

Lunch at Melanie's

by purplish [[email](#)]

(For adult eyes only: lesbian, lactation, breast/nipple expansion. All characters are 18+)

Continuing from **Breakfast at Melanie's...**

A burst of magical energy crashed into Katrina. She strained to look beyond the great expanse of her roommate Melanie's breasts, which were resting heavily atop her own swollen bosom, restraining her movement and limiting her vision. There could be no mistaking the figure standing in her doorway. She was admittedly a neophyte mage, still early in her studies, but she couldn't fathom how her mistress had found her here.

Still, her mistress' timing couldn't have been better. After a leisurely morning in which she shared her first kiss — and so much more — with Melanie, her uncontrolled magic had grown their breasts so large that they wouldn't be walking away from her bed anytime soon. At least, not without some means of counteracting her rogue spell.

Melanie was engaged in her own heroic efforts, struggling with the massive weight of her breasts, which had grown over and beyond Kat's to hang over the far edge of her roommate's bed. She twisted to look over her shoulder, matching Kat's gaze towards their unexpected guest. Today she learned that magic was real, as evidenced by her still growing bosom, but she could never have imagined the incredible vision standing just outside Kat's doorway.

This woman — Mel remembered that Kat had called her "Mistress" — was strikingly beautiful. She exuded an aura of calm confidence, her short dark hair and arched eyebrows bestowing upon her a severe, commanding air. She wore a ruby red lip coloring, matching the red stilettos in which she towered incredibly high, though she'd clearly be very tall even without them. Most of her body, however, was hidden from Mel's view.

Mistress' majestic breasts filled Mel's vision. They projected several arm-lengths in front of her and extended below her knees, but despite their impossibly colossal size, they seemed magically perky and didn't appear to be any burden to her movements. Mel found it difficult to see more than brief flashes of Mistress' body behind them, though she was able to catch a glimpse of toned, slender arms and bare legs. Mistress' expansive chest was obscured behind a curious dark cloth covering; it seemed to Mel's untrained eyes like something between a poncho and a robe.

She couldn't imagine how this woman could stand upright, let alone walk in stilettos. She received a partial answer a moment later when Mistress stepped into the room, squeezing one enormous breast at a time through Kat's doorway. She could feel waves of energy emanating from the titanic bosom just a few feet away. This woman's magical power was clearly immense.

She lowered her eyes, peering at the vast undersides of Mistress' chest, and saw a great volume of opaque white liquid dripping through the dark cloth. Kat's milk-soaked carpet was clearly far beyond its absorbency limit, as a growing milky puddle was quickly spreading on the floor from Mistress' prolific lactation.

Mistress' slender toes were held firmly to her stilettos with strips of red leather. Mel stared intently, seeing that Mistress' delicate feet were soaking wet but not with milk; rather, they were slathered in a translucent liquid that seemed to be continuously dripping down her bare legs from somewhere above.

Mel felt her mouth fall open.

"Mistress is... beautiful!" she gasped. She turned to meet Kat's eyes, unexpectedly seeing her blushing a crimson red.

"Mistress, I can explain! I was just practicing liquid magic control with Melanie, like you taught me..." Kat rushed, clearly mortified. She nervously brushed a mess of her milk-soaked blonde hair behind her ear.

"No, it was my fault! I shouldn't have had so much of her milk!" Mel interrupted, turning back towards Mistress, feeling compelled to defend her roommate.

Mistress' eyes widened for a moment. She allowed herself a smirk, then spoke with low, velvety tones.

"You, girl," she intoned, staring at Mel. "You drank Katrina's milk?"

Mel wasn't prepared for the intensity of Mistress' gaze.

"I... well... yes..." she offered in a weak voice, stammering a reply.

"Actually, it was most of my breakfast today," she admitted sheepishly.

Mistress harrumphed at her.

"Did you drink straight from her breasts, girl?" she spoke insistently in her sultry voice.

Mel's heart dropped, fearing that she'd committed some grave transgression, and her eyes widened. That was answer enough for Mistress, who tensed up in reaction to Mel's silent confession.

Mistress raised a hand and a piercingly loud *snap* echoed throughout the room. Mel felt her legs and taut bottom lifting into the air, leaving the soaked carpet below. Kat had floated upwards as well, and the two roommates shared a long, confused stare as Mel did a slow half-turn in mid-air. A moment later, they were gently lowered onto the edge of Kat's bed next to each other, facing towards the doorway, their colossal chests spread before them on the floor.

"Now then..." Mistress started, but the full lengths of Mel's oversized nipples had just come into view. Her mouth dropped open and a large gush of her arousal soaked her feet and the carpet between her legs.

"Never have I seen such raw talent. Not even on the Archmage herself!" she marveled, her eyes wide.

Mel's teats had always been incredibly thick and embarrassingly long, often betraying her arousal by tenting great peaks into her shirts. Under the influence of Kat's miscast magic earlier that morning, they had swollen to an incredible new size. They were easily as thick as her wrist, hot and aching firm as they stretched even longer than her entire arm. They bounced and swayed in the air several feet in front of her colossal breasts, lazily dripping her own milk into the growing puddle near Mistress' feet.

With Mistress still stunned at Mel's natural talents, Kat quickly leaned over and Mel felt hot breath on her ear.

"I told Mistress Zara about you after we met at the coffee shop. She didn't believe me! I think she does now, though," Kat whispered, giggling. She poked out her tongue, licking slowly along Mel's ear.

Mel squirmed and turned towards her roommate, their lips meeting in a tender kiss. She gently sucked Kat's tongue into her mouth, but gasped involuntarily a moment later when she felt her left nipple being squeezed. She whipped around to see Zara, having regained her composure, smirking at her.

"You see, girl, magic is most powerful..." Zara said, pausing to make a quarter-turn, swinging the huge shelf of her chest to the side. She took a step towards Mel's colossal milky nipple.

"... when shared directly... from... the... breast," she growled, grasping Mel's teat and squeezing firmly to emphasize each of her last three words.

Mel's nipple throbbed urgently in Zara's hand as it swelled even longer. It started spurting, then gushing arcs of her milk across the great expanse of Zara's cloth-covered bosom. The fabric had clearly been treated to resist liquids, Mel marveled, as her prolific milk beaded together in great rivers that cascaded down Zara's enormous breasts.

Zara took a moment to revel in Mel's milk spraying on her sensitive breasts, feeling the impressive pressure even through the fabric of her covering.

"That is why you girls are still growing," she revealed, grinning as the two younger girls both blushed crimson red. She felt an intermittent pressure against her other breast, realizing that she had stepped into the path of Kat's spraying milk as well.

"Only the most powerful magic will be able to reverse this incantation," she intoned dramatically, pausing for effect.

A large splash of hot liquid suddenly doused Zara's feet and the bottoms of her breasts, but this time she knew it wasn't her own arousal. She glanced towards Kat, seeing the blonde throwing her head back in pleasure.

"I... oh Mistress Zara!" Kat wailed.

"It's my pussy! I can't stop!" she moaned, feeling herself plunging over the edge. Huge arcing sprays of her essence emerged from between her massive breasts, splashing across Zara's chest and further drenching the waterlogged carpet.

Zara's expression hardened.

"Katrina, how many times have I warned you about pussy magic? It is only to be attempted under supervision!" she chastised.

Something warm, firm, and slippery was suddenly poking against her side. She looked away from Kat, leaning over to see that Mel's monstrous nipple had extended even longer to now rub against her hips. She grabbed it and gave it a few long, loving strokes, chuckling despite herself as it sprayed milk all over her slender legs.

"You girls look hungry," she grinned. "Isn't it about lunch time?"

She snapped her fingers. A brilliant flash of light disrupted Kat's squirting climax, making her and Mel flinch and turn away. As the spell faded, they were treated to a glorious sight: Zara now stood before them completely nude.

The massive spheres of Zara's enormous breasts filled their vision. Even as large as Mel and Kat had grown, Zara's amazing chest was surely larger still, and in this moment they thought they could see it growing even larger...? They reeled with delight, only to realize a moment later that Zara had been moving towards them. Her massive right breast slid along Mel's chest and her incredible left breast settled atop Kat's cleavage.

They each saw a huge nipple creeping ever nearer. Zara's milk was dribbling furiously from her teats, lubricating a path forward across the tops of their breasts. Mel, thinking suddenly that she was awfully thirsty, unconsciously opened her mouth. Kat was grinning widely at the spurting teat before her, eagerly anticipating another joyful session at her mistress' nipples.

Zara's milky nipples halted their advance, leaving Kat and Mel tantalizingly close to the objects of their desire. Zara's sultry voice floated over the curves of her breasts towards them.

"You girls desperately need to be milked," she said, teasing them by stating the obvious.

"Yes, mistress! Please milk me!" Kat called in reply, almost begging.

Mel shot her roommate a wide-eyed look, then softened, remembering her own dilemma.

"Please milk me too," she said quietly.

"Yes, I believe a most vigorous milking is in order," Zara chuckled.

"Katrina, I'll need your nipples in my mouth," she commanded, pressing her left index finger and thumb together.

Kat gasped when her spurting nipples slammed into each other, held in place as her mistress' magic squeezed her engorged breasts together. The gentle magical caress felt wonderful on her bare skin, her prolific lactation steadily increasing as her nubs prepared for being milked.

"And as for you, sweet Melanie," Zara said, peering over the great swell of her chest at the younger brunette.

"I'll need your nipples in my pussy," she ordered, smiling warmly. She exerted her magic once more, pressing her right index finger and thumb together. Mel felt the huge lengths of her nipples rubbing together, forming a long, thick pillar of erect flesh longer than she was tall. She was burning hotter and riding waves of pleasure, as much from her sensitive teats rubbing together as from this impressive display of Zara's magical ability.

Kat gasped in indignation.

"But Mistress, you've never allowed me in your pussy. You only just met her!" she protested.

Zara's left nipple suddenly lurched towards Kat's face. It flushed an angry red and greatly increased its flow of dripping milk. Without warning, Zara's giant left breast swung away from her, as if possessed by a strange inner mobility, then swung back in the other direction. Kat was awed by her mistress' breasty prowess, realizing far too late that a large pink shape was hurtling towards her face.

Zara's huge nipple struck Kat's cheek, dousing her face with a powerful spray of milk. Kat reeled from the impact, uninjured but dazed, and slowly licked her lips. She had always loved the divine taste of her mistress' milk and resolved to remember her place, avoiding any further embarrassments in front of her roommate.

"Hush now, girls. It's time," Zara said softly.

"I will take in your milk and my breasts will purify it. You will drink from my nipples and I will return your milk to you, restoring you."

Mel brightened, her eyes widening in anticipation. Even Kat, rubbing her cheek and smarting from being disciplined by her mistress' nipple, couldn't help but smile.

Zara took a step backwards, sliding her enormous breasts clear of the cleavages below them, and made a final assessment in preparation for her incantation. These two foolish young girls had attempted magic far beyond their abilities, resulting in the four colossal mounds before her. She gazed down over the great curve of her own breasts, watching each girl in turn.

Mel had gathered great armfuls of her own swollen chest, hefting each of them in turn, squirming in her seat from the delirious sensations of her long nipples sliding together. Her teats were still magically attached to one another, but she was grateful for what little relief she could derive by stimulating her new lactation, urging her long nubs to spray their milk.

Kat's nipples were hardly in the same league as her roommate's, but her uncontrolled magic had still grown them to a tremendous new length. They dribbled milk furiously, casting great peaks longer than her handspan as they gloriously strained forwards from the tips of her breasts.

Their overgrown breasts rose far above the milk-soaked carpet, jiggling in great quivering waves, having become so large that Zara could see only the heads and shoulders of the girls behind them. They seemed distracted, Zara thought, no doubt acutely aware how their nipples were rubbing together in the firm grip of her magic.

Zara steeled herself, realizing the monumental challenge of her task. To take within herself the excess magical energy from two girls, purify it into a restorative force, and return it to them through her breast milk? The Council would no doubt demand several weeks of study before

attempting such a complex incantation. Even the Archmage herself would surely think twice before casting a spell like this unassisted, without a sister mage nearby.

But there was no time for study and no help to be had. Zara knew that she had to act immediately, otherwise these girls would continue growing right through their walls. Besides, ever since the misplaced growth potion fiasco at last year's regional magic convention, the Guild really didn't need any more legal action. If anything, she thought, the Guild should appreciate her taking initiative.

An unnatural silence descended. Kat and Mel could hear only their own throbbing heartbeats, but after an uncomfortable moment, sound seemed to rush back into the room. They could now hear only each other's excited breaths, though they could feel great waves of energy radiating from Zara's immense bosom.

With a quick twist of Zara's fingers, Kat and Mel rotated away from one another, opening a large gap on the floor between their massive bosoms. She lay down on the soaked carpet, her head next to Kat's dripping nipples, and arched her back, sliding her colossal breasts into the newly-opened valley before her. She grinned, opening her mouth wide and sucking both of Kat's teats inside.

Kat yelped, making Mel spin around towards her. Mel had just seen Zara disappear somewhere in front of her, beyond the great expanse of her chest, and she soon realized with a grin the source of her roommate's surprise. Her mirth turned to frustration, though, when she realized she couldn't reach either of the huge nipples on Mistress Zara's breasts. They lay tantalizingly out of reach in the space between her and Kat's bosoms.

A sudden milky spray from Zara's teats demanded Mel and Kat's attention. Mel was amazed to see one of Zara's nipples quickly growing longer, rapidly extending the several feet between it and Kat's beautifully flushed cheeks. Beaming widely, Kat opened her mouth and eagerly sucked her mistress' teat inside.

Mel felt something firm pressing against her cheek. She grinned and welcomed Zara's other fleshy teat into her mouth, sucking gently on it. There was no milk forthcoming yet, but she was still awfully thirsty, so she gave it her all. She sucked harder on the oversized nub, pressing it firmly between her tongue and the roof of her mouth. Still, the creamy essence she had seen it gushing forth only moments earlier was nowhere to be found.

She glanced over at Kat, seeing her momentarily choking around an unexpectedly large stream of milk from the nipple in her mouth. Why wasn't Zara sharing her bounty with both of them? She pondered, wondering how one would politely ask a powerful mage to breastfeed her. If

anything, she thought, good manners might help her avoid a thundering nipple slap like the one Kat had endured. Although, she had to admit it did look rather enjoyable.

A moment later she felt her nubs, still magically fastened together, sliding across the milk-soaked carpet. Despite their lengths and unyielding firmness, they were still flexible enough to bend slightly, and Mel could feel them curving around a warm, slippery pair of legs. She gasped around the nipple in her mouth, overwhelmed with pleasure when she felt her teats plunge into a warm, wet center.

She had known great joy earlier that day by thrusting both of her swollen nipples into Kat's magical pussy, and the incredible sensation of them sliding into Mistress Zara's pussy brought her to an even higher plateau. Over the next few seconds, she felt more and more of them being engulfed, and her rational mind couldn't understand how first Kat and now Zara could take so much of her within themselves. She resolved to ask Kat later about enhancing her own pussy.

Her nipples were being squeezed tightly together inside Zara. She felt her milky spray increasing beyond what she'd thought possible, and to her great surprise, she could see the great swells of her chest gradually shrinking smaller. She turned back towards her roommate, seeing Kat still busy with Zara's milk, and the blonde's chest also seemed smaller than even a minute earlier. She tried mouthing a celebratory exclamation around the nipple in her own mouth, but was interrupted a second later when it finally started spraying milk down her throat.

She gave her all to swallowing as much of Zara's milky bounty as she could manage. The flow was immense, though, and despite her best efforts she could feel great hot rivers of Zara's prolific lactation seeping out the corners of her mouth, running down her arms and back, and soaking into Kat's bedsheets.

Over the next long while, Mel and Kat were expertly milked by Zara. They laughed and licked around the nipples in their mouths, savoring the incredible taste of Zara's seemingly unending milk. The more they swallowed, the more revitalized and restored they felt, as if after a great night's rest or a particularly strong cup of coffee.

Mel had just given a wet kiss to the tip of Zara's milky teat when she felt something strange happening. Her massive nipples were still squirting her milk deep into Zara's magical pussy, but she now felt a gentle pressure on them, as if something else was spraying liquid back against them. She slowly turned towards Kat, rotating around the nipple in her mouth.

Kat seemed to sense something as well, her eyes widening as she momentarily stopped suckling her mistress' nipple, allowing its milky spray to run out of her mouth. She made eye contact with Mel, who stared back wide-eyed.

Deep inside Zara's magical pussy, something fleshy and wet was rubbing against the tips of Mel's teats. Somewhere near the back of Zara's mouth, Kat felt her own nipples sliding along something firm, warm, and very slippery.

Kat pulled her mistress' long teat out of her mouth, still staring at Mel.

"Our nipples are kissing, Mel," she whispered. "They're kissing inside her. Oh Mel, isn't her magic amazing?"

Mel was fighting through a cloudy haze of arousal and needed a few moments to absorb her roommate's wonderment. Her mind twisted around the impossibility of her situation, but that didn't make it any less real. Today she learned how powerful magic could be, more so than she'd ever imagined.

She slowly pulled Zara's long nipple from her mouth. A wide, silly grin covered her face, and she leaned towards Kat, thrilled to share such an intimate moment with the beautiful blonde. Kat smiled broadly, leaning back towards her, excited for their first kiss since her Mistress' arrival.

They met in a torrid embrace, overwhelmed as much by the incredible sensations from their breasts and nipples as their newfound affection for each other. In that long moment, they felt themselves plunging over the edge, sharing a milky climax while wheezing, gasping, and laughing into each other's mouths at their incredible shared pleasure.

A powerful magical discharge exploded between them, throwing them backwards. They again heard a familiar voice, sourceless and disembodied, but somehow audible all the same.

"Girls, you must focus! Drink from me and you will be restored," Zara spoke into their minds.

They busied themselves with swallowing Zara's spurting milk as quickly as they could, still squirming from the delicious sensations of their nipples rubbing together somewhere inside Zara's body. At one point Mel found herself pondering why her stomach never seemed to fill, despite the great volume of liquid she was swallowing. She boggled, mentally adding it to her list of questions for Kat, and returned to focus on her milky task.

A chorus of whimpering, moaning, and loud sucking noises filled the air for an unknowable time. Mel had closed her eyes, her entire existence embodied within two burning hot focal points: her squirting nipples inside Zara and the magical milk spraying down her throat. She knew not how long she had been floating on this incredible plateau of pleasure, hoping subconsciously that she could go on living this way for all time, perhaps through some twist of magic.

Mel's nipples were suddenly cold and exposed, and she sensed them sliding slowly across the carpet as they shrunk down from their hyper-extended lengths. She opened her eyes to see that her tremendous breasts had returned to their normal size, bouncing lazily below her navel and protruding forwards beyond her elbows. She gathered them in her arms and hugged them tightly, enjoying their firmness and warmth.

Her nipples still felt achingly erect, though, and she tilted her big breasts towards her face to inspect them. They were still longer than her handspan, far beyond their normal size and even longer than they'd been in the shower that morning under the influence of Kat's magic.

She raised her eyes to see Mistress Zara again standing, her grand naked breasts shimmying and swaying below her knees. She was panting and sweaty, but still smirking.

"Yes Melanie, you've noticed that magic can have certain long-lasting effects," she said.

Mel's eyes ran along the huge new lengths of her nipples, still poking lewdly towards her face as she hefted her breasts from below. It wasn't so bad, she thought, having a mage for a roommate and an occasional visit from their incredibly sexy mistress. She hoped they'd be willing to help her grow her breasts and nipples again.

She grinned widely, extending her tongue to lick slowly along her left nipple from base to tip, reveling in its erotic sensitivity. She repeated the gesture on her other throbbing nub, her eyes closing in pleasure as she attended to herself. She felt movement on the bed next to her.

"Oh Mel!" Kat called softly from her side. "Your new nipples are so beautiful!"

Kat's swollen bosom had returned to its normal size, although Mel confirmed with a quick glance that her roommate's incredible breasts were still just as large as the day they'd met in the coffee shop. They were taut and firm, projecting far beyond Kat's knees from her seated position, and Mel knew they'd hang well below the girl's hips while she was standing up. She counted her lucky stars that she had met, and now lived with, such a beautiful and busty girl.

Mel wiggled her toes, unexpectedly finding the carpet to be completely dry. Magic sure was handy even for household chores, she thought, chuckling to herself.

"A challenge is now before you, Katrina and Melanie," Zara said, again adopting the commanding tone she'd employed before casting her incantation.

Kat brightened and smiled up at her mistress. Mel tilted her head, then joined her roommate in admiring Zara's impossible figure.

“Melanie, your natural talents are immense! Dare you take your first steps to joining our Guild?” Zara said, watching Mel closely.

Mel was floored. She’d experienced such heights of pleasure from exploring magic with her roommate and her mistress, but she had never dreamed of performing those feats herself. She opened and closed her mouth several times, unsure how to respond.

Zara seemed amused, then turned her attention to the beautiful blonde on the other side of the bed.

“And you, Katrina. You must endure a trial to regain your standing, after you so recklessly invited catastrophe today,” she intoned.

Mel saw Kat hang her head in shame, looking crestfallen. She frowned, grabbing Kat’s hand and squeezing it tightly in solidarity with her friend. Kat was thankful for her roommate’s affection and concern, meeting Mel’s eyes and managing a small smile.

“You must avoid orgasm for one quarter-cycle. No climaxes of any kind,” Zara said, enunciating each word.

“I will return to judge your trial,” she added, then turned away. The colossal teardrops of her breasts swung rapidly as she paced towards the door. Mel couldn’t understand how such a simple gesture didn’t throw her entirely off-balance, but she reminded herself that this was one of the less outlandish events she’d witnessed so far today.

Zara paused at Kat’s doorway, frowning. She made another quarter-turn to the side, then used both slender arms to heft her colossal breasts through the doorway one at a time.

Mel was staring lustfully at Zara’s taut bottom and slender legs, which were slick and wet with what Mel could now see was Zara’s profuse dripping arousal. It was spurting from her pussy in seemingly endless waves, splashing along her legs and rushing down to her toes in her bright red stilettos.

Zara stood in the hallway, her back turned, and snapped her fingers. Her cavernous canvas covering, discarded on the floor near Kat’s bed, leapt into the air and rushed out through the doorway before attaching itself around her breasts. She turned to the side, grinning in profile, and stepped out of view. Her heels click-clicked down the hallway for only a few steps before going quiet, and Mel could sense somehow that their mistress had magically departed.

Mel fell back onto Kat’s bed, flustered and amazed, and stared up at the ceiling.

“I just... wow! She was... wow! Did you see how huge my nipples had grown? Your breasts were so big and beautiful too, Kat! How did our nipples meet inside of her? And how long is a quarter-cycle, anyway?” she said in wonderment, almost babbling.

A long moment passed without a response, and she grew concerned, sitting up and putting an arm around Kat’s shoulders. Leaning in close, she could see Kat staring blankly at her own cleavage, almost grimacing.

“Kat? What’s wrong?” she said, concerned.

“Mel, it’s just... my breasts get so sensitive when they fill with milk. You saw how I can’t help myself!” she remarked, wrapping her arms around her enormous chest. Her outstretched arms didn’t come close to reaching her thick nipples, and as she squeezed her chest, the tops of her breasts surged upwards and gently collided with the underside of her chin. She flushed and quickly released her grasp, finding herself stymied by her mistress’ challenge.

“That’s how our magic works, Mel; it’s a balance between power and pleasure. Too much of either one can be disastrous, and only together can you guide your spell to your desired effect,” she explained.

“I’m... not so great at that part,” she admitted, frowning.

Mel grinned widely and squeezed Kat’s hand tightly. Kat brightened, despite herself; she couldn’t resist that cute brunette and her incredible nipples.

“It’s only for about six hours, Mel. We’ll get through it together,” Kat said.

“C’mon, we’re both a mess. I’m going to take a shower,” she said, then leaned over and gave Mel a quick peck on the cheek. She leaned in further, taking care not to be unbalanced by temporarily resting her breasts on the bed.

“Want to join me?” she growled in Mel’s ear, then hopped off the bed. She walked slowly towards the doorway, swinging her hips and bouncing the great fleshy mountains of her breasts, easily visible from behind. Mel was thrilled at the sight of Kat’s pert bottom and magically-enhanced pussy, which even now was dripping furiously down the insides of her long slender legs.

Kat paused in the doorway, gently sliding her huge bosom through one at a time, then spun around to look back at Mel. She winked and blew a quick kiss, then she was gone.

Mel laughed at her roommate’s antics, then winced. Her massive new nipples were incredibly sensitive, so much so that she thought she could even detect the air currents in the room softly

caressing them. She couldn't resist taking another look at their newly-grown magnificence and pressed gently upwards on her big chest from below.

Her nipples throbbed urgently upwards, mere inches away from her face. Not only had they achieved a tremendous new length, but she saw they had thickened, too; she had no doubt they were every bit as wide as two of her fingers together. They looked positively delicious, flushing an angry-looking red and appearing to be completely rigid as they waved slowly in the air.

She had fantasized that morning about showering with her roommate, and even though that prospect was now real, she brushed it aside. Her teat looked too good and she just had to taste it; nothing else mattered in this moment.

She leaned forward, towards the thick tip of her left nipple. It was tantalizingly nearby; she could feel its heat radiating across her cheeks and brow. She slowly opened her mouth. She was so close, she could almost taste it...

There was a sudden thunderclap in her ears. She heard Mistress Zara's voice, but it was strained, as if coming from a great distance.

"Melanie!"

Staring at her incredible nipple, it seemed to stretch even longer under her gaze, as if reaching out towards her. No, Zara was right. She had to resist; for herself and for Kat.

Frowning, she released her chest, her large breasts bouncing and settling. She squeezed her eyes shut, trying to concentrate, though she was still distracted by her hugely erect teats waving far in front of her.

She rose to her feet, feeling a little wobbly, and stumbled to the open doorway. She leaned against the doorframe for support and peered into the hallway: the coast was clear. The sound of running water came to her ears from the closed bathroom door just a few steps away.

Her heart was racing. She was mere steps from realizing her fantasy of showering with her extremely busty roommate. What frustrating irony it was, though, that they'd have to be careful not to get carried away and risk failing Mistress Zara's trial. Still, she thought, she wouldn't miss this chance for the world.

She paced down the hallway, pausing in front of the bathroom door, and jumped back in surprise when her straining nipples unexpectedly brushed against it. It would take some practice, she realized, to learn how to move around with the incredible new lengths of her teats. She bit her lip, her nipples throbbing, and swung the door wide open.

She stepped inside and closed the door firmly behind her. The air was unnaturally thick with steam and extremely humid. Large clouds of dark mist were billowing from the shower stall, obscuring her view through the glass, although she could still make out an occasional glimpse of movement. This was surely more of Kat's liquid magic, she realized with a grin; Kat sure did enjoy teasing her.

One of Kat's enormous breasts suddenly appeared against the glass from within the shower. It was wedged tightly into a corner of the stall, her huge nipple bent between the glass and the pebbly flesh of her areolae. Kat's breast was spread across nearly the entire height of their shower stall, and combined with the swirling steam, Mel's hopes of glimpsing the rest of her roommate's body were frustrated.

Kat's wet nipple started spurting thick streams of her milk. Angled awkwardly against the glass, it sprayed great sheets of milk down an entire wall of the shower. Mel felt herself start salivating at the sight of Kat's prolific lactation; it never failed to impress her.

Kat's colossal milky breast disappeared behind a wall of steam just as suddenly as it had appeared. Mel frowned; her roommate must have moved to the other side of the shower. After a brief moment, the shower door slowly slid open.

Gazing inside, Mel could only see dense swirling clouds of steam; not even the far wall was visible. Kat was clearly inviting her to take another leap of faith.

"I trust you, Kat," she said aloud, unsure if Kat could even hear her. She closed her eyes and stepped inside the shower. The door quietly slid shut behind her.

She felt a warm liquid spraying down her side and legs. She paused, confused; wasn't the shower head at the other end of the stall? She opened her eyes, expecting to find herself magically teleported somewhere, but she could see only the drab tile of the bathroom wall. She spun around, towards the source of the warm spraying liquid, to see an incredible vision.

Kat was leaning with her back against the far wall, her eyes closed as she relaxed under the hot water spray. The billowing steam had somehow reversed itself, obscuring her view of the bathroom beyond the shower's glass walls.

Kat's huge breasts were squeezed tightly together by the narrow shower walls. Mel's entire view of Kat, from her shoulders to below her knees, was filled with her blonde roommate's impossible bosom. It thrust forward to occupy more than half the length of the shower, leaving Mel standing in a narrow space at the far end.

Mel flushed red, but not from the hot steam; she was still stunned every time she beheld the magnificence of Kat's breasts. Seeing them now squeezed so awkwardly into their narrow shower, stretching out wildly in all directions, had her especially titillated. She confirmed with a grin that the warm liquid spraying on her was gushing from Kat's thick nipples, now dousing the front of her chest as she stood facing the beautiful blonde.

This incredible vision of Kat stuffed into their small shower, her breasts surging in all directions, had been just what she'd fantasized about earlier that day. She resisted the urge to pinch herself; she wasn't dreaming, was she?

A warm, soft weight pressed against the tips of her outstretched nipples, making her realize that she'd once again forgotten to account for their vastly increased length. Her teats were rubbing and sliding across Kat's mountainous breasts. They held eye contact for a long minute, silently enjoying the tender sensations of so delicately caressing each other.

Kat leaned her head forward, resting her chin atop her colossal left breast, beaming a silly grin.

"Mel, sweetie, can you wash my nipples? I... I can't reach," she said, blushing.

"But gently, please!" she urged. "You know how sensitive I am while I'm milking," she winked, flinging her wet blonde hair over her shoulder.

Mel reached out, gently grasping one of Kat's spurting nipples. She pointed it directly at her chest, grinning as hot milk sprayed inside her cleavage and dripped down her body. She wrapped her fingers around it and stroked it gently, grinning as she felt it throbbing in her hand. She was impressed by its size as it poked out through her curled fingers, though it was nowhere near as large as her own incredible teats.

Kat's other dripping nipple was nearby, rubbing along the tile wall. Mel grabbed it in her other hand, bringing it close and twisting it around. It covered its twin in a milky deluge, even as its twin continued spraying its own gloriously voluminous milk across her chest.

Mel pondered for a moment the questionable effectiveness of cleaning Kat with her own breast milk, but figured it was worth a try. After all, she grinned, it certainly wouldn't be the strangest occurrence she'd seen lately.

She allowed herself a long moment to enjoy her milky shower under Kat's spurting teat. She marveled at her roommate's incredible production once more, thinking it particularly impressive given how much Kat had expressed only a short while earlier under Mistress Zara's skilled touch.

Kat moaned softly and opened a peering eye. She couldn't help but chuckle at the sight of her magical milk coating Mel nearly head to toe.

"Mel, my love, won't you wash me with your pretty nipples? Especially now that they're growing again!" she said, barely audible over the shower spray.

Mel was stunned. Kat's milk — of course! This was hardly the first time today that she'd encountered her roommate's magic milk. The tell-tale warmth spreading throughout her chest made her flush in anticipation of growing larger once again.

Her nipples were burning hot and she felt them extending further, even beyond their tremendous new lengths. She closed her eyes, focusing on her growing nipples and Kat's hot milk spraying all over her chest.

She opened her eyes to catch a large reddish mass in the corner of her vision, near the top of the shower. Thinking it to be one of Kat's towels hanging over the shower wall, she quickly flicked upwards on it, trying to toss it back over so it might avoid getting wet from water or milk.

There was suddenly a powerful burning sensation. That was no towel — she'd inadvertently struck her own growing teat! Opening her eyes wide and staring at it, she gasped as it seemed to thicken and stretch even longer from the contact and the influence of Kat's magic milk. Kat must have taken a step forward, Mel realized, as the blonde's vast chest was now pressing tightly against hers, forcing her nipples upwards to the point where she had mistaken one of her own big nubs for a towel.

"Your milk is making me so big, Kat! It feels so good!" she gasped. With renewed resolve, she grabbed great armfuls of her own chest, hefting and pushing to make her nipples slide all over Kat's expansive bosom. Her teats had once again swollen positively huge, and she was able to cover the visible surface area of Kat's massive bosom with a few sweeping strokes by her lengthy nipples.

They stared deeply into each other's eyes, lost in a shared aroused haze. Mel was sliding both nipples flat against the great front surfaces of Kat's bosom, giggling softly as her nubs caught against Kat's, then released, caught, and released.

"Oh Mel, your huge nipples feel so good on mine!" Kat was nearly wailing.

Mel felt herself cresting higher, her growing teats still stretching longer and becoming ever more sensitive. She was approaching her peak when she felt a hand squeezing tightly around both nipples. She gasped, teetering on the edge, seeing Kat's hands wrapped around the halfway point of each of her teats, about a foot from their thick tips.

Kat realized that she'd caught Mel teetering on a knife's edge.

"Mel, no! Remember what Mistress said!" she urged, her eyes wide.

Mel recoiled, jumping backwards. She panted heavily, disappointed at herself for unknowingly coming so close to failure, endangering not only her own trial but Kat's as well. She felt her heart drop.

"Kat, I'm so sorry! I never meant to... to..." she felt tears welling up in her eyes. She turned and slid the shower door open, stepping out and grimacing as she banged both nipples against the door.

The swirling steam had thankfully dissipated from the bathroom, allowing her to grab two nearby towels. She wrapped one around her dark brown hair, wearing it on her head, and fastened the other around her waist. She threw open the bathroom door, still sniffing, and stormed topless into the hallway.

"Mel! Mel, wait!" she heard Kat's voice calling behind her, but she didn't stop until she was safely in her room. She shut the door and leaned back against it.

She gazed down, seeing her nipples still swollen huge under the influence of Kat's magic. They were throbbingly erect, each of them nearly the length of her outstretched arm, waving in the air far in front of her.

A heavy burden was settling onto her shoulders, As she reflected on her inconsiderate behavior, she felt her arousal pushed aside under the weight of shame. Over the next few seconds, as she stood frowning, her incredible teats finally softened.

She caught her reflection in the full-length mirror near her bed and immediately felt her shame fading, replaced by the familiar loving admiration she felt for her incredible breasts. Her nipples, now completely soft but still at least as thick as her finger, drooped down from her breasts for a distance nearly as long as two of her handspans.

She laughed with delight; even her best nipple erections before today weren't as long as her flaccid teats were now! She marveled at the incredible power of Kat's magic, then steeled herself once more, resolving to see Mistress Zara's task through to its end.

Her old wooden dresser creaked as she yanked a drawer open. She grabbed a pair of pink cotton panties, sliding them on unceremoniously, then paused while considering her selection of t-shirts. She picked another of her favorite retro cartoon tees, grimacing as she stretched it tightly around her ponderous chest.

Like most of her t-shirts, the artwork was nearly unrecognizable when distorted by the incredible volume of her breasts. Today, though, she couldn't help but beam with pride as she saw how her huge flaccid teats were clearly visible in the front of her shirt. Her left nipple was pointing upwards, arching backwards up and over the front of her breast, while its twin pointed downwards, curling around the bottom of her right breast.

She heard a momentary shuffling in the hallway and Kat's voice came quietly through her door.

"Mel?"

A small white puddle emerged from under Mel's door, slowly spreading across her hardwood floor. Its surface rippled as it grew larger, and Mel knew Kat's leaky breasts were dripping their luscious bounty just outside.

"Mel, please talk to me," Kat said through the door.

Mel stepped over to the door, her toes making small splashes in the puddle of Kat's breast milk. She swung the door open to reveal a concerned-looking and very naked Kat.

Kat locked eyes with her, shifting her weight and inadvertently squeezing her right breast against Mel's doorframe. Her right nipple surged forwards, spraying milk wildly over Mel's legs, but neither of them seemed to notice.

"Kat, I'm so sorry –"

"Mel, please forgive –"

They realized they had both started talking at the same time, then laughed, and the tension between them seemed to fade away.

"You go first," Mel said, grinning as she squelched around in the milky puddle. Kat smiled warmly at her.

"Mel, I'm sorry for grabbing you in the shower! I just felt so good, and I got caught up in it..." Kat started, then trailed off.

"It's okay Kat, I was getting carried away myself! You saved me from going over the edge. Please forgive me for teasing you!" she said, forcing a smile.

Kat sniffed, opening her arms wide, and they embraced. Mel stepped forwards, wedging herself into the warm, cushioned space between Kat's breasts. She leaned forward and smiled,

kissing Kat softly on her lips. Her beautiful blonde roommate brightened, pressing their lips together and extending her tongue.

A loud splashing noise from below startled Mel. Stepping back and glancing down, she saw Kat's nipples were gushing milk at even greater volumes, spreading her essence all over Mel's hardwood floor.

"Kat, your nipples! You're gushing!" Mel marveled.

"Ooh, and do they need a suck, but we can't risk it. C'mon, let's watch some tv. Race ya!" Kat said quickly, winking at her, then took off towards the living room. Mel was amazed at how quickly the blonde was able to move, though it came at the cost of milk spraying all over the walls. She chuckled, walking after Kat down the hallway.

She arrived in their living room to see Kat reclining on her back across the entire length of their narrow loveseat, her huge naked breasts towering into the air above her. Trickles of milk lazily exuded from Kat's nipples, rolling down the sides of her bosom in great rivers before pooling on the leather underneath her or dripping down to the carpet below.

"Hey, you," Kat said softly, smiling.

"Hey yourself," Mel grinned back at her.

"Sorry, there's no more room on the couch. You'll have to lie down right here!" Kat beamed, gently parting her breasts to reveal a vast valley of soft, inviting flesh.

Mel laughed and walked over to the couch. She lifted a leg over her nude roommate, gently lowering herself backwards into Kat's cavernous cleavage. She came to rest with her left shoulder and her face mostly covered by the warm, soft mass of Kat's left breast. She was awed once again by the incredible size of Kat's chest, which easily most of her torso as well. She found herself daydreaming, imagining Kat's breasts as huge as Mistress Zara's, or even larger...

For a long moment she was lost in thought and could see only darkness from her plush prison. She sensed Kat rotating around her, and at last there was light. The great wall of Kat's right breast gently rolled away, coming to rest projecting over the edge of their loveseat towards the television. Mel rotated herself as well, resting her head atop Kat's right breast. She sighed contentedly as she felt Kat's other breast gently pressing against her cheek.

"It's only a few more hours. We'll be good, won't we, Kat?" Mel said, grinning.

As if in response, a rivulet of hot milk slid down the great curve of Kat's left breast, pooling along Mel's cheek and running over her lips. It smelled simply divine under her nose, and she

couldn't resist, slurping as much of Kat's milk into her mouth as she could. She could hear Kat giggling and felt vibrations rumbling through Kat's incredible bosom.

She felt something warm on her collarbone and caught a curious shape in the corner of her eye. She glanced down through the open neck of her t-shirt, which had been stretched farther open as it struggled to contain the great volume of her chest. It was her own flaccid left nipple, peeking out from the collar of her shirt, resting atop her exposed cleavage and poking lewdly at the base of her neck.

It would be so easy to lick it, to suck it into her mouth, to worship its incredible length. But she couldn't, not now; she had to focus. She instead gave a quick kiss to a nearby area of the great expanse of Kat's left breast.

They made a heroic effort to pay at least some attention to the television, mostly avoiding touching themselves or each other. Kat's milk would drip now and then from her left nipple, down the side of her huge breast, and splash onto Mel, whose vision was now partially obscured by the gentle warm weight of the breast resting on her. Mel would surreptitiously slurp Kat's milk into her mouth, sighing contentedly at its deliciously sweet taste.

Kat wielded the remote control with ruthless efficiency, finding a series of sappy romantic comedies and chuckling along with them. One of her hands was resting inside her cleavage, lazily palming Mel's shirt over the large protrusion of her slowly lengthening left nipple. She was so far successful at resisting her own temptations, and she grinned, enjoying the warmth of Mel's soft teat in her hand.

Mel could tell her nipple was still poking out her shirt collar, feeling it creeping slowly up her cheek as it continued to grow longer. Kat's milk was clearly having its effect on her teats, she thought, although at least they were still soft for now.

Some hours later the sun was low in the sky, casting long shadows into Mel's living room. Kat was absorbed in her latest romantic comedy, rooting for the cute florist girl to get together with her actress girlfriend already.

Her ears perked up when the clicking of a pair of stilettos echoed down the hallway into the living room. She immediately bolted upright on the loveseat, her huge chest swinging with her movement and carrying Mel along for the ride.

An enormous pair of nude breasts swept into the room, taut and smooth despite their incredible size, straining outwards ahead of a familiar beautiful brunette. Mistress Zara paused for

a moment in the doorway, her colossal chest swaying below her knees as it thrust before her. Mel gasped with delight; she never tired of seeing Zara's incredible figure in movement.

Zara stood with her hand on her hip, frowning. She thrust her chest far ahead into the room, her erect nipples furiously dripping her milk onto the floor. She spoke in a harsh tone, then allowed a small smirk to show at the corners of her lips.

"At attention, girls!"

Mel was sitting upright, wedged tightly inside Kat's firm cleavage, and felt a gentle pat on her bottom. The fabric of her panties was momentarily stretched away, then snapped back against her firm skin. She leapt to her feet in surprise, hearing Kat giggling behind her. Kat then stood quietly by her side.

Zara's colossal bosom bounced and leapt, her stilettos clicking on the hardwood floor as she strolled in front of Kat. Each footstep left behind a sizable puddle of translucent liquid, Mel observed, her eyes widening as she recalled her intimate encounter with Zara's magic pussy earlier that day. She glimpsed one of Zara's long, toned legs, seeing it dripping wet with the rivers of arousal that she knew were gushing continuously from her mistress' amazing pussy.

Zara took a large step forwards, her enormous bosom enveloping Kat's milky chest and making it seem almost small in comparison. Their combined lactation dripped into a large puddle that soon grew beyond their feet, spreading rapidly outwards on the hardwood floor.

Zara fixated at Kat, pressing herself as close as possible to the shorter blonde girl. She leaned over several long feet of their combined cleavage, squeezing their chests harder together and forcing them outwards until Mel, standing nearby, felt part of Zara's breast wrapping around her leg like a warm blanket.

"You have done well, Katrina. Are you prepared to regain your full standing in the Guild?" Zara asked.

"Yes, mistress," Kat replied, blushing as she felt Zara's hot breath on her face from mere inches away.

Zara kissed Kat deeply, their lips parting as they lost themselves in their embrace. Mel watched her roommate gamely slurp her mistress' tongue into her mouth, sucking on it and whimpering softly.

Zara's eyes snapped open and she suddenly withdrew, stepping away from Kat and leaving the girl flushed. She swept in front of Mel, then froze in place, her eyes wide.

Mel had been distracted by her mistress' embrace with Kat, and although she could sense her arousal was somehow still under control, she hadn't been keeping track of her own unruly nipples. Her right nub had fallen out the bottom of her overstretched t-shirt, dangling in the air at least two feet below the hem. Her other nipple was still poking up from her shirt collar and resting against her cheek, although she hadn't noticed that it had continued growing until it flopped over her ear.

"You are very talented indeed, sweet Melanie," Zara said, clearly impressed.

"Are you prepared to join the sisterhood?" she continued, having recovered enough to remember some ceremonial formalities.

Mel's eyes swung to meet Kat's. They grinned widely at each other, overjoyed to evolve their relationship further as Mel took her first steps into a larger world.

A thunderous crackling noise suddenly reverberated around the room. The lights flickered and the window blinds crashed down, darkening the room. A silence fell as all three girls turned towards the hallway door.

After a long moment, they heard a single click, then another. Mel and Kat tilted their heads, confused; it sounded to them almost like... Mistress Zara's stilettos? Their eyes met Zara's, and their blood ran cold when they saw the color draining from their mistress' face.

Two long, pinkish nubs emerged from the hallway door at about waist height. They floated parallel to the floor, growing longer into the room and swerving towards Mel, who realized in amazement that they were in fact the thickest, longest, and most delicious-looking nipples she'd ever seen. They closed the remaining distance and wrapped around Mel's hips, their tips resting against her taut bottom, making her squirm from their intense heat on her bare skin.

The entire room seemed to tilt askew for an instant, then righted itself again. A giant mass was suddenly visible in the corner nearest the hallway door. Mel blinked in the dim light, realizing that it was actually two distinct masses, flesh-colored and round, an impossibly immense pair of breasts covering the floor and extending far upwards to brush against the ceiling.

She looked down at the thick nipples wrapped around her waist. Slowly tracing a path with her eyes along their incredible lengths, she ended up back at the titanic breasts taking up most of her living room.

"Mistress Archmage?!" Zara gasped, clearly stunned. "You honor us!"

Mel ran her eyes over the vast majesty of the Archmage's nude breasts, their grand masses filling at least a third of the volume of her living room. She could see nothing of the woman to which they were attached, but the raw magic energy radiating from them was overwhelming, and she found herself struggling to remain standing as the Archmage's power washed over her.

The prehensile nipples wrapped around her waist throbbed urgently. A lilting, almost sing-song voice wafted to her ears from somewhere beyond the wall of breast.

"I've been looking for you, Melanie. You must learn the ways of the Nipple Mages."