

As always, the bun gulped in anticipation of what he was about to see after he knocked on the door and Angela came bounding over to open it, probably just so she could struggle to fit through it and makes his blush even more luminescent. He hadn't seen the slime in quite a while, enough that he knew for certain that her body was bound to be quite a bit different from the last time the two met; expecting her to keep away from someone who could fill her up for so much as a day was nothing short of fantasy, and given that her tastes only ever got larger the bigger she herself became, it was probably safe to say that the Angela that opened the door would be significantly wider in every respects than the one that he'd taken a steaming hot bath with the previous month. Plus, the fact that *she* called *him* specifically could only mean they were looking for something special, and whenever *that* happened, beds (plural) had a tendency to break and he would inevitably end up taking a slime bath once things got a bit too steamy for everyone's liking. He still came anyway; he wasn't about to say no to Angela, especially when all of that was a possibility on the menu.

He still recalled her precise figure when they were last together, because it had been the point where she actually got caught in a door; being a slime, one would expect Angela to be eminently malleable, able to move from place to place without having to worry too much about how big she was or was not, but somehow she managed to break through that barrier and become so unbelievably thick and viscous from all the "feeding" she received that her hips simply refused to budge. And, seeing as they had been wider than doorways for *quite* a while at even that point, this presented a bit of a problem when she and Gentle had to clean up in the morning, one that wasn't really solved when she tried moving sideways into the bathroom and got her tits caught up in the doorway instead. A very sticky situation, all things considered, and one that ended with the bun being stuck inside a thigh and milked thoroughly until Angela was big enough to just break through the whole wall instead of having to worry about fitting through something as obsolete as a door; he spent the next three or four days limping, but always with the goofiest smile on his face whenever no one was looking.

That day was probably going to be much of the same, if not worse; a month without seeing one another, followed by a call that she wanted to meet up for a "special night"? Yeah, there was no doubt in his mind that he wouldn't be leaving that house walking straight; hell, he probably wouldn't be leaving that house *at all* until the next day, and that's if he managed to satisfy Angela properly. Wouldn't be the first time the two of them went for "seconds" and ended up spending upwards of forty-eight hours just losing themselves in one another's gentle ministrations, for lack of a better word; just the thought of it was enough to leave the bun's cheeks burning at the mere possibility, Gentle trying conspicuously hard to pretend that spending a couple of days alternatively on top of and inside Angela wasn't *exactly* what he wanted at that moment in time. Clearing his throat and straightening out his back, he knocked on the door thrice then stood back, having learned that keeping a wide berth from the opening was always a good idea; immediately afterwards, he heard the heavy footsteps of the slime coming from inside, far

more thundering and powerful than he remembered. His mind was racing at the possibilities, already drawing up what Angela might look like, until he heard her melodious voice calling out for his name in a way that made his pants feel seven sizes too small, followed by the door opening... and then caramel.

Gentle expected to see some recognizable part of Angela once the way was open, but instead he just saw her translucent slime taking up the entire doorway, wobbling gently after her short walk. He was instantly struck with a sense of dread over this, right before it was swept away and replaced with an arousal so intense that he felt the seams on his jeans start to rip apart, and the sweating on his brow grow so powerful that he could feel it trickle down the side of his head. This didn't get any better once Angela readjusted herself and he got to see her immense mass wobbling and sloshing aggressively as she repositioned herself in order for him to get a better look, and it quickly became obvious that the patch of caramel-coloured slime that had been bulging out of the doorway and oozing onto the floor was little more than *part* of a *single* one of her thighs; he knew this because the next bit of her body that he saw was a single nipple, and it basically took up the whole doorway all by itself.

Well, he didn't need those pants anyway; might as well get them out of the way if the whole point of their meet-up was for them to fuck like bunnies, plus his clothes didn't normally survive first contact with the slime's interior, and it was patently clear from the way she was presenting that Angela intended for him to get inside of her in a completely different way from the usual one. Not that Gentle needed any encouragement; after *that* kind of setup, any payoff that the slime could provide would've left him mindlessly lusting after her; it was all just a matter of scale. Thus, the bun didn't think twice before leaving all of his attitude (at least the bits that weren't ripped apart) on the landing outside the door, throwing himself at the slime with a wet splat, finding her to be just as cool to the touch and sweet-smelling as always; and, just like every other time he'd done this, his body was very slowly "consumed" by the slime creature, sinking into her breast at such an excruciatingly glacial pace that, if he didn't know better, he would've thought she was doing it on purpose. No such thing though, Angela really *was* that thick and dense.

Looking around him, all he could see was the sparkling colour of her body in every direction, his eyes glazed with slime and unable to see far without it turning into a blurry mess. Judging from just how *much* of it there was though, the slime gal had definitely been busy in the one month they'd not seen one another, probably filling up whatever part of her home she happened to be in at any given time. She was lucky she needed little food to survive, or else that gargantuan body of hers would've collapsed in on itself long ago; instead, Angela could happily ignore the same laws everyone else was subject to as she moved from place to place with a fluidity that betrayed the fact that her house no longer had any superfluous walls. In fact, judging by how quickly he was transported to the living room, he had his doubts whether or not Angela

had kept the load-bearing ones, or simply took up the job of holding the ceiling up with her own body; she *would* be that crazy.

“Like what I’ve done with the place?” he heard her voice echoing, warbling through her very own body, “It got a bit cramped before I took down some unnecessary stuff, but I’ve been having a lot of fun with redecorating. Even went ahead and hired a couple of hard-working boys to come lend a cock or two to help me out, was pretty fun!”

As much as Gentle wanted to reply, opening his mouth would give Angela a way to force slime into his body, and while he quite liked having a shaft and a pair of nuts that made most people turn their heads even with the compressor layers turned on, the last thing he needed was another size boost. Hell, he was lucky enough he got through the door to begin with, who knew what might happen if he let that sex-crazed slime have her way with him... so soon; it was going to happen, he just liked to pretend like he had some level of control over it when all he *could* do was delay the inevitable.

“And yes, before you ask, I *did* make sure the roof wouldn’t fall on our heads,” Angela carried on, “at least for the time being. I honestly can’t speak for whatever will happen once we get going, because even right now I’m having my head bump against the ceiling and you *cannot* imagine just how horny that’s making me~”

It was as if every word was carefully crafted to get a rise out of him, and not only succeeded with flying colours every single time, but went above and beyond the call of duty when it came to leaving the bun so weak-kneed that he was genuinely *glad* he was stuck inside Angela’s slime body like that; if he were forced to walk around on his own two feet, Gentle sincerely doubted he’d be able to go more than two steps without collapsing and then begging to be picked up anyway, so he was happy that they skipped that unnecessary bit of nonsense (or would be, if his brain could process anything other than horny at that point in time). The slime giantess knew for a fact that her lover wasn’t listening, yet kept talking anyway, also being aware that the longer she put off actually starting their fun, the more pent-up her lover for the day would be, and while her other, less satisfying boytoys might think they were large and stuffed, no one really compared to the bun when he was denied release while being actively teased like that. Just in the few short minutes since walking into the room he had already grown large enough that Angela was starting to feel his weight inside of her, having to exercise extra caution so as to not have a large chunk of herself lag behind whenever she moved; thankfully for the both of them, movement wouldn’t really be necessary, not when the slime could just lie back on the floor and slowly move her partner over to where he could do the most good.

A couple of minutes later, Gentle’s face emerged from within the translucent substance it had been trapped in, the bun drawing a deep breath as he cough up bits and pieces of his lover-to-be

that had been keeping his lungs supplied with oxygen. It had once been something that left him feeling incredibly distressed, but after being dunked inside of her body for hours at a time so often, he grew to enjoy the fact that he didn't need to actually *breathe* while he was in there, just focus on bucking his hips and doing his best to service Angela's insatiable appetite. That day, however, it seemed as if she was looking for something a bit more traditional, something different from the usual fare of keeping him locked inside of a random part of her while she actively milked him for every drop of cum he was worth; Gentle wasn't really certain what she expected him to do, considering his junk outsized him by then, but this dilemma was answered quite quickly when he realized the rest of his body wasn't actually released from its prison, only his head... and, just as he noticed this, his cock was suddenly pressed on all sides by what was unmistakably a long tunnel of congealed, further solidified slime that was far more resistant than the one around it, one that gripped and held at his shaft with the sort of gleeful, mindless enjoyment that Angela usually did. The bun made the mistake of looking upwards, perhaps to demand an explanation on what was going on, expecting to see the slime's grin bearing down on him; instead, what he saw was a nipple bigger than his own body being smushed down onto him, the faintest hint of sloshing milk inside as the caramel glow mixed together with an off-colour white swirling within... and just like that, even the congealed slime sleeve inside of Angela's body felt too tight for him.

Well, there was no real way out of his beyond just doing what it was the slime wanted him to do; his hips began bucking as if by instinct, muscle memory taking over and taking care of all the problems he might've had with all of this, completely ignoring the fact that, were he to give his lover what she wanted, the house would probably end up in shambles, if not even completely destroyed. All he could think about was how *enormous* she was, and how bubbly she happened to be at the same time; she was the same Angela as always, excited and ready for a fuck with the same level of enthusiasm someone might have for a good movie or a new game, acting like draining her partners of their seed to add to her body was not only perfectly natural, but downright *mundane*. Nevermind the fact that she barely fit inside of her house and had to slosh and wrble around through tight openings as he body turned into a mass of jiggling slime of proportions so obscene and exaggerated that even lewd artististry would blush at the sight of her; nevermind the fact that she had grown so much that she couldn't even *stand* inside of her home at all, being forced to roll around instead. All she cared about, all she *could* care about, was her next fucking, her next fill-up, and now that her suitors had grown too small for her, it was time to call up the bun again; honestly, he should feel honoured for having been chosen like that (and indeed he was, for about five seconds before his arousal took over), but his mind had been slightly sidetracked by the fact that he was already in full flow and pumping goodness knows how much of his seed into Angela, the slime-sleeve inside of her body he was using for target practice growing tighter and tighter with each thrust. He couldn't tell whether it was because he was still growing or the slime giantess was deliberately making it smaller for his sake, but what he *did* know is that the small amount of clearance his head was given was starting to vanish; as

he dumped more and more cum inside of her body, Angela expertly broke it down and added its protein to her own mass, growing in every direction as her body bubbled and popped, churning aggressively as her curves refused to settle down from the internal shockwaves created by the bun's frenzied breeding. As a result, the small amount of room he had to breathe in was being occupied by the slime's body as it bulged outwards in every direction, until he had the side of his face pressed against it, until he slowly began sinking back into the caramel heaven when her body became *too* large for him... and too large for her home.

It was honestly inevitable. If anything, Gentle was surprised that Angela hadn't already outgrown her new home after what happened to the last home, but he guessed it'd have to happen eventually anyway; in fact, in his quieter, more private moments, he had secretly hoped that not only would he be there to watch it happen, but would be the root cause of it as well. He rarely dared to formulate those thoughts, much less to that degree (hence why he even wore compressor clothing to begin with), but when it came to Angela it just felt like every limitation he normally imposed on himself stopped making sense; when dealing with that slime giantess, it didn't stand to reason to hold back and *not* give her everything he had and more. So he poured all of his energy into her, moving as much as he could even after being dipped completely in her body, even after Angela herself began to lose it from the stimulation and held him in place, preferring to take the rest of it from there herself and directly milk his immense cumtanks rather than wait for her partner to finish the job naturally. Even when he was fully immobilized and felt that slime poking at his tip, eager to suck his spunk directly from the pair of colossal nuts he had underneath him, he still kept trying to move and pleasure her, despite the noise of slime bubbling all around him, despite the sounds of the very house creaking and groaning as its internal frame was pushed from by the expanding giantess, nay, *goddess*; to do anything less would be nothing short of blasphemous.

Barely ten minutes had passed since he crossed the threshold into the slime's domain, and already the living room was completely filled by that gorgeous beauty, already the house was struggling to deal with her as Angela's body oozed into every bit of available space, smushing into the kitchen, advancing upon the hallway, breaking the ceiling apart as her nipples engorged alongside her tits, breaking down the floor as her cheeks blossomed with renewed size. Even from the safety of her interior, Gentle could hear the panicked yelling of the neighbors as they tried to get away from the growing monster, not really understanding that there wouldn't *be* any way for them to get away from her. And even if there was, why would they?

She was perfect, after all.