

Tangles of Temptation

The sun of a clear, Mediterranean day shone overhead.

Wurrrrsh!!

Plop...!

Delia watched her fishing line connect with the water before vanishing into the dark blue. A sigh accompanied the sound of her sandals clattering off into the rowboat, leaving her feet bare. A breeze felt good on her bare legs and exposed neck. Under the shade of a wide-brimmed gardening hat, the setting was perfectly pleasant for a day of fishing. With much of the Greek island in view, adorned with its rows of pure-white houses and striking blue tops, she imagined she could have been the subject of a painting.

“Nnnggaaahhhhhh...”

She leaned back far enough to lie across the other seat and bridge her spine. A groan floated through the air at her orgasmic stretch. She lifted her arms overhead for good measure, taking in the blissful pulling of her muscles. The fabric of her tank top rubbed across her otherwise bare breasts. Excited nipples poked against the garment, the smooth sides of their curves teasingly visible through her arm holes as gravity pulled them to her sides.

“Well...” she moaned, letting herself collapse and go limp in the bottom of the boat. Her head rolled to one side and spied an empty fishing basket. “I may not have caught anything today... But at least I have the fresh tan to show for it.”

The playing sun was heaven across her exposed skin. Summer wasn't in full swing yet and the temperature was still mild enough to enjoy. Soon the beaches would be filled with tourists and children. Sometimes fishing was the only peace Delia could find during those times.

She looked down at her body to inspect the sun's work. It was the first time she'd managed to get out in nearly two months. Work was a swamp and the weather had been unforgiving until recently. Her precious tan had started to fade too much for her liking.

A finger hooked the top of her tank top and pulled it away. Two happy breasts stared back at her, large enough to fill a DD-cup bra when she felt like wearing one. Their plump forms were pale compared to the rest of her. The faded outline of a bikini top framed them in a triangle.

Her hand slipped lower. The front of her jean shorts lifted then. A stark border wrapped around her hips where her tan ended. A pair of pink cotton panties stared back.

“Hell of a tan line...”

Temptation tickled at her mind. She could undress. Spend another hour or two fishing in the buff. It wouldn't be the first time, and there was something exhilarating about sitting naked in such an open expanse as the sea. Something honest and soul-bearing. There hadn't been another boat all day, but if one were to pass, Delia wouldn't mind if they caught a peek. She would hardly be the only naked person on the Greek coastline.

Not much thought was put into it. Delia's fingers fidgeted with the clasp of her shorts. One swift motion would slide them and her underwear down her legs. She might even jump in the water for a quick skinny dip. A little sun where it doesn't usually shine would do her good.



Delia felt herself blush when her button came open. “*One nude fisherwoman, coming right--*”

WHHZZZZ!!!

The fishing rod came to life. Any thoughts of stripping left her mind as Delia scrambled back into a seated position with pole in hand.

“*WOOOO!! FISH ON!!!*” she yelled to no one in particular.

Line spun from the reel at top speed. The pole curved, angling down in a sharp arc.

Thunk!

She braced her feet against the smoothed wooden side of the boat and leaned back, reeling in as she brought herself forward in successive motions. “*Holy... Might be some kind of shark!*”

Pulling back again, Delia felt sweat run down her back and between her cleavage. Whatever was on the other end was putting up a fight she wasn’t prepared for. The pole’s handle sank into the soft of her abdomen. Clenched hands mashed against her breasts when she used her body as leverage to heave the pole backward.

Wrrssh!!

The boat rocked and splashed when the fish pulled back. Delia ground her teeth and repositioned her feet, bracing herself against the line’s direction. “*Ngghh oohhhh no you don’t!!*” Her foot steadied itself. The reel trembled in her grasp, squeaking as it was forced to release line or snap.

The world started to tilt when one side of the boat lifted. Water splashed, chilling Delia’s legs with the salty spray.

“*Come ooon!! You’re not--*”

A shadow moved in front of her. Large, formless, and dark. Still deep beneath the surface. Fright gripped her chest and she recoiled back as if stepping into a spider’s web.

Snap!!

“*Shit!!*”

The line broke at her sudden movement. It floated limp around her, the catch gone and her butt sore from landing on the bottom of the boat. Her breath was still fast. More startled than tired, she noticed her hands were shaking.

That had not been the shadow of a fish, or even a shark. Even worse, it was big. Fast. If Delia didn't know better, she would have thought she'd just seen the shadow of a buffalo zip under her boat.

"The hell was that..."

Choppy waves surrounded her vessel. Daring to look over the side, Delia's heart jumped into her throat when she saw the shadow circling.

The time for contemplating nude fishing was over. Buttoning her shorts, Delia sat and grabbed the oars. Their ends splashed in the water with dual slaps. An experienced flex of her arms pulled the wooden poles and propelled the boat toward shore.

"Screw that! I'm not sticking around for whatever--"

Shunk!

Shunk!

The oars were gone. Ripped from her hands and into the sea in the blink of an eye, as if it had sucked them in. Delia blinked at her empty palms. They had gone so fast, her mind wasn't certain she'd actually ever been holding them. She looked around to make sure they weren't still in the bottom of the boat.

There was nothing but her pole, tackle, and snacks.

Whumph!

"Ah!"

Something slapped the outside of the boat. Something heavy and wet, with enough mass to rock it in the opposite direction. Delia gripped her bench. Fear pumped her heart hard and fast. She started weighing her options. Swimming was off the table given the thing's size and speed. She had no weapons. She wasn't close enough to shore that someone could hear her, but maybe they could see her jumping and waving her arms.

She was about to get to her feet when a gentle splash of water sounded off the bow. Movement caught her eye and she whipped her attention forward, brown hair falling into her face.

A woman's face stared back, peering over her edge of her boat. A hand curled over the wood, steadying her in the waves. A bright pink swim cap hugged her scalp.

Delia stared, stupefied. *"H-Hey... Hey! Did you swim here?? You need to get away! O-Or get in!! There's something in the water!! Some kind of shark or...I don't know!! It's not safe!"*

Shhhplat!

A red tentacle slapped over the edge of the boat, as thick as Delia's calf before tapering into a gentle tip. Suction cups lined its underside in a crowded line.

"Y-You... You need to..."

Shhhplat!

Another fell into the boat with a heavy smack, coiling over the floor. A water bottle became trapped in its grip before crackling and bursting its coiling cap.

“Y...You...”

The woman rose from the water with both hands on the boat’s edge. She was naked. Heavy, full breasts swayed with dominance when they slipped over the vessel. The woman’s skin was a tempting shade of pink. Barnacles clung to her, dotting her body like decoration.

Shhhplat!

Shhhplat!

Tentacles poured into the boat in like meaty waves. When the woman’s hips came into view, Delia saw no legs. Her pelvis branched off into a tangled heap of writhing red tendrils. They circled her waist like a skirt with a mind of its own. Some of them over ten feet in length. Her tentacles took several more seconds to follow her body into the craft before finally her bulk settled in a writhing mass of suction cups. Now in full view, she could see the woman wasn’t wearing a swim cap; it was a layer of smoothed, frilly skin that branched into several tentacles draped over her shoulders.



Delia didn’t dare move. The sea woman consumed more than half of the rowboat. Her weight threw it off balance. Huddled against the opposite end, Delia’s heart skipped a beat when something tickled her foot.

“AHH!! GET AWAY!!” she shrieked, kicking away a tentacle wrapping itself around her ankle. “THE HELL ARE YOU?!”

The creature glared, narrowing her eyes. Like a stalking predator, she moved forward, using her arms to drag herself across the boat. Melon-sized breasts hung beneath her, cramming together with natural cleavage.

Her voice was thick and fluid. Delia thought she could hear bubbles in the woman's throat. "*You...*" she growled, looming over the fisherwoman. Tentacles crept around her, closing in like a dozen arms. Delia wanted to scream, but the woman's presence was absolute. "*I believe... You left something behind...*"

The woman rolled her left shoulder forward. Delia's hook protruded from her skin, deep and solid where it had lodged before snapping the line. The tip stuck out from an exit wound. Several feet of cord still danced in the breeze from the other end.

"*I-I... I am... SO sorry...*" Delia squeaked. Her body twitched at a tentacle suction cupping itself around her thigh. "*I-I could remove it if you like?*"

A tiny motion from the woman's head accepted the offer. Not daring to move too quickly, Delia leaned forward to reach into her tackle box and found a hooked pair of pliers. Snipping one end off, she pulled the hook through the exit wound. Hardly a grimace was given from the sea woman, nor more than a few drops of blood.

Delia could hardly meet her stony gaze as she tossed the hook away. "*Sorry again...*"

"You humans, always sticking things where you don't belong." Her tentacles crept closer, surrounding Delia on all sides. Curious tips poked and prodded. "*Maybe it's time you feel what it's like when something is...stuck where it doesn't belong.*"

"But it was an accid--*EEK!*"

A tentacle slithered up her tank top. Chills raced through Delia at the slippery appendage dancing between her breasts and bulging her shirt across her abdomen. Soft pops came from suction cups grabbing and releasing in a gentle song of exploration across her supple skin.

"*N-Nnngh...*" Tensing, Delia tried to push the tentacle away but found the muscle immovable. "*What... What are you??*"

An amused chuckle jogged the woman's bust. "*Little of this... Little of that... Some might call me a mermaid... Others might call me a monster.*" Her pink eyes flashed. Slowly, a tentacle inched itself under the leg of Delia's shorts and tickled her inner thigh, drawing a whimper of apprehension. "But you can call me... *Kaemi.*"

Delia's breath quickened. A brave tentacle was squirming its way deep into her shorts. One of its siblings joined it soon enough, wiggling between her stomach and waistband. She stared in fright as the front of her shorts came alive with the undulating shapes twisting and coiling around.

"*Y-You can't--Mmm!?*"

One of them slithered between her legs and she clamped her thighs closed protectively upon feeling the tip brush over the supple lips of her groin. Her hands moved to fight them off, but a lightning-fast tentacle had her wrists bound and pulled over her head before she could fight back.

"*Ah-ah...*" Kaemi denied. Saltwater dripped from her hair onto Delia's cheeks when she leaned in close. "*It's time for a little payback... Or should I bring you home for the rest of my family instead? My daughter would have the time of her life with you.*"

Delia wanted to respond, but her mind was being flooded with strange signals and sensations. Slippery and firm, Kaemi's tentacles were lubing her skin into a slick wonder. It was most troublesome between her legs where two tips were sliding back and forth, parting her pussy and daring to curl ever so slightly into her.

"M-Mmgh..."

An involuntary moan slipped through her lips. Between the tightness of her shorts and the extra company, pressure was being applied to her erogenous zones in overwhelming levels.

"What was that?" Kaemi whispered. *"A moan from my prey?"*

She was teasing her. Delia trembled in the tentacles' grasp. Looking down, she saw several more slide into her tank top through her armholes and neckline. Being massaged by so many tendrils, her breasts looked larger than ever. Bulging skin bloated and squished around their lengths as they massaged and pulled.

"What..." Delia swallowed. Her skin tingled with sensitivity. It felt as though she'd been coated in a stimulating gel from a cheap sex shop. More flustered by the second, she watched her chest rise and fall with each nervous hitching breath. Tentacled wrapped around her entire torso to hug and squeeze the air from her lungs like an eager lover. Cheeks hot with blush, she felt a fire growing in her core. *"W...What are you...doing to me..."*

A tentacle caressed her face. Kaemi pushed her breasts against Delia's shoulder. *"Why, whatever do you mean?"*

Creeaak

"Nngh!!!"

Discomfort sparked around Delia's thighs and hips. Stitches popped like stretching leather.

Kaemi giggled. *"Something the matter?"*

Her breaths were coming quicker now. Delia stared at her entangled body being ravaged by a dozen limbs. They were everywhere, gripping and pulling and massaging whatever they could get their suckers on. There was something more, though. A fullness to her breasts she didn't recognize as her chest was squeezed and kneaded. A plump weight to her thighs. A hefty bulk filling the back of her shorts.

Delia squeaked, her arms pulling in an attempt for freedom. *"W-What's happening to my body?!"*

"Mmmmmmm..."

Schhhllck!

So coated in her slime, Delia's body sounded as if it were receiving a vigorous massage. Kaemi's breath was hot in her ear. *"Oh... That might be my toxin..."*

Creeaaak!

Delia's heart thumped. *"What?!"*

"My tentacles secrete a special toxin. To fish it's deadly. But don't worry; It's mostly harmless to humans..." She placed a gentle kiss on Delia's cheek before groping one of the fisherwoman's melon-sized breasts through her tentacle-filled shirt. *"There is the matter of the swelling, though."*

Her mouth trembled, feeling tensions rise across her shorts. “*S-Swelling?*”

Creeaaaaaaaaak

POP!!

“*NNGH!!*”

The button burst open. Delia could feel her ass swelling into her shorts, demanding more fabric. The result left the front of her shorts splitting open. The zipper crept lower and lower, unzipping itself as her cheeks swelled against the bench and bulged over the garment. Tentacles squirmed from the V-shaped opening.



“*Uh-ohhhh.*” Kaemi mused and traced a finger over Delia’s soaking pink panties covering her navel less and less by the minute. “*Already getting a little too big for those silly things? That’s not a problem, is it? You humans love to swim naked in my waters, after all. What’s wrong with a little nudity?*”

Delia could count several issues with it in this case. Filling her lungs was becoming harder under not only the weight of what looked like two volleyballs filling her tank top, but the constricting tentacles as well. Nipples the size of thimbles tented the wet fabric as it clung like a second skin. Enough had soaked through that it had become partially transparent, revealing the writhing dark-pink limbs coiling around her.

Strrrtch!

“*A-Ahh!!*” she squeaked, wincing. Significant tightness was mushrooming her thighs around the leg holes. As she stared, she could see her shorts sinking deeper into her plumping

lower half. No amount of effort would have made it possible for her to put them on at this size, and now she feared no amount of effort would be able to take them off. They rivaled her waist in thickness, yet were still somehow dwarfed by her rear end.

Thump!

Delia gasped when Kaemi flicked the side of her thigh, producing a drum-like sound from her shorts.

“My my, those are getting tight... My tentacles can barely move inside of them!” She wrapped an arm around Delia and groped without mercy. *“Maybe they should start looking for more room?”*

Her eyes turned to saucers when the tentacles started migrating lower. Their tips pushed against her panties and wormed their way further under the cotton. *“W-WAIT!! DON’T--”*

There was no stopping it. Slick and wet beyond belief, Delia’s words vanished when her body accepted two pulsating limbs. They spread her holes, pushing themselves into her intimate warmth a generous depth.

“A-Auuuugh!”

They stretched without mercy, rapidly thickening to a girth twice that of any man she’d ever taken into herself.

Seeming to swoon, Kaemi clenched and gasped. Her breasts burned against Delia’s body. *“That... Mmmm that is...very...warm...”*

Strrrrrrtch!

Delia could feel herself swelling now. The tingling of sex lube was intensifying into a raging sensation of heaviness and bloat. A part of her wanted to see the tentacles pulsing and stretching her loins, but Delia’s view was obscured by a shelf of rising cleavage. Their influence attacked her privates in the worst way she’d hoped. As if her body were puffing itself up for a night of sex, her pussy was taking on a new, plumped form as the toxins worked their way into her folds.

“You’re... MMGH!! Y-You’re making my-- Aahh!! I-It’s too tight!!!” she whined. A tickling across her stomach stole her attention then. She realized it was her shirt rising up her abdomen, lifted by a pair of breasts expanding like heavy balloons. *“MY CHEST!!”*

Her mounds were ballooning, swelling full and plump from Kaemi’s toxin. Excessive flesh dominated her torso an obscene amount. Staring into the cleavage made possible only by two watermelon-sized mammarys, Delia could feel her pulse quickening.

They heaved and kneaded in Kaemi’s grasp. The tank top, usually so loose, was stretching tight across her front into something closer to a sports bra. Pale skin pushed around the straps and neckline. Circular marks covered their globe-like surfaces like kisses left by Kaemi’s suction. Perhaps most swollen of all were her nipples, risen and puffed into strawberry-shaped domes. They tingled with a healthy dose of toxin that spread to her areolas, causing them to rise from her breasts like shallow domes.



“My chest... M-My chest... My chest is...s-swelling... It’s ballooning!” Delia said between panicking gasps. “It’s swelling up!! My breasts are swelling too big!! They’re--”

SHRIIP!!

A dramatic shredding sound shook her from her hysterics. The back of her shorts had just split down the middle. Flesh rushed through the opening to force it larger, lengthening the tear up between her legs to her zipper. A tremendous jolt shook her body when her butt was released all at once like a can of dough and her shorts erupted before falling limp.

Kaemi gasped in amusement. “Whoops!”

“AHH!! Please! I’m way too big! T-T-That’s enough!” Delia begged. Severe tightness squeezed her thighs in a vice. The shorts would not stretch any further around her legs.

“Enough?” Kaemi tightened her tentacles across Delia’s body. “But we haven’t even gotten started.”

Shhrrriiip!!!

A tear opened down the front of her shirt. Cleavage swelled through in protest of its former prison. Fleshy beach balls wobbled on Delia’s frame. Had it not been for the tentacles holding them aloft, she would have been pinning beneath their impossible weight.

Waves splashed around the boat. Her increasing size was making itself known and throwing them off balance.

Boom!!!

Delia gasped in breathlessness when a seam burst along her thigh. Fabric refused to conceal her unnatural growth any longer. Swollen so large and sporting an hourglass figure to make passing through a door a challenge, she squirmed in Kaemi’s clutches.

“H-How... How much bigger do you plan...on making me?!” she whined, hardly able to see beyond her enormous bust. “I’m MASSIVE!! This boat won’t be able to stay afloat!!”

“Shall we test that theory?”

Schlllck!

Kaemi's body shifted. From the mass of her tangle emerged two tentacles that were far larger than their siblings. They emerged from her pelvis where her legs would have been. Wider, longer, and more dominating, they ended in flared ends like the head of a cobra.

Slowly they approached before latching onto Delia's breasts.

"Aahh!!!"

A flurry of tingling prickles assaulted her.

"My most toxic producers," Kaemi said with pride. *"I'm curious to see which lasts longer: you, or your little boat."*

Strrrrrrrrtch!!

"Nnngh! N-Nnngh!!" Sweat ran down Delia's neck when her swelling accelerated by several factors. Everything itched and pulled, shifting with forced expansion despite her body's protest. Tit flesh burgeoned up and out, rapidly engulfing her cheeks. Bulges swallowed her shirt into their depths while each nipple forced itself free through the widening tear. *"They're too big!! They're too--Mph!!!"*

A tentacle slipped into her mouth and bulged her cheeks.

"Shhh, you're so noisy. Just enjoy it."

"Mph?!"

Delia squeaked in her helplessness. Nothing had been left sacred to the sea creature. Deep within her abdomen, she could feel the tentacles twisting and bending. She had no way of knowing how deep Kaemi had chosen to explore, but based on the strange sensation of something pushing her stomach out, Delia wasn't sure she wanted to know.

Crreeeaaaaa--BOOM!!

"MMMMGH!!!!!"

Her head rolled back when her shorts finally exploded. Plumped beyond any natural limit, Delia's lower half expanded into its true form without hindrance. Red marks circled her thighs where the shorts had pulled the tightest. The edges of the rowboat rubbed against her hips.



“Mmph!! Mmmmmmmgh!!” The whimpers came one after another.

Kaemi kissed her cheek. *“What’s the matter? You’re bathed in sweat... Feeling a little too sensitive? My toxin can do that... And with all that swelling?”* Her eyes flashed and a hand slid to Delia’s navel. The soaked panties struggled to match her hips. *“I wouldn’t be surprised if you’re losing your mind.”* She pressed the enhanced bulb of Delia’s clit pushing against the drum-tight cotton. With her labia so swollen and puffed, her nethers screamed with a marshmallow-puffed fullness. It felt like a ripe fruit smashed between her thighs.

“MMMMMGH!!!!!!”

Fireworks exploded in Delia’s mind. Her arms fell, finally released from their restraints.

“Go ahead, see what you’ve become.”

She didn’t try to fight back. There was no hope in overpowering Kaemi, nor did Delia feel any desire to do so. Every thought circled one thing and one thing only: the overwhelming lust building within her curves.

“Mmmm...”

Delia’s whimpers turned to groans. Skin bulged between her fingers as she started groping herself. Larger than yoga balls, finding anything beyond her breasts was difficult. Their mass took up her vision. Her shirt clung to life by threads. Heavy, bloated, and sagging around Kaemi’s tentacles, Delia knew there was nothing she could do against them.

Pop!!

“Mmm!!”

“Uh ohhhhh,” Kaemi ogled, pulling at a ripping seam of her panties. *“Too tight? You look ready to--”*

SHRIIP!!!

The last of Delia’s modesty burst open. Cotton snapped across her hips and crotch, flinging her juices around the boat. She clenched her feet to fight back a tempting wave of pleasure. As swollen as her pussy was, she could feel Kaemi pushing deeper and stretching her petals to the limit. Competing for authority over her ass, she found her body being angled unnaturally by her rising cheeks.

“We’re getting a little cramped for space, aren’t we? Might be time to adjust.”

Pop!

The tentacle pulled from Delia’s lips. *“Gah!! Haaaahhh!! Haaaaaaahhhhhh!! Mmmnghhh ohhh God!!”* Lying on her back, she stared into the quivering canyon of her cleavage. Even Kaemi’s tendrils couldn’t wrap all the way around it now as they clung and sucked to her untanned skin.

Pop pop pop pop pop!!

“Aaaaugh!!!”

They all released at the same time, pulling Delia’s skin in every direction like a thousand hungry mouths. She fell onto her back between the benches, pinned beneath her breasts. Somewhere on the other side she could feel her thighs pushing against their underbellies and her ass bending its bench.

Kaemi moved with dexterous speed. Slithering and sliming her way around even the smallest crevice between Delia and the boat, she climbed between the fisher's breasts. They heaved against the sides of the boat, squeezing Kaemi between their bulk with pillowy tenderness.

Staring ahead with hair clinging to her face, Delia looked into the creature's eyes.

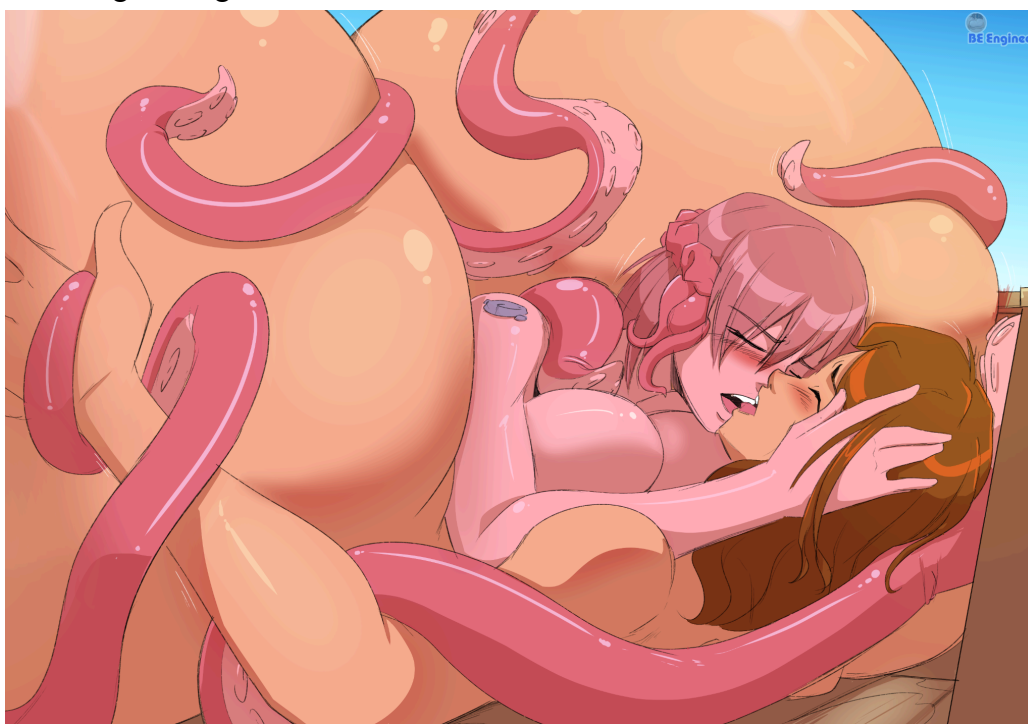
"W-What are you--"

She took Delia's head, kissing her with an ocean of passion. Salt danced between their tongues.

Strrrrrtch!!

"M-Mmmph!"

Delia tensed. Her lips tingled with a tense firmness. Across her body, the tentacles were spreading, clinging and wrapping around once more. Kaemi flexed them in unison to deliver intense, throbbing massages across her entire frame.



Creeaaaaaaaaak

A complaint from the boat's frame. Water splashed over the sides as her weight shifted and rocked. Wood could only keep Delia's mass buoyant for so long. Overhead, atop the sedan-sized chest, her largest tentacles were pushing their tips against Delia's soda can nipples, forcing the fleshy nubs to sink into her areolas. Toxin poured over them in waves.

"Mmm!! M-Mngh!"

She tried to resist. Pleasure was mounting. Growing beyond what she knew she could handle. Swollen so big, she wasn't sure she'd be able to physically contain a release. Sensitivity would overwhelm her. Every nerve ending was already screaming at her size.

Cra-ack!!

“Ahh!! Please!!” Delia pleaded on the verge of orgasm when the boat shuddered. Water lapped at her back.

Kaemi pulled back. Drool ran from her chin before she wiped it away. “*What’s the matter? Afraid of a little--*” She squeezed all of her tentacles, making Delia’s curves bulge wildly.

“AAHH!!”

“--swelling?”

Creeeaaak!!

“I’m... *Too big! I’m too big!*” Delia saw spots. Even her nipples felt like they were ready to accept the prodding tentacles at their door. No hole felt safe. Her chest blocked out the sun. The backs of her thighs pressed against the opposite end of the boat. “*I-I can’t...mmmgh!!...take it!! Too swollen!!!*”

Creeeaaak!!

Her cleavage shivered around Kaemi and Delia’s eyes widened. “*I-I’m gonna burst!! I’m gonna explode!!*”

“*Burst? No... But explode?*” Kaemi leaned forward. Her breasts wedged between Delia’s chest as she approached her ear and whispered, “*Most definitely.*”

“W-Wha--”

Chomp

Kaemi bit down on her neck. Sparks ignited in Delia’s breath.

CREEAAAAC!

“Ahh!! MMMGH!!!”

She massaged her cleavage, pushing against it as it encroached faster than ever. The boat overflowed with her flesh, causing it to look like she was carrying a cargo of erotic carnival inflatables. Limbs throbbed and thrust into her holes, skewering her where she lay.

“*T...T-Too...big!*” Delia couldn’t catch her breath. Cleavage pushed over her like a creeping wave. The light slowly fled. “*I-I’m gonna!! They’re too sensitive!! YOU’RE SO DEEP!! INSIDE OF ME!! MY NIPPLES!!*” She coughed, feeling as though a tentacle were going to work itself out of her throat.

CRRREEEAAAAC!!

Kaemi whispered like a devil in her ear. “*So swollen... Sooooo big... All that sensitivity attacking your mind...*” She pushed her limbs thicker inside of Delia and felt the woman’s muscles contract when she was pushed too far. “*Heh, maybe you really are going to bur--*”

CREEEAAAAAAAAAAAC!!

“AAHHHHHHHH!!!!!!”

CRASH!!!!

Delia screamed, unable to restrain herself for another moment. Wood splintered in an explosion of fleshy pressure in sync with an orgasm. The floor fell out from under her as she tensed, hanging on for dear life as she became paralyzed in ecstasy that sent her nipples contracting and puffing in rapid succession.

SPLASH!!!!

Water rushed over them. Its chill was welcome, cooling Delia's steaming body. Weather-balloon mammaries heaved outward with nothing left to hold them back. Behind the fleshy wall, her legs spread at the command of her thighs. So much girth would never allow her to close them, much less walk.

"HAAHH!!! AAAHHHHMMMMM!!!!!"

She gasped for air and composure. Sea water ran over her body in waterfalls of pleasure. The world seemed to rock and sway with the explosive energy of her breakout. In time, the bobbing motions calmed and the water settled. Delia was left gasping on her back.

When she opened her eyes, the sun was shining down with a blinding brightness. Her breasts, each wider than a king-sized bed, ran to the sides of her torso. They floated in the water with the majority of their bulk beneath the surface like jiggling icebergs. The water line tickled her nipples several meters away and out of sight. With them finally parted, Delia could see between her cleavage and beyond. The scene created by her overgrown butt and thighs took her breath away. Buoyancy kept her hips several feet above water as her ass fought with her breasts for supremacy in a battle to flip her over.

"O-O-Oh my God..." she whispered, following the domed curve of her breasts rising high above her. *"I'm... I-I'm a--"*

"Whale?"

"EEK!"

Kaemi had surfaced beside her head, lurking in the water. Amusement plastered her face in a serene grin. *"I'll be honest; I didn't think you humans could swell this large."* A giggle bubbled through the water and a tentacle poked a breast. *"Like a pufferfish."*

"What... What am I supposed to do like this...?!"

She could see the despair on Delia's face. Finding mercy, Kaemi sighed and assured her, *"The toxin will work itself out eventually. You'll go back to your old size..."*

Hope sparked in her eyes. She relaxed, letting her arms float. *"OH THANK GOD!! I THOUGHT--"*

"But it's going to take a bit." Kaemi winked. *"You'll definitely wash up on the beach before that even starts to happen. Don't worry, though; I'm sure plenty of people will rush to help when they see the beached whale!"*