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**This issue alone took over 340 hours
by one person to complete!**

(Along with the wonderful proofreading skills of my wife, “Juliekat”)

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Musical dictionary

Dies Irae (noun) — (“Day of Wrath”) is a medieval Latin poem, and one of the most famous melodies of the Gregorian Chant. It’s four-note melody, from the 13th-century, describes Judgment Day. It can be found pretty much anywhere on the silver screen today.

*It is early morning, but it is difficult to tell. The previous night's storm still covers the area in dense, rain-heavy clouds, threatening another round of downpours. The weather overnight had been tumultuous, disturbing **Melody**'s dreams. Now, as she stands by the pool, uncertainty and fear cloud her thoughts and determination.*

*Warnings blare in her head to hunker down, to seek shelter, and even to run. However, these dark thoughts are not urging **Melody** into retreat from the elements, but from the immense power of the hurricane that was **Cadence**.*

Where is **Solenne**?
And **Reed**? **Capella**?



I'm not sure. I *really* expected **Solenne** to be here. **Reed** and **Capella** were hesitant about the plan. I think they decided not to join us.

Dammit! We need all the support we can!

We're just going to have to do our best.

But will it be enough?

Thank you for showing up early this morning to our pre-Nocturne exercise.

There are a few **fortés** watching. I had hoped starting earlier than usual would result in less of them or even none. Hopefully, they'll think this is just the **usual** pre-event pep talk.

As you know, the Nocturne is in a few days and we must finalize our readiness for our guests. They will expect...



*Melody continues talking, giving a show for the watching security detail. She knows that the **performers** and **accompanists** in attendance are grasping the **real** reason for this early meeting.*

Melody lowers her voice, keeping it soft so that only those standing in front of her would hear...

My friends. You know why we are really here. We are *family*, not staff. We are *free*, not subjects. We love the *Nocturne*...

Hear. Hear.



...but we *cannot* abide becoming servants to *Concerto*, to *Cadence*. Our talent is for us to share, to give of ourselves in pursuit of enjoyment and happiness. It is not something that is to be forced into use by someone else's whim.

* Agreeable murmuring *

The fortés are on the move. Something is... off. We must hurry.

Melody continues despite Octavia's warning, albeit with a softer voice...

We must consider *The Deal* to be null and void. We declare ourselves absolved of its clutches.



The group's pensive silence is palatable. Hearing Melody's words aloud suddenly makes the situation very real. And very scary.

Melody relays her plan to the gathering. Stifled, staccato gasps run through the group at the audacity of the strategy. But they all know that there is no going back now...

Starting now,
we will—

Starting now, you will
all fall in line and prepare
for the *Nocturne*!

Oh no! Not now!
Not this early! How
did she find out?

And why is she wearing her
performance gear? She hasn't
worn that in a long time.



Thank you, **Key**,
for *streaming* that
rousing speech.

Key?!

I'll take that
phone now, **Key**!

I— I'm sorry,
Mel. I... I...

She's **terrified**. **Cadence**
got to her. But, if that's true,
that means they've been on to
us. But for how long? How
much does **Cadence** know?!

Just then, **Zaza's** helicopter takes off from the landing pad. **Melody** watches with trepidation...

Zaza!
Addy!

I know they said they couldn't help, but... we are now **alone**.



Were you expecting help?

N-no.

Ah, good! Then you know what you are up against. And your cheering section has flown away.

Last chance, **Melody**. You, *all of you*, signed **The Deal**! You *will* abide by it!



Your Deal is **corrupt**!
Your Deal is **immoral**!
Your ...

The Deal **IS**!
And it is undeniable! It is a **part** of *Orchestra* and you *will* accept it!

Don't believe me?
Many of your friends agree...

**Harmon?!
Solenne?!
No!**

M-Mel? What are you doing?
You brought me here. You told
me this would be amazing
and it *has* been!

You told me I could **enjoy**
my powers with like-folk, and
I *have*. Wh-**why** are you
throwing this away now?



She got to them! That damned bitch
got to them! **Harmon** looks ragged. And
his **junk is huge!** Did she **seduce** him?
Promise him anything, everything?

This is my fault! I recruited
Harmon. I recruited others.
I fed them the lie.

But the fact that **Cadence** chose to parade **Harmon** and **Solenne** out, as if they truly supported the conductor's side, only infuriates **Melody**, giving her strength...

No. It wasn't a lie. **Orchestra** is supposed to be enjoyable, free. It's how it is in other troupes. **Cadence** has corrupted it.

Orchestra is not evil. **Misuse** of it is.

I'm sorry you have been lied to, **Harmon**. But the lie was not from me.



We are leaving, **Cadence**. For those not with us, I say **reconsider** and **join us** to—

Nobody will be going anywhere! **Major**, bring *him* here.

Raga ?!

What did she
do to him?! He
looks **sickly!**

M-Mel...
D-don't...

God damn you, **Cadence!**
What have you done?!

I warn you *not*
to defy me. **Raga** is
a demonstration of
my power.



He helped **Fine**
to run away. Thus, he
had to be **punished**.

Are you going to stop all of us? As you
said, you're just a Conductor — you have
to *manipulate* others. You can't perform
yourself. That's not power. That's... **parasitic!**

Oh, **Mel**. You are just
a performer, albeit a highly
skilled one. You know
nothing of Conductors.

Fortissima casts Raga to the ground in distaste...

*Dies Irae, my dear.
Dies Irae.*

Uuhnnnn...

No! You didn't!
How could y- ?!

I assure you I have. **Raga** is now as **powerless** as any *silenzio*.



*Is that powerlessness
what **Cadence** alluded to last
night? Oh my god, I thought
she was... just role playing
a **dominatrix**!*

*What is "Dies Irae"? What did she **do**
to that guy? I know "silenzio," as **Hasa**
is one. Did she somehow cause that
guy to lose his **resonance**?
Is that **possible**?!*

*What do I do? Do I stand up?
I had done that when I met **Addy** and he
grabbed **Melody**, and it all went wrong.
I misunderstood the situation at the time.
Am I misunderstanding it **again**?*



I feel no **resonance**.
He is... empty.

Oh, **Raga**...

You are wrong, **Cadence**!
A Conductor should **lead**! Not enslave!
They should **direct**, not enforce their
will without consent onto...



Consent? *Consent?!*

I am a **Conductor!**
I care **not** for consent!

I control!

Yeah! Control!
And **Raga** paid the price for
not realizing this!



Fortissima! No!
Do not attempt to equate
yourself to **Cadence!**

Without breaking eye contact with **Melody**, **Cadence** grabs **Fortissima** by the wrist...

Yes!
Control!

Aaahhhh!

Holy fuck!

That goes for *everyone* under my power. *Anyone* who does not fall in line will be **dealt with!**

Including **you, Melody!**



I've tried to warn you, **Fortissima!**

*Fortissima's cry wails upward, almost like an extreme **orgasm**. It then suddenly turns to panicky misery, as her **resonance**, at its pinnacle, is **drained** by **Cadence**...*

Aaaaaahhh!

***Cadence's** form grows taller and more muscular as she absorbs the insolent forté's **resonance**...*

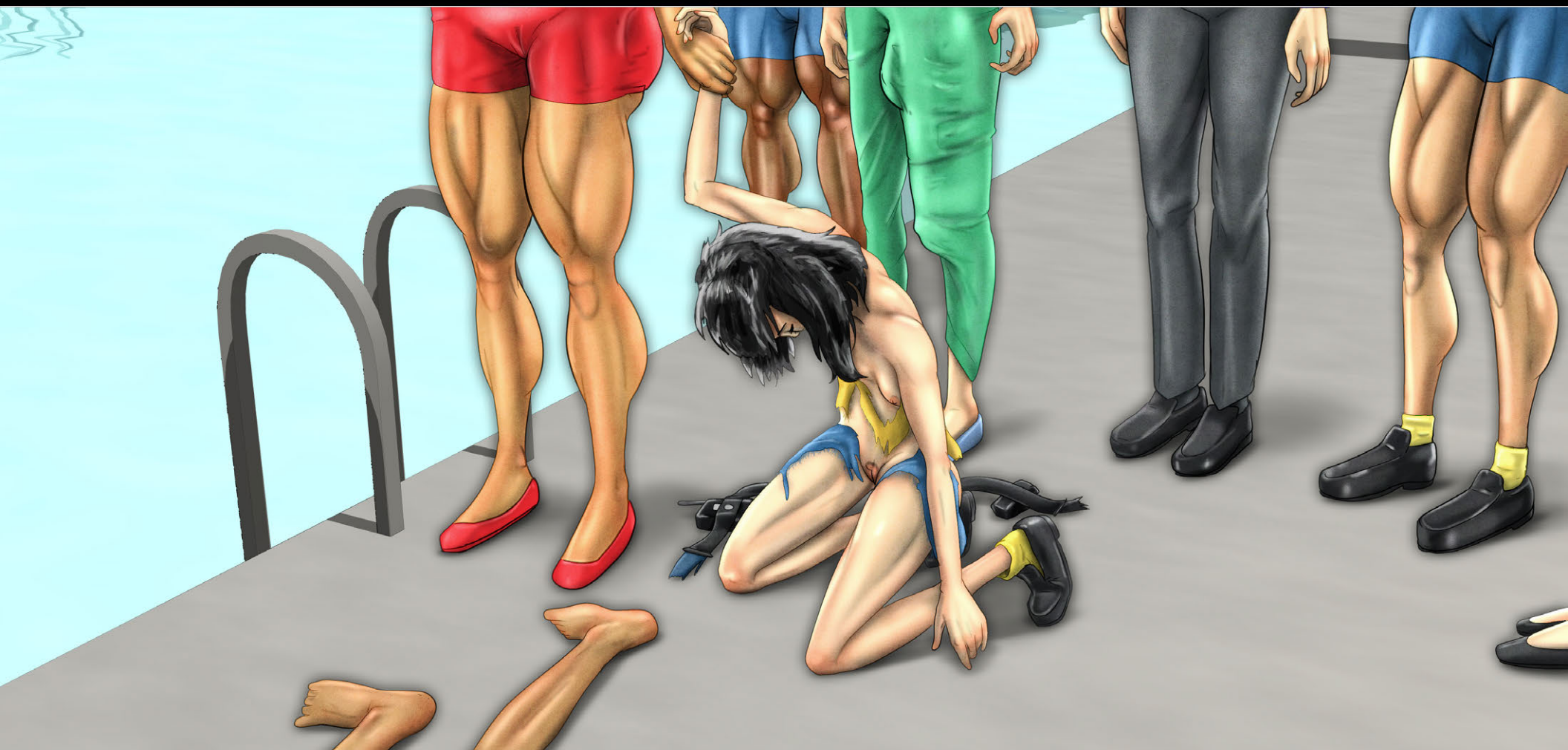


And just as suddenly as her **resonance** peaked, **Fortissima** then wanes in power. Her muscles shrink like deflating balloons and the last of her energy is absorbed by **Cadence**...

Uuuuuuhhh...

You **all** will fall in line **now**... or else you will suffer!

Whu- What the hell did **Cadence** do to her?! Is this that "Dies Irae" thing?



I... I felt some of this last night! I thought **Cadence** was just controlling my resonance. She was actually just **teasing** me with... this... **draining**!

My god... Is **Melody** right in all of this? Fuck, I was wrong to be influenced by **Cadence**. I had no idea she was... this **evil**!

Artiste, with all due respect, last night, you asked for my loyalty... But, *this!* This is too much! For the wonders this place holds, I never once thought this place could...

Harmon, you are such a fool. And I suffer no fools.



AAARRRHHHH!

Harmon!

Yes! Even those who withhold information from me, I have ways of **extracting it from them**. I **control** resonance. I can **control** abilities. I can **control anyone**.

Fortés! Take anyone resisting!



NO!
It's all going **wrong!**
It wasn't supposed to go
this way! I completely
underestimated **Cadence!**

One always learns.
And you do so by making
mistakes. It's **okay.**

My brotzer is a
smart cookie. You
listen to heem!



You are quite goot, dear,
to have zhe **ability** to enhance
anyone's resonance...

You took my small
discovery and *really* explored
it. **More** than I probably
ever could!

Yes, they're right.
I **must** do this.
I **have** to do this.
It's **now** or never!

No. You're not in control any more! Consider this is your **outro, Cadence!**

*The others jump to aid **Melody**, using their powers to deflect or immobilize the charging fortés. Their sudden pounce, spurred on by **Melody's** "outro" cue, catches the fortés off guard...*

*As the enforcers charged in, the group of rebellious performers and accompanists jump into action. **Melody** blasts the forté with growth that shifts her center of weight. She then side-steps the rushing redhead, tripping her...*



Other **fortés** dash in, but they too are attacked by the rebelling **performers**.

To the **fortés**' surprise, the attack seems well coordinated. **Performers** and **accompanists** work together to use their **resonance** to give them an advantage in the fight.

Some performers grow themselves to add to their fighting ability. Others use their **resonance** to grow the charging **fortés** in a way that disables them, throwing off their equilibrium...



The coordinated plan has two goals in mind. One is to fight for their freedom. The other is to keep the **fortés** away from **Melody** so she has a chance to enact her strategy...

Cleared from any near-by fortés,
Melody wades into the shallow
end of the a piacere pool...

Use the power you learned
from **Harmon**. Absorb the
a piacere waters...

(I will grow **biggerrrr...**
grow **tallerrrr ...**)

Your reign is over,
Cadence!



As chaos reigns poolside between fortés and performers, **Melody** continues to grow bigger, channeling what she learned that one night with **Harmon** in this same pool...

You are powerful. But, we will overwhelm you. You can only push people so far—

((I will grow **biggerrrr**...
grow **tallerrrr** ...))



Impressive show.
But, I think **not**.

* Rrrrip! *

* R-r-riip! *

* Rip! *



Melody's momentum and determination is overwhelmed by Cadence's sudden growth. Taller and taller, the conductor rises in stature with surprising speed, as she sucks in the resonance cast at her along with slowly draining Harmon's power.

You thought you could dominate me with your size. Your plan has **failed, Melody**. You no longer hold the upper hand. Your "secret" is **mine!** You will remain the weaker one, a *mere* performer.



*No! How did she—?
We're lost!*

*Sh-she probed my "essence"?
Did she **pull** my knowledge of super-growth
from my mind?! Oh, **Melody!** I'm so sorry!
I never told her anything!*

Brio! Capella!
Give me your **all** of
resonance!

In sheer desperation,
Melody charges **Cadence**,
grappling her...

AAARRRRH!

OOFFFF!

((I will grow **biggerrr...**
tallerrr... *Use the
a **piacere** waterrr...))



She only **just** found out
about body-growing! She
can't be stronger than me!
... Can she?

However, **Cadence** uses her new muscles to stop **Melody's** charge, and even push back. Grabbing the other woman by the shoulder, the jacked conductor begins to **drain** the smaller performer ...

AAAHHHH!

((I will grow **biggerrr...**
tallerrr...))

Melody's breasts **surge** larger due to her **resonance** being forcibly drawn to the surface by **Cadence** before being drained ...



Me! Nooo!

Through the pain, **Melody** quickly grabs **Cadence's** wrist and grows **both** their breasts to separate them. The momentum and weight of the newly-enlarging boobs causes the combatants to lose their balance...

((**Both our breastsss will quickly growwww huuuuge...!**))

Wha-?!



The giant women clumsily fall into the **a piacere** waters, their enormous bodies sending huge waves out of the pool.

As awkward as it is, **Melody** had hoped this would happen so that she could get away from **Cadence's** grip, **Harmon** would not be hurt, and she could regroup...



Having fallen in the shallow end of the pool, **Melody** is able to quickly get back up...

Good! As I had hoped, **Harmon** is out of reach and **Lyra** is helping him out of the pool!

Now that **Cadence** can't use **Harmon**, I must overpower her! Thankfully, **Capella** is still giving me her **resonance**!

(I will grow even taller...!))



I've got you!
Surrender! You have **no**
power **by yourself**.

Maybe not.
But I have **yours**!

Cadence grabs *Melody's* leg and proceeds to drain **resonance** from her, as well as use her growth ability on herself...

Melody's breasts and butt **grow** as the draining begins, but her stature **diminishes**...

AAARRHHH!!

((I will grow **TALLERRRR...!**))



As the giant women battle in the pool, the others also engage in a growth fight on the patio. In both instances, however, the fight seems to be going against the rebelling group...



Protect our **accompanists!**
They need to help **Melody!**
Someone assist **Lyra** in
helping **Harmon!**

Aarrgghkk...

Give in, **Melody**.
You are **losing!** I am
more powerful!

Can't... let her...
drain me!



* Booom! *

Nooo! Yoou!
Arrre! **NOT!**

((My assss
will quickly growww
huuuge now...!))

OOOFFF!



* pant * pant *

Wow! I **actually** fought her off!
I made my ass grow quicker than
I ever have before! Maybe **Zaza**
and **Addy** were right!

Could it be?!
Can I actually **do** this?
But her powers are
sooo **strong**!



* pant * pant * You're
starting to annoy me. You are
skilled, I'll give you that.

But your skills
won't protect you from
my power.

I *still* have the rest of my **troupe** to use! Fortés, accompanists, and performers.

ARRRHH!

Which gives me **plenty** of resonance and abilities to tap into...



((I will grow
talleerr...!))

I have this new **growth
ability**, thanks to you
and **Harmon...**

I have the *a piacere* pool
to add to my **power...**



... and
I have **Harmon**
to use!

I will see just how
far I can grow!

I've had **enough** of
giving you a chance
to surrender!

I will
DRAIN you!

You're fate...
is *Dies Irae!*



Standing tall, it becomes apparent that **Cadence** has grown her pussy and shoved **Harmon**'s giant erection into it.

The conductor's hands are now free, yet she will be still able to access **Harmon**'s powers by touch and not lose contact with him so easily as before...

M-Mel...



Mustering just enough strength to brace herself from **Cadence's** charge, **Melody** gives the other woman a blast of her resonance.

The embattled performer focuses on **one breast** only, throwing **Cadence** off balance once again...

((Cadence's right breast will growww as quickly as I can make it...!))



With her loss of symmetry, **Cadence** stumbles and lands against the pool's edge. **Melody** also falls, carried forward by the momentum of her counterattack...



For a few, quick moments,
both combatants pause,
stunned...

* pant pant *

I can't keep doing this!
I'm **exhausted!**
I'm **losing!**



Foolish move!
You're just **pissing me off**
and getting nowhere!

When I'm done,
I will have completely
consumed both your and
Harmon's essence!



YAAAAAAA!!!

Wha—?!



Hasa!

Hello!

ARRRH!
Insolent worm! You will
be drained as well!



Haha!
That tickles!

What the—?!

You **can't** drain meeeee!
I don't *have* any powers!
I am a *silenzio*!



Grrrr!
Then you will **grow**
until you are disabled
and **useless!**

((The silenzio's **breasts**
and **ass** will **grow**
and **grow** ...!))

Wheeee!
Oh my, **Cadence** dear!
This is **lovely!**



Damn you!
This is **not** supposed
to be fun!

*Oh, but it **is!***
Hee heee!

Let go of my hand
you tin-eared,
little hussy!

((The **silenzio's breastssss**
and **asssss** will continue to
growww biggerrr and
biggerrr ...!))



** pant pant **

*Oh, **Hasa**, thank you
for giving me a moment of
rest. But how can we defeat
Cadence's sheer power?*

*I'm **no** longer feeling
any **resonance** support
from my team — and
she has **plenty!***

*All of our accompanists
must have been subdued
by **Cadence's** fortés!*

AARRRHH!

Harmon!

Hey! Leave my friend,
Harmon, alone you
largo-headed feminazi!

*Cadence is still using Harmon's
abilities to grow **Hasa** — and
even slowly **draining** him to
gain even more strength!*



Melody!
Don't geeve up!
Help **Harmon!**

Zaza?!
B-but y-you left
in your helicopter!

No! You only
assumed I was
on eet!



NO! You *dare* not!
Conductors don't
interf—

Oh, I have no intention of
interfering personally, dear sister.
Zhis is *your* troupe.

But it iz alzo
your ***mess!***



Then **why** are
you here, *dear* sister?
To **mock** me?!

I am, az you said earlier,
zhe “cheering zection.”

Unt my **accompanists** are
zhe **best** cheerleaders.



*Zaza's accompanists step forward, kneel, and discharge their **resonance** at **Melody**...*

*At the same time one level below, **Addy's** accompanists dart forward and grapple one of **Cadence's** accompanists...*

NO!

As you can see, **Cadence**. I am not doing anything to aid **Melody**.

Unlike you, I give my accompanists a lot of free will and input.



You fucking **bitch!**

Zhank you for zhe compliment.

Uhhnn!
So much power!

Melody! Now! Tap *deep* into your **resonance**. Do **not** be afraid!

You. Are. Her. Equal!

You are a **Maestro**, like me — **both** conductor unt performer!

Wh—what?! **Me?** H-how....?

No! It cannot be!



Yes! You were never allowed to explore your powers!

Both **Addy** unt I agree in zhis! Unt you are **strong!** Fight! Shtop her!

Stop me? I don't think so!
As soon as I make this disgusting
silenzio release me, I will see you
drained, Melody! You **and Harmon!**

Nooooo!
Don't you —UHNN!—
hurt my friends!

((This *silenzio's* **breastsss**
and **assss** will continue to
growww gigantic...!))

Damn you! Why won't you
let go! How can you *still*
hang on at this **size?!**

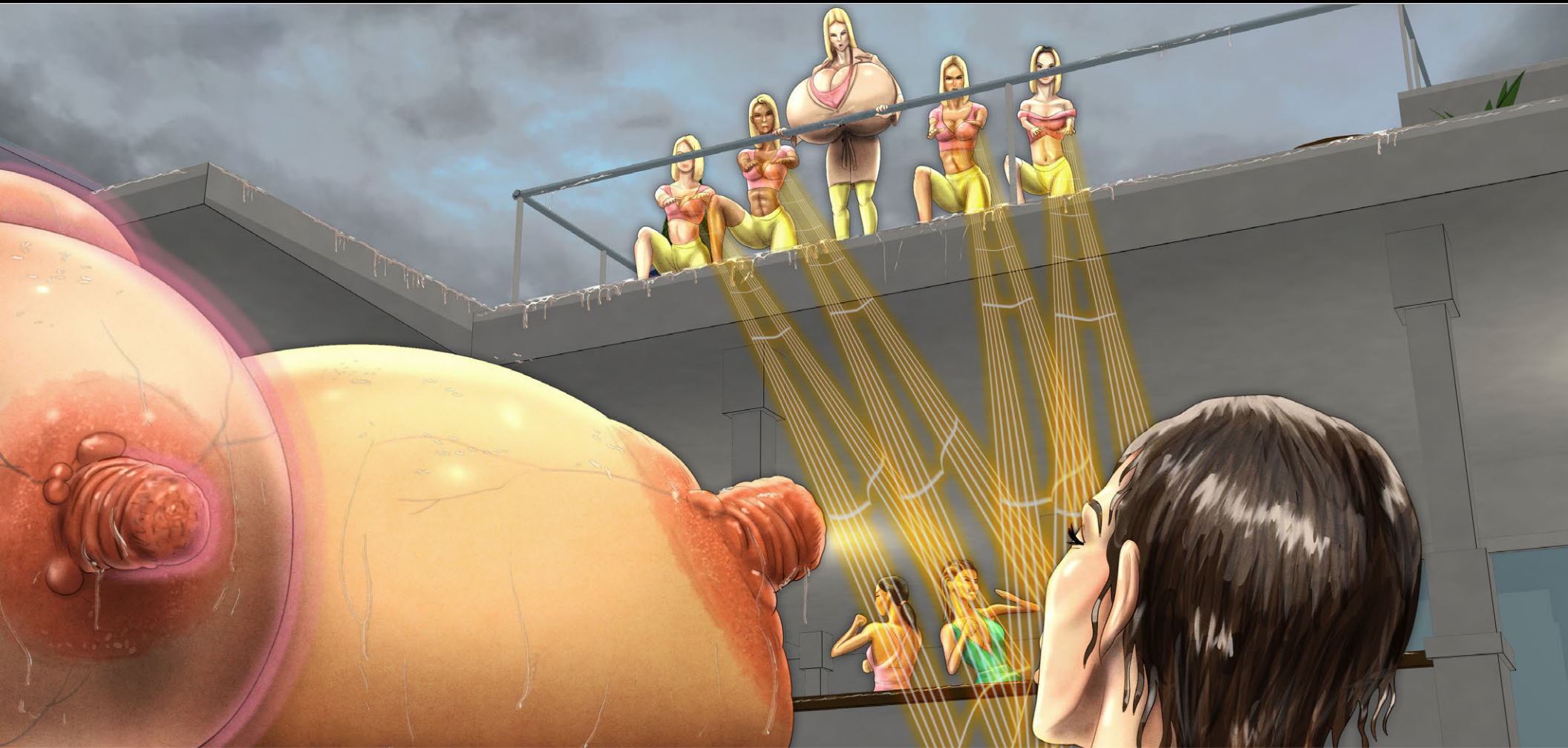


Mel! Fight back!
Save **Harmon!**
Save *Concerto!*

I— I— can't!
Her drain—!

You can!
Reverse her drain!
Geeve her unt taste of
her *own* medicine!

No!
I— I'm not like her!
I **won't** drain!
It's... evil!



UHNNN... Uuooohh!
I'm sorry, **Mel!** I can't
hang on much longer!

Then think of it as "noise cancellation".
Bad noise is silenced with *opposing*
frequencies. Reverse your healing
abilities and **stop** her draining powers!

Do it now!
Before she escapes
Hasa's grasp!

Hasa!
She's the key!

FUUUUCK!
Accompanists!
Give me **ALL** of your
resonance!

Melody leaps forward and pushes against *Hasa*'s body just as the *silenzio* was about to fall off of *Cadence*'s hand. She then performs to make *Hasa* even **bigger**...

AAARRRHH!

((*Hasa*'s **breasts** and **ass** will **growww huuge** and as **fast** as possible...!))

Oh shit!
—UHNNN!!—
Yeeeessss!

What the—?!



*Melody casts as much of her resonance — her own and that which was given to her by the surrounding accompanists — into **Hasa**. More and more she makes the **silenzio**'s breasts and buttocks grow larger, overwhelming **Cadence**...*

*Ugh!
This swelling simpleton
is getting heavy! I can't get
my arm out from
underneath her!*

Get off me,
you **blob**!

Ooh, yeeeesss...
A blob of **flesh**! A glooorious,
groowing, huuuge blob
of fleeeesh!
—UUUHNNN!!—



While expanding *Hasa* even more, *Melody* pushes the **swollen *silenzio*** back onto *Cadence*, causing the conductor to fall back, pinning her against the pool's edge and incapacitating both of her arms...

Argh!
You... weigh...
a ton!

—UYUAH!—
Ny-NUAAH!!—

My god!
A-are you
cumming?!

—NYUUUAH!!—
Oooh, f-fuuuuck
y-y-yeeeeesss!



What the—?!

I lost **Harmon**!
It felt like someone
pulled him out of me!

No! I can't touch anyone
to perform! And this **silenzio**
is useless!

—NYUUUAAAHH!!—
FUUUUUUCK!
—NYUUUAAAHH!!—
YEEESSS!



I... can't...
move...

Wha—? The **a piacere**
pool's water level has gotten
so **low**! Where has it
all gone?

The reason for the missing a piacere water becomes apparent in **Melody's** sudden, new height...

Cadence!

My god!
She... she looks
taller than me!

Today your power
goes **silent!**

Reaching between **Hasa's**
massive breasts, **Melody**
grabs **Cadence's** body...



FUCK!
No! **NO!**

Melody reverses the resonance technique she used when she healed Zaza. Power siphons out of Cadence, coursing up Melody's hand and into her body, causing her to grow bigger...

AAARRRRH!!
NOOOO!

You will conduct
no longer!

You will **not** have a
troupe to abuse!

AAARRRRGGH!!



As **Melody** drains **Cadence**, she grows larger from absorbing the conductor's stored resonance. **Cadence**, on the other hand, does **not** grow at first—as other drained victims usually do — since she has **no** resonance of her own as a conductor...

AAARRRRH!!

You will be **alone!**



Cadence's power and essence bleed out of her and are consumed by **Melody** in an intoxicating rush of energy...

As **Cadence** shrinks — in height, in muscle, and in breast size — **Hasa's** bloated body slips off the shrinking woman and glides into the low water of the pool...

The pool platform suddenly goes quiet, each combatant turning to see the defeated **Cadence** lying unconscious, weakened, and shrunken on the deck...

Uhhnnnnnn...

Alone...

In silence.



Harmon!
Oh, **Harmon!**
Is he okay?!

I'm not sure. He
looks pretty **bad!**

Uhhnnn...

And weak! I—I'm
not sure if **Cadence**
fully **drained** him—

Shush, Lyra! Get
heem inside quick!
I vill accompany you.



Yes! Please help **Harmon!**
Don't worry about me, I'll
be just **fine** floating here as
I am... for quite some time!
—*Uhhnnnn!*—

Uhhnnnnnn...

Melody gathers up *Raga* in her arms protectively, and then spots *Major* kneeling next to the unconscious *Fortissima*...

And what about **you** and your ilk?!

Ulp!
Y-you have w-won the day...

...Artiste.



I think **Major** will need reassignment. Don't worry. **Addy** will keep an eye on heem.

Days later, **The Nocturne** had gone off with only a few hiccups, mostly due to the troupe having the freedom to do what they loved. **Melody** and **Zaza** watch as the last of the guests leave on the **Concerto** ferries...

I like vhat you deed vit yourself — ze **height** unt ze **curves**. Subtle, but full of larger promeeses!

Thank you. I wanted to make a good impression on our guests.

You make unt great leader of zhe troupe.

Thanks to you, **Zaza**.



Nein. Remember, I deed nozthing. No, It's thanks to *you*, to **Harmon**, to **Hasa**, to ev'ryone who believed een you unt **fought**.

How *is* **Harmon**? And **Raga**?

Raga is gaining his strength back. However, his resonance is **lost**.

Harmon, on the other hand, is doing better. He lost un **lot** of his **resonance** to **Cadence**, but not all of it. I have stabilized heem. We *may* be able to bring his abilities back.

Really?! How?

I vill teach you. Remember meine bruise zhat you healed? That's when I *knew* you vere unt **Maestro**. Your performances were already amazing. But, unlike vhat I first told you, **healing** is *actually* zhe power of only un **Conductor**.

Healing? But **Cadence** had her **draining**...

Every source of power haz its **creative** unt **destructive** sides. Fire can make food or burn down zhe forest. **Cadence chose** zhe destructive side. Healing iz just reversing zhe polarity of draining.

As you saw, you have zhem **both** in you. It's up to **you** *how* to use zhem.



Unt since **you** drained **Cadence**, you intimately know her abilities, *you* can help heal **Harmon** — over time. Eet vill take a while to build up his **resonance** strength.

Speaking of **Cadence**, what's to be done with her?

She vill accompany me back to Deutschland. I vill take care of her. She vill no longer be unt thorn in your or anyone's side. She is, as ve zay, "*verirrte sich.*" *

* Lost one's way. See Glossary.



Oh! And is **Addy** almost done drawing up the legal papers?

Ja. You vill be zhe new CEO of *Concerto by the Sea*. Our brozher vill make sure it looks like an inheritance. Zhe regulars on zhe mainland vill be none zhe wiser on vhat transpired here.

Welcome to zhe
club, sister!

Thank you... *sister!*



But I'd like to make a
small change to **Ady's**
work, if I may...

By all means!

Ah! You are zo **tall!**
Maybe I should try
zhis vone day.

Later that evening, in one of the performing suites...

Aaahhhh...

I have to say, **Harmon**, you discovering this **new size ability** —

Hey!
I helped!

Fiiine — you helped. As I was saying... Has opened a **whole** new opportunity for us!



So... do you accept our apology?

Hmmm... I don't knooooow. Maybe you should apologize some more.

That can be arranged. **Zaza** said multiple sessions like this, *saturating* you with resonance and performing on and with you, and with a little guidance from me, should slowly restore your abilities.

You weren't fully drained by **Cadence**. We can heal you.

Multiple sessions, huh? Like how many?

Oh, lots!
Lots and lots!

Yes!
Lots!

Is that
a problem?

No.
No problem
at all.

Good.
Then let's continue making
"beautiful music together."



Written & Directed by
BustArtist

Amanda Layas Melody
Jenny Tayliaas Octavia
Rhoda Hardcockas Cadence
Barry McCocineras Major
Anita Mandelayas Fortissima
Norma Snockersas Cadenza (“Zaza”)
Dick Johnsonas Harmon
Anita Mandelayas Lyra
Edith McCrotchas Key

Starring

Drawn & Colored by
BustArtist

Wilma Dickfitas Medley
Dwana Fukas Song
Rosie Palmas Arietta
Laya Galas Cappella
Martha Fokkeras Fantasia
Tara Nupsumassas Allegra
Pat Herboubas Aria
Buck Nekkidas Raga

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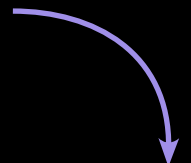
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ver 1.0

Continues!



A while later, after pushing their growths even further, the group takes a breather...

By the way, * pant pant * I signed the final papers * pant pant * with **Addy** earlier.

So, * pant * *Concerto by the Sea* is now * pant pant * yours to lead?

Ours. I made it a board-controlled entity.

Welcome to the board, **Octavia!**

Cool!



You, too, **Harmon!**

M-me?!
* pant pant *
Really?

Yes.

Then my first order of business as a board member is to recommend a new head bartender for *Concerto*.

Heh. Let me guess. Is it **Jaz**?

Why, yes! She's a great mixologist! And she already knows about my "abilities," and has always kept them a **secret**, so I trust her.

Then I think that can be arranged.



But first, we must continue with your healing ...

GLOSSARY

For terms used in “grOwing to a Crescendo”

***a piacere* pool**

- (a piacere, orig. Italian — “at pleasure”) A pool of water with a specific salinity content that helps a performer to enhance the maximum size of their growth range.

Accompanist

- A person who has *resonance*, but cannot wield it. Performers can use an *accompanist*’s *resonance* to enhance their power, using them like a battery. An *accompanist* can either lend their *resonance* by projecting it a short distance, or a *performer* can use their *resonance* by touching them.

Artiste

- A title of respect. Used by troupe members to address those equal or higher in rank than themselves: ex., accompanists and *silenzios* to address performers, performers addressing conductors, and so on. It is especially required to be used in front of clients at performances.

Chair

- Performers are ranked by their powers. First chairs are the highest level. Second chair is below that, and so on.

Concerto by the Sea

- A private retreat owned by Cadence that is used as a business for the pleasure of her exclusive clients.

Conductor

- A person who does not have *resonance* of their own but has the ability to control the *resonance* of another *performer* via touch, even against that performer’s will.

Crescendo

- The loudest point reached in a gradually increasing sound.

(The) Deal

- A contact signed by a resonance-wielder to joint a troupe, outlining the resonance-wielder’s responsibilities, requirements, and compensation. It is considered absolutely binding unless mutually agreed dissolved by both the resonance-wielder and head conductor of the troupe.

die Sexversammlung

- (orig. German) *see Nocturne*

Dies Irae

- (orig. Latin — “the Day of Wrath”) A term used when a *performer* has been judged and punished by having their *resonance* permanently drained.

Forté

- A resonance-wielder whose resonance is only focused on muscle and structure and very rarely sexual. They can bulk-up quickly, but can’t sculpt the body’s sensual parts.

Motif

- The focus or style of resonance growth — such as big breasts, big buttocks, etc.

(The) Nocturne

- A gathering of rich, paying clients at the *Concerto by the Sea* who come to interact, and be affected by, performers’ resonance, almost always in a sexual manner.

(The) Nymphonocturne

- *see Nocturne*

Orchestra

- The engagement of conductors, performers, and accompanists plying and enjoying their resonance-controlling powers — either in trade or hobby.

Performance

- A party/gathering in which performers and clients intermingle, usually with the performers consensually using their talents on the clients.

Performer

- A person who has the innate power to change parts of their bodies, usually sexual; many can also change others’ bodies that they touch and are intimate with.

Resonance

- The power of a *performer* to either grow, manipulate, or enhance the body parts of themselves or another person that they are touching at the time.

Silenzio

- A person who works with performers, usually allowing them to hone their craft on themselves. They have no resonance powers.

Troupe

- An organized collective of *performers* and *conductors*.

Verirrte sich

- (orig. German — “lose one’s way”) A term used when a *performer* has been drained of their *resonance* and is no longer considered a *performer*, usually after they have gone against the *troupe*. This is considered a severe punishment, and is usually looked on with disdain.

