

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I..don’t follow?”

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

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

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

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

Marra’s face very angular. Her pointed chin was matched with a wide jaw line which rose abruptly into long pointed ears that were pierced several times. Her golden eyes were tilted ever so slightly under her expressive eyebrows, a look her eye shadow accentuated. Contrasting to all of this was her button nose. Down her neck, brown faded to a translucent orange from being stretched out. A lock of her short blue hair fell in her face and she puffed it at, before letting it melt and roll down her face to hit the polished wood floor with a splat.

Ginger screamed and backed away.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm not sure how that involves me..." Marra said with an edge in her voice.

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

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

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

Aside from her hips being much wider than her shoulders and her thighs each being about as thick as Ginger's waist and the fact that her skin was mottled mix of

brown and orange, she looked much the same as any short, chubby human. Her bountiful bust balanced on a wide, fat tummy which flowed over a small pair of shorts worn on top of leggings pulled so tight they were sheer.

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

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

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

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

“Because I was not always a slime,” Marra said, picking up another one of the plates and pouring a little syrup over the stack. She took a bite and chewed before continuing. “Like you, I had a bad encounter...only I wasn’t rescued. I was consumed by the slime which enveloped me.”

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

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

“Which is when you met Dinah?”

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

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

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

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

Ginger finally looked like she was comfortable with the situation when the slime on the ceiling began to fall down, the globs hitting the floor one after another. With each wet squelch, the electromancer blanched. The bits which were stuck on the walls slid down to join the other puddles. Oddly, there was no residue from the material being affixed to the off-white walls. Once what looked like a gallon or more of the gelatinous material was jiggling on the floor, the electromancer started to look panicked again.

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

“Cleaning?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

At the same time, there was enough length to them now that even after the ring and her fingers there was at least another inch of nip beyond that. Never mind how

plump her areolae were as they pressed against her rings. Just how much had Marra stretched her out? As she lingered, a thought crossed her mind. Maybe if she was just slightly more busty the rings and her enlarged nipples would not look so out of place?

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oh?" Marra purred. "A little more you say?"

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

"You were the one who wanted to go up another gauge, remember?" Marra opened her eyes and her lower half began to reshape. Big, powerful feet transitioned into calves that were both plump and bulging with muscle. Her thighs were massive



now, each half as wide as her hips which were impossibly broad. From the top of their dramatic slope to their curved peak, each side was as wide as her shoulders.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I suppose you're right...as for later then." Tendrils peeled off either side of the sling and met in the middle over her vast cleavage. Bit by bit the material of the created clothing spread. Like a shirt bursting in reverse, domes of boob were slowly sunk into fabric. After a moment which left Dinah moaning, Marra was wearing a sleeveless top

that shimmered like it was made from silk and fit like it had been painted on over the bikini top from earlier. Marra had even made the shirt strain over the taut straps. “How’s this look?”

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

“Yeah, looks great!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“We’ll try.”

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

“Well, you wanted to get bigger so…”

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

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

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

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

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

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

As Marra arched up into her, Dinah could feel slime filling her mouth. It rolled down her throat and then faded away. At the same time, her tits throbbed. With each gulp of

her girlfriend's rather unique release they swelled, growing until they pressed against the bed and Marra's ass. All the while she kept eating Marra out, never letting go of her suction while the grip on her horns remained firm.

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

"Besides the awesome sex?" Marra said back as her fingers ran through Dinah's fur.

"My arm never falls asleep since you meld around it."

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

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

"Oh." Marra snuggled closer. "I love you."

"And I you, gumdrop." (3397)