
CONTENT WARNING

The text below is, by its intent, explicit in nature. It is **unrated** and **for mature audiences only**. This is neither intended nor suitable for *any* minors, nor adults that do not want to be exposed to descriptions of non-realistic sexual intercourse in a fantasy setting. It is your own choice and responsibility if you continue reading.

I'll break it down for those hard of understanding:

Non-realistic — The things described herein do **not** work in the real world. Not At All!

Sexual intercourse — Two or more people of the same or different sex and legal age, doing *teh nastay* together. Ask yourself, and be honest: *Do You **Want** To Read About That? **Should** you read about that? Are you **legally entitled** to read that? If "No", then What Are You Doing Here?*

Fantasy setting — Far, far away in a mirror universe. Faery tale. Magic. Wizardry. Totally made up. Out of this world. In other words, restating the obvious: *Do Not Try This At Home!*

Note: This information and the URLs are current as of January 2010.

I like feedback.

Now of course I don't know where you've found this story you're about to read, so bear with me for a few seconds.

I originally uploaded it to a rather obscure fetish website called The Overflowing Bra, and you can leave comments and rate stories there. I'd be delighted to receive your feedback about this novel of mine. Loved it? Hated it? Want more? Head over to the listing of my stories and have at me!

<http://overflowingbra.com/results.htm?vaname=553>

That is the whole list of stories I wrote, with the oldest at the top and the newest at the bottom. Please check that you're targeting the right one when you send your comments. Yes, I do follow the comments for my older texts, too.

Note that at the Overflowing Bra, "5" means best. "1" means worst. Not the other way 'round. You also might want to make sure you're rating/commenting at the right story page, too. Otherwise, things might get confusing. I'm just sayin', is all. ;)

If you need to ask me something, or you want to stay on top of new stories, I post and also keep an eye on the forum there, and I started an "update/feedback" thread that'll auto-notify me if you add to it:

<http://www.overflowingforum.com/viewtopic.php?f=4&t=2195>

All right, I guess I've bored you enough with my ego for now. Turn the page and dive into the story

The Complete PDF Of Yrba's Travels

by

Paul Gerard (*a pen name*)

First draft done July 2008.

Originally published in twelve HTML parts at
<http://overflowingbra.com/> over the course of 2009.

This compiled version with minor fixes: January 2010

Spellchecked: by computer.

Proof-reading: *Some parts were proof-read by volunteers (thanks!), some I only checked myself. Cue the whimsical excuse for the occasionally garbled grammar and strange syntax: I'm a non-native writer of English. Sorry.*

That's what you get if you want "free as in beer" ;)

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Altaerna — a world, where the laws of reality may become mere guidelines at any given time, where magic and machinery are intertwined, where all those things creeping in the shadows of fantasy may step forward onto the mind's stage.

The time of this story is similar to our planet's 12th century.

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Yrba's Travels, Book 1: The Town

Part 1: Jailbreak

"You've got the brawn

I've got the brain

Let's make lots of money"

— Pet Shop Boys, *Opportunities*

This part's proofreading kindly supplied

by Kanodin and Merkava

Chapter 1: Waiting For The Last Sunrise

The taller of the two guards in chain mail pulled open the wooden cell door. The short one dragged the unconscious woman inside the cell and dropped her on the cold and dusty floor of worn cobblestones.

"What's she in for?" he asked while catching his breath.

"The noose, by morning. Lord got angry," was the offhand reply by the tall one, holding the torch. "Come on, it's past midnight. We could've been off duty for a quarter of an hour already if you weren't so slow."

"Well, she's heavy! You could've lent a 'and! But no, always me who 'as to carry 'em around!"

"Yeah, 'cause you've got a thing fo' the big un's."

"Willya lookit 'er?! She's tall all right, but ain't got nothing on 'er chest! Felt like carrying a damn gent!"

He kicked the motionless figure.

"Stupid cow! Should've lied back and kept ya mouth shut and yer legs open, not the other way 'round!"

The door was slammed shut, bolted, and locked. The two guards disappeared upstairs, taking the torch with them. After a while, the clouds in the night sky opened up. Moonlight shone through the small, barred windows. The row of large prison cells filled with the pale bluish glow. Each compartment, easily suitable for a hundred inmates, was separated only by rusty but solid iron bars from the adjoining one. The wall towards the corridor was made from heavy bricks, and clearly had been added later. A century ago, an even more impatient ruler than the incumbent gave order to turn the castle's basement stables into this cell-block. Nowadays, with justice being served much more swiftly and with less strain on the royal treasury, they remained empty most of the time.

They weren't empty this night, though.

There was a whimper, barely audible, then the spreadeagled shape of the burly woman began to move. She slowly rolled on her belly and crawled up to the door. Leaning against it, she struggled upright and reached for the small window.

"Water... please...", she begged. For a few moments, her trembling fingers clutched the rusty bars in the door's window. Then she slumped back down. Her long blond hair, a white mess in the weak moonlight, hung matted in her face. She sobbed quietly, and her drawn-up shoulders shook.

"Waste of breath, girl," a dark and husky voice said.

She looked up and saw, with her bleary, half-closed eyes, a rotund heap of rags stirring in the deep shadows of the next cell.

"Ain't nobody waiting outside, ain't nobody listening, ain't nobody coming until sunrise. And then..." the figure stretched her arms, lifted her hand behind her neck, cocked her head and let her tongue hang out, as if strangled by an invisible rope. "You understand?"

"Gypsy!" the blonde uttered, pointing a trembling finger at her.

The other woman, stocky and about five and a half feet tall, chuckled while she kept stretching her limbs. Much of her body's outline was hard to make out in the darkness.

"Amazing. What gave me away? The colorful rags for clothes, or will you claim you're missing anything of value from your pockets already?"

The tall blonde staggered to her feet and stumbled towards her. She fell hard against the bars. Her right hand reached through and grabbed at the other inmate's clothes.

"Water! Please..." she begged again. The gypsy's patchwork dress slipped through her weak grip. Her arm fell, and she slumped down to her knees.

Rearranging the veils and rags wrapping around her body, the other woman asked: "How long since you last drank something?"

"Morning... been all day... at the pillory..." was the whispered reply, mumbled through chapped lips. The pale girl closed her eyes tightly as another cramp gripped her empty stomach.

"Bastards," muttered the dark-skinned, dark-haired woman, kneeling down. "Here, open your mouth... *theeere*'s a good girl. Slowly, slowly." A hand reached through the bars, cupped the blonde's

cheek and lifted her head. The skin on the gentle fingers was rough and scarred, the skin of a woman used to working hard for long hours.

The girl felt another wrinkly, rough fingertip, covered in a sweet liquid, touch her mouth. She sucked at it and tasted more juice running over her tongue. Finally, she opened her eyes — and froze.

A big, oblong, almost melon-sized breast hung right in front of her face. The gypsy had lifted her left udder from her dress and had pushed it through between two of the bars. Moving in as close as she could, and reaching with her arms through the adjacent gaps between the bars, she was squeezing and milking her soft, voluminous tit with both hands now. More whitish drops formed on the coarse teat-like nipple that the blonde had mistaken for a fingertip. They were shining on a brown skin that seemed near black in the faint light.

"D—Darkskin? You're a traveling Darkskin trader?"

The woman produced a throaty, deep laugh.

"Oh, let me guess — Princess Obvious, is that you?"

The blonde looked at her, confused.

"Who, me? I don't know about any princesses around here."

Her gaze returned to the nipple and the whitish drops. Her dry tongue licked her lips, producing a rasping sound.

"Funny, I always thought your ilk's milk would be black as well," she remarked.

"You don't get around much, do you? Us Darkskins are not that different. Pink on the inside just like anybody else. Come on, don't play coy now. You're thirsty, and I don't have any use for it right

now." The gypsy lifted her breast further. More milk dripped from the hardening nipple. It ran over the taut, bulging areola. "Don't let it go to waste."

"You don't have a bowl of water instead...?"

The gypsy laughed bitterly.

"Now why would the guards give us water during our last night? In case you haven't noticed yet, you're on death row. I guess they figured that anything given to us now would just make more of a mess tomorrow."

Her voice became soft again. "Here, girl. All waiting for you. No point any more in saving it for later."

The blonde did not hesitate any longer and latched onto the sweet source. Drawing milk from the nipple was hard at first, but after a while it became easier and easier until the erect teat dripped and spurted at the slightest touch. The lavish donor moaned quietly every now and then while she squeezed and kneaded her soft flesh.

Chapter 2: Revelations

After several minutes of slowly filling her belly with the delicious milk, the blonde felt a little spit of her own return to her mouth as her body kept absorbing the much-needed liquid. She let go of the swollen knob on the drained breast and belched.

"Sorry! Oh heavens, thank you! Thank you! You've saved my life!"

"For now, at least. You're welcome. Name's Yrba. Yours?"

"Mirca."

"Cute name. Doesn't it mean 'the little one' around these lands?" She cocked her head. "Well, I gather you don't quite live up to it." Pulling her breast back through the bars, she continued: "You know, big girl, there's more waiting for you, if you're not sated yet."

She smiled in the dim moonlight, her dark eyes glistening behind the black curls of her mane that hung into her face. In the shadows, it was hard to tell how old she was. She could've been the blonde's age, twenty, and stacked, or forty. And stacked. Hell, she'd be stacked at any age.

"So? Have another go? Don't worry, second one's on the house as well."

While her left hand reached into her bustier and cupped the other soft, ample melon, her right hand pulled down the rim of the tight garment. The breast spilled over the hem and dangled down. Hanging side by side, the difference in filling was obvious, even in the darkness of the cells. "Go on, I don't mind. In fact, they'll look a better pair after you suck the other down to size as well."

Mirca reached through the bars. She gripped the other milk bag with both hands and pulled the nipple to her lips.

"Careful! You wouldn't pull at your —," Yrba squeaked, then fell silent for a few moments as Mirca backed away and raised her hands in an excusing gesture. Finally, the gypsy continued: "Sorry, I just noticed *you* wouldn't know about that. Don't worry, I'm not angry. Come here..."

She had just now seen the flatness of her cell neighbour in all its sadness, and uttered a sympathetic sigh. She reached for the blonde's wrists and guided her hands.

"Here, I'll show you. Gentle now, put your one hand beneath to lift it and run the other along from the root to the nipple... yes, like that. Squeeze it a little, so you can guide it through the bars — good, good." She nudged around a bit and leant forward. "Yes, that's as far as it'll go. Now slip your other hand through — no, not that gap. The next. Yes, good. Put your fingertips on the — right here. And run them down along — good. Once more. A little stronger. And again. You can feel that? *Gooooood*. Now squeeze a little harder — ouch! *Not that hard!* You got tongs for hands?! — Oh yes, *yes*, that's much better. Feel the milk ducts inside and... oh yes, it's starting now..."

Mirca put her jaw forward and held the breast, with the fattened nipple pointing at her open mouth. The first spray that she squeezed out with her strong fingers went all over her face. She quickly moved closer and wrapped her lips around the milk bag's nozzle not to let any of it go to waste.

After a handful of gulps, she opened her mouth as wide as she could, to the point where she almost feared to unhinge her jaw. Sucking the soft flesh into her mouth, her lips almost rimmed the whole palm-sized areola. Her tongue went round and round over the buds. Her lips alternated between gently pressing down on the mounds and sucking on the breast. Each pull drew out the nipple together with the puffy mound it rested on, and each squeeze made it spew thin jets of milk.

Yrba dug her hands into the blond mane and groaned.

"Yes, that's nice! Oh my, you're so strong, you're sucking me dry, girl! Go ahead, drink up!"

She did not need to encourage or guide the young woman any more. Mirca found, almost by instinct, a gentle and yet strong, flexing grip on the soft melon that made it spew its ample load into her eager mouth.

The moon wandered further along its path. Mirca finally let go of the drained nipple and rested with her back to the wall, still recovering from the day at the pillory. The cool touch of the stones soothed the sunburn on her aching back. Separated only by the line of bars, she sat side-by-side with her saviour. After a while of—to her—unfamiliar pondering, she looked at the gypsy and flat-out declared:

"You said this is death row. I don't believe it. No, I don't think they'll harm us."

Yrba turned her head to the side and looked at her, arms crossed over her breasts, which she had tugged back into her dress. She raised her eyebrows.

"Oh, really?"

"Yes. We haven't done anything wrong, have we? Well, that merchant I was sent to for errands, he had complained about me because I'm ugly and he was expecting that—," she blushed, "Uh, that floozy from the palace kitchen. Still, I shouldn't have slapped him in the face when he tried to—No, Lord Peter probably just wants to teach me a lesson about obedience."

"You sure about that? If I were you, I wouldn't bet my life on it. No, I think your lord doesn't care about you at all. He just wants to see us dead. Maybe not even that. Maybe he just doesn't care if we live or die, as long as our petty affairs don't bother him. Bit of a temper, that guy. Amazing, you thinking this here isn't serious."

"Well, he *is* the supreme ruler of the town and shire and all its forests. It really wasn't up to me to decide what that merchant could or couldn't do with my body. I... I don't know how I could even think of lifting my hand against a noble. The lord was right. He has to punish me, or what else would this land turn into?"

"Maybe into a *better* place?" Yrba sighed. "Why do you talk like a serf, girl?"

"Why, because that's what I am. I've been sold here to pay my family's debts and have been a servant to Lord Peter ever since I—"

"A servant? You?" The gypsy laughed. "Oh come on, stand up straight and let me look at you again."

Mirca obeyed. As she stood up, her ragged dress slipped down over her shoulders, clung to her hips for a few seconds and then fell to the floor. She blushed and bent down to grab it, but Yrba quickly told her to stop.

"No, leave that where it is. No need for decency here. Now spin a few times!"

The gypsy crossed her arms and cocked her head while she inspected the blonde head to toe. Finally she pursed her lips and put her hands to her hips.

"Girl! What you've been doing all that time?"

"I don't understand—," muttered the tall blonde, cringing.

"Stop wringing your hands! Stop cowering! Stand straight, hold your arms up, and push against the ceiling!"

Mirca obeyed. The gypsy gasped as the blonde unfolded and reached up. Her hands pressed against the ceiling, and muscles bulged all over her arms and legs.

"My goodness! How tall *are* you?"

"Around six and a half feet, they told me when I last received new clothes, but I try not to—"

"That's more than a whole head taller than me! And look at your muscles! You're ginormous! Titanic! Wow! Well, at the expense of no boobs to speak of. Ah, the famous balance of nature. Always a bitch."

Mirca knelt down and picked up her stained and frayed cotton dress.

"Yes, uh, well, I'm strong, but I—I try not to make people uncomfortable. You know, it's always so awkward, being my size. I run into the low door-frames if I don't watch out. And those clothes, they don't really fit. I need to fix the seams if I so much as make a wrong move. And the other girls, they call me an oaf and an ox and a cow if they're angry with me, but I really try not to be any trouble." Her voice grew more silent. "They're angry at me all the time," she mumbled. She finished putting on the rough cloth and wrung her hands again. "I don't want to—It's just that—"

Yrba shook her head in disbelief. "Oh come on! Get a grip! You're a female Hercules! A freaking Amazon! They should *bow* before you! Instead, you—what exactly were your duties?"

"I — I was ordered to take care of the stoves and ovens."

"So you've been chopping wood and lugging it around, for how long?"

"The last ten years, but—"

Yrba laughed. "No 'but', my dear! No wonder you've turned out the way you did. With a body like yours, you should be a proud warrior, a heroine! Oh my, just imagine yourself in chainmail and leather!" The gypsy felt a wave of gooseflesh rush over her skin at that thought and grinned. "I guess you could easily knock down half a dozen of the guards if you put just a little effort into it. Yes, that's something I can work with. All right, come closer. Looks like you're back on your feet, so now I'll let you in on *my* little secret."

The blonde leaned in. Yrba whispered a few words to her, through the bars that separated them. Then Mirca bent over and laughed, pointing at her.

"*You're* no witch! I've been taught what a witch looks like, because I must warn my lord if I ever meet one. Let's see—"

She used her fingers to count and recall what had been drummed into her head.

"You don't wear black... uh, you *are* black-ish, but you don't wear it, that's more of a red; and then you're not old, well at least I think you're not *that* old, and you don't have any warts on your nose." She pinched her eyes and shook her head. "No you don't. Uh, where was I... ah, right, and you're *not* thin and wrinkly! You're just a funny matron. Look at you! Where's your cauldron, huh? In there?" The blonde laughed and poked at the round, jiggly belly of the gypsy through the bars.

"Yes, I *am* a witch." Yrba patted her bulging belly. "And that's really my cauldron, and it's been bubbling with witch's brew for quite a while now. Been chewing herbs, gargling potions and holding my clam tight for half a year to get the mixture just right. And then I pull up to the town's gate thinking of nothing but a steaming hot bath and some quality time to drain the harvest from my snatch, and suddenly, those blasted guards drag me off my cart, call me a smuggler whore and contraband trafficker and throw me in this hole. Me! They didn't even listen or ask a single question! Dammit! Right before I could tap my liquid treasure here, fill it into vials and sell it to the Mesdames for a shitload of gold and jewels."

"So if you're a real witch, how come you're still locked in here? Shouldn't you be doing some finger-wiggling and be gone?"

Yrba grinned, took a deep breath and also began counting with her fingers.

"Point one, I'm immune to magic. Magic *savants* usually are. That's why my little trick with the herbs and potions works in the first place." She exhaled and hesitated. "Both a blessing and a curse. I can't change my own body. I can't make myself stronger to break down that door. I can't do zilch to myself. I can only do magic alterations on other people's bodies. That's all. Which takes us to point two: Whoever wants my services, needs to drink my potion first. Else it won't work. Even then, it's a convoluted and tedious process. And point three, I can not use my magic on inanimate things."

She sighed. Yes, her immunity was one of her many sore spots. Yrba had been born with it. The ubiquitous natural magic all around, no matter how faint or strong it might be, would have nothing on her. That's why she was able to see it, to shape its flow, to concentrate, condensate and direct it. Her eagerness to understand why she was *different* had led her to learning about magic. It had become her obsession. And along with surprising achievements (like the popular *Tincture for the discerning Madame, only a drop a day*, which had kept her not just afloat but comparatively wealthy through the years), equally spectacular disappointments had been around every other corner of the way.

"See, magic is not make-a-wish. With magic, you can do nothing but in places change the rules of nature that govern the world. Sometimes a little, sometimes big time. It's not that reliable, and I also guess that's why I'm in here. Maybe some people didn't take it lightly that I often had to say, 'I can't help you with that.' "

She hesitated and noticed the furrowed brow of the blonde.

"What's the matter? Are you still following me? Did I talk too fast?"

"Whu... what does «eh-muhn say vent» mean?"

Yrba rolled her eyes. "*Rrrright*. Don't trouble that sweet head of yours then, darling. Come up to the bars, and I'll tell you how we're going to break free from this dungeon."

Feeling curious as much as nervous, Mirca moved closer. The witch admired her athletic body again and sighed.

"Right, here's the rub. You'll need to drink my juice. We haven't got much time, so don't just kiss the cup and lick a few drops. I want you to down all of it, understood?" Yrba lifted her skirts over her round, sloshing belly and pushed her hip forward. She moaned. "Hurry, or it'll start to drip out by itself. I'm a week overdue! Here, I'll put it as close as I can—"

She grabbed a vertical bar in each hand, put her feet on the horizontal bar that ran across at hip's height and half-hung from, half-squatted on the iron, her legs in a wide split and her thighs pushing against the bars to bring her crotch forward as much as possible.

"Come, dear. Put your face to the rods and pull a little on my nether lips, and you'll be able to drink from me like from a water bag. I know you can do this."

"No! That's icky!" Mirca protested, crossed her arms, hung her head and turned her back on the gypsy. Talking over her shoulder, she complained, "You're just like Suzy from the cleaners. First she was just looking funny at me all the time, and then—then... and then why would I want to do this, again?"

Yrba sighed. "You want to get out of this cell? Then do as I say."

"Yes, that's *right* what she said! Only she said—," her voice changed into a squeaky, mocking falsetto, her head wobbled left and

right as she continued, " 'You want to move up and be a chambermaid, oaf? Then kneel down and lick this.' And then she lifted her skirt like you did, and I did as she told me—*eeeugh!* And *then* she got all wiggly and sweaty and she grabbed my head hard and pushed it into her crotch."

Mirca took a deep breath and, gesticulating wildly, continued with her complaint.

"And I could hardly breathe, and she kept on screaming to the gods and how she was going to die, only she wasn't, not really. And then after she caught her breath again, she said I'd have to do that with her each night. Can you *believe* that? I—I think she even had *fun*." Mirca shuddered with revulsion. "That's so *yucky*. She always tastes fishy. And you're weird when you talk just like her. No. No, I don't trust you."

"Good! You shouldn't! Remember, you trusted your lord, and he threw you in here to be hanged at dawn."

"I... I deserve it," she muttered as her shoulders suddenly fell. "I've been bad. I didn't obey."

The witch stared at her with a gleam of anger in her eyes. "What?! *O-bey?*! Some guy wrongs you, probably says you've bewitched him because he can't get over your body being harder than his dick, and your daft lord has nothing better to do than sending a faithful servant to the gallows on a whim? Tell me you don't think that's right."

"No, but—"

"And stop with the 'no, but'! *Heel!* Down! Lick me! Now! And make it worthwhile!"

Years of being pressed into obedience got the better of the woman. She knelt down and brought her face to within a finger's length of the witch's hairy crotch and pursed her lips. She sniffed and shuddered.

"You reek!" she dared to complain.

Yrba rolled her eyes. "Girl, I've been sitting in this dungeon for a week. Myself, I'd prefer right now to first soak in a rose-scented lukewarm soap bath for hours, then rub myself down with oil, then rub *you* down with oil, and *then* have you drink from me while I bury my face in your enormous clam. Get over it, and start sucking."

"You're very elasticily," the blonde mumbled as she tugged with her strong fingers at Yrba's pubic hair and wrinkly inner folds to lay bare the opening.

"The word's 'elastic'. Yes, I've put that snatch to good use over the years. I—"

She choked on her own words and panted, fighting for air as her body convulsed. Her hands on the bars trembled and clenched. She felt... filled to the very bottom of her pit, and then some.

"Wheea... what is that?" she managed after a while, after her world stopped whirling and shaking.

Something long and rough and wriggling slipped halfway out of her sopping snatch.

"Thoo thaid tho mwage ith mworthmwhile. Thuthy mwikes ith bethth thike thath."

"Come again?"

"Thoo—"

"Wait, wait. Let go first."

The rest of the freak tentacle left her. Another shiver ran up her spine. She could feel, not the brewing magic potion, but her very earthly wetness drip from her nether lips.

"You said to make it worthwhile. Suzy likes it best like that. It's not my fault. It's not—you said you—," muttered the frightened servant.

Yrba breathed heavily and climbed off the bars, her knees still shaking. "Up, girl. Open your mouth. Let me look at that." She blinked fast and ran her hands over her face until the mist in front of her eyes disappeared.

She gazed up at Mirca, pulling at the woman's jaw as if she was inspecting a horse, and gasped when she finally saw what she had only suspected.

"Wow. That's... rare. You've got a tongue like a cow. Hell, you could make cows *envious*."

"Thou're meam," Mirca mumbled, with her tongue caught and pulled out between Yrba's thumb and forefinger. The witch marveled at the wet muscle that extended almost two fingers long.

Yrba smiled, let go and caressed the blonde's cheek. "Mean? I meant that as quite the compliment, dear. It's not an insult. And it's also a description of what it looks like. No wonder this Suzy girl went crazy for you. Being impaled on such a huge, agile, wonderful tool can do that."

Her voice trembled just a little. She took another deep breath to calm her nerves.

"Right, let's do that again. And I don't want you to use that (*shudder*) gorgeous tongue. Not now. Save that for later. Right now, just put your lips to my crotch, suck away and drink all that you can draw out of me."

Chapter 3: Fattening The Gretel

She hung herself to the bars again, and Mirca brought her face back into position. This time, she reached through the bars as well, and grabbed the gypsy's ass cheeks to bring the gaping cavity even closer.

A thin trickle of greenish, faintly glowing slime showed in the depths of the witch's vagina. The pungent smell made Mirca wrinkle her nose and curl her lips.

"No, I... I can't do that again. Please..."

"Sorry, girl. We mustn't delay any more."

Yrba let go of the bars. She fell backwards, quickly reached with her hands through the bars and grabbed the sinewy back of Mirca's neck, forcing the blonde's face forward against the bars until it met with her crotch arriving from the opposite direction. Her arms were stretched straight now; her full weight pulled on them; her arched body hung almost perpendicular to the bars—all that meant the combined leverage on the back of Mirca's head was far too strong for the blonde to resist. Her mouth smacked into the moist vulva. A quick wiggle from the witch's hip, and the wide labia slipped over the

blonde's jaw with a squelching sound until they almost covered her cheeks that were pressed against the cold bars. Yrba writhed again and felt herself opening up inside. Her juices first dripped, then gushed against Mirca's lips, who held her mouth shut tight in disgust. Still, little by little, a trickle seeped through as the pressure grew. It tasted like herbs mixed with beer gone sour.

Mirca panicked, panting through her nose into the witch's curly bush. She flailed her arms, trying to get a grip on the bars, to push away. The pressure in the pent-up potion in her mouth rose and rose; it made her cheeks bulge as it filled her up. She couldn't tear away, though not for a lack of trying. Yrba's arms simply were stronger than hers, at least after the day of tormenting the girl had already suffered through. The more Mirca flailed mindlessly, the less she was able to get any leverage at all. The witch clenched her teeth and continued to tense her inner muscles, forcing some more of the liquid into the blonde's mouth. Mirca finally gave in and started to swallow, if only to stop the vile stuff from rising into her nose.

"Ah, there's a good girl. High time to fatten this Gretel. Now quit struggling, this is for your own good," she heard Yrba's voice, muffled by the arms that grabbed her head and half-covered her ears.

Gulp after gulp went down her throat. She felt her belly bulge along with the shrinking of the witch's womb. It took a mere half of a minute before the rancid well dried up and her head was released from the grip. To her, it seemed like an eternity.

Gasping for air, she tumbled down against the bars and fell forward on all fours. Her stomach gurgled and ached; she couldn't and wouldn't fight the rising bile and immediately began to heave.

Just as Mirca started to retch, the witch reached with one hand through the bars and grabbed her throat, squeezing it tight.

"Oh no, that's *not* going to happen!" she hissed while her other hand quickly drew a chain of sigils into the air.

The blonde clawed at the hand and arm, but to no avail. Her eyes almost popped from their sockets, and her freak tongue hung from her mouth while she spasmed, torn between the choking grip and the convulsions in her innards. Her stomach regurgitated the liquid in painful heaves and emptied it fast into ... where?

The hand let go of her throat and caught her shoulder before Mirca could fall down.

"There, there. Here, wipe your mouth." Yrba handed her a handkerchief she had pulled from the sleeve of her dress. "You've almost made it."

Mirca gulped and breathed heavily, sat back and wrapped her arms around her aching belly. With closed, tear-filled eyes, she wailed: "Almost? You're mean! That was horrible! Why—"

Her eyes snapped open. She gasped.

"—holy heavens!"

Her hands blindly fingered her belly, only to find it in its well-defined, muscle-ribbed shape as before. But when next she reached up for her face to wipe the wet layer of smelly ooze off, she found she couldn't do that. At least not like she used to, because along the old route her hands bumped into a soft, fleshy resistance. She stared down, and her mouth fell open.

"Boobies! I've... you've..." she stuttered.

The upper part of her drab housemaid uniform was utterly destroyed, torn apart from the inside by new volume that had puffed up. Bands of cloth, ripped along her circumference, were all that was left. A few of them made valiant efforts to retain the overflowing amount of flesh that resembled two soft half-melons. When she bumped her hands into the protruding amount again and sent the flesh quivering, more of the strands tore and snapped. For the first time ever, she had to reach around her bosom to touch her face. She rubbed her eyes and still couldn't believe it.

Yrba smiled. "Don't you like them? That's what my witchcraft can do. That's how I earn my living, selling my infamous potion to the envious Mesdames of the town."

"I don't know. They seem so... so big. Why would I want them? They'll just get in the way! And my clothes will fit even less! No, you take them back. They're weird."

"Mirca, dear, would you lift one of them so I can take a better look?"

Yrba put on a mysterious smile that broadened when the blonde reached for her new assets. *Just you wait, girl. Ah, I love it when they do that for the first time.*

Mirca grabbed her left breast up with both hands and almost passed out when the strange new sensation hit her. The soft, yielding mass quivered and shook, as did her grip. She couldn't resist and just *had* to squeeze harder, and the skin bulged out between her wide-spread fingers, the areola popped out, a half-orb, and the teat contracted and hardened. Between her legs, a tickle started.

"Uh. *Uuuuh*. That feels... *whoa!* Strange. But good-strange. Not bad-strange at all."

She kneaded some more and then switched over to the right breast. "That's *fun*. So *that's* what they're for? And they're all mine? They won't go away? I can keep them?"

"As much of them as you want."

Yrba looked at her and just had to smile. *Was I ever like that? Just sitting contentedly somewhere, lost in the joy of a new toy?* She sighed. For a moment, she forgot about what she'd next have to do to the poor girl.

"Right. Here's my deal for you. You get to keep them, but I—"

Mirca barely listened. She held one of her hooters in each hand and bounced the lush orbs into each other, again and again, smiling madly. Her new abundance bobbed and shook, and the ripples sent little jolts of joy through her body.

"Yes, yes, all right! Whatever you want! Would you just *look* at that?" she giggled. "They're going, like, *boing boing boing!* And it's — *whao!*" She shuddered all over and began juggling the quivering bags, thrusting them a few inches into the air and letting them drop back down into her cupped hands.

"—get to use them first to spring us from this prison," the witch finished. "Girl, did you listen? You said 'yes'. Did you mean it? The magic's listening to us. Are you *willing?*"

"Huh? Yes, sure, sure. What you said." Mirca finally looked up. Her stare was half-puzzled, half-worried, and almost all-absent. "Uh, what e-suck-e-dilly?"

"*Exactly*'s the word. I'll make this easy on you. As far as I can. First you need to relax a bit."

Yrba cracked her knuckles and flexed her fingers before she drew a complicated gesture in the air. Mumbling "*Excitare passionatus*", she held her flat hands together and ran the tip of her tongue over the crack between her forefingers.

Mirca exhaled through her wide-open mouth as she felt her crotch catch fire. Grinning like a fool, her eyes closed, she rolled onto her back. Another lick from Yrba, and the tall blonde twisted and turned on the floor, one hand groping her breasts, the other moving south and rubbing the itching outer folds of her crotch. She moaned blissfully.

Sex had never meant much to her before, to the "freak," the "oaf" that nobody wanted to "do" anyway. She knew a thing or two about how it supposedly worked—she'd been raised on a farm that had animals, after all—but it had never occurred to her that it could be *fun*. So *much* fun. Suzy's escapades had been a strictly one-sided affair and had left Mirca with nothing but a bad taste in her mouth for hours. Right now, she caught up on all the things she had been missing, and they came in one huge package. The faint, omnipresent magic in the air condensed around her as a pale, rainbow-colored smoke; it hovered over her in wisps of fog, and from there, little sparks arced into her body. The discharges were drawn to her new breasts; they titillated her nipples relentlessly and made her flesh quiver. Whenever they hit her groping hand, her fingers spasmed and dug into her soft skin. Her other hand rubbed at her snatch. Soon, foam seeped through her fingers and drenched her curly pubes, and smacking, squishy noises filled the room. Her arousal reached heights she had never felt before.

She needed to slow down and catch her breath again. Mirca lifted her moist fingers from her sopping hole. A thin filament of her juices dripped from her glistening forefinger. The sparks ran up and down the lengthening shape and turned the lather into a glowing web of shiny drops.

No matter how much she wanted to take her time in exploring the new sensations, the magic gave her no chance to take it slow. With her hand out of her crotch and out of the way, the sparkles around her beaver grew all the more intense. They formed a St. Elmo's fire creeping into each and every nook and cranny, and made her matted blonde pubic hair shine like silver. The same eerie glow started around her areolae, and the tendrils of light filled her bosom with an unearthly itching. She squeezed and kneaded her breasts. In between her ragged breathing, she moaned at Yrba:

"Wrong...! Feels... hot... ," then she almost screamed as another series of dwarf lighting bolts seared over her skin, "— Feels taut!"

The fog suddenly changed shape. It swirled around her, forming two whirling funnels aimed right at her nipples. Within seconds, all of the supernatural energy had disappeared into her breasts as if sucked in by force. A few flickering strands of light kept dancing along the veins showing vaguely through her skin and then were gone.

Mirca gasped for more air and cupped her new main attributes. Their soft, doughy flesh spilled through her fingers' strong grip, but slowly they grew more resilient; the sensation of growing tautness sent thrills through her body.

"*Mmmhh*. Was— was that supposed to happen?"

Yrba smiled enigmatically, and then she said, "You've not even seen the first of it." She lifted her fists and then slowly spread her fingers. "*Mammae expandere*" were her next, mumbled words.

"Expa—what? Uh— *aiiiee!*"

The fingers Mirca had wrapped around her breasts suddenly were forced apart. She stared down on her bosom and frantically groped at it, trying to keep the unruly flesh down. Every time her fingers grabbed anew, there was *more* heavy volume in those mounds on her chest.

"They're growing! No! That can't be—I don't want—," she whispered, staring at the pulsing and pumping veins. The upper parts of her boobs throbbed and swelled closer to her face. The weight in her hands kept on multiplying. Her wailing grew louder, yet Yrba showed no sign of stopping her gestures and mumbled commands.

"Oh gods! Quit that! I didn't think it would—*mercy!*" She let go of her right breast and extended a pleading hand to the bars and the dark silhouette of the witch behind them. Without support, the bag of swelling flesh dangled down, now pulsing longer and longer instead of rounder, its shape straining under its own weight. The skin grew painfully taut while the front with the pointy nipple grew down over her hip. She hurried to cup it again and just barely managed to catch it before the pliant volume distended out of her finger's reach.

Her other breast now too grew over her grip. She wrestled with her soft flesh, struggling to bring her lower arms beneath the expanding sacks, to grab the bulging areolae and close her fingers around the thumb-sized nipples, just to keep the sloshing mass from spilling out of her grasp. With her arms propping them up into a

globular shape, her tumid boobs were now pumpkin sized. *Prize* pumpkin sized. And growing.

"Too big! Too... too heavy! Can't hold them..." she groaned through clenched teeth. Her knees, used to heavy lifting but now quickly overwhelmed, started to shake uncontrollably.

"Go to the middle of the cell and get down on all fours, girl!" Yrba commanded. "You ain't seen nothin' yet. They'll get really, really big soon, and you'll not be able to keep them in the air." *I'm surprised you're still upright. Damn, how strong are you?*

"No! Don't! I don't want—"

"Shut up! We have a deal, remember? You, me, the magic. I'm doing my part. Magic does, too. And this is your part now. *Engorgia rapidus gigans!*"

"Mercyyyyyy!" Mirca wailed. "My skin—it doesn't stretch any further—". Her voice disappeared into a howl of pain as her breasts rounded out from internal pressure. She took a pair of stooped steps to the center of the room, her back turned to the witch and her rhythmic gestures. Her breasts kept swinging slowly, much like heavy water bags. They were pumped taut now, and rumbled and quivered when they bounced into each other. She fought to keep her grip on the areolae as the nipples were pulled flat and the wrinkles disappeared. It didn't matter that she managed to keep her hands on them. The rest of her breasts just kept growing on and on.

Just when she thought she was going to burst, a shiver of expanding skin ran over her breasts. The tautness was momentarily relieved, but immediately more flesh spilled out, burgeoning out of her grip. She tried to keep her arms close to her body, and her face almost disappeared into the growing cleavage. The ever-increasing

weight finally forced her to her knees, but she managed to keep her body upright.

"Mulga abundare!" the gypsy proclaimed.

"What?" Mirca groaned through clenched teeth, grappling with her breasts.

"Conjuring abundant milk," was the answer.

The blonde stopped struggling and slowly shook her head in horror. "No, you can't do that to me—"

"I can. I must. For the sake of you and me both."

"I—I'm burning up!" wailed the blonde. Around the base of her breasts, a ring of her skin heated up. The warmth spread inwards into her flesh, along the throbbing veins glowing through her skin. The muscles beneath the huge, soft milk glands began to tremble, and the onset of the new growth transformed her round, sagging orbs into elongating ovoid monster melons that slipped from her grip for good and hung down to beneath her hip. She recalled the day when she had been ordered to carry wheat sacks around, and one of them had burst open. That was exactly how it felt, liquid-like stuffing bursting out. All too well she remembered how she had been unable to get a hold while the flowing mass spilled on and on and on through her fingers, and the whipping she received afterwards.

And along with the accelerating growth, the spreading of the heat gained speed and raced throughout the whole substance of her boobs. Mirca's breast skin and flesh started to bubble from the inside and swelled outward faster. She finally stumbled and dropped to the floor, on top of her breasts that now looked like two big potato sacks filling with sand out of thin air. The boobs not so much inflated as

rather they *spilled out*, a puddle of boobs, like liquid dough pouring out of a bowl onto a table. Her skin no longer put up any resistance; it just stretched and stretched.

For a few moments, she was able to prop herself up on her hands and feet. Then her breasts' tide forced her arms apart. Fortunately, her erupting boobs were a pair of soft cushions to fall into. She fought for a grip on the skin that flowed out of her chest, but she might as well have held a stream of water. Mirca gave up and wiggled her arms into the calm crack of cleavage in front of her face. Her palms touched cold stones, and she was able to catch her breath, at least for a few moments.

Chapter 4: Wallwrecking

The foot-high mass pouring out of her finally ran against the four walls of the cell and started to rise higher. Mirca by now was almost hysterical. She couldn't move by herself any more; she was tied to her growing boobs on her chest. The waves of her breast flesh rumbled and sloshed back and forth between the cell's walls and now pushed and pulled *her* around on top of them. In less than a minute, she was lifted from resting on her hands and knees up to kneeling on the floor again, this time surrounded by her boobs that kept on rising, slowly pushing her back towards the wall. Another minute, and she stood upright, dancing on her toetips that barely touched the ground. Most of her weight hung on her monstrous milk factories; and they continued to fill with a deep, gurgling rumble. Her breast skin kept up with the growth now, in long, weird pulses: First it grew taut as that milk sloshed into her out of nowhere, and just as the skin started to get tight, the vague pain caused a phase of stretching noises and the wrapping prepared for the next surge. But it no longer felt too taut or over-stretched at all; her body seemed to have found a comfortable rhythm. She grabbed at the growing wall in front of her and found she could easily make wrinkles. Grabbing and pulling harder, she saw long folds forming between her thumbs and the other fingers, too.

The very next moment, the upward pull on her chest lifted her off her feet. She raised her hands, scraped her knuckles on the low ceiling and clawed at her own boobs to keep her balance. Digging her fingers into the flabby landslide to pull herself further up, she struggled to not topple over, to keep herself from being buried under the swelling milk balloons. She bounced up and down together with the sloshing, gelatinous blobs and quickly started to feel seasick.

Something cold pushed repeatedly against her bottom, and then her back. She turned her head to look over her shoulder, just in time to have a rough, rusty surface painfully scrape her temple. From the corner of her left eye, she saw the cause: The wall of breasts pressed her into the iron bars. Seconds later, she felt the top of her mammaries touch the cold ceiling. The rubbery skin of her breasts squeezed into the corners of the room, and then there wasn't any space left. On her thighs and her stomach and her face, the hot skin of her boobs now started to feel really taut. The pressure inside kept rising the more the room constrained her bosoms. She suddenly remembered the squeezers in the kitchen and what happened to the potatoes once the force on the lever was high eno—

"No! No!! Stop it! It's squashing me! It'll mash me through the bars!" she screamed.

The witch replied through gritted teeth, "Hold on a little longer. I know you can. You're strong. You're not some fragile puppet, are ya? Hold your breath now, because—"

"Nooo! Noo—mmmmph! Mmm... mmm..." The avalanche of her breasts washed over her face, and Mirca's desperate screams turned into muffled groans.

Yrba clenched her fists, gritted her teeth and repeated her incantations and gestures faster and faster. Time was of the essence now. The wall of pale skin was up against the bars; it already formed cushion-like bulges, squeezing through the space between the iron. The drumskin-taut skin glistened with sweat. Every now and then as the witch quietly mumbled, bricks ground out of place and the wooden door creaked. The only other sound filling the air was the squeaky, rubbery, stretching noise of gargantuan growth.

Then the iron bars groaned. Yrba slowly retreated backwards to a corner on the opposite wall of her cell when she saw the metal rods bending under the load.

"Faster, faster! Come on! *Inflatium! Inflatium maximalus!*" she mumbled while sweat ran over her forehead. Yrba pulled up her wide-spread fingers through magic's thick, throbbing net, grasped more invisible strands of ethereal power as they ran through her fingers and threw them, bundled and twisting, into the wall of flesh. With eyes accustomed to the energy, the sight of Mirca filling out her cell was even more amazing.

Beams of light whizzed by, curving as they were sucked in by the magical gravity of Mirca's breasts. The flesh quivered and swelled each time a bolt succumbed to the pull and crashed from its orbit into Planet Mirca. The cell was the eye of a magic hurricane that drew its strength in from miles around. Against the sparkling light that covered the skin of Mirca's breasts, she could barely make out her dark, motionless frame. Her feet dangled in the air and her arms were widespread and pinioned against the bars by her own boobs. She knew the girl wouldn't hold on much longer, slowly suffocating under her own titflesh.

"*Expandere!*" she barked at the pair of breasts that filled each and every corner of the other cell. Another tremor rippled through the burgeoning flesh. The light that remained invisible to the common folk got so bright she had to close her eyes. The bars bent as metal screamed like a wounded beast. Sand rained from widening cracks in the ceiling.

And then, finally, the walls came down.

Bricks rained all over the corridor. Inside the cells, the iron bars ripped from their sockets. Mirca's body washed backwards into Yrba's arms on the crest of a wave of quivering boob flesh that kept on multiplying. The corner pillars of the cells held the ceiling up, but just barely.

The witch gesticulated frantically in the air, her finger scribbling patterns to unravel the throbbing veins pumping into Mirca, to stop the magic-infested avalanche from burying them both under the masses of Mirca's endlessly expanding bosom.

As the magical gale died down, the pale, rippling breasts came to a halt. It was not a moment to soon. The swollen flesh bulged out through the gaping hole in the busted wall into the corridor, it hung over the bent and thrown down iron bars, it covered the rubble in Yrba's cell and left barely a yard free between the wall of stone behind her and the wall of boob in front of her.

Yrba held her arm out and ran her fingers over the warm, white mass. Mirca's unconscious body hung from her breasts and bobbed up and down, tied to the inner tides of her mammaries. Now that her mouth was uncovered again with her head hanging backward, the blonde's breath came in huffs and wheezes.

Yrba couldn't resist, she just had to push with both hands into the huge orb and was rewarded with the sight of a long wave sloshing along the surface that went all over and even came back to where she had started it.

A fearful cry made her turn around on the spot. Mirca had jerked awake and clawed at her breasts.

"What have you done? Gods, what have you done to me?! I can't even move!"

Yrba turned and walked away towards the bulge where Mirca's white skin met the stone pillar.

"Yeah, all in due time. I'll take care of that. Don't go away."

She shoved her arm into the crevice and then wedged her body into the gap. With her back towards the wall of yielding flesh and her arms and feet pushing into the pillar, she managed to squeeze herself through and stumbled out into the corridor. Behind her, the elastic mass bounced back and sealed the cell-block off again.

"Go away? Me? Like, how?! Hey! Don't leave me behind! Please!" Mirca's begging came muffled through the still intact door and broken wall of Yrba's cell.

"Don't worry, sweet airhead," mumbled the witch. "You're much too good an opportunity to pass up." She kept on making her way around the huge white wall, pushing her hands into it, probing, searching, until she finally found what she had been looking for. Her hands moved over the outer edge of a rougher patch of skin. It was part of a man-sized areola, half-buried and pointing downwards.

Her fingers dug into the flesh, causing long folds to appear, and then she pulled upward with all her strength. The supple skin stretched, then, with a rubbery "pop", the head-sized teat bobbed up from beneath the swollen mass. She leant her back firmly against the areola and held the protruding nipple in a headlock under her left arm. Behind her, Mirca squealed in surprise and fear.

"Gotta get your pipes open, girl, to bring your size down a notch or two," Yrba muttered. With her right hand's fingers she searched the rough, wrinkled surface for the holes of the pencil-sized milk ducts and easily found them. She wiggled her middle finger into one, and found it clogged. Of course. Good thing the gypsy/witch package required long, claw-like fingernails.

"Never used your boobs for anything, girl, far as I can tell", she grumbled and scraped dried-up residue from the duct until wetness seeped out, then moved on to the next. Minutes later, the nipple leaked like a sieve.

She let go of the spewing sponge on Mirca's left breast and looked around. *All right, left nipple's here, then the right one must be about*, she pondered, taking a bearing over the columns, *about there*.

She pulled open the door of the cell to her left. Bingo! The engorged teat was lodged firmly between two bars, at chest's height. She stepped up and grabbed it with both hands.

The very next moment, she stood frozen, her eyes and mouth wide open, gasping for air, her front drenched head to toe with milk. It continued to gush from the ducts. Her first grab had inadvertently burst them open all at once. She noticed, a bit late, the tremble and humming of the whole right breast, brimming with pent-up milk because the left one still blocked most of its growth.

Yrba let go and stepped out of the white shower, spitting and sputtering. Then she wiped off the milk running down her face and licked some from her fingertips.

"*Mmmh*, tasty, but no, thanks!" she grumbled, simmering over her own inattention. She wiped her face once more and rubbed down over her clothes, but that didn't help much. Her dress was still soaked through and through and clung to her skin, and her hair was a flat, sticky mess, dribbling rivulets of milk over her forehead and into her eyes. She brushed it back and blinked.

"All right, I maybe had that coming. At least, with that out of our way, we can now milk you down, girl," she muttered under her breath. Sprinkling a rain of droplets all around, she brusquely swiveled on her heels and walked out of the cell.

Chapter 5: Squeezing And Wrapping

The bolt on the cell door slipped back. Mirca turned her head in fear. The guards? What would they do to her, naked and bloated and helpless as she was right now?

A dripping, slimy, glistening horror oozed through the door. She gasped, and then she recognized the figure.

"You've come back! I thought the guards were already out there, pinching and poking my nipples to torture me," she sighed with relief. "But... what happened to you?!"

"Don't ask!" Yrba growled, still wiping her face and wringing her clothes.

She took a deep breath, relaxed, and rolled her shoulders. Wiggling her fingers and cracking her knuckles, she readied herself for the next step.

"Right, I'll free you now. You don't have to do a thing. Just hang on." She chuckled. " 'Hang on', get it?"

Mirca stared blankly at her and finally asked, "What?"

"I said 'Hang on' because you're obviously already hanging... oh *forget* it! This is your first time, so it *may* sting a little."

"A little?"

Yrba sighed. "Honest answer? A *lot*. See, all of that gorgeous," she leant in and kissed the taut, sweaty skin, "gorgeous, gorgeous bosom will soon be squeezed and folded back into the package from where it came. For that to work, we'll now blow all that delicious milk out through your teats."

"No!"

"Incarcerare mammariae! Comprimiere! Discarricare mulga!"

A net slipped over Mirca's taut breasts. The net itself escaped her eyes, but its threads cut visibly into her flesh. As with the iron bars, dozens upon dozens of tiny cushions bulged between the unseen strands. Only this material wouldn't tear or rip, ever. She felt the angry rumbling inside her breasts, and the rubbing as the underside of her bosoms crept over the floor while they shrank. Within minutes, her skin lost contact with the ceiling and the crumbled remains of the front wall. As the gap between wall and flesh widened, the hissing noise from the corridor got louder. The itch of liquid cascading out of her nipples quickly turned into burning pain. Mirca sobbed quietly. Tears ran over her face.

Yrba exhaled audibly. "All right, all right. So where's the worst ache?"

Mirca bit her lips. "Nipples. Burning."

The witch stepped out into the corridor. No wonder Mirca was in pain. The milk shot out like a waterfall forced through a bundle of straws, causing the hissing noises. Yrba looked down on herself.

That's going to be ugly. Not that it matters any more, I'm already soaked. She quietly sighed.

The nipples were by now reduced to the size of big apples. She grabbed one and held it tight with one hand, while with her other she spooned a handful of milk from the stream. The pressure of the hot fountain almost stripped the skin off her fingers. Scattering all around, the spray had soaked her clothes again within seconds. Yrba wiped her face with her arm before she gently rubbed the fatty liquid over the hot, throbbing nub and was rewarded with Mirca's sigh of relief. The volume of the jets of milk more than doubled as the nipple relaxed and widened again. She waded through the knee-deep sea of milk and repeated the procedure on the other breast.

Another few minutes later, the shrinking had run its course and slowly stopped. Mirca's boobs were down to merely beanbag-chair-size. They rested on her thighs, their thumb-sized nipples pointing towards the ceiling. The remaining thin jets of milk slowly dwindled down and finally ceased. The magic web that had squeezed out the liquid disappeared. The empty bags sagged and distended a bit again.

"Oh heavens, it's finally over. I thought I'd die." Mirca breathed a sigh of relief.

"We need to go on a little bit more. You don't really want to have those deflated bags flapping around, do you?"

"What—? No! Oh no! No more! *Please!*"

The blonde fearfully eyed the gypsy who started drawing a new set of sigils into the air. Palms facing forward, she held out her hands.

Then she moved one hand on top of the other and interlocked her fingers.

"Next part's a bit tricky. I'll fold your skin bags into themselves. First time's a bitch. After that, it's piece o' cake. Might want to clench your teeth now, girl..."

Mirca stared at her and slowly shook her head in fear.

Yrba seemed to grab something big with the rear hand, while pushing her front hand against an invisible surface. Just like wrestling a cork from a bottle...

"Hold on now... *extrahere!*"

She pulled her hands apart, hard. Mirca rose to her knees, screaming at the top of her lungs, her eyes wide with pain. Her body arched backwards. Her nipples had disappeared with a smack, upending into her contracting breasts and pulling the skin along with them. Around the areolae, the flabby skin puckered and wrinkled over the disappearing flesh below. More and more of the skin piled on. Yrba's motions were those of someone drawing up a huge invisible syringe, sucking the substance from Mirca's udders.

The girl shrieked in the throes of pain of her breast's compression.

"No! Leave them like that! I can carry them! I can! I'll put them over my shoulders! You mustn't make them smaller! I'll rip! *Please!*"

Her breasts kept on shrinking nevertheless. They ran up over her thighs and her belly. The magic kept on squeezing and folding and wringing the formerly titanic bags into an ever shrinking skin wrapper. Her nipples began to re-emerge, bulging and throbbing while more of the surplus skin amassed in the wrinkles around them. The cherry-

sized protuberances rose out of the puckered, quavering ring of her areolae. Finally, her mammaries reached the size they had first grown to, on par with the volume of the ample bust of the witch. The volume, but not the shape. Yrba's huge breasts sagged and hung to her navel without her corsage. But Mirca's stood all by themselves now; they were shaped like curved, bloated cones and had their biggest bulge just slightly off her chest, with nipples pointing outward — similar to two fat horns. She nervously stared at them and almost didn't dare to touch them. Almost.

When she finally mustered the courage and gently poked her forefingers into them, the skin and the flesh below it were rock hard. The yielding softness was gone completely. Those monstrosities sticking out of her chest were taut, they even hummed from bottled-up pressure, urging to burst back out. They itched all over, too. She lifted her hands and —

"Don't scratch!"

The witch climbed over the rubble and knelt down. She ripped a wide piece of her skirt's hem off and wrapped it around Mirca's chest, tying the knot in front carefully, and mumbled another incantation. Tiny flashes of lightning slithered over the colorful garment. Then the boobs pulsed and spilled out beneath the nipples until they filled the impromptu bustier. The cloth held, though it looked like it would almost give in to the hard buds.

"Too... tight!" Mirca groaned.

"Better than what you'd look like without it. All right, that'll hold them in for a while. Careful, don't loosen it for the next few minutes. That cloth was a gift of— someone. Little magic in it. Your breasts will, uh, sort of respect it and won't dare to rip it to shreds.

Complicated stuff. Come on now, no time to lose. The guards are soon going to be all over this dungeon. And you running around wearing a boob toga? Would've been a bad idea."

The tall blonde cupped her breasts in her hands and stood silent.

"What's the matter? Move it!"

"That's not what I wanted. No. They're feeling weird. Like... like loaded springs."

"That's what they are. I hadn't expected anything else. Didn't you see how much volume I had to squeeze in there? Now come on, you'll have enough time to let them hang out later. Just keep them wrapped tight now, they could cause a lot of damage if you let them shoot back out. Don't worry. They'll settle for that shape within a few hours, and they'll become softer in time."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Chapter 6: A New Dawn

They hid in a small storage room and waited for the first wave of guards to rush by. In the dark, and in the chaos of people running back and forth, they slipped out of the castle's gate and into the quiet, empty streets of the town's storage quarters, heading towards the main gate, passing the black silhouettes of barns and stables until—

Mirca stopped and stared at the warehouse. Her hand reached out and grabbed Yrba as she ran by. The unyielding grip on her shoulder made the witch somersault backwards. With a surprised yelp, she landed hard on her well-padded rear.

"Hey!" she complained under her breath as she scrambled to her feet, kneading her aching buttocks. "What the —"

"See that seal over there, above the door? It's that treacherous trader's."

Mirca's breath quickened. Her anger rose. Her nipples started to itch.

"Call me flat and send me to die? I'll flatten your store, you bastard!" she muttered. Under her eye, a muscle twitched. She recalled

the terrific momentary feeling of *power* that had rushed through her when the walls of her cell burst.

"Yrba, you said it's easy now to wrap, y'know," she pointed at her breasts, "*them* up again? Not as painful?"

"Not painful at all. By now, magic will be all over your boobs. It's a piece o' cake. Kinda. I think. Uh, I *hope*. Why?"

Mirca's hands reached for the straining, sparkling brassiere and tugged at the knot. Yrba watched her blond apprentice with mute amusement. *Quick learner, huh?*

"Are you going to complain or what?" Mirca asked after a short glance sideways.

"Oh no, go ahead. I don't mind you teaching him a lesson," answered the witch. And she thought, *Look at you! Just look at you! That body! Damn, girl, you're so hot when you're angry, I'm soaking wet again. I hope I didn't bite off more boob beefcake than I can chew...*

The tall blonde dug her heels into the ground and leant forward. Then she lifted the cloth from her nipples, held her arms out and clenched her fists. The cherry-sized protuberances on her cone-shaped breasts trembled slightly. Apart from that, nothing happened. Her short tempest of anger fizzled under the weight of impending failure.

Uh, okay. What now? Maybe like that—

She tensed her muscles all over her body.

Nnnngggggg-hh... No. Doesn't seem to work. Uh, hello? Go!... Dammit! Okay, uh, grow?... Stretch?... Burst?... Hello titties?... Uh, do I need some mumbo-jumbo like her? Mirca nervously cast another glance at the witch. *She's watching me. Oh gods, I'm so useless. I*

can't do a thing on my own. She'll dump me now. And then I'm all alone. I'm a failure! They all were right about me! I'm just a stupid oaf! I'm—! she panicked. A deep red flush of embarrassment spread from her face down over her neck and reached her chest—

Suddenly, the tremble turned into a deep throbbing. Her hands flew up to her chest and cupped her boobs. They started to grow in her grip, and she quickly aimed them at the building.

Yrba watched with her *other* sight as the outlandish glow of magic crept from the ground around Mirca's feet like a dense fog. It whirled up along her body and got sucked into the throbbing nipples, spreading like red-hot molten metal through the veins and into the mass of Mirca's bulging breasts.

It met some inner spark that hadn't been there before, and ignited in an invisible white flash that made the witch wince.

Mirca's body shook from the recoil of her breasts exploding out of her hands. The two tubular boobs kept their diameter, but not their length. The nipples and areolae burst forward, trailed by the elongating skin of the breasts. Like two bunker-breaking flesh missiles from centuries yet to come, they hit the warehouse head-on with their rock-hard nipples and crashed right through anything in their way until they reached their maximum length and stopped hard, with the cracking of a whiplash. The throbbing tips peered out at the opposite side. Moments later, their growth in the other two dimensions set in with a hissing and gargling. Starting with the nipples, thus anchoring the boob pipes into the far wall of the building, the breasts bloated.

Brick and mortar gave way to the onslaught of expanding, jiggling flesh. The wavefront of growth wandered quickly back towards the blonde. Mirca felt her boobs running against, and then

shoving out of their way the walls and pillars and ceilings of the building while she was pulled forward by the flesh ropes turning into round orbs.

Inside, piles of stored wheat sacks tumbled over and rubbed and scraped along her skin. The rough cloth strained every time her expanding flesh caught one of the sacks between it and a wall. She felt the seams burst and how the grains showered over her taut wrecking balls, making them itch and throb even more. Moments later, the next throb filled the room with her hot flesh, and *then* the next throb ripped out the walls.

The crashing noises of the yielding structure were almost drowned out by the hissing and rumbling of her distending skin and the growing and filling milk glands.

After the dust cleared, there was little left of the building. In its place, two boobs, each two stories high, rested on the rubble and the piles of wheat. A part of the roof that crowned them slid down along their front and shattered when it hit the man-sized nipples. The impact caused the balloons to slosh heavily back and forth.

Mirca caressed her flesh as far as she could reach. "Oh, well done, my darlings. Yes, that'll show him. Momma's so proud of you," she murmured happily.

The sloshing and surging of the milk inside her udders continued. Heat built up in her breasts and her groin, but there was little she could do about her breasts. Her groin, on the other hand...

"*Uuuuhh... I could uuuse... aaaa little... help with the... eeee... dairy,*" she moaned, while her fingers were digging into her sex and relieved the tension and arousal that had been building along with the swelling.

Yrba smiled and wrung her hands in mid-air, like squeezing an invisible bunch of grapes. Mirca felt the unearthly touch start at the base of her breasts. Next, the invisible circular constriction moved along from her rib cage toward her protruding monster mammaries. An otherworldly giant's hands had grabbed her elongated udders and now squeezed their sloshing load towards the bloating areolae, milking her in forceful, thoroughly enjoyable strokes. The magic left nothing behind but two dried-up, wrinkly tubes of about a wrist's diameter, connecting her chest with the orbs. Inside the shrinking globes in front of the grip, the milk rushed forward into the nipples and burst out in hundreds of thin but strong jets, emptying their sweet load until her breasts were nothing but two long hoses curling up on the floor. Mirca's thighs dripped with the secretions of her sex.

Yrba raised her hand to her mouth and put the tips of her index finger and her thumb together. Pressing her lips on that ring, she started to suck. Inside the blonde's deformed breasts, a feeling of emptiness welled. Mirca's tubes upended and contracted along with the suckling sound until they were back to their previous, pent-up shape, brimming with pressure.

"I'll teach you how to do it yourself, later. This'll become much easier the more you practice. Quick now, pull the cloth over them while I can keep them down. We really need to get away now. With all the noise, *someone's* going to come and check, fear of the curfew be damned."

Then she smiled at her, rose to her toetips and put her arm around Mirca's shoulders as far as she could. With her other hand, she cupped one of the taut breasts before she extended her arm and described a wide half-circle.

"Look! You and me, girl. I'll teach you to use your head *and* your boobies! Just see what you managed to do by instinct alone!"

The horizon was already brightening, even though the sunrise was at least another hour away. In the street, a whole storehouse's worth of wheat was soaking in an ankle-deep pond of fresh, warm milk steaming in the cool night air.

"Now that's a cereal dish to start the day!"

Part 2: Soiled Doves' Wings

*"Wild like the wind
a gypsy with a grin
from an old far-away country ... "*
— Cat Stevens, *Sweet Scarlet*

This part's proofreading kindly supplied by Kanodin

Chapter 7: Asking For Old Favors And New Mishaps

The pale moon was just about to set. Morning approached.

"Where are we going? This is not the way to the gate!" complained the tall, hulking blonde as she trailed a light-footed shadow through the nightly town. Clutching her breasts to curb the unwonted and unwanted swaying and bobbing of the taut, almost solid orbs wrapped in a straining makeshift bustier, she stumbled after a figure in fluttering red and black rags.

"Yes, because the gate's guarded, and I'm sure they've already noticed the commotion at the castle. We're going to visit an old friend of mine. Over there."

The dark-skinned witch didn't turn her head as she replied. She kept her eyes firmly on the street ahead. No hint of light, not even a single candle shone from the windows of the houses they passed.

She stopped for a moment, pressed up against a wall, and peeked around a corner into a small square. Empty. She picked up her pace again and headed for the two-story building on the opposite side. The half-timbered house stood with its back to the little river running through the town, and all the other buildings seemed to try and keep their distance, as if they wanted nothing to do with it. It stood out in more than one regard. For one, it seemed rather new compared to its

neighbors, and while the area hosted mainly stables and warehouses, the building they headed for was a residence. And it wasted precious ground inside the town's wall with a garden in its back and a high hedge around it.

Mirca turned the corner, recognized the place and gasped. Her footfall slowed down.

"*There?! That's an unclean house! Do you know what those women do for a living? It's disgusting!*" rang her voice across the square while she pointed accusingly at the building.

Yrba gnashed her teeth and pulled up her shoulders as the echoes of Mirca's outburst danced through the dark, empty streets.

"Be quiet and hurry!" she hissed, "I'm not asking you to *work* there." She quickly turned around, grabbed Mirca's wrist and pulled her along.

"Dammit, I'm coming! I'm coming! No need to knock down the door!" barked the disheveled redhead in the flimsy bodice with the low neckline while she put the candleholder on the shelf by the doorframe. She didn't reach for the handle to open the backdoor yet. Straightening herself instead, she fluffed her hair and dragged some of her mane to the front.

She mumbled a chain of strange words, took a deep breath and held it in. Her left hand cupped the soft volume of her left breast's ample balcony while the splayed fingers of her right hand slowly slid upwards over her midriff.

Prickling followed her finger's path and spread like goose bumps over her mammary. The flesh in her grip swelled up and spread

her fingers apart. Her breast bloated and rose over the rim of her corset. Her knees grew weak from the onslaught of delight, and she stumbled against the wall. A lecherous groan dripped from her mouth, and finally she exhaled in a staccato of hisses.

Swapping hands and boobs, she panted fiercely and repeated the procedure. Again, her already impressive breast bubbled larger in her hand until it matched the heavy shape of its sister to the left. Now her garb's neckline fought a valiant battle with the swollen, melon-sized protrusions, and moist heat raged in her groin.

A quick two-handed grab and squeeze, another murmur, and the soft underside of her malleable boobs grew resilient and, together with the groaning cloth's constraint, propelled her breasts' mass up into a pair of pearly-white half-spheres. Framed by her fiery curls, they bulged from her corset in almost inhuman size.

She knew that this sight alone was enough to seal most of her deals with her clients. Never one to leave anything to chance, she also put on her most seductive smile — all the easier now with her cleft violently demanding relief by meaty impaling — and sucked in her slight belly. Lifting her right arm behind her head and tilting her hip, she leaned against the wall. A quick lick over the lips to add a little wet gloss, and then she finally deemed herself ready. The knocking on the door repeated, faster and more urgent.

Between her legs, the embers of her hearth now blazed so violently, she half expected to see the floor light up in red glow as she put her feet slightly apart.

"Oh boy," she muttered under her breath, narrowed her just a tad slanted eyelids and furrowed her slightly triangular brow that together with her pointy nose gave her the air of a vaguely exotic fox,

"whoever you are, you better have the stamina in your pants to make all this effort worthwhile!"

Her hand pulled back the door's bolt, her features relaxed into a wide, friendly smile and she began her often-repeated greeting with the sultriest voice she could manage at four in the morning:

"Welcome to Madame Red's cozy house of bathing and — *ack! Kkkk! Gwaa—!*"

She choked, gasped for air and started to cough, because right in front of her now watering eyes hung, no, floated a bosom with a deep cleavage that dwarfed her own. The brazen display of womanhood was barely tamed by a piece of cloth. The breasts' shapes of rounded, foot-long, protruding cones were crowned by hard nipples that strained against the colorful wrapper. Red's blinking eyes followed the mesmerizing motions of the erect boobs as they swayed resiliently under their owner's agitated breathing. The face of the girl — *giantess*, she corrected herself — was out of Red's view. The behemoth's broad shoulders, covered in long, almost white-golden hair that cascaded in waves over them, marked the upper edge of the low doorframe.

"Oh my goodness," the bawd stuttered after catching her breath and wiping her eyes. Even with the girl still standing in front of the sill, those incredible mammaries already hung through the door frame into the house. Red raised a trembling hand to her lips and stammered, "We're not hiring these days, but I sure could make an exception for someone like y—"

"Don't bother, she's not one for hire. Hi, Red," replied a familiar voice from behind the wall of breasts, a voice the bawd had not heard in quite some time.

"Yrba?! What the —"

The witch squeezed past Mirca into the corridor. A broad smile spread her mouth at the sight of Red's straining neckline.

"Oops, my little gift has acted up, eh?" she grinned, and then she added, "Don't worry, I can fix that. Let's make them comfy again," as she quickly raised her index finger to her mouth, licked it and playfully rubbed it deep into Red's augmented cleavage. The over-bloated breasts on the bawd deflated in an instant and sagged down into her bustier like two huge, wobbling bags full of milk. Red gasped at the sudden change of tension in her flesh and the meandering waves of delight that followed.

"See?" grinned Yrba. "Back to normal. *Bad* girl! You're already blessed with much more than enough. No need to blind innocent people with these flesh orbs."

"Dammit, Yrba! I *hate* it when you do that!" Red frowned, kneading and prodding the quivering bags of her breasts back into the cups of her bustier. A grin wandered over her face. "Come here, you mean old bride of the devil, you!"

She embraced the witch heartily and kissed her while her fingers wandered over Yrba's waist and rear. And then Red frowned again.

"You've lost weight!" she exclaimed. "Shit, so it *was* you sitting in the castle's dungeon? What are you doing in my town at all? I wasn't expecting you until fall!"

"Hell, I wasn't expecting myself to run from the gallows tonight! We need a place to hide, Red. Sorry for bursting in like that, but the guards will search the houses one by one, and soon. Mirca,

don't dawdle. Come on in! Those women don't bite." *They lick and nibble instead*, she added silently and suppressed a chuckle.

The huge blonde crouched through the door frame. Inside, she straightened up again. Red quickly closed the door, turned and raised the candle up to Mirca's face. The girl blinked and turned her head away from the flame ever so slightly.

Red smacked her lips. "Six and a half feet, I'd say. And I'm not going to guess on your weight, darling, but I surely wouldn't want to end up under you, with all that juicy muscle you got. My, and such a beautiful face. That hair, those eyes — say, don't I know you?"

Mirca blushed.

"Me, um — I'm the — the lumberjack girl from the palace, y'know, um — the one the guards always used to send to — to call the wh— the, uh, *those* women to the castle," she stuttered.

"Of course! *Now* I remember you! Must've been a few years since, and damn, you've grown! In all directions, from what I can see. Yrba, did you have a hand in this? — Oh my, you're still blushing, just like the old days! Come on, a big girl like you?" Red playfully prodded Mirca with her elbow. At least she tried. She might as well have tried to playfully prod a boulder.

Red's smile broadened and spread all over her face. "Now you're a sturdy one, aren't you? Let me tell you —"

Yrba cut her short. "Later, Red! They're already coming after us! Shush and listen!"

Outside, heavy footfalls approached from the far end of the street. With barely a moment's hesitation, the bawd quietly ushered

them up the stairs to the first floor of the brothel, but stopped them at the first turn of the stairs.

"Quick, in here," whispered Red, striking her fist against one of the wooden boards that decorated the walls. It slid aside, and a small hatch of two by two feet yawned at them. It led to a dark, hidden space in between the ceiling of the rooms below and the planks of the floors above. Vague contours of sacks and small barrels filled the hideout. The stale air smelled of moonshine.

"Sly bitch!" Yrba grinned. "I owe you."

Red adjusted ostensibly her bosom and neckline. "Not as much as *I owe you*, Ybbie, all right? Come on, in you go. Hurry up! From the sound of it, they're at my door any moment now. Push harder and get her ass in there! We can chat later!" And, whispering under her breath, she added, "If we're still alive then, that is."

They had to struggle hard to squeeze Mirca through the hatch. More of her dress ripped, caught on the rough wood of the door frame. Grunting and panting, the tall blonde wormed her way along the floor. She barely managed to turn over to her side and ended up with her muscle-padded shoulders caught against ceiling and floor.

"I can't breathe!" she whined.

"Hush! The guards are almost here. If they hear you, they'll spike us like piglets with their spears, right through the boards we're laying on. So shut. The. Fuck. Up!" Yrba hissed as she crawled up to her. Red pushed close the hatch behind them. The concealing panel slipped back in place with a scraping sound.

Trapped in the quickly warming darkness of the secret entresol, Yrba and Mirca listened to the footfalls of heavy boots and to the

muffled, angry voices of the guards as they dragged the tired girls from their beds one by one. Quite a few times, someone ran up or down the stairs, passing the hidden hatch. Things finally calmed down above them, and the sounds of an angry debate below rose up through the planks that the witch and the blonde were resting on.

A little light came through tiny air holes along the walls. Outside, dawn was breaking. As her eyes got used to the darkness, Yrba could make out Mirca's curled-up shape and wide, fearful eyes.

"Ybbie—?" whispered the blonde, her hushed voice trembling.

"*Shht!* Quiet! And it's *Yrba*, thank you very much! What's the matter? Oh *will* you suck in your belly, it'll stop that rumble in your stomach!" replied the witch, eavesdropping with one ear pressed firmly to the floor.

"That's not my belly! It's my — uh, I — I think they're getting bigger again! You know, the band you tied around them, it ripped when you pushed me in h—"

Yrba raised her head, blinked and strained her eyes before she replied: "No, they don't. You're just imagining things. I don't see any magic flowing around. Don't wor—"

Creak. Rrrrip. Snap. Guuurrngle.

On Mirca's poor and abused dress, one of the shoulder bands gave way and slipped down, right in front of Yrba's eyes. The witch's face turned gray like ash. "No — oh *no!* *Mirca!* What are you doing?! And — *how?!* You'll blow up the house and crush us all!" she hissed, trying to keep her voice down.

"I know! I'm so afraid! Do something, Ybbie—*Yrba!* Please! Tie them up again with your magic!" whimpered Mirca. Her breathing quickened. "It's ... *mmmh* ... it's feeling — different. Something inside me ... *ooh* ... stretching ..." The swelling breasts shook and quivered on her heaving ribs as their form slowly kept on changing. The middle parts of the resilient, bulging horns rose and rounded. The whole mass swelled, shudder by little distending shudder, into melon-sized bags. Mirca tried to bring her hands forward. The wood of both floor and ceiling against her shoulders creaked audibly.

Yrba's hands snapped forward and closed around Mirca's wrists. She leaned in, whispering: "Don't move! Make no noises!"

"Growing—help me—," gasped the blonde.

"I can't! I can't move my arms the right way either, it's too tight in here! No way I can conjure a binding web! You've got to hold them in check, by yourself."

"But I don't know *how!*"

"Me neither! And there's no magic at work far as I can see."

Yrba stared in fear at the blonde's makeshift bustier in front of her, heard the creaking and ripping noises and saw the old and weak cloth slowly rend under the strain. Sweat-covered, bare skin and part of an areola showed through the shreds. The heavy, throbbing bags grew slowly towards her.

Mirca raised her eyebrows imploringly. "But you hexed them on me! Oh please, you've got to — They're itching! Yrba! They're getting *hot!* Help me!"

"Wait, they're *hot?* So that's why — that's not really *growth* then, that's more of a milk bloat."

"Milk? Out of *me*?! But I never ever — *nnngh* — oh gods, they're getting full! So *full*! I — how — *why*?"

"Beats me. No idea." Yrba frowned and gnawed on her lower lip while she ran her fingertips over Mirca's advancing breasts. The skin felt silky, vaguely taut and delightfully warm, and beneath it, hundreds of bulbous glands shivered and trembled as they squirted their produce into the spongy ducts of the blonde's breasts and made the udders stretch and swell.

The witch gulped. "Damn, that's a *lot* of milk you've got coming." *Though I couldn't tell you where from... that's too big and too fast, it can't be natural ...*

As if to prove her words, the aroused, throbbing nipples doubled in size and wormed right through the unraveling cloth of the straining dress. They began to spray warm milk in thin but unrelenting jets, scattering in all directions. Mirca exhaled — "*Ahhhhh...*" — in both growing arousal and deep relief as her inner pressure vented. A puddle formed quickly on the floor boards as the streaming intensified. Yrba stared at the expanding pool of milk on the rough planks and wiped her wetted face. Drops rained from the spots where the white spurts met the ceiling. The puddle on the floor foamed and bubbled everywhere one of the many thin jets hit.

"Oh shit. It's going to drip through the cracks. The guards will notice," she muttered and tried to soak up as much as she could with the tatters of Mirca's cloth. It was a vain effort. The girl's glands' raw secretions overwhelmed the frail textile's absorbency within a couple of heartbeats.

Yrba narrowed her eyes, pondering her options. With a sigh, her mouth dry from fear, she bent forward, pushed Mirca's ample flesh

bags together and stretched her lips around both thumb-sized teats at once, trying to keep up with the combined flow from the pair of bloated udders. The image of those very same nipples exploding forward and punching straight through *several* solid walls was still fresh in her mind. Putting them between her lips was like licking the tip of the bolt on a crossbow with a brittle safety catch.

Moments later, she had no chance to think of anything but guzzling and swallowing. Her cheeks bulged as soon as she stopped gulping down the milk to take a quick breath through her nose, and afterwards she had to struggle to empty her mouth faster than it filled. Lying on her side, she gnawed at the rough nipples while her hands fought with her dress to free her belly. Magic was no help now, not for her own, immune body. She just hoped her stomach would be able to stow away the flow from Mirca's eager milk glands until the guards finally left the house again.

Good thing I've not eaten anything for a week. But, Mirca, oh please, dry up, stop, and soon!

Yrba groaned quietly through her nose, her mouth so full with milk it dripped from her lips. She cast a quick glance to her feeder's face. Mirca had her eyes closed and her half-opened, limp lips showed how much she reveled in the relief of her overripe breasts' first gentle discharge. The witch didn't begrudge her creature that delight. Mirca's very first milking hadn't been exactly gentle, and the second one still had been a stretch. But those considerations were secondary to Yrba's more pressing worries. She swallowed hard and forced another mouthful of milk down her throat.

I mustn't let any spill over. If they find us, they kill us on the spot. And if they don't find us, you'll drown me in milk soon. Milk! I stay away from that stuff, for a reason. Why does it have to be —, she

closed her eyes as another gulp streamed over her tongue, —*mmmh, delicious, warm, sweet milk. Oh heavens, that girl! I'm almost full! But I can't stop! What's she doing to me?!*

She clutched her belly. The taut skin of her midriff protruded from her open clothes. Desperately rubbing her hands over it, she tried to relax her muscles, to find more space. Yrba already had trouble breathing in. Her distended stomach forced the diaphragm up. Then, just as she thought she'd rip or choke, a deep gurgle came from her womb. Warm liquid gushed and wormed on from her stomach into her empty bowels. The bloat spread deeper. She ripped open the hem of her skirt. This was only temporary relief, she knew it. She was just buying time. *Thirty feet's length* of wound-up, curled time. And still Mirca's breasts kept spewing on and on. The witch felt as if she was trapped in limbo, forever being force-filled with milk in an orgy of torture.

And now the *other* growth started as well. She knew it was inevitable. All of her tubes were chock-full of Mirca's dairy produce, it was bound to happen. The warmth of waking glands spread through her breasts, and moments later, the weight on her chest increased. She filled up there, too, slowly but steadily. And if she didn't find a way to get rid of the vast amount of Mirca's rich milk that her body so eagerly processed, her belly wouldn't be the only thing she'd have to worry about.

Yrba didn't even notice when the hatch was opened again from the outside. Only when she heard her name did she turn her head, but she didn't let go of the nipples until she saw Red's face smiling into the narrow room. The bawd's expression quickly turned into one of

deep concern when she saw the witch's taut belly bulging from her wide open clothes.

"Yrba! Gods and high heavens, what have you done to yourself this time?"

The witch clutched her bloated, aching midriff. Her smile was filled with pain as she turned her head to Red, and her breathing was fast and flat.

"Couldn't let milk — drip from — ceiling. Give me — a rope. Pull me out — so full — can barely move. Ooooh — *hurry up!* Need — a privy — quick, else — mess in here!" Yrba wheezed. She ground her teeth as the forefront of the ample load of sweet, undigested milk made its way along the final winding curves of her guts.

Yrba emerged from the small outhouse behind the brothel with her hands trembling and her knees shaking. Red cocked her head and looked at her, with concern in her eyes.

"Don't *ever* ask!" was the witch's brusque answer to the unspoken question. She raised a finger in warning, and then her head slowly slanted. Her hand began to shake, her eyes crossed and her arms sagged down limply to her sides. Moments later, she collapsed to her knees and leaned forward. Red caught her in time, but no matter how hard or gently she shook her, Yrba was out like a light.

"Red, we—," one of the girls began, peeking through the backdoor, but the bawd cut her off.

"Here, help me carry her to my bedroom. Quick! Oh gods, her skin's freezing cold! I need hot water, cold water, a few towels, the usual stuff. My goodness, I can hardly believe it! That crazy gal!" She

shook her head, laid Yrba's limp arm around her shoulder and lifted her up. "All right, what else?" she groaned as she pulled the witch's body along the corridor to the stairway.

Sylvia, the short, stocky raven-hair with the supple hips, wiped away a thin layer of milk all around her mouth. In her other hand, she held a huge crowbar.

"Sorry, Red. No way. We've taken rounds creeping into the entresol and squeezed all we could from that bimbo, but her boobs are still too big. I don't think we made any difference at all. She's growing again! I don't know where she's taking all that milk from. We've stuffed her nipples into a heap of the towels, so at least she's not making the ceiling drip. Smell of spoiled milk's the last thing we need around the house. But we can't move her. It's just too tight in there, and she's all covered in milk and sweat now. Slippery as a pig. No way. Can't get a grip on her. The big B sent me to fetch her tools. We'll have to tear up the floor boards in the room above her. She can't even budge, the way she's wedged in there now!"

Red muttered a curse and sighed. "Right, do it. We haven't got much of a choice, do we? You tried ropes, did you?"

Sylvia nodded. "Yeah, no dice. Okay, Berry's already moving furniture out of the way. We'll get her out one way or the other."

Quietly, she added, "And I won't go near milk for *weeks*," and rubbed her aching belly. "Heavens, she ain't got tits, that klutz has *udders* to make a cow blush!"

Chapter 8: Free Mirca

"Please! Why won't someone come and free me? Where have you all gone?"

One of the three women sitting on the stairs and holding their bellies bent forward and looked into the stash.

"Don't worry, we're here. We just need a break. We can't swallow another drop. It's just not working. Just look at you! Your boobs have filled up *again!* As soon as Sylvie and the B return with the crowbars, they'll rip out the boards above you and pull you out."

"Rip out —? Oh no! Sorry! I'm so sorry! I didn't want to have you ruin your own house! I'm just such an oaf! Oh please, don't hit me!"

Quiet sobbing and the rustle of someone curling up in fear came from the hatch. The women looked at each other. Then one, a younger, amply endowed lass with straight, jet-black hair and bronze skin, sighed. She crawled back into the tight, dark space and caressed the crying girl from behind.

"It's okay, y'know? Hi, I'm Charlene. Call me Charley."

More sobbing was the only reply.

Charlene smiled and raised her hand to Mirca's shoulder. "Oh, my dear, why would anyone hit—"

Charlene stopped and ground her teeth as her fingers running over the muscular back touched a mesh of scars. She knew what tool caused those crisscrossing lines.

"Poor thing," she whispered, then she spooned up to her and wrapped her arms around the waist in front of her. "There, there. Don't cry. Nobody's going to hurt you here." She shuddered as her fingertips ran over the well-defined belly muscles that she hadn't expected to find, and her voice became just a tad darker. "*Mmmh*. Don't worry, we'll keep you safe. Stop crying." She kissed her gently on the shoulder. Mirca sniffled and slowly calmed down.

"I — I think the towels are soaked through again," she muttered. With a sigh, the two other girls outside readied another set of buckets and began to wring out the dripping cloths.

"All right, girls, let's get her out of there and see what all that fuss is about!"

Berry pulled hard at the crowbar, and the first floor board splintered. The auburn, brawny, mature woman who earned her living as Red's all-purpose housekeeper made short work of the wooden floor above Mirca. Her deft motions turned two more boards into firewood, and then Li and Jean managed to reach for Mirca's outstretched arms. She grabbed their hands. The two girls groaned in pain when they suddenly found their fingers in a death clutch from hell. Helped by their desperate pulling, Mirca crawled from the narrow hideaway and rolled on her back, panting hard.

"Thanks! I wouldn't have lasted much longer in there."

"Yeah, good for you," grumbled Berry, "But guess who's the lucky gal who has to fix the floor? And dammit, this whole place now smells like a *dairy*." Then she stared at Mirca for quite some time, overwhelmed by the sheer size of the blonde, and even more so by the sight of those heavy, full breasts that sagged to the left and right of her chest, like two melons caught in veined, sweaty skin bags. Plum-sized nipples grew on palm-sized, bulging areolae, and the skin glistened with a thin film of milk. The badly ripped and worn dress hung around her waist. The gray cloth was almost black, soaked with milk. "So you're a mighty big one," Berry conceded and whistled quietly through her teeth.

The blonde nodded weakly, resting motionlessly on the floor save for her breathing. "Not my fault," she mumbled. "Tired. Oh so very tired. Breasts aching. Full again." As if to underscore her words, her breasts tautened and rose.

"Oh no! Look at them! You can *see* them filling up! And now she's squirting milk all by herself," Jean exclaimed and pointed at the thin jets spraying from the rough skin of the nipples. "Do we need to keep on milking her forever or what?"

"We help you get up now! Then you go lie down and sleep in bed! We clean up, we take care of rest!" Li commanded in her heavy accent. Berry and Jean grabbed Mirca's arms and pulled her upright. The petite almond-eyed eastern girl with the flat, round face and the big bun of black hair gasped at the sight of the sun-burnt back with the old scars. "Li be rubbing you with healing oil now!" she declared. "Hurry, hurry! Be using narrow bed of mine and have breasts hang out left and right for milking!"

Li's "non-professional" bed was barely one and a half foot wide. They laid Mirca face down into it and propped up her chest on a few extra cushions which they stuffed into her cleavage. With the weight of her upper body supported on that soft mound, her breasts were now free to dangle left and right over the bed's edges. She put her arms forward and rested her head on her crossed arms, giving herself up completely to the hands and fingers of her milkers.

This time, no new milk magically appeared in the orbs, and while Berry and Jean kept expressing milk from each udder, the breasts slowly shrunk down in their grip until they resembled two half-melons. The excess skin formed a rough patch with circular wrinkles around the nipples. The folds gradually faded and became part of the palm-sized areola.

"*Pshaw!* Magic cheater you are," snarled Berry at the sight of the adjusting skin, "Would've served you right to have wrinkly, empty bags for all the trouble you've caused!"

Mirca whimpered, "I didn't want to — I'm sorry —"

"Oh shut up! *Sorry, sorry, sorry, wail, wail, wail* is all I've heard from you!"

Mirca fell silent, except for the occasional snuffle when she drew up the tears.

"Berry!" Jean slapped the older woman over the head. "Leave the poor girl alone!" She patted Mirca on the shoulder. "There, girl. You sleep now, m'kay? Momma Jean's gonna take care of the rest."

It wasn't long until Mirca's breath slowed and deepened, and she fell asleep to the rhythmic stroking and the "pssst—pssst" of her milk whizzing into the buckets.

"Well, that's it. She's empty. Finally," Jean sighed and wiped the sweat from her forehead. "I'll say, she's a mighty strong one, and not just in her milk. Dammit, my arms are black and blue where she grabbed me! Huh, Berry? And what was that about? Afraid she'll take away your job and become the new bouncer? She's looking like she might be your younger prettier sister, I'll say. And *she* got enough boobs for both of you."

Berry did not reply. She thoughtfully, hostilely stared at the huge blonde.

"You be going way now! Li need space to rub oil in big girl!" The eastern whirlwind ushered them both out of the small room. "Go take bath! Go! You reek too! And be taking buckets along!"

Once she was alone with the sleeping blonde, Li pulled at her sash. Her kimono fell open, and she let it slip off her narrow shoulders. Underneath, she was naked except for a wide piece of cloth slung around her hip and in loops around her legs. On her chest, tiny breasts sprouted hard, unusually large and rough nipples from dark, brown-black areolae.

Her breath quickened. She pulled the long needles out of the bun of her black hair. It unrolled and fell all the way down until its tips caressed her small but round buttocks.

She opened the small cabinet by the side of her bed and picked a bottle and a small vial from it. On the worn labels, the enigmatic

characters of her native language resembled drawings more than anything else. Li held her breath while she opened the small vial and sprinkled a little of the grayish powder in the air in front of Mirca's face. The blonde's next inhale drew it deep into her lungs, and after a few seconds of silence, her body sagged all the way down into the pillows and grew limp with a long sigh. With her head turned sideways, her mouth dropped open and the tip of her freakishly long tongue lolled out. After plugging the vial shut, the girl from the east dared to breathe again.

Li puddled a generous helping of the oily liquid from the bottle into her left hand's cupped palm. Putting down the container, she rubbed her hands until her fingers glistened. Then she climbed over Mirca's back, put her knees left and right of the blonde's waist and sat down on the hard buttocks. The slender woman bent forward and began kneading the strong shoulders. Her skilled fingers slowly worked their way down along over the mounds and bumps of Mirca's muscled back.

It wasn't long before Li's hip began to rock back and forth, and her hands started to tremble whenever they went near the root of Mirca's breasts or the wide hips beneath the narrow waist. Li bit her lips.

Giant girl, I cannot resist you. Oh gods, you're all my dreams crammed into one. Forgive me. I need release, or I burst. You're asleep, you won't notice. You won't mind. I hope you won't mind.

She shuddered with excitement.

Heavens, you could crush me with those strong arms.

She moved her seat further down, slipping down from Mirca's hard buttocks onto the meaty thighs. Her oiled fingers wandered over

the spherical muscles of Mirca's rear and pulled the cheeks apart. The blond bush appeared in the candlelight. Li pulled at the cloth wrapped around her hips. It came loose, and she dropped it without regard by the side of the bed. Spreading her own legs wide, Li lost the fingers of her right hand in her own short black pubic hair. From the sweat-matted black curls, a huge, finger-like clitoris rose as she rubbed the outer lips. The lust knob was no longer pink but almost dark red now, engorged and glistening with her natural lubricant, which she rubbed from her dripping opening all over her vulva.

Li pushed gently forward. Her nervous clit dug into the narrow crack, and she slowly gyrated her hips while her hands grabbed the blonde's protruding buttocks and pushed them together and against her own hips. Moments later, she stooped and let her grip wander over Mirca's waist, then around it until her fingertips met under the hard belly. Struggling and panting, she lifted the heavy blonde's hip until the sleeping girl almost knelt. Li adjusted her own position. Pressing against the huge butt crack in front of her, the smooth skin of Mirca's buttocks slid up and down along the tip of the itching knob. The blond curls of Mirca's unshaved crotch tickled around the length of Li's clitoris. They slipped over its sensitive skin and gently tugged at it each time when her frantic thrusts entangled the strands. Li felt the center of her lust becoming snarled up like a fish in a net.

Her breath raced. Her heart pounded in her ears. With a suppressed moan she froze, pressing against her mount. Long minutes passed until she stooped forward and slowly sank down together with the limp blonde, dropping on Mirca's wide back, her own sweat-covered skin sticking to the giantess' oiled, glistening body. Li's small hands wandered down the hanging boobs and caressed the huge nipples.

"Thank you, my big golden hair goddess," she mumbled, sounding like a bird's gentle twitter. After she caught her breath again, she climbed down and finished massaging and rubbing the oil into Mirca's muscles.

Chapter 9: Belated Introductions

"Mirca! Don't —!" screamed Yrba as she jerked awake in the sweat-drenched bed.

"*Shhhhh*. She's all right, she's all right. She's *fine*. Would you believe my girls are all over her? It's *you* who needs some more rest now." Someone returned a wet, cold rag gently on her forehead.

"Red? Is that you? What day is this? How long have I been out?" All she could see was a dark silhouette against the window, sitting back down on a chair. Pale moonlight came in again — or *still?* — from the outside. The shadow nodded to her.

"Yeah, it's me, darling. You've been out cold for a whole day and night, but you made it. Oh Yrba, you're incredible."

"Incredibly stupid, you mean. Oh heavens, what have I done to the poor girl."

The witch took a deep breath and sighed, slumping back into the cushions.

"Red, be careful. Mirca's very dangerous. It's not her fault. I've not had a chance to train her yet. Her breasts —"

"I know. I've seen the ruins of the warehouse, and I thought, with you involved, it can be either her ass or her tits. She woke this

morning, if only for a few moments. So I talked to her and I even got a few answers out of her before she dozed off again. Don't worry."

"Don't worry? Oh Red, you've got no idea. No idea! I don't even know why or when — or how *big* — her boobs will blow up next time. I thought I had this under control, but I didn't expect that growth spurt while we were hiding, and I'm afraid this might be getting worse."

The bawd chuckled. Against the pale rectangle of the window, Red's silhouette lifted a hand and slowly ran her fingertips over the contours of her pair of protuberant breasts.

"What did she do, drink *two* of your vials at once?"

"She didn't tell you?" Yrba slowly shook her head. "No, of course she wouldn't. Too timid for that. Red, I've shoved her mouth in my crotch and force-fed her this year's whole batch, straight from the source. Undiluted."

Even in the dim light, Yrba saw how the color drained from Red's face. Her eyes darted to the heavy door, as if she half expected it to burst out of the frame, blown to pieces by a barrel-sized nipple.

"You did *what!*? Jackass! When will you ever learn? You promised you'd never do something that stupid again, and then you went and *did* it! Yrba, I should slap you silly! What now, she's about to bury the town under tits?"

"Relax. You think I'd have done it if I'd had any other choice? It was either that, or her and me, we'd both be stiff by now. I thought the risk was negligible. It all went the way it always does, maybe a tad bigger, right until that moment in your hideout. And now I don't know — no, I'm pretty sure she won't blow up again, at least not too soon.

Hardly any magic left around here after the blast in the dungeons. I was surprised your little boob-up trick still worked. It'll be weeks until it grows back to full strength, and even then, I *know* how to contain it. I managed when she was all juiced up on the potion, and I can do it again once I get back on my feet. But I somehow need to teach her —"

"Shh. Hold it there. You say it's OK for now? Good! Then you can afford to stay in bed for another day. You still can hardly lift a finger."

She leant forward and handed Yrba an earthen cup. "Here, drink this."

"*Yuck!* What's that vile stuff?" muttered the witch after the first gulp.

"*Ooh*, Miss Know-it-all has got a question?" Red grinned. "Girl, you've emptied your insides so thoroughly, you were just about to croak. So I put a funnel in your ass and filled your entrails with two buckets of that stuff. It's just sugar, salt and lots of water. Yes, that's nothing compared to your magic, but *I* learned it keeps people alive until they stop having the runs. Admitted, people are supposed to *drink* it, but you weren't especially lucid the last two days so I didn't want to wash it down your gullet for fear of drowning you. Had to get it into you one way or the other, so I chose the backdoor."

Yrba stared down into the cup. "And I wondered why it tastes like something straight from my —"

Red slapped her playfully over the head.

"Ybbie!" she exclaimed in a mock huff. "Of course that's *fresh*. Gods! *Eww!* What *is* it with you and your dirty mind? Drink that and then lie down again!"

"And no more sass or talking back!" Red added as Yrba took a deep breath. The witch deflated with a sigh.

"Yes, mistress," she mumbled, too weak and tired for a lengthy debate with her hostess. Soon, she was back in a deep, dreamless sleep. She didn't wake up again until almost nightfall the next day.

"Red, maybe this isn't such a good idea. What if they search the houses again? I better hide somewhere else," Yrba complained as Red led her down the stairs.

"Oh shush. It's not like the lord cares much about the town at all, beyond the taxes. The search that they did the night before yesterday? You blew up his cells *and* a random building, dear. Must've miffed him somewhat." Red chuckled. "Not that I mind the warehouse. That bastard deserved it for *ages*."

The bawd continued, "Lord Peter's got his castle and collects the taxes, but he's clever enough to not bugger us too much and just skims a bit off the top for himself. Leaves the running of the town to the mayor, who's a sensible guy. Was around even before that prick of a lord showed up. If you stick with us long enough, you might meet his wife. She's one of our regulars. Maybe I'll tell you the story some time. First let the girls get to know you. They've been gossiping ever since you barged in."

After Yrba made herself comfortable down in the big living room, Red put two fingers in her mouth and whistled loudly. Yrba jerked and grimaced, once more adjusting the cold wet rag over her forehead.

"Dammit, Red! My head's still ready to explode just fine without your help!"

"Sorry, hon. Then you better plug your ears now." Red took a deep breath before hollering: "Roll call, ladies! Time to meet our mystery visitor!"

Footfalls came down the stairs, and moments later, the half dozen of girls hurried into the big anteroom and scattered over the benches and divans. Yrba recognized some of the faces, and their assorted breasts.

"Jean. Sylvia." She nodded to them and winced when her headache promptly kicked in again. The brunette Jean and Sylvia with the jet-black curls hadn't changed since the witch's last visit. Jean's skinny frame owed its eye-catching pair of boobs to a generous helping of the *tincture*, and Sylvia, round-faced with somewhat pronounced cheekbones, still was the vaguely motherly type with her voluptuous, proud and taut flesh in all the right places, with only the faintest of magical tweaking to add to her breast's protruding resilience. Her waist was wider than the hip of most women, but since her hips with the round, taut cheeks were also much more than just a handful, her overall profile was that of a chunky hourglass, one that wouldn't snap easily even in a rough squeeze. A few veils and jingling chains of gold, and she'd be right at home as the queen in any harem with her dark brown, promising, fiery eyes and luscious bosom. Many a happy men had found that Sylvia's matronly look hid a frisky quarter horse blessed with an insatiable appetite, a playful mare who would never pass up on a dangling carrot once her clothes came down.

Seeing the others, Yrba frowned. "I don't think we've been introduced yet."

"Oh, of course. This is Charley."

"Charlene," corrected the young, tall woman with the exotic tan and the straight black hair. Her voice was a husky promise of carnal pleasures, and surprisingly deep. A few colorful bands of silk were woven like a halo into the almost wig-like arrangement of her hair. She wore a two-piece dress cut unlike anything Yrba had seen before. A long veil ran in an X-shape over her chest and covered her breasts, though barely. The belt around her hips held two different cloths, a larger, darker one that covered her protruding derrière and went around the sides of her hip, and a white, palm-wide band tucked into the front. It hung down straight, shielding her crotch from sight. Thin gold bracelets clinked around her narrow ankles as she moved her toned legs slightly apart. The cloth gaped open, and her slender legs showed through the gaps between her loincloth and the rest of her skirt. Her body's hourglass shape was to die for, and the almost bullet-shaped balcony, proudly jutting out on its own accord, had brought many a visitor of Red's house to tears of joy. She knew her worth, knew it a tad too well maybe, since there was more than just a hint of smugness in her voice that detracted from her marvelous appearance.

"Charlene, right," sighed Red. "Now *she* won't need your little helpers any time soon."

Yrba nodded. "*That* I can see, Red. Big *and* outreaching *and* perky, that's rare."

Charlene shrugged nonchalantly. "All natural, none of the cheating." She shot a quick, belittling glance at the others. "Runs in my family. Well, I've got maybe another few years, and then, sadly, they'll sag like yours."

"Thanks for reminding me," grumbled the witch.

"And this little faery here is Li. Eastern lands refugee, I guess. She doesn't really talk much about it. I've bought her from a traveling merchant, some time last year. That's why you've not met her yet. She speaks but a little of our language. Good with the cooking if you like your food spiced, and some other things. Still a bit shy, but we're making progress."

Yrba put her palms and flat fingers together in front of her chest and bowed. Li's face beamed, and she answered with the same greeting before she twittered rapidly in her native tongue. It might or might not have been a question. Yrba shook her head with a sad smile.

"Sorry, dear. I know a thing or two about this greeting stuff, but I've got no idea what you're saying."

Li pulled at Jean's shoulder, and as the skinny brunette bowed down sideways, the yellow-skinned raven-hair whispered into her ear. Jean laughed after a few seconds, and glanced at Yrba.

"She's asking if you're the one she's heard all the stories about."

The eastern girl seemed to have mustered some more courage and nodded. She had the loveliest accent, and the words stumbling around in her sentences didn't hurt her exotic aura either.

"Yes, Li be liking knowledge if you are swelly boob witch of famous," warbled the almond-eyed beauty.

"*Swelly boob witch?*" Yrba chuckled. "That's a first. Well, no point in denying it. Yes, I am."

Li reached again for her neighbor. *Whisper. Twitter. Mumble mumble.*

"Uh, she says she'd imagined you a lot older and uglier and less, heh, uh—" Jean hesitated and glanced at Yrba's bosom. "Let's just say *curvaceous*."

Yrba laughed. "Yeah, and right now, I feel *too* old and ugly. No, I've started magicking when I was *very* young, little lady. And you? You want to add a little to your chest? Are you even old enough to work around here?" Yrba frowned all of a sudden and her eyes narrowed. She usually was quite good at guessing people's age, but Li's features made her draw a blank. The size, the lack of breasts, the soft face, the cute tiny nose — "Hey, how old *are* you, after all?"

Li giggled behind raised hands and turned her face away. Red quickly picked up the dialogue.

"She's your age, Yrb. I couldn't believe it at first either."

"*My* —? Fuck. She barely got a wrinkle! Now *I'm* green with envy." The witch shook her head, but didn't bother with doubting Red's words. They knew each other far too long and well for that. She just said, "Wow. I'd have figured she's at best in her twenties, and at worst ... I was worried you'd have gone towards the uglier end of your line of work."

"Don't you know enough about my life? I was sure you'd never accuse me of subjecting anyone else to the things I've been through, Yrb."

"These are tough times, Red. Sometimes people stray from their good intentions, out of desperation."

"Yeah, like buying exotic slaves to set them free, eh?"

Li twittered some more. Jean translated.

"She says she's sorry if she's insulted you. She's asking whether you'd like to have a sample of her abilities, to make up to you. Her fingers are slender and can go places you're not going to believe at first." Jean giggled. "I'd give it a try! I did, and — *wow*. Is all I'm saying."

Yrba smiled. "Tempting. Maybe later. And who's this mountain of muscles?"

She looked up to the towering woman half-hidden in the darker shadows near the door. The floor boards groaned as the massive shape pushed off from the doorframe and stepped forward. Curly auburn hair fell down well below broad shoulders and framed a square face with a no-nonsense expression and a rather pale, northern coldlands complexion spattered with freckles. The first signs of age showed as tiny wrinkles on the furrowed brow and in the corner of her cold, green eyes, but the woman almost burst with strength, though not bust, from the brown leather vest with the short sleeves. Muscles swelled and made the sleeves' seams creak as she shifted her weight and crossed her scarred arms over her chest, held the witch's stare from up high and rumbled with a somewhat harsh accent that Yrba couldn't immediately place, "Berry Ann. I'm Red's bouncer. And don't you *dare* try and put your blond beefcake in my place. She may be a bit taller than me, but she's just a soft puppy. I can punch her lights out any which way I choose."

Yrba frowned at the outright hostile tone. "Sorry, what? *That's* not the kind of work I've got in mind for her. Don't worry, *your* job is safe."

"Relieved to hear that, witch." Berry's expression didn't match her words, not at all. "Well, since we're done with the niceties and

you're no longer sleeping, I'll go and fix the floor boards that your oversized lapdog ruined. Thanks a bunch for that, potion brewer!"

She spun around. The door slammed shut, right into Red's angry call of "Berry—!"

After a moment of uncomfortable silence, the bawd shook her head. "I've never seen her like this before. Yrba, I'm sorry, I don't know what's the matter with her."

Yrba sighed. "I guess she *really* is afraid that you'll dump her for Mirca. Jealousy and fear. Bad mixture. Now how *did* she end up here? I mean, just a little less tits, and she'd pass for a man, with those muscles. She's hardly the kind of stuff your girls are usually made of. If it weren't for the face, she might be Mirca's elder sister."

"Found her half-naked, half-dead and bleeding, last winter when we were out in the forest stacking up on firewood. Had some truly *nasty* sword wounds. No idea how far she had dragged herself on through the woods like that, the poor thing."

Yrba cast a glance at her friend from the corner of her eyes and frowned somewhat uneasily.

Oh Red, that's so like you again. That walking mountain's easily twice your bulk and who knows how many notches decorate her sword's handle, but you can't help but think of her as "that poor thing." Your "poor thing" carries enough fighting marks for a whole gang of thugs, for heaven's sake!

"Lots of bruises, too," the bawd continued. "Wore little else but chain mail, most of it in tatters. We patched her up. She doesn't want to talk about what happened, and I'm not going to try and make her. Yes, I know that gaze of yours, Ybbie. She's okay. She's decided to

stay, and she's doing a good job of keeping trouble away. Kind of what you've got in mind with your blonde, eh? People might not stiff you on your bills with a detergent like her around, huh?"

The witch shrugged and couldn't help being herself either. "Deter-*rent*, Red. If there's anything you don't want to mention around your Berry, I guess it's *soap*. Mirca as my —? Yeah, kinda. Maybe. Hey, why not? I've not really thought it all through, had to play a lot of things by ear, those last few days. Oh, where is she, after all? She's not still asleep, is she?"

Li gulped and lowered her head. "Not fault of gold hair girl," she mumbled, "fault mine, boob witch of honor. Me giving her sleeping powder to help heal. She still snoring in bed of mine."

"Li! I told you not to fool around with that any more!" Red hissed angrily.

Yrba wasn't too delighted, either. Her hand slammed down on the table. "Little woman, you bring me this stuff *right away*," she growled and leaned forward. "She's no ordinary girl! Who knows what it'll do to her!"

"Li not know—" gasped the exotic beauty, her dark eyes opening wide. She backed away, stammering, "Li go fast! Bring powder! Not know!" Trembling all over, the girlish woman spun around and stormed out the room.

On her way up the stairs, she bumped from behind into Berry, who was carrying an armful of spare floor boards over her one shoulder and a bucket with hammer and nails in the other hand.

"Berry! Go! Go! *Go!* Make," she groaned as she tried to squeeze past her on the narrow stairs, "*Nnngh!* — make way! Big (*angry twitter*) you are!" Wiggling by and pushing the stocky woman's hip, Li threw off Berry's balance. She tumbled into the wall.

"Hey! Watch it, you yellow-bellied lizard! You're lucky I've got both hands full!" she hollered after the slender woman that bounded up the stairs.

"Li make big mistake! Li must hurry, bring sleeping powder to witch! *Li in big trouble!*"

And she was off into the upper floor. Berry snarled after her, then looked back to the anteroom's closed door. "Fine bunch of guests we got all of a sudden," she murmured. "Red's far too trusting with those damned gypsies. I'm going to do some questioning myself now —*hey!*" Li almost shoved her down the stairs again when she returned, carrying the vials from her cabinet in her arms.

Berry grunted, climbed the rest of the stairs, put the boards down and stared at the torn-up floor. The damage wasn't half as bad as she had feared. An hour's work, and a little cleaning up; not the disaster it had first appeared to be.

Berry's eyes moved to the door behind which Mirca slept. With surprising speed and soundlessness that one wouldn't expect from a woman of her bulk, she sneaked up on it. Her hand brushed over the folds of her skirt, and suddenly a dagger flashed in her grip.

Mirca groaned. Someone had just slapped her face. "*Wrggl* — What's the m—" Had she overslept? Had she forgotten about an oven? There were many reasons for a slap in the face, at the castle. And often

enough, it didn't *stop* with something as merciful as a simple slap. Before even opening her eyes, her voice took on a whiny tone ingrained by years of cowering. "Master! *I'm sorry!* I've fallen asleep! Not the whip—"

"Stop the act!" was the angry reply, followed by another, painful slap that hit her breasts. A hand grabbed her throat. It wasn't a man's hand, but it was strong all the same. Her eyes opened wide.

A raging, snarling woman, built like no woman she had ever seen before, stooped over her. Mirca's eyes darted around in panic. She hadn't recognized the room at first, but small pieces of memory came back and fell in place. Heavy weight rested on her chest. Breasts. Yes, the witch. The cell. The ... *that* house. Trapped in the floor. That big woman — those chilly green eyes —

"You? I didn't want to get stuck! It wasn't my fault! I didn't want to ruin the —" she wailed, choking in the grip.

"*Forget* the damned floor! What do you want here, huh? Why have you come here at all? You're from the palace! You want to spy on us, admit it! Little dirty spy girl for the lord's guards, eh?" A dagger's point flashed before Mirca's eyes, and the flat side of the blade pressed coldly into her cheek. "Tell me the truth now, or I'll take your sight and your *pretty* face!"

Mirca's eyes filled with tears. "No! *Oh please!* I'm no spy for nobody! I'm just a serf, I didn't want any of that, oh gods! Not my eyes! Not my—"

"Hey! Mirca! Are you awake?" filtered through the floor.

Berry hissed a curse through clenched teeth and let go of Mirca's throat. She raised the blade one more time. "Not a word about

that, all right? I'll keep an eye on you. You try anything funny, you'll *bleed*. You talk to anyone about this, you'll bleed, too." She angrily pushed the dagger back into its hidden sheath under her skirt.

"Miiiiirrrrrrrrrcaaaaaa?! Come on! Wake up, sleepyhead! Don't make me come and get you!"

"I'm com—," she began, then she choked up, wiped the tears from her face and took a deep breath before hollering back, "I'm coming!" She grabbed her clothes and staggered from the bed. Berry grabbed her arm, stopped her and forced the shaking blonde down to her knees. "Not. A. Single. Word." she repeated menacingly before she pulled her to her feet again and shoved her towards the door. Mirca fled the room. She scuffled down the stairs while Berry's cold eyes followed her distrustfully.

Chapter 10: Busting The Dinner

"What's the matter with you? I thought you'd be starved after sleeping for two days straight. Are you sick?" Yrba watched her and frowned.

Mirca kept her head down and poked the food on the half-full plate in front of her. "I'm just not hungry," she mumbled. Every now and then, she glanced fearfully at Berry.

They all sat around the dinner table in the living room, where usually the girls lounged about waiting for their guests. It had been a quiet day. The uproar at the castle, the mysteriously demolished house, the searches, the curfew — nervousness had the townsfolk in its grip, and that had been bad for business at the bathing house. The girls didn't mind too much. Even a calmer week or two weren't going to put them at the risk of starving any time soon.

Red ruffled Mirca's hair and smiled. "Oh my. Running from the castle and all that must've caught up with you, no? Well, then this'll lighten your mood," she said and clapped her hands. "All right, girls. In celebration of our guests, I've had Li cook a special treat for us. Li? Bring in the chocolate pudding!"

Sylvia and the other girls groaned.

"What? You always liked—," Red began, puzzled.

There was a collective murmur to the theme of *if I ever see another drop of milk*.

Berry grinned across the table at Yrba and Red. "Hey, more for us then, eh?"

Li had quickly laid the table, and after the other girls had pushed their full bowls aside, only the clatter of three spoons filled the air.

And then there was a short, harsh *thock*, and suddenly Berry's dagger stuck in the table. Her chair tumbled over as she jumped to her feet. The other women jerked back, taken by surprise. She leaned in, slammed her big hands flat down on the table and took a deep breath of air.

"All right. *All right!* I've threatened Mirca, because I thought she was a spy for the guards. I held this very knife here to her face, and *I'm sorry!* Okay? I don't know what came over me. And yeah, Red, I feared you'd hire her and kick me out instead. I was wrong, and I'm sorry about that. She's a nice girl and she didn't deserve that I slapped and choked her. *There!* I said it. Are you all happy now? *Are you?*" She picked up her chair again, sat down heavily and hid her face behind her hands. Quiet sobbing came through her fingers. For a few moments, nobody moved.

Mirca stood up and embraced her, comforting Berry's face between her heavy breasts that bulged out as she dug the brunette's head into her cleavage. "Oh *silly!* Now I get it! *You* were scared of *me!*" She blushed. "My, I've been so stupid ... s—stu—" Suddenly her eyes widened, and she stared straight ahead. Her voice trembled as she hoarsely whispered, "Y—Y—Yrb—b—b ... it's starti—! A—a—ag—again! I don't — I can't —!"

Not just her voice shook now. Her whole body trembled as she let go of Berry, took an insecure step backwards and stooped, clutching her chest. In the sudden dead silence, the rending of her cloth's seams seemed awfully loud. Yrba pinched her eyes for her *other* sight and saw the glowing white fog of magical force rise from the floor and swirl and condense towards Mirca's breasts as their shape stretched from the bobbing, rounded cones into sagging, rapidly swelling orbs. She jumped to her feet, yelling, "Mirca! Outside! Hurry, out the back door!"

Mirca turned to run, caught her foot on a leg of Berry's chair and slammed face down into the floor, except she didn't even stub her nose. Her ballooning breasts caught her, spread wide under her weight, then sprang back into their round shape and pushed her off the ground again. The rebound sent her in a sideways half-spin. With no cushions to catch her now, the back of her head connected painfully to the floor, she crossed her eyes and let go of her chest as the room before her began to spin madly and then —

Yrba jumped the table and came down on the blonde like a very bosomy bird of prey, her arms outstretched, her clothes fluttering, her fingers like talons. She dove hands first into the tautening, throbbing uber-pumpkins of her pupil. The bulky masses barely budged under her weight.

That's not the right time to panic, the witch told herself over and over, clutching the areolae and nipples that hardened and swelled in her hands. *Must. Keep. Them. Down! Constringere! ... Tranquilius! Constringere, damn you! Why won't —*

She squinted again. The last few wisps of white fog soaked into Mirca's body. Their sparkling light concentrated towards the stretching masses of the blonde's udders. Yrba tried to conjure at least

some more for herself, and came up empty. Utterly, totally empty. The air around her remained clear. No white bolts, not even a faint, gray thread of power. Just her and her fingers clutching Mirca's ever-swelling orbs.

Oh heavens, she's sucked it all in! There's not enough magic left around for me to cast a wrapper on her, all that's left is inside her now — I can't —

Her fingers were slowly forced apart. The blonde's distending breasts barely cared about the witch's grip, and she was inch by inch losing out against the enormous pressure she desperately tried to wrestle down. Mirca stared at her as the white wall of boobs grew between them at an ever-accelerating pace, her eyes filled with begging and fear. *Don't let me burst*, pleaded her panicked gaze. The last threads of her dress' neckline ripped and slipped down around her.

The other girls backed away as Yrba's body gradually rose over the table top again. She was putting all her weight on the udders underneath her and yet, the rumbling, gurgling milk bags effortlessly lifted her up. Mirca's fear-filled face disappeared behind her growing orbs. The legs of the table screeched over the floor, pushed aside by the expanding breasts that measured more than a yard across.

No! I've not made it this far to end up crushed to the ceiling by boobs, dammit! Yrba silently groaned, wrestling with the heat and strength in her grip, trying to splice off a little bit for herself.

And then, all of a sudden, warm milk gushed out in two bubbling geysers between her fingers, and she sank down on top of Mirca as the load drained out through the nipples and the blonde's breasts returned to their supremely ample but manageable size of two resilient, bulging cones.

"What the — where did — *huh?!'*" muttered Yrba as struggled off Mirca's slippery, milk-drenched body on hands and knees. "What did you — *how* did you —?"

"I—I—I don't know! First I thought I'd die, and then I thought that I didn't need to be ashamed anymore because it didn't matter any longer, and then I took a deep breath, and suddenly..." Mirca stuttered and babbled with her face glowing in a deep red. She struggled upright and rubbed the bump on the back of her head.

Yrba scrambled to her feet, reached up and grabbed the girl's shoulders. "Mirca, look at me. Are you all right? How many fingers am I holding up? Do you feel any pain, anywhere? In your head? In your breasts? Feel anything strange?"

The blonde gnawed on her knuckles and stammered, "N—n—no, it was only — I didn't want to — I almost, the warehouse, I remembered — I was so afraid, I didn't want to bring down this house, too — I — oh Yrba, I didn't want to, really, I didn't—"

Her eyes darted around the room, she gazed at the toppled and shoved-aside furniture, the shallow pool of milk that had been a floor, at the huddle of girls cowering and squatting on the far end of the bench and the general havoc all around.

Mirca sagged to her knees and stooped. She tore her hair, covered her face with her hands and sobbed, "I—I've ruined the floor! It's all swamped with milk! Oh gods, I'm so sorry! I'm — *aieeee!* I'm half naked! Don't look at me! Just—Just give me a bucket and a rag, and I'll—"

Yrba put her hand on the blonde's trembling shoulders and stroked her gently. "Shh, dear. It's all right. Don't cry. Long as you're not aching, it's all right." The witch looked around. The whole room

felt *empty* now. A faint pressure that had always been around, day and night, suddenly wasn't there any longer. She recognized that feeling, and she rubbed her hands in relief.

"Right, that's it; for the next few weeks at least, I'd say. Girls, you can come down from the bench. Li, no need to climb out the window. Local magic's *all* used up for now. Will be some time before anything like that can happen again. Must've been some pocket of remnant charge drifting through. Sorry about the floor, but it really wasn't her fault."

"Yrba," Red mumbled, "Tell me the truth. Did *I* look like that when you first hexed *my* pair? You know, when it went *wrong*?"

"Oh gods, *no*! You? Hah! You were even *bigger*!"

Red grew pale as old memories played in mind. Her hands reached for a chair. "*Heavens—*," she whispered as she slumped down on it.

Yrba gazed at the flustered woman, and then she chuckled.

"Had you going there for a moment, huh?" She broke into a laugh, and the nervous tension in the room that had mounted after Berry's confession and Mirca's explosive growth, suddenly was gone. Giggling, they all helped to put Mirca back on her feet and patted her down in a chorus of "It's all right, nothing happened, the floor needed a good wiping anyway," and "Oh silly girl, you don't need to be ashamed around *us*." Hanging her head, the blonde pulled glumly at her torn, dripping clothes. Strands and patches came right off.

"I guess there's nothing left to mend here," she sighed.

Li held up the tatters to Mirca's breasts, or at least she tried to look that way while she grinned ear to ear and eagerly groped at the

melons. Her hands almost disappeared inside the soft pillows. Cocking her head but never letting the orbs out of her sight, she twittered into Jean's ear. The girl reciprocated Li's grin and translated.

"She said you should be glad. That dress was awful. Well, I guess, now that the worst has come to pass, that calls for — a *makeover!*"

Mirca looked at the group of women and then shook her head in sadness.

"Me? *Me?*! Oh no, I could never wear such *beautiful* clothes like you, with all that lace and quillings."

"Oh really?" Berry laughed. "You dare to *challenge* us, huh? Girls, it's on! We'll make her look *gorgeous*."

Jean kept staring at Mirca's bare, heaving breasts that Li's little hands couldn't match. Her eyes wandered all over the toned body. "I don't think we could make her any more gorgeous if our lives depended on it."

"You'll see!" replied the bouncer. "Let's start with a good soaking. Girls, you know the drill! Charley, you scrub her dairy produce out the backdoor and join us later — I don't want to hear a single word from you, tit princess! You'll do your chores like everyone else!" she added as Charlene drew an indignant face. "Jean, Sylvia — firewood. I want the bath *steaming*. Get the boiler going. Li, bring your oils and scents. And I'll hook the water wheel to the pump and fill up the big tub. Once she's all squeaky clean," she smacked her lips, "then let's show her what we're *good* at!"

"But — but I bathed just last month —," Mirca protested weakly.

"Well, no wonder you give milk like a cow — you smell like one! And they call *our* house *unclean*? I don't think so! Blondie, you'll never want to leave again once we're through with you! Come on girls, *seize her*!"

The four of them half-pushed, half-carried Mirca out of the room, to her flailing her arms and shrieking, "Yrba! Help meeeee! I don't want to be drowned in ice-cold water again!"

"You wo—oon't! They bathe differently here! Just let them do their jo—oob!" the witch waved after her and grinned. She turned to Red. "Mind if I leave you behind all alone and join them? I'm feeling a bit overdue myself."

The bawd laughed and pinched her nose. "Do I mind? Girl, if you don't take a dive in the bath right away, I'll throw you in myself! And give me those clothes! Now do I wash them, or *burn* them to get rid of the smell?"

Giggling and teasing, Red stripped Yrba down right in the kitchen. Even Charlene's accusing glances while she grudgingly cleaned out the puddles of milk on the floor didn't stop their playful banter.

Part 3: Tubs, Sponges & Soaking

"Like an angel you came

Every night when I scream ... "

— The Rasmus, *Night After Night*

This part's proofreading kindly supplied by Kanodin

Chapter 11: All Milk And No Honey In The Tub

The bath was almost the size of the anteroom. In the middle of it sat a huge tub more than three yards across. The water steamed in air that hadn't quite warmed up yet. Several smaller tubs for one person (or an amorous couple) stood in a circle. The warm water came from a boiler that also heated the room. A water wheel in the backyard pumped it up before it rained down from pipes mounted to the ceiling.

"We've got quite an ingenious blacksmith and he *loves* warm water," Red had explained the first time that Yrba had marveled at the unusual contraption, a few years ago. And then Red had added with the broadest smirk, "and his *special* mallet does, too. Comes here for a reg'lar scrubbing once a month. I take care of his plumbing, he takes care of mine. I paid *zip* for all of that."

Mirca backed into the corner and tried to fend off the many hands pulling at her clothes. "No! No! I helped you filling in the water and with the stove, but you leave me alone now! Yrba! *Yrbaaaa!* Help me! They're crazy!"

Yrba had walked in on the sight of a giggling pack of women circling her blonde who stood out by a full head's height. Now the

dark-skinned witch just stood there, naked, suppressing a grin, with her arms crossed over her chest.

"Yrba, they want to see me *naked!* Again!" wailed her timid six-foot-six giantess, pressing the tatters of her clothes with one hand over her chest and the other over her crotch.

Yrba sighed, pinched the root of her nose with one hand and raised the other while she shook and lowered her head. "All right. Girls. *GIRLS!* Hold it!"

Their chatter died down as Yrba let her gaze wander over the naked figures. Slim-and-busty brunette Jean and stocky buxom raven Sylvia, both in their late twenties, had been part of Red's bathing house and brothel from the start. Yrba knew them well, both with and without their clothes on, since she had earned some of her earlier stays by doing a little (or a *lot*, in Jean's case) magical tweaking and padding. She had met the other women only hours ago, and this was the first time she saw them without their already revealing business attire.

Her eyes rested for a few moments on the ivory-skinned, diminutive, boyish body of raven-haired Li. The woman from the eastern lands avoided Yrba's gaze and lowered her head nervously. She was a head smaller than the witch, and where Yrba had been blessed with an ample bosom, Li sported only two impressive nipples on her lithe frame. Despite being the witch's age (and much to Yrba's chagrin), Li's lovely face with the almond-shaped eyes revealed not a single wrinkle. At just above four feet, she appeared almost dwarfish against the two tallest women of the bunch that stood behind her.

Thanks to Yrba's potion, her protege Mirca's towering, hulking shape had been 'expanded' to sport a pair of taut and almost inhuman-

sized breasts. Berry-Ann, an aging warrior woman of the Northland who only recently had joined Red's roster, looked like a slightly smaller, slightly less muscle-packed mountain by comparison. Without her leather vest and trousers, just about every square inch of Berry's skin showed the same mesh of scars and blemishes as her arms. They were a sharp warning that the cold-eyed bouncer knew more than her fair share about fighting, *and she had lived to show*, too. Yrba estimated her at somewhere in the mid-fourties, an age not reached by many of her trade.

Berry's rough looks only heightened the sensuous appeal of the young woman by her side. Charlene, tall and unfairly blessed by nature with the flawless body of a buxom yet slender oriental princess and the befitting pride and aloofness to boot, completed the group of Red's "girls". So far, their united zeal had failed to show any results against Mirca's stubborn refusal to get naked and step into the huge bathtub. Now the mixed bunch eyed expectantly the well-rounded witch.

"Yes, that's better. Hold it for just a moment."

Yrba pushed through the ring of besiegers, put her arm around Mirca's waist and patted her on the shoulder with her other hand. "Darling, there's nothing wrong with being naked, m'kay? We were all born that way. Now they'll bathe you, and I'll be around and make sure they don't harm you. It's nice and warm and all, in the water. It'll help you get comfortable with your new body." She smiled up to her. Mirca relaxed, returned the smile and let go of her top to scratch her head. Her voluminous breasts sagged down and rebounded ever so resiliently. The wobbling motion of the proudly standing, elongated udders drew a collective sigh from the other girls.

"Oh you're *so* smart!" Mirca giggled. "I never thought about it that way. So if it's normal, it surely can't be naughty? At the castle, they always told me I mustn't do *naughty* things. Uh, except Suzy. I think what *she* wanted me to do was *very* naughty after all. Well, maybe I could try and—"

And then Yrba dug her fingernails into the remains of Mirca's frail clothing, which by now was barely more than just a loincloth anyway, and pulled hard. It ripped right off her body and turned to shreds, and the blonde stood stark naked, frozen in surprise. The witch threw the tatters aside and nodded to Red's girls.

"Now she's all yours."

"Yrbaaaaa—!"

Mirca still cast uneasy glances around, but she no longer struggled against the other girls. She stood in the middle of the huge vat with the water barely reaching the golden curls of her groin and let the others scrub her down with sponges and soft brushes. Her nose wrinkled.

"Uh, what's that weird smell?"

Yrba laughed as she climbed into one of the smaller tubs.

"It's called *soap*, girl."

"*That's* soap? Whoa. It's more like, like flowers and honey, somewhat. We've only got the other kind at the palace, y'know, and it smells worse than being dirty. Now this smell here, I could get used to *that*."

"I sure hope so, dear." The witch descended into the warm water and shuddered with delight as her breasts became submerged, rose from her chest and their weight disappeared with the onset of buoyancy. Her fingers danced over the bristles of the collection of brushes by the vat until she found one that pleased her. She bent forward and began to scrub her feet.

"My, look at them! Even our little Princess Attitude seems to take a liking to your big puppy," smiled Red as she entered the room with a tablet and put it down at the side of Yrba's tub. "Have a cup of the *good* stuff? Here, try that. It'll bring back some memories."

"Oh no you haven't!" exclaimed Yrba after the first sip and stared at the cup. "You've still got the recipe?"

"Just the way we liked it then. Sugar sludge all the way and enough hidden coffee to kick like a mule and keep dancing the whole night through."

"Oh *yeah!* Your master got a lot of complaints from the village boys' parents back then. And you got a lot of dick. And laid some of the girls as well, not just me. Barely a day where you wouldn't come to me begging for the *happy ever after* pills. And the other—?"

"Your favorite body oil." She winked. "Don't get too *naughty* on yourself, you still need to recover a bit."

"Mmmh." The water in Yrba's tub sloshed as she wiggled into a more relaxed position. "Feeling better already. Care to join me in here and help me slather myself?"

Red sighed. "Some tease you are, darling. Alas, *someone's* got to keep an eye on the street. You're much too careless, you know. Should be hiding in the attic instead of —"

"Yrbaaaaaa!" wailed her blond protege from across the room.

Red raised her eyebrows. "Seems you've got some more holding hands to do, eh? See you later." The bawd grinned. She ruffled Yrba's hair, nodded over her shoulder to the playful wrestling in the big tub, turned and left, chuckling quietly.

"Yrba, they want me to spread my legs!" Mirca complained, holding her golden bush in one cupped hand while feebly fending off the giggling horde of young women in front of her. "They won't listen to me! Tell them to stop! Now that's, uh, *naughty* stuff, isn't it? I mean, if someone else touches the — the wrinkly things down there?"

"No, dear. That's *important* stuff. Being clean everywhere is important, especially around your downy mound. Just let them do it and watch carefully. I'm sure they know *all* about it."

Mirca lowered her arms and shrugged, still looking a bit uneasy.

"Uh, right, then. I mean, you're so smart, so ... if you say so, then, uh..." She turned to the women, gnawed on her lower lip and finally raised her index finger in a timid gesture. "But gently, okay? Uh, who is tending the oven? Because, I'm feeling, like, like, sorta warm inside..."

"You're not the only one," Yrba whispered to herself.

"You like that now, don't you? *Yes* you do. *Yeeees* you do," cooed Charlene, kneeling by Mirca's side. She stroked gently up and down the insides of Mirca's thighs with a big, soft brush, while her other hand traced the hills and valleys of the blonde's leg muscles.

"Oh yes! It feels so great! In the palace, they'd only give us those hard brushes made from roots and whatnot. I even once accu—
uh—dentially *cut* myself with one!"

Berry stood in Mirca's back, raised another bucket of water and emptied it slowly over the tall young woman's head and shoulders. The steaming rivulets snaked down over Mirca's skin, and she sighed happily.

"*Mmmh*. My skin's so warm now and tickling everywhere! That's fun! I never thought that's possible!"

Sylvia was the first to notice. She stopped her cooing chatter and stared at the huge breast she was scrubbing in big circles. The brush dropped into the water, she changed her grip, cupped the underside with both hands and lifted the weighty orb.

"Eh, girls ... that's weird. This one's become much softer. See?"

She let go, and it was true: the breast had lost some of its bullet-like, taut shape and sagged visibly against Mirca's chest. Sylvia hefted the glandular protrusion and lifted it up to her face, gazing at the round areola and the plum-sized nipple. The wrinkled skin of the areola smoothed right under her watchful stare.

Her eyes widened. She gasped.

"Girls, I — I think it's just grown in my hands! Hey, witch! Look here! She's not going to blow again, is she?" Sylvia leaned slowly away from the melon in her hands. The round, sagging orb jittered and swelled a little more. She recoiled and pulled back her hands. The raised boob slapped back down against Mirca's chest. Water gushed over the tub's rim as they all staggered away from the

mortified blonde and cowered down into the water, raising their arms like shields. "Wiiiiitch! *She's growing again! Hurry!*"

Water sloshed violently as Yrba jumped up in her small tub. After a few tense, quiet seconds, she relaxed.

"No. No magic anywhere around. It's just the milk again. She's bloating like the last time in the stash, not like the kitchen. I'm so happy I'm not stuck with her in the entresol."

They all slowly relaxed and lowered their arms. In the silence, one could hear a pin drop.

"Just milk then? No weirdness?" asked Sylvia, stroking her matted black mane back into her neck.

"A lot of milk. No weirdness but *that*," Yrba replied and slumped back into her tub.

"I could have told you that," muttered Mirca. "You wouldn't have to hide and worry if you had asked *me*."

Yrba sat bolt upright.

"What did you just say?!" she gasped.

Mirca seemed to deflate as her body cowered down a little. That her breasts stretched just a tad bigger at the same moment gave the curious impression of her height turning into cup size. She fidgeted for a few moments, casting nervous glances at Yrba from underneath her eyebrows, then she stammered:

"I — I can tell, it — it feels somewhat different, see? The milk's just warm, and stretchy-full, a—and with the — the *other* g—growth, it's more of a, a, a tingle and the shuddering all over and — it's just different. I can tell. *Should* I tell? Without being asked? I mean, I got

into trouble, when I once spoke outta turn, at the palace, and I — I don't want to be any trouble..."

Yrba sighed with relief. "You're amazing. *Of course* you should tell us what's coming. Girl, not one in a *thousand* can tell different ways of magic apart. I'm really proud of you. So tell me, what do you feel? What's that swelling in your breasts?"

Mirca beamed and straightened to her full height, rising head and shoulders above the women around her who stared at the giantess with open mouths. Her swollen breasts protruded proudly off her chest. "Really? Uh, it's milk. Just *lots* of milk. I've never felt it so strong before, but I'm sure. Masses of milk. *Gallons!*" she boasted, and added, "uh, oh—," while her voice tapered as she noticed the effect of her words on the ring of women around her.

Five pairs of eyes swiveled to Mirca's growing areolae, to the flesh puffing up as the milk, still dammed up behind the turgid nipples, was getting ready to gush. Charlene was just the first of the women to hungrily lick her lips and lean forward with gaping mouth and pouted, funnel-shaped lips.

Mirca blushed. "Uh, g—girls, why are you l—looking at me like that? I thought you didn't like any m—," she stammered and took a small step backwards. Berry's strong arms wrapped around her from behind and squeezed her arms to her side.

Her almost-equal sized captor rubbed up against Mirca's body, leaned over her shoulder and whispered raunchily in her ear:

"Where d'ya think you're going, my udder queen?"

She sat down into the warm water and dragged the struggling Mirca down along with her. The others moved in slowly like a swarm of sharks, smacking their lips.

"Relax, girl," Berry cooed and stroked her head against Mirca's. "They're just thirsty for a little milk."

"But I haven't got a *little* milk! I've got a *big* milk coming!"

"All the better." Berry pecked a kiss on the blonde's cheek and said, "Here, let me help you carry your load," and lifted the two growing melons from the warm water. The first drops of the nurturing liquid oozed from the rising nipples, ran down along the bulging flesh and fell from Berry's strong fingers down into the tub. Mirca shuddered with sudden pleasure in the deft grip.

"Buffet's open! Who wants to be first? No hustling, there's enough for all of you! Open wide, and I'll squeeze a gush to drown you, right into your little maws," Berry joked.

"Don't talk like that! No, let me go now, you big meanie! This is so embarrassing!" wailed Mirca.

Berry shook her head, and her voice became gentle. "It's not. Giving milk? It's natural. Here, calm down and breathe with me. One ... two ... one ... two. Sloooowly. Relax. *Mmmmh*. Just let 'em drink for a little while. It doesn't get any more natural than that. Don't you think they deserve a treat for the nice scrubbing they gave you?"

Another delightful shudder of expansion ran through the blonde. Her voice was tinted with a faint moan as she whispered nervously, "Y—Yrba—?"

"You listen to her, Mirca!" sang the witch, rubbing the expensive oil into her arms and enjoying the show.

"*Oooohhhh*—kay then," moaned Mirca, and her knees grew weak as she gave herself up completely to Berry's strong, sure embrace and the brunette's soft, massaging grip on the underside of her breasts that fired up her over-eager glands even further. The bouncer nibbled tenderly on her earlobe.

"Yes, *that's* the spirit, my sweet milk maid. Oh, did you feel that?" Berry's fingertips followed a particularly eager, slowly throbbing milk duct and gently stroked its produce towards the nipples. Mirca nodded, shuddering all over.

"Good, cutie. Let it happen. Let it flow. Let it fill you," Berry exhaled into Mirca's ear.

Suddenly Sylvia spread her arms and leaned against her friends, holding them back.

"No, wait!"

"Wait? Come on! My mouth's dry after that fright, I need a sip! She's got plenty to go 'round!" protested Jean, and the others joined in.

"No! Wait! Look! Just look! I want to see how she slowly fills up! I want to see how big she gets! If it's harmless anyway, then I got to see that up close."

She reached out and gently ran her fingertips over the swelling and stretching masses. Sylvia couldn't help herself, a giggle rose from her throat.

"Like—like a twitching muscle, somewhere in there. *Ooooh*. Again! See how the skin stretches outward from the areolae as it fills up? Oh, that's so weird!" She gulped. "And ... hot." Her hands cupped

the breast with wide-spread fingers. The round shape trembled in her palms, speeding up its growth.

Jean leaned forward, too, and gently squeezed the areola between thumb and forefinger. Mirca gasped.

"See that?" Jean giggled. "All the skin that hid away when she shrank now unwraps again! Oh yes, she'll get *big*! There must be room for *buckets* full of milk in there!"

"Unnnngggg....," moaned Mirca. In her breasts, warm drops squeezed through the capillaries and united in the bigger vessels, the thin branches joining into hundreds of sponge-like chambers that expanded and bloated her breasts, growing bigger with each passing moment.

Berry groaned. "Damn, your boobs are getting really heavy now!" she muttered after the next distending throb filled Mirca up further, and let the jugglebags drop back into the warm tub. A huge wave of displaced water swapped around the circular vat, and some more splashed over the edge. The girls backed away and giggled as they sat down again and submerged themselves up to their chests. Mirca groaned unrestrainedly with pleasure. The warm water engulfed her heavy bags and took away gravity's straining pull. Her throbbing breasts floated in gentle weightlessness that put up no resistance to their expansion. Yes, she wanted it. It felt so *great*. Nobody got angry at her. Nobody screamed at her. They *admired* it. It was something that she *could* do for them, and so she was going to do it the best she could. Except she didn't quite know *how* she did it, but it seemed her body knew all by itself and she just had to tag along for the ride.

"See how slow they rise to the surface! *Now* they're getting full," giggled Sylvia and leaned closer.

"My, look at them! They're almost twice as large now, and so fat and heavy, they're barely floating! Like huge milk dumplings," Jean laughed and prodded one of the bags, giving it a push that send the rotund shape undulating and slowly descending again. "Uh wow, they're really taut now!"

The others joined in and began to prod and push the bloated balloons whose upper curve barely managed to break through the surface. Their excited exclamations and giggles filled the air.

"—your head! Three times at least now! And — oh, there's another throb! See how huge—"

"—almost as long as my arm, I can't reach—"

"—so full, my fingers don't even make a dent any more!"

"—tub is flowing over! So big, they're filling—"

"—how fat the nipples are? Now the areolae swell up, too! I've never—"

"*Mnnnghh!* Don't! *Hiii!* Stop poking! *Oooh yeeesss!* I mean, oh no! I'm — *nnngggh!* — the nipples! It's rushing into the nipples! Now I can't hold it in any more!" Mirca moaned with closed eyes. Milk wormed through her ducts and collected behind the teats, puffing up her areolae until all wrinkles were gone and not a single drop more could fit in. The swelling wandered forward into the rough skin of her nipples as they sucked up the rich liquid like sponges. "It's — *hhhwwaaaa* — it's all coming out now! Oh, this is *sooo* good," she stammered, closing her eyes as a broad smile brightened her lust-contorted face.

A cloud of rapidly expanding white whirls streamed out of the submerged nipples and rose to the surface. Within moments, the water around her breasts turned into an opaque sea of diluted milk.

"Warm! No, hot! Girl, you're *boiling* inside!" gasped Charlene as she blindly reached for the trembling, fluttering nozzles of Mirca's aroused teats in the foggy water and her hands passed through one of the dozens of unrelenting jets. She groaned and lifted one of the massive balloons, now the size of a huge sack. For every inch clearing the water level and losing its supportive buoyancy, the weight in her hands grew and the shape flattened ever so slightly, spewing its nectar even faster with the added weight's pressure. The water bubbled and curled as the wildly spraying knob and its white jets neared the surface.

"*Oooh!* Me drink! Go way, let me drink," Li insistingly complained and grabbed at Charlene's slippery skin.

"Oh, so you want some?" the tanned black-haired woman smirked. The next moment, she grunted and lifted the throbbing udder high enough for the nipple to rise above the surface. A mesh of thin but strong jets arched through the air, hit Li's face and splattered on all over the girls. Bending over from laughing, Charlene lost her footing in the slippery tub and staggered under the weight of the boob, and the small eastern woman took her chance, pushed Charlene aside and gobbled up as much of the nipple and areola as she could. In moments, her cheeks bulged and a white cascade spouted from her lips, no matter how quickly she gulped. When she had to give up the rough bud to gasp for air, Charley instantly took over and sucked and sucked, lubricating her dry throat with the torrent of sweet milk.

Mirca just stared at them, her eyes darting from her left to her right nipple and back again. Charley's and Li's good-natured wrestling

was mirrored in the slippery struggle between Jean and Sylvia, fighting for the possession of her other turgid breast's tap.

"Girls, I—," she weakly complained, embarrassed by the upheaval she caused and yet unable to stop it. Even if she were free to move without Berry clutching her tight, she'd have a hard time reaching far enough over her breasts to grab at the girls in front of her. Besides, the four pairs of slippery hands that milked and stroked her breasts sent shivers of strange and unexpected delights all through her body, and she didn't want to lose these new feelings at all.

Berry's voice near her ear was throaty and dark. "Oh, let them have a little fun," she moaned. With only one arm wrapped around Mirca's midriff, it seemed to the blonde that the muscular woman was searching for something elusive under her as Berry's arm moved up and down in a regular rhythm. "Feed them," she panted. "Let it all out! Yes, give them all you've got! Fill them! Just relax, I'll hold you. You're my tits now! Oh, you're such a lovely rack — you're my tits — big like I always wanted themmmnnnghhh!"

Her voice descended into unintelligible wheezing and groaning as she closed her eyes and her body started shaking all over. In front of Mirca, the writhing and slithering mass of naked bodies turned into a veritable feeding frenzy. And her breasts kept up with the demand easily. White jets disappeared into seemingly insatiable mouths or spilled and splattered, turned into rivulets on glistening bodies or dripped down along Mirca's breasts before the rich, fatty milk spread as a thin layer of white skin over the surface of the big tub of sloshing liquid.

Water was almost indistinguishable from milk now. After the frantic thrashing, there even were a few crests of foam drifting about the now calm surface. Li and the others huddled around the blonde and happily rubbed and patted their bellies.

Charlene still guarded one of Mirca's breasts for herself. The task had become a lot easier now that the mound resembled human proportions again after it had spend its copious load. She licked her lips. "You know, I couldn't have stomached the pudding, but your milk, somehow now I just can't get enough of that stuff." She squeezed another jet from Mirca's breast into her mouth and let the excess spill down over her chin. "*Mmmmh*. Here I was, thinking you were just another nuisance! No, you're something to keep, dear. Oh yes, you're a keeper with your two horns-of-plenty! I never want to have anything else cross my lips again. How did *you* like it, big feeder girl?"

"Uh, okay, I guess. I, I'm not used to that many hands on me. It was little weird, but if you say it's fine, then, uh ... and thank you for, for putting up with that milk gush. They're emptying nicely now, thanks to you. Eh, B—Berry, I, uh, think I'm clean down there now, too, thank you. Seriously. You don't need to — *mmmh* — to rub me, uh, *there* any longer."

Berry smiled, a deeply relaxed smile, rested her bulging arms over the tub's rim and raised her hands in defense while she wiggled her fingers in the air. "You're sitting on my lap, but those aren't *my* fingers, darling."

"Oh, sorry. Then who — Li?" A nod. But not the only one. She gazed around. "Charl—Syl—Je—*all of you?*!" She shut her thighs, and quiet, protesting mutters started. "No, *no!* I'm clean now, really! You've rubbed me so much, one could *eat* from m—"

"Yes! Eat you out! Some honey after that milk! Ooh, pick me! Pick me!" they all begged and leaned forward.

"What? No! Sorry! But—but it felt *good*. Uh, and when does this dripping stop?"

"If I'm lucky, never," moaned Sylvia at the other breast before she gulped down another mouthful from the nipple and cuddled closer to the blonde, digging her face into the soft cushion that still was larger than her head.

"See?" complained Mirca to her witch who lounged alone in her small tub, her oiled dark skin glistening like a piece of chocolate in a cup of milk. "See what I have to put up with?"

"What? They like you!" Yrba replied. Barely a shudder tinted her voice while, underneath the waterline of her tub, her fingers slid out of her raw and throbbing crotch. Her folds and lips felt delightfully numb after the mind-shattering orgasm that watching the scene had given her.

"Like me? *Like* me?" Mirca complained. "They're pawing all over me like the palace dogs are over a bitch that's in h—, uh, *in te—re—sting*. You know." She hushed her voice and leaned slightly forward. "This here isn't, like, *naughty*, right? We're *just* bathing. When people bathe, such things happen all the time. Uh, they do, right?"

Yrba hung her arms and legs over the edge of her tub and raised her hip until her curly pubic hair and her nether lips' wrinkly inner folds and meaty outer bulges broke through the soapy water's surface.

"Only if you're very, very lucky, sweetie. Yeah, what I wouldn't give to be *interesting* for them right now. Hey girls, what am *I*? A

lump of coal? Mirca, since we're both smelling nice now, how about you come over to me and finish what you started in the dungeon, eh?"

The blonde raised her eyebrows and grimaced with mopey, whiney pouting.

"Oh Yrba, do I *have* to? I'm so tired now, and I — hey, I think I *finally* stopped dripping milk."

A disappointed *awwwwww* rose from five hungry throats.

"Yes! *Ouch!* Stop sucking, there's nothing left! I'm empty!"

She put one arm beneath her breasts, lifted the floating, shrunken-down melons out of the water and ran the fingers of her other hand across the two mighty hills. A wide grin relaxed her face.

"Oh, just look at my skin now! All rosy and smooth! I *really* like the way you wash your guests!"

Yeah, right, muttered Yrba. *Washing. Girl, if you think they've helped you get clean, be my guest. But I'll keep on remembering that as the closest thing to a half-dozen girl orgy I'll ever see. And I didn't get in on it, dammit. Well, better that way than freaking the poor girl out. Enough time later to set a few things straight in her head.*

Berry, still holding her in her lap, pressed her lips on Mirca's wet hair.

"Right, then let's rub you dry and pick some new clothes for you. Anyone care to join me in that?"

She turned her head to Charlene and Sylvia, who were sitting side by side with half-closed eyes and half-opened mouths, everything beneath their shoulders submerged in the white bath. Little waves emanated from their trembling bodies.

"Hey, are you listening?"

"Aw, let them," Mirca giggled, "They're so tidy, they are still rubbing each other clean down there."

Yrba almost choked on her gasp and rolled her eyes.

Uh, I better not wait that much longer to give her 'the talk' ...

Chapter 12: Makeover

Berry held one of her corsets against Mirca's midriff and shook her head.

"Maybe this one..." she muttered. On her bed, a heap of clothes showed the accumulated non-success of the last half-hour. Whenever something *seemed* to fit, another muscle somewhere on Mirca's body got in the way. She somehow managed to have muscles in places where ordinary people didn't even have *places* to start with.

Li and Jean hadn't even tried to squeeze the blonde's towering figure into one of their spare dresses. Now Berry's wardrobe slowly ran out of options, too. The brunette's stash of clothes had been the only choice left, on account of her being only a few inches smaller than Mirca. Yet none of the clothes they'd tried so far had fit, but she wasn't willing to give up yet. She raised her knee and put it in the short of Mirca's back, grabbed the ties of the corset and pulled.

"Hhhhhmmmmnnnghpfff—" Mirca exhaled and the gap actually seemed to close. But then the blonde moaned with the last air leaving her lungs, "not ... *mmngh!* ... not fitting!"

She inhaled explosively and straightened. Her bosom swelled, rising out of the neckline. Berry held on for a few moments, then the twanging sound of the cords mixed with her yelp and curses as she

kneaded her hands. The corset flew across the room, slapped against the wall and dropped to the floor.

"Dammit, girl! Almost cut my fingers off there!" she groaned, followed by a desperate sigh.

"Feh! All right! I give *up*! Now, if none of our clothes fit your size, why not something more *classy*, like a toga? Plus, it gives you, y'know, *room* if you need it," she winked and gently slapped Mirca's right breast from behind.

"Please!" protested Li, "Be looking at thighs! *Look!* Is body of *goddess!* Hiding be *sin!* Tie small cloth around waist only, no? Like this —" She picked up a large shawl, stepped closer to the blonde and reached with her arms around Mirca's waist. Putting the cloth around, her widespread fingers slowly crept over the muscles. She bit her lower lip and, as if by accident, ground her crotch over the muscular trunk. The colorful shawl dropped to the ground as Li began to tremble. She reached down, stumbled and embraced the blonde's waist to steady herself. The top of her head, with the black bun of hair on top, barely reached the height of Mirca's shoulder. She put her head against the side of the soft breasts. Her eyes were half-closed, and her mouth was wide open. Her breath came fast. She very nearly panted, and her hip kept pounding against Mirca's thigh. The blonde eyed her with a mixture of embarrassment and curiosity.

"Uh, Li ...? What's she doing *now*? She's not really doing, y'know, uh, something nasty, uh, ... is she?"

"Li!" the other two chided under giggles. "*Se—ri—ous—ly!*"

Berry put her hand on Mirca's shoulder and winked while Li slowly slid down Mirca's leg to the floor, grinning madly. "You've got to excuse her. She's a bit — she's got this thing for huge women, and

her little button isn't exactly little. She likes to grind her crotch on things. Leaves sticky spots everywhere. You're just too much catnip for her to resist, I guess." Berry snickered. "Thanks for lifting that burden from *me*. Hey, just a hint: shoo her away if she bothers you too much, or you'll not get a moment's peace."

"All right, ladies and — uh, ladies," announced Berry as she stepped back into the kitchen where the others had assembled, "I present you Mirca. The, you know, the *new* Mirca!" She turned to the door and hollered, "*Mirca!* That's your line! Come in now, don't you be afraid!"

The blonde stepped into the room, and all the other girls' mouths fell open.

Her abundant, firm chest was draped in a white, half-transparent shawl, slung loosely over one shoulder, while the other shoulder remained naked. Around her hips hung another, triangular pareu from the same, silken material. Her bare midriff revealed the chiseled pattern of muscles. Her feet were in flat sandals with long, gold-colored straps reaching up the legs in a zig-zagging pattern that ended just beneath her knees. Her hair, somewhere between white and gold, was rolled into a bun that made her seem even larger than she already was, and a handful of those glistening curls had been left to hang free and framed her face. Berry had applied a bottle of body oil quite liberally to every visible square inch of Mirca's toned skin. She *shone* in shades of white and gold and copper. Six and a half feet of sun had risen right in the doorframe.

"You're a freakin' goddess!" gasped Yrba, blinking in disbelief and fighting the need to fall to her knees and bury her face in that golden-haired crotch. The others nodded consentingly.

"Aw, do you really think?"

The way Mirca's body curved as she coyly nibbled on the tip of her forefinger gracing the full lips of her smiling mouth, put her arm across her belly and turned her one knee over the other sent a shiver of new urge down the spines of the girls.

Red finally broke the enchantment and scratched her cheek. "All fine and dandy, but it's really getting late. Where do we put the two of you for the night?"

She sighed and lifted her hand. "No. Girls, *no*. Our guests *won't* make the rounds through your bunks."

"Don't bother, Red." Yrba yawned and stretched her arms. "Didn't you mention the attic? It'll do. Just give me a few sacks of straw and some blankets. Gold boobs and me, we'll manage."

Chapter 13: Dark Of Night And Dark Of Past

Mirca wriggled on top of the improvised bed and frowned. Instead of sacks filled with straw, Red had procured a real mattress — straw-filled nonetheless.

"People sleep on this? I don't know. I shouldn't — such soft beds are for lords and ladies. It's bad luck for servants to end up in one ... I think I'll rather stick with the floor, thank you."

She crawled down and curled up on the hard planks.

Yrba rolled over to her side and waved invitingly.

"No you won't. Come here, girl. After all that happened today, I prefer to keep my fingers closer to you than this."

The huge blonde grudgingly came over on all fours and climbed on top of the foot-high rest. She shied away when Yrba spooned up on her from behind.

"You — you mustn't touch me. Not at night. Not in the dark. That is *naughty*. I *know* that it is naughty. And *naughty* leads to," she shuddered, "— to *sexing*."

Yrba ignored her weak protesting and wrapped her arms around the broad torso, cupping the taut breasts from behind.

"Please, don't, it's so em—buh—racing," Mirca squirmed.

"*Embarrassing*," Yrba whispered from behind in her ear and put her leg over Mirca's hip. "No. I need to know if anything weird starts to happen, and so far, your breasts were the root of all weird things. I won't let go of them, not until morning."

Mirca was close to tears. The warm dark skin sticking to her body gave her goose flesh. Her breath's pace quickened, and as she spoke, she very nearly choked on her words.

"Please, I, I promise, I tell you as soon as I feel anything weird, just — just stop touching me. I don't want to do any sexing. Please don't do that to me. Oh gods, spare me. I thought you liked me! I thought you were nice! Why do you now — ," she wailed. Suddenly she lashed out and by chance alone did she miss, else the blow would've cost the witch a couple of teeth. Yrba let go in surprise, and the blonde clambered away and cowered into a corner, her arms wrapped around her drawn-up legs.

"Huh? What's your problem all of a sudden, girl? Tell me. You said you grew up on a farm. Surely you know how animals are bred. Not that I'd try anything if you don't want to."

"Uh, yes. Breeding? It's not that hard. One puts its dangly bits in the other. Not much to do, they know it all by themselves. Easy," mumbled the curled-up giantess.

Yrba frowned. "O—kay. Like I said, not that I'd even have tried to do that with you. I don't even *have* dangly bits, sweetie. So what's your problem then?"

"With dangly bits? No problem. I'm just afraid of the *sexing*."

The witch pinched her eyes.

"But — hold it, we're talking at cross purposes here. Tell me, what do *you* mean when you say *sexing*?"

And then Mirca told her, facing away, talking into the dark room, her voice a brittle whisper and devoid of any emotion. She told her of a night long ago, a few weeks after she had first walked through the castle's gates at the hand of a brute soldier, when she had woken, couldn't get to sleep and aimlessly wandered through the sparsely lit corridors until she heard something and followed the sounds.

After five minutes of listening, Yrba beckoned her to stop. She gulped hard to force down the bile in her throat and shook her head. Her brown skin had taken on an ashen sheen.

Mirca stared down on her hands. "And ... and then ... the blood, everywhere, and that woman, she was still alive, for a while, and ... "

Her voice failed. She just sat there in the flickering candlelight, cross-legged, stooped, staring at her palms that rested on her knees.

Yrba made her way over on all fours, clutched the trembling hulk of a girl and cupped Mirca's head against her shoulder. The cold wetness of the blonde's tears crept into her skin.

"No! No, that's all wrong! Mirca, they lied to you. That's not *sexing*. What you saw ... that wasn't ... I," she stammered through gnashed teeth, "they — Gods, may those sick bastards *burn*!"

She held the angelic face gently in her hands and looked into Mirca's fearful eyes.

"Trust me, they lied to you. They only wanted to be mean. I will teach you better than those filthy pigs. Oh gods, what have they done to you. They've got your mind all twisted and mixed-up. I won't have that. No, I won't, for the life of me. You deserve better, much better.

Now come back to the bed. First lesson. Being close is okay. Come with me, girl. I'll keep you safe. You'll feel better in no time."

She spooned up against the shivering, huge body and drew a tiny sigil on Mirca's sweaty skin. The shiver died down as the huge girl drifted into a peaceful sleep.

"And remember," she whispered into Mirca's hair, "whatever you want or need of me, just ask. I'll be there for you."

Chapter 14: For A Fistful Of Ooze

Fast, quiet knocking came from the back door, followed by a whisper.

"Quick! Open the door! Oh heavens, open the door before someone sees me!"

Red drummed a short staccato on one of the wooden supports and listened until the hushed noises of Mirca hiding up the attic subsided before she let the veiled, nervous woman in. The cheap cloak of the visitor parted and revealed expensive clothes.

"Lady Mayor, welcome. Is it that time again?"

The woman grabbed Red's arm. "Yes! Yes! I need it. I need it so bad! Oh please, I'll pay whatever you want! Just let the little yellow-skin have me!"

Red nodded and cupped the middle aged woman's face. "My dear, you know the price is the same as always. Up front, as always, too."

A handful of gold coins quickly changed pockets. Red nodded.

"Thank you. *Li! Your favorite client! The special stuff!* If you'll follow me, I'll show you to her room."

"Don't bother, I know the way."

The bawd nodded. "Of course you do. Enjoy your stay!"

"Uh, okay," muttered Yrba, who had followed the conversation hiding behind the kitchen's open door, as Red entered the room again. "I'm not sure I'm getting it. That was a woman, mighty important one, judging from her clothes. Shouldn't *men* come here?"

"*Should*. Some still do. But most of them are pressed into Lord Peter's army and are far away. Most of our clients are the local women. We're *also* a bathing house, y'know? It's not just all rolling in the sheets, Ybbie. Well, things led to other things, word of mouth got around that we can be pretty, uh — helpful for tense women, too. Guess what? We're making a *killing* on them! It's much easier on us, too. I mean, screwing the marrow from a guy is fun, but you can only do it so often in a row before you start walking funny, no matter how good your salves are, Yrba. With women, I can lick day and night and won't ache all over come next morning. And for most of the women, they reason it's not cheating if they don't lay with other *men*."

"At least it'll not leave them with a mystery child down the road. Who was that noblewoman?"

"Her?" Red glanced at the ceiling. A delighted moan already filtered through the wood. "Mayor's wife. Seven children in seven years. Got to her snatch. Now she doesn't feel a thing when her husband mounts her. She's so wide, you could smuggle a log in her. Poor dame. Still got a lot of urge in her, just can't get it out. Li's just the right one for her. Our little yellow devil has a special trick for the spacious ones. Want to peek?" She rolled her eyes to the stairs and

lifted her eyebrows. "Huh? Maybe learn a thing or two from our most exotic lovebird?"

The witch stared in rapt silence through the small hole in the wall and watched the mayor's wife thrash and flail wildly on top of the wide bed. The woman knelt on the mattress, leaning forward with her shoulders on the pillows, her head turned sideways and her arms splayed wide. She clawed her fingers into the sheets. Foam dripped from the corner of her mouth. Li sat behind her raised, wide hip. One of the eastern girl's hands had the woman's fleshy buttock in its grip while the other moved back and forth mercilessly. Yrba gulped and whispered to Red who leant on the wall beside her, her voice barely audible over the moans and screams from the other room:

"Wow. Her *fist*? Gods, now she — how *deep* is she inside her? I'd never have thought that'd work." The witch eyed the couple hungrily and ran her hand over her belly. "All that boasting you did about your sucking stamina got me thinking, Red. I need your help."

The bawd smiled and whispered back in her ear: "You're not going to tell me you've grown wet from that little show, willya? A seasoned pro like you?"

"Yes. No. Uh, sort of. No, what I mean is I've got to get back in the potions business. Can't just sit around here. Once they let up searching for me, we'll be on our way. But I need something to trade with. Too bad the season's already over for the herbs I need most. Did you keep the empty vials of *tincture* around like I told you?"

"Of course."

Yrba smirked and raised her eyebrows. She pulled the shirt out of her skirt and patted the barely noticeable protrusion of her naked belly. "Good. I want you to check if there's some left at the bottom of the barrel."

"Uhhhhnnn—," moaned the Mayor's wife, squeezing her last air from her burning lungs until she finally inhaled again. Her hands patted weakly on the pillows as she beckoned Li to stop the dogged and voluminous pumping. Her drawn-up knees slipped apart and slowly lowered her hip down on the soaked and crumpled sheets. She rested on her belly, her arms splayed wide. Every now and then, a shudder turned into a nervous twitch that made her whole body jerk ever so slightly. With another groan of deeply satisfied desire, she slanted her hip to prolong the precious touch as Li slowly drew her slender fingers out of the distended cave. Foaming liquid seeped from the wrinkly tube and dripped down the folds, wetting the swollen clitoris.

Still panting hard, she rolled on her back and stared into Li's dark eyes.

"I don't know what I'd do without you, my dear. You're a godsend! How can I ever repay you?" she gushed and reached out for the diminutive woman. Li stepped up to her. The mature lady, attractive in her fertile roundness' own way, laid her hands on Li's shoulders and looked at her from under her eyebrows.

"No pay me, Lady Mayor. Pay Red, all good," Li answered politely.

"Call me Barbara, dear. Forget that stupid 'Lady Mayor'. When I'm in your bed, I'm at your mercy and not your ruler. Is there nothing I can do for you? You know, for you alone. A perk."

Li cocked her head and pondered for a few moments.

"You have bale of silk? Have wool?" she finally asked. "I want do sewing clothes for good friend. Silk hard to get, these times."

Barbara drew her down on her burning body and engulfed her in her breast's abundance.

"I'll see what I can do for you, my lovely. Just rest with me now until our hour's over."

"Oh by the seeeeeven swo—ooooooooaahhhoooo—rrrrds of aaaaaa—Adereth!" groaned Yrba, her hands clutching Red's head that bobbed between her thighs. "Suck harder! There mu—uuuuooooaahhhh—must be something left yyyyy—in there!"

"Mmmmpphh," was the unintelligible reply of her friend. Red's middle finger dug deep into Yrba's folds, and as it slid back out, the woman pressed her lips on the opening and sucked until her head turned red. She wrestled free from Yrba's grip, grabbed a tiny vial from the table Yrba sat on, pouted her lips and put them over the glassware. A greenish drop of slime, mixed with foam and saliva, dripped from her lips and collected at the bottom of the vial. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Ewww. Bleagh. Sorry, Yrb. That's the last of it. You're empty. Not exactly a dried-up well, I'll give you that, but that's not potion dripping any more. You're having so much fun here, I should bill you

by the hour! What did you just try, shove me all the way up your womb? Some of us need to *breathe* every now and then, you know?"

The witch held her head and stared at the meager harvest of half a dozen vials, panic tinting her voice. "That's all? Six vials? — I'm done for. Oh heavens, I'm done for. I thought I'd just — the last few days, I had time to think this through — I'm dead. Dead! I've just not stopped moving! The — The cart is gone. They're searching for me everywhere. By now, my face is on every damn warrant from here to the coast. And I've got nothing to sell, and without a ride, I can't reach any of my stashes. Oh please, Red, try it again. One last time. Maybe —"

Red sighed and dove back into Yrba's crotch, squeezing her pursed lips between the aroused and engorged folds of the witch.

"Red, there's — *eeeyuck!*" Berry stopped dead in the doorway and flinched as she saw the two women.

"Red!" she exclaimed angrily after a moment's pause and put one hand on her slanted hip while she gesticulated wildly with the other. "Oh come on! Couldn't you've gone to one of the rooms?! That's our fuckin' *kitchen table!* Other people want to *eat* on that, y'know! Uh, eat *food*, I mean, and not —" She hesitated and leant forward, staring at the line of vials. "Now what the hell *are* you doing there? Playing *hide the vials* or what?"

"Nothing! Get out, you ox!" shrieked Yrba.

"All right, all right! Sheesh!" Berry raised her hands in defense, shook her head and sneered, "damned touchy dykes! You ain't doing

nothing I've not seen a dozen times before." The vials on the table jingled when she slammed the door behind her.

"That wasn't very nice, Yrb!" Red chimed in as she stood up, wiping moisture from her chin.

The witch calmed down again after the short fit of panic. Witchery tended to very quickly sort out those people that were prone to *long* fits of panic. A long fit of panic while facing a mistrustful guard or clutching a spell gone awry more often than not meant there wouldn't be *another* fit of panic long or short, ever. She took a deep breath.

"I just don't want everyone to know how I make the *tincture*, m'kay? You think I'd sell as much if my clients knew where it comes from?"

"You still got no business sense, Ybbie. You know how *weird* customers can be? I guess you'd lose half of them if they knew, but the other half would pay thrice as much just for kicks. My, look at you. Brown as chocolate, never any undies, your tits so full to almost burst out of your neckline, and yet you spend most of the year as abstinent as the most devoted monk, fermenting your magic stuff in your own womb."

Yrba smiled wearily. "Well, I haven't got much of a choice. At least I try to play catch up during the rest of the year."

"I'm just saying. If you'd label it '*Yrba's All-Herbal Fermented Pussy Juice*', I guess you'd not be able to hold enough to satisfy the demand."

Chapter 15: Squeezed Dry

The light of morning shone through the attic's tiny windows. Mirca stirred in Yrba's embrace and gently freed her ample breasts from the witch's grip. Another night over, nothing had happened, and the huge blonde felt a shudder of either relief or the coolness of the attic's air run over her body. She hadn't panicked at being held tight either. All in all, it had been her best night in years. She stretched her arms, wiggled her body back up against Yrba and waited for the sound of the witch's lips' faint smacking and the usual groans and moans indicating that the night owl reluctantly came alive again.

After a long-drawn groan, the Darkskin woman rasped "mmmmorning," rolled to her side, rose to her right elbow and scratched her messed-up mane with her other hand. She opened her eyes and jerked ever so slightly when she found Mirca had turned around and inspected her up close.

"What's the matter?" she inquired.

Mirca gnawed on her lower lip.

"Uh, I, I — but you've got to promise you won't get angry, okay?"

Yrba sighed and absently weighed her own, somewhat bloated breasts. *What the fuck? I've not chewed any herbs for weeks, how come they're already full again? Ah well, nothing a little quality time and a rub and a squeeze won't fix,* she pondered while waiting for the words to line up in the blonde's head.

"Uh, right, see — they are all so crazy about this whole sucking on my tits thing, ever since you grew me that pair. I — I don't get it. But I *want* to get it. I tried to suck on them myself, but it just doesn't feel like much. So I, I," Mirca stuttered and hesitated.

"— I want to suck on yours to see what it's like. In the cell, it was all a blur, I barely remember it," she finally blurted out.

"You're laughing about me!" she wailed moments later and rolled about, ready to rise and bolt. Yrba reached for her and pulled her back down on the mattress. Still giggling, she smiled into the big, worried face in front of her and shook her head.

"Mirca, darling, I don't laugh *about* you. It's just so funny, because I'm feeling really full right now, and you'd do me a *great* favor, draining some of that. Go ahead, grab them and drink up."

"Uh, and I'd like to really look at you first for a little while, y'know?" the blonde reluctantly replied. "I mean, you're nice, but really weird, with that brownish skin and those thick lips and that hair and —," she poked the slightly knobby tip of Yrba's nose, "— and you're just so *different*."

Yrba threw back the blanket. This wasn't the first time she heard those words, but they always reminded her how far from her birthplace she was. And that there would never be a *home* to return to. She sighed and drew her hand along her hourglass contour. "Well, go ahead then."

Mirca inched down along the motionless figure on hands and knees, marveling at the two flattened melons that now hung straight away from Yrba's chest and sagged down on the mattress like a pile of two well-stuffed but still slightly soft bags. She felt the warmth radiating from the witch's naked body on the sensitive skin of her upper lip and sniffed with closed eyes. Her tongue sneaked out and drew a short, wet line over the depression where Yrba's now almost nonexistent belly met her ribcage. The witch chuckled.

"Salty," Mirca whispered. "And you smell — unusual. A little like spices, like the kitchen pans after when the lord ordered roasted meat. Smells good. I like it." Her lips pressed up against the underside of Yrba's breasts, and she gently drew a little of the skin into her mouth. Yrba bit her lips in delight.

Mirca opened her eyes and marveled at the subtle changes in the brown skin tone, running her palm over the depression of the waist and up again to the wide, rounded hip. Her fingernails scraped gently over the witch's ripe buttocks. Yrba winced slightly as her ticklish skin sent jolts along her muscles, and a little louder as the blonde's big hand and splayed fingers grabbed the whole of the round cheek. Her fingers kneaded playfully.

"Feels soft and comfy. You used to sit a lot on your cart, didn't you?" she giggled. Yrba narrowed her eyes and tensed her rear's muscles. The blonde looked surprised. "Oh wow. That's something!" Her smile returned. She reached about and slapped her own sizable rear. "Mine's harder, though."

Mirca's hand returned to the witch's hip, slid down the midriff to the navel, and her index finger prodded into the hole.

"Your belly's almost gone. My, you're weird. Not a week ago, you were like a big bladder and all jiggly in front. I never saw someone lose so much roundness so quickly. Uh, and now your skin is turning almost black towards the curls, where your legs meet."

Yrba closed her eyes and focused entirely on the rousing touch of the blonde's fingernails and the trace of her hot breath as both wandered down her meaty thighs. Mirca's fingers dove into the depressions in the back of her knees. She grabbed the skin above and below the knee and gently pulled at it.

"I knew it!" she declared. "You get darker when you shrink and wrinkle! That's why your breasts are so chocolate-like and brighter. They're all taut and full now, much fuller than yesterday."

"Then do something about it!" groaned Yrba, clenching her hands into fists. A tremble crept over her body. She quickly neared the point where the teasing, tender strokes of her curious, oversized onlooker would become unbearable and she'd have to get release, by her own fingers if all else failed.

Mirca moved upwards and stopped at the witch's crotch. She sniffed again as she caught a familiar whiff.

"You smell like — like something wet? *Ew!* Did you — no, wait. That's coming from the other opening. You smell almost like Suzy tasted. Only somewhat better. Why?"

Yrba didn't answer but for a throaty groan dripping with arousal. Mirca narrowed her eyes. Suddenly, her face lightened up.

"A—hah! So this is, like, that sex thing, that you talked about last night? That we women get moist when — but I barely touched you!"

"Do something!" panted the witch. "Drink my breasts or my crotch, but please, *please*, stop teasing me!"

"I'm not teasing you!" Mirca protested. "I'm just touching and rubbing and talking and — and that's teasing? Uh. Oh. Oh my. Okay, right, let me..."

She moved her head closer and turned it left and right, trying to align her mouth better. "No, not like that... got to try... ah! This should wommmg."

She wedged her one hand between the witch's leg and the mattress. With her other hand she grabbed the upper part of Yrba's thighs, held them close together and forced her tongue into the tiny gap that remained just beneath the witch's crotch. The nubby, wet tentacle slid through the matted curls and rubbed along the whole length of Yrba's overexcited labia until it poked out at the other end of her crotch and waggled between her butt cheeks. It retracted and thickened, curved sideways and probed for the witch's entrance. Squelching and smacking, it disappeared into the moist opening.

Yrba lost it right on the spot. She shook and moaned, ramrod straight. And like a huge metal pipe suspended in the middle and struck hard, her whole body trembled and rang from the orgasmic pounding's waves rushing out of her center. Her juices dribbled out by the handful, mingling with Mirca's saliva and drenching her crotch.

When minutes later she regained her senses, Yrba no longer rested on her side. As she lay on her back, her breasts hung left and right over the sides of her chest and felt even fuller and taut, almost unbearably taut. Mirca laid beside her and wiped her mouth, plucking curls of black hair from her lips.

"Fou fould shave – *gack!* – fyour fnatch or bruff it more offen," she complained, scraping her fingernails over her tongue.

"Mirca — hurry," was the reply, half-panted. "My breasts... if you want to drink, you better do it now before I start to squirt by myself!"

"Oh, sorry, right!" The blonde hastily bowed forward and cupped the two swollen bags with both hands. Her lips wrapped around the first rough nipple. She barely touched it and immediately it spewed its delicious, warm load. Her cheeks shrunk with her first strong pull. Yrba groaned in maternal delight, spending all her pent-up milk into the hungry maw of her beloved blonde. The domed areola wrinkled and slowly disappeared, slipping inside the huge ring of Mirca's lips as she sucked stronger.

"*Mmmmm...Mirca, you're so... wonderful. Your... tongue, do that again... mmmnnnghh!... C-c-cover me, squeeze me, empty me, eat me, drink me, I want to... so full... drain me...,*" she stammered.

Mirca rolled halfway over the shivering dark figure. Her body's muscular weight pushed Yrba down into the mattress. The witch wrapped her arms around the blonde's head and held her tight, as tight as she could with her trembling arms. Yrba's breath came in alternating waves of long, deep moaning and short panting. She curled up in excitement, trying to wrap herself around the hungry mouth that devoured her breast and switched teats unpredictably. Yrba wrapped her legs around the wide hips, grinding her naked body against Mirca's glowing torso. The blonde's heavy breasts dug into her stomach and flattened ever so slightly. Mirca bowed down to better reach the Darkskin's nervous nipples, and Yrba clawed over her drainer's broad shoulders, digging her nails into the mounds and bumps of muscles on the blonde's back.

The witch's body couldn't stand the onslaught of thrill for long. Yrba's legs and arms fell away and she stretched out again when a wave of weakness flooded through her. Her head fell back on the cushion, and with empty eyes and gaping mouth she reveled in the sensations of exhausting her milk into her darling's mouth through her nipples. And not just her milk. Her strength, her presence of mind — it seemed to flow, into her breasts, pushing into her areolae, making them bulge and strain against the barrier of her skin before it whizzed out through her throbbing nipples. Her teats struggled and strained, stretching towards the long tongue that played around them. The rosy tentacle wrapped around them, squeezed them and milked Yrba's warm, sticky load into the insatiable throat of her hungry giantess. The witch tried to breathe in, but failed to inhale against Mirca's heavy body and powerful embrace —

"Yrba?"

Mirca let go of the drained, swollen nipple. It took much longer to slip out of her mouth than she recalled it going in. She hauled herself up on her hands and knees and shuddered when she saw her friend's weak, sprawled body under her, the emptied breasts barely moving under her shallow breathing. *Did* she breathe at all—?

"Yrba! I didn't — I only — oh Yrba, wake up!"

She grabbed the witch and shook her. The limp body offered no resistance, and Yrba's head dangled fiercely.

"Yrba! I didn't want to crush you! I never thought I could — *Help! Somebody help her!*"

What do I do? She's barely — I need to get some air into her!

Mirca inhaled, cupped the ashen face and put her lips over the gaping mouth. And then she blew, and blew, and blew. Yrba's torso rose, the ribs groaned and stretched outwards. Pain arced into the witch's brain. The jolt made her mental motor stutter to life. She startled in Mirca's grip. Her eyes snapped open, and she struggled free from the giantess' hands.

Coughing and wheezing, the witch fell from the embrace and dropped back down on Mirca's thighs.

"Ouch," she groaned. "What happened? Why am I in *your* lap? Weren't *you* so eager to try the whole suckling thing?"

"I'm sorry! I'm so terribly sorry! I sucked and sucked, and you — you grabbed me and moaned and wiggled, so I thought it's okay, and I sucked some more, and then you let go, and — I didn't want to — I think I sucked your power out of you. And then I tried to blow it back, but I really didn't... I don't know how to say it!"

"So now you can drain the strength from people, too? Great. *Great!*" She rolled to her side and struggled to her hands and knees. Mirca grabbed her waist and straightened her up. Yrba shook her head. "*Nooo*, dear. Let's not jump to conclusions. Remember, magic does nothing for me, for better or for worse. I'm immune, so how the *fuck* should that work at all? Maybe you're just too heavy. But I've got to be sure. So, come tomorrow morning, we'll do that again with *me* on top, and we'll do it *right!*"

Mirca rose to her feet and stooped to the flat bags of skin hanging from the witch's chest. She cupped one and let the soft flesh and skin, drained of its delicious load, run through her finger, gently stroking and kneading it and running her thumbs over the swollen nipples. Yrba shuddered in barely contained delight. Mirca gently

drew her other hand over the soft, flabby pillow, rolling it like a dumpling in her palms. "Really? With what? I mean, sorry, it's just, you now look —"

Yrba grinned widely. "Just you wait, darling. Just you wait. That's something I *don't* need magic for. You just go ahead and help the girls with whatever they need done today, and you'll see by the evening!"

Chapter 16: Hands-On Research

Red devotedly scratched her head. Her hair was in a mess, and her body was wrapped in a slightly used dressing gown. She lurched down the cold stairs on blank feet, opened the kitchen door and hesitated when she found Yrba already sitting at the table, with —

"The hell?! Don't tell me you've had all *that* for breakfast already?!" she snapped, staring at the table and three empty crocks. "What are you up to *now*? You know how fast your tits bloat if you drink that much milk!"

Without a word, Yrba folded back her gown's sleeve, lowered her head, raised her eyebrows and looked at her from underneath her brow. Red leaned forward, pinched her eyes and laid her forehead in wrinkles.

"*Yeouch!*" she winced, "*oo*—kay. You've tied up your nipples, and your tits are ... a sad sight. I've not seen you *that* drained for ages. And there has been some scuffling in the attic this morning. Your blonde? She sucked you empty like *that*? Wow! Come on, tell me. How was it? Was it good? Can I have her, too? So now you're all bent on restocking? Out with it! You're under *my* roof, and so help me, if you're again playing around with things not meant for man to know, then *I* want to be the first to know."

She pulled up a chair, swiveled it around and sat down on it, putting her elbows over the backrest and cocking her head. Yrba sighed and told her.

After the witch finished explaining, Red sat motionless for a few seconds, then she jumped up, threw her arms in the air and paced up and down the kitchen. "No, no, *no!* What *is* it with you and your penchant for taking on any harebrained dare that life throws your way, huh?!"

"Uh, do you have anything to do for me?" Mirca asked as she bowed through the doorway into the kitchen. "Li wanted me to come to her room because she, I don't know, she said she got some bales of fabric and wants to sew me new clothes or something—"

Yrba wiped off her milk mustache and nodded to her. "Well? Go ahead, then. You sure can use something a little less breezy than these improvised veils, don't you?"

By noon, Yrba's breasts had shaped up again. Their skin showed a healthy, silken gloss over the delicious dark cocoa tone, and they hung heavy and soft without a trace of their formerly sorry shape. The girls came down into the kitchen at about the same time, and she had to explain over and over again why she sat there with the empty remains of a week's supply of milk.

After she finished, Charlene eyed her skeptically. "Uh-huh. *Suuuure*. So you're filling yourself up by drinking lots of milk." The proud lass shook her head. "You're pulling our legs, aren't you? You're all over that magic and stuff. Means you're not one to get

caught by it, right? So you maybe can bloat *their*," she threw a glance at Sylvia and Jean, "milk jugs. Your own? *Riiight*. You sure you're not just playing a prank on me because you envy—" Charlene brushed aside her morning gown that hung in long folds like a carefully draped waterfall from her elongated, bottle-shaped, gravity-defying breasts and grinned sardonically.

"—*those*?"

Yrba smiled. *Ooh, we've got a boaster here, eh?*

"Wanna bet?" she replied aloud. "Loser's doing the dishes, for two weeks in a row? I say, by evening, I'll be bigger than you. I warn you, it's a talent I have."

"You're already *bigger* than me, woman," Charlene snorted. "*Everywhere*."

The witch shrugged. Her smile was nothing but friendly. "You know what I mean. So? *I* say that at nightfall, your boobs will be *tiny* compared to mine."

Charlene frowned. "No tricks? And you leave mine alone, d'you hear?"

"No tricks," nodded Yrba, "and yours will stay like they are."

Charlene gazed around uneasily. All the other girls' eyes were on her now, and though on the whole she got along with them, *their* gazes were not as smirk-free as the witch's. The proud girl knew she could not back down, not now. The hag had tricked her good, no doubt about that.

"Okay," Charlene sighed.

The girl jerked back when Yrba suddenly reached out and cupped the taut underside of her breasts. "You promised!" she gasped with wide-open eyes, as if her breasts were about to shrivel and shrink any moment now in the warm grip, yet she did not dare to pull away. *If I move, maybe she'll rip them right off! Oh please don't—!*

"Relax," cooed the witch, gently kneading and stroking the far protruding horns. "I'd *never* harm such rare wonders. Just want to make sure I know what exact size to beat." She licked her lips. The bronze skin, the proud nipples, always pointing slightly upward even without the unneeded support of Yrba's hands...

"If you want me to, I could make them *twice* their size, dear," she moaned. Charlene opened her mouth, and Yrba quickly added, "no, that's not about the bet. Not at all." She paused and sighed, admiring the resilient form. "Marvelous. Yes, you're right. It's not yet time to hex them better, not while they're in such a great shape by themselves. Maybe a few years from now." Yrba winked at her. "Of course mine will still best them by evening, but that's just temporarily."

Charlene eyed her in a slightly confused way.

By afternoon, Yrba's breasts still sagged somewhat, but their bulk exceeded their usual shape and made them rise from the witch's rib, two veined half-melons, juicy and tautened by their filling and in utter need of harvesting. Their bases started to stretch bigger, borrowing skin from Yrba's ribcage as they rounded out and slowly protruded further.

Yrba nodded to Red.

"You still got the little barrel of oil?"

"Of course. Every now and then, we get a client with a really big piece, and it's much — oh wait a minute! You're *that* ripe already? Hot damn!" Red turned in her chair. "Jean, bring me the first barrel to the right from the *special* cabinet. You know where. Hurry." She leaned in and ran her fingers along the underside of Yrba's orbs. "Last time I held something like that in my hands, I was milking cows."

"Speaking of udders — Li's not still playing dress-up doll with Mirca, is she? She's acting a little weird when it comes to my girl."

Red shook her head. "No, I sent Mirca to the garden shed, she's chopping up wood. You think you can spare a minute from your milk soaking here? I guess you'd like to take a look at her. I *know* you do."

The bawd smiled mysteriously.

The axe came down like a force of nature and dug through the log in one single strike, but stopped short of the chopping block underneath by fractions of an inch while the halves tumbled to the floor. Mirca's sweat-drenched hair swung around as she raised her right arm again while picking up the next piece with her left hand and putting it in position. The mounds of muscles on her bare back slid around, and — *swish—thock* — down clattered the next two handy pieces. Her whole body rolled and sidled in an orchestrated dance of dream-like precision. The afternoon sun painted bars of golden shine on her skin as the light came in lines through the gaps in the planks of the shed. A triangular piece of cloth, slung around her hips, was the bulky woman's only dress. The air in the shed was heavy with the smell of fresh wood and Mirca's sweat.

Yrba slowly made her way around the inside of the shed, staying well out of reach of the sparkling blade, and stared incredulously. Mirca raised her head and smiled. Even without looking, the axe in Mirca's hand made short work of the next pieces.

"Hi, Yrba! — *swish—thock—clatter* — Are you feeling better — *swish—thock—clatter* — now? You look much rounder up top again."

Yrba stared open-mouthed at Mirca's swaying breasts that moved like huge church bells. Mirca followed her gaze.

"Ah, yes, those — *swish—thock—clatter* — I had to get used to at first. — *swish—thock—clatter* — But it's all good now. It just tickles — *swish—thock—clatter* — when they dangle and rub against each other like that. Do you need — *swish—thock—clatter* — me for something in the house?"

The witch shook her head and stared at the soft bags that slipped and slid around, chasing each other along a complicated lying-eight track. Her mouth was dry.

Swish—thock—clatter.

"You keep doing that. Gotta go back to the kitchen. Need another sip," she stammered, but couldn't tear her gaze from Mirca.

Swish—thock—clatter.

She wasn't a clumsy girl *now*. Swinging the axe, she was like a prowling *animal*, like a cross between the bulk of a bear and the sleekness of a cat, all fluid motion, all senses and muscles honed to perfection by years of repetition.

Swish—thock.

This time the axe ended up in the chopping block, humming faintly. Mirca turned her back to the witch, bent down — Yrba's eyes dove into the sweat-dripping, matted bush that showed as the giantess' pareu gaped open — and grabbed two splintered pieces of a yard-long bar that once had been an axe handle. Eyeing nervously at the door, she leaned in to Yrba. The scent of her sweat-covered body, mixed with the smell of fresh pitch, washed over the witch and made her knees grow weak with desire.

"Uh, Yrba, could you—," Mirca whispered nervously while her eyes darted to the door every now and then, "could you go talk to Red for me? Because, when I started, uh, I broke her axe. See that? What a cheap handle! It snapped right at the first strike! I—I carved a new one, a better one, but I lost some time. I'd be much further already. You think she's going to be angry with me? I really didn't mean to dawdle, it's just—"

Yrba looked around the shed. Logs piled everywhere, in some places they piled right up to the ceiling already. She smiled.

"Oh, Red's not going to be angry with you, dear. Far from it. Seems to me you've done a week's worth of work already."

Her fingers slid over the smooth surface of the new axe handle. She nodded in approval.

"You sure know your ways with *that* kind of wood, darling. No, just keep doing what Red told you, and you'll be fine. I'll be back in the kitchen."

By late afternoon, Yrba's breasts had overwhelmed her bustier and half-hung, half-stood off her chest. The skin over the witch's back

stretched thin, consumed by the elongated milk bags in her front. Crammed with milk and still distending, they felt almost solid to Red's fingers as she gently applied handfuls of oil. They rounded out, not along the already huge bases where they created a sharp fold against Yrba's ribcage, but about halfway between her chest and the nipples now. As the hours passed, their shape changed from huge pills into even huger spheres. And they kept on bloating, just like Yrba kept on putting away gulp after gulp of her amazing transformation's white fuel.

By evening, Yrba had no choice but to forgo her bustier altogether. The base of her breasts went beyond the designated cups of the garment, which started to cut into her flesh, so she just hung an overcoat around her naked shoulders and went back to filling herself. Her breasts, wider than her chest now, spread open the gaping garment. Their rotund shape no longer showed any trace of elongation. The orbs stood taut and proud and spherical from her chest, besting Charlene's youthful, exuberant protrusion by a hand's width and ridiculing the girl's volume. Her strangled nipples bobbed with every heartbeat. The skin glowed, and the veins painted meandering, pulsating river maps on the glistening surface. When she tilted her head just the right way, the witch was able to take a peek straight down through the triangular cave between her boobs. Yrba's breath came in short gasps of arousal, and in between them, she still swallowed tiny gulps from the seventh crock. She moaned with delight at every curious touch and stroke of the dazzled circle of girls who followed her growth with bated breath.

"Hah! Guess who's next *again*? Better luck next time!" triumphed Sylvia and held up the longest straw. Mute complaints came from the other three girls, things like *Luck is with the daft* or *That straw's so long, I bet you pulled it from your head's stuffing*, but they grudgingly accepted the luck of the draw. Sylvia lowered her hands into the bowl of soothing oil and proceeded to slather the burning skin of Yrba's breasts in long, circular strokes. She shuddered as much as the witch who leant forward to push her orbs into the gentle grip of the splayed, slippery fingers. Sylvia playfully flicked against the nipples. Yrba gasped with closed eyes.

"You do that again, and I'll soak the bench good, Sylv," she stammered, gnawing on her lower lip in the throes of arousal. "Oh heavens, so full..."

Charlene eyed the swelling shapes from the corner of her eyes. Her fingers drummed on the table and she jerked angrily on her chair until she finally jumped to her feet.

"Fine! You win! You stand out farther than me now!" she bitched. "Happy? I hope you fill yourself until you burst, you — you bloated cow!"

She stormed out of the kitchen. The others heard her trample up the stairs. The door of her room slammed shut, her bed creaked in protest as she threw herself into the pillows and then muted sobbing came down through the ceiling.

Sylvia sighed. "As much as I want to keep my hands on you to see how *big* you get, Yrba, I think I better go and comfort our envious runner-up." She rose, but not before she ran her fingers over the two orbs one more time, shook her head and sighed in quiet longing.

Yrba carefully moved her arms beneath the milk bags and hefted the slippery, dripping orbs. She put her mammaries on the table top and exhaled as the pull of their weight disappeared and the remaining strain came only from the slight flattening of the two pumpkins. The cool wood drew some of the excess heat out of her flesh.

"*Aaaahhhh*. That's better. *Oh* yes, that's better. I'm afraid the hard part's still to come. Someone hand me the next crock, please. Up to now, it's been fun. Time to cram some *serious* load into them."

And did she ever. Pint after pint disappeared into her mouth and emerged again in her breasts. By bedtime, the witch put a long piece of cloth on the table and gruntingly heaved her breasts onto it one by one. She quickly slung and knotted it into an improvised sling around her shoulders and her back before she struggled to her feet. The orbs, now each more than one and a half feet across, pulled her down to her hands and knees. Slowly, she moved through the corridor and dragged herself up the stairs to the attic, her boobs swaying in the improvised cradle like two big udders on a cow unmilked for far too long. She moaned with pain to every step that jolted through her brimming, overblown breasts. Despite the wrapping, the visible dents of her nipples barely cleared the stairs. Her mammaries bulged over both sides of the band of fabric. They hung heavy and glistened from the film of sweat, copious oil and the smoothness of the straining skin. The girls followed her and offered help, but she pushed their hands away.

"Too taut! Nobody touch me!" she snarled. "Leave me alone! Isn't it time for you to go to bed already? Huh?"

Red rolled her eyes.

"You heard her, ladies. Go on, hush. I think Miss *Swelly Boob Witch* here knows what she's doing."

She watched the grumbling women disappear into their rooms before she leant down to her friend, furrows of worry all over her forehead.

"Yrba, you *do* know what you're doing, right? Dammit, when I see how you stuff yourself, I really prefer the little trick you taught me. Don't forget, me and the girls, we're just a wooden floor away. Pound on the floor, and you'll have more mouths willing to relieve you of that burden than you've got teats for," and a loving smile wrinkled the corners of her mouth as she added, "you mad cow, you."

Yrba managed a wry grin.

"You'll not get near my teats as long as I can help it. The only one to relieve me will be Mirca. Uh — if the girls are all in their rooms now, then where *is* she?"

Red slapped her forehead. "I forgot! I sent her to the shed to chop up the woodpiles! But that was *hours* ago! You don't think—?"

What started as a chuckle in Yrba's throat quickly turn into a groan of ache as the trembles wandered through her tumid knockers. "H — *nnngh!* Dammit! Don't make me laugh, you mean old bawd! — Heh. If you didn't tell her when to stop, then I guess she's still at it."

Mirca crawled naked through the floor hatch into the attic, her body somewhat damp from her quick dip into the tub after a day of hard work that had her covered in sweat. She still radiated the inner warmth of abundant physical activity. Wiggling her bulging shape through the opening into the dimly lit room, she sighed happily.

"Ahhhh! That was *so* good, finally getting to work again! And Red seemed very happy with my work too!"

The attic's floor creaked ever so slightly under the tall girl's massive weight of shifting and swelling muscles as she turned around and stooped to close the hatch. She lowered the door lid, raised her head while still stooping and started, "I like it when I see piles of hard wood getting bigger in front of me—."

Then she saw the result of Yrba's day of intense *filling*. Her jaw dropped, the door's handle slipped from her fingers splayed in shock and the hatch slammed shut. For a few seconds, she just stared and didn't move at all except for the slow calming of her swaying breasts. Then she shook her head in disbelief and extended her arms.

"*Gods!* Yrba, what have you — please, stop that, that's just not —," Mirca stuttered.

"Hush! We'll see tomorrow. Now let's go to bed," groaned the witch.

The blonde clutched her head and tore at her wet hair as she fell to her knees in front of her friend. "Are you crazy?!" she gasped. "You can't sleep like that! And when I see you in pain, I can't sleep either! No, you come here, and I'll milk—"

"No-oooooh," Yrba moaned as she straightened her upper body and extended her arm to stroke Mirca's cheek. The now much too narrow skin over her shoulders protested with a shower of stings and jolts against the motion.

"Mirca, it's — it's okay, dear. Leave it be. Eating late isn't healthy. You'll get a *huge* breakfast tomorrow instead. Gods, what a

double serving that's going to be. I hope you're hungry? I won't let go of you until I'm empty again."

Mirca was close to tears. She shook her head, her blue eyes firmly fixed on Yrba's brown, half-closed ones. "Yrba, please. Don't stuff yourself like that — that's just crazy!"

The witch smiled, though the corners of her mouth twitched to every occasional stab of pain in her breasts. Her milk ducts stretched and strained to contain the ongoing produce of her glands.

"Just a few hours more," she panted. "Hand me that other crock over there, will ya? I still need to add some topping."

Yrba sat by the side of the mattress Mirca was snoring on. The girl had tried to stay awake with her, true to her word. However, with her body still soaked in Yrba's potion, a faint sigil drawn with concealed fingers was enough to shut her up for the night and give her some rest. Yrba admired the young woman's well-defined muscles and the one huge breast that peeked out from under the thin blanket. The late summer's heat trapped under the roof did away with any need for thick covers. Mirca's enviable body showed clearly through the thin cloth clinging to the mounds and depressions.

My cutie. Oh how I wish I hadn't made your life so complicated. Well, tomorrow we'll find out some more about what you can or can not do, my dear. Sleep now. Sleep for the both of us.

The witch smiled, exhaled and looked around. The floor was covered in straw, as she had ordered. Easy to clean, and it hopefully would soak up any spilled milk. Nothing left to do but to keep emptying the last crock. And then? No way was she going to lie down.

On her side, on her belly, on her back? Impossible. She balanced her round, stretched orbs in her lap. Their heavy, doughy meat, filled with inordinate amounts of milk straining against the tied-up nipples, rested on her thighs. Her legs prickled. The weight already hindered the blood's circulation. And still she reached for the half-empty crock, the tenth, and raised it to her lips with both trembling hands.

She put it down and accidentally knocked it over as her limbs' strength ebbed and her arms fell limply to her side. It rolled along the floor and came to rest against the far wall, empty but for a tiny puddle that now collected on the curved inside. Her head sagged back against the wooden beam she leant on. She panted. Silent moans crept into her breath. Her milk glands transformed the new resources into yet more of the nurturing liquid that already overfilled her breasts. Yrba's trembling upper lip crawled from her shiny teeth as she gnawed on her lower lip.

Just — a few hours — more. Just — a few —

She must've dozed off, despite the strain and despite the ache of her spanning skin, because she woke with a startled yelp as Mirca gently brushed over her shoulder. The light of morning came in through the tiny windows and filled the room. Yrba's breath raced in short spasms, and she cramped up with the waves of pain that seared through her body. Her eyes opened reluctantly.

Her breasts' skin color was no longer the delicious tone of dark chocolate. The skin spanned tightly around the two orbs. Their bloated shape hid her legs from her sight. The warm brown tone of her skin had overnight turned into an unnatural, bright mocha. Rivulets of hot sweat ran down the glowing balloons. She touched a few of the opaque drops and brought her fingertips to her lips.

Milk. She was *sweating* milk.

"Right," Yrba groaned through clenched teeth, "now let's do this! Mirca, lay on your back! I'll sit on your belly this time, and you open the nipple ties and suck out all you can! The right one first."

"Uh, my right or your right?"

Another jolt of tautness surged through the witch as she rolled around and grabbed the undersides of her breasts to stop the monstrous momentum. She held her breath for a few seconds, afraid of bursting apart from the touch alone. And her skin *stretched* in her grip —

"Any right! Too much! Oh heavens, open the nipples! Open them at once! I'm — *too full!* — I'm ripping — *quick!*"

She clambered over the blonde's midriff and sat down hard. Her weight didn't even dent the chain of Mirca's muscles under her buttocks. Her aching boobs found a soft rest on Mirca's own yielding breasts. The blonde's upper body rose as she lifted her head to the strangled, chocolate-colored teats.

Even the touch of Mirca's hot breath against the distended areolae was unbearable. It seemed to the witch that an eternity passed until the blonde's clumsy fingers ripped away the yarn that had dug deeply into the swollen knobs of flesh.

"What are you doing? No! Don't pinch them! *Don't hold them shut!* Let it out — *gaaahh!* — Hurry, oh gods, *hurry* —"

Mirca's huge, moistened lips closed around the first throbbing protrusion, and her fingers released the base of the elongated nipple.

"— *ooooaaaaahhhhh...*"

"*Gnmmmp*h—!" was Mirca's reply. The nipple that only seconds before had resembled the tiny last part of a pinkie stretched and swelled as it soaked up the first barrage of milk.

Yrba exhaled. A shudder ran over her skin. It contracted in a spreading wave of goose bumps and increased the pressure on the spongy, bloated ducts even more. The cumulating torrent, its strength and volume worthy of the best breed of bovines and finally liberated, sprang forward from the nipple, burst out of the dozens of tiny openings and painted the inside of Mirca's mouth white.

The ducts opened all the way, and Yrba's eyes closed. Yes, there it was again, that delicious feeling of *venting*, of spending herself into the herculean body. Only this time there was so much *more* to give away. Her mouth curved into a delighted grin and transformed into a gaping O, like she wished her freed nipple's ducts would. Mirca stopped just holding her lips tight around the spewing strawberry and drew her first deep gulp from the brimming breast.

The blonde's fingers let go of the other nipple to better guide the breast she vigorously sucked on, and the freely spraying milk from the unguarded, expanding nub produced a *hiss* audible even over the loud gulping and smacking sounds of Mirca's greedy feeding. The warm, wasted liquid of Yrba's second breast sprayed around in thin jets, in every random direction that the dozen of tiny pores pointed to as the witch's bloated breast bobbed about. Yrba dug her hands into her matted mane and clenched her thighs around the warm saddle of Mirca's abdomen, jerking her hip back and forth, abandoning herself to the delight of being milked, of fueling that divine body caught between her legs while the faint shower of milk turned both their skins into slippery slopes down which the white rivulets ran. The thirsty blonde sucked stronger, and as Yrba's breasts spent their load, their

skin turned soft, her flesh became malleable again, and slipped over Mirca's moist, widening lips and crept into the greedy mouth as the giantess opened her jaws further. The dark chocolate skin of Yrba's areola puckered and disappeared completely inside the warm circle of lips. Mirca's long, pink tongue lashed the nubby, wrinkling surface and excited the ducts further still. Not a single clear thought was left in the witch's mind. She could only hump against that body and tried to cram as much of her breast into Mirca's mouth as she could.

Long minutes passed until the flow finally ebbed and Mirca slowed down. She no longer chewed on the whole areolae, but only slurped the aroused teats into her mouth one after the other to draw the rest of the hoarded nectar out. Yrba put her hands on Mirca's milk-covered, slippery shoulders and gently pushed her back down on the mattress.

"That's enough, dear. Don't want to end up all flat and flabby again," she said as she lifted her elongated, relaxedly rounded breasts out of Mirca's hands. The blonde couldn't swallow another drop anyway and had just kept on filling her mouth and then letting the white streams run from her lips before milking the next discharge into her bulging cheeks.

"See? I'm still awake. The last time, I just ran out of air," the witch triumphantly declared. "I *knew* it wasn't something to do with magic. Hey, if I could hex myself, then I'd make damn sure I'd never miss a single moment of ecstasy to being knocked out. That one thing when you roll your tongue around the nipple and twitch it —," she licked her lips, "that is *awesome*." She bent forward and planted a big kiss on Mirca's forehead.

Yrba's mind soared in the delights of relief. The regained feeling of *lightness* coursed through her whole body, even though her boobs still held enough of the ample charge to maintain their usual melon-like, sagging and heavy shape. She stretched her arms and wiggled her body in a shudder of bliss, smiling widely before she ran her forefinger down Mirca's breastbone and over the muscle ribs of the blonde's slightly bloated midriff. "Oh yes, that was *totally* worth the strain of last night."

Mirca cocked her head and wiped her mouth. "Ah. Right, so what we did now was this 'eggs-per-mentioning' stuff?"

The witch smiled down on her mount and patted Mirca's sweat-and-milk-covered cheek, its skin still rosy and radiating warmth after the long minutes of being covered by the ample, dark cleavage.

"*Experimenting*. Yes, that's how you learn what works and what doesn't. Don't believe in hearsay. So, what have we learned?"

Mirca looked at her, narrowed her eyes, pouted her lips and cocked her head the other way.

"Uh, that you're, like, really tasty? That you — something about you being very stretchy in your soft parts? That experimenting makes your nipples huge and long, like dark brown cow teats?"

"*No*. We learned that you can't suck the strength from m—"

Yrba's eyes widened as Mirca's words sunk in. "*—come again?!*" she gasped.

She stared down on her breasts, grabbed one and lifted it to get a good look at her nipples. The witch exhaled with a grunt. Her body's unusual properties had gotten the better of her *again*, big time. All was well with the nipples' skin and its almost black tone and the wrinkly,

milk-covered surface. Tiny white drops still emerged from the many ducts. So far, so good. But thanks to Mirca's eager sucking and constant tongueplay, their *length* was now beyond human and stretched *well* into bovine territory. They bobbed about like finger-sized sausages.

The witch gnawed on her lip. *Damned stretchiness. Thank goodness they'll shrink back over time*, she consoled herself. Then another thought hit her, and she slapped her palm to her forehead and rolled her eyes.

"Oh *great!* Once Red's gonna see this, she'll cackle and tease me for *weeks* now—

"—*Uunnnnhhh!*" she moaned suddenly as Mirca reached up and gently squeezed the resilient, juicy meat between thumb and forefinger. Yrba's hips started to rock again.

"Well, *I* think they're cute!" declared her oversized mount.

Part 4: Altars and Virgins

"And the devil in a black dress watches over

My guardian angels walks away

Life is short and love is always over in the morning"

— Sisters of Mercy, *Temple of Love (Extended)*

This part has not been proofread

Chapter 17: Early Mo(a/r)ning Ride

The diminutive, barely four-and-a-half feet woman with the boyish figure and decidedly eastern features beamed up to the towering, bulky, six-feet-six giantess in front of her. There was not a single wrinkle in her face's ivory skin to give away that she was the tall blonde's elder by more than a decade. And her giddy cheerfulness made the shy, twentysomething hulk seem the somber one instead.

She raised a folded piece of cloth up to the amazon who actually was the very opposite of *a*-mazon, *no*-breast. The tightly-wrapped, makeshift toga strained and showed the swaying motions of very respectable amounts of mammary mass underneath as the girl picked up the package and started to unfold her present. The dwarfish woman in the colorful kimono bounced impatiently in place, like she wished her giantess' chest would.

"Go, try on! Mirca try on new dress! Is from gift of Lady Mayor! I sew nights and nights to make fit. Want see now!"

"Uh, Li, should I, like, right now?" Mirca frowned. The dark green silk flowed over her hands. She held it up with two fingers and turned the long, sleek dress left and right. "It's *so* beautiful, but it looks so, so flimsy — I don't know, I don't want to tear it."

Li put her arms akimbo and leaned forward. An angry frown wrinkled the smooth skin of her forehead.

"You say I not good sewing?! I not measure right?! Li work long hours for you! Li put in *extra strong* seams! You wear *now*!"

Mirca lowered her eyes and stared to her feet as the dwarfish bundle of energy with the bun of black hair glared up at her. She mumbled, "Okay, okay. I just —"

"Not yet wearing my present?!" Li twittered angrily, prodded Mirca in the yielding chest with her forefinger, leaned backwards and crossed her arms over her flat chest.

With a sigh, the tall blonde began to unwrap the assortment of veils around her body.

Li's face brightened into an obsessed grin as the veils dropped down and revealed inch by inch the bulging muscles and the enormous, flawless breasts on the golden-haired giantess, and the eastern woman exhaled in a raunchy sigh. *You are incredible, Mirca. My goddess of female strength. Not even the best of jade sculptors of my homeland could create a body like yours. I praise whoever brought you here. You are all I'll never be.*

Of course she knew who had brought her favorite embodiment of her brawny-and-busty fetish to the brothel: Yrba, the bawd's old-time girlfriend. The voluptuous southern islands refugee with the chocolate-colored skin was a witch to the bone — a flirty, hot-momma kind of witch with her thirty-five years. The unexpected stowaway had shaken up the routine at "Madame Red's cozy house of bathing" ever since she showed up in the dark of night after her escape from the castle's death row. In her tow she brought Mirca, the bulky-yet-timid serf freshly filled with a year's undiluted harvest of Yrba's "*Tincture*

for the Mesdames" originally meant for more than a hundred clients — with the inevitable result of a capricious, hard-to-control boob line capable of bust-ing stone and metal.

Lucky for all of the girls at Red's house, the ethereal magic needed to fuel Mirca's erratic transformations wasn't unlimited, and after her last mishap, the depleted resources would need weeks to grow back.

Li's thoughts returned to the here and now. The new one-part dress dropped down over Mirca's huge breasts. Long folds formed, starting around the shortened and reinforced neckline and running down the deep cleavage. Only over the two round mountains of jiggly flesh did the cloth smooth out. Picking up the pattern of folds again beneath the protruding nipples, the silk cascaded down the front. The long sleeves ended in wide flaps and fluttered about as Mirca's hands flurried to tie the girdle around her tapering waist. Smooth and following the contour of her wide hip, the cloth hinted at the bulges of muscles along Mirca's chiseled thighs. The hemline played around her narrow ankles.

"Oh Li, you're amazing!" beamed the grinning giantess. She giggled and ran her fingers over the silken, dark green cloth with the golden needlework before she grabbed her breasts through the smooth textile. "This feels so great! It's so smooth and slinky! It's flowing like water! Here, you try it!" She grabbed Li's hands and pushed them on her huge breasts, slowly rubbing them over the hardening nipples.

Li exhaled as a sudden shudder of arousal raced through her body.

"Mirca I—looking good. Li m—make winter cloth from thick wool, too. But later. You now go Jean, ask for disguising. Afternoon, we go forest. Must trick guards by gate. Tell her we make you disguising as monk! She know!"

The door squeaked ever so slightly.

"Jean...?" whispered the huge blonde and leaned into the room. Apart from Li, who seemed to run on a wholly different kind of schedule, the rest of the billable women in Red's brothel weren't exactly the kind of females to rise with the chickens.

"Mmmmmnnnnnggghhh—?" The moan might've been a question, or maybe it simply ended on an elevated note because Jean just happened to spread her moist sex with one hand while the index finger of the other rubbed frantically up and down over the exposed pink flesh in her grip.

Mirca gasped, jerked back and covered her eyes as she turned away.

"Uh, sorry, should I — come back when you're, y'know, uh..."

Jean's laughter was a bright, friendly ringing of bells. There was no hint that only moments before the slender brunette had twisted and turned on her sheets, with her hip bucking frantically, her massive breasts flailing about and three fingers buried deep in her itching twat. She beckoned Mirca to enter while she caught her breath and blew an unruly strand out of her flushed face.

"Oh no, darling! Come on in, it's okay! I was just doing my morning warm-up! Come here, sit down on the bed. What's the

matter? Oh my, *that's* a nice dress! So Li finally got your present done, eh? How do you like it, sweetheart?"

The naked brunette licked off the sticky moisture from her fingers and wiped them on her skin before she let them wander over the smooth cloth. Mica shuddered ever so slightly as Jean's fingers traced the curves of the blonde's massive, slightly sagging cones.

"It really hugs your figure, dear. Oh my, you're giving me all kinds of nasty thoughts now, you know?" Jean winked. "You maybe got a little warm breakfast in that wrapper for me?"

Jean squeezed the domed areola gently. The rough nipple poked into the palm of her hand, but that was about all she got out of the heavy mammary.

"Breakf—?" Mirca frowned at her, and suddenly her face lit up with understanding. "*Oh*. Ah! Uh, no." She shrugged. "No, I can't feel any milk now. Sorry. Are you very disappointed? If I try, maybe I can squeeze a bit —" She raised her hands and started kneading the resilient domes. "Uh, there's maybe a little in there — but I'm *much* better with this in the afternoon —"

"No, don't bother, dear," smiled Jean and put her hand soothingly on top of Mirca's groping fingers. "I was just wondering."

Mirca blinked, and then she beamed, "But I could offer you a ride instead!"

"A ... ride?" frowned the naked woman, reclining on the bed and stretching her arms. "Now? Where to? On what?" She laughed. "Your shoulders? You sure are big enough to—"

"Filly, om fiff!" the blonde mumbled while her tongue lolled out. The tip of the pink tentacle whipped around and scratched the

underside of the chin. "Yffa likef it fery muff, anf feh offer fgirl af feh pallaf waf fotally fmad about if. Fwamma giww if a fry?" A drop of saliva descended from the wiggling tip, dragging along a filament right down into the abyss of Mirca's cleavage.

Jean suddenly sat bolt upright again and gulped, with her hand on her chin and her fingers on her trembling lower lip. "Holy—b—*buh*. Is that *real*? How *long* is it?"

Shluuuurp. The two finger's length of tongue tentacle was gone again, and Mirca wiped her moist chin. "Long? Uh, I dunno, as long as you just saw it? Yrba said it's a tongue like a cow, but in a good way, and that I should be proud of it. And that I can do amazing things with it. You want me to do things with it?"

"I—I'm not sure, I—," Jean stuttered as she inched slowly away from the huge woman with the good-natured smile on her face.

"Oh, that's okay!" giggled Mirca. "I've already had breakfast, you won't spoil my appetite!"

She threw herself around. The bed groaned under her weight. Jean tried to struggle away as the mountain of muscles came down on her legs, but the broad shoulders and the heavy, soft breasts of the giantess pinned her knees to the mattress. She tensed up in nervous anticipation the moment the tip of Mirca's tongue brushed over her labia. And then Jean's body went limp as the first lick, both into the depths of her vagina and against the hood of her already fired-up lust button at the same time, sucked her into the vortex of a delirious ecstasy. Mirca's huge mouth covered Jean's crotch along the whole length of the brunette's labia and soaked her folds with hot drool.

"Mirca — Mirca — oh heavens, Mirca — careful —," stammered the brunette, then she mutely gasped for air as the giantess

sucked on her pubic mound and the labia plumped into the vacuum of the mouth's steaming cave. Her inner flaps slipped out, stretching around the thick root of Mirca's invading tongue. The giantess' teeth gently nibbled the tapering wrapper.

"Oh gods! Oh heavens! You're the snake of the abyss!
Mmmmircaaa—! Ungh—!"

The brunette's trembling fingers crawled and combed through Mirca's white-golden hair. Jean threw her upper body around on the sheets. Her own sizable breasts swung left and right. Every now and then, her hands grabbed and squeezed the ample mountains on her chest. The room spun around her head, no, make that around her *crotch* —

"Deep — so deep! You're in — deep! — I'm — *gaaaaawds!* — impaled! To! The! Bone! Licking — my marrow out — you — *yooooOOuuuuUUUUU!*"

Jean howled in delight. The slippery tentacle wormed its way through her cervix. The tip crawled over the insides of her womb. She was trapped in delirious desire, unable to open her eyes. All she saw were images dancing through her feverish imagination, of being a tiny, stretched and bloated bladder over this humongous tongue that filled her belly more and more and turned it into a round bulge while she pulled up her thighs and slipped deeper and deeper into the round gate of juicy lips, all her innards being sucked out like the meat from a ripe fruit.

"*More! Rougher! Crush me! Almost — there! Keep — up! Grab me! Devour me! You beast! Squash me!*"

Mirca obediently reached out. Her strong paws each cupped all the sensitive volume of one of Jean's milk orbs with ease and

squeezed hard. Jean's whole body arched upwards. Juices burst out of her, and the greedy tentacle deep in her womb stirred the oozing secretions into white-hot foam which Mirca slurped in long gulps. Slowly, jerking and trembling, Jean sagged down on the wrinkled, sweat-drenched sheets.

Mirca wiped her lips and watched, uncertainty in her nervous gaze, as she sat back up and straightened her green dress.

"Uh, was that okay for you? I mean, instead of milk? I wouldn't want to, y'know, disappoint you. You've been so nice to me in the bath and before."

Jean smiled, and as she answered, her voice flipped into a hysterical giggle every now and then.

"O—okay? You — *heh!* — aski — *hii* — ing if't was o—okay?"

Mirca scratched her head and smiled shyly at the disheveled brunette who still fought hard to regain her composure and her sense of balance. She raised her eyebrows and shrugged, and suddenly Jean couldn't help to see her as anything but a forlorn, fidgeting servant begging for an answer, and not the towering, muscle-bound woman that she really was.

"Eh, yes?" stammered Mirca, nervously wringing her hands. "Because you didn't seem too happy b—because, I don't know, you suddenly let go, and, and Yrba did the same, and Suzy, too — Suzy was my f—former master at the castle, y'know — they all just start to pant and yell and then they get so quiet and stare into the ceiling or in the pillows and then they stutter how they like it, but really, I think, maybe, they all just say that because they don't want to make me sad, and I wasn't sure if maybe you got bored because, you, you're doing all this sex thing for w—work, so you surely know much more about

it, and really, it's not that much I can do with my tongue except that in and out and around the inside and —"

Jean grinned and gently patted Mirca's cheek. All her insides still twitched with waning arousal. She shook her head in disbelief as she looked into Mirca's blue eyes. The giantess really *was* a forlorn serf in a new world. Jean desperately wanted to wrap her arms around Mirca and cuddle her to her chest, only her body was still too limp and exhausted. She took a deep breath instead and croaked, "*Hiii*—bored? If I got *bored*? Just a little longer, and I would've gone *mad* —"

A late shudder ran over her whole body, and she rolled her shoulders in delight.

"*Mmmh*, mad, in a very good way." She sighed happily. "Really, darling. I'm not lying to you. It was very, *very* okay." She cupped her head with both hands and combed back her hair with her fingers. "Very. We gotta do that again, soon — no, *no*, not *that* soon, Mirca! Heavens, snakey-girl, let me get my senses back together. So what brought you here in the first place, sweetie?"

"Uh, Li said something about, eh, 'this guy sings monk' or something."

"This guy — oh, you mean *disguising as monk*?" The brunette smiled and nodded. "Oh yes. Yes, that sounds *very* much like something Li would come up with. Okay, let's see what we can turn you into!" She clapped her hands. "Just let me get dressed, 'kay? You want to help me with that? Damn, my hands are still shaking."

Jean handed Mirca a brown, rough piece of clothing from the depth of her wardrobe. "I knew I had it somewhere in there! Here, put on that cowl. It'll hide your face."

The tall blonde held it undecidedly with two fingers, frowning as she sniffed in its general direction. Her nose wrinkled. "Ew! Smells like something died in that. Where did you get it?"

"Guess," replied the slender brunette as she shrugged and sent her own massively augmented breasts, courtesy of Yrba's tricks and herbs, swinging. As Mirca's face fell apart in horror, she added hastily, "Oh gods, no! *No!*" She held her hand over mouth and giggled. "I was just *kidding!* Oh heavens, girl, calm down. I just haven't washed it for quite some time. There was one of our clients who got off on pretending to be a monk. He was all," she lowered her voice to sound more like a man, "*Oi've novor hod sox on moy loife, and now Oi'll pomp yo so full yo'll borst.*" They both laughed now.

After they slowly stopped, Mirca pondered for a few moments and then she asked, "Uh, but he didn't, right? Men can't do that — or can they?"

"Huh? Oh come on!" Jean playfully jabbed her arm. "Of course not. *Mirca!* We were just playing along for him, y'know? We moaned and yelled '*oh stop it, I'm about to explode, oh noes, you're filling me up good*' and stuff." She licked her lips, and her eyes suddenly glazed over with a dreamy expression. "What a pity that he hitched up with Hannah. Last I heard they've started a butcher shop. He always had a mighty juicy *sausage*, I've got to give him that."

"Ah. Uh? *Oh.* You — you mean his dangly breeding thing?"

Mirca blushed, and Jean involuntarily cast a quick, nervous glance at the blonde's rack, suddenly and fearfully remembering the

last misfire of the explosive chest. No weird throbbing visible anywhere. She exhaled. The giantess had just given her the tongue ride of a lifetime, but she *blushed* at the mere mentioning of sex. And Red and Yrba wanted to turn her from cowering serf to free woman in just a few weeks, to teach her all about the world? Gods, where to *start*?!

"Relax, girl. The men and us, we're just fooling around, really. And the thing won't *dangle* if we do it right."

"All right. Yes, I, uh, I know what you mean."

"Uh-huh. *Sure*." Jean smiled knowingly and reached up to pat Mirca's cheek. "Been hiding behind the door when brains were handed out, but answered twice at the tits, huh? Now all that sex stuff all of a sudden, it must be quite overwhelming, eh? Don't worry, we'll teach you in time. Just take it slow and ask us if you don't understand what we mean."

Mirca scratched her head. "Uh. I'm not sure I *want* to understand all that you're talking about. Seems that there are *really* weird things going on, I tell you." The blonde looked at the cloth in her hands. "You think he'd mind, me putting it on?"

Jean laughed. "I guess he'd have a blast if he knew. He was very into big breasts. Bow down now."

She ran her fingers through Mirca's long curls and braided the girl's hair into a ponytail before she tugged it under the hood. "Can't have that much gold showing, might catch someone's eye," she remarked while she adjust the rough disguise, then she stepped back and put her hands to her hips. "Right, now bend your knees a little while you walk so your head doesn't stand out in the crowd." She poked into the huge potbelly bulging from Mirca's midriff. "And with

that stuffed pillow tied around your waist you look like any other three hundred pound monk." Jean pinched her nose. "And the way you smell now, nobody's going to bother with you anyway. Now you can just walk past the guards." Jean banged against the wall. "*Li!* She's ready!"

Chapter 18: Forest Frolics

After the careful preparations, passing the gate guards had been no problem at all. The men in worn-down uniforms gave them but a short glance and a dismissive wave of the hand, and that was it. Red's girls were *known*, and seeing a monk together with them ... well, *those* things happened and better went unnoticed.

Now the two unlike women were a brisk quarter of an hour's walk away from the town on the empty road that wound through the forest. Li very carefully gazed around before she took a sharp turn to the left and disappeared into the bushes by the side of the road, and Mirca staggered after her. In silence, Li led her through the underwood until they were out of sight of the road. Here, the forest floor was clearer save for the occasional root, and the tall trees with their dense crowns above formed something akin to a huge hallway. Rays of light pierced through every now and then and filled the fresh air with slender golden beams. It was warm enough to take off the malodorous cowl. Mirca stared up in awe.

"*Ahhhh!* That's a nice place! Where are you taking me? *Oops!* Sorry!"

She jerked back when she almost stepped over the dwarfish woman whose head barely reached to her armpit. Li turned and shoved her playfully.

"*Hey! Hello!* No trample me! You no stare in sky now, no? Watch foot! No can carry you if clumsy big girl sprain ankle!"

She sighed and shook her head. "Mirca need much teaching. See rising ground ahead? We go! Old stones, nice and flat, leaves and moss. Less trees. Soft ground. Nobody coming. All fear of old temple. Perfect for training."

"*Training?* Huh?" Mirca raised the basket in her hand. "I thought we were just going to pick new herbs for the kitchen!"

"Will do, too. Mirca big girl now, alone girl! Need learn about *other* things, much more important than herbs. Li show you. Li living life longer, learning lots. Li teach you."

Another five minutes of slow ascent, and they were amidst stones and old columns, fallen over and covered in moss and roots. An altar with a tabletop of dark stone, huge and cracked into two pieces, marked the center of the derelict place. A single, tall statue of black stone had survived the assault of time and watched over it, from what in earlier days must've been a niche in the temple wall. Mirca looked at it and shivered. "*Brr!* A woman with horns on her forehead and pointy ears? That's *witchcraft!* I mean —"

She hesitated. "I — I mean, not *good* witchery like Yrba's. She's nice. That's the other kind. *Bad* witchcraft. Let's go someplace else. I don't like it here. They sure did things with knives and blood here! Li, *really*, let us go somewhere else. Please!"

"No! You not run away! You stop wanting run always, *now!* You look, *then* maybe run."

Slowly, Mirca's anxious panting calmed down. She measured the strange figure on the pedestal up and just now noticed that surely it was not the statue of an *angry* woman. The eternally frozen face with the weird horns wore a smile, one of *those* smiles with half-closed eyes and half-open, protruding lips that Mirca had seen before, on the faces of Suzy, or Yrba, or Jean. The unknown artist's hand had modeled a rather revealing dress on the voluptuous body. The proportions, tall, buxom and proud, reminded Mirca of a cross between Sylvia and Charlene, and somehow, the way that the black body stood, it expressed the *combined* upfront sexual hunger of the two.

Li threw a piece of a branch against it, and it bounced off with a metallic *clang*. "Is statue! See?" She extended her arms to the figure while looking at Mirca. "Not weird. You want weird, you look at statues of homeland mine. This? Just *huge* woman with—"

She gulped. Her mouth had turned dry and her head swiveled back to the statue, like pulled by a string. "—With b—big b—bazongas and w—wide hips and—"

She shuddered, tore her gaze away and turned back to Mirca. Li's tiny nipples suddenly showed through her clothes. Clearing her throat, she chided on. "Is *ordinary*. You see? You no fear now? Good! I saying, Li and golden hair girl go forest for purpose. Teach you ways of fight, of my people. And teach ways of love." She eyed her hungrily.

Mirca looked down on the tiny figure and drew a face.

"You? No way. I mean, the fighting. Hah! Sorry. No. Way. Look, I could just lift you off the ground like, uh, let me show you, I won't hurt you, I just grab you like that and —"

She reached for the black-haired woman's shoulder, and then the world spun around.

"—*unf!*" The heavy impact knocked the wind out of her. Bewildered, Mirca looked up. She was laying on her back all of a sudden, her dress flipped up halfway around her waist baring her legs, and Li held her arm at the wrist, twisting it.

"All right, all right!" yelled Mirca as the fire of pain exploded in her shoulder. "I give up! I give up! How did you *do* that?"

The diminutive eastern woman let go and stepped spread-legged over Mirca's face. She bent down and replied, "Li be showing big girl. Soon." Her fingers with the long fingernails scratched gently over Mirca's flat belly and pulled the wrinkled ring of the dress higher from the blonde's waist. "But first, Li be showing ways of woman love."

Mirca laughed. Red's girls were not like the mean ones in the palace; they were nice to be around and they smelled good. They even *bathed. Together.* Her eyes gleamed when she realized that this most likely was going to be as much *fun*, and that again *she* might be the one having it!

So she reached for Li and said, "Hey, I know about that already. Why, Jean said just this morning I was very *very* good at it! So let *me* show *you* first what I already know about tha—*mmth*..."

While talking, she had pushed up Li's dress, running her strong hands over the slender thighs. Naked, yellowish skin glowed in the twilight of the forest. Grabbing Li around the waist, she pulled the

woman's dark crotch with the jet-black, soft curls down on her face and, with her last word, dug her long, thick, tentacular tongue to the hilt into the tight entrance. Li's eyes opened wide. After the sight of Mirca face-to-face with the statue and the thrill of wrestling down the giantess and having her at her feet, she was more than ready to immediately melt away. Her juices oozed down into the huge, sucking mouth enveloping all of her wet gap. She spread her legs as wide as they would go. A faint whimper born of delight was all she managed.

"Mmmh! Oo tathe yummy!" Mirca uttered, and her humming and mumbling lips on Li's taut-stretched folds engulfing the blonde's rough and nubby tongue only served to make Li drip away even stronger. She twisted and turned in Mirca's deft yet gentle grip on her hips and moaned and chirped in her native tongue until she suddenly fell silent and her body rose and arched backwards. Mirca pushed her jaw forward, and her lower lip covered the engorged, big knob of Li's sex. Her cheeks fell in as she sucked. For a moment, the black-haired woman felt herself falling into that warm, eager mouth, disappearing into it, melting away, turning to jelly and being sucked up and devoured by the giantess. Li's eyes stared blankly at the roof of branches, her arms flailed for a second before her fingers cramped into claws and she stiffened, completely frozen in rapture. The only thing left moving was the throbbing and clenching muscle in her middle as it milked on the unyielding tentacle.

Mirca kept on licking and munching until the thick flow ebbed. With a last lick, she pulled her tongue out and slurped up the filaments and droplets hanging from Li's reddened, swollen petals.

"Huh? Huh? How did you like it?" the blond giantess inquired while her dwarfish eastern morsel slumped down on her, trembling all over, her swinging head bumping repeatedly into Mirca's thigh.

"*Mwwwaaaaa...*," groaned Li, her eyes now closed, her mouth gaping in a mindless grin. Her legs twitched on for quite a while as she writhed on Mirca's body.

"Mirca *good good* — Me repaying now with trick of old knowledge," she finally managed to utter. Another deep breath, then she ordered, "You spreading legs now." Propping herself up on her elbows, she gently inspected Mirca's crotch up close. "Show you *other* tickle place, special place, hidden inside—" Right after a first glance, she exclaimed, "*Oh my!* You *iiiiig* plump tickle button, been growing like tits?"

"Uh, yes. No. I mean, yes, it's big, but it's not growing. It's always big like that if I spread my legs so wide, because it kinda just peeks out and and it's all slick and sticky. Kinda annoying, you know. And it all seems so, uh, so wrinkly and messy down there. And it hurts so easily. Just a wrong push or a hard seam in the clothes, and — I don't really like how I look, uh, between the legs. Could you please not stare at me like that?"

Li smiled. "You liking will soon. I teach. You needing learn how to pleasure yourself good. All kind of fun, can find in yourself. See, me showing you what inside now. Is tricky place. Easy mistake hurting self with strong hands like Mirca. You watch and feel where Li's fingers go —"

She pulled at Mirca's outer labia and ran her fingertips along the curled gate to the wet funnel of skin, marveling at the puckered rosette that showed through the curls where she had expected a smooth funnel.

"You strange! You have gate very tiny, but skin enough for much big stretchy hole! Yet you *tight* much!"

Mirca half-furrowed, half-raised her brows, full of doubt. The blonde was still resting on her back, feeling the touch of the soft, cool moss on her skin. She was unsure of what Li was up to, and didn't know what to do either. With her superior at the castle, it had been so much easier. The horny, ever-hungry Suzy had told her in no uncertain terms — "Deeper, and round the rim now, you *oaf!*" — what to do. But now? Unsure, she settled for just caressing the back of the small woman with her fingertips. Li kept on pulling and stretching at Mirca's underused gap, every now and then breathing a faint kiss on the thumb-sized tip of the huge clitoris. Her fingers dug into the thick folds of skin to the left and right of the sensitive knob, rubbing it through the protective layers of skin. Slowly, a tickle and gentle throbbing started in the blonde's inexperienced body. Li knew full well how to guide her up along the winding path to Mt. Lesbian Lust.

Mirca's breath deepened and accelerated. Moans crept in, every now and then, increasing in volume as well as in frequency. Wetness seeped from the blonde's tight canal. It was then that the tiny finger wiggling inside her suddenly stopped.

"Big girl being pure? Closed? Unpopped?" Li rose to all fours and climbed down from her gasping pillow. She crawled over her, turned around and knelt down again between Mirca's widespread legs, staring incredulously at the puzzled face rising over the huge breasts. Her fingers brushed aside the golden, wet curls, spread the long, well-lubed pink funnel and prodded gently against the thick layer of skin she hadn't expected to still be in there. "You no do fucking ever? How you do this?!"

Mirca breathed heavily, her face flushed with a lively red. "I didn't do anything! Don't stop! Go on! Oh heavens, this itching is killing me! I need something in there, *so bad!*"

Her tiny mistress protested, "No! Nononono—*no!* Li not going to open Mirca! You much precious, being tight and fresh! You *virgin!* Oh, understand now! We rub you good in tub, but rub you outside only! And you never before did *humpy humpy* because you big and strong and nobody *dare!*"

"I can't stand it any more!" wailed the blonde. "It's burning in me! Itching in my womb! I need something to scratch all the way in there!" She bent forward, grabbed the surprised Li's elbow and forearm with both hands, and pulled towards her. Something ripped inside her, with a short, stinging pain, and then the muscular gate to her womb suddenly *expanded*. Li's forearm slipped into the oozing tube, widening it all the way, until her fingertips peered through the puckered ring of a cervix.

"*Mmmhhh*," Mirca exhaled, momentarily relieved. She held still for a few seconds, impaled on the black-haired woman's slender arm. "Soooo goooooood."

Li slowly shook her head, uttering weakly, "No. What you done? You *spoil!*"

"Oh — oh no, it's starting to itch again!" moaned Mirca and began to pant. She pulled the impromptu rod out to the wrist. Her lower belly shrank visibly. She groaned. "Mmmh. *Mhm*. Mmmh. Not enough. Once more. Feels better every time. I'm doing it right, yes?"

"No! Gold hair! You *stop* now!"

Mirca didn't listen. She held Li's elbow tight and pumped the arm in and out again and again. Li clenched her fingers into a fist to bring her fingernails out of the way. Mirca became more and more agitated. Li gave up her resistance and just stared in awe at the gap that gobbled up her arm almost to the elbow while tiny droplets sprayed out of the tight rim, accompanied by a *plrrbbbt* of escaping air. Moments later the inner lips flipped about as Mirca pulled Li's arm out again against the loud *shhluurp* of suction.

"Oh yes! Yes, it's good! Oh Li, this is *so good!* That's why they all — *ooohh!* I get it! I — faster! *Mnnngh!*"

Cloth groaned. With every push inward, volume amassed on the blonde's chest. Her already huge breasts filled and *rose*. They had pancaked to the sides before, just a little, but they no longer did. Now they rounded out, collecting volume with every back-and-forth stroke of Li's arm. It wasn't air or something, it was *heavy*, liquid volume that sloshed into her chest with her frantic motions and pulled at her taut skin. The green wrapper of silk put on a valiant effort to contain the swelling, but it already started to lose the carefully tailored wrinkles around the neckline. Mirca was truly pumping herself up. Li just stared incredulously at the massive mounds lifting the silken cloth, at the *new* wrinkles of strain in the overtaxed fibers as they slowly rent along the seams. Skin glistening with sweat appeared through the growing gaps. Li had added a fair amount of folds and extra size to the chest area, but now she saw it hadn't been enough by far. The green cloth was pulled taut to its limits, about to rip any second now.

"Now! It's — yes! Oh yes! The tickle! It's — now it's — all over — *hhrrrrroooooAAAA—!*"

Mirca arched her back and let go of the eastern woman's arm. Her fingers cramped into hooks and clawed at the air as she threw about her shoulders and the whole of her upper body. Li had never before heard a moan quite like the blonde's. It was a deep, throaty roar; the sound of a wild animal that after years of imprisonment suddenly found the door of its cage wide open. The long canal closed painfully around her arm, and Mirca's strong fingers returned to her crotch and clutched and rubbed the swollen entrance into her womb. Li's arm was wedged in tight, and now — her eyes opened wide.

Mirca's cervix *descended* on Li's fingers. It stretched, stretched, stretched and suddenly it *swallowed* her hand, closing around her wrist. Li was pulled in deeper, almost to her elbow. The long tube muscle of Mirca's vagina flexed and milked forcefully at her limb. Li felt as if her fingertips were about to burst from the blood squeezed forward by the strong ring muscles.

The death grip lasted for minutes, until Mirca finally relaxed with a deep sigh and sank down on the forest floor again.

"Be letting go! Come on! You letting go now! Ouch!"

Li groaned as she pushed her other hand against Mirca's raised thigh. Her embedded arm was numb all over from the powerful clench. Finally, after much wiggling and panting, well-lubed motion started deep inside blonde as the cramped and clenched cervix opened up again and let go of her hand.

With a squelch, Li's slender arm emerged from Mirca's depths, followed by a gush of pent-up natural lube. Slimy drops fell from her fingers, dragging thin filaments after them. Smacking and bubbling, the gaping funnel of Mirca's sex contracted into the puckered rosette it

had started out as, and the curly labia closed like a curtain before Li's incredulous eyes.

"Mirca very strange indeed," she muttered, more to herself than to anyone. "Muscle everywhere."

She nodded to the gasping giantess.

"Li thanking you. Is big honor, being first to open *big* girl! Mirca know now how good can be. But Mirca promise, Mirca never do hand in womb with other women."

The huge blonde wiped the sweat from her brow. She needed several moments before she was able to speak again. "Www—why?"

"Mirca too big. Too strong. Big hands. Big arms. Golden hair girl rip apart all other women. Promise Li, never be doing! Never be trying!"

She assessed Mirca's swollen breasts that had grown to twice the size of her head, and hung heavy with milk to her sides. The nipples looked ready to burst through the cloth. Despite Li's expectations, most of her sewing had actually stood the test.

"Now need to make boob empty, else guards be looking at monk with tits. Not good. Lucky girl you, me just right here. Roll over, off with dress and go hand and knee. Me milk you like cow, like first time in my room. You like then, you will like better now! Li's fingers much tender than grumpy white skin girls!"

She turned her hand and watched the glistening, warm ooze shift while it still clung to her skin.

"Mirca giving good lube, much easy kneading milk udders! Mirca will like!"

Mirca breathed heavily and stretched out on the mossy ground. "Mmmmh. I'm so tired all of a sudden. It's so nice and warm around here. Let's undress and rest a bit first, I'm soaked." She pulled her dress off all the way, struggling a bit to get it over her breasts. "Oh Li! Now look at that! Another seam ruined. I'm so sorry! You spend so much time on this — I'll fix it! You show me how, and then I—"

"No!" complained Li. "Do later! And no resting now! Much milk first need doing!"

"Oh shut up, little woman," Mirca laughed, reached out and grabbed her by the shoulders. She dragged her up over her naked body and embraced her. Li's head rested on the warm, heavy milk bags. She licked the sweaty skin, exhaled and gave in readily.

"But only short while, understood?" She smiled and snuggled into a more comfortable position, cuddling the huge udders and inhaling the delicious, salty scent of Mirca's glowing figure.

Chapter 19: Ancient Acquaintances

Feet rustled through the leaves on the forest floor.

Oh my, what a show. A giantess and an almost dwarfish girl, writhing and moaning, exploring their bodies together. After all that time, and here of all places. How — unusual. Yes, my sweethearts, your spectacular sacrifice of virginity has found mercy before my eyes. The gift will be given in return, as the old customs and traditions require.

A tall shadow bent down over the sleeping couple.

Li? Wake up, Li, my little honeypot.

The voice was gentle, and it spoke, nay, sang to her in the old language. The woman from the east groaned and moved in her sleep.

It's getting late, my butterfly. If you don't wake up now, I can't grant you the gift in time for you to enjoy it, twittered the voice.

More groaning. A sleepy frown curled Li's forehead.

"Go — away," she mumbled, her face half-buried in the soft valley between Mirca's breasts, and tugged at her blanket, pulling it back up over her narrow shoulders.

Laughter like little bells. Fingertips tenderly brushing the strands of long black hair from her face.

Oh my little sleepyhead. The old rules must be obeyed, but time is fleeting. Wakey, wakey, rise and shine. You really don't want to miss out on the present I've got for you, little Yeao-Li Minai.

Suddenly, she was wide awake. Her eyes snapped open, but she didn't dare to move. Someone was close. *Very* close. *Too* close for comfort. And that strange voice ...

"Nobody knows my real name here," she twittered nervously in her native tongue. "Nobody speaks my language!"

I do, darling. I know them all, I speak them all.

Then warm hands gently moved Mirca's strong arms aside and lifted Li up from the sleeping blonde's body, putting her back on her feet. The small woman clutched the blanket tight. All the while, her handler remained in her back, and she didn't dare to move to find out *who* — or *what* —

I really enjoyed your little show there. Now face me and you'll receive your reward.

Li cautiously turned around. The first things she noticed were the antlers on the lowered head. She backed away from the statue that knelt in front of her until her shoulders ran into the unyielding stone altar. With a quick glance, she saw that the pedestal in the broken alcove was empty now.

"Leave me alone! Demon! That can't be happening! Mirca!" Li gasped for air, and then she screeched, her voice on the brink of overturning, "*Mircaaaa!* Help! Wake up!"

The kneeling statue slowly rose to its feet and smirked as it shook its head. It towered over Li now, its massive breasts level with Li's head, held its arms akimbo and slunk closer with swaying hips.

She can't hear you, she's sound asleep. I saw to that. It's just you and me, sang the voice in her head. The metal creature raised its right hand in a commanding gesture. Li's body stiffened against her will, and she was lifted up into the air. The flimsy blanket floated off her skin and unravelled, tumbling down to the floor.

Li was turned on her back and gently put down on the stone altar. The dark slab was still warm from the evening sun that came down in a blinding bolt of light that made the woman's bright skin light up like gold in the forest's twilight. Invisible hands seized her knees and forced her legs apart, exposing the darker skin and the jet black curls to the warming rays of light.

Why are you so afraid, my love? asked the statue as its head neared Li's crotch. *You came here and did the old ritual, after all. I must grant you a gift. You'll like it.*

"I—don't—think—so!" Li's breath came in panic-filled heaves. She threw back her head when the metal giantess' exhale crept over her groin like the boiling air from a furnace.

The statue took its middle finger deep into its mouth, pouting its full lips. It smiled while its other hand caressed the insides of Li's thin legs. *They all liked it, in the olden days. It's been so lonely ever since. Oh, I'll make it slow and long and sweet and huge for you, my dear. A thousand years long and huge. You deserve it. You've been such a good teacher to the poor girl.*

That the tall living-metal woman kept on talking with a voice that came from everywhere at once, even with her tongue and lips wrapped around her finger, didn't even puzzle Li any more.

I sensed moisture in you, heat, arousal. All that happened in your body just from watching me when I was but a statue to you. Why don't you like me now?

"Demon..."

Oh, my sweet darling, I'll be a gentle demon. Why — is that another wish I feel in your mind, right now? Oh yes it is! Mhh, how kinky, but I hear and obey, my mistress...

She rolled her shoulders. The imitation of clothes *melted* and ran down, black metal running like molten wax over black metal. And then, after her naked body stooped slightly, she threw back her shoulders and *stretched* while she straightened up again. Li watched open-mouthed as the statue's lips began to glow cherry red and plumped around her finger. Dark red glow washed over the black iron skin in a tidal wave. With metallic groans and creaks, the skin of the melons on her chest cracked open in a pattern like shattered pottery. Red-hot lava oozed from the growing gaps, covered the black shards and cooled in seconds.

Li blinked, and now the *pumpkins* were again flawless and perfectly smooth. The zigzagging cracks wandered on over the rest of the creature's body, and the fragments of her black skin swam on molten, glowing depths. She grew with each jerk and twitch of her body as her legs stretched and filled, her hips swelled and her midriff bulked up. One last twitch, and then she exhaled, long and deep. The red glow disappeared together with the furnace blast of her breath, and she was again smooth, black metal cast into a female form. Still

sucking on her right forefinger, the statue flicked the other against her erect left nipple. It moved like perfectly human, albeit *huge*, flesh and blood covered by a thick layer of black paint. She slanted her new, wider hip and slapped her butt, and there, too, was nothing but jiggly flesh.

Now we're talking, eh? I'm your big servant now, Li. And you'll like my gift all the better for that, don't you? You wouldn't send your obedient giantess away now, would you?

Ten feet of living metal stooped over Li. The statue knelt down spread-legged and sat on her haunches, with the leg end of the altar between her wide-open thighs. She pulled the dripping digit from her mouth and smiled again. Her long, thin tongue whipped over her lips.

Open wide now, dear ...

She spread Li's hairy lips apart with one hand and took aim. The glistening finger slipped deep into the twitching hole. Once inside Li, it grew longer and thicker. Or maybe Li's tube contracted around it. By now, she was too confused and too horny to tell. She gyrated her hip on the warm, stimulating presence in her hungry midst.

And here's my gift for you, the statue whispered. Until sunset, you'll be man and woman at once, to have your way with your big blonde any which way you choose. Her finger massaged the tight, wet insides of Li's clam and spread warmth all over her groin. Pursing her lips, the statue blew gently against the upper end of the woman's vulva. And mixed into the soft touch of her breath was a single word.

Groooooow...

"Oh *gooooods!*" moaned Li. The heat concentrated into the upper folds of her snatch. Her love knob began to burn. She struggled to her elbows and watched in amazement and horror her pinkie-sized attachment, shedding its hood and throbbing larger with every passing moment. Beneath it, the outer labia grew and thickened into two heavy sausages, and then into two apple-sized balls wrapped in sensitive skin bags. The pumping hand between them made them bob and bounce.

Full of delicious juice for your girl. But let's keep the hole between your legs, too, m'kay? Oh, that poor clit. All confused now. I'll teach it how to be a real dick and behave properly.

The statue's lips closed over the tip and slid down the trembling shaft until her lips touched the base. The cheeks fell in and then relaxed, again and again. Li stifled a scream of lust. Each sucking drew her clit out further into the moist, hot cave of the statue's mouth, and when the pull subsided, it stayed at the new length. And again, and again—

Now see, your golden hair darling's a big one. You know you'll need a rod the size of your arm to thoroughly please her. A chuckle. My, if it ain't your lucky day today.

The rhythm of the mouth became more frantic. The lips of the statue opened wider. Her saliva was a thick, black tar that stuck and turned into aroused flesh. Li clenched her teeth. "*Mmmngh—I—can't* ___"

Of course you can. Oh, I know. Let's make it so big you can suck yourself off, too. That I'd like to see once again. And the balls. Mustn't forget the balls! Bigger! Much bigger! Need to pump juice up the long rod and then some, after all.

The wiggling finger inside her grew hotter and hotter. Li's hands clawed around the edges of the altar. Her hip rose and fell. Her throbbing trunk stretched deep into the statue's throat.

Yes, now we're talking! Now grab my antlers. Show me how you want me to move. It's my gift to you, so do as you please. DO IT!

Li obeyed. Her fingers closed around the two handy, curved handles that again *changed*, this time right in her grasp. They seemed to shrink, as did the sheath around her new appendage. It throbbed now, straining against the wrapper in the most delightful way. The throat Li stuck inside suddenly felt tight — *virginally* tight.

"Want — up! I want — to see it — come out! Lick — along — whole length!" she panted and pulled at the horns. Her eyes stared at the statue's mouth. From the O-shaped, now taut-stretched lips spilled her new, shiny, spit-covered rod, thick like her wrist. She kept on pulling the statue's head upwards, five inches, ten inches, and still there was only shaft slipping and slurping from those lips; a glistening dick wrapped in angrily throbbing veins. Twelve inches. Fifteen inches.

"Monster! Too big!"

The statue's eyes turned upwards to meet her stare. Her eyebrows rose.

Your thoughts betray your words, Li. Every inch is exactly like you want it to be. I can vouch for that.

No sense in denying it. Without a word, Li pulled the statue's head further up.

*Remember the circus? Remember when you were younger?
When you were so limber you could curl up at night and kiss yourself?
How good it felt, your own lips around your knob?*

Following Li's pull, the statue crawled on top of the altar, on all fours. The metallic skin rubbed against Li's legs, and the two breasts dangled like cast-iron bells. She climbed over Li, her lips still wrapped tight around the end of the pole whose growing length rested hot and dripping on Li's stomach, heavy like a lazy giant snake and swelling slowly. Her head was almost at one height with Li's now. The lips slipped into the rim below the glans.

Let's lick it together and make it blow, my golden dove.

The statue's head bent lower and rubbed the wet tube of flesh over Li's aroused nipples.

Here comes the tip now. Oh yes, it's a big one all right!

Li felt resistance to her pulling. The statue's cheeks bulged, and her lips were still locked in the rim.

Come one! Pull! Out with it!

"No," she moaned, "not yet," and pushed the horned head back down.

What are you doing?! Too big! Too long! yelped the voice in her head. Li didn't care. Her hands pushed down, in short, ecstatic thrusts, and she felt her dick's head reluctantly squish back into the statue's throat.

Garrgg—hmmmgnnmph! Shhhgluurgh! complained the iron demoness, and then she grudgingly adjusted her body. Her jaw unhinged like a snake's and moved forward. Her throat swelled, creating more room.

The swollen glans squeezed past whatever tight obstruction there had been inside. The whole length slipped back in between the statue's slurping, black lips as she frantically munched to keep up. A ribbed, long sheath reclaimed the full length of the enormous trunk that Li's loins had grown. For long, raptured minutes, she was entirely content with pumping the statue's head up and down between her legs, pulling out and pushing in by a few inches while the full length was caught up in the flexing and contracting gullet. Thing. Whatever.

The things I do for a little defloration, groaned the goddess' voice in her head, and then she muttered, *I hope you are having fun*.

Li had. Not ten minutes ago, she knew nothing about how good *erection* felt, and now she was about to experience the delights of a hundredfold, inhuman, gigantic *ejaculation* first-hand. Overwhelmed, she closed her eyes. Pressure and hot juice welled up in her crotch. Her labia-for-balls contracted, getting ready to burst and gush their load.

No! said the voice. *Not for me. Not in me. It's my gift to you, my butterfly. Pull out **now!***

This time, the ivory-skinned woman obeyed. The long, lustful trail began again, and again it ended with both of them head-to-head. The slightly miffed ancient goddess wouldn't take any more delay from her plaything and took the helm. Her tongue slipped from the corner of her mouth and circled her lips. Inside her mouth, the rough muscle rubbed over the swelling glans until it pressed against the thin band of skin at its underside. The sensation shot along her willing victim's nerves, and Li finally lost it. The cantaloupe-sized balls pulsed. Hot juice washed along inside the throbbing trunk which was squeezed in between Li and the black body on top of her. The long tube bulged and tautened with the rising tide of hot, white semen.

With a *shblurb*, the swollen head popped out of the statue's mouth. She grabbed it around the onset of the shaft, right in the rim of the glans, turned it around and pushed. Li went *mmmmglmph*, and the soft, well-lubed tip with the coin-sized, distending hole in it disappeared between her lips. Her eyes grew wide when the head swelled again and locked her lips around it as the first, long gush washed into her mouth.

Drink up, it's all yours, sang the creature and milked the long, throbbing pole with her free hand. *You can have it all, I don't mind*.

Li's own cum filled her mouth in long, thick spurts. She wanted to push the throbbing tip out with her tongue, but the creature moved quickly, held her lips like a round seal with one hand and the glans in place with her other.

Heh!, chuckled the woman. *You look like a little yellow hamster with your cheeks bulging like that*.

Just when Li thought her cheeks would burst, the black goddess pulled the plug out. Her tongue stretched thin and long like a snake's, added a few inches to wrap around the groove behind the head and pulled the shrinking glans into her own mouth. She licked and sucked dry the deflating rod. Thick white cream, sweet like honeyed milk, spilled and squeezed from the wrinkles of Li's pursed lips.

Just swallow it all, honey dearest, it's good for you, chuckled the statue and put her hand over Li's mouth. The woman downed the load in big gulps, if only to be able to breathe again.

As soon as it reached her stomach, hot, burning horniness filled her up once more. She grabbed her re-hardening rod and panted. The statue took note with a satisfied smile.

Good. Good! Your blonde's already waiting. She's dripping for you. Don't let her wait any longer. The statue climbed down from Li and smiled. She didn't seem any taller than maybe seven feet now as she pointed over her shoulder.

Chapter 20: Breeding Training

Mirca stood there, mouth agape. She managed to stammer, "Uh, Miss Statue Goddess Thing, this is normal?"

The horned statue smiled and patted Mirca's cheek as she strutted past the girl.

Darling, I'm a guardian to an ancient temple of lust. I've seen it all many times before. Don't ask me about normal. Better ask me about fun. And this is sheer fun.

Her fingers slid down Mirca's neck and traced the fold under the pumpkin-sized, taut spheres dangling unmilked from Mirca's chest. She playfully hefted one and pursed her lips in appreciation as she passed.

Besides — you? Asking about normal?

She winked and chuckled. Then she pointed at the sun.

Remember, my gift only lasts until sunset.

"Uh, and then?"

She cocked her head and shrugged.

Then this little safe haven from the world will fade again and nothing but dreams will remain, my darling. Nothing but strange dreams for you and another century of cold sleep for me. The way it has always been. Until, maybe, someday the glory of my temple will return.

She walked back to her pedestal, slanted her hourglass shape against it and put her right elbow down. Her other hand described a long arch, and a wide smile curved her lips as she said, *Well? Are you two just going to stand around, or are you going to have fun now? Don't mind me.*

"Er, Miss Goddess Statue Thing, ..."

No reply. The creature only raised an eyebrow and nodded towards Li.

"Uh, so, and what are we to do now?"

The metallic face smirked. *Oh, you'll think of something,* chuckled the disembodied voice of the statue as she shrugged nonchalantly. She stepped gracefully behind the marble cube, leant forward until her breasts flattened slightly on the flat surface and then put both her elbows on the pedestal before she rested her head on her hands. *I guess Li has an idea or two already, the way she's mesmerized by your rear. Maybe you better ask her—?*

Mirca turned around and lowered her head. The unlikely couple stared at Li's turgid rod and her refilling, slowly pulsating balls. Then they glanced at the sinking sun. The shadows had grown long already.

"So —"

"Uh, well —"

A shudder ran over the petite woman's body. "Quick! You kneel down all fours! Me big *bull* now. Mount you like *heifer*. Teach you! Ride you! *Fill* you!"

"But—not that I don't like it, it's just—"

Li slapped Mirca's butt.

"You say you no cow? I say you udders of milk! So you cow! Bend! About-face!"

"Uh—I'm all drippy again. Y'know, *down* there." Mirca's legs trembled, and that unfamiliar, itching heat returned. "It — it started when I saw you with, uh, *her*. Is that okay?"

Li had grabbed her borrowed manhood and kept licking the tip. The red, shiny glans was the size of her fist, and it was smooth and squishy in her hands. Mirca suddenly became curious — *her arm felt really good inside me, maybe that thing will feel good, too?* — and knelt down, turning her ass towards the other woman. She reached and grabbed a birch trunk in front of her, leaning against it to balance her full, dangling breasts. The nipples barely cleared the forest floor.

"Mmm—hmmm. Is good," mumbled Li, eyeing the glistening slit between Mirca's legs. The thick labia begged for a good stretching.

She pushed her cone-shaped glans against it. Mirca yelped. "It doesn't fit! It's too big!"

"You wait! Will fit!" Li wrung at the head, and with her lithe fingers she squeezed and guided the pliable flesh through the narrow passage. Mirca exhaled in surprise. The folds of the contracted, narrow rosette of her vagina slowly widened, oozing copious lube and clinging to the hot cone of Li's borrowed masculinity.

"*Unnngh!* I'm — now I'm getting all wide again! Yes!
Mmmnngh—!"

She shuddered as the rear edge of the glans slipped through and her circular gate contracted around the groove, holding the hot pole in place for a few moments. Her muscles pulsed and kneaded on the plump tip.

"*Mmmooooaahh!* It's — squishy! It's — swelling harder!"

Mirca hesitated and chuckled. "Jean was right! The breedy bit won't dangle if — *Uuuungh!* — if we do it —" Her eyes closed halfway, and she moaned with limp lips, "*Yes!* We're doing it right! *Hnnngh!* Feels — great! *More!*"

The blonde's hips bucked. Inside her, the head distended further with Li's rising excitement. The smaller woman pushed harder. The rod's veined surface was a relief map to the burning nerves in Mirca's sensitive cave as it slipped by, dragging its pattern along the dripping, flexing walls of the blonde's canal, reaming her wide with its growing bulk. The tip finally flattened against the upper end of her cavern. Reflexively, all of the hollow muscle grabbed it and held it in place.

"What doing?!" squealed Li, trapped in the boiling tube's iron grip.

"*Unh!* Oh yes! Yes! Good! So—*ooooh!*—Good—*whoah!* I'm full! Stop pushing! I'm full!" Mirca moaned.

Her diminutive mistress growled, "You not! Cow never complain about bull dick! Cow *take all!*" Li grabbed her by the hips and pushed harder. The pole slipped in by about another half inch.

"I'm bursting! *Liiiiiii!* Oh *gooooods!*"

Something inside Mirca relaxed and stretched, hungry for more of the warm flesh.

The next few inches disappeared inside the blonde's womb, and then her vagina was filled to the hilt. There still was a hand's width of Li's monster cock waiting outside her gate, but it was too stiff and wouldn't curve through the slightly off-center cervix. Li glanced down on the wide rear and the taut seal around her clit-turned-dick. She longed to press up against the bubbly ass, to squeeze against Mirca's back and hump the air out of her. Only the hard, throbbing pole that gave her those magnificent feelings now wouldn't let her because it was too *big*. Never before had anything on her been *too* big. That was *unfair*.

You're right. A little readjustment might be in order, whispered the statue's voice in her head. She knelt down by Mirca's waist and leaned her elbows on the giantess' lower back. Her hands grabbed the buttocks. The black fingers crept closer to the stretched opening.

Let's move things into place, shall we? she breathed, her eyes firmly fixed on Li's. Her fingers melted into thick, black wax that dripped over Mirca's bright skin before it defied gravity and crawled sideways to the tight rim. Part of the glistening blackness forced its way in, oozing slowly around Li's dick, and what streaks had remained outside absorbed themselves into the taut bulges of Mirca's muscled cheeks. The statue smacked her lips. A shudder ran through the body under her. In Li's clutch, the hip of the kneeling giantess stretched wider, making room for the squelching labia.

"Liiii! Oaaah! I'm swelling inside now! Oh, that's so good!" Mirca groaned as her womb adapted and bloated a little outward. The puckered rosette of her cervix widened and shifted into place. Like a hungry mouth, like it had done with Li's hand before, it pouted,

stretched and devoured the glans and then some. Li almost fell upon the blonde's back when the rest of her rod disappeared with a slurp. Her curls made contact with Mirca's. She pulled out against the greedy suction and then ran the whole length back into her cow.

There, that's more like it, eh?

The black goddess rose to her feet and slowly circled them.

"Waooaah! *Ouch!*" The blonde panted, "I need to get up off my knees! Can't move like that! That's really uncomfortable with the roots and stones!"

"No!" gasped Li, pumping away at her. "You stay down!"

"Aw! No way!" The blonde began to stagger up between the heavy thrusts, while still leaning forward against the tree. "Wait—"

"Mircaaaaa!" Li shrieked, buried to the hilt in the cavern as it clenched and held her in place. Moments later, her feet lost touch of the ground, and she stemmed the weight of her body on her hands that clutched Mirca's rising hips.

The blonde moaned, "*Mmmhh!* See! Much — better! Now I can move!" She grabbed harder at the tree in front of her and bounced her whole body back and forth, taking over the rhythm. Li's dick pumped in and out of Mirca's dripping, steaming hole. Now the roles were reversed; the hot, hard piston was driving back and forth the flailing counterweight pendulum of the little woman's body desperately clinging on to Mirca's back.

"*Oaaaaaah!* Yes! Yesyesyes! *Mmmmore!*" Their throaty hollers mingled.

Wow! You lucky girl! You'll need a lot of juice to satisfy her. She's really going for the big prize now.

Li held on to Mirca's ass for dear life, sweating from every pore. The blonde's hungry, flexing tube milked at her. And then the statue's finger slipped in between her swollen, dangling ball-labia again and found her almost-forgotten gate. More heat gushed into her.

Let's not disappoint our cute ex-virgin. Fill her up to the hilt, for the both of us.

Li grunted. Her labia bloated anew. Fast. Within moments, they had grown from egg-sized to oblong apples in long, dangling skin bags, slamming like bolas against her ass with every swing coming from of Mirca's hips. The next thrust already saw melons, suspended in finger-thick, throbbing veins, and now they finally matched the proportion of the log of meat she drove again and again into her mount. They struck into the hollow of her knees with each pounding and forced her deeper than before into the cave. Droplets of Mirca's secretions flew around. The blonde noticed the new, intense weight and adjusted. Her thrusts came faster and rougher, milking the sensations of pushing against Li's swinging weight for all she could. The tree creaked and groaned in her grip. Heat flushed over her face, down her chest—

"Gimmieeeee!" Mirca wailed. All her insides sucked and strangled Li's rod, her vagina's muscled walls fluttered and milked all over the throbbing pole.

Ah. Here we go now. Now you're both ready.

Li roared. She truly felt like a bull now. She couldn't even put her legs together any more for the sheer volume of her dick and balls, and those sloshing man-juice glands that just passed pumpkin size pulled painfully at her crotch. Stuck somewhere in between those

huge sperm factories was the statue's arm and hand and finger, and now it let loose all hell on her body. The load of Li's giant balls emptied into the pulsating, greedy net of veins around them; and not just their secretions came forward. The whole of their volume collapsed into a geyser of boiling liquid and washed out through her swollen hose within moments. Her body shook and trembled with the gush through her tubes. She clung to her mount and pressed as far into her as she could, hooking her feet over Mirca's thighs as the force from the blowout threatened to eject her from her mount's slick cave.

"*Oh gaaawdssss YESSSS!*" howled the blonde. Li clung in cramped-up, blank-eyed silence to the giantess' hips, losing herself to the sensations of the river that boiled through her transformed clitoris, to the *shrinking* as she spent her loaned body into the demanding hole.

The stream shot into Mirca's hungry womb. Her skin groaned and squeaked. Her belly billowed out under the pulses of thick, hot insemination. The tumescent orb quickly grew into a ball two feet across and forced her spine up into a backward arch. All the while her belly's silky-smooth skin transformed into a rubbery, glossy wrapper, a bloated bladder with almost transparent, porcelain-like skin, crisscrossed with blueish veins. It made contact with the mossy ground, and still it kept on bloating, swelling out left and right as it shouldered more of Mirca's weight like a huge pillow.

She exhaled, and her moan turned into a long-drawn bovine *moo*. Heat shot into her breasts. After a couple of warm-up throbs fired through her whole body, she lost any shred of restraint and gave herself up to the delight of swelling. Her melons bulged forward and downward. They hit the mossy ground with a heavy *thump* and sent jets of milk spewing out of the nipples, and they didn't stop or hesitate

at the already humungous shape of two yard-long pumpkins dangling from the blonde's ribs.

The milk mounds billowed out, doubling in size with each of Mirca's racing heartbeats. Their pale skin fluttered and trembled as they ballooned on. Moments later, their height reached from the ground up to the girl's head, and they kept on growing to ten feet long and wide before the veined wrapper of her skin slowed in its expansion. Their filling multiplied on until the flattened, melon-shaped appendages shaped up into taut and almost perfectly spherical balls. Groaning and creaking like leather, her bloating boobs shuddered to a stop.

Her nipples stretched as milk gushed into them and filled them up into foot-long trunks, swaying and bobbing in place. Mirca's deep sigh marked the final halt of her growth. The birch she still clung to suddenly looked like a very thin, very lucky dick getting the tit job of a lifetime. Mirca held on to it, panting, mooing, caught in the delirious delight of her oversized, tickling, tingling skin filled with ever-firing nerves she never knew she had. Li clutched her ass as if the little eastern woman intended to force the rest of her body through Mirca's stretched pussy straight into the vast expanse of boobs and belly in front of her.

Even the green light in the statue's empty eyes flickered in surprise. The whole growth had merely taken seconds.

What the — whoa. That's something even I have not seen before. Mmmmh. Worth exploring, I'd say.

The statue licked her lips and then cast a disappointed glance at the setting sun.

Too bad our playtime's almost up.

She pulled her finger out of Li's crotch. The skin inside her funnel and the labia were red and hot, but down to their normal size again. And the shrinking now proceeded along her herculean organ. It curled out of Mirca's sopping, contracting snatch, and Li slid off Mirca's back and collapsed, her mouth grinning widely and her body shuddering all over every now and then. With the last spurts of white semen collecting on her own, flat belly, her appendage shrunk back into the folds of her vulva, it's shape unfurling into a slightly-larger-than-usual clit and tanned, curly labia.

Mirca had fallen to her knees again, leaning one shoulder against the birch, clutching and rubbing her distended belly that bulged out taut and round as far as her knees and propped her up, its protruding navel digging into the ground. She looked very much like a broody hen on an ostrich egg.

"*Oaaah!* That's *so* good! I'm all full! I'm like a big udder! A drumskin! *More!*" she moaned.

The statue smirked. *I hear you, girl. But now that's got to go again. Can't have you wobbling around in the real world. Not yet.*

She pressed up against the kneeling blonde and wrapped her arms around the round, quivering ball of the womb. As her fingers interlocked, her arms melted and changed shape into a thin layer of resilient tissue that quickly engulfed the whole of Mirca's bulging lower body like black color running down the bronze skin.

Nnnngh! she groaned and squeezed with her arms' wrapper shrinking around the taut belly.

"Hwaaaa—! Awww—don't wanna—," complained the blonde. Her womb held out for a few seconds, then all the puckered muscle valves inside her opened up and the sticky white juice that filled her belly gushed from her pussy. She grunted and moaned. The statue turned her head and—

Oh, sorry. My bad. I forgot you were still lying behind her.

Glazed with the unexpected re-blast of her own cum, Li laid on her back and licked her dripping fingers.

"Mmmmh. Is fine. If ever be reborn into man, I want me to taste like that." She smiled.

Be my guest. Now come over to the front and let me wash it off with all that milk. We don't have much time left, and both of you are a mess!

She stepped in front of the orbs and ran her hands over the cabbage-textured nipples.

Amazing. Amazing! Unlike anything that I've ever seen happen before. That's not your maximum size, I can feel it. If only I had more time—

"Uh," groaned Mirca, "Miss Goddess Sta—"

«Faunia» will do for now, girl.

Squeezing the nipple gently, her eyes followed the white dribble. Her tongue whipped out, sampled a few drops and disappeared behind her lips again.

Mmmmh. Oh my, you're full to the brim with this deliciousness, aren't you? Well, that'll have to go, too. She sighed. What a waste. Oh, what a sorry waste now! If only we had more time, I'd gladly milk

you day and night, slowly, gently emptying you drop by drop. She sighed and spread her arms, stroking the taut, barely yielding skin with her splayed fingers. Her body tilted into the white wall, and she wedged herself into Mirca's cleavage, leaving part of her blackness on her way like smeared-on paint.

"Eh, Go—*Faunia*, Yrba always — Yrba's my friend, you know, uh — she does some fidgeting and flailing and then something invisible wraps around me and squeezes me small again."

Sounds like an interesting woman to me. She might have a hint or two to share for you. Listen well whenever she teaches.

The statue's huge body melted onto the straining skin and spread over the humongous boobs until they were coated in glistening blackness.

"You can do that smaller-making, too?"

A ripple ran over the black coating, and it contracted all around the blonde's mammoth breasts.

I guess—hnnngh!— my way will feel a bit different. But there is something in your mind that I can tap into. Ah, now it — Li! Stand in front of the nipples now if you want the sticky stuff washed off! Hurry! My, what a torrent!

"Ouch," groaned Mirca, rubbing her eyes and wiping sticky leaves from her cheeks. She struggled from lying face-down on her stomach to up on her elbows. "I'm awake! I'm awake! Stop hitting me!"

"You go off me, you big lummo!" coughed Li, pinned to the forest floor under Mirca's waist. She drummed with her little fists

against the blonde's ribs. "Off—off—off! Squashing me you are! *Eyuck!* Me squishy and soggy *everywhere!*"

Mirca struggled to her hands and knees and lifted her weight off the boyish woman. "Uh, sorry. Must've rolled over in my sleep." She paused and looked around. There was the altar, the statue in the alcove, and their clothes, strewn all around. The air seemed to have chilled considerably. The last of the sun's disk disappeared over the horizon. She shuddered. "Brrr. Hey, look. My tits are all empty and normal by themselves. *That's* a first. Where did it go?"

Li angrily pointed at herself. "*Hello?!* See me drip?! You tits like sponge! Roll over and drown me almost! No thank you! And we late already! Lazy cow girl! Next time no sleep!"

"Oh, speaking of sleep, I just had the weirdest dream! I—"

"Nonono! Mirca shut up, dress and hurry! We come late, Yrba *very* angry! No want angry witch!"

"Yeah, I just—see, there was the statue, she—"

"Shush! No talk, hurry!"

"Aww, but—"

"*Ssssst!*"

A week passed.

Yrba leaned against the wall by the brothel's back door and faced the warm sunshine with closed eyes. When footsteps neared, she turned her head and saw Li as she turned the corner, trailing Mirca. Her clothes were soiled with earth, spots of green and needles and leaves again. Mirca, in a similar state of disarray and with her arms

full of firewood, had already gone into the hut at the far end of the brothel's little garden with the view-tight hedge. Wood clattered as she piled up the winter supplies. The witch smiled down on the small woman.

"So, how's your, uh, *education* of Mirca coming along?"

Li's face flushed ever so slightly. "Not know what —"

Yrba nudged her. "Oh please! Your knees are still trembling. Been riding on *biiig tongue* again, huh?"

"Li not —"

"Don't worry. If you don't want to talk about it, that's okay with me."

The ivory-skinned woman sighed. "No, Li be talking. Li trust boob witch."

"Li, just speak normally. You know my name. And I know you're still struggling with the language, but you're cleverer than that stupid *me-do-thing* talk. And you're not just frolicking with her. Scratches, bruises, that little limp you got. What *are* you two up to?"

Li rolled her eyes. "All right, I be trying, bo—*Yrba*. Yes, I teaching her — ways. Ways of fight. Of defend. Mirca doing very well. When moving her body, she do learning quick. When need thinking, not doing so good. Golden hair girl having quick brain in muscles, not head. Is gift of sort, but crappy gift. But can make exullan — exillun —"

"Excellent," Yrba sighed reflexively.

"— exillent fighter out of girl."

"I'm relieved to hear that, Li. She needs to be able to stand her ground. Just one more question: why do you do this? You've spent days on this already, and never ever brought up anything about any payment. Sure, she's got a rewarding way with that tongue of hers, but — I mean, you *are* working in a brothel."

"I not want payment. Be happy helping big girl. I loving big girl."

"Heh, yeah. You and all the others, too. Even Berry, ever since that pudding party. Must've been something in the milk, eh?"

Suddenly, Yrba's smiling face froze and, after a few moments, turned dead serious. *Heavens, that might actually be — oh shit. Oh shit! Magic's got nothing on me, but the others ... I didn't check. I didn't use my sight until Mirca started to blow up.*

Her eyes bored into Li's dark brown ones. "Li, *what* kind of milk did you use that day?"

Li slowly backed away and raised her hands. She rapped nervously, "Uh—Li not doing wrong! Was very fresh stuff! Two buckets to spare, not going to throw away —"

"That was no cow's milk, right?"

"Was from *biig* udders! All fresh! Was best kind there is!"

"I'll bet it was," frowned Yrba and pinched the root of her nose as she raised her eyebrows. *First you all said you couldn't stomach another drop, and then all of a sudden y'all went crazy for it in the bath and filled yourselves until you almost burst. If that's true, if anyone that has been drinking from her — you all have been at her day after day since ... I need a second opinion. I need another mage to check what's going on with Mirca.*

Li leant towards her and watched her thoughtfully. "Be having fear idea?"

Yrba jolted as Li put her hand on the witch's arm. "Huh? Oh, no, no, it's probably all right. I just realized something. Nothing to worry about." *At least I hope so. Great, just great. Where can I go if I need help? That's what others come to me for. It's not like there's a lot of real mages around, and I'm still wanted for miles.*

"I just say because Yrba not looking so good now. Pale. Nervous. Tense. Yrba want me to help relax?" Li's fingers played over Yrba's upper arm. "I being curious. Dark skinned woman being same kind of inside pink as white skinned?"

Yrba patted on the smaller woman's hand and smiled wearily down on her.

"Maybe some other day, Li. I'm not in the mood right now. A little too *uptight* below, y'know?"

"Li know how fix..."

Chapter 21: Birds Of A Feather

"Hey Mirca, you've ever tried a feather?"

The blonde looked up from the rag and brush she scrubbed the floor with, and turned her head to look over her shoulder. Sylvia leaned in her room's doorway and stared at her, mesmerized by the huge, round rear that Mirca pushed out and wiggled about so prominently while she cowered on hands and knees and scrubbed.

Mirca frowned up to her and lifted the rag. "A feather instead of this? For the *floor*? I know about those cute little dusters for vases, they got feathers, but—"

"Not the *floor*, silly! Here, let me show you—uh, where is that damn thing—" Sylvia fished frantically for something in her garment's neckline while she bent down and folded back the skirt over Mirca's rear. The blonde shuddered, but didn't move. Her fleshy pussy lips squeezed out between her thighs. Sylvia leant on the taut buttocks, her one hand cupping Mirca's sizable cheek.

Her other returned from the uncharted valley between her round breasts. "—there we have it! Now let's take a closer whiff at that nice big crotch you have, girl."

Mirca grimaced and griped, "Uh, you're not going to tell me to bathe again, are you? I mean, it's nice, but we've done it each day, and twice yesterday. My skin will get all wrinkl—*yiiiiii!*"

Something light and, well, feathery touched her labia. She jerked and giggled.

"Tehehe! *Ooooooh*, yes, *that's* funny! Do that agai—*yiiiiii!*
Mmmh!"

She started to moan. Her chest moved up and down with every deep breath as she rasped:

"Yes, there—uh, sorry, I get all drippy if you do it along the crack. And up there at the kno—*ooh! Hwoah!* Oh, it tickles like mad now! It's so nice that we can talk about all that so openly. I'd never have dared to tell anyone, back in the castle."

Sylvia ran the feather back through the narrow ravine and raised her eyebrows when it emerged pulling a long filament of viscous juice along.

"My, *you're* a soaker! Haven't seen anyone before who would get so moist so quickly!"

"Is—is that good or bad?"

The stocky girl smiled. "I guess we'll have to go to my room to find out."

She lifted her weight off the blonde's hip and straightened up. Mirca struggled to her feet with the brush and rag still in hands and wiped the sweat from her brow with her lower arm while she looked down on Sylvia.

"My, all of you girls, you're paying a ton of atti—enti—uh, no, att—enti—ton to me. Why? Do I really deserve that?"

Sylvia's smile broadened. "Maybe you're someone special." She ran her fingers over the loose cloth wrapped around the blonde's shoulders and lifted one of Mirca's breasts with both hands. "I mean, most women don't refill and change shape like you do, dear. My, how heavy are they today? Do you need another milking? I'd help you in a heartbeat."

"I don't know." Mirca brushed the veils around her chest aside and hefted her assets by the nipples. She shook the stretched teats and watched the quiver and bobbing of her breasts die down. "No, they're still soft enough. They're just a bit more stretchy than usual today. Not so horn-like, more like round dumplings. What would you call that shape? Here, try again now and tell me." She pushed her chest forward and dropped the warm load back into Sylvia's trembling hands before she put her own palms under them and guided the woman's fingers. "See? All soft and squishy-like. Berry and Li did weigh them yesterday, too, or something, when I got milk-round again. They drank quite a lot, and they were moaning and giggling so loud, I didn't get all that they talked about. Oh, they really like to teach me this *new* kind of sexing and stuff, and I'm learning so much about it each day. Why, just yesterday, Jean said she knew nobody else who could make her faint just by licking her all the way up her insides." She noticed the reddening of Sylvia's face, and had nothing but honest concern in her voice when she said, "Uh, my breasts are not too heavy for you, are they? You're panting."

"You're right," gulped the raven-haired girl. She began rubbing her brawny thighs against each other under her skirt. "I think I need a little help. Big. *Mmmmh*. Big help. I mean. Uh. Fast! *Charlene!*"

"Okay, Mirca. You and us, we'll play a little game."

Sylvia smirked down on her while she stepped out of her curled-up skirt, picked it up, folded her clothes and piled them away. Mirca's hulking body rested on its back on the floor in Sylvia's room, arms and legs spread-eagled.

Sylvia put her hands to her sturdy hips. "These are the rules: I'll work your breasts, and Charley will tickle you with the feather. If you move or make a noise, you lose. So let's see how long you can hold out without saying a word, giggling, squirming or moaning."

"What a weird game, it's more like you —"

She fell silent, then a slow grin spread over her face. She pointed up at the two wenches.

"*Oooh*, I know, I know now! It's kinda like in the tub, only without the water! You're *horny*! And this is one of those playful *sex* things, right? Wow, I think I'm getting the hang of noticing it. Well, I guess I owe you for hiding me. All right, it's on! Hah!" A sparkle shone in the huge blonde's eyes. "Tickling and stroking? You've got no idea what I had to go through at the palace. Never thought it'd be good for anything, but now this here is going to be child's play. Do your *worst*, girls. My lips are sealed! Let's see who's about to get an ey-duh-cayshin' in stah-mee-nah!"

Charlene finished slathering oil on her front and lowered herself sixty-nine on Mirca's warm, strong body. She slid herself into position and grinned.

"Your lips are sealed? Those I can see from here are wide o—
ooh! Ooooooh! Oh gooooods!" Her head twitched sideways, like caught

in a spasm, and her wide eyes gazed into a far-off distance. A thin trickle of saliva ran from the corner of her gaping mouth.

"Mirca!" chided Sylvia. "You're supposed to lay still for as long as you can!"

"Fommy! Fee maff —"

Slurp.

"—She was all in my face, and I thought, you know, when you do that, you want me to — hold it, there's another drop. My, once she starts, I can lick all I want, she just doesn't stop dripping. Just like the rest of you."

Her strong fingers grabbed Charlene's buttocks and pulled them apart. The labia gaped open. More juice seeped from the dark depths of the pink canal and wetted the bronze-skinned girl's black curls. She moaned delightedly in the deft grip that laid bare her deepest depths.

"See? *See?*!" Mirca complained, easily lifting Charlene's hip to show it to Sylvia. The raven-hair girl stared in dumbfounded rapture. Of course Red's women shared their little tricks and secrets, and often enough did they demonstrate quite aptly to each other where and how to put a tongue or a finger — or several — to good use. Sylvia gulped audibly. Charlene never before looked so *wide*, and so filled up to the hilt with the sticky secretions of her lust. The gate into her womb contracted in nervous pulses like a munching, pouting mouth, each time squeezing out a spoonful of lubricating ooze.

"It's not my fault," continued Mirca. "I really *do* try and hurry up, but she just doesn't stop getting wet again and again. Oh well, gimme another second, she'll have to dry up eventually, right? I'll just — uh, I once drank from Yrba like this — I just need to —"

She changed her grip and closed her paws around Charlene's narrow waist, lifting the girl's hip to her lips like a goblet. Sylvia stared in awe as Mirca's tongue dove back into the moist depths, spreading the narrow canal around its muscular fullness. Mirca cocked her head and put her lips over the whole crotch. Her cheeks fell in as she merrily sucked away.

Shluuurgh. Slurp. Slurp. Slurp.

"Oooaaahh! Sy—Sylvia, I — *hrrnnngh!* — I say let it slide this — *ooaaahh!* — once." Charlene moaned, clutching Mirca's head between her thighs, while her oiled body was pushed up and down by Mirca's deft grip on her waist. "Where does it — can't be — now she's up my — oh *yes! Oh YES! Oh goooOOOO*—" Her voice descended into mindless panting, and her hands cramped around Mirca's thighs as she closed her eyes and lost herself into the blonde's maw.

Sylvia sighed, with a hint of envy in her voice. "Okay, just this once. And Charlene — you've lost the first *two* rounds!" She slapped the girl's quivering buttocks. Charlene uttered a protesting yelp, and even that short sound was drenched with the afterglow of highest pleasures.

Mirca's tongue left her with a wet squelch. Charlene sagged down on the blonde's glowing body. She jerked one more time as Mirca cupped her crotch in her palm and started to rub her.

"What are you doing *now*?"

"Uh, just rubbing away the wet—"

"Stop it—!" Charlene moaned, "You keep on doing this, I'll *never* stop getting wet again!"

"Oh, sorry then," shrugged Mirca. The brunette resting in 69 on her felt the movement of the blonde's shoulders in a shudder all over her.

You're so strong. Gods, you're such an animal. Oh, I never want to climb down from you ever again.

"Huh, Mirca? How's it now? Not so bigmouthed after all, eh?" Sylvia's fingers tickled around the swollen, erect nipples on the blonde's huge breasts before she bowed down and started to nibble the rough strawberries. The soft mounds hung out, squeezed sideways by Charlene's narrow waist. Sweat ran down Mirca's temples. Right before her mouth bucked the dripping morass of the pointy-breasted girl, soft, squishy and oh so alluring to her tongue. Yet the blonde remained mute and motionless, her hands clenched into fists. Only the quiver of her arms and legs revealed her inner tension.

That's hard! Oh heavens, how can laying still be that hard! Charlene's dripping! And when they drip, they all want me to — but I mustn't! And the tickle — I can hardly — I'm bursting! I need to do something — no! Not a word! Not a twitch!

"Look here, I think our big girl's going to blow soon!" Charlene giggled and drew a long, sagging filament of thick slime from Mirca's crotch. She ran the soaked feather over the swollen, throbbing clit again in a seesaw pattern. "She sure can take a lot, but she can't take it *forever*, huh?" Charley slid further up, running her bush over Mirca's face.

"Now you want to dive right into me again, don't you? You're itching all over, that tickle in your body, the hunger, the thirst, oh, how you want to eat up my little honeypot, eh? You want to empty it with

that tongue, licking round and round, stretching into me up to the hilt, huh? But you can't because then you'd *lose*." She shuddered as her breasts' hard nipples slipped from bump to bump over Mirca's abs.

"Shut up! *I'm* about to cum just from listening to you!" moaned Sylvia, kneading the left breast and sliding her hands round and round on the melon-sized orb. "Right, time to end this! Mirca, you'll not be able to ignore *this!*" She pouted her trembling lips and bent down on the nipple. And as her eyes closed, she opened her lips and sucked the strawberry deep into her mouth, nibbling at the flesh, drawing on the aroused bump with all her force. Sylvia curved her fingers into claws, and her long fingernails scraped just the faintest bit round and round over Mirca's breasts, the motion being half-tickle, half-scratch and all-titillating.

She's right! I can't — the tickle! It's spreading all over my skin now! I'm burning up! Too much — need to scratch — need to do — something —

"You win!" she howled. Mirca grabbed Sylvia's head with one hand and forced it down on her breast. A gush of milk burst from her nipple and filled the smaller girl's cheeks to their limit.

Her other hand slapped down on Charlene's buttocks. Mirca's splayed fingers, two on each of Charlene's cheeks, the middle one straight down the crack, forced the girl's muff right on top of her lips, and she shot her tongue all the way up the dripping snatch. Charlene's eyes almost popped from her skull, both by surprise and the sudden feeling of enchanting *fullness*. The first of a chain of building orgasms hit her right then and there. Her body convulsed, again and again. The dripping depths of her crammed vagina oozed slick lubricant that only fueled Mirca's excitement. The tongue slapped and wriggled relentlessly, beating the mucous juice into white foam that squeezed

out through the narrow gap between Charlene's stretched labia and the tentacle that roamed the abyss of her womb.

The strange taste of Charlene's whipped cream didn't help a thing against the *other* fullness building inside of Mirca. If it did anything at all, it only served to make the huge woman's urge rise faster with each passing moment.

Too much! Too much pressure! Can't hold — must let out — need — release!

Mirca let go of whatever there was inside her to let go of. She lost herself in the ecstasy of her expanding breasts, in the rising pressure that stretched her boobs' skin from within. She gave herself up to her billowing orbs filling the room, to the mounting warmth as not only her breasts' flesh ballooned out but a rush of manifesting milk filled them up as well.

Something grew all around Charlene. In her orgasm's haze, she just flailed helplessly as she sank into a swelling rift, wedging in deeper until her arms and her whole body were engulfed from the left and right and top and bottom and front and back by soft, hot walls that held her firmly in place, impaled on a tongue that still sucked any clear thought out of her mind.

Sylvia barely managed to free her lips from the lemon of nubby skin that spewed sweet milk on and on. Mirca's hand was pulled from the back of the girl's head as the breast she desperately clung to catapulted her up on its swelling, rumbling mass. She coughed and spat, but the jets aimed at her face grew stronger and stronger. Moments later, her back brushed against the ceiling, and she was caught between the wood and plaster and the rumbling, distending

skin while the nipple, bloated to cantaloupe size, relentlessly drenched her face as it grew bigger still.

The floor groaned under the insane weight. In the kitchen below, Yrba and Red lowered their knives and put down the vegetables they just moments before had made raunchy comments about. Their eyes turned to the ceiling. Dust began to curl down from the widening gaps between the beams.

"Shit—!" Yrba was halfway to the door before she even finished the single syllable, and by the time Red was at the door, the witch already darted around the stairway's turn. She reached for the doorknob, and it was ripped from her hand as the door spun open and a white, soft wall of flesh with a barely visible cleft in the middle burgeoned out of the doorframe.

"Hold on, I'm on it!" Yrba hollered. Her fingers frantically scribbled conjuring sigils into the air. *Never a good idea to do it in a hurry*, she snarled in her mind as stray discharges bit painfully into her fingertips. Flaring arcs and whips of lightning scraped over her arms.

"Hurry! Help me! Can't breathe! Her boobs — squeezing me — to death!" wailed Charlene, her voice severely muffled, from somewhere inside the cleavage. Sylvia produced just a half-drowned gargle while she fought the onslaught of milk which the nipple in her face spewed so copiously. She was helplessly pinned to the ceiling by the bloated orbs that filled the room and bulged out the door.

Yrba threw her arms at the pulsating wall.

"Discarricare! Galactorrhea gigans!"

The floor shook under the throbbing breasts, but then, just for a single heartbeat's length, there was a moment of utmost silence before a torrent of milk spewed out between the receding skin and the door frame. In the blink of an eye, the floor turned into a riverbed filled with slippery, whirling white foam. Two flailing legs slipped slowly from the man-sized cleavage. Wrinkles formed in the white wall as Charlene's round buttocks were forced through the tight seal, then came another delay as the jammed masses of Mirca's milk-flesh closed again around the tanned girl's narrow waist. Another rumble, more milk poured from the gap, and then Charlene was squeezed out of the widening gap between Mirca's breasts and stumbled right into the witch, who lost her footing. Clinging to each other, they tumbled down over the waterfall that the stairs had turned into. At the foot of the staircase, the growing avalanche picked up Red and the three others as they stared breathlessly at the approaching tide. Entangled in each others limbs, they tumbled into the garden amidst the white flood.

Yrba wiped the milk from her face and sighed, struggling to her feet with Mirca's help. The blonde's now empty, shrunken and flabby breasts still hung to her ankles like soaked clothes. Yrba straightened until searing pain raced down her spin. Sucking in air with a whistling noise, she stooped again with her hands on her knees. The witch's body ached all over from the bumpy ride down the stairs. After the sting turned into numb ache and she caught her breath, she gesticulated vaguely in Mirca's direction as she turned to Red and the girls, themselves a sorry sight of dripping garments and clogged hair, too.

"Listen, I better camp outside the town with our little milk bomb here, okay? It's too risky, staying with you. See, it shouldn't even have been possible, that burst right now. But as long as Mirca still has these unpredictable episodes, I just need to be late once, and —"

She didn't finish the sentence. The others, still drenched head to toes, already nodded in grave agreement. Mirca stared down on the floor, her face and posture a picture of misery. "But I'm not doing it on *purpose*," she muttered and kneaded her fingers. "*They* were the ones who started with the feathers and stuff and said I'd lose if I said anything. I was just busy scrubbing the floor when—"

"Oh silly, we *know* that." Yrba smiled at her, straightened and slid her fingers under Mirca's chin to lift the blonde's head and then patted her cheek with a squelch. "And I'll teach you how to rein that in. But we can't do that here. Let's wrap you up now." She made another gesture over Mirca's breasts and then sucked at the round curl of her thumb and forefinger.

The blonde sank to her knees, her face a contorted mask of sudden ecstasy. Something like *fingers*, hundreds and hundreds of gentle and curious fingers, stroked and slipped over her breasts, lifting and tugging and pushing and prodding on them, tugging the excess skin and flesh back into its shape like a magician slowly tugs a sheet into the palm of his hand.

The others gazed in mute surprise at the sight of Mirca's fleshy skin bags curling and rolling themselves back up into the heavy, jiggly melons they knew. Yrba inspected her handiwork shortly and then turned around, while Mirca still moaned and panted little words like *good* and *ooh* and *more* and *yes*.

"Red, I need to ask you another huge favor. I don't want to be a burden on you, but we can't make it over the winter out there alone. I — I hope within a few weeks, she'll be able to keep those malaises at bay. If so, then can we—"

Red slapped her hard on the cheek. The blow was only somewhat softened by the slick ooze that drew long filaments as it flew from her fingers. Yrba's head swung about, and she barely managed to stay upright on the slippery ground. Little white drops rained from her flying hair.

"Don't you *dare*," hissed the bawd, her arms akimbo, still dripping from every thread of her clothes, "Don't you *dare* and —"

Her posture suddenly changed. She extended her arms and smiled.

"— insinuate that I'd ever show you the door! You'll be welcome here *anytime*." The others nodded in unison. Red cocked her head, grinned and embraced her heartily and squishy. "But you deserved that slap for doubting me in the first place, old girl." She ran her tongue over Yrba's face. "Mmmh. Come here, tasty little rascal that you are."

Part 5: Gold and Blood

*"I'll take the shot, for you
I'll be the shield for you... "*
— The Rasmus, *Shot*

*This part's proofreading kindly supplied
by Kanodin and splinter271*

Chapter 22: Getting A Grip, On Boobs And Otherwise

"Uh, what now?" Mirca nervously gazed down on the forest floor around her and scratched her head. The six foot six blonde with the muscular physique had spent the better part of the morning together with her Darkskin witch friend and mentor Yrba, sweeping away pointy branches and uprooting the occasional thorn bush to clear an arena of several yards across that was free from any unpleasant surprise. Now she stood at the edge of the clearing, facing the empty space. A shiver ran across her naked skin and made her nipples stand up in the cool air. She knew what was about to happen as her ebony friend stepped up to her side, put her palm soothingly on her buttock and let the touch of her hand slide down to the onset of Mirca's leg. And yet... turning into a helpless appendage to a swelling, immobile, wobbling pair of straining spheres wasn't exactly her idea of a good time, and after the previous disasters, she dreaded a repetition. Well, *mostly* dreaded it. *Other* feelings welled in her at those times of stretching and growing, too, *strange* feelings that filled her with every extra inch.

Mirca anxiously turned her head and looked down on Yrba's curly, thick black mane. The southern islands witch's five-and-a-half

foot stature, her dark, chocolate-colored complexion and her voluptuous, sturdy build made her an exotic, seductive, tall and strong woman — or a demon risen from the depths of the underworld, depending on the beholder — by the standards of the cold northland countries she traveled. Yet she was dwarfed by her cellmate-turned-tool-turned-friend-turned-lover Mirca who was a true giantess in a time where most people just barely scraped the five-foot mark. The young woman in her early twenties fidgeted, and her previous life as a serf showed in her voice's nervous meekness that was at odds with her imposing shape.

"Uh, couldn't we do that, maybe, in a smaller way, instead, someho—*hah!*"

She gasped and fell silent as her confidante's brown-black fingers slid up along the inside of her thighs, tracing the valleys and hills of her well-defined muscles.

"No, girl," cooed the curvaceous witch, placing her other hand on one of Mirca's protruding, round boobs to feel the pent-up pressure inside. The plump lips in her round face spread into a wide, friendly smile that accentuated her cheekbones and revealed more shiny white teeth in her mouth and fewer wrinkles around the eyes than a seasoned gypsy of thirty-five summers deserved. She moistened her lips and raised her eyebrows. "All the way again, lovely, the sooner the better. You'll first have get used to it, and *then* you'll learn how to handle it. For now, I just want you to focus on whatever you feel as it happens." Yrba narrowed her eyes, and her *other* vision took over. The air was now filled with tiny sparkles that levitated between the trees. "This place is brimming with magic, so it shouldn't take long for *something* to happen. Just fight it with all you've got, for as long as you can."

Her fingertips played with Mirca's golden-white pubic curls. Her long fingernails gently traced the delicate fold of skin where the blonde's thighs met her fleshy labia. Mirca gnawed on her lower lip, her eyes half-closed. She moaned faintly, and her hips began to roll in just the teeny tiniest of involuntary movements. *Something* stirred in her.

"Mirca, don't just stand there and pant. *Tell me.*"

"It's—it's starting to itch now."

"Where?"

"Uh, b—below. Where your fingers are. And around the knob."

"Good. And now?"

Yrba's finger dove into the long cleft just deep enough to pick up some lubricating moisture before it circled the hood over Mirca's clit. The girl gasped, and the witch nodded and smiled.

"Oh yes, I know how good it feels, sweetie. All fine and dandy if you like it so much, dear, but *keep on talking. Tell me.*" Under her breath, the witch focused on the faint tugging of magic in her hand and breathed, "*Excitare.*"

A moan, louder. And then words, hastily stuttered.

"Itching — stronger now! Spreading! *Gods!* M—my belly, my chest—it's going everywhere!"

Mirca patted with splayed fingers over her hips, over her womb, over the onset of her ribs. Her eyes fluttered shut, her head fell in her neck and sent a wavefront through her golden-white mane that now hung down to her waist. Her fingers bent into hooks and her nails scratched red marks into her skin of copper and gold. The witch added

another finger to her crotch-grip and placed them around Mirca's sensitive button in a V shape. She pressed stronger into the resilient tissue under the labia, pinching the hair trigger of Mirca's sex through the meaty wrapper of the giantess' folds and stroking the mass as it swelled in arousal. Mirca squirmed and writhed, her fingers wandered over her own neck, caressed her cheeks and dragged over her protruding lips, revealing her teeth and the pink inside of her lower lip. Saliva ran from the corner of her mouth as her long, thick tongue crawled out and circled the huge O shape of her lips, and her knees began to bend.

"*Mmmore! Heavens, give me more!*" she begged, but Yrba suddenly held still. Mirca's copious lube crept over the witch's fingers and dripped from her knuckles.

"Only if you keep on talking to me, honey lips!"

"My legs! I feel — now — there's something warm creeping up *around my legs!*"

Yrba looked down and squinted. Her pupil was right. Swirling tendrils of white glow rose from the ground, whirled around her shins and vanished into her muscular thighs.

"Good girl! Here, have a treat." Yrba raised her thumb and placed it right into the wet hole. Mirca bent her knees to push more of it into herself, to bridge the height difference between her mentor and herself. As her thighs angled, her opening stretched. Mirca immediately felt the change. Something inside her *hungered* for something outside. Contractions crawled up along the tubular muscles that lined her love cave, and they sucked and swallowed and squeezed that *something* into her body.

"Warmth — coming into me — filling me — through there now!" she moaned.

The fog accelerated, streaming around Yrba's hand and getting sucked up into Mirca's widening gate. From deep inside Mirca's body, glow filtered faint and reddish through her skin. The blonde's breath quickened. What had started as deep breaths had turned into throaty moans, and now she panted fiercely, like a bitch on a wild chase. Her thighs trembled. The fiery light, visible only to the witch, slowly ate its way through Mirca's body and broke to the surface in a mesh of throbbing veins of white that crawled from her womb over her skin and up into her breasts. Mirca's hands and lower arms wrapped around her midriff and pressed into her stomach.

"Full — stretching me — *so full!*"

Yrba very slightly, very slowly leaned away. She didn't stop rubbing and kneading at Mirca's dripping folds, however.

"Hold it in, Mirca! Hold it! For as long as you can!"

"Warm! Hot! Taut!" gasped the trembling young woman, her nerves on fire, shivers racing over her skin. Her hands flew up and cupped her breasts. The mounds throbbed in her clutch, now they stretched, bulging out between her squeezing fingers, gaining momentum, each pulse bigger than the last. Her nipples pushed out of her grip. For a moment she held her breath; she just stood there, every muscle tensed up, every tendon struggling against the pressure inside her, then she groaned through clenched teeth.

"Can't — bursting — I can't — any longer — big one!"

Her jaw dropped, she inhaled with all of her chest and arched her body backwards.

"Mmmmmwwwwooooaaaaahhhh—!"

Rrrumble.

A noise like a pair of huge dough balls spilling on a table, a splashy, wet *Gloub*. Her breasts' skin bloated and stretched out into the clearing, easily encompassing all the burgeoning volume manifesting in her body.

After the crashing and rustling from a couple of felled trees subsided, only the sloshing sound of thick liquid in a huge, barn-sized bag, moving back and forth in long, slow waves, remained.

Yrba gulped and crawled back to her feet. Her body still rang from the sudden blow of a warm, soft-solid avalanche of *tit* that had effortlessly thrown her aside more than five yards.

"Wow," she muttered. Then she looked around, dumbfounded. "Next time, we *might* need a bigger clearing."

She raised her head, and after a while she raised it higher. Then she leant against the nearest tree and breathed deeply and slowly for a while, until her knees stopped shaking. A mere arm's length from her, the part of Mirca's breasts that filled her view was a straining, shiny white wall, bulging between the corralling tree trunks that creaked and groaned under the weight.

The healthy tan of the timid giantess' skin had been replaced by pearly white glow under the immense, magically augmented stretch of the faintly throbbing, taxed tissue. Trapped by the trees around the clearing that had been strong enough to shoulder the weight, the bloated boobs had taken the only other way out. Their high-rising ovoids formed two pale domes of more than ten yards in height. Yrba

stared up at them, moving her jaw with no sound coming from her mouth as she gnawed on her knuckles.

Shit, I thought she'd not get that big again. The potion shouldn't last that long! By now, it shouldn't be strong enough for this any more! Not by far! It's all wrong!

"Uh — *uuuuooohhaaannng—ah!* — can you get me down again now?" came Mirca's voice, still dripping with arousal, from five yards up. Her feet dangled uselessly, and she held on to herself with her arms spread out and her fingers digging into her own breasts' warm, pliable skin. The big, hulking woman was a mere insect now against the backdrop of her breasts. She deliriously licked and gnawed on her own skin with her mouth half-open, her lips pouting forward and sticking to the smooth, shining surface. Her long tongue whipped saliva all over the crack of her cleavage into which she had buried her face.

Yrba shook out her arms, cracked her knuckles and sighed as she prepared herself for the discharge spell. The valley ahead harbored no settlements, so at least nobody would notice the sudden torrent of milk rushing down the slope...

A week passed.

The campfire cast flickering shadows. Every now and then, a log sagged down and spat out a cloud of sparks that rose up into the clear evening sky. Mirca sat at the entrance of the couple's tent and poked a branch into the embers at the edge of the fireplace.

"Why do you never let me try that thing with the catapulting tits again?" she complained. "I mean, all I need is to get really angry and then embarrassed, and *ka-pow!* No more sleeping in that stupid, damp, cold tent. I could blast a cave big enough for the two of us out of that rock face! And then we'd put straw and branches on the floor and hang a blanket over the entrance and we'd have a cozy home of our own."

Yrba sighed as she undressed. "Because maybe you'd get stuck halfway inside the stone and hurt yourself? Sweetie, magic strengthens your skin, but how far? What if it goes wrong? Flesh versus rock? No, it's too risky. And you shouldn't get used to being angry. You shouldn't think of them as a second pair of fists. No, promise me, don't use your breasts for weapons, ever." She leaned over and put her warm hand on one of them, kneading the resilient, melon-sized flesh orbs gently. "They are such wonderful, amazing things. Made for nurturing and for delight. Don't soil that by filling them with rage. You might not be able to get the anger back out of yourself if you allow that to happen. It's not just my potion that made them so powerful. No, I think you're one of maybe a handful of women with an amazing gift. Keep it safe. You've learned so much already. Almost no accidents now."

The witch turned around and bent over to wrap herself into a rugged, warm blanket for the night. Mirca smiled and watched the dark-skinned, naked woman. "You've got such a good way with words," she said, grabbed the witch around the waist and pulled her down into the valley of her cleavage. "I'm feeling all happy inside now."

"Good for you," groaned Yrba, fighting for breath in the hearty embrace. "Before you doze off, show me one more time."

The blonde drew a sulky pout. "But I'm tired."

"*Show* me. We can cuddle later." Yrba clambered around in the tent and sat down face-to-face with her trainee. Mirca looked at her, and her blue eyes suddenly filled with worry.

"Uh, do you *have* to sit down in *front* of me? I'm always queasy if you do that. I'm not so sure about — I don't want to hurt you if—"

"Good! That's why I'm doing it. Gives you a little more motivation. Come on, the sooner you get ready, the sooner you'll get some rest."

"But that one time, they blew up so hard, they threw you all the way across the cleari—"

"*Do it!*" A muscle twitched under the witch's eye. *It's—gonna—work—it's—gonna—work—it's—gonna—work—*, she told herself, over and over again. Granted, that wasn't exactly magic. But it went a long way to trick her into something not quite like confidence. Any which way, it would have to do. *Don't show your fear. She's got enough of her own.*

Mirca sighed. She crossed her legs into a pose like she remembered Li doing, rested her lower arms on her knees, clenched her hands into fists and slowly relaxed her fingers again.

Warm. I eh—muh—gin... Ah—me—geen... No. Stupid long word. I do-as-if I hold them in my hands, and I can feel the warmth.

She looked down on her two well-rounded breasts.

I open my fingers, and then more warmth goes in there.

A shudder, a twitch, somewhere in those two protruding half-spheres. Her nipples contracted in anticipation. *Something* streamed

into Mirca, rising up from the ground and *entering* her. The slight wrinkles around her areolae stretched, giving skin to make room. The weight caused her expanding chest to sag down heavily against her ribs. It was like the last times, warm and relaxing. If she just let go, it would stream into her forever with that caressing, gentle stroking and pulsing, piling delight upon delight.

I just need to let loose, and I can be as huge as — No! No! What am I thinking? I need to — hold — it!

Mirca jerked and tensed up. Her brow furrowed and her fingers bent into hooks.

Steady, steady! I don't want to bloat! I just want to keep going a little more. I can hold —

The two giant orbs throbbed faster now. Yrba kept her eyes fixed on the inflating nipples and the expanding areolae. Every instinct yelled at her to cast a constrictor around the bloating boobs *before it's too late! Stupid crone! This time she'll crush you under those boobs! Stop her! Now! Remember Red? In the barn? Remember?!*

Yrba raised her trembling hands against the approaching white wall, her fingers splayed wide. Her breath raced. And then she closed her eyes and — waited.

No. I'm not a stupid rookie any more. I'm calm. I'm in control.

Warmth was all over her palms now. Something huge, colossally huge and alive, slowed down and stopped, inches before it made contact. Yrba warily opened one eye, then the other. She exhaled.

Mirca's breasts sat heavy and sagging in the tall young woman's lap like two giant eggs in a cozy nest, their one-and-a-half yard

diameter big enough to rub and stretch against the tent's cloth. The skin fluttered on a little longer as they rounded out some more, filling up with milk, until the mammoth mammaries came to a stable rest. Mirca's fingertips showed at the horizon of the two udder planets as she held and corralled them, clutching the semi-taut skin.

"Happy now?" muttered the blonde from behind the wall of warm flesh. She hadn't missed the faint wince across Yrba's face just before her breasts' growth obstructed her view for good, and she had seen the tiny drop of sweat creeping down her mentor's cheek and heard the slightly deeper exhale as well. Now the witch relaxed and put her splayed fingers on the two pale orbs and felt the slowly dying tremors as the bloated shapes settled. Yrba buried her face into the yard-deep cleavage, pressed her lips into the soft skin and made little bubbling noises as she blew against the wall of milk-filled goodness, sending tickling vibrations all over Mirca's body. A shiver and goosebumps wandered over the vast expanse of boob and made the almost imperceptible, thin hairs on Mirca's skin stand up. From within the warm cleft that Yrba didn't want to rise from, the witch mumbled:

"I'll be truly happy once you don't need to gesture with your hands any more and it's all become second nature, m'kay? For now, wrapping them up again will do."

Pushing her splayed fingers into the yielding skin, she pulled herself from the warm envelope of the milk meat abyss with a sigh, sat back and straightened, reassuming her watchful stance. Mirca wiggled and loosened her fingers and rolled her shoulders, sending wobbles through the breasts that hid her body from Yrba's sight.

"Right, sucking them in now. *Hrrrrnnnnghhh*—!" Behind the trembling, quivering wall, Mirca pulled up her shoulders and tensed up again. Her lips pouted, her cheeks fell in as she concentrated on the

mental image of a *void* inside her. And her breasts' skin became rigid. In instants, it grew taut around the sea of nurturing liquid. The contracting tissue overflowed and squeezed the white avalanche into the doming areolae. Her nipples stretched and swelled further, rising under inner pressure as the wrapping shrank tighter around the huge udders.

Yrba's head jerked up. She tried to throw herself around and out of the way, but she was late, far too late —

Splortch.

"*Plllrrrrfff*—! *Gyaaah*—! Mirca!" echoed Yrba's angry voice through the dark forest after she finished spitting and snorting. "Dammit! Now look at me! I thought you'd have the brains to stick your teats out the tent first! Now we've got to move it to a dry spot *again*!"

"Oops, sorry!" The blonde held her hands over her mouth and giggled, watching the meandering paths of milk as they trickled down over Yrba's dark-brown skin. The witch sat in a puddle of warm white liquid that steamed in the chilly air. She transfixed Mirca's blue eyes with a grumpy stare from behind the curtains of her soggy, matted hair and the rivulets of milk dribbling from it.

"It happened kinda quick, I hadn't thought — wait, here, let me lick it off now, uh, just a second — that's about the right size, so, boobies, *stop* —"

Mirca heaved her pair of soft pumpkins out of her knees' way and leaned forward. Her lips touched Yrba's breastbone. Her huge tongue lolled out and snaked over the witch's naked, dripping chest. Her strong fingers lifted her soaked friend's pair of weighty, brown-black boobs to her mouth. She let the warm, milk-glazed skin roll

around in her grip, sucking on it with her lips and drying each spot and drop separately with a warm, gentle kiss.

Yrba mumbled a few more angry words, but her voice turned into panting and groaning only moments later as Mirca's big, soft lips nibbled and sucked on her chest while those big bags of her apprentice rolled warm and heavy over her stomach and spilled out between the witch's spread legs...

Chapter 23: Beaten Down And A Little Night Dancing

"Mirca! Wake up! You've got a visitor!"

"*Ungh.*"

A few moments later, the tall blonde crawled on all fours from the tent, blinking into the late morning sunshine. She yawned sleepily, mouth wide open and tongue hanging out. Kneeling down and scratching the bird's nest of a mane on her head with both hands, she slurped the dangling muscle back between her lips with a smack.

"Yuck! Morning breath. Got some mint leaves?" She rubbed her eyes. "Aw, Yrba!" she complained. "It's too early! You've kept me up way past midnight just to teach me all that stuff about the stars. Like, how the northern star is always—hey! I can remember it! Word for word! Head's getting better every day!"

"Good for you. There'll be much more to remember, so don't get cocky just yet. Hey, guess who's here to keep you busy for the day?" Yrba stepped aside, and there stood Li, arms folded over her flat chest. The black-haired, diminutive Eastlands woman with the ageless face looked sternly down on the blonde, on the mess of hair and the clumsy way the tall, thewy body unfolded before her. When Mirca reached her

full, towering six-foot-six height over Li's four-and-a-half feet frame, the dwarfish onlooker shook her head, now resting in the back of her neck, with a hint of disgust.

"Li come to teach today. What find? No good! You show no self-respect! You no better than beast! No naked crawling on all fours now! Li show you way of move with dignity already! You forgetting *again*? No good! Li come every day now, no stop until Mirca move and look proud fighter! And *no more lick*y until you are!"

"Aw, *Li*!" Mirca protested as she brushed leaves and dirt from her hands and knees and reached for her clothes. "Yrba, you tell her I don't want —"

Yrba shrugged and smiled. "Sorry, Mirca. That tiny yellow she-devil here seems hell-bent on it, and this time, I agree with her. Hey, you can't always run or hide when you get in trouble." *Though, looking the way you do, if you as much as raise a fist, trouble will most likely cower into a corner and wet itself.*

She waved at them. "Well, I'm off! I've seen a promising patch of herbs half an hour north and can't have you trampling them. So you stay around and don't play too rough, girls." She winked at Li, picked up her basket and disappeared into the underwood.

Li shoved Mirca's waist with her elbow. "We go old temple again, no? *Good* training ground. Soft floor and always dry weather there, yes?"

Mirca pouted. "All *right*, yes." Her face suddenly lit up. "Hey, I've learned a new tongue trick last night from Yrba."

Li's posture changed in a heartbeat. The woman who rivaled Yrba's years turned from cold mistress into a giddy girl. "Oooh! Mirca go show now! Show me!"

Now it was the blonde's turn to put on an unconvinced face. She looked down at the little woman who very nearly bounced in place. "Meh. Why should I—*ouch! Hey!*" She laughed. "All right, all right! I'll lick you, and then let's fight a little, if you think I need to. Now stop poking me!"

Swish. Swish. Swi—thud.

Thoom. — "Oufff!"

Mirca's body slammed heavily into the forest floor again. Leaves with the yellowish tint of autumn whirled up around her and slowly floated back to the ground.

"Ow! You're mean!" Mirca complained as she rolled about and rose to her hands and knees. "Can't you hit a little less hard? How do you do that? All the other women, they need to lie down and rest a bit after I lick them!"

Li bowed to her before she raised her forefinger and put on a stern face. "Gold hair! You watch better next time! Why you move like rock? Boob witch want warrior girl, Li make *super* warrior girl!"

"But I still don't want to be a warrior," Mirca sulked, wiping dirt off her butt. "And you're moving so fast, I can't think of what to do."

Slap. She hadn't even seen the hand coming, but suddenly Mirca's cheek hurt. Li pointed her forefinger right at the blonde's face and barked, "No talk! No thinky! You let body do thinky thing and move head out of way! You standing up and try one more time!"

Yrba called out as soon as she came over the hilltop, exalted with the day's harvest and swinging her hips almost as fierce as her basket. She waved at Mirca, who was lying flat on her back by the fireplace.

"Well? How was your day? Oh, has Li already gone home?"

The blonde groaned as she raised her arm in reply.

"Little devil's gone," she moaned and winced as she struggled to her feet.

"Ye-ouch! You look like shit! What *have* you two been doing?"

"Weeeeell," Mirca started slowly while she raised her hands and began counting with her fingers, "first, she did this thing with her hands and her arms and this spinning moving kicking thing, and she threw me to the floor, uh, then she threw me to the floor some more, but made me fall on my tummy instead of my ass, and then she threw me to the floor so hard that I summer-salted—"

"—*somersaulted*—"

"—whatever, and fell on my tummy *and* my ass." She moaned as she stretched, and jerked from a sudden jolt of pain up her ribs. "Nnngh! Yrba! You don't let her do that again, promise? I don't want to be a fighter!"

"Oh all right, come here and help me sort these herbs," the witch sighed. "I'll teach you how to mix something from willow bark to make the pain go away."

She watched as Mirca came over with heavy, falling footsteps. After a second's frown, she shook her head.

"That's not right. I never really noticed, what with being occupied ogling your *awesome* slithering muscles, but... do you always move like that? "

"Uh, yes?"

"No!"

Mirca winced at the yell.

"Uh, no *what?*"

Yrba put her hands to her hips. "No, I won't have you bumble around like a bear in the woods! No wonder Li kicked your ass so hard! You've got to *flow*! Have you never heard of *dancing*?"

Mirca giggled and put her hand over her mouth. "Ooooh, *dancing*. That's one of those naughty things, where girls drop thin veils all the time, right?"

Yrba couldn't help giggling along. "*Sometimes*. No. I'm talking about *moving* to a flow. My, you're lucky you've met *me*. In my island home, we've got this kind of dance with the hips and the flowers and — wait, I'll show you. Come, come over. Right, first thing. Rhythm —"

"Uh, I don't know, I'm all achy, maybe tomorrow's a better —"

"Did I *ask* you? No! Young lady, here, now. A little *flow* will go a long way in not making you shake and bob so painfully. You've got a lot of bouncy weight on your ribs, you gotta learn how to swing and flaunt it smoothly."

Yrba stepped behind her and pushed and prodded her novice's body into position.

"Legs just slightly apart, and your arms—," she grabbed Mirca's shoulders and pulled them back, "like *that*, and your hips—," her wide-spread fingers moved over Mirca's waist, and for a few moments, Yrba fell silent, closed her eyes and reveled in the sensation of her fingertips sliding over the muscular midriff, "*mmmm*, your hips follow my hands now, m'kay?"

"Uh, r—right?"

"You know drums, do you?"

"Uh, those big round things, going *boom—boom—boom—boom?*"

Yrba raised her eyebrows. "*That* explains a lot about the way you walk, girl. No. Think smaller ones, and with the little tambourines. More like *rrrring—tchica—tchica—boom—tchica—tchica—*"

She grabbed Mirca's wide hips and guided them in a sensuous 8-shaped circular swing.

"Up, out, down, in! Like that! Yes, *now* we're getting somewhere! Come on, keep it up! Now push out your rear a little bit more! And slant, and roll, yes!" Her hands drummed the rhythm on the protruding buttocks right in front of her. "*Mmmm!* Looking great! Here now—"

She moved closer and matched the motions of the big body in front of her. Yrba's hands grabbed Mirca's upper arms.

"Shoulders now. Just follow my lead. Got to go with the swing of your hips. Now imagine walking like that."

They swayed silently on the spot, dancing skin to skin in the darkening forest.

"Uh, Yrba—"

"Mmm?"

"I—I think there's something else happening—"

Mirca grabbed her mistress' hands and pressed them on her breasts. The witch smiled as she leaned forward and her own heavy, sagging boobs came to a swinging rest on top of her blonde's protruding rear.

"Oh, wow. They've become softer." She kneaded gently into the mounds. "And still they're full and perky. Don't worry, that's a good sign. Just let them sway. Enjoy it! Seems to me, you badly needed some rhythm in you."

"Uh, the hurt is pretty much gone now, too."

"My pleasure."

"I'll put on a little more to sway, okay?" Mirca smiled and *focused*. The movement of her shoulders changed subtly as she slowly inhaled. *Weight* bulged in Yrba's grip and spilled over her hands in a gentle, natural motion. Mirca's breasts flowed on and came to a shuddering, bobbing halt at more than double their previous size.

"Mmm," she moaned as the elongated, juicy pillows rubbed and slid over each other to her swaying movements. Yrba helped her along with her hands pressing into the warm masses with rhythmic thrusts. Soon, warm liquid trickled down and collected in her cupped palms, coating her fingers in squelching, slippery wetness. The smooth skin of Mirca's breasts slipped and slid back and forth through her grip as she traced big circles over it.

"No urge to blow up bigger?" she asked, her mouth dry with arousal. A shudder went through her body.

Mirca threw back her head and shook out her long blond hair. The golden waterfall curled over Yrba's raven mane and brushed over her face and shoulders.

"No, it's wonderful like that," Mirca moaned. "Oooh, my thighs are rubbing my strawberry, I'm dripping in all places! You dripping too?"

Yrba didn't reply. She was busy soaking up all the radiant sensuousness of their slow dance. She was a dark moving shadow behind her blonde's back, tied to each of that gorgeous body's moves by sheer desire. Trapped in the hypnotic daze, she missed Mirca's sudden announcement.

"Li taught me something else, too! Surprise!"

The giantess bent down and reached back through her spread legs, right until her hand moved between Yrba's legs. The flickering, probing touch of the strong, big fingers of her beloved giantess, one slipping deep into the witch's copiously lubed, aroused flesh, drove the ebony-skinned woman over the edge. She slumped down on Mirca's back with her midriff against her pupil's protruding buttocks, legs quivering, foam seeping from her pulsating vagina. Her arms cramped around Mirca's waist. She hung on to the sturdy, sweating, swaying body, with her weight on the huge hand that cupped all of her crotch, and just came and came, again and again, thrusting her hip to her heart's frantic pounding of *boom—tchica—tchica*— in her ears.

When she regained her senses, Yrba found herself back in the tent, warmly wrapped in the loving embrace of the gently snoring hulk-girl. With a smile, she leant back into the heavy milk pillows and drifted off into sleep.

Chapter 24: A Paying Customer

"Oh come on, Yrba!" Red stood akimbo in front of the ebony-skinned woman and stared down on her. "You said it, you owe me! She's been bugging me for, like, forever. At least take a look at the poor lass! She's got me worried! I fear she might snap any day now!"

The witch, wearing a green-brown patchwork dress that blended well into the surrounding forest, knelt by a patch of weeds. Yrba didn't raise her head. She just slapped against her friend's pale leg that showed under the bawd's flaring red skirt.

"Will you *not* step into my herbs, Red? And wasn't it you who told me to be extra careful? You think a girl suddenly flaunting a pair of ta-tas will go unnoticed? Do I not also owe it to you to keep you from harm? I'll bet the palace guards are still on the lookout! Do you think she'll still keep her mouth shut after a few slaps to the face or a kick to the head?"

"Yeah, right. As if they'd care beyond *ooh, another nice piece of t-n-a to chase*. Yrba, she's a *town* girl. I'll lead her in circles. Even if she wanted to, she won't be able to tell anyone where you're hiding."

Yrba lowered her head and shook it while standing up and wiping her hands on her skirt. She grabbed her friend's shoulders and stared her straight in the face.

"It's not *me* I'm worried about, Red. Even if she can't lead anyone to me, she'll surely remember it was *you* who led her to me. You and your girls, *you'll* be next if she's busted."

"*If*. That's a big *if*, dear. Oh Yrba, grow a pair! What's the wors—*mmmph!*"

The witch's brown hand with the long fingernails cupped Red's mouth. The smell of earth and freshly cut weeds rose into the bawd's nostrils. Yrba leaned on her friend.

"What's the worst that could happen?" she hissed. "*What's the worst?!* What, you've forgotten about those few days we've spent at the pillory together? I still know *I* had not much fun then, even if we only were dumb chicks and it was fifteen years ago. And that will be *nothing* compared to what a prison guard's sick mind can come up with. You don't want to find out, believe me. You're sitting high and dry there in your cozy brothel with your baths and your beds and your highfalutin *clientele*. But I get around, I see those poor souls when their friends drag them to the traveling healers, with bones broken and skin scorched with blisters the size of your head! Good for you if you've been spared that experience. Bad for you if your luck has made you heedless!"

She let go of Red's head and turned her back on her. After a few moments, she exhaled audibly and her shoulders sagged.

"All right, bring her along. Tomorrow night. I'll put the fear of the gods in her, and for *your* sake, I hope it's enough to keep her mouth shut. *And* we'll have to do it *fast*. A one-nighter. Don't have

enough potion left to have her hanging around a whole week to play it gently. You better prepare her for quite a *stretch*, if you get my drift."

Red hugged her from behind and placed a wet kiss on the salty back of Yrba's neck.

"I knew you'd not let her down!"

"Yeah, great. If this goes wrong, *we*'ll be let down — six feet down!"

The hooded woman followed Red along the deer path winding through the nightly forest. Every few moments, she nervously checked her surroundings. Francine had lost her bearings quite a while ago and shuddered with fear at every noise and rustle in the thickets. Her over-boiling fantasy populated the ink-black shadows with all kinds of menacing, deadly beasts, and she jerked and gasped whenever her legs tripped over an unexpected root or a slippery, moss-covered stone. The small, darkened lantern in Red's hand barely lit the ground before their feet.

"D—Do you think she'll even listen to me? M—Maybe we better turn back and—*aack!*"

Francine ran right into a low branch and stumbled. Red grabbed the young woman's arm and pulled her up again. "Oh shut up, Francine! You've bugged me all year long for a meeting with the witch, and now you're getting cold feet? A nightly stroll and a few scratches and bruises is hardly too much of a price for bigger—"

"Who goes there?" boomed a dark voice. "Who dares to bother the witch?"

Francine yelped in surprise and fear and huddled closer against Red as Mirca stepped out in front of them from behind one of the many boulders. Raising a torch, she stared down on the couple. Red groaned inwardly. Mirca's idea of a threatening stare was not for the faint of heart. Not because it was especially fierce. Her expression reminded more of someone about to throw up any second now, and that's not quite what you want to see if that someone's towering *above* you.

Francine was much too scared to notice the subtle difference. All she saw was a giantess with a halo of glowing hair and bared teeth and a torch that in ordinary-sized people's hands would've been a heavy club.

"W—w—w—w—we won't bother her!" she squeaked and turned to run. Mirca's big hand shot forward and closed around her shoulder. Francine yelped as the strong fingers ground her bones against each other.

"The witch is *waiting* for you," rumbled Mirca. "You don't want to make her wait any longer, *do you, little thing?*"

Francine's body went limp as she fainted in the blonde's grip.

"So, what— *Oops*. Red, I — I overdid it, didn't I?" whispered Mirca. She picked up the girl and gently laid the dangling body over her shoulder.

The bawd sighed and pinched the root of her nose as she rolled her eyes. "At least now she won't remember the way for sure."

Francine jerked awake, opened her eyes wide and shut them again right away. A red glow filtered through her clenched eyelids, and

heat seared her face. She sat with crossed legs on a rough blanket, leaning forward and facing fire.

"I'm in hell now, right?" she whispered as she turned her head away from the glow. Blinking into the flickering shadows, the vague silhouette to her left turned into Red, and her racing heartbeat calmed down. Another jump of fear and surprise followed as she looked to her right and found Mirca sitting there. The giantess still watched her with furrowed brows, but she seemed a lot less threatening now.

And then the darkness straight across the fireplace *moved* and gained the fuzzy contours of a black, shaggy pelt. Two glowing dots appeared over the twitching and twisting flames.

Eyes. Francine almost fainted again as the creature moved closer to the fire and became frighteningly solid. Teeth flashed as the apparition spoke.

"Look who came to plead with the big bad witch. Or maybe you came for dinner? Maybe you *are* the dinner?"

The tongues of the campfire licked towards the stars and cast dancing shadows on Yrba's face. Her brown skin was almost black in the unsteady light. The white of her eyes reflected the red and yellow of the flames and turned her unblinking stare into a predator's hungry, calculating examination. Her wet, pink tongue pushed her dark lips aside and slithered over her glistening teeth. Francine shuddered at the sight, and her skin crawled, turning into goosebumps.

"Let me look at you," growled the creature, stooping over the flames. "The meat and bones. The *real* you."

Francine stared wide-eyed at Yrba and stuttered, "I don't understand—"

The witch straightened up. Chains jingled around her neck as they slipped into the deep valley between her breasts that showed in the triangular neckline of her fur coat. Her finger shot out and pointed at the two mounds on Francine's ribs.

"Oh, you *do* understand, young woman," hissed the witch. "Who you think you're fooling?"

The girl un-froze and fumbled blindly under her taut, protruding shirt and finally pulled two lumps of crumpled cloth out. The shirt sagged down, and not a hint of bust remained.

Yrba wrinkled her nose. "So you don't want *bigger* breasts, you want *any* breasts at all," she spat out.

"That's *witchcraft*!" gasped the girl. "I never told you! How can you know — Oh by the gods! You're reading my mind!" She slapped her hand over her mouth. "Forgive me for doubting you! I didn't mean to think those bad things about you!"

Yrba nodded, aloofly and slowly, while raising her eyebrows. So the boy — *girl*, she corrected herself — was going to be one of *those* clients. She longed to grab the woman and shake her long and hard, screaming to her face, *You're flat as a board, and you come to a witch known far and wide as the big boob witch after blabbing to her friend about your heart's desire for a year, and you stuff your chest with towels to look bigger! You think anyone needs to read your mind to find out what you want? If that's witchcraft, then the sun rising every new morning must be a genuine miracle to you! Hello-ooo?!*

But she was in the business long enough to solemnly rise to her feet, glare at her and haughtily declare:

"I forgive you, but I will *not* forget. I'll accept only six girls this year. Are you *worth* it? One of those could be yours." She held out her arm and opened her hand. A half-dozen of small vials glistened in the moonlight and the flickering fire. All the potion left after the disaster. She closed her hand around the faint greenish glow again and cocked her head. Francine nodded hastily while Yrba slowly circled her. The girl tried to keep eye contact without moving, but she would've needed to twist head to toe when the witch disappeared in her back, and *that* she didn't dare. Instead, she stared straight ahead, rooted to the spot.

"I can pay!" she stuttered into the tongues of fire, panting in fear. "I've got a few gold coins, it's not much, but it's all I can afford — oh please, you've got to help me, I can't stand the ridicule any more, they're so — here, take it, take it all, just —"

She fumbled in her pouch. The yellow coins dropped from her trembling fingers and jingled to the ground. The gypsy snorted disdainfully.

"What's that supposed to be? Loose change? A hundred times more would not be enough, young lady, not enough by far. If you want my services, I demand the right to your *soul*. You will live on *my* terms from now on, you will be ready *and willing* to follow my orders, every day, every hour, every moment. The moment you disobey, the moment you even *think* about paying no heed to my commands, your life *will* be forfeit in pains unimaginable."

The witch raised her eyebrows.

"You still want this deal?"

A nod, barely noticeable. "It can't be worse than the ridicule," muttered Francine. "Anything is better than that."

Yrba quickly bent forward.

"Then bare yourself head to toe!" she barked into the girl's ear from behind. "Now! And then raise your arms!" Francine startled. She reached for the buttons of her blouse with trembling hands, her elbows pressed into her sides.

"That goes for all of you!" hissed the witch, pointing at Red and Mirca. "I want you naked, with not a single shred of clothes." She shrugged her shoulders, and her own mantle slipped down, revealing nothing but bare skin underneath.

"You will never ever talk to anyone about this night, or so help me, you will *suffer*," snarled Yrba. She grabbed the huddled girl's arms and pulled them up over her head. Francine winced as pain shot through her shoulders. Rough rope was pulled tight around her wrists, and then the witch dragged her arms further back until Francine fell over and laid shivering on a blanket on the floor, with her feet pulled up and closed tight. The chilly air made her nipples stand from her plain ribcage. Yrba measured her up. Yes, the girl deserved a little break. She had meat on her bones, but not quite in the right places. *Yet*. Fate had dealt her a slight potbelly and almost boyish hips with no chest to detract from it. Just adding some boobs wasn't going to be enough. Yrba sighed.

"Mirca. Hold her down."

The blonde's strong fingers closed around Francine's wrists.

"Red, grab her ankles and straighten her out."

Now Francine started to wiggle around with her body stretched out between the giantess and the bawd.

"No, I — I changed my mind! I'll —"

"Hold her *tight*. Oh, how she'll *squirm* now, the poor little thing." Yrba chuckled ominously as she knelt down beside her. Her fingers grabbed Francine's jaw and dug into her cheeks. "Yes, let's turn that fresh meat into malleable *jelly*."

"Ohpleafe—," stammered the girl as the witch forced open her mouth.

"You don't want it? *Now* you tell me you don't want it? For your cowardice alone, I should hex you into a huge and helpless udder and put you right in the middle of the town place for all to see and milk, you chicken!"

"Merggy! Dom't! Leg ge go! Pleafe—!"

"Silence!" hissed the witch and bent deeper. The girl's breath raced.

"This is your final chance to balk, lass," whispered Yrba, hovering only inches from Francine's face. The scared girl's gaze darted frantically from the gypsy's left eye to the right and back again.

The witch sighed theatrically and held the vial with the greenish liquid up to her cheek. "Think fast now, Francine. Either you want tits, huge and soft and squishy and dripping with milk, now and for the rest of your life, or you'll *never* get another chance. Say *no*, and you can crawl back home and spend a merry life of delightful flat-chestedness, pondering *what if* every solitary night until you rot!"

She raised her eyebrows. The girl stopped struggling in her grip and hesitated.

Finally, she gargled, "Yeff, gif ig fo me," and nodded frantically.

Yrba popped the cork with her thumb and emptied the vial into Francine's mouth. The slimy juice ran over the girl's tongue in thick drops and clumps, clinging to the back of her mouth. Her stomach heaved, but she swallowed it bravely while her face contorted in disgust. Yrba let go of her jaw after she made sure the girl had downed it to the last drop and her mouth was empty.

"Good. Now, how much breast do you want?"

"If I can get it? As much as *her*!" Francine rolled her eyes to Mirca's bosom that shadowed her view of the starry sky. The two orbs hung over her head like a pair of shadowed moons, and the glow of the flames to the side painted two thin, bronze crescents on Mirca's smooth skin.

"You do *not* want that much," Yrba smiled.

"Then I want as much as you have!"

The witch nodded. "Good choice." She straddled Francine's narrow hip and bore down on the pubic mound with her buttocks' full weight. Her fingers wandered around the girl's nipples. She squinted, waiting for the telltale glow of the *tincture* to spread all the way through Francine's body.

"You'll get thirsty as they grow, Francine. Don't hold back. Drink. Drink a lot. Every gulp will help you get *bigger*."

"But I thought — I thought you'd make them big right here? There's nothing to drink—" Francine stared at her with confusion in her face.

"Oh, there is. There is *plenty*." Yrba looked at her sidekick. "Mirca, got milk?"

"This late in the evening? Uh, of course. I'm pretty full. Can barely hold it in. Why?"

"Would you mind then?" smiled the witch, nodding down towards Francine.

"Ah! Uh, wait —"

Mirca reached with one hand to her chest. Her other still was more than enough to hold both of Francine's wrists to the floor. The huge blonde cupped her heavy breast's areola and rolled the sweet strawberry of her engorged nipple between her fingers. She had forgone her afternoon milking especially for the occasion, like Yrba had told her.

"Oh yes, they're so heavy — any moment now — *Mmmh!* Wait, now — uh — I don't understand, it just won't — I'm clogged?"

"Let me help you," whispered Yrba and moistened her plump lips. Her hands stroked one last time over Francine's body before she drew her splayed fingers over the hot skin of Mirca's breast and lifted the mammoth melon to her pouted mouth. Her warm breath made the nervous berry throb just a little, and then she sucked it in. Her teeth nibbled gently on the rough skin while her wide-open, puffy lips pressed into the yielding areola.

"*Uh!*" gasped Mirca, and then she exhaled raunchily. Hot milk seeped onto Yrba's tongue. The witch let it flow over her lower lip, and it clung to Mirca's skin and ran in thick, white droplets along the massive curve.

"I'm melting — body, melting, oh please, I'm oozing — getting hot — thirsty," Francine stammered, staring greedily at the Damoclean breast hanging over her head and blotting out the night sky.

"*Mmmh*," groaned Yrba and let the swollen nipple out of her gentle bite.

Mirca's breathing came in deep, fast heaves.

"Now — oh Yrba, you really got it going — it's getting taut, I must let down —"

Stooping, the blonde aimed her engorged, thumb-sized, nectar-dripping nipple at Francine's gaping mouth. Francine ran her tongue out of her dry mouth and sampled the droplets falling on her trembling lips. She closed her eyes and rolled her head in delight.

"Sweet — want —," she whispered. Her chest rose as she drew back her shoulders and writhed, overwhelmed by desire.

Yrba put her palms on the flat chest under her. The first strands of magic whipped through Francine's body and tickled the skin on the witch's palms. She spread her fingers and focused on *pulling*. Francine felt it immediately, deep in her throat and spreading through every fiber — an emptiness inside her body she desperately needed to fill.

"Want—!" she gasped, stretched her neck and pouted her lips to catch the dangling teat in front of her face. Nibbling and sucking, she drew it into her mouth until her wide-open lips hung like a suction cup on the swollen areola.

"*Mmmmh*." Her eyes grew big. "*Mmgph*!"

Mirca groaned. She was far beyond full, and the witch's nibble had woken her body. Now Francine's warm lips, wet and soft and *greedy*, lit all the brimming glands at once. Francine struggled desperately to keep up with the nurturing torrent that filled her mouth in moments.

Yrba massaged the girl's rapidly developing chest. Under her fingers, little mounds swelled around the dark, wrinkled areolae and spilled sideways, laying a broad foundation able to carry with pride the massive shapes about to grow.

"Yes! Drink more! Drink faster!" she urged. Yrba's fingers wandered up to Francine's shoulders. The girl froze when the rough hands closed around her throat. Another strange incantation, and then the witch ran her fingertips caressingly over the fear-clenched larynx. Francine's throat relaxed and stretched. Suddenly, she felt her gullet widen into a two-inch pipe that led straight from her mouth to her stomach.

Francine didn't even try to suck on Mirca's tit any more. She drew a deep lung-full of air through her nose, held her breath and just started swallowing continuously with her throat dancing up and down. Warm, rich cream washed down into her stomach in one huge stream.

And then things moved *fast*.

The milk rushed in, and only a little of it forked into the swelling chest pads. The main rush shot right past and gargled into Francine's stomach. Her belly filled quickly as it stowed away the ample volume spewing from Mirca's breast. Yrba's fingers wandered down from the tiny, barely half-inch high boobs and focused on stroking the tautening, swelling orb that resembled a bloated, out-of-place udder more with every passing second. Little wisps of magic crept around its surface and held the expanding skin together.

"Yes, girl. Drink, my sweet heifer! Fill yourself up, make yourself big and round!"

I don't want more belly! Francine wanted to yell, but a strange weakness, together with the weight of the barrel-sized blob of warm milk, held her rooted to the spot. She couldn't move to shake the heavy bag of Mirca's boob and the teat that stuck deep in her mouth. The nipple's skin texture was mesmerizing to Francine's tongue, and its geyser of milk, spewing in tiny, tickling jets, tasted so *delicious*. She just *had* to keep on licking and nibbling the nub and swallowing the sugary, creamy stream, no matter what. She *wanted* to guzzle all of it.

And then, without warning, without announcement, the witch's fingers with the long fingernails dug deep into Francine's bloated belly. Something *ripped* in there as the udder split in two. Yrba grabbed the two lumps and shoved them up from Francine's midriff over her ribs.

Francine threw herself about. At least she struggled and tried, captured under the three women pinning her to the floor. The chunks of *something* moved through her flesh, rolling along under her skin in the witch's sliding grip and bubbled as they squeezed into the onset of breasts on her ribs. Yrba's fingers kneaded them like dough and molded them higher and higher, like lumps of heavy clay wrapped tight into her straining skin.

"Enough!" commanded the witch. The nipple disappeared with a smack from Francine's mouth, spraying droplets over the girl's sweat-covered face. She raised her head and gasped.

All the weird sensations had betrayed her. Nothing had ripped in her body. And instead of a belly, two elongated, bloated cones, ugly as hell, now protruded straight from her chest. The volume she had gobbled up stretched the skin over her ribs to almost unbearable tightness. A foot up from her chest, her nipples pointed at the sky with

their bases in the areolae distending almost to palm size, the areolae themselves barely more than brownish rings marking the ends of two badly stuffed tube pillows of pink with disfigured, stretched tassle-teats on top.

"No!" she gasped. "Yech! I didn't want —"

"Relax," smiled the witch. "That's just a rough shape. We're not done yet. Now, let's *sculpt* them." Francine didn't like that smile at all. And then that strange woman's hands moved over her breasts. She cupped the girl's nipples in her palms and pressed her fingers like funnels over the top of the breasts. Now *that* was something Francine suddenly liked very much.

She hollered in heat as the weird filling in her breasts changed and became her own flesh, as she felt, not something strange that bloated her from the inside, but sensitive, soft volume that was *hers*, that quivered and shivered and sagged down, and every move of it filled her mind with delight. The tall cylinder-towers melted and spilled out in Yrba's gentle grip like sand castles under a wave and settled into two soft, huge pillows on Francine's chest. Yrba's forefingers circled the aroused, engorged nipples.

"That's more like it, eh?"

"Yeeeees," moaned the girl.

"Still a bit flat, though," Yrba added. "Have some more milk?"

"Mm-hmm," Francine nodded, licking her lips.

Mirca leaned forward and drew in air through clenched teeth when Francine snapped at the nipple and sucked it feverishly.

"Drink up!" commanded the witch. "We haven't got all night!"

"No! Fwoo bif awweffy," complained Francine and used her tongue to push the nipple from her mouth. "Too big! I didn't — hwwwaaaaah—nnnngghh!"

Yrba smiled and put the girl's breasts into wavy shakes while squeezing rapidly the areolae.

"Oh? Sure you don't want a little more? *Galactorrhea immensus!*"

Francine stared empty-eyed into the night sky. Her whole body caught fire again, burning with ecstasy. Deep in her breasts, the tissue contracted. Thin jets of white sprayed from her nipples and quickly gained in volume. She *spilled* the essence of breasts, in abundance, while her new flesh grew more solid and much more *excited* as the warm rivulets of milk coated herself, Yrba and Mirca.

More. More of that delicious milk. Yes, she needed more, if only to fight the flames and refill what so eagerly squirted from her breasts. Her mouth chased for the dangling udder in her face again.

"I think you can untie her hands now, Mirca," Yrba added.

The moment Francine's hands were free, she embraced the bloated milk bag of Mirca's breast and started squeezing the warm pillow, shoving the nipple deep into her mouth. White streams bubbled from the corners of her lips.

With every gulp, she *expanded* again and the delicious sensations kept growing along with her swelling chest size and stretching belly. Yrba, still straddling the girl, turned halfway, reached behind her back and dug her fingers into Francine's crotch. Clutching the excited labia, she made the girl's hips buck and quiver. Francine

didn't hold back any more. She dug her teeth into the rough nipple, and Mirca groaned quietly.

"She's so greedy!" moaned the giantess. "Won't she grow too big? *Mmmmh—ooooh! Unnngh!* She's emptying me!"

"Don't you like it?" smiled the witch.

"Uh, yes! *Oooooh!* Oh heavens! Now I know why you — and the girls — oh gods, I'm spending like a waterfall! She can't stow all that! I'm blowing her up! She'll burst! Yrba, please! Look at her! She's like a giant ball! You've got to —"

Yrba's fingers made the rounds over the three balloons on Francine's body — two one-foot milkbags and a two-foot udder of a belly that pressed against the witch's midsection. She gently probed the pressure inside the stretching, swelling orbs and grinned.

"Oh, I think she's good for quite some more! Don't forget it'll shrink down again when it finally settles into flesh. Give her your fresh nipple now. Time to give her a little counterweight for her new dairy. Plug the other tit in her mouth and give it a little squeeze until it lets down. She'll appreciate it."

"*Uuurgllmpph!*" gargled Francine, clutching and squeezing Mirca's fresh milk jug. Yrba put her left hand's splayed fingers on the girl's belly that grew with every frantic gulp, and nodded.

"Yes, that's enough to give her quite a nice set of juicy hips and buttocks," she grinned. Her right hand cupped and sealed Francine's narrow crotch. Her middle finger plugged shut the girl's tight hole and started to draw a sigil inside the cramped canal, scratching it into the

mucus-covered flesh of its walls. "*Regio iliaca expandere lateralis*," mumbled the witch.

Her left hand pushed down on the milk-filled bladder. The girl bucked under her like a wild horse, gyrating in overflowing delight as the warm liquid tickled and bubbled through her body and settled under Yrba's sure hand, transforming into excited flesh.

Francine's love lips plumped in the witch's grasp. The faint squeaking of her labia's expanding skin and the grinding of her stretching hip bone added to the slurping and gulping noises of her mouth and the rubbery groans of her shrinking belly-udder. The space between the girl's thighs grew apart until Yrba's hand found a comfortable expanse to rest in. She rubbed up and down the new gorge. Slippery wetness coated her palm, and the Venusian mound swelled until it fit soft and warm into her palm.

"You liked that, huh? And now let's give you something on your hips to sway with..."

Yrba's hands slid around the girl's bulging waist and cupped Francine's tiny, hard buttocks.

"Let's make that poor handful into a nice round bottom. *Natis tumefacere!*"

With both hands preoccupied, she leaned forward, putting her body's weight onto Francine's pot-belly. Her fingers were forced apart while she sank into the round, deflating pillow. Francine's hips rose from the ground like the other end of a lever as her body turned milk and magic into a pair of stretching, expanding ass cheeks.

"Heavens!" uttered the young woman, her voice merely a bubbling and gargling groan from underneath Mirca's busy jugs.

Francine's arms wrapped around the milk bags as if they were bags of solid gold, clutching them tight with no intent of ever letting go again. Her mouth sucked at the giantess' teats, gulping down the inexhaustible stream. Her rear, slowly becoming huge, round and taut, shivered in Yrba's sculpting grip.

"So — big," Francine stammered. "Like a — mare! Oh — my legs, my thighs — *mmmmh!* Good! Juicy! Make — me big—"

The gypsy smiled and rubbed her face against Francine's swollen, milk-covered, slippery breasts. The touch alone catapulted the young woman to the next noisy climax.

"*Uuuunngh,*" Yrba groaned. "No, not too big. You'll be nice and chunky where it counts. Don't want to turn you into a blubbery cow. Come here, now let me shape you!"

She clutched Francine and squeezed herself against the glowing body, letting her fingers wander all over the bloated, stuffed doll figure under her.

"Red, make her squirt the excess juices. It's time to make it last. *Uuuuuhnngh—! Red!* What the — can't you tell *her* pussy from *mine* —?!"

The bawd's fingers pressed against the inner front wall and the engorged lust button as they slipped out of Yrba's cleft. The witch's thighs trembled.

"I *can* tell," Red replied chucklingly. "Yours is the *loose* one. Just couldn't resist copping a feel. Here comes now — *mmh*, she's a nice tight glove."

A smack, then a long-drawn squelch.

"In my womb —," gasped Francine. And then she blew.

She bucked anew under Yrba, fiercer than before. Her body shook and convulsed up and down, writhing and wiggling like a fighting snake in Yrba's strong hands, slippery all over from the milk she had sprayed.

"What a gusher!" laughed Red as she held Francine's cave wide open. Around her probing fingers, thick, clear slime squeezed out of Francine's tight hole and dribbled down in gobs and lumps of gelatinous ooze. The young woman's over-bloated skin shrunk under Yrba's dancing hands, and slowly the squishy body settled into taut, meaty fullness.

The witch's fingers finished her handiwork and kneaded and modeled a delicious, not-too-narrow waist on Francine while Yrba slowly rose to her haunches. Finally she lifted her weight off the limp, still somewhat swollen shape and admired the living, panting sculpture in the flickering flames of the campfire.

"Oh yes, that'll do," she smiled. "That'll do *nicely*."

Red bent to the side to glance around Yrba's back.

"I'll say!" she gasped. "Francine! You lucky tart! You better say *thank you!* a hundred times over!"

Francine rested on her back, spent and numb, her body worn out by the unearthly delights. Her breath didn't race anymore. Instead, it came in deep heaves.

"Yay Yrba!" Mirca stared down at the plump, milk-laden figure splayed out in front of her. "She's all new! Oh, isn't she a pretty girl now? Just look at those boobies!"

Red gave Yrba a playful prod in the short ribs.

"Oh yes, just look at them. Now where *have* I seen them before, eh?" she whispered into her friend's ear.

"I don't know what you're talking about," replied the witch from the corner of her mouth.

"Uh-huh. Just *had* to one-up a certain boasting girl, didya?" Red countered, tickling Yrba's naked waist. The gypsy squirmed.

"My, they're like Charlene's, only bigger!" giggled Mirca. "And Francine's much more sturdy, more like a real woman now!"

"Feh. So maybe I nabbed a little inspiration here and there," Yrba finally conceded.

Francine bucked on the blanket, howling and screaming with joy.

"*Will* you keep your fingers from her breasts?" thundered the witch, and Mirca recoiled. "They're still too sensitive!"

"Knead them," Francine babbled deliriously, squirming on the ground. "Squeeze them! Heavens, don't stop!"

Mirca started, "I just wanted to see how —"

Yrba cut her off. "— How they squirt all over the place? So what? She's been doing that for the last hour! Give the poor girl a break! Let her calm down, help her get dressed or tend the fire, but don't play milk-the-maiden with her! She needs to return to town before the night is through!" The witch turned her anger right over to Francine. "And you, *get a grip!*" she hissed. "And I don't mean with your han— oh *don't* you dare do that now, young lady!" The scolding

brought the girl down from her climax faster than a bucket of ice water. Rolling to her side, she fingered for her clothes.

"Isn't it — kinda big?" Francine murmured, straining her neck over her shoulder. She hesitatingly touched her protruding buttocks, and then she moaned, "*Ooooooh! Oh heavens!* I — I just c—c—*again!*" She quickly took her hands off, shuddering all over.

Yrba raised her right hand and put her thumb and middle finger together, ready to snap them.

"You're *complaining*?!" she snarled. "Ungrateful pup, either you take it as it comes or I'll make you lose it all again, this very instant."

"No!" gasped Francine and raised her hands in hasty pleading. "No, no, no! Don't! I'd rather keep it! It's just so —"

"— Swollen. Swollen and aroused. By the time you wake tomorrow, it will have settled a bit more. Now dress yourself and see to it nobody notices Red and you sneaking back to town!"

Francine struggled with her skirt's waistline that barely fit over her taut ass cheeks now, even with all the buttons open. Red ran her fingers along the cloth's straining edge and squeezed the sensitive flesh into the rough wrapper with the expert motions of a woman versed in the use of tight clothing. The young woman's knees gave way under the orgasmic assault that Red's forceful strokes brought. She sagged against Yrba, pressing her teardrop-shaped breasts against the witch's midriff, clinging to her shoulders as the additional sensation of warm skin all over her chest made her come again, almost instantly.

"Anooooother," she moaned, riding out the latest of a chain of climaxes of which she long had lost count.

Yrba smiled, cupped the young woman's chin, half-buried in the chocolate crevice of her breasts, and lifted the lass' head. She looked down into the dreamy, half-closed eyes and stroked the rosy cheek with her thumb.

"Don't worry, it'll become less sensitive over time."

"What about my — my soul? Will you now —," whispered Francine, suddenly anxious.

"Fear not," Yrba replied. "Long as you never talk about this night, your soul will be safe and sound." She narrowed her eyes, and her voice turned hard. "But just *one single word* to anyone, and I swear, you'll regret it for the rest of your days."

Red whispered into Yrba's ear, "You were a bit tough on her, were you not? 'One single word?' 'Rest of your days?' You're not pondering to really punish her if she does talk, do you?"

"Me? No. That's not what I meant. *I* don't need to punish her. People willing to punish others just because they're *different* are a dime a dozen, Red! And the rest of her — and *our!* — days may be over quite soon if she blabbers. *I told* you! You better keep more than just one eye on her. Just look at her now!"

Red smiled. "Will I ever. *Mmmh*, what a sweet luscious flower she's become. Too bad she shot me down when I asked her if she'd join my girls. I guess I'll need to show some perseverance."

Quite some days later.

Swish. Swi—thunk. Slap.

Thud.

Rustle.

"Li? *Li!* Oh gods, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

The yellow-skinned woman struggled upright from the pile of brown leaves around her, staggered over to the altar and dizzily clung to its edge.

"No sorry!" she panted. "Doing good! You move like water now, not like rock! *Good* fight!"

Li smiled and winced at the same time. Her right eye already started to swell shut, and Mirca's broad footprint on the side of her face shone bright red.

"But — but I don't know how I did—," Mirca stuttered while her fingers fidgeted nervously.

"*That* is right way of doing it."

Li's hand suddenly moved like a snake, and yet her punch just ran into Mirca's blocking lower arm that seemed to appear out of thin air.

"See? Body faster than head now. *Good.*"

She stumbled against the tall blonde and wrapped her arms around Mirca's waist. Digging her aching face into the soft mountains on her overgrown pupil's chest, she mumbled, "Mirca go carry me home now until need disguise, yes?"

The giantess effortlessly picked her up. Li groaned happily in the embrace and playfully tried to snap at the huge nipples poking through Mirca's tightly-wrapped clothes. Then Mirca suddenly frowned.

"Did you hear that?"

"No hear. Ears ringing. *Good* kick! Li *proud*!"

Mirca looked around the clearing with the old ruins. The smell of snow hung in the air, and the leafless trees let the low sun through. A few rays gleamed on the black statue half-wrapped in dried, brown ivy. Over the course of the weeks they had spent practicing, they had almost forgotten that it was there at all.

"I just thought—"

"No hear nothing. Go now! Need put medicine on eye! Else face mine be all funny color for weeks!"

"Weird. I thought I heard a little laughter. Kind of a chuckle."

"Li no hear. Mirca less talk, more walk! See black clouds from north? Bad! Bring early snow storm fast! Must not get caught in it! We go and tell Yrba! Take both you back to Red's house!"

"All right, all right!" Mirca rolled her eyes and groaned as she headed back to the lair.

The ivy around the black statue rustled ever so slightly. Black eyes with a faint hint of green followed them as the couple walked over the hilltop.

You've put on quite a show, girls. Thank you. It's been fun. And, in a cold, mechanical voice, she added, *F.4.U-N.1.A core, node one-nine, switching runlevel to hibernate.*

Chapter 25: Just A Shot In The Dark (Nothing That You Can Do)

Author's note: Things turn ugly in this final chapter of part five. If you're only looking for good-natured ooh-ing and aah-ing, you won't find it in here. This chapter's a real downer. You've been warned, okay?

"Berry?"

"Yes, Red?"

The squeaky noise of grindstone over metal stopped. Berry straightened up from the anvil and looked over her shoulder at the bawd who entered the tiny workshop and carefully closed the door behind her.

"I just got word. It's time again. Tonight, at the crossroads five miles out north."

Berry chewed on her lower lip and absently probed the sharpness of the axe blade she had been working on. "Not good. That damned early blizzard last week has thrown us two feet of snow, and it hasn't all thawed away yet. Jean's still down with a cold, and if anything goes wrong, her coughing would put all the guards on our tail. Dammit, I don't like it when they call us on such short notice.

And the moon's going to be out tonight. Too bright. We'll have to hide away — *hush! Someone's*—"

Yrba pulled the door open all the way and beamed at the two.
"Part-time smugglers, eh?"

"None of your business!" hissed the burly woman. Her hand shot forward, grabbed the witch by the neckline and pulled her inside the room.

"Berry!" Red barked. "Let her go! I don't have secrets from her. Dammit, I've stuffed her into our secret stash the very moment she arrived. She's not *that* stupid, y'know."

Reluctantly, Berry relaxed her grip.

"Gee, *thanks*, Red," coughed Yrba and massaged her neck before she stuffed her blouse back into her skirt. "Berry, you've got some really serious issues. I've been around on and off for what, eight weeks? You should've learned by now that I can keep mum."

Red intently stared at her. "Jean's out of commission, and I don't want to drag any more of the others into that. I'd ask you, but you better not show your face, too. You're the only darkskin for hundreds of miles, that's just too conspicuous. Yrba —" She nervously gnawed on her lip. "— Do you think Mirca's ready to earn her stay? Can she keep quiet about it, too?"

Berry turned her head and stared in disbelief at her boss. "*Her*? Oh come on! Blondie's a cutie and I love her to death, but she's not cut out for *that*." Then she imagined Mirca's arms, which would easily pass for other people's thighs, and sighed. "She'd be a great help for moving the packages, though. Between her and me, I guess we'd be done in half the time."

And so the blonde ended up on the coach box of Red's flat, open cart. They drove in silence for a while. Around them, the snow-covered hills sparkled red in the setting sun. Finally, Mirca stopped fidgeting nervously, summoned all her courage and timidly asked the older woman:

"So, uh, how did you become a bouncer?"

Berry laughed and didn't turn her head from the road. While her fingers absently ran over the old scars on her arms, she replied, "Girl, sooner or later, we all grow too old for or too tired of our, uhm, professions, and decide it's time to try new things. Things like sleeping in your own bed with a roof over your head. Or wearing nice clothes that don't itch with lice. A warm bath whenever you please."

Her voice grew darker. "Having enough to eat. *Not* crawling through swamps or cheating death time and again while you're hungry and bleeding. Those things." She hesitated. Now her voice was barely audible when she added, "And *not* curling up all alone and cold in a freezing red puddle, feeling the warmth drain from your body as you lie bleeding to death from a sword to the neck with the wolves howling all around." She shuddered under the thick fur coat.

When she finally turned her head over to Mirca, she found the speechless young woman gazing at her, shellshocked and on the verge of crying. Berry couldn't help herself, she reached out and caressed the girl's cheek, nodded reassuringly and smiled.

"There, there. Lighten up, okay? Shouldn't have told you that. Happened a long time ago."

Mirca snuffled loudly and swallowed her tears. Her face slowly mimicked Berry's smile until she nodded.

"Uh, if you say so. Where are we going? Yrba said something about a delivery—"

"Yeah, we've got a bag o' gold, and in a few hours we'll have a cart full of boxes. And then we'll put a load of wood on it," she raised a warning finger, "and we're not going to tell anyone about the boxes underneath, understood?"

"Ah, so we're going shopping!"

Berry frowned for a moment before her face relaxed again. She chuckled.

"In a way." She clicked her tongue. "Hiya, you nag! Get those hooves flying, we still got some more miles to make until nightfall."

"Are we there yet?"

Berry groaned, and the reins creaked in her grip as she clenched her fists. "Mirca, you've asked a *hundred* times! We'll get there when we get there, *okay?!'*"

"But we've almost come round to the town again! The cart is full with branches, and those guys you said we'd meet have not turned up."

"Happens. Well, at least we've got firewood for weeks then, eh? Let's set up a campfire over there. We can't return until morning. Gates are closed anyw—*ayie! Shit!'*"

The wooden *thock* noise mingled with Berry's yelp. She worked the reins, and the cart jumped forward through the narrow pass. The

sudden shove swept Mirca off her feet and knocked her backwards on the pile of branches on the cart's bed.

"*Ouch!* What are you doing?!" the blonde protested as she struggled back to the front of the shaking and bobbing cart. Berry pointed over her shoulder and snarled through clenched teeth, "Can you see anything behind us?"

"Uh, no—yes! There are two people standing on the road now pointing after us, and two—no, three with horses are now coming out of the underwood! They're — they're following us now!"

"*Rrrrrright.* Fuck. All right, listen. Town's just — *Branch! Duck!* — just across those hills. A few hundred yards left of the gate, there's a couple of bushes at the foot of the wall. Behind them's a tunnel. Big enough even for you. After the next curve, you jump off and run there. Don't let anyone see you! Avoid the guards on the wall!"

"What? Why? No! What are you—?"

Berry grabbed Mirca's neck and pushed her head down. The torch mounted to the corner of the cart flared brightly in the wind of the recklessly speeding vehicle. In the flickering light, Mirca saw —

"Berry! You've been shot!"

"*I noticed,*" groaned the brawny brunette.

A crossbow bolt, feathered and covered in little barbs, stuck out of her leg and held her nailed to the coach box. With every bounce of the cart, a squirt of blood dripped down from the frayed wound. Mirca extended her hand.

"Let me—," and then she yelped as Berry pulled her up again by her neck.

"You're not touching it! As long as that damned arrow stays in there, I'll be *fine*, okay? Guess where I got my scars! Last thing I need now is someone without a clue that tugs on a fuckin' bolt through my shin while I speed by moonlight through a scum-infested forest!" she barked in the scared blonde's face.

"But I — there must be something I—"

"Mirca, *run home*," Berry hissed. "I'll lure them on in a wide circle, and you run back to the girls and tell them what happened. Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. Tell Red I'll lead them to the two stones. *Two stones*, you got that? She'll know the place. Wait for me there, and then we'll give those bastards hell."

"No! I'm not leaving you—"

"*Run home, child!*" Berry shoved her off the cart and watched over her shoulder as the tumbling figure disappeared into the ditch. Their chasers rounded the distant bend and sped past Mirca's curled-up shape, a dark lump among other dark lumps in the night.

The cold wind blew right into her face and stung in her eyes, and she squinted and blinked so often that the pale moonlight wasn't much of a help. Mirca panted in fear and deep embarrassment as she stumbled through the dark woods. Old snow and icy, refrozen sludge covered the forest floor beneath the trees and slowed her down. The thoughts in her head were as unsure and jerky as her feet.

Oh gods, what am I doing here? Why did she abandon me? Why? Why did she — of course! She saw how useless I am, from the start! She needed help, and she threw me off the cart because I'm so utterly useless! I should've stayed and helped her, not run around here

to tell some weird things to Red! It's like those stupid little tasks given to children when the grown-ups want to be left alone!

And then the trembling blonde stopped and groped her breasts. Her breath came even quicker when she noticed the first jolts and faint cramps of *expansion*. This wasn't milk. This was the *other* growth, the huge one, the one that would render her immobile, that would turn her into a useless appendage on a pair of swollen, sloshing orbs. And nobody in sight to stop it.

No, she begged, no, not now! I'll remember what Yrba taught me. I'll breathe slowly now. Imagine the void inside. I can do it. I'll relax, relax, RELAX, dammit!

The weight on her chest didn't care. Her bosom just grew on and on. Struggling over the hilltop, she could see the few lights of the town now and the main gate with its torches. A quarter of a mile to the left of it, the bushes with the cloaked tunnel entrance were a slightly darker speck against the town wall.

The tunnel! Mirca gazed down into the straining fur coat. The upper half of her pumpkins already spilled out of the neckline. Her skin shone white like milk in the moonlight. Feet? Yes, somewhere below the taut orbs, there had to be her feet. She felt the trembling of her knees. But catching a glimpse of them? Not a chance.

I won't fit through the tunnel like that! Oh please! I could keep it in check just two weeks ago! Why won't it — maybe —

She pursed her lips and sucked at the cold air like a carp on a curb, all the while squeezing on her breasts. No response. Even worse, there seemed to be *more* of them with every step she took downhill. Their growing weight and the banks of snow she waded through slowed her down further. Lifting a leg and putting it down just inches

ahead was a grueling ordeal. The top layer of snow had melted over the day and turned into a sharp, splintering crust under her feet. Her hot breath froze into puffs of mist right as it left her mouth.

She slipped on the treacherous ground and stumbled against a snow-laden tree, with an impact heavy enough to make the branches shed their weight and drop a white avalanche on her. The ice-cold powder washed over her neck and right down her spine. She jerked up in chilly surprise, involuntarily pulling up her shoulders and arching backwards. Her neckline now was a perfect funnel for the main load to squeeze into her breasts' balcony.

Suddenly, her bosom was wrapped in icy sludge, so cold it burned on her skin. She *couldn't* stay focused, not for her own or anybody else's life. Her breasts grew outward, unchecked, unrestrained. The mantle's fasteners gave in. White wisps of fog rose from her skin. The molten snow turned to steam on her breasts' erupting hot flesh. She stumbled forward, being pulled along by the off-center weight, and bounced down on the elongated orbs. The momentum shoved her nipples right into the frozen banks of snow. They emerged on the other side, dripping with wetness and throbbing with heat. Mirca clambered upright again, clawing at the nearest tree. Her breasts were still small enough to clear the ground when she leant backwards, balancing the colossal weight on her hip and peeking through the V-shaped gap of her cleavage.

The size of her boobs grew closer and closer to what she had laughingly come to call her *loose* form. They hung very nearly to her knees now. Every step forward had her thighs run into their bulging, sack-like shape, and every time her knees had to fight against more sloshing, liquid weight. The bags, no, sacks filled up faster and faster. The skin around their midsection went from being drawn into long

pleats by the weight around the areolae into the taut roundness of balloons.

No! I mustn't end up here, stuck like a boulder! Berry is so clever, she must have — I need to tell Red! Berry trusts in me! I must

She slipped and fell again. She didn't fall far. Her boobs were beyond that size. They caught her tall body at just a faint slant forward. She ground her teeth in fear and despair.

I can't leave her behind to die!

Pulling and pushing with all the strength she had left, Mirca made good on a few more yards. The last one she passed by waggling and waddling forward, squashing and bouncing on her breasts like an elephant seal on its blubber. Her nipples burned from the contact with the frozen ground. And then none of her desperate pushing and struggling worked any more. Her boobs' filling had become so voluminous that she only bobbed in place, helpless on her two congested mammoth orbs. Her feet floundered uselessly in the air, and still she rose higher.

No! Help me! Somebody help me! I can't —, she quietly sobbed. She didn't dare to scream. She tried not to think at all, because the only thought that still circled through her head, faster and faster, was a horrible image fueled by the cold and the darkness of the forest. An image of hungry, emaciated beasts, yellow eyes full of greed and bloodlust, their teeth and claws digging into her milk-swollen breasts, pulling and tearing at her, at her helpless body —

— lying in a puddle with the wolves howling all around...

She squealed and clutched her head in desperation, trying to stop the carousel of horrors spinning in her mind. The icy cold slowly gnawed into her naked skin and rendered it numb. More snow clouds neared quickly from the north. The far horizon already disappeared behind an approaching veil of snowfall. Only now and then did the moon peek through, and as the clouds closed up for good, the woods drowned in impenetrable blackness...

With a grunt, Berry ripped the arrow out of the cart's wood. Her teeth grated as the surge of pain burned through her body, but the fiery sting quickly subsided into a numb throbbing. She tore a strip from her skirt and pulled it tight around her shin until the bleeding stopped.

"Another fuckin' scar I could do without," she hissed through clenched teeth. Then she hobbled towards the rocks and the thickets around them. The wind had risen and carried the sounds of approaching hoofbeats. "You wanna mess with *me*? I'll make you pay," she growled. The bulky woman disappeared noiselessly into the underwood. Breathing quietly, she peered into the shadows of the forest all around.

Her pursuers seemed pretty sure of themselves. Carrying torches with them, they approached in a wide line and swept the area. A call drew the group closer together. Berry grunted. The damn trail of blood. *I'm still leaking. I can't take on them all at once. I need that blizzard. Now!*

She retreated further towards the stony ground around the two house-sized boulders, buying precious little time.

The howling wind and driving snow had brought the search to a standstill. Under the trees, the blackness was almost complete. Berry made her way through nature's rage on all fours. With eyes narrowed against the wind and the needles of ice it brought, she assessed the shadows ahead of her. That tree, the bulge at its foot, shaped like a cowering man...

Her hand reached around the trunk and found something warm, something shaped like a larynx. The man in her grip struggled for a few moments, then the howling wind carried away an ugly, *fleshy* noise. She let go, and the bulge rolled forward to the ground and didn't move any more. Only the wind tugged at the shags of his fur coat.

One, she grinned bitterly and sneaked on.

"Where are you going, Yrba?"

The witch pulled Red's white fur coat tighter around her and unlocked the brothel's backdoor. A gust of wind carried snowflakes through the gap. They sparkled in the flickering light of the sole candle that barely managed to light the corners of the corridor.

"I'll check on your little tunnel and take a gander at the woods."

Red gasped. "You know about—"

Yrba raised her eyebrows and smiled. Her friend shook her head.

"Damnation, you're *good*. I was so *sure* I never ever mentioned it, not even in passing. What are you up to?"

"Just want to take a peek at the forest. Something's wrong. Something *feels* wrong. I don't know... there's a drift in the magic. It's moving. Something's drawing it in." She raised her hand and cupped a sparkling dot in the air that remained imperceptible to Red as it floated by. "And I don't like that. Maybe if I can see where it flows to—"

"Oh shit! You don't think something like that milk acci—"

"Nah, I'd feel such an outburst for miles. There's something happening slowly."

The witch squinted into the darkness and the whirl of snowflakes. With her eyelids almost closed, the quivering white streaks and bands of magic now dominated her view. Something distorted the uniform flow, something that remained hidden behind the next gentle slope. She slowly made her way up through the drifts. Behind her, the howling wind and driving snow quickly covered up her tracks.

Magic guided her to the anomaly, but it didn't reveal what was right before her feet and so she stumbled over brittle branches and sharp stones hidden beneath the shifting snow, muttering and cursing. Yrba reached the top of the small hill and held on to the rough bark of a tree, panting in the ice-cold wind that stripped her foggy breath right from her lips.

The last flakes of the weakening blizzard drifted by. The wind waned. Moonlight broke through the clouds. She saw the shape that rested motionless on the other side of the hill, and all her worst fears came true.

"Oh please, no —," she whispered.

The band of thugs regrouped after the snow storm subsided. The torches flared up anew.

"How many?"

"That beast got five! We never even saw her coming! Listen, that's not what we were told when we took the job! *Find the wench with the muscles, and finish her*, he said! Dammit, she's no simple wench! The way she sneaks around, I'd bet she's one of the—"

"Shut up! And get back in line! She's still bleeding, look at the mess here. Can't be *that* hard to find someone leaking like that. If we don't hurry, she'll be stone cold before we get to her. I want her *alive*! Still got to make her pay for the five lives she owes us now."

Listening in from her hideaway, Berry grinned bitterly and felt for her soaked-through bandage. Trouble was, that creep was right. She knew it. She knew it because every now and then, and coming faster now, she blanked or a tremor seized her and rendered her almost helpless.

Mirca, my darling. Oh girl, at least you're not stuck here with me now. If you make it home in time for the others to save me, well, all the better. As long as you make it. You're sweet and innocent. You must live. You deserve it.

Her head fell back against the freezing cold rock face in another rush of weakness.

The witch half fell, half slid down the slope and clambered to her feet right in front of the glistening, frosted wall that rose over her head. She reached out for it, and her hands trembled in fear.

"No. No!"

Yrba's fingers moved over the ice-encased skin of Mirca's bloated boobs. The slightly egg-shaped, flattened orbs towered in front of the witch like the strangest two yards high glassware. Their surface glistened in the moonlight, a marble-like mixture of molten and re-frozen rivulets of water and patches of driven-on and ice-glazed snow.

"Oh heavens —"

She reached back, clenched her fingers and hammered in desperation onto the rough shell. The hull of hard-baked snow and frost cracked. A round area of maybe half a yard across turned into long, pointed shards and rained down, revealing blueish flesh underneath. Yrba's brown fingers reluctantly touched the exposed skin.

And it was warm. And blood still pulsed through the veins. Tears of relief welled in the Darkskin's eyes.

"Mirca! Girl, can you hear me?"

Somewhere higher up, the blonde stirred under the rags of her fur mantle. Snow started to move and cascaded down.

"Tired," she mumbled and wiggled into a more comfortable rest in her own cleavage.

"You can't sleep now! If you fall asleep again, you'll die! *Come on!*"

The witch pushed into the resilient skin. For every inch she dug her hands into it, the orbs bloated everywhere else. The icy cocoon shattered like an eggshell and tinkled down, and Mirca screamed in pain.

"H—Hot! C—Cold! E—E—Everything!" she yelped, barely intelligible over the chatter of her teeth. She tried to extend her hands, but her numb limbs didn't obey.

"C—C—Can't—m—m—m—move..."

Yrba quickly stepped behind her and pushed apart the muscular thighs of her protégé. With Mirca's body resting high up in the valley of her own breasts, her legs pointed slightly down the ravine of boobs which descended from nine feet high. Yrba wedged her way into the cleavage until the shivering girl's body was in her arm's reach.

"Let's get you warmed up," she mumbled while her fingers struggled with the recalcitrant mesh of magic all around and knitted it into a glowing sphere. The condensed force wriggled and pulsated in her grip and tried to unravel again.

Mirca's crotch hung slightly higher than the witch's shoulders. Yrba folded away the tattered coat over the long cleft. Tiny clumps of ice clung to Mirca's pubic hair. The witch brushed away a few stray snow crystals and gently ran her finger along the meaty labia. Her fingertips dove into damp warmth, and again she exhaled with relief. *Any* warmth was a good sign.

Her left arm wrapped around Mirca's left thigh, and she put her right hand's fingertips together into a cone, with the thrumming and sparkling charge cupped in her palm.

"You'll feel much better soon," she tried to calm down the half-frozen, shivering young woman.

And then she pushed her hand into the cleft between the sausage-like outer lips. Mirca's skin stretched over Yrba's knuckles. The shining ball of *power* almost touched the blonde's flesh. Faint glow spread through the labia, and under the disbelieving stare of the witch, they swelled eagerly the closer the ethereal orb came. Mirca's gates *opened* to Yrba's conquering hand. Yes, she was a big girl all right, but her cave hungrily spread far wider than befitted even her six foot six frame. Yrba stared speechlessly as she shoved her hand as deep into the abyss as she could. She had expected resistance, squealing, maybe screams. But she hadn't expected to easily be engulfed up to her wrist, to dive into a smacking well of oozing juice that bubbled and squelched around half of her lower arm, no, make that two thirds, no, —

Oh heavens, her womb just goes on and on. What the—? That can't—!

Yrba was up to her elbow in Mirca's womb, her mantle's sleeves being pushed back by the tight rim of the inner labia, when the magical charge dissolved through her fingers. Mirca's body hungrily sucked up all the warmth and strength it brought. The titanic blonde suddenly surged. As her love grotto caved in and grabbed Yrba's arm, the howl of pain that the witch had been afraid of rose from her *own* throat...

Yrba shook some life back into her aching hand while she steadied her haggard companion. Mirca leaned heavily on the smaller woman's shoulder. Together, they staggered towards the tunnel,

leaving behind a frozen pond of fresh milk. The witch held the shivering blonde close as they hid and waited for the guards on the town wall to pass by. Mirca tried to stutter her message, but the witch hushed her with a gentle finger on the blonde's almost blue lips.

"Not now," she whispered. "Let's get you someplace warm. I can't make heads or tails from your stammering."

Red and her girls waited at the door, carried Mirca into the kitchen and wrapped her into a blanket. A dozen hands kneaded and rubbed her body through the rough wool and forced warmth and life back into her. All the while she trembled and cried and was barely able to get a single intelligible word out, until she took a deep breath and it all blurted out, in one long yowl of despair.

"She's hurt and she's got an arrow in her leg and she's bleeding and she's all alone now but she told me she didn't want to be alone and she said she didn't want to bleed again and I yet hated her so much because she threw me from the cart!" wailed the blonde, her arms wrapped around her knees, curled up into a shivering ball.

Yrba gently rocked her. "'s all right, girl. 's all right. Anything else she said to you?"

Mirca gulped. "She—she said something about *two stones*. Yes!" Her arms shot out and grabbed Yrba's shoulders. "*Lead them to the two stones*, she said! *Tell Red*, she said. I didn't want to leave her alone! I thought she threw me off the cart because — but she only wanted to protect me! And I was angry at her! It's all my fault! I really didn't want to blow up! I didn't want to dawdle! I just couldn't move, and it was so cold! Oh gods, I did it again! I ruined everything! I'm so useless!" she sobbed and curled up once more.

Red ground her teeth and jumped to her feet. "At the two stones. All right. Girls, I don't ask anyone to tag along. This is something between Berry, Jean and me. This will get very ugly."

Sylvia raised her head. "You think we're scared? Or do you think we're stupid and can't figure out what the stuff in your secret stash is for? You did a little contraband on the side, and now someone's trying to stiff us on our bill, and by my honor as a billable woman, I'll be damned if I let them." The others nodded.

"Right then, anybody who can hold a knife or an axe, grab it and get ready. We're going to a fight, so forget about chivalry or manners. You see someone, hit 'em where it counts until they stop moving. As hard as you can. *Finish* them as fast as you can. They'll try the same." She pulled out one of the drawers and threw it upside-down on the kitchen table. The knives and forks spilled out and clattered and rattled down to the floor. Neatly tied to the underside of the drawer was a whole collection of *other* sharp-edged tools, entirely *not* made for culinary purposes. "That's not about the smuggling or bills any more. Berry's in trouble, and I'm not going to abandon her. No way! Go go go!"

Mirca gazed up at her, begging mutely with tears in her eyes. Red sighed, bent down and ruffled the white-golden mane. Her voice turned soft again. "Okay. All except *you*. You stay here, guard the house and warm up again. You helped her as much as you could already. Best you could do. Yrba, you coming?"

The witch gently freed herself from Mirca's grip. "Of course."

The door closed. All alone, Mirca huddled deeper into the corner, shivering now and then in her blanket, and stared at the tiny

candle on the kitchen table that flickered for a while in the disturbed air and finally burned quietly again.

Mirca's gaze wandered to the spare weapons left on the table. The candlelight gleamed red on the edge of a hatchet.

Not bleeding to death from a sword to the neck, alone with the wolves, mumbled Berry's voice again and again through Mirca's mind. Outside, a gust howled by. She shuddered and shrank even more against the wall.

Oaf. Klutz. Bonehead. Moron. Scaredy-cat. Down, girl!

Another memory. The smell of rotting leaves, her face diving into them, again and again.

I don't want to be a warrior. I'm sorry!

The image of a small, wise woman looking up at her, her ageless face beaming with teacher's pride, with a wide grin and a blackening eye.

No sorry! Doing good! Good fight!

But I don't know how I did—

That is right way of doing it.

And the fluffy blanket fell down and curled on the floor as *something* rose to its feet in the empty kitchen and reached in one swift, fluid motion for the axes on the table...

The fight was short and violent. In the dark of the forest and the few spots of light from the flickering torches, swords and axes

collided. Crossbows were fired blindly. It might've ended badly for the women, outnumbered as they were, until Mirca showed up, roaring like a wounded bull, tears of anger running over her face, and raged her way through both twenty years of cowering and the ring of robbers. She didn't *fight*; she didn't even *think* for a second. She just clutched the two hatchets in her hands and weeded out anything in her way that she could not immediately recognize as a friend.

In less than a minute, the woods were silent again save for the fleeting sounds of fleeing footsteps. Several shapes laid on the ground and didn't move any more. Some of them gave the impression that they'd match up well together, like jigsaw pieces.

"Are they — gone?" whispered Berry.

Jean coughed and lowered the club she had been wielding. She shook her head and stared at Mirca who stood, steaming with sweat, her skin glistening in the torches' light, her clothes ripped and spattered with blood, in the clearing. "Oh gods, I hope I'll never end up on her wrong side. That one, with her bare hands, she tore his—and then she — and his — *ummagl*—"

Her stomach heaved.

"Jean, *are they all gone*? I can't see a thing."

Jean wiped her mouth with trembling fingers. "Yes, they're either gone or dead. Just us around. Why—"

"Good." The brunette stepped out of the bushes. The big knives slipped from her dangling hands and clanged down on the frozen ground. Yrba was the first to see that the bolt wound in Berry's leg

suddenly was the least of their problems. She jumped to catch the swaying woman, but by then, it was already too late.

Berry fell forward, flat on her face. With an ugly sound, the crossbow arrow sticking deep in her chest was punched right through her and poked out of her back.

"Berry! *No! Nooooo!*"

The flock of soiled doves huddled around her, gently rolled her on her back and cleaned the snow and dirt from her face. Mirca knelt down and propped the limp body up on her thighs.

"Can't feel a — a thing. Legs cold," Berry mumbled. Her shaking hand reached for Mirca's shoulder. "Wronged you. Good friend, you are. Good fighter, damned good fighter..."

Her hand slid down slowly, tracing the shape of Mirca's round orbs and adding another smeared, red streak. She rested her head against the warm pillows. "My girl. So proud. My... wonderful boobs," she rasped.

Mirca choked up and couldn't speak a single word.

Berry nodded. "Just... wanted you t'know. You did good. Came back... for me. 't's okay."

"You'll be all right! Don't worry. You'll see! We'll put you on the cart and bring you home and patch you up and—"

Jean bit her lips and glanced at Yrba. The witch almost imperceptibly shook her head.

"Talk — bullshit." Berry tried to laugh; it ended up as a horrible gargle. "I do — know where — a hit becomes — a kill." The brunette coughed. More blood ran from her lips. Her voice was barely audible

now. "Am home. Got my... warrior's honor... back. To die — in battle... for family. You're my family. My girls. My... daughters. Never really had... but now... not... alone..."

She breathed in against the fiery pain, one more time, one *last* time, her face contorting even more. She *had* to tell them. *Had* to, before the darkness encroaching upon her, eating away at her, was too close —

"Rock. North. Crooked oak. Dig under. All yours! Split among you — except — shield. Bury... forgive me... I lied... I hid..."

Her voice faded as the darkness embraced her gently with the promise of peace. Her contorted features smoothed, and she almost smiled again when her eyes closed for good.

Her hand slipped off Mirca's waist. Her arm dropped down, and her head rolled to the side. A small, red trickle emerged under her and ran steaming down the ice-covered rock face.

Mirca's howl rang through the nightly forest. It descended into gargling sobs as she curled up over Berry's motionless body, clinging the cooling, limp form tight.

The others knelt in shocked silence while, one by one, the dropped torches around them fizzled out in the snow. The pale moonlight remained, draining all color from the scenery.

Finally, Mirca's upper body rose again. She cleared her throat.

"Uhm, should... should we now say a prayer for her? I mean," she wiped at her tears, only to smear the blood on her hands all over her face, "you know... w—which gods she believed in?"

Yrba's voice was hoarse and flat. "It doesn't matter. Don't bother with the *damned* gods. They don't care for us either. Whatever

prayer you choose, say it to honor her memory. *Gods?* And they let *this* happen? Then to *hell* with 'em all! The only things worth believing in are — are friends like Berry." Yrba gulped and looked up. The others nodded, tears running down their faces too. Her own cheeks were cold and wet as well. She didn't care.

Yrba's Travels, Book 2: The Road

Part 6: The Road

*"It ain't right
it ain't fair
castles fall in the sand
and we fade in the air"*

— Meat Loaf, *Good Girls Go To Heaven*

This part has not been proofread

Chapter 26: Aftermath and Heritage

The woman's moans echoed in the darkness. She gasped for air, and her breath came fast. Cloth ripped.

"*Hruuungh!* Just tear it, don't bother! *Guuurrgh!* Gotta — get — in! Push!" grunted Red, the color of her face truly befitting her name. "Push harder! Damn! Too big! Oh heavens, I never thought it'd be so *tight!* *Uuunnnggh!* Come on — *oh gods! Oh gods!* — Come on! *Oooh!* Almost in, almost — will you stop holding back and *push!* Come *on!* I want to feel your strength! I won't rip! *Put your paws on my ass and shove!*" She arched her back and clawed at the ground in front of her, searching for a grip.

"We — *rraaaah! Ouch! Dammit—dammit—dammit!* — we should've chipped off some more of that limestone!" Red scraped away at the pebbles on the floor until she finally wiggled free from the bottleneck in the narrow tunnel. "Right, the torch! Give me the torch! There's something twinkling ahead." She reached back through the gap, opening and closing her fingers frantically.

The winding crack in the stone widened into a small cave.

"How did Berry ever manage to get in here?" muttered Red, knocking off sand and dirt from her dress. Then she noticed how the tough cloth felt *squishy* in her fingers.

"*Yuck*, I'm all covered in grime and clay and mud! Dammit dammit dammit!"

She aired out her tight, corset-like brown leather shirt and jumped up and down to shake a few stray pieces of rock from her ample cleavage. Tying her loosened hair back and packing her breasts in again, she kept on complaining while she waited for Yrba to catch up. "And what am *I* doing in here? Worming through this would've been the right job for Li, Yrba! Curses, how much sand *did* I shove down my balcony? *Haaaahh!*"

"Oh, quit complaining! It's not like you don't know about *shoving* things in there, you old bawd!" The husky voice of the chocolate-skinned, black-haired Southern Islands witch bounced off the stone walls and reverberated in the tunnel as she fought her way along the passage. *She* knew about the advantages of durable clothes that were shut right up to a tight neck, and her mane of black curls was safely wrapped up in a bandanna. And yet, carrying almost twice as much mammary volume as her long-time friend with the flaming hair, she fought quite different battles, squeezing and prodding her pliable melons along the narrow passage. Slippery, milky wetness seeped from her excited nipples that rubbed over the rough leather of her vest. The lubricant made it a little easier to push forward her supple, flowing shapes.

"Li's not well enough yet," she continued. "Magic's still too faint after Mirca's mishap, so our little yellow bird'll have to hold out until her body's healing up on its own — you listening at all? What you've got there?" Yrba cursed as she struggled with one shoulder and

arm ahead through the passage, then reached back and tickled and squeezed one, then the other of her flowing jugs through. She pulled herself forward with her fingertips searching for a grip in the rough cracks of the wall. Wiggling her thighs, she slowly squeezed her fleshy buttocks into the funnel of unyielding rock.

"Don't run off with the torch!" barked Yrba. "Gimme a little light here and a hand, dammit! Your hips aren't as wide as mine!"

Red grabbed Yrba's hand and pulled. The mud-greased witch popped like a cork from the bottleneck. Rolling on her back, she panted and wheezed. "Picks. And a second torch. Next time. Oh fuck, we need to go back that way first. Hey! Can't you at least wait a few seconds? You've got our only torch!"

"Heavens," Red gasped, "Come on! Fuck, hurry up and look at this! A chain mail dress! And another! And those — those are — *swords*! Look at the *size* of them. And the gold! I don't believe it! Before she ended up with me, Berry must've been a traveling mercenary of sorts. She must've been here earlier, again and again, hiding away the loot of *years*."

Yrba lifted a big shield that had been leaning against the wall for a long time. Cobwebs ripped apart. Looking at her reflection in the battered yet still gleaming disk, she shook her head. "I don't think that's *loot*. Look at that coat of arms here, it's on everything. That style of art, I've seen it before. Could be the colors of a Barzerkhian princess or something. Maybe an exiled heir. She must've been a long way from home. *Shield — bury*. Yes, *yes*, I've heard of that tradition. Shields are family heirlooms. They only ever get buried with their

owner if there's nobody of the family left. If the lineage ends ... oh Berry! I wonder what things you never told anyone ..."

She sighed. A few more tears pinched behind her eyelids. Yrba sniffled them away and continued, "And this kind of metal, I've never seen anything like it before. No rust. No corrosion. Yet it's obviously been hidden in here for *years*." She tried to bend it. "Damn, is this stuff tough!"

Red grabbed a handful of gold coins from one of the many wooden chests and put them in Yrba's palm. "Well, now we can buy your cart back at the auctioning next week. I don't think there'll be that many other bidders for a witch cart. And Madame Red's reputation is dubious and tainted already, so what the hell."

The witch flipped them from her hand back on the pile, one by one, and sighed.

"I'd give it all away if I could make undone that cursed night."

"Who of us wouldn't. But with things as they are—"

"— we do what we *can* do, not what we *want* to do. I know."

"How *do* you spell *Berry-Ann*?" Jean lowered the chisel from the small tombstone she had been working on. "She was a great friend, I wouldn't want to dishonor her. With one or two *R? E or A? I or Y?* Gods, she always pronounced it so funny, more like in *Barbari*—" Jean fell silent and looked up. Her eyes met the witch's as Yrba looked down and slapped her hand against her forehead.

"*Bari-An!* Of course! *Bar-bari-an*. She must've picked it because it said *what* she was, not *who* she was. She *never* told us her real name."

Yrba slowly shook her head. "Well. Berry-Ann it is, then. Write it like that, Jean. She chose it, so let that be the name to remember her by."

Chapter 27: A Very Wet Farewell

The weeks of slow healing flew by, and finally the time had come for Mirca and Yrba to bid farewell to the brothel's girls. The town guards had turned back to their usual, lazy idea of duty. They bought the story about Red selling the 'cursed' cart on to a group of travelers hook, line and sinker, and they didn't even bother to peek inside the two carts as the bawd led the tiny convoy through the gate.

Far out of sight of the town now, Yrba and her towering protege exchanged last parting words with Red and her girls. They had pulled into a small, shielded clearing. No other soul was around for miles, and the air was warm. If it weren't for the low angle of the sun and the falling leaves, it might've been a late summer's day. Red sat beside Yrba on the coach box of her mobile hut, and the pair of long-time girlfriends passed a bag of wine between them.

"Wish us luck," sighed the witch. "We want to try and make a break for the border, and that's not easy with a cart and in the winter."

Red wiped her mouth, raised her eyebrows, smiled and handed the wine back to her friend. "Oh, you'll manage. Look around. From what I've heard, barring another blizzard, the roads ahead are still free up to the mountains, and once you're over the southward passes and

near the coast, winter's going to be little more than cold rain. Well, see you around next year then, I guess. You sure you want to leave your share of the gold buried in Berry's cave? Bag o'gold sure would ease your travels, dear."

"You know me," Yrba shrugged. "I'd just waste it on a zillion shiny things. Besides, the crap I got dealt at the gate was quite the wake-up call. Everything gone, the cart, all of my savings, one moment to the next. No, I'll scatter my treasure even more to make sure I still have something to return to, even if the cart ends up in flames."

She eyed the few puffy white clouds in the blue sky.

"Might as well stock up to winter alone after all. The straight route has too many towns with my name on a poster, for my taste. I'll take a big detour through some of the wilder shires before going back south in spring. We better lay low for a while before the girl and me make for the tower to ask the old wizard for help. *Him*, of all people! Him and his fuckin' temper! If my visit goes wrong, maybe I won't be *around* to visit you next year. Him and me, we didn't exactly part in friendship then, and he's one to hold a grudge."

Red shook her head. "You shouldn't go to him at all. I warned you when you were his apprentice, and I'll warn you again now. He's bad news. He always is. Yeah, nothing ever happened to his servants, but think about all the others that disappeared from the villages around his tower! You always stood up for him, but he's not worth it. He's scum! Hell, even *you* learned that in the end, the night your knife gave him that limp!"

"Oh come on! I've searched all over the tower. He had nothing to do with the missing ones! Besides, I wouldn't know any other mage far and wide. I know he's an old dirtbag, but he's no —"

The wagon began to rock gently sideways, and the noises they had taken for distant bird calls grew louder and *wetter*. Yrba stuck her head around the corner and gasped at the sight of the writhing mass of naked bodies with her blond giantess in the center. The cart rocked because Mirca rubbed her back against it while her hands clutched Charlene's butt cheeks, balancing the girl's slim body on her face. Charlene's heavy breasts rested on the cart roof, and her fingers clawed on the cart's edges while she bucked against Mirca's mouth.

The witch jumped off the box and stood akimbo at the corner. Her stare, half anger and half envy, wandered down along the pyramid of women. Mirca had her knees bent and her thighs wide. Half-sitting, half-leaning, with the muscular trunks of the giantess's legs straddled between their own, Jean and Sylvia clung to the tall blonde's nipples while their crotches wetted Mirca's thighs as they rubbed over the tall girl's skin. Jean's hands hugged one of Mirca's full breasts, and Sylvia, the stocky, voluptuous raven-hair, chewed on the domed aureola of the other soft melon. Milk ran from their mouths and dripped down on Li, who knelt on the floor between their writhing bodies and Mirca's feet. The dwarfish eastern woman did what she knew best.

"What the — Li! You take your fist out of Mirca this instant! What do you girls think you're doi— you're not sucking on her nipples, are you, Sylvia? And Jean —! *Ouch! That's got to hurt!* Mirca! You stop and pull your tongue from Charlene and put her down right now, y'hear?!"

None of the entangled girls listened. The pile of sweaty bodies slowly collapsed around Mirca as she dropped to her knees. Charlene clamped her thighs around the huge blonde's head. She balanced on the giantess' shoulders like an eastlands horse warrior and jerked and bucked each time the pink tip of Mirca's tongue peeked from the rear of her crotch.

Yrba jumped when Red stepped to her side and slipped a hand under her skirt. The bawd's experienced fingers played with the witch's black curls, and her middle one slowly rimmed the wet, tight opening before she laid the digit along Yrba's chunky labia, gently kneading the hot flesh in her grip.

"Aw, let them have their fun one last time, will you?" She winked and laughed raunchily. "And I guess they won't mind if we join in." A droplet ran down her enveloped finger. "At least I see *you* wouldn't mind right now. You spend three months in my house, but not one night in my bed? Not even for old time's sake? *Bad* witch!" She leaned forward and puckered up her lips.

"I'll miss you so much, mean old bawd! Come here!" moaned the witch as she clutched Red's head tight and nibbled and sucked away on her girlfriend's lips and tongue. Her hands ruffled the copper mane of her friend, and then she broke their hungry kiss for a throaty moan of "I want you *bigger*!"

Yrba's brown fingers dug into Red's breasts, and her mumbled incantations intermitted with her lover's frantic snaps and nibbles at her lips. Red shoved her thigh between Yrba's legs, and she clamped her legs around the witch's leg and bucked with her crotch against the rough cloth as the first onset of expansion hit her.

"Gods, you crazy hag! *Mnnnngh!* You still know how I like it best! *Yes! Ungh!* Oh yes, more bulk — *hwwaaah!* At least let me take off my clothes bef—*faaaaahhh!* Oh bugger it, forget about the dress, *blow me up! Hnnngh!*"

Red struggled for air as the straining cloth of her corset-like bustier groaned. *Mumble expandere mumble*, another shudder, another pulse of growth throbbing through Red's bloating boobs, and the string zigzagging across the taut front snapped apart with a whiplash cracking. It hissed as it zipped through the loops and gave way to the widening gap that revealed more and more of the bawd's swelling mammaries. Yrba changed her grip, she let her hands slip from grabbing Red's assets head-on to a sideway clutch that squeezed forth the two cherry-red, engorged nipples on their domed areolae and brought them close enough for the witch to suck them both into her mouth.

Red threw her head back in her neck, her breasts shuddered all over and she wrapped her arms around Yrba's shoulders. The space between them filled with Red's swelling pillows. Her skin itched, she wiggled and writhed to scratch her bosom on Yrba's chocolate claw-fingers that overflowed with her aroused white meat. The two women rolled along the side of the cart and tumbled into the sweaty pile of girls. Hot hands started to pull away their clothes, laying bare all their skin and folds for a half-dozen of hungry mouths to descend upon them.

Mirca giggled and sat up, pulling her breasts in position between her spread legs.

"Girls, I think now I'm in the mood for a long, hot sip from my witch's delicious pink cup. Come on, lift her over to me. Let's try cream with *chocolate* on top for a change!" Her hands cupped her palm-sized areolae and her fingers scraped over the rough, sensitive skin. *The tickle, think of the tickle, think of the warmth, invite the warmth...*

Yrba felt herself suddenly being pulled away from Red and picked up by the same hands that had just moments before kneaded and milked her breasts and caressed her thighs. She was turned on her stomach and slowly moved backwards on those hands. Mirca's throaty panting grew louder as she neared.

A faint hissing and rumbling filled the air, and the girls moaned in a wave of delight. "Look at her growing!" gasped one of them. "We'll shower in milk!" uttered another. Yrba frantically turned her head left and right, but all she could see was a glimpse of a pearl-white orb that slowly swelled up under her, and the flurry of arms she rested on. The faces all stared in wide-eyed longing at something *behind* her.

"*Mirca!* Don't you —!" she shrieked.

Mirca's breathing became spasmodic, and she squeezed her words out through clenched teeth. "It's — okay! Put her — down on one! Then — push into the — underside or — I'll spread out — too far! C'mon — Yrba, ride it!"

Yrba clung to the hot, oblong sphere of Mirca's left breast that filled up under her, while the right one bloated just across the yawning cleavage that her arm and legs almost disappeared into. She dug her heels and outspread arms into the skin, clinging to the rising flesh like a bad bareback rider on a prancing horse. What had started out as an

almost horizontal, maybe two yards long melon-shaped giant pillow rose and swelled right out of her grip into a mountainous slope, and she began to slip backwards.

"*Aiiieee—!*" she shrieked as she slipped down, and then Mirca's strong hands caught her widespread thighs, broke her slide and lowered her crotch gently on her half-opened lips. All her pent-up panic dissolved in a single gasp as Mirca's nubby tentacle laughingly called a tongue slapped against her vulva broad-sided, lapping again and again from her belly to her rear until her crotch was coated in mucous, hot saliva. And just when she thought she'd climax from that dripping patch going over and over and — *how does she do that?!* — cupping her labia, Mirca pulled its whole length oh-so-slowly through her crack, wiggled the tip a few times over the witch's swollen button and then dug it just half an inch into the puckered entrance to her vagina.

Yrba held her breath and did the widest split she could. It went much easier than she'd expected, thanks to the incessantly swelling ball she clung to. Her fleshy outer flaps opened as the sinews of her spread legs tugged at her crotch. Mirca put her head forward, and her big mouth engulfed Yrba's labia front to back. As the witch exhaled, the blonde shoved her fleshy muscular organ inside the dripping tunnel; it slid in as a thick, fat pole and as it stretched longer and thinner, she made it go round and round against Yrba's inner folds. Panting, eyelids fluttering, the witch held on to the quaking ball of a breast for dear life while the agile muscle reamed her pussy clean and the tip finally poked against her cervix.

"Gllls, I'll mgwush fwoom!" mumbled Mirca, shoving her slippery tongue into her friend to the very last inch. "Ymma, fgweef!"

Somehow, even as her brain was dripping out through her crotch, Yrba picked up the "squeeze" and dug her shaking arms and legs into her mount. With her head pressed against the throbbing, glowing, sweaty skin, the onset of Mirca's mighty milk discharge began as a dark rumbling in her ears that spread all over the orb. The milk ducts under her pulsated in a St. Vitus dance of ecstasy normally reserved for ejaculating males. And that was how Yrba tumbled into her own climax, her hands and legs clutching a horse-sized, spewing and spewing piece of throbbing meat between her thighs that only slowly shrank away under her and gently lowered her down to the floor. Mirca's head, her hair drenched in sweat, came to a rest on Yrba's lower back. She caressed the witch's flanks and breasts.

"Huh? Huh?" she mumbled happily while her arousal slowly waned. "That was something, huh? They'll not forget us in a hurry."

The other girls, glazed over with milk, still kept on licking and rubbing each other clean in front of them.

Yrba rolled on her back and caught her breath. "Oooh *yes!* You think we could repeat this every evening? I've never felt so relaxed in my whole life!" She giggled. "I can't even feel my legs now!"

Mirca stared at her with wide-open eyes. "*Every* eveni—?! Oh come *on!*"

Chapter 28: The Chain Mail

Mirca fidgeted mutely in her seat on the cart and stared into the landscape that slowly rolled by, until she asked: "Uh, so this is your carriage?"

Yrba smiled and didn't turn her head to the girl's hulking shape by her side. The brown-skinned witch just glanced at her pupil's big hands. Mirca nervously twisted her fingers, then she scratched her head over her ear.

"What *do* you want to ask, darling?" Yrba cooingly replied, in her softest, most soothing voice.

"Wuh—wha— um, ah, h—how did you know I —," Mirca stuttered.

"— Wanted to ask something different? For one, you *know* it's my cart. *Our* cart. You helped me stock it, so you really just wanted to start talking to ease up before you asked what you *actually* wanted to ask."

Mirca blushed. "My, *you*'re smart! It's about, I wondered — that wooden chest in the back and those heavy rolls with the string around —"

Yrba pulled at the reins.

"So these are," and Mirca choked up for a moment, "B—Berry's last gifts to us?"

The witch sighed and pulled the last wrapped-up bundle from the cart. "Yes. She never said who should get what, but — you were closest, size-wise, so Red and me decided you'll get what pieces of armor there were."

"And those swords?" Mirca bowed down. Her fingers closed around a handle, and the rope wound tightly around the metal core felt *right* in her hand. The blade whispered from the sheath, and Mirca gazed at her reflection in the polished metal. She grabbed the second one. The two edges touched with a *shhhhhinnngggg*.

"Uh, why are they for me?"

"I wouldn't know who else could even begin to handle — *watch it!*" Yrba ducked out of the way as the two-yards blades whistled about. Mirca finished her pirouette and stood, spread-legged, with one hand around the handle of each broadsword, weighing them in her grip like toys.

"Huh?" She raised her head and lifted her eyebrows.

"You almost beheaded me!"

"Oh come on!" Mirca pouted. "There was a whole hand's breadth between!"

Yrba gulped. "Without looking? You can say that *without looking and while whirling around?*"

Mirca shrugged. "Well, I *know* where you are and where I am. And swords, they're just like big axes, only longer. You never were scared of my axe when I chopped wood."

The blades clanged to the ground as something else caught the young woman's attention. Mirca knelt down and dug into the depths of the chest. Her face brightened in delight. She giggled and raised a vest-like garment apparently woven from the essence of *glitter*.

"Look at this! It's like a metal shirt *for ladies*! Oh Yrba, it's so shiny and feels so smooth! Come and help me put this on!"

She pulled at the laces on her gown, and moments later, the cloth hung around her hips. Her breasts' bronze skin glowed in the sunlight, and with quick fingers, she filled her protruding cones' malleable flesh into the pair of huge cups on the metallic bodice. Yrba narrowed her eyes against the sun's bright reflections all over the garment and shuddered. Her face screwed up with some ... memories.

"You sure? I tried that stuff once. *Ugh*! Chain mail on naked skin isn't all that comfortable. I had chafed teats for a whole week!"

"But I want to," Mirca pouted, and Yrba sighed resignedly.

"All right, turn around. Maybe your nipples are tougher than mine."

The clasps clicked shut, and the blonde jiggled her shoulders. The whole item jingled faintly as it settled on Mirca's round mounds.

"Tee-hee! Isn't it cute?" She turned to Yrba and grinned. "It tickles all over! My, it really clings to my tits! See how they wobble? And it's not so col—*cooo—gods!*"

Mirca's eyes grew big. The jingling stopped with a sudden *slap* of expanding flesh connecting to something unyielding. Metal

groaned and creaked quietly between the young woman's loud gasps. The edges of the sparkling garment dug into her swelling skin.

"Taut," she whispered, staring into the distance. "*Uuuuuuh*. Yes. *Haaaaaahh!* P—pressure. *Uuunngh!* Swelling. *Yiii—yes!* Trapped. Inside. C—c—can't ... need to ... oh this feels so *good* ..."

She slowly sank to her knees and bent over backwards, rolling her shoulders frantically, bucking into the garment again and again. Yrba rushed to her side and propped the young woman's jerking torso up against her drawn-up knee as Mirca writhed in her arms.

"Mirca! Talk to me! Hold on!"

"Full ... so full ... oh *heavens* — now — *mmmmh!* — the heat, I must —"

Mirca's voice was barely audible. Sitting on her haunches, she spread her legs wide, dug her fingers into her skirt and grabbed her crotch, kneading her sex through the rough wool. The textile turned dark with wetness. Her face lit up with growing excitement as she closed her eyes and her mouth spread into a wide, contorted grin while she raced through her first climax.

"So much, full, need to, I must, again," she stammered, saliva dripping from the corner of her mouth. She straightened and arched backwards, then she curled up again in spasms of delight only to rise again seconds later. The throbbing, pulsing flesh of her breasts threw itself against the silvery cage like a raging animal, again and again.

"Wait, I'll get it off —" Yrba groaned through clenched teeth, struggling with the girl's shifting, wiggling weight while she fished blindly for the garment's clasps in Mirca's back.

"Ouch! Dammit!" she cursed only moments later. Mirca bucked again in her embrace, and suddenly, Yrba's fingers were caught between Mirca's back and the unyielding, tight-stretched metal band of the top. "Raaaaaah—!"

"*Huuuuunngh!*" groaned the shivering bundle of muscles in her grip as the next orgasm turned her fierce thrusts into spasms of excitement.

Hissss. Hisss. Hisss.

Jets of milk sprayed from Mirca's nipples and bubbled through the intricate mesh of tiny rings, the waves coming in sync with her jerks and twists.

"*Ahhhhh...*," she exhaled as the white cascade vented the delicious and yet unbearable pressure inside her. The torrent ran down her chest and over her belly before it soaked into her skirt.

"—*Ungh!*" Yrba's fingers finally came free. The clasps remained tightly locked under the pull and pressure of the constrained flesh of Mirca's thwarted breasts. As the hissing and bubbling subsided and the girl's breathing returned to a deep, slowing rumble in her chest, the witch managed to loosen them. With a chink, the wrapper snapped off and two white, drained sacks of glands and skin spilled forward and avalanched out over Mirca's thighs until the still dripping, bloated nipples slapped down into the rough grass before her knees. She shivered one more time at the tickling touch.

Yrba kneaded her aching fingers.

"Well, now we know how Berry filled those cups," she muttered. "How come you didn't blow this thing to smithereens?" She picked up the jingling net of metal rings and turned it left and right. "Can't see

anything magical about it, though it *must* have some in it to withstand that strain. Weird. There's got to be some trick to it, but we better not try that again."

"Oh come on! It *was* kinda tight, and that felt really great!" Mirca panted, pursing her lips while she slowly reined her expanded milk sacks in, kneading and pushing her funbags back into vaguely human shape and size. "I want to have another go! It was like when you pull and lift a big basket of wood and then you hold it and put it down again and your arms and legs suddenly become, like, all light and you feel good and stronger."

Yrba rummaged the chest, and when she straightened up again, she held another of the metallic bustiers in her hands. This one shone in bands of golden-white colors, matching Mirca's mane.

"You want another go? Great! We'll keep on trying, because one of those *has* to be just plain chain mail."

Chapter 29: Misunderestimated

Yrba looked up from the mending she was busy with. They had set up camp in a small clearing by the roadside just half an hour ago. The sun was setting fast now, and in the week that had passed since they'd left Red and her harlots behind, the looming chills of winter had returned in earnest. Luckily, they were heading south. Maybe they could even outrun the change of seasons this time. Across the low mountains, the coast lands waited with their temperate weather. But the roads were treacherous, and she still was halfway inclined to stick to her original plan of weathering the warrants on their heads somewhere in the western wildlands where news, travelers and villages were sparse.

The road had been empty during the last days. That's why she wasn't too happy to hear the approaching hoofbeats. *Many. Half a dozen? Not quite in a hurry, but not riding for fun either. Clatter and jingle of light armor. Oh fuck. Fuck fuck fuck.*

"Mirca, don't say a word and keep your face down. Seriously!" she whispered to her companion. The blonde nodded fearfully.

"Do you think they'll —"

"I don't know. Not the first time I've talked my way out of a tight spot, so relax. Don't sit so close to me. Go over to the fireplace, I'll stay on the cart's stairs. And keep your hands on your — you know."

The scene was set.

"Yo! Fellow travelers looking to make this a resting place!"

Yrba looked up. The group of men on horseback didn't seem like fellow travelers to her. Mercenaries, maybe. Freelancers, or worse. *Make no mistakes now. These guys are big trouble*, groused the little voice in her head that had saved her more than once before. *Resting place can mean a lot of things...*

She pointed around the empty clearing.

"Can hardly keep you from unmounting then, can I?" she replied.

After they tied up their horses, the men sat down and began to joke noisily by the fireplace while they tended to their weapons. Mirca lowered her face further and crept deeper into her cowl. The leader of the gang slowly walked over to Yrba and leaned on the cart, bowing down ever so slightly as he addressed her.

"Hey, traveller, you bored? I've got quite the tale, I tell you! Ever heard of the brothel at Peterstown?"

Red. Oh dear, old girl, what have you done this time?

Outwardly, Yrba shrugged. "Never heard of it. And I don't care. Do I look like I'm cursed with a dick? What would *I* do at a cathouse?"

He straightened up and turned his head towards the fireplace, where the monk cowered, and then looked at her again from the corner of his eyes.

"*Had* a bawd, must've been your age. Now what *had been* her name —"

Ice crept down her spine, but Yrba cut him off. She *knew* her voice didn't tremble and was just the grumpy whine of a tired traveler. "Don't know, don't care, mercenary. I need to finish the repairs while there's still some daylight." She avoided his stare and kept her eyes firmly fixed on the stitching.

"Been a house of the devil, is what they said. Lewd, unnatural acts those girls did."

She put her tools down and her hands on her hips.

"Come on. Why are you prattling on about some whorehouse somewhere? Huh? Do I look like I care?"

He ignored her protest. "Was quite the fracas when the guards seized them all. Found a hidden stash between the floors, and a secret room. Funny thing, their shop blew not because of their heathen ways, but because they had smuggled arms into the town. Well, the lord got mightily pissed and had them questioned meticulously." He laughed. "There was a little yellow-skinned girl with them. I heard they didn't manage to get a confession out of her, and she even managed to run once. Must've cracked her own ribs just to squeeze out between the cell's bars. They found her crouching in front of a weird old temple where she was wailing to some depraved god for help. Freaky little lizard, that chick. Not even breaking her legs on the rack opened her mouth. The tall tits wench finally caved in and screamed the names

we're now looking for. Took them long enough. Haven't seen tough lasses like that for ages. Peter's dungeons were a bit tougher, though."

The tendons on the back of Yrba's hands showed when she picked up the string and needle again, but her voice remained calm, and her fingers didn't shake.

"*That* I believe at once. I stay away from that shire. I've heard that Lord Peter's an — unyielding ruler."

"You bet! And he was right about them, wouldn't y'know? They *were* in league with the devil!"

"The devil. *Sure*."

"Don't believe me? Half the castle's in bits and pieces now, and the rest's just about to crash down! Happened just as the hangman was getting ready. Heh, even had to put a chair on the trapdoor, for that yellow chick, cause she couldn't stand upright any more. Guess *that* was a first for him, too. They were all banged up pretty badly, the whole bunch. Bawd had almost no face left, yellow chick a cripple. Brunette beanstalk, whistled with every breath. Ribs bashed in. Coughed blood all over her clothes. The others, a few fingers gone here, a few toes gone there. Really, the gallows would've been a mercy for them." He laughed again, meaner this time. "Peter's soldiers! Amateurs, the lot o' them. Me boys and me, we could've taught them a thing or two. Could've showed them where it *really* hurts without mangling them so much that they're no fun anymore."

"And then?"

"Ah? Getting curious now, aren't you? Well, best part's to come! Let me tell you, just as the hangman got ready, there's this *huuuge* bird blotting the sun, only it's no bird! And down swoops this horned,

winged she-demon, tall as a house and black like Evil itself. Lands smack dab on the courtyard, sends the walls trembling with her monstrous weight, and she's got glowing white cracks and unholy symbols and something like lizard's scales all over her body and shoots lightning from her hands! Plucks their bodies from the gallows one by one like grapes, swallows them whole. And then a *huge* fireball and smoke and thunder and a cloud rising to the firmament, and nothing left of the whole courtyard at all! They said the walls turned into *glass* from the demon's hellfire, and the whole yard is but a huge hole like from a giant orb!"

Yrba laughed. "Oh *please!* Old wives' tales! I knew it!"

"Well, really? The walls have turned to glass all right, I tell ya! I was there not an hour afterwards when all the stones still glowed! The lord got away just in time. Losing the castle hasn't made him any less angry. Has doubled the reward."

"Then I guess I better keep an eye open looking for those two runaways. I could use the money."

He looked at her and scratched his chin.

"You're not doing too bad even without it, I'll say. Cart is well maintained, horse is no bag o' bones. Oh, let's drop the *act*. You're the one they call 'honest Yrba'. Don't bother denying it. Ain't too many darkskins around these lands."

"No, it's just *Yrba*. Don't need to announce my honesty. People around here already know I'm an honest trader. — Hold it. I'm still sitting here. No daggers, no ropes, no chains around me, and you're not as dumb as you're trying to sound. So *what do you want?*"

He casually leaned against the cart now and stared intently at his dirty fingernails. Even his *voice* smirked now. "Those kind of bad stories may fly fast, *just* Yrba. Stories like that oddity at Lord Peter's castle. Stories like that price on your head. And on the sweet blonde's empty skull over there, hiding under that cowl. Pathetic disguise, really. You put her on stilts to make people think she's tall like a man? Stupid idea, old crone." He chuckled. "Anyway, such tales are bad for business. Always were, always will be. I don't care if you're in league with the devil. I've sent a whole lot o' souls his way myself. But in *this* world, a piece of gold's a piece of gold. And I take it your business is doing well. Let's call it a *merger*. Better to have an egg a day than slaughtering the chicken. Still can do that when she doesn't lay golden eggs any more."

Yrba frowned and ran out of patience.

"We're doing well enough for two. Not well enough for two and your whole gang of thieves, if that's what you're thinking of."

"Oh, that's too bad. Too bad. And especially in these rough times, where two weak women could use any protection they can get, lest they get mistaken for evil witches. A fireplace in winter sure is nice, but not if you're tied to a pole in the middle of it."

Yrba suddenly raised her head and smirked back at him.

"Protection?"

She took one of the logs from the basket by her side and threw it towards Mirca's hooded, stooped figure.

"Wood, left!"

A *silken* noise, then a *thock*, then the clattering of *two* pieces of wood tumbling over the dry, hard dirt. The blonde now stood steady

and upright with her legs parting slightly, holding her left arm and the battle axe in her grip straight out. Her cloak fell open along the front, revealing her bare, firm midriff and the deep, plunging neckline of her chain mail top. The last rays of the setting sun sparkled over the golden rings of the tight garment whose rim cut into the bulging bosom. Mirca's bright eyes in her shadowed face wandered over the five men in front of her, taking stock. In her mind, pictures of a thin red trickle down the face of a huge stone, and of Berry's empty eyes, returned. She couldn't help but imagining all of her friends' faces pale and motionless like that. Her breath quickened. The *other* thing stirred inside her. She *snarled*.

The cloak parted completely as she rolled her shoulders, revealing a white pareu slung around her waist and another axe in a makeshift holster hanging to her right side. No stilts under her feet, no tricks. She *was* a head taller than any of them, and her shoulders broader than any of theirs. The leather bands around her wrist creaked as she closed her fist around the second handle, straightened up and raised both axes. The cloak slipped off her shoulders. The back she turned on Yrba and the thug showed chains of chiseled muscles, and her heaving half-melon breasts hung over the sides of her chest.

The witch turned to the speechless man in front of her.

"You were saying?"

His hands went for the dagger on his belt. She held it up just as his fingers passed through the empty air over the sheath. Her grin was a row of white teeth in her dark face.

"Nothing's as good as an obvious distraction. Look at her. Look at me. *You* think you can offer us any *protection*? Seems you can't even protect your own butt, smart-ass."

"Men!" he barked, "Grab tha—"

She pushed the poisoned needle in her other hand into his neck before he could finish the word. For a second or two, he remained upright like struck by lightning, his mouth open and trembling, then he slumped against the cart. The five others didn't fare much better. Mirca used the flat sides of her axes only, but she didn't hit any less hard. When the violent dance ended moments later, she still stood upright. Nobody else around the fireplace did.

Chapter 30: Eye In The Sky

The two women left them tied to one of the trees, chased away the horses and fled the place. Maybe they'd wake up before the wolves found them. Maybe not.

"Great," Yrba muttered. "Another shire to cross off the list. We're running out of safe places, Mirca. The gossip's catching up. Fast! Every damned low life for miles suddenly knows our faces! I don't know how long we can keep ahead of the stories and rumors. We'll need to leave this country altogether. No point in a dash for the wizard's tower."

She turned her head. The blonde kept staring at the road. Yrba put her hand on Mirca's shoulder.

"Are you all right?"

"I can't stop thinking about what he said about Li. And Red. All of them." Her eyes filled with tears. "Why?" she whispered. "They were just trying to get by."

"Maybe he made that story up."

"But he knew their names! And our names! The girls — they'd never willingly betray us! Oh, I just hope the goddess statue thing saved them in time. It must've been her!"

"What?"

"I — I rememb..." Her eyes stared ahead and turned empty. Then she suddenly blinked and shook her head. "What did I just say? — Uh, I didn't believe him. He was just being mean and wanted to scare us."

Yrba frowned. "No, girl. You were talking about a 'goddess statue thing'."

The blonde chuckled and jabbed her playfully. "Huh? Goddess statue —? No I didn't. *You're* saying weird things again."

"Oo-kay." Yrba shrugged and frowned as a faint sting swooped through her temples. She was suddenly too worried to care and really hoped that guy had just embellished on the story of Red and her girls fleeing the country. Her eyes searched the cloudy skies. *Red, wherever you are now, I just hope you're okay.*

Memory replacement complete, said the display.

The image of the cart in bird's-eye view faded together with the crosshairs on the free-floating screen while intricate meshes and diagrams folded back into themselves left and right along the display. A woman's slender hand with fingernails maybe a tad too long and too sharp to be entirely human touched the pane, and it retracted and melted into the dark, curved wall behind it. A horned head with pointy ears and faintly glowing green eyes turned away and to the first of the black slates on which five female figures were motionless in enforced

sleep. Glowing bars hovering in mid-air near their feet slowly neared 1/1 markings again. A voluminous non-voice echoed in the air, though there were no ears to hear it.

I hope this here settles any remaining debt I might've owed to you and your blond plaything, little Li. Seriously. I'm in enough trouble already. The others won't like my meddling. No, they won't like that at all. You were lucky I woke again, if only because you still had a little of me in you that reached out to me, even in my sleep. I'm not used to being called upon out of schedule.

The living statue sighed.

But what am I supposed to do with you now? Guess I'll best leave you in someplace a little more open-minded. One of the elder island kingdoms of the south, maybe? Wait, do they still exist? Damn, it's so easy to lose track of history with all those decades of sleeping.

She walked up to the head end of Li's slate, and her fingers combed softly through the yellow-skinned woman's long, black, silken hair. Her gaze wandered over the row of naked bodies, restored to their unblemished, all-parts-back-in-place state. A costly endeavor, in terms of energy. A little payback in terms of *fun* might be acceptable. Central didn't need to know about everything after all.

Five different tastes in a row, after all those centuries. And you won't even remember. To hell with non-interaction! I'm thirsty!

She bowed forward, pursed her lips and gently squeezed Li's tiny areolae before she sucked away at the swelling nipple. Her hands moved over the barely noticeable mounds and shaped what little there was into rounded cones. But the moment she took her fingers away, they sagged back down into thin pancakes. She raised an eyebrow.

That won't do. They need to stand. More inner pressure.

She placed her hands around the first breast and began with slow, circular movements. The flesh expanded on cue, eager to fill her grip.

Ah. Much better.

The nipples rose on top of the thickening domes that bulged around their bases and finally squeezed the enlarged areolae like clay through the ring of her index fingers and thumbs. She pouted her lips, and the heavy, stout breast stretched eagerly, propelling the rough, dripping knob on its tip towards its mistress' waiting mouth.

Oh, I like my powers, the statue chuckled and slurped Li's erect nipple into her mouth. *Mmmh, sweet with a little fruity-sour aftertaste. Do I really need to let you go, girl?*

She stepped over to Red and admired the bawd's milk rack.

My goodness! And it's not just fat, there's a hell of a lot glands in there. You don't have a problem with lactating, I'll say! She needed both hands to lift one of the melon-sized masses. The soft flesh rolled in her grip. The very moment her fingers closed around the heavy bag, thin jets sprang out of the nipples. *Then again, a little more won't hurt either. You're used to it, I guess. I sense some of the strange force in you that I felt in the blond giantess.*

Groooooow, she cooed and watched the sagging flesh bulge and shape up.

Mmmmh. Mmmph! Her eyes went wide at first and then closed slowly. *Oooh. So much! You're quite the udder queen, woman. Thick and so rich in nutrients, with such a nice creamy taste. If only I could,*

you'd be a keeper, too. She slapped the flesh mesas and watched the ripples and quivers wander over them.

Charley — Charlene — was the next in line. The ancient creature smiled.

Now you're blessed already, aren't you? Such taut, resilient bullet-like breasts are so rare in this day and age. Let's bless them a little more. She grabbed the horns and squeezed them gently.

Show me a little more of that fabulous resilience now. Fatten and lengthen.

Mmmmh, she moaned as the flesh grew rounder in her grip. Her lips sucked the nipples in and after a few moments parted a little again, and she watched the whitish milk dripping from her mouth and slowly creeping down in curved tracks over the tanned skin. *Tropical taste, this one.*

A little bland, the two of you, was her comment on Sylvia and Jean. *But that's not a bad thing. You've got that trusty ole basic taste one could spend the rest of eternity with and never tire of.*

She lifted her head. *Ship, plot a course. Southern archipelagos, full scan for advanced settlements and trade signs. Sub-orbital atmosphere drives only, stealth mode, engage.*

A shudder crept through the floor and walls. She bent over and pressed up against Sylvia's body, picking up a nipple with her tongue again.

Ship, make that a really slow cruise. Touchdown at sea, surface engines, target time ... let's see ... six days? Yes, that sounds about right. Her fingers moved over the girl's butt. The shape tautened as the cheeks filled out, and the hips grew wider still in her grip. *Maybe*

wake you all, get a little acquainted and then show you a few of the good old rituals?

She giggled delightedly and snapped her fingers. Faint groans began to fill the air as the five bodies stirred...

Chapter 31: The Bigger They Are

Yrba woke from the sound of a heavy thump. The noise was followed by muttered curses. Groaning, the witch turned in her narrow berth in the cart to face the source of the stream of mild expletives. The light of morning fell through the open door, and in the frame, her shoulders filling it almost completely, cowered Mirca, holding her head, her blond hair glowing like a halo in the backlight.

"Mirca? You all right?"

The blonde's voice was mixed with whines. "Ouch! — *Nnngh!* — Yes, yes. Stupid *stupid* door frame! I swear it wasn't this low when I went to bed!" She rubbed her aching forehead. "I'll fetch water and get the fire going."

Minutes later, she came back running.

"Yrba! *Yrbaaa!* Hurry, you *must* take a look at this!"

She squeezed into the cart that rocked under her weight, knelt down before the witch's bed and pulled up her skirt. Yrba barely glanced over the thick bush of golden pubic curls before she turned away again and dragged the blanket back over her head.

"Mirca, I'm not going to eat you out first thing in the morning, okay? There's something like too much of a good thing," came her muffled voice from inside the heap of sheets.

"No! Look! It's grown! Oh come on, take a look!" She grabbed Yrba's shoulder and shook her. The whole cart rocked again.

"Mirca, it's *not* grown," groaned the witch. "Maybe a bit swollen from yesterday, but it's not going to grow. You're what, twenty-two?"

"Twenty-*three*!"

"You're not going to grow any more. You might *widen* inside quite bit if you keep on coaxing me into doing that thing with my fist. I'm a bit bigger than Li, you know?"

"Oh please, take a look! I *got* wider! It's harder now, tying my loincloth around my hips! How did you know?"

Yrba rolled around and sighed.

"Okay, bring it closer. Put your one leg over the bed, and kneel down a bit."

The blond bush descended on her. She tugged at the curls and gently pushed the meaty outer lips aside. After a few moments, she shook her head.

"Can't see any difference. Why do you think it's grown?"

"I — I was squatting over the brook and was rubbing me clean, when I noticed —," she pushed her spread fingers into the outer labia, "—this."

Her lust button rose from the folds. Yrba frowned. The knob was thicker than the tip of her thumb and about as long, wrapped in the hood and the curly lips.

"Riiight. Hum. I'm not sure." She smiled. "Last time I had my lips around it, it wasn't exactly little. But it sure looks a bit larger *now*. And not swollen at all."

"See? I told you! The tip used to be only about as large as my thumb's nail. Now it's bigger! And I can reach the roof of the cart with my fingers now! I *am* growing again! Everywhere! That's why I ran against the frame!"

Yrba sighed. *Dammit. Another oddity. Just can't get a break, can I?*

"So what do you say? What do we do about that?" inquired her pupil nervously, still spread-eagled over her bed.

Do about it? I've got no clue! No need to bother you yet, though.

She smiled up at the girl. "Oh, don't worry. It's not like you're growing fast, right? Took you a couple of weeks just to notice. We'll keep an eye on it. Little markings on the door and stuff."

Her fingers played in the curls. Mirca's hair was still damp from the morning wash, and her skin was smooth and clean. Yrba's brown fingertips circled the plump labia. The faint scent of Mirca's warm body hung in the air. The witch inched closer and sniffed at the muscular thighs. Her hands cupped the taut buttocks and kneaded them, sensing the strength in the round, ample muscles. Yes, they felt slightly meatier than yesterday, as did the hip. Faint, very faint stretch marks showed along the crotch. And that wasn't the only thing that had changed. Yrba's nostrils caught another whiff of the girl's bush, and suddenly the tiny hairs all over her body stood on end. She

couldn't say *what* had just changed in her mind, but she liked it and she knew what she wanted *now*.

She licked her full lips. "I don't know about you, but all of a sudden I *do* crave a little morning tart."

And with that, she lifted her head and wrapped her lips around the wet cherry. She sucked on it, and it slid forward into her mouth. Mirca's big hands gently grabbed her head and guided her up and down the cleft. Yrba's eyes grew large with surprise.

It's almost like a dick! A tiny — mmph! — not so tiny dick! Gosh, it's like a meaty, zaftig strawberry! And your lips, girl, they're

She dug her mouth and chin into the smooth cushions of Mirca's sex like into the soft, moist flesh of a ripe watermelon. Everything from the labia's volume to the taste seemed just the slightest bit *more* than the day before, more *delicious* especially.

Girl, what weird kind of a creature are you?!

Her tongue circled Mirca's warm folds and she quickly forgot about her worries. Viscid wetness dripped over her chin. She heightened her suction, and Mirca's inner labia, well-oiled with the blonde's thick, ample secretions, unfurled and crawled into her mouth. Her tongue rimmed Mirca's smooth inner linings before it ran right through the cleft in the thinner, inner flaps. She lacked her pupil's sheer tongue length or size, but her expert back-and-forth rubbing against all the right places did the trick well enough. The filament-dragging juice, warm and fresh, ran down her face and dripped from Yrba's chin into her dark brown cleavage. One hand guided Mirca's hip back and forth, the witch's other hand spread the viscid mucus over her own breasts. Mirca's soft and pliable folds slipped around

Yrba's probing tongue like her own oiled chocolate boobs rolled and slithered in her hand.

Soon, the whole cart was rocking and groaning under the heavy pounding from the inside.

Part 7: Among Wolves

*"Look around
leaves are brown
and the sky
is a hazy shade of winter"*

— Simon & Garfunkel, *Hazy Shade Of Winter*

This part has not been proofread

Chapter 32: The Accident

"Hey, sleepy witch! Come on, get up! Another great day! You said we'd reach another village this evening. Let's get going!"

"Mirca — no," groaned Yrba and drew her blanket back over the curly, tangled bird's nest of her jet black mane. Her chocolate-brown complexion made the Southern Islands witch an often-ogled oddity to the pale folks of the Northlands that she travelled. She licked her plump lips and smacked. "I've got no idea how you became so chipper, but I sure can't keep up." She rolled her shoulders and ran her fingernails down her curvy contours to scratch her round buttocks. Uttering another groan, she slumped back down in her berth. "Oh, just go ahead, you know the drill. Harness the horse, get the fire going, yadda yadda yadda."

"Feh! I hope I don't become that sleepy when I'm old," muttered Mirca as she turned around, stooping to not bump her head against the caravan's ceiling. The four-wheeler that Yrba travelled in never was meant to provide housing for a twenty-something lumberjack girl who could put barroom brawls to a sudden, awkward end just by standing up and flexing her arms.

"Thirty-six ain't *old*," grumbled her curvaceous mentor and squeezed her own buttocks, as if to reassure herself of her body's delectable firmness. Satisfied, she dug herself back into the pillows and turned from the beams of light that pierced into the wagon as her herculean travel companion opened the door and bowed through the low doorframe that barely was big enough for her six feet nine frame.

Mirca jumped from the cart, ignoring the three wooden planks of the tiny stepladder, and stretched her towering, naked shape against the warming rays of the barely risen morning sun, cracking her joints and straining her firm muscles. Brushing back her long, blond hair, she gazed around. The lone clearing near the high point of the pass road offered a grand panorama over the low hills and the mist-veiled valleys between them.

The tall young woman knelt down by the fireplace, and soon the fire flared up from last night's embers again. Raising her head, her eyes caught sight of the spokes on the cart's wooden wheels.

"Yrba, one of the spokes is — uh, Yrba? You awake?"

A long snore was the answer. Mirca stood up, put her hands to her hips, took a deep breath, lowered her head and sighed.

"Great. Just *great*. Hum. Not going to sit around and wait until noon. I want to see a few new faces this evening."

She tapped on her pouted lips with her right hand's fingers. Suddenly she smiled, untied the spare wheel and crawled backwards on all fours under the cart. She squatted down, curved her back and pressed her shoulder blades into the cart's floor. Emerging muscles

and tendons turned her legs' smooth skin into a landscape of hills and valleys.

Dammit, it's heavier than it looks.

Not too heavy, though. Hrrrrnnnn—!

She clenched her teeth and tensed up some more. The veins in her neck swelled. Wood groaned as the weight on the wheels disappeared. Moments later, they lost touch of the ground, and half of the cart balanced on the blonde's back. She grabbed the damaged wheel by her side and pulled and jolted on the obstinate item to wiggle it loose.

Come off, you stupid thing! Come off!

Finally, it slipped from the spindle. She dropped it and had to put her hand to the ground to balance the weight that threatened to overwhelm her. Her other hand fumbled for the spare wheel. She leant sideways, frantically grasping at it, but her fingertips barely touched the rim.

Riiiiight, quick now — oh come here, you darn — shit! No! No no no!

The load on her back shifted as the cart began to tilt sideways. Still struggling, she heard the second wheel on her side drop from its axle with a thud. The other side of the cart still wobbled and creaked on the remaining two wheels, but on this side, all to rest the weight on now was her back. Mirca exhaled hard. Her muscles started to ache and tire, and the wooden beams of the cart's frame pressed painfully into her shoulder blades and spine. She bent deeper.

"Yrba!" she coughed. "Oh gods, help m—*eeuugh* ... w—wake up, Yr—*rgh*!"

Her voice was barely more than a wheeze and the only reply from the cart was another snore. As the load slowly weighed her down, she struggled in vain for air that just wouldn't come to her lungs. Every breath in was a short gasp, every breath out a long-drawn hiss through gritted teeth, every time she bowed lower to the ground.

Need — something to rest it on —

She was down on both hands now, arms trembling, and her elbows began to bend. Heat flushed over her chest; a dull, throbbing heat in sync with her racing heartbeat. The edge of the cart slipped on and cut painfully into her neck, grating over her vertebrae.

Nnnngh — gaaah! It'll chop my head off! I've got to —

The first higher blades of grass, still covered in dew, ran over the skin of her dangling breasts and moistened her nipples. Stars dancing before her eyes, she tried to shift the weight any which way. A fierce, growing itch from deep within her chest replaced the tickle of the grass.

No — not now, no, please, oh please, don't—

Seconds stretched into an eternity of *expansion*. Her ballooning mammaries made contact with the ground with a short, hard thump. Her hands on the wet, slippery grass were quickly pushed aside by the swelling flesh, and the wagon's weight came down on her, on the yielding pillows that caught it with bouncing, swinging motions that made the mobile hut on her back creak and groan like a ship in heavy sea.

Mirca's face was covered with sweat, and now it was partially covered with her chest's burning skin, too. Her breasts, suddenly four times their original, already dominating size, were painfully flattened

between the ground and her body. She felt the pulsing of the veins under the skin as the bags grew larger under her, fighting the threatening weight, the stretching skin moving down her midriff until it was stopped as it ran into her thighs. The whole rising mass started bulging forward now to the faint hissing of liquid volume building up inside.

The groans of the cart on her back grew louder as it rightened up bit by bit. Yet the swelling of Mirca's breasts went in all the wrong directions. The skin at the underside of her mammaries strained against the pull of the two orbs' urge to pop out ahead of her.

"Yrrrrb—hhhhh." And still her voice was but a faint moan as she tried to yelp while inhaling. All the while she grappled with her two inflating pillows, trying to keep the burgeoning flesh under her.

Her nipples dug into the ground, anchoring her swelling breasts and stopping the slow slippage. The pressure grew. She no longer needed her legs or arms to hold up the mass of the wagon. Her bloating breasts held the cart's weight as their growing size made them bulge sideways, squeezing far beyond the sides of Mirca's chest. She was firmly fixed between the load on her back, her own flattened thrumming breasts and the ground.

With a crash and tinkling, something inside the cart fell over. Then came a heavy thud, and a muffled yowl of pain followed on its heels. Squeaking and groaning, the yard-huge pillows shouldered the cart's weight. Mirca slipped into her own ridiculously huge cleavage, with a moan of pain as her arms and shoulders were forced backwards. She could finally breathe in again. She could *scream* again. And she did, with all the strength she had left.

"Yrba! Are you all right?!"

Dead silence sent ice down Mirca's spine. Inside the cart, there were *heavy* things. Heavy things that might easily crush an arm, or a leg, or a — head.

Then, finally, the angry answer: "Dammit, yeah! *Hrrrrnnngh!* I'm — I'm stuck! What the *fuck* are you doing out there?"

"I'm so sorry! I tried to fix the wheel, and then the other came off, too, and now I'm trapped here! I'm stuck under the cart! I've blown up again! Help me!"

"*Gaaaarrrrgh!* No, can't get my leg out from under that barrel! And you? Can you hold on? Can you *breathe?*"

"Yes, yes. No — *nnngh!* — no problem now. The cart seems to get lighter by the minute. I just can't stop this! I really tried! Yrba! Please, do something!" She gesticulated helplessly with her hands that peeked out left and right while her arms were stuck between the cart and the stretching and ballooning skin of her breasts, each now flattened to more than one and a half yard in diameter and three feet high — and swelling.

The wood of the wagon's two wheels still on the ground creaked and groaned as more of the weight shifted from Mirca's back and shoulders towards the axles on the opposite side while she rose on top of the expanding pillows. The angle of the box on wheels neared its tipping point.

"Do something?" groaned the witch. "I was hoping *you'd* come and get me out of here! I don't like it how the kitchen knives dangle over me!"

Rrrrrumble. Thock. Thock—thock—thock. Thock—thock.

"Yrba!" gasped the blonde.

"Okay, p—problem s—solved," stuttered the witch. "That was too fuckin' close!"

"Yrba, please! You've got to think of something! I keep bloating, I'll topple the cart!"

After a moment of silence, Yrba replied: "Then topple it!"

"What?!"

"I'm stuck in here! You're stuck out there! My leg's trapped under that damned barrel, and you've got a cart on your back! What *else* can we do? Grow on and topple it, and we'll both get out somehow."

Wood groaned, and then silence descended on the clearing. Distant bird twitters slowly returned.

"I'm — trying — I — really — *oh! What is tha — oooh! Oh m —maaah—mmmhhh—*"

Mirca's panting came faster and faster, until she suddenly held her breath. Her body trembled faintly as she stiffened.

"*Haaaahhh—*"

The lecherous exhale went on an on. In the end, Mirca's wide-open eyes closed slowly, and she sagged down. Warmth spread under her breasts, washing away the cool sensations from the dew-soaked grass.

"Uh, I — I think something weird just happened," Mirca said after a while. "I'm — my boobs, it's like they just, I dunno, like they *came*, all on their own! I mean, it wasn't in my womb, it was in my —

and I don't grow any more. And now — no, I think my boobs are actually shrinking now!"

"*Actually.* Girl, you make 'em grow again this very instant!"

"I'm too big already! All I know is how to get to the sagging-to-my-ankles size! They did all this round balloon thing by themselves! How—?"

"I don't know! But tell me, can you hold up the cart without your boobs?"

"No! I'm too worn out! It's too heavy! I can't get out! It'll lop my head off and squash me!"

"Then you better learn soon!"

"I'm scared! They're — they're letting down! They're shrinking really fast now! The milk's washing out like from a spout!"

Yrba's thoughts raced. *Make her grow. Quickly. Embarrass her? No, too risky. Better distract her. Get her horny. Dripping horny. How?!*

"Mirca, I want you to let go. Let it all out. Or in."

"Uh, let out in *what?* Huh?"

"The first few times you blew up big in the forest? Remember that?"

Mirca's eyes swiveled frantically while she tried to conjure up that memory.

"Yes, yes, but — but that didn't work any more after a few weeks. And you said that was a good sign!"

"Too bad. We need something like that now. Well, not *exactly*, slower would be nice ... so, sugarplum, tell me what you liked best about the last nights."

Mirca blushed. "Uh—*now*? I'm kinda, I —"

"Come on, girl. I've had my face between your legs. You can tell me anything."

"Uh, I—I liked how you did that thing with your fingers and —"

"Imagine it. Again. And tell me."

Yrba's plump lips wrapped gently around the nervous clit. As her mouth opened, her tongue crept out, played over Mirca's labia and finally split them all the way. Her dark hands wandered over the blonde's bright skin, and her fingernails scratched tenderly over the heavy, rising mounds on Mirca's chest. Yrba pouted her lips and sucked on the pink knob before she let it slip from her mouth.

"Come on now. Make 'em grow for me," she whispered before she devoured the wet strawberry again.

"No," giggled Mirca, slowly gyrating her hip. "Not unless you do the — *mmmmh*! Or that! That's nice, too." Warmth spread over the tall blonde's groin. Yrba's cheeks bulged and shrunk with her rhythmic sucking. Mirca moaned blissfully. Slowly, her whole body caught fire and twitched and twisted on the big cow pelt under her. The rough bristles tickled her back.

Yrba ran her hand down over Mirca's belly with her fingers splayed and bent into claws. Her fingernails scratched over the well-defined mounds of muscles on the blonde's abs.

You're wet like a swamp, girl, she wanted to say. But it came out as "*Oomm—glomph*," and the humming sent twitches and tickles all through Mirca's guts.

Yrba's night snack's hips bucked against her face. Mirca was quite ripe for the plucking. With her lips focusing on the juicy knob, the witch dug her fingers, then her whole hand between the sopping labia under it. Mirca's giant body welcomed her intruding arm with rippling, twitching muscles and claimed it easily beyond the wrist.

"*Mmmmh*. And then I felt so *full*! Oh, this was so *good*!" moaned the blonde. "And I wanted to suck you in, all the way! And grow for you!"

The cart groaned again. Mirca didn't listen to the sound of the present while her thoughts whirled around in the past. Her eyes were closed, her mouth was half open, and she licked her lips and half her face with her giant tongue. She relived those precious moments, running them through her mind again and again. This time, the heat of longing built deep in her womb.

"Oh Yrba — so full — push it in all the way—!" she gasped, oblivious to the world around her.

Thin filaments of viscid goo dripped from her crotch, and suddenly she understood how to *let it all out*. She didn't need the gestures of her hands. She didn't need to focus. The answer popped up in her brain, right out of nowhere, and the knowledge sent shivers of arousal down her spine.

She took a deep breath.

And then she kept on inhaling. Like hot oil, the burning, the *swelling* spread on over her breasts, and they grew heavier with every frantic beat of her heart. Her skin groaned like mistreated leather. She wrapped her arms and legs around the orbs, felt the throbbing skin as it stretched out of her grip and gained the unearthly resilience it so badly needed to not burst apart, flattened under the weight of the cart that tilted faster now.

More! Yes! I want to be full!

No one with the right kind of eyes was around to see how sparkling white whirls rushed in and disappeared into the hungry vortex between her legs. Heat and *volume* pumped into her breasts, worming straight through her from her burning womb. More magic streamed right from the ground that her flattened mams rested on and filled them further. She rode her own breasts as they swelled and rounded. Something dropped from her back, something she barely noticed. There was some noise, too. It didn't matter either. All that mattered was holding on to this sensation of sheer, unadulterated *growth*, and holding on to the rumbling bags of groaning, squeaking skin lifting her higher.

Yrba crawled on hands and knees through the doorframe of the toppled cart. The door hung unhinged. She pulled herself along until her body slid over the tipping point. Screaming in pain, she tumbled down the slanted door and into the grass.

She curled up and held her bruised ankle. Moments later, after she wised up, her trembling fingers clutched her thigh instead. Blood leaked through her grip.

"Heavens and all the fuckin' gods, you really did it this time, Mirc—*aaaarrgh*," she growled through clenched teeth as she pulled tight the tourniquet that she improvised from a strip of her skirt and a branch.

Yrba pushed herself up to her elbows.

"Mirca?!"

From the downhill, far end of the clearing came the rhythmic sounds of splintering trees and low, liquid rumbling. Yrba dragged herself around the cart blocking her view.

"Uuuunngh — Mmmmhh — Unnngh — Hwwwwoooaaah —"

The two orbs of Mirca's boobs, each more than a dozen yards high now, surged against the edge of the forest, with the blonde's twitching and jerking body wedged in between and connecting them. Their momentum from the tumble down the slope was caught by the springy conifers that tickled and stimulated the aroused, Brobdingnagian breasts with their myriad of tiny needles as they bounced back the pair of balls only to have gravity roll the white avalanche back into the wall of wood. Each squeeze of tit-fucking the forest edge sent bolts of milk arching from the man-sized, erect nipples.

Yrba rolled on her back to get her hands free for her incantation's gestures and put her head in her neck, watching the mind-blowing scene upside-down and blinking into the rising sun that highlighted Mirca's absurd contours in the last wisps of morning mist.

"Now this'll get you empty fast and ugly," she snarled, reaching up into the clouds of ethereal sparkles that hovered over her head.

White glow coated her fingers like shiny wetness as she put her hands together, forming a double-layer ring with her thumbs and forefingers, spreading her other digits like cupping something huge, *round*, and invisible.

"Huuuuuuuuuunnnnn—"

The witch inhaled, with her jaw slack and her mouth a huge, gaping O, until her spine arched upwards and her ribs ached and her whole body trembled. Yrba brought her hands to her face.

Her lips, pouting and fleshy, touched her ring of fingers in a gentle kiss. Down the slope, Mirca gasped in surprise. The taste of milk, sweet and delicious, suddenly lingered on Yrba's tongue.

"Mmffffffffffff—"

Yrba blew, long and hard, until her ears rang and flashes danced in front of her eyes. Groaning and squeaking drowned out Mirca's moans, and then the blonde's desperate shriek of sudden realization rose above the unearthly noises. A round and rising shadow, growing marginally less dense as it spread bigger, blotted out the warming sun rays on the forest.

"Aiiieeeeee—"

"Squeeeerrrrreeeeaaaaa—"

Yrba slumped back into the dewy grass, panting heavily. Malleable resistance out of thin air forced her hands apart, yet she struggled and squeezed, choking and wrestling the invisible sphere. The vague contours of the shadow twisted and bent as the cacophony of rumbling and sloshing and yelping united into one hellish din.

She dug her claw-curved fingers into the ethereal resistance, twisting her hands against each other, digging her fingernails into the invisible mass —

Oooooouurrrrrbbbbb—creeeeeeaaak—

— And clapped her palms together.

Mirca's scream was drowned out by the screeching of over-stretched rubber that ended with a deafening *bang*. Needles and leaves showered from the trees as the shockwave rushed through the forest.

Mirca probed cautiously her breast's supple, soft shapes as she stooped crestfallen and dripping head to toe with milk by her mentor's side. From the corner of her eyes, she cast terrified glances at the witch.

"What?" snapped Yrba back at her while she finished her leg's bandage. "I made sure you felt no pain!"

"Still — they — they *exploded!* All those gobs of flesh, and milk everywhere, and — I — I'm sorry, I'm not complaining, but I got so scared, and I fell down right into that pile, and then all the stuff that you blew sky high came raining back down on me and I was all covered in — in — *yuck* —"

"Oh *shut* up!"

The witch lowered her pulled-up, soiled skirt, put her hands to her hips, sighed and shook her head wearily as she eyed the warped caravan. "Well, this'll take some time to fix."

Mirca wrung her hands.

"I'm so s—sorry!" she stuttered, raising her hands pleadingly to Yrba's back. "I didn't mean it, I though I could — but — I only wanted to — and then — I —"

The witch's knuckles showed brightly through the skin of her clenched fists. After a few moments, she exhaled audibly and hobbled towards the cart, dragging her bandaged leg.

"Let me help you, I can—," Mirca began.

"Don't you think you've *helped* me enough for a day?" Yrba hissed through gritted teeth. Mirca slumped to her knees, buried her face in her hands and started to snivel.

"I'm such an oaf! Everything I touch, I break it! I can't get anything right!" Her voice climbed to incomprehensible wails and sobs.

Yrba didn't turn her head as she barked, "Done feeling sorry for yourself? You want to do something useful for a change? Then stop crying over spilled milk and put the new wheel in place so we can righten up the cart again!"

"You hate me now!" wailed Mirca, throwing herself on the ground and sobbing uncontrollably.

Yrba sighed and turned around. She slumped down heavily beside the trembling figure and stroked the concave line of Mirca's waist and the broad back with the shaking shoulders.

"*Shhh*, no, no, I don't hate you, darling, I never could. It's just a lot of damage, and I'm aching and upset. This could've ended so badly, I dare not think about it. Mirca, don't put yourself in harm's way like that. I couldn't stand losing you."

She caressed her pupil's cheek and gently kissed the salty tears away.

"Now get up again, sweetie. I need you, now more than ever."

Chapter 33: Winter's Hazy Shades

Winter was a gentle time for the couple. When finally the blizzards began in earnest and the roads became impassable and disappeared under drifting snow, they drove the cart in between a patch of trees and set up camp for the next weeks. Two days of chopping wood and hauling timber turned the box on wheels into the larder of a veritable two-room blockhouse complete with a small stable for the horse. All the while, Mirca's cornucopian qualities made sure that they were never in danger of starving, even though the taste of milk grew a bit old during the nastiest week of winter when the drifting snow piled almost to the roof. The blonde had enough time to marvel at — and memorize, with Yrba's incessant reminders — the dozens of hidden stashes in the cart and their various contents.

Yrba's wounds healed, albeit slowly. She still limped on her daily walk to the nearby brook and back, but she never again complained or held it against Mirca.

"Yrbaaaa! I'm back with the firewood! Guess what I brought along!"

The sounds of a heavy sled over fresh snow neared the hut. The witch inside smiled wearily as she hollered her answer.

"Another wolf pelt?"

"Aw! Yrba! That's not fair! And it's not my fault! I don't know why they always come for me! It's as if they don't learn!"

"You don't give them much of a chance to learn, do you? Oh well, do we have any things we didn't do ten times yet — how about we tailor a nice pair of boots from that one?"

For almost a month, the days passed without much change, except that the notches marking Mirca's height crept incessantly higher on the wall. Many of the long dark nights were filled with moans and groans as the odd couple gave in to their passion, and many more just saw two silent shapes spooning peacefully against each other, or Yrba falling asleep in her ever-growing giantess' loving embrace as Mirca's nurturing teat slowly slipped from the witch's moist, sated lips.

The worst of winter was over, and the days started to grow longer. Mirca had caught up on much of the education that the years of servitude had denied her. Yrba was more than just a little pleased, though at times she had been at her wit's end. And she was more than relieved when Mirca's growth finally tapered off at seven feet. Standing in front of her, the witch felt almost dwarf-like compared to the now one-and-a-half foot taller giantess. With her heavy, teardrop-shaped breasts, each much larger than Yrba's head but still quite reasonable for Mirca's herculean build, her wide hips with the muscular legs and the round but taut ass, her body's hard edges now

smoothed by a winter of ample feeding, she was female domination incarnate.

As long as she didn't open her mouth. Yrba knew that there was still much work in store for her.

Steam billowed in the air. The two unlike shadows huddled on the fur rugs near the crackling oven. Mirca's nervous fingers twisted the rough bristles of the wolf pelt under her into tiny curls.

"Yrba, I'm so sorry I ate the last of the bread, but — I'm always so hungry ever since I grew. You're not angry? At the castle, in the winter, when there was no more bread left, it meant times were *really* bad."

Yrba smiled and stroked Mirca's back, delighting in the sharp contrast of her chocolate-colored fingers on her plaything's skin of just a hint of copper. "It's not bad, dear. With you around, it can *never* be truly bad."

"Gee, you're so sweet!"

The witch planted a sloppy kiss on the giantess' shoulder.

"No, sugar pumpkins, *you're* sweet. The sun has set. Isn't it high time for you?" Her fingers wandered over the heavy, taut melon shapes of Mirca's breasts. "Oh yes it is. Get on your hands and knees now and let's harvest a little of that sweetness."

Mirca sighed happily and arched her back, lifting her dangling udders from the rug. "*Moo*," she whispered in Yrba's ear and snapped playfully at her earlobe as the witch's fingertips probed the engorged nipples. Just a little pinch with thumb and forefinger, and Yrba's brown fingertips were coated in slippery, fatty, white liquid.

"Someone's quite full of it, huh?" The gypsy put a bowl under the swollen melons, coated her hands with the first spurts and then ran her glistening, slippery fingers in slow, deft strokes from the massive roots over the thick bulge to the swollen, protruding areolae. The smell of milk filled the warm air, and as the bowl filled, the hissing and bubbling of the many thin jets grew louder.

"Yes, that's what my sweet heifer likes, doesn't she?"

"*Moo—oouurr! Teeheehee*, oh don't tickle me like that, Yrba! *Mmmh*. It's letting down by itself now, just keep it aimed at — *unh!* Oh my, oh Yrba, yes, that's pretty good there, use more fingers, there's room to spare, that's —"

Shluuurp. Squelch.

"*Ungh* Yrba! *Ooooh!* Deeper!"

Squelch. Squelch. Squelch.

Mirca stretched her arms and lowered her shoulders until her heavy breasts dipped into the rapidly filling milk bowls. She raised her hip as high as she could while still kneeling. Yrba leaned in and pushed her hand deeper into the steaming envelope.

"*Hhhuuungh! Oh Yrba! Oh yes! Yes! MOOOO!*"

Chapter 34: An Unexpected Guest

Mirca sat on the floor with her back against the wall. The round, soft orbs of her heavy, shapely breasts hung from the gap of her wolfskin jacket, and the fur tickled their undersides in most delightful ways. She patted down her sweaty face and cleavage with a wet towel while she caught her breath. Turning her head to Yrba, who poured a sloshing bucket into a bigger barrel, she sighed happily.

"Oh dear, that was great! I felt pretty taut and full the whole day, but — *so much milk!* It just kept coming and coming like a fountain, I really don't know where I take it from —"

She raised her head. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Wolves, again!"

Yrba laughed. "Well, you *could* leave them alone for a change. You even got *underwear* made from fur now, Mirca, and we've got *stacks* of pelts left. Why, it's getting hard to recognize you for yourself when you put on all your winter clothes."

And then, far off in the distance, a single scream, a *human* scream. Mirca jumped to her feet and reached for her coat, the sword

and the axe. The whole cabin shook as she threw her weight against the door and effortlessly pushed it open against the drift of snow that had piled outside.

"Wait — *Mirca!*"

Yrba's splayed fingers only aimed for an empty doorframe clattering in the gusts that blew a few snowflakes inside. Muttering and cursing, the witch hobbled to the door, pulled it shut and locked it before she slumped down on a small barrel and clutched the sole remaining axe tight.

"Stupid *stupid* hothead! What do you think you're doing? I hope you're not about to save a gang of bandits!"

She glanced at the stack of pelts in the corner.

Or bring in more of those wretched wolves. Gods, how I hate the taste of their meat.

The blanket rent in the gray beast's maw. The lone traveller threw himself around and made for the next tree. Sharp teeth snapped at his clothes as he pulled himself up to vague safety with his last strength. Clinging to the icy bark, he caught his breath. And as he calmed down, the pain from his exhausted muscles and his many wounds returned, together with the biting cold of the wind that crept in through the tears and holes in his garments. He looked around. No other suitable trees as far as his eyes could pierce the fog and snowfall, and the branches on this one wouldn't hold his weight as soon as he lost his grip on the trunk.

That's it. They just need to wait for me to fall into their maws like a frozen fruit. Oh Caroline, sorry, but that single night with you wasn't worth this nightmare.

The wolves suddenly turned around and fell quiet. His gaze followed their hungry stares. A hulking silhouette neared with heavy footfall through the driving snow, and he clutched the tree tighter.

Oh gods, now there's a bear, too! He'll climb up to me with no effort at all!

Snarling and growling, the wolves formed a circle around the huge, mute figure that raised its forelegs over its head. The traveller on the tree turned his head to the rough bark and kept his eyes shut as howls and snarls rose from below.

He jerked up as he heard a metallic, long-drawn sound from a *human* tool. And then came the swishes of a fast-moving blade, and *then* howls and yelps started and soon stopped again. He dared to turn his head and stared down at a scene of carnage. The stranger stood in a blood-stained circle of snow, a few wolves laid dead at his feet, and the rest of the pack disappeared between the trees. The traveller sighed with relief and began to climb down.

He fell the last few feet and struggled upright, swaying with weakness. The bear-like shadow walked up and towered mutely over him. Long, bright hair fluttered in the strong gusts of wind and snow. He narrowed his eyes and stuttered, "Y—you're a Northsman mercenary, right? C—can you understand me? I—I'll pay good money if you — you —"

The stranger crouched, and his huge sword flashed towards the traveller. It cut right through the rough, thick blanket without slowing

down. Something heavy and shrouded in sour stench hit the traveler's back at the same time and threw him to the ground.

The wooden door bent under heavy kicks. "Yrba! Open! Come on, hurry, open the door!"

Mirca barged into the room, fell to her knees and dropped a blood-covered bundle to the floor. The flickering light of the fireplace revealed two arms, two legs and a head, all still roughly in their usual place. Colorful rags showed through a torn, snow-covered and soiled blanket with many tears and a single, long gash. The figure, though unconscious, still clutched a wooden instrument to its chest.

The blonde shook the snow from her hair and shoulders. "I speared a wolf right through under his arm as it leaped on him! Still knocked him out. Don't know how long he was holding on to that tree out there."

Yrba looked at the mangled body at her feet and sighed as she picked up two of her last four remaining vials of the *tincture*.

"He seems salvageable. I guess that'll be another healing I won't get paid for," she snarled and bowed down. Grabbing his jaw, she made the man's lips pout between her thumb and forefinger and emptied one after the other vial into his mouth.

"Hot water, the towels. Mirca, don't just stand and stare, hurry!" Yrba peeled down the stranger's clothes and sucked in air through her clenched teeth when she saw the many wounds. "That's not good. My juice is just too old." Her eyes measured up the empty air that, to her, was full of tiny dust bunnies made of light. Holding the seams of one blood-spouting wound together, she guided a few of them into the torn

skin. The faint glow of *tincture* on his body faded as the lacerated edges sewed themselves shut. Yrba held her hand out sideways and opened and closed her fingers. "Sponge. — *Sponge!*" The witch turned her head. "Mirca? *Mirca!* Hey! Get busy!"

The hulking girl jumped as she snapped out of her empty-eyed stare. "Y—yes, I'm —"

"Hurry!"

The last of the glow disappeared, and the healing stopped, or at least it slowed down to its sluggish, natural speed measured in days and not seconds. What remained untreated were a handful of flat wounds that wouldn't kill the stranger outright.

"How we're going to bleach all those soiled towels now?" Yrba sighed, looking at the crimson pile of wrinkled cloth as she washed her hands.

"Yrba! Look, I think he's coming to!"

"Well, that was fast. Let's wait with the introductions, sweetie, until we know who he is. Don't say a word until I tell you to, 'kay? Might be a fugitive bandit or a crazed hermit." She leaned down over the stranger's head and pulled at one of his eyelids.

His eyeball swiveled until he saw the witch's face. He screamed. Yrba jerked back.

"The underworld! Black evil demon! I didn't do nothing wrong! Let me g—" He coughed and gasped for air, and then his unsteady gaze found Mirca's face.

"You! Oh, you're an angel! Such a sweet innocent angel! Save me from this creature!" he babbled, before he drifted off into unconsciousness again.

"Great," muttered Yrba, "he's obviously still delirious."

"Mirca? Hey! What's the matter?"

The blonde jerked again. "Huh?"

Yrba followed her gaze and frowned. "Will you stop staring at his crotch?"

Mirca blushed. "*Uh*—I, so, I just never — that's what all naked men look like? It's just — his whole body's so, uh, *bland*, and his, heh, he's *tiny* there, and Red's girls always joked about *sausages* and how big ... uh..."

The witch smacked her lips and laughed. "Oh, it might not look like much now, but his dangly breeding bit sure can change its shape. Not while he's out cold like that, though. Mirca, search some more firewood and bring me a fresh bucket of water from the brook. No need to hurry. Take your time."

"Uh — Now?"

The witch patted her pupil's biceps, smiled and nodded.

"Now. Sweetie, I need some alone time with him. I'll soon teach you about m— *Soon*, but not now. Not yet." Yrba cracked her knuckles. "I need to do. You know. Some more of the *secret* witch stuff."

"*Ah!*"

Yrba dropped the wet rag back into the bucket of warm soap water and reached for a new towel. She carefully dried the unconscious man's genitals and gently rolled his sack in her hand.

"There, all patched up, and now you're nice and clean, too." Lifting the worn, scratched lute, she added, "Traveling bard, eh?" She patted down the pockets of his clothes. "And poor as a church mouse, just as I expected. So let's see, what *else* might you be able to offer for my services, huh?"

She raised a tinted piece of crystal to her eyes and squinted. Through the looking glass, his skin shone in ever-changing colors. "Little underweight, been wandering a few days without much food, I guess." Her fingertips traveled over his skin and probed the tension of his sinewy arms, watching the rainbow streaks dance and settle after her hand moved on. "Handsome, and tall enough for a man. Skinny. Could well use a shave. Not much of a hard worker. Horny fingertips of a dedicated musician, though. So you're at least serious about your art, bard."

Yrba finished her inspection. "You're clean inside and out. Quite healthy, too. Oh yes, that'll be just the harvest I need. Don't worry, I'll be gentle—"

Yrba leaned in and held her hands at finger's length over his balls and his limp dick. She whispered, "*Rise*."

A twitch went through the contracted, wrinkly skin, and that was it. Yrba frowned and concentrated stronger. Her fingers bent into hooks.

"*Elevare*," she mumbled, with a little anger creeping in.

She sighed and grabbed the tip of his foreskin with two fingers, pulling at it. His dick stretched longer and thinner like dead meat — a sad sight. Yrba tilted her head in mock anger.

"Hey! I'm enticing you, but you've got to do a little by yourself, too! Come on! The tincture's almost used up, but there's *got* to be some response left in you—"

Like a spring, his cock almost retracted into his body as she let go of the foreskin. She narrowed her eyes just to see the last wisps of her tincture's ethereal charge evaporate out of his body, and groaned.

"Oh, so you don't want to work with me? Too bad. I'll have my way, buddy." Yrba's grin returned as she reached for a flat dish and a little wooden box with a neatly sorted, small set of vials. "Let's see," she muttered and licked her lips. "Essence of — no. Maybe — ah! Yes. Oh yes. Well, it's meant for reluctant *bulls*, but it won't be *my* headache come morning."

Squeak. Pop. — Drip. — Squeak.

"So maybe you've got no magic left in you, but there are herbs that work almost the same. Get ready for the *strong* stuff, little man," giggled the witch as she dipped a hair-thin needle in the tiny blue puddle on the earthen disk. A single drop clung to the point as her steady fingers pulled taut a patch of his skin and pricked his flesh with the glistening silver.

The response was immediate. She smiled as the veins on his flaccid pipe fattened and bulged and the blueish skin tone was flushed away by spreading red and growing bulk that drew the foreskin back from the glans. Yrba smacked her lips while the elongating cock curved upwards and lifted itself easily from the sack until it pointed straight up at the ceiling.

"Good enough to eat. Pity I need your precious fluids for my preparations. Oh well, a little foreplay won't hurt —"

She pouted her lips and placed them on the smooth, silky skin of his hot glans.

"Ommmmgh."

Sllrp. Shlllp. Plrrrrb. Shlurrrp.

The tight seal of her lips zoomed up and down the throbbing pillar. Her rough tongue tickled along the underside and enveloped the thin band.

"Mmmpfuah—!"

She felt the twitches and jerks as his tide came in. Yrba drew the pulsing flesh from her mouth, pressed the wide-open hole in his taut glans on an empty vial and milked the long spurts of his semen into the glass.

Raising the glass and watching the liquid against the backdrop of the oven's flames as it settled, Yrba wiped her lips and grinned. "A vial for a vial. See, now we're almost even, bard. *Almost*. Rest now. The next time, I want you to enjoy it."

She added a few drops from another flask and corked both well before she sorted them back into the grid of the wooden box.

Red. Red light. Flickering. Fire.

Alric frowned and regretted it the very next moment. Even the muscles on his *forehead* ached. He carefully opened one eye only halfway and looked around. A log cabin. Two women, wrapped in blankets and kneeling on the floor, eyed him cautiously in the

unsteady twilight of the fireplace. He felt bandages around his arms and his left leg.

The brown-skinned woman was by his side the very instant he tried to sit up. Her hands with the claw-like fingernails grabbed his arms and helped him to his feet. Alric stared at her. He had heard of the southern tribes, how they looked different, yet he had never seen one of them up close. The touch of her skin was a bit rougher than that of the ladies he had met so far. This close, she smelled enticingly of exotic herbs and woods.

"Thanks. Where's your husband? Your mate? Your master?"

She replied in the throaty sing-song of a language that Alric had never heard before, and offered him some kind of bowl with steaming broth in it. It didn't smell half bad, but he gently yet firmly pushed it away.

"No. Listen, woman, first I need to talk to your, oh whatever he is — to the Northsman who brought me here. Do you understand me? Do you speak my language?" He started gesticulating. "Me — talk — big — man? *Gods*, this headache is killing me!"

The dark-skinned, weird woman hesitated and then laughed whole-heartedly, pointing at him. He rubbed his temples, sighed and pressed on. "Big. Biiiig. Do you get it? — No, you don't. — Biiiig. Maaan. Yes? Yes!"

She raised her eyebrows and nodded towards the other woman in his back, with a questioning expression on her face. Then she lifted the soup bowl again. He shook his head.

"No. No!" Alric exhaled. "Man. Maaaaan." He was getting desperate, and so his next gestures were maybe a little *too* descriptive

and would have had him thrown from most taverns. At least the roasted demon woman snorted with laughter instead.

"You know? Not wom— *oh heavens!*"

Mirca rose and stepped up to Yrba's side. Alric stared at the soaring, broad-shouldered giantess. His mouth fell open as finally his brain kicked in.

"That was *you*—?!"

He twitched as the brown-skinned woman patted his thigh, and then she turned her head to the tall girl and said, with a melodic and deep voice, "All right, Mirca. You need not keep quiet any more. I don't think he's a bandit or something."

Mirca nodded. "Hi there. Was a pretty dumb idea of you, walking alone and unarmed through the winter wood. So you're no hunter either, I'll wager. Heh, that's probably for the better, if you can't even tell a woman from a man, — uh — and you are?"

He put down the bowl and swallowed. Warmth returned to his body. "Name's Alric. You can call me Al. Yeah, well, *you* sneak through the winter woods like a bear and rip out wolves' limbs for fun. Doesn't seem very womanly to me either."

A moment of tense silence grew maybe a little too long. Then Mirca looked down and shrugged.

"Just can't stand wolves. They give me the creeps. Make me all itchy and angry. Things get broken when I'm angry. Can't help it." She glanced at him from under furrowed brows.

"Not that I'm complaining, mind you!" Alric hastened to add.

Yrba handed him another bowl. "Here, have some more of the soup. You're still cold and trembling. So what, she's a girl. What's your problem? You wanted to wait for the next *proper* hero to come along? She saved your hide, man!"

"Yes, well, thanks a lot," he mumbled, sitting down by the fireplace and clutching the bowl. He drank some more while casting nervous glances at the giantess and the brown-skinned woman to his left and right.

Maybe if I jump up and run right now — no, the huge one would catch up with me before I even reach the woods. Oh heavens, how she tore those wolves apart —

He swallowed. The chowder didn't taste half bad, and while he chewed on the lumps of meat, he tried desperately to think of hare or lamb.

"Well, I — I better put on my clothes now, so, if you don't mind, would you please turn around while I—?"

Yrba laughed, put her left hand to her hip and gave him a dismissive wave with the other. "Turn around? Come on, don't act like you need to save us from going blind, staring at your manhood. I've seen bigger. Besides, how d'you think you got out of your rags in the first place?"

"Yes, well, I'd still feel better if —"

"There." She threw his clothes at him, and as he let go of his blanket to catch them, Yrba pulled it away. "Now get dressed, before your junk catches a cold. Oh, and the wolves did quite a number on your garb, you'll need to add some more patches. — *What?!*"

The bard stared down his naked body that was covered in a few scabs and many streaks of fresh, pink skin.

"That's not possible — I'm — These should be scars, or wounds — I should be — so, uh, you did —? Are you —?" he stuttered while his fingers jumped from streak to streak.

Yrba sighed, raised her eyebrows and pinched the root of her nose. "Yes. I'm a gypsy, I'm a traveling healer, I'm a witch. Did I miss anything? I'll probably regret it, but you're welcome to winter with us, if you dare to stick around and don't mind sleeping in the stable. *No fooling with the horse*, okay? And you better work on earning our trust, stranger, or we'll throw you out to die."

"Aw, Yrba!" Mirca protested. "He doesn't look evil."

The witch pensively cocked her head. "Evil isn't in looking. Evil is in *doing*. Remember Berry's night."

Alric jerked as Mirca's whole body language changed tone. Her stare grew cold, her shoulders rose and her hands clenched into fists to the grinding of her knuckles.

Yrba nodded at him. "Whatever you're afraid of now, bard, you don't know *half* of it."

"—And that's it. Her husband noticed, the guards chased me out of town, and I tried to make it to the next village."

Yrba looked him up and down. "Was another pretty stupid thing to do, Alric."

"Yeah, well, I usually score a steady job by the end of fall and earn my stay by playing music at a palace, or an inn, or something. Always worked out, until now."

Mirca prodded him. "Hey, lemme see that." She picked the lute from his lap. "You pluck the stringy things and music comes out, right? I saw this before, at the castle. So, you any good with it?"

"I don't want to boast, but, actually — uh, watch it!" He winced as she turned the delicate instrument in her fingers, ran her fingernails over the strings and wrangled an undead, painful yowl from the lute.

Mirca dropped it back into his lap, jumped to her feet and posed with her hip slowly gyrating. "Well, play us a song, then! It's been so quiet and boring! Yrba, command him! Now I can show you what you taught me about dancing."

The witch chuckled and gave him a playful jab. "You better do as she says, Al! And don't you start with a tired old ballad. You've met traveling folk before, don't you? I guess you know a few fiery tunes as well."

"Fiery" didn't even get close to describe Mirca's whirling and bounding. Alric's fingers moved all by themselves, honed by hours of practicing, while his eyes just stared at the hulking young woman whose body now twisted and bent like a snake to the rhythm. Yrba nodded approvingly, clapped the beat with her hands and smiled. Mirca's dreamlike precision when it came to all things wood and axe had spilled over into the motions of the dance steps that the witch had taught her. She made love to the air around her as she whirled through the cabin.

Alric kept his thighs pressed close, hiding his raging hard-on. He had witnessed a lot of scantily-clad dancers, especially in temples that needed to advertise. Mirca's performance beat them all, hands down. Her hips swayed, her toned legs twitched and stomped, and on her chest the heavy weight of her breasts swung and quivered as her body undulated. His eyes clung to the hard nipples as Yrba's rhythm grew faster and faster. Mirca panted now, and drops of sweat glistened in her cleavage that steadily grew darker and *deeper*. And then the witch stopped clapping. Mirca let herself fall down on her knees and sat on her haunches, gasping for air and laughing.

"Oh — oops!" Mirca giggled and weighed her pumpkins in her hands. "Almost let my puppies out too far." Her breasts, their bulk at least twice as large now, spilled out of the struggling hemline that was caught against the erect nipples and let half her areolae out in the open. She grabbed her resilient protrusions and pushed on them, flattening her mammaries just enough to squeeze them back into her dress. "Fixed!"

"Did — did you see that?" he gasped and raised a finger, pointing at the straining wrapper of taut-pulled cloth. "She — oh gods, she *grew* right before my eyes! You two — you're *demons* after all! Oh please, mercy — *Yeeaaaarggh!*"

He jerked and screamed when he felt Yrba's hand.

"Maybe it's time to explain a few things, darling," she cooed as she patted on his shoulder and smiled at him from the corner of her eyes.

Chapter 35: Two For The Price Of One

Wood creaked, and the faint whisper of the wind in the trees outside grew louder as the cabin door swung open. Yrba looked up. "So where's Alric now?"

Mirca hung her thick fur coat on a hook by the door. "Done feeding the horse, now he's out on that errand of yours." She combed snow out her hair and turned around, only to stop and frown. "Yrba, what are you doing with all that milk?"

The witch smiled, licked her lips and raised the milk bucket to her mouth again. She drew a couple of long gulps from it before she put it down to answer.

"Getting ready for your big night, sweetie. I'll show you how to have fun with *men*. Alric's just the right one, I think. Nice guy, not much of an attitude. You like him, too, don't you? You wouldn't mind him putting his dangly breeding bit into you, eh?"

"Tonight?!" Mirca giggled and hid her mouth behind her clenched hands as she bobbed in place. "Oh, yes, he's been soooo sweet all week! He sang songs to me when we were out making firewood, and he's so funny! Uh-huh, he can show me how to do men,

anytime." She leaned in and whispered, "That *fun* stuff with men — it's not at all like the fighting stuff Li taught me, right? Because I'd snap him in half if I did anything like that. He's a little brittle, I think."

"Oh Mirca, compared to you, *I'm* brittle as well. Now there might be a *little* wrestling involved, but it's mostly just rubbing and pushing in the right places." Yrba nodded towards her cart that stood embedded in the wall of the cabin. "Hide quietly in there and peek through the little hole that I showed you, Mirca."

Yrba uncorked a few of her vials and swallowed the colored liquids. Her face contorted in disgust, and she shivered. Mirca frowned.

"And why are *you* drinking these potions? You always said they won't work on you."

The witch pulled her garment's neckline down and rolled her shoulders while she kneaded her heavy breasts. Goosebumps spread over Yrba's dark chocolate skin as her glands noticed the rich supply of milk coursing through her body and woke to their task. The black nipples contracted in anticipation as her spongy ducts filled, and Yrba gulped and gasped for air.

"*Mmmh*. Oh wow. *Oh wow!* It's kickin' in mightily fast this time." Her fingers rolled her breasts' dark, supple flesh that firmed up in her grip. "*Huhhhh*. Oh yes! *Ungh!* Mirca, these are herbs, not magical potions. This broth of four-leafed milkman's friend here works wonders for me, and the boiled root of bullweed, well, it does nothing for us women, but I can keep it nice and warm for our bard to tap, and he'll surely like what it does for *him*." She pinched one of her hard nipples. "Oh, he'll not forget this night in a hurry! Well? Go and

hide now, he's just closed the stable door! I'll make sure you get a good view of the action."

The last rays of sunlight slipped behind the dark silhouettes of the distant mountains. Alric carried a bucket of freezing water with a few chunks of ice in it back to the shed.

"And like the sun, it warms my heart, it fills me with delight / your face it shines with love for me, oh something something something / night. Dammit. Doesn't work."

He knocked on the hut's door.

"Yrba, I've fed the horse and here's the ice water you asked for. Can I come in now?"

"It's unlocked," answered her voice. He pushed the door open and froze, despite the rush of warm air that washed over him.

Yrba laid on the floor, resting on her right side, with her head propped up on her right hand. She wore a fiery red dress he had neither seen before nor expected her to own. Its silken gloss and flow of pleats accentuated the curves of her body, and a wide belt with gold decorations made sure her trim waist did not go unnoticed. One of her toned legs showed through a long gap in the smooth textile, and the glow of a golden pendant cast sparkling reflexes of the fireplace from the dark brown depths of her cleavage. Her left hand traced the contour of her hip and pulled the cloth's folds higher, revealing the shapely form of her leg. The single, almost healed scar on her thigh only served to heighten her feral, wicked allure.

After a few seconds, he tore his stare from her seductive figure. "Uh — Mirca's not around?"

"Asleep already, my dear. Here, come and sit with me for a while. Let's talk."

He sat down on the warm blanket of wolf pelts that covered most of the floor in front of the fireplace. Keeping his distance, he stared into the flames and cleared his throat. "So ... what do you want to talk about?"

Yrba looked at him from the corner of her eyes, raised an eyebrow and ran her fingertips along the groove where her dress' straining neckline dug into the swelling flesh of her overflowing breasts. Oh, how *full* she already felt.

He had noticed her bulging, taut mammaries as well.

"Yrba, let's talk tomorrow, I — I think I need to catch up on sleep —"

She grabbed his belt and pulled him down on the warm rug just as he tried to rise. He stumbled and rolled on his back right in front of her.

"Isn't it time you truly earned your stay, bard?" Yrba breathed into his ear as she crawled over him and pushed him to the ground, with her drawn-up knee on his chest. "Isn't it so that all you traveling songsmiths have a way with the ladies, huh?" Her hands fumbled along the buttons of her dress, and each freed button gave way to more of her chocolate breasts as they squeezed to freedom through the growing gap.

"Gods, I've not felt so horny for weeks! Come on, bard, tell me, isn't your kind supposed to be the ruin of many a woman? So ruin me already! Ruin me a couple o' times!" She pulled on her belt. "Don't

just stare! Help me undress! Oh dammit, I can't get that belt buckle open. *Mmmngh!* Oh shit, I'm soaking my dress already. Well?!"

"Yrba!" He held his hands out sideways, fingers splayed wide. "I don't think — *Ymma!*"

She grabbed his head, fell forward and buried his face in her warm cleavage. Alric finally reacted, wrapped his arms around her chest and squeezed her tight.

"Drink! Drink from my breasts!" She rolled her shoulders and pushed her right breast's swollen nipple in his face. "Drink, I say!"

"We shouldn't be together! Soon, we'll part and never meet again—"

"Yes! No regrets! Winter's still long, and there'll be time to part later. *Mmmngh!*" She ruffled his hair as he sucked and nibbled on her breasts.

"You're in milk?" he stuttered as he came up for air, white droplets running over his chin.

"Any time I want to. And I want to spend myself in your mouth! Drink me!"

His fingers wandered down her back and clutched her voluminous, taut buttocks. She groaned in delight as he kneaded her rear.

"Oh yes, I'm a lot of woman, bard! You'll be a lot of man soon, too!"

"Yrb— *oh gods!*"

He reared in her embrace. Entangled, they fell down on the pelts. Alric squirmed and writhed on his back. His eyes closed as his body cramped up. Fire ate down his throat and consumed his bowels.

"Shh, my dear, it's just for a moment. You'll be better in no time."

His body slumped down and grew limp. Limp, except for the growing bulge in his pants. The witch undid his belt and pulled down his trousers. His dick sprang up, bobbing with inner pressure.

"Now don't you feel invigorated?" Yrba's fingers traced the swollen, throbbing veins on the rock-hard pillar and coated the burning skin with the ample pre-cum that dribbled from his wide-open hole.

Sweat ran down his forehead. "You could've warned me! Gods, my dick's about to burst! I've never been so hard!" He gasped for air. "*Hhungh!* It's — it's stretching even more! Oh gods! I'm ripping apart!"

"Let's wrap it up tight then! Oh, I think I have just the right kind of sheath for that sword of yours!"

She straddled him and guided the taut tip into her dripping vulva. Inch by inch, the witch impaled her pink flesh on his burning spear until she had consumed the full length of his meat. Alric grabbed her waist, pressed her tight against his hip and threw their connected bodies over. He rolled the quivering woman on her back, rose to his knees and pushed her down, burying himself deeper into the yielding, trembling cave.

"*Hhhaaaahh!*" Yrba squirmed, dug her shoulders into the floor, clutched the fur in her fingers for support, raised her hip and caught

each of his frantic thrusts that shook through her body and sent her heavy breasts swinging.

"Yes!" she groaned. "Oh yes! Oh, you're *fierce*! You haven't got any in a *long* time! Give it to me! Gimme all! *Ungh*! You beast! You brute! *Uuuooooah*! Harder!"

She grabbed his hands and drew them from her waist to her breasts.

"Milk me!" moaned Yrba. "So full ... *Uuurrrgh*!"

His fingertips twisted the big, rough, chocolate-colored strawberries. Thin jets arched through the warm air and coated her dark skin with white droplets.

He pushed his hips against her. "You like that?" Another thrust. "I'll breed you, you horny cow!"

"I don't think so!" She laughed in the throes of her ecstasy, clutched him in her legs' vise and flipped them both over again. Now *she* was on top, bucking her hip on his loins, thrusting her dangling boobs in his face and digging her long, sharp nails in his shoulders.

"You'll breed *me*? Hah! I'll suck you dry, stallion! I'll ride you ragged! You're *mine*!"

"Yrbaaaaa!"

Yrba felt the warm squirts deep inside her womb, she held on to him, she milked his throbbing rod for all its worth, thrusting her hip forward against him until her muscles sucked the very last drop from his swollen pipe. Then she arched her back the other way and ran her nervous clit through his wiry pubes.

"—*Haaaaah*!"

She slumped down on him, and they held each other tight, inhaling their bodies' mingled scents of sweat and satisfied desires, feeling their racing heartbeats slow down.

He nibbled gently on her earlobe.

"Thank you, Yrba. Oh you shameless witch, you're like a hungry animal, you're such a wonderful woman, a true—"

Clunk. Something heavy fell over in the larder and rolled along the floor with all the hollow ringing of an empty bucket.

"What the—?" He lowered his voice even more and buried his face in her mane as he whispered in her ear, "I think we woke Mirca, and she's watching through one of the knotholes. What do we do now?"

Yrba smiled, raised herself to her elbows and played with her fingertips over his chest. "Well, we could roll over and show her what it looks like from the other side? Poor girl has a lot to learn. You up to it?"

"You — you knew she'd peek?!"

She wiggled on top of him. "Of course. I *told* her to. You don't mind helping me out with her education, do you? *Mirca! Come out! It's your turn now!*"

"*What—?!*"

Mirca opened the cart's door and stepped through the frame. She straightened on the sill, and she kept on *growing* in Alric's eyes, soaring higher and higher. It was the wolves and the woods, all over again. Time slowed down as the icy heat of shock rushed through his

veins, as he realized that Yrba expected him to breed with this — this *statue*. Yes, that was what she was. Tall. Perfect. *Untouchable*.

She walked down the tiny stepladder, and suddenly the seconds crept by, every moment passing slowly, playing out the scene like submerged in water. Any background receded and left only Mirca, floating down the steps. The silk of her dress flowed along the hourglass of her body. It caressed her perfect legs and revealed toned, tanned skin through the slits that ran down from the waist to the hemline as the cloth danced to her swaying, womanly hips. Her thighs' muscles pumped ever so slightly under her smooth skin to every step as they effortlessly balanced her well-proportioned weight. She loosened her golden hair, and it undulated down over her shoulders and framed her low neckline. The rounded, proud shapes of her breasts put long pleats of strain in the cloth around her chest, and as she stopped at arm's length from him, the shockwave from heavily putting down her foot sent ripples along the surface of the swaying, pliable mammaries. The tip of her tongue moistened her lips with glacial slowness.

"Alric?" Mirca waved her hand in front of his eyes. "Hey, Al? Are you listening?"

He blinked, and while his mind returned to the cabin and he again heard the faint crackling of the oven and smelt the mixture of burning pitch and the scent of sweat and lovemaking, he still kept on staring at the soaring giantess. Mirca's heavy breasts with the aroused nipples quivered right in front his eyes. Her half-smiling, half-pouting mouth was out of reach. He'd have to climb up along her curvy body, to cling to her shoulders just to kiss her, and *then* he might try to poke his dick in her navel. She was just too much woman. As she spread to a wide-legged stance and tilted her hips, he heard something move in

her crotch, and it smacked and squelched like a whole bucket full of swamp being stirred in the distance. She bent forward and playfully ran her forefinger down his chest, giggling.

"I said, I wonder if it'll feel as good as Li's arm. Oh, how stupid of me. You never met her, I guess. Well, Ybbie thinks you're going to *teach* me something new and fun. *She* sure had fun, I've not heard her moan and scream like that for some time. So? I'm waiting!"

Alric gulped again. Yrba stood by the blonde's side now, and the witch offered an unwelcome reference, since she matched Alric's height. To see that wholesome, strong woman who, only minutes before, had fused with him in carnal frenzy, as she was now reduced to a dwarf by her giant pupil's bulk made him realize how futile this whole endeavor was. He was just a *man*. Mirca needed a *bull*.

"I'm not sure I'm up to that — witch, you've emptied me too well. I don't think —"

Yrba laughed and slapped Mirca's buttocks.

"I guess both of you need a little guidance here, so — Mirca, you get out of your clothes and lay down. And you, bard—" She pushed his head on her taut breasts that already oozed the next helping of laced milk. "—Have some more strength. *Ungh!* You're pretty good with that tongue of yours! Empty? Oh, you'll be surprised! Drink up!"

Mirca giggled as she pulled her skirt off over her head, sat down and rolled on her back. She pointed at his crotch. "*Ooh!* Now it doesn't dangle any more! It's bobbing! Uh, am I doing this right? No, wait, a little higher won't hurt —"

She dug her heels and shoulders in the ground and arched her body up in the air, grabbed a roll of furs and put it like a pillow under her hips.

"There. Now you just need to kneel between my legs —"

Alric stepped up to her as she reclined before him. Her heavy, full breasts sagged to the left and right of her chest. The long clam glistened with lubricating wetness and opened like a bewitched cave to his eyes as she spread her thighs wider. He shook his head.

"Yrba, that's not going to work. I'm too small. Much too small."

The witch climbed upside-down over Mirca's body and cupped the blonde's buttocks in her hands while she lowered her face on the wet funnel.

"Just waitfff."

Slurp. Munch. Slllp. Slllp.

"Mmmmh!" Mirca sighed happily. Yrba's mouth and chin dripped with moisture as she raised her head. The dark gap, deep at the end of Mirca's pink funnel, smacked open and close as the witch rubbed the enveloped bulge of the blonde's engorged clit and kneaded the folds while spreading the meaty outer lips.

"See? Give it a try. She'll wrap you up nice and cozy. She's quite muscular in there, Al."

Yrba slid down towards Mirca's waist until she sat with her legs spread wide and clutching the chiseled midriff of the giantess between her thighs. Her one hand grabbed his swollen, taut rod and guided it to the ample opening between her other hand's fingers. Alric drew in the air through clenched teeth.

"Hhhh! She's like a boiling kettle! Oh yes, that's good!"

Mirca giggled. "Heh! It tickles! Are you in now?"

"To the hilt," he groaned.

Mirca undulated under him, carrying his arousal closer and closer to the edge, but then she shrugged. "Your thing is nice and warm, but it just doesn't feel like much, sorry."

Alric rolled his eyes and pressed harder against the soft mound of her crotch, intensifying his movements. "You're not helping, Mirca!"

Yrba chuckled. Her hand reached between his legs and grabbed his sack.

"Want a little *extra*, stud?" she breathed in his ear and lifted another vial to his lips.

"Yrba!" Mirca gasped and held still. "That's the last of your potion! That's not right, you need to save it, in case—"

"Mirca, hush. Alric, swallow." Yrba looked over her shoulder and smiled lovingly down on her spread-eagled giantess. "It's so weak by now, it's not much use anyway except for this little treat for you. And I want your first time with a *man* to be truly satisfying. You really deserve it, love." Her hands herded a whole swarm of tiny, sparkling motes of magical dust towards the faint glow that enveloped the bard's groin.

"Well, bard, you're about to be made adequate for your lover. Mirca, put your legs around his hips and squeeze him into you as far as you can, lest he gets bulged out of you now."

Yrba wrapped her thumb and forefinger around the root of his manhood as Mirca's sweaty legs closed around him. The giantess crossed her shins in his back and pushed with her heels on his buttocks, and her warm, dripping cave clutched his dick tighter.

"*Expandere*," mumbled the witch while she did little milking motions with the ring of her fingers around his root.

Mirca's eyes grew big. "Oh my!" she gasped.

"*Ungh!*" Growth started at the root of his dick and pushed his expanding flesh forward into the tightening funnel. The tip of Alric's glans wormed deeper into Mirca's wrinkled cave. He grabbed the giantess' waist harder as his cock grew larger in fast throbs. His stretching and groaning skin filled with taut fire and pushed the bulging, cone-shaped head deeper and deeper.

Yrba nodded. "Mirca, now show him the trick with your inner ring."

The blonde's cervix widened like an oozing, dripping mouth that smacked and pouted towards an approaching treat. Mirca wiggled her hips and flexed the ribbed muscles of her midriff.

A ring of glowing embers consumed the tip of his dick until it contracted into the ridge along the glans. He was pulled in deeper and smacked with his pubes into the yielding, soft dome of Mirca's venus mound. *Now* he was in to the hilt. Yrba pushed her flat hands on the giantess' lower belly and felt the bulge of Mirca's overfilled vagina, stretching and pulsating around the equine-sized rod and relentlessly milking it.

"Oh gods!" The giantess squirmed and twisted on the rough furs. "He's *soooo* big! Yrba, please! He's tearing me apart! Oh mercy, he's

driving that pillar all the way through me! Oh dammit, that feels good! *Make it bigger! Don't stop! Yes, bigger! Bigger! Mnnnngh!*"

Creak.

It was the sound of leather stretching slowly under immense pull, and that alarming noise came from behind Yrba's back. The witch squinted. She sat in an whirl of ethereal sparks that rushed by, accelerating as they were attracted like water swirling into a drain.

"Oh *fuck!* Mirca! No! Keep it in!"

Yrba spun around and ended up awkwardly half-twisted from her hip to her shoulders, grappling with the throbbing pumpkins that had already stretched big enough to bob against her face. The witch's weight squeezed Mirca's balloons apart, and she slid down the sweaty cleavage. Mirca grabbed her head and pulled her up to her face.

"Mirca?!"

The blue eyes of the giantess shone with delight. She smiled as she caressed the nervous witch who tried in vain to squeeze and wrap up the mountains of breasts.

"No, Yrba, leave them be. I'm fine!" Mirca shuddered all over and giggled. "Oh, he's so very deep inside me! It's all right, I'm not bursting! I *want* to be like that."

"Mmmmmgpf—!?" Yrba's plump lips ended up against Mirca's big mouth, and before the witch could utter a single word of protest, Mirca's tongue slipped in and filled her cheeks. Yrba struggled and panted through her nose, but when Mirca wrapped the witch's stout body up in the canyon of her breasts, the incapacitated woman just gave in and returned the sloppy kiss.

"*Mmmh*—" she groaned into Mirca's mouth that took her breath away as Alric, his dick still trapped in the giantess' hungry cavern, stooped and grabbed her butt, squeezing her buttocks apart. His tongue was only *human*, but it was just the thing Yrba's itching crotch needed now. She melted away as he proved his oral artistry.

"So? What — you say — about men?"

Yrba still gasped for air. She reclined into the pair of yielding pillows and listened to the pounding of her giantess' heart. The steady *ompomp—ompomp* resonated through all of the three-foot mounds' pliable flesh.

Mirca rested, limp head to toe, sweat dripping from her matted hair and glistening on every inch of her body, on the fur rugs. Her one hand played with Yrba's curls while her other stroked Alric's back. The bard had collapsed on her midriff, one arm around Mirca's right breast, his other around Yrba's waist.

"I like it!" giggled Mirca. "It's a little different, not quite as long as with you or the other girls, but it's not bad at all! It's just over so quick. Is it always like that? *You* keep on going after the first rush, and it gets stronger and stronger on the second and third time. Oh well, it was great while it lasted!"

Yrba smiled as she drew three fingers through the distended, sopping lips of Mirca's drenched vulva, sensing the creeping, meandering contractions as the long funnel slowly tightened again. "So much for the fun. Well, tomorrow I'll teach you how to clench around *smaller* things and how much fun *that* can be. No offense, Alric."

He rolled off Mirca's body and stroked the aching skin of his slowly shrinking dick that still reached almost to his knees.

"None taken. A third leg like that would just get in the way, but can I at least talk you into letting me keep just a few more inches—?"

The witch clambered over to him, grabbed the deflating rod and squeezed the yielding flesh probingly as she weighed it in her hand and smacked her lips.

She laughed. "I'm not easily swayed by talk alone, songsmith, but maybe — just maybe, if you're *good* with that rod of yours — you could *fuck* me into it. For now, I need you smaller so Mirca gets the hang of handling *average* men, but let's talk later about the *extra* reward for your services. Oh, and I also need to teach Mirca how to use her lips and fingers."

His flesh twitched expectantly in her palm.

"Hey! Down, boy! My goodness, what an insatiable pecker did I create here?" chuckled Yrba. She glanced at Mirca who just rolled over and rose to her hands and knees. The huge girl straightened to her haunches and placed two buckets in front of her. Leaning forward, she aimed her thumb-sized nipples into them. As she went down on her hands again, the round orbs settled from being drawn to oblong melons by their weight to mountains of dough that bulged over the buckets' rims.

"Yrba—?" she begged.

The witch nodded and turned to the bard. "Ah, there's another thing you can help me with. Two udders for two pair of hands, eh, Al? You know how to milk cows, do you?"

Part 8: The Living Cauldron

*"Lying naked here in the shrine of your embrace
We touch the burning cauldron to your angel face"*
— Rick Springfield, *Tear It All Down*

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Chapter 36: A Dream Of Cows

Sunshine crept in through the slits in the log cabin's walls. The thin blades of light played over three figures, sleeping on the wolf pelts that covered the cabin floor. A naked woman rested on her back in the middle, with two other bodies flanking her. Her tall body's sensuous, smooth curves glowed in the warm light. Every now and then, she moved slightly in her sleep. Firm, strong muscles showed under her even skin at these moments, giving her the appearance of a dominating, yet feminine statue come to life. Compared to her seven feet of veiled strength, her companions were mere dwarves as they laid huddled in her muscular limbs' relaxed, almost nonexistent embrace.

The man to her right slept with his head against the soft, warm pillow of her right breast. He stirred in his rest and pulled up his thigh, snuggling closer to the tall young woman's strong leg around which he had wrapped his own legs.

The mature, curvaceous woman at the giantess' left side kept the huge girl's other, pumpkin-sized breast in the gentle embrace of her right arm, and her curly, jet-black mane covered half of the impressive

milk pillow. Her dark, chocolate-colored skin was in stark contrast to the bright complexion of the man and the girl.

Her curvy yet robust five-foot-six frame matched the man's height, and even though both were asleep, their hands had met on the muscle-ribbed midriff of their living mattress who, even in her slumber, radiated enough body warmth for the three of them.

Mirca, the blond giantess, sighed and stirred ever so slightly in her sleep. Her eyelids twitched, and her lips pouted slowly. A shudder crept over her skin. The nipples on her breasts grew hard, and the huge jugs filled up from the inside, expanding with the deceiving slowness of a glacier creeping forward.

The growth of her headrest made Yrba, the Darkskin gypsy witch to Mirca's left, start to slip off the warm pillow. Her sleepy body pushed itself up again, and in doing so, her mouth brushed over the erect, strawberry-sized nipple. She didn't wake as instinct made her plump lips pout and nibble against the rough source of nourishment.

Another faint stretch, another stir and push, and now the hard, rough teat lodged itself firmly into the corner of the witch's mouth. In her sleep, Yrba moaned quietly and began to chew on the juicy knob, gently massaging the areola as her jaw moved up and down. Mirca sighed happily. Thick, sweet cream seeped from her nipple as the huge breast let down, and the white, warm rivulet collected on the inside of the witch's cheek. She didn't wake up then, either; she only smacked her lips and swallowed quietly every now and then when there was enough for a hearty gulp of nourishing liquid in her mouth, and that happened faster and faster.

Ung.

Slllp.

Smack.

Mmmmh.

Ung.

An hour passed, and still the three of them were fast asleep.

Help! Oh please, mighty Mirca, help us! We're so full, we need you to milk us. We're bursting!

The voice was begging and desperate, and everywhere at once. Mirca looked around. Lush green pastures stretched to the horizon, and a warm sun hung high in a sky of deep blue. The wind caressed her naked skin. All over the meadows stood white cows with huge black spots in their fur, their heads facing the tall blonde. The poor animals couldn't walk or even budge. Their udders were joined pairs of giant orbs, each a yard or more across, spreading their thin hind legs wide and lifting their hindquarters off the soft grass. Thick, swollen teats swelled left and right on the ground, their elongated shape bent sideways and sprouting from the bulge where the taut, constantly rippling skin met the flattened grass. The milk balloons kept on growing while Mirca stared.

Please, empty our udders! wailed the chorus of voices in Mirca's head. *They consume us!*

It was so clear, so obvious. She just *had* to do it. Mirca stepped up to the first creature and rolled her over. The wide-eyed, begging cow attached to the bulging udder had no weight at all, and as Mirca grabbed the soft, hair-covered ball, it throbbed a whole two feet bigger in her hands, and the cow was no more. The stretching skin smoothed

over any sign of the mooing beast's shape, save for a flicking tail that sprouted where the two half-spheres met in a wrinkled seam.

Oh no! Hurry! I'm only an udder, and I'm getting fuller and fuller!

Squeaking and groaning, the four teats swelled larger now that they were free from the weight pushing down on them. Mirca crawled on top of the pair of yielding orbs and grabbed two of the warm, foot-long flesh rods that started to throb in her hands. From the corner of her eyes, she saw motion. Like drops collecting in a bowl, the other cows were drawn with their udders first towards the huge, bloated ball that Mirca rode upon. As they approached, their shapes were absorbed into their ever-growing milk factories, and they tumbled and bounced over the grass. The moment they touched the sphere that Mirca rode upon, they melted into the expanding orb, sending ripples over the spotted fur and accelerating its growth.

Mistress, we're yours! rose the chorus of their hollow voices. *Empty us! Oh please, empty us before we burst!*

The teats' tips grew egg-shaped, with a sharp ridge where their rear end met the veined pillar. Warm milk gushed out of a finger-sized hole and drenched Mirca head to toe.

More! More! It's not enough! Do the other pair, too!

The giantess wrapped her long, prehensile tongue around the third teat that bobbed right in front of her. The fountain that spewed forth coated her face with glistening liquid before she managed to draw the throbbing spout into her mouth. She closed her lips around the twitching rod and began swallowing the ample delicious stream that immediately gushed forth.

The fourth! Oh please, the fourth! So full — the pain — oh please, mighty giantess —

Mirca shifted her weight on top of the round six-yard ball that strained under the pressure of its warm load. She let go of the three teats —

No, mistress, don't stop! We're bursting! Hurry!

— to reach for the fourth pillar of swollen, taut flesh that was now right between her wide-spread legs. Rising to her knees, she grabbed the two-feet pole and aimed the wrist-thick head at her crotch.

Oh divine milkmaid, your skills are many! The witch taught you well!

Mirca sat down on her haunches, engulfing the throbbing teat and undulating her vaginal muscles in the way that Yrba had shown her. It worked, it worked even better than when she had learned how to handle normal-sized men like Alric with her queen-sized pussy.

The others! The other three! They're so taut! Please, goddess!

She let herself fall forward again, bouncing gently into the giant orb. Her hands closed around the two teats to her left and right, and immediately their high-pressured content sprang skyward and showered down again in a warm rain of white. The third, deep in her mouth, twitched reluctantly, and Mirca squeezed gently with her thighs into the ever-growing orb.

Let us fill you with our strength now, mistress of all things milk!

Mirca's jaw was forced open, as was her already straining crotch, when the two teats swelled to almost six inches across. The sphere of black and white shuddered, and then sweet, warm milk filled her up by the gallon through mouth and clam. She took it in, took it all

in as she herself rounded and bloated, growing bigger and taller. The skin of the deflating orb melted into her own as she outgrew it.

Shluuurp.

The last of the strange ball disappeared into her. Filled and sated, Mirca rested on her knees and the three orbs of her belly and breasts that reached outward as far as her arms. She squeezed into the resilient spheres, and the delight sent goosebumps over her skin of white that was littered with blotches of black. As she looked around, she saw the trees under her like blades of grass. Clutching the sloshing ball of her belly, she struggled to her feet. Her head poked into a layer of puffy white clouds, and she chased them away with a wave of her hand. Oh yes, she truly felt *tall* now.

The ground shook under her. The bedrock burst apart under her weight, and her feet sank into the pair of craters that her gargantuan weight punched right into the earth. Lava shot up around her legs as she slipped deeper into the molten belly of the planet. Its scorching heat was merely a warm and gentle brush against the skin of the giantess, and as the rough mountain ridge that remained between the holes that her legs sank into came closer to her crotch, well, Mother Earth obviously just *begged* to scissor with Mirca's dripping clam.

The rock made contact. Mirca let herself fall forward, creating deep bowls in the ground with her breasts and belly, for whole seas to fill them up later. Her hands grabbed at the mountain ranges in front of her. Mile-high walls of ancient granite burst in her grip as she dug her fingers into the rock and bucked her hips against the rough ridge that split her labia apart. Her secretions ran down the rocky slopes like slow-motion avalanches and filled the valleys with seas of goo.

She took a deep breath, inhaling and swelling on and on, until suddenly there was *no more air*—

Chapter 37: Yrba's Share

Mirca gasped and opened her eyes wide in surprise. Yrba let go of the girl's nose and nodded to Alric.

"Told you it would work. I always do that when she's snoring —"

"I don't snore!" objected Mirca, yawning under her breath.

"Yeah, *right*." Yrba raised her eyebrows and smiled with cocked head. "You're bringing down whole forests, lumberjack girl, even in your heavy sleep."

The bard pushed against the one-yard bag of Mirca's breast that had spilled out sideways and covered his midriff under an avalanche of white, pliable flesh. The milk jug flattened under its own weight and reluctantly rolled away.

"*Heavy's* just the right word, I'll say!" he groaned, crawling to freedom.

"You're one to complain! At least you're in the same shape you had when you fell asleep! Now will you look at me?!" Yrba ran her hands over the round orb that her formerly narrow waist had swollen to. Her milk-filled potbelly's protruding navel made the half-sphere

look like a third tit, and her original pair rested its now considerable weight on the bulge. Her breasts' glands still feasted on the ample supply of pre-made raw material coursing through her body. Yrba's chocolate-colored breasts had swollen to mammoth melons that reached firm and engorged from her chest. She was barely able to make her fingers meet as she wrapped her arms around her promontory.

"*Ungh!*" groaned the witch, rubbing her breasts' taut skin with her fingertips. "Oh my, I'm still swelling! I must've been bingeing on her milk like a sponge! My tits will be dripping all day!" She held the sides of her belly with splayed fingers and shook the wobbly orb. "That's gotta be three gallons at least. And I didn't even notice it! So, Mirca, what gives?"

"Oh, uh, aheh — oops?" Mirca giggled nervously. "Sorry, I — I had a weird dream with cows and then I drank them, and I grew, and I must've ... you're both okay, are you?"

Alric smiled and gently grabbed Mirca's left nipple. "Long as you give me the same tasty breakfast like you gave to her, I'm willing to endure a little bit of crushing," he replied and rubbed his thumb over the rough knob that filled the palms of his hands like half a lemon. Sitting cross-legged close to her side, he bent forward and licked up the first drops of the rich, nurturing cream that seeped from the many tiny ducts. He bit just hard enough into the thick teat to hold it in his mouth while his hands wandered to the underside of the heavy bag. As he lifted it up and closer to his body, the huge mass started to move under its own weight and spilled into his lap, filling it with its warm and malleable meat.

Mirca smiled and licked her lips as her sensitive skin reported the shape of the hard, hot thing that it ran against.

"Mmmmh! *Naughty* Alric! I can feel your poker from over here!"

Yrba rose to her feet, groaning with the effort, put her hands to her hips and stretched her back. "*Nnnngh!* Oh well, so we're all okay, and you didn't feed me to pieces." She slapped her hand on the tight skin of her belly and smiled. Her teeth flashed in the twilight of the cabin. "I'll just chalk *this* up as training for my spring brew. Now where did I put my *comfy* clothes?"

Mirca and Alric exchanged glances as Yrba turned her back on them, struggling with short steps towards the door. Mirca raised her eyebrows, and the bard smiled and nodded.

"Come on, now roll her over to me! — *Ungh!*" Alric tumbled to the floor, brought down by the huge weight that bumped against his hips.

"*Ooof!*" gasped Yrba. "*Whee!* You crazy lot! Careful with the udders!"

The witch laughed as she struggled playfully, being rolled helplessly over the tickling pelts on the floor between her two bedfellows. Two pairs of hands kneaded her breasts and belly, caressed her thighs and stroked her sex. Gasping for air, Yrba ended up on her hands and knees, with her legs wide and the weight of her enormous paunch well supported on the warm, rough furs on the floor.

"Heh — *wheee*, oh heavens, let me catch my breath for a while!" she panted. A hand — small, by comparison, so it must've been Alric's — kneaded her meaty buttocks and pulled them apart. The weight of his body bore down on Yrba's back.

"What did you do to me?" he whispered in her ear. "I've made love to Mirca any which way you told me to, but I still can't resist you. I *want* you, now! Oh please, let me —"

She smiled with closed eyes, reveling in his caresses as he ran his hands over her three orbs again and again. "Yeah, right. Tempting, though I don't think you really want to ride me bloated cow now, do y —"

She opened her eyes wide. Thick, hot and throbbing, the slippery tip of the bard's engorged member parted her outer labia.

"—ooouuuuhh! Oh yes, you do! *Oh yes! Mmmnngh! Haaaaah!*"

Alric plowed deep into her, while his hands wandered over the witch's hips and on over her wide potbelly, securing a firm grip at the onset of her paunch. She was tight inside, the wet cave of her vagina being compressed by the milk bloat in her belly, and the bard's strong tool rubbed against all the right places.

"Come on, Yrba!" smiled Mirca as she clambered to her feet. "You spent the last nights just watching and directing him and me, so it's only fair if you get — oh yes, you're doing great, Alric! She's making *that* face again!" The tall girl bowed down and cupped Yrba's cheeks in her hands, lifted the witch's head, leaned in and kissed her long and hard.

Yrba's eyes remained half-closed as finally Mirca's tongue slipped out of the witch's mouth. The young woman smiled at the absent stare. "He's got the right rhythm, doesn't he, Yrba?"

"*Mmmhhh...hmmm—*" panted the gypsy, half delirious.

Mirca's fingers wandered down over her mentor's collarbones and circled the soft mountains of Yrba's breasts. The rough, hard, almost black nipples dug into her palms and sprayed white wetness.

"Heh, see how your chocolate melons dangle! Now *who* needs milking?" Mirca put down two buckets in front of the brown-skinned woman and reached forward.

"*Hhuuuunnngghh — I do—oooh! Oh yes! Oh how I do! Ooooh! Uuunnnn—!*" stammered Yrba with half-closed eyes.

"*That's a lot of milk waiting!*" smiled Mirca, holding Yrba's swollen pumpkins in her big hands and squeezing them to the rhythm of Alric's thrusts. The witch didn't reply. She rocked back and forth, and the only thing that filled her mind was the thought of *spending*.

"Now at least you can see your feet again," smiled Alric, spooning up on Yrba's sweat-covered body while they rested on their sides. She nodded, and her head kept on dangling for quite a while.

"Oh — yes, I — damn! That was — good— *squee!*" She reached between her legs and patted Alric's erection. "Doesn't tire easily, eh?" Yrba sighed. "Still, I need a break right now. Maybe impale me again later." Her gaze turned to the giantess who rested on her side in front of the couple.

"Oh Mirca, look at you! You're one to talk about milking! Let's take your size down a notch or two, too. You know the drill, darlings."

She groaned and struggled upright. Her belly still showed, and her breasts were still heavy, but at least Mirca's ministrations had relieved her of two buckets full of milk. She stepped over the tall girl's legs and rummaged in the corner. When she returned, she handed one

of a pair of funnels in her hands to the bard as she knelt down in front of Mirca. The witch ran her hand over the brimming bags and squeezed the taut skin.

"Oh yes, you're full of it, too! Alric, keep the nipples well in the funnels, or we'll get spray-painted walls. Come on, Mirca, get up."

The giantess rose to her haunches, put her hands to her hips and stooped slightly, letting her heavy breasts dangle down. Yrba and Alric each took one of the warm, udder-like bags in their hands and aimed the nipples into the two receptacles. The gypsy witch stroked over the sensitive skin and ran her fingertips in circles around the lemon-sized nipples, every now and then squeezing the dish-sized areola. Alric followed suit.

"Mmmhhh. Mmmmooooooooohhh!" Mirca moaned playfully. "I likes."

She jerked. "Hold on, I wanna try something—"

Yrba raised her eyebrows. "Mirca, I absolutely do *not* want a milk shower in here now!"

"No, no! I mean, I, maybe, I don't have to — you taught me how to wrap them up, but, I think, I can wrap them up *in places* only."

"What? In *places*? What in the five heavens' name are you—"

"Loog!" mumbled the tall blonde with pouted lips, and focused.

Oooh—kay, don't draw all the skin in, I want to — like, like a sorta ring around a barrel, just, not so soft like they're now, more like ... yes, and up here over the nipples, have it tauter, pull it up, and, a little less sag there, and ...

The heavy bag of flesh and glands trembled in Yrba's grip, and the hissing and bubbling of milk spraying from the swollen nipples grew louder. She strained her eyes, but there were no sparkles from the ethereal realm.

What kind of weirdness is that? She can't have muscles in there, it's got to be magic, but then why — why can't I see it?!

"Wow," gasped the bard. "Yrba, do you *see* this?!"

The witch nodded. "I see it. I just can't believe it."

Mirca's breasts *changed*. They had changed often over the course of the weeks, and both Alric and Yrba had become used to — and enjoyed — their various incarnations. Their range went from reasonably human, with a delicious and nicely rounded shape akin to a bulging cone that stood proud from the tall young woman's chest, to the voluminous, heavy, yard-huge bags that overflowed hands and arms softly and gently, offering warm pillows one wanted to drown in. Apart from the odd growth sprint or two, Mirca had gained good control over her jugs.

This was new. Both of Mirca's helpers had a hard time keeping the nipples aimed at the buckets that rapidly filled up while the giantess played with her own body, and the soft bags in the witch's and the bard's grip became temperamental and lively.

The melons tautened. They didn't shrink — if their changing shape altered their volume at all, then only for the bigger. Their soft shape grew semi-firm. The bulge that had amassed around the nipples wandered higher and spread over the dangling length.

No ding-dongling around, wished the giantess. Her body obeyed.

The skin along the top of her breasts shrunk just far enough to lift the two elongated globes, making them jut out instead of sagging down, and then their circumference shrunk just a bit around the middle and the root, filling and squeezing the superhuman volume into an elongated, erect bulge. Mirca's gushing nipples pointed straight out now, and the undersides of her assets rounded and smoothed, creating only a very tiny fold on her ribcage to support the weight of the proud mammaries.

Yrba gulped.

"Charlene would be crying her eyes out, about now," she muttered as the change slowed down and the cascades of milk subsided. She put the full, heavy buckets aside.

Mirca raised her arms and shoulders, ran her hands through her hair and turned her torso left and right, sending the resilient balcony of her bouncing bullet breasts swinging.

"Huh? Huh? How d'you like them? Look, they're big *and* proud! And they feel so — so *strong* now! Oh, you've got no idea just how firm and strong they feel now! Why, I dare you two to sit on them!"

Chapter 38: The Witch's Promise

Yrba smiled and stroked the firm underside of Mirca's elongated breasts while she dried the milk-dripping skin. "Let's not overdo it, Mirca. My, seems you're trying to make our poor bard's tool pop without even touching it. Oh, this reminds me —"

She climbed the three steps to her caravan, embedded into the cabin's wall, only to return moments later with a small box of potion-filled glass tubes in her hands. Rolling her shoulders, she continued:

"After last night, I guess there's not much left about cocks that I, or Alric, could teach you, Mirca. And, as I recall, I promised our songsmith an inch or two afterwards, for his heroic efforts."

The bard stared first at his raging hard-on, then at the long, silvery needle that the witch took from the wooden box. "I think I'm q—quite h—happy with —," he stammered uncertainly.

Yrba knelt down by his side and put her warm hand on his shoulders, pushing him down on the furs.

"Shush. Hold still," she whispered and ran her forefinger's tip over his lips. She put the box down on his naked chest.

Mirca frowned. "We don't have any of your teen-cure left, Yrba."

"*Tincture*. Yes, I know." A cork squeaked as the witch opened one of the vials. "I much prefer the tincture, because I'm lazy and it's so easy and *versatile*. Doesn't mean I'm inept when it comes to the herbs and potions."

She counted the drops falling from the slim tube.

"Just got to be careful, this is strong stuff, and it's instantly permanent." Yrba patted Alric's thigh. "Don't you worry, I know what I'm doing."

"Ouch!"

"Oh quit whining! I'm doing this as gently as I can!"

"Well, when I joked about that extra inch, how could I have known I was asking for a tattoo on my valuables —"

"Oh, so now you're happy with one *single* extra inch? You think I'm going through all this effort to give you just *one damned single inch more?*"

Yrba drew up her eyebrows and gave him a *look*. She tapped the point of the thin silver needle into the small puddle of violet liquid on the earthen plate and continued to dot around the first inch at the root of Alric's pecker.

"You'll be thankful once I'm done," she smiled.

He clawed into the wolf pelts on the floor, sweat dripping from his forehead. "*Nnnngh!* I sure hope so!"

The witch didn't turn her head from the limp rod that she slowly twisted and turned to complete the spiral of thin lines covering part of his dick's skin.

"Sorry? I wasn't talking to you, big Al." She stooped over his manhood in her fingers, gently rolling her thumb over the glans. "Yes, little one, now we're ready. It's time for you to grow big and strong. Mirca?"

"Uh —"

"The lips only. No tongue, no teeth. Like I showed you. Suck hard."

Mirca knelt down by his feet and leaned forward. Her breasts, firm and full, slipped up along Alric's hips while her mane covered his groin. Warm lips sealed tightly around his glans, and Yrba held the bard's semi-hard dick until Mirca's pouted, O-shaped, wandering lips touched her fingers. She let go, and the giantess sucked the rest of Alric's flaccid pecker into her mouth.

"*Mm—mm?*" mumbled the tall girl, with her head down on the bard's hips and her buttocks rising high in the air.

The witch's fingers rubbed and kneaded Alric's lower midriff. "Just suck at it. You'll know when it starts."

"*Mm—hm.*"

"*Haaannnnh—!*" Alric howled in heat. The sudden vacuum in Mirca's cheeks sent hot, prickling waves into his flesh as his blood rushed into the swelling rod. Veins bulged on his pole, and the skin stretched tight while his red-swollen glans rode higher, rubbing against the ribbed roof of Mirca's mouth.

And it rode on.

And on.

"Gnnmmppffuuuah—!"

Mirca jerked up as the hot head finally pushed against her tonsils. The first few inches of his glistening cock slipped out of her mouth. Where the tiny dots of Yrba's potion had been tightly packed before, they now spread over the first three inches. Alric propped himself up on his elbows and watched in disbelief.

"The gods and all the heavens," he whispered as the giantess slowly raised her head and released inch upon inch upon inch of his engorged organ.

Mirca's lips finally slipped into the rim below the glans and held him for a few moments before her tongue wormed out along his frenulum to guide the last inches from her mouth. Alric's breath grew quicker.

Yrba smiled. "Well? Ain't so bad now, is it?"

The bard's cock stood upright with a slight curve towards his chest. Three extra inches showed at the root, their skin slightly violet in color, and the whole nine inches of firm cock throbbed and bobbed. The witch wrapped her fingers around him and felt the strength caught inside.

"Two nice fat inches across. The ladies are going to love you even more. Care to give me another sample of your seed, Al?"

He nodded mutely, gasping for air. Yrba's fingers slid up until she held his rod by the swollen, red head. "Mirca, use your tongue around the shaft."

The blonde leaned in and pouted her lips, almost touching him. Her tongue crept out like a pink octopus' tentacle and wrapped a

whole turn around. The agile, slippery muscle bulged and squeezed in a frantic rhythm, and the tip of her tongue dug into the fold where the underside of his dick met his sack. Alric wheezed.

"Oh heavens! Mirca, you know I can't hold it when you do this — *Haaaaah*—!"

"Ymma?"

"Oh, you're doing fine, dear," smiled the witch. Rapid white squirts collected in the small vial in Yrba's fingers. When they subsided, she let go of the twitching cock.

"Well, Alric, consider your debts paid. Mirca, now he's yours."

The bard's rod kept throbbing in the wriggling wrapper of Mirca's tongue as the girl used her long muscle skillfully to draw Alric's strangled, pulsing dick in between her warm lips. A dream-like expression softened Mirca's face while she continued milking and licking at his hot, rigid flesh, and the bard ruffled her golden hair, his body twitching every now and then.

Chapter 39: Hibernation's End

Snow still covered the meadows and clearings, but the sun ate at it with every passing day. First patches of green appeared, and the other signs of spring grew stronger, too. The road called again.

"Heave!" growled Yrba through clenched teeth and pressed her shoulder against the rough wood. Together, the three of them pushed against the caravan. A gap, filled with the shadows of branches against the backdrop of a bright blue sky, grew bigger over their heads as the box on wheels separated creakingly from the cabin built around it. The carriage rolled on for a few yards before it came to a rocking halt.

"Right. Mirca, you go ahead and clear a path to the road. Al, you wrap up the pelts and the other stuff from the hut. And I —"

She stood akimbo and eyed the coach, sighing, "—I'll see if I can make this grimy wreck presentable."

Soon enough, the deft strikes of Mirca's axe echoed through the woods. Alric tied a knot in the rope in his hands and then looked up from the pile of wolf skins he was busy with.

"Yrba, don't you think we should help her?"

The witch kept on running her brush up and down over the planks and smiled as she replied, "Oh, I think we'd just get in the way. Once she gets going —"

"Huuuuwaaarrnngh!"

The sound was a mixture of a bull's roar with a large helping of grunting bear thrown in for good measure. Wood yielded to the unleashed force.

Crack — Creeeeak—crunch.

Yrba chuckled. "My goodness, I was going to say, 'with her axe,' but it seems these days she's happy with pushing trees over bare-handed. No, you better stay out of her way when she's reveling in her strength like that."

"Hrrruuuunnngh!"

Crick. Cre—eak. Crackle. Groooooaaaaaan. — Swoosh. — Thud.

Alric shook his head. "I'm not going anywhere near her right now for sure. That's the girl who hugged me last night?" He gulped.

The caravan stood on the dirt road that led down to the valley. The fresh paint on the outside wasn't quite dry yet, but the horse was harnessed and now the time had come for the trio to go their separate ways. Mirca's imposing body glistened with sweat, and her thin clothes, covered in streaks of dirt, clung transparently to her skin. She smelled of resin and salt and still combed pine needles from her hair. The giantess laughed as she rolled and kneaded her well-padded shoulders.

"Oh my, I couldn't believe how much I've missed the lumbering! I don't know, it seems so much easier now than the years before." Sniffing her armpits, she added, "Gods, I need a bath now, and fast! *Eeek! Ooh!* Need to get rid of all those sticks and twigs and needles! I feel like a stack of wood!"

She jumped up and down and plucked at her clothes' neckline, fumbling with the string that crisscrossed over her chest. The dress parted as the knot finally gave in, and she hefted her liberated mams and pulled them apart, spreading the warm, tight crevice of pliant flesh to shake splinters and needles from the funnel of her cleavage.

Alric chuckled. "There's a nice river for that, in the next valley. Follow the road by its side downstream for a mile or two, and you'll find a ford, too. From there, it's another day to the next village." His face darkened. "So that's it," he sighed and shook his head as he gazed on the two so very different women, standing side by side in front of him.

Yrba nodded. "Well, bard, a day's walk or two towards where we came from, and you'll reach a village, too. They don't have much, but you've got a good chance of bartering some of your share of wolf skins for food and a place for the night. Another day, and you'll find a bigger village. And if you encounter some inquisitive travelers — well, I'll just say, you better be careful about what you tell to whom."

Alric smiled. "Same to you! You better not mention my name in the next town in *your* direction. *Especially* not to a certain Caroline, or her husband!" He hesitated. "Come to think of it, the town after that, be careful around Sarah, she's running the tavern. And, uhm, Georgina, she's a maid at the Riverfork Inn, and ... oh, that other one, she's a minx with braided brown hair, I don't know, she never told me her name, but she's got a birthmark on the inside of her thigh—"

Yrba prodded his arm and smirked. "You ladykiller, you! Oh, all right, we'll keep mum around women with desperate longing in their eyes when they ask for a certain bard." She patted his crotch with her cupped hand, and he twitched. The witch laughed. "Be careful with that new trunk of yours. The lasses are bound to come running after you now!"

Alric hugged her. She drew him closer, squeezing her sizable melons against his chest, and rubbed her thigh between his legs.

"Thanks for everything," she whispered in his ear. "You're a good guy."

"Me? Oh come *on!* I'm a bad apple ruining the ladies, haven't you been listening?"

"You're restless like me, that's all. You didn't promise them to stay, did you?"

He kissed her earlobe as his hands wandered down over her back and grabbed her round buttocks.

"No, never. They knew I'd be gone in the morning."

Yrba clenched her thighs around his leg and rubbed her crotch on the rough cloth of her skirt.

"See? *Mnnnnnnghh*. You're honest, and that's good enough for me. I had almost lost faith in men before you came along."

"And I almost stopped believing in magic," he replied as they both reluctantly let go.

"My turn now!"

Mirca's hands grabbed Alric under his arms. She lifted him effortlessly up to her face, planting her lips on his as she slanted backwards, carrying his weight with ease.

"Whoa—mmmmppf—!"

Alric's body sank into her yielding, foot-deep cleavage as she wrapped her arms around him. They kissed, and the bard closed his eyes, overwhelmed by the giantess' embrace. She smelled deliciously of earth and forest, and she enveloped him with the strength of a dryad sprung from a tall oak tree that held all the might of centuries in her body.

Yrba put her hands to her hips and smiled as she tilted her head. Mirca's strong arms seemed to squeeze all the blood in Alric's body right into his groin. The rough cloth of his trousers bulged mightily, and the tall blonde's hand undid his belt and moved in for the kill.

"Oh, go find yourselves a haystack, you two!" laughed the witch as she turned to check the horse's harness.

Mirca engulfed Alric's upper body in the sensual heat of her well-worked muscles and squeezed him tighter, trapping his growing erection against her midriff. The swelling cock, pre-cum dripping from the engorged head, wedged into the dark, warm space between the two lovers' bodies. The bard clung to Mirca's shoulders and broke their kiss as she rubbed him up and down against her wet skin.

"What now?" he whispered into her ear. "You're too big, I can't roam your cave and climb your mountains at the same time."

Mirca giggled. "Mountains? Those are barely hills. If it's *mountains* you want, I'll give you mountains!" she replied, gasping

for air. "Want more of them? One last time?" The bard nodded mutely, cupped her cheeks and locked lips with her again. The giantess' warm breasts, enveloping his body, began to tremble.

Slowly, her multiplying flesh bulged out, flowing around him, creeping bigger over his flanks as she unleashed her mams. Alric dug his splayed fingers into the rising masses to his left and right, stroking the soft bags. Within moments, her nipples hung at her hips' height, riding the forefront of the gigantic, now slightly sagging orbs, and only head and shoulders of her trapped lover peeked from the crack of cleavage in her mammaries' quicksand.

"Mirca—?"

She dug her right arm through the fold under her breasts. Her fingertips searched and found the hot scepter throbbing against her abs. The tall woman smiled.

"Now's my turn to milk *you*."

Her fingers closed around the dripping dick. Her hand squeezed lower until thumb and forefinger encircled the root. Undulating her grip, she stroked his erection like a thick, taut teat, faster and faster.

"Mircaaaaah—"

Her pinkie played into the sensitive ridge of his glans, tickling the frenulum.

"Mircaaaaaah—!"

Relaxing her stranglehold, she drew her whole hand towards the tip. More boiling blood shot into the bloated head, and all the blocked pipes of his rod suddenly were wide open.

"Mirc—uuuunnnnhhh! Unnh! Huurnnnh!"

Alric arched his back, thrusting his body harder against the giantess. The spurts of his hot, sticky seed that shot from the swollen head in the choking ring of the giantess' thumb and forefinger collected in her cupped palm. He collapsed into her pair of soft pillows, and she held him tight as he rested his head on her sweaty shoulder and listened to his racing heartbeat calming down. Mirca drew her closed hand out from the warm darkness under her breasts and opened her fingers as she raised them to her face. Her tongue sampled the puddle in her palm before she pouted her lips and kissed and slurped it up.

"Mmh. My sweet little salt lick. I'll always remember your taste," whispered the giantess, leaned back further and slowly relaxed the embrace of her other arm. Alric slid through her widening cleavage and down her midriff until, twenty inches further, his feet touched the ground again. His legs still trembled while Mirca knelt down, drew up his trousers and tied his belt. She sniffled and furtively wiped a tear from her eye.

"You taught me lots of fun things. Good luck, Alric."

He raised his hand and ran his fingertips over her cheek before he hoisted his bag over his shoulder and grabbed his trekking pole.

"I'll never forget the both of you," he sighed. "Maybe—"

The witch shoved him playfully and laughed. "Yes, maybe some day. Come on now! *Shoo!* I don't want to put down roots here!"

The women watched until he turned around the first bend and disappeared from their sight.

Yrba clapped her hands.

"Right, that's that. And now, let's get going."

Chapter 40: Spring's Brew

Noon had already passed. The twitter of birds filled the treetops around the secluded clearing in which the caravan stood. Every now and then, the horse's whinnying drowned out the campfire's crackling. A cast iron cauldron of twenty gallons hung from a blackened chain, and the thick liquid inside spat green droplets as the rising bubbles burst. Yrba rummaged the vials and crocks of her wooden chest resting on a folding table nearby, now and then glancing at her Herculean pupil squatting by the fire and stirring the ooze. The witch finally handed her a bowl. It seemed to shrink the moment it went from Yrba's hand to Mirca's. *Everything* seemed to shrink in the hands of the seven feet tall blond giantess. There was so much *Mirca*, eating up the scenery, that nothing else seemed to matter. For a second or two, Yrba stared at the earthen bowl and compared its shape and size to the areolae waiting behind the thin, straining veils of the giantess' clothes before she slapped her hand over her eyes and held her temples.

Nnngh. Focus, stupid witch! Focus!

She cleared her throat. "Now add three spoonfuls of this."

"Uh — it's not going to hiss and sparkle again, is it?" Mirca narrowed her eyes nervously and leaned away as she knocked the spoon with the yellow powder against the rim of the cauldron and the flour-like substance disappeared into the bubbling ooze with a burping *gloub*.

Yrba breathed a sigh of relief. "No, now it won't any more. Just tell me the very instant you notice anything strange in your breasts."

"Come on! I've got a grip on it."

"*Most* of the time, dear. *Most*. And there's more to this brewing than meets your eyes."

She plucked a handful of white berries from a branch, threw them in and squinted at the pot. The dusty sparkles of drifting magic now slowly curved towards the liquid as the attracting power built up inside the potion. She moved her fingers through the invisible stream, and the almost imperceptible draft eddied around her hand before it soaked into the greenish juice. The first week of spring had supplied the last necessary herbs for her *pièce de résistance*, and Yrba was determined to have this new batch more than make up for the lost one of the last year that in its entirety had gone down Mirca's gullet.

"Put out the fire," ordered the witch as she wiped her hands on her apron. "It needs to cool down for a while now."

"Yrba?"

"Yes, sweetie?"

"Do you really think we'll meet him again?"

The gypsy smiled. "Who knows?"

When, another hour later, the witch cautiously put her fingers to the black iron, the cauldron was barely warm to the touch.

"Right, now with you around, it's going to be easy." Yrba opened the knots along the front of her bustier and undid her belt. Her dress fell and curled up in a ring around her feet. Stark naked, she reclined and crawled up awkwardly against the table until she had her lower legs over the tabletop and hung upside down. She spread her thighs, rubbing the black bush that covered her crotch until pink skin flashed between the parting thick labia. "Put the funnel where I told you, and gently, okay?"

Mirca carefully pushed one, then another of her moistened fingers into Yrba's gap.

"*Unnnnnggh!* How many fingers — *uuuh!* — Damnation, how far do y—*ooouuh!*"

The blonde stopped instantly. "Sorry, I — I didn't want to hurt you—"

"Keep going! That's nothing, I'm stretchy! Put it in!"

"Wait, I need to — I still can't see the —"

Yrba closed her eyes as Mirca's fingers widened her womb's mouth further. The chill of transpiring moisture crawled up her tunnel as it was aired out.

"—Ah, I can see it now! Right, now, the — where is that blasted thing — got it!"

Something rattled on the table, and then a third finger, cold and metallic, entered the witch's hole. The chilly copper slipped in between her labia. She concentrated on gaping, something moved inside her with wet, smacking noises, and then the hollow tube

crawled in until the funnel's cone against her vulva stopped its advance. Mirca's fingers left her, and the witch exhaled.

"Slowly now," Yrba cautioned. "I'm no balloon. Need to take my time, to relax my skin. Just a little now."

Mirca groaned as she lifted the cauldron, tilting it cautiously until it spilled a first splash of its viscous content into the funnel. Yrba winced when it swirled through the cone and into her, but then she rested her weight on her shoulders, lifted her arms and massaged the faint mound that showed on her midriff.

"More!"

Slosh. Slop. Gulg—gulg—gulg.

The next helping disappeared into her. She gave herself up to the delicious tickle of tiny rivulets that crawled down her insides like roots and united into a slowly rising puddle, gaining weight with each passing moment.

"Keep — going," panted Yrba.

Groooooaan.

The growing half-orb between her fingers swelled faster now. The lukewarm herb tincture filled her cavity with tingly *power* that bounced and bobbed around the magic-proof walls of her stretching belly. Her skin strummed like a plucked string around the now almost spherical bulge from her midriff. The dark brown color of her belly's surface thinned along with her tissue into mocha with a darker navel, sitting in the center of a cobweb of shiny stretch marks.

Slosh. Shuuuurp. Creeeeaaak.

"Uh, Yrba—" Mirca lowered the cauldron and gazed inside. Yrba threw her head about on the floor, with closed eyes and contorted face.

"Yeeeeees? *Unh!*" she moaned, stroking and kneading the pumpkin of her protruding belly.

"Why is there a marking scratched in halfway on the inside of the cauldron, that says, uh, 'm... mah... maks ... max—eh—muhm'?"

The witch arched her back as her skin stretched farther and the bloated orb sagged towards her face.

"Doesn't — *heeeeeaaaavensssss!* — Doesn't matter! Keep pouring!"

"Uh—okay."

Mirca shrugged and raised the cauldron again —

Slosh. Gulp—gulp—gulp. Dribble. Drip. Drip. Guuurgle.

— and again —

Groooooaaann.

— and again —

Squeeeeeaaaak.

— until she finally emptied it to the last drop into the funnel. The level of the green ooze inside the copper cone sank quickly until the last of it disappeared into the tube with a final bubbling and gargling. The leathery groans and stretching noises ended. Yrba's panting was the only sound. Her head was almost buried under the sagging sphere bloating from her midriff.

"Now what?"

Mirca carefully pulled the pipe out and wiped away a few unruly filaments that had spilled on the witch's now far protruding, udder-like midriff. Yrba rubbed happily the swollen roundness of her womb with the lemon-sized, bulging navel.

"*Mmmh*," she sighed. "Now, nothing. I'll just wait upside-down like this until my little pipe's all puckered up and sealed again. Won't take long."

Yrba giggled as the blonde knelt down by her side and also ran her fingertips over the straining orb. Mirca cocked her head.

"My, that feels funny. Like jelly in a silk bag. How long will you be this jiggly?"

"Ten weeks should do it. That'll become my richest vintage in *years*."

"Ewww!" Mirca wrinkled her nose. "You'll keep it all in, all that time? Even the — uh, when you're — uh —" She leaned forward and whispered, "y'know — bleeding?"

Yrba chuckled, and her balloon belly wobbled along.

"I don't do that. I never have. Maybe has something to do with the magical stuff and me being different, I guess. And when I hear the complaints of the village women, I'm pretty glad that I am."

Chapter 41: Ripening

The witch's distended belly was a true sight to behold. Lying on her back in her now much-too-narrow bunk bed in the caravan, the swollen, taut orb rose like a rubbery cauldron (or a future's beach ball, if you prefer) over the wooden sides. In the morning, Yrba struggled out of bed by gently pushing her belly over the edge and letting herself get dragged along by the heavy, rotund mass as it rolled over and bobbed up and down. The years before, when she was traveling alone, she'd have spend the next minutes sorting her limbs and maneuvering her thighs beneath the taut protrusion, just to be able to get up by wrapping her arms around it and struggling from her haunches to a huffing and puffing stoop. With Mirca around, those things were trivial. The burly woman simply grabbed the witch beneath the arms and lifted her to her feet.

"There. Ybbie, I've watched you doing this for a whole week now! Tonight, you'll sleep on the floor with me. It's no good, the way you fall down. I was scared again! Your belly flattened and stretched so much, I thought you'd surely burst this time!"

The witch stroked the straining sphere on her midriff, caressing the thin-stretched skin.

"Don't worry. This thing can take a lot. It's not the first time I'm doing this."

She bit her lips as Mirca knelt down and planted a sloppy kiss on her protruding bellybutton. The giantess' sneaky tongue tickled the mound. Yrba's fingers dug into the blond mane as her companion sucked and nibbled on her navel, treating it like the nipple of a giant tit.

It's the first time I've packed in a whole cauldron, though. I should've stopped, but — it just felt so good, when you poured into me and I stretched, and —

She groaned. Mirca's hands were all over the bloated ball of skin, stroking, tickling, caressing. The tall young woman's tongue, all the two finger's length of it, dripping and drooling, drew warm tracks of slippery saliva on her skin. And now Mirca turned her head and rubbed her warm cheeks over the taut orb, lovingly pressing her face into the yielding pillow while her arms wrapped around Yrba's hips.

"Mmmh. I like it how you feel now, Yrba. Oh, I could just keep on cuddling and smooching you."

A tiny rivulet of Mirca's warm spit ran down the orb and crawled along the underside. Yrba shuddered.

— feels so good. Oh Mirca, you don't know — Wha—!

"Hey! Young lady, get your fingers out of my crotch!"

"Aww!" pouted Mirca and gave the witch a pair of the nicest puppy eyes, staring up over the rim of Yrba's belly. "Don't you want me to tickle you there, just a little? You've been so pent up and you don't let me make you scream and writhe any more. I promise I won't tap your barrel! See?"

The witch didn't *see*. The mocha-colored dome of skin in front of her only let her *feel* her travel companion's finger, the finger of a seven feet tall giantess, creeping up inside her hungry lust cave and stretching the wrinkles as it neared the apex with the cramped muscle valve. Wetness oozed from her vagina's walls as her arousal grew. And her gasps and yelps of protest were just lip service while her hands stroked through the blond hair and turned it into an unkept bird's nest. Her eyes were closed. Her head was turned to the caravan's ceiling, and her jaw trembled weakly as spit dribbled from the corner of her mouth and ran down her breasts' glowing skin.

"No! Mirca, you — *uuuuuhh!* — You stop *thaaaaaaahhht* right now! You — *oh the goooooooooods!* I n—need that *soooo baaaaaad!*"

Mirca's middle finger snuck in all the way and rimmed the contracted cervix. Yrba lost what little of her resolve had remained. Her hip gyrated on Mirca's hand. She desperately humped against the long, stiff finger that tickled all the right places.

Suddenly, her eyes grew big.

The giantess felt the change, the spark that arced through her mistress' body. Mirca's hand quickly cupped the witch's crotch and squeezed the thick brown outer labia shut around her middle finger that plugged the smaller woman's inner valve. No matter how desperately Yrba's groin muscles flexed and bucked, the giantess' seal held through the cramps and flails of the witch's climax. Spent, the gypsy collapsed against the burly woman and rested her head on Mirca's milk pillows.

"Oh dear, you've got no idea how I *needed* that!" She panted as she raised her head. "Still was a *stupid* thing to do! Heavens, I — what

if I had spilled all the potion? I sure was mad enough to want to! Oh my, I wanted to gush like a waterfall."

"Silly witch!" Mirca chuckled. "That's why I held you shut. See?" She lifted her hand from Yrba's groin. The slippery wetness that dragged filaments between her wiggling fingers was clear, with no hint of the *tincture's* greenish glow. Yrba grabbed Mirca's hand by the wrist and slowly licked and kissed and sucked off the varnish.

"M—hm," she nodded, two of Mirca's digits deep in her mouth. Her tongue cleaned the ooze-filled space between them. Not a hint of her potion's taste there, either. Mirca giggled as Yrba's tongue tip tickled on.

Slurp.

"Yes, well done, darling. It's just a few weeks more, and then you once again can dive in me as much as you want, so let's keep this kind of fun scarce."

"Aw. Can't promise you that, Yrba. Your third tit is just so much fun."

The caravan rocked gently as Mirca rose to her feet. She cowered to not run her head into the ceiling as she put a woolen blanket around Yrba's shoulders. The witch lovingly eyed the young woman soaring over her.

"You've changed quite a lot, dear. For the better."

Chapter 42: Harvesting

"Hold it there! Leave the cart and walk over. Let's have a look at you."

Yrba pulled at the reins and fastened them. She climbed down slowly and with exaggerated care from the coach box and clutched her heavy belly while she made her way knock-kneed across the small stone bridge and towards the picket fence. The sheriff, or whatever the job was called around these parts, waited by the village gate, with his arms crossed over his chest. Yrba's last visit had been years ago, and she didn't remember seeing him before. She stooped in front of him and huffed and puffed for quite a while until she caught her breath again.

"Traveling — merchant and healer, asking — for a place to stay for the night."

"You're not welcome," was the immediate reply. "Go and camp out in the forest." He drew up his upper lip in disgust. "Goodness, you look like you're about to dump a whole litter of squealing brats on our town square. Get *lost*, you abomination."

Yrba sighed, put her palms on her rear and straightened her spine against the weighty pull of her womb.

"Mirca!" she yelled over her shoulder. "We're not welcome here!"

The caravan rocked, and then the huge blonde stepped around the corner. A cape of sewn-up wolfskins hung around her shoulders, and she very much gave the impression that she had not needed her *sword* to harvest the pelts. A straining chain mail bustier sparkled through the furs' gap in front, and she balanced one of her broadswords over her shoulder like it was nothing but a twig. Leather wristbands creaked as she brushed the cloak aside and put her free hand to her hip, revealing a small and polished hatchet in a holster at her thigh.

"But — sending healers away brings bad luck," Mirca hollered back. "Don't they know about that?"

The sheriff gulped. Mirca's appearance gave a very detailed idea as to *what* kind of bad luck might befall a small village without, say, a standing army, should they try and send away the weird travelers. He had heard stories — *everybody* had — about a palace *that was no more*, about mauled and lacerated carcasses tied to trees and about an unusual pair of women, traveling the countryside... well, *unusual* sure befitted the couple.

"Then again, a healer might be a good thing to have around," he conceded.

"I *knew* you'd come to your senses," smiled Yrba.

Moments later, a wet rag slapped against the back of the man's head, showering Yrba with a rain of droplets.

"*Rupert!* You daft? That's *Yrba!*" A countrywoman, well beyond her prime but obviously still blessed with a strong arm and aiming skills, hurried up to the gate. "I told you! Really, how many Darkskins do you think will come to these parts? Oh go back to the stables and pile the hay, you overzealous oaf!"

She picked up her improvised projectile and turned to the witch. Her weather-worn face turned into a smiling web of lines, and her deep, dark eyes sparkled. "Oh my, sweet darling, sorry for that welcome. I didn't know our wannabe law keeper even *knew* words like *abomination*. He married Jonah Wheatgrass' daughter and moved here, three winters ago." Yelling over her shoulder at the toddling man, she added, "*And he should've listened to the womenfolk!*"

Yrba embraced her and chuckled. "Oh, cut him some slack, sabertongue! I know full well I'm not my best-looking self right now. And you? Glad to see you're still around to set them straight, Martha. How's the sedentary life treating you, ya old knife-thrower? Still got your aim, I gather?"

"You bet! Ain't no crow for miles now that dares venturing near my vegetable garden. So what you got this time? Cloth? New spices? Oh my goodness, you're preggers *again*." Martha tenderly ran her snaggy fingers over the witch's spherical womb and shook her head. "Really, dear, you of all people should know how to not let that happen! When's the bundle of joy due? Last month, from the feel of it?"

"Oh Martha!" Yrba chuckled some more. "How many times have I told you, it's no bun in the oven, just an old witch's complaint acting up. I'll be lithe and lissom again by the next moon."

The elder woman laughed. "You'll never be lithe, sweetheart, with those melon mams of yours. Still got all the menfolk losing their minds over your cleavage, eh? And I see you're treating my old coach well. Could stand a fresh layer of paint, though. Ah, the traveling days. Good old times. Not that I'm complaining, Mervin's still the gentleman he was when we got hitched and settled down." She winked. "He could do with a drop or two of your potion though. Me too. Ain't getting younger, the both of us. I don't know how you do it, but you don't look a day older than when you first showed up at the circus!"

She nodded towards Mirca. "Glad to see you got it made, seeing how you can afford your very own guard! Such muscle would've been a sure boon in them old days. Oh, you've got to tell us what's happening all over the shires. Hurry, hurry! I'll call in all the neighbors!"

"What a day! I'm beat."

Yrba pursed her lips and blew out the candle. Darkness enshrouded the two shapes, cuddling on a blanket in the hay of Martha's stable. Mirca snuggled closer to the witch's back and ruffled Yrba's thick black hair.

"They came from miles away to see you, from afternoon all through the evening! You're very popular, aren't you?"

The witch smiled and flicked a fingernail against a small leather pouch by her side. It went *tink* in the worldwide language of tightly-packed coins. "Ooh, yes, I'm popular as long as they need a healer. Oh well. They paid promptly and didn't complain or haggle much, that's what *I* found remarkable."

"Yes, but they talked among themselves and whispered and looked at me all the time!"

Yrba's huge belly jiggled as she laughed. "These things might've something to do with each other, my dear."

Mirca's fingers stroked the round protrusion. "But I've not said or done a thing, just leaned against the doorframe like you told me to. That was *boring*." She pressed her fingertips into the rubbery ball. "Mmh, you sure are extra cuddly and squishy tonight. I could just go on rubbing and rubbing you all the time. Another week before you — y'know, tap it, right?"

Yrba nodded mutely. She wiggled into Mirca's soft bosom and reveled in the air of protective strength and safety that her friend's strong and sure arms and body exuded abundantly. The giantess' fingers circled and tickled the gypsy's body playfully, returning time and again to the heavy, sagging bag with the protruding navel, gently kneading the straining skin. Yrba exhaled as a sweet wave of weakness, of melting away into the splayed fingers, rushed over her.

Why am I so — so relaxed? I've never felt like that before. What are you doing to me? I wanted to be strong. I wanted to get by on my own, to travel, to never ever settle down. And now you've got me dreaming of a home, of my own place somewhere, settling down like Martha did — she's so happy, maybe — I can't — I shouldn't — what if, no, it must not be —

Mirca's splayed fingers of one hand cupped Yrba's bloated womb, and her other hand wandered up until it cupped the dark-skinned woman's ample breast and rolled the soft flesh in its palm. Yrba sighed delightedly and let her doubts and worries drown in the

warm embrace. She turned her head over her shoulder, and Mirca leaned in. Halfway, their lips touched for an innocent kiss goodnight.

Just hold me forever like this, my giantess.

Forever ended a few hours later, when Yrba stirred in her sleep and rolled about. Something *wet* coated the inside of her thighs. Still sleepy, she fingered down her body and sank her probing middle finger into the curls-covered opening.

Suddenly, she was wide awake. Something *else* inside her also widened, slowly, inevitably. She turned in place and grabbed her sleeping companion.

"Mirca!"

The blonde barely moved as Yrba's fingers clawed into her upper arm.

"*Wsemmfta?*" she mumbled.

"What's the matter?! Mirca, wake up! I'm leaking! It's coming early! Hurry, quick, get the cauldron!"

Yrba groaned. Just shaking Mirca's arm had almost overwhelmed her straining cervix. *Dammit, I've really managed to overdo it this time.* She clenched her teeth. *Not now, not here! I can't afford to lose another batch!*

"Mirca?!"

The blonde struggled to her feet, cast the blanket off her shoulders and grabbed Yrba's ankles.

"No time. Let's take you to the cauldron instead!"

"Miiiiii—!"

The world spun around the witch, and then she hung upside-down, with Mirca's full breasts pushing into her lower back and Mirca's shoulders in the hollow of her knees, while the huge girl's hands held the witch in front of her, carrying the heavy, wobbling orb of Yrba's belly like a huge pot.

"Mirca! Oh gods, you're squeezing it out! I'm about to —"

Slurp.

"—*Ooooh!*"

"Wu wommf!"

The blonde pushed her head between Yrba's thighs and wrapped her lips around the wide-open clam that already filled with potion. Mirca's thick tongue plunged into the depths of the witch's funnel and plugged the gap in the straining cervix.

"What are you doing?! You mustn't drink *more* of it! Mirca, heavens, *no!* Don't swallow!"

"Fuff uff! I mow!"

Yrba's soft, huge breasts bounced about wildly and slapped her in the face time and again while Mirca hurried around the shed in long strides. She took her gypsy's straining belly in a one-armed headlock and rattled at the cart's door. Yrba flailed and fought to keep her head from knocking against the stairs.

"Dammit, hurry! Gods, girl, *hurry!* *Unnngh—!*"

Her womb grew tauter by the second, and Mirca's arm, squeezing her tightly, didn't help. Twitches and cramps flashed across

her overstrained skin that after the weeks of tension just wanted to contract again, stronger and stronger.

Clang. Ker-boink. Oioioiong.

Sluuuurgh.

The bung of Mirca's tongue slithered out of the witch's depths. Yrba felt turned and twisted around, and then she sat on the rim of her cauldron that cut into her thighs. She needed a few seconds to make sense of the words *up* and *down* again.

"There!" panted Mirca. "We did it! You can let it out now!"

Yrba clutched her belly. It *felt* close to bursting, but the witch suddenly knew it wouldn't. Whatever had happened, it had reversed, and, even worse, reversed only halfway. Her womb said *gush*, and her snatch had cramped up again and said *no*. And *that* wasn't good. It meant *pain*. The strain and ache grew stronger. She had trouble breathing and gasped for air. The glowing green flood in her womb struggled for a passage through the sole way out and barraged against a puckered-up, overstrung muscle that was stuck in a huff.

"Yrba?"

"Help — me ...," moaned the witch.

"What — how —?!"

"Too — tense, my belly — the hole, won't open — *uuungh!*"

"Yrba—"

"Cuddle — me," begged the witch, shaking all over.

Mirca knelt down, with the cauldron between her feet and the curled-up shape of Yrba, her body almost wrapped around her own udder-taut belly, in front of her. The giantess gently wrapped her arms

around the round shape. Her fingers wandered round and round the straining, sweaty skin, her fingertips were warm spots creeping over the silken surface.

"Ahhhh—," exhaled Yrba. "Yes—*mmmgh!*"

Mirca's forefinger, very womanly in shape, but not in sheer size, touched Yrba's full lips. The witch drew it into her mouth and coated it plenteously with her warm saliva. They had played these games before, and Mirca had a good idea of what Yrba longed for now. The dripping digit disappeared into the fold underneath the bloated belly and tickled searchingly through Yrba's black curls.

"*Mmmmmh—!*"

Its moist warmth found the witch's engorged lust button and rimmed it gently. Her throaty breathing changed in moments. Yrba threw back her head and offered her mouth to the giantess cuddling her bloated figure.

There was nothing innocent about their kiss now. Mirca's long, plump tongue spread Yrba's full brown lips and entered the pink cave of her mouth like the most virile dick the witch could even begin to think of, and the Darkskin's nubby tongue dueled the erect invader with all her cunning. Her thighs opened wider as her hip started to buck in the rhythm of Mirca's rubbing and prodding forefinger. Tickling and itching slowly worked its way up inside Yrba's hungry clam. The mucous membranes swelled and began to drip, and finally the spreading readiness reached the ceiling of her love tunnel. The cervix slowly relaxed, and as the wrinkles in the puckered muscle smoothed, the pent-up potion started oozing through the widening gap.

Tink. Drip-Drip. Dribble.

"Mh gmmmh! Mmmmggghhh!" Yrba tried to holler and yell in her orgasm's throes, but Mirca's lips, locked tight with hers, robbed the screams from her lips. The witch reflexively clenched her thighs shut, and the length of her vagina filled and stretched thick and full as the deluge conquered the next leg on its way out, only to slam head-on into one final barrier. Yrba's eyes rolled back. Wave upon wave of sheer, blissful ecstasy sloshed through her mind, and her body went into tremors interspersed with spasmodic shakes.

Mirca's hands grabbed the witch's knees and forced them apart. Yrba's plump labia domed, still holding tight against the potion that nevertheless seeped through the wrinkles and folds. The blonde fumbled blindly in her helpless, sex-consumed mentor's pubic curls for the cramped crack. One fingertip struggled in, then another. Mirca pulled the wrinkly folds wide open. Hot liquid boiled over her fingers, and the inside of the cart lit up with the green glow of the foaming, bubbling, raw *tincture* as it shot out through the blown gasket in one massive bolt of light and collected in the cauldron. Yrba shook and bucked in the giantess' arms as the refined juice finally gushed from her womb in long, thick pulses brought about by the spasms of her gap. Mirca's fingers moved higher, hefted the shrinking orb and kept on massaging and kneading the contracting skin long after the last glowing drop and viscous filament had dribbled from the witch's crotch and Yrba's waist had shrunk back from bloated ball to the slight hourglass of an exotic dancer.

Stammering words of gratitude, the witch slipped down from the iron receptacle and sagged back into the warm, soft milk pillows of her giantess. Mirca leaned against the caravan's small cupboard and was also busy catching her breath. She fingered the sticky puddle on the floor beneath her legs.

"Uh, sorry, I — I got sort of carried away and my juice dripped on the boards. I'll clean it up as —"

Yrba shut her up with a wet smooch. "Don't you dare! No, I'll do it for you. Hell, I'd *lick* up your sweet honey, but I don't want to end up with a mouth full of splinters. Stupid cheap floor." She wiggled against the warm, muscle-stuffed shape of her friend and turned her eyes to the cauldron and the glowing liquid that spun slowly inside.

"We're back in business!"

Part 9: The Tower

"Do you believe?

Don't you trust me.

Me wise magic."

— Van Halen, *Me Wise Magic*

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Chapter 43: The Pupil Becomes The Teacher

The faint wrinkles in the corners of the brown eye behind the crystal deepened into black against the chocolate skin as the long-lashed eyelids narrowed menacingly, and the fingernails with the tips filed to points ticked impatiently against the sparkling frame of the tinted gem. Plump lips curled and revealed two rows of shining teeth.

"You're not ill. And you're not hurt. *Yet*. So tell me, why did you lie to me to get in here?"

Yrba put down the scrying glass and stared the farmer, a scrawny middle-aged man with stubby beard and receding hairline, straight in the eye. He fidgeted nervously on his chair.

"Uh—," he looked around the inside of the caravan and at the firmly closed door, lowering his voice to a whisper as he leaned conspiringly towards the curvy, stout gypsy, "my son, y—y'know, the skinny lad outside, he's supposed to marry the Jones's daughter soon, so it's kinda urgent, and he needs *the talk*, and maybe a little, uh, show and tell, and you traveling types, well, they say, that you, if the money's right —"

The witch's thin-stretched patience ripped. "I'm not a traveling *whore*, man!" she barked, slammed her hands on the table and half-rose from her seat, bringing her five-and-a-half feet height to good effect as she towered over the man.

He flinched and gesticulated at her to keep her voice down.

"Yes, no, surely not, but, uh, my wife, she said she'd known you when you travelled the highlands a few years before she moved here, and you've helped her with, uh, y'know, *things*, and she, she said, you're not all that evil, and you, and she, and I'm, uh, and she told me to say that she, uh, has the funny little birthmark s—shaped like, uh..."

Yrba raised her eyebrows and shut her eyes, sitting back down. Her fingers kneaded in circles over her temples. "*Annabelle*," she sighed. "Oh well. So what? You really want *me* to put Annie's son through his paces? Come on. He's old enough, I'm sure he knows more about those *things* than what you give him credit for —"

His voice was down to a whisper again, and he scratched his head nervously.

"No, see, he's — weird, y'know? He's got that..."

Mirca returned from her stroll to the clearing by the river bank with her arms full of branches. The towering seven feet Amazonian blonde dropped her load by the fireplace and wiped the sweat from her brow. Spring had progressed. Instead of her warm winter garb of wolfskin and chain mail over leather, she wore the figure-hugging dress of green silk that Li had sewn for her. The gift of the eastern lands refugee revealed more than it hid all the voluptuous curves and

toned muscles underneath as she sat down at the side of the lone, nervous young man.

All in all, it promised to be a quiet day for a change. Except for the lad and his father, no other clients from the small village nearby had shown up. There was no need for the tall young woman to lean against the caravan as she sharpened her broadswords or to practice her martial skills as a spectacle for the waiting queue. Mirca still wondered why her splitting a trunk in two with a single strike seemed to fill Yrba's little pouch with gold coins much faster than when she just sat by the fire and stirred their supper. Then again, the late-night dancing they did every now and then if the audience was right, with her wearing a jingling chain mail that sparkled in the flickering flames and Yrba wrapped in nothing but a flimsy set of veils, yes, *that* was something she would've paid to see, too.

Mirca glanced at the young man who had not moved at all. The guy stared ahead into the smoldering fireplace left over from cooking the lunch and seemed to not have noticed her yet. She prodded him.

"Hey, you. I'm Mirca."

He startled and looked at her. After a few moments of wide-eyed gawking, he looked a bit higher and found her face.

"Hi. Tom. Uh, I'm Tom. From the village."

She smiled down on him. He looked lost and uneasy, and the former lumberjack serf girl knew all too well how *that* felt. She just *had* to try and lighten him up, she decided.

"What's yer problem?"

"M—me?" he stammered. "I—I've got no problem!"

"Oh, so you're with that guy in there? Your father? Don't worry, Yrba's *amazing*. She'll help him for sure."

The young man glanced up uneasily at the hunk of a girl. Even sitting right by his side on the fallen tree, she was a good head taller than him. He averted his eyes and stared back down into the ashes. "I hope she won't," he muttered.

"My, what a nasty thing to say about someone who's ill!" chided the blonde and frowned.

He blushed. "He's not sick. He wants her to show me how — how to do, y'know, *those* things with girls."

She gave him a playful jab in the ribs that almost chucked him off the trunk. "Woah! You *lucky* dog, you! Will she ever teach you! Yrba's even *more* amazing with the sexing!"

"Is she? She's old and she scares me. I shudder when I imagine how she—*yerch*. No, I don't think I'll learn much like that."

"That's mean! Don't talk about her like that!" Mirca slapped him over the head and pointed her finger at him. "She's not *old*. Soon as her rags and patches come off, she's all firm and smooth underneath! I should know! And she's got that totally awesome trick where she sticks her tongue into you and wiggles it around on the inside!"

"Her — *tongue*?! *Inside*?! What's her *tongue* got to do with..." All color drained from his face.

"Oh come on! You're a grown man, you can't be that clueless — oh, right. Yes, you can. Hey, don't look at me like that! I mean —" She grinned and prodded him again as she leaned in and whispered, "I was like that, too. Then I met those girls and got a *real* ay—duh—cay

—shoon! And after that, I saved a bard from wolves, and Yrba taught me all about how to —"

She blushed and stopped. Looking away and scratching her head behind her ear, she muttered, "Uh, I'm — I'm blabbering again. Yrba said I better not do that." Straightening again and holding her arms out at him, she continued in a much louder voice, "So, anyway, look at you! Shouldn't the girls be all over you? Looks like you have a huge — like your *family* has a huge farm."

He shook his head. "Oh, I spend the summer up on the pastures to get away from them all. No, I'm saving myself for my one true love."

"Huh?" The giantess frowned in surprise and drew her upper lip. He smiled and turned livelier, gesticulating as he explained.

After he finished, Mirca scratched her head and cocked an eyebrow. "Oo—kay. So you're waiting for one special girl, and when she comes along, you'll know she's the right one. And you know it works like that because you once watched a play on a stage when you visited the market with your father, and you're waiting for the special girl to come by for ten years now. So now your parents think you're waiting too long, what with being twenty years old and unmarried and all, and they want to arrange a marriage, but you don't know the girl, but you're sure she's *not* the one so you decided you won't like her, and you'd rather keep on waiting for when the *right* girl comes along and then you and her will be happy instantly and you'll marry her on the spot."

He worked his way through the wall of words, then he nodded.

"And then I guess the two of you will do lots of sexing, and it'll be great and you'll be happy ever after."

He blushed, but nodded again. Mirca picked at her chin before she asked, slowly and ponderously, "But how are you going to make her happy if you haven't practiced? I mean, without Yrba showing me, I guess I'd have screwed up pretty badly on my first time."

Tom blinked. "What? I didn't think it'd be this complicated?"

The giantess put her hands to her hips. "Oh come on! *Complicated!* There's just so much you can do with each other, I'd never have thought about. I mean, just the things one can do with the mouth, or the fingers, and the timing is *so* important, and how to stroke and the squeezing and the talking and all that stuff! If you don't know about that, you'll just bore her, and you'll be missing out on all the fun, too! And it's no fun if you do it wrong! *Pshaw!* How do *you* want to make your princess happy if you just shove into her like a boar?"

Mirca drew a weird face and pondered on for a few seconds. Then she beamed. He jerked back at the sudden change in her expression.

"Hey, I'm paracti...uh...racitically Yrba's assistant. And she always says she's amazed by what I come up with, and she said there's little she can teach me about cocks any more! So if you're scared of her, then *I* can show it to you instead! You're not scared of *me*, are you?" She cocked her head, pouted and played with one of her long, golden curls as she smiled down on the young man who barely reached to her shoulders.

Tom blinked and looked her up and down. And before he could even answer, *dared* to answer, the gargantuan young woman jumped

to her feet and grabbed him by his wrist. He staggered along as she made for the bushes at the forest's edge, because, the way she pulled at his arm, he feared she would not even notice if she dragged him over the ground after her.

Mirca swirled around and let go of his wrist, and he stumbled on against a tree and clung to its rough bark, catching his breath. The sun shone warmly on the patches of soft moss in the tiny clearing, and not a sound penetrated the thick underwood that hid the couple's retreat from the world.

"Right," she giggled behind him and pulled her dress off over her head, dropping the smooth cloth heedlessly to her side, then bowed as she drew down her underwear. "We haven't got much time, I need to go back to cook the dinner, but I can show you the basics if you put some effort to it! Come on, look at me!"

The giantess rose from her bent-over posture, slowly running her fingers over her firm thighs. Her huge and round mammaries, already well-filled as her evening milking neared, dangled heavily from her chest and grew flatter and wider as they settled against her ribcage. Leaning against a tree, the muscles in her midriff and legs shifted visibly under her flawless skin as she spread her thighs wide apart.

"Uh—," he stammered, staring at her heavy, heaving bust and deeper at the golden bush shining in the forest's twilight.

"Okay, so now this is what women look like. Yes, right," she immediately conceded, "not *all* women. But it's close. Also, it's all so much easier for you to see, what with me being pretty tall, y'know? Come, look here..."

Mirca reached out and effortlessly cupped the back of his head in her hand. She pushed him down to his knees, bringing his face within inches of the golden curls in her crotch. Her other hand's fingers spread the bush and the plump labia. The petals opened to reveal the moist entrance. She picked up a few of the glistening droplets and rubbed them over her skin.

"See? It's all smooth and pink and smells rather fresh, which means it's healthy, says Yrba. She says, if it's not like that, you better not stick your fun pole into it, or else you'll need some of her potions pretty soon. Okay, so now that's where you want to get into, later. Notice how wet it is?" Her fingers went deeper, and the entrance of the cave opened to her touch with a faint squelching. "That's how it's got to be if you want to slip in. Now see that little bulge, up here?"

Her glistening fingers slipped higher and squeezed into the soft flesh. Her lust button rose from its wrappers, and the giantess sucked air through her clenched teeth.

"*Fffff—hhhh*, oh yes, that's — that's very sensitive. You gotta be careful touching it, or she'll slap you silly if you treat that little cherry wrong, m'kay?"

Tom gulped and nodded. Mirca grabbed him under the armpit with one hand and pulled him upright again. She smiled and lifted one of her breasts with both hands, offering it to him like a ripe pumpkin.

"Now, this here is something else you can play with. You'll not see boobs that big on many other girls, so don't get all worked up about them, okay? They're a good place to start, though. Here —" She grabbed his hands and pushed them on the bulging areolae. "— That's what they feel like. Go on, rub them while I help you lose your garb." Her fingertips fiddled down along the front of his shirt. "Why *do* you

wear all those complicates things? What's that? Hooks? Who still uses hooks these days? Never heard of *buttons*?"

He held Mirca's soft, warm breast in his hands as if it was a dangerous animal, trying to balance the heavy, overflowing flesh without grabbing it too hard.

"M—Mirca, this, we, I, I don't think this —"

Her fingers ran over his naked chest, and her fingernails gently scratched his skin.

"You *do* want to make your princess happy when she comes along, don't you?" she whispered.

Tom sighed. "Yes, I do."

"See, and I'm going to show you how! Now start kneading my puppies — *mmmh*. You're pretty good at this. Now do the other one, too. Run your thumbs over the nipples, gently—"

"They're getting hard!"

"*Mmmh*—yes, you're doing good. Keep on."

His hands finally adored her warm, soft hills with no restraint. She smiled. "Feel something harden in your pants?"

He nodded eagerly, mutely, and she continued, "Good. Okay, now, if you're really hot for your princess and she's all wet for you and you want a quick humpa-humpa you just open your pants. Boys are at an advantage about that, you know? But I'll undress you now. Lean back, on your elbows. No, let go now! More about my tits later!"

Mirca gently pushed him on his back, folded his shirt wide open and sniffed his chest while she knelt by his side and her fingers moved

lower and fumbled on his belt buckle. "Mmmh. You know about soap, too? Good start! Girls like it better if you don't smell like a pigsty."

He groaned. "Right what my father said before he threw me in the ice-cold river this morning. Thanks for reminding me! Good feeling's gone."

She nuzzled his armpit while she pulled down his trousers. "Nothing against a little personal smell, though. That much is okay. *Mmmh.*" She ran her tongue and lips down his flanks as her hands fumbled about his balls and finally caught the swelling dick.

"Good feeling's back, eh? That's a nice piece. Yes, *there* he is. Halfway ready. Now we're in a bit of a hurry, so, to make him really hard, I take him, like that, in my moufff—"

Slurp. Slurp. Slurp. Gargle. Mmmfff.

She devoured him to the hilt. Her lips rubbed over the root and squeezed gently. Her tongue wiggled and finally wrapped around the growing pole, milking him like she usually did it with a cow's teat when she got thirsty but was too lazy to fetch a bucket. Munching and sucking, Mirca teased him larger and harder until there was not a single fraction of an inch left in his taut skin to stretch any further. She pulled him from her mouth against the suction in her cheeks.

Shplop. He hardly could believe the size and angry skin tone his rod now had. Mirca's fingers choked the engorged manhood around its root and made sure it kept its red hot bulk.

"*Oooh*, see how much he likes it," she smiled. "Some girls won't suck you, mind you. Are you listening? Open your eyes! Right, now that he's hard, I'll roll over and — no, don't get up!"

"But I've seen how our bull does it—"

"Yes, Tom." She giggled. "That's how I learned it in the first place, too. Rookie mistake. That from behind stuff is nice, but let's start with something not so wild — you kneel down between my legs now and —"

She rolled on her back, spread her thighs and dug her heels and shoulders into the ground, lifting her hip to the right height.

"Right, now you — you can use your hands to aim, it won't fall off — no, the other hole. *Ahhh. Yes! Yes —*"

He slipped in balls-deep with his first push. Engulfed by heat, Tom felt nothing but a little moist friction. Mirca shook her head.

"No, no, no! Oops, my bad! I'm dripping wet and *huge*, so it's too easy for you. You'll have to do it much slower and gentler with your princess! Wait, pull it out again, I'll clench up a bit and then— it'll feel more like—" The moist cave grew tighter as she guided him in and out with her hands on his hips. He stared at the mountains of her breasts, sloshing back and forth on her body, and almost forgot about the slippery slide claiming his throbbing pole.

"See, like that. You keep going. Right, now I'll lay back down, and you go down along and try to stay in me, m'kay?"

She clenched her vaginal muscles further. Her *strong* vaginal muscles. They milked and flexed like a sucking mouth all around his overstrung dick.

"Mircaaaaah!" he groaned, clutched her waist, pressed up against her as hard as he could and shot his load deep into her womb in three, four thick spurts.

"What? No! *Aaaaaooooowwww!* I only got started!"

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, sagging down on her body with his head between her breasts. "Well, that's it, then, I guess. Thank y—"

Mirca frowned down on the spent young man. "No! Why?"

He raised his head and looked dreamily in her puzzled face. "Why? But — because — uh..."

"That's no reason to stop! Me 'n Yrba, when we go at it, we don't let up just because we get the shudders and squeals! No, we keep going! I'll show you how to get your thing back up and then let's do it again until you get it right!"

He stared at her with a wide, satisfied grin in his face, and mumbled happily, "Until I get it right?"

"You betcha! Here, look at this special talent I have, it'll get you hard again in a minute!"

She rolled her shoulders, and her breasts started to tremble.

Warm, sweaty skin shifted over Tom's face as the soft pillows filled. He dug his hands into the mossy ground to push himself up from Mirca's transforming body. For a few moments, he managed to free his head from her cleavage and saw the pair of her breasts still in the shape of supple, flattened bags that hung over Mirca's flanks as she laid spread-eagled on her back. The skin fluttered and stretched as the two orbs firmed up. She looked into his eyes, smiling proudly. Her legs wrapped around his hips and held his discharged dick in place.

"You like that, huh?" she smiled, feeling new twitches and throbs returning to his appendage. "Go on, put your hands on them! It feels great!"

The flowing shapes of the giantess' breasts bubbled larger, rising from the ground and turning into solid, firm roundness right in front of Tom's eyes. He pressed his fingers into them and was amazed by their heavy, resilient form. The nipples quickly reached the length and twice the girth of his thumb, fitting into his hands like the cow teats he was used to. After a few probing squeezes and strokes, Mirca's moans told him he was doing the right thing.

She pounded her heels into his buttocks, groaning and panting under him, gyrating her hips on his hard erection. This time, he held out much longer, matching her stamina until she pulled her muscular cave tight in the cramps of her climax and Tom couldn't stall any more. He bred her again, then he slowly sagged into the parting cleavage, and the giantess' heartbeat rang in his ears as Mirca's breast flesh engulfed his head.

"Pretty nice, huh?" she giggled as she rolled to her side and freed him from her boob ravine. Tom slumped down on his back and nodded weakly.

Mirca raised a finger in a warning gesture. "That's my little trick and secret, okay? I'm pretty sure your princess won't grow bigger breasts on command."

"S okay," he gasped. "Too big anyway. Couldn't breathe."

"You're not tired yet, are you? Oh, I know just the thing for you! Just lay on your back, I'll do all the work! We just need to get you hard again."

"Mirca — Mirca, please, have mercy, I can't —"

"Hush, sweetie. Just relax." She silenced him with a gentle finger on his mouth, and the taste of salty sweat lingered as she turned from his face to his hips.

Slurp.

"Uuuhhnnn—"

Blood streamed into his dick, heartbeat after racing heartbeat, and within a minute, he was taut and firm in the sucking envelope of Mirca's expert mouth. Cold sweat ran down Tom's temples, and he fought hard to force air into his lungs until she finally stopped and held his pricking, throbbing erection with her fingers firmly around the root.

"See? Good as new! You didn't have to do a thing! Just let me —"

Mirca straddled his narrow hips and drew the bloated head through her dripping labia until it slipped into the widening entrance.

"—Yes, that's it!"

She lowered her crotch over the hot pole, and by the time her curls touched his balls, she didn't need the tourniquet of her fingers any more to keep him thick and hard. Her hips began to rock in slow waves.

"And now, I can move like I need it, so I'll go back and forth—
hhhh—!"

This time, it was the giantess who gasped in surprise. Her climax came out of nowhere, hitting her hard and wet. Her ample secretions squirted all around Tom's boner through the tight seal of her swollen pussy lips. With Mirca's trembling body towering over him, the young man couldn't see her lust-contorted face over the two

quivering orbs dangling from her chest. Ripples ran over the supple skin as the giantess's whole body shook in tiny spasms, and her boiling cave held his rigid erection in its thirsty, milking grip.

An eternity passed until she sank forward, and his body parted her approaching avalanche of cleavage like a rock parts a gently flowing stream. Only when her areolae made contact with the ground did the smooth bags bulge out sideways and engulfed him as he struggled and wedged his arms through the walls of breast to hold her around her waist. With her weight finally lifted from his hips, Tom was free to once again thrust into her. Mirca picked up his rhythm, and soon their crotches bumped into each other, with the young man controlling the giantess' movements through the grip of his hands on her big, firm buttocks.

"You — like — that — huh? — Huh?" he groaned through clenched teeth, forcing his rod into her again and again.

"Doing — good — doing — good," she replied, and then her voice toppled and her limbs gave in, the second time in minutes.

"*Yuuuuurrrnnnn—*"

She dropped on him, wide-eyed, open-mouthed, clutching him like a deadly wounded she-bear taking out its revenge on its hunter in the last spasms of life. This time, the eternity was at least twice as long until Mirca finally let go of the half-crushed beanstalk of a man under her. Her throaty breathing rose from deep within her chest — and there was a lot of chest to rise from.

"*Hurrrrrnng—Hurrngh—Huunnnhh—Huuunnn—*," she panted in his ear, then she gulped and moistened her dry, pouted lips and kissed him.

"That was really, really good, Tom," she whispered and caressed his cheek, rolling off him and on her back by his side. "You're learning fast."

Her right hand's fingers walked down his midriff as she rose to her left elbow and leaned in over his hips.

"Next is how you can hold back even longer. Yrba always says, the secret is in the breathing, so try and breathe slowly while I —"

Slurp.

"Hhhhhh—!"

"Mirca!" barked the witch as she stumbled upon the sweat-drenched couple splayed out on the forest floor.

"Mmmm—?"

Gulp. Slurrrp.

The blonde raised her head from Tom's stomach and smiled. A white glob still stuck to her cheek.

"Hey Yrba, look! We managed a fourth time! We've got that me-on-my-back hip-humping covered, but he needed two tries until he got me off, and it was much better with me-on-top, really much better, he got me twice, and now I showed him how to hold back when a girl does it with the mouth! If you hadn't showed up, he totally could've lasted a few more minutes. When I heard you, I hurried along a bit. Uh, forry, diffng nogice flat fpot." She licked the stray spurt off. "Amd hef's delifious!" she added as her tongue slipped back between her lips.

"Four times?! And what a giant she is! *That's my boy! Way to go, son!*" the farmer yelled as he approached, pumping his fist in misguided paternal pride.

"Aw shit! Dad! Don't come here now!" The naked young man cringed and grabbed for his pants, blushing.

Mirca knelt up and drew her dress over her head, straightening her clothes as she rose. "Don't worry, Yrba, he's clean. And anyway, I've taken one of those pills you said were against getting sick."

Yrba clapped her hand over her face and groaned.

"Mirca, what did I tell you about doing *freebies*? And those pills are for *emergencies* only! I can't make new ones until next spring, without fresh herbs."

And you snatched that cute guy away from right under my nose, dammit! I've already worked myself up to a dripping swamp, and now it's all for naught. Goodness, what a piece he has, but he's all sucked dry and useless.

Her hot irritation subsided at her next thought. *So you'll have to do double tongue duty tonight to make up for that, young lady!*

"Uh, Yrba ... why are you smiling like that?"

Mirca frowned for a moment, but then she quickly turned and leaned in to Tom, whispering, "You'll remember, will ya? The few tricks are a pretty good start for when your princess comes along."

"Oh, well, maybe I'll — I'll talk to that other girl first. Y'know, the one my old man wants to introduce me to. I mean, I — I feel stupid, been waiting for so long, maybe it's time to — I dunno, I may have done her wrong. Maybe she's all nice and friendly, too." He shrugged and grinned as he tied his belt.

"You do that!" Mirca grinned back at him and stroked his cheek.

The witch looked up at the hulking young woman, and the last of her anger disappeared at the sight of the open, friendly face shining with a thin layer of perspiration and the glow of pride. She patted her companion's shoulder and nodded towards the couple of proud father and slightly embarrassed son toddling home.

"Seems you taught him pretty well after all. *Four* times? Now that's *my* girl!"

Chapter 44: An Unfriendly Welcome

Note: From here to the end of this part, the story's tone is darker than the rest. A few plot answers are in here, but also people getting tied up, and not willingly. One will not make it. You Have Been Warned.

Rain streamed down, mixed with gusts of wind. The thunderstorm's heavy clouds had sped up nightfall considerably while Yrba and Mirca traveled up the winding road to the cliff, and the light of the torches on the caravan now barely reached the walls surrounding the inner courtyard of the lone castle. The black silhouette of the main tower loomed over the small ring of buildings that sprung from its root, dwarfing them. Faint light shone from a few windows, and silhouettes moved, but nobody dared to venture outside to greet the two arrivals.

Yrba drew the cold, soaked blanket tighter around her shoulders as she climbed from the coach box and made her way to the main gate across the slippery cobblestones of the courtyard. Behind her, Mirca's tall shape steamed in the driving rain. Her sure hands held the reins of the tired, nervous shire horse as she guided the animal to an empty stable.

"I'm coming!" hollered the white-bearded man and limped down the hallway to the door. "I'm coming! Enough with the banging already!" And, muttering under his groans, he added, "Where are those blasted servants if you need them?" He slid back the bolts and opened the small door in the gate.

The old wizard jerked back as the door was pushed open and swung out of his hands. A flash of lightning came from the outside, and by the harsh glare he recognized the hateful face. And the dagger that the visitor held up, ready to thrust.

"Yrba!"

She bared her teeth.

"Ramec. I've come to collect the pay for your deeds."

"So you're going to kill me now."

He sighed resignedly and didn't even try to run. He just turned, leaned against the gate and let his head fall in his neck.

She snorted. "Tempting idea. You made my life a living hell, old man, all those years ago. Heaven knows, I'd be more than happy to run you through for good. Pity you're such an expert wizard. I've got another riddle for you to solve. Who knows, I might consider forgetting your old trespass if you succeed."

"Me, an expert wizard? Those times are long gone. I don't know if I can be of service to you. You might fare better just plunging your dagger in my heart right away."

She put the blade away, shoved him aside and slid back the bolts on the main gate.

"Well, well. Talk about undeserved mercy. I've brought another young thing for you to ogle and grope, dirty old man."

"Another immune one?"

"Don't get your hopes up! No, much to the contrary. Just look at her and tell me what's going on with her. Maybe there's some gold in it for you, too." She flipped him a coin, and he snatched it from the air with surprising speed.

"Haven't they told you I don't do medical any more?" He stared at the coin. It was old, and heavy. It *screamed* of value. A sparkle lit in his eyes as he scratched the two inches of his well-trimmed beard. "Might make an exception, though. For the wannabe witch that got scared, chopped me up and ran, after she ravaged my larder for five long years."

"My, what a surprise," smirked Yrba. "*Mirca! It's unlocked!*"

The blonde pushed open the two halves of the huge gate from the outside.

Through the growing crack, Ramec first saw a lowered head from which soaked, dripping golden-white hair hung. As the wings of the heavy gate swung open with creaks and groans, broad shoulders appeared on which muscles bulged and slid about, followed by the sight of two arms the size of smaller people's thighs. The seven foot package of strength, her clothes sticking to her skin and dripping with the cold rain, straightened up and towered over him, and the wizard recoiled in shock as a bolt of lightning outlined her steaming contours in glaring white against the black clouds.

"*Her?!'*"

"All right, Mirca," said Yrba, rubbing her wet hair with a towel. "Let's not dawdle. Show uncle wizard what the problem is. 'Mec, you tell us how to fix it, and we're gone. Should keep the mutual unpleasantness to a minimum."

"Do I have to?" grouched Mirca, but she obeyed and pulled her shirt over her head. Her naked body glistened in the light of the dozens of candles.

Ramec gulped as Mirca's wobbling, taut, huge breasts settled against her ribcage. "O-kay. I'm not sure I see the problem right away, unless you're suffering from lower back pain."

"Har-de-har, Ramec. Mirca, put on the chain mail. The *special* one."

"Awww, no!" She stamped her foot, and the chandeliers rattled. "Yrba! It was fun the first few times, but I'll itch for days, again!"

"Girl, the chain mail. *Now!*"

Mirca grouched and muttered as she pulled the silvery garment from her backpack. Yrba helped her slip into it and closed the clasps in the back.

"Ramec, I wouldn't stand this close to her breasts. Seriously," she warned him.

"It's starting now!" moaned the blonde, shuddered and clenched her fists.

Slowly, Mirca's shoulders sagged and were pulled forward. The chain mail jingled while it slipped into position, forced along by the growing breasts. The blonde groaned as the straps began to cut into her back and shoulders. Her breathing came fast and flat.

The multiplying flesh strained against the unyielding metal. Mirca's breasts filled every possible cubic inch to the clinking and rattling of the metal rings widening. The material was soon stretched as far as it could go. But Mirca's growth wasn't over by far. With no place to go, her bosom bulged out through the neckline and under the lower edge.

"Full—now—can't—breathe—!" she gasped and moaned, slowly sinking to her knees. Her muscles trembled from the tension all through her body. Her shallow, pressed breathing became more and more agitated. Yrba cast a quick glance at the blonde's crotch. She was close now. Wetness dripped from the matted curls.

"Oh—gods—it's—com—ooooaaaawwwww!" howled Mirca as she arched her back, lifting her confined breasts.

And then, faint at first but quickly gaining, came the hissing sound of liquid streaming forth. White milk first dripped, then foamed from the flattened nipples and through the chain mail, stronger and stronger, until it seemed as if the faucets of two barrels had been ripped out behind the metallic veil. The white streams ran over her ballooned breasts and down her body, they dripped over her sides and down her belly before the milk mixed with the honey seeping from her crotch. The whole spectacle lasted for about three minutes. At the end, the floor of the study was covered in milk. Mirca bent forward again and cowered, holding her torso up with her hands on her knees.

"Let—me—out—now," she coughed and moaned.

"Well, that was... odd, even by your standards," the wizard conceded.

"Don't say anything yet," warned Yrba. Then she straightened Mirca's back and pulled at the clasps. The chain mail dropped to the floor.

Almost as fast was the drooping of Mirca's breasts. They unrolled, expanded, fell down to her ankles; empty, skinny bags, the finger-sized buds of her nipples almost reaching the floor. Mirca groaned with relief. Yrba kneaded her protégé's cramped shoulders from behind.

"Right, girl, now show him what I've taught you."

Mirca took a deep breath, pursed her lips and sucked. As if pulled by strings on the inside, the nipples crept into the flesh, pulling the areolae along. Then the skin right behind them puckered and wrinkled until, finally, her breasts seemed almost normal, though they stood straight off of her chest. With a sigh, Mirca exhaled. Yrba nodded to her, a gesture of "well done". She turned to Ramec, who hadn't dared to blink.

"Wizard, now's your turn. Tell me what's going on. I know about making them grow, and making them smaller, and I taught her, too, but what you've just seen was tame, compared to what happens every now and then, seemingly out of nowhere. Worst I've seen was almost twenty feet. Across *one*. 'Mec, I know what my potion does, like the back of my hands, and that's not just a side effect from the overdose. I could handle an overdose *like this*." She snapped her fingers. "She's also grown six inches taller over the winter, and her whole *basement*'s almost doubled in size, too. I can lose my arm to the elbow inside her. But now she's stopped growing again. She still spouts milk like crazy, evening after evening. Give it to someone, and they invariably begin to adore her. And what about that chain mail? Why does it hold? No other stuff does. Once she swells, all other

kinds of cloth or metal just rip apart. Not that one, though. And why does it instantly trigger the bloat? It's got to be some kind of show-off thing for warrior women, but I can't see anything magical on it. Can you?"

Ramec thoughtfully brushed his beard. "Not right away. That *is* quite a riddle all right." He shook his head. "I can't give you an answer yet. Hand me the chain mail, please. I'll try and see what's up with that. Are you two willing to spend the night here? I wouldn't hold it against you if you don't, honestly. But if you want to, Yrba, your room's still like you left it—"

For a moment, it seemed as if he was about to add something. Then he abruptly turned away and hobbled into his private chamber. An arcane gesture from his hand, and the door slammed shut after him.

"Still the charmer, I see," mumbled the witch. Her eyes wandered over the benches and racks, carelessly covered with devices from a glassblower's nightmare and stacks of ancient tomes some people would *kill* for. She frowned. "And your lab's still the same mess, too. *I* wouldn't get a thing done in here."

She turned to her companion and continued with a more normal voice, "Come on. Let's get you cleaned up again, girl."

Chapter 45: Nightmare

Yrba brushed away the cobwebs from the four-poster bed and coughed as a decade's worth of dust rained down.

"Yeah, like I left it, my ass!" She gently picked up a spider and dropped it out the window before she turned to the table and put down the candle holder. Her gaze fell on the tabletop. Gooseflesh spread over her skin in one huge shiver.

"Like I left it," she whispered and touched the old parchment lying there. The inkwell by its side had dried up, and the feather had mice's gnaw marks on it, but the scribble, though bleached, was still visible even under the layer of dust.

Mirca came into the room, wrapped in a huge towel and clean again after a quick naked stroll through the thunderstorm to check on the horse. She pointed over Yrba's shoulder at the yellowed scroll. "Oh, that's a nice flower! Did you draw that?"

"Yes, sweetie. Long time ago. Happier days, then." She sighed. "Let's hit the sack. But let's lock and bolt the door first. Just in case."

"Because of the wizard? He didn't seem so bad. Grumpy, though. What's it with you and him?"

"Long story. Been his apprentice for a while, after I washed ashore in the village a little further down the coast. Fun times. Met Red here and found the *Tincture*'s recipe. And then, one night... "

Her voice faded, then she took a deep breath.

"The short of it is once he learned I am an immune one like he is, he got the idea in his head that we'd absolutely have to," she gulped, "to *breed*, to see if our offspring would be immune-mages, too. Was just talk and insinuations for some time. And suddenly it got so bad, one day he tried to jump me. Didn't do him much good. I got a grip on a knife, and things got ugly. After all these years, he's still got the limp. I ran that night, and I've not returned here until today. Heard a few stories through the grapevine about him, and he probably heard a few things about me, too." She sighed. "Maybe I shouldn't have returned at all. Keep your eyes open, Mirca. The moment he does something that bothers you, or he tries something funny, come running to me. Don't listen to him. Don't trust him. He's dangerous. And he's a smooth talker, so — just don't."

The old bed creaked ominously, but it held, and even the old mattress of dried straw was bearable once they'd laid their blankets over it. Mirca snuggled up to the chocolate-colored skin of her mature girlfriend.

"You're shivering?" she asked, gently kneading the witch's shoulders.

"Damn rain. And the last days were a bit too much. I'm still cold from the soaking I got, just waiting at the door. *Brrrrr*. It'll pass, as long as you don't hug the blanket like last night."

"I never would!" Mirca protested, mixed with giggling, and gave her smaller bedfellow a playful hump from behind with her hip before she pulled her closer into her embrace.

A crack of thunder startled Yrba awake. Her head ached, and the world around was dark. Gusts of wind and rain whipped against her body, lying on a forest floor that was covered with brittle branches that poked into her skin. Her *naked* skin.

The surroundings turned into mesh of black and white as another lightning flashed across the chasing clouds. The trees, leafless, gnarled and bare like old skeletons, extended everywhere. She struggled to her feet and gazed around, but the blackness revealed nothing but the lightning's violet afterglow in her eyes. The thunder rolled in, a bang so loud, it hit her like a wall of sound and swept her from her feet with its sheer force.

"Mirca?!" she screamed, and couldn't hear her own voice over the howling wind. The clouds tore open, and white moonlight came down.

No. Not moonlight. Yrba stared up, transfixed with horror. The clouds were pushed aside by the *moon itself* coming down, a huge, white, glowing orb that grew bigger and bigger as it filled the sky. The air, forced aside by the white ball, howled by, lifted her up and threw her against one of the tree trunks.

The impact squeezed the breath from her lungs. She hit the ground again, harder still, and as she tried to struggle to her feet, her back ran into the descending wall of — warm, pliant skin.

That is no moon, shot through her mind.

"Yrba?" a questioning voice thundered down from the skies.
"Are you there?"

"Mirca?! Mirca!" howled the witch. "Stop! I'm here! I'm down here! You're squeezing me to death!" She dropped to her knees as the glowing skin bore down on her. The weight grew, even as the soft wall stretched around her. Her arms and legs gave in, and she ended up face down and flat on the floor.

"Yrba? Where are you?"

"M—," she managed before all air had left her lungs. *Oh heavens, she can't hear me. I'm too tiny. She'll crush me like an insect! She'll—*

The pressure disappeared, and air streamed in as the sphere rose again. Imprinted into the flesh, sticking to the skin of the gargantuan breast, she was lifted from the ground. The forest zipped away beneath her. Its edges came into view, patterns became visible.

A rug? A giant rug, or am I — so small?!

Yrba tried to lift her arms. There was — resistance, resilient resistance against the movement. She turned her head.

More horror. She had started to dissolve. Her skin, her body, it melted into the white wall behind her. She lifted her arm, and between it and the wall of boob was something like a bat's wing, a rubbery sheet made from a mixture of her own, brown skin with the pale wall in her back, half translucent and veined with throbbing vessels that thickened and forced her arm back into the spread-eagled shape. She was tied to the strange shape, and as it grew again under her, the pull on Yrba's outstretched limbs became more intense. She hollered in agony. Her joints came apart, slowly, horrifically, painfully.

And then the rumbling and stretching noises grew stronger still, together with fire that scorched her back. She still felt her body, her straining muscles, but she became soft and flexible. The boob *absorbed* her, all of her but her skin and her mind. Her bones dissolved, useless as they were now anyway, and slowly, her skin was pulled larger and thinner atop the incessantly swelling orb. She opened her mouth and screamed again. Not a single sound. She was but a flat, brown patch on the pale moon in her back.

The white skin that she had become part of pulled at her flanks. She flattened further, her outline distended and lost any resemblance of a human figure as the shapes of her arms and legs were absorbed back into her round body. Slowly she was distorted into a round, flat, brown circle. Sweat broke from her skin and covered her with sticky, chilly wetness.

Her belly swelled up. *Something* hot and boiling streamed from the sphere into a pocket right under her and made her womb bloat; it turned her into a little half-orb atop a giant orb. The sweat on her body wasn't sweat, it was *milk*. It ran down her skin in white, warm, winding rivulets.

A nipple! I'm turning into a giant nipple on a giant breast. That can't be happening! That's impossible! I'm going mad! Someone HELP MEEE!

She opened her mouth. And not a scream, but a jet of milk poured from her lips. She saw it spray on and on, a long white bolt reaching from her mouth in a curving, curling line straight into the infinite void.

The pressure inside her skin rose. All that now remained of her was a brown areola with protrusions that once had been fingers,

hands, feet; her belly was a stretching, ever growing cylindrical nub, covered in milk ducts that produced thick drops and faint jets. She felt the milk sweating from her skin, and the thinner she was stretched, the larger the ducts and pores became. The biggest jet sprayed and spattered from her center — from what used to be her crotch and now fluttered in the milk flood like a balloon's nozzle.

"Yrba? I can't find you!" hollered the voice.

I'm here. Oh Mirca, I'm here! I don't know what to do! Help me! Find a wizard! I can't tell you what to do! Just hurry before—

"I'm so full, I need to milk me now!" announced the voice.

No! Oh no! Don't! I'll burst! Don't squeeze more milk through me! I'm too bloated already! Nooooo!

Two giant fingers grabbed her and twisted her belly. Milk sprayed, and within moments, the skin and the circling fingers were covered in slippery, sweet wetness. She struggled and fought to keep her mind in place even as the endless gush raced right through her brain. Two hands dug into the white flesh, they pushed the river of milk onward against the thin dam that remained Yrba. She grew and grew, more jets exploded out of her skin, the blasts tore at her...and then she was pulled along with it, out of what was her body, spraying across the sky as her mind was torn apart in a rain of milk droplets.

"Yrba! Yrba, wake up!" Mirca's voice. Up close. Yrba's head bobbed back and forth. Someone shook her shoulders. Strong hands.

She moaned and pinched her eyes. Her head ached. Her body ached. Cold sweat, all over her. Something warm and sticky and heavy enveloped her and clung to her skin, tying her up.

"I'm awake. I'm here," she mumbled.

"Oh thank heavens, Yrba! You really had me worried!"

The witch opened her eyes. Pale moonlight shone on the old bed and on Mirca's face, right before her eyes. The blonde was close to tears. Yrba turned her head and gasped. She was laying on Mirca's front, and—

"You've wrapped me *in your breasts?!'*"

Mirca nodded. "Uh, yes? To keep you extra warm? I woke up, and you had started mumbling something. Then I touched your head, and you were all sticky wet and cold, and shivering. And then you became hot, and mumbled more. And cold again. Then I shook you, but you screamed and flailed like you had a horrible nightmare. So I thought, oh, I know that, I was once like that, too, when I had to work outside in the rain a whole day. I was sick and cold for a week! And so I made my boobies hang out all the way and wrapped you in them to keep you warm and rolled on my back and put you on top of me. You started squirming and kicking some more, and I was really worried for a while. But you're better now, are you?"

Yrba nodded. "I'm still feeling like shit, but I'll live. Just help me get my arms out of your boob cocoon here. I'm totally wrapped up, I can't even move. How long—"

"Maybe an hour. It's not even midnight yet."

The witch snuggled more comfortably into her living mattress' embrace.

"What a nightmare. I guess I've inhaled too much nostalgia dust with the cold water. Let's try and get a little more sleep."

Chapter 46: Unwelcome Answers

The next morning, Yrba met up with Ramec while Mirca cleaned up the bedroom. He looked spent, with dark rings under his eyes. Yrba suspected she didn't offer a better sight to him. The chain mail bustier laid curled up atop a heap of opened tomes on his table.

"A fine riddle you posed me, old girl, but I do believe I have an answer for you. Do you want to hear it?" He leant back into his chair and put his fingertips together.

"Out with it," she demanded, fed up with his fake gravitas and the smirk on his face. *Nobody* should be allowed to look so tired and yet so aloof at the same time.

"Very well. First, her growth sprint. That one was simple. She's a serf, right? They don't get much food. She was probably half-starved most of her life. Stunted her. The whole milk diet over the winter helped her reach her natural size."

He shook his head.

"Really, Yrba. I had expected you to work that out by yourself. Next, this chain mail."

He threw it into her lap.

"Metallurgic magic. Not your strongest aptitude, if I recall correctly. That's probably why you missed that, too. Your guess was right, it's a distraction toy. They still are popular with a few of the northern tribes, where the women are big and bulky and the only thing distinguishing them from their men is they have *smaller* beards. Really not much use for anything besides making your enemy hesitate for that critical second or two. What good is looking good in a combat dress if you turn back to ugly once you take it off? It acts as kind of a growth trigger, and container at the same time. The magic's meant for ordinary women, but it's a heavy duty wrapper all the same. Cupping your girl's supercharged udders with it makes them go *pop* the very instant. Which brings us to subject three, your blonde's bloat fits. Now *she's* really interesting. Your little airhead has two problems—"

"If you tell me now they're left and right on her chest, I'll gut you, dirtbag," hissed Yrba. "Hurry up already."

"As I said, *two problems*," he repeated indignantly. "First, the overdose of your potion. Her body's susceptible to all kinds of influences now. I recall you using one of those stimulating herbs normally reserved for cattle. Because of that, her breasts fill up with milk like crazy. Second, the magical growth you've used on her. Usually, the milk making stops once the body runs out of nutrients. Unfortunately, you've used magic to grow her to a perverse size, very soon after she swallowed an undiluted batch of your potion. That opened a channel, or so it seems. So now her boobs can tap into the inexhaustible sources of magic to produce their contents. I don't know where that milk comes from, and frankly I'm not sure I even *want* to know. If my calculations are right, her new natural shape are those bags that stretch to her ankles. You've taught her to suck them in and keep them at half-melon size. Well done, and quite impressive,

teaching that to a non-immune non-mage. Again, that is magic at work. Rudimentary magic, background magic, the kind that works just about all of the time. That's why she grows and shrinks and can keep herself at an inconspicuous size at all. You can't see or feel its presence, and you can't really control it. *She* can, because it's *her own* body. She doesn't know exactly *how* or *what* she does. Maybe by instinct or something. Rare, but not unheard of. There are some fifty documented cases in the *Historica Magica Obscura*, and another twenty in Begrica's *Annualis aetherica* — all right, maybe I don't need to quote them all," he conceded as Yrba yawned demonstratively.

"Thank you," she nodded. "You were saying—?"

"The short version: The very moment she loses her concentration, panics or becomes embarrassed too much, the *other* kind can kick in. The temperamental magic. Your 'white fog' or whichever way you perceive it. Funny thing is, you've always had a better grip on that. Without you stepping in, nobody can say what's going to happen. Sometimes, nothing might happen at all. Or she might just grow a bit. Or she'll blow up to barn size again. The way you've stuffed her with your puffer potion and made her a conductor, it'll be *years* until that's going to wear off."

Yrba paled and sat down hard. "Years."

"Congratulations," snorted Ramec. "And now get her out of my tower before that klutz' next bout of embarrassment blows it to pieces!"

"Don't worry, old man. I'll breathe a lot easier once I won't have to see your damned smirk any more, too."

She rose from her seat and stormed out the room. Had she looked back, she'd have noticed how he sunk deeper into his chair and followed her with eyes filled with sadness.

Evening approached fast. Yrba was affixing the last few of her belongings to her caravan when the wizard reluctantly limped up to her.

"Yrba, I need to have a word with you."

She crossed her arms over her chest and leaned against her mobile hut.

"Go ahead. And hurry."

"Not here. In the tower." He looked around.

Yrba squinted at the table that bent under the load of food, beverages and flambeaus before she picked a small glass of wine. The wizard laughed as he sat down heavily into his chair.

"There's no magical poison here, child."

"Just making sure, 'Mec. Whenever you have such a sudden change of hearts, then I *prefer* to make sure. I've not forgotten your dirty little tricks." She took only a little sip, and even then, she rolled it in her mouth for quite a while before she finally swallowed. "All right, why all this?"

His face turned serious. For a few moments he avoided Yrba's gaze and took a deep breath. The witch's eyes narrowed. She had never seen her mentor chew on his lips before. Ramec cleared his throat.

"Why? To come clean. Dammit, Yb, it's been what, ten years? Fifteen years? I was an asshole then, and I've regretted that night every single day since. And I'm embarrassed to admit it, but you *do* deserve a few more answers. Like, didn't you wonder at all why I was so shell-shocked when your blond ditz showed up at my door?"

"I've seen others do the same at her sight. She's quite the work, isn't she? And—," she fell silent for a moment, then her brow furrowed. "There's more to that. You knew her already, right? Dammit, what schemes have you hatched up this time, old man?"

"I'll give you the answers, in a moment. First, tell me, who's the perfect assassin?"

"The perf—," she began, and then she fell silent again. *Someone who doesn't know that he is an assassin. A possessed. Someone whose mind is not his own. Or her own.*

"Ah, I see *now* you're getting it. Me and a few others, we were not exactly happy with Lord Peter's rise to power. But he's not just a petty thug on a throne, he's a damn *clever* petty thug on a throne, whatever you might have heard about him. And he made it clear, pretty early on, that he'd not lose sleep over having people drop dead left and right with arrows in their backs if he noticed as much as a suspicious grin. And that he had given orders to make sure those arrows were fired should he come to harm. So we had to slip someone in that he — or his testamentary executors, as it was to be — would never bring into connection with us. It had to be someone whose attack would seem just like a single, crazy, ordinary act of violence or rage. A serf."

"Twenty years... before I even met you..."

He raised his eyebrows and shrugged.

"Yes, it's taken a little longer than we had originally planned. And in the end, she's been a dud. She was supposed to snap and mince him about the time she got nubile and he'd start chasing after her. Somehow that never happened, maybe because she's grown into a damn' big hunk of girl meat that most men are somehow reluctant to try, just because she never budded even a handful of breast. Don't know why I failed at that. I tried to make sure she'd turn out as curvy and hot as they come, but all she got were her father's muscles instead. Too bad you've not met her earlier on to fix that in time. You did a real number on her chest. Yes, you've always been good at that. Alas, you did it far too late."

The wizard looked right in Yrba's angry eyes.

"One more thing. I lied when you asked why she has grown again. It wasn't the food that triggered her growth sprint. When we created her, I knew she would grow far taller than any other woman. Couldn't have that. So I made sure her growth would be stunted. I never thought she'd live long enough for that spell to wear off, but she did."

"Anything else? Maybe tell me about something you accidentally forgot to mention for a change, instead of admitting to yet another lie-within-a-lie?" Yrba snarled.

His short laughter was little more than a humorless bark. "At least I can try to. Uh... yes, I think I never *lied* about that to you. See, you had an interesting choice of words, just a moment ago. What was it — *hatched* schemes, I think. Funny that you should mention *hatching* in conjunction with your girl toy. What did she tell you, that she was claimed as a serf to pay for her parent's debt? Yes, that's all she was ever told. And it's actually true. What she *doesn't* know is how her mother got pregnant with her in the first place."

He took a sip from his glass and pondered his next words, silently watching the reflections of the candles. After a deep breath, he continued with a smug grin.

"Her mother was a farm maid, nobody special. She was ... available, even eager to ... play her role, and expendable if things would have turned out wrong, and she had the right bodily properties. And the right perverted desires to start with. We could predict pretty well how the girl would turn out. As for her father, he, well ... let's just say he, uh, was a true rural force of nature. Getting them *compatible* and fitting his, ahem, quite sizable tool into her mother without her ripping apart was an interesting magical challenge. And while she enjoyed it thoroughly, I've burned through a month's worth of this shire's magical force just to make sure she survived. Barely, I might add. I'll leave it at that. It wasn't pretty. You never really wondered why Mirca's so tough and big and strong, yet so timid, and gets full of milk every evening ever since you hexed her those *udders*?" He smirked.

She stared at him, taken aback by the machinations the old mage so casually hinted at. Yrba couldn't utter a single word. Flashes from the night Berry had died played again before her eyes. Mirca had cracked and *something else* had surfaced, something that had turned her into a raging fury with two blood-dripping axes.

"She's not *quite* human. The world hasn't seen *anything* like her for thousands and thousands of years. You want to tell me you never figured *that* out either?" he added.

The glass dropped from Yrba's hand and shattered on the stone tiles.

"You sick fuck," she whispered. "Not a word. I don't believe a single word, do you hear me? What are you trying to tell me?" Her voice grew louder, and the veins on her neck swelled. "Do you think I'll believe that *you* of all magi managed to conjure up an ancient earth god to sire an offspring for you to use as a murderer for a lord you don't like, and plan that accurately a decade in advance? Delusions of grandeur much, old man?! Do you think I can't tell a poor beaten girl from a demigoddess? Not to mention that whenever we both looked, we never ever found any kind of gods in the first place?"

"Ah, that's the old heathen girl talking. How I've missed your skeptic ways. If only you were a little more fluent in the old tales. Don't need a *god* to sire a minotaur, you know? Oh, enough of that. You want to think she's not a tool but some kind of real woman, well, be my guest. Just because she speaks doesn't mean she's human."

He sighed. "Doesn't matter anymore, anyway. I've come to a, heh, let's call it a *gentlemen's agreement* with Peter years ago. He's gotten more ambitious over the years, and that wasn't to my disadvantage. And the title of *royal mage* comes with its own perks."

"He's no king!"

"He *will* be."

Ramec's face turned wooden.

"But for that to happen, I can't let someone with an old, deeply inbred grudge against him run around freely, don't you agree? Mirca and him, they might meet up by chance, and she *might* still snap, and then what good is a king ripped to pieces?"

"Thanks for spilling the beans on that, old man! Listen, you just keep away from us, and we'll keep well away from Peter and you."

The wizard rose from his chair and extended his arms to her, almost pleadingly.

"Yrba, I *need* your help. I need you, and I need your sweet bundle of milk, too. Think about it! She's seven feet of havoc, and you want to let her run around freely? Don't do that. Don't! Don't you walk out on me *again*. Don't you see? There's a lot to gain for the three of us! You still look gorgeous, girl, but you're not getting any younger. How long do you want to keep on traveling? Until you're old and wrinkly? Stay. Please! Join me, and you'll have it made! You won't have another day of worries!"

She backed away slowly, shaking her head.

"I'm not interested in sticking around these lands any more, and I sure as hell don't want *any* piece of you or your rotten schemes! Just leave us alo—"

Her voice descended into a gargle as Yrba's eyes closed and she slumped down on the table, only to slip down and drop heavily on the floor.

He shook his head. "I didn't *ask* for your help, old girl. I *will* have it. Yeah, maybe *magical* poison's got nothing on you. But I guess I was right about your own plain old herbs and berries."

"Mirca?"

She swiveled around and narrowed her eyes.

"Mec?"

"There you are, big girl. I need your help."

"I haven't got time now. Yrba wants me to be packed up by sunset. You're not trying something funny, are you?"

He hesitated. "Something — *funny*?"

She leaned in from her seven feet and prodded his chest with her right forefinger. "Yes. If you try something funny, I'll run to Yrba and tell her. She told me to. So don't try something funny if you need my help."

He groaned and clapped his forehead.

"Headache?" she asked compassionately and cocked her head, raising her eyebrows.

Ramec sighed and rubbed his temples. "Yes, headache." *Because of you, you oaf.* "Mirca, could you help me sort those barrels in the next cellar before Yrba and you leave?"

"Huh. Sorting barrels. That's not funny, so I guess it's okay." She eyed the aged, bent, limping figure of the wizard. "Yeah, I guess someone like you might need a little help sorting barrels now and then." She lifted her index finger. "But none of the big ones, okay?"

A quarter of an hour later, she had moved a few dozen casks from one vault to another and piled them up again. Perspiration now glistened on her skin. She wiped her brow.

"Right, that's it. I could really use a little water now."

"Water? Don't tell me you're drinking water," he said indignantly.

"Of course," Mirca replied. "Why? What else?"

"Haven't you ever tried wine?"

"Wine? Lords drink wine. Rich people drink wine. *I* drink water."

"For shame! You've got to try it! There's nothing better than a barrel of wine if you've worked up a sweat and need a big gulp to quench your thirst." He smiled and knocked with his walking stick against one of the casks. "Just your luck, girl. Here, just take one of those and drink up."

"If you say so..."

She wrestled the spile from the barrel and grabbed and lifted it with both hands. Most of the first gulp streamed by the sides of her mouth and ran down in red rivulets over her skin.

A couple of minutes later she mumbled, "yesh, I fffink I cou'gedd oosched'o dat," and grinned sheepishly as she toppled over, laid spread-eagled on the floor and began to snore.

Chapter 47: The Deal With The Devil

Yrba blinked and had some trouble mending the cut thread of her memories. She was tied to a wooden plank — no, a pair of wooden planks, well-padded with something like wool or furs, and her arms and legs were stretched into an X shape and secured tightly with leather straps around her ankles and wrists. The room was dimly lit by a pair of floor chandeliers with small, flickering candles in it. Vague hints of daylight came from a ring of crenelations near the high ceiling.

After a few half-hearted tries, she gave up on trying to pull free. *Nobody* went to those lengths just to miraculously forget about the right knots at the last moment.

No use wasting strength, old girl. Keep yourself ready just in case a chance shows.

"I guess I know what you're thinking right now, kiddo. I'm not going to give you that chance."

"Ramec! I knew you were a sick fuck, but this here's a new low, even for *you*. Untie me, at once! You still owe me something!"

He smirked.

"No I won't. And what's that about *owing* you anything? *I've* given you a home when you washed up on the shore. *I* fed you all those years. *I* taught you the ways of magic. For all I care, *you* are *my* creation, and I'll do with you as I please! Besides, I've got to be cautious around you. You're still quite fast with a blade, aren't you? The last band of thugs I sent got butchered by a group of women."

"*You* hired those —," Yrba gasped, then she inhaled deeply and hollered, "Bastard! Berry's dead, and *it's your fault!*" The echo of her toppling voice rang hollowly through the cellars.

"*My* fault? Unlucky circumstances, maybe, but it's hardly my fault there was another muscle-bound whore prancing around that town, is it?"

"You'll pay," she hissed through gritted teeth. "You'll pay dearly for that!"

"Yrba, *please*. How ... trite. *Oooh*, you'll *pay*. Guess what? I already *did*. All the gold I've thrown at those low lives, all for naught. But that's all water under the bridge now. Once I learned that my little time bomb was still alive *and* sizzling, I had to make sure she'd never meet up with Lord Peter. Like I said, now I'm better off with him alive than with him dead."

He cut away her clothes with a small blade, one rag at a time. And Yrba held still — she was brimming with anger, but she wasn't stupid. Only her eyes' sparkling stare showed her barely contained rage.

"How *dare* you treat me like a piece of livestock!" she snarled through clenched teeth. He stopped and hesitated for a moment before he answered.

"*Livestock?! Yrba*, I'm offering you the chance to be *queen!* Is that nothing? We just need to make some adjustments to —"

"Queen? *Ha!* Your fine lord would rather see me hanged!"

"Oh, did you think —," and then he paused for a little chuckle.

"What's so damn funny, old man?" she hissed.

"I'm not talking about you and Lord Peter. Gods, *no!*" he sniggered into his beard. His head swiveled around, and he stared her right in the face. "I'm talking about you becoming a *hive* queen. All the breeding fun, none of that tedious politics. You better leave that squarely to us males."

He averted his eyes from her glare and let his gaze wander over her curvaceous body. His hand stroked the sensuously rounded, tiny mound of her womb.

"There's far too few of our kind around, Yrba. If only you'd have joined me then, instead of running. What is the fleeting inconvenience of a pregnancy compared to the duty we have to our race? Now you'll have to do double shifts to catch up. You think you're immune to magic? Tell me, then how come I see no stretchmarks? Oh yes, I've learned *how* and *where* you brew your masterpiece. Year after year after year you've spent months with a womb like a barrel, chock-full and sloshing. And yet now there's not a trace of that. Maybe magic just needs more time to work on our kind, but it gets to us in the end."

He pulled at her skin.

"So stretchable, with a shapely flat belly like yours? See how elastic you've become? Yes, you'll be able to hold what the others couldn't contain. How foolish of me, not seeing what was right before my eyes."

She narrowed her eyes.

"The — others?"

The room lit up as rays of sunlight came in through the embrasures high on the circular wall. Yrba blinked and turned her head, taking in the details of the cavern-like place. She knew Mec's lab, but *this* here was different. Yrba had never been to this room before, but the walls, the structure —

"We're under the tower! That's a damned secret lair under your tower!"

He nodded smugly.

"You always complained about the mess in my *play* lab. So do you like this one better?"

Yrba trembled in rising panic. *This* place meant *business*. The crossed beams she was strapped to stood near the center of the fifteen-yards circle. One single table by their side was filled with the neatly arranged tools of the magical trade — crystals, powders, elixirs, in tidy heaps on earthen dishes. A choice of knives, their sharp edges sparkling in the light from a couple of torches high up on the wall. A collection of saws, axes and ... Yrba narrowed her eyes. The dozen thin metallic sparks in a block of soft wood were needles, sorted by size. Spools of black threads.

Calm down, girl. There will be enough time to panic later — oh gods...

Her blood turned to ice, burning through her veins to her racing heartbeats. Along the walls, manacles hung from rings fixed in the heavy stones. *They* were not clean and tidy, and the stones of the floor beneath them were covered in brown crusts. Yrba's breathing came faster. She didn't need much imagination to put two and two together. And then she suddenly exhaled and stopped breathing altogether. Just at the edge of her vision was a pile of *bones*.

Neatly stacked, and sorted by shape and size, of course.

She gasped for air and reflexively turned her head when she saw, from the corner of her eyes, a hand moving in to her face. That gasp pulled something powdery deep into her lungs. Yrba coughed and wheezed until darkness claimed her once more.

The witch groaned. Her forehead wrinkled as she pressed her eyelids tighter. The yard-huge sphere of her womb rested heavy on her body, and her swollen, brimming breasts, their undersides straining from the pull of their milky load, dangled against her chin. She smacked and ran her pink tongue over her pouted lips. *Of course* it tasted like dried milk. And her legs were far higher than her shoulders *again*, and the rough wood of the caravan's floor pressed into her shoulders *again*. Yrba sighed without opening her eyes.

"Dammit," she muttered. "Yo, Mirca! Wake up and lend a hand? I've rolled from my bed and I can't get up with all that potion in my cauldron."

She tried to raise her legs. No dice. The blanket was tightly wrapped around her ankles.

"Mirca?!" she yelled. "Hey! You asleep? Haven't I told you to not let me drink so much from your tits? I'm all bloated again! Come here and milk me down!"

Yrba exhaled in frustration. Where *was* that girl?

"Mirca?"

A hand gently patted her rotund midriff and then hefted one of her melons. The nipple immediately turned into a tiny spout and sent thin jets spraying everywhere. Yrba sighed in relief.

"Oh thank you, dear, thank you. You better — *pfuagh!*" She spat as droplets ran down her breasts and dripped all over her face. "Hey! Where's your huge mouth when I need it?"

Mirca has bigger hands than that —

Yrba finally blinked and opened her eyes.

And screamed.

This time she struggled and writhed desperately against the strong leather straps that held her upside-down in the wooden X.

"You — *prrrffz!* — monster! What have you done? — *Prrrrlllb!* — What have you put in my womb?!"

Ramec wiped his milk-drenched hands on a towel before he ran it over Yrba's dripping face and the discharged, sweat-and-cream glazed breasts, cleaning off the drops and rivulets.

"Oh *will* you relax, you hysterical cow. It's just water in there. Needed to have you nice and clean inside, and I was curious as to how sizable a batch you could accommodate. Judging by the gallons your

womb so eagerly accepted, four or five in one breed cycle seems like a reasonable start."

He prodded Yrba's tumescent belly. "Later on, maybe rise that to six or seven per cycle once you settle for good into a more comfortable, blobby shape. Your pliable womb's not going to shrink back once you'll be popping out a fresh batch of little semi-immune, magic-wielding mongrel soldiers each week. They'll grow fast, too. I reckon come next year, we'll be ready to take on just about any army." He raised his hand. "Yes, yes, I know. Magic's got nothing on *you*. But a magically charged seed *can* maintain enough momentum to keep up its accelerated growth inside you. You're a perfect container for magical forces, after all. Magic goes in, no magic goes out. My, you'll have to stuff yourself with food just to keep the little hatchlings from sucking all life force from you. Good thing you brought your milk well along. She's perfect to feed you day and night. Your weird body seems to crave her milk."

The wizard nodded at Mirca's limp, unconscious body in the huge cage. "Just the right cow to feed them after they've left your nurturing womb, too. One teat for your mouth, one teat for my army." He turned back to Yrba, only to see her eyelids flutter close, her mind overwhelmed by horror. "Oh come on, don't pass out on me!"

The next time Yrba woke up, the room was dark and her womb was empty again. She squinted into the blackness. Sparkles of raw magic filled the room, slowly gyrating in a vortex that fed a hollow sphere of three or four yards around her and her former mentor. Ramec raised his head from the tome on the table and slammed it shut. Yrba jerked in surprise. Her *other* vision dimmed, and now the

candles on the table lit barely more than the wizard's face. Their unsteady light cast menacing shadows from below on his face.

"It's time now. Give it a chance, Yrba. Maybe you'll even like it. You always had a thing for the extreme."

His dark shadow grew on the wall as he leaned closer to the candle. And inside this shadow, right in his back, another, darker shadow with much more substance rose along. Two eyes shone red in the light from the fireplace. Two big hands moved closer to the wizard's throat.

Yes! Keep him talking. Keep him looking at me.

"All those years I've defended you, Ramec! I *trusted* you!"

"Well, that's not exactly *my* fault either, is it—"

Mirca's strong fingers closed around his neck.

And loosened his frock's knot.

"Mirca?" gasped the witch.

The girl's mouth produced a faint yelp. Then she affectionately rubbed her cheeks over the wizard's head and — purred.

"Good girl! Heel!"

In a heartbeat, she cowered to his feet and began licking his hand.

Yrba struggled in vain against her bonds. "Monster! What have you done to her?!"

"Nothing much. Locked away all the unnecessary things that you've stuffed into her head. She's much happier now. Can't you see?"

Here, Mirca, want a treat? Who's a good girl? Huh? Huh? Come on, roll over!"

He raised his hand and held up a candied berry. With a yelp, Mirca threw herself on the floor and begged like a well-mannered bitch, panting with her long tongue lolling out. The sight brought Yrba close to tears.

"You bastard!" she howled. "You'll pay for that, too!"

And then she fell silent. Mirca had suddenly raised her head and *growled* at her. The noise rose from deep in her throat, and it rang with murder. *Her* girl didn't even recognize her any more.

"Down!" the wizard commanded. "She's just a scared little witch. Now take off my cloak."

Yrba squinted as Mirca obeyed. *Something* shone around the blonde's head, a moving, slowly pulsating torus filled with a complex pattern of tendons and sparkles. She tried to wiggle a sigil with her bound hands to chase away the vile thing feeding on Mirca's mind, but all she managed was to conjure a painful slap as the magic misfired against herself. It left her fingers numb and pricking at the same time. And then she forgot about it as the wizard's clothes parted and revealed his naked body underneath.

Yrba stared at him. Yes, his face showed some signs of age, but *how* old was he? Somewhere in his fifties? Sixties?

Nobody could've guessed that by looking at his torso that would've made proud any man half his age. There *was* something to be said for a career in wizardry. At least it kept you from withering

away on the fields, one wrinkle at a time under the burning sun of the summer and the biting frost of the winter.

And then he walked around the table, and his groin was in Yrba's view. She gasped. Whatever she had expected, *this* was not it.

His manly appendage was already growing. Well-healed scars marked the seams between patches of different colors and — she narrowed her eyes — *textures*. Both his ten-inch penis and the apple-sized balls were a collage, a twitching, swelling collage.

"That's impossible! That's not human!"

"It mostly is. There were ... some trade-offs I had to make. Though I prefer to think of them as trade-ups. It's much bigger, but the balls get in the way. Painfully so. What? You thought I was still limping because of your stab?"

Yrba nodded weakly, her eyes fixed on the stretching, elongating, fattening dick. It already was bigger than her lower arm, and still it kept growing and rising.

The wizard laughed. "Though, I'll admit, if you hadn't cut mine almost off, I'd never have needed to look into that matter. A lucky accident, if you will. You and me, we can't heal ourselves with magic. But we can change *others* with magic. Now take this thought a step further, and you arrive at: We can use magic to make *other* things ready to match *our* bodies. *Hung like a horse*? Horses *weep* at my sight. I could bore you with the details, which part of it I took from what source, how I assembled it, reanimated it. But you never liked the theories, did you?"

He smirked and nodded at her. "More of a hands-on girl, you always were. So I guess you'd rather see it in action, right?"

The inhuman pole's skin grew taut now. As the swelling flesh reached the skin's limit, the foreskin slowly was pulled from the long, arrow-shaped glans. A hole, a slit like an angry eye, glistening with pre-cum wetness, stared at the witch.

"And it gets better. Magic doesn't work on us. But it works on the replacement parts, and not just for patching them up. Watch this."

He snapped his fingers. Mirca was at his hip in a heartbeat.

"Mirca, lay on your back and show your breasts."

He stepped over her, stroking his swelling rod to still larger size before he slapped her flattened pillows with it a few times. Fat drops of pre-cum sprayed over her breasts. Then he sat down on her belly and grabbed her breasts. Both hands full with Mirca's soft, doughy jugs, he wrapped his erection in her tit flesh.

"And now, blow them up for me!" he commanded.

Panting and groaning, Mirca rolled her shoulders. She closed her eyes, and her mouth dropped open as she sharply inhaled. Only moments later, her breasts quivered and distended. And the pole between them swelled and stretched along. The tip soon poked out of Mirca's multiplying, throbbing cleavage.

Ooh. Master growing! Growing with me! Love my master.

"Huh, Yrba? Siphoning her magic into my new appendage. I don't think anyone has done that before."

"Because nobody was sick and twisted enough!" she snarled through her teeth.

He laughed. "Maybe because nobody had the *balls* for it? Oh gods, she's *brimming* with strength. *Hhhuuunngh!* M—Mirca, that's enough. Grab it, gently."

Master mount me now! Master fill me good with thick fat stick! Love my master! Ride him good! Good girl I am!

Yrba stared at the monstrosity. In Mirca's deep valley, the penis had turned into a trunk. A trunk, thick as Yrba's thigh, and almost hanging to the wizard's feet. It was far too heavy to stand. The balls

Yrba gulped. With Mirca ahead as his staff-bearer, Ramec walked up to her, one slow step at a time, maneuvering his legs carefully around the now melon-sized, oblong orbs in his grotesquely oversized sack.

"What's the matter, Yrba? Not yet big enough for you? Don't worry, they'll keep on growing for quite a while. I just need to keep my dick at this size, else it won't fit any more. Can't have that. This isn't about fun. It's just business. Mirca, mount the head against her crotch."

The blonde grunted and struggled with the pulsating pole. Her hands barely fit around it. Yrba pulled desperately at her cuffs. This wasn't going like she had hoped.

Think fast —

"Wait!" she howled. And Ramec actually stopped, cocked his head and looked at her.

"What?"

"A deal." She stared at the grapefruit-sized glans and the long filaments of clear liquid, dripping from its underside. "Ramec, *you owe me.*"

"I'm listening to you, for old times sake. But you better hurry up."

"I'll do it, okay?" snarled the witch, her face contorting with hate, "I'll let you fill me up. You promise in return to let *her* go and give back her mind, and I'll let you have me. But try to rape me, and you're in for quite a few *bad* surprises."

"Is that so?" He looked her naked and bound body up and down with a disparaging grin. "I think you're bluffing."

"You think I don't have my own little precautions?" she sneered. "Really? You can't be sure, can you? Metal magic's your thing — the mysteries of the flesh are *mine*. And it's like you said: *You* may be immune like me, but your *toy* reacts to magic quite easily. We just saw it. So I warn you: touch me with that pole against my will, and it'll wither and die. One inch at a time. Imagine *that* pain. You'll *beg* for me to slit your throat, just to stop it."

First signs of doubt wandered over his face.

So much for the stick. Now for the carrot ...

Her voice became smooth and alluring. "Come *on*, Ramec. *Look* at me. You always wanted me. I may be a bit riper than you remember, but I'm still bouncy in all the right places, eh? Go on, say the word, and I won't curse you from here to the next world. You want to hear me moan with desire and praise your strength with dirty words? Been there, done that, darling. I've not let any of my bed partners go away unsatisfied. All I want is for Mirca to go free. Deal?"

He looked at her for a long time, not saying a word.

He nodded.

"Deal. *Mirca!*"

The amazon raised her head and cocked it.

"Firm up your breasts and put one between her legs. Grow a teat, and press it into her gap. Give her womb a little rinse with your nurturing flood."

Yrba tore at her bonds. "Mec! You sick bastard! Gods and heavens, don't do that! You saw what she can do — oh mercy..."

She stared with wide eyes at Mirca's breasts. The giantess arched her spine forward and drew up her shoulders, breathing heavily while she rolled her shoulder blades. Each circle sent a shiver over her skin, and her panting mixed with growls. Yrba shook her head, faintly.

"Mirca, it's me! You've got to recognize me! *Listen!* Don't do that to me!"

The white in the young woman's eyes shone as she rolled them up to stare at the witch from underneath furrowed brows. The rolling motions of her shoulders spread over her torso. She undulated in smooth thrusts, and each one stretched the skin of her breasts longer and made them hang lower until they reached below the blonde's navel. She straightened and still kept on thrusting. Mirca's lips pouted, her head fell in her neck. Her breasts filled up now, growing in girth as they changed from drooping bags into heavy melons in a wrapper of soft skin. The ample flesh firmed up and rose from the blonde's chest, losing its soft, flowing shape as it turned into a pair of protruding, bloated cones with throbbing teats two fingers long and two inches

across, sprouting from dark, doming areolae big enough to serve as smaller women's breasts.

Mirca exhaled and stood still. Then, like a *da capo*, she thrust her chest forward and groaned, long and lecherous. Her areolae pumped bigger one last time, bulging another two inches out. Her breathing came in deep heaves and made her erect breasts move up and down to its beat.

Ramec smiled. "Isn't she a beauty? *Good* girl! Do you want to play with the little black witch now?" A yelp, eager and squeaky, and then Mirca panted, with her tongue dangling from her mouth. The wizard nodded. "Yeeees you do! So, Yrba? What you say?"

"She'll rip me to shreds, Ramec!" screamed Yrba. "You haven't got any idea what she can do!"

At the snapping of the wizard's fingers, thin white jets sprayed from Mirca's nipples. Another snap, and the dancing droplets stopped again. He raised his eyebrows as he turned to Yrba.

"Oh shut up, you whiny pup. I *made* her. I *know* what she can do. Afraid of bursting? I won't let that happen, believe me. I *need* you alive, but you didn't think I would trust you on your word alone, did you? Now you surely wouldn't want to harm *her*, so if you really have any protective spell on you, you better let go of it before it fires on your sweet plaything. And then we'll have our little encounter, and *then*, maybe, I'll let her go. *That's* all the deal you'll get. *Mirca!* Go ahead!"

Yrba gulped as the giantess stepped closer and the firm, bullet-shaped breasts bounced up and down with every footfall. Their nipples stood rough and hard and glistened with milk. She had fantasized about this kind of sex, sometimes. *Fantasized*. Seeing the unearthly

amounts of milk that Mirca could express on a whim had made the witch wary of even considering it. Yrba nervously licked her lips.

"Mirc—*hhhhhaahhh!*"

The hot, taut skin of Mirca's right breast slipped between Yrba's spread legs and forced them apart with its barely yielding, wedge-like front. Mirca grabbed the two feet long, rotund melon of her breast with one hand from above and one from below, and pushed blindly. The tip of the nipple graced Yrba's gap and got caught at the opening of her urethra, bending into a curve and pushing the witch's plump outer lips aside before it slipped free and scraped with the length of its rough skin along Yrba's lust button. Moments later, the soft areola smacked against the whole of Yrba's vulva.

"*Mmmnnngh—!*" Yrba clenched her teeth and shut her eyes tight. *That — oh Mirca, please, don't, p—please — I want — but it's — wrong —*

"Oh how sweet! Even when she's her true mindless self, she still loves you, Yrba. Amazing."

She raised her head and looked the giantess in the eyes. The bright blue eyes in Mirca's face stared right back at her, full of eagerness and adoration, but there was no sign that the tall girl recognized her. She pulled back for the next try.

Little brown woman so empty now. Mirca fill little brown woman! Little brown woman much fun when big and round!

This time, her aim was spot on. Yrba felt the tip as it wormed into her, as it spread her apart, easily going in with its coat of slippery, warm milk, and it just went on and on and on.

Shlurrrp.

"Haaaaah—!"

Yrba threw her head left and right. The hot, rough teat stuck deep inside her, it filled her up while the dome of dark skin from which it sprouted pushed Yrba's labia apart and sealed her opening up. Mirca arched her back and pushed against the witch. Her strong fingers stroked her own breast's skin from the root to the throbbing teats. The thick rod inside Yrba stretched and grew, pulling the wrinkles of the witch's lust tube taut.

"C—careful— *oh heavens—sssss — uuhhhnnnn!*"

From the many ducts in the rough teat, boiling white lava flooded into Yrba. Her fingers closed around the leather straps holding her wrists, and she forced her head up to see her womb swell under the torrent rushing into her. And it was like the wizard had said: she distended far wider than humanly possible.

"No — *no! Nuuuuuhhh!*"

Mirca's breast that pumped into her was already out of sight, hidden from the witch's view behind her own belly that quickly passed through watermelon size and aimed for something rivaling a barrel. Her skin grew firm, and her breathing became flat as her stretching, filling uterus pushed her innards out of its way, painting veins like meandering rivers into her belly's skin and pushing her bellybutton outward.

"Hh—heavens—"

"That's enough," came Ramec's dispassionate voice. "Mirca, pull out."

The plugging nipple left Yrba, and as soon as it cleared the outer rim of the witch's labia, the white flood pent up inside the witch hosed out of her wide open gap, exploding into a spray of sweet liquid when its solid bolt hit Mirca's breasts.

"*Huuunngh—huunngh—huuuuuuuuh—*" Yrba was barely able to force enough air into her lungs while her potbelly collapsed until only a trickle of sweet milk still flowed from her spread labia.

"Monster," she panted. "D—dirty r—rotten m—miscreant—"

"Well done, my pet. She's open nice and wide now. Go ahead and strap my rod in."

Mirca pressed the witch's hip back down on the board with a single hand and took aim. The hot skin of the glans stroked against her labia and coated them in warm, oozing precum. Yrba couldn't help but admire his ingenuity. The sick bastard of a wizard had thought of everything. His elephantine pipe fit perfectly into another set of straps, mounted to the board right between her legs, and held it in place.

Right. You can do it, she encouraged herself. Relax. Relax all the way. It'll be just like brewing a huge portion of the tincture at once. He can't have anything worse.

"I'm afraid I'll have to make it cum all by myself, darling," he sneered and started another set of gestures. The cantaloupe-sized glans throbbed larger by another couple of inches. Its tip swelled into Yrba's funnel, pushing aside her outer labia. The pinkie-sized slit aligned perfectly with her vaginal opening, and the soft head sealed her up to not miss a single drop.

"Mirca!" he barked. "Start milking it!"

The blonde obediently bowed. She poured a bowl of oil along the length of the veined trunk and stroked up and down the yard-long pole with her hands. He had to step back as the magically enhanced pipe gained another foot in length. Mirca straddled it and began rubbing her own crotch along the relief of pulsing veins on its hot surface.

Master good. Master big! Master big for big Mirca! Mirca give master much delight!

She leaned forward and wrapped her dangling boobs around the trunk.

The wizard's breath quickened and turned into a staccato of gasps. A shudder ran over him, the tip of his Frankensteinian penis bulged and juice shot from the gaping opening deep into the witch. In moments, her vagina couldn't take any more of the white blast. Her cervix relaxed and opened. The warmth rushed on deeper into her body.

Yrba panted and stared wide-eyed at her belly as it filled again. It swallowed each spurt and jet from the pipe, eagerly this time. Her vagina throbbed and sucked up the unrelenting stream and pumped it into her bloating midriff. Her fingers and toes went numb, then her hands and feet, her arms and legs. Yrba's billowing belly demanded every shred of her perception. Each throb and wobble and ripple fired through her and left charred and smoldering streaks in her mind.

Across her skin, glowing veins appeared. Magic seeped through her belly, straining against the insulating chamber of her womb. She threw back her head against the hard wood, again and again. The numbness reached her neck and crawled on over her cheeks and forehead.

"*Too... much...*," she groaned.

Something formed inside her, something that reached all through her body with its incorporeal roots and started to suck away at her mind. Whatever it was, growing in her womb, it was *hungry* and it came for her. She tried to fight it, to contain it, but the thing wormed through her neck, ethereal tentacles palpated over her head and the world went black...

Chapter 48: The Demise

Mirca slowed down her ministrations and glanced over her shoulder. Her much-loved *master* made no sign of providing her with at least a little of all that juice. He just groaned and thrust on and on into that *other* woman. And that woman just laid there, swelling like a blowfish and showing no sign of appreciation for her master's strenuous efforts, just like she hadn't shown any thankfulness for Mirca's generous service before. She pouted.

Master no fair. Mirca good servant! Mirca want taste of master too. Master big enough for two.

Mirca's turn now!

She leaned forward again and ran her hands along the pulsating rod. Only this time, she reached farther than before. Her fingers wandered over the straps until they tickled around the groove beneath the taut glans. She wrapped her strong fingers around it and squeezed hard. The suddenly blocked stream of semen backed up along the whole length in a wandering bulge. The painful throttling tore Ramec from his trance.

"No! You stay away! Let go!" he yelled. Mirca didn't listen. She grabbed his inflated, throbbing rod, ripped it straight from the straps and pulled the head from Yrba's crotch. He screamed in pain at the abuse of his masterpiece.

A few thick, white drops seeped from the long, wide-stretched slit of the head. Mirca pursed her lips and bent the rod up to her face. On the opposite end, the wizard lost his footing and fell down hard.

Want my master's seed. Want want want. Suck it all out!

She only managed to wrap her lips around half of the swollen glans. And then, as she sucked away with all her fervor, it began to shrink and fit better with each massive spurt of thick, white semen. The veined, pulsating skin slid deeper into her mouth as his shaft shortened. She doubled her efforts.

More! Want more! Oh. Why master grow small? No! Must suck harder!

She bowed down, trying to keep up with the shrinking but hardening rod even as she unintentionally sucked more and more of the magical charge out of it. Ramec squirmed in the delicious throes of his unrelenting orgasm. His seed squirted on Mirca's tongue, but she barely noticed.

Where master go?

Surprised, she opened her lips and backed away. His rod had shrunk to barely the size of her pinkie, and only a thin jet of seed sprang from its minuscule hole and curled on his stomach.

Master no fun! M— Mast— Must—

She dropped to her knees and clutched her head, shutting her eyes as horrible pain shot through her temples. And then it was as if a

wise let go of her skull as Ramec's mind imploded in an orgasmic delirium and took out the mental block along its way to lust-filled hell.

"What's happening here?" she yelped as she struggled to her feet. She gazed around and jumped back at the sight of the wizard's balls that swelled and rumbled larger with every passing moment. They'd become as huge as the potato sacks she'd lugged around at the castle, and they showed no sign of slowing down in their growth.

"Mec! Wizard! Stop that!" she screamed. His face was contorted in unearthly bliss. He didn't even hear her voice any more.

"Yrba!" She swiveled around to her friend and saw her, for the first time in hours, without the weird haze over her mind. "Oh heavens, Yrba—"

The witch hung upside-down on the table, her belly still full with the magical seed and round like a huge, yard-sized ball. Mirca grabbed the contraption and flipped the board upright. The see-saw went over the tipping point, and part of the unnatural load gushed out of the witch's crotch. The bloated sphere of her womb shrunk. Yrba sagged down into the restraints, viscid goo dripping from her glazed thighs.

Wood groaned, and one of the shelves crashed down behind her. Mirca cast a quick glance over her shoulder while she fumbled at the leather straps around Yrba's hands and ankles. Half of the room was already filled with the incessantly bloating balls. The gurgling glands had no way to unload their sperm fast enough through the pinhole of the wizard's shrunken dick but kept on stockpiling more and more of the magical seed nonetheless. The wizard was beyond saving, his mind boiled from the unending ecstasy that the monstrous scrotum fired through him.

"Not good! Totally not good," Mirca repeated over and over, even as she finally pulled the groggy witch from the table and threw her over her shoulder. She darted through the long hall as the balls filled up the laboratory and their volume began to climb towards the high ceiling. The first wall stones began to slip and grind over each other. With every bouncing step, Mirca's shoulder dug into Yrba's distended belly and squeezed another gush of the intoxicating sperm from her womb, leaving a chain of spattered drops behind them.

"Faster! Faster!" muttered the blonde as she bedded Yrba on the wagon's box. She grabbed the nervous horse's reins and dragged the tall shire horse after her as she fled with the other servants through the gate. Only when she was half a mile away, on a small hill, did she dare to stop and look around.

The tall tower still stood. And then, almost in slow motion, the base walls bulged outwards. They shattered and rained down, and behind them, just for a moment, a pair of huge pale orbs were visible. Then the rest of the tower descended, still intact as one huge cylinder, upon the bloated spheres. They caught the structure with their resilient skin, and then they slowly bulged under the weight of the hundreds of tons of stones, flattened more and more and suddenly turned into a splash of thick white liquid that shot up inside the tower and spewed in viscid arcs from the narrow windows before the walls exploded outwards. White jets spewed out through the masonry's widening gaps in a short-lived fountain. What so far had remained of the tower disintegrated into a hail of bricks and roof tiles that buried the whole site, if it didn't descend over the edges of the cliff and into the sea below.

The sound, a weird combination of *gnoooouuurrb—bakoom—splurge* and the rumble of a landslide, hit Mirca's ears only seconds later. As the dust rose in a huge cloud, she turned aside and heaved and spat and retched until her stomach was empty.

She didn't feel much better afterwards.

On the plus side of that day, Yrba woke minutes later, gave her a tasty lozenge which made her stomach pangs go away and then hugged her for almost a quarter of an hour as if she'd never let her go again.

By nightfall, they had brought almost ten miles between themselves and the cliff where the tower had been. There wasn't much to do this evening. They set up camp and lit a fire, and now Yrba tended to a boiling kettle. After an uneasy silence, while both mulled over the events of the last few days, each in her own ways, Yrba cleared her throat and tried to sound as inconspicuously as she could when she asked:

"Mirca, did you ever meet your — your father?"

"Uh. No. But when I asked, my mother always told me he was around at the farm for a few years and he took good care of the cows. She always said how well he knew how to handle his big tool. So I guess he must've been a blacksmith for the chains and cowbells or something."

"Or — *something*," Yrba replied flatly.

"Why? Did you learn something about him from that mean old wizard?" yawned the blonde and stretched her arms.

"No. No, just wondering." She smiled at the hunk of a girl that now rolled into her blanket, getting ready to sleep by the campfire. *Why bother you with the — truth? What truth? All I've heard were the sick insinuations of a mad wizard. Doesn't change a thing if you don't know what I don't know either. I'll never really know what you are, or what he did to you, but you're no monster. You're just a girl. My girl. I gave you the potion. I made you what you didn't want to be. It's my duty to watch over you.*

"I was so *stupid!*" her girl suddenly wailed and pounded her fist on the ground. "He tricked me, and I made it so easy for him! Oh Yrba, why am I so dumb? They were right, all of them! I'm just a — a stupid cow!"

Yrba raised her head. "No! You're no cow! Don't you *ever* say that again!" Her voice grew softer as she leaned in and wiped the tears from Mirca's face. "You're not a beast. You're not dumb or stupid. You're naive. That just means you've not seen enough to know how *mean* and *deceiving* people can be. Look at me." She gently cupped Mirca's chin and turned the girl's head to her face. "Here, look at me. Girl, I've seen enough meanness and deceit for several lifetimes, and still he got me, too. Even got me first. *You* saved me from him. It's been what, only a year since we met? And in that year, you've learned things other people waste their whole lives searching for. Still there's much left to learn for you. Take your time. I'll be there for as long as it takes." Yrba patted the young woman's cheek.

"You're so sweet. Wanna snuggle?" mumbled Mirca and pouted. Yrba rolled over and spooned against the huge warm body, holding it in her arms as it gently rose and settled with every slow, deep breath.

I'll keep you safe. I'll never again let anyone harm you. I'll teach you all I know. My love.

"Mmmm...You sayin' something?" murmured the blonde, already half asleep.

"Shush. Sleep now." The witch brushed a few strands of the golden-white hair out of the angelic face, inched closer and breathed a kiss on Mirca's shoulder.

I'll be there for you, always.

Yrba's Travels, Book 3: The Queen

Part 10: Accidental Ascension

"You stretched for the stars

And you know how it feels

To reach too high

Too far

Too soon"

— The Waterboys, *The Whole Of The Moon*

This part has not been proofread

Prelude: On The Road Again

Picture a country road, little more than two lines of dirt, cutting across a lush, almost endless pasture and leading to the foot of a low mountain range in the vague mists of the horizon. Late summer clouds of white are scattered over a deep blue sky. A caravan, pulled by a single huge shire horse and trailing wisps of dust, travels along slowly while the warm afternoon air is abuzz with bees and the chirping of grasshoppers. Up ahead, the road gradually descends into a narrow valley full of trees.

Sitting on the coach box of the gently rocking vehicle are two very unlike figures.

The one holding the reins has "gypsy" written all over her. To the pale folks of the northern contries that she's traveling, she is a "Darkskin", a native of Altaerna's southern islands, and she's certainly a long way from her place of birth now. Her brown, chocolate-like complexion befits her exotic look that is underscored by her round face, stubby nose, big lips and slightly raised cheekbones. The few wrinkles around her dark brown eyes seem to not indicate her age but rather her penchant for a good laugh. Yet the almost invisible ones around her full lips tell of a life of seeing things that no man or

woman should be forced to see. All in all, her appearance places her somewhere in the mid-thirties.

Her hair is a thick bush of curls, and jet black with an oily sheen like raven's wings. It is tied back and barely tamed by a red bandana, hemmed with dozens of dangling, jingling, most-certainly-not-really-golden coins. Peeking out of the black wool are earrings made of braided, tainted silver, so huge that wearing them might be construed as smuggling chain mail. Her blouse is made of patches and stripes of black and dark red cloth. Her waist, tapering and curvy but not too narrow, is accentuated by a black corset held close by little silver hooks and rings. It struggles to hold up her ample bosom, and the upper parts of her impressive brown globes shake and quiver in the wagon's uneven rocking. Her flared bright red skirt over her wide hips bulges in the wind, as does the black shawl hemmed with tiny pompoms, resting around her shoulders. At five feet five, the voluptuous, sultry traveler is an impressive example of a woman in her prime. And yet she's dwarfed by the figure at her side.

The face of the witch's companion is hidden in the shadows of a large cowl, and her brown cloak hides her body. She has her arms crossed before her chest and her hands pouched into the wide sleeves, but two clearly visible protuberances tell of her female physique. She seems to be tall and sturdy, towering above her friend and teacher even as she sits on the box, but her slightly stooped posture still radiates meekness in a way that tends to make people forget about her seven foot frame.

A year ago, Yrba the witch and Mirca the lumberjack serf girl met under less than fortunate circumstances, on the night before their scheduled encounter with the gallows. The next morning saw both a cell block and a storehouse utterly destroyed by mysterious forces. So

far, they've run into an angry lord, a brothel of golden-hearted whores, a bored ancient forest goddess, a couple of mercenaries, an ill-tempered wizard and altogether too much trouble for their tastes ...

Chapter 49: Not Quite There Yet

Sunset drew near when the wagon, following the winding road, circled one of the many house-sized boulders at the mouth of the valley. The overgrown side road met a much larger, well-maintained one. The cart rattled around a small patch of trees, and suddenly the town they were heading for was in plain view. Miles ahead, the main road led up to a drawbridge spanning a small river that had engraved itself deeply into the bedrock.

The distant buildings clung like tiny white cubes to the side of the big hill's steep slope. Near the ridge, a huge castle glowed pink in the sunset's reddish light. The hill was just the last, lowest part of a mountain range rising and fading into the distance along the coastline.

The tall woman brushed back her cowl to reveal long, golden-white hair tied back into a ponytail. Her tanned face with bright blue eyes, curvy lips and statue-like features, almost unearthly in their evenness, showed an amused grin. She pointed at the distant building and giggled.

"Whoa, Yrba, look at *that*! Those two huge domes on top of that palace! What's that, the town and castle of *Titsburg*?"

"*Mirca!* If you've got to mock them, at least do it quietly!" Yrba cast an angry glance at the blonde. "You never know who's around and listening!"

She steered the gypsy wagon over to the side of the road and onto a grassy spot.

"We'll rest here for the night and head on to the town first thing in the morning. They'll close the gates before we can get there anyway. Take care of the horse while I light a fire."

"Mmmmh. Come here. Let me kiss the strain of the day away," cooed Mirca as she knelt behind Yrba's stooped figure and kneaded her mentor's tense shoulders with her strong, warm hands.

The witch sighed and smiled. She felt wetness growing between her legs. Just the *thought* of that offer was more than enough to arouse her, but it had been a long day, for both of them.

"Are you not tired after all that swordplay and kicking and punching?" she asked, peeking from under frowning eyebrows over her shoulder to her towering companion who had spent the better part of the evening shadowboxing with everything in range, from trees to rocks. And some of the trees now were piled up in neat chunks to keep the fire going through the night.

"Not tired enough for a little help between friends. You'll sleep like a baby once I'm through with you," Mirca laughed and stroked Yrba's cheek with the back of her hand. "And do I have quite the dessert ready for you," she added as her other hand burrowed through the folds of her clothes and kneaded her huge, milk-swollen breasts, Her nipples grew hard and stood to attention.

Yrba sighed, shook her head and raised a finger.

"No, girl. Don't you try to distract me. You'll not skip your *other* exercises again tonight. Come on, there's a nice clearing right over there. If you're still frisky enough to go down on me, you're also frisky enough to show me a little breastplay first, too. Besides, if you feed me like yesterday, then I'll get all boob-bloated again and we'll *again* need half the morning to squeeze my puppies down to size and into my dress."

"You're no fun," the blonde pouted.

"Bigger, bigger, bigger, firmer — aaaaand *stop!*"

The two now man-sized orbs came to a sloshing halt, right on cue.

"See? Hands-free! I've got a rock-solid grip on them," the blonde replied smugly and rested her hands on her hips, cocking her head and smiling broadly.

Yrba puckered her lips.

"Yes, well done," she grudgingly conceded. Her voice became soft as she continued, "All right then. I think you earned this." Yrba's fingertips ran down over the firm buttocks of her pupil. The blonde shivered in anticipation as the gypsy's middle finger danced over her clenched anus and moved on to her plump labia, playing with the golden curls of pubic hair.

Then the witch grabbed them and pulled down hard, ripping out a few strands.

"*Eeeaargh!*" Mirca yelled in pain. "What the —!"

The rumbling sound of several trees crushing down drowned out her voice. When Mirca's whine became audible again after a few seconds, it was much less confident and came from a dozen feet up in the air.

"Ow! That was *so* mean! I can't do it right if you distract me like that! Let me down! I'm getting dizzy!"

Yrba looked around. The little clearing was *cleared* now, and not so little any more. Mirca hung helplessly at the side of her pair of barn-sized breasts that had flattened the area and still sloshed gently back and forth, making her bob and swing about wildly. Her fingers grabbed at the wall of her own white, soft skin in front of her. The witch shook her head.

"You've got to have a grip on your gift *at any time*, Mirca. Look at you! These are heavy and *dangerous*, you know."

"You said they'll go away some day!"

"Yes, *some day*! I don't know when. You've swallowed so much potion, it's impossible to say how long it'll last. We can only keep on training. Oh, come on, don't start to cry!"

She made a conjuring gesture. The milk ducts in the mammoth nipples opened wide. Inch by inch, while the bountiful load rushed out into the forest, Mirca was lowered down to the ground. She fell to her knees while her breasts slowly crept back into the three-empty-sacks size. Hiding her face in her hands, she stooped and sobbed. The witch knelt down beside her and gently put her arms around the trembling shoulders.

"There, there, sweetie. Come on, rein them in. That part you've got down perfectly."

Mirca sniffled, but obediently pouted her lips and sucked at the air. Her breasts grew smaller and tauter until they once again became the flawless, firm, oblong half-pumpkins proudly rising from her chest, crowned with palm-size areolae and coin-sized nipples.

"Good! Good! See what you've already learned?"

The blonde beamed with joy and wiped her tears away.

"So I'm not an oaf?"

Yrba cupped Mirca's cheeks and rubbed a few stray tears off with her thumbs.

"Darling, I never called you that, and I never will. You've learned a lot, but only practice makes perfect. Oh, what now? Does your downy mound still hurt? Here, let Yrba kiss it better."

Mirca let herself fall back onto the grass and opened her thighs. She lost sight of her crotch as the black, curly mane of her friend dragged down over her chest, and as the full, soft lips of her dark-skinned mentor left Mirca's aroused nipples, wandered over her toned midriff and nuzzled into her dripping folds, she also lost track of time.

Chapter 50: Blonde At The Gates

The light of the next morning saw a few other wagons and carts heading for the town, along with Yrba's caravan. The only road into and out of the settlement led over a tall drawbridge and through a gate. As luck would have it, the cart before them was the last one allowed to cross. The queue came to a halt, and the drawbridge went up. Yrba curled her lips and pushed the herb stalk she was chewing on to the other corner of her mouth.

"Great! What the —"

"Oooh! Yrba! Look! A ship! Do you think the coast is near?" Mirca pointed at the barque that was pulled up the river by a pair of oxen. The waters flowed far below the road, forming a canyon near the bridge that left only the top of the rigging visible as the ship slowly passed beneath.

"The coast?" Yrba nodded towards the next hill. "Right across the town and that ridge. The old deserted town of Ebron lies on the other side of that mountain. Was once a costal town, a harbor outpost of the Old Empire. Nothing much left of it but the ruins of an amphitheater, cut into the black volcanic stone."

"My, you're *sooo* smart! You know so many things! Can we go and look at the ruins? *Pleeease?*"

Yrba sighed. Mirca was a seven foot bombshell nearing mid-twenty, had been trained in the far-eastern arts of fighting, could choke wolves single-handedly, kick like a mule and hit like a hammer (not to mention her *other* explosive gift), but somewhere inside that curvy Amazonian body there was still a ditz ready to cuddle anything fluffy and rely on puppy eyes to get what she wanted. The witch raised her eyebrows and surrendered to Mirca's pleading blue eyes.

"Oh, we might as well take a look to see if the stories are true. I've not seen the ruins either, just heard the tales."

She spat the chewed-up stalk out and glanced around her wagon's corner. The queue of carts grew longer behind them. Waiting for the ship to pass so they could lower the big drawbridge again, the guards kept themselves busy walking up and down the row of vehicles and collecting the bridge toll.

At least *that* wouldn't be a problem. The last summer had been lucrative. The pouch on Yrba's belt was taut and a heavy bag of gold was well hidden in the wagon, filled with the profit of a whole chest full of tiny vials of a certain enhancement potion *pour les Mesdames*.

Yrba nudged Mirca so the blonde would keep her mouth shut. One of the guards walked right past them until he was almost at the horse's head. Still looking ahead, he lifted his hand to his face. Sunlight reflected off of a polished surface. But there was another sparkle to the small, irregularly shaped object. Magic. Versed in its use, the gypsy knew what she had to look out for. Her eyes narrowed.

"The fuck?! That little prick's got a loaded mirror!" Yrba hissed to her protégé.

The guard stared into the tiny shard of glass. His jaw dropped, then he spun to them and bowed, extending his arms in adoration.

"Highness! You've returned! What a joyous day! Our prayers have been answered! I'll immediately tell the high priest! Just don't leave and stay right here! We're deeply honored!"

And he was gone, scrambling up a ladder to a rope bridge across the canyon. The wobbly construction led right up to the crenellation. He left the puzzled couple behind, in front of the still impassable drawbridge.

Mirca scratched her head.

"All right, what was *that* all about? Have I grown any duh-wine marks recently? Or did he look at you?"

"*Divine's* the word. Not a clue. 'Don't leave?' Hah!" Yrba leaned around the corner of her caravan again and looked at the lengthening queue of other travelers that blocked the road behind them. "How could we *leave*? We can barely *rock* the cart! And I wonder what he saw through that —"

"Hey! What's the matter up there in front? You're holding up the damn queue! If you can't pay, then move your cart outta the way and don't haggle, *gypsy!*" bellowed an unfriendly voice from behind. Yrba rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, *someone* is in a hurry all right. Every goddamn time! Mirca, *no*, let it be. He'll shut up soon enough." She put her hand on her friend's thigh.

The blonde curled her upper lip.

"Oh come on! I'll teach him a lesson he won't forget in a hurry."

"*No!* We may be in enough trouble already, so just forget about him."

Meanwhile, the plap-plap-plap of pieces of mud hitting the rear end of the cart had started.

"That does it!" Mirca tugged at the neckband of her cowl. "I didn't wash the cart for him to throw dirt on it! He's *so* going down!"

"Mirca, *no!*" hissed Yrba from the corner of her mouth, casting nervous glances around.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to use my tits. I'll be 'dy-scary-it'."

"*Discreet.* No! Young lady, sit still now! We'll be through the gate in five minutes, give or take, it's just not worth —"

Mirca didn't listen. Shrugging off the cowl, she reached up over her head, grabbed the edge of the caravan's protruding roof and swung her legs up. For a few seconds, she hung with her legs pointing up at the sky, then she tensed her arms and pushed herself up to a handstand.

Moments later, she stood akimbo on the top of the cart, like a blond jack-in-the-box. Her chain mail top, its hem cutting into her ample, currently melon-sized breasts, sparkled and jingled as her chest heaved in anger. Tied around her tapering waist was a white pareu, billowing in the morning wind. Every now and then, a gust made it perfectly clear she was an all-natural blonde.

She had visibly put on a pound or three after she no longer had to chop up and carry logs for the stoves of a whole castle. Lucky for her, the padding had gone into all the right places only and made her towering, muscular figure all the more feminine and rounded. The

morning had been warm to start with, and after spending most of the time wrapped in the thick brown cloth, a thin film of perspiration covered her head to toe and made her body glisten in the sunlight.

After a moment of surprised silence, the wolf whistling started all around. Mirca raised her eyebrows, grinned, bowed and began posing for her audience. She flexed her back and bent down, granting them a prime view into the deep cleavage of her heavy, constrained breasts before she jiggled her shoulders and made her bosoms swing and bob, which earned her a few cries of "*woohoo!*" and "*momma!*". The blonde knelt down until one of her toned thighs squeezed into her cleavage. The bustier's metal rings creaked under the strain, and her hands felt for something on the roof. A lever clicked.

Mirca slowly straightened up again, and all around the crowd's noise slowly died down. They all heard the faint, scraping sound as she drew the razor-sharp blades of the huge broadswords out of the hidden sheaths on the cart's top. The blinding reflection of the sun on the polished metal wandered over the mute faces in the crowd as she slowly turned her single-handed grip on each of the handles. People blinked and lifted their hands to shield their eyes. Those on the fringes of the crowd already retreated, slowly, to not attract her attention. Mirca's upper lip curled and revealed her clenched shiny teeth. The ditzy dancer had suddenly become a vengeful fury out for blood.

"You," she snarled slowly and pointed the tip of the heavy sword in her right hand effortlessly at the man on the cart next in line. "Now you —"

"Your highness! I offer our sincerest apologies! So it is true! On your *knees*, people! The new embodiment of Mamaria the goddess has arrived!"

She spun around on the spot and stared down at the man that knelt at the guard station. He wore an expensive robe made of fur, and several heavy chains of gold. Both seemed far too big for his slender frame. His narrow face was red, and he panted. He must've been running all the way down from the palace. In a gesture of surrender and pleading, he spread his arms to his sides.

"We beg you to forgive our inexcusable rudeness. Do not soil your weapons with his unworthy blood. Just say the word, and the guards will run this ... this insolent pig through on the spot for you!"

Mirca slowly lowered the blades. Looking over her shoulder at the loudmouth on the coach box who suddenly had turned into the pale, trembling wreck of a man, she cocked an eyebrow and sneered:

"Don't bother. He's done enough soiling by himself already."

She turned back to the kneeling man. Resting her weight on one leg and tilting her hip comfortably as she relaxed, she let the swords swirl in her hands before she rammed the points into the roof.

Dammit girl, not another leak, Yrba winced inwardly at the dull thudding, while her protégé crossed her arms on top of the handles and leaned forward. With her breasts jutting out through the frame of her bicepses, she slowly started to smile, like a playful tigress staring down on a mouse.

"And, pray tell, who are you, *handsome*?" she purred.

"Carwon, High Priest of the temple of Mamaria, Vizier of the town and shire of Ebron, my goddess."

"A bit young for such a long title, aren't you?" Mirca gesticulated towards the drawbridge. "Right, Carwon. Want to make

me happy? What makes me unhappy right now is that missing bridge thing over there—"

"At once, Goddess!" He signaled with an impatient wave of his hand to the guards on top of the gate. The heavy chains began to rumble and rattle.

Mirca stashed away the swords, somersaulted from the roof and landed, legs astride, right before him. He looked up, recognized *what* he was staring *into*, gasped and immediately dropped down again. Mirca laughed, straightened her displaced loincloth and slunk to the coach box. Looking at Yrba from the corner of her eye, and talking from the corner of her mouth, she whispered under the din of the gate's mechanism:

"How did you like that? Wasn't I all *ragout*? Now we don't even have to pay! But what was that 'goddess' stuff all about? Me?"

Yrba answered in the same fashion.

"*Regal*. Not a clue about that goddess thing. *Quiet now!* They're coming closer!"

Chapter 51: The Palace

Yrba kept her head down and stared straight ahead from under her brows while she guided the wagon around another narrow turn of the meandering, climbing main road.

"What have you gotten us into this time?" she hissed at Mirca. "*Oh will you stop waving to them!* And what makes it so hard for you to understand '*Mirca, no!*'? I almost liked you better when you were a bit more docile."

"Well, it seems *these* people like me the way I am now!"

Around them, the townsfolk cheered and danced. Every wave of Mirca's hand was answered with a chorus of "Praise the goddess!" and each time she ran her fingers through her golden mane and shook her long hair over her shoulders, arching her back as she turned to smile left and right to the crowds, the applause and cheers made Yrba's ears ring.

"Of course, because they don't know you *yet*," the gypsy mumbled.

"Hey, we're getting closer to the twin boobs palace."

"You ain't sayin'," hissed Yrba.

The cheering masses stopped at the archway of the palace walls. News must've spread fast through the town, because the grim guards let them in without a question.

Mirca and Yrba left their wagon at the gates to the stables. Now Carwon, who returned just as the witch kept a close eye on how her horse was treated, ushered them on. They walked across a forecourt with a huge fountain — *if I ever see a statue of a reclining woman with balloon tits spewing milk again, I'll go decorating with a sledgehammer*, Yrba groaned quietly — towards the wide stairway that led up to the colonnaded front of the temple with the strange double-dome roof.

Two women in white togas pushed open the huge gates leading into the throne room. The witch and the blonde walked in and hesitated, staring at the marble floor and walls and the ornaments and, on top of that, the sheer *size* of it. Yet the room seemed empty, as if its sole purpose was to provide a lot of space with a roof on top. Near the rear end of the hall, two steps led up to a blanket-covered throne with a divan by its side. Carwon quickly led them on to a huge hallway that opened from the far side.

Between the columns of the hallway, murals depicted the incarnations of the goddess through the ages. Though their hair and faces and clothes changed, there was one thing that remained the same: They all had been extremely well-endowed. Yrba shook her head.

"None of them would've been able to get by on her own. A few, they couldn't even have been able to *get up* on their own."

"Of course not," answered Carwon. "If the power of the goddess is particularly strong in one of her embodiments, she's almost immobile. That's what the maids are here for. See now—"

They turned a corner at the end of the wing. Mirca gasped, and even Yrba at least gulped. Carwon extended his hands in a broad, sweeping motion. Down the next hallway, a cordon of girls and women stood to attention along the walls. They all bowed to them as the group walked by.

"I'm seeing all kinds of nubile women, all shapes and sizes. How do you—," Yrba began.

He answered as if he was quoting from a scroll of law, which he probably was.

"The maids of the guard of honor come from all over the shire. After their twentieth birthday, they serve a mandatory three years here before they're allowed to return home and marry, and their families are exempt from taxes for that time." He hesitated for a second, until he continued, a little less fluent, "If they want to stay longer, that's also possible. It's pretty popular, we don't have any trouble filling the ranks."

"Any other priests or servants? Males?"

"No, no more. We ended up with girls getting," and he blushed and lowered his voice, "ahem, pregnant all the time, I'm afraid. Somehow, the presence of so much breasts — oh, *you* should know, I guess. So, some hundred years ago, and older and wiser priest than I decided to go all-girl on this temple. Except for one man to keep an eye on everything. So today I am," he shrugged, "high priest and the shire's vizier all in one."

Yrba nudged him and nodded to the long row of maids.

"Getting a boatload of action then, eh? I've got an ointment that helps against the chafing."

He stared at her as if she'd asked him to copulate with fowl. She shrugged and smiled. "Just sayin', that's all."

He hissed, "I'll hold your peasant ways and naivety in your favor. I don't know what kind of depraved priests you've encountered in your travels, but here in Ebron, we *don't* joke about those things. *Of course* I don't fornicate with the servants of the goddess! Unthinkable!"

Yrba patted his shoulder. "You know, maybe you should," she said, and as he furrowed his brows even more, she added, "Oh, sorry, then. You're a rare exception, is all I can say. Poor boy. So what *are* the duties of your goddess?"

Carwon breathed deeply before he replied, "Well, she's the goddess. She lounges about, is pampered head to toe, and once every full moon, she's expected to give milk in a ceremony for the people."

"Uh-huh."

"Then the most influential members of the town's council gather to taste a drop or two, for it is said that her milk enlightens the mind."

Yrba frowned. "From her breasts?"

"No, no! Oh *heavens*, no! Who would dare to touch her? No, we've got a goblet for that. It's all become sort of symbolic, anyway. We've not been in a position to properly perform the ceremony for years." He glanced at Mirca. "Maybe, come next moon ..."

"And when do the knives and the blood come in?"

"Sorry, *what?*" He seemed honestly shocked.

Yrba shrugged. "It's a religion. There's bound to be blades and blood somewhere down the road."

Carwon stared at her and shook his head. "What kind of barbarian world do *you* come from, Darkskin woman?"

She snorted. "You don't want to know."

He eyed her, but she couldn't make heads nor tails of his expression. They finally ended up in front of a portal framed with marble pillars, several yards high.

"This is the royal bath."

Carwon waved his hand, and half a dozen of women rushed ahead and pushed open the two huge, heavy leaves. Mirca nudged her friend and leaned over, whispering:

"Bath, eh? Do you think they'll have something like Red's — *oh my goodness!*" She bounced in place, giggling into her fists.

The huge hall was an orgy of architecture, composed of marble floors, gold ornaments and fountains gushing into basins of all sizes and shapes, lowered into the floor. Mirca rushed in and put her toes into one of them.

"*Ooooh!* Come here! You've got to try this! Yrba, it's warm!"

The witch cast a glance at Carwon instead.

"All right, now I'm impressed. How many servants do you need to bring the water up here?"

"This one, too!" came Mirca's giggle from farther in the room.

"We don't need any servants at all. We just tapped into the aqueducts of the old empire's ruins. The water comes down from the mountains, from the old crater cistern, and runs along a small tunnel a few hundred yards higher up near the —"

"Wheeee! Cold! Cold! Cold! Brrr! Oooh—!"

"—top of the ridge. Oh sure, we maybe could do better than just poking holes into it, but ... these days, we're just happy it still works. The ancients, *they* sure knew how to build. We've lost so much knowledge since then. I shudder if I just think about needing to fix it some day."

He eyed Yrba and cocked his head.

"You know, maybe I shouldn't have told you that."

The rest of the tour went quite well, and slowly Carwon relaxed and began to sound more like a human being and less like an angry scholar quoting laws from dusty scrolls. Mirca had the best of times, peeking into every corner of the palace — *her* palace — while the maids doing their chores either scattered or bowed before her. The building was huge. Yrba's feet were starting to ache. She now regretted not dipping them into one of the basins when she had the chance.

"And here you see the kitchens for the goddess' victuals! They will prepare your welcome dinner right away!"

The nervous cooks bowed to them and generally tried to be on the opposite side of the room as the blonde immediately started to rummage around the long shelves.

"Salt, pepper, marjoram, oregano, the usual," she said, sniffing the containers. Then she suddenly pointed at a small sign on a separate rack. "Yrba, you're better with this letters and reading stuff! What does this one say?"

"*Special* condiments," the witch read out loud and raised her eyebrows. "*Mirca!*" she added with a tight-lipped urgency. "Young lady, will you stop behaving like a curious kitten in a wool basket *this instant*, and let the cooks do their work?"

It was about as helpful as talking to a wall. It only served to make all the Ebronians gasp at the unseemly addressing of their goddess, for goddesses didn't have to be bright or vocal or respectful, but those talking to them were expected to be. Quite a few angry eyes were on the witch, but *that* she had gotten used to since a long time ago.

"Ooh, Yrba, look! A whole glass of dried twin-leafed milkmaid's friend! You know, the stuff that makes cows gush milk like crazy! This must be worth thrice its weight in gold! It's so rare around here! Isn't that what you like to chew on when you're bored?"

Yrba rolled her eyes and groaned quietly. Carwon bit his lips and stifled a chuckle. Somehow he managed to keep a straight face. Now it was his time to nudge and nod to her.

"So I take it you're versed in nature's little helpers too, then."

"A little," grumbled the witch. "Some of them are good money." *And they keep most of the sag away*, she added in the back of her head as she straightened her clothes.

The last hallway led them back to the throne room. Carwon ushered them on towards a door to the side of the main gates.

"Well, now you've seen all of your palace. It is high time to reveal yourself to the people. I take it the news has spread and the townsfolk has assembled?" he asked the entourage. One of the maids, a tall brunette in her mid-twenties, nodded.

"Goddess, if you'd please follow me now ..."

Over the course of the day, Mirca had lots of chances to practice her regal nodding and hand-waving. Not only did she tower over the assembled crowd of maids because of her sheer size, but the newfound air of arrogance and pride she boasted really seemed to add a sparkle of a goddess to her appearance. Yrba leaned in to her.

"Just don't do anything stupid now, all right?" was all she could hiss to Mirca before they were separated in the hubbub.

Yrba fought to at least stay near the blonde as they and the guards of honor streamed out onto the balcony. Mirca and Yrba were rendered speechless by the crowd of people who stood in silence, staring at them from below.

Wind came in from the valley and pushed Mirca's clothes against her chest, modeling her evening-heavy, *loaded* breasts and perky nipples, trapped in her chain mail bustier, through the thin layer of silk. Her golden, open hair billowed in the wind. *Dammit, you're looking great, girl*, Yrba couldn't help admitting once more. Carwon raised his arms.

"People of Ebron, I give you — the new Goddess!" he hollered. The applause was deafening. Yrba cringed and fought the desire to plug her ears. Distracted, she never saw the knife coming.

Carwon's hand moved with great precision. The forked blade dove swiftly into the back of Mirca's billowing clothes, just above her buttocks, and ran up along her spine, splitting her cloth and breaking the ties that held her breasts in check without ever touching her skin. The blonde gasped, stooped and grabbed at the crenellation as her clothes suddenly snapped away from her body. Visible to all and in the broad daylight, her nipples and areolae started to throb and stretch. In quick pulses, her breasts filled up, lurched forward and sagged. The chain mail top and the cloth beneath tumbled through the air down to the raging crowd.

She clenched her teeth and bent her fingers into claws. Yrba was tensing up as well and getting ready to rein in the inflating spheres when Mirca glanced at her from the corner of her eyes and barely shook her head.

I can handle that alone, assured the tall young woman's sapphire gaze.

The witch slowly stepped back and relaxed her fists.

I really hope so, girl, replied Yrba's brown eyes and raised eyebrows.

She bit her lower lip when she saw how Mirca had a hard time making good on her promise. Pushing against the growing pull of the dangling, wobbling milk bells, Mirca's fingernails scraped over the warm marble of the balcony and slowly neared the edge.

The training! I should've trained much more! Oh heavens, come on, jugs! Heel! Halt! Stand down! Don't do that to me! You grow any bigger, you drag me over the balcony!

Mirca panted heavily, interspersed with holding her breath. Her breasts quivered and trembled, caught between the flesh's overwhelming urge to burst forward the whole twenty yards, and the blonde's zeal to master it. The skin throbbed and rushed forward again and again, only to get sucked back in, slowly and troublesomely.

She finally managed to rein her breasts in for good and keep them at watermelon size, though it was a close call. Feeling the pressure subside, she straightened and gave the witch a short nod.

Yrba exhaled and cast furious glances at Carwon, who stared in awe at Mirca's heaving bosoms. The crowd below was beyond ecstasy. Their screams and chants of "All hail Mamaria!" were a solid wall of sound. Just when it seemed the noise couldn't grow louder, Mirca triumphantly raised her arms over her head and shook her shoulders, making the heavy breasts swing. Now the whole ground seemed to shake under the deafening applause and trampling feet.

The maids and Carwon retreated back into the palace and let Mirca bask in the admiration. The witch was dragged along by the group, and she slowly pushed and shoved her way through the crowd towards Carwon.

Yrba was pinioned with her back against the wall. Five of the maids had her squirming in their strong grip.

"Let me go, you crazy bitches!" she hissed.

Instead of an answer, they grabbed her harder. She groaned through clenched teeth, as did Carwon who was struggling to his feet. He wiped blood from his busted lip.

"I don't understand — what was *that* about? Why did you hit me?" he asked her in wide-eyed disbelief.

"You assault my friend with a dagger, and *you* have the *nerve* to ask *me*?!" Yrba screamed. "Pray those girls hold me forever, because the moment I get my hands on you, you'll wish you were *dead*!"

Mirca stepped back inside from the balcony, still proudly bare-breasted and dwarfing any girl around with both height and sheer boob flesh. She wiped a few white drops from her nipples and giggled, "Wow, have you seen how they got mad when the milk sprayed—?"

She blinked. "*Hey!*"

A split-second passed, and then the strapping young woman came down like a fury on the maids restraining Yrba. Her fists and elbows distributed big helpings of pain, and one of the girls even caught a heavy breast to her head as the milky mountain swung about. The poor lass almost somersaulted from the forceful blow while a brief shower of white liquid spurted about. Seconds later, the floor was covered in moaning, sobbing women, holding bruised arms and heads. The blonde knelt protectively in front of her beloved witch, snarling like a one-headed cerberus at the retreating maids. Her big hands, raised and clenched into fists, trembled with anger.

"*Carwon!*" Mirca's thundering voice echoed through the hall.

He threw himself to the floor, as did all the others in the room who were still standing.

"Forgive us!" he wailed. "It was a misunderstanding!"

She relaxed a bit and turned her head halfway to Yrba, snarling "He tellin' the truth?"

Yrba calmed down and rubbed her aching arms.

"Maybe," she hissed. "Ask him what this knife stunt was all about."

"Caaaarwoooooon —" Mirca straightened, stood akimbo and drew the vocals long and deep, curling her lips. He squirmed on the floor and seemed to try to dig himself through the marble.

"It is part of the ceremony! The goddess is expected to burst out of her clothes, and I wanted to make sure —"

"*Idiot!*" barked Mirca.

"Mistress, I meant no —," he cringed.

"I can burst out of *any* clothes you want me to! You just would've had to fuckin' *ask* me! And don't you ever again *dare* to lay hands on Yrba! She's my friend! She's smarter than all of you! I trust *her*, and nobody else! And so help me, I've had it with the crazy lot of you! Go find yourself another goddess! We're leaving *now!*"

Yrba exhaled deeply with relief. Mirca grabbed her arm and pulled her along as she stamped through the maids towards the stables. In front of her, the girls backed away, bowing and wailing in a chorus of "Forgive us!" and "Don't abandon us!"

"Where's our wagon?! We've left it right here!" Yrba cast frantic glances around the stables. One of the maids had been busy cleaning the floors and now retreated in fear back to the far wall. Yrba's forefinger shot out straight at her.

"You! Girl! What happened to the wagon?"

The woman threw herself down into the straw and glanced at Mirca, who nodded.

"Go ahead, answer her. Her question is as good as mine."

"We've taken it to the blacksmith! The wheels were all loose and about to break apart, so we thought —"

"Great! Just great!" screamed the witch, raising her fists over her head. The maid winced and fell silent, shivering in fear.

Carwon turned the corner into the stables and threw himself on the dirty floor again.

"Goddess, have mercy upon us! We didn't know better! In the lone year since you left us, we must have strayed from your will! We are ready to obey and learn! Teach us anew, don't punish us!"

Mirca looked at her friend. Yrba exhaled and shrugged.

"Looks like we're not going anywhere soon. *Again*. Your call."

Chapter 52: Starting Over

"Oh bugger me!" hissed the witch as they walked back to the throne room. "I thought you'd just point to one of the girls and say '*Here be my successor!*' or something like that — not '*Okay, let's try this one more time.*'!"

"Yrba! What's the harm? They're fixing our wagon for free, they bow to us — doesn't that feel great? Not being pushed to the edge of the town, not sleeping in the woods — they might even have warm food every evening! And the *bath*! Didn't you see it? Oh, I want to try it!"

She lowered her voice and leaned to Yrba as she whispered from the corner of her mouth.

"Besides, what's a *suck-ass-sore*, and why should I show it to them? I'm quite sure I *don't* have one of those, because I always make sure —"

"*Successor*, Mirca. Next in line. Young lady, we'll spend the next year on your vocabul— on new words, all right?"

The witch cast nervous glances around.

"If we make it out of here, that is. I still say they've got us trapped. It's just too much luck. Those things always come at a price. Keep your eyes open. Remember what happened at the wizard's tower!"

The dinner passed in awkward silence. Mirca and Yrba sat side by side on the divan while a huge table filled with lots of common and uncommon foods was rolled from the kitchen and placed in front of them. Carwon stood by their side and every now and then explained the dishes they didn't know. They ate, but not much. Yrba's share was *not much* in the true sense of the meaning, and Mirca's — well, by her standards, it was *not much* either, but it kept the maidservants on their feet.

After sunset, a couple of the maids lit candles and torches around the walls of the hall. The young vizier tried his best to lighten the mood, but the witch cut him short more often than not whenever she felt his curious questions were a little *too* personal, and the uneasy pauses in their talk grew longer as the evening went into the night. Finally, Yrba gave in to her body's demands.

"Well, kudos to the kitchen and all, but I'm off to bed," she yawned and stood up. "Mirca, you coming?"

"The goddess sleeps here," Carwon answered instantly.

Yrba stared at him and replied sternly, "No, she doesn't. Mirca!"

"Oh come on, Yrba! It's not so bad here. I'll sleep on the divan. It's comfy."

"All right, all right," Yrba sighed, returning her gaze to Carwon. "But I sleep with one eye open, and my hearing is fine. And I have

other means to keep my eyes on you. So you better not try anything, with neither her nor me, or so help me —"

She left the rest of the sentence hanging in the air, turned and walked out the hall. One of the maids guided her to a chamber. It was pretty large, and pretty nice, as was the bed. After the weeks in her narrow berth, Yrba grinned widely as she splayed herself out on the flower-scented sheets and soon fell asleep.

After the witch had left, Carwon leaned in to Mirca. "Your servant seems a tad overbearing to me, goddess," he whispered in her ear.

"Yrba? Yes, she's always *do this* and *do that* and *don't do this* and *don't do that*. But she's really clever. I'd listen to her if I were you. Because I listen to her, and I am me. So *if* I were you, then, uh ... then I'd listen. Which I do."

Carwon recoiled in shock. "Goddess! I supposed you keep her around because she amuses you! You really bow to the will of a mere mortal?"

Mirca reached for another dish and frowned at the vizier. "She's not a *meermo tale*. Doesn't sound nice. Whatever that is. Don't ever call her that again. She's *Yrba*. Ooh, what are *those*? They look *naughty*." She giggled. "My, I'd never have thought I'd laugh about *naughty*."

"These are called asparagus. I believe the cooks have wrapped them in bacon and added a dip of butter sauce."

"Mmmh. Delifiouf!" Mirca mumbled with her mouth full. "But I've got to stop now." She gulped the food down and patted her belly.

"Really, that's delicious. But I'm not used to eating this much. How do you manage without turning into blobs of fat?"

Carwon still stared at her mouth. He shuddered under his cowl. The way the girl's tongue had snuck out, and out, and out, and then wrapped around the whole bunch, and how her mouth had gobbled up the juicy helping, with the butter sauce dripping down her chin before her tongue snaked out to clean it up, and her delighted smile as she sucked the long stems through her pursed lips — it could give even the most chaste man *ideas*...

He gulped.

"We — we don't get so much to eat. This is the goddess' share, you know? You're expected to eat all of it. You know, the rules —"

"Yeah, rules this, rules that. Really, it's the same wherever I go."

The maids gasped. "But the rules—," uttered one of them, a handsome blonde. Mirca beckoned her with her forefinger and, as the maid leaned in, grabbed the girl's neckline and pulled her close to her face. The poor lass shivered with fear.

"Me Goddess. Me. Make. Rules. Now. *Okay?*" hissed Mirca.

"Y—yes, goddess."

Mirca let go. "Good. Very good. Here, have an apple." She sighed and looked around. "Okay, so y'all want me to clean the plates. Oh my. I'll need a little help then. Now listen, you, yes you by the door, raven hair, you go down to the blacksmith. Go to my wagon. There's a box in it, painted red, with a picture of a skull and bones on it. Bring it to me, and hurry."

Minutes later, Mirca rummaged the vials and muttered under her breath.

"Dammit, it can't all be gone! I know it's Yrba's best-selling trick, right next to the tit-grow juice, but I'm sure I saw a few vials when last —"

Her face brightened. "Ah, there it is. *Relocare* something something. All right," she snapped her fingers, "you, the brunette, bring me a bowl of wine. You, raven, put back the box where you took it from. And *not a word* to Yrba. She doesn't like it when I pilfer her potions."

"Oh goddess, what is that?"

Mirca put a few drops from the vial into the wine and downed the mixture. She shivered.

"Brrr. Ugh. Ick! This? Just makes sure I don't put on weight where it don't belong. All right now, on to the next round."

She hesitated, looked at the overflowing table in front of her and then at the vial again. Shrugging her shoulders, the blonde emptied the rest of the liquid straight into her mouth.

"Yech! Yuck!" she uttered and her face contorted in disgust. "All right, now I guess I really need to eat all that to get rid of that taste. Okay, girls, you asked for it! Let's start with that dish over there, and try to keep up —"

The next morning, while Mirca was still sound asleep on her lone divan in the throne room, Yrba ran into Carwon right outside her room's door. He was already waiting for her, and he didn't beat around the bush.

"I think you should leave right away," he declared with his arms folded over his chest. "Go away! You're a bad influence on the

goddess. You're holding her down. I don't know where you've picked her up, or what vile kind of magic you've wielded on her to make her your toy, you crone, but I'm not going to just watch while you enslave this gorgeous creature to be nothing more than your stupid little servant!"

Yrba stared at him. Her face twitched with anger. Then she burst out:

"*You* accuse *me* of exploiting her? *You*?! Oh boy, now you're in for a pummeling you'll not forget in a hurry!"

He looked around at the half-circle of maids that had gathered around them. They were not as tall as the witch, but they were of the stocky kind that could wrangle and lift a pig, if necessary. Yrba was hopelessly outnumbered.

"I think not," he replied. "And before you start with claiming *powers* — now, I think, if you really were able to use magic on us, you'd already have done so. You're just one of those lowly potion-brewers. And," he leaned in to her, "you feel pain and you bleed like us, don't you? You brought her here, so I'm willing to cut you some slack. Take your wagon and your belongings, and leave to never ever come back! I'll even give you a bag of gold for your troubles. I'm not completely heartless, you see? But you're *trouble*, and I won't have that in my realm!"

Yrba breathed heavily but finally lost her challenging stance. Her shoulders sagged. She threw him an icy glance.

"All right, I'll go. But listen up, the lot of you! I'll be back at the gates in seven days. And I tell you this: you'll be *glad* when I come back and you'll bow to me and invite me in. Just you go and tell your

goddess that you've driven me out of the town. See what's going to happen *next* and let that be a lesson to you!"

"Enough! Don't think we'll be swayed by your threats and lies! One more word, and we'll have your tongue!"

She opened her mouth, only to close it again as the women inched closer. She snorted and spun around, stomping into her room.

She didn't have much to pack. Five of the maids kept around and escorted her in silence down to the stables where her wagon stood ready. And the bag of gold turned out to be a handful of coins that she had to pick from the soiled hay after they threw it to her in disgust. Yrba took them anyway. No point in rejecting it in a vapid gesture that nobody cared for.

Chapter 53: Under The Cloth

"Mmmh, what a great dinner that was! Yrba! — Yrba?"

Mirca opened her eyes and looked around. Two maids pushed a new table out of the kitchen, again stacked with all kinds of food. She groaned. "Breakfast? All that?! Hey, listen, girls. That's not going to work, okay? Would one of you run over to the guest quarters and wake the witch? There are a few new rules we need to set down, and she's just so much better than me with the words and thinking stuff."

The maids exchanged fearful glances. Mirca's eyes narrowed.

"What? I'm the goddess, m'kay? So come on, bring Yrba. It's not that hard, right? You go down the hallway, turn left, knock on the door. She won't bewitch you. And don't worry, she curses every morning. Does no harm. Look at me!"

The girls avoided her stare. Mirca furrowed her brow and stood up. They immediately fell to their knees and then threw themselves on the floor as she pointed at them.

"Okay, something's fishy here. I *command* you to tell me what's going on."

"Oh goddess, while you were sleeping ..."

Seconds later, Mirca's voice boomed through the temple:

"CaaaaarrrrRRRRWOOOOOON—!"

As he hurried through the door, he was greeted with a flying bowl of wine that soaked his clothes. The next quarter of an hour he had an unexpected chance to learn all about the curses of the common folk, while red wine dripped from his cloth. His ears still ringing, she finally sent him away to clean himself up. Mirca's eyes followed him as he sneaked like a beaten dog to a small door frame near the rear end of the hall. The blonde, still angry, wiggled her rear on the throne. Her fingers drummed on the armrest.

"Stupid priest! A whole week! Damn! You, girl. Where did he go, what's behind that door?"

Mirca pointed at the rather small, nondescript wooden door that wasn't fully closed. A little candlelight shone out.

"Goddess, that is —"

"Shhhh. No need to talk so loud."

The girl leaned closer and whispered: "It's the priest's dressing room, where he keeps his private clothes and all the ceremonial dresses."

"Ah. Well, let's embarrass our overzealous priest a bit more, shall we?" she whispered back. The girl lifted her hands to her mouth, giggled and nodded. Mirca raised her eyebrows.

She stood up and gestured to the maids, indicating they were to stay quiet while she tiptoed to the door. Quite a few of them now

giggled as well as Mirca's intention made the rounds by whispered word of mouth.

Mirca peeked into the room. Carwon was just about to slip into a rather plain frock and stood naked, blinded by the brown cloth wrapped around his head and arms. He struggled with the recalcitrant article of clothing, unaware of her presence.

She noticed he was in prime shape, and — she stared at his groin for a long time — *impressive*.

Oh, how I could use that tool. If only that dolt weren't attached to the other end.

Finally she straightened up, leaned against the doorway and slowly pushed open the door. It made the drawn-out creaking sound she'd hoped for.

"Who dares enter —"

Carwon pulled at the wrap around his head until he finally saw her standing there, pouting her lips, with one raised eyebrow and smirking down on him.

"Goddess!" he exclaimed and tried to curl up, mortified, all the while struggling with his cloth. "You're — You're not to come in here! It's unseemly for you to gaze upon naked men, especially upon those of your order!"

She shrugged, smiled and licked her lips, slowly.

"What, and miss *that* sight? Who came up with that rule?"

"The goddess once said —"

"See? Am I not the goddess now? So what, I changed my mind. I can do that, I guess." She took a deep breath and added, "I may need

to assign some *special* duties to the High Priest, it seems. Would be shame to let something like *that* go to waste. May take his mind off of bothering poor witches."

He blushed, crouched deeper and tried to cover his nakedness with his hands. She laughed, turned and walked back to the throne.

Chapter 54: Unexpected Decisions

A week later, Yrba was welcomed almost as if she were the goddess herself. Carwon threw himself down before her the very moment her wagon rolled into the forecourt. She gave him a condescending nod.

"Didn't I tell you?" she greeted him.

"I'm sorry. I'm so terribly sorry! Forgive me! I only wanted the best for the goddess!"

"You and me both, boy. You may know how to run a country, but I know more about how people *tick* than you. Well, let's see whether your goddess prefers your golden cage or the freedom of my roads."

The answer came as a surprise to the witch.

Mirca beamed. "It's so great around here! Did you ever hear of 'moo-sage'? They pour warm oil over you and knead and rub *everywhere*!" She leaned in to her friend and added in a whisper, "Well, almost everywhere. They're still a bit shy when it comes to my *fun* parts. Pity. I'll teach them yet!"

Yrba smiled. "*Massage*, girl. Well, seems to me you've found a new home then, eh?" With a hint of sadness, she added, "I had hoped for you to stay with me a little longer. You really could've been a great warrior."

"Yes, well, I think this here is more to my liking. Punching and hurting people for a living? I never really wanted to do that. I just didn't want to disappoint you."

The witch nodded. "I feared as much. Pity, because you're really good at punching people. Without you, customers aren't as willing to pay up. Right, you stay and have some more fun as goddess or whatever. They need a healer around here, so I'll tour the villages for a few weeks, and when I return, you tell me whether you want to *really* stay or you're bored out of your skull and want to go back to travelling with me."

She leaned in and whispered: "And don't be too trusting. If they try anything odd, you know how to blow them away." Her hand lifted Mirca's ample breast.

She frowned and kneaded the melon-sized boob, ignoring the gasps from the maids that were peeking through the gates. "Mirca, they've grown. And they used to be much more solid. You're letting them hang out quite a bit. You're not neglecting your training, are you?"

The blonde seemed deeply hurt. "Yrba! Of course not! It's just that around here, I can show off how huge they really are. Why, the nice folks *expect* me to look big. It's great! Reining them bags in all the time feels so uncomfortable. Just imagine! I can slowly let them out to their real size! To my *knees*! These folks will go *nuts*!"

Yrba shook her head. "That's what I'm worried about. Don't overdo it. Really, dear, you've got to be careful. Keep on training."

A day later, Yrba left at dawn, her wagon stocked with new food and fine cloths. And its woman driver was full to the brim with nagging doubts about the whole arrangement.

Is Mirca ready for this? I know I wasn't when I first had to make do alone. The thought kept on circling in her head, until the daily routine of traveling, counseling of bored housewives with vapid complaints and the other hundreds of little chores of a traveling trader-healer finally silenced it.

She kept her ears open, yet she heard nothing but praise for Carwon. He had been the priest and vizier, and probably the boy toy as well, during the final years of the last incarnation of Mamaria, and after her passing from old age seemed to do his best to keep everything running smoothly. He didn't send troops to pillage or burn, he kept the taxes moderate and the streets safe.

To Yrba, with her mistrust honed by years of traveling, all of that seemed too good to be true.

Chapter 55: Everything's Swell (-ing)

"Mmmh. You're too good to be true," Mirca sighed, wiggling into a comfortable, reclined position on the furs atop the divan.

"If you say so, your highness... don't fight the sleep, my goddess. Another grape? I'll just keep on going, if it pleases you, your divinity."

She relaxed under Carwon's gentle hands that kept on rubbing her breasts with an exotic oily lotion smelling of flowers. It had taken her a lot of persuasion up to the point of open threats until he had agreed to another, fundamental change of the rules and reluctantly had touched her, scared as if that very moment a bolt of lightning would reduce him to a pile of ashes.

Now he just couldn't get enough. He had come twice in his pants already just from kneading the warm, doughy mountains of Mirca's breasts, and he kept hoping she hadn't noticed his discharge, for who knew how she'd mock him then. Nevertheless, he felt a bit more relaxed and was focused on the task at hand. She seemed to enjoy it a good deal more than the usual massage done by the maids.

Her tongue played with the sweet fruit for a few moments until she sucked the grape into her mouth and swallowed it.

"Uh-huh. Keep going. Yeeeeesssss..."

Her voice trailed off, and her head sank aside as she drifted into sleep. Soon, her breath calmed and deepened.

And he *kept* on going. Time and again, she stirred and moaned in her sleep while her breast slowly swelled up with every new handful of the warm oil he rubbed into her skin. *That* was unusual, and unexpected. Then again, she *was* the goddess, and quite a temperamental one at that. He didn't dare to wake her to find out if that swelling was supposed to happen.

"Carwon?" she mumbled, her eyes still closed.

"He's in his chambers, goddess," was the reply. Mirca frowned and blinked into the light of morning. One of the maids stood right by her side with a tray of brushes. The woman giggled. "He seemed really tired, and he walked *really* funny."

"Heh. Who would've though. So, what you up to?" the blonde inquired.

"Why, brushing your hair, my goddess. I'm here to make you *gorgeous*."

Mirca beamed. "Ah, just like with Red's girls. So where do you want to start? With my head, or between my legs?" joked the giantess and spread her thighs. The maid grew pale, and the combs on the tray started to rattle. Mirca quickly took pity. "No, calm down. Just the head will be fine." She rolled about to get up, and hesitated. There was *a lot* more that rolled about, and it not only rolled, it bobbed, shook

and quavered. She probed her breasts with splayed fingers, digging into the soft, flattened pumpkins and squeezing them together into a deep, dark cleavage.

Double the size, I'd say. Two, three feet across. Odd. I didn't dream, and it never happened when I was just sleeping. Oh well, here goes ...

She pouted her lips and sucked in her cheeks. The *emptiness* wandered down her throat and got hold of her breast's skin. The molten melons shaped up and climbed on her chest, rising from dangling down to proud, gravity-defying, taut three-quarter spheres. Her areolae shrunk as they wrinkled and pulled her skin tight, her nipples stood and swelled with growing pressure, and with a faint *hiss*, the excess milk sprayed out.

The tray clattered to the floor, and the combs and brushes tumbled about. The maid made a bolt for the door, yelling: "The cup! She's letting down! Someone fetch the cup! And the priest! Milk! *So much* milk! Come and see! It's true!"

"—*Ffft!*" Mirca opened her lips in surprise, and the shrinking and spraying stopped immediately. An incredulous expression wandered over her face. "What the—?" she muttered.

Hurried footfall came from the outside, and at least a half-dozen of the maids barged in. Mirca found herself at the center of a rapidly growing half-circle of kneeling women, and a golden chalice was handed towards her while three of the maidservants cowered on the floor and soaked up the white droplets into ceremonial cloths with much reverence.

"Into the cup! Into the cup, goddess!" they all pleaded. Mirca raised her eyebrows.

"You really want me to —?"

Carwon stumbled into the room, half-dressed. He stopped and stared wide-eyed at the droplets of milk, spattered over the marble, and put a hand over his mouth.

"You — is that *yours*?"

"Uh, yes?" shrugged Mirca. "Happens quite often. Why? It's easy for me. See?"

She grabbed the stem of the cup and hung her left breast's nipple over it while her other hand pointed the other nipple into the same direction.

"*Mmmmmffff—*," she pouted again, and *whizzz* went the pair of her breasts. A foaming puddle collected and quickly filled three quarters of the chalice until her breasts were comfortable again and she stopped shrinking her bust.

The maids carried the sparkling cup from her sleeping quarters with all the signs of highest adoration. Mirca looked after them and shook her head as she turned back to Carwon.

"You folks are weird, you know?" she remarked.

The next evening, she listened to the maids playing music on harps and some other instruments she didn't recognize. The melody sounded complicated, and, well, *boring*. She sighed and clapped her hands.

"Girls, girls! That's not music! You, raven hair, you bring me a bucket! Hurry!"

Mirca pulled at her toga and wrapped it differently, freeing her feet. By the time she was finished, the maid had returned.

"Ah, great! Right, you turn it upside-down and then you hit it — no, give it to me!"

"Goddess!"

"I don't think there's a rule that says, 'Goddess mustn't touch a bucket', girl!"

She pulled it out of the maid's trembling hand.

"Now listen. Rhythm, that's how good music starts. Not this lazy plucking on that harpy or whatever this thing is called."

The raven-haired girl didn't need long to pick up the driving beat Mirca showed to her.

"Yes, now we're talking. Music's for fun, y'know? Okay, harpy-plucking girl, you go with it! Yes, yes! And now I'll show you how to dance!"

Mirca jumped to her feet and whirled round and round over the marble, losing herself in the rhythm that grew more and more frantic. She jiggled and swung her breasts around. Her hair sparkled in the light of the hundreds of candles. Her hips gyrated, her feet slid over the floor, then she bowed and straightened, shimmying up and down in front of the speechless maids. *Oh Yrba, if you could see me now! In the villages, you never allowed me to end it with the big bang! She straightened and then arched herself backwards. Grow!* her thoughts commanded.

Her breasts gained weight and size in fast throbs. The silk of the toga billowed and finally ripped with a high-pitched sound as her nipples and then her whole breasts burst through the taut cloth.

"You might want to fetch a holy *tub* now, girls," she giggled, out of breath, as she slowly bent over backwards. "A cup won't do this time!"

She let her heavy breasts, their shape resembling vein-covered, giant pumpkins now, drag her down on the cold marble and was laying there, spread-eagled, panting and laughing. *Shrink!* she ordered and pouted her lips, sucking at an imaginary nipple. And while she drew at the air, her skin grew tight and squeezed her breasts down to the already abundant size she had started with, spewing ample jets of warm milk yard-high into the air only to rain back down all over her. Drops ran over her body, her face. Soon, she rested in a huge puddle of white liquid. She turned her head. Soaked hair slid over her cheeks. Her breasts heaved with her laughter and heavy breathing.

"Phew! Hey! Huh! Just like your fountain's statue, eh? Too bad the tub didn't get here in time. So, what you say? Lick it off my skin instead, anyone?"

"Praise the goddess!" they mumbled, themselves frozen like statues.

"Oh come *on!* You're no fun!"

"Goddess, your bath is ready."

"Ah, finally."

She walked into the steamy room and sniffed at the air.

"That's not water, is it? Is that — "

"Milk, your highness. It'll do wonders to your skin," Carwon replied.

"I don't know. Isn't that a bit too much? I mean, I'm used to a dip in a river or a pond, but, y'know, *milk*? One could feed a whole village with that — "

"Of course, and that's why they offered it to you as a sign of their gratitude. It would be impolite to turn it down."

"You mean they'll come and watch me in here?!"

He chuckled, a polite little laughter.

"Of course not, Your Highness."

Mirca sighed with relief.

"Then I'll pass, and we'll just lie to them and say I've used it. Just the other day, I've showered in my own milk, y'know. And then I needed *another* shower to get it out of my hair!"

"Highness!" he gasped.

Mirca raised her hands and shrugged in resignation. "Oh all right, all right! I'll give it a try!"

She put her toe, then her leg into it, muttering "damn, the things I do to make people happy."

The liquid was warm, even slightly hot. Her face brightened. "Hey, that's not bad, actually. I could get used to that."

Mirca made her way further down the steps until she stood on the basin floor with the milk reaching to her hip. She slowly sat down to get used to the warmth. Her breasts became submerged and rose again to the surface, exposing her nipples to the air. The chill of evaporation made them stand up.

"Aaaah," she exhaled, "look, milk bags floating in a sea of milk. Do I have any more duties today?"

"None that I'm aware of, Goddess."

"Good." She waved. "Y'all may leave me alone now. Just keep it at that warmth, and I'm a happy goddess."

Moments later, Mirca was alone in the huge hall.

She luxuriated in the warm basin and moaned blissfully. The milk really brought a great deal of relief and took away the constant feeling of strain and weight from her chest as her breasts floated about. She relaxed, resting on her back, her arms stretched along the rim. Soon, she fell asleep. And slowly, over the course of the night, the level of the liquid in the basin kept falling as well. With the maids patiently waiting outside the door, there was no one around to hear the faint stretching and groaning noises as her skin sucked up the milk and sent it straight into her greedy breasts.

The morning light saw Mirca, waking to a chill on her skin. She stretched her arms and got ready to rise. Halfway through the upward motion, the skin of her breasts tightened and pulled her back down.

"What the —?"

Mirca looked around, puzzled. It was plain as the new day that there was a lot *more* of her around now. Her breasts had multiplied tenfold in volume, and she shuddered and sighed happily as her fingers moved over the vast expanse of sensitive skin. She made another go at it and managed to lift her breasts off the basin floor, but slipped as she tried to climb out, and fell with a splash back down into the puddle. Her breast sloshed back and forth for quite a while.

Rein them in? Again? Aw. Haven't got much choice, though. They feel so good, this big, but I really need to get up now.

She pouted her lips and sucked, but immediately exhaled and coughed in pain.

Dammit! It stings like hell, this time. No, I don't want to ache all over first thing in the morning. Let's see how our little big priest deals with that. She took a deep breath and threw back her head.

"Caaaarwooon!" she hollered at the ceiling.

A few minutes passed before the maids had woken him. In the mean time, she tugged at and rubbed over her breasts. Yes, it felt *really* good. *Good* good. Crotch-soaking-happy good.

I'm going to keep them, she decided.

"Yes, my goddess?" he panted, out of breath, as he showed at the door of the bathroom.

"Carwon, tell me: Have I grown bigger? And I don't mean how tall I am."

He bowed to her.

"Why, of course! You are now a beacon of divine breasts, my mistress! The mother goddess indeed reveals her strength most generously through you!"

Mirca struggled again in the slippery basin and sighed.

"Seems to me she didn't reveal much foresight, then, plumping me in here. Well, since you're so happy about that, *you* deal with this!"

"Maids!" he clapped his hands, "Come and help the goddess get out of this trap!"

Two groups of four came in and waded into what remained of the milk. Mirca chewed on her lips as sixteen hands stroked and

pushed under her flattened orbs and lifted her pair of breasts, passing it along to the next group waiting at the rim while she climbed from the basin. Another two girls stood to attention and dried her down with two large towels. The rough cloth rubbing between her legs sent another swarm of shivers down her spine.

She looked down into the basin and blinked.

"Where did the milk go?"

"Why, into your breasts, of course!" moaned one of the carriers, struggling with the load. The others nodded consentingly.

"Oh don't be *silly*! If all of the milk had soaked into them, they'd be far too heavy for you to lift! They're bigger, but not *that* much bigger."

On the way back to the throne room, the groups of four walked by her sides, holding up the immense amount of breasts for her. Once Mirca sat upright on the throne again, they draped her sloshing milk bags on two tables with cushioned troughs that stood at an angle to her left and right arm rest. If she strained her arms and drew her skin into pleats with her fingers, she was able to work her way up to her nipples. The blonde tickled over them. *Huh. About as long as my forefingers, and twice as thick as my thumbs.* She quickly straightened up again as two girls came back and pulled white, semi-transparent veils over her naked skin. Another one of the maids decorated her breasts with chains of silver and gold. Almost as an afterthought to the attention given to her boobs, they wrapped her body in a sarong with a cutout for her chest. Two maids tied a girdle around her waist. It had a piece of chain mail dangling down in front, heavy, golden and triangular. Mirca was suddenly reminded of her combat dress that had to be lying around somewhere in the huge palace, gathering dust. Not

that she'd fit into it anymore now. She sat back down and sighed, dismissing the maids with a weary wave of her hand.

The rest of the day passed with the usual parade of visitors staring in amazement at her new assets. Occasionally, she was asked a question or two, but it was Carwon who answered. Bored out of her mind, she spent most of the time picking snacks from the table beside her or playfully snapping with her agile tongue at the grapes which one of the maids plucked for her and held in front of her face. Every now and then, a shiver and gooseflesh ran over her breasts, and the skin seemed to contract. She didn't think much about that, except *brrr; dammit, heatin' those temples must be a bitch. I wonder who's the one lugging the wood around here?*

Chapter 56: Flying Visit For A Tongue Lashing

"Mirca! I'm back! Where are y—"

Yrba turned the corner into the throne room and jumped as she saw her herculean blond friend. Mirca rested on her side on the elevated golden divan and was busy plucking grapes from a bunch with her tongue and swallowing them one by one, while another servant girl stood ready with a salver almost overflowing with bread, grilled meat and fruits. Yet that wasn't what made the traveler almost lose her balance on the polished marble. Her eyes were glued to the pair of mammaries that dominated the scene of regal decadence.

Mirca's breasts had grown to a size Yrba had only seen during magical outbursts, and even then only for minutes. But *these* were obviously not a product of short-lived magical interference. The witch blinked in disbelief. Were Mirca not resting on her side, they'd be hanging down to her ankles, dwarfing the body they were attached to. With Mirca lying on the divan and the white milk bags stacked in a nest of pillows in front of her, one piled atop the other like two huge, stuffed sacks made of satin. Together, they were easily five feet across and a yard high, even in their flattened-out shape dictated by their obviously immense weight.

" — *what the hell?!*" the witch barked in surprise.

The sudden outburst made the two guarding women to Mirca's side instantly lower their pikes in defense of their goddess and queen. Yrba stopped in her tracks as the sharp points aimed at her throat.

"Right, let's not get hasty," she muttered as she retreated and lifted her hands in a gesture of surrender.

Mirca stepped in, giggling. "Girls! What are you doing? I told you before, she's a friend. Off you go, the lot of you, and wait outside until I call you back in. Don't worry if gets loud in here. Well? Shoo! Shoo-shoo!" She chuckled and waved vaguely towards the huge doors. Her servants bowed and obeyed.

Once the heavy doors clicked shut and the queen was alone with the surprise visitor, she held out her arms to the witch.

"Yay! Yrba! Come give me a hug! Don't bother walking around them, just climb over them, I know how you like that. — Uh, wait, better just straddle them like that one time with Red's girls, that might work."

The witch clutched her temples. "Mirca! So *you* drank my shape-keeper potion?! Oh girl, what did you *do*? Can I not leave you alone for two months without you turning yourself into an abomination?!"

Yrba had raised her voice. Mirca was close to tears and sniffed, avoiding Yrba's accusing stare and fidgeting nervously with her fingers. "I — you taught me it's good for people, and they always offer so much to eat, and I didn't want to get fat, and — I thought

you'd be surprised! I thought you'd be proud of me! I didn't think you'd be scolding me instead."

Yrba sighed, reached out and put her splayed fingers on the warm, somewhat taut surface that moved ever so slightly as goosebumps spread out from where she touched it. The witch pulled up her skirt, knelt down and then leapfrogged on the wiggly mass, clutching it between her naked thighs. She made her way over the white, jiggly promontory like Mirca had suggested, humping and pushing forward until she was close enough to embraced her friend and stroke the golden hair. Her unusual mount shook and trembled like a huge sack stuffed with jelly and only slowly calmed down again.

"Oh silly girl! I just want you to not make some stupid mistake. You can't just nab any vial from my box and gulp it down! See what you did to yourself! You're *huge!*"

The constant, faint *drip-drip-drip* of milk as it ran from Mirca's fist-sized nipples filled a moment of awkward silence.

"So you don't like my girls yet? I can still wish them bigger, if you want me to! See?"

Yrba moaned. Underneath her skirt, the hot, satin skin of the titanic breast rubbed over her naked legs as it slowly swelled. Resilient flesh groaned and shuddered as it stretched, overflowed the bed of pillows and crept over the marble floor. She was slowly lifted up higher, digging her thighs into the flanks of the warm throne of pent-up milk and pulsating glands.

"Oh, how I missed you! You've got no idea how *good* it feels, touching them again like that. I'm just worried about you." Yrba's body swayed gently. She rode the undulating ball that sloshed back

and forth in the vise of her thighs. "*Oh heavens! This is sooo — uungh! Dammit! It's like a dream come true! Oh Mirca, it's crazy, but — Hnnnngh! So good!*"

Mirca rolled up the witch's skirt until all of it hung in wrinkles around Yrba's waist. "Still not wearing underwear?" smiled the titanic blonde, bowing down. "I've missed the taste of your dark skin."

"How is your tongue these days?" whispered the witch, choking on pent-up desire.

"Better than ever. You can ask any of the maids."

"*Naughty goddess!*"

Mirca sighed theatrically. "Don't I wish! No, nothing happening with them. Didn't you always say one in ten is willing to take a lick? Feh! They're all too obedient and scared. I really don't know why." She flexed her muscles, lifted Yrba closer to her face and put her pouting mouth between the gypsy's quivering chocolate thighs. "Lean back, mouth snake's looking for a hideaway now!"

Yrba laid back into the yielding mound of warm skin, and then she slowly slipped down towards her friend's face. Mirca's cheeks rubbed over the witch's spreading thighs, her deft fingers brushed Yrba's thick curls aside, and then the giantess' lips pressed up against the dark, meaty labia. Mirca's nibbling and pouting motions slowly widened the gap in Yrba's dark vulva and readied the bright pink tunnel for the wiggling and stroking tentacle that took its time tracing the folds in Yrba's well-padded crotch.

And as all of the bright pink glistened with wet desire, Mirca took aim, and without any more toying and teasing —

Sluuuurrngshhh.

Yrba's eyes grew big. To that moment, she never knew how much she had missed this feeling. The heat, the meaty, slippery, slimy trunk of *heat* burrowed into her, barely hesitating as it aimed for the puckered inner ring and forced its way through, all the way into Yrba's sacred cave. Her fingers dug into the golden hay of Mirca's hair that covered the gypsy's trembling thighs.

"Heavens! Mirca! Your — *gaaaaaah!* — Your tongue! Oh *gooods!* Your tongue!" hollered the witch. She was *full* again, after a much too long wait. Fuller than full. Her inner labia clung tightly to the root of Mirca's tongue, and her outer pussy lips dripped with the blonde's saliva. The giantess' agile muscle bottomed out the witch's depths. Yrba's breath came in spasms.

"Has — it — *oooouuunngh!* — grown — *haaaaaaaaaah!* — too-*ooooohh?!!*" The paintings on the ceiling spiraled in front of Yrba's eyes. Her body convulsed as the tip of the titanic tentacle rimmed the entrance to her fallopian tubes. Yrba's sight faded. All there was, all there would be, now and forever, was that warm, oozing *trunk* of muscle as it stretched her wide and round and emptied her and turned her whole body into a limp skin balloon that flapped helplessly about, fluttering like a blanket in a gale on the mountain top of Mirca's breasts.

Yrba's thighs trembled still. She rested on her back in the small dent that her body's weight made into the round abundance of Mirca's sweaty, bed-size boobs. Licking her dry lips, she exhaled raunchily and laughed.

"Oh, that was incredible! And when you started to swing me back and forth on your breasts, I almost fainted! Still, dear, you really

need to work on shrinking them down again. They are quite the ball and chain for you now, aren't they? That can't be good, as much as I like them for a mattress." She gently stroked the silken skin.

"Now you're acting like they're no fun, but just minutes ago, you couldn't get enough riding them. You surely must be joking, right?" laughed Mirca.

Yrba's voice became concerned, all of a sudden. She sat up on the sloshing white bag, and the skin and *weight* that moved under her felt like the back of a huge cow. The witch leaned forward on her hands and looked her pupil straight in the face. All of the relaxed smile had disappeared. A frown painted little dark wrinkles into her forehead.

"No, seriously, now. Why *do* you burden yourself with those monsters?"

Mirca pushed her away and jumped to her feet. She was stronger than ever before, pulling her breasts out under Yrba's straddling position with ease. The witch staggered a few steps backwards as her seat so suddenly disappeared beneath her until she finally regained her balance. Mirca stood bolt upright while her breasts kept dangling and wobbling from her chest, her nipples barely clearing the floor. She put her hands akimbo and stared Yrba in the face.

"*Monsters? Burden?* How many times do I have to tell you, I *like* this! So what if balancing's a bit harder? Do I not stand now?"

"Yeah? So boobs bloated to your ankles is the new *you*?"

The blonde folded her arms across — no, rather *above* her chest and turned up her nose.

"I can rein them in any time. I just don't want to."

"Prove it," sneered the witch.

"All right. Piece o' cake. Done a hundred times. Better step aside, or you'll be soaked. Look now," Mirca replied, shrugging her shoulders and cocking her head. She pouted and sucked at the air.

Nothing happened. She started to frown.

"Uh — Wait, wait. Now!"

Nothing, again.

Yrba shook her head and narrowed her eyes. After a few moments of intently staring at the heavy spheroids in front of her, she pursed her lips and scratched her chin.

"I can see magic's got a good part in holding them together, right, but that's not magical bloat. So you've been stuffing your face for weeks, I guess, and all that massage and milking — no wonder they've adapted. They're *real*. They'll not go away easily."

"What are you talking about? 'Go away'? Why would I want them to go *away*?!" Mirca corralled the squishy bags as far as her arms reached. "They're mine! They're so much fun!"

Yrba frowned some more. "Come again? You can barely walk! Someday soon, you'll need servants to carry them around for you!"

"So?" Mirca snapped back, cuddling her udders. "I already have them! You keep forgetting that I'm the god-queen of Ebron now and not some hussy in a cart. And if they grow even bigger and four girls are not enough to lift them any more, what's the problem? I can have as many servants as I want, just by snapping my fingers! And come next full moon, I'll have enough milk for the whole city, and they'll be climbing over each other to serve me!"

"Mirca! Do you even *listen*? You'll soon be but a giant pair of jugs with a little wailing *Mirca* caught in between if you don't stop stuffing yourself! Oh heavens, girl, don't do that! Oh my darling, please, don't —"

"I don't want to hear this any more! You're making me unhappy with your talking! I don't have to listen! I'm a queen now! I'm a *goddess*! *Guards*! I want —"

Yrba's shoulders sagged, and she lowered her eyes to the floor.

"Maybe it's not a good time right now. *Mirca*, *please*, sweetheart. Can we talk about that again, tomorrow? After we both had some sleep?"

The god-queen stared down on the witch. Yrba seemed so *small* right now, just like any other of the servants, as she stood in front of the two steps that led up to the throne. *Mirca* had never noticed it before. She sighed.

"Yes, maybe — tomorrow then, all right."

"You're a mean old witch! Go away!"

Mirca stared down on the tiny brown figure that was barely larger than her hand and walked with long strides across the soft, yielding ground of the tall blonde's breasts that stretched to the horizon. The naked chocolate-skinned apparition raised an angry fist hardly even the size of one of the giantess' fingernails and shook it at *Mirca's* face that filled half the firmament.

"Oh yeah? Make me! I'm full of knowledge, and you? What are *you* full of, you stupid broad? Let's find out!"

The doll-like being knelt down and dug her splayed fingers into Mirca's breasts. It *stung*. Suddenly, the figure began to grow bigger while the giantess started to shrink.

No! No, you mustn't take my breasts!

"Stop it, witch! You'll regret it!"

Little Yrba raised her head and smiled, a mean, sneering smile. Her breasts stretched and grew much faster than her body. The filled out the space between her arms with heavy, sloshing weight barely contained in taut, taxed skin.

"I'll make you *small* now, you tool! Your breasts are *mine*!"

"*NO!*"

Mirca frowned. Anger, red, hot, boiling anger rushed through her body. It filled her, head to toe, and when it had no more place to flow, it barraged against the skin of her breasts. Ripples wandered over the skin, closing in on the kneeling shape.

"Mirca!" yelled the tiny witch. She couldn't pull her hands out of the swelling flesh in time to avoid her fate. The bulging, pumping volume struggling inside the taut wrapper of the giantess' body shot into her as well. It blew her up, belly, boobs and all. Helpless, she bloated into three balls sprouting little, wiggling arms and legs.

"That's *mine*! I want it *back*!" roared the giantess. She grabbed the squishy little creature with both hands and plucked it from her breasts like a ripe fruit from a tree. The tiny body bulged out like a lump of rubber between her fingers. She stuffed the bloated nipples on Mini-Yrba's grotesquely oversized breasts in her mouth and sucked, and sucked, and sucked —

"Mirc—aaaaahhhh..."

Slurp.

Her hands were empty, all of a sudden, and nothing but the taste of a mouthful of the sweetest milk, and a tiny, wrinkled lump slowly traveling down her gullet, remained.

Mirca laid back on the soft, endless pasture and reached for the next huge, udder-shaped cloud drifting by, pulling another swollen teat to her mouth.

Yes, mistress! Empty us! Become like us!

The tall blonde stirred a little on her divan before she returned to a calm sleep that washed away the memory of her dream.

Mirca rolled her shoulders and sighed happily. The morning sun came in through the windows and filled the throne room with light. Resting face-down on her soft divan, she fumbled blindly for a grip but kept on grabbing at soft pillows that offered no resistance.

Wait a minute —

She drew up her knees and gasped when tingling pain shot through her left boob. Wide awake now, Mirca turned her head left and right in disbelief. Over the course of the night, she had again added another yard to her chest's girth. And the extra weight had, slowly, without waking her up, pulled her down from her throne until she had come to a rest on top of the left of the two flattened orbs that carried her tall, muscle-studded body like a gently sloshing water bed. Being pressed down to the cold floor had turned her boobs numb. Mirca wiggled around until her toes felt solid floor again. A little push and shove, and she had both feet on the ground, with her legs spread wide to straddle some of the pliable volume.

Now to get them airborne —

She pulled at her breasts, but her sweaty skin stuck like glue to the smooth marble. All she managed was to make the roots of her breasts ache.

Oh gods, it really happened! Yrba's gonna rip me new one, once she's done laughing at me. I need —

Mirca sighed, pinched the root of her nose with one hand and took a deep breath.

"Maids! Carwon! Little help?"

The hasty footfalls were mixed with squeaks and rattling. When Carwon finally appeared through the large doors, he had with him a pair of flat tables with short, stout legs and little wheels beneath them. Two groups of eight maids were busy hoisting the wobbly mountains of flesh and glands one by one onto the movable platforms covered in soft furs. Mirca got a good laugh out of the heave-ho and the tickling touch of the oh so many tiny hands until they finally managed. Using two short ladders to reach over the white mountains, the girls tied the humungous jugs down with leather straps.

Carwon bowed to her.

"Those are your breast carts. They'll make moving about so much more enjoyable. They even have buckets to collect the milk, so you can let down anytime you please."

"Oh Carwon! You are *such* a great thinker! Here, let me give you a kiss ..."

Her strong arms grabbed the rails around the carts and pushed the tables apart so he could step in between her cleavage. Mirca beamed.

"Wow, that's great! Did you see that?"

He leant in to her. She had to bow down quite some bit to reach him, and then she felt the hardness under his frock as she rubbed her bent knee against his thighs.

"*Naughty* Carwon," she whispered in his ear before she pecked his cheek. "You want some other reward, eh?"

Her tongue flicked against his earlobe, but then she saw her friend coming up the hall.

"Yay, Yrba! Look here, see how easy I can move by myself!" she called out. The vizier, his face flushed red with embarrassment, winced as her close-up yell made his ears ring.

The witch stopped and shook her head.

"Stupid girl! Would be much better for you if you'd get back in shape and come with me!" she muttered under her breath. Then Yrba spun around and stamped back down the hallway.

"Yrba? Yrba! Oh come *on*! Wait for me! Girls, Carwon, you stay out of this!"

Mirca ran after her friend as fast as she could. The wheels on the carts carrying her breasts squeaked and rattled over the marble floor. Out of breath, she finally caught up with Yrba who doggedly walked on, not even turning her head.

"Oh please, Yrba! Please! I'm sorry — that I got so — angry with you — yesterday. It's just — I'm not — cut out for — a life on the road. They — love me here! Look — at all those jewels! Those — silk clothes! I'm a — fuckin' jewel exhibition!"

She winked.

"And — our little vizier priest has wood — every time he as — much as sees me. He's — *sooo* cute! And *big*! Oh, I'll teach — him! He's a — perfect match for me!"

Yrba had reached her chambers. The guard bowed and opened the door for her.

"Yrba! Come — on! Talk — to me!" Mirca panted.

The witch sailed through the doorframe and kicked the painted door shut with her heel. The bang echoed up and down the hallway. Mirca sighed. There was no way she'd fit through *that*.

"Fine! Be like that!" she hollered at the closed door.

That arrogant, stupid gypsy! What was wrong with enjoying the sloshing, wobbling goodness of breasts? The more, the merrier. She felt the rumble in her tummy start again. Time for the next snack. Mirca threw a last glance at the closed door before she brusquely turned around, spinning her body around her breasts as the new center of her weight.

"*Girls!* Get the massage oil and the food ready! I'm hungry!"

From down the corridor came hurried footfalls and a chorus of "At once, goddess!"

She smiled anew and started to push the carts along the corridor, heading towards the huge gates to her rooms. Finally, life was good.

Yrba left the very next day. They barely glanced at each other as the witch walked by the throne room, and they spoke not a single word.

Part 11: Oil to the Flames

*"And the high ideals and the promise
You once dressed the future in
Are dancing in the embers with the wind"*
— Jackson Browne, *Black and White*

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Chapter 57: More Fun And Fro-licking

The cerulean sky domed over the white walls of Ebron shire's palace. Late summer's warm air whispered through the colonnaded front of the main hall, and the living embodiment of the goddess Mamaria rested in a beam of sunlight. The precious stones and golden chains draped all over the sleeping woman's skin sparkled to her faint movements. Two maids stood on duty on the roof, following the sun's path with a huge polished shield to make sure the goddess-queen's breathtaking physique always glowed like a beacon in the twilight of the throne room. Mamaria was *big* in many ways. Her imposing seven feet height alone would make people stop dead and stare, but there was not much of a chance of catching a glimpse of her chiseled abs or her strong legs that tapered from muscular thighs and strong calves to sinewy ankles. Her incredible breasts shielded her body from sight. They rested like a pair of man-sized eggs in a nest of velvet pillows, their ample volume barely corralled by the mockery of a chain mail bra forged from palm-sized golden and silver rings. The lacy meshwork of rings left huge holes rimmed with thin gold plates, which in turn framed the plate-sized domes of the areolae surrounding the nubby cantaloupes of the goddess' dripping nipples. A pair of low and sturdy tables with wheels stood by the far wall, and should the

goddess-queen desire to move, her maids were ready to hoist the cubic yards of warm, pliable mammaries on top of the contraptions.

"Mamaria" was more of a title than a name, and the tall young woman enjoying the warm sunbeam actually went by the name of Mirca. The whispers and the subdued chuckles of her servants and the gentle strokes and touches of many fingers on her breasts finally woke her. Smacking and groaning, she rubbed her hands over her face, stretched her limbs and made the soft spheres roll about as sat up on her divan. Two girls immediately jumped to attention and began to brush and dress her unkempt, ruffled, golden-white mane. Snapping her fingers, Mirca ordered her first maid closer. She didn't even have to say a word. Weeks of daily routine dictated the exchange.

"The night's rest has added another five inches to your bust, highness."

Mirca smiled. She got as far as opening her mouth to ask when the maid continued, "Two buckets and three and a half chalices of milk over the night. Up by half a chalice. Your hugen—," she cleared her throat, "Your Highness are brimming with the gift of nurture. Your lunch will be served after the late-morning milking."

"Good—*goooooood*." Mirca leaned forward and closed her eyes, stroking her palms over her skin for as far as she could reach. Her servants' oiled hands now kneaded her fist-sized nipples, and she gave herself up their expert massage. Warmth welled in the mountains of flesh, and soon, the gift of nurture kept on adding to the two buckets and three and a half chalices with a vengeance. The mouth-watering smells of Mirca's lunch drifted from the palace kitchen and made her stomach rumble.

"Girls, you gotta see this!" Mirca giggled. "Come gather 'round, this is something I don't show off every day! It's a bit freaky!"

The chattering maidservants inched closer to their living goddess and fell silent. All eyes were on the statuesque, seven feet woman with the long blond hair, sitting on the throne. Mirca was happy as a clam being the center of attention of the several dozen of young women of her entourage. She raised her hands over her breasts and pointed at her mouth as she puckered her lips.

"Ready? Loog af fffif."

The tip of Mirca's tongue pushed through her full, pouted lips and curved up until the pink tentacle's tip ran over her eyelids. Trembling slightly, the agile, wet muscle gained another couple of inches as it contracted its girth and firmed up, touching the root of Mirca's hair at the edge of her forehead with ease. She held on for a few seconds before her tentacle whipped back into her mouth and Mirca beamed at the speechless crowd.

"Huh? Huh? Ain't that weird? It's not just my breasts getting bigger!" She giggled. "Just imagine, another couple of weeks, and I only need to curl up a little to lick mys—"

She hesitated and looked around, putting her hands to her hips — another gesture lost on her audience, with her arms well hidden from their view behind her jiggling promontory.

"Oh come on, you don't need to bow and do this hand waving thing all the time!"

Shlurp.

"Thee? It'h thuth mwy thongue!"

Smack.

Mirca wiped her mouth and rolled her eyes.

"Oh *would* you lighten up a bit? If y'all keep on worshipping everything I have or do, then this goddess business ain't no fun! You're all so ... so shy and stuff!"

"Forgive us, goddess," came the whispered answers from all around. The giantess sighed. The adoration and reverence was nice, no doubt about that, but sometimes she missed the old days of traveling when she could simply have a chat with someone and actually look them in the face instead of on the head.

Brina lowered her head together with the other girls as their goddess' gaze swept over them. But she kept her eyes on her queen's jaw, hoping to catch another glimpse of the tongue. Warmth spread inside her womb. She had been promoted to the inner circle of the maids just days ago, and all that time she had heard the stories about the weird appendage of their new mistress. Brina had spent quite a few nights since, rolling around in her bunk, begging for sleep that wouldn't come, while her fingers frantically tried to quench the fire that burst in her groin each time she fantasized about the mythical snake of the goddess as it slithered into her, inch upon inch upon inch.

And here she was, she had seen the incredible tongue for real, and it had been exactly like she had dreamed it to be. And yet it was all wrong. She felt heat, sticky, mucous heat that seeped down her vagina, that crept out between her labia, and she couldn't stop it. She was rooted to the spot, even as the warm secretions clung to the inside of her thighs and made her skin all slippery and wet. The drops oozed down over her knee, and still more of it welled up inside her. She

knew she was done for. Whatever the punishment for getting the hots for one's deity would be, a *lass* getting the hots for her *goddess* would surely be off far worse. Tears stung in the corners of her eyes.

Mirca narrowed her eyes. One of the new girls had her head not down to the floor like all the others. The chestnut-haired neophyte tried to make it look like she did, but under her brows she couldn't tear her gaze away from Mirca's mouth.

The amazon thrust her arm over her breasts, pointed at her and snapped her fingers. All the other heads spun to Brina.

"You! The new girl! Yes, you!"

Now Brina recoiled in fear. "Goddess! I'm sorry —"

"What's the matter with you?"

"N — nothing."

Her cheeks flushed in a bright red, betraying her. Mirca grinned.

"Uh-huh. 'Nothing'. Of *course*."

She lolled out her tongue. "Tho mwath ah yoo thinging abooth thath?"

The girl now trembled from head to toe. Her breathing came in short gasps. The deep flush spread from her cheeks over the rest of her face and down across her chest. The other maids around her started to giggle and point at her crotch. Mirca straightened up to peek over her breasts and see for herself as the servants moved aside and left Brina singled out in a growing circle of shame.

The maid was close to tears now. Mortified, her face contorted in anguish.

"I didn't want that to happen!" she wailed. "I just couldn't help it! Mercy!"

Where her legs met, her clingy dress was soaked through. A small rivulet of clear liquid ran down her leg and dripped on the marble floor.

"Brina is a gushing carpet-muncher! Brina is a gushing carpet-muncher! Neener neener!" started the chorus of mocking voices.

Mirca clapped her hands. Just once. The hall fell silent.

"Your goddess has a very special place in her big heart for all gushing carpet-munchers! I don't want to hear this used as an insult, ever again!" her voice boomed.

Mumble mumble.

"Your goddess demands a straight answer!"

"Yes, goddess."

"Good." She pointed at the maids to Brina's sides. "You, and you, now grab her arms."

"Mercy!" screamed the trembling girl, too scared to squirm.

"Oh shush! That's for your own good."

"Goddess —," she sobbed, her voice failing her again.

"You two, you'll read her every wish from her lips. Brina, I'm curious. How would you prepare yourself for your goddess?"

"I d—don't understand..."

Mirca ran her tongue out and flicked it against the tip of her nose before she slurped it back into her mouth.

"I'm offering you a ride on that. Ready yourself, take a bath, whatever. I'll be waiting. Surprise me!"

Brina's mouth dropped open. She rolled her eyes, and her legs gave in. The two girls to her left and right caught her just in time as she fell.

"For your own good, like I said. Right, what are you two waiting for? Wake her and get her ready. And the rest of you, off with my *decorations*, and oil up my puppies." Mirca picked at the jinging wrapper of metal around her breasts.

Brina was a nervous wreck.

"No, I can't! I can't!" she exclaimed, pacing up and down the small dressing chamber.

"Shut up! You'll get what you've dreamed of, tart, so get the fuck ready! Shouldn't you be happy?" sneered the first of her unwilling aides.

"Right! Dammit, you'll get that tool up your clam to the hilt! Have you seen the *size* of it? Now I really wish she would've picked *me*, and I'm not even a dyke," growled the second girl.

"I, I was only *dreaming* of it! Like, in, not for real! So why don't *you* go instead! Oh please —"

"Yeah, *right*, fresh meat!" The second girl paraded up and down in front of Brina, swaying her hips in ridiculous exaggeration. "*Ooh*, look at me, my goddess," she squeaked. "Come on, *eat* me, giant woman, make me *cum* because I've seen your mighty tongue and I need it up my twat so very *baaad*." She slapped Brina over the head. "Hello? She's a *goddess*? She made the *Rules* ages ago. And the Rules

say, don't *ungh-ungh* with me. Really, it's as if you've never ever listened to Carwon's sermons! You don't propose to a goddess just because you think she's *hawt*! She *chooses* you if she wants to."

Envy darkened the girl's features.

"And she picked *you*. So what do you want us to do now?"

Brina buried her face in her hands.

"I've got no idea!" she wailed. "You're right! She's a goddess! I can't go and have my goddess eat me — it's *wrong*! But she — she ordered me — she — her Rules, why can she — why did she change them —"

The other girls eyed each other. Then they grabbed Brina and pulled her dress off over her head. The first girl sniffed at Brina's skin, ran her hand through between the blushing maid's thighs and sniffed her fingers.

"You reek like a fishmonger's locker! Carol, get the brush! And the thin rubber hose, the funnel and the perfume! Meet us at the basins. We'll make that wallflower bloom one way or the other."

The small door opened again a quarter of an hour later. Brina slowly stepped out into the large throne room, naked. She winced with each step. Her crotch still hurt and stung from the "cleaning".

"Finally! Come here, Brina. I don't bite. I just eat girls for dinner," joked Mirca. She reached out over her glistening, lubed-up breasts, dug her fingers into her skin and pulled herself up higher on them. Crossing her arms on the flesh cushions and cocking her head, she rested her chin on her hand and smiled at the trembling young woman. "So what do you want me to do now?"

Mumble mumble mercy mumble spare me mumble.

"Another case of the mumbles?" laughed the blonde. "All right, then I'll have you my way. Come, climb up over my boobs and let me weigh you before I taste you."

Brina struggled over the hot, soft flesh, rolled on her back on top of the living, breathing pillows and reluctantly opened her legs, sliding forward until the back of her knees rested on Mirca's shoulders. Mirca leaned forward and sniffed at the petals that greeted her.

"Mmh. Nice. Is that a perfume? Was that your idea?"

Brina mutely shook her head.

"Whoever thought of that, I commend them." She shot a quick glance at the two other maids that started to grin and nod to each other. "And you, Brina, open up a bit more. My, you're shivering. You're not afraid, are you? Close your eyes, if it helps. It'll pass soon. I'll show you how gentle I am."

Her strong hands grabbed Brina's waist and pulled her closer. Mirca pouted and pecked a kiss on the folds behind which Brina's love button cowered, presumably in fear. The giantess raised her head and looked in the trembling young woman's eyes. Her voice was a whisper, and nobody but Brina stood a chance of hearing it.

"Do you want me to stop? I'm the goddess, they wouldn't dare to blame you if I let you go now," breathed Mirca, with her hot exhale brushing gently through Brina's pubes. She tenderly rubbed her cheek against the girl's thigh.

After a moment's hesitation, the handmaiden shook her head again.

The thin tip of the blonde's tongue slowly worked its way around the wrinkled folds until she felt the nub protrude into the small, round opening right in the middle of her puckered lips. A copious gob of her saliva heated the nervous button even further. Her tongue smeared the foam up and down the whole length of Brina's labia, which earned Mirca a delighted sigh.

The giantess' kisses wandered on, traveling over the inside of Brina's legs, returning to the slowly warming and swelling crotch of her servant, then again teasing and nibbling on the soft skin of the girl's thighs. Inch by inch, her restless lips homed in on the entrance. She bit gently into the chestnut curls and pulled on them with her teeth, and Brina squeaked in delighted surprise. The girl's hands reluctantly found her goddess' head and feebly tried to guide her mistress back to her longing depths.

Mirca aimed the tip of her tongue at the entrance of Brina's cave and opened her mouth. Her lips stretched around the fleshy dome of the girl's vulva. She hefted the trembling body firmly around the narrow waist and pushed her against her mouth, and then dug her freak tongue deep into the scented hole. Brina let out a sigh and shivered. Her tube quivered all around Mirca's tongue.

They must've rinsed the girl with rose oil, Mirca pondered. How considerate of them. I've got to try that, too. Mmmhh, tasty like a cream-filled treat... Let's see how deep can I get into that nice puckered ring at the end of her clam. Ooh, and what's that rough patch? My, she's got a huge one, easy to find.

She curled her tongue and rubbed the spot, squeezing the inner side of the clitoris. Brina squirmed and moaned on top of her, leaning against the towering breasts in her back. Her legs shook in

convulsions. Moments later, Mirca's face was dripping with rose-scented liquid.

Whoa, that's a dew-laden flower all right.

She stretched her tongue long and went on ladling from the depths of the well that quickly filled up again. Brina just let it happen. She felt all of her body become limp, turning into jelly on that divine tentacle that dove into her far deeper than anything she ever had wrapped herself around before. The boobs she rested her back on rolled just a bit further apart. Her body slowly descended into the warm gulch between the huge bags until the pliable walls closed over her, trapping her upper body in their warm, soft embrace.

Mirca felt the whole body of the girl starting to shake, sending her breasts into quivering motions. Brina's legs wrapped around her head. Her heels drummed against the blonde's back and suddenly cramped. Another gush, accompanied by the whole body tensing up as it stuck buried in her cleavage, then the legs limply fell away and slipped from Mirca shoulders.

The giantess pulled her tongue from the emptied snatch. "Wow," she uttered. "Could someone dig her out from between my breasts? Wouldn't want to smother that tasty morsel down there."

Chapter 58: The Priest's Staff

The last of this day's visitors left the throne room, and the maids closed the doors from the outside. Mirca was alone with her priest.

"Carwon?"

"Goddess?"

She eyed him hungrily, resting her chin on her hand and her elbow on her own breast.

"I'm feeling all naughty today, and I've been thinking... come here, Carwon."

He stepped in front of her, his head now barely visible over the white promontory of her breasts.

"Don't play dumb with me, Carwon. Here, by my side where I can reach with my hands. Now drop your clothes."

He gulped. "No, I don't think you want —"

"— To see you naked? Of course! And that's just the beginning! I've not forgotten about that moment in your room, and I've never before seen a man built like you. And if the girls are too scared to have

fun with me, then you'll have to make do! Come on, whip out your naughty dangly bit! I want to play with it!"

His toga dropped to the floor. She raised her eyebrows and smacked her lips. "Good. *Mmmh*. Come here."

Mirca turned to him as far as her weighty anchors allowed her to. Her hands shot forward and grabbed his hips. She effortlessly lifted him up.

"Goddess, what—," he gasped.

"Oh shut up! Your goddess is going to feast on you tonight!" She laughed and licked her lips. "Let's turn this noodly appendage *al dente*."

Raising Carwon high over her head, she put her head in her neck and held him with his limp penis dangling over her face. She pouted and lowered his glans, still shrouded in foreskin, towards her puckered lips.

"Queen—*hhhhaah*!"

Shlurrrp.

Her lips closed tightly and locked into the groove behind his glans as his foreskin slipped back and the head bulged into her mouth. Her tongue coated his hot skin with saliva and tickled around the distended hole in the tip. She lowered him deeper and gobbled up all he had to offer.

"*Uhn* goddess," stammered Carwon, trembling in her grip.

Sllllp. Her lips ran over the whole length as she lifted him out of the warm abyss of her mouth.

"If you call me that one more time, I'll *bite*!"

Shlurrrp, and back into her mouth she drew him, her teeth nibbling playfully along the soft rod while her lips munched along and neared the root. Her cheeks fell in, and Carwon felt the stream of his blood as it rushed through his bulging veins and into the bloating head.

"G—Mirca, please..."

Mirca drew even stronger at his crotch. The soft skin of his balls started to slide, crawling over her wet lips into her mouth. She opened the meaty ring of her puckered lips even wider, and one by one, his balls slipped through and joined his growing rod in her huge, warm maw. Her tongue danced and slithered through the fold between his dick and his sack. Her lips squeezed rhythmically around the root of his package, and then Carwon couldn't fight the primal urges of his body any more.

Nature took over for good. With every racing beat of his heart, he grew deeper into her mouth. With Mirca's size dwarfing Carwon, there was *much* mouth his organ needed to grow into. Her mammoth tongue lashed and strangled around the distending rod, squeezing and sliding, wrapping his erection in like a corkscrew. She slowly lowered him deeper into her warm gullet, then bounced him up and down a few times until she raised the throbbing rod back out, all the while sliding her lips along the veined length of his pole.

"Mmmmircaaaaahh..."

Mirca noticed the sudden throb and pulled him out completely before he reached his threshold. The glistening glans slipped from her lips. She smiled and admired her soon-to-be-lover's new size.

"Oh Carwon," she sighed happily, "you're *big* now! Big enough for me! Oh, I must have that up my crotch."

"I —," he stammered, his face bright red by both arousal and embarrassment.

Mirca cut him off right there. "Your goddess demands that you to put that thing *in her*, right now," she purred as she put him back down on his feet.

She wiggled around, pushed out her ass and spread her legs, reaching back to pull her buttocks apart. Her labia parted, revealing the dark, still tight hole into her hungry vagina. Leaning forward into her breasts, she bent her knees until her gate was at a comfortable height.

"Well?" she moaned. "Climb on the divan and mount me! You'll fit nicely now, man-bull!"

"I m—must not — "

"My rules! I make them! From now on, the priest must screw the goddess whenever she demands it!" she barked into her own cleavage.

Jingle. Grit.

"No, I — that's not —," he stammered and backed away, with his member still bobbing and dripping.

Mirca fumed. Her body itched with all the anger of rejection and unsatisfied desire as she straightened up and stared at him over her shoulder.

"What? My lips can blow you, but my snatch's not good enough for you? Is that it?"

Groooooaan.

"You think I haven't noticed how you get off I-don't-know-how-many-times when you knead my tits, but you dare not put your pole in

my crotch?!" she growled, standing akimbo, tied to the two mammoth orbs of her breasts with her head turned sideways to glance at him over her shoulder from the corner of her eyes.

Streeeeetch.

"G—goddess, please—," he gulped, staring at the straining golden chains around her breasts. The first rings had already ripped and laid strewn across the floor.

"*What?!* Look me in the eyes if you're talking to me and stop backing away!" Mirca hollered.

Spang — tinkle — jingle. More little golden ring fragments showered the throne room in front of Mirca. She didn't notice, with her angry gaze still aimed at the recoiling vizier.

Gnooouurrrrb, growled her breasts as their flesh spilled over the tables and the rising shapes flowed slowly along the marble floor.

"*You're expanding!*" he howled and made a bolt for the door of his room. Mirca twitched. Her head spun back to her front. Her gasp of surprise turned into a shocked curse.

"Oh just ... *oh shit! Oh — ooouuuuhnnnnmmmm!*" All the itching of her overexcited crotch suddenly shot up along her spine, washed over her mind, met the heat of her anger, ignited and exploded into her chest. Her breasts' skin billowed out, rubbing along the floor and bubbling up from the inside as the gargantuan *avalanche* of breast flesh spilled forth.

Creeeeaaak — crunch, and the tables carrying her breasts collapsed under the multiplying weight. Devoid of any support now, the centers of Mirca's boobs dropped down to the floor. The shockwave sloshed over her skin like over the surface of a pond after

a particularly heavy boulder had splashed into it. Bobbing and bounding, her nipples shuddered to erection.

As the first throb tapered, she sat at the end of two oblong quivering melons, nine yards long. And just as Mirca caught her breath after the climax that the stretching nerves in her skin had given her, the next rush of fire tickled up inside her body.

"No! No, it never — it can't — I never grew twice — I — oh gods! Carwooooooon! Help me! It's happening again!" she howled over her shoulder.

The next pulse tripled her volume. Her breasts flowed down the two steps that separated the elevated throne area from the front part of the room, and the kneading and stroking that this edge gave to her swelling flesh quickened the arrival of the *next* pulse.

Nothing this horrible should feel so good, she managed to think, sweat-covered and exhausted, before the next firestorm started in her womb. Her fingernails dug into her palms as she clenched her fists.

No! Got to — hold it — in —

The feeling crawled up from her belly, like a hiccup from hell that just *wouldn't* let up.

Nuh—uh, n—nnn—unnnnnh—

She lost the fight as her sensitive skin stroked along the first pair of pillars. The next growth spurt sloshed into her, in one huge killer wave. Her breast's skin billowed like a sail in a gust, and her flesh rushed into the empty hall.

Mirca clutched the wall of white skin in front of her. Two-thirds of the huge floor now were filled with, well, *her*, and the top of her tents was halfway up to the ceiling, too, shaking and stretching still.

She was bigger than ever before, bigger than even when she had trained with Yrba, bigger than she ever thought possible. And it felt so *good*. There was not a single twitch, no stinging, no pricking. Her breasts had been huge to start with, and the abundant skin effortlessly made room as it stretched along.

And it showed no sign of stopping now. Her breathing quickened, and with every gasp, the fire in her crotch blazed brighter and rose further along her midriff, clawing its way to her chest. Three throbs and mind-wrecking orgasms, each one stronger than the last, each time growing bigger, and now the fourth bubbled through her, it would make her swell larger than all previous ones combined, and *then —*

I'll fill up the whole valley! Gods, I can't — I'll grow on until I burst!

"Carwon! Where have you gone?" she wailed.

By the time she had finished the question, he was back in the hall, struggling with a pair of fur gloves.

"Goddess! I'll help you soon, just hold on! I just hope this works —," but this last part he just mumbled under his breath while he began gesturing in the air.

It felt different from the magical net that Yrba had always used. The touch of *this* magic was like a huge fur rug being dragged over and between her breasts, tickling and itching as it engulfed the vast expanse of skin all the way. Goose bumps ran back and forth over her skin, which seemed to grow thicker and more resilient. She gasped and panted, and the pauses in her flying breath became shorter and

shorter. Her breasts had stopped growing, but now the pressure in them rose and rose.

"Carwon! Carwon, you come here and plug me this instaaaaaant! Oh heavens! Relief! I can't stand it anymore!"

She grabbed and clawed at her breasts, but that only heightened her arousal even more and didn't bring the deliverance she'd hoped for. Deep inside her crotch, the itching was worst. She couldn't reach that spot, not with her fingers, and there was nothing around she could've impaled herself upon. It itched, a most irritating, infuriating itch that made her angry, and the anger made her swell, and that made her itch more, and — she'd just grow on, until — except —

"Carwwwooooooooonnnnn!"

"Goddess!"

The fire in her womb wandered up and up, inching closer to her breasts, no matter how hard she fought it. She needed a pipe, laid right into her, spewing lots of liquid to extinguish her embers.

"On the divaaaaaaahhh—divan! On your back! Hurry! Whip out your rod again! Quickly! Let me sit oooooohhh—on it!"

"I can't get it up! Not like that!"

"I didn't *ask* you to! Down! Now!"

He slid into place beneath her. Mirca stepped over him and sat down on his hip, with her round bottom pinning him to the divan. She blindly reached around her breasts and ran her hands up his thighs, fishing for his dangling pole with both hands. It was still slippery with her spit, and after a few quick rubs, it showed promise. Another few gentle squeezes and strokes, and then she grabbed it with one hand around the root and cupped the glans, aiming for her crotch.

She lifted her hips until the hot glans slipped in between her outer labia, and then she slowly sat down again. The long, fat pole stretched her insides even though it was half-erect at best. Its lack of ultimate stiffness didn't matter, its girth served the purpose already. She exhaled in delight as she engulfed him deeper and deeper until she felt her groin making contact with his body. The gobbled-up prick quickly grew stiffer and thicker, and it reached all the itching spots one by one as it wandered up her cave, quenching her irritation.

But it didn't quench her desire. Each grinding of her hips on him sent another stretching, distending pulse into her nipples. The areolae domed out, their swelling accompanied by a deep gurgle. *Soon. Soon! I'll have release, and they'll stop growing.*

"Ooooh yes! Yes! Noooooooooowwww!" she moaned and cramped. He grabbed her waist, his hands still stuck in the fur gloves. She felt the touch all over her breasts and at her body at the same time, and how his dick throbbed inside her.

His semen spurted out, even against the death grip of her vagina. The biggest pulse of excitement yet arced through her thrumming boobs. The lightning of lust struck into the mighty nipples and caused them to pulsate bigger one last time. Hundreds of finger-sized holes flared all over their rough skin. The sea of milk sloshing inside her breasts stormed through the wide-open ducts. Her fluids sprayed out in a waving curtain reaching the roof. The flood covered the floor in seconds and began to rise inside the huge room until the side doors bursted open and discharged the white deluge all over the main stairs and out over the forecourt. Convulsing, she collapsed on top of him while her breast sprayed on and on, deflating slowly.

"Maids! Maids, this is the moment!" Carwon yelled. "Come and help the queen!"

"The maids? What about the m—," Mirca shrieked, and after a short gasp her voice dropped through the octaves to a throaty "*mmmh! Oooh! Whoaaaahh!*" before it ended in panted moans and grunts.

All she saw in front of her was the towering wall of her own breasts. All that she *felt* were almost a hundred hands with splayed fingers, all leaning into her malleable flesh around the edge where her sagging, blimp-sized breasts rested in the foot-high milk sea. She turned her head. Left and right, the last girls moved into position, their faces filled with austerity as they prepared to fulfill their sacred service for the first time in ages.

The first girls to her sides pushed deep into the soft skin, and like a long wave, their neighbors did the same. Mirca's mountainous breasts pulled at her ribs, and she began to swing back and forth, faintly at first and then farther and farther as the girls picked up the resonance of the wavy swaying.

"*Mmmh. Mmmh. Mmmh! Hwooooahh! Yeeees! Uhhhng! Oh! My! Gooaadddddss!*" howled the breast-bloated giantess. Each time a wavefront ran into her areolas, the nipples bulged, soared upwards and gushed a massive torrent. The maids kept their pace, in perfect synchronization, until inside Mirca's breasts a single riptide of milk sloshed back and forth, shooting yard-long bolts of liquid from her nipples on the far side and lifting her up and off her feet when it stretched the roots of her boobs and then reflected back from her chest. Carwon held on to her, he wrapped his arms around her waist and rode her, penetrating deep into her dripping pussy each time the couple came down on the divan again.

Her breasts emptied, albeit deliciously slow. Exhausted and still clutching her priest's oversized manhood in her love muscle, she finally sat on the divan. The maids, their white clothes no longer white

but drenched through and through and clinging transparently to their bodies, still rhythmically pushed her boobs, but they no longer need the whole staff of girls for it. Those no longer on "shoving duty", as Mirca called it in her mind with a little giggle, dropped their clothes and struggled naked onto the slippery shoulders of the ring of "shovers". They leaned forward, splayed their arms and —

"Oh yeeeeessss!" groaned the queen, throwing her head back. A dozen naked, hot, slippery, *weighty* bodies dropped down into the yielding, still several yards long balloons. The maids rolled and slithered around on the masses, tumbling towards the nipples where they unmounted the breasts and ran around to jump on them anew. Their weight and their slippery bodies pushed and guided the milk to the two outlets where another couple of girls were already busy squeezing and stroking Mirca's teats. Like two human conveyor belts, the "slippers", as Mirca named them in her mind's sex-crazed haze, took over the duty that the "shovers" could no longer perform on her boobs.

Mirca didn't recall for how long these delightful maneuvers continued. She just sagged forward on her own breasts, clinging to them with splayed arms and relishing in the unending touches and strokes and pushes and prods and the spraying of nurturing liquid from her teats that served and served.

Finally, a dozen girls reached under the blonde's boobs and lifted them on quickly provided new tables so that the "dryers" could begin their work of washing and cleaning their utterly spent goddess. Her breasts were down to the size of three or four huge sacks of wheat sewn together.

Carwon struggled out under her and sat down beside her on the divan, his naked body still covered in sweat and milk. When she woke again from her delirious rush, the maids were already busy scrubbing the floors and flushing out the rest of the milk. Pulling her breasts closer so she could actually move a little, she leaned against her priest and embraced him. This time, he didn't protest.

"Oh Carwon, what are we going to do? If I drown half the palace each time I get angry — then what?" She sobbed — those poor girls, they had to work so hard now, and she *knew* they'd ache all over. And what if the room had not been big enough? Would she have brought down the walls? Would she have crushed them all to death?

"I'm not a goddess, I'm a tit monster!" she wailed.

He stared at his trembling hands.

"There — there is an elixir. It'll keep your rage from affecting your breasts."

She sniffled and wiped her eyes. "Yrba never told me about that!"

He shrugged. "Probably because it's long forgotten. It's really old, and — even I didn't remember it until now. Some of the first goddesses, they must've suffered from the same affliction. It's in the old scrolls, and I thought it was just a stupid mistranslation. I'd never have believed breasts could really — I mean, wow! That was just so incredible! And so fast! Nobody has seen anything like that for a thousand years! Imagine what would happen if they just kept on growing —"

She grabbed his arm hard. Her brow furrowed. "Carwon! I don't even dare to think about that! You go and brew the stuff *this instant!*"

You hear — *oh no!*" Her eyes grew wide. She felt her nipples stand up again. "Don't anger me! Please — promise you'll get me that potion!"

He stared at her breasts that were beginning to throb again. His mouth went dry.

"At once, goddess!"

He stormed off to his room. She clenched her fists and tried to breathe slowly and deeply, all the while begging to her mammaries. Reluctantly, the urge in her chest waned.

Chapter 59: Return Of The Witch

Weeks passed. Then, as the leaves slowly turned brown, a caravan, drawn by a single horse and bleached by the sun and rain, once again rumbled over the town road and towards the twin-dome palace. The sun was setting, and the white walls of the castle glowed red like blood.

"I'm afraid nobody may disturb the Goddess!"

The chambermaid, a new girl Yrba had not met before, trembled with fear. Yet the plucky guardian held her ground against Yrba, who was almost half a head taller, even as the voluptuous witch stood mere inches from her, furrowed her brow and stared her in the face. The curvy dark-skinned woman was impressed. Her stare usually did the trick, but not this time.

"Lass, you step aside *this instant*, else I'll get very, very angry!" she snarled.

Her opponent swayed and her breathing was flat and fast, but she didn't move aside.

"I'm ... I'm under orders to not let—"

"Ladies! *Please!* Such ill will on such a nice evening?"

Yrba rolled her eyes. Ten words only, and Carwon's cheerful voice already grated on her nerves. She straightened, backed away to the relieved exhale from the maid, spun around and directed her anger at the approaching vizier.

"There you are! What's this about not disturbing Mirca? What are you up to? I want to see her, right away!" she barked.

Carwon bowed to her, smiling as he held out his hands to his sides in greeting.

"Your worrying for your mistress blesses your soul, woman of faraway lands. I am humbled and honored to be in the presence of the goddess' confidante and aide again. She told me at great lengths about the ordeals you had to endure before she, in her unending wisdom and mercy, decided to free you from Lord Peter's prison and nurtured your emaciated body back to health! And what a fine miracle she worked on you! I assure you, each and everyone in the temple stands ready to cater to your every need, as she has ordered us to. You'll find that to be a most generous reward for your services to the great goddess, I'm sure."

He put his arm around her shoulder, turned her towards the guest quarters and continued, slightly quieter, "You do not need to bend to her all the time, you know. She's taken care of. Enjoy your stay! Though I understand your desire to immediately rush in and bow before her, from the bottom of my heart. Myself, I find it difficult to tear away from her sight as well. She really must be the late light of your poor life, with her grace and immense knowledge."

Yrba puckered her lips and managed a wry smile.

Oh just you wait, girl! 'Unending wisdom'? 'Free me'? Girl, it seems my memory differs from yours about quite a few things! 'Nurture my emaciated body'? Uh-huh! You're going to get an earful about that, too!

"I'd rather not talk about that, if it's the same to you," she replied after hesitating for a few moments.

"Of course, of course." Carwon patted her shoulder and nodded. "Now, see, she's just about to go to sleep now. It wouldn't be wise to disturb her slumber, don't you think? I'll send for you first thing in the morning, after she's awake. You may want to take a hot bath after the dust and dirt out on the road. The royal pools are at your disposal, of course."

He smiled somewhat uneasily as he slowly lifted his arm from her shoulder and tried to inconspicuously brush away the earthen stains that Yrba's clothes had left on his white sleeves.

Yrba yawned. Yes, it *was* getting late, and she truly longed for a good soaking. Sand dust still gritted between her teeth and itched on her skin. Her nerves were twanging with tension. Just like the last time, and she remembered all too well how talking to Mirca in this state of mind had worked out. A few hours to cool off, a warm bath with a little self-spelunking and a good night's sleep seemed like a pretty good idea right now.

"All right. First thing in the morning, then. And don't you forget it!"

Yrba was already asleep in her room while in the goddess' hall Mirca still luxuriated naked in the care of her army of handmaidens.

Her jewels and veils had been put away for the night, and her body was being rubbed down with skin-soothing perfumed oils. She was quite sure she had never felt so good in her whole life. A group of girls carried in the tablets with the night snacks, in case she got hungry. She always got hungry. Come next morning, the plates would be — well, not quite licked clean, but at least empty. The dozen of higher rank maids went on rubbing the special lotion into her breasts now. She felt her taut skin relaxing, making way for another gentle growth over the course of the night.

How big will I be tomorrow? This is sooo exciting!

Just then, she noticed from the corner of her half-closed eyes two of the lower maids, working across the room. They were busy folding her clothes, but now they were putting their heads together, giggling and occasionally nodding their heads towards her as they made rather descriptive gestures.

"Hey! You two!"

She pointed her forefinger at them. The couple froze. Suddenly, the whole room fell silent. All eyes were on the two girls who had gone pale at first and now blushed, their faces turning bright red. Mirca beckoned them closer.

"Come on, come over! I don't bite! It's more of a nibble, you know."

The smaller of the two pushed the other ahead of her, to whispers of "Go on, tell her! She's nice!" and "No, stop that! I don't dare —"

Finally, they stood at a footstep's distance from the huge breasts, hanging their heads and wringing their hands.

"It was her idea!" they bursted out simultaneously and started a flurry of pointing fingers. Babbled excuses and accusations flew around. After a while and not a sign of the bickering slowing down, Mirca couldn't hold back her laughter any more and raised her hands.

"All right, all right! Enough!" she chuckled. "You! The brunette! What is this all about?"

The smaller, stocky girl who looked no older than twenty years gulped. She had short, brown hair, framing a round face, a cute button for a nose and round cheeks.

"We — we were just wondering what your milk really tastes like. B—Because all we get is watered down stuff, every now and then."

"Oh? I'll have to talk to Carwon about that." She slapped her boobs' skin, sending waves wandering along the huge flattened spheres. "By now, there really should be enough to go around. Well, you two, how do you go about getting something you want? Huh? Why, you start by asking. So? I'm listening!"

The girl she had addressed bit her lips and nudged the other, an auburn-haired, slender female in her mid-twenties. Her pale face had freckles, and her nose was a bit more pointy than it should've been, which gave her the looks of a nervous hen. As if nature had decided to even that out and to distract the gazes from her slightly lacking face, she was gifted with an enormous, firm, melon-sized pair of breasts, straining against her cloth. She cleared her throat and stuttered: "Oh goddess, may I — d—drink from your breasts?"

"Good. Good. See, that wasn't so hard, was it? What's your name, girl?"

The big-breasted young woman giggled nervously.

"Yolanda, your highness."

She hungrily eyed the two huge, bobbing nipples on Mirca's still sloshing bags of milk.

"Why, Yolanda, of course you may! Enough to go round, isn't there? Take your pick."

The servant fell to her knees and raised her hands.

"Thank you! Oh Goddess, thank you!"

She bent forward and started to squeeze one of the fat teats between her lips.

"Hey, don't tickle them!" giggled the blonde. "They're pretty charged, you wouldn't want to set them off. They'd fill you up good and then some! Ah, see, here's a special delivery comin' for ya!"

Mirca ran her hands over her breast and gently squeezed and pressed into the yielding flesh, massaging the barely contained liquid toward the rough, swollen mouthpiece.

The maid's cheeks bulged with the first burst of milk. It shot out between her lips and the nipple's rough skin and ran down her chin. She swallowed all she had been able to keep in her mouth and sighed happily once it was empty again.

"My goddess, this is *so* delicious! Dare I —"

Mirca giggled when she saw the envy on the faces of the other maids. *Like the old times. Ah, I wish I'd have had such a chance when I was but the "oaf" at Peter's castle...*

So she smiled at the begging girl and nodded.

"Of course. She who asks shall receive. Drink all you can, you won't drain your goddess one bit. Well, what are you waiting for?"

The girl fidgeted for a few moments, avoiding Mirca's gaze.

"Uh, goddess — i—is it true that your milk can make women grow *big* and strong like you are?"

"Yolanda!" gasped her friend. "What stupid question is *that*?"

"I just —," she started and fell silent.

Mirca smiled. "A fair question. I never saw that happen. Then again, I've not tried it either. Yrba always did it with magic, and she said it's the *eggs-pear-mending* that shows what works and what not. If you dare — swallow what you can, and then we'll see." After a moment's pause, she added, "Not that you'd need it, you're a mighty fine piece of breast already," and winked at her.

Yolanda beamed with pride and started to lick the nipple up and down. She coated all of the rough skin with her saliva, chewing and nibbling at the flesh that began to throb in her hands. Pouting her lips, she gently bit down on the banana-sized teat and sucked it deep into her mouth. Moaning through her nose, she moved her wide-open lower jaw to the left and right, twisting the teat and rubbing her lips over it. Mirca became more aroused with each passing second. A tickle and itching she hadn't felt in a long time started in her breast.

"Yol," she moaned, "you're doing it *sooo* good! But ... *oooh* ... stop." The tone of the giantess' voice became urgent. "Stop! I'm not joking! Don't tickle me any further! *Heavens!* It's like — *No!* — You've got no idea what — *whhhhh*—"

Yolanda didn't listen, consumed by lactic bliss. Mirca tried to reach for the girl, but her arms were too short to grab over her swollen boobs. The itching grew worse. It spread out over the skin, and in its wake the flesh underneath started to throb and bubble. The feeling engulfed her whole breast, raced in spirals back to the areola, it filled the nipple with liquid fire and pressure and then —

Mmmphhhshluuuurp.

As in, the squelching sound of something *elongating*, squeezing and sliding fast and forcefully deep down into a wet, slightly smaller tube.

"*Yolandaaaa!*" yelled the other girl who had been standing right beside her friend, recoiled and slapped her hands over her mouth. The other maidens took a fraction of a second longer to take in what they saw. Then they jumped back in horror and screamed at the top of their lungs.

A weird, screeching sound woke Yrba from an uneasy slumber. It echoed muffled through the heavy door of her sleeping room. Opening her eyes, she froze and stared at the quivering bolt of magical light that wandered right through the walls of the room.

Three seconds later, she was up and running down the hallway towards the Goddess' chambers, her naked feet slapping over the cool marble, the wide sleeves and the tail of her untied nightgown fluttering after her, her unrestrained breasts bouncing to her shoulders and slamming into her stomach with every bound.

Cold moonlight crept through the high windows, but that wasn't what guided her feet as she darted along the corridor. Invisible to the

common folk, but plain as day to the witch, bolts of magical energy overtook her left and right, converging on a point somewhere behind the huge gates. Something big was building up. And it was happening at the place where the chorus of fearful shrieks came from.

Yolanda knelt before her goddess, and her face was contorted into a silent plea for mercy. Her eyes almost popped from their sockets. A trickle of blood ran from the corner of her mouth. Her lip had been ripped open in the corner by the sheer girth of the teat that had launched itself down her throat and gullet. Its far end curled like a length of rope in her stomach. She felt it slap and wriggle inside her, pushing against her stomach walls, still gaining volume.

Mirca screamed and wailed desperately, "Help her! Oh gods, help her! Girls! Don't just stand there! Somebody pull my nipple from her mouth! Her stomach! It burns! It burns! Heavens! The milk! I can't stop it! I can't hold it back much longer! Won't someone please —"

The door flew open and slammed against the wall. Yrba slid into the room and stared at the sight. She had pictured something similar, but —

I hate being right! Dammit, no, I dig being right! I just wish once in a while I'd be wrong about one of those fucked-up disasters. Oh damnation, her boobs have grown even bigger —

Yolanda hung with her lips locked to Mirca's tent-sized right breast that throbbed and pulsed. Her mouth and throat were unnaturally distended. Her hands clutched her bulging stomach that had bloated to the size of a small barrel.

Mirca clenched her teeth, trying in vain to stop the impending, massive growth that would bloat her breast into a taut, house-sized balloon. At best, she could slow it down for a few more moments. The magic would have its way with her, any second now, whether she wanted it or not.

And Yolanda would get filled until she'd simply burst apart, within seconds. Except maybe —

Yrba blinked. *Please let that glow be — yes! There's still a chance!*

Lucky for the girl, she's a Tincture customer as well. Mighty big one, I'd say. Glowing like a bonfire. At least I can get a grip on her body —

She had started with the conjuring gestures well up along the hallway, just in case. Now her hands went through the last of the motions. She finished the ethereal knot of twitching strands and funneled the magical discharge right into Mirca's and Yolanda's bodies.

The glistening threads of Yrba's incorporeal net wrapped around Mirca's breasts and constrained them to their current size. The teat wrinkled back into itself, retreating from Yolanda's belly. But even though it no longer was a freakish tube, it still filled Yolanda's mouth and stuck deep into her throat. All the pent-up growth urge and the impending milk blast would still burst forward into the maid's belly.

"Everybody down!" hollered the witch as the spark of unleashed magic lit up the room. "Thar she blows!"

The confused, screaming maids went silent at the sound of the imperious voice. They threw themselves on the floor and covered their heads with their hands.

The sound of a thundering waterfall filled the air, mingled with groans and stretching noises. Through a weird but enjoyable haze over her mind, Yolanda felt herself being lifted up higher and higher. Her vantage point changed as she rode up in the air on her bloating belly. She rose, slowly tilting forward until she stared down from above into Mirca's cleavage.

Yees, now I'm all big and huge like her! Mmmh, that's a nice view. Oh, you delicious nipple, why are you going away already? bubbled her thoughts as the weight of Mirca's massive mammary finally drew the discharged teat from her throat and mouth. The heavy breast, still plump and bloated even after blowing its load, bounced and bobbed down on the floor while the spherical maid rightened up and sloshed back and forth, slowly settling down. Yolanda felt ... sated. Deeply and happily sated. A huge belly full of warm, delicious milk. *What was the thing after feeding? Ah, right.* She needed to rest now. With a content smile, she drifted off into sleep.

Yrba exhaled hard and lowered her arms. Her hands clenched into fists, and her teeth grated as her brow furrowed.

"Just in time!" She spun towards Mirca. "What were you thinking, girl? You saw what you did to that warehouse, the night we first met. When was the last time you've practiced, you lazy bitch? And you let her put your nipple into her *mouth*? You almost blew her head right off! I'll have a few more words with you about that, *in private*," she chided the squirming young woman.

Then she turned to the chambermaids who slowly stood up and stared in awe at the mammoth blob of taut white skin that gently swayed back and forth in the huge room. A quiet mumble of "Praise the goddess!" and "A miracle!" reverberated in the air.

"And you lot, you better roll her someplace soft and warm. She won't wake until she's done digesting and purging that belly full of milk. You can guess just how big of a mess she'll make of any place you put her into, unless it's a river bed! So you better start asking someone who's actually in charge around here."

Yrba swiveled around again.

"Back to you, Mirca, *goddess*. What did I tell you about your breasts? You need to practice more! You need to get a better hold of yourself. Delaying a burst? *De-lay-ing*? Please! You've been doing much better than that before you got all flabby-titted and lazy! Have you not learned a thing from me?"

"Yrba, please, I really wanted to, but — but it all happened so *fast*."

"Tell that to poor Yolanda!" she hissed, nodding towards the gently wobbling, snoring ball right by their side. "Do you know what would've happened if I came here too late? If my bedroom had been just a few dozen yards further away? You'd be scraping minced Yolanda off your tits, airhead! I've seen what a sword to the belly can do, and it ain't pretty, but your hooters are much—"

"Oh please, stop! I — I didn't want to —," Mirca wailed, tears running down her face. Yrba went on, screaming over the blonde's interjection, "Now imagine what she'd look like, ripped apart from the inside! Bones and entrails all ar—"

"*Silence!* What is this—"

Carwon came running into the room, bleary-eyed, wearing but a nightgown tied with a girdle around his waist. He startled for a moment and stopped in his tracks, but held his composure pretty well in the face of the abomination that wobbled in the room. In fact, his voice was stern and chilly as he turned to the witch.

"That's enough. I heard you screaming from the far end of the hall. You're forgetting your place. Friend or not, you're upsetting the goddess."

Mirca gave him a thankful glance from teary eyes.

"Yeah, goddess *my ass!*" Yrba exclaimed, standing akimbo with her fists half-raised.

The whole room gasped. Carwon's face went wooden.

"I must ask you to leave *now*. We gave you a lot of leeway, but we will not tolerate such insolence!"

"Mirca, tell this buffoon —"

The blonde clung to the vizier who had put a soothing arm around her shaking shoulders.

"Go. Just — go," she cried, her face buried in his gown.

Carwon cocked his head and nodded mutely towards the door. Yrba lowered her eyes and gritted her teeth. Then she exhaled in a heavy sigh and turned on the spot. She stamped down the hallway, her body ramrod straight, while the servants cast confused and hostile glances after her.

Back in the privacy of her room, Yrba sat down heavily on her bed and stooped, clutching her arms to her body. She slowly opened her fists while her face contorted in pain. Both of her palms and the insides of the fingers were raw and bleeding. She panted as she reached for the little bottles by the side of her bed. The vial slipped from her trembling hands and landed on the thick rug in front of the bed. Crimson smears now covered the glass tube.

"Here, let me lend you a hand."

She startled and looked up. Carwon had entered the room without her even noticing.

"What do you want?" she snarled as tears stung in the corners of her eyes. "Can't you see I'm busy? I'm not in the mood for your preachings! Or is it coming down to threats and lies again?"

"You're bleeding. Oh my. The magic you had to force too fast, right? I've heard stories about that." He stooped and picked up the small container. "That's your medicine? Want me to open the bottle for you? — There. Gods, I'm so sorry for what just happened. It's not easy, running this shire. All this acting and grandstanding, but it's all I'm good at—"

He bit his lips and turned his head. His hands, the smooth hands of a man who never had to do hard work, uncorked the vial and poured thin lines of the viscid lotion into Yrba's cupped palms. Then he proceeded to gently rub the liquid into Yrba's hands. She sighed as the numbing effect took the worst the pain away.

"So do you think she's a goddess, or what?" the witch inquired.

He snorted. "Mirca? Heavens, no! She's a beauty, and a genuinely nice girl. But a goddess? Well, in a way. She gives my

subjects something to admire. She gives them hope. That's more than I ever managed to do. So yes, though she may not be a goddess by nature, she's one by function. We're a small, poor shire, but at least with her around, my people can look up to something."

"Small? Poor?" She ostensibly glanced around the guest room. Yrba had seen whole *farms* smaller than it.

"The palace? Inherited, that's all. This used to be one of the old Empire's outposts. We're lucky that it's easy to maintain. Half of it is just a dusty old barn these days. Of course we don't lead our visitors through *these* parts. And sure as hell we couldn't afford to *build* a palace, these days."

He turned to her and looked her in the face, all the while gently massaging her aching hands. "Yrba, there is much more of the divine in you. I didn't want to come between you two. It's just that I was looking for a — a symbol for my people. I needed something that promised abundance and maternal love." He smiled. "You can't deny that she fits the bill quite well."

"Lots of women do. Why did you pick her? How could your guards even know—"

"I've learned about the '*Tincture for the discerning Madame*' you're selling."

Yrba's forehead wrinkled. He hastily added, "Don't worry. Few do know about it, and those who buy it don't usually tell. Anyway, I noticed how one of the old, dark mirrors would show the boobs of any woman who ever used it, glowing in bright light even through their clothes. I shattered the glass and passed pieces of it around to the guards at the gates. I hoped for a really stacked woman to show a little

public growth on a couple of holy days. I honestly didn't think I'd hit the mother lode."

The lotion had soaked into her skin, yet he was still holding her hands. Yrba eyed him, frowning.

"You're a strange man, Carwon. There's a lot to you that doesn't meet the eye."

"You haven't seen half of it." He looked down and sighed. "How long will it take to heal?"

"Couple o' days. I've been worse," she shrugged.

He put his warm hand on her shoulder.

"I'll give order for one of the girls to stay by your side, day and night, to be your hands. Give your real ones some rest. Mirca's all worked up and in tears over that — that — I don't know what to call it. It might've turned out to be a horrible accident, but you managed to turn it into a blooper instead. Thank heavens you were around."

He hesitated.

"Yrba, something like that has happened once before, a few weeks ago."

His hand disappeared into a pocket, and he pulled out a corked vial. Yrba frowned more and more while Carwon continued.

"This is what I've suggested to her. It's a recipe from the ancient tomes. The scriptures said, it would keep these bursts away. I — did I do something wrong? You're a witch, you surely know —"

Slap.

Yrba howled in pain and stooped over her aching hand. Her reflexes had gotten the better of her, once again.

"Yrba, I didn't mean —," he stammered, wiping blood and salve from his burning cheek.

"You're no wizard, are you?" she groaned through clenched teeth and shot flaming stares at him from under her eyebrows.

"No, I — I only read about it, and the recipe seemed simple enough —"

"You've got *no business* messing with these things. Could've gotten everyone killed, you jackass. Now hold it in front of my face, you fool." She pinched her eyes. "That's what you gave her? The very same recipe?"

"Yes, a drop a day. Why? Oh gods, Yrba, tell me, what have I done? Was it — too little?"

"I guess it was *nothing*. Tell me the ingredients."

He did.

"Nothing else? No special cup to stir it in or something?"

"No. No, just —"

She laughed. "Well, could've been worse. You cooked up a nice herbal spice mixture, that's all. Won't do any good for her troubles, but at least it won't do any harm, either. Unless you rely on it, because it *just won't work*."

He gulped.

"Won't work?"

"Either she can hold it in by herself, or she can't. It won't matter what kind of weed juice she swallows. At least it might boost her confidence, and that goes a long way. And that stuff might taste great on a salad."

"Well, I better go then and calm her. And I'll see to it none of the other maids tries something that stupid again. Best if you keep Mirca at a distance until your palms are better. She'd break into tears each time she sees your chafed hands."

Yrba nodded. "Yes, that's her all right. Oh, do me a favor and please don't pick one of those mindless chatterboxes as my maid. I'd have to strangle her after an hour, and that'd be murder on my hands."

He laughed.

"How *punny*. Can do. Promise me you won't corrupt your maid's brain too much with your heathen blasphemies?"

She held her deadpan expression for a few seconds longer before a twitch in the corner of her mouth started. She lowered her head and chuckled along.

"I'll try not to instill feelings of revolution, all right."

"Good, because that's the viziers' job anyway."

"And seeing how you're your own vizier..."

"I never said it's an easy job."

He put his forefinger on his pouted lips and winked at her. She replied by slipping thumb and forefinger along her mouth, though she cringed a bit as she bent her hand.

He turned to go but stopped at the door frame.

"Yrba — I'm sorry that I chased you from the palace on the first night. I didn't know if I could trust you, and I had to be cautious. I didn't hate you then, and I don't hate you now. But I need to keep up my role with others around. I just want you to know that." Then he sneaked out the door and was gone.

*Now that was entirely unexpected, she thought. It's all politics.
Huh.*

Chapter 60: Helping Hands

A knock on the door woke Yrba. She squirmed awake and lifted her head, blinking into the inky blackness of the bedroom that was only dotted by the faint halo of a single, flickering oil lamp on the far wall. The witch sighed. She just had managed to fall asleep and to forget about the constant itching and the numb, throbbing ache in her hands.

"Oh bugger me," she groaned, slumping back down on the bed. "Am I going to get *any* sleep on this cursed night?" Another quiet sigh, then she growled much louder, "All right, come on in."

The woman who cautiously entered the room seemed to be about the gypsy's age, or maybe a tad closer to the end of the thirties. She wore one of the ubiquitous white togas, wrapped tight around her average body. Her brunette hair was tied back and braided into a single, short pigtail. She was about half a head smaller than Yrba, and not quite as stocky.

The maid glanced over the room with a skeptical expression that disappeared the moment she saw the spread-eagled witch on the big bed, her curvy body barely covered by a nightgown that had opened and slipped down from the left half of her torso. The woman stepped

up, crossed her arms with flat hands over her chest, bowed to her and kept her head down as she straightened and addressed her new mistress.

"Milady, Carwon sends me. I'm to stay by your side for the time of your healing." And then she slapped her hands on her mouth and burst out, "Oh wow! You're a true Darkskin! Head to toe! I wasn't sure, I only heard stories — "

Her face shattered, and she averted her eyes. "— Oh, forgive me, milady, I didn't mean to be disrespectful —"

Yrba wearily raised her eyebrows.

"Yeah? You mind my tint?" she mumbled while she stretched her back and twisted slowly to coax her stiff and tired muscles into action.

"Milady, no, it's just — wow! That's so exciting! I'm so honored!"

Yrba laughed, and the woman twitched at the sudden bellowing noise.

"That'll pass, dear, once you've wiped my butt for the first time. An advance *sorry* for that." She raised her bruised and bloodstained palms. "I'm a bit lacking in the hands department right now, so you'll have to lend me your fingers for some icky things."

The woman shrugged. "I know. I don't mind that, milady. The last months of the previous goddess weren't pretty, either. She was very old and had — troubles."

"Yes, we better leave it at that. You surely got a name?"

The servant raised her head and smiled, though her face's open and friendly expression was tainted with a little sadness.

"Choose one that pleases your ear, milady. I will learn to heed to it."

Yrba struggled up to her elbows, carefully avoiding to use her hands. She looked long and hard at the woman.

"Your real one," she finally replied. "How bad can it be? And lay off the *milady*. It's *Yrba*, nothing else."

"Patra," mumbled the woman, with a quirky pronunciation.

"Pak—chra? What kind of name is this?"

"No, it's *Pat*, and then you roll the *ra* in you throat, milady"

"You're not making this any easier, you know?" Yrba winked. "Oh well, *Pat'chra* it is, then. Patra, come here and tie my gown, it's getting chilly in here."

The woman eyed the witch's brown melons that hung only slightly flattened over the sides of her ribcage, their ample volume crowned by a pair of big, erect nipples in contracted, wrinkly areolae. Her fingers wrapped Yrba's naked body into the nightgown and tied a girdle around the thin silk. She bit her lips as her elbow accidentally brushed against the witch's weighty breasts.

"I'll say," she mumbled. "It's true what they all whisper. You *do* have the knowing of how to forever keep your abundance!" She gasped and averted her eyes. "Forgive me! I — I keep forgetting my place. I'm sorry, mil—mistress Yrba!"

Yrba chuckled, and the undulating motions of her breasts showed through the cloth. "Don't be. And, thank you. Let's finally get

some rest now. Oh, and Patra — keep doing your job well, and I might show you that trick with the *abundance*."

"Really? That would be awe—"

Patra blushed and fell silent. She hurried out of the room, with tiny, fast footsteps.

Yrba's eyes followed her until the door closed. The witch slumped back into the pillows and smiled as she closed her eyes. Soon afterwards, she was fast asleep.

Yrba jerked awake and winced at the sudden sting in her right palm. Opening one sleep-crusted eye after the other to the light of the new morning, she found she had rolled around and trapped one of her charred palms under her thigh. Groaning, she tried to free it without heaping any more strain on it. The rough crust of clotted blood had again split open in places, from the pressure alone. Her bed's sheet was soiled with dried bloodstains all over.

"Milady! Wait —"

Patra's arms suddenly were there, grabbed her leg and hip and rolled Yrba's naked body around. She moved with years of routine, and her arms had surprising strength. That, or the witch still felt the numbness of sleep in her bones. She looked at the damage done. *Another* day to add to the recovery, at least. Yrba ground her teeth.

"*Splendid*. Do I need to get tied up just to sleep? *Fuck*. Oh, and, Patra?"

"Milady?"

Yrba sighed resignedly. "I told you to not call me that all the time."

"Yes, milady."

"You'll keep on doing it anyway, I guess?"

"Yes, milady."

"What *are* you doing here?"

"Milady?!"

"I sleep. I utter one groan, and *bam*, you're by my side. Don't you have your own chamber or something?"

"Milady! I was ordered to your side, and of course I *will* be there! I am your very own personal servant, milady, and I will not leave you. You were asleep when I returned with the night candles, so I laid down on the rug by your bed."

She saw Yrba's face, and hastened to add, "It was comfortable, milady! I *like* the rug."

The witch shook her head. "Seems I've still got a lot to learn about that milady and servant stuff. Right, then." Her face screwed up. *Another* problem announced itself rather urgently. "Heavens, I really need to take a leak now. Come here, help me untangle this mess of covers and put me on my feet. There's still a privy down the hallway, isn't it?"

"Milady! You can't go and use a *common* outhouse like a servant! I'll fetch the bucket for you right away!" And she was off through the door.

"Bucket?!" Yrba called after her, in the half-whisper, half-scream so typical of someone confronted with an embarrassing fact.

"What *bucket*?! Not *that* kind of b—? *Hey!* Am I a fuckin' bleacher's apprentice?!" She struggled with the twisted blankets that held her tied to the bed.

"Will you come back and just help me get out of these tangled sheets? *Patra*?! — Dammit!"

"Milady?"

"*What now?!*" barked Yrba and stopped squirming and wiggling on the wooden *embarrassment*. As much as she tried to spread her legs, she suspected that without fingers there was *no* way she'd be able to get her gap wide enough to get this over with without soiling herself, and she *hated* that thought.

"I might be of a certain help, milady," Patra replied meekly, talking to the wall. She stood with her head down, her hands folded in her lap and her back turned to the whole scene of humiliation, as Yrba had ordered her.

The witch sighed. "Oh, really? Can hardly get any worse, I guess. Well, then come and make yourself useful. Get the fountain out in the open."

And Patra did. The servant's cool fingers spread the witch *wide*. The woman had a sure touch and knew how to open the brown outer lips to lay bare the upper folds of Yrba's pink petals to the desired effect, and the gentle ministrations of a small, flower-perfume soaked towel afterwards left the witch feeling cleaner and fresher than even a dip in a chilly mountain stream.

"Patra, we will *not* use this bucket thing again. We will not even *talk* about it again!" Yrba sighed as her mortification waned. "I've

burned my *hands*, nothing else. And I won't settle for *wood* when there are, ahem, *marble* thrones available, okay? I'm not bed-ridden!"

"Yes, milady."

"Good! So what do you suggest I do to pass the time?"

"Aaah," Yrba sighed happily and sunk into the heap of freshly fluffed pillows on the divan. Over the course of last three days, the first, thin layer of new skin had slowly made progress under the charred, red cracks in her flesh. Patra had just finished rubbing another coat of Yrba's home-brew healing lotion on the witch's palms. Now her servant returned from washing the sticky ooze off, and she brought a small dinner dish with pieces of bread along.

"Dinner, milady?" She offered one of the canapés. Yrba's head jerked forward. Her lips snagged it from Patra's fingers, and she raised her eyebrows to a questioning expression while she chewed.

"Oh will you ftop wiff fe *milady* already? What were you muttering just now?"

Patra hesitated. "I — uh ..."

"Come on, out with it! Can't be that bad."

"Open up *wiiiiide* — *mmh*, yes, that's a good witch ... *milady*."

Yrba smiled. "Heh. Cute." Her voice rose to a squeaky falsetto. "*Witch wanna more. Wanna munchy*. See? I don't mind goofing around. No worries."

After a few moments, Patra chuckled and kept on spoon-feeding her mistress. While she chewed, Yrba inquired, "Now, tell me a little more about your master."

"Master, milady?"

"Carwon."

"That twerp is not my master," Patra spat out.

"Oh? Bad experiences?" Yrba raised an eyebrow. "You can tell me everything, if it makes you feel better. Uh, and let me try that one over there with the cheese and the grape next."

Patra shook her head. "No, no bad things, milady. He's doing a pretty good job. But — he's just a damned thespian. You haven't noticed, milady? He's always playing the obnoxious, zealous priest, but he's not that good at it. So why does he even try? Can't trust someone who always just *pretends* things. He thinks he needs to do this, don't know why. Maybe he's trying too hard to please everyone. All day he's advising the townsfolk when they come with their petty complaints, and half the night he disappears into his study, working for hours on end. And then he goes and picks the first band of washed-up gypsies running along and sits them on the throne!"

"*Ahem*," Yrba coughed.

Patra shrunk and cringed when she realized what she had said. "Oh milady! No! No, I didn't mean you!" She added hastily, reverence causing her voice to tremble, "You're no gypsy, you're a *witch*, milady. Don't curse me! I meant no insolence! Of course she's a good goddess, too." She mumbled, "I'm just saying. A few girls, they're not happy. Had hoped to become the next in line themselves."

The witch smirked. "And I might be looking at one of them now?"

"Milady!" Patra blushed more, if that was even possible. "Not me! I'm not ... *built* ... for those things." The woman had instinctively grabbed the folds of cloth over her breasts.

"Now I've just *got* to take a look, you know?" Yrba remarked.

"Milady, oh please —"

"Bare your chest, Patra," sang the witch.

"M—milady—"

"Patra—?" Now there was an *edge* to that question. With a sigh, the woman pulled the folds apart. Her breasts were *skin*, hanging down over her ribs. Their shape ended in triangles crowned with small nipples.

"Yes, that's pretty sad," Yrba admitted. "Always been like this?"

Patra shook her head, mutely. She wrapped herself up into the white cloth again, and then she answered over her shoulder as she picked up the tray with the empty dishes, "Started when I was sixteen. A bad famine, then. Their stuffing just shrank and shrank, and later, it didn't return. I — I will bring your nightgown now, milady, and help you dress for the bed."

Yrba mutely weighed her head and scratched her chin with the back of her hand as the woman hurried away.

The colonnaded inner court with its grassy square of thirty by thirty yards, its sole gnarled tree and the dribbling fountain of white marble, fed by the ancient water line from the mountains, soon became Yrba's favorite spot. Nobody ever seemed to go there, and so she spent the days of her slow recovery dozing naked on a blanket in

the warm sun or sitting on the ledge surrounding the shallow marble pool and lazily flipping through some of the many old scrolls and tomes in the palace's library. Patra was around, *always* around, to lift the rim of a chalice of wine or water to Yrba's lips, to turn a recalcitrant or stuck page or to hold a piece of food for the witch to snatch from her servant's hand.

There was no way to shake her, no matter how hard Yrba tried. And so there was not a single moment of privacy, except for the hours of the night, and Patra seemed a light sleeper. Yrba missed the moments of deep relief that fingers or a tongue could give when applied to the right places. Patra *was* her pair of replacement hands, yet Patra also was her servant, and Yrba had pretty staunch opinions about *ordering* someone to provide relief. In desperation, the witch had tried a few things while Patra was on her much too quick walks to the kitchen or the winery — namely grinding her groin against the edge of a piece of furniture or humping the round, smooth surface of a column with her legs spread wide — but she only had learned that her body was not as eager to respond to mere friction as Li's. The memory of the dwarfish woman and her unusual obsession with *rubbing* and all things big made Yrba smile. At the same time, it did nothing to quench the urges that built inside her. As the days went by, the *hunger* in Yrba's womb grew, along with her irritability.

"Haaah—!" rang Patra's surprised gasp and shriek of pain.

Thud. Clang! Boink—oioioioing.

"You clumsy oaf! Raaarrrrgh! Look what you've done!"

Yrba's angry holler bounced around the walls of the courtyard. She shook her arms clean and proceeded to rub the red wine from her

face. Rivulets ran down her body, and pieces of buttered bread and ham clung to her torso's skin. Patra wormed on the floor, holding her bruised knee with one hand while the other hastily heaped the scattered canapés and the still spinning chalice back on the tablet.

"Milady, I — I didn't see the stone in the grass, I will clean you right away —"

The unwelcome wake-up call was just the last straw on a towering haystack that had been smoldering for quite a while. Now it exploded into a ball of blazing anger. Yrba flew off the handle. Struggling to her elbows, she screamed all her pent-up frustration right into poor Patra's face. The demure woman jerked and twitched to every angry bark like under a whip.

"*Shut up. Shut — up! Shut up! Arrrgh!* Dammit! I'm soiled head to toe! Get out of my sight! Oh, I'll talk to Carwon and have you kicked from the palace, you obnoxious crow! Why are you still doing your time here anyway, you're so old, you should long be back in your village!"

Patra clutched the tray tight as she backed away limping. Her lips trembled. Sparkles of tears suddenly welled in her eyes. The tray clattered to the ground, and Patra pressed her fists against her mouth in despair.

"M — Milady," she started, and her stuttering descended into a wailing gargle. "I'm sorry, please, don't send me away — It's all gone — burned to the ground — I can never — this is my only home — oh please, have mercy! Have me flogged or scalded or curse me, but don't send me from the palace! I can't go anywhere else!"

Patra's voice failed, and all that kept on coming were rivers of tears and gargling sobs. She cringed in fear as Yrba struggled upright

and quickly bridged the few yards between them. The witch angled her palms out of the way before she clumsily wrapped Patra's trembling body in her arms and clutched the shivering woman tight.

"Oh Patra, I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! Forgive me! I didn't want to — I didn't know—"

After a second's hesitation, Patra returned the embrace, squeezing desperately against Yrba's soft, sure support while her legs turned into jelly. Shaking and sniffing, Patra slumped to her knees, and Yrba knelt down along with her. Patra dug her wet face into the gypsy's mane and sobbed and wailed, stammering senseless syllables of pain. Had she found the strength to raise her head and look the witch in the face, she'd have seen that Yrba was shedding tears, too. With their heads side by side over each other's shoulder, the unlike women lamented their lost homes together.

Yrba dried the woman's face with her lower arm.

"Patra, I didn't mean it. I really didn't mean it. It's not your fault. I won't chase you away. I'm just so —"

The witch sighed, from the depths of her heart *and* her womb.

"— so wound up. See, I used to touch myself just about every day, before Mirca came along. I guess I miss it a lot." She lifted her scarred, scorched hands. "Still can't do a thing with these, you know."

Patra sniffled her tears away and replied, "Then why didn't you tell me? Milady just needs to say a word. I *am* your hands, for whatever thing you see me fit to do."

Yrba frowned. "No, I can't ask that of you. You're here to help me cope, not as a sex toy. It's not right."

Patra smiled from underneath her lowered head and wiped the tears from her cheeks. "Milady! I'd be *honored* if you allowed me touch you in *that* special way. I already wondered why a woman of your grace and ampleness would be so reluctant, and —"

She blushed.

"—And, on occasion, when you were asleep, I — don't become angry again, milady, but — I *touched* myself dreaming about you. Now I promise to do my best to relieve you of your burden, milady. You need not do a thing, just leave it to me."

She put her hands on the witch's shoulders and gently lowered her down on the blanket. Her warm lips nibbled the stuck pieces of food from the chocolate-colored skin. Her tongue lapped up the sweet rivulets of wine. Working her way up over the brown mounds and depressions, she finally engulfed Yrba's big nipples and drew the engorged strawberries into her mouth while her fingertips gently traced the root of the Darkskin's milk-laden breasts.

Yrba panted with closed eyes. The sun heated her dark skin, and Patra's saliva left evaporating, chilly tracks. The licks and kisses wandered down over Yrba's ribs and her belly. Drawn like fluttering moths to a flame, Patra's lips neared the black triangle of wiry hair.

Yrba's body was on fire. Patra hadn't promised too much. The woman's experienced lips and fingers knew where to touch the witch's yearning flesh. Soon, Yrba howled and moaned, tossing and turning on the blanket.

"Milady, if you please —?" Patra asked, holding two fingers in front of Yrba's lips. Yrba sucked them deep into her mouth, coated

them with her spit and wiggled her tongue around and in between them. When Patra pulled them from Yrba's thick lips, they dripped with saliva. Moments later, the glistening digits disappeared into Yrba's burning hole, stretching it easily.

"You're *wide*, milady!" gasped the woman.

"Yeeeeeeesssss! Oh gooooooossss! *Ungh—!*"

Shluurgh. Squish.

"And *wet!*" Patra added, her eyes wide with surprise. The witch's folds coated her probing fingers with copious lube and consumed the servant's pushing hand inch by inch, wrapping around like a tight mitten.

"Ahhhhh," the gypsy exhaled. Her stretched portal slowly contracted again around the servant's wrist, sealing the hand in. Yrba's hip bucked on the massive presence in her middle, and Patra's hand pumped back and forth, a pulling and pushing piston buried deep in the witch's crotch.

"Oh yes," she groaned, "I'm wide! Stretch me! Make me wider! You're — you're — *hhhhuuurrrrrnnnghh!*"

She arched her back and soared from the blanket as all her pent-up urges exploded.

"Oh, you're so sweet and soft and delicious!" Patra cuddled the soft brown bags that were glowing in the aftermath of delight.

Yrba chuckled. "If you like my mams that much, you should've brought me milk this morning."

"Milady?"

Yrba pulled the woman up and whispered in Patra's ear, tickling the earlobe with her tongue: "Feed me enough milk, and they'll swell to taut udders!"

"Will they? Gee — h—how about a bath then, milady?"

"*Haaaaahhh*—" gasped Yrba as the border of warm liquid wandered higher over her body. The witch held her arms straight out, and Patra had her hands in Yrba's armpits and lowered her gently into the milk basin. "Oh m—*mmmmm*—*yiii*! Oh, that's good!" The lower curve of her brown boobs touched the white surface. With every inch, their weight grew smaller as they took to floating. Warmth engulfed Yrba's jugs from all sides until they floated up far enough to break through the milk level. Thick white drops clung to the parts of her breast's skin that were exposed to the air again.

Yrba narrowed her eyes, and her breath grew quicker. She *knew* that feeling, that faint tickle, the urge to rub her skin to soften it. She knew it from drinking milk, but she hadn't touched any for days.

Touched. The witch gasped.

Goodness, I—I'm swimming in milk. It's — I'm soaking it up through my skin, too! The sensation ran all over her body. All over the parts submerged in milk. Her breasts' glands took notice of the rising tide and woke. Yrba shuddered and gulped. *Oh no — what if I'm going to swell everywhere?*

"Patra, d—do you see anything odd w—with my body?"

The servant pulled her up again. The normal weight of Yrba's breasts, dragging heavy on her chest, returned.

"Uh — no." The woman shook her head. "I'm sorry, did I do something wrong?"

Yrba drew her lower lip over her teeth. *Experimenting. That's how we learn what works and what doesn't.*

"Oh, you did nothing wrong, my dear," she replied. "Put me back in. If — *if* — I tell you to pull me out, just obey right away, okay?"

"Of course, mistress!"

Yrba closed her eyes as she descended into the liquid's white embrace again and focused on the emerging sensations. She sensed the first shivers of growth in her breasts. They floated with the waves as her servant climbed into the bath beside her. And then, suddenly, Patra's gentle, expert fingers felt up the witch's rounding, firming boobs from below.

"Milady! You — I can't believe — you're a *goddess*, too?! You're growing! You — "

With her arms locked on the rim of the basin, Yrba drew up her thighs and wrapped her legs around the hips of the woman in front of her, pulling her close.

"Let's find out how fast I can grow," she smiled. "Now feed me."

Patra lifted the ladle to the witch's lips. She was too nervous, too eager, and as she raised it, Yrba couldn't keep up gulping. The warm milk spilled over her cheeks and dripped down over her breasts. She licked her puffy lips.

"*Mmh*. Delicious. And still, bathing in it — what a waste. *Uuunngh!* Here comes another throb—"

Patra's fingers kneaded the expanding brown orbs.

"Milady, it can't be a waste if it reveals your powers so beautifully! *You* are a true goddess! I want to be your servant *forever*. Please, have some more milk. I'm begging you, grow *bigger* and let me witness!"

"Well, since you'll have to wash my hair anyway, one way or the other —"

Yrba lowered herself into the milk until it reached to her upper lip. A tiny vortex started in front of her mouth and grew quickly until every greedy slurp drew a bit of air with it. She shuddered. The warmth of the basin, Patra's unconditional obedience, the thrill of unadulterated decadence, the abundant supply from both her skin and her innards — the sum total of excitement and availability made her breasts' aroused glands burn through the raw stock like fire through dried hay. Yrba knew the slow buildup of tension and fullness, but *this* was different. The whole volume of her breasts, every single bulbous milk gland, every cubic inch, quavered and trembled. Every cell spewed milk into her spongy tissue. She felt not *size*, but *change* of size. Her breasts grew and swelled, not in hours but *minutes*, and for the first, the very first time, she experienced for herself what countless girls already had felt under her gentle hands. The witch groaned. She couldn't put this in words or thoughts. It was too good. And yet, the final act still was missing. Good thing she had her trusty servant near.

She rose from the warm basin in a breathtaking display of liquid white curtains cascading from the chocolate balcony of her heavy, firm, blown-up, shuddering orbs. Her tongue was a shining pink

beacon as it slowly rimmed her dark brown lips. Patra stared up to her in mute rapture. Yrba drew back her shoulders and proudly swayed the brimming bags in front of her servant's face.

"Why just witness if you can *enjoy* it? *Kiss* them. Relieve them of their load. Make them *squirt*."

Patra leaned in. She had barely pressed her pouted lips on the burning brown skin when thin jets of boiling milk spewed from Yrba's throbbing nipples. The witch threw her head back and panted towards the ceiling.

Over the course of the years, Patra had fulfilled just about every imaginable job around the palace and the stables. She knew udders when she saw them, and she knew how to stroke and rub and squeeze and pull, to empty them profoundly while still keeping the cow happy enough to not kick the bucket over. So she gently turned her brown-skinned mistress around and grabbed her neck, pushing her down.

And Yrba was the happiest cow of them all as she leaned forward on her elbows against the rim of the basin. Her howls to every hissing jet of milk turned into long-drawn *moos* in rhythm with Patra's strokes. The woman's greased fingers dug into Yrba's swollen flesh. Every now and then, the witch beckoned her to stop and soaked herself up again in the tub of milk, just to keep the delights of *streaming* going.

Yrba ran the fingertips of one hand over the palm of the other and plucked away the last clots of brown crust. The skin beneath was as good as new again. In the quiet hours of the last night, her body had finished the work of the many previous days. She held her palms out to Patra.

"Well?"

"Milady!" Her fingertips stroked the smooth new skin. "Oh milady, you sure are blessed with many extraordinary gifts!"

Yrba moved closer to the woman.

"I was blessed with the best of companions, Patra," she smiled and put her hands on the woman's shoulders. Her fingers slipped the toga off her servant's shoulders. The white cloth curled on the floor around Patra's feet. Yrba measured up the slightly worn body as she gently pushed the nervous maid towards the huge bed.

"You served me well." Yrba whispered. "Lay down now." Her hands helped Patra to splay out on the bed. She nuzzled the woman's figure and slowly kissed her way up along the sides of Patra's body, taking her sweet time to cover the ground of Patra's empty, sagging breasts.

"Milady—," stammered the woman, "please, milady, I don't know, I mustn't, I'm not worthy, I'm just a—"

"Hush."

The ribcage under Yrba's wandering lips worked hard. Patra barely managed to force enough cool air through her lungs to stop herself from burning up on the spot. The dark brown fingers with the brighter insides tickled and scratched all over her flaccid chest. They wandered up, over her shoulders, her collarbones, and then Yrba's head moved into the woman's field of view. Patra wrapped her arms around the gypsy and kissed her long and deep, stammering half-choked words of passion. And then that weird wanderer from half a world away broke their embrace and raised a tiny vial in front of Patra's trembling lips.

"This will let my magic into your body. You can guess what for, do you? Tell me, do you truly want to give yourself up to my mercy, just like that? Do you really *trust* me enough to drink it?"

"I am your servant," Patra humbly replied. "You *own* me, in life and death. I will do *whatever* you tell me to."

Yrba gently stroked the woman's cheek.

"No, Patra. It doesn't work like that. What do *you* truly want? I will not order you to swallow this. I *can* make some changes, but it's *your* call. If you say no, well, let's just cuddle a little and then go our separate ways."

Patra smiled. With a sudden move of her head, she snapped at the vial, wrapped her lips around its rim and emptied it to the last drop, savoring the odd taste as the slimy juice ran down her tongue like the flesh of an oyster. The little container slipped from her lips as she pouted and offered her mouth to the witch. She longed to press the plump lips of the Darkskin on hers, to share the last froth in her cheeks with her benefactress, but Yrba raised a forefinger and put it between their faces, gently sealing Patra's lips.

"Sweetie, no. It wouldn't do me any good. It's all for you. Now swallow it and enjoy."

Patra gulped obediently and audibly. Yrba slithered on top of her, dragging her rough skin over the servant's smooth, silky white skin that started to glisten with perspiration.

"What now, milady?" mumbled the woman. "Will I feel — will it hurt?"

"No," Yrba replied with a smile. "It'll take some time. You'll know when you're ready." She squinted and watched the glow of her

tincture spread through Patra's body as it irrigated the dried-up wells in the woman's flesh.

"Ooooh. It's coming, milady. It's coming! Filling me — the wetness — now — *goodness!* It's like all those years ago! It's all coming back! *Yes!*"

The servant moaned loudly and relished the renewed flames of desire that blazed in her womb. Her strangled, excited yelps drowned Yrba's whispered "*Mammae expandere.*"

"Getting — warmer — so hot..."

She gasped and rose from the bed, only to sag down and writhe moments later. The coarse wool of the blanket scratched over her back, relieving some of the irritating sensations crawling over her skin. Around the root of her breasts, the skin detached from her ribs as the magical padding began. The edge started to wander outwards as her jugs' base spread wider. Yrba dug her knees and thighs into the woman's flanks and rose straight up. She pinched her eyes and reached with her arms into the faint wisps of invisible smoke, hoarding the ethereal power and guiding it near Patra's recipient body that sucked it up right away.

"Swelling — skin — getting tight — filling up —," Patra stuttered, shaking in spasms. The soft skin of her mammaries flooded with delicious warmth. The leavened dough of milk and flesh started to rise in her breasts' heat-filled oven.

"Taut!" she gasped. Her areolae stretched. The wrinkles around her nipples' bases disappeared when the expanding filling of her boobs demanded more wrapping than the smooth skin could give. The nubs climbed up as small, slightly darker domes formed on top of the developing mounds.

Yrba's fingers tugged and knitted a tiny portion of the otherworldly glow into an invisible ball. Patra's eyes followed them nervously as they neared her face. With one hand on her servant's jaw, Yrba ran the ethereal sphere over Partra's lips until the witch's vision showed a luminous coating. And then, starting in the corner of Patra's mouth, Yrba drew her forefinger along the dry, trembling lips. The rosy flesh plumped in her stroke's wake. Yrba leaned forward and tenderly nibbled away at the soft, juicy lips, playfully pulling at them with her shiny white teeth. Her tongue massaged the seductively protruding, glistening lower lip.

"Oh yes, *that's* kissable," she sighed. Kissing and nibbling her way south, Yrba positioned herself over the next target. A drop of hot saliva trickled from her pouted lips, fell the mere half-inch to Patra's left nipple and crept down the rough, spongy flesh. Moments later, the juicy, huge lips of the witch engulfed the swelling milkberry and pinched it gently.

"*Uuuunnngghh...*" A strangled and deep groan struggled from Patra's wide-open mouth. Yrba stroked the slopes of the developing mounds, massaging the condensed glow of ethereal magic into her servant's eager flesh. The fresh handfuls quivered and shook in her fingers. They gained another inch of height with every few blinks as jiggly, soft flesh throbbed into them. Yrba guided the slow growth, spreading it evenly over the replenishing skin bags.

Patra's delirious moan was barely more than a coarse whisper. "Howwwwww — *mmmm*uch?"

Yrba's hands grabbed the proud mams and gave them a double squeeze. Warm, juicy mass bulged out between her fingers, and she nodded approvingly. Her mouth spread into a wide grin. "It'll do, believe me," she laughed. Patra didn't hear her over all the bells

ringing in her head. She didn't hear the groaning of her hip bones or the faint stretching noises. All of her mind filled with the tickle and tingle of her rounding and tautening rear, creeping wider on the blanket as Yrba's experienced hands shaped it up.

The witch let go of the now shapely buttocks and dragged her forefinger through Patra's moist clam. The servant's whole body grew rigid. The pleated blankets rent in her cramped hands. She rose on her shoulders and heels. Her curved body hung in mid-air like an arch before she dropped down on the bed, sagging limply into the mattress with a deep sigh. The new, soft, half-melon-sized beacons of womanhood on her ribs shook and swayed.

"My pleasure," Yrba smiled, licking the sticky moisture from her fingertips.

Chapter 61: Edges And Shards

"Patra!" gasped the cleaning woman, eyeing the figure by her side as she bent down and soaked her rag. "You've *grown!* Wow! Your udders, they are *full!*"

Patra smiled back at her, a broad, happy smile. She stopped scrubbing the floor and hefted her breasts through her tunic. "Yes! The witch did that! No more sad flaps! I look like in my prime again, all over! Oh, you should see my *ass!* All firm and round! I was so afraid of her at first, but — just look now! Oh, she's such a sweet woman! She even let me sleep in her *bed!* And then we — no, I'm not telling." She winked, giggled and started to work again. "Milady even called me best of companion!"

Mirca had followed the exchange behind her back. A dark cloud wandered over her face.

The next day, Patra found herself assigned to the pigpens. She didn't mind. Work was work, after all.

Yrba looked her friend right in the eyes.

"Well, Mirca? Have you finally made up your mind? If we start exercising now, you'll be ready to walk again come spring. Might even fit back on the cart box, girl. There's still a whole world for you to discover, out there."

"I—I'm not sure. It's all so nice here. Yrba! Oh, how about waiting another month? I mean, it's —"

"You're just stalling! Why don't you come out right away? You want to stay here and stuff yourself until you're just a piece of *furniture* in this palace! *Oooh*, and guess what? Then you'll come crying to me again! Well, I'm not going to sit around waiting for you to grow tired of playing the Holy Cow!"

"Cow? *Cow*—?! Why you —! Fine then! Go away! Go and be happy in your crappy caravan! Why don't you go ahead and take your new girl toy with you! Who needs you anyway?" She wiggled, helplessly tied down by the sheer weight of her breasts. "Uh — Girls! More lotion! And the buckets! I can feel it's high time now!"

At the clap of her hands, dozens of servants stepped up and started to oil and massage her breasts, paying extra attention to the deep fold where her mountains connected to her chest. Every spurt brought forth by the kneading and squeezing was meticulously caught and recorded. And then Mirca's face screwed up in delight. The fist-sized nipples opened up, and the maids with the buckets had a hard time keeping up.

"How is the milking coming along?" Mirca groaned after a while.

One of the maids checked a scroll and drew another couple of marks on a long tally list. "Extremely well, Goddess. We're almost done for the whole *week*. You're positively brimming today."

"Good, good! I like to make everybody happy," the tall woman moaned as oiled hands gently slithered around her engorged aureolae. With her body burning delightfully in arousal, the slightest touch sent rippled contractions wandering over her breasts and made her nipples spray thick squirts of nurturing liquid into the receptacles.

Mirca's gaze slowly focused back on the witch, and her brow furrowed again. "You're still here? Don't you have another girl to coax into your service? *Oh gods YES! Do that agaaaaahhhiiiiinnnn!*"

"Don't worry, *your highness!* I'm on my way already!" hissed the witch, but then she lowered her head so Mirca couldn't see the wave of sadness that swept through her features.

Milk whore, Yrba thought. *That wasn't what I had in mind for you, girl. No, not at all. What a waste. Well, at least you seem happy now.*

She sighed. It would have to do. Not a happy end for the books, but then — which ends truly *are*?

"And bring the scented liniment and the tubes and rinse my clam! I want to be ready for my lord! He'll be bull-hard again as soon as he sees me glistening with oil," Yrba heard as she slowly closed the door behind her and walked to her wagon that stood alone and waiting at the end of the long flight of the front stairs.

Nobody had come to bid her farewell. As usual. Only Patra waved her a mute goodbye from one of the many windows. Yrba didn't even notice.

The guardian at the town gate stopped her with a raised hand.

"Pull your cart over. There is someone waiting for you, witch. Come down from the box and follow me."

Yrba's stomach cramped into a lump of ice.

"In there," the guard added and pointed at the hut on the side of the gate. Yrba noticed the heavy iron bars over the windows. An unfriendly hand shoved her over the doorsill. She blinked into the darkness.

"So this is it?" she whispered.

"This is what?" Carwon's voice replied at her side. "Take a seat with me, for a minute, please."

He patted the bench to his left, and she sat down.

"I just wanted to thank you for what you've done for Mirca. I'm sorry she has changed so much. You two really had a special thing going, I guess. I just wished —"

He fell silent and chewed on his lips.

"Yes, me too," Yrba jumped in. "Promise me you'll look after her? I know she's all over you, she's not just screwing your marrow out. But then I guess I'm not telling you anything you don't already know, eh? And, thank you for Patra. She was a real godsend, Carwon."

She patted his thigh through the rough tunic. He winced. And then he winced a little more when Yrba's probing fingers wandered curiously along the round, tubular *thing* until they wrapped around the kneecap-like ending.

After a few moments, she pursed her lips and started to smile.

"Either you've lost your leg below the knee, or —"

"Or?" he moaned.

"— Or that's no thigh and you're really —"

"— Happy to see you," he finished with a sigh. "If I had a coin for every time I heard that, then —"

"— You'd be packing quite some change. Oh, silly me," she grinned and gave the warm rod in her hand a gentle squeeze. "You do. How come? Always been this big?"

"Not quite. The last goddess had the kitchen spice my food with bullweed. By the time I noticed ... well, I guess *you* should know what it does to men."

"You're lucky. With my girl being the hulk she is, you'll need every single inch of that man trunk to make her enjoy the ride."

"So, no hard feelings?"

"Towards you? Maybe a little. You're too much into those acts you put on. Towards Mirca? She doesn't know better, the poor lass. So, do you swear you'll take care of her?" Her voice had an edge now, and her pointy fingernails dug into the rough cloth over his manhood. He shuddered in her grip.

"Yrba, I solemnly swear on my life that I'll take good care of Mirca."

"We'll see." She let go and looked him straight in the eyes, and but for moment he thought he'd seen a little red glint in them as she added:

"I'll be back."

Part 12: Eruption

*"We have come too far
and we've got the scars
and we are never going back into the shadows again"*
— Melissa Etheridge, *Giant*

This part has not been proofread

Chapter 62: Think BIG

The huge throne room of Ebron's double-domed palace was deserted, except for the queen on her divan and the man behind her. He coughed politely before he addressed her, whispering in her ear.

"You know, we need to stockpile food for the winter?"

Mirca nodded. She snuggled her back against Carwon, her vizier and former secret lover who had just recently been promoted to official husband. The strain on the root of her breasts increased ever so slightly as she inched away from the gigantic pair of blobs of milk-white skin, each two yards across, perched on two movable, fur- and silk-lined tables in front of her. He kissed her shoulder and ran his fingertips over her naked seven-feet shape that dwarfed his skinny frame, tracing her muscled hourglass shape that had not changed at all through the months of her knockers' slow expansion.

"And you know food goes bad after a while?"

Another nod from the giantess. Yes, she knew far too well. Her years as a demure serf had taught her, even though a loaf of bread started to *move*, it was still food enough to give it to servants. The memory sent a chill down her spine.

"So then — Mirca, please don't laugh, but I've got this idea —," Carwon hesitated and kissed her again. "It's just a weird idea. But ever since I saw you grow, I — I'll tell you, and you tell me if you think it's too freaky."

She chuckled. "Carwon! What are you up to *now*? Come on, out with it. Don't worry, I won't swell up in anger again. Your potion works wonders, you know."

He was glad that she couldn't see his face as he remembered his talk with Yrba about just that topic. Clearing his throat, he muttered:

"All right, then — do you think you could hoard enough milk for the whole shire?"

He looked at her, at her stunned expression as she strained her neck to stare him in the eyes, and he started gnawing on his lips.

"Forget it, Mirca. It was just a stupid idea. I mean, it's just because your milk never goes bad, with all that magical strength in your body, but —"

"Why not? Let's give it a try. I've always felt this hunger, like there's something missing in me all the time. When do we start?"

She giggled and rubbed the skin of her breasts as far as she could reach — which wasn't too far by now. "You heard that, me darlings? I'll stuff the pair of you until you are big enough to feed my whole shire!"

Mirca shuddered in anticipation. The *idea* alone, just imagining the sight ... growing, bigger and bigger and *bigger*, her breasts finally rising over the low mountains like twin sisters to the pale moon, bloated orbs filled with milk, heavy and full, and feeding *thousands* with an endless stream of cream pouring from nipples like huge

boulders; the white, thick liquid foaming and raining down from her breasts in a neverending waterfall of nurture —

"Carwon," she purred as her fingers wandered blindly down his loins, "Your goddess needs your *services*, and fast!"

Mirca eyed the row of tables covered in empty plates, and the chain of servants emerging from the kitchen. The handmaidens grabbed the movable tables under the queen's breasts and rolled them to her sides, spreading her cleavage wide enough for the waitresses to bring the overflowing plates within Mirca's reach.

"*More?* Oh Cawwy-darling, I'm stuffed already. Let's call it a day."

He stepped in front of her and stroked the walls of her taut cleavage that rose almost to his head. The maids let go of the perches and the tables rolled back by a few feet, just far enough for the pliable volume of Mirca's breasts that bulged over the rim to envelope his body and squeeze him closer to Mirca's chest.

Carwon leaned in and whispered, "Dear, the whole shire has offered half of their food to you because they're so proud of you. They want you to grow even bigger, to stock up more for the winter. You don't want to disappoint them, do you?"

She looked down on him, in the way of a trusting sheep.

"Oh all right then, I —"

Her stomach growled, and she raised her eyebrows. "Well, *that* was fast. Oh yes, I think now I could use another snack." She beckoned the maids closer. The tables' wheels squeaked again, and the warm pressure on the vizier's body disappeared.

"*Already?*" Carwon scratched his head. "Goodness, sweetie, I need to talk with the cooks first, maybe they can find something more substantial than —"

Mirca gave him *the look*. He hastened to raise his hands in defense. "I'll talk to them right away. And after that—"

She leaned in to him, hooked her forefinger into the neckline of his toga, pulled him closer and whispered, "After that, we'll send the maids away and I'll wash down the dinner with a quick sip from your delicious rod. Of course. That dessert's really the best part. Oh Carwon, how do you manage to get it up again every time? I surely must be sucking you dry in the long run."

She smiled, lowered her head without letting him out of her stare and slowly licked her lips. Her eyes sparkled hungrily in the shadows of her face. "You'll have to be careful around my mouth, little sweetheart. I might swallow you neck and crop by accident."

Carwon's hand grabbed and squeezed her round, firm buttocks through the thin veils of silk tied around her still tapering waist. "Oh, I'm willing to risk that," he replied and smiled up at her, a little piece of driftwood lost in a sea of breasts. "I live only to please my goddess."

Chapter 63: Return Of The Return Of The Witch

Many months passed until Yrba's travels brought her near Ebron's capital again. She pulled the reins and halted her cart at the crossroads. *Ebron, two hours by horse*, said the sign. The tall, shapely Darkskin witch climbed from her caravan's box and stretched her toned legs while her horse lowered its head and started gnawing at the bushes by the side of the dirt road. Pressing her hands against the small of her back and her narrow waist, Yrba tensed her calves, rose to her toetips and arched her body.

Nnngh—oops! Dammit!

She jerked and bent forward, grabbing her massive breasts that had just spilled from her tight, black-and-red bodice. Yrba glanced around while she quickly stuffed the soft, melon-sized volume back into her straining dress. Rolling her shoulders and loosening her stiff neck muscles, she turned to the road sign and stood in front of it, in a wide-legged stance with slanted hips and her arms akimbo.

She chewed some more on the stalk of milkmaid's friend in her mouth and finally crossed her arms over her chest, only to lift her right hand to tap her thumb against her pouted lips moments later.

Should I visit her? What's she been up to? Grown even bigger? Dammit, the curiosity is killing me. Then again, things didn't go down well at all the last time. And if I show up — no. It'll only upset her. Leave it be, stupid old crone. She wants to be a cow, let her be a cow. It's her big gig.

Yrba lowered her head and put her hands to her hips, turning away from the sign.

I don't care anymore.

It was a lie, and she knew it.

Yrba spit out the stalk and pulled a fresh one from her pouch. Once again, her wagon clattered along the cobbled street that wound its way in serpentine through the town, leading up to the palace. She looked around, worried by a vague feeling of dread. Something wasn't right. And yet, there were children sitting by the side of the street. Through open windows, she saw women doing their laundry. Perfectly ordinary things, nothing she hadn't seen in another hundred towns on another hundred days. But, somehow, something felt *wrong*. It felt —

Then realization hit her. The children were *sitting*, not playing. And it was almost noon, yet the women weren't cooking. And the shops were empty. The men even hungrily eyed her *horse*.

She poked around, a little question here and there. She didn't like the answers, not at all.

A tavern? None, not in this town, not any more. All closed.

Provisions? No, neither for money nor barter. Just the rationed crocks with milk, every other day, at the palace gate.

What happened? Nothing had happened. Why? Was there anything wrong? Life was great. No better place to live than here.

No one was up in arms about the lack of food. Wherever she looked, wherever she listened: Nothing but praise for Carwon. Yes, getting only halved rations of milk was bad. As was the duty to deliver all of the food to the palace. But that was the way it was right now. He sure had good reasons for that. Nothing to do about it. Such a clever guy, so young and bearing all that responsibility so well. And our queen, what an incredible goddess, so full-breasted. Amazing. You sure get around a lot, traveller, but have you gazed in wonder at the statue of our queen yet? It's right over there, go ahead, looking is free.

Yrba stared slack-jawed at the towering sculpture and hoped desperately that it was artistic license and not to scale. She had to circle it a few times and then look really hard to finally find the tiny figure glued in between a pair of giant marble spheres.

"Yrba!"

The witch jerked in her cart's seat, spun around and looked down into the eyes of the woman who had called out to her. She gasped in surprise. The face, yes, the features seemed vaguely familiar. But the sunken-in eyes, the haggard look — *All the gods and demons! This is madness! What's going on here?*

"Bara, no, Byra, no, wait, Brunhilda? — You're one of the maids from the palace, right?"

The young woman cast nervous glances around, but none of the passers-by showed anything but fleeting interest in them. She spoke quickly, almost under her breath, not looking Yrba in the eye.

"Not anymore. Few girls left in the temple these days. Mercenaries instead. And it's 'Brina'. Don't drive up to the palace. Don't! They'll be waiting for you for sure."

"Who are 'they'?"

"The new guards." Her eyes kept on wandering left and right, and she swayed a little, steadying herself with one hand on the caravan's corner. "Hurry, follow me. My father's got a little barn, next street to the right. You can hide your wagon in there. I've got something you need to see."

Brina shut the barn door. She had just barely put the latch back when she stumbled and keeled over. Yrba jumped to her side and propped her up. The witch's fingers felt bones with little more than skin over them.

Heavens! She's just a twig!

"Brina! Brina, do you hear me?"

She rested the delirious girl's head on her chest and screamed, in more surprise than pain, when weak jaws dug into her breast as it bulged over her neckline.

"*Ye-ouch!* Brina! What are you doing?"

"Hunger — food —," mumbled the limp girl, snapping weakly at the nipple's bump showing through the witch's clothes.

With a sigh, Yrba pulled down the hem of her bodice.

"Seems I've missed my true calling," she moaned as her plump nipple disappeared into Brina's hungry mouth and her breast's glands woke with a shudder to spend their pent-up stock of sweet nectar.

Half an hour later, Brina woke from a sleep that had little to do with her weakness and all with a few herbal tricks which Yrba had played on her. The former palace maid felt refreshed and stronger and struggled to her feet.

"Don't overdo it, girl," cautioned the witch, watching her with crossed arms while leaning against her caravan. "This is borrowed strength, you'll need to lay down again pretty soon. You need *food* to really get better. So hurry, what is it that you wanted to show to me?"

Brina dug her arm up to her shoulder into a crack between the wall and the heavy table littered with tools. She pulled a leather-bound tome from the cache and brushed dirt and dust from the envelope before she handed it to Yrba.

"This. I can't read much of it, but what little I understood, it scares me to death. I've found it one night in the palace kitchen. I—I took it because I thought maybe there's a spell in there to improve my cooking, but — just look at it."

Yrba thumbed through the yellowed and wrinkled pages. Every now and then, she narrowed her eyes or shook her head.

Brina looked over the witch's shoulder.

"That's bad stuff, right?"

The gypsy snorted and cocked her head.

"Bad? You've got no idea. Do you know what this is? Do you know how *old* it is? And do you know how many real witches and wizards there are? Precious few. I've done a lot of traveling, and in all the years, I've met but two others like me. Oh, I've seen my share of wannabes, no doubt about that! Sometimes, I even had to clean up

after them. I know why I stay away from the difficult spells. Spells like *these*."

Yrba slammed the book shut and turned to the girl.

"I *must* get into the palace. At any price!"

She lifted the book and shook it in front of Brina's face.

"Oh shit, if only *half* of those incantations do what I fear they do, and someone who can't really see magic tries them blindly—"

She didn't finish the sentence and shook her head again instead.

Chapter 64: Hunger, Fruits And Secrets

"I can't go any further," Brina panted. "I'm growing weak again. Need to — rest a little." Her knees began to tremble, and she sagged against the wall of the palace. Yrba knelt down beside her.

"Shouldn't have come with me in the first place," Yrba muttered. Louder, she replied, "It's okay. Rest here for a while, and then go back to your house. I'll manage the rest alone."

She looked up along the crenelated walls. "Or so I hope."

"Little gate — to the right, kitchen and stables. Someone's gonna let you in. Girls guard it themselves. Mention me there."

"Brina sends me. I'm looking for Patra."

The ill-equipped guard woman looked at the stocky visitor with the dark skin and the blazing clothes. Glancing left and right, she suddenly grabbed Yrba and pulled her into the shadow of the small gate.

"Some nerve you've got, showing your mug around this place," she whispered. "You're too late, witch. Patra took off with a merchant,

two months ago. What are you doing here anyway? Some of us remember well it was *you* who has brought this leech of a goddess upon us. You better leave, and fast!"

Yrba freed herself from the hand that held her collar.

"Not before I talked to the *goddess*," she hissed.

The other woman snorted. "You want to — fine! Maybe you can beat some sense into her, while you're at it! Take the stairs over there. Us kitchen girls, we're not even allowed to the upper floors any more. See if *you* have any more luck with that."

The witch met not a single soul as she sneaked through empty hallways and the stale air of dusky corridors. *Nobody* had been here for months. On the dust-covered floor, her feet left the first footprints in a long time. Only when she neared the throne hall did the marks and tracks increase.

Yrba stormed through the door, expecting to find Mirca with her boobs filling the room straight up to the two huge domes of the roof.

She was wrong. The throne hall was empty, save for a lone maid sweeping the floor in an exercise of futility. Yrba quickly strode across the marble to the echo of her footfall.

"You, girl! Where is the goddess?" she barked.

The broom stopped wagging as the maid glanced at the intruder, disinterest in her gaze. "Why, at the summer residence, of course." She continued her chore. Yrba waited a few seconds for another reply,

until the rough bristles of the broom scraped over her feet. She jumped aside.

"Hey! Hello?! I'm still he—ere! Summer residence? Where is that? Don't make me pull the words from your nose one by one!"

The maid frowned. "Huh? Residence? It's at... uh, wait, I almost got, it's at... at..." She shrugged. "Sorry, I thought — well, it's the goddess' summer residence! What does it matter to me? I don't need to know where the summer residence is after all." She narrowed her eyes. "Who are you, anyway? You're not from the palace! Darkskin? You a trader? What do you want in here at all? You've got no business—"

"I, uh, I just thought the door leads to the baths. I heard you got a lot of bathtubs and stuff and I, kinda, wondered if you'd need—," Yrba frantically improvised, "—soap! Right, exactly. I'm a soap trader. And I heard your goddess—"

"Ah, one of *those*. Well, you heard wrong," the woman shrugged.

"Scented oils then?" Yrba added in faked, devout hopefulness.

"No," was the reply. "And you better make yourself scarce now, the guards don't like it when strangers parade around here."

Yrba grudgingly turned around and hesitated in the door frame. A certain background noise was missing. She took a glance at the palace square and narrowed her eyes, turned around and addressed the girl again.

"Since when is the fountain dried up? Come on, can't you at least remember *this*?"

The maid shrugged. "Must've been about the time that the goddess moved out for the summer," she answered and turned her back as she picked up sweeping the floor again.

None of the few other maids she met sneaking through the palace had been able to offer any clue to the 'summer residence'. Yrba had taken to the old records in the library instead, searching for maps, but the hours went by, and still she had nothing to show. The library was as dusty and deserted as Yrba remembered it to be. Since the whole backside of the palace burrowed into the rocky slope, light became scarce the farther the witch walked along the tall shelves where scrolls upon scrolls were stored inside bundles of tubes. A few dozen steps in, rock face replaced the marble walls. She sat down with another handful of rolled-up parchments and tried to decipher the minuscule handwritten records.

When finally she lifted her eyes from the dusty scrolls, she startled, noticing that the daylight had almost gone. She sighed and rose, looking for a hideaway for the night. Finally she curled up to sleep in a hidden corner, ignoring her grumbling stomach.

Long past midnight, Yrba woke to the rumble in her tummy. She patted down her pockets, even though she *knew* there was nothing in there. All she found were a few pieces of weed that must've slipped through her fingers over the course of the last few weeks. She gnawed on the dried-up stalks.

Milkman's friend. Well, won't do me much good, stale as it is.

While she chewed on, her hands massaged her breasts through the layer of her clothes. It felt good. Warmth spread through her flesh.

Oh? Maybe there's a little punch left in that dried straw after all.

Yrba dug her fingers into her cleavage and cupped the soft, sensitive volume of her left breast. She gasped at the touch, and as she pulled the heavy, pliable melon out into the chilly air of the library, her nipple hardened. The witch bent the dangling, elongated dumpling upward and lowered her head as she squeezed the nervous nub in the palm-sized areola towards her pouted lips.

She shuddered as her warm, plump lips touched her own skin, and she closed her thighs and started to rub them against each other while she sucked on her mammary. Glands woke, gently prodded by the herbs coursing in her blood. The first sweet drops of milk seeped from the rough skin and melted on Yrba's hungry tongue. She sucked stronger, and, reluctantly, her body obeyed.

Feeding off myself. Won't do much good for long, either. Still, better than nothing.

The chill of Yrba's evaporating spittle made the almost black skin of her areola contract into concentric folds as she let go of her emptied first breast and switched to her other, still brimming jug. Thin, warm jets sprayed in the night air, and the witch hastened to cup her hand and catch as much as she could in her palm. Pinching her right nipple with one hand, she licked up the tiny puddle in her other hand before she relieved the pent up reservoir of her right mammary into her mouth.

Sweet as it was, it still emptied much too soon. Yrba sighed and wrapped herself up again.

Dammit, I wish I could get at the groceries in my cart. No point in sneaking out and back in, though.

She narrowed her eyes. Few and weak were the sparkles of magic that floated around. Even they seemed tired and worn. Yrba folded her arms over her chest and curled up against the wall again.

Still two or three hours until sunrise.

She tried to put the puzzle pieces of the palace's mystery together, but there was so little to begin with that soon she gave up on it and listened to the faint noises of the night instead, dozing off every now and then.

Footsteps, quiet and slow. Yrba lifted her head. Weak candlelight shone through the crack between the door leaves, and then one of them was opened quietly. Muffled voices drifted down the hall.

"No, oh please, I don't want —"

"Most of the guards are asleep! And we're *all* starving, you stupid broad! You pulled the short straw, it's *your* turn tonight. Just see that nobody's inside, and dip your finger into the bottle with the purple juice and lick it! Remember, *only one or two drops*. And then hurry back before it starts! We're waiting with the buckets."

"But—"

Slap.

"Go! You'll do your part like the rest of us!"

Someone outside shoved a shadowy figure through the gap. It hesitated and almost turned around to flee, then an arm from the outside pointed into the depths of the hall. The figure cowered and

tiptoed along the shelves, rubbing one of her cheeks. Yrba quickly hid behind a table.

Sounds like some of the maids. Juice? Drops? Those scatterbrains are messing with magic!

She sneaked after the woman.

This doesn't bode well. No, not at all.

Deep in the library, the shadow stopped and listened with bated breath at a small door before she sneaked inside, only to return a few moments later. Yrba narrowed her eyes. What few sparks of magic there were, now they drifted towards the womb of the young woman. To the witch's *other* sight, the girl glowed from the inside like a paper lantern.

"*Mumbli*," whispered the slender woman as she carefully closed the door and turned around. Her footsteps were faster and louder now. She dragged the incoming sparkles after her like a veil, and the glow in her belly intensified. Yrba followed her closely.

The lass pushed back her sleeves and started with gestures. Yrba shook her head.

*Never do magic on the run, you stupid broad. Wait — that's just flailing, nothing else. You don't have the gift to start with. Your wiggling goes right through the mesh. Dammit. Wannabes without a clue and a belly full of **strong** stuff. Now **what** did you swallow in there?*

One more corner to turn before they would arrive in the main corridor to the library's exit.

Do I stop her now? Maybe she's got a few answers. Or maybe she'll scream for the guards. Maybe the others will rush in, and there's no telling what they'll think of an intruder. They all seemed pretty nervous. Not a good ide— holy shit, that's one big sparkle if I ever saw one!

It flew right by Yrba and soaked into the girl's body, lighting it up like a flare. The young woman gasped and rose to her toes before she collapsed against one of the shelves. Scrolls tumbled down around her as she grasped at them. She managed a few more steps, moaning quietly, before she finally stooped and fell over. With clenched teeth, she rolled on her back, clutching her chest. The candle in her hand dropped to the floor, rolled away and died. In the blue darkness, things *moved* under her loose toga. They moved fast.

"Girls," coughed the young woman, her gasps subdued to an urgent whisper. "Sisters! Quick! *Uuuuhhh*—hurry! It's starting! What do I *doooooah* — now?"

Whoever she had come with, they didn't hear her. And before she overcame her fear of the guards and dared to yell louder, the moist, lustful fire in her body overcame her mind. Her eyes grew big, and her jaw went slack.

Her nipples had started out as tiny bumps barely showing through her toga. Now the white cloth domed up as the girl's areolae throbbed upward, and the rest of her chest hastened to join in. In moments, her dress stretched over swelling hills that soon turned into foot-high, bulging mountains of flesh. The gurgling of liquid and groaning of taxed flesh and skin filled the moments of silence between the young woman's throaty breaths. Her legs pumped, and her heels slipped over the polished marble floor.

She squeezed her fingers into her barely yielding orbs, her rhythm accelerating along with her mammaries' growth. Her toga reached its capacity. Another squeeze, and the cloth, straining over the strawberry-sized nipples, turned dark with wetness from the inside. Another squeeze, and a white gush bulged up the garment before the warm, sticky helping ran down the sides of her breasts, turning more of the white toga into a clingy, transparent wrapper. Another squeeze, and now the gushes didn't stop any more, they just pulsed stronger and weaker with her frantic stimulations. The maid squirmed happily in an ever-growing, steaming puddle as she pumped pint after pint from her mammoth knockers.

Yrba narrowed her eyes and ignored her growling stomach. The smell of fresh, warm milk spreading through the cool air didn't make it any easier.

Heavens, she's sucking them sparkles into her womb like a whirlpool. It isn't over by far. There's something else about to happen. The breasts, that's just a side effect. Dammit. Much as I despise them, maybe I should've learned more about the complex spells. What is this stuff?

She frowned. The maid's body swallowed the inbound specks of light much faster than her conjured jugs consumed them, and the ethereal glow didn't focus on her chest, even though the pair of malleable pumpkins throbbed and swayed in the swirls and eddies of magic like balloons caught in a gale. Her womb *stockpiled* the energy, growing brighter by the second in the witch's eyes.

"*Ungh* my melons, *oooahh* my sweet big heavy honeymelons," babbled the girl, stroking deftly from the root of her breasts over her brimming flesh to the swollen nipples that spouted milk into the soaked, fluttering cloth like a pair of hoses.

Yrba winced as a flash of magic blinded her eyes. She blinked a few times until the afterimages of rainbow-colored arcs, bursting from the maid's belly and crawling along the edges of the shelves, faded. The witch stared at the young woman on the floor. Ethereal light, strong, focused light, emerged from a single point inside the girl's belly. The girl's *swelling* belly.

The bloat spread quickly. In seconds, her womb had blown up by more than a hands' width. The girl's hands left the heavy, milk-spewing pumpkins of her breasts and cupped the expanding orb. She suddenly seemed terrified, struggled to her feet and stumbled towards the exit, swaying under the dangling momentum of her dripping, elongated milkbags and her throbbing potbelly while she opened her mouth to scream.

"H—*mmggpf!*"

Yrba grabbed her from behind and covered the writhing girl's lips with her hand. She leaned over her shoulder and hissed, "What did you do?! What kind of potion did you drink?"

"Intru—*mmgpf!*" The girl tried to scream again, and Yrba slapped her hand back on the girl's gaping mouth. Another pulse of expansion throbbed through the body in the witch's grip. The soaked toga strained around the orb stretching a dozen inches from the lass' midriff. The durable cloth groaned, struggling to contain the growing girth.

"One more time," Yrba whispered into the young woman's ear. "Maybe I can help you. Don't you dare to scream!"

She let go of the lass' jaw. The girl's hands pushed down in vain on the swelling orb. Her belly finally overwhelmed the white cloth, ripped it open and spilled out through a long, horizontal tear in the

garment, hanging down as a throbbing, twenty inches ball that dangled to her knees as she stooped. Her navel stood out like a half-lemon nipple. Sweat and tears covered the young woman's face as she sagged against the witch's body.

"P—plenty, h—*hhaaaaaagh*—horn of plenty—," sobbed the girl.

"Oh *shit*. You crazy?!"

"*Agggghh*—," gasped the captured woman. "A little food — for us — *guuuuuuhhhh*!"

Yrba cursed. "*Cornucopia*'s a goddamned *sacrificial* potion, stupid girl! It makes fruits appear *inside* whatever poor creature you give it to! How much did you drink?"

"A—A drop, only a single drop—*hoowwaaaah*! *My tits*! They're — so full — my belly — *huuuurrrnng*!"

Yrba bit her lip. *A single drop is well enough to fill up a cow until it bursts like a piñata!*

Propping up the girl, with one arm wrapped through the milk-lubed cleft between the udder-sized boobs and the growing dome of the womb, Yrba fumbled in her pockets for her emergency vial. She pulled out the cork with her teeth, spat it aside and juggled the content into her open hand. The witch wrestled her coated palm into the tight cloth and slathered the green, glowing slime on the girl's struggling nipples.

"Can't help you with your womb, too much charge in there already. You'd just blow up faster. This'll make it easier on your tits, at least."

Yrba's fingers scribbled hasted sigils while the ooze soaked rapidly into the swollen, strained skin. She finished the last strokes and cupped both bulging breasts, holding her forefingers and thumbs like O's around the tiny, spraying nipples.

"Papilla mammae bovine temporalis! Expandere ducti lactiferi!"

Another throb of growth tore long cuts into the soaked garment. Focused on the very narrow spots in the witch's grip, sleek flesh grew and squeezed through the rings of Yrba's fingers, inch after inch after inch, sprouting forward into a pair of fat teats. The tiny, overwhelmed ducts in the former nipples' rough skin united and turned into two nozzles, their holes half an inch across. Milk burst out in two long, white arches and spattered over the floor.

"Hhhhhhaaaaahhhh!" exhaled the quivering figure in Yrba's embrace.

"Your hands! Here, gimme your hands!" Yrba grabbed the girl's wrists and pushed her hands into the warm white jets, then she wrapped the girl's slippery fingers around the fleshy rods. "And now, *milk'em* like there's no tomorrow!"

She lowered the twitching body to the floor, circled the girl, grabbed her legs, spread them apart and tore the white toga over the girl's crotch wide open.

'Wide open' also greeted the witch's eyes. Magic crawled in tiny sparks and long, forked lightnings over the distended labia. Something, trapped inside, pushed violently against the struggling mouth. The young woman's groin moved and swelled and stretched as if her hip bones had turned into rubber.

"What did you wish for?"

"Wish for—? *Hurrrrrgh!*" The girl cramped up again. "I didn't know I could *wish* for—*gnnnnh! Rrrrgghh!*"

Yrba pulled a thin scroll from the shelf by her side and pushed the piece of wood, wrapped in parchment, sideways into the girl's wide open mouth.

"Bite down on this and keep quiet. *Dammit! I told you to keep on milking yourself! Stroke, stroke, stroke! Up, down, up, down!* Well, if you live through whatever you'll birth now, then you better start wishing for things *small!*"

"Gnuh—Gnah—Nnngh!—Nrrrrnnghh!"

Yrba's fingertips traced the edge of the distended labia and slipped through the copious slime that squeezed out along the rim of the plugged, almost circular hole. Whatever took form in there, it was round. And hard. And *big*.

"Girl, what *the fuck* kind of fruits do you like?"

"Gnnnnn—! Wnnh—wnnghter—m—mlnnnns..."

"Watermelons?!"

The witch coated her hand in the ooze slowly seeping from the straining hole and smeared the glistening lube around the young woman's crotch.

"Hurrrrrn—"

Groooooaaann.

The outer labia's thick rim of flesh throbbed bigger in Yrba's grip. She gulped. *Cornucopia* started to change the lass' body to its

liking, and the spell hadn't even reached its full strength yet. There wasn't much time left.

"Nnnnggghh—"

Gnnnnoooouurrrbbb.

Now Yrba's brown fingers barely covered the expanding funnel. From the swollen strawberry of the girl's clit that rose up, being pulled along with the bloating womb, to the lowest folds just above the ass' tiny, tight rosette, the length of the young woman's labia measured more than two hands' width now. The pink opening grew shallow as the girl's flesh was forced outward by the *thing* inside her that demanded more and more space. Her cervix, still closed tight, poked out and started to widen.

"Naaaaahhhhgg—"

The witch stared at the dark green dome that pushed against the reluctant rim. In plain view, the young woman's vulva had grown to thrice its size. And it still wasn't big enough for what was about to burst out.

The girl convulsed. The wood in her bite creaked, and she arched her back. Her fingers closed tight around her teats, squeezing out a long, high spurt before the milk stopped in her cramped-up grip. The bulge in her belly wandered lower, stretching the skin of her labia wide and transparently thin. Her crack opened up wider and wider, turning into a foot-wide circle of overtaxed, glistening skin.

Crrreeeeaaaaak—

"Ngh—ngh—ngh—Hurrrrrnnnggh—!"

—Sglorsh.

Thud.

"Ahhhhhhh..."

Yrba rolled the huge, green, ooze-covered fruit aside. The young woman's womb and crotch had collapsed, only to immediately throb bigger again. *"Oh please,"* moaned the sweat-covered girl, rubbing her expanding midriff. *"Next time I'll rip apart! Help me! Stop it!"*

The witch shook her head. *"I can't! I can't stop it. It'll keep going for at least a quarter of an hour. Can't do a thing about it. Keep milking!"*

"There must be something—heavens! I'm — It's — in me — filling up — again! Oh ple—he—he—heeeaaase—"

Yrba grabbed the crying girl's trembling shoulders.

"Quick! Keep on thinking about smaller things! Cherries. Grapes. Bananas. Even a cucumber's a much better idea!"

"Nnngh." The young woman closed her eyes. *"Banan— oooooah! Mmmh! Hwww—mmmh!"*

Her labia domed again, only to quickly part as something yellow, glistening with lube, poked out and curved upwards as it slipped easily through her dripping canal.

Shhlurp. Plop.

Her hips started bucking, and her face changed and lightened up. The contortions of pain faded into a sweaty, wide-lipped grin. Her hands on the spouting, slippery teats worked furiously now. White jets pulsed yard-high into the air and splattered down all around.

"Bbbaahh—ooooh!"

Splurgh. Plop.

"Yeeeeees—"

Gluuurg—splosh. Plop.

"—oh yeeeeees!"

Yrba wiped cold sweat from her own brow. The witch patted the girl's wet cheeks and rose.

"You keep your mind on fruits like that, and you'll be all right. Mind if I steal a snack?"

"*M—hmmm,*" groaned the maid happily. Yrba looked at the throbbing womb that pushed out piece upon piece of ripe, long fruits, and at the girl's milky mountains, still partially wrapped up tight like pumpkins in a soaked bag. She quickly bent down, put her hands gently around the girl's fingers to stop her frantic pumping and bit down on the strawberry-sized tip of the bulging teat. Yrba's lips engulfed the hot, slippery pole of meat. Moments later, her mouth overflowed with fat, sweet milk. She changed her grip, digging her splayed fingers into the taut sphere that fed the bovine spout. The witch drew long, greedy gulps of the nurturing gift from the udder-sized ball that dwarfed the pair of her hands.

By the time the other girls came by with their baskets, Yrba had already locked the door to the hidden chamber. From the inside.

And by the time the happy lass, squirming in delight on the cold floor, could speak words other than just chains of vowels, Yrba had already left the palace.

Not bad for a conjured snack.

The witch stuffed the slippery, empty peel of the yellow fruit into one of her skirt's pocket and licked her lips. Keeping half an ear on the hushed commotion outside that soon wandered off into the distance, she inspected the small laboratory. The tiny room had a shelf stacked with maps, a large table littered with glassware and a single, flickering oil lamp.

Yrba thumbed through the old scrolls until she found the drawings she had been searching for in the library. The palace's fountains were fed by an ancient net of tunnels, based on the lava flows of old. The extinct volcano's crater served as funnel and cistern. Her finger tapped on the round line that showed its place. Someone had only recently marked it with a crude circle.

Chapter 65: Boobwalled

Yrba rolled up the map and stashed it back into its place when she noticed a small, cloth-bound book on the bench. It was but a plain notebook with pages of cheap parchment paper, the kind of book a wealthy trader might use to jot down order lists or deliveries. Somehow, that little thing seemed out of place, and that was why she grabbed it and wiped off the months of dust that had collected on the cover. She flipped through the pages.

It was a diary of sorts, filled with long rows of numbers, many of the struck through, until she reached the last pages and written lines replaced the cryptic numbers. She stared at the list of laconic entries, and her anger rose with each line and page.

Solid gold! Pretty, dumb, BIG already.

Day 2. Commenced fattening. Responds well to guidance.

Day 12. Interfering nuisance removed.

Day 15. Absorb. M. Formula successf.

Day 30. Massive growth spurt. Likely useful. Trigger?

Day 33. What an outburst! Note: Avoid any irritation, too unstable.

Day 113. Nuis. ret.

Day 178. Trans. compr., move to burst place successf.

"Nuis. ret. — *Nuisance returned?*" hissed Yrba. "Burst place?!"

She looked around in the small room. No lockers, nothing except for some tools of the arcane arts. Yrba saw the faint, unearthly glowing wake of something that put up a resistance to the flow of magic. She stepped closer and furrowed her brow. In a bucket by the workbench lay a heap of cracked, round shapes. They might have been rings once, or tiny cylinders. Now they were but smashed fragments.

Her fingers ran over the white material. She jerked back when the sparks of pent-up magic bit into her fingertips. Sucking on her tingling fingers, she frowned for a moment before her eyes suddenly widened.

A wizard's strength is in his bones. She gasped. *Heavens!*

Someone had taken this old proverb at face value, and had done so successfully. Judging from their size, she was looking at rings sawn from a hollowed-out femur.

That's how a non-immune can grab magic! But who? It could be anybody! she pondered. *Carwon? He's putting on an act all the time. Yolanda? She's obviously been a heavy user of my Tincture even before I arrived. Maybe she's decided to do a little witching by the side. Has she ever forgiven Mirca for the episode with the nipple? Who else might've hoped for the goddess' throne?*

When did this meddling start? From the get-go, obviously. Did we run into a set trap? Are they all in on it? Hardly, I guess. But then — who could hope to gain from all this?

Yrba lowered her head and pinched the root of her nose.

Hell, it could be just about anyone in this accursed palace!

She gazed around. Nothing in the little chamber hinted at who was scheming here.

No point in searching long and hard for an answer here. Just find Mirca, bring her down to size even if the pain makes her cry bloody murder, and off into the sunset! I need my thigh bones for myself!

As she turned, her foot kicked a small, ornamental clasp. She picked it up and looked at it. She had seen it before. Her head jerked up.

*You! You're **so** going down!*

Yrba ventured on up the corridor, brimming with anger at Carwon.

Two-timing double-crossing rotten bastard!

The dark tunnel ended at a stone doorway. Yrba peeked into the tall and narrow chasm behind it and finally looked up. Faint reddish light came from up high where the smooth, alabaster surfaces of the walls met. Wooden struttings secured the three yards' width of the natural hallway that reached up for some forty yards before the walls touched again, and a rope bridge with wooden planks spanned the twenty yards leading down from the tunnel's mouth to a mound of

sand and rocks, crowned with a round, blanket-covered marble pedestal. On the pedestal rested a figure of which Yrba only saw the head, but in an instant she recognized the long cascade of golden-white hair that flowed like a waterfall over the edge of the marble slab.

"Mirca!" exclaimed the witch and broke into a run. Her feet thumped across the bridge's planks, and the ropes creaked and groaned.

Yrba stepped from the swaying catwalk onto the sandy floor in front of the altar and stopped in shock once realization set in.

Mirca's shape was beyond grotesque. The first thing that a visitor registered as he approached across the bridge was that he walked up to a normal, albeit rather tall and muscular blonde resting on her back on the elevated pedestal. The next things were the two walls of white that moved in towards her, forming a cleft in which she was stuck. And the *next* next thing, which almost broke the mind, was to recognize the walls for her breasts and that the visitor had already walked right *through* and *under* them for the last few moments. Her bosoms, *mountains* of quivering flesh and pulsating glands and steaming milk, had grown far beyond comprehension and filled the crater from its bottom to the rim like a pair of huge corks. The whole chamber, with its walls of faintly glowing, smooth *skin* spanning between the creaking stilts and struttings, had been excavated inside her cleavage by propping up and spreading apart the warm, smooth flesh of her breasts.

Yrba gulped. Whatever she had expected, she hadn't expected *this*.

"Heavens!" she stammered, her fingers trembling against her slack jaw. "Mirca! How are you doing?"

The blonde turned her head and managed to spot Yrba from the corner of her eyes. She giggled, "Hey, look! It's Yrba! Hi, Yrba! You mind if I don't rise? I'm a bit top heavy. How are *you* doing?"

"Me? *Me?! Mirca*, what's the matter with you? You weren't *that* stupid when I first met you!"

"*Oooh*, so old *meanie Ybbie* is back. Yap-yap-yap."

Tentatively, the witch ran her fingertips over the funnels of taut skin that rooted in Mirca's chest and stretched out to form the mind-numbing, colossal blobs of boob flesh all around.

"Mirca, focus. How. Are. You?"

"Meh, I'm okay, I guess." She giggled again. "It's only the nipples, they've become so taut, they're aching a bit. *Mnnngh! Oooh!* It really feels *soo* good when the breeze tickles over my skin! Oh, if only I could tell you how I keep on coming and gushing if it *rains* on them! It's, like, awesome! Oh, I can't wait to see where my darling will take this eggs—*puh*—ree—ment."

"*Experiment*. Mirca, you never complained?! He's torturing you!"

"Torture? Oh no! You've got no idea how — *mmmmh!* — how awesome this feels! And, just listen to this!"

She slapped her hands into the expanding funnels that stretched from her chest. The whole cave filled with the deep, sonorous rumbling of a giant drum that drowned Mirca's raunchy exhale, triggered by the quivers wandering through her mountainous boobs.

"Hear that? I've taught the maids a little of your dancing, and now when they dance for me, I'm my own beer cushions in strumming!"

"Per-cus-sion in-stru-ment," the witch corrected automatically, grinding her teeth.

"And we're just playing around after all. It's so much fun! He's so *ingenious* with these things! I'm so happy, helping him! He comes up with a funny new potion for me to try each day! I've eaten so much, I can feed the shire for *ages* with all that pent-up milk! And see! I'm still a strong girl!" Mirca flexed her arms.

Yrba shook her head in disbelief. *Rrrright. Talking to Mirca. Pick a lower mental gear or drown in exclamation marks. — Heavens, with those bicepses, she could lift horses.*

"Well, dear, then let's go and ask him what he wants to do today," the witch said in the friendliest voice she could manage, what with being an intruder on forbidden grounds and about to whisk away the most prized possession of a power-crazed vizier.

"Silly witch!" the blonde giggled. "Do I look like I can move?"

Yrba cracked her knuckles.

"Oh, I'll help you with that, young lady. Oh yes. Oh yes."

The witch completed the weaving motions of her arms and cast the magical web around the white hills of Mirca's breasts. The invisible fibers sang in her hands.

Goodness gracious, I've never tried to rein in a mass this big. The milk will blow out of her nipples like a dozen whales' fountains. I'd pay to see that!

She pulled and felt a sudden resistance she hadn't expected.

Mirca screamed at the top of her lungs. Her body arched and convulsed. She flailed her arms in pain as her breasts bulged through the gaps in the unyielding ethereal mesh. The fibers cut deep into the breasts. After a few seconds, Yrba could no longer stand seeing her friend consumed by agony. She let go, dropped to her knees and clutched her face in her hands.

"Oh heavens, Mirca, forgive me. It doesn't work. I'm so sorry!"

The blonde sobbed and wailed. "Mean witch! Go away! Carwon never hurt me at all! You only came to hurt me, like the last time! Guards! *Guards!* Seize her and throw her out of the palace!"

Yrba spun around. Her entrance had been some sort of back door. On the opposite side, almost a dozen of bigger, two-winged doors lined up. They were still closed, but footfall approached rapidly.

"Shush! Mirca, I'm not ready to give up yet! I don't know why the milk didn't spurt—"

"Stupid crone!" barked the swollen giantess. "Of course we had to clog the nipples! How else could I store all the milk for the great ceremony?! If you had *asked* me, I could've told you that before you hurt me! You *never* ask me! *GUARDS!*"

"All right, I'm going to — oh, just wait here! I'll take care of the rest, Mirca."

Yrba ran towards the row of doors and kicked open the one labeled "Stairs". Inside, a spiral staircase led upwards.

The reflections of daylight on the wall illuminated the last few turns of the seemingly endless flight of stairs. Yrba panted heavily and forced her legs' burning muscles into the final climb. So far, the only light along the winding steps had been a faint, milky shine that filtered through small, boob-covered slits in the wall. She blinked as she finally stumbled against the cold black stone of the door frame, and lifted a hand to shield her eyes against the blinding blast of daylight. A gale howled across the snow-covered top of the mountain, and Yrba squinted in the bright sunshine reflected by a vast expanse of white that filled half of her eyesight.

Her toes had barely touched the ground when she jerked back and clutched the door frame tightly. The floor had *moved*. And it was no snow. What her soles had stepped on was soft and warm and yielding like mattress. At her feet stretched a skin so taut that its pearly white glow hurt Yrba's eyes. Spanning the several hundred yards of the crater, with only a single cleft along the middle where the black stone tower of the staircase poked through, the surface of Mirca's bloated pair of breasts created a gentle dome with a twin summit. Instead of nipples, Yrba saw two wooden boxes marking the apexes, their lower edges cushioned with a ring of rolled-up blankets against the doming, hill-like areolae. Each of the small sheds had heavy chains wrapped around it.

Yrba knelt down and ran her hands over the soft, velvety surface. Narrowing her eyes and switching to her *special* sight, the mountains of flesh became foggy like two huge drops of watered-down milk. Her gaze reached a few yards deep into the boobs. Their volume was alive with veins of pulsating magic, flowing along the ducts and feeding the bulbous milk glands. The witch gulped. All over the unimaginable amount of Mirca's flesh, the grape-like clusters of

milk wells magically conjured up gallons upon gallons of liquid that streamed into the ever-expanding blimps with every passing second, and yet their unrelenting growth was barely noticeable.

Yrba leaned backwards and put one foot forward, slowly resting her weight on it. She sank in to her ankles until the spongy resistance carried her body. Balancing with her arms and leaning into the howling wind, Yrba walked out into the shuddering and swaying white fields of her friend's boobs. The skin groaned and squeaked under her soles, and she didn't dare to think what might happen if she were to accidentally pierce the straining surface. As she inched step by step over the sensitive skin, Yrba heard Mirca's giggle and laughter at the tickle of the witch's feet, the giantess' voice from below being dampened and carried at the same time through her boobs.

Despite the cold and the constant gale, sweat ran down Yrba's face by the time she finished her uphill climb over the left one of the twin peaks of Mount Mirca. Setting her feet firmly against one of the melon-sized nubs on the light brown areola, she reached for the padlock on the chain around the shed.

After a few minutes of tinkering, the chain fell down, bounced and snaked across the skin and disappeared from the witch's view as it slid along the curved surface. Yrba held her breath while her eyes followed the jingling metal before she turned around and pulled the door of the shed open.

She recoiled from what she saw, and almost lost her footing.

"Bastard!" she muttered and stared at Mirca's coarse, man-sized nipple that was covered top to bottom in a thick layer of wax. The

hardened substance clogged each and every duct she could make out. Not a single drop came through.

She felt the rumble of the skin under her naked feet as another gush of milk amassed in the brimming breasts. The shed creaked as the areola it rested on grew again. The star-shaped pleats and wrinkles around the edge, where the teat disappeared into the tight grip of the wax cylinder, became even more pronounced.

Yrba cracked her knuckles and focused on the ubiquitous dancing tendons of magic, looking for the right grip. A sudden twitch of the nipple might crack that hull, or making them hot might melt or loosen the wax.

"Hold on, Mirca. You'll get some relief as soon as—"

Carwon stepped around the shack with a half-raised rapier in his grip. The blade sparkled in the sunlight as he slowly turned it until the point aimed at Yrba's throat.

"I can't let you do that. Not yet. Let go of the magic, lower your hands and step away from the shed."

"Make me, vizier," Yrba sneered and clenched her fists tighter around the invisible strands.

Carwon sighed and lowered his rapier. Yrba squinted and froze as its point neared the skin they both were standing on.

"Yrba, this here is all I ever lived for. Years of planning," his voice became harder, "and I won't have that taken from me, understood? I *am* willing to poke this bubble even if it means none of us will live. Neither you nor me nor your precious girl toy nor the whole town below. *Nothing* in the whole shire will escape if she blows. Are *you* willing to make this sacrifice?"

He calmed down and took a deep breath, raising his other hand with his fingers spread wide.

"But there's no need for hostility. Yrba! *Please!* You of all people should understand what I'm trying to do. Come down with me, and let's talk this over."

"Listen to him! He's *sooo* clever! Oh my sweet lovey-dovey, you go and tell the mean old witch!" Mirca yelled from down below.

Now it was Yrba's turn to roll her eyes and sigh.

"Do I have a choice?" she sneered and let go. The distorted magic snapped back with a twang.

A quarter of an hour later, they arrived at the foot of the crater. A few buildings — without doubt the former summer palace — clung to the side of the mountain. They sat down in the deserted throne room, and Yrba wiped a few drops of sweat from her brow after the swift descent.

"A little refreshment? Might make our chat go down a little easier."

Carwon filled a huge chalice with Mirca's milk and offered it to the witch. She grabbed it with both hands and gulped down the whole load in long, thirsty draws, licked her milk moustache off and sighed.

"Delicious. Yes, that girl knows how to lactate the good stuff. — Huh? You can stop eyeing me, waiting for any effect. Of course I knew you'd offer me some of her *special* milk. Why, it's positively *glowing* with her love for you, isn't it? Yet I'm still inclined to kick your ass. Hard. So convince me otherwise, or I'll turn you into a frog."

She smiled as he stared at her in disbelief. Pure, sweet milk. A shudder ran all over her body as her greedy glands warmed up, getting ready to turn the influx of raw material into her very own and to deposit it into her breasts. Soon she'd swell up quite a few cup sizes, but Yrba had too much fun bursting this little prick's bubble to care about that little inconvenience.

"The milk just won't work. I'm immune to magic. You'll have to do much, much better than that. But I must applaud you."

He gave her a half-angry, half-curious look and remained mute.

She continued, "If you insist on the silent treatment, then I'll lay down your plans for you. You've been using sympathetic magic on her, haven't you? Every time you've fucked her, she's fallen more and more for you. That's how you now keep your shire in line, too. You're using your 'goddess' as a dairy cow to supply the milk for them. You pump her with your sperm as often as you can get your little big Carwon up and bingo, her milk makes everyone adore you. And then, one day when she's grown big enough, *boom*. Oh, they'll love you for miles and miles around if *that* rain comes down."

She smiled, and her fingers played around her quickly warming breasts. It had been a *big* chalice.

"There's one thing I don't get. You know about *cornucopia*. You could've used it to feed Mirca, but you fleece your shire instead."

He laughed hoarsely.

"Don't I know it. No, conjured food doesn't seem to feed her quite the way it should. I *need* grown food. Good thing her milk keeps the riffraff in line."

The witch let go of her struggling chest that had already put on an extra inch. She placed her fingertips together and tapped her lips with her forefingers while she slanted her head and frowned.

"I really can admire a well-planned nefarious scheme for power when I see one. But she's my friend, and I'm going to free her. I won't even mention that your people out there *suffer*, Carwon."

"You think she'll listen to you? She *loves* me. She can't help it. That ditz would do *anything* for me."

"Even if I tell her how you're planning to fatten her boobs until she goes out with a bang, erupts like a milk volcano and rains her y'all-love-Carwon-juice over the other shires? There *are* limits to control. She can't be *that* mindfucked."

"She won't know, because *you* sure as hell won't tell her. *Guards!*"

They had waited for his call and now seemed to appear out of thin air.

Yrba remained calm and just waved dismissively at them.

"Boys, y'all be nice and run along now."

Much to Carwon's surprise, they bowed and retreated.

"What have you — you can't — what the devil?!" he stuttered.

"Oh, I needed a while to figure that out, too. See, you've made everyone love and obey you because you're spicing the milk with something from your body. Now guess where her boobs came from in the first place? There's just as much, no, most definitely even more, of *me* in her. I let her drink from my breasts and then pumped her with a

gallon of my special sauce long before you even picked her for your plans."

She smiled and rested her head on her palm.

"Your little trick cuts both ways. They love me even more than you. That's the short of it. To think that I've sneaked into a palace that I *own* —" Yrba chuckled and shook her head. "I could've walked in through the front door!"

"Then you're my natural ally. How often do I need tell you? We don't have to fight each other. I never wanted that to happen. Come on! Once she blows, you'll *own* the country as well. They'll all love you just like me. And I must admit, even though you can't be enhanced, you *do* pack some serious ... attraction."

"You — and me? After what you did?" She snorted. "In your dreams, bub."

"So sad. This leaves me no choice. Royal guards, *seize her!*"

"Slow learner, eh?"

Now *he* smiled.

"I make sure *these* guards don't drink milk. Sometimes, a good pay is good enough."

Yrba ducked out of the way of the first blow from behind, and the club came down on her shoulder instead of hitting her over the head. The sudden pain and the heavy impact made her stumble and fall. The second blow *did* hit the back of her head, and her lights went out. She didn't even feel it when she collapsed on the floor.

Chapter 66: Helping Hands, Again

Yrba opened her eyes. It didn't make much of a difference. Only the faint light of a flickering torch shone through the small window in the wooden door. Her cell was a cube of about two yards squared, and the walls were solid bedrock, not bricks. She hung from a hook in the ceiling, by her wrists which were tied together with a solid rope, and the thing in her mouth —

Dammit, he was even clever enough to have me gagged. How long have I been out? — Oh no. Too long —

She winced when a familiar urge seared through her breast. Her plump melons were full to the brim.

Oh heavens, I've already put on that whole chalice of milk? I really need to lay off all that herb chewing. Damn milkmaid's friend.

Oh fuuuuck —, she moaned as her breasts began to leak. Yes, oh yes. Let it out. Come on, my boobs. Let down. Let it all out. What I wouldn't give for a pair of hands now. So full...

She rolled her shoulders and made the cloth rub over her nipples. Slowly, two dark wet halos formed in her bodice.

"Seems like the spicy cow needs milking, urgently. Would be a shame to let that go to waste. I'd really like to help her with that," said a mean, male voice on the other side of the door.

A slap, then another voice replied: "Shut up. You know what the vizier said. Don't touch her. What the fuck are you doing here at all? We're not even to *look* at her! She's got power over men, he said. Send one of the girls. Yeah, go get the walking boobs. *She's* one to know all about milking, I'll say."

Hurried footfalls disappeared in the distance.

Barely ten minutes passed until a female figure in a frock, with a cowl hanging deep into her face, entered Yrba's cell. The front of the witch's bodice was soaked through by now, with two long, dark lines running down well below her belly.

Cold hands with thin fingers wedged into Yrba's neckline and pulled one of her breasts out. The woman uttered a sulky growl when a spray of milk burst from the tit she was wrestling with and dripped all over her clothes. She pulled the gag from the witch's mouth, held a bowl beneath the swollen nipple and began to rub and knead Yrba's aching flesh. The witch sagged down into the ropes as relief made her knees grow weak.

"Heavens, thank you," she moaned. "Oh, you're *good*. I really thought I'd burst any moment now."

"You? Burst? The Yrba I knew could make girls take in thousands of gallons without bursting."

"*Mmmnngh. Ooooh. Ooaah! Ooo*—other girls, yes, but not myself. *Hwwwaaaahh*. Careful with the squ—*eeeeezzz! Oh gooods!* What — you doing — with your — *fingaaaaahh...*"

Another thin veil of milk drops rained down. The figure licked her forefingers and moved them in small circles around Yrba's swollen teat before she pinched it lightly.

"Too bad. I guess that's why you're still in here, eh? Can't wish yourself away."

Yrba frowned. *That voice — those massive tits?*

"Yo—Yolanda? What are you doing here?"

The girl raised a knife and pressed her body against Yrba's. Her eyes, the only bright spots in the darkness of the cowl, sparkled in the flickering light, together with the hint of bared teeth. The witch straightened away until the back of her head bumped into the wall behind her.

"Yolanda, put dow—*mmmmmpht!*"

The young woman quickly slapped her hand over Yrba's mouth and stifled the command.

"No sweet-talking me, witch! And don't stare at my tits," hissed the big-boobed brunette and pushed back the cowl, "look me in the *face*. Don't you remember what you've done?! I've come to thank you for that. That's why I sneaked the knife in."

Yrba raised her head to Yolanda's face and shivered at what she saw. A large, ugly scar ran from the corner of the girl's mouth over her cheek and almost to her right earlobe. The witch gulped as the point of the knife inched closer to her own face.

"You've saved my life. I'd be dead without your help," Yolanda continued whispering. "Now I can help you. Go. Save the shire. Save us all. Do what we cannot. *Kill that bastard.*"

She raised her hand and sliced the ropes that held Yrba in place. The witch sagged into Yolanda's sure embrace and dared to breathe again.

"The guards won't come to look here," whispered the scar-faced woman. "Carwon made them much too scared of you. Just don't let yourself get caught, all right?"

Yrba grabbed the bowl and started to squeeze away at her breast. Soon, the little dish was filled with milk and foam.

"*Hnnngh.* Come on! Grab the other one and finish the job! I don't want to burden myself with that when I sneak through the corridors. They'll fill up again much too fast, anyway. Dammit, all that herbs chewing is really gonna turn me into a cow one day."

Together, they had Yrba's dangling melons down to a more relaxed size within minutes. Yolanda got so eager that she knelt down, stuck one throbbing nipple between her lips and sucked away until the witch pulled it out of her grasp.

"Thanks, but I guess I'm dry now."

The brunette's lower lip protruded in a sulky pout. Yrba ran her hand over her head and traced the scar with her fingertips.

"If we live to meet again, I promise I'll let you have milk until *you* say it's enough, okay?"

Chapter 67: Consumed By Desire

There's nothing to report about her second walk through the tunnel up to the chamber in the crater. She didn't run into anybody and found Mirca in the same place she had left her, except maybe that the groaning of the struts had become louder and more urgent.

Yrba hid away in the tunnel until the maids with their empty bowls and dishes, their clothes sweat-drenched and clinging to their bodies after their goddess' feeding frenzy, had disappeared again. Seeing the blonde stuff herself with food was not a sight for the squeamish. Yet the mountains of food just seemed to disappear once they entered her throat. The witch took a deep breath and sneaked up to the pedestal.

"Mirca! Hey, Mirca!" she hissed.

The blonde bent back her head until she could see, upside-down, her friend as she tiptoed closer.

"Yrba!"

"Shush! So you've been stuffing your face all the while?"

"Well, you ran off with Carwon, and I got bored. How did it go? Don't you think he's right, too? Oh, he's such a great thinker!"

"Yeah, right. He locked me away in a cell."

"Yrba! What did you do to make him so angry? He's such a nice guy."

"What *I* did—?!" snorted the witch. "Mirca, you hare-b— oh, *forget* it. There's just one thing I don't get. Why didn't he kill me?"

Mirca shrugged. "I told him about how my boobs would shrink because the magic only works as long as you're alive."

"Whu — Wha — *The fuck?! That's not how it works at all! And I never said such a thing!*" stuttered Yrba.

The tall blonde grinned. "Maybe, but he doesn't know that."

"You — You cheated him? You married him, and the first thing you do, you start to lie and scheme behind his back? And what's up with that goofy act? You've been clever all the time? Well, *rather* clever. Not as dumb as one would —"

"Yes, *I get it*," sneered the blonde. "All right, I deserved that. Yrba, I'm sorry. I've been a fool to doubt you."

Yrba had begun to inspect the tools and books piled up on the workbench near the end of the pedestal where Mirca's feet rested. She thumbed through a few of the thinner tomes and shook her head.

"A fool? Not as much as me. He's had me wrapped around his finger, too. But why *did* you start lying to him?"

Mirca smiled, a little smile tainted with a hint of evil.

"What can I say? It seemed only natural, the very second I made the vow."

Yrba laughed and shook her head.

"Now why doesn't that surprise me, given what I've learned about *some* married couples—"

"If you want to help me, hurry up!" Mirca hissed as her stomach grumbled loudly again. "I need to call the maids, I need to eat!"

"Again?! You're putting on boobs and milk far too fast!"

"Can I help it?! I tried! I really tried to not eat, just for an hour, and then I started *shrinking*! My arms and legs grew thinner and thinner, it was horrible! If I don't keep up with their demand, those hooters will consume me alive! *Girls! Bring the next round!*"

"I've barely managed," Yrba changed to a tight-lipped, pressed whisper as footsteps neared and she hurried past Mirca towards the dark tunnel, "to get a grip on all his spellcasting and stuff. I can't work like this, being interrupted every damned five minutes and hiding away!"

"Don't bother then," said Carwon right behind her. Yrba bit her lips and stifled a curse. His hands grabbed her wrists and pulled her arms on her back. She stooped as the pain raced through her shoulders. Putting his hand over her mouth, Carwon pushed her out into the chamber where the girls stopped and stared at them.

"All right, maids! Everyone out!" he bellowed. "I need to talk to the goddess and this *nuisance* here, alone."

In their white togas, the scattering girls looked like a nervous flock of doves.

Yrba stood again with her hands tied, this time behind her back, and watched as Carwon took a good look at Mirca and her breasts. He measured the distance between two lines, drawn with coal onto the

taut skin of Mirca's breasts that hung overhead. The priest and vizier shook his head as he compared the reading with a scroll in his hand.

"She's not growing fast enough!" he complained aloud, thumbing through an old book of spells until his face lightened up. He finally thumped on a page.

"Ah, this one I've got to see. Mirca, darling, how about a little change to your body to make it easier for you to eat faster?"

"Anything you say, love!" twittered the blonde. Yrba groaned and rolled her eyes. The moment he was near her, what little brain the blonde had, it seemed to turn to mush. Nobody could put on an act that good.

Or can she —?

The witch watched closely as he slipped the bone rings over his fingers and went through the gestures. It seemed like a very complex spell, bending quite a lot of nature's rules. She had a hard time following all the intricate movements. In the end, the glowing fibers descended almost by themselves into a sparkling dot, barely an inch across and hanging in mid-air.

"Wow. You're *good*," she grudgingly admitted. "You sure you can't see magic? And just what *was* that? I've never seen that pattern before."

"Doesn't surprise me. It's so old, it's but a nightmare hidden deep in the minds of men. *Vagina dentata voraxia!*" he declared as he finished the last minuscule wriggles of his fingers.

Yrba blinked at the sparkles while she translated.

"Pussy, teeth, devour—"

She lifted her head and stared at him, her eyes and mouth gaping.

"*Are you nuts?!* " she screamed. "You can't—"

He smiled condescendingly.

"Don't think it'll work? Look here. Amazing, I can even feel a little resistance in my grip. Tell me, witch, what does it look like, to a natural mage like you?"

He held his thumb and forefinger an inch apart. To Yrba, the spell was a glowing sphere of rolled-up threads, caught between his fingers. Colors flickered and danced over the surface. She had never seen anything quite like it. Her magic was more of the practical kind, a little rough, plain, but *solid*. Stable. *This* thing — it was a work of art, a delicate filigree brimming with a warped, ancient energy she'd not touch with a ten *yards* pole. It *couldn't* be stable. It just couldn't. It was far too complicated. The slightest mistake would turn it into — something. Something chaotic. Something *alive*.

For the first time in *years*, Yrba implored a man. "In all heavens' name, Carwon, don't do this. Don't —"

"Mirca, dear, would you part your legs?" he cooed.

"*Ooh*, you're a *bad* boy, darling! Hey, Yrba, look, my fun parts!"

"Mirca! Just this once! Listen! Kick him! Don't let him touch you!" the witch screamed in desperation.

"*Yap-yap-yap!* You're always spoiling my fun. This boy's mine! Neener-neener! Carwon, show the old spoilsport how much fun we have together!"

He rubbed his fingers over her labia and, with a quick flick, pushed the sphere deep inside her. She giggled.

"*Tehehe!* Hiding grapes again, eh?"

Then she began to pant.

"Hnn. Oh. That's. Good! Whoa! Carwon! Yes. *Yes!*"

She opened her mouth, breathing in deep, followed by a moment of silence until she exhaled. What had started as a moan quickly rose to the holler of a beast in heat. Her legs trembled on the pedestal. Yrba stared in disbelief as Mirca's whole lower body began to wobble. Her ass ballooned out along with her hips, to the sound of sweaty, sticky skin rubbing over marble. Her labia stretched longer, reaching from her pubes to her anus as her crotch domed up. The lips plumped while her womb began to inflate as well, providing a rotund foundation for the expanding vulva.

The growth tapered along her thighs and along her waist. Below her knees and above her navel, she had not changed at all. Only around her hip had her flesh spilled out into something that seemed to be the deformed reflection in a spherical mirror, and not part of the real world.

Slowly, with threads of slime stretching between them and curving down as they lengthened, her labia parted into a vertical mouth, revealing a smacking, *moving*, glistening funnel of pink, undulating flesh leading into impenetrable blackness. The witch shuddered. Carwon beamed with pride.

"Just imagine how much you'll be able to swallow now, darling. Do you like it?"

A wail rose from Mirca's mouth. She sobbed:

"I've not eaten for a whole hour! My stomach hurts! My boobs, they're sucking everything out of me! Where are my maids? I need more food!"

And then the witch heard it. It was as if all the other noises around just receded and left her in a silent cave, alone with that faint, echoing sound of her name.

Yrba...

The voice was sugar-sweet and quiet, more like a whisper right in the back of her head.

Yrbaaaa—hhhhh, it repeated, with a sensual exhale that tugged at her soul. And yet, there were hooks hidden in it. Hooks that dug right into her mind. Hooks she couldn't fight.

Feed meeee—hhhh, sang the voice.

The witch squirmed and broke down to her knees. Part of her couldn't believe that her body moved forward towards the gaping hole between Mirca's spread legs.

Closer to me, giggled the ethereal lure. *Yes, my sweet darling, come closer...*

On her knees, swaying to the left and right, she struggled forward against her own better knowledge to obey this siren's call.

No, she finally managed to think in a last fit of defiance, *I will not bow to you, whatever vile magic you are. Magic has no power over m—*

Pretty please? begged the ghostly voice in her head, followed by a little chuckle. Yrba's willpower melted away. She struggled to her feet, only to let herself fall forward against the sweat-covered body

squirming on the pedestal. Her head landed on Mirca's pulsating womb, and at once something like a big, slobbering, flabby, sideways mouth snapped at her neck. Puffy lips engulfed half her throat. For a few seconds, her mind was her own again, and it filled with terror. Suction started to pull at her larynx. She gasped for air, sure that this would be the very last time.

Yrbaaa... the hoarse whisper returned, and her thoughts fell apart for good. *Feed me. Feed me like our first time...*

Struggling with her hands still tied behind her back, the witch pushed herself further up as the maw let go of her throat. She knew what the voice wanted. She knew it with the clarity of mind of a woman possessed. Rubbing her tits up and down against the edge of the pedestal, she dragged down the hem of her top until her breasts, aching from the rough treatment, spilled out and hung in the open. Yrba stood up further, lifted her shoulders and put her dangling boobs down on the blonde's womb. Then she slowly inched back until one of the bags started to slip down towards the smacking nether lips.

Her left nipple slipped in between the swollen folds. The plumped, dripping labia bulged out and caught it. They slowly spread wider and rounder while they kept sucking and swallowing. More and more of her oblong left breast disappeared into the hot cave. Yrba rubbed her cheek up and down Mirca's raised thigh. She pressed against the trunk of muscles, her lips gnawing and licking at the sweaty skin. Her own juices dripped from her crotch while Mirca's abomination of a pussy slowly swallowed her whole breast deeper and deeper, sucking, squeezing and milking at it like a dozen burning, suction-cup-studded tentacles wrapped around. With a final, wet slurp, the breast was as far inside the monster clam as it could go. The thick labia pushed against Yrba's ribcage, from the fold beneath her breast

right up to where her shoulder began. Slime dripped from the lower corner of Mirca's vulva and ran down Yrba's stomach, hot, sticky and wet. And the sucking and pulling went on and on.

Both the witch's nipples were rock hard, but the one buried deep inside her friend stung and itched as the constant suction made it grow bigger and bigger along with the swelling areola beneath. Finally it blew, gushing its white load. Yrba dug her teeth deep into the muscular leg, consumed by her freak breast orgasm. Her eyes were closed, her knees trembled. Emanating from the corner of her mouth were the moans and howls of a mindless animal.

She slowly sank back down to her knees. Her breast slipped out of the distended opening, covered in glistening slime, flabby and emptied, the skin red and raw like a chewed-up lump of meat. A few drops of blood crowned the throbbing teat.

More! One more! One more on the house, begged the voice in the witch's head.

With no will of her own left, Yrba struggled back to her feet and offered her other breast to the greedy gorge. This time, she didn't even have any strength left to moan. She just leant against Mirca's legs and let her other breast be drained away into the insatiable womb while her mind faded under the assault of orgasmic sensations. Mirca's strong legs wrapped around her and squeezed her harder and harder.

Then, all of a sudden, while Yrba was being reduced to nothing but a trembling shell devoid of any strength, the suction stopped. One of the muscular legs pushed her away, and she fell and curled up on the floor.

No! I don't want any more of you! You were always so mean, pushing me around, making me do things I hated! I need something

else! I need my love! My darling! My heartthrob! I want you in me, all of you! Where are you? the voice wailed.

And then it changed its tone. The hoarse whisper of the sensual seductress returned.

Carwoooooon...

His eyes glazed over.

Feed me...

Slowly, he walked up to the pedestal, taking a big step over Yrba. The witch lay spread-eagled on the floor. Her empty eyes were aimed at the ceiling of flesh, at the slow waves wandering over Mirca's ever-growing breasts.

Yrba blinked. She had the worst hangover of her whole life. Her body seemed to belong to someone else, and that someone was absent. For some reason, her breasts were bare and empty and cold and dripping with slime. Even though it felt as if her head would burst from the movement, she turned and looked around. There was Carwon, pressed up against Mirca. He was clutching her legs, which pointed upwards at the ceiling, while their groins slammed against each other, again and again. Then he bent backwards, opened his mouth to a rutting holler and —

His scream was cut short as his body cracked and was sucked away into the blonde's gargantuan clam. For a few seconds, Mirca's womb bulged like a barrel, then the magic had run its course, fizzled and was gone, together with the bloat around her waist and the monstrosity of her hips and crotch. Only her breasts quaked a little

longer before they settled back to slow, pulsing wavefronts wandering over the walls of skin.

Mirca blinked in bewilderment through her cleavage.

"Oh? What happened? Where did he go? It just started to feel really good—"

Yrba stared at the matted golden curls. *She* had a *very* clear recollection of where he had gone. Her face was an unblinking mask except for a nervous twitch in her right cheek. Clear, lubricating ooze dripped by the handful from Mirca's crotch. It ran down the marble pedestal in elongating threads, and embedded in the sludgy, half-frozen waterfall were the cracked fragments of white rings.

Yrba rolled around and heaved. She knew that the sight of Carwon's body collapsing into itself as he was mauled and sucked down the slimy gullet would haunt her for the rest of her life.

No pussy ever again, she shivered, no way. Not even a rub. Only men from now on. I swear! Not even a thought of licking, no, never ever.

Compared to beheading or being quartered or about half a dozen other messy executions she'd witnessed, this spell was *clean*, though. There was *nothing* left behind.

"Yrba..."

She froze and held her breath. It couldn't, it just couldn't be — the magic had disappeared, she had seen —

"Yrba, come here..."

Ice ran down her spine.

The voice — no, not again! Oh heavens, no, mercy —

"Yrba! Hey! Come on! Are you deaf? I can't move, but I can at least untie your hands!"

The witch dared to breathe again as she recognized the voice for just the normal, goofy Mirca she knew. She ducked beneath the boob wall, turned around and held her hands out. The blonde needed a few tries, but she finally managed to open the knot. Yrba massaged some feeling back into her numb fingers.

"Yrba, what happened to Carwon? One moment he's there, the next—"

No need to bother Mirca with all that, she thought. She grabbed her friend's head with both hands and whispered, "Sleep now. Forget."

The blonde's head fell back. Her mouth opened. Moments later, she started to snore.

Chapter 68: Chain Reaction

Yrba shook her head, sighed and grabbed her temples as she slumped down by the side of the marble block and leaned her back against the cool stone. Two breasts like huge buildings, stuck in a crater and about to burst. A pussy eating up anything that got too close. That kind of trouble went way beyond her knowledge. She'd need a miracle to get this sorted out. All right, the pussy problem had resolved itself. Hopefully. She looked over her shoulder.

No, pussy's gone by now. Typical. The one problem I had a faint chance of actually handling did so by itself. And the big one ...

She glanced around at the white skin walls of the cleavage cavern they were in. The snail-paced avalanche of unstoppable boob flesh had throbbed over most of the doors by now. The only exit left was the one near Carwon's desk. She let her head sink back and sighed.

Popping them, like in the clearing? No, no way. It would kill us both under the landslide. What to do, what to do...

Her eyes grew big.

Doesn't matter any more.

The room seemed to light up. Yrba noticed the change of color in the magic's shine. This sign she knew all too well. Whenever a spell was ready, it would do this.

The groan of the wooden struts changed. Crackling noises started. She turned around and saw the first pillar collapse. The two giant orbs of white flesh, brimming with magic and milk, slapped into each other. The cave-in progressed. One by one, the wooden poles snapped and were crushed to splinters in the enormous vise of augmented boob flesh. The tunnel to the exit turned into a shrinking cave with every meaty *slap* of colliding breasts, and the far wall came closer and closer.

What had Carwon said? *Once she blows, she'll wipe out all of the shire. She'll paint the sky with milk.* She stood up and stooped over Mirca, resting her forehead on the sleeping blonde's with the smell of the golden-silver hair in her nose.

"I'm sorry, girl," she whispered as tears crept down her cheeks. "I failed you. I won't leave you. I promised. I couldn't live with knowing I abandoned you. Maybe this is better. At least it'll be over in a flash."

She gulped, then raised her hands and caressed Mirca's cheeks with the backside of her fingers.

"There are things I never told you. What —"

She suddenly spun around. Her right leg flew up and hit the shadow that had been creeping up on her. Kicked straight in the well-padded chest, the hooded attacker somersaulted and slammed down heavy on the sand floor. Her (*definitely* her, for Yrba had felt the yielding softness on the sole of her foot) knife skidded out of reach.

"— the fuck do you think you're doing?" barked the witch and quickly wiped the tears from her face with her lower arm.

"It's not fair!"

The figure curled up and began to sob, with a much too high-pitched whine.

"Yolanda? *Again?!'*"

The girl staggered to her feet, pulled the hood from her head and cast hateful glances to the sleeping Mirca while she clutched her breasts, aching from Yrba's kick.

"She's stolen this from me! *I* wanted to become the next goddess! You know what I did? I've searched and swallowed every damn bottle of that accursed '*Mesdames Tincture*' I could get my hands on, and —? *Nothing!* Not even close to *her!*" She pointed accusingly at the trembling walls of white that threatened to overcome the defiant resistance of the strutting any moment now. Yolanda grabbed her own massive pair of melons hard and jiggled them.

"*These* are the best I ever managed! What a joke! I've blown all my possessions for worthless lotions and tinctures and junk! I stole from Carwon's treasures to pay for more of the tincture! I had hoped he'd point to me once I'd grown really big. And then *she* came along, with her blond hair and her endless legs and her taut tits! She had it made, and all she did was whine, whine, whine! I'd do anything to be in her place! *Anything!* That night you made me all stretchy and big for the milk, that was the *best* I ever felt!"

"Wait, what?" Yrba's head jerked up and she raised a finger, pointing at the approaching white. "You're serious? Think fast, girl.

You *really* want all that? All that baggage? You know what happened to Carwon? You saw how *wrong* magic can go? Not freaked out by that?" She cracked her knuckles. "What's your answer? We haven't got much time!"

As if to underscore, the *groooooaaaaan—crack—slap* of another collapsing strut rang through the moment of silence. Yolanda stared wide-eyed and open-mouthed at the witch.

"Ohmigosh!" Yolanda slapped her hand over her mouth. "You're serious?" she mumbled. And then her face did not just light up; it *beamed* with joy as she grabbed Yrba's shoulders and shook her, almost screaming in the witch's face, "You can make me as big as her? You would do that for me?"

"As big as her, and then some. Okay, the formal question: Do you want to take all this into you?" Yrba glanced at the huge orbs. Critical mass. No more room. Rising pressure. Inside, the magic started to react with itself. *Hurry up, Yol, or we're all dead!*

"Of course I want it! I want it!" Yolanda splayed her arms wide. "Come on! Give it to me! Pump me up! *Everything!* Carwon? I'd have fed that bastard to my snatch one limb at a time for such a chance!"

"No! Not in here! Too many pointy rocks all around. You'd burst just like she's about to! You know the tunnel to the ruins of old amphitheater?"

"That's where I sneaked in."

Yrba made a gesture that reminded Yolanda of someone catching a rope floating in water. The witch closed her fingers around something invisible. For a moment, the maid felt an immaterial tug at her breasts and between her legs.

"Run there now! After the switch, that huge bowl will be a *tight* fit for you!"

"Oh wow! *That* big? Awesome!"

"Once this here blows, I'll have to send the milk blast into you whether you're there or not! If you bloat while you're in the tunnel —"

Yolanda was already halfway to the small side door.

"I'll make it in time! I promise!"

"And lose your dress on the way!" Yrba screamed after her, over the groaning and creaking of the few remaining wooden struts. "Or I'll lose it for you!"

Yolanda's heavy melons bounced and bobbed in front of her as she pelted down the tunnel. The light at its end came closer and closer. There — was that already —? No. Her hooters just tingled and ached from the beating they took with every jump. She struggled with her one-piece cloth and tore with both hands at the neckline. Finally it ripped. Her next step caused her breasts to jump out. Unrestrained as they were now, their bouncing and bobbing became even worse, to the point where she felt her nipples slap against her ears. She tried to catch the flying masses and finally managed, clutching her pumpkins tight.

That little victory came at the price of her losing her balance. She tumbled head first out of the tunnel and into thin air. Below her yawned the hundreds of steep steps down the terraces of the theater.

That's going to hurt —

Yrba held the immaterial, glowing, lengthening strands that led from her hand to Yolanda's body. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Her words weren't exactly a spell now. It was a beg, an admittance of defeat.

Magic is fierce. Nobody can tame it. Nobody can restrain it.

Magic flows. It flows to where it finds a home.

Magic, I hereby offer you a willing home. Spare my friend.

She lowered her head, held her arms up and raised the ethereal strands in her hands to the rumbling, trembling walls of breasts all around. The whipping tails touched the straining skin and forked into a spreading mesh of pulsating roots.

Underneath her, the ground started to shake. The pent-up milk and magic bursted into a white hot flash of light that filled the crater. It grabbed the witch and threw her backwards until she came to an awkward rest, at the end of a groove in the sandy floor.

White pulses consumed the mountainous breasts from the inside out. Yrba rose from her back and struggled onto her left elbow while she lifted her right hand to shield her eyes. The air in the cavern crackled and sparkled. Like man-sized drops of water, the magic charges throbbed along the strands and down the corridor.

Yrba felt the ethereal eddies and gusts rushing by, tugging at her skin, draining away her strength. The scene danced before her eyes, and before she collapsed, her last thoughts were:

I hope you're ready for what you're about to receive, Yolanda ...

— *like hell!* Yolanda screamed unarticulated in a desperate shriek at the top of her lungs while she fell down the steep drop. Then the world around her turned silent, and time slowed down. She looked back along her body and blinked. The chestnut-haired girl hung motion- and weightless, suspended in a beam of glaring light that poured out of the narrow tunnel. Moments later, along followed a ball of white-hot magic, a yard across. It came right for her. She closed her eyes, waiting for the impact, unsure about what to expect.

The energy slowly tingled and crept over the insides of her legs and forced them apart. Her thighs in their V posture were a neat funnel for the glob of light. It readily clung to her skin and followed the guiding rails. Yolanda gasped as the living heat touched her crotch. She bent her knees until she stuck on its spherical skin like sitting on a huge ball with her legs spread wide apart. The warm, ethereal goop melted into the folds of her cave and pressed harder and harder against her intimate opening. A gasp, a moan, a squelch, and her nether lips stretched *huge* as the sphere ripped, gushed into her and filled up her womb with fire. The heat rose over her skin and streamed into her breasts. She let go of her boobs to not burn the skin off her arms. Even with her arms spread wide, she still felt the radiating heat from the fire now trapped in her chest. Her skin grew taut as *something* inside her breasts *hatched*.

And what hatched was *more* breast. Within moments, the expanded volume became part of her, she felt her senses, her nerves extend into it, it *was* more of her, more cozy room for *more* of the same to come and nest in.

The next pearl of blistering energy already forced itself into her. It spread her labia, effortlessly now, and entered her as a long, thick bolt of heat and arousal. It penetrated her body, filled her skin with its

feral energy and emptied itself into her breasts, swelling them further from the inside.

And the next.

And again.

She lost count and all restraint as normal time returned and things began to move even *faster*. Tumbling down in mid-air, her arms held out wide, her fall was gently caught by the soft mass of her breasts exploding from her chest. On contact with the ground, her nipples were painfully forced back into the expanding cloud of soft bosom flesh that hit the theater's floor far ahead of her. She sank into the warm, stretching and yielding pillows and dared to open her eyes again.

Oh yes! Yes! That's even better than the last time!

The chain of white orbs kept on bombarding her wide-open crotch, diving into her boiling womb one after another, and the rebound from her drop to the floor made her rise so quickly the air was pushed out of her lungs, along with her frantic cry:

"More! More! Up and awayyyy!"

With her arms and legs spread wide apart, she held on to her own breasts that kept on growing, eagerly sucking up all the enchanted flesh and milk that Mirca could provide. Yolanda felt hollowed out, a thin stretch of skin over a bubbling ocean of magic.

The town! I can see the town from up here! And I'm still growing! This is awesome! More! Come on! There's room in there! Yes! More!

Fill me! Fill me up! Fill me all the w—

Oh gods. No. No! What's happening? Now they're getting taut. They're gonna —!

Her eyes widened. The air in the amphitheater was filled with the din of old stone pillars crashing down, shoved aside by her expanding breasts. And above that, the gurgle and rumble of huge amounts of liquid in motion. And above *that*, there was the horrible creaking and squeaking that grew louder and louder until she couldn't hear anything else; until her eyes saw nothing but veined, throbbing, milk-white skin extending from her chest towards the horizon, glistening in the pearly sheen of tautness, and the blue, cloudless sky above, growing nearer.

Heavens! It's too much! Too much! I can't —

Chapter 69: Several Uprisings

"Wakey, wakey, rise and shine, dear," twittered Yrba's piercing falsetto.

Mirca groaned. "Go — away. You know I won't get up any time soon."

Yrba laughed. "I'm not so sure about that." She clapped her hands. "Maids, dress the queen!"

Mirca jumped up. Her breasts sloshed along. "*Dress?* I didn't fit into a dress for *months!*"

She stared in disbelief at her body. Were her breasts still grotesque? Definitely. But *these* were because they were but empty bags of skin that hung to her thighs.

"What — how — *heavens!* *You did it!* I don't know how, but *you did it!* You've got to tell me *how you did it!*"

"All in due time, my dear. Once you're decent," *as far as that's possible*, she added in the privacy of her head, "I'd like you to meet Yolanda and thank her for that."

"Yolanda?"

"Yes. Awesome, that girl. Took in all you could dish out. Though it was a pretty close call, for an hour or two. But we've managed to free her nipples from beneath her breasts so she could get a little release. Amazing, what a lever — or twenty — can do. The first boat with barrels of milk is going to arrive around noon, and they'll distribute it to the townspeople. We'll have enough to go around, even for the whole winter. No more half-starved faces. One less thing to worry about."

The door was thrown open. A maid, with a fresh bruise on her cheek and a blackening eye, her dress torn, a badly scratched breast hanging out, rushed through.

"Goddess! Witch! Quick, we need you! The villagers! They've broken down the gate!"

Through the open door rang the distant din of an angry crowd. Yrba spun to the blonde who rose to her feet, and hissed nervously:

"Fuck! They haven't heard the news, I guess, and after that discharge of magic, I surely wouldn't bet my life on the sympathy in your milk. Can't reason with a mob! Come on! We've got to sneak out while we can! They'll surely calm down once the new milk arrives. That's not our problem!"

Mirca shook her head before she calmly spoke.

"Yes, you're right, it's not *our* problem." She straightened herself and combed her ruffled hair back. Reaching for the tiara by her bed, she continued, "It's *my* problem. These are *my* girls, and I will *not* have them getting beaten and violated."

Yrba's eyes met hers, and, slowly, the witch's face changed into a smile. Mirca stood on her own feet now, in more than one regard. Yrba nodded to the proud and solemn figure.

Oh how they grow so quickly, don't they? Before you know it, they're ready to soar and walk their own roads.

Mirca swayed just a little bit when she stomped into the main hall. They were waiting for her, just about everybody from the town who was still strong enough to walk. She raised her arms in a wide gesture, and her gown fell open along her chest.

"Silence! What is this? Your queen demands an answer! You, blacksmith! Speak!"

She sat down on the throne while the noise died down. Her flabby breasts slipped over her thighs and covered her crotch.

"Well? I'm waiting!"

"You? Who made you queen? Carwon is gone, and where are your divine powers now? Just look at you! The Goddess has left you, and sure as hell *you* can't be queen of Ebron! The queen must have tits like *that!*" The angry man held his hands out as far as he could reach. "Not something like those flabby sacks, you drained, dried-up —"

Mirca ground her teeth and jumped up. "You spineless, ungrateful bastard!" She stomped towards him and felt her anger rising, something that hadn't happen for *months*. The last veils of the magic that had kept her docile burned up in the heat of her newfound rage. "I'll slap you silly with those *dried-up* sacks!"

He recoiled and dropped to his knees. "Mercy! Forgive this humble servant for ever doubting you!"

Mirca stopped and just then noticed the itching and straining in her breasts. She stared with a mixture of joy and fear at her boobs that kept on filling up at an alarming rate. Joy, because it felt as good as ever; and fear, because, where would they stop? *Would* they stop, this time?

And the moment she asked herself this question, the growth stopped, causing a slight quiver of inertia struggling against elasticity that ran back and forth over her skin.

All right ... uh, boobies, listen, g—grow?

The faint gurgling started anew. The orbs grew heavier, slowly starting to pull her down to the floor as her back began to ache and her stooping became worse.

Stop! ... smaller? Just so much that I can stand straight!

A gush of warm milk ran from her nipples and down the breasts, tickling her skin.

Oh wow. Oh wow! I've got a hold on myself again! Yrba's going to be so proud of me! No, don't giggle! Try to look regal! Boobies, you spurt until you're down to — all right, wheat sacks should do for now. And tighten up, for heaven's sake!

She stared down on the trembling man and straightened up to her full height, with a gleam in her eyes. A murmur of "Oooh" and "Aaaah" rose from the crowd as her breasts sprayed on and on, soaking the crouching figure in front of her while climbing into a bullet shape that not just defied, but ridiculed gravity.

"Robert the blacksmith, I'll let your insolence slide *just this one time*. Remember, I know where you live." She looked up into the faces of the townspeople. "I let you down, all of you. I won't let that happen

again. Listen up! Go down to the harbor! Tell everyone! By noon, there will be enough milk to go around. Nobody will hunger, not today, not come next winter. But if you ever dare to mock me again, my breasts *will* come after you and crush you! Out now! The lot of you!"

Yrba sat down on the stairs of the throne. She looked down on her hands resting on her knees and sighed. Then she pushed down with her arms and stood up.

"Well, congratulations on you remaining the Queen of Ebron! I guess now you won't need my help any more. Oh, and — I'm proud of you. The show just now, that was a mighty fine command you've got over your milkies. You sure have grown a lot, in many ways."

"No! Don't leave! What do I know about running a country? I need your advice more than ever."

"You're asking *me* for advice on that? Girl, what do *I* know about running a country? You're as good as I when it comes to a stern voice and the physical intimidation, even more so. There's nothing left for me to teach you."

She kept walking towards the big gates, all the while talking over her shoulder.

"I'll be back next year. Give it a try. Now that you've got a grip on your bloat again, you can sneak out the backdoor and make a living hiding in the woods, anytime you please. At least that's something I was able to teach you."

Mirca laughed. "Yes, but I don't think I'll do that. I've got to take care of Yolanda. She must be totally helpless, and, well, I'm kind of responsible. I won't leave by myself. They'll have to drive me out."

Yrba nodded. "Uh, Yolanda. Damn. Well," she hesitated, "You're right. I guess I'll have to stay around too, then."

"No. Don't. I — I order you to leave the palace. Go your ways. Begone. Whatever," Mirca sighed.

"Wait, what?" Yrba turned around and stared at her with wide eyes.

"Oh shut up! You know as well as I do, you've already made promises to your clients and you've got your deliveries to make. You *want* the road. Maybe some day, when you decide you're getting too old for all the traveling and you're free from those duties — you'll always be welcome —"

She sniffed and held her hand over her eyes. "Go now. Please, before I —," she quietly added.

"I will. And, maybe, someday ..."

Yrba bit her lip, then she straightened her back, turned and walked out into the bright sunshine.

Chapter 70: A Prince In Time

The first stumbling block on the way waited for her the very moment she turned around after closing the palace doors behind her. Yrba recoiled when she found herself only inches from the wrong end of a polished, sparkling blade.

"Begone, foul creature of the night, lest I run you through!" barked a voice.

As insults and threats went, *that* one left Yrba unimpressed. She looked along the sword pointing at her face and ran her mental checklist.

Blond hero? Check.

Noble steed? Check.

Prince and/or knight? Check.

Clever? The hell with it, he scored three out of four already!

Her face relaxed. She smiled at him and waved with her hand.

"I never thought I'd say this to a man, but you're too late. Come on, put that toothpick away and lower your shield. If you're looking for the damsel in distress, she's in there."

She pointed over her shoulder towards to the palace door.

"We don't have foul creatures of the night around here. We've had a bad case of the viziers. And you're late for that, too, the grand vizier's dead already. You just need to court the queen a bit and then help her with running the country."

Might be a lot harder than just parading around in a polished armor, boy. Then again, with that noble sign on your shield, you look like you're at least a bit familiar with politics and you've got a loud voice. Not too shabby.

"What?" he asked in a puzzled voice and lifted the visor on his helmet. Bright blue eyes and a smooth face with a strong jaw. Yrba pursed her lips.

"Oh great. You're the youngest of three brothers, right?" *And you're about Mirca's age. Good.*

"Uh, yes, but I don't see why —," he stuttered as his nervously darting eyes found her neckline and got lost in her cleavage.

"Just go in there, boy. And enter slowly. She needs a friend more than a hero, all right? Hey, do you like really big boobs?"

He blushed, but straightened himself.

"A prince doesn't answer to these impertinent questions!"

Yrba lowered her voice in mock seriousness.

"Of course not." She chuckled and leaned to him. "Your blushing is good enough an answer for me."

"Uh, so, I — so, she's a princess, right? I mean, that's what it's supposed to be, and —"

Yrba frowned. "Well, she hasn't been queen for long, I guess that still counts —"

"Good, good." The young man looked almost sick now. "Uh, and — and she's a virgin, r—right?"

The witch stood akimbo. "A *virgin*? What kind of question is *that*, you impudent—"

He shrank right in front of her. "I — sorry, I, — *err*—"

Yrba rolled her eyes. "Oh, all right. Listen, she's much *better* than a simple virgin. She's *educated*." She winked and cast a quick glance over him, and smiled as she continued, "And I can guarantee, if you court her nice and friendly, that there *will* be a virgin in your wedding bed."

She stepped on down the stairs, past the dazzled, thwarted wannabe hero. With every step, she smiled a bit more until she grinned ear to ear. *I really hope his other lance is up to the task, too. Between Mirca and Yolanda, he might even get two for the price of one.*

Yrba heard the creaking of the huge door, Mirca's husky "*Ooh Hel-lo*", his exclamation of "Goodness gracious!" and the clanging of his shield as it dropped to the marble floor.

She laughed as she danced down the last steps.

Yrba was checking her horse's harness when he came running after her, knelt down before her and grabbed her hand.

"I must apologize. I didn't realize you were the royal counselor. She —"

He rubbed his cheek that had started to glow in a deep reddish tone except for the five pale prints of spread fingers.

"— uh, was quite *explicit* about her opinion towards me, brushing you off like that."

Yrba chuckled, struggling to keep a straight face. She nodded.

"Yes, that's one of her virtues. She doesn't beat around the bush."

"She told me to tell you that you'll always be welcome here whenever you choose to visit. And me, I need to thank you for — I don't know. For the 'enter slowly' advice or whatever. Heavens, I — my heart almost stopped when I — And she's so *tall*! One could get *lost* in her! And have you *seen* her, uh, you know, her — her — they're *ginormous*!"

"*Seen* them? Boy, I *made* them. Play your cards right, and you might *feel* them soon. And what you've seen wasn't even the *first* of it."

He stared at her, speechless, then fumbled for his pouch and pulled from it a shining plate, embossed with a coat of arms.

"Take this as a token of my gratitude. It'll make traveling a lot easier for you, I assume. Any companion of this divine beauty is more than worthy to become an honorary advisor to the shire of Barenia, too."

"Barenia, uh-huh. Big shire. You've made quite a journey. First time for everything, eh?"

"Sorry, what?"

"Is this your first time abroad, boy?"

He glanced around. The courtyard was empty. His posture deflated with a sigh, and he fidgeted with his fingers.

"Uh, yes. Hey, listen, I — I'm doing this all wrong, I just know it. I hate this grandstanding, okay? You know, like you said, youngest prince and stuff. I mean, my father, he practically forced me to go and slay something evil, as if that's any qualification to run a country! Not a clue about bookkeeping or planning ahead, those kings, it's all just jousting and parading, and he wonders why there's a famine every now and then! These are dark ages indeed. I mean, look at the old empire! *They* knew how to run a country! Well, except for the invading and stuff, that obviously didn't work so well. I've read all about it."

He rose to his feet and cleared his throat.

"You've got to excuse me now. She told me to come back immediately, and I don't want to anger her —"

"Oh, you'll be doing great, pal! The two of you are made for each other, believe me!"

And off he was, scampering back up the stairs. *Regally* scampering, of course.

My blond charger and that brainy guy! I guess he's earned another check mark in the 'clever' row, and we're good to go at four of four points.

And this little trinket here —

Yrba pouched the seal and barely hid her glee. Yes, this would come in handy at just about every border in the whole country. Barenia not only was the biggest shire far and wide, it also was well-

known for its hostile attitude towards those who did not respect the men and women traveling under its seal of protection.

The gypsy climbed on her caravan's coach box and pulled out a drinking bag. Raising it towards the palace, she took a big gulp and declared:

"Well, here's to another happy end for the books."

She clicked her tongue and worked the reins.

"Get going, horsey!"

The shire horse snorted and leaned its massive weight into the harness. Hundreds of tiny vials jingled in their boxes in the back of the wagon as it set itself into motion.

"High time to do something about all those other poor flat-chested girls out there," grinned Yrba, reached for her pouch and bit down on a fresh stalk as she leaned against the gently rocking wall in her back.

And the caravan rolled on through the gate, onto the vast pastures and towards the setting sun.

Chapter 71: Rekindled Flames

Yrba didn't get very far that day. Two hours later, at noon, her cart rocked through a small village in the next valley when a loud whistle called after her.

"Stealing away again, old crone?" yelled a cheerful voice.

Yrba pulled at the reins and turned in her seat to peek around the corner of her caravan. A curvy brunette, maybe a tad older than the gypsy but in prime shape nonetheless, slunk hip-swayingly over to her, and her buttock's rolling motions sent her flared skirt flying and made her propped-up ample cleavage quiver. She put her hands on her narrow waist. Cocking her head and shaking her long brunette hair out of her face, she raised her eyebrows.

"Patra?" the witch gasped disbelievingly. A nod, and the stacked waylayer smiled broadly, winking at the gypsy. Yrba's former servant no longer wore her hair tied back, but let it flow in a thicket of curls, and that made all the difference. Well, that, and about six or seven well-placed extra pounds on her frame, together with her bare, toned arms. She was all woman now and not a single bit of a demure maid any more. Grabbing the caravan's corner with one hand, Patra pulled herself up to Yrba and poked her forefinger into the witch's yielding breast.

"You did something *big* again, didn't you? Rumors are flying everywhere, and I won't let you leave until you tell me all about it!"

Yrba sighed theatrically, but she already chuckled as she turned her caravan around.

It was near sunset when Yrba finished her story. Despite Patra's pleading to stay with her for the night while her husband was away, the witch bid goodbye and set up camp a few minutes' ride outside of the town in a secluded clearing. At one time, hoofbeats passed in the distance, but apart from that, no other sounds disturbed the bird calls that turned into the chirps of crickets as the sun disappeared behind the horizon. The dark-skinned gypsy yawned and stretched her limbs. She wrapped herself up in a blanket and laid down by the fireside, stirring the embers. Rolling on her back, she watched the twinkling red dots of the sparks rise into the starry night sky. Tomorrow would bring new faces and new places. Tonight was a night for contemplation.

She must've dozed off. When Yrba startled awake, the thin sickle of the moon shone high in the sky, and the fire had gone out. For a few moments, she held her breath and listened, waiting for her instincts to tell her whether all was well or not.

It was not, but it was her eyes that told her so.

A motionless shadow blotted part of the night sky. It towered over her, standing by her head. The witch was shell-shocked. For years, she had relied on her intuition to give her an early warning, and

never before had it failed her like that. Neither beast nor thief had ever managed to sneak up on her in her sleep.

The hoofbeats. Dammit, should've been much more wary. I'm getting old. Might not get much older, though —

In the split second that Yrba needed to overcome her abject terror and make up her mind, the stranger moved with skill and determination. Heavy weight bore down on her, and strong hands grabbed her wrists and pinned the squirming witch to the ground.

"Don't do something we'll both regret," grunted the hooded intruder.

Yrba froze. She realized that her instincts would've warned her of *bad* things, so they just *had* to fail this time.

"Mirca?!" she managed to squeeze through her choked-up throat.

The massive shadow turned about and sat up, dragging Yrba into her bosom's envelope as she gave her a rib-crushing embrace.

"Oh sweetie, you came after me!" groaned the witch, still struggling for air. "So, who's the next goddess?"

Yrba snuggled closer to her giantess' warm body. Mirca sat cross-legged and held her friend tight in front of her, with Yrba's back against the ribbed muscles of the athletic woman's midriff, framing Yrba's head in her bosom like a wing chair. The witch rubbed her cheek against the pillowy breast to her right, and her nails tickled the strawberry nipple through the queen's clothes. Somehow, Mirca had managed to shrink her bust down to a pair of *armfuls*, and to find a

mount sturdy enough to carry the weight of her breasts and herself out into the woods in time.

Mirca's fingers played in the thick wool of her friend's mane while they faced the rekindled campfire. The proud amazon cleared her throat.

"Uh—"

The witch lowered her head and sighed.

"I understand. This is just a visit. You're not here to stay. So what's so urgent that it can't wait until I stop by your palace again?"

"Well, er, I ... when you left, it felt, I dunno, *wrong*, just seeing you go, what with all the things you did for me, but I ... I didn't know what to do or say, and so many things had happened today, my head was in a daze. And then you were gone, but I remembered ... Something's changed ever since I woke up. It's easy now for me to remember things, like there's a long painting in my head and I can just walk back to look at different parts of it. Weird." She gulped. "And there are parts I really don't want to look at. Old stuff. Scary stuff."

Her strong fingers caressed Yrba's chin and turned the gypsy's head. Their eyes met.

"Anyway, you were gone, and that cute prince was off to bring me flowers, and I was just sitting all alone in one of the warm pools, when all of a sudden ..." Mirca hesitated and smiled. "Do you still think of that night in Red's bath?"

Yrba purred like a cat in heat. "*Rrrrrrrrr*. Do I ever!"

The giantess' voice grew husky. "You asked me then to finish what I had started, but I was too tired, and then you looked so lost and all alone in that tub, like you really wanted to join us but somehow

had missed the right oppor—o—to—tu — the right *time*." Her big yet feminine hands, two bright spots against Yrba's dark skin in the flickering light of the campfire, wandered lower and dove into the tight neckline of the smaller woman in her lap. The witch's soft, heavy breasts flowed into the tall young woman's palms as she cupped the taut, round undersides and lifted the melons from their confinement. Her thumbs dug into the malleable flesh, and Yrba's nipples swelled in aching anticipation.

"I'm not tired now, and this time, the time is right," whispered Mirca. "And I've brought help. Look."

Five white togas flared up against the blackness of the forest as their bearers shed their brown cowls and stepped into the red shine of the fire. Two of the women held big vases in their hands. Yrba's nostrils picked up the heavy smell of warm, scented oil.

"I think I told you about *moo-sage* and all that stroking and kneading, didn't I? They're the *best* at it, and they're not shy to touch our fun parts either."

The smallest of the maids stepped up and took the robe from Mirca's naked shoulders. Beads of oil dripped over the queen's copper-toned skin, and several hands spread the glistening coating across her chest and abs as she leaned back and dragged Yrba down on top of her.

Lubed fingers sneaked into the witch's tight bodice, expert hands opened the knots and buttons on her dress and peeled the constraining clothes from her curvy form. She didn't notice the disappearing of her skirt, because at that time, warm slender fingers tickled and rubbed the curls of her crotch, diving time and again through the inner and outer lips.

"For Sophia, who you saved in the library," a voice whispered into the gypsy's ear, and a kneading hand wandered up her thigh while a burning mouth kissed its way over her shoulder blades.

"For Patra, who you restored," breathed another voice, and another hand caressed Yrba's spine.

"For Yolanda, who you saved from herself." Two fingers, hot and slippery, spread her cave, and playful teeth dug into her fleshy buttocks. Yrba moaned helplessly.

"For all of us, for the things you did, never asking for a reward." The liquid that dripped on her back was different now, chilly and much thinner, sending a shiver down her spine. Moments later, her skin began to crawl with an all-too-familiar sensation.

"M—milk?! *Unnnh—!*" she gasped, while many hands rubbed it into her skin, and more of it was poured over her spine, collecting in the depression on the short of her back, only to be rapidly absorbed into her quirky physique under the caressing touches.

The hands wandered over her flanks and under her belly. Fingers spread wide, lifting her torso upright while holding her breasts like a living bustier. Two more hands appeared, holding her head and blindfolding her.

"What are you doing to m—*mmmh!*?"

Slender fingers stroked Yrba's trembling jaw, grabbed her cheeks and squeezed gently to make her plump lips pout. An earthen jug was pressed against them and was lifted higher, drenching her face and spilling from her mouth over her chin. Another hand grabbed her throat and massaged it, making her gulp down the white tide to the last drop.

"*Urrrrp!*" Yrba burped loudly. "Oh heavens, that much milk, you'll turn me into a cow! Don't you kn—*uuughh!*"

Yrba's breasts *woke*. Panting and with her eyes closed, she squirmed on the living, muscle-stuffed mattress of her friend's tall body. A pair of hands tended each of her swelling udders, while the huge palms cupping Yrba's firm buttocks and rubbing her swollen pussy lips up and down over the amazon's golden curls and erect thumb-sized clit were very definitely those of Mirca herself. Yrba drew up her legs, clutching the giantess' flanks in their vise while the maids' hands lowered her back down on the burning body. She gasped for air as her hard nipples brushed against Mirca's. Moments later, she sank into the yielding pillows of her friend and moaned with lust, only to be silenced as her mouth overflowed with her beloved pupil's mammoth tongue that spread her lips wide. The witch's hands slithered over Mirca's breasts. Her fingers twisted and pinched the tall young woman's strawberry nipples while her own slowly bloating mammaries were gently pulled out sideways. Warm lips devoured her throbbing nipples and drew tiny jets of milk from the rough nubs. Oh yes, Mirca was right, the girls were *good*. Yrba drifted through a fog of bliss as if Patra's fingers from months ago had returned fourfold, relieving her full udders of their sweet and ample load in dexterous strokes, raining her nurturing gift all over Mirca's giant shape.

Yrba fought for her breath.

"Please, gimme a break!" she gasped. From one second to the next, the hands disappeared.

"Anything you command, mistress!" whispered the chorus of voices.

Yrba rolled off Mirca's splayed shape and came to a rest on her back, side by side with her oversized pupil. Every few seconds, a shiver of expansion ran through her heavy, sagging boobs as her body made the generous supply its own. The witch's hands circled the visible bulge on her own midriff in engrossed delight, and the giantess watched her from the corner of her eyes. She reached out and poked playfully into the little mound.

"You like your belly big and round, don't you?" echoed Mirca's voice in Yrba's ears.

"The — the stomach, not so much," gasped the witch. "Makes my tits bloat too fast. See how much I've already put on?"

Mirca ran her fingers over the already leaking nipples before she dug them into the dark brown meat on Yrba's midriff and pulled gently, watching the skin stretch in her grip.

"Little rubber witch likes it in the womb, then?" she whispered. "Like when I filled you with all the glowy goodness from that *huuuuge* cauldron?"

"*Uh—huuunhh*," groaned Yrba, close to losing it yet again.

"You heard her, girls!" called Mirca.

The world spun around Yrba as hands grabbed her, turned her over and put her on her hands and knees. Fingers pressed on the short of her back and two hands spread her buttocks, making her plump labia bulge out of her hindquarters. Groaning and stretching noises filled the air. Yrba looked over her shoulder. Mirca's left breast filled up rapidly, crawling over the ground as it outgrew a yard's length and rose higher than Yrba's hips. Right in the center of the dark areola on the expanding orb, the coarse nipple sprouted into a fat teat, forming a

half-inch hole in its tip. Thick white liquid ran from the approaching rod.

"No! Mirca, no!" The witch jerked in her friend's hands. The giantess' unyielding grip locked her thighs in place and pulled Yrba's crotch closer to the elongated uber-melon and its long, dripping, bobbing teat.

"Don't worry," chuckled the tall young woman. Her eyes closed halfway as she focused, and the shape of her left breast rose and stretched from elongated to bottle-shaped, adapting to better fit between her witch-friend's legs. "I've trained the whole afternoon, I can hold it at any size I want, to half an inch! Girls, tell her —"

"It's true," whispered the maids stroking Yrba's body. "The forest is full of clearings now, and of milk ponds! The goddess is strong in our queen! She'll be strong in you, too!"

Slippery oil coated slender fingers before they started their journey over Yrba's crotch. More of the warm lubricant was poured over Mirca's teat. The tip made contact. Yrba's breathing stopped.

It slipped into her, long and thick and massive. And it was *good*.

"*Unngh!*" groaned Mirca. "You're like a clamp on my nipple! Hold on, I'll start with just a little dribble —"

She closed her eyes and stroked the resilient skin of her breast. The teat wormed deeper into the entrance of the boiling cave between the witch's legs. Yrba's labia stretched thinner around its swelling shape. The witch swayed, transfixed by another delirious climax, while her love canal filled up slowly with Mirca's creamy white juice.

"F—Full," gasped Yrba.

Mirca's fingertips touched the gypsy's soaked pubes.

"Then let it in deeper," whispered the giantess. Her middle finger joined her swollen teat in the tight envelope of Yrba's struggling vagina. She ran her fingertip over the front wall of the ribbed cave, tracing Yrba's lust knob from the inside. Every gentle stroke and push made the hollow muscle relax a little more. The first thin jets of Mirca's dammed-up warm milk pushed through Yrba's defiant cervix and spattered like burning sparkles against the walls of her womb. Mirca added her thumb, clamping down on Yrba's clit from the outside, too. That was enough.

"Haaaaahhh—!" Yrba's brown eyes grew wide, and her muscles grew limp. The dam broke. The flood rushed in. The small mound on her midriff quickly turned into a fluttering, half-melon sized bulge and kept on growing as the giantess rocked into her. Another shiver raced through the expanding gypsy when her navel rode out over her knees and into the soft grass. She cradled her tautening womb. The maids pulled her upright, one to each side grabbing her thighs and spreading them apart for Mirca's elongated teat to all the better squirt into her.

"B—boobs, my b—boobs, they'll burst, I can't hold that much —," groaned Yrba.

"You won't have to hold it, just relax and let it flow —," whispered the chorus of the maids' disembodied voices. Soothing oil dripped over the witch's chocolate jugs before several hands kneaded and squeezed the excited orbs, loosening Yrba's skin for the impending swelling. Yrba twitched each time her breasts' undersides came to rest on her belly's orb.

Slowly, Mirca's breast grew soft under the witch. Yrba's legs gave in. Her firm buttocks sank into the soft cushion of Mirca's mammary, and the spent teat popped from her crotch. The witch fell forward. Her potbelly dropped into the waiting hands of the giantess.

"Yes, that's like the one time with your cauldron," moaned Mirca, pressing her face into the yielding pillow, and the vibrations of her throaty voice through the orb of barely contained milk sent Yrba over the edge again.

Her belly's oil-covered skin glistened and mirrored the campfire's flames on its taxed, taut curve. Too many different sensations fought for her oversexed brain's attention. Hands, many, many hands, all over her, Mirca's burning lips on her bulging bellybutton, the inhuman tongue of the giantess that rolled and slithered snake-like over her skin. Yrba was trapped in a world of inflaming touches. With each finger, with each lip, with each tongue-tip pressing against her body, she felt filled closer to the brim, more and more and more.

Mirca's strong arms lifted her up, oblivious to the sloshing weight in her womb. They turned her around, handled her like she was nothing but a bag of milk, and then Mirca's head forced its way in between Yrba's thighs. The giantess lifted the witch's crotch against her lips, her tongue crept out, pressing against the front of the labia, and then she drew her first gulp from the living, wiggling, shivering vessel that once was Yrba.

It was too much, simply too much. Yrba burst, squeezing a bolt of hot milk into Mirca's face. The tall amazon's lips pouted against the fluttering nozzle of skin and swallowed her own milk that came shooting out of the witch's stretched cave. Yrba felt herself draining away into that greedy throat.

Yrba lost all sense of time. She climaxed, one time, then another, then — then she didn't bother to count. Hands caressed her, fingers pinched her nipples, to each simple touch she came, panting and moaning. The tongue, the giant tongue slithered into her crotch, and she came again, howling, screaming, drenching Mirca's face with pent-up milk. Mouths, too many mouths at once, wandered over her body, they halted to devour her milk-spewing teats, they sprouted tiny tongues that dug into her navel or chewed on her labia, and she came again. Her belly shrank, slowly, with every deep gulp that those mouths drew from her soppy crotch, with every squeeze that sent a torrent of boiling milk over her limp thighs, and each time her straining midriff contracted and shuddered closer to its proper shape, she came again. Hands held her breasts, held her while she overflowed their grip with her stretching, expanding mammaries that soon dangled from her chest like un milked brimming udders. The gallon of glands in them feasted on the rich supply in her womb and pumped up her breasts' spongy tissue. Two hands on each of her jugs turned into four when they outgrew melons and became pumpkins. She didn't open her eyes any more, she just squirmed and twisted on the lubed-up bodies, feeling rough nipples as they were dragged over her, as they were pushed into her crotch, rubbed over her dripping crack, stuck into her mouth to fill her up again. Yrba was happily reduced to three milk-processing orbs.

The witch gasped and jerked awake. The first red streaks of dawn filled the sky. Her bleary eyes wandered unsteadily and finally focused on Mirca's face. She realized that the tall young woman had

probably kept watch over her and had held her warm the whole night through, yet the huge smiling face showed no trace of tiredness.

"Morning, sleepyhead," whispered the giantess, stroking her mentor's cheek. "Did you like my gift?"

Yrba licked her lips and nodded mutely.

"I better sneak back into the palace now. I don't think the common folk will —"

"Highness, the bustier doesn't fit yet. Lose another pint from them, if you please."

"Oh, right, sorry, *nnnngh!* — Where was I? Ah, they won't take too kindly to a queen that's all out and about when it comes to nightly naughtiness," giggled Mirca as her maids dressed her, pushing and prodding and squeezing to wrap her back into her traveler's clothes. "Promise you'll come back next year? We can do this again in the royal bath! Just imagine!"

"Tempting. But what about your prince?" chuckled Yrba, watching the spectacle of five hectic maids buzzing about the towering lumberjack girl.

Mirca looked at her and frowned. "Oh. So you don't want him to join us in the bath? He sure seems nice. How about I taste him for you first?"

The witch laughed. "I wouldn't mind him doing an Alric on us, but I think he's a bit too shy for that."

"Uh. Oh my. Yes. Hadn't thought of that." Mirca scratched her head.

She beamed. "Bah, a whole year? I sure can teach him to like it by then! How hard can it be? Remember that farm boy? Nary an hour, and he got curious! And later you can teach him new tricks that I don't know yet. So, promise you'll come back?"

Yrba looked her up and down. Her teeth appeared in the twilight. "After *that* night? You cruel little tease, look what you've done. Now you've got me hooked on you again. Might even show up early — *Oh come on, you clumsy bunch! Who taught you to dress people?* Here, let me show you —"

Chapter 72: Epilogue

Feet rustled through the layer of rotting leaves on the cracked marble floor. A brown-skinned hand with well-groomed fingernails, the skin brightening towards the palm, rose to touch the soot-covered surface of a pillar. Gold bracelets, heavy and expensive, slipped down the toned forearm and rang quietly through the blazing red silk dress' sleeve until they assembled in the bow of the woman's elbow.

"Milady, please! You shouldn't even be here. It's unbecoming to a noblewoman to stroll around this cursed castle's ruins!"

Lady Yrba turned her head and eyed her coachman's face. Oh yes, he was such a handsome young guy and oh so stirringly worried about her safety and decency. She nodded to him.

"We're all alone, and I'm not going to tell anyone. Are *you*?"

He stared at her, taken aback. "Milady—! I'd *die* sooner than betray you!"

"I know, darling, I know. Relax, nothing bad is going to happen. This place is dead and empty now. Last time I was around, just a few years ago ..."

She hesitated. "I like this new look far better."

"But, they say, the giant demon, it might return ..."

The witch's fingers traced the pillar, right to the edge where the soot turned into glass and where the cold stone mimicked the sight of a half-molten candle, frozen streaks of dripping substance included.

"I'd have a few questions for her for sure, but I don't think I'm going to get *that* lucky," she sighed under her breath and gazed out into the almost perfectly spherical hole where unearthly fire had vaporized the foundations of Lord Peter's dungeons. Nothing grew down there, not even moss or weed, and maybe nothing ever would grow again in this weird, twisted place. She squinted. No ethereal beams, no gloss, no wisps of light. Even the ubiquitous background magic avoided this haunted place. Yrba looked at the thing in the palm of her hand and remembered ...

The mayor's wife had opened to her knocking and almost did a double take at the sight of the obviously wealthy stranger with the exotic dark brown skin. She left the witch standing in the doorway before Yrba could utter even a single word, and hurried away only to return moments later with a crock, its cork lid sealed by a thick layer of wax.

"A messenger brought this, last summer, and said I was to give it to the first Darkskin woman that comes knockin'. That's all I know. Said you'd know what to make of it."

Yrba had given her a handful of coins in return. Inwardly, she still smiled. Barbara had waddled in a very special way, and her red face and the otherworldly grin told the witch that she finally had found the courage to confess a few things to her husband. And that the two

had managed to learn how to do a few things together. *Immense* things, from the look of it.

Yrba raised her hand to her nose and inhaled the faint smell of the single lock of red hair in her fingers. That curl and a shard of the palace's glassified stone had been the only things inside the earthen pot.

Good to know you survived this, Red. Wherever you are now.

She turned around with a sigh perched on the edge between relief and remorse and walked back to her six-horse carriage that gleamed like a pearl in the bright summer sunshine, the ambassador coat of arms being the sole colorful spec on its white coat. A last glance over her shoulder, and —

She stopped. Under her eye, a muscle twitched.

Then Yrba turned and leaned back, very, very carefully. She cowered, straightened up again, took a tiny step back and forth and then stood still, for almost a minute.

Her frown transformed into a smile, and slowly, her breathing changed into subdued chuckles and her lips curled back until her teeth flashed brightly. She threw her head in her neck and leaned against the nearest pillar, and her laughter echoed through the derelict hallways.

"Milady? What has come about you? You're worrying me —"

Yrba gasped for air. "No need — to worry."

She regained her composure and straightened her dress.

"You wouldn't happen to know the shortest way to the next port? I want a ship. As soon as possible. Seaworthy and fast. I'll *buy* a

ship and sail it alone if need be. As soon as we're back with the entourage, you'll send a messenger ahead."

"The next harbor is a week or two to the south. Why?" He gazed at the crater. "Did you see anything?"

She pointed into the rivulets and scorchmarks. "Oh yes. Oh yes! From the right point, from *here*, these scratches turn into letters. Into a poem."

"I don't see any —"

"My homeland's letters. You wouldn't recognize them. *Set sail from the smoking mountain's coast for fifty leagues towards the rising sun, then half a league climb up the path and rest in the new refuge of the doves.*"

"*That's* not much of a poem," he frowned.

Yrba rolled her eyes and shrugged. "Loses a bit in translation. Point is, I *know* where the smoking mountain is."

Fire. Fire and heat. Timbers crashing down. Molten rock creeping forward with no regard for fields nor houses nor life nor limb. Noxious smoke that replaced the air. Screaming people, running around blindly in the thick clouds of acid gas, with the burning breath of all-consuming hell down their necks. Then jerking awake, coughing and wheezing, all alone in a rocking boat out on the ocean. The mountain had devoured all that once was home.

Yrba shuddered and blinked as her thoughts returned to the here and now. High time for that old monster to pay off a little of its debt by serving as a lighthouse.

"Well? Let's go!" She cocked her head and raised her eyebrows as she pointed over her shoulder, aiming her thumb at the coach.

He bowed and hurried ahead. A playful smile pursed her lips as she felt for the thin chain around her neck. The vial with fresh *tincture* dangled into her cleavage. Nobody had noticed the slight bulge of the Lady Ambassador's belly over the last weeks. No need any more to waddle around, brewing *tincture* to serve hundreds. These days, moonshining a little of it every now and then for a few close friends went a long way.

Such a nice guy. And this journey's the perfect time to show him that his mistress is more than just a rich woman with strange habits. So what if I've grown a bit too stretchy for my own good. Why not shape up the bolt to fit the nut? Ain't no good screw if the fit's not tight...

No way in hell would she translate the rest of the inscription, which, in far less flowery words, said: *P.S. Things grow easily here. Even Li has beaten you now by far, you mad old cow. And don't get me started about Charley's new size. You gonna let that slide?*

We're waiting.

Miss you.

R.

THE END.

Author's Notes

And as the credits roll, here are two more suggestions for a soundtrack:

"Call of the wild

in me forever and ever and ever forever

Wanderlust"

— Nightwish, *Wanderlust*

"One day all the rules would bend

and you and I will meet again"

— Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers,
You And I Will Meet Again

Credits And Acknowledgements

Thank You: to the Overflowing Forum, and especially to those who were willing to invest considerable time to help me out by proof-reading at least parts of this tome, namely Kanodin, Splinter271 and Merkava. I've tried to take all of your suggestion and advice to become a better writer.

Thank You: to all those who were willing to rate and comment, especially to those who diligently commented on all or almost every part: Sucker4Boobs, Ninja In The Night, MadMacs2010.

Thank You: to the thousand people who kept on downloading part after part, even if you didn't rate/comment on it. I hope you enjoyed tagging along with the witch and her companion, and I hope to see you soon in another story!

Begging For Comments, Again

That's it! The end of the longest, most involved fetish fantasy yarn I've ever written. And if you've followed the story up to here ... Well, then you know my compulsive begging for comments by now, and what chance could be better than this? :)

So why not go the extra mile and make this after-hour smut writer happy by typing a short comment at the URL below (no need to register or anything to do this), or in the Overflowing Forum? Come on. You know you want to. Praise, punishment or a resounding "meh", it's your (anonymous) call. Didn't like it at all? Tell me why! Who knows, I might actually improve in my writing.

Yes, the note below is the same as the one at the beginning. What can I say? I'm a glutton for feedback.

My complete listing of texts is at

<http://overflowingbra.com/results.htm?varname=553>

Note: That's the whole list of stories I wrote, with the oldest at the top and the newest at the bottom. Please check that you're targeting the right one when you send your comments. This here is "The Complete PDF Of Yrba's Travels"

And, folks: at the Overflowing Bra, "5" means best. "1" means worst. Not the other way 'round. You also might want to make sure you're rating/commenting at the *right* story page, too. Otherwise, things tend to get confusing. I'm just sayin' (again), is all. ;)

Right, and this one's for the forum thread:

<http://www.overflowingforum.com/viewtopic.php?f=4&t=2195>