

[[WARNING: this work is intended for audiences 18+ and contains willing MTF transformation, Ass Worship, Expansion of the Breasts, Ass and Thighs and an EXTRA THICC Goddess. If any of this isn't to your tastes, this is your opportunity to leave.]]

“Not much is known of the Ancients of the Golden Age. Legends say they came down to Earth to relieve humanity of their suffering, bringing about peace and prosperity through their ideals and kindness. Their appearance had kickstarted the Golden Age, a wondrous time of human achievement and evolution. Old manuscripts and relics reference their apostates, humans granted with ‘gifts’ from their patrons, but what those gifts are is lost to time. But if you just stop, deep in the heart of nature, and listen to the world around you, the whispers of them still carry through the land, looking for those in need.”

It was a story Ashley had been told hundreds of times by her grandmother, of times long gone and beings beyond the known world. As a child, she'd been enamoured by these stories, hoping that an Ancient would see her and grant a gift of her very own, whatever it may have been. Years passed since, and Ashley had grown, becoming more and more separated from her own body as she matured and becoming cynical to the very idea of the Ancients. A pronounced Adam's apple, a tall physique and a part of her body she quickly grew uncomfortable with had all matured, with no intervention from her beloved stories. She'd grown up as something she could never see herself as: a man. And if the Ancients hadn't answered her plight, could they even have existed?

And yet, here she was, hiking up a mountain on a long-forgotten trail on a wild goose chase after hearing there were whispers in the mountains near her home. Messy red hair, covered in leaves and twigs, laid tangled across her shoulders and back, displaced by the rampant overgrowth. Her gear was scratched and ripped; brambles and thorns embedded into clothing that would surely be discarded when this trip was inevitably a bust.

*“Ugh, you'd think for a trail leading to an Ancient temple it'd be better maintained. Why did I even trust that old coot to begin with?”*

Ashley muttered to herself, cursing her own gullibility and the idea that she could ever get a gift as selfish as what she desired?

*“Why would an Ancient ever grant me anything as ridiculous as-“*

Ashley stopped dead as she crested the peak of the hill she was climbing. The view was stunning, mountainous forests sprawling across the expanse all the way to the horizon. The air was filled with the songs of birds of many varieties, a symphony of chirps and tweets. As she marvelled at the scenery, a breeze whisked by her face, and as it gushed past her, Ashley thought she could hear... words?

“Ple... fi... e...”

“...ease... ind... me...”

This couldn't be real. It *shouldn't* be. Surely there was someone up here with her, whispering away in a bush to wind her up.

“Ash... ley... please...”

Ashley jumped at the sound of her own name. She had never told *anyone* her preferred name, afraid of the prejudice she'd face, and yet whatever was whispering to her had called her by name. In an instant, the wind picked up, seemingly directing her to look upon a valley nestled between two nearby

hills. There, deeply embedded between the oddly round mounds of stone, was what appeared to be an old temple, old and covered in vines.

“...Enter... and find me... please...”

The wind carried on down downhill, as Ashley watched the trees gently sway and part, making a pathway towards the building. Despite her scepticism, she grew curious of the building laid before her. Maybe this was the temple she'd been told of?

*“Well, it's worth a shot at least.”*

Once again, Ashley was trudging along a tangled and overgrown forest trail, now tripping and stumbling over uncleared roots and rocks resting along the path. Her gear was becoming increasingly ragged, snagging and tearing on each little branch and stone that still scattered the parted pathway. Eventually, succumbing to breathlessness and the nagging pain from scrapes and bumps gained through her constant tripping and stumbling, Ashley stopped as she approached a large rocky wall. The pathway had led her straight into it, so clearly there was no going around it. She moved towards a large stone on the side of the path and sat upon it to rest. It felt strangely warm, despite being placed perfectly in the shade of the treeline above. *“Probably another of that voice's party tricks...”* Ashley mused, finding her makeshift seat much comfier than she would have assumed. She took a moment to assess the rocky cliff ahead of her, finding a small ridge barely large enough to fit her, but certainly not with her gear. If she wanted to pass through this way, she had to leave her pack and tools behind. The wind whistled again, this time coming directly from the ridge. The whispers were much clearer this time, as if the voice carrying them was closer.

“You are almost here, but you'll need to leave your belongings behind...”

On cue, some shrubbery at the side of the path moved to reveal an alcove in the wall, plenty large enough to keep her belongings.

“I will keep them safe for you, hidden from prying eyes just as my temple is. Please... find me... soon...”

Ashley simply decided it was best to follow the instructions she was given. She took a moment to eat some rationed food from her pack, treated the cuts and scrapes she'd gained on her way, and removed her jacket and pack, placing her gear inside the alcove. As she stepped back, the plant life moved back into place, perfectly obscuring the ragged hiking gear from view. Thankfully her clothing underneath was relatively unharmed.

“Alright, now to- wait.” Ashley spoke, narrating her thoughts to herself. “My hair's a mess! How am I gonna get through this without getting snagged? Gah, where was that alcove, I'm sure I had a hair tie in there somewhere...”

Before Ashley could even approach where she remembered the hidden alcove to be, a pair of vines descended gently towards her, smoothing her hair back into a neat ponytail before tying their ends around it, detaching their ends to leave her hair tied and clear from her face.

“Well... these certainly beat the ones I brought. Thanks... Whoever you are...”

As she finally approaches the ridge, Ashley feels a warmth emanating from within. Despite seemingly being cleft from the rockface, the inside surface was smooth and warm, almost as if imitating skin. Ashley couldn't help but picture her guilty pleasures, fantasies of women with absurdly huge butts and how they'd smother their partners under them. The mix of attraction and envy towards these unrealistic rumps had been a sticking point in her mind for years. If she was going to reach the temple, and hopefully get her wish from what she could only assume was an ancient, she'd have to resist this crushing cleft of stone. Steeling herself, she finally stepped into the ridge and began to squeeze herself along its restrictive channel.

The sensation was overwhelming. Despite being visibly made of stone, the ridge felt almost alive with warmth and gave to Ashley's movements. It was exactly how Ashley had pictured the sensations in her fantasies, but she persisted, still moving on as every skin-to-stone contact was enticing her to stay within the dark cleft, to be squeezed with warmth across her whole body.

After plenty of effort and mental resistance, Ashley stepped out from the ridge into a clearing, nestled between two huge stone walls, reminiscent of the ones she'd just squeezed through. There, down in the centre of the clearing, was the same temple she'd seen from the hilltop earlier, covered in vines and left abandoned for who knows how long. She must have been the first person to properly see this place in decades, if not *centuries*. Wind circled the clearing, fresh with the smell of uncountable varieties of flowers. This place was practically blooming, and yet it still seemed neglected. The plant life Ashley could see was alive but struggling. Flowers were half-wilted; vines were withered and frail, and nary a bird nor bee could be seen to carry the plants' pollen. This place had been left behind, alone and forgotten. The sight was as awe-inspiring as it was solemn.

Ashley scans the scenery, both absorbing the sights and looking for a way down to the temple. Sighting a dilapidated stone staircase, she begins to descend. The steps are loose, the ancient mortar eroded by uncountable years of decay. Each step down the stairs is more treacherous than the last, leaving Ashley trembling and stumbling as she slowly descends, fighting to keep her balance. Struggling with her balance and tiring from the exertion, Ashley's breath becomes rough and ragged. In her exhaustion, she stumbles more and more, each new step making her lose her posture a little more until, with only a couple steps to go, Ashley steps on a brick that comes loose completely from under her feet. Her ankle twists, rolling over and spraining as she falls to the soil below.

Clutching her ankle as she sits up in the soil to the side of the path, Ashley seethes in pain at the entrance to the temple.

"FUCK!! Stupid *fucking* steps! How do they get so loose when no-one's here?!"

Ashley continues her seething and ranting for a few minutes, releasing all her anger around her into the silent grove. Eventually, her temper subsides, and she checks over her ankle. It's sprained, but not severely injured. She was going to have to keep moving, regardless of her injury.

"Fuck, at least there should be plenty to lean on in there..."

She gently rises, wincing with each step on her injured foot. She was so close, she had to keep going. She *must*, if she wanted this Ancient to grant her own selfish, gratuitous desires. With careful steps, leaning onto any walls that looked like they could hold her weight, Ashley hobbles into the temple.

She stood dumbstruck. The temple had an appearance like no preconception she had held at any point on her journey. Instead of gallant halls left in ruin, there were lounges, interspersed between what must have been lavish gardens, now only barely clinging to life. Each lounge, though abandoned hundreds, if not thousands of years ago, held cushions that looked soft and inviting despite the moss growing through them. They were massive, easily enough for at least four people to lay on. The

gardens, even in their dilapidated state, held plant life Ashley had never seen before, each one connected by a network of vines and roots along the ceiling and floor, through channels carved into the stone floor. But most shockingly, the walls were adorned with various images of women in various positions of coitus, all with humungous hips, and thighs to match. She had to admit, a figure like that, however ridiculous it may have looked as carvings on the walls, was attractive to her.

“D-Did I walk into an old brothel or something?”

The voice returns, a mere whisper carried on a breeze. And yet, the words it spoke were clear as day, no longer needing to be carried miles to be heard.

“This... is my Temple of Fertility. Where you stand now is a lounge for my followers to... ‘enjoy’ their blessings, as well as each other’s company.”

“And the massive asses on these murals? I assume that’s all exaggerated to make them seem more ‘fertile’ or whatever...”

“My child, I can feel your thoughts. Your desires. You wish to be like them, do you not? To be blessed with the bounty I can provide?”

“I... Please don’t snoop into my mind like that...”

“My apologies, my child. I shouldn’t have pried. If you’ll continue, you can find me in the great hall, in the centre of the temple. Please, I would like... no, I *need* your help...”

“...Alright, but only because you’ve already dragged me this far.”

“Thank you, Ashley...”

The whisper fades, and the breeze reverses direction, gently guiding Ashley through the lounges towards a large room, wreathed in vines through yet more channels, that all meet in the centre of the room, where two landmarks lie. The first was a cushioned zone embedded in the floor, akin to the lounges in the previous room, except far larger. The other was a larger-than-life marble statue of a woman with an absolutely *tremendous* rear end. Ashley simply stood stunned, the unreal hips and thighs presented before her far larger than she had ever thought possible. The statue was about 8 feet tall, by Ashley’s estimate, but its hips had to be at least as large in circumference, with similarly massive thighs to prop them up. Even the statue’s breasts were large, but remained just barely in the realm of plausibility, huge but impressively perky. Ashley stared, unable to pick a single detail to settle her eyes on. After only a short moment, she was brought back to reality by an all too uncomfortable sensation.

“Ugh, now isn’t the time for boners...”

“Oh my, having some trouble there?”

The voice had returned once more, but instead of being carried by the wind, it filled the room, its tone warm and inviting.

“O-Oh, uhh, I was just...”

“Don’t worry, you’re not the first to react like this, though I will admit most men go feral at the sight of me. But you’re *not* a man, are you?”

“WHA- I-“

“Hush now, little one. It’s perfectly alright. I have homed many like you before, and I have grown familiar with people like yourself. Trapped in a body that isn’t yours, envying others because they

won the genetic lottery while you were lost at the starting line. Feeling your body change in ways that you could never *truly* reverse.”

Ashley simply stood stunned, listening.

“It saddens me, to see so many souls in pain just because their spirit doesn’t fit their body. So, I did something I never should have. Something that my peers despised me for. I let you in. every carving you saw, every garden tenderly kept, was managed by a woman like yourself, with my blessing to comfort them. This temple is a haven, to protect the land as well as themselves. But Man feared the blessings I gave. They called me a deviant, a *demon*, and went after anyone they thought would seek me out.”

Ashley hobbled over to the lounge bed to sit. The cushions weren’t covered in moss, they had been grown from it, into a pliable and squishy pillow.

“When the follies of Man burned and their empires collapsed atop their heads, this temple remained. But no more children of Man came to us. Slowly, no-one was left to tend to this place, and my link to the world of Man weakens day by day.”

Ashley recalled her own upbringing, of having to hide herself for her own protection. Of wanting so desperately to just be a normal woman that it made her heart ache. And this being, this Ancient, had been helping people like her for so long. But where did that leave her? In a desolate temple, left behind by the careless hands of men vying for power.

“Ashley, I would ask of you one favour. And I will give anything in my power for you to do this for me...”

Her head raises towards the statue. Its pose was different, squatting down slightly, facing directly at her instead of the side profile it held moments before. At a closer look, its details were immaculate, as if a woman had been cast in fine marble, down to the lightest mark on their skin.

“And that is?”

“I would like you to give me worship, or rather, this statue that I may manifest through. Just enough to bring me back into the world of Man.”

“And in exchange?”

“Whatever you desire, as long as I can grant it within my power.”

“I... I need to think it over for a moment...”

“That is fine. I can hold for a few days still, so I can let you mull over your decision here, but I do need a final choice soon.”

“OK... and what exactly happens after that time?”

“I will cease to exist, from your perspective. My presence will sever from this plane eternally. I will not die, as you might put it, but my influence in this world will be gone. The last few vestiges of life here, this garden I’ve cultivated, will wither soon after.”

Ashley had expected to be making some Faustian bargain when she followed a whisper on the wind to its own lair, but instead they were pleading with her, offering whatever she wanted. It seemed too good to be true.

“...And what exactly defines ‘worship’ to you?”

“It is normally a... ‘sensitive’ matter for some, but it is the act of devoting oneself to the behind of the one they worship. In this case, my own.”

“And that means?”

“Treat my rear in any way that pleases you. Partake in my bountiful form, and worship it.”

Even through her scepticism, the idea of having her way with such a gargantuan ass was unbelievably enticing to her. Trick or not, she’d likely only ever get an opportunity like this once in her lifetime. Ashley’s mind had been made up. If she was walking into a trap, so be it. The risk was worth it if being smothered by such a heavenly rear \*and\* getting her deepest wish was on the line.

“W-Well, I wasn’t expecting *that*, but I guess I can take you up on that...”

“Thank you, Ashley. You are doing this temple, and myself, a great service.”

“N-No problem. Though I feel like I should ask: Is there anything that’s off the table? Anything I really shouldn’t do?”

“I appreciate you putting my comfort first, but I can assure you anything you can do with your bare hands is perfect. I feel the intent of your actions along with them.”

“So, if I were to, say, spank you?”

“If it is done with reverence, then I will take it with pleasure.”

“Then let me worship you, my Goddess.”

Ashley moves with renewed vigour towards the statue, eyeing up the expanse of glutes that was hers to play with. On closer inspection, the carving is immaculate, down to the pores on the skin. She lets her hand glide across the stone cheek as she walks around, the feeling smooth and warm, as if she was touching the skin of another person rather than a statue. Reaching the rear of the stone figure, Ashley sees a tan streak along where she had run her hand. The statue didn’t just feel like skin, it was *becoming* the soft flesh she had felt as she touched it. A smile spread across Ashley’s face, one of amazement, admiration and lust alike, as she tried in vain to hug the humungous hips before her, using her entire wingspan to caress, lift and squeeze those divine glutes. Colour flushed across stone, each caress and touch spreading a luscious tan. The very air in the room stirred, the entire temple seemingly breathing heavily in rhythm with Ashley. Her instinct took over, squeezing and kneading with ever-increasing fervour. She stuffed her face into the cleavage of those colossal cheeks, nibbling and licking within the divine crevasse. As colour flowed back into the statue’s body, so too did other aspects of the Ancient’s form. Sweat trickled down the back of the statue, its legs beginning to flex and twitch at the sensations returning to them. Juices dribbled onto the floor as their genitals reanimated, and soft, sultry moans were joining Ashley’s own muffled vocalisations. None of this was even noticed by Ashley however, her mind so lost in the bliss of her Goddess’ divine cheeks that nothing else registered in her mind.

At least, until the statue finally moved. The Ancient, now manifested in the statue turned human, staggered by only a half-step as her body finished its transformation. Ashley followed, determined to continue her worship for as long as necessary, but stepped poorly on her injured foot, falling first forward, then back into the plush lounge after bouncing face-first off the mounds before her. She laid there, clutching her ankle in pain as the huge figure turned around slowly, reacclimating to their size and weight.

“O-Oh my, let me help...”

Ashley barely registered the voice appealing to her, only coming to her senses as the Ancient kneels down beside her, soft hands gently holding her foot. Ashley's ankle glows slightly, the Ancient gently massaging the area and humming a tune to herself. With every soft squeeze and rub, the pain subsides in Ashley's foot, the music soothing her senses as well as her injuries. Eventually the impromptu foot massage stops, all signs of injury gone underneath Ashley's shoe.

Her work done, the Ancient turns to address Ashley.

"Is that better?"

Ashley is stunned, both by the healing in her foot, but also in the Ancient's beauty. Somehow, she was even more beautiful than the statue could depict. Her skin was a gorgeous tan, with dark, shiny freckles glittering across her face and exposed chest. Her eyes were like staring into a starry sky, a nebula of blues and purples set upon her dark eyes with an alluring shimmer. Her hair had a similar shimmer, a green cloud floating with unnatural volume around her head, adorned with tens of flower buds in too many colours to count. Ashley can only mumble the first word that springs to mind.

"P-Pretty..."

Hearing herself snaps her to her senses, and Ashley quickly shakes her head, clearing her mind for a moment. Her attention returns to her own foot. The pain was gone. She flexes her foot, twirling her foot as the sense of healing finally set in. The Ancient still looks to her, expecting an answer.

"Y-yeah, that's much better. Thanks."

"That's good. I apologise for not healing you sooner, but I didn't have the power to until you helped me manifest."

"That's alright. I will admit I got a bit too eager there..."

"No, no, you did great," The Ancient stammers, unusually shy for something so old, "Your worship was genuine, and that makes it far more powerful. It's my fault for not taking your injury into account."

Ashley could only chuckle to herself. An Ancient, a being older than most of civilisation, stammering over her own supernatural abilities. It was cute.

"I never did get your name, by the way," Ashley mused. "Or do I just keep calling you 'My Goddess'..."

A pink blush went across the Ancient's face, then a smile. With a short chuckle, she straightens her posture, clears her throat and replies.

"My name is Adonnia, the Ancient of Fertility and Cultivation, and as repayment for your worship and allowing me to manifest into the world of Man, I will grant any one desire."

Adonnia's eyes dazzled, her freckles now sparkling in rainbow colours as the buds in her hair bloomed, lotus and lily flowers in every conceivable colour in her viridian locks. Ashley sat stunned once again by the display in front of her, Adonnia's flourish and voice a show of otherworldly beauty. Even past that, Ashley couldn't formulate how to ask for her desire. The one thing she'd wanted above all else, ever since she was young. She wanted... she needed... she-

Adonnia smiled again, her expression warm and soothing. "No need to fret over wording. Remember, I can sense your wants and desires."

All confidence gone, Ashley could only stammer as Adonnia gently gripped her hands, guiding her back onto her feet. Her body felt warm, a soothing heat spreading from Adonnia's touch, even through her clothing. The ancient leaned in closer, her beauty leaving Ashley flustered. They were so close, even Adonnia's breath flooded Ashley's mind like a soothing haze with its unnaturally floral scent. "You've done so much, so let me do this for you." Adonnia spoke, her voice laden with sultry sweetness. "You wish for a body that matches your mind, yes?" A reassuring smile on her face. Ashley simply nodded, too flustered to speak. "Then that is what you shall have. Just let me take the lead..."

Adonnia pulled Ashley in closer, their bodies pressing together as she brought Ashley into a kiss. Sweet and floral notes danced on Ashley's tongue as they kissed, her entire body flushing with warmth. Adonnia kept the kiss going, stroking the top of Ashley's head with one hand while holding her close by the waist with the other. Slowly, with each stroke across her scalp, Ashley's hair grew slightly, gaining not just length but considerable volume, her ginger ponytail becoming almost as luscious as Adonnia's own green locks. Her face felt tight, flesh and bone slowly shifting into a new shape. Traces of facial hair fell away as her skin became clear and creamy. Even the freckles on her took on a translucent quality. The warmth was getting intense, energy welling within Ashley as Adonnia held the embrace. Ashley was getting increasingly worked up, faint moans escaping her throat as her lips plumped slightly, each whimper higher and thinner than the last. Her neck thinned slightly, her Adam's apple shrinking. Her shoulders became slimmer, the once form-fitting shirt becoming loose, hanging by a single shoulder. Her arms followed suit, more body hair falling away as her hands and fingers became slender. Each pulse of warmth, each change, was teasing Ashley deep at her core. The experience was incredibly strange, tightness followed by a feeling of freedom, her body feeling better suited for her without even seeing it. After only a couple more moments, Adonnia pulled away, thick sap-like saliva bridging between their tongues as Ashley caught her breath, panting heavily. Her top half had changed considerably, her torso and arms now slender and effeminate, her face softer and rounder than before. Adonnia admired her work, the exhausted trans woman's features now just as they were meant to be, her face moulded like clay into her ideal appearance, with her spirit as the muse.

The Ancient stepped back, allowing Ashley the space to feel the changes that had already occurred. Ashley, however, was stuck replaying the events of the last few moments in her mind. She'd just had the most mind-blowing kiss of her life and was now near-drunkenly looking at her own arms and torso, her now-loose shirt revealing her chest. A twinge of something nagged at her. Was it lust? Pain? Or was she just staring at her own flat chest, subconsciously wishing she had the boobs she'd been envious of for so long.

"What's wrong? You look troubled..."

"Wha... O-Oh, it's nothing..."

Ashley barely even registered that her voice had changed. It was so much clearer now, like she could sing whatever she wanted with little effort.

"Oh, come now, you don't have to hide it from me. Don't worry, I've only just started with your makeover. I just want you to enjoy the rest of it yourself, now that it's been started."

As if on cue, the heat returned to assault Ashley's senses, this time focusing on her exposed chest. Her nipples hardened and twitched as her areolae bulged slightly. That euphoric heat pulsed again, and gain, each time adding just a little more soft flesh onto Ashley's chest. She quivered, her knees

shaking and her pants tented by the last vestige of her old life. Her shirt was filling again, bulging breasts filling the space that was previously owned by her previous frame. Ashley grabbed and groped at her boobs desperately, feeling them pulsing and growing in her hands as she squeezed and pulled. Her mind a blur, all that mattered was how good her tits felt, how each growth made her hornier, more sensitive, needier for her chest to be touched. She targeted her swollen nipples, pinching and squeezing each of them through the cotton top and squealing in ecstasy all the while. She was an animal in heat, and she only had one thought dominating her psyche:

More...

**MORE...**

***BIGGER!***

Ashley's tits surged with energy, tripling in size and swelling far too large for her top in an instant. The sudden flood of endorphins and her extra weight made Ashley drop to her knees on the lounge she had still been standing in. fabric strained and groaned, Ashley's enormous mounds now spilling out of any opening left in the suddenly-constricting shirt, her nipples now swollen so large Ashley was grabbing each in her hands, pulling and gripping them in a desperate attempt for more stimulation, more pleasure. Wet spots marked the shirt as milk dripped, her tits now gurgling with a growing flow of milk. Each leak and spurt only added to the sensations ravaging Ashley's brain. Finally, the groans of strained fabric gave way to pops and tears as the ruined shirt's valiant effort to contain the titanic titties finally failed, Ashley's huge boobs now falling free to the mossy cushions. Milk dribbled constantly, her libido driving her into a frenzy, barely riding the line before an orgasm without ever crossing it. Each time Ashley feels herself teeter on the edge, she never quite tips over. She'd gone from whimpers to moans, and now to rough panting as she grew ever more desperate for release. The moss cushions simply soaked in the leaking milk, distributing it across the temple's network of roots. The heat finally subsided from Ashley's sensitive chest as she lay atop her now torso-spanning boobs, breathless, exhausted, and *hopelessly* horny.

Adonna stepped back towards the newly swollen Ashley, kneeling in front of the massive pair of breasts that surpassed even her own impressive bosom. Ashley was in no position to speak, but she had just enough lucidity to hear her words.

"How was that, then? There's one step left, but it'll only start once you're ready, OK?"

Ashley simply nodded, before sinking her head into her bosom for a couple of minutes. Feeling her expanse of chest, it wasn't just arousing, it felt *right*. It was like a fog had been lifted across her body and taken away everything that had bothered her before, leaving her in euphoric bliss. Well, almost everything. She still had a raging boner, pressing into the crotch of her pants and distracting her to no end. If the last 2 stages of growth were anything to go by, the next one was going to be *big*. Ashley lay there, steeling herself for whatever the final part of Adonna's gift to her was. She may not have said it out loud, but her desires were clear. She wanted to continue. Sensing this, Adonna smiled, pecking Ashley's cheek. "As you wish. Let me free you up first." She continued around to Ashley's rear, undoing the immobilised woman's belt as Ashley felt that familiar heat spreading through her again. Adonna pulled the tattered jeans off Ashley's hips, leaving her in just her underwear: a lacy pair of deep purple panties she'd loved the look of and had as something comforting to wear, even under more masculine outfits. Adonna knelt again, now at Ashley's side as the heat continued to build. It was slowly centralising in her core, slowly traveling downwards.

“There we go, dear. Wouldn’t want you hurting yourself with those.” Adonnia said, her voice sultry and saccharine. She leaned in close, right into Ashley’s ear, and whispered. “Especially once you...”

“Grow.”

Ashley practically screamed as the heat exploded outwards, her hips surging with growth. Ashley came on the spot, the front of her panties darkened with cum. But the heat wasn’t gone, it built up, right in her crotch, then exploded outwards once more. Her butt and thighs swelled with each surge of energy, each growth accompanied with another instantaneous orgasm. Ashley was completely lost in the sensation, cumming again, and again, and again as each flush of energy flooded her hips and thighs. So lost in her orgasms, in fact, that she didn’t even acknowledge the tightness in her crotch. With each expansion, each surge that flooded her mind, her penis shrank slightly, her balls being pulled back towards her body before, with a short pause, the biggest surge yet hit Ashley like a truck, her ass and thighs billowing outwards as her genitals were pulled in completely, completing their transformation. The heat didn’t stop, and Ashley instead got to experience her first orgasm with her new hardware almost instantly as another surge struck her. Her hips were 6 feet around, and still going strong. Her pussy was sopping wet, swollen and packed into her ever-tightening panties, and juices dribbled from her as she moaned constantly into her cleavage.

Finally, Ashley’s growth stopped, and the heat subsided once more. Her ride on the Orgasm Express finished, she could only collapse back into her cleavage, her body hidden by the quadruple globes her tits and ass had become in proportion to her frame. Adonnia stroked her hair, and placed another kiss on Ashley’s forehead as she drifted off from exhaustion. “Sleep well, dear. You’ve done *so* well.” A faint mumble was all Ashley could reply with before she slipped off into dreams.

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*6 months later*

As a new dawn rises, sunlight pours into a private lounge of the temple. Flowers bloom across the room as Ashley stirs, stretching and sitting up among the veritable cuddle-puddle of women of all shapes and sizes in the lounge-bed. Gently plucking her robes from a vine, she moves into the attached en-suite bathroom. In the centuries since Adonnia had been away from humanity, the standards for hygiene had changed significantly, so the temple had been reshaped into a more modern interpretation through her powers. Everything from the shower to the drains had been formed from smooth, polished stone, with various plant life rapidly evolved specifically to manage the roles normally filled by modern technology. As vines cleaned her illustrious scarlet hair, Ashley got a good look at herself in the mirror and felt a wave of ease wash over her. It was only 6 short months since she’d done the dumbest, most trusting thing in her life, and it had turned into the best thing to ever happen to her. Hell, now she was Adonnia’s Herald, a role reserved for her alone, and her only job

was to use powers granted to her by the grateful Ancient to help others find their way. She beamed at herself, the flowers in her hair blooming in sync with her satisfaction, her blue eyes glittering like a starry night. She gave herself a once over again, the feeling of normalcy she'd developed not preventing her from relishing her own body. Her breasts hung free, unburdened by the restrictive concepts of modesty or chastity. Her hips and glutes were enormous, their circumference as large as she was tall, and yet she was free to move with grace and precision, each step a gentle tiptoe as she playfully swayed her hips in the mirror. Even as the vines assisted Ashley with her translucent robes, very little remained for the imagination. The robes were a formality for her role as Herald after all, and the outside world's misguided ideas of purity would only cloud that. Ashley was already pure; her body, mind and spirit all in complete harmony. Her body, no matter how outlandish her figure, was not a toy to be owned or played with, but the vessel for someone unbothered by the opinions of lesser men. Satisfied with herself, she stepped back out into the private lounge, where a mousey-looking woman, one of the few she'd spent the night with was sitting up, seeming a little shell-shocked.

"Ah, good morning, Gemma! How'd you sleep?"

The woman jolted for a moment, oblivious to Ashley's entrance, but quickly relaxed.

"A-Ah! Y-yes, I slept well. Better than I have in a long time to be honest."

"I'm glad to hear that. Say, I was just going to get myself some coffee, would you like to come with me?"

"Y-Yeah, that sounds nice, but surely I don't deserve any more than-"

"Hush, Gemma. You're just as deserving of my time as anyone else here. The others will wake up in their own time, so I can give them their initial tours later."

"O-Ok, th-thanks."

Gemma gently wriggled herself free from the others laying on her lap and rose to her feet with Ashley's help. Her step was unsteady; her muscle memory not quite adjusted after the events of the previous day. And yet, something about it felt more natural, like an invisible rope holding her back had come loose. Ashley simply smiled.

"Still finding your feet?"

"Y-Yeah. It all still feels like a dream come true, even if it's all a bit new."

"Oh, you wouldn't believe the trouble I got into when I was initiated," Ashley chuckled. "Turns out 7-foot-wide hips are very hard to get used to. I was waddling around like a penguin for days! I even accidentally broke one of the statues out front trying to explore! Adonnia still doesn't let me hear the end of it."

The women shared a chuckle as they walked out into the greater chambers of the temple, passing many open lounges, some still in use (to Gemma's flustering), as they made a beeline for the communal kitchen. Their stay didn't last long, 2 cups of locally sourced coffee poured and carried out into the garden surrounding the temple.

"It's beautiful." Gemma marvelled at the variety of wildlife.

"It sure is," Ashley joined, still appreciating the natural beauty of the place. "Since Adonnia's restoration, the whole valley has sprung back to life. It's truly marvellous how much this place has changed in six short months."

Finishing her drink, Gemma looked down at herself. Her body had changed overnight; a new form she could've only imagined having. It was a dream come true, and if it really was a dream, she didn't want to wake back up. Ashley looked on knowingly.

"It still feels surreal, doesn't it?" She mused.

"Y-Yeah..." Gemma muttered. "It's weird, how something like this completely changes how you can see yourself."

"But it's hard," she continued, "Thinking of how other people will see me now. They'll look at me like some kind of bimbo, or worse..."

"Hey now," Ashley interrupted. "It doesn't matter what the people outside think of you. You're just as valid a person as anyone else. There will always be weirdos and creeps who see you as nothing but an object, but they'll see any other woman the same anyway. Their opinions are not worth worrying yourself over. What matters is that you're happy in your own skin, and that you have someone who's got your back. And trust me when I say this: Adonnia has your back, as does everyone else here."

"I... I guess you're right. Thanks."

The pair embraced there in the garden, the garden around them vitalised by the show of tender affection. A few minutes later, the pair split, Gemma sent back to the private lounge to collect the others for their tour and assignment of basic duties around the temple. Ashley, however, sits on a patch of grass and looks up into the morning sky. From somewhere close, yet not quite within the human realm, Adonnia watches her sanctuary with pride, and spots Ashley alone. Materialising from the vines and stones into a human form next to Ashley, a vessel for Adonnia sits and rests with Ashley. A short, simple message for the Herald carried in their own embrace.

"You've done so much for me, and for the many others who found themselves here in your wake. Thank you so, so much."

The entire valley bloomed as the Ancient and her Herald embraced, the once abandoned temple revitalised and ready to shelter the weary souls that had lost their place in the world.