

# Amie's Charm

by **purplish** [[email](#)] - comments welcome!]

*Amie, a traveling apprentice of the Scholar's Guild, is visited by two farm girls.*

*(For adult eyes only. FF/F, magic, lactation, breast expansion. All characters are 18+)*

## I. The Drain

Amie turned to close the wooden door to her rented room. As a traveling apprentice of the Scholar's Guild she often made do with the barest accommodations; this backwater country inn was certainly no exception. The door was mounted on a sliding rail, unusual in her travels but stirring fond memories of a dairy farm near the Guild where she'd sometimes wander in her free time. She smiled as the door slid closed with a satisfying *\*thunk\** and turned to face her room.

Immediately she noticed that the stone floor was of peculiar construction, angling down from all four corners towards a small drain in the center of the room. Atop a small table next to a generously-sized bed, she spotted a familiar-looking large metal bucket. Despite her curiosity, she couldn't give her room much more thought, as a distracting pressure in her bosom had been building for hours into a more urgent problem. Two problems, really.

The roads in this remote southern kingdom had been treacherous and slick with rain, so she had not stopped even once to relieve herself since that morn. Her needy breasts now almost demanded her attention, swollen with nearly a full day's burden of her delicious milk. She paced gingerly towards a full-length mirror mounted near the bed, taking the last few steps very slowly, her huge sensitive bosom bouncing lazily in her robe around her waist.

She sat on the edge of the bed to kick off her boots, then stood in her bare feet facing the mirror. Her milk-swollen breasts dominated her torso, entirely obscuring her hips and waist in her reflection. She grasped at the small silver charm dangling on a necklace just above her cleavage.

One week earlier, she had been sitting in the front row of Mistress Yvette's lecture hall. She had developed a special affection for Yvette, whom she had long considered to be her favorite among the mistress scholars, and today she had been teasing her mistress by allowing her robe to fall open during class. She would wait to capture the mistress' lascivious gaze, then slowly cross and uncross her long stocking-clad legs.

After the lecture had ended, Mistress Yvette, looking flushed, had pointed to a small tear in Amie's stockings that revealed her bare skin – "Most unbecoming of an aspiring scholar," the mistress had intoned – and demanded she accompany her to her private chambers.

Some time later, a sweaty and unkempt-looking Amie had staggered out of the mistress' chambers with a few more holes in her stockings, much less milk in her breasts, and an unusual gift. The mistress had insistently pressed into her hands a bundle of cloth, which she had slowly unwrapped to reveal a small silver charm. The mistress had told her only that it contained powerful magic and urged her to bring it along on her travels, that she must keep it on her person at all times, and she mustn't allow anyone else to touch it.

But there must have been something else, she recalled.

"There's something else," Mistress Yvette had said as Amie was leaving her chambers. "This is the liquid charm. Seek the glory of its wetness in the kingdom of Sweetwater."

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Amie bit her lower lip to quiet herself. She almost fully extended her arms, her fingertips now hovering just above the plainly obvious points of her erected nipples in the chest of her scholar's robe. She grasped both turgid teats, thrilled at their hot firmness and immense size and how sublime they felt in her hands even through the soft fabric.

Suddenly the lower third of the mirror was covered with a fine spray of milky whiteness. Her knees shuddered at the delirious sensation of her uncontrolled lactation, amazed at the incredible pressure of her milk spraying through the fabric. She exerted no small degree of mental focus to regain control, her milky spray slowing to a trickle that continued to stain the inside of her robe. She flushed at the feel of hot milk dripping down her sensitive bare skin. *Not yet, girls*, she thought, *but I'm nearly at my limit!*

She frowned at herself in an unsoiled part of the mirror. The small silver charm on her necklace sparkled in the dim candlelight. Her brown curls tumbled down below her shoulders and her light blue robes indicated her rank and status as an apprentice of the Scholar's Guild. Her robes had clearly been intended for a much more petite girl, though, and on her busty figure the cloth didn't even extend as far as her knees, leaving her toned calves and thighs mostly exposed.

Not that she'd inspire much scholarly respect right now with such embarrassingly large wet spots around her nipples, and showing so much leg too, she thought. Her frown slowly turned to a smile. *If only Sister Katryn could see me now!*

She knew this to be her unique milky affliction. Despite the occasional burden, she couldn't help but admit she loved her milk and the carnal need it seemed to inspire in others. Even the mistress scholars of the Guild couldn't seem to help themselves around her, but she could still sense their disapproval, for her marvelously prolific milk was a mystery they could not explain by citing a passage from one of the tomes in the Great Library.

She beamed with pride knowing that even the Grand Archivist herself couldn't measure up to the stupendous size of Amie's milk-swollen breasts, which could project nearly to her hands with arms outstretched and hang below her waist when engorged as much as she knew herself to be at present.

Her fellow apprentices, for their part, envied the outsize attention rendered upon her even as they found it hard to resist her generous spirit, loving touch, and her more personal charms. She had spent many nights at the Guild enthusiastically sharing her gifts with the younger girls as they tried to induce similar effects in themselves, often with her hot milk as the principal ingredient of some magical cantrip. She was happy to oblige those efforts and indulge herself at the same time, for there was little she enjoyed more than easing her milky burden while sharing with a girl at her dripping nipples.

Lost in her own reflection in the mirror, she fondly recalled one such night at the Guild only one week prior, on the eve of her departure to the southern kingdom of Sweetwater.

Sister Katryn, a first-year scholar with fiery red hair who within her first week at the Guild became quite smitten with Amie, had been reclining next to Amie in the gardens just outside the Guild. Atop their discarded robes, the two girls shivered together for a moment from the gentle lick of an early evening breeze across their nude bodies. Kat was sucking noisily at Amie's right nipple, and she could see only the top of Kat's beautiful red curls over the generous curve of her swollen breast.

Kat gulped and swallowed Amie's delicious milk for long idle minutes, now and then taking short breaks to leave quick loving kisses all around Amie's chest. Amie's substantial breasts were gradually covered in a fine sheen of their own effusive production.

She reveled in sharing such intimate closeness with the younger girl.

"You're so beautiful, Kat! I love your mouth on my nipples." She used both hands to squeeze a small area of her huge right breast and heard Kat's surprised moan around her teat, briefly overwhelmed by the sudden increase in flow.

She couldn't help but chuckle. "Drink all you like, my sweet Kat," she gushed. "There's so much and it's all for you."

Kat was always such a generous lover, and on this occasion she clearly felt the need to demonstrate her thanks to Amie even as she expressed Amie's delicious milk.

Kat had started slowly but firmly twisting her shoulders even as she continued to suckle on Amie's nipple, sliding her own not insubstantial bosom back and forth across her girlfriend's nude abdomen and groin. Amie couldn't help but giggle as Kat's hardened nubs tickled her just so, then moaned with the raw erotic sensuality of feeling them drag across her bare pussy.

Kat's nipples had always been extremely pronounced, quick to harden and often betraying her arousal at the most inopportune moments. Her unruly nubs towered above her breasts, slippery with Amie's milk. Her teats had become intimately familiar to Amie, objects of fascination to her loving hands and mouth. She knew just where Amie wanted her, and she shifted her weight to achieve one of their favorite positions together.

"Oh, Kat!" Amie wailed. Kat's teat had suddenly found itself trapped between the folds of Amie's pussy. Amie thrilled at the sensation, feeling a cloudy haze of arousal blanket her mind.

Amie urged her on, whispering, "Yes! Give me your nipple! I want it in my pussy!"

Kat grinned to herself around Amie's nipple in her mouth and twisted, leaned, and shuffled forward until she had slipped her teat firmly inside Amie's pussy. She moved both hands below her breasts, lifting and rubbing one nipple along the inside of Amie's bare thigh and the other in lazy circles up and down Amie's lower lips. Her spectacularly erect teats were lubricated by a heady mixture of Amie's milk and the juicy production of Amie's pussy, dripping along her breasts and down her body.

Several long minutes later Kat had raised her head from Amie's right nipple, her red hair damp and matted with Amie's milk and their shared exertions. Amie's mind was foggy with arousal and it took her a few moments to realize that Kat was leaning in close, looking expectantly at her with a curious close-lipped smile. A small rivulet of milk escaped Kat's lips, running down her chin and dropping onto the expanse of Amie's breasts, splattering little white droplets onto them both.

Amie sighed, blinking slowly in her aroused daze, then smiled back at her friend.

"Kat my love –" she started, but Kat had at once pressed her lips to Amie's. Kat parted her lips and flooded Amie's mouth with her own milk. Amie never seemed to tire of the taste, and she happily shared a long loving kiss with Kat, passing the milk back and forth until they had swallowed her bounty between them.

Amie felt a moment of great affection for her friend and inserted her tongue deep into Kat's mouth, feeling Kat sucking and releasing it in much the same way she had so lovingly sucked on Amie's nipple only moments before. Amie thrilled as she reciprocated, wrapping her lips around Kat's tongue and happily sucking it into her own mouth as their shared passions grew ever more intense.

Amie found herself staring lovingly into Kat's dark green eyes even as their tongues continued to writhe together in a sloppy kiss. She was in a happy daze, her mind in the clouds; something about sharing her gifts with someone close to her made her feel all tingly and woozy. She was distracted by the younger girl's beauty and didn't notice at first that Kat was reaching for something on her chest.

Suddenly, a biting sense of dread made her snap back to reality.

Looking down with surprise, she yelled "Kat, NO!" and recoiled, but it was too late - Kat had grasped between her fingers the small charm on Amie's silver necklace.

A sudden *flash* of yellow light emerged from between Kat's probing fingers and a powerful magical discharge knocked them both flat on the ground. Amie leapt to her knees and nearly fell on top of Katryn, finding the younger girl uninjured but shellshocked. A faint crackling of static electricity in her ears confirmed that the charm's magic had taken hold of Kat. She could see now why the charm had come with Mistress Yvette's warning.

She felt a chill but not from the early evening breeze, nor from the rapidly cooling saliva all over her milky breasts. It was almost as if the heat was being drawn out of the air all around her... but to where? She reached out and gently rubbed the side of one of Kat's supple teats, feeling small jolts of electric potential leaping from Kat's skin to hers, and eliciting a low moan from Kat. She pondered for a moment. Could this be part of the charm's magic?

Kat blinked rapidly, breathing heavily, as she felt a curious pleasurable sensation in her chest. Both girls watched in amazement as her immense nipples stretched fully erect, then lengthened even further beyond their previous maximum size, and Amie knew the charm's magic was pulsing through them.

Kat's rosy pink nipples stretched, engorged hot and taut, until they had achieved a stupendous new length, poking more than two inches into the air above her breasts. Amie was shocked at the size contrast from only a moment earlier, observing that those huge teats seemed out of place on her chest - they clearly belonged on the breasts of a much larger girl.

Kat gasped, "Amie, it feels so good!" and Amie couldn't resist, leaning in to lick along one of her girlfriend's newly-grown nips from base to tip, seeing Kat shiver in response.

Kat was looking rapidly between her own surging chest and Amie, her eyes pleading.

"Amie, what's happening to... to my breasts?" Kat bit her lower lip, riding waves of magical ecstasy.

Amie's eyes widened as Kat's breasts began to swell larger, gradually spreading to cover the reclining girl's nude midriff and stomach, but remaining magically perky and firm despite their incredible masses. Kat was clearly overwhelmed with magical pleasure and Amie watched her as she squirmed in delight, occasionally helping her along by licking along her swelling breast.

Barely a minute later, Kat's chest had matched, then surpassed, the size of Amie's milk-swollen mammaries. Her new breasts seemed to defy gravity, stretching upwards into the evening sky, towering impossibly tall above her. Amie smiled at Kat over the sizable hills of her own milky

bosom, then leaned in close to press their chests tightly together. The chilly evening air around them now felt much warmer.

Amie pondered, twisting the small charm on her necklace between her delicate fingers. Mistress Yvette had told her that the charm's effects were only temporary, but not so temporary that Kat wouldn't have time to enjoy its effects for at least a day, even if that would be after Amie's early departure the next morning. She bent over to brush Kat's sweaty, milk-sogged hair out of her pretty face and saw a contented smile on her lips, then leaned in to plant a small wet kiss on her mouth.

A minute later they were holding hands, giggling as they ran through the halls of the Guild towards the dormitory, their scholarly robes wrapped haphazardly around their expansive bosoms. The weight and bulk of her breasts was new to Kat, but with Amie's loving assistance and firm grip, she had returned safely to her room. Kat seemed to fall asleep moments after her head hit her pillow.

"Rest well, Kat my love," sighed Amie. "Dream of large women."

She had refastened her robes closed around her still swollen breasts, bouncing and straining as she dashed through the dark halls of the Guild. She had to prepare for her departure to the kingdom of Sweetwater the next morning, and she didn't stay long enough to see the tiny white droplets that had appeared on Kat's hugely swollen nipples.

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Amie had to admit that her milky condition had gotten her out of – and into! – more than one sticky situation in her studies at the Guild. But what good was it, she wondered, if it meant she had to spend long weeks separated from Katryn and the other scholars on remote assignments? Were the mistress scholars and the Grand Archivist really so embarrassed by her? What did Mistress Yvette expect her to find here in Sweetwater?

A sudden knock on the wooden door shattered her daydream and made her jump backwards in surprise. She slipped along the milk-slickened floor, falling over herself and ending up in a most unladylike position on the bed. She immediately sat up straight as a rail, a shot of adrenaline allowing unusually quick movements despite the massive weight of her engorged breasts, and she had barely finished calling out "Come in!" when the door quickly slid open.

A girl about her own age swept into the room and stared, tilting her head quizzically at Amie lying akimbo on the bed. Amie saw the girl was flushed red, breathing heavily with small beads of sweat at her brow. Her long legs were almost entirely exposed below a blessedly short skirt, and she noted with interest the girl's high heeled shoes, held firm to her toes with thin strips of red leather, making echoing clicks on the stone floor as she paced delicately to the foot of the bed.

The girl's straight brown hair curled slightly inwards at its tips near her shoulders, and her pronounced brown eyebrows gave her a severe, commanding air. Her lips bore some small remnant of a ruby red coloring, but most of it seemed to be smeared haphazardly around her mouth and in great red swaths onto her delicate cheeks, almost as if she had... Amie shook her head.

The girl's ragged cloth shirt left her arms fully exposed, and Amie thrilled at the sight of her substantial breasts straining against the fabric, each impressive sphere easily outmatching the size of the girl's head. The shirt seemed far too small for her, leaving the bottom curves of her breasts and most of her toned stomach on display under Amie's rapt gaze. Her eyes ran along the girl's trim and subtly muscled body. Amie wondered what kind of labor she performed at the inn in that outfit, although – for a moment her thoughts drifted to her own swollen breasts – there was one job in particular she had in mind.

She would usually be the one to take the initiative with her Guild sisters, but she now felt strangely subservient, stunned into silence before this dark beauty. The girl blushed and averted her eyes, looking demurely down at the floor.

Amie was floored by the girl's beauty and found herself searching for words as a familiar foggy arousal clouded her mind. She could feel her milk insistently, involuntarily, *inexorably* increasing its flow from her thick nipples, her robes now well and truly soaked through with a small part of her full day's production. Her outstretched arms hefted her milk-swollen chest towards the girl, struggling to form words, intimidated by the girl and inhibited by her own urgent need even as she tried to convey it.

The girl allowed her a few moments of stammering, then smiled and spoke in a quiet voice.

"Does Madam find the accommodations satisfactory?" she queried, but she didn't wait for an answer.



Her dark brown eyes lowered to Amie's chest and a sudden flash of recognition lit up her features. She stared unabashedly at Amie's breasts, their hugely swollen forms and massively erected nipples now clearly outlined as they strained against the damp fabric of Amie's robe.

The girl smirked at Amie, speaking now more assertively.

"Ah, perhaps Madam would enjoy our famed massages? I promise Madam will find it most... expressive." At this, she quickly and none-too-subtly licked her lips.

Amie followed the girl's eye line down to her own chest and turned bright red with embarrassment. Her hands leapt up to cover her chest but something stuck in her mind – how could this inn, in the middle of nowhere, be famed for anything at all? Why, it must be at least a half day's travel to Sweetwater's capital city –

"Would Madam allow me to remove her robes?" the girl, no longer panting but still flushed red, tittered in an almost sing-song voice. Amie fought through her own arousal to hear her. She was in another of her sensual dazes, feeling unable to focus on much beyond the insistent pressure of her milk and a burning need she now felt in her loins.

Again the girl didn't wait for a reply. Her heels clicked on the stone floor as she stepped to the side of the bed nearest Amie. She took Amie's hand and helped Amie to her feet on the stone floor, facing Amie towards the open door and taking a position just behind.

Amie moaned as she felt the heat of the girl's firm breasts pressing into her back even through her robes, then flinched as the girl suddenly called out.

"Jessa! Come here *at once!*" the girl demanded.

Moments later, another girl emerged from the hallway into Amie's room. Jessa stepped quickly, standing directly over the drain in the center of the room and facing towards her, but averted her eyes, looking reservedly down at the floor. Amie wondered why Jessa also seemed to be panting heavily, her beautiful features flushed.

Jessa curtsied towards Amie and spoke quietly, but not to her. "Yes, Kara?"

Jessa was dressed very similarly to Kara, Amie observed, with a matching short skirt, long beautiful bare legs, and unusually high heels, on which she seemed unsure and a bit wobbly. Amie noted with curious interest a familiar-looking red coloring that may have once covered Jessa's lips

but was now mostly smeared around her mouth. Amie's thoughts drifted for a moment to imagine what Jessa and Kara had been doing outside her room.

Jessa had long, flowing blonde hair that fell below her shoulders and a grubby work shirt that kept her arms bare like Kara's. A number of holes in her tattered shirt granted Amie's peering eyes generous views of her big chest. Amie noted with glee that Jessa's fully erected left nipple was poking gloriously through one such hole at the front of her shirt, while its twin strained in sympathy against the thin fabric.

A curious metal clasp was gently squeezing around the base of Jessa's big nipple. Amie would later find out that it was a Sweetwater breast charm, helping to direct and control a girl's arousal. Jessa at once unclasped it, tossing it aside. Her pointy teats seemed to shudder in relief, her abilities now fully unconstrained.

Amie could feel hot breath on her ear as Kara spoke slowly but firmly.

"Jessa, the Madam desires a massage *most* urgently," Kara intoned.

Amie's eyes fluttered as she rode momentary waves of roaring desire in her loins and felt urgent need in her breasts, but she still had the presence of mind to try and help Jessa along by stating the obvious.

"It's my breast milk," Amie cooed at the younger girl, "I'm positively *overflowing!*"

Jessa flushed even redder and bit her lip, still averting her eyes, peering now at the ceiling as if to count the wooden slats used in its construction. She twisted slowly back and forth on her long legs but stood in place, nervously crossing her hands behind her back. Amie grinned as the movement of Jessa's arms pulled her shirt taut across her sizable chest, stretching the holes in the strained fabric and exposing more of her beautiful skin.

Amie watched as Jessa's exposed nipple lengthened even further. It seemed to Amie that Jessa's teats were half again as large as Sister Katryn's legendary pair even with the effects of her charm's magic, or maybe even longer? Amie boggled at the girl's stunning breasty figure.

She felt wobbly and fell back into Kara's welcoming embrace. She was relieved for the support and thrilled at the sensation of her backside seeming to fit so perfectly against Kara's firm body. Jessa finally lowered her widening eyes just in time to see the sudden motion make Amie's breasts bounce most weightily against the straining fabric of her robe.

Amie heard a gasp and looked up to see Jessa with one hand over her mouth, now staring directly at the voluminous swell of her breasts. Jessa's other hand was clutching at her own left breast through her shirt and Amie watched as she slowly squeezed and released herself, then slid her hand along it until she had grasped her own exposed left teat between her fingers.

For a moment all three women stood still and the air hung thick and heavy with tension. Jessa was giving quick loving squeezes to her bare nipple as she watched in silence.

Amie's breath caught in her throat as she heard a brief tinny *\*ping\**. It sounded somehow familiar to her, like a droplet of liquid striking a metallic surface.

A distinct *\*ping-ping\** soon followed, then she heard a short *\*RRRRRIIPPP\** noise like a fabric tearing.

Her mind reeled. *Could it be? –*

Kara leaned in close and licked slowly along the back of Amie's left ear from bottom to top. Her knees wobbled from the unexpected wet sensation, and she felt Kara's hot breath on the back of her neck.

"Jessa! You are positively *dripping* in front of Madam," Kara chided.

Amie watched the next droplet as it fell from behind Jessa's short skirt down to the metal grate on the floor directly below.

*\*ping\**

Amie looked up and marveled at Jessa's long, slender legs, now shining with the girl's amazingly voluminous wetness. The red leather straps on her heels had clearly been treated to resist liquids, Amie noted with wonder, as the girl's dripping arousal had beaded together on the leather atop her toes into small sparkling droplets that reflected the dim candlelight.

Large swells of Jessa's breasts were now exposed through widening holes in her ragged shirt. Amie's mind boggled; hadn't Jessa's chest been much smaller only a minute ago? She racked her memory for a parchment she had read about the women of Sweetwater. There was something about what happens when they get aroused...

Mistress Yvette's words rang out in Amie's milk-addled mind, cutting through her arousal: *This is the liquid charm. Seek the glory of its wetness in the kingdom of Sweetwater.*

Leaving Mistress Yvette's chambers behind, Amie had bounded back to the Guild's dormitory and quietly let herself into her room. Closing the door behind her, she was overwhelmed by a pungent, sticky smell that she immediately recognized as her roommate's unmistakable arousal. With the dormitory's insulating stone walls blocking out most external sound, she could now hear a rhythmic, wet-sounding *\*squelch-squelch\** noise and an occasional quick *\*slap\** sound that brought a grin to her face. She knew even before she turned around that Sister Olivia was attending to herself again.

Olivia, a tall girl with beautiful tan skin and long straight brown hair and one of her earliest friends at the Guild, was reclining on their shared bed, fully nude atop her discarded robe. Amie chuckled at the familiar sight of her roommate with her legs spread, furiously rubbing with one hand at what appeared to be a freshly-shaven pussy.

She saw Olivia's other hand was clutching at and sliding around a large glass jar; she had remembered filling it with her milk earlier that afternoon at Olivia's direction (and enthusiastic assistance). The jar now contained but a few white droplets, though much of its contents appeared to have been spilled variously on the bed and on Olivia herself in great slippery rivers that even now ran down her firm stomach and pooled in her navel.

A large parchment was unrolled in a dry spot on the bed next to Olivia. Amie's eyes widened as she immediately recognized it as one of the many historical texts found in the Great Library.

"Olivia! You can't bring that in here! What if the mistresses —" Amie had blurted, but Olivia interrupted her with a crescendoing moan that she knew to be the start of one of Olivia's famously vocal orgasms.

Olivia was teetering on a knife's edge of pleasure and Amie knew just how she liked to take herself over the edge. Olivia grabbed at her own right foot, folding her long slender leg in close to her face, and took a short moment to marvel at her wiggling toes, one of the many extensions of her beautiful femininity that Amie so loved. She licked along the outside of her own delicate heel and left a wet trail of saliva, then lowered her leg towards her groin until the back of her heel was resting against her nude pussy.

Olivia couldn't help but cry out again from the sudden warm sensation of her lower lips sliding against her heel, then grabbed at her ankle, using her hand to start furiously rubbing her heel against her own wet center. Amie rolled her eyes, knowing that Olivia had long enjoyed using her own sexy feet like this on herself, although she much preferred when they shared their toes with each other.

Amie looked down, sighing, just in time to see herself struck square in the chest by a voluminous jet of translucent liquid, soaking the fabric across her breasts. She staggered a step back in shock, then looked up with surprise.

"Olivia! By the Divine Scholar's teat, what –" she gasped, but was again interrupted by another epic squirt from Olivia, this one filling her open mouth, drenching her face, and matting the thick brown curls of her hair.

She leapt into action, hurriedly shedding her robe and tossing it aside, anticipating the sensation of her roommate's hot squirt against her bare skin. Olivia didn't disappoint, and she soon exalted in two additional deluges from Olivia's prolific pussy, covering her nearly head to toe in sweet nectar.

She swallowed luxuriously, cherishing the sweet tang of Olivia's delicious juices, then chuckled despite herself. She knew Olivia was almost as enthusiastic about her milky gift as she was herself, and Olivia would often attempt incantations well beyond their abilities in her efforts to start milking her own breasts. Amie had always been willing to donate her milk to Olivia's experiments, especially when Olivia would assist in collecting it from her needy nipples, but none of those efforts had ever been quite as *wet* as this one.

"I think I've figured it out, Amie! Your milk!" gasped Olivia, clearly shaken by the intensity of her orgasm and the excitement of her discovery, but still taking a moment to smirk at her dripping wet roommate before continuing.

"All of the women in this text can do what I just did," she breathed, pointing urgently at the parchment next to her on the bed. Her other hand continued to slide along her still-dripping pussy, squelching with slow, leisurely strokes.

"I mean, I could *temporarily* do it for my next orgasm with some magical aid, your milk, and a fresh shave," she giggled, at once giving her own denuded pussy a light wet slap and blushing cutely under Amie's beaming gaze.

“But these women - they’re all born with it!” she marveled.

Amie shivered as Olivia’s sticky sweet liquids dripped down her body into a growing puddle.

“That was beautiful and very impressive, Olivia,” Amie whispered, still beaming at her roommate, “But what does that have to do with my milk?”

Olivia sat upright, still rubbing herself with an occasional *\*squelch\**.

“It’s not just their pussies, Amie.” She lowered her voice. “It’s the kingdom of Sweetwater. Where you’re going tomorrow.”

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Kara was pressing her big breasts firmly into Amie’s back, holding Amie’s elbows and helping her to stand upright once again. Amie’s balance now recovered, Kara again leaned in close, leaving small kisses on the back of her neck above the folds of her robes.

Kara then raised her head, looking over Amie’s shoulder to join her in admiration of Jessa’s dripping wetness, still running down Jessa’s flushed thighs and occasionally striking the metal floor grate with a soft *\*ping-ping\**.

Kara’s voice was a low growl. “Jessa, look at Madam’s huge breasts,” she urged, but she hadn’t needed to, as Jessa had been fixated on the heaving mountains beneath Amie’s robe for some minutes.

Jessa was now using both hands to softly knead her own chest through her shirt, squeezing down to her nipples and pulling up again, then releasing to repeat the sensual gesture. Each cycle sent the most delicious feelings to her head as her dripping pussy gushed in sympathy, further drenching her slick, slippery legs, which she rubbed and squeezed together in a slow dance under Kara and Amie’s lascivious gaze.

Kara purred into Amie’s ear, watching Jessa’s wet dance. “Jessa, please remove the Madam’s robes.”

Amie was burning hot, her glorious breasts nearly fully engorged and again leaking even as her loins were aflame with desire. She grew impatient with need as Jessa remained frozen in place.

She started reaching up to grasp at her own soaked robes, but before she knew what was happening, both of her wrists had been pulled behind her back in the surprisingly strong grip of one of Kara's hands.

She again heard Kara's luscious purr and felt hot breath on her ear.

"Please forgive sister Jessa, Madam," Kara whispered in her ear, "For she knows not what she witnesses."

Kara paused for a moment. "But I do."

Kara continued to hold Amie's wrists tightly in one of her strong hands, then reached with her other hand around to Amie's front and grasped the hem of Amie's robe. She left her hand in place, the robe remaining closed as Jessa softly whimpered with frustrated impatience. Her other hand released its grip on Amie's wrists and reached up towards Amie's chin, leaning in close as she slowly turned Amie's head back towards hers. She was pleased to feel Amie leaving her arms in place behind her back.

Amie opened her palms and reached backwards, finding Kara's toned thighs below and behind her, even as she kept her eyes locked forward on Jessa's beautiful body. Her hands made contact with Kara's legs but immediately slid right off. She gasped as she realized that, much like Jessa, Kara's own dripping arousal had left a slick coating over the girl's beautiful legs.

She adjusted her stance to spread her legs just beyond shoulder width, smirking as her fingers slid along Kara's legs through Kara's prolific wetness. She felt Kara's weight shifting behind her and looked down, between and below her hugely pendulous breasts, to see Kara's toned left leg emerge between her own legs from behind. She marveled at the subtle musculature of Kara's long leg as it slid between her own and thrilled at the running wetness that seemed to flow without end down Kara's calves, all the way down to Kara's beautiful toes in her red leather heels.

She slowly raised her hands behind her, upwards between Kara's legs, feeling the intensifying heat of Kara's mound below a mercifully short skirt. She found herself surprised to encounter soft fabric in Kara's nethers. She reeled at the prospect that Kara and Jessa had both soaked through their clothes so quickly, but a moment later she felt Kara shudder as her probing fingers unexpectedly brushed against Kara's bare pussy. It seemed that these peculiar undergarments left Kara's throbbing pussy completely exposed. She could feel two sturdy elastic straps running parallel to Kara's hot gash, while a more traditional fabric cloth seemed to cover precious little of Kara's taut bottom.

She could feel that the juicy folds of Kara's pussy were completely hairless, a gift surely granted by the same blessed genes that had made her dripping arousal so astoundingly effusive. Amie found herself marveling for a moment at the many wonders of the women of Sweetwater.

Kara licked slowly across the back of Amie's neck, giving her shivers. Amie closed her eyes momentarily, hearing another *\*ping-ping\** sound that she knew meant Jessa was still watching them both in rapt attention.

Kara thrust her hips forward and ground her crotch against Amie's probing hands. Her sultry growl again filled Amie's ears.

"Can you feel how *wet* I am for you, Madam?" she gushed. "Jessa is too."

Kara softly kissed Amie's cheek before continuing. "Please forgive her inaction, Madam, for I think she finds you quite overwhelming."

Amie blushed at the compliment just as Kara had finished turning Amie's head towards hers, leaning in close, pressing their cheeks together. Kara paused there, teasing, daring Amie to close the rest of the distance. Amie sighed into Kara's arms with a smile, leaning into the girl behind her and turning her head further until their lips met in a soft embrace.

One of Amie's probing fingers had at that moment slipped inside Kara's gushing pussy. Her finger was immediately drenched in Kara's sticky arousal, which dripped down her soft hands and fell, splashing in a growing puddle on the floor between Kara's heels. She quickly inserted a second finger, bending them slightly and scooping out a soppy dollop of Kara's essence before withdrawing her fingers, raising them slowly. She momentarily broke her kiss with Kara to move her dripping fingers into the space between their lips.

This time it was Amie who paused expectantly, teasing Kara with an impressive display of Kara's own juices. Jessa thrilled as she watched Kara smile and lean in, licking at Amie's fingers and spreading her own wetness over both of their faces as they embraced once again.

Jessa whimpered as she watched Amie and Kara's lips kissing around Amie's dripping fingers between them. She had been stunned by Amie since the moment their eyes first met, but now felt her own urgent need acutely, white-hot at her core.

Jessa had long suspected that her effusive dripping arousal and voluminous squirting had set her apart. Judging by Kara's past reactions, she had wondered if she might be exceptional even among the prolific women of Sweetwater. She had always found it both easy and exhilarating to



ride through several orgasms in a row, amazed even at herself as each climax was accompanied by abundant squirting that always seemed larger than the last.

Jessa looked down at the curves of her own swollen breasts, which had now grown huge with her need, straining against her overtaxed shirt. With little effort, she leaned in to kiss and lick across the bare skin of her own breast through one of the stretched holes in her shirt. She knew that her aroused breast growth was extremely pronounced; until Amie, she had never met any other girl with a chest that could grow quite as expansive as her own.

Watching Amie and Kara share such delicate intimacy, and feeling the exquisite pleasure of her own slender hands still grasping and pulling at her turgid nipples and the warmth of her tongue on her own sensitive flesh, she couldn't hold back anymore and felt herself plunge over the edge.

She moaned, "OH! Oh Madam! I'm –"

A lengthy spray of translucent liquid gushed from Jessa's pussy, soaking her short skirt, down her bare legs, and across a large section of stonework flooring near the bed. Amie heard the sound of Jessa's ecstasy and a curiously familiar splashing noise, and she broke her kiss with Kara to look towards Jessa. Amie's mouth opened agape with astonishment and mirth.

She turned her head back to Kara and kissed her cheek. It seemed to her like Sister Olivia's theory about the women of Sweetwater now had two beautiful examples in its favor, but she still couldn't help but ask.

"Did she just...?" she started, then giggled, looking up at Kara.

Kara said nothing, her eyes locked forward at Jessa and her arm still wrapped around Amie's shoulder, grasping the hem of Amie's light blue robe. With a quick motion, Kara *flung* open one side of Amie's robe, fully exposing Amie's enormous left breast. Its huge mass hung below Amie's trim waist, and Jessa reeled at the sight, her experienced eyes at once recognizing its faint reddish tint as being angry with milk.

Jessa's eyes widened as she realized that Amie probably couldn't even reach her own huge dripping nipples. Jessa smacked her lips together, for despite all her ongoing wetness down below, she was suddenly *awfully* thirsty.

"Kara! She's so full!" gasped Jessa.

Jessa was overwhelmed by the sight of Amie and Kara together; her eyes lingered on Amie's incredible milky breast and Kara leaning in to kiss Amie's cheek. Her hands were a blur up and down her own nipples as she stared at Amie's spurting teats. She felt herself plunge over the edge once again.

"She's *spraying*, Kara!" Jessa exclaimed.

Splashes of Jessa's prodigious squirt arced even farther this time, falling across Amie's bare feet and even reaching Kara's toes to mix with Kara's own flowing juices. Amie marveled at how the angled stone floor swept away Kara and Jessa's fluids and her own milky spray while keeping her bare feet deliciously warm and wet.

*\*RRRRRRRiiiiiiip!\** Jessa's tattered shirt gave up the fight against her surging breasts. The fabric fell off her shoulders, sliding off her chest, and had dropped down to her waist, but her arm grabbed it out of the air before it touched the ground. She spun it once around her finger, then flung it aside, out through the open doorway into the hall.

χ

Earlier that evening, Kara was moving swiftly through the inn's hallway, her heels clicking rapidly on the stone floor. Whipping around a corner, she collided at speed with a topless Jessa. Both girls took a step back in shock.

The impact had rubbed Kara's big chest most deliciously against the rough fabric of her work shirt, while Jessa's sensitive naked teats had clearly enjoyed their brief encounter with Kara's chest. In the cool hallway, both girls' nipples quickly hardened.

Jessa was flushed red, but not entirely from the sudden impact. "Kara! Have you seen the girl who just arrived? She's *stunning!*"

Kara rolled her eyes. "Jessa, did you forget your shirt *again?*"

Jessa seemed to notice her own naked breasts for the first time, blushing cutely. She hadn't entirely forgotten, but she did find it difficult to cover herself when her unruly chest could change size so unpredictably with her frequent arousal. She often eschewed any coverings in private, and sometimes even around the inn, a game she enjoyed playing to tease Kara.

Jessa was talking a little too loudly in her excitement. “I think she’s a scholar! Her robes –”

Kara leaned in quickly, pressing their breasts and lips together, trying to quiet the younger girl. She couldn’t help but reach up, grabbing a large handful of Jessa’s beautiful nude breast, feeling it swelling larger in her grip as Jessa moaned into her mouth.

Kara stepped back, raising an eyebrow. “You’ve been awfully naughty, walking around with your pretty nipples out.”

Jessa played along. “So let’s leave them out for her to enjoy,” she smirked.

Kara reached into a nearby linen closet, pulling out a large cloth rag that appeared to be clean but was littered with holes. Grasping one of the larger central holes between her delicate fingers, she gave it a quick *\*rip\** then lifted it above Jessa’s head, and down, draping it across Jessa’s firm shoulders and growing breasts. She wrapped the cloth around Jessa’s front with a smirk, helping it stay in place by delicately inserting Jessa’s left nipple through one of the holes.

Jessa giggled. “This won’t fit me for long, Kara.”

Kara smiled and leaned in to kiss Jessa again, admiring the ruby red coloring on Jessa’s lips.

χ

Jessa placed a hand beneath both of her huge naked breasts, tilting her head at Kara. “I *told* you that shirt was way too small for me.”

Amie saw Jessa’s quivering breasts now hanging below her navel, marveling that they were at least as large as her own empty bosom would be after a long milking from one of her Guild sisters. Amie knew her huge engorged breasts were still the largest in the room at the moment, but she could see even now that Jessa’s firm flesh was still slowly expanding between the girl’s hands.

Jessa blushed and again averted her eyes. “Please forgive me, Madam,” she whimpered, speaking quickly from embarrassment.

“It’s just that I want you so, and this happens every time I get so hot...” Jessa trailed off, then bit her lip and giggled.

Jessa tried to pull herself together and straightened up, again grasping her bosom and lifting it up towards Amie.

“Madam, do my breasts please you?” Jessa whispered.

Jessa inclined her head, licking lazily from her collarbone out as far forward as she could reach on each swelling breast. She placed both hands under her left breast, lifting it gently upwards towards her waiting mouth. Amie gasped at this; sucking at her own nipple had long been one of her favorite breasty pastimes, but lately her massive chest had become simply too large for her to enjoy this simple pleasure. She was thrilled to see that Jessa shared the same habit.

Jessa’s proffered nipple was now towering upwards before her, obscuring no small part of her pretty face from Amie’s view. Jessa licked slowly around her own throbbing nub, enjoying the sensual feeling of teasing herself just so.

Jessa’s eyes widened from the delicious sensation of licking her own nipple, then looked to Amie.

“My nipples! I’m growing so big for you!” gasped Jessa.

Jessa popped her teat into her mouth and moaned as she suckled slowly at herself, lost in the delicious sensation. Amie gasped at the lewd display.

Amie’s lactation suddenly increased and her exposed left breast let out a spray of approval. A rain of milky droplets easily closed the distance between her and Jessa, and Jessa gasped at the delightful sensation of hot milk showering upon her legs and breasts. Amie again fought to reassert control over her unruly milk, managing only to slow the spray to an insistent running trickle from both throbbing nipples.

She thought again of Sister Olivia and turned her head back to Kara, trying to convey meaning through her aroused haze.

“Did she...? Can all of you...?” she questioned, looking up at Kara’s pretty face.

Kara smiled back at her. “She did twice now, Madam.” Kara leaned in for a quick loving peck on Amie’s lips.

“And we have so much more to show you.” Kara paused for a moment, looking up. “And you as well, my sweet Jessa.”

Kara reached forwards around Amie's other shoulder, grasping the other hem of her robe. Jessa's eyes widened and she sucked harder at her own nipple, feeling it throbbing urgently between her tongue and the roof of her mouth.

Kara paused again, still holding the hem of Amie's robe in place.

"Jessa, what do you suppose Madam has hidden under here?" Kara teased.

Kara *threw* open the other side of Amie's robe and pulled it backwards over her shoulders until it landed in a heap on the floor between their legs. Amie now stood fully nude on the moist stone floor.

Jessa's eyes widened further and she seemed to choke for a moment around her own nipple. She let her big left breast drop from her mouth and it bounced briefly against its twin before settling, thrusting outwards and still slowly growing with her arousal.

Jessa was stunned. She admired Amie's slender legs, toned arms, and enormous naked breasts.

"Madam is *beautiful!*" she cried.

Amie blushed, then kicked her robe aside with one foot, tossing it up and over the bed just in time for it to avoid another incoming blast of Jessa's incredible squirt. Jessa had clearly launched into another of her orgasms, and Kara and Amie's legs were again covered in a deluge of sticky sweetness. It dripped down to their toes and gushed across the floor, mixing with Amie's spurting milk before flowing back towards Jessa in the center of the room.

Kara rubbed Amie's shoulders then reached forward and around with both arms, ever so lightly touching the outer edges of Amie's huge milky breasts. She gave each one a soft loving rub and she could feel the weight of their urgent milky burden. But first, she had an idea.

Kara kissed the back of Amie's neck, then lifted her head.

"Jessa, won't you show Madam your pretty pussy?" Kara almost sang.

Jessa had closed her eyes, now stroking and rubbing her still slowly growing breasts with both hands and in generous armfuls. She didn't seem to hear Kara. Amie stared at Jessa's beautiful legs and the short skirt still wrapped around her sexy hips.

Kara seemed to share some degree of Amie's impatience with Jessa. Amie heard Kara clear her throat and the *click-click* of Kara's heels on the stone floor as she stepped past Amie and stood next to Jessa in the center of the room. Kara reached out, insistently pulling Jessa's left arm away from her breast and taking the girl's hand in her own.

Amie's eyes bulged. Kara had been standing behind her ever since Jessa arrived, but she was certain that Kara's shirt had not been so obviously under-sized just a few minutes earlier. Kara's big breasts had clearly swelled substantially larger, now straining against her shirt, but she was still massively outmatched by the topless younger girl quivering next to her.

Kara repeated her command. "Jessa, let us show Madam your pretty pussy, and what we can do for her."

Kara reached behind Jessa and released a clasp on her short skirt, unwrapping it from her legs and tossing it aside. Amie's searching eyes finally reveled in the sight of Jessa's pretty pussy, fully exposed thanks to the same kind of curious undergarments that she remembered feeling on Kara. With a flourish, Kara discarded her own skirt, now standing side by side with Jessa as Amie admired their matching panties and bare, dripping pussies.

*Slap!* Kara had lightly swatted Jessa's firm bottom, eliciting a yelp from Jessa and coaxing a generous squirt of liquid from Jessa's pussy. A sympathetic spray from Amie's exposed nipples rained hot milk upon Kara and Jessa's bare legs. Kara grinned at the other two girls' reactions.

Amie pulled together the courage to make a request of her generous hosts. "Please, Kara," she was almost begging. "Please show me your beautiful breasts!"

Kara laughed. "Yes, Madam." She turned to the girl beside her. "Come to bed, Jessa."

Kara turned, leading Jessa by hand to the edge of the bed. Kara locked eyes with Amie, slowly lifting her grubby shirt over her head and tossing it aside, finally exposing her beautiful naked breasts to Amie. Amie felt herself shaking, and again the milky spray from her nipples steadily increased as her mental control slipped away.

Kara sat on the edge of the bed, leaving her heels firmly planted on the stone floor, then reclined backwards. She spread her slender legs, her wet pussy exposed through her open undergarments and now leaking her generous fluids down onto the bed.

Jessa had followed Kara next to the bed, her wide eyes rapidly moving back and forth between Kara's dripping pussy and the overwhelming magnificence of Amie's nude figure. Jessa seemed stunned into inaction once more, and Kara again tried to help the younger girl along.

"Come, Jessa. Give us your nipple," Kara smiled up at Jessa from the bed.

Amie saw that Jessa seemed to know exactly what Kara had intended, and watched as Jessa's sexy heels clicked around the bed to approach Kara from the other side. Jessa bent over, resting her huge breasts against Kara's, then continued leaning further until she was able to open her mouth and suck Kara's left nipple inside. At the same time from below, Kara had already begun suckling on Jessa's hugely swollen teat hanging above her.

This had long been one of Kara and Jessa's favorite positions together. There was something simply divine, Kara thought, about sharing their nipples with each other. Giving and receiving in this way seemed to Kara to be such a simple sexy expression of deep loving, and she thrilled at the feel of Jessa's huge breasts slowly growing on top of her and Jessa's nipple expanding in her mouth.

Amie stood in rapt attention for the next few minutes as Kara and Jessa noisily suckled at each other's nipples. Amie was thrilled to see both girls' breasts continuing to slowly expand, pressing firmly into each other, as their arousal for each other brought them to ever greater heights. Amie felt herself teetering on the edge of her own climax, further enhanced by a stunned realization that she had never before felt her own breasts to be quite this engorged.

Amie was wrestling with the exertion of trying to keep her milk under control and found herself again nearly begging.

"Please, Kara. I need you at my nipples!" Amie whimpered.

Kara considered this, then wrapped her lips further around Jessa's turgid hanging nipple, pondering. Amie heard Kara's muffled voice coming from underneath Jessa's swelling mammaries.

Kara peered around Jessa's huge teat towards Amie. "As you can see, Madam, we in Sweetwater are experts in matters of the breast."

Kara gave one last loving suck on Jessa's big nipple. "Come, Jessa. Let us attend to Madam," Kara chuckled.

Jessa struggled somewhat to lift her huge breasts off Kara and stood up. Amie was astonished to see that Jessa's swollen chest had now nearly reached the size of her own. How

were the women of Sweetwater able to grow so effortlessly, and to such huge sizes? This question would have to wait, for Amie was far from the right state of mind for speculation.

Kara scooted off the bed and kneeled on the floor in front of Amie, who was still standing with her back to the mirror. Kara had placed herself directly in front of Amie's spurting left breast and smiled as Amie's hot milky spray once again fell upon her own heaving breasts. Jessa soon followed, walking around the bed to kneel on the floor beside Kara. The blessed lactation from Amie's right breast now gently rained upon Jessa's still-spreading breast flesh and dampened her beautiful blonde hair.

Kara was suddenly in charge once again, speaking firmly to Jessa but maintaining eye contact with Amie.

"Jessa, let us begin by squeezing Madam's breast," Kara commanded.

Kara and Jessa inched forwards on their knees, reaching up towards Amie's chest, now feeling the huge weight of her hot flesh in their hands and arms. The sudden contact made her legs shake and she felt her last vestiges of mental control slipping away. The milk spraying from her nipples was now furiously dousing Kara and Jessa's pretty faces.

Jessa thrilled at the sweet taste. "Your milk is so delicious, Madam!" she moaned between mouthfuls.

Kara leaned in close to Jessa, licking along her ear and gently grasping Jessa's breast. "Suck her huge nipple, Jessa," Kara commanded, kissing Jessa's cheek.

Amie felt a warm, wet sensation, and although her breasts were blocking most of her view down below, she knew Kara and Jessa were both suckling at her engorged teats, gulping and swallowing her prodigious lactation. She would periodically feel one of her nipples briefly exposed to the air as Kara or Jessa momentarily released it to leave small milky kisses around her chest. She loved the feel of her own milk dripping down her sensitive breasts and thrilled that the girls at her nipples indulged her in this way.

She rode waves of ecstasy, cresting up and down as she delighted in the tender intimacy of one of her favorite pastimes, sharing her milky gift with two thirsty girls at her teats.

She would periodically hear a curious *\*spurt\** or a *\*splash\** emanating from somewhere near the ground, and although she couldn't place it at first, she soon realized with a warm flush that Kara and Jessa's incredible pussies were depositing great swaths of their sweet liquid on the stone floor



below them. The smell was simply divine, a heady mix of their prolific dripping arousal with the sweet aroma of her effusive milk running down all of their bodies.

“You girls are so wet for me!” Amie marveled as Kara and Jessa continued suckling noisily on her nipples.

Amie would now and then feel her own bare legs and feet become doused in sticky sweetness, and she felt great affection for the two girls who were now so deftly servicing her needy breasts and indulging so many of her senses at once. After some long minutes, Amie felt the pressure of her milk easing as it was expressed in great quantities by Kara and Jessa’s expert hands and tongues.

“Come to bed, Madam,” Kara whispered. Amie blinked hard, trying to focus through the milky haze of her arousal.

Amie realized with a start that her outstretched arms had been pulled forward and saw Kara and Jessa smiling as they stood. Kara stepped in close to Amie’s left, pressing her big breasts firmly into Amie’s side, and she felt both of Kara’s hands gently holding the underside of her left breast. On her other side, Jessa happily smeared her nipples all over Amie’s right breast, then used one hand to press her own chest into Amie’s while her other hand reached to grasp the underside of Amie’s right breast.

Kara and Jessa used the gentle pressure of their hands and breasts to guide Amie to the bed, helping her lie down on her back. Amie’s still-spurting nipples sent her milk into the air in great arcs that managed to reach the vaulted wooden ceiling high above, and continued to rain down on all three girls in a warm wet shower.

The sound of muffled giggling came to Amie’s ears over the curves of her breasts.

Amie heard Jessa’s distinctive titter. “Madam is so *milky!*” she gushed.

Amie felt movement on the bed somewhere beyond her sight, then sensed the warmth of Kara and Jessa’s sticky, dripping legs sliding around her own. Their pretty faces peeked at her over the swell of her breasts. Kara took an unexpected blast of milk to the face as she leaned towards Amie, giggling as Jessa rapidly closed the distance to lick the dripping rivers of milk from Kara’s forehead and cheeks.

Kara smiled at Jessa. “Come, Jessa,” Kara cooed. “Rub your pretty pussy on Madam.”

At once Amie felt the powerful heat from Kara's pussy over her left knee and the dripping warmth of Jessa's pussy over her right knee, each girl straddling one of her legs.

Kara and Jessa lowered themselves further and started rocking their hips back and forth ever so slowly, tribbing their gushing pussies over and around her knees. She felt her legs covered in a fresh deluge of squirt as the girls were now rubbing their pussies ever more quickly with their own peaking arousal.

Jessa cried out from the feel of her sensitive lips rubbing on Amie's beautiful leg. "I'm so wet for you, Madam!" she moaned.

Looking up, Amie was treated to a beautiful sight as Jessa had leaned in close to Kara and began kissing her, their tongues writhing together in a lustful display, even as they continued grinding their pussies against Amie's knees and calves.

Jessa broke her kiss with Kara, then looked down at herself, mouth agape. "My breasts! I've never been so big before!" she gasped.

Amie was now aware of a weight pressing down on her own breasts, and she realized in amazement that Jessa's growing bosom had at last surpassed her own, resting heavily upon her spurting teats. She felt the pressure of the growing weight further increasing the already great sprays of milk from her nipples. Jessa's innate abilities astounded her, and she felt herself about to plunge over the edge into her own orgasm.

Amie cried, "Suck my nipples! Suck me now!"

At once she felt a warm sensation around both throbbing nipples, and she saw Kara and Jessa had leaned forward into her huge cleavage, rubbing their big breasts against her own. She felt their teats poking into her even as they again sucked her nubs into their hungry mouths. Their vigorous suckling sounds pushed her to an ever higher plateau of pleasure and she knew her own climax was just barely out of reach, barreling towards her imminently.

Kara disengaged from Amie's spurting nipple, then smiled at Jessa next to her. Kara leaned towards Jessa, making eye contact with the younger girl. Kara slowly licked along the top of Jessa's huge slippery right breast even as it was bouncing with her vigorous tribbing on Amie.

"You're so beautiful, Jessa," sighed Kara, admiring Jessa's beautifully flushed skin, milk-dampened blonde hair, and enormous bouncing breasts as they rubbed and slipped all over her own chest and Amie's milky teats beneath them.

It was Jessa who surrendered control first, lost in the ecstasy of the latest in a long string of her own orgasms. Amie felt her right knee suddenly soaked with a fresh deluge of Jessa's incredible production, followed just a moment later by Kara's beautiful pussy rubbing and gushing over her left knee. That was too much for her, her own climax triggered as the three girls moaned together in a crescendo of milky squirting delight.

Amie's insides clutched as she was racked with pleasure, riding waves of ecstasy with her eyes shut and ears closed to the world around her. She gradually calmed down, whimpering and wheezing and panting heavily, and she knew not whether she had rested for a minute or an hour before summoning the willpower to face the world once more.

Her breasts had nearly emptied themselves, and even before opening her eyes she could feel with her hands that her teats had regained their beautiful soft firmness, her long nipples still expressing milk but now in a lazy trickle.

She opened her eyes, looking up just in time to see Kara and Jessa, clearly both exhausted from their own exertions, sighing and collapsing forward. They fell into her huge cleavage, sliding across her milk-slickened breasts, until Kara's right hand and Jessa's left hand ended up together at the front of her neck, each of them at the same time inadvertently touching the small silver charm on her necklace.

There was a brilliant *flash* of yellow light –

*...to be continued?*