

Two Daughters of Eden

by leedstwo
leedstwo.deviantart.com

This is a fetish-erotic short story focusing on breast expansion with a bit of weight gain thrown in. Oh, and characters and plot and themes. Sorry about those.

Part 1

It must have been dawn creeping through my window that gently woke me up. After tossing and turning all night, it was a little bit of peace not often afforded to me. Greedily, I held on to as much of it as I dared. Morning brought work — goats to be led, chickens to be minded, redflower fields to be weeded — all before breakfast. The first battery of an endless day of chores I'd recently come to dread.

I'd started out so promising. Was I truly destined to be a maid forever?

In what had become a morning ritual, I kept my eyes closed as I swung my legs around and placed my feet on the worn, chilly wood grains of my bedroom floor. Expecting a change. Like yesterday and for what must have been months before it, every morning waking up with new, if increasingly desperate, hope.

Slowly I sat up, pulling my hair back off my shoulders, and waited for my breasts to end their ponderous wobble. Too quickly, they came to rest in a familiar spot, sloping away from my bottom ribs, dangling free of my waiting thighs. Nothing. No progress. I slouched a bit and leaned forward and my nipples brushed the tops of my legs but I wasn't fooling myself. And I still had so far to go.

If anything, I noticed changes in the rest of my body. Around my middle, a small but deepening crinkle of flesh, and some added lushness filling in between my thighs. Even the rest of my body was becoming like a maid's. Everything was going all wrong.

The disappointment woke me up quickly. No sense in lingering on it. I promptly dressed myself, laced my bodice, pinned my hair up under my cap and collared bonnet, and began my day.

The morning chores were, predictably, a whirlwind.

"Beth, you ought to wake up now. No sense in letting your porridge go cold." My sister grumbled in protest, though I could not make out any intelligible words, and rolled away from me.

"Elizabeth Gail Wharton, wake up already!" I shook her leg softly at first, then more briskly. Growing more frustrated, I finally cried, "You know this isn't easy for me, ever since—"

I threw her quilt off and gasped. In her sleep, my little sister had undone the front of her nightgown and, splayed uncovered across her bed, I clearly saw the flat, childlike chest I'd bathed a thousand times had begun to develop the same tiny, firm lumps that presaged the beginning of my own growth, those years ago. My baby sister was on her way to becoming a woman.

I wandered through the wide sliding doors into mother's vast worship room with tears in my eyes and instantly felt the calm of her presence lingering between its empty walls.

A memory came rushing back — I, a child of six years held up Beth, then a newborn babe, to suckle from mother's breast. Once she'd had her fill, I swaddled her and together we snuggled into mother's soft, inviting bosom as she read us a Bible story.

"God saw that Lilith had heeded the snake and succumbed to her desire, and so He cast her out of Eden and made a new wife for Adam. But instead of using the earth and clay and dust from which He created Adam and Lilith, he made this new woman, Eve, from Adam's rib. This was to bind her to him as his flesh, as women are bound to our husbands. Then God blessed Eve once and twice again, on her chest, which was slender like a child's, and from God's blessing grew Eve's breasts.

"Eve's bosom grew and grew, swelling to the size of the apples that symbolized Lilith's desire, to larger sizes, great round and heavy bosoms that hung from her chest and expanded further. They grew past one rib, and then another, reaching to her navel and her groin, to her thighs and to her shins, and finally to rest upon the ground by her feet.

"For with her breasts upon the ground, from which God made Adam, she was bound to her husband, and with her breasts upon the ground she embodied her sacred duty of motherhood. Being a creature of similarly weak flesh, this meant she would not be able to move freely to feed her desire, as had damned Lilith."

The story had set my childlike imagination alight. I reached my tiny arm up and cradled a small portion of my mother's breast. "So your breasts are blessings from God?"

"That's right, sweetheart. Me and all the women of this village. All of us in Eden are descended from Eve, and her blessings from God are visited in turn upon our own chests, and so it will be until the end of time. Eve's motherhood, and her wifeness, like our own, kept her pure, as it does for us."

"You must be the most blessed of all, mommy! Your breasts are the largest in the whole village!"

She hesitated, then, her voice quavering, she replied. "Yes, darling. Blessed indeed."

Mother looked down at her two little girls, reclining on the distant slope of her bosom, out of reach of her own arms, and frowned. "Please climb up closer, my dears," she pleaded sadly, "so I can stroke your hair and kiss your beautiful faces."

I knew it wasn't safe to bring Beth, with her so helpless and me so young and unsteady. Mother sounded so sad, though, that I wordlessly complied. Clutching my sister, I climbed slowly, careful not to let her drop down the chasmal cleft of my mother's sprawling bust, where she would surely be smothered before I could fetch father for help. Finding a steady perch, I stretched out to make myself comfortable and closed my eyes while mother lovingly ran her fingers through my hair.

"Mommy?"

"Yes, child?"

"Am I going to have blessings like yours some day?"

Mother hesitated again. Quietly, conspiratorially, she muttered. "Only if you want to, dear."

"I do, mommy! I want breasts as big as yours, or bigger! I want the biggest worship room and the biggest goodwife's quilt and the best husband in the whole village, just like you."

She kissed my forehead, and I felt a warm tear drop just after her kiss.

"Then I'm sure you will, my baby girl. I'm sure you will."

Presently, I heard Beth yawning upstairs, and shook off the luxuries of reminiscence. There were still so many more chores to do! I hurried back to the kitchen in time to ladle out a second helping of porridge into Beth's bowl as she drowsily trudged down the stairs.

"Morning, Ruth," she mumbled, oblivious to my earlier attempts to rouse her.

"Good morning, sis."

She sat down at the breakfast table and picked up her spoon absentmindedly, but her eyes bulged when she noticed the extra food in her bowl.

"I thought it was about time my little sister started eating adult portions," I said, trying my hardest to smile just like mother would have. "Don't you think?"

Beth blushed and cast her eyes downward, toward her chest.

The widow, Martha, was especially chatty today, leaning back in her sturdy oak armchair with a wild grin and telling me jokes so bawdy I felt ashamed of how hard I tried to remember them.

"And that's when I told Eunice that if she wanted to do me a favor, she ought to find me a twenty-one year old farmer with some real strong hands."

I giggled nervously.

"Oh, and mute!" Martha added.

She laughed heartily and her bare breasts quaked and rippled, as if they were laughing along. Martha, like a few of the women I assisted, rarely covered herself with her goodwife's quilt in my presence, especially on warm summer days like this one. She was one of the smaller-busted women in town, aside from the maids. When she was younger she might have even been a "brusher", as the larger and more ill-tempered women called them — an insult meaning that at her wedding ceremony she might have barely touched the ground, or even slouched to let her nipples brush against it.

Today, some decades later, her bosoms sagged to a slightly more comfortable resting spot when she stood. Still, she certainly didn't need as much help as some of the other women, who could scarcely cook or wash their linens without assistance. I didn't have to perform as many chores for Martha, so my duties to support her mostly entailed social calls like this one, as well as bringing her whatever goods and foodstuffs she needed. Her husband may have passed away, but Martha was no maid, and it would be unseemly, not to mention cumbersome, to have her walking about the village openly.

"Speaking of handsome farmer boys, has that Obie gotten his head out of his hindquarters yet?"

Obadiah was the Hopkins boy, scarcely two weeks my junior. We'd done everything together as children, from nursing as babes through all eight years of school, and I hadn't a closer friend in the world. Everyone in the village assumed we were bound to be wed some day, and to be truthful, so did I. Recently, though, Obie had begun to vex me.

"I can't believe him, Martha! I really can't. I saw him again this morning while I was tending the redflower fields and called to him and he hardly responded! The dunce simply mumbled, 'Oh, good morning Ruth,' and scurried away."

Not long after we both turned sixteen he offered to walk me to worship — I still remember it was at the Millers' house that week. It was the common first step in courtship that I'd anticipated, and for a few weeks our social calls unfolded as courting ought to. But over the last few months his attentions had waned, and it wasn't hard to guess why. His courtship had

slowed down and finally stopped contemporaneously with the growth of my bust. Martha, who missed nothing in gossiping her maids' social lives, knew exactly what was bothering me.

"What did I do to be disfavored so by the lord? I work hard, I pray every day, I take care of my sister. And to make matters even more frustrating, I noticed this morning that Beth has started growing her first breast buds! Martha! What if she grows to a marriageable size before I do?"

"Honey, you're letting your fear get the better of you. Don't you worry about your development, dear. These darned things seem to do whatever they want on their own time." She patted the top slope of her left breast, which caused a massive reverberation across her lap. "There's certainly nothing uncommon about a girl's bosom taking a break from growth before starting off again at full speed. I certainly wouldn't fault you if you wanted to eat some extra flour to speed yourself along. It's what I did, when Gabriel and I were itching to get hitched and enjoy the pleasures of consummation."

I didn't know what she meant by "extra flour" — undoubtedly another lewd joke. Would eating extra breads and sweets help grow my bust? I was desperate enough to try nearly anything at this point.

"In the meantime," Martha continued, "be happy for your sister. This is one of the most exciting times in a girl's life! Don't you remember how you felt when you had your first meeting with the Maiden Mother?"

I thought carefully for a moment. "I don't think I ever had a meeting with the Maiden Mother."

"Oh." I was unaccustomed to hearing Martha at a loss for words. "Had your mother passed by then?"

"No, I clearly remember running into her worship room gleefully the day I first noticed my breast buds."

Comforted, my widow friend resumed her usual outspoken tone. "She must have taken care of everything for you then, right?"

I smiled — it felt good to remember my mother a second time today. "She always did."

My head was abuzz with possibilities and my heart was racing. Surely, this was a test. I needed to put my own growth out of my mind and help my sister with hers. The lord would have to take notice of my dutiful, selfless piety, and perhaps bless me thusly.

I knew it was a wicked thought, though. If I'm doing my duties to my family and my village for my personal gain, is it really faith? Is that not as selfish as simply eating flour until my breasts swelled to a more womanly size — and the swelling of the rest of my body made me unattractive to all but the most uncomely bachelors?

It was in this distracted state that I wandered to the outskirts of the village, past the redflower fields and the rows of corn, past the beans and squashes and leafy vegetables, to the north edge of the thick woods that surrounded the whole town — the Maiden Mother's hut. The sun was beginning to set, but the sweltering summer heat lingered in the humid air like a thick soup.

I'd never been here before — the Maiden Mother was taboo enough even among children that we dared not loiter or play nearby. Some said that if she caught you thinking ungodly thoughts she'd curse you like God cursed Lilith and you would sprout horrible black wings from behind your shoulders, and your feet would turn clawed and scaly like a bird's. I had no fear of such superstitions anymore, but the place still made me feel unsettled. The hut was small, constructed in an odd design unlike any other building in the village, out of strange white stone and wood — materials I'd never seen elsewhere. The path leading to it was poorly marked, and low branches along the trail demonstrating disuse. As I approached, the sun drooped even lower, underneath the treeline, and the shadows of the trees commingled into a single dusk that covered me and the hut alike.

I knocked on the strange white door and was overwhelmed by the smell of insense — an intense, skunklike odor, though not altogether unpleasant — burning in a censer in the corner. I was received by the two maids who tended the Mother, a Childress and a Newton who I knew quite well. They were oddly cheerful, and explained with the uneven pace of women locked in spiritual communion that the Maiden Mother was unavailable for another two weeks. I was to bring Beth for our meeting then, two Saturdays hence: the day before Midsummer's frolic.

I thanked the maids and said goodbye and, still dazed, wandered back home when I saw something in the distance, half-hidden between two trees, deep into the forest where people aren't ever to go. Someone, actually, and rather unlike anyone I'd seen before. I blinked in disbelief, but he didn't go away. His body was thin and lithe, perhaps only a few inches taller than me, and his face was cleanly shaven, lacking the beard of a married man. He had a handsome, gentle nose, pointed chin, and full lips, and his hair was lighter than blonde and oddly styled — so short on the sides it was near his scalp, but swept back on top into a finely coiffed wave. His clothes were the oddest of all — laced shoes so thin I couldn't imagine how he wore them, a tight-fitting shirt with short sleeves and a round collar, and blue slacks that fit his hips and legs deliciously closely. Wait. Did I really just think such a lascivious thing?

"Hello there? Sir? Did you get lost?" I called to him, in the distance. "Forgive me, but I don't recognize you yet. Let me help you back to the village."

He turned at my voice, confused, and noticed me, and once he did he kept noticing. I blushed, and smiled cautiously. I felt his eyes on my body and for the first time I could recall, I tried to imagine what I looked like to someone else.

I must have been a sorry sight. At sundown, with a full summer day's work behind me and bathing still to come, my freckled face would be streaked with sweat and touched with dirt, though my green eyes, inherited from my mother, might have a chance of distracting him from the grime. A few strands of my curled brown hair had spilled out from under my bonnet and were sweat-slick against my neck, and down to my collarbone, which I suppose wouldn't have been visible to him behind my breasts. Laced up tight in my bodice so I could work comfortably, my bosom looked even more meager, evincing none of the hang and sway of marriageable woman. Pressed up against my body and lifted by the sturdy garment, they extended like a shelf an elbow's distance in front of me or further. A plain, ankle-length dress obscured any other detail of my body to this stranger, not that it seemed to stop his imagination.

How I wished to feed that imagination! What was this sensation? I wanted nothing more than for him to keep looking at me, with that expression of interest and astonishment and... longing? But I had no idea what to do, how to guide or capture his eye. No one had taken an interest in my flesh like this and I had never considered it worthy of such notice. So I simply stood there, dumbfounded, shoulders square and my feet flat, waiting for any idea at all to pop into my head.

"Hey," said the stranger, in a soothing, gentle voice — so unlike any man I'd met before. How improper the thoughts bursting into my head were!

"Hi there. Are you... are you Mark Smythe? It's hard to see in this dusk."

"I..." He started.

"Alex!" called another voice from afar. "Where'd you go?"

He looked deeper into the forest behind him. "I have to go. Meet me here again, next week?"

He had to go where? Into the forest? But that was impossible. No one could live in the forest and there was nothing beyond it... right?

I tried to answer, but before I could, he'd disappeared.

Bathing, I assessed my body once more. I couldn't stop thinking about this stranger. Had he truly come from the woods? No, it couldn't be. That was impossible. He'd been so interested in me. I tarried in the bathing room with my sponge and bucket more than I'd ever had, exploring my body with new interest, with the eyes of another.

I let my washed hair fall slowly, red ringlets that meandered gently down to the small of my back. My arms and shoulders, strong with work, made quite the contrast against my soft, rounded breasts. I lathered the fronts with my sponge — they billowed out in a diagonal swoop from high on my chest to a foot or more in front of my waist, my upturned nipples firm from the chill of the water and the excitement of the day. I set down the sponge and grabbed the left one, running a finger against it thoughtlessly and it stiffened further, a warm pleasure radiating through my bosom. I pinched the nipple gingerly and the feeling intensified. Grabbing the sponge again, I washed the outside edge, which at its plumpest curved voluptuously away from my ribs by several inches. When a friend at school first told me she could see my bosom from behind, she told me it was a good sign, that I'd be marriageable some day. My bosom was twice hers then — two weeks ago I saw she'd grown nearly to her mid-thigh. None of this was fair.

The stranger didn't seem to mind, though. In fact, he seemed fascinated by my breasts. Was he mocking me? He didn't seem to be. I soaped beneath my breast, and then between the two, and tweaked my nipple vigorously as I scrubbed the other. I felt a moistness in my groin, coupled with a yearning so strong it almost ached. Instinctively, I knew the feeling to be impure, but I hardly heeded the thought. My body was firmly in control, and I was not in any state to think at all. I clutched myself with my fingers and probed my womanhood in a way I'd heard Martha describe, and the ache and anticipation in my crotch was replaced with growing waves of pleasure.

I continued, and continued, striking a rough spot inside myself with my fingers, my breasts billowing out around my arms, bucking and wobbling wildly as my hips rocked on the washing stool, and stifled a yelp as pleasure exploded within me, radiating throughout my body, my skin tingled and my mind was numb and all the way down to my toes every nerve and every tendon was singing with delight!

This! This secret I'd held inside my body, I'd just discovered! This was what motivated Martha's lewd comments and bawdy jokes — I finally understood. I felt awed by the power of pleasure contained within me.

I didn't feel like holding my breasts, small as they might be, in such disdain anymore. I just felt love and fullness and bliss in any part of my body that could feel at all.

Only then did I notice that I'd almost completely dried off, and the water that was left in my hair had gotten quite chill. I hurriedly finished my bath with only half a bucket of water

As the last waves of pleasure tingled out from my groin, I again thought of the stranger. Had he really come from the woods?

Dare I tell anyone about him?

No, I thought. Best not to. We do all things in the village for the community, and for our families. Best to have one thing — one small thing to keep for myself.

I was so flustered through dinner that I nearly forgot to tell Beth about the meeting I'd scheduled her with the Maiden Mother, but when I did she leaped up and threw her arms

around my shoulders and kissed me. Father, as he had been for years, since Mother died, sat emptily at his seat at the table and said nothing, and after the meal silently retreated to his bedroom.

After washing the dishes from the meal, I had a thought, about something Martha had mentioned before. Flour. More scatterbrained and messily than I ever had before, I excitedly pulled out sugar, milk, and eggs too, and put some extra wood to burn in the oven. I fetched Beth from her room to join me.

"A cake!" I explained. "You only begin growing once, and I wanted to celebrate."

Beth squealed with joy, and I remembered that despite her breasts signaling otherwise, she was still in many ways a child. To be honest, I was every bit as excited as her. Dreaming of the strange man in the woods, and how he might be able to please me if I could grow enough to marry, I intended to eat as much of this cake as I could muster.