

Amie's Charm 2

by purplish [email] with art by JessHavok and Boobdollz

(For adult eyes only: breast expansion, lactation, magic. All characters are 18+)

Continuing from Amie's Charm...

II. The Priestess

The invitation had arrived on a large sheet of parchment, hand-written in an elaborate script:

Trainee Lena—

Your presence is requested at dawn's first light.

—High Priestess Sofia

It was a rare honor to visit the High Priestess' private chambers at the Order of Priestesses, and any woman in Sweetwater's capital city would surely thrill for the opportunity. On this particular

morning, however, Lena was feeling anything but thrilled.

She found herself pacing, lost in thought, down the familiar hallways of the Order. Her halting footsteps carried her near her destination: an archway just outside the High Priestess' chambers.

She paused, frowning at the thick yellow curtain that obscured the interior.

A great pressure was on her shoulders this morning, but she knew it wasn't her priestess battle armor weighing her down. If anything, her armor felt lighter than ever, as it had recently suffered great damage and large parts of it were missing entirely.

She stared down at its tattered remains on her torso. It was once a traditional Sweetwater battle plate, forged by the smiths of the Order, and her sacred trust as a priestess trainee. Long strips of hardened leather on her muscular arms and back were reinforced with articulating metal

plates, remaining flexible to allow a wide range of movement in battle, although the metal was now

bent and misshapen. Her armor was in a sorry state indeed, and she knew she may be risking

disciplinary action from the Order.

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She had yet to earn the title of Priestess despite having trained for nearly a year, even though all the other girls in her class had already sworn their oaths as members of the sisterhood. She knew she was just as capable a warrior as any of them; in fact, her proficiency with the quarterstaff

was almost unmatched among her priestess-sisters.

But the Order was not satisfied with her skill in battle alone, and she also did her best to embody the courageous spirit and honorable character of an armored priestess. Why, only last week she had negotiated an elusive truce between a hamlet and its adjoining Druid's Grove, and

just yesterday she had successfully banished a plane-walking djinn, sneaking into its tent and stealing its lamp while it was distracted elsewhere.

These accomplishments had failed to impress the priestesses, to her great dismay. Often it seemed as if nothing she could do was ever enough for them.

No, she was fairly certain she knew why she'd been overlooked by the sisterhood. In fact, she had two big reasons.

Her fellow priestesses all wielded some degree of aroused breast growth in combat, and Lena knew her own to be especially pronounced. She knew that her natural ability was enhanced further

by the enormous size of her breasts, which would extend forward beyond her elbows even when she was at rest. She had been training with their burden for years, though, and she had gained a

subtly muscular tone that allowed her to carry even their sizable mass with ease.

Like most warriors, she had always faced battle wearing a Sweetwater breast charm, usually clasping it around her left nipple. It helped control and direct her arousal, keeping her huge chest

from growing rampantly out of control, although lately she'd been learning to use this ability to

her

advantage.

The previous evening, she and several other trainees had happened upon a dispute between a pair of female merchants. It was a tense situation that she feared may come to blows. She pushed to the front of the gathering crowd, centering herself on her targets, and reached for the magical charm clamped around her left nipple. Detaching it, she tucked it inside a small pouch tied

around her belt. Her huge breasts quivered, shimmying lazily around her waist, her abilities now fully unconstrained.

She felt a pleasurable shuddering within herself, then a growing warmth that signaled the onset of her arousal. Her breasts started to swell larger and she heard an almighty creak from her

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reticulating armor as it strained against her growing flesh. Her bosom grew ever larger, its already

huge size now becoming truly immense as it bounced heavily around her hips.

She leapt to action, grasping both merchants with her powerful arms and pinning them beneath her mighty bosom. Her breasts swelled even larger in these next critical moments as she

focused her arousal. Their great weight proved to be an effective deterrent, and she held the merchants tightly until their anger gave way to their own reluctant arousal. She released them only

after she felt their chests starting to grow and press against her own.

Since then, her fellow trainees were treating her with newfound respect. Lena Thunderteats, they called her, and she couldn't help but revel in their envy and begrudging approval. She had caught more than a few of them eyeing her, too, and she was certain they'd call upon her skilled

tongue after they returned to their barracks at the Order. They had indeed, but future adventures

like this one, she feared, might now be beyond her grasp.

Unfortunately, her quick thinking had come at a cost: the immense size of her rapidly growing breasts had overextended her armor, stretching and distorting the leather. The craftsmanship of Sweetwater's finest smiths was clearly no match for the might of her surging breasts, and numerous metal plates had detached and fallen from her armor, the metal bent and twisted into unrecognizable shapes.

Lena and the other trainees had endured many lectures stressing that the armor of a priestess is sacred: it lends her an air of dignity at rest and an aegis of protection in battle. Lena knew that the state of her armor would invite scrutiny from the High Priestess, and this morning she

feared that she might even be risking expulsion from the Order.

The gentle caress of a cool morning breeze tickled across the front of her huge breasts, her nipples fully exposed as they thrust through her misshapen armor. She shuddered involuntarily. Her

breast charm, as ever dutifully clamped around her thick left nipple, was quietly sparking. Its enchantment was fighting a losing battle against the delicious sensations emanating from her bosom.

She reached forward, palms open, bending her arms around the front of her ponderous chest. She could feel the heat from her exposed nipples as they throbbed urgently in the cool air, as if blissfully unaware of the great shame she felt on her shoulders. She curled her fingers in anticipation, reaching ever closer to her throbbing nubs...

"First time?"

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Lena whirled around, nearly losing her balance as her great bosom swung heavily.

A tall, muscular woman, clad in thick gold-plated armor nearly from head to toe, was standing just outside the archway. This, Lena realized, could only be a member of the High Priestess' elite guard. The armored warrior waited expectantly, regarding her with a bemused expression.

"I, ah, the High Priestess..." Lena started, trailing off. She had hoped for a brief moment of calm to herself, but she was now stammering and flushing red with embarrassment. So preoccupied had she been relieving herself, that she had failed to notice this imposing presence nearby.

The gold-plated warrior's expression softened.

"You poor thing," she frowned for a brief moment, then beamed widely.

"Liquid courage?"

Lena nodded, feeling grateful. It was an honor to be offered such a gift by an elite warrior, and she wouldn't dare miss this opportunity. Plus, she thought, it might help calm her nerves.

The golden warrior loosened her articulating plate, unbuckling its leather straps, and slung it off her shoulders. She carefully leaned it against the archway then stood upright again, nude from

the waist up, her beautiful tan skin bathed in the dim candlelight. She grinned and grasped a small

charm around her right nipple. Unclasping it with a practiced movement, she stored it in a small pouch tied around her belt.

She stood at attention before an astonished Lena. She winked at Lena, then focused, closing her eyes and clenching her hands into tight fists. Her bosom seemed to shudder, her natural abilities now fully unconstrained.

Lena was lost in admiration, her troubles put aside as she cast her eyes over this stunning amazon. She gasped in surprise to see the warrior's modest bosom suddenly surge outwards with

a great wave of growth, then another, and another still until her glorious tanned breasts were far

larger than Lena's own huge pair.

Lena's gaze was drawn to the guard's thick nipples, thrusting gloriously erect outwards from her newly enlarged bosom. After a tense moment, a few droplets of opaque white liquid appeared

at their tips, which then gave way to a powerful milky spray from both thick nipples. Lena felt her

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mouth falling open, stunned at the incredible breasty prowess of the elite warriors in the High Priestess' inner circle.

The guard beckoned and Lena stumbled forward. She suddenly felt utterly parched, her urgent need almost palpable. She approached from the side, her own ponderous bosom thrusting

forward until she felt it rubbing against the taller woman. She took another half step forward and fell

to her knees, enveloping the amazon's firm abdomen entirely within her huge cleavage.

This had the fortunate effect of raising the guard's huge spurting breasts atop her own, a great fleshy shelf projecting forward far beyond either of their arm-spans, but fortunately positioning her

spurting nipples just inches away. Without further ceremony, Lena happily slurped a milky nipple

into her mouth.

The taste was simply divine, she thought, as fresh and invigorating as she'd imagined it would be. She suckled noisily for long leisurely minutes, drinking and swallowing great mouthfuls of delectable milk from one spurting nipple, then the other, and finally both at once as she stuffed them together into her hungry mouth. She felt a calm resolve returning and settling within her, as if

emanating from the milky essence that she felt warming her from within.

She reluctantly detached from both leaky nipples, swallowing one final milky mouthful and pausing to savor the taste. She disentangled herself from the taller woman, whose bemused expression had returned, and stood, embracing her to demonstrate her grateful appreciation. She

grinned as her milky tongue was slurped into the guard's mouth, who sucked hard and smiled back

as they shared and swallowed between them the last remnants of her milky bounty.

Lena reciprocated, thinking it only polite to express her gratitude by gently sucking on the amazon's tongue. They embraced for several quiet minutes, rubbing their lips together and kissing

languidly.

courage she was looking for.

At long last, having felt the swirling storm of her arousal and embracing it, Lena found the

She turned towards the archway with renewed resolve, but kept the amazon's milky teats in her grasp. She was still idly squeezing them, feeling them spurting great sheets of milk across the

Order's stone floors.

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She knew she couldn't delay any longer; the time for hesitation had passed. She released the amazon's milky nipples and rose to her feet. The calm further settled in her mind, building now into

a powerful confidence: it was time to face the High Priestess.

She held her breath and, brushing the thick curtain aside, stepped through the archway.

(cid:15911)

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows through the windows of the Great Library of the Scholar's Guild. Amie had long enjoyed wandering leisurely between the shelves, gazing at the leather-bound tomes and their elaborate titles.

Sometimes one of her thirstier Guild sisters would follow, opening Amie's robes and gorging herself with a long drink from Amie's spurting nipples, all while they tried to avoid running into any

of the mistress scholars. Amie was happy to indulge the younger girls and herself at the same time,

for there was little she enjoyed more than sharing her milk.

Today, though, her vision seemed strangely dark and blurry, and her mind felt hazy. She also

sensed her chest burning with unexpressed need, as if she hadn't been milked even once since the

previous evening. Her breasts had grown huge, sloshing heavily in her scholar's robes around her

waist.

familiar...

She raised her eyes to see a robed figure, its back turned, standing next to her by a large bookshelf. An unruly mass of fiery red curls emerged from the robe's hood. She seemed strangely

The blurriness in her vision faded, and she looked down to see herself holding hands with the robed girl. Suddenly her arm was yanked forward, and the figure turned to reveal the laughing face

of Sister Katryn, a fellow scholar and one of her dearest friends at the Guild.

She desperately hoped that Kat would milk her soon, although for the moment she was grateful for being led through the stacks. She smiled and settled in close when Kat paused at the

end of a long shelf. She pressed her swollen breasts into Kat's, feeling the substantial warmth of her friend's large chest against her own even through the combined fabric of their scholar's robes.

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A minute later they were sneaking down the stairs. Amie grinned, knowing that the reading room in the library's basement was likely to be vacant around now.

Kat released Amie's hand and ran ahead, then around a corner and out of sight. With her friend gone, Amie felt the weight of her bosom more acutely than ever, and struggled to remain standing as she staggered ahead.

She stepped through a doorway to find Kat reclining nude, resting atop her discarded robe on one of the reading room's couches. She smirked at the younger girl and shed her own robe, tossing

it aside. She stalked sultrily towards her lover, her milky need forgotten for the moment.

Kat's nipples suddenly started leaking their own milk. Amie gasped — how was this possible?

She recalled that Kat had once touched her magical charm; maybe her lover had absorbed some of

its power?

She stepped closer. Kat was beaming, and slowly spread her legs wide with anticipation.

Amie paused, pressing upwards underneath both of her breasts, thrusting her nipples up towards her own mouth. With little effort they gave way to her milk, and she reveled in her own delicious essence cascading across her face.

She sighed; she had always enjoyed the taste. She raised her arms above her head, smiling.

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Amie and Sister Katryn in the library basement

by JessHavok

Amie blinked. Suddenly she was sitting next to Kat in the Guild's dining hall during a busy dinnertime. She felt the pressure in her bosom still building, growing more urgent with each passing

moment, and she hoped they'd finish eating before she started leaking milk through her robes.

Kat was grinning, her upper lip coated in a fine sheen of milk. She stared lovingly at Amie, then licked slowly along her milky lip, slurping the liquid into her mouth and swallowing luxuriously.

In her hand was a large wooden cup, which she extended towards Amie with a pleading look in her

eyes.

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Amie smiled back with a conspiratorial wink, knowing that her lover wanted a refill of hot milk directly from the source. Kat's thirst for her milk was especially pronounced around meal times, and

most dinners lately would end with Kat's head in her lap under the table, her friend suckling urgently at her dripping nipples. She reached for the cup in Kat's hand, grateful for the chance

to

ease her milky burden while indulging her lover at the same time.

A bright yellow light shone through the dining hall windows, casting the entire room in a curious golden hue.

world went silent for Amie.

furrowed with concentration.

The bustle of a busy dinnertime faded, the sound receding as if sucked out of the room. The

She saw Kat's lips moving, but she couldn't make out any words. She leaned closer, her brow

The sound of flowing water came to her ears, first as a small trickle but growing into a stream, a river, and finally a great ocean of sound. She tried to speak, but she realized with a start that she

couldn't even hear herself. The roar of rushing liquid grew steadily louder in her ears.

She blinked again and saw Kat's room in the Guild's dormitory. The noise had gone and she could hear only silence once again.

She whirled around to find herself reclining on Kat's bed, alone — or so she thought, until she felt a gentle tugging at her nipple. Leaning forward over the huge swell of her engorged breast, she

saw Kat's fiery red curls. Stretching further, she saw Kat's ruby-colored lips wrapped around her thick teat. It felt wonderful, even through the strange haze in Amie's mind.

Kat was gently suckling and swallowing her milk. Amie was glad for the intimate attention and for Kat's practiced movements, which so efficiently drained her milky burden. She giggled as she

felt Kat's hot nipples poking at her inner thighs.

Kat disengaged from a dripping nipple and leaned back, smiling. She was again mouthing words, but the crescendoing sound of rushing water had returned in Amie's ears, and she could hear nothing else. Did Kat hear it as well?

Amie stared at Kat's ruby red lips.

Within you. It was a fragment of an idea, but it was all that Amie could understand.

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A trickle of milk emerged from Kat's lips, dripping down her chin and falling to the bedsheets.

It impacted with a curious tinny *ping*, as if it had struck metal instead of soft fabric.

Amie felt a rush of adrenaline. It cut through the haze in her mind and displaced the throbbing urgency of her milky burden. That strange yellow light, and the sourceless rushing liquid... it all seemed somehow familiar.

Something wasn't right. What magic was this?

(cid:15911)

High Priestess Sofia's chambers were shaped as if cut from a single smooth, grey stone. The floor was gently sloped, angling down from all four corners towards a small drain in the center of the room. Lena recognized this to be a common accommodation for the unique abilities of the women of Sweetwater, although she had never seen any floor as finely constructed as this.

The room was mostly empty, dimly lit by the flicker of candlelight, and it was a few moments before her sight adjusted to the darkness. She blinked rapidly, realizing there was something

directly in front of her: a generously-sized bed, its four corner posts carved from a dark mahogany

wood.

her feel at ease.

As she stood fidgeting uncertainly, a feminine voice reached her ears from somewhere in the darkness. It was melodious and airy, like a fresh spring breeze, with a calming effect that helped "Trainee Lena, welcome," it said, almost singing.

Lena instinctively stood upright at attention, her exposed nipples thrusting through her armor and swaying before her from her sudden movements. She clasped her hands together underneath

her chest, then nervously unclasped them again, leaving her arms hanging loosely at her sides.

"Today, Lena, we revel in the compassion of a priestess. Are you prepared?" said the musical

voice in her ears.

Lena could feel her heart thumping and the rush of blood in her ears. What kind of test of compassion could the High Priestess have in mind?

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“Yes, High Priestess,” she said, looking down at her huge chest thrusting through her tattered plate. She was relieved, for the moment, to have avoided any inquiry about her armor.

She felt a pleasurable crackling around her left nipple. Her breast charm was reverberating with energy, helping her stay calm as she tried to focus through her arousal. Her nipples stretched

achingly erect in the cool morning air, her growth abilities barely restrained.

“You walk alone on a remote country road,” said the sourceless voice.

Lena had completed many tours of the Sweetwater countryside with her fellow trainees, and this was easy for her to imagine.

“On the path ahead, a girl approaches you.”

Lena felt her arousal simmering, and after a long moment, a figure emerged from the darkness. Every trainee knew that the High Priestess was said to be of legendary beauty and astonishing grace, but the woman now coming into view was unlike anyone Lena had ever seen. Her tan skin was flawless, warmly reflecting the dim candlelight. She had long amber hair that fell to her waist, with delicate features and a firm jawline that gave her an effortless beauty. Her powerful-looking shoulders atop subtly muscular arms seemed impeccably firm, while still feminine

and soft. Her legs were slender and her toenails had been painted a bright yellow color.

Her most prominent features extended far in front of her and several feet beyond her sides, obscuring her torso and hips from Lena’s view. Her breasts were truly colossal, taut and firm despite being far larger even than Lena’s would be after a bout of uncontrolled growth. Lena realized with a start that this incredible woman was completely nude.

She found her gaze drawn towards the turgid pink nipples at the tips of the woman’s breasts,

each teat throbbing as it strained fully erect, longer even than Lena's handspan. A few droplets of

opaque white liquid formed around them. The milky flow increased, and her ears were soon treated

to a series of quiet splattering noises as Sofia's dripping milk impacted the stone floor below.

As astonishing as this goddess was, though, right now she seemed to be embodying

someone else entirely. Sofia's eyes were wide with youthful wonder and a hint of fright. She would

have been taller than Lena if she had been standing upright, but her long, slender legs were bent

as she took small, halting footsteps towards Lena. She bit her lip, frowning uncertainly.

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This could be none other than High Priestess Sofia herself. But in Lena's eyes, Sofia's overall affectation gave the impression of a young woman, one who seemed confused and perhaps even

apprehensive.

to face Lena.

Sofia paced delicately until she had centered herself between the bedposts. She extended her arms forward, resting her hands on the great spheres of her enormous nude bosom, and turned

"Miss? Are you a priestess of Sweetwater? Can you help me?" she said in a small, timid voice, entirely unlike the melodious tones that had filled the air only moments earlier.

Lena stared at her. This was not at all what she had been expecting. She opened her mouth and closed it again, thinking it probably not the right time to insist that she was only a trainee.

Sofia seemed to sense Lena's hesitancy. For a brief instant she was the High Priestess again, and allowed herself a momentary eye roll.

Lena saw this gesture and flushed red, suddenly remembering her place.

"I... yes. How can I help?" Lena said, trying to project the assured confidence of a priestess,

despite the distraction of the impossible beauty next to her.

Sofia rubbed small circles in the sea of her exposed bosom. This gentle pressure caused a momentary increase in her lactation, and sudden sprays of milk from both of her nipples showered

upon large swaths of the floor below. The hot milk ran down the floor's slight incline, wetting Lena's

bare feet as it flowed to the drain at the center of the room. Lena shivered from the sensation.

"There's something happening to me, and I've never felt this way before..." Sofia said quietly, trailing off. She averted her eyes and stared demurely at the milk-soaked floor.

Lena immediately felt a sense of kinship with this girl, whom she had to keep reminding herself was the High Priestess herself, Sweetwater's paragon of femininity. She recalled the Order's teachings about the many blessings of the women in their kingdom.

"Yes, like all women of our kingdom, we gain certain... gifts when we become aroused," Lena said softly.

"But fear not, for I will be your guide," she said, smiling.

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She took a step closer, approaching Sofia from the side until she felt her exposed nipples rubbing against the great expanse of Sofia's left breast. She paused, smiling and slowly twisting her

shoulders, thrilling with the sensation of her hard nubs dragging back and forth across Sofia's hot

flesh in a show of open friendship.

Sofia bit her lip and looked up at Lena, frowning. This made something snap in Lena's mind, and she decided at once to embrace this opportunity.

"First, become still and bring your focus within," Lena said, lifting her hand and gently brushing Sofia's amber hair behind her ear. She continued, tracing along Sofia's neck, gently caressing until her finger was under Sofia's chin.

She leaned in slowly, amazed at her own gall, their lips just inches apart... but paused,

frustratingly close, when she felt a gentle pressure pushing her away. She could feel that Sofia's massive breasts were swelling even larger.

She stepped back, her eyes wide, and saw Sofia vigorously rubbing her own swelling flesh with both hands as it spread outwards between her fingers. Her breasts continued to grow steadily

larger until they obscured most of her slender thighs from Lena's view. Her milky nipples were stretching longer, straining further outwards until Lena realized with a start that they resembled her

own forearms in thickness and length.

Sofia's colossal bosom somehow remained buoyant as it surged ever larger, bouncing and swaying in great rolling waves as it crept below her knees. Her dripping milk increased in volume

until it was spurting steadily from both great nipples, raining in a tremendous milky shower upon the

chamber's stone floors.

Sofia seemed to be somehow unburdened by her colossal chest. She hefted her bosom with both arms, sending delicious ripples throughout, as she peered questioningly at Lena.

"Miss? Can you help me with my breasts?"

Lena felt her mouth becoming dry once again. Her toes suddenly felt warm and wet from an errant spray of Sofia's milk, and she couldn't help but imagine its taste.

She blinked, remembering her act as she watched Sofia's growth finally slowing.

"The most blessed of us may experience some... slight breast growth," she said, recalling her training and trying to sound authoritative despite making such an obvious understatement.

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"But your milk deserves further study," she said slowly. She had never seen spontaneous lactation on this scale and hoped that Sofia wouldn't notice her surprise.

She stepped back, then paced around to Sofia's front and knelt on the wet, milky floor facing her. She raised her arms, pressing her own big chest from below into a soft platform underneath

Sofia's enormous hanging breasts.

As large as her own bosom was, though, she had failed to account for the tremendous new size of the High Priestess, and suddenly doubted whether her huge cleavage could support even one of Sofia's massive milky breasts.

At least, she thought, the High Priestess seemed to have stopped growing for now. Sofia's breasts remained taut and firm, waving slowly in the air before her despite their incredible size. She thought better and released her own bosom, instead reaching up and to the sides. With both arms outstretched, she was just barely able to wrap one hand around each of Sofia's enormous leaky nipples. They were slick with milk and throbbed urgently in her grasp.

"Hold steady, young miss, and I shall milk you," Lena said, raising her voice to be heard above the splattering of Sofia's uncontrolled lactation on the floor behind her.

She slid both hands up the full length of Sofia's nipples, pausing to press her palms against their tips. She continued around, gripping their undersides and sliding slowly back in the other direction towards their great bases.

She heard Sofia gasp above her. She grinned, the sound of splattering milk increasing in her ears. She alternated her grip on one spurting teat and then the other, increasing the speed of her motions.

Soon she was wildly milking both of Sofia's gushing nipples, laughing as errant spurts of milk fell upon her beaming face. Her long blonde hair, braided tight and falling down her back, was quickly soaking through with Sofia's milk.

Pausing her milking motions for a moment, she allowed herself a moment to revel in how well she imagined her test was going.

This was a mistake, she soon realized, as a jet of sticky liquid suddenly emerged from within Sofia's great cleavage and struck her square in the face. It was followed a moment later by another

great gush, this one filling her open mouth.

She swallowed instinctively. The taste was simply divine, sticky and sweet, and she immediately knew it to be Sofia's powerful arousal. She felt its warmth filling her stomach and spreading across her insides.

She blinked, shaking her head and again remembering herself.

"Like all women of Sweetwater, my dear, you may find yourself becoming slightly... wet when you become aroused," Lena said, trying to sound confident despite making another obvious understatement.

Sofia's prolific arousal continued dripping down her legs and spurting forward through her great cleavage. A faint splashing sound reached Lena's ears as Sofia's prolific arousal washed across the floor around them.

Lena tried to focus her willpower. It didn't help that a foggy haze of arousal had taken hold in her mind, and Sofia's incredible squirting tasted simply wonderful on her tongue and felt dripping down her bare skin.

She released her grip on Sofia's slick nipples and reached forward, gently spreading apart Sofia's bosom with her arms. She gazed upwards, still on her knees, making eye contact with the beautiful visage of the High Priestess.

"M...Miss, it's my... oh!" Sofia whispered, looking down at Lena and shuddering with another uncontrolled gush of her arousal.

"Can't you help?" she gasped, her eyes pleading.

Lena lowered her eyes, gazing ahead between Sofia's enormous breasts at an incredible sight.

Great rivers of Sofia's dripping arousal were streaming down her long, slender legs, which now sparkled in the dim candlelight. Lena was pushing outwards with both arms, straining with the

effort of creating for herself a small pocket of air between Sofia's colossal cleavage. She shuffled

forward on her knees, fully enveloping herself within Sofia's great bosom, and gasped in awe as Sofia's beautiful pussy filled more and more of her vision.

She was drawing nearer Sofia's dripping center. As she approached, she could feel a powerful heat that seemed to burn away the wet droplets of arousal almost as soon as they

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splashed upon her face. The splattering of Sofia's spurting milk on the floor was still audible behind

her, but more quietly now as the flesh of Sofia's bosom had closed in, muffling the sound.

She was now just inches away from Sofia's gushing pussy. The volume of squirting liquids seemed to increase, splashing great waves of hot arousal across Sofia's legs and Lena's body, the

excess splattering onto the floor. Lena squeezed her eyes shut, opening her mouth and extending

her tongue to catch as much of the sticky liquid as she could. The heat on her face was almost overpowering, and as she leaned ever closer, she knew she was mere moments from tasting Sofia's ambrosia...

At once the hot embrace of Sofia's nethers vanished. Lena felt cool air on her dripping wet skin, making her shiver involuntarily. She opened her eyes to find Sofia a few paces away, standing

now at her full height and smiling down at her.

"Stand and recite your oath," Sofia intoned, speaking once again as the High Priestess.

Lena's eyes widened. Every trainee knew the oath, but to recite it before the High Priestess could only mean—

along the milky floor.

She leapt to her feet, her heart in her throat, almost losing her balance when her foot slipped. Sofia turned slightly, showing her profile. Her milk had calmed its furious spraying from both

nipples, now reduced to occasional thick streams that ran down the vast undersides of her bosom.

Her colossal breasts extended several arm-lengths in front of her, their undersides bouncing together below her knees, but she hardly seemed to notice their weight at all. Lena admired this seemingly effortless demonstration of magical control.

"Whom do you serve?" queried Sofia.

"I serve the kingdom of Sweetwater!" Lena replied, finding her voice and bursting with pride.

"And who speaks for Sweetwater?"

"You do, Most Milky Mistress," said Lena, embellishing with one of Sofia's many formal honorifics.

The High Priestess beamed at her. Lena felt as if she were staring directly into the sun. The allure of Sofia's approval was overpowering.

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"Congratulations, Priestess Lena of Sweetwater," Sofia announced with a flourish.

Lena's heart felt too large for her chest, and a great wave of pride in her homeland washed over her. But there was one thing, she thought, that would make this moment even better.

Sofia paused, pondering at her newest charge, then grinned.

"I know what you desire. Come, Lena," she said, beckoning.

Lena gasped. It couldn't be... she couldn't mean... to do such a thing with the High Priestess herself—

edge of the bed.

Sofia stepped towards the sturdy wooden bed. She turned, the great expanse of her bosom swinging around, and sat on its edge. She made eye contact with Lena, grinning and sliding backwards with her long legs squeezed tightly together, then sat upright with her toes even with the

Her enormous bosom rested heavily on either side of her legs, extending over the edge of the bed. Her great nipples had retained every inch of their tremendous new sizes, waving slowly in

the

air and dripping small spurts of milk onto the stone floor below.

Despite the tantalizing smell of fresh, hot milk, Lena's eyes had fixated elsewhere. She stared directly through Sofia's immense cleavage towards her firm stomach and along her subtly muscular

legs, still pressed tightly together and shining wet with her essence.

Sofia leaned slowly backwards, resting on her elbows, sending great shimmying quakes through her bosom.

couldn't believe—

Lena felt as if time were slowing to a crawl. She fought through her arousal, but she still

Sofia made eye contact with Lena and, ever so slowly, spread her legs. Her feet soon rubbed against the inner walls of her bosom, and she pointed her toes, sliding them further outwards until

each leg slid out of view underneath a huge fleshy breast.

Her beautiful bare pussy came into Lena's sight. It was dripping furiously, spurting her arousal and spreading a large wet spot onto the sheets below.

Sofia grinned, seeing Lena frozen in place, and thought she'd help the poor girl along by stating the obvious.

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"Come, Lena. Give us your pretty pussy," she said quietly.

Lena gasped again. She couldn't believe her good fortune. The most intimate of gestures in Sweetwater society, and to share it with the High Priestess herself? It was beyond her wildest dreams.

She took a halting step forward, then another—

"Remove your armor," Sofia intoned.

Lena paused mid-step to bend over and detach her leggings. She sensed her own arousal starting to drip down her bare legs. She shrugged the tattered remains of her articulating plate

over

her shoulders, leaving it in a messy pile by her feet, and stood fully nude before the High Priestess.

With a hesitant step forward, and another, she found herself enveloped between the outer reaches of Sofia's grand bosom. She turned to the side, lifting one and then the other leg over the

edge of the bed.

She paused there, between Sofia's spread legs, as she felt the burning heat of Sofia's pussy warming her bare skin once again. The towering walls of Sofia's bosom enveloped her, seemingly

channeling the heat from Sofia's center towards her. She felt it first across her arms and legs, then

her breasts and finally her entire being seemed to exalt in her intimate proximity to this stunning

goddess.

weightless on her.

Sofia's.

She lifted her left leg over Sofia's right leg and extended it forward, pushing it beneath Sofia's colossal right breast. For all its staggering expanse, it felt reassuringly warm and somehow

She was so close now. Time seemed to slow further as she slid her right leg under Sofia's left

leg. Her dripping pussy, so obviously betraying her arousal, was now positioned directly above

Lena grabbed at her own bosom, pulling it apart and staring down at their imminent union.

She saw herself now steadily dripping with arousal, which fell a short distance until it was lost among the great volume of liquids gushing from the High Priestess' beautiful bare pussy.

Lena dropped the remaining distance all at once. Their centers finally met with a large wet

slap, which soon gave way to a rhythmic squelching sound. Her hips had started thrusting as if of

their own accord, which made a strange kind of sense in Lena's hazy delirium, as if every other part

of her body were watching her pussy in stunned amazement.

The heat from Sofia's center was nearly overwhelming. Lena felt it caressing her entire body, its warmth spreading to her extremities and elevating her arousal even further. She had never known such heights of pleasure before. Her mind was nearly lost in an aroused haze, and she endeavored merely to preserve their intimacy as long as the High Priestess would allow.

Her bosom felt tense, and she sensed it was still slowly growing, pressing against the inner wall of Sofia's massive right breast. With each rolling thrust of her hips, her nipples rubbed furiously

against the hot flesh of Sofia's breast.

Lena was near the very peak of her arousal, and she felt herself plunging over the edge. She threw her head back in ecstasy, her hips still thrusting her pussy against Sofia's, riding rolling waves of pleasure.

Sofia knew right away that Lena was climaxing all over her. She allowed herself another eye roll; it was rather gauche to orgasm before the High Priestess, especially as a guest in her chambers. This young priestess should have known better and clearly needed a reminder: it was time for the High Priestess to reassert herself.

Lena had finally stopped thrusting, panting and wheezing as her dripping gash settled atop Sofia's, when she felt a rumbling beneath her. Suddenly a massive arcing column of liquid struck

her from beneath, its strength powerful enough to launch her out of Sofia's cleavage into the air.

She landed softly, several feet from the bed atop a large yellow pillow, while the remainder of the

sticky liquid soaked her entire body.

She gasped, sitting straight up. She looked down to her sides, blinking, too surprised by her sudden flight to consider its improbable origins. She soon felt the High Priestess' gaze upon her

and leapt to her feet, standing at attention. She was facing away from the bed, towards one of the

grey stone walls.

Sofia's whisper caressed Lena's ears from behind.

"Very good, Priestess Lena."

Lena grinned to herself, but only for a moment, as she heard the High Priestess adopt a more serious tone.

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"The Order needs you, Lena, for a mission of utmost importance," Sofia intoned.

Lena sensed movement behind her. A series of wet footsteps squelched on the stone floor, drawing ever closer, until the great expanse of Sofia's bosom came into view. The arc of Sofia's right breast moved slowly before her, from dripping nipple to sturdy base, as Lena remained at attention.

The stunning visage of the High Priestess herself, framed by her long amber hair, settled near the center of Lena's vision. Sofia spoke softly, but with an insistent urgency.

"There is a stranger in our lands, Lena. She carries something small but immensely powerful,"

Sofia said. She paused, peering down at Lena's breasts.

"You will know her, for she is blessed much as you are," she continued, glancing back at Lena's crumpled armor near the archway.

"Find her, Lena, and bring her safely to me."

Sofia raised one of her subtly muscular arms and gestured towards the archway.

"Your search begins near our kingdom's northern border. Go now, Priestess Lena."

Lena nodded, almost bursting with pride.

"As you wish, mistress," she said, inclining her head. She turned slowly, striding confidently but cautiously across the milk-slickened floor towards the archway, desiring not to embarrass herself at such a crucial moment—

"Priestess Lena?" called Sofia, her voice again airy and melodious.

Lena froze in place, her bosom quivering in the air before her. At least now, she thought, her breasts had returned to their normal size, and they merely extended beyond her elbows and bounced lazily around her waist. Their weight was somehow reassuring, a beloved aspect of her femininity, even if her throbbing nipples were still betraying her arousal in front of the High Priestess.

"Leave your armor," Sofia called from behind, and Lena gulped.

"See the smithy for a new breastplate before you depart," Sofia said.

Lena visibly relaxed.

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"Yes, mistress," she said, lifting the yellow curtain aside and departing through the archway.

It was nearly midday when Lena passed through the gates of Sweetwater's capital city. She grinned, adjusting a strap on her new silver articulating plate, and walked into the countryside.

(cid:15911)

Lena was cresting a small hill on a winding road in the Sweetwater countryside. She had been lost in thought since leaving the High Priestess, and hadn't noticed the miles passing by until many

hours later as the sun crept towards the horizon. She paused, leaning on her quarterstaff, and breathed deeply as she admired the peaceful bucolic beauty of the open plains around her.

The road had turned east and the sun, low in the sky, was gently warming her back. Several miles back she had detached most of the front of her articulating plate, allowing her great bosom to

breathe freely. An early evening breeze tickled as it ran across her exposed breasts.

A moment later, the dull humming and crackling of the charm around her left nipple indicated its enchantment was still protecting her. Its magic was pleasurable but practical as well, helping to

keep her arousal in check. At least it would allow her the relative luxury of being able to find shelter

for the night before having to contend with her natural abilities.

Suddenly she heard a timid feminine voice calling to her.

“Miss? Are... are you a priestess?”

Lena whirled around, immediately suspicious. She held her quarterstaff at the ready, instinctively holding firm so her huge breasts wouldn’t throw her off-balance.

A young woman was sitting on a large stone boulder just off the path, staring quizzically at her. Lena glanced around — they were alone — and relaxed, cautiously lowering her staff.

“That I am,” she replied, smiling at the girl.

The girl jumped down from her boulder and stepped onto the path, slowly approaching her.

Lena frowned; this was uncannily similar to the test of compassion that the High Priestess had described. Had Sofia somehow predicted this?

“I’ve never met a priestess before,” the girl gasped, her eyes wide.

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“Your armor!” she exclaimed. “That’s an artic... articleat...”

“Articulating plate,” Lena corrected, feeling a wave of affection for the girl. This was her first encounter since leaving Sweetwater’s capital city and she couldn’t help herself, embellishing further.

“It’s my breasts, you see,” she smiled. “They get bigger when I get... excited, just as I’m sure yours do. This plate grows with me, in a way, helping me stay focused in battle.”

The girl was now just a few feet away. Her grubby tunic was streaked with dirt and clearly far too small for her sizable chest, which Lena could now see starting to grow with the girl’s obvious arousal. A number of sizable holes in her tattered shirt gave Lena’s peering eyes a tantalizing glimpse of the girl’s firm breasts swelling steadily larger.

It was uncultured for a girl to let her breasts grow uncontrollably, so most women in polite Sweetwater society tended not to leave home without the nullifying magic of a breast charm clamped around their nipple.

Here in the countryside, though, Lena realized that there probably weren't many breast charms to go around. The girl certainly didn't seem to realize her own embarrassment, instead staring openly at Lena's chest as she drew closer.

Lena arched her back, an elaborate gesture that had the effect of thrusting her exposed breasts towards the girl in a traditional greeting.

"What's your name?" Lena asked.

"Oh my!" the girl marveled, lost in admiration as she cast her eyes over Lena, before remembering her manners.

"I'm Mira," she said, pausing right in front of Lena.

"I am pleased to meet you, sister Mira," Lena smiled. She took a step forward, pressing her huge chest into Mira's. She could feel the younger girl's smaller chest swelling larger against her

own. The rough fabric of her tunic felt delectable against Lena's naked nipples.

Mira wobbled on her feet, looking nearly overwhelmed. After a moment she seemed to recover, throwing her arms around Lena and embracing her tightly, crushing their chests together.

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Lena gasped from the sudden embrace, feeling an especially powerful wave of arousal shuddering through herself. There was something else, too: a familiar sensation around her left nipple, almost as if she had—

a few minutes ago."

"You know," Mira said quickly, "Another girl with huge breasts like yours passed this way only
Lena's eyes widened in surprise, but not from the sudden touch. She had only ever seen the priestesses of the Order to have bosoms quite as large as her own. What could have drawn one of

them all the way out here? And there was something that Sofia had told her...

"She was wearing these strange blue robes," Mira was almost babbling, still squeezing her

arms around Lena's breasts and resting her head on the shelf of Lena's bosom.

"Her chest was soaking wet, though. Maybe she fell in a river?" Mira pondered innocently.

Lena reached out with both hands, grasping Mira's breasts to return her friendly greeting. Her gentle grip was too much for Mira's tattered tunic, though, and with a large ripping noise a great gaping hole opened in the fabric, exposing much of the girl's left breast.

Lena chuckled; the girl had clearly been in need of some attention, but now wasn't the time to indulge herself. Not when she sensed her quarry to be so close.

"Did you see where she went?" she queried.

Mira nodded eagerly.

"There's an inn just up the road from here," she said, pointing, then frowning as Lena had already started walking away. Lena spun around, walking backwards for a few paces, and smiled

back at her.

"Thank you Mira, but I must be along. May we meet again soon," she called with a smile, turning towards the small inn coming into view just down the road.

(cid:15911)

Amie blinked. She found herself reclining with Kat in the gardens just outside the Scholar's Guild, both girls nude atop their discarded robes. She shivered as an early evening breeze tickled

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her bare skin, then winced when she felt the insistent throbbing pressure in her chest returning. She'd never felt this full before.

She turned towards her friend. Kat was giggling, her eyes sparkling with delight, leaning in for a kiss. Amie instinctively met her lips, opening wide only to receive a flood of liquid from Kat's mouth into hers. She immediately recognized the taste: it was her own milk, playfully fed back to

her by her lover.

They separated and Kat leaned back, laughing, as Amie struggled to swallow the unexpected mouthful of her own delicious bounty. If anything, it seemed only to make the insistent pressure in

her bosom all the more acute.

Kat was again mouthing words at her, her beautiful features flushed and her fiery red hair soaked through and dripping with milk. Amie squinted at her.

Within you. What did it mean? The sound of rushing water had returned, now nearly deafening in Amie's ears, and she couldn't hear herself think.

She sat back on the grass, feeling frustrated and confused, and gazed upwards.

Suddenly in the sky, a towering pair of slender feminine thighs were blocking out the sun.

Amie's vision was filled by a giant, stunningly beautiful, and furiously dripping pussy. It was framed

by two enormous elastic straps attached to a small cloth waistband, a most peculiar undergarment

that failed to cover much of anything at all.

Great rivers of translucent liquid were gushing from the giant pussy down both towering legs.

Amie's mind reeled. The strange panties, that amazingly wet pussy – it was all somehow familiar,

on the very tip of her tongue.

A flash of insight cut through her hazy mind.

"JESSA!" she yelled with all her might, but couldn't hear herself making any sound.

Far above in the sky, Jessa's enormous pussy lips slowly parted. A roaring ocean of translucent liquid emerged, arcing to bear down directly at Amie. The crescendo of rushing liquid in

her ears was nearly overwhelming.

She reeled with a stunned realization: she wasn't here in the gardens, or in Kat's room, or anywhere else at the Guild. No, she was in her rented room in the Sweetwater countryside, with Jessa and...

"KARA!" she yelled, but she could hear nothing over the rush of Jessa's squirt tsunami barreling towards her.

Her mind was racing. What had Kat been trying to tell her?

She blinked and saw the wooden slats in the ceiling of her room. A flash of yellow light, the magical discharge from her charm, was slowly fading.

Everything came rushing back to her. She knew she was facing the unpredictable magic of her liquid charm, now doubled on account of Kara and Jessa having touched it at the same time.

This kind of arcane quandary would be of great interest to the mistress scholars of the Guild, who might study it for weeks alongside numerous other texts from the Great Library before making

their recommendation.

But there was no time for study. She had to act now. Suddenly she knew what she had to do, and she felt a rush of magical potential welling up within her.

She opened her mouth.

(cid:15911)

Lena stood outside the inn's doorway, frowning. She could see the dull flicker of candlelight through the windows, but the building was otherwise quiet. She breathed deeply and pressed her

quarterstaff against the outer door, which swung inwards with a loud creak.

She stepped inside the inn's common room, her quarterstaff still at the ready, to find herself alone. The insulating stone walls were effectively muffling the early evening bird calls from outside,

and an uneasy silence fell as she paced further into the room, then into a short hallway.

Small puddles of white-colored liquid dotted the hallway. She stepped carefully around a few of them, but there was a scent in the air that suddenly reminded her of the High Priestess' chambers. She paused, kneeling down near one of the larger puddles and sniffing it cautiously. It

was definitely familiar.

She untied a small silver vial from a pouch on her belt. She unstopped it, at once drinking its entire contents. It was her last reserves of High Priestess Sofia's breast milk, a special reagent for

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her journey. It felt wonderful as it slid down her throat, although somehow not as divine as she remembered it when she drank directly from Sofia's nipples earlier that morning.

Dipping a finger in the milky puddle, she brought it to her lips, her mouth open wide... but there was a momentary flash of brilliant yellow light that filled her vision.

The light was gone in an instant. Lena knew at once that a powerful magical discharge had occurred nearby. Waves of arcane energy impacted the breast charm clamped around her left nipple, and she felt a pleasurable warmth spread throughout her breasts.

She stood and continued to the end of the hall, coming to stand before a large wooden door mounted on a sliding rail. She heard a faint splashing noise, and saw the door swaying slowly on its

rail from the impact of what sounded like a large volume of liquid. A moment later, a steady river of

translucent liquid flowed under the door and pooled between her feet.

Her heart was pounding, but this still didn't make any sense to her. The priestesses of Sweetwater always sought to use their gifts for the good of their kingdom. What business could one

of them have all the way out here?

Another series of wet splatters impacted the other side of the door. The flow of liquid under the door increased, spreading across much of the hallway behind her.

She stepped around the mysterious liquid and slid the door partially open. She carefully squeezed her huge chest through the narrow space to enter the room, then stopped in her tracks,

stunned at the scene before her.

A young woman was resting on her back near the edge of a large bed. Her brown curls were soaking wet, falling over the edge of the bed and pooling on the stone floor below, dripping a small

stream down the inclined floor towards a small drain near the center of the room.

She was being repeatedly doused by a great jets of liquid from a furiously squirting pussy just above her face. Her eyes were squeezed shut but her mouth was wide open, and she seemed to be doing her utmost to swallow as much of the spurting liquid as she could.

A pair of slender legs were straddling her head, quivering with each gushing squirt of liquid.

Their owner, another young woman, had her head tilted back, her long blonde hair matted and damp with her exertions. The blonde's huge breasts bobbed and swung in the hair, a huge shelf above the brunette between her legs.

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On the bed behind the blonde, a third young woman with short, dark hair was on her knees.

Her legs were straddling one of the outstretched legs of the curly-haired girl beneath her. She was

rapidly thrusting her hips, rubbing her gushing pussy on the girl's knee. Her own huge breasts were

squeezed against the back of the blonde in front of her, thrusting them upwards until they reached

just below her chin level. She gently rest her chin on the top of her own huge left breast, sighing happily as she continued to rub her pussy all over the leg below her.

There was an almost constant splattering noise. Lena saw that the blonde girl's pussy was squirting in greater volumes than she'd ever seen. The blonde was panting and wheezing for a moment between each blast, and each thunderous jet seemed larger than the last. The brunette between her legs was still swallowing great mouthfuls of it, but most of it arced across the angled

stone floor, the excess splashing down towards the drain in the center of the room.

Lena looked down to see most of her own body dripping wet with the blonde girl's incredibly

prolific liquids. She felt her arousal building. Her breasts shuddered and became warm, then suddenly lurched larger from a great wave of growth.

She was taken aback, blinking rapidly. Her breast charm was meant to prevent exactly this type of runaway growth—

Her great chest heaved again, straining forwards against her articulating plate. There should have been a telltale crackling from the magic of her breast charm counteracting her natural growth,

but she could feel only her own building arousal spreading throughout her swelling breasts. Her armor lurched in complaint, and with a final creaking sigh it gave way, torn asunder by the incredible growth of Lena's breasts. Lena cursed to herself; this was the second armor her unruly

breasts had ruined in as many days.

The blonde girl's squirting was becoming relentless now. One of its jets impacted nearby, and Lena felt her entire front soak through when the liquids splashed across her warming skin. This seemed to prompt another great burst of breast growth, and her breasts thundered forward. Her armor hung loosely from her shoulders, her enormous breasts now exposed to the cool air.

Lena felt her nipples straining against the breast charm clamped around her nipple. Her thickening teats eventually proved too much for it, and she felt a sudden release as it sprang from

her nipple, followed by a metallic clang as it clattered on the stone floor near her feet.

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Priestess Lena at the inn

by Boobdollz

Looking down, she saw it floating past in one of the smaller rivers of the blonde girl's torrential squirt. She leaned over, almost losing her balance as her fully unconstrained bosom swung heavily

to the side, and picked it up.

She peered closely at it: it was an obvious fake, confirming her suspicions.

Mira! That country girl on the winding path had embraced her suddenly, and she had felt a great heave in her chest at just that moment. She thought it was only her own surprise, but she realized now that it must have been Mira's quick fingers, swiping her breast charm from around her

exposed nipple and replacing it with this poor facsimile. She had some nerve, Lena thought—"M...Miss! Are you a priestess?"

Lena felt a sudden shock cutting through the foggy haze of her arousal: it was the third time she had heard that question today. The blonde girl was staring at her with pleading eyes, which then squeezed shut when her pussy released another colossal gush of liquids.

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The dark-haired girl behind her had stopped thrusting her hips, but was still resting her pussy on the girl's leg below her. A great splashing of liquids from between her legs revealed that she too

was squirting uncontrollably, but in nowhere near the same volume as the blonde girl. She seemed

more in control of her faculties despite her situation, turning her head to regard Lena.

"Madam Priestess!" she exclaimed. "Get Jessa's breast charm. Right there!"

She extended her arm, pointing near Lena's feet. Lena looked down to see a second breast charm nearby on the wet stone floor, sliding lazily on one of the smaller rivers of Jessa's gushing squirt.

"Miss! There's something happening to me..." Jessa managed to say, before losing herself in a long moan as another thunderous squirt doused most of the room. A great ocean of liquid splashed across the floor, running swiftly down the incline and down the drain.

Lena sensed her priestess training unconsciously guiding her. Her arousal simmered, once again under her control, and she leapt to action. She kneeled, tossing the fake charm aside and scooping the other one from the floor in a single movement. She rose to her feet, stepping quickly

across the wet floor towards the trio on the bed.

She held her arm forward, the charm in her outstretched hand, but her own huge chest had swollen even beyond her arm-span. Her throbbing nipple suddenly impacted the side of the blonde

girl's breast, making Lena bite her lip from the sensation. She twisted to the side, aligning herself

shoulder-to-shoulder with Jessa, and at last clamped the charm around the blonde's thick nipple.

At once the thunderous squirting ceased. Jessa's pussy was still furiously dribbling its liquids, but now merely in small rivers that splashed across the neck of the girl between her legs and ran to

the sides, soaking through the bed sheets to the floor below.

Behind her on the bed, the short-haired girl sighed with relief, her own squirting reducing as if in sympathy, her climax finally calming.

"Thank you, miss. Jessa has always been exceptionally wet, but I've never seen her like this," she said, still panting heavily from her exertions.

She extended a hand and Lena smiled, reaching out to grasp it in hers, but the dark-haired girl kept reaching upwards, wrapping around Lena's shoulders and pulling her close. Their lips met

urgently. Lena knew that it was important to respect local traditions, and she grinned, losing herself

in their embrace.

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The girl had clearly wanted to make a generous demonstration of her appreciation and affection, slurping Lena's tongue into her mouth. Lena allowed herself to enjoy her tongue being sucked by this stunning brunette. At length they caressed each others' lips, until finally separating,

leaving them both breathing heavily.

"I'm Kara," the girl said.

the girl underneath them on the bed.

“We were just pampering our most honored guest,” she continued, gesturing downwards at
“But something wonderful happened. Madam? Do you know what it was?” she continued, now
addressing the girl who had been bathing in Kara and Jessa’s combined liquids.

The girl beneath them was squirming, and Kara and Jessa reluctantly lifted their legs, allowing
her to roll to the side and finally stand upright near the edge of the bed.

Her dark hair was a soaked mess, her arms and back still dripping Jessa’s arousal. She didn’t
seem to mind it and straightened up, thrusting her sizable chest forwards with pride, even if at
this

moment it was nowhere near as large as any of the other three girls’ bosoms. She had slender
arms and legs and carried herself with a steady, assured grace. She was stunningly beautiful,
leaving Lena at a loss for words, but there was something amiss...

Lena frowned, thinking it somewhat suspicious that this girl’s breasts didn’t seem to have
grown at all in the last few minutes. Surely any woman of Sweetwater would have demonstrated
at

least some swelling in such a circumstance, she thought, especially given how much of Jessa’s
squirting this girl had swallowed.

Lena felt her blood run cold. Unless she wasn’t a woman of Sweetwater at all—

As if to confirm her suspicions, small droplets of white liquid suddenly appeared around the
girl’s nipples. Lena felt her breath catch in her throat. A stunning realization swept over her: this
must be the stranger that Sofia had meant her to find. But what of the powerful item she
carried?

Then she saw it: a small silver charm dangling on a chain resting gently in the girl’s cleavage.

The girl caught her staring, clearing her throat.

“Thank you, miss. I’m Amie,” she said, smiling.

Lena saw Kara and Jessa taking note of this as well, as if it were the first time they’d heard
her name. They didn’t have time to embrace in a traditional Sweetwater greeting, though, as
Jessa

suddenly let out a low moan, followed a moment later by Kara. They both fell backwards onto the

bed, writhing on the soaked bedsheets, gasping and moaning.

“It’s my charm’s magic! They are under its effects,” Amie whispered urgently, glancing at Lena.

Kara and Jessa’s breasts were surging larger with great waves of growth. Extending into the air above the bed, four great peaks remained magically firm and taut despite rising beyond each of

their arm-spans, yet still they grew. They were larger now even than Lena’s massive chest, and after another several minutes they at last seemed to stop growing, their grand forms bumping lazily

into each other.

A single trickle of white liquid ran down the underside of Jessa’s towering right breast. Soon

there was a steady splattering noise as both of her teats unleashed several small streams of milk

onto the stone floor. A moment later both of Kara’s nipples followed suit, the combined streams from all four teats spurting continuously, seemingly without end.

Amie felt the new rivers of Kara and Jessa’s milk joining with her own, still dripping from her nipples, combining into a gentle river of warmth that felt wonderful on her bare feet. It slid down the

angled floor past her and flowed down the drain near the center of the room.

She giggled, drawing Lena’s attention, and their eyes met.

“What happened to them?” Lena asked, her eyes wide with wonder. She had only known the High Priestess herself to demonstrate such incredible spontaneous growth.

Amie took a few steps forward, placing her bare chest underneath one of the streams of

“You know,” she said, twisting her shoulders to cover her breasts in Jessa’s milk, “I’m not

She took a step back from her milky shower, using both hands to spread Jessa’s milk from her own breasts across the rest of her body. Her slender arms and legs and her firm abdomen were soon covered in a fine sheen of milk.

"I haven't had a chance to bathe since arriving in Sweetwater," she grinned, enjoying Lena
It had been quite a long day for Lena. Her own arousal, tinged with exhaustion, finally got the
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Jessa's milk.

entirely certain."

watching her.

better of her.

"I've been looking for you, Madam, and I am glad I arrived when I did," Lena said, gesturing
with her arm towards the four enormous breasts on the bed still spurting milk onto the floor
nearby.

Amie grinned widely at her. Lena felt her insides warming and her knees becoming weak
under the gaze of this beautiful girl. It was nearly as intoxicating, she thought, as she had felt
from

the affections of the High Priestess.

Lena wobbled on her feet and almost immediately felt a presence at her side. Her arm was
soon wrapped around Amie's shoulder, and she felt herself being led to the large bed nearby.
She

was reclining, then lying down on her side, the great shelf of her unbound breasts hanging lazily
over the side of the bed. She closed her eyes, soon falling into a deep contented slumber.

The sun had set, leaving the room illuminated only by the dim flicker of candlelight.

Amie swept her eyes over the six enormous breasts somehow supported by the impressively
sturdy bed. Kara, Jessa, and the priestess were all dozing quietly, although Amie noted with
interest

that Kara and Jessa's nipples were still slowly exuding milk. They were continuously spraying
their

nectar gently down to the floor below, with some excess running down the undersides of their
magically buoyant breasts. Their towering shapes still bobbed slowly in the air above the bed.

She climbed on the bed, lying on her back and nestling her head between Jessa's legs. The

wall of Jessa's right breast towered into the air just next to her, and she turned her head, licking along the side of Jessa's breast and slurping a falling stream of Jessa's hot milk into her mouth. She swallowed luxuriously, sighing. She didn't understand how she had consumed so much of Jessa's squirt. Even now she still felt a curious sensation within her body. It felt peculiar, but warm and powerful, not too unlike the way she felt when experimenting with magic alongside her

Guild sisters. She wished Mistress Yvette were here to guide her.

Her thoughts drifted to Sister Katryn, and sleep overcame her.

(cid:15911)

The morning sun shone brightly through the inn's windows. Amie stirred, yawning, and stumbled to her feet next to the bed. Her toes soon felt delightfully warm, as the floor was still wet

with fresh milk.

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Kara and Jessa were dozing on the bed, their great bosoms still bouncing and swaying as they lazily spurted streams of milk onto the floor nearby. Amie's eyes widened; had they been milking all through the night?

Amie saw the priestess stretching in the nude on the floor nearby. The priestess' huge breasts had receded, although even at their resting size they rivaled Amie's, even while Amie was fully burdened with milk.

A dull throbbing in her chest alerted Amie to a more immediate need. Her breasts had filled overnight with a fresh load of her delicious milk, and while usually she would rely on Sister Katryn

or her roommate Olivia to ease her burden, she found herself momentarily at a loss.

She placed one arm under each of her milky breasts, lifting them gently in offering, her eyes pleading as she addressed the priestess.

"Miss? Could you...?"

The priestess released her pose, turning to Amie and smiling. She said nothing, rising to her knees, and Amie stepped close, her teats at the priestess' eye level.

She felt her left nipple enveloped by a warm mouth. Sighing, she relaxed, her milky burden flowing with ease as the priestess gulped and swallowed with a long series of mouthfuls. Amie stood idly for many minutes as her milk was drained, her breath catching as she sighed happily. She'd fallen into another one of her aroused dazes, and at long last she belatedly realized that both of her breasts had been expertly milked. She felt a presence nearby, realizing that the priestess was standing close to her, pressing her own huge breasts into Amie's.

Amie grinned, allowing the priestess to express her gratitude in what she now recognized to be a traditional Sweetwater greeting. She closed her eyes and their lips met. Amie thrilled at the instantly recognizable taste of her own milk on the priestess' lips. They kissed gently and languidly,

and only after Amie sighed in content did the priestess pull away, regarding her closely.

"I was sent to find you, Amie," Lena whispered.

Amie quirked an eyebrow. She was still uncertain what Mistress Yvette had meant for her to find in Sweetwater, and this seemed to be as good a lead as any.

"My mistress can help with your... magic," Lena said.

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"And she can help them too," she added, gesturing at the four towering breasts on the bed.

They helped Kara and Jessa to wake, and all four girls were surprised to discover that despite the incredible size of Kara and Jessa's breasts, which had not become any smaller in the night and

still extended below each of their knees, they seemed to have little difficulty bearing the new weight.

their own.

Jessa had quickly embraced her new condition. She was seemingly unable to keep her hands from squeezing the great expanse of her breasts or sliding along her dripping pussy, and even

the

stunning power of one of Kara's eye rolls seemed to inspire no shame in her. Kara, for her part, reluctantly agreed that without some assistance, they'd certainly have trouble running the inn on

"It is only a few miles to the capital city," Lena said, trying to bolster Kara's spirits.

She slid in close, wrapping Kara's arm around her shoulder and motioning towards Amie to do the same with Jessa.

"And we will help you with this burden," she said, grinning.

By mid-morning they had set out upon the road. Amie had donned her light blue scholar's robes, although they could only improvise a covering for Kara and Jessa using most of the bedsheets. Amie grinned, her arm wrapped around Jessa's shoulders as they brought up the rear.

Lena was in front, guiding them even as she helped Kara with her own sheet-wrapped bosom. Some compromises had to be made, though, and Kara and Jessa's great nipples remained exposed, still lazily spurting milk seemingly without end onto the ground below as they walked. Lena bore the remnants of her battle armor, which hung loosely from her shoulders, leaving her own huge chest mostly exposed.

They made their way to the west. The miles passed easily for Kara and Jessa, thanks to the loving support of their new friends. As the sun drew near its highest point in the sky, the great portcullis of Sweetwater's capital city came into their view.

"We're nearly there now, girls," said Lena, her arm still around Kara's shoulder. Kara was whimpering, her huge breasts bouncing together around her waist and still spurting a continuous

stream of milk on the ground before her.

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Behind them, Amie grinned at Jessa next to her, leaning in and kissing Jessa's cheek. Jessa giggled, her own bosom bouncing around her knees as it too was spraying a seemingly endless

volume of milk.

Lena turned her head, gazing over her shoulder directly at Amie.

“The High Priestess is expecting us.”

...to be continued?

35

Amie's Charm

by purplish [email - comments welcome!]

Amie, a traveling apprentice of the Scholar's Guild, is visited by two farm girls.

(For adult eyes only. FF/F, magic, lactation, breast expansion. All characters are 18+)

I. The Drain

Amie turned to close the wooden door to her rented room. As a traveling apprentice of the Scholar's Guild she often made do with the barest accommodations; this backwater country inn was certainly no exception. The door was mounted on a sliding rail, unusual in her travels but stirring fond memories of a dairy farm near the Guild where she'd sometimes wander in her free time. She smiled as the door slid closed with a satisfying *thunk* and turned to face her room. Immediately she noticed that the stone floor was of peculiar construction, angling down from all four corners towards a small drain in the center of the room. Atop a small table next to a generously-sized bed, she spotted a familiar-looking large metal bucket. Despite her curiosity, she

couldn't give her room much more thought, as a distracting pressure in her bosom had been building for hours into a more urgent problem. Two problems, really.

The roads in this remote southern kingdom had been treacherous and slick with rain, so she had not stopped even once to relieve herself since that morn. Her needy breasts now almost demanded her attention, swollen with nearly a full day's burden of her delicious milk. She paced gingerly towards a full-length mirror mounted near the bed, taking the last few steps very slowly, her

huge sensitive bosom bouncing lazily in her robe around her waist.

She sat on the edge of the bed to kick off her boots, then stood in her bare feet facing the mirror. Her milk-swollen breasts dominated her torso, entirely obscuring her hips and waist in her

reflection. She grasped at the small silver charm dangling on a necklace just above her cleavage.

(cid:15911)

1

One week earlier, she had been sitting in the front row of Mistress Yvette's lecture hall. She had developed a special affection for Yvette, whom she had long considered to be her favorite among the mistress scholars, and today she had been teasing her mistress by allowing her robe to

fall open during class. She would wait to capture the mistress' lascivious gaze, then slowly cross and uncross her long stocking-clad legs.

After the lecture had ended, Mistress Yvette, looking flushed, had pointed to a small tear in Amie's stockings that revealed her bare skin – "Most unbecoming of an aspiring scholar," the mistress had intoned – and demanded she accompany her to her private chambers.

Some time later, a sweaty and unkempt-looking Amie had staggered out of the mistress' chambers with a few more holes in her stockings, much less milk in her breasts, and an unusual gift. The mistress had insistently pressed into her hands a bundle of cloth, which she had slowly unwrapped to reveal a small silver charm. The mistress had told her only that it contained powerful

magic and urged her to bring it along on her travels, that she must keep it on her person at all times, and she mustn't allow anyone else to touch it.

But there must have been something else, she recalled.

"There's something else," Mistress Yvette had said as Amie was leaving her chambers. "This is the liquid charm. Seek the glory of its wetness in the kingdom of Sweetwater."

(cid:15911)

Amie bit her lower lip to quiet herself. She almost fully extended her arms, her fingertips now

hovering just above the plainly obvious points of her erected nipples in the chest of her scholar's

robe. She grasped both turgid teats, thrilled at their hot firmness and immense size and how sublime they felt in her hands even through the soft fabric.

Suddenly the lower third of the mirror was covered with a fine spray of milky whiteness. Her knees shuddered at the delirious sensation of her uncontrolled lactation, amazed at the incredible

pressure of her milk spraying through the fabric. She exerted no small degree of mental focus to regain control, her milky spray slowing to a trickle that continued to stain the inside of her robe. She

flushed at the feel of hot milk dripping down her sensitive bare skin. Not yet, girls, she thought, but

I'm nearly at my limit!

2

She frowned at herself in an unsoiled part of the mirror. The small silver charm on her necklace sparkled in the dim candlelight. Her brown curls tumbled down below her shoulders and

her light blue robes indicated her rank and status as an apprentice of the Scholar's Guild. Her robes had clearly been intended for a much more petite girl, though, and on her busty figure the cloth didn't even extend as far as her knees, leaving her toned calves and thighs mostly exposed.

Not that she'd inspire much scholarly respect right now with such embarrassingly large wet spots around her nipples, and showing so much leg too, she thought. Her frown slowly turned to a

smile. If only Sister Katryn could see me now!

She knew this to be her unique milky affliction. Despite the occasional burden, she couldn't help but admit she loved her milk and the carnal need it seemed to inspire in others. Even the mistress scholars of the Guild couldn't seem to help themselves around her, but she could still sense their disapproval, for her marvelously prolific milk was a mystery they could not explain

by

citing a passage from one of the tomes in the Great Library.

She beamed with pride knowing that even the Grand Archivist herself couldn't measure up to the stupendous size of Amie's milk-swollen breasts, which could project nearly to her hands with arms outstretched and hang below her waist when engorged as much as she knew herself to be at present.

Her fellow apprentices, for their part, envied the outsize attention rendered upon her even as they found it hard to resist her generous spirit, loving touch, and her more personal charms. She had spent many nights at the Guild enthusiastically sharing her gifts with the younger girls as they tried to induce similar effects in themselves, often with her hot milk as the principal ingredient of

some magical cantrip. She was happy to oblige those efforts and indulge herself at the same time,

for there was little she enjoyed more than easing her milky burden while sharing with a girl at her

dripping nipples.

Lost in her own reflection in the mirror, she fondly recalled one such night at the Guild only one week prior, on the eve of her departure to the southern kingdom of Sweetwater.

(cid:15911)

3

Sister Katryn, a first-year scholar with fiery red hair who within her first week at the Guild became quite smitten with Amie, had been reclining next to Amie in the gardens just outside the

Guild. Atop their discarded robes, the two girls shivered together for a moment from the gentle lick

of an early evening breeze across their nude bodies. Kat was sucking noisily at Amie's right nipple,

and she could see only the top of Kat's beautiful red curls over the generous curve of her swollen

breast.

Kat gulped and swallowed Amie's delicious milk for long idle minutes, now and then taking short breaks to leave quick loving kisses all around Amie's chest. Amie's substantial breasts were

gradually covered in a fine sheen of their own effusive production.

She reveled in sharing such intimate closeness with the younger girl.

"You're so beautiful, Kat! I love your mouth on my nipples." She used both hands to squeeze a small area of her huge right breast and heard Kat's surprised moan around her teat, briefly overwhelmed by the sudden increase in flow.

She couldn't help but chuckle. "Drink all you like, my sweet Kat," she gushed. "There's so much and it's all for you."

Kat was always such a generous lover, and on this occasion she clearly felt the need to demonstrate her thanks to Amie even as she expressed Amie's delicious milk.

Kat had started slowly but firmly twisting her shoulders even as she continued to suckle on Amie's nipple, sliding her own not insubstantial bosom back and forth across her girlfriend's nude

abdomen and groin. Amie couldn't help but giggle as Kat's hardened nubs tickled her just so, then

moaned with the raw erotic sensuality of feeling them drag across her bare pussy.

Kat's nipples had always been extremely pronounced, quick to harden and often betraying her arousal at the most inopportune moments. Her unruly nubs towered above her breasts, slippery with Amie's milk. Her teats had become intimately familiar to Amie, objects of fascination to her loving hands and mouth. She knew just where Amie wanted her, and she shifted her weight to achieve one of their favorite positions together.

"Oh, Kat!" Amie wailed. Kat's teat had suddenly found itself trapped between the folds of Amie's pussy. Amie thrilled at the sensation, feeling a cloudy haze of arousal blanket her mind.

Amie urged her on, whispering, "Yes! Give me your nipple! I want it in my pussy!"

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Kat grinned to herself around Amie's nipple in her mouth and twisted, leaned, and shuffled forward until she had slipped her teat firmly inside Amie's pussy. She moved both hands below her

breasts, lifting and rubbing one nipple along the inside of Amie's bare thigh and the other in lazy circles up and down Amie's lower lips. Her spectacularly erect teats were lubricated by a heady mixture of Amie's milk and the juicy production of Amie's pussy, dripping along her breasts and down her body.

Several long minutes later Kat had raised her head from Amie's right nipple, her red hair damp and matted with Amie's milk and their shared exertions. Amie's mind was foggy with arousal

and it took her a few moments to realize that Kat was leaning in close, looking expectantly at her

with a curious close-lipped smile. A small rivulet of milk escaped Kat's lips, running down her chin

and dropping onto the expanse of Amie's breasts, splattering little white droplets onto them both.

Amie sighed, blinking slowly in her aroused daze, then smiled back at her friend.

"Kat my love -" she started, but Kat had at once pressed her lips to Amie's. Kat parted her lips and flooded Amie's mouth with her own milk. Amie never seemed to tire of the taste, and she happily shared a long loving kiss with Kat, passing the milk back and forth until they had swallowed

her bounty between them.

Amie felt a moment of great affection for her friend and inserted her tongue deep into Kat's mouth, feeling Kat sucking and releasing it in much the same way she had so lovingly sucked on Amie's nipple only moments before. Amie thrilled as she reciprocated, wrapping her lips around Kat's tongue and happily sucking it into her own mouth as their shared passions grew ever more

intense.

on her chest.

Amie found herself staring lovingly into Kat's dark green eyes even as their tongues continued to writhe together in a sloppy kiss. She was in a happy daze, her mind in the clouds; something about sharing her gifts with someone close to her made her feel all tingly and woozy. She was distracted by the younger girl's beauty and didn't notice at first that Kat was reaching for something

Suddenly, a biting sense of dread made her snap back to reality.

Looking down with surprise, she yelled "Kat, NO!" and recoiled, but it was too late - Kat had grasped between her fingers the small charm on Amie's silver necklace.

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A sudden flash of yellow light emerged from between Kat's probing fingers and a powerful magical discharge knocked them both flat on the ground. Amie leapt to her knees and nearly fell on

top of Katryn, finding the younger girl uninjured but shellshocked. A faint crackling of static electricity in her ears confirmed that the charm's magic had taken hold of Kat. She could see now

why the charm had come with Mistress Yvette's warning.

She felt a chill but not from the early evening breeze, nor from the rapidly cooling saliva all over her milky breasts. It was almost as if the heat was being drawn out of the air all around her...

but to where? She reached out and gently rubbed the side of one of Kat's supple teats, feeling small jolts of electric potential leaping from Kat's skin to hers, and eliciting a low moan from Kat.

She pondered for a moment. Could this be part of the charm's magic?

Kat blinked rapidly, breathing heavily, as she felt a curious pleasurable sensation in her chest.

Both girls watched in amazement as her immense nipples stretched fully erect, then lengthened even further beyond their previous maximum size, and Amie knew the charm's magic was pulsing

through them.

Kat's rosy pink nipples stretched, engorged hot and taut, until they had achieved a stupendous new length, poking more than two inches into the air above her breasts. Amie was shocked at the size contrast from only a moment earlier, observing that those huge teats seemed

out of place on her chest - they clearly belonged on the breasts of a much larger girl.

Kat gasped, "Amie, it feels so good!" and Amie couldn't resist, leaning in to lick along one of her girlfriend's newly-grown nips from base to tip, seeing Kat shiver in response.

Kat was looking rapidly between her own surging chest and Amie, her eyes pleading.

"Amie, what's happening to... to my breasts?" Kat bit her lower lip, riding waves of magical ecstasy.

Amie's eyes widened as Kat's breasts began to swell larger, gradually spreading to cover the reclining girl's nude midriff and stomach, but remaining magically perky and firm despite their incredible masses. Kat was clearly overwhelmed with magical pleasure and Amie watched her as

she squirmed in delight, occasionally helping her along by licking along her swelling breast.

Barely a minute later, Kat's chest had matched, then surpassed, the size of Amie's milk-swollen mammaries. Her new breasts seemed to defy gravity, stretching upwards into the evening

sky, towering impossibly tall above her. Amie smiled at Kat over the sizable hills of her own milky

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bosom, then leaned in close to press their chests tightly together. The chilly evening air around them now felt much warmer.

Amie pondered, twisting the small charm on her necklace between her delicate fingers.

Mistress Yvette had told her that the charm's effects were only temporary, but not so temporary that

Kat wouldn't have time to enjoy its effects for at least a day, even if that would be after Amie's

early

departure the next morning. She bent over to brush Kat's sweaty, milk-sogged hair out of her pretty

face and saw a contented smile on her lips, then leaned in to plant a small wet kiss on her mouth.

A minute later they were holding hands, giggling as they ran through the halls of the Guild towards the dormitory, their scholarly robes wrapped haphazardly around their expansive bosoms.

The weight and bulk of her breasts was new to Kat, but with Amie's loving assistance and firm grip,

she had returned safely to her room. Kat seemed to fall asleep moments after her head hit her pillow.

"Rest well, Kat my love," sighed Amie. "Dream of large women."

She had refastened her robes closed around her still swollen breasts, bouncing and straining as she dashed through the dark halls of the Guild. She had to prepare for her departure to the kingdom of Sweetwater the next morning, and she didn't stay long enough to see the tiny white droplets that had appeared on Kat's hugely swollen nipples.

(cid:15911)

Amie had to admit that her milky condition had gotten her out of – and into! – more than one sticky situation in her studies at the Guild. But what good was it, she wondered, if it meant she had

to spend long weeks separated from Katryn and the other scholars on remote assignments? Were

the mistress scholars and the Grand Archivist really so embarrassed by her? What did Mistress Yvette expect her to find here in Sweetwater?

A sudden knock on the wooden door shattered her daydream and made her jump backwards in surprise. She slipped along the milk-slickened floor, falling over herself and ending up in a most

unladylike position on the bed. She immediately sat up straight as a rail, a shot of adrenaline

allowing unusually quick movements despite the massive weight of her engorged breasts, and she

had barely finished calling out “Come in!” when the door quickly slid open.

7

A girl about her own age swept into the room and stared, tilting her head quizzically at Amie lying akimbo on the bed. Amie saw the girl was flushed red, breathing heavily with small beads of

sweat at her brow. Her long legs were almost entirely exposed below a blessedly short skirt, and she noted with interest the girl’s high heeled shoes, held firm to her toes with thin strips of red leather, making echoing clicks on the stone floor as she paced delicately to the foot of the bed.

The girl’s straight brown hair curled slightly inwards at its tips near her shoulders, and her pronounced brown eyebrows gave her a severe, commanding air. Her lips bore some small remnant of a ruby red coloring, but most of it seemed to be smeared haphazardly around her mouth and in great red swaths onto her delicate cheeks, almost as if she had... Amie shook her head.

The girl’s ragged cloth shirt left her arms fully exposed, and Amie thrilled at the sight of her substantial breasts straining against the fabric, each impressive sphere easily outmatching the size

of the girl’s head. The shirt seemed far too small for her, leaving the bottom curves of her breasts

and most of her toned stomach on display under Amie’s rapt gaze. Her eyes ran along the girl’s trim

and subtly muscled body. Amie wondered what kind of labor she performed at the inn in that outfit,

although – for a moment her thoughts drifted to her own swollen breasts – there was one job in particular she had in mind.

She would usually be the one to take the initiative with her Guild sisters, but she now felt strangely subservient, stunned into silence before this dark beauty. The girl blushed and averted

her eyes, looking demurely down at the floor.

Amie was floored by the girl's beauty and found herself searching for words as a familiar foggy arousal clouded her mind. She could feel her milk insistently, involuntarily, inexorably increasing its flow from her thick nipples, her robes now well and truly soaked through with a small

part of her full day's production. Her outstretched arms hefted her milk-swollen chest towards the

girl, struggling to form words, intimidated by the girl and inhibited by her own urgent need even as

she tried to convey it.

answer.

The girl allowed her a few moments of stammering, then smiled and spoke in a quiet voice.

"Does Madam find the accommodations satisfactory?" she queried, but she didn't wait for an
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Her dark brown eyes lowered to Amie's chest and a sudden flash of recognition lit up her features. She stared unabashedly at Amie's breasts, their hugely swollen forms and massively erected nipples now clearly outlined as they strained against the damp fabric of Amie's robe.

The girl smirked at Amie, speaking now more assertively.

"Ah, perhaps Madam would enjoy our famed massages? I promise Madam will find it most... expressive." At this, she quickly and none-too-subtly licked her lips.

Amie followed the girl's eye line down to her own chest and turned bright red with embarrassment. Her hands leapt up to cover her chest but something stuck in her mind – how could this inn, in the middle of nowhere, be famed for anything at all? Why, it must be at least a half

day's travel to Sweetwater's capital city –

"Would Madam allow me to remove her robes?" the girl, no longer panting but still flushed red, tittered in an almost sing-song voice. Amie fought through her own arousal to hear her. She was in

another of her sensual dazes, feeling unable to focus on much beyond the insistent pressure of her

milk and a burning need she now felt in her loins.

Again the girl didn't wait for a reply. Her heels clicked on the stone floor as she stepped to the side of the bed nearest Amie. She took Amie's hand and helped Amie to her feet on the stone floor,

facing Amie towards the open door and taking a position just behind.

Amie moaned as she felt the heat of the girl's firm breasts pressing into her back even through her robes, then flinched as the girl suddenly called out.

"Jessa! Come here at once!" the girl demanded.

Moments later, another girl emerged from the hallway into Amie's room. Jessa stepped quickly, standing directly over the drain in the center of the room and facing towards her, but averted her eyes, looking reservedly down at the floor. Amie wondered why Jessa also seemed to

be panting heavily, her beautiful features flushed.

Jessa curtseyed towards Amie and spoke quietly, but not to her. "Yes, Kara?"

Jessa was dressed very similarly to Kara, Amie observed, with a matching short skirt, long beautiful bare legs, and unusually high heels, on which she seemed unsure and a bit wobbly. Amie

noted with curious interest a familiar-looking red coloring that may have once covered Jessa's lips

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but was now mostly smeared around her mouth. Amie's thoughts drifted for a moment to imagine

what Jessa and Kara had been doing outside her room.

Jessa had long, flowing blonde hair that fell below her shoulders and a grubby work shirt that kept her arms bare like Kara's. A number of holes in her tattered shirt granted Amie's peering eyes

generous views of her big chest. Amie noted with glee that Jessa's fully erected left nipple was

poking gloriously through one such hole at the front of her shirt, while its twin strained in sympathy

against the thin fabric.

A curious metal clasp was gently squeezing around the base of Jessa's big nipple. Amie would later find out that it was a Sweetwater breast charm, helping to direct and control a girl's arousal. Jessa at once unclasped it, tossing it aside. Her pointy teats seemed to shudder in relief,

her abilities now fully unconstrained.

Amie could feel hot breath on her ear as Kara spoke slowly but firmly.

"Jessa, the Madam desires a massage most urgently," Kara intoned.

Amie's eyes fluttered as she rode momentary waves of roaring desire in her loins and felt urgent need in her breasts, but she still had the presence of mind to try and help Jessa along by stating the obvious.

"It's my breast milk," Amie cooed at the younger girl, "I'm positively overflowing!"

Jessa flushed even redder and bit her lip, still averting her eyes, peering now at the ceiling as if to count the wooden slats used in its construction. She twisted slowly back and forth on her long

legs but stood in place, nervously crossing her hands behind her back. Amie grinned as the movement of Jessa's arms pulled her shirt taut across her sizable chest, stretching the holes in the

strained fabric and exposing more of her beautiful skin.

Amie watched as Jessa's exposed nipple lengthened even further. It seemed to Amie that

Jessa's teats were half again as large as Sister Katryn's legendary pair even with the effects of her

charm's magic, or maybe even longer? Amie boggled at the girl's stunning breasty figure.

She felt wobbly and fell back into Kara's welcoming embrace. She was relieved for the

support and thrilled at the sensation of her backside seeming to fit so perfectly against Kara's firm

body. Jessa finally lowered her widening eyes just in time to see the sudden motion make Amie's

breasts bounce most weightily against the straining fabric of her robe.

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Amie heard a gasp and looked up to see Jessa with one hand over her mouth, now staring directly at the voluminous swell of her breasts. Jessa's other hand was clutching at her own left breast through her shirt and Amie watched as she slowly squeezed and released herself, then slid

her hand along it until she had grasped her own exposed left teat between her fingers.

For a moment all three women stood still and the air hung thick and heavy with tension. Jessa was giving quick loving squeezes to her bare nipple as she watched in silence.

Amie's breath caught in her throat as she heard a brief tinny *ping*. It sounded somehow familiar to her, like a droplet of liquid striking a metallic surface.

A distinct *ping-ping* soon followed, then she heard a short *RRRR//PPP* noise like a fabric tearing.

Her mind reeled. Could it be? –

Kara leaned in close and licked slowly along the back of Amie's left ear from bottom to top.

Her knees wobbled from the unexpected wet sensation, and she felt Kara's hot breath on the back

of her neck.

"Jessa! You are positively dripping in front of Madam," Kara chided.

Amie watched the next droplet as it fell from behind Jessa's short skirt down to the metal grate on the floor directly below.

ping

Amie looked up and marveled at Jessa's long, slender legs, now shining with the girl's amazingly voluminous wetness. The red leather straps on her heels had clearly been treated to resist liquids, Amie noted with wonder, as the girl's dripping arousal had beaded together on the

leather atop her toes into small sparkling droplets that reflected the dim candlelight.

Large swells of Jessa's breasts were now exposed through widening holes in her ragged shirt. Amie's mind boggled; hadn't Jessa's chest been much smaller only a minute ago? She racked

her memory for a parchment she had read about the women of Sweetwater. There was something

about what happens when they get aroused...

Mistress Yvette's words rang out in Amie's milk-addled mind, cutting through her arousal: This is the liquid charm. Seek the glory of its wetness in the kingdom of Sweetwater.

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(cid:15911)

Leaving Mistress Yvette's chambers behind, Amie had bounded back to the Guild's dormitory and quietly let herself into her room. Closing the door behind her, she was overwhelmed by a pungent, sticky smell that she immediately recognized as her roommate's unmistakable arousal.

With the dormitory's insulating stone walls blocking out most external sound, she could now hear a

rhythmic, wet-sounding *squelch-squelch* noise and an occasional quick *slap* sound that brought a grin to her face. She knew even before she turned around that Sister Olivia was attending to herself again.

Olivia, a tall girl with beautiful tan skin and long straight brown hair and one of her earliest friends at the Guild, was reclining on their shared bed, fully nude atop her discarded robe. Amie chuckled at the familiar sight of her roommate with her legs spread, furiously rubbing with one hand

at what appeared to be a freshly-shaven pussy.

She saw Olivia's other hand was clutching at and sliding around a large glass jar; she had remembered filling it with her milk earlier that afternoon at Olivia's direction (and enthusiastic assistance). The jar now contained but a few white droplets, though much of its contents

appeared

to have been spilled variously on the bed and on Olivia herself in great slippery rivers that even now ran down her firm stomach and pooled in her navel.

A large parchment was unrolled in a dry spot on the bed next to Olivia. Amie's eyes widened as she immediately recognized it as one of the many historical texts found in the Great Library.

"Olivia! You can't bring that in here! What if the mistresses –" Amie had blurted, but Olivia interrupted her with a crescendoing moan that she knew to be the start of one of Olivia's famously

vocal orgasms.

Olivia was teetering on a knife's edge of pleasure and Amie knew just how she liked to take herself over the edge. Olivia grabbed at her own right foot, folding her long slender leg in close to

her face, and took a short moment to marvel at her wiggling toes, one of the many extensions of

her beautiful femininity that Amie so loved. She licked along the outside of her own delicate heel

and left a wet trail of saliva, then lowered her leg towards her groin until the back of her heel was

resting against her nude pussy.

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Olivia couldn't help but cry out again from the sudden warm sensation of her lower lips sliding against her heel, then grabbed at her ankle, using her hand to start furiously rubbing her heel against her own wet center. Amie rolled her eyes, knowing that Olivia had long enjoyed using her

own sexy feet like this on herself, although she much preferred when they shared their toes with

each other.

Amie looked down, sighing, just in time to see herself struck square in the chest by a voluminous jet of translucent liquid, soaking the fabric across her breasts. She staggered a step

back in shock, then looked up with surprise.

“Olivia! By the Divine Scholar’s teat, what –” she gasped, but was again interrupted by another epic squirt from Olivia, this one filling her open mouth, drenching her face, and matting the

thick brown curls of her hair.

She leapt into action, hurriedly shedding her robe and tossing it aside, anticipating the sensation of her roommate’s hot squirt against her bare skin. Olivia didn’t disappoint, and she soon

exalted in two additional deluges from Olivia’s prolific pussy, covering her nearly head to toe in sweet nectar.

She swallowed luxuriously, cherishing the sweet tang of Olivia’s delicious juices, then chuckled despite herself. She knew Olivia was almost as enthusiastic about her milky gift as she was herself, and Olivia would often attempt incantations well beyond their abilities in her efforts to

start milking her own breasts. Amie had always been willing to donate her milk to Olivia’s experiments, especially when Olivia would assist in collecting it from her needy nipples, but none of

those efforts had ever been quite as wet as this one.

“I think I’ve figured it out, Amie! Your milk!” gasped Olivia, clearly shaken by the intensity of her orgasm and the excitement of her discovery, but still taking a moment to smirk at her dripping

wet roommate before continuing.

“All of the women in this text can do what I just did,” she breathed, pointing urgently at the parchment next to her on the bed. Her other hand continued to slide along her still-dripping pussy,

squelching with slow, leisurely strokes.

“I mean, I could temporarily do it for my next orgasm with some magical aid, your milk, and a fresh shave,” she giggled, at once giving her own denuded pussy a light wet slap and blushing

cutely under Amie's beaming gaze.

13

"But these women - they're all born with it!" she marveled.

Amie shivered as Olivia's sticky sweet liquids dripped down her body into a growing puddle.

"That was beautiful and very impressive, Olivia," Amie whispered, still beaming at her roommate, "But what does that have to do with my milk?"

Olivia sat upright, still rubbing herself with an occasional *squelch*.

"It's not just their pussies, Amie." She lowered her voice. "It's the kingdom of Sweetwater. Where you're going tomorrow."

(cid:15911)

Kara was pressing her big breasts firmly into Amie's back, holding Amie's elbows and helping her to stand upright once again. Amie's balance now recovered, Kara again leaned in close, leaving

small kisses on the back of her neck above the folds of her robes.

Kara then raised her head, looking over Amie's shoulder to join her in admiration of Jessa's dripping wetness, still running down Jessa's flushed thighs and occasionally striking the metal floor

grate with a soft *ping-ping*.

Kara's voice was a low growl. "Jessa, look at Madam's huge breasts," she urged, but she hadn't needed to, as Jessa had been fixated on the heaving mountains beneath Amie's robe for some minutes.

Jessa was now using both hands to softly knead her own chest through her shirt, squeezing down to her nipples and pulling up again, then releasing to repeat the sensual gesture. Each cycle

sent the most delicious feelings to her head as her dripping pussy gushed in sympathy, further drenching her slick, slippery legs, which she rubbed and squeezed together in a slow dance under

Kara and Amie's lascivious gaze.

robes.”

Kara purred into Amie’s ear, watching Jessa’s wet dance. “Jessa, please remove the Madam’s Amie was burning hot, her glorious breasts nearly fully engorged and again leaking even as her loins were aflame with desire. She grew impatient with need as Jessa remained frozen in place.

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She started reaching up to grasp at her own soaked robes, but before she knew what was happening, both of her wrists had been pulled behind her back in the surprisingly strong grip of one

of Kara’s hands.

she witnesses.”

She again heard Kara’s luscious purr and felt hot breath on her ear.

“Please forgive sister Jessa, Madam,” Kara whispered in her ear, “For she knows not what Kara paused for a moment. “But I do.”

Kara continued to hold Amie’s wrists tightly in one of her strong hands, then reached with her other hand around to Amie’s front and grasped the hem of Amie’s robe. She left her hand in place,

the robe remaining closed as Jessa softly whimpered with frustrated impatience. Her other hand released its grip on Amie’s wrists and reached up towards Amie’s chin, leaning in close as she slowly turned Amie’s head back towards hers. She was pleased to feel Amie leaving her arms in place behind her back.

Amie opened her palms and reached backwards, finding Kara’s toned thighs below and behind her, even as she kept her eyes locked forward on Jessa’s beautiful body. Her hands made

contact with Kara’s legs but immediately slid right off. She gasped as she realized that, much like

Jessa, Kara’s own dripping arousal had left a slick coating over the girl’s beautiful legs.

She adjusted her stance to spread her legs just beyond shoulder width, smirking as her

fingers slid along Kara's legs through Kara's prolific wetness. She felt Kara's weight shifting behind

her and looked down, between and below her hugely pendulous breasts, to see Kara's toned left leg emerge between her own legs from behind. She marveled at the subtle musculature of Kara's

long leg as it slid between her own and thrilled at the running wetness that seemed to flow without

end down Kara's calves, all the way down to Kara's beautiful toes in her red leather heels.

She slowly raised her hands behind her, upwards between Kara's legs, feeling the intensifying heat of Kara's mound below a mercifully short skirt. She found herself surprised to encounter soft

fabric in Kara's nethers. She reeled at the prospect that Kara and Jessa had both soaked through their clothes so quickly, but a moment later she felt Kara shudder as her probing fingers unexpectedly brushed against Kara's bare pussy. It seemed that these peculiar undergarments left

Kara's throbbing pussy completely exposed. She could feel two sturdy elastic straps running parallel to Kara's hot gash, while a more traditional fabric cloth seemed to cover precious little of

Kara's taut bottom.

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She could feel that the juicy folds of Kara's pussy were completely hairless, a gift surely granted by the same blessed genes that had made her dripping arousal so astoundingly effusive.

Amie found herself marveling for a moment at the many wonders of the women of Sweetwater.

Kara licked slowly across the back of Amie's neck, giving her shivers. Amie closed her eyes momentarily, hearing another *ping-ping* sound that she knew meant Jessa was still watching them

both in rapt attention.

growl again filled Amie's ears.

Kara thrust her hips forward and ground her crotch against Amie's probing hands. Her sultry "Can you feel how wet I am for you, Madam?" she gushed. "Jessa is too."

Kara softly kissed Amie's cheek before continuing. "Please forgive her inaction, Madam, for I think she finds you quite overwhelming."

Amie blushed at the compliment just as Kara had finished turning Amie's head towards hers, leaning in close, pressing their cheeks together. Kara paused there, teasing, daring Amie to close

the rest of the distance. Amie sighed into Kara's arms with a smile, leaning into the girl behind her

and turning her head further until their lips met in a soft embrace.

One of Amie's probing fingers had at that moment slipped inside Kara's gushing pussy. Her finger was immediately drenched in Kara's sticky arousal, which dripped down her soft hands and

fell, splashing in a growing puddle on the floor between Kara's heels. She quickly inserted a second

finger, bending them slightly and scooping out a soppy dollop of Kara's essence before withdrawing

her fingers, raising them slowly. She momentarily broke her kiss with Kara to move her dripping fingers into the space between their lips.

This time it was Amie who paused expectantly, teasing Kara with an impressive display of Kara's own juices. Jessa thrilled as she watched Kara smile and lean in, licking at Amie's fingers and spreading her own wetness over both of their faces as they embraced once again.

Jessa whimpered as she watched Amie and Kara's lips kissing around Amie's dripping fingers between them. She had been stunned by Amie since the moment their eyes first met, but now felt

her own urgent need acutely, white-hot at her core.

Jessa had long suspected that her effusive dripping arousal and voluminous squirting had set her apart. Judging by Kara's past reactions, she had wondered if she might be exceptional even

among the prolific women of Sweetwater. She had always found it both easy and exhilarating to

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ride through several orgasms in a row, amazed even at herself as each climax was accompanied by abundant squirting that always seemed larger than the last.

Jessa looked down at the curves of her own swollen breasts, which had now grown huge with her need, straining against her overtaxed shirt. With little effort, she leaned in to kiss and lick across

the bare skin of her own breast through one of the stretched holes in her shirt. She knew that her

aroused breast growth was extremely pronounced; until Amie, she had never met any other girl with a chest that could grow quite as expansive as her own.

Watching Amie and Kara share such delicate intimacy, and feeling the exquisite pleasure of her own slender hands still grasping and pulling at her turgid nipples and the warmth of her tongue

on her own sensitive flesh, she couldn't hold back anymore and felt herself plunge over the edge.

She moaned, "OH! Oh Madam! I'm -"

A lengthy spray of translucent liquid gushed from Jessa's pussy, soaking her short skirt, down her bare legs, and across a large section of stonework flooring near the bed. Amie heard the sound

of Jessa's ecstasy and a curiously familiar splashing noise, and she broke her kiss with Kara to look towards Jessa. Amie's mouth opened agape with astonishment and mirth.

She turned her head back to Kara and kissed her cheek. It seemed to her like Sister Olivia's theory about the women of Sweetwater now had two beautiful examples in its favor, but she still couldn't help but ask.

"Did she just...?" she started, then giggled, looking up at Kara.

Kara said nothing, her eyes locked forward at Jessa and her arm still wrapped around Amie's shoulder, grasping the hem of Amie's light blue robe. With a quick motion, Kara flung open one

side

of Amie's robe, fully exposing Amie's enormous left breast. Its huge mass hung below Amie's trim

waist, and Jessa reeled at the sight, her experienced eyes at once recognizing its faint reddish tint

as being angry with milk.

Jessa's eyes widened as she realized that Amie probably couldn't even reach her own huge dripping nipples. Jessa smacked her lips together, for despite all her ongoing wetness down below,

she was suddenly awfully thirsty.

"Kara! She's so full!" gasped Jessa.

17

Jessa was overwhelmed by the sight of Amie and Kara together; her eyes lingered on Amie's incredible milky breast and Kara leaning in to kiss Amie's cheek. Her hands were a blur up and down her own nipples as she stared at Amie's spurting teats. She felt herself plunge over the edge

once again.

"She's spraying, Kara!" Jessa exclaimed.

Splashes of Jessa's prodigious squirt arced even farther this time, falling across Amie's bare feet and even reaching Kara's toes to mix with Kara's own flowing juices. Amie marveled at how the

angled stone floor swept away Kara and Jessa's fluids and her own milky spray while keeping her

bare feet deliciously warm and wet.

RRRRRRRiiiiiiiip! Jessa's tattered shirt gave up the fight against her surging breasts. The

fabric fell off her shoulders, sliding off her chest, and had dropped down to her waist, but her arm

grabbed it out of the air before it touched the ground. She spun it once around her finger, then flung

it aside, out through the open doorway into the hall.

(cid:15911)

Earlier that evening, Kara was moving swiftly through the inn's hallway, her heels clicking rapidly on the stone floor. Whipping around a corner, she collided at speed with a topless Jessa. Both girls took a step back in shock.

The impact had rubbed Kara's big chest most deliciously against the rough fabric of her work shirt, while Jessa's sensitive naked teats had clearly enjoyed their brief encounter with Kara's chest. In the cool hallway, both girls' nipples quickly hardened.

Jessa was flushed red, but not entirely from the sudden impact. "Kara! Have you seen the girl who just arrived? She's stunning!"

Kara rolled her eyes. "Jessa, did you forget your shirt again?"

Jessa seemed to notice her own naked breasts for the first time, blushing cutely. She hadn't entirely forgotten, but she did find it difficult to cover herself when her unruly chest could change

size so unpredictably with her frequent arousal. She often eschewed any coverings in private, and

sometimes even around the inn, a game she enjoyed playing to tease Kara.

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Jessa was talking a little too loudly in her excitement. "I think she's a scholar! Her robes –"

Kara leaned in quickly, pressing their breasts and lips together, trying to quiet the younger girl.

She couldn't help but reach up, grabbing a large handful of Jessa's beautiful nude breast, feeling it

swelling larger in her grip as Jessa moaned into her mouth.

Kara stepped back, raising an eyebrow. "You've been awfully naughty, walking around with your pretty nipples out."

Jessa played along. "So let's leave them out for her to enjoy," she smirked.

Kara reached into a nearby linen closet, pulling out a large cloth rag that appeared to be clean

but was littered with holes. Grasping one of the larger central holes between her delicate fingers, she gave it a quick *rip* then lifted it above Jessa's head, and down, draping it across Jessa's firm shoulders and growing breasts. She wrapped the cloth around Jessa's front with a smirk, helping it stay in place by delicately inserting Jessa's left nipple through one of the holes. Jessa giggled. "This won't fit me for long, Kara."

Kara smiled and leaned in to kiss Jessa again, admiring the ruby red coloring on Jessa's lips.
(cid:15911)

Jessa placed a hand beneath both of her huge naked breasts, tilting her head at Kara. "I told you that shirt was way too small for me."

Amie saw Jessa's quivering breasts now hanging below her navel, marveling that they were at least as large as her own empty bosom would be after a long milking from one of her Guild sisters.

Amie knew her huge engorged breasts were still the largest in the room at the moment, but she could see even now that Jessa's firm flesh was still slowly expanding between the girl's hands. Jessa blushed and again averted her eyes. "Please forgive me, Madam," she whimpered, speaking quickly from embarrassment.

"It's just that I want you so, and this happens every time I get so hot..." Jessa trailed off, then bit her lip and giggled.

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Jessa tried to pull herself together and straightened up, again grasping her bosom and lifting it up towards Amie.

"Madam, do my breasts please you?" Jessa whispered.

Jessa inclined her head, licking lazily from her collarbone out as far forward as she could reach on each swelling breast. She placed both hands under her left breast, lifting it gently upwards

towards her waiting mouth. Amie gasped at this; sucking at her own nipple had long been one of

her favorite breasty pastimes, but lately her massive chest had become simply too large for her to

enjoy this simple pleasure. She was thrilled to see that Jessa shared the same habit.

Jessa's proffered nipple was now towering upwards before her, obscuring no small part of her pretty face from Amie's view. Jessa licked slowly around her own throbbing nub, enjoying the sensual feeling of teasing herself just so.

Jessa's eyes widened from the delicious sensation of licking her own nipple, then looked to Amie.

"My nipples! I'm growing so big for you!" gasped Jessa.

Jessa popped her teat into her mouth and moaned as she suckled slowly at herself, lost in the delicious sensation. Amie gasped at the lewd display.

Amie's lactation suddenly increased and her exposed left breast let out a spray of approval. A rain of milky droplets easily closed the distance between her and Jessa, and Jessa gasped at the delightful sensation of hot milk showering upon her legs and breasts. Amie again fought to reassert

control over her unruly milk, managing only to slow the spray to an insistent running trickle from

both throbbing nipples.

She thought again of Sister Olivia and turned her head back to Kara, trying to convey meaning through her aroused haze.

"Did she...? Can all of you...?" she questioned, looking up at Kara's pretty face.

Kara smiled back at her. "She did twice now, Madam." Kara leaned in for a quick loving peck on Amie's lips.

as well, my sweet Jessa."

"And we have so much more to show you." Kara paused for a moment, looking up. "And you

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Kara reached forwards around Amie's other shoulder, grasping the other hem of her robe.

Jessa's eyes widened and she sucked harder at her own nipple, feeling it throbbing urgently between her tongue and the roof of her mouth.

Kara paused again, still holding the hem of Amie's robe in place.

"Jessa, what do you suppose Madam has hidden under here?" Kara teased.

Kara threw open the other side of Amie's robe and pulled it backwards over her shoulders until it landed in a heap on the floor between their legs. Amie now stood fully nude on the moist stone floor.

Jessa's eyes widened further and she seemed to choke for a moment around her own nipple.

She let her big left breast drop from her mouth and it bounced briefly against its twin before settling,

thrusting outwards and still slowly growing with her arousal.

Jessa was stunned. She admired Amie's slender legs, toned arms, and enormous naked breasts.

"Madam is beautiful!" she cried.

Amie blushed, then kicked her robe aside with one foot, tossing it up and over the bed just in time for it to avoid another incoming blast of Jessa's incredible squirt. Jessa had clearly launched into another of her orgasms, and Kara and Amie's legs were again covered in a deluge of sticky sweetness. It dripped down to their toes and gushed across the floor, mixing with Amie's spurting

milk before flowing back towards Jessa in the center of the room.

Kara rubbed Amie's shoulders then reached forward and around with both arms, ever so lightly touching the outer edges of Amie's huge milky breasts. She gave each one a soft loving rub

and she could feel the weight of their urgent milky burden. But first, she had an idea.

Kara kissed the back of Amie's neck, then lifted her head.

"Jessa, won't you show Madam your pretty pussy?" Kara almost sang.

Jessa had closed her eyes, now stroking and rubbing her still slowly growing breasts with

both hands and in generous armfuls. She didn't seem to hear Kara. Amie stared at Jessa's beautiful legs and the short skirt still wrapped around her sexy hips.

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Kara seemed to share some degree of Amie's impatience with Jessa. Amie heard Kara clear her throat and the click-click of Kara's heels on the stone floor as she stepped past Amie and stood

next to Jessa in the center of the room. Kara reached out, insistently pulling Jessa's left arm away

from her breast and taking the girl's hand in her own.

Amie's eyes bulged. Kara had been standing behind her ever since Jessa arrived, but she was certain that Kara's shirt had not been so obviously under-sized just a few minutes earlier.

Kara's big breasts had clearly swelled substantially larger, now straining against her shirt, but she

was still massively outmatched by the topless younger girl quivering next to her.

Kara repeated her command. "Jessa, let us show Madam your pretty pussy, and what we can do for her."

Kara reached behind Jessa and released a clasp on her short skirt, unwrapping it from her legs and tossing it aside. Amie's searching eyes finally reveled in the sight of Jessa's pretty pussy,

fully exposed thanks to the same kind of curious undergarments that she remembered feeling on

Kara. With a flourish, Kara discarded her own skirt, now standing side by side with Jessa as Amie admired their matching panties and bare, dripping pussies.

Slap! Kara had lightly swatted Jessa's firm bottom, eliciting a yelp from Jessa and coaxing a generous squirt of liquid from Jessa's pussy. A sympathetic spray from Amie's exposed nipples rained hot milk upon Kara and Jessa's bare legs. Kara grinned at the other two girls' reactions.

Amie pulled together the courage to make a request of her generous hosts. "Please, Kara," she was almost begging. "Please show me your beautiful breasts!"

Kara laughed. "Yes, Madam." She turned to the girl beside her. "Come to bed, Jessa."

Kara turned, leading Jessa by hand to the edge of the bed. Kara locked eyes with Amie, slowly lifting her grubby shirt over her head and tossing it aside, finally exposing her beautiful naked breasts to Amie. Amie felt herself shaking, and again the milky spray from her nipples steadily increased as her mental control slipped away.

Kara sat on the edge of the bed, leaving her heels firmly planted on the stone floor, then reclined backwards. She spread her slender legs, her wet pussy exposed through her open undergarments and now leaking her generous fluids down onto the bed.

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Jessa had followed Kara next to the bed, her wide eyes rapidly moving back and forth between Kara's dripping pussy and the overwhelming magnificence of Amie's nude figure. Jessa seemed stunned into inaction once more, and Kara again tried to help the younger girl along.

"Come, Jessa. Give us your nipple," Kara smiled up at Jessa from the bed.

Amie saw that Jessa seemed to know exactly what Kara had intended, and watched as Jessa's sexy heels clicked around the bed to approach Kara from the other side. Jessa bent over, resting her huge breasts against Kara's, then continued leaning further until she was able to open her mouth and suck Kara's left nipple inside. At the same time from below, Kara had already begun

suckling on Jessa's hugely swollen teat hanging above her.

This had long been one of Kara and Jessa's favorite positions together. There was something simply divine, Kara thought, about sharing their nipples with each other. Giving and receiving in this

way seemed to Kara to be such a simple sexy expression of deep loving, and she thrilled at the feel

of Jessa's huge breasts slowly growing on top of her and Jessa's nipple expanding in her mouth.

Amie stood in rapt attention for the next few minutes as Kara and Jessa noisily suckled at each other's nipples. Amie was thrilled to see both girls' breasts continuing to slowly expand,

pressing firmly into each other, as their arousal for each other brought them to ever greater heights.

Amie felt herself teetering on the edge of her own climax, further enhanced by a stunned realization

that she had never before felt her own breasts to be quite this engorged.

Amie was wrestling with the exertion of trying to keep her milk under control and found herself again nearly begging.

“Please, Kara. I need you at my nipples!” Amie whimpered.

Kara considered this, then wrapped her lips further around Jessa’s turgid hanging nipple, pondering. Amie heard Kara’s muffled voice coming from underneath Jessa’s swelling mammaryes.

Kara peered around Jessa’s huge teat towards Amie. “As you can see, Madam, we in Sweetwater are experts in matters of the breast.”

Kara gave one last loving suck on Jessa’s big nipple. “Come, Jessa. Let us attend to Madam,” Kara chuckled.

Jessa struggled somewhat to lift her huge breasts off Kara and stood up. Amie was astonished to see that Jessa’s swollen chest had now nearly reached the size of her own. How

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were the women of Sweetwater able to grow so effortlessly, and to such huge sizes? This question

would have to wait, for Amie was far from the right state of mind for speculation.

Kara scooted off the bed and kneeled on the floor in front of Amie, who was still standing with her back to the mirror. Kara had placed herself directly in front of Amie’s spurting left breast and

smiled as Amie’s hot milky spray once again fell upon her own heaving breasts. Jessa soon followed, walking around the bed to kneel on the floor beside Kara. The blessed lactation from Amie’s right breast now gently rained upon Jessa’s still-spreading breast flesh and dampened her

beautiful blonde hair.

contact with Amie.

Kara was suddenly in charge once again, speaking firmly to Jessa but maintaining eye

“Jessa, let us begin by squeezing Madam’s breast,” Kara commanded.

Kara and Jessa inched forwards on their knees, reaching up towards Amie’s chest, now

feeling the huge weight of her hot flesh in their hands and arms. The sudden contact made her legs

shake and she felt her last vestiges of mental control slipping away. The milk spraying from her nipples was now furiously dousing Kara and Jessa’s pretty faces.

Jessa thrilled at the sweet taste. “Your milk is so delicious, Madam!” she moaned between mouthfuls.

Kara leaned in close to Jessa, licking along her ear and gently grasping Jessa’s breast. “Suck her huge nipple, Jessa,” Kara commanded, kissing Jessa’s cheek.

Amie felt a warm, wet sensation, and although her breasts were blocking most of her view down below, she knew Kara and Jessa were both suckling at her engorged teats, gulping and swallowing her prodigious lactation. She would periodically feel one of her nipples briefly exposed

to the air as Kara or Jessa momentarily released it to leave small milky kisses around her chest.

She loved the feel of her own milk dripping down her sensitive breasts and thrilled that the girls at

her nipples indulged her in this way.

She rode waves of ecstasy, cresting up and down as she delighted in the tender intimacy of one of her favorite pastimes, sharing her milky gift with two thirsty girls at her teats.

She would periodically hear a curious *spurt* or a *splash* emanating from somewhere near the ground, and although she couldn’t place it at first, she soon realized with a warm flush that Kara

and Jessa’s incredible pussies were depositing great swaths of their sweet liquid on the stone floor 24

below them. The smell was simply divine, a heady mix of their prolific dripping arousal with the sweet aroma of her effusive milk running down all of their bodies.

“You girls are so wet for me!” Amie marveled as Kara and Jessa continued suckling noisily on her nipples.

Amie would now and then feel her own bare legs and feet become doused in sticky sweetness, and she felt great affection for the two girls who were now so deftly servicing her needy

breasts and indulging so many of her senses at once. After some long minutes, Amie felt the pressure of her milk easing as it was expressed in great quantities by Kara and Jessa’s expert hands and tongues.

haze of her arousal.

“Come to bed, Madam,” Kara whispered. Amie blinked hard, trying to focus through the milky Amie realized with a start that her outstretched arms had been pulled forward and saw Kara and Jessa smiling as they stood. Kara stepped in close to Amie’s left, pressing her big breasts firmly into Amie’s side, and she felt both of Kara’s hands gently holding the underside of her left breast. On her other side, Jessa happily smeared her nipples all over Amie’s right breast, then used

one hand to press her own chest into Amie’s while her other hand reached to grasp the underside

of Amie’s right breast.

Kara and Jessa used the gentle pressure of their hands and breasts to guide Amie to the bed, helping her lie down on her back. Amie’s still-spurting nipples sent her milk into the air in great arcs

that managed to reach the vaulted wooden ceiling high above, and continued to rain down on all

three girls in a warm wet shower.

The sound of muffled giggling came to Amie’s ears over the curves of her breasts.

Amie heard Jessa’s distinctive titter. “Madam is so milky!” she gushed.

Amie felt movement on the bed somewhere beyond her sight, then sensed the warmth of Kara and Jessa's sticky, dripping legs sliding around her own. Their pretty faces peeked at her over

the swell of her breasts. Kara took an unexpected blast of milk to the face as she leaned towards

Amie, giggling as Jessa rapidly closed the distance to lick the dripping rivers of milk from Kara's forehead and cheeks.

Kara smiled at Jessa. "Come, Jessa," Kara cooed. "Rub your pretty pussy on Madam."

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At once Amie felt the powerful heat from Kara's pussy over her left knee and the dripping warmth of Jessa's pussy over her right knee, each girl straddling one of her legs.

Kara and Jessa lowered themselves further and started rocking their hips back and forth ever so slowly, tribbing their gushing pussies over and around her knees. She felt her legs covered in a

fresh deluge of squirt as the girls were now rubbing their pussies ever more quickly with their own

peaking arousal.

for you, Madam!" she moaned.

Jessa cried out from the feel of her sensitive lips rubbing on Amie's beautiful leg. "I'm so wet

Looking up, Amie was treated to a beautiful sight as Jessa had leaned in close to Kara and began kissing her, their tongues writhing together in a lustful display, even as they continued grinding their pussies against Amie's knees and calves.

Jessa broke her kiss with Kara, then looked down at herself, mouth agape. "My breasts! I've never been so big before!" she gasped.

Amie was now aware of a weight pressing down on her own breasts, and she realized in amazement that Jessa's growing bosom had at last surpassed her own, resting heavily upon her spurting teats. She felt the pressure of the growing weight further increasing the already great sprays of milk from her nipples. Jessa's innate abilities astounded her, and she felt herself about

to

plunge over the edge into her own orgasm.

Amie cried, "Suck my nipples! Suck me now!"

At once she felt a warm sensation around both throbbing nipples, and she saw Kara and Jessa had leaned forward into her huge cleavage, rubbing their big breasts against her own. She felt their teats poking into her even as they again sucked her nubs into their hungry mouths. Their

vigorous suckling sounds pushed her to an ever higher plateau of pleasure and she knew her own

climax was just barely out of reach, barreling towards her imminently.

Kara disengaged from Amie's spurting nipple, then smiled at Jessa next to her. Kara leaned towards Jessa, making eye contact with the younger girl. Kara slowly licked along the top of Jessa's huge slippery right breast even as it was bouncing with her vigorous tribbing on Amie.

"You're so beautiful, Jessa," sighed Kara, admiring Jessa's beautifully flushed skin, milk-dampened blonde hair, and enormous bouncing breasts as they rubbed and slipped all over her own chest and Amie's milky teats beneath them.

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It was Jessa who surrendered control first, lost in the ecstasy of the latest in a long string of her own orgasms. Amie felt her right knee suddenly soaked with a fresh deluge of Jessa's incredible production, followed just a moment later by Kara's beautiful pussy rubbing and gushing

over her left knee. That was too much for her, her own climax triggered as the three girls moaned

together in a crescendo of milky squirting delight.

Amie's insides clutched as she was racked with pleasure, riding waves of ecstasy with her eyes shut and ears closed to the world around her. She gradually calmed down, whimpering and wheezing and panting heavily, and she knew not whether she had rested for a minute or an hour

before summoning the willpower to face the world once more.

Her breasts had nearly emptied themselves, and even before opening her eyes she could feel with her hands that her teats had regained their beautiful soft firmness, her long nipples still expressing milk but now in a lazy trickle.

She opened her eyes, looking up just in time to see Kara and Jessa, clearly both exhausted from their own exertions, sighing and collapsing forward. They fell into her huge cleavage, sliding

across her milk-slickened breasts, until Kara's right hand and Jessa's left hand ended up together

at the front of her neck, each of them at the same time inadvertently touching the small silver charm

on her necklace.

There was a brilliant flash of yellow light –

...to be continued?