

With such an ample source of power at their beck and call, however, it was easy enough for the reaction to become self-sustaining, or at least even more so than it already had been. If ever there had been the slightest hope for control, if ever the dragoness archmage had believed herself to hold any of the cards, cruel reality would set in the moment she both saw and *felt* the thickness of each tendril nearly triple with the extra supply of water, not only stretching both lovers out at the tendrils' entry point, but rapidly increasing the amount of growth substance being pumped into them at the same time! The two of them had but a moment to realize just how much bigger they were about to get before their bodies *bloated* from the ensuing infusion, bellies ballooning outwards at enough of a rate that they were actually projected away from one another after they physically collided; wasn't helped at all by how their breasts swelled in equal measure, the pair of watery tentacles in each nip bulging open the impromptu entrances and allowing ever higher quantities of the deliciously addictive watery potion into their bodies. For the truth was just that: it wasn't nearly as repulsive as either woman wanted it to be. They *wanted* to not want it, they *wanted* to be able to say they needed it to stop, but the bigger they became, the larger they were stuffed, the thicker the tendrils filling them became, the less they could lie like that; hell, the only reason they weren't openly moaning was precisely *because* they had a constant torrent of water being pumped down their throats, keeping their mouths fully occupied. Perhaps, if they tried hard enough, they could "bite" into the stream, keeping it from stuffing their stomachs further, but where was the fun in that? Why stop it when they could instead move their hands down, placing their palms against a gut that was not already as big as they were, but getting bigger with each passing moment? Why close their mouths when instead they could use that energy to place their heads in between their breasts, both pairs of which had become something *beyond* huge, easily big enough that they could compete with well-endowed women of far larger stature than either of them. To say nothing of their asses, of course; they needed a proper counterbalance out back for the weight in front, even if they were unfortunately buried beneath their belly, rather than perched on top of it. Mercifully for both Fira and Ash, however, the tendrils themselves seemed to realize how dreadful this was for their experience, with both water spheres producing a series of additional appendages; these ones, thankfully, were for grabbing, not for filling, and within moment the apparently sentient growth fountains had placed both women exactly where they should be: lying down on their swelling midriffs, in the perfect spot to watch as every part of their body that could bring them the slightest amount of pleasure was pumped full of growth juice until it was utterly unrecognizable compared to their usual selves. Fira, in sharp contrast to how she had initially reacted to it all, had succumbed fully to the allure of the transformation; she wasn't so much thinking about how she was going to go back to normal as she was wondering how much longer the growth itself would take, and if there was anything she could do to make it last beyond that. Ash, meanwhile, was split between the half of her mind that *wanted* to give up and just embrace the insanity, and the half that noticed the ludicrous amounts of ambient magical and solar energy being used to make the water spheres increasingly larger. This was the only reason they hadn't either reached a physical limit or smashed straight through it in the most gruesome manner possible, as her potion had *not* been

made with those sizes in mind; rather, it had somehow gone awry in such a way that it began duplicating local magical currents and directing them into her and Fira's bodies, giving them just enough elasticity that they *could* just be stuffed with enough growth substance that they ended up with bellies about as wide as they used to be tall, and tits and asscheeks that were rapidly approaching that size as well. If nothing was done to stop the spheres, they would just keep going until someone else stepped in... and given that there was no one around for several miles, the odds of *anyone* stumbling onto them in time to keep the effects reversible was all-but nil. Then again, there was always the other side of her, the one who just wanted to give up trying to resist, the one who wanted to *embrace* the changes; why worry when she could instead lower her mental defenses and allow the rushing torrent of water to fill her both literally *and* figuratively? There was already enough gurgling and sloshing that it was nearly deafening, and both her and the raptress' bodies had reached a state where they wouldn't be capable of walking without several months of intensive physical exercise, so... why not go the full mile? In for a penny, in for a pound, and if they were going to end up stranded atop a gut too huge to be hugged properly or on an ass so wide it could flatten a bus, they might as well just throw caution out the window and *enjoy themselves* while they still could; after all, Ash still had the polite fiction that it would stop eventually, even if Fira herself had gleefully jumped aboard the "eternal growth" train and was, at that point, actively praying to whatever gods might be listening that the water spheres never run out. The raptress wasn't even aware of how big she was anymore; much as she knew she was much larger than before, she wasn't cognizant of how her belly alone had already reached a point where it could fill the couple's cabin all by itself, nor of how her bust, when put together, was even *larger* than that. Same with her butt, which, despite coming in third overall in the races, had found a new calling as a perfectly round and squishy throne upon which she could sit, sit and *feel* as her body was pumped fuller and fuller, until her hearing was blessed by the sounds of creaking trunks and ripping roots as her form became *so* large that it began uprooting the palm trees closest to her. Ash, meanwhile, was just waiting for the moment when she felt the cold sting of the ocean water on her, growing increasingly confused at how it just never came to pass. Being stuck as she was in the exact opposite position as Fira, with her whole body tilted forward and her head firmly lodged in a pair of tits that were once both criminally soft and obscenely full, the dragoness couldn't tell just how ludicrously massive both herself and her partner had become. At no point did the archmage ever consider the possibility that her creation might actually bloat them to such a gargantuan size, and while Fira *could* tell something was off in that regard, she certainly wasn't going to say anything; for all the raptress knew, her partner would then turn around and make it all stop, which was *not* okay as far as she was concerned. Anything that could potentially endanger the growth, anything that could remotely put a stop to it, or even so much as slow it down, *must* be avoided... and it just so happened that the simplest way of doing so was keeping her mouth shut; metaphorically, of course, as Fira wouldn't want the flow of growth-inducing water to stop waterfalling down her throat, that was just ludicrous! In fact, she opened her jaws up even more, hoping that if she presented a wider target, then the watery tendril would fatten up even more; there was no longer any resistance left in her, the old

Fira having been washed away in the same flood that left behind only a size-hungry raptress whose sole motivation was to *be bigger*. To Ash, this came as nothing short of surprising; used as she was to a much more contained Fira, the dragoness had expected her better half to be far more reluctant about the whole... but surely, if *they* were fine, then she should be as well? If Fira of all people had fully embraced the growth, then surely, she should too; after all, the raptress had never expressed any real interest in that level of growth, so if they were into it, then that was a good enough yardstick as far as Ash was concerned. Either that, or it was a convenient excuse for her to not have to put the blame on herself, or even just an “out”, a way for her mind to justify the objectively terrible decision to give herself up *fully* to the expansion. Whatever the case, there was only one way out of that realization, and it was through *acceptance*: acceptance of the growth, acceptance of her magic having gone wild, acceptance of her body becoming so bloated with the water potion that it was frankly a wonder she hadn't begun rolling around thanks to the moon above their heads pulling on them like it did with the tides. That much, however, was something to think about later; for the time being, their one focus should be in enjoying everything while it lasted, even if things quickly reached a point where their brains were unable to truly process what was going on. The potion might've made their bodies large, but it didn't give them extra neurons, leaving both the dragoness and raptress adrift in an increasingly wider and deeper ocean of pleasure that they were literally incapable of truly taking in; they lacked the neural architecture required to process all the information they were getting, and as a result, parts of their minds had to be cannibalized in order to make do. Speech? Unnecessary. The ability to walk? Entirely pointless, given their weight was such that they would never do it again. The entirety of their knowledge of pointless trivia? A sad, regrettable loss, but alas, a necessary sacrifice for the greater good. All of these aspects had to be removed, to make way for their new selves, the ones dedicated *fully* to the pursuit of further pleasure, even at the cost of what made them *them*; as long as they still recognized one another, as long as they had the ability to look at their better half and recognize them as such, that was all they needed. Once that barrier was crossed, everything else just seemed so... easy. Like all it really took was for Ash to *accept* the inevitability of it for the whole situation to go from feeling conflicting to just downright pleasant, even pleasurable to some extent; with both her and Fira's heads being in the overwhelmed state that they were, what they were experiencing was less rapturous bliss and more a fugue state where they were stuck feeling unending bliss, a sort of calmness that belied just how excessive their actual bodies were. If anyone were to look at them from above, they would see two immense collections of spheres growing larger by the second, and uncontrollably so; but down below, stuck in a rut and unable to see past their own immediate curves, both the raptress and dragoness couldn't be happier, and, in fact, wished for nothing more than for the growth to carry on. The water spheres were happy to oblige, even if they had to fuel themselves with so much magical energy that they very nearly doubled in size in just a couple of seconds; it wouldn't take a lot of time for the couple's bodies to begin intruding upon what used to be the ocean, their forms so immense and bloated that they could both feel one end of it encroaching upon the wet seafloor on one side, and crashing their way through the trees and vegetation on the

other. Far away, or perhaps close by and muffled (it was hard to tell), both Fira and Ash could hear the sounds of roots being ripped from the ground, of trunks being smashed apart, of leaves being crunched and of their cabin being destroyed, flattened entirely underneath the relentless advance of their bodies. And as time went on, as the seconds passed and the water flow grew increasingly more potent, so too did their frames expand to ever greater and more absurd heights, until what *used* to be a private, mile-wide stretch of beach vanished underneath the burgeoning bellies, butts and busts of the two lovers. They could only wish they were still capable of seeing one another, there being so many things they wanted to tell one another: Ash wanted to apologize profusely for what she'd done, only to promise that things wouldn't ever step any time soon, while Fira wanted nothing more than to hold the dragoness' head tight and plant a firm kiss on her lips, one that would remain unbroken for as long as the two's bodies continued to pack on extra mass. Alas, they were too big for that, too massive for them to really reach one another... and, to a certain extent, this was exactly what they wanted, or at least something so pleasurable as to short-circuit their ability to think straight, leading to them acting as if there was someone there with them, when in reality the two were already so far apart that they might as well be on opposite sides of the beach; or, at least their heads were, perched atop forms so vast that they accounted for barely a fraction of their total size and weight. Ash in particular was smiling widely, her mouth open with drool dripping out, repeating the same mindless mantra of "Didn't know it'd be so *good*" and "I'll make it up to you, I swear" in her head, with the only sounds coming out of her being gargled, muffled moans and whines; it was part of the narrative that she and Fira played at times, where they pretended that the effects of the potions they quaffed were entirely unexpected, and not at all deliberately built to do whatever it was they did. For once, an actual accident had taken place, and of course the first thing the dragoness wanted to do was keep on pretending it wasn't one, even if Fira couldn't hear her. The raptress, for her part, could do little but try and scream at the top of her lungs, the fire inside of her too much for it not to be externalized; in her head, she wanted to let the neighbors know how *hot* she felt, how *pleasurable* the whole thing was, then keep on shouting until the neighbors' neighbors knew about it as well, hell, the whole damned *city* was aware! And, truth be told, she'd get what she wanted eventually, albeit not in the way she was thinking; the two lovers might very well be stuck and unable to move, but that didn't mean their bodies were going nowhere. Given that the two magical spheres kept producing more and more draining appendages, *and* seeing as they were entirely willing to make good use of magical ambient power for the sake of perpetuating the growth cycle, it really didn't take a lot of time for the size spurt to become exponential in nature; given that there was no shortage of energy to tap into, this quickly led to said spheres exploding with further size and output, only worsening an already uncontrollable growthsplosion that neither the raptress nor dragoness were at all interested in stopping. Both Fira and Ash's bodies were now little more than conglomerations of spheres, their colossal asses, gargantuan sets of tits and unimaginably gigantic bellies all squishing against one another and themselves, rolls upon rolls of delectably hand-filling pudge that wobbled and swayed with each attempted motion, with every shockwave created with the continuous infusion of water that only grew more

powerful with time. Neither of them were thinking about how what used to be a trickle had turned into a fire hydrant, with gallons upon gallons of enchanted water pouring into every hole the tentacles had plugged themselves into, a number that, while it stabilized around their mouths, only grew larger with everything else: bigger tits meant bigger nips meant more water meant bigger tits; a wider, plumper ass, of course, could only mean it could take much more... and the same could very well be said for both of their mounds, the experience of which was enough to account for a good half of all the pleasure overload the two lovers were experiencing. Soon enough, it stopped being useful to measure it in feet, as the larger they became, the faster they could blow outwards, thus the larger the enchanted water spheres became, an escalating and self-perpetuating cycle that very quickly led to the couple being visible just over the horizon. For those who'd been using the seaside resort that rented out the private cabins, most of whom had been growing increasingly panicked as the waterline receded, looking aside to see the mountainous, gigantic *shapes* that they vaguely recognized as being two individuals... didn't really help with the panic at all, to be fair. Though it took them a fair bit of time to find a way to react, most onlookers eventually realized the best way forward was to run to their cars and get the hell out of dodge as quickly as possible. Not that it would do them any good in the long run, though; it hardly mattered how quickly they drove, as the growth process only ever became faster and more unsustainable. The magical potion, having taken on a life of its own, didn't care about whether or not it would eventually burn itself out, only that it was continuously filling up both Ash and Fira, whose bodies were rapidly encroaching on their first mile, only to blaze through it and be well on their way to the second one before either of them could react to it. Not that they could, of course; their minds just weren't ready for the onslaught of sensations that came with having a physical frame so utterly gigantic that it covered the local landscape and could be seen from high altitude, the amount of sensory information their brains were receiving having gone over the threshold for what it could feasibly process at any given time. All they knew was that they were *big*, and that any time they opened their eyes, they were somehow even *bigger* than before, the clouds were ever closer, the rumbling and sloshing ever louder; everything was just *more*, as every aspect of their bodies was magnified beyond belief, and, just as they were starting to think that they were doomed to face this on their lonesome, fate intervened. Perhaps it was the hand of an unseen god, or maybe their bodies were so heavily laden that it was inevitable, but the two slow began tipping forwards onto their bellies, helped along by a pair of tits that, together with their gut, superseded the counterweight provided by their rears. While the initial impact was loud and strong enough to be heard and *felt* by everyone in a several mile-wide radius, the two giantesses barely registered it; they were far busier noticing how they had tumbled in just the right way that their heads ended up right next to one another, smushed up as close as they could go and surrounded on all sides by their bloated, water-filled forms. The two *wished* they could say something, *anything* to let the other know that they were going through much the same apotheosis of pleasure that their lover was also experiencing, but alas, having a tendril of watery growth potion perpetually pumping countless amounts of the expansion juice down the throats made it difficult for them to say anything at all.

At best, their eyes could go wide, locking on one another as if to say that yes, they were, and yes, they were there for one another; Ash did *try* to smile, though she had no idea whether or not the intention was made clear when most of her mouth was stuffed with the waterfall of growth potion, while Fira... didn't even bother, being far too gone to do anything other than just stare ahead at the dragoness. It was too much to ask for the raptress to do anything else, especially once she was the first to notice a slight *shift* in the way her body felt. It wasn't any less full, heavens no, but for whatever reason it felt *lighter* than before, as if the weight of the world wasn't bearing down on her as much as before. Were she still in possession of her mental faculties, Fira might've realized that her body would eventually have reached a point where the planet itself began to lose its grip on her, but alas, her hands were too full basking in the glory of eternal growth. It was Ash, in one of her increasingly rare moments of lucidity, that came to understand that the tipping point had been reached; though she couldn't see it, she accurately deduced that the growth potion had, by that point, surpassed a point of criticality, beyond which it literally *could not* stop unless she deliberately went out of her way in order to put a stop to the magical reaction. And while it would take some time before the potion itself simply ran out of juice and ended on its own, assuming of course that was even possible, it was little wonder that this out-of-control size spurt had already left them so immense and heavy that they had begun competing with the Earth for gravitational pull, or at least had reached a point where they were no longer being properly tied down. This led to a brief moment of terror when Ash put two and two together to come to the conclusion that the vacuum of space was next, but at that point, what could they really do? Their bodies were being held together by the magical equivalent of duct tape, so surely, whatever was to come, they'd be fine... surely. Even when she could vaguely feel herself simultaneously dipping into the ocean's depths *and* climbing up and smothering entire mountains, Ash still held onto the firm belief that, in the end, it would all be fine; even when she herself began feeling the lessened pull of gravity, along with her own mass trying to roll away from the planet, the dragoness insisted on maintaining a warm, inviting smile, to give Fira some reassurance that things would be alright in the end. Fira, of course, didn't really see any of this, as even though her eyes *were* locked onto Ash's, her mind was still so consumed by what she was experiencing that the only word in her head was "more", repeated *ad nauseum* and then several times more. Like the dragoness, the raptress could tell that their time on the planet was coming to a very drastic close; *unlike* the dragoness, Fira had no issues with this whatsoever, and would in fact have made it go *faster* had she had any control over it. After all, the two of them were there next to one another, and most likely wouldn't be going anywhere; what was there not to like about it? Why bother worrying?