

# Amie's Charm 2

by [purplish](#) [[email](#)] with art by JessHavok and Boobdollz

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

*Continuing from Amie's Charm...*

## II. The Priestess

The invitation had arrived on a large sheet of parchment, hand-written in an elaborate script:

*Trainee Lena—*

*Your presence is requested at dawn's first light.*

*—High Priestess Sofia*

It was a rare honor to visit the High Priestess' private chambers at the Order of Priestesses, and any woman in Sweetwater's capital city would surely thrill for the opportunity. On this particular morning, however, Lena was feeling anything but thrilled.

She found herself pacing, lost in thought, down the familiar hallways of the Order. Her halting footsteps carried her near her destination: an archway just outside the High Priestess' chambers. She paused, frowning at the thick yellow curtain that obscured the interior.

A great pressure was on her shoulders this morning, but she knew it wasn't her priestess battle armor weighing her down. If anything, her armor felt lighter than ever, as it had recently suffered great damage and large parts of it were missing entirely.

She stared down at its tattered remains on her torso. It was once a traditional Sweetwater battle plate, forged by the smiths of the Order, and her sacred trust as a priestess trainee. Long strips of hardened leather on her muscular arms and back were reinforced with articulating metal plates, remaining flexible to allow a wide range of movement in battle, although the metal was now bent and misshapen. Her armor was in a sorry state indeed, and she knew she may be risking disciplinary action from the Order.

She had yet to earn the title of Priestess despite having trained for nearly a year, even though all the other girls in her class had already sworn their oaths as members of the sisterhood. She knew she was just as capable a warrior as any of them; in fact, her proficiency with the quarterstaff was almost unmatched among her priestess-sisters.

But the Order was not satisfied with her skill in battle alone, and she also did her best to embody the courageous spirit and honorable character of an armored priestess. Why, only last week she had negotiated an elusive truce between a hamlet and its adjoining Druid's Grove, and just yesterday she had successfully banished a plane-walking djinn, sneaking into its tent and stealing its lamp while it was distracted elsewhere.

These accomplishments had failed to impress the priestesses, to her great dismay. Often it seemed as if nothing she could do was ever enough for them.

No, she was fairly certain she knew why she'd been overlooked by the sisterhood. In fact, she had two big reasons.

Her fellow priestesses all wielded some degree of aroused breast growth in combat, and Lena knew her own to be especially pronounced. She knew that her natural ability was enhanced further by the enormous size of her breasts, which would extend forward beyond her elbows even when she was at rest. She had been training with their burden for years, though, and she had gained a subtly muscular tone that allowed her to carry even their sizable mass with ease.

Like most warriors, she had always faced battle wearing a Sweetwater breast charm, usually clasping it around her left nipple. It helped control and direct her arousal, keeping her huge chest from growing rampantly out of control, although lately she'd been learning to use this ability to her advantage.

The previous evening, she and several other trainees had happened upon a dispute between a pair of female merchants. It was a tense situation that she feared may come to blows. She pushed to the front of the gathering crowd, centering herself on her targets, and reached for the magical charm clamped around her left nipple. Detaching it, she tucked it inside a small pouch tied around her belt. Her huge breasts quivered, shimmying lazily around her waist, her abilities now fully unconstrained.

She felt a pleasurable shuddering within herself, then a growing warmth that signaled the onset of her arousal. Her breasts started to swell larger and she heard an almighty creak from her

reticulating armor as it strained against her growing flesh. Her bosom grew ever larger, its already huge size now becoming truly immense as it bounced heavily around her hips.

She leapt to action, grasping both merchants with her powerful arms and pinning them beneath her mighty bosom. Her breasts swelled even larger in these next critical moments as she focused her arousal. Their great weight proved to be an effective deterrent, and she held the merchants tightly until their anger gave way to their own reluctant arousal. She released them only after she felt their chests starting to grow and press against her own.

Since then, her fellow trainees were treating her with newfound respect. *Lena Thunderteats*, they called her, and she couldn't help but revel in their envy and begrudging approval. She had caught more than a few of them eyeing her, too, and she was certain they'd call upon her skilled tongue after they returned to their barracks at the Order. They had indeed, but future adventures like this one, she feared, might now be beyond her grasp.

Unfortunately, her quick thinking had come at a cost: the immense size of her rapidly growing breasts had overextended her armor, stretching and distorting the leather. The craftsmanship of Sweetwater's finest smiths was clearly no match for the might of her surging breasts, and numerous metal plates had detached and fallen from her armor, the metal bent and twisted into unrecognizable shapes.

Lena and the other trainees had endured many lectures stressing that the armor of a priestess is sacred: it lends her an air of dignity at rest and an aegis of protection in battle. Lena knew that the state of her armor would invite scrutiny from the High Priestess, and this morning she feared that she might even be risking expulsion from the Order.

The gentle caress of a cool morning breeze tickled across the front of her huge breasts, her nipples fully exposed as they thrust through her misshapen armor. She shuddered involuntarily. Her breast charm, as ever dutifully clamped around her thick left nipple, was quietly sparking. Its enchantment was fighting a losing battle against the delicious sensations emanating from her bosom.

She reached forward, palms open, bending her arms around the front of her ponderous chest. She could feel the heat from her exposed nipples as they throbbed urgently in the cool air, as if blissfully unaware of the great shame she felt on her shoulders. She curled her fingers in anticipation, reaching ever closer to her throbbing nubs...

"First time?"

Lena whirled around, nearly losing her balance as her great bosom swung heavily.

A tall, muscular woman, clad in thick gold-plated armor nearly from head to toe, was standing just outside the archway. This, Lena realized, could only be a member of the High Priestess' elite guard. The armored warrior waited expectantly, regarding her with a bemused expression.

"I, ah, the High Priestess..." Lena started, trailing off. She had hoped for a brief moment of calm to herself, but she was now stammering and flushing red with embarrassment. So preoccupied had she been relieving herself, that she had failed to notice this imposing presence nearby.

The gold-plated warrior's expression softened.

"You poor thing," she frowned for a brief moment, then beamed widely.

"Liquid courage?"

Lena nodded, feeling grateful. It was an honor to be offered such a gift by an elite warrior, and she wouldn't dare miss this opportunity. Plus, she thought, it might help calm her nerves.

The golden warrior loosened her articulating plate, unbuckling its leather straps, and slung it off her shoulders. She carefully leaned it against the archway then stood upright again, nude from the waist up, her beautiful tan skin bathed in the dim candlelight. She grinned and grasped a small charm around her right nipple. Unclasping it with a practiced movement, she stored it in a small pouch tied around her belt.

She stood at attention before an astonished Lena. She winked at Lena, then focused, closing her eyes and clenching her hands into tight fists. Her bosom seemed to shudder, her natural abilities now fully unconstrained.

Lena was lost in admiration, her troubles put aside as she cast her eyes over this stunning amazon. She gasped in surprise to see the warrior's modest bosom suddenly surge outwards with a great wave of growth, then another, and another still until her glorious tanned breasts were far larger than Lena's own huge pair.

Lena's gaze was drawn to the guard's thick nipples, thrusting gloriously erect outwards from her newly enlarged bosom. After a tense moment, a few droplets of opaque white liquid appeared at their tips, which then gave way to a powerful milky spray from both thick nipples. Lena felt her

mouth falling open, stunned at the incredible breasty prowess of the elite warriors in the High Priestess' inner circle.

The guard beckoned and Lena stumbled forward. She suddenly felt utterly parched, her urgent need almost palpable. She approached from the side, her own ponderous bosom thrusting forward until she felt it rubbing against the taller woman. She took another half step forward and fell to her knees, enveloping the amazon's firm abdomen entirely within her huge cleavage.

This had the fortunate effect of raising the guard's huge spurting breasts atop her own, a great fleshy shelf projecting forward far beyond either of their arm-spans, but fortunately positioning her spurting nipples just inches away. Without further ceremony, Lena happily slurped a milky nipple into her mouth.

The taste was simply divine, she thought, as fresh and invigorating as she'd imagined it would be. She suckled noisily for long leisurely minutes, drinking and swallowing great mouthfuls of delectable milk from one spurting nipple, then the other, and finally both at once as she stuffed them together into her hungry mouth. She felt a calm resolve returning and settling within her, as if emanating from the milky essence that she felt warming her from within.

She reluctantly detached from both leaky nipples, swallowing one final milky mouthful and pausing to savor the taste. She disentangled herself from the taller woman, whose bemused expression had returned, and stood, embracing her to demonstrate her grateful appreciation. She grinned as her milky tongue was slurped into the guard's mouth, who sucked hard and smiled back as they shared and swallowed between them the last remnants of her milky bounty.

Lena reciprocated, thinking it only polite to express her gratitude by gently sucking on the amazon's tongue. They embraced for several quiet minutes, rubbing their lips together and kissing languidly.

At long last, having felt the swirling storm of her arousal and embracing it, Lena found the courage she was looking for.

She turned towards the archway with renewed resolve, but kept the amazon's milky teats in her grasp. She was still idly squeezing them, feeling them spurting great sheets of milk across the Order's stone floors.

She knew she couldn't delay any longer; the time for hesitation had passed. She released the amazon's milky nipples and rose to her feet. The calm further settled in her mind, building now into a powerful confidence: it was time to face the High Priestess.

She held her breath and, brushing the thick curtain aside, stepped through the archway.

χ

The late afternoon sun cast long shadows through the windows of the Great Library of the Scholar's Guild. Amie had long enjoyed wandering leisurely between the shelves, gazing at the leather-bound tomes and their elaborate titles.

Sometimes one of her thirstier Guild sisters would follow, opening Amie's robes and gorging herself with a long drink from Amie's spurting nipples, all while they tried to avoid running into any of the mistress scholars. Amie was happy to indulge the younger girls and herself at the same time, for there was little she enjoyed more than sharing her milk.

Today, though, her vision seemed strangely dark and blurry, and her mind felt hazy. She also sensed her chest burning with unexpressed need, as if she hadn't been milked even once since the previous evening. Her breasts had grown huge, sloshing heavily in her scholar's robes around her waist.

She raised her eyes to see a robed figure, its back turned, standing next to her by a large bookshelf. An unruly mass of fiery red curls emerged from the robe's hood. She seemed strangely familiar...

The blurriness in her vision faded, and she looked down to see herself holding hands with the robed girl. Suddenly her arm was yanked forward, and the figure turned to reveal the laughing face of Sister Katryn, a fellow scholar and one of her dearest friends at the Guild.

She desperately hoped that Kat would milk her soon, although for the moment she was grateful for being led through the stacks. She smiled and settled in close when Kat paused at the end of a long shelf. She pressed her swollen breasts into Kat's, feeling the substantial warmth of her friend's large chest against her own even through the combined fabric of their scholar's robes.

A minute later they were sneaking down the stairs. Amie grinned, knowing that the reading room in the library's basement was likely to be vacant around now.

Kat released Amie's hand and ran ahead, then around a corner and out of sight. With her friend gone, Amie felt the weight of her bosom more acutely than ever, and struggled to remain standing as she staggered ahead.

She stepped through a doorway to find Kat reclining nude, resting atop her discarded robe on one of the reading room's couches. She smirked at the younger girl and shed her own robe, tossing it aside. She stalked sultrily towards her lover, her milky need forgotten for the moment.

Kat's nipples suddenly started leaking their own milk. Amie gasped — how was this possible? She recalled that Kat had once touched her magical charm; maybe her lover had absorbed some of its power?

She stepped closer. Kat was beaming, and slowly spread her legs wide with anticipation.

Amie paused, pressing upwards underneath both of her breasts, thrusting her nipples up towards her own mouth. With little effort they gave way to her milk, and she reveled in her own delicious essence cascading across her face.

She sighed; she had always enjoyed the taste. She raised her arms above her head, smiling.



*Amie and Sister Katryn in the library basement*

by [JessHavok](#)

Amie blinked. Suddenly she was sitting next to Kat in the Guild's dining hall during a busy dinnertime. She felt the pressure in her bosom still building, growing more urgent with each passing moment, and she hoped they'd finish eating before she started leaking milk through her robes.

Kat was grinning, her upper lip coated in a fine sheen of milk. She stared lovingly at Amie, then licked slowly along her milky lip, slurping the liquid into her mouth and swallowing luxuriously. In her hand was a large wooden cup, which she extended towards Amie with a pleading look in her eyes.



Amie smiled back with a conspiratorial wink, knowing that her lover wanted a refill of hot milk directly from the source. Kat's thirst for her milk was especially pronounced around meal times, and most dinners lately would end with Kat's head in her lap under the table, her friend suckling urgently at her dripping nipples. She reached for the cup in Kat's hand, grateful for the chance to ease her milky burden while indulging her lover at the same time.

A bright yellow light shone through the dining hall windows, casting the entire room in a curious golden hue.

The bustle of a busy dinnertime faded, the sound receding as if sucked out of the room. The world went silent for Amie.

She saw Kat's lips moving, but she couldn't make out any words. She leaned closer, her brow furrowed with concentration.

The sound of flowing water came to her ears, first as a small trickle but growing into a stream, a river, and finally a great ocean of sound. She tried to speak, but she realized with a start that she couldn't even hear herself. The roar of rushing liquid grew steadily louder in her ears.

She blinked again and saw Kat's room in the Guild's dormitory. The noise had gone and she could hear only silence once again.

She whirled around to find herself reclining on Kat's bed, alone — or so she thought, until she felt a gentle tugging at her nipple. Leaning forward over the huge swell of her engorged breast, she saw Kat's fiery red curls. Stretching further, she saw Kat's ruby-colored lips wrapped around her thick teat. It felt wonderful, even through the strange haze in Amie's mind.

Kat was gently suckling and swallowing her milk. Amie was glad for the intimate attention and for Kat's practiced movements, which so efficiently drained her milky burden. She giggled as she felt Kat's hot nipples poking at her inner thighs.

Kat disengaged from a dripping nipple and leaned back, smiling. She was again mouthing words, but the crescendoing sound of rushing water had returned in Amie's ears, and she could hear nothing else. Did Kat hear it as well?

Amie stared at Kat's ruby red lips.

*Within you.* It was a fragment of an idea, but it was all that Amie could understand.

A trickle of milk emerged from Kat's lips, dripping down her chin and falling to the bedsheets. It impacted with a curious tinny *\*ping\**, as if it had struck metal instead of soft fabric.

Amie felt a rush of adrenaline. It cut through the haze in her mind and displaced the throbbing urgency of her milky burden. That strange yellow light, and the sourceless rushing liquid... it all seemed somehow familiar.

Something wasn't right. What magic was this?

χ

High Priestess Sofia's chambers were shaped as if cut from a single smooth, grey stone. The floor was gently sloped, angling down from all four corners towards a small drain in the center of the room. Lena recognized this to be a common accommodation for the unique abilities of the women of Sweetwater, although she had never seen any floor as finely constructed as this.

The room was mostly empty, dimly lit by the flicker of candlelight, and it was a few moments before her sight adjusted to the darkness. She blinked rapidly, realizing there was something directly in front of her: a generously-sized bed, its four corner posts carved from a dark mahogany wood.

As she stood fidgeting uncertainly, a feminine voice reached her ears from somewhere in the darkness. It was melodious and airy, like a fresh spring breeze, with a calming effect that helped her feel at ease.

"Trainee Lena, welcome," it said, almost singing.

Lena instinctively stood upright at attention, her exposed nipples thrusting through her armor and swaying before her from her sudden movements. She clasped her hands together underneath her chest, then nervously unclasped them again, leaving her arms hanging loosely at her sides.

"Today, Lena, we revel in the compassion of a priestess. Are you prepared?" said the musical voice in her ears.

Lena could feel her heart thumping and the rush of blood in her ears. What kind of test of compassion could the High Priestess have in mind?

“Yes, High Priestess,” she said, looking down at her huge chest thrusting through her tattered plate. She was relieved, for the moment, to have avoided any inquiry about her armor.

She felt a pleasurable crackling around her left nipple. Her breast charm was reverberating with energy, helping her stay calm as she tried to focus through her arousal. Her nipples stretched achingly erect in the cool morning air, her growth abilities barely restrained.

“You walk alone on a remote country road,” said the sourceless voice.

Lena had completed many tours of the Sweetwater countryside with her fellow trainees, and this was easy for her to imagine.

“On the path ahead, a girl approaches you.”

Lena felt her arousal simmering, and after a long moment, a figure emerged from the darkness. Every trainee knew that the High Priestess was said to be of legendary beauty and astonishing grace, but the woman now coming into view was unlike anyone Lena had ever seen.

Her tan skin was flawless, warmly reflecting the dim candlelight. She had long amber hair that fell to her waist, with delicate features and a firm jawline that gave her an effortless beauty. Her powerful-looking shoulders atop subtly muscular arms seemed impeccably firm, while still feminine and soft. Her legs were slender and her toenails had been painted a bright yellow color.

Her most prominent features extended far in front of her and several feet beyond her sides, obscuring her torso and hips from Lena’s view. Her breasts were truly colossal, taut and firm despite being far larger even than Lena’s would be after a bout of uncontrolled growth. Lena realized with a start that this incredible woman was completely nude.

She found her gaze drawn towards the turgid pink nipples at the tips of the woman’s breasts, each teat throbbing as it strained fully erect, longer even than Lena’s handspan. A few droplets of opaque white liquid formed around them. The milky flow increased, and her ears were soon treated to a series of quiet splattering noises as Sofia’s dripping milk impacted the stone floor below.

As astonishing as this goddess was, though, right now she seemed to be embodying someone else entirely. Sofia’s eyes were wide with youthful wonder and a hint of fright. She would have been taller than Lena if she had been standing upright, but her long, slender legs were bent as she took small, halting footsteps towards Lena. She bit her lip, frowning uncertainly.

This could be none other than High Priestess Sofia herself. But in Lena's eyes, Sofia's overall affectation gave the impression of a young woman, one who seemed confused and perhaps even apprehensive.

Sofia paced delicately until she had centered herself between the bedposts. She extended her arms forward, resting her hands on the great spheres of her enormous nude bosom, and turned to face Lena.

"Miss? Are you a priestess of Sweetwater? Can you help me?" she said in a small, timid voice, entirely unlike the melodious tones that had filled the air only moments earlier.

Lena stared at her. This was not at all what she had been expecting. She opened her mouth and closed it again, thinking it probably not the right time to insist that she was only a trainee.

Sofia seemed to sense Lena's hesitancy. For a brief instant she was the High Priestess again, and allowed herself a momentary eye roll.

Lena saw this gesture and flushed red, suddenly remembering her place.

"I... yes. How can I help?" Lena said, trying to project the assured confidence of a priestess, despite the distraction of the impossible beauty next to her.

Sofia rubbed small circles in the sea of her exposed bosom. This gentle pressure caused a momentary increase in her lactation, and sudden sprays of milk from both of her nipples showered upon large swaths of the floor below. The hot milk ran down the floor's slight incline, wetting Lena's bare feet as it flowed to the drain at the center of the room. Lena shivered from the sensation.

"There's something happening to me, and I've never felt this way before..." Sofia said quietly, trailing off. She averted her eyes and stared demurely at the milk-soaked floor.

Lena immediately felt a sense of kinship with this girl, whom she had to keep reminding herself was the High Priestess herself, Sweetwater's paragon of femininity. She recalled the Order's teachings about the many blessings of the women in their kingdom.

"Yes, like all women of our kingdom, we gain certain... gifts when we become aroused," Lena said softly.

"But fear not, for I will be your guide," she said, smiling.

She took a step closer, approaching Sofia from the side until she felt her exposed nipples rubbing against the great expanse of Sofia's left breast. She paused, smiling and slowly twisting her shoulders, thrilling with the sensation of her hard nubs dragging back and forth across Sofia's hot flesh in a show of open friendship.

Sofia bit her lip and looked up at Lena, frowning. This made something snap in Lena's mind, and she decided at once to embrace this opportunity.

"First, become still and bring your focus within," Lena said, lifting her hand and gently brushing Sofia's amber hair behind her ear. She continued, tracing along Sofia's neck, gently caressing until her finger was under Sofia's chin.

She leaned in slowly, amazed at her own gall, their lips just inches apart... but paused, frustratingly close, when she felt a gentle pressure pushing her away. She could feel that Sofia's massive breasts were swelling even larger.

She stepped back, her eyes wide, and saw Sofia vigorously rubbing her own swelling flesh with both hands as it spread outwards between her fingers. Her breasts continued to grow steadily larger until they obscured most of her slender thighs from Lena's view. Her milky nipples were stretching longer, straining further outwards until Lena realized with a start that they resembled her own forearms in thickness and length.

Sofia's colossal bosom somehow remained buoyant as it surged ever larger, bouncing and swaying in great rolling waves as it crept below her knees. Her dripping milk increased in volume until it was spurting steadily from both great nipples, raining in a tremendous milky shower upon the chamber's stone floors.

Sofia seemed to be somehow unburdened by her colossal chest. She hefted her bosom with both arms, sending delicious ripples throughout, as she peered questioningly at Lena.

"Miss? Can you help me with my breasts?"

Lena felt her mouth becoming dry once again. Her toes suddenly felt warm and wet from an errant spray of Sofia's milk, and she couldn't help but imagine its taste.

She blinked, remembering her act as she watched Sofia's growth finally slowing.

"The most blessed of us may experience some... slight breast growth," she said, recalling her training and trying to sound authoritative despite making such an obvious understatement.

“But your milk deserves further study,” she said slowly. She had never seen spontaneous lactation on this scale and hoped that Sofia wouldn’t notice her surprise.

She stepped back, then paced around to Sofia’s front and knelt on the wet, milky floor facing her. She raised her arms, pressing her own big chest from below into a soft platform underneath Sofia’s enormous hanging breasts.

As large as her own bosom was, though, she had failed to account for the tremendous new size of the High Priestess, and suddenly doubted whether her huge cleavage could support even one of Sofia’s massive milky breasts.

At least, she thought, the High Priestess seemed to have stopped growing for now. Sofia’s breasts remained taut and firm, waving slowly in the air before her despite their incredible size.

She thought better and released her own bosom, instead reaching up and to the sides. With both arms outstretched, she was just barely able to wrap one hand around each of Sofia’s enormous leaky nipples. They were slick with milk and throbbed urgently in her grasp.

“Hold steady, young miss, and I shall milk you,” Lena said, raising her voice to be heard above the splattering of Sofia’s uncontrolled lactation on the floor behind her.

She slid both hands up the full length of Sofia’s nipples, pausing to press her palms against their tips. She continued around, gripping their undersides and sliding slowly back in the other direction towards their great bases.

She heard Sofia gasp above her. She grinned, the sound of splattering milk increasing in her ears. She alternated her grip on one spurting teat and then the other, increasing the speed of her motions.

Soon she was wildly milking both of Sofia’s gushing nipples, laughing as errant spurts of milk fell upon her beaming face. Her long blonde hair, braided tight and falling down her back, was quickly soaking through with Sofia’s milk.

Pausing her milking motions for a moment, she allowed herself a moment to revel in how well she imagined her test was going.

This was a mistake, she soon realized, as a jet of sticky liquid suddenly emerged from within Sofia’s great cleavage and struck her square in the face. It was followed a moment later by another great gush, this one filling her open mouth.

She swallowed instinctively. The taste was simply divine, sticky and sweet, and she immediately knew it to be Sofia's powerful arousal. She felt its warmth filling her stomach and spreading across her insides.

She blinked, shaking her head and again remembering herself.

"Like all women of Sweetwater, my dear, you may find yourself becoming slightly... wet when you become aroused," Lena said, trying to sound confident despite making another obvious understatement.

Sofia's prolific arousal continued dripping down her legs and spurting forward through her great cleavage. A faint splashing sound reached Lena's ears as Sofia's prolific arousal washed across the floor around them.

Lena tried to focus her willpower. It didn't help that a foggy haze of arousal had taken hold in her mind, and Sofia's incredible squirting tasted simply wonderful on her tongue and felt dripping down her bare skin.

She released her grip on Sofia's slick nipples and reached forward, gently spreading apart Sofia's bosom with her arms. She gazed upwards, still on her knees, making eye contact with the beautiful visage of the High Priestess.

"M...Miss, it's my... oh!" Sofia whispered, looking down at Lena and shuddering with another uncontrolled gush of her arousal.

"Can't you help?" she gasped, her eyes pleading.

Lena lowered her eyes, gazing ahead between Sofia's enormous breasts at an incredible sight.

Great rivers of Sofia's dripping arousal were streaming down her long, slender legs, which now sparkled in the dim candlelight. Lena was pushing outwards with both arms, straining with the effort of creating for herself a small pocket of air between Sofia's colossal cleavage. She shuffled forward on her knees, fully enveloping herself within Sofia's great bosom, and gasped in awe as Sofia's beautiful pussy filled more and more of her vision.

She was drawing nearer Sofia's dripping center. As she approached, she could feel a powerful heat that seemed to burn away the wet droplets of arousal almost as soon as they

splashed upon her face. The splattering of Sofia's spurting milk on the floor was still audible behind her, but more quietly now as the flesh of Sofia's bosom had closed in, muffling the sound.

She was now just inches away from Sofia's gushing pussy. The volume of squirting liquids seemed to increase, splashing great waves of hot arousal across Sofia's legs and Lena's body, the excess splattering onto the floor. Lena squeezed her eyes shut, opening her mouth and extending her tongue to catch as much of the sticky liquid as she could. The heat on her face was almost overpowering, and as she leaned ever closer, she knew she was mere moments from tasting Sofia's ambrosia...

At once the hot embrace of Sofia's nethers vanished. Lena felt cool air on her dripping wet skin, making her shiver involuntarily. She opened her eyes to find Sofia a few paces away, standing now at her full height and smiling down at her.

"Stand and recite your oath," Sofia intoned, speaking once again as the High Priestess.

Lena's eyes widened. Every trainee knew the oath, but to recite it before the High Priestess could only mean—

She leapt to her feet, her heart in her throat, almost losing her balance when her foot slipped along the milky floor.

Sofia turned slightly, showing her profile. Her milk had calmed its furious spraying from both nipples, now reduced to occasional thick streams that ran down the vast undersides of her bosom. Her colossal breasts extended several arm-lengths in front of her, their undersides bouncing together below her knees, but she hardly seemed to notice their weight at all. Lena admired this seemingly effortless demonstration of magical control.

"Whom do you serve?" queried Sofia.

"I serve the kingdom of Sweetwater!" Lena replied, finding her voice and bursting with pride.

"And who speaks for Sweetwater?"

"You do, Most Milky Mistress," said Lena, embellishing with one of Sofia's many formal honorifics.

The High Priestess beamed at her. Lena felt as if she were staring directly into the sun. The allure of Sofia's approval was overpowering.



“Congratulations, Priestess Lena of Sweetwater,” Sofia announced with a flourish.

Lena’s heart felt too large for her chest, and a great wave of pride in her homeland washed over her. But there was one thing, she thought, that would make this moment even better.

Sofia paused, pondering at her newest charge, then grinned.

“I know what you desire. Come, Lena,” she said, beckoning.

Lena gasped. It couldn’t be... she couldn’t mean... to do such a thing with the High Priestess herself—

Sofia stepped towards the sturdy wooden bed. She turned, the great expanse of her bosom swinging around, and sat on its edge. She made eye contact with Lena, grinning and sliding backwards with her long legs squeezed tightly together, then sat upright with her toes even with the edge of the bed.

Her enormous bosom rested heavily on either side of her legs, extending over the edge of the bed. Her great nipples had retained every inch of their tremendous new sizes, waving slowly in the air and dripping small spurts of milk onto the stone floor below.

Despite the tantalizing smell of fresh, hot milk, Lena’s eyes had fixated elsewhere. She stared directly through Sofia’s immense cleavage towards her firm stomach and along her subtly muscular legs, still pressed tightly together and shining wet with her essence.

Sofia leaned slowly backwards, resting on her elbows, sending great shimmying quakes through her bosom.

Lena felt as if time were slowing to a crawl. She fought through her arousal, but she still couldn’t believe—

Sofia made eye contact with Lena and, ever so slowly, spread her legs. Her feet soon rubbed against the inner walls of her bosom, and she pointed her toes, sliding them further outwards until each leg slid out of view underneath a huge fleshy breast.

Her beautiful bare pussy came into Lena’s sight. It was dripping furiously, spurting her arousal and spreading a large wet spot onto the sheets below.

Sofia grinned, seeing Lena frozen in place, and thought she’d help the poor girl along by stating the obvious.

“Come, Lena. Give us your pretty pussy,” she said quietly.

Lena gasped again. She couldn’t believe her good fortune. The most intimate of gestures in Sweetwater society, and to share it with the High Priestess herself? It was beyond her wildest dreams.

She took a halting step forward, then another—

“Remove your armor,” Sofia intoned.

Lena paused mid-step to bend over and detach her leggings. She sensed her own arousal starting to drip down her bare legs. She shrugged the tattered remains of her articulating plate over her shoulders, leaving it in a messy pile by her feet, and stood fully nude before the High Priestess.

With a hesitant step forward, and another, she found herself enveloped between the outer reaches of Sofia’s grand bosom. She turned to the side, lifting one and then the other leg over the edge of the bed.

She paused there, between Sofia’s spread legs, as she felt the burning heat of Sofia’s pussy warming her bare skin once again. The towering walls of Sofia’s bosom enveloped her, seemingly channeling the heat from Sofia’s center towards her. She felt it first across her arms and legs, then her breasts and finally her entire being seemed to exalt in her intimate proximity to this stunning goddess.

She lifted her left leg over Sofia’s right leg and extended it forward, pushing it beneath Sofia’s colossal right breast. For all its staggering expanse, it felt reassuringly warm and somehow weightless on her.

She was so close now. Time seemed to slow further as she slid her right leg under Sofia’s left leg. Her dripping pussy, so obviously betraying her arousal, was now positioned directly above Sofia’s.

Lena grabbed at her own bosom, pulling it apart and staring down at their imminent union. She saw herself now steadily dripping with arousal, which fell a short distance until it was lost among the great volume of liquids gushing from the High Priestess’ beautiful bare pussy.

Lena dropped the remaining distance all at once. Their centers finally met with a large wet slap, which soon gave way to a rhythmic squelching sound. Her hips had started thrusting as if of

their own accord, which made a strange kind of sense in Lena's hazy delirium, as if every other part of her body were watching her pussy in stunned amazement.

The heat from Sofia's center was nearly overwhelming. Lena felt it caressing her entire body, its warmth spreading to her extremities and elevating her arousal even further. She had never known such heights of pleasure before. Her mind was nearly lost in an aroused haze, and she endeavored merely to preserve their intimacy as long as the High Priestess would allow.

Her bosom felt tense, and she sensed it was still slowly growing, pressing against the inner wall of Sofia's massive right breast. With each rolling thrust of her hips, her nipples rubbed furiously against the hot flesh of Sofia's breast.

Lena was near the very peak of her arousal, and she felt herself plunging over the edge. She threw her head back in ecstasy, her hips still thrusting her pussy against Sofia's, riding rolling waves of pleasure.

Sofia knew right away that Lena was climaxing all over her. She allowed herself another eye roll; it was rather gauche to orgasm before the High Priestess, especially as a guest in her chambers. This young priestess should have known better and clearly needed a reminder: it was time for the High Priestess to reassert herself.

Lena had finally stopped thrusting, panting and wheezing as her dripping gash settled atop Sofia's, when she felt a rumbling beneath her. Suddenly a massive arcing column of liquid struck her from beneath, its strength powerful enough to launch her out of Sofia's cleavage into the air. She landed softly, several feet from the bed atop a large yellow pillow, while the remainder of the sticky liquid soaked her entire body.

She gasped, sitting straight up. She looked down to her sides, blinking, too surprised by her sudden flight to consider its improbable origins. She soon felt the High Priestess' gaze upon her and leapt to her feet, standing at attention. She was facing away from the bed, towards one of the grey stone walls.

Sofia's whisper caressed Lena's ears from behind.

"Very good, Priestess Lena."

Lena grinned to herself, but only for a moment, as she heard the High Priestess adopt a more serious tone.

“The Order needs you, Lena, for a mission of utmost importance,” Sofia intoned.

Lena sensed movement behind her. A series of wet footsteps squelched on the stone floor, drawing ever closer, until the great expanse of Sofia’s bosom came into view. The arc of Sofia’s right breast moved slowly before her, from dripping nipple to sturdy base, as Lena remained at attention.

The stunning visage of the High Priestess herself, framed by her long amber hair, settled near the center of Lena’s vision. Sofia spoke softly, but with an insistent urgency.

“There is a stranger in our lands, Lena. She carries something small but immensely powerful,” Sofia said. She paused, peering down at Lena’s breasts.

“You will know her, for she is blessed much as you are,” she continued, glancing back at Lena’s crumpled armor near the archway.

“Find her, Lena, and bring her safely to me.”

Sofia raised one of her subtly muscular arms and gestured towards the archway.

“Your search begins near our kingdom’s northern border. Go now, Priestess Lena.”

Lena nodded, almost bursting with pride.

“As you wish, mistress,” she said, inclining her head. She turned slowly, striding confidently but cautiously across the milk-slickened floor towards the archway, desiring not to embarrass herself at such a crucial moment—

“Priestess Lena?” called Sofia, her voice again airy and melodious.

Lena froze in place, her bosom quivering in the air before her. At least now, she thought, her breasts had returned to their normal size, and they merely extended beyond her elbows and bounced lazily around her waist. Their weight was somehow reassuring, a beloved aspect of her femininity, even if her throbbing nipples were still betraying her arousal in front of the High Priestess.

“Leave your armor,” Sofia called from behind, and Lena gulped.

“See the smithy for a new breastplate before you depart,” Sofia said.

Lena visibly relaxed.

“Yes, mistress,” she said, lifting the yellow curtain aside and departing through the archway.

It was nearly midday when Lena passed through the gates of Sweetwater’s capital city. She grinned, adjusting a strap on her new silver articulating plate, and walked into the countryside.

χ

Lena was cresting a small hill on a winding road in the Sweetwater countryside. She had been lost in thought since leaving the High Priestess, and hadn’t noticed the miles passing by until many hours later as the sun crept towards the horizon. She paused, leaning on her quarterstaff, and breathed deeply as she admired the peaceful bucolic beauty of the open plains around her.

The road had turned east and the sun, low in the sky, was gently warming her back. Several miles back she had detached most of the front of her articulating plate, allowing her great bosom to breathe freely. An early evening breeze tickled as it ran across her exposed breasts.

A moment later, the dull humming and crackling of the charm around her left nipple indicated its enchantment was still protecting her. Its magic was pleasurable but practical as well, helping to keep her arousal in check. At least it would allow her the relative luxury of being able to find shelter for the night before having to contend with her natural abilities.

Suddenly she heard a timid feminine voice calling to her.

“Miss? Are... are you a priestess?”

Lena whirled around, immediately suspicious. She held her quarterstaff at the ready, instinctively holding firm so her huge breasts wouldn’t throw her off-balance.

A young woman was sitting on a large stone boulder just off the path, staring quizzically at her. Lena glanced around — they were alone — and relaxed, cautiously lowering her staff.

“That I am,” she replied, smiling at the girl.

The girl jumped down from her boulder and stepped onto the path, slowly approaching her. Lena frowned; this was uncannily similar to the test of compassion that the High Priestess had described. Had Sofia somehow predicted this?

“I’ve never met a priestess before,” the girl gasped, her eyes wide.

“Your armor!” she exclaimed. “That’s an artic... articleat...”

“Articulating plate,” Lena corrected, feeling a wave of affection for the girl. This was her first encounter since leaving Sweetwater’s capital city and she couldn’t help herself, embellishing further.

“It’s my breasts, you see,” she smiled. “They get bigger when I get... excited, just as I’m sure yours do. This plate grows with me, in a way, helping me stay focused in battle.”

The girl was now just a few feet away. Her grubby tunic was streaked with dirt and clearly far too small for her sizable chest, which Lena could now see starting to grow with the girl’s obvious arousal. A number of sizable holes in her tattered shirt gave Lena’s peering eyes a tantalizing glimpse of the girl’s firm breasts swelling steadily larger.

It was uncultured for a girl to let her breasts grow uncontrollably, so most women in polite Sweetwater society tended not to leave home without the nullifying magic of a breast charm clamped around their nipple.

Here in the countryside, though, Lena realized that there probably weren’t many breast charms to go around. The girl certainly didn’t seem to realize her own embarrassment, instead staring openly at Lena’s chest as she drew closer.

Lena arched her back, an elaborate gesture that had the effect of thrusting her exposed breasts towards the girl in a traditional greeting.

“What’s your name?” Lena asked.

“Oh my!” the girl marveled, lost in admiration as she cast her eyes over Lena, before remembering her manners.

“I’m Mira,” she said, pausing right in front of Lena.

“I am pleased to meet you, sister Mira,” Lena smiled. She took a step forward, pressing her huge chest into Mira’s. She could feel the younger girl’s smaller chest swelling larger against her own. The rough fabric of her tunic felt delectable against Lena’s naked nipples.

Mira wobbled on her feet, looking nearly overwhelmed. After a moment she seemed to recover, throwing her arms around Lena and embracing her tightly, crushing their chests together.

Lena gasped from the sudden embrace, feeling an especially powerful wave of arousal shuddering through herself. There was something else, too: a familiar sensation around her left nipple, almost as if she had—

“You know,” Mira said quickly, “Another girl with huge breasts like yours passed this way only a few minutes ago.”

Lena’s eyes widened in surprise, but not from the sudden touch. She had only ever seen the priestesses of the Order to have bosoms quite as large as her own. What could have drawn one of them all the way out here? And there was something that Sofia had told her...

“She was wearing these strange blue robes,” Mira was almost babbling, still squeezing her arms around Lena’s breasts and resting her head on the shelf of Lena’s bosom.

“Her chest was soaking wet, though. Maybe she fell in a river?” Mira pondered innocently.

Lena reached out with both hands, grasping Mira’s breasts to return her friendly greeting. Her gentle grip was too much for Mira’s tattered tunic, though, and with a large ripping noise a great gaping hole opened in the fabric, exposing much of the girl’s left breast.

Lena chuckled; the girl had clearly been in need of some attention, but now wasn’t the time to indulge herself. Not when she sensed her quarry to be so close.

“Did you see where she went?” she queried.

Mira nodded eagerly.

“There’s an inn just up the road from here,” she said, pointing, then frowning as Lena had already started walking away. Lena spun around, walking backwards for a few paces, and smiled back at her.

“Thank you Mira, but I must be along. May we meet again soon,” she called with a smile, turning towards the small inn coming into view just down the road.

χ

Amie blinked. She found herself reclining with Kat in the gardens just outside the Scholar’s Guild, both girls nude atop their discarded robes. She shivered as an early evening breeze tickled

her bare skin, then winced when she felt the insistent throbbing pressure in her chest returning. She'd never felt this full before.

She turned towards her friend. Kat was giggling, her eyes sparkling with delight, leaning in for a kiss. Amie instinctively met her lips, opening wide only to receive a flood of liquid from Kat's mouth into hers. She immediately recognized the taste: it was her own milk, playfully fed back to her by her lover.

They separated and Kat leaned back, laughing, as Amie struggled to swallow the unexpected mouthful of her own delicious bounty. If anything, it seemed only to make the insistent pressure in her bosom all the more acute.

Kat was again mouthing words at her, her beautiful features flushed and her fiery red hair soaked through and dripping with milk. Amie squinted at her.

*Within you.* What did it mean? The sound of rushing water had returned, now nearly deafening in Amie's ears, and she couldn't hear herself think.

She sat back on the grass, feeling frustrated and confused, and gazed upwards.

Suddenly in the sky, a towering pair of slender feminine thighs were blocking out the sun. Amie's vision was filled by a giant, stunningly beautiful, and furiously dripping pussy. It was framed by two enormous elastic straps attached to a small cloth waistband, a most peculiar undergarment that failed to cover much of anything at all.

Great rivers of translucent liquid were gushing from the giant pussy down both towering legs. Amie's mind reeled. The strange panties, that amazingly wet pussy – it was all somehow familiar, on the very tip of her tongue.

A flash of insight cut through her hazy mind.

"JESSA!" she yelled with all her might, but couldn't hear herself making any sound.

Far above in the sky, Jessa's enormous pussy lips slowly parted. A roaring ocean of translucent liquid emerged, arcing to bear down directly at Amie. The crescendo of rushing liquid in her ears was nearly overwhelming.

She reeled with a stunned realization: she wasn't here in the gardens, or in Kat's room, or anywhere else at the Guild. No, she was in her rented room in the Sweetwater countryside, with Jessa and...



“KARA!” she yelled, but she could hear nothing over the rush of Jessa’s squirt tsunami barreling towards her.

Her mind was racing. What had Kat been trying to tell her?

She blinked and saw the wooden slats in the ceiling of her room. A flash of yellow light, the magical discharge from her charm, was slowly fading.

Everything came rushing back to her. She knew she was facing the unpredictable magic of her liquid charm, now doubled on account of Kara and Jessa having touched it at the same time.

This kind of arcane quandary would be of great interest to the mistress scholars of the Guild, who might study it for weeks alongside numerous other texts from the Great Library before making their recommendation.

But there was no time for study. She had to act now. Suddenly she knew what she had to do, and she felt a rush of magical potential welling up within her.

She opened her mouth.

χ

Lena stood outside the inn’s doorway, frowning. She could see the dull flicker of candlelight through the windows, but the building was otherwise quiet. She breathed deeply and pressed her quarterstaff against the outer door, which swung inwards with a loud creak.

She stepped inside the inn’s common room, her quarterstaff still at the ready, to find herself alone. The insulating stone walls were effectively muffling the early evening bird calls from outside, and an uneasy silence fell as she paced further into the room, then into a short hallway.

Small puddles of white-colored liquid dotted the hallway. She stepped carefully around a few of them, but there was a scent in the air that suddenly reminded her of the High Priestess’ chambers. She paused, kneeling down near one of the larger puddles and sniffing it cautiously. It was definitely familiar.

She untied a small silver vial from a pouch on her belt. She unstopped it, at once drinking its entire contents. It was her last reserves of High Priestess Sofia’s breast milk, a special reagent for

her journey. It felt wonderful as it slid down her throat, although somehow not as divine as she remembered it when she drank directly from Sofia's nipples earlier that morning.

Dipping a finger in the milky puddle, she brought it to her lips, her mouth open wide... but there was a momentary *flash* of brilliant yellow light that filled her vision.

The light was gone in an instant. Lena knew at once that a powerful magical discharge had occurred nearby. Waves of arcane energy impacted the breast charm clamped around her left nipple, and she felt a pleasurable warmth spread throughout her breasts.

She stood and continued to the end of the hall, coming to stand before a large wooden door mounted on a sliding rail. She heard a faint splashing noise, and saw the door swaying slowly on its rail from the impact of what sounded like a large volume of liquid. A moment later, a steady river of translucent liquid flowed under the door and pooled between her feet.

Her heart was pounding, but this still didn't make any sense to her. The priestesses of Sweetwater always sought to use their gifts for the good of their kingdom. What business could one of them have all the way out here?

Another series of wet splatters impacted the other side of the door. The flow of liquid under the door increased, spreading across much of the hallway behind her.

She stepped around the mysterious liquid and slid the door partially open. She carefully squeezed her huge chest through the narrow space to enter the room, then stopped in her tracks, stunned at the scene before her.

A young woman was resting on her back near the edge of a large bed. Her brown curls were soaking wet, falling over the edge of the bed and pooling on the stone floor below, dripping a small stream down the inclined floor towards a small drain near the center of the room.

She was being repeatedly doused by a great jets of liquid from a furiously squirting pussy just above her face. Her eyes were squeezed shut but her mouth was wide open, and she seemed to be doing her utmost to swallow as much of the spurting liquid as she could.

A pair of slender legs were straddling her head, quivering with each gushing squirt of liquid. Their owner, another young woman, had her head tilted back, her long blonde hair matted and damp with her exertions. The blonde's huge breasts bobbed and swung in the hair, a huge shelf above the brunette between her legs.

On the bed behind the blonde, a third young woman with short, dark hair was on her knees. Her legs were straddling one of the outstretched legs of the curly-haired girl beneath her. She was rapidly thrusting her hips, rubbing her gushing pussy on the girl's knee. Her own huge breasts were squeezed against the back of the blonde in front of her, thrusting them upwards until they reached just below her chin level. She gently rest her chin on the top of her own huge left breast, sighing happily as she continued to rub her pussy all over the leg below her.

There was an almost constant splattering noise. Lena saw that the blonde girl's pussy was squirting in greater volumes than she'd ever seen. The blonde was panting and wheezing for a moment between each blast, and each thunderous jet seemed larger than the last. The brunette between her legs was still swallowing great mouthfuls of it, but most of it arced across the angled stone floor, the excess splashing down towards the drain in the center of the room.

Lena looked down to see most of her own body dripping wet with the blonde girl's incredibly prolific liquids. She felt her arousal building. Her breasts shuddered and became warm, then suddenly lurched larger from a great wave of growth.

She was taken aback, blinking rapidly. Her breast charm was meant to prevent exactly this type of runaway growth—

Her great chest heaved again, straining forwards against her articulating plate. There should have been a telltale crackling from the magic of her breast charm counteracting her natural growth, but she could feel only her own building arousal spreading throughout her swelling breasts. Her armor lurched in complaint, and with a final creaking sigh it gave way, torn asunder by the incredible growth of Lena's breasts. Lena cursed to herself; this was the second armor her unruly breasts had ruined in as many days.

The blonde girl's squirting was becoming relentless now. One of its jets impacted nearby, and Lena felt her entire front soak through when the liquids splashed across her warming skin. This seemed to prompt another great burst of breast growth, and her breasts thundered forward. Her armor hung loosely from her shoulders, her enormous breasts now exposed to the cool air.

Lena felt her nipples straining against the breast charm clamped around her nipple. Her thickening teats eventually proved too much for it, and she felt a sudden release as it sprang from her nipple, followed by a metallic clang as it clattered on the stone floor near her feet.



*Priestess Lena at the inn*

by [Boobdollz](https://www.patreon.com/Boobdollz)

Looking down, she saw it floating past in one of the smaller rivers of the blonde girl's torrential squirt. She leaned over, almost losing her balance as her fully unconstrained bosom swung heavily to the side, and picked it up.

She peered closely at it: it was an obvious fake, confirming her suspicions.

Mira! That country girl on the winding path had embraced her suddenly, and she had felt a great heave in her chest at just that moment. She thought it was only her own surprise, but she realized now that it must have been Mira's quick fingers, swiping her breast charm from around her exposed nipple and replacing it with this poor facsimile. She had some nerve, Lena thought—

“M...Miss! Are you a priestess?”

Lena felt a sudden shock cutting through the foggy haze of her arousal: it was the third time she had heard that question today. The blonde girl was staring at her with pleading eyes, which then squeezed shut when her pussy released another colossal gush of liquids.

The dark-haired girl behind her had stopped thrusting her hips, but was still resting her pussy on the girl's leg below her. A great splashing of liquids from between her legs revealed that she too was squirting uncontrollably, but in nowhere near the same volume as the blonde girl. She seemed more in control of her faculties despite her situation, turning her head to regard Lena.

“Madam Priestess!” she exclaimed. “Get Jessa’s breast charm. Right there!”

She extended her arm, pointing near Lena’s feet. Lena looked down to see a second breast charm nearby on the wet stone floor, sliding lazily on one of the smaller rivers of Jessa’s gushing squirt.

“Miss! There’s something happening to me...” Jessa managed to say, before losing herself in a long moan as another thunderous squirt doused most of the room. A great ocean of liquid splashed across the floor, running swiftly down the incline and down the drain.

Lena sensed her priestess training unconsciously guiding her. Her arousal simmered, once again under her control, and she leapt to action. She kneeled, tossing the fake charm aside and scooping the other one from the floor in a single movement. She rose to her feet, stepping quickly across the wet floor towards the trio on the bed.

She held her arm forward, the charm in her outstretched hand, but her own huge chest had swollen even beyond her arm-span. Her throbbing nipple suddenly impacted the side of the blonde girl’s breast, making Lena bite her lip from the sensation. She twisted to the side, aligning herself shoulder-to-shoulder with Jessa, and at last clamped the charm around the blonde’s thick nipple.

At once the thunderous squirting ceased. Jessa’s pussy was still furiously dribbling its liquids, but now merely in small rivers that splashed across the neck of the girl between her legs and ran to the sides, soaking through the bed sheets to the floor below.

Behind her on the bed, the short-haired girl sighed with relief, her own squirting reducing as if in sympathy, her climax finally calming.

“Thank you, miss. Jessa has always been exceptionally wet, but I’ve never seen her like this,” she said, still panting heavily from her exertions.

She extended a hand and Lena smiled, reaching out to grasp it in hers, but the dark-haired girl kept reaching upwards, wrapping around Lena’s shoulders and pulling her close. Their lips met urgently. Lena knew that it was important to respect local traditions, and she grinned, losing herself in their embrace.

The girl had clearly wanted to make a generous demonstration of her appreciation and affection, slurping Lena's tongue into her mouth. Lena allowed herself to enjoy her tongue being sucked by this stunning brunette. At length they caressed each others' lips, until finally separating, leaving them both breathing heavily.

"I'm Kara," the girl said.

"We were just pampering our most honored guest," she continued, gesturing downwards at the girl underneath them on the bed.

"But something wonderful happened. Madam? Do you know what it was?" she continued, now addressing the girl who had been bathing in Kara and Jessa's combined liquids.

The girl beneath them was squirming, and Kara and Jessa reluctantly lifted their legs, allowing her to roll to the side and finally stand upright near the edge of the bed.

Her dark hair was a soaked mess, her arms and back still dripping Jessa's arousal. She didn't seem to mind it and straightened up, thrusting her sizable chest forwards with pride, even if at this moment it was nowhere near as large as any of the other three girls' bosoms. She had slender arms and legs and carried herself with a steady, assured grace. She was stunningly beautiful, leaving Lena at a loss for words, but there was something amiss...

Lena frowned, thinking it somewhat suspicious that this girl's breasts didn't seem to have grown at all in the last few minutes. Surely any woman of Sweetwater would have demonstrated at least some swelling in such a circumstance, she thought, especially given how much of Jessa's squirting this girl had swallowed.

Lena felt her blood run cold. Unless she wasn't a woman of Sweetwater at all—

As if to confirm her suspicions, small droplets of white liquid suddenly appeared around the girl's nipples. Lena felt her breath catch in her throat. A stunning realization swept over her: this must be the stranger that Sofia had meant her to find. But what of the powerful item she carried?

Then she saw it: a small silver charm dangling on a chain resting gently in the girl's cleavage. The girl caught her staring, clearing her throat.

"Thank you, miss. I'm Amie," she said, smiling.

Lena saw Kara and Jessa taking note of this as well, as if it were the first time they'd heard her name. They didn't have time to embrace in a traditional Sweetwater greeting, though, as Jessa

suddenly let out a low moan, followed a moment later by Kara. They both fell backwards onto the bed, writhing on the soaked bedsheets, gasping and moaning.

“It’s my charm’s magic! They are under its effects,” Amie whispered urgently, glancing at Lena.

Kara and Jessa’s breasts were surging larger with great waves of growth. Extending into the air above the bed, four great peaks remained magically firm and taut despite rising beyond each of their arm-spans, yet still they grew. They were larger now even than Lena’s massive chest, and after another several minutes they at last seemed to stop growing, their grand forms bumping lazily into each other.

A single trickle of white liquid ran down the underside of Jessa’s towering right breast. Soon there was a steady splattering noise as both of her teats unleashed several small streams of milk onto the stone floor. A moment later both of Kara’s nipples followed suit, the combined streams from all four teats spurting continuously, seemingly without end.

Amie felt the new rivers of Kara and Jessa’s milk joining with her own, still dripping from her nipples, combining into a gentle river of warmth that felt wonderful on her bare feet. It slid down the angled floor past her and flowed down the drain near the center of the room.

She giggled, drawing Lena’s attention, and their eyes met.

“What happened to them?” Lena asked, her eyes wide with wonder. She had only known the High Priestess herself to demonstrate such incredible spontaneous growth.

Amie took a few steps forward, placing her bare chest underneath one of the streams of Jessa’s milk.

“You know,” she said, twisting her shoulders to cover her breasts in Jessa’s milk, “I’m not entirely certain.”

She took a step back from her milky shower, using both hands to spread Jessa’s milk from her own breasts across the rest of her body. Her slender arms and legs and her firm abdomen were soon covered in a fine sheen of milk.

“I haven’t had a chance to bathe since arriving in Sweetwater,” she grinned, enjoying Lena watching her.

It had been quite a long day for Lena. Her own arousal, tinged with exhaustion, finally got the better of her.

“I’ve been looking for you, Madam, and I am glad I arrived when I did,” Lena said, gesturing with her arm towards the four enormous breasts on the bed still spurting milk onto the floor nearby.

Amie grinned widely at her. Lena felt her insides warming and her knees becoming weak under the gaze of this beautiful girl. It was nearly as intoxicating, she thought, as she had felt from the affections of the High Priestess.

Lena wobbled on her feet and almost immediately felt a presence at her side. Her arm was soon wrapped around Amie’s shoulder, and she felt herself being led to the large bed nearby. She was reclining, then lying down on her side, the great shelf of her unbound breasts hanging lazily over the side of the bed. She closed her eyes, soon falling into a deep contented slumber.

The sun had set, leaving the room illuminated only by the dim flicker of candlelight.

Amie swept her eyes over the six enormous breasts somehow supported by the impressively sturdy bed. Kara, Jessa, and the priestess were all dozing quietly, although Amie noted with interest that Kara and Jessa’s nipples were still slowly exuding milk. They were continuously spraying their nectar gently down to the floor below, with some excess running down the undersides of their magically buoyant breasts. Their towering shapes still bobbed slowly in the air above the bed.

She climbed on the bed, lying on her back and nestling her head between Jessa’s legs. The wall of Jessa’s right breast towered into the air just next to her, and she turned her head, licking along the side of Jessa’s breast and slurping a falling stream of Jessa’s hot milk into her mouth.

She swallowed luxuriously, sighing. She didn’t understand how she had consumed so much of Jessa’s squirt. Even now she still felt a curious sensation within her body. It felt peculiar, but warm and powerful, not too unlike the way she felt when experimenting with magic alongside her Guild sisters. She wished Mistress Yvette were here to guide her.

Her thoughts drifted to Sister Katryn, and sleep overcame her.

χ

The morning sun shone brightly through the inn’s windows. Amie stirred, yawning, and stumbled to her feet next to the bed. Her toes soon felt delightfully warm, as the floor was still wet with fresh milk.



Kara and Jessa were dozing on the bed, their great bosoms still bouncing and swaying as they lazily spurted streams of milk onto the floor nearby. Amie's eyes widened; had they been milking all through the night?

Amie saw the priestess stretching in the nude on the floor nearby. The priestess' huge breasts had receded, although even at their resting size they rivaled Amie's, even while Amie was fully burdened with milk.

A dull throbbing in her chest alerted Amie to a more immediate need. Her breasts had filled overnight with a fresh load of her delicious milk, and while usually she would rely on Sister Katryn or her roommate Olivia to ease her burden, she found herself momentarily at a loss.

She placed one arm under each of her milky breasts, lifting them gently in offering, her eyes pleading as she addressed the priestess.

"Miss? Could you...?"

The priestess released her pose, turning to Amie and smiling. She said nothing, rising to her knees, and Amie stepped close, her teats at the priestess' eye level.

She felt her left nipple enveloped by a warm mouth. Sighing, she relaxed, her milky burden flowing with ease as the priestess gulped and swallowed with a long series of mouthfuls. Amie stood idly for many minutes as her milk was drained, her breath catching as she sighed happily.

She'd fallen into another one of her aroused dazes, and at long last she belatedly realized that both of her breasts had been expertly milked. She felt a presence nearby, realizing that the priestess was standing close to her, pressing her own huge breasts into Amie's.

Amie grinned, allowing the priestess to express her gratitude in what she now recognized to be a traditional Sweetwater greeting. She closed her eyes and their lips met. Amie thrilled at the instantly recognizable taste of her own milk on the priestess' lips. They kissed gently and languidly, and only after Amie sighed in content did the priestess pull away, regarding her closely.

"I was sent to find you, Amie," Lena whispered.

Amie quirked an eyebrow. She was still uncertain what Mistress Yvette had meant for her to find in Sweetwater, and this seemed to be as good a lead as any.

"My mistress can help with your... magic," Lena said.

“And she can help them too,” she added, gesturing at the four towering breasts on the bed.

They helped Kara and Jessa to wake, and all four girls were surprised to discover that despite the incredible size of Kara and Jessa’s breasts, which had not become any smaller in the night and still extended below each of their knees, they seemed to have little difficulty bearing the new weight.

Jessa had quickly embraced her new condition. She was seemingly unable to keep her hands from squeezing the great expanse of her breasts or sliding along her dripping pussy, and even the stunning power of one of Kara’s eye rolls seemed to inspire no shame in her. Kara, for her part, reluctantly agreed that without some assistance, they’d certainly have trouble running the inn on their own.

“It is only a few miles to the capital city,” Lena said, trying to bolster Kara’s spirits.

She slid in close, wrapping Kara’s arm around her shoulder and motioning towards Amie to do the same with Jessa.

“And we will help you with this burden,” she said, grinning.

By mid-morning they had set out upon the road. Amie had donned her light blue scholar’s robes, although they could only improvise a covering for Kara and Jessa using most of the bedsheets. Amie grinned, her arm wrapped around Jessa’s shoulders as they brought up the rear.

Lena was in front, guiding them even as she helped Kara with her own sheet-wrapped bosom. Some compromises had to be made, though, and Kara and Jessa’s great nipples remained exposed, still lazily spurting milk seemingly without end onto the ground below as they walked. Lena bore the remnants of her battle armor, which hung loosely from her shoulders, leaving her own huge chest mostly exposed.

They made their way to the west. The miles passed easily for Kara and Jessa, thanks to the loving support of their new friends. As the sun drew near its highest point in the sky, the great portcullis of Sweetwater’s capital city came into their view.

“We’re nearly there now, girls,” said Lena, her arm still around Kara’s shoulder. Kara was whimpering, her huge breasts bouncing together around her waist and still spurting a continuous stream of milk on the ground before her.

Behind them, Amie grinned at Jessa next to her, leaning in and kissing Jessa's cheek. Jessa giggled, her own bosom bouncing around her knees as it too was spraying a seemingly endless volume of milk.

Lena turned her head, gazing over her shoulder directly at Amie.

"The High Priestess is expecting us."

*...to be continued?*