

Babble's Burden - Swelling Selling

The soft breeze invading every extra inch of my form is quite the rude awakening. Dreams of paws working along every sensitive inch of my package makes way for the pervasive cold. Conjured hands of mana sink into soft flesh to coax out every bit of mana stored within my form, heavy torrents of cum spilling out into the streets while fingers press against my bloated cock belly and serve to only increase the veritable lake spilling from my cock head. It makes waking up hard when being smothered with enough attention one must think is only deserving of a king. But the sudden predicament that comes from surging into sizes comes with the caveat of losing any sense of decency that you may have had before. Even now I can feel the thoughts leaking in from the early morning risers meandering by to man the shops.

I was once able to blend into the background. Flying under everyone's radar without a care in the world whether I was noticed. Now people have no choice but to notice the bird whose existence screams a hedonistic desire for more. It makes me want to try and fight against the thoughts, to tell them that this is entirely against my will. But a king does not shy away when their subjects shower them with praise. Deep down I can tell I am enjoying every part of this. The salacious desire for more - as much as I want to deny it...

It feels good to surge bigger. Passerbys commenting on my size, to be caught off guard seeing the pillar of white and gray shaft spilling out from the doorway and leaking into the street. So giant and only seeming to grow bigger as their sheer presence adds a few inches onto my form. I reluctantly moan as my body grows a little bit bigger, feeling seventeen feet grow to eighteen within seconds from being in their vicinity alone. My balls tense up against my body, mana surging into overproduction again as tens of gallons produce and spill free from the pulsing form of my shaft. Mana hands press against ample cheeks and dig into my prodigious cum factories, abated moans escaping my beak as I relish in the attention for one last moment before I decide to get started for the day.

Conjuring a few mana hands, I set the magic digits to work collecting various things from around the house. The classic adventuring gear, potions, gear, toiletries, anything I think I might need for the next while. Moving around

the house is... awkward. With two giant boulders weighing me down and a giant snake of a shaft pressing out of the front door, there's very little I can do beyond getting the hands to do everything I am now fully unable to do with my sudden mobility challenges. Walking does come a little bit easier, the growth now bringing with it a sudden increase to my once three foot size. Standing at a good six and a half feet tall after spending the entirety of my life being the smallest one in any party... It's a good feeling. I suppose the simplest things are what bring you the most joy in life.

I already had a package a third of my size before all this started. I was never a runt in THAT department.

I bid adieu to the house I have come to quite enjoy in my time living in this village. It was quite a ways away from the adventurer's guild, but the customary drains in the floors for hypers is always a godsend. The comments being anew as soon as I set my clawed talons into the street, little bits of affirmation streaming past the ever-pervasive thoughts of self-doubt and constant attention. Transformed are the thoughts of people looking down at me and thinking I'm a shortie blessed with endowments. Word used to travel fast, and now it seems to travel faster. I suppose the enchantments attention and discernment are to blame for that, attention on my form exclusively consisting of compliments and reassuring statements. I no longer have to be worried about what people are saying about me, I can hear every single thing they are thinking.

A white tiger who I once had to bend my head in shame looked at me with envy in their eyes. Thoughts going back and forth between, "They've really grown." And, "I wish I could be that big..." They kept a wide berth around me. But I suppose everyone has to now, twin balls surging and growing closer to twenty feet by now fully take up the footpaths. A giant shaft helps to split the sea of people starting to filter through the streets, compliments nearly doubling from the morning crowd moving around my impressive form.

I can tell it's impressive as that's what everyone is referring to it as.

"An excessive display of everyone's desires."

“A size one must think should only belong to a king. He holds the size well, I will say...”

“I wish I could lavish that package with attention. It would be a good way to pass the day...”

Various thoughts pass through my mind as my size continues to surge bigger. Streets becoming more and more crowded with a shaft surging into the distance and balls slowly inching their way across the street. My height surges above the people now below me, nearing a height taller than even some of the taller people below me. Standing above them like a king, I hear a few of them say. I suppose their support and appreciation is surging me towards kingship. Putting their time and devotion towards me, thoughts thinking about how the people wandering past wish they could serve me. Words I never thought I would hear, especially given the past adventure parties who would drop me the first time they saw me grow. It feels good to be appreciated, even if I know it comes from the pendant proudly pinned to my robe.

Even if the effect wears off at the end of the night, I will cherish this as much as I can.

Getting to a spot to set up my stall doesn't take long, figuring setting up right before the gate leading out of the city would bring in all sorts of customers. Conjuring a mana stall is the easiest part of the day, the POP of the portal leading right into my basement making the process of retrieving the mana-filled cum balloons perfectly easy, a mountain gathering right next to me and making a big display for the stall! The heavy GLORPS and SLOSHING of the mana condoms is a perfect display for the stall, showing every adventurer and townsfolk the extensive stock and overwhelming quality of the mana potion balloons.

“Mana sourced from the highest quality chocobos.”

The magic shines high above the stall, hovering above my head and attracting the attention of all of the people already staring me down and ogling at every inch of my form. Even with my increased size, words don't come easy.

As nervous and shy as I usually am makes the bargaining process hard, but the new... endowments help to really sell the quality aspect of the potions.

As the potions begin to dwindle in number, mana works through my system once more. Liquid flows from my mana factories to different parts of my body, a pleasant chill sinking into already impressive cheeks and overflowing into my stomach. I let out a soft moan, much to the apparent arousal of the current customer caprine who was rethinking the purchase of one of the month supply of mana. My size bloats out with the sloshing mana, a deep blue showing up across my butt and bloating out my belly in a soft blue as the mana adds pounds of soft fat onto both. Inches adding onto an already impressive frame, ass filling out and expanding into the space behind me as the cheeks begin to dig into the doughy ball flash still actively growing and expanding. My belly bloats with gallons of the blue mana, absorbing into my belly and causing my once svelte frame to become a small pot belly pressing out against the robe now beginning to ride up around the now imposing form of my thighs and my belly.

With that display alone I was able to get the goat to buy two mana-filled condoms.

You get a lot of willing customers when you're the seller and the display case.

The stock of condoms went quick, even as I surge higher I continue to hear the compliments of townsfolk appreciating my size. An almost instinctive need for every person that passes me by to compliment the king they didn't know they had. To appreciate the size of the now behemoth of a chocobo standing at eight feet tall and looming over every single townsfolk. Balls surging into the street and pressing into the side of the other stores, twenty-four feet in diameter and still dumping out gallons upon gallons of mana. Cum splattered across the street, the once clean shopping center is inconvenienced by a ankle-high puddle flowing between buildings and washing away any doubts that I could be considered decent any time soon. My shaft surges ahead of me, spells decreasing its weight helping to manage the pillar of meat triple my newly impressive height and surging above even the tallest of buildings. In merely three days I have already grown to be an enviable size. Looked upon as

a beacon of growth and confidence despite VERY MUCH still not believing myself to be that worthy of all of the praise. Every little compliment does help alleviate those fears though...

With my newly acquired gold I conjure a portal back to my house and deposit the gold into my safe for safekeeping. Buying a few days worth of gyashal greens makes the journey into the forest that much less daunting, an adventure at my size now almost seeming trivial at the size I am now. But figuring I need to go somewhere until I grow back to my normal size, I set off to find a new place to live for a while. Someplace that lets me go back and forth from the town but also lets my size fully be realized. A place where I can grow as much as I want.

I hear the townsfolk' thoughts fade into the background as my balls trail behind me and my cock rockets tens of gallons of cum into the forest before me. Trees once looming high above me now seem puny in comparison. The sun begins to set on the horizon while I easily dispatch the enemies that appear in my trek to find somewhere better, balls fully pressing against the trees while I take the footpath to somewhere a little more... accommodating.

I'll miss my home. But at least I won't destroy it in the forest.