

Amok Slime

The fall evening fought back against the last remnants of the day as the world approached twilight. Dim streetlamps painted the cobble road before the small group of girls in a faint golden light. The antiquated mansion sat atop a small hill, looming over the nearby town. Rumor had it that an ancient wizard had taken up residence there a long time ago, using the remote location for unsettling experiments. A thick blanket of clouds covered the town and drowned out what little moonlight was there, leaving nothing but an inky silhouette of the mansion.

“Are you sure this is a good idea Jean?” Layla called out, voice cracking slightly as she caught a chill.

“Of course, we’ve been to houses like this in the past haven’t we? This one is no different.” Jean said confidently, taking a big stride onto the cobble road.

“But isn’t this like...the home to a *wizard*? Aren’t they all super powerful?” June chimed in, holding her shoulder to Layla’s in an attempt to fight the cold as the wind pierced her thin shawl.

“Yeah, and super famous. If a wizard had moved in here their name would be on the front page of every newspaper in this town, even the small tabloid Saph’s family runs. I think it’s just another farce to keep people away from all the cool stuff inside.” Jean argued, her eager steps leading her in front of her group of friends.

With arguments spent, the trip up the cobblestone path remained mostly quiet as the group of four girls trailed behind Jean in her conquest to scout out the manor. Layla was the first to speak up amongst the group.

“Do you think there’ll be any ghosts?”

Sara snickered. “You’re such a baby. Nothing’s gonna be in there, other than a load of dust.”

“It’ll be fine.” Sapphire said. “Just stay close, we’ll be okay if we stay as a group.”

Layla nodded, leaning into June for comfort and almost knocking her over in the process. The band of girls continued their silent march up the road undisturbed. The death throes of summer rolled through the air as a warm breeze meandered its way across the stony path, dusting the bricks with leaves and other small foliage. By the time the girls reached the main gate, Jean was already working on prying her way through the wrought iron fence. A horrid creaking filled the evening air as rusted hinges groaned in protest to Jean’s demands.

“Hey Saph, lend me a hand? I almost have it opened!”

Sapphire groaned almost as much as the gate did as she made her way to the latch. She moved the ecstatic blonde off of the bars and inspected the lock.

“So much for sneaking our way in.” The raven-haired girl said as she fiddled with the metal brick of a lock, the shackle having rusted the mechanisms shut.

Between the pair’s combined strength they managed to wrench the gate open, the cries of metal on metal called out once more, drowning the wind out for several moments before falling silent as the duo finished their war on the entryway.

Grass poked through the gaps between the stones of the path leading to the porch. Overgrown hedges lined the red brick walls of the mansion, creating a base for the twisting ivy as it weaved its way around the exterior of the building. Sapphire snatched Jean by the collar before she could burst her way through the manor’s oak doors. Working her way past her spirited accomplice, Sapphire got to work on the lock. Faint clicks sneaked out of the lock as delicate fingers worked fiercely. With a final snap the door swung inwards into the foyer. Empty sconces lined the walls, leaving the staircase and main hall plunged in darkness. On either side of the stairs sat two doors, and a dark hallway under it that seemed to go on forever.

“Did you bring the torches like I asked Sara?” Jean asked, her eyes glued to the interior of the mansion.

“I did one better.” Sara said, reaching into the satchel beneath her duster. When her hand emerged she held several candles, each almost as long as her forearm. “I brought a few for everyone, deemed it better than accidentally setting the place on fire with actual torches.”

“Good move! It’ll be a tad dim but that’s ok. Sara, you’ll come with me upstairs. Saph, June, Layla, you’ll check out the ground floor and see if there’s any basement here.”

“Wait! You mean you want to split up! That’s a terrible idea!” Layla cried out, holding her cloak tightly for comfort.

“It’s fine Layla.” Sara said reassuringly. “Besides, Jean would probably find a way to get herself lost anyways and we’d have to split up regardless.”

“Hey!” Jean called out.

Sara snickered as she turned to pass out the candles to the trio of girls behind her. Layla clung to hers tight enough to make the wax melt. Several moments went by as the girls passed around a match and lit their first candles. Shadows danced on the alcove of the porch in the flickering light. The girls stepped inside the manor, the high ceiling that loomed above them faded into black shadows in the dim glow of the candles. Jean hopped up on the first couple steps on the staircase to get a better vantage of her friends.

“Alright, if you guys find anything important or if something bad happens we’ll meet up here, okay?”

The group nodded in approval. Sara quickly made her way up the stairs, trailing behind Jean as she raced up to the second floor. The remaining girls sat in silence for a moment before turning to one another.

“So...what’s the plan?” June asked, taking note of the paths before them.

“Let’s just check out immediate options here.” Sapphire said, analyzing the doors.

“Alright, probably best to make sure there isn’t anything super important right off the bat.” June replied, already striding towards the door to the right of the stairs.

The door was unlocked but refused to budge, leaving the girls to believe it had been blocked by something on the other side. The second door proved to be in a similar state, blocked by some invisible force.

“Well, only one way left...” June said, peering into the darkness.

Layla squeaked out an affirmation. Her skin paled from fear, almost enough that any ghosts in the manor might’ve mistaken her as one of their own. The group trudged forth into the inky blackness. Each crevice and corner devoured the light, creating jagged shadows as the girls pressed on. A set of double doors quickly came into view, their dark chocolate color refusing to reflect the candlelight. The large doorway was flanked by two other small doors that seemed to swallow the light as well.

As June and Sapphire worked to pry the large doors open, Layla decided to inspect the rooms on their sides. Through the right one she found a small gallery. Paintings lined the walls, their muddled forms impossible to make out in the faint light. A handful of mannequins lined the wall, each with an eloquent dress and mask. Further into the room, Layla could just barely make out the sight of a huge archway leading into an even bigger room further beyond. She turned to steal a peek at the other room. Through the left door she saw a small kitchen, a huge wine rack lining the back wall. A handful of woodburning stoves were set up around the room as well. The grinding of hinges brought her attention back to her friends as they finally got the main passage open.

“Geez, is everything in this place going to be that annoying?” Sapphire groaned to herself.

The trio entered the room, their footsteps echoing in the vast expanse of what looked to be a dance floor large enough to fit a large home, maybe two. Massive columns surrounded the room, supporting the dizzyingly high roof and dwarfing everything else in view. A quick inspection showed the ballroom was nearly empty, aside from some coat racks by the door. In the center of the room sat a mask.

“This is...unsettling.” June said.

“Do we really need to be here? Why did we even need to come to this mansion?” Layla whined.

“Well, I was looking for anything worth writing about for my parent’s tabloid, June’s here to for some treasure hunting, and I’m pretty sure Jean and Sara only came just so they could get their rocks off.” Sapphire muttered as she scanned the room for anything important.

June chuckled at the snide remark. “Yeah, why did *you* come Layla?”

“Jean made a bet that I would be too scared to show up, I wanted to prove her wrong.” Layla said as she held her cloak shut to hide herself.

“Makes sense, she tried goading me into something like this a while back too. At least you showed up though.” Sapphire said as she stepped cautiously towards the mask that sat beneath the pale moonlight cracking through the layer of clouds.

The mask itself was pitch black as if it were hewn from obsidian. The nose cover ended in a sharp point, mimicking a raven’s beak. The face covering was also adorned with a large black feather for a plume.

“This is beautiful! I can only imagine how much attention it would get at an actual masquerade!” Sapphire exclaimed, holding the mask up to the light to study its impeccable features.

“Ooo let me see!” June exclaimed as she snatched the mask from Sapphires hand. “I think this would fit me perfectly!”

“Don’t put it on! What if it’s cursed?” Layla yelled.

“Pfff, like what? Maybe I’ll turn into a bird, that’d be pretty cool.” June said, slowly sliding on the mask.

Several moments of silence followed. Layla was gripped with horror as her mind raced with all the possibilities that could happen to her friend. When nothing happened, June began to laugh.

“Ha! You really thought I’d end up cursed! You should’ve seen the look on your – “

Pompous laughter was quickly put to rest as the manor began to shake. The heavy shudders almost brought the trio to their knees. The quakes stopped just as soon as they began. Nothing had been knocked loose aside from the dust that began to settle around the girls. Moonlight slowly filled the room through the skylight as the cloud cover slowly dissipated.

“I told you something would happen!” Layla shouted. “Take the mask off!”

June silently followed the orders, hooking the mask to her waistband. “Okay, w-what now?” She asked, clearly shaken.

“Let’s go back to the foyer, if Sara and Jean are smart they’ll make their way there too.” Sapphire said, shaking slightly as she dusted herself off.

The group cautiously began the trek back through to the entrance, struggling to light their second candles as they marched through the halls.

“Jean!”

Sara hissed as she tried calling out to her friend. She expected to lose track of her at some point, but not as soon as they reached the second floor. A door creaked behind her, then quickly shut.

“Jean I know you’re there, you really need to stop – *EEP!*”

Sara squealed as she was grabbed from behind. Fingers sunk deep into her soft hips as she was pinned against the wall. A kiss was stolen from her lips as the dark apparition of Jean came into focus in the faint candle glow.

“*Mmph...You’re too easy.*” Jean cooed as she let go of Sara.

“You really couldn’t wait any longer, huh?” Sara teased as she readjusted her duster.

“Oh please, you know exactly why I invited you to come here with me.”

“Really? I wasn’t sure, maybe you could show me?” Sara said, her words laced with a heavy dose of honey and sarcasm.

“Of course, but I’d like to try and find the master bedroom first.” Jean said as she turned into the darkness as it enveloped her like a cloak.

“Oh, you mean you *haven’t* found it yet? What was in that room you were in then?”

Jean turned to face the door she had snuck out of. “Those are just servant’s quarters, hardly the place for you isn’t it?”

Sara steamed slightly at the remark. Even though she tried her best, knowledge of her lineage managed to leak out sometimes, even into the hands of her secret lover.

“Whatever. You’ll take the lead here this time, right?”

“Sure, sure. Just don’t get lost, or it’ll cost ya.” Jean said, winking as she looked back over her shoulder.

The pair continued further down the hall. Each room they checked seemed to just be more housing for the once plentiful staff that roamed the manor. Paintings and other artworks

lined the walls, but Sara took no notice, she was entranced by Jean as she led the way further into the manor. Tight denim hugged the blonde's waistline, giving way to a plump rear. It seemed a miracle they fit at all.

"You're drooling hon, though I'm glad you care about my wellbeing enough to keep such a close watch." Jean called out, eyeing the redhead from over her shoulder.

Embarrassment struck Sara like a stake through the heart. She broke eye contact, hoping that the light was faint enough to hide her red cheeks. With one last door at the end of the hall, the duo picked up the pace in anticipation. It was miraculously unlocked as Jean twisted the knob. The door swung wide into the large room, several desks and a dresser lined the wall. The center was dominated by a huge bed, making the room feel a bit cramped. Jean waltzed in and began sifting through the junk that sat atop the wooden chest of drawers. Sara located several empty sconces on the wall. Sacrificing a couple candles from the stash, she felt satisfied with the mood lighting she set. The redhead turned just in time to see her companion approach, hands hidden behind her back.

"I do hope everything is too you're liking, may I take your coat for you milady?" Jean said, trying her best to match the stereotypical voice a butler might have.

Sara slowly removed her duster coat, making sure to accent her curves as best she could. She ogled her wannabe butler as she grasped the coat and set it on the bed, one hand still hidden.

"Now then, where were – "

Cut short, Sara was bombarded by a flurry of kisses from her partner. She could feel Jean slowly pushing her towards the wall. The half shirt she wore rode up slightly, revealing the underside of her freckled breasts, their teardrop shapes hanging amply off of her frame. Jean maneuvered the redhead's arms above her head, a quick glance revealed she had found a coil of rope somewhere in the room. Sara's wrists were tied together rapidly, attributing the speed to Jean's farmhand experience. Sara tried bringing her hands down but found that the rope was wrapped around a candle sconce.

"So, where did we leave off last time? Or should we start over?" Jean asked, grazing her hand across Sara's exposed belly.

"Hmm, I don't seem to remember where we left off. Care to remind me?" Sara said as she cocked her head to the side, opting to let herself hang gently from her bonds.

"Well, I believe it went something like this –"

Jean moved swiftly like a falcon attacking its prey. She pressed her hips tightly against Sara's. One hand worked to remove her shirt while the other grasped the sconce for support. A toned arm snaked around Sara, lifting her shirt with precision. Soft mounds succumbed to gravity as they fell from their cotton confines. Unable to resist, Jean lowered herself to breast

level and leaned in to attack an awaiting nipple. As she leaned in, the fixture on the wall gave way, forcing both girls to the ground. Jean found her head planted against Sara's thighs as the rest of her body met the ground after losing her grip.

A heavy stone grinding sound filled the room, shaking the house as it shifted. Had the girls not already been on the ground they would have surely fallen. A stone slab slowly opened up on the wall behind the sconce, revealing what looked to be a hidden lab. When the door stopped Jean peeked into the room.

"Woah...what's in there?"

"Well untie me first, then we can check."

Once free from her bonds, Sara rubbed her wrists as she led the way through the small door. A large circular room was laid out before them, nearly twenty feet across. Various pipes lay dormant on the walls as they snaked their way around the room. A skylight let faint moonbeams trickle in as they fought against the clouds. The silver glow seemed to bounce around, illuminating a desk at the far end of the room. Atop the wooden shelf sat a heavy looking book and a fractured crystal ball, surrounded by chaos as multiple papers and tools were stacked haphazardly in various piles across the surface.

"Should we let the others know what we found?" Sara asked as she began inspecting the pages scattered around.

"I doubt they heard anything, but there is *definitely* something here I would like to study." Jean said, hungry eyes landing on her prey.

"Keep it in your pants for a moment, I think this could be something big!"

Sara scanned the room, noting that the desk – the whole room it seemed – was devoid of dust. She placed her satchel limply on the desk next to the cracked crystal. Peering over the book on the desk, she saw that it was filled to the brim with various diary entries and experiment descriptions. Flipping to the beginning of the huge leatherbound book, she found that several entries were missing, the oldest one she found was labelled as '*Experiment 11*'. She began to pour over the pages.

Experiment 11:

I still have yet to determine a purpose for the subject but containing it has become my number one priority.

Today's tests showed that it can't consume anything solid aside from the dust in my lab, and that it prefers liquids over gases.

Highly reactive to waxes, and I've spent far too much time cleaning everything. I should work on a spell for that. The servants can hardly keep up with my demands.

Sara became enamored with the book, flipping a few pages showed nothing more than scratched out notes and torn pages. She finally came across another experiment.

Experiment 22:

I've just completed the first human bonding test since subject SL:1M3 has developed some rudimentary sentience.

The behavior is very unique. Rather than consuming the host, it seems to feed the host part of its own mass. In return the host provides shelter and sustenance for the subject. The subject primarily seeks the mouth for entry, though it has found other ways of entering a host.

SL:1M3 also brings pleasure to its host in order to feed, though I've had to limit the testing period for safety due to test subjects becoming highly addicted.

Note to self: Build a larger lab for further testing.

The book entries seemed to grow more deranged from there, morphing from well documented tests to harrowing messages. Sara pressed on, skimming through the book faster as she began to grow apprehensive. She reached the last entry, an unsettling desire seemed to radiate from the writing. Every page through the rest of the book was blank. Few words were legible aside from one large paragraph.

Experiment 31:

The subject escaped again. It managed to coerce several members of my staff to let it go free. There's no way they knew how to dispel the glyph. The subject had to have figured it out.

I created it after all, it's as smart as I am. A near perfect creation.

However, my staff has conspired against me. They fear its power. They've started brewing a potion hidden in a lab beneath the gallery that can cure those they call 'infected'.

I can't let them harm it. I need it.

I crave its touch.

Such power should be allowed to spread. Everyone should feel its embrace.

I destroyed the two main entrances to the lab and locked them with a sealing ward but was unable locate their secret entrance.

The subject's essence still remains trapped in this crystal ball. It was my servants' final act before leaving me and I have yet to remove the spell they cast on it.

It'll weaken in time, I'm sure of it. Then the world will know true desire in our embrace.

The air around Sara seemed to chill as she read the last few lines. Fear began welling within her as she looked into the crystal ball. It was a small thing, just barely larger than the palm of her hand. It felt warm as she placed her hand on it. The clouds above seemed to part, allowing the intense moonbeams to splatter vibrant purple colors around the lab as it shone through the fractured glass. She sensed a presence behind her as she studied the pastel colors filling the room. Turning around, she saw a figure force itself on her.

"AHH – mmph! JEAN!"

Sara was attacked by her blonde friend as she emerged from the shadows, struggling to resist against the onslaught of lust. The redhead was lifted onto the desk as she begged Jean for reprieve. The table rocked as Jean leaned in to attack Sara's soft body. Several candles rolled free from the satchel as it was jostled on the desk. The flustered redhead barely managed to push her friend back, still clutching the crystal ball.

"What was that for?" Jean asked, a concerned look in her eye.

"Jean, we n-need to get to the group...please, I found something the others should –"

Through one of the cracks in the crystal ball, a small drop of purple ooze emerged, then another. The goo quickly coated Sara's hand, stretching out to the size of a baseball. She dropped the crystal ball, the sound of shattering glass filled the room as the slime snaked up her arm with unprecedented speed, dodging all of Sara's attempts to grab it.

"Sara! What is that thing!?" Jean shouted.

"I don't know! Help me get it off!!"

The slime shot into the sleeve of the redhead's shirt and danced around her breasts before it froze. A wave of warmth coated Sara's chest as the slime spread itself thin. Almost as quickly as it had appeared, the mysterious ooze seeped through her skin and disappeared.

"What was that thing!?" Jean asked, blinking as though she imagined the events that had just unfolded.

"It's...ngh...some sort of experiment, we need to get back to the others now!"

Sara snatched her bag off the table, staggering as she reached for the book, and barely being caught by Jean. She slid beneath Sara's arm, taking the book from her in the process.

"C'mon, we gotta hurry."

Sapphire sat on the bottom step of the luxurious staircase, trying desperately to jot something down in her notepad. June flitted around the hall, convinced there was some sort of secret hiding in the foyer of the building.

"You've been at it since we got back here, take a break maybe?" Sapphire growled as her concentration was broken again for the umpteenth time.

"But there *has* to be something here, I can feel it!" June responded, attacking anything that looked remotely like a lever.

"Please s-stop, I don't want you to make the house shake again." Layla piped up, sitting next to the door. "And did you really need to bring along the mask? It seems like bad enough luck as is."

"It's fiiinee! Besides, that had to have been a coincidence." June responded, still furiously pulling on various fixtures, mask bouncing off of her leg from where it hung on her belt.

Layla still reeled from the scare she got when the small earthquake happened. The door gave her some comfort, allowing her a quick escape if need be. She had finally begun to relax her tensed shoulders when Jean and Sara popped out from behind the wall on the upper floor.

"Guys! We need help! Sara found one of the wizard's experiments!"

Layla rocketed upward from the shock of her seeing her friends appear out of thin air. Sapphire ran up the stairs to help support Sara under her free shoulder.

"What do you mean you found an experiment?" Sapphire asked coolly, trying her best to keep the tension to a minimum.

"It was...*ngh*...some sort of slime creature. It attacked me and disappeared into my body." Sara said. "I found an old book full of experiments, it s-sounded like the servants who worked here made their own cure."

With the extra help from Sapphire, the girls managed to carry Sara down the stairs with ease. All three took a seat at the bottom step while they checked the redhead for any abnormalities. Jean laid the book open on her lap, sifting through the pages to find the last entry.

“It said that the servant’s lab was under the gallery, did you guys where it is?” Jean asked.

“We did.” Layla piped up. “It’s over by the ballroom.”

“Alright, we need to hurry. Sara, can you stand?” Sapphire said, already grabbing her companion’s arms.

All eyes fell upon their infected friend. She took a few deep breaths before she spoke.

“I-I think so. I just feel so...*tingly*.”

With a nod, Jean slipped herself under Sara’s arm once more, desperate to find a cure for her lover. The group pressed on down the dark corridor, lighting fresh candles to guide their way.

June led the way, trepidation filling her as she approached the room that nearly scared her out of the manor. Sara had managed to take charge of her own stride but was still closely guarded by Jean. Layla and Sapphire stayed close behind, keeping a close eye on their friend for any changes. The trek was silent aside from the suppressed groans from Sara. Layla studied her friend closely, though she couldn’t be sure in the lowlight, every drop of wax that graced the redhead’s skin seemed to fade away when they reached her hand.

Great wooden doors awaited the group at the end of the hall, left wide open from the previous encounter. Rich silver light bathed the hall, adding an air of otherworldly elegance to the room. June, Sapphire, and Layla all turned to head into the gallery while the other two stayed to admire the beauty.

“How’re you holding up?” Jean asked.

“*hah*...been better I suppose.” Sara responded, leaning into her companion.

Although subtle, Jean was sure there was a lot more mass leaning into her. She snuck a peek at the half shirt Sara wore and saw it was more akin to a bra. Her pants seemed to hug her thighs a little tighter as well. Her skin had grown clammy, but instead of sweat Jean only saw faint violet streaks in its place.

“Hey guys, I think we found the door!” Sapphire shouted from the other room.

The couple turned to enter the gallery just as Sapphire decoded the puzzle. The handful of mannequins that lined the far wall each had a lavish dress of a specific color. The masks they wore were mismatched, though after listening to Sapphire’s ramblings they deduced that it was part of the puzzle.

“Okay, that black mask goes with the blue dress.”

“Do you think I can still keep it after we’re done?” June asked, heart aching as she set her prize of the head of a mannequin.

Almost instantly, the grinding of stone on stone filled the hall again, though far quieter than the door to the lab upstairs. Instead of a room, the girls were greeted with a thin staircase, descending into the bowels of the manor.

“If it was that simple why didn’t that wizard find this?” Sapphire asked.

“I don’t know, but let’s not take it for granted.” Jean said, ushering Sara to the stairs.

Sara stepped forward, staggering briefly before collapsing to her knees. A deep gurgling sound filled the hall as she clutched her engorged chest. Her body was clearly bloated now, the white fabric of her shirt stretched thin in an attempt to cover her melon-sized breasts. Her face and chest flushed as her body grew hot.

“Sara?!” Jean cried, trying to lift her friend to her feet.

The bubbling intensified, drawing moans of delight from Sara. Vibrant purple stains began dotting her pristine shirt as her breasts puffed up larger to rival pumpkins. Sapphire rushed over to help the swelling redhead to her feet, thick streams of viscous liquid coating her in the process. Jean tried her best to lift Sara but felt as though she were trying to hold a greased pig as a layer of slime built up between them.

“Saph, just go grab the cure! I’ll keep her here.”

With a nod Sapphire sprinted towards the staircase, followed closely by June and Layla. The slimy deluge began to wane, leaving the couple alone in a thick puddle of goo. Sara whimpered as she worked her strawberry sized nipples, desperately trying to get the rest of the slime out. When nothing came, she laid back, panting heavily as she recovered from a powerful climax. Jean studied her, noticing that her engorged chest had refused to shrink. She scooted closer and laid a hand on Sara’s arm.

“*hah...that felt...s-so good...*” The redhead breathed.

“We’re getting the cure for you, you’ll be fine again in no time.”

“I...don’t k-know if I can handle...any mo—”

The slime began to churn around them, swirling around Sara’s dropped candle. Wax dissolved quickly in the purple expanse from the heat it still harbored after the redhead’s orgasm. Several small tendrils snaked their way into her discarded satchel, seeking the candles it held. Growing thick, slime bubbled loudly as it swelled outwards. An impossible amount of ooze seemed to pour from the bag, eager to join up with the rest of the growing mass. The slime finally settled into a beanbag sized blob, pulsing softly as it cast out little feelers to check the surroundings. Jean tried to crawl away but was quickly grabbed by several thick tendrils.

“AH! Sara! What’s happening!” She called out.

“I-I don’t know...I think the book said s-something about it...wanting to spread.”

More slime slithered up Jeans legs, a gasp escaped her lips as a viscous tentacle slipped between her legs. It poked and prodded at her body, quickly growing invasive. She tried her best to hold back the writhing mass as it slipped past the waist of her pants. It lapped greedily at her pussy as she grew more and more aroused.

“Ngh! W-why is...it doing this!” Jean asked, squirming against her squid-like bindings.

“It’s...*hah*...trying to grow...” Sara gasped, a free arm working to remove the slime from the other as gooey tendrils weaved around her body. “It n-needs us to...*hah*...”

“Needs us for what!?” Jean asked, eyeballing a rather studious tentacle.

Before Sara could answer, the curious tentacle lunged forward, diving deep into Jean’s throat. Her breasts distended as the creature pumped itself into her body. Several more strands of slime wrapped around her growing mounds before squeezing rhythmically. Jean felt her ass begin to puff up when even more slime slipped into her pussy, enveloping her from the waist down in the process. The warm fluid was addictive as it coated the inside of her body, spreading without mercy as her navel bulged, making her look several months pregnant. The purple mass continued to devour her juices, urging her growth further as the denim around her waist finally burst open, revealing her once toned legs to be more like hefty pillows.

Sara’s moans echoed around the high ceiling of the ballroom as the ooze attacked her as well. She squealed when a pair of tentacles attached themselves to her teacup sized nipples, desperately pulling on their bloated forms. Her breasts were attacked mercilessly as a massive blob of the purple substance wrapped around her waist, yearning to explore the inside of her body. Sara’s chest exploded in size as the slime entered her, eliciting an orgasmic cry. Her new masses dwarfed her body, growing wider around than millstones.

Deep groaning sounds radiated from the two girls, silencing their moans for just a brief moment. Jean could see tiny white dots pepper Sara’s nipples before they disappeared into the pulsing ooze. Jean felt a similar sensation on her own swollen nubs as the tentacle of slime left her mouth to tease the tips of her watermelon-sized breasts. Fireworks went off in the back of Jean’s mind as the tendril split and latched on tight to each nipple, sucking hard as it sought its next meal. She screamed in pleasure as white streaks of cream began to flow through the slime as they drank from her engorged flesh.

“Oh *GODS*...*ngh*...*Sara*...”

“*MMMMMM!!! Jean...I-I feel...weird...*” Sara moaned loudly.

Jean could see her lover’s skin grow taut, reflecting the moonlight that bounced around the room. Her butt had finally burst through her strained linens, matching her dairy laden mounds in growth. The tentacles wrapped themselves tightly around Sara’s dinner plate sized nipples, sealing off her milk’s only exit.

“MMMMMMOOOREE!!!” Sara cried. “MAKE ME...NNNGH...BIGGER!”

She had completely lost her mind, fully surrendering herself to the addictive nature of the slime. The ooze accepted her request. Several tentacles shot out, burying themselves between her growing ass as they dived into her awaiting pussy. Muted popping sounds shortly followed. Beneath the slime that held her nipples shut, her areolas had puffed outwards into large domes from the pressure. The tentacles visibly strained against the force of dairy behind them. In a quick motion the slime retreated, opening the floodgates. Milk burst from Sara’s overgrown breasts, soaking the gallery in a creamy deluge. Had the slime not been so steadfast, Jean was sure she would’ve been washed away.

The purple beast absorbed the milk almost as quickly as it appeared, bubbling outwards in a violent reaction. Slime soon dominated the room, showering everything in sight under a layer of violet. The gooey mass grew further into the gallery, knocking down several pieces of artwork in the process. Muffled voices echoed from the bottom of the stairs. Jean tried to turn and look but found her head locked in place by the slimy confines. Out of the corner of her eye she saw the slime spread in waves. In one motion, a wall of bubbling goo surged forth, knocking over the mannequins. Slowly, the door began to shut, trapping the cure inside.

Jean felt every inch of growth as both her and the redhead’s massive curves grew larger still. A deafening gurgling sound filled the room as Sara released gallons upon gallons of milk in another heavy letdown. Slime continued to billow outwards, spreading its influence across the ballroom as the white marble was dyed a rich amethyst color.

“NNNGGGHH...this feels...so good...” Sara breathed, barely audible above the churning of cream.

“hah...Sara!” Jean cried, finding herself wrestling more against her own curves rather than her slimy bonds.

“Jeeeeaaaannn...hah...it feels so good...just let it...MMMM!!!” Sara’s mumbling was cut short as what felt like a farm’s worth of milk surged from her breasts, coating everything before her in a sheet of white liquid.

Layers of ecstasy continued to build, whittling away at Jean’s resolve. With the cure locked away and the scent of sweet cream filling the air, Jean finally surrendered herself to the slime.

“Ngh...make me...bigger...” Jean moaned.

Without hesitation, the slime redoubled its efforts as it wrapped around Jean. It pushed her body to its physical and mental limit. She cried out in delight as she was squeezed for all she was worth. The slime’s dominion grew in turn, spreading its influence to the rest of the manor.

The narrow stairs were uncomfortably dark. Dim candlelight only illuminated a handful of steps at a time, demanding the trio's constant attention to avoid slipping. The descent finally ended once the group reached a small rectangular room. While not as grand as the other rooms of the house, this one still managed to give off an equally eerie feeling. A quick inspection showed a lantern hanging from the ceiling. Thankful for a better source of light, Layla rushed over to light it. Light flared into the lab, revealing a boarded-up hallway, another door on the far side of the room, and a makeshift desk with a large bottle on it.

"I guess that's the cure?" June asked, cautiously approaching the table. "There's a note under it too."

"What's it say?" Sapphire asked pointedly, desperate to get back and help her friends.

"Gimme a sec..."

It was a simple note, barely legible writing scrawled across the page. The paper was withered, subjected to collecting dust for who knows how long. June read the note aloud.

To whoever finds this note,

We refused to let ourselves become mere toys to that fool and his experiments. The wizard himself no longer roams this manor. We assume his final experiment with that thing finally failed.

We pray that his creature never escapes, but if it has, this cure will be the only way to stop it. This solution will force it to turn into a harmless liquid. It'll also stop it from using its body altering effects and revert anyone infected back to normal.

The only catch is that the potion MUST be applied to the largest source of the creature, it will sever any limbs it may have in order to keep its main body safe.

Please, end the nightmare that has plagued this manor.

The note was chilling but gave the girls a glimmer of hope for saving their friends. Sapphire lifted the cure from the table. Upon closer inspection it looked to be a repurposed wine bottle. She removed the cork and was hit with a powerful scent that was anything but pleasant.

"ACK...so...this is it then? The cure?"

"Guess so." June shrugged. "C'mon, let's get back up there and –"

Screams echoed from the top of the stairs, followed by a loud sloshing sound. The trio raced back up the stairs to see what befell their companions.

“Jean! Sara! We have the cure, hold on!” Sapphire called out.

No response came. Instead the group was greeted by a glimpse of purple that washed over the door, and the stone door began to slide shut. Time seemed to slow as the girls raced up the stairs. They barely reached the top as the door finally shut, flecks of moonlight faded as the last of the dust settled.

“Was that our only way out?” Layla asked, holding her hood close.

“There was another door in the lab, it might be another way.” Sapphire said, already starting back down the stairs.

With no other options, the girls dashed back to the lab. They reached the door, winded from their sprint. Sapphire tested the ancient looking knob, thankful that this one was unlocked. The group was instantly greeted by a set of makeshift stairs leading up to gods know where.

“*hah...ok...we gotta hurry.*” June panted.

“Agreed. Layla, grab that lantern.” Sapphire said as she led the way up the carved stone steps.

With a silent agreement, Layla quickly snatched the light from its fixture on the ceiling and began following close behind the raven-haired girl. The stairs were steep, bringing the girls to a crawl as they pressed on. Just as their legs began to give out, a small set of double doors greeted them at the top. Sapphire carefully pushed them open, filling the room with a creaking sound. The room illuminated as they entered, letting them make out a small bed, and a nightstand. Upon a closer look they realized they had walked out of a wardrobe opposite the door.

“Huh, a little obvious for a secret passage.” June said, scrutinizing the hidden staircase.

Sapphire rushed to the door, eager to get back to her friends. “Doesn’t matter, it got us out of there. Now we just need to —”

As she opened the door to the hall she was greeted by a handful of purple tendrils snaking across the floor. Their gooey forms pulsed like blood veins as an unseen force pushed them further into the manor.

“I-is that...slime?” Layla squeaked.

“It looks like whatever came out of Sara...” June added, not daring to get any closer to the strange mass.

“If it came this far from where we left them we need to hurry!” Sapphire said, taking several brave steps into the hall.

The slime shifted away from her as she passed, not wanting to get underfoot. June and Layla followed close behind as Sapphire led the charge. The trail of slime seemed to grow thicker, clinging to the walls like moss as the girls approached the foyer. Rounding the final corner before the steps, all three froze from fear at the site before them.

A violet sea was laid out before them, spreading its way along the walls in waves. While only mere moments, it felt like an eternity before the girls were able to break their trance. They noticed the air in the manor had grown sweet, addictive even. No doubt part of the slime's entrancing abilities. Stepping softly, the trio proceeded to the edge of the stairs. The slime receded from their footsteps, as if fearful of being stepped on. With the ooze coating the walls the manor felt more akin to a cave rather than a home.

"There's so much..." June breathed, afraid to disturb the peace.

"If there's this much we need to hurry, we don't know what it could be doing to them" Sapphire said, trudging into the gooey depths.

Layla faltered for a moment, the exit seemed to call to her. In a moment of weakness she turned to face the door but quickly saw the slime was blocking it. At a closer look, Layla discovered more than just the doorway was covered.

"G-guys...the slime...it's blocked *all* the exits."

The ooze pulsed calmly, looking almost haphazardly cast around the walls. Only when the others looked over did they realize it was intentional. Layers of webbing blocked even the windows, making sure there would be no chance of escape.

"It may be smarter than we gave it credit for, but we still have the cure." Sapphire said as she pressed on into the darkness.

June and Layla fell in line behind her as they marched into the lair of the beast.

The candlelight was growing dim. The viscous gel that painted the walls seemed to consume the light despite its gleaming reflection. The trio had remained silent, afraid of aggravating the slime, though the moans from within the mansion did little to curb their fear. They soon reached the ballroom. The large oak doors were held open just wide enough for one person to pass at a time. Slime oozed from every surface, even dripping from the ceiling. Once inside, the girls finally saw that fate that befell Sara and Jean. The room was dominated by their overgrown forms, slime clinging to their curves. Sara would've been invisible atop her cottage sized bust had her butt not swollen to its own near-unbelievable size.

Rushing over to a swollen mound of flesh, Sapphire gently pressed her hand into the mass. Sara gasped from atop her breasts, followed by the crash of thick cream splattering across the slime laden dance floor.

"Sara? Sara! We have the cure!" Sapphire called out.

"NGH!! No...feels...too good..."

"What do you mean no? We'll get you out of here and--"

"No!" Sara shouted. "I need more...need to be...bigger!"

As if to punctuate her desires, her breasts seemed to churn, growing larger in protest to Sapphire and the cure. The slime around her seemed to grow restless at mention of its weakness. Soon several thin tendrils snaked across the ground, seeking the new people in the room.

"hah...S-saph..." Jean muttered from across the room. "You should...ngh...join us..."

While nowhere near as large as her companion, Jean rested against a pair of breasts that easily surpassed her height. Her plump ass wiggled side to side slowly, as if casting a spell to entrance the onlookers. A pool of slime gathered around the base of her enormous chest, lapping eagerly at the milk that dripped from her bloated nipples.

"I don't think I will. Now, if I can just...nnnGAH..." Sapphire groaned as she tried to pull the cork from the cure's bottle. "Dammit, I put it on too tight..."

Try as she might, the cork refused to budge. While Sapphire struggled with the cure, June decided to inspect Sara closer. Pale skin extended upwards, giving her vertigo as she leaned back to see where it stopped. Sara's chest resembled a pair of gigantic dew drops sitting on a leaf. June reached out, sinking a hand into the expanse. The pillowy surface hardly resisted as she massaged its surface.

"NGGGHH!!! More! Mmmilk me!" Sara screamed.

Dairy sprayed from the redhead's nipples by the bucket load. June's mouth watered at the thought of what it might taste like, but quickly returned to reality upon a new revelation.

"Guys...I think the slime is more powerful than we thought..." She croaked.

"What...ngh...do you mean?" Sapphire asked, still struggling with the bottle.

"Her skin's not tight...she can still get *bigger*..."

"Then why isn't she? I don't think the slime would've wasted time filling her if she's the key to its escape."

The pair bickered for a moment before Layla spoke up. She trembled as she tried to get the words out.

"W-we still h-have the cure...it needs that g-gone before it can k-keep growing."

The arguing duo turned to look at Layla as realization began to set in.

“Don’t we also need to use the cure on the largest source of the slime?” June asked. “Almost all the slime here seems to be just a thin coating, it’s like some of it is missing...”

Time seemed to crawl to a halt at that moment. As if to confirm their fears, a massive blob of slime began to slip out of the shadows on the ceiling. Thick, heavy strands of ooze shot down from the darkness above. Before she could move, Sapphire was grabbed abruptly by the pulsing mass. The cure was knocked free from her grasp as she was hoisted into the air. Layla managed to grab the bottle before it hit the ground.

"Use the cure quickly! Before we get too big to – *MPHH!!!*"

Sapphire's shouting was cut off as slime forced itself upon her. In an instant her curves were blown out of proportion, stretching her clothing to their breaking point. Wet splotches appeared on her shirt as white cream began to surge forth from her burgeoning chest.

"We gotta go, NOW!" June shouted.

She and Layla made a break for the door, a wave of purple ooze nipping at their heels. Layla managed to slip past the door just as an oozy net stretched to block it. June failed to stop herself before she got caught and tangled in the mess. She fought back like an insect desperately trying to escape a spider’s wrath.

“Layla hurry! I don’t know how much I can – *MMNNNGH!!!*” June let out a loud moan as the slime entered her body. Her butt swelled, tearing her pants apart at the seam.

Layla was left alone. Her heartbeat was deafening as it pounded in her ears. Petrified, she stared at the door to the ballroom as the netting of slime dragged June back into the room. A myriad of pleased cries and begs echoed in the still air. The slime wasn’t coming after her. She could make an escape. Thoughts of freedom flashed through her mind as she got ready to make a run for it.

As she turned, Layla froze again. She couldn’t just leave her friends, nor would she be able to make it past the slime guarding the main entrance. She felt cornered in this game of cat and mouse, knowing that the slime wouldn’t let her leave, but also couldn’t get close enough to catch her since she held the cure. Frustrated, she desperately thought of a way to get close to the slime. Only one idea came to mind. She didn’t like it, but it was all she had.

She turned towards the door to the kitchen. A peek inside showed the room was miraculously untouched by slime. Layla dashed over to the wine rack, desperately searching for a way to open the cure. Grasping blinding the dim light she managed to find an opener. She drove the twisted metal deep into the cork and loosened it slightly. She stuffed the bottle into her satchel and marched back into the ballroom.

June and Sapphire had swollen to immobile sizes in the brief time she was gone, their bloated forms gushing dairy and slime as they endured the unrelenting growth. Sara's breasts had been sealed off by massive tentacles, forcing them to contain uncountable gallons of milk as

they continued to slowly pulse larger. Jean's curves had swollen in unison even further, making her towering form look like an overstuffed fertility goddess.

Layla trembled as she looked up towards the oozing mass. After seeing how it reacted to the others begging for more, she knew it was the only way to close enough to use the cure. With a shaky voice, she called out to the slime.

"I-I want to be b-bigger too!"

The purple beast seemed apprehensive. It sent down small feelers to look for any sort of trap. Layla tried her best to suppress her nerves, praying that the slime wouldn't notice the lump in her small satchel. Seeing that she was empty handed, several more tendrils crept down from the ceiling. It wasn't enough though, she needed to be certain the cure would work.

"M-more! I want t-to be bigger than Sara!" Layla called out.

The slime flared, it seemed ecstatic to have such a willing participant. Layla was struck with fear and surprise as the entirety of the beast descended from the darkness. As prepared as she was, there was no way she could've anticipated how much of the violet mass there really was. It stood nearly as tall as she did and was almost five times as wide. Rather than the tentacled approach her companions received, the slime moved as one large blob to engulf the fearful blonde.

It felt like she had been submerged in a warm pool of jelly. The ooze clung to Layla's skin as she tried to reach for her bag, only to find that her limbs were locked in place. Just as quickly as she was dragged in, she was pushed out of the slime. Still half submerged, she now sat in the center of the room. Pleads and begs filled the air in the ballroom, but the slime seemed to only fixate itself on Layla. Only when she felt an odd pressure applied between her legs did she realize that she wasn't placed in the center for the thrill of voyeur, but that it was the largest part of the room uninterrupted by the pillars. She tried to reach for her satchel, but found her hands trapped beneath swathes of viscous goo.

"W-wait...ngh...please let me— *MMM!!*"

The slime fully engulfed her lower half, delicately working her pussy with what felt like several tiny feelers. Layla had no idea the slime could feel this good, nor that it would be so gentle. She felt her mind slip, trading her fear for arousal. Her desires wrestled with her will to help her friends. Was this what the others had felt?

"*Mmm...more...*" Layla moaned.

The tendrils melted together into one larger tentacle. It slipped into her, coating her inner walls with warm gel. Her body begged for more as it welcomed the slime with surprising ease. She knew she needed to get her hands free, but convincing the slime she wasn't a threat was going to be a near impossible task at this rate. Already her mind was wavering.

Unimaginable pleasures swamped her mind as the slime pushed deeper. Layla felt her butt puff up, stretching the seams of her pants within moments. Her flat chest began to feel a similar sensation. The pleasure was an ocean, and she was struggling to stay afloat. The slime crept up her torso and under her shirt as she struggled to free at least one hand.

“What are you – EEP!!”

The ooze collided with her nipples. The little nubs stood out, begging to be played with as chills coursed up and down her body. Layla squealed as the slime began to press its way into her breasts. She could only watch as her body swelled to contain the slippery guest. Cup sizes built up slowly. Too slow. Layla’s mind was already falling to the whims of her desires, and she was nowhere close to breaking her arms free.

“NGH! Bigger! F-fill me up...faster!” She cried.

A furious bubbling filled her body as the slime redoubled its efforts. Her once petit breasts were now the size of prize-winning pumpkins and growing rapidly. Her ass finally split the seams of her pants, revealing the plump mounds to the world. Her mind was blinded by pleasure on all sides. Layla’s resolve was weakening but was given a second wind when she felt her constraints ease. She tried to move her arms again. They were still locked in place by the gelatinous orb behind her, but she could feel more give than before.

Pressure spiked within her chest. The bubbling sensation finally made itself known as heavy cream began to seep through the slime, turning the rich purple into a pale violet. Despite the overbearing flood of dairy, the slime continued to fill her bust. Layla could feel the ooze pulse larger within her as it absorbed every drop of milk she produced. Her breasts soon grew large enough to reach the floor. Bloated masses pressed hard into the tile, spreading the pillowy dominance several feet in every direction. The slime was relentless as it continued to pump Layla to her physical and mental limits. She was entranced. Nothing in the world felt this good. Her core tightened, she yearned for a free hand to satisfy her aching pussy. Crushed between her loveseat-sized thighs it begged for attention.

She thrashed as desires took hold. A hand slipped free from its confines. There was something she needed to do. With her mind drowned in pleasure she had no way to recall what it was. Layla struggled to slip her hand past her overbearing curves. Without looking she knew she had surpassed Jean's size. Eager fingers collided with plump lips, had she not been wreathed in slime she knew it alone could've caused a flood. She fought back against the torrent of ooze filling her lower half. It yielded, but only to redirect its efforts elsewhere. Almost as punishment, the slime target her nipples. Her breasts heaved, bringing the overstimulated blonde to an almost vertical sitting position as she swelled at a terrifying rate.

"MMM!! MY MILK! TOO MUCH!"

Her nipples begged for reprieve as they gushed sweet cream and slime. Instead of relief, she felt their flow begin to wane as massive tentacles wrapped around the swollen pink mountains. Mind melting pleasure rocked her to the core as her fingers worked her swollen clit with perfect precision. She had no idea she had such stamina. She craved nothing but release. Her whole body was on the edge of a glorious climax.

"PLEASE! NEED...MORE! I-IM...I'M GONNA....MMMNNNNGGAAH!!!"

Dark spots clouded her sight. She fought back against blacking out, taking in every bit of pleasure. Her milk production kicked into overdrive, gushing hard enough to push back against the slimy invader. A strange pressure squeezed her breasts as the pillars of the ballroom dug into the expanding flesh. A farm's worth of heavy cream burst free from her restrained nipples, blanketing the room in a layer of white. A wave of clarity washed over her, and with it came thoughts of the cure.

With a fresh mind, her eyes darted around looking for the satchel. It had come free during her growth. Peering into the ravine that was her cleavage, she saw the tip of a leather strap barely in view. Forgetting how sensitive she was, she couldn't help but moan as she pulled the bag free.

Already she began to feel her mind fall back into temptation. It was now or never. She pulled the cure free from the satchel, thankful she put the cork remover in before she ventured into the lair of the beast. Shaky hands gripped the wooden handle and pulled. The cork popped out with an audible thud, and the undesirable scent came with it. She turned to pour it onto the slime when she realized she couldn't see it. Flesh crowded her vision, still swelling quickly as she was filled by an unseen force. Not a trace of slime was visible from her seat atop her monumental curves. She had one chance to save everyone. There wasn't any around her, but there was plenty inside of her.

Layla squinted her eyes and pinched her nose as she flipped the bottle end up and drank the sickening concoction. A chill shot down her spine when she felt the slime freeze in place. A slow gurgle reverberated in her breasts and butt. It grew louder, as if a tempest had formed within her bosom. Whatever pressure she had felt before paled in comparison to what she felt now. Her skin grew tight, areolas bloated outwards as she felt the milk and slime within her bust spray outwards at an alarming rate. Within a few rapid heartbeats Layla felt her breasts fight back against the pillars of the room. She refused to believe she'd grown so large, but the thought of it enthralled her. She soon found her hand back between her legs, desperately trying to relieve the pressure from the slime.

"NGH! OH GODS!!!"

Her mind was ravaged by several orgasms at once. Every muscle tensed. Layla felt as though she were in the center of a waterfall. Milk and slime flooded the room, coating

everything in a layer of pink. It felt like an eternity before she finally returned to a manageable size. Blonde hair clung to her face as she lay face up in the center of the room. She wanted nothing more than to sit in her ebbing waves of ecstasy. As she drifted off, moans and gasps filled the room around her, snapping her out of the trance.

"hah...Jeeeeeeaaaannnn...I'm too biiig..." Sara's voice echoed.

Layla's eyes darted around the room. The swollen redhead was bursting with slime. Rivers of milk flowed from her nipples, quickly turning to geysers as the pressure grew stronger.

"MMMMM!!!"

Her friends seemed to all moan in unison as they slime burst from their overladen curves. The sweet scent of milk and arousal filled the air as their climaxes waned. June and Sapphire were the first to return to normal. Layla tried to rise to her feet, stumbling as she adjusted to her new center of mass.

"hah...that...felt amazing..." June breathed.

"Ngh...y-yeah..." Sapphire stuttered, her hands still squeezing excess slime from her breasts.

"A-are you guys ok?" Layla asked, falling to her knees beside her companions.

While the change was subtle, it was obvious their curves had remained slightly bloated from the ordeal.

"N-never...better..." Sapphire responded, still inspecting her body. *"If I see another slime again it'll be too soon."*

*"Aww don't lie, you were *begging* for more."* June teased.

Sapphire's face flushed but she said nothing. The sound of splashing drew the trio's attention to Jean and Sara as they stumbled over. The redhead looked as though she had discovered enhancement spells for the first time. Her breasts dominated her torso as excess flesh spilled over her arms. Jean followed close behind, her perfect curves making her look like a master seductress.

"You guys ok?" Jean asked.

"We're fine I suppose. You too look like you enjoyed yourselves." June replied.

Sara bounced her breasts slightly, tiny white droplets appearing on her strawberry sized nipples. *"Maybe a little...Do you think these changes are permanent?"*

"I hope so!" June said, receiving a hateful glare from Sapphire.

“C’mon, let’s find something that can cover us up.” Jean said. “Not that it’ll stay on long...”

With the group reunited, they began the slow walk through the manor. June made sure to stop off by the gallery to search for her prized mask, ecstatic to know that it wasn’t cursed like she thought. It felt like the entire first floor was awash with the slime and dairy slurry. When they reached the foyer, Sapphire looked around for her notepad. Half-submerged at the first step, the pages were soaked and unreadable. Though disappointed at the loss of notes, she still managed to come out of the manor with an interesting story.

After getting fresh clothes from the outfits left behind by the old servants, the girls met back up at the entrance.

“If you guys don’t mind, me and Sara are gonna hang back for a bit to...make sure nothing got left behind...” Jean said, lacking any hint of subtlety.

June and Sapphire began treading down the cobble path. Layla eyed the pair as they began to retreat into the mansion. “Mhmm...try not to mess with any more experiments.”