

Dragon's Dream

Prey to the Wind

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***Standard Disclaimer:** This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion and other TF themes. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.*

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Prologue

“Uunnnh! Bigger!”

Desperate moans filled the dimly lit studio apartment. A young woman lay tangled and writhing in her bedding with one hand clutching a sizeable breast and the other feverishly pistoning a thick, gyrating dildo in and out of herself. Locks of long chestnut hair radiated out around her on the sheets.

“Fuck! More! More!”

If she’d groped herself any harder, her tit would have ripped off. She squeezed and kneaded her plump breast until it ached. It was consolation for them being too small for her to suck her own nipples. Not that they were small at all. To most eyes, she’d be remarkably busty; especially for someone with such a thin, athletic build. But it wasn’t enough. Not anymore.

“Come on! Grow!”

No matter how much she pleaded, her already ample breasts would not grow. She didn’t think they would, even though she had miraculously gone up a cup size in less than a week. It was the memories that drove one hand between her legs and the other to her chest. Memories of a life that wasn’t hers. Of a false reality where she had experienced physical transformations she had never before dreamed of.

She arched her back and moaned again out of frustration. *“BIGGER!”*

It was almost a week ago that she’d unlocked a part of herself she didn’t know she had. Desires she’d have scoffed at. A need that she almost wished she could forget.

She was *small*. She needed *more*. She needed to be *bigger*.

She needed breasts...no, TITS. Huge fucking KNOCKERS. Melons so big and full that she could actually shove her own teats into her mouth. Monster mammaries too fat and heavy to lift on her own. Mountain peaks that could bury a man from head to toe.

She *had* to be bigger. Bigger than this. Bigger than anyone.

“MORE!” Her moans were reaching a fever pitch. Her breathing was becoming a ragged panting. Her body glistened with a thin sheen of sweat. She was close.

She wasn’t just imagining her breasts growing in her grasp, she was remembering it. No matter how often she reminded herself that it wasn’t real, it had all felt so palpable, tangible, that it may as well have been. The sensation of warmth, fullness, weight, stretching. Oh god, the *stretching*.

“Mmmhh,” she bit her lip so hard it hurt.

So much stretching. Not just from the growth, but from the sheer mass that she'd felt pulling at her skin, drawing it tight over her shoulders and across her back. Her body wasn't made to support tits that weighed as much as the rest of her combined. She thought for sure she'd come away with stretch marks and was almost disappointed that she hadn't.

Because it wasn't real...*Or was it?*

The added inch or two to her bust line could be chalked up to a lax workout routine, but the purple stains that refused to come out of her cream-colored blouse were harder to explain. How the fuck did those get there? All that blueberry insanity was just in the game, right? Were the game developers so dedicated to realism that they had installed some sort of juice sprayers in the virtual reality chambers to hose down her shirt? But if that was the case, then how come her nipples were stained purple for three days after?

It couldn't be real. It just couldn't. Human breasts DO NOT lactate anything but milk, and hers shouldn't even be doing that.

But what if they were?

"*Oooh, YES!*" The very idea of it got her engine purring louder. She screwed her eyes shut and focused solely on that sensation. Juice or no juice, her tits had felt FULL. Tight. *Engorged.*

She could practically feel the pressure building again. Pumping her mammary glands fuller and tighter until they gently pushed back against her coaxing fingers. More. *MORE.*

Weight slowly piled onto her chest, forcing her to breath harder and heavier. Ounce after ounce stretched her mammaries taut until they had no choice but to stretch or burst. Mass forced her fingers apart, wider and wider. Bigger and bigger.

Ounces turned to quarts. Then quarts to gallons. Pounds were pumping into her breasts, inflating them like balloons. Hot, slick flesh spread across her chest, oozing over her arms and bulging past her collarbones. Too much for one hand to handle. Too much for even four or six.

It would take a whole party of men with strong, firm grips to massage and manage these breasts. These *knockers*. Pumpkins wished they could grow so big. So ripe.

Her entire torso felt like it was buried in boobs. They continued to bulge down over her thighs and over her shoulders, threatening to smother her. Jesus fucking Christ, big enough to be *smothered by her own tits.*

"*MORE! Bigger! BIGGER!*"

It wasn't enough. Not even close.

She had to be more breast than woman. She had to be *pinned* under them.

They obeyed.

On and on they grew. Far too enormous to reach around, the best she could do was hug what she could touch. Faster and faster she worked herself. She'd probably be raw afterwards, but she didn't care. She wanted this too bad. *Needed it.*

When she felt herself reach the edges of the bed, her *king*-sized bed, she climaxed. It was too much to hold back any longer. She screamed and squirted so forcefully that she swore the

dildo would pop out of her like a rubber rocket. It didn't, but that just meant she'd have to try harder next time.

Her breathing slowed. Muscles relaxed. Sanity gradually graced her mind like the rising sun.

There were no mountains of boobflesh pinning her to the bed. No bathtub's worth of dairy or whatever other fluid she could think of stretching her mammaries past the point of bursting. Just her natural, slightly above average breasts resting neatly in her tired grasp.

Kalen Jasper tugged the well-used toy out of her sheathe and switched it off before tossing it aside. She lay there a while, catching her breath as she stared at her ceiling in a daze. A metallic tasty tingled her tongue. She sucked her aching lip and realized she'd drawn blood in her stupor.

None of it had been real. The pleasure had been. The desperation had been. But it was all just a fantasy. The same fantasy that had plagued her every single night since she stepped out of that chamber.

This wasn't like her. She wasn't some nymphomaniac slut. Why was she acting like this? What the fuck did that game do to her to make her so...*horny*? Not just horny, but *weird*? She never really had any kinks before. Well, none like this.

Was experiencing some vivid facsimile of sex all it took to brainwash her? Hell, not even full-on sex. All she'd done was fight and get balloon tits. Why was that enough to fucking ruin her?

She wanted to cry. This wasn't her. It was wrong. So why did it feel so *right*?

Because it had always been there, hadn't it?

That need to be the biggest.

That lust for more.

All she needed was an awakening.

Despair faded and, in its place, exhaustion filled in. Kalen felt herself drifting to sleep, likely into the embrace of another twisted sexual fantasy. She could live with this. The novelty would fade. Just a few more nights and she'd try to get back to her regular schedule. It couldn't hurt to enjoy herself a little longer. Besides, maybe she'd discover something new tomorrow.

In a few hours, she'd wake up, shower, and get ready to meet up with Liana before returning to...

The Dragon's Dream.

Chapter 1

It was packed in the game studio lobby, just like it had been the week before and the week before that when Liana first dragged Kalen in with her. Kalen had been somewhat peeved at her friend for signing her up to be a playtester for some weird porn game, but that evaporated the moment she entered the virtual world. Reality be damned, that *felt* real. Now she was downright itching to come back and experience it all again.

A colorful array of characters mingled around the lobby, most of whom Kalen assumed to be other players like her waiting to be let into the virtual reality chambers. Oddly enough, nearly all of them were women. The only men around seemed to work there. Not having to worry about any creeps brought her some solace, but something about it still seemed off, though she couldn't put her finger on what.

As for the other players, the sheer level of commitment many of them had to "living" the game never ceased to give her second-hand embarrassment. Most of them had more or less normal outfits, albeit skimpy ones, but it was the accessories that got her. She couldn't imagine riding the subway wearing fake animal ears and tails or prosthetic boobs.

Granted, those prosthetics looked real enough to trigger her boob envy. Hell, a lot of those fox ears looked professionally made. She swore she saw some twitch. Where did they all get those things? Probably an online cosplay store or something she figured.

It all made Kalen feel weirdly out of place, like walking in on a convention for some fandom she'd never heard of. Even without the weird stuff, this wasn't her crowd. It just didn't help that she was dressed more plainly than them with her dark, unfastened peat coat over her usual light blouse (not the juice-stained one, she wasn't feeling *that* daring), black pants and matching boots. Not only that, but she'd intentionally neglected to buy any larger bras or tops to accommodate her new bust. Some deranged part of her hoped it would draw some eyes, but her inner prude preferred if it didn't.

Thankfully, there was a café next to the lobby and she'd gotten there early enough to snag a seat. The food wasn't bad nor too terribly overpriced. Their teas and salads were at least good enough for Kalen's palate. She hadn't had a chance to try much else yet. Probably wouldn't considering Liana couldn't have been too far behind. She couldn't help but wonder how long it would take Li to notice that her tits were bigger. The thought of it made her antsy.

Speak of the devil. She spied her friend shuffling her way through the crowd. Unlike most of the others, she stood out simply by wearing normal clothes: A skirt with warm leggings and a tight blue sweater. Kalen stood up and waved for her, "Liana! Over here!"

The short young woman turned her way, her light brunette hair dancing on her shoulders. Her bright blue eyes lit up with a smile as they met Kalen's yellow topaz gaze. She squeezed past more people and practically tackled Kalen, throwing her arms around her. "Kalen!" she squealed.

If it had been anyone else, the tackle-hug would have thrown Kalen off balance; but she knew her friend well enough to brace for impact beforehand. She laughed and gave Liana a quick squeeze back. Their chests met just a hair sooner than usual, making Kalen's heart skip a beat. "Good morning, Li. Nice to see you too!"

"Excited to go back in?" Liana practically bounced back and dumped her purse on the table before taking a seat. She was full of enough energy for three of her.

"Yeah, maybe a little," said Kalen, tucking one of her long bangs behind her ear only for it to immediately slip free and rejoin its twin in framing her slender face. She tried and failed to conceal the growing anticipation building in her chest, not just for whatever may await her in the Dream, but of Li's inevitable reaction to her little growth spurt. "How was your week? Haven't seen you since last time."

"It was...okay," now Liana was trying to do the same. The way she was blushing and averting her gaze meant there was something she wasn't telling. "How was yours?"

"Mine was, uh...boring," Kalen took a sip of her tea to hide her matching blush. If fucking yourself silly for seven nights straight was boring, then sure, she had a boring week.

"Yeah, I think I know what you mean," Liana squeaked and shifted in her seat. Had she been weirdly horny too? Kalen wasn't about to ask that in public, though.

Somewhere a group of giddy players started laughing and the overall volume of the place increased as a result. Kalen took another sip of her tea and pretended not to notice her friend stealing a glance at her chest...and then another probably to confirm what she saw. The bomb ticked faster. Kalen could barely contain herself. She'd been waiting for this reaction all week.

Liana didn't look at all surprised.

The ticking stuttered. That was *not* the reaction she'd expected. Li wasn't shocked to see her friend's boobs *noticeably* bigger. Why the fuck not? She was straining her blouse buttons for fuck's sake! It was actually starting to piss her off. It's not like Li was packing any sweater puppies herse— *What the!?*

Kalen nearly choked on her tea. Despite being almost annoyingly busty in-game, Liana actually had a rather modest chest in reality. At least, she was *supposed to*. What Kalen saw filling out her friend's sweater was nearly on par with her own former E-cups.

"Something the matter?" asked Liana with a knowing smile. She gently squeezed her boobs between her arms like the tease she was. Was she stuffing her bra or something? No one doubles their cup size in a week.

Well, unless...

"Is uhh, that a new sweater?" Kalen asked meekly. Definitely not the smoothest save.

Liana giggled, making her boobs jiggle just enough to imply they weren't fake. "Only as new as your blouse," she said cheekily.

Kalen gulped. Instead of exploding, that bomb of anticipation weakly fizzled out like a cheap firecracker. The only one shocked and surprised was her. "So, it happened to you too?"

"Yup! Before we even left last week," said Liana buoyantly. "I thought I was having an allergic reaction or something, but it never went down. Not to mention it made my butt bigger too! I had to go buy new clothes and everything!"

That sent an embarrassed blush to Kalen's face. She hastily gestured for Lianna to keep her voice down, but all that did was make her giggle. Kalen rolled her eyes and continued. "You don't sound unhappy about that. Clothes are expensive, you know."

"Oh? Is that why you're wearing a bra that's two sizes too small for you?" Liana cocked an eyebrow smugly.

Kalen grumbled and tugged her coat closed. "Look, I'm just saying that you're weirdly happy about this."

"And you aren't?"

It took Kalen a second too long to answer and paid for it with another smug look from Li. "Okay, maybe I like it a little." That was the understatement of the year. "But how did both of us...well...uh...change?" she almost whispered that last word.

Liana shrugged. "Maybe it was something with the game? I was bigger before I even stepped out of the VR chamber. Felt like my bra was cutting me in half."

"Oh, come on. How the fuck could a *game* make our boobs grow? There's gotta be some other reason."

"Maybe it's something in the drinks?" Liana pointed to Kalen's tea.

Kalen's inner boob-hound screamed for her to chug the rest right then and there, but she couldn't do it. Not with Liana and so many other people right there. "I guess we'll find out," her voice wavered with barely restrained anticipation.

"Right! You finish your tea and I'll go in empty," said Liana. "If you're the only one who grows this time, then we'll know it's the drinks and maybe the food, too."

Kalen's hand twitched at the suggestion. Looks like she'd sate her inner boob-hound after all. If it really was the drinks, then she'd be coming here every day after to chug a gallon. Maybe two. How fast would that make her grow, she wondered? Would it go to her ass like it had with Li? How far could she grow before-

"You good with that?"

"H-Hunh? What?" Kalen snapped back to the present.

Liana giggled. "Are you good with being the Guinea pig this time?"

"Yeah, sure," said Kalen distantly. She looked over at the crowd of weirdos. What if those weren't prosthetics? Some of those girls were sporting balloon tits bigger than basketballs. They'd have to weigh a ton. Nothing would fit right. Stretch marks. Back Pain. Imagine them flopping down in their laps when they'd get up in the morning. Heaving them up and down stairs. It would be such a nuisance. A burden. Penance for the crime of having such obscene proportions. Almost as if their own bodies were retaliating against them.

She'd love it.

A bell chimed over the lobby speakers and the doors to the virtual reality chambers opened. The crowd erupted into cheering and everyone began to file in line to sign in for the day at a kiosk just inside the doors.

"Oh hey! They're ready!" said Liana. "Hurry up and finish your drink so we can get in line!"

“Oh, right,” Kalen hesitated before downing the rest of her possibly tainted tea. Some small part of her still resisted the thought of giving in temptation, but the other voices in her head were louder. With the tea chugged, she got up and tossed the empty cup in a nearby can. “Okay, ready when you are,” she said, her voice tense with giddiness.

It was time to dive back in.

Chapter 2

A gust of cool, sterile air rushed past Kalen as the door to Chamber 64 sealed shut behind her. Curved, white walls surrounded her on all sides inside the pill-shaped room. It was a good thing she wasn't claustrophobic, because the virtual reality chambers always felt stifling at first.

She brushed the hair out of her eyes and retied her ponytail to keep it secure. Her coat was soon folded up and set in its usual place by the door. The habitual ritual continued with Kalen adjusting her belt and tucking her blouse in again, though her chest tugged it back up higher than she'd liked. Probably the only annoyance of having a bigger bosom.

A bosom that was only going to get bigger, provided their suspicions had been correct. Would she even be able to tuck the front of her shirt in after this was done, or even button it, for that matter?

Those were questions that made her heart thump and her loins ache. She wanted to know so badly. Wanted to be proven more than right. To blow any expectations completely out of the water. *To blow out her blouse. To obliterate her bra.*

She chewed her lip. It was still sore from the previous night, but that only added to it all. Dust on embers. A dash of pain to a stew of pleasure. God, what she wouldn't give to-

She slapped herself. Distracting thoughts.

The longer she spent standing there imagining her tits growing, the longer it would be before she could get in the Dream and experience it. Well...experience something close to it. Besides, Liana was probably already loading in from the next chamber.

Kalen finished straightening up her attire before stepping towards the headset that hung from cables in the chamber's center. Lightweight almost elegant in its design, the "most sophisticated virtual reality equipment in the world" looked more like a fancy sleeping mask once she unplugged it.

The cables coiled back up into the ceiling. She wasn't sure if they had been charging the thing or had some other purpose. There weren't enough acronyms after her name for her to even guess how this technology worked. It may as well have been magic.

Kalen placed the headset over her eyes and reached back to fasten the straps when it suddenly clamped itself to her head.

"Shit!" she instantly panicked and pulled at the device. To her relief, it relaxed its grip and loosened. She yanked it off and tried to calm herself. "What the fuck? That's never happened before."

Upon closer inspection, the straps' fasteners now appeared to be mechanized and the overall design was slightly different than usual. It seemed to have gotten an upgrade over the week.

"Well, huh. That's new," she muttered. "I wonder what else they've changed."

With some apprehension, Kalen placed the headset back over her eyes and allowed it tighten itself once again. It felt like a vice squeezing her head at first before it loosened just

enough to fit comfortably. In fact, it fit perfectly. Better than either time she'd adjusted it herself in the past.

The soft, gel-like ring around the edges of the eyepiece warmed itself until it matched her body temperature. It barely felt like there was anything on her face at all.

Her fingers fumbled for a way to power it on but didn't feel anything remotely like a button or switch. Suddenly, her vision exploded into a flash of light as the headset activated on its own. Something pulled hard at her mind and she gasped as she felt a momentary falling sensation. It was as though she was being yanked out of her body.

Slowly, the light dimmed, her mind went foggy, and her body relaxed. Any sense of the world around her faded. Hazy darkness swallowed her up. She was once again entering the Dragon's Dream.

Time passed like a thief in the night. It wasn't clear if it had stolen seconds, minutes, or even hours from Kalen before she felt herself becoming lucid again. Like a cartoon character realizing gravity still worked, she was dropped like luggage back into her body.

The transition into the virtual world had never hit this hard before. It had been jolting both times before, but this was like being throttled. Apparently not all of the upgrades had been good.

Kalen's skin was cold and tingly. Her fingers numb. An aching in her chest reminded her to breathe. She drew in air as thick as soup with a shaky gasp. After a few strained breaths, she began to feel more like herself again. A snarky comment escaped her lips, but no sound came out. There was no sound at all in this void between worlds. That at least was normal for the transition.

A warmth spread out from her core to her fingertips and the tingling intensified. Next came the part she'd been waiting all week for. Adrenaline shot through her bloodstream and made her heart race.

"Come on," she mouthed silently, clenching and unclenching her hands anxiously. The anticipation was worse than ever. She'd have been bouncing on her feet if she'd felt a solid floor beneath them.

At last, it began.

Kalen's slender arms and legs stretched and lengthened as several inches were added to her already impressive six-foot stature. Muscles that she'd kept toned through routine exercise tightened and hardened further. An uneven pair of crescent-shaped ox-horns sprouted from either side of her head, making her seem even taller.

When a tightness closed around her chest, it was all she could do not to squeeze her eyes shut in ecstasy. She was NOT about to miss even a second of this. Eager hands groped her bosom. Her breathing hitched when it began to push out into her grasp.

Soundless words formed at lips. Most were akin to, "Yes-Yes-YES-YES-YES!!!"

Gaps opened between her pearly blouse buttons like tiny windows into her cleavage. Already tight fabric was drawn taut across her chest, her shoulders, and her back. All available slack in her blouse was taken in a desperate attempt to contain her expanding breasts.

Underneath the straining cotton, her bra was fighting a losing battle against her bust. Pillowy flesh bulged around its undersized cups and between her greedy fingers.

This was what she wanted. What she'd been *needing*.

More.

Rising mounds of doughy boobage filled her top to capacity and beyond. Seams creaked and popped, sending subtle ripples through her sensitive chest. She just wished she could hear it.

Buttons twisted and their threads frayed, but just when the first one was about to blow, Kalen's clothes began to shift and morph. What was tight loosened to fit her larger stature. Laced boots fit for adventuring extended up to her knees. A short, black kimono with golden blossom patterns materialized from thin air and wrapped itself around her, splayed open to frame her modern blouse. It was held together by a red and white obi belt that hugged her thin waist. Her hair tie popped like confetti into a bow of red ribbon. Finally, a necklace looped around her neck with a red jasper pendant nestled just above her cleavage like the setting sun.

She felt like her own clothes were teasing her. Edging her on with the promise of releasing her blossoming breasts from their prison, only to hold them back a little longer. Torture was too weak a word for it.

Frustration mounted. How could her breasts, her *knockers*, double or even triple in size without bursting a single button? If something didn't give soon, then she would simply rip her blouse open herself. Not as much fun, but still satisfying.

Just as her fingers tensed to do the deed, it happened. The first button shot off into the void like a pearly rocket and a fist-sized portal into her cleavage opened where it had been. Something ripped somewhere, causing her chest to shift before a second button blew.

It was all she could do not to fall to her knees and shove a hand down her pants right then and there. A coppery taste tinged her tongue and, somewhere in the back of her mind, she realized she'd been biting her lip again. She didn't care. Not when her boobies were still blooming.

What had been a valley deepened into a canyon as her hills grew into mountains in her grasp. Her hands couldn't hope to contain them and neither could her clothes. They pushed out through her robe and bulged out of her neckline further and further into the open. Soft, supple suckle-melons dominated her torso, surpassing her head in size.

And *still* they grew.

Bigger. *Bigger.*

They were so warm. So sensitive. Nipples as thick as pinky tips prodded her palms through two layers of clothes. It felt divine. Sublime. Beyond description. Even better than she had remembered. Except for the stretching. There wasn't enough of that. She wanted to feel her skin pushed to its limits. Filled to the brink of bursting.

She wanted *more*.

Silent words of encouragement urged her growth onward, as if her breasts would listen. Perhaps they did? Pound after pound of flesh pumped them up fuller and heavier. She could feel their weight tugging her forwards, pulling at the woefully outmatched bra that was still hanging on for dear life. It would take more than this to defeat it, though. She knew that from experience. But that only made her want it more.

Another seam burst and her bra loosened. With one final surge of growth, Kalen's tits made a last push towards freedom. They succeeded.

A third button exploded off her blouse, releasing a pair of knockers the size of watermelons into her hands. Not the piddly little melons barely bigger than your head. No, these were full-blown, prize-winning summer melons big enough to feed a family of four. Supple flesh spilled out of her hands and over her arms like mounds of jello.

Too stubborn to surrender, a comically small cow-print bra that was practically swallowed by her chest cushions was the only thing preserving some semblance of modesty, if solely by the virtue of covering her nipples.

"Ooh, fuck YES!" she moaned out loud... Wait, out loud? There was sound again! And light! At some point, her sword had materialized on her back: A black odachi blade that was nearly as long as she was tall. It was fastened to her with a belt that ran between her breasts and over one shoulder.

She'd been so immersed in her growth that she hadn't even noticed that she'd finished loading in...

Right smack in the middle of a busy avenue...

In plain view of everyone.

"Oh...shit."

Dozens of eyes turned to the busty, horned amazon playing with herself in the street. Kalen's face turned bright red. She tugged her kimono closed, or as close to it as she could, and slinked out of the crowd wishing she were invisible. It took a few steps for her to find her footing. Being so top-heavy made walking a challenge.

Rows of buildings mixed with futuristic and fantasy architecture lined the avenue. Exotic assortments of characters, human and otherwise, flowed past. Some had strange, three-legged beasts of burden in tow with levitating carts of goods she couldn't name.

"We got another one," cracked one passerby. Others chuckled and a few whistled at her.

"Couldn't have picked a better place to log out," grumbled Kalen as she hustled away in an awkward, hunched gait. Despite the embarrassment, she was still riding high on the thrill of expansion. It had been everything she'd been craving and more. If only she had gotten a little big- *"Oof!"*

Too distracted and anxious to watch where she was going, she bumped boobs-first into someone short and soft. A line of little red letters floating above their head indicated they were another player.

"Oh fuck, I'm sorry!" she started apologizing but stopped when she recognized them. *"Li!"*

Calico cat ears perked straight up atop Liana's head and a matching tail swished excitedly behind her. *"Kalen! There you are! I was wondering where...you...went..."* her voice trailed off as she stared in awe into the mammoth mammaries that were nearly level with her now green eyes. *"I forgot you were so big."*

Kalen's eyes drifted down to her friend's own pair of pumpkins. They were distressingly big. Possibly bigger than hers. *"Yeah...you too..."*

They hung down fat and heavy past Liana's navel. Too small to close all the way over them, her white and gold robe did little but frame what seemed like a mile of cleavage. Heaps of

flesh spilled out into the open. It was a wonder her nipples were covered at all. She may as well have had a sign that said, "Dive in!" But what was most eye-catching was their rich, purple hue.

"You...kept some of the juice, I see," said Kalen stiffly.

"Yup! Couldn't let it all go to waste," Liana slapped a juice-filled boob. It sloshed audibly. It actually fucking *sloshed*.

Kalen was beside herself. That juice had been *hers*. Their last adventure had left her swollen and immobilized with a pair of dirigibles blown up with enough blueberry juice to fill a swimming pool...maybe a small one, but a pool nonetheless.

"You know that stuff was supposed to go to Captain Gretchen, right? We owed her for wrecking her ship," said Kalen.

"Yeah, but I only skimmed a little off the top. I didn't think she'd mind me taking a gallon or two."

Or four or *eight*. As a paladin of the dragon goddess, Casticia, Liana's holy ability to absorb certain transformations from people was either very useful or very annoying, especially whenever she'd leave herself so damned busty. She didn't even *need* the boost with how curvy she made herself in-game by default. Tits as big as cantaloupes and an ass to match. If only Kalen hadn't been so reserved with her character settings.

"What are you gonna do with all of that?" demanded Kalen.

"What are *you* gonna do with all of *this*?" Liana jabbed a finger into one of Kalen's boobs, eliciting a sharp squeak from her.

Kalen batted the accusing finger away. "Hey! Unlike you, I'm stuck with these. I can't help it if my sword makes my tits bigger every time I kill something!"

"Have you tried not killing things?"

"What a brilliant idea! I never would have thought of that! If only someone had suggested it when we were busy fighting off a whole fucking ARMY of fish people," said Kalen sarcastically. "Actually, I think I'll try it right now. Go on, keep talking. Let's see if I can keep myself from chopping you a few inches *shorter* than you already are!"

"You wouldn't dare!" Liana's cat ears flattened against her head.

"Try me!"

The two of them were still attracting attention from the passing townsfolk. Having enough boobs between the two of them for a whole strip club had a tendency to do that and their shouting match wasn't helping. A few burly women were leering their way.

Kalen reached up for her sword and as soon as her fingers touched the smooth, ceramic and steel hilt, it sent an electric jolt through her arm that jerked her towards the unsavory characters who were watching them. Taking that as a warning from her aware weapon, she immediately switched gears. "How about we get out of the street?" she suggested.

"Good idea," said Liana, nervously eying their audience.

Loitering around was no longer a safe option, especially considering the duo's penchant for getting into trouble. Kalen led the way to the outskirts of town. The buildings thinned out and so did the crowds. Thankfully, no one seemed to have followed them.

"So, where are we off to next?" asked Liana.

"Well, those monks had said another of their temples was somewhere South of town," Kalen reached into cleavage, which served as a sort of inventory system in the game world, and

withdrew a tarnished silver coin with two azure gems inlaid in its faces. One had been bestowed to each of them as their sole reward for risking their lives and sanity on their last adventure. “We could try to find it and cash these in. See what we get for them.”

“Sounds good to me!” said Liana cheerfully. “Just one problem, though.”

“What?”

“Which way’s South?”

Kalen pinched the bridge of nose and sighed. “Okay, which way does the sun rise?” she asked condescendingly.

“East?” answered Li.

“Very good. Now, where is the sun in the sky?”

“Which one?”

“Hunh?” Kalen looked up.

There were three suns of varying sizes and shades of orange in the sky. Each was in a different position. This was her third time in the Dream. How had she never noticed them?

“Oh...” Kalen felt as dumb as she looked right then.

“Yeah, so which way are we going?” said Liana with a smug smirk.

“Fuck it. We’re going this way,” said Kalen without a second thought...or much of a first one. She marched off in the direction they were already heading, towards a road that led off into some grassy green hills in the distance.

“Following your lead, oh wise one!” Liana quipped.

“Oh, shut up!”

Chapter 3

Have you tried not killing things?

It had been meant as a joke, but the words were still looping in Kalen's head. That had started a few miles back and hadn't stopped. They brought to mind her prior struggles and how easily she would lose control in the heat of battle. Her sword took the reins whenever she'd wield it, compelling her arms to swing on their own. With every fallen foe, the blade would absorb some sort of essence from them that would boost her bustline just a little further.

The feeling was exhilarating, the rush of combat and growth. There was a reason she had surrendered to it. Bloodlust and greed. A dangerous combination that had left her with the massive breasts she was so enamored with...and a hunger for *more*.

It was wretched. *She* was wretched.

How had she forgotten that shame?

A pit formed in her gut. She had spent the whole week getting off to memories of that growth but had never once thought back to why she had cut herself off. The sword had been disabled and her mind freed, if only for a little while. Fear and regret drowned her addiction only for it to surface again in the solitude of her bed.

But now that what she so badly craved was once again within her reach, she couldn't bear to indulge in it. Such senseless slaying for something so self-serving.

Blood for boobs.

On her back, the sword sensed her turmoil and vibrated gently, perhaps to consol her. She felt the urge to reach up and touch the long, glossy hilt rattling behind her head. To feel its reassurance. To feel something other than bitter disdain for own weakness.

Her fingers twitched, but she resisted. She couldn't risk falling prey to it again. Not until she knew more about what she had been so carelessly wielding.

The blade fell silent.

Her companion's boobs did not.

The entire time they had been walking, Liana's knockers had been sloshing just loud enough for Kalen to hear them. Not only was it annoying, but the fact that it wasn't coming from her own jugs added to the horny frustration she was struggling to ignore. Liana's occasional grunts and groans from lugging around a pair of juice kegs only made it worse.

"Li, what possessed you not to empty those things before we left?" grumbled Kalen as they trudged on.

"I thought we might get thirsty on the road," Liana grunted, adjusting her robe for the umpteenth time. With all the jiggling, it was only a matter of time before her dark, blueberry-tinged nipples slipped free again.

"Well, then *you* are more than welcome to suck your tits. I'll pass."

"Aww, but it tastes so good," Liana wined. "It's not like you haven't tried some before."

“*That* was different!” Kalen retorted, trying and failing to cover the embarrassed blush blazing across her face. “That stuff was from *my* tits, not yours.”

“Technically so is this.”

“*You can keep it!*”

Liana’s laughter echoed over the sloping hills that had been rising gradually higher on either side of the winding road they were traveling. Littering the grassy countryside were cyclopean stone ruins of untold antiquity. Most were little more than scattered building blocks with incomplete runic carvings etched into them. Occasionally, Kalen or Liana would spot one that was whole enough to depict something resembling a dragon.

However, the real sights were above the hills. Wherever there were dense clusters of ruins, ghostly visages of alien towers hovered over them. They shimmered and shifted hues of green and blue like auroras. None ever reached down far enough to meet the stones that may have once been theirs.

The strangest thing about them though, is that their architecture didn’t quite match that of the ruins. It gave Kalen the oddest sense that they were of a different timeline or were possibly even visions of a future. Either way, it seemed that no landscape in this digital dream realm would ever be normal.

Eventually, the surrounding hills grew steeper and steeper until the duo found themselves trekking through a narrow valley. Tall windmills jutted up from lush farmland further in. They were the first signs of an active settlement they had seen since leaving town. Just in time, too. The suns were getting low on the horizon and neither of them were keen on sleeping on the side of the road.

By the time the adventurers reached the outskirts of the settlement, the sky had turned a warm auburn. A constant breeze flowed through the valley like a river of air. As the vale deepened, it grew into a stiff wind that powered the dozen or so windmills and caused the fields of grain to ripple like the waves of a golden sea. It pushed back against Kalen and Liana as though they were unwelcome guests. Regardless, the duo pressed on into the village, determined to find shelter.

Low, domed, hut-like buildings populated the cozy hamlet. A few were taller or wider with additional rooms or stories, but most appeared to be modest homes. Various wind chimes, spinners, and whirligigs adorned each one. All were constructed from a material reminiscent of pale ceramic. The only exception was a blocky, stone brick structure that resembled some of the shrines the two had seen on their travels.

Empty dirt streets greeted them. Not a single soul was in sight. There were no sounds other than windchimes and the mournful howl of the wind that seemed to grow stronger as the suns set.

“Something’s not right,” Kalen said, her voice barely audible over the gale. Her sword didn’t alert her to any present danger, but the absence of any townsfolk didn’t bode well.

“Where is everyone?” shouted Liana.

“I see lights on in some of the houses. Let’s knock on one and find out.”

Swallowing her anxiety, Kalen cautiously approached the nearest lit hut. She didn’t see any shadows moving in the windows, but that didn’t mean no one was home. With a quick rap of her knuckles, she knocked on the front door.

There was no answer. She shot an apprehensive look to Liana, who merely shrugged. Again, she knocked, more firmly this time.

Still no answer.

Deciding to try her luck, Kalen fiddled with the door controls. After only a few random button presses, the door slid open with a hiss and a draft of warm air embraced her.

Tentatively, Kalen leaned through and promptly clocked her horns on the doorway. “*Agh! Damn it,*” she cursed under her breathe. She leaned further down and got her absurdly long sword caught in the frame instead. After another flurry of curses, she successfully poked her head in. “Hello? Anyone home?”

When no one greeted her, she stepped inside and looked around. The place was vacant, though it was clearly somebody’s home. A few short steps led down into a recessed living area that was surprisingly more spacious than the outside would have suggested. An electric fireplace hummed in a cozy den full of well-loved furniture. Rows of framed family photos decorated a wooden mantelpiece. Half-empty mugs sat abandoned on a low coffee table. Exotic vegetables that couldn’t have been more than a day or two old were left out on a kitchen counter with knives resting next to them.

It was as though the residents had only just stepped away. Kalen examined one of the photographs. A good looking, young, elfin couple with matching golden emerald rings smiled back. Beside it was an empty bell dome that might have once displayed something small and a farewell letter heavy with regrets.

“Find anyone?” Liana popped her head in behind her.

“No. Did you?” said Kalen, returning the letter to its place by the dome.

“Nope,” Liana shook her head. “It’s weird. They left food out and everything.”

“It’s like they left in a hurry.”

“Or just vanished!”

“Maybe. Either way, something strange happened here,” Kalen stepped up to the entrance. “Come on. Let’s keep looking. There’s gotta be some explanation.” She started to follow Liana out but hit both her horns and her sword on the doorframe once again. “*Shit!*”

Even the howling wind couldn’t drown out the fit of giggles Liana greeted Kalen with when she’d finally gotten herself unwedged. “Maybe you oughta lop a few inches off yourself with that big sword of yours,” she laughed.

“*Oh, shut up!*” Kalen snapped.

The two of them wandered around some more and found a small shrine to Casticia without a maiden to manage it. They took a minute to bind themselves to it just in case anything happened to them. Neither of them had the best track record when it came to surviving adventures and resurrecting all the way back in town was not high on their to-do list.

Continuing their search, they examined the blocky stone building near the center of the village. Just as it seemed, it was also a shrine or temple. A remarkably intact block from one of the ancient ruins dominated the otherwise empty chamber. Upon one side was an ornate carving of a many-winged serpentine dragon that leered at them with empty sockets that may have once housed gemstone eyes.

“Any idea which god this is?” asked Kalen.

“I’m not sure,” admitted Liana. “Must be some sort of local wind deity.”

“Aren’t you supposed to know these sorts of things, Miss Paladin?” Kalen teased with a thin smirk.

“Hey, I’m still new at this! Cut me some slack!”

Kalen merely laughed, sending waves of jiggles through her heaving chest. Her bra straps creaked in protest. Music to her ears, but not to her shoulders. She winced and tugged at the tortured garment. “Let’s find somewhere to settle down for the night. It’s getting dark and this bra is killing me.”

“Yeah, I could *really* use a break,” Liana stretched her back and groaned. Once again, her blue nipples popped out and she had to fight with her robe to get it back over them. “Could really use a larger size too,” she grumbled.

The triple suns had fully set and a kaleidoscope of stars and nebulae filled the night sky. Phantom towers haunting the hills like ghostly peaks cast their pale, greenish-blue glow over the settlement. It would be tempting to stop and admire the view if not for the uncanny state of the village. Not to mention the wind had acquired a biting chill that neither woman was dressed to tolerate.

A nearby two-story dome with warm light pouring through an open, double-wide entrance seemed inviting enough. The duo hustled through the gale and ducked into what happened to be a tavern. To their relief, it was just as warm inside as it looked. Heat poured from an electric hearth across from a well-stocked bar fit to serve the dozen or so tables scattered about.

Kalen smacked a button next to the entrance and the door hissed shut. No more cold wind. “Oh, thank God,” she groaned and slumped into the nearest chair with a heavy bounce. The wooden seat creaked under her weight.

“Thank Casticia,” corrected Liana with a light giggle.

“Whatever. I’m just glad we’re-”

“Who’s there!” demanded a female voice from under the bar counter.

In an instant, Kalen was back on her feet with her hand firmly grasping her sword. Much to her surprise, it didn’t react to her touch. No electric jolt. Not even so much as a tingle. Had it gone inert again?

“I said, who’s out there?” Suddenly, there was a loud slam and a fiery haired woman dressed in a rich green coat with golden trim and matching trousers popped up from behind the bar. Pointed ears stuck out through her amber locks and eyes as green as emeralds glared across the room at her two unexpected guests. Red letters suspended over her head identified her as a fellow player. One by the name of Maven Bradagan.

“We’re sorry,” Liana stepped between her and Kalen. “We were just looking for-”

“Are ya deaf?” Maven cut in, eying Kalen’s sword. “Who the hell are you?”

“Are ya blind?” Kalen countered, pointing straight up at her and Liana’s player names.

“Think you’re funny, do ya?” Maven’s eyes narrowed and she slowly reached under the counter.

Kalen tensed and tried to draw her sword, but it wouldn’t budge. If there was about to be a fight, then they were in trouble. Even Liana was shifting into a combat stance, sliding her hand into her cleavage to retrieve the holy gavel stashed there.

The redhead jerked her arm and both Kalen and Liana lunged for cover. Far too top-heavy for such maneuvers, Li toppled boobs-first into the floor with all the grace of a drugged cat while Kalen stumbled and knocked over a table with her wrecking balls.

Maven laughed and eased her hand into view. A pair of empty glass mugs were clenched in her fist. In the blink of an eye, her demeanor flipped and she slammed the mugs down on the bar with a jovial grin. “You two should have seen the looks on your faces! Get over here and have a drink! First round’s on the house!”

Flabbergasted, the two companions exchanged looks of bewilderment. With a shrug, Liana said, “I guess she’s friendly.”

“Yeah, sure,” grunted Kalen as she hauled herself off the floor and tilted the table back upright.

The smaller and bustier paladin had a harder time. Liana struggled with the weight of her chest at first. It took Kalen lending a hand to pull her to her feet. Neither chose to acknowledge the small, twin juice splotches on the floor where Li had landed.

Meanwhile, Maven was watching the show with an amused smirk. “Might need to balance yourselves out a tad. Stuff a little more junk in your trunk, if ya know what I mean.”

“Our trunks are just fine, thank you very much,” grumbled Kalen.

“Yeah! We’ve got plenty of padding up front,” Liana patted her boobs proudly. “They’re like built in airbags!”

Maven’s eyes locked onto Li’s chest and her brows shot up. “You’ve got something other than air in those funbags.”

“Oh! Shi-uh-Shoot!” Liana stopped just short of cursing and hastily tugged her robes back over her purple nipples. They evidently got jostled loose again by the fall. “Sorry!”

Maven laughed. There was a slight bounce to her chest. She wasn’t flat by any stretch of the imagination, but she had nothing on her guests. “No worries. You can go topless if you want. Won’t hear me complain.”

A thin smile crept its way onto Kalen’s face and cracked her stern expression. She shared one last dubious look with her companion before finally conceding with a shrug. The busty amazon let down her guard and took a seat at the bar. She plopped her breasts down on the bar top and immediately felt relief in her back and shoulders. “Ahh, much better,” she sighed.

For the first time in her life, Kalen got to experience the delight of resting her boobs on a counter. She didn’t even have to lean over to do it. They were so big that they could reach all on their own. The way the bar top propped them up made her feel like she had a whole shelf of boob in front of her. It was exquisite.

Liana was in much the same predicament. As soon as she hopped onto her bar stool, her breasts mashed against the counter’s edge. Hell, hers were big enough to even rest in her lap!

Jealousy stewed in Kalen’s chest. She’d have to find some way to surpass her friend’s size or it was going to gnaw at her. She would NOT be the small one. Maybe they’d eventually come across a potion seller or something that could give her the boost she needed to stay on top. She made a mental note to keep an eye out for one in the future.

“So, what brings you two out to this little slice of paradise?” asked Maven. The redhead started cleaning off one of the beer taps as she talked.

“Oh, we’re just exploring,” said Liana, watching their host work.

“Exploring, huh? That’s how I ended up here, too,” said Maven. “Seemed nice, so I stuck around. Get decent enough business to keep things interesting. That and I like the lady who runs this place, even if she is just an NPC.”

“Actually, that reminds me. Do you know where everyone else is?” Kalen asked. “You’re the only person we’ve seen since we got here.”

Maven finished tidying up and began filling their mugs with an amber ale from that tap. “Not a clue. Everyone was already gone when I logged in. Figured it might just be a bug or something.” She slid the two beers to her sole patrons. “Here ya go! Two pints of my own personal Wonder Brew. If this don’t lift your spirits, I don’t know what will!”

“Thanks. Though I don’t exactly feel down,” said Kalen, accepting her mug. She eyed the ale curiously. It looked bubblier than any beer she’d had before. The fact that it wasn’t all head was a testament to Maven’s pouring skills. Outside, the wind whipped itself into a frenzy, making the building creak. “Geeze, is the wind usually this bad?”

“Nah, that’s normal,” said Maven dismissively. “The folks here worship it like some kind of god. They call it Draegaoth after some ancient sky dragon. You can see carvings of her on some of those old ruins.”

“Yeah, I think we saw a few of those on the way-”

Liana suddenly interrupted with a gleeful hum as she took a sip of her drink. “Mhm! This stuff is good, Maven!” she said with a thin foam mustache.

The redhead laughed. “I knew you’d like it! There’s plenty more where that came from! Drink up!”

Kalen gave her mug a tentative sip. Eating or drinking anything in-game always felt weird to her. None of it was real, yet it somehow *seemed* real. Maven’s “Wonder Brew” was no exception. It was smooth with a subtle hoppiness. Copious bubbles tickled her all the way down. How she was able to actually *taste* and *feel* a fake, digital drink going down her throat was a mystery to her.

“Well, huh. This actually *is* pretty good,” said Kalen with an impressed look on her face. “How’d you make this stuff?”

“Oh, that’s just my little secret,” said Maven with a coy smile. Her emerald eyes bounced back and forth between her patrons as they took more confident sips of her handiwork. There was something in her gaze that Kalen recognized:

Anticipation.

A gentle bubbling stirred in Kalen’s belly that grew stronger with each gulp of the brew. Gradually, it began to shift upwards. Something wasn’t right. “Okay, what did you put in our drinks?” Kalen accused, her brows furrowing.

Liana, already halfway through hers, nearly choked as she said that. “W-What?” she sputtered with wide eyes, her ears perking up.

“Well, it wouldn’t be a secret if I told you,” Maven snickered.

Kalen slammed the mug down and lunged to her feet, mashing her tits against the countertop and knocking her bar stool over in the process. Her hands shot to her sword, but her gut dropped when it didn’t respond to her touch. She yanked the hilt, but it wouldn’t budge from its sheath. Why? Was something in the room disabling it?

Maven took a half step back, but stopped when she saw Kalen's predicament. "Oh? Having trouble getting it up, are we?" she cracked with a wry grin.

"*Shut up!*" Kalen fumed. With a quick flick of her wrists, she unfastened the stubborn sword from her back and swung it at the barkeep's head, sheath and all, narrowly missing Liana's in the arc.

Maven ducked under the blow, the blunt edge barely whiffing her fiery locks and smashing through a row of bottles on the shelf behind her. She let out an impish laugh and put up her hands. "Hey now! Wait a minute!"

"*Fuck you!*" Kalen cursed and reeled her sword back for another swing, but just as she did, she felt a new sensation bubble up into her chest:

Pressure.

A tiny moan squeaked through Liana's lips. "Mmh! K-Kalen, I-I feel like...like I'm..."

An unmistakable tightness clenched around Kalen's chest. That could only mean one thing. "Growing," she finished. Her bra creaked with tension, creasing her breasts as they slowly swelled larger.

Subtle gurgles bubbled up from Liana's already bloated bosom. Something was stirring up the juice that she'd willfully neglected to drain. She hugged her chest and bit back another moan as it filled her arms more and more.

Anger, surprise, joy, and lust battled for supremacy inside Kalen. She knew she ought to beat the snot out of the woman who did this to her, but at the same time, she wanted to thank her. If she had known this place was serving booby beer, then she'd have asked for it outright.

Kalen's sword fell from her hands and clattered loudly as it somehow landed propped up against the counter. In its place, pillowy flesh filled her grasp. Embarrassment and desire flushed her cheeks bright red. She knew this was so wrong. Depraved, even. Though for some reason, she just couldn't resist. Groping herself in front of a two people in a public place should have been mortifying, but it wasn't. She didn't even *know* one of them, for fuck's sake! Why did it have to feel so good?

All too soon, it was over. Kalen's expansion slowed to a halt, leaving her chest full and aching for more. Liana's breasts bubbled on a little longer before hers stopped as well. From the looks of it, they had both gained several inches of girth, though it felt like much more.

"I-I think it stopped," panted Liana. She'd worked up a slight sweat from her growth. Kalen was envious.

"What...What the fuck was that?" Kalen blurted, still clutching her tits harder than was probably appropriate.

"Isn't it obvious?" Maven asked impatiently. "Your boobs blew up."

"No shit!" snapped Kalen. "Why the *fuck* did you *make* our boobs blow up?"

Maven shrugged. "It's what I do."

Her nonchalant answer short-circuited Kalen's brain. All she could do was stand there and gawk at her. The sounds of gulping next to her drew Kalen's attention away. Her jaw dropped at the sight of Liana downing the rest of her beer. "*Li! What are you doing!?!*"

When the mug was dry, Liana wiped her lips on her sleeve and smiled wistfully. "What? Can't let it go to waste."

Too stunned for words, Kalen merely stared back in shock.

“Are you gonna finish yours?” Liana pointed to Kalen’s half-empty mug.

Chapter 4

The windows and doors shuddered against another frightful gust of wind. Its howling shrieked louder, as if to drown out the ominous churning that grumbled from Liana's breasts. As it grew to a low bubbling, the paladin's face flushed hot pink and she began to swoon.

"Oooh...I can really feel it this time," Liana moaned. Her arms wrapped around her chest in a loving embrace as it once again started to grow.

"But...But..." Kalen stammered, her yellow eyes never once straying from her friend's burgeoning breasts. "Li! You're a paladin! You're not supposed to-"

"Oh, shut up and drink your brew!" Maven interrupted and shoved Kalen's remaining mug to her with a grin.

After all the guilt and shame over her desires, could Kalen really cave in so easily?

Apparently so.

The quickness with which her hand shot out for the beer surprised her almost as much as how fast she chugged it down. Before her regrets even had time to stab her, she could already feel the bubbling sensation working its way to her chest. With a dramatic thud, she dropped the mug back onto the counter and waited for the growth to start.

Within seconds, Kalen could feel it. Pressure bubbled into her breasts, filling them with...something. She wasn't sure what yet, but they definitely weren't just growing. They were *inflating*.

Creaking fabric joined the chorus of gurgles and barely stifled moans as Kalen's cow-print bra struggled in a tug-of-war. It dug into her so hard that she felt like it was trying to cut her in half. Either it would give out first or her skin would. She could easily just rip the accursed thing open with brute force, but that would be cheating. She *wanted* to outgrow it. If it hurt, then that just meant she was doing it right.

"Ooh fuck...*Yes*," she groaned, her eyes glazing over.

Meanwhile, Liana's boobs were practically blowing up. They pressed against the bar top, bulging over it like balloons and pushing her back in her seat. Her arms could barely encompass them anymore with how wide they'd become. It was like watching two purple airbags deploying in slow motion. Nipples as dark as blueberries jutted out like thimbles, having long since slipped free of her woefully undersized robe. They sat atop areolae that were domed outward by the incredible pressure rapidly building behind them.

Beneath her lap-filling boobs, Liana's thighs were clenched tightly together. It was obvious from the little whimpers she was making that she desperately needed to touch herself. Yet for some reason, her hands stayed clamped to her tits. Her fingers tenderly rubbed around the bases of her swollen nubs, as if she was afraid they'd blow if she touched them.

Maven cautiously scooted out of the potential line of fire. Whether she knew what was brewing inside her feline patron or not, she clearly wasn't keen on getting doused in it. However, her eyes kept flitting away from the stupendous sights before her.

In the back of her mind, Kalen was dimly aware that Maven was eyeing her sword. The barkeep made no indication that she would lunge for it, though. So, Kalen filed it away under things that were less important than boobs.

Kalen's skin was getting tight. She could feel herself beginning to stretch. Her tits were *full*. Flashbacks to past expansive experiences cramped her mind. Something about this was different than all of them, though she couldn't quite pin down what. Regardless, didn't want it to end. Not anytime soon, at least.

Unfortunately, it did.

Like before, the bubbling died down and she felt the growth slow to a stop. What had been watermelons had ripened into pumpkins. Curiously though, they didn't feel any heavier. Kalen could feel a tangible pressure stretching her mammaries far beyond their capacity, yet there was no added mass.

Liana's expansion ended shortly before Kalen's did, but she was still whimpering and moaning like she were in the throes of it. Her dainty hands were gently pressing and squeezing her purple balloons as if being too rough would pop them. By contrast, it took what little control Kalen had left not to shove her arms up to her elbows into her own funbags until they hurt. All that held her back was one last shred of dignity and a hunger that could not be ignored.

Sexy fun times could wait. Kalen had a bra to burst and a title to reclaim. Liana was still bigger than her and that simply would not do. She *had* to be the *biggest*.

Kalen picked up her empty mug and slammed it down on the counter. "Gimme another round."

Maven looked at the mug and then back at Kalen. "First one was on the house. Gotta pay up for more," she said with a smug look.

Kalen groaned in frustration. Being broke bit her in the ass yet again.

"Is this enough?" asked Liana, holding up a gold coin.

The bartender's eyes instantly lit up. "Throw in another and I'll let you two drink till you burst."

"Deal!" Liana's hand dove into her cavernous cleavage and pulled out a drawstring bag that jingled with noticeable weight. Maven watched keenly as she dug around for another piece of gold. "Here you go!"

Maven eagerly snatched the gold from Liana's hand. She tugged her green coat open to reveal a line of tight cleavage and a golden medallion that had been hidden. Something about it immediately drew Kalen's eye. Before she could gauge what, Maven hastily slid the coins into her cleavage like the slot in a piggy bank and cinched her coat closed.

"Much appreciated!" Maven said, giving her ample boobs a quick bounce before pulling two more glass mugs from under the bar.

As the bartender got their refills ready, Liana looked her over with a silly smile. "Maven, has anyone ever told you that you look like a leprechaun dressed like that?"

The green-clad redhead chuckled. “Maybe once or twice. Tell ya what, if you find me pot o’ gold, I’ll grant you a wish!” she said with a wink and slid the fresh beers over. “Round two. Drink up!”

“Gladly,” said Kalen. Wasting no time, she immediately knocked back the bubbly brew and chugged like there was no tomorrow.

Liana attempted to do the same, but sputtered on hers. By the time she was halfway through her mug, Kalen’s was dry. “Good grief! How did you go through yours so fast?”

“Practice,” Kalen belched, wiping her mouth on her sleeve. She slammed her mug down next to the first. “Another round, please.”

“*Someone’s thirsty,*” said Maven with an amused smirk. She drew yet another mug from under the bar and got Round Three started. By the time the mug was full, the bubbling had already started.

Kalen’s heart rate quickened and her breathing grew heavy with anticipation. If that damned bra of hers didn’t burst from this, she would scream. She *needed* to break it.

The third mug was slid over and Kalen impatiently scooped it up. Her bra creaked and a few seams popped as she threw back her head and started chugging. Foamy ale ran down her chin and into her tightening cleavage, but she didn’t care. All that mattered was beating this bra as fast as possible.

Beside her, Liana finished her beer just as it started to kick in. She grunted softly as her blown-up boobs began to gurgle and churn with renewed vigor. It sounded like her juice was literally bubbling inside of her. Before she knew it, her breasts were growing again.

“*Ooh, fuck,*” Kalen moaned. The third beer had joined the first two and it was starting to show. Her breasts were blowing up visibly faster than Liana’s. In a matter of seconds, she had caught up and surpassed her friend in size; though her bra was squeezing them so hard that it was hard to tell. Her pale pumpkins pushed out through her open blouse and kimono, stretching the black and white bra like a rubber band until it reached its limit. Kalen slapped a hand hard on the counter. “*Annh! More! GIMME MORE!*”

Maven stood back a safe distance and watched the two girls balloon right in front of her. The look on her face was hard to discern. Kalen could barely focus on anything but her growing chest and the torture device she called a bra. There was no way it could hold out for much longer. No undergarment she had ever owned was so stubbornly sturdy.

Tight flesh bulged up against Kalen’s cheeks and down her torso. It looked like a boa constrictor was trying to strangle her knockers, squeezing them so hard they could pop. She wasn’t sure anymore if the strained creaking was her bra or her skin.

It was too much. *Too tight. Too-*

****SNAP!!!****

The bra cracked like a whip. It could finally take no more and split open at the middle, releasing her tits like a pair of airbags. They billowed and bounced off each other like a pair of beach balls, bumping her empty mugs out of the way. Angry red lines marked where the torturous garment had dug into her skin.

“YES!” Kalen screamed. Before her balloon boobs even had a moment to settle, her arms were already wrapped around them, hugging them greedily. They were so full and wide that she had to squeeze them just to get her hands to meet in the middle. Her skin was too sore for such abuse, but she didn’t care. She was too enraptured to notice.

All the while, Liana had also been blowing up, although less vigorously. Her purple pumpkins ballooned in her lap as if to bury her. Hot, sweaty skin bulged over the countertop and up against her face, muffling her increasingly desperate moans. Unlike Kalen, her hands were only gingerly pressing against her tightening skin. Angry gurgles rumbled just under the surface like a boiler on the verge of exploding. Beads of dark fluid formed like dew at her gravid teats as the agonizing pressure neared a breaking point.

“*Mmph! Oh Goddess! They’re so tight!*” moaned Liana through her boobs. “*It’s too – MMPH - Too much! Too FULL!*”

With a high-pitched, orgasmic cry, the paladin arched her back and clenched her breasts. Twin geysers of blueberry juice erupted from her nipples, hosing down everything in front of her. The bar, the taps, the bottles. It was all coated in purple. Unlike normal juice, or whatever could be considered normal in such a weird case, every drop bubbled and fizzed as though it were carbonated.

“*Mmh...Unh...Oh Goddess, that was intense,*” panted Liana as she came down from such an explosive release. Her chest still gurgled and groaned larger, and bubbly juice dribbled freely from her considerably less swollen teats, but most of the pressure seemed to have abated. Not only that, but her skin had regained much of its natural color.

“Holy hell, Li! You fucking *exploded!*” blurted Kalen, surveying the damage. The ferocity of her friend’s release had even managed to pull her from her booby greed stupor.

“Yeah...” Liana sighed heavily, laying her head on her pillowy chest. “No more juice.”

Maven, who had escaped completely unscathed, dabbed her finger in a fizzing puddle and boldly tried a taste. Her emerald eyes instantly lit up. “Mmm! This stuff is good! Try a taste!”

“I think I’ll pass,” said Kalen, wrinkling her nose at it.

Liana grunted and tried to reach for some, but her still swelling breasts were in the way. Each time she leaned forward, they pushed her back in her seat. She couldn’t even stretch her arms around them to reach her nipples. Granted, it didn’t look like she was trying very hard. She still treated her boobs like bombs and only tenderly squeezed them.

“Here, lemme try something. Hold still,” Maven pulled out a fresh mug and stepped over to her leaking patron, careful not slip in the puddle of juice that was pooling behind the counter. She held the mug under one of Liana’s teats and gave it a pinch, eliciting a sharp cry from its owner. A spurt of juice overshot the mug, but enough dribbled in to fill it partway. “Okay, give this a swig and tell me what you think,” said Maven, holding the mug out to her.

Without any hesitation whatsoever, Liana took a large sip. Her feline eyes lit up much the way Maven’s did. “Oh wow! It tastes just like soda pop! I bet you could bottle this stuff and make a fortune!”

“If you stick around long enough, I just might,” said Maven with a grin. “Care for some more?”

“Sure!”

While those two were busy indulging themselves, Kalen returned her attention to her own ballooning breasts. They were enormous. Easily bigger than beach balls and, more importantly, bigger than Liana's. She couldn't even get her arms around them anymore, no matter how hard she squeezed them. When she'd last felt her nipples, they felt about the same size as before, just sitting atop two areolae stretched out as wide as dinner plates. Now she couldn't even reach those.

And she was *still* growing.

The mugs scooted across the counter, nudged further and further away by Kalen's inflating knockers. Yes, inflating was definitely the right word for it. Her tits weren't filling up with milk or juice or anything else that might have made some lick of sense. They were very clearly blowing up with air. Every little bubble from Maven's brew puffed up her chest just that much more.

Kalen never imagined having to gauge the PSI of her tits before. Considering how tight they felt, it was probably pretty high. She had much of what she wanted: Size, stretching, fullness. But she was missing something.

Weight.

Not only had her boobs not gained so much as a single pound from all of this, but they actually felt *lighter*. On one hand, it was disappointing. She longed to feel the excruciating weight of breasts so large that they'd actually pull her to her knees. On the other hand, these felt pretty nice. There was something enjoyable about effortlessly swinging around a pair of knockers big enough to bash someone off their feet. The almost constant bouncing was equal parts annoying and sexy.

Balloon boobs. Literal balloon boobs.

By the time they finally stopped inflating, Kalen could barely see over them anymore. She had to mash them down against the counter to get a good view of the bar. The added pressure made her skin creak with a tension that made her thighs quiver. She was *tight*.

Kalen knew that this wasn't anywhere near the biggest she'd ever been, but something being stretched out with so much air made her feel as though she were on the brink of popping. Just a slight pinprick was all it would take.

Just one little pinch.

Nails that were sharp enough to be a danger prodded her skin experimentally. Kalen chewed her lip as she teased herself to the edge of catastrophe. Horny thoughts tainted her mind. How much could she take? How much further could she grow? Could she actually pop if she went too far?

Their drinks were paid for through the night. She could ask for more. Although she'd already had more than Li. Would it be weird to keep going if Li didn't? What if Maven cuts her off?

Fuck it.

"Hey, Maven," Kalen called over. "How much of this stuff do you have left?"

"What, my Wonder Brew?" Maven asked. "I've got a few kegs' worth. Why? Need another round?"

“No,” Kalen pressed her overblown boobs against the counter and leaned into them, her areolae doming outward with pressure. Then she lowered her voice and gave the barkeep a smoldering look. “I need a keg.”

Liana nearly choked on her soda juice. “*What!?*”

Maven’s eyebrows shot up. For the first time that evening, she looked genuinely taken aback. “Are you serious?”

“Dead serious,” Kalen said tersely.

“Kalen,” said Liana apprehensively. “That’s a lot of-”

“I know,” Kalen cut in and shot Li a stern squint.

She could see the thoughts playing out in Maven’s head as she weighed this request. After a few moments, an impish grin spread across her face. “You know, I think I’d actually *pay* to see that. Hold that thought.”

Maven stepped away from the bar, leaving the two patrons alone while she rummaged around in the next room. A tense silence knotted up between them. Liana was the first to cut in. “Do you *really* want to get that big? I mean, that’s gonna be-”

“Yes,” Kalen interrupted. She was about to say more, but something tugged at her thoughts. It was Regret knocking at her door. It wanted back in and it was *not* happy. Her next words died in her throat and came out as a weak croak.

Concern immediately fell across Liana’s face. “Kalen? Are you okay?”

A cocktail of confused emotions was stirring in Kalen’s gut. What had she just done to herself? Was this really who she was? Just a balloon-titted bimbo?

“Kalen?” Liana reached over and gently laid a hand on her friend’s shoulder.

“Don’t touch me!” Kalen barked. Its suddenness surprised even her.

Liana recoiled like she’d been slapped in the face, her cat ears twisting back in shock. Her lime green eyes looked hurt. What had moments ago been a delightful delve into shameless indulgence had taken an abrupt turn.

“I...I don’t know what I’m doing,” Kalen croaked. The cocktail was tipping and her emotions began to spill out. “I don’t want this, but I need it! I can’t stop thinking about this...*this weird shit!*” she pounded her fists into her overblown boobs, not caring if they bruised. “I’ve been fucking myself *sideways* every night since last week, getting off to these things! B-But it’s like I’ve forgotten something...I-I can’t control myself, Li,” Kalen turned to her friend with tears streaming down her cheeks. “What the fuck did that thing do to me? That heart...that *thing* we fought in the temple?”

Liana stared back in equal parts shock and sympathy. Tears had graced her cheeks as well and she was clearly trying to hold herself together, but wasn’t having much success. “I don’t know, Kalen. That thing got to me, too. Got inside my head. Made me want things I shouldn’t. B-But...” she hesitated.

“What?” said Kalen, choking back another wave of sobbing.

“M-Maybe...Maybe it isn’t so-”

“I’m back!” Maven barged in, hefting a metal keg wrapped in hoses. It was like a flashbang had gone off. In an instant, the pair’s tears dried up and neither of them could find their words again.

Kalen struggled to remember why she had been crying. Some part of her had evaporated and in its place excitement bubbled. This was what she wanted. What she *needed*.

More.

Chapter 5

Maven heaved the keg onto the counter with a dull clunk. Judging from the muted sloshing inside of it, that thing was full.

“Okay,” she said. “Here’s the deal. If either of you can somehow drink this whole keg in one sitting, then *I’ll* pay *you*. There’s a sack of money with your names on it,” she patted her bosom. There was evidently more than Liana’s two coins stashed in there. “So, whaddya say?”

“What happens if we don’t finish it?” asked Kalen, looking over the metal canister. She silently gauged whether or not *anyone*, much less her, could possibly drink the whole thing. There had to be at least five gallons worth of beer in there. Maybe more.

So why did she feel confident?

“I guess you’ll just have to find out,” Maven said with a wink.

Kalen and Liana exchanged looks. Even with help, there was no way in hell Kalen would be able to pull this off. Although that was hardly the point, wasn’t it. She was going to glut herself on that stuff until her stomach blew her pants open and then bask in the sensation of inflating her tits up till they popped.

The windows rattled from another violent gust of wind, shaking Kalen out of her flight of fancy. Back to business. There was bust-bubbling beer to drink.

“Okay, let’s do it,” said Kalen with a nod.

Now having the green light, Maven hooked a tap to the top of the keg and screwed the hose to it. Nozzle in hand, she grinned impishly at her willing victim. “Open wide!”

Kalen did as she was told. Before she could fully prepare herself, the hose was shoved between her lips and opened. In a heartbeat, frothy ale billowed out her cheeks. The frantic marathon to outlast the keg had begun.

“*Mmh!*” Kalen grunted angrily. She’d have choked on the stuff if she’d been a little slower.

“What’s the matter? Can’t keep up?” Maven taunted.

That only elicited another grumpy grunt from Kalen. She fought to ignore the feisty redhead and focused as hard as she could on gulping down mouthful after mouthful of beer. The three mugs she’d already downed were quickly becoming cramped for space. She had only just begun and was already getting full. Perhaps her eyes had been bigger than her stomach.

“Keep going, Kalen!” cheered Liana, struggling to keep her bountiful breasts from slipping out of her lap. “Chug-Chug-Chug-Chug!”

Kalen’s stomach grumbled loudly. It was *not* happy. With each gulp, her kimono’s obi belt slowly cinched tighter around her waist. She slid a hand under the shelf that was her boobs and felt her belly beginning to bulge outward. What felt like a whole gallon of ale was bubbling and churning in there. Her stomach cramped and strained to hold it all in. To say that this was a test of endurance was an understatement. Especially when there were *gallons* more left to drink.

“Mrrrrmmh,” she moaned. It was becoming too much to bear. The bubbling hadn’t even kicked in yet and she was already hitting her limit. She *had* to at least hold out until the growth started.

Kalen searched for anything that could distract her from the discomfort building in her belly. Her eyes scanned around the tavern but quickly settled on something that had been staring her right in the face. Adorning Maven’s hand, the one holding the hose nozzle to her face, was a golden ring with a polished emerald, its many facets blinking in the light. She wasn’t sure why, but something about that ring seemed familiar. It was joined by several other rings on that hand, all of which were also gold.

Up until then, Kalen had somehow failed to notice the sheer quantity of jewelry this woman was wearing. She apparently had a thing for gold. The fact that she could pull off such a bold look without any of it appearing out of place was a testament to her beauty. So many accessories would be gaudy on any-

“Grrk!” Kalen’s stomach retaliated. It refused to hold another drop, no matter how hard she tried to ignore it. Her throat closed and beer spurted from around the hose before she pulled the nozzle free.

“Aw, giving up already?” teased Maven, pulling the hose away.

“That was...” Kalen coughed. “A lot more...than I thought.”

Just as Maven opened her mouth for another jab, a loud rumbling gurgled from Kalen’s stomach. It grew louder and worked its way up into her chest. The growth was beginning, and it was returning with a vengeance.

“Unnh!” Kalen groaned. Air bubbled into her breasts so fast that it looked like she was hooked to an air compressor. Her skin creaked like latex, barely able to stretch fast enough to keep up. “Oooh fuck! It’s so fast!”

“Whoa! You’re really blowing up!” gasped Liana.

“Yeah, that’s about what I expected,” said Maven dryly. She watching the spectacle with a satisfied smirk on her face. “Not even half the keg, though. A shame. Thought you’d do better.”

Kalen couldn’t even form words anymore. She could only grunt and moan through the sheer, mind-numbing intensity of such explosive inflation. In a matter of seconds, her beach balls ballooned into yoga balls and beyond. Her hands had no hope of ever reaching her proportionally tiny nipples, but that didn’t stop them from trying.

It was excruciating. Kalen gnawed her lip. Her hands desperately clenched and squeezed whatever they could still reach. With each passing moment, her fingers made less of an indent in her tightening skin. Her breasts were feeling more and more like balloons hooked up to an air tank. One that was missing its shut-off valve...and she was the one who removed it.

“There are spare rooms upstairs,” said Maven, nodding towards a doorway leading to stairs. “Might wanna head on up and get some privacy. Sounds like you need it,” she added with a wink.

Blushing furiously, Kalen hugged her tits together and heaved herself off the bar counter. She nearly stumbled backward, not expecting her behemoth breasts to weigh close to nothing. Light as air would have been a comparable description.

“Best hurry, while you can still fit through the doors!”

“Go on, Kalen. We’ll be fine down here,” said Liana.

“O-Okay,” Kalen said, her voice shaking almost as much as her legs. The rush of air stretching her tits out larger and larger made her quiver. Could she make it in time?

After one step, her boobs wanted to bounce out of her hands. Walking with zero-gravity gazongas introduced a new set of challenges. She adjusted her grip and marched forward.

“Kalen, your sword!” Liana reminded her.

Kalen let out a strained whimper and turned on her heels to grab the massive blade that was still leaning against the counter...only for her balloon tits to knock it over. “*Damnit*,” she cursed under her breath.

Bending over to grab something when you can’t even see your own feet is a herculean task. Kalen initially tried leaning down normally and immediately learned why one should never do that with a belly bursting with beer. She winced and turned to the side instead so that she could actually see what she was reaching for and not feel like exploding.

The accursed weapon was once again in her grasp. Even without its usual liveliness, having it so near was oddly comforting. However, she now had to awkwardly grapple her still rapidly inflating boobs while also clutching a six-foot long sword.

Time was of the essence. If she didn’t hurry, then she would be stuck down there blowing up with air and trying not to play with herself in front of an audience. She *needed* privacy or she was going to explode in more ways than one.

With one foot in front of the other, Kalen marched as fast as she could manage without tripping towards the stairwell. It curved up around the circular building to the second floor and was just wide enough for two people to squeeze past each other. No sharp turns, thankfully. Finding the first few steps was a challenge considering that her knockers filled her entire lower periphery; but after some awkward tippy-toing, she managed to get the pattern down...or so she thought.

Kalen slipped on the second step and nearly went tits-first into the stairs. She caught herself on the railing and stood back up. Stairs were not a drunkard’s ally. Taking it one step at a time, she was careful not to get ahead of herself again.

It didn’t take long for balance to become an issue again. She dared not release her breasts, but there was no way she was getting up the rest of the way without clinging to the handrail. If she was going to fall down a flight of stairs, then she’d rather it be tits-first than ass-first, especially with the pair of airbags she was sporting.

Kalen clung to the railing with one hand and tried to keep her breasts in check with other that was still holding the sword. The lengthy blade kept knocking against the wall, but so long as it didn’t trip her, then she could tolerate it. What quickly became a bigger problem, however, were her breasts. They soon grew so large that they bumped against her thighs with every step. Being as light as they were, even the slightest nudge would send them bouncing up into her face. It was like getting pummeled with those punch balloons, the ones that had rubber bands tied to the end of them so that kids can bop each other with them again and again and a-

Her boobs suddenly squeaked across the walls of the stairwell. The feeling was such a surprise that it momentarily stopped Kalen in her tracks. It really shouldn’t have been a shock considering how tight the space was and how quickly she was inflating, but goddamn...

She was big enough to touch both walls.

Kalen's breathing hitched and her heart tried to break its way out of her chest. *She was actually so fucking huge that her tits were spanning the stairwell.*

She stood there a few seconds just to feel the walls squeeze her. Tight flesh bulged against the handrails. She could feel every inch of them. Every contour. It was heaven. Pure, blissful ecstasy.

She wanted *more*.

Unfortunately, being drunk and stuck in a stairway was not exactly conducive to getting off. Even if she were wedged in place... "*Mmmh!*" the thought made her quiver. Even if she were stuck, that was still a precarious place to be. Besides, her tits were nowhere near being done and there was a cozy little room calling her name.

She wanted to fill it.

The end of the stairwell was in sight. It was actually quite near. Kalen just had to force her legs to move again. The promise of new spaces to outgrow propelled her forward. Her breasts squeaked against the polished rails. They actually *squeaked*. That alone nearly sent a hand down her pants, but feeling her tight, stretched skin skidding across the walls almost did her in.

The walls may have looked smooth, but she could feel every microscopic bump and grain scratch at her. With each passing second, she could feel more and more of the wall's surface pressing into her as her breasts stretched larger. Her skin was drawn so taut that everything sensation felt agonizingly sensual. Every little aspect of being so *fucking huge* was sending her deeper down a well of desire that she couldn't bear to crawl out of.

At last, after what felt like a mile, Kalen reached the end. With one final push, she popped free of the confining corridor and out into a hall. Her boobs billowed out to their full, prodigious size. They spanned farther than her arms could reach, each one had to at least be three-feet wide. The longer she stood there gawking at them, the wider they got. She had to find a room and fast if she hoped to squeeze herself into it.

Fortunately, she didn't have to look far. The hallway led straight into a circular lounge in the center of the second floor. Four open doors led to small guest rooms that were sparsely furnished with queen-sized beds, wardrobes, and the whatever else one might find in a cheap hotel room. Kalen didn't care to look too closely. She just wanted to cram herself into one as quickly as possible.

Therein laid the next challenge: *Getting through the door.*

Just one of Kalen's breasts was far wider than the door would allow. Getting both through at once would be impossible. Yet another thought that made her thighs clench together.

She was too busty to fit through a standard door.

This would have to be done one breast at a time. Kalen turned sideways and tried to stuff one of her overblown boobs into the doorframe. It was like trying to cram a marshmallow into a square hole that was too small for it. Her hands sank almost up to her elbows into the cushiony flesh balloon. The pressure fought back and made her skin creak angrily against her arms. She managed to get it halfway through the doorway before resorting to body slamming her own breast.

With an audible pop, the first boob was through. Now it was time for the second. Kalen side-stepped through the doorway and found that she'd grown considerably since starting. Her

other breast was far too wide to simply pull through. She was now effectively trapped between her own tits.

That wasn't going to stop her, though. Kalen lunged backward and tried to pull Breast Number Two as far into the room as she could. Of course, it immediately wedged itself into the doorframe. The fact that it damn near filled the passage from top to bottom sent a thrill through her that threatened to break her focus.

She was filling a doorframe. A whole fucking doorframe!

She shook away the distracting thoughts. Pleasure could wait. She had to get the rest of the way in first.

Kalen heaved herself backwards with all her might. Her burgeoning boob inched a little further through. She tried again, practically throwing herself back so hard that it felt like her tit would rip off. Again, it only shifted a few inches. At the rate she was going, it felt like she was blowing up faster than she could free herself.

This was starting to piss her off. She was too close to let something this ridiculous stop her. Kalen yanked and pulled and threw all her weight around until her boots left skid marks on the floor. With each pull, she moved a little further. The doorframe stubbornly held on, squeezing around her breast like a vice. Her skin creaked and squeaked while angry red marks streaked down her tit from the abuse.

"Come – Ungh! – On!" she grunted. *"MOVE!!!"*

With a much louder pop than the first, her breast burst through. All at once, the resistance vanished and sent Kalen flailing across the room onto her back. Tits the size of papasan chairs billowed and bounced atop her, knocking against the wall and the bed like massive balloons. If had been anything other than air filling those things, she'd have been buried head to toe under them.

Instead, they weightlessly bounded over her, barely even settling against her prone body. In fact, they weren't resting on her at all. They actually seemed to have some lift to them, as though they were floating upwards.

Kalen experimentally prodded them and found that they did indeed seem to be lighter than air. "Well, huh," she muttered. "They're actual, fucking balloons now."

The mental image of her somehow being lifted off the ground by her own tits intruded on her mind and refused to leave. That was some cartoon-tier shit. It shouldn't have turned her on as much as it did.

Kalen pulled herself up with much more ease than someone with breasts big enough to use as furniture should have. The room was hers. She was alone with a room to herself and a pair of rapidly inflating knockers. It was time to do the obvious:

Strip naked and have a good time.

Not wasting a single second, Kalen slapped the button to close the door and immediately undid the strings tying her obi belt closed. Before the door had fully hissed shut, her belt and kimono were already thrown to one corner. She got to work unlacing her boots and cursed herself for picking out a pair that were such a pain to take off. It would have been annoying at the best of times, but trying to fumbled around with those laces with a pair of weather balloons bumping her in the face and a stomach that was *still* achingly full almost convinced her to go barefoot from that point on.

The boots landed with a double clunk by the door, followed shortly by her pants, blouse, and the unrecognizably stretched out remains of her bra. At last, clad only in a pair of skimpy, cow-print panties, Kalen threw herself backward onto the queen-sized bed. Her boobs bounced against her face and billowed back and forth over her, blocking out most of the light; though her skin was stretched so thin that some still shone through.

Kalen lay there, watching her breasts steadily blow up larger over her. Feeling the air bubble up from her beer-laden belly and stretch her tits out inch by inch. She'd long ago grown used to the inexorable feeling of tightness. The feeling that her tits would explode at any moment. Somewhere along the way, she'd passed some sort of threshold where her skin decided that it could keep stretching. Not just her skin, but every square-inch of her mammaries. The pressure was borderline unbearable, but still she grew. Blowing up more and more.

"*Mmh...don't stop,*" she moaned quietly to herself. Her legs squirmed and her thighs rubbed together. She ran her hand between them, teasing her nethers with her fingers. Her horns scraped against the headboard and nudged the pillows.

Tension was building, and not just across her breasts. She ached for another's touch. She needed something inside her. Something long. Something *hard*.

"*Damnit, I need cock.*" There was never any around when she needed it, though. Not in the real world and certainly not in the Dream. She didn't even have a decent dildo to-

Wait a second...

Kalen's eyes drifted to the long, smooth sword hilt laying within arm's reach next to her.

Nope.

There was no way she was that depraved.

No. Fucking. Way.

Even sloshed out of her mind, she still had some decency...*right?*

RIGHT???

Apparently not.

She slipped her panties off and grabbed the sword. Much to her surprise, it vibrated in her hand. "Oh, so *now* you're awake, huh?" Kalen muttered to the weapon.

It buzzed obstinately back at her.

"I don't care why you shut off on me," Kalen said impatiently. "I need you. Right here. Right now. Capiche?"

It refused to answer.

"Don't play dead on me now! I know you can hear me!" she shook to stubborn sword.

It rattled in its scabbard, but didn't respond.

Kalen grunted in frustration. She had half a mind to hurl the blasted thing through the window, but another idea came to her instead.

An evil grin spread across her face and she raised the hilt up close. "I think I know a way to *turn you on*." Kalen licked her lips and ever so slowly ran the tip of her tongue up the entire length of the hilt. All three feet of it. By the time she got towards the end, it had given up. Electric tingles arced through her tongue as the hilt came to life.

"There you are," she said with a sly grin.

The sword buzzed angrily. Electric jolts zapped the hand she had on the polished hilt, but she held firm. Whether it liked it or not, she was going to put it to work.

She flipped the sword around to be hilt down and slid it between her breasts. One end pressed up between her cheek and her shoulder and the other arched through her thighs. It might not have been a cock, but it was hard, thick, and oh so very long. As long as a man was tall. *God, if only*. The thought of titfucking a six-foot schlong was enough to get her motor running.

Kalen reached around her gargantuan globes as best she could and squeezed the sword between them. She felt the entire length of it vibrate excitedly within her tight canyon of cleavage.

"*Mnh... Yes... Just like that,*" she cooed. Her legs wrapped tightly around the hilt, pressing it to her slit. Gentle arcs of electricity tingled her lips and made her moan out in pleasure.

"*Oooh! Oh fuck... That feels weird... Keep doing it!*"

The sword obeyed and sent jolts of ecstasy between her thighs. She wasn't sure if the sentient weapon felt anything akin to pleasure, but if it kept this up, then she would give it the ride of its life...or whatever it had that constituted as such.

"*Fuck, YES! More! MORE!*"

Kalen's hands clenched the sides of her breasts. Her nails dug into their dangerously taut surfaces. They were still blowing up. She couldn't even see how big they were anymore. She didn't care. Just so long as it didn't stop.

"*Bigger! BIGGER!*"

Her skin creaked against her aggressive groping. She could hear her breasts groaning from the unforgiving pressure. If only the bed were groaning too. With tits that big, she should have *flattened* the fucking thing. Hell, if she kept growing, she could imagine the floor caving in beneath her. But alas, there was no weight to them. No earth-shattering mass. *It was a damned crime*.

"*UNNH! UNH! More! Keep going!*"

Kalen was writhing in the sheets. She hadn't bothered untucking them, but she'd still managed to get them tangled up in her legs from all the squirming. By some miracle, the sword had stayed tucked firmly in place between her thighs and breasts. It had been gradually upping its electric charge until it felt like Kalen was rubbing a 9-volt up her snatch. All six-feet of it vibrated like a pleasure buzzer. If it weren't so cumbersome, she would have flipped the thing around and shoved the hilt up herself as far as it could go.

Then something strange began to happen. Kalen's breasts started pulling at her. It had been subtly noticeable the whole time, but it had finally reached a point where she could no longer ignore it. She was used to the idea of her breasts pulling her down, but for them to be pulling her UP was a whole other sensation.

"*Oh, God... What the fuck? Mmh! They're still growing! Yes! YES!*"

Kalen's sex-addled brain could hardly fathom what was happening to her. So much hot air had filled her breasts that they were actually beginning to lift her off the bed. Slowly, she felt her skin tighten across her torso as her balloons tugged at her. Then, her back began to arch upwards off the mattress. It was becoming tricky to keep the sword in place, but she was determined not to let it go. She was getting close.

"Oh my god! Am I...Am I fucking FLOATING!?!" Kalen frantically looked around and saw the bed leaving her behind. *"Oh fuck! OH-UNNH!"*

This wasn't right. Her breasts were supposed to be hanging off of *her*, not the other way around. She should be feeling *their* weight pulling at her chest, stretching out her skin, tugging her down. Instead, it was *her*. *She* was pulling herself down. It was *her* weight tugging at her skin. *She was hanging from her brea- her ti- her-her-*

"AAAANNHHH!!!" It was too much. Kalen screamed out in ecstasy, her body suspended by her tits and spasming in the throes of orgasm. Even her sword let out a burst of energy and almost seemed to curl around her in a serpentine embrace. Air gushed from her teats and released all that pressure at once.

Feeling her breasts so rapidly deflate was almost as overwhelming as feeling them blow up. All those square-feet of outstretched skin rubber-banded back to their natural state. What had been an unbearable amount of tension immediately relaxed. In a matter of seconds, she landed back on the bed with the pair of watermelon-sized tits she'd walked into the bar with.

Kalen's vision dimmed for a moment and her body went limp. It took a little while before she remembered how to breathe. Then a little longer after that to figure out how to move again.

"Ughh," she groaned, shifting her legs. The sword bumped her cheek and she suddenly realized that it was still between her boobs. There was something depressing about how little of its length her breasts could encompass now.

The sword vibrated gently against her chest.

"Yeah, thanks," she said, exhaustion setting in. "You weren't half bad either."

It buzzed something else at her that took her a moment to process.

"What? You mean you weren't disabled back there earlier?"

Another buzz confirmed it. The sword had been ignoring her up until she'd stirred it up in bed.

A shot of anger pulsed through the exhaustion. Kalen sat up and throttled the infernal weapon. *"You could have gotten us killed, you shit stick! What if we'd been in danger, huh?"*

An annoyed staccato of buzzes answered back.

"So what if we weren't in trouble," Kalen griped. *"I trusted you!"*

Silence.

It soon dawned on her what she'd just admitted. Despite everything she'd been through with the sword and all her regret and shame about using it, she still trusted it.

The weight of a thousand tons of emotion flattened Kalen. She'd done it again. She'd lost control of herself. Even after all that she'd said to Liana and all the twisted, wretched things she'd done, she still gave in to lust. The sword was part of that. It enabled her. It was her ball and chain holding her back. It was-

A sharp jolt shocked Kalen right in the pussy where the hilt was still nestled. *"SHIT! What the fuck was that for?"*

The sword buzzed back a sharp retort. It was NOT trying to enable her. It just wanted to help. That's all.

Kalen slumped against the headboard, defeated. She tried fighting back tears, but her eyes stung anyways. This was too much, and not in the fun way. Once again, she found herself asking that same accursed question that had been plaguing her every night for the past week:

What was this game doing to her?

Moments stretched into minutes as she sat there in silence, listening to the incessant wind batter against the lone window in the room. The sweaty sheen she'd built up dried and so did the sheets, although the room probably still reeked of sex. When the guilt had finally settled, she gently cradled a hefty breast in her hand. It overflowed her grasp like a big ball of dough, soft and supple.

She didn't feel the same sort of pleasure she had before whenever she'd felt her bosom. It was more comforting than sensual. Her breast was warm, pleasant. She lifted it up to her face and gave it a leisurely lick, savoring the faint saltiness of her dried sweat.

For reasons unknown to her, she wrapped her lips around a nipple and tenderly suckled from herself. What had been a source of delirious desire only minutes before was now merely pleasant. For the first time in a while, she felt in control of her desires again.

She slipped a hand between her thighs and slowly delivered the most relaxed masturbation session she'd had all week.

Chapter 6

After wrapping up her second, calmer session, Kalen finally got up and cleaned herself off in the cramped shower stall that was mercifully included with the room. Hot, steamy water was exactly what she needed after all of that. Her head still buzzed from the overabundance of alcohol in her system, but she had held up far better than she normally would have. Not only that, but her stomach wasn't nearly as full as it had been. She guessed that her metabolism was different with this body...this fake, *digital* body.

She started to ask herself how a *game* had managed to get her drunk, but she didn't feel like starting that particular headache so soon. Instead, she focused on what was in front of her.

The soap seemed innocent enough, but knowing the sorts of surprises the Dream was prone to throwing at her, she opted not to use it. Hot water would have to do. Try as she might to be careful, Kalen kept bumping into the shower walls every few seconds. The tight stall was clearly not designed for a woman of her stature and size. That said, knocking things over with her boobs never got old. Those defenseless shampoo bottles could wait to be picked up until after she was done.

Once she'd dried off, Kalen looked out the window to see that it was still dark and windy out. She hadn't quite been able to gauge the length of the day-to-night cycle yet, but she was certain that it ran at least a few hours faster than the real world. It shouldn't have been too much longer before the suns came up again. Then she and Liana could get back to...whatever they had been doing.

Actually, what *had* they been doing before getting sloshed with a Saint Patty's Day reject?

Kalen stopped to think for a moment and retrace their steps. It took far longer than she'd have liked to recall their investigation into the missing villagers. They still hadn't found any clues and Maven didn't seem to know anything...Or *did* she?

It was awful strange that she was the only one around. Granted, it's not like they saw any other travelers on the road. Perhaps this was just a less trafficked part of the world?

Thinking was making Kalen's head hurt. She needed something to drink that *wasn't* beer. So, she slipped back into her pants and kimono robe and cinched it far enough closed to be considered halfway decent. It still showed off quite a lot of skin, which she didn't mind all that much.

The door slid open and Kalen stepped out into the lounge. She started heading towards the stairs when she heard muffled grunting coming from behind one of the other doors. As she listened longer, she recognized the pleased moans of Liana and someone else. It sounded like Liana had gone after Maven's "pot o' gold" after all. Kalen smirked to herself and opted to leave the two companions to themselves. Besides, Li deserved a bit of fun after the exhausting walk there.

The trek down the stairs was significantly easier without a pair of yoga ball boobs blocking Kalen's view. Actually being able to see where she was stepping certainly helped...well, it would have if she could see her feet. They might have been more manageable, but watermelons were still pretty damn big. The handrails were her friends once again.

Surprisingly, the lights had been left on in the bar downstairs. Kalen figured that Liana and Maven were a little too excited to worry about things like electricity. Although it's not like there were any power bills to pay in the Dream. The place probably got its power from the windmills that were littering the hills outside.

Why was she more willing to ponder the logistics of electric power than the fact that drinking fake beer in a fake world somehow made her drunk?

Kalen shook her head and looked around for a clean glass or mug and some source of water. There wasn't anything out front, so she wandered behind the bar. Rows of fresh mugs awaited her beneath the counter along with various other drinks she dared not touch. She also had to be careful not to step in any of Liana's spilt blueberry juice "soda" from earlier.

She leaned down for a mug, but just as she was about to grab it, something caught her eye. The puddle of dried juice had settled around something, outlining what appeared to be a square hatch in the floor. Curiosity got the better of her, which probably should have been Li's thing since she was a cat, and she felt around for any kind of latch.

With a light clunk, she found it and the hatch popped up far enough to get her fingers under it. What she found when she pulled it open short-circuited her brain for a few moments.

Under the hatch was a small chamber just big enough to sit in filled to the brim with all manner of valuables. Coins of every variety, jewelry, fancy weapons, and shoes, lots of shoes, to name a few. Most notable were a pair of fist-sized cats-eye garnets that glared up at her from the pile.

"What the hell?" Kalen muttered in awe. Did Maven know about this stash? She must have since she was messing around with something under the counter when they first walked in. In fact, Kalen distinctly remembered hearing her slam something. It must have been the hatch, but what was she doing with so much loot? There wasn't anyone around for her to sell it to and it didn't seem like she was planning on leaving.

Suddenly, a realization hit Kalen. It had been looking her square in the face earlier and she hadn't put it together. The gold and emerald ring Maven was wearing was *identical* to the one she saw in that photo in the abandoned home she'd searched. Had Maven stolen it?

Come to think of it, neither she nor Liana had found anything of value during their search of the village. Everything had been left out except for the gold...and evidently shoes. There had to have been at least a dozen pairs stuffed in the stash. What the hell for was anyone's guess.

Kalen quietly shut the hatch. She had to tell Liana what she'd uncovered and confront Maven about it. Whatever was going on there didn't look good and Maven was in on it.

She hurried back upstairs and went straight to Li's and Maven's room. The grunts and groans had stopped. Kalen couldn't hear anything coming from inside. A knot formed in her stomach and it wasn't the beer this time.

With one hand on her sword, she hit the button to open the door and rushed inside to find Maven with her arm down Liana's cleavage. The redhead looked just as surprised as Kalen was.

Neither she nor Liana were wearing any clothes. The only difference was that Li appeared to be asleep.

“Uhh...hey,” said Kalen in the least accusing tone she could have picked. “What’re you doing?”

Maven’s eyes looked around in bewilderment. “What does it look like I’m doing?” She slid her arm out from between Liana’s boobs clutching a hefty coin purse. “I’m robbing you idiots.”

Before Kalen could draw her sword, Maven tossed a small glass bottle at her feet. It shattered on impact and burst into a billowing cloud of yellow smoke that smelled vaguely of lilacs.

“*Fuck!*” Kalen cursed, trying in vain to cover her face. It was too late, though. She’d already inhaled whatever it was and could feel it working its way into her senses.

The room went hazy and spun around her. She fumbled for her sword and lunged at Maven but ended up faceplanting the bed instead. The final thoughts ambling through Kalen’s addled mind before she passed out were that the sheets desperately needed cleaning.

“Ugh-fuggin feet smell,” Kalen drunkenly mumbled.

“Oh good, you’re awake! I was beginning to think I’d overdone it again,” she heard Maven say, though she couldn’t quite place where she was at.

“Hunh? Where am I?” asked Kalen, though a strong gust of icy wind gave her a pretty good idea.

“You’re outside, tied to a chair, and about to tell me how this stupid fucking sword of yours works or I’ll make you wish you were dead,” said Maven in far too cheery a voice for that declaration. “It’s that simple.”

“Wh-Where’s Li?” Kalen frantically looked around, but her eyes were still bleary.

“I’m right here,” said Liana from somewhere in front of her. She didn’t sound too thrilled about it. “She got me too.”

Kalen tried to move but something held her back. She struggled against whatever it was, but only managed to shimmy the chair she was in from side to side. She hadn’t ever been tied up before, but she figured this was what it felt like. It was probably rope or something holding her down.

Maven sighed and laid a hand on Kalen’s shoulder. “Look, I already said you were tied up. Didn’t you believe me?”

“Why should I?” Kalen spat. Her eyes were beginning to make out vague blobs that were probably people.

“Because you’re tied up,” said Maven flatly. “Gee, I sure caught myself a couple of real winners here, didn’t I?” she said sarcastically.

“Fuck off,” Kalen grumbled and turned away.

Maven’s hand immediately pinched Kalen’s jaw and yanked her to face her. “No. I need to know why your stupid sword won’t work first,” she said tersely.

“Have you tried jerking it off-*OOMPH!*” something jabbed into Kalen’s gut, *hard*. Bile crept its way up her throat. Seemed like she still had some beer left in her system. She tried to shoot back another snarky response, but only a weak croak came out.

“Leave her alone!” cried Liana.

The green and red blob that was Maven turned towards the one that may have been Li. “Butt out! You might be good in bed, but that doesn’t mean I won’t do something drastic here!”

“More drastic than drugging us and tying us up outside?” said Kalen, her voice a dry wheeze.

“Well, since you’re so eager to find out, I may as well show you.” Maven dragged something heavy and metal along the dirt nearby. It had a hollow resonance to it that sounded familiar.

Kalen had a feeling she knew what it was. Just as she opened her mouth to say it, the beer hose was jammed between her lips. “*Mmph!*”

“Is that all you have to say? I would have thought you’d be happier to get second chance at beating the keg,” taunted Maven.

Kalen’s eyes shot daggers at the hazy redhead, her features slowly coming into focus. The fiery villain’s hand clenched the hose nozzle and Kalen braced herself for what was to come.

In an instant, the nozzle exploded into foamy ale. It spurted out from around her lips for only a moment before she relaxed enough to let it flow straight down her throat. Not yet recovered from her earlier abuse, Kalen’s stomach grumbled loudly as it was forced to hold yet another flood of beer.

Beads of sweat formed at her brow. She could already feel her body straining against the deluge, but she was determined to fight it. *She would not let Maven beat her.*

After what felt like a gallon, Maven relaxed her grip on the nozzle and started to pull it loose, but Kalen chomped down hard on it. She glared up at her captor with a fierce look, daring the bitch to keep going. Her eyesight had improved just enough to make out Maven’s furious scowl before another wave of beer tried to drown her.

“Stop it! We didn’t do anything to you!” Liana cried.

“Shut up!” snapped Maven.

Beer bubbled and churned in Kalen’s stomach. She could feel her belly bulging out, filled to bursting with the tainted stuff only to be forced to hold more. It hurt, but she fought through it. She’d make Maven waste every drop she had on her. It might not even be a waste with how good it felt to blow up. She might actually enjoy this.

She wanted more.

Kalen’s pants creaked. Their waistline grew tighter around her burgeoning belly. There had to be multiple gallons sloshing around inside her, much more than before. She wasn’t sure she could take much more. The keg had to be almost empty, right?

“*Mmnng!*” she groaned. She may have bit off more than she could swallow. Much, *much* more. Yet for some strange reason, it thrilled her. She bit down harder on the hose. “*MMMRHHH!*”

The front of her pants finally blew open, releasing a belly that looked nine months pregnant. It gurgled and groaned angrily with gallons of Maven’s bubbling brew. Just when it seemed like she would burst, the flow finally slowed to a trickle.

“Huh?” Maven kicked the keg and it resounded with an empty gong. “Well, I’ll be damned. You actually drank the whole thing!”

“Mmghhh,” Kalen moaned half-heartedly. This had seemed like more of a victory two gallons ago.

“Okay, now that you’ve well and truly fucked yourself, how about you tell me what I wanna know before you make like a balloon and float off like the rest of the stupid NPCs did,” said Maven. She popped the hose from Kalen’s mouth and, when she didn’t immediately respond, poked her gravid belly repeatedly. “Hello? Earth to dumbass?”

“*Ughh*,” groaned Kalen. “Why the fuck did you rob the town? I found your stash under the *-urp-* counter.”

“Because it was easy,” Maven said matter-of-factly. “I mean, I really did start off liking this place at first. I’d make them some potions and brew them some drinks. I actually kinda forgot they weren’t real for a while.”

Kalen clenched her fists and quietly strained against her binds. She could feel the ropes creaking against her enhanced muscles.

“But then I wandered around a little,” continued Maven, twirling the hose around flippantly. “I found some treasure, bumped into some other players, and learned about some of the fun things you can do in this game if you have the right stuff.”

“What kind of stuff?” asked Liana.

“Oh, you know, stuff like this *fucking sword of yours!*” Maven whipped the lengthy sword from somewhere behind Kalen and whacked her in the stomach with it. Fortunately, it was still sheathed. Unfortunately, it still hurt like a bitch.

“*UUNGH!*” grunted Kalen. That blow left her panting for breath. She was so damned full. Her stomach couldn’t take so much as a flick, much less a beating. The bubbling was starting. She could feel her breasts beginning to inflate again, filling up with air. If she weren’t in so much pain, she’d have probably enjoyed it.

Maven reeled the sword back for another blow. “*For the last FUCKING TIME, tell me how this sword woOOH FUCK!*” just as she was about to swing, the hilt sparked and forced her hands to clench hard enough around it that her knuckles cracked. It sent a jolt through her arms that made her fling the scabbard off across the courtyard, unsheathing the black blade. Another electric jolt contracted her muscles again. “*What the FUCK!?!!*”

She unwillingly brought the sword around to bear on Kalen. With laser precision, the blade sliced cleanly through each of layer of rope in one graceful swoop.

The moment Kalen felt her bonds loosen, she bolted up to her feet. As if anticipating her action, the sword forced its captive wielder to toss it to her. Unfortunately, she was not as quick witted.

The sword clocked her in the head and fell to the ground. “*Gah! Shit!*” Kalen cursed, clutching her brow.

“*What the fuck was that?*” yelled Mavin.

“Kalen! Quick! Your sword!” Liana shouted from her chair.

A deluge of bubbles raced into Kalen’s chest. It swelled outward faster than ever before and was only accelerating. “*Unngh!*” she grunted, her hands flying to her ballooning breasts.

Maven made a dive for the sword, but Kalen wasn't having it. She grabbed the chair she'd been tied to and broke it over her captor's back. The bitch went down hard. Then Kalen dragged her up by her coat and hurled the smaller woman like a sack of potatoes into the outside wall of her tavern.

Panting from a cocktail of adrenaline and dopamine, Kalen fumbled for her sword. The instant her fingers graced its polished, slightly sticky hilt, a rush of electric tingles coursed through her body. For a moment, just a moment, she panicked and thought she'd lost control again; but the sword relinquished her motor functions back to her.

They were in sync.

"Kalen! Hurry! Let me up!" yelled Liana.

"I've gotcha," said Kalen. She walked over in three confident strides and willed her blade to cut her friend free. With the same inhuman precision as before, it sliced through the ropes like they were mere threads.

Liana leapt to her feet and dug around in her cleavage inventory for something. "Shit! I think she took my gavel!" Her eyes went wide and she pointed behind Kalen. "*Look out!*"

Without even turning to see what it was, Kalen's sword arm lashed out and batted a projectile out of the air. It shattered on the ground and a fiery goo steamed out from what was evidently a potion bottle.

"*Holy shit, you're fast!*" cursed Maven. Kalen turned around just in time to see her pull another potion from her cleavage.

Kalen's blade sliced just a hair's breadth above the ground and flicked a pebble off the earth, through the air, across the courtyard, and directly through the center of Maven's potion bottle. It shattered in her hand, splashing its purple contents all up and down her arm.

Maven shrieked out in pain and fell to her knees clutching her arm. It was hard to tell from that distance, but it looked like it was turning to stone. One way or another, Kalen was going to have a closer look. She charged at an even stride straight for her enemy, sword at the ready. Nothing could break her focus. Not the churning in her gut or the bubbling in her bosom. She barely even noticed the three-foot wide balloon boobs bouncing wildly in front of her.

The battered bartender shrieked again and frantically withdrew a wooden gavel from her cleavage. *Liana's wooden gavel*. She lurched to her feet and held it before her in a feeble attempt to block the incoming attack. It didn't work.

Kalen effortlessly knocked it from Maven's hand and brought her sword down hard on the wench. Maven's stone arm blocked the blow, but it didn't stop it. The sheer force of the impact sent her to her knees.

A quick slash across her chest severed the golden medallion hanging above her chest and sent it skittering across the ground. Kalen raised her sword up for the killing blow...and felt herself tipping backwards.

Air hissed loudly into her breasts, stretching them out and lifting them up into her face. She couldn't be big enough to lift off already, could she? There was no way she'd been blowing up that fast, right? But the proof was bopping her in the nose.

"*Arrgh! Goddamnit! Not now!*" Kalen fought her breasts to get them back down, but they just kept on getting bigger and gaining more lift. They already spanned far beyond her reach.

How she'd managed to effectively swing her sword up to that point was a testament to its control.

A jolt sent her arm slashing the long blade across Maven's back as she frantically tried to crawl away. It passed cleanly through her without a drop of blood. That was one weird bit of realism the Dream was lacking. Maven screamed and threw herself out of Kalen's reach.

The ballooning warrior flailed her sword arm at Maven, but she was too far away. Kalen tried to step towards her, but her gigantic breasts kept catching the wind and pushing her back. She let out a string of curses that were muffled behind her wall of boob.

Seeing an opening, Maven scrambled for her medallion and was blind-sided by Liana's holy gavel.

"*SMITING BLOW!*" Liana's gavel exploded into a flash of golden light as she bashed Maven face-first into the ground.

The bludgeoned bartender made little more than a surprised croak as her forehead was driven straight into her medallion. It was fitting that it was the last thing she saw before fizzling away into dust.

"I got her," Liana blurted in surprise. "Holy shit, I actually clobbered the villain for once!"

"Great job, now *GET ME DOWN!*" shouted Kalen. Her feet had left the ground and she was at the mercy of the wind and the rapidly inflating weather balloons she was hanging from.

"Oh dear! Hold on, Kalen!" Liana hastily stowed her gavel and rushed to her friend's aid.

"*Hold on to WHAT?*"

"Just hold on! I've got you!" The shortstack paladin leapt up to grab ahold of one of Kalen's feet but missed. She tried again and barely grazed her toes. "You're too high!"

"*Stop tickling me and grab me!*" Kalen stretched her legs down as far as she could, but it was useless. Another gust of wind carried her up and away. She took back what she'd thought about this kind of thing being cartoon shit. If she didn't find a way down soon, there was no telling where she'd end up or for how long.

Down below, she saw Liana clambering up the side of one of the domed homes. It looked close, but not close enough. Realizing she was still holding her sword, a friggin odachi blade that was longer than Li was tall, she had an idea. "*Li! Try and grab my sword!*"

She couldn't quite hear what Liana said over the rush of air and wind blowing in her ears, but she hoped she'd heard her. Knowing that they probably only had one shot at this, Kalen opted to take the sharp end for Liana's sake.

Kalen gritted her teeth and clutched her razor-sharp blade in one hand and held the hilt down as far as she could. Even without blood, grabbing a blade bare-handed hurt like hell.

As she passed over the low roof Liana was standing on, the little cat woman leapt up...and *missed*.

"*NO!*" Liana cried. She desperately leapt up again, but it was too late. "*COME BACK!*"

Kalen kicked her legs furiously. It wasn't fair! She was so close that-

The wind suddenly changed course.

It was blowing her back towards the roof!

Liana saw her one last opportunity come. She readied herself and waited...waited...waited...and jumped!

This time, her hand touched the glossy hilt and an electric jolt made her fingers close tightly around it. Her added weight was enough to drag Kalen back down to the ground. With some muscle, she pulled her friend down far enough to tie a rope to her so she wouldn't fly away again. They both could have cried in that moment, but the clock was still ticking.

Kalen's breasts groaned ominously over her. They loomed like hot air balloons over the little village. Each one was easily as big as one of the domed homes and were still growing. They couldn't keep inflating at the insane rate they were going. As they both knew very well, everything had its limits, even in the Dream.

"Li! Get me to the shrine! You have to stop this before I explode!" Panic edged into Kalen's voice. Part of her was delighted to be so dangerously huge, but that brush with terror was far too close for her to be horny. Unfortunately, she knew that achieving orgasm was one way to jettison all that air and that wasn't an option in her current state.

Liana pulled with all her might, but Kalen's overinflated breasts threatened to pull her off her feet. The small shrine to Casticia was close, but could she make it?

"Uungh! Kalen! You're too big! I can't pull you!" Liana cried.

Once more, the wind came to their aid. All it took was a gentle gust to give them the push they needed to reach the shrine. Liana grabbed hold of the dragon idol and pulled Kalen down next to her. With her friend and the idol in hand, she screamed out, *"PURIFY!"*

A yellow gem embedded in the idol's head emitted a golden glow that traveled up Liana's arm and through Kalen into her colossal balloon boobs. Soothing warmth blanketed the two of them and it felt as though all that air was being sucked through them into the idol. In a matter of seconds, Kalen's feet touched the ground once again and she was free.

She fell to her hands and knees, weak and exhausted. At last, it was over.

Chapter 7

“Are you sure we can’t take any of this?” asked Kalen, looking over the crate of treasure they’d dredged up out of Maven’s stash.

“No! This is all stolen!” retorted Liana.

“So, you’re *not* sure?” Kalen countered smugly.

“No-yes-n-n...Shut up!”

Laughter echoed through the stone shrine built to some ancient wind deity. After their close brushes with calamity, Kalen and Liana spent the rest of the night gathering up everything Maven had raided from the abandoned homes and brought them before the many-winged dragon. With any luck, anyone who passed by after they left would think it was an offering and know better than to take it. There was just one thing still staring Kalen in the face:

The two cats-eye garnets.

She looked up at the stone dragon carved into the cyclopean block looming over her. “Hmm...I wonder.” She scooped up the garnets and climbed up to the dragon’s empty eye sockets. Lo and behold, the garnets were a perfect fit. The rising suns shone through the open entrance and gleamed off brilliant gemstones.

“Oh hey! You found Draegaoth’s eyes!” Liana said brightly.

Kalen climbed down and wiped her hands off on her pants. “Yeah, I had a feeling those were missing,” she turned and looked around the chamber. “Well, I think we’re about done here. You sure the townsfolk will all respawn?”

“Yeah, sooner or later they ought to. Hopefully, when they do, they’ll all find their stuff here.”

“Sounds good to me,” said Kalen. “Though I still think we oughta...”

“No! We are *NOT* stealing!” Liana stomped her foot stubbornly.

“Oh, okay. Just means you’ll have to keep paying for everything, though,” Kalen grumbled.

As soon as they set foot out of the shrine, they felt the wind suddenly change direction. All the windmills slowly turned to follow it with grating gears. The gale had calmed down considerably since their battle that night, but it was still howling like a mournful beast. It seemed the god of the wind was finnickier as ever, provided it was even real.

On their way out of the village, the two of them came across an old, beat up hoverbike left neglected against one of the homesteads. As luck would have it, the keys were still in the ignition.

“I wonder if that thing works,” said Liana, eying the bike.

“What was that about us not stealing things?” said Kalen with an amused chuckle.

“I think Casticia would forgive me for not wanting to hike another four hours.”

“It was *not* four hours,” Kalen rolled her eyes.

“It sure *felt* like it!” snapped Liana.

“Okay, fine. I doubt this thing will even work,” Kalen dragged the bike out and hopped on. She turned the key and it rumbled to life. “Well, huh...I guess it does.”

“Yippee!” Liana gleefully hopped on behind her. “No more walking!”

Kalen revved up the engine and shot like a bullet out of the village, plowing straight through and fence and knocking over a mailbox along the way. They were lucky there weren’t any trees or she’d have hit those, too. Eventually, she got the hang of it. Something overhead caught her eye though, and she slowed down.

“What’s the matter?” asked Liana.

“Am I still drugged or am I really seeing this,” Kalen pointed up into the sky.

Floating weightlessly through the air were dozens of balloons of varying shapes and sizes. The longer she squinted at them, the more apparent it became that they were people. Some fully blown up and others hanging from overinflated breasts like she had been.

“Those must be the townsfolk!” said Liana.

“I guess their wind god is finally bringing them home,” muttered Kalen.

Together, they sat and watched the parade of balloon people pass by. Afterwards, they rode off into the hills, following the path they came in on, still unsure of where they were going or where the road would take them next. One thing was for certain, though.

There was always...

More.

The End.

***Check back after the contest for the epilogue and some
filler.***

I ran out of time to write it all.

Sorry, folks!