

Eridium Heights, a Borderlands Story

By Zappidappi

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Here are some unit conversions. There's also a collection of pretty pictures at the end, past all of the words for you to look at and admire!

Maya = 5 feet 7 inches tall = 170.18 centimeters

1 foot = 30.48 centimeters

1 yard = 3 feet = 91.44 centimeters

50 feet = 15.24 meters

1 gallon = 3.7854 liters

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As far as moons went, Elpis wasn't half-bad, by Maya's estimation... so long as visitors stayed inside the vacuum garden craters and avoided the barren surface. She waddled over cushion plants as cumulus clouds drifted at the crater's apex. Above the clouds were multiple layers of aeroplankton, protecting the crater's interior with a regenerating layer of ozone. The stars couldn't be seen beyond those microbial layers due to the brightness of Pandora's sun. Maya wasn't looking for the stars anyway — the local flora is what caught her eye the most.

As her armored buskins crunched at the woody plants underfoot, the siren pondered the plants that maintained the crater-bound atmospheres that dotted Elpis. The tallest plants were the flasktrees, which were maybe twice her height at the most, their transparent, bulbous trunks filled with strange ecosystems. Growing under the drooping branches of the trees were the pithshrubs and pump-lianas, continuances of the internal ecosystems of the trees, pipes that bent at specific angles and formed helices between the boughs. Cushion plants of all sorts dominated the soil of Elpis, though the blue-haired beauty noted the occasional eridium crystal glittering from afar. As Maya's heaving curves wobbled and jiggled with every step, she pondered the origin of Elpis' "vacuum gardens".

Did the Eridians plant them? If so, how was it humanity was able to harvest and eat the flora and fauna with little effort? Was that intentional on

the part of the Eridians? If it wasn't the Eridians, then who planted the vacuum gardens all over the galaxy, and why?

The plants only grew in the craters, maintaining the atmosphere within each depression. Anyone who decided to inhabit Elpis would inevitably choose to stay within the craters as a result, as it was a much more hospitable environment than the regular surface and its vacuumclad hellishness.

Maya felt it before she heard it, the eridium whirl. The only downside to crater life besides some of the wildlife was the intense weather anomalies. She could see it forming a ways away, weird glowing purple fumes swirling up into a violent whirlwind. The eridium deposits of Elpis oftentimes reacted violently to the breathable atmosphere and excess water vapor that formed a dome of fog over every flora-filled crater, with the turbulence induced by the sun's radiation collect eridium dust into intense whirls.

A rebuilt lunar rover trundled up the hill toward Maya, its rocker-bogies balancing it upon four axles and six grouse tires. The driver waved to Maya and she waved back as the rover-truck rumbled past. Following the exposed driver's seat was the vehicle's strut-body, loaded up with luggage and passengers sitting in slings or on makeshift chairs. They boggled at the sight of Maya, some pointing and others gesticulating in shock. Maya knew why they reacted the way they did and she privately took pleasure in it.

They were all on one moon, but the truck's passengers saw four more that were a part of Maya's body.

The bottom of Maya's field of view was dominated by her tits. Either one was a milk-swollen blimp twice the size of her head; Maya had noted long ago that if she stretched her arms out before her fully, she could bend her fingers down and just barely touch her domed areolæ. Maya's yard-wide bust was rivaled only by her ass — the siren's pelvis was nearly as wide as her boobage, but her bulbous buttocks and thighs more than erased the difference. Maya continued her wobble-waddle, her bulging calves flexing as pale blue veins shimmered upon her boobs. One hip was swung before the other, the advancing leg bent and extended before setting its foot down on the ground. The process was repeated with the trailing hip, and Maya kept her arms resting atop both of her vast hips the entire time, hands cushioned behind and under her tits.

And so she waddled, a slight ache rocking back and forth in her turgid mammary glands. The scythid-silk of her cropped tube top strained to contain

her wheat-colored jugs, the fabric's hazard striping making it very obvious what would happen if those milk blimps were to collide with anyone. Only a third of the siren's breasts was contained in her tube top, with the rest forming underboob that thrust forward under the grip of her top, areolæ held solidly within the fabric. Her bare buttocks undulated in time with her breasts with every footfall, exposed as they were for all to see. Maya wasn't entirely naked, of course, as she wore a c-string that matched her top. A pair of ceramic-titanium greaves protected her shins and had two articulated knee-plates, all of it cushioned. Integral to the greaves were her buskins, sandal-boots with groused soles.

One step taken, she felt the blubber in her butt and the burdened mammary glands of her boobs wobble. Another step taken, she felt her bulbous, hairless vagina battle against her c-string for supremacy. The way those people boggled at her wasn't new. Maya could practically hear their thoughts, as she had heard the whispers on Pandora, around Eden, on Promethea, on the starships.

“Starspawn. She's one of those feral freaks. Eridium junkies.”

Starspawn, the children of the Eridian Vaults, entire populations mutated by eridium exposure, sometimes over a few generations, sometimes within one. They went by different names, depending on where they were found. On Pandora, for example, starspawn all fell under the label of “bandits” regardless of what they did or where. Despite being so well-known, starspawn were widely misunderstood and misinterpreted by civilization as a whole, as the truth was always considered boring when compared to all of the rumors. The squatter-oligarchies that formed around forgotten digistructors and microbial printers as infrastructure parasites told all kinds of horror stories about starspawn, as did the self-absorbed spreadsheet-gazers that ruled the corpo-states. The truth was, starspawn had it *rough*. Some bloated up into dimwitted eating machines that spewed elemental forces, while others turned into lumbering behemoths, their hunched forms bearing weapon platforms manned by their spindly, frothing kindred. Some starspawn actually fused with their favorite guns, one arm growing enlarged and absorbing said guns while the other arm divided into two limbs, longer and brawnier than the original. Rumors had been circulating over decades of starspawn who had truly earned the moniker, having completely adapted for life floating in the vacuum of space, a realm where weightlessness was the norm and breathable air was not. The stories had been multiplying, of spaceships and starships being attacked by

starspawn with their own personal atmospheres and propelling themselves through mysterious means.

Thankfully enough, Maya was definitely *not* starspawn.

She pulled her left breast out of her top and examined the areola on its end. Solid pink, it was a squat dome as wide as her hand was from middle fingertip to wrist, with a pebble of a nipple embedded deep in its apex. She wrapped her lips around it as the ache returned with a vengeance, which was swiftly replaced with waves of relief as her milk gushed out into her mouth. Sweet, buttery, thick, silky, it caused Maya's cheeks to bulge for a second as she struggled to swallow. Her right tit throbbed impatiently for its turn to be drained. Her cheeks bulged a second time as her letdown pulsed forth, but the siren managed, savoring the thickness of her own breast milk. The third surge undulated, causing her cheeks to bulge, then flatten as she swallowed, only to repeat four more times as her mammary glands began to relax. Then came the eighth cheekful, which was promptly followed by a much smaller mouthful. Maya moaned softly from the pleasure of savoring herself as she watched the nearby eridium whirl die down, falling in upon itself, like an old tower collapsing from neglect. After that small mouthful was a mere trickle; she could feel the remaining three gallons shifting about in much looser glands, her belly bulging with the half-gallon she had unabashedly glutted herself with.

As Maya fussed with swapping her boobage about, she pondered her past. Athenas was a world of volcanoes, cloud forests and Eridian mysteries, home to an order of the galaxy's fattest priestesses, the Order of the Swollen Storm. Maya had been left there as an infant, her siren nature alarming the Order. Yet they raised her regardless, trusting in the planet's relative isolation to keep the galaxy's various corporation-states away. Educated in matters both martial and intellectual, Maya's diet consisted of nothing but Athenasian flowers, rathyd meat and breast milk — a cornucopia of nutrition and calories. From the priestesses Maya learned about the thirteen sirens of the galaxy, a number that included herself. She learned of the corpo-states and the Eridians, of the sciences and the ways of men. Maya especially learned about her own body, as her womanhood manifested alongside her full siren power of "phaselock". Her nutritional intake changed over time to include her own milk supply in increasing amounts; within a matter of a few years Maya was ingesting *only* water and her own breast milk, like some kind of dietary ouroboros. Rarely she'd partake of other things, but only for the sake of pleasing friends or strangers.

What used to be a bus stop sat on the side of what was going to be a road. The original stop shelter was made from quartz panes framed in aluminum, but at some point Elpis' natives had expanded it at one end, riveting on whatever was at hand so the shelter could contain a quartet of vending machines as well as the original bench and a water closet. She let her right tit drop out of her mouth; the wheat-hued boob slapped against her belly, which had swollen into a roiling dome from the gallon of breast milk she had consumed. Maya was used to it being so turgid — for over a decade it had been a thing for the blue-haired beauty to go through.

A plate dangled against the stop's single pole light at eye level from a string. Maya held it still in one hand as milk spurting from her exposed teat. It was a laminated bounty poster portraying a woman, her black hair chopped to two inches long and topped by a set of goggles. The text printed above and below the face said it all. Patricia Tannis, wanted for the "crime" of being a siren, as well as cannibalism, mass breastfeeding and the creation of "unauthorized" technology, placing a bounty of eight hundred and fifty billion dollars on her head. The poster was a recent addition to the scenery, judging from the date on the poster's bottom.

Maya jiggled her boob back into her top as she grumbled to herself. "The more things change, the more they stay the same."

The corpo-states were no different from the old orders that came before them, hoarding resources and growing increasingly paranoid about anything possibly erasing their ability to control others in any capacity. But they were doomed to fail. The impatient dullards that controlled the corpo-states refused to learn anything, as they had never *earned* anything — nepotism had become the norm in the upper echelons of the star-spanning corporations within a single generation, turning them into neo-feudal affairs devoid of meaningful culture. They shat where they slept, moving on to defile other realms like locusts while being bewildered by the consequences of their actions. The leadership was simply too unimaginative and shortsighted to see the writing on the wall. Post-scarcity technology had become widespread, travel across the stars was much easier than it was under the Treaty Government that came before, and the sirens...

The thirteen sirens were the most obvious sign of the changing times. Their abilities, their independence, their unpredictability, all of it made the corpo-states uneasy at the best of times. They gave zero fucks about shareholder value and were unfettered by corporate interests. It seemed fated

that the sirens would permanently end the perpetual cycle of monkey-brained oligarchies holding humanity back, turning the whole of the universe into a frontier of freedom for all to enjoy and celebrate without fear of being enslaved.

Maya knew that the vanguard of the siren revolution was Lilith, the legend that opened the vault on Pandora. Exploring Pandora turned up no real challenges for the blue-haired woman, as Hyperion and Atlas were too busy strangling each other to bother noticing her. She traded gallons of her own milk for data during her travels and ended up with a decent bit of knowledge regarding Lilith.

The red-haired siren was able to vanish and reappear with her “phasewalk” power, thought it was more of a “phasewaddle”, given that her curves were just as big as Maya’s. Cylindrical nipples the size of pint cans were something Lilith had become infamous for, as they always seemed eager to punch clean through her skimpy tube top. Vanishing and reappearing elsewhere in a detonation of various elements, Lilith slaughtered her foes and eventually the beast imprisoned within Pandora’s vault. Maya couldn’t get much info on what happened *after* Lilith opened the vault — supposedly the redhead looted the vault and then left Pandora for Elpis, but the locals seemed extremely reluctant to go into any details beyond that, other than that Lilith sought out the “Ivory Grotto”. With Pandora effectively scoured, Maya went to Elpis in search of Lilith.

The vending machines were paid a visit, and Maya was not disappointed. A reliable shield was vital for medical purposes, as it acted as both protection from attacks and a first-aid kit that could be applied during combat. Boobs pressed against the display glass, she pressed the arrow keys on the machine to rotate its conveyor belt, bringing one shield after another up to her view on their little platforms.

The gigantic array of syringes on a collar? Hard pass.

The weird leech-looking thing attached to a sleeve? Nope.

The girdle lined with hypodermic pins? Nah.

The ribbed dildo that would fit Maya perfectly? *Awww yeah.*

Maya pressed the button to pay and the screen began swirling through various colors before the words “YOU WON” scrolled past, under the words “MERC LOTTERY”. Maya smiled at her luck, with the vending machine dispensing her choice quite swiftly. From what the vending machine text read,

it was an armor shield that adapted to enemy fire, *and* it shot missiles. But what she really liked was how it would attach to the inside of her c-string with no problems. Quite the treat!

Wait... what kind of guns were *those*?

The vending machine that sold firearms was stocked mostly with a brand Maya had never seen before. The machine said the guns were manufactured by “Liliya”, and the blue-haired woman found herself oddly invested in learning more about them. The Liliya guns were quite unique in appearance, as though someone had found a way to braid birchwood and jade together to create squat, cylindrical guns with beveled ends. Pistol grips that had minimal stocks extending from them, cranked triggers, sliding pump triggers, Maya found herself endeared by the designs. She found one she wanted — a crank-action rifle with a underbarrel attachment. Much to her pleasure, she won the Merc Lottery again! A free rifle!

Happy that she had gotten her new things with a wild stroke of luck, Maya inserted the shield inside of her, shuddering with pleasure as it filled her sex and attached to the c-string’s interior. Rifle slipped into her cleavage, the siren waddled away from the vending machines.

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Having such jumbo hips slowed her down, but Maya didn’t mind, as she knew the craters of Elpis were nothing like the vast expanses of Pandora. The moon’s gravity was also a relief when compared to Pandora’s fatigue-inducing grasp, making her steps lighter. Her new shield was slowly revving up, powered by her vaginal contractions; Maya struggled not to moan as her sex pumped kinetic power into the shield to accelerate its work. She could feel the first layer of armor sliding over her body, a microbial array that solidified while allowing her skin to breathe. As soon as the first layer had completed its coverage a second one billowed out from the front of her c-string, entwining with the first. *Thump, thump, thump*, the siren felt her labia majora and minora balloon up as her genitals heaved the shield-dildo in and out, a shudder rushing up and down her back and abdomen as orgasm after orgasm pumped energy into the shield. A third layer had rapidly taken hold and a fourth was swiftly following suit.

She examined her new rifle as it bounced in her cleavage, admiring the strange receiver that stood out above the crank-trigger. A double-helix of some kind of violet metal floated inside of a dodecahedral cavity, which had a pair of

transparent pipes above it; when Maya pressed rifle bullets against the cavity they were *soaked up* by the double-helix, shrinking and twisting like wet rags, which caused the two pipes to glow with an amber gas. The gas formed into a pair of digits, counting up from “01” to “36” as thirty-six bullets were absorbed. A smaller vertical pipe stuck out from the underbarrel attachment, but that simply lit up with amber gas, which slowly filled from the bottom — Maya had read on the vending machine that was the attachment’s capacitor charge. The buttstock consisted of a plush shoulder pad attached to a flattened bar shaped like the number seven, its length subtly curved toward and into the butt of the surprisingly ergonomic pistol grip. The ladder aperture sights were folded down but Maya had a feeling they would come in handy.

The former bus stop was out of sight by the time everything started turning purple. Maya felt something falling on her eyelashes, saw tiny purple sandstorms rolling across her breasts. A purple haze fell all about the blue-haired beauty as she tried to figure out what was going on. She massaged her boobs as they began to ache. The purple grains covering her began to glow briefly before melting. Maya gasped as she realized what was happening.

The eridium whirls were gone, but their crystal remnants had been ground into powder before being carried by the crater’s air currents, condensing into a cloud that began falling directly onto Maya. As a siren, she began absorbing the mineral powder, the ache in her tits turning into a painful throb, the skin tightening, then swelling...

Her top slid down and her nice new rifle began sliding out of her cleavage as the growth began. Maya hustled into a tiny crater not too far away, ducking under the pump-lianas and flasktree boughs that hid the interior. As she hustled Maya cradled her swollen boobs just long enough to let her rifle slide onto a particularly plush cushion plant to the side. A groan of frustration escaped Maya’s mouth when she felt her milk spurting out of her areolæ — by the time she had found her hiding place, Maya found that her breasts pushed out around her arms with their now-turgid curves. Either breast had grown to thrice the size of her head, a milk-laden globe two feet in diameter. Maya struggled to get both her arms around even one tit, such was its size and turgidity, with her fingertips separated by a gap wider than her face. She was struggling to find a solution to her new problem, until the hunger struck.

The burning sensation of hunger deep her stomach hit like a cannon. Maya exhaled a whine as the hunger burn became an inferno, dulling her senses as her stomach gurgled and rumbled. As her eridium-enhanced

mammary glands began forcing milk to spray out of her teats, Maya fought with her left tit, wrapping her arms around it to wrestle the domed areola into her mouth. For a moment, Maya watched as her heavy breast fountained her milk straight up into the air, a multi-streamed rain of fatty, buttery liquid which left her in brief admiration of her body's adaptation to the purple crystal dust it had absorbed. However, the hunger became painful, a stabbing ache that pushed her to wrap her lips around as much of her teat as she could.

Maya's right breast shifted and sprayed milk freely as she grunted and chugged at her left breast, the nearly syrupy liquid blasting straight down her gaping throat. Eyes closed and mind reeling, she could feel her belly strain to contain the intense rush, the painful inferno of hunger fading into a smoldering ember that sputtered against her chugged nourishment. Maya wasn't able to savor the sweet, buttery fatness that was her milk, but it didn't matter much, as her tongue was flooded by the expressed flood, effectively forcing her to savor the dietary overload. The siren was used to her abdomen expanding to accommodate a few gallons of her milk at a time, but now its limits were being pushed. For one long moment, Maya could feel the skin around her midsection stretching, but not painfully so. One hand ran over her nude gut, fingers stroking a belly that had taken on the qualities of a water drum — or in this case, a milk drum.

Rolling onto her belly jostled swallowed air out of her digestive tract; Maya's burps went unheard, popping out of the corners of her mouth as the incoming milk pushed the last of her belly's air out into the atmosphere of Elpis. She couldn't see it, but Maya knew her belly had grown to match either of her tits in size, her navel nearly popped out like a pregnancy from a horror film as it dragged over the plants under it. The eridium dust had sunk into her clothes, which was already working in her favor without her even realizing it.

Maya didn't feel her clothes growing to continue fitting her steadily growing body. Instead, all she felt was the tightness of her midsection, her guts straining to contain the endless intake of viscous milk with a dull ache throbbing on either side of her navel. Eridium crystals that had been eroded into dust were still airborne and the wind was blowing the purple powder onto the siren, fueling her mammary glands far beyond anything sanity or reality would dictate. Yet the aching tightness around her middle would not abate. Maya tried to stop suckling at herself twice, but the moment she did so the burn of hunger would return with an agonizing vengeance, forcing her to smother the inferno with a deluge of her own nourishment.

There was no one to watch as Maya grew bigger and bigger. The paludarium-flora that hid Maya was being lifted up, bit by bit. She could feel the hard stems and drooping leaves caressing her rear end, but the siren was fading into a gluttony-induced haze, the sensation of fullness lulling her into a near-sleep. The fullness hid from Maya the fact that her stomach and duodenum had been stretched and contorted into colossal sacks, shuddering endlessly as her intestines began to prepare for the inevitable flood. Maya couldn't see it, couldn't see anything beyond the enormous tit that was squished up against her face, glowing blue marks dominating the lower left corner of her vision and wheat skin everywhere else. Pale veins shimmered under the skin, an industry of life dedicated to keeping her milk production at a level to where she could feed an entire town.

Both knees had to be continuously readjusted, shins dragging over the cushion plants covering the dirt. A steadily growing pelvis forced both thickening femurs apart, bone after bone after bone growing and shifting to turn Maya into a behemoth blimp. New collagen fibers grew through her skin, reinforcing and smoothening it. Her shield began to reapply its microbial armor layers but struggled to keep up with her expanding expanses of skin. Maya's siren marking pulsed with light in time to her pulse, unseen by anyone on Elpis... for the time being, anyway.

A pair of smooth, wheat-colored buttocks slowly expanded forth from the tiny crater in the ground where Maya fed herself. The boughs that were caressing her rump were beginning to constrain it, pressing into the swollen domes as they reached out in all directions. Her butt shuddered as she adjusted her posture, fighting against the stiff pump-lianas that were slowly starting to sink into the plush blubber. In one go her rump finally busted its botanical cage, snapping the lianas and boughs at their bases. The spilling water and the life therein went completely unnoticed by Maya.

Like a feeding tick, Maya's body expanded, bigger, bigger, bigger, as her intestines began to adapt, coiling into titanic, coiling corridors of digestive industry. She could feel her pelvis growing, the vertebræ above dividing to form new ones. Maya didn't feel anything amiss from the diaphragm up besides her endless lactation, but even when lulled into witlessness by her satiation the siren could feel her abdomen ballooning up in concert with her ass. Her blubber undulated violently with her slightest movement, which consisted of her shifting her knees as her thighs and calves blimped up into conical extensions of her vast rump. A pair of buttocks bulged forth from the

underbrush, either one roughly six and a half feet across. Glistening with sweat and dew, they wobbled against each other, producing soft claps as their owner began to awaken from her glut-fugue.

Maya reached about her with her arms, her daze becoming replaced by bewilderment. She could still feel that her breasts were heavy with milk, but not painfully so. She could feel her top rubbing against the underside of her tits, so Maya dumbly fumbled with that, finding it impossible to swoop both jugs up into her top like usual. So, she worked on her left tit first, hefting it up atop her arms and hugging it enough to let it wobble mostly into her top before shimmying the fabric up and over it. Her left areola was firmly within the tube top, which caused Maya to heave out a sigh of relief. She had to repeat the process with her right tit, sliding it forward before hefting it so it could slide back. It joined its twin begrudgingly, so they fought for space in Maya's newly-expanded tube top. As Maya fumbled with her boobs, the siren pondered just why exactly her lower half felt so heavy and so...

Broad? Was that the right word?

She propped herself on one knee and planted the opposing foot on the ground as she grabbed her gun and slid it into her cleavage. Something definitely felt off. Maya knew her leg felt bigger, that her foot somehow felt further away than it was supposed to. The sensations of elongation and broadening jarred the blue-haired beauty pretty hard. She looked over her shoulder to see what was happening and gasped at the sight. The siren couldn't see anything over her shoulder beyond her gigantic buttocks. Gigantic, swollen heaps of flesh, they were twin worlds unto themselves, surrounded by miniature clouds of her evaporated moisture. Maya had a surge of adrenaline that allowed her to leap to her feet in Elpis' gravity, but that did nothing to assuage her horror at what had happened.

"What the *fuck*?! What *happened* to me?!"

She groaned in despair. Maya had become a rival to the forest at ten feet tall, a match to the extinct sauropods of Earth and the extant land whales of Earth-02. From her head down to a bit past her ribs, Maya retained her normal proportions, with her newly-enhanced underboob sagging as usual out of her top. The skin of her tits was both smooth and swollen, fit to pop with her newfound reserves of sustenance. Her long bangs ran as twin locks over her tits as the siren looked about, desperately hoping that no one had seen her.

But below her mostly normal upper half? She had grown into a pear, a ridiculous, wobbling pear about thirteen feet wide, blubber bulging around her lower back as cushioning as her belly protruded only slightly before her, dropping as a sweet-scented expanse six feet tall. Maya turned in place for a bit, feeling her bare asscheeks clap together as she stopped a few times in a panic. The bottom of her field of view was dominated by her globular tits, and those twin hillocks torqued her upper body about as they fought against her top for freedom. They were squished into geminal pears, constrained as they were by their areolæ; two-thirds of either boob hung free, thrusting forward thanks to the constraining nature of her tube top. The ground seemed so far away from her, while the treetops were right within reach.

Were they really within reach, though? She lifted her arms up, looked her hands over. Fuck. How was she going to reach her privates? Could she still touch her toes? The siren's mind began to race like a Torgue missile-surfer after chewing on star-khat. What was she going to do? She looked ridiculous! How was she going to fix her body? *Could* she? Did Lilith go through this? How was she supposed to go into pubs or armories?! Maya could feel a breeze stroke her belly and groaned. A big belly to go with her huge circus clown butt. She just knew how people would react. Ridicule. Disgust. Revulsion. Disdain. *Fear. Hostility.* She looked to her right, saw how her hip extended out, buttressed by so much body tissue. Then she studied her left hip, groaning as she saw nothing of the world beneath her vantage point, given how her gigantic birthing hips blocked the view.

It was then that she noticed the little clouds that just beyond arm's length from her curves. Maya blinked twice, she was so surprised. "Is that perspiration? Or dew?" The long white puffs formed into spirals and towers as the air of Elpis pressed against them. It was something the siren was concerned by. The idea of being a living planet was dawning on her and it was not something she really wanted.

Her blocky knees stood two feet off the ground, which was something that would prove to be disastrous for her first attempt at mobility. Maya went to waddle, but her altered proportions made that not happen. She tried to step out of the crater and into the forest proper, only to fall forward, her big food balloon of a belly turning her fall into a gentle roll. Maya could only cry out as her world went for a tumble, her cleavage rising up toward her face before abruptly becoming her entire viewpoint. Maya's whoop of alarm was muffled as her face was cushioned and buoyed by her plush boobage.

Maya took a long hard stare over her shoulder at her titanic ass in silence. The siren pondered the situation, flexing her gluteal muscles and abs idly. She decided after studying her flexing buttocks for a good minute that she was done with worrying. She would find a way to continue being a vault hunter as she was, come hell or high water. Maybe sirens were supposed to be big, she wasn't too sure but didn't care at that rate — mobility was her main concern. She twisted her back about, lifting one hip up off the ground to dig her buskin into the soil. She felt rhizomes and stolons give way under her flexing foot; once it was dug in, she dropped that hip and lifted the other, the impact causing the dropped buttock to undulate violently. Maya's little clouds raced and swirled around that undulating buttcheek as she planted the toe of her other buskin firmly in place. Yet standing was still beyond her capability. Maya grumbled before flexing her pecs and pushing off the ground with her hands, lifting her upper body up, Maya flexed her abs and spine, pushing with her feet as she did so. For the first time on Elpis someone galumphed.

Just like an elephant seal, Maya jiggled her pear-shaped bulk to escape the crater. Lifting her upper body up and forward, she flexed her abs and back to push her girth off the ground in an undulating hop, steering and enhancing her galumph with her feet. Like an accordion trying to hop, Maya held onto her tits as she kept up her momentum, finding herself half way out of the crater, her hips raised up and driven forward against the crater's edge. The momentum built up let her lift her upper body again to keep it from being compressed, a tension-based reaction thanks to the new cartilage, collagen and muscles grown by her eridium absorption. Maya felt foolish galumphing, a bouncing, flopping concertina-blimp that had just managed to plop onto the high ground partway when she noticed the debris that had fallen along with the eridium dusting.

The debris wasn't much to worry over. A sneaker here, a computer part there, things that could be picked up by a whirl and float if even for a brief moment at the apex of the crater's atmosphere. But one thing that stood out was the inactive echobot just out of her reach. It was a lavender cylinder as big as her head, decorated with cream-colored hexagonal rings at random. Echobots were extremely useful — they were intelligent servants, with plenty of abilities and a loyalty that only dogs could rival. No one had claimed the little robot, given how it wasn't active in any capacity.

Finder's keepers!

Maya galumphed closer, heaving her bulk once so she could pick it up. With both hands clasped around it, Maya kissed it. It vibrated for a second as it registered her touch, eight chameleonic turret eyes popping out around its midsection, one in particular being twice the size of the rest. A pair of coaxial rotors popped up from its top, so Maya let it take flight and examine her. Maya was buoyed atop her tits and smiled at the echobot as it dropped down to memorize her face.

Its voice would be recognizable to the reader as Software Automatic Mouth, a decidedly male tone — so, a male. He spoke in a warbling buzz, the lavender around his eyes shifting colors to portray his mood as eyebrows.

“Hello, I am Echobot Version Four-point-zero-three. May I have your name?”

“Maya,” the siren replied, “Maya the siren.”

“It is nice to meet you and your dairy duopoly, Maya.”

Maya’s face betrayed her shock at what the echobot had just said. Her eyes darted down to her jugs for a moment as she gulped. She knew echobots had distinct quirks, but she didn’t think it would be something like what she had just heard.

The little robot bobbed in the air, level to Maya’s face. “Would you like to change my name?”

Maya nodded. “Yes. Your new name shall be Hope.”

Hope bobbed in the air again. “I like that name, thank you, Maya Sex Blimp.”

Maya shook her head in disbelief, but she found Hope’s quirk amusing. “Holy shit,” she exhaled, “okay then, Hope, can you access the Echonet?”

“Yes I can.”

“I’d like you to install any and all updates you need, as well as the latest maps of Elpis.”

“I shall do that, Maya Sex Blimp.”

Hope drifted down into Maya’s two feet of cleavage as she rested her jutting chin in her palms, elbows sending waves through her mammaries. The updating took far less time than Maya expected, as Hope extended a pair of cylindrical legs and clambered over her right tit. He promptly treated said tit

like a trampoline, bobbing atop the plush expanse and the ocean of milk it barely contained.

Hope produced a digital click and a mechanical thunk. “Updates have been installed. Would you like me to install anything new?”

“I would like you to install two open source systems. One of them needs an internal digistructor. Does your base system allow that?”

“Yes.”

Maya bobbed atop her tits with joy. For once that day, she was going to have something her way. She had been preparing for the day she got her hands on an echobot. “First, install the latest Moxxi Collective puddle rockette launcher.”

“I shall do that.” Hope whirred for a moment. “Regarding the puddle rockette, Maya Sex Blimp, the latest version allows for two element capacitors to be installed.”

Maya chuckled at Hope’s naming habit. Having a middle and last name wasn’t something she considered useful, but Hope was making it amusing to consider. “What elements can I choose from?”

“Corrosive, cryogenic, electrified, incendiary and radioactive.”

Maya was quick on the draw. “Choose electrified and incendiary.”

“Understood.”

A series of thunks and clicks emanated from Hope as he began digistructing the hardware inside his chassis. Maya felt Hope’s weight increase slightly as she spoke. “Go through the Moxxi Collective library for any echobot combat experience you think would be useful.”

“Understood.” Hope spun about in place as he sifted through the library, his mind moving at lightning speed and installing combat experiences and trained reactions that would be useful, given his equipment and mistress’ possible needs. He finished his slow spin while looking up at the siren. “Shall I do anything else?”

“Please show me a map of the local crater we’re in, thank you.”

Hope did so right away, extending a holographic bubble from his underside. If a crater was large enough, it could contain its own distinct vacuum garden. The crater Maya was loafing in was so wide it would take even

a hardened soldier at least four Earth days and nights to cross from one side to the next on foot, assuming he rested when needed. There weren't many settlements in the crater despite its size, with the largest being Concordia. Maya had used the wormhole station to enter Concordia but she couldn't go back in her current predicament. Yet the Ivory Grotto wasn't that far off, as it was near a settlement called Ananke, and *that* was much closer than she expected. It was well within reach, if the map was anything to go by.

"This place," Maya's finger poked the name in the hologram, "Ananke, is it safe?"

"Ananke," Hope buzzed, "is home to starspawn, but they are welcoming of newcomers, especially someone as vastly bloated with beauty as you, Maya Sex Blimp."

Maya's long sigh would do nothing to change Hope's weird attempts at compliments, but it *did* relieve Maya of some measure of internal pressure. "That's good to know—"

"I try to keep my data as pointed and shapely as your wondrous chin."

"Anyway," Maya grinned, "are there any dangers in the crater I need to be wary of?"

"The most severe threat are the eridium whirls, but those are easily avoided by maintaining proper situational awareness. The corpo-states frequently drop prospector bots on Elpis, and I'm concerned they may try to steal your milkies."

"Why are you so perver—"

"Vault hunters frequent all of the vacuum gardens but they can be reasoned with. Mommy, give them your milkies."

"I.." Maya tapped her chin, "I might, if I meet any. Thank you for your data, Hope."

"You're always welcome, Maya Sex Blimp."

Maya began galumphing, undulating her immensity over bushes and lianas, steering her bulk by pushing off with one leg or the other, hugging her huge breasts with protective arms. Hope swooped about, flying ahead before circling back to his mistress. Maya crested a hill before sliding down the other side, her big belly and bulbous thighs made sopping wet by a combination of

dew and transpired water. As her momentum carried to the hollows between hills, Maya felt the seeps burbling up water deep from Elpis' ground, causing her to slide even further than she would have otherwise.

The water flowed downhill, running in slow trickles that became a steady stream. Maya didn't go with the flow — Ananke was her destination, and that was perpendicular to the gathering current. She bounced between hills, splashing water and sending shuggurath fry dancing skyward as she glanced over her shoulder. The siren's eyes went wide at the sight of her ass going up and down. She was terrified of just how big it was. Hope swooping over it and disturbing the tiny clouds only drove home just how *massive* she had become. Thoughts of combat worried the siren; she was wider than most rooms in a house and her mobility was definitely an issue, leaving her as a gigantic target.

Thoughts of Tannis and Lilith entered her mind as she galumphed along. Did they grow as big as her? She hoped it was a temporary thing. Then again, the vault on Pandora had some strange imagery, of figures from different species being contorted into grotesque proportions and ruling over their smaller kin, though most were so busted down by time that trying to interpret them was extremely difficult at best.

Splash, thump, clap, splash, whump, plap, Maya found it disturbingly easy to get used to the sounds her body made. Her tits slapped against the upper end of her belly as she came to a stop. Hope ascended as Maya tried to stand up. She managed to rock herself onto one knee for a moment, but that adrenaline rush she had gotten from her original fright was spent. Then there was the soggy terrain, which cooled Maya off but left her with no solid footing to take advantage of. So, she slipped and bounced atop her gut, causing her intestines to rumble as her buttocks rolled and clapped endlessly.

The rumbling of her intestines settled into something else, a gurgle-whoosh that seemed to struggle against gravity. Maya stroked as much of her belly as she could, feeling the gurgle-whoosh fade as a dull ache rocked her tits. As her butt continued its tectonic clapping the blue-haired siren worked her somewhat pudgy arms around one boob and hefted it up, carefully flexing it so the embedded nipple faced her mouth. The pink target went right to her mouth, the fist-sized nipple forming a seal against her glowing blue lips before pouring the milk behind it onto her eager tongue. Maya's cheeks bulged and flattened rhythmically; she savored each mega-mouthful, the sweet fattiness flowing with the kind of viscosity only cetaceans and pinnipeds were used to in their infant years. Maya kept at it for a few moments, mainly to relieve the

pressure stretching out her aching tit. Once the ache was gone, Maya carefully shimmed her boobs back into her tube top and bounced its twin out of said top, her buttocks still undulating and smacking together in a rotating fashion. She suckled at her newly-freed tit with as much relish as she did the first mammary globe, feeling the river of breast milk fill her throat, only to spread out in a horizontal rain inside of her as it failed to coat her vast stomach. One, two, three, four times her cheeks bulged, before the ache went away and she was able to shimmy that milk blimp back into her top.

Hope swooped down to watch Maya's buttocks engage in their rolling thunder as the siren adjusted her shocking underboob. His buzz-warble stirred Maya out of her frustration. "You should become a dancer. You'll need a very reinforced pole and breast pumps."

She wasn't paying attention to Hope's advice on becoming an erotic dancer who breastfeeds the audience. The sounds of machinery had reached her keen ears, so she did her best to perform a stealthy galumph.

Quiet splash. Quiet plap. Slightly less quiet thump. Slightly more quiet double-thump. A lush, low ridge shorter than Maya was tall standing hid the cause of the machine-noises, so Maya found herself shimmying her enormity up onto the ridge. She twisted her hips in a figure-eight pattern to jiggle herself just far enough to peek over the cushion plants that coated the ridge.

A prospector robot lumbered about near the foot of the ridge, a spindly tower that warbled softly as its scattered sensors examined the ground. It was a cylinder ten feet tall and one foot in diameter, set upon six stumpy legs — legs that made up less than a tenth of its full height. It took a few steps, stopped, and squatted forcefully thrice, breaking apart the ground under it with tools built into its bottom. Maya could tell it was a Tediore prospector, as its chassis was a dark purple wickerwork of stiffened carbon fiber.

The roar of an engine drew closer and closer with a rapidity that screamed "large all-terrain vehicle", but even then Maya was surprised by what trundled toward the prospector. An armored personnel carrier shaped like a boat rolled along atop rocker-bogies, a conical turret on its top bearing a shotgun glowing with elemental potency. The rear end of either bogey was canted out at forty-five degrees; the siren recognized that as a means of stabilizing the vehicle when traveling at high speed.

Even though it was dwarfed by the APC, the bot didn't back down, given how it roared like an elephant. Caustic shot blasted out of the APC's turret and

clapped into the bot's chassis, causing a violent chemical reaction where it struck. Hope dove into Maya's cleavage but scurried out a moment later, doing his best to remain hidden under the cushion plants as he studied the ensuing battle.

The Tediore bot shuddered for a second but swiftly regained its balance before an octet of triangular flanges sprung out near the apex of its chassis, turning the bot into a walking mace. The APC response to the bot's menacing extensions was to simply swerve around it, letting rip with its shotgun turret two more times. The second shot destroyed one of the bot's legs but the third shot missed, as the leg it was meant for was already destroyed. The APC swung around as it went around the bot, sliding to a stop while facing the Tediore machine head-on. As the bot struggled to digistruct a new leg against the corrosive reaction harming it, the back of the APC popped open, the door swinging down to reveal a ramp the passengers ran down.

Maya watched as starspawn wobble-bounced out of the APC, their girlish voices raised in battle cries. Hope's buzzing voice was hidden from all but Maya. "Starspawn, subtype 'liliput'. Known for their bulky bodies and instinctive knack for technology, all of them have lots of milkies they love to share."

Maya's expression twisted with incredulity at what she was watching. Each liliput was a woman with truly bizarre proportions, being six feet tall, with five-eighths of that being a pulsating torso, a freckled pear topping a pair of buttocks each twice the size of its owner's head. A pair of milk-swollen breasts as large as the buttocks beneath swung in front of their owner as she hugged them. Eight of the pear-shaped starspawn wobbled out of the APC, causing Maya's jaw to drop further and further with each huge pair of buttcheeks that clapped its way out of the vehicle. They didn't walk, or waddle, or bounce, but rather bobbed through the air, their pores emitting propulsive force as their immense midsections pulsated. Sometimes their toes would strike the ground to push them along, but the liliput were otherwise propelled solely by puffs of elemental force.

They shouted their war cries, inspiring each other to greatness as they formed up into a pair of quartets, bellies and flanks colliding. The bot staggered toward the liliput, its limited intelligence blinded by binary fury. It roared like an elephant as it charged into battle, a shotgun popping out of its midline as it began replacing its ruined leg. The liliput swayed their bulk frantically, the two groups doing their best to keep away from each other while making sure the

prospector could see them both. The bot weaved from side to side as the liliput chattered frantically to each other, their midsections rubbing together as they took careful aim with... what? Maya saw they didn't have any guns.

Hope buzzed to Maya. "I would feel grief for my fellow machine life, but that's not really a true AI down there."

Maya cocked an eyebrow at that. "Oh?"

"Corpo-state prospectors are to echobots like trained donkeys are to humans. They're able to fight and cannibalize rival prospectors to survive, but they're not smart enough to adapt to most other threats."

The Tediore bot opened fire with its shotgun at one fireteam, the electrified shot missing one of the women by a hair's breadth. Before the liliput could respond in kind the prospector hopped forward, its upper end falling toward the fireteam it had fired upon. Like a giant mace it fell, driving its foremost flange down upon the four liliput.

They moved as one to the side, letting the prospector smash the dirt with a resounding crunch. The liliput decided that it was time to strike, massaging their tits, causing their big jugs swell in response. Within a second each boob had ballooned until it was half-again larger than normal, and in one go teat after teat was exposed. The robot hurled itself back into an upright position using a collection of thrusters dotting its circumference, right as sixteen boobs sprayed elemental fury onto it. Fiery milk, electrified milk, corrosive milk, the strange streams were more like flames than liquid, scouring the Tediore machine's carbon fiber hull as the elemental streams reacted explosively to each other. Even as it was assailed by the explosive streams the prospector still did its best, roaring again and firing a shot, causing one of the liliput to shout that her shield had been struck.

The prospector began to close the distance once more, but by that time the damage was clear for all to see. Its carbon fiber wickerwork was destroyed, blown clean off in places, exposing the underlying robo-guts. The shortstacks-turned-hyperpears continued their barrage, covering each other to recover as their boobs violently pulsated. The bot took several steps before its roar turned into an elk's warbling bugle, an exertion sounded in hopes of scoring one final strike. It hopped and fell toward the octet, only to miss them, as it was too far from them to actually land its strike. Its bugle came to an abrupt halt when it struck the ground, its final attempt at fighting for its life honored by the dirt and twigs that were hurled skyward by its crashing attack.

Hope stepped out of hiding. “*Requiem æternam*. See you on the other side of the Biggest Binary.”

Maya looked over at Hope and saw that he was... bowing? She had no idea if machine life had any kind of faith before that moment, but now...

The liliput chattered amongst themselves hurriedly as they waited for the elemental puddles to evaporate, the searing flames and biting cold battling it out as electricity arced over roiling acids and bases. Eight heaving bellies collided over and over again as the puddles finally gave way, their owners jiggling and wobbling their way over to the expired machine. They had no issue popping the carapace open. Maya and Hope watched intently as one liliput dove halfway into the bot's innards, her pulsating midsection bouncing as she rummaged about. Maya glanced at her arms and estimated that there was no way she could wrap her arms around a liliput. After a few minutes spent chatting and working, the octet had managed to wrest some parts out of the dead robot and were floating back to the APC in frantic little bobs.

As the APC trundled off, Hope was reminded of her studies. The vacuum garden, the eridium deposits, the prospecting robots, the liliput, it was an evolving ecosystem, one that was beginning to blossom on other vacuum-smothered worlds. Some machine life was actually reproducing on its own, spiting the corpo-states that were desperate to maintain control over their long-ignored properties. Was this how the Eridians met their end? Replaced by their wayward creations over the course of generations?

The APC was long gone and Hope was busy recording the siren's enormous backside. Maya began undulating her bulk over the ridge, until she was balanced precariously upon its peak. For a split second she jerked her shoulders and hips to and fro, aiming her bulk for a little boulder sticking up out of the soil, close to where the APC had stopped. With a grunt the siren galumphed in one big heave and slid forward. Maya's original intent was to use the smooth bump of exposed basalt to slow her downhill slide, but it didn't quite work as well as she wanted. She slid onto it with just enough momentum to send her slightly upright, her crotch smooshing into the boulder quite firmly. The tickle of water around her c-string combined with the gentle bump-hump of her pelvis to trigger an intense orgasm. Maya threw her head back and fought the urge to cry out in ecstasy, her shield-dildo hitting her g-spot just right. A weird pulsing sensation began thumping in the top of her vagina, growing more intense with each heartbeat.

The siren fought to steady her breathing. Hope warbled on about the local plants and animals, idly examining them as Maya rolled onto her side, desperately reaching for her crotch. Her arms were no match to the vast expanse of belly that separated them from her pussy-lips. She could feel her clitoris expanding, pulsating as it fought against her c-string. As much as she wanted to, Maya couldn't articulate her pleasure or her confusion, at best choking out a syllable or gasping for air. Her clit popped out of the side of her c-string, an outburst of heat and moisture that she could feel pressing against the inside of her thigh, pulsating and thrusting of its own volition. Her jaw dropped as she watched more tiny clouds form where her thighs met the bottom of her belly, her hidden sex producing a miniature fogbank as her clit began poking the ground.

The orgasm weakened, but not by much. Maya felt lightheaded for a moment, but then she felt something new between her legs. Something new to bend, to flex — her clitoris swept up, clear into view, a glistening pink cylinder that terminated in a domed tip. As thick as her wrist, it curled at random, Maya's slack-jawed horror matched only by her fascination as she practiced flexing her eridium-enhanced clit. She made it bend toward the sky, the sensation of the air caressing it sending waves of pleasure rocking through her lower abdomen, up her spine and across her brain. Maya moaned quietly as she made it curve groundward. Despite being prehensile it proved to be immeasurably tough; Maya moaned softly with her next orgasm as she drove her lady-boner into the dirt to lever out a rock. An idea came to mind as Hope politely evaded witnessing her behemoth clitoris.

Much as a bull elephant uses his penis as a fifth limb, Maya decided that her big vagina pipe could double as a third leg. Her bulbous thighs were stroked by her extending clit before it lifted her belly up and forward slightly. It reached five feet in length, more than enough to anchor itself against the ground. Maya rolled onto one knee much more easily with her clit supporting her center line. She was able to plant the opposing foot down and enjoyed a potent orgasm as she lifted her other leg and planted that foot down. Thoroughly sated, Maya felt her clitoris drag through the water for a rinse before retracting back under its hood, c-string sliding back into place like a door in front of lovers. Caressing the top of her belly, Maya began waddling toward Ananke.

She was fully attuned to her body's ridiculous proportions, thanks to the orgasms pounding her head straight. Her waddle was much more ponderous

than before given the enormity of her pelvis, but the process hadn't changed too much besides. She slowly, ever so slowly swung one hip forward, bending and extending the attached leg to increase her stride. Her buskin drove itself into the ground-hugging flora, whereupon she then swung the other hip forward, swaying her bulk with a stateliness that contrasted against the lewdness of her newfound proportions.

Hope hovered by Maya's head as he spoke. "You have rediscovered your legs. That is an important milestone in your development as an erotic dancer."

"I'm *not* going to be an erotic dancer," Maya huffed as she swung one hip onward, "I'm a vault hunter, I need to learn more about my siren heritage. The Eridians left so much behind," she swung the other hip forward but had to extend her leg out to the side to avoid a boulder, "and their ruins could teach humanity what *not* to do in order to survive."

"All humanity needs is your oceans of milkies," Hope buzz-warbled.

Maya ignored that in favor of pushing some flasktrees aside with her belly and hips. She eased one bulbous leg over a bunch of pithoshrubs, feeling the soft leaves part around her conical calves. She marveled at her newfound vantage point, seeing the ground so far away yet still feeling it underfoot. It was like being on top of a watchtower and actually *being* the watchtower, after a fashion. She left behind the underbrush, stepping forth onto a field of seepworts. Hope hovered just out of her reach overhead.

Ananke stood upon stilts a bit taller than Maya, a collection of huts and towers made from landing craft of various ancient designs. They were all joined together by a network of ceramic pipes and weird pumps, each building painted in bright colors that were pleasing to the eye. Maya noticed right away the lack of stairs — everything was reached by ramps or rope ladders. Under the stilts? Several APCs, protected by chain-link fences.

A bunch of motion and sound exploded to Maya's right, catching her off-guard. A stone's throw away was the edge of a flasktree forest, one that a prospecting bot was trundling out of with alarming speed. It was another Tediore prospector, albeit one with sparks spurting out of terrible gouges in its wickerwork. It was clearly running as fast as its stumpy legs could manage, and Maya discovered that her pulchritude was too ponderous to move out of the machine's way. Triangular flanges readied, the prospector roared as it leapt into the air, turning itself into a gigantic falling mace. Maya kept her rifle trained on the bot as it flew too far, its midsection colliding with her right hip.

Maya's world was violently tilted up on her left as the bot managed to bust the outermost layer of her shield.

Maya felt her shield respond, a trio of tiny missiles bursting forth from the rear tip of her c-string. The missiles flew straight up; at the apex of their arc Maya had managed to pivot on one foot and kick the robot with the other, her siren power erupting from the ball of her foot on impact. Her phaselock's gravitational outburst was so abrupt and the change in temperature so intense it caused the bot's chassis to blow apart in a long rent. The machine bugled as Maya's shield missiles slammed down into it, blasting half of its insides apart with their detonations.

Maya took aim with her rifle and spun the crank thrice. The kick was nowhere near what she expected, quite soft compared to the force with which the three globes of cryogenic force were launched out of the barrel. They spun through the air and landed directly inside of the prospector, exploding into cryogenic puddles as Maya flicked a switch on the rifle's side.

Hope cheered as a puddle rockette was ejected from a port on his front, its cyan glow denoting its electrical payload. The rockette slammed into the Tediore machine's flanged end, bursting apart into a puddle of electricity that reduced the machine's bugling to a sputter.

As Hope cheered some more, his mistress let rip with her rifle's underbarrel attachment, cranking a stream of radioactive fire onto and into the thoroughly-dead Tediore bot. The amber gas glowing on the attachment's capacitor meter drained away, falling down until it was gone and the attachment's nuclear fury was cut off. The remains of the robot shuddered with a sepia and goldenrod bubbling that slowly dissipated.

A chorus of awed voices rose up behind Maya as Hope swooped down to examine the ruined machine. Maya slowly pivoted on her foot as the voices finally registered with words.

"Whoa, she's *huge!*"

"It's, it's, it's Maya, the s-s-siren!"

A gasp. "Just like Miss Tannis!"

"Yeah, she's got the booty clouds! They're over her shoulders, too!"

"Too bad we can't salvage that robot. Ah well."

“I like her sandal-boot thingies.”

The mob of liliput that had gathered behind Maya stared up at her with smiles and eyes filled with wonder. Maya felt like a goddess, looking down at them from so high up, their six feet of height nothing compared to her ten. They were bobbing on their tiptoes, skinny calves shaded by their bulging buttocks and thighs. Those buttocks rose up against their bulbous backs, and their bulging guts pulsated before them. Some of them had long hair parted to one side, while others had their hair set in twin braids and others kept it chopped to a palm’s width in length. Yet they all had the same hair color, a rich gold to match the freckles that covered their pale bodies, and prominent front teeth that gleamed a bright white under button noses. Maya noted their proportions, realizing that they had all begun as “shortstacks”, diminutive starspawn normally four heads tall and wide. It was probably the low gravity of Elpis that caused them to transform into liliput.

They all had a pair of ballistic goggles set atop their brows — Tannis immediately came to Maya’s mind upon seeing them. Each pair of breasts was barely carried under a tartan-patterned tube top, the resulting underboob being three-quarters of their total breast mass. As she studied the liliput the titanic siren suspected their matching attire was meant to be a uniform, as every liliput wore a denim miniskirt, thick socks and combat boots in addition to the cardigan.

Maya waved uncertainly to the mob as other liliput arrived to admire her enormity. “Um, hi there.”

As soon as Maya’s greeting was made they all began chattering, complimenting her in various ways. Maya blushed at how genuine their chatter was, their bulbous curves pulsating madly as they gesticulated happily.

One of them piped up rather loudly. “Hey, you wanna come see Ananke? We could show you all kinds of cool stuff!”

Maya nodded in response. “Sure, I could take a tour.”

The only problem with taking a tour was Maya’s vast lower half. Even supposing she hadn’t gluttoned herself into such a size, the blue-haired beauty would have found trying to tour the buildings a nightmare, given how comparatively small the liliput were. But still, Maya swayed her titanic hips onward, surrounded by a ring of starspawn eager to admire her mostly naked bulk.

Ananke, Maya noticed as she waddled closer, was guarded by more than just being on stilts. Quite a few liliput had echobots of their own, and Hope chatted with them, introducing them to “Mistress Maya Sex Blimp”, causing the liliput to chastise them playfully. Maya could hear it in their voices and see it in their glances — the liliput knew all too well about the perverted inclinations of echobots. Besides the echobots and their hidden armaments, Maya could see two larger takes on the standard echobot flying over Ananke, easily as big as either of her boobs, its hazard striping well-matched to its additional jet thruster.

It was a jet thruster that made Maya think. “Hope,” she called over to her echobot, “is it possible for you to digistruct a propulsion system that you can use in a vacuum without gravity?”

“Yes, Maya Sex Blimp,” came the buzzing reply, “shall I pick one from the Moxxi Collective’s network?”

“Yes, and if they don’t have one, check the Free Print Repository.”

He landed in her cleavage as his rotors flashed with purple and blue light, becoming a torus of some cream-colored material. It spun and he returned to the air, albeit with an eerie silence in place of the usual rotor-buzz Maya had grown accustomed to.

Maya wasn’t too certain about being able to squeeze between the stilts, but the liliput guided her around to the APC driveway, a gap in the stilts that split Ananke in twain below the settlement’s buildings. Looking up, Maya could see the tangle of ramps, platforms and bridges that made up Ananke’s walkways. Faces topped by golden locks peered over the many railings at her, eyes large and bright.

More and more voices rose up, traveling all across the settlement as Maya stopped by a rather wide ladder. Little fingers pointed at Maya and sounds of awe accompanied them. It wasn’t strong enough to accommodate her, but the liliput that circled her swarmed onto it, pores tooting them up while just barely grabbing the ropes. One stuck with her however, her hair parted into a mop. She cried out to the girls on the elevator in a surprising contralto. “Grab the data plate Doctor Tannis left behind! Maya needs to see it!”

The siren gave the liliput a confused tilt of the head. “A data plate?”

“Yeah,” came the reply, “Tannis was here for a year, did some research and helped us with our work here. She left not too long ago. I’m Tina, by the way.”

“Well,” Maya laughed softly, “it’s nice to meet you, Tina. What do you guys do here, anyway?”

The elevator rumbled as it slowly ascended.

Tina adjusted her top. “We refine the phloem and xylem produced by the vacuum garden and sell the refined product. Rubber, food, we can make important things a digistructor can’t. We also sell our boob milk and any eridium we can dig out of the nearby hills, but the refining’s the big thing.”

Maya wasn’t too alarmed by the breast milk thing, given her own upbringing and the fact that livestock were initially a massive pain in the ass to transport in space, which led colonists to develop some *interesting* workarounds. Tina pointed out the different parts of the refinery to her, as the other liliput float-bobbed around looking for the data plate. One building housed centrifuges, another held a distillery, it was all surprisingly organized for a starspawn location, given how unstable starspawn typically were.

A clique of liliput bounced over from a ladder unseen, legs kicking in the air. The leader had her hair knotted up in a vertical ponytail, with a small black object in her cleavage. She pulled it out and gave it to Hope, the echobot grabbing it with his little legs. “That’s the data plate Tannis filled with stuff.”

Tina shrugged. “Tannis said we were to give that to *you* specifically, she said it’s because you’re a scholar like her.” Maya thanked them before they scattered to their daily work. Tina’s voice faded away as she bounced away from Maya toward one of the APCs. “You two! You both know I have to oversee APC maintenance, so you both know how much I can’t stand it when people sixty-nine in the back of them! You two are gonna clean...”

Hope floated into Maya’s cleavage yet again. “Shall I display the plate’s contents?” Maya confirmed and so Hope displayed his hologram sphere. The liliput had already seen the contents, so they just went about their business. The siren, on the other hand, would be equal parts relieved and surprised.

Tannis’ squared heart of a face blinked and smiled warmly in the hologram, as the sound of electronics snapped into existence a moment later. She spoke in the somewhat haughty dialect that was endemic to the Seshat-Benben Academics, those lofty towers filled with survivalist-scientists that

always stood victorious against the short-sighted corpo-states. “Oh, it *does* work! Marvelous! I guess I should begin. This data plate is meant for the siren named Maya, and only for her, as my research has shown that she is one of the few *people* — let alone sirens — who can understand and appreciate my findings. In case you’re not aware, I am Patricia Tannis, a scientist, explorer, and siren. I’m making this because my studies have led me to some *fascinating* conclusions.”

The device recording Tannis began to pull away from her face, and Maya’s jaw dropped at what the scene portrayed. Tannis and Maya had the same body proportions, that much was obvious, but the black-haired scientist’s clitoris was actively flexing around her like a panicking earthworm, and, well...

Tannis was just all-around fucking *gigantic!*

The scene was obviously the Ivory Grotto, with Tannis’ computer terminal set up nearby on a cheap table, with all kinds of gadgets and machinery set up on four other tables against the first one. Tannis’ smiling face was right by the terminal, while milk spurted in streams from her teats, flowing across the Eridian stonework in geminal viscous torrents. Maya did a rough calculation, comparing the terminal to Tannis’ head — the scientist’s head was slightly more than one yard tall, measuring from her cleft chin to the top of her forehead. As the vantage point continued to pan out, Maya realized that Tannis had to be about fifty feet tall when standing. The scientist chuckled as she ran a hand over either pale breast, blue veins shimmering as she watched her rbeasts spurt milk in quantities far more than should have been physically possible.

“Breasts,” she sighed, “are amazing things. The milk they produce is vital for the survival of our species, and all thirteen sirens produce an endless supply, defying the laws of physics in the process. In fact, when I uncovered my ‘phaseswarm’ power, I discovered that siren milk always contains more than the required calories and nutrients required to keep someone healthy. In fact,” she patted her notably bulging belly with her hands, causing it to ripple like an overfilled water balloon, “a siren can subsist off nothing but her own breast milk, to the point of obesity!” Tannis chuckled as she looked to her side briefly. “Normal humans become more than just obese from siren’s milk, which is something I’ve confirmed through trial and error. From what I’ve been able to observe, certain subtypes of ‘starspawn’ are able to do the same thing.”

Maya nodded along slowly as a liliput APC trundled out of its enclosure and out to someplace or other.

Tannis continued drumming gently on her pale, bulbous belly. “My studies on Eridian ruins are enclosed within this data plate for you to study at your leisure. But for the sake of my recording this, I’ll reveal what I consider the most striking discoveries I’ve made.” Eridian frescoes and murals were displayed instead of Tannis, painstakingly remade through digital means. Much as Maya remembered, thirteen human sirens were displayed, along with a multitude of other species, floating above their unaltered kin. Where the non-siren individuals resembled their normal selves, the sirens were notably different, with some becoming serpentine and others becoming fractal machinery, while only the humans ballooned up into gigantic pear-shaped behemoths. Tannis spoke as the imagery scrolled slowly. “Thirteen separate species are portrayed by Eridian ruins, and each of them has thirteen sirens or siren-equivalents. I suspect the formation of each set is dictated by whatever qualia the entire species instinctively considers worthwhile in a protector before they fully mature. In humanity’s case, sirens become much like mother goddesses protecting their many, many children from predators.”

“Just a hypothesis,” Maya muttered, “but it has merit.”

Tannis kept speaking. “The transformation is inevitable for a siren, no matter their beauty standards. I myself was beyond disgusted when my body became an erotic parody of its former self, but in time I gained quite a following, and the power that came with the changes more than made up for it. I can no longer fit inside a house or walk down most streets, but I now have my own personal atmosphere,” she waved a hand through the tiny clouds that were slowly drifting around her huge tits, “and I have developed a capacity for interplanetary and *interstellar* travel from my siren abilities!”

The recording’s view shifted as Tannis’ clitoris formed a curved pillar, the scientist grunting as she rolled onto one side to stand up more easily. Moans escaped her full lips as she hugged her bare breasts, looking down at one side; Maya came to the conclusion that Tannis was trying to keep her milk from destroying her research station. Rotating in place using her clit as a third leg, Tannis went on. “Unfortunately, I’ve been unable to track most of the galaxy’s sirens, as tracking thirteen women out of trillions of human lives is hard enough as it is. However, I do have leads on a few that may help you.”

The imagery snapped to a starship that was clearly owned by Hyperion, all acute angles and curves, gold and black with paired red stripes. Maya's brow went up at the shape of the vehicle, however — Hyperion vessels were usually elongated wedges, regardless of whether they were interplanetary spaceships or interstellar starships. Yet the one Tannis was showing was several magnitudes of order wider and taller than the Hyperion norm.

Tannis' voice chimed in as the starship maneuvered around Pandora briefly before activating its wormhole array and disappearing to somewhere else on the wormhole network. "Hyperion's presence at Pandora was hardly a coincidence. That vessel most likely contained a siren by the name of Angel."

Shaky footage began to play, showing what was clearly a siren with Maya's proportions, albeit with torpedo-tits as long as she was tall and half that in diameter, her siren markings blazing bright in the shape of blue gears wrapping around her butt and boobs. Blue eyes blazed with contempt, half-covered by a short black ponytail. Milk was spraying from her crater-teats, splashing onto kneeling, wailing people, turning them into half-machine wretches. "Angel," Tannis explained, "has the ability to manipulate technology with her siren power, and she swiftly overtook Hyperion's social structure to plant herself as the corpo-state's somewhat-hidden autocrat. It was extremely difficult to procure this recording, mind you, but it's worth showing how Angel deals with Hyperion shareholders. Hyperion always portrayed itself as the height of fashion and class, but Angel, I fear, intends to turn the corporation into a monarchy of her own design."

An image of the massive starship popped up. Tannis went on. "This starship is mostly likely Angel's personal conveyance. While she communicated with Lilith and even myself via a Hyperion satellite in orbit over Pandora five Earth-years ago, I suspect the opening of the vault convinced her to arrive in person. This starship arrived in orbit around Pandora four Earth-years ago but it left as soon as it was made clear Lilith was gone."

Another recording appeared, of Angel bobbing through what used to be an Atlas company town like a lost balloon, garbed in a strapless minidress and lady-officer's jacket that matched her dismissive sneer. "My advice is to keep your distance from Angel. If rumor is to be believed, she killed her father at an early age after losing her mother to his mental instability, which most likely affected her psychological development. As things stand, her machinations go beyond mere corporate politics, so there's no telling how she'll react to the presence of another Siren."

“Moving on,” Tannis sighed, “we can discuss my person.”

The view shifted back to Tannis’ enormous body, her work station reaching not even halfway up her shin in height in comparison. She wore a maroon coat with an upright collar and multiple pleated flap-pockets, which reached down until it touched the top of her ass — she was built just like Maya, except her nipples were inverted, her areolæ forming horizontal folds over them. Tannis was quite proud of them, her arms hugging them slightly as milk dribbled from them in several rivulets. Tannis’ clitoris slowly retracted under her bulging gut as her hands reached down to stroke her ample flanks, the retraction shifting her maroon v-string about.

“In case you’re interested,” Tannis said after a moment of thought, “I *am* single. My interests are xenoarchæology, vacuum gardens, long walks anywhere, eating obscure varieties of meat and watching ecosystem simulators. My turn-offs are body odor, lack of etiquette, sauerkraut, bossy sorts and overcaring. Boundaries are important, after all.”

Maya found herself entranced by the swaying, bulbous pulchritude that was the body of Patricia Tannis. Pale and streaked subtly with pale veins, Tannis gently showed off her width and sides, lifting one knee so in a cute little pose as she completed a turn. Seeing Tannis’ proportions also put things into perspective for Maya, the tiny upper body made even tinier by a gigantic pelvis and thighs. The blue-haired siren remembered some stories she had heard about the black-haired siren. The cannibalism was most likely due to Tannis visiting the Goliath Nests of Erebus, given their credo of “meat is meat” and the prevalence of inter-nest warfare there. While it wasn’t a crime there, the corpo-states were always eager to go after anyone who disagreed with them for any reason they could make up on the spot. Tannis had helped set up Dahl’s Pandoran Echonet network, but the corpo-state’s directors foamed at the mouth when she took revenge on them for abandoning their employees. It didn’t matter, as Dahl was torn apart by its competitors a few years after she exposed Dahl’s crimes against humanity all over the Echonet.

“I intend to travel to the galaxy’s core,” Tannis exhaled, “as my findings show a prominent Eridian presence surrounding the black hole that dominates the heart of the Milk Way.” As if on cue, milk sprayed from her teats — Maya just *knew* Tannis did that on purpose, given the scientist’s perverted grin. Tannis went on. “If you wish to follow me, I’ll be very much eager to travel with you, though you might miss seeing our next subject.”

The imagery vanished, replaced by a view of Dionysus and the siren Maya was looking for.

Lilith.

Except, there was a lot more of her than Maya had previously seen. Blocking the view of Dionysus' equator-girdling ocean, Lilith had grown into a particularly rotund pear, her perpetually pulsating belly bulging forth as a massive dome beneath the absolute milk blimps that were her boobs, either one four times the size of her head. Lilith's conical legs outdid her arms in the blubber department, but the latter were still hefty domes unto themselves. Lilith's rounded heart of a face was ensconced in a bubble of a double chin, her face shifting with bemusement at what was going on around her. Her only remaining clothing consisted of her high-collared vest and its little pauldrons, the battle-cracked boron carbide patched with kintsugi. Her gigantic areolæ were housed within a tangle of eridium pipes and pumps, all of which ran to a trio of spheres at her upper back. Maya could see sirenic energies swirling around those spherical milk tanks.

Tannis spoke after a moment. "Lilith is probably the most famous of the sirens, having made fools of both Atlas and Hyperion during her exploration of Pandora. She had made it clear to me before we both began growing that she intended to explore the end of the Sagittarius Stream nearest to Pandora, as she had found proof that the Eridians had maintained substantial strongholds there. I've included that proof within this data plate as well."

The recording showed Lilith had... *people* scampering across her bulk. An army of liliput Liliths! When they weren't flopped against their host's double chin gossiping they were managing the valves, pumps and sensors on Lilith's flexing arrays of milk plumbing, each shortstack-turned-pear-blimp otherwise identical to Lilith in terms of her hair, face and skin tone. The redhead slowly rotated and manifested fractal wings of siren-fire. The liliput appeared to be cheering as her sirenic might produced a wormhole for her to float through.

"My brief moments spent chatting with Lilith were pleasant," Tannis remarked, "if only for the fact that she was one of the few people on Pandora who didn't try to kill me on sight. She's amenable to being approached by other sirens, but I will warn you now, she seems *very* reluctant to ever be found on a planet or a moon, so meeting her in person will be a challenge. As it is, I suspect that she is the source of the 'Liliya' guns that are now competing with Jakobs as the choice of frontiersmen and meat barons."

The hologram reverted back to Tannis, caressing her ample breasts as she leaned onto her re-emerged third lady-leg. Her cheeks flushed a pale pink as she exhaled her words. “Oh this feels so fucking goo—” she stopped abruptly, eyes betraying her shock, correcting her behavior with only a sliver of shame. “*Anyway*,” she steered hard verbally, “Maya, I understand you’re no doubt still growing into your new stature and exploring your capabilities. As you’ve seen and as I’ve touched on, sirens develop their own personal atmospheres and develop the capacity to maneuver unaided through the vacuum of space. The process of developing such an ability used to be purely trial and error, though I’ve recorded and shared a tried-and-true method for future sirens to use.”

Maya nodded. “So, I can become a human starship. Nice.”

“It’s my belief that entering a microgravity environment or falling from a great height can activate a siren’s capacity for spaceflight. I can assure you that the latter worked for me, though I would prefer you do not follow in my ample footsteps.” The view swung slowly away from Tannis’ face and tits, heading left toward her machinery and the Eridian ruins. Beyond them were a trio of arches leading toward a tunnel. “I’m currently recording this within the Ivory Grotto, which is at the end of the Ananke Canyon. You can reach the Ananke Canyon by crossing the river separating it from the settlement named Ananke. It’s a simple path to follow, and the Ivory Grotto has everything you need to achieve spaceflight. I’ll leave instructions by the main monitor for you to use.” The recording swung back to Tannis’ face as the sounds of laughing liliput clattered off the stonework nearby. She glanced over with an amused smile. “I hope to see you in person one day, but for now, farewell.”

The recording ended abruptly, but Maya knew what she was going to do before it ended. Hope took flight as the siren eased her titanic hips down the ground-level thorough-way. The local liliput went about their business, yelling their goodbyes to Maya, the blue-haired siren returning their farewells. In the distance, the sound of an APC’s shotgun turret going off against a roaring prospector echoed off the hills. Maya slowed her already slow waddle once she reached Ananke’s edge, looking over her shoulder to smack her immense ass for the waving liliput. Waves rolled across her buttock, so she smacked the other buttock for the sake of equality, eliciting cheers from the liliput. Maya’s confidence was returning, thanks to Tannis’ data.

The river that flowed past the settlement was wide, but shallow. Maya felt the water reaching up to her knees as she waddled over the rounded cobbles

and oxygen-fizzing hydrophytes, the gentle caress of the water's flow quite inviting. Once more, Maya was happy that she had such a vantage point to view the world from. Tannis' view of things was no doubt even more astounding, given her immensity. Water splashed the bottom of her belly, which caused Maya to shudder from the tickling sensation. Ananke Canyon's opening wasn't too far away, tapering inward as it led away from the blue-haired siren. The canyon was more than wide enough to accept Maya's girth; she easily stepped out of the water and into the canyon proper, water flowing off of her conical legs and glittering on the greenery behind her.

Carefully swaying her hips between the canyon walls, Maya noticed signs of Eridian construction. Exposed by scouring wind and running water, the weirdly-glowing masonry peered out from behind crumbling minerals. Hope ducked into Maya's cleavage in a rather abrupt manner, causing her to gasp in alarm.

Hope buzz-warbled before she could say anything. "Eridium whirl inbound!"

Sure enough, a massive eridium whirl roared into the canyon. Purple dust and arcing flares of energy surrounded Maya, causing her siren marking to flare up into a blue haze. Maya's mind swam as eridium energies surged through her body, lightening her bulk as eridium liquefied upon contact with her tongue. Hope went silent, closing up his little body while his mistress went through another transformation.

As the bones of dead corpo-state thugs blew into the canyon and clattered against the canyon walls, Maya found herself ingesting eridium, her guts inflating with the gaseous byproduct. Maya wanted to scream in protest, but the flare of hunger made the chugfest much more tolerable than before. Her intestines began gurgle-whooshing with astounding violence, torquing her lower half about as her belly pulsated rapidly, heaving in different directions as Maya's worldview began shifting. Her digestive tract began growing, fighting against its own coiled length for more space. The ground grew further away and the canyon's walls began encroaching. Her breasts felt rather empty for once, which is what truly alarmed the siren.

Her bones were creaking, her skull was stretching, her skin felt like it was going to explode, her clit engorged, her hair fell out, her bangs rushing away on the whirl's maddening spin, a whirling serpent of blue filaments. Maya exhaled a groan as the flow of eridium abated briefly, strange colors flashing

through her vision as her heart raced and her clit swung up and forward, hefting her belly up with the sheer force of its violet-shimmering length.

There was no pain during Maya's growth, only extremely chaotic disorientation. Maya's vision swam and swirled in a kaleidoscope of impossible colors and movements. And as soon as it happened, it was over, the gyrating fury of the eridium whirl dissipated.

Maya felt like she should have fallen over, but she felt two hard surfaces pressing against her hips, keeping her upright. Her hands reached up to her head, feeling nothing but brand new hair follicles growing over her clean scalp. The siren's vision immediately snapped back into solidity upon feeling the blue fuzz on her head; not one sky blue hair was longer than her thumb. Her jaw dropped as she realized what had happened.

Hope became active but remained silent, standing atop Maya's right boob. Maya stared about herself slowly, studying the apex of the canyon walls, which were almost at eye level to her. She looked left, then right, then left, and then right again. The walls seem much closer than they had before; if she leaned sideways a little bit, Maya reckoned, she could touch either wall with her hand. She had to catch her breath while watching her clothes, gun and even Hope glow with her siren power's leakage — they, too, had grown!

Maya had become fifty feet tall and sixty-five feet wide, her proportions simply scaling up, rather than shifting otherwise. Her personal atmosphere had grown to match; she watched as her little clouds pushed against the canyon's microbial roof, extending nearly thirty feet above her head. She was astonished, as Hope had grown notably large to her canted, pale blue eyes. The once-tiny lavender machine-being flew around her head as she struggled to free her titanic hips from the canyon's grip. He was clearly updating his systems, mechanical, analog and digital hardware being digistructed and rearranged to boost his capacities to match his new stature.

She grunted. Stone groaned. Soil rumbled. The ground creaked.

Hope hovered not too far from Maya's face, which measured three feet and nine inches tall; he matched her proportions accordingly. Her pudgy arms ran over her boobs, either of which was big enough to contain an entire family. Maya's grunt ended with a sigh of relief as her ample hips dragged across the canyon walls, freeing chunks of untamed regolith and exposing even more Eridian remnants. She ran her arms over her expansive belly, feeling the weird gurgle-whooshing swirling through her intestines.

Hope buzzed. “You could host a party in your middle.”

“If whatever’s happening in there didn’t kill the party first,” Maya muttered. She looked down the length of the canyon and it dawned on her that she’d have to sidestep her way down its length to reach the Ivory Grotto.

And so she did. The blue-haired titan found that shuffling sideways meant she only took up a bit more than half of the canyon’s width, from the very tips of her nipples and reaching back to the circumference of her bulbous buttocks. It was slow going, but Maya was taking things in stride. It was an amazing change; the siren felt as though she was shimmying her girth down a rocky hallway rather than a vast canyon, like a rural alley on Promethea or Eden-6.

Maya was honestly happy that her siren powers affected her clothes and gear, as being fifty feet tall *and* naked was not the situation she wanted to be in. The blue-haired beauty shimmied her way along the canyon, hugging her tits as her rear and belly bumped the walls once every few steps. It seemed to go on forever; Maya couldn’t help but admire the enormity of her ass as it wobbled with every footstep, squishing up against the canyon’s side whenever she accidentally bumped against it.

Then, the Ivory Grotto was entered.

It was just barely spacious enough to accept Maya’s body — she couldn’t imagine trying to share the space with another siren. Its Eridian origins were blatant, albeit devoid of imagery. The pale, wormy stones were veined with glowing eridium, feeding the strange stone-based technology the Eridian civilization had become known for. She did her best to squat down, feeling her ass practically inflate out in all directions as she studied the area’s finer details.

A raised platform of Eridian stonework stood thirteen steps above the Ivory Grotto’s floor, an octagon one hundred feet across; a mosaic spanned the octagon, abstract patterns streaked with the same glow that streaked the walls. A violet cable was attached to the platform by way of a clamp, the other end attached to a cylinder the size of Maya’s forearm. That cylinder, in turn, was joined to some nearby machinery by way of a tangle of wires.

The machinery was approached with caution. It was all scaled to a normal human’s usage, which Maya was rather annoyed by, as her index finger was now big enough to where she’d end up smashing a dozen keys or so with a

single attempt at a button press. She recognized the computer terminal from her studies, a rugged Dahl design meant for use by soldiers out in the field. It stood out amongst the wormhole interfacing technology, salvaged robot parts, sample trays and spare hard drives arranged on the five tables that constituted Tannis' "lab". A single yellow cable ran away from the table-array and pierced the Eridian stonework, tapping it for electricity.

Hope examined the tables. "Everything was arranged to minimize issues caused by tremors or impacts."

"Guess having a big fat ass made that necessary," Maya joked, staring back at her own titanic backside as Hope flew over to the cylinder. The faint smell of breast milk wafted from the cylinder, prompting Maya to follow Hope over. She saw that the cylinder contained alternating layers of pierced eridium and empty space. Breast milk stained the empty spaces in it. Hope locked his eyes on Maya as she spoke. "It's a voltaic pile, but Tannis replaced the copper and zinc with eridium and her milk."

Hope flew back over to the tables and click-thunked. "Shall I access the terminal for you?"

Maya nodded, so Hope got to work, clicking at the keys with his little legs. Maya saw the screen flash through the standard Dahl loading screen, followed by the desktop. Hope clicked on a video file, causing Tannis' voice to blare from the stereo speakers built into the monitor's frame. "Presumably, Maya the siren has gained access to this computer, so I shall explain how to operate the Ivory Grotto's spaceflight gate. The cylinder connecting the equipment to the platform is an 'Eridian pile', a special battery I designed to power Eridian technology. You must fill it with your milk before you do anything else. After that, you must activate the pile using this console. I trust you can identify the applet used to activate on the desktop. Once it's activated, you have eight hours afterward to waddle your undoubtedly colossal blimp of an ass onto the platform, and then all you have to do is reach for the stars and jump straight up. Farewell, Maya. This is Tannis, out!"

Maya ambled over toward the pile, slowly pulling her tube top down to expose her ample teats. Milk spurted from both nipples, embedded as they were in their domed areolæ. Maya bent over, hiding her diminutive upper half before her immense pelvis and bulging ass. Pressing her palms and splayed fingers into the sides of her tits, Maya bit her lip, doing her best to squeeze her boobs and nipples together to form a singular stream of milk. The stream was

messy to say the least, splashing into and around the pile in a torrent that the blue-haired behemoth found impossible to direct. At her size, it was like filling a martini glass with a garden hose without spilling a drop. Naturally the pile was filled within seconds, the mounting pressure within Maya's mammary glands rapidly fading as waves of pleasure eased their way over her tits and across her armpits.

Hope went through the computer's contents as Maya waddled over. Carefully she backed away from the tables before easing her immensity onto her knees, a ponderous process that she took great care in. Her personal atmosphere shifted to and fro, her clouds flowing away from her face to shade her shoulders and upper back. Then she rolled onto her belly, bringing her face close to the monitor to take its display in. The gurgle-whoosh in her intestines shuddered roughly. Besides that peculiar sensation, it was strange trying to read a screen she could fit in her mouth. Her little machine-friend had opened the proper program by then and was awaiting her word.

Maya nodded to him. "Hope, activate the platform, please."

Click-clack.

Without waiting, Maya began torquing her immensity around, flexing her abs to undulate her lower half as her upper half rose up and turned to face the platform. Spacetime warped upward like a prairie of quagma lituus spirals upon the platform, the glow of eridium forming chaotic blotches in the air above the platform. The Eridian pile visibly shifted in spacetime, shunting itself across, between and around multidimensional nonsense and quantum quackery that no one reading this could ever comprehend or care to because it's more purple sci-fi purple prose than anything. The gases filling her gut spasmed on their own when she looked at the spacetime perturbation, causing the blue-haired beauty to bounce toward the platform without her say in the matter. Hope dove into her butcrack as her body jiggled forward violently like an overfilled water balloon, her cries of alarm interrupted by moans of pleasure, as the siren's shield was driven against her g-spot with each belly flop toward the platform.

Maya's mind was swiftly overcome by an urge she couldn't put into words, as she hugged her boobs and twisted her enormous length from side to side. She wanted to be free... but free of what? She felt gravity's pull and it annoyed her, it felt too restricting. To regular humans, the lituus spirals in spacetime would appear like blind spots directly in their vision, but to Maya

they were clear as day, wondrous symbols of true freedom. Her new siren instincts drove her, biological programming that led her onto the platform.

Laying upon her pulsating belly, Maya kicked her legs idly, her little clouds swirling across her rump. The pulsations grew increasingly intense, thumping in time to her pulse. Each subsequent pulsation became more and more violent, and Maya could only cry out in alarm, a prisoner in a body that was obeying its newly unlocked instincts instead of her neural commands. She bobbed up and down, not understanding what was happening, until...

She bounced straight up, her body righting itself as her siren abilities kicked in. Blue and violet lights erupted from different pores in her skin, mostly from beneath her buttocks and armpits, sending her away from the surface of Elpis at a speed she couldn't even comprehend. But Maya regained control of her body as microgravity kicked in. Finally free of gravity's pull, Maya found herself knowing exactly what to do and how.

Orbiting Elpis, the blue-haired woman looked around, not realizing that she was drifting in the vacuum of space at first. She watched as her clouds passed over her boobs and head, remaining under a weird layer of blue haze that enveloped her body, well beyond the reach of her outstretched arms and fingertips. Maya's jaw was slack from her astonishment, but it slowly turned into a wolfish grin as she looked around. Hundreds of miles under her was Elpis, and rising to her side was Pandora, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand miles away. Maya rotated as she orbited Elpis, and the orange dwarf star Pandora orbited was dimmed by Maya's personal atmosphere, keeping her from being blinded.

Satellites were orbiting Pandora that were *not* huge science-fantasy magical women, and some were watching her quite keenly. Maya figured as much, in any case, so instinctively her body's microbiota devoured the micrometeorites that struck her atmosphere, converting the minerals into a telescope. The device was partly attached to the inside of the atmosphere, as Maya's microbiota formed multiple protective layers, enclosing Maya's celestial sky. The siren peered through the telescope and noticed a Torgue satellite gawking at her — the blue-haired beauty jiggled and wobbled her twelve feet of cleavage at it for a solid ten seconds before blowing it a kiss.

Moving lights further away caught Maya's attention. She spoke to Hope as she reoriented her telescope. "Hope, do you see those moving lights?"

"Yes, Maya Sex Blimp, I'm watching the same one you are now."

Maya was stunned by what she saw. It was a veritable army of liliput, with their own personal atmospheres, just like her! The liliput formed a living spaceship, limbs and atmospheres entwined, face to crotch, The “nestship” (Maya was at a loss as to what she could have possibly called it) was far larger than she was, easily surpassing the whales of Earth in terms of volume. A closer look through the telescope revealed what the siren suspected — the liliput were clinging to a spindle of struts as well as each other, using the whale-long spindle as a foundation for their craft. The fore of the nestship was protected by a flattened dome of tungsten wire embedded in water ice, while the aft was home to some kind of propulsion system that Maya couldn't identify.

But still she studied it, and she found her vision sharpening yet flickering. New adaptations transformed her eyeballs; new rods and cones grew, the lens improved, new muscles controlled the iris and lens, many little things were either improved or replaced entirely by way of ocular stem cells perpetually on standby. Maya had to remove her eye from her telescope to rub her eyes for a moment. A few blinks were spared and that was then she was able to comprehend what had happened. Her vision had become multiple orders of magnitude sharper than that of the average human's, with multiple wavelengths becoming visible. Ultraviolet light, polarized light, the siren could see so much more than she could before, whole galaxies in the distance, nebulae blooming, far-off stars and their distances, she found it so much easier to see things all around her.

Maya could see that there had to be dozens of liliput nestships scattered across the star system, with some orbiting Pandora and others much further away, lurking around asteroids they were busy converting into strongholds. “Hope,” Maya spoke up after a moment lost in thought, “did Tannis have anything regarding liliput?”

Hope clicked and thumped. “Not much. According to Tannis, all liliput start off quite small, never taller than one meter, and they remain that way until they reach twenty-five Earth-years in age, which is when they begin to inflate into their true form. Barring accidents or violence, liliput can easily outlive everyone else by at least fifty Earth-years. Tannis is convinced they will become the norm across the entire galaxy, replacing all other starspawn within eight generations.”

Something felt strange nearby; Maya felt no pain, almost like an eddying current in a pool she was swimming in. It was a wholly unique sensation that

only sirens and starspawn could feel. She turned in place to watch as the cause of the sensation came into existence.

Wormholes were either permanent or temporary. Permanent wormholes were gateway stations, immobile and huge, connected to a set network, with every station requiring a fuckton of energy to run, usually drawn from a combination of beamed solar energy, zero-point energy and half-understood Eridian artifacts. Temporary wormholes could be opened by the most advanced of starships, but the energy expenditure was enough to completely wreck the starship from even the tiniest fuckup — they also could only travel along the established network, which limited their mobility a fair bit.

A few hundred miles from Maya appeared a mote of absolute darkness in spacetime, made visible only by the spherical distortion of light around it. It rapidly went from a tiny mote to the size of Maya, if only for a sliver of a second, vanishing as soon as it ejected a horde of tiny starships. Each vessel shimmered with various blues and violets, visual evidence that Eridian technology was at play.

Maya heaved a sigh of exasperation at the sight. Hope chimed in right as his mistress' belly jiggled with the rumble of hunger. "Thirteen makairai inbound."

Makairai. *Thirteen* of them. Maya always wanted one, but given how large she had gotten she figured she could probably use one for a dildo. To own a makaira was the dream of many a vault hunter, spoiled brat and retired mercenary for a variety of reasons. To cram so much into such a small machine cost an exorbitant sum of resources, a starship just big enough to carry a family of four amid a vast array of luxuries. With a minimum of two different propulsion systems and modularity unlike anything else out there, makairai were usually owned by corpo-state execs and their spoiled children.

Maya pulled a boob out of her top and began suckling to assuage the hunger-burn deep inside of her middle. Her cheeks bulged once, twice, thrice, as the tiny starships rushed up to her. The milk gushed down the siren's throat, its buttery sweetness soothing her nerves. She put her boob away as the makairai hovered about a stone's throw away from her. She rubbed her middle and cocked an eyebrow at the fleet.

Each starship was as big as either of Maya's boobs, the front being a domed window, with a second domed window halfway down its length, set on top. A pair of four-jointed arms stood out on the front, and propulsion

thrusters juttled out all across the hull, a jarring contrast to the garish paint job. Each of them had a gun of some kind attached by way of a little sponson, but there was one that caught Maya's eye — it bristled with Torgue and Tediore guns, its black paint job accentuated with flame decals. She could feel the distinct radiation of eridium wafting off each vessel, a welcoming familiarity that cause Maya to smile.

That smile turned into a wolfish grin when she realized she could see through the windows. The people inside the makairai were disgusted and horrified, various cameras catching their reactions as they thrashed about and screeched. Hope landed on Maya's left tit. "Would you like me to intercept their communications?"

Maya nodded affirmative, so Hope obliged. The voices were a mixture of young men and women.

"What the fuck is that?! What is it?!"

"Is that a *siren*?! She's a *blimp*!"

"I thought sirens were supposed to be hot, but this, this is..."

"Was she sucking on her boob?"

"She has clouds all around her! That's so cool!"

"We have dogs for milk, why would she do that? Why would she do that, seriously?"

The last voice was a young man's, a stilted whine that drowned out the others. "Yo-yo-yo-yo, in my bung-ho! She got a bounty, yo! Grab her!"

The heavily-armed makaira drifted toward Maya, its gimbaled thrusters spurting silently in the void. Six telescoping legs tipped with opposable sucker-toes extended from its underside as it approached Maya's cleavage. Maya rotated forward slightly as the machine approached her. She reached out and grabbed it with her hands.

Hope spoke after ending the comm-interception. "Maya Sex Blimp, every makaira here contains nuisance livestreamers, you're being watched by the entire galaxy right now."

"Livestreamers," Maya giggled, "so they have no idea how to fight."

One of the Torgue guns on her captive opened fire, the radiation rockette missing her face by a notable margin. Maya blinked in surprise at that, but she

could also see the quartet of young people inside screaming at each other, their voices muffled in her personal atmosphere. They were panicking, but it was too late. Maya harrumphed and furrowed her brow.

“Worthless creatures. You will be forgotten!”

Maya lifted her left arm, palm up, and rolled her fingers and thumbs into a harsh clench. With that, her phaselock manifested with a ferocity the siren was certainly not expecting.

All thirteen vessels were caught in spheres of sirenic potency, crumpling under the overwhelming force closing in from all sides. A chemical reaction raged as each hull was forced to endure an alternating barrage of solar heat and intergalactic cold. The metal caved in, snapping into craters, air spraying through gruesome rents as sponsons drifted away and thrusters ruptured. Maya couldn't hear the shrieks of agony but she knew they were happening — past experience with phaselocking antagonistic vault hunters taught her those sounds all too well. The phaselock went on, the spheres growing smaller and the makairai crumpling further and further.

The ten seconds those vessels were phaselocked for were the longest ten seconds those livestreamers ever had to endure. Emergency micromachines bled through the rents in the hulls, sealing them up to keep the interior safe from the void of space. Every makaira was defanged, gunless, incapable of fighting back against her. Maya looked into the window of the vessel she had originally grabbed, seeing that her phaselock hadn't killed them. They convulsed and sobbed as their bodily orifices sprayed various liquids with all the force of a fire hose designed by a demon, but that was all easily fixed by a crew of doctors... maybe. Maybe?

She grabbed the thoroughly busted machine in her hands and rotated it sideways partway, her siren power kicking in reflexively. The wormhole generator on the aft end contained a lump of process eridium, which combined with the vehicle's software to unlock Maya's full spaceflight ability. Her head swam as she shoved against the makaira, her own bulk drifting back slightly as the once-formidable vessel collided with its peers at an incredible speed. The gurgle-whoosh in her digestive tract roiled thunderously as her siren markings produced an aurora across her personal atmosphere.

Hope was impressed, that much Maya could tell. His buzzy voice was unmistakably laden with awe. “Everything that just happened is taking the Echonet by storm.”

Maya tried to speak through her disorientation. “Nice...”

“Those livestreamers are notorious public nuisances, but they were being promoted by Tediore and Torgue. Your bounty has increased by fifty-two dollars.”

“Wow,” Maya’s voice steadied as the lightheadedness faded away, “what was my bounty before that?”

“It was seventy-two hundred billion dollars.”

She studied the drifting wreckage. Unlocked instincts became familiar, the gurgle-whoosh shifting ever so slightly as the blue-haired blimp held Hope in her hands. “I can do it, Hope,” she giggled.

Hope blinked. “Do what?”

“Interstellar travel,” Maya clarified with a grin, “where should we go next?”

Hope looked down in thought. He looked into Maya’s eyes after a second spent in deep thought. “Aquator, let’s try Aquator.”

Maya held the sides of her tits and made them wobble together a few times. “Get in and we’ll be on our way.”

Hope nestled himself quite snugly in Maya’s cleavage. With that, she focused, and spacetime around her rippled. In the blink of an eye, spacetime twisted open, a gnarled tunnel sucking Maya in and sliding her through a wormhole. Hope was surprised when the trip took less time than the wormhole passage of a starship, sending Maya onto the surface of Aquator. Not in orbit around Aquator, not floating in the sky of Aquator, but directly upon its surface, knee-deep in the water of an Aquatorian cove. Hope was amazed by his mistress’ control over her new ability. He took flight, noting the way her bosom heaved in and out. He saw she was trying to catch her breath, beads of sweat rolling down her brow. She laughed lightly as she looked up at her little friend. She whooped softly. “That was something!”

The pair looked around. Aquator’s balmy clime was perfectly suited for humans. Light gravity, a shallow ocean that spanned the equator, a sizeable moon and a manmade biosphere meant it was a popular tourist destination. The cove was just big enough to contain Maya, surrounded on all sides was dunes and gnarled pines. Hope opened a hologram map, showing the area. Not too far off was the Driftwood Resort, frequented by haute couture designers

and swimsuit models when it wasn't hosting a symposium. Maya patted Hope on his chassis in gratitude and slowly turned in place, facing the general direction of the Driftwood Resort before waddling along the beach.

The tallest trees along the beach were the pines, and those barely reached the bottom of her cleft of a navel. They curled in on themselves, needles forming a thick carpet under the warped boughs. The crystal clear water was rife with life; Maya smiled at the sight of schools of larvaceans dodging splint-armored ctenophores. A sea meadow shimmered further away from the beach, bountiful greenery under the waves. A pair of fish fins cut through the waves, a folding row of spines set before a smaller blade. Maya watched as the two fins slipped back under the surface, their owner going otherwise unseen.

Maya swayed her hips out of necessity, one hip pushing against the pines growing on that side as her other hip caught seaspray. Gulls hovered nearby, hanging on the wind as they squabbled over food. As Hope studied the sea life Maya hugged her boobs, slowly letting her arms rest atop them as her machine-friend bobbed over the waves, always staying out of reach of them as he recorded the interactions of Aquator's fauna. Every footstep caused the sand to shiver around her feet, every raised foot leaving behind a deep imprint of her buskin's sole.

WHUMP. WHUMP. WHUMP. WHUMP.

Her buttocks undulated with each step taken, the wobbles rolling down her thighs and against her belly. Screams of alarm rose up nearby. Maya's pulse quickened as she turned to face the screamers. It was a bunch of tourists further inland, their oversized sunglasses hiding their bulging eyes. Standing atop a plank bridge over the dunes, they pointed and screamed various exclamations as their swimwear gleamed with moisture. Her newfound visual acuity made it easy to see if anyone was packing any heat, so it was obvious none of the people were armed. Well, that, and they were just so *tiny!* Even on the bridge, they were so, so very small compared to her vast width. The siren's intrusive thoughts involved picking one of them up around the middle and plopping them into her cleavage, but Maya opted to simply wave and smile before continuing on her way. The shouts of alarm promptly ceased, the shouters instead letting their jaws hang limp, dumbfounded by the giant siren's response.

The Driftwood Resort didn't look anywhere near as tiny as the tourists Maya had passed. It was a rather plain affair, its four swimming pools enclosed by a tall fence, its architectural elements clearly influenced by the ancient Queen Anne style once popular on Earth, but it was all tastefully understated, pale hues mingling with floral embellishments. Maya could see people mingling there, dozens upon dozens of people in little groups or lines, both beside and in the pools.

Maya looked over at Hope. "Why did you choose Aquator?"

"Oh," Hope bobbed in the air, "according to a few reports I found on the Echonet, Tannis came here after leaving Elpis. Maybe we can find some leads here?"

"Hope, you always know what to do."

Hope twirled in appreciation of his mistress' words.

The resort's crowds noticed Maya and had mixed reactions. The blue-haired behemoth could see the concern that crossed most of their faces, so she grinned and waved to them. The joy that a few were originally showing toward Maya's presence only grew and spread, until the resort's residents deemed the arrival of a fifty-foot blue-haired woman a welcome event. Screams from near the water alarmed everyone, drawing Maya's attention fully.

A prominent mudflat burbled between the Driftwood Resort and the water proper, hemmed in by a partial ring of crooked pines. Maya saw that a group of liliput was stampeding toward the resort, their gigantic torsos pulsating violently, thighs slapping together as they kicked off the mud with their swimming slippers. They were fleeing an explosion of frothing water at the mudflat's edge opposite the Driftwood Resort, so Maya decided to step onto the mudflat, Hope readying his rockettes as she readied her rifle.

The mudflat was broad, with more than enough space for the siren to maneuver upon. The starspawn swimsuit models noticed her, which only caused them to bobble-float with even more intensity, if not haste. Reaching the stone steps leading up to the resort's rear patio meant fighting a sideway breeze while keeping their designer swimsuits on, but they all made it, their bulbous midsections pressing together as they struggled to get onto the patio. Resort staff tended to the exhausted liliput models as both struggled to comprehend what the fuck was happening on the mudflat.

The frothing chaos at the mudflat's edge consolidated itself into a beast that Hope immediately identified for Maya. "That's a sawnose cichlid, approximately five meters long. It's a carnivore."

The sawnose cichlid was a burly horror unlike anything else Maya had fought before. It was nearly one-third as long as she was, but one-fifth of that was a blade of a snout, lined with stout teeth that made it resemble a chainsaw. It terminated at a razorous point, while the cichlid's tail was a crescent, and Maya recognized the two fins on its back, the front one flexing up and down as it clambered onto the mud with four stumpy fins. Maya repositioned her feet as the fish's turreted eyes locked onto her.

"Hope," Maya quietly spoke, "what can it do to hurt me?"

"It will most likely try to slide on its belly to impale you on its rostrum. It can also thrash its head from side to side really fast to cause lacerations. Sawnose cichlids are known for being fearless and relentless."

"Thank you, Hope—"

The sawnose croaked and began squirming from side to side with a vigor that no one was expecting, paddling with its fins to slide toward Maya. Its rostrum gleamed bright in the morning sun as it undulated, but it wasn't fast enough, as Maya's combat experience let her evade the beast's headlong charge by stepping to one side. Hope let rip with an incendiary rockette as he flew away from Maya, striking the sawnose right between the eyes with an explosion of liquid fire. A loud croak was loosed as the sawnose thrashed about in pain from the explosion, rolling over several times to put out the flames.

Maya began waddling backwards. "Hope! We need to get that thing away from the people!"

"Understood, Maya Sex Blimp!"

Maya chuckled a bit at that. The sawnose spun around and charged again, slipping and sliding with pain-induced fury at the siren. Maya squatted down slightly and then jumped. She had only intended to jump over the fish as it charged past her, but her siren nature kicked in and she found herself floating just out of reach of the animal, blue and violet energies puffing out of the pores on her ass and legs to keep her airborne. It spun around yet again and began swinging its snout left and right and left and right, croaking its frustration the entire time. Maya looked down its gaping maw, grimacing at the

pharyngeal jaws flexing in its gullets. She took aim with her rifle and began cranking.

The gathered crowd cheered as the big blimp of a siren unloaded the entire magazine onto the sawnose cichlid, cryogenic spheres bouncing, rolling and bursting against the beast. It was quite the show, as sphere after sphere rolled along the mudflat, swerving and bouncing off of the pines toward the gigantic fish, exploding into elemental frost. By the time Maya had floated back onto solid ground she had killed the fish, freezing it solid. Hope confirmed its death by flying down and tapping it with one of his feet, nodding to Maya that the deed was done.

Maya tucked her rifle back into her cleavage, turning to face the crowd as the people all raised their voices in a chorus of applause. She couldn't help herself, laughing and waving as she waddled over to the liliput models that had been forced to flee the mudflat. They ran onto the mudflat to thank Maya. Maya, in turn, kneeled and then rolled onto her belly, buoyed atop her tits as the gathered crowd examined her body, marveling at her immensity. Most decided to simply return to their previous activities after a few minutes spent recording the scene, finding the excitement quite tiring. But the liliput models stuck it out, amazed at the size of Maya's head compared to their bodies, chattering about the size of her rump, admiring her clothes and rifle.

They asked all kinds of questions about her, and Maya was amused when they considered discussing their own lives to be a completely pointless effort. They were all liliput from Earth's orbit, they told her, and some of the biggest fashion labels out there seemed to recognize the growing number of their kind, so they were all a shoe-in for work as models. They all looked so different from each other beyond their pulsating bulk, yet they were beautiful to look at, that much Maya thought to be true. They were eager to hear about the liliput of Elpis, about prospector bots, how Maya came to grow so big, and especially about sirens. Hope was even nice enough to make a copy of Tannis' finding for the models to study through their own echobots. It was stressed to Maya that her crumpling the nuisance livestreamers in Elpis' orbit was actually a good thing, as the gang of spoiled brats had originally been barred from Aquator for their obnoxious hijinks.

One of the models floated on the breeze toward Maya's face as her peers chatted excitedly about the battle, the scene replaying in their brains with new details coming to light in their memories. Maya and the model laughed as the latter's pulsing belly collided with Maya's cheek. Her orange mop of hair shining

in the sun, the model adjusted her frilly green bikini, freckled boobs jiggling to and fro as she spoke. “Oi, would you be up for a group photo, love?”

As soon as those words were spoken the other models bobbed over, their guts and tits squeezing together as they discussed the best place to take it. Maya laughed as a veritable sea of wobbling young women formed waves of pulsating flesh against her gigantic tits.

The orange-haired young woman seemed to have sort kind of authority, as she harrumphed, causing the others to float to attention. “Right,” she sighed, “it’s been a crazy day, but it doesn’t mean you can overwhelm Miss Maya. We can all pose near the frozen fish she made for us!”

Several of the resort’s burlier staff had managed to drag the thoroughly-frozen sawnose cichlid far away from the water, leaving it in its dramatic pose of defiance upon the mud. Maya galumphed in a circle, awing the people watching as she spun atop her belly, mud splashing as she undulated her behemoth lower half about. The siren eased herself along with her knees, taking up a spot next to her slain foe. The models gathered and helped Maya adjust her tits, making them more prominent, veins shimmering a faint blue under the skin. The models clearly knew what they were doing, posing around Maya as she put on her best smile for the echobots recording her. Hope displayed a few of the recordings for his mistress, displaying her next to the sawnose, with the liliput bulging out of their swimsuits to either side of her face. Other images and videos began piling in, of the models posing beside and upon the siren’s colossal backside and ample flanks.

As efficient as they were effective, the liliput models wrapped up as Maya’s stomach gurgled with hunger. The burn of hunger flared up intensely for reasons she couldn’t even grasp, to the point where she didn’t even care who was watching. She pulled her right boob out as the models went for her left tit — she could hear their own guts gurgle loudly. She studied the areola of her chosen jug for a moment as the models discussed the sheer size of the breast they were about to suckle upon. Maya plopped her teat into her waiting mouth, lips glowing blue as the buttery goodness pulsed over her tongue and down her throat.

She felt the model’s comparatively tiny mouths questing for her nipple, ending their myriad journeys wherever milk began to appear. It was a distinct feeling, a pitter-patter of little sucks rather than the singular big one she was used to. As the burn of hunger faded away, Maya pondered her next step. Hope

was standing on the mud with his smaller peers, their silent communications appearing quite deep, given the way their eyes glanced all about, a cable leapfrogging from one chassis to the next, connecting all of them with fiber optic clarity. None of the doorways of the Driftwood Resort were big enough to allow her entry, and even if they were, she'd only fit in the ballroom. Having so many swollen bellies bumping against her left breast became a very welcome massage, helping her digest and think.

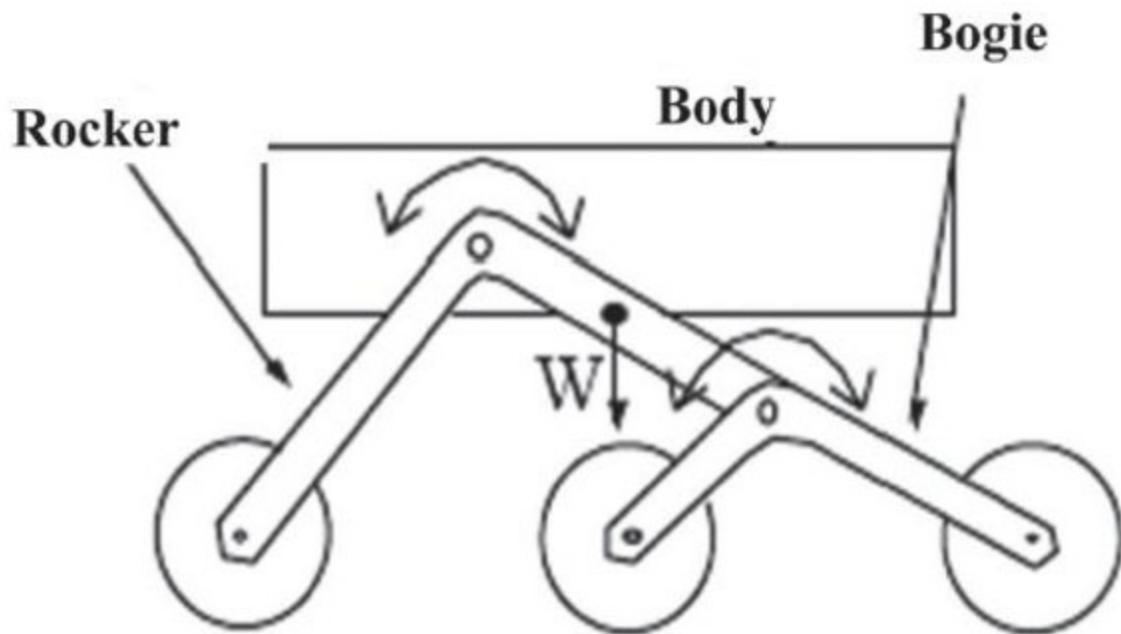
Someone there knew where Tannis had gone. Maya could reach both the scientist and Lilith easily enough, given her capacity to traverse the stars with only a fair bit of exertion through her siren nature. In that particular moment, however, Maya knew she needed a few leads. As she savored her own milk, the blue-haired beauty figured her new liliput friends would help... as soon as their own hunger was relieved. Becoming a swimsuit model crossed the siren's mind for a moment, but any line of clothes that her work resulted in would only have a maximum customer base of thirteen.

What if she took up fashion design as a side gig? Maya shrugged mentally at that. Nah, her sheer size would require a bunch of adjustments to whatever tools she needed. She fell back on her usual plan: lactate for results. She let the Driftwood Resort milk her breasts and in return she'd get what she needed. It worked on Pandora, it worked on Prometha, and it would work on Aquator. Watching them massage her areola and suck away at it, Maya knew her new liliput friends would follow her wherever she went after their meal. She didn't quite know how she knew that, but she did. It was a bizarre urge to have in her estimation, but the behemoth siren also really hoped they had other liliput friends she could breastfeed.

Aquator, Maya decided, would be where she began the formation of her very own liliput army. Lilith had one, why couldn't she? Maya would take them back to Elpis, gather up anyone from Ananke who was willing, and then go wherever Tannis had gone. Before all of that, however, she had to finish her meal!



Maya, drawn by BedBendersInc.



A simplified example of a rocker-bogie



A blue marlin, *Makaira nigricans*

Note the genus!



Buskins



A c-string



A gatlin' rifle from Borderlands 3, note the crank action trigger