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The Blessed Isles Chapters (1-3)

Chapter 1

I would start off this story where I regained consciousness. . .

But how many books have you read that were like that? With the main character waking up? Too many, if you're at all like me.

Then again, you've probably read books that started with the main character narrating as well.

But this isn't a book - it's my diary. One that I started the very second I woke up on Kkara; the Blessed Isles.

I'll jump straight to the interesting parts for you since we both know why you're reading this. It's probably related to why the isles are so 'blessed' in the first place, if I could hazard a guess. Just a disclaimer or two before I let you go about your merry way:

One. The events I discuss in this journal are real. Despite how ludicrous they may sound. Consider them as plain as the rising tide or the love between two people, and just as miraculous for that matter.

Two. Warning! Carry on reading or you will die! Once you begin you must finish-. . .

Kidding.

But a healthy degree of superstition might aid you as you proceed. You've been 'warned'.

Day one.

I'd never been more at peace in all my life, except perhaps as an infant. I found myself cradled by a woman with dark, soft skin, whose eyes were a smoking amber. They were hooded and her smile was kind as if asking me to continue enjoying my peace, the same way a mother might let her child sleep a little later on holidays. I did just that, finding that I was comforted and warm. All up until my ears began to work as they should, and a familiar voice called out to me.

"Oh god, Verne? Hey, wake up. Uh, don't go to the light. Or I guess do? Just open your eyes, please! It's me, your Boatswain. Err, it's Hannah. Wake up, doll, please!"

The light switches started to flip on one by one, and with them my realization. I didn't know this huge, brown woman, but I was positioned beneath her in her lap, her soft fingers pleasantly massaging my scalp. I did know the person calling out to me to be Hannah. My

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boatswain. From a boat - a ship, really. Our ship, with our whole crew on board, that had been capsized for almost two weeks.

They mattered, yes, but then there was this woman. She was gorgeous! Her skin was smooth and almost glowed warmth. She wore half a headdress with pink feathers and had golden bands laced into her seaweed hair; exotic to me, and amazing.

And then there was her bosom. I was snuggled against it, tight and soft, and she shook out my messy coils of hair as she angled my neck forward. The final sense to awaken was my sense of taste, which was such a shame. A long, pinky-sized bump was currently in my mouth, and my cheeks were filling with a rich, sweetness that I wholly expected to be a mix of honey and heavy cream.

"It looks that the Mender's nectar is just as potent as ever. Know that those belong to you Deliverer, and that you may partake as often as you choose."

Not paying too much attention to whatever didn't immediately make sense, I suckled with a newfound fervor. Mouthfuls came fast, washing over my parched tongue. I didn't have to suck much at all, mostly just wrestling her slippery nub so that it remained between my lips as she filled my body with her curiously delicious drink. Boy, did she taste marvelous. My vacant belly welcomed her by the mouthful, filling up faster than I could have imagined. The milk was just so thick! A wonder of nature, and this moment was my first experience with it.

"A-actually, she seems to have recuperated plenty as it is. If you could give us a second alone to catch up on a few things?" Hannah was clearly distressed. Sure she had to put on a brave face, especially considering that she had a whole crew looking to her, but I could see her vulnerability. She held her tension in her lips and neck of all places. Don't ask me how I knew.

"Are you sure? As the Mender, it is her duty to-"

Just as I took a particularly long draw which I could feel bloating my belly, Hannah interrupted.

"No no, I think she is fine. Very, very fine," Hannah was sternness with a smile.

"Are you positive, Deliverer? There is still plenty of time before you are expected at the-"

"Really."

It then occurred to me that there was a fourth woman among us. Hannah was not talking to the 'Mender' but to a woman who mirrored her both in her tribal garb and in her globe-shaped knockers. I had no idea what world I had just awakened into, but I was seriously considering a transfer of citizenship. About that time, I was laid down, my neck rested on a particularly soft pile of sand, and the two bronze women rose to leave. As they did I gawked unashamedly. The limited linen they wore covered their waists and shoulders, but the body-eclipsing curves of their breasts were completely uncovered. To leave, they ducked underneath a flap and both of their huge jugs dragged across the sugary sands just

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from having them bend at the hips to leave. What stunning and magnificent women! From their heavy consonants and colorful vowel sounds, I could tell that I wasn't home - or with my crew for that matter. I was in a tent with Hannah, and my stomach cried to be filled with even more of that delicious saucy liquid.

"Keen on you not to say a word that whole time," Hannah went straight to being argumentative, coming over and sitting at my side.

"Who am I to question the doctor?"

"You haven't the slightest idea what's going on, do you?"

She extended her hand, but not as some pleasantry. Maybe she thought I might think better while upright. I took it and crossed my legs as we chatted. The sand stuck to my back and bunched up in my hair. I was topless, with an itchy wrap around my hips. Aside from that, there was nothing. My eyes scanned the ground in the tent, going to all of the corners and finding some clay jars and wooden crates.

"They won't let me get your clothes back, if that's what you're looking for."

"Somehow they let you keep yours."

Hannah cracked her knuckles, all of them, at once. "I'm a convincing Deliverer."

"There's that term again. 'Deliverer'," I crossed my arms, feeling just a little bit exposed for the first time. I still felt the richness of natural warmth pooling within me and swirling. It was like alcohol without the burn but with double the positive benefit. I was pretty sure my vertigo stemmed from just waking up and not with being drunk. Still, what a cool idea! Getting drunk off of breast milk. "What exactly is it you are delivering?"

"Not me. 'We'. And apparently, *we're* going to save their people," Hannah looked genuinely puzzled over the statement. Her shoulders sat high and she squeezed every drop of courage out of her tattered uniform. Watching her search the grains of sand one at a time, I could see her entire mental effort manifesting just as I had seen it before.

Frankly, amnesia would have been much more convenient. Instead, the images of us having to abandon ship amid a typhoon flooded my thoughts. The peeling skin and stinking saltiness felt like scabs all over me as I recalled the two weeks we spent on an island, signaling to each and every friendly-looking mirage. Captain finally assigned me, one of the navigators, and Hannah to take a raft onto the ocean at night to try to get an idea of where we were using the stars. If I'd ever made it back, I would regret to inform him that we were nowhere on any star map that I knew. No Ursa Major, no Cassiopeia, and certainly no Polaris. No Southern Cross just in case we had miraculously drifted several hundred miles below the equator. The stars were like the insect bites we incurred: troubling, random, and amounting to nothing. But they were also plentiful. Brand new. We were in our own corner of the ocean. . .

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I. . . loved it. Sure Hannah was all business about it, barking for me to speak and threatening to paddle us right back to land, but she just didn't see what I saw. Then we both saw the same as yet another storm threw us off our raft and we both disappeared under ten-foot tropical waves. All my navigational wares were lost to me, and the final waking memories I had were of water rushing under, over, and inside me. At the moment, all that was inside me was the milk that I had just suckled from a sexy pair of triple Q cup boobs - it was a guess, okay? However big boobs have to be to drag the ground when you crouch down to leave a tent.

"How long was I out?" I asked, a little nervous to hear the answer.

"I've been awake for three days. The natives here nursed us both back to health. They're something else, Verne, real upside-down sorta people."

"You described me that way the first time you met me. They can't be that bad."

"They aren't. That's the crazy part. They find us, two white girls from who knows where, and they treat our wounds and give us shelter? Then they call us 'Deliverers' and ask that we participate in their rituals. . . I've never heard of it before. This is some crazy shit."

"Actually, this sort of thing happens a lot. There's recorded history of Europeans traveling to native peoples and having the natives treat them like spirits, messengers, or even gods." My eye twitched at the statement. I felt the urge to stroke my chin as I went into the rest. "Well, it is recorded that they were treated as something different, but that didn't mean they were gods. The idea of Cortés resembling Quetzalcoatl has been debunked for the most part. Then there was Captain Cook and the Hawaiians which is pretty sketchy if you ask me. Most of what we have to go on are the biased journals from Cook's crew, and we know that Europeans at the time didn't have that great an opinion on natives or their cultures."

I went on and on, losing myself in the history of it all. Hannah wasn't listening but at that point, it was more of me coming to terms with our situation. The natives had proved that they weren't hostile, even gone as far so to give strangers the title of 'Deliverers'. What religious implications that had were yet to be discovered. My heart struck my ribcage like a snare drum. A silly grin turned my thoughtful lecture into a celebratory speech. The pleasure within me surged and I ached for my notepad and pen. This island was the adventure that I'd wanted all along!

"Verne. VERNE! Will you stop for a second and- ugh!"

Dead in the middle of ranting about the rich history of ancient societies that had been lost to the modern world, my cheeks squished together. I breathed through them like a fish, knowing that Hannah wanted me to stop by her deliberate snatching of my cheeks.

"What's the big idea!" I said, the best way a fish girl knew how.

"Take a look at yourself and you'll find out what the big deal is."

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I did what she asked. Rather, she pulled with her fingers and thumb and my chin met my collarbone. I was forced to take in what exactly was happening to me.

My chest, against what I knew to be possible, had grown. I didn't have tits to speak of at all before, but my blue eyes beheld what had turned into some shapely sacks. My nipples had grown by comparison, now having some padding between them and my pectoral muscles, but the real star of the show was the smooth texture and flawless shape. They couldn't have been much to write home about, probably standing about two inches in front of me, but there were my new boobs. I had never had anything stick out in front of me before! As Hannah released my cheeks, I slid my hands up my floating ribs and allowed my index fingers to bump into their bottoms. The flesh was real! So was their weight, just a few ounces each.

The spiraling warmth swelled once more. At first, I thought it had something to do with how excited I had gotten while talking Hannah's ear off, but this time it came up all on its own and settled in my heart. The good kind of heartburn was a welcome companion as it would grow in size, then shrink again along with my breathing. Just as quickly, it migrated from my depths toward my bone, then muscles, and finally skin. The tops of my fingers felt my chest heat up, and then I saw them moving all on their own.

"How the heck? Hannah! Look at this!"

I marveled. I would have been fully content with B cups, something to hold in a bra, something for a lover to latch on to, but my expectations were shattered as they quaked and then pushed even further away from me.

"Yes, I'm aware. . ." Hannah rolled her eyes, choosing to look at the corners of the tent instead of at me. Her lips were knitted tightly to the left and her arms were crossed. I noticed, thanks to the damage done to her sailor suit, that there were bulges that I had not noticed before. In her torso area, something was being squeezed upward, searching for somewhere to go and peeking out from her armpits and underneath her arms. One of the golden buttons was missing, and the high neck of her coat was flayed so that her reddish skin peeked through.

"Y-you knew this was going to happen?"

"I was suspicious that it might. It happened to me when they 'treated' me," she answered.

I held up a finger to stop her there. "You knew and you didn't tell me?! Worse, you told them to leave! I- oh! Ahh, this feels g-good."

My hands squeezed around whatever was nearest. My body was buzzing with pleasure. Like a washing machine, warmth tumbled and jerked inside my body and I clutched my new boobage out of a desire to grab hold of something. Underlining this mirth was a hole that I knew could only be filled by intimacy. I could squeeze my boobs all I wanted, and I did so don't be fooled, but I knew there was something else to this feeling. I groped myself, my new flesh folding and bulging as I sensed it grow into my hands. B cups were just large

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enough to fill my palms, but beyond that came new letters that were no longer pleased with only filling my dainty hands.

"It's clear that we can't let them treat us like this. We can't let them get too attached. We should get a boat as quick as possible and leave," Hannah argued. She stood up and began to pace the small space within the tent, trying to think.

"Wh-why would we *ever* do that? These people are n-nice and they -. . . *whoa! Oooh sweet mother of-. . .*"

"Their kindness is great now, but they think we're some important part of their religion. They think we're useful to them, but what happens when they find out that we're not. We're just strangers to them."

"Then we just let them k-know that we a-AREN'T the d-d-*deliverers*. . ."

Hannah stopped in front of me. "Will you relax? It isn't that great," she said, unconvincingly.

As an answer, I cried out with a moan that I had been holding for quite some time. It took the form of the woman in front of me. "*Hannah!*" I felt my throat grumble with sultry bass tones. If I wasn't so hyped up on my growing, I would have realized just how suggestive I sounded or what I might have implied by electing her name to be the thing that I moaned. That realization was far beyond me, though. My hands were full of titty, after all.

I continued to moan after my boobs stuck out about five inches or so. I could guesstimate that being a double D, but I was no expert on cup sizes. All I knew was that flesh was pouring through my fingers. With every breath, they just seemed to heap upon themselves again and again. Skin I didn't know I had stretched to accommodate all of my new, soft flesh in a process that I figured would be painful but was actually so impossibly pleasurable. All the while, my skin was on fire and my nipples poked out even further between my fingertips. The expansion extending further and further, redefining my figure by the second. Before this, I had a layer of softness and almost no muscle. While I was thin as a rail, which I considered to be good, I also didn't have any womanly curve to speak of. Maybe I had long legs, but even with them I just looked like a stretched out version of my twelve-year-old self.

Something about having boobs verified within me that I was womanly and that being womanly was oh-so-good. With both hands at the sides of my new growth, I pressed at my surging boobs and the flesh rolled together forming a thin line. 'Cleavage! It's there, I really have it', my mind finally caught up after a while of being skeptical about my current reality. To be fair, this all felt like a dream. But that didn't mean there wasn't a point in enjoying it. Hannah didn't seem to understand that, but situations like these needed to be explored.

I didn't say another word. All I could do was pant and moan for the next few minutes. When the expanding was done, I resumed control over my body again. Somewhere along the way, I had been romanced by the idea of growth but now that I was sober - relatively, as my head was still bubbly - I could take myself in. My posture had already shifted forward as my new boobs jutted in front of me. I felt like a stewardess might as she carried two plates

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piled with expensive dishes. I didn't want to make any sudden moves, but I knew what I was holding was something delicious. Growth finished I went to stand, leaning on my arm and trying to fit my legs underneath me. The first sensation I had was of a coconut-pillow pressing into my arm. Then the other came and bumped into it, and they both jiggled. My tits were *jiggling*. New skin, tight and soft at the same time, felt just as splendid on my arm as they did when they were pressed together.

"Enjoying yourself? Not that I care, since we need to come up with a plan. I'm not above stealing and sneaking off if we must," Hannah looked distracted saying this. She watched me struggle to find my balance and composure and admittedly, it took me a while. "Come now, they aren't that large. You can work around them."

"Easy for you to say, you," I started but paused as I came to stand on my own two feet. Right away I felt the pull on my shoulders and the tension in my lower back. Pressure was on new parts of my body, not as simple as pain. They just stood out so far and were as wide as my torso when I put my arms to my sides. Each seemed to tremble with. . . something. I didn't know how to place it. There was something latent about them, and I was having trouble putting the thought to the side. "Nevermind."

"What? Go on and say it. Prove yourself wrong."

"I was going to say you didn't change all that much. You had boobs before but. . ." Hannah was gargantuan. There wasn't much else I could say about it. My tits were pretty stupendous, but hers were bigger than her head! I only wish that I could have woken up first so that I could watch her go from her C cups to where she was now. "Okay, this is going to sound weird but can I *please* touch yours?"

Hannah turned her back and went to one end of the tent. "As your commanding officer, and as an officer under our captain, I have an obligation to get you and our crew to safety. What needs to happen is that we come up with a plan to-"

Cut off, I was already behind my cold-as-ice boatswain. My tits felt amazing pressed up against the back of her tattered uniform. My front was bunched up and squeezed together as my arms snaked around her muscular back and snatched at the undersides of her own heavy bounty. My abdomen and hips provided the perfect pocket for my superior's sumptuous bum, and when she responded to my hands by arching her back, I got all the ass I could have wanted. Many a day at sea, I would follow her figure from the bridge. Not a single round she made was out of my watchful, binocular-aided eyes.

"Would you quit it!" Her sternness returned. The natives might be afraid of that, but Hannah was a softy under that roughness. I knew from experience. "We need to get the hell out of here!"

"What? Yours are softer than mine! How is that any fair?"

"Verne! Let me go! If you don't, you're seriously gonna get it."

"I wanna get whatever you've got," I teased.

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An elbow came back at me to try to pry me free, but I dodged it. The height difference between us allowed for me to nimbly evade her attempts at prying me away. It also allowed my brand new, naked jugs to bounce around as she tried to cleave herself away from me.

"Get your own!" Hannah barked.

"I did, but they aren't as soft." I did my best impression of a backpack and did not let her go.

"Then milk them for fuck's sake!"

Milk them? That was a thing? "I can *milk* these?"

A voice that was deeper than both of ours came from outside the tent. "Indeed you can, and your milk is that which will heal our people." The voice belonged to the woman who had left us alone minutes ago. She opened the flap of the tent and blinded Hannah and I. Our bodies were soaked with how sweaty we were, and our play was obviously pretty suggestive. She'd caught us with our pants down, but worse because I technically wasn't wearing pants. Her full lips dawned a crooked grin. "The prophecy spoke of our Deliverers being insatiable, but I hadn't expected that your desires were so grand. My apologies, Hannah and Verne - if you would allow me to be so informal. Come with me, as we have completed the first of many preparations set in motion to praise and sustain you both."

Hannah slumped in defeat. Was she thinking we would sneak away before they came back to check on us?

"Do you mind bringing me something that I can write with?" I asked, poking my head over Hannah's shrinking shoulders.

"Soon, my Deliverer. I will send for such an item, but we must have you escorted to the palace first."

My ears rang with echoes of her words. Not only because they were beautiful and exotic, thick with some tribal accent that was musical without effort, but also by the prospect of an escort and a palace. There was the 'praise and sustain' part which sounded pretty good too, but it carried with it the burden of maintaining this lie even longer.

"Actually, could we-" Hannah began. I slapped a hand over her mouth.

"Take us where we need to go, Miss. . ." I paused, waiting for her to name herself. Clear evidence of a culture gap appeared, as she stood without a word with the same crooked grin. "Sorry, what was your name?"

"Ahh, my apologies once more. I am Shah. I am a priestess for our people. Now come."

* * *

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Chapter 2

Day 3

'But Verne! What happened to day two?'

Day two was so brim-full of eventfulness that I didn't have time to write. I don't even remember how I fell asleep if I'm honest. . . But I know I wouldn't have missed that day, or day one for that matter, for anything. Not even for a pair of ruby slippers that could magically take me home; since nothing back home was ever as thrilling as things were on the Blessed Isles.

There. Happy? Probably not. Don't worry, I'll be sure to get on with what happened on the second day. Right after we finish up the first.

So where were we? Ah, yes. The parade. . .

The one that was all for Hannah and me.

"Will you quit that?!"

Hannah squawked from my left, but I ignored her. I would do what I pleased with my mouth.

We gently swayed back and forth, carried in a wooden litter made of bright, young tree branches. Think Ark of the Covenant but doubled in size and replace the Ten Commandments with two white girls. And although we were no tablets of stone penned by God himself, we were definitely treated like sacred treasures by the Islanders. Lining both sides of a road that was three times too wide for our platform were dancing, swaying, bouncing, jiggling women. Hands were cupped to their cheering mouths as we passed by, carried about a foot from the ground by six particularly powerful-looking native women. With each progressive step, the people shouted with the same washing sound of a roaring river at point blank range. They each had perfect white teeth that contrasted their skin hue magically.

The language they used was one I'd never studied. It felt tribal and musical, rich with catchy cadences. I almost started humming along to their chanting. Still, it was clear that only a few of these people - 'Kkarians' was how Shah referred to them - spoke any English. They did, however, manage to communicate with their bodies.

Our little caravan was barely a few yards into the conga line when a lady broke away from the crowd and began to dance in our direction. An escort of ours - I know, we had escorts! Crazy, right? - came over and was about to stop her until she saw that the woman only meant to show her appreciation. Her loincloth was the only thing covering her weighted

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swinging, and before I knew it she was on my side of the platform. She shimmied in a way that was worthy of applause, dancing at my side so that I could watch, then bending over so that I had no choice but to touch as well. My seat was low enough to the ground that this complete stranger could bend at the hip and perch her enormous tits in my face.

I screamed, but it was out of exhilaration. The strange, busty woman mimicked me. Shamelessly, like it was Mardi Gras in New Orleans, my head went back and forth, motor boating a complete stranger. I tasted her cleavage, breathing in skin that I knew had to have been perfumed, and she yanked at the back of my swirling blonde hair till my nose scrunched into her sternum. Each tit were a good foot across so my head was easily captured, and I was surrounded entirely by a sea of her plentiful pillows. She kissed the crown of my head, whispering some words that I did not understand. Then she shimmied her shoulders and I felt the sides of her full jugs caressing my cheeks and ears. God, that was great!

Hannah pulled me free by the shoulders, proving her jealousy over me. "You're fucking gross. You don't even know her!"

See? Jealous. "I don't know, she didn't seem too mad about it."

"I told you, these people are damned crazy."

Shah appeared over Hannah's shoulder, grinning like a serial killer. "I do not believe we are delusional or sick in any way, Deliverer. The people are just pleased with your arrival. Look! She offers herself to you."

Hannah and I turned our heads synchronously to look at the dancing girl. It took both of her sexy hands to heft up her swollen boob. Cutely, she puckered and sucked at her lips, speaking to us without speaking. Her engorged nipple was hanging at my nose, and I did what any respectable Deliverer might.

The girl bucked as I took as much of her flesh behind my teeth as I could. Like biting into a ripe fruit, her gushing milk painted the inside of my mouth with flavor. I sucked and sucked, greedily huffing away as ounce compounded on ounce. Her flow boosted from her burgeoning breast in response to my sucking. I nearly choked. Her flow had become even stronger than the Menders! I had to rush, forcing a vacuum seal as quickly as I could manage so that none would be wasted. But the platform I sat on moved and the girl's constant jiggling was too much. Wires of white laced over my face and taut, full chest before I finally was able to bring my hands up to help stabilize her. Sitting on my knees, I was able to keep her steady and resumed chugging down her supply.

For as long as I could, I gulped down her sticky, white fluid, the saltiness of her skin contrasting perfectly with the sweetness of her gift. Just as quickly as I could begin getting a few mouthfuls, I felt the bloating from before. Amazingly, my stomach was on my side for this one. The pain that one might expect as they consumed more than their stomach could contain was nowhere within my detectable experience. By some miracle, even as I felt my middle pushing further and further out, there was no discomfort. There was only swirling, a

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whirlpool inside me, the steady inward sway that both empowered and relaxed me. I knew precisely where her milk would end up, and it only encouraged me to swallow harder.

The one thing I missed was the sound. The smacking, the liquid squelching, and the labored sound of my throat were all lost in the roar of the crowd. We'd come quite the way, and this stranger had kept pace the whole time. What energy! I'd have to learn her name and congratulate her - if I wasn't already doing just that.

Suddenly, in two awkward pulls, her teat flew out of my mouth. I opened my eyes, seeing a mix of spittle and cream still connecting my lip to her as she was pushed to the side. Another woman, taller with scars on her shoulders and even larger knockers, had come by. She'd boob checked stranger number one, knocking her away with the swinging force of her tits alone.

"Hey! No need to be so. R-rude? I-uhhh."

The sentence was decapitated, and a new pair of tits was presented to me. This woman was darker, and each boob was two feet across (that was no mistake, I promise. She was double the size of the first girl!). Where the first featured pinkish-brown nipples, the current girl was near-purple and much longer. Her areola were raised like bumpy domes, plush and stuffed.

"Holy shit. . ." was all I could think to say. If this progression continued, I'd be at Shah sizes in no time. "Wait a minute. Shah?"

"Yes?" she answered. She was on Hannah's end of the platform.

Looking over the disgruntled boatswain - she could have her turn later, that salty sailor - I answered. "So these women all want me to suck them? I'm not opposed, it's an honor really, but why? What's so special about me?"

"I," she started, her brow knitting closer together. "I expected you both to know since you were sent from the mother above."

Hannah hissed like a cat. "Verne! Cool it!"

My hand landed on top of Hannah's as I tried to comfort her. She snatched it away immediately. "Sometimes, people don't know why the mother above elects them. Even if we did know before, I'm afraid the trauma we endured while traveling may have messed with our memories."

Shah bowed, her huge boobs pressed into the ground as she did. "It was our curse, Deliverers. It angers the tides and brings about terrible storms. My apologies." Then she rose up again. Her expression was cheery once more. She explained that we would need our strength in the coming days. During that time, Shah would begin to remind us of our mission from the 'mother above'. "Though, there is one duty that you seem to already embody. Relieving the people of their great burden, bringing them peace with your mouth,

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that is the fundamental duty of the Deliverers. The sea cannot steal that which is part of you, Verne."

No, it could not. I felt resolve and assurance in my own eyes as I flashed a broad smile. Twisting over quickly, I nabbed the finger-like nipple out of the air like a trained animal and went at it. This trend continued on for what felt like miles. Once one girl saw that my mouth was taking tips (of breasts, get it?), another would dance her way through the crowd and hip bump or boobie bump the previous girl away. Every so often, one would be satisfied with sharing the space and in a moment of dreamlike reverie, I would alternate from one sexy, plump boob to another. Every single one of them was blessed with mammaries that normal girls couldn't even fathom. I could just hear the complaints of the busty women in my life as I inhaled liters of milk. Back pain, shoulder stiffness, neck pain, headaches, difficulty finding bras, too much attention, they get in the way. . .

Ungrateful bollocks.

Here I was on a tropical island in the middle of nowhere with women that were far beyond what the average lady complained about at home, and they were *dancing* for me. As we neared our destination they were playing bronze drums, jumping up and down, and joining in file behind us. Shah kept referring to them as 'burdens' but the ladies that I had sucked off were elated to have my attention and usually went on their way skipping with glee. They certainly were not acting burdened, not in front of me. Once people really started gathering, I started to notice a few younger girls who were more covered up, not showing signs of womanhood, but among the the older girls, there was none smaller than an F cup, and not a bra among the bunch. Terrific!

We parked our litter and Hannah was escorted off, being led away by some Amazonian-looking woman. All our escorts were also topless, but most of them were small for their people (the F cup I mentioned) and wore tan and black, bulky-looking leg covers which connected to a belt around their waists. They were a tough-looking bunch, though most of them were just as tall and muscled as Hannah. Shah came and started to lead me away. I went to stand up and tumbled, landing against a fleshy landing pad provided by our gorgeous priestess. "Sorry, not used to putting on so much extra weight," I admitted.

Shah's hands went to my armpits and helped me find my center as I rose to my knees then to my feet. My body had transformed in a wink like I'd swallowed a pack of fully inflated water balloons, yet I couldn't have felt more alive. My hand went below my distended belly as Shah held me by the shoulder.

"Sorry? No, do not be sorry. I thank you on behalf of our people," Shah nodded, touching my taut, white stomach with a gentle caress. Foreign fingers on my skin brought all kinds of pleasure to me. The only thing better might have been to touch my hyper, perky breasts. They still hadn't been milked, and I was really wanting to rush to that part of our meet up.

"So where are you taking us?"

An arm at my lower back, Shah escorted me forward. The jungle was thick and the followers who had been trailing had all stopped just before the line of forest behind us. Ahead, the

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vegetation was even more foreboding, so dense that seeing through was impossible. Scratchy branches and green knotty vines had to be shoved out of the way at a brisk walking pace. Shah pressed urgently forward and frankly, there could have been a sharp cliff with any of our hurried steps. One wrong move and we could be rolling toward a pit of spikes. However, knowing this island the way I did, it could have also been another flock of cheering Kkarians with tits raised for me to taste. The mystery, the danger, the excitement. The twigs that I snapped as her belly passed them. The bundles of furry leaves sliding over me like tender sheets. If we didn't break the treeline soon, I was going to explode.

"First, you will be taken to the palace keep where we will meet with the Twin Spirit Queens. From there you will have a tour of the most holy space. When your tour is complete, you will be treated to a feast with our greatest selection of food and drink before being shown your quarters where you can rest before the start of the festival tomorrow."

"You girls stay busy around here, huh?"

"Why yes! Though, our work has been quite the toil as of late. But you and Hannah brought us joy and hope. Our faith has become flesh with your arrival."

We entered a denser patch and I lost sight of Hannah's stringent shoulders. We were playing jigsaw just to get my belly and Shah's tits through the maze of vines and branches. For a moment we were stuck. With our progress ceased, I was able to just stand and stare at Shah. She stood taller than me - most people did for that matter - and brought the relief that an old oak tree might. Her eyes were like walnuts, big and brown, and once she saw that I had stopped struggling against the forces of nature, she used them to appraise me. She blinked a few times and her previous grin lost some of its properness. Up until that point, she acted like a travel agent or a tour guide, but the dimples she had when we were close, belly to breast, tied to each other by vines and shielded by elephant ear leaves, were real. If all I had to go on were those eyes, those dimples, or that expression she bore, I would have no issue believing that I had been sent by a god to save her people. She believed every word she had spoken. It showed in how she looked at me in our moment of respite. Perhaps there was even more there, something that was a little short of pure.

Then my insincerity drove a nail into my heart, one that made me want to collapse. I had to will it away with work, and I started pulling vines and leaves out of our way. We weren't sent by any god. That fact was achingly true.

Light broke through the edge of the treeline. By that point, the bark and leaves against my exposed tummy and tits had driven me nuts. Horny was too short a word to justly capture how hollow I felt by the end of it. But then I took my first step out onto a bit of shorter grass. Awe took precedence for an instant. A crater, a mile wide, was before me. The first thing I noticed was that it had to have been all done by hand. A meteor impact would have left a much deeper hole in the ground, but this one was shallow enough that I didn't feel like tumbling down to the bottom in a squishy, bouncy belly roll. At the bottom was a garden filled with hedges and flowers assorted by their gold, white, and purple colors. Then, built at the center of the garden, was the alabaster palace.

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According to Shah, the place was actually a four-layered shrine, and inside lived every single member of the priestesshood. The thing was huge - think a football stadium in length and an office building in height - was made of solid white rock, embedded with rare and precious metals and gems. It was easily the center attraction, blinding those who looked to close. The ring of forest around it was so dark and green that nobody would have been able to see it from the outside, even with how great it was at mirroring the sun's light. From above, the sky was clear and anybody flying over should have been able to see it. Evidently, my hypothesis held some water; we weren't in any ordinary ocean. Somehow, the island must have remained undetected (or at least kept secret) for years and years, long enough for such palaces to be created without much outside interference.

Strange. But not too strange. It had appeal worth Shah's weight in gold, so I didn't worry too much about it.

A short walk later and I met up with Hannah again. She reminded me to keep my wits about me, but I was already being serenaded by the artful architecture. Spiraling columns had engravings that told detailed stories: a developmental cycle from infant to woman, some tales of great beasts and powerful warriors, the birth of the land itself and how the natives learned to tend to the plant and animal life. Milk was present too, usually serving as a thread that connected all these stories; sometimes a trickle, sometimes a tidal wave. I could have spent the rest of my day just dissecting all of the folklore carved into the monuments. It was as if the palace itself was built with those connected stories as a foundation, each pillar being another important cultural stand that protected their holy space. I asked Shah and she agreed that we could come back so that I could really take a gander.

The stairs had similar carvings, each in the written language of the Kkarian. Shah proudly pointed them out to me. The earlier ones had the markings of the planets, the next of the stars. Then came the earth and the forces that controlled it like climate and weather, nature and animal life. Finally, there were stairs for all of the great queens of this land. The current Twin Queens shared a platform all to themselves. It was so culturally enriching - and all the cardio I needed for a day. Alas, there was even more walking to do.

And more stairs to my joy.

It wasn't the official tour by any means, but I started filling in all the spaces the Shah didn't expressly indicate with her sweetly-accented voice.

On the third floor, I noticed a number of statues set up in a corner. "And what are those used for? They have holes just like. . . instruments?"

"Bet it's for sacrificing their kids. . ." Hannah whispered. I gave her a good sock in the arm which hurt me more than her.

"Actually, they are tools that previous Spirit Queens have used for offerings," Shah clarified. She briskly walked over, picked one out, and brought it over to me. The craftsmanship was top notch! The closest I'd seen that that would compare were ivory statues native to India. The Kkarian one had some metallic component to it, though. "This one dates back many years. My great grandmother served during that time. A Spirit Queen spills her burden into

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the jar after several days of not shedding her excess milk. It then overflows this container and creates this streaking that you see here."

She pointed to the outside lips of the two-foot-tall vase. The lip and the holes showed the most variety of colors; gold, white, and purple like the flowers. Long bands of geode-like rivers had permanently stained the ornament of worship. Shah finished explaining and walked it back over to the other sets. They varied in size greatly, and she had only elected to bring over one of the smaller, more manageable ones.

"Now, we are near the most holy space."

When Shah pressed ahead, Hannah nudged my shoulder. She leaned over a little as we walked at a distance, closer to several escorts than to Shah. "You're really eating this stuff up."

"Isn't it amazing!?"

"I don't know. I don't really think so. But this isn't exactly my area of expertise. . ."

I looked up and she had lines around her eyes. Her lips were tense. I knew she was in deep thought. "So. . . what?"

"Don't play dumb. I. . .," her breathing was labored. "If anything looks like it's going south, I'm trusting you to let me know. Right now they seem to be protecting us, being cordial. But. . ."

And she let that hang. She gave me a look not unlike what Shah had given me earlier: vulnerable, trusting, longing. I answered her, wanting my answer to leave her with a sense of peace. "We'll be okay. We'll get through all of this." She wasn't feeling in control of the situation, so I gave her some back. "Play it like you're really interested. Earn their trust. Information is our most powerful tool right now. The more we can understand, the sooner we can make a move."

At the mention of a 'move' Hannah and I turned behind us. The escorts had the same stoic faces, enthused to be in the presence of the Deliverers but hiding it very, very well. The best part? They didn't appear to understand English.

"As long as I don't have to be such a dork like you. I swear, how much dust inhalation did you get as a kid; reading all those old textbooks?"

"You like me dorky so shut up."

"Your rank is not high enough to be privy to such information," she went back to standing tall. The brief encouragement had worked. Plus, she was playing coy again, which meant she was at relative ease. Arms crossed, eyes sharp, commanding walk, chest out like big, squishy torpedoes. She could captain my ship any day.

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From there we entered a chamber. The escorts were exchanged at the door for a set of busty, almost-naked, priestesses. Each had milk profusely dripping to the floor as we came into a golden, circular room that was lit by torchlight. It was a chamber alright; some kinky, lactating sex chamber. The masters of this dungeon were seated on a throne near the back end of the room. Whether they were praying or coddling each other, I couldn't tell but I wanted to be next in line to sit on the laps of those women. When we approached, the lady on the bottom patted the hip of her companion who was resting with her hands folded. Then the second opened her eyes and beheld us. Without a word, in tandem like Gemini made manifest, they rose from their seat and held hands as they came to meet Hannah and me.

Their look, the whole aesthetic, drove me mad with lust. It was clear who ruled the Kkarians. They each had twisting black locks of hair. Each grouping had a small white ringlet secured to its end, and this pattern continued all around, even to the back where their sheets of jet black hair nearly touched their thighs. They wore half headdresses as well, one girl had hers on the right and the other on the left, with a large pearl located at the center of their foreheads. Thin, gold veils encircled their shoulders, and inky white lines and dots created complicated paintings on their cheeks, necks, and breasts. What was most astounding was that they were each a perfect reflection of the other; not a detail was spared. Where one had her headdress on the left side, the other wore hers on the right. Where white body paint spiraled to the left on one, the other had spirals that went to the right. A perfect mirror.

Oh and, unlike the priestesses with their skimpy hip-hiding slivers of clothing, the Queens were stark naked. Were their tits as large as the other priestesses? No. But when they were seated, each of their light caramel sacs could rest in their laps. As they walked, they were so close together that all four bountiful globes swished and clapped as they struck each other. Perfect, identical twins. My sight trailed down to each of their concave waists and the trademark hips that every woman on this island seemed to have. The Queens just had bodies that screamed 'better', though. They walked with long, floating strides and their booties bobbed left and right like they'd choreographed it. The fact that I could see their asses from their fronts was not a fact that escaped me. Neither was how clean shaved they were in. . . certain, female regions. My lips parted to let a heady breath out. 'It had to be twins. . .' I thought with what little brain capacity I had left.

Glancing at each other, then back at us, they spoke and their voices created a pseudo echo. "Deliverers. We welcome you to Kkara." When they bowed together, I felt the need to do the same. I was happy to see Hannah tilting herself forward a little as well, still alert but cooperative. The twin to our left spoke. "I am Passha and this is my sister, Erro. We are the Spirit Queens, and we're pleased that you have blessed us with your presence."

"Paa-shuh" and "Arrow", huh? Passion and Erotic. Not the most inventive, but far from inaccurate.

"This is the most holy space. Usually, it is only my sister and I who are permitted entry, but this is a most special occasion."

"What do you two do in here?" You know, other than taking turns sitting on each others' laps.

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"Pray in the morning. Weekly offering to mother. Bless Deliverer Festival," Erro's pitch was monotone but in the same alto range as her sister.

"Uh huh. So you both share the one throne?"

Passha the talker answered. "Each Queen before us has offered prayer from that seat. Since twins are of one spirit, we see no point in changing years of tradition."

Hannah, trying to be inquisitive, asked a question of her own. "So there've been a lot of ladies on that throne. A lot of ladies in general, actually. Where are all the men?"

Each eye in the room searched the others. The room itself seemed to freeze over, the air turning stale just for the awkward pause.

"Men'? You must really be from the mother above," Passha quipped, holding her sister close.

"Huh, w-what'd you-" Hannah started.

Shah came up to our side. Forward as it sounded, she hooked arms with Hannah, stroking Hannah's muscle through the sleeves of her tattered sailor suit. "You must be referring to the great mystery. That word was used only once in the sacred text, and it has since baffled even the greatest of our scholars - it's my life's work! If you can reveal this great mystery to us, the revelation. . . why, it would be the most momentous occasion in generations. It is the final mystery - a secret blessing the likes of which our people have never seen!" She turned to the queens, jumping right back into proper character. "Aside from the ascension of our Twin Spirit Queens, of course."

"No need to praise us, High Priestess. It would be grand indeed. But trouble not our Deliverers with study. They have journeyed a long way, and not without trouble. I see one of them has been at work already. I must commend your tirelessness."

I was too busy snorting at Hannah to notice me being mentioned. Every servant in the room now looked at her with stars in their eyes, ready to learn about what a 'man' was. Funny how the girl who wanted to stay far away from the locals had successfully popped every lady boner in the room. Bravo, Hannah.

But the room's attention came to me next. Erro had a docile feel to her that her sister Passha lacked. She was the precious doll atop her sister's lap, she had been the one that was pulled along as Passha squeezed her hand. So for her to be the forward one, to stand before me and lift my belly into her hands, everyone was shocked. Wordless she stood, watching me, silently praying over me, fluttering her long lashes. My heart would not be still.

"So uhh, if either of the Spirit Queens ever needs their burdens lifted. . . I, err-"

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"She will come bearing no burden of her own, for she will bear the burden of her people. She will take away their daily toil, and she will bring them rest."

"I'll do what?"

Passha grinned. "It's from the prophecy, the one foretelling your arrival. You had no burden to bear when you arrived, correct?"

Flat-chest jokes came from the most curious of places.

Then suddenly, Erro lived up to her name by being as erotic as possible. She hefted one of her jugs and her nipple hovered in my face. More forceful than I could have predicted, her stem pierced my lips. She let down instantly and started milking herself into my mouth. She would squeeze and I would bear the torrent. I nearly drowned, shocked by how abrupt she had acted, but in time I was in synergy with her, ministering to her quivering nipple. She expressed into me, greater and greater amounts. As I settled, my arms rose on their own and laced around her waist. That sparked a few gasps from the onlookers, but Erro waved them off.

"How is it, my sister?" Passha asked from over her sister's shoulder.

"Natural. Soothing." Back to choppy sentences again, huh?

"As expected. She'll free us at last from this curse," like she didn't want to be ignored, Passha appeared at my right shoulder and began to rub my stomach from the side. With her fingers present, I could feel myself stretching further into her. "Drink, Deliverer. We graciously pass our burden to you who is able and willing to accept it."

It was almost cartoonish how loudly I gulped down Erro's milk. The chamber walls made the sound bounce, the torches made the light shift romantically. Erro by far had the richest bounty of all the women I'd tasted. It was almost too sweet, too suspiciously smooth to be from a woman. Where some of the others went down like heavy cream or like rushing water, her flow was powerful and steady. I held her even closer, my arms locking around her narrow waist. I'd gotten precisely what I wanted, and as long as I could stand, I wouldn't have minded sucking and sucking for hours.

Milk dribbled down my lip, but my tongue was too busy to catch it. I pressed into Erro's soft, right boob with my face and cheeks, being sure to coat her teat with my loving tongue, coaxing more and more from her laden breast. My belly started pushing even further into both twins as I swallowed ever faster. Having limited curve to begin with meant that every inch of heft I gained was palpably visible. I felt a rivulet form at the corner of my mouth and it ran down my neck, over my swollen cans, and over the hill of my belly. I could have passed for being overdue with triplets, and I still didn't feel even the slightest twinge of pain. There was a sloshing that started to develop, almost as loud as my heavy swallowing, the more Passha massaged me. Her hand rocked me back and forth as she cradled my upper body with her own pair of caramel boobies. After I'd drained Erro, I knew exactly what my next target would be.

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"With all due respect, my highnesses, I remind you that we are preparing a feast for the Deliverers. If Verne is to be prepared for the meal, it is imperative that she take some time to rest in her quarters," Shah spoke, though her new girlfriend Hannah was scowling at the current affection.

"Yea, knock it off, Verne," Hannah's comment was the exclamation mark to Shah's point.

I'd be damned if I stopped myself, but Erro retreated from me. My hands fell to my sides, bumping into my belly as they went. My gut was wider than my hips! It hung down to the tops of my thighs! If the pudge I had from the mender had given me what I believed were D cups. . . a static shock slithered up my spine at the thought. Would I grow to be Erro sized? Or maybe even Shah sized!

"You are correct, High Priestess. Deliverers Hannah and Verne, we're sorry this meeting took up most of your tour time. If you would forgive us and adjourn to your rooms, we'd love to meet you this evening for dinner," Passha received her sister once more, cradling her close so that they were connected at the breast and the hip. Erro still dripped a steady stream and her areola on her right tit was darker than it was on the left, shimmering from where I had left my mark.

"Can't. Wait," Erro's voice shook noticeably.

"Neither can I. We tend to bloat after we eat," Passha winked at me.

From there we were escorted away. Most of the entourage turned into a human shield protecting the Queens while Shah hung back with Hannah and me - much closer to Hannah though. We went up one more insufferable flight of stairs where we were introduced to a few of the housekeepers. None of them were priestess sized, but their boobs looked just like mine: bloated and painful. I sympathized with them, now knowing how distracting having your topless body bounding around could be (detracting because of horniness, by the way. Not because of pain). My 'concern' must have shown on my face, since Shah rebuked me before I'd even made a move.

"I assure you, Deliverer Verne, that the feast tonight will have every dish you could possibly imagine. You will want to be able to try it all."

"Or even fit at the table," Hannah said. She jerked for the tenth time and Shah let her go. "No more milk. I'm cutting you off."

A particularly sexy lady in an apron - and only an apron - walked by carrying some linen in a basket. She puckered her lips and kissed the air when we made eye contact. We were definitely on the same wavelength.

"No milk at all?!" I turned back to Hannah and Shah.

"Wait and see how you feel once you fully process what you currently have. After that, do as your heart desires. Every woman on this island is committed to your service. The women on this floor have been given the task of meeting any demand you have for them."

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"Any task?"

"Why, of course."

Shah lowered her chin just a little and turned her big, brown eyes toward Hannah. When her eyes had been on me, lust was more of an undertone. When her eyes were on Hannah, she was practically screaming for attention. She placed her hands on top of her mammoth knockers, trying to be as cute as possible. Fortunately, she captured cute and sexy in a single act. "I will return just before sunset to escort you to dinner. I'll. . . be reviewing the scriptures in my spare time. I hope we will be able to discuss them at greater length over a meal, Deliverer Hannah."

Hannah rolled her eyes.

I nearly rolled over laughing.

Shah bowed her signature bow, her tits springing off the floor like a bouncing beanbags. She backed away from us, then turned once she was down the hall and went descended down the stairwell.

Hannah and I didn't even have time to move an inch before one of our servants was in her face. She was a narrow thing, thinner than I had been even before I'd bloated up. Yet her bronze tits were larger than her head! I was beginning to think that every girl on the island had readily erect nipples. Either that or they were all perpetually aroused. Hopefully, the second guess was the case.

In an adorable attempt at broken English, she spoke. "You. I help. D-deleeverror? You me help, DeliVERror?" Her words were slow like she was pulling up every English lesson she had ever had for use in that one moment. Afterward, she sucked her puckered lips: the universal sign for 'can you *please* suck my nipples?'.

"Any task?," I raised a brow.

Hannah returned my punch from earlier.

Before you get suspicious, reader, I asked her for something to write with.

Even I had limits.

I had a brief chance to sit down and start my journal - with parchment and ink. What a throw back. My first entry was penned in those few minutes of solace. I had the luxury of the entire floor at my disposal, as it had been reserved specifically for Hannah and I and however many servants we had. I had already planned to take full advantage of the time alone.

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Until the predictable began to happen, and I eventually got my answer on how ludicrously huge I would become.

Oh, and I banged one of my servants.

But you'll have to wait and read about that next time.

Like I said, it was quite the eventful first and second day.

* * *

Chapter 3

Day 3 Cont

My legs were off to the side of a low sort of coffee table. Did they even need coffee in the Blessed Isles? My curled fingers felt the tactile scratching of a quill against paper, trails of ink being left in my scraggly sort of handwriting. 'It would probably be mostly cream anyway', I thought, suddenly desirous for a keg of Kkarian coffee.

There was nothing I could think of anymore, nothing but the different flavors that I had tasted on my way to the palace. Even as I wrote about being washed up on a beach, the tragedy of having been unconscious for three whole days, having a crew that I had worked alongside being lost on some other island with no civilization whatsoever, I couldn't clear my head. A haze surrounded me, faint but effective at halting all forward writing progress.

What was wrong with me?

"Ugh! Stupid."

I adjusted my body again. It wasn't science, but maybe I'd stimulate blood flow to my brain? I was just so frustrated, desperate to make sense of how I'd been feeling. Blood flow did kick in, but it avoided my brain and corralled around my nipples. Milk sloshed about my middle, reminding me that the reason I had to sit sideways in the first place was that my titanic milk-filled belly would not fit underneath the table. My perky, screaming breasts were a similar story, just as taut as my perfectly rounded belly and just as full of sexual need. My body was a red neon light of horniness, wobbling when I slid my butt across the floor to find the most comfortable bit of rug I could find, jiggling when I finally found it. I felt so good as each inch of my flesh awakened to how sensitive it was. I worried that the stain I was leaving on the rug might not come out as I settled into a new spot.

Hurriedly, my hand flew across the page line by line. Last time I was this hurried to write was in secondary school, but this time I had incentive besides a grade on a report card. I was done with being a prisoner to my lust. I'd held it back long enough. My arm rushed from left to right with words that were illegible even to me and when my diary entry concluded, I dropped the pen on the table. I stood, my hands flying to my young, pert pair

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of breasts and I hissed at how sensitive they were. My hands cradled them gently but even the lightest touch almost knocked me over. More than any breast I had touched or tasted, my chest was weighty and laden. My taut, milky balloons felt like they would pop if I scratched them too hard with my nail. Still, I lifted each of them, my plump, creamy fun bags, and let them drop and jiggle.

Had they gotten bigger? It would have explained the recent surge in my vibrating body, the crackling of my nerve endings that made my thin arm hair stand on end. Primed for milking, my raging nipples stood out an inch in length. That would have been a shocker - if my nipples were the only things doing the growing? Yea, I wouldn't have liked that - had it not been for how my young, perky tits had ballooned several inches in every direction to compensate. There was more cushion underneath them and my areola were bulging with pinkish hues. I dared to touch them, the rosy crowns around my trembling nipples, and the skin there was extra-smooth, contrasting how some others had little bumps on their darker halos. Chemical fireworks went off and my knees banged against each other as my thighs clenched. The place where my legs met felt like it was erupting, the universal sign that my hands were on the right track. Still, it took a moment to collect myself and in those few seconds, I day dreamed about what life would be like with such delicious-looking tits.

My nipples did indeed look delicious. With the beat of my quickening heart, they would shiver and quake sexily. Before I knew it, my full, double D cup breast began to leak, my left first but then my right as well. A white drop appeared at the head of my twin peaks, a bead that grew in size until it was too heavy. It fell, and a path of milk drizzled down to the lowest point of my underboob before falling to the floor. Unlike a rain drop, my milk landed with a 'splat' and did not disperse as quickly as water might. My milk was *extra creamy*.

That tore it for me.

I swore to myself, looking both left and right to make certain that I was alone. My tongue was dry as it left my mouth, heading straight for one of my bulging, nectar-filled jugs. With careful hands, I lifted my left one up and unsurprisingly my oversized nipple was more than in range. My smoky breathing descended and tickled my pink peak as my tongue rolled softly into my mouth-wateringly massive breast. The whole of my torso lurched up in a weird muscle spasm. I blinked rapidly at the taste, wondering what had just happened. It was only after I realized the need to swallow that I understood what had just taken place. Everyone else lactated with a steady stream; sometimes a rushing river depending on the size of the girl. My left nipple had bulged, the slit opening visibly for only a moment, and a shotgun-style shot had blasted not only my mouth but my lips, chin, and neck!

Following behind the initial explosiveness was a steady, urgent flow that made my bursting hooters wobble in my hand. I tucked myself forward and held on for the ride. I was sucking myself off, self-stimulating my silky, sweet boobs even as they sent all-natural milky lotion all over my body. My right nipple was just as active, and a spattering of my product was visible on the other side of the room in a line. I started to moan.

I wasn't anymore than a few heavy swallows in when I encountered even more cannon fire. My inflated, left breast wobbled once more and I felt my nipple elongate in my mouth. This time I had to endure the full shot and a tear came to my eye as the force of my own

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lactating breast smacked the back of my throat. I wasn't prepared for my own strength and I was knocked back onto my modest rear, landing on the rug beside the table from earlier. Though the fall hurt a little I couldn't have calmed down even had I wanted to. My libido had been accelerating ever since my waking on the Blessed Isles, and it had come to a head only moments ago. A grin came to my lips, though the gesture caused a string of my milk to appear and drip down my face all while conquering yet another tsunami produced by my own chest.

That's right, it was my chest that was responsible for such energetic production. My mind caught up to what my body knew instinctively, and I moaned again, toes curling at my new pleasure. My boobs felt great, they looked great, and they made the most deliciously creamy milk. Picking favorites was something I didn't normally do, but there was something sexy about knowing that I now had more to offer. More perky flesh, harder and longer nipples, and unnumbered ounces of viscous, pure white syrup.

"E-eh?"

I looked up and saw one of my servants entering my room. She was a girl of medium height. Small, tight curls made up a puffy helmet of hair, though it made her look all the cuter and reserved. I was finally starting to get used to girls being topless around me, but that didn't stop me from watching the way her brown pair had not stopped bounding since she had entered my room. Her bare feet stopped only a step away from where I had fired my milky missile onto the floor and when she saw that something just as thick was landing on my naked torso and thighs, her mouth fell open with awe.

"U-uwa?"

"Mmmn, come here," my nipple was still tucked in the corner of my mouth and I talked between swallows. A curled finger invited her over and she came to her knees beside me.

"Any demand," I whispered to myself, my eyes slitting since I knew what my first would be.

I dropped my saliva-slicked nipple from my mouth and it grew redder as it bobbed playfully against my torso. When my servant was close enough I brought a hand to the back of her neck and brought her in close. She jerked back twice, resisting, but I comforted her with a few sweet kisses and she yielded to my silent request. Her mouth was soft and gentle. Her lips were thicker and comfier than my own. My nipple seemed to straighten out even more just for her and once I arched my back, my dripping rod was in her mouth.

"I thought I should share. There was no way that I could have drank it all myself," I lied.

She relaxed and sighed into me sweetly, her resistance gone. I pinched playfully at her neck and she began to suckle cautiously. I could have orgasmed from that alone. In fact, the same chemical signal and spotted vision that usually came from an orgasm came to me then, but my young, endowed rack seized instead of my loins. Another kick of force and my milk had forced my servant's cheeks wide. This time it was not one, but a series of steamy shots of nipple-widening milk that backed up and began to leak from her pouty mouth.

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"Drink it all. No waste," I held her firm even as she tried to back away. Her hands reached out and squeezed whatever they could find. They happened to grab my distended belly which was the wrong thing to grab. It gurgled at her clutching and only brought me more pleasure. Milk from my right breast flew far enough to spatter the wall instead of the floor, picking up a few extra feet of firing force from the pleasure she brought. Her rich, gooey reward was mostly wasted and that was a disappointment to me, but this was probably her first time with something so vigorous. I sympathized with how I had surprised her so and let her back away for a moment. She went into a fit of coughs, my thick milk clogging her throat. But she looked happy between her attempts at clearing her airway.

"What's your name?" I asked.

She went to speak and coughed again. I pulled her close so that her nose was pressed into my cleavage. I couldn't ignore how hard my nipples were or how good they felt being juttied into someone else's body. It was as if their length was infinite, but they were not the only areas where I was growing. I noticed from having a head between my boobs that they had done the opposite of what I would expect. Instead of shrinking or losing stiffness, my tits only grew larger and heavier looking. One thing was for sure, though: I would never tire of the sight I had before me. My cinnamon-skinned servant raised her frizzy head and watched me with caring eyes. My own milk was still dripping from both corners of her mouth and it slicked every surface between us even as she laid on me. Each of my heavy, growing, bouncy boobs acted as pillows for her body, and my nipples grazed the tops of her knockers, sending me signals of ecstasy as they continued their constant flow of yummy nectar.

"Luula," she wheezed adorably.

Then she repositioned and took my right nipple into her mouth.

Her slick, comforting saliva mixed with my all-natural formula as several drops made quickened journeys down our soft, fleshy bodies. As she sucked and sucked, occasionally I would blast her again but she took each shot bravely even if she could not swallow it all. The rest she captured like a champ and moaned with her noisy gulping as she enjoyed my gift to her.

I groaned her name, coaxing her to go even harder and faster, knowing that she would never drain me. The swirling in my belly brought me the comfort and heavy eyelids that it had before. I knew exactly what was happening inside me. Just like with the mender, my tits were growing again, channeling every ounce of milk in my stomach and transporting it by work of a miracle to my breasts. I plumped up more and more and I placed my hand on top to get a good feel for my expanding tits. My size augmented under the touch of my hand as even more cushion started bulging. My expansive tits continued to be filled as they oozed the white, nectarous stuffing that was rapidly filling them. In no time, my breasts each laid below my rib cage and in equal portion, my belly began to flatten itself. I went from looking overdue with triplets to having a standard nine-month pregnancy over the course of a few minutes and in that time my tits only ballooned to even more remarkable sizes. My wide, plenteous spreads of girl-flesh poured forward and overtook my torso like I could never expect. They were massive and only pressing further forward. Luula went from

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being able to comfortably suck at my lusty summits to being crushed by my underboobage as they swelled out in only seconds. She was pushed up and back, being forced away by my girthy pair of perky new boobs.

I had nipple-stimulated orgasms several more times, flurries of accelerated pumping from my milk-stuffed globes and in those several seconds of bliss my growing would stagnate as I output just as much milk as I was being inflated with, but after the messiness I caused by nearly choking my servant who gagged on my increased production and after flooding one side of the room with my unattended nipple, my growth would continue.

After my last orgasmic offering, I gave me left tit a rough rubbing down, raking my fingers over my new sensitive flesh just as my stomach finally started to flatten out. "Sorry, sweet heart. You're doing so good down there," I apologized as Luula sputtered out milk from my heavy, thick rod. Her hand was beneath her, tending to something. "That was a *really* good orgasm, though. Ooh, my tips are raw from how good you are!"

I squeezed her close to me, forcing her onto my mammoth tit. I never wanted her to stop.

"Verne! You're choking her!"

My gaze fluttered upward. It was Hannah. She was looking right at me. Her voice was stringent and disciplinarian but her expression was utterly baffled. Then it shifted to wonderment, then a flash of lust, then back to business once again. She came over and pried Luula from my grip. Our bodies were connected by strings of stretched milk and saliva until the girl was standing again. Even then we were both drooling over how our bodies shimmered as if they had been painted with glitter. Her belly was distended like a steely ball of copper, freshly polished, and was about the size I had been when all of this had started. Luula and I lusted for one another as if we didn't have an audience.

The sergeant angrily ordered us anyway, though. "Shah's here to take us to get ready for dinner. W-would you please just get up and get something to put on?"

Hannah could *not* keep from watching my nipples. Her eyes were telling me what her mouth would not. "Fine, I'll go get ready. You think they have a shower or something around here?" I decided to play it cool, but I knew what Hannah wanted. She'd given me those eyes before. We were planed together with the roof at her back and me against her mattress. Her smell and hair were everywhere, a faint red emergency light only making her creamy skin look even more blushed than it already was. She rode over me, beating me madly with the heat of her passion and sex, and though the seas were rough I could not discern them from the exploring digits that crashed against my inner walls. I screamed bloody murder as I was tossed in her storm and she swallowed my ardor with her mouth the moment it escaped. I heard myself crying for her and she answered me with accurate, personal attention. Then I heard someone else calling her name.

It was the crew. They were looking for her. The waves were over our deck from a cyclone that was abnormally forming all around us. They needed her hands, her might, her eyes, her detail-oriented mind to navigate the storm but I was busy claiming them as my own. I

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had them, and for a stupid, fleeting second a thought crossed my mind: 'If this ship sinks, I'd be fine drowning in her arms. . .'

Yea, that was stupid. Very stupid. Bloody idiotic.

I had to brace myself against the table to stand. Once I did, my tits pushed out in front of me and I almost fell with their momentum. Each one was absurdly perky standing about a foot in front of me. With my emaciated middle and lack of hips or legs, I had quite the outlandish boob-to-body ratio. I couldn't see my feet anymore for my back-breaking, walloping pair of gravity-defying boobs, or much of the floor in front of me for that matter. At least they looked awesome, right? With all the sloppy, milk play that had gone on my exceptionally excitable monsters of breasts looked freshly oiled and continued dropping huge globs of milk from my thumb-like nipples.

"I don't know," Hannah finally answered. She gulped pretty visibly and her lips were in a tight, tense line. She backed out, her feet having to step through my self-made puddles and left the room. "Just get to looking presentable. Shah! Verne's going to need some time to freshen up."

"She can take all the time she needs," Shah's voice was right outside my room door. When Hannah stepped out, Shah's head poked around to view me. "This floor has your own bathing space if you so require. I'll have your servants prepare that and a fitting garb for your evening."

I was massaging my boobs, excited to start life with them, amorous despite Shah's uneven brows and puzzled head tilt. "Sure, that would be nice."

Maybe an hour later, after having three maid servant girls wash, perfume, and dress me - which is kick ass for those of you have never had someone else dress you (not your parents when you're a kid, but as an adult surrounded by girls that clearly want to minister to your round, defiant bazongas). Leaving the upper floor, slowly this time since I couldn't see the stairs I was stepping down, I followed Shah and Hannah through the palace to the ground floor. Two of the taller Kkarian women were standing at posts outside of a massive golden door and when they saw us approach they stepped aside, wordlessly granting passage. In we went, greeted by applause. Hannah went first with Shah right behind her. Women screeched for them, hysteria raving from what one might expect to be a pop concert. When I looked around the corner to the right there was a vast openness; a plaza with a floor that looked to be made of bamboo. Kkarian women numbering hundreds upon hundreds fit into the space and spilled out behind onto the lawn that was hundreds of feet back. To the left was a kneeling table that stretched out across a raised platform. Hannah and Shah went up and sat in the spot appointed to them. Queens Passha and Erro were already there and greeted them with smiles and nods.

Then it was my turn.

I was still awkward with my new body so I took it slow. Passha rolled her fingers beckoning at me to come as well, so I entered this coliseum of topless ladies. I went up a small ramp and appeared on the stage and thunderous clapping came from my right side. Women were

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swatting the upper platform, ramming it with their bodies. They were trying to climb up it but guards kept them back. I had to admit, I felt a vain sort of pride seeing that. Hannah and Shah had gotten applause, but I seemed to have all the frenzied groupies. No doubt they were reacting to my topless, heaving, milk-filled fun bags which bounded off my taut stomach. Either they lusted for them or they liked that I had embraced the whole busty-but-thin body type that seemed to dominate the island. Either way, I couldn't be upset and tried my best not to get too big headed about it. (I failed royally, by the way).

I wore a set of gold necklaces and a red and gold striped harem skirt whose waistband sat on my flattened belly button. Those were my only protection from the greedy eyes of my new followers. Their cheering I could feel in my swishing tits as they bounced along with my uneven cadence. Nervously, I waved at them and when they saw they had my attention their cheers doubled, turning into something readable on a Richter scale.

Finally, I made it to my seat. I was on the far end. Erro was to my right then Passha, Hannah, and Shah.

"Welcome, Deliverers! To the first of many festivities in your honor!" Passha raised her voice and the crowd which had been vociferous before became impressively docile. "The Queens, the people, and the Great Mother are all blessed by your arrival! Tonight, we show our thanks. From the royalty, we offer a feast of traditional Kkarian cuisine prepared by our finest artisans. The people show appreciation with dance and fellowship. And may the Great Mother offer her appreciation by empowering you, our esteemed Deliverers, in your continual service!"

The villagers seemed to like the speech. Once Passha finished, drums began to play. Some of the torches were extinguished creating a cozy dance atmosphere. Great metal trays taking two women to carry were brought out and sat in front of us. Every vibrant color and zesty smell one could dream of was rolled out in front of us, all prepared not only for taste but for sight. I probably could have gotten by on more milk, but the smell of grub in front of me reminded my taste buds of how much they missed the taste of well-seasoned seafood.

Out of nowhere, Erro leaned into me. Her chest, still a canvas for the twisty white tattoos from earlier, was turned in my direction and she caught my arm between her raw, naked breasts.

"Hello," she said, lifelessly.

"Uh. Hey."

We sat silently for a while, her pressing her soft, malleable orbs over me, nearly knocking me over.

"D-did you want something?" I asked.

"No."

"Oh, then uh. . . why are you pressing into me?"

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It may have looked like I wasn't pleased to have her grinding her torso all over me but I was very much on board. There was just no context to the situation or at least none that I could read. Erro operated without a hint of intent in her words and only a limited collection of facial expressions. When I considered it honestly, my asking might have dislodged a potentially intimate moment between myself and my so-far favorite Queen. Still, it would have been nice for her to at least say something first.

"Just. In case," she mumbled, her eyes on the table of treats instead of on me.

"In case what? Is something going to happen?"

"In case. You want to touch them."

"T-touch them?" I almost held back my opinion. Back home people were often freaked out at how plainly I spoke about my interest in sex and girls. Hannah only seemed to tolerate it, which spoke more for her patience than anything else. She herself was bi-curious but even if she did have sexual urges she kept her compulsion to express those urges behind a public filter. My own filter was shabbily made and constantly under repair but it existed and suspended my flirtatious comment. But the Kkarians were before me in their masses and Erro was cuddling me while talking about my desire to grab her tits as candid dinner conversation. Nobody on Kkara seemed like the type to hide anything and that, to me, was profoundly refreshing. "Well, I always want to touch them, but-"

Erro spread her legs around me, one along my right thigh and one behind my butt so that her back was to her sister. The fact that her snatch was only a single bit of fabric away from my thigh was apparent to me. She used her hands and gave her tits a firm squeezing that translated as squishy tit flesh completely enveloping my right arm. Her hulking pillows were pulled up and down my arm in long strokes, jerking off my bicep as it were. Plush, titanic breasts made for quite the enjoyable vice and I suddenly didn't care that I couldn't move my right arm. Her nipples grew hard almost instantly and I could feel her rigid lengths gliding up and down the side of my own swollen orbs. We were about the same size now, though hers were definitely better at doing this sort of job.

"Good?" she tilted her head, her movement stopped as her tiny hands tried their best to wrestle her irresistibly soft pair of jugs.

If only to make her keep going, I replied positively.

"I'm. Happy," then I saw her lips part just enough for her teeth to come through and the edge of her lips cracked upward into her cherub cheeks. A band of her black hair fell out of place and landed square between her yellow, speckled eyes.

"Wow. . ." I said for the first time in my memory to actually express speechlessness. About five women had gathered at the edge of our vision. I noticed them pointing and giggling at Erro's actions, though I couldn't tell if they were jealous or giddy for us. It dawned on me what we probably looked like and instead of being embarrassed, I went along with it. I really must have been blessed by some goddess because I didn't often get tits for an arm

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rest. "Are you hungry? Want me to feed you?" I asked, more for my benefit than for hers. She might accidentally kiss my finger in the process, checking yet another box in my date-a-busty-girl-fantasy.

She shook her head and clapped her cleavage around my bicep a few times playfully. "Can't eat. Till everyone is here."

"We're expecting someone else?"

"All of the island's royalty has to be here to present this gift to the deliverers. There is one other," Passha leaned back on her arms, her boobs laying on each side of her thanks to their blimp-like mass. "And the feast can't really start till she gets here."

And just like that, the drumming stopped. The people stopped dancing. Erro stopped massaging my arm, stopping my pleasure which I was not happy about. The rest of my life had been like some piece of fiction written just for me, so I was not surprised that the last member of royalty would arrive the moment she was mentioned. On our left, from a corner that I had not noticed before, appeared a girl. The first things I noticed on her from a distance was that she wasn't topless - she and Hannah must have been the only ones - and that her eyebrows were slanted angrily. Her eyes were really what spoke loudest, even if she was wearing a G-cup concealing shroud around her shoulders that flowed behind her, and they spoke with a brooding sort of angst that was only appropriate on the teenage looking girl. She received no applause and no one dared to welcome her with cheers. She came in my direction and even if I did like how her pokey nipples would tent the front of her sheet, I realized that everyone else treated this girl like she was death's daughter.

Fate had her squat next to me. She didn't meet my eyes, didn't say a word, and didn't acknowledge that anybody was at the table with her. She simply took a breaded dish from a small serving plate, tossed it back into her mouth, and started chewing.

Somebody placed the needle back on the record and the party kept going.

"Whoa whoa whoa, so nobody is going to explain what's happening-. . ."

"Eat," Erro stuffed some delicious garlic-y treat against my lips, forcefully breaking my sentence. It tasted shrimp-like, but there was less of a brine and more of a sweetness. Her boobs went to work again and I was tempted to just forget, like everyone else, that another person was at our table. "Good?"

"It's great! But uh. . ."

I glanced to my left. I was stuck in her eyes; the mystery girl's piercing golden eyes. She wasn't like normal people, not even like Erro or Passha. She was much lighter skinned than anybody on the island. I could tell, even in low light, that she had an olive complexion, that her braided hair had been dyed blonde in places, and that she had a bolder tone in her irises.

Erro sighed. "Sister. . ."

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I blinked. "There's another sister?"

"What?" the black-cloaked girl spoke, answering Erro's address without looking.

Erro, never the one to show any kind emotion, reached around my back and pulled me closer to her. Her tits smashed right into my own, distracting me with a pile-up of our amazing tit flesh. I'd have enjoyed it more, but Erro was searching for something to eat with her other hand. She pointed at an item, then looked up at me.

"Feed me. Now."

So that was Erro when she was pissed.

"Feed yourself for once," I heard the girl to my left mutter. Erro's eyes could have decapitated the girl.

Passha chimed in, airing out the conversation with some civility. "Girls, let's put on a good face for the people, shall we? This feast is for the Deliverers, after all."

Erro nodded. She then forced me to feed her some sort of finger food which she munched angrily.

"Once you find them, I'd be happy to celebrate."

"Chunali!" Passha's voice lashed out as if it might manifest physically and silence the girl. "Keep your blasphemous tongue in check!"

Another awkward pause grew up with me in the middle. I leaned forward to see what Hannah's take on all of this was. Shah was seated in Hannah's lap, feeding the seafaring woman the finest of delicacies from across the island. They were having a conversation, probably about boys, but it was isolating the family quarrel to my side of the table.

"So, uhh," I started, turning in death's direction. "I don't think we've met formally yet?"

"No we haven't," suddenly willing to exchange pleasantries, the girl actually smiled at me. I quickly saw how she could be the sister of the twins. She was younger for sure, and sassier, but she carried their body type and otherworldly sort of beauty. "I'm Chunali, princess and priestess. You can just call me Chuna or Chu. I don't really mind."

She was. . . different, if I could put it that lightly. I lowered my head a few degrees and tried my best to look genial. "My name's Verne. Nice to meet you."

"Deliverer Verne. . ." Passha amended from behind me. I didn't need to see her to know how peeved she was. "And you'll behave yourself around her."

"I always behave. I treat people with the respect they deserve," Chu explained to me. Then she whipped out her fangs for her sisters. "So if you can't prove that someone is sent from

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the Great Saint, then I don't think they *deserve* to be treated as if they were. Actually, if you don't know for a fact that they are the Deliverers then we might be celebrating a false prophet and that would make *you* the blasphemers."

"Then leave! Better yet, we'll have you escorted out!"

A frazzled-looking guard came from my blindspot and hovered just behind Chunali. With a single, tan hand the dark-robed princess made the six-foot-six warrior guard freeze in place. Up until that point, she was a princess in name alone but her ability to command guards proved that she had some influence at her disposal.

"Sorry! I got my words mixed up. I thought you said to 'behave' but you actually meant 'shut up and eat'. If that's the case then I've got no problems," Chunali shrugged and went about eating her dinner. Passha's eyes lingered but she went back to eating as well.

Erro held me tight. "Sorry," then she went about feeding me.

But I couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't over just yet. The eating ended, then came the concert, then the ceremonial dancing. I was so swept up that I noticed too late how Chu had dismissed herself. I saw her wide, womanly hips - too wide for her frame - and her gargantuan, basketball behind leaving with an effortless, sensual sway as she exited from where she had entered. Her hips were grander than either of her adult sisters like her genetics were stronger than theirs. Many things about her felt stronger than her sisters; bolder, more fierce, more cynical. Chu was suspicious.

For the first time on our trip to the Blessed Isles, I felt genuine fear that Hannah and I could be found out. Just like that, trepidation entered paradise.

Not too shabby as far as development goes, huh? I'm not inclined to brag.

Everything but the end there which really was quite the scare.

At least Luula was around. She helped deal with the paranoia in her own special way.

She has the longest, most slender fingers. . . just so we're clear.