At the height of the Roman Empire there was a city called Acqui Terme, whose citizens were exceptionally pious. They were so observant because they understood that the gods ruled the mortal world. Mars, the God of War, decided which armies would prevail and which would fall. Neptune, the God of the Sea, decided which ships would sail and which would sink.

And Venus, Goddess of Love, decided who would be ugly and who would be beautiful.

Sometimes, she decided those things herself. There were stories of Venus traipsing through the mortal world, blessing and cursing the humans she came across on a whim. But for the most part, she didn’t care about the life of a roman peasant enough to personally settle their fate. She went off to get drunk with Bacchus, the God of Wine, and delegated the small details to her priestesses.

This had certain implications. For instance, if a man offended the local priestess of Venus, he might find his sons and daughters growing up ugly. If a woman refused to donate to the temple, she might find herself struck barren. The gods didn’t mind a little graft here or there, as long as the wheels of society turned. In most cities, it was even perfectly acceptable for a rich man to make a cash gift to the priestesses to ensure his daughters would all be blessed.

But, this story is about Acqui Terme, which was not like most cities. It had one priestess of Venus, whose name was Aquila, and she did not sell her blessings for cash.

Instead, Aquila blessed herself.

She had only been fourteen when she became a priestess, and so nobody thought it odd that she continued to mature. By fifteen, she had respectable breasts, and hips befitting a healthy woman. By seventeen, her breasts filled a good top, and she had a rear to make men grin. She got pregnant with triplets, and her breasts swelled even further, filling with milk to support them.

Everyone said she was the bustiest woman in the whole city. When they said it to her face, she laughed. “Children need to be fed. A fertile woman should have a good set of breasts,” she explained. “And I am so *very* fertile.”

But after she had her children, her breasts didn’t shrink to their former size. They kept growing. The next time she had children, she had quadruplets, and her breasts swelled past what any mortal woman could bear. They were the size of the largest mellons, perfectly shaped, firm and full.

When Aquila was pregnant, a woman came to her in temple. “I’ve had a son,” the woman said, “but I don’t have enough milk to feed him, and he cries during the night. I’ve always been a good citizen. Can Venus find no mercy in her heart for me? Can you bless me so I can feed my child?”

“Of course I’ll help you,” Aquila smiled. “But there’s no need for *magic* to solve so common a problem.” She grasped one of her massive breasts in each hand, gently lifting them. Milk stained her dress. “My children aren’t born yet, and these things are already trouble. Bring your son by temple every day, and I will help you.”

And so every day, the woman brought her son to temple, and Aquila nursed him. Whenever other woman did not have enough milk, they also brought their children to temple.

Later, a man came to temple, complaining that he and his wife could not conceive a child. They were both healthy and young, but his seed would not take in her womb. “Can Venus not help us?” he asked.

Aquila smiled and said, “Of course, you need help. But there is no need to trouble a mighty deity for so small a task. I’m not even twenty, and I’ve already had seven children. They’re so much trouble to care for. My newborns are strong and healthy, you can take one as your own.”

She then explained to the man that if her child was well cared for and happy, perhaps Venus would be exceptionally pleased and grant him and his wife a child of their own. Just like she told the women who came to nurse that they were lucky Venus spared their children’s lives.

It was for this reason that the city of Acqui Terme was exceptionally pious. And all the while, Aquila’s breasts grew.

It is at this point that we must introduce a young woman by the name of Marcella. There was nothing significant about her, save that she was unusually clever and strong-willed. The romans did not value either of these traits in women, so she was often looked down upon by her peers. Born to a particularly poor peasant family, she had nothing to look forward to in life but endless toil.

By the time Marcella visited the temple of Venus, Aquila was pregnant for the third time. This time, she was pregnant with sextouplets, and she made quite the sight giving her morning sermon. Her belly had grown so enormous she swayed with every step. Her breasts, grown to the size of watermelons, quivered when she moved. Her nipples poked out into her dress so hard it was like little tents of fabric.

After the sermon, there was a line of women waiting to nurse their children. Aquila had one infant latched onto each breast, nursing two at a time as she spoke. Marcella bit her lip, and then got into the back of the line.

It took hours for the line to clear. When it finally did, Marcella was the last worshipper left in the temple. “I…” She paused. “I need to ask for a blessing.”

“Of course. Of course. Let me sit down.” Aquila heaved a heavy breath as she found her way to the chair in the back of the room. She sat with her legs spread, her massive belly filling her lap, and the chair groaned with her weight. “Standing that long takes a lot out of me.”

“I can imagine,” Marcella stared at Aquila, and again bit her lip.

“Did you need something?” Aquila eventually asked.

Marcella drew in a breath and let it out. She nodded, swallowed, and finally summoned the courage to speak: “I want tits.” She gestured at her upper body, where there were only faint bumps in the top of her dress.

“Ah,” Aquila smiled. “Your parents are marrying you off, and you want to make sure of attracting—”

“No,” Marcella cut her off. Her words came quickly. “I don’t want to attract a man. I mean, okay, I *do* want to attract a man. I want to flirt with cute boys and I want a good husband, when the time comes. I do want that. But I don’t want tits *so* I can attract a man.”

“You want to attract a woman?” Aquila raised an eyebrow.

“I wouldn't mind. But, no, that’s not why.” Marcella gestured. “I don’t want tits for other people. I don’t want them so other people can look at them. I want big tits because *I want big tits.* I want to squeeze into a dress and feel them and watch them sway. I mean…” She let out a hiss. “Your tits aren’t just for attracting someone, are they?”

Aquila stared and folded her hands. She considered her reply, and then spoke carefully: “Mount Olympus does not exist to grant your wishes. Lots of women want ample breasts. Not all women get them.”

“I know. And if I don’t get them, I don’t get them. Life isn’t fair.” Marcella drew a deep breath. “But they’re what I want. And I’ll do anything I can to get them. I don’t have a lot of money, but I can work, I can… I can even read a little. Anything.”

“It’s a lot of weight to carry around. I’m sure you’ll get tired of them—”

“Help me or refuse me,” Marcella cut her off, snappishly. “But don’t tell me I never wanted your help in the first place. I know what I want. You look…”

A silence hung between them for some time, which Marcella finally broke: “You look good, you know. When you sway.”

“I do look good. It’s true.” Aquila leaned back in her chair, and her breasts lifted high, turning her dress into a loose tent over the front of her body. “You’re very cheeky.”

“I know.” She looked at the floor.

For a few seconds, Aquila mulled the matter over. Finally, she shrugged. “I could use a personal servant. And temple staff always have to be attractive. It sends the right message. Serve me well, and you’ll get your ample breasts.”

Marcella’s head snapped up. “Really?”

“Fail me and I’ll have you whipped, but yes, really.” Aquila let out a loud grunt as she rose out of her chair. She had to use the back of the chair for support, bracing with one hand. “Do you know how to wash silk?”

“Yes,” she nodded quickly. She couldn’t contain her grin.

“Know how to work with animals? Know how to mend clothes?”

“Yes, of course. All of those things.” Marcella nodded, her words coming so fast she could hardly breathe. “And I can cook! Very well, everyone says.”

“Good. We’ll get you fitted for a dress that doesn’t look like you just fell out of a haypile, and we’ll see how you do. Go run home. Tell your family you’ll be living here from this point on. You can visit them, but it won’t be often.”

“Thank you!” Marcella bowed low and left.

Marcella returned not long later. She got fitted for a dress, washed up, and anointed with sacred oils to enter her into Venus’s service. Her first day, she scrubbed pots, scrubbed floors, and scrubbed walls. She mended clothes, cut hair, unloaded eighty sacks of grain into the temple kitchen, and did everything else the senior servants required.

By the end of the day, she felt so exhausted she could barely stand. She stumbled back to her room, and fell hard into her bed.

Then, she little bell by her door rang. She was needed. She hadn’t even had time to crawl under the covers.

Rushing through the temple halls with only a candle for light, she eventually found herself outside the door to Aquila’s personal chambers. She knocked once, and Aquila called for her to come in.

“Took you long enough.” The room was gently lit by candles, casting everything into a soft glow. It was considerably larger than Marcella’s room, but there still wasn’t much to it: a bed, a window, two chairs, and a small shelf full of scrolls. Aquila sat on the bed, her dress folded beside her. She was naked, her massive belly and bare breasts free for Marcella to see.

She was wonderful, of course. Her skin was smooth and supple. Her rear was full and shapely. Her legs were long and firm, and with them spread, they supported her hearty belly. No matter how large they got, her breasts didn’t sag, but kept a perfect full shape. Her nipples were like little points in the cold air, pointed faintly upwards.

“Marcella,” Aquila called. Marcella’s head snapped up. “Were you listening or were you staring at my tits?”

“Uh… my apologies, priestess. I momentarily lost focus.” Marcella straightened herself up. “Could you say that again?”

“I said, I need to be milked.”

Marcella paused. She blinked. “I’m sorry?”

“Do you see these?” Aquila gestured at her chest. “I assume you do because you were just staring at them. The children today didn’t nurse as much as usual. I’m *pent up.*” From under the bed, she pulled a bucket.

“Oh, uh… right.” Marcella bit her lip, then sat in one of the two chairs and pulled the bucket over. Aquila slowly rose with a loud grunt, and carefully worked her way into the other chair. When she sat, she sat hard, and her breasts and belly alike trembled.

“Now,” Aquila said firmly. “You have to be gentle. *Very* gentle. These things,” she gestured at herself, “are sensitive. When a man licks them, I can tell how many bumps are on his tongue.”

Marcella’s heart beat faster, and she drew a shaking breath. “That must be nice.”

“It is nice. But it means I don’t need them scratched. So let me see your hands.” She took Marcella’s hands and inspected them closely. “Nails are filed smooth? Freshly washed?”

“Yes, priestess.” Marcella nodded quickly.

“Good.” Aquila slowly learned forward. Between her belly and her breasts, she was so front heavy she struggled not to fall over. She had to brace herself with the chair and both legs, slowly tilting her bulk forward until her breasts hung under her.

“Gods you’re huge.” Marcella said the words breathlessly, blurting them out abruptly. “It’s wonderful.”

“I am wonderful. It’s true.” Aquila smirked. “Now, gently squeeze them. Like this.” She carefully worked her hands around her belly and up to grab one massive breast. She gave it a little squeeze, and a thin jet of milk shot out into the bucket.

“That’s it?” Marcella paused. “But, that wasn’t very much milk. You’re bigger than a pair of overripe mellons! We’ll be here all night.”

“About an hour, if you start now,” Aquila said firmly. “Which you should.”

So Marcella did. She gently squeezed each breast one at a time, watching the little jets of milk shoot down into the bucket. She worked like that in silence for twenty minutes, squeezing one breast and then the other.

“Your nipples are getting stiff,” Marcella observed.

“It’s cold in here,” Aquila groused.

“Not that cold, priestess.” Marcella smiled. “You’re ah… very sensitive. You said. And you are being handled.” She reached down and stroked a stiff nipple with a finger. “You know, if you had a second servant, this would take half as long. You’re big enough that two people could milk you at a time.”

Aquila shifted uncomfortably. “A fertile woman should have plenty of milk.”

“You’ve gone beyond plenty.”

“Stop stroking my nipple,” Aquila hissed. “It’s distracting.”

“Here,” Marcella said. “I know a faster way to do this. I promise, it’s very gentle.” She moved her hands down to rest underneath Aquila’s massive breasts. She grasped one nipple with her hand, pushed up, and gently gave it a tug. A large jet of milk shot into the bucket below.

Aquila groaned. Her eyes fluttered shut. “I said stop it.”

“Because it’s distracting?” Marcella tugged the other nipple and another jet of milk shot into the bucket. Then she repeated the process. A regular cadence began: push, tug, push, tug. “If you want me to stop, grab my hands.”

But Aquila groaned, and her hands gripped the chair.

“I’ll take that as a go-ahead.” Marcella grinned. She was so excited her hands were shaking. “You’ve gotten so big. So *sensitive*. I can’t imagine how this feels. You must be pent up so many ways.”

Aquila started to say something, but before she could, Marcella gave a sharp yank of one nipple. The word died in Aquila’s throat, replaced by a sudden gasp. Her eyes flew open.

“Oooh.” Marcella giggled. “I want to be just like you. I want to be big. I want to be so big I can’t control it. So big I can’t control myself. Like you can’t control yourself.” Her hands worked faster, left right left right. “I want to be so sensitive that just being handled makes me squirm.”

Aquila let out a low moan. “You… dammit.” She breaths came heavy. “Keep going.” She released the chair, bracing herself with her legs as she moved her hands to her belly. She tried to worm them in around her legs, trying this way and that.

“Gods!” Marcella laughed. “Look at you. Just look at you. Your belly is so big that when you’re sitting, you can’t even reach your pussy.”

“You think you can make fun of me!?” Aquila shouted. Her voice was throaty, and she trembled with every tug of her nipples.

“I’m not making fun of you. I *love* it.” Marcella paused, then released Aquila’s nipples. She moved her hands over to Aquila’s belly, running her hands over the smooth curves. She played with her belly button with a finger, and grinned ear to ear. Then she stood, and leaned over the sitting priestess.

“You,” she whispered. “Weren’t meant to be milked like a cow. These breasts were meant for better things. Sit up,” she hissed, “and I’ll *drink* your milk.”

Without Marcella’s hands on her breasts, Aquila regained a shred of self-control. “And what,” she demanded through panting breaths, “makes you so special?”

“I’m not special at all. But milking you with a bucket is obviously getting harder and harder. You’ll need another way to milk yourself if you want to keep growing bigger.” Marcella giggled and bit her lip. “Are you? Are you going to keep growing bigger? A big, busty, fertile woman?”

Aquila’s eyes fluttered shut. For few moments, she drew slow, long breaths. “Suckle,” she ordered. “And do it quickly.”

That night, Marcella drank Aquila’s breast milk and ate out her pussy. It was a good night for them both.

The next morning, neither acknowledged that anything had happened, and they went about their usual business. Each night, Marcella would drain Aquila’s breasts, and each morning she’d wake to give her sermon.

But as time went on, Aquila continued to grow. Her breasts being the size of melons wasn’t enough for her. They got so large, no dress would fit her, and she had to walk about shirtless. She staggered with the weight.

So, Marcella hired two beautiful young girls to tend her. One would suckle at each breast, and then all four of them would go to bed together.

Finally, one day, Aquila woke up in bed. She tried to sit up, straining her back, groaning, heaving. It was to no avail. She reached to the cord beside the bed and summoned the servants, and Marcella appeared.

“I can’t sit up,” Aquila groaned. “They’re too heavy.”

“Well, we knew this day would come.” Marcella turned over a hand. “Roll over so you’re on all fours.”

Aquia rolled over, but still struggled with the weight. Her pregnant belly, so close to term, rested on the bedsheets. Her arms shook with the weight. “Help me up,” she demanded.

“Cows are supposed to walk on all fours.” Marcella grabbed Aquila’s face, leaned in, and kissed her hard on the lips. Aquila gasped, her eyes going wide. “That’s what they say, you know. You used to the the bustiest woman in town. Now you’re the biggest cow in town.”

“You bitch! I’ll—”

Marcella reached down, grabbed one of Aquila’s nipples, and yanked hard. Aquila’s eyes shrunk to pinpoints. She gasped.

“Too sensitive,” Marcella tisked. “Much too sensitive!” She yanked again, and again, milking Aquila the old way, but with none of the old gentleness. The whole time, Aquila gasped and groaned, unable to form a single word.

Finally, when she got bored, Marcella let go of Aquila’s tits. She reached back, lifted a hand, and brought it down hard across Aquila’s wide rear. “Come,” she demanded.

And Aquila came. She screamed like a woman on a happy wedding night, and her whole body shook.

“So, seeing as how I have you at my mercy,” Marcella smiled, taking Aquila by the jaw. “I have demands.”

“What do…” Aquila gasped for breath. “What do you want? Money? Blessings? Sleeping in my bed every night?”

“I want the thing I came here for!” Marcella laughed. “Tits.”

“Fine. Fine.” Aquila spoke quickly. “How big?”

“Have you been listening a single night we were together?” Marcella leaned down, and with both hands, she cupped Aquila’s heavy teats. “Like these,” she said, “but bigger.”