



OUIJA

HALLOWEEN SPECIAL

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WISHING YOU A HAPPY HALLOWEEN 2025!



HALLOWEEN NIGHT. THE AIR IN THE ANCIENT CASTLE FELT HEAVY, THICK WITH CENTURIES OF DUST AND SOMETHING FAR OLDER, FAR LESS TANGIBLE. IN A STONE ROOM, DIMLY LIT BY THE FLICKERING ORANGE GLOW OF CARVED PUMPKINS.

UPON A HEAVY OAK TABLE SAT THE TOOLS OF THEIR EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT. A PRISTINE OUIJA BOARD, ITS LETTERS GLEAMING INNOCENTLY. BUT DOMINATING THE SCENE WAS A BOOK THAT HAD NO BUSINESS BEING A PARTY PROP. IT WAS BOUND IN CRACKED, DESICCATED LEATHER, ITS COVER DOMINATED BY A SINGLE, UNNERVINGLY REALISTIC EYE CARVED INTO THE WOOD, ENCIrcLED BY A METALLIC, GOLDEN SNAKE FROZEN IN THE ACT OF CONSUMING ITS OWN TAIL. THE ROOM WAITED, THE SILENCE PRACTICALLY BREATHING AROUND THE IMPLEMENTS OF A GAME NONE OF THEM TRULY UNDERSTOOD.



ASTRID SAT PATIENTLY ON A PLUSH COUCH, THE ONLY PIECE OF COMFORTABLE FURNITURE IN THE DRAFTY ROOM. AT TWENTY-SIX, SHE POSSESSED A RIPENESS THAT COLLEGE HAD ONLY AMPLIFIED; A FULL, CURVY FIGURE THAT STRAINED ENTICINGLY AGAINST HER CASUAL CLOTHES, CROWNED BY A CASCADE OF LONG, FIERY RED HAIR. HER BREASTS WERE HEAVY AND HIGH, A PROMINENT SILHOUETTE EVEN IN THE DIM LIGHT.

SHE HAD PREPARED FOR THE NIGHT, PAINTING HER FINGERNAILS AND TOENAILS A WARM, AUTUMNAL ORANGE THAT VERGED ON BLOOD-RED. SHE IDLY MASSAGED THE SOLES OF HER FEET, HER PAINTED TOES FLEXING AS SHE WORKED THE ACHE FROM HER ARCH, BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF HOW CLOSELY THE ROOM'S SHADOWS WATCHED HER.



I (THINKING TO HERSELF) "GOD, WHAT WAS I THINKING? THIS BOOK... IT JUST FEELS WRONG. THEY'RE GOING TO LAUGH AT ME IF I SAY ANYTHING NOW."

HER MOMENTARY COMFORT FADED AS HER GAZE DRIFTED BACK TO THE TABLE. ASTRID DREW HER KNEES UP TO HER CHEST, FOLDING HER LUSH BODY INTO A PROTECTIVE, FETAL POSITION. HER EYES FIXED ON THE UNSETTLING BOOK WITH THE SNAKE AND THE EYE, A COLD KNOT OF DREAD TIGHTENING DEEP IN HER BELLY. THIS WAS ALL HER FAULT, IN A WAY. SHE'D BEEN THE ONE TO FIND THE LISTING ON CRAIGSLIST, A "GENUINE HAUNTED CASTLE RENTAL" FROM SOME SKETCHY GUY WHO ONLY COMMUNICATED VIA ENCRYPTED TEXT.

IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A JOKE, A SPOOKY THRILL FOR HER FRIENDS. BUT ASTRID HAD ALWAYS BEEN THE SUPERSTITIOUS ONE. GROWING UP IN A HOUSEHOLD WHERE DEMONS AND DAMNATION WERE SPOKEN OF AS FACTUAL CERTAINTIES HAD LEFT A PERMANENT MARK. SHE DIDN'T JUST HALF-BELIEVE IN THIS STUFF; SHE KNEW IT WAS REAL. THE OUIJA BOARD WASN'T EVEN HER IDEA, BUT SHE'D FOLDED UNDER THE COMBINED PEER PRESSURE OF FINN AND DREW, ARRANGING THE CENTERPIECE OF HER OWN ANXIETY.



I (THINKING TO HERSELF) "IT'S JUST PEER PRESSURE. IT'S JUST A STUPID GAME. BUT IF IT'S NOT... IF WE ACTUALLY TOUCH SOMETHING... MOM ALWAYS SAID YOU DON'T KNOCK ON THE DEVIL'S DOOR UNLESS YOU WANT HIM TO ANSWER."

SHE CONTINUED TO STARE, HER PAINTED TOES CURLING INSTINCTIVELY AS IF TRYING TO GRIP THE FLOOR. THE SNAKE ON THE COVER SEEMED TO SHIMMER, ITS GOLDEN SCALES CATCHING THE PUMPKIN LIGHT IN A WAY THAT MADE IT LOOK ALMOST ALIVE. SHE COULD PRACTICALLY FEEL A PULSE EMANATING FROM THE CARVED EYE, A MALIGNANT AWARENESS THAT SAW RIGHT THROUGH HER CHEAP HALLOWEEN COSTUME AND INTO THE TERRIFIED, PIOUS WOMAN HIDING BENEATH.

HER FRIENDS JUST THOUGHT IT WAS A GAME. THEY'D DRINK, THEY'D LAUGH, THEY'D SLIDE THE PLANCHETTE AROUND AND SQUEAL AT EVERY CREAK OF THE OLD CASTLE. BUT ASTRID KNEW YOU DIDN'T JUST INVITE SOMETHING INTO A SPACE, ESPECIALLY NOT A PLACE LIKE THIS, NOT ON THIS NIGHT, WITHOUT RISKING THAT SOMETHING MIGHT ACTUALLY SHOW UP.



2 (JUMPING, CLUTCHING HER CHEST AS RELIEF AND ADRENALINE WARRIED WITHIN HER) "COMING! JUST... JUST A SECOND!"

1 (A MUFFLED, CHEERFUL VOICE FROM THE HALLWAY) "AAA-ASTRID! YOU IN THERE? OPEN UP, IT'S FREEZING OUT HERE!"

ASTRID WAS SO LOST IN HER SPIRAL OF RELIGIOUS GUILT AND RISING PANIC, IMAGINING GUTTUR-AL VOICES AND SHADOWY HANDS, THAT THE SUDDEN SOUND RIPPED A GASP FROM HER THROAT. A SERIES OF LOUD, HEAVY BANGS ECHOED THROUGH THE ROOM, RATTLING THE DOORFRAME.



A WAVE OF PURE RELIEF WASHED OVER ASTRID, SO POTENT IT ALMOST MADE HER KNEES WEAK. SHE SCRAMBLED UP FROM THE COUCH, THE DREAD THAT HAD BEEN COILING IN HER STOMACH INSTANTLY LOOSENING ITS GRIP.

HER FRIENDS WERE HERE. THEIR FAMILIAR, NOISY ENERGY WAS ALREADY SEEPING THROUGH THE HEAVY DOOR, A WELCOME ANTIDOTE TO THE OPPRESSIVE, ANCIENT SILENCE OF THE ROOM. AS SHE HURRIED TO THE DOOR, A GENUINE SMILE REPLACED HER WORRIED FROWN. THE CASTLE WAS STILL CREEPY, BUT NOW IT WAS THEIR CREEPY PLAYGROUND, AND THAT MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE.



SHE PLACED HER HAND ON THE COLD, SPLINTERED WOOD OF THE DOOR, HER BODY TURNING IN A MOTION THAT SHOWCASED EVERY GENEROUS CURVE. ASTRID WASN'T JUST CURVY; SHE WAS A TESTAMENT TO PLENTY. HER SIMPLE COSTUME, A TIGHT-FITTING WITCH'S DRESS, WAS FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST HER PHYSIQUE. HER ASS WAS A MAGNIFICENT, HEAVY SHELF, ROUND AND BROAD, STRAINING THE BLACK FABRIC TO ITS ABSOLUTE LIMIT WITH EVERY STEP. IT WAS THE KIND OF REAR THAT PROMISED A HANDFUL, A LAPFUL.

HER THIGHS WERE JUST AS IMPRESSIVE, THICK AND POWERFUL, RUBBING TOGETHER SOFTLY AS SHE MOVED, A CLEAR SIGN OF A WOMAN WHO NEVER, EVER SKIPPED DESSERT. SHE WAS ALL SOFT ABUNDANCE, HER WAIST CINCHED JUST ENOUGH TO MAKE THE SWELL OF HER HIPS AND THE MATCHING FULLNESS OF HER HEAVY, JIGGLING TITS LOOK DOWNRIGHT EXPLOSIVE. SHE LOOKED, UNEQUIVOCALLY, LIKE SHE WAS EATING VERY GOOD, AND EVERY OUNCE HAD SETTLED IN EXACTLY THE RIGHT PLACE.



2 (LAUGHING, HER VOICE WARM WITH RELIEF) "HI! GOD, I MISSED YOU GUYS! I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE."

3 (STEPPING IN AND LOOKING AROUND) "HOLY SHIT. YOU ACTUALLY RENTED A PLACE THAT COMES WITH ITS OWN PLAGUE GHOSTS. NICE. DOES MY BLESSING COUNT FOR A DISCOUNT?"

1 (SHOVING PAST FINN AND THROWING HER ARMS WIDE) "JESUS, ASTRID, FINALLY! IT'S FUCKING FREEZING OUT HERE! GET OVER HERE!"

4 (EYES WIDE, STARING AT THE STONEWORK) "THIS IS... WOW. THIS IS INCREDIBLE. THE CORBELS ON THAT ARCH LOOK GENUINELY 12TH CENTURY. ARE YOU SURE THIS PLACE IS STABLE?"

ASTRID PULLED THE HEAVY DOOR OPEN, REVEALING HER THREE FRIENDS HUDDLED IN THE DRAFTY, STONE HALLWAY, THEIR BREATH PLUMING IN THE COLD. THE FIRST TO BURST IN WAS ELARA, A VIBRANT SLASH OF COLOR AGAINST THE GLOOM. WITH HER GORGEOUS LATINA SKIN, SHE WAS PURE PUNK-ROCK ENERGY. HER HAIR WAS NEON GREEN, WITH MATCHING EYESHADOW AND LONG NAILS. HER COSTUME WAS PURE PROVOCATION: A SKIN-TIGHT, BLACK LATEX MONOKINI, HER TITS AND CROTCH BRAZENLY CUPPED BY SKELETAL HANDS.

TO HER LEFT, GRINNING LIKE AN IDIOT, WAS FINN. HE'D GONE FOR MAXIMUM OFFENSE, DRESSED IN THE FULL BLACK CASSOCK AND WHITE COLLAR OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST. COMING FROM A STAUNCHLY ATHEIST ASIAN FAMILY, THE RELIGIOUS ICONOGRAPHY MEANT NOTHING TO HIM BUT A GOOD PUNCHLINE.

TO THE RIGHT WAS DREW, INSTANTLY LOOKING OVERWHELMED BY THE CASTLE'S ARCHITECTURE. HIS LONGISH BROWN HAIR WAS TUCKED BEHIND HIS EARS, AND HIS NERDY HEART WAS ON FULL DISPLAY WITH HIS 1900S-ERA BARTENDER OUTFIT.



ASTRID LUNGED FORWARD, STRETCHING HER ARMS WIDE TO EMBRACE ELARA. THE MOTION WAS A CATASTROPHIC TEST OF HER DRESS'S SEAMS. THE LOW, SQUARE-CUT NECKLINE GAPED OPEN, AND HER MASSIVE, HEAVY BREASTS, BARELY CONTAINED BY THE FABRIC, THREATENED TO SPILL OUT COMPLETELY. THEY WERE PALE, SOFT GLOBES, SHOVED UP AND TOGETHER, CREATING A CANYON OF CLEAVAGE THAT SEEMED TO GO ON FOR MILES.

FINN, WHOSE CRUSH ON ASTRID WAS PAINFULLY OBVIOUS TO EVERYONE, NEARLY CHOKED ON HIS OWN SPIT. HIS EYES LOCKED ONTO THE DISPLAY, HIS MIND GOING BLISSFULLY, STUPIDLY BLANK. HE COULD FEEL A FLUSH CREEPING UP HIS NECK, HIDDEN BY THE PRIEST'S COLLAR.

DREW, MEANWHILE, WAS EQUALLY CAPTIVATED, BUT HIS ATTENTION WAS ENTIRELY ON ELARA'S LATEX-CLAD ASS AS SHE TURNED FOR THE HUG. THE TWO WOMEN KNEW EXACTLY THE EFFECT THEY HAD ON THEIR FRIENDS, AND WHILE NEITHER HAD ACTED ON IT, THEY BOTH ENJOYED THE APPRECIATIVE, FUMBLING ATTENTION.

I (THINKING TO HIMSELF, STARING) "HOLY... MOTHER OF GOD. SHE'S GOING TO KILL ME IN THAT DRESS."



2 (PULLING BACK BUT KEEPING HER HANDS ON ASTRID'S WAIST) "I KNOW, RIGHT? TEN BUCKS SAYS HE BURSTS INTO FLAMES IF HE TOUCHES THAT FREAKY BOOK."

1 (HER VOICE MUFFLED IN ELARA'S GREEN HAIR, BUT LOOKING AT FINN OVER HER SHOULDER) "SERIOUSLY, FINN? A PRIEST? YOU'RE GOING TO GET US ALL STRUCK BY LIGHTNING JUST FOR WALKING IN."

4 (CHUCKLING NERVOUSLY AND ADJUSTING HIS APRON) "HE'S GOT A POINT, ASTRID. IT'S A SERIOUS HAZARD."

3 (PUTTING HIS HANDS ON HIS HIPS IN MOCK OFFENSE) "HEY, THIS IS A HOLY COSTUME! I'M HERE TO EXORCISE THE SPIRITS. AND BESIDES, SAYS YOU, ELPHABA, THAT HAT IS SO POINTY YOU'RE GONNA POKE SOMEONE'S EYE OUT. OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?"



1 "WELL, WELL. LOOK AT THIS SPREAD. YOU REALLY WENT ALL-IN ON THE 'SUMMONING AN ANCIENT EVIL' VIBE, DIDN'T YOU?"

2 "ASTRID, WHERE DID YOU GET THIS STUFF? THAT BOOK LOOKS... GENUINELY FUCKED UP. WHOEVER SOLD YOU THAT SHOULD PROBABLY BE ON A WATCHLIST."

3 (WAVING A HAND DISMISSIVELY)
"OH, STOP! IT WAS THE CHEAPEST PROP I COULD FIND ONLINE! IT'S JUST TO SET THE MOOD, YOU BIG BABY. IT'S NOT REAL."

4 "YEAH, SHUT UP, DREW. BE THANKFUL SHE WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO GIVE US A FUN NIGHT. I, FOR ONE, CAN'T WAIT TO TALK TO SOME GHOSTS. OR MAYBE JUST PISS OFF SOME DEMONS."

FINN'S JOKING DEMEANOR SHIFTED SLIGHTLY AS HE TURNED AND GOT A GOOD LOOK AT THE TABLE. HIS EYES WENT FROM THE OUIJA BOARD TO THE TRULY SINISTER-LOOKING BOOK WITH THE GOLDEN SNAKE. HIS GRIN BECAME A LITTLE MORE GENUINE, A LITTLE MORE MISCHIEVOUS.



2 (SLOUCHING) "CAN WE JUST GET ON WITH IT? WHERE'S THE BOOZE, ASTRID? A GOOD HAUNTING IS ALWAYS BETTER WITH A BUZZ."

1 (HIS VOICE TIGHT) "ARE WE SURE ABOUT THIS? THAT BOOK... IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A PROP."

3 "SHUT UP, FINN. LET HER READ. BE SERIOUS FOR ONE GODDAMN SECOND."

4 (HER EYES SCANNING THE PAGE) "THIS IS... WEIRD. IT'S NOT JUST TEXT."

THE NERVOUS GREETINGS AND IDLE CHATTER DIED DOWN. IT WAS TIME. FINN MOVED TO THE MAIN LIGHT SWITCH, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO NEAR-TOTAL DARKNESS, BROKEN ONLY BY THE FLICKERING FLAMES OF FOUR THICK CANDLES THEY'D PLACED ON THE TABLE'S CORNERS. ACROSS THE ROOM, A LARGE PUMPKIN, CARVED WITH A LEERING GRIN, CAST ITS OWN EERIE ORANGE GLOW.

THE FRIENDS SETTLED AROUND THE HEAVY OAK TABLE. DREW, LOOKING VISIBLY NERVOUS, TOOK A CREAKING LEATHER CHAIR. FINN SLUMPED INTO A SMALLER, RICKETY WOODEN CHAIR, ALREADY LOOKING BORED. ELARA CLAIMED THE PLUSH VELVET COUCH, LEANING FORWARD INTENTLY. ASTRID, HOWEVER, CHOSE THE FLOOR. SHE SANK DOWN ONTO HER KNEES, THEN SETTLED BACK, HER VOLUMINOUS, SOFT ASS RESTING COMFORTABLY ON HER HEELS, HER THICK THIGHS PRESSED FLAT.

THE ANCIENT, EYE-EMBLAZONED BOOK WAS IN HER HANDS. SHE OPENED IT, THE DRY PAGES CRACKLING IN THE QUIET ROOM, AND BEGAN TO DESCRIBE THE FIRST PAGE TO THE OTHERS, HER VOICE HUSHED.

1 "IT'S... IT'S A DRAWING. A SINGLE, MASSIVE SNAKE THAT COILS ALL OVER THE PAGE, LIKE AN 'S' SHAPE THAT JUST KEEPS GOING. AND THERE ARE LETTERS, INSIDE THE COILS, BUT THEY'RE NOT IN ANY ORDER I RECOGNIZE."

3 (SQUINTING IN THE CANDLELIGHT) "I CAN'T... I MEAN, IT LOOKS LIKE LATIN, MAYBE? I DON'T KNOW LATIN. IT'S JUST JUMBLED WORDS. 'MANDUCA,' 'ESURIO,' 'INANIS'..."

5 (HER HEAD JERKS UP, EYES WIDE)
"SEE? I'M NOT READING THIS."

2 "WHAT DO THEY SAY? TRY TO READ THEM."

4 "THOSE ARE... I THINK 'MANDUCA' MEANS 'EAT.' AND 'ESURIO' IS 'I AM HUNGRY.'"



4 "HE'S RIGHT, ASTRID. IT'S JUST WORDS IN A FAKE BOOK. JUST READ IT. LET'S JUST DO IT AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS."

6 (NODDING RELUCTANTLY) "TOGETHER. OKAY. I CAN AGREE TO THAT."

FINN LET OUT AN EXASPERATED SIGH, LEANING FORWARD AND PLANTING HIS ELBOWS ON THE TABLE, THE PRIEST COSTUME LOOKING EVEN MORE ABSURD.

2 (CLUTCHING THE BOOK TO HER CHEST, HER FULL BREASTS PRESSED AGAINST THE COVER) "WHAT IF IT TRIGGERS SOMETHING? DREW JUST SAID IT MEANS 'HUNGRY'! I DONT WANT TO SUMMON SOMETHING HUNGRY!"

5 (LOOKING FROM FINN'S MOCKING FACE TO ELARA'S IMPATIENT ONE, SHE FELT THE FAMILIAR STING OF PEER PRESSURE. SHE WILTED, HER FEAR OVERPOWERED BY HER DESIRE NOT TO BE THE WET BLANKET. SHE LET OUT A SHAKY BREATH.) "OKAY. FINE. BUT... BUT WE ALL HAVE TO READ IT. TOGETHER. AT THE SAME TIME. I'M NOT DOING IT ALONE."

1 "OH, COME ON! ENGLISH IS LIKE, HALF LATIN ANYWAY. JUST SOUND IT OUT. 'ESURIO... ME-OH... WHATEVER.' WHAT'S THE WORST THAT HAPPENS?"

3 "THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT, ISN'T IT? WE'RE HERE FOR A 'SPOOKY NIGHT.' WHAT'S SPOOKIER THAN A HUNGRY GHOST? I'LL PROTECT YOU. THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU,' OR WHATEVER."



1 (IN UNISON, THEIR VOICES GAINING CONFIDENCE) "ESURIO, VOCO TE. INANIS, VOCO TE. SERPENTIS GULAE, IMPLE ME. VENI, VENI, MANDUCA!"

2 (REPEATING, LOUDER) "ESURIO, VOCO TE. INANIS, VOCO TE. SERPENTIS GULAE, IMPLE ME. VENI, VENI, MANDUCA!"

ONE BY ONE, THEY PRESSED THE PALMS OF THEIR HANDS TOGETHER IN A MOCK-SERIOUS PRAYER GESTURE. THEY CLOSED THEIR EYES, THE CANDLELIGHT PAINTING FLICKERING SHADOWS ON THEIR EYELIDS.

ASTRID TOOK A SHAKY BREATH AND BEGAN, THE OTHERS JOINING IN, THEIR VOICES A CLUMSY, OVERLAPPING MESS. THEY STOPPED, LAUGHED NERVOUSLY, AND TRIED AGAIN. AFTER A FEW FALSE STARTS, THEY FOUND A RHYTHM, THEIR FOUR VOICES MEMORIZING THE STRANGE CADENCE AND CHANTING AS ONE, A BIZARRE, UNIFIED PRAYER.



1 (CHANTING, ALMOST HYPNOTIC) "ESURIO, VOCO TE. INANIS, VOCO TE. SERPENTIS GULAE, IMPLE ME. VENI, VENI, MANDUCA!"

THEY CONTINUED THE CHANT, THE LATIN-ESQUE WORDS FILLING THE STONE ROOM, BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS. "ESURIO, VOCO TE. INANIS, VOCO TE. SERPENTIS GULAE, IMPLE ME. VENI, VENI, MANDUCA!"

AS THEY REPEATED IT A FIFTH, THEN A SIXTH TIME, ASTRID FELT IT. A SUDDEN, BITING COLD THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE DRAFTY CASTLE. IT SWEEPED OVER HER BARE ARMS, RAISING GOOSE-BUMPS. AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE FOUR CANDLES ON THE TABLE GUTTERED WILDLY, THEIR FLAMES DANCING AS IF IN A STRONG WIND, THOUGH THE AIR WAS PERFECTLY STILL.

ASTRID'S EYES REMAINED SQUEEZED SHUT, HER EYEBROWS BUNCHING TOGETHER IN A VISIBLY NERVOUS, TERRIFIED EXPRESSION. BUT SHE DIDN'T STOP. HER VOICE, LOCKED WITH THE OTHERS, CONTINUED THE SUMMONING.

4 (STARING AT THE OUIJA BOARD, IGNORING FINN) "BUT... DID IT WORK? IS... IS THERE SOMEONE HERE WITH US?"

3 (ROLLING HIS EYES) "IT'S CALLED A 'CASTLE.' THEY'RE COLD. AND YOU TWO ARE WEARING A LATEX NAPKIN AND A GLORIFIED NIGHTGOWN. I DON'T FEEL SHIT. CAN WE JUST CUT THE CRAP AND GET TO THE BOOZE NOW? MAYBE THROW IN A SLASHER MOVIE? THIS IS KIND OF BORING."

1 (RUBBING HER ARMS) "HOLY SHIT. DOES IT FEEL... WAY COLDER IN HERE TO YOU GUYS?"

2 (NODDING, HER VOICE TREMBLING) "YEAH. ME TOO. I FELT IT JUST BEFORE WE STOPPED."

THE CHANT TRAILED OFF INTO SILENCE. ONE BY ONE, THEY OPENED THEIR EYES, LOOKING AROUND THE ROOM. NOTHING. THE CANDLES HAD SETTLED, THOUGH THEY STILL SEEMED TO FLICKER MORE THAN BEFORE. THE ROOM WAS JUST AS IT WAS.



2 (HIS BORED EXPRESSION VANISHING, EYES WIDE) "WAIT... WHAT? NO. ONE OF YOU PUSHED IT."

1 (HER VOICE A CHOKED WHISPER, POINTING A FINGER) "LOOK! WHAT THE FUCK... IT MOVED! IT FUCKING MOVED!"

AS IF IN DIRECT ANSWER TO DREW'S QUESTION, THE HEART-SHAPED PLANCHETTE ON THE OUIJA BOARD, WHICH HAD BEEN SITTING UNTOUCHED IN THE CENTER OF THE BOARD, SUDDENLY SCRAPED AGAINST THE WOOD. IT MOVED, SLOWLY AT FIRST, THEN WITH DELIBERATE, SMOOTH SPEED, SLIDING ACROSS THE LETTERS. IT STOPPED UNEQUIVOCALLY ON ONE WORD: YES.

3 (HIS FACE PALE) "OH MY GOD. NOBODY TOUCHED IT. NOBODY WAS TOUCHING IT."





**1 (MUFFLED, THROUGH HER HANDS)
"HOLY SHIT... HOLY SHIT, I CAN'T BE-
LIEVE THAT JUST HAPPENED."**

ELARA CLAPPED HER LEFT HAND OVER HER MOUTH, HER EYES WIDE WITH A MIX OF TERROR AND MANIC EXCITEMENT. A MUFFLED GASP ESCAPED HER. ASTRID JUST STARED, HER ENTIRE BODY FROZEN. THE BLOOD HAD DRAINED FROM HER FACE, LEAVING HER PALE AND TERRIFIED. THE REALITY OF WHAT THEY'D DONE, OF WHAT THEY'D INVITED, SLAMMED INTO HER. THIS WASN'T A GAME. THAT PROP BOOK WASN'T A PROP.

THEY ALL KNEW IT, IN THAT SINGLE, SILENT MOMENT. THEIR FUN HALLOWEEN GAME HAD JUST BECOME VERY, VERY REAL. THERE WAS NO GOING BACK NOW.



1 (SCREAMING) "AAAHH!"

**2 (SCREAMING) "WHAT
THE FUCK IS THAT!"**

3 (SCREAMING) "JESUS CHRIST!"

BEFORE ANYONE COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD, A LOW RUMBLING SOUND FILLED THE ROOM. IT WASN'T THE CASTLE SETTLING; IT WAS A DEEP, GRATING VIBRATION THAT SEEMED TO COME FROM THE VERY STONES BENEATH THEM. A THIN CRACK APPEARED IN THE FLOOR, RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF THEIR CIRCLE. A SEARING, BRIGHT RED LIGHT BLASTED UP FROM IT, ILLUMINATING THEIR HORRIFIED FACES.

THE CRACK WIDENED, STONE GRINDING AGAINST STONE, UNTIL A JAGGED, GLOWING HOLE, A MINIA-TURE CRATER OF HELLFIRE, HAD OPENED IN THE FLOOR. A SHAPE BEGAN TO RISE FROM IT.

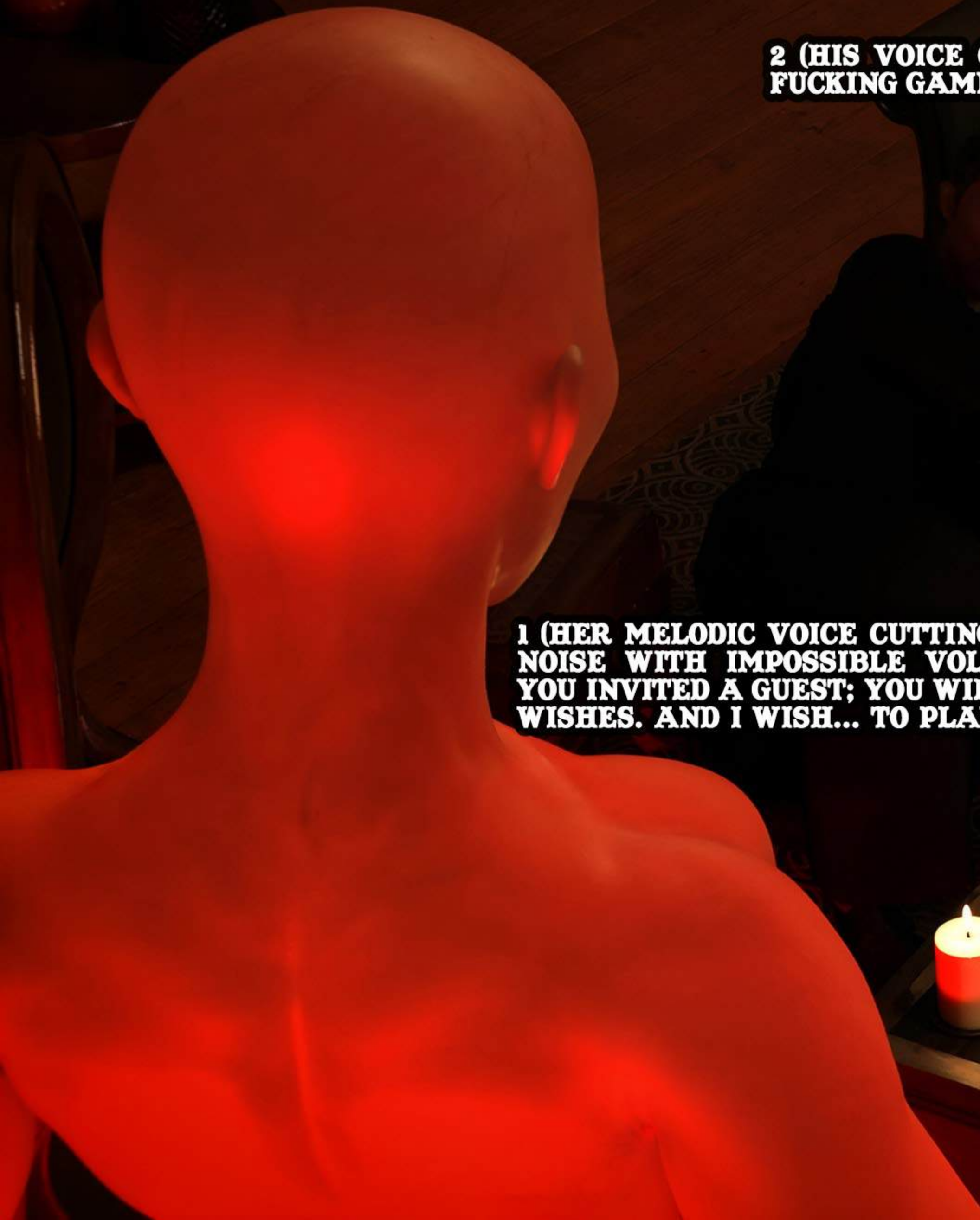
IT WAS NOT A GHOST. IT WAS NOT A WISPY, ETHEREAL SPIRIT. THE FOUR OF THEM RECOILED, SCREAMING IN UNISON, A RAW, PRIMAL SOUND OF PURE TERROR AS THE THING FULLY MANIFESTED IN FRONT OF THEM.



I (HER VOICE WAS A SIBILANT, MELODIC HISS THAT CUT RIGHT THROUGH THEIR SCREAMS) "SUCH DELIGHTFUL LITTLE VOICES. YOU CALLED. AND I, GULOCTHRA, HAVE ANSWERED YOUR HUNGER."

IT WAS A DEMON. A BEING OF UNDENIABLE, OTHERWORLDLY POWER AND MALICE. SHE—FOR IT WAS DISTINCTLY FEMALE—FLOATED GRACEFULLY FROM THE RED CHASM, WHICH SEALED ITSELF HARMLESSLY AS SHE ASCENDED. SHE WAS HORRIFYING HER SKIN WAS A PALE, VEINY WHITE, LIKE SPOILED MILK. HER LIPS AND EYES WERE A PURE, BOTTOMLESS BLACK.

HER FORM WAS HUMANOID, BUT HER ARMS AND HANDS WERE ALMOST TRANSPARENT, LIKE SPUN GLASS. A LONG, SIMILARLY TRANSLUCENT TAIL, ENDING IN A CRUEL-LOOKING BARB, WHIPPED LAZILY BEHIND HER. SHE HOVERED THREE FEET OFF THE GROUND, HER BLACK EYES SWEEPING OVER THE FOUR SCREAMING, TERRIFIED HUMANS. A SLOW, CRUEL SMILE SPREAD ACROSS HER BLACK LIPS, REVEALING NEEDLE-SHARP TEETH.



2 (HIS VOICE CRACKING) "GAME? WHAT FUCKING GAME? WE DIDN'T INVITE YOU!"

3 (HER VOICE A TREMBLING WHISPER, BUT SHE WAS THE ONLY ONE TO ASK) "WHAT... WHAT KIND OF GAME?"

1 (HER MELODIC VOICE CUTTING THROUGH THE NOISE WITH IMPOSSIBLE VOLUME) "SILENCE! YOU INVITED A GUEST; YOU WILL RESPECT HER WISHES. AND I WISH... TO PLAY A GAME."

THE SCREAMS CONTINUED, HIGH-PITCHED AND FRANTIC. FINN AND DREW SCRAMBLED FROM THEIR CHAIRS, STUMBLING OVER EACH OTHER TO GET IN COVER, CROUCHING NEAR WHERE ASTRID WAS STILL KNEELING ON THE FLOOR. THEY WERE A TERRIFIED HUDDLE, THREE OF THEM ON THE GROUND, ELARA FROZEN ON THE COUCH, ALL OF THEM STARING AT THE FLOATING, PALE DEMON.





1 "A SIMPLE GAME OF CHANCE.
ONE FOR EACH OF YOU."

GULOCTHRA'S BLACK-LIPPED SMILE WIDENED. SHE RAISED ONE OF HER TRANSLUCENT, CLAWED HANDS. IN THE EMPTY AIR BEFORE HER, A FLAT, CIRCULAR PLATE OF DARK, GNARLED WOOD MATERIALIZED FROM NOTHING. IT HOVERED, AND AS THE DEMONESS LOWERED HER ARM IN A GENTLE, GRACEFUL GESTURE, THE PLATE BEGAN TO FLOAT DOWN AS IF GUIDED BY AN UNSEEN FORCE.

ALL FOUR FRIENDS FELL SILENT, THEIR EYES TRACKING THE IMPOSSIBLE OBJECT. UPON THE PLATE, THEY COULD NOW SEE FOUR DISTINCT ROWS OF CHOCOLATES. EACH ROW CONTAINED SIX PERFECTLY FORMED, DARK, GLISTENING PIECES. TWENTY-FOUR PIECES IN TOTAL.

THE WOODEN PLATE DESCENDED UNTIL IT HOVERED PRECISELY AT EYE LEVEL IN THE CENTER OF THEIR GROUP. IT EMITTED A FAINT, UNSETTLING, ORANGE-DIMLY LIT LIGHT, ILLUMINATING THEIR PALE, TERRIFIED FACES. THEY STARED AT THE FOUR ROWS OF SIX, ALL IDENTICAL.

3 "WHAT... WHAT KIND OF EFFECTS?"

5 "WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?"

1 "THE RULES ARE THUS: EACH OF YOU MUST SELECT ONE ROW OF SIX CHOCOLATES. YOU CANNOT CHANGE YOUR SELECTION."

2 "TWO OF THESE ROWS ARE MERELY... CONFECTIONS. THEY WILL HAVE NO EFFECT. THE OTHER TWO, HOWEVER... THEY CARRY A POWERFUL TRANSFORMATIVE CURSE."


4 (HER SMILE WAS PURE MALICE) "LET'S JUST SAY... YOUR CLOTHES WILL NOT FIT THE SAME WAY THEY DID WHEN YOU FIRST CAME HERE."

6 (HER VOICE LOST ITS MELODIC QUALITY AND BECAME A COLD, HARD DEMAND) "YOU WILL NOT LEAVE THIS ROOM UNTIL YOU HAVE FINISHED ALL SIX PIECES OF YOUR CHOSEN ROW. IF YOU REFUSE, I WILL DRAG ALL OF YOU BACK TO HELL WITH ME. IF YOU ATTEMPT TO CONSUME A CHOCOLATE FROM ANOTHER'S ROW, I WILL DRAG YOU ALL BACK TO HELL WITH ME. NOW... PICK YOUR POISON."

1 (POINTING FRANTICALLY)
"THAT ONE! I'LL TAKE THAT
ONE! THE ONE ON THE END!"

2 (VOICE SHAKING, POINTING AT
THE ROW NEXT TO FINN'S) "ME
TOO! I MEAN, NOT THAT ONE,
THE ONE NEXT TO IT! THIS ONE!
I CHOOSE THIS ONE!"

THE TERROR OF THE ULTIMATUM
SHORT-CIRCUITED ALL COMPLEX
THOUGHT FOR THE MEN. THERE
WAS NO STRATEGY, ONLY PANIC.
FINN AND DREW, STILL CROUCHED
BY THE COUCH, SIMULTANEOUSLY
SHOT THEIR HANDS OUT, POINTING
AT THE TWO ROWS CLOSEST TO
THEM ON THE RIGHT.



2 (HER MIND RACING) "I... I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THAT'S WHAT SHE EXPECTS. MAYBE WE SHOULD... BREAK THE PATTERN. NOT JUST PICK WHAT'S LINED UP. CHOOSE IN A LESS... CONVENTIONAL WAY."

1 (HER VOICE A LOW, TENSE WHISPER) "SHIT. OKAY... YOU WANT THE ONE ON THE LEFT? I'LL TAKE THE ONE NEXT TO IT?"

3 (A FLICKER OF HER USUAL REBELLIOUS SPIRIT SPARKED IN HER EYES) "YEAH. YEAH, I LIKE NON-CONVENTIONAL."

ASTRID AND ELARA, HOWEVER, PAUSED. THEIR INITIAL PANIC WAS TEMPERED BY A SPLIT-SECOND OF SHARED HESITATION. THEY LOCKED EYES, A SILENT, TERRIFIED COMMUNICATION PASSING BETWEEN THEM. THE TWO ROWS ON THE LEFT REMAINED UNCLAIMED.

2 (POINTING TO THE ONE BETWEEN ASTRID'S AND DREW'S) "THEN I'LL TAKE THIS ONE."

1 (POINTING WITH A SHAKY, FINGER) "I'LL TAKE... THE ROW ON THE FAR LEFT."

DESPITE HER OWN WORDS, ASTRID FELT DRAWN TO THE ROW ON THE FAR, FAR LEFT. ELARA, SEEING ASTRID'S GAZE FIXATE, MADE HER CHOICE.





1 (TO THE OTHERS, HER VOICE BARELY AUDIBLE) "I... I DON'T THINK I CAN. I'M TOO SCARED. I CAN'T BE THE FIRST ONE."

THE FOUR FRIENDS STARED AT THEIR CHOSEN ROWS. THE PLATE HOVERED PATIENTLY. ASTRID, HER HEART HAMMERING SO HARD IT FELT LIKE IT WAS TRYING TO ESCAPE HER HEAVY CHEST, SLOWLY REACHED OUT. HER FINGERS TREMBLED AS SHE PINCHED THE FIRST SMALL, DARK SQUARE FROM HER ROW.

SHE BROUGHT IT CLOSE TO HER FACE, STARING AT IT AS IF IT WERE A SPIDER. IT LOOKED NORMAL. IT EVEN SMELLED INCREDIBLE, A RICH, DARK COCOA SCENT. BUT SHE COULDN'T MOVE. HER HAND WAS FROZEN HALFWAY TO HER MOUTH.

4 (STILL CROUCHED, WHISPERING) "HOLY SHIT, DUDE. THE BALLS ON YOU. FUCKING CRAZY."

1 "IT'S... IT'S OKAY, ASTRID. SOMEONE HAS TO GO FIRST. WE ALL HAVE TO EAT THEM ANYWAY, RIGHT? IT... IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME. I'LL... I'LL TRY IT."

3 (NODDING, THOUGH HE LOOKED LIKE HE WAS GOING TO BE SICK) "I MEAN... YEAH. WHY NOT?"

2 (LOOKING AT HIM, SURPRISED) "DREW, ARE YOU SURE?"

DREW, SEEING ASTRID'S GENUINE, PARALYZING FEAR, FELT AN UNWELCOME SURGE OF BRAVERY. HE TOOK A SHAKY BREATH, HIS EYES FIXED ON HIS OWN ROW OF SIX CHOCOLATES.





1 (THINKING) "OH GOD, OH GOD, OH GOD, PLEASE BE NOTHING, PLEASE JUST BE CHOCOLATE..."

DREW REACHED OUT, HIS HAND SHAKING FAR WORSE THAN ASTRID'S HAD, AND PICKED UP HIS FIRST CHOCOLATE. HE DIDN'T HESITATE, NOT GIVING HIMSELF TIME TO THINK. HE QUICKLY POPPED IT INTO HIS MOUTH.

ASTRID AND ELARA BOTH STARED AT HIM, HOLDING THEIR BREATH. THE ONLY SOUND IN THE ROOM WAS THE WET SOUND OF DREW CHEWING, AND THE FAINT, AMUSED HUFF OF BREATH FROM THE DEMON. GULOCTHRA HAD TURNED HER BACK ON THEM, FLOATING IDLY AND ADMIRING THE DECORATIONS AS IF SHE WERE A GUEST AT A DINNER PARTY.

1 "WELL? WHAT'S IT TASTE LIKE? ARE YOU FEELING ANYTHING? IS YOUR DICK FLYING OFF? WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN? SAY SOMETHING!"

2 (HOLDING UP A HAND, STILL CHEWING) "MMPHF... JUST... A SECOND."

DREW CHEWED SLOWLY, HIS EYES WIDE, AS IF TRYING TO ANALYZE EVERY SENSATION. FINN, STILL HOLDING HIS OWN PIECE OF CHOCOLATE, LEANED IN SO CLOSE HIS FACE WAS INCHES FROM DREW'S.



2 (HIS TERROR INSTANTLY EVAPORATED, REPLACED BY A SNEER) "I FUCKING KNEW IT! I KNEW THIS WAS ALL FAKE! WHERE ARE THE PROJECTORS, ASTRID? THIS IS A GREAT PRANK, SERIOUSLY."

1 "WELL... I MEAN, I SWALLOWED IT. IT JUST... IT TASTES LIKE CHOCOLATE. REALLY GOOD CHOCOLATE, ACTUALLY. I THINK... IS THAT HAZELNUT? SO... SO FAR, SO GOOD. I DON'T FEEL ANYTHING."

3 "PROJECTORS? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?"

DREW FINALLY SWALLOWED, A PRONOUNCED, NERVOUS BOB OF HIS ADAM'S APPLE. HE BLINKED. HE LOOKED DOWN AT HIS HANDS, THEN AT FINN.

2 (GENUINELY BAFFLED AND STILL SCARED) "WHAT? NO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! THERE ARE NO PROJECTORS IN THIS ROOM!"

FINN SAT UP STRAIGHT, HIS PRIEST COSTUME LOOKING RIDICULOUS AS HE PUFFED HIS CHEST OUT WITH INDIGNATION.

1 "THIS! THE DEMON, THE GLOWING PLATE! I'VE SEEN THIS SHIT ON TV. YOU RENTED THIS PLACE AND SET UP SOME HIGH-TECH SPECIAL EFFECTS. THAT 'DEMON' IS JUST A PROJECTION. AND THIS IS JUST FUCKING CHOCOLATE. NICE PRANK, ASTRID. NICE PRANK!"

3 (SCOFFING) "YEAH, YEAH, WHATEVER. WELL, I'M NOT SCARED. NOW I'M JUST GONNA HAVE THE CHOCOLATES."



WITH A GRAND, ARROGANT GESTURE, FINN GRABBED THE FIRST PIECE FROM HIS ROW ON THE FAR RIGHT. HE HELD IT UP, WIGGLED HIS EYEBROWS AT THE GIRLS, AND THEN DRAMATICALLY TOSSED IT INTO HIS MOUTH.



HE BEGAN TO CHEW, FAR MORE
OBNOXIOUSLY THAN DREW HAD,
SMACKING HIS LIPS TOGETHER AND
GRINNING AT THEM ALL.



1 (HIS VOICE SUDDENLY TIGHT) "WAIT...
WAIT A MINUTE. I... I ACTUALLY FEEL
SOMETHING. SOMETHING'S... WRONG. IN
MY CHEST. I CAN FEEL SOMETHING...
WEIRD... IN MY CHEST."

2 (HER VOICE RISING IN PANIC)
"WHAT? WHAT IS IT? OH MY GOD,
FINN!"

3 "WHAT DO YOU FEEL? SERIOUSLY!"

THE THREE OTHERS, DESPITE THEIR
ANNOYANCE, STARED AT HIM WITH
THE SAME RESIDUAL ANTICIPATION
AND FEAR. SUDDENLY, FINN'S
GRIN FALTERED. HE STOPPED CHEW-
ING. HIS EYES WIDENED SLIGHTLY,
AND HE PUT HIS RIGHT HAND FLAT
AGAINST HIS CHEST, RIGHT OVER
HIS HEART.

1 (WHEEZING) "HAH! OH MY GOD! YOU... YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE LOOK ON YOUR FACES! YOU WERE ALL, 'OH NO, FINN! FUCKING PRICE-LESS!'"

5 (STILL LAUGHING, WAVING THEM OFF) "OH, RELAX!"

2 (LETTING OUT A SHAKY BREATH AND CHUCKLING NERVOUSLY) "OH... COME ON, MAN. THAT'S NOT FUNNY."

3 "WHAT THE FUCK, FINN! DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS FUNNY?"

4 (HER FACE DARK WITH RAGE) "YOU ABSOLUTE ASSHOLE! CANT YOU BE SERIOUS FOR ONE FUCKING SECOND? WE'RE IN REAL TROUBLE HERE, YOU DUMBASS!"

FINN LOOKED UP AT THEIR TERRIFIED FACES, HIS EXPRESSION ONE OF PAINED CONFUSION FOR ONE MORE SECOND... AND THEN HE BURST OUT LAUGHING. A LOUD, BRAYING, OBNOXIOUS LAUGH.

DREW REACHED FOR HIS SECOND CHOCOLATE. IT TASTED REALLY GOOD.

1 "SEE? I TOLD YOU. IT'S PROJECTORS. THIS IS JUST NORMAL, DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE. NOTHING IS GOING ON HERE. YOU GUYS SHOULD TRY IT, IT'S PRETTY GOOD."

2 (GIVING HIM THE MIDDLE FINGER) "FUCK YOU, FINN."



ASTRID LOOKED AT ELARA, WHO WAS NOW EYEING HER OWN ROW WITH HESITANT CURIOSITY. ASTRID STEELED HERSELF. SHE HAD TO KNOW.

1 (HER VOICE LOW, BUT FIRM)
"I'M... I'M GOING TO GO."

3 (NODDING, PICKING UP HER CHOCOLATE)
"YEAH. I'M SURE. TWO OF THEM HAVE NO EFFECT. SO... IF I TAKE THIS, AND NOTHING HAPPENS... THEN WE'VE GOTTEN PRANKED, AND I SWEAR TO GOD I'M NOT BEHIND IT. BUT... IF SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN..."

2 "ARE YOU SURE, BABE?
AFTER THAT...?"





TAKING A DEEP, SHUDDERING BREATH, ASTRID TILTED HER HEAD BACK. SHE SLOWLY OPENED HER MOUTH, HER PINK TONGUE LAYING OUT LIKE A CARPET, HER ORANGE-NAILED FINGERS TREMBLING AS THEY BROUGHT THE SMALL, DARK SQUARE TO HER LIPS.

SHE GENTLY PLACED THE CHOCOLATE PIECE ON THE CENTER OF HER TONGUE. ELARA STARED, HER EYES WIDE WITH ANTICIPATION, WATCHING HER FRIEND'S FACE.

ASTRID CLOSED HER LIPS, HER EYES SQUEEZING SHUT AS SHE BEGAN TO CHEW. A LOW, INVOLUNTARY SOUND ESCAPED HER THROAT. THE FLAVOR WAS INCREDIBLE, FAR RICHER AND MORE COMPLEX THAN ANY CHOCOLATE SHE'D EVER HAD.

ELARA, HOWEVER, WASN'T WATCHING HER FACE ANYMORE. HER EYES INSTINCTIVELY SHIFTED, DROPPING DOWN... DOWN TO ASTRID'S BODY, SCANNING HER CURVES, HER CHEST, HER STOMACH, BRACING FOR... SOMETHING. ANYTHING.

1 (EYES STILL CLOSED, SAVORING THE TASTE) "MMMMMM... WOW. THAT... THAT TASTES SO GOOD."





I (HER VOICE LOSING ITS CURIOUS EDGE, REPLACED BY CONCERN) "ASTRID? BABE? WHAT'S GOING ON? YOU LOOK PALE."

THE RICH, DECADENT FLAVOR WAS STILL COATING HER TONGUE WHEN A STRANGE, DEEP WARMTH BLOOMED IN HER STOMACH. IT WASN'T UNPLEASANT, BUT IT WAS... INTENSE. IT SPREAD, RADIATING OUTWARDS, AND SHE SUDDENLY FELT LIGHT-HEADED. HER BREATHING QUICKENED, BECOMING HEAVY, LABORED PANTS. ASTRID LOOKED DOWN, HER EYES CROSSING SLIGHTLY AS SHE TRIED TO FOCUS ON HER OWN CHEST.



1 (HER EYES WIDE, HAND
FLYING TO HER MOUTH) "UHH...
HOLY SHIT. YOUR... YOUR
CHEST!"

ASTRID'S MOUTH OPENED, BUT NO SOUND CAME OUT. THE WARMTH IN HER GUT TURNED INTO AN UNDENIABLE, INTERNAL PRESSURE. SHE FELT A PROFOUND, BEWILDERING SENSATION OF... INFLATION. SHE WASN'T JUST FEELING WEIRD; SHE WAS FEELING BIGGER. SHE WAS GROWING.



1 (GASPING, HER VOICE HIGH WITH PANIC) "WHAT... WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? EL, IT... IT'S RIPPING!"

2 (SCRAMBLING BACK ON THE COUCH, EYES WIDE WITH SHOCK) "OH MY GOD, OH MY GOD! YOU'RE... YOU'RE GETTING BIGGER ALL OVER?!"

ASTRID LOOKED DOWN JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE SEAMS AROUND THE WAIST OF HER TIGHT WITCH'S DRESS STRAIN VISIBLY. WITH A SERIES OF SHARP, PERCUSSIVE RIPS, THE THREADS POPPED, THE BLACK FABRIC TEARING OPEN ALONG HER SIDE. THE SENSATION OF GROWTH ACCELERATED, A DIZZYING, TERRIFYING EXPANSION THAT STOLE HER BREATH.



THE GROWTH SURGED, NOT JUST OUTWARDS, BUT UPWARDS. ASTRID FELT HER SPINE LENGTHEN, STRETCHING HER TALLER. BUT THE MOST ALARMING SENSATION WAS IN HER MIDDLE. HER BELLY, ONCE A SOFT, GENTLE CURVE, WAS SWELLING.

THE WARMTH WAS CONCENTRATING THERE, A FEELING OF RAPID, INSISTENT FULLNESS. SHE INSTINCTIVELY PUT HER HANDS ON HER STOMACH, HER PAINTED NAILS PRESSING INTO THE FABRIC, AND FELT THE FLESH BENEATH CHURN AND EXPAND.



THE RIP AT HER WAIST TORE WIDER, EXPOSING A PANEL OF PALE, SOFT SKIN. THE GROWTH IN HER BELLY WASNT STOPPING; IT WAS PUSHING OUTWARDS, FORCING HER DRESS TO GIVE WAY. AS HER STOMACH SWELLED, HER HIPS BROADENED TO MATCH, AND THICK, UNDENIABLE LOVE HANDLES BEGAN TO SPILL OVER THE SHREDDED WAISTBAND OF HER DRESS, A NEW ROLL OF SOFT, WARM FLESH THAT HADNT BEEN THERE SECONDS BEFORE.



(GASPING) ASTRID FELT HER BELLY PROTRUDE WITH A SUDDEN, LURCHING SWELL. IT PUSHED PAST HER HANDS, A DISTINCT, ROUNDED CURVE THAT WAS BECOMING UNDENIABLY FAT. HER BELLY BUTTON, ONCE A MODEST SLIT, WAS BEING PULLED TAUT, STRETCHING AND DEEPENING AS THE FLESH AROUND IT PLUMPED AND ROSE. SHE WAS SERIOUSLY OUT OF BREATH NOW, HER EXPANSION MAKING IT HARD TO DRAW A FULL LUNGFUL OF AIR.



WITH A FINAL, GROANING SURGE, HER BELLY BALLOONED. IT WAS HUGE. ALL HER NEW WEIGHT SEEMED TO HAVE GONE STRAIGHT THERE, SETTLING INTO A HEAVY, SOFT, ROUNDED GLOBE OF FLESH THAT HUNG BETWEEN HER THICK-SPREADING THIGHS. IT DIDN'T LOOK LIKE THE FIRM, TIGHT BELLY OF PREGNANCY; IT LOOKED LIKE THE UNDENIABLE, JIGGLING PAUNCH OF SOMEONE WHO'D GAINED SEVENTY POUNDS OF PURE, SOFT FAT IN THIRTY SECONDS.



1 "HO... LY... FUCK..."

2 "THAT'S... THAT'S NOT...
THAT'S NOT A PROJECTOR..."

3 (LOOKING DOWN AT THE RUINS OF HER DRESS,
AT HER MASSIVE, BARE TITS, AT THE HUGE,
SOFT BELLY RESTING IN HER LAP. HER VOICE
WAS A TINY, SHOCKED WHISPER.) "I... I..."

FINN AND DREW, THEIR PRANK FORGOTTEN, STARED WITH THEIR JAWS ON THE FLOOR. ELARA WAS SPEECHLESS. THEIR FRIEND WAS TRANSFORMING. THE GROWTH SPURT HAD NOT BEEN KIND TO HER COSTUME. THE DRESS WAS UTTERLY DESTROYED FROM THE WAIST UP. THE FABRIC HAD SPLIT COMPLETELY DOWN THE FRONT, SHREDDED BY THE COMBINED, EXPLOSIVE EXPANSION OF HER BELLY AND HER TITS.

HER BREASTS, ALREADY HEAVY, HAD SWOLLEN TO MAGNIFICENT, OBSCENE PROPORTIONS, SPILLING FREE FROM THE TORN BLACK RAGS. THEY WERE PALE, VEINY, AND LOOKED INCREDIBLY HEAVY, THEIR SHEER SIZE MAKING THEM SAG SLIGHTLY. HER AREOLAS HAD DARKENED AND SPREAD WIDE, AND HER NIPPLES WERE HARD, PROTRUDING, AND SWOLLEN, HYPERSENSITIVE IN THE COLD CASTLE AIR.

I (WHISPERING, STARING UP AT HER) "ASTRID... YOU'RE... YOU LOOK FUCKING MASSIVE."

NUMBLY, ASTRID PUSHED HERSELF UP. HER FRIENDS' HEADS HAD TO TILT BACK... AND BACK. WHEN SHE WAS FINALLY STANDING AT HER FULL, NEW HEIGHT, SHE WAS EASILY A FOOT AND A HALF TALLER THAN BOTH DREW AND FINN, WHO HAD INSTINCTIVELY MOVED TO STAND ON EITHER SIDE OF HER.

THEY STARED UP, TWO AVERAGE-SIZED MEN LOOKING UTTERLY DWARFED BY THE WOMAN TOWERING BETWEEN THEM. THE LAST FEW SEAMS OF HER DRESS, CLINGING DESPERATELY TO HER HIPS, DID NOTHING TO HIDE THE FACT THAT HER ASS HAD SWELLED TO MATCH THE REST OF HER, A MASSIVE, FAT, HEAVY SHELF THAT STRAINED THE LAST THREADS OF FABRIC.



2 (STARING UP FROM THE COUCH, HER SHOCK GIVING WAY TO A WILD, INTENSE CURIOSITY) "HOLY SHIT. THAT'S... INSANE. (SHE LOOKS AT HER OWN ROW OF CHOCOLATES) I... I WONDER WHAT MINE DOES."

1 (HER VOICE TREMBLING) "OH MY GOD... LOOK AT ME. I'M... I'M HUGE. EVERYONE'S... STARING."

A HOT FLUSH OF EMBARRASSMENT CREPT UP ASTRID'S NECK. SHE WAS HUGE, TOWERING OVER HER FRIENDS, HER TITS COMPLETELY EXPOSED AND HER NEW, MASSIVE BELLY GURGLING SOFTLY. SHE WRAPPED HER ARMS AROUND HER MIDDLE, HER HANDS RUBBING THE SOFT, EXPANSIVE FLESH AS IF TO COMFORT HERSELF.





ELARA DIDN'T HESITATE. WHILE ASTRID WAS STILL PROCESSING HER NEW, MASSIVE BODY, ELARA REACHED FORWARD, HER FINGERS SNATCHING THE FIRST PIECE OF CHOCOLATE FROM HER OWN ROW.

SHE BROUGHT IT TO HER LIPS, HER EYES GLITTERING WITH A RECKLESS, EXCITED ENERGY.



SHE POPPED THE CHOCOLATE ONTO HER TONGUE, HER EYES FIXED ON ASTRID'S. SHE WAS ANTICIPATING HER OWN TRANSFORMATION. WOULD SHE GET FAT, TOO? WOULD HER BELLY SWELL AND HER TITS BURST OUT OF HER LATEX? OR WOULD THE DEMON'S CURSE BE SOMETHING... DIFFERENT?



SHE CHEWED, AND THE SAME LOW, SATISFIED "MMMMM" RUMBLED IN HER CHEST. THE TASTE WAS JUST AS DIVINE. BUT THE SECOND SHE SWALLOWED, SHE DIDN'T LOOK AT HER FRIENDS. SHE LOOKED DOWN AT HERSELF, AT HER OWN BODY, WAITING.



IT HIT HER JUST AS FAST. A JOLT OF ENERGY SHOT UP HER SPINE, AND SHE GASPED AS SHE FELT HERSELF STRETCHING UPWARDS, GROWING TALLER JUST AS ASTRID HAD. SHE LOOKED DOWN AT HER STOMACH, HER EXPRESSION ONE OF PURE, THRILLED SHOCK, FULLY EXPECTING THE BLACK LATEX TO START STRAINING AS HER BELLY SWELLED.



BUT IT DIDNT. HER BELLY REMAINED FLAT AND TAUT. INSTEAD, THE GROWTH WAS... DIFFERENT. SHE GREW TALLER, THE LATEX MONOKINI STRETCHING DANGEROUSLY THIN OVER HER TORSO. THE SKELETAL BONE PROPS, WHICH HAD PERFECTLY CUPPED HER, BEGAN TO SPREAD APART, THE "FINGERS" STRUGGLING TO COVER HER NIPPLES AND CROTCH AS HER FRAME BROADENED.

HER ARMS, PREVIOUSLY SLENDER AND TONED, BEGAN TO... DEFINE. SHE WATCHED, FASCINATED, AS HER BICEPS HARDENED AND SWELLED, THE MUSCLE CLEAR AND VISIBLE UNDER HER SKIN.



3 (JAW DROPPED) "SHE'S... HOLY SHIT, SHE'S GETTING MUSCULAR!"

2 (STARING FROM HER NEW HEIGHT) "GIRL! YOUR ARMS!"

1 (LETTING OUT A CHOKED, EXCITED LAUGH) "WHOA! (GASP) OH, THIS IS... DIFFERENT!"

4 (EYES WIDE WITH PLEASURE AS SHE FEELS A PUMP SWELL HER MUSCLES) "IT FEELS... (HUFF) AMAZING! LIKE... LIKE PURE ENERGY!"

2 "LOOK AT HER... HER THIGHS! THE LATEX TEARING!"

1 (GASPING, FLEXING HER HANDS) "I FEEL... (HUFF) SO... STRONG! FUCK, THIS IS INCREDIBLE!"

ELARA SURGED UPWARDS AGAIN, SOON MATCHING ASTRID'S TOWERING HEIGHT. BUT WHERE ASTRID HAD GONE SOFT AND WIDE, ELARA WAS BECOMING HARD AND THICK. HER SHOULDERS BROADENED, AND THE MUSCLES IN HER THIGHS TIGHTENED, SWELLING WITH DENSE POWER. HER BACK ARCHED AS NEW MUSCLE PACKED ONTO HER LATS.



1 (SMILING, HER EMBARRASSMENT FADING INTO AWE) "YOU LOOK... UNBELIEVABLE."

2 (PANTING, A WILD GRIN ON HER FACE) "I FEEL UNBELIEVABLE! I COULD... (GASP)... I COULD PUNCH THROUGH THAT WALL!"

SHE WAS AN AMAZONIAN GODDESS, A STARK, POWERFUL CONTRAST TO ASTRID'S SOFT, BOUNTIFUL FORM. THE TWO WOMEN STOOD SIDE-BY-SIDE, DWARFING THE ROOM AND THE MEN IN IT.





I (GASPING AS HER CORE
CLENCHED) "HHH... FUCK! MY...
MY ABS! I HAVE ABS! REAL...
(HUFF) FUCKING... ABS!"

THE GROWTH HADN'T STOPPED. A
DEEP LINE ETCHED ITSELF DOWN
HER CENTER, AND HER OBLIQUES
HARDENED, CINCHING HER WAIST.
THEN, CLEAR AS DAY, HER ABS
BEGAN TO EMERGE, SIX HARD
PLATES OF MUSCLE PRESSING
AGAINST HER SKIN.




HER TITS SWELLED AGAIN, BUT NOT WITH SOFTNESS. THEY BECAME HIGH, HARD, PECTORAL GLOBES, PURE MUSCLE THAT STRAINED THE SKELETAL HAND-BRA TO ITS BREAKING POINT. HER THIGHS THICKENED EVEN MORE, NO LONGER JUST TONED, BUT CARVED, CORDS OF MUSCLE SEPARATING AND GROWING.

1 (GASPING FOR AIR, BUT LAUGHING) "I'M... SO... FUCKING... STRONG! (HUFF) LOOK AT ME! JUST LOOK AT ME!"

WITH A FINAL SURGE, ELARA GREW ANOTHER FEW INCHES, MAKING HER JUST SLIGHTLY TALLER THAN ASTRID. HER SHOULDERS WERE IMPOSSIBLY BROAD, HER ARMS THICK AND VASCULAR. SHE WAS A STATUE OF PURE, LIVING MUSCLE, PANTING HEAVILY BUT GRINNING WITH FERAL DELIGHT.





I (HER VOICE A LOW, PANTING RUMBLE) "HOW DO YOU BOYS LIKE ME NOW? (SHE FLEXES HER BICEP AGAIN) NEED ME TO OPEN A JAR FOR YOU? OR MAYBE JUST CRUSH YOUR HEADS BETWEEN MY THIGHS?"

UNLIKE ASTRID, ELARA FELT ZERO EMBARRASSMENT. SHE WAS ELECTRIFIED. SHE ROSE UP ON HER TIPTOES, A TRULY TERRIFYING SIGHT, AND FLEXED.

HER BICEPS BULGED, HER BACK MUSCLES SPREAD LIKE WINGS, AND HER NEW, MUSCULAR TITS CLENCHED.

DREW AND FINN STARED UP, NECKS CRANED, LOOKING UTTERLY CONFUSED AND HOPELESSLY SMALL.

THEY WERE IN A ROOM WITH TWO GIANTESSES, ONE SOFT AND FAT, THE OTHER HARD AND RIPPED.



(GRUNTING)

2 "MAN... FUCK. I... I SHOULD'VE PICKED THAT ROW. THIS IS... SO COOL."

1 (FEELING HER ABS) "HOLY... SHIT. YOU COULD... YOU COULD BREAK ME IN HALF!"

WHILE FINN AND DREW WERE STAMMERING, COMPLETELY AWESTRUCK BY ELARA'S POWERFUL, MUSCULAR NEW FORM, ASTRID MADE A DECISION. HER EMBARRASSMENT WAS BEING RAPIDLY REPLACED BY A STRANGE, TINGLING CURIOSITY. A HUNGER.

SHE TURNED BACK TO THE HOVERING WOODEN PLATE. SHE HAD TO REACH AROUND HER NEW, MASSIVE BELLY, HER HUGE, BARE TITS BRUSHING AGAINST THE WOOD AS SHE STRAINED TO GRAB THE NEXT PIECE FROM HER HEIGHT.

SEEING HER STRUGGLE, THE DEMONESS GULOCTHRA, WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING WITH SILENT AMUSEMENT, GAVE A LAZY FLICK OF HER TRANSLUCENT WRIST. THE PLATE ROSE UP, BRINGING THE CHOCOLATES RIGHT TO ASTRID'S REACH.



THE BOYS MOVED IN, TENTATIVELY AT FIRST, THEN MORE BOLDLY, TO TOUCH ELARA'S NEW MUSCLES, THEIR FINGERS POKING AT HER ROCK-HARD BICEPS AND ABS. ELARA LAUGHED, FLEXING FOR THEM. ASTRID WATCHED, AND AS SHE REACHED FOR HER SECOND CHOCOLATE, SHE FELT A STRANGE, PRIMAL THRILL. SHE WAS EMBARRASSED BY HER SOFT, MASSIVE SIZE... BUT SHE WAS ALSO, UNDENIABLY, TURNED ON.

I (THINKING TO HERSELF, HER FINGERS HOVERING OVER THE CHOCOLATE) "THIS IS... THIS IS INSANE. I WONDER... WHAT WILL THE NEXT ONE DO...?"

SHE LOVED HOW BIG SHE WAS. AND SEEING ELARA'S POWER... IT MADE HER WANT MORE.

1 "SHE IS IMPRESSIVE, ISN'T SHE? ALL THAT... HARD MUSCLE."

2 (HER VOICE DROPPING TO A CONSPIRATORIAL WHISPER) "BUT DO YOU REALLY WANT HER TO BE BIGGER THAN YOU? STRONGER THAN YOU? YOU WERE THE FIRST. YOU SHOULD BE THE BIGGEST."

4 "ONE PIECE IS... PREDICTABLE. BUT... WHY NOT TAKE TWO THIS TIME? AFTER ALL, EACH PIECE YOU CONSUME IS... FAR MORE POTENT THAN THE LAST."

3 (STARTLED, LOOKING AT THE DEMON) "I... WHAT?"

JUST AS HER FINGERS WERE ABOUT TO CLOSE AROUND THE SMALL, DARK SQUARE, GULOCTHRA'S MELODIC VOICE SLITHERED INTO HER EAR. THE DEMONESS HAD FLOATED SILENTLY UP TO HER, HER BLACK EYES FIXED ON ASTRID PLUMP FACE.





1 "TWO? AT ONCE? BUT... YOU SAID... MORE POTENT... WHAT... WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO ME?"

4 (HER BREATH CATCHING)
"HOW... HOW DID YOU...?"

2 (SMILING, HER SHARP TEETH GLINTING) "THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT, ISN'T THERE?"

3 "YOU'RE HESITATING. BUT YOU WANT IT. I CAN FEEL IT. YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE BIGGER. TO JUST... LET GO. TO BE... FULL. YOU'VE JUST NEVER WANTED TO ADMIT IT."

5 "I AM A DEMON, MORTAL. YOUR SECRET DESIRES ARE AS LOUD TO ME AS YOUR SCREAMS. AND YOU... YOU DESIRE MORE."

ASTRID STARED AT THE DEMON, THEN AT THE TWO CHOCOLATES. HER HEART WAS HAMMERING AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME WITH A MIX OF FEAR AND ELECTRIC ANTICIPATION.



ASTRID FELT COMPLETELY EXPOSED, LIKE THE DEMON HAD PEELED BACK HER SKIN AND READ HER SOUL. AND SHE WAS RIGHT. THIS WAS INSANE. THIS WAS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME NIGHT. SHE WAS ALREADY A GIANT, FAT, HALF-NAKED "FREAK." WHY NOT... WHY NOT GO ALL THE WAY? WHY NOT SEE HOW BIG SHE COULD REALLY GET? THE FEAR WAS STILL THERE, BUT IT WAS NOW OVERSHADOWED BY A POWERFUL, GREEDY, HUNGRY CURIOSITY.

SHE MADE HER CHOICE. WITH A TREMBLING BUT DETERMINED HAND, ASTRID BYPASSED THE SINGLE PIECE AND GRABBED THE NEXT TWO CHOCOLATES FROM HER ROW.

SHE DIDNT GIVE HERSELF TIME TO SECOND-GUESS. SHE OPENED HER MOUTH WIDE AND SHOVED BOTH PIECES INSIDE AT ONCE, CLOSING HER EYES AS SHE BEGAN TO CHEW.



THE DOUBLE DOSE OF CHOCOLATE MELTED INSTANTLY, A DECADENT, OVERWHELMING SWEETNESS THAT COATED HER MOUTH. AS SHE CHEWED, A PROFOUND, RADIATING HEAT BLOOMED DEEP WITHIN HER, STARTING IN HER GUT AND SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE. IT WAS SO INTENSE, THE COLD CASTLE AIR WAS NOTHING. SHE LEANED FORWARD INSTINCTIVELY, HER BACK ARCHING, PUSHING HER COLOSSAL, HEAVY ASS OUT BEHIND HER. HER MASSIVE, BARE TITS, ALREADY SWOLLEN, NOW RESTED HEAVILY ON THE SOFT, PROTRUDING UPPER CURVE OF HER HUGE BELLY. HER FOREARMS ROSE, WRISTS BENDING LIMPLY AS SWEAT BEGAN TO BEAD ON HER NEW, THICK THIGHS, THE SKIN SLICK AND HOT TO THE TOUCH.

(THINKING) "MMM... OH... FUCK... THAT'S... SO GOOD..."

(THINKING) "GOD, I FEEL... I FEEL SO... HOT. EVERYTHING IS... TINGLING."

(THINKING) "WHY... WHY DOES THIS FEEL SO... GOOD? I'M... I'M GETTING SO WET..."

(A LOW MOAN RUMBLES IN HER CHEST, TURNING INTO A GASP) "OH! OH... FUCK... IT'S HAPPENING... (HUFF)... IT'S HAPPENING AGAIN!"

(PANTING, HER VOICE THICK) "GOD, IT'S... IT'S SO MUCH... MORE! I FEEL... I FEEL SO... FUCKING... FULL!"

"WHAT IS... (GASP)... WHAT'S IN THIS? I... I CAN'T... (PANT)... I CAN'T THINK..."





THE GROWTH WAS IMMEDIATE AND VIOLENT. IT WASN'T A GENTLE SWELL. HER MASSIVE BELLY SURGED FORWARD, PUSHING PAST "POTBELLY" AND INTO THE REALM OF PURE, UNADULTERATED GLUT-TONY. THE SHEER, SOFT WEIGHT OF IT WAS INTOXICATING.

THE LAST, STRAINING THREADS OF HER DRESS, WHICH HAD CLUNG STUBBORNLY TO THE UNDERSIDE OF HER MASSIVE TITS, FINALLY GAVE UP. WITH A SERIES OF TINY, PATHETIC SNAPS, THE FABRIC TORE AWAY COMPLETELY, DISAPPEARING INTO THE NEW, DEEP, SOFT FOLDS OF HER EXPANDING WAIST AND SIDE-BOOB.

SHE WAS NOW, UNEQUIVOCALLY, COMPLETELY TOPLESS, HER BODY A CANVAS OF RAPIDLY EXPANDING, PALE, SOFT FLESH.

(A HIGH, KEENING MOAN)
"NNNGH... I'M... I'M... GETTING...
SO... FAT!"

(GASPING, HER HANDS CLUTCH-
ING HER SWELLING BELLY) "IT'S...
SO... HEAVY! I... I FEEL... (PANT)...
I FEEL SO BIG!"

"I... I SHOULDN'T... (HUFF)...
BUT I... (GASP)... I..."

ACROSS THE ROOM, THE LEERING
GRIN OF THE CARVED PUMPKIN
SEEMED TO WIDEN, ITS FLICKER-
ING CANDLE-EYES STARING RIGHT
AT THE JIGGLY, MONUMENTAL
DISPLAY.





HER THIGHS, WHICH WERE ALREADY RUBBING TOGETHER, BEGAN TO SWELL WITH CATASTROPHIC SPEED. THEY THICKENED, AND THICKENED, PURE, SOFT FAT PLUMPING THEM UP UNTIL THEY WERE LIKE MASSIVE, SWEATY PILLARS. THE LAST TATTERED RAGS OF HER DRESS, WHICH HAD BEEN WRAPPED AROUND HER UPPER LEGS, WERE PUSHED, STRAINED, AND THEN FINALLY RIPPED FREE, THE BLACK SHREDS FALLING UNNOTICED TO THE FLOOR.

ASTRID'S MIND WAS CLOUDING OVER, A DELICIOUS, HEAVY FOG OF PURE SENSATION. HER EYES CROSSED SLIGHTLY AS SHE TRIED TO LOOK DOWN AT HER TITS, WHICH WERE SWELLING AGAIN, BECOMING EVEN HEAVIER. HER WRISTS BENT IN THAT LIMP, QUINTESSENTIALLY FEMININE POSE, HER BODY SO FULL OF ESTROGEN AND MAGIC IT WAS SHORT-CIRCUITING HER BRAIN. ALL SHE COULD DO WAS MOAN.

(A LOUD, ALMOST PAINED
MOAN) "OH... GOOOOODDD!
MMMMMPH!"

(SHE GASPS, A SHARP
INTAKE OF BREATH)
"AH! THEY... THEY HURT!
(PANT)... THEY'RE... SO...
FULL... THEY... ACHE!"

(HER LEFT HAND COMES UP, HER
FINGERS BARELY SPANNING THE
MASSIVE, PALE GLOBE OF HER
LEFT TIT, TRYING TO MASSAGE THE
ACHE) "IT'S... (HUFF)... TOO MUCH...
BUT... (PANT)... I... I DONT... WANT
IT... (GASP)... TO STOP...!"



SHE BIT HER LIP, A SHARP THRILL OF PLEASURE-PAIN SHOOTING THROUGH HER AS HER BREASTS CONTINUED THEIR RELENTLESS, ACHING SWELL. THEY WERE COLOSSAL, HEAVY ORBS OF FLESH, SO FULL AND SENSITIVE THEY SEEMED TO PULSE WITH HER HEARTBEAT.

THEN, SHE FELT A NEW, STRANGE TINGLING, CENTERED ON HER RIGHT NIPPLE. IT TIGHTENED, POUTING, AND A SINGLE, PEARLESCENT WHITE BEAD APPEARED AT THE TIP. IT WELLED UP, AND THEN, IMPOSSIBLY, A THIN, CREAMY TRICKLE OF MILK BEGAN TO LEAK, TRACING A PATH DOWN THE HEAVY, PALE SLOPE OF HER BREAST, DRIPPING ONTO HER ALREADY-MASSIVE BELLY. ALL THE WHILE, HER ASS, HER THIGHS, HER BELLY, HER ENTIRE BODY, JUST KEPT GETTING SOFTER, FATTER, AND BIGGER.

(A LOUD, GUTTURAL MOAN THAT CUTS THROUGH THE ROOM) "OH... FUCK! YES! (HUFF) MORE!"

2 (PANTING, HER VOICE THICK AND GIDDY) "SO... (GASP)... SO... BIIG! FEEL... (HUFF)... MY ASS...!"

3 "NNNGH..."

THE VULGAR, BREATHLESS MOANS FINALLY SNAPPED ELARA, DREW, AND FINN OUT OF THEIR MUTUAL ADMIRATION. THEY TURNED. THEIR JAWS, WHICH HAD ALREADY DROPPED, SOMEHOW FELL EVEN FURTHER. ASTRID WAS... COLOSAL. SHE WASN'T JUST BIGGER; SHE WAS AN ENTIRELY NEW SCALE OF WOMAN, NOW TOWERING A GOOD TWO OR THREE FEET ABOVE ELARA'S ALREADY IMPRESSIVE HEIGHT.



AND SHE WAS STILL GROWING. HER ASS, IN PARTICULAR, WAS BALLOONING, SWELLING BACKWARD WITH AN OBSCENE, RAPID SOFTNESS. SHE WAS ALREADY SO WIDE THAT HER EXPANDING RIGHT BUTTOCK BEGAN TO PRESS, SOFT AND WARM, AGAINST ELARA'S BREASTS. ELARA HAD TO TAKE A HASTY STEP BACK TO AVOID BEING TOPPLED BY THE SHEER, SOFT MASS OF HER FRIEND'S GROWING REAR.

FINN'S MIND WAS A SHORT-CIRCUITING MESS. HE WAS JUST STARING, HIS BRAIN RUNNING IN FRANTIC, HORNY LAPS. HE'D NEVER BEEN INTO FATTER WOMEN, ALWAYS PREFERRED A MORE CONVENTIONAL CURVE. BUT THIS... THIS WAS SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY. SEEING HIS CRUSH, ASTRID, TRANSFORM INTO THIS MONUMENTAL, GLUTTONOUS, HEAVY, SOFT WOMAN... IT WAS AN UNDENIABLY, IRRESISTIBLY AROUSING SPECTACLE. HE WAS TERRIFIED, CONFUSED, AND SPORTING THE HARDEST BONER OF HIS LIFE.

4 (STILL PANTING, HER EYES GLAZED WITH PLEASURE) "I... (GASP)... KNOW! ISN'T... (HUFF)... AMAZING? I FEEL... (GASP)... HOT!"

2 "HOLY SHIT, ASTRID! YOU... YOU'RE A... A TITAN! YOUR ASS... IT JUST... IT JUST KEEPS GOING!"

1 (HIS VOICE A STRANGLERED WHISPER) "SHE'S... SHE'S... TEN FEET TALL..."

3 (STAMMERING, EYES LOCKED ON HER JIGGLING BODY) "IT'S... SO... MUCH... I... I..."

FINALLY, THE INTENSE, EXPLOSIVE GROWTH SPURRED BY THE DOUBLE DOSE OF CHOCOLATE BEGAN TO SLOW, THE HUMMING VIBRATION UNDER ASTRID'S SKIN FADING. THE DEMON HADN'T BEEN LYING; THAT SPURT WAS EXPONENTIALLY MORE POWERFUL THAN THE FIRST. THE POTENTIAL OF THE REMAINING THREE CHOCOLATES WAS A TERRIFYING, THRILLING THOUGHT.

ASTRID, REVELING IN HER NEW, MONUMENTAL SCALE, TOOK A STEP. THE FLOORBOARDS OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE GROANED UNDER HER NEW, IMMENSE WEIGHT, A HEAVY THUD THAT SHOOK THE VERY ROOM. SHE STOMPED TOWARD THEM, A GIANT-ESS OF SOFT, PALE FLESH. HER TITS, WHICH WERE NOW EASILY LARGER THAN ELARA'S ENTIRE HEAD, SWAYED HEAVILY WITH THE MOTION. ELARA, DREW, AND FINN JUST STARED, THEIR NECKS CRANED BACK, AND BACK, AND UP, IN TOTAL, DUMBFOUNDED SHOCK.



1 (SHAKING HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF)
"THIS... THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE..."



1 (HER VOICE A DEEP, CONFIDENT PURR) "YOU KNOW... I WAS TERRIFIED AT FIRST. BUT... (SHE GIGGLES, A SOUND THAT JIGGLES HER BELLY)... THIS IS ACTUALLY... NOT SO BAD. I THINK I'M STARTING TO ENJOY THIS 'GAME' OF HERS."

3 "AND... ARE YOU... LEAKING? OH MY GOD..."

2 "ENJOYING...? ASTRID, YOU'RE... YOU'RE A OGRE-SIZED!"

4 (COMPLETELY MESMERIZED, HIS VOICE BREATHY) "YOU'RE... BEAUTIFUL... ASTRID... JUST... FUCKING... PERFECT..."

ASTRID'S RIGHT BREAST WAS STILL LEAKING A SLOW, STEADY TRICKLE OF MILK THAT RAN DOWN THE CURVE OF HER BREAST AND DRIPPED FROM THE SWOLLEN NIPPLE ONTO HER OWN MASSIVE, SOFT BELLY. SHE STOPPED IN FRONT OF THEM, A MOUNTAIN OF WOMAN. SHE STRUCK A POSE, PLANTING HER RIGHT HAND ON THE WIDE, SOFT SHELF OF HER HIP, AND BROUGHT HER OTHER HAND TO HER FACE, TAPPING A FINGER AGAINST HER PLUSH CHEEK IN A THOUGHTFUL GESTURE. SHE LOOKED DOWN AT THE THREE TINY FIGURES BEFORE HER.



1 (HER VOICE LOW AND TEASING, LOOKING DOWN AT HIM) "PERFECT, AM I? I CAN... SENSE SOMETHING FROM YOU, FINN. A... A NEW ENERGY. AND I KNOW YOU CAN SENSE IT IN ME, TOO."

2 "SO... WHY DON'T WE MAKE THIS LITTLE NIGHT... A LOT MORE FUN?"

3 (STUTTERING, HIS HANDS HOVERING, NOT DARING TO TOUCH HER) "I... I... UH... AS-ASTRID... YOU'RE... YOU'RE..."

ASTRID'S EYES SNAPPED DOWN TO FINN. SHE'D HEARD THAT TONE. SHE'D SEEN THAT LOOK ON HIM A THOUSAND TIMES, BUT IT WAS DIFFERENT NOW. BEFORE, IT WAS THE LOOK OF A HOPEFUL, FUMBLING CRUSH. NOW, IT WAS THE LOOK OF PURE, UNADULTERATED, SUBSERVIENT LUST. HER NEW CONFIDENCE, AS MASSIVE AS HER NEW BODY, SWELLED WITHIN HER. IT WAS TIME TO PLAY.

WITH ANOTHER HEAVY, GROUND-SHAKING THUD, THUD, SHE STOMPED CLOSER TO HIM. HER JIGGLY BELLY AND COLOSSAL, SWAYING TITS LED THE WAY. SHE STOPPED ONLY WHEN HER SOFT, WARM, PROTRUDING STOMACH MADE CONTACT WITH HIS FACE, RUBBING SOFTLY AGAINST HIS CHIN. HE HAD TO TILT HIS HEAD ALL THE WAY BACK TO EVEN SEE HER FACE, SO HIGH ABOVE HIM.



1 "YOU LIKE THIS, DON'T YOU?
MY LITTLE MAN."

2 "YOU'VE WANTED ME FOR SO LONG. AND
NOW... LOOK AT YOU. YOU'RE SO SMALL. AND
I'M SO... VERY... BIG."

3 (HER VOICE DROPPING TO A
BLUNT, VULGAR COMMAND) "ARE
YOU GOING TO FUCK ME, FINN? OR
AM I GOING TO HAVE TO MAKE
YOU?"

ASTRID HAD ENOUGH OF HIS STUTTERING. SHE TOOK ONE MORE, DELIBERATE, HEAVY STEP FORWARD. HIS FACE WAS ENGULFED. SHE SHOVED HER MASSIVE, SOFT BELLY INTO HIM, THE WARM, DEEP CAVERN OF HER NEW NAVEL SWALLOWING HIS NOSE AND MOUTH COMPLETELY. HE GASPED, INHALING THE WARM, SWEET SCENT OF HER SKIN. IT WAS AN ACT OF PURE, DOMINATING CONTROL.

SHE HELD HIM THERE, PINNED BY HER SHEER, SOFT, OVERWHELMING SIZE. SHE LEANED DOWN, HER VOICE A HOT, MILKY BREATH IN HIS EAR.



**1 (A PIERCING, ORGASMIC SCREAM AS HE ENTERED HER)
"FUUUUCK! YEEESSS!"**

**2 (MOANING LOUDLY) "OH
GOD, JUST LIKE THAT!
DEEPER! FUCK ME!"**

THERE WAS NO HESITATION. THE DEMONIC INFLUENCE, COMBINED WITH HER OWN NEW, OVERWHELMING DESIRES, HAD SHATTERED HER INHIBITIONS. ASTRID, WITH A GUTTURAL GROAN, LOWERED HER MASSIVE BODY TO THE COLD FLOOR, LANDING WITH A HEAVY, FLESHY THUD. SHE ROLLED ONTO HER BACK, A MOUNTAIN OF SOFT, PALE FLESH, AND SPREAD HER GIANT, THICK LEGS WIDE APART.

FINN, HIS MIND COMPLETELY GONE, TORE AT THE PRIEST'S CASSOCK. HE RIPPED THE FABRIC GETTING IT OFF, REVEALING HIS WIRY FRAME, NOW DOMINATED BY A ROCK-HARD, PURPLE-HEADED COCKBUT 1. HE SCRAMBLED FORWARD, DROPPING TO HIS KNEES BETWEEN HER MASSIVE, SWEATY THIGHS. HER NEW, SHEER SIZE WORKED IN HIS FAVOR; AS HE KNELT, HIS DESPERATE, THROBBING ERECTION WAS PERFECTLY LEVELLED WITH HER GLISTENING, NEEDY PUSSY, WHICH WAS NESTLED DEEP WITHIN HER NEW, HEAVY FUPA. HE DIDN'T WAIT FOR AN INVITATION. HE GRABBED HIS COCK AND SHOVED IT INSIDE HER.

HER ENTIRE LOWER BODY JIGGLED FROM THE IMPACT. HER HEAVY, FAT FUPA BOUNCED AND WOBBLER AROUND. THE PLEASURE WAS SO SUDDEN, SO INTENSE, HER PAINTED TOES BENT AND SPASMED, CURLING AND UNCURLING WILDLY. THE SHIFT WAS STARK. THE EMBARRASSED, SUPERSTITIOUS GIRL WAS GONE, REPLACED BY A CAREFREE, GLUTTONOUS GIANTESS, GLEEFULLY GETTING FUCKED ON THE CASTLE FLOOR RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER FRIENDS. IT WAS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE DEMON'S INFLUENCE AMPLIFYING HER DARKEST, BURIED DESIRES.

1 (SCREAMING, HER VOICE CRACKING) "OH GOD! YES, FINN! POUND ME! FUCK ME HARDER!"

2 (GASPING) "I... (HNNNGH)... I'M SO... (GASP)... FUCKING... FULL!"

FINN BEGAN TO POUND INTO HER, HIS MOVEMENTS FRANTIC. HE WAS COMPLETELY LOST TO LUST, HAMMERING HIS COCK IN AND OUT OF HER WET, WELCOMING FOLDS. EACH OF HIS DESPERATE THRUSTS WAS MET BY THE SHEER, IMMOVABLE, JIGGLY MASS OF ASTRID. HER WHOLE BODY WAS A SHOCK ABSORBER OF SOFT, DECADENT FLESH.

HER COLOSSAL, HEAVY ASS, BARELY FITTING ON THE FLOOR, SLAMMED RHYTHMICALLY AGAINST THE LEG OF A NEARBY NIGHTSTAND, THE HEAVY OAK FURNITURE SKITTERING AND KNOCKING AGAINST THE STONE WALL WITH EVERY DEEP, POUNDING THRUST. THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH THE WET, SLAPPING SOUND OF HIS SKIN HITTING HER, AND HER OWN LOUD, BREATHLESS, ECSTATIC MOANS.

3 (GRUNTING, HIS VOICE ROUGH) "HOLY... FUCK... ASTRID... YOU'RE SO... WET... SO... BIG..."





I (HER VOICE DISEMBODIED, FROM ABOVE HER BELLY) "DONT... (HNN-NGH)... STOP! FILL ME UP!"

FROM FINN'S ANGLE, IT WAS AN OVERWHELMING LANDSCAPE OF FEMALE FLESH. HE WAS SO DEEP INSIDE HER, HIS HIPS SLAMMING AGAINST HER SOFT, MASSIVE PUBIC MOUND, THAT HIS ENTIRE FIELD OF VISION WAS JUST... HER. HER NEW, GIANT DOUBLE BELLY, A MASSIVE, SOFT ROLL OF FAT SITTING ATOP AN EVEN BIGGER LOWER PAUNCH, PROTRUDED SO FAR FORWARD THAT IT COMPLETELY BLOCKED HIS VIEW OF HER FACE.

HE JUST STARED, MESMERIZED, AT THE WAY THE TWO HUGE, SOFT GLOBES OF HER STOMACH FOLDED IN THE MIDDLE, JIGGLING AND BOUNCING WITH EVERY THRUST. HE COULD SEE HER MILK-SLICKED, COLOSSAL TITS SWAYING WILDLY ABOVE THE MOUNTAIN OF HER BELLY, BUT HER FACE WAS TOTALLY OBSCURED. ALL HE COULD HEAR WERE HER IMPOSSIBLY LOUD, VULGAR MOANS ECHOING FROM SOMEWHERE ABOVE THE FLESHY ECLIPSE.

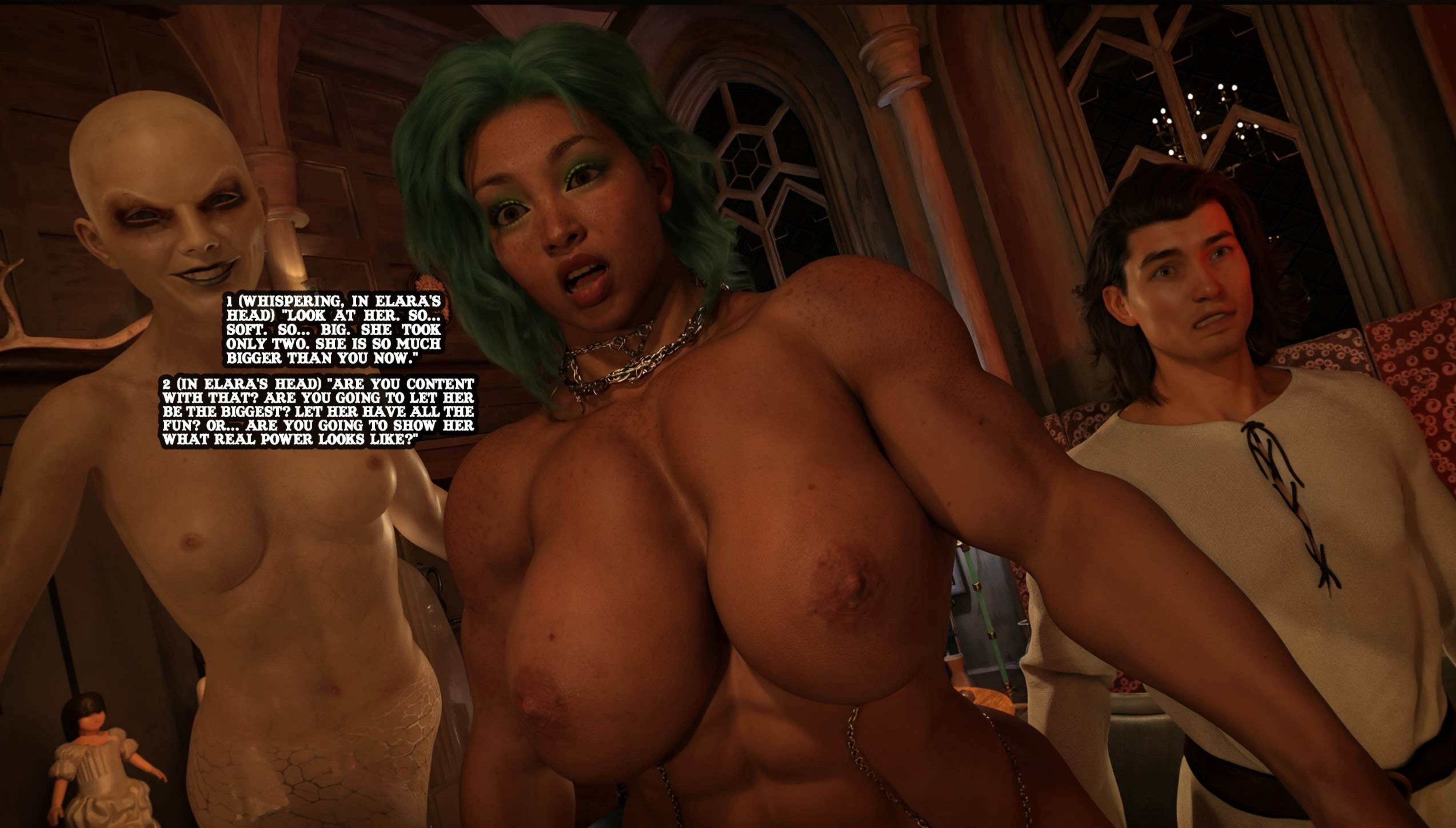


ASTRID'S PERSPECTIVE WAS JUST AS DISORIENTING. SHE LOOKED DOWN AND COULD BARELY SEE THE MAN BURIED BETWEEN HER LEGS. HER OWN COLOSSAL TITS, RESTING HEAVILY ON HER CHEST AND UPPER BELLY, BLOCKED AT LEAST HALF OF HER VISION, TWO MASSIVE, BUMPY, VEINY GLOBES BOBBING WITH EACH OF HIS THRUSTS.

PEERING PAST THEM, SHE COULD JUST SEE THE TOP OF FINN'S HEAD, HIS HAIR PLASTERED TO HIS FOREHEAD WITH SWEAT. HIS EYES WERE SQUEEZED SHUT, HIS FACE A MASK OF PURE, STRUGGLING PLEASURE. HE LOOKED SO SMALL, SO... INADEQUATE, TRYING TO REACH DEEP INSIDE HER NEW, MASSIVE, CAVERNOUS BODY. IT WAS ALMOST... CUTE. AND IN HER PERIPHERALS, SHE COULD SEE THEM: ELARA AND DREW, STANDING FROZEN BY THE COUCH, JUST... STARING. THEIR FACES WERE A PERFECT, PRICELESS MIX OF SHOCK, DISBELIEF, AND SOMETHING ELSE... MAYBE EVEN JEALOUSY.

1 (A LOW, THROATY CHUCKLE, STILL MOANING) "MMMMPH... LOOK AT YOU... (GASP)... TRYING SO... HARD..."

2 (PANTING) "HE'S SO... (HUFF)... LITTLE... INSIDE ME... (GASP)... OH... FUCK... THAT FEELS... GOOD..."



1 (WHISPERING, IN ELARA'S HEAD) "LOOK AT HER. SO... SOFT. SO... BIG. SHE TOOK ONLY TWO. SHE IS SO MUCH BIGGER THAN YOU NOW."

2 (IN ELARA'S HEAD) "ARE YOU CONTENT WITH THAT? ARE YOU GOING TO LET HER BE THE BIGGEST? LET HER HAVE ALL THE FUN? OR... ARE YOU GOING TO SHOW HER WHAT REAL POWER LOOKS LIKE?"

ELARA AND DREW STOOD FROZEN, THEIR EYES LOCKED ON THE OBSCENE, JIGGLY SPECTACLE OF ASTRID GETTING RELENTLESSLY POUNDED BY FINN. THE ROOM WAS FILLED WITH THE WET, PERCUSIVE SLAP OF HIS HIPS AGAINST HER MASSIVE, SOFT FUPA, AND HER HIGH, BREATHLESS MOANS. BEHIND THEM, SO QUIET SHE WAS ALMOST PART OF THE SHADOWS, GULOCTHRA MANIFESTED. A WIDE, CRUEL GRIN WAS PLASTERED ON HER FACE AS SHE WATCHED THE TINY, SWEAT-SLICKED MAN WORKING DESPERATELY TO MAKE LOVE TO THE GLUTTONOUS, GIANT, FATTY THAT ASTRID HAD BECOME.

THE DEMONESS DRIFTED CLOSER TO ELARA, HER VOICE A SEDUCTIVE, INSIDIOUS WHISPER THAT BYPASSED HER EARS AND SLID DIRECTLY INTO HER MIND.

THE DEMON'S WORDS HIT THEIR MARK. ELARA'S COMPETITIVE, RECKLESS SPIRIT, ALREADY HUMMING FROM HER OWN TRANSFORMATION, IGNITED. SHE TORE HER EYES AWAY FROM ASTRID AND STORMED TOWARD THE HOVERING WOODEN PLATE. FIVE CHOCOLATES REMAINED IN HER ROW. SHE STARED AT THEM, HER MUSCULAR CHEST HEAVING.

2 (HIS EYES WIDENING IN PANIC, HE HELD UP A HAND) "WAIT! HOLD UP! THAT'S NOT A GOOD IDEA! YOU DONT KNOW WHAT YOUR BODY WILL TAKE. LOOK AT HER! SHE TOOK TWO AND SHE... SHE BLEW UP! FIVE... FIVE AT ONCE COULD... IT COULD KILL YOU!"

1 (HER VOICE LOW AND INTENSE) "FUCK THIS. I'M NOT DOING THIS ONE BY ONE."

3 (SHE SCOFFED, HER NEW, HARD MUSCLES TENSING) "THAT'S THE POINT, DREW! I WANT TO SEE. I DONT WANT TO BE BLUE-BALLED, WAITING FOR THE NEXT LITTLE BOOST. I WANT THE END RESULT. NOW."





**1 (HIS VOICE PLEADING)
"ELARA, PLEASE! JUST... JUST
TAKE ONE MORE! SEE WHAT
HAPPENS! DON'T DO THIS!"**

**2 (IGNORING HIM, HER EYES FIXED
ON THE CHOCOLATES) "SHUT UP,
DREW. I'M DOING IT."**

**WITH A DECISIVE, POWERFUL MOVE-
MENT, ELARA SCOOPED ALL FIVE
REMAINING CHOCOLATES FROM THE
PLATE, HER HAND, ALREADY THICK
WITH NEW MUSCLE, EASILY PALM-
ING THE ENTIRE LOAD. SHE STARED
DOWN AT THE CLUSTER OF DARK,
GLISTENING SQUARES, HER HEART
HAMMERING WITH A COCKTAIL OF
PURE EXCITEMENT AND GENUINE,
TINGLING FEAR. SHE WAS WONDER-
ING JUST HOW MUCH BIGGER SHE
WAS ABOUT TO GET.**



1 (STARING, HIS FACE PALE WITH HORROR) "OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THIS! ELARA! OH MY GOD... OH MY GOD..."

IN ONE SWIFT MOTION, ELARA TILTED HER HEAD ALL THE WAY BACK, HER HEAD POINTING AT THE CEILING. SHE BROUGHT HER FIST TO HER MOUTH AND JUST... Poured THEM IN. SHE SHOVED ALL FIVE PIECES INTO HER MOUTH AT ONCE, HER JAW WORKING FURIOUSLY TO CHEW THE MASSIVE, SUDDEN MOUTHFUL.

IN THE BACKGROUND, THE RHYTHMIC SLAPPING AND MOANING FROM ASTRID AND FINN CONTINUED, A BIZARRE SOUNDTRACK TO THE SCENE.



ELARA'S CHEEKS PUFFED OUT, COMICALLY STUFFED WITH THE SHEER VOLUME OF CHOCOLATE. HER EYES WERE SQUEEZED SHUT, HER STRONG JAW MUSCLES BUNCHING AS SHE CHEWED AND SWALLOWED, FORCING THE MASSIVE, POTENT DOSE DOWN HER THROAT. SHE FELT IT, A HEAVY, SUPERNATURALLY RICH BOLUS, SLIDING INTO HER STOMACH.

DREW JUST STOOD THERE, HIS HANDS FLUTTERING USELESSLY, BRACING HIMSELF FOR THE EXPLOSIVE, CATASTROPHIC GROWTH THAT WAS, WITHOUT A DOUBT, ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE.

1 (HER EYES FLY OPEN, A STRANGLING GAGGING SOUND)
"HHHK... MMMPH!"

2 (A SHARP, GUTTURAL GROAN AS THE MAGIC HITS HER) "NNNGHH! OH... FUCK! IT'S... IT'S..."

3 (BACKING UP, HIS HANDS RAISED) "ELARA! WHAT'S HAPPENING!?"





IT WASNT A SWELL. IT WAS AN EXPLOSION. THE FIVE-FOLD DOSE HIT HER SYSTEM LIKE A BOMB. HER BACK WAS THE FIRST TO GO. THE 'WINGS' SHE'D GROWN EARLIER FLARED OUT, HER LATS BROADENING WITH A SOUND OF STRETCHING, TEARING MUSCLE FIBER. HER SPINE LENGTHENED, AND SHE SHOT UP ANOTHER TWO FEET IN AN INSTANT. HER ASS, WHICH HAD BEEN HARD AND TONED, SIMPLY... BLEW UP. IT SWELLED BACKWARD, NOT WITH FAT, BUT WITH PURE, DENSE, SPHERICAL MUSCLE, HER GLUTES BECOMING TWO MASSIVE ORBS. HER HAMSTRINGS THICKENED, BECOMING AS ROUND AND DENSE AS STEEL CABLES.

I (SCREAMING, A HIGH-PITCHED
SOUND OF ECSTASY) "MY...
(HUFF)... MY BACK! (GASP) I
FEEL... IT... RIPPING!"

"IT... (PANT)... HURTS! OH...
FUCK... IT HURTS... SO GOOD!"





THE GROWTH SURGED AROUND TO HER FRONT. HER WAIST, WHICH HAD BEEN TRIM, THICKENED, HER OBLIQUES SWELLING INTO HARD, STRIATED BRICKS. HER EIGHT-PACK ABS, WHICH HAD BEEN SO IMPRESSIVE, WERE TORN APART BY NEW GROWTH. THE LINES DEEPENED, AND THEN NEW LINES FORMED, HER LOWER ABDOMINALS AND INTERCOSTALS CHISELING THEMSELVES INTO DEFINED, SEPARATE BLOCKS, FORGING A FULL, FLAWLESS TEN-PACK OF ARMOR-PLATED MUSCLE.

HER QUADS SWELLED, THE "SWEEP" ON HER OUTER THIGH BECOMING SO PRONOUNCED SHE LOOKED INHUMAN, EVERY SINGLE FIBER OF THE MUSCLE VISIBLE AND DEFINED UNDER HER SKIN.



2 (HIS VOICE CRACKING IN PURE TERROR) "YOUR... YOUR STOMACH! IT'S... IT'S LIKE... ARMOR! IT'S NOT... IT'S..."

1 (GASPING, CLUTCHING HER STONE-HARD STOMACH) "I... (HUFF)... I'M... I'M... B-BURSTING!"

3 "MORE! (GASP) I WANT... (HUFF)... MORE!"



HER CALL WAS ANSWERED. THE MASSIVE SURGE OF POWER CONTINUED FLOODING HER BODY.

HER PECTORAL MUSCLES SWELLED, PUSHING HER TITS, WHICH WERE ALREADY FIRM, INTO COLOSSAL, HIGH, DENSE GLOBES OF FLESH AND MUSCLE. HER SHOULDERS EXPLODED, BECOMING ROUND, STRIATED CANNONBALLS.

HER TRAPEZIUS MUSCLES BUNCHED UP, CONNECTING HER NECK TO HER SHOULDERS IN A MASSIVE, POWERFUL SLOPE. HER ARMS... HER ARMS WERE SIMPLY MONSTROUS. HER BICEPS, TRICEPS, AND FOREARMS SWELLED TO PROPORTIONS THAT DWARFED DREW'S ENTIRE TORSO.

SHE WAS A TRUE BEHEMOTH, EASILY THE SAME HEIGHT AND MUSCULAR SHAPE AS THE HULK, A TOWERING GREEN-HAIRED GODDESS OF PURE, DEFINED, AND ABSOLUTELY MASSIVE FEMININE POWER.



1 (THROWING HER HEAD BACK AND ROARING, A SOUND THAT SHOOK THE VERY CASTLE STONES) "AAAAAAAH-HHHHHH!"

2 (PANTING, HER VOICE A DEEP, VIBRATING BASS) "LOOK! (HUFF) LOOK... AT... (GASP)... ME!"

1 (HER VOICE A TINY, FRIGHT-
ENED SQUEAK) "ELARA...?
OH... MY... GOD..."

2 "WHAT... THE... FUCK...?"

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM COULD NO LONGER BE IGNORED. ELARA'S ROOM-SHAKING ROAR CUT THROUGH THE THICK, WET SOUNDS OF SEX LIKE A THUNDERCLAP. ASTRID AND FINN, WHO HAD BEEN COMPLETELY LOST IN THEIR OWN WORLD, BOTH FROZE. THE BLISSFUL, ANIMALISTIC PLEASURE SHATTERED, REPLACED BY COLD, SUDDEN SHOCK.

ASTRID, PANTING, LET OUT A TERRIFIED "EEP!" SHE SLOWLY, CLUMSILY, LOWERED ONE OF HER MASSIVE, FAT-LADEN LEGS TO THE WOODEN FLOOR, THE BOARD CREAKING IN PROTEST. SHE SWUNG HER OTHER LEG OFF THE NIGHTSTAND, PLANTING IT ON A NEARBY CHAIR FOR BALANCE. FINN, STILL HALF-BURIED INSIDE HER, HIS BODY SLICK WITH SWEAT, SLOWLY TURNED HIS HEAD. THEY BOTH LOOKED. AND THEY BOTH STARED, HORRIFIED, AT THE THING ELARA HAD BECOME.



1 (A LOW, VIBRATING GROAN)
"NNNGH... OH... OH WOW...
THIS IS..."

THE SECOND SURGE OF POWER, FUELED BY THE FIRST OF THE FIVE CHOCOLATES, SLAMMED INTO ELARA. SHE SHOT UP AGAIN, HER BODY A SYMPHONY OF EXPANDING, HARDENING MUSCLE. SHE WAS EASILY THIRTEEN, PERHAPS FOURTEEN FEET TALL, A TRUE GIANT. HER PROPORTIONS WERE SO PERFECT, HER MUSCLES SO DEFINED AND CHISELED, THAT SHE LOOKED LESS HUMAN AND MORE LIKE SOME ADVANCED, BIOLOGICAL CYBORG.

SHE WAS SO TALL THAT THE TOP OF HER HEAD GENTLY BRUSHED AGAINST THE BOTTOM OF THE ROOM'S ANCIENT, WROUGHT-IRON CHANDELIER, CAUSING THE CRYSTALS TO TINKLE SOFTLY. THE SOUND WAS DELICATE, A BIZARRE CONTRAST TO THE MOUNTAINOUS, ROCK-HARD WOMAN WHO HAD CAUSED IT.

3 "THAT'S... THAT'S NOT...
THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. THE
SHEER... BIOMASS...!"

2 (HIS VOICE TREMBLING, STILL HALF-IN-SIDE ASTRID) "SHE'S... SHE'S ABOUT TO GO THROUGH THE FUCKING CEILING!"



3 (HER VOICE SMALL) "SHE CANT... SHE CANT HEAR YOU..."

1 (A PAINED, BREATHLESS ROAR) "IT'S... (GASP)... SO... MUCH! HNNNGH!"

2 "SHE'S... SHE'S GOING TO BRING THE ROOF DOWN! ELARA! STOP!"

SHE DIDN'T STOP. YET ANOTHER SPURT KICKED IN, SENDING ANOTHER VIOLENT, TRANSFORMATIVE SHOCKWAVE THROUGH HER. SHE ROCKETED UP TO SIXTEEN FEET, HER SHOULDERS AND HEAD NOW FIRMLY PUSHING INTO THE CHANDELIER. THE IRON FRAME BENT AND SCREECHED, CRYSTALS SHATTERING AND RAINING DOWN ON HER MASSIVE, STRIATED SHOULDERS, BUT SHE DIDN'T SEEM TO NOTICE.

HER EYES WERE SQUEEZED SHUT, HER HEAD TILTED BACK AS SHE WAS LOST COMPLETELY IN THE OVERWHELMING SENSATION OF PURE, AGONIZING, ECSTATIC GROWTH.

1 (PANTING, HER VOICE A DEEP BASS) "BIGGER... (HUFF)... NEED TO BE... (GASP)... BIGGER!"

THE THIRD DOSE HIT. SHE WAS A TERRIFYING PRESENCE. HER THIGHS, ALREADY AS THICK AS TREE TRUNKS, SWELLED EVEN FURTHER, THE MUSCLES SEPARATING INTO HARD, DISTINCT, MASSIVE BUNDLES.

HER CHEST AND LATS FLARED, HER 'WINGS' NOW SO BROAD SHE TOOK UP HALF THE ROOM'S WIDTH. HER ARMS, HELD OUT FROM HER SIDES, WERE SIMPLY INHUMAN, HER BICEPS AND TRICEPS STRAINING, PULSING, AND GETTING VISIBLY LARGER IN REAL TIME.

3 "THIS IS... THIS IS OUT OF CONTROL... THIS IS... CATASTROPHIC..."

2 "JESUS CHRIST, SHE'S... SHE'S STILL GOING?!"





1 (HER VOICE TIGHT WITH PANIC, LOOKING AT DREW)
"HOW... HOW MANY DID SHE TAKE? DREW! HOW MANY?"

3 "OH MY... OH MY FUCKING GOD...!"

2 (HIS FACE PALE, SHAKING) "ALL OF THEM. SHE... SHE TOOK ALL FIVE. ALL AT ONCE."

THE FOURTH WAVE OF POWER WAS TOO MUCH. HER BODY, ALREADY STRUGGLING TO COMPENSATE FOR THE IMPOSSIBLE, SUDDEN MASS, COULDN'T MAINTAIN ITS BALANCE.

SHE WAS TOO BIG, HER CENTER OF GRAVITY TOO HIGH. WITH A LOW GROAN, ELARA TOPPLED FORWARD, HER GARGANTUAN, MUSCULAR FRAME CRASHING TO THE FLOOR. SHE LANDED ON HER KNEES WITH A THUD THAT SHOOK THE ENTIRE CASTLE, THE IMPACT RATTLING THE PUMPKIN ON THE TABLE.

EVEN ON HER KNEES, SHE WAS TALLER THAN ASTRID. AND SHE WAS STILL GROWING, HER MUSCLES SWELLING TO PROPORTIONS THAT MADE THE MOST ROIDED-OUT BODYBUILDERS IN HISTORY LOOK MALNOURISHED.



1 (A LOW, GUTTURAL, ANIMALISTIC GROAN) "NNNNNN-NGH...!"

2 "SHE'S NOT STOPPING... I DONT THINK SHE CAN STOP!"

ON HER KNEES, ELARA WAS A TEMPLE OF LIVING MUSCLE. THE FINAL, FIFTH DOSE OF MAGIC BEGAN ITS WORK, A SLOW, AGONIZINGLY INTENSE FINAL SURGE.

HER TEN-PACK OF ABS HARDENED, EACH BLOCK OF MUSCLE BECOMING AS CLEARLY DEFINED AND SOLID AS GRANITE.

HER PECS SWELLED, HER FOREARMS THICKENED, HER NECK... HER NECK WAS NOW A SOLID PILLAR OF MUSCLE, HER TRAPS RISING UP TO HER EARS. SHE WAS A BREATHING, PANTING, GROANING STATUE OF IMPOSSIBLE, FEMININE POWER.



THE GROWTH FINALLY, FINALLY PEAKED. EVERY MUSCLE IN HER BODY WAS STRAINED TO ITS ABSOLUTE, SUPERNATURAL LIMIT. HER SKIN WAS A TIGHT, PAPER-THIN SHEATH OVER A LANDSCAPE OF PULSING, DENSE, DEFINED MUSCLE.

SHE REMAINED ON HER KNEES, HER MASSIVE FORM DOMINATING THE ROOM, HER BREATHING HEAVY, RAGGED, AND DEAFENINGLY LOUD. SHE WAS A TRUE MONSTER. A GODDESS OF STRENGTH, AND SHE HAD DWARFED THEM ALL.



ELARA, IN HER NEW, GIGANTIC STATE, FINALLY, AGONIZINGLY, PUSHED HERSELF TO HER FEET. THE SHEER, IMPOSSIBLE WEIGHT OF HER NEW, DENSE, MUSCULAR FORM PRESSED DOWN ON THE ANCIENT FLOOR. THE WOODEN PLANKS BENEATH HER MASSIVE, BARE FEET AUDIBLY CREAKED AND BEGAN TO WARP, RAISING UP SLIGHTLY FROM THE JOISTS.

THE SPELL BROKEN, ASTRID AND FINN CLUMSILY UNTANGLED THEMSELVES FROM THEIR SWEATY, SEXUAL EMBRACE. FULLY NAKED, THEY SLOWLY GOT TO THEIR FEET AND CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHED THE NEW BIGGEST GIANTESS IN THE ROOM.

THE SCALE WAS ABSOLUTELY, TERRIFYINGLY CLEAR. FINN AND DREW, BOTH NORMAL-SIZED MEN, WERE SO SHORT THEY WERE ONLY AS HIGH AS ELARA'S KNEE. ASTRID, WHO WAS ALREADY A MASSIVE, SOFT BBW IN HER OWN RIGHT, WAS COMPLETELY DWARFED. SHE, IN ALL HER NEW, HEAVY GLORY, ONLY REACHED JUST SLIGHTLY ABOVE ELARA'S CROTCH, HER HEAD JUST BRUSHING THE BOTTOM OF ELARA'S ARMOR-PLATED TEN-PACK.



I (HER VOICE A DEEP, BASSY PURR) "WELL, WELL, WELL. WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU ALL LOOK... LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST, OR SOMETHING."

ELARA WAS SO INSANELY, FUCKING MUSCULAR THAT HER BACK WAS A COMPLEX, RIPPLING MAP OF AT LEAST TWENTY DISTINCT, DEFINED, AND MASSIVE MUSCLE GROUPS. AS SHE HAD STOOD, HER BACK HAD PUSHED THE DAMAGED CHANDELIER COMPLETELY OUT OF THE WAY, WHERE IT NOW DANGLED USELESSLY.

SHE TRIED TO LOWER HER ARMS, BUT SHE COULDN'T. HER LATS WERE SO IMPOSSIBLY WIDE, FORMING A MASSIVE V-SHAPE FROM HER SHOULDERS TO HER WAIST, THAT HER COLOSSAL, DEFINED ARMS WERE HELD PERMANENTLY OUT FROM HER SIDES. SHE GAZED DOWN, A LONG, LONG WAY DOWN, AT THE THREE PATHETICALLY TINY FIGURES AT HER FEET, AND A LOW, DEEP, AMUSED RUMBLE VIBRATED IN HER CHEST.



1 (STARING UP, HIS VOICE A DRY CROAK) "THAT'S... THAT'S... NOT ELARA. THAT'S A... A TITAN."

2 "SHE'S... SHE'S GOT TO BE... TWENTY FEET TALL... THE... THE HUMAN SKELETAL STRUCTURE CANT...!"

3 (THINKING TO HERSELF, STARING UP AT ELARA'S MOUNTAINOUS, MUSCULAR BACK) "OH MY GOD... SHE'S... SHE'S TWICE THE SIZE OF THE HULK. FIVE CHOCOLATES... FIVE CHOCOLATES DID THAT TO HER... I STILL HAVE THREE LEFT... IF I... WHAT WILL THEY DO TO ME...?"

FROM ELARA'S NEW, GOD-LIKE PERSPECTIVE, HER FRIENDS LOOKED LIKE DOLLS. PATHETIC, TINY, FRAGILE LITTLE THINGS. SHE COULD SEE THE TOP OF ASTRID'S FIERY RED HAIR, THE TOP OF FINN'S HEAD, THE TOP OF DREW'S. THEY WERE SPECKS.

SHE FOUND SHE HAD TO BE CAREFUL EVEN SHIFTING HER WEIGHT, LEST THE SIMPLE MOVEMENT OF HER GARGANTUAN, MUSCULAR THIGH ACCIDENTALLY TOPPLE ONE OF THEM. THE FEELING OF POWER WAS SO PROFOUND, SO ABSOLUTE, IT WAS INTOXICATING.



4 (NERVOUSLY) "I... I..."

1 (HER VOICE BOOMING, MAKING THEM FLINCH) "HOLY FUCK. WELL... I GUESS I'M OUT OF A JOB. CAN'T EXACTLY GO BACK TO THE COFFEE SHOP LOOKING LIKE THIS."

2 (FLEXING A BICEP THAT WAS THICKER THAN ASTRID'S WAIST) "MAYBE I SHOULD RUN FOR MS. OLYMPIA. OR... ALL OF THEM. AT ONCE."

3 (LOOKING DOWN AT ASTRID) "FUCK, ASTRID... IF THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME, YOU'RE GOING TO BE AN ACTUAL, LITERAL WHALE BY THE TIME YOU FINISH YOUR ROW."

7 (A SLOW, DEEP, PREDATORY CHUCKLE RUMBLES FROM HER) "WELL, WELL, WELL... LOOK AT THE TINY NERD. FINALLY FOUND HIS COURAGE, HAS HE?"

5 (MOVING BEHIND ASTRID, BRAVELY RUBBING THE SOFT, MASSIVE, FATTY BACK OF HER THIGH) "IT'S OKAY... IT'S OKAY..."

6 (NERVOUSLY, ADJUSTING HIS SHIRT) "UH... ABOUT THAT THING YOU SAID EARLIER? ABOUT... CRUSHING US BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS... IS... IS THAT OFFER STILL ON THE TABLE?"



1 (HER DEEP VOICE SOFT AND TEASING) "YOU'RE... KIND OF CUTE, DREW. WHEN YOU'RE NOT PANICKING."

2 "STUTTERING JUST LIKE FINN WAS FOR ASTRID. DO I MAKE YOU NERVOUS?"

3 (HIS VOICE CRACKING, HIS FACE FLUSHING RED) "I... I... UH... Y-YES? NO! I MEAN... YES, BUT... IN A... IN A GOOD WAY."

WITH A SOUND LIKE GRINDING MOUNTAINS, ELARA SLOWLY, CAREFULLY, LOWERED HERSELF TO HER KNEES. THE IMPACT MADE THE WHOLE ROOM SHAKE. EVEN KNEELING, SHE WAS A GIANT OVER HIM.

SHE BROUGHT ONE OF HER MASSIVE HANDS TOWARD HIM. SHE UNCURLLED HER INDEX FINGER—A DIGIT NOW AS THICK AND LONG AS HIS ENTIRE FOREARM—AND GENTLY, WITH SURPRISING TENDERNESS, BRUSHED THE TIP AGAINST HIS CHEEK.



1 (LEANING HER MASSIVE FACE DOWN CLOSER, HER VOICE DROPPING TO A DOMINANT PURR) "AND WHAT DOES MY... 'GOOD BOY'... WANT?"

2 "DO YOU WANT TO FEEL THE SQUEEZE OF MY NEW THIGHS? DO YOU WANT TO FIND OUT JUST HOW... STRONG... I'VE BECOME?"

3 (NODDING FRANTICALLY, HIS EYES WIDE WITH EXCITEMENT AND TERROR) "YES! PLEASE! YES... MISTRESS? GODDESS? YES!"



I (THINKING) "...THREE MORE PIECES... JUST HOW BIG... HOW FAT... AM I GOING TO BECOME? OH GOD..."

ELARA'S DEEP CHUCKLE VIBRATED DREW'S ENTIRE BODY. THE DOUBLE-HULK-SIZED GODDESS EFFORTLESSLY ROSE TO HER FULL, CEILING-SCRAPING HEIGHT. SHE REACHED DOWN, HER HAND ENGULFING DREW'S ENTIRE TORSO, AND GRABBED HIM. SHE LIFTED HIM AS IF HE WEIGHED NOTHING, A FEATHER, A TINY DOLL.

SHE SETTLED HIM CAREFULLY BETWEEN HER COLOSSAL, ROCK-HARD THIGHS, RIGHT UNDER HER CROTCH AND THE MOUNTAINOUS CURVE OF HER GLUTES. THEN, PLAYFULLY, SHE SQUEEZED. IT WAS A GENTLE, TERRIFYING SQUEEZE, HER DEFINED INNER-THIGH MUSCLES PRESSING INTO HIM FROM BOTH SIDES, LIFTING HIM OFF HIS FEET, HOLDING HIM CAPTIVE. IT WAS JUST ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM THE FUN, ROUGH TIME HE'D ASKED FOR.

BEHIND THEM, ASTRID WATCHED HER FRIEND, NOW A TRUE TITAN, EFFORTLESSLY LIFT AND "PLAY" WITH A FULL-GROWN MAN. SHE LOOKED AT THE REMAINING THREE CHOCOLATES ON HER OWN PLATE.



3 (A WIDE, ECSTATIC SMILE PLASTERED ON HIS FACE) "OH MY GOD! YES! PLEASE! THIS IS... THIS IS THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!"

1 (LOOKING DOWN AT THE MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN HER LEGS, HER VOICE A HOT PURR) "MMMM. YOU FEEL... FRAGILE. I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO BREAK MY NEW TOY."

2 "YOU KNOW, THIS WOULD MAKE GIVING YOU A BLOWJOB... SO EASY. I COULD JUST... HOLD YOU. PICK YOU UP. AND SUCK YOU OFF LIKE A GOOD LITTLE LOLLIPOP."

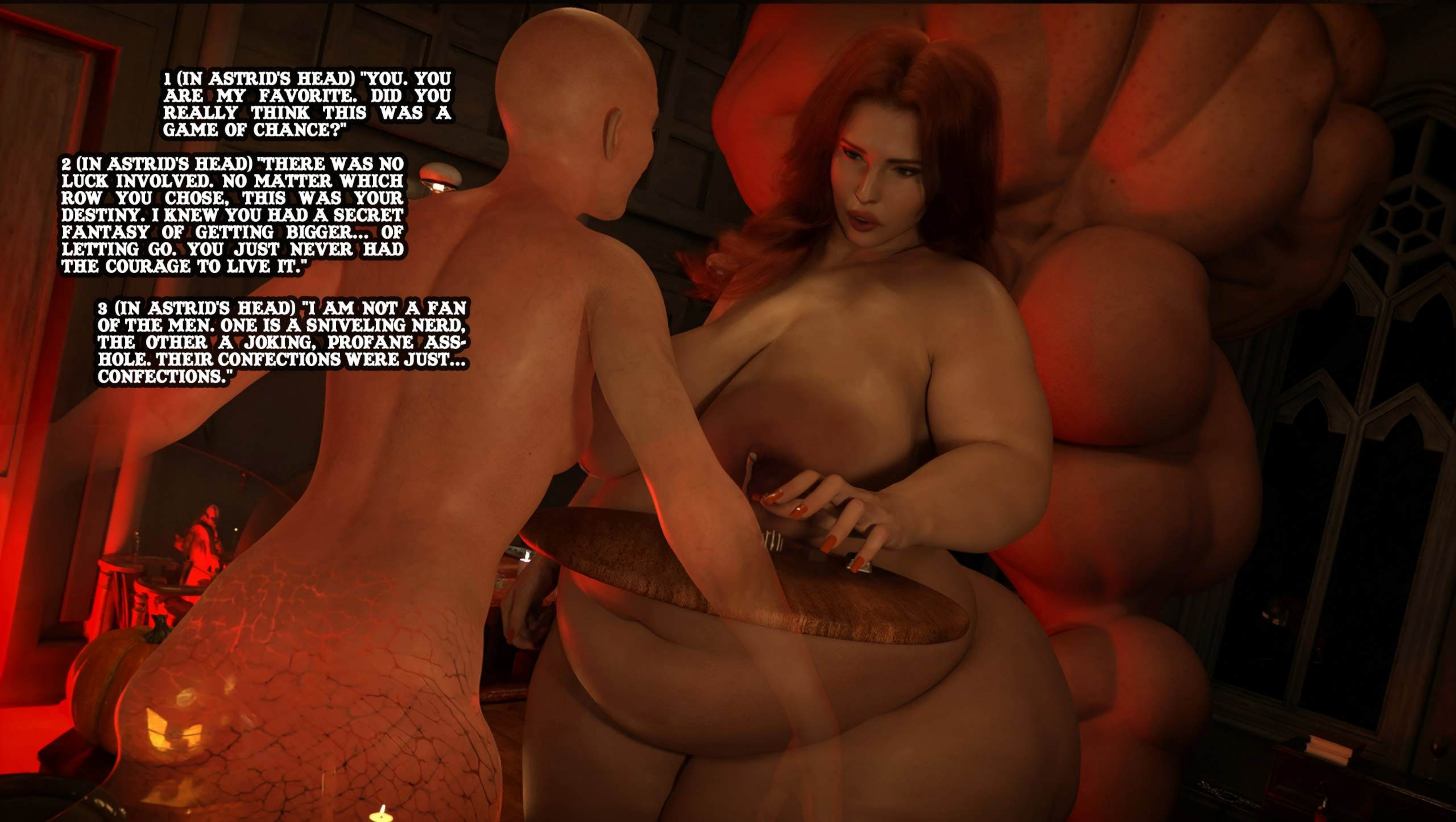
4 (CHUCKLING) "WE'LL SEE, BOYTOY. WE'LL SEE."

ASTRID, HER BODY STILL HUMMING FROM THE LAST GROWTH, STOMPED HEAVILY TOWARD THE HOVERING PLATE. GULOCTHRA, THE DEMONESS, WAS FLOATING DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF IT, HER BLACK EYES GLITTERING WITH AN AMUSEMENT THAT WAS ALMOST AFFECTIONATE. AS ASTRID APPROACHED, THE DEMON'S VOICE ONCE AGAIN SLID INTO HER MIND.

1 (IN ASTRID'S HEAD) "YOU. YOU ARE MY FAVORITE. DID YOU REALLY THINK THIS WAS A GAME OF CHANCE?"

2 (IN ASTRID'S HEAD) "THERE WAS NO LUCK INVOLVED. NO MATTER WHICH ROW YOU CHOSE, THIS WAS YOUR DESTINY. I KNEW YOU HAD A SECRET FANTASY OF GETTING BIGGER... OF LETTING GO. YOU JUST NEVER HAD THE COURAGE TO LIVE IT."

3 (IN ASTRID'S HEAD) "I AM NOT A FAN OF THE MEN. ONE IS A SNIVELING NERD, THE OTHER A JOKING, PROFANE ASS-HOLE. THEIR CONFECTIONS WERE JUST... CONFECTIONS."



1 (HER VOICE A DEEP, SHAKY PURR)
"IF... IF I TAKE ALL THREE... JUST...
JUST HOW BIG AM I GOING TO GET?
GIVE ME... GIVE ME AN ESTIMATION."

2 (A WIDE, SHARP-TOOTHED SMILE
SPREAD ACROSS HER FACE) "MY DEAR,
SWEET, SOFT GIRL... EVEN IF I TOLD
YOU, YOUR TINY MORTAL MIND WOULD
NOT BE ABLE TO CONCEIVE IT. GO
AHEAD. IT IS ALMOST SUNRISE."

3 (HER VOICE TURNED COLD) "AND EVERYONE
ELSE HAS FINISHED THEIR CHOCOLATES...
BESIDES YOU. REMEMBER OUR DEAL. IF THE
SUN RISES AND YOUR ROW IS NOT FINISHED...
I WILL DRAG YOU ALL BACK TO HELL WITH
ME."

ASTRID STARED AT THE THREE RE-
MAINING CHOCOLATES IN HER ROW.
THEY LOOKED SO SMALL, YET SHE
KNEW THEY HELD AN IMPOSSIBLY
VAST POTENTIAL. THREE. AFTER
WHAT TWO HAD DONE... SHE WAS
TERRIFIED. HER MASSIVE, SOFT
HAND, HER FINGERS NOW THICK
AND SAUSAGE-LIKE, TREMBLED AS
SHE REACHED OUT.



THE THREAT, COMBINED WITH HER OWN DARK, GLUTTONOUS DESIRE, WAS ALL THE PUSH SHE NEEDED. ASTRID, NOW LEAKING MILK FROM BOTH OF HER COLOSSAL, HEAVY TITS, REACHED OUT AND SCOOPED THE THREE REMAINING CHOCOLATES INTO HER PALM.

SHE BROUGHT HER HAND CLOSE TO HER FACE, STARING AT THE CHOCOLATES, AND THEN, SLOWLY, LICKED HER LIPS, A LONG, WET SMACK THAT ECHOED IN THE ROOM. SHE KNEW. SHE KNEW SHE WAS ABOUT TO BECOME SO MUCH BIGGER, SO MUCH FATTER.



WITH A SWIFT, DECISIVE MOTION, SHE TILTED HER MASSIVE HEAD BACK, HER THICK, FATTY CHINS BUNCHING UP. SHE OPENED HER MOUTH WIDE AND BROUGHT HER HAND UP, DROPPING ALL THREE POTENT CHOCOLATES INSIDE AT ONCE. SHE CLOSED HER EYES, A LOOK OF PURE, ECSTATIC SURRENDER ON HER FACE AS SHE BEGAN TO CHEW.



SHE CHEWED. THE TRIPLE DOSE WAS OVERWHELMING. THE FLAVOR, SO MUCH MORE INTENSE THAN BEFORE, EXPLODED IN HER MOUTH, A DECADENT, SUPERNATURAL RICHNESS THAT FLOODED HER SENSES. HER EYES REMAINED SQUEEZED SHUT, HER WHOLE BODY TENSING AS SHE SWALLOWED THE MASSIVE, MAGIC-LADEN BOLUS, BRACING HERSELF FOR WHAT WAS TO COME.



1 (A LOW, VIBRATING, GUTTUR-AL MOAN) "NNNNNNNNGH... MMMMPH...!"

2 (HER EYES FLY OPEN, WIDE WITH SHOCK AS THE GROWTH HITS) "OH! OH... FUCK! IT'S... (GASP)... IT'S SO... SO MUCH...!"

3 (A HIGH-PITCHED, OVERWHELMED SQUEAL) "HNNNNNGH! I... I'M... SWELLING!"



THE EXPONENTIAL POWER WAS CATASTROPHIC. IT WAS NOT A GENTLE SWELL; IT WAS AN AVALANCHE OF FLESH. HER HIPS EXPLODED OUTWARD, WIDENING SO FAST SHE COULD FEEL HER SKIN STRETCHING. HER BELLY... HER BELLY JUST SURGED FORWARD, HER DOUBLE-BELLY SHAPE BECOMING A DEEP, PRONOUNCED FOLD AS HER LOWER STOMACH SWELLED INTO A MASSIVE, SAGGING PAUNCH.

HER NAVEL, WHICH HAD BEEN DEEP, WAS NOW A CAVERNOUS, SHADOWED PIT. CELLULITE FORMED INSTANTLY, WAVES OF DEEP DIMPLES CASCADING OVER HER THIGHS AND STOMACH. HER ARMS PLUMPED, HER BICEPS BECOMING SOFT, HEAVY, FAT-LADEN MOUNDS.

SHE WAS BECOMING A TRUE, MAGNIFICENT HOG, A MONUMENT OF SOFT, DECADENT FLESH, AND THE LOOK ON HER FACE WAS ONE OF PURE, OVERWHELMED SHOCK.



1 (PANTING, HER VOICE CRACKING) "I... (HUFF)... I CANT... (GASP)... I CANT BREATHE!"

2 "IT'S... (PANT)... TOO... FAST! TOO... (GASP)... BIIG!"

3 (A LONG, HELPLESS MOAN) "NNNNNGH... I'M... I'M JUST... SO... FAAAAAT!"



THE TIDAL WAVE OF NEW MASS FLOODED HER BACKSIDE. HER ASS, ALREADY COLOSSAL, SIMPLY BALLOONED. IT SWELLED BACKWARD AND OUTWARD, BECOMING A TRULY MONUMENTAL, SOFT, JIGGLY SHELF, WIDER THAN SHE WAS TALL.

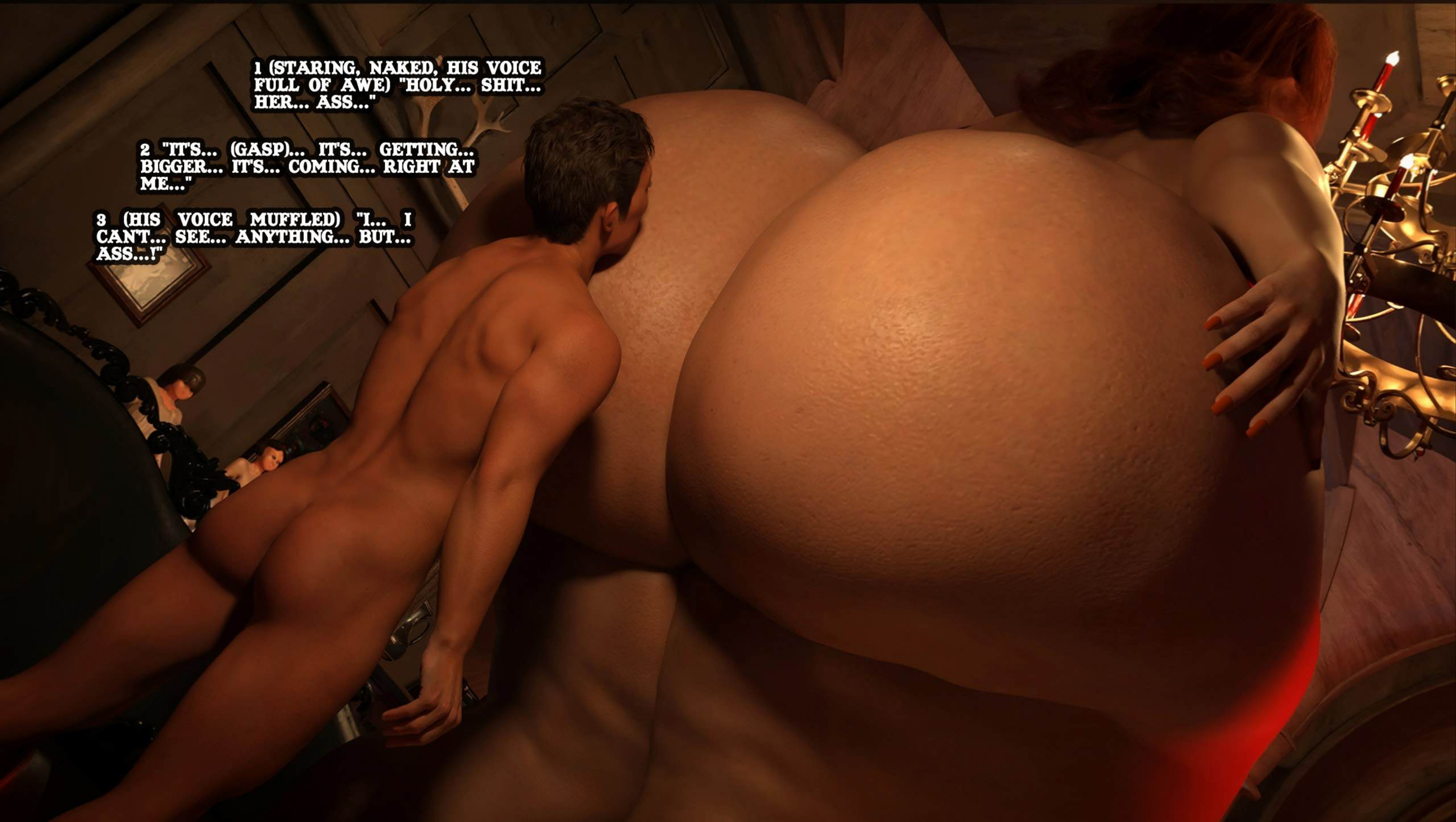
DEEP DIMPLES FORMED ALL OVER THE MASSIVE, PALE GLOBES. HER THIGHS THICKENED TO MATCH, SOFT, HEAVY COLUMNS OF PURE FAT, RUBBING TOGETHER WITH A WET, SLICK SOUND. HER CALVES SWELLED, BECOMING SOFT, HEAVY ANCHORS. SHE GRUNTED, TRYING TO REACH BACK, TO GRAB THE IMPOSSIBLE, GROWING MASS OF HER OWN ASS, BUT SHE COULDN'T.

HER FATTER, SHORTER ARMS COULDN'T EVEN COME CLOSE TO REACHING AROUND HER NEW, IMMENSE GIRTH.

1 (STARING, NAKED, HIS VOICE FULL OF AWE) "HOLY... SHIT... HER... ASS..."

2 "IT'S... (GASP)... IT'S... GETTING... BIGGER... IT'S... COMING... RIGHT AT ME..."

3 (HIS VOICE MUFFLED) "I... I CANT... SEE... ANYTHING... BUT... ASS...!"





FINN HAD BEEN STANDING A FEW FEET BEHIND HER, STARING UP AT HER BACKSIDE. BUT HER ASS EXPANDED SO RAPIDLY, SO OBSCENELY, IT CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

THE MASSIVE, SOFT, GROWING MOUNDS OF HER LEFT AND RIGHT BUTT CHEEKS PRESSED AGAINST HIS FACE, WARM AND YIELDING. HE WAS FORCED TO TILT HIS HEAD BACK, HIS NOSE AND MOUTH COMPLETELY SMOTHERED IN THE DEEP, SOFT, GROWING CANYON OF HER GIANT BUTT CRACK, FORCING HIM TO INHALE THE HOT, SWEATY, SWEET SCENT OF HER TRANSFORMING FLESH.



1 (HER VOICE FAINT, HER WORDS SLURRING) "NNNNGH... OH... GOD..."

2 (SHE PUTS THE BACK OF HER HEAVY, FAT HAND TO HER FOREHEAD, HER EYES ROLLING BACK) "I... I FEEL... SO DIZZY... (PANT)... LIGHT-HEADED... I THINK... I'M GONNA... PASS OUT..."

THE GROWTH WAS TOO RAPID, TOO INTENSE. THIS WAS NOT ELARA'S CONTAINED, HARD POWER; THIS WAS AN UNCONTROLLED, OVERWHELMING FLOOD OF PURE, GLUTTONOUS, SOFT MASS. THE DEMON'S PREFERENCES WERE VIOLENTLY, BEAUTIFULLY CLEAR.

ASTRID FELT A SUDDEN, POWERFUL WAVE OF VERTIGO. HER VISION SWAM. THE PRESSURE IN HER COLLOSSAL TITS BECAME TOO MUCH, AND THEY BEGAN TO OPENLY SQUIRT STREAMS OF MILK, SPRAYING HER OWN MASSIVE, HEAVING BELLY.



I "SHIT! ASTRID! NO! FUCK!
FUCK!"

SHE LOST HER BALANCE. HER SUDDEN LIGHT-HEADEDNESS, COMBINED WITH HER NEW, IMPOSSIBLY CUMBERSOME AND TOP-HEAVY BODY, MADE HER TOPPLE. SHE FELL BACKWARD, A TRUE MOUNTAIN OF SOFT FLESH COLLAPSING. FINN, WHO WAS STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HER AGAIN, HIS EYES WIDE, SAW HER MASSIVE, ELEPHANT-SIZED FORM BEGINNING TO FALL RIGHT AT HIM.

HE DIDN'T HESITATE. HE SCRAMBLED AND TRIPPED OUT OF THE WAY, TUMBLING DESPERATELY ACROSS THE FLOOR. IF SHE, IN HER CURRENT STATE, HAD LANDED ON HIM, HE'D BE A FLATTENED AGAINST THE FLOORBOARDS. HER GIGANTIC, CELLULITE-FILLED ASS CRASHED ONTO THE FLOOR WITH A SOUND LIKE A WHALE BEACHING, SHAKING THE ENTIRE CASTLE TO ITS FOUNDATIONS.



1 (A LOW, CONSTANT, MINDLESS MOAN) "MMMMM... OH... MMMMM... SO... FULL... SO... HEAVY..."

IT TOOK ASTRID A FEW MINUTES TO RECOVER, HER MIND FOGGY, HER BODY IMPOSSIBLY HEAVY. SHE WAS ON HER ASS, HER MASSIVE BULK SLUMPED BACK AGAINST THE COLD STONE WALL. SHE WAS SO BIG SHE WAS ALMOST A PART OF THE ROOM NOW. SHE MANAGED TO MANEUVER HER MASSIVE, FAT-LADEN LEGS, SPREADING THEM OPEN. HER COLOSSAL BELLY, A MOUNTAIN OF SOFT, YIELDING FLESH, RESTED HEAVILY ON HER LAP, SPILLING DOWN BETWEEN HER THIGHS. HER TITS, STILL LEAKING, RESTED ON TOP OF HER BELLY.

OVERWHELMED, SHE BEGAN TO GENTLY, RHYTHMICALLY SLAP HER OWN STOMACH WITH HER THICK HANDS, AS IF TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE, A LOW, CONTINUOUS MOAN VIBRATING FROM DEEP IN HER CHEST.

FINN, SEEING HER LIKE THIS—A FLOOR-BOUND, IMMOBILE, SOFT, LEAKING GODDESS, STUCK UNDER HER OWN IMMENSE, GLUTTONOUS WEIGHT—FELT HIS LAST SHRED OF SANITY SNAP. THIS WAS HIS FANTASY REALIZED.

HE GOT TO HIS KNEES AND CRAWLED TOWARD HER, STOPPING AT THE FOOTHILLS OF HER MASSIVE, DIMPLED THIGHS. HE LOOKED UP AT THE CONTINENT OF HER BELLY, AND BEGAN TO WORSHIP.



THE SENSATION OF PURE, UNENDING GROWTH WAS OVERWHELMING. ASTRID SLUMPED AGAINST THE WALL, HER BODY NOW IMPOSSIBLY HEAVY. SHE WAS SO FULL OF NEW, SOFT FLESH THAT SHE LACKED THE ENERGY TO EVEN HOLD HER ARMS UP.

THEY DANGLED STRAIGHT DOWN AT HER SIDES, HER THICK, SAUSAGE-LIKE FINGERS BRUSHING THE COLD STONE FLOOR. HER EYES WERE SQUEEZED SHUT, HER HEAD TILTED BACK, HER TEETH BITING HARD INTO HER FULL LOWER LIP AS A CONTINUOUS, LOW MOAN OF PLEASURE AND SENSATION VIBRATED FROM HER CHEST. SHE WAS GETTING FATTER BY THE SECOND.

1 (A LOW, PAINED, BREATHY MOAN) "MMMMM... OH... GOD... IT'S... SO... HEAVY..."

2 (A SHARP GASP AS HER TITS ACHE) "NNNGH... MY... MY TITS...!"

WITH THE LAST DREGS OF HER ENERGY, SHE MANAGED TO LIFT HER HEAVY, FAT FOREARMS, PUSHING HER HANDS AGAINST THE MASSIVE, UNDERSIDES OF HER BREASTS, TRYING TO CARESS AND COMFORT THE ACHING, SWOLLEN FLESH.





HER BELLY GREW... AND GREW...
AND GREW. IT SWELLED FORWARD,
A COLOSSAL, SOFT ORB OF PURE FAT.
IT WAS SO BIG NOW THAT IT WAS NO
LONGER JUST RESTING ON HER LAP;
IT WAS DANGLING BETWEEN HER
SPLAYED LEGS, THE MASSIVE, SOFT
LOWER PAUNCH RESTING HEAVILY
ON THE FLOOR ITSELF.

(A SUDDEN, LOUD, WET BELCH RIPS FROM HER THROAT) "MMMM... (BUAAAARRGHHHP!)"

THE GROWTH, WHICH HAD BEEN A STEADY, OVERWHELMING WAVE, SUDDENLY PICKED UP PACE. IT BECAME AN ALARMING, VIOLENT SURGE.

SHE WAS GROWING TALLER, HER HEAD GETTING CLOSER TO THE CEILING EVEN WHILE SITTING, AND FATTER, HER BODY EXPANDING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AT A TRULY TERRIFYING RATE.

FINN, WHO WAS STILL KNEELING BEFORE HER, BOWED HIS HEAD, ALMOST IN PRAYER, AS HE HEARD THE LOW, GROANING, RUMBLING SOUNDS OF HER BODY EXPANDING. HE WATCHED, MESMERIZED, AS THE WOODEN PLANKS UNDER HER MASSIVE, SPREADING ASS BEGAN TO BEND, SPLINTER, AND CRACK.



(GASPING, HER HAND FLYING
TO HER CHEST) "OH! OH...
EXCUSE... (HUFF)... ME... I
FEEL... SO... GASSY..."





ELARA TURNED, MANEUVERING DREW'S HEAD WITH HER THIGH SO SHE COULD SEE. HER EYES WENT WIDE. ASTRID WAS... COLOSSAL. SHE WAS SWELLING AT A RATE THAT ELARA FOUND... INSULTING.

ELARA HAD TAKEN FIVE CHOCOLATES AT ONCE FOR HER POWER, AND HERE ASTRID WAS, ON HER FINAL DOSE, GROWING EVEN FASTER, BECOMING EVEN BIGGER.

THE ROOM WAS FILLING WITH THE SHEER, SOFT, PALE MASS OF HER, AND ALL ASTRID COULD DO WAS MOAN, HER EYES HALF-LIDDED, AND LET OUT ANOTHER DEEP, RATTLING BURP.



3 (HER DEEP VOICE LACED WITH DISBELIEF) "ASTRID... HOW? HOW DID YOU GET THAT BIG?"

4 (HER VOICE SLOW, DROWSY, AND ARROGANT, PATTING HER OWN MASSIVE PAUNCH) "MMMM... MAGIC... (BUUAARP)... I GUESS..."

5 (SHE IGNORES ELARA AND LOOKS DOWN AT FINN, HER VOICE A LOW, NEEDY PURR) "MMMM... FINN... I'M... I'M SO... HUNGRY. I'M... REALLY, REALLY HUNGRY..."

2 "I CAN'T... I CAN'T EVEN SEE HER FACE! IT'S JUST... BELLY!"

1 (GRUNTING, HIS FACE RED WITH EXERTION) "HOLY... FUCK... ASTRID! YOU'RE... SO... FUCKING... HEAVY! IT'S... AMAZING! I CAN'T... EVEN... BUDGE IT!"

THE GROWTH SEEMED TO COME TO A STOP, OR AT LEAST A PAUSE. ASTRID WAS NOW DEFINITELY BIGGER THAN ELARA. EVEN WHILE SITTING ON HER ASS AGAINST THE WALL, HER HEAD WAS ALMOST AT THE SAME HEIGHT AS ELARA'S, WHO WAS STANDING. HER BELLY WAS A TRUE SPECTACLE, A MOUNTAIN OF FLESH SO VAST IT COULD HAVE EASILY FIT THREE, FOUR, EVEN FIVE PEOPLE INSIDE.

FINN, MESMERIZED, GOT TO HIS FEET. HE STOOD BEFORE THE MOUNTAIN OF HER STOMACH, SPREAD HIS ARMS WIDE, AND TRIED TO LIFT IT. HE PRESSED HIS SHOULDER INTO THE SOFT, WARM MASS, HIS ARMS WRAPPING AROUND AS MUCH AS HE COULD, AND GRUNTED, TRYING TO PUSH IT UP.

2 (HER EYES FLUTTER OPEN, CONFUSED) "MMMM... WHAT DO YOU... MEAN...?"

4 (A LONG, SHUDDERING MOAN) "MMMM... FINN... THAT... THAT WOULD BE... SO NICE... MMMMM..."

5 (PANTING) "BUT... I CANT... I CANT REACH YOU, THERE'S... ALL THIS... IN THE WAY..."

6 "CAN... CAN YOU CLIMB UP TO ME?"

1 (NERVOUSLY, BUT WITH A DESPERATE EDGE) "YOU'RE... YOU'RE HUNGRY... I... UH... CAN I... CAN I GO INSIDE YOU?"

3 "I... I WANT YOU TO SWALLOW ME. I WANT TO... TO BE INSIDE YOU."

FINN WAS ABSOLUTELY, HOPELESSLY DEEP IN THIS FANTASY. THE POWER DYNAMIC, THE SHEER, IMPOSSIBLE SCALE OF HER—THIS HUGE FUCKING BALLOON OF A WOMAN, AND HIM, SO SMALL AND SKINNY... HE WAS IN HEAVEN. HE WAS STILL RUBBING HER BELLY, HIS HEAD BARELY REACHING HER NAVEL. WHEN SHE SAID SHE WAS HUNGRY, A THRILLING IDEA POPPED INTO HIS HEAD.

THE THOUGHT HIT ASTRID'S FOGGED BRAIN LIKE A BOLT OF LIGHTNING. THE IDEA OF IT... THE HOT, WET, TIGHT INTIMACY... OF HAVING ALL OF FINN, HIS ENTIRE BODY, SAFE AND WARM DEEP INSIDE HER BELLY... IT TURNED HER ON SO MUCH SHE COULD FEEL IT. A THICK, HOT WETNESS GUSHED FROM HER PUSSY, SO COPIOUS THAT IT POOLED BENEATH HER AND BEGAN TO DRIP, IN THICK, AUDIBLE PLOPS, ONTO THE WOODEN FLOOR.



2 "FUCK YEAH. MORE THAN ANYTHING. IT... IT MUST FEEL SO NICE... SO WARM AND SAFE... JUST... BEING INSIDE YOU. ALL OF YOU."

1 (HER VOICE A HOT, WET WHISPER) "ARE YOU... ARE YOU SURE...? YOU REALLY... WANT THIS...?"

HE DID. IMMEDIATELY. HE CRAWLED ONTO HER MASSIVE, SPLAYED-OPEN KNEES, WHICH WERE LIKE SMALL HILLS. HE USED HER THICK, DIMPLED FLESH FOR HANDHOLDS AS HE CLIMBED THE FIRST "SHELF" OF HER MASSIVE DOUBLE BELLY, THEN SCRAMBLED UP THE SECOND, DEEPER FOLD. HE NAVIGATED THE VALLEY BETWEEN HER COLOSSAL, MILK-SLICKED TITS AND FINALLY, PANTING, HE WAS AT HER FACE.

SHE WAS LICKING HER PLUMP, FULL LIPS, HER EYES HALF-LIDDED, GIVING HIM THAT SAME LOOK OF RAW, PRIMAL DESIRE SHE'D GIVEN HIM BEFORE THEY'D FUCKED. HE SMILED, HIS OWN FACE FULL OF A MATCHING, EAGER LUST, AND HE GENTLY CARESSED HER LUSCIOUS, SWOLLEN LIPS WITH HIS HAND.



THAT WAS ALL SHE NEEDED TO HEAR. SHE OPENED HER MOUTH, HER JAW UNHINGING TO AN IMPOSSIBLY WIDE, CAVERNOUS GAPE. HE DIDN'T HESITATE. HE SHOVED HIS RIGHT ARM IN, PAST HER TONGUE, PLUNGING IT DEEP INTO HER HOT, WET THROAT.

SHE GAGGED AT FIRST, A DEEP, GUT-TURAL SOUND, HER MASSIVE BODY TENSING. BUT HE DIDN'T STOP, AND SHE DIDN'T WANT HIM TO. HE KEPT PUSHING, CLIMBING HIGHER UP HER CHEST AS HE SHOVED HIS ARM DEEPER AND DEEPER.



SHE SAW HIM STRUGGLING TO CLIMB AND PUSH AT THE SAME TIME. SHE WAS DONE WAITING. WITH A LOW, HUNGRY GROWL, ASTRID BROUGHT UP HER MASSIVE, FAT HAND. SHE GRABBED HIM, HER FINGERS EASILY ENCIRCLING HIS ENTIRE TORSO. SHE LIFTED HIM FROM HER CHEST AND BEGAN TO ACTIVELY SHOVE HIM, HEAD-FIRST, INTO HER WAITING MOUTH.

HE WAS SMILING, EVEN AS HIS HEAD WAS ENGULFED, ECSTATIC AT HER STRENGTH, HER SIZE, HER PURE, GLUTTONOUS HUNGER. IN HER HEAD, ASTRID WAS GOING FERAL. THIS WAS THE MOST INTENSE, PRIMAL, POSSESSIVE FEELING SHE HAD EVER EXPERIENCED. AND AS SHE FELT HIM BEGIN TO SLIDE DOWN HER THROAT, A FAMILIAR, POWERFUL TINGLE STARTED DEEP IN HER CORE. SHE WAS HOPING, PRAYING, THAT THIS... THIS... WOULD TRIGGER YET ANOTHER GROWTH SPURT.



1 (A DEEP, WET, SWALLOWING SOUND) "GLLK... MMMMPH...!"

2 (A LOUD, GUTTURAL GULP AS HIS SHOULDERS PASS HER LIPS)

3 (A LONG, SATISFIED, VIBRATING MOAN) "MMMMMM..."



AS FINN SLID DEEPER, HER THROAT EXPANDING WITH A WET, SUCKING SOUND TO ACCOMMODATE HIS ENTIRE UPPER BODY, HER BELLY BEGAN TO CHANGE. IT SWELLED, PUSHING OUT, THE SKIN STRETCHING TIGHT AS THE SHAPE OF A MAN BEGAN TO FILL IT FROM THE INSIDE. HER MOUTH WAS STRETCHED IMPOSSIBLY WIDE, HER FAT, ROSY CHEEKS TAUT AS SHE VORACIOUSLY SWALLOWED HIM, HER HEAD TILTED BACK, TAKING HIM DOWN, AND DOWN...

1 (A FINAL, MASSIVE, DECISIVE GULP AS HIS FEET DISAPPEAR)

2 (SHE LETS OUT A HUGE, SHUDDERING, SATISFIED SIGH) "MMMMM... OH... FUCK..."

3 (A MUFFLED, DISTANT, ECSTATIC VOICE FROM DEEP WITHIN HER BELLY) "WHOAI OH MY GOD! IT'S... IT'S AMAZING IN HERE! IT'S SO... WARM!"



SHE HAD DONE IT. HE WAS INSIDE.

**HER BELLY WAS NOW GIGANTICAL-
LY BIGGER, A MASSIVE, ROUND,
PROTRUDING SPHERE, STRETCHED
TAUT WITH THE DISTINCT, HU-
MAN-SHAPED LUMP OF FINN CHURN-
ING AND SETTLING DEEP WITHIN
HER.**

**HE WAS SAFE, HE WAS WARM, AND
HE WAS HERS. AND AS SHE RUBBED
THE MASSIVE, SWOLLEN MOUND OF
HER STOMACH, SHE FELT IT...**



IT WAS HER TURN. SWALLOWING HIM, ADDING HIS MASS TO HERS, HAD TRIGGERED IT. THE MOST POWERFUL, OVERWHELMING, EXPLOSIVE GROWTH SPURT YET.

THE MAGIC FLOODED HER SYSTEM, A PURE, GLUTTONOUS, CHAOTIC ENERGY. SHE BEGAN TO SWELL, FATTER, BIGGER, AND TALLER, ALL AT AN EXPONENTIAL, TERRIFYING RATE, TRIGGERED BY THE LAST OF THE CHOCOLATES AND THE MAN INSIDE HER.

3 (DREW, FROM BETWEEN ELARA'S THIGHS) "OH MY GOD! SHE... SHE SWALLOWED HIM! SHE ACTUALLY SWALLOWED HIM! AND... AND SHE'S GROWING AGAIN!"

1 (A LOUD, PAINED, ECSTATIC ROAR THAT SHOOK THE ROOM) "NNNNNGH! IT'S... (GASP)... HAPPENING AGAIN!"

2 (ANOTHER MASSIVE, GASSY BELCH) "TM... (BUUAAAARRRGH-HP!)... GETTING... BIGGER!"



SHE WAS SO BIG, SHE WAS NO LONGER JUST IN THE ROOM. SHE WAS THE ROOM. HER EXPANDING, COLOSSAL, FINN-FILLED BELLY SWELLED OUTWARD, PUSHING AGAINST THE VERY WALLS. THE STONE GROANED. HER MASSIVE, SOFT, SPREADING ASS AND BACK PRESSED AGAINST THE OPPOSITE WALL, THE ANCIENT STONES CRACKING. HER HEAD PUSHED AGAINST THE CEILING, AND THE STONE ABOVE HER BEGAN TO SPLINTER.

HER BELLY, BY ITSELF, WAS ALMOST AS BIG AS THE ROOM HAD BEEN, A CONTINENT OF SOFT, WARM, JIGGLING FLESH WITH A VERY HAPPY MAN TRAPPED INSIDE.

3 (HER DEEP VOICE QUIET WITH ENVY)
"SHE'S... SHE'S BIGGER THAN ME... SITTING
DOWN."

1 (LAUGHING, A DEEP, BELLY-JIGGLING
SOUND) "MMMM... (BUAARP)... OH...
LISTEN TO HIM IN THERE!"

4 (HER VOICE FULL OF GENUINE ADMIRATION)
"BRAVO, MY SWEET, SOFT GIRL. JUST... BRAVO.
YOU ARE A TRUE GLUTTON. A MAGNIFICENT,
PERFECT WHALE. YOU HAVE EXCEEDED ALL
MY EXPECTATIONS."

2 (MUFFLED, FROM INSIDE) "THIS
IS THE BEST! I'M SO WARM! KEEP
GROWING, ASTRID! I CAN FEEL YOU
GETTING BIGGER AROUND ME!"

ASTRID'S LAUGHTER WAS A DEEP,
GUTTURAL, JIGGLY SOUND. HER
BELLY, NOW STRETCHED TAUT
WITH THE DISTINCT, MAN-SHAPED
BULGE OF FINN, WAS A CONTINENT
OF FLESH.

SHE SLAPPED IT PLAYFULLY, THE
SOUND A WET, HEAVY THWACK.
ELARA, IN ALL HER 20-FOOT, MUS-
CULAR GLORY, STOOD STARING. SHE
WAS SHOCKED TO REALIZE THAT
ASTRID, WHO WAS STILL JUST SIT-
TING ON HER ASS, WAS NOW SO
TALL THAT THEIR HEADS WERE
ALMOST LEVEL. THE SHEER, SOFT,
GLUTTONOUS MASS OF HER WAS
MIND-BOGGLING. GULOCTHRA FLOAT-
ED DOWN, HOVERING RIGHT IN
FRONT OF ASTRID'S MASSIVE, BULG-
ING PAUNCH, HER BLACK-LIPPED
SMILE WIDE.

1 "IT IS ALMOST DAYTIME, MORTAL. THE SUN IS RISING. AND I... FIND MYSELF QUITE... ATTACHED TO YOU. I WOULD LOVE TO STICK AROUND, MOVE ABOUT THE CITY... BUT I CANNOT DO THAT WHILE THE SUN IS UP."

2 "YOU, HOWEVER... YOU HAVE SO MUCH... ROOM. IT LOOKS SO WARM IN THERE. PERHAPS... YOU HAVE SPACE FOR A SECOND, MORE... PERMANENT... GUEST?"

4 "UNLESS... YOU ARE TOO FULL?"

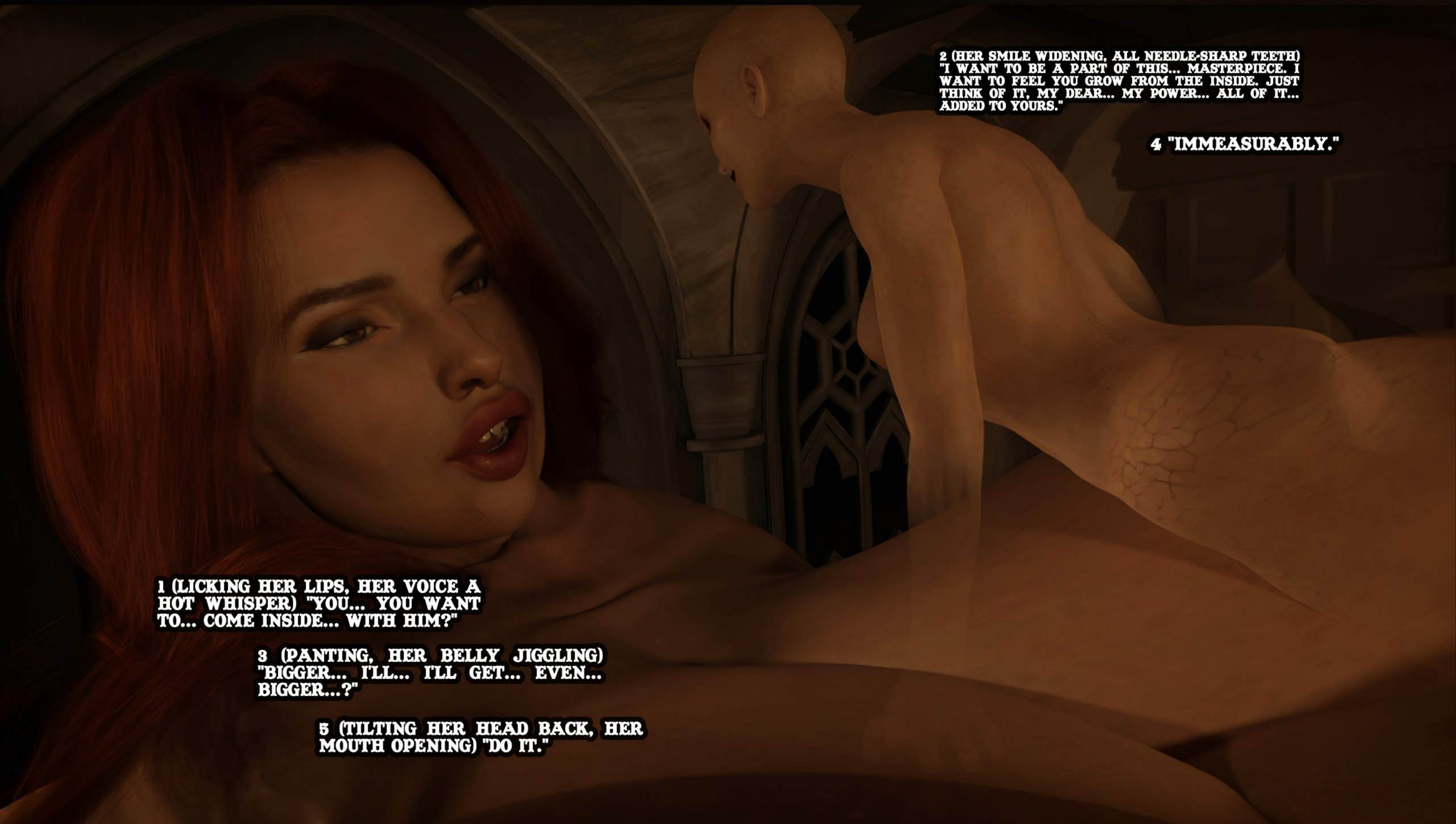
3 (HER EYES WIDEN, A NEW, HUNGRY SPARK IN THEM) "A... ANOTHER ONE? INSIDE... ME?"

5 (A LOW, GREEDY MOAN) "MMMM... NO... I'M... I'M NEVER... TOO FULL..."

THE DEMON DRIFTED UPWARD, A LAZY, FLOATING MOTION, UNTIL SHE WAS EYE-LEVEL WITH ASTRID'S MASSIVE, DROWSY FACE.

AS GULOCTHRA SPOKE, ASTRID COULD FEEL THAT FAMILIAR, DELIGHTFUL TINGLING. SHE WAS STILL GROWING, JUST... SLOWLY.

A STEADY, WARM PLUMPING THAT MADE HER FLESH HUM. SHE LICKED HER LIPS, HER TONGUE SWIPING AT A STRAY DROP OF MILK. HER VAST, FINN-FILLED GUT FELT... SO FULL, BUT SHE COULD ALMOST FEEL THE SPACE... THE POTENTIAL... FOR MORE.



**2 (HER SMILE WIDENING, ALL NEEDLE-SHARP TEETH)
"I WANT TO BE A PART OF THIS... MASTERPIECE. I
WANT TO FEEL YOU GROW FROM THE INSIDE. JUST
THINK OF IT, MY DEAR... MY POWER... ALL OF IT...
ADDED TO YOURS."**

4 "IMMEASURABLY."

**ASTRID'S BODY CONTINUED ITS SLOW,
INEXORABLE EXPANSION. HER
THIGHS SPREAD A LITTLE WIDER ON
THE FLOOR, HER BELLY CREEPING
FURTHER ACROSS THE ROOM. THE
IDEA OF SWALLOWING THE DEMON...
THE SOURCE OF THE MAGIC... THE
POWER THAT WOULD GIVE HER... IT
WAS THE ULTIMATE TURN-ON. SHE
WAS GETTING BIGGER JUST THINK-
ING ABOUT IT.**

**1 (LICKING HER LIPS, HER VOICE A
HOT WHISPER) "YOU... YOU WANT
TO... COME INSIDE... WITH HIM?"**

**3 (PANTING, HER BELLY JIGGLING)
"BIGGER... I'LL... I'LL GET... EVEN...
BIGGER...?"**

**5 (TILTING HER HEAD BACK, HER
MOUTH OPENING) "DO IT."**



GULOCTHRA DIDN'T HESITATE. HER SMILE WAS ONE OF PURE, MALICIOUS TRIUMPH. SHE REACHED OUT WITH HER LEFT, TRANSLUCENT ARM AND PLUNGED IT, HAND-FIRST, RIGHT INTO ASTRID'S CAVERNOUS, WAITING MOUTH.

ASTRID'S EYES ROLLED BACK AS SHE TASTED THE MAGIC, A SENSATION LIKE COLD FIRE AND PURE, DARK POWER. SHE MOANED, HER THROAT OPENING WIDE, AND SHE BEGAN TO PULL, ABSORBING THE DEMONESS, SUCKING HER IN.

1 (A DEEP, WET, SWALLOWING SOUND) "GLLLKK... MMM...!"

2 (DREW, FROM ACROSS THE ROOM, HIS VOICE HIGH-PITCHED) "NO! ASTRID! SHE'S TRYING TO POSSESS YOU! DON'T DO IT!"

ASTRID WAS LOST. SHE WAS PURE, MINDLESS HUNGER. HER EYES WERE CROSSED, HER EXPRESSION ONE OF BLISSFUL, BIRD-BRAINED IDIOCY. ALL SHE WANTED, ALL SHE CRAVED, WAS TO BE BIGGER. TO BE FULLER.

THE DEMONESS SLID IN WITH A WET, MAGICAL SLURP, HER PALE, VEINY TORSO AND BLACK-LIPPED FACE DISAPPEARING PAST ASTRID'S TONGUE. SHE WAS OVER HALFWAY IN NOW, HER FORM DISSOLVING AS IT WAS ABSORBED. ALL THAT WAS LEFT STICKING OUT OF ASTRID'S MASSIVE, OPEN MOUTH WAS THE DEMON'S LONG, TRANSPARENT, BARBED TAIL, WHICH WHIPPED BACK AND FORTH BEFORE FINALLY, WITH A SCHLOOP, DISAPPEARING INSIDE.

1 (A FINAL, MASSIVE, ECHOING GULP)

2 (A LONG, SHUDDERING, ECSTATIC SIGH THAT SHOOK THE ROOM) "MMMMMM... OH... FUCK..."

3 (FINN, MUFFLED, NOW JOINED BY ANOTHER VOICE) "WHOA! HEY! IT JUST GOT REAL CROWDED IN HERE! HELLO?"

4 (GULOCTERA, A NEW, SECOND, MUFFLED VOICE FROM THE BELLY) "HELLO, LITTLE MAN. ISN'T IT... COZY?"

1 (A SUDDEN, SHARP, ROOM-SHAKING ROAR) "NNNN-NNGGGHHH! AAAAAAH!"

2 (PANTING, HER VOICE THICK WITH PLEASURE) "OH... FUCK! IT'S... (GASP)... IT'S... SO MUCH... MORE! THE... (HUFF)... THE POWER!"

3 (A LONG, WET BELCH) "BUUAAAARRRHH-HP! OH... 'SCUSE ME... SO... FULL..."

4 "I... (HUFF)... I'M SWELLING! I'M... I'M... PRESSING... AGAINST... (GASP)... THE WALLS!"

5 "MY... MY BELLY! (GASP) IT'S... IT'S... GROWING... SO... FAAAAAST!"

1 (A HIGH-PITCHED, DELIRIOUS SQUEAL) "EEEEEE! MORE! I WANT... (GASP)... MORE! MAKE ME... (HUFF)... BIGGER!"

2 "I'M... (PANT)... I'M SO... FUCKING... FAT! I... (GASP)... I'M A... A... MOUNTAIN! A... (GASP)... A PLANET!"

3 (A LOW, PAINED GROAN) "NNNGH... MY... MY ASS... IT'S... IT'S... FILLING THE... WHOLE... (HUFF)... ROOM! I... I CAN FEEL THE... (GASP)... STONE... CRACKING!"

4 "I... I'M... TOO... BIG! IT'S... (GASP)... IT'S... SO... FUCKING... GOOD!"

1 (A DEEP, GUTTURAL, MIND-
LESS MOAN) "MMMMMMM...
NNNNGGGH... FUUUUCK..."

2 (PANTING, HER VOICE A THICK,
WET GURGLE) "CANT... (GASP)...
BREATHE... SO... (HUFF)... FULL...!"

3 "MY... (GASP)... MY TTTS! THEYRE...
THEYRE... AS... BIG... AS... (HUFF)...
CARS! THEYRE... (GASP)... THEYRE...
SPRAYING... EVERYWHERE!"

4 (A LOUD, ECSTATIC, BROKEN SCREAM) "I'M...
(GASP)... I'M... THE... BIGGEST! I'M... (HUFF)...
A... (GASP)... A... GODDESS! A... (BUUUUAAAAR-
RGHHP!)... A FAT... FUCKING... GODDESS!"

5 "MORE... MORE... MORE...!"



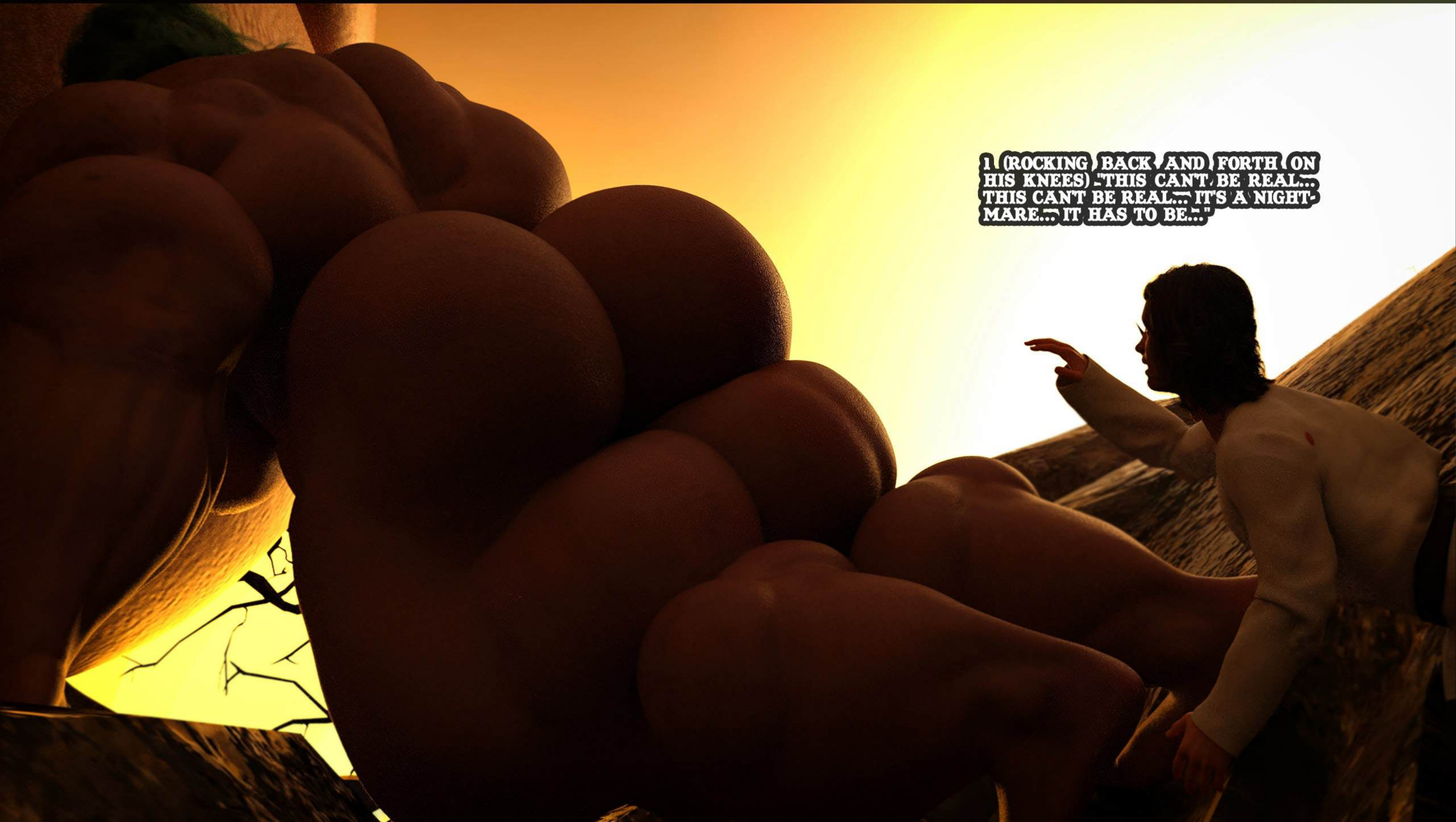
1 (HIS VOICE A DRY, RASPING WHISPER) "NO... NO... NO... NO..."

2 (HE RAISES A SHAKING HAND, AS IF TO BLOCK OUT THE SIGHT) "IT'S... IT'S... NOT... REAL..."

IT WAS TOO MUCH. THE MAGIC, THE MASS, THE SHEER, IMPOSSIBLE VOLUME OF FLESH. THE ANCIENT STONES OF THE CASTLE, WHICH HAD STOOD FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, COULD NOT CONTAIN THE GLUTTONOUS, CHAOTIC, EXPLOSIVE GROWTH OF ASTRID. WITH A SOUND LIKE A MOUNTAIN RANGE COLLAPSING, THE WALLS, THE CEILINGS, AND THE TOWERS DISINTEGRATED, COLLAPSING IN ON THEMSELVES.

A PLUME OF DUST AND DEBRIS ERUPTED INTO THE COLD DAWN AIR. MIRACULOUSLY, THE FORCE OF THE COLLAPSE HAD BLOWN ELARA AND DREW CLEAR, SENDING THEM TUMBLING OUTSIDE.

FINN, ALONG WITH THE DEMON GULOCTHRA, WAS PERFECTLY SAFE, NESTLED DEEP WITHIN THE WARM, WET, EVER-EXPANDING CAVERN OF ASTRID'S GUT. DREW PUSHED HIMSELF ONTO HIS KNEES, HIS ENTIRE BODY TREMBLING, AND LOOKED UP. HE WAS STARING AT THE MOST TERRIFYING, AWE-INSPIRING THING HE HAD EVER SEEN.



I (ROCKING BACK AND FORTH (ON HIS KNEES) "THIS CAN'T BE REAL... THIS CAN'T BE REAL... IT'S A NIGHTMARE... IT HAS TO BE..."

IN FRONT OF HIM, ELARA STOOD, A TWENTY-FOOT-TALL GODDESS OF PURE, DEFINED MUSCLE, HER SKIN GLEAMING IN THE FIRST, WEAK LIGHT OF THE RISING SUN. NOVEMBER 1ST HAD ARRIVED. BUT DREW WAS NOT LOOKING AT ELARA. HE WAS LOOKING PAST HER.

EVEN ELARA, A TRUE GIANTESS IN HER OWN RIGHT, WAS STARING UP, AND UP, AND UP, HER HARD-MUSCLED JAW HANGING OPEN IN A LOOK OF PURE, UNADULTERATED INTIMIDATION. SHE WAS A MOUNTAIN, BUT SHE WAS STANDING AT THE FOOT OF A GOD.

**(A SOUND THAT IS NOT A WORD, BUT AN EVENT)
"BUUUUUUAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRGHHP!"**

**(SHE FLINCHES AS THE SOUND
HITS HER) "AND... SHE'S...
STILL... GROWING..."**

**ELARA WAS FROZEN, HER MIND
UNABLE TO PROCESS THE SCALE
OF WHAT SHE WAS SEEING. THE
THING THAT HAD BEEN HER FRIEND,
ASTRID, NOW TOWERED OVER HER,
A BEING OF IMPOSSIBLE, SOFT, GLUT-
TONOUS PROPORTIONS,**

**HER FORM BLOTTING OUT THE NEW,
ORANGE SUN. AND FROM THAT
GREAT, FLESHY MOUNTAIN IN THE
SKY CAME A SOUND. A LOW, WET,
THUNDEROUS RUMBLE THAT VI-
BRATED ELARA'S VERY BONES.**





1 (A LOW, MINDLESS, PIG-LIKE MOAN) "MMMMM... NNNNGH... SO... FULL..."

2 (ANOTHER DEEP, RATTLING BELCH) "BUUAAAARGHP! MMMM..."

THE BURP ECHOED ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE LIKE A FOGHORN. ASTRID WAS... A SIGHT. SHE WAS SO INCOMPREHENSIBLY, GIGANTICALLY FAT THAT SHE COULD HAVE EASILY FIT TEN OF ELARA INSIDE HER.

SHE WAS SO FULL, SO GASSED, SO UTTERLY LOST IN SENSATION, THAT SHE JUST SWAYED ON HER MASSIVE, TREE-TRUNK-LIKE LEGS, HER COLOSSAL STOMACH SWINGING LEFT AND RIGHT, HER HEAD TILTED BACK, MOANING AND BURPING LIKE A PRIZE-WINNING HOG.

1 (A HAPPY, GURGLING SIGH)
"HHHHH... MMMM..."

EVERYTHING BEHIND HER WAS GONE. THE CASTLE WAS JUST A PILE OF RUBBLE, A RUIN AT HER FEET. HER ASS... HER ASS WAS THE TRUE CULPRIT. IT HAD SWELLED TO A SIZE THAT DEFIED PHYSICS. IT WAS A MOUNTAIN RANGE OF PURE, SOFT, DIMPLED FAT.

AS SHE SWAYED, THE SLIGHTEST, MOST CASUAL MOVEMENT OF HER COLOSSAL BACKSIDE, A SIMPLE SHIFT OF HER WEIGHT, WOULD SEND HER GIGANTIC, SOFT CHEEKS PLOWING INTO THE FEW REMAINING STANDING WALLS, KNOCKING THEM DOWN LIKE TOYS.



1 (A WET, GASSY BURP, FOLLOWED BY A MOAN) "BUURP! OH... MMMMPH..."

**TO CALL HER ASS "GIGANTICAL-
LY FAT" WAS A PATHETIC UNDER-
STATEMENT. IT WAS A GEOLOGICAL
FORMATION. TWO COLOSSAL, HEMI-
SPHERICAL CONTINENTS OF PURE,
PALE, QUIVERING FLESH, SO VAST
THAT THEY CREATED THEIR OWN
WEATHER SYSTEMS.**

**THE DIMPLES IN HER CHEEKS WERE
CANYONS, THE FOLDS OF FLESH
AT THE BOTTOM WERE VALLEYS.
IT WAS SO HEAVY, SO IMPOSSIBLY
VAST, THAT THE GROUND BENEATH
IT WAS SINKING, HER EVERY MOVE-
MENT CAUSING TREMORS. IT WAS
AN ASS BUILT FOR NOTHING BUT
SITTING, FOR CRUSHING, FOR BEING
THE BIGGEST, SOFTEST, FATTEST
THING IN EXISTENCE.**



1 (HER VOICE A DEEP, GIGGLING, GURGLING PURR) "WELL... IT'S... (BUUARP!)... AWFULLY COZY IN HERE."

2 "THERE'S... DEFINITELY ROOM FOR MORE. IF YOU GUYS... WANT TO JOIN..."

3 (LOOKING UP AT ELARA) "ELARA... I... I DON'T SEE WHY NOT. I MEAN... LOOK AT HER. WE CAN'T... AND SHE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE SHE'S STOPPING ANYTIME SOON..."

THE CRAZY NIGHT HAD ENDED, AND A NEW, TERRIFYING DAY HAD BEGUN. INSIDE ASTRID'S WARM, HUGE, GURGLING BELLY, FINN AND THE DEMON GULOCTHRA LIVED COMFORTABLY, SURROUNDED BY THE SOFT, WET, WELCOMING FLESH. OUTSIDE, IN THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE, STOOD ELARA, THE TWENTY-FOOT-TALL MUSCLE-GODDESS, AND BEHIND HER, STILL ON HIS KNEES, DREW.

AND IN FRONT OF THEM, ASTRID. A TRUE BEHEMOTH. SHE LOOKED DOWN, A SLOW, MISCHIEVOUS, FEMININE SMILE SPREADING ON HER FAT, FULL FACE. SHE BROUGHT HER THICK, SAUSAG-LIKE INDEX FINGER TO HER LIPS, GENTLY BITING THE NAIL.



**I (HER VOICE A LOW, BOOMING, PROMISE)
"OH, DON'T WORRY... I'M NOT STOPPING WITH
YOU TWO. IT'S TIME TO GO TO THE CITY...
AND WELCOME EVERYONE TO THEIR NEW,
WARM... HOME."**

**ASTRID'S SMILE WIDENED. SHE CON-
TINUED TO GENTLY BITE HER NAIL,
HER EYES, HALF-LIDDED WITH
POWER AND HUNGER, LOOKING DOWN
AT THE TWO TINY FIGURES THAT
WERE HER FRIENDS.**

**NOW THAT HER GROWTH HAD FINAL-
LY, BLESSEDLY, STARTED TO SLOW,
SHE WAS REALIZING JUST HOW
HUNGRY SHE TRULY WAS. THE SUN
WAS UP. IT WAS TIME TO GO FIND A
LOT MORE THAN JUST HER FRIENDS.**

THE END.