

## **My First Hero Party**

*A Story based on RPG Rules / Words: 4607*

*Contains: Sex Change, Altersex Women, Threesome, Inflation, Shrinking, Size Difference*

Remesh was looking forward to his first party. Since he had cleared the ten trials of being an adventurer he was now clear to take on quests outside the city with other members of the Guild. The fledgling swordsman could not wait to test himself against all the challenges of the world beyond the walls alongside allies who would become friends.

Only, it seemed like that would have to wait. The Guild hall near him that handled external bounty jobs was surrounded by a mob. Signs proclaiming 'Stop Harvesting Wildlife', 'Gellco exploits Slimes', and 'The Guilded are Murderers' rose and fell in the press of people.

He wove through the crowd, keeping his hood up as he moved towards the magical gates whose threshold could only be crossed by those with a guild seal. Feet away from safety, someone pressed a pile of pamphlets into his arms and told him to hand them out. He nodded woodenly and turned to walk perpendicular to the tall marble walls.

He flipped through the pamphlet with an idle curiosity. It outlined how the Guild was harvesting the monsters outside the wall and converting them into Gel. Until now, he had never thought about the magical fluid that the city used in everything from medicine to energy. It just existed and he figured the material was some kind of semi-solid magic created by the Guildmages. Now though, he wondered what the Guild was doing in its depths with those bounties they paid handsomely for.

With the last pamphlet handed out, Remesh once again tried to filter through the crowd to the gates. This time, a heavy hand landed on his shoulder.

"Hey, boy. Is that the Guild crest on your belt?"

"I...I..."

The crowd turned on him, pulling him away from the gates. The chanting murmurs became angrier. The situation was looking very bad all of a sudden. His bag was pulled off him, his sword was taken, a punch to his gut knocked him to his knees. A heavy blow hit him in the back and he dropped to the pavement like a rock. Chants of 'Kill the Guilded' rang out as a heavy boot came down on his sword arm. Another caught him in the ribs over and over. Was this how he was going to die? Beaten by the people of his city?

Just when the junior Guilded felt ribs crack when shouts rang out from the direction of the Guild Hall. He was dimly aware of two women with spears parting the crowd. Face down on the ground, the shadow-clad warriors with glowing eyes towered over him like goddesses. He felt big, powerful arms lift him as he blacked out.

It was dark when his awareness returned. He found himself in bed, in a room he did not recognize. When he tried to sit up, nothing happened. It felt like his body had been lit on fire. The tightness around his chest said bandages were trying to keep his ribs in place and the swordsman could feel neither his right arm nor anything below his waist. He could not even wiggle his toes. His left arm reached up to scratch his face and bumped into a neck brace.

Overhead lights snapped on and a door opened to his left. The heavy footfalls of ironclad boots indicated two people had entered the room. Swarthy feminine faces with worried expressions floated into view on either side.

The first thing he noticed about the woman on the right was the soft blue glow emanating from her irises. She had short, dark hair that hung over one eye, further accentuating the pulsating light as it danced over skin that was a shade darker than the bronze of Guild pennies.

The woman on the left had eyes that shimmered with a subtle green light. Her pastel hair was drawn back into two little bags tied off with cords that danced in the light. Her complexion was lighter and brought to mind warmed caramel.

Tearing his gaze away from their faces, the injured swordsman realized just how tall the two women who had come to his rescue were. It was probably an effect of being stuck on his back, but they loomed over him in their white Guild cloaks in much the same way as they had when he was dying in the street. Even so, he could really only see their faces and shoulders from how his neck was held.

“You’re tough, surviving a beating like that.” The woman with blue eyes had a beautiful, lilting accent, though her inflection dripped aggression from how she snapped her consonants. “It’s too bad you’ll probably never be a real adventurer now.”

“Don’t make him panic, Ta’lyt.” The other woman’s voice was just as melodic, though her tone was smoother overall. “It’ll only aggravate his injuries!”

Ta’lyt looked down at him and frowned. “No offense here kid, but,” her gaze shifted to her companion’s face. “Look at him Za’lin! I don’t think a little stress is going to exacerbate this. Even the best clerics in the city could only get him barely functioning. The damage was too great. He’ll probably walk again, but traversing dungeons is likely never happening.”

The woman on the right walked away, ranting about the protest and the Guild not taking steps to keep adventurers safe. The woman on the left, the one called Za’lin, sat down on the bed with him. The mattress sunk beneath her. Even though he was sure she was sitting on the edge of the bed, the curve of her ass brushed against his arm through her soft cloak. “Don’t mind my partner, she’s easily excitable.”

“What will happen to me? I have nothing besides the Guild.”

“That’s actually why we’re here, newbie. What if I told you I actually could fix you where all the clerics could not?”

“I would ask you what the catch is.”

“It’s quite straight forward,” she said as she smoothed the blanket on his chest. “I can change a person with my abilities. Remake them. You just have to say the word and you will be reborn so you can adventure once more.”

Remesh weighed the unknown against his current situation. “Reborn how?”

Za’lin did not reply. The woman named Ta’lyt walked back to his bedside. “You’ll become a new person. You’ll probably look mostly the same, but this has been known to have...side effects. Unpredictable ones. Still, you’d be able to adventure again.”

“We’re even looking for a third right now,” Za’lin added. “You could come with us!”

“You promise?”

They both nodded.

What did he have to lose? “Sure, make it happen.”

A length of rubber was tied around his upper left arm. Za’lin rummaged in her cloak for a moment and then held up a needle and a vial of deep red, translucent fluid. She shook the bottle and, from how the fluid swirled, it was obviously a Gel-based solution. The Guided woman drew from the vial until the chamber was three-quarters full. The metal point was inserted into his skin and he felt a slowly building pressure as the injection began to seep into his body.

There was a squirming sensation beneath his skin as more and more Gel was injected into his bloodstream. As the viscous fluid pumped through his veins, he began to feel a spreading chill. The cold deepened as it reached his chest, as if he was standing in a blizzard. He began to gasp for breath as something filled his throat. Seemingly drowning, everything began to twist. It felt like he was being crushed while also being pulled apart. Clawing at the bed with his good arm, Remesh fought to stay alive as competing pressures wracked his body.

At all once, it was over. He could feel again. His toes wiggled, his right hand clenched, the pressure on his chest was gone. He raised his hands to his face, but did not recognize the blue-skinned digits that came into view. He definitely remembered having five fingers, not four. His breath quickened as he sat up and saw how short his legs had become under the blanket. He was probably no taller than four-seven, four-eight at best.

Pressing hands to his face, he found smooth skin instead of the stubble of a day's beard. His jawline was narrower, his cheeks fuller. Moving back, he found the shape of his ears had changed, becoming short triangles that angled out from his head slightly. He licked his lips and found them fuller and more sensitive than he recalled. Snapping his mouth closed in surprise, he bit a tongue that felt bigger than he remembered.

Za'lin waved a caramel-skinned hand in his face. "You in there, newbie?"

"I'm so different." Even his voice was smaller, but huskier.

"I would seem my partner's concoction has turned you into a half breed of some sort," Ta'lyt said matter-of-factly. "However, as promised, you are whole again, yes?"

"I guess so and honestly, I feel great. Just surprised is all." He went to crack his knuckles and instead his fingers bent backwards, his pale skin turning translucent. He held his hands out in front of him and watched as their stretched shape returned to normal. He pulled one finger and it stretched out, becoming bright blue as it did so.

"That's...uh..."

"Why don't you get out of bed, newbie?"

He threw back the blanket to swing his legs out of bed and froze. He was naked. He was naked and he had tits. Relatively large, perky tits with dark blue nipples and areolae to be precise. He cupped them and gasped at the feel of flesh giving under his fingers. Like with his

fingers, the skin of his tits stretched and turned translucent when more force was applied. Just what had happened to him?

Shifting in bed, he felt his world tilt as he realized tits were not the only changes to his presentation. Between his legs was now a plush vulva, its midnight blue labia peeking out from the pale, moon blue skin of the surrounding mons.

There was a buzzing as everything began to spin. He heard Za'lin and Ta'lyt calling, but their words were garbled. Everything became a blur. The buzzing was painfully loud now, he couldn't catch his breath. Hands grabbed his shoulders, lips pressed against his own. Glittering green eyes held his gaze and, slowly, the world stopped spinning.

Za'lin sat back, her strong hands moving down to his arms. Her cloaked frame seemed even larger than before. "Sorry, newbie. It just seemed like you needed something to grab hold of."

He pulled away and jumped out of bed. "Well, yeah. I'm so different! How am I ever going to adventure like this?" He put his hands on his chest as he turned to face the pair of women.

"I'm gonna come up to most monster's knees..." His growing rant ended abruptly as he realized that was the situation he was in at that very moment. Faced with the full stature of his rescuers, or perhaps captors, his face was probably even with their navels, which put them at well over seven feet tall.

"For now, yes," Za'lin said as she squatted down to his level. "But this is just the beginning. We promised you'd join our party and we can't have you unable to defend yourself."

"We can pump you full of Experience," Ta'lyt added from above with a sweeping gesture along her body he did not understand. "If you want, that is."

"What? Do you both think this is some kind of game?"

Ta'lyt frowned. "Not at all, but how do you think we got this big?"

She undid her cape and letting it fall from her shoulders, revealing a body that was beyond Remesh's wildest imaginations. She wore a vest of hardened leather armor over dark, skin-tight cloth that ended mid-calf and arm. The stretchy fabric hugged hourglass curves which would have looked correct on a serving wench, but carried far more menace than any barmaid could have hoped for. For as curvy as she was, at the same time she was thickly muscled with shoulders, arms, and legs that put most of the city guardsmen to shame. Za'lin removed her cloak as well, revealing she was equally well developed. They really were goddesses.

"All of this," Ta'lyt began as she caressed a flexed bicep. "All of it is thanks to Za'lin's alchemy. We were once scrawny, but look at us now." She flexed her arms in front of her, making the muscles under her coppery skin dance.

"I figured out a way to distill the experience gained from fighting monsters." Za'lin explained, holding up the mostly empty vial from before. "This remarkable fluid can make anyone a legendary adventurer. The best thing? We're the only people who can make it."

"If it's so powerful, how come it made me like this then?"

"I'm not sure really," Za'lin rested her chin in her palm. "Perhaps I used too much. Perhaps it was too concentrated. It might just be because you're just starting out and it didn't really have anything to build on. Whatever the reason, you're like a half-human, half-slime hybrid."

"Okay, then, what do I need to do to fix this? Can you give me more Experience? Will that make me grow back to a reasonable size?"

"It should, but this isn't going to be as easy as you think." Za'lin bent down and put her hand on his shoulder. "We'll have to train your body with ours."

"Like sparing? I thought I just needed to take more of the Gel?"

Ta'tyl laughed. "Oh, you're going to be taking a lot of Gel all right. She means we're going to have our way with you until your body is so saturated with Experience that it has no choice but to develop."

"What?" He just could not grasp what they were saying.

"Here, let me make it perfectly clear." Ta'tyl unsnapped her armor and set the long vest on the bed. In just the tight fitting garments, her curvy build was even more apparent, as was a bulge against her stomach. She pulled the collar of her top over her head and threw the shirt to the side. A huge, uncut dick a few shades shy of complete darkness swung down to hang between her legs. Her tits, released from constraint, seemed to swell even larger as they jiggled on her chest. Glowing blue runes covered her dusky skin. The light from her eyes flared brighter as she watched him drink in her half-naked body.

Remesh could not grapple with what he was seeing and feeling, his thoughts scattering before the impossible display of anatomy. The junior Guided had never even thought about a penis or breasts of this size and yet, faced with them, it was hard to do anything but feel awe. He reached out, fingers brushing skin that was both soft and warm.

Ta'lyt bit her lip to suppress an appreciative grunt. "If you like that, what do you think of this?" She slowly rolled her tights down, revealing a massive pair of balls. The vein-laced skin was tight as it strained to contain two masses that had to each be bigger than apples. Her sack pumped every few seconds as a soft red light flared to life within.

"Yeah, do you like what you see there, newbie?" Za'lin's voice pulled focus to her face.

Remesh nodded. "How are they so big?"

"I've made it so Ta'lyt produces Experience in those balls of hers. Up to a liter of it per day. When she's full like that, it leaks out into her body, causing her to consistently grow."

"Are you the same?"



“Yup. After all, I perfected the change on myself before I used it on anyone else. Though I think I’m packing more than she is. A trade off for that awesome rack I guess.” She laughed at that, but Remesh started to feel a little nervous.

“By the way, newbie. What’s your name?”

“Oh, um, Remesh Kumagan. Though I suppose that’s not a great name for this body.”

“Nah, it’s fine, but we’ll call you Remi ‘because it’s cuter. That okay, Remi?”

Remi nodded. The nickname was pretty cute, and hearing Za'lin say it made her heartbeat skip. Her? When had he started to think of himself as her. Wrapped up in pondering that change, Remi missed that Za'lin had stripped her own clothes off until she was hit with the other woman's shirt.

The glow of her naked skin pulled at Remi, urging her to just sink into the larger woman's embrace. Like Ta'lyt, runes that matched her eye color shimmered over the contours of her body, but that was about their only similarities.

Za'lin had boobs that could be called demure. On the other hand, her hips were much wider than her shoulders, which was a thickness that continued to her thighs and very muscular calves. Her own cock was only a couple shades darker than her complexion and it's cloaked tip fell around her knees, even draped over balls twice as big as her companion's. The red glow was even more obvious as the equally strained sack pulsed with a regular rhythm.

“How do you keep those things hidden?” Remi did not realize she said the thought out loud, but both well-hung women laughed.

“I can manage to keep mine under control against my torso.” Ta'lyt said between giggles. “Za'lin, however, stuffs it all inside her.”

“Inside? You're still a woman behind all that?”

Za'lin laughed warmly. "We both are. If you can effectively be a sex goddess, why not be prepared for anything?"

That seemed like sound logic. "And you can handle all that inside you?"

"Yup, and in theory you should be able to as well, considering how much the Experience has changed you already."

Remi's mind boggled. Before tonight she had hardly thought about sex and now, now it seemed like she was about to get an extreme crash course. The hesitation she felt at the beginning of the conversation was starting to fade as she realized just how much she could grow with these two, both physically and otherwise. She could be powerful, respected, a legend. That they both seemed to care about her wellbeing helped greatly to build a feeling of trust.

"So, how are we doing this?" Remi asked looking at the floor. "I don't know if I want to jump right into both of you stuffing those in me, but I would like to get there."

Ta'lyt hefted her cock next to Remi's face. "Well, we can start with licking here and see how things go."

The newly transformed woman licked the offered limb tentatively, slowly moving towards the tip. The heat coming through the skin got more intense as she moved towards the tip. As Ta'lyt's cock began to throb and thicken, Remi found herself occasionally moaning as she made longer and longer strokes with her tongue. Reaching the tip, Remi found that Ta'lyt's foreskin was already pulling back as her dick continued to swell. The dark skin was giving way to a deep red head that Remi could barely cup in two hands. Ta'lyt was already leaking, her pre-cum a color not unlike the fluid in the vial.

"Don't force yourself, Remi." Her tone was comforting, like she was actively trying to sound less threatening. "Take your time."

But Remi wanted Experience now, as much as she could absorb. She peeled back the foreskin further and pressed her lips to the spongy flesh to lap at the steady flow. She moved slowly at first, each pass taking several seconds, but as the flow increased, so did her tempo.

When it did not seem like Ta'lyt was growing any larger, her attention turned to the ridge underneath as she tried to fit more of the cock in her mouth. The raised edge of the glans proved challenging, but Remi kept pushing, her mouth inexorably growing to accommodate. Slipping her lips over the cleft caused a soft pop as a mass the size of her fist entered her mouth.

She looked up at Ta'lyt, who was kneading her bounteous boobs and otherwise lost in the moment. Spurred both a desire to grow and to also please her party mate, Remi gripped either side of the shaft. Her hands did not touch, meaning Ta'lyt had to be bigger around than her arm.

Alternating with tight squeezed strokes, Remi began to slide her mouth back and forth against her partner's cock. The Experience laden pre-cum was a steady stream now, pooling in her cheeks until she swallowed. Each gulp of the fluid made Remi feel stronger, more confident.

Her motions sped up as the notion of cock filling her mouth became progressively less unusual. While speeding up, she took on more and more of the phallus. The feeling of foreskin, jammed tight between the roof of her mouth and tongue, sliding against the dick's rigid interior was fascinating and it encouraged her to take even longer strokes.

Meanwhile, she felt Ta'lyt's fingers become entwined in her hair. At first, the connection was gentle, but as both women began to pant, and the fellatio intensified, the grip tightened. Once she had swallowed nearly two-thirds of her partner's cock, Remi found herself held in place as Ta'lyt bucked against her. With each more insistent thrust, another inch of cock sunk down her throat until her lips were meeting balls on a regular basis. It had only been thirty

minutes, but she was already swallowing a cock more than a foot long and easily six inches around as if it were nothing.

“That’s amazing.” Za’lin said as she walked around. “I didn’t think the effects would be that pronounced.”

Both Remi and Ta’lyt just moaned in response as their coupling continued to intensify, each of them working together to slide the larger woman’s entire length back and forth. It seemed like this would go on forever until Ta’lyt finally crushed Remi against her in a body tensing orgasm. In burst after burst, Experience poured into Remi. So much so that her stomach began to develop a small mound, her blue skin almost translucent.

Finally, the pair separated, both dropping to the knees. Ta’lyt was still moaning, her cock twitching with aftershocks. Remi was trying to catch her breath after spending the last minute with her throat stuffed.

Za’lin, her own cock standing at an impossible looking full mast, sat down next to them. “Well, ready for round two?”

Remi didn’t even hesitate. Getting to her feet, she swung a leg over Za’lin’s pole so that she was facing the caramel-skinned goddess and slowly lowered herself down. The first contact between pussy and dick was much sooner than she expected, but she pressed on. Amazingly, Za’lin’s cock was completely wrapped up, even as hard as she was. This gave Remi a feeling of hope that she could make things work.

She felt the foreskin sliding between her swollen labia, the soft skin slipping against her sex instead of the cock it contained. Unlike with Ta’lyt, where the pre-cum continuously flowed, Za’lin’s skin was trapping it, causing the already thick head to swell larger. This turned out to be a blessing as, bit by bit, in agonizing slowness, the shortstack took on a dick that was the length

of her torso. Even if she was endlessly elastic, she wasn't sure where all the cock would go. Still, the edge of the head was against her lips now aided by the shifting bulk of Za'lin's fluids.

Desperate to feel the same connection with Za'lin as with Ta'lyt, Remi withdrew slightly before pressing down swiftly. This time, her partner's cock slid home. She was forced to sit back as her body seemed to meld around the fuck stick she had impaled herself on.

Like with Ta'lyt, she inexorably grew accustomed to the intrusion. She pushed further and further towards Za'lin's balls. The mound in her stomach grew larger as cock with nowhere to go began to stretch her out. She was not even half way before her cervix puckered around Za'lin's broad head. The intrusion caused her body to squeeze tight in mind-numbing orgasm. This pushed her partner's already stressed balls to cum, pouring out a volume of Experience which turned the small mound to a hill as her womb flooded with gel-cum.

Ta'lyt, back on her feet, approached Remi from behind. Her intent was evident, but the big woman hesitated.

"Do it!" cried Remi through gritted teeth as she began to slide down Za'lin's massive member once more. She was almost flush with Za'lin now, their pelvises only inches apart. It allowed her to be prone on the other woman's body, her ass up in the air. "Stuff both my holes, pump me full of Experience!"

Knowing just how big Ta'lyt was almost made the process of entry more exciting. Remi anticipated just how stretched she would become. What she did not count on was just how good two cocks rubbing against each other through the walls of her pussy and ass would feel. As Ta'lyt's swollen head passed into her anus, the twin sensations had her gasping. Somehow she was accommodating yards of thick dick, but her mind could not grapple with the enormity inside her.

Sinking in to their respective hilts, both of the extraordinarily hung women began to alternate thrusts, somehow shoving ever more of themselves deeper into Remi's welcoming body. It was not long before the constant, ever present pressure had Remi in a state of constant rolling orgasm.

Ta'lyt was the first to thrust and hold, as her balls squeezed out yet more Experience. Remi's stomach distended further with each burst of gel-cum, swelling her to pregnancy sized levels in short order. The jiggling of her fat, fluid-filled stomach against her insides pushed Za'lin over the edge shortly after. Her impossible balls dumped further gallons into the elastic woman's seemingly endless womb, until Remi was mostly a tight, swollen belly. She glowed red through her skin as the Gel began to act, but she still was not satisfied.

"Hey, you both up for one more?"

The two women nodded, still hard even after the last hour of frantic humping.

Remi patted each of her breasts. "Try sticking those amazing fuck sticks in here. I don't think it'll work, but might as well see if it does."

The two women lined up their cocks, slick with gel-cum, against Remi's nipples. Pressing into the midnight blue flesh, they were met with the briefest resistance before they did indeed slide into her tits. To her credit, Remi remained conscious for approximately three minutes before the liberal application of pleasure to a major nerve center sent her into an orgasmic coma.

When the blue-skinned woman woke sometime later, she could not see anything past the two hills of gently glowing breast flesh sitting on her chest. In almost a case of *deja vu*, she could not sit up. Only this time, it was the weight of her party mates on her arms that kept her on her back and not the inability to move. Judging from where her feet brushed their sleeping forms, she was a little taller, at least north of five feet, but still considerably smaller than her

companions. All things considered, it was not a bad first party and it certainly looked like the three of them were going to be friends for a very long time. (4607)

## **Guess I'm A Slime Now**

### *A Present Fantasy Story*

*Contains: Slime Woman, A Woman getting buff, breast expansion, inflation, and twinning*

It had been two weeks, but Teji still had not fully grappled with the idea of becoming a sentient mass of mana. Keeping her normal appearance had become more and more of an effort as the slime's toxin spread through her system. Of course, like lycanthropy or vampirism, there was no cure unless she managed to secure some kind of divine favor.

Which is why she had taken matters into her own hands. If she could gain more mass, she could keep her body stable. She felt that protein was probably the easiest way to do that and milk was likely the simplest method. The bottle was cold in her hands as she stood in front of the convenience store fridge.

Not sure what else to do, she threw her head back to drink it down. The fluid slid down her throat with ease. Her tan skin flickered purple as the slime nature of her body began to react. Her grip on the plastic grew tighter, her gulps grew more forceful. Her shoulders bulked up first. They felt ridiculous on her tiny frame, but she had a feeling she would not be tiny for long. With the first bottle already empty, she could tell the protein packed liquid was doing its job. She went for a second without hesitation.

She gulped eagerly, milk running down her cheek as she guzzled. Her muscles seemed to explode with power, as biceps inflated like they were being pumped full. Her skin went translucent as what remained of her humanity was strained even further. She



watched her forearms balloon outwards, their gelatinous nature showcasing the of amount milk swirling through her system.

It seemed like this was having the opposite effect!

Perhaps one bottle at a time was not enough? Cracking open two more she shoved them into her mouth, stretching it out. Chugging like her life depended on it, she felt the power growing in the rest of her body. Her core muscles had grown more defined through the first two bottles, but now they pulsed with each gulp.

All of a sudden her lower half lost control and she dropped into a puddle of herself. Desperate to regain her shape, tendrils of purple mana coiled around other bottles. She crushed them in her grasp, letting her monstrous body absorb the protein directly. Slowly, bit by bit, her body rose out of the mass. It was like she was wearing a mermaid dress as she staggered to her feet once more. Her new weight made the floor crack, each step sounded like the roll of thunder.

Curious, she focused on that mass and thought about it being somewhere else. Almost at once her muscles faded away as all of that bulk moved to her chest and a pair of astonishingly large boobs blossomed. The strain was so great that they melted back into her, the mass returning to her muscles.

She toyed with the idea of drinking more. She wondered what that would even do to her. There was really only one way to find out and if she ended up huge? Well, that would not be the worst thing to happen this month. (531)

After what had happened in the store, Teji had made a detour on the way home to pick up two cases of the protein enriched milk. She had managed to keep her body fairly normal looking, but picking things up was another story. Trying to carry the heavy cases out of Pam's Club had merely resulted in her arms stretching out. Which is when she had the idea of enveloping her purchases.

As a result she had shifted most of her bulk to her lower half to support the bottles and in doing so, had turned her legs into a semi-solid bell-like shape. It was so big it looked like a victorian bustle. The two bundles of shrink-wrapped bottles floated within that huge curve, slowly spinning as she sloshed from the bus stop to her apartment.

While she waited for the elevator and the cases of milk dropped through her to the floor as her humanity returned. The less gelatinous version of her was just as buff at the slime one, but had absolutely no problem picking up her bounty. If only she could do this at will. Hopefully physical therapy would help with that.

No sooner had she gotten into her apartment though that her legs gave way to her skirt-like lower half again. She focused everything she had on keeping her arms and shoulders solid and made it to the fridge before she could no longer hold up the bunches of bottles.

"Ugh! How am I supposed to live like this?" It seemed like more mass was not the answer. If only there was a way to reduce the amount of her body that was slime. Then it occurred to her there might be a way to do it. It was crazy, but so was the reality of becoming a monster girl.

She pulled out a few of the milk bottles. Downing them in short order, she felt her body swelling with power once more. As every last bit of tan faded into purple like paper on water, she thought about being two people.

It started as a pulling ache in the middle of her back that spread with each passing second. Her hips began to push into the cabinets on either side of her galley kitchen as they widened. The feeling of a crease forming on her tummy made her reach down to feel the scar-like hardness. Even as she felt it with both hands, the left hand felt distant, like it was asleep.

The pop she felt as her new right shoulder broke free of her existing left was followed quickly by the twin sensation of new arms growing and her pair of necks lengthening. She shuddered at the intensity. She had not expected this to feel somewhat pleasurable.

Her vision blurred as her gaze began to widen. The sudden ignition of another mind made her gasp. She and her clone were still attached at the hip, so their perceptions were shared, which only further heightened the increasingly sensual sensations.

The copy of her turned and smiled, her face mirroring one that Teji had seen in photo after photo. Unlike Teji however, her translucent hair was long. Each tendril moved and swayed like they were alive. She was also completely red aside from the swirls of purple where they were still attached.

As she looked down, Teji realized that her tummy was a brilliant blue now as were her hands and arms. The clone pushed down on their conjoined hips, forcing the

separation to advance. Both of them were panting, their bodies starting bubble under the surface as shots of red and blue crawled over her bell-like bottom half. Suddenly they came apart and Teji passed out as she experienced an intense orgasm.

Waking moments later, she found herself on the floor of the kitchen cuddled up to her clone. Both appeared human. Even though the other her should have been a copy, her skin was so tan she was almost brown and her long hair was a pastel green. Not sure what else to do, they lay there for a while more and during that time neither of them became slimes. It seemed like this crazy idea had worked.

Then the other her woke up. White irises started out of black pools as her eyes opened and then they were hugging. "Big sister!"

"Sister? Aren't you a copy of me?"

"Sort of, it's hard to explain."

"How do you know something I don't?"

"I've always been a slime, so of course there are things I know that you don't."

"That really doesn't make any sense."

"Here, this will be easier than explaining it." She pushed her finger into Teji's palm and for a moment the sensation of having two minds washed over her again as red and blue merged. All of a sudden, she knew everything about her condition, especially staying human indefinitely.

"So, I'm going to live with you now, Big Sis. I'll make sure you don't turn into a puddle!"

While it was not how she expected things to go, it was at least the outcome she had wanted. “Okay, then what should I call you?”

“Setta works for me!” (867)

## **My Goopy Girlfriend**

### *A Present Fantasy Story*

“Dinah, you tower of a cow! Wake! Up!”

“Whazzat?” The minotaur jerked awake as the sofa she had passed out on began to shake. Squinting through bleary eyes she realized her half-human roommate was standing at the other end of the couch. “Gina? Izzat you? Why’s you yelling?”

“Oh no,” the young electromancer replied. “I’m the one asking questions here.”

Dinah blinked a couple times until her roommate’s face came into focus. Gina was very pretty, even when angry. Her black eyes were shot with green, likely from her energy escaping through the gaps in her control caused by her anger. Her barely pointed ears seemed to quiver. Her hair was a pink so bright it glowed as her energy flowed into it.

“Okay,” she said, throwing aside the blanket which had been draped over her. Her startled brain did not quite process that she was only wearing a pair of terry cloth shorts. “I’m listening.”

“Is this some sick joke? Why in the Nine Hells is there bright orange goop dripping from the ceiling and sticking to the walls of the living room? Well?”

“‘Cause Marra came over and things got a little crazy,” she said, as if that explained everything. Dinah forgot that Gina and Marra had not met yet. It was likely the perpetually energized mage probably did not even remember hearing the conversation about having her girlfriend over. “Look, I’m sorry. I’ll clean it up in a bit, but can you keep it down for now? I have a headache...”

“Oh, I think you have more than a headache to worry about.” Gina still sounded pissed, but she did lower her volume.

“I..don’t follow?”

“Besides the mess, you seem bigger than usual,” she said circling the gentle curve of her own bust. “Much bigger...and when’d you get piercings? They’re huge.”

Dinah’s gaze drifted down to her fur covered chest. Her boobs were still noticeably enlarged from Marra seeping bits of herself into them to help with the gauging process. Thinking about it, she sort of looked like her constantly lactating mother from how the firm they were. Her measurements had probably doubled, but her dark pink nipples in particular were much larger than they had been. Both them and her areolae rose above her fur after being stretched to accommodate her new, thicker rings.

With a moo-like gasp, she wrapped her arms around her chest. The heavy steel loops were warm against her, even through her fur. Much to her surprise, her bust squished in a way that was far more natural feeling than she expected. Dinah was unsure how to feel or even what to say about the situation. “I...um...”

“We did them more than two months ago,” came Marra’s voice. Her head snaked into view from the kitchen. Her dark brown skin seemed to shimmer. Her expression was one of amusement. “Didn’t she tell you?”

Marra’s face very angular. Her pointed chin was matched with a wide jaw line which rose abruptly into long pointed ears that were pierced several times. Her golden eyes were tilted ever so slightly under her expressive eyebrows, a look her eye shadow accentuated. Contrasting to all of this was her button nose. Down her neck, brown

faded to a translucent orange from being stretched out. A lock of her short blue hair fell in her face and she puffed it at, before letting it melt and roll down her face to hit the polished wood floor with a splat.

Gina screamed and backed away.

Lightning crackled to life around her. Her irises went green and the light began to bleed into the whites of her eyes, she looked very panicked. “What the fucking hell is that...that thing doing in our apartment?”

“For your information, that thing is Marra, my girlfriend,” Dinah said as she got up to stand between her roommate and her partner, hoping her great stature would prevent an altercation. “I know I’ve mentioned her before...”

“Sure, but, by the Goddess, you conveniently forgot to tell me you were dating a damned slime!” Her eyes were solid green now, their glow flickering like embers as her frazzled mental state let the magic pour out of her. Green energy arched along her hair making it stand up and wave like wheat in a field.

Still, she barely came up to Dinah’s chest and she backed away. After many sparring sessions they had both learned that, at this distance, Dinah could send her flying before she even finished her spell.

“I was...trying to figure out when to tell you,” Dinah said as she picked up the blanket and tied it around her chest in a hurry. She spun it around so her front was covered. Even so, her nipples and their rings were very obvious. Maybe going up another size had been a mistake. “But there was never really a good time to bring it up...”



“Is there a problem?” Marra asked as more of her body came into view. For Dinah, seeing her girlfriend’s broad shoulders and huge boobs congeal into shiny brown skin under a woefully undersized bikini top was every bit as wonderful as the first time she had seen it. Even in this tense situation, she could not help but bite her lip.

The top’s black triangles were just enough to keep Marra’s plush areolae covered, but even then there were hints on every side of skin so dark it was almost black. As more and more mass pushed against her created clothing, swelling her boobs each to a size that rivaled her head, very solid straps rose out of her skin and snapped tight.

Now it was Gina’s turn to be at a loss for words. Face and ears red, she stammered as she continued to back away towards her room...and her spellbook. Things had the potential to go to shit very quickly.

“Gina had a rather traumatic experience in one of her first dungeon crawls,” Dinah began as she watched the little puddle of orange from earlier began to jiggle. A miniature version of Marra took shape and she was surprised how similar the tiny copy was to the real thing. Like her girlfriend, the little slime was generally shaped like an eight, its rump and breasts each protruding a considerable distance from its torso. It squirmed away, back towards the kitchen and the majority of Marra’s body.

“I’m not sure how that involves me...” Marra said with an edge in her voice.

“It’s a tangential thing. She was enveloped by a feral slime and nearly drowned before she could be rescued. It’s uh...kind of why she worked to become an electricity user, so that she could never be swallowed again.

“Oh, I see...um... One sec, let me pull these last pancakes off the griddle.”

She vanished back around the corner. A moment later, a Marra who was less obviously a slime joined them. She was carrying three plates of pancakes on one arm as well as a bottle of syrup and a tray of butter on the other side.

Aside from her hips being much wider than her shoulders and her thighs each being about as thick as Gina's waist and the fact that her skin was mottled mix of brown and orange, she looked much the same as any short, chubby human. Her bountiful bust balanced on a wide, fat tummy which flowed over a small pair of shorts worn on top of leggings pulled so tight they were sheer.

"Okay," she said, setting the plates on the coffee table. "Let's see if this works without Thek's help."

She chanted something quickly and runes flared to life on her thighs, tummy and arms. Having seen them before, Dinah knew their purpose was to create a layer of magic to which kept the slime woman's form compressed so that she did not revert to gel when she stopped paying attention. In short order, her skin was purely a dark brown and the runes had faded into glimmering tattoos that coiled around her limbs.

Knowing it would be better to let Gina and Marra work things out, Dinah scooped up a plate and smothered the five pancakes in butter and syrup. They were so very soft and fluffy, with a kiss of vanilla in the batter.

"Wait, what's going on?" Gina asked, looking at Marra with an expression that wavered between curiosity, panic, and revulsion. "Why do you look so human now?"

"Because I was not always a slime," Marra said, picking up another one of the plates and pouring a little syrup over the stack. She took a bite and chewed before

continuing. "Like you, I had a bad encounter...only I wasn't rescued. I was consumed by the slime which enveloped me."

"That's awful..." Gina seemed to relax, the crackle of her energy becoming a soft chirp. She reached for the last plate but hesitated to dig in. "How did you manage to survive that?"

"I was lucky, if you can call it that. Somehow my mind lingered and grew stronger until I was in control of the slime. It took a long time, but I was eventually able to reform my upper body and that allowed me to communicate with a party who brought me back to town."

"Which is when you met Dinah?"

"No," Dinah said. "She and I met as members of a party about six months ago. She's been a slime much longer than that."

"Yeah...I spent nearly two years doing jobs only a slime could do, primarily garbage collection. As you can imagine, the longer I did the latter the more my body grew," Marra took another bite and chewed. As she did so he globs of slime around the room slowly faded from opaque to translucent.

"With each month that passed, my mass swelled. Eventually I met someone who managed to transform me into the body you see now. So long as I focused, I could stay mostly human and I returned to adventuring to look for a way to turn back permanently."

"The runes are a recent development," Dinah added. "Sort of a compromise."

Gina finally looked like she was comfortable with the situation when the slime on the ceiling began to fall down, the globs hitting the floor one after another. With each

wet squelch, the electromancer blanched. The bits which were stuck on the walls slid down to join the other puddles. Oddly, there was no residue from the material being affixed to the off-white walls. Once what looked like a gallon or more of the gelatinous material was jiggling on the floor, the electromancer started to look panicked again.

“I’m simply cleaning up, Gina,” Marra said in a soothing voice. “I promise that’s all I’m doing.”

“Cleaning?”

“Yes, cleaning. I’ll admit it was rude of me not to, so I apologize for that. I should have done it when I got up, but I just wanted to get breakfast made. Had I known you were slime averse, I would have made it a priority.” She shot Dinah a look that dripped of admonishment, her golden eyes narrow under her drawn brow.

“It seems like I dropped the ball all around, didn’t I?” Dinah said with a sigh. She turned to her roommate. “I’ll be honest, I didn’t expect her being over last night to turn into a thing...I probably would have told you to wait until later to come home had I known.”

“It’s okay...I can deal,” Gina said finally. “Now that I know, I can deal. I will be okay so long as Marra is human looking until I get a handle on my phobia.”

“I can do...that...” As Marra spoke, each wiggling puddle formed into a copy of her and began to glide over the floor towards her. They were all different sizes, but every one was the same extreme hourglass as she was. She stood up and coughed. “Excuse me for a moment.”

Gina shuddered and looked like she was going to be sick, Dinah helped her to the bathroom.

As her roommate sat on the lid of the toilet and mumbled, she glanced at herself in the mirror and took a moment to consider her new look. The thick metal pushed against the blanket, forming two wide, raised rings. Moving her makeshift cape aside, she circled her nipples. Her fingertips barely went past each other.

At the same time, there was enough length to them now that even after the ring and her fingers there was at least another inch of nip beyond that. Never mind how plump her areolae were as they pressed against her rings. Just how much had Marra stretched her out? As she lingered, a thought crossed her mind. Maybe if she was just slightly more busty the rings and her enlarged nipples would not look so out of place?

When the tauren got back to the living room, Marra's eyes were closed and she looked like she was meditating. Her lower half was a mound of bright orange. She was absorbing the scattered parts of herself, each vaguely human shaped glob causing her to swell just a little more. The tauren could not help but notice that she felt no movement from the slime inside her bust.

"Marra dear," she put her hand to her chest. "Do you want this amount back too?"

"I do, but...well, I did warn you."

"I guess you did." So her new size was permanent. The confirmation of that made her oddly giddy. She looked around at the last few stragglers and wondered how much bigger they could make her.

For her part, Marra had already grown tremendously. How much was hard to estimate while she was half-slime, but she had probably gained another foot or more in height and her hips would likely be three times as wide as her shoulders.

“Actually, I was wondering if maybe I could get a little more?”

“Oh?” Marra purred. “A little more you say?”

“Yeah I...I think if I was a bit bigger things would look proportionate again.” She Ginally grabbed her nipples. “As it is, these are so much bigger than they should be.”

“You were the one who wanted to go up another gauge, remember?” Marra opened her eyes and her lower half began to reshape. Big, powerful feet transitioned into calves that were both plump and bulging with muscle. Her thighs were massive now, each half as wide as her hips which were impossibly broad. From the top of their dramatic slope to their curved peak, each side was as wide as her shoulders.

An equally plush tummy was visible under tits that hung to her navel. The triangle bikini, shorts, and leggings had been replaced by a very strained sling bikini and a sarong. The wide straps only half hid her areolae as nipples even bigger than Dinah’s poked through the fabric. Her short hair had grown into long, flowing locks that hung around her rotund body like a faintly glowing cape.

“I just didn’t think the jump would be so extreme. The last few had only been tiny differences.”

“Well I think they look great,” Marra said as she closed the distance between them.

Despite all the growth, she was still looked up to Dinah. Cupped Dinah's boob under the blanket, she hefted it, her fingertips dragging over the soft fur. "These are what now? Like the size of a grapefruit?"

Dinah moaned at the touch. "Something like that, yeah."

"Do you know how big you want to be?"

"Not...really? When they look balanced again I suppose?"

Marra made a cute noise and her whole body shuddered. "I'd be happy to do something about that later. For now, help me with the dishes?"

"Maybe change first? As much as I love every inch of you being on display..."

"I suppose you're right...as for later then." Tendrils peeled off either side of the sling and met in the middle over her vast cleavage. Bit by bit the material of the created clothing spread. Like a shirt bursting in reverse, domes of boob were slowly sunk into fabric. After a moment which left Dinah moaning, Marra was wearing a sleeveless top that shimmered like it was made from silk and fit like it had been painted on over the bikini top from earlier. Marra had even made the shirt strain over the taut straps. "How's this look?"

She was still wearing just the sarong, but Dinah figured that even creating pants big enough for her lower half was probably impossible. As if reading her mind, Marra swept the draping garment to the side to reveal that she was indeed in a pair of underwear. Granted, even in the pair of very strained shorts her very fat pussy was plainly evident. Small victories.

"Yeah, looks great!"

They turned their attention to the dishes and by time they had finished, Gina had recovered. She was sitting at the table chatting with them as they dried things.

“I’m sure this is rude, but I have to know. How do you fit through doors like that? Your ass has to be three times the width of our front door.”

“I just relocate the mass. It’s easiest to leave in all in my lower half, but I can do things like this for example.” Marra closed her eyes and after a couple seconds got noticeably less wide as she sprouted upwards at the same time. Once she would fit through the door, she was standing even with Dinah around eight feet tall.

“Having someone the same height as me is weird, but kind of nice.”

Gina just nodded. “Um...I’m sure. I wish there was a way for me to be around a slime like you more often.”

“I could move in...” she said cheerily as her body shifted back to her impossible width.

Dinah cleared her throat. “I don’t think I’m ready for that just yet...”

“What? Think that I’d keep you up all night?”

“That’s not something I wanted to hear,” Gina said, though she laughed. Her phone buzzed and she swore. “I’ve got a raid, so you two be good and don’t a leave mess this time.”

“We’ll try.”

By time Gina was out the door, Marra had made herself comfortable in Dinah’s room. She found her lying on her back, legs spread open. Her body was slime-like, her flesh orange and tacky, but she was still the same plush shape.



“Well, you wanted to get bigger so...”

Dinah crawled onto the bed, the mattress protesting the sheer mass it was now holding up. She pushed her snout against Marra’s center, ran her long tongue along the whole puffy length. “Mmm, citrusy.”

“Oh stop!” Marra said playfully with a slap on the shoulder.

Pushing on, Dinah put her tongue to good use probing Marra’s depths as she sucked on her clit at the same time.

“Mmm, I love your tongue...” Marra grabbed her horns, holding her close as she began to rock her hips.

Dinah pressed her fingers into Marra’s impossible ass. The pressure broke through the barrier, letting her digits sink into that veritable ocean of gelatinous fluid. “Yes! AH!”

Working her fingers and tongue together she stroked Marra’s essence until her girlfriend was moaning and panting.

As Marra arched up into her, Dinah could feel slime filling her mouth. It rolled down her throat and then faded away. At the same time, her tits throbbed. With each gulp of her girlfriend’s rather unique release they swelled, growing until they pressed against the bed and Marra’s ass. All the while she kept eating Marra out, never letting go of her suction while the grip on her horns remained firm.

Finally Marra released and dropped to the bed. Dinah laid down around her, pulling her close and kissing her neck. “You know the best thing about sleeping with you?”

“Besides the awesome sex?” Marra said back as her fingers ran through Dinah’s fur.

“My arm never falls asleep since you meld around it.”

Marra giggled. “Oh you silly cow. Only you would think of that.”

“Really? It seemed apparent after that first time we took a nap together.”

“Oh.” Marra snuggled closer. “I love you.”

“And I you, gumdrop.” (3397)