

# Experiment $\beta$

I woke up fairly disoriented. After fighting through the pain clouding my mind I could feel a sickness torturing my insides. My head hurt and my ears were ringing. It felt like I was hungover, but more than that, like someone punched me in the gut to get me to wake up. I took a deep breath to encourage my mind and body. As my senses returned I realized the air felt cold against my skin, I was sitting in a chair, and my feet were touching cold stone. The smell of rot and mold hung thin in the air, so as far as I could tell, I was in a dungeon. My eyes told a different story, when I opened them I was blind, wrapped in the void of empty space. So there I was, tied tightly with coarse rope to a small wooden chair floating in the abyss.

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Whoever did this to me must have been thorough. Wherever I was, I guess my captor didn't feel the need to gag or blindfold me. Seemed like they brought me so far away from anyone else that after screaming at the top of my lungs there were exactly zero people coming to my aid. A voice appeared in the space around me. I was wondering who had done this to me, then they revealed themselves so conveniently. From the void, their message came to me.

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“Subject 26, Vivian. Greetings. A parcel will be delivered shortly. Have fun.”  
I immediately called out to the voice and asked them who they were and what happened to me. There was no response. ‘*Package?*’ I heard a slapping sound from what I assume was the floor, then another, then another, and a fourth and final one. Something uncomfortable must be in the room with me. The voice at least was definitely a person, this was something far more dangerous. Slimes, known for having a wide variety of abilities adventurers often avoid fighting unknown or unclassified ones. When I imagined them burning my limbs with acid or piercing and tearing my flesh with the ease of a professional butcher, I began to panic.

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The grey fog in my mind cleared up and was replaced with a new red fog. My blood ran cold, the bindings seemed to change from coarse rope to hard chains as I pulled against them. I struggled and squirmed in my prison until I felt a cold wet tendril against my foot. I screamed and tried to recoil from the slimy creature but my restraints made me helpless. Normally, a minotaur girl such as myself could easily overpower or run away from some slow-moving slimes. But in that position, I was more helpless than a bird's worm.

I was gritting my teeth, tears were streaming from my eyes and my breath was erratic. I didn't know what the emotionless blob was going to do to me. I felt it slither up my legs and approach my most private space. I hadn't really considered it yet, but I seriously couldn't feel anything else against my skin besides the floor, chair, rope, air, and slime. Seems there's no barrier in the way for this thing to explore my insides. I felt it move through the most direct path it could take and push my guts aside to make its home in my right buttcheek. The second of the four slapping sounds followed its companion and settled in my left buttcheek. I felt my skin tighten while my thighs plumped up and pushed against the rope.

The other two revealed their objective was different from the first two, they reached for my hand and were unphased by my panicked hands clawing at them, they tracked their way up to my face and began forcing their way into my mouth. Despite me holding my lips and jaw closed as tightly as I could, they were able to move themselves through even the tiniest gap and push it open.

I felt violated, these creatures choked me and penetrated my body. I couldn't breathe as the disgusting bitter gelatin slid into my body, after some time moving my insides around they settled in my chest distending my tits even larger than they were before. The restraints dug into my skin as the creatures pushed my skin outward. I couldn't struggle anymore for the lack of wiggle room. I sat there, attempting to recover from the experience, and then the voice came back.

“Parcel will be fed magic power for every candle extinguished. The exit is hidden yet accessible. Have fun.”

Her uncaring tone was insulting. I wondered: *‘Is this supposed to be just some **game** to her? Also what candles?’* As if on queue a row of ten candles burned my eyes as they changed the black void into a well-lit room. I was right, classic ‘dungeon’ looking room. The floor, ceiling, and all of the walls were made of cobblestone. The candles rested in sconces along the wall I was facing, and a series of small tablets lay just within reach of my feet.

With enough time to take a breath, I started to think about the situation I was in. I tried to remember how I got there. I knew I went with Carly to the tavern, she was struggling with something related to her husband, but how I got from the tavern to the dungeon, I have no idea. My last memory at that point was entering the tavern’s front door. Any enemies? The people in the village I came from can be rude, but I never suspected any of them would kidnap me for any reason. Not to mention that as far as I knew, there weren’t any tamers or researchers, or anyone who would have access to the slimes, so I really had no idea who my captor could be.

I left my mind to wander, maybe this was someone who knew my brother? Even if it was, I’d have no way to determine that, and it wouldn’t help me get out. My brother left to go to the academy in the city. It was his dream to go, but he said he didn’t want to leave me behind, so as a compromise we decided to write to each other regularly. Then I realized, *‘I... don’t know how long I’ve been out for. If I take too long to write back...’* I had to get out, no matter what.

I pulled against my bindings as hard as I could. The rope dug farther into me, and it hurt, but even after it drew blood I didn’t stop. The only reason I did stop was because my muscles fatigued, I hadn’t felt this before, my arms straight up stopped working. I’ve definitely been able to snap rope before, especially when it was so frayed like this one

was. It was strange, was it a kind of rope I hadn't seen before? It had the same beige-colored fibers. The part around my wrists felt worn down, and cold.

Seeing no other options I looked to the tablets at my feet. They had magical runes on them, I couldn't make out what it was, unfortunately. I activated one anyway, and the far-left candle went out. It didn't take long before I felt a weight in my chest and ass. The slimes grew and pushed my skin even farther, the rope was pulled completely taught around me, and I could barely breathe. However, after seeing what the runes did, I understood what I was supposed to do. I didn't want this stretching and constricting to go on any longer than it had to so I just activated the next 4 at once hoping that would be enough.

After making the room a bit darker the candles released the remaining runic energy that was helping them burn. The pressure I felt bubbling under my skin was getting more intense by the second. The slimes were feasting and they needed room. The hungrier they got the more space they demanded. My body could only give them so much, but even beyond that the restraints were holding them back a lot more. My swollen skin wrapped around the bindings and was pushed out in all directions, my breasts were mashed against my stomach and slowly reaching closer to my face, whereas my swelling butt and thighs were spreading out to drown the entire chair seat in my flesh.

I was begging for the rope to break, surely under this kind of pressure, it should break no matter how strong it is. I had to use the angry swelling of the hungry slimes I'd been infected with to try and break out of my prison. I felt like my skin under the rope was going to tear with how much it was being pinched in place, everywhere the rope came in contact with me felt itchy and had this intense piercing pain. The slimes continued to consume magic energy and press harder into the bindings. Soon my face was blocked, and I felt like my ass ate the seat of the chair. *'Surely the rope can't take much mo-'* Finally a slight release in pressure, but the rope hadn't broken, instead, the chair gave out underneath me.

I fell backward and was pinned by two soft masses violating my insides. The other two pushed my feet into the air with their daunting size. The wooden chair was well and truly crushed and shattered. Good enough for me, the rope was tied around it and me both, so with no chair, the bindings were loosened, not enough to totally release the slimes from their prison, but it was enough to allow me to slide the restraints off. Hands. Chest. Butt. Feet.

Now freed I could move around again, the bitch that spoke to me did say there was an exit. I wrestled against the weight of the slimes dominating my body and got to a standing position. Using the wall for support I assessed my condition. My chest was red all over with a few distinct lines made raw by the rope. They looked uncanny, I haven't seen many tits quite this perky before. They were about the size of, maybe a little bit bigger than, a burlap sack full of produce. And my ass was about the same. At least the slimes had the courtesy of keeping me balanced.

After a long investigation of the area, I found a loose section of the wall on the side of the room I was facing away from. It bounced a bit when I threw my chair crushing weight against it, which told me it was tied back in some way. If I was supposed to be able to get out on my own I figured there must have been a tether rune in this room. None of the stones making up the cobble had runes on them, and the tablets only had the one rune used to deactivate the candles.

So, apparently, I should explain the runes here. A tether rune is used to tie two distant objects together. As long as it's active it will either pull or be pulled toward another tether rune.

The candles, or more specifically the sconces were the key here. They had fire runes on them that caused and maintained the fire that burned the candle down. But also they had other runes hidden behind them. I tugged on one of the extinguished ones and the sconce came right out of the wall, so clearly there was something hidden here.

There were a lot of red herrings. A water-collecting rune, some mages aren't strong enough to consistently conjure their own water, so they use this rune to condense it out of the air. A healing rune for metals, usually used on tools and sword hilts. A shadow rune, it's usually used to manipulate shadows to hide stuff in plain sight, or hide people. There were a couple of runes I didn't recognize, but I know what a tether rune looks like so I knew it wasn't one of those two.

And finally, I found what I needed: A shatter rune, these are used to deactivate spells in a set area. Since I never found the tether rune, I'm probably expected to use this one to deactivate the rune on the door instead. Without hesitation, I made my way to the door on the other side of the room, held the scone up to the door, and then activated the rune.

Darkness. The rune worked but my heart sank when I realized what I just did. I wasn't surprised when I felt my skin stretch again. I quickly prepared myself and threw myself at the wall, thank Celestia I was right, I looked into the next room and saw daylight on the other side, as well as hundreds of standing candlesticks. Almost in excitement at what I saw, the slimes swelled and pushed me off the ground with the strength of their expansion.

Now my naked body was changing again, assets that were previously as big as burlap sacks were quickly filling up more space in the hallway between rooms. My anxiety grew with them, I didn't want to be immobilized by these parasites, and I certainly didn't want to explode, and given the pain I felt, both were entirely possible. I heard a faint gurgling sound coming from them, like what came from a satisfied stomach. My boobs were now forcing me into a sitting position while my butt turned into a complementary backrest. Then with a frustrated groan, they stopped. Thank god, fairly sure I can't handle much more weight attached to me.

I had a hard time getting to my feet, but I managed. I felt like I was carrying 5 people at once, my boobs, still perky, were large enough to cover my stomach, large enough that I couldn't hug them, large enough to compare them to wine barrels. I think they more than doubled in size even though it was the same number of candles. My butt was rubbing against the back of my thighs, I swear I could feel my cheeks brushing on the ground whenever I took too long of a stride. They were still the same size as my bosom, still balanced.

Standing in front of a daunting number of candles arranged bizarrely like a labyrinth. I heard the voice again. It came from nearby so I was able to take a look, and I realized it was coming from a loud rune. It projects your voice to another location and can even make it louder, hence the name. I've seen bards experimenting with it recently. The voice said: "These are the same as in the other room, knocking them over, or moving them too far will snuff them out. Have fun."

~~*"BITCH, STOP SAYING THAT!"*~~

Clearly, I was supposed to go through the labyrinth to the other side, I'm sure they expected me to knock them over with my unwieldy new assets, but I was careful, I made my way through as much of the labyrinth as I could without knocking any over, and that's when I realized, there's no clear path to the exit, so I just had to find the shortest path from this side of the room to the exit, and deliberately move just enough candlesticks to get through.

After finding the space I needed to cut through I slowly set the candles on the ground to make sure they didn't knock over other candles. Each time I felt magic fill my body. The slimes were demanding space and my body had no choice but to comply. I moved 5 candles in total and swelled up my assets somewhere close to the size of the boulders some of the other minotaur girls I work with use to stretch out their bodies. I waited

patiently for the magic to stop. As uncomfortable as it was I was able to deal with it for the time.

Unfortunately, as soon as I tried to get moving I found out how difficult it was to carry so much weight. I took maybe one successful step then tripped on one of the candlesticks and fell forward. I don't know how many candles I knocked over, but it was too many. My bust and butt swelled violently like the slimes had been freed from a cage. They had been aching for this meal. I felt my skin stretch and ache as I grew bigger. My body was being pushed around and I was growing my way into more candles. I could feel them as they bumped off my sensitive skin, they fell to the ground one after another and I kept filling up, I couldn't stop it. I had to get out and my last option at this point was to bolt for the daylight at the end of the hall before I was too big. I was able to get to my feet but in just the small amount of time that I was on the ground, my boobs grew so that now they were dragging on the ground as I stood. Between them and my fat as fuck asscheeks forcing their weight into the floor I could barely move.

I managed to get about halfway through the corridor before I was completely wedged. ***No! Brother!*** So much magic coursed through me. I swelled up so tightly that I could feel the chill of every stone my body had to push up against. Veins appeared on my bare skin, they drew pain away from my skin and into my head where I felt the agony of it all. The pressure inside me had grown too strong, my skin was no longer enough, and the slimes continued to swell inside me, even though they had nowhere to go. Frustrated and determined to outdo themselves the slimes pushed my body to its limit, the groaning sound got louder and continued to emanate from my bosom and my rump as I got lifted closer to the hallway's ceiling. My skin was on the verge of giving up, I hoped with all my heart that the slimes would stop first, but before long a loud pop came from each tit, then each cheek behind me.

I exploded. I felt my skin tear and bleed, but I was still growing, rising farther. To my horror, I saw that the gelatinous skin of the slimes was holding me together, they bulged



through the tears in my skin and held tight to each side of the gap. Pained cries escaped my lips as the slime kept pushing me and the tears in my skin got longer. I swelled up to the ceiling, tears streamed down my face, and then I was pinned. The growing slimes had lifted me all the way up to the ceiling and my face was squished between the cobblestone and the slime. I felt the heat of the remaining candles against the skin of my ass and I felt the cold breeze from outside perk up my nipples and send shivers through me.

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The expansion ended and I was stuck in place. My arms and legs were pinned between all four fleshy mountains, and my scalp ground against the cobble ceiling. The tears in my skin burned hot, but thankfully that was the only thing that hurt, the slimes were quite soft on me otherwise. Soon the woman who had been speaking to me showed herself. I could tell it was her immediately. Now that I was stuck and unable to move she had no reason to continue hiding. She had long cherry-red hair, narrow eyes, and a slim figure, her chest lifted her blaring white coat with the squishy firmness of ripe fruit. She appeared to be... only wearing that white coat.

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I heard pain in my own voice as I spoke, "What do you intend to do with me now? Who are you?"

"No need to worry, the experiment's almost over," she said. I didn't know what she meant, but before I could ask she produced a medium-sized vial of healing potion. I knew it would alleviate the pain, but the pure versions of these potions are known to have high amounts of magic power.

She splashed the potion over my chest and promptly left. I called out to her, "NO! STOP! WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME!?" The potion worked well, all the discomfort I felt faded, and my skin sealed back up, it even regained a significant amount of elasticity, but now the slimes puffing up my assets were growing again.

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My body swelled frighteningly quickly into the cobblestone, the slimes pushed hard against it in a menacing attempt to escape. My skull and horns felt like they might be crushed, the stone creaked and strained as my body was forced to grow. Darkness enveloped me once more as my flesh quickly rose to fill in the cracks of space between me and the outside. Pressure grew as the slimes demanded more room, with nowhere to go they distended through the hallway. I felt my butt fill in more of the room behind me, it began knocking over more of the candles it had missed before. The slimes were hungry for the magic contained inside of them and continued to gorge themselves on it, filling the remaining space. I felt my chest pushing against the plants outside, I felt my ass press into the wall on the other side of the previous room.

With so much slime pent up inside me something had to give under the pressure. I heard creaks and groaning all around me. The slimes demanded more magic and more room to grow. The walls on the other hand demanded nothing, they fell apart against the rising pressure. As soon as one crack was big enough to split the stonework, the whole thing came crumbling down. Stone, sand, dirt, and gravel fell from above, and afterward, the rising pressure inside me was released and I was shot up to the surface a few feet above me. The dungeon was carved into the space beneath a small hill in the forest. It was about midday and there was an abundance of familiar flora, I don't know where the woman went.

The slimes continued to feast on some nearby medicinal herbs infused with magic, and my chest grew further, pushing its way into nearby trees seeking more food. The trees collapsed and were buried underneath booms that looked fit to feed a dragon horde, while my butt demolished the remaining dungeon and continued to sit its gargantuan weight on anything unlucky enough to wander too close. The growth had slowed but while there was still magic in the air it would continue. I conjured what amount of magic I could in the presence of these ravenous creatures to send up a flare, a very simple magic spell used to call for help or warn others of danger. I just hoped someone would find me before the slimes consumed the whole forest.

