

Mana Slimes: Part 1

by Bananaman

Disclaimer: The following story deals with violence, sexual themes, and breast expansion. If you do not wish to consume such material, you should stop reading.

Royal Academy, Pimont, Capital City of the Iretan Empire. 7th of Rain's End, 1203 3rd Age

Young students of all races, from humans to beastkin and everything in-between, talked and gossiped among themselves in the lecture hall. The warm sunlight of a mid-spring day spilled across the room through open windows and bounced off the polished marble steps. A groundskeeper was maintaining the lawn on the commons outside, causing the scent of fresh-cut grass to be borne aloft by the gentle breeze. A stout dwarven man walked across the speaking platform, clicking his cane on the floor as he went. He stroked his prodigious golden beard and gave three short taps against the podium, causing a wave of silence to fall across the room. Students began finding their seats and prepared their materials.

“Settle down class. We are about to begin Monster Biology 201. If you were not expecting this, then you have found yourself in the wrong class and may leave at this time.” No one did. After a moment he continued in his gruff booming voice. “Good. Again, my name is Professor Ironbrow, but you may refer to me simply as ‘Professor’. Last lecture we went over the syllabus, and the means by which you shall be evaluated on the knowledge you gain. Today we can begin in earnest! Who here can tell me about monster attributes?” At this question the professor waved his cane slowly across the crowd. He stopped his movement on an eager looking gnome, and simply raised his thick brows to prompt an answer.

“Attributes are the magical affinities by which a monster is empowered. Aligning with one of the basic elements or their derivatives, an attribute defines the fundamental structure and biology of the monster in question.”

“A textbook answer, I am glad that someone has done the assigned reading for a change. Yes, by simply knowing a monster’s attribute you can infer a lot about its’ abilities and behavior. If a given class of monster were assigned the earth element, its body would be at least partially composed of earth elemental mana. Not only would it likely gain both offensive and defensive properties of the earth element, but it would be compelled to stay in areas rich in rocks and minerals. It may even consume them as part or all of its diet. The most common attributes are those of the basic elements: fire, water, air, earth, lightning, light, and dark.” The professor rubbed a calloused hand over a gemstone set in the handle of his cane, and summoned a spectral hand by the blackboard. The gem faintly glowed as he did. The floating hand picked up a piece of chalk and began to sketch the symbols of each element, arranging them in a circle. “

“These are not the only attributes though.” The hand began to draw lines, connecting them in a seven pointed star. “In magic, you can combine parent elements into a derivative daughter element of greater complexity. Combining fire and earth makes magma. Air and lightning makes thunder. Such is the same with attributes. Through influence of their environment or interbreeding with other attributes a monster can be gifted a more complex attribute as well. Those combinations can themselves be combined

with other elements to a theoretically infinite degree. As such you can get more esoteric elements like ale magic, a personal favorite of mine.”

“However there is a basic attribute missing from the diagram I have drawn here. It is often left out or forgotten due to its rarity in nature. Can anyone tell me what’s missing?” The Professor once more scanned the room for volunteers. After a few seconds a nervous hand went up from a young human man.

“Well sir, I mean, Professor. If attributes and elements are the same thing then mana would be missing.”

“Excellent! Although I’d be careful calling them the same thing, that’s actually a high point of contention among certain academics.” The spectral hand drew in the symbol for mana in the center of the 7 pointed star. “Mana, the base form of all magical energy, can in fact be a monster attribute. However, there are only a dozen or so documented cases of a mana monster occurring naturally, and twice as many rumored ones. Their rarity is theorized to be a result of their changed nature. A mana type monster would only be able to exist in places of extreme mana energy or otherwise need to feed on it from a secondary source.” The professor turned around from his drawing and noticed a raised hand from the same man who answered his earlier question. “Yes, question is it?”

“Professor, what would the offensive or defensive properties be on a mana monster? As far as I’m aware there are no pure mana spells to compare to.”

“Hmm, I wish I could give you a good answer young lad. With so few examples, and some of them hundreds of years ago, the rules are not clearly defined. A mana monster might use spells from any element, or none at all. They may resist all forms of magical attack, or perhaps even absorb them. If you’re still interested come by during office hours and I can recommend some books. Now class, if you’ll open your books to page 43, you’ll find an equation to determine the probability of a given attribute based on environmental variables. The equation is as follows...”

Ribbonwood Forest, Eastern Outskirts of Iretan Lands. 8th of Rain’s End, 1203 3rd Age

A lone figure walked amongst the forest path, long blond hair flowing beneath a wide-brimmed witch’s hat in the steady breeze. All around were ribbonwood trees, a curious form of flora native only to the Eastern hills and shores of the Iretan Empire. They grew to over 100 feet tall when fully grown, their sides covered in white birch-like bark. They got their name from their long ribbon-like leaves which flitted about in the wind like so many streamers. The ribbonwood canopy gave the effect of being underwater, as bright green waves of leaves rustled and fluttered overhead. Dappled sunlight filtered through the waving leaves, dancing upon the soft green underbrush below.

The lone figure in question, Evelyn, was a low-ranked adventurer on her way to the local dungeon. She stood 6 feet tall, which was rather high for a half-elf. Her slender-yet-voluptuous frame was clothed in a dark-blue robes with bright golden trim, the bottom hem fell just below the knees. Her long open sleeves were cut at the shoulder to reveal her fair-skinned shoulders, and a window in her robes left what Evelyn would describe as a tasteful amount of cleavage of her hand-filling breasts. Thigh-high white socks clad her long, shapely legs. Wooden staff in hand, she continued her trek on the warm spring day.

Evelyn reached the bottom of the small cliff, and the open doors carved from pale stone which marked the entrance to the dungeon. She stopped for a quick rest and checked over her gear. *The Enchanted Ruins*, so marked on the doors in the mysterious dungeon script, had been cleared a long time ago by some party of adventurers long forgotten. Bereft of its boss monster, the place was now more of a training ground and reliable source for monster materials. The exact origin of dungeons were unknown, but they dotted landscapes across the world. Unexplored dungeons were said to contain extremely valuable and powerful magical artifacts, but also deadly monsters. A dungeon would continuously spawn new monsters, releasing waves of them upon the surrounding area if allowed to go unchecked. Once cleared new monsters would continue to spawn, but only to a replacement level. Monsters from a cleared dungeon never willingly left its doors. Thus do dungeons go from horrible liabilities to valuable resources.

Satisfied with her preparations Evelyn tilted her hat upwards and gathered staff in hand. Striding forward in cautious confidence she walked down the stone steps to the ancient labyrinth below. In short order the steps leveled out to a stone brick floor and walls. Carved trim of runic symbols decorated the walls at the top and bottom, and the space was lit with a dim radiance which seemed to come from the pale stones themselves. The space was flawlessly clean, no dust or dirt to be found. Despite this the weighted history of a foregone age was palpable. The dungeon consisted of seven descending floors, each made of a labyrinthine layout of hallways and rooms. At the start of each lunar cycle the walls and rooms would rearrange themselves to a new layout for each floor. After years of effort it was discovered that the layouts had set arrangements that would rotate between themselves, and each configuration was meticulously mapped and copied at reasonable price for would-be adventurers. Evelyn in her usual pragmatic way kept that month's copy carefully tucked in a side pouch for quick reference.

She walked down the hallway, her various senses constantly alert and scanning for potential monsters. The soles of her boots made only soft thuds on the stone floor to break the silence. Having been in this configuration a time or two before she knew the first few turns to make without having to reference the map. First left, third right after that, walk to the end of that hallway, left again. She came to a sort of courtyard with a simple fountain in the middle, water bubbling up from some unknown source. The radiance was brighter here, giving the room a feeling of safety. She relaxed just a bit, the presence of the fountain confirmed once more she was using the correct map, but her guard remained up. Just then she noticed a flicker of light and movement on the opposite wall, and she immediately dropped low. Her hat hung in the air unsupported for a moment as a ball of compressed air sliced through where her neck had just been. The blow likely would not have killed her but it could have easily knocked the wind out of Evelyn had she taken the hit poorly.

On the opposite wall the camouflage of the creature's scales rapidly shifted from the gray of the stones to a pale muted green. It's form 4 feet long from nose to the tip of it's short curled tail. A shovel like snout hid sharp fangs and stretched in front of cold lidless eyes. It was a lesser air salamander, a minor drake as opposed to the amphibian its name might suggest. It opened its jaws wide in a snarling hiss and began to scurry up towards the ceiling. Evelyn raised her staff and prepared the counterattack. Magical energy surged for a brief moment in her, causing her emerald green eyes to momentarily glow with arcane light. "Luxa, Ignis!" The combination of light and fire magic shot out from the tip of her staff in a singular beam of white hot energy, flooding the room with a brilliant flash of light for the half second it existed. Unable to blink the creature was blinded and hit squarely in the back. Its gecko-like feet peeled off the wall and it hit the ground with a dull thud. In death throes it curled up on the floor, back burnt black and mouth agape. Evelyn's eyes darted across the room and ceiling, looking for any signs of movement or

a break in the pattern of the bricks and runes. Finding none she dusted off her hat and placed it back once more on her head before inspecting her kill.

The salamander lay still aside from the odd twitch of a limb. Evelyn stared at its corpse for a moment, before continuing on out the opposite side of the courtyard from that which she came in. It could be carved for its various materials but she planned to go to the third floor today. The monsters became more numerous, dangerous, and also more valuable the deeper one went in. As she walked away small white crustaceans crawled out from imperceptible crevices in the bricks. They had 10 legs in a segmented body, each no longer than a pinky nail. Small antennae felt out the ground in front of them as they marched to the body of the creature. They were dungeon springtails, a curious arthropod found only in dungeons which served as a natural scavenger and cleanup crew. Dozens and hundreds more filed out and began breaking down the body into individual scales, bones, and chunks of singed flesh. The parts would be eaten or carried off to some unknown hoard. Within an hour the room would be returned to its pristine state. If not claimed by the hunter, the dungeon would claim its own.

Evelyn continued in this way, dropping two more salamanders before reaching the stairs to the second floor. She took out her map and referenced the floor ahead. There were two main routes to take. The shortest route cut diagonally across the floor through a dozen different intersections and courtyards. The longer took a circuitous path along the outside edge. Evelyn decided on the longer path, fewer intersections meant less opportunity for ambushes. She folded the map but kept hold of it as she descended the steps to the next level.

The second floor was of similar make to the first. Evelyn scanned the immediate area before turning to the left, walking alongside the wall as opposed to the center-line. She paused at a point and looked at her map, noting the symbol drawn just ahead of her position. She squatted low and noted the cluster of bricks which sat just a half inch or so higher than the rest. Standing up straight she made sure to walk around them. Had she stepped on the bricks she would have triggered the trap they concealed, in this case a fine mist of poisonous gas. Some adventurers intentionally set off traps to make the way safer for those behind them, but it made little sense in a less frequented dungeon like this as the trap would likely reset and be refilled by the springtails by the time the next person would come along. Marking or destroying the traps would be foiled in similar fashion.

Evelyn was staring down a long hall that turned 90 degrees right about 80 feet down when she heard the echo of a low rumbling croak. Sound traveled strangely in such spaces as these but she could tell it came from in front of her. Based on map notes as well as past experience the sound came from some manner of giant toad. Imagine if you will, a misshapen boulder the size of a fat pony and covered in sticky mottled skin. Give that boulder a wide gaping maw, dark unthinking eyes, and saliva so acidic it melted armor. You now have a rough approximation of a giant toad. They were best dealt with at range, so Evelyn decided to try luring it to the end of the hallway where she would have plenty of time to line up a scorching ray or two. Under whispered breath she recited the incantation, "Luxa, sphaera semotus." A ball of pale golden light about the size of a fist materialized at the end of the hall. Evelyn oscillated the magic power she fed the spell, causing it to pulse in intensity like a flickering candle. The creature paused mid croak, followed by a series of echoing wet slaps as it hopped closer.

The creature crashed through the air from the right, the light disappearing in its mouth which could swallow a golden retriever whole. The jaws snapped close with an audible **THUP** before it slammed head first into the left wall with incredible force, denting the wall and shaking several bricks loose onto the floor

in a cloud of dust. As the dust dissipated the bluish hue to its mottled skin revealed it to be a water toad, unusual but not unheard of for this dungeon. Evelyn hadn't faced one before. It stood up shaking its head and blinked its eyes asynchronously before noting the mage at the end of the hall. She had her spell ready on the tip of her staff but was waiting for it to get in range. The mighty toad was visibly off balance as it puffed its vocal sac like a great balloon before releasing a rumbling trill. It hopped in a single awkward rolling motion towards Evelyn, clearing 10 feet before it landed squarely on a hidden pressure plate. An array of stone spears cleverly hidden in the ceiling shot down with a grinding sound, instantly impaling the toad in a dozen places. It squirmed awkwardly, not yet processing that it was already dead. The spears slowly retreated up bringing the creature with it and raining its blood on the stones below. When they reached the ceiling they continued retreating through the toad, allowing it to fall and hit the floor with a wet thunderous smack as it fell in a pool of its own ichor. The eyes finally clouded over, and it lay limp and quiet.

Evelyn stood up, dispelling the attack spell she had prepared. She looked at the toad visibly deflating as all of its fluids trickled out of it and remarked coolly, "Hmm, that hit into the wall must have disoriented it. Monsters are usually good at avoiding traps." She walked past the corpse, forced to track through the spreading pool of blood. She paused next to the corpse and collected some of its mucus into an empty vial. Toad mucus didn't have many applications but it could be used in alchemy and beauty products. She put the vial away and walked onwards. Reaching the corner she inspected the impact on the wall left by the toad and furrowed her brow.

Behind the bricks there was not, as would normally be expected, stone or dirt, but an empty room. She looked at the map and confirmed she was on the outer edge of the floor. There was no note or markings on the map to show a false wall or hidden area. There should only be hard stone or dirt behind the outer wall yet the pale radiance of the bricks behind gleamed in stark defiance. With reserved excitement Evelyn worked at widening the opening, using her staff as leverage when her hands failed her. When the hole was just wide enough for her shoulders she summoned a light, and peered inside. Behind the wall was a square room, about 10 feet on a side. On the opposite side of the hole was an altar consisting of a robed marble figure placed behind a large golden offering plate. The plate itself was empty, and the robed figure, while clearly humanoid, lacked any distinct identifying features. The dungeon was thought to have been completely mapped years ago, so this discovery was quite exciting.

Evelyn scrutinized the room, looking for any tell tale sign of monsters or traps. She saw none. Satisfied, she began crawling through the opening with a small hop. Wiggling her way forward her progress halted when her wide hips hit both sides of the hole, evidently wider than her shoulders were. She realized with a blush that she had gotten a little ahead of herself and wiggled her way out to work at widening the opening more. After 10 minutes of work that left her just a little short of breath the hole was more than wide enough for her to squeeze through. She proceeded through as before, this time uninhibited by the holes dimensions. She reached out her arms to the floor to catch her fall and rolled forward to a sitting position. As she did she found herself in the middle of a glowing magic circle, the runes previously invisible to her but activated upon entering the space.

"shit." winced Evelyn. The runes flared as a wall of blinding blue light shot up from the circle to the ceiling. Evelyn shielded her eyes with her arm and felt a brief moment of sickening vertigo. When it passed she lowered her arm, blinking as her eyes adjusted to her surroundings. She found herself in a

mirror copy of the room she was just in, with the altar now sitting behind her. The wall in front of her was completely missing, revealing an utterly baffling view.

Her partially enclosed room sat on the rim of a great caldera, a few miles wide. Before her stretched a verdant jungle expanse, about a thousand feet below, clouds of fog clinging to patches throughout. A large palace-like building of unknown make and several smaller surrounding ones sat somewhere near the center. Above sat a clear blue sky with a shining sun directly overhead, beyond the caldera sat only an endless sea of clouds. If the dungeon gave off an air of antiquity, this place was outside of time entirely. “oh my.” Evelyn stood up, walked forward a bit, and took the view in. The air was clear, cool, and refreshing. There was a path leading from her room, leading to a set of steep stairs carved into the rock leading into the jungle below. After processing the initial shock she looked back and saw the same symbols for the teleport circle which brought her here. She gingerly hovered a foot over the circle, it began to glow. She pulled it back and the glowing stopped. It seemed she could go back the way she came.

Evelyn’s face had a closed smile, but her eyes sparkled with excitement. This discovery was huge, not only was this completely unprecedented for this dungeon, but this space must be completely unexplored by civilization. The space below could be ripe with magical artifacts, danger, and even new clues on the mysterious precursor civilization responsible for the dungeons known only as *The Ancients*. Evelyn walked out of her room and looked behind her. The sea of clouds continued in all directions. She walked towards the outer edge and nearly ran face first into an unseen object, the bending of the brim of her witch’s hat her only warning. She stretched out her hand, and felt an invisible wall. It felt cool, and impossibly smooth. Evelyn walked a ways, keeping one hand on the wall. “This likely stretches all around. Guess the only way to go is down and in.” She peered into the valley below, a curled finger resting on her chin, “But is that barrier meant to keep things out or in?” She resolved to go down, but to head back at the first sign of danger. She simply had to know more.

She made her way down the stairs, the steep carven steps looking as fresh as if they were carved yesterday. Passing through a fog cloud she slowed down, lest she slip on wet rock. However any condensation seemed to roll right off the steps in beaded moisture. Evelyn traced a finger along the stone and wondered what it might be made of. In 10 minutes she made it to the bottom, the steps leveling out into the dense jungle. There was a dirt path barely visible through the undergrowth, snaking it’s way inwards. Evelyn paused at the trail-head, and listened. The air was still and humid. The occasional rain of droplets cascaded down through the canopy filling the air with their pitter-patter on the broad leaves and ferns. Some manner of bird called off in the distance. Satisfied Evelyn continued on.

She proceeded slowly, drinking in the details of this strange place. She didn’t recognize any of the plants. There were gigantic ferns, huge trees stretching hundreds of feet overhead, and thick vines clinging to their trunks. The place was verdant and choked with life. It felt oddly peaceful, like a primeval garden of eden. She came to a stream, about 15 feet across. Rounded stepping stones created a path across the clear bubbling water, each oddly equidistant from the next stone yet the layout still felt natural. Ahead the plant life pressed inwards overhead, dense interwoven branches creating a dark natural tunnel about 10 feet high. She couldn’t tell how long it was as it curved at a gentle angle. Evelyn stepped through and summoned a ball of light to better help her see. She walked forward, senses ever alert.

Barely hearing a rustle overhead she looked up and saw a shining blue gelatinous blob plummeting down towards her head. A lesser slime of some kind, it’s pumpkin sized girth could easily envelop her head, both preventing spell casting and breath. She tried to leap backwards as she prepared a counterattack,

but her heel caught on an exposed root. “AER- AH!” her backwards momentum quickly turned to downwards rotation. The spell fizzled out as her staff swung through the slime, the creature split in two as it passed, and continued falling. Evelyn hit the ground as the wind was forced out of her lungs from the fall. She closed her eyes as the now two slimes impacted her squarely in the chest.

FOOMP (SHRIMP)

When she found she could still breathe Evelyn blinked her eyes in surprise and remarked as she stared at the leafy ceiling, “Foomp?” She looked down and saw that her tasteful cleavage had become a full meal. The slimes were gone, and her breasts had somehow exploded in size to watermelon proportions. They had completely split her robes open, laying her breasts bare to the air. “FOOMP!?!?” She looked left, right, up, down, and all around. The slimes were gone. She got her feet under her and stood up, nearly falling over from her shifted center of gravity. Her new titties were impossibly perky for their size, and wobbled and jiggled at the slightest motion. They were so large they could be glimpsed from behind as they swayed both to and fro. After waiting for 10 seconds straight they finally came to a rest just above her lower ribs. “Don’t tell me those slimes made my breasts...” Another rustle of leaves could be heard somewhere overhead. “Aaaaaand we’re leaving!”

Evelyn ran back the way she came, her own breasts bouncing to the point of hitting the underside of her chin. She resorted to holding her staff against her chest to keep them in check. She had to squish them still further when crossing the stream so that she could see where her feet would go. After crossing she looked back and shortly realized nothing was chasing her. Undue hurry could be her downfall, so she slowed her pace but continued making her way to the steps at a jog. By the time she made it to the base of the stairs she stopped to catch her breath. A single bead of sweat traced its way along the curve of her enlarged bosom.

Taking stock of her clothes she realized she didn’t have a sewing kit on her and wondered how she would protect her modesty. The tattered remains of her robes were clearly not up to the task. Fishing through her bag she produced a rolled strip of white cloth which was intended for use as a bandage. She unraveled it and wrapped it several times around her chest. She tied the end off at her side and gave the arrangement a few test bounces by bobbing up and down on the balls of her feet. The bandages offered virtually no support, and her obscene breasts bounced and swayed on a delay with her motions, but no nipple was slipped. There was, however, still a considerable amount of cleavage. She began the ascent up and resolved to go straight home with no delay. She found it noticeably harder to see where her feet were. Going uphill was much slower than going down and Evelyn realized that she’d likely get home quite late. “Hmmph, you just had to explore the hidden caldera Evelyn. Now you got melons for tits.”

Sam’s Workshop, Ribbonwood township. 9th of Rain’s End, 1203 3rd Age

A small workshop sat nestled on a hillside at the edge of town. It was late, just past midnight, but light still spilled out of the windows into the cool night air. A young halfling man was half buried in the machinery he was working on, only his legs visible as he clanged and muttered inside the machinery. Sam Sparkwright was a journeyman engineer, specializing in mana crystallography and applied thermodynamics. That is to say in layman’s terms, he was a fucking nerd. Sam was also renting out his spare room to Evelyn.

She had moved in about half a year ago, responding to his ad. They had started off polite and respectful of each other's space but had slowly grown to be good friends.

The side door of the workshop opened, creaking on its hinges. A blue-robed figure walked in and began making their way to the side room. Sam hearing the noise inquired from within his machine, voice slightly echoing, "Evelyn, is that you? You're home late today." Sam wiggled his way out of his machine just in time to catch a flash of Evelyn's robes as the door closed behind her. Sam scratched his head in thought and remarked out loud, "Damn, must have been a long day." He then noticed how dark it was outside and checked his watch. "Lost track of time again! I have to stop doing this to myself." He would in fact keep doing that to himself.

The following morning Sam sat at the kitchen table, slowing summoning wakefulness over tea and a bowl of oatmeal sprinkled with nuts and raisins. He stretched his jaw with a yawn before grabbing another sip of tea. The door to Evelyn's bedroom opened and Sam greeted her without turning around. "Morning Ev, kettle's still hot if you want some tea."

"M-morning Sam. No tea for me *baba*. You know me, just no-tea Evelyn they call me."

"...Evelyn, what's going on?"

"N-nothing! Nothing at all! Just eager for my morning walk is alllllll."

"Firstly you're an awful liar, and secondly you don't take morning walks, and thirdly, you're wearing a winter coat indoors. In spring." Sam at this point had turned around. Evelyn was wearing a fur-lined winter coat which was far too warm for the current weather. Together with her hunched posture it obscured any indication of her figure underneath. He noticed her visible discomfort with the conversation and decided not to push the matter. He turned around to finish his breakfast. "Just let me know if it's anything I can help with."

"Well, there might be something. Do you know anything about... slimes?"

"Slimes? I remember they have some of the widest documented range on potential attributes amongst monsters. I think I got a book on monster biology around here somewhere if you want."

"That'd be great. Please?"

"Sure, just a moment." Sam hopped down from his stool and walked into his bedroom, leaving it cracked open behind him. He spent a few minutes perusing his bookshelf searching for the volume in question. All he could find were magic and engineering theory books and adventure novels. He decided to check the top of the bookshelf for his less used books. He had to awkwardly lift a wooden rung ladder from the corner and lean it against the top, the bottom of the ladder sitting in the path of his bedroom door. At the top of the ladder he blew some dust off and scanned the spines of the books. At the far end he finally found his disused copy of *Monster Behavior and Anatomy – Pimont Royal Academy Edition*. He leaned over and grabbed the volume just as the door swung open.

"Have you found it y- oh!" Evelyn had opened the door, knocking the ladder over and toppling Sam off of it. He tried in vain to grab the shelf and twisted away as his footing was tossed beneath him. Evelyn stretched out her arms to catch him but he fell between them and knocked into her chest sending them both backwards. The top buttons of her coat came undone as they fell together and landed with a thud on the ground.

Sam's fall was broken by an incredibly soft and bouncy material, his vision momentarily blocked by a warm darkness. His hands sunk in as he pushed himself upwards to a sitting position on Evelyn's abdomen. Her massive breasts nearly obscured his view of her face, the bandages coming nearly undone and pale pillowy flesh peaking through the gaps in the cloth. They completely dominated her frame, and unbeknownst to Sam had grown even larger than last night. The lower curve of her bosom rested just above her belly button, pushed into Sam's crotch as he sat up. He could feel the warmth of them radiate through his trousers and he felt his cock begin to erect and strain against its cloth enclosure. As her breasts were shifted out of the way Evelyn could see Sam's utterly stupefied expression as his jaw fell somewhere on the floor. "...You OK Sam?"

Sam realizing his position of inadvertently groping Evelyn turned beet red and scrambled off of her whilst spitting off repeated apologies. Evelyn meanwhile sat up and tightened her makeshift bra. With her sitting on the ground they were almost the same height. She tucked a stray strand of hair behind her pointed ear as Evelyn assuaged his fears, "It's perfectly alright, I'm the one who knocked you over. I'm just glad you didn't get hurt."

Sam grabbed the book that fell and held it strategically in front of him to cover his erection, trying to look nonchalant about it. Evelyn smirked for a brief moment but didn't call attention to it. Sam gestured vaguely to Evelyn's chest and remarked, "So....how did...um..."

"How did my breasts get so damn huge?"

"...Yeah, and more importantly are you OK?"

Evelyn sighed, "I'm fine, I think. If nothing else the only bothersome thing is their weight and size. I'll tell you how this happened but you must swear to secrecy."

"Of course."

Evelyn then detailed the events of the prior day, beginning with her happenstance discovery of the hidden alcove. Sam paid rapt attention, with intermittent eye contact, throughout the story. He interrupted only to get clarifying details. After several minutes Evelyn was done and wrapped up with the simple statement that she had to go back. The sooner the better.

"Are you sure that's a good idea? What if there's something dangerous there? Not to mention that you still have to go through the regular dungeon first, in your new condition mind you."

"I simply have to know more. The guild doesn't have the resources in this area to mount a long term expedition, and I don't trust whatever hooligans they might hire to not damage any artifacts."

"I suppose they lure of said magical items doesn't exactly hurt either."

"I never said I wasn't in this for the money, I just also am in this for the discovery."

"Fine, but I'm getting a healer over here to check you out before you go."

"Sam really I feel-"

"I wasn't asking." At this Sam stood up, his turgid member mostly retreated after a series of stealthy clenches in his upper legs was used throughout the conversation to divert blood flow. He began to walk out and looked back, "Don't worry I won't say anything about how this happened. In the meantime you can look through the book that I nearly died for." He continued on his way, donning a pair of ankle-high boots and a flat cap before he strode into town.

Evelyn, still sitting on the floor, hugged her breasts to her chest feeling their weight. The sunlight streamed in through the window and sparkled in her emerald green eyes. She joked softly to herself, “Hehe, if he wanted to feel them so badly he could have just asked. Looks like I was worried for nothing.”

Four hours later the healer waved goodbye and began returning to town, her bag of supplies slung over her shoulder. A thorough examination had revealed Evelyn’s bosom to be somewhat sensitive and unusually jiggly and supple. Her mana levels were also lower than usual but that wasn’t unexpected after a strenuous dungeon delve. Otherwise there was nothing physically wrong with her and the healer left with the parting advice to look into some kind of supportive device and to seek her out should anything change. Sam meanwhile had been tinkering with his crystallography tools, a series of magical crystals and lenses which could be used to evaluate the magical and physical properties of items. They were usually tuned for metal items to evaluate defects in the alloys and he was figuring out how he might get them to work on a body.

With the healer leaving on their way Evelyn and Sam met up over a late lunch to compare findings. The meal was relatively simple fare, Sam had made an array of simple sandwiches, some hard cheese, and some of the remaining apples from the cold cellar. Sam was still in his work clothes while Evelyn had on an open vest with a shawl to cover her arms and shoulders combined with an ankle-length skirt. She still had her bandaging around her chest but revealed a prodigious amount of cleavage when her arms were at her side. Sam went first as Evelyn dug in, her eyes half-closed and pointed ears twitching subtly in satisfaction from the meal. “No idea what kind of detail I can get but I’m pretty sure I can find out something about what’s going on in there. It was actually a very tricky problem as I had to account for the difference in attenuation factors of the mana particles as well as the frequency to use. I used a water-skin as a baseline but I can only assume that there’s at least minute differences. When you’re done eating we can scan them. If you’re willing of course.”

Evelyn winked and spoke through half-chewed sandwich, “Didn’ get a closch enuff look before?”

“Ev please this is serious.” Sam blushed a bit and moved to change the topic. “You find out anything in that book?”

Evelyn finished chewing and tapped the cover of the *Monster Behavior and Anatomy*. “Not much. There’s a whole chapter on slimes but I couldn’t find anything about getting ‘enlarged’ by one. I still don’t really know what attribute it was so my best guess for now is a water slime. Although my slime glowed blue, and water slimes apparently are transparent to murky depending on the water quality of their home. Maybe if I can find out what attribute it was we can learn more.”

“Learning more would be good but what if you end up,” Sam gulped, “even bigger?”

“Well I’m already bigger than I started. Besides they’re kind of fun.” At this remark Evelyn shook them back and forth and both parties were transfixed by the waves of motion imparted on them. As they continued to undulate she resumed, “Although they can be inconvenient. I keep knocking things over accidentally. Maybe I’m just not used to them but it feels like they have a mind of their own sometimes.”

“...Sorry I heard what you said but I did *not* process it.”

“What was that about not taking things seriously, Mr. serious man?”

“Hey, it’s a little difficult to concentrate around you right now, you’re even more distracting than usual.”

Evelyn put a hand to her mouth in mock offense, “You wound me good sir! Distraction imparted by my feminine charms is only natural, thus interrupted focus on your end only reflects poorly on thine own mental fortitude.”

Sam matched the energy and threw his hands up in mock outrage, “The harlot finally reveals herself! After all this time that I’ve given you the hospitality of my home you would seek to besmirch my good name?!”

“It is you who now besmirches me vile besmircher!” At the last word Evelyn stood up and pointed an accusatory finger down at Sam, “I demand a duel to defend my honor.”

Sam rubbed a finger under his chin, feigning deep thought. “Very well, name your terms.”

“Arm wrestling, loser cooks for a week.”

“You’re twice my size, no contest. Counter-proposal, cribbage. Loser cleans the kitchen.”

Evelyn bent over to better look Sam in the eye, revealing a small canyon of cleavage as her breasts hung down. She stuck out her arm with a smug look and they shook hands, Sam struggling to look away from the jiggling spectacle it produced. “You’re on.”

Sam was scrubbing a pot with a stubborn stain and sighed, “Can’t outplay bad cards I guess.” To his credit he had played very well in spite of how distracting his opponent was. It was a topic that dwelt on his mind as the crusted remains of food were gradually scoured away. Over the months he had come to greatly appreciate Evelyn’s intelligence, kindness, endearing dorkiness, and charming beauty. Though he struggled to admit it to himself he had grown a fondness for her which surpassed that of normal friendship. Her newfound bustiness didn’t ease matters. His loins ached nearly as much as his heart did now, not that he didn’t desire her in that way before. He internally wished she wouldn’t tease him so much. Sam paused in his scrubbing for a moment in thought. He’d been through this exact thought process dozens of times before, sans the impossibly large tits. He resolved himself once more that Evelyn was his tenant, and it would be improper to use that status even if inadvertently to pressure her into any kind of relationship. Regardless she was his closest friend and he didn’t want to jeopardize that. He sighed and continued his scrubbing. If only he didn’t have to re-convince himself every few days.

Meanwhile Evelyn sat in her room drafting a plan for going back to the dungeon in a couple days. Presumably without a giant toad she would need a different way to open the wall again. She was lucky to have returned before the springtails had completely sealed up the hole she had made last time. She considered magic, but disregarded the option for two reasons. Firstly, she was not adept at earth or explosion magic and didn’t want to risk damaging the runes inside the secret alcove. If they were damaged she might have to wait hours for them to repair themselves, assuming they even did. Secondly she could tell that her magic was replenishing much slower than usual, and wanted to keep as much mana in reserve as possible in case this didn’t change. She made a note to borrow a pick from Sam.

As her mind turned to Sam she couldn’t help but dwell on the topic. She had hidden her chest earlier partially because she didn’t want to worry him. However for some reason the idea of him being appalled or disgusted even by her breasts mortified her. It was with a good measure of relief and happiness

that she had seen ample evidence to the contrary. While she had no particular desire to show them off she loved the reaction she got out of Sam. Over the months she had grown to admire his diligence, intellect, dry sense of humor, and various quirks of personality. After that came the admiration of his surprisingly developed forearms and handsome features. She had dropped hints fishing for interest before but Sam had either not noticed them or deliberately ignored them. Realizing that she might have his interest after all sent the 34 year old woman to kicking her legs on her bed like a young schoolgirl.

After the moment passed she turned back to her copy of the dungeon map to plan the route. While only happenstance had revealed the room she marveled at how it could remain undetected all these years. It was then that a thought struck her and her face grew serious. She flew to a drawer under her bed and fished out the other copies of the dungeon map. *The Enchanted Ruins*, as the dungeon was called, rotated between set layouts each lunar cycle, and the hidden alcove may not be easily found in the other layouts. She overlaid the second floor map layouts for each lunar cycle and flipped between them. Sequentially testing each layout against the current one she found that this specific corner, this one hidden alcove of the dungeon was not accessible in any of the other cycles. At best she would have to dig or blast through multiple walls or stone, thus significantly increasing the time and cost of each trip both in and out. At worst it may not even be possible. With very little precedent in this dungeon she wasn't trying to make any unwarranted assumptions. Checking the calendar she had 2 weeks left until the next shift. It would be roughly a year until the current layout came back.

She had hoped for more time to prepare but it was clear that she would have to go back sooner than anticipated. Evelyn stood up and looked in the mirror in her room. She stood to the side and saw how her breasts already dominated her womanly figure. Unsupported they hung just below her navel and stuck out roughly a foot from her torso at their thickest point. They had already grown noticeably since her first encounter with the slimes. They weighed approximately 20 lbs total. She traced a finger along the curve of her bosom and wondered just how big she would get. If she couldn't solve the mystery of the ancient caldera, or at least the slimes within, by the turn of the lunar cycle she very well could end up stuck at home growing. And growing. With equal parts fear and excitement she wondered just how big she could get. She gently caressed a nipple through the cloth and gasped at the touch. She remembered from the textbook that some forms of slimes could grow big enough to swallow a horse. Evelyn softly bit her lip, closed her eyes, and tried to imagine the feeling of resting on her own gargantuan titties. She started to breath heavy and slowly traced a hand down between her legs.

Knock Knock "Hey Ev, ready to try out the crystallography?"

Evelyn let out a surprised "Eep!" as she was shocked out of her trance and scrambled to make herself more presentable as she replaced various articles of clothing. "O-one second...be right there." She flung open the door, just slightly out of breath, and blew a stray strand of hair away from her slightly reddened face. It immediately settled back in front. "Um, don't you have dishes to do?"

"...I finished. Is this a bad time?"

"Nonono of course *not* why would it be? No bad times here we're on the good time wagon!" She made eye contact and gave an awkward smile after a brief moment. She had one arm braced against the door frame and was leaning forward to better see Sam as she pressed her other arm to her chest.

"...What makes a wagon a good time wagon? Actually don't answer that. You ready?"

Evelyn cleared her throat and answered in the affirmative. They walked together to the workshop floor and Sam gestured for Evelyn to stand perpendicular to the emitter, about a foot away from the end piece. She stood in place fiddling with a lock of hair as he explained the tools. “Essentially the emitter fires a narrow beam of light mana particles at the target from this polished mana crystal. The target in this case being you. The beam then hits the target and the individual particles scatter and bounce off of the point of impact. The point of impact sometimes being on the surface or deeper within the material depending on the frequency of emission and density of the target as well as random chance. Some particles will be absorbed or deflected off at a random angle. Some particles will deflect back onto this receiver plate here...” At this Sam indicated a separate wide flat mana crystal about 1 foot by 1 foot on a stand about 3 feet away. “... and cause it to scintillate, that is to emit light, at the point of impact. You repeat that thousands of times per second and you get an image of the internal structure. Hopefully. It’s a little finicky to be honest. Due to attenuation both going in and out after reflection it’ll be harder to get a clear picture the deeper in you try to look. Any questions?”

Evelyn looked at the emitter with furrowed brow. She didn’t quite understand the concept of material interaction at the particle level but she understood that with this they might look inside her much less painfully than less magical means. “So the more that’s in the way the harder it is to see?”

“Yes, precisely.”

“Very well then.” At this Evelyn promptly reached both hands to her neckline and pulled the cloth down, her pale perky globes popping out and hitting her stomach and against each other with a soft plap. Her nipples perked up in the cooler air of the workshop as if to announce their presence. Sam stood wide-eyed and slack-jawed, drinking in their perfect form. Evelyn let him stare for a moment before prompting him, “Ready when you are.”

Sam blushed and wordlessly moved to a box connected to the emitter and flipped some internal mechanism within. The emitter’s crystal began to faintly glow and hum with arcane power. As this happened Evelyn’s breasts began to subtly jiggle and move of their own accord. She attempted to hold them still for a moment, her hands indenting the soft pliant flesh, but they went back to moving as soon as she released them.

“OK Ev, I’m starting the beam now. It shouldn’t hurt at all but just step away if it does.” At this Sam closed his eyes and focused on channeling magic power into the emitter through the connector on the box. The crystal glowed brighter and the humming noise increased in intensity. A beam of pale yellow light shot out from the crystal and hit Evelyn squarely in the boob. Most was absorbed on impact but tiny flickers of light shot off in all directions, sending a cascade of minute rays across the room and receiver plate. Her breasts felt warm and they began to move with increasing intensity and frequency. She tried to hold them still from above and below, careful to not obstruct the incoming beam. It was difficult, like holding two heavy cats that did not want to be held. The warmth spread and the beam felt to her like it was stroking and caressing her breasts from the inside. Her nipples tingled in delicious pleasure as they perked up even more in excitement. Evelyn began heavily breathing once more.

Evelyn spoke quietly under labored breath. “Sam, is- oh my. Is this- mmph. Is this supposed to...?” Sam gave no response, as he couldn’t hear her over the incessant hum of the emitter. The warmth in her marvelous tits spread to her core. Evelyn’s face flushed red with pleasure and her nethers grew slick with moisture. The jostling of her breasts threatened to throw her off balance and she fought to calm her tits, shifting her footing as needed. Her plush thighs rubbed against each other as she tried to stay centered. She

thought for a moment of stepping away but was determined to get something out of this test. Every jiggle and jostle caused her hands and arms to rub against her sensitive pillows. The beam of magic was relentless, the warmth swelling in her breasts. She realized she could feel them gradually growing in her arms, getting subtly more difficult to contain with every passing moment. “S-Sam,” she breathed, “I-I can’t, *Hmng*, I can’t take much more.” Sam was still in intense focus, and didn’t hear her over the hum of his machine. She squirmed in place as she could feel an orgasm riding in on each wave of pleasure.

Sam moved a dial on his box, and the beam of light changed from a pale yellow to a deep blue. The humming increased as did the intensity of sensations. Her tits were practically vibrating now, and visibly swelling before her eyes. They reached her waist now, and could easily be seen from behind. Struggling to hold them, all thoughts of simply stepping out of the path of the beam escaped her as her mind was wholly occupied in processing the new and delightful sensations. Each breast was now bigger than the original slime from the leafy tunnel had been, and she could feel every inch. Evelyn sat on the cusp of orgasm, biting her lip and moaning in an effort to not simply scream. Suddenly the beam turned off, and the cascading light from her breasts stopped.

“Gods, Ev! Are you OK?” Sam had finally taken notice and turned off the emitter. Though visibly drained from the exertion of supplying the emitter with magic power he dashed to Evelyn’s side to check on her. Evelyn finally lost her balance as she sank to her knees and fell forward, pinning poor Sam beneath her colossal mountains. Her breasts hitting the ground sent a wave of stimuli through her that finally pushed her over the edge. She came on impact. She caught an escaping moan with her hands as she writhed in pleasure. Her legs extended and back arched causing her to inadvertently press her breasts into the squirming halfling below. Feminine juices dribbled down her quivering thighs.

After 30 seconds of bliss she gradually came down off her high. With a sigh of contentment she sank her knees back down and leaned back into a kneeling position, pulling her breasts to rest on her lap. The stalwart halfling lay on his back with a happy dazed look on his face, and a clear erection in his pants. Evelyn felt a sense of contentment and happiness radiating from her breasts before feeling the internal weight shift around. They seemed to churn and gurgle for a moment before the internal masses seemed to split into pairs. The slimes inside had each split in two. The slimes settled into place and Evelyn’s breasts seemed to finally quiet down.

Evelyn, satisfied but tired, slid over to Sam to make sure he was alright. The receiver plate, momentarily forgotten, displayed the results. The image showed a blurry outline of Evelyn’s torso, and a dark void over her breasts. The mana particles that had interacted in the depths of her mammaries had nearly all been absorbed.

Rim of the Hidden Caldera. 11^b of Rain’s End, 1203 3rd Age

The blue robed figure stood at the caldera’s rim, long blond hair flowing beneath a wide brimmed witch’s hat in the steady breeze. A makeshift tabard of white cloth draped over her prodigious breasts and tucked under into a belt around her waist. A canvas of sideboob was revealed but it did protect her modesty. A pair of belts, combined into one larger strap, wrapped around the pair and held them together to prevent them from spilling out. The whole ensemble did little to provide support, but her breasts still rested full and firm on her chest. Standing upright the lower curve of her bosom would reach to the mid

thigh, and the thickest point would reach fully 20 inches from her torso. Evelyn noted the position of the sun was the same as her first visit, despite it being the early evening when she entered the teleport circle. With a grunt, thud, and excessive wobbling she sat down to rest and contemplate the last couple of days.

Following the events of the crystallography test, Evelyn had spent the rest of that evening packing for a small expedition to the hidden caldera. She assembled torches, fire-starter kit, rope, a pickaxe, dried rations for 5 days, water for 2 days, first aid kit, sleeping roll, a dagger, a handful of smoke bombs, a dungeon map, and some writing supplies. It was the bare minimum for a small expedition but her pack still weighed over 30 pounds. By the time she had fashioned her tabard ensemble it was well into the night. After a scant few hours of rest she set off just before dawn. Finding Sam passed out at his workbench amongst a smattering of crystals, pipes, and tools she wrote a note for him and tucked it under his arm. Just as she turned to leave she paused and looked back, and returned to give him a peck on the cheek and whispered, "Thank you for all your help."

The path through the Ribbonwood Forest was thankfully devoid of other travelers. Burdened by her pack and her rack she took much longer than usual to reach the dungeon's entrance. The trek which would normally take her 3-4 hours instead took 12. Deciding rest was prudent she made camp just outside. With a meager meal she rolled out her sleeping roll and slept on her side under the clear night sky. Though slow and difficult to measure her breasts had continued to grow. They subtly grew this night as well, sapping the mana that would normally refill her body's reserves. Evelyn's dreams were burdened with lewd images and busty scenarios interspersed with scenes from the hidden land. She awoke in the middle of the night to the not unpleasant feeling of her breasts internally shifting and moving within. The slimes divided again, each breast now holding four.

Early the next morning she propped herself up to a standing position and prepared to enter the dungeon. She tried to gauge her accessible mana reserves and determined she would have access to at least 6 scorching rays, but resolved to use them only when necessary. With mixed trepidation and excitement she took a deep breath and entered the ancient halls to proceed on the same path as before. She proceeded with the utmost caution, steeling her senses for the slightest sign of danger. Within the dungeon she was about to enter the fountain room on the first floor when her breasts suddenly vibrated for a short burst. Confused she stopped and took a step back, but her breasts apparently had no more to say. Upon reattempting to set foot in the room they vibrated again. This time she scanned the room ahead and saw the telltale break in the brick pattern that told of a pair of salamanders. The slimes within had reacted to their mana signature. By circumventing the room she was able to avoid the encounter entirely. She quietly thanked her breasts and continued on.

In this manner she was able to avoid most combat encounters, although it did slow her progress considerably. Evelyn considered it a necessary evil in order to conserve mana for the second part of her expedition. There was however, an incident that forced her to use one of her scorching rays when she stumbled and alerted a salamander. It got a shot off before it perished, but Evelyn's funbags absorbed nearly all the impact of the air-ball. On the second floor she was able to rest at another fountain room, and restocked her water supplies. During which she heard footsteps and hid around a corner. Thus she avoided an awkward encounter with a small party of adventurers.

By mid afternoon she made it to the false wall and found it completely healed from the springtails. With a heavy sigh she fished out the pickaxe and set about making an opening. It was long, tiring work, and her muscles ached in protest. She was unpracticed with the tool, and her back was already tested by her

bouncy burden. After a half hour of awkward attempts she only managed to loosen one brick. The extra momentum from the weight on her front kept interfering. Each swing of the pick was followed by the inertia of her bosom, so she was constantly fighting them on both the front and back-swing. She then had the idea to use the inertia to her advantage, and tried to swing her chest such that her pick was impacting at the same time as them. It wasn't long then till she found her rhythm, and made a sufficient hole in a couple of hours. She backed in feet first, and pulled her breasts through last, their bulk deforming through the sides of the hole. The slimes within perked up and subtly vibrated near the teleport circle, similar to how they reacted to Sam's crystallography tools. With a deep breath she stepped into the center of the runes and watched them alight once more.

Thus did Evelyn find herself back at that strange and beautiful vista. She was greatly tired from the exertion to get here and decided to rest before venturing down below. She set out her sleeping roll and laid down, her breasts lying on the cool stone beside with the tabard tucked between them. Sleep soon took over her. As she rested her body attempted to replenish its mana stores but the slimes once again took their fill. Or rather tried to. With a total of 8 slimes they were hardly able to grow at all on an individual level, as the share was equally divided amongst them. The meager food source triggered an instinct within them. They began to shift and move around within. Evelyn woke up to her breasts churning and moving, she could see and feel the individual slimes moving within. They slid over each other as they fought for some unseen favorable position, constantly stimulating Evelyn from the inside. She moaned and muttered, "What is it now?" Not bothering to sit up she simply rested a hand on the side of one, feeling the motion roiling within. "What's got you guys so riled up? Can't you let me rest?"

There was no discernible response. They continued moving around, as if searching for something within. Evelyn began squirming on her sleeping roll, face beginning to flush with arousal. She hesitantly snaked a hand down between her legs and felt the surprising warmth there. Her womanly needs were growing, and for a moment she began to wish that Sam was there to help her with them. She slowly shifted aside her panties and prepared to insert a pair of fingers when she felt a sudden pressure behind her swollen teats. An electric shock of pleasure surged through her nipples as she felt a warm mass begin to press its way to the front of her nubs. She sat up on one elbow and saw her nipples widen as something pushed outwards from behind them. They stretched and elongated with the pressure, becoming the size of fists. Shining blue slime materialized in droplets at the tips. The slime kept coming out and began to collect into a single swelling sphere. Evelyn writhed in ecstasy and collapsed on her side, it felt to her like both nipples were being simultaneously penetrated from the inside. The slimes moved agonizingly slowly, letting her feel every moment. The other slimes inside continued to churn and roil in her breasts.

SHHHHHHHHHH-POP! POP!

With a sudden release the watermelon-sized slimes popped out in quick succession of each other. The sensation tipped Evelyn over the edge, and a powerful orgasm emanating from her breasts rocked her body. Relentless, two more slimes began working their way out. They continued stimulating her as she clenched her jaw amidst the thunderous boobgasm. By the time Evelyn came down from the first orgasm, she was soon thrown into another wave of ecstasy as the next pair of slimes popped out. She closed her eyes and reveled in the feelings. Moaning, she rubbed her sensitive clit so that it too might join in the signals dancing across and through her senses. The third pair of slimes were already on the verge of slipping out, the way through now thoroughly pioneered and lubricated. The raw sexual energy from her breasts and tight feminine hole pulsed and combined together into a great crescendo. As the third pair of

slimes popped out she came harder than she ever had in her life, and she moaned and wailed for all who might be near to hear. She lived purely in this moment, and its name was sex. Gasping for air, she gradually descended the peak of mount boobgasm, and returned to droll sanity once more.

She was drenched in sweat, and her crotch was covered in femcum. Her breasts had shrunk significantly, back to their stage 1 growth. They merely reached down to her lower ribs again. As exhaustion and sleep deprivation finally caught up, Evelyn's vision dimmed as she began to drift off to sleep. The last image before she faded to black was of a shining blue slime hopping away towards the caldera.

Rim of the Hidden Caldera. 12^b of Rain's End, 1203 3rd Age

Evelyn slowly came to, unsure of what time it was. It was just as bright as when she had gone to sleep and she didn't have a meaningful way to track the time. She sat up with surprising ease and rubbed the sleep out of her eyes. The events of last night, if such terms applied in this space seemingly out of time, drifted back into her memory. She lifted a boob, marginally bigger than a watermelon, and marveled at its feeling of comparative lightness. They were devoid of any stretch mark or blemish, and felt perfectly soft and pliant. Her nipples were bigger but still proportional to her breasts' size. Evelyn wondered if the slimes had imparted some change in her bosom's properties. She wondered where they had run off to, and felt strangely sad at their departure. Whilst immensely burdensome, she felt responsible for their care in some strange way.

Evelyn broke her fast on travel rations and slaked her thirst from a waterskin. She packed her bag and donned her tabard, having to fold it in on itself to account for the extra material. The rest had renewed her strength, and she felt lighter than she had in days. Her back and legs felt sturdy. She gazed out over the caldera and took mental note of the buildings relative locations. The palace-like structure would likely hold the most secrets, and she planned to spend her greatest investigative efforts there. She thought momentarily of returning to Sam's workshop, now that she was smaller. However, the slimes still present in her chest presented an ongoing condition that would preclude her from her normal life. Not to mention the window of opportunity was closing as each passing day marched towards the next lunar cycle. With a steadfast determination, Evelyn resolved to find an answer, and descended into the misty primeval jungle below.

To be continued.