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The Blessed Isles Chapters (4-6)

Chapter 4

"Perhaps we will find the time, Deliverer, but there is much for us to show you of our island," Shah spoke.

Hannah and I were being carried away from the palace, our group of six muscled, sexy Amazonians holding us about a foot from the ground. Shah walked on Hannah's side as I raised a question about possibly getting some time to roam free.

"Not even tonight?" I amended my inquiry.

"When we return to the palace after the tour there might be a moment. But only for a short while as it is our honor to fit you in the finest Kkarian robes before the festival. We have the finest craftswomen gathering supplies to create two original garments for the both of you. If there is time between that and the festival, then it would be my honor to roam about with you!"

Hannah chimed in, her legs crossed as she tried not to move. By now, I was used to how strong the Kkarian women could be, but Hannah still seemed to think that she was a little too heavy to be chauffeured about on a magic carpet ride. "Another one? We just had a festival last night."

Shah visibly lit up when Hannah seemed interested. "There's a full week of festivities in store to celebrate your coming! At the end, we'll have one more grand celebration and usher you into service."

It was on my tongue to ask about the 'grand celebration', to have a vivid description of what food and drink would be provided, or to get a head count for how many girls there would be there to be 'serviced'. Alas, we arrived at a stopping point and were instructed to stand. A six-foot dark-skinned woman with hair down to her ankles appeared beside me and stretched out her hand. I took it. Before I knew it, I was airborne and giggling stupidly. Being tossed about, like I was the featherlight girl I knew I wasn't, had me pretty exhilarated. Then she let me down and my knees curled towards one another. My fingers combed my hair as I felt an overwhelming jolt swoop just behind my ribcage. My nipples hardened rapidly as my body was afflicted by a powerful sensuality. The fantasy of this giant, powerful lady handling my large bosom with ease was a welcome thought. The unwelcome one dropped soon after, though.

My tits were a foot out in front of me when I'd gone to bed the night of my first day on the island. By the morning of the second day they were half that size. You'd think I'd be more troubled about tits that grew like puberty gone berserk, or even the fact that the 'filler' for

my all-natural implants was milk I carried in my stomach. Not the case, actually. I've always wanted bigger boobs; to the point that where they came from never mattered much to me. The disappointment was in how they'd shrunk overnight! 'This is to be expected', Shah smiled with her guarded, escort sort of smile. 'This is how you free our people. You are able to accept them inside of you without consequence. It is a miracle from the great mother!' It sounded like nothing short of immaculate conception when Shah said it, but all I could think about was how my boob job had gone flat on me in a matter of seven hours. Not truly flat, as six-inch projections were still a wealth of fun on my otherwise subtle frame. It just wasn't as bodaciously tantalizing as it had been. Usually, taking one step forward and another back would be disheartening. But I, growth-crazed as I had become over the course of two days, was only motivated even further forward. It was actually sort of fun, scoping out where I might find my next 'fix'.

Speaking of my next 'fix'. Tall, dark, and quiet was kinda my type - clearly, as I had a ton of chemistry with Hannah despite her protestations - so my guard was definitely pulling the right strings. Unfortunately, before I could build a bridge the language barrier, we were instructed to depart on foot. It was a short walk, but we arrived at a small village. There was one main road, full of soft yellow sand and hay, and two smaller roads that crossed it, one closer and one farther away. We entered the village from the south side and from the moment we were visible, there were fanatical ladies all clawing in my direction. Busty guard number one stood between me and the crowd.

"They're pretty amped up this morning," I said, getting an eyeful of that same defender's ass as she held her arms out wide and kept a member of the mob away from me.

"Just excited to see us, I guess," Hannah added. She stood to my left and was closer than the usual. She was looking to protect me as well, just in case someone came through the line of defense. Her tattered uniform was still hanging from her and kept her looking modest, the chipping golden buttons fought to contain her chest. Hers had gotten smaller as well, but she had much more to work with from the beginning so there were still bulges in the right places. "Too excited."

"This is one of our teaching villages. Girls come from all over and learn different trades here that they may use to contribute to the island."

There was nothing like the workings of a new culture to distract me even from all the sexy ladies being protective of me. "What are some of the things they are taught?"

Shah's boobs skidded in the sand as she turned to me. "All sorts of things. Most girls begin with plant and animal identification. After that, they typically learn foraging, tracking, and navigation. Our goal is to have every child equipped with the skills they might need to fend for themselves if they are lost or stranded. After that, children are free to decide what they wish to do in the village. Some cook, some create clothing and linens, some build huts and homes-"

"What happens to the bad kids?" I jumped in.

Shah scrunched her nose showing her discomfort. Either she didn't like my question or she didn't like how Hannah's hand was resting on my shoulder. "Everyone has a role in our society. After their basic tutelage, they are free to do as they please. However, if you wish to be part of our people - the Kkarian people - you must contribute to that from which you benefit."

"So you kick out the bad ones. You don't let them stay."

"We cast no child away. Some leave and live in the wilderness but most are taught to be servants or to be priestesses. We all have something to offer someone, even if it is not traditional."

"How often does that happen? That you run into a problem kid?"

Hannah's hand clenched shoulder insistently. When I looked at her, she flicked her nose at the squad of women chanting in Kkarian tongue, growing more viscous by the moment. All of my questionings were probably keeping us longer than we should have stayed. "We can continue the tour now. I like your teaching district, though."

"Yes, Deliverer Verne. Deliverer Hannah? Are you also ready to proceed," Shah's cuteness switch clicked on when she referred to Hannah.

"Sure. . . yes," Hannah replied, not fazed.

The tour continued and I was becoming quite the fan of being doted on by Hannah and the guards. We were carried around from village to village, attraction to attraction and along the way, there was always a group of girls. There was never a time when Hannah or I were allowed to reenact the scene from our first day where I could suckle whatever teat I pleased, yet there was still the sculpted arms of our bodyguards and the attention of Hannah who seemed more and more annoyed as our trip went on. Around midday, we were brought to a cove with a beach that had shallow, emerald water. Multi-layered walls of stone poked into the clouds about a mile to our right and our left. The beach leading to the water's edge was sugar white, and our troop stopped right at the edge where there was just enough shade from the dense jungle but also the feel of a natural beach getaway.

"You may rest here, Deliverers," Shah said, remaining as regal as she could with her topless, colossal breasts smacking into the fronts of her legs.

"Perfect. My waving hand was getting tired."

"So was my lower back. My legs fell asleep being lugged around all morning," Hannah added on to my quip, fingers shaking out her brunette, feathery head.

Shah sagged just slightly forward, her mammoth mammaries squishing together as she leaned into them for comfort. I was amazed at how they remained mostly dirtless even as she dribbled them when she walked. She was still stacked ridiculously and with all our

travels I had almost forgotten how cute she looked. "The ballers are down on the beach. If you wish for some entertainment, they would be happy to play a game for you. If you wish to relax, the shallow pools here are crystal clear and good for cooling. In about an hour, we'll leave again so don't stray too far."

We had our options: sit on the beach or watch the athletes play an island game. My choice was clear. I asked Hannah if she wanted to come see the ballers and she expressed her desire to stay close by. She walked me to the water where, for a few minutes, we could be completely alone.

"So explain the princess thing to me again. Her name is Chunali and she is the third sister of Passha and Erro," Hannah spoke as if she had wanted to speak all morning.

I felt the same way. "And she's suspicious. Almost scarily so."

"Did someone tell her something? We didn't leak anything at any point, did we? Except for that one question during the parade-"

"But I covered for that. And she wasn't anywhere near the parade. Trust me, I would have remembered a girl like her," I paused. Water was halfway up my shins and my feet could still be seen like chubby, pale insects behind a sheet of glass at some exhibit. "I don't know how we deal with her. She's clearly not buying that we're the deliverers."

"Because we aren't," Hannah stepped out into the shallows where I was. The water looked lower on her, but our feet were next to each other. "Shah was telling me how desperate the people are. There's been a lot of unrest. Just recently, the unrest turned violent and Passha and Erro didn't really know how to handle it. It was as if we showed up just in time."

"Like divine intervention," I clarified.

Hannah nodded. "That's why they want to believe so badly."

"Well, there's a grand festival in five more days. After that, who knows what they'll expect from us," I looked out toward the horizon. There wasn't a cloud in sight to shield from the purifying heat of the sun. "What miracles or guidance they'll want us to do for them."

"We need to be gone by then, Verne. I'd say before then. And, as dangerous as it seems, our best bet might be the princess." The incredulous look I gave her hit home and she explained. "Everybody else is sold on this hippy-dippy nonsense. They've drunk the kool-aid. They won't let us out of their sight. We aren't going to be able to get a boat or supplies out of them."

I turned to Hannah and looked up into her young-old face. "She can't be the only option."

"She's the only one we have. She isn't convinced. She'll be willing to hear us out. We just have to win her over first - you, actually, should win her over."

"Why me?"

"Laverne," Hannah moved in closer. I didn't blush much and nothing genuinely embarrassed me. Having Hannah look dependent, trusting, and possibly lovingly at me was enough to disarm my confidence, though. Sex was easy. So was flirting with the cute babes on an island far away from home. Hannah, though, held something real for me deep inside her and was able to show it to me with her eyes. I physically recoiled, curling into a smaller version of myself. Hannah's hands came to my shoulders, her wide and powerful grip capturing me, bolstering my spirit. "I wish I had your people skills. If I could relate to others like you, we wouldn't be on this island. I'm amazing at giving orders, tying knots-

"Looking like a badass," I tried to soften her seriousness.

She gave a winning smile. My attempts were lost on her. She continued. "You're our best bet at convincing this Chu girl to be on our side. Work your magic. If you can get her to be friendly and to understand our situation, I have a feeling she would build us a raft herself."

Hannah was right. She may not have the people skills but she was firm and often knew what to do. It was her internal compass, her instinct and boldness to act on it, that often made her such a great leader. I sighed and smirked, accepting her proposal. "Can I have a good luck hug at least? Or will Shah get mad."

"No hugs. And does it look like I care about how Shah feels? Now, go have fun watching the ballers."

Hannah started walking back onto the beach where Shah was waiting. The busty Kkarian hadn't stopped staring at us, and tried to play it off when she saw Hannah was headed toward the shaded area nearby. Not to spite Shah and only because I couldn't resist, I dashed and my arms met around Hannah's waistline. Before she could protest I let go, heart fluttering, and ran off toward the ballers. I could only imagine how frumpy and mad she probably looked at having me publicly displaying my gratitude but my expectations were subverted when I looked over my shoulder. She was grinning and watching me leave.

Bisecting an immense, stone ring was a four-foot high net made entirely of seaweed. Some athletic girls were sloshing about with a malleable, honeydew-sized ball in the shallows and I presumed that they were the ballers. The moment I saw them, how strong and capable they all looked, I started to grin just a little. Then I heard the anger in their speech and saw how wide they postured as two squared off against another two on the opposite side of the net. The six remaining girls on the beach appeared to be spectators, not involving themselves in what was quickly looking like a physical altercation. One girl snatched at the seaweed and balled it in her fist as she barked some grievance. I stopped on a dime, little piles of sand forming under my feet with how suddenly I'd put on the brakes. Maybe it wasn't the best time to be dropping in on a game - if you called what was happening a game.

The partner holding the ball slammed it into the water beside her as she yelled. At that point, it was settled. I was already walking away. I kept walking despite all the yelling, just assuming that it was more of the same. Shortly after, I realized that the sound was not fading in intensity as I created distance. One of them was following me. Not only that, but her voice had shifted to a pleasant, high-pitched call. She waved her hand at me and once I made sure things weren't escalating, I approached her.

Once I landed within their group, all violence ceased on a dime. I was pleased to see that they were all built to my liking with defined calf and arm muscles that exuded feminine strength without being bulging or scary. "This must be Christmas or something," I said which prompted a giggle fit that was on time enough to tempt me into believing that they actually understood what I was saying.

Each one had the voice of an angel, more shiny white teeth, and hulking bosoms. It worked out perfectly, as my face was at each of their chests. They encircled me, their soft, sun-warmed tits bumped against me. For a few minutes, I was coddled by tall, tan, buxom babes before two took me aside and brought me into the water with them. One stood with me on one side of the net and the other splashed over toward the other end. Zero English was used, but she gestured to me then herself and finally to the sack she held in her hand. She took the deflated looking thing, dropped it onto her ankle so that it folded around it, and flung water into the sky as she kicked with her powerful, sexy legs. The ball twisted over the four-foot net and the other girl caught it straight to the tits. It was intentional no matter how painful it looked. Then the other girl slung the sack with her foot and sent it back.

My coach caught it with her tits as well, splashing them with a spritz of sea spray, then let it fall so that she caught it on the tips of her toes with expert balance.

"That's. . . freaking cool."

"Fooreekie koo!" said the short-haired woman teaching me, excited to mimic me. The women on the beach echoed the same 'fooreekie koo' and started to laugh infectiously.

Then coach lifted her knee and the 'ball' was presented to me. Her eyes looked inviting so I reached out with my hands and she kicked the ball to her other foot. I reached again and she kicked again with muscled thighs that were much more fun to play with than some soggy sack (at least, I thought so). Thinking smart, my hands went to where her leg would be next after she kicked it, but a lobbing high shot had it balanced square between her giant buoy tits.

"You aren't supposed to use your hands," came a voice.

I basically thrashed through the knee-deep water to see who was talking. Chunali. She was wading into the water closer and closer with an uncanny amount of friendliness that I was immediately suspicious of. "You can use every part of your body except your hands. Those are the rules."

My guard was up. When Chu came close I fully expected time to stop and for the party to be over just like it had the night before. Instead, the girls seemed to be happy to see her which made them the first to react in such a way. I decided to trust their trust but only so long as it seemed to serve me.

"Th-then how do I- . . ."

"Your boobs. . .," Chu tucked her hands under her G cup whoppers and hefted them upward. A delectable plate of caramel boob was created and she caught the ball that had been denied me. "Are fair game. The game's called Pwim Bari. It means 'net ball'. Now think fast."

Nobody ever thinks fast. Chu ducked and her legs wound like coils before she exploded upward and the ball came in my direction. I flinched, body moving on its own, and I felt the wind leave me as I was knocked on my ass. Floating right next to me was the Pwim ball but my eyes stung when I went to look at it. With a raging fire in my eyes caused by the salt of the ocean, the only image I had was that of Chu, her curvaceous body, and her playful smile. Being as visually focused as I tended to be, this image was almost enough to convince me to drop my hesitations. She really was gorgeous, different in her own sort of way.

Her hand came out to meet me. My hand touched hers and she snatched it, drawing me upward onto my feet with ease. I wheezed heavy breaths out, sputtering like the muffler of an Oldsmobile, my pearl skin creating a glare that near blinded me.

"That happens to everybody on the first try. It's sort of a rite of passage. Consider yourself a Pwim Bari player."

"Th-thanks? I think? You couldn't have said something a little earlier? Maybe then I could've caught it."

Chu folded her arms with one hand curled around her chin. "I don't think so. You kinda need more going on upstairs to really be able to deal with the speed of a regular Pwim ball."

My face scrunched. "Hey!"

"Not your head, Verne, your chest. You had a nice size last night but," her head tilted. She was closer than I anticipated and I wasn't against that. "You must have pumped yourself pretty long last night."

"I didn't. I just slept it off," I said. I took the moment to notice that she was my height and still looked to have growing to do. That made her a shorty on the island, but I had no doubt that she might be just like her sisters one day. There were apparently only two sizes of lady on the island: runway model between 5'7" and 5'10" and bodybuilder at upwards of six feet.

That excluded the kids, mind you. "I'm a little disappointed about it if you want my honesty."

"I welcome your honesty, actually," Chunali twitched so quickly I almost thought I had imagined it. She scowled. But she was right back to being accessible. "What brings you to our beach?"

"Our?"

"Rabbitmunk Cove is where the ballers practice. Sometimes they let me practice with them but I came just to watch today."

Chu's attention rested on my chest as she talked. I thought it was her sizing me up, my intellect conscious of how much damage an island princess could deal but my emotions flared at the thought of her showing sexual interest. My hopes deflated when I realized there was an oblong red mark where I had been hit that she was watching. "Why just to watch?" I asked, not ignoring the mental image of the cuteness that would be a bunny mixed with a chipmunk.

"They were supposed to be deciding - or arguing, I guess - over who would be the next leader." Chunali continued explaining. The decision was by no means an easy one as there were three teams among the Kkarians who all had members that wanted to step up and lead in the old captain's absence. When I asked what had happened to the captain, Chu answered with a hint of disappointment. "Laarla plays hard so she can take her winnings home to her wife. The wife's breasts could fill a room and she spends just about every day milking them just to keep from outgrowing her home. Rumor has it that Laarla had finally had enough of seeing the person she loved struggling with her chest. She spent a whole night drinking gallon after gallon to try to surprise her wife in the morning and, well. . ." Chu shrugged, leaving the result to fate. "Needless to say she isn't in any shape play anymore."

"What happened to her?"

"Hmm, so you don't know about the curse, huh? Some 'Deliverer'."

"Is she okay? Laarla. Where is she now?"

Chu made a quizzical face as if she didn't appreciate me ignoring her jab. "She's at home and hasn't left for a few days. It's been pretty-"

"Take me to her," I said. Emotions were boiling up in me.

"What for?" Chunali asked skeptically.

I fished for an answer and each of the women came nearby as if they could understand what we were saying. "I want to meet her."

Chunali's pose opened, her bare chest looking golden as it sparkled with drips of ocean water. Since the ladies surrounding us were like towers it was as if we had been sealed into our own prison block, just me and the Kkarian princess. Given her hostility to the 'deliverers', she very well could have gotten away with any kind of violence she wanted. Her acting all friendly could have all been a front. That, or she was feeling just as drawn to me as I was to her. There wasn't a way I knew to contextualize our relationship. It was just smiling and ogling and playing a social game of chess while pretending to play checkers - not unlike any of my other interactions.

Chu just felt different. That was all. I didn't know what to make of it but different was more welcome to me than the familiar. Vulnerable, hopeful, I waited for her response.

"Tonight we'll go there together. For now, I need you to come with me," Chunali said insistently.

Would she become hostile? I took a step back, not knowing where I would run if her words held the venom that I suspected. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I'll let you meet her. She'll get a good laugh from that sun on your chest," Chu pointed at my reddish bruise. "But only if you come with me. Now."

I considered Hannah and Shah waiting for me. Our escorts were pretty far up the beach. "Where are we going? If you have something you want to say to me, why not say it here? It isn't like anybody else speaks English."

"'English'. . . the old mother tongue. You people call it 'English'," like fine wine, Chu let that word swirl behind her lips a moment. "It's mostly out of trust, really. If you are a deliverer through and through, then you have nothing to fear from me. But if you aren't then you'd be safer going back to Shah."

I wasn't really a deliverer. Chu presented as if she knew that. But saying no to her would have only proven myself to be what she expected. It could ruin everything if she were to divulge our secret to anyone. Plus, there was Laarla who I desperately wanted to meet. With a last forlorn glance toward the beach that we had arrived at, I followed Chu to the treeline and ducked underneath it with her.

My brain told me lies - really convincing ones - about how I could disappear and never be heard from again. Luckily, there was a two-pronged assault against these anxiety-inducing fantasies of my mind. The first was of sheer will. There wasn't much of anything to be gained by worrying. If anything, it would only leave me distracted for if I really did need to recall how to find the beach again or fight off a squad of savage captors (not that I am implying that I would win a fight with any Kkarian). The second assault reinforced the first. Instead of having my focus on paranoia, it might help to actually learn a little something about the blessed isles; the island itself, not just the people. Partly to validate myself to her and mostly because I did have some pressing questions, I started to talk to Chu.

Chu lifted her chin above her shoulder to regard me. Then, favorably, she started walking beside me and taught me anything I could have wanted to know.

"The leaves from that tree are used to weave baskets, but since they are porous the baskets are best used for fishing. Still, they are easy to find and fast growing so it's easier for the younger girls to find and use." She pointed near the ground and flicked her fingers inward so that I would crouch beside her. "And this plant heals ailments in the head and chest. It's a pretty careful process to get it effective but if you ask any of the older women, they could show you how it's done. We mostly leave medicine to our elders anyway since they have the most experience, but also because they have so much to gain from knowledge of it."

"So where are the bunnymunks?" I grinned at her.

"Bunny? Munk. Oh, the rabbitmunks. They're always around, it's just a matter of luring them out. The stories that we've passed down hold them in high regard. They're a busy bunch, industrious and personal. They are much more concerned about the safety of their nests and the well-being of their children than. . ."

"Than?"

Chunali stood and blinked rapidly as if to dispel some injustice that was just behind her eyes. "Than other silly things like festivals and ceremonies. Just make life good for you and good for the ones you love. That's all there is to it, in my mind."

"Festivals are nice though. They serve a really important purpose," and if she'd wanted, I could have elaborated on the deep, thriving human traditions of celebration and remembrance. Before I could, though, she started out ahead of me. She didn't look interested in humoring my love of humanities. Before a silence could surround us yet again, I spoke up and changed the subject. "You seem to really like this island and its people."

Chu rolled her eyes, a fact that I could tell only because I ran to catch up to her. "Like a girl loves her chest."

"Unconditionally?" I mused.

Her expression was tired yet accepting. "Sometimes, sure. Mother's words are quite clear in that. A woman's chest is a blessing to her and to those around her. They are gifts. Then there are other times when-

It clicked for me then. "Laarla. Breasts can be a burden. I gotta admit, this isn't the kind of religion I'm used to. Usually, it has something to do with the merit of good works and goodwill. Tits usually don't have that much to do with anything."

"You dislike the teachings of the mother above? A blasphemous deliverer?" Chu feigned being offended.

Oh yes, I was supposed to be the paragon for tits. My questioning could have been taken as blasphemy. Whoops. "What I meant was that I've seen quite a few belief systems and yours has a unique take on all of it."

"Other. . . belief systems?" Chu held up a low hanging branch for me. I slid underneath it, not neglecting the positive glow within me as I passed just underneath her own flesh balloons. "There is more than one truth?"

"Hmm. . . I suppose. Or maybe there are only a few true things and everyone has a different way of getting to them. For the record, I really like the way of the boobies. It's probably why I was elected to be one of the deliverers."

Chu was dismissive of the last part. Comically dismissive. She was fine with me pretending to be the deliverer. But, as if she could set my identity as a deliverer aside, she described her island, her friends, her culture, and her interests without sounding like Shah or the Queens. Her attitude toward our interaction was refreshingly personal. It had so little to do with whether or not I was who I claimed to be and much more to do with who I was being in the moment. For instance, my eye caught a clump of spotted fruit in a tall tree and without hesitation, Chunali ran up the trunk, climbed like a true creature of the forest, and tossed me one from nearly twelve feet in the air.

"They're called Geera fruit," she shouted. Riding around the bark of the tree with her bare hands and feet, she slid back down to ground level and placed her hands on mine. Her eyes were glittering as we shared the weight of the tough-skinned Geera. I felt myself blushing. "You have to peel it first. And you have to leave some of what you eat on the ground - the first bit."

I couldn't help but notice that a Geera fruit was the size and shape of a breast. You had to start peeling it at the nipple. Chunali demonstrated the technique then she picked off the red flesh on top of the plant and cast it off into the woods. "Why do that? Some religious practice?" It must have been some ritual fruit, right?

"Nah, it's just good to give back. The tip is the sweetest part, so we give it back to the island to show appreciation. Then we eat the rest."

As if to offer it to me, Chunali lifted the fruit up. When I went to take a bite, she bent the yellow, squishy head back toward her and chomped at it. Our lips were so close that some of the sweetness splashed onto me. I balked at her trickery. She laughed at my dissatisfaction; the little trickster. "You get the rest. Now come on, there's more island to show you."

And there really was. Chu's tour was heads and shoulders above the plain old scripted ride I'd had during the first part of the day. My feet got to beat the Kkarian ground and taste the fruit and touch the untouchable mysteries of the island. I got leaves in my hair and watched

the princess expertly reveal the things that she held most sacred. The openness that she had toward me, her vulnerability, was that which she hadn't shown at the dinner table the night before. She was really a musician at a recital or an athlete at her sport - even a dancer on her stage! Truly, Chunali was a wonder when she was in the Kkarian jungle.

When we arrived at a village, she showed me how the people made use of the plants and animals. Old Kkarian women, skin turned to leather, would teach young girls in tents and huts, but instead of having them come in disorganized crowds to greet the deliverers, I was the one who was invited to sit down with them in their creative circles. I got to learn what spices went into a Kkarian stew for crying out loud - real, intimate truths about how people made their livings! Then there was Chu who watched me the whole way, ensuring that I didn't offend anyone, encouraging me to be risky and embrace the newness. By the time we retired in a hut near the edge of the village, I was equal parts exhausted and invigorated.

I felt like a sack of Geera fruit on the floor, but my questions remained relentless as the sun went down. "And the clothing that you guys make, like the stuff that the women wear?" I had propped myself against a wall with my legs elevated in front of me by a block of wood.

"It's a fern that can be found deeper in the jungle. It's usually for common use like making our waist garments. Now, if you want something really special there is an insect on the mountain that makes a string that can be made into fine wears-

"Like what I wore last night," I completed.

Chunali was looking out a window to my right. The way she leaned forward made her hips pop attractively, each of her ass cheeks plainly identifiable as pert and gargantuan. Her lower half was just immaculate. "Mostly royal family stuff. Ancient teachers tell us that they descended from the heavens and that their strings used to bind souls to their appropriate bodies. It's life thread, essentially. That's why the royal families use it."

For a moment, I thought to get symbolic with her. "And what's up in the heavens? Other than bugs that make pants?" I was sure that she was impressed by my scholarship.

"Spirits of ancestors, spirit queens of the past, the great cosmic forces. . . they're all markers. Just like certain moss points to fresh water, certain signs in the heavens guide Kkarians," she squished her cheek into her shoulder looking at me. "Sometimes to enlightenment. Other times to comfortable pants."

"I'm really interested in that sort of thing," I said, from a genuine place of interest. Images flashed before me of my own sky and how it differed from the Kkarian map of stars.

"I'll show them to you tonight. They're much more interesting than some festival-

"Oh shit!"

Right, there was a festival. Plus there were people probably turning the island over just to find me. It had been hours since I'd left the beach and the ballers. Time flew when you were lusting after a sexy, exotic princess while she introduced you to her rich cultural heritage. I stood, pain ringing in my shoulders and lower back, worry present but in no way expediting my willingness to leave. Not while I stood next to Chunalì. "We should get back. There isn't much light left. I'm supposed to be fitted before the festival and—"

"I know," Chu turned away from the window. The bloody orange light from outside died her blonde strands of hair to match their hue. She contemplated something, a thing that troubled her, then softened her gait as she brought the current moment back into focus. "I'll take you to where Shah will surely find you."

"And then you'll find me tonight and take me to see the stars, right? I'm not letting you out of this. It'll be our first evening alone together," I grinned, entirely meaning what the subtext implied.

"I'd curse myself for missing what will be a night to remember."

"And then Laarla?"

"We'll get to her," Chu said, sounding like it wouldn't matter much if we got to her or not.

She then proceeded to lead me away from the village, though when the people wished us well, Chunalì stood just behind me protectively. Compared to the guards or Hannah, she wasn't as dangerous or imposing, but I welcomed the way she watched over me most of all.

* *

Chapter 5

Day 3 (evening)

I knew that people — okay, really just me — could get a high from breast milk, but the festival on evening three was a little ridiculous.

My judgment may have been a little uninformed but for an island where boobs were so vast that the openings to huts had to be made like airplane hangers, there had been a pretty tame amount of lactating during my visit — tame meaning infrequent and not implying that they couldn't rev themselves up and hose each other down. The answer to why the ladies of the Blessed Isles didn't pinch their nipples to release their yummy, personal mixtures had eluded as well as haunted me. It was not until the evening of the third day that I got my first clue to uncovering just what purpose breast milk really served in the Kkarian Society.

A jaunty folk song created with tooting horns and strumming harps jerked the bodies of the flock of Kkarian ladies like puppets as they pirouetted around a burning tower. My hands were weak accompaniment when compared to the loud snaps and claps from other women who were much more present in the moment than I. They yipped and yowled with excitement, trading partners as if they'd done the dance hundreds of times, while my face was being pulled down with thought. Sure Shah had caught and reprimanded me for 'running off on my own' but I was already pretty far removed from what Shah had to say outside of the occasional cultural nugget of wisdom. Shah barely noticed when I was around as it was, being so enamored with the taller, clearly-uninterested-in-most-island-affairs Deliverer instead of myself. I'd kick myself for caring about that, especially since what really preoccupied my thoughts was the recent communing I'd done with Chunali.

The Island Princess, a light-skinned beauty with hips that even the amply endowed Kkarians would regard as rotund. She'd captured me for a few hours with her gold-flecked eyes before she'd released me back into normalcy (sad that I'd deemed being fawned over by busty babes 'normal' for me in any way). It'd been a few hours since we'd parted and all I could do was think about when she would appear again. We had a date that night that I was trying to conceal my nervousness for by bobbing my head to the music and watching a dozen new ladies taking their positions in the circle closest to the bonfire. Somehow, they each knew when it was their turn and spun a few times before disrobing. They would hold each other's hands, soft orbs of lady flesh swishing and swooping through the air, before leaning forward dangerously toward the blaze. Barely any pressure had to be applied before rapid popping sounds and vapor came sizzling from the edges of the stacks of seared wood. Asking Shah for an explanation wasn't necessary this time around. They were very clearly offering their breast milk to a god of sorts.

Or gods. Hannah and I, if I was to wager a guess.

A wind carried the scent over to where our elevated flat was erected, and I smelled the sweetness of their white fluid as they doused the pillar of fire from all sides. Even with their literal gallons of milk, the fire persisted on with a grand display of natural power. The smell of gallons of milk being dumped onto a fire was just outside of what I would deem as comfortable. My mental image was that of a lunch box that was being opened after being forgotten for a few days. Sure, the banana is still edible, but it'll be squashed and you'll be slapped in the face by the odor inside your lunch box for the next month.

"I wonder if the Queens will be here," I wondered aloud in a low voice.

Hannah made a sound that meant 'I don't know' but kept her eyes trained forward, vigilant. "Why? You missing your royal crush?"

She was talking about Erro. So why did Chunali pop into my head, then? "Just wondering what keeps them so busy."

"Whatever Queens do while their subjects toil by the sweat of their brows," diverting slightly, she added. "If they're like any of our world leaders, it's either war, trade, or sex."

"Is sex even a motivator if you're surrounded by sex goddesses?"

Hannah gave me a sharp expression. "The hell? I'm talking to Verne, right? The college quarterback of the Blessed Isles? Don't tell me you've had your fill of topless hotties in just under four days."

"Heck no! I'm drooling over this festival. How much milk are they going to waste in the fire? I've got a perfectly good mouth right here!"

"There she is. Missed her just a little."

"If you miss me, you can take me. I don't know why we pretend that there isn't something going on between us."

"Because I'm not into girls. . .," Hannah's voice trailed, bringing my attention to her face.

When I followed her eyes, I saw that Shah had taken up a spot at the far edge of the fire. She was a dancer this time around. When she did her two minutes of chugging her four-foot diameter jugs this way and that, she offered herself and her nectar to the gods. Her portion just happened to be the same volume as five or six of the other ladies who were offering. Even in the dark, her bands of milk glistened in majestic curves that diverged into several solid ropes of powerful product. While she leaned against the backs of her squishy, milk-laden chest, just like she might a giant stuffed animal, the fire revealed the whites in her eyes and we discovered she was watching us. Though, there was a shift to the left in her focus for some reason, directed more at Hannah than at myself.

Hannah gulped audibly.

"Not a lesbian? Alright. It was just a one-time thing? I believe you. No doubt in my mind," I mocked.

"I don't like Shah. I don't like girls in general. I can't be romantic with women."

"You're great at pretending."

Hannah pushed me with her arm, and I tumbled to my right giggling. I heard her respond. "It helped that you were flat chested. I could just pretend you were a cute boy or something."

Coming from her, the jab didn't hurt. "Hey, I'll be whatever size you want if you'll get bigger boobs for me to suckle. We could work that out: I'll milk myself down to an A cup again and you'll inflate to Shah's size. Then we'll start going out - or whatever they call their courting practice on the Blessed Isles."

"Hardy. Har-har."

The festival kept rolling on thanks to a steady supply of new logs and tender. Even then, the volume of the combined milk tanks was seemingly infinite, and it might have taken an all-nighter just to get through with each and every woman. To be expected to sit through

the whole thing was simply unrealistic. So, after doing some embarrassing sign language, I had a guard escort me to use the bathroom. Turned out that toilet comfortability was where Kkarian technology and culture had been stymied. Or perhaps the ancient leaves of their ancestors were deemed to be suitable and trendy for the modern lady. Either way, I wasn't the happiest camper but taking the bad with the good was definitely the better approach.

I was on my way back to the festival, business taken care of when a figure burst from the tree line. The mystery woman's Kkarian tongue was gentle like how you might stroke a pet. Even so, my escort brandished a foot of curved metal that glinted in the patches of moonlight that peaked through the canopy above. The figure stepped forward, a dark garb disguising most features. My guard mirrored, taking a stance a foot in front of me while gesturing backward. 'Ni ke, ni ke' she growled. I took that to mean I was supposed to run when I had an opportunity. 'What happens to the bad ones?' I'd foolishly asked before about troubled Kkarian women who didn't seem to fit into the system. It had taken until then, a moment of potential danger, for me to reckon that some of the outcasts from society could possibly be dangerous; dangerous enough to warrant my guard bringing around a machete. I started looking for an exit.

"Don't! Verne! It's me," the figure interjected. Stopping myself, I watched her cloak. Her features were disguised - disguised meaning that she was small enough to fit under cover without her tits blowing her cover. Wait, I processed, she was wearing black shroud. It wasn't any rogue Kkarian looking to do me in.

"Chunali? Gosh! You can put your weapon away now, thank you," I said. When I tried passing the guard to meet with Chu, I was pushed back with a wide swipe of a blade-wielding arm. It choked me like a seatbelt in a car accident.

Chunali voiced something, extended her hand, and deepened her tone of voice. Then, as if her words were somehow imbued with power, the warden hid her blade and kneeled. Chunali spoke nothing more and signaled for me to follow her. I acted without a second thought.

We didn't talk about it until we were long gone, deep into the woods. I'd learned to trust her wherever there was dense foliage. I trusted her so much that it probably shouldn't have been serving me as well as it was. I didn't ask where she was taking me or how far it would be and I didn't demand she return me to the festival in any amount of time. I just clung to her, letting her take my arm as she tugged me along. We broke the forest line, and short, fluffy grass caught us as we found an opening in the thicket. In this clearing, moonlight shined brilliantly upon us as if it was still twilight, bringing silver tones to the glossy grass. There was a river that carved through the center of the clearing that mirrored the lunar disk up above without ripple or fold.

I looked up at Chu, and she looked down at me while our hands were still connected. She showed some teeth, then immediately recognized how we looked and started to chuckle.

"Hey," I'd contracted her titters, laughing at how we'd just gotten over on a guard that would no doubt tell Shah about what happened.

"Hey," she answered.

"What did you say to her back there? You made a giant look like a . . . Tiny, th-thing? I'm sure you guys have a cool expression for that since I'm having trouble thinking of one."

I never had trouble thinking of what to say. It was something that only happened around really, really pretty girls.

"We do. It translates to 'baring one's neck'."

"Just as emphatic as I thought it would be."

Chunali's hand fell away from mine, and she took a few steps away. I watched her hips wiggle, casual and succulent like she didn't know how damned blessed she was to swing her booty cheeks around, as she approached the bend in the river. Once she'd met the river's edge, she went onto her knee to find something in the water causing her grass skirt to open like a stage curtain. A second full-moon presented itself to me, bubbly and huge. I was salivating. Each cheek was about as wide as my waist!

With some effort, she yanked at something in the water and then spoke. "Want to go for a ride?"

"Sweetie, you have no idea- . . ."

"I finished repairs on this raft, so we can take it to the ocean tonight. You said you wanted to see our guides in the sky."

Enthused about a night on the sea with Chunali, I jogged over with tits playfully jiggling about. I watched her pull a wet vine from the water, paying attention to how her biceps rippled with her efforts in a way that could only happen if you spent a good part of your day working in the field. Her hips widened as she sank into a tug-of-war stance. Out from behind an unassuming bit of cover came an impressive raft that looked large enough for precisely two people. When she pulled it partly ashore, I took a seat on one end. She hopped aboard, unfastened a long paddle that she had secured with a braided vine and pushed us off. I laid supine, capturing the edges of her adorable nose and pronounced set of lips while Chu did difficult work of keeping us from running ashore. I'd say she was a natural, as knew the canals of the Blessed Isles like I knew the oceans. We were both navigators in a sense, but I preferred her natural style over my own. With a gradual but detectable build in speed, we swerved around large logs and rocks before we finally spilling out onto the open ocean.

The sea accepted us and it wasn't a moment later that I really got to gander at the wide open sky on the Blessed Isles.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Chunali barely whispered but with the tranquil quiet we were experiencing, she sounded like she was speaking from within me.

"So many," I said. "I should have looked up sooner. All these stars were here all along, huh?" I knew my own answer. The constellations hadn't changed from the night where Hannah and I had been sent to search for land on that fateful night. The waters were just as calm as well. I could recline and take in this infinitely new sky with unblinking eyes. That fact was astounding. A *new* sky. Unlike the one that I knew, wrapping from horizon to horizon, chock full of the faintest blips of galaxies far away and the radiant burning stars that were appeared close enough to snatch from the heavens. But I didn't know any of their names. Nor did I know their origins. I could only tell that some were blinking blue and some orange; stars burning at different temperatures. Some were clustered and some far off, twinkling. Some were planets or satellites that reflected near-solid light. If somehow, I had hit the nail on the head with one of my last predictions, I could very well be observing the orbit of a brand new set of planets.

One of them could have even been my old home. . .

I clutched my heart and found a stack of soft, squishy flesh instead. My breast bulged in the spaces between my fingers. It pulled me, momentarily, back to the current world. Chunali spoke softly. "There's a lot to cover. We could do basic navigation or crop rotations. . . Or we can start at the beginning." She secured her paddle and reclined on her back. Our heads were so close that I felt her heat only inches away. Her scent was on the wind. I could see her lips move in my periphery, too.

"Th-the beginning is fine," I answered.

Her chest expanded with a deep breath before she began to recite the Kkarian origin of the stars. "Once, there was nothing. And then, there was chaos," she pointed to a spot in the sky to our left, void of stars. "Out of the chaos came the goddess. She was as mighty as she was kind and had a name sweeter than we have words to describe. When she was ready, she returned to the chaos and when she emerged again, she brought the sky in her left hand and the land in her right. Because she was mighty, she filled the sky with storms and the land with fiery mountains, and because she was kind she filled the sky with stars and the land with beautiful plants and flowers. Then, when she was ready, she spoke and every world was formed that has been formed, one by one. She gave each one, filled with might and kindness, a name, and each had a name sweeter than words could describe." Gesturing to the fast array of stars in the sky, Chunali spoke with a sense of magic and wonder, as if she was invoking the very spirit responsible for such majesty.

"And that's how we got here-. . ."

Chu turned her body over and placed a finger to my lips.

"Shh! Not finished. Now then. When all had been made that has been made, the worlds were adrift in the nothingness. It was empty and lifeless there, so, when she was ready, the goddess placed her worlds back into the chaos. Once there, life of all kinds sprang up in each world and the Goddess was pleased. But, since they were adrift in the chaos, the worlds were also given peril and danger which grieved the Goddess. So, when she was ready, the Goddess created people, like you and me, out of her very essence and placed them on each of the worlds to guide each world toward her light and away from the danger

that exists at the end of chaos. The very first people were the Spirit Queens of old who have long since gone before us, but have left their guidance in the stars so that we might follow their path toward the Goddess' light and away from the dangers at the edge of chaos."

Illustrated by vast constellations and narrated by my crush, I applauded when the creation story was over. Chu nudged me playfully and I stopped, but I nudged her back for good measure.

"Spirit Queens have a pretty big role in everything then, don't they? So much so that you guys have two of them now," I commented, scooting just a little closer Chu.

"We do need guidance but," she flipped over again, bending her arm and creating a headrest out of the top of her hand so she could face me. "Who knows if we're getting it. You certainly don't, especially because you aren't the deliverer."

Somehow the way she said it wasn't accusatory. It was matter-of-fact while bearing both softness and a tinge of disappointment. I flipped myself over to get a better look at her expression and my nose nearly touched hers. Our breasts piled on top of each other, mine on hers, and her amazing softness became present to me. Under the starlight and moonbeams, her glass-gold gaze turned me to mercury. I felt urgency like an itch and went for what felt right like the right way to ease me. My chin pushed forward and my lips brushed themselves right along the outside of Chunali's.

Nothing deep or passionate, nothing from the movies, nothing wild and nothing like anything I'd ever done before. Then I realized that she was kissing back. My lips rolled over hers, testing how velvety and comfortable she was to kiss. It lasted no more than ten seconds before I withdrew, not knowing why only my face had a fever.

". . ." I started, and the emotions wouldn't turn into words. ". . . sorry."

"It's fine. It was nice," Chunali's smile mirrored the stars. "I kiss people all the time. It's kinda a common way of expressing interest."

"I'm sorry I lied. You're right, I'm no deliverer. I didn't even know what they were before I got to this island. I just saw all the people and the culture and got swept up in it all. I wasn't trying to be greedy or rude or anything, but I sure as hell didn't try to stop any of this from escalating. That's what I'm sorry for."

Again, Chunali's face was unchanging. Unhurt, but not giddy, she spoke. "I'd have to be an idiot to take you to be the deliverer so don't worry about it."

"Really?"

"Yea, it's okay. But that raises all kinds of other questions."

"I'll answer anything! Whatever it takes, I'll-. . ."

Before I could speak any further, I felt the burden of Chu dominating me. She swept me up with her arm and tilted her neck so that she could kiss me properly. She worked my lips ferociously, breathing in quick blasts of warm air, and massaged me till she coaxed my mouth to open. From there, our jaws worked harder and we rose and sank like the tides upon each other. Just as her tongue slipped into my mouth, our nipples lined up and hers sawed against mine sending electric shivers down my spine.

I moaned for that. The sexual satisfaction was dragged from my body and it sounded off, needy and ghostly. The thought of her golden bosom echoed in my mind's eye at that moment and it motivated me so much that I pulled away from our kiss and shimmied downward on my own without her permission. I stopped only when my nose was presented with two fleshy walls, Chu's cleavage, and I swiped my tongue out in search of a nipple.

"Wait," Chu gasped.

I did, but it excited me to know that she was excited about what we were about to do. Her breathlessness was proof enough. "What's wrong?"

"I-If you were the deliverer, then it would be your obligation to accept my sacrifice. Since you aren't, though, and you're an outsider on top of that, I can't let you take my essence."

I asked her to explain, even as a drop of milk escaped the nipple that I so desperately was thirsting for. "Other Kkarians are free to partake of each other's essence - they don't, but they have the freedom. If someone outside the faith wishes to do so, they must be converted first. Even then, I'm of royal blood, so the one who partakes of my essence must be a suitable partner appointed to me by a council of priestesses."

"A partner? You have to marry the person?!"

"I do. And it's arranged."

"You're going to let the priestesses decide who you mate with? They treat you like an outcast! We're out on the ocean with nobody around. Are you really going to let their rules dictate what you do with your body?" I expressed. When I'd made my case, I pressed my head into her soft pillows, feeling their warmth on the crown of my head. Her heartbeat soothed me. All that would be left was to catch a delicious, dripping point in my mouth and.

. .

"They don't tell me what to do with my body," Chu said, pushing me away. "I decide for myself. And I'll decide my mate for myself when the time comes, not some priestesses who answer to my sisters. But that's when the time comes. I want to feel a real connection with someone, for them to really know me before we choose each other to be life partners."

"But. . . why? It's just fooling around. It doesn't mean too much if you don't make it mean too much. Just two girls with desires that need to sort them out."

"I. . ." Chu thought, and the way she thought made me feel that I had almost convinced her. "Disagree, Verne. Even if I do lust for you, I won't change my mind so easily."

Momentarily set back, I watched as Chunali stood up and snatched her paddle up from where she had tied it down. By her own strength, she carried us back to shore and hid the raft away so that she could find it again in the morning. From there we departed to Laarla the Baller's house. We didn't talk as much as the night had gotten darker and it took us being even more deliberate to move without slipping into a ditch or disturbing some local fauna. Chunali seemed to hold me closer. I definitely held on to her with extra gusto. She'd admitted to lusting for me. That was a plus, and a grander step than even Hannah had taken with me. The difference was that Hannah had been so stressed, so pent-up, so attention-starved that she'd caved when I asked her to come to bed with me. Chunali wouldn't budge from her more conservative position. On that we disagreed, like she mentioned, as I felt that people were too afraid to do anything sexual at all. There were rules on work relationships, on what women were allowed to wear, on which relationships were supposed to work. 'Confusing' only began to explain it and for women like me, 'annoying' and 'oppressive' was where the explanations ended. Why did it matter what two consenting adults did with their bodies behind closed doors? Or behind open doors? Or outside those doors in the world that was full of other adults who had raging sexual curiosities? The idea was a ludicrous. How was anyone supposed to find a mate under those conditions? People should be free to experiment all they want, with whomever they want, so long as their a consenting partner. I'd gotten a little fiery thinking about it.

Would I overlook it for Chunali? I'd overlook government corruption for Chunali. I can't see over most tall shelves but I'd look over the tallest tree in the Blessed Isles for Chunali. We had different opinions, but being with her was enough to overcome that minor difference. As far as I was concerned, she'd laid out a road to sexy times: first, convert to their faith and second, earn her trust. Simple, meaningful work was all that was. It sure beat the other kinds of work.

We tipped and toed through the forest together, hands clasped and occasionally brushing each other's body parts. Probably forty minutes of walking and we had arrived at a road that would lead us to a small village. Chu briefed me on the situation and once she was done, we entered the cabin. It was clear instantly that there was some class diversity even on the Blessed Isles, and that we'd just stepped into the upper class.

"Chunali!" a woman announced from our right. She had some Kkarian word soup after that she spoke and I'd understood none of it. Instead, I made a note to pick up on some Kkarian.

Chu smiled, waved, conversed, then pulled me to the left. We entered a side room that was about the size of a two car garage, and seated on the floor was a woman who I could take to be a baller. "Holy shit. . ." I couldn't help but comment. I also could take her to be the woman who could no longer play ball anymore. Or do much of anything for that matter. Nothing but sit and massage her boobs which were each as tall as I was and longer than me if I laid on the floor beside them. Each was pulled so tight that they looked near plastic, artificially shiny and blimp-like. If it weren't for the veins running underneath or the subtle discolorations, or even how their tops were a darker shade than their bottoms, I could have believed that she might have faked the whole thing. But no, a small voice within me spoke,

they were real and I had walked into the real life of a woman who had boobs that were bigger than her own body!

"H-hey there, Laarla," I greeted the woman whose hair was thick and wild, though it had been twisted and tied a few times to keep it from becoming a problem.

She smiled back but didn't speak. Wincing, her arms went in broad circles, pressing against the hot air balloons that were her tits. At the end of her motion, water was being poured into a vat from a great distance. Wait, no, that had been the sound of her milk. Walking the length of the woman and looking at the end of the room, I found that Laarla's nipples were about nine inches long and were pumping milk into a corner of the house that had a section carved out, acting as a runoff spot for the rivers of milk she had to have been producing. At her size, most of the milk had stained the wall and would roll down in fist-sized pearls. Simply exquisite. I thought about how I would react on the receiving end of such a mighty blow out. The mental image had me starting from where Chunalì had left me. My arousal peaked.

"Glad you could join us again, Verne."

To my surprise, Hannah came into the room, interrupting me as I surveyed the night's work ahead of me. "Where did you come from?! Would you look'it these tits?! Holy cow - no offense, Laarla." Not that she could understand me.

"We were visiting with the wife when you and Chunalì showed up. What are YOU doing here? You had to come this far to use the bathroom?" Hannah gave Chunalì a looking over, weary of the Kkarian princess. Chu tilted her head forward in a greeting, a confident smirk pulling at her lips. "Evening, princess," Hannah said with a scowl she couldn't help.

"Glad to have you here, deliverer. I'm sure if you're here then your admirer must not be too far behind?"

"I never am, Princess Chunalì," in walked Shah. She had to squeeze into the door, nearly breaking the threshold to do so. Laarla and Shah had pretty similar body types now; boob dominated and begging to be milked. Laarla won in size by an extra foot of projection which I rejoiced over. You'd think that once you got their size that a foot wouldn't even matter anymore. I could tell, though, and I was enamored with their sizes. Not only that, but they each had different shapes and appearances. Laarla's barely drooped at all and were glutted far beyond what must have been their capacity while Shah's had been milked during her sacrificing and had some give to them. Laarla's pole nipples were at full mast and left the wall awash with their torrential flow while Shah only barely leaked, maybe leaving a wet spot on the ground every few bounces. Each boob really did have its own personality.

Shah turned toward Chu, which was quite the feat all things considered. There was a professional athlete with a comparable cup size - would bowl sizes or tub sizes be more appropriate? - to body ratio that was completely pinned by her own fleshy hills. It just showed how Shah had adapted to her size over years. "You shouldn't be here. There's a curfew and just because I can't catch you does not mean I don't intend to enforce it. You

could be kidnapped - you could be killed! Get back to the palace. Actually, I'll have you taken there forcefully. I'm not risking this again."

"It's nice to see you too, Shah," Chunali's posture slumped just a little. One hand went to her hip. "I'm actually here on official princess business. Someone has to leave the palace to make sure the people are okay. Oh! Actually, perhaps they don't. The palace seems to think that everything is okay, that things are the way they ought to be. It's like we forget about women who can no longer lead normal lives because their burdens have become too great. 'Guess they're too busy sacrificing."

Shah winced, like Chu's words had sliced her. "The palace has the obligation to lead the entirety of Kkarian society. As a member of the royal family, that is your responsibility as well. You'd better serve the people by thanking the mother above for the deliverers. What can you do now that you're here? What aid can you bring to anyone-. . . I've said too much." Shah shouted and a guard jogged into the room from who knew where.

"I'm going! I'm going," Chu threw up her hands. Even so, the guard held on to Chu's shoulder with a heavy hand. Just before she left, Chu spoke over her shoulder. "You're looking larger these days, Shah. And instead of squeezing myself into some ancient jar, I'm going to find a way to help you myself. That's what the royal family is supposed to do: to make society better for the people - for you and Laarla. Somebody has to."

Shah, Hannah, Laarla and I remained in the silence created by the vacancy of the princess. It was as if she took the air from the room. There was a period of tension but then, one by one, life came back to each of us.

Shah spoke up. "No need to be so serious. Times may have been dark before but we've been sent two deliverers that will finally relieve our great burden. I know that you do not begin your service officially until the final anointing in a few days, but this one is a prominent member of our community and it would be the cause of great celebration among our people if you were to-

"We'd be happy to," I stopped her. It wouldn't be the same as sucking royal milk, but maybe quantity would trump quality.

Hannah's brow was uneven. "To what, exactly."

"To 'relieve her burden' obviously."

"That's sorta your thing. I'll leave you to it. I don't want to suck any titty I don't know."

I looked at Hannah incredulously. "No way you're chickening out now. You sucked the Mender's milk when we washed up on the beach. This is exactly the same, but without the magic healing powers."

"I didn't have a say in the matter so this hardly compares. I'm not doing it, Verne. She's a perfect stranger to me, plus I stand a better chance of drowning here than I did in the storm. I'll take my chance with the ocean, thanks."

Hannah was always the standoffish type, avoiding fun in the name of order and righteousness. In strangers, I found the moral high ground a little off-putting but in Hannah, I saw it as cute, especially since it tended to be a thinner platform in some spots than in others. Throwing on my do-it-for-me face, I marched over and looked up in search of her eyes. She avoided my glance for dear life. She must have known that I meant business. Good that she respected me that much, but not effective at all. Horny Verne wanted to suck a nine-inch nipple with her part-time lover, and horny Verne always got what she wanted.

"Relax, will you? I'm not going to make you drink any," I wiggled my fingers between her arms. Once I had a grip, I pulled her away from Shah and over to the right flank of Mt. Mammary. "It's just a special moment in my life, and I want you to be here with me when it happens. I'd usually have my family or friends around for something so meaningful, but you'll do just fine."

"You're drinking breast milk, not graduating from university."

"You know that I'm prouder of this moment than any degree I could ever earn! Now come, come. And stand right there."

"I'm not standing this close."

She was just out of arm's reach, Laarla's breast literally coming up to her shoulder. I frolicked over to the front, unable to help an excitable skipping before I landed just beside the start of the areola. Hannah was still avoiding eye contact. I hadn't been lying when I said that I wanted her close by for when I took my first taste so with as much power as I could manage, I wrenched her so that she stumbled forward a few more steps. There, I thought, now everything was in position.

The woman's puffy, bumpy halos bunched up around the root of her stems. I followed the milk-delivering tube to its end, the turgid yet flexible rod. She was in the middle of a rather violent torrent which I got a little bubbly just watching so instead, I stood off to the side just slightly and allowed my fingers to surround her big, sexy nipple gently. Instantly, it bucked, and Laarla sucked in a narrow stream of air. Then she let it go and giggled in low tones. She spoke something to Shah.

"She's thankful for your attention, that is all. No need to hesitate," Shah translated.

About five seconds later, the waterfall had abated and a stream was what remained, opalescently glimmering in the inconsistent light of pole torches and a fire pit. Seeing as there would be no natural break in the flow, I counted to five and gave it an honest try.

"Mmmnph!" I squeaked, then moaned.

Before the moan could subside, there came another squeak. My eyes clenched shut, and my cheeks were punched outward at the volume of milk that was then entering my maw. Impressively, it even had *me* choking. Perhaps I hadn't adequately relaxed my throat for

the onslaught. Regardless, my body urged my mouth open to gasp for air and sticky, lava-textured sweetness poured over my face, chin, and exposed torso. As her nipple yielded a steady torrent, my mouth formed a literal 'O' shape out of shock and awe. Uncontrollably, I started to giggle in a dippy way. I hugged myself around my waist which was now being showered with copious amounts of lady liquid and immediately felt the comforting emotion that often came with coming into contact with a lactating woman.

"Remind me to have only milk baths from now on," I absently uttered as my hands started to move in circles to massage in the heavy cream that was now blasting me instead of the wall or the drain.

"You're. . . Something. . ." was all Hannah had to say.

Even as I took the nine inches of nipple between both my hands — I was downright tiny in comparison, unable to conceal it all with my palms — my thoughts were of Hannah. Horny Verne still hadn't abandoned her quest. Interests were clashing within me, so I reached out and took her hand in mine. Holding the nipple against my chest, I lowered my head and allowed for my lips to stretch around the milk-spewing spigot. It was a strain, to say the least. I'd never had to accept such vigorous milking before but at least Laarla's planet-like breast had scaled down from the previous rate of five gallons per second. My throat went to work as I focused on keeping a leak-free ring around just the tip of her weighty, engorged nipple.

GLUGT! GLGLT! GLUGT! GLUGT!

I sank straight away to my knees. I felt like someone was tying bags of bricks onto my body. Laarla's warm, soothing milk was pumping me so full that I started to get dizzy. This wasn't the slow and easy descent into sexual lust that I'd known, but an overpowering womanly wave of soothing and loving feelings. Compelled by it, I reached forward with my right hand, stretching to reach the bumpy, brown skin of the bullseye on her mammoth breast. I longed to touch her, to feel her warmth, even as I felt it from within. This was an entirely different experience that I welcomed without hesitation. The nurturing quality, the sweetness of her overflowing production, had me swooning in throes of nourishment.

"Verne. . ." Hannah, of her own volition, had come close. Obviously, I couldn't say anything to her, but I hoped my body spoke for how at peace I was in that moment. My fingers shifted between hers, loose but caring. My intention was to translate the fuzzy feeling I had inside. I gave her larger hands a meaningful squeeze "Wow. That's. . . actually beautiful."

Glugt. Shhnkt. Glugt. Shhnkt.

Slow and steady, Laarla's breast met my needs. I hadn't known something like this could even exist. Hormonally, spiritually, Laarla knew how much milk I could take and her flow and volume adjusted to serve my personal needs. Was it still a tremendous batch the likes of which was beyond what any regular girl could produce? Thank goodness, yes. As my fingers slithered up Hannah's arm, feeling the firm, steady muscles just beneath the softness in her forearm, I felt my belly bump into Laarla's front. There was no bloody way I

was already so big! Eyelashes fluttering in my vision, I gave Laarla's body-eclipsing boob a loving pat as thanks because no woman had ever single-handedly pumped me as well as she had. The bigger I got, the grander my dreams of having my own tits grow became, and her milk tasted sweeter and sweeter with the knowledge that, by the morning, such a dream would become reality.

Over the course of twenty or so minutes, I let Laarla's thick, milkshake-consistency brew gush into me. Over that time, my belly expanded at such a rapid rate that growth was visible by the second. I had swelled up so quickly that my hand went beneath me to try to bolster some of the weight, and Hannah assisted by drawing lazy circles on top of my sizable new belly bump. I went from grazing the front of Laarla's asset to being mashed against it. My tummy was just as taut and noisy as Laarla's breast which only made me more excited. Soon the surface that her tit and my belly shared had grown to be my entire front, and just before my belly touched the ground, I came off her nozzle for a breather. I felt her milk spiraling around in me, rolling and causing me to lean this way and that. My tits looked like mosquito bites sitting on top of a boulder.

"H-how's progress?" I asked, panting like I'd just built a pyramid in a single day.

Hannah flicked some milk away from my lips with her thumb. There was futility to the motion since all of me had some layer of milk on it. "A little, I think."

Laarla said something that Shah swiftly translated. "She feels that her production has slowed thanks to your efforts. Perhaps she will be able to make a permanent size change now since she'll be milking more than she makes."

I made duck lips and pumped my fist in the air to celebrate. Little did I suspect the motion would throw me off balance. Off to my left I went, my paunch controlling the momentum of my everything. Luckily Hannah was there. I felt her arms around me and her chest against my cheek as she managed to snatch me out of the air before I was tossed into the fetal position.

"Mmm, warm," I snuggled.

"Don't get any ideas. . . you look tired," Hannah left her descriptions there.

So I yanked some more out of her. "And my tummy looks cute too, doesn't it? Big and cute and full of milk."

"Stop acting like a baby," Hannah began before realizing just how impossible the statement was. "Never mind. Kinda hard to do that in your position. I guess standing is out of the question for you, though?"

"I'd say. I've never been this big before."

"We'll have a ride prepared for you shortly, Deliverer," Shah announced.

"And you can't run off this time," Hannah chimed in.

What? A ride? "But I wasn't finished yet! Let me up." I went to erect my body, yet even with the power of my will, there was too much of my size being pulled into Hannah's body. My belly was a pale moon, extending several feet in front and nearly a foot to my left and right. All signs of a waistline — or a lower body for that matter — were tucked beneath its shadow. With my efforts, trying to swing my body up starting at my neck, my milk turned over and over in waves that ultimately sent me further into Hannah's boobs.

"Quit it! I'm going to fall. You're too heavy!" Hannah implored.

"Fine. . ."

Desiring to be up-right, I had my beautiful boatswain to turn me over and sit me up. With my legs spread out wide, I felt my stretched flesh pouring over my thighs and knees without blemish, mounting higher than I would have thought possible. Appraising fingers played with the skin. It tingled wherever I touched! Plus there were the cute, high-pitched ramblings it made as if not nearly content with its own size. I could share that sentiment.

"I want more. . ." I murmured into my dearly distended abdomen.

Shah appeared beside me while Hannah held my frame steady from behind. "Seeing that was a blessing! To be able to slow production in a woman of this size is miraculous. Before there might have been no hope. She might have had to resign from her team and accept a life of milking if not for your actions." Laarla was emphatic as she pushed into her bulging bazookas. I couldn't see her around my own milk-stuffed expanse. "In a few days, I will have milked all of this away. My burden is lifted. I am grateful," Shah translated.

Dawning on me was the severity of Laarla's condition. She'd tried to relieve her wife but had all but immobilized herself in the progress. To think that there might be others stricken with breasts that size was as enchanting as it was saddening. What about all of the things that I had done over the past few days? Traveling through the forest, watching the stars from a raft on the sea, and spending time with a girl I liked was an impossibility for those who were constrained to a room by their bodies. The adventure and the newness would disappear too. "There are other Kkarians like Laarla," I meant as a question, but my definitive tone proved that I already knew the answer.

"It is the fate of all of us who bear tainted milk. At first, the curse was rare and only a few of us were subject to it. But now it is as if every Kkarian is born with it. If you drink the milk of another Kkarian your own production becomes endless, and even if one manages to spend their whole life denying their natural urge to share the gift with another they will continue to grow into adulthood. . . until they are too large to move."

"Wait. You just called breast milk a 'gift'. I thought it was a burden?"

"It certainly used to be called a gift but that was years and years ago. . ."

At once, Hannah stood and began a treacherous walk across a volley of spraying milk to reach Laarla's left nipple. I didn't have slightest idea what had motivated her as I was in the

middle of wondering about the fates of all the residents on the Blessed Isles. Then, as she latched on and started inhaling vast quantities of Laarla's load I understood her completely. She couldn't stand seeing people suffer if she could help it. She was noble and brave and willing to step in to help, maybe not to satisfy my lustful desires for her, but to help a fellow human being.

I was proud of her.

But also proud that horny Verne was getting her way. Hannah was drinking the milk. Seconds in, her jacket flayed wide and her belly poked out. It was time for round two, where Laarla would be freed to move about and where Hannah would experience expansion for the very first time.

Hate to leave you hanging there, but it's worth the wait to find out how the stoic captain-to-be reacts to a plump belly.

Her tits will be immaculate as well, so don't feel neglected.

I just wish that we'd had more personal time to enjoy it.

Since things most certainly heated up after that. . .

* * *

Chapter 6

Hannah could do anything she set her mind to, and where her knowledge of a situation failed her gusto would fill the gap. She skirted around the outer edge of bronze flesh, a breast inflated to a size that she had no experience with before and approached the equator of Laarla's left nipple. I watched her unwavering interest as her noble journey placed her right next to the flexible spigot firing volleys of breast milk in bursts so thick that the nipple itself shuddered with fullness as wave after wave of cream was catapulted away from the source of their production.

Hannah didn't waver. Though, she did watch with thoughtful consideration. Her brunette hair was drawn away from her face, the sharpness of her features present in her nose and lips. She was looking for an opening of some sort.

But that time would never come. "You just need to go at it gently," I offered some obtuse advice. "It's a little different from what you're used to, but-

"What is that supposed to mean?!" she seemed willing to be distracted by my instruction. It was adorable how eager she was to get this right.

"It means you're used to sucking my lack of tits and not a record-setting human dairy cow. But just because she's massive doesn't mean she isn't a girl who wants to enjoy this as much as you do. If it helps, you can imagine her as me."

"Maybe after a month or two of tanning and seven rounds of plastic surgery," Hannah snarked.

She looked to have gotten the point. She dropped to one knee and her jaw loosened a little. The five-foot-tall jug of sweetened, girly nectar made some anticipatory chortles. Laarla's tits were already reacting to the proposition of being relieved by someone new. By what pheromonal mystery it happened, I hadn't a clue, but a part of me thanked it for being so accommodating toward Hannah; since I was becoming a more devout member of her fan club by the second. Hannah gulped. Turning her face to the left, she took the weight of Laarla's glugged staff against her left cheek. By the looks of things, the nipple could easily hit the back of her throat with its length.

There was no more stalling. Hannah, finding no special moment to begin, snuck in between milk blasts and laced her puckered lips around the end of Laarla's nipple. She started sucking as if that were necessary. She meant well by it. But Laarla was far beyond having milk drawn out of her like a traditional nursing session. At the end of her tits, Laarla sighed pleasantly. From the root at her chest wall, my eyes traveled the full length of the breast: all the sexy tan skin, a giant, taut hill of feminine blessing. I was just noting how beautiful the front of her tits looked with lines of wetness slithering down their fronts when Hannah's straining took my full focus.

Hannah hardened as she lost ground on the very first load. The sound of her first attempted swallow was haunting in how it snatched the focal point of the room to the candlelit space just in front of Laarla's aching swollen mammary.

Glllgt! Gllgt!

Hannah's consuming was so labored but also beautiful. She fought for every drop, as much as she could store in her cheeks while the rest invaded her throat. Her ragged, fraying uniform began to slip from her shoulders as she tilted her head and took a little more nipple into her mouth.

"Mother above," I heard Shah say. My head swiveled to where she was massaging her own tits. Shah's amazingly bouncy funbags spread out against the ground. She allowed them to fall and stretch before she'd lift them up for yet another bounce. Her mouth had a slit where her shallow breaths escaped. She was getting seriously turned on by this!

But then I felt the spiraling dizziness coming on. My vision started to dance. It didn't matter how much I tried opening my eyes were. Hanna's gorgeous profile being blasted with milk was as sexy to Shah as it was to me, I figured. So, I mimicked Shah and started swishing the liquid in my stomach as I watched Hannah's epic quest unfold.

Gllllgt! Glllgt!

Hannah's stomach was what I noticed first. The first few blasts of milk had pulled it taut. As copious amounts sprayed directly to the back of her throat, she held her expanding stomach with her hands. As she chugged – though it was more like she was just being inflated – her hands slipped lower and lower on her body as her tummy pushed out and was dragged down by its own weight. Her skin began to match the fronts of Laarla's breasts; both were stained with copious volumes of cream. On occasion, it would be too much for her and some of Laarla's milk spewed from Hannah's lips and drenched her torso, forming coin-sized heaps on the floor between her legs. The stuff was too creamy, too thick, and too sweet for a newbie to take. I knew that. And it was turning me on big time.

"Yea, you like it, right? Think you can drink it all? I bet you can't, hehe," I teased her from afar. When she paid me no mind, I went back to stroking my stomach. My own skin was tingling all over and I had a keen sense of the boundaries of my flesh, knowing just how huge I was and how I couldn't have stood up if I wanted to. Laarla's milky remnants were all but worked into my skin making it smell like honey and shimmer as if with baby oil. It whispered to me and I talked to my adorable belly as if there were a child inside. I was simply mammoth which was an adjective I would gladly associate with.

"Sh-she doesn't have to drink more than she's able," Shah tried putting on her priggish visage to no avail. Her tits piled up when she hugged them, squeezed them, and wrapped her body in them. Her self-righteous airs were demolished by such obscene lust. Shah's surrendering to her depravity had already begun. Despite this, she continued pretending to fight her urges. "It is more than enough that she has offered to help before the appointed time."

"Somebody's jealous," I replied, chin on my globe-like abdomen.

"To be j-j-jealous would imply some form of possessiveness which I am not at liberty to have. The Deliverers are to serve all Kkarians and for me to- . . ."

"Whoa! Shah, your ceremonial cup seems to be running over"

"H-hush!"

Shah tried to turn away from me but she couldn't hide her size or her excitement. Milk was staining the fronts of her breasts and the beginnings of pools formed around her. Of all the things to miss, it had slipped my attention that Shah's nipples were partly inverted. Even as she lactated, her nipples never stood out fully. Only a few inches of her giant beanbags peeked from behind her spanning areolas.

I licked my lips. "You know, I could help you with those. It's my job to serve all Kkarians and that includes you."

From the very edge of her almond-shaped eye, she looked on me discerningly. "You're plenty large already."

'But I need to be bigger', I wanted to say, but I knew Shah had no concept of why I wanted to expand.

It struck me when I turned and saw Hannah's progress. By the second I could see each additional ounce being heaped upon the last as her belly pressed forward. Her gorgeous, spotless skin on her stomach was whiter than the rest of her. It was essentially a milky snowball going at full speed down a hill. Before long it crashed into the lower bend of Laarla's human milk factory and Hannah was still being inflated. I wanted to keep being inflated. If I had the strength, I would have popped up onto my feet and took as much tit flesh into my mouth as possible, not stopping till I could balance on top of my belly. I wanted to be huge! Vast beyond compare.

I squeezed my tummy and what once was pride had been swallowed in a need for more. Hannah's tummy sunk deeper and deeper, wobbling as even more milk was packed inside. Her skin stretched to fit her new size but there were no marks to be seen and only minimal discomfort from the expander herself. She looked fully pregnant with a full-term baby and was still holding her middle as if it were that unborn child. But her lips looked to be working and her head was bobbing gently as she accepted her stuffing. She was into it. She'd found a groove.

Fuck was I horny! It was one thing to be in the middle of it, to have felt your own body expand, and then there was watching it unfold with flesh and milk right in front of you. "O-oh god, you're doing so good, Hannah. Don't waste a single drop of that magic milk."

She gave me the bird.

I went to giggle but underneath the drunken carnal pleasure I was experiencing, came a prickling buzz. I looked down and watched with stars in my eyes. Without warning, my tits were plumping up. This time they were going at double the regular speed.

The prickling was like the nails of ten lovers as they gripped my sensitive female flesh. An orgasm rang over me in no uncertain terms. My tits jumped from six inches of perky protrusion to nine in what I knew was fewer than five seconds. Without lowering from the cloud nine of my fleshly bliss, they trembled a whole foot in front of me. They filled out perfectly on the sides and on the bottom and in equal measure, my tummy started to disappear.

"Mmph!" a muffled grunt came out of me before a droning, lusty moan.

The moment never spoiled. I watched as my boobs perpetually pushed themselves away from my body. Their perky shape was entirely maintained while their size pushed cup size after cup size, making the entire idea of measuring them in any one moment pointless. But my brain measured on its own. Subconsciously, I was yearning to give context to their ridiculously speedy growth. I blew past twelve inches of prominence and broke the cup sizes at the beginning of the alphabet as if they were a training bra. I took pause to savor that image, of me destroying outfits with my inflating fun bags.

The tug on my shoulders made my muscles clench as if in the throes of orgasmic bliss. My eyes fluttered. There were seventeen inches of tit standing in front of me. And what was the seventeenth letter of the alphabet? Ah yes, it was a Q! On my narrow, rail body I had twin Q cups for boobs with attention-attracting, suckable nipples, and lemon-shaped areola. From when the expansion began, the slick, puffy rings around my nipples had darkened by several shades and were bulging beautifully away from the curve of the rest of each breast. For what sake I hadn't already been plundering my recent bounty wasn't clear, so with jittery fingers, I groped my newly sprouted Q cup monster boobs.

My face flushed all at once deeper than it had ever been before. The eddying pool of milk in my stomach flattened to nothing while my growth cream migrated entirely to my torso in one magnificent breakthrough. An animalistic cry purged itself from my body as I climaxed without any break from the last one.

I wrung my hands in my tit flesh like I had just washed my hands and was using a towel to dry them. I could feel more cream than ever as it lodged itself under my skin and I exploded like dynamite two or three cup sizes in a final burst as my stomach flattened and my tits accepted every last drop.

"F-fuuuck," I whined, happily oppressed by my new weight. "Hannah."

Glllgt! Glllgt! Gl-glllgt! Pop!

"Verne-" Hannah began, sputtered, fell forward and smashed her head into Laarla's fleshy mountain after breaking the vacuum-powered hold her lips had. Before her was her own kind of meaty hill, for she looked to be sufficiently stuffed beyond much recognition. There were no authoritarian airs left inside of her. She could do little more than lumber over to her side like the feasted hotty she was. Her gut was her guide; it was her middle that pulled the reins on her as my tits now did on me.

"I-I hate that you talked me into th-that. . ." Hannah garbled from her position on her side, facing me with a kind of ungracious nonchalance. "I feel ridiculous."

"But you also feel amazing, don't you? I know. I feel that way too."

Laarla snickered. She'd plainly found something entertaining.

"What's she saying?" I asked Shah.

Disturbed from her arousal, Shah returned to her usual, stalwart visage. "She doesn't know what she could have done to deserve such grace. It is truly her honor to have been serviced in such a way-. . ."

"Bluuuurbpt!" a belch from Hannah's side of the room seemed to come from some mythical beast.

My body reacted the only way it seemed to know how: arousal. My nipples stood at perfect attention and treacherous trails of pure white stickiness created puddles in front of them. I'd

sprayed a healthy helping of milk at what must have been the last dry space on the floor. "Oopsie?"

Shah, who was more conflicted than ever let out an insufferable sigh. "It's time to get you girls back to the palace. . ." she admitted.

Day 4

"It's this way," when Chunali looked over her shoulder, her body veered into a pleasant crescent shape with her voluptuous bum at its base.

We were in the palace going on a bit of a culture tour, one that Shah would not have approved of. Two-thirds of our touring party was kinda happy to be rubbing Shah the wrong way. Hannah was the odd one out, being neither for nor against seeing a Kkarian priestess have a cow. Or so she claimed. She could have fooled me by how reluctant she was being. Maybe exploring an ancient sacrificial ground beneath the palace was enough reason for her to oppose the field trip, but there seemed to be more to it.

"You two are so slow! I said we need to do this quick!" Chu waited at the corner of a narrow palace hallway where vines of ivy snaked through cracks in the walls.

"Yea, Hannah, stop being a worry wart and come on!" I trotted ahead of Hannah, hopefully chipper enough to annoy her.

Putting Hannah and Shah both mentally and physically behind me, I ran to catch up with my Kkarian Princess. As I passed Chu and rounded the bend, I gave her big, sexy bubble butt a good slap and squeeze combo through her insufficient skirt. It wasn't enough to simply give her a playful patting. No, I felt compelled to make sure she knew how much I wanted to be with her, how much I lusted for her, and how much I appreciated her beauty all in a single motion.

Our sights crossed. I shot her a naughty look and she seemed appreciative. Her jiggle ass cheek fell from my hand and we acted as if we didn't want to fuck each other in the hallway with Hannah watching.

Being forward about sex seemed to be in my genes but I had felt even more brazen lately. Something about being turned into a human blimp while chugging Laarla's milk reminded me that this wasn't the old world anymore. Hannah and I had washed ashore in a place where I was free to be as touchy, feely, needy, wanting, lusty, and sensual as I wanted. It was liberation for a girl like myself, one who was considered a nymphomaniac among normal people.

Then there was the budding love triangle which would normally put people off. I had a crush on Chunali and a currently-off-again thing with Hannah and walking as a threesome down together would be the last place any normal person would want to be. It's literally me having the girl I slept with meeting the girl I wanted to sleep with. But, again, I was beyond normal. The sexually weird had a way of turning me on. I loved them both. I lusted for them both. Having them together in such a close place, having me in the middle of two

different varieties of hotty, was all the more reason to crank up the flirtation meter. The only reason normal people might get anxious just thinking about my current relationship status was because of some dated idea of civility in intimate relations; one-at-a-time sort of stuff. But no one person had exclusive rights to my experience of intimacy.

'Chunali would disagree with that so much', I found myself thinking. 'For that matter, so would Hannah.'

They both seemed to think that I had to pick, in the long term at least. For the present, they were more than content with the little game we were playing. Well, not Hannah, actually. She was never content. She was angry, concerned, and her brain was wracking with how the days were unfolding. She'd spilled her spleen a bit in the morning after Laarla's deflation – we'll call it that, but we didn't seem to leave a dent in the woman's milk reservoirs. It was the fourth morning on the Blessed Isles and we still hadn't made progress in escaping. On the seventh day, there was supposed to be the zenith of all festivals and there was no telling what the Kkarians might expect of Hannah or myself. Miracles, signs, wonders, and tests on holy scripture were all missing from the list of things I was capable of, so we were in trouble if we couldn't get a lifeline nailed down.

Leave it to Hannah to try to debrief me on our situation with her hulking meat sacs floating on air in front of her. How could she expect me to listen to anything she had to say when her jacket was no longer sufficient cover for her new growth? Hell, she could have done me the courtesy of a good fucking first.

So, I deeply expected that Hannah would be grumpily cute about being led off by Chu on some secret mission into the bowels of the palace, but surprisingly she was on-board. "If you're going to keep running off, I'd rather make sure you're safe," was her cover story. Bits of it were probably true, but I think she just wanted to spend more time with me. I obliged. Plus, we might stumble upon something that could give us a way off the island.

There was a lot of walking to do before we stumbled upon anything, though. Until then, we had time.

"I didn't enjoy Laarla too much," Hannah declared. "She's a wonderful person, but the whole milking thing? It was weird."

With all of the stress of trespassing on holy ground and needing an escape plan, Hannah's nonchalance was by far the most jarring thing.

"Oh? How so?" I expressed interest, wanting to encourage her sexual openness.

"Was I the only one who thought her nipples were hard to suck? Like, the flow was forceful but that was fine after a while. It was the size of her. Her huge ass nipples were so round and long that my jaw started hurting after a while."

"True. So what? You think a smaller nipple would be easier?"

Chu chimed in. "Most Kkarians I knew say that longer nipples are easier to hand-milk, but I could see why Laarla's might be difficult to drink from. Latching on to her seems impossible so you're constantly having to work to stay connected."

"Really? I thought latching was fine on Laarla," I asserted.

Hannah talked with her hands. "I tried, but it was this constant balancing act. I could bite down hard but then her nipples turn into this nozzle and her milk starts to smack the back of my throat – and the resulting coughing fit would be awful with that much milk. And what about if you clench too hard? You could cut off the flow completely or hurt Laarla. In the end, I just went with sucking whatever I could down, but that's a lot more work 'cause you can't put your teeth anywhere. 'Bet I could have gone a lot longer if there was a good place to bite down."

"You can't do it on girls that are as huge as Laarla," Chu said. "But if they are any smaller, you can actually tuck the nipple into your cheek and that helps get to the areola." She demonstrated with her pinky finger which poked a bump in the side of her mouth. "Like this. Then you can latch without having to have a nipple down your throat." Her words slurred cutely.

"I kinda like that, though. Don't you girls like that feeling? Just sorta letting some girl unload down your throat?" Added me, reading the conversational tone.

"Nah, a longer session with latching is better, Verne. More romantic, more personal, less sex-crazed. Not surprised you like it 'long and down your throat', though," Hannah threw a hand on her hip.

"Hell yea! What's not to like? I bet Chu agrees with me."

Chu smiled. "I haven't actually sucked anyone's breast besides my own," she shrugged. "For obvious reasons. But there are some boobs I never tire of and would really like to lay next to and empty in a lengthy session."

"Ha!" Hannah proclaimed victory.

Prematurely. "But some women, like Shah, seem to like the penetrative quality. Once she's fully erect, her nipples are really long. And at her size, she has to suck or she'll never express enough milk. If you're like Shah, you kinda have to like big, plump nipples."

"Ha!" I twisted my torso to the right and smacked Hannah with my tits. The way I flung my new assets around was the perfect blend of sexy and fun. Hannah saw it that way as well, rolling her eyes with a smile as she was bumped against the nearest wall. "Wait, no," I amended once realization hit. "I don't want to be like Shah. I change my answer. Latching rules."

"Yea, Shah's the worst," Chunalii giggled. "Plus, I like you the way you are, Verne. Your charm, your smile, your perfectly proportioned nipples. . ."

"Thanks, sweetheart," I gave my rack a little shimmy as part of her reward for being so nice.

Speaking of my tits, they had shrunken slightly overnight; which was a bigger let down than. . . Laarla's let down. I was beginning to think that sleep was becoming my enemy as each time I closed my eyes, I seemed to wake up with smaller breasts. Still, were beyond a foot away from my body, and even farther if my nipples were stimulated. Overall, I'd say that there was a thirteen-inch shelf of breast meat that was always leading my smaller body this way and that. Once my shimmy was over and I had Chu's attention, she got the whole of my left flank as I hugged her around her corsetish waistline. I could feel her eyes on my perky air balloons. I knew that she had been honest when she'd admitted to being turned on by me.

"What? I get boob checked and she gets hugs?" Hannah smarted off.

"See Chu? This is what I have to deal with," I remarked sarcastically. My attention flicked in Hannah's direction. "You'll get your turn. Just do me the favor of keeping that body all sexy for me. Shouldn't be too hard for a girl with boobs like that."

Hannah's tits were already huge but she hadn't had as much milk as me. I had been like a tick, sucking like Laarla might be my last meal. Hannah was less enthusiastic and had a smaller pair of knockers to show for it. No more than J cups, which were still globular and jiggly so I couldn't complain, yet below there had been another effect. I could have sworn that I knew how perky and bubbly Hannah's backside was but. . . had it gotten a little plumper?

"Over my dead body," Hannah replied.

"Drop the 'dead' and I'd be happy to do all sorts of things over that body."

"Liar. You like to be a bottom and you know it."

I blinked. My excitement caused me to leap away from Chunali and grasp Hannah's tits from behind. My bare naked bosom smashed and covered her whole back area from shoulder blades to the beginnings of her hips.

"You're right! I love being bottom! I can't believe you remembered. Hehe," I was downright giddy.

Hannah tried to shake me off, weaker than she normally did. "Sh-shut up."

"Don't squeeze too hard, Verne. Hannah will need to make a suitable sacrifice once we enter the holiest of holy spaces." Chunali expressed. There was something quarrelsome about her lips. Had I made her jealous by hugging Hannah?

There wasn't much time left to wonder about such things. Before long, our pathway led us over a small bridge where stone ceased and sand began. We entered a sort of underground desert pavilion with torches on pillars at forty-five-degree angles, twisting 'W' shapes along

the walls (reminiscent of boobies), and statues of giant women which were attached at to the ceiling and seemed to extend deep beneath the ground.