

Treats at Melanie's

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

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

Melanie drifted into a timeless void and darkness overcame her. After an indeterminate while, she awoke and opened her eyes only to find that everything was still dark.

The last thing she remembered was the Archmage, who had suddenly appeared in the living room of the apartment she shared with Katrina. The Archmage's immense nude breasts had filled the room from floor to vaulted ceiling, and the powerful magical energy they radiated had left her struggling to remain standing, but had she imagined it? That impossible bosom had seemed so real, and she could still feel a curious warm sensation on her hips where the Archmage's huge nipples had wrapped around her.

And what of Katrina? Her roommate had moved in only a few days earlier, soon revealing herself to be an apprentice mage, and in that time Mel had more than a few encounters with Kat's liquid magic. She last remembered seeing Kat standing by her side in their living room, her roommate's blonde hair soaked through with her own breast milk. They were holding hands, and she had been squeezing Kat's hand tightly...

After a moment pondering, she found herself distracted by a pressure against her skin. There was a warm, fleshy mass squeezing gently in on her from all sides. She felt it across her entire body, realizing suddenly that she was nude within this dimensionless dark space.

She reached to her sides, pushing the warmth away, and soon began flailing with both arms and legs. Her fleshy prison was as unyieldingly firm as it was vast, though, and it swelled firmly back into place after each of her blows. She noted with interest that, rather than a single large shape, it felt more akin to being squeezed gently from both sides between two distinct masses.

As much space as she had created, there always seemed to be more of the jiggly darkness surrounding her, which for all its staggering expanse and curious nature at least felt reassuringly warm on her skin. Drawing her arms in towards her body, leaving seemingly barely any air around her, she was relieved to find she didn't have any trouble breathing. What magic was this?

There was something else, too: a dull throbbing that she recognized as a powerful magical presence somewhere nearby. It felt simply divine, as if she were absorbing it, growing from it, and

making its power part of her being, merely by being so close to its source. She felt herself getting hotter, her arousal buoyed as much by the electric magical potential as from the sensation of warm flesh against her skin.

Flipping herself head over heels, she had the distinct sense that she was now hanging upside-down. She paused, the blood rushing to her head, before rotating around the other way until she felt herself upright once again. Pushing herself in the opposite direction, she ascended upwards, climbing ever higher, and kept squeezing and sliding and rubbing until a ray of blinding sunlight shone upon her through a small crack in the flesh.

She thrust her arms straight out with all of her might, forcing the opening wide...

...only to reveal Mistress Zara's beautiful visage beaming down at her. She blinked rapidly, her eyes adjusting to the bright light, and she was certain that she'd glimpsed behind Zara the front door of the apartment she shared with Katrina.

Zara winked knowingly at her and held a finger to her lips. A moment later the opening slammed shut, leaving her in darkness once more.

Mel's heart was racing. The warm flesh wrapping around her whole body, supporting her entire weight, could only be... Mistress Zara's enormous breasts. Could she escape? Did she even want to? If she did, she'd be nude in public... or wherever Zara was taking her.

Zara's great fleshy abundance felt simply wonderful as it slid against her skin, and Mel felt herself becoming even more aroused. Her unruly nipples, which had been magically enhanced earlier that day by Katrina and Zara, started swelling thicker and longer.

She focused on them, bringing her teats to the front of her mind. As big as they were, she sensed a nearly unbounded potential within them, as if she could merely will them to become as huge as she desired. They were quickly hardening with her arousal, becoming longer and thicker as they reflected her growing need.

There was something else, too: a strange new sensation, almost like a sixth sense, that allowed her to visualize just how large they had become. At this moment she knew, with a strangely assured certainty, that her hard teats each extended from her areolae about the length of her outstretched arm. They were nearly at their full lengths, thrusting far ahead into the fleshy darkness between Zara's breasts.

Suddenly the entire world seemed to... bounce? She felt herself falling for a moment, reaching bottom, then rocketing upwards once more. It happened again a second later, then again

and again before she realized that Mistress Zara was walking, no doubt in her magical stiletto heels, and Mel was being carried along for the ride, safely tucked between and completely concealed by her Mistress' immense breasts.

Mel found herself boggling at how large Zara's breasts must be to contain her. There was also the incredible magic that Zara had no doubt employed to stand upright, let alone walk at such an intrepid pace. Her Mistress' power was truly immense, and she felt herself burning even hotter, as if her mistress' breasts were fueling her arousal across every inch of her nude skin. Her fleshy prison became slick with her sweat, and she felt herself sliding around as she bounced along with Zara.

Mel could sense her magically enhanced nipples had fully extended, reaching their immense new lengths. She had yet to see them, but she knew innately just how hugely thick and long they had become. With her arms extended forwards through Zara's flesh, she wrapped her fingers around her own throbbing teats, knowing that she couldn't reach their distended tips. She felt them pulsing, burning hot as they stretched even farther forwards, rubbing against each other as Zara's flesh squeezed them together.

She was giving quick loving squeezes to her left teat while she ran her hand up and down her right nipple as far as her arm could reach. She could feel herself nearly white-hot at her core, cresting on the edge of a thunderous climax, when her bouncy habitat suddenly stopped bouncing and came to an abrupt rest.

She held her breath, wondering if Mistress Zara somehow knew what she was up to.

"Hrnnn mkh rhlgghlglhg," she heard Zara's distinct voice say, the hot flesh of Zara's breasts vibrating around her ears and muffling the sound.

She rolled around to point her stomach down, parallel to where she imagined the floor to be. She pushed herself forwards, straining to move ahead, and lifted upwards underneath both of her own huge breasts, trying to urge her nipples forward until they broke free into the cool evening air.

"Rhll ghrhg grlhrhrgu!" she heard an unfamiliar feminine voice say.

"Dkhra," came Zara's reply to Mel's muffled ears.

There were few desserts that Zara enjoyed more than ice cream, and what better treat on a warm summer evening than a cone piled high with toppings? Plus, this excursion would allow her to look after Melanie, her newest apprentice — the poor girl had just fainted in the presence of the Archmage's breasts — and show her a trick or two at the same time, all while giving Mel's

roommate Katrina a brief respite for her own study. And besides, Zara didn't mind any opportunity to flaunt her incredible figure to the other girls around town.

This small ice cream parlor was just around the corner from Mel's apartment, making it ideal for a quick and tasty dessert. Having placed her order at the window, Zara turned around to rest her immense bosom next to the parlor's doorway.

Melanie felt a rush of cool air across the tips of her nipples. She had focused all her energy on encouraging her teats to grow as long as possible, thinking that the least she could do would be to put them to use thanking her mistress, and she had finally succeeded in exposing the ends of her nubs to the cool evening air.

She felt herself heating up again, and with a grinning realization, spread her legs wide from within her fleshy home. Moaning softly, she thrust her hips back and forth, rubbing her pussy all around the inner wall of her mistress' enormous breast.

In the fogginess of her arousal, she found herself unable to focus on much more than the burning heat in her pussy and the huge lengths of her incredibly sensitive nipples. She still couldn't see their true size, but she could sense somehow they had continued stretching longer, each of them now rivaling the length and thickness of her arms.

She remembered earlier that afternoon, when Zara's magic had saved her and Katrina alike from a miscast growth spell. She had grown huge across most of Kat's bed, but even that incredible swelling paled in comparison to this intoxicating experience of her entire body being caressed between the hot flesh of her mistress' immense breasts.

The ice cream parlor's waitress, a girl with fiery red hair wearing a short skirt and blouse, stepped outside through the shop's front door carrying a large brown bag. She politely averted her eyes from the vast expanse of Zara's cloth-covered bosom, instead squinting at the receipt taped to the bag.

"Zara?"

She made eye contact with Zara, who beamed back from beyond the vast expanse of her bosom. She was standing at the far opposite end, though, and found herself frozen in place, trying to decide which way to circumnavigate the immense cloth-covered mounds filling most of her vision.

Melanie knew that she was close to her goal, feeling the cool summer breeze on her nipples as they extended beyond Zara's bosom. She reached forward, through the warm jiggly darkness,

to grasp the base of her own throbbing teats. She willed them to continue swelling longer as she squeezed them tightly, sensing their tips thrusting even further into the evening air. With a final surge of growth, she gasped when she felt their fleshy tips rubbing against firm, warm skin.

This, she was certain, must be Zara's leg! Now she could finally endeavor to properly thank her mistress. She focused her magic once again, feeling her thick nipples stretching even longer.

The waitress, having decided on a clockwise approach around Zara's bosom, had just taken her first step when something warm and firm bumped against her. She stopped in her tracks and glanced downwards. Her mouth fell open as she ran her eyes along the fleshy teats bouncing gently against her leg. She traced along their thick lengths with her eyes, following them until they disappeared underneath the edge of Zara's enormous cloth-wrapped bosom.

"M... Miss Zara, I believe your, ah, nipples... OH!" she stammered, gasping suddenly when they surged longer in mere seconds, one of them wrapping twice around her right leg and the other continuing upwards to hover in the air near her face. She bit her lip, feeling the nipple's burning hotness against her bare skin, while eyeing the other teat near her head. It squeezed ever so gently around her leg, growing further and wrapping around again, reaching upwards until, with a final surge, its tip thrust forwards from between her upper thighs. It waved lewdly in the air, mere inches from her groin.

"Miss, I'm flattered, but you can always tip in caaa—"

Melanie's nipple had at that moment thrust itself upwards, rubbing and grinding itself against the panty-covered mound above, while its twin extended further to rub gently against the waitress' cheek. The waitress had never before had she seen such impossibly huge breasts, and found herself lost in the delirious sensations of being pleased by this woman's incredible nipples.

"Zaraaaa!" she cried, vigorously thrusting her hips and grinding her pussy against the thick, hard nipple between her legs. With her mouth open in pleasure, she turned her head ever so slightly to the side and slurped Melanie's other nipple into her mouth. She sucked hard on it, amazed at how its thickness completely filled her mouth.

Although Zara couldn't see the nature of the waitress' plight beyond the great swells of her bosom, she had felt Mel's every movement and quickly surmised what had befallen the poor girl: her newest apprentice had gotten confused about which way she was facing. Melanie thought herself to be pleasuring her mistress, but had instead thrust her nipples far in the other direction, in front of Zara and around the waitress.

Mel was cresting near the peak of her own climax. She flushed with the thought that her magically enhanced nipple seemed to be thrilling her mistress, and felt no small amount of pride along with her pleasure. She grinned at the prospect of sharing some of these new tricks with Katrina and paused for a moment, centering her beautiful blonde roommate in her thoughts. She hoped that Kat had recovered from their earlier encounter with Zara.

Katrina had indeed, and was standing at that moment in the living room of the apartment she shared with Melanie, studying an incantation she'd never cast before. She couldn't stop thinking about Melanie's magically enhanced nipple having grown long enough to flop over her own ear, and her temporary separation from that cute brunette made her ache all the more.

Mel had been practicing magic for only a few hours, Kat realized, and in that time she'd demonstrated her incredible natural ability more than once. Kat was especially impressed by the skill with which Mel had wielded her incredible nipples in her bedroom, and she had been newly inspired to seek ways to grow her own nipples to match.

Staring at her own notes in a small leather-bound journal, Kat was facing her own predicament: her writing had smudged, and the entire page was damp and smelled faintly of milk. She had prepared for this spell an extra large glass jar filled to the brim with her breast milk, the huge container merely a small part of her daily production. She frowned; her milk was the primary ingredient for most of her incantations, but without her notes she was uncertain how much to use.

Although this unfamiliar spell was somewhat outside of her expertise, being part of the growth school while her training had been in liquid magic, it should have the effect of growing her nipples and bestowing a degree of control over them. She hoped she'd soon be able to go teat-to-teat with Melanie's incredible natural talents. With just a few substitutions and alterations to suit her style as a liquid mage, she hoped to have quite a surprise ready for when Melanie returned home.

The jar of milk smelled simply divine, testing her patience, as she was all too familiar with her milk's delicious taste. After a moment staring at it she shrugged; Mistress Zara had always said that magic rewarded experimentation. What could possibly go wrong?

She patted the sides of her enormous bosom, which had been swelling larger with milk while she was distracted preparing her spell. She was now nearly as large as she'd be after a long night's rest, the bottom swells of her huge breasts resting heavily below her hips. Even with both arms fully extended before her, she was nowhere near able to grasp her own throbbing teats, although she'd certainly planned on doing just that as soon as her nipple growth took effect.

She reached out with her right arm, placing it flat against the great underside of her right breast. In her other hand she hefted the large glass jar to her lips, pausing hesitantly. A few sips brought the familiar taste of her milk to her tongue, which she savored for a moment, sighing happily. Swallowing quickly, she tilted the jar back, drinking its entire contents as quickly as she could, then set it aside.

Focusing her energy inwards, she gathered magical potential within herself, channeling it through the huge mass of her bosom, but at the last moment an unexpected image formed in her mind. It was Melanie, the pretty brunette with whom she'd become so close, and her feelings for her roommate nearly overcame her magic, leaving her almost unable to maintain control, and she felt her spell cresting, barely contained within her, frothing and writhing as it struggled to escape, until she released it with a loud cry and a massive burst of magical energy —

Several blocks away, Mistress Zara was chuckling at the ice cream parlor's waitress. That poor girl had Melanie's nipple wrapped twice around her torso like a large fleshy python, although she didn't seem to mind, seeming to be lost in pleasure and shuddering as it rubbed gently around her body.

From her position deep between Zara's expansive breasts, Melanie felt a sudden curious sensation that was somehow familiar, although she couldn't place it. At once, the image of Katrina rushed to the front of her mind, momentarily overcoming everything else about her curious situation. She found herself wondering what Kat was up to right now.

Zara had just resolved to try and calm Melanie down when the entire world seemed to flicker for a moment. She recognized immediately that a powerful magical discharge had occurred somewhere in the vicinity. Centering herself and becoming still, she snapped her fingers to perform a minor cantrip. The oversized dark cloth fabric wrapped around her chest detached itself, falling to the ground and leaving her colossal nude breasts exposed to the world.

She squeezed large handfuls of her bosom with both hands and cast a quick divination to scry the source of the magical disturbance; sure enough, the direction and distance put it squarely within Melanie and Katrina's apartment. She chuckled to herself, thinking that maybe she should have brought both of them along with her on this errand.

Melanie's nipple had grown even longer, extending from around the waitress' torso to now rub insistently against her cheek while its twin remained lodged in her mouth. So grand were Zara's breasts that the waitress tore her eyes away from the nipple creeping up the side of her face, instead trying to take in as much of Zara's magnificence as possible while she sucked on Mel's teat.

The facade of the ice cream parlor seemed to tilt strangely askew for an instant, leaving her blinking and rubbing her eyes. The impossible bosom before her and the nipples wrapped around her and in her mouth had suddenly vanished as Zara's teleportation spell took effect. A second later, almost as an afterthought, the takeout bag in her hand suddenly winked out of existence.

Katrina knew right away that something unexpected had happened. Her growth spell should have been localized in her nipples, but she could feel an increasing warmth throughout the entirety of her huge chest. It was matched by an insistent throbbing near her center, her arousal cresting in waves as her body was racked with powerful magic. And there was still the insistent image of Melanie at the forefront of her mind, distracting her and leaving her longing for her roommate's touch.

She shuddered, the movement of her shoulders casting great jiggling waves throughout her enormous bosom, then froze in place when she felt an unexpected rough sensation against the bottoms of her huge breasts. She arched her neck, peering around her bosom to confirm what she already knew to be true: her colossal breasts were still growing larger, already having swollen large enough to brush against the ground while she stood upright.

She could feel a warm, sticky liquid soaking through her jeans. She turned to the large jar of milk, thinking that she'd spilled some of it on herself. No, she'd drunk it all; she could see it now contained but a few drops of an opaque white liquid. She blushed, realizing suddenly that her pussy was soaking her arousal through her clothing. She quickly stripped off her jeans and panties and stood nude, resting some of her weight on her bosom. She paused to catch her breath, feeling her enormous breasts creeping along the carpet as they swelled ever larger.

She didn't have much time to ponder, as a moment later a loud splashing sound filled her ears. She leaned forwards, placing more of her weight on her colossal bosom, and craning her neck she was finally able to see her left nipple spraying great arcs of milk that splattered noisily against the side of their refrigerator.

Her other breast had continued expanding in the opposite direction, although last she'd seen there was quite a bit of room between it and the other wall. She suddenly sensed that open space having been replaced by a large warm mass rubbing against her breast, and she knew even before she turned around that her mistress would be standing nearby. She bit her lip as she made eye contact with Zara, fearing a reprisal.

"Mistress! My spell... I don't understand, I followed your recipe exactly!" she said, her eyes pleading.

Zara glared at her, but only for a moment. She chuckled and spoke, her voice raised, but Kat realized it was only to be audible above the splattering sound of her uncontrolled lactation.

“Katrina, you’ve attempted growth magic once again, a spell from outside your discipline, which is... ?” she asked, trailing off.

“I am a liquid mage, mistress!” Kat nearly sang, almost too cheerfully given her plight.

Zara raised an eyebrow at the great arcs of milk gushing from Kat’s nipples.

“You certainly are, my dear,” she said appreciatively.

“Fortunately for you, your fellow mage Melanie is here to assist.”

Kat twisted her head, looking all around her living room, but saw no one else. She grasped at her own bosom, trying to wrestle it around to look behind herself, but made little progress moving their enormous weight. Her milky spray was still increasing, and the insistent sound of her milk splattering against the fridge was making it difficult for her to hear her own thoughts.

“Melanie?” she called loudly. Her chest had expanded further, her right breast rubbing against the sofa while her left breast, pressed against its twin, crept higher up the wall. At this point, she realized with a start, her bosom wasn’t much smaller than even Mistress Zara’s immense pair.

Mel sensed the world twisting around her once again, the second time in the last few minutes. She was still suspended in the darkness between two great spheres of flesh, but they seemed different now, less magically potent. And there was now an overpowering smell of milk...

She grinned, launching herself upwards through her jiggly environs with a practiced thrust of her arms. A faint light appeared ahead, and she gave another great push, forcing herself through the opening, until it parted wide to reveal a familiar face.

Kat beamed widely at her brunette roommate squeezed between her mountainous breasts. They stared deeply into each other’s eyes, each of them relieved and excited to see the other. Mel shimmied herself forward, wiggling through the sea of Kat’s enormous bosom. They drew ever closer, never breaking eye contact.

Mel lifted one hand out of Kat’s cleavage to brush her blonde roommate’s hair behind her ear. Kat thrust both hands deep into her own cleavage, resting her wrists on Mel’s shoulders and sighing happily.

They embraced, pressing their lips together. So great had their attachment grown, through their shared magical adventures and swelling bosoms, that they lost themselves in each other, kissing with sloppy urgency as Mistress Zara looked on approvingly.

“Oh Mel, I missed you so much,” said Kat, sighing happily.

“I missed you too, Kat,” Mel whispered softly in reply, finding only a moment for each word between her kisses. She licked slowly along Kat’s cheek.

“I have had the strangest day,” she continued, then licked along Kat’s left ear.

“Mel, I was only...” Kat started, giggling when Mel interrupted her by sucking on her tongue.

“...trying to grow my nipples like yours, but my spell...” she admitted, trailing off and blushing under Mel’s gaze.

Mel couldn’t help but laugh, then leaned in, once again pulling Kat’s tongue into her mouth and sucking gently on it.

Zara allowed the two lovers a happy while to reunite, although as the seconds passed they were still licking each other’s mouths with ever greater vigor. She cleared her throat, interrupting the younger girls and drawing their attention.

“Melanie, you absorbed a great deal of magical energy from my bosom today,” Zara said, her eyes fixated at the brunette.

“Almost too much, truth be told. Never have I seen an apprentice gather so much—” she started, but caught herself, flushing red for just a moment. Kat felt the grand masses of Zara’s bosom suddenly surge larger against her own right breast, and would later remark to Mel that this was the only time she’d ever seen her Mistress lose control, even if only for a moment.

Zara paused, closing her eyes for a moment and taking a deep breath. She opened her eyes to see both girls still staring at her from within their busty embrace.

“Melanie, your fellow *apprentice*...” she started, stressing their rank amateur status and chuckling as Kat blushed with embarrassment.

“...finds herself at the mercy of a runaway spell. She will need your help to counter this magic,” she intoned sternly, then her expression softened.

“Earlier today you passed your first test by restraining your urges. This will be your second test, and like the first, your love for each other will lead you to success,” she said.

A curious smirk suddenly grew over her features. She paused, tilting her head at Kat, until a sudden realization dawned on her.

“I... I did not see until now the nature of Katrina’s miscast spell. You have achieved something significant today, Katrina. Your growth, and Melanie’s, have been tied together,” she said slowly, impressed by her apprentice’s accomplishment.

“The growth and liquid schools of magic, brought together...” she pondered.

“The Archmage must know of this. You must look to each other now,” she said, seeming distracted, before making an exaggerated gesture of covering her mouth in surprise.

“Oh! And don’t forget to enjoy some ice cream,” she said with a wink.

The entire room seemed to tilt askew for a brief instant, then righted itself again to reveal that Zara had vanished, leaving Melanie and Katrina alone in their apartment. On the floor near where Zara had been standing, the takeout bag from the ice cream parlor was floating by on a small river of white liquid.

Mel leapt to action, diving back down into Kat’s cleavage and disappearing from view. She pressed further onwards, finally emerging with her back on the floor and her head between Kat’s bare legs.

She peered upwards between the long slender legs towering above her. They met at Kat’s taut little bottom, and she grinned at her blonde lover’s beautiful nude pussy. Kat seemed to be absolutely soaked, which wasn’t uncommon in Mel’s experience, although today Kat seemed especially wet, as her legs looked to be drenched with her arousal. Great rivers of translucent liquid were spilling down her legs onto the carpet, and more than a few stray droplets had splashed onto Mel’s face and the tops of her big breasts.

Mel tilted her head to the side, her back sliding on the wet carpet, and leaned in towards one of the larger streams of nectar running down Kat’s right leg. She couldn’t resist, leaning further until she was able to lick slowly along the inside of Kat’s ankle. She caught the juices on her tongue and lapped them into her mouth, licking around Kat’s heel as she took a long drink of her roommate’s delicious essence.

“Oooh, M... Mel,” she heard Kat sigh from somewhere above.

Mel swallowed luxuriously, cherishing the taste of Kat’s arousal and grinning when another fresh squirt covered Kat’s legs with an even greater volume of liquid. She grinned in anticipation,

giving one last long lick along the top of Kat's foot, then lowered her head, resting her cheek atop Kat's foot where she had licked moments earlier. She opened her mouth, grinning with anticipation at the prospect of Kat's hot squirt washing over her... but she frowned after a moment as Kat's shin, from her perspective, remained unusually dry.

She turned her head, gazing upwards between Kat's legs. She gasped when she saw that her unruly nipples had wrapped themselves in thick fleshy coils around Kat's legs, extending from her knees nearly up to her waist. Her teats had diverted the voluminous streams of Kat's arousal, which now flowed down Mel's huge nipples until they splashed into the carpet. Mel's eyes were wide as she laughed to herself, impressed by her own incredible nubs, as if they had somehow acted upon her own unconscious desires by trying to get closer to Kat.

A soft, uncertain voice reached Mel's ears from above.

"M... Mel? Is that your... your nipples on my legs... oooh!" Kat said, her whisper rising nearly to a wail.

Kat's enormous right breast had grown up and onto their couch, while its twin, with nowhere left to go, had continued its ascent up the wall towards their vaulted ceiling. The dull roar of Kat's spurting milk against the fridge suddenly increased in volume.

Mel's new awareness of her teats left her certain that they had grown longer as well. Their coiled shape around Kat's legs had a way of obscuring their true lengths, and Mel knew they were both now nearly as long as her own full height. But this latest growth hadn't originated from her own desires; it was as if it had come from somewhere else... Or maybe someone else?

What had Mistress Zara meant about their growth being tied together? Mel frowned to herself; it was only her first day practicing magic and she already felt in over her head. But Zara had also said that their love for each other would lead them to success. At least, Mel thought, that might be something with which she was more familiar.

Her eyes narrowed. She watched her huge nipples gently squeezing around Kat's legs above her as she idly wondered aloud.

"Kat, if my nipple growth was somehow tied to your breast growth, then that can only mean one thing," she said slowly.

A long moment passed. Mel realized that the girl above her was teetering on the edge of her own climax, clearly struggling to respond through her arousal.

“M...Mel, what does it mean?” came Kat’s halting reply.

“I was hoping you would know,” Mel sighed. “It’s only my first day as a nipple mage!” she frowned, then brightened up.

“But first, you look like you need some relief, my sweet Kat,” she grinned, thinking that she knew just how to bring her lover over the edge. She grew still, focusing her will.

Her left nipple continued its ascent up Kat’s thigh, growing longer and angling upwards until it thrust forwards from between Kat’s legs. It grew parallel to Kat’s gushing pussy, pushing its thick mass firmly against Kat’s wet opening, diverting the great gushes of Kat’s squirt around it. Kat gasped, holding her breath.

A moment later Mel’s nipple started sliding up and down ever so slowly. Kat quivered in response, rocking her hips back and forward, rubbing her drenched pussy against the hot firmness of Mel’s thick nipple. Gushing streams of her squirt were rushing down Mel’s nipple, coating it with thick essence and dripping down into the growing puddle below.

Mel was nearly delirious from the feel of Kat’s hot pussy against her huge teat. It was making her feel weak and squishy inside, and she was glad for the moment that she didn’t have to worry about standing up. Her ministrations had been successful, as Kat had almost immediately plunged over the edge into her own orgasm.

“MMMel!” Kat gasped, her moans crescendoing.

Mel was suddenly being sprayed in the face by an enormous jet of hot liquid from above. It let up for only a moment, leaving her gasping, before it started again, gushing and splattering all over her face and the nearby carpet, almost instantly soaking her hair through. She laughed and wheezed, flipping over on her stomach and giggling as she crawled over the slippery carpet, her nipples unwinding from Kat’s legs as she drew further away.

She was still somehow getting wet, though. As she rubbed her eyes, Kat’s essence dripping down her face, she realized that Kat’s magical pussy had yet to stop squirting, and if anything the enormous volume of liquid seemed only to have increased. From her vantage point, she could see Kat facing away from her and resting her weight on the wall that was her enormous breasts, which were still growing larger.

Huge jets of squirt from Kat’s magical pussy were striking the carpet forcefully enough to rain hot splashes of nectar onto Mel’s bare skin, even from where she sat several feet away. Mel’s

substantial nipples, currently resting heavily along the carpet between her and Kat, were gradually being covered in a fine sheen of hot squirt.

Mel wondered how Kat could remain standing while feeling such pleasure, only to realize with a start that Kat wasn't standing at all; the girl's growing bosom was large enough now to have lifted her feet off the floor entirely. Kat's long slender legs hung limp against the great masses of her bosom, and Mel could see her quivering softly as her climax continued. Kat's legs, and much of the nearby carpet, were continually being soaked in fresh deluges of her squirt.

Kat turned her head, trying to squint at Mel on the floor behind her through the waves of her climax.

"Mel! It's... my breasts, they feel so good! And our connection... I can feel it!" she gasped, barely audible above the great splashing sounds of her milk and squirt.

Mel's eyes leapt back to her own teats. Sure enough, they were once again growing longer, sliding over the carpet towards Kat's legs. She glared at them.

"You two have had enough fun. You need to remember who's in charge," she said, frowning at them.

They didn't seem to have heard her, as they continued stretching longer over the soaked carpet, their tips resting just inches from Kat's bare feet. They were now well within the splash zone of the great deluge of liquids splattering down between Kat's legs, and once again Mel felt her teats being drenched in Kat's hot squirt.

Mel struggled to her feet, then pressed a hand underneath both of her big breasts. She started walking around the side of Kat's great bosom.

"C'mon, you two. I have a job for you, something I think you'll like," she said, winking at them. They were pulled along the carpet behind her as she walked away, making her whimper with pleasure from the sensation of so many feet of sensitive nerve endings rubbing against the thick fabric of the carpet.

Nearing the front of Kat's massive bosom, Mel paused for a moment in sheer amazement. This was surely the largest bosom she'd ever seen, she thought, before catching herself — if the Archmage had been real then Kat would still be in second place, although perhaps not for long at this rate.

“Kat! Kat, I’m going to try and milk you!” Mel called over the great expanse of flesh before her. She continued pacing ahead until one of Kat’s teats came into view, making her stop in her tracks.

Kat’s nipple was now easily the length of Mel’s entire arm and at least twice as thick. It was an angry reddish color, throbbing powerfully and dripping with its own milky essence. Numerous small arcs of white liquid were gushing forth from it, many of them joining together into a powerful jet of gushing breast milk that was now splattering noisily against the kitchen’s tile floor.

Mel stepped forward with urgency, kneeling down and sliding with her back on the floor until she was directly underneath Kat’s spurting nipple. She reached upwards, grasping Kat’s teat in her arms and hugging it close, then pulled it down between her breasts into her cleavage. She tilted her head back, delighting in the feel of Kat’s hot milk dripping all over her body.

There was far too much spraying milk to see straight, though, and she closed her eyes, once again floating in a warm dark void. She opened her mouth, licking gently along the underside of Kat’s hot nipple. Its tip extended above her head, and she did her best to cover as much of its surface area with her tongue as she could. She laughed, gulping and swallowing great mouthfuls of Kat’s spurting milk, hugging the great teat close to her body.

She wrapped her legs around Kat’s nipple, pulling it even closer until she felt its great mass resting on her stomach. She dug in with her heels, grasping and sliding, until at last she felt her pussy rubbing against the huge milky nipple. It was so hot and hard against her, and brimming with magic potential, that almost immediately she felt herself nearly white-hot at her core.

She pulled with both arms and legs, thrusting Kat’s huge nipple back and forth from above her head, between her breasts and down her stomach, delighting as it slid against her pussy. She gasped, her open mouth instantly filling with Kat’s dripping milk, then grinned, gulping it down as she rubbed herself against the hot flesh of her roommate’s massive teat.

This, she thought, was as close to a state of bliss as she could imagine. She could live here, underneath Kat’s great nipple, or perhaps inside the beautiful blonde’s cleavage. This huge milky teat would nourish them both, and they could grow together forever, larger even than the Archmage herself, until they had to move outdoors...

A sudden biting sense of dread ripped her back to reality. She had just finished swallowing another mouthful of sweet milk when she remembered how Kat’s milk had affected her earlier that day. A building sensation of warmth from within her own substantial breasts signaled that it had

started to affect her. Already she could feel her breasts swelling larger, surging above her while clasping Kat's nipple tightly between them.

Her nipples had continued their growth as well, now nearly half again as long as she was tall. They had almost instantly grown thick and hard from Kat's milk, towering into the air above her and waving back and forth with her movements. She shuddered; they were more sensitive than ever, as if she could sense every inch of the air currents gently licking against them.

She had to focus. She couldn't lose control now, not with Kat counting on her! She struggled with the weight of Kat's nipple, now even thicker in diameter than her waist, as it slid around in her cleavage. With a great heave she slid its slippery mass to the side and onto the floor nearby, where it landed with a wet-sounding slap. It was still spurting great arcs of milk, but it was now propped awkwardly against the wall. It flopped over itself to spray its bounty back onto the vast surface of Kat's own breast, which was quickly covered with a fine milky sheen.

Mel stood frowning. She had tried pleasuring Kat's big nipples, but it seemed only to amplify Kat's liquid magic, Kat's milky spray now greater than before she'd started. She doubted she could even approach the vicinity of Kat's magical pussy, given the incredible volume of liquid it was still squirting. If anything, all of her efforts had seemed only to accelerate Kat's growth further, and her own along with it.

Their bond had proven to be real, and Kat's breast growth had been mirrored in her own nipple expansion. Mel stared at her teats as they waved slowly in the air, trying to wrap her head around the innate realization that they were more than twice as long as she was tall. She giggled as they traced lazy bouncing circles in the air before her, still stretching longer as the effects from Kat's milk continued swelling her breasts even larger.

"Oh Kat, my extremely large roommate, what are we to do with you?" she sighed, feeling some small amount of desperation creeping in at the edges of her mind.

She needed to cool things down. Some kind of concentrated source of cold energy could maybe help slow, or even reverse, this runaway magic. As she stood pondering, the takeout bag from the ice cream parlor floated slowly past in one of the larger puddles of milk running through their living room. Her eyes widened.

She held her breath as the bag was suddenly splattered with a great jet of translucent liquid. She traced it back to its source, gasping as she saw Kat's taut bottom angling upwards as the massive breast upon which it rested swelled ever larger. Kat's magical pussy had increased its amazing squirting, running together with her breast milk and submerging most of their living room

in a translucent puddle of thick liquids. Some of the excess liquids seemed to splash downhill towards the kitchen, which was gradually being submerged in its own milky ocean.

“I know! Kat, it’s the ice cream!” Mel cheered, turning towards the brown bag and accidentally slapping her massively erect teats into the wall of Kat’s swelling bosom. She balled her hands into fists and stomped her foot, biting her lip as she rode a wave of biting pleasure from the impact.

The unexpected collision had stolen the edge from her arousal, and she saw her huge teats quickly soften. Their great flaccid forms hung from the centers of her breasts down to the floor, where their excess length coiled into piles of sensitive flesh. She took advantage of this brief respite, leaping to action and grabbing the large brown takeout bag. It was easy to tear open, having become soaked through with milk; Mel threw it aside and triumphantly held aloft a large unmarked paper container, cold to the touch and brimming with delicious potential.

“Hold on, Kat! I’m coming!” she yelled above the thunderous sound of Kat’s splashing milk and squirt. She ran around the great expanse of Kat’s chest, dragging her sensitive teats behind her and biting her lip. She could see her roommate’s feet lifted high above the floor, resting gently on a pair of truly enormous breasts that had grown across most of their living room.

She stepped to the other side of the room, pausing for a moment to take in the enormity of Kat’s splendor. She aligned herself with the powerful jet of squirt gushing downwards between Kat’s legs. Her breasts had expanded significantly from the effects of Kat’s milk, resting heavily around her hips, and she doubted she could reach her erect teats, even with her arms fully extended.

Still, the enormous size of her bosom gave her an idea; she placed the container of ice cream into her cleavage, nestling it between her huge breasts. She wrapped her arms tightly around her chest, angling her great teats directly in front of her, willing them to become erect. They snapped up in front of her a moment later, pointing directly at her target.

She gave a cheer, then stepped cautiously forward, breaking into a jog and finally a sprint as she launched herself forwards. She slid flat on her back, her momentum carrying her forwards through several inches of liquid until she passed directly underneath the powerful jets of Kat’s magical squirting pussy — here she squeezed her eyes closed — and was carried beyond them, until she disappeared between the grand twin masses of Kat’s breasts. Her long erect nipples had tilted backwards over her head, then were pulled behind her until they too vanished into the darkness of Kat’s great cleavage.

Kat had been riding waves of ecstasy, lost in the foggy haze of her ongoing climax. Her mammoth breasts seemed to only become more sensitive as they grew, and she thought that she could now feel every square inch of the carpet beneath her. There was also something new; was that the vaulted ceiling of their living room she was feeling against the tops of her breasts? She had been lifted by her bosom nearly halfway to the ceiling, although the slope of her chest above her was too steep for her to see whether she'd impacted it.

Her magically enhanced pussy was still squirting endless waves of her arousal over her legs and the carpet far below; this had thankfully settled into only a moderately high level of erotic sensations in her mind. She cast her gaze behind her, but couldn't see Mel, and in every other direction the great expanse of her bosom was filling most of their living room.

Emerging suddenly from between her giant breasts, a smiling face popped into view.

"Melanie!" Kat said breathlessly, immediately leaning in to give her a peck on the cheek.

"How'd you get up here so fast?"

Mel laughed, thrusting one arm forward from within Kat's cleavage to brush her roommate's dripping wet blonde hair behind her ear.

"I've had a lot of practice today," Mel admitted. She grinned widely and, leaning forward, they embraced once again. She allowed herself a long moment to enjoy the taste of Kat's lips before reluctantly pulling away, her expression souring.

"Kat, I know I haven't been very helpful today," she frowned. "Everything I tried seemed to only make you bigger, and now you're so gloriously huge..." she said, trailing off.

Kat pouted for a moment in reply, then broke into a grin.

"You did your best, my sweet Mel. And it's only your first day as a nipple mage! We'll get through this together," she smiled, then bopped Mel's nose with her finger.

Mel brightened, smiling back, then reached deep into her own cleavage and retrieved the takeout container.

"At least we have ice cream! You know, Mistress Zara had emphasized that..." she pondered, then had a realization.

"Oof! I didn't bring any spoons," she frowned.

Kat laughed at this, then leaned in again, poking out her tongue and licking slowly across Mel's cheek. Mel squirmed in response, then grinned and opened the container, tossing the lid aside.

She held it aloft between them, and they embraced next to it. They pressed their tongues together, and Mel moved their tasty dessert closer. They were straining forwards, mere inches away, about to taste it at exactly the same moment...

The living room twisted around them. Mel recognized the familiar trappings of a teleportation spell, but it was a new experience for Kat, who was dazed and disoriented. Mel found herself standing on a stone floor, cool to the touch and engraved with intersecting geometric shapes.

She raised her eyes slowly. Kat's distinct figure was above, resting on her colossal breasts, her feet dangling up out of reach. The great spheres of Kat's bosom shone with a thick coating of her own milk and essence, although she was relieved to see Kat's squirting had reduced to a slow trickle down both her legs. Her roommate wasn't moving, though.

"Kat? Kat, are you okay?" she called.

A long moment passed, and she grew tense.

"Katrina!" she yelled.

Kat stirred, rubbing her eyes and sliding her toes along the vast expanse of her bosom. She looked down over her shoulder.

"Mel! I'm... I'm okay. Just a little dizzy," she said slowly.

"Hang on, Kat!" Mel called. "I'm going to take a look around."

They were in a large circular chamber carved from what appeared to be a single stone, as if it had been hewn in one great cut from the side of a mountain. There was precious little space between Kat's massive bosom and the encircling wall, and Mel stepped gingerly through that narrow path, her flaccid nipples dragging along on the ground behind her.

As she rounded the sides of Kat's great bosom, another great shape slowly came into view. It seemed awfully familiar, though, and the telltale throbbing of a powerful magical source nearby gave it away — this could only be the glorious bosom of the Archmage herself. As enormous as she was, Mel was surprised and more than a little proud to see that Kat's colossal chest had grown every inch as large as the Archmage's.

Near the base of one of the Archmage's breasts, Mel recognized the familiar twin spheres of Mistress Zara's bosom. One of the Archmage's prehensile nipples was hovering in the air near Zara, who seemed rather preoccupied by slurping down the milk it was issuing forth. Even the great expanse of Zara's bosom, with which Mel had become intimately familiar, was dwarfed by the enormity of the Archmage's left breast.

Mel stood gawking at the three pairs of enormous breasts filling most of the room. The Archmage's other nipple surged towards her, then slowed and came to a stop in the air nearby. It hovered idly, bobbing slowly up and down.

"Melanie, apprentice of growth magic, and Katrina, apprentice of liquid magic, welcome to my private chambers," said the Archmage. Her musical voice, high and light like a late spring breeze, reached Mel's ears from somewhere beyond the wall of breast.

"Zara has told me how your love for each other has seen you through two trials. I have been most impressed by your ingenuity," she continued, her voice somehow airy while still carrying immense weight.

The nipple near Mel's head started dripping an opaque white liquid, and its owner's melodic voice returned in her ears.

"I have a mission for you."