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Contains: Feeding, Stuffing, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Mini Giantess, Lactation

The Jungle Goddess

In the sweltering heat of a jungle forest, a clump of large leafy plants parted to reveal a small young woman. Her red hair was pulled into a messy ponytail, and she wore khaki shorts, a tank top, and chunky hiking boots. Back in civilization she was often compared to Lara Croft, the so-called “tomb raider,” even though she was shorter and somewhat wider, particularly in the upper region.

Much to her annoyance, the woman's name was Laura, and she was in the jungle in search of lost tribes. A self-described anthropologist, having inherited enough wealth to fund this expedition, Laura carried a backpack full of gear and had been exploring this particular region for a little over a month. So far she had nothing to show but a journal of monotonous survival activity.

Her fortunes were about to change, however, as she emerged from the brush into a clearing. In this clearing were two female figures washing clothes in the stream, accompanied by two male figures armed with spears, presumably keeping watch for predatory animals. The women had paused in their washing and the armed guards were brandishing their spears. The group clearly were anticipating Laura's emergence as she noisily parted the plants blocking her from their sight.

All five figures paused a moment, taking stock of the situation. Then one of the women muttered a word in stunned awe, "Mecalaloni..."

The second woman repeated the word, "Mecalaloni? Mecalaloni!" then suddenly all four were on their knees, bowing to Laura in reverence.

"Oh dear, this isn't quite what I expected." Laura said in a slightly posh English lilt.

The four natives, as she thought of them, not knowing their language or the name of their tribe, were tiny. Even to Laura's diminutive five-foot-two they seemed small, none more than three feet tall. The women in particular could have stood toe-to-toe with Laura without their heads reaching the underside of her generous breasts.

Laura bent and gestured for the group to rise, but when they did there was a cacophony of action. Two of them took Laura's hands and led her to a fallen tree to sit, while one of the guards took off at a run deeper into the jungle. Meanwhile the remaining woman fetched a bag nearby and produced what must have been the group's lunch, offering a large leaf full of pink berries the size of plums.

At first she hesitated, not knowing the cultural expectations at play, or the safety of the food being offered. Laura decided however that the risk of offending these people, the first natives she had found on this trip, was worse than whatever adverse effects she might have from the unknown food. After all, she had been living off the land for several weeks.

Her fears turned out to have been unfounded. More than that, from the instant her white teeth crushed one of the pink berries and its juices gushed into her mouth, Laura had a new favorite food. She had never been one for diets or self-denial when it came to food, and as she popped the large berries into her mouth one after the other, the flavors of the juices and flesh seemed to only make her more hungry.

The three natives doted over her, rolling over a second log and propping her feet on it. One of the women was starting a small fire, and the guard began spearing large fish from the stream. The remaining woman offered Laura another leaf covered with dried meat when she had eaten all the berries, and knelt patiently as if waiting for a command.

By the time the entirety of the packed lunch had disappeared into Laura's hungry mouth, the first batch of fish were nearly done cooking, and she began to tuck in to those as well. She spared a moment to wonder at the insatiability of her appetite, but shrugged it off telling herself the diminutive natives surely ate much less than a normal sized woman like she. Never mind that she was smaller than average herself, and the amount of packed lunch she had already eaten was over twice what she'd normally have in a midday meal.

When the bones of consumed fish made a pile of over a dozen, a procession of natives emerged from the jungle, including the original guard, half a dozen more warriors, an elderly man in elaborate garments, and an old woman covered in strings of beads, her hair in a multitude of braids with shells and feathers.

As Laura continued eating, the group talked among themselves. There were a few attempts to communicate, but the language barrier was impassable. She heard the word 'Mecalaloni' several more times, and deduced that it was the

name of some local deity, the way that they kept bowing to her, or gazing on in reverence.

The chief barked an order and two of the guards disappeared into the jungle again. Meanwhile, having run out of food, Laura stood, taking a moment to steady herself, not realizing how bloated her stomach had gotten, altering her center of gravity. When she rose, the natives scurried away slightly, all except the chief and the crone. The chief looked up at her and spoke, and while she could understand none of his words, Laura felt in his tone and expression feelings of welcome, gratitude, and reverence.

The chief gestured to the crone as he spoke to Laura and the old woman approached her, reaching out bony fingers to examine the comparatively gigantic woman. Laura obliged her by dropping to her knees, still standing, and bringing herself low enough that the woman could just reach her face.

The crone nattered away to both Laura and the Chief in the unknown language as she examined her, poking and prodding at the soft flesh of her breasts as they stretched out the material of her tank top. Whatever she was saying, she seemed to approve. Venturing lower, she pinched and patted Laura's tummy, which had puffed up considerably from the generous offerings she had consumed, the waistband of her shorts cutting into her flesh.

Presently the two guards returned carrying two poles between them, it appeared to be a kind of stretcher that Laura was meant to sit on. Four of the guards rested the poles on their shoulders and stood at the four corners of the large seat, and the crone gestured for Laura to sit. As she did another pair of women emerged behind the men, bearing a large bowl each, one filled with more berries and the other with small loaves of bread. These were both held up in offering to "Mecalaloni" as the group proceeded into the jungle and toward the native's village.

Arriving in the village, Laura was led to a large structure, which proved to be just barely big enough for her, her hips brushed the doorway and she had to crane her neck to stand. She was seated on a dais where the Chief's chair had been, and was treated to performances of song and dance while the people of the tribe formed an endless queue, taking turns offering food and drink to their

newly arrived goddess. Eventually she passed out on a bed of animal skins, her engorged stomach domed high into the air, even further than her healthy breasts. Some women of the village pulled blanket, hastily stitched together from several of their much smaller ones, over the goddess' form, her tightly packed stomach too high for them to see over as it gurgled away digesting the first day's offerings.

When Laura awoke, a woman who had been keeping watch on her darted out of the longhouse to notify the other villagers that she was awake. Laura sat up and was immediately aware of a new weight on her chest. She reached down to her middle to find her stomach had returned to its normal, slightly puffy size, while her breasts appeared to have gained several inches overnight. Before she had too much time to ponder this new development, a group of village women bustled in with fresh offerings for her breakfast. The smell of roasted meat and the sweetness of the first few berries sent all concerns over her changing body right out of Mecalaloni's head.

Laura's day consisted of little more than constant eating, with a few brief naps interspersed between "meals." When evening came and the villagers retired from their day's work, the performances resumed, and the offerings intensified. As the evening was winding down Laura was finding it more and more difficult to breathe and eat, as the waistband of her shorts dug further and further into her expanding middle. Finally the button popped off with a *-bang-* and the fly slipped down a few teeth, letting her tummy expand and making room for another round of offerings from the villagers.

As the night wore on the zipper of Laura's fly was pressed further and further down, letting out an audible *-click-* every few minutes. Eventually there were no more teeth to give, and as she stretched back on her bed to sleep, the overtaxed fabric of her shorts gave several soft rips.

The next morning Laura's breasts had grown larger again. They had to be nearly the size of her head, she thought, as the women arrived again with breakfast. This morning, however, they prodded Mecalaloni to stand and used length of braided leather cord to measure her waist and bust. As she was beginning her mid-day meal, as much as the near constant stream of food offerings could be called separate meals, some of the women returned again with piles of cloth that turned out to be new clothes for the goddess.

First was a skirt, made of woven fibers and animal hides, that encircled her waist but rode low enough to not impede the swelling of her tummy. Next was a bikini-style top made of real spotted leopard skin, and with leather strings around her torso and over her shoulders. The top fit snugly, but Laura knew it could easily be adjusted as needed. Finally the women braided Mecalaloni's hair and decorated it with beads, shells, and feathers. Had she had a mirror, Laura would have been very pleased with her appearance. Throughout this process the goddess continued to devour the offerings brought to her as she was being dressed.

On the third day, after the 'breakfast' round of offerings, a group of villagers prodded Mecalaloni to rise to leave the longhouse. As Laura stood she felt her head hit the ceiling much sooner than she expected, and decided to crawl out on her hands and knees. The goddess' slightly full stomach bulged down, but not half as far as her generous breasts, which were close to touching the floor. As she reached the door, Laura faced a dilemma. Her head and arms emerged from the opening, but were followed only by a wall of cleavage as she tried to squeeze her over-indulged breasts through the doorway she had entered only a few days prior.

With a few grunts and heaves, accompanied by creaking and splintering of wood, Mecalaloni forced her way through the narrow doorway and into the open air. She didn't bother to look behind her to see just how much of the longhouse's wall she had destroyed, or to see how close that end of the building was to collapse. The village builders had been busy during her stay, and had fashioned a full-size litter to carry their goddess to their next destination. Well, full-size for Laura, who it seemed had gained over an inch of height from her indulgence. She was led to a reclined seat, the device was hoisted on the shoulder of six warriors, and the parade proceeded.

The second village appeared to be even more prosperous than the first. Laura was able to squeeze herself into the larger doors of their longhouse, despite having devoured the stockpile of offerings that the villagers brought for the two day journey, along with an entire deer they hunted on the way. Again for three days the natives brought food offerings for Mecalaloni in a steady procession, and she sat in their longhouse and ate them all.

When the time came to move on again, Laura's breasts touched the ground when she crawled out, and the hole she made leaving the longhouse brought down half of its roof. The center poles of her litter were now manned by two men each, bringing her total bearers to eight.

In the next village, the goddess stayed outside, and when they moved on, her litter bearers numbered twelve.

After about a week, Laura remembered why she was out here and tried to journal her experiences.

I have discovered a tribe of natives we may have at one time called pygmies. The tallest of them stands no more than three feet in height, they have dark skin and a language that does not match any tribal language I recognize. They appear to worship a goddess they call Mecalaloni and believe me to be her manifestation. I am currently on a tour of their villages, being seen by the people and boosting their spirits. I am met with joyous smiles everywhere we go. Their diet is typical of the region, hunted animals and wild produce, and they appear to have an abundance of food.

Since she spent more time eating than studying culture, Laura's journal entries became shorter and less frequent. What did not diminish however, was her appetite or her bust line. By the time her parade left the fifth village (or was it sixth?) her breasts were resting in her lap.

The longer Laura's time with the natives lasted, and the larger she grew, the less she cared about what their culture meant to the "civilized" people back home. After about two months she had picked up most of their language, and had grown to almost six feet tall. Even at that height, Mecalaloni's breasts made up the majority of her weight. Her litter was now up to thirty bearers.

One morning Mecalaloni reclined in her litter, she rarely left it these days, it took far too much effort to lift and move the bulk of her enormous breasts. Some village women were washing her, all the men having been sent away. They stroked and caressed the wall of skin that rose before them, and used ropes to climb the goddess' mountains and clean the higher sections.

“Is there anything you need, Your Greatness?”

“*–Nom– My skirt is getting tight again.”

“Of course, Great One.”

Another month went by and the parade stopped at village after village, and the people brought the goddess Mecalaloni offerings by the bushel, and Laura ate, and ate, and ate.

At last the procession reached its final destination. The near ruins of an ancient city, near the base of a mountain. Laura had not noticed their progress had been increasing in elevation from day one, and if she looked just right she could look down on the valley they had crossed these past months.

The city had streets with stone buildings, it seemed that her people had taken up residence in the ruins of a past civilization. Mecalaloni’s litter now resembled a platform for moving space shuttles, and it required a full sixty men to lift. The goddess had grown only a few inches taller, but most of her field of vision was now eclipsed by a pair of breasts that rose over ten feet at their peaks.

As the parade entered the city, they approached an ancient temple at the city center. (Or so Mecalaloni was told, she could see nothing in front of her.) As they entered the main thoroughfare, the great goddess scraped buildings on both sides of the street, her enormous mass being squeezed into the large area.

When they reached the temple, there was a problem. Mecalaloni was clearly too big to fit through the gates of the temple. Immediate bickering began among the holy men at the entrance.

“This is clearly the Goddess foretold, how can you say she won’t fit in the temple gates?”

“Clearly the prophecies underestimated the Goddess’ appetite!”

“The prophecies are flawless! Perhaps it was *you* who underestimated the generosity of our people!”

“Trust your own eyes, and see how great She has grown from the blessings of our people, and how inadequate the gates!”

“These gates will fit six elephants abreast, and you call them inadequate!?”

“Elephants, you say?”

Some hours later they had turned the litter around and were backing the enormous goddess into the doors, like a water balloon into a cardboard tube. Laura was standing and massive ropes were stretched around her bulk, and all the able-bodied men, along with four elephants inside the temple and six without, combined their strength to squeeze Mecalaloni through the gates.

As a series of women hanging down her back handed a basket of pink berries up to Laura’s head and dumped them into her mouth, one of the priests said, “Do you really think we should keep feeding Her, right now?”

“We’ve lived our entire lives waiting for the arrival of the Goddess Mecalaloni, we must bring Her offerings from the bounty of the land until the ritual is completed.”

sigh “I have a bad feeling about this...”

Eventually they succeeded, and once inside they discovered that the stone ledge at the far end of the temple hall was just the right height and size for Laura to sit. Her breasts filled the room and just touched the walls on each side, so it took some doing to get the elephants between the goddess and the wall and back outside.

Fortunately the temple had ramps outside and elevated doors leading to the throne, so the people immediately set up processions up one side and down the other, ferrying a constant supply of food to the growing goddess. After a day her breasts were pressing against the side walls and had risen half a foot in height.

“She’s going to run out of room.”

“Nonsense, the prophecy...”

“Don’t quote the Prophecy at me! Just look!”

“It can’t be helped. The ritual cannot be completed until the full moon, which is over two weeks away.”

sigh

Tribute came from across the valley, and all the villages they couldn’t visit on their tour sent pilgrimages, groups of dozens each bearing as much food as they could carry. Some sent elephants or other pack mules, the food flowed in almost faster than Laura could eat it, almost.

Inside the temple Laura spent every waking moment eating, and the temple got more and more crowded. She reached the ceiling then plumped into the corners. The cave of cleavage at the temple gates got smaller and smaller, until finally, the night of the full moon arrived.

Dozens of holy men and women encircled the temple, chanting their incantations. Instead of the standard food Mecalaloni had been stuffed with since finding her people, she was fed a strange, bitter herb, and flasks of goats milk were poured down her throat.

The ritual went on for several hours, and the sky filled with clouds and lightning, even though there was no rain. The moon never disappeared from view, and at the pinnacle of the ritual, a shaft of moonlight broke through a tiny hole in the roof of the temple, aiming a point of light, a single moonbeam, right on the top of Laura’s head.

The chanting stopped and the world was silent for a full moment, and then two, and then something started to happen.

A low rumbling began, almost imperceptible, then built in intensity, emanating from the temple. Throughout the valley the ground vibrated, clay cups fell off of shelves and dead branches were shaken from trees.

Back in the temple, the wall of flesh that was Mecalaloni's breasts rippled. It rippled and bulged, swelling into the only space available, the open area around the throne. The stones of the ancient temple creaked, shaking loose centuries-old dust.

"I told you She was too big..."

"Have faith, trust in the Prophecy, and in the Goddess!"

The creaking of stone became cracking, and stone bricks started to separate. Outside, the enormous structure's roof began to bulge, curving upward as its contents swelled.

Suddenly the roof of the temple exploded, two creamy bulges of flesh rising up out of the building like bread dough. Miraculously no one was injured in the rain of stone bricks, as they all landed safely in open spaces.

Mostly covered by the remaining temple roof, Laura and the priests watched as her breasts swelled up and up, continuing to rumble and vibrate. As the birds-eye view of the temple got close to appearing like a giant muffin, Mecalaloni felt her enormous nipples slip into unseen alcoves near the temple ceiling. (Her top had come loose days ago but since she was essentially wearing the temple, they didn't bother fixing it.) The sensation was wholly pleasurable and Laura let out a cry of ecstasy.

"The hour is nigh!"

A strange sensation came over Mecalaloni and the holy men and women stepped forward to press both hands against the wall of her bosom, speaking one more incantation.

The milk that Mecalaloni had been building up since the rumbling started now reached its crescendo, and came gushing out of nipples the size of wine barrels and into the structure of the temple. Unseen corridors filled with white liquid, and a series of fountains sprung to life, pouring torrents of rich dairy into troughs around the building. Several blocks away dry fountains rumbled and then sprayed into the sky, filling their basins.

Throughout the valley, formerly dry riverbeds filled with milk, and an entire industry the tribe had forgotten was born anew.

In the years that followed, the Mecala people flourished. They kept their healthy, active lives, but grew a little thicker. It was rare to find a woman with breasts smaller than a handful, and the men became muscular in bulk instead of sinew, often still carrying a slight belly from a heavy diet of milk and cheese.

After her initial letdown of milk, Mecalaloni's breasts receded, but not below the former roof level of the temple. And while she did not grow the way she had before the ritual, she continued to eat a healthy amount. More than healthy, enriched by the dairy products of her own bounty.

Mecalaloni was contented and blessed, and her people were too, and Laura was never seen again.