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The Blessed Isles Chapters (4-6)

Chapter 7

The sand shifted beneath our feet as we walked, but where it flowed there was no telling. If I stood still I'd probably find out where so much sand was flowing, but with the warehouse-sized room resembled an Egyptian tomb I thought better of flirting with the Nile's sandy cousin. Plus, Chu was dredging through toward the solid platform at the center undeterred. Trusting her judgement in situations like these was probably for the best.

When we'd arrived at solid ground once more, I couldn't help but notice how clean and well-kept the center of the chamber was. Each of the statues, which stood in various poses while facing each other's backs like the metal horses on a carousel, had a glossy touch to them as if freshly polished and not a hint of dust was to be found on any fixtures; omitting the sand we'd just tracked onto the textured, white disk.

"This is the Most Holy Space," Chu declared. "And we're going to see if you two are worthy to be here." She raised her chin to me, looking down her nose while gesturing to a peculiar statue at the back of the waffled sumo ring floor. "That is the image of the Kkarian who received the words of the Great Saint many years ago. Today, we believe that she protects the scriptures from those unholy. How it works," she gesticulated for Hannah and I to approach a bowl, carved neatly into the ivory, where a three-foot woman with tits down to her hips had been sculpted. "Is if you are unworthy, the pit is bottomless and your sacrifice will not be accepted no matter how much you milk. But, if your heart is pure and receptive, your nectar will be received and you will be given access to the ancient texts."

"Spooky shit," I couldn't help myself.

Hannah was on my page. "So that's how it works, huh?" she asked Chunali.

Chu's attention was on the statue but her focus was undefined, like she was looking for different colors within the golden glow of the scripture protector; for meaning beyond what she'd just described. "Nah, it's all probably symbolic. I'm sure you could fill the basin with water and be done with it. No judgement, no 'worthiness'; just tradition."

"So?" I turned in her direction instead of in the direction of the sacrificial spot.

She gave me a meaningful look. "I believe in the importance of tradition." Then she cradled her right breast in her left hand. The other hand came up and began applying pressure to the top, working her flesh like molding clay. Astoundingly, her nipple came to life on command with almost no stimulation, as if her body was reacting to the dried relic before

us. Then her features fell, sinking into pleasure as her G cups started yielding more and more to her increasing aggression.

Now, Chu was by no means gigantic. She was considered pretty small for a Kkarian - a sexy fact that is worth repeating: G cup is small on this island. But size didn't mean anything. It meant nothing considering she was also a royal who had no doubt made multiple sacrifices in the name of tradition. Proof of that fact came when milk rushed out of Chu's nipple in a cone of mist to begin with, then with a powerful number of streams. The pleasure chased its way from her erect buds into all of her body, muscles twitching as an air of peace overwhelming her. She lactated with dedication into the bowl on the ground and watched her milk build up before disappearing below the surface.

There were holes on the sides of the statue where the milk would drain. Maybe there was some vat inside the golden boob statue itself; maybe even below it? Regardless, Chunali's milk-laden orbs spewed sweet ambrosia through the air so beautifully that my throat dried just watching her. Her gorgeously endowed jug was liberal with its spraying, more than what should have been able to come from tits her size. She was indeed a royal, but somehow she seemed like more than that to me. Her lactating, her ministering to her own body, and the positive hormonal loop she put herself into had me rapt.

Gods was she perfect.

After she'd shamed us with her donation of nearly a gallon (rough guess, not a hard number) of her own breast milk, she wiped the excess away with a finger and sucked it clean. "So who wants to be next?"

"You're just so hot." My honest comment earned me one annoyed flick to the back of the head from Hannah, but it was the truth. How could Chunali act like her pumping all of that milk was so mundane? Didn't she know how ludicrous it was? How her having such milky mounds, which hadn't lost much tautness after being milked, by the way, was such a fantasy of mine?

She stuck out her lips and smirked at me. Hell yea, she knew. At least, she knew I was turned by it. "Who's next?"

How could I not accept an invitation like that? I assumed the same position that Chu had. Left hand under, right hand over, shifting my weight onto my right hip for support (though mine was not as wide as hers, nor did it connect to such a prodigious ass). Eager to impress, my own massage began. Dismayed, my nipple did not instantly harden as if commanded by some sacred titty spirit, nor did I sense that I was near my let down. Forbid it, I might be unworthy, with me having the false title of 'deliverer' and all. But despite me putting in serious effort, rolling my palm over my naked milky chest from root to areola, the only results were the nagging sense of arousal I got from playing with my recently expanded tits and the sneaking suspicion that there might very well be some spirit above responsible for blocking off my milk ducts.

Perhaps it was the lie that we'd been trying to keep up.

Or perhaps I really didn't want to lose my milk for no reason. I mean, my tits were gigantic and felt amazing to tote about. Because of their size I couldn't help but want to brush against things, to feel my farthest points when I bounced them off of things; stuff like walls and people – other busty and curvy people at that. Spraying my all-natural breast enhancer into some hole in the ground seemed like a waste; and that was coming from me, who actually wanted to learn more about Kkarian culture from the revealed words of their goddess.

"Don't tell me you're unworthy," Chu pseudo-gaped. She already knew the truth behind us 'deliverers'.

"Nonsense, she's the worthiest of the worthy. Nobody loves boobs like Verne," Hannah came to my defense, weak but admirable.

"Well the great mother's judgement is always true. If Verne can't sacrifice in this room then there's nothing to be done of this."

"H-hold it," my toes curled. My servicing myself was beginning to take effect: sexual, not milk-inspiring. I was jammed pleasantly with sweet lady nectar but I wasn't much closer to any of it being expressed. Heat coasted through my veins to my nipples, hardening them so that they quaked like delectable treats. They blushed with arousal just as my lips and nose did. Each of my areola followed suit, darkening to deeper pinks, their outlines raising slightly as they became more defined. Those raised halos of extra-soft flesh were wider than my palms and magnitudes more sensitive than the rest of me. Boob flesh was rolling out of my left hand but also over my arm and between my fingers. I was kneading flesh against my body, watching my vastness spread even grander while my thumb pressurized the spaces near the tips. "M-maybe there's something coming."

"I don't know," Chu shrugged. "Maybe we ought to just go back. We can't spend all day in here, you know. People will get suspicious."

"Mmm, o-okay I'll-," the sentence broke and I tried disguising a moan with a cough. "Jeez I'm just so sensitive today."

Hannah knew that Chu was suspicious but I'd never filled her in on the night that I shared with the Kkarian princess. To Hannah, we were still pretending to be deliverers, keeping the front as clear and firm as we could. That facade was on the line if I couldn't get some thick, creamy white stuff to go into the basin below. So it shouldn't have come as a shock to me when Hannah came behind my right shoulder and had her hand slip under my arm, taking our image preservation into her own hands (lustful and literal). "Let me help," she told me, her warm voice tickling me from my ears to my tits and nipples. Her left hand held my hip steady and she really went to town massaging me from behind.

"Oh god!" Was all I had in me.

"We just need to get her going," Hannah was rough. This drive that all-of-a-sudden manifested in her was all kinds of delight for me. Her directness about tits, her interest in breasts, and her protection of me had me seeing her in a pinkish, romantic light. I swore

and fell against her as I always did, and my hunger for orgasm was loosed just by being in proximity to her. Her brunette bangs mingled with my goldilock swirls as we double teamed a single mammoth girl-udder.

Thirteen inches would have put me at M cups but the way they moved and squished when Hannah wrung her hand in my flesh made them feel even grander. She was able to do with one, wide, strong hand what I could only struggle with. Her full tit massage sent my pliant skin into waves that crashed with tingly excitement.

Still, there hadn't been a single drop. Well, not from my nipple.

"Mmm, Hannah! N-no rush. M-make this last," I pleaded in jest. Slow was erotic too, but fast meant a blinding climax that typical orgasms envied.

"Cool it," she replied in my ear again, sending tingles between my vertebrae.

"Fuck! FUCK! Uhhhhn~," I moaned.

She had taken my right breast from the front and with a powerful arm she hauled it back toward my chest wall. My massy lady lump rubbed against my chin and lips. Her spread fingers had my areola bulging out of them and my nipple was precariously wedged between her knuckles. She closed her hand deliberately. My vision swam. My fully-engorged pap seemed to explode under pressure as all my weighty bust airbagged me into Hannah's one-armed bear hug. Before long, I was oblivious to the world, to the slight chill in the room and to the artifacts of spiritual significance. I was spent. I peaked and enjoyed a religious experience of a different sort.

Reluctantly claiming consciousness once more, I touched down from cloud nine and from Hannah's hoisting. My lungs puffed for breath and I angled my neck up and back into the solidity of her embrace.

"Still nothing," she whispered. "Not a drop."

"Don't care," I uttered in undertones.

"What to do. What to do," Chunali said in sing-song style. "No milk today? But you're gigantic! There shouldn't be a reason why you can't just unload and prove your worthiness."

An image popped into my head of the only other time I'd lactated. "I-I might need some focused attention before I can properly let loose."

"Verne!" Hannah whisper-yelled.

I snuggled her embarrassment way. "Not that kind of attention." The goofball. If making me climax was what it took to get me milking, we'd be done already. "I mean I need to nurse someone. It's the only way it works."

Chu jumped to the front of the line - she was the only one in the line, actually - faster than I'd ever seen anyone jump. She knelt before me, subservient even as she wielded the greater power between the two of us. She hadn't claimed to be religious and she certainly didn't buy the idea of me being some 'deliverer' but her prayers and looks toward heaven were in perfect form.

I'd just came but new energy had already sliced through the haze. At first, it was familiar and dominant, scary in how quick my body rebounded and hungered for even more pleasure.

But subverting the usual rev-up, a flip switched inside me like something fundamental had shifted. Any way I could explain it felt insufficient. The massage from before had me swirling like a milkshake which was one sort of feeling, but having a waiting mouth below me was the start of a different sort. I still wanted to kiss Chu, to grope her, to take out every detail of my fantasy on her, but those desires took a back seat. They no longer steered my body even though they shouted like a toddler on a road trip. Chunalì approached, her golden eyes sending silent suggestions, and placed her face against the exposed part of my abdomen, just under my tits. My mind rewired itself for this renewed type of intimate contact.

If there was a way to feel like you'd been punched in the good way, that was it. I was knocked off my feet and into Hannah's waiting, stable hold. "The hell's happening to me?"

Before I'd been at a concert, watching my body dance and mold itself around the pleasure. Now I was on stage with the orchestra, producing sweet music in tandem with Chunalì's seemingly innocent teasing. My nerves were getting to me, probably in response to how suggestive our position was; Chunalì hugging me from the front with her tits pressed into my thighs and Hannah bracing me from behind with her jugs massaging my back.

Out of my blindspot came a tickling, subtle and troubling as a bug lighting on my underboob. Instead of swatting, my body knew to breathe deeper and lull into the sweetness. I followed the natural roadmap that I somehow completely understood. The princess laced my left breast with her roaming lips, her sensitive petals opening and closing over the thin layers of hyper-reactive flesh. Her ministering showed her skill, patience, and willingness to serve. She was hungry for me, horniness barely under control; distilled to its purest. Flesh bulged between her fingers as her hands squeezed the backs of my thighs. Her body rocked forward and bounced off of me. I felt the size of her G cups spreading as her weight squished them into me.

Slowly, her stance straightened which brought her head higher and into my cleavage from below. Her tempo teased me. Slothfulness frustrated me sexually. I wanted her to devour my hard tips and malleable globes, but she inhaled deeply against my skin like sampling a rose bud and let her hot breathing disperse down my sternum. Eventually, she'd lodged herself between my enormous titties, forcing them apart with her cheeks and littering the space with more smooches. I couldn't help observing that each of my boobs were bigger than her head by quite a bit.

"Mmm you're nice and big," she told me. Then she said something sexy in Kkarian.

Motorboating from above was one thing but having M cup tits balanced on the head of an adorable princess while she shook her way through my cleavage was a rung above. It just showed how springy and fun my boobs could be as Chu slithered through my cleavage. Without her hands she sent my boobs jiggling. At eye level with my nipples she slapped my tits against her cheeks, her long eyelashes fluttering.

My nipples only grazed her on occasion but they were crying for her as if by name. The image of her sucking me was so powerful that it was fighting for dominance over what was real. I'd never been motivated so vividly with pleasure-drizzled thoughts before. The thoughts stimulated my body more which in turn was making real-life play even more enjoyable. My tits literally felt like primed explosives, my milk like a washing machine set to heavy tumble. It wasn't long before I began to grow which took both me and Hannah by surprise.

"No way, again? You haven't had anything to-" Hannah began.

"I know!" I hadn't sucked anyone since Laarla, so growing didn't make any sense to us. But part of this didn't need to make sense, not like math or science or logic. I just knew. My body was informing me. "It's for you," I said when Chu momentarily made eye contact.

The moment was a little funny. One of those 'my eyes are up here' sorts of moments, but Chu grasped the premise right away. My production was spiking with anticipation. I was ready to nurse her, then Hannah, then whoever else wanted a taste.

"It's not for me," Chu clarified. "It's for a sacrifice-"

"For. You," I took her head in my hands and explained what I knew with every ounce of me. "And I feel bad wasting it just to read some book."

I had gone up about three cup sizes, three extra inches in front and however many it took to fill myself out on the sides and the bottom. All I knew was how I wanted to keep holding Chu and how her leaving my grasp was like gouging out part of me. She got to her feet and acted as if smothering her with tits hadn't happened, but before leaving she palmed my chest and let it slip from her hand just as I had her rump so many times. Her index finger tickled the underside of my fattened tips and overwhelming natural forces hit me.

I gushed piping cream into the bowl.

Each kick of milk had the force to make me stumble - not that it was some semi-automatic rifle, but all of my being was in alignment for this action. The flow was constant, but waves of milk would well up and make my nipples sting with how massive they were. I was perfectly okay with it. Sexual pleasure was often accompanied by a bit of pain and this had been the first time that I'd lactated so viciously. I mean, I'd started growing on my own! There hadn't been a need to suck someone else's milk. Self-production was sustaining my size.

My hands were way too small to support my size, but they remained underneath my tits as my pinkie length nipples blew loads of lady nectar into the basin, filling it entirely when my production would peak, then letting it drain a bit as my flow slowed for a break. My sex was still screaming, but like a smoke alarm in a building that had already been consumed by passionate fire, I ignored it.

"There's just so much," Hannah commented and I could have orgasmed from the awe in her voice alone.

Chunali was silently watching on, arms folded in front of her. She couldn't take her eyes off me.

Why did that bother me, all of a sudden?

More than bother - it irked me. Then a muscle in her face twitched, making her eyes glint with something serious. I shrunk away. This was different. Lust and desire weren't even on Chunali's radar, let alone in her eyes. There was nothing sexual about her posture as she witnessed my dairy barrage filling the hole in the ground like a truck pouring cement.

I was handed down judgement from her. That explained why this newfound guilt of mine was twisting into anguish. There was self-consciousness alongside the guilt, heaped upon it so that I didn't just feel like I'd been convicted, but that I'd deserved even worse. All the while Chunali, my crush, the one whose touch cracked open the dam holding back my reserves, never appeared malicious. If anything, she was studious of me, but at worst she was disappointed. That probably hurt more than anything.

What the hell had I done?

What had I done? Instinct told me to reflect on my actions. It prowled as deep as it could until it bumped into my subconscious where nothing decipherable ever lived. What it found was most shocking: nothing. I hadn't done anything. Nothing wrong, sure, but nothing right either.

So then, how had I gotten the huge tits, feasts, festivals, the affection of Hannah and most recently Chu? I hadn't deserved any of it. Not the gallons of milk emptying from my body, not the boobs they had come from - Chunali held the key to my let down, not me, nor had I worked to truly figure it out. It had all come to me, by fate or chance, in dreams like currents that swam beneath my own conscious choice. There was nothing heroic or praiseworthy about my size.

'How stupid', I silently considered with fistfuls of my own girlish meat in my palms. 'Nobody chooses any of that stuff. Tits are genetic, feelings are chemicals, and some people just love other people. It isn't supposed to be heroic! Things just happen.'

Usually, I could tell myself that and feel better. The pressure to take responsibility for some sin I hadn't known I'd committed dissolved and I could live in the moment. But my current moment was Chunali. Not only had I somehow distressed her, she appeared to have written me off. She would take a step closer to the pool where gallons of my own, natural brew was

streaking in streams as it overflowed, and upon seeing the tremendous accomplishment of my body, she would shrug and go back to waiting. Whether she was standing in arm's reach or across the chamber from me made no difference, as her emotional distance had withdrawn from me.

Through slitted eyes I blinked and stinging drops of saltwater hung from my eyelashes.

There was no avoiding pain now. Being blind to the issue that I knew needed addressing would inflame it further. Facing what pained me was the only way forward; if not for me, then for Chunali - but still for us; the 'us' that would be if I could right this wrong; if I could be 'right' instead of 'not wrong'.

"Verne, you're crying. . ." Hannah's voice was pure.

Too focused on myself, I barely whispered a reply. "Help me milk. I'm okay." She knew better than to not trust me in that moment.

I heard the rawness of vulnerability as those words scorched me, leaving me stinging with the honesty in their subtext. But it resonated in the woman behind me. She adjusted and all of me was controlled by her. She took my body from me, supporting all of me so that I could focus on myself instead of on the densely-packed nerves that were invigorated in an endless cycle of pleasure by both producing liters of milk and spraying it from my cherry red sprinkler heads.

For the sake of my relationship with Chunali, I took advantage of my opening and delved into some difficult thoughts. Dreams and desires, like genetics and bodies, aren't things that we get to select. Not in the same way we choose to help people like Laarla or choose to pretend to be someone we aren't. We don't know how we get what we've got; by what force, I mean. So then, who was I to be so proud of any of it? Happy about it, sure, but proud? Because pride is what I was supposed to feel for doing something great, not for things I had no control over.

Chunali's focus on the task of it all instead of on the romance, the sex, the pleasure. . . she clearly understood that fact and plenty more. I didn't.

Before the Blessed Isles, I hadn't thought much on it. Hell, while sucking tit milk from buxom babes I was as distant from it as could be. But my body wasn't my own when Hannah held it, when Chunali watched it, when I felt it. My breasts acted all by themselves. It was sexy as hell. I wanted to let someone drink their fill of me. . . but that was because I didn't think of any of it as me. I was fine with benefiting from effort put in by others. I hadn't really felt bad about it until the person I had benefited from was somebody that I'd hurt somehow.

By that point, I'd become keenly aware of the emotions behind Chu's injured gait. I took notice when it shifted, sending her to the pond of breast milk, then down to a crouch at the edge of the small pond. Out of the opaqueness she drew out a cylinder. Once enough of my milk had dripped down its body, dressings of gold and ivory were revealed.

"It's the key," Chu's voice broke into my existential quandary. "Verne, you did it!" She turned, looked at me and only me, and tilted her head. Smile lines were well-defined in her plump cheeks. She glowed like the case in her hand was a wedding ring. "You actually did it. Mother Above deemed you worthy."

In no shape to reply back with my usual impudent joking, a moan slipped out reminding me of how I'd been self-reflecting while my body was bombarded with dopamine. The juxtaposition was comical. Chunalì, with her flawless brown skin, came close with an expression that bore all the acclaim I'd yearned for.

After a few seconds of googly eyes - which were effortless for a girl as loopy and possibly dehydrated as I was - she broke away and started toward another section of the platform. "This is the good part. Come on."

Hannah held on tight as if to move, but paused before we made any progress. "You okay to move?" she cautioned.

My milk, as if commanded by the Mother Above, was slowing but it had not stopped. A little growing had been done, netting me a few inches of progress. My new P cups squirted a few more lances of cream, four or so in total. Then, only once my flow decelerated to heavy dripping, did I answer Hannah.

"Th-there, should be good. . ." I answered, out of breath.

"Fucking hell, girl," Hannah shook her head.

Spinning me to face Chu's back, we started to move. At the same time as Hannah's first step, the jiggling made my tits launch delicious, glittering bows of milk across the room, one splattered the ground and the other splattered Chunalì's booty. Chu's grin was devilish.

"Mkay. I'm done for real now," I surrendered and let myself be carried.

With the case in hand, Chunalì dashed to one of the statues at the edge of the platform. It appeared to be an extra large version of the boobie statue that I had nearly drowned in my 'offering' to the Kkarian Goddess - which I tried not to be too arrogant about, given my most recent personal revelation. Hannah and I could only really see what she was doing from behind, but her hand flicked around a bit resulting in a 'Wham, bam, boom' and a resolute 'CLUNK!'

Some ancient mechanism inside the statue rumbled to life unleashing a flat, wide compartment. Four stairs unfolded, which Chunalì scaled knowing full well where they would lead. Hannah was my crutch as we walked, my tits still swinging and blasting fluids left and right. We followed up the golden stairs to a platform made of crystal. No kidding, the thing was shaped like cleavage (I'd say I cups, for those wondering just how much cleavage). Nestled in the middle was bound parchment paper. English had been penned in ink. The first sentence looked to have started halfway through, but the title of the next section read:

'Meditations on the Nature of Women's Gift'.

At the end, on the next page. The author signed her name.

` - Limey'.

The scrawlings of a lass much like myself, yet to the Kkarians these were foundational texts. This was their Code of Hammurabi, their Torah, their Constitution. It was, like, six pages.

I couldn't really knock it till I'd read it but seriously? Technically, the Ten Commandments had been written on two stone tablets so there were certainly shorter people-governing codes. Allegedly, they were penned by God himself, though, and not Limey - whoever she was. Whoever she held herself as, she'd forgone the use of a first name as if to conceal her identity. But then why identify herself at all?

I let my leaning into the crystal pillar be my asking to be allowed to read them for myself. Hannah kept her hand on my waist as if to say 'lean on me if you need it', and I would in the event of a sudden woozy spell. But so long as my eyes weren't crossing, and my tits not ruining the document by splattering it with milk, I'd be more than content giving the thing a read.

I'd hoped the subject matter to be something lofty or abstract as to pull me out of my own ass, metaphorically. Lucky break for me, apparently.

"The very nature of woman herself is that of spirit and to be a bearer of newer spirits; bringing that which is visceral about in the world. It is no wonder that the creative, bearing spirit of woman is unsettled by the stagnant, the unchanging, and the dead; and no wonder that she by force of will can bear it. It is the gift of the fully actualized female to understand what she is to bring about, to devote herself wholly to it, to understand the unarticulated spiritual fruit that she bears, and to nurture it till it is mature and able to be made corporal."

"So like. . . babies?" Hannah asked.

I realized that I'd been reading aloud. "Spiritual babies?" I tried clarifying what made little sense to me and failed unsurprisingly. "I don't know, there's definitely allusion to child birth in here. Now then. . ."

The next paragraph started to explain.

'So then, there are two forms within the spirit of woman. The first is selfish in action - at times, for good reason! Many are given difficult lots in life and all befall misfortune. In those times, a gift may be perceived as a personal blessing or respite from unjust malady. But her view is narrow, and she herself is naive, blind, or disobedient to the calling of the divine feminine. She neglects her gift. She does not know how to nurture it or why she must and it rots away inside of her, poisoning her divine nature. This defiled feminine is toxic to her sisters, sweetly spoiled, living with no regard for her highest power, and useful for nothing.'

'But the one who adheres to her spirit, who searches her seas where they are darkest, finds what she must nurture and cares for it, fostering it to its completion. A woman wielding her full spiritual nature refreshes, emboldens, inspires, and is held respectfully with love by her community and it is to this community that she is obligated to sacrifice her gift as a blessing.'

'So then, daughters, do not be solicited by demons without or within. Let no corner of you lack maturity or the power of the spirit. Rescue spiritual virtue from your darkness as this is a task for no one except the self. Bring blessing to light, not with naivete but with vigilance, courageously conquering the self, and cultivate a blessing to bless your people. This responsibility, to herself and her reality, is the purest feminine.'

"How does reading that make you feel?" the princess, with her braids of different harvest golds, touched the back of my arm.

"Like we're supposed to conceive the spirit baby and then sacrifice it to somebody," Hannah said, cracking a joke.

I might have laughed before, but I didn't now.

"Like I've got a lot of work to do," I replied.

Chunali embraced my arm the same way her sisters had when I'd first met them. Except I knew that Chu's hug was sweeter, kinder, and bolder. It wasn't that she was hugging her savior. She held me like a long-lost lover and a soul sister. "I don't get most of the festivals, the traditions, the Spirit Queens, the star stories. . . but I can't help but get this." Her fingers lighted on the text. The scrawlings of Limey were more than just words to her. "Kkarian fruit has spoiled - our milk has gone bad for the first time in our history. My sisters think we should depend on the deliverers and that has never been the right answer in my eyes. Nobody wants to admit it, especially not the royal family, but something has gone seriously wrong on our Island and it might just be us. . ."

The gravity seemed to double in the room. Our words echoed off of walls and statues, slow and clear as if the words had been spoken by the statues themselves.

"Well," Hannah stood away from me for the first time in what seemed like an hour, crossing her arms. "You've got less than three days to figure things out. After that, Verne and I will be the Kkarian Deliverers whether you like it or not."

The rebellious, powerful princess shuddered. "I know."

Then the shouting started. From where we'd entered the temple came noisy Kkarian words. Our little threesome knew full well what it meant. We were on holy ground without authorization. If we were caught, there would no doubt be hell of sorts to pay. So we scattered, all going to a different statue at the periphery of the room and waiting there. When the last of a dozen guards entered we were already well out of sight.

"Fuck. . . where's Chu?" I gasped, sure that I couldn't be heard over the sound of shifting sand and orders being shouted in staccato. I'd stumbled over to a space opposite the entrance, wedging myself into a corner behind a statue of a lady holding up the ceiling.

"You worried about me?"

Chu appeared over my shoulder. I'd genuinely thought I'd seen her run off somewhere. She was the last to part with the pamphlet of scripture whereas Hannah and I had acted on our instinct right away.

"Not anymore. You were cutting it close, girl."

"I only wish to be close to one thing right now. . ."

Then my Kkarian princess dipped onto her knees once more. "You've proved yourself to the Great Saint, after all," she uttered just before slurping my teat into her mouth.

My mouth formed an 'O'. My arms smacked the sides of the statue behind me and my chin rolled upward. My let down was instantaneous. The moment her tongue felt for my nipple in her mouth, milk gushed away from me in sweet relief.

"That's it! Take all of me," I inhaled and rolled myself in her direction.

She took more and more of my left boob behind her lips. Her suction was so strong, I felt myself elongating toward the back of her throat. My tits had already expanded from her previous play, producing milk on their own for the first time, and Chu's greedy lips welcomed any extra flow I could produce. The girl drained me, to the point that I felt myself being drawn into her. It helped that her hands were behind me, clawing at my bum as if it had something to offer her besides its perkiness.

We worked each other up, feeding off of each other's energy - though, she had the added pleasure of feeding off of more than just energy. We built and built, moaning at one another. It was all that I could have imagined and more. I still wanted to suck her tits. I wanted to reciprocate her actions so badly and surely I would point out how hypocritical she was being by having her way with my mega mammaries after she'd denied me the same opportunity. For the present, I was coasting over oceans of bliss with her.

"She's been here. . ." Ero's declaration was weighty with realization.

"She's the only one who could have been here. Look. . ." Passha's usually tempered voice descended, beginning to seethe. I saw her in my mind's eye, approaching the summoned parchment, examining the scriptures that had been seen by unworthy eyes. "They aren't here. . . The scriptures are gone-. . . Guards!" Then, words poured out of her in Kkarian. I didn't need a translator. They were words of war. "Find the princess! She's stolen the ancient text."

Had she? Did Chunali really take the scrolls?

Chunali continued suckling me, cutely, lovingly, as if I was the only person who she needed the approval of. I didn't see a thief, just a person to protect. Usually, terror would have taken me, but transformed by the nurturing hormones from nursing, I held Chu against my chest with her head in both of my hands. Her eyes opened and flicked up at me, then she held me with the same care.

The holy texts were gone. What were we supposed to do now?

* *

Chapter 8

Been a while since I've left any narration, so I thought I would give it a go this time around.

Plus, I sorta feel like it would be a waste not to give things some context.

Reading over St. Limey's words made me think 'Really? What's with all the high-and-mighty-ness?'

And I don't see myself as being alone on this issue. Much of what was written about old religions and rituals can make people gracious for the modern world's ordinariness. Sure the barista messes up your order for the tenth time in a month, but at least you aren't being asked to have some spirit lady's baby.

That's an ordinary person's logic, at least.

But my home life was pretty shit; worse than overpriced coffee for sure. As a result, I think I'm more open to experience and religion, specifically the stuff on the Blessed Isles. Like, the society I was born into didn't really think I had much to offer it in the way of ideas. It led to bullying and ostracizing and blah, blah, blah. The point is: while rolling eyes characterized my initial reaction to the spirit baby bible (which could probably catch on as some self-help book title), I desperately hoped to gain something from the ideas that Chunali had devoted her life to. If it was good enough for her then why not me, right?

Crazy as it sounds.

I think I may have found some important stuff in there. . . and that might have gotten me thinking.

Which is the most important part of the story going forward, by the way: openness makes people think, and when they think they make strange, life-altering decisions.

There, that should be enough for ya!

Just beneath the nose of an authority that wanted our heads, Chunali and I managed a meaningful amount of boob sucking.

The poetic irony was well-worth noting.

The sensation of relief was by far the more triumphant feeling. My pleasure was so impossibly indescribable, but I'll give it a shot for the sake of understanding: great! My boobs getting sucked and licked felt great. Stunning, marvelous, and distinctly memorable. Yes, Verne very much liked this indescribable feeling.

Chunali's lips floated loosely above my rib, ministering to the engorged head of my monumental tit with swelling intention. When she'd suck me, it was like a million cotton-covered magnets were stretching and snatching me, extracting milk so strong and soft that I purred approvingly. Her timing was perfect each time, always catching me just before I felt like popping. I'd feel her slow down momentarily to breathe which was just long enough of a break for me to feel overstuffed, bulky, and inflamed. At the line of pleasure and pain, though, she'd hold me like I was hers and go back to siphoning away my nectar and easing my physical needs in a timely manner. 'I'm yours', I sang in my head. 'I'm all yours, Chu'.

I slid down to sit with my back against the chilly stone woman whose legs served as our curtain of intimacy. My left arm was a vine growing down Chunali's catlike posture. It ended somewhere at her lower back and I fiddled with the ends of her gold braids. Under her left arm, my right arm curled around and caught her back, angled toward her neck. From there I supported her as she supported the weight of my P cup jugs with her mouth and face; which were already starting to strain my back and neck, no matter how much I pretended they didn't. Normal girls did have that advantage since a normal pair of tits would be developed over several years of adolescence. Mine had sprouted in less than a week and I was still discovering their cons and pros.

Gulp! Gulp! Gulp!

Straining a girl's throat with my milk was a pro. That girl's ten-out-of-ten exotic beauty was another pro. Oh, and the sound she made as she slurped and spilled my cream like a greedy infant was something no natural woman could have ever dreamed. So yea, P cup tits can strain a back, but they made for some satisfying love making.

Her weighty swallows were almost unbelievable! Hearing how much milk was being swallowed added yet another layer to my concept of how huge I was. My production was so much that Chu's cheeks bulged with the volume. No doubt, she would be full of an ocean before she was finished, but she was still greedily huffing my stuff away. So long as she wasn't concerned, neither was I.

A hissing breath would escape when she needed to breathe and she would mouth the words to something; a Kkarian song or sweet nothings, perhaps. Then her mouth would come over me again, encircling my volcanic tip, and I would feel the difference in shape on my skin. She remained on one breast for nearly fifteen minutes, plenty of time to feel her gut turning into a plump little balloon full of my yummy cream. In that time, a few of the people from before had left, but the Spirit Queens still stirred about in the chamber behind us.

A prickling started to come over my right boob that only became apparent when my weight shifted and my inner arm bumped into it slightly. A waking limb's buzzing sparks were the closest comparison. It was plenty a motivation to flench a little.

"Switch," I said, languid. It was clear which one of my boobies was her favorite and it made me smile at how reluctant she was to let me go. "Switch, I said." I nudged her till she acknowledged me.

"Fine," she said, hesitating a bit as her nose passed betwixt my fountains.

Without a break she swapped, snapping her puffy lips powerfully down on my left nipple.. At the same time, my breath caught in my throat noisily.

"Did you hear. . ." Passha said, sounding as if she was upon us.

I froze. She hadn't said anything in a while but last time she seemed so far away. She was pacing the parameter, watchful for something. No, not something. She was hunting her little sister, sure that Chunalì had stolen the bound parchment. The case was already settled in her mind. Passha was searching the corners and the shadows to find who she had already condemned to be guilty. A shadow passed over the wall beside us. I intuited that she was where I had been when I'd seen the opening that I decided to hide in. It would take her leaning to her right, ducking slightly, and waiting for the torch to reveal the closet-sized, partially-obscured alcove.

Shit.

My face betrayed my misgivings. Petrified, I considered what to do if I was caught. Running might work, but where might I run? Guards would seize me even if I escaped Passha's reach. By some miracle, if the guards hesitated to arrest the chosen Deliverer, the Queens knew the island. The Kkarian civilians would be their eyes in the hunt for me so there was no village where I would be safe. I'd have to fend for myself in the wilderness between villages like those who had walked away from the faith.

If I just turned Chunalì over, all that trouble could be averted. . .

Ha. Like. Hell.

I'd protect her with my everything. If it meant going to Kkarian prison, torture, or worse, my commitment would be worth it. It was no small thing, what I felt for the princess of the Blessed Isles, and I wouldn't betray those feelings so easily.

She shifted, huddling closer to me, sandwiching me between her and a hard place. The shadow on the wall changed shape. Passha was leaning in. Chunali sat in my lap, doing her best to pull away from the entrance to our hiding hole. Our breasts heaped upon each other, her thighs tight, knees bent. Our cheeks met when she flattened her whole body over mine. Only then did I realize that she was not only making herself smaller, but shielding me away from Passha. My heart was like thunder as I anticipated what was to come.

"Come on," Erro's voice glided over in our direction. "We should inform the people."

Then silence.

"Tomorrow morning," Passha sighed. "We'll inform them of what has happened."

Then we heard shuffling. The shadow retreated. The hounds had been called off and the search would no doubt resume again at first light. Even so, Chunali and I knew better than to jump right back into our love making. You have to wait forever in these sorts of situations; so long that your pursuer could have built a house to spend the evening in as they wait for you. Only after that time, long after both our thighs and legs had gone numb, did we break into the sacred chamber again. And in doing so, we were cautious.

Once there were no doubts of our lonesomeness, Chunali took the first steps off of me and out into the shifting sands. Her hand pulled me up behind her.

"They will look in the area, and when they don't find me they'll send someone to guard the entrance to this place until morning," she stated flatly.

I knew what that meant, and I didn't like it. "So you've gotta be gone before somebody comes and blocks your path. There's only one way in and one way out, right?"

She looked over her shoulder. Seeing something on my face prompted her to turn and hold me in her arms. I noted they were stronger than mine and it felt like lightning with how much contact we were making; tits on tits, thighs bumping, and her pseudo-pregnancy tummy kicking against my somewhat flat abs. "When I see the way you look, worried about my fate, I understand what it means to be selfish for somebody else."

"I'm glad you do, 'cause I don't," I tried to make her laugh; to lighten her worried gait.

"It means I'll be safe, but less out of concern for myself," she pet the back of my head in a position that put us in prime kissing range. "It's for you. I don't think I could bear to see you concerned over me."

"Well, stay alive and we won't have to worry about that."

"Yes," she closed her eyes.

Standing locked together, I honored our connection and closed my eyes as well. Meaningfully our bottom lips rose and met each other. Following, we huddled our foreheads together. One body, one love, one mind. I had imagined what it would be like after the rituals, the sacrifices, and the fun of the Blessed Isles was over. I knew that I would miss it all. Yet I had no idea how much I'd miss the island until Chunalì was pulling away from me. The vacancy she left was but a taste of what I knew leaving would be like: bitter, solitary, and jumbled. A cocktail of lemon juice, wet cement, and the extract of every time you've lost your way. That's what it tasted like.

Filling in at my side was Hannah. Coming from her own hiding spot, she gave my shoulder a slapping that said 'Buck up'. Weirdly, I was so used to Hannah having my back that her sudden appearance didn't shock me at all.

"More than likely, a guard will be on her way to seal off this sanctuary as you are leaving. When she finds you, she'll take you to my sisters. Tell them that you snuck in because you had to see for yourself that the scriptures were missing. They may have some reproof but no harm will come to you," Chu nodded to me, then to Hannah.

Hannah nodded back. "Roger." They squared shoulders with one another like soldiers with an intensity that I lacked. Between them was a military air; I leave Verne in your charge, Chu's posture read. Hannah still doubted Chu but equated the protective sentiment. Not having a say in the silent conversation sucked but by the same measure, I felt fortunate that Hannah and Chu could cooperate in the name of defending me.

"You act like we've never done this before," I said, alluding to our lying about being Deliverers. We were being forced to lie yet again. Chunalì got the joke. Hannah didn't. "When will we see you again?"

The question seemed unexpected and heavy to Chu. "Look for a signal tomorrow night."

With that, we went our separate ways. One second, I was walking toward the exit and was able to look over my shoulder and see Chunalì from behind, admiring one of the statues. The next, she was gone. Where she'd been, the sand flowed unusually fast and the only thing I could think of was that it swallowed her whole. The sand had to go somewhere so she might have hitched a ride. But to where? And how far? She had to hold her breath the whole way and make sure not to get caught on currents. What happened if a channel was being blocked? What if there were people waiting for her when she cleared the sandy passage? Way to keep me from worrying, Chunalì. An A plus effort.

"So at your next meeting, you ought'a ask her about a boat," Hannah carried on as we took a step onto stoney ground, into the snaking catacombs that led to the surface. "You proved yourself worthy. That might work as some leverage."

"Right," I replied.

"Right'. . . What?"

"I'll ask about a boat." Preoccupation with worry had delayed me catching the amusement in Hannah's voice. "Oh! Yes! A boat. I'll ask her about a boat."

"Oh-kay then. . ."

"Sorry. Just thinking about how quick things escalated. It's crazy enough to make your head spin! So, how was *your* hiding space? Don't get me started on mine! Damned designers must've thought natural lighting would be plenty. It's barely enough to read by!"

"Things didn't escalate for us. We still have three days to get out of here. The only one who should be worrying is that princess. I wonder if she *actually* got away with the scriptures? Or maybe she stashed 'em somewhere, or-. . ."

"Could we not talk about this?" I walked ahead of her a bit, hand on the wall as we stepped through the dark. "Not right now?"

"Oh-kay then. . ." she said again.

We didn't talk about anything once stolen scriptures were off the table. (Get it? It's a pun, since the words of St. Limey were no longer on the 'table'. Trust me, I checked as I passed). The next thing I knew, I was bumping nose-first into a firm pair of exposed breasts. Attached to them was a guard with a torch. From there, the Kkarians followed Chunali's plan to a tee. We were taken to the Spirit Queens post-haste.

What wasn't in Chu's plan was the part about Passha and Erro being in our living quarters.

"They were out of your sight *again*! What were you thinking?" shouted one of the queens. Only Passha raised her voice so it had to be her. She was still out of sight and we didn't know who she was yelling at until they spoke for themselves.

"They wished for some time alone and I obliged. I'm sorry my Queen."

It was Shah. Hannah and I came into Hannah's room, passing a small squad of sleepy guards. Passha's back was to us. Erro took notice of the Deliverers immediately. The minute we made eye contact, the silent queen came to the door and grappled my arm like she was saving me from drowning. Eventually, her intensity settled into the cuddle that I'd come to expect from her.

"Alone time? They're service is to the people! They'll never be alone on this island. You know that. And even so, alone does not mean no protection. The Deliverers of the Kkarian people were without supervision at *night*!"

Shah knew better than to speak. The right move, the one she executed, was a sinking bow that nearly took her to her knees. Her tits piled on the floor around her and her face was in her cleavage but she didn't move.

Passha's next words had a bite to them. "This is the third time - a THIRD offence! Not only did Verne slip away, as she has often done before and proved your apparent blindness, but Hannah has disappeared this time as well?! For a woman of your troubling circumstance you sure tend to test the patience of the leadership that grants you livelihood. What would you have done at your size among the people, hm? The only thing your body will allow you is milking! If not for the role of a priestess - if not for the allowance of milking being part of your profession - where might you be? Not much of anywhere. Think on these things the next time you consider letting the salvation of our island casually walk away under your unwatchful eyes-. . ."

"Passha!" Erro's pitch still didn't shift but her intensity shook the room.

Passha hooked her head and body back. The moment the presence of the Deliverers registered, she yanked her manners back into their proper bounds. "Hannah. Verne. I'm sorry you had to witness that. . ."

I wasn't.

Erro held my arm and pet me seductively. With her massive, dark eyes as round as she could make them, she commented. "She's upset. Sorry."

To her, I showed some outward sympathy. To her sister, I had a harder time. After Shah's stern warning had transpired, Hannah and I explained our case; how we saw the Queens bothered by the missing scriptures, how we entered the secret passage they had just left, and how we had to see for ourselves that the words of the Mother Above were gone. In their position, they ate the story up like they'd been starving for days. They would have believed anything. Whatever it took to save some face after Passha's outburst of bald anger.

"We are going to announce what has happened to the people tomorrow. We hope that you will be there, Deliverers. If it is too much for you to bear, then. . ."

"We'll be there, Queen Passha," I nodded with tension around my eyes. Things had a different color to me now.

Erro tilted her head onto my shoulder. The half pearl on her forehead felt like ice on my skin. "Thank you," she whispered.

"Yes, the people will appreciate the image of their brave Deliverers. And on the topic of image, I've been informed that you have been seen with my. . . little sister."

The way Passha addressed Chu by family title burned with hypocrisy. 'You've been no sister to her' I thought.

Passha considered her next few words. After being caught, she was thinking twice about how she now looked to Hannah and I. She sent Shah out of the room with a lifeless sweep of her hand, then started her speech with a strained voice. "Our mother was of sacred descent. She was to have one child. One. That daughter would be raised to be the next Kkarian Queen. It had been that way for generations. Then, when the time came, she had me. . . but then, she had Erro; twin daughters. The children of royalty and of priestesshood are protected by our customs, but scripture and religion had no such provision for our mother. Tensions rose for a very, very long time; long enough that when mother disappeared one night, Erro and I knew not to question it. She was to be considered dead - dead to *us* and *everyone*. Her name was reserved for whispers and hushed tones."

"We were raised as priestesses, taught the customs, and we devoted ourselves to the faith. The only way to make amends for our mother's sin was to be the best priestesses we could be. But, as you could probably guess, that didn't bring an end to the unrest. Some wanted me to be the sole Spirit Queen while others thought Erro made the better candidate. When time for ascension came, the Queen at the time declared that we would ascend together as the first Spirit Queen Pair in Kkarian history. She nearly provoked violence in the process. Could you *imagine*? *Our* people? Prepared to spill blood? I didn't believe it at first - not until the death threats started coming. The people we'd been trained to *serve* were the ones from whom we needed to be protected. And in the heat of that, of riots and vandalism. . ."

Erro mumbled a name beside me. "Chu. . ."

"That's right. Chunalì arrived claiming to be a third daughter which only provoked the people even further. Erro and I didn't want to believe her, but just looking at her. . ."

Passha lost some steam and turned her head slightly. She was picturing Chunalì for sure. "She looks *just like* mother. Nobody could deny her royal blood, especially not Erro or myself. But accepting Chunalì meant accepting another heir. Rumors began to spread and soon, Chunalì had a following - another faction to stir up even more in-fighting. Kkara was taken by turmoil. We'd never been more divided. Some followed me, some Erro, some the both of us, and some still followed Chu - mostly those who thought that being twins disqualified Erro and I. Fragments; that's what we were. Fragments of a faith that was once whole."

"And that was the issue. Erro noticed it first and she informed me. The faith that once united the people was shattered. The spiritual nature of the bond was strong, but the bond was inflexible and when something unheard of occurred, there was no answer that satisfied the people. So then, what were the Spirit Queens to do? Keep the faith at the expense of the people or save the people by uniting them under more than faith? The choice should be obvious, Deliverers. Erro and I embraced a different common bond: a bond of history and of lineage. It has taken many, many moons but we've finally brought a new peace to this island by uniting us as Kkarians."

"Now, listen closely, Verne," Passha approached me. Having not used my title of 'Deliverer' was to make sure I understood her personally. "Kkarian faith is a double-edged sword. By avoiding it and suppressing radical groups, we've put a temporary block on the unrest. But

the people are suffering now. In their suffering, they feel that it is time to embrace faith once more. As their leaders, we'd be fools to stand against this. But we would also be fools to allow the complicated matter of scripture to govern the people. It was the birth of the confusion around mother and of her three daughters and it nearly broke Kkara into civil war."

"What is it you're wanting, Passha?" I'd heard enough.

"The Deliverers know the will of the Mother Above. Instead of depending on the written word - which is convoluted, messy, and inconsistent - the people could depend on a voice. The Great Saint needs a mouthpiece; two mouthpieces, to be exact."

"You want us to become the religious leaders of Kkara?" Hannah questioned, dubious.

The thought occurred to me as well. Unfortunately, I knew enough about history to also have a troubling follow up question. "So if we are leaders and the Queens are leaders, then who is in charge of whom?"

Erro chimed in. "Equals." She and Passha had apparently discussed this before.

"We would rule together but in different domains. We would consult you on any spiritual matter that would affect Kkarians and you would consult us on laws, culture, and tradition," Passha walked around me to the door. She peeled Erro off my arm as she went. "We don't ask you to make a decision tonight. The four of us have enough on our minds right now. But on your seventh day, at the Grand Festival, we hope to be able to have you as Prophetesses, rulers of the faith and keepers of the sacred laws. We also hope that, in the meantime, you stay away from Chunali. If the Prophetess shows affiliation with the deviant princess then all it would do is make the people think you are advocating for the radical, mystical delusions that Chunali thinks are truth. If Kkarian peace is a goal that we share then please consider the proposition. But if it isn't, and you continue to meet with Chunali, then do not blame the Queens of the Kkarians for stepping in and defending our tradition from Chunali's brand of chaos. We've devoted our lives to these people, after all, and we'd sooner die then turn them over to chaos. We wish you both a good evening."

With that, the Queens walked out. Erro waved with her free hand while she held her sister's. The weight in the room remained long after they were gone. Being annoyed by it, I went to a window in Hannah's room and watched the blackish treeline framed by a sky full of stars. Hannah was my shadow as we watched the island.

"All this I will give you," I said, after a circuit of deep breathing exercises. "If you bow down and worship me."

"Hmm?" Hannah's hand found mine.

Going into it would take too long. Besides, it was already late. All the panic, the spiritual revealing, the tension. . . "GAH!" I released everything in my lungs. "I just need to fuck something! This is too much!"

"You're ridiculous."

"No, I'm overworked! No girl should have to deal with decisions like this. It's literally hostage negotiation except there's another hostage holding the first hostage hostage," my forehead thunked the wall beside the window. "The first few days were so, so simple. Suck tits and have your tits sucked. . ."

"Th-those were the days?" Hannah sassed.

But I was serious. "Exactly! What happened to those? And can you believe that I haven't had sex in a whole day?! Back home that was common, but on this island is there really any excuse? Seriously, I'm taking the very next pair of lips and scheduling a date between them and the space between my legs. Girl's gotta unwind, y'know?"

Hannah actually backed away the moment I said that. It was good that she took my capricious whines as truth since I had no objections to just throwing myself at her. "Don't stress over a decision you haven't made yet. If things go according to plan, you won't have to make it at all."

Oh, yes. Hannah still wanted to take a boat away from all of this. There was still that objection to be faced as well.

"Argh!" I groaned. A headache was my body's form of a slap on the wrist. No more thinking about plans and social drama. Verne just needed a good, sleepless night. My skin was itching just thinking about it; the good kind of itch that made you want to rub against someone warm and soft. "So it's a 'no' from you?" I turned to Hannah and asked rudely.

She shrugged which meant 'tough luck'. "I think I'm going to sleep instead."

"I'm all in favor of sleep so long as you sleep with me," and in three steps we were face to face. My tits, unbarred by clothes and perkier than ever, touched her stomach.

"No, I'm seriously tired. I'm off the menu tonight, Verne."

"You don't even have to move. I just wanna lay down and squeeze your ass till I go to sleep. It's been growing lately. Could you tell? What am I kidding, of course you can tell! It's probably super sensitive like my boobs."

Hannah's expression was of a woman dodging reality. Immediately, I knew that she'd been dealing with being turned on for a while and had successfully concealed it under all the drama going on.

"So when I drink milk, it makes my tits swell with milk. Does that mean you have milk in your-. . ."

"No, stupid! What kind of logic is that?" Hannah flared and her face reddened. I was raking the fronts of my enormous melons against her belly, up and down, and she was fighting the urge to surrender to me. "I'm sleeping for real. Do whatever you want, but if you wake me up with groping I'll pound you."

"But Hannah!" her name turned into a moan on my lips. Her body on mine made my nipples heat up and I loved it. "What if my squeezing your huge booty turns you on too? What if you can't sleep and all you want to do is experiment with our new bodies all. Night. Long?"

Hannah flicked the space between my eyebrows.

My eyes showed betrayal as I recoiled and held the spot with my left hand. "Hey!"

She smiled at my offended look. "Tough luck. It's been a shitty night and tomorrow's only going to be more demanding. Squeeze my ass at your own peril."

I knew a bait when I heard one. She was inviting me to grope because if I did, I would want to go further. If I went further then she'd definitely wake up and get to torment me for waking her. That meant no sex and a lot of forehead flicks; an unwinnable situation. Reluctantly, I pulled my chest away. Each of my gloriously ample mounds were even lonelier when they weren't touching someone, even if they couldn't help but touch themselves because of their size. I threw my arms on my hips.

"Fine! I'll find somebody else. Hope I don't keep you up with my cries of unparalleled bliss!" my snout faced the ceiling as I passed her. With a lingering touch, I got a handful of her bum and dashed away before she could protest.

Once out of Hannah's room, I looked at the palm of my hand. "Th-that was *way* more than before," I whispered, realizing that my hunch had not only been correct but abundantly undershot. Hannah's booty was even bigger and perkier than I'd imagined! The imprint of her fluffy backside still felt heavy in my hands and I had a minor debate with myself on whether it would actually be worth it to be flicked in the face all night just to cup her juicy behind. Ah, the conundrum of who to sleep with. . .

"Deliverer Verne. I will take my leave for the evening," over by the staircase, Shah waved me away.

It hadn't occurred to me that she was still here. "Oh, uh, sure. Goodnight Shah."

She made a sullen face and paired it with a puckered sort of smile. Then she disappeared. I made a note of that reaction, making sure I stood silent until her footsteps could no longer be heard, then went back to prowling for a mate. Poor Shah, I thought. There was more to her than met the eye. Especially after the treatment she'd gotten from Passha.

"Tomorrow will worry about tomorrow," I told myself.

Then I immediately started hunting for a partner.

Most of the servants on our floor had turned in for the evening so my options were limited. Typically, there were two or three priestess girls who watched us on rotation throughout the night. Mostly what they did was help us navigate if we wanted to get a drink of water or an extra covering on chilly nights. When I got to my room, the stool beside my door was distinctly lacking an adorable, brown bottom. Perhaps my personal servant was on patrol?

So I continued walking. I knew most of the main areas on our floor by now simply by having pass them a few times. The food preparation room was the center axle with other rooms occupying the perimeter. A great deal of them were empty but a few had personal belongings or extra supplies.

My slow, silent padding brought me to a tremendous stretch of balcony. Imagine a hallway made of white stone where the entire east-facing wall had been omitted. Half of the roof was gone as well, opening up the stretch of space to the cloudless sky and the chill of the night. I was captivated by it all. I'd been in this hall during the day when the glare of the rock made my eyes pucker and the heat created an urgency that drove me away from the space. The moon and the hint of seabreeze governed this hour, though. My lungs filled, my P cups rising outward, audaciously jutting almost a foot and a half away from me. They looked like elongated moons themselves with their undeniable roundness and gravity. This hall was perfectly made for nighttime enjoyment, I thought.

While enjoying the freedom of toplessness and the serenity of the natural world, supplications were carried to me from my right hand side. My gaze followed the words being spoken, then my legs followed the lamp of my eyes. She was tucked behind a pillar in the lotus position and it took her a minute to realize she had company.

"Luula?" I spoke during one of her breaks. Luula was the servant I'd met early on, just after moving into my room. She still had a helmet of kinky curls and her cinnamon skin reflected the moon's rays like a tanned sea.

"Verne. . ." she hopped to her feet, clearly worried that she'd neglected me in some way.

I placed my hand on her chest to soothe her. "It's fine. I didn't need you for anything serious. . . I was just sorta lonely."

"Verne."

Being a priestess, she'd picked up a little English just from hearing scriptures quoted by people like Shah. I realized over a few days that Luula basically knew what I was saying, but was limited in responding to me. As a result, much of her intention was packed tightly into how she pronounced my name.

"I hope I wasn't interrupting anything," I said.

She shook her head, eyes closed. When she opened them, her eyes twitched in the direction of my boobs a few times. At first, it looked like she was just taken aback by their sheer size the way you might act surprised when you see that someone has lost a lot of weight or is trying a new hairstyle. Poorly-hidden shock was natural. What meant more to me was the four or five blinks and peeks she'd done after the first. She was already leaking with silent, sexual intimations; sizing me up.

Gauging her interest in milliseconds, my hand rose on her body to her cheek and I let my lips touch hers momentarily.

"Veeeeeernee," she swooned as I backed away.

"Mmm, hehe," I smiled. "You like kissing a lot, don't you?"

She nodded excitedly.

Her honesty about it was what was cutest. Luula was just so enthusiastic about the prospect of love and sex. In the moments after we kissed, I saw her imagination at work in her eyes. She remembered walking out of my room with a bowling ball belly, remembered how long she got to suck my nipples, and remembered the orgasmic bliss we shared. The fact that those images in her mind filled her with ardor was the best news I could receive.

I took her hand and led her to the edge of the balcony. "Come on," I positioned her back to the ivory barrier that kept people from stumbling off the terrace on accident. Standing there, I took in her body.

Her face was the small sort with puppy eyes so big and dark you could see your reflection clearly within them. Our height was nearly the same, but she had shoulders that were broader than mine and a torso that was overall wider. Like most Kkarians, she wore nothing to shield her boobies which had grown since the last time I'd seen them. Each were tremendously lively and springy, defying gravity and jiggling with her every movement. My guess put her at Chu's size; probably G cups. Except, I had reason to suspect that she had done her growing pretty quick since her nipples were partially concealed by her puffy areola. I loved how the button-sized heads of her chocolate tips were peeking at me and my first instinct was to excite them so that they would truly reveal themselves. I would take pride in it and then, no doubt, accept my prize by leaving her dry of all the milk I knew to be packed away in her twin fruits.

Beyond that, my boobs were in the way. Seriously, I couldn't make out the rest of her body because of how high my pert, attentive knockers sat on my chest. The rest of her body, which I trusted to be as delectable as what I could already see, would have to be charted in my future explorations.

"You're in for a treat tonight," I bit my lip and watched her eyes.

She watched mine, licking her own lips. She had a permanent pout that came along for free with her plump, juicy lips. The subtle bounciness they did once she finished licking them had me drooling. I simply had to take a bite.

My knockers slapped against her chest as I assaulted her mouth with my own. My head tilted to the right and I let my oral petals crash and roll over hers. A strangled groan rattled my insides pleurably as we went at each other with attention and care. Her jaw opened up on its own, inviting me into a deeper and deeper kiss. I accepted her offer and sank deeper into her as we shared a steamy, passionate breath. Her eyelashes fluttering on my closed eyes just proved to me that we were on the right track.

We slowly built up electricity as lips bumped into lips. Our smooching was slow but powerful, as if we knew that there was all night to peel away layer after layer of sexual pleasure. Taking a second to breathe, we both tilted the opposite way and our noses brushed momentarily, bringing a smile to our united demeanors. There's just something about being connected, when skin is rendered bare against skin, that heats every joint in your body and hollows out a hole in your core. The heat charged me with energy, but it was the uniquely soothing energy that granted confidence and hunger for more. Riding the chemical pleasure wave, I stood on my tiptoes and assumed the dominant angle over Luula.

She moaned, no doubt enthused to be taken submissively. Only then did our tongues enter the picture. They met halfway, then hers hooked with mine and retreated into Luula's oral cavity. Our kiss turned wetter. Our mouths opened wider, and we danced in the dripping rain within her drooling mouth. Making out really made my milk swirl about inside me. With my over-engorged size, my milk could be heard gurgling like an empty stomach. The sensation was like air bubbles being released which tickled me from the inside and sent a signal straight to my nipples to get ready to stretch. Naturally, my body pushed further forward and pressed pleurably into Luula as the craving to have my titties around something seemed to mount.

After a few minutes of fevered kissing we snapped away and steam seemed to rise from our open mouths. We were both short of breath. Luula's tongue was half in and half out of her gaping mouth. In a moment's time, I would claim that tasty muscle once more and suck it till she screamed, but there was currently something else screaming for attention.

Taking both her hands, I started to move my whopping melons in slow, wide circles. We went hypnotically together till she understood that it was okay, then we went back to kissing. Our hair flipped as we changed from left side to right, nearly perpendicular at times so my tongue could penetrate the opening of her throat. All the while, Luula was allowed to minister to my milk-producing titan titties. All her glancing and eye flicking had finally become reality.

Her hands were entirely inadequate to be dealing with my heavy-duty equipment. Not in the bad way, implying that she was in any way an insufficient partner. I was just gargantuan and that made me overflow with pride. I felt her arms trembling to lift my hefty mounds and

her hands all but disappeared when she pressed from the sides. My taut balloons felt like popping with how full they were and that only revved up my inner fire. I kissed her deeper and deeper, thanking her and urging her to squeeze harder, to grope to her heart's content and beyond.

She sucked my tongue powerfully, stealing it from me, then released it with a pop. We both sighed loudly, like the girls in in pornos except nobody was paying us to be actresses. Nothing about what we were doing was acting. We were one-hundred percent present with each other, answering the tiniest micromovements with love and trying to tame each other's blazing sensual fires.

"Fuuuck! Oh god," I sounded close to happy tears when Luula pushed my boulders together as hard as she could. My P cup mountains easily rose high enough to block my hooded eyes. They started to swish and gargle with greater frequency each time I acknowledged their amazing size. No doubt they were beginning to grow, but since we were still in the early stages the swelling was incremental.

Luula had a way of always looking innocent, but even she seemed to notice how deeply I was affected by her squeezing. She curled her fingers even deeper, deviously, and furrowed her brow. 'You can't take how turned on your tits make you, huh? You're big tits turn you into such a depravity-stricken nymph', is the meaning I ascribed to her new vigor. Let me be clear, I deeply agreed with the sentiment and wished that every woman could know the thrill of having boobies as huge and sensitive as mine.

Hungry to be worshipped for my squishy pillows even further, my weight shifted dynamically. Luula took the weight and struggled under it as my milk jugs landed on her upper chest. I giggled as her neck, chin, and nose were all submerged in my cleavage. Moisture ran down my inner thigh as she inhaled deeply and began to kiss and lick the flesh on the insides of my tits. All the while, her hands wrapped around and hugged them at their widest places. I felt my skin catch fire when her cheek began to graze the area near my areola.

'Go on and suck them. Latch on before I lose myself completely'.

True debauchery was about to be dived into but before we crossed over into it, I pumped the brakes. Minutes had passed and the ravine that was my cleavage was shimmering with all the loving Luula was making. Given her hard work, I couldn't blame her for looking worried when I backed away from her. Immediately, she stood up straighter unburdened as I took my weighty balloons back, but her neck lengthened as she bent downward slightly.

"Verne. . ."

"Oh, sweetie, you didn't do anything wrong. I just wanted to take it slow this time. It was such a blur last time - one I quite liked," I went to my knees. She attempted to mirror me, but I stopped her. "But it was too fast for my liking. Let's try something else; maybe make a bunch of memories together instead of just one."

She said my name again, confused.

"Take off your clothes."

She did. Once the linen wrap she wore around her hips had fallen to the floor, I scooped in as close as I could manage. Ignoring how her waist was so slim while also having definition would have been a sin. She wasn't as rock solid as a guard or as strong as Hannah, but muscle gave frame to her otherwise softened tummy. She truly had a stunning middle, especially with her dangling G cups as its crown. Impulsively, I went there and grazed my teeth on her abs. The muscles there tightened and she moaned. Her hands went to my sunbleached mane, but not to remove it. She was securing me, petting me from above and smoothing my hair. She liked what I was doing, so I went further.

"Ahh. Ahhahn!~" Luula cried.

My tongue traced the outline of her hip bone as it angled downward. There was no rush. Working with tooth and tongue, I pretended that she was made of marble and that I was chiseling away at her with my oral tools. Naturally, my arms slinked around her as her knees jutted into my hanging mammaries. The landing space was none other than her pert backside. My initial thought was contrite. 'Hannah's is fuller', was in my mind so momentarily that I thought I'd imagined it. But with my recognition of it, the flicker of an idea had vanished. For my better, I figured. And it wasn't like Luula didn't have a body worth devouring.

The salty taste of flesh and her freshly-bathed scent intensified as I sank toward her center line. She instinctively rolled her hips away from me as I neared her womanhood, but the barrier behind her restricted her retreat. "It's fine," I comforted. "Slow and gentle." She nodded even as her fingers hooked the tangles in my head. She had a neat, soft patch that didn't bother me in the slightest as my journey ventured to its final destination.

"V-ver-. . . A-Ahhnn! Ooo!~" she nearly collapsed forward.

I knew I wasn't *that* good. I had a long tongue but she'd only had the tip of it and she was sopping wet already. Still, where her thighs had been clenched together, they began to spread. Her gate presented itself before me; a young, pink sliver held by light-brown wings. It occurred to me that this could have been her first experience with oral; which was crazy on an island that was supposedly all female. Yet, when my lips met hers she rose to the balls of her feet and when my tongue dipped between her folds she was thrown left and right like a raft on stormy seas. Her entire body language was unbalanced, erratic, and fluttery.

Luula was just too sweet for her own good, in both ways.

I'm sure she felt me smiling. Betwixt her thighs, as her voice pierced the evening, I continued to savor her honey-sweet nectar. Newly motivated, I made her first oral experience as slow and entertaining as I had wished mine was. My hands mildly insisted by squeezing her bum that it was okay for her to let her hips sink back into their natural

position while warm breath left me and met her steaming pussy. Her moans were like hiccups and were laced with fear but comprised mostly of bravery and, of course, lust. After a few minutes, I upped the tempo of my licking and she came down from the balls of her toes to truly enjoy having a lover's tongue against her mound.

A few times, my nose bumped her clitoris and she almost pulled my hair out. For her, she probably thought it was some fortunate accident, like using a metal detector on a beach and finding a brick of gold. Of course, this was intentional as well. Only in due time, after I was thoroughly satisfied with sucking her yummy, leaky slit did my attention turn to her northern nub. The second my tongue put pressure on the partially-hooded point, Luula tossed her body backward and gripped the barrier behind her painfully. A perfect 'O' shape was laced by her plump lips as she wistfully howled in Kkarian.

"Fuck, you're so sexy!" I had to admit just before I was splashed in her girl cum. My nails clung her pert, bouncy ass. My lips kissed the area I knew to be painfully sensitive until her climax ended. Her thighs crushed my ears as she squeezed them, soft and full, and I remained in position for about thirty seconds.

"Huff, huff, huff! Ahh, V-verne. . ." Luula pleaded.

I was only barely able to hear her as my head left the grip that was her upper thighs. All over my lips and nose were remnants of her recent ascent. Basically using her snatch as a microphone, I spoke seductively. "You wanna go again?"

And I thought her reaction to kissing was excited. Her new love was definitely being eaten out as she turned into a bobblehead the moment I confirm my willingness to go again. Moments like these were the reason I loved being a lesbian: a cute girl begging to have her clit sucked again and again and again.

"Luula! What the-. . . Oh! Was I, erm. . ." someone to my left said.

Looking, it was another Kkarian, but one I had not seen before. Some slow calculations in the sex fog eventually revealed that she was the other priestess charged with serving us. She seemed better at English than Luula. She even had the native-awkwardly-catching-strangers-in-a-public-sex-act stammer down.

"My apologies, Deliverer. I hadn't seen you here. I only saw that Luula was e-expressing herself most d-disgracefully when she was supposedly meditating," she said. Next, she started laying into Luula.

My words stopped her. "Luula was doing just that until I showed up. It was my fault. I couldn't get to sleep and wanted some company, that's all."

"O-oh. Again, my apologies."

The second priestess was taller than Luula with straight hair and a sharper image. From below, I could tell her tits were bigger than Luula's but still smaller than mine. Then it occurred to me that it had taken exactly six seconds for me to go from munching box to sizing up another girl. I went straight to her face to make eye contact, attempting to amend the situation, and then noticed that she had been doing the exact same sort of sizing that I had! She hadn't been yelling at Luula out of reproach. . .

. . . it was out of jealousy.

"You know," I said, succubus grin forming. "You look like you could use some company as well."

Lucky Luula, getting her first oral and her first threesome on the same night.

* * *

Chapter 9

The unnamed priestess didn't see me coming.

Nor did I give the taller, thinner, and bustier woman any sort of warning. I went from zero to no-uncertain-terms in a blur. No doubt, I was riding the empowering momentum of making one girl cum only moments prior. My approach had gall - like, "You saw what I did to one priestess. Wouldn't you like to know what I could do to you?" - but that may have been the point. My approach's reckless speed felt right particularly when targeting a servant of the palace. Getting back at the Kkarian establishment in some way felt right somehow.

Sure, the palace imitated civility - in much the same way plastic flowers mimic beauty. But I'd recently experienced the truth; the catty, shady truth. Like how the Spirit Queens could threaten and berate Shah in one breath and clique with me in the next. There was also the flippancy with which Hannah and I were offered a position at the top of the social structure. It was a clear attempt to buy our voices with influence.

Clearly, I wasn't going to fall for it by accepting their offer. But the alternatives were so painfully bare that I didn't want to face them: either run and leave the island to suffer with their milk just as they had before our arrival (if escape by boat was even possible), or contest the corruption of the Spirit Queens which Chu seemed to believe had something to do with the bittering of Kkarian breast milk. The first choice might save our lives. The second could create room for dialogue and improve the lives of thousands.

Dammit, I knew what to do. But why the hell did it have to be me? Why was the choice mine?

Decision was a burden upon me - a burden connected to the palace. So, if I was pawky enough to spend the evening before the beginning of the end by wallowing in rebellion at the palace's expense, who could really blame me? Senior pranks happen just before graduation for a reason, right? And my case was extra pitiable. I was the lesbian both blessed with sapphic paradise and cursed to either leave hastily or rule over it by living a lie.

Fucking the palace priestesses as my one last 'hurrah' was an easy parting shot to justify. "You put me in this position in the first place, Kkarian Aristocracy, so you can't complain if my last licks are between the legs of your most devout."

Yes, revenge sex was a low bar to limbo under. But I hadn't been the one to lower it. . .

So I shirked my responsibility once more. Whenever the sense of duty appeared, I squashed it with raging, consuming passion. My worry about escape was quelled when I pinned the priestess to a shadowy wall. The anxiety over confrontation dissolved as I caught her scent. As showing distraction at all while making love can kill all potential, any inner conflict was barred from showing in my eyes or smile.

Only lust was allowed to glimmer through.

The priestess caught it just right and stammered out some English. "I-I. . . D-Deliverer. . ."

"Shh," I pressed into her. "I'm sorry, I just. . . I need you right now. Is that alright? There's something about you that I want to explore."

She recoiled a bit and I softened my grip on her. Maybe I was too rabid; too eager. Her apprehension would liquify if played with differently. A softer touch for this long-limbed, gorgeous priestess. . .

Pale sulfur eyes roamed over me after they scanned Luula's recovery a few feet away. "It is the purpose of my presence to service your every desire, Deliverer. Whatever you require of me, I will do." Her emotions mirrored a kaleidoscope soul. Anger, fear, lust, awe. All of it was boiled together inside her, swelling her bosom with hissing breath. When she looked me over, I felt her complexity on me.

But her words. . . I knew what she meant by them, but I couldn't help by *hear* what I *wanted* in her words.

"You speak very well," I said. I couldn't help but giggle. The girl was so thoroughly mixed in her intentions, both put off and turned on. I chose to honor the turned on portion and brushed my fingers down her arm. "I have but one request of you tonight. I would like to have you submit to me, but only so far as I can satisfy your body."

"A-are you sure you do not wish to rest? Your day has been long. I c-could accompany you to your chambers."

"Honey, if you came to bed with me there'd be no rest. . ." I winked.

She didn't seem to get it intellectually. But lust translated across bodies even if it couldn't with words. Her nipples, which began cutely inverted, started to keek at me. I squeezed her arm again and pressed my tits - which stood over a foot away from the thin, flat plane of my body - against her abdomen. Upon landing and spreading over her emaciated waist I sighed. The touch of another woman, our flesh sweeping upon each other, was the only place my tits truly felt at home.

"I'd feel good if you let me make you feel good. Understand?"

She didn't look to get it. Maybe she was still new to English and the constant subject reversing was hard to follow. I shook my head, dismissive. Then my hand came and rested on top of her perky milk hoarders. They gurgled with approval. With a jump, her hardening nubs came to full length and jutted from her smooth, brown caps looking suckable beyond belief.

We caught each other watching her nipples, bold like thumbs and twitchy with need for satisfaction.

Seizing the moment of common interest, the weight of her right globe caught beneath my arm and I leveraged it up so I could come closer to her face. She froze having her tit mashed so delightfully and I knew she was suspecting my mouth to come down over hers.

Instead, I kissed the outside of her lip, just off to the right.

"What's with that look?" I teased.

Her smooth Kkarian seduced me and she grinned. She sounded ticked that I'd led her to believe I'd go hard and fast on her plush lips when really all I wanted was an excuse to grope her titty. But now that I was squeezing her, moulding her flesh and patting her excellently feminine balloons, she looked appreciative enough. She couldn't be too pissed while on the edge of letting out a moan.

"What's your name?" It felt entirely too late to be asking such a question, but I needed to know which name I'd be using as a swear as we worked each other to boiling point.

Her pink, dextrous tongue flicked to the side where I'd kissed. She sampled that wet spot then coated her lower petal in glossy moisture. "Meyba."

"What a pretty name," I said. "Where would you like me to begin, Meyba? Would you like a deep, long kiss to make you breathless? Or a firm milking from your big, sensitive boobies?"

"I-I. . . I'd like you to do as you wish, but I'd hoped you would aim more carefully and attempt to meet me here again," she sucked her index finger between her huge, sexy lips.

Fuck! I regretted teasing her. I should have sucked that bottom pillow into my mouth and nibbled it till she screamed. Now I was screaming inside, ready to make the night blush around us as we made steamy mouth love.

But hearing that she wanted to make out made riling her up all the easier. After all, if I wanted the kissing to be orgasmic, the best way was to put it off by ministering to her gluttoned, milky knockers instead.

Her eyes lost focus as her head rolled backward. I kneaded her flesh in both hands, memorizing how she swelled in huge, chocolate hills and how they sloshed back into place when I let them go. There was a familiarity when I touched her because our racks were so similar in size. I would have guessed that she might make hers look smaller because of her height, too, but that wasn't the case. Both our bodies made our tits look like wrecking balls.

In Meyba's case, her shoulders were narrow and bony and her limbs, while long, were even thinner than mine. It was like every ounce of nutrients in her body were isolated to being dumped in her expanding boobies. And even they were not as grand as other Kkarians. Perhaps she milked before starting her shift.

Still, I committed one hand to each of her cans and found them both my paws inadequate. Her size made any attempt to palm her futile and their jiggly, bouncy quality disrupted any attempt to wrangle them gently. It was the best to just lay her soft weights on top of mine, feeling her milky melons wobble erratically because of their contents. Despite how full they were, her flesh was still pliable enough to lose a hand in.

"Wow, they're lovely. So perky and full, but so squishy and bouncy," I said, giving her a shake from below.

"Mmn!" Meyba chirped.

"Go ahead and moan. No need to hold back." When she remained hesitant, I had a sinister thought and squeezed her rotundity as hard as I could. East met west as her milky tips bulged with their load before spraying me with their hidden source. If I wasn't love drunk already, I was when I smelled and felt her hosing my torso with her own creamy guns.

"Ahhhmnn! Ahh-ahh-aaaaahnnnnnn~" Meyba squirmed under my touch.

What a fucking moan!

For about five seconds, I wouldn't release her tit flesh; couldn't convince myself to let her go. Milking her was just too hot to pause so soon after beginning. Her boobs were the grabbable kind, a pair that begged to be taken in both hands and pulled or pressed about. Some chests seemed to ask to be cared for, licked, or petted and those certainly had their place. Meyba's were not of the sort. I could tell by my first contact with them. Hers had bounce and life, showing little vulnerability. They could - deserved - to be roughoused.

"Shit, I could just play with you all night!" I shot her a grin to be taken as encouragement. "Really, what a sweet rack you have."

Her moaning cut briefly when I unclamped my hands, but I went straight into juggling her hooters them with assertive pats underneath, launching them into the air where they clapped into one another like fireworks. "Th-that. . . that's. . ."

"Yes? What is it?" I didn't stop watching or groping her sweet, jiggly jugs. "Got something to say?"

"That's wh-what I'd like, too," Meyba said. She'd changed her tune now. Making out could wait, fluffing her like a pillow was the new game. "You are enjoying them, yes?"

I looked incredulous, full head tilt included. "Of course! Why wouldn't I? You're boobs are fun. I don't think I'll ever forget getting to play with them - *super* jiggly!"

I was kneading, squashing, and dribbling her knockers around since their consistency in rebounding and fighting for size was uncannily addictive. I wanted a taste badly - it would take seconds sucking her off to lose it myself.

"Play. Yes, that is right."

"What is?"

"I shouldn't. . ." she began, as if fighting something. Then she continued. "Do not take this as blasphemy against our scripture, Deliverer. I know that the words of the Great Saint are true, and just as our Queens have recited the extra weight we carry is a burden. But sometimes," she rolled her body into my feelers. The way her titties bubbled between my fingers and around my hands was an apt adjective of her excitableness. "Sometimes I do not feel like my large chest is a burden. The daily toil of many, I admit, I cannot overlook. To my sisters who are suffering because of their chests, I suffer in my spirit as well. Still, I cannot help my conviction of the contrary. My chest is no burden for me."

In a shocking move, Meyba grabbed my groping limbs and thrust herself upon them till I was wrist deep in each of her sexy lady lumps. Her warmth sealed around me. Her nipples felt taller than trees with how intimately pressed we were to each other.

"I feel it is my purpose to treat my body as a source of joy. I am correct, Deliverer?"

I blushed at how candidly she'd admitted what I'd been fantasizing. "That's what I would think, yes."

To me, it seemed obvious that tits were to be for having fun (and breastfeeding, of course, but fun is what happens between milkings). However, when Meyba fully comprehended my admittance, it looked like a lifetime's worth of pressure left her, dissipating into the air.

"Yes! I knew it!" she cheered, bouncing on her toes. Her sloshing jugs bobbed beautifully, slapping the tops of my own overinflated mammaries. "Because I quite enjoy having you touch me. I enjoy being milked as well. It feels much better to have another woman do it." Then she sank down over her tan, sloping hills and whispered just an inch from my nose. "I wish there was someone who didn't mind playing with me between milkings, though."

"Meyba, those are magic words."

"Thank you, Deliverer, hehe. You may continue to your delight, now. Just, disregard my inability to hold in my, erm, expressions of gratitude." Meyba's pale yellow eyes gained a new brilliance. There was no longer any resistance.

My stopping had happened beneath my awareness. I must have been transfixed by the liberation of a woman who had lived her whole life wanting somebody to squeeze her breasts in a culture that treated breasts like some necessary evil.

Meyba interested me differently now. She was a rebel, an outsider. She had controversial thoughts - counter cultural ones. We both did, actually. In that moment, we became kindred spirits.

Drawing even closer and raising my P cups beneath her K's, I reasoned that we should be rebels together.

I let loose a sharp breath as my lengthy, hardened nipples rolled around in her fleshy mounds. My chest did not overtake her despite our size difference meaning my nipples had no break from grinding wonderfully up against her. Against my sensitive peaks she encouraged much more pleasure, to the point that we began to shimmy our shoulders forward and back in a sawing motion. Between us, a sea of cleavage and girlish mass sloshed about.

"Fuck, that's nice. Mmm," I was the first to show her my gratitude.

"Yes. Our chests a-are playing. . ." Meyba echoed.

Her skin was impossibly soft as we tried to start a fire, sinking and rising against one another. My skin soaked in her lust, still dripping with her spray of milk from earlier. The play provoked more lactation from Meyba, greater and greater quantities of milk being squeezed from her breasts; boobs being used to milk other boobs. Our skin soaked in a matter of minutes, thick, sweet cream behaving like lotion to shine our titty shelves.

"Mmmnn! Mmph! Mmph! Mmmmmmph!" Meyba grunted. With her slight height advantage, she gave my giant, lathered P cups a few punches from above with her lady lumps.

The increased pressure of her titty slaps sent tingles all over me. It wasn't long before my own melons took the hint. Meyba's soft, glowing skin grazing over my satin cannons caused them to erupt with my own streams of milk. Mine were noticeably broader than hers but

came in bursts while hers flew dependably like rivers. Together, our erotic stew gathered together between our pressed-together factories. Eventually, it would work its way between and moisten the cavern between our cleavage and dripped from our swooping underbusts.

"So much," she said in complete wonder. "Your milk is so hot, Deliverer." At last, our boob-only wrestling incorporated a pair of hands as Meyba's slender fingers aided in massaging in the milk that I'd expelled. My offering stuck to her fingers, thick and odorous, and had to be greased over our skin instead of simply soaking in. "You must not milk too much. You are very, very thick."

"You're right, I don't milk at all," I admitted. "I'd much rather lighten other ladies' loads and just enjoy my own."

She was candid about her arousal at that. Her body reacted violently and splattered my neck as her milk arched. "I can't believe it. . . you never have to milk. And you get pleasure when you drink from other girls all day." The way said it almost sounded like a fetish. It very well could have been, since women on the isles had adverse effects if they drank the milk of another girl. It was taboo enough to be fetishized over time.

"I shrink without trying, unfortunately," I rocked forward and compressed her malleable jugs with mine. "All I want to do is stay huge but I'd have to drink a *lot* of milk *everyday* for that."

Meyba pushed off the wall behind her with just enough force to booby bump my chest away but not enough to keep it away for good. When my nipples were just about to take off, her hands on my hips pulled me in again and our squishy boulders collided staggeringly. Our milk splattered on the ground around us like rain. At that point, my sensitive nips were firing on all cylinders and the production had me bulging with rapture. Expressing milk was so immensely blissful and I'd forgotten all about my promise to focus on getting Meyba off first. I was already too close. I needed to climax.

My libido nearly summited when Meyba started using my beastly bosom as a trampoline of her own.

"If that is the case," Meyba's eyes wore dark, sexy hoods. "Then you may have my essence, Deliverer. If it is your desire to be 'huge' as you say, then I encourage you to have your fill. Had I known how greatly you desired it, I may not have milked before starting my shift tonight."

"I'll have to join you for the next milking," I said.

A finger spun in circles at my lower back. From that spot, a jolt of need was communicated across every nerve in my body. Suddenly, I was aware of a ravenousness that must have been patiently awaiting invitation. Now awake, my manic tit lust infected me with a unique blend of weakness and strength. I was all too aware of how perfectly formed Meyba's jugs were; of how they exploded from her otherwise emaciated frame, and how their squeezable quality had to have come from a built up tolerance to some seriously aggressive milking.

Meyba liked it rough. And I liked sinking my teeth into yielding flesh. It was time to fill my cheeks with her tasty flesh.

"Veeerne. . ."

My name on Luula's post-orgasmic voice had barely enough power to stop me. Head on a swivel, she appeared on my right. Her scent was overwhelming as she rushed in to take my mouth which I thought had been proposed for milking but handled the swap to smooching no problem. Instantly, all at once, every second of our previous lip locks felt flimsy and vacant as the current moment overflowed with bliss.

"Luula!" Meyba complained. She'd been jipped.

To communicate that I hadn't yet forgotten about her offer, my hand did its best to maul her right titty, sinking my fingers into the front in the classic 'honk-honk' hand claw. Her nipple caught between my middle and index finger, straightened, and plastered her chesty potion all over my left jug. Along with the treat came a moan. Hearing it made me feel bad. She'd probably been very close to cumming and had wanted to do so with my lips around her flexible pink peaks. Seeing me making out with Luula was extra torture.

Still, I couldn't help a sense of belonging while wrapped up between two horny babes. I wasn't one to be haughty, either, but even I entertained the fantasy of being the center of a harem full of women that each wanted a piece of Verne. I'd exceedingly perform on Luula's mouth till she drooled over her oral pleasure, then I'd feast upon Meyba's rich, sweet treats till her teats wept with gratitude.

Of course, the current 'harem' arrangement was a product of aching bodies and aggravated spirits. In a word, it was a postiche; an empty charade of what I knew was real. I knew because I'd spent days with Chunalì who never bothered to humor the mask of confidence I always wore for sex. She'd seen the needs beneath, met them, and left me a satisfied customer. She taught to want her outside of sex. Sure lust was a component - I'd fondled myself to sleep seduced by the thought of having her body to myself for one, unabridged night - but for once, I wanted a woman as a package and not just a pretty face; or waist, or chest, or hips, or muscles, or her perfect height, or her golden eyes. . . *fuck!*

A harem still appealed to me, but it was no longer part of fulfillment. I could get everything I wanted in a harem in Chunalì and still have a life partner when I was done. For me, that recognition was like a Nobel Prize in Vernology. I'd never known I could ever be tempted to give up armies of girls for one but. . .

. . . okay, so the decision still wasn't an easy one.

And the harem was already forming around me - Luula and Meyba were fighting over me as I reflected. I loved Chunalì. However, sex could exist both inside and outside the context of love, right?

So I sought to please my senses and flesh so long as the ride remained titillating. Luula groaned before me - inside of me, actually. Her tongue was sticky and dry on first contact till we worked ourselves up, swapping lubricious gusto till sin painted itself over our mouths, chins, and breasts.

"V-Verne," my name was clunky on Meyba's lips. She'd built the courage to address my name only after Luula was so loose with her usage.

"Mmm! Mmm!" Amusement rolled out of me like waves. I comforted Meyba with it, sure to drag my finger pads along her expansive territories, still attached at the breast.

"Verne, Mmmhaa-ah-ahhmn," rebounded Luula. It was like she could sense that my attention, for a fleeting moment, had diverted away from sucking her face. Between the snapping sounds of our suction, she sang a song with only my name. One hand roamed north, long enough to wrap around the back of my head, cupping my neck as she opened herself over me, bidding me in. Together, we sank into one another, nearly perpendicular, necks cocked almost painfully to the side just to get the fullness of our mouths wider and to plunge our oratory tools deeper.

There. Just a few seconds of sucking tongue and squeezing milk from Meyba's jugs was just the right level of stimulation. My regret was peaking without tasting Meyba, but there was time left in the night and I let myself go. I'd known it was coming but the intensity of the orgasm stole me from myself.

When stars cleared from my eyes moments later, my fleshy, ship-like tits were mashed both around and against something. The against was the shaded wall of the palace. The around was Meyba's hips and tummy. I'd fallen and my cleavage pinned her against the wall like my chest had claimed her.

Then, breath was robbed from me as air retreated and was filled with a yummy, sticky treat.

"Ahh! Yes, yes, yes!~" Meyba roiled. Her titty shaking restarted again, hoisting herself left and right like a personal bouncy house.

But this time, I was in the middle.

I'd fallen in the perfect spot for my head to be between her huge, beanbag boobs. Lodged in her superior cleavage, I could hear her bubbling reservoir of nectar, sloshing about. Hers sounded lighter and shallower, and I got the impression that she had even less milk than her size would let on. She mentioned milking earlier, which meant her K cups were almost all natural. She was one of those slim-yet-stacked babes I'd dreamed of being when I was young and milk only painted another layer onto the fantasy of having such overly-developed chesticles.

Not only was her body seriously top heavy, but it often worsened - or improved, depending on one's perspective - when she inevitably swole with milk. When I thought of her plenteous rack blooming broader by the hour, I wanted her close and comfy. I wanted her to nurse me, to feel her pampering me as I rid her of all her excess love in the form of breast milk.

I failed to get a question out the first time couple times. Every time I opened my mouth a wad of her milk-glazed flesh stuffed itself between my lips. Eventually, I managed to get a few words out. "What's the biggest you've ever gotten?"

"Hmm?" Meyba reluctantly parted from her reverie. "The biggest I've. . ." then her expression turned sly. She weaved her fingers in my messy blonde hair and shoved me deep and hard against her meaty pillows. "I was afraid. They kept growing and growing till they went to my knees. 'Surely my life is over' I thought. 'I may never leave my home again'. Yes, they were to my knees. That was many moons ago. Why do you ask? If you wish to for me to feed you with that much, you'll have to wait for a day at least."

It took one day for Meyba's tits to swell to her knees? But that was so *fast*! I gulped the lump that had formed in my throat and said, "My mouth is dry just thinking about it. But since it would take you a whole day to grow, why don't you enjoy being sucked and watch me grow instead?"

Then I took her bulging areola behind my teeth like it was my own.

My nose dug deep into her bulbous balloon. My eyes fluttered when I felt her milky holdings being distorted and pushed out by my aggression. Instantly, a burst of her brew slid across my tastebuds, made nice and hot because it came straight from the tap. Her nipple bowed against my probing tongue. The more awkward an angle I used to guide it, the more of her offering blasted the roof of my mouth.

If anything, Meyba's lactation was like drinking a milk tea. Her load was runnier and smooth down my throat which, compared to the countless number of heavy creamers I'd sampled on the Blessed Isles, soothed me in a way I hadn't had a chance to experience before. Three swallows in, and my muscles began to loosen so that I sank deeper and deeper into her cushy clutches. My arms somehow found her waist and wreathed themselves around it.

"Oh yes. Oh yes, yes, yes," Meyba sighed.

Her body undulated from head to toe. That pushed her flesh harder into me, plugging my open maw with the start of some flesh that had plenty more to go.

"Verne!" Luula's pout was audible in her words. "Verne. . ."

Meyba offered some Kkarian words on the crux of a wide sweeping 'O'. If I had to translate, she might have said "Back off, this orgasm is *enormous* and I'll hate you forever if you do anything to stop her from sucking me like a vacuum till I'm good and finished."

Yea, I think my Kkarian needed some work. But Meyba's body contorted around her nipple-stimulated 'gasm ferociously and I knew she would be ready for another the second her body stopped humming.

A pair of breasts mounted me from behind at my shoulders. Their perky, condensed size was the only clue necessary to reveal their owner. Luula started at the top and pushed her pliable, amazing titties from my shoulder blades down my spine till she got to my hips. From their, she rebounded and took a rising trip. Then she went down again in tandem with a set of sexy shivers that caused my vertebrae to rattle. Fuck did her chest feel amazing! Her chanting my name as she did it, lips all too close to my skin, was almost too much.

Her sweet nothings were fuel that spun my tongue around the jutting, generous nipple with even more vigor. As her orgasm washed her inside, her titties gave my mouth a washing as well. The rushing tide rose and rose, bulging my cheeks where they hadn't before. Her smoothness helped take the strain off of my throat, but with a volume like hers there wasn't much accommodating. Fortunately, I loved having my throat stretched and tummy punched with a rushing torrent. Meyba put me through all of my favorite paces, and I'd happily take her production at orgasmic levels over and over again.

I planned on it, actually.

Luula's smaller titties mirrored the milk movement which must have helped me lose track of how much I was drinking. Roving so that her nipples thumbed me cutely and her flesh streaked flush against my uncovered back, she coached Meyba's milk from behind which made its descent into my belly all the swifter. She was trying to beat out Meyba, I could tell, showing me that her jiggly bosom could be of great use even if it didn't pack as much milk as other women. Needless to say, her message was well-received, especially when she slapped my jutting ass with her brass bust.

Just as the croaking in my throat started getting noisy from my powerful suction, suddenly, I realized the fun was already over on the first of the twins. No longer was there a taste of milk, but only the watered down spittle I'd left like a spattering of paint all over Meyba's front.

"I was to your liking?" Meyba said, breathless.

"You have a taste all your own, I assure you. And I'm only half done. . ."

"You never cease to surprise me," Meyba leaned down and kissed my forehead. "I can feel your belly swelling into me, but you don't look at all uncomfortable."

"You make nice furniture," I winked at her.

Then, Luula appeared beside her, doing this adorable mix of horny resentment with her face and exploring her nethers with her finger. Once more, she kissed me like mad, but pushed Meyba away for as much space as she could unfairly claim.

"Fuck," I rolled all over her, and I'm sure she tasted Meyba on my lips. The look she gave me when she briefly winked her eyes open did all sorts of favorable tingling inside of me. A girl with a milky potbelly like myself was horny enough to tear her legs wide and let her have it. "Luula. . ." I moaned.

Nearly five minutes later, a powerline of our saliva connected us by the lip. We only broke apart because, in just five minutes time, I already felt my body undergoing changes. I had so little time to prepare for my rapid expansion that the only thing I could manage to do to prepare myself and my newfound sex partners was to pull Luula down in front of my right titty as I grabbed Meyba by her needle waist and wrenched her to my side with a force I'd never seen in myself.

The need to feed was flaring inside of me; giving and receiving both in a desperate conflict.

I smothered myself in Meyba's right teet. Her nipple had to have been laced with some addictive substance, because her familiar taste swept over my tongue and I knew that the five minute break I'd spent macking with Luula had already been too long a wait. Savoring her creamy center was an urgent need roaring within me, and Meyba's sexy, shallow breathing showed me that my aggression was taken without dispute.

"Fuck, I-. . ." I said.

I wanted to start again, picking up where I'd left off by going to town on Meyba's other tit. But my lips stalled and my body braced as it warmed. I knew I felt like a furnace to the girls I had grasped onto, but having their flesh on me was the only thing putting out the fire.

Eddying from my paunch of a tummy came a tickling, golden stream. I started out looking like I'd swallowed a watermelon; a firm, round milk dud. That body shape - the pregnant looking one - was disappearing rapidly. My milk was moving like some crazy prophecy was actually being fulfilled within me. Essence shifted from my gut to my tits in rivers, not wires, and the bloating in a new area on my body threw my center of gravity forward. "I-I. . . fuck, this is a *lot*."

There was no way to explain it. Maybe it was Meyba's milk specifically or the combined sexual energy in the air. Hell, it might have been random chance. But this expansion felt weightier. The bloating was accompanied by angry gurgles and shrill chirps. Each of my boobs felt like they were having the most pleasant case of indigestion ever seen. They knew something was coming - *fast* and *hard*.

"Ahhhhnhaaah!~" came my voice, shaking the very ground I stood upon.

My expansion went from zero to full swing.

I couldn't have made up a more phenomenal dream sequence. Ducked in the shade of a white palace, in the chilly night, I was alone with two absolute dolls. Meyba was at the top

of our totem, the definition of skinny-busty with one boob milked dry and the other still plump with her daily load. Following the line of her bulging curve, it met my needy lips which I could feel had blushed to a warm, pink glow with my arousal. Down the line, just beneath the divot of my neck exploded a pair of jittering giants. Below them was Luula, who was small and adorable in comparison to the titans of tit flesh above her. What she stood to offer was enthusiasm and appreciation.

Three gorgeous, sexually-charged ladies; all members of a new chain of compounding, milky energy.

For a blink I reflected on that situation. Then, I tuned back in to my body.

It was like turning on a car stereo and not knowing the volume was set to max. A daze hijacked my control which improved my ability to suck and multiply Meyba's milk contents. I inhaled her, not a drop going to waste, nor a moment of breathing longer than necessary. I was alive and present only to consume.

Then came the sense of a spiral that I'd been acclimated with. It spun me like an amusement park ride. My gut could be felt rolling inward where it once jutted forward. Just as quick as I could swallow liters of milk at a time, my belly springed it back up toward my chest. For all intents, my tummy wasn't even a holding for Meyba's ingested cream anymore. Ambrosia was transferred from her breast directly to mine after taking a brief detour over my taste buds. I felt myself filling fuller and fuller, stretching further away and bouncing all the while.

Inches of growth took mere moments.

I felt *heavy*. My shoulders rolled inward as my center of gravity shifted. I'd never felt myself growing so insanely fast. Each time I opened my eyes and dared to add the sense of sight to my overstimulated experience, I saw my knockers wobbling forth and out, into my peripheral vision and beyond. By far, this would be my most potent growth yet.

A magic faucet loaded me up, stuffing my new space. With no warning, the surge came. My nipples were hard, but they extended farther like unfurling wings as they swole. Out of their tips blasted a gooey white fluid that made Luula's skin sparkle as it emptied all over her lips, overflowing her mouth. It felt *amazing* to let down when my milk was so thick and creamy. Each liter was a whole exercise and depositing it into Luula's small-but-accepting mouth was dropping the dumbbell noisily to the floor. The sense of filling something - anything, or *anyone* - was empowering.

And just like it felt good to fill Luula with my creamy goodness, it was rapture to feel myself eclipse the two foot titty mark and climb steadily - possibly *faster* - beyond it.

I'd joked about Meyba being furniture, but in less than three minutes I was the real recliner. My chest bowled over cup size after puny cup size till that system of measure meant nothing at all. By the time my stomach was completely flat, it couldn't even be seen behind the wall of lady meat that had been erected before me. Luula was smacked in the face by

every growth spurt. She squeaked when she was smothered and had to adjust. Soon, she was pinned against the wall, urgently swallowing around a nipple that was better at putting out fires than actually feeding the average female.

It occurred to me how sexy that was; how many ladies could spend all day feeding from me? How many women could I satisfy? It would have only taken a dozen or so to empty me from a P cup (factoring in additional production due to arousal), but after five minutes of my current growth speed? Or ten, or twenty?

Gorgeous, pale skin stretched before me, seeking out the ground. Though my throat muscles were sore from sucking Meyba off, I continued because I wanted the lowest curve of my tits to rest on the ground like so many other Kkarian babes. They were already at my knees and my flanks were a foot outside of my shoulder width.

Pictures of the villages I'd visited came to mind, then. They would greet me as I strode in early in the morning, my flesh springing from me like I was a human buffet with legs attached for the sole purpose of mobility. I'd fill every growing girl, every voluptuous Kkarian vixen. The guard women that were present in every village were big and brawny. I imagined they would need a double or triple portion. Not a problem for a girl with tits to her shins.

I could be worshiped. Villagers would come from far and wide to lotion my feminine swells and there would be no shortage of milk to drink. Every woman was already swimming in her own booby bubbles, and they seemed open to transferring their 'burdens' to a boob-loving lady like myself. I was the 'Deliverer'. They could 'deliver' all they wanted to me.

Luula could only fit her arms around the front of my right globe. My girthy balloon spread her legs and thunked to the ground at last. My weight began to conquer her inner thighs, covering her body like a crushing fantasy made whole. And, since my skin was taut and buzzing with life like I couldn't believe, her bulging belly felt like a billowing moon to match my glorious white-hot sun.

"V-Verne, you're-. . . Mmm, you're beautiful!" Meyba's arms cradled my head around her chesty form. She held me close and tender. Her softness piled up around my mouth as I drained her greedily. "Luula can't slow you down at all, can she? You just make so *much*!"

Imagination multiplied Meyba's sentiments. The temptation to have an island praising my size was at the forefront and inspired a long, silky draw of her cream. "You like it when I grow?"

"My burden is yours, Verne. Your size is a reminder of all you do for me - for any woman you relieve with your soft, warm lips. . ."

The bigger my tits, the more they'd like me - hell, the more I loved myself! I didn't know how good it could feel to be so huge! I recoiled at being so large permanently - Laarla's room filling, constantly lactating, human-sized udders were all the example of immobility I needed. That said, I knew I would shrink again to my old self eventually. That knowledge

was liberating! I could experiment and drink till I was Laarla's size with no repercussions. I could be *bigger*, and spend my days having a swath of cute lesbians rubbing me down and drinking from me daily.

The current session was but a sample of what the Blessed Isles was offering me.

Why was I turning that down again?

A pressure built underneath me, barely perceptible under the serial of mini 'O's that wracked me from my curling toes to my nipples that bent blissfully - one against the ground, the other down Luula's throat. It was Luula, miraculously conscious. It would have been award worthy to have her still drinking the gallons of milk I was producing with no other task, but her body was rolling up into me. The place between her thighs lifted my body-crushing bazongas and fell again, only to rise again more slowly. She was jilling herself off beneath me; the sex-addicted pixie was in the running for my favorite.

My tongue wished it was inside of her so I put it to work on Meyba double time. A moan raked itself together from the pleasure she was vibrating with and her expression redoubled in my mouth like a rising tide.

The new volume found between my cheeks must have broke some weight limit I hadn't been paying attention to. It was either the new mouthful accompanying Meyba's explosive orgasm or my own legs giving out, or maybe the temptation to see how comfy my cream-glutted pockets of sensuality were, but down I tumbled.

They were *very* comfy, by the way.

Since Meyba was holding on tight, she came along with me. Her tits became a hat in our new position. What was left of Luula was a shrieking cry of latent lesbian urging as my full boob weight slammed onto her grinding pelvis. A muffled 'Verne!' signalled that she had to be at or approaching her own peak.

The three of us couldn't help ourselves. The fall was so sexy and surreal that we had synchronized climaxes, one after the other. It was like we were at a titty and milk appreciation ball. Our shared sexual peaks were a toast to the galvanic lusty wonder that was the breast.

And boy did we drink deeply.

"Hello, Verne. . ."

My name on a third person's voice shook me. Meyba let me dig out of her soft, leaky hold as I rolled onto my ass to free Luula.

A whoosh swooped over me. In a post-orgasmic haze, such things were almost psychedelic in quality. Confusion descended, chased by sudden fear. All of which was dampened the moment I tasted and smelled the one person who could still me no matter the context.

"You're so *bad*," Chunali said.

A moment later, she buried me six feet deep in her kiss.

The kiss of a lover - and I meant *love* in its truest sense - was so stark a change that I came again. I actually came. Zero refractory or delay, just a natural reaction to touching Chu intimately. My body twitched and seized under her, melting to a puddle, burning to nothing. Nipples could only get so hard, couldn't they? Mine were already six inches long, but I could have sworn they found two spare inches just because my princess was near.

"Verne. . ." Luula mewled. "Verne, Verne. . ."

"P-Princess Chunali? B-but you aren't supposed-" Meyba started.

Then they watched, jealous, hollow, at me surrendering myself to such a gorgeous woman. It brought a smile to my face.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. I so wanted to keep kissing her, so my mouth stayed close enough to brush her lips with my words.

"Wanted to check up on you. Make sure you're okay."

"Make sure *I'm* okay?" I mentally smacked my forehead. "I should have been asking you if *you* were okay."

Chunali's golden globes pierced me momentarily. "It's fine. I can see that you're. . . busy."

Suddenly, my heart sank. It was odd of me to feel like I'd cheated. I loved keeping the options open and the fun a'flowing. A sudden weight came over me, though. I was prevented from being so naive.

"I'm sorry," I said, retreating from her. Suddenly, Chunali's proximity felt harsh and I needed to find a distance between us. "I-I didn't. . . I did. I was having a threesome. And I don't think I should have been?"

"Your sex drive is ridiculous, Verne. I don't blame you for being intimate with other girls."

"But it shouldn't be so easy, Chunali," scorn rippled in my words. "I wasn't worried nearly enough about you."

It was scary how true that statement was. I hadn't been used to being in a significant relationship before, yet I felt that I was so strongly when my bronze goddess was nearby. It

was so easy to forget, though; to slip back into fucking everything away. I *wasn't* worried about Chunalì while I ate out Luula and guilt knotted my insides as a result.

"Well, at least you regret it. . ."

Her soft and strong hands cupped my lowered face and tilted my jaw to hers again. She pressed herself hard into me to resume our making out. Her tongue forced me in twain and she stole me from my doubts. I'd never be stupid enough to forget her ever again.

"I'm happy you're safe. . ." I choked out, trying to stay strong and avoiding tears in front of her.

"I sure am. . . but I came to let you know that I need to take some time away-. . ."

Before I could object and before she could explain, Luula gagged violently.

Meyba, Chu, and I turned in her direction. My milk was bubbled up between her lips. The taste was so good and the thickness so viscous, her eyes were crossing at how much ecstasy she was in.

"Ooops?" I said.

"Well," Chu shrugged. "Who can blame her? Your milk is literally the best."

Luula gargled in affirmation. My nipple answered, blowing back her stunned expression with a fresh load of yummy lactation.

"S-so, why'd you come? Isn't it dangerous?" I said.

"Yes. Very much," she fished a fresh moan out of me when she bit my lip tight enough to pop it. "I mostly came to kiss you again before I have to go into hiding."

"Wait? Hiding? When did you decide-"

"My sisters are sparing no resource to find me," she looked and gave Meyba a harsh stare. The curl Meyba did in response made me even hotter for Chu. Was there nobody on the island who didn't viscerally react exactly as she wished for them to? "I'll be in the jungles between villages till things blow over. We may not be able to meet for some time. . ."

The way she said it translated her deepest fear. "Forever. . ."

She kissed me hot and deep, but with sluggish density. '*Don't cry, Verne,*' her mouth meant as it comforted mine. My eyes stung.

"Chu. . . we aren't going to live like this," I sobbed. "I-I'll come with you into the jungle. I'll-. . ."

"SHH!" Chu hissed.

Speaking in Kkarian, she regarded Meyba who turned tail and darted. Luula was apparently fine to stay. How much could she possibly recall given her intoxication? My cream was in her ears - in every possible place, I figured.

"You will not live with me in the jungle. It's dangerous. Full of rogue Kkarian clans."

"I can fend for myself. I'm not afraid of some bad eggs that had to go live in timeout," I lied.

She grinned. "You're correct. The women who live between villages are not to be feared. My sisters are the ones you should worry about. . ."

When the topic of the Queens was brought up, I almost asked Chunali what she knew about the sacred text. Afraid it would sound like I was accusing her after already feeling like I'd let her down, I restrained my urge.

Instead, I said, "Still, I don't want to be without you. When you disappeared and I didn't know where you were. . . I didn't know what to do with myself."

"I. . ." she began, but dipped her head.

"Say it," it was my turn to hold her in my hands, to feel her cheek against the closest part of my chest. With my size, she had to stand off to the side but I hoped the gurgle of my milk being churned and dumped nearly three feet away was comfort enough. "You what?"

"Every time I leave you with Passha and Erro, my heart aches," she sounded hard. Where I was tearing up, she was coal being pressed into a diamond. "I know that their patience is thin. I fear they may be getting desperate now, and that desperation may lead them to chaos. The closer you are when that happens. . ."

When we embraced each other, I felt the instinct and took a chance. Whispering, I said, "What if we were gone when they finally went crazy?"

"If you leave the palace to live in the jungle, my sisters will begin a hunt for you as well. They'll call you a heretic. They aren't above killing to keep peace, Verne."

The way she held me all possessive was too perfect. Knowing my offer was justified by Chu's actions, I elaborated. "I didn't mean the jungle. What if. . . What if we left the Blessed Isles together?"