

Milara sidled down the dark academy hallway, keeping to the shadows between the moon soaked windows. Her raven-colored hair and black robe blended perfectly in the dark around her. The only break in her camouflage was her the white blouse and her creamy legs under her pleated skirt. The university uniform was hardly tactical. "You aren't even trying! Come on." she whispered behind her while peeking for any witnesses.

Amsuri, her reluctant elf companion, tiptoed just behind. Her pink, poofy hair pierced the darkness even in the low light and she left her robe back in her room, meaning her standard issue blouse caught the moonlight like a beacon. "This is... so much for a grade. Why can't you just, like, pay attention in class?"

"It's a first year class, Ams. Why would I bother when I have conjuration projects *every* week?"

The two crept forward, approaching the door to Professor Trin's office. Milara's eyes, fully adjusted to the dark, made one last look up and down the hallway. The coast was clear.

"I hate to break it to you, hun, but it's like the easiest gen-ed class. You can't be a mage without knowing about monsters." Amsuri barely hushed her words and crossed her arm, but followed all the same.

"Not when I just blow them up." Milara hissed to her elven roommate. "Believe me, it's not going to matter if I know the difference between a dragon and wyvern when I'm the only wizard in town that can level a city block with a wave of the hand and a wink for good measure. I have top marks in conjuration, spatial seeming, and elemental magic. Any wizard coming out of this school would be lucky enough to be *decent* at one of those to make a name for themselves. I've been doing magic since I was *six*. Twenty years and I'm not letting a Monstology class sink my career before I graduate."

Milara huffed and pushed her hair back to center herself.

Amsuri nodded, but her face slacked to a neutral expression, a white flag. "Okay, wizard wonder, if you're so good at everything, why don't you unlock the door to the professor's office?"

Milara stopped in her tracks, turning back to Amsuri with a trying-to-be-polite smile. "Because then I wouldn't be able to watch you work."

Amsuri waved her hand and summoned a small, gleaming wand out of thin air. "You're lucky to have a Trick Mage as a roommate."

"And you're lucky that I can do your runemarking homework. We complete each other." Milara smirked, stepping aside to give Amsuri access to the lock of the office door.

Amsuri crouched down to access the lock. Of course, it was magical, sealed with five different enchantments, two interlocking runes, and a key shaft that curved like a snake with a hole that

constantly rotated. It was a lot. Frankly, it was too much for a simple door to a professor's office, but it wasn't enough for Amsuri. While trick magic isn't a standard major at the university, Amsuri learned from her studies that any lock that was too much trouble to unlock had other ways of being opened.

Amsuri placed her wand in the space between the door and the frame.

*"Erire libet"* she dictated firmly to the door. A flash from her wand jumped from the tip into the sides of the door, encircling its perimeter with a searing light.

CNK CNK PING PING

The hinges of the door fell to the ground on the other side of the door. The door began falling backwards, away from the two wizards.

Quick as lightning, Milara summoned her wand and pointed it to the base of the door. Air pushed out of the way of the floor, pushed out by a magical vacuum. The door was consumed by the bubble. It landed with impact but no vibration and it didn't make a sound despite being a mighty oak door.

Milara sighed. "You could have warned me."

Amsuri blew on her wand like it was a smoking gun. "I keep telling you, trick magic doesn't work if it isn't a surprise."

Milara rolled her eyes and stepped into the office. Amsuri followed.

They were greeted by an endless darkness, no moonlight made it to this office. Milara flicked her wand, summoning a sprite of light at the end. The illumination revealed a sight out of a warehouse. What looked like a small office from the hallway was spatially seamed to extend to a room triple its size. Its walls were lined with metal, runic boxes of various dimensions. There was no sign of a desk, bookshelf, not even a filing cabinet.

Amsuri squinted into the black. "Are you sure her gradebook is in here?"

Milara kept scanning, corner to corner. "I did a trace spell on it. It's in here somewhere." She stepped into the room, peeking around the corner of the metal boxes. "You fix the door in case anyone stops in. I'll start looking."

"But it's heavy..." Amsuri groaned, eyeing the door with a look of disgust.

Milara turned back. "Kinese is a first year class, Ams."

Milara navigated the maze of metal boxes with a discrete haste, trying to scan each small crevice as fast as possible. This proved more difficult than she thought. Moving around each box was a dice roll on what exactly she was in for. Some heated the air around them like the air of an open flame, others were unbelievably rank with some awful odor. Three were sticky and Milara was sure that one was teleporting slightly to the left and right every time she looked at it. It was terrible.

What Milara's scrutiny didn't extend to was the clipboards attached to a door to each box, describing the monster that was held inside. Professor Trin's were by-the-book Monstology parlance. The list included the name of the creature, its other aliases across the world, and a series of symbols. Each symbol supplied, in a very quick and efficient manner, what that monster was capable of, its preferred environment, measures and approaches that counter its natural processes, etc. This was all covered in the first two weeks of the professor's Monstology class. These also happened to be the two weeks that Milara was focused on her pyromancy and accidentally lit her worksheets and syllabus on fire.

Milara kept poking around, debating climbing out of the boxes to get a better vantage point. She stopped when she heard the light tap of footsteps approaching, but relaxed when Amsuri peered around the corner of a box. "Any luck?"

Milara shrugged. "How is this considered organized? I can't find any sign of that gradebook anywhere."

"Maybe your trace spell was off?"

"Nope. It was spot on, it's in here somewhere."

CHNK

The two girls lifted their heads at the noise. It came from the office door.

"*Shit!*" they whispered in unison. Milara shook her wand, whisking away the light she conjured and plunging the two into darkness.

The sound of the door opening echoed off the metal boxes, squeaking on its loose hinges. A jingle of keys rang out.

Milara turned in shock to her partner in crime, panic painted on her face, just in time to see Amsuri mirror her look exactly and disappear. "Wh- hey! Turn me invisible too!" Milara hissed in no general direction.

A voice from nowhere responded. "It doesn't work that way! Surprises, remember?"

Then another voice, this time from the doorway. "I wanted to thank you again for showing me some more specimens, Professor." It chirped. It was instantly familiar to Milara, Jeel Zuma, the half-orc underclassmen. Of course she was trying to score more points with Professor Trin ahead of the exam.

"My pleasure, Jeel. Not many first years show much interest in Monstology." Professor Trin's voice reeked of a smile on her face. The door closed and a magical *woosh* pushed through the air, lighting up the dark room with some of the wall torches. Professor Trin and Jeel's steps began to tap down some of the halls of the metal boxes.

Panic filled Milara's mind. Being caught now meant having to come up with an explanation that wasn't egregious, and as good as she was with magic, there wasn't a spell that made this look good for Milara.

"Don't just stand there!" Amsuri's whisper, closer now, pulled her back to reality.

Milara nodded, looking around to her surroundings. Her immediate thought was to run, using the containers like a maze and wrap around the two. She looked up and down the corridor of boxes and the color drained from her face. It was a deadend, and that meant that she'd have to work her way back toward the two.

Milara skipped on the balls of her feet, skirt bouncing only slightly as she tried to match speed and silence back up the way. She got to the corner and crept her head around it, checking to see if the coast was clear.

It wasn't, Professor Trin and Jeel rounded the corner, locked in a conversation about what type of monsters the class will cover in the next unit. Milara sneered at the sight of Jeel thoughtfully nodding at the professor's response, but she remembered where she was and the panic returned. There was only one way out.

She scoped out the doors to the boxes and skimmed their clipboards. While the more complicated symbols for Monstology reports were complete gibberish to Milara, she figured things would be okay if she skipped the symbols that included a red skull in the top right corner.

Scoping out the boxes, there was the perfect candidate. First; no scary symbols. But the door also had a window to the inside. It was tinted, but could still be used to make sure the coast was clear once Trin and Jeel pass. There was a rune on the lock of the door that Milara recognized, a recurring magical dampener by the looks of it. In a flash, Milara flicked out her wand and pointed at the lock. A jolt of magic was enough to overwhelm it and leave the door unlocked. Milara made a mad dash to the door of the box, pulled it open, and stepped inside, carefully shutting the door behind her.

It was dark. Milara was barely able to make out her hands in front of her in the pitch-black box. She turned to look back at the door. The tinted window barely let any light in, but luckily she

could still see through it. Unfortunately, on top of being terribly dark, it was also cold. She huddled into her robe and fruitlessly rubbed her bare legs together to capture some heat. She could feel the goosebumps form across her body. Her nipples pushed up against her bra, feeling like they were drilling their way through to her blouse. This was a magical chill, she could feel it.

She pulled out her wand. A thermal stasis spell would do the trick. She waved the wand over her.

Nothing happened, she tried again. Nothing, not even so much as a sparkle fell from her magical channel.

Then it hit her... the rune on the lock must have been directed *into* the box too. That's why it went away with no problem from the outside. Now it must have rematerialized once the door was closed again. Her shivering hand made it to her face for a smack to mean "you should have known better."

She shook in the cold, dark room, thinking back to whatever memory could muster about these boxes and Monstology class.

During the first few classes, she remembered that Professor Trin had taken the class into an enclosure that she brought into the lecture hall. It was for Malnesian Slugs and *really* boring, but she remembered that Trin had a little shelf near the door full of fruit, bait for the Slugs to get them out of their hovel.

Milara searched the walls near the door and found a similar shelf, but this one was lined with candles, but not just any candles. She smiled and reachout out for one, grasping and pulling it off the shelf. Immediately, the top of the candle lit up, as if by command, and lit up the immediate area around Milara. It also flooded the space with a comforting warmth usually reserved for hot cocoa or a warm sunbeam. This was a Mephistal Candle. Thankfully the magical dampening effect didn't apply to it somehow.

The glow of the candle pierced the darkness in a perfect sphere, allowing Milara to see what was actually inside this box and what environment was being replicated that was so cold. The light revealed a cave's terrain, stalagmites poking out from a gaping expanse that didn't seem to end; another seamed space. The dancing flame of the dance caused the shadows to shimmer, but it was empty. Milara looked as far into the dark as she could with her new candle, but couldn't spot anything that looked like a monster. In the silence, all she could hear was the murmur of Trin and Jeel talking just outside the box.

Milara turned back to the door to spy on the two, who were now coming up on the door to the crate she was hiding in. Milara ducked down, getting close to the door to hear the two.

“Oh, are these the *Amorphos Foderlimus* you mentioned.” Jeel’s voice hummed through the door. Milara rolled her eyes, she could have just said it’s regular name and left latin to the spellcasting.

“The very same.” said the professor. “They’ll be one of the species we look at when we discuss how important it is to understand what environments monster’s seek out.”

Milara eavesdropped intently, hoping to leap out of the enclosure as soon as the conversation moved elsewhere.

Suddenly, a cold feeling settled near Milara’s ankle. The sensation stuck out from the comfortable warmth of the candle’s aura and sent a chill up her spine. She looked down to her feet, flipping her robe out of the way.

A green bubble of ooze, barely larger than a basketball and almost as spherical, was clinging to her leg, slowly climbing it like a snail. Milara wanted to squeal, but put her hands over her own mouth in time. If she could hear Trin and Jeel, then they could hear her if she was loud enough.

As proof of this, Professor Trin’s voice came through the door of the box. “This species, for instance, lays dormant when in the cold, but are naturally drawn to the steam vents they normally reside in. They can ‘see’ heat in a sense.”

Milara wasn’t paying much attention to the lesson, instead shaking her leg to try to dislodge the slime from her leg. It was stuck firmly to her skin with some level of suction as it moved up her calf toward her knee. As a defensive measure, Milara pushed the hem of her skirt down with her empty hand and tried to scrape the slime off of her with her other leg.

*SLORP*

Trying to push against the slime only made her other foot push into the slime’s body, completely absorbed into it. Now balancing on one foot, Milara had to lean against the door to stay upright. “Shit.” she whispered.

“It’s their natural environment that most affects their behavior, like how plants will turn towards the sun to grow,” The professor instructed.

As the slime moved up her leg, approaching the front of her lower thigh, the chill of the slime subsided. It too was being passively warmed by the power of the candle.

The slime rose high enough on Milara’s leg that her foot was able to pass completely through, coming to the ground to help her stand once again. Milara pushed off the door and tried to come up with another idea. Without magic, she was going to have to force it off somehow.

“Oh! Interesting” Jeel gasped with nerdy excitement. “So they’re very simple creatures.”

“I’d hesitate to even call them creatures.” Responded the professor. “They have more in common with plants and fungi.”

Milara’s steps away from the door had revealed more of the artificial cave around her. Worried about the slime on her, she hadn’t seen the scores of other slimes appear from the shadows. Now they all glistened in the glow of the candle, numerous but small, none larger than the one that was making its way up her thigh.

Slinking up her leg, the slime made it to the bottom of her skirt. Milara tactically blocked his path to more skin with the skirt itself, but the slime took that chance to latch to her arm and wrap around it completely.

Jeel piped up again from the other side of the door. “Wonderful! It’ll be great to cover something so straightforward next section.” Jeel’s gushing was torture to Milara. Just leave already, she thought.

Milara heard the conversation die down and the two start to take steps away from the box.

By now, the numerous other slimes had made their way to Milara’s feet. While they were all smaller than the first slime, about the size of tennis balls, each made their way up her leg and robes.

Realizing she had stayed still for too long, Milara tried to pull around to get some distance from the horde, but the small slimes traveling from the cave’s floor to her feet and back of her robe acted as an adhesive, locking her in place. Even with Jeel and Trin gone, both of her hands were occupied, one with a candle and the other with a slime. She couldn’t work the handle with either of them, even if she could move.

The other slime traveled up her arm, its size pinning it to her torso. She pulled against it, but it was fruitless, the force of the pull just brought her arm back to being flush with her chest. Milara wanted more than anything to get out of this box and back to where she could cast magic. From there, she could do something about the hordes of slime working their way up her body.

That meant she had to drop the candle.

As quick as she could, Milara let the candle slip from her hands. It fell to the ground beside her, thankfully continuing to stay alight and letting her see the door’s handle.

Her free hand snapped to the door and yanked against it to try to open it. A rune formed over the lock and sent out a quick pulse. Professor Trin’s voice sounded-off inside Milara’s mind. “There are too many *Foderlimus* nearby. Distract them with a candle.”

Locked into a cycle of panic, Milara kept pulling at the handle. She didn't notice that the slime had slowed their climb up her body. The slimes nearing the top of her torso, especially the big one attached to her arm and chest, eventually stopped, while the ones at her feet began to dismount towards the candle she had dropped next to her.

The smaller slimes on the ground, the ones that didn't make it to Milara, rolled towards the flame of the candle, their speed increasing as they approached its warmth, seemingly energized by it.

Milara stepped away from the door, squarely on a smaller slime, but she was distracted, parsing the warning from the magical message from her teacher's rune. "The candle," she murmured to herself, lost in thought. "They follow the candle... they're following its heat..." It clicked, but too late.

The slimes surrounded the candle and one jumped for the open flame. It was extinguished and darkness returned to the cave.

Frazzled by the darkness, Milara was pulled from her line of thinking. "The candle... I have to-"

She noticed that the slime wrapped around her arm and stuck to her torso began to move again, but instead of scaling upward, it began to stretch out and deform its spherical shape. Milara could feel some of its body leak through the buttons of her blouse.

"Nonono, I'm not a steam vent," she whispered, still not fully sure Jeel and Trin were out of earshot. The problem was that she was still feeling warm, likely the lingering magic of the candle. The magic's presence still protected her from the cold of the cave, but she wasn't soothed by the slime's behavior. She tried to leverage her arm, still stuck in the slime, to pull it off of her, but the lack of resistance now caused her arm to fly out from the slime's hold. The slime was left, stuck and weighing on her chest.

She could feel the cooler gels of the slime ride along her skin. Once the slime had felt the skin under her shirt, it began flooding in through the gaps in her buttons, desperate to stay as close to heat as possible. Milara gritted her teeth and tried again to grasp at the creature with both hands, but it wouldn't budge. Its volume on the outside of her shirt lessened as it pancaked over her chest and B-cup black bra. The slight dampness of the slime wet the black material of her bra. Making it show clearly through the thin material of her blouse.

Milara snapped back, the best way out of this was to lure them away with another candle. She twisted toward the shelf, but she couldn't step. She struggled to look down past the slime on her chest, but she could feel the floor-bound slime at her ankles anchoring her in place. She tried to lean toward the shelf, but it was useless.

Now completely in her shirt, the bubble of slime on her chest had blanketed the top of her torso, from her collarbone to the top of her cups, Her shirt had begun to tent outward and upward as



the slime invaded past its buttons. Milara felt the edges of the flowing creature reach past her bra. Then, sensing that the layer resulted in distance from the heat of her body, folded itself underneath her upper cups.

“*Ohh,*”

A breath in the shape of a moan broke Milara’s lips. She covered her mouth to stop the reflex in case anyone could hear her from inside the enclosure, but the sensation of the slime creeping between her breasts was equal parts unnerving and sensual, like an army of tongues were delicately walking their way down her breasts.

That’s when she keyed into more nerves firing from across her body. The slimes closer to the ground had started to scale her again, but this time traveled underneath the hem of her pleated skirt. Each was inching towards a place warming up between her legs.

Their journey to more sensitive regions caused a shiver to run through Milara and an impulsive writhing in her posture. She tried to center herself and calm the feelings of her inner turbulence with controlled breathing, but she couldn’t stop a base reaction from her body.

Her nipples firmed, stiffening in the more open air of the tenting bra thanks to its invader. Just after, the slime wrapped around the budding mounds.

“*Mmng... please...*” is all Milara could put together, suddenly overwhelmed by the sensation. Not swayed, the big slime wrapped fully around both nipples, the sensation driving Milara insane. The subtly wet massages had now evolved into a steady pulse suckling and kneading at the pleasure buttons, causing them to stiffen even more. Now full in the mass of the slime, her nipples grew, puffing out and engorged by the slime’s attention. Her nipples inflamed, firming and hardening like diamonds. Had the slime not acted as a buffer, the beacons would have poked through the material of her bra and shirt with ease.

“*MMM- AHHH*” she moaned, rolling her eyes back at the powerful sensation of something inserting itself into each nipple. Under her shirt, the slime vibrated and turned around them like a top. Milara made the connection through the haze.

“Nonono, *that* definitely isn’t a steam vent eith- *NNNGGG.*”

A squirming pleasure shot through her pussy as the smaller slimes worked their way past her underwear and into her nethers. Milara’s knees buckled and she fell back toward the door. She tried desperately to regain her composure, trying to buck the invaders, but as they spread deepering into her, she couldn’t resist arching her back. Each of the smaller slimes felt like a bead making its way into her.

“Th-that’s enough,” she whimpered, reaching into her shirt to grasp at the bigger slime again. It’s form was now slightly less viscous, so she could claw into it, but the volume seems to flow out of

her hands. Despite less slime being there, her shirt didn't subside and still blocked her vision to her lower half. "Wh-Mmmnng..."

That's when the sensation became clear, the gyrating slime was circling her nipples like it was flowing down a sink. Between the sensations and her confusion, she hasn't seen that, while her shirt was still puffing outward, the slime was diminishing. The space in her shirt was being taken up by growing breasts, the slime's new home. As the slime became more congregated near her chest, her blouse was pulled away from her body, untucking from her skirt and lifting past her flat stomach. Her breasts bloated in pulsing waves as the slime lapped into her over and over, the force pushing them up and over her bra in an avalanche. Contained only from her blouse, the shape of her growing chest was getting clearer and clearer through the straining fabric.

Why was this happening to *her*, she thought. But that's all the thinking she could muster, the warmth of the feeling had overwritten other, more sensible parts of her brain. She places her hands underneath her chest, pushing up on their new weight from outside the blouse. She could feel a new heft in them, no doubt the weight of the slime. The pulse of her heartbeat jolted through her body, but through that sensations, she could feel the soft currents of the slime sloshing within her chest.

POP POP POP

A cascade of buttons show off her blouse as the slime joined immovable flesh. Milara could see bubbling cleavage begin to jut out from her collar and reach for the open air. What remained of her shirt restricted some of the bubbling cleavage, causing some of the tit flesh to bound out of the compress and rising a solid inch over the hem of her shirt. Her breasts had absorbed all the upper slime and assumed a new form the size of bowling balls.

From below, she could hear the faint creak of fabric. She looked down. The top of her skirt, the band near her hips, was stretching outwards. She felt the skirt rise up her thigh, pulled upward by the mass of invaders settling into her lower body as well. She gawked at her morphing body, distending beyond her normal perception of herself. She felt her backside touch up against the metal of the door and turned to look. It was now sticking out behind her a solid foot, rounded well with her new thighs and hips. And still the slimes came, tunneling into her and sending endless shivers across her body. She couldn't help but shudder at the sensation, violently enough to cause her new assets to jiggle.

And jiggle they did. Within her chest and lower half, Milara could feel the slimes squirm, getting situated in her flesh and her warmth. From within, she was all too aware that movement was causing them to slosh around within her now.

By now, all the slimes had found a way into her. The proportions of her body were completely hourglass shaped. Her chest had expanded well outside an ordinary bra's range, settling well into the K-cup range. Her hips were wider than her shoulders, which were even more pronounced since her small waist and maintained its narrowness. Her skirt had fully lifted

beyond her crotch where her white underwear clung tight to her hips. Her blouse was completely jammed full, barely maintaining any level of decency. Indents of her bra could barely be made out from underneath and her nipples had become so engorged that they became the size of thumbs extending out through the thinning fabric of her shirt.

Milara was sensitive everywhere and struggling to keep it together. Dizzy with ecstasy, but now free of any external slime, she clamored against the wall to get to the candles. The weight on her chest dragged her downward, but her butt had made for a steady ballast, even as each tit swayed with every movement.

Milara reached for the shelf of candles, desperately wrapping a hand around the closest one. Its wick lighted in an instant and the area was flooded with heat. She lobbed the candle into the cave, praying.

“Okay...” she panted through gritted teeth. “Look, there’s- *Ahnn...* a candle lit.”

There was no reaction from the slimes within her as the candle burnt from within the enclosure, light glistening off of Milara’s sweat and slime covered skin.

“Come on... I need to get out of here.”

Milara tiptoed toward the candle, hoping that the slimes would be coaxed out if they could sense the candle was close. As she crept closer, she felt some sort of reaction. The beings stuffed into her seem to jiggle in reaction to the stimuli. Her bust subtly justled together, tightening her new cleavage even more and lifting her breasts to gravity defying degrees. Her ass jiggled too, clapping just enough to make a small sound. *PAP PAP PAP.*

The increased activity frazzled Milara, but she knew she had to press forward to see if she could finally coax the invaders out. The activity was raising the sensations of pleasure again and they shuddered through her, prickling across her bloated skin like a current of electricity arcing from her throbbing assets. Even through the intensity, she crept forward toward the candle.

With one final step, she crossed the threshold into the candle's aura. A more cozy warmth lapped over her like a wave and the slimes’s activity doubled instantly, bubbling and twitching more and more. She could feel the heat soak right into her, but it was different this time. The temperature dissipated into her chest and rear.

And before she could react, both began to vibrate with increased activity. The sensation was intoxicating, the sensitive area of her body essentially massaging themselves. She felt a force shudder through her body and the slimes within her. The magical heat now felt like fireworks spreading across her skin.

With renewed force, her chest surged forward in a powerful wave of growth, nearly forcing Milara forward enough to topple her. She staggered closer to the flame.

“Wh- *uuuugggh*”, a deep, guttural moan was the only response as another wave hit her, forcing her bust forward again with staggering power. Each wave had puffed up her breasts significantly, pushing the flesh into the confined space of her shirt. The split-open middle of her shirt, a button graveyard, opened under the pressure, tenting over her spheres just shy of her nipples. The nipples themselves, restrained by the thin white fabric, grew with each pulse as well, pushing their defined shapes through the blouse and into the open air.

The pulses reached her lower half too, increasing the weight of her ass and thighs. Her skirt was now useless in the face of their mammoth size, and each pulse of growth condensed more and more flesh into her panties, spreading the fabric. Another pulse, this time accompanied by a loud *CREAK* as the slack in her panties was eliminated and tears began to form in the seams. With another pulse, the underwear blew open like a bomb, releasing her butt and in a violent explosion that spread the thickness another foot backward. Exposed to the world, her pale cheek glistened with sweat in the light of the candle.

Another pulse bounced right through her chest, finally peeling away at her blouse and revealing both breasts at their new, massive size. Free from the confines of their threaded jail, they each maintained a buoyant, spherical shape, sagging only just to show the weight within them, but the natural sphere of the slimes held true even when they were in Milara. The slime across her body had indulged in the newfound heat, too comfortable in their new home to leave and fill their containers.

“Oh GOD” Milara cried, eyes fully rolled back in the blast of ecstasy. Her body was reaching the limit that the slime could produce. The slimes kept reacting to the magical heat of the candle, even as her flesh stopped growing. A deep gurgle sounded off in the dark enclosure. Ripples formed across the horizons of her bust as Milara’s invaders vibrated underneath her skin. Her nipples immediately reacted to the shifting, engorging even further under the pressure of the new, intense growth. They stuck out, reaching the size of thumbs, twitching in the warm heat of the magical candle.

“MMMMM” Milara’s voice rasped in a low bass as she embraced the feeling within her. The growth slowed across her body, but she could still feel the slime within her reacting to the magical heat. Within her breasts, a deep churning of currents lapped around, causes them to vibrate and tremble. Then, her chest and nipples shook with a violent shudder as both Milara’s wits and her breasts both hit their limit.

“AHHHHhh” Milara’s nerves felt a wave of electricity power through her. The cold of the cave, the heat of the candle, all these feelings were lost to her; there was only the crashing orgasm penetrating her whole body. In time with this release, slime began bubbling from her nipples. Growing in excess in the heat of the magical candle, they could no longer be contained by her budding chest. Milara fell to the ground, her knees landing squarely on the formless, excess slime pooling around her and making a slack, low energy pace toward the candle.

Milara's mass subsided a tad as she regained her senses. Bringing her hands to her chest, she heaved her breasts from below, their size now rivaling medicine balls. The weight of them defied their spherical form, the plasticity of the slime within them helping them keep a semi-perky shape in the face of sheer mass.

Her bubble butt, now on the ground of the cave enclosure, were only slightly smaller than her front, the myriad small slimes distributing themselves across her ass, hips, and thighs. Her skirt hung to her narrow waist, covering only the a pitiful area on top of her rounded rear.

She assessed the additional weight, poking, prodding, and feeling the stiff ooze locked and cozy within her. Back to her senses, she whimpered a small sigh at her predicament.

Then a *CLUNK* of the door behind her opening. "Milara, they're gone." Amsuri said, looking out the door to see if the coast was clear. She entered the enclosure, instinctively grabbing a candle.

"Stop!" Milara shouted, doing her best to bring her hands down to wherever she could protect her decency.

"Why? The slimes are..." Amsuri turned into the enclosure, spotting the curved and bulbous shape silhouetted by the single candle already deep in the cave. It took a semi second for Amsuri to connect the shape as the source of Milara's voice. "...harmless..."