

Two Halves Make a Whole.

By Lord-Godzilla.

It was a cool morning with no clouds and a light breeze, but Callie Massive couldn't feel it under her heavy coat and apron. She was up early like all good bakers, having risen before sunrise and wrapping her body in her bakers outfit, throwing on her biggest coat for the walk to the windmill to fetch freshly milled grains.

Underneath the coat was a lovely maiden whose half elf heritage was displayed in her green hair and pointed ears, while her half mammorian heritage was evident in her light blue skin and proud globular breasts, weighing forty six pounds in total! Having grown up amongst the other mammorians in the humble settlement of Ginola Valley, she had no reservations around the much bustier women she lived and worked around.

Making her way along the raised wooden streets she passed Kheyla Milkmass, her good friend and town lamp lighter. The dusky blue skinned girl used a long handle to reach the tall lamp posts, unable to climb a ladder due to her hefty sixty five pound breasts keeping her mostly land bound. Kheyla waved a friendly hello as she illuminated another street. Ginola Valley wasn't a huge settlement, but it was built alongside a traveling route that cut alongside the valley and many foreigners passed through, trading and bargaining with the mammorians. Some even decided to stay and live there, as was the case with Callie's elven father.

Callie's father had been a ranger, tracking a band of orc brigands when he had stopped and met her mother working at the local bakery. The foreign wood elf was smitten by the voluptuous shy beauty serving delicious foods and she was amazed at the rangers surprising gentleness. Despite the attraction, he still had to put down the vicious orcs and so he had departed. Half a year later he returned with a few new scars and found a little surprise waiting for him, a brand new baby half elf coddled in her mother's milk laden breasts. He joined the community using his skills to help the local guardsmen and hunters while caring for his beautiful mammorian wife and child.

Unfortunately, both he and his bride had been lost during a raid by a single young black dragon years ago. The wily beast attacked during the night and razed part of the town looking for copper and gold coins. It had been driven off but not after leaving loss and pain in its wake. Callie had been orphaned but was taken in by a kind cleric of Nhalia, a mammorian woman named Helda Hugefront who nursed the little half elf and taught her how to live as a part of mammorian society.

Callie shook off the old thoughts and entered the windmill, hearing the mechanisms grind and turn faithfully. She opened her rucksacks and loaded them with fresh grains, flours and the spices kept there. She heard a light pattering on the windmill as she worked.

"Rain? But it isn't autumn for almost 4 more months. How could it be raining now?" She hadn't seen any clouds on the walk here. "Good thing I brought my heaviest coat." She mused to

herself as she loaded a small wooden wagon with the satchels, covering them so the rain wouldn't ruin the supplies.

As she left the windmill, she gazed up, seeing a dark cloud stretched out over the whole town, rain falling steadily, making an otherwise bright day overcast. Callie tightened the straps so her coat wasn't open, and began pulling the wagon back to town. She had only been gone for an hour or so but she halted after passing through the wooden gates surrounding the town. The weirdest sight greeted her eyes!

Dozens of mammorian women were standing out in the rain shirtless! Huge blue breasts glistened as they seemed to be laughing and shaking their assets, acting excited and chattering away. The males were watching and dancing along with the ladies, although they seemed to be just getting wet under the rainfall. Callie shook off her surprise as her friend Kheyla walked up joined by Lidia Fullbags, an indigo blue girl with short blond hair and immense bouncing knockers.

"Callie! Why are you wearing that coat? Come join us! This is a miracle!" Kheyla said, slapping her wet breasts happily like a playful seal. Lidia reached out, giving Callie a playful pinch. "You must be hot and tired, wearing all that gear." She cooed.

Callie was hot and tired but she took Kheyla by the hand. "Wait a minute, what's going on? Why is everyone acting this way? It's just a small rain shower, nothing special." Lidia grinned at Kheyla. "She hasn't even noticed yet."

Callie blinked then felt her jaw drop. Both of Kheyla's breasts were bigger! They had swollen at least five or six pounds since she saw them this morning! Lidia's own globes had grown heavier than before, almost down past her belly button as she swung them slowly. As she stared the girls mashed their bulging breasts together to show them off to Callie. Before her eyes, they seemed to be still growing!

"How? Wha-?" Callie stammered. It wasn't that breast expansion was confusing. Mammorians underwent growth spurts throughout life, and often employed magic and alchemy to increase their breast size but this was growth affecting anyone who was caught in the rain! She saw her neighbors, her school mates, even a few nurses and teachers, all stripped to the waist, letting the rain fall upon their breasts and expanding bigger and fuller with every passing minute, every drop splashing over them.

Kheyla and Lidia rubbed at each other savoring the contact as Callie asked, "Is this Helda's doing?" She knew the cleric could cast minor divine spells based on her connection to their patron goddess. But this seemed so, chaotic compared to the lawful cleric that she had grown up with. "She's in her temple, reading up about all this. It started after you left and it feels wonderful! The rain is warm like a shower and it's making us all so big and full! It must be a blessing for all of us to enjoy!" Lidia proclaimed. The other women took up cries thanking Nhalia for her kindness and shaking their breasts in tantalizing manners, swinging and bouncing happily as they crowded square was getting more crowded by expanding boobs.

Callie was impressed by the sheer spectacle and the urge to join the enthusiastic crowd was strong but she couldn't just accept it. She's been raised to look deeper at any situation. She gave her friend's breasts rubs for good luck but excused herself, pushing her cart carefully to avoid revelers as she dropped it off at the bakery and headed straight for the temple, resisting the invitations to strip and grow along with the other townsfolk.

Moving carefully up the wide steps leading to the impressive double doors, she entered the stone temple, made by the earliest settlers who had founded Ginola Valley. It wasn't the tallest or the grandest, but to Callie it was her home. She bowed her head to the portraits on the wall, displaying Nhalia with her swollen breasts teaching and caring for her children throughout history. Callie took off her wet coat and hung it on the coat rack in the entrance hallway, not wanting to make a dripping mess of the clean tile floors.

She walked straight to Helda's favorite study, opening the door revealing a cozy room packed with books and scrolls and revealing a lovely mammorian woman. She was tall, appearing quite young despite being one of the oldest mammorians in the village. Her skin was a deep cerulean blue and her dusky sand blond hair was bound in a loose ponytail draping down her back. Her robes were soft crème white with dark brown whorls along the sleeves and hem as well as the neckline which was lowered to display her proud cleavage in respect of their goddess. Helda was one of the rare Blessed ones, meaning her breasts had grown much larger and faster than most other mammorian woman. They were lovely succulent orbs that swelled out a solid five feet in front of her, round and full of blessed holy milk. Helda was pouring over books, using minor spells to levitate ones from the top shelf down to her hands.

She was so busy she didn't even look up. Callie gave one of her huge breasts a big hug, feeling safe and happy in the presence of her adopted parent. Helda gave a slight gasp! "Goodness child! You gave me a fright! You know I hate surprises." She chided gently. Callie blushed as she remembered being a little girl jumping out and spooking the cleric, causing her constantly full breasts to spray milk.

"Mother, what's going on? Why is the rain making everyone grow? Is it a blessing from Nhalia like they claim?" Callie peeled off her woolen shirt, trying to cool off after her dragging the wagon around. Her breasts still seemed so small next to Helda's but the cleric always reminded her she wasn't done growing.

Helda's face grew worried. "Normally I have a sense when Nhalia is making her presence known, but this rain doesn't have her mark upon it. I can sense the magic but it feels...off to me." I had no warning or premonition, so I'm consulting the old weather reports to see if it's happened before. Perhaps it may be a freak weather occurrence that only happens every hundred years or so, and its effects would explain why mammorians would settle here instead of other races like humans or dwarves."

Callie picked up a book, noting the date on the cover. "But these were written when you were still alive. Wouldn't you have known of something like this back when you were young?" Helda nodded and closed her eyes. "I know this seems like a blessing but I want you to stay out of the rain. I will warn the others but Callie, you must promise me to not go out there unless covered."

Callie felt a protest rise in her throat, about to argue that it wasn't fair the mammorians were getting bigger when she, a half elf still had the smallest breasts in the whole village. This was her chance to really grow big and finally feel like a real mammorian and not an outsider with her odd hair and big ears. But she knew Helda was asking out of love and concern for her adopted daughter, and the wise cleric was never wrong in matters of the spirit.

"I promise I will not expose myself to the rain intentionally." Helda smiled at her choice of words. "I see. But if your friends yank your shirt off or toss you into a rain barrel?" Callie shrugged, making her lovely breasts bounce. "Well that's just fate, isn't it?" She smiled wryly at the older woman. Growing serious once again she looked out towards the temple front, only imagining how big some of the women had grown.

"Are they going to be all right? I worry if the rain continues; our town will be crushed by breasts alone!" Callie could picture the mammorians losing themselves in the pleasure of growing breasts and forget they had jobs and responsibilities. Helda clapped a book shut. "I sense the magic is dissipating. This rain is letting up for now, but we'll post a warning to everyone for safety's sake."

Helda and Callie left the room, their glorious breasts swinging heavily before them as they headed for the exit. Upon opening the temple doors they saw a small crowd had formed in front of the temple. Mammorian women and men stood in the muddy streets, along with a few of the non mammorians who lived in Ginola Valley. Many of the human and elven women had experienced the powers of the rain, sporting breasts that would make them equal to teenage mammorians, meaning overwhelming to regular humanoids! The rain had let up, leaving huge mud puddles and muck everywhere. Several of the women now had breasts so big they dragged furrows in the soft earth, barely able to lift their newly grown assets.

The crowd clamored to enter the temple and praise Nhalia for the experience they all had, convinced it had to a blessing from the goddess herself. Helda held up her arms, silencing them with a stern look.

"Enter the temple? Muddied and half naked? I think not! Look at yourselves! Caked in dirt, ignoring the fact we have a village to run! No crops have been gathered, our gates left unguarded, and we let our lives grind to a halt due to bad weather? Nhalia would not bless us to be lazy and filthy! This rainfall was an unusual occurrence and while it has changed some of us, we must not forget who we are! People of Ginola Valley, I ask you to return to your homes, clean yourselves up and be patient! I will work hard to find an answer to what happened here today, but you must give me time and do not go out if it rains again until I declare it safe! Give me your trust and faith and Nhalia will protect us if this is Her will!

The townsfolk came to their senses, not embarrassed for baring their breasts, which is natural in a mammorian village but for acting like rowdy hooligans. They dispersed, helping each other get back to their homes and jobs. Callie breathed a sigh of relief now that the weird rain was over but a wistful part of her saw her friends Kheylya and Lidia staggering under immense armfuls of beautiful breasts and wished she had simply given in like everyone else had.

The rest of the day passed normally enough, except for a few women getting stuck in doorways and stairwells due to their new sizes. Callie worked in her kitchen, baking breads and cakes while Helda read over tomes in her temple, trying to find some clue to it all. In the late afternoon the sun came out, drying up the puddles and warming the town. Callie made her deliveries, including a free box of cinnamon rolls to the poor village tailor who had dozens of orders from women who had outgrown their favorite blouses and shirts.

She took a wrapped lunch to Helda. The cleric welcomed the break, heading for the sacred pool in the temple to relieve some of her milk pressure. Callie asked if she had any clues about the mysterious weather. Helda replied while squeezing her immense jugs, letting milk pour from her nipples into the sacred pool, a stone bowl that was enchanted to keep her holy milk pure and fresh for months to be used at the local hospice and for travelers who needed flasks for healing wounds and pain.

"I've been searching but the only thing I found was a story about the older races that used to frequent the valley before the coming of the civilized races. A few notes on elementals and such, but nothing relating to what we're dealing with." Callie nodded as she gently helped knead Helda's breasts. The giving of milk was a holy yet relaxing ritual, a special bond between Blessed ones and mammorians. Callie had always helped and it never ceased to amaze her how much milk a Blessed mammorian could give in a single day.

Bidding goodbye and giving Helda another warm hug, Callie headed back to her shop. She noticed a local gambler/rascal named Leeds. The half orc was selling bottles full of "Bona fide miracle rain water, guaranteed to put you ahead of the compeTITion!" He proclaimed proudly.

He noticed Callie and ogled her modest melons jeering, "how about a bottle sweetie? Looks like you had an umbrella during the fun!" Callie felt a flush on her face as the crowd snickered. She pointed at his flabby manboobs. "Well it looks like you got a bucketful!" The crowd guffawed as Leeds covered his chest with his grimy hat. Callie stomped off.

When she arrived at her bakery she was still angry from her encounter. It wasn't fair! After all this time, she always felt like such an outsider and while Leeds was a proven jerk, deep down she still felt like she was merely pretending to be a mammorian. She chastised herself for letting his idiot joke get the best of her and made dough with fierce angry kneading and thumping.

"Whoa, I had no idea bread had to be killed first!" Said a pretty voice from the bakery doorway. Callie looked up to see a little Halfling with mocha skin and swollen round breasts that would entice any man. She had simply tied an oversized shirt into a makeshift halter top and was clad in dusky leggings and boots. Her hair was curly and chocolate brown and her eyes were a friendly amber color. She skipped up to the desk, making her juicy boobs bounce like soft maracas.

Callie smiled ruefully. "Sorry, it's been a long day for me." The Halfling nodded. "Same here! I just arrived yesterday and suddenly I look like a regular villager!" She grasped her newly grown breasts and rubbed them together like a kid with water balloons. Callie laughed at her cheerful attitude. "You're not mad at the change?"

“Naw. I have worse things to worry about than my girls turning into ogre tits! I’m hungry! I heard you make great sandwiches!” She chirped, jumping up to a chair. Callie began making one. “Sure do! And for what it’s worth, this isn’t a regular thing. We’re as baffled about it as you are. My mother is the cleric of the temple and she is trying to find an answer right now.”

The Halfling squirmed in delight at the savory aroma of the cheesy bacon sandwich placed before her. Callie poured a beaker of sweet tea for them both and sat down. The Halfling tore into it like a starving seagull. She kept up the conversation between bites. “Mmrf! My name’s Fally by the way. Grmph! Oh that’s good! So that stern lady with the big hooters is your ma? Scrmh! Great speech she gave! Natural born leader! Grrmph!”

“Slow down or you’ll make yourself sick! And I’m called Callie Massive. Pleased to meet you!” Callie laughed at the ravenous Halfling girl. The little lady gulped down swigs of tea. “Ahhh the best! So this wasn’t a normal mammorian thing, and no one knows why it did all this?” Fally thumped her big boobs for emphasis. Callie nodded.

Fally rubbed her chin. “I been travelling for a bit, and I know this part of the country doesn’t get rain around this time of season. You have any boob magi or anyone mystical living around here?” Callie shook her head. “They’re called Boobmancers and no, we haven’t had any living here for some time. They prefer places with more access to the wide world. You think one may be responsible?”

Fally poured more tea. “You know any other wizards who make breast swelling rain water?” Callie felt a revelation in her mind. The magic that Helda sensed could have come from an enchantment placed by a wizard or sorcerer, and a spell that affects just breasts would easily fall under the purview of a Boobmancer. Callie stood up, fetching two big slices of cake. Fally grinned as she came back to the table. “But why would a Boobmancer cast such a big spell over the town? I was taught big area spells are costly and no one does a breast expansion spell for free. I hear they charge plenty of gold to augment a single person. If they did this, will they demand the whole town pay? But why not just announce it before? It doesn’t make sense.” Callie mulled it over as Fally demolished the cake slice.

The Halfling brushed crumbs off her cleavage as she poured the last of the tea. “Ohh that was the best I’ve eaten in ages! Top notch for that cake! If you beg my pardon, I’d say this Boobmancer hypothetically may be setting up a con job on your village. Makes everything peaches and cream at first and then whap!” Fally smacked her little fist into her palm. “Drop the anvil on the poor blighters! I’ve seen lots of folks get hoodwinked like that, but never with magic before.” Callie felt her worry grow. Despite feeling like an outsider, she didn’t want her village to be tricked or manipulated like that.

“So how much do I owe ya?” Fally asked, reaching for her coin purse. “No charge. You just gave me some great advice, and you’ll need your coins for some new shirts!” Callie grinned as Fally hefted her boobs again. “You got that right! I could smother an ox with these things! My days of being a professional scout are numbered! You can see these coming around a corner!” Callie laughed at her antics.

Fally thanked her and informed her that she would be staying in town for a few more days before departing. "Things is getting interesting around here. You never know when you might find a bit of luck or good happenstance in such times." Fally stated as she sashayed down the street, waving goodbye to her new friend. Callie was amazed the Halfling hadn't popped from eating so much, but she would close her bakery early to share the helpful theories with her mother.

That night Callie locked the shop door but stopped. The entire village was shrouded in a deep white fog that blanketed everything. The buildings looked like hazy square hills and figures seemed wraith-like moving around town.

She felt a chill despite the mild weather. Sounds were muffled and the lamp posts were lit, but could barely be seen behind the fog banks rolling through the streets. Callie nervously headed home to the temple, jumping with every shadow that flickered. She gasped as two figures materialized, heading towards her. She saw it was two of the village guards.

"Miss, you shouldn't be here. Best to get home quickly now!" One said with an edge of fear in his voice. "Now what's going on?" She asked them as they hurried along. "Trouble outside the village. The outlying farmers say pens have been smashed and the livestock's gone missing. We think it might be raiders." The other replied grimly. Callie assured them she would be fine and they rushed off towards the gates bearing weapons.

A faint green light bobbed and ducked in the fog, coming closer and closer to her. Callie reached for the dagger she kept for emergencies, wondering what spectral horror was coming to get her! It materialized as a glowing green stick held by a small bosomy Halfling.

"Fally?! What are you doing out at night?" Callie sighed with relief. Fally peered about. "Me? I was looking for my hotel after stopping at the local saloon. I got turned around in this soupy stuff. Everyone is rushing about like something bad's going down." Callie explained the situation as she led the Halfling through town. After some walking she realized she had been caught up in the conversation and had gone directly to the temple.

"Sorry! I know the route by heart! Let me escort you back to the hotel." Fally shrugged it off. "Eh, this looks fine. As long as you have a cot I'm good." Callie invited her inside. Fally whistled in appreciation at the size and décor of the building. "This place is really something!" Callie felt embarrassed by her praise of the modest temple.

While getting a spare room set up for the Halfling, Helda arrived to check up on them. She wore a simple nightgown stretched over her huge breasts, making her look like a huge ghost. "Callie, something is amiss! I was going to send someone to summon you home earlier but I kept getting questioned by the local militia about the fog." Callie introduced Fally to her mother and they explained the earlier theory.

“That is a good observation. I was looking too hard to notice what might be an obvious answer. But the same questions still exist. Best we stay here and rest up for now. This is no natural fog and I have no doubt it comes from the same source as the rain.” Fally looked at Callie and herself. “But miss, we haven’t grown an inch since we walked home in it!”

Helda looked at their breasts. “Indeed, and Fally I apologize on behalf of our village for you experiencing this issue. I will work hard to correct this distorted blessing.” Fally nodded her thanks but wrapped her little arms around her chest as if protecting it from harm. Callie raised an eyebrow. Maybe the Halfling wasn’t as nonchalant as she acted?

Suddenly a heavy BOOM shook the temple, followed by the sound of splintering wood timbers! The ladies braced themselves from the thunderous rumble that shook the area.

“The front gates!” Cried Helda who rushed from the temple with Callie and Fally following her. They passed crowds of Ginola citizens who had been awoken by the noise. Guards rushed with weapons and barking orders. Helda looked to her daughter and her friend. “I have to calm the people or they’ll panic! Callie can you go see what’s happening? I need details of what’s going on to help!” Callie nodded and gave her a quick embrace before following the guards. Fally scampered after her, throwing a jaunty salute to Helda before the fog enveloped them both from view. “Oh holy goddess, please watch after them.” Helda breathed a prayer as she calmed the scared folk and ushered them into the temple.

At the gates the guards retreated as the wooden walls bulged inward with a heavy CRUNCH! Something was striking them with great force just outside. Callie and Fally watched from behind an overturned wagon as the guards rushed to prop support against the stressed gates. Suddenly the gates splintered apart, tossing the guards like rag dolls in the air as a huge boulder the size of a horse rolled through the torn gates and casually smashed a store front.

The few guards still standing organized themselves into ranks and held aloft spears and pikes to ward off whatever threat was attacking the city perimeter. A huge pale shape seem to materialize out of the fog, reaching long muscled arms and grabbing spears, tossing the guards clinging to them away like hamsters. A huge booted foot slammed down, crushing the paving stones and making everything sway. Callie felt the ground buckle under her and Fally. “What in the name of the nine hells is it?!” Fally cursed.

As the few guards retreated taking the wounded with them, the immense pale shape seem to pull back. Two huge shapes drifted forward from outside, massive mounded swells that seemed to glide forward. It was a staggering pair of breasts, huge orbs that were six feet around forming a twelve foot wide bustline! Attached to the enormous breasts was a sky blue mammorian woman dressed in a deep purple robe with black triangles decorating her sleeves and flowing gown ruffles. Her breasts were completely bare and the sheer size of them made Callie and Fally gasp. Her hair was platinum blond with dyed black tips and short black horns grew from her hairline, giving her a spiky crown. Her face was beautiful with a scalding hot seductress smile, soft lips and a pert nose but her eyes had a dark gleam

even in the fog. She sat on a wide ornate carpet that hovered beneath her, allowing her to glide serenely with her breasts supported five feet off the ground.

“Good evening gentlemen! Now that we have that out of the way, kindly kneel before the new leader of this village.” She declared in amused tones. Callie expected the guards to shoot arrows, swing swords, but she watched in astonishment as they did just what she asked, going to one knee with no hesitation. “Much better. Now to have the public come forth and gaze upon the new boss.” The Boobmancer chuckled indulgently as she murmured an arcane phrase. Callie’s sensitive elven ears picked up a sound coming from the village. Footsteps by the dozens!

Out of the fog emerged the citizens of Ginola Valley, approaching in calm measured steps towards the sorceress atop her carpet. Callie almost broke from her cover as Kheylya walked by, still clad in her sleeping pajamas. Guards, blacksmiths, farmers, even children emerged from buildings and houses to join the congregation. Callie looked at their blank obedient faces and realized these were all the same people caught in the rain storm earlier. She looked at Fally with a grim expression. “The anvil, just like you predicted.”

As the rainstorm victims stood before the Boobmancer, she laughed and waved her hand, watching the assembly tilt their heads in the same direction in unison. “Excellent! I swear, this is getting too easy!” Suddenly a second smaller group emerged looking confused. Like Callie, they had avoided the rain fall but were confused by the actions of their loved ones. One angry dwarf pointed a thick accusing finger at the Boobmancer.

“Release my brother from your spell, or I’ll wipe that grin off your blue mug!” He growled. He was a stout martial looking fellow who would make good on his threat. She grinned and looked over her shoulder. “Wanna bet? Milkpod! Time to mop up some complainers!” The archway over the ruined gate shuddered as something huge pushed it from outside, widening the gaping gateway even more. The unaffected crowd gasped in fear as a figure materialized out of the fog.

It was a giantess, standing almost twenty feet tall. Her body was overdeveloped with huge muscles and thick limbs covered by milk white skin. Silver hair flowed in a thick braid over one shoulder and she wore a mithril kilt and black whale skin boots. Her breasts were dangerously big, huge milky spheres that swelled from her chest as firm seven foot orbs capped with storm gray nipples. Her eyes were ivory yellow and glaring down at the small figures backing away in fear. The threat making dwarf backpedaled as the Boobmancer pointed at him. With surprising speed the giantess reached down and snagged the offender. She gave him an idle look and casually tossed him over her shoulder into the fog! He yelped once and was gone.

Fally spoke up in a whisper. “It’s a blooming fog giant! They’re rare cousins of cloud giants, live in the high mountains, don’t take kindly to strangers!” Callie was struck by how casually the giantess had destroyed a very sturdy outer gate and looked still strong enough to wrestle a wyvern! “I trust there won’t be any other complainers? Otherwise Milkpod might have to go for a jog over your town!” The Boobmancer declared. When the unaffected crowd fled in terror the sorceress laughed triumphantly.

“Ahahaha! I want to thank all of you for inviting me into your village! I, Accosta Ver Rosemilk will make sure you won’t have any more troubles! All of your worrying is over with me in charge!” She glided into town, the crowds parting for her. Milkpod wandered after her mistress, stepping carefully to avoid the rabble.

Callie and Fally quietly followed, helpless to stop the chain of events. “We have to go warn Helda before this gets worse!” Fally nodded. “I can run much faster than you and a lot quieter! I’ll go tell your ma, you see if the others can be rounded up before that big gal can smush ‘em all!” Callie watched the little Halfling depart, amazed at how brave she was being.

Helda felt the magic in the air, felt the ground shake and reports came in that a giant had appeared and was roaming the city. After making sure most of the citizens were safe in the temple, she stood on the front steps, waiting, praying quietly for her goddess to aid them during this strange night. She had changed from her nightgown into a suit of steel armor and held an ornate mace shaped like a griffons paw.

Accosta glided into view, the throng of hypnotized villagers forming a protective ring around her as she surveyed the place. “Not much to see, but perfect for a little looting and relining my coffers! Such a shame they didn’t have more livestock. You must be famished eh?” She directed her last comment up where the fog giantess rubbed her pale belly and nodded. “Soon my pet, we shall take as much as we can get and be gone from this drab village. But first we must find the temple and inform the clerics of the new regime. I swear this is almost becoming like clockwork! Release the rain spell, watch them wallow like piglets and grow, take control of them, raze the gate, make the speech, get the goods and leave. Maybe I’m getting too good at this.” Milkpod didn’t respond, she just listened to the musing of her mistress.

Accosta stopped her carpet, seeing the defiant cleric standing on the steps of a temple. “Well well, a devout follower too stubborn to run?” She crowed. Helda fastened her hands tightly on her ornate mace. “You dare invade our privacy and warp the good people of our village for your whims? Your actions will not go unpunished.” Helda declared evenly.

Accosta laughed. “Hah! And who here has the guts to stop me? I’m the one in charge now, miss...?”

“Helda Hugefront, cleric of our goddess Nhalia and elder of this village. What is it you want from us other than to create chaos?”

Accosta smugly rubbed her expanded front, noting she was bigger than a Blessed one. “I want all the gold and silver this town can offer, plus your food stores to feed my giantess and all the magical items you all possess. Once I have these things we will depart and release the greedy idiots from my spell. Disobey me and I’ll have Milkpod step on your temple and all the poor souls hiding within!”

Helda glared, her teeth gritted in fury. “You fiend! You’d kill dozens of innocents for something as paltry as gold? Accosta gave a shrug. “Well, I need money and we just happened to be passing by. I

don't want anything bad to happen but Milkpod has already been enchanted to follow my orders without question. If she misinterprets me, we'll just have to live with the consequences." Accosta glared back at Helda smugly.

"There's not going to be any consequences, is there cleric of Nhalia?" She dared. Helda sighed deeply then kneeled, her huge breasts lying on the cold temple steps. "We will obey. Take what you want and leave us in peace. Harm anyone and I will see you suffer for your betrayal of our people."

Accosta clapped her gloved hands together in glee. "Oh you are indeed a wise one! I can tell you are a real fighter too! These younger mammorians, they all want huge breasts so fast they'd do anything to get them, like bathe in a mysterious rain! I swear our people have such idiotic views, it's no wonder the world doesn't take us seriously! You have only your own stupid notions of revelry and faith to blame for your predicament! If the good people had stayed out of the rain like sensible folk, they might have had a chance! But no, it was a blessing from the goddess they said. Sounds too good to be true they declared and grew those silly breasts anyway! So naïve!"

Accosta bragged as the hypnotized villagers began spreading out to gather silks and gold from their homes and pile them in the town square. Helda stood up and headed into the temple, tears of hot rage streaming from her eyes at the callous treatment of her faith and her village.

As she went to go reassure the people hiding in her temple, she felt a tug on her sleeve. She looked down into the worried cute face of Fally. "Milady, your girl sends her regards! She's safe but you already saw the big problem! Callie says she might have a way to even the odds, but she needs you to keep the people safe and make sure the evil Boob magician stays put for a few moments!" Helda nodded then a stray thought entered her head.

"Fally, why aren't you hypnotized like the others? You were caught in the rain like them." Fally looked at her boobs like they might turn on her. "Y'know I didn't even think about it! I just got caught up in the excitement. Maybe I've got more willpower than your average citizen of Ginola Valley?" Helda had no answer but she looked grim. "Fally, I have something that might stop the threat of the Boobmancer but it's very dangerous so you mustn't be here. Please find Callie and tell her I'm using the box. She'll know what it means. I thank you for your help but I must do this before I change my mind." Helda headed into the temple. Fally shivered at the cold look the cleric had on her face and raced from the temple to deliver the message.

Meanwhile, Callie had helped back at the ruined gate, seeing to some of the poor souls injured in the attack. The captain of the guard was hurt badly but his lieutenant was filling in. She told him her plan and while he agreed it was dangerous, he also knew his men couldn't tackle a giantess in their current state. They agreed not to harass or rile up Accosta or Milkpod but focus on keeping the people safe. Callie hurried back to her bakery, intent on helping her mother who undoubtedly was doing her best to protect them all from the selfish Boobmancer. She found her shop intact and quickly began a recipe, only altering a few of the ingredients.

Accosta had taken over the best room in the hotel as her temporary headquarters, having her enslaved villagers bathe and feed her, lavishing attention on her impressive milkers and piling the treasure higher and higher in the town square. She had let Milkpod loose to go looking for food, knowing the giantess would return if summoned. The dozens of hands and mouths working over her vast expanse of breast meat was making her feel so good, and the look on that poor cleric's face was priceless!

Milkpod roamed about, casually demolishing buildings in her search for food. She peeled smokehouse roofs off and grabbed the meats from inside, savoring the tastes. She kicked open the local saloon, helping herself to a few kegs of foaming ale. Wiping her mouth she suddenly saw one of the figures waving her hands over her head to get her attention. Curiosity won over hunger and the fog giantess strode over to see this brave soul.

"Okay here she comes. Keep it together Callie." The baker muttered to herself, fighting the lump of fear in her throat as the giantess casually crumbled a garden wall underfoot. The huge maiden stopped half a dozen feet away peering over her massive chest to see the tiny figure.

"Hello there! Glory to our new Mistress and her lovely servant!" Callie declared in a fake joyous voice. "I was told you were hungry so I made you a special meal!" Milkpod sat down with a CRUNCH! demolishing a planted fruit garden as she leaned down eagerly. Callie regained her footing and pulled the tarp off her cart, revealing a huge chocolate cake that was at least 3 layers high. Milkpod licked her light blue lips in eagerness at the sight of the huge cake. Callie waited alongside, afraid of getting between the giantess and the food.

Milkpod suddenly furrowed her brow. "Why are you being nice to me? Most of the villagers run away scared. They don't like me after I do what Accosta asks." Her voice was deep, as if someone had taught a mountain to talk. Callie's mind raced.

"It's because...I'm a mammorian like her and I love huge boobs! I want to make you happy so I can touch your boobs and maybe hers?" Callie lied, knowing it sounded pretty lame in her ears. Milkpod cupped her immense assets. It was true Accosta was always talking about boobs, especially her own. And she had made Milkpod grow several sizes bigger in the time spent together. She was aware that many mammorians loved boobs so it made sense to the easy going giantess.

"Okay deal! I get the cake and you can touch mine." Milkpod reached out lifting the whole wagon like a platter and scooping the delicious cake into her mouth. It was so moist with thick frosting and tons of chocolate chunks scattered across the top. She ate it carefully, not wanting to waste a single bite. Callie watched and waited. Milkpod smiled down at her. This was a new pleasant experience. She would remember to ask Accosta if they could take this baker with them. She wanted more treats in the future.

Milkpod leaned back, feeling more tired than she thought. Callie piped up. "May I touch your boobs now?" Milkpod nodded, feeling her eyelids grow heavier. "Sure." She rubbed her eye and yawned. Callie yelled up, "I can't reach them! You'll have to lie down!" Milkpod nodded. That made

sense to her as she stretched back, putting her strong arms behind her head. She was cushioned by a soft garden she had trampled earlier.

Her breasts rose like a pair of landlocked whales as she heaved a tired sigh. She felt the tiny hands rub and knead her milky flesh with a strong bakers grip. Milkpod sighed happily, feeling peaceful and even more tired. Her eyelids drifted shut as she gave a deep breath and fell asleep. Callie rubbed the colossal boob a little longer, impressed by the huge size despite the subterfuge she had employed to bring the giantess down.

The cake had been filled with enough sleeping herbs to drop a team of horses. Hopefully the giantess would sleep off her food binge until they could sort out Accosta. Callie felt sorry for Milkpod, knowing a fog giantess didn't belong this far away from the mountains and clearly had been altered by the Boobmancer.

That late evening Accosta headed back outside to review the gathering of the goods and treasure. She sputtered as the hypnotized villagers were adding things like silk bras and leather coats to the pile which had hardly grown bigger after the first 2 hours. "You nitwits! I wanted gold and jewelry! Mammorians love to wear jewelry so where is it?!" One villager held out a lovely carved wooden pendant depicting a mammorian dancer. Accosta hissed in irritation, slapping it to the ground. The woman knelt over and added it to the pile, obeying without question. "You ignorant little mud dwellers! This place is poorer than I expected! Time to leave! Milkpod! Come to me!"

Accosta waited for the usual rumbling footsteps but it was quiet. "Milkpod! Come here right NOW!" She yelled causing her mighty breasts to shake with anger. She saw the villagers had started dumping treasured pets onto the pile, having run out of silk clothes and copper coins. A confused turtle and a startled cat sat there blinking.

"Auurgh! Do I have to do all the thinking around here?! Stop gathering your crap and go find my giantess now!" She ordered the villagers. They all dropped what they were carrying and started off in random directions to find the fog giantess.

Accosta was about to hurl more insults when she saw a familiar armored figure approach. Helda carried a small black iron box in her left hand while her right held her mace. She looked very grim, saying nothing but walking towards the Boobmancer. Accosta noticed the dire look and felt her confidence leaving without her giant bodyguard.

"The box?! We've got to stop her!" Callie broke out into a run after Fally had found her by the giantess and delivered the message.

"Why? What is it?" Fally inquired as they dodged guards, fleeing loose livestock and random wandering villagers to reach the temple grounds.

"It's a cursed magic item! Helda brought it from the city when she left her original temple to live out here! It was used by an evil mammorian witch to steal breast weight from its victims! It's a pair of bracelets, one that takes and one that receives! But it's a wicked tool! An affront to Nhalia! If

mother uses it, she'll be betraying her beliefs! We have to stop her before she makes a huge mistake!" The two women put on a burst of speed heading for the temple as fast as they could.

Meanwhile, Helda steadily walked towards her opponent taking careful measured steps. Accosta felt a cold chill run down her spine. She had sent her hypnotized slaves away and Milkpod wasn't coming to save her. "Y-you don't scare me! I still command powerful magic!" She raised her hands and cried out arcane phrases. A stream of red fire burst out of her deep cleavage forming a ring between her and the cleric.

Helda raised her mace and swung it down, dispelling the flames with a holy prayer. Accosta started gliding backwards on her carpet. Helda pointed her mace at the carpet. "Halt!" She cried and the carpet shuddered and fell disenchanting from another prayer. Accosta yelped as her huge breasts struck the ground and wobbled tremendously, causing her to lose her focus for her next spell. Helda was getting closer!

"If you harm me I'll make the hypnotized villagers attack each other! You can't do anything!" Accosta babbled, barely able to stand up with her immense chest grounding her. Helda opened the box and held out two gleaming bracelets. One was made of red stone, the other black. "I'm not going to harm you. I'm just going to take the source of your power and pray Nhalia understands why I am doing it." Accosta felt real terror as she realized what Helda meant!

In desperation she cast a quick spell and her massive nipples seem to froth and swell. Dark green acid began to bubble from the tips. Helda would be caught in the spray, but she was determined not to falter. Callie and Fally arrived and saw the confrontation. "Mother! Don't do it!" Callie cried out, desperate to not see her adopted mother ruin her beliefs!

Helda hesitated, seeing her daughter cry out. "Callie?" Accosta grinned wickedly and pressed down hard on her mammoth breasts, causing them to release two gouts of sizzling acid! "Die fool!" She hissed in triumph.

Callie ran but knew she would never make it. Helda closed her eyes and held up her mace, bracing for the agony.

A small brown blur leapt past Callie, colliding with Helda and sent her sprawling out of harm's way. The acid streams crossed over her, obscuring the form of Fally.

"NO!" Callie cried in horror as the Halfling was clearly doomed. No living thing could survive that much acid at once! Accosta shifted to the side so she could see behind her huge chest and verify the death of the cleric. But standing there was a small pretty Halfling, completely nude in a pool of sizzling acid and ruined flagstones.

"WHAT?!" She croaked in surprise.

"What?" Callie had run to Helda supporting her and they both saw Fally unharmed.

“G’night!” Fally cheerfully said as she leaped up and uppercut Accosta in the chin. Her little fist making the larger mammorian reel and pass out as if struck by a ten pound hammer.

She dusted her hands and realized the two were staring at her incredulously. “Ummm, I can explain..” She said, clapping one hand over her breasts and the other over her privates.

Later, with Accosta placed under wards and carefully gagged and Milkpod secured with heavy chains, Fally stood before Helda and Callie in the temple. Accosta’s spell was gone with her being unconscious. The villagers were free from her mind control but that means the breast expansion also faded, reverting the female citizens to normal.

Fally was wearing another oversized shirt that dangled to her thighs before the two. Helda had removed her armor but kept the undershirt on. Callie was tired, streaked with chocolate and felt like she had run ten leagues. But neither of them could sleep with Fally presenting such a mystery.

“I haven’t been completely honest with both of you. My name isn’t really Fally, its Failed Hatred. And I’m not really a Halfling. I just look like one when I wear this ring.” She held out her hand revealing a small ordinary bronze ring. She slipped it off her hand and the ladies watched a wondrous transformation occur.

Fally grew taller, her legs and arms lengthening and developing muscle. Her brown skin grew darker into a deep pitch black. Her curly hair grew more ragged and longer, like black strips of leather. Her shirt creaked and tore apart as her breasts ballooned bigger and rounder into heavy orbs capped with midnight blue nipples. A slim tail snaked out from behind her and her back hunched up and seemed to spread into a pair of black manta ray like wings. Twin horns emerged from her temples and curled down and forward like two prongs. Her face grew more angled with gleaming rows of shark-like teeth. The only thing that stayed the same was her bright amber eyes.

Before Helda and Callie stood a busty black half dragon maiden in all her exotic glory. Fally aka Failed Hatred looked down in shame. “It began when I was born between a black dragon and a mammorian princess. I heard that he had caused grief all over this part of the country. I also learned that years ago he attacked this village. Ever since then, I’ve been following his history, trying to undo the pain and suffering he’s caused over the years. But whenever I try to help, the people drive me away or run in terror. I can’t help them looking like this, so I found this ring and made up Fally. Cute cheerful Fally who was always welcome wherever she went. I also kept tabs on his other offspring.”

“Accosta ver Rosemilk.” Gussed Helda. Failed Hatred nodded. “She is a distant relative, so all she has is those minor dragon features. I am closer to our sire so I got his looks. Lucky me...” She explained bitterly.

Callie felt so confused. This was the daughter of the monster that had slain her original parents! But it explained how a Halfling could eat a ton and not show it, punch as hard as a warrior and be immune to acid. “The theories you gave in my bakery. Those were clues to help us prepare for a

Boobmancer and her brute muscle!” Callie exclaimed. Failed Hatred nodded again. “If I flat out told you, you’d ask why I know so much and I didn’t want you to shun me for being this horrible half breed.”

“So that’s why you weren’t affected by her spell when I asked you earlier and also why you acted so worried when I mentioned undoing the change.” Helda said. Failed Hatred nodded. “Yes, I lied about that. I can resist spells like a real dragon. I knew she was coming but I couldn’t stop her and a giantess on my own. I was waiting for the right moment to try and intercede. I pretended to be a victim, but when you mentioned changing my breasts back to normal I was afraid it would reveal my real breast size. That’s all I ever do is sneak and deceive good people, hiding because everyone hates black dragons. I know you must be angry for all the damage I let happen and the injuries I caused. I should have just been called Failure.” She cringed, waiting for the curses and angry outbursts.

Helda looked down, wise and level headed. “It’s not easy being a half breed in this world. But someone knows that much better than I.” Callie stepped forward, reaching out and taking a dangerous black talon in her softer hand.

“I know what it’s like to never fit in and to never belong no matter how much good you do for a community. But like my mother says, it’s not what you are that counts; it’s what you do with yourself. The black dragon part of you wants to hide and skulk but the mammorian part of you wants to embrace and help others. You clearly want to make good and it takes courage to admit all this to us instead of running away or hiding like before.”

Failed Hatred felt inky tears trickle down her cheeks at how forgiving these mammorians were being to her. Callie pulled the buff dragon girl into her arms hugging her tightly. “You saved my mother and I thank you.” She whispered. She felt the bigger girl shake from silent sobs. Suddenly a calm voice echoed into both girls minds.

“Two halves make a whole.”

Callie and Failed Hatred gasped as a warm feeling spread from inside their breasts. The two felt something happening to them. The half breeds held each other for support as pleasure cascaded through them and between them. Callie’s blue breasts bulged fuller and heavier, gaining dozens of pounds in moments. Failed Hatred’s black knockers swelled and billowed outward with every breath. As the girls groaned from the bliss, Helda felt a familiar presence in the temple. “Nhalia...” She breathed in amazement as she watched the girls expand to massive proportions.

After a few moments they sat down exhausted by the transformation. Callie and Failed Hatred had grown immense breasts, each almost tripling in size! Fresh virgin milk dripped from their overgrown nipples as they panted for breath and cooed in the afterglow.

“W-what was that?” Groaned Callie. She could feel her newly enlarged breasts churn with milk. Failed Hatred winced from the immense pressure bubbling in her dusky udders.

Helda kissed her holy medallion. “It’s a real blessing! Nhalia has turned you both into Blessed Milk Maidens!”

Callie got to her feet slowly, amazed at how much she was carrying. Failed Hatred stood up as well, her wings fluttering as she swung her heavy dark boobs back and forth hearing them slosh and gurgle merrily. “But why? We didn’t do anything special.”

Helda smiled, kissing the girls atop their heads proudly. “That’s where you’re wrong. You both wanted to help and belong so badly, so Nhalia answered your prayers. You are both Milk Maidens now who can lactate healing milk to undo the damages to the people and every mammorian will respect you for the work you will be doing for our community. Failed Hatred, you are named perfectly. You have definitely failed to follow the path of hatred your father did and so Nhalia is giving you a chance to belong with your mammorian heritage and its people.”

Failed Hatred hugged her new breasts in joy, happy she no longer had a reason to run or hide. Callie and Helda gave her a soft kiss on each of her nipples, tasting the exotic half dragon milk. “Oh you are going to be popular Fally.” Callie teased at the rich tropical flavor.

The citizens of Ginola Valley began to repair and clean their homes and return to their normal lives, with a few notable exceptions.

Accosta was charged for her crimes and her wealth seized to repay for the damages she had caused. They couldn’t stop her from casting spells so she was exiled and warned to change her ways. Deprived of her carpet, wealth and having only a rickety breast wagon to travel in, she headed down the trade routes for the next town. All the local cities had received warnings from Ginola Valley about her so she wasn’t expecting any warm welcomes. Her reputation ruined and knowing she had made a lot of enemies put some serious thoughts into her head about begging for forgiveness in the future.

Milkpod awoke and despite the spell being broken, was still very loyal to Accosta and had developed quite the breast fetish. She felt bad about the damages and was convinced to help haul supplies and carry stone from the local quarry for rebuilding homes and walls. However she often kept getting distracted by grabbing and nuzzling handfuls of big breasted mammorian women, missing the touch of her mistress’s mega melons. Eventually the fog giantess finished her tasks and roamed away to find the high mountains and share her titanic breasts with other lucky giants.

Helda began to take apprentices as she felt the need to go spread the faith after witnessing the remarkable changes to her adopted daughter and her friend. She began to train a few new clerics to remain in Ginola Valley during her absence. She stepped down from being an elder and helped the citizens elect a new council to oversee day to day life. She grew so full of milk she had acolytes on hand

at all times to help distribute it to those in need throughout the entire valley before she left to go share the word of Nhalia to others.

Callie Massive and Failed Hatred began a two person Maiden House in a local roomy cottage. They nursed the newborns and became respected citizens of the valley as they grew bigger and heavier breasts with every passing year. Many travelers stopped by to visit the exotic couple and soon they had developed a sort of fame. Callie used the attention to lecture about equality and peace obtained by acts of kindness. She also never stopped her baking habits and continued to create tasty treats for anyone stopping by. Failed Hatred's draconic heritage caused her to undergo several growth spurts, making her nearly double Callie's huge size. Although she lost her shyness and fear of crowds, she kept her violent draconic urges in check by training to become a master of Boobjitsu. The two women grew very close and eventually with some help from a fertility spell, Callie began to show a big pregnant belly which Failed Hatred took full credit for!

The End.