

This is an anonymous commission.

Warning: This story contains race transformation, breast expansion, butt expansion, growth, macro, tail sex. Oh, and lesbians too!

Disclaimer: Draenei and trolls from World of Warcraft are races created by Blizzard. Furthermore, locations and game-related concepts mentioned in this story belong to Blizzard.

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Lovey-Dovey Satyrs, by DragonMasterX.

The world at war known as Azeroth seldom knew reprieve from conflict. Its realms were caught in an ongoing battle between great forces hailing from multiple dimensions and involving several races into bloodshed without limit. Survival was a harsh reality to every creature, strong or weak. Some had taken to build strongholds in order to protect themselves. Other sought to pillage and plunder. Those mystified with the romance and promise of adventure set out after quests fraught with equal parts excitement and foolhardy risk. Not everybody wished to take part in such a volatile life style, however.

Before inter-racial armed conflicts and demonic incursions, Azeroth used to be a place bustling with natural beauty. A large part of the vegetation and once fertile land had irrevocably been ravaged by unstoppable violence. On the bright side however, there were small pockets of land not only capable of sustaining vulnerable life but also far away from artificial and magical fires.

It was in these spots of unaffiliated grounds that outcasts from all kinds gathered at. Their intention was to run a life of their own without need to cater to a warring faction. These outcasts made themselves at home with and respected nature, and usually never interfered with one another as isolation was their wish.

One such outcast was the young troll alchemist Katjara. She had devoted her life to the sciences, incorporating ancient techniques passed down by the Darkspear tribe she used to belong to. Katjara saw no joy over the sight of decapitated heads or feasting upon an enemy's rotting corpse like many of her kin did. She was interested in better understanding every last detail that biology and its interaction with chemistry had to offer.

The troll was learned in various scholarly disciplines, but she was too eccentric even to her own people. She didn't toil towards learning how to inflict pain and curse the enemies of the Horde, one of Azeroth's major factions which her tribe was allied to. She wasn't a fan of violence or the Loa, who her spiritualist tribesmen called upon to draw strength from. As a result of so much dissonance, Katjara had made herself at home in a remote inlet that housed very few outcasts.

By nothing short of a miracle, ruin and devastation had seen it fit to spare the tiny patch of land where Katjara had decided to build her lab. To minimize risks of unwanted visitations, she had decided to get her installations up under a cavern by the shorelines of the inlet, ensuring to insulate herself from the sea breeze. Life was good and she saw little next to no aggression from the few locals she shared it with. In fact, the reclusive troll had even made friends with some of them, trading food for her concoctions and sometimes even medical attention.

These mutually beneficial arrangements were an excellent way for Katjara to further her talents. The racial diversity and her open-minded inquisitiveness enabled her to learn and be intrigued about

other races' physiology. After years of experimenting and taking care of those that lived in the inlet with her, Katjara was now a leading expert in multi-racial medicine. She was so talented even arcane healers would have trouble keeping up with her repertoire of potent curatives and boosters.

Humans, orcs, goblins, trolls, draenei; race did not matter to Katjara. She wasn't as xenophobic as the tribesmen she had left behind. Perhaps it was because she was young, but Katjara believed there was too much that would go unlearned if she allowed prejudice to keep her from pursuing her passions. This open-mindedness had netted her a slew of confidants, one of which she was very much attracted to; and hoped the feeling was mutual.

Draenei, the satyr-like mystics, were one of the most fascinating races the troll alchemist had ever encountered. They never aged. They weren't by any means immortal, but they were in many ways a mystery, one which she wished to unravel. Beyond academic interest however, Katjara's best friend was in many ways her favorite person. Always eager to answer her questions about draenei biology and even agreeing to try potions in testing phase, the huntress Neszi was all Katjara thought about these days. The troll often wondered if she should act on her feelings, but she was always too shy to speak her mind.

On the complete opposite of the spectrum, Neszi was a very boisterous and perky girl. The draenei was tall and never left without saying all that was in her mind. This often got the huntress into trouble with some of the other locals, but she never really meant ill by tongue. Despite how loud she was however, she had found a friend in Katjara. Neszi was very tall and strong, and really good with the bow, but she had never met someone as intelligent and awkwardly charming as the alchemist.

Ever since the day she had suffered a serious wound at the claws of a worgen she had mistakenly left for dead and Katjara nursed her back to health on her own, Neszi had felt nothing but the utmost respect for the troll's skills. She had found a certain kind of kinship with Katjara that she hadn't found with those of her own race. A large part of the reason Neszi had decided to live in exile was due to how she saw little point to the ongoing war after taking part in it for so long. She had once seen the fearsome nature of the Darkspear tribe in combat, but Katjara had opened a different window to appraising trolls. The huntress agreed with Katjara's views on interracial medicine, and wanted to help her as much as she could.

It was during one particularly bright day that Katjara decided to invite her good friend Neszi over for tea as thanks for all of her help. During the pleasant exchange, Katjara brought up her research in a rather perky manner. "Ya won't believe it, Neszi, but Katjara has completed her most powerful booster yet. Dere's not a single alchemist dat's got one as good as dis one!" the troll proudly said.

Neszi put her tea mug down on the table while Katjara drank. "Interesting! What kind of booster is it? I'm no stranger to your great inventions, but if you say it's your most powerful, it must really be something, Kat!" the draenei whimsically twirled the tip of her brown braids over the shoulders.

"Yep," Katjara rapidly nodded, making the ring piercings on her pointy ears clink against each other. "And I want ya to be de first to try it. Best friend gets best potion, eh?" she smiled.

"Oh my. What a detail, Kat!" Neszi appeared pleased with the answer, but she couldn't help giving her a teasing smirk, "No turning me into a sheep this time, I hope."

Katjara blushed, her proud smirk shrinking into a sheepish grin. "It's a refined potion. No side-effects. Witch doctor guaranteed."

“But you are an alchemist, silly. What kind of insurance is that?” Neszi covered her mouth with a hand to giggle. Katjara just chuckled.

“Katjara is witch doctor trained. Dere’s no risk, Neszi. Katjara promises. All Katjara wants is to test potency. Ya’ll feel strong with booster in ya!”

“I have actually been wanting for energy lately. But we needn’t bargain, Kat. I was merely teasing!” Neszi scooted closer to Katjara, bumping the shorter troll’s shoulders with her arms. “I’m always up for helping a bright scientist like you with her experiments!”

The troll was silent, feeling extremely vulnerable whenever she was complimented like this. Katjara averted her gaze from those light-filled eyes so boldly staring at her. Reply didn’t come out of the troll’s mouth as all of the words got caught up at the back of her throat. Before she got too fidgety in front of her friend, Katjara hopped off the couch and skipped over to her potion rack.

Neszi couldn’t help but amuse herself. She thought it cute that someone so intelligent could be so reserved. Not wanting to make Katjara too nervous however, the draenei sat back and patiently waited, crossing one of her hooved legs over the other. This calm and peace made Neszi feel right at home. Just having a single day where she could kick back and relax in her yellow dress instead of having to wear plated armor to hunt was a blessing.

As she glanced over to Katjara who busily seemed to be sorting beakers and flasks, she smiled at how her light blue skinned friend also appeared to be enjoying casual attire as well. In a different time, they would’ve probably been exchanging blows. These days were simply a treasure.

When Katjara came back, she was shyly holding a pinkish flask full of liquid. Upon closer inspection, Neszi realized the contents were the ones actually pink. “Neszi, Katjara wants to say tanks, yeah? Katjara made dis wit’ draenei physiology in mind. Katjara promises it’ll feel really good!”

“Of course it will,” Neszi immediately replied as she stood up. The size difference was clear between the two. Katjara wasn’t precisely short at 5’7”, but the draenei was almost a whole foot taller. “And it’s me who should be thanking you. That tea was delicious, and now I get to say good bye to fatigue for a while, don’t I? Seems like you’re always the one giving, Kat!”

Again, the short haired troll couldn’t do more than stand there, almost melting simply from being complimented. Summoning her courage, the alchemist held out her hands with the potion on her palms. “Ya drink it all, yeah? Ya’ll feel full of energy! Least Katjara can do for all de times ya help her with science!”

“It was always my pleasure, Kat. Now, bottoms up, I suppose!” Neszi swiped the potion right off Katjara’s grip and proceeded to uncork it. Without even hesitating, the draenei began to chug the pink liquid down, ensuring not a single drop went to waste.

A happy Katjara observed with barely contained excitement as her friend eagerly gulped down her potion. She hoped it wouldn’t be too bitter, which was why she had added a bit of unobtrusive fruit juice to the mix.

“Mm, tasty,” the draenei’s words were uplifting. Neszi set aside the empty flask and rested a hand on her hips. She was about to further comment on the hint of pomegranate she had noticed, but Neszi soon felt a particularly shocking rush of energy suddenly electrify her from her hooves to the very tips of the horns framing the top of her head. “Wow,” the draenei uttered after rapidly blinking

her eyes, “I think it truly is working. I’m always impressed by how fast acting your potions are, Kat!”

The troll was simply elated. There was no shiny aura or otherworldly glow to witness, but it was plain to see how perkier and energized her friend had become. “No stomach cramps, no warts under yer armpits, eh? Told ya dere were no side effects.”

“Did I ever doubt you, my friend?” Neszi playfully smirked, truly enjoying herself as the energy welling from her insides shook her very core. She instantly dropped down to gracefully initiate push-ups, her arms flexing naturally toned biceps. Neszi went along to do a single set of twenty-five and then in a display of agility bounced herself up into the air and landed after a swift somersault. “This is impressive, Kat! The feeling is so intense, and it’s like it will never stop!” The draenei felt like she could very well take on the world.

The overjoyed Katjara clapped her hands at the fine display of athleticism, almost able to feel the same kind of vibrant satisfaction her friend was. “Oh. Perhaps Katjara should have specified looser clothes for ya, Neszi. Yer pretty dress ripped after dat.”

Neszi raised an eyebrow and looked down at the place Katjara was pointing at. The troll was right. There was a noticeable tear at the top of her dress and another much larger one over her right thigh, exposing more flesh than the draenei had intended. Instead of growing embarrassed however, Neszi merely responded to the situation with laughter. “Oh, this old thing. I was starting to get tired of it anyway. Pay no mind to it, Kat. I did go a little over-the-top flashy over there, didn’t I? More importantly, I think I want to do more!”

Katjara was still staring. For a moment, she thought her eyes were playing tricks on her, but she was quick to point it out. “Dat’s not a tear from de force ya put it tru, Neszi. Dat dress is looking... small on ya!”

“You believe so?” again Neszi scanned her own self, running her hands over her own body to check. “Hmm...” she openly felt her curvaceous form, going upwards from the hips and all the way to her ample bosom, which she gave a good experimental grope to. “This dress does feel a bit tight now that you mention it. It felt fine when I put it on before coming here. Strange! But I’m impressed, Kat. You were quick to tell from a single glance.”

Katjara had been trying to avert her gaze as Neszi felt her own body up. It wasn’t that she wasn’t comfortable with the sight, but at the same time she didn’t want to look like she was staring, even though she really wanted to. The troll froze up at the question and returned an uneasy smile, “Katjara has medical records. It’s how she knows yer measurements. D-dat’s how she can tell dat de dress isn’t just looking small on ya. Yer bigger!”

The draenei was confused at first, but she soon couldn’t deny it when she felt her nipples brushing along so insistently against fabric. “Nnhh... i-it’s true it’s getting a little harder to breathe with this thing on!” Neszi’s body shuddered as a very tingling sensation rocked her to the core. She had been passing a crawling in her skin over as the goose bumps from trying the experimental potion and feeling as energized as she was, but these were no mere goose bumps. The sound of stretching clothes soon betrayed any possibility of this being a coincidence. Neszi realized that her breasts and hips were pushing against the top and bottom of her yellow dress respectively; further increasing the size of the tears by adding more mass than the cloth could hope to contain. “K-Kat, my friend, I believe you’ve outdone yourself...!”

The troll was truly hypnotized by the ensuing expansion. It was hard to put a finger on it exactly,

but seeing her already sexy crush growing increasingly curvier was sending pleasant chills up her spine. It wasn't just curves either; they had both been too transfixed by Neszi's growing assets to pay attention to how the draenei's entire body was enlarging as well.

"Th-this is...! Oooh... it feels so... oh dear!" The tall and growing huntress couldn't put the intensifying sensation into words, especially when every passing second her mind turned increasingly number in favor to continuous jolts of pleasure. With every additional inch of height piling on into her frame, Neszi felt her mammarys spilling forth from above the top of her dress. She had always been noticeably endowed, but now with the additional size, her tits were truly ballooning out of their confines. Her dress creaked and protested as it dug into her back the more her boobs pushed out. At the limits of its already low elasticity, the dress lost its battle Neszi was finally able to breathe a sigh of relief as her oversized melons sprang free. Each dark-tipped globe of pale skinned flesh was at least the size of Neszi's head.

A couple feet below, Neszi's dress would've fared a lot longer if it only had to contend with her narrow waist. Her hips were flaring out tremendously, giving the draenei an exaggerated hourglass shape. Her thighs and buttocks were mimicking her rack, enhancing into rounder, more massive proportions. Holes busted at the seams of her skirt part. Not content with merely tearing it, the dress was ripped apart by her expanding sides.

Katjara swallowed. Had she any artistic talent, she would have been painting her friend as she wallowed in the pleasure of her growth simply to capture the moment of indescribable satisfaction in the draenei's face. With every moan, Katjara grew more aroused, having to push her legs together in an effort to hide it. The troll alchemist knew what she was going for when she had this booster prepared, but never in her wildest imaginings did she think the results would have been so potent. What she definitely understood however was that there was no stopping this change until it was done. "P-puh-pretty..." the alchemist managed to stutter out, completely smitten by the gorgeous draenei.

Neszi was in her own little world, her brain overrun by her influenced hormones. The process wasn't just making her curvier and taller. With every inch after 7ft. tall, the draenei felt arousal. The decimation of her clothes and resulting freedom of her highly developed body made the tall huntress horny. "Ohhh, Kat... ahh... this is fantastic...! I feel... ohhh I feel so powerful!" she cried out in ecstasy, hitting a powerful climax on the spot.

What Katjara witnessed was nothing less than the expression of unbridled desire and emotion. Neszi's orgasmic scream and subsequent vaginal squirting were an impressive visual with her altered size. Katjara wasn't watching her friend cum; she had just witnessed a goddess achieve sexual gratification; all because of her growth. It was an absolute treat, and Neszi wasn't stopping either.

The draenei's tongue hung out as she panted like an animal. She was simply overtaken by the wild sensations influencing her. Every last nerve in her body was firing at once as she grew and grew. Inch by inch she elevated beyond 8ft. tall, then bigger than that, then even bigger. Neszi only snapped from her pleasure-induced high when her head banged on the cave laboratory's ceiling. "O-oww...!"

"Neszi, are ya okay? Dat sounded like it hurt!" Katjara sprang forwards, coming back to Earth from her own fantasies as she stood next to her Amazonian friend. The troll stopped halfway when she finally realized how absolutely huge Neszi was. She was clearly past the 10ft. tall already. Even with the small giantess being bent down, her shoulders and back were pressing against the ceiling. "We're running out of space," the troll remarked, shivering as she saw Neszi's feet standing upon a

crushed stool, having knocked over the couch they had been sitting on earlier. “Come, outside!”

Neszi shuddered a little, but felt relieved when Katjara boldly took her large hand and tried to guide her out, “Ahhh... Oh K-Kat... I feel so light-headed. S-something’s... making it hard t-to... Mmmmm!” Neszi moaned and pulled her arm back from Katjara as a surge of power took over her body. “S-stay clear of me!”

“Oh, great voodoo...” Katjara turned around and her eyes widened to the side of saucers as she had to crane her neck back to see Neszi swell so fast she practically doubled in size from one moment to the next. “Dis is much stronger dan Katjara planned for. De potency is too much!”

“Oohhh... nngghh... K-Kat, a-apologies about your home, my friend...!” Neszi almost came again. Her body had expanded so fast that it had given her little time to prepare. As a result, the towering draenei ended up prone to the floor. She felt her hooved legs having kicked holes deep into the laboratory. Neszi’s hips were so wide that they were indenting the walls while her rump took over what little space behind had been left. The draenei shuddered even more. “I-I can’t control it. I’m feeling... another big one like that coming s-soon...!”

The alchemist was further caught by surprise as Neszi suddenly seemed blow up like a balloon, torpedoing forwards with that gigantic rack as the draenei doubled in size yet again. Without any room left inside of Katjara’s laboratory, Neszi’s gigantic body had no other way out but to spring forwards. The draenei let out a moan of bliss as her overly sensitive tits slid across the rocky floor and eventually into the sand outside. Without having anywhere practical to dodge out of the way, Katjara braced and only hoped she wouldn’t be crushed to death. She was both pleasantly surprised to discover she had lived through Neszi’s second explosive surge, but also speechless and nervous when she realized the only reason she hadn’t been crushed was because the draenei’s giant boobs had picked her up during the unintentional lunge.

Neszi was over 40ft. tall. Only about a third of her body had remained inside of the cave, which had been forced wider to accommodate her immense backside. With her giant hands resting on the sand outside, the confused and overwhelmed draenei could only push herself up for a brief moment to ask: “Holy light, are you okay, Kat?” she asked out her petite friend, but didn’t get an answer before her entire body started to rumble again, “Nnnghhaaaaaah!” she practically screamed as her body fiercely expanded at the same accelerated pace as before, making her swell out to double her size again. “Th-this is crazy...! K-Kat!” she helplessly cried as she felt her feet become trapped into the lab, tearing the cave apart as she wriggled them inside as if they were buried under a mound of wet sand. The gigantic huntress reached down to pluck her friend out of her deep cleavage, sighing in relief once she had secured her the gentlest way she could achieve. “D-does this ever stop? Ahhh... it feels so good...!”

Katjara was baffled. Not even in her projections had she been able to foresee this kind of reaction. Yet, she wasn’t even angry or worried at the loss of her laboratory. Everything had likely been crushed under her friend’s bulk, if not entirely buried under dirt now that Neszi’s monstrous size had finally collapsed it. The troll should have felt entirely vulnerable in the huntress’ grip, yet she felt safe. The look on Neszi told Katjara that she was concerned, but the way it kept shifting between a worried frown and that look of absolute pleasure was driving the troll crazy. “She’s so powerful and beautiful...” in Katjara’s mind, this was supposed to have been nothing more than a test run of her booster, but the idea of rampant expansion looked more and more appealing the more she looked at her sexy friend. It made her want to share in on her friend’s joy.

The troll alchemist had been saving a very rare potion for a special occasion. The idea had been to wait until Neszi and she had become closer, but she saw no use in waiting any longer. The troll

reached down into one of her hip gear pockets, taking out a couple vials before looking up at Neszi. “Dis ain’t gonna be de most hygienic but... Katjara wants to be big too!”

“K-Kat? What are you talking about...? Ooohh... this is incredible...” Neszi was practically drooling, her eyes looking at her reflection as her body quickly pushed towards the shallows. What the draenei didn’t notice was that the trickling droplets of saliva escaping her lips were much larger in size to the average sized troll below; Neszi was raining it down by the gallons.

Katjara, however, didn’t move out of the way. She rolled on Neszi’s hands, getting bathed by the giantess’ spit. The troll then uncorked her vials, pushing them both together into her mouth while easing some of that draenei saliva in as well. Alchemy was known for its glamorous results, but just like with cooking, people hardly knew went into the process. Katjara swallowed hard, and waited for her improvised mixture to work its magic. It soon did.

The troll rumbled, soon experiencing the same light-headedness that her friend had described earlier. “Oh...!” A gasp escaped the troll’s lips as a powerful tingling sensation spread from within. “D-dis tingling. Ticklish and at de same time... so warm! Katjara’s burning up!” With that, every last cell upon her form started to expand and grow. Just like with Neszi, the process begun with notable enhancements to her curvature.

Unlike her currently over-endowed friend, Katjara didn’t have a buxom figure to speak of. Her chest was practically flat, and where Neszi used to have a noticeable pair of breasts that she wasn’t shy about showing off even prior to her expansion, the troll was quite lacking. That changed in the next few moments when the Katjara instinctively brought her hands up to clutch at her enlarging bosom. Light-blue skinned flesh was soon causing tents on her top. The constant swelling wasn’t letting Katjara talk, replacing the verbal observations she wanted to remark upon with lewd moans of pleasure. Her breasts very quickly pushed her hands away and forced her fingers to spread as Katjara futilely attempted to contain them. Not having been made for the soon ostensible bust measurement, the stretched top was decimated by Katjara’s now head-sized melons.

The troll couldn’t believe the difference in sensitivity. Just by having her digits pressed against now bare flesh, her expanded tits were driving her crazy. The excitement was understandable for a girl who had never had the chance to play with her own spherical, near-malleable mammary flesh when before it barely added curve to her upper torso. So absorbed by her increasingly larger breasts the alchemist was that she did not pay attention to the rest of the transformation that continued to occur with or without her conscience.

In the next few moments, loud stretching noise preceded an explosive surge of growth for the troll. Her widening hips and fattening rump barely gave her shorts and underwear a chance. Katjara was growing fast, and at blinding speeds compared to Neszi’s initial spurts. As she swelled in every direction, Katjara heard cotton and thread shred and tear, her body stripping itself of its paltry confines. The now curvaceous troll was very much en route to 10ft. tall, and her entire form was quaking with power. “Ahhhh...! So good... so good! More!” Katjara begged the heavens as if they were granting her the succor she was now longing for.

The draenei’s growth hadn’t stopped. “You... you did it to yourself too, huh, Kat?” Neszi panted and looked down at her hands as the excited troll grew increasingly more feminine and taller. Katjara was completely overtaken as she began to double in size, in a single stride becoming so much bigger that Neszi had to use both hands to keep her from falling into the shallow waters below. She hadn’t really been expecting an answer, but something about watching Katjara expand seemed to further Neszi’s own understanding of the unbelievable phenomenon the alchemist had gotten them both tangled into. “I think I would’ve done the same.” The draenei’s lips curled into a

smile as her bright eyes narrowed halfway through into a devious smile. “Nnnghh... hurry up, Kat. Hurry up. I’m growing bigger agaiiin...!”

It seemed like the two had entered a moaning contest to see who could whine the loudest. At first, it obviously seemed like Katjara would never get any close to Neszi’s three digit size. Soon enough however, shivers of delight coursed through the giant huntress as she suddenly felt the weight in her hands to become ever more bearing. The troll’s voluptuous body was simply bursting upwards, making it harder and harder for Neszi to keep a proper hold of her. To the draenei, it was strangely a lot more alluring than it was alarming. In a way, she was feeling not just her own expansion, but also Katjara’s by virtue of holding her up.

Even as Katjara’s 20ft. quickly doubled to 40, the troll was still at a relatively midget height compared to the much larger draenei. The two were growing at noticeably distinct paces, and it seemed that just as Neszi before her, the troll was going through her initially powerful bursts. Neszi was completely endeared as at one point she was holding Katjara up like some sort of generously curved doll. The troll didn’t seem to mind. In fact, for a clashing contrast, Katjara seemed so at home with the idea that even through the throes of bliss the troll managed to command her hands to grab onto Neszi’s fingers in order to steady herself.

Something distracted Neszi from Katjara for a brief moment. Feeling additional pressure at her feet, Neszi looked back and noticed how her hooves had just grown so tall they had literally outgrown Katjara’s cave. The cape’s cliff side had been pushed backwards, dirt and grass upheaved by the weight of her hooved feet. Neszi felt a strange sense of relief as she felt fresh air touch absolutely all of her. The waves at the shore were caressing her humongous breasts, making her hiss the moment she felt the chill of sea water striking at her nude skin. Neszi then noticed that out of reflex she had brought her hands over to her tits, unintentionally smashing Katjara into her cleavage.

“Ooof! S-so heavy... so... big!” Katjara called from below, finally achieving a moment of lucidity thanks to the impact. Her growing hands gently but firmly closed a grip on whatever amount of draenei breast flesh she could appropriate for the moment, edging herself backwards bit by bit until she could see her much larger friend.

“Oh holy light. Forgive me, you sweet little thing!” Neszi realized too late what she had done and feared she might have hurt Katjara. When she felt the alchemist very enthusiastically holding on her huge chest, Neszi’s expression settled into a mellow smile. “This... wasn’t an energy booster at all, was it, dear friend?”

The troll bobbed her head with a goofy smile at Neszi, “K-Katjara really went all out dis time... It was an energy booster. Katjara just... trying to see how far the draenei body can go. Nnghh...!” The smaller giantess moaned and arched her back as she doubled in size yet again, ending with her feet planted into the shallows yet with both hands neatly rested on her friend’s massive chest. “Neszi isn’t mad, is she?”

“Mad?” Neszi began to smirk as she began to push herself up. There was no need to hold Katjara up anymore now that she was over half her own size and still growing. “Mad doesn’t even exist in my dictionary right now!” the draenei boomed with happiness, lying on her side as she threw an arm behind her head, striking an inviting pose for the troll. “Just look at me, Kat. Look at *us*. We’re so massive, so powerful! So...” she was interrupted by her friend edging forwards to peck her on the cheek.

“...pretty!” the troll grinned, feeling a lot more confident now that she was sure Neszi was truly enjoying herself with the experiment.



“Very, very pretty,” Neszi added with a soft giggle. The huntress sat up and could never have been more pleased with how cushy her rump felt even against the sand. Her hands fell upon a surprised Katjara’s shoulders and she immediately pulled the troll up for an actual mouth-to-mouth kiss. Katjara seemed to freeze, but her enlargement didn’t. As Neszi guided the bashful troll through lip-locking action, their bodies caught up in size. It became increasingly easier for Neszi to hold and embrace the alchemist as they reached 180ft. tall together, and from that point on continued to swell at a somehow synchronized pace.

At this point, Katjara had forgotten the fact she and her friend were currently eclipsing the inlet with their voluminous and lascivious bodies. She was numb to the pleasures of growth even though the process had not stopped. To the troll, the only thing right now that mattered was that her relatively petite lips were being caressed by Neszi’s plush mouth pillows. The troll’s long and pointy ears twitched, her eyes still frozen, her tongue all but stuck in a rigidly curved position inside of her mouth. Katjara had only meant to be playful, if daring, with the innocent kiss to Neszi’s cheek. To the troll, that action alone had signified a lot of boldness since she wasn’t used to being direct with others. The troll had been completely caught off guard by Neszi who was clearly on a totally different league of how to demonstrate affections.

Neszi wrapped an arm around Katjara, letting the troll giantess settle against her while they both knelt in front of each other. Their massive bosoms mashed against one another, the pleasure making Neszi and even the dumbstruck Katjara lightly moan into their kiss. Passion increased tenfold once Neszi was done loudly suckling on her fellow giant’s lips and decided to thrust her tongue inside. The draenei was amused by how awkwardly submissive Katjara was even for a troll who could flatten a pack of worgens under her soles; nevertheless, it also turned her on.

The make-out went underway as they grew past 200ft. tall and counting. Neszi’s tongue managed to coax Katjara’s into at least lazily dragging against her much more active oral muscle. Dominantly reaching up to grab onto Katjara’s short blue hair, she pulled on it to shock her friend, wanting her to snap out of her stupor already. Slick tongue wrestling ensued, saliva was shared, hardened nipples each larger than taurens rubbed against each other. It was enough to make both girls so wet and lustful that even Katjara’s hands began to move on their own.

Before the troll knew it, she had all of her fingers sinking against her crush’s gargantuan bubble butt. There was a pause in the kiss every time Katjara squeezed and, being the scientist she was, she continued to experiment with proper on-point pressure. The troll even gave it a few swats and spanks for good measure. “Katjara loves dis!” the troll thought to herself with bright purple cheeks flushing full of color, unable to stop molesting her partner.

Of course, that wasn’t to say Neszi was planning to remain passive. She dragged her hand off Katjara’s head, gliding two fingers over her horny friend’s slender neck, briefly making them disappear into the troll’s gigantic cleavage, slowly tracking a line down her perfectly flat stomach and finally making a stop between the troll’s meaty thighs.

“Ahhh!” the troll broke the kiss with a loud cry of pleasure as she felt two of Neszi’s fingers sneak over her Venusian mound before intruding within her sex. “Katjara loves dis!”

Neszi could embrace her friend tighter as she drank in that helpless look on the growing alchemist. Prior to this moment, the draenei had never known trolls could be capable of being so adorably innocent. “Katjara is going to love this even more then,” the draenei claimed while snickering a bit.

Katjara didn’t even react to the playful mock. She had no time to react as all of a sudden, the fingers

were in her vagina no more. Instead, Katjara was suddenly several dozen feet up in the air being held by her equally gigantic friend, being spun in a 180 degree turn before being gently laid down. Gentle was relative, of course, since the second the absolutely immense troll was put down the surrounding area trembled enough to cause a significant tremor that caused ripples along the shores next to them. Katjara was about to ask when all of a sudden her world darkened and two hugely round buttocks took residence on her face.

“Don’t lock up on me again, sweetie!” Neszi sang out as if she was playing a game, “I’m not sure if you’ve done this before, but there is no way I’m passing up the opportunity to eat out literally the biggest troll in the history of this light-forsaken world!”

To Katjara, Neszi’s honesty could often shatter all previously established preconceptions on social dealings. That was never truer in this case, but at the same time, the troll couldn’t say she felt like taking it easy now. She didn’t want the passion to die down, she didn’t want the depravity to stop and she most definitely didn’t want to lose out on the chance to love her beloved’s juice-coated muff.

“Now do as I do...!” Neszi’s confident words were followed by a sharp burning sensation coming from Katjara’s nethers. The draenei’s tongue that had so eagerly been ravishing the troll’s mouth until very recently was now busying itself lapping up all of that natural lubrication gathered at the surrounding area of Katjara’s pussy.

Katjara shuddered, needing to grab back onto Neszi’s ass in order to steady herself. Her legs were jelly, not responding to her anymore. Her hips wiggled, feeling just as useless but many times more eager than her legs. The troll had never done something like this, but she had read at length about different ways to please a partner of the same sex as hers. Katjara felt useless however, as she had never been social or invested enough to put any theory to practice. Neszi’s incredibly skilled tongue however was already driving her crazy and she hadn’t even put it inside yet. The troll didn’t want to feel like she was scorning her friend’s affections though, so she submitted to the request.

“Ahhh! S-so eager! Mmmm...!” Neszi stopped licking as all of a sudden her lower body was captured by Katjara’s equally nervous and strong grip. The draenei could feel as the troll slobbered all over her cunt, greedily taking all of that heavily scented moisture gathered at her sopping wet cunt. “Ohhhh, that is it,” Neszi panted out in bliss, the combined pleasure of being eaten out and growing larger wreaking havoc with her brain. “I love this...!”

Hearing only compliments from her beginner’s performance, Katjara pressed on more earnestly than ever. She only limited herself to do as Neszi was doing however, so as soon as the draenei began to push into Katjara’s folds, the moaning troll did the same. They tasted each other’s insides, their faces nuzzling at their perfectly thick behinds as they pushed their jaws out in an effort to drive their tongues as far as they would get.

As they ate each other out with feverish passion, the two friends simply continued to grow bigger and bigger. Closing in on 300ft. tall, their elbows and sides started to clash against the inlet’s cape, or at least what remained of it. In response to the obstacle, the two rolled in the opposite direction, ending up partway into the middle shore and partway into the shores leading out of the inlet. The relished the experience as much as they did to love each other’s vaginas, working each other up until a powerful shared orgasm.

“Eeeaaaah!” shrieked Katjara with a distinctively feminine wail as she squirted all over Neszi’s face, at the same time receiving draenei bounty wetting her cheeks and mouth. “Ohhhh dis is so... so delicious! Katjara had no idea!”

"I ahhh... oh damn, when was the last time I did this?" Neszi grunted as the light-headedness of her afterglow caught up with her, "I didn't think you were this much of a squirter, Kat!" she giggled while rolling off the ravished troll, holding two sticky fingers which she had wiped her own face with above her head. The female troll cum glistened in the sun.

Katjara licked her own face clean and blushed, suddenly feeling extremely identified with patient-to-doctor confidentiality and how she wasn't used to be the one under the magnifying glass. "Is dat bad...?" she asked.

"Nonsense," Neszi turned her head to give Katjara a little wink. The draenei then stuck her tongue out and lapped the dripping lubrication right off her fingers. "You taste heavenly."

"Yuh-ya too!" Katjara hurried to say, "Ya taste so good. Katjara really liked dat!"

"Is there anything that hasn't been wonderful about today, Kat?" Neszi scooted closer, throwing an arm around her curvaceous friend as they lied under the sun, their bodies still slowly expanding larger and larger together. "Truthfully, I was very concerned at first. But now I see what a fool I would have been not to give you a chance as I always have."

Katjara seemed to be breathing faster, resting a hand against Neszi's enormous chest. "Yer de one, Neszi," she murmured.

"Yes, Kat?" Neszi insisted, "I didn't quite catch that, my sweet."

"Yer de one!" Katjara repeated loudly, pushing her head under Neszi's chin so she wouldn't have to look her in the eye. The troll threw her arms around the humongous draenei and held her close. "Yer de one Katjara loves de most. Katjara loves ya, very very much."

Neszi was taken aback at the confession, but not at the message, merely the uncharacteristic burst of emotion she seldom saw from the reserved alchemist. The draenei was amorous by nature, and she was of the idea that the holy light shone on everybody, draenei or not, with its blessings to love and be loved. The huntress widely smiled, returning the hug as she gently stroked Katjara's head. "I love you too, Kat dear. And I'm happy to hear it from you. All things considered... this has been the biggest surprise of the day!" she happily laughed.

Katjara wept with joy, drying her tears against Neszi's motherly embrace. The floodgates of emotion had broken loose, and unlike what Katjara had always feared, she had never felt so good about feeling so vulnerable and exposed. "Katjara knew. Katjara knew dis was de right ting to do. No regrets."

"What are you going on about now, love?" Neszi gasped in surprise when the moment Katjara lifted her head off her magnificent bosom, instead of seeing red and black the draenei saw two brightly lit eyes very much like her own. "By the holy light's soothing calm, what have you done, Kat?"

"Relax. It's an additional surprise, lovey-dovey," Katjara's smile grew as her features began to change. Light-blue skin seemed to lose its color, becoming a much lighter tone. The two large toes on each of the troll's feet fused together into one large stump which hardened and darkened into a sturdy looking pair of hooves. Her legs shifted and elongated, bending at exactly the same proportional angle as Neszi's. Katjara groaned as a little stump of flesh poked out above her ass, growing and elongating until it expanded into a long and thin tail.

Neszi gasped, completely at a loss for words at first. All she could do was jump from change to change, “Bright eyes, hooves... oh dear. Katjara, you’re turning into...”

“It was the only way to keep up with ya, Neszi-lovey-dovey,” Katjara didn’t seem to be in pain, she even seemed to be enjoying the transformation. The changing alchemist sat up to let Neszi watch as the process continued. The troll’s ear and nose piercings had broken and fallen off just like her clothes had at the start of Katjara’s growth, but now those long troll ears were shrinking in favor of more streamlined ones.

The troll underwent major facial reconstruction that looked like the invisible hands of an expert were sculpting her visage from scratch. Trolls usually had pointy noses, and Katjara was no different. It contorted as it shrank down, with once flared nostrils closing to near invisibility. Two of Katjara’s lower molars were like fangs poking out of her mouth, but just as her ears and nose their proportions changed and so did her lower jaw pull back, adjusting to the same appearance as her lover’s. “Nnnhh... Ohhh head hurts a bit tho’...” the alchemist giantess reached up to hold by her head. Neszi was briefly hypnotized by the natural color Katjara’s new lips had taken, as well as the extra flesh turning her mouth into a seductive puckering pair of kissy pillows.

What Katjara had been feeling was two sturdy bumps growing above her ears on her skull, giving way to curved horns that completed her changes. The new Katjara reached up to experimentally feel her horns, tugging on them, even poking her fingers against the tip. “Owwie. Very pointy.”

“K-Kat, I have no words...” Neszi was aghast with shock. Her friend had just transformed into a draenei like herself! “How did you...?”

“Ya did provide Katjara with a lot of data,” Katjara explained as if it was some sort of logical turn of events, “Katjara didn’t want to lose her chance to be big with Neszi-lovey-dovey. Are ya mad...?” the freshly-minted top-heavy draenei was speaking like a troll, and just as before acting bashful with her fingers fidgeting together.

“Stop asking me if I’m mad, you...!” Neszi was about to lose her patience, but seeing Katjara being so apologetic and considerate towards her feelings did soften her up. “Never mind. I thought this was unintentional... I was afraid for you, love.” She sighed with a more patient smile this time, “I forgot who I’m talking to for a moment there.” Katjara giggled like a little girl being sweetly spoken down to, but she didn’t mind. This was her lover; she could talk to her however she wanted. Neszi reached over to Katjara, putting a hand on her shoulder and another on the new draenei’s head, giving it a few pats as she looked her friend over, “I must say, Kat. I never expected you to change yourself like this. Did you think I was going to lose it on my own and run off to mindlessly rampage on some of the Legion’s encampments?”

“Katjara has always liked ya, lovey-dovey. She just wanted to make sure ya knew how far Katjara was willing to go...” the former troll gave Neszi an awkward smile, looking smaller than ever even though they were both close to 400ft. tall each.

“Well, I must say you have quite an excellent way to open up, my dear. I certainly can’t wait to see what we’ll do for Lover’s Day,” Neszi grinned, going back to smothering Katjara with her veritably enormous boobs.

“Mmppph...! Mmmpphh...” If Katjara had responded in any meaningful way, Neszi was unable to tell. The huntress simply wanted to hold her partner close. This wasn’t just a fling. Neszi could feel the alchemist’s resolve; and even though changing herself into a draenei had been overkill, the draenei chose to feel flattered by the gesture. In fact, as she glanced over Katjara’s back, Neszi

smirked to the sight of Katjara's tail erratically bouncing everywhere as she could hardly contain her happiness.

"Kat, dear. I believe I've just decided on how to help you get used to your new body!" Neszi announced, gradually loosening her grip on Katjara.

The inexperienced draenei lifted her head off that deep cleavage, leaving a trail of drool over Neszi's gigantic tits. "Uhm... yes?" Neszi giggled at Katjara's antics, reaching up with her tail to rub its side against Katjara's mouth, wiping the drool off her lips. Katjara's shiny new eyes couldn't stop following that tail, which had grown significantly longer thanks to so many size upgrades. With every wiggle of that tail, Katjara's own tail moved to the tandem.

"There's something we can do with these tails. Your potion didn't just make us huge. It also made my tail, and yours, longer than usual!" Neszi explained, pointing down to her limber tail and Katjara's own extension. "I was about to show you by using mine on myself but... Since they never get this long, that opens up a new, sexy possibility."

"Oh?" Katjara perked up, her plump new lips forming a perfect circle as she stared at her lover inquisitively. The patient Neszi arched back and spread her legs, giving Katjara a very suggestive expression. "Oh..." Imitating Neszi, Katjara leaned backwards and spread her legs, looking at her tail worming its way out from under her butt, and then noticed her new draenei vagina. "Oh!"

Grinning, Neszi commanded her tail to snake along the ground and captured Katjara's. Her friend responded instinctively, and the two tails intertwined into a spiral. "Do you want to try?" she seductively proposed. Katjara rapidly nodded. That was all Neszi needed to see, and they soon got to work. They maintained their positions, but scooted closer until their knees touched. The arched back position was a bit hard to maintain, since there was an unthinkable amount of weight on their chests. However, Neszi thought they first needed to get their tails right before they went back to cuddling.

"Alright, tails separate," Neszi firmly said. Katjara reacted a bit slower, but managed to get her tail to release Neszi's; she took it as Katjara not wanting to let go of her, which made her smile a bit. "Now," the huntress sweetly said, "Bring your tail up to my lap and I'll do the same for you with mine."

Katjara silently nodded, looking extremely fired up about the whole deal. As a result of the overexcitement, Katjara's tail knocked a lot of sand around before she managed to raise it to tap Neszi's left thigh. The former troll appeared to be proud of herself; giving her the same goofy and sheepish smile she always did to Neszi.

"Good girl," Neszi complimented, ensuring to dust the tail off considering where it was going. "Mine probably got some sand on it, so dust it off too... Kat?" the experienced draenei stopped as she realized Katjara was drooling again, looking straight ahead. Neszi looked down and snickered, realizing the sheer amount of provocative jiggling she was generating by inadvertently rubbing her arms against her huge bosom. "We'll have fun with these girls later, Kat. I'm really excited to try this out, aren't you?"

"Uh huh," Katjara softly smiled, trying her best not to get distracted and started to clean Neszi's tail. Just like with Neszi, Katjara's huge jugs wobbled with her energetic scrubbing, making Neszi let out a chortle. This was amusing even before they got to the actual business. Truth be told, Neszi had never once been able to get any draenei to try this out with her. This seemed like the perfect opportunity to try.

“Now,” Neszi returned to guiding the preparations, “Get it as close as you can to my... ohh!” the huntress moaned out as Katjara eagerly pushed forwards, sinking the very tip into Neszi’s pussy. “To the blazes with being careful!” she sprang forwards and as she pushed her own tail into Katjara, Neszi threw her arms around her lover. Their humongous knocked flattened against each other, spilling boob flesh egregiously to either side.

“K-Katjaraaaaah... Ahhhnnnnhh...!” Katjara had been about to apologize for being so eager, but her words never clearly manifested. Instead, her moans were drowned out by Neszi pushing their plump lips together to initiate a second kiss. Squelching sounds below gave the two females a rise as their tails ventured within their sacred temples. They could still taste each other from their previous climaxes, and were working hard towards a new one.

The long draenei tails were like squirmy snakes making their way down rabbit holes. Their sensitive inner flesh quivered as they gave each other more and more of their appendages, spreading their tunnels in spaces where not even penises were supposed to reach. In order to give themselves even more, the two cuddled closer, with Neszi climbing a leg around Katjara to achieve a position where they could be the closest at touching each other’s genitals together.

The giantesses moaned into each other’s mouths as they reached the limits of how far their tails could reach. When that happened, Neszi was the first to show Katjara where to go next. The huntress’ tail vacated vaginal space for a brief moment before pushing back inside again. The swift reinsertion almost reduced Katjara to putty, but she endeavored to give all of herself to her lover. She repaid the gesture and got a heated rise out of Neszi, who started thrusting in and out repeatedly. Like this, the lovers initiated the candid tail-fucking of each other, enjoying each other in their arms.

But even then, they weren’t satisfied. Neszi reached down to grab Katjara’s ass, while Katjara reached up to grab one of Neszi’s breasts. They squeezed at each of their assets with intent, holding hands tightly with their free arms. They kissed each other hard, and by now even Katjara was putting in as much passion and strength to the tango their tongues were engaged into. Their passion for each other knew no match or peer. It was lust and love, hormones and emotion. They were high on their power and beauty, and it was with one last surge of energy that the couple stopped growing at 450ft. tall, sharing their second sexual climax together by screaming in each other’s mouths.

The sandy shores were usually humid by convention, but today they had been darkened by arousal. They came so hard that the area around them became damp with puddles of juice forming. Neszi teased Katjara about most of it being hers. The former troll had no rebuttal other than tightly cuddling her lover.

“Katjara’s in love,” the alchemist happily said while tightly nuzzling her lover’s huge tits, “Lovey-dovey has the best ideas.”

Neszi giggled, “That’s a particular pet name you chose for me, Kat. I don’t suppose you could go for something less embarrassing, could you?”

“No. Katjara loves Neszi-lovey-dovey!”

The End.