

# Sister Isa's Specialty

by [purplish](#) [[email](#)]

*(For adult eyes only: breast/nipple/tongue expansion, lactation, magic, reality alteration. All characters are 18+)*

On a warm summer afternoon, Fiona was lost in thought as she strolled down the sidewalk. Tonight was her second date with her new girlfriend, Charlene, and she had been pondering how to make it a special evening they'd both remember.

She already had a great deal working in her favor, she thought, brushing her shoulder-length blonde hair behind her ear. She was slender and lithe, blessed with an effortless natural beauty that all of her past girlfriends had loved. But there was one thing, though, that she had found wanting in herself.

Then again, it was really two things. The small handfuls in her shirt were perfect in their own way, but they had never satisfied her desire to have a bigger chest. She often admired women with larger breasts, and even daydreamed about having a pair as huge as Charlene's —

Her pocket buzzed. Her heart leapt when she saw a new photo from her girlfriend. The camera was looking down on Charlene wearing only a lace bra and panties, her hand coyly over her mouth. A towel was wrapped around her head, and her skin was flushed warm, as if she'd just emerged from the shower. She was gorgeous, and she knew it.

There was a note, too: *Getting ready for tonight! xoxo*

Fiona gazed at the long line of her girlfriend's cleavage. She had long admired Charlene's unusually large breasts, and this photo captured them bulging in every direction around a bra that was clearly several sizes too small. She could even see the thick thumb-sized hills of Charlene's hard nipples thrusting defiantly against the fabric.

She savored the tantalizing photo while she could. Tonight she'd have to be careful not to get caught staring at her girlfriend's chest, which was by far the largest of any woman she'd ever met. Charlene had seemed to sense this admiration, usually choosing to wear tops that were too small, knowing that Fiona liked to see her clothes stretched tightly around her big chest. Then again, Fiona pondered, maybe her girlfriend didn't really mind her staring after all?

There were times when she couldn't believe her luck. To spend even a minute with a girl as beautiful as Charlene was amazing enough, let alone having an opportunity to host her for an intimate dinner that evening. She hoped that tonight she'd finally have a chance to see her new girlfriend's incredible bosom, in all its nude splendor, for the first time.

She paused on the sidewalk under the summer sun. She lifted the bottom of her shirt, exposing her firm stomach, then leaned over to use the cloth to wipe the sweat from her brow. She straightened up again, brushing a few stray blonde locks out of her eyes, and looked around.

She was standing just outside a small church. The building was clearly ancient, its stone walls worn with age, although its grounds were still impeccably maintained. She had passed this way many times, and while she had never paid it much attention before, something about it seemed especially inviting today.

The delectable scent of freshly-baked cookies wafted through an open door in the side of the church. She followed her nose, absent-mindedly stepping closer, still distracted by the nervous anticipation of her upcoming date. She walked right up to a doorway that led into the church's small kitchen.

She paused for a moment, then continued inside. Just as she crossed the threshold, she had the sudden idea that a home-cooked meal might be just what she needed to impress Charlene. It was perfect! That would make her girlfriend feel like a very special guest indeed.

She looked around. The kitchen seemed abandoned. Its tile countertops had dulled with age, and the pale white walls gave the impression of being part of the church's original construction. The entire room seemed to have been dutifully maintained over many years, still just as functional today as it had been at its founding.

She caught a flash of movement in the corner of her eye. A cheery feminine voice reached her ears.

"You're just in time. The cookies are nearly ready!"

Someone was walking towards her, obscured behind a tall shelf in the middle of the kitchen. A large, dark shape was coming around the corner, at last emerging into view.

It was a girl wearing a habit, no doubt one of the sisters at the church. She was about Fiona's age, and she seemed bright-eyed and cheery even though she'd caught Fiona trespassing in her kitchen. Her entire form was concealed behind black fabric. A dark covering on her head hid her hair, leaving only her face and hands visible.

There was something unusual about her, though, and Fiona lowered her eyes, which suddenly grew wide with surprise.

Two large, round shapes in the girl's habit thrust several feet ahead of her, filling an enormous volume of black fabric. Her breasts were simply enormous, extending to her sides far beyond her slender shoulders, while their bottoms completely obscured her waist from Fiona's view. As huge as they were, they seemed incredibly firm and almost perfectly spherical.

Fiona's eyes were nearly overwhelming her breast-obsessed brain. She couldn't understand how this girl was standing upright, let alone moving so gracefully around the kitchen.

She suddenly felt self-conscious, remembering that she'd wandered in uninvited.

"H...Hi! I'm Fiona. I'm sorry for trespassing, Sister!" she said, her eyes pleading.

The girl in the habit grinned, shifting her weight onto her right leg. The enormous shelf of her breasts lurched to the right, their enormous fabric-covered shapes bouncing firmly before settling.

"Welcome to our humble convent, Fiona. I am Sister Isa," she said, politely ignoring Fiona staring at her. She took another step forward and her massive chest surged towards the blonde girl.

A large, empty baking tray was protruding from a shelf at Isa's waist height, imminently at risk of colliding with her approaching bosom. Fiona had opened her mouth to make another flustered attempt at an apology, but upon seeing this impending disaster, her breath caught in her throat.

Isa stepped to the side, twirling herself around in a complete rotation until she came to rest again facing her guest. Her tremendous breasts were clearly subject to inertial forces, though, and they continued to move across her front in the direction of her spin.

Fiona watched their great shapes whipping around until the fabric of Isa's habit, together with their own incredible firmness, arrested their motion. Their outer edges traced a great arc to her side, slowing just enough to gently nudge the protruding baking tray back onto its shelf.

They accelerated back across Isa's chest, continuing their journey in the opposite direction. Bounding back across and slowing further, they finally came to rest with their forward edges swaying gently, more than an arm-length in front of her.

Fiona gasped, stunned by this incredible display of breasty prowess. This sister was astonishing, the impossible ideal of her deepest sexual fantasies made real, and she could do little more than stare openly at her.

She felt her heart dropping. She was overcome by shame and hung her head, her embarrassment overpowering her unexpected arousal and nervous excitement.

“Come now, Fiona,” said Sister Isa, her expression softening. She took another few steps forward, nearly closing the remaining distance between them.

Fiona couldn’t help but peek at the great spheres of Isa’s chest bouncing and swaying as they drew ever closer.

“What troubles you?” Isa asked, her voice soft.

Fiona was staring at the two thumb-sized protrusions that had appeared in the dark fabric near the centers of Isa’s breasts. She blinked slowly, trying to restrain herself from openly gawking, and took a deep breath.

“It’s my second date tonight, and I very much want to impress my girlfriend. I’m thinking about cooking something home-made,” she managed, feeling thankful for the opportunity to share her burdens with someone so friendly.

Isa brightened, beaming widely.

“Splendid! I have just the thing,” she said, taking another step closer.

Fiona’s vision was increasingly filled with the expanse of Isa’s colossal chest. Her attention was quickly drawn back to Isa’s nipples. They had lengthened and thickened significantly, and she saw them tenting peaks longer than her middle finger in the front of Isa’s habit. How could they be so large?

Her mind was still grappling with what she was seeing. She felt herself adrift in an aroused haze. She wondered how Isa’s huge teats looked nude, how hard they would feel in her fingers, and how divine they would taste on her tongue. She could spend hours licking and sucking such incredible nipples...

Isa was scanning the nearby shelves, at last identifying her target. She leaned to the side, her arms outstretched above and around the enormity of her pendulous chest, and rummaged around. Her motions sent great shuddering waves through her bosom, which bounced and swayed in an enticing demonstration of its enormity and firmness that was not lost on Fiona.

The peaks tenting the front of Isa's habit had continued stretching further outwards. Fiona glanced down at her own outstretched palm and back up again, realizing with amazement that Isa's nipples were thicker than two of her fingers together and longer than her entire handspan. The fabric of Isa's habit was pulled taut, stretching thin in a horizontal band between her towering nipples.

Isa pulled a large glass jar and a small book from the shelf, then rocked back on her heels with another jiggling sway of her great bosom. She turned towards Fiona.

"Fresh cream," she beamed, holding the jar in one hand. "I prepared it myself just a few hours ago."

"And here," she continued, hefting the small book in her other hand. "Something very special indeed. My trusted cookbook! I'm sure there will be something in here you'll love."

She leaned forward, stretching her arms out and resting them atop her enormous breasts, clasping the jar and book in her hands. She took another step towards her pretty blonde guest.

Fiona watched the fabric-covered peak of Isa's huge left nipple surge ahead, then suddenly halt its advance. It quivered in the air, straining towards her with less than an inch of space between it and her stomach. She felt wobbly on her feet as the glass jar and cookbook were pressed into her hands.

"I can see the love in you, Fiona, and your desire to help others. You will need both to succeed with these recipes," said Isa, her arms still resting on her chest. She turned her hands palm-down and started rubbing them gently across the tops of her enormous breasts.

"What makes our convent special, Fiona, is the benefits you'll realize when you prepare our recipes with love," she said, smiling.

"And this is very important: at the moment you add this cream to your recipe, you must speak the name of your beloved," she added.

Fiona found all of this hard to follow. She'd been looking down as Isa's nipple swelled even longer, until it closed the last inch between them and was now poking lewdly into her stomach. She wasn't certain whether Isa noticed that they were now touching, but she enjoyed the moment all the same, shifting her weight so as to cause Isa's thick teat to drag slowly across her shirt.

Isa's grin faded and she raised an eyebrow. Fiona feared that she'd been caught.

“But now I must be away. Good luck, Fiona,” Isa said with finality and swept away, leaving Fiona with only the memory of a brief encounter with Isa’s enormous nipple.

The next few minutes were a blur of motion for Fiona: she accepted one of Isa’s freshly-baked cookies before being ushered out of the kitchen. Her legs carried her home as if on autopilot.

She had just swallowed the last warm, gooey cookie bite as she closed her apartment door and stepped into her kitchen.

Ever since leaving Isa’s convent, she’d been feeling an unusual warmth in her bosom. Her shirt felt extremely tight around her chest, and she couldn’t remember the last time her nipples had felt so hard. She was relieved to have returned to the privacy of her home, as her teats were now making obvious peaks in the front of her shirt.

There was just over an hour before Charlene was due to arrive. She had to act, and there was no time to prepare something elaborate nor to attend to her sensitive nipples. She took a deep breath, focusing her willpower, and set Sister Isa’s cookbook and the jar of cream on the kitchen counter.

The book’s front and back covers were small planks of wood, stained dark and coated with a durable-looking gloss. Holes were punched through two of its corners, and large metal rings bound the covers together with a few dozen sheets of paper between them. On the front cover, in white ink, was hand-written in a flowery script:

*Cooking Magicks for the Modern Enchantress*

Below, in pink-colored ink, it continued:

*A Tasty Treatise by Sister Isa, Convent of the Saint*

Fiona turned it over and around in her hands. She had never seen a cookbook like this, and by every indication, Isa had put it together herself. But which Saint was her convent worshipping, and did Isa really expect her reader to be a modern enchantress? And that was... what, exactly?

She frowned, then opened the book, flipping its front cover around the rings and staring at the title on its first page.

“Milkmaid’s Mango Cake,” she read aloud. It was a recipe, hand-written in the same flowery script as the title on its cover.

“Baked Cheesy Ziti,” she read after flipping another few pages. These recipes all seemed much more elaborate than she had expected. There was something else they had in common as well — every page featured a recipe that involved milk or cream, and in a few cases, both.

She idly scratched at her shirt, accidentally brushing a finger against a nipple, which was still poking diamond-hard into the fabric. She winced, biting her lip from the sensation. Ever since she’d returned home her nipples had felt awfully sensitive, but there was no time for them right now.

With one recipe per page, there were only a few dozen to choose from. They all seemed to require no small amount of skill or time, and she was short on both. She felt her heart dropping as she continued turning pages.

She had almost given up, resigning her date with Charlene to certain failure, when she arrived at the last page. She read the title once, then again, her eyes widening.

*Isa’s Whipped Cream. A creamy treat that adds a milky climax to any dessert!*

She glanced at the jar of cream, then back to the page. It seemed too perfect. Was Sister Isa trying to tell her something?

The recipe was simple enough: whip the cream in a bowl, add sugar and vanilla. She had a mixer on her counter, a gift from an old flame, but had rarely used it. She kept it visible as a reminder to try new things in the kitchen and in life. This, she thought, was just the occasion to put it to use.

She placed a metal bowl and whisk in the freezer, a step recommended by Isa’s recipe for the best effect. As she closed the freezer door, her sensitive nipples rubbed against her shirt and she felt an especially acute flush of arousal. She’d been feeling turned on ever since arriving home, but she knew she had to focus. At least she could change into something more comfortable, she thought, and wandered off to her room.

She emerged a few minutes later in a well-worn pink kimono. She wrapped it loosely around her bare chest, allowing her hard nipples more room to breathe. She returned to the kitchen, grabbing the chilled bowl and whisk from the freezer and placing them into the mixer.

The jar of cream on the counter caught her eye. She stared at it, remembering Isa’s urgent instruction about its contents. She unscrewed and removed its top, then paused, wondering how exactly Isa had meant her to invoke her lover’s name.

She gestured ineffectually with her other hand, making a motion somewhere between a wave and a high-five. She immediately felt silly and lowered her hand.

“Charlene,” she spoke aloud. After a moment of consideration, she frowned, wondering whether Isa would find her performance convincing.

She gripped the jar tightly and reached within herself, although she wasn’t entirely certain what she was looking for. Her eyes closed and she recalled the image of her girlfriend in her underwear, and how her big breasts were overflowing her bra...

“Charlene!” she exclaimed, at once opening her eyes and pouring the jar’s contents into the bowl. She made certain not to spill a single drop.

The mixer proved reliable, quickly whipping the cream into a delicious froth, to which she duly added vanilla and a pinch of sugar. It was finished in barely another minute. She covered the bowl in plastic wrap and stashed it in the fridge.

She busied herself preparing the rest of the dessert course, the centerpiece of which — a fresh, although admittedly store-bought cheesecake — would be a natural pair with Isa’s whipped cream.

There was a soft knock on the door, and Fiona realized she had lost track of time. She hurried over to the entrance and swung the door wide open, revealing a staggering vision.

Charlene was clearly dressed to impress. She had straight brown hair, tied back into an extremely long ponytail that fell below her hips. Fiona had made an offhand remark on their first date that she’d love to see Charlene’s long hair in just this style, and she bit her lip as she admired the amazing length of the brunette’s hair.

Her new girlfriend was wearing tight jeans, accentuating her slender legs and taut bottom. A pair of creamy white stilettos added enough height to make Fiona look upwards to meet her eyes. Her entire body was toned and subtly muscular, with an alluring firmness all over that Fiona adored.

Charlene wore an extra-extra-large cream-colored blouse that hung loose around her arms, but for all its great size, it still stretched tightly around her huge breasts. The two great teardrops on her chest were far larger than her head, stretching forward beyond Charlene’s elbows and down below her navel. They were truly enormous, perky, and firm, and would have been closer to Fiona’s breast-obsessed ideal than anyone she’d ever met, were it not for her earlier encounter with Sister Isa.



Charlene clearly knew how to wield them for maximum effect, and shifted her weight, jiggling her chest seductively and swishing her long ponytail as she stood showing off in the doorway. A long line of exposed cleavage teased Fiona, drawing her eyes further upwards to see a ruby red lip coloring framing Charlene's broad grin.

Fiona felt rooted in place as this stunning sight nearly overwhelmed her. Charlene was unfailingly polite, though, and stood patiently outside the door. She twisted one of her heels back and forth in the hallway, sending waves through her hair and a jiggly bounce through her huge chest.

A broad smile dawned on Fiona's face.

"You're beautiful," she whispered.

"You're amazing," Charlene said at the same time. They both giggled as the tension dissipated.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?"

Fiona blushed, realizing she'd been caught staring again, and stepped to the side. Charlene beamed and walked in, giving her chest an exaggerated bounce as she strolled by.

"Have a seat," said Fiona, gesturing towards her modest kitchen table. "I'll take care of everything. You just enjoy yourself."

Dinner was quick and easy, having been a takeout order from a nearby restaurant, but Fiona found herself increasingly distracted. Her chest was still feeling strangely warm and her nipples remained fully erect, rubbing back and forth against the soft fabric of her kimono.

She couldn't help but stare at Charlene's huge breasts as they strained against her blouse. They were incredible, she thought. They took up most of the space between Charlene and the table, bouncing and swaying in great rolling waves even with Charlene's smallest movements. It was becoming almost too much for Fiona to bear.

She needed a distraction, then realized she already had one: it was time for dessert! She felt her anticipation building along with her arousal at the thought of serving Isa's special whipped cream to her guest.

Charlene leaned back in her chair, extending one arm ahead to the table to grasp her wineglass in her delicate fingers. This had the effect of pressing her arm deeply into the side of her

blouse-covered breast, a movement which had not escaped Fiona's notice. Fiona admired how Charlene's upper arm sunk deeply into her breast, which swelled outwards around it.

Charlene's next motions were accompanied by creaking and popping noises, as if her blouse were airing its complaints. It seemed nearly at its breaking point, barely able to stretch around her chest. Fiona wondered if any exaggerated movement might trigger a cascading wardrobe malfunction.

"That was delicious, Fi," Charlene said, smiling. She could tell from her girlfriend's reactions that she'd picked the right outfit for this evening, and it was having just the effect she'd wanted. She politely ignored Fiona staring at her.

Fiona was too distracted to notice her new nickname. It wasn't just the ongoing sensitivity in her chest and her building arousal, but also the anticipation of serving Isa's special recipe as well. It all merged into a fuzzy haze that blanketed her mind.

"Just you wait, Charlene! I have a very special dessert," she managed, trying to recall Isa's admonitions. What had Isa said about serving others? Fiona wasn't sure, but she resolved to focus on being the best hostess she could be.

She returned to the table with the cheesecake and the bowl of whipped cream. She prepared a slice for her guest, and with her heart in her throat, she scooped a large dollop of whipped cream on top and set it before Charlene. She cut a slice for herself as well, adorning it with a similarly large topping of cream.

She sat down across the table, gazing into Charlene's eyes and barely able to sit still. Her girlfriend's disarming smile again set her back at ease.

Fiona was unsure what to expect. She breathed deeply, trying at least to savor this moment across the table from such a pretty girl.

"This looks wonderful! Oh Fi, you shouldn't have," Charlene beamed, and Fiona felt her heart melting.

Their eyes met in mutual admiration, and they enjoyed their first bite of cream-topped cake together at the same time.

Fiona thought it tasted simply divine. The cheesecake was elevated further by the extra sweetness of its creamy topping. She savored it, then quickly enjoyed another bite. The warmth in

her chest immediately became stronger, increasing to such an intensity that she nearly dropped her fork.

Her arousal, building ever since she arrived home, was now too prominent to ignore. There was a new strange sensation, though, and she glanced down between the folds of her kimono. She was astonished to see a modest swell in her chest where previously there was barely any at all.

Over the next few seconds, the warmth swelled along with her breasts, which felt wonderful as they grew visibly larger under her gaze. They were now more than large handfuls, bigger than almost any woman she'd ever seen. Her nipples felt even more sensitive against the gentle folds of the fabric, and she could see that they had grown larger as well.

The last few rational thoughts in her mind were soon pushed aside by a rising wave of pleasure. Even through the fog of her arousal, it dawned on her: Isa's recipe! There must have been something about that cream...

She heard a strange ripping noise, like a cloth being torn in half. It drew her attention back across the table, and she saw Charlene's empty plate. Had her girlfriend already eaten her entire dessert? Above it, she raised her eyes to see several large holes in Charlene's tight blouse, through which the creamy flesh of her bosom was surging into view.

Charlene's top was already stretched skin-tight around her huge breasts, but it now seemed far too small for her. As Fiona watched in amazement, another large section of blouse ripped open with a loud tear, fully exposing most of the side of Charlene's right breast.

Fiona stared openly at Charlene's bare flesh, struggling to form words.

"Charlene... your bra..." she managed, noticing Charlene's lack of undergarments, while recalling the racy photo of her girlfriend in her underwear from earlier that afternoon.

Charlene hadn't seemed to notice that her clothing was in disarray, nor that her huge chest seemed to be growing larger. She leaned back in her chair, licking a few morsels of whipped cream from her fingers.

"My what? You're silly sometimes, Fi," she said with a chuckle.

"You know I never wear bras. After all, they don't make them big enough for me!" she said, patting the partly-exposed flesh of her breasts. They were only barely contained by her blouse.

Fiona sat back in her chair. Her curious nature fought back to the forefront of her mind: Charlene's breasts seemed to be swelling much larger and faster than hers. Was it because her girlfriend had eaten more cream? What had happened to Charlene's underwear, and why didn't she seem to notice anything?

Another loud ripping sound filled the air. As Charlene's chest launched into another swell of growth, the fabric of her blouse finally reached its limit. With a terrible rip it was torn asunder, its tattered shreds falling loosely to her sides. Charlene was left nude from the waist up as her still-growing breasts crept further ahead in her lap towards the edge of the table.

Fiona admired every inch of Charlene's enormous nude breasts. They were exemplary, with big pink areolas and extremely large nipples, each of which were easily as thick and long as her middle finger. Charlene's chest was still growing visibly larger, covering increasingly more of her thighs with her thick nipples pointing the way ahead.

Fiona thought it was the most beautiful sight she'd ever beheld. She felt her mouth becoming dry.

"Charlene, your blouse..." she started and trailed off, finding herself lost for words as she gazed at her girlfriend's impossible bosom.

"My blouse? Oh, right! I thought you might like to see how small my old clothes used to be, so I keep the shreds and wear them sometimes," Charlene smiled. She twirled in her seat to show off the tattered blouse tucked into her jeans.

"But you know better than anyone that my breasts are much too big for any shirt, so I usually go topless. Are you feeling okay, babe?" she asked, clearly concerned.

Fiona stared at her, blinking.

"I... I'm fine. Sorry, Charlene. You know I just can't get enough of your... figure," she replied, her mind racing, and sat back in her chair.

Charlene's huge breasts had just blown through her blouse, shredding it to pieces, and they were still growing even larger. They had reached nearly all the way across her lap to her knees. But she seemed to think this was normal, as if she had always been this way.

Was this the power of Isa's magic? Fiona couldn't say, for her rational mind was again pushed to the side by her building arousal.

Charlene looked flushed as well. She gazed deeply into Fiona's eyes, batting her eyelashes.

“You know Fi, I love how you fill out that kimono,” she said, leaning forward with a lustful look on her face. She made an elaborate gesture of lifting her huge naked breasts up and placing them onto the table. As they settled, Fiona could see them surging larger, gradually covering more of the table as they grew towards her.

The edges of Charlene’s empty plate had started to disappear under the advancing flesh of her bosom, when at last her growth seemed to taper off. Charlene set her elbows on the table on either side of her nude breasts, leaning forward and smiling, but her lustful stare was tinged by concern for her girlfriend.

“Are you sure you’re feeling okay, babe?” she asked. One of her huge nipples was waving gently in the air near a bottle of wine on the table. Fiona quickly reached for the bottle and slid it out of the way.

“I’m fine, really. You’re just... really something, Charlene. Your... your chest...” Fiona mumbled, tripping over her words as she stared openly at the huge masses on the table.

Charlene looked down at her nude chest, which had now completely obscured her dessert plate from her view. She grinned, raising her eyes again to meet Fiona’s astonished gaze.

“What about it? It’s not like you haven’t seen me topless before,” she chuckled.

Fiona boggled. This was only their second date, after all, and they had only shared a brief kiss at the end of their first date. To see Charlene’s breasts like this for the first time, far larger than they’d ever been before, was beyond her wildest dreams. She grappled with the realization that one of her most erotic sexual fantasies was now right in front of her, completely in the nude.

Charlene stood, lifting her huge chest into the air, and stepped a quarter of the way around the table towards Fiona. Despite the colossal size of her breasts, she seemed to have little trouble with their weight. They extended nearly to Charlene’s outstretched hands, but they seemed just as perky and firm as when she’d walked through the door, even though Fiona realized with a start that her girlfriend had grown nearly as large as Sister Isa herself.

“This whipped cream is just delicious! I think I want some more,” Charlene grinned, reaching for the bowl. Before Fiona knew what was happening, Charlene had grasped the whisk in her hand and licked along its entire length, collecting a large gob of cream in her mouth while gazing sultrily towards Fiona.

Fiona was flabbergasted. She tried for the moment to contain her surging arousal, despite the prospect of seeing her girlfriend’s breasts growing even bigger.

“I... yes, Charlene, but look! What’s happening to your breasts? You’ve grown so huge!” she gasped.

Charlene moved the bowl to her side, peering down at the great swells of her bare breasts.

“What about them? Look Fiona, I did warn you before I came over that I hadn’t yet milked myself today, so you shouldn’t be surprised that I’m dripping!” she said, raising an eyebrow. She licked another large mouthful of cream from the whisk, swallowing it luxuriously.

Fiona lowered her eyes to her girlfriend’s nipples. They had continued growing swelling larger along with her chest, and were now easily longer than her entire handspan. Just as Charlene had said, they were steadily exuding streams of an opaque white liquid that was slowly dripping onto her kitchen table.

Fiona’s arousal was surging. Charlene’s incredible breasts were lactating now, thanks to this magic cream, but there was something that had kept her from noticing its effects on either of them.

Fiona fumbled for words, trying to help her girlfriend along by stating the obvious.

“Charlene, look at yourself!” she said, pointing. “Your breasts have grown enormous, and you’re... you’re milking!”

Charlene’s latest mouthfuls of magic cream had clearly started to take effect, as her incredible chest had started swelling larger once again. One of her dripping nipples, pointing towards Fiona, had surged forward from a burst of growth and managed to scoop up most of the remaining cream from Fiona’s plate. It was covered in a frothy mass of cream and its own milk.

Charlene felt a cold sensation around her huge teat. She grinned at her girlfriend.

“Ooh, that tingles. Fi, won’t you lick the cream from my nipple? Mmm, and it sure could use a suck,” she whispered sultrily, biting her lip.

Fiona stared at Charlene’s creamy nipple. As huge as it was, it was mostly concealed behind a large glob of cream, which was slowly washing from its tip as it dripped with milk. It looked incredibly inviting.

It was all too much for her. Her breast-obsessed mind had never imagined such wonders, and she couldn’t restrain herself any longer. She leaned forward over the table, licking and slurping around Charlene’s thick nipple. She swallowed all of the magical cream that covered it and tasted

her girlfriend's delicious breast milk for the first time. It was a symphony of creamy sweetness on her tongue, with Isa's magical cream and Charlene's dripping milk equally sweet and satisfying.

The warmth in her bosom soon returned. She felt her own modest chest swelling larger against the soft fabric of her kimono. She disengaged from Charlene's teat and gazed down in amazement — she finally had really big breasts of her own!

Her chest was now larger than she'd ever imagined in her wildest dreams. Each breast was thrusting a huge shape larger than her own head into her kimono. Despite their huge size, they somehow felt incredibly light and perky on her torso, while still being clearly as firm and massive as she'd hoped.

"I love your mouth on my nipple, babe!" Charlene exclaimed. She had greatly enjoyed her girlfriend pleasuring her and wanted to reciprocate however she could. She used the whisk to scoop up an extra large gob of cream from the bowl, then extended it towards Fiona's mouth.

Fiona had been absent-mindedly kneading her own newly-grown breasts through her kimono when she saw Charlene offering her the prospect of more growth. A thought bubbled up through her aroused haze, and a singular focus took hold in her mind.

She wanted — no, needed — to grow even larger. She opened wide, licking along the cream-covered whisk in her girlfriend's outstretched hand.

On the kitchen counter nearby, Sister Isa's cookbook had started to give off a soft glow. With a barely noticeable hum the pages began to vanish, beginning with the very last page, on which Isa's whipped cream recipe had been written.

"Come to the couch, sweetie," Charlene said, smiling.

"My breasts are so full of milk, and you look like you're thirsty for more!" she continued. She placed the bowl of cream on the table and turned away, holding her enormous bosom steady as she stepped carefully towards Fiona's sofa.

Fiona sat back in her chair, panting. The warmth in her chest had returned, and she felt the intoxicating sensation of her breasts growing even larger, further fueling her arousal.

There was something else, too — a peculiar wet warmth she now sensed in the fabric of her top. After a moment it seemed to flow downwards, a warm river of liquid running over her stomach. She realized its source just as Charlene called to her from the couch.

“C’mon babe, I’ll drain your milk for you. You look so full!” Charlene offered from her seat on the couch.

Fiona thundered to her feet in shock. She was almost tempted to pinch herself, as if she were somehow dreaming her most private fantasy, but this all seemed far too real.

Her big breasts were lactating now, just like her girlfriend, and it felt better than she’d ever imagined it would. Still, she wanted more. She stepped towards the couch, but not before grabbing the bowl of cream from the table.

As she approached the couch, she could see the lengths of Charlene’s nipples coming into view. They had continued stretching even longer, their incredible lengths now at least as long as her forearm, as they continued dripping milk onto the carpet. Now and then, one of them would erupt with a sudden spray of milk, as if Charlene’s production were momentarily outpacing her constantly dripping milk.

Charlene seemed to notice for the first time that she was dousing large areas of Fiona’s carpet with her breast milk.

“I’m sorry, Fiona! You know how my milk can just spray on its own sometimes,” she said, grinning. She patted the couch cushion next to her, near the outer swell of her colossal left breast. This had the effect of making the great masses of her chest jiggle most enticingly.

Fiona felt weak in her knees. Her deepest sexual fantasy was here in the flesh, sitting a few feet away on the couch. She couldn’t stop now. She walked over to the couch, pausing in front of Charlene. She set the bowl of cream on the seat and grasped the hem of her kimono.

“Yes! Show me your pretty nipples, babe!” Charlene whooped from her seat.

Fiona swayed in a sultry dance for her girlfriend. She grinned, shaking her blonde locks while untying her kimono. She tugged it off her shoulders, tossing it aside and standing nude save for her pink cotton panties.

She cupped her newly-grown breasts from below, enjoying their immense size and heft. They felt simply amazing, and she could see from Charlene’s admiring stare that her girlfriend loved them almost as much as she did.

The tell-tale warmth in her bosom had faded, replaced by a wet sensation as her own milk dripped down her chest and ran down her firm stomach. It continued down both of her legs before pooling in a growing puddle between her feet.



She shook her chest enticingly, feeling its newly-grown mass bouncing back and forth across her torso, giggling as sparkling milky droplets flew in every direction. She knew she was now larger than Charlene had been before tasting the magic cream, although she was still nowhere near her girlfriend's present gigantic size.

She again couldn't believe her luck: not only was she living out her deepest fantasies, but she could explore her new huge breasts with Charlene, whose own impossibly busty figure made her bubbling arousing swell even higher.

She found herself still wanting more. How big could they get?

At that very moment on Fiona's kitchen counter, the last sheet of paper in Sister Isa's cookbook faded away.

Fiona slid the bowl of cream to a corner of the couch and sat down next to Charlene. She settled in close, rubbing her dripping nipples across the huge expanse of Charlene's left breast. She sighed happily, wrapping her right arm around her girlfriend's shoulders and hugging her tightly.

She stretched her other arm out and scooped a dollop of cream from the bowl with two fingers. She gazed at the grand swells of Charlene's breasts, imagining them growing even bigger.

"Won't you have some more whipped cream, Charlene?" she said sweetly. She grinned, smearing the whipped cream from her fingers all over her own lips.

Charlene laughed heartily at this, then leaned in close. They embraced, their tongues sliding around each other and the tasty treat on Fiona's lips. They swallowed the cream between them, giggling and gasping as they kissed tenderly.

With their lips pressed tightly together, Charlene slurped Fiona's tongue into her mouth. Fiona thrilled at this, enjoying the intimate affection from the stunningly beautiful girl next to her.

A familiar warmth had returned in Fiona's chest. Her eyes were squeezed shut as she enjoyed Charlene's attention and the wonderful feeling of her breasts swelling even larger. She could feel increasingly more of her chest rubbing against the enormity of Charlene's left breast as they both swelled larger.

She felt a strange new weight on her thigh. She opened her eyes and saw Charlene's left breast growing into her lap. Her dripping nipples seemed to be just as excited as she was to see this, for she could now feel them spraying arcs of her milk onto Charlene's breast. Her excess

spray dripped down onto her bare legs, which were soon covered in a fine sheen of hot milk. The warm, wet coating felt wonderful on her skin.

At long last they separated and Fiona sighed happily, leaning her cheek against the wall of Charlene's left breast. She slid her palms across the milky coating that covered Charlene's breast, now and then taking a moment to rub or squeeze a small part of its great surface area.

"Your amazing breasts are so sexy, Charlene! I love feeling them growing larger onto me," she purred. She turned her head slightly, leaving a trail of kisses along the nearer of Charlene's breasts.

Charlene giggled. She was gently patting her titanic chest, which had now grown over her knees and had started downwards towards the floor in front of the couch. Her breasts were still incredibly firm and taut, rising so high from her seated position that, should she look ahead instead of gazing lovingly at Fiona, she would have seen nothing but her own cleavage.

"Whatever, Fi! You know better than anyone that I've always been this huge," she grinned, reaching out to brush a lock of Fiona's blonde hair behind her ear.

Fiona frowned, but only for a moment. It was strange that Charlene didn't seem to notice either of them growing larger, but she wasn't going to let that stop her from enjoying this moment to the fullest. If anything, she wanted even more pleasure for herself.

She looked down to see the tips of her own nipples creeping into view. Charlene's growing chest had lifted her own breasts upwards, tilting them back until her long nipples waved slowly in the air mere inches from her mouth.

Her teats had swelled to an incredible new size, easily longer and thicker than her middle finger. They felt amazing now while idly dripping milk, and even better while rubbing against Charlene's hot flesh. Her hot milk ran down her nipples and across the surface of her breasts, continuing along her legs and finally soaking into her panties and the couch below her. They looked positively tantalizing.

She leaned forward and easily captured her own right nipple inside her mouth. She pressed upwards with her tongue, squeezing her teat between it and the roof of her mouth. The sensation was immediate and intense, and she closed her eyes in involuntary ecstasy as she reeled in delight.

This was also her first opportunity to taste her own breast milk. She still couldn't believe that she was lactating, even though Charlene seemed to think this was nothing unusual for either of

them. Her milk tasted simply delicious, and she pulled hard on her teat, encouraging it to increase its spray. She swallowed her own milky bounty with eager mouthfuls, sighing contentedly as she sucked on herself.

She felt a great weight shifting. The huge side of Charlene's left breast rolled towards her. It pushed against her own chest, driving her own nipple further into her mouth.

"That's so hot, babe! I love watching you sucking your own milky nipples," Charlene whispered.

"I just wish I could do that myself," she sighed wistfully, patting her own colossal chest.

Fiona sucked on her own throbbing left nipple for long, idle minutes, thrilled to be indulging one of her most private fantasies. Her teat had a delightful firmness and sensitivity despite being thicker than any of her fingers. It filled most of her mouth and its hardness felt wonderful against her tongue.

She gave one last hard suck and released it with a pop, grinning as it hovered near her face thanks to the support of Charlene's enormous breast underneath. It waved slowly in the air with her movements, poking gently against her and dripping its sweet milk down her cheek.

She turned towards her other nipple, which she could feel leaking its nectar down her other cheek. She arrived at the same time as Charlene, who had leaned over to join her in worshipping her milky teat.

Charlene met her gaze, and they stared lovingly into each other's eyes, their noses mere inches apart. Fiona's throbbing nipple thrust upwards in the narrow space between them.

"Let me thank you for preparing such a delicious meal tonight," Charlene whispered.

Charlene extended her tongue, licking slowly along the length of Fiona's nipple from base to tip and slurping the milk into her mouth. She swallowed, smiling lovingly at her girlfriend.

Fiona was teetering on ever higher levels of pleasure. She was so close, mere inches from tasting her own nipple and her pretty girlfriend at the same time.

She couldn't resist and dove in with her own tongue. They licked and sucked Fiona's nipple and each other's lips, lost in each other amid a torrid moment of milky delight. Their combined attention on Fiona's throbbing teat encouraged it to release a milky spray straight upwards, which showered upon them and soaked their bare skin.

Fiona felt herself plunging over the edge, her climax arriving with force as she worshipped her own nipple with Charlene. She fell backwards onto the cushions, panting heavily.

As she landed, her arm fell across the bowl of whipped cream. She grinned through her heavy breathing, for it gave her an idea. But before she could act, she heard Charlene's soft voice in her ear.

"Up here, Fiona! I can't wait any more. I want to taste you!" Charlene said with urgency. She was using both hands to pat the tops of her enormous breasts. She saw Fiona brighten, and satisfied that her meaning was understood, she leaned over and slurped Fiona's thick nipple into her mouth for one last hard suck. She swallowed a final few mouthfuls of milk before releasing her girlfriend's throbbing teat with a grin.

"C'mon, sweetie. Let me thank you properly," Charlene said, as several thin rivulets of milk escaped her mouth and ran down her chin. She again used both hands to pat a small area near her neck atop her gigantic breasts.

Fiona slid out from behind Charlene's huge left breast, a task that would have been much more difficult if not for the great volume of lubricant provided by her milky nipples. She whimpered as her throbbing teats dragged across the hot flesh of Charlene's breast.

That brief contact had made her feel weak in the knees just as she was trying to stand. Her arm shot out instinctively towards Charlene's breast to steady herself, and she was grateful for its firmness for helping her regain her balance.

She quickly stripped off her milk-soaked panties, tossing them aside and grabbing the bowl of whipped cream from the couch in a single movement. She leapt up onto the couch, nearly losing her balance as the unfamiliar weight of her huge breasts bobbed wildly.

She recovered, again leaning on one of Charlene's breasts for support. She swung her leg over Charlene's huge cleavage and positioned her pussy right in front of Charlene's face. She held her breath as she lowered herself slowly, then heard her girlfriend chuckling from below.

"Don't worry about it, love. These breasts of mine can handle your weight and then some!" Charlene said happily.

Fiona lowered herself further until she felt herself resting on the firm skin of Charlene's massive bosom. She slid forward on her girlfriend's milk-lubricated skin until her bare pussy collided with Charlene's grinning mouth.

“Ooh! Just a minute, babe!” Fiona gasped.

Charlene pulled back, peering curiously up at the undersides of her lover’s chest.

Fiona pushed her feet into the couch, sliding her entire body backwards atop Charlene’s great bosom. She reached into the bowl of whipped cream and scooped almost all of its remaining contents into her hand, then tossed the bowl onto the couch.

She brought her hand low and smeared the cream all over her inner thighs, but saved most of it to be spread all over her dripping pussy. She made sure to coat her labia with it and even pushed some cream inside her wet center.

She slid forward, enjoying the cool cream on her sensitive flesh, as she again pushed her pussy insistently against Charlene’s mouth. She soon felt Charlene licking her inner thighs, and she knew that her girlfriend was cleaning her and swallowing more of the magical cream at the same time. She felt herself burning hotter as she imagined Charlene’s titanic breasts growing even larger.

She clasped her thighs around Charlene’s head, moaning as her girlfriend’s skilled tongue probed her pussy. Their combined motions were sending cream flying, which together with Fiona’s dripping milk soaked into Charlene’s hair and splattered the undersides of Fiona’s milky breasts.

“I want to see you even bigger, Charlene. Grow for me!” Fiona gasped.

She writhed in astonished pleasure. She was feeling the strangest sensation as Charlene’s tongue probed further inside her, deeper than anything she’d ever felt before.

This was impossible, she thought. How could Charlene’s tongue be so long?

Her rational mind flailed, unable to explain the incredible feelings consuming her awareness. She felt herself falling into another climax and thrust her hips almost involuntarily, moaning as she rubbed her gushing pussy all over Charlene’s mouth. She grasped the back of her lover’s head, feeling Charlene’s silky hair in her fingers as she repeatedly plowed her pussy into her girlfriend’s face.

At last her hips rolled away and she collapsed forwards, laughing, ending up stomach down atop Charlene’s grand bosom. Her own big chest had spread out beneath and in front of her, wrapping around both sides of Charlene’s head.

The two lovers were again nearly face to face. They gazed into each other's eyes, both of them gasping. Fiona's nipples were poking gently against Charlene's cheeks on both sides, still lazily exuding streams of her milk.

Fiona felt her heart thumping in her chest and pressed her lips to Charlene's in a wet kiss. She sighed happily as she felt the warmth of Charlene's colossal breasts on most of her body. She had calmed enough for her curiosity to return, and she couldn't resist asking about her girlfriend's newest talent.

"Charlene, honey, could you... show me your tongue again? I just can't get enough of it!" she giggled, knowing that Charlene wouldn't be aware of her latest growth either.

"Of course, babe!" Charlene smiled. "It's so freakishly long, I know, but you've always seemed to enjoy it all the same!" she teased. She poked out her disappointingly normal-looking tongue.

After a moment it started extending further from her lips, immediately curving upwards. It rose in the narrow space between their faces, just as Fiona's nipple had done minutes earlier. Her tongue kept issuing further out of her mouth, perfectly pink and glistening, stretching ever higher upwards between them until its tip passed above and beyond Fiona's sight.

At last it came to a stop. Fiona rolled to the side atop Charlene's great breast, gazing up and down its entire impossible length. It twirled and twisted slowly as Charlene demonstrated her exquisite control over it.

It was astonishing, easily supplanting Charlene's massive bosom as the sexiest thing Fiona had ever seen, and another one of her deepest fantasies made real. She thought it must have been longer than her entire arm, but she wanted to know for sure.

"So, my love... how long did you say your tongue was again?" Fiona said, her eyes going wide as the entire length of Charlene's tongue quickly vanished back between her lips.

Charlene giggled at her.

"You should know, Fi, as you've always enjoyed measuring it! I can stick it out nearly three feet from my lips, last we checked," Charlene smiled, clearly proud of herself.

"Or, according to your favorite measurement, I can wrap it nearly three quarters of the way around one of your breasts!" she smiled, nearly bursting with pride at her achievement.

Fiona chuckled, sliding herself across the top of Charlene's bosom. She reached for the bowl on the couch, scooping into her hand the very last bits of cream. She sat upright atop Charlene's left breast with renewed determination.

While maintaining eye contact with her lover, she wordlessly spread the last of it on her pussy, taking extra care to push as much creamy goodness inside herself as possible.

"I know what you want, Fi. Give me that sugary sweet pussy!" Charlene encouraged, grinning widely.

Fiona laughed, sliding her hips forwards until she felt her pussy rubbing against her girlfriend's lips.

Charlene's tongue surged ahead into Fiona's dripping pussy, slithering, vibrating, and thrusting against her most sensitive inner walls. Fiona had nowhere near enough room inside herself to accept its entire length, but it continued emerging from Charlene's mouth.

The excess pinkness flopped onto Charlene's cheeks and nose, then covered both of her eyes. It kept issuing forth from her lips, soon being pushed up onto her forehead until her entire face was concealed behind the glistening folds of her tongue.

Fiona eagerly rubbed her pussy all over Charlene's tongue, which acted as a kind of silky, wet cushion. She slammed her pussy against her girlfriend's tongue-covered face with powerful thrusts from her hips.

"I love it! I love feeling my pussy stuffed full of your tongue!" she wailed.

She rode the hot muscle atop Charlene's face to another shrieking climax. She gasped, wheezed, and finally slid her hips back, falling forwards atop her girlfriend's enormous breast. Charlene slurped her magically long tongue back between her lips, and they were soon gazing lovingly into each other's eyes once more, just inches away from each other.

Charlene's bosom had spread out onto the carpet in front of the couch. Even if she had been standing in her stilettos, each of her colossal breasts would still be taller than her. There had not been much new growth in Charlene's bosom from the last of the cream, though, and Fiona hoped that most of its effects had been directed elsewhere.

"Say, Charlene," she whispered. "Bet you can't wrap your tongue all the way around one of my boobs!"

Charlene rolled her eyes at this, smirking. Her girlfriend surely knew that she could do just that, after all. But she wanted to be a polite guest, so she didn't mind indulging her hostess, especially with something that they both enjoyed so much.

"Let me see it, Charlene! Please!" Fiona whispered, almost begging. She gave several quick squeezes to a small area of the colossal breast she was lying on.

An astonishing length of bright pink tongue again emerged from Charlene's ruby red lips, stretching upwards into the narrow space between their faces. It had only risen just above the tops of their heads when it fell forwards. It landed with a wet thud across Fiona's entire face from chin to forehead.

Charlene grinned around her tongue, her beautiful features inspiring a similar broad smile in Fiona. Fiona closed her eyes, luxuriating in the peculiar sensation of feeling Charlene's amazing tongue across her entire face. She soon felt it moving, sliding back and forth, and giggled as her face was covered in Charlene's warm saliva.

Charlene lifted her tongue, and Fiona opened her eyes and extended her own tongue. Fiona started licking it, straining her neck to reach as much of it as she could.

There was so much area to cover, though, and she felt herself quickly tiring as she slurped and licked only a small part of Charlene's impossible tongue. She admired the incredible strength and stamina that Charlene must have had to keep it extended so far for so long.

Fiona slid herself backwards atop Charlene's breast, positioning her breasts forward. Her thick nipples slowly dripped milk onto Charlene's shoulders.

Charlene's tongue suddenly rotated to the side, wrapping around the thickest part of Fiona's breast. Inch after inch of pink muscle shot out of Charlene's mouth at incredible speed, completely circumnavigating Fiona's right breast.

Fiona saw its tip coming back into view and shooting past its starting point. At last it slowed and stopped, but not before completing more than two and a half trips around the thickest part of Fiona's breast. Fiona was astonished; its total length would have easily bested her height.

"Thhhhol you!" Charlene mumbled around her tongue, winking. She gave one last gentle squeeze to Fiona's breast using the entire length of her tongue, then released it. She slurped her tongue back between her lips with astonishing speed. Fiona watched this in amazement, marveling at the magic that allowed Charlene to somehow contain it inside herself.



Fiona was feeling on top of the world and thought she'd try her luck once more. Maybe, she thought, she was getting a hang of this magic thing after all.

"Ooh, babe! Can you do that thing with your tongue and both my nipples at the same time?" she offered hesitantly.

Charlene beamed in response, and Fiona again found herself thankful for the magic cream that had brought her such pleasure.

At that very moment, the back cover of Isa's cookbook vanished from Fiona's countertop. All that remained was the front cover and two metal rings.

Fiona scooted along the top of Charlene's bosom. She leaned forwards and squeezed her own breasts with her elbows to bring both of her throbbing nipples near her girlfriend's face.

Charlene's tongue lashed out from her mouth, quickly wrapping around Fiona's right nipple before whipping back in the other direction to wrap around her left nipple. It brought her left nipple closer until it rubbed against its twin, sliding them together in the milk both nipples were exuding.

More tongue kept surging out of Charlene's mouth, its tip wrapping again around Fiona's right nipple, then her left, and back around again. Fiona counted eight full wraps before her nipples were covered from base to tip in Charlene's prehensile muscle. She couldn't help herself, throwing her head back and laughing from the boundless erotic wonders that Isa's magic had brought her.

Charlene flexed her tongue, its coils tightening as it squeezed Fiona's dripping teats together. With another flex, she pulled both tongue-wrapped nipples into her mouth. Fiona's spurting nipples were expertly milked by Charlene, who gulped and swallowed her bounty for long idle minutes.

It was all too much for Fiona, and she felt herself launching into another climax as her sensitive teats rubbed together. They spurted great arcs of milk against the back of Charlene's mouth, who could no longer keep up with the pace and laughed, spitting a mouthful of Fiona's milk all over its owner's face.

Fiona grinned, licking her own milk from around her mouth. She felt Charlene's tongue unwrapping from around her tender teats. Charlene released them and slurped her tongue back into her mouth, which disappeared between her lips until only its tip remained poking out.

Fiona leaned forward and captured it in her own mouth, kissing Charlene's lips and sucking hard on the tip of her girlfriend's tongue, inviting her to extend it once again.

They embraced around Charlene's tongue. Charlene unleashed it forwards, and increasingly more of its length balled together inside Fiona's mouth. Charlene winked and flexed, suddenly sending the tip of her tongue down Fiona's throat. Fiona's eyes went wide but she still had the presence of mind to relax her throat, accepting the firm warmth of the welcome guest deep inside her.

Fiona busied herself with her own tongue, licking around the twisted folds of Charlene's tongue that remained in her mouth. It felt hot and firm as she coated it with her own saliva, and she again found herself marveling at the awesome strength of her girlfriend's muscle. They both kept their lips pressed tightly together, moaning in delight from the oral sensations they were feeling.

Charlene heard her girlfriend finally moaning her satisfaction, and she began to retract the massive length of her tongue in a practiced motion. At long last its tip slithered back between her lips, which were still pressed urgently against Fiona's as their torrid kiss continued.

Fiona at last withdrew, panting heavily as she lay face-down atop Charlene's immense right breast. She sighed happily, turning her head and resting her cheek atop the firm flesh.

"You were amazing, Charlene," she said, panting.

"I'm... just closing my eyes for a minute..." she sighed softly, and did just that. She fell asleep almost immediately.

Charlene sensed Fiona's rhythmic breathing atop her right breast, sending gentle waves through the flesh of her bosom. It seemed to her like every time they were intimate it ended this way, with her exhausted girlfriend asleep atop one of her titanic breasts.

After all, Charlene thought, it wasn't easy for her to walk around the apartment she shared with Fiona. It made sense that she usually remained on the couch while Fiona cared for her every need. It was the least she could do to ensure she got her girlfriend off every night, and she was happy to offer her breasts for Fiona's much-deserved sleep.

Charlene sighed happily, laying her cheek on her own right breast and closing her eyes. It seemed fitting that she and her lover should rest upon the same breast together, she thought as she drifted off to sleep.

The harsh light of morning shone upon Fiona's face. She awoke with a start, bolting upright to find herself alone on the carpet in front of her couch. Her newly-grown milky breasts had inexplicably vanished, leaving her once again as small as she'd been when she met —

"Sister Isa!" she exclaimed, her eyes wide.

She looked around, but Charlene was nowhere to be found. She was struck with a pang of uncertainty. Had she imagined her milky date last night with her beautiful brunette girlfriend? No, she didn't think so... after all, the carpet was still damp against her skin, and the pervasive smell of stale milk was unavoidable, filling her nose and hanging heavily in the air.

A small folded paper had been placed on the couch nearby. She picked it up, opening it to reveal a hand-written note:

*Fi,*

*Thank you for an incredible evening. You were amazing! I'm sorry for the dine and dash, but I had an early shift this morning.*

*xoxo,*

*Charlene*

*PS - Have you noticed your apartment smells like milk? Why is that?*

Fiona sat back, frowning. Their milky date had happened, right? Charlene remembered it too, she hoped, although the note was frustratingly unclear.

None of this made any sense to her. Her thoughts turned towards Sister Isa. The recipe!

She leapt to her feet and charged ahead, then thought better, slowing her pace to step carefully across the soggy carpet to the kitchen counter. The empty jar that once held Isa's cream was nowhere to be found, and she looked around frantically until her eyes settled on a strangely-shaped piece of wood.

A small part of the cookbook's front cover was on the counter, but its back cover and all of its pages were nowhere to be seen. It looked like something had cut a diagonal line across the

cover, leaving only a small triangle of wood remaining. The title had been truncated, the handwritten script on the cover now reading:

*Cooking Magicks*

The book's upper binding ring had been sliced neatly in half long-ways, along the same dimension as the missing part of the cover. She ran her finger over the bisected metal ring. What force could have done this?

She frowned, a foggy confusion settling in her head. She grabbed the remains of the cover from the counter and stormed towards her bedroom.

Everything seemed to be blurring together in her mind. No, she and Charlene weren't a long-term couple; last night was only their second date, right? What happened to her newly-grown milky breasts? The uncertainty hung over her, nearly as thick as the pervasive smell of milk in her apartment.

She knew there was only one place she could find answers. She threw on a shirt, jeans, and sandals, and she was gone.

She arrived outside the convent to find its kitchen door once again wide open. She quickly approached it.

Just as she crossed the threshold, she was struck with a mental image of Charlene, and an accompanying intense longing for her girlfriend. It stopped her in her tracks. She fell to her knees as a wave of emotions washed over her.

It faded after a few seconds, leaving her shaking and breathing heavily. She felt a presence nearby, and without looking up she knew whom she was addressing.

"I'm terribly sorry, Sister Isa," she whispered.

"I don't understand what I did wrong. Things were going so well last night, but then I woke up this morning having lost everything I had."

"Not everything," came Isa's reply.

Fiona looked up. She nearly fell over onto the floor when she saw Isa wearing a far larger habit. Isa's clothing was stretched obscenely around two enormous spheres in front of her.

Isa's already huge breasts had grown tremendously, and were now far larger than they had been the day before. They were colossal, easily stretching more than three arm-spans in front of

her. Their lower reaches hung below her knees, but they were somehow still just as incredibly taut and firm as Fiona remembered. They seemed to float gently in the air, bobbing gently as they filled most of Fiona's vision.

There was something about their grand shapes that seemed familiar. Fiona suddenly placed it, realizing that Isa's bosom had grown even more enormous than she had seen last night on —

“Charlene, bless her, grew nearly to this size,” Isa said, chuckling.

“Thanks to your efforts, that is.”

“I... how did you know her —” Fiona started, then immediately thought better and closed her mouth.

“Our reality is held together by love, Fiona,” Isa continued, ignoring the outburst.

“You prepared my recipe last night at the moment of greatest love for your girlfriend. That is why you were able to wield magic that reshaped your reality,” she revealed.

“But you didn't maintain that love. No, Fiona, as the night drew on you became more selfish. You were concerned only for your own pleasure.”

Fiona was stunned, for she knew Isa's accusation to be true. She had put herself first, using her girlfriend's body for her own pleasure. She was crestfallen.

Isa regarded her intently. After a moment, a corner of her mouth curled upwards.

“But our reality is ever shifting, Fiona, and you have a chance to make things right,” she said.

“So I ask this of you: grasp my nipple.”

There was a whirl of dark fabric as Isa quickly shed her habit, lifting the extra-large covering over her head and tossing it to the side. Her hair had been hidden behind a simple black covering, which she discarded to reveal her fiery red hair to Fiona for the first time. She smiled, standing completely nude as Fiona rose to her feet and took a step back in shock.

Isa was gorgeous, an astonishing demigoddess in Fiona's eyes. Her tremendous nude breasts were held aloft with effortless grace, bouncing lazily together as they wobbled below her knees, while remaining remarkably perky and firm. Fiona was stunned into silence by the nude splendor of this crimson beauty.

“Now I carry the burden of Charlene’s growth, and yours as well, Fiona,” said Isa, brushing her red hair behind her ear. She was seemingly unconcerned with her own nakedness.

“That is my sacred duty as a sister of the Saint: to help restore balance to our reality,” she continued.

She seemed to have little trouble lifting the weight of her colossal bosom, but she had waved her arm emphatically to make this point. The motion threw her off-balance. She lurched uncontrollably towards Fiona.

Fiona opened her arms wide, colliding with Isa’s nude chest and instinctively wrapping her arms around as much of it as she could manage. It was truly immense, and she doubted that all her strength could move even one of Isa’s tremendous breasts. She was glad that she hadn’t needed to, as Isa seemed to recover and stand upright on her own.

Fiona lowered her arms and took several long paces around the curve of Isa’s bosom, finally arriving at her side. She held the nude girl’s hand in her own.

“Thank you, Fiona. Come closer,” said Isa, leaning forward and pursing her lips.

Fiona placed both palms gently on the flesh of Isa’s breast and craned her neck towards the taller girl.

An incredible length of tongue appeared from between Isa’s lips, shooting out several feet to rapidly close the distance between them. Isa had her own magic prehensile tongue, Fiona realized with amazement, and it was clearly even longer than Charlene’s.

The tip of Isa’s tongue hovered near Fiona’s face for just a moment, then flowed downwards, licking across Fiona’s lips. Fiona giggled from the hot, wet sensation.

Her mirth didn’t last long, though, and she frowned as she realized the extent of the burdens that Isa was carrying on her behalf. To make matters worse, she thought with a grimace, she had bad news to deliver.

Isa seemed to sense a change in the blonde girl, and quickly retracted her tongue between her lips.

“I... I damaged your cookbook, Sister Isa,” Fiona said, placing the remains of its front cover on a nearby counter.

Isa seemed unperturbed.

“Thank you for returning it, Fiona. But all is not lost,” she smiled.

“In fact, the missing pages are now in the same place as the reality you and Charlene once shared.”

Fiona stared at her.

“In... your breasts?” she offered uncertainly, casting her eyes over the titanic shapes in front of her.

Isa sighed.

“I... really?” she scoffed, then paused to collect herself. She at once seemed much calmer.

“Fiona, it’s time for you to take your first steps into a larger world. And so I ask you again: grasp my nipple,” she said quietly.

Fiona felt the seriousness of her situation on her shoulders. She resolved to do whatever she could to make things right. She took several steps backwards, walking towards Isa’s massive right nipple, and admired its splendor.

It was throbbing and erect, stretching longer than her handspan and thicker than two of her fingers pressed together. As she gazed at its incredible length, it seemed to sense her attention, and a small droplet of white liquid appeared at its tip.

Soon it was dripping slowly, then steadily, and finally it began spurting small streams of milk. It was exemplary, as if taken from the ideal form she’d imagined in her breast-obsessed mind.

She tentatively grasped it in her hand, wrapping her fingers around the hot flesh and pointing it upwards. It was powerfully firm and silky smooth, and it soon became slippery with thin rivulets of milk, which emerged near its tip and ran down its length. It was still stretching longer in her grasp, now nearly the length of her forearm and every inch as thick.

She saw its spray increase, launching milk upwards in numerous small arcs. She pointed it around, giggling as she quickly covered a large area of the tile floor, and herself, in hot breast milk.

Fiona heard a noise, coming from a distance away over a great length of cleavage, that sounded like Isa clearing her throat.

“The bowls, girl! On the shelf!” Isa called.

Fiona whipped her head around. Several stacks of large metal bowls were on a nearby shelf. She grabbed the topmost bowl, quickly placing it on the floor and aiming Isa's spurting nipple towards it.

A long, contented while passed with no words spoken between them. Fiona was gently stroking Isa's throbbing teat, now and then sliding a full bowl along the floor and replacing it with an empty bowl from the shelf. After nearly a half hour she had lined up eight large bowls, each full to the brim with fresh breast milk, along the kitchen floor.

"Wonderful!" Isa exclaimed. "This will be enough for many more recipes."

Fiona had been peppering the taller girl with eager questions, although there was one in particular she was saving.

"Sister Isa, last night I knew such great heights of pleasure," she said, blushing in spite of herself.

"How can I serve others in my new reality?" she asked, standing up and making eye contact with Isa over the vast expanse of her breast.

Isa seemed relieved, as if satisfied by this question.

"You have done well in this small act of service. Tomorrow at dawn, Fiona, your training begins as a sister of the Saint," she smiled.

Fiona released Isa's milky nipple and jumped into the air with a whoop.

"First things first," Isa said, chuckling at Fiona's exuberance. She gestured towards her other colossal breast. Its nipple was dripping her incredible production into a large milky puddle on the floor.

"You need to milk the other one!"