

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

Contains: Breast Expansion, Mermaids

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Sylvie

Marie watched the new girl step tentatively toward her shop. The girl was definitely new in the port town. That wasn't all that remarkable in and of itself; port towns are know for having more than their fair share of transients.

This girl was definitely not from town. Or anywhere in the region. Maybe even the entire continent. She was of average height, maybe half a hand shorter than Marie herself, with long white hair that fell in waves down all the way to her waist. She wore a simple blue dress that left her arms bare and showed a hint of modest cleavage, and she had on simple low heels in a blue two shades darker than the dress.

The outsider gazed around in wonder as she walked down the cobbled street.

“Interest you in some sweet rolls, young miss?”

A silver-haired mermaid floated into her place among the other young mermaids in ranks around a great banquet table.

“Sylvie? Where in the tides were you?”

“I got distracted. Has the king started his speech yet?”

“No, you got here just in time. Say you look different, are you putting on weight?”

“What a horrible thing to say, no!”

“Well it’s just that the straps of your seashells look a little tight.”

“Oh... it’s probably just that phase of the moon, you know...”

Sylvie affected a laugh, and the other mermaid joined in after some hesitation.

“If you like that, you’ll *love* one of these.”

Marie set a custard-filled éclair in front of Sylvie. She’d been unable to pry from the girl who she was or where she was from, apart from a single name. But she always appreciated Marie’s baking, which was good enough for her. Plus she always paid in gold, even if it was sometimes jewelry, and often barnacle encrusted.

The girl seemed to have no concept of the local exchange rates, and no matter how much change Marie tried to give her, she always overpaid.

“This is amazing! What other land *-er-* city delicacies do you serve?”

“Have you ever heard of tarts?”

“Sylvie you were supposed to be here an hour ago!”

“Sorry, you know I’m no good at weaving...”

“Yeah well it wont matter if your family gets disinvited from court events because of your disrespect to the royal family...”

“I said I was sorry, didn’t I?”

“Are you retaining salt or something? Your breasts look almost twice as big as they normally do... and just look at the size of your tail!”

“You leave my tail out of this! It’s probably just some of those new leaf varieties in the kelp forest... maybe I have some kind of weird allergy...”

“Whatever, just get your basket started. And go see the seamstress for Neptune’s sake.”

“Here Sylvie, try another one...”

Marie pressed a cannoli to the emerald-eyed visitor and delighted in the cute little sounds of appreciation she made as she chewed.

“You know Marie, I might need to stop coming here quite so often.”

“Oh no!” Marie said with genuine sadness, “but why, dear?”

“Well... I’m getting a little plump, you see?”

Sylvie gestured at her hourglass body, which to Marie’s eyes seemed wholly without flaw.

“I don’t see, actually.”

Sylvie smiled at the slightly older woman. By the reckoning of land-folk, Marie was less than five rotations – years they called them – older than Sylvie. She was gradually learning how social customs worked here on land, and decided to try something she’d heard about.

“Oh, you’re just flattering me...”

Sylvie brushed her fingertips lightly across Marie’s hand in feigned protest.

“No I mean it, you’re a lovely girl. In fact, next time you’re in town, would you like to have dinner with me?”

Sylvie’s pale lagoon eyes met Marie’s earth brown ones.

“I’d love to.”

“Sylvie, I’m getting pretty tide-damned tired of covering for your scaly ass!”

“I’m here, I’m here, sorry.”

“That’s all you ever say is ‘sorry.’ We’re supposed to be meeting the prince today! What could be more important than that!?”

“I just got caught up...”

“You know the next time you’re late I’m not going to cover for you! You’ll be on your own... the king will censure your family... and what in the depths is going on with your body?”

“M-my body?”

“Your tail looks more like an Orca than a Koi, and your chest is starting to look like you’re wearing a pair of blowfish!”

“Oh, I think it’s just a *-uh-* sensitivity to gluten...”

“Gluten!? Sylvie nothing we eat has gluten. Have you been eavesdropping on the surface dwellers in their... *-um-* bats?”

“Boats.”

“Huh?”

“Oh erm... ha ha ha... yeah, you got me... just dropping the old eaves...”

“Would you like some more my dear?”

“Oh yes Marie, please.”

“It’s so nice to have a girlfriend with such a healthy appetite...”

“G-g-girlfriend?”

“Well yes love, isn’t that what we are?”

Marie was suddenly self-conscious, for perhaps the first time since she’d met the silver-haired beauty from out of town.

Sylvie sat pondering the idea for a moment, then said finally,

“I guess you’re right. I am your girlfriend. And you’re... my girlfriend?”

Marie threw her arms around the younger woman and peppered her with wet, soft kisses. Ironically, Sylvie hadn’t appreciated how wet things could be until she started spending so much time out of the water.

Marie put something into Sylvie’s mouth using the twin wooden sticks the surface-dwellers called “chopsticks.”

“Hey what happened to Aquila?”

“Seriously Sylvie? She doesn’t want to be seen with you.”

“I don’t understand...”

“Of course you don’t. You disappear for days on end and Aquila got tired of being interrogated by the Royal Guard or your parents every time nobody could find you. I’m not even sure *I* want to be seen talking to you like this.”

“Oh...”

Sylvie’s face fell.

“Although I have been meaning to ask... what are you doing to make your body so... curvy?”

“Curvy?”

“Your tail is bigger than any of the other courtiers our age, and –*erm*– those seashells aren’t leaving much to the imagination...”

“Oh... um... probably just too much sushi...”

“What’s sushi?”

“N-n-nevermind!”

“Honestly girly I don’t know how you do it. You scarf down my baking like a fat merchant but still manage keep your womanly figure...”

“Marie, I have to tell you something.”

“What is it Love?”

“I’m um... I’m not from the countryside.”

“Well even I could tell that much.”

“I’m not from this land at all.”

“I figured you were from some far off land.”

“I’m not from any land.”

Marie chuckled.

“What are you then, an angel from Heaven?”

“I’m from somewhere lower..”

“From... from the Underworld!?”

“I’m from the Ocean, Marie.”

“I don’t understand...”

“Come with me.”

Sylvie took Marie’s hand, and the two women dashed down the city block to the beach, where Sylvie led them to the end of the dock, released her girlfriend’s hand, and dove off the edge into the briny spray.

“Sylvie!!”

A white head popped up from the water, followed by two head-sized pale orbs bobbling just below the girl’s clavicle. A fork-finned tail with brilliant blue scales emerged in Sylvie’s hand.

“Do you see now?”

“A mermaid...” Marie said in awe.

“That’s what you call us, yes.”

“A real mermaid...”

“Are you freaked out? Do you want me to go?”

“No!”

The urgency in Marie’s voice gave Sylvie a shock.

“No... I don’t care if you’re a mermaid... just... please stay.”

This was the outcome Sylvie had hoped for. The reality was that even if she weren’t on the royal family’s ‘chum list’ for her frequent disappearances and pattern of disrespect, her breasts had gotten so large it was getting hard for her to even stay submerged in Atlantis. Her bloated fat-sacks kept lifting her back toward the surface.

“Are you sure?”

“I’ll set up the outdoor bath with salt water if you like, whatever you need to be comfortable.”

Sylvie’s tail transformed to human legs again and she stepped onto the sand. Her curves were no less pronounced in this form, and as the mermaid embraces her, Marie felt Sylvie’s breasts press into her own modest torso before any other part of their bodies met.

“I love you Sylvie, and I’ll do anything to make you stay with me.”

“You don’t mind if I eat too many of your pastries and get even bigger?”

Marie peppered Sylvie with wet kisses again.

“I have some pastries waiting in the kitchen right now, if you want them?”

“I think I’m going to enjoy living on land...”