covered furniture and lots of cobwebs. The pitter-patter of raindrops on the roof told her that she had gotten inside just in the nick of time.

With the wind picking up outside, she closed the door before any more dust could be kicked up. Taking a minute to look around and poke her head into the other rooms, she confirmed that there was no one else around. At least, no one earthly.

As the sun set and the clouds darkened, so too did the homestead. Before she could find herself in complete darkness, Otome lit a candle and set it on a low table in the middle of the main room. Its light didn't extend very far, but it was better than sitting in the dark.

"Well, I guess I'd better get started," said Otome, her nervousness still bubbling up inside. She straightened her hair and robes before taking a deep breath to relax. Dust caught in her throat and ambushed her with a coughing fit.

"Ugghh," she groaned after clearing her throat. "Great way to call the spirits, Otome. If the others had been here, they'd surely be laughing," she grumbled sarcastically to herself, now both nervous *and* embarrassed.

"Okay, let's try this again. It's just like every other time you've done this," Otome reassured herself and closed her eyes. "...Except you're alone this time. No problem."

Tuning out the howling wind and the pattering of rain, Otome was eventually able to clear her mind and center herself. Next, she began to extend her focus outward to open herself to whatever presence may have been there. She couldn't seem to detect anything, but her spirit senses weren't quite as developed as those of her mentors. So, that didn't necessarily mean that there wasn't anything there.

Taking a small metal baton in one hand and holding her staff with the other, Otome struck the metal fork on the end of her staff once. The wooden shaft vibrated in her hand and let out a dull hum. She firmly pressed the end of the staff against the wooden floor like a tuning fork and the entire room began to vibrate and amplify that hum. Dust shook from the rafters and sent flickers through the candlelight as the air itself seemed to quiver.

When the vibrations gradually ceased, Otome opened her eyes and spoke in a steady voice. "Come to me, lost spirits. Show yourselves."

Again, she stuck her staff and filled the room with that low hum. Ordinarily, those vibrations would cause almost any ghost or spirit to stir, but nothing seemed to appear this time. Letting the sound fade away, Otome tried to reach out with her senses and find a sign of spiritual activity. Oddly enough, she felt nothing.

"Hm, not even so much as a whisper," Otome puzzled. Even her fledgling senses should have detected something by then. "Maybe this place isn't haunted after all."

A subtle movement drew her attention to a far corner. It was more of a shifting of shadows, too far off from the candlelight to make out clearly. After a few moments, it took on the vague shape of a human.

“Oh, there you are!” A spike of anxiety shot through her heart for just a moment. Apparitions seldom ever bothered her, but something about this one didn’t feel quite right. Perhaps it was simply because she was on her own for once? Muscling through it, she called out to the spirit. “Come to me. I mean you no harm. I am here to help you find peace.”

The ghostly shadow stayed in its corner. Its form did not solidify any further and appeared almost hazy in the darkness. Not seeing any changes, Otome struck her staff again. There was an immediate reaction as the shadow flinched and rippled. Much to Otome’s surprise, it began to fade. She quickly grabbed the prongs of her staff, instantly ceasing the vibrations. As soon as it stopped, the shadow calmed.

“How odd. I’ve never seen a spirit act like that before,” Otome quietly said to herself. “This staff is supposed to draw out spirits, not ward them away. I wonder why this one is different.”

Seeing that the apparition wasn’t coming out of its corner, Otome cleared her mind and called out to it again, extending her spiritual energy out to it invitingly. “It’s all right. I didn’t mean to frighten you. Please come out, I’m only here to help you.”

Timidly, the shadow crept out of the corner towards Otome. It wavered and stopped just beyond the candlelight’s reach. Otome’s eyes still couldn’t make out a clear shape in the darkness, almost as if it weren’t fully formed. For some reason, a twinge of fear still tugged at her and she couldn’t place why.

“That’s it! Come to me! Let me be your vessel so that I may carry you to the peace you deserve!” Otome spread her arms out wide and focused her energy to project an inviting aura towards the shadow. “Fill me!”

A warbly whisper came from the shadow, “*Fiiilll...*”

That voice sent a chill down Otome’s spine and her aura faltered. The shadow crept closer, finally braving the light.

It suddenly dawned on Otome why this entity unnerved her so much. She couldn’t sense it at all. Never before had she encountered a spirit that she couldn’t sense, even if only faintly. That meant that this was either something unknown, or...

“You’re no spirit...” Otome gulped fearfully.

Like a curtain, the darkness parted to reveal a roughly humanoid shaped translucent, blue creature that shimmered wetly in the candlelight. A dopey, cartoonish face stared at Otome with about all the intelligence of a brick. Simple, pseudopod arms without hands reached out for her. “*Fill!*”

"You're a slime!" Otome gasped, dropping the metal baton. She stumbled backwards but the slime was already on her and grabbed her, its arms wrapping like tentacles around hers. *"W-Wait! I-I can't carry slimes! Ooh!"*

Otome gasped again when she felt more slimy tendrils wrap around her waist and soak through her robes. Icy slime gave her goosebumps and made her nipples harden. *"O-OOH! C-Cold!"*

"FILL!!" the slime was insistent.

"Let go of me!" Otome struggled against the slime's curling tentacles, but to no avail.

"EEEK!" Otome squealed when she felt the chilling touch of a tentacle wrap around her butt. Another slime tentacle curled up towards her mouth. She yanked her head away from it and felt it smear slime across her cheek as it narrowly missed its mark.

She had misjudged the situation entirely and should have spent some time scouting the place before just assuming what she was walking into. Now she was stuck having to deal with something she wasn't qualified to handle. Regardless, she came there to remove whatever was lingering there. So, she may as well do her duty.

Otome inhaled sharply and focused her energy on her preferred entry points and projected her inviting aura again. Her nipples and groin warmed up considerably. Lucky for her, the slime caught on and zeroed in on those points. She struggled to stifle a moan as chilly tendrils oozed through her robes to latch on and began pumping slime into her.

As a Spirit Vessel, Otome's role amongst the shrine maidens was to draw wayward spirits into her body and carry them back to a shrine to be put to rest. She was quite accustomed to having an entity fill her body like this. However, taking on a physical being such as a slime was an altogether different experience. There was a palpable mass to what was filling her and she could feel it weighing her down little by little whereas spirits were usually very light and airy.

Cold slime forced its way into her body and pumped up her curves. Otome's supple breasts bloated and pushed out from her chest, filling out her robe. She grunted pleasurably when she felt her boobs swell big enough to press together. Her robe gradually parted open, revealing a line of deepening cleavage as her bosom ballooned.

Down below, slime flowed up through her pussy and spread out to her hips and bottom. Otome's average curves quickly expanded outwards, giving her an increasingly voluptuous hourglass figure. Creamy thighs thickened up and widened, pushing her robe's leg slits open wider and stretching her stockings. Her ass ripened like a peach, growing fatter and rounder by the second.

Keeping up the focus on her nips and loins proved not to be an issue. Otome usually felt some stimulation whenever a spirit filled her, but this was much more intense. Her face blushed and her breathing quickened. This felt better than it had any right to.

“*Ooh!* This feels...this feels different!” Otome moaned pleurably. “I might have to branch out into slime disposal after this!”

Quickly surpassing the size of her head, Otome’s breasts were beginning to overflow her robe like dough when hidden folds in her clothes gradually unfurled. Cleverly designed to contain a Spirit Vessel’s fluctuating curves, her robe extended out further with extra fabric to keep her boobs clothed. The open slits for her legs were there for the same reason and allowed her thighs to thicken up as much as they needed to. Even her stockings were accommodating and had remarkable stretch to them.

The slime creature had diminished noticeably in size, but there were still bucket-loads left still forcing their way into Otome. As more and more of its mass was transferred into the maiden, the tentacles around her arms thinned and receded back into itself. Far more eagerly than she’d expected, her free hand shot to her expanding curves and delighted in squeezing and caressing them, lingering only briefly in one spot or another before exploring somewhere else. They jiggled and sloshed with a liquid weight that entranced her.

“*Mmh!* I feel so...full!” More tentacles vanished into the shrinking slime, freeing her legs. Giggling like a schoolgirl, Otome rocked up on her feet and dropped back down, sending a shockwave through her melon-sized butt cheeks. “And bouncy, too!”

Rocking forward a second time, she giggled and dropped again. The impact sent a small rip down the sides of her stockings. Her thighs bulged over them as they finally ran out of stretch.

“Oh, whoops!” Otome chuckled. “I’m getting a little carried away. This just feels so strangely...good.”

Refraining from touching herself further, Otome tried to push her worldly thoughts away and focus on the task at hand. Regardless, her free hand still yearned to explore her body. It didn’t help that she could feel her robe running out of space for her boobs, even with all the extra cloth. The white and red fabric tightened around her sumptuous armfuls like an embrace, causing her heaving knockers to bubble out like dough.

After a little while longer, the last of the slime finally slid into Otome, leaving her with a pair of pumpkin-sized breasts hanging from her chest and a gargantuan booty to match. If her bust wasn’t covering most of her waist, she would have had the most outlandish hourglass figure she had ever seen.

It was remarkable that her clothes had managed to hold together, if only barely. Her nipples had swollen and threatened to pop out into the open while her areolae were domed with pressure and peeked over the hem of her robe like owl eyes. Meanwhile, her hips extended out past her shoulders and her butt could pass as a seat cushion. Thighs as thick as her waist were pressed firmly together, rubbing pleurably together with even the slightest of movement.

Otome grunted lightly and wavered on her feet. Staying balanced with so much more front and back weight was a challenge. “*Nngh...*I’m...really big,” she stared down at herself in

The floorboards heaved upwards, groaning and cracking as a colossal mass of slime forced its way up from under the house. It oozed between the cracks and reached for Otome with little tendrils.

She stumbled away from the thing and could see more humanoid slimes forming. A drop of slime fell from the ceiling and extinguished the candle, thrusting her into darkness.

“W-wait! I can’t take all of you! There are too many-*ULP!*” A thick tentacle shot straight into her open mouth and down her throat. A loud gurgle rumbled in her stomach as slime was rapidly pumped into it.

More tentacles whipped out and wrapped around Otome before latching onto her nipples and thrusting into her pussy. Stiches immediately began popping as her clothes struggled vainly to contain her ballooning body. Even her belly was blowing up with slime, causing her belt to tighten around her like a serpent.

“*MMPPHH!!*” A muffled scream was all that could escape through Otome’s slime-stuffed mouth. Never before had her body been racked by such intense expansion. To be filled to such extremes so quickly was too stimulating to bear. A hurricane of pleasure raged inside her with enough ferocity to put the storm outside to shame.

Otome’s overwhelming arousal worked against her as she unwittingly projected an almost palpable aura of lust into the room, stirring up the slimes even more. One tentacle after another whipped out to join with the others, each one accelerating her swelling further.

With a loud snap, Otome’s belt exploded off of her ballooning belly followed by her robe ripping straight down the middle. Bloated boobs the size of overstuffed rice sacks flopped down onto her tree trunk thighs. A chorus of tearing cloth sang out as those thighs shredded her stockings down to her calves. Obscured by her massive tits, her belly was fighting to push its way out between them as it blew up larger than any pregnant woman’s.

Smothered moans and cries of pleasure grew loud enough to possibly be heard all the way back at the village. As her ballooning belly emerged from between her gargantuan breasts, Otome grew too front heavy to stay upright anymore. Like a felled tree, she toppled over and landed in a heap on top of her tits and belly, sloshing audibly like an enormous jug. A butt the size of a boulder sloshed back and forth over her, rocking her atop her belly.

A seemingly endless torrent of slime rushed into her body from all directions, blowing her up like a human balloon. Otome’s expanding stomach spread out beneath her and lifted her up higher and higher. Soon, she could feel her feet leaving the floor and found herself suspended atop her own belly. Unbelievably, her breasts had swollen so large that they rested on the floor beneath her and would practically dwarf her in size if not for how big the rest of her was.

Despite how out of control this had gotten, Otome couldn’t help but crave for more. She had lost herself completely to the pleasure, succumbing to the quirks of her own abilities as a Spirit Vessel.

Time seemed to blend together into a blur. Nothing mattered anymore except the need to keep filling herself like a bottomless vessel. In the darkness, Otome couldn't even see how big she was getting. The only indication of that was whenever she felt her breasts or belly overtake some piece of furniture or press against a wall.

Something bumped her butt from above before whatever it began pressing down on it. It soon dawned on her that it was the ceiling. *The ceiling.*

The realization that she had swollen so big that her ass reached the ceiling snapped her out of her reverie enough to finally notice just how firm and taut her skin had become. She was getting full.

She had no idea that a spirit vessel could even get full. Just how much slime was in her? How much was left? There couldn't possibly be much more, could there?

Shifting her arms, Otome remembered that she had somehow managed to hang onto her staff throughout all of this. She lifted it and accidentally whacked the ceiling, not realizing just how close it really was. The prong staff head hummed quietly and she immediately felt all the slime on her arm recoil away from the staff.

Otome paused for a moment to process what just happened. Did the vibrations from the staff ward it away? She suddenly recalled how that first slime reacted when she struck her staff when it appeared. That had to be it!

Once more, with purpose, Otome slammed the staff's head against the ceiling and let it hum near her face. The slime tentacles that had been force-feeding her all this time rippled and yanked themselves out of her mouth, recoiling back from whence they came.

Throat freed at last, Otome coughed and hacked up residual slime. Despite this, she grinned triumphantly. "Gotcha!"

With those tentacles gone, her belly wasn't swelling quite as fast, but there were still numerous others latched onto her elsewhere. Some now far beyond her reach in her nipples. Time was of the essence, too. Otome's body was growing uncomfortably tight and was beginning to audibly groan with tension.

Thinking fast, Otome slammed her staff against the ceiling as hard as she could and then pressed the end of it against herself. The vibrations hummed through her entire body, rattling her to her core.

The reaction was spectacular. As the vibrations radiated out through her room-filling body, every drop of slime inside her began to violently quake and shift. Her entire body lurched strangely as though it were jostled as the slime scrambled to evade the vibrations, but there was only one way to escape.

Nothing could prepare Otome for the explosion of pleasure when body erupted with slime. Her vision went blank and her mind seemingly vanished. She couldn't even hear her own orgasmic screaming.

The front door and all the boards over the windows were blown free by a tsunami of slime. Fountains of the stuff sprayed out through holes in the roof and the wind carried Otome's animalistic cries all the way down to the village where it actually woke up a few of the villagers.

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Morning sunlight crept over Otome's face, stirring her from her slumber. Warily, she pried her tired eyes open and could see that she was still inside the old abandoned homestead, laying on her face. Groaning, she pushed herself up off the floor and sat up. Her whole body ached but was back to normal and unscathed.

"Uuugh. What happened? Did I win?" Looking around bleary-eyed, there was no sign of any slime and the house seemed cleaner than before. She also saw that she was naked. "Oh my! W-Where are my clothes!?"

She covered herself with her hands and frantically searched around for her clothes. Unfortunately, there didn't seem to be any sign of them in the house. She was just about to give up the search when something caught her eye through one of the windows.

Flapping around in a tree was her robe. Well, what was left of it anyways. The blast had evidently scattered her clothes to the four winds.

Otome let out an annoyed sigh. "Well, at least waking up confused and naked in an old house isn't the most embarrassing thing I've done lately. How on earth am I going to explain this to the elders?"

THE END