

(WARNING! THIS STORY IS 18+ NSFW CONTAINS BREAST EXPANSION, HEIGHT GROWTH, MUSCLE GROWTH, GORE, ABSORPTION, AND MORE! IF THIS AIN'T YOUR CUP OF TEA THEN DON'T READ. IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A NEW KINK, DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YA TRY IT. ALL CHARACTERS IN MY STORIES ARE 18 OR OLDER. GRAY IS AN OC AND BELONGS TO ONE OF MY LOVELY GIRLFRIENDS WHO HELPED INSPIRE THE STORY)

The Direwood Inn was rampant with celebration. Bar wenches moved from table to table, serving ales and wines alike to the humanoid races that sat there. An Elven bard strums her lute, while her half-orc partner slams his mighty palms onto his bongo drums in rhythm. All was merry in the Capital City of Aurelia; well, as merry as you could be in this world filled with ancient crypts, forgotten mysteries, and legends of times long passed.

The stench of alcohol was the first thing to hit the Tiefling's nose as she entered the establishment. A slender lass, no taller than 5'6, she found herself nearly bowled over by two dancing humans. Adorned with a long purple cloak, as well as wearing simple leather armor under her gray dress shirt, the woman found herself a table to quietly move to. Gray-a rather literal name that was given to her, due to her lack of proper pigmentation in her skin. Not a fiery red, or lavish purple; rather just dull, and forgetful. As with her own flesh, her body was just as boring-having no curves to speak of, and her hair being fluffy, dark, and shoulder length. The only things of note were her crooked tail, and her curved horns, which were almost as if someone slicked them back.

Some stared; a Tiefling could bring trouble, but she didn't necessarily care as she looked to the barwench. "Ale; whatever's the cheapest..." Gray spoke under her breath, her voice melancholic and subdued. A feminine tone, sure, but one that was more or less spoken through dry tongue. "Right away, love!" The barwench affirmed, before making her way behind the counter.

Gray's luck had been more-or-less a mix between piss poor, and shit lower-class. Having grown up by herself, she didn't know how to read, but she did know how to go through a scuffle or two. In fact, the only thing she really had going for her was her fists. While she wasn't necessarily strong; she was quick, and that allowed her to begin her job as a mercenary for hire. Still, even on that end, things were grim.

"That damned Half-Orc robbed me of 15 gold, just because he was bigger!..." She remembered it like it was yesterday...

"Please, won't anyone save my daughter! Oh please!" The elderly man screamed throughout the crowd in the small town of Pinestill. People looking at one another in confusion as the man hopelessly gazed around with mass urgency. "Gods, I'm begging! The guard won't do it, and they said I had 2 days to pay them 50 gold! I'll give anyone my life's savings if they just get her back to me!"

Yet, people continued to ignore him to the best of their ability; each one holding a feeling of sorrow, but no actual desire to get involved. Having only recently come into town, Gray stepped forward. "Alright, alright, calm down. I'll do it." She spoke in her usual calmed tone, but feeling a sense of pride.

It was then the man looked around at the crowd, attempting to ascertain the location of the voice. "You will?! Great! Wh-Who said that?" Gray could feel her irritation rise, as the man looked all but beneath his nose. "Um...down here, buddy." Glancing downward, the man's joyous grin melted into a solemn frown. "Erm...not that I'm not grateful, but, who are you?" The man questioned, much to the annoyance

of the Tiefling, who glared at him with her red hues. "I'm Gray. Just Gray. I'm a traveling adventurer, and it sounds like you're in need of some help." Cocking her hip to the side, the woman crossed her arms as she saw the man's obvious disappointment.

"I...I see. Can you do magic?" The elderly man inquired. "Nope." "Are you perhaps, a swordsman?" "Another miss." "You have some friends?" "...No comment."

Due to the stress of the situation, the man would relent a sigh, as well as grip his hair. "So...what do you do?" Smirking, Gray proudly pointed towards herself. "I punch things really fast!"
"..."

"..."

"Gods, is this really the only person I can place my trust in?!" The man bellowed out, staring at the sky, tears flowing down his cheeks. Of course, this only bolstered the woman's resolve to prove herself more powerful than she may appear. "Hey! I'll have you know that I can take out some bandits, no problem. Plus, it's either that, or your daughter is as good as dead—" "Roight, naow hol on a tik'." A voice rang out from the crowd.

A hulking mass could be seen lumbering through the group of people. Deep green flesh, with pounds upon pounds of muscle packed onto his form. Standing at least 6'5, the man's tusks gave an imposing permanent scowl. An Orc, no doubt about it. "Hurd there was sum gold ta be had! And yaou mus be tha bloke!" Shifting his face to a much more hopeful smile, the elderly man looked on at the impressive Orc. "Y-yes! That'd be me! Please! Can you save my daughter from those heathens?!" "Ouf course! I coul—" "Excuse me, I'm literally right here." Gray interrupted; waving her hands in between the two of the men.

The two larger individuals stopped for a moment as they looked down at the smaller humanoid. "Scuse me miss, but what do ya mean?" The Orc asked-tilting his head to the side. "I was going to take this job, so just beat it, pig breathe." Gray spoke out, almost as calm as the way she breathed. A vein could be seen forming in the Orc's head; yet despite this, he feigned a smile. "I see. Haow about this then?" With one muscular arm, the Orc reached down; gripping the fluffy-haired woman with ease. "Why daon't yaou make your size useful and find some mice to fight in a dingy tavern!"

"I figured your wife's mouth would be a more viable place to find rodents." The Tiefling replied, unscathed. The one vein from the Orc would turn into several, his face shifting from green to a deep red. "Yaou gaot a mouth on ya, don't yaou! Still, yaou couldn't even break my grip wath both hands, missy! Yaou got toothpick arms!" The black haired Tiefling attempted to break free from the grasp—swinging her legs wildly below her as she swayed. "Ma'am, please! You're embarrassing yourself!" The desperate man finally spoke up. "Caome back when ya gotten a bit stronger, piglet."

Despite the blatant power difference, the Tiefling wasn't having it. "Why don't you kiss my as—WHOAH!" It was then, Gray felt her body being flung over the crowd of people. The last thing she remembered was the sight of the sky before it all cut to black. Later, she found herself waking up to raindrops landing on her face, as she found herself spread out in the mud of the street; the full moon greeting her vision.

"...Maybe I should try somewhere else..."

“Here ya go, lass! One pint of the cheapest we got! It'll be a copper!” The bar wench interjected like a knife through Gray's line of thought. “Huh? Oh, right...” The Tiefling looked into her coinpurse...25 copper. Great...

“Here you go.” Muttered Gray as she delicately handed over the money. “Thank you kindly!” Replied the barwench as Gray sighed to herself. “I need to get stronger...” The Tiefling muttered; rolling up her sleeves to look upon her stick-thin arms. “Maybe I can buy a potion of Giant's Strength?...But then I need money for that. Cool, I need money to get stronger, but I need to get stronger to get money. Ugh...”

Gray lowered her head onto the table in defeat. Why would the Gods curse her with a lack of knowledge in reading, as well as physical prowess? “Must be some real assholes in the realm of Gods...if I was that powerful, I'd kick their asses for making me like this.” Bringing the chilled ale to her delicate lips, the Tiefling took a sip before noticing a figure approaching her table.

A human with deep brown hair, slicked back completely could be seen. His robes appeared to be extremely fine—a big shot, no doubt. It seems that most people inside the Tavern hadn't noticed him in their drunken celebration. The man had two sheathed blades to his sides; the hilts themselves looked to be wrapped in a fine leather, the same leather which his gloves appeared to be made out of. She could only tell this as they gripped the chair across from her, before sitting himself down.

“Wha...uh...hi?” Gray gave a half-hearted wave to the man, extremely disinterested in being with company at this moment. “Hello there, stranger. Come to Aurelia often?” The man asked; leaning forward slightly, only to have the dark brown-haired Tiefling lean back. “No, I don't normally frequent big cities, let alone the Capital. Now, if you don't mind, I want my only companion to be this ale. Plus, if you're trying to hit on me, you'll probably miss both physically, and meta-meta...shit, I can't remember that word.”

“Metaphorically. Ah, that explains the uncouth behavior towards me.” The man's brown eyes seemed to scan Gray, much to her dismay. “My name is Veronious Galurbarg the 13th.” “Veron, got it.” Lashed the tongue of Gray, unimpressed. The man's eye gave a noticeable twitch, but continued, seeming to let it slide. “I'm interested in finding a daring adventurer to accompany me to some old ruins a few miles North of here. It's on a need-to-know basis only, but I guarantee I will make it worth your wild.”

“Yeah, I bet. So then you come to me, eh? I've been robbed enough times to know a setup when I see on—” Not a moment later, the loud clanking of coin could be heard slamming onto the table. Casually, Veronious had thrown his coin purse down, opening to at least 400 gold pieces. If Gray hadn't been attempting to keep her cool demeanor, she might've spat up her ale then and there.

“Th-that's quite a full amount there.” Admitted Gray, only to have Veronious give a gentle smile, and nod in affirmation. “It is, but this is just the beginning. I promise 40,000 gold pieces if you accomplish this mission with me.” The slender Tiefling looked around: burly Dwarves, large humans, arcanistic half-elves. “Why me? There's plenty of other patrons to choose from.” Placing a thumb under his chin, Veronious was paused in thought. “True...but...I sense something special in you. A potential to prove yourself.”

Gray's eyes widened at the kind words spoken to her. Was her luck finally changing?

"I'm in." The small immediately yielded. Veronious held out his arm, awaiting confirmation. "Wonderous! Then I shall inform you in on the way there!"

Gray stuck her arm out, giving a firm handshake.

The two had set off that morning-Gray stopping to reevaluate when she should and shouldn't be drinking. Still, it would seem she was finally being trusted with a job for someone that was strong, and powerful! "Ruik-D'yul. An Elven man who was said to be able to suck the very life force from anyone. A truly terrifying prospect! But one I'd like to do research into."

"This is a bit over my head, but I know I can do it." Gray responded, confidently clenching her fists. "Where we are going is said to be his burial sight. I've paid a large sum for this map, so I hope I wasn't swindled." Veronious continued. Yet, something didn't add up to the gray woman while she postulated. "So...you just bought a map that might contain the corpse of a legendary hero from some guy that could easily just go and find it himself?...Yeah, and people call me dumb."

"People do indeed do the strangest thing, my dear Tiefling. Some do not crave the taste for adventure like you, and instead wish to simply be rid of such things." Veronious replied, staring at the parchment in hand. "So, if you have that map, why am I here?" The Tiefling asked in an absent-minded tone. "Protection, of course! I may know my way around a blade, but I need someone who is strong like you to protect me."

"Strong...me?..." Gray looked at her form once more. This was it; her chance to really make a change! While she may be frail and small, if she could just prove herself, then with the money, she could easily buy some potions or scrolls to make her more powerful! "I won't let you down!"

The landscape surrounding Aurelia was hilly, and killer on Gray's calves, which burned in her leather boots. Finally, after what felt like ages, however, the two stumbled onto an inconspicuous looking hillside; a literal perfect match with the others in the surrounding area-no markings, no signs...nothing.

"Ah, here we are!" Veronious exclaimed as he looked over the area. "It's...just like all the others..." Panted a hunched over Gray. "Exactly! The perfect spot to lay his tomb; in an area so vast with hills, that even an Elf would die before digging through even half of them!" The woman continued her gasps for air, her legs shaking already from the journey alone. "Right...so...how do we get in, exactly?" "I'm paying you, my dear Tiefling. You look with your own eyes!"

"Me?!...Shit, alright...uhh..." Scanning the area carefully, Gray was doing her best to find any sort of differentiation in the surrounding scenery. Grass...some rocks...a bigger rock...some more grass-wait a minute." The Tiefling woman carefully approached the larger rock-about 8ft by 10ft. Carefully, she placed her small fingers along the surface where the rock would be flush with grassland hill. It was then that she could feel a soft airflow coming through. "Wow...it's really just a rock blocking the way. Some advanced technology here..." Gray mumbled while placing her hands against the rock, and attempting to push. Though, even with all her might, she could barely budge the thing. "Hrg! Damnnit!" Groaned the tired Tiefling as her gray hands pushed as hard as they could against the solid surface.

Veronious casually moved forward; placing his blade as a wedge in between the boulder and the space in the ground. “Watch on, my dear Tiefling. HRG!” With one violent pull, the amount of torque and force had displaced the large rock enough to roll downwards, almost obeying his command. “Alright, impressive, I guess...” Gray muttered, looking at her bruised hands. In her mind, she could feel herself getting sick of this body. Oh how she wished she could easily push that boulder down with one finger, or send that bastard Orc flying with one flick, or-!

“Coming along, Gray?” Postulated Veronious, which once again today, had Gray's imagination be cut short. “H-Huh?...Oh, yeah.” Answered Gray as she made her way down the carved stairs embedded inside the hill. What she saw was...underwhelming, to say the least: a long hallway of darkness into an open doorway. “Is it just me, or does this seem anti-climactic? I mean, a rock was literally blocking a crypt to a legendary hero.”

“It does seem a bit...off, but are you really complaining with 40,000 gold pieces dangling in front of you?” Veronious let out a faint chuckle, as Gray looked at her hands. She at least wanted some sort of resistance. Some sort of way to prove herself. Was she even really needed to be here?...

The two walked through the doorway; a large stone room sat, with a platform staircase leading to a large stone tomb. Resting on top, shimmering magnificently appeared to be a blade of silver and black. “My Gods...it really is just here...” Veronious laughed once more, this time, more haughtily while approaching the platform. Carefully, the man gripped the blade; watching with awe as he raised it into the air.

“This is it...this has to be. The blade of Ruik-D'yul is mine to command! Ha...hahaha...HAHAHA AHAHAHAHA!” Gray watched as Veronious' laughs echoed throughout the entire tomb. Taking a step back, she looked towards the entrance. “Okay, then let's just get out of here.”

Lowering the blade, Veronious carefully made his way back down, seeming to regain his composure. “P-please excuse me. I have just been waiting...a *very* long time for this. Right...as promised, once we return, I will be giving you payments for 40,000 gold pieces.” Nodding meekly, Gray's red-eyes gazed to the floor, solemnly. “Y-Yeah...great...” She whispered. “Hm? Is something the matter, my dear Tiefling?” Veronious asked as he walked himself behind the young woman. “I just...thought I'd be more than company on this trip. I felt like you did everything. Got the map, knew the information, moved the only thing blocking our path. I just wish I could've shown off what I could do...”

The rich man let out another chuckle. “That's because I needed someone worthless to activate it!” “Hu-” Before the poor, slender Tiefling could turn, she felt a stinging heat throughout her chest. With her eyes already towards the ground, she could see the tip of Veronious' new weapon coming out of her abdomen. Her own blood trickled down like a fountain-pooling at her feet. “You absolute idiot. I needed someone weak, and stupid! A sacrificial lamb that can rot in this place! Someone desperate-and now-I'll be the most powerful man in existence! No, the most powerful being! Feel honored for being my first death...” It was then, Veronious retracted the blade as Gray collapsed to the ground.

Her vision blurred as she rolled over onto her back, staring up at the very man that she thought saw potential in her. “Die a dog's death, Gray. Be forgotten, like this place will be.” And with that, Gray's vision darkened to nothingness.

A vastness of shimmering silver and fog was all that Gray viewed before her. “Wh-where am I? The last thing I remember was...oh yeah, that bastard stabbed me!” Looking down, the wounded girl could see her leather armor had been easily pierced through; with a purple-red splatter adhered to her clothes, with trickles of fluids and guts moving down her form. “Great...dead. So this is my afterlife? Absolutely wonderful.” Running a hand through her fluffy hair, Gray's thoughts were interrupted by a vibration underneath her. “What the hell?!”

“Wronged...wretched...forgotten...betrayed...” Rang a masculine voice.

“Great, am I going to be eaten by a spirit or something?” Despite the joke, if the Tiefling had a working heart, it would be racing by now.

“Member of my ilk, seek below, and take what is rightfully yours.”

“What's...mine? What do you mean? Why are you helping me? Are you a God?”

“If I were a God, I would be sick of these questions. No; my spirit fades with time. I am to be lost in oblivion. As I leave to nothingness; I wish to do one last deed. I offer you, everything.”

“Everything? I mean, that sounds pretty good, but hard to get everything when I'm dead!”

“....”

“Hello? Hello?!” Yelled the Tiefling, while red eyes scanned around the void, only to find nothing. Abruptly, another call could be heard echoing throughout her mind.

“...llo...you...me?...Hello? Waking up anytime soon?”

In a panic, Gray's body shot upwards; slamming her own head into that of her savior's. “Gah!” “Agh!” The two clutched their heads in pain; lurching over onto the floor. “Ow!! What the hell lady! That's some way to thank someone who just revived you!” The man managed to groan out-rubbing his forehead. “Have you ever been dead before? Didn't think so! Urgh...” Rebutted Gray.

Following the minute of pained grunts, the pair eventually managed to regain enough composure to look at each other. The short Tiefling gazed up at the man: human, couldn't be older than maybe 22. He had short, whine red hair, and silver eyes, with a surprisingly lithe figure. His bulky armor aided in expanding his silhouette, but only by so much. Onyx black metal, with shining silver engraved his apparel, giving his design a more gothic appearance, despite his obviously caring demeanor.

“A Cleric, right? That's what you are?” The red-eyed woman inquired. “Hmm...let's see: big bulky armor, symbol of my deity, and the power to revive the dead. Yep, looks like it.” The man responded, jokingly. “Okay, no need to be sarcastic. What are you doing dungeon delving here of all places? A-probably more important-followup: why did you decide to revive me?”

The man chuckled for a moment “Right, well, first things first: my name is Kheris Aldewin; I am a Cleric which follows the Goddess of death, Dhaku. I was led here from the dark energies of anger seeping out while on my way to aid in removing some bandits from a near by encampment. I came in, found you here, and figured my calling was to revive you!” Kheris answered with a gentle smile—almost suspiciously so.

“Right...Kheris...well, I appreciate you reviving me, but whatever your calling is, unfortunately you've got the wrong girl. Thanks, at least, though. My name is Gray.” Getting to her feet, Gray would let out an audible grunt, the sound of several bones popping. “Gah...so stiff. Look, I need to figure out a way to deal with Veronious...that bastard literally backstabbed me, after all.” Dusting herself off, the Tiefling flicked off as much dirt as she could from her already worn garb.

“You mean Lord Veronious Galurbarg the 13th?” Kheris inquired, while his silver eyes took a better look at Gray's form. “Yeah...him...bastard has it coming.” Confirmed Gray, as she began reaching for her pouch, only to feel a faint breeze coming from the platform staircase behind her. “I still have my copper at lea-huh?” Spinning around, the woman moved herself closer. Meanwhile, Kheris continued his remark. “Oh my, our good Lord would never-...where are you going?”

Following the breeze, Gray's delicate hands would graze the base of the structure; knocking against it, which echoed the sound of a hollow underneath. “Wait a minute...I was wondering why they would just have a sword up there, and no security other than a rock. Hey, Kheris, come help me break this.”

“Break? Well, I'd love to, but we really should be hurrying. The Skeletal Hand Bandits have been spotted within the area, and I'd rather not have to protect you after you've just been revived.” Rubbing the back of his head, Kheris gave a small chuckle, only to have Gray roll her eyes. “Well, either you help me do this, and we make it out with something valuable, or you talk my ear off some more, and we get killed by bandits because I drag you down. Your call.”

“Shit, well when you put it that way...” Kheris responded, pulling out his large mace, and swinging it down directly next to Gray. “Shit! A little warning next ti-AHH!” The Tiefling nearly jumped out of her skin as the stairs she was propping her weight on collapsed from under her, sending the Tiefling tumbling down below. Kheris managed to step back in time-leaning over the crumbled flooring. “Oops...”

Hitting the ground with a 'thud', Gray winced in pain, sprawled out onto the stone floor. “You're lucky I didn't die twice in here, or I'd haunt your dumbass.” Hissed Gray as she sat up. “My bad! Here, I'll get my rope.” Kheris apologetically replied as he rifled through his bag. “Holy shit...” The view before her was surprising to say the least; a sarcophagus was the best way to describe it. A large stone slab with a lid depicting a Tiefling lying down with a strange looking arm. Gnarled? No, maybe a gauntlet of sorts? Hard to tell, honestly. Taking a closer look, the Tiefling gazed at the writing...the Abyssal language. It was a shame she couldn't read...

“Ruik-D'yul...he was a Tiefling this whole time...so what else could be different?” Gray pondered as she gripped the top of the lid. “It couldn't be...could it?” The Tiefling asked herself in disbelief while she pushed with all her might; sliding the top off. “Oh, Gods...”

There, withered like a raisin, was the form of a Tiefling man; now dried and like a jerky, his body was little more than bone, and flesh, adhered by cobwebs. Yet, twinkling against the bounce light of the area, was a piece of armor. A gauntlet, one of a deep purple hue, which seemed to ride up the arm to the elbow. The fingers were like hooked claws, finely crafted to a point, with a layered metal pattern which moved up it.

“There's no way...this had to be his weapon, right?” Reaching down, Gray would gently grab the gauntlet. Raising it up, she placed her hand against the dried Tiefling's bicep—giving a tug on it. The arm would not slide out from the piece of metal, but instead, detach completely, revealing a nub.

“Great, you have no lower arm...then why the hell is there a hole? It really looks like a regular old gauntlet to me.” Gray couldn't wrap her head around it, but if what Veronious said was true about his weapon? “...Th-this could make me the most powerful being in existence.”

Weighing her options helped very little with the decision, as Gray had died once already-what was another time? Besides, the idea of her gaining more power-to dominate her foes, to be an object of worship and power, it was enough to cause her cheeks to deepen into a purple blush. “F-Fine. Let's see what you can do, then. Don't disappoint me.” Hesitantly, the Tiefling slid her hand inside the gauntlet; imagining the potential that such a mighty artifact could hold. The swish of metal piercing flesh could be heard, as Gray's limb was run through with several needles within the armored piece. “S-Shit! Ugh!”

Hearing the noises, Khelis peered over the edge, dropping the rope down into the pit below. “You okay down there?!” He would worryingly ask, only to get more grunts in response. The Cleric could see the gray Tiefling struggling; her arm in searing pain as the sharp metal prodded deeper and deeper into her.

“F-Fuck! Ugh! This damn thing has my arm! I can't...get...it...off!” Replied the struggling woman; attempting to free herself from the confines of the metal. Strangely, however, the pain seemed to fade away as the small woman helplessly tugged at it. It seemed as that the barbs inside her limb had now settled.

“Huh?...What the hell?” Was all the woman could respond with, giving her hand a test squeeze. Much to her surprise, the metallic hand closed properly! While she certainly didn't feel any stronger-disappointingly so-the woman was just glad the entire ordeal had ended. “Well, the worst seems to be over, Cleric boy. Though, good luck getting this thing off of me now; it's to be expected that I pick up a cursed item that does nothing but take my arm hostage. Ugh...oh well. For what it's worth, thanks for the sadistic fashion accessory, Ruik.” With that, the Tiefling placed her metallic limb onto the corpse.

However, suddenly, swaths of black mist would form around the corpse-swirling around the body, and culminating towards the palm of the gauntlet. “O-Oh shit! Khelis, I hope you have another revive spell, because I may have fucked up-GAH!” A violent gasp sent the Tiefling back. For a moment, she was sure she had died once more...but then, she couldn't believe what she was feeling! As the black fog continued to drain into the armored hand, Gray could feel her body thrive with energy!

The sense was euphoric, with her arm greedily drank away what little matter the body had to offer, and instilling it into herself. “Grh!~ W-What's...happening?!~ Gah!~” Yet another wave; causing her back to arch in bliss, with her red eyes gazing towards the heavens! This pleasure...it was fantastical! All the fatigue she had felt moments before was now melting away, and being replaced with a torrent of adrenaline!

Meanwhile, Khelis looked on in worry; yet, from where he was, he could do very little! “Umm...you okay?!” He shouted at the drooling Tiefling. “N-Never-FUCK!~ Felt betterghah!~” Was all that Gray could respond with, as her body greedily absorbed the power being funneled into her through her new treasure.

Gray's body would physically start to alter; her once lithe flesh now beginning to burgeon with musculature. Hints of athleticism were becoming more pronounced- feeding electric jolts to her system! Transitioning ever so slowly from a-once baggy and wrinkled dress shirt-the Tiefling's apparel was tightening into a figure-hugging outfit! Her once flat stomach was quickly addressing the problems

of any extra pudge by breaking down her fat, and adorning her with an outline of toned mass. “Mmm~! D-Damn, you better look on, Cleric boy, because I'm feeling GOOD!~”

Astonished at what he was witnessing, Khelis could not avert his gaze; seeing Gray act so deprived as she withdrew more and more matter from the corpse, and seeing it deteriorate even further than when it was found. The Tiefling's crooked tail seemed to swell thicker and thicker, with her height slowly inching upwards, from her usual 5'6, to a much more burly 5'10!

Gray's arms were improving with each bit of magic that siphoned to her. The Tiefling's forearms had never felt so powerful before; having her beautiful desaturated flesh flex involuntarily, the thumping of her enhancing biceps were like war drums to accompany her impressive limb. Slowly, the long sleeves of her shirt were pressed against rounded, cut mounds of both her forearms, as well as her biceps, which seemed to be at least 12 inches without flexing!

“H-Hahh!~ Gods; I feel like a Titan!~” Gray sputtered, through her own panted breaths. Yet, another push sent Gray into a secondary spasm; having her legs buckle while they powered up. The once lithe, and stick-thin appendages were getting some much needed love within the baggy confines of her pants- having her thighs rupture with ridge after ridge of firm, powerful, muscle! “Yes, YES!~ F-Fuck!~ I'm gonna crush whatever is before me-ugn!~”

The groans of pleasure slowly rose more and more violent as Gray's purple tongue hung out from her maw; submerging herself in the overwhelming bliss of her magnified body! Finally, after several instinctive thrusts, Gray had reached her limit; feeling her pants soak themselves with her demonic fluids, much to her and Khelis' own surprise. The final bellow was released from her, as the Gauntlet finished its meal. “THIS IS AMAZIIIIING! GHA!~~”

Khelis attempted to hide his shameful look of lust as the woman continued to cum herself over a series of seconds, but it was apparent how attractive he had found the whole show placed before him. Regardless, he had to focus on the task at hand; saving this woman. Though, perhaps, with her build, she could save herself now. A quick look at what should have been the corpse, instead revealed it to be empty, as if all the matter itself was drained!

The Tiefling took several more ragged breaths, before looking down at her garb. Everything was tight- with her shirt riding up so much, that it exposed her athletic, colorless, stomach. Looking to her arms, Gray gave a testing flex; watching with a malicious grin as she saw the fibers of the fabric split against her toned, and dense bicep.

“Oh shit!~ It's like a sculpture!” Gently, Gray placed her hand over; feeling the thickness, and basking within the feeling of her fingers being unable to sink into it. “H-Holy shit! This thing has to be at least 16 inches, and I can't even dent it! Hrm...” With a mischievous thought, Gray's want to dominate was at an all time high, and thus, her attention was taken upwards towards Khelis.

“Hey, Cleric-boy, I want you to test something.” Gray practically ordered, looking directly at him with her red hues- an air of confidence in every word which leaked from her lips. The silver-eyed Cleric took a hesitant step back. “I...have a bad feeling about this.” Was all he could muster to say, before looking to the rope. “W-Well, okay, but climb up first. You can't do much testing down there, after all.”

“Hrm...a rope, huh? You know, I always thought that climbing these were a pain. You're-what, 25 feet up?” Khelis placed a hand through his hair, obviously confused. “Probably, so what?” Gray simply

chuckled; squatting down; yet, as she did so, she could hear her own pants beginning to tear. “Huh?” A look back revealed that even the woman's own backside had been enhanced by the magics! Her originally flat posterior was now showing signs of rounding and pushing outwards. Though, not enough to be considered massive by any stretch, it was certainly more than she had, had before. “Huh. Gotta work on that. Though, that comes with time. Right now, however...”

The Tiefling felt her bulbous, 10 inch calves flex under her own weight as she readied herself. The Cleric looked on in confusion; certainly she wasn't going to-it was then that Gray had launched herself upwards, leaping towards the ledge above. “Holy shit!” Was all the Tiefling could mutter as she found herself flying-not only to the ledge-but above it! Yet, Gray had not accounted for this, finding herself arching forward, and ready to land on her face. However, it was almost as if the woman was able to account for this misstep in a fraction of a second-holding out her arm and catching herself in a one-armed stand.

“Gods...what did that thing do to you?!” Khelis cautiously questioned; watching as Gray's armored fingers bore into the ground itself. “Hmhmhm!~ I don't know, but it's certainly fun!~” The Tiefling responded; looking at her muscular arm as she did a simple push up. “Even this is nothing! Wow, it's no wonder Ruik was such a legend if *this* was the power he was toting around! Hyup!” With another easy push, Gray's body flipped forward, landing on her feet, dexterously.

“R-Right...” The Cleric responded; feeling more threatened than ever before. Gray seemed to have picked up on his fear, almost like another sense for her to 'see from'; she had to admit, it was a bit cute how this man was having such cowardice from her. “Hmm? Something wrong, Cleric-boy?” Gray posited, tilting her head as she took a step forward, trying her best to seem harmless. Khelis wished to avert his eyes, but with this woman's newfound bulk, he found it incredibly hard to even take his gaze off of her arms, let alone her whole form!

At this point, it had come to Gray's attention that she was only 2 inches shorter than the man himself, which only made her more elated. Yes, she could get used to this; the fear, the power. With it, the people of the world could be her toys...and speaking of toys...

“Ohhh, I see; you're scared, huh? Well that's okay, I don't bite, see?” The woman opened her maw, licking her tongue against her surprisingly sharp teeth. “Ow! Huh...those are new.” Giving another testing taste, it was certain that Gray's body was going through more changes than she had first thought! Though, she couldn't say she hated the idea of having such predatory teeth. “Well, maybe I can, but I won't!” The Tiefling assured as she took another step forward.

“I-I just don't see why my Goddess would want you to be revived, is all! N-No offense, but I feel as if this is counter-producti-” Yet, before Khelis could even finish, he found his lips pressed by the Tiefling's armored claw. “Shh...look, it's very simple. Whatever happened to me is because your Goddess wanted it, right? So just enjoy the show, like I know you're doing, *bitch-boy*.”

The Cleric placed his own hand on Gray's-pushing it aside. Gray had found it precious just how reluctant he was to give into her demands. Yes, someone to break would be very fun to keep around! “Bitch-boy?! I'll have you know that I'm a proud follower of Dhaku! You will show me some respect! Now, apologize!”

Unable to hold back her laughter, Gray pulled away for a moment! “Pfft! I see you're pretty loyal! That's okay...” The Tiefling spoke; moving her claw along Khelis' arm, much to his surprise. He

couldn't hide how red his face was becoming, as Gray's words were becoming increasingly sultry; even surprising herself with how well they slid from her mouth! It was as if more and more confidence was being fed into her! "I'll apologize-under one condition. I'm gonna pin you with my *big, strong*, arms, and you'll need to push me away. If you can do that, then I'll apologize, and never call you it again. Though, if I win-not only will I call you bitch-boy, but you'll live by that name."

Gray placed her hands against Khelis' breastplate; pushing him back with extreme force. Gray could only smirk as she felt the man who was wearing well over 100lbs of gear being moved by her own body. Yes, it was a wondrous sensation to be the one in charge for once! Meanwhile, the red-haired man found himself sent back against the wall; with the the immense pressure that Gray was exhibiting with such simple movement shocking his system! Just how much stronger did that make her?!

"Gah! C-Can't...move..." Khelis muttered, struggling against the weight. "Aww, how cute! What's wrong, bitch-boy, I thought Clerics were supposed to be strong! Though, you seem to be light as a feather to me! Is this really all the resistance you have against my new muscles?!" The Tiefling continued to mock, leaning in closer; placing more force against the now dented piece of armor. "Rgh! H-Hurts! S-Stop!" Khelis groaned; feeling the air being forced from his lungs. "Hahaha! I will when you give up, *bitch-boy*! Though, just remember, when you do, you'll become by obedient servant! Don't worry, I'll take *very* good care of you, though! Ehehehe!~"

The Cleric couldn't believe this; was he really going to be killed by someone as rude as her?! After saving her life, no less?! Though, he couldn't deny the sense of pleasure he was feeling by having a mighty woman forcing him to submit-the rush they both seemed to get was almost enough energy to light up the room itself, should it be made manifest. Still, he had his limit, and he was coming to it.

Gray, meanwhile, could tell that Khelis was slowly going from scared, to enraptured by her display of power. Yes, she couldn't tell at first, but now it was apparent that this man was attracted to power-which had made sense, considering his loyalty to this deity. Though, now was the time for her to be in charge for once-for her to take what she wanted, and she wanted three things: Khelis, revenge, and more power...

"F-F-Fine! I yield!" Khelis whispered-his face nearly purple. Immediately, the Tiefling would pull back-releasing him from her strength. "Oof!...Gah...chest...hurts..." The red-haired man managed to speak through coughs. "Man, that felt good! No wonder that Orc tossed me like that! Having this much strength is amazing!" Gray announced; flexing her arms in a double-bicep pose with approval, looking on at the pulsating, thick, 16 inches of pure Tiefling muscle. Now then, on your knees, *bitch-boy*."

"Urgh...fine..." Khelis responded, defeated, as he shakily rose. "So...what the hell happened? It looked like you absorbed his magic or something?" Gray thought to herself for a moment. "Let's make our way out of here. We can walk and talk." With that, the two began retracing their steps back towards the outside. "It was strange; it felt like I did more than absorb magic. I felt like I absorbed him entirely, or, maybe some sort of life force? Not really sure, but I'm not complaining, with these results." Once again, the Tiefling flexed-this time, her stomach; joyously looking at the faint four-pack outline that was forming.

"Hrm...well, maybe we can take it to a Wizard and have it inspected? This thing is really dangerous, Gray; what if it gets into the wrong hands? More importantly; what if you can't control its power?" Khelis questioned, as he looked down onto the shimmering raven purple artifact, and trying not to stare at her sexy stomach.

“Yeah, no. I need to get revenge on that bastard, Veronious, stabbing me, and this thing is my key to that. After that-*maybe* I'll consider giving it up. Until then, though, it's sticking with me.” Gray added, though knowing full well that she had no intention of going back to how she was before. This power was too delectable to make her part with it, after all!

Khelis, on the other hand, couldn't believe the nonsense spouting from this woman! “B-But, he has a castle in Aurelia that is surrounded by an army of highly-trained soldiers! Surely-even with your improved strength-you wouldn't make it by the guards!”

Gray could only form a smirk as she longingly looked at the gauntlet. “You're right...so I'll just get stronger. Simple. If I could absorb that corpse, and get this buff, imagine what a living person would do...” The last words sputtered off as her eyes moved to Khelis, who let out an audible gulp. “Don't worry bitch-boy, you're mine now, and I like you. Whenever I'm in charge, I'll be sure to make you my personal assistant! Plus, judging by your facial structure, you don't have much meat under your bones under that armor. No, I need something big and beefy.~”

Khelis weighed his options for a moment. While what she was speaking was pure treason; she also had the power to take his life at any given moment. Not only this, but he had no reason to doubt this woman would lie about what Lord Veronious did-as it would just be easier to kill him. Sighing, the Cleric had basically made his decision then and there. “Well, for what it's worth-before I ended up following the energy to you, I was going to see myself handling a nearby fortress housing numerous bandits known as the Skeletal Hands. Perhaps there could be some good...er...'beef'...for you there?”

Gray's pointed ears perked up as she heard the promise of new prey for her to feast upon. “Perfect! Lead they way, bitch-boy!”

“Ugh...fine.”

Unlike before, Gray found the hills surrounding Aurelia to be a complete breeze to navigate. With her improved stamina, she felt as if she could go all day if she needed to! Though, fortunately for Khelis, and unfortunately for the Tiefling's enhanced desire to test her stamina, it seemed that the fortress was found quicker than expected.

The structure itself was humble, with a lone tower, roughly 50ft in height, that sat within a courtyard, and was surrounded by a stone wall. By the entrance to the the fortification were two obvious bandit members of the Skeletal hand, adorned in a surprisingly sturdy looking set of chain-mail armor.

Gray and Khelis looked on from behind a large piece of rock atop the hill which overlooked the entire settlement. The Cleric's face showed a bit of worry; seeing the empty courtyard meant that no doubt there were more inside. “Hrm...okay, here's the plan, we will-” Yet, before he could finish, it seemed that the muscular woman was making her way down the hill already. “G-Gray?! What are you doin-” The Tiefling simply waved her hand, lackadaisically. “Simply watch and learn, bitch-boy. Be a good little servant, and sit.”

“Rgh, your funeral, lady.” The Cleric muttered, only to have a rock thrown right next to his head at high velocity. “I heard that.” Responded the Tiefling as she approached the entrance.

“Okay, Gray, now's your chance to make a name for yourself. Time to see what you can really do!” The Tiefling told herself, as the two guards looked at one another in confusion. “Seems you're lost friend; a shame, if I'm being honest.” One spoke; drawing her sword and aiming towards Gray. The buff woman could only let out a chuckle as she walked ever closer; cracking her knuckles. “Actually, I think you're the lost ones. You see, you're on my property, and that's a problem!”

The other bandit wasted little time drawing his own blade, and charging in. “Your funeral, you buff freak!” However, to Gray, his movements seemed surprisingly easy to read. As the man moved for a vertical slash, the red-eyed woman took a casual step back-letting his blade hit the dirt. “W-What?! You bitch!” The man exclaimed as he took another swing; meanwhile, the gray woman's ears had picked up on footsteps behind her. “Ah, yes, the other one!”

With another graceful step, the Tiefling moved once more, dodging the attack from the front and rear at once; watching as the two bandits had their blades collide. “How the hell did she hear me through your yelling?!” The female bandit questioned, only to look to her right, where Gray had been standing. “Oh yes! This is fantastic! I can hear the confusion in your voices; but let's see how that transitions into fear, shall we?~”

With her mighty arm, Gray placed her hand on the woman's own; hoisting her up with ease. “P-Put me down you monster!” The Bandit screamed, attempting to plunge her blade into Gray's chest; only to have the Tiefling's gauntlet catch the weapon. “Heh, you really weigh nothing to me, you know that? It's almost adorable how weak you are!~ Now then, let's see who has the better weapon, shall we?” With that, Gray twisted her wrist; with little resistance, a grin would form on her face as the blade snapped with ease.

The male bandit took a step back, gazing behind him, towards the tower. Gray chuckled at the visible insecurity the man was carrying with him! “Yes, that's right; get them all. I want to test my power on more than just you two, after all. Well...maybe I could spare a bit of time for *her*.”

The man obliged; quickly dashing towards the tower. Meanwhile, Gray's hand moved over to the armored bandit's chest; digging her fingers into the metal. “It feels like I'm just touching parchment!” The audible noises of the groaning armor was like music to the Tiefling as she tugged the piece off in one easy movement; releasing the woman's surprisingly large bust! “Ah, yes!~ Look at those tits! I bet you also have quite the ass, too, huh?”

“W-What are you doing?! S-Stop-~!” Struggled the Bandit as Gray's gauntlet pressed its cold metal into her prey's soft tit-flesh. “Mmm~ What are these? D cups? At least, right? Yep, this'll do juuust fine!” Much like before, a swirling black mist would begin to form around the woman, as her energy would begin to siphon into Gray's gauntlet.

“S-STOP! PLEASE!” The woman begged, only to fall on deaf ears as Gray's fingers dug even deeper into her breasts. The bandit let out a scream of agony-her very body beginning to wither and ripen while the Tiefling's only flourished. “Mmm~! That's right, feed me!~ Gods; I feel your energy becoming my own!~ It's so-ungh! Fucking GOOD!~”

Widening her stance, Gray could feel her pussy becoming progressively drenched as she continued to steal the energy from the woman. “Ngh!~ God, my b-breasts feel kinda-EEP!~” Soon, a warmth could be felt in her chest; watching in glee as her impossibly flat bust was now beginning to bounce and expand with avid pulsations. Gray's purple areola would press tightly against her already strained top;

having her grip only becoming more and more sturdy on the weakening woman. “Fuck!~ Your tits feel so good on me, you know that?~ So full and hot!~” Gray taunted; drooling with excitement as she watched her dress shirt press outwards-the buttons threatening to pop against her already C-cup chest, which was filling with gray tiefling titflesh!

Meanwhile, the bandit could barely speak; her form now drained of all color, muscle, and anything else that could be fed to improve the Tiefling. However-much to Gray's surprise-the woman's armor and weaponry seemed to rot away as well. “H-Holy shit!~ I can absorb more than just people! F-Fuck yes! ~” The Tiefling exclaimed as she rubbed her stiff nipple through the taut fabric. Getting off to the idea of how much she could actually indulge herself in only increased her desire for more, and she was going to get it.

Gray's tail seemed to shift slightly; adjusting for her new and improved rear. “Oh my!~ Looks like your fat ass is now g-going to me too!~ A shame that you'll be d-dead before I can crush you with it! Ung!” Through more moans, the Tiefling fought against her ever expanding ass-hearing the tearing of her dress pants, and allowing two pillowy cheeks to break free. The Tiefling's black underwear was looking more like a thong against her melon-sized ass cheeks, which held themselves with a beautiful roundness.

“Such power! Gods, I cannot wait until your little friends come out! Then I'll be HUGE! For now, though, you will make me TALLER!” Gray's depraved words laid bare to the woman, who quickly broke apart into dust-like particles; funneling the last bit into the Tiefling. Gray could feel her body rise once more, her pants tearing against the strain of her massive thighs and calves while she shifted upwards to an amazonian 6'10! Gray couldn't contain her excitement as her body would press and shift-giving into the feeling of her improving body. “YES! No longer will anyone look down on me! No, I will look down on them all!~”

Yet, the woman's desires would have to wait, as the door to the tower opened. 6 armed Skeletal Hand members would make their way out-each one adorned in armor bred for melee combat; save for one. This man was wearing a robe, with several tomes strapped into a belt around his waist. “T-That's her boss! She's the freak!” Pointed the guard whom retreated prior. “I see...whatever magics you contain, wench, you are nothing compared to the years I have dedicated to the arcane arts. Now then, men, stand back!” The robed man commanded, as his hands would begin to glow with an ominous red.

“Uh oh.” Muttered Gray as she watched a ball of flame appear within the man's palms. “Shit, shit!” Cursed the busty Tiefling under her breath, as the enlarged woman ducked behind the stone wall near the entrance. “Hahaha! Look at her cower, boys! Though, you cannot run from me; my magic will track you wherever you may go. Now then, BURN ALIVE!” The Wizard commanded; releasing a meteor-like sphere of pure red flame. The ball itself seemed to arc upwards, much like a shot from a catapult!

Gray could only look up as she saw the ball reach its apex in the air-over her cover-then falling back down towards her. “FUCK!” Was all the Tiefling could say-instinctively holding out her hand. Then, there was silence...

“Hrm?...There's supposed to normally be a large, fiery explosion on the other side. You there, go check it out.” Commanded the Wizard towards the coward bandit. “Err...y-yes sir!” The man nodded, as he made his way towards the doorway of the courtyard. Peering around the corner, the group was shocked to see a glowing red hand gripping his neck with immense speed! “G-GAH! H-HELP!” Begged the Guard, who struggled in the Tiefling's powerful grip, while his eyes looked in fear at what was

happening to her!

Gray felt better than ever; like she was able to think clearly for once! Her eyes moved to her veins, which were glowing with a magma-like reddish hue. “Oh my!~ T-That really is s-some magic! HehehehAHAHAHA!~” The Tiefling boisterously announced as she stepped out into the open; lifting the man higher than the previous bandit, and with only two fingers! The Wizard, meanwhile, was slack-jawed at what he was seeing. Gray's own body seemed to be producing an intense steam around her, with her eyes a dangerously bright red glow!

Suddenly, a shift could be heard, as Gray's back began to change for the better. The purple cloak was now becoming too small for her as her traps began to expand and grow into mountainous peaks, along with her height continuing to rise! “Hrgh!~ Feels so fucking good!~ Go on, try to-haah~, hit me again you little ant!~ I bet it won't even leave as much as a scratch on my ever-perfecting body!~” Taunted the Tiefling, wrapping her hand around the Bandit's throat and applying pressure.

“As for you, you've served your purpose bringing me my food! So, bye-bye!~” With that, the woman's hand continued to heat up further and further; with the Skeletal hands watching in fear as the man's armor would become a white-hot glow. “GAHHHH!” “Hahahaha!~ How cute! It seems your magic has only allowed me to manipulate the arcane to a *much* more enhanced degree! Once I absorb you, I can only imagine what else I'll be able to do!~ Now then...” His cries of pain were soon silenced as Gray increased the heat once more; the change in pressure actually causing an intense wind as the guard's body was reduced to a slime-like slag of white hot goo.

Gray simply let out a satisfied giggle as she gently rolled her long tongue against her dexterous fingers. “Mmm...your cooked blood tastes delicious.~ Now then, who's next? It doesn't matter; since I will consume you all in the end, anyway!”

The group was astonished at what they had seen; it was truly a nightmare come to life! Yes, this was more of what she wanted; the perfect faces for her to look down on! “Oh, that's what I like to see! That fear just makes me feel soooo superior! Well, it's because I know I am. Now, as I said-*who's next?*”

Looking at one another, the bandits knew that it was fight or die. As such, the 4 remaining melee combatants held their weapons firmly; charging the woman. “D-Die you creep!” One man shouted, as he swung with reckless abandon. Gray simply let the blade land against her engorged breasts-joyfully moaning as she felt the metal bounce off of her supple flesh.

“WHAT?! HOW?!” The man asked, as Gray gripped the back of his head. “You're such an idiot! I absorbed magic, so now my magic is stronger-what the hell do you think happens when I absorbed the metal from that one lady? *My skin is stronger than steel!*”

The poor victim had little time to process the situation, as Gray pulled him into her D-cup cleavage; her dress shirt popping away from the amount of force she had placed on him, as well as her breasts. In a moment, the Tiefling flexed her pectorals casually; watching in glee as the man's head was crushed-blood splattering onto her body. “Unf-nice and wet, just like me right now.~ Anyway, let's see...”

Gray's attention was turned towards the other three, who had attempted to swing at her as well-only finding their weapons bouncing off against her skin much like before. “Heheheh! It's so funny to see you all try, you know that? Anyway, I have places to be, and a City to destroy, so I'm gonna make this fast, okay?”

With a wave of her hand, the three bandits found themselves engulfed in a sea of white hot fire. “W-WE SURRENDER! P-PLEASE STOP! GAH!” One man shouted, only to have Gray chuckle. “Sorry! I already have a bitch, and all I need is one! By all means, though, please continue to scream-it's very entertaining!”

However, it wasn't long before the screaming had stopped-their veins boiled to the point of their blood exploding from the pressure of the heat-leaving more bloodied pieces of metal chunks on the ground. “Well, a shame that you couldn't last any longer, but who could blame you? Now then...wizard...” Gray's hues moved towards the man standing by the door to the tower-obviously shaken from the whole ordeal.

“What's wrong? Frozen with fear?” Sarcastically asked the Tiefling while she took several large steps towards the man. “I don't blame you. I just killed 6 people in a matter of minutes, I can't be hit with steel weapons, and magic only makes me stronger! Honestly, the excitement of it all is enough to make me cum...so I will!~ Though, after I'm done with you. In fact, I think I'm going to use that tower of yours as my own personal fuck toy when everything is said and done!”

The Wizard was quick to grab his spell book-looking through his myriad of options. “S-Stay back! I'll freeze you! I'll turn you into a frog! I'll-” “-You'll only make me bigger, you fool! Face it, your death is here. Now then...” Gray let out a smile as she gripped the man by his collar; bringing him closer to her. “I can absorb more than people, you know. So...let's see how good my concentration is, shall we? With this gauntlet, I want to absorb-oh, I don't know-your entire series of spell books, as well as these corpses on the ground, and the very outer walls of this tower themselves!”

“W-What?! Surely even you can't-” Though, the Wizard's thought process was cut as a black mist made itself known around the area. A cascade of raven-like swaths of fog engulfed the area-more opaque than a moonless night sky.

Eyes wide with excitement, Gray bit her lip as she readied herself for the biggest growth spurt she would have yet! “Surely I can, and I will! Now watch, as I become a TITAN!” And with that, the walls would begin to rot away, along with the bodies, and the aforementioned spell books-all of which swirled into Gray's gauntlet once more!

“Ha...HAAAAA!~ O-OH MY GODS!~ TH-THERE'S SO MUCH!~ F-FUCK!~” While the Tiefling was expecting pleasure, this was above and beyond what she thought possible! Her own pussy would quiver and cum nearly immediately after the intense rock of euphoria that was hitting her form! Her womanly fluids glistened against her massive thighs, which were already beginning to surge! “AH-AH! ~ AHHH!~”

Holding her head with her free hand as she leaned backwards, the Tiefling could only grin as she basked in the changes before her. Shifting and growing, Gray's body was becoming a mosh of spasms, and crowning mounds of muscle. The woman's stomach was the first thing to alter with her lengthening height-in which beefy abdominal muscles could be seen forming into her flesh-outlined only by her glowing veins! 1,2,4,6! These densely packed pieces of meat were complimented by obliques moving along her now tight waist! “GAHHH!~ YEEEEES!~”

Gray's body surged with excess bulk as she rose easily past 10ft! Her thick, 30 inch thighs were now tearing away with the hilly chunks of strength which were pumping as more and more muscle fibers

divided and added to her limb! Her calves ballooned into cannonballs of compact flesh, with veins adorning it; pumping even more arcane blood through her!

“BIGGER!~ I DESERVE TO BE HUGE!~ UNFG!~ MAKE ME UNSTOPPABLE YOU FUCKS!!~” Gray demanded, and her body granted, as she surged up to 30ft! Her boulder biceps tightening into extreme mounds of growing goodness, at least 14ft around! Another involuntary flex made them nearly double in size! “GHAHAHA!~ SHIT!~ MY BICEPS FEEL SO AMAZING!~ I CAN F-FLEX THEM STRONGAHH~” Another orgasm; raining fluids down onto the ground below!

The muscle tone that the Tiefling was receiving was absurd; having each muscle group slowly carving deeper and deeper, becoming more toned than thought possible! Yet, more only seemed to make her larger, as Gray's body continued to improve upon the impossible perfection that she was going through!

“YES!~ YEEES!~” Feeling the power of the Arcane flow through her, the Tiefling's own body continued to enhance. Her once ram-like horns would begin to morph-slowly having another set pushing upwards into nearly straight, crown like ones. Not only this, but altering from the amount of necrotic magic, the Tiefling's sclera would darken to an obsidian black-only exaggerating the bright glow of her pupils!

“I CAN FEEL IT!~ THE MAGICS YOU'VE STUDIED ARE MINE TO COMMAND!~ SPELLS AND SPELLS THAT ARE NOW AT MY WHIM!~ GAH!~ SOON, I SHALL ABSORB THIS PLANET OF ITS ENTIRETY OF ARCANE!~ NOW, THIS WH-WHOLE UNIVERSE!~”

And it was true; as runic symbols presented themselves carved within the aforementioned horns of this giantess-glowing with a hellish orange. Gray had become a true bastion of power, and by simple banditry no less! Yet, it was not enough!

The Wizard, meanwhile, only struggled-now looking more like a doll to the towering Tiefling. “HAHAHA!~ YES, STRUGGLE, YOU *LITTLE* BOY!~ I'LL CRUSH YOU WITH JUST A FRACTION OF MY POWER!~ FEED ME WHAT LITTLE MUSCLE YOU HAVE, PEASANT!~” True to her word, the woman only slightly clenched her fist-only to have the man's upper torso pop like an overinflated water skin!

Raining down, the crimson fluid drenched Gray's now room-sized breasts. Leaking through what little give her cleavage had, her body was astounding, like a true Deity, having the red shimmer against her washboard abdominals, which were still convulsing due to her series of violent orgasms.

Shortly after absorbing the Wizard, the Tiefling's body stopped its growth at an astonishing 50ft! Looking down at the ground beneath her, Gray's face could only be defined as smug to the extreme-a smirk of unmatched satisfaction while she looked at the remnants of destruction that her growth caused-blood stained floors, cracked ground, and her sexy, bloody body.

“YES, YES!~ THIS IS GREAT!~ YET, I STILL NEED TO FUCK, AND THIS TOWER MOCKS ME WITH ITS HEIGHT!~ OH, BITCH-BOY, WE ARE GOING TO FIND OURSELVES MORE PREY UNTIL I'M BIG ENOUGH TO PUT THIS THING IN ME! THEN WE GO TO THE CAPITAL!~”

Khelis was speechless at how accurate Gray's eyesight would become-as despite the distance and height, she was able to stare directly at him! He was in awe of her transformation; watching as her crooked tail casually swayed across the ground-causing massive chunks of earth and dust to be kicked

up. He knew there was no saying no.

“I KNOW YOU LIKE WHAT YOU SEE BITCH-BOY, SO WHY NOT MAKE IT BETTER?! NOW, FIND ME MORE FOOD!~”

End of Part 1.