

Tales of Elithor:

Gamer Growth

Written By

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Warriors of Olithor! Today we fight for freedom against the Firus dogs that DARE claim to be the rightful rulers! Make the city run red with blood! For the glory OF THE REBELLION!

Match Starting in 3... 2... 1... NOW!

“Alright time to spill some guts! “, a feminine voice proclaimed

“FOR THE GLORY OF OLITHOR!” a masculine voice shouted

“You said it!”, another woman responded, laughing to someone through her black and green headset.

Her jade hand clacked away at a black and green keyboard moving her in game avatar. While another hand moved her black and green mouse surveying the battlefield looking for a kill. Her violet eyes focused intensely on the screen when she spotted a player armed with a simple sword and shield. She grinned, knowing this player was likely a newbie to the game.

“Too easy” she grinned, aiming her crosshairs on the player character

Her character was armed with a katana strapped to her side and a shotgun on her back. She pulled out the shotgun and blasted a shot at the enemy player’s character, killing them instantly. The game suddenly announced “*first blood*” which made the woman dance in her large

chair. Her long natural blue hair shifted from her movement revealing her pointed ears. Her low-cut baggy green shirt gave a wide window of deep green skin that covered her slender body.

She kept her gaze on the game displayed on her first monitor. Meanwhile, the second monitor showed a black screen with four boxes. Each box contained a random avatar from different fandoms. Both monitor's sat on a wooden desk with the Elven woman's crown jewel sitting underneath.

A large PC flashing various colors while fans spun silently. Various wires and cables were meticulously threaded through the case's interior so that it looked perfect. The case itself is also dust free and well maintained with no signs of scratches or debris. Behind this magnificent setup was her large bed, green sheets were neatly folding into the bed's frame with two black pillows resting at the head.

In game, Yola's character slashed and shot their way to a capture point in an open field. Panning the in-game camera around revealed players and bots duking it out, luckily away from her. She initiated a reload of her shotgun when a flurry of gunfire ripped through her, killing her character instantly.

"SHIT! Damn tank got me! So much for my killstreak", The blue haired woman exclaimed

"Don't worry Yola! we're winning!" A box with the avatar of a fox woman with fiery red hair stated

The elf woman's friend was correct; their team was ahead in points by a country mile. Still the hit on her pride made her want to get sweaty. She looked up her character's killer and had one goal in mind: make this player's time a living hell. She scoured the battlefield taking

potshots with her shotgun at enemy bots and players alike. Often switching to her katana to block sword swipes and retaliating, biting her blade into virtual flesh. Eventually getting enough kills to activate a devastating kill streak ability.

“Time to turn up the heat!” Yola stated before her character teleported onto a giant red dragon flying into battle

Her draconic mount breathed fiery death upon the battlefield racking up tons of bot and player kills. Her main target made itself known when a tank shell whizzed past the dragon and its rider. Yola activated an alternate firing mode, and the dragon shot a giant fireball at the tank destroying with a single shot. Satisfaction was plastered over the Elven player as she got revenge.

“Take that HornyWitch3003!”, Yola exclaimed making her friends bust out laughing

“THAT’S THEIR USERNAME! Hahahaha”, howled someone behind a box with an owl avatar

“Nice job! Hey Yola, can you fly that drake over here?”, Taylor asked, uncaring of the player’s absurd gamertag

The third friend was still laughing when the dragon rider redirected her steed to her friend’s position. Using its breath attacks to one of the control points being attacked.

When her killstreak ended, Yola’s character was faced with HornyWitch3003 again. The player’s character was armed with a staff and sword that she never got to use as the gaming elf immediately blasted with her shotgun. Looking at the chat she can see her adversary was fully

raging much to the Elven woman's delight. Whenever she died, she would often taunt the player making them rage even harder.

HornyWitch3003: Bro you're tunneling the crap out of me!

JadeQueen707: Get gud scrub ;)

HornyWitch3003: MFer im a witch bitch! kill me again and I'll make you regret it!

Yola grinned at the thinly veiled threat and decided to ignore all players and target HornyWitch. She spotted them fighting against two NPCs she lunged and struck the player down with her katana. Shortly after, the player disappeared, indicating they quit the game. Yola's team won shortly after, and the party readied up for the next match. The map loaded into a large castle wall, siege weaponry and tanks rolling towards Yola's party standing on the wall.

***Loyal warriors of Olithor! The dogs of Furus think they can take these walls! How pathetic! Hold the line and give them HELL!
Match Starting in 3... 2... 1... NOW***

Yola moved her character to a flag point waiting for enemy NPC's to pour in. Outside the game, the Elven woman's chest began to warm up. After a few seconds, her flat chest budded into two small jade bumps within her baggy green top. Her small tits lightly swayed as their hyper focused owner moved her body. Heat built up again for a few seconds before her mosquito bites ballooned larger.

“Here comes the enemy!” Taylor exclaimed, their character’s sniper rifle scanning for heads

“Get ready every-...” Yola gasped midsentence when a hard nipple graced her top

“Yola? You, ok?” The fox woman avatar asked

“Y-Yea im fine...” Yola stated, refocusing on the game

As the blue haired woman clacked away at her game. Her now modest breasts hung unburdened by a bra behind soft fabric. Blissful heat built up again in the woman’s body before pouring like water into her developing fun bags. Her nubs gently rubbed the underside of Yola’s top igniting a fire in her core.

The elvish woman’s hands started to tremble as she felt her arousal climbing, making her in-game performance decline. Her chest swelled larger covering her ribcage under her still loose top. Her brain fogged with needy thoughts and lustful desire with her boobs increased size.

“H-Hey guys after this match Im gonna hop off real quick” Yola stuttered

“Everything ok girl?” Taylor inquired, his character taking pot shots at enemy bots running towards the wall.

“Y-yea I uh something – came up and umm I need to take of it” The elvish woman stammered a lie while a warming sensation emanating from her crotch.

Yola rubbed her legs together as she became increasingly horny with every passing second. Biting her lip as her womanly folds ached for attention making the fingers on her mouse twitch. Her breasts tingled before blowing up further causing her shirt’s bottom hem to pull up slightly uncovering her flat belly.

“No prob man! I’ll be on for a while so just join back in whenever you are able” The owl avatar reassured kindly.

The others said similar reassurances which made Yola sigh in relief. She brought her focus back to the game just in time to block an incoming player’s hammer swing. She swung her katana parting the player character’s head from their shoulders. The body fell before disintegrating on the stone flooring.

A moment of respite followed, allowing the gamer elf to check the match time. Seeing there was only thirty seconds, the Elven woman knew she only had to endure a little longer. As she breathed in deeply, she felt her nipples poke the underside of her shirt.

“*Gasp* MMph w-what the? WHAT THE?!” Yola looked down her chest, eyes widened at the sight greeting her vision.

Her once flat undeveloped upper torso now possessed a pair a massive knockers. A mixture of astonishment and confusion covered her face as she rose a finger to one of her jade jugs. Her boobs stopped her with a massive wave of bliss filling her body making her sigh in pleasure. The sensation was like gallons of liquid delight filled her body from head to two before pouring into her mounds.

“Yola? What happened?” said Taylor said with concern in his voice

The elf’s breasts leapt forward, filling her not so baggy shirt with their jiggly mass. She folded her lips fighting back a moan as her tits filled the space in her chair. Thick stiff nipples were visible through the stretched-out top as arm filling breasts slowed to a stop.

(What is happening? How is this happening? W-why does this...) Her brain got stuck on a sensation rising from her core that made her hands tremble.

(does this feel so...) One of her hand moved to one of her melons immediate electricity shooting across her bust from her hand's gentle touch.

(GOOOOD!) Her brain cried out as she began to rub her glorious mounds reveling in pleasure and ecstasy making her wet slits flare in arousal.

The game suddenly blared through her headphones drawing her gaze back to the screen. It showed that her team lost, but that hardly mattered at that moment. She went to disconnect from her party when another wave of growth inducing pleasure hit her body.

“O-oh GODS!” Yola moaned into her headset unaware it was unmuted

“Uhh *Cough* hehe Y-Yola?” Taylor said, confused and a bit aroused

Pressure began building within Yola's chest as another growth spurt was fast approaching. She hastily moved her mouse to the other screen to disconnect from the call. In her rush, she mistakenly missed the button after she threw her headphones off just in time for her breasts to swell.

Her shirt groaned as her breast flesh bulged touching her chin and reached past the hem of her top. Newly formed nerves began singing bliss and pleasure in ecstasy filled harmony. Leaving the poor elven woman squirming in her chair while she endured her chest swelling larger than her torso before finally stopped.

Using her feet, Yola turned her chair to face the bed. Her hands and fingers twitching eager to satisfy her body's lustful cravings. She stared at the massive mounds dominating most of

her vision with glee. She moved a hand to lift a tit to her face and gave it a kiss. Taking in the immense weight and sensitivity making her legs weak and releasing a loud moan.

The elven woman tried to lift her body only achieving a few inches before she slumped back into her chair. Her arms grabbed the arms of her chair just in time for her body to heat up, warning Yola of an impending growth spurt. Frantically now, she tries again to push her body off the chair only for her arms give out a couple seconds later. She fell back onto the chair causing it to groan from the impact.

“Haaa oh gods Nnggh - here it comes!” She spoke through gritted teeth as her body braced for a massive growth spurt.

Yola’s breasts grew reaching her underarms and spreading to her sides filling what little space there was left in her thinning top. Small tears began to form by the front and collar of her shirt as overtaxed threads of fabric started to snap. Mixed with her moans of ecstasy, the room was filled with the sound of her top dying. Larger and larger her bust expanded, oozing out of the fresh holes of the torn fabric. A line of broken stitching ran down the center creating a window of jade colored cleavage. Dark green nubs could be seen shifting from behind lengthening tear seeking freedom.

Underneath Yola’s petite butt, her gaming chair creaked under the woman’s heavy weight. The forward tilt broke, tipping the growing groaning woman down tumbling to the wooden floor. Her slender body landed on top her enormous jugs making them jiggle from the impact. Her boobs grew for a few more seconds before halting.

“Gods! Im – so - HORNY!” She shouted before plunging two fingers deep into her quivering velvet walls.

Lightning flew across Yola's body and bosom, making her scream in ecstasy. Her one hand rampaged her hungry wet folds while her other hand began rubbing her immense mounds. Goosebumps broke out across the jiggly flesh from her hand's lustful touch. Lost to her arousal, the elven woman starts kissing her mounds when they start to ripple.

"Mmmph gods Im soo big" Yola cooed as the sensation in her rippling breasts intensified, "and Im gonna be even bigger!" She cried out in an aroused tone as she welcomed the pressure building within her bosom.

Jade colored flesh swelled across the wooden floor and rising Yola's body higher. Her fingers danced within her delicate flower as her bust grew, stimulating her body to new heights. Her massive dark green nipples dug into the floor sending jolts of ecstasy straight to her loins.

The sound of fabric tearing resumed as the polyester prison containing Yola's immense bosom snapped in two. Its death brought forth a wave of flesh that swept the elven woman off her feet leaving her prone atop her bosom. The tattered cloth flapped uselessly against the growing green hills that spread across the hard wooden floor.

On and on the blue haired woman grew, reveling the intense sensation of her mounds consuming the floor around her. Her finger tirelessly ravaged her g-spot making her loins tremble in anticipation. Her body tensed and she folded her lips as she was about to cum. Her toes curled and her free hand grasped a fist full of boob. Her eyes closed and felt ready to scream until...nothing.

"Whhaaa-ts going o-on...", she peeled her eyes open in confusion, "why can't-MMMPH" her words were interrupted when her breasts seared with an intensity that made her eyes squeeze shut.

The gamer girl's booby flesh began to ripple and shake leaving her helpless. Writhing atop mounds bigger than her own body. Her massive mounds soon surged around her, quickly filling the space between the bed and her gaming desk. It was if a fire hose was hooked up to each tit filling them like two gigantic water balloons.

The sensation alone would have made her orgasm, nerves screaming in ecstasy straight to her throbbing twat. Yet her honeycomb still teetered on the brink, driving Yola crazy as sweet relief was being denied to her. Her brain was becoming overwhelmed by the stimulation it is a surprise she –

“Uggh w-why do I...” Yola's head felt heavy as fatigue washed over her, “I feel – sooo shleepy” she spoke drowsily hanging her head low.

As her vision blurred, she faintly heard the door to her bedroom creak open. Her tired eyes looked up to a feminine figure dressed in black donning a witches hat atop shoulder length jet-black hair enter through the door.

