

The sound of crashing waves filled the air as Fira got comfortable on her chair, lounging about after a long, arduous day of doing absolutely nothing useful with her life. Vacations were always the best time of the year, especially when she had someone like Ash with her to spice things up; not a single night went by that the two of them didn't do *something* that would leave the neighbors complaining back home, seeing as they had no one to worry about disturbing in their cabin by the shoreline. Granted, things usually took so many turns that walking the day after was slightly harder than usual, but the raptress wasn't about to complain, not when every night was unforgettable, not when every hour the two spent there in that tropical paradise was another memory that she'd cherish for years to come. Ash, meanwhile, seemed to have taken those two weeks as an opportunity to experiment; the dragoness insisted that it was merely her usual self shining through now that they could be as noisy as they wanted, but Fira was certain that what the two had been doing was far, *far* beyond what Ash would regularly want to experience. No, the raptress was convinced that her partner was deliberately going out of her way to get the two involved in doing things they normally wouldn't, though for what reason, she couldn't tell; not that she wanted to, just as long as it kept happening, because if there was one thing Ash had in spades, it was creativity and *stamina*, a dangerous combination that often left the two of them gasping for breath after just a few short minutes. Whatever the dragoness was cooking up that day, however, was taking significantly longer than it usually did; her chemical concoctions were normally finished in just a couple of hours, but Ash had been locked away in the cabin for most of the afternoon, tinkering away at what Fira could only assume was a volatile compound designed to alter their bodies in such a radical fashion that they'd barely be able to contain their arousal even if they tried. Be it through an improved libido or just a flat-out boost to their stamina, the raptress knew that whenever she accepted a drink from Ash's alchemical laboratory, she was dooming herself to yet another few hours where nothing but physicality mattered; there was a very good reason why she was as athletic as she was, after all. Nevertheless, when she heard the door to their cabin slam shut somewhere behind her, Fira did her best to pretend like she hadn't heard it; part of the fun was letting Ash walk up behind her and reveal her newest invention, even if doing so ran the risk of the two getting together in the open where anyone could see them. Then again, there was no one there to begin with, so why bother? The sand would get everywhere, but that hardly mattered in comparison with the sheer amount of *fun* the two of them could have together, especially if magically aided along; it was only when the dragoness walked in front of Fira, waving a flask in one hand with a bright, almost ludicrously-wide smile on her face, that the raptress had to raise an eyebrow, since-

“Why did you bring a flask of water?”

The question *sounded* ridiculous the moment it left her lips; of *course* Ash wouldn't waste the couple's time with *water*, so it had to be something different. Yet, used as she was to all manner of colourful liquids and oddly-tinged solutions, Fira was left somewhat befuddled that what Ash had in her hands looked to be a vial of perfectly ordinary, clear water, as if she'd just gone over to the ocean and filled it when the raptress wasn't looking. The archmage, to her credit, didn't react to the comment, choosing instead to snap her fingers and have Fira's chair

vanish into thin air, all while moving her upwards so she'd end up standing on her two feet. The raptress didn't exactly like to have her body warped like that, since it did a number on her balance and sense of direction, but the annoyance was always mitigated by the knowledge that whenever it happened, it was because Ash had something so spectacular to share that it simply *couldn't* wait; indeed, the dragoness barely gave their lover a second before bringing the two of them together into a tight hug, dangling the glass vial above their heads like mistletoe.

"I wasted hours trying to perfect the formula, but I've done it," she announced giddily, far too happy with herself for it to be remotely safe, "something I've been looking at for *ages* but never *quite* managed to get the ingredients for properly. Until now, that is; drink up!"

It was so sudden that all Fira could do was flinch. She didn't want to push Ash away, but then again, Ash very rarely just *told her* to take their brews and down them like some innocuous potion; more often than not there was plentiful foreplay beforehand, rather than the shining gleam of scientific glee in the dragoness' eyes. It was clear to Fira that whatever Ash was holding, it was at least as much of a personal victory as it was a means for the two to have fun together, if not even more so... and that worried her somewhat, if only because the dragoness was prone to doing some amazingly stupid things whenever she got going. Very *lewd* stupid things, immensely *pleasurable* stupid things, but stupid regardless, and prone to leaving long-lasting effects whenever they weren't careful. So, while Fira *did* take the vial into her hands, she had absolutely no intention of actually drinking its contents; rather, she looked up at Ash, her expression making it abundantly clear that she had plenty of reservations about what she was expected to do... only for the dragoness to once again snap her fingers, apparently oblivious to what was going through their partner's mind. Immediately, the contents of the flask began to snake upwards and out of it, thin tendrils of water flowing up into the air above the couple, splitting into two as they did so. The substance formed two smaller sphere, where the full contents of the flask were split, before a second set of feelers extended out from within them, those ones approaching both Ash and Fira faster than either of them could react; the latter would certainly have loved to have had the time to complain about suddenly being force fed some magic water, but unfortunately had her mouth plugged as her half of the concoction poured into her with surprising force... and surprising volume as well. The vial itself, by that point having fallen to the sand underneath the two, was quite small, no larger than what one would find in a regular laboratory; yet, for whatever reason, the amount of water it held seemed far in excess to what should be possible, with the two "halves" capable of producing five hose-like protrusions that each carried more water than the flask should be able to hold to begin with, and *both* of them had a set for themselves! The whole point behind it was made readily apparent when the four water tendrils *not* busying themselves with her mouth made their way to other, far more sensitive parts of her. Just as she began feeling the downpour going into her throat, so too did two more of the watery appendages make their way down to her breasts, wrapping themselves around her bikini straps before tugging on them until they snapped, fully exposing her chest to the world... and giving said tendrils plenty of room to force themselves into her nipples, unceremoniously pushing themselves against her by-then swollen buds before Fira could do anything to stop them.

A muffled moan escaped from her when she felt the cold, cool liquid enter her, filling her in such a way that, as much as she *knew* that she should want it to stop, she couldn't bring herself to do so. The raptress looked up at Ash, hoping to find some measure of consolation from the perplexing mixture of emotions she was feeling, only to find the dragoness too under assault by her own concoction... though, given the way she was staring at her, eyes unfocused and throat relaxed, the archmage most likely had the whole thing planned from the start. It was only after a few seconds that Ash noticed her partner was silently begging for help, at which point she did the only thing she could: bring both hands over to Fira's head, cupping both sides of it and pulling the two of them together, that they may rest their foreheads together. It wasn't much, but it was enough to serve as a calming gesture: "Don't worry," it seemed to say, as Ash's warmth flowed into Fira, "everything will be fine. Trust me."

So she would. It was scary, terrifying even, especially when the other two remaining tendrils snaked downwards and ripped her bikini bottom off, exposing both her slit and tailhole to be plugged as well; her whole body trembled in anticipation, knowing what was about to happen yet unable to do anything to stop it... yet, with Ash there, with the warm, inviting dragoness to hold onto, then perhaps things could be alright, even if Fira had absolutely no idea what the point of the concoction was. Perhaps it was supposed to be like those animated shorts they liked to peruse at times, with semi-conscious tentacles getting the two of them into situations that would normally be impossible in real life, but if that was the case, then why did she feel so... full? It was inescapable after a given point, the raptress definitely felt like the tendrils weren't so much simply plugging her holes as they were outright *filling her*, dumping vast quantities of their constituent material into her stomach, pressurized inside her tits, and even having it pumped into her ass and womb, leaving Fira bright-cheeked and incapable of really thinking of anything in any proper manner. It was the sort of thing that only happened in terrible porn flicks, yet somehow Ash had managed to do it for real, and as the raptress looked up at the dragoness, making it clear that she knew what was going on, she found the archmage grinning down at her with the most smug look stamped on their face. As soon as the pressure built enough to start moving outwards, Fira *knew* what the idea was, and from then on, she couldn't help but want to cackle at how absurd the whole thing had become; of *course* Ash had spent countless hours researching how to make them grow, of *course* the dragoness had dedicated at least part of her life to discovering the secrets of a growth potion. It was entirely like her to do something like that, even more so on the sly, not letting her partner know what was in store for them until it was too late to do anything about it. And while it *had* been terrifying at first, and still was to some extent, with the kind of expression that Ash bore, Fira could at least be certain that the potion was *safe*, if nothing else. Whether or not the effects were permanent, or even how pronounced they would be, the raptress couldn't yet tell, but if the archmage wasn't panicking over it, then things had to be going according to her plan, at least for the time being... so why not relax, and let things proceed the way they were meant to? Why not let her muscles go slightly limp, increasingly so as comfort grew and the whole process became oddly natural? Why not simply accept the gift she was given, rather than waste time and energy trying to come up with new and

novel ways to be worried about it? It'd be rude of her not to, and the last thing Fira wanted to do was be rude to her lovely Ash; plus, the dragoness looked so happy with herself that it'd be criminal to let them down... doubly so once the pleasure high began to kick in. As much as Fira would've liked to say that she didn't thoroughly enjoy what was happening to her, the fact of the matter was that her brain's pleasure centers were aflame, awash and bathed in the sort of sensations that one would normally think impossible for a mere mortal to comprehend. An interesting state of being, given that the couple was no stranger to chemically-enhanced pleasure, and with Ash's proclivity towards the excessive, more than once they had very nearly dehydrated themselves from the strain whenever they locked themselves behind their bedroom door and made the neighbors regret their decision not to move out. For the magical water to not only match up to, but *surpass* these experiences, it was something beyond what the raptress had the ability to describe, and given what it was doing to both her body and the dragoness', perhaps it was better if she didn't waste any time trying to come up with words to be used. Perhaps, she thought to herself, it'd be a much better use of her time if she simply let go and enjoyed herself, accepting the inevitable and welcoming it into her life, even if it terrified her just a moment before; after all, the one thing it took was for her eyes to glance slightly downwards for Fira to notice what was happening to herself, and while her old self might've taken umbrage at her body being pumped full of magically expanding water tendrils, her new self *welcomed* the changes. They started off subtle at first, looking like little more than what would happen whenever the two stuffed themselves during a particularly heavy meal: the slightest, most unnoticeable rotundness to their bellies and absolutely nothing else. Yet, as the flow of water picked up in intensity, and Fira was left feeling like her throat was plugged by an ever-expanding waterfall that somehow refused to activate her gag reflex, so too did their guts start to bloat in excess as well, until the first instinct for both women was to bring their hands downward towards their midriffs, that they might feel their swelling forms pull their fingers apart as their bellies grew larger and rounder, sloshing slightly with all their liquid contents. Oddly enough, the noises would actually grow dimmer with time, it taking Fira a while to realize this was because of how heavily they were being filled; sloshing required *space* in which *to* slosh, and given that their stomachs were most likely stuffed to capacity, there was hardly any room in there for all the liquid to move about... though, rather than disappointing, this realization only heightened the sensations they were experiencing, as if the mere fact that their bodies could go that far was pleasurable in itself. It didn't end there, either, for as much as the main attraction was the one going down their throats, there were still multiple other watery tendrils making their way into far more sensitive parts of them, and while these had initially been smaller purely so they could fit better, all it took was a little bit of acclimatization for the flow to increase as well. Never in her wildest dreams did Fira ever think it possible that her nipples could swell that much, but as her engorged nubs grew larger, accommodating an increasingly more flow of water into each one, so did her breasts too start to fill. Both Fira and Ash looked at one another once they began feeling that particular change, their eyes half-lidded as they struggled to stay up; the sheer intensity of the electrical jolts flowing up and down their spines was such that it was doubtful whether they had the

stamina to even keep standing on their feet... but they must, for how else were they supposed to maximize the pleasure they were feeling? If they fell, they would do so backwards in order to give themselves more room to grow, but that was hardly what they needed; no, what they *needed* was to stick together, to smush their forms against one another that they may feel their curves expanding and their bodies grow, that their warmth may flow from one to the other as the magical potion turned them into hyper-curvaceous versions of themselves... that, and it was also an opportunity for both the dragoness and raptress to shamelessly grope and knead one another's bust, right when it was at its most tender and sensitive. Eventually, their tits too would grow stuffed and far less pliable, much like their bellies had, so clearly they had to enjoy them while they still could; and even *if* their breasts' softness remained the same throughout, they still *wanted* to do it, so the only true way forward was ignoring how painful it was to keep standing up on increasingly-shaky legs and just power through. Plus, they had two somethings to hold onto, even if they grew increasingly more sensitive with time and left them unable to think properly whenever squeezed harder than normal; certainly didn't help that their size just kept getting larger, the magical potion seemingly endless as more and more water was pumped directly into both Ash's and Fira's breasts. What baffled them, above all, was that there was very little in the way of liquid roiling around in there; it was as if the magic water, on making contact with them, turned into supple flesh to be added onto what they already had, leaving their busts significantly lighter than if they had just been turned into water tanks. Granted, this meant very little when the pleasure overload left them unable to take *any* weight without their whole body shaking, but at least that way they could still sink their hands and heads into plush pudge whenever they felt like it, vanishing into a marshmallow heaven that only became bigger over time. Down below, the same process was repeating itself, albeit in two radically different ways: while the tendril that had stuck itself into both their tailholes was performing much the same task as its brethren up above, the one that snaked its way between the couple's legs was... more traditional. Fira recalled the many, *many* videos that both her and Ash had occasionally drawn inspiration from, the ones she believed would be the basis for the water tendrils before their true purpose was revealed. That one, however, seemed more than happy to eschew any growth in favour of simply thrusting into them, feeling more "solid" as its density was packed to a point where it genuinely didn't feel like liquid at all; rather, it was a goopy, almost syrupy consistency, a semi-sentient tentacle whose only purpose was to rhythmically push upwards, then relax, then repeat again and again until both women were weak-kneed and moments away from collapse. With each one having their own personal attendant, it became harder for either of them to focus on anything other than one another, which, unbeknownst to Fira, wasn't actually Ash's intention; as much as the raptress was convinced that the whole sequence of events had been planned by the dragoness from the start, the archmage had never intended for each of their sets of watery tentacles to go *that* hard. The idea was to slowly pump them up fuller, but nothing beyond it; had things gone according to plan, both women would've still been perfectly capable of thinking straight and making decisions without their conscious processes being interrupted by flashes of unbridled pleasure, and even their swelling wouldn't have gone *that* far beyond the realm of the

reasonable. Yet, for some reason, the intensity provided by the two spheres of water from whence the tendrils emerged was... far higher than Ash had anticipated, to put it *very* mildly. The dragoness could only weakly stare upwards, a pleading look stamped on her face as she quietly begged for the two magical water masses to *stop*, or at least slow down... only to be met with complete silence as they refused to obey their mistress' commands. She tried to pass it off at first, which was easy enough given that Fira *really* wasn't paying that much attention, but when each of the spheres produced an extra tendril that flew over their heads to plunge into the ocean, presumably to fetch more raw material for the transformation, Ash had to do *something*. It just so happened that, at that point, she was too far gone to really do anything at all other than moan extra loudly, leaving her at the mercy of her own creation when she finally gave up and fell backwards, landing on a plump, plush rear that absolutely *had not* been there just moment prior. Only then did the dragoness remember about the last water infusion, the one that had made its way between her cheeks and had been having fun pumping her ass up several sizes, the same one that was entirely unperturbed by its entry point being blocked by the very mounds of plush softness it had helped create; all the tendril had to do was snake its way through between each cheek, gently parting them like a much girthier appendage might, with Ash left to battle her own libido as she put up a meager, not-even-token resistance to it. Fira, meanwhile, was just confused as to why her precious dragoness had gone away; unable to even open her eyes anymore, the raptress was stuck inside her own world, head filled with a confusing maelstrom of emotions all battling for dominance: from the need to accept her fate, to the will to fight against it, all wrapped up in Fira's immense desire to just *get off* as hard as possible, her head was a battleground that wouldn't resolve itself any time soon... letting her body run wild on its base instincts, seeing as it had no master to tell it otherwise. It was all automatic, to some extent, as the raptress fell to her knees, one hand between her legs to help *that* tendril along, the other cupping one of her breasts, which by that point had grown enough that even a whole palm could barely take up half of their surface area. Didn't take much longer after that for Fira to fall sideways and land on the sands with a dry thud, her mouth wide open and her tongue lolling out as a thin trickle of drool fell out of her, most of her body tensed up as she attempted to milk the tentacle between her legs as she would something a bit meatier. The one source of growth potion behind her received very little attention, unfortunately; unlike Ash, the raptress hadn't noticed that her ass had burgeoned outwards just as much as her belly and tits did, her attention focused solely on her front. Even when she rolled onto her back, her brain was so overtaxed that it completely failed to register the weird angle her lower body was left at, choosing instead to send all of its available resources to the sensory nerves lining Fira's palms, that she might thoroughly enjoy the sensations that came with groping a pair of tits that seemed intent on growing faster and faster the longer they were allowed to take in the delicious growth potion. For Ash's fears were entirely on-point: the two tentacles turned towards the sun, spreading out in order to absorb the energy pouring down from the heavens like some sort of solar panel, further feeding the ones busy bloating the two women further, both sets of which had grown far beyond what they should be capable.