

Shipwrecked

by Bananaman



A story of adventure, ancient civilization, mysticism, and breast expansion.

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Day 1



After days adrift at sea with a broken rudder our vessel was struck by a tempest of biblical magnitude. The storm came suddenly and without warning. Tossed about like some giant's bath toy I began to sympathize with the people of Genesis during the great flood. I barely heard the call to board the lifeboats above the thunderous din of wind and wave. Crossing the deck from my cabin I lost my footing during a deep roll to the side. The sea swallowed me, and no one responded to my cries for aid as the ship shrank away. At some point darkness took me and my consciousness slipped away.

I awoke on a tropical beach to find myself alone in a strange land with no sign of any living soul. I had the good fortune to land near the shipwreck that was once

the *Toreador*, but found no trace of even the remains of fellow passengers or crew. It is no small miracle that I survived, although I can not help but wonder for how much longer.

Some number of hours passed and I was able to scavenge a small knife, some rope and canvas, as well as what meager rations had not been ruined by seawater. The biggest prize of my efforts was a waterlogged Enfield rifle, and around 20 cartridges with which to make use of it. Though I know only the most rudimentary operation of such a weapon, it nonetheless improves my chances of survival against man or beast by considerable margin.

By then night threatened to close in, and I chose to make camp near the wreck. Damp ship's tack made for my supper, and tepid pools of rainwater my drink. Exhausted and frightened I attempted sleep, but my mind raced with thoughts of England, my home, and wondering if I would ever see my parents or dear friends again. I expected the night to be filled with sounds of animal life, but was met with only the gentle crash of waves and rustle of leaves as the chill night air washed through the jungle.

Having no idea where I am, and having seen no sign of even rudimentary civilization, it may very well be years before another vessel graces these shores. My hopes for rescue are all but dashed, but for now I have decided to strive for survival as best as I am able.

Day 4



By the end of the second day my food had nearly run out, and though I had found a thin stream from which to drink I also felt continually thirsty under the tropical sun. The third day I built a pile of wood from which to light a rescue fire, though I had no clear means of lighting it. By that point I had walked miles of shoreline, and seen no sign that mankind has ever seen this land. Further still it seemed to be devoid of animal life save the small fish that swam in the shallow waters of the sea. Not even seabirds could be heard nor seen.

Though loath to abandon the wreck of the *Toreador* and potentially miss rescue, hunger and boredom drove me into the jungle towards what I

feared to be uncertain death. On the morn of my fourth day I drank my fill at the thin stream and braved the foreboding embrace of the primeval woods.

Being completely inexperienced in woodcraft I stumbled noisily and slowly through the thick undergrowth. Much of the jungle was surprisingly dark, only thin streams of light peaking through the oppressive canopy. At all times I held my rifle in front of me, ready to sell my life at a high price should some panther-like beast select me for its next meal.

In time I came upon a grove filled with vines bearing a fruit for which I had no name. When ripe they were varying shades of pink and green, and oblong in shape. Their flesh was soft and sweet, and the larger ones practically poured their saccharine juices when opened. In this manner I was able to replenish my energy as well as my thirst.

For the first time since the storm my mood improved considerably. The fruit grew in great abundance at varying stages of ripeness, so I knew then that I was not likely to starve in the near future. Once I had my fill I picked several more to carry them back to my camp.

Taking a different route back I broke upon the shoreline much quicker than anticipated. I inferred that I had been walking in a circuitous path and blamed my poor woodcraft. I ate of the fruit once more and slept deeply that night.

Day 9



The small shorefish continue to elude me, so the pink fruit remains my sole sustenance. Though surprisingly nourishing it is quick to rot, and I am obliged to range into the jungle's depths on a daily basis. Trekking through the dense growth is both tiresome and disorienting. What I first took on that first venture to be my own lack of direction I now fear is something unnatural.

Some effect of the twisted boughs and vines in turn twists something in my mind, or else the landscape itself is changing around me. Entering from the same location, and taking the same direction deposits me in some new corner of the wood each time. Despite walking for hours inland, it takes less than 15 minutes to return.

It is as if the land is eager to be rid of me.

On the ninth day the weather turned drastically hot during my trek, and I began to sweat profusely. My thoughts turned to water, and I began to wish dearly for a spring to slake my thirst. Within minutes a dense fog filled the area, and I could hardly see ten feet in front of me. I soon become hopelessly lost.

I continued on, feeling some subtle urge or instinct directing me. The air cooled as fog clung to my body and vision. The soft ground gave way to paved stone, and the mists peeled back to reveal an open reservoir. The water was clear, but it was difficult to tell how deep it went.

Across the waters rested the statue of a masked woman on some kind of throne, the reservoir fed by the twin springs emerging from a bosom so large it rested in her lap. It's like and make were alien to me, but the craftsmanship was undeniably beautiful even with the clear passage of time. Gazing upon her likeness I felt equal measures of amazement, and... anticipation.

At this point I remembered my thirst, and felt the urge to drink of her waters. I got down on my stomach and quaffed deeply. The water was as cool, fresh, and sweet as I had ever had. Looking up the statue had not changed, but it seemed to radiate a sense of content.

My return journey was quick as ever. The rest of the day I pondered over the statue and its forgotten makers. That night I dreamed vividly, though I could not remember what of upon waking.

Day 15



I have heard tales of marooned sailors gone mad, and I worry that I too may share that fate. Since imbibing the waters of the statue my daily walks in the jungle have changed. I frequently get the sense that I am being watched, but the shadows remain empty as always. I see flickers of light, or shadowed movement in the edges of my vision. If I sit still and close my eyes I can occasionally hear the faintest echoes of whispers, though I can't make out the words.

My body changes as well. I get sudden waves of heat that I first took for fever, but I burn brightest in my chest and loins. I ached with womanly need with such intensity one day that I had no choice but to capitulate. I fear that were I among civilization I

would devolve to a regular Jezebel. My appetite for food has become ravenous as well, I am continually eating of the pink fruit. The weight goes largely to my bosom, which has begun growing at an astounding rate. I struggle to see my own feet when traversing the forest floor, and they bounce and sway with each step.

The weather is volatile as well. My first week of isolation was largely hot humid days followed by comparatively chill nights. Now the weather changes by the hour if not the minute. Blazing tropical sun hides behind sheets of rain only to reappear as the rain still falls. My tattered dress often hangs wet and limp about me, which accelerates the toll the jungle undergrowth takes on it.

When not consumed by lust or hunger, I am beginning to adapt to this place. The climate does not bother me so much anymore, and my endurance improves daily. I am able to walk with greater surety of foot on sand, soil, and root. A recent thunderstorm blessed me with the embers of a great tree from which I started a campfire, a welcome comfort in the night.

I awoke this night to another wave of burning heat in my chest. As I knead my own pillows I think back on the statue. Was the outlandish figure I saw a portent of what is to come? Was it the fate of the people who lived here in ancient days of yore? Thinking back to that day I felt what I thought was apprehension, that I now worry was premonition. The idea is not entirely unwelcome.

Day 31



My body has stopped changing for now. Though my legs and back continue to grow stronger from daily use. My appetites, both carnal and banal, have abated but remain higher than they were before. My senses of hearing and smell are sharper than before as well. I have an almost passive awareness of my surroundings. I wonder how I even managed before by relying on sight so much.

The mysteries of travel in the primeval wood remain, but I have devised means of reliable navigation. By thinking of where I want to go, a particular ravine perhaps, I find myself there within minutes of travel regardless of where I start from. I am also able to wish for food and find myself in a grove of fruit.

The jungle is a temperamental, but benevolent host. Using the same means of picturing the statue in my mind, I have attempted to return there to inspect it in greater detail. I was unable to find it, and fear I may never see it again. Today I instead wished to find more remnants of the ancient peoples, and followed my intuition until I came upon a stunning vista.

Down in a wooded valley lay a great pyramid, seemingly built on top of a meandering river. There were no secondary buildings around it, either rotted away to time or never built in the first place. I took this wonder to be a place of worship, or at least of once great cultural significance. I stared at it for several minutes, as if by sight alone it would tell me the secrets its' ancient walls held.

Though I dearly wished to investigate, darkness would fall soon. While the trees and brush continued to reveal neither beast nor insect, I was not brave enough to spend the night in the jungle. I made for camp, and found myself there in short order.

As I lay on my bed of fronds, listening to the gentle lapping of waves along the shore, I resolved later to test what differences might exist in the jungle at night. This place which seems to twist the very laws of space and time, may reveal secrets under a different light.

I slept and dreamt of strange rituals by strange people. My campfire had long gone cold, and it had been days since I thought of looking for passing vessels at sea.

Day 35



I had on two separate occasions ventured into the jungle at night. The first night I stayed near the shoreline, where the laws of space still held sway. I was met with only the night wind. The second night I ventured deeper, and heard the same whispers I had been hearing since I drank of her waters. The words were clearer, though I could not even name what language was being spoken. One voice, louder than the rest, called to me.

Though I could not understand the words I understood some of the meaning. It beckoned me to walk deeper into the jungle. At this point I became afraid and tried to run away. The jungle released me to my camp in but a couple minutes.

This night I ventured forth again and heard the voice, matronly and calming. I followed it this time, letting it guide me to a clearing bathed in moonlight. I became immensely tired, and gradually sank to the ground as I was lulled to sleep by her soothing voice.

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I followed the other apostles, singing as we led the latest priestess to be on her path of ascension. She was beautiful, her full feminine figure displaying her vitality for all to see. She had been through the first two stages already, her heavy-laden bosom a testament to her consumption of the sacred fruit and waters of life.

As she lay illuminated by the moon's glow the other apostles and I kneaded her breasts, praying aloud for the great mother to pour her life into her. She mewled in pleasure as her bosom gradually swelled under our ministrations, doubling in size. Finally our efforts were rewarded when pearlescent drops of dew formed at her mountainous peaks. We laughed and sang praise, and I wished that I too might be in her place some day.

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I awoke covered in sweat and feeling a heavy weight on my chest. MY breasts had doubled in size, ruining my top which was now stained with milk. I felt disoriented, having so vividly seen another life. The people were well fed, happy, and content in a way one does not see on the streets of London. I wonder if they are truly gone, or simply now part of the land they loved. I felt the heft of my chest and felt happy, and proud.

Day ??



I've slowly lost track of the days. It's been weeks since that night I saw the past. Since then I have found that whenever I consume the pink fruit my breasts engorge with milk. I have little else in the way of food, so I would be unable to avoid it even if I wanted to. To relieve the pressure I knead and coax it out, often drinking my own supply. It is a pleasurable experience that I have grown to love.

I understand now that I have been changing, evolving even. I do not tire, and though I am able to dream I do not need sleep. It is only now that I realize I have not been scratched on my supple skin or injured in any way since. While my natural dexterity and grace are heightened, I wonder if I am supernaturally durable.

I was called back to the jungle by her voice. Returned to the pyramid I saw before. She led me through ancient corridors bearing glyphs I could not understand. I felt the presence of hundreds around me though I could not see them. Up steps I walked, my breasts bouncing and swaying freely in the humid air. I reached the top as the sky roiled and thundered in anticipation.

A golden mask, showing a woman's face framed by the rays of the morning sun, awaited me on a throne atop the structure's highest point. Her voice was clearer than ever. She bade me to sit and take up the mantle of the new high priestess. With trembling hand I held the mask, understanding that there would be no return from this point. The woes and grumblings of England seemed so trivial now, so irrelevant to what truly mattered.

With baited breath I put on the mask, and her holy warmth filled me like a flood. The wind whipped and the sky cracked as my breasts surged forth, adding pound after delicious pound with every pounding heartbeat. I could see their hands now, eager to comfort and serve even from the other side of an eon's waiting. Their touch was electric, channeling the energy of the storm. Aside from the spectral hands the very wind stimulated my teats to stand proudly tall in the air. Wave after wave of orgasm crashed over and through me. I heard a woman moaning in pleasure unsure if it was me.

My gargantuan breasts spilled onto and over my lap as they erupted holy milk to dribble down the ancient steps. I knew not how I could produce so much fluid without becoming dehydrated. I did not care.

As I relished the sensation I was aware of a new one. I could sense the entire jungle and even some of the seas beyond. The island was large, nearly big enough to count as a subcontinent. I knew I could send myself to any corner of the land with but a thought. No man or beast could hide from me.

Throughout all I heard her resonant voice, and understood every meaning. She had been waiting so achingly long, waiting thousands upon thousands of years for another apostle to find these shores. The despoiler, the one who must not be named, had tried to consume the soul of every living thing. He would have succeeded if not for her champion, who interrupted his ritual. Instead every man, woman, and beast was cast into another state of being. But everything would be different now. Soon her people could finally rest.

It is only a matter of time until more people discover or are cast onto this land by the whims of the sea. I will defend this land against any defiler, and I will welcome and nourish the pure and the weary. I will be a comfort to those in need, and bastion against the dark. So says the Great Mother.