

Waves lapped at the shore of Costa Del Sol; the sunny beach bore down on its visitors like a fired oven. It was a place for relaxation, a reprieve for the weary and lavish alike. On today of all days, it was home to a certain someone, a someone who was in sore need of a break. The warrior of light, the savior of the realm, and a woman currently eating a film's tall ice cream cone. This woman was Medusa; having just thwarted a world-ending calamity, she felt it prudent to take to the beach and get a little rest with her partner.

Being a woman born of the sea, it only made sense for her to choose the Costa as her place of relaxation. Somewhere deep in her lineage was the great sea serpent leviathan, or one of his dominie. This was apparent in her unusual features, ones not seen on an Eorzean outside of decorations. Currently lying at a height of multiple yalms, she overshadowed even the tallest of roegadyn. Atop her head, sprouting from her black pixie cut like roots, were a pair of black horns that curled forward, meeting just above her forehead. Alongside those horns, on the lower end of her figure, she sported a tail that looked saurian in nature. Long, girthy, and winding, her tail's surface scales were a glistening pearl, smoothed for underwater swimming. Dotted along her girthy tail were crystalline protrusions, a collection of dazzling sapphires that budded from the spine. Tapering in a wide V at the end, it looked fit for underwater travel, and along with her webbed talons, had her set for any kind of underwater travel.

Outside of her remarkable height and unique features, she was much the same as any woman who had saved the world thrice over. Sizeable bust, tight curves, and a well-built body, one forced from decades of combat. Except for one key feature: sitting just above her black bikini bottom was a rather ponderous middle. A swollen curve atop her stomach that would make the uninformed believe her to be pregnant. Truthfully, that swell was caused by onzes upon onzes of sweetened dairy. Ice cream was a treat best experienced in the heat of summer, and it was always summer at the Costa, so she indulged. In fact, her partner was already making his way towards her with the next order.

"I see someone is practicing her blue magic today." The velvety voice of her lover quipped with a joking tone.

A rather petite-looking M'iqote, at least in comparison to Medusa, a scion and a scholar of the oldest arts. He was G'raha Tia, the savior of another plane and a man wise beyond his years. Which is why any outsiders questioned his often unwise decisions to follow along with Medusa's antics and shenanigans. To those who knew him, though, they knew that he was an adventurer at heart, and he reveled in new experiences. With deep-scarlet hair and twitching cat ears to match, he seemed more fit for the books. His crimson eyes told another story; they were unusual eyes born from a bloodline of ancient Allag. A tale long in his past, and quite a bit longer than the fluffy tail that was wrapping around Medusa's

"Is it that noticeable?" Medusa looked down at her stomach in fake surprise.

"It would be less noticeable if you were glowing blue." G'raha chuckled, lying down in the sand beside her, presenting his little sweet treat to her.

“And yet, you bring me more. If I didn't know better, I'd think you liked me like this.” Medusa rocked cheerfully in her seat, taking a large bite of ice cream.

“I could get used to it, but I'm clearly not the desired beholder for that particular beauty.” G'raha smiled, sipping his tropical drink with a smug grin.

“What are you getting at, Raha?” Medusa took another bite of her ice cream as she side-eyed her mate.

“Oh, nothing. I just so happened to stumble upon a hero's pictomancer creations.” G'raha returned Medusa's side-eye with a knowing glance.

“I don't know what you're talking about.” Medusa's face went bright red as she shoved the rest of the ice cream down her craw. “Owweoweowe”

The sudden cold snap had paralyzed Medusa, leaving her in the throes of a horrible brain freeze. It gave her enough of a jolt that her tail snapped straight, almost launching her from the lounge.

“Careful now. Do that again and I'll be fishing you out of the sea.” G'raha gave her an affectionate rub on the back, helping to warm her core.

“How much did you see?” Medusa got deathly serious for a moment, like she was talking to a surgeon.

“I saw the painted facsimile of you, being filled by a mammet with a hose. You did get quite large.” G'raha smiled, thinking back to the image in his head.

Medusa stayed silent for a while, her face still a hot crimson, and her mind was flooded with emotions. She had kept that side of herself secret for so long, never letting anyone know about it. The reason she even learned blue magic was so she could find a way to alter her self-destruct spell, make it sexier. That line of experimentation was always hard to explain, but nobody questioned it. To be confronted with her deepest, and arguably darkest, secret, confronted by her lover no less, it was overwhelming.

“I'm..sorry..” It was all Medusa could think to say, unsure how to even approach such a subject being brought to her.

“Come, now. No reason to be sorry, unless you'd prefer a hose to my touch. Then, we might have to talk. I am not sure how often I'd like toys in the bedroom.” As G'raha spoke, he pulled a small vial from his shorts.

The moment he removed the vial is the moment the sun hit it at just the right light, making it look like a glittering gem. A small glass cylinder filled with a luminescent purple liquid that G'raha sloshed temptingly in his hands.

"What...what do you mean?" Medusa's embarrassment was fading as her curiosity piqued.

"Well, I stumbled upon your little fantasies more than a fortnight ago, and, well, I was intrigued. So I decided to make a little gift for the both of us. If your desire is to be blown up like a balloon, then who better to facilitate?" G'raha uncorked the potion with aplomb, downing it in one gulp.

"So, what's it do?" Medusa bent over the bench curiously.

"How about I come over there and show you?" G'raha grinned as he got up from his seat.

He clasped his hands together, shimmering magics flaring between them as he pulled his hands apart. In an instant, his spell had been cast; Medusa was versed enough in thaumaturgy to know that it was an illusion spell. He had set up a glamor to give them a little privacy. Not one to refuse such a direct request, Medusa slipped a thumb under her bikini string, snapping it with a swift pluck. With her bottoms undone, she flung them into the sand as she spread her legs. Her pleasure throbbed in anticipation as G'raha's began to make itself known.

He needn't remove his shorts to show off the package he was sporting, but it helped all the same. Gently sliding off his trunks, he revealed the massive member he had between his legs. An erecting flagpole of a cock, turgid and still growing, long as his thigh and thick as a glass. It seemed a bit bigger than she remembered, but she wasn't exactly complaining, unless you count yelps of pleasure as protest. G'raha slid his rod between her feathered lips, driving himself deep inside of Medusa.

**Oooooooh**

She was too sensitive for her own liking; the moment his hard flesh ran across her clit, she felt a quake of pleasure. Moaning in ecstasy as he pounded her into the chair, his toned abs colliding with her bloated stomach as she bucked against his body. She could sense the magics coursing through him, the necessary reinforcements to hand a love-making session with Medusa. With that reassurance, she let herself run wild; she threw her body in pleasure, twisting and writhing in her chair until it snapped under her. Grinding into the sand, her tail twitched uncontrollably as G'raha pounded. Sand kicked up around them as his jackhammer thrusting drove her deeper into the sand. Over and over, pushing with fervor as his turgid cock throbbed with pleasure as heat built up inside of him.

**Huuuuuu**

***Huuuuu***

Both of their voices were growing labored, heavy panting interspersed with pleased moans as tingling pleasure coursed through their bodies. G'raha's lithe body tensed, his knees turning to jelly for a second as he felt the phantoms of orgasm. Medusa's muscles flailed, bucking her in all directions as she let herself be overcome with erogeny. Her nails gripped uselessly at the sand, her toes clenched against themselves as she dug deeper. Legs plunged down to her ankles, her own colossal might shaking the ground beneath them as G'raha worked to keep her contained. A final throe, a final twitch, the spasm of her climax was reaching a head.

In the same moment, the fires in G'raha burned, his claws scraping across Medusa's back as his muscles gave out. Knees bent backwards, helpless against the coming flood. His heat finally reached a burning fire, sending a stream of hot love into Medusa's body. She could feel his soft muscle pumping, undulating to evacuate the vast quantities of seed inside of him. His climax spurred hers, her own flooding juices spurting from her imperfectly sealed lips, her own love seeping out as she came. Despite their quick release, Medusa could feel it wasn't over. G'raha's manhood seemed to be growing, increasing in girth, filling her lips and stretching them some as well.

That's when she felt the increasing flood: G'raha was not done; his seed followed as freely as it did in the start, seemingly increasing. His production only ramped up, increasing until his stream turned into a raging river, a river whose exit was Medusa. Medusa's own bloated stomach began to rise before her eyes, growing like a balloon hooked to a bellows. Taking her early-term tum into full-term and then further. Sloshing with her lover's seed, her belly grew into a fecund teardrop of seed. Like a melon in her torso, pressing against the melted ice cream from her feast. Stretching into a grand swell that distended from her pelvis to her sternum, two tapering hills that intersected into a dome at her navel. Creamy skin glistening with her own sweat as it pushed into G'raha's own midriff. Pushing him back like a massive bubble, growing until it was big and malleable as a Flan. Medusa could feel her enormous stomach creeping its way up her torso, occupying more and more of her space.

As she filled, she felt G'raha's hands at her hips, motioning her to turn or flip. He was forceful but lacked the strength to adequately move her, but Medusa obliged. She spun on his dick until she was face down in the sand, her enormous gut nestling into the crate the two of them had formed. Her stomach audibly sloshing as G'raha recovered from his earlier climax, pumping her as hard as he could. Medusa's whole body rocked like a jelly, wobbling back and forth as she got drunk on the feeling. Being so large, so swollen, it brought her a new level of pleasure. She could feel it, another climax coming on, another wave of pleasure ready to rock her world. In anticipation, she wrapped her legs around G'raha's waist, pulling him tight and using her tail as leverage. It was coming, another surge of climactic pleasure. She panted like a hound as her lover pounded her harder, all the while his rod kept pumping her full of love.

***Haa***

**Haaa**

**Oooooooooohh**

With an earth-shattering howl that sounded like a beast, Medusa came again, this time with more force than G'raha's flow could break. Causing a backflow of cum, Medusa's own belly shrank as she forced G'raha's seed back into him. Gradually, his torso began to distend; his toned stomach billowed out into a light dome and then into a full curve. Pressing into Medusa's tail and cheeks, a tightening balloon that rivaled her own at an earlier stage. She sank lower into her crater as G'raha's stomach expanded. Turning into a sloshing overhang of love, a mixture of her pleasure and his. It was a short-lived bloat, as his pump had not stopped. As soon as Medusa's climactic wave had finished, her seed flowed back into her, her stomach inflating as his deflated. Pumping her full and still going, pushing her past her previous size. Despite this, G'raha had not fully shrunk; his stomach looked to be hovering around a moderate bloat as he pumped Medusa full.

She could barely think, barely breathe; the pleasure was so great. There was a small bit of concern in the back of her mind as she filled. Feeling the weight of G'raha's seed spread to her chest made her verbalize it.

"So. **hoou** when **hhoohh** does it stop?" She managed to gasp those words out between her own labored pants.

"It **oohh** should have already." G'raha's own cry of pleasure rang over his words.

G'raha's mixture was potent, perhaps a bit too potent, distilled from Medusa's own aether; it reacted oddly in his body. The magics of his potion overwhelmed him, drawing in the surrounding aether, funneling it into his system, and fueling his climax. With the surfeit of aether to fuel their growth, they would continue growing until something gave. At least that was the worry that tried to break through the fog that lay on their minds, but it couldn't break through the erogenous mist. Addled by their own pleasure, G'raha and Medusa continued their teetered lovemaking.

**Bblbblb**

Heated seed flowed back and forth between them, bloating them larger as their orgasms continued to flow. Every twitch of their bodies caused another surge in growth, another avalanche of inches upon their form. Medusa's expansion was mostly isolated to her gut, turning her stomach into an airship of cum. She was perched atop a growing blimp, expanding larger by the second, cresting over her self-created crater like a wave of flesh. Rising higher and higher into the air, so large that she couldn't reach her hands around her stomach anymore. Medusa's bloated stomach was as large as a carriage at this point, a smooth and creamy moon of flesh. Blush crept across her face as she felt the surge of love flow to the back of her throat. Refusing

its attempt at escape, she forced it back down; doing this over and over led to her growth to spread into her breasts.

While her ample chest was always envy-inducing, at this point it was ridiculous. Straining against the confines of her black bikini, flesh flowing over the straps in gelatinous heaps, her breasts were billowing. Packed tightly in her top, the only movement came from the rhythmic thrusts of G'raha's member; they were a sight to behold. Her tits were looking closer to Bombs than breasts, something you'd see caged at the carnival. Larger than her head, larger than doorways, bloated parodies of a breast. They kept growing, continuously expanding with the flow of pleasure into her. Rivalled only by her inflated backside, those wobbling hills were unimpeded, lacking cloths to restrain their growth. They inflated like jostling balloons, massive round cheeks that melded into her thickening thighs and trapped G'raha's gut between them. Even her tail was starting to fill with excess cum; the swinging python grew rigid and taut with the confluence of seeds. Scales started to separate, revealing the barest bits of pink flesh between them. Her paddle started to fatten, closing the gap of her V as flesh bulged into itself.

**Ooooooooohhhhh**

In a cry of pleasure, it all shrank. Medusa's body receded back into itself as her own cum expelled from her body in ecstasy. It was impossible to compete with the force of the Warrior of Light's climax, and G'raha's own flow fumbled. Both Medusa's and his own love flowed into him, blowing up his body like it was attached to a pump. Gut growing past the point of a beer gut and looking like he was with litter. Still filling with Medusa's seed and his own, growing until it was a jostling teardrop of cum on his torso. His gut was trapped between Medusa's burgeoning backside, a dome within a dome. Overflowing seed rushed into his backside as well, turning his toned buttocks into sloshing balloons of cum. His tail gradually shrinking between those massive moons, moons only rivalled by his testes. G'raha's pent-up flow was being forced back into his balls, causing them to swell along with his rod. Massive blimps of pleasure attached to a growing oak, his genitalia were growing to overshadow him.

This cycle continued for quite some time, both stuck in the throes of mind-numbing ecstasy. They didn't notice that anything was amiss until Medusa felt herself lifting G'raha off the ground. Her belly rose them both into the air like a lift, growing taller and rounder until it was larger than one of the homes at the mists. Around them, the glamoured barrier G'raha erected was fighting a war against Medusa's flesh. Magic creaked and cracked under the enormous strain as their bloated bodies siphoned its aether. G'raha no longer touched the ground, his legs flailing helplessly under his body, suspended by his own cock. G'raha's dick had become such a perfect fit for Medusa's lips that there was no way to separate the two. There wasn't any need or ability thrust to anymore as his potion forced him into climax.

Their growths had stopped trading, their bodies no longer shrank at the other's orgasm, now they simply grew. A bellowing pump that flowed between them, filling each other in turn as they swelled grander.

## ***Crash***

The sound of breaking crystal was enough to partially wake them from their sexual ecstasy; they realized that G'raha's barrier had broken. With their glamors dispelled, crowds had started to gather. Their gratuitous display was available for all to enjoy, not that it was out of the ordinary for this part of the world. La Noscea was the deviancy capital of the world, so seeing two lovers in broad daylight was something of a norm; it just wasn't the norm to see them larger than a house and still growing.

## ***Rglgglglg***

Their bodies began to gurgle; the frothing lake of cum inside of them bubbled and raged inside of them. Waves of flowing seed crashed against their insides, and their growth accelerated out of control. Medusa's body flowed over the sand, smothering any too dim to run away while G'raha's rose higher than the surrounding cliffside. Flesh began to shine, almost glowing in the scorching Costa sun. Their bodies, both showing the signs of tightness and strain, had reached the limits of their normal elasticity and were now stretching their flesh. Expanding into the surrounding rocks, pressing into the hard stone, their rubbery flesh squeaking against the hard surface. Yet, they still grew, cresting the hill like they were newly emerging parts of the landscape.

G'raha was the most easily visible; his bloated stomach rose over both of their bodies in a size that portended the calamity. A quivering and expansive moon of quivering flesh, larger than the airships needed to traverse the land. So large that his back was forced into an arch and his arms made to look vestigial. His once flat pecs had become engorged sacs of love on his chest, shining balloons that pushed into his face and obscured his vision. At his backside, his blimped cheeks had reached a size that could smother a behemoth. Shining and massive, each one filled to the brim with his own seed. Cropping out from those inflated cheeks were the indents of an overfilled sac, cum-filled spheres of skin that pressed into Medusa's own body, the only evidence of his buried rod. G'raha's cock was larger than the mightiest tree and just as girthy, but it was completely enveloped by Medusa's swollen body.

G'raha may have been the portent, but Medusa was the true impending calamity; she was so swollen, so engorged that her stomach was flowing into her shoulders. She was a Dalamud in the making, large enough to be visible on the horizon, pushed out into the waves by her own burgeoning form. Medusa's bloating stomach was consuming more and more of her body, enveloping her face in growing walls of flesh. She looked like little more than a divot in her own body, a speck amongst the endless sea of strained flesh. Despite how massive she had become, her top had managed to grow with her. A custom-made piece from the finest tailors, it held on valiantly against the onslaught of her flesh. Her hill-sized breasts oozed over the patches of triangular silk that stretched over her nipples. Just enough to keep her decent, but not enough to completely hide her chest. Small flashes of pink could be seen by the keen-eyed observer, little molehills of nipples that poked out from the fabric.

Sitting on her lower end, Medusa's bloated backside was a real marvel; wrapping around the underside of G'raha's own gut, her cheeks managed to overshadow it. A massive battleship of an ass, port-breaking set of cheeks that bobbed up and down with the rhythm of the waves. Tightly hugging her bloated sausage of a tail, Medusa's girthy python had become closer to a scaled sausage in the mere moments. Her crystalline protrusions were becoming smaller as she grew, tiny dots of glitter amongst a log of bloated scales. Pink stretches of flesh were broken up by flecks of pearlescent scale, the tiny dots of her scales. At the back end of her tail, the paddle had become an overbloated mass of flesh, barely retaining its V. The turgid mass slapped helplessly against G'raha's stomach until the last flow of pleasure filled it.

***Crkkkkkkk***

As their bloated bodies launched into the waves of La Noscean sea, an unsettling creak began to fill the air. A sound similar to snapping wood, a settling house, or straining rubber. Following that creak was a change in the duo's growth, their expansion having slowed to a crawl. Imperceptible to everyone but themselves, the gradual crawl of flesh. Their alternating growths became less apparent, turning more into a pulse or throb. They are completely out of room, their pale skins taking on a crimson hue as their bodies reached their limits. That didn't stop the flow of their own seed or the rocking of their orgasms. Continuous streams of pleasure still poured into their bodies, but the pressure was keeping it at an equilibrium. Their bodies pulsed in and out, staying a little larger after each pulse. Gradually rising on the horizon, visible from the docks of Limsa Lominsa, they were the sixth calamity incarnate.

***Slosh***

***uummmmmbbbllll***

***Grrnnn***

Bobbing on the waves like buoys before sinking down into the sands below, Medusa's massive gut tilling the sand and putting the tides in upheaval. The shaking of Medusa's stomach was sending furious waves across the surface, choppy tides of frothing white rose over ports. People ran for the hills as their ominous groans from the twin blimps sounded like the growl of horrid beasts. In the trappings of their own ecstasy, their throbbing became more prominent, their assets turning redder by the second. As the sun hit their hides, their taxed tummies had the red glow of Dalamud itself.

***Strttcchhh***

***Grooooooolll***

The howl of their bodies' discomfort echoed across the land like a trumpet call, drowning out all possible noise as the stretching of the forms came with it. G'aha's stomach matched his hair in hue, crimson and pained, ready to blow at any second. Pressure knocked at the back of

Medusa's skull, her cheeks bulging as her excess cum flowed up her throat. She couldn't swallow it down anymore; the flow was too powerful. Her body started to buck, wobbling of its own accord as the raging ocean inside of her fought for an exit. Eroding the walls of her stomach, pushing out against them in a final surge.

***Vrrbrbrbrbr***

The throbbing of their bodies had been replaced by a vibration, the rumbling of their skin turning into a dull hum. Like a spell ready to be unleashed, the oceans of seed quivered inside of their forms. Pressing harder until their bodies gave out. In a final surge of growth, Medusa and G'raha's bodies billowed out of control. Tripling in size, the compressed oceans of cum inside of them decompressing. Surging out in all directions like an uncontrollable wave, displacing the water and causing great tides on the nearby docks. Then it all stopped.

***Crrrrkkkk***

That sat on an uneasy precipice, trapped in each other's throes, surrounded by maddening pressure at all angles. They creaked and groaned but had ultimately stopped growing, teetering back and forth on the rocky waves. Dragged back and forth by the currents as the people of Limsa breathed a sigh of relief, but it was a sigh too soon. Moments after that silence had been achieved, their bodies surged out a final time. Pushing them past their limits and bringing about the inevitable calamity.

***Bloooooossh***

***Kerblloooooossssh***

Both of them exploded in unison, their ecstatic moans drowned out by the deafening rupture of their bodies. G'raha's and Medusa's stomachs split apart at the seam, tearing apart around the middle in a glorious explosion of seed and cum. Their turgid bodies were torn apart by the force, and their forms lost in the ensuing shower of seed. Their explosions were so massive and forceful that they displaced the water entirely; a massive deluge of seed flooded into the water. Waves and water displayed and turned her impact zone into a waterless expanse of sea. Waves rose higher than the towers of Limsa, crashing into the white stone and bathing the city in a deluge of sticky cum.

Carried by those waves were the forms of G'raha and Medusa, their aching bodies snapped back to their original size. Now suspended in the tangled Maelstrom flags, they came to their senses.

"So, how far do we have to go for people to forget about this?" Medusa looked at G'raha with exhausted eyes.

“I hear the new world is nice this time of year.” G’raha didn’t even have the energy to add a joke to the remark.

“Uggghh. Let’s hope nobody important saw that.” Medusa collapsed into the flags.

They tried to play the whole thing off like they were trapped in the wave, but soon the reports from Costa would come in. They just hoped that they were long gone by then, as there was no way they could live this down.