

Blessed Milk



RING RING!!

RING RING!!

“Time to rise! Awaken, sisters! Laios has blessed us with another day!”

Nora’s eyes struggled to open. Fall was near and the wind through her window grew colder every night. It wouldn’t be long until she was forced to sleep curled up in the corner of her bed to stay warm.

“Arise! It is time to wash!”

The convent stirred. Sisters of the Comaoist religious sect rose from their slumbers at the beckoning call of Mother Theo. An obnoxious bell chimed with her booming voice to echo down the stone walls.

KNOCK KNOCK

Nora’s bedroom door opened with less than a second of warning.

A non-to-loving voice addressed her when Mother Theo stepped inside the bare room. Her grey, dreary face was among the worst scenes to see first thing in the morning. “Nora, it’s time to wake up.”

The young blonde groaned and fought her body’s desire to stay covered.

“I’m...coming...”

“Now, Nora. It is time for prayer.”

FWOOSH!

The blanket was torn off in a flurry. Chilly air pricked at the girl’s skin. It was times like this she was glad to sleep in such a modest garment.

Mother Theo left Nora to her waking duties as dozens of other women began filing down the hall. It was a time of day Nora greatly dreaded.

Comaoists were known for little else outside of their extreme chastity. Not content to prohibit sexual desires and actions, they firmly believed all pleasures of the physical body were created by evil and could only lead to sin. Sex was a myth found only in the most lawless of lands. Nudity was an invitation for evil to enter your body and corrupt others by sight alone. Pride and flaunting of one’s body led only to damnation. Sexual acts of any kind were strictly prohibited. The human form was a devil’s prison meant to lure them into his clutches while they fought for their soul’s freedom.

Our energy is better spent improving the world and praying to Laios, Mother Theo’s words echoed in Nora’s head. Temptations...Desires...Pleasure... All of this is meant only to distract you from the greater good and the sanctity of your eternal soul.

As Nora stepped out of her bed to follow the clanging bell, she wasn't so certain of Mother's words. The warmth of a bed didn't feel very evil, even a scratchy bed of hay and rucksack fabric.

Comaoists took their beliefs to the extreme. Food was to be bland and tasteless with only the purpose of sustenance. Their clothing was all the same: long brown dresses wrapping them from neck to ankle in thick, itchy fabric. These were never to be removed unless changing. Exposing one's body to the world, even in private, was an invitation for sin.

"Come, sisters! Let us greet the morning!"

Nora followed her cluster out of the building. It was a beautiful fall morning. Chilly air combatted the fiery red dotting the rolling foothills around the convent. A dirt road led to the left and right to worlds unknown to Nora. Only stories of wicked people and damning debauchery existed outside the convent.

RING RING!

RING RING!

Mother Theo led her followers behind the convent to a small dirt path. Nora knew very well what awaited them at the end: a modest stream bubbling over slippery rocks.

The women entered the water like a slow herd of brown-shrouded ghosts. Their dresses remained on, lest they expose themselves. The fabric only turned the water into icy daggers against Nora's bare skin below. Shivering and dreading the next few minutes, she plunged herself underwater alongside her fellow comaoists.

SPLASH!!

"AH!!! DEAR LAIOS!!" Nora gasped as softly as her body would allow.

The rush was painful and ripped any last bit of sleep from her mind. Her hands ran through her hair quickly to wash any grime free before standing up once more. Fall air was unforgiving in such a circumstance.

"Laios!!" Theo boomed from the center of the stream. Water dripped from her grey hair as it clung to her face and neck. *"Help us wash away the temptations of our bodily prisons!"*

Nora shivered in misery. More than anything, she wanted to hug her body for warmth. Little fat existed on her frame and minimally sized breasts shared her torso. Despite their small girth, Nora's nipples flared with anger at the water's chill. They jutted aching into her dress to beg for any kind of warmth.

Touching them would have landed her in Mother Theo's fury. Thinking about them was dangerous in its own rite. On the female form, few things were more sinful than a woman's breasts. Only one thing could sow more evil in her soul: the devil's gate between her legs.

If my breasts were bigger... Maybe my nipples wouldn't get so cold during our morning bath--

"LAIOS!" Theo yelled, staring at the blonde.

Nora jumped and silenced her thoughts. Sometimes she was certain Mother could hear her most intimate monologues.

“We take this frigid water as a sign of penance. Help us to offer this discomfort up in your name.”

Looking around, Nora inspected the rest of the cluster, roughly fifty in number. They were all older than her, some by a handful of years, some by decades. All lacked any distinguishing curves even with their gowns clinging to them.

None could compare to the traveler she’d met several months prior. Nora’s heart raced just at the thought of the girl who happened upon their convent steps one morning. She only stayed for part of the night before Mother Theo refused her further shelter and demanded she be on her way, but the traveler’s time at the convent would be forever cemented in Nora’s mind.

She was so...big... I didn’t think breasts could get so full!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

She grabbed at her dress in an effort to fight the tempting images bouncing through her mind. Water squeezed free between her white knuckles. The sexual images had been relentless since witnessing the traveler’s enormous assets.

Surely she’s unable to sleep on her back... And the crevice splitting her front...! Nora’s eyes fluttered upon thinking of the traveler’s plump cleavage. It went on forever!

“Mmmgh!”

A helpless whimper escaped Nora’s lips. The tingling was back at her devil’s gate like a fairy’s knocking. Try as she might to block its way by rubbing her thighs together, the sensations continued to bubble. She hadn’t dared to touch it since the traveler’s visit.

Mother Theo continued. *“Lead us out into the world to deliver your chaste message!”*

When she walked... They shook like cream!

Nora’s knuckles ached from clenching. Her nipples raged under her dress. Memories of that night were returning, that night when she allowed the temptations to grab hold of her and lead her into the traveler’s room when the moon was high.

When I...squeezed them...

“Mgh...”

“Sisters, pray with me that Laios may keep our thoughts clean!”

My entire hand...sank into them like a pillow! And milk...sprang forth!!

“Mmmgh!!”

“We ask this in his name!”

Our devil’s gates...touched!! I thought I might perish from the amount of fluid leaking from--

“Nora.”

She opened her eyes. Mother Theo stood in front of her. The other women were departing from the stream. How long she'd been lost in her thoughts was unknown.

"Y-Yes, Mother?" Blushing brought sinful, delightful warmth to her face.

"Lost in prayer to our savior?"

"Y... Yes, I--"

Mother glared down to see Nora clenched at her dress. She immediately released it out of fear.

"It is time for your chores. Mary should be returning with the sheep soon. Are you ready for your shift?"

The girl nodded.

"Very good. Do not let sin find you as you venture on your own. Temptation will stalk you as a wolf will stalk your sheep."

Theo's feet splashed through the water until she reached the path headed for the convent. Only Nora remained standing in the stream under the weight of temptation. She considered thrusting herself under once more to cool her heated thoughts.

The traveler's breasts would probably be warm even in this water...

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Baaahhh!!

Baahh!!

Sheep cries bounced across the empty foothills as they had all day and into deep twilight. The setting was one beloved by Nora. In a world where any action could be deemed sinful, the solitude she found in the countryside was an oasis. The sheep could have known her every thought as they wandered, but the animals were masters at keeping secrets. They wouldn't report her to Mother. Not even the night's creeping chill could dissuade her from enjoying the mental privacy. Sleeping amongst the sheep brought far less judgment than any other place in her life.

"*I-It's cold tonight...*" she muttered upon reclining against a small rock outcrop.

A carpet of stars hung across the sky. Wishing she had more to hug against her body than her staff, Nora stared at the night sky with thoughts of the traveler plaguing her mind once again.

"They sure were warm... I wonder where she is now..." Nora whispered. Hands grasped guiltily at her own chest as if she were committing a crime. Little could be found to fill her palms, much less to combat the fall chill.

"I..." Nora clenched her hands tighter. "*I wish there was more there.* I feel like I'm *meant* to have more..."

I want breasts.

Shepherd duty never failed to free her mind to the shackles of shame. Alone with no one around for miles and Mother Theo too far to possibly know, Nora felt able to express herself aloud.

“I-I want large...b-breasts... Like hers... Like the one who visited our convent.”

The stars shone overhead as if listening. Not for the first time, Nora’s mind pondered religious questions.

“If Laios exists as a god for chastity and modesty, surely there must be a god for lust or physical beauty... Who says Laios is even real?”

These were dangerous thoughts. Nora could already feel the tongues of damning flames licking at her heels for considering such things. But the temptation to feel something soft fill her palms was too great on this night.

Her voice came without a sound at first due to anxiety and shame. Finding courage, she whispered, “If there is anyone out there with the power to help me...” Nora squeezed her breast in rising hope. “Please... *Make them grow.*”

The traveler’s excessive bust filled her mind with pillowy flesh. Repressed arousal fueled her wish.

“I-I want to be a well-spring of comfort and miracles... I’ve experienced what goodness breasts can bring!” The dress wrinkled under her tightening grip. “I don’t believe they’re evil. Something so soft could never be evil... I just...want them to be bursting with goodness... To be able to fill with nourishing nectar... L-Like hers.”

Nora wasn’t certain how long she stared at the stars wishing for bodily development, nor when she finally gave herself to the grasp of sleep.

It was dark when the cries of sheep rang over the area.

Baaahhhh!!

Bahh!!

Baahhh!!

The shepherd jolted awake. Few things disturbed sheep in the dead of night and even fewer were good news. Nora readied herself for a possible wolf or fox.

Baaahhhhhh!!!

A star pierced the heavens with radiating brilliance. Like a golden fireball, it grew in size and startled Nora’s sheep into a frenzy. She did nothing but stare at the glowing object, knowing there was little she could do if it meant harm. Still her staff was held at the ready.

The orb came into focus as it lowered to the ground. At several feet taller than her, Nora could make out the shining silhouette of a woman within the brightness. Its glow dissipated seconds later in a flash. She couldn’t believe her eyes. Standing before her was more nudity than she’d ever seen.

A woman of shining gold stood with miraculous curves. Breasts extended from her torso by a foot’s measure and reached below her elbows. Intimidating hips flourished from her waist in supple flaring curves. The devil’s gate nestled between her thighs exuded overwhelmingly sinful femininity. Coupled with flowing hair and a warm smile of pride, every inch of the divine woman was beyond sinful.

DRIP

DRIP

Nora's mouth went dry. From the woman's breasts leaked golden milk. Flowers bloomed where it landed as if containing the essence of life itself. So engorged was she that they could not contain their own fluid.

"W-Who are you?"

The woman smiled. "I am Libyne. I've heard your desires, child."

She stepped forward and brought Nora's heart to a rapid pulse. Such beauty was intimidating. Looking upon such a sight would require a month of prayer to cleanse her mind.

"You wish to nourish this world?"

Looking away from her body was impossible. It demanded attention. It demanded impure thoughts and images. Try as she might to remain true to her upbringing, Nora could not summon the will to fight Libyne. Laios was sure to damn her for eternity.

"I... I don't know... I want to be beautiful like her... L-Like you..." Nora finally confessed. "I-I shouldn't even be looking at you!"

"Remove your garments, Nora."

"W-W-What??"

Nora's face turned bright red. It was a new request, one she'd never heard before. Frightened Mother Theo might appear on the horizon, she glanced in every direction to find only sleeping hills and night. She was alone. Heat flooded her cheeks.

"It is safe, child."

Nora's body shook with conflicting desires. Looking away, she grasped the dress at her neck.

The gown slipped from her shoulders with slow anxiety until piling around her ankles. Nora instinctively covered her nakedness with an arm across her chest and a hand in front of her pelvis, taking care not to touch the devil's gate. Some rules weren't meant to be broken.

"You do not find yourself beautiful?" Libyne asked.

Nora continued looking at the ground in shame. "I'm... I-I'm not supposed to... It's wrong to be beautiful..."

"And yet you wish for supple beauty."

Nora pressed her arm into her chest. "Because I feel like something is missing... My breasts are..."

The traveler entered her mind and desire flooded the shepherd.

"I-I-I want...to be like her." Staring at the goddess's enormous, milk-laden mammaries, Nora inquired, "L-Like you..."

Warmth poured from Libyne's smile. With no shame in what parts of herself she exposed, she knelt to the ground and sat on her legs. "Come; recline in my lap."

Nora's chest pounded. She couldn't control her actions. Everything she was doing went against her upbringing. If Mother Theo had seen her approach the naked stranger and lay her head on her supple thighs, she would have gone a week without food in the basement.

Libyne's lap was exquisite. Soft and plump, it cradled Nora's head better than any straw-filled pillow. She'd never been so close to a devil's gate. The heat pouring forth was intoxicating and rich.

It was the view above, however, that mesmerized her. Jutting mammaries hung over Nora's face like monuments. Trails of milk traced along their underbellies and down Libyne's stomach before mixing into Nora's hair.

"Drink of me."

Nora gulped and trembled with temptation. "W-What?"

"Consume my nectar and you shall gain what you seek."

Libyne held Nora in her arms like a babe and propped her head against her bust. Firm skin engulfed one side of her face. A leaking nipple stood a hair's breadth from her lips.

"Go ahead, child; I know you thirst."

Nora hadn't been subjected to such a tempting sight since meeting the traveler. Vibrations of hunger shook her stomach when the goddess's golden milk graced her nostrils.

"I... I can drink it...?"

Libyne nodded, looking at Nora from over her breasts. "As much as your heart desires."

There was little Nora could do to stop her mouth. Opening on its own accord, her lips embraced a pregnant areola.

SPLLRRTCH!

"Mmmngh!!"

Such nectar could only originate from the heavens. Nora's eyes fluttered at the glorious taste when thick fluid flooded her mouth. Cream coated her tongue in sugary delight with tastebud-tingling pleasure the likes of which she'd never tasted.

"Mm! MMMM!!!"

"Ahh...!" Libyne gasped and tilted her head back. A loving embrace pulled Nora deep into her chest. *"Drink, child...!"*

GULP

GULP

GULP

Nora could feel the dairy settling in her belly with rising weight. The fluid was far thicker than cow's milk and distended her stomach. Whether it was because it was so heavy or because she drank so ravenously, she didn't know. She couldn't feel full enough of the goddess's love. She didn't care if she burst from consumption; the taste was too exquisite to relinquish. Libyne's nipples plumped against her lips and her areola throbbed. Such tender, soft skin should be impossible to exist.

Losing herself, Nora brought a hand to Libyne's breasts and pressed into her firm skin. The pressure caused milk to flow with a raging intensity, filling Nora to the brim. Warmth spread throughout the shepherd's body like a hearth coming to life. Her stomach bloated with mass against her palm. Twitching with arousal, her fingers inched toward her thighs where her devil's gate throbbed with sin.

Nora felt like weeping.

"*Mmmgh... Mmmgh...! More...!*" Whimpers escaped her lips. The experience was nearly too much to handle. Voracious suckling filled her mouth with more than she could handle, causing milk to run down her chin and naked body.

"*There you go,*" Libyne sang while running a hand through Nora's hair and cradling her like a mother. "*Have your fill, then you too shall feed the world.*"

Libyne's face smiled over the curves of her chest. Nora's vision grew blurry as she lay in the goddess's lap. Milk drunk like a newborn babe, Nora was powerless to move. Spreading warmth embraced her with no intention of release.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Nora awoke with the morning sun shining on her face. Dew covered the grasslands in stark contrast to the parched dryness of her mouth. Heart racing, Nora looked around for any sign of the feminine deity. None could be found. Even her sheep slept calmly.

"What... Was it all a dream...?"

Dismay gripped Nora's heart. Even if the goddess's words had been a fabrication of her mind, it was difficult to not feel joyful after such an eventful sleep.

"Maybe I'm not meant to--"

Inspection revealed her dress to be ripped down the middle to her navel. The pert mounds of her diminutive chest lavished in the sun's rays like tiny rabbits.

"*Ah!!*" Shamed, Nora grabbed her dress and pulled it tight across her body. "*How did my--NNGH!!*"

She winced and loosened her grip around her chest. It stung with a deep soreness and over-sensitivity.

Breathing slow, she gently rubbed their forms. "W-Why do they...feel like that...?" Such sensations hadn't been felt since her coming of age. Firm points tented her dress where her nipples hardened below.

Baahhhh!

A sheep caught her attention and Nora realized how late it had grown.

"*Oh no!! Prayer!!!*"

Holding her dress closed, she grabbed her staff and stood up. Bells already chimed in the distance at her lateness. Forgetting her soreness, Nora ushered the sheep back home.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Nora could sense Mother Theo's wrath upon entering the convent's property. Even the sheep knew it was better to stay silent and return to their pen while Mother's glare was upon them.

"Nora," Theo said softly from the convent steps. "You missed prayer this--*What happened to your clothes?*"

The contempt in her voice stung Nora and she clutched them tighter to show as little skin as possible. Doing so angered her sore breasts but was necessary to conceal her erect nipples.

"I-I fell while chasing a sheep and it ripped..."

Mother's glare intensified as if she could smell the sinful dream still gracing Nora's waking mind. Eventually she stepped aside from the convent entrance. "Change into something appropriate then go to the river to wash. You will skip breakfast today."

"Y-Yes, Mother."

Nora could feel Theo's judgment as she rushed into the building.

It was impossible to focus on anything aside from the raging heat inside her nipples. Closing the door to her room and stripping naked while taking care not to look at herself, Nora donned a new dress. To her misfortune, the fabric had yet to be broken in and rubbed across her breasts with dangerous intensity.

"N-Nngh!!"

She nearly doubled over from the stimulation.

"Haahhh..." Nora gasped and fought the urge to grab her breasts. The garment was tighter than usual across her bust. Each nipple screamed in anger.

"Please, Laios... Don't let me be distracted by this...s-sin..." Nora whispered half-heartedly. If nothing else, she hoped he could at least soften the dress. Experiencing such a dream had left her body vulnerable to more temptation than she thought.

The troubles brewing within her breasts did not cease. As Nora went about her daily chores and prayer, her bust saw fit to remind her of its soreness and desire for freedom. Stress creases pulled from under her arms and across her front. Every step, no matter how gentle, caused an inordinate amount of movement.

"Come...on! Stay down!" she pleaded softly whenever given the chance to tug her hiked-up dress. Whatever was happening under her clothes was determined to escape its prison. Walking from the convent to the barn was enough to bunch a healthy amount of fabric on top of her chest from its tight wobbling. Pulling it down was torture.

Finally after a day of combatting a dress that was surely made too small, it was time for bed. Nora rushed to the privacy of her room and closed the door with an extra prayer hoping that Mother wouldn't make a surprise appearance, at least not for a few minutes.

During the last few hours of the day, Nora had grown increasingly aware of something occurring under her dress and feared something may be wrong. Knowing it to be wrong, she stood in the light of a single candle and slipped her dress to her feet before looking down.

“D-Dear Laios...”

Nora couldn’t hear the world through her pounding heartbeat in her ears. Enlarged and heavy, her breasts hung from her twiggy body like supple fruits. Several additional inches had filled out her bust size over the course of the day to leave Nora more than capable of filling her hands. Fresh veins of growth lined their pale surfaces in the candlelight.

“O-Oh no... Oh no... Oh no...”

She breathed long and slow, whispering worries into the night air. As the air’s chill blew across her body to bring her nipples to thick puffs, their enlarged size was only accentuated. A soft flesh chasm resided on her sternum between the two mounds.

“My... M-My...” The word could barely leave her lips. *“Breasts...”* Nora swallowed and held her hands in front of them. *“How did my... M-My... Breasts... Get so big...?”*

Gently, she sank her hands into her body.

“Ngh!! They’re so... I-I can barely touch them!!”

Sweat formed on her brow and fresh cleavage. *“That dream... I-It couldn’t possibly have been...”*

Heat flared within the girl and her breasts burned hot. Tender, sore, and sensitive in ways she couldn’t understand, Nora felt lightning strike at her devil’s gate. Urges to squeeze, massage, and pinch flooded her mind.

CLACK

CLACK

CLACK

Nora’s heart stopped. Footsteps sounded down the hall.

Mother was coming.

There was only time to jump into bed before wrath fell upon her. Hiding her dress and pulling the covers to her chin to conceal her nakedness, Nora had time to only breathe before her door opened.

“Nora, I brought you a new gown. Yours appeared too small at tonight prayer.”

“T-Thank you, Mother!” Nora squeaked. *“I think it was a smaller size than we thought.”*

Mother waited at Nora’s bed.

“Wouldn’t you like to try it on?”

Nora shook her head. *“N-No thanks! I’ll wear it tomorrow!”* Only a thin blanket concealed her sinful swelling from Theo’s view. Squished between her arms, Nora’s breasts fought greedily for room and rubbed against the blanket. A strange heat spread across their fronts and she sensed a strange slipperiness between them. Keeping herself from reacting to such

stimulation was impossible. She'd never felt cleavage on her body before, much less the slippery inner bulges of her breasts caressing each other.

Mother Theo narrowed her eyes as Nora blushed in the moonlight.

"Very well. Make sure you are not late to prayer tomorrow."

"I...*mgh*...I won't!"

Leaving her new dress on the chair, Mother glanced at Nora a final time before closing her bedroom door.

"*Mmmgh!!!*" A moan couldn't wait to erupt forth. Gasping for air and shivering with pleasure, Nora lifted her blanket to find the source of the spreading heat.

Milk dripped from the underside of the covers. Dairy had sprung from her bust, coating her body in a film of white fluid. Eyes wide, Nora watched small droplets rise from her nipples before running down her sides.

"M-M-M-Milk...??"

She laid the blanket at her navel, fully exposing her torso, and ran a finger over a nipple. It came to her mouth coated in cream before depositing its load on her tongue.

"*Laos... It's so... Good!*" Cream reminiscent of her dream spread over her mouth. "*L... Libyne... I want... More...*"

Nora panted with guilt at calling out the name of another deity, however as she groped a breast and craned her head toward a leaking nipple, there was no other visage in her mind.

SPLRCH

GULP

"*Mmngh...*

SPLRCH

GULP

"*M-Mmmmmmm...*"

The experience was unlike anything else. Nora closed her eyes and drowned in the sensation of her nipple being sucked. Such a thing would have been glorious on its own, but done by her own lips heightened her desire. The taste of her skin danced on her tongue and milk ran down her throat.

"*Mmngh...! Libyne... O-Oh, Libyne...*" she gurgled, drooling dairy down her neck.

Once empty, Nora could see the size difference between her breasts. One sat diminished and flat like half an orange. The other stood full, engorged, and tight, doubling the height of its sister. The sight caused Nora's eyes to widen like moons and renewed her thirst. Parched, she latched onto the other breast.

Her suckling continued deep into the night until not a drop more could be drawn from her flourishing milk glands. Milk drunk and relieved of her aching breasts, Nora fell into a deep sleep possible only through a belly laden so full of breast milk.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

The next morning greeted Nora with more happiness than usual. Still naked, she was anxiously delighted to find her breasts having grown through the night. Each rose an additional inch higher from her torso with added flesh and wobbled temptingly before her eyes. Heavy flesh flowed to the sides of her torso at gravity's whim.

GRRRRWWLLL

Hunger vibrated her stomach upon glimpsing her nipples. She knew what waited within.

"I can't... I have to get to prayer..." she told herself, knowing if she were to latch on as she had last night, that she would be powerless to stop until every drop was gone.

Nora rolled out of bed and sat on the edge. Twice the size of their previous fully engorged capacity, her mammaries hung down and pressed together in a supple display of natural cleavage. They were nearing a disproportionate size for her petite frame. Nora couldn't take her eyes off them.

RING RING!

RING RING!

Mother Theo was making her morning rounds for prayer.

"I-I have to go!"

Nora grabbed the new dress delivered the previous night. It fit well until reaching her bust, whereupon the fabric stretched and refused to go over her mass.

"Nnngh... They grew...mmgh...m-more than I thought!"

SPPLRCH!!

"AHH!!"

Milk sprayed across the room as she struggled to conceal her chest. So much pressure and squeezing were driving her mad with heat. Her chest felt ready to pop after a night of prolonged lactation.

"M-Mmng... Why are they...so full??" Nora stared at her half-crammed bosom overflowing her dress. *"Are they supposed to engorge so quickly?? I didn't think I could contain so much fluid!"*

The garment wasn't going to work with her swollen to such a size. Looking around for any hope, Nora noticed the ripped dress from her night in the fields.

SHHRRIP!

SHRRIIIP!

She worked quickly to tear the dress into a long strip of fabric several inches in width. Carefully, she placed the bundle at her chest and began wrapping it around her torso. Straps of rough fabric sank into her chest, causing it to bulge like large doughy mounds as Nora bound her breasts tight against her body.

"Nngh!! S-So tight!!"

SSTRRRTCH!

The fabric creaked with pressure. Restraining her burgeoning bust was no easy feat, though it succeeded in reducing her size by more than half.

"I can...barely...breathe...with them compressed so firmly agai--MMNGH!!"

SPLRRRRCH!!!!

"H-Haaahhh!!! Dear Libyne...!"

Angry and full, her nipples released jets of dairy into the bindings from the pressure assaulting her chest. A dozen ounces ran down Nora's front in a creamy waterfall, though the release brought monumental relief.

"Oh... O-Oohhh that's so much better..." Watching her flow trickle to a stop, she made sure the bindings were secure.

"Alright... Just need to take it easy..." Nora gently pulled on the rest of her dress. Her bindings did the trick, though it was impossible to hide all of her development. An ample curve lifted the front of her dress from her torso.

RING RING!

RING RING!

Her door opened.

"Nora, it is time for prayer."

"Coming, Mother!"

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Morning prayer in the river proved far more tolerable with Nora's hidden sources of warmth. The chill still had teeth, but her chest was there to provide soothing comfort beneath her clothes. A smile could not be wiped from her face as she made her way back to the convent with the other women for a day of chores.

Her situation would have to be dealt with eventually. Nora could sense her bindings wouldn't last forever, especially as her milk continued to come in. Pressure was rising beneath the girl's gown to round her torso. It wouldn't be long before the contents of her breasts were too much to bear and they made themselves known.

How am I supposed to keep up with them?? I might not be able to bind them tomorrow morning if they grow any larger!!

SSTRRRRTCH

"Ngh!" Nora squeaked when seams pulled taut.

I need to get somewhere private! Surely it's a sin to touch them, but it would be an even larger sin if I grew too large and exposed myself to my sisters!

Herding the sheep wasn't a possibility; another girl had already taken them out for the day and wouldn't return until the morning. Privacy would be hard to come by unless she could find a simple chore away from the bustling majority.

"Ah, Nora!"

She froze and turned around in the convent courtyard, not daring to fill her lungs. “Y-Yes, Mother?”

“Come with me, please. I could use your help today in the garden.”

STTRRRITCH

“What?? B-But I--”

Theo watched the girl shift uncomfortably in her clothes. There were far more stress lines shooting across Nora’s chest than should have been in her new clothes. “Is that a problem?”

Nora feared milk was soon to erupt. Being at Mother Theo’s side all day was a death sentence. “Nngh... N-No, but--”

“Mother!! Mother Theo!” A woman rushed toward them from the barn. Out of breath, she informed, “The cows are dry for yet another day... I cannot gain anything from them and the merchants will be riding through today!”

Theo frowned. Due to its nutritional value, milk was one of the few beverages allowed outside of water at their meals. It also served as a trade item for passing travelers. “We’ve not had a drop in weeks.”

STTRRRITCH

“Ah!” Nora jumped when a nipple broke free between two wraps of cloth. The letdown was coming whether she was ready or not. Hiding them would soon be impossible; her breasts seemed eager to produce copious amounts of dairy after waking up, and based on their aching pressure, they were nearing capacity.

“Mother!” Nora piped in discomfort. “L-Let me try milking the cows!”

Theo narrowed her gaze at the girl’s odd posture. “Excuse me?”

“Allow me to milk the cows! I feel that Lib--*Laios is...nngh...with me.*”

Every second Mother Theo waited to decide was another second Nora feared her binding might explode.

“Very well. Do not take too long.”

Nora turned heel toward the barn in an instant. “Thank you!”

A better opportunity couldn’t have presented itself. The barn would be empty of all other people since the cows’ feedings had already taken place. Until the sheep returned, Nora would be the only person among its walls.

An empty bucket sat in front of her beneath a cow’s udder. The pail had been dry for a distressingly long period of time since the cows refused to produce. Cautiously, Nora grasped an udder and pulled.

Moooooooo!!

Nothing came out. The issue was well-known across the convent. Nora hadn’t hoped to fix it, but could only use the barn as refuge for so long if she couldn’t produce results.

GUUUUUUUURRGLE

“Nngh!! T-They’re...getting bigger!”

Moooooooo!!

She attempted milking the heifer again. Nothing came out but annoyed lowing. Flesh bulged across her torso as she leaned into her knees. The torture on her lactating chest was immense. Various shapes of soft flesh bulging between her wraps announced themselves by pressing against the dress.

“Come on... Just give me a little! I can’t hide in here all d--Nngh!!”

GUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!

SSPPRRRCH!!!

“Aaugh!!!”

Her nipples couldn’t take it for another second. Throbbing thick and full, they released a surge of milk through Nora’s dress.

“Too... They’re too full...!!”

GUUURRRRRGLE

“I don’t think I can...hold another drop!! I feel as though they could burst!!”

Nora gasped and panted, unable to focus on her task. The milk welling within her was everything she ever wanted and also a curse. Head-sized breasts threatened to rip through her dress if she continued ignoring their plight.

“Please...! You have to...stop swelling! I can’t...hold anymore! If you get much bigger, I-I--”

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!

“Mmnnggh!!!”

Nora trembled on her stool. The pressure was at its peak and raged within her bust. Another minute could spell disaster. She couldn’t understand why the cows wouldn’t give milk; nothing sounded better than emptying her own over-engorged udders of their sinful burden.

PATTER PATTER PATTER!!

“Gah!!”

Milk struck the empty bucket to make her gasp. It had come from her bust, though settled in the pail all the same as a cow’s. Panting, sweaty, and feeling overcome with heat, Nora could no longer stand to deny her breasts.

“Milk i-is milk... And I-I have...to milk them... They can’t hold another...d-drop!!”

The world was a blur as she slipped her dress over her shoulder and into her lap. What Nora found waiting for her was awe-inducing.

“H-H-How did they get so big?!”

A pair of watermelon-sized breasts jutted from her frame. Ribbons of fabric wound around them to sink deep into her flesh, causing deep valleys and peaks across their pale globes. Thickened nipples squeezed between the bands to leak in desperation. Rich veins crossed in every direction at her extreme fullness. Redoing the bindings would be impossible unless they

were completely emptied. It was a miracle she found privacy in time before they grew to such a size.

“O-Oh no... Dear Laios... O-Or Libyne... I-I don’t really know who!!”

Nora grasped a knot and tugged, releasing her fabric prison.

BWOOOMPHSHLOOOSH!!

“MMMNGH!!!! MY BREASTS!!!”

Freed, Nora’s chest fell and collided against her body. They lightly brushed against the top of her thighs. Rising areolas doming their fronts could have filled her dinner bowl. Even the cows seemed impressed.

GUUUURRRRRGGLE!!!!

A final warning shook within her bust. Feeling her skin stretch as she bloated beyond capacity, Nora flung her hands to her nipples and squeezed.

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

“MMMNGH!!!!”

The relief was earth-shattering. Shaking under the mountainous weight of guilt and pleasure, Nora could feel temptation flowing through her just the same as her dairy flowed through her nipples into the bucket below.

“Oh yes!! YES!! Praise Libyne!!” she praised breathlessly. Pressure pushed her load with gravity’s help to swell her nipples into mighty nozzles. She wanted to scream the goddess’s name in thanks for such a gift.

Milking at such a level brought Nora to sweat curtains. Moisture spread between her butt and the stool to soak her dress. Screaming sensations pulled her hand between her thighs with a mind of its own. She’d never felt such a desire to open her devil’s gate, though it felt as though it may throw itself open at second. In her mind, she imagined stampeding horses trying to break through the gate.

Knowing she would feel the burn of damnation, her hand slipped between her knees.

“Mmmngh!! Mmmnnnnnngh!!!” Nora whimpered and pulled her nipples. Her thighs were slick and soft to the touch as she explored deeper. The final few inches between her fingertips and her devil’s gate lasted an eternity. Finally, she touched something soft and plump. It was slippery beyond imagination and delicate under her fingers like a flower.

“Nnngh... What...What am I...doing?” She breathed to heave her chest up and out. *“I can’t...! This... I’ll burn for this...! If I--”*

The gate spread, accepting her trembling fingers.

“AAUUGH!!!!”

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

Milk blossomed and gushed. Eyes fogging as lights danced in her mind, Nora doubled over on her stool as fluid leaked between her thighs. Two fingers had broken through the gate and held firm, curling upward and sinking into hot, soft flesh.

There was no returning to innocence.

“Goddess... O-Oh, goddess... What have you done to me...? This milk...corrupts my mind!”

Nora looked over her chest at the bucket and paused in amazement. Milk overflowed its brim from the efforts of a single half-empty breast. Seeing such a volume sitting in front of her made it clear just how much her body had held within.

The shepherd grabbed a second bucket and set to pulling her nipple once more.

FWOOOOOSH!!

“Mmnngh!!”

The sensations were as strong as ever and her flesh contracted around her fingers.

“How can something so...s-so enjoyable...be so...sinful...?”

Meow!!

Nora almost fell off the stool. Looking over, she saw a cat watching her from a loose pile of hay. Its eyes watched the cream flowing from her bust. Lack of nourishment had left it emaciated and thin.

Meow...!

It came forward. Nora almost shooed it away until several smaller paws revealed themselves from the hay.

Mew!!

Mew mew!!

Kittens followed their mother in a parade until reaching Nora’s front. The hunger was plain in their eyes and her heart went out to them.

“Y-You want some milk...?” she asked softly. The weight in her chest indicated there was plenty to be shared.

Meeooooowww...

Nora smiled and angled her nipple to the cat’s paws. “Here!”

SPLLLRRCH!!

The cats jumped when milk rained upon them, but within seconds, a small pool gathered at their feet. Smelling it on their whiskers, the family accepted the meal.

Mew!!

Mew!!

They couldn’t get enough.

Being the reason for such happy cries warmed Nora’s heart and pushed her breasts to engorge.

STRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh!! T-They’re filling!!”

FWOOOOOSH!!

Milk rushed over her feet. Smelling of milk and sexual release, Nora watched her efforts overflow the pail once more.

“A-Ahh!! I need another bucket!!”

Nora’s milking continued for a full hour before her breasts found themselves exhausted and far reduced in size. Having sustained the full sexual force of her release, Nora fought for air after what felt like exercise mixed with shame. Her thighs ached and the doors to her devil’s gate throbbed with plump sensitivity. Her fingers and thighs reeked of sin. So many conflicting ideas and emotions fought within her that she didn’t know what to think. The most important thing was her breasts reduced to a manageable, and concealable, size. For how long she wasn’t sure.

As she rewrapped her chest, Nora couldn’t help but compare herself to the traveler. She’d matched her size and more. Giving so much milk made her soar with delight and affection. Nora felt like a new woman when she emerged from the barn with two overflowing buckets of milk in hand.

Mother Theo was on her way to the barn at the same time. Upon seeing Nora, she froze in disbelief. “Nora! You actually managed to--”

She couldn’t smile big enough. Still dripping in her own fluids, she nodded and proudly announced, “There are several more full buckets waiting in the barn!”

Theo was speechless at the bounty and performed several gestures of praise towards Laios. “This is glorious news. Surely this is the work of the divine! Laios has guided your hands to draw milk from our cows once more!”

Mother didn’t need to know the true origin of the milk. It warmed Nora enough to know she was providing nourishment for her sisters and others across the region.

Heart racing, Nora nodded in agreement. She could still feel her fingers sinking into her nipples and delving into her devil’s gate, though it certainly hadn’t been Laios guiding her actions.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Nora continued in this fashion for several days. Every morning after prayer, her breasts demanded to be emptied. Relief would remain for several hours until evening came and their contents proved to be too much once again.

The barn provided the perfect cover for her damning deed. With only animals present, she was free to enjoy herself to the fullest while providing the convent with the fresh milk it needed to survive and trade with passing merchants.

“It doesn’t matter where it came from...” Nora assured herself. “I’m fulfilling a need! My sisters are thirsty!”

Providing the creamy substance turned into not only a labor of pleasure, but a labor of love as well. Watching others enjoy her milk warmed her heart even if she had to listen to praises in Laios’s name for his generous gift.

Mother Theo was a different matter. Over the days and nights of prayer, Nora noticed an increased amount of preaching based on topics of the flesh. Whether or not this was reality or simply perceived due to guilt, Nora wasn't certain, but Theo was locking suspicious eyes with her more and more.

The shepherd worried her superior may have grown wise to her actions. It wasn't a far-fetched possibility; even emptied, Nora's breasts could no longer be hidden. Head-sized mammaries tented her dress non-stop to make her the gossip of the convent. Such growth in a rapid amount of time was concerning on its own, but when surrounded by women who believed the body to be evil, Nora's development gained entirely new meaning. Many believed demons had taken up residence in her body, leading to her explosive growth. In the end, Nora didn't care. Others were free to think and assume what they wanted.

After several days of tending to her growing bust, Nora found her fundamental faith shifting away from Mother Theo's. Nothing as soft and delightful as her breasts could be evil and Nora had come to love them more than anything else in her life. She resented Mother for referring to such wondrous globes as works of evil devils. Only goodness flowed from their heaving forms. If anyone would know this, it was Nora: her chest outsized any other woman's at the convent by several times.

Still she resigned herself to live with their judgment. The convent was her home and her family. There was nowhere else she could go. If dealing with Mother's teachings was the price, she was willing to live with it for the sake of her breasts.

Everything was under control until one afternoon when Nora was tending to the cows. Her dress sat bundling around her elbows as she pumped her nipples for fluid. The constricting bindings were a thing of the past given her massive size. So long as she emptied herself regularly, their swelling stayed under control.

"Mmmmm... T-They're so...sensitive today..." she shivered. The sound of her milk striking the bucket was turning into a sexual trigger. *"I wonder how big...they could get if I--"*

THUNK!

Nora froze when the barn door flew open. Lucky enough to be sitting in a stall behind a cow, she drew her dress over her breasts as they continued to leak.

"Mother said to put them in here?" one of her sisters asked.

"She said to stack them in the corner! We--Oh! Nora! I forgot you were in here!"

Blushing as milk tickled inside her chest, Nora stood up. "I have a knack for milking, thanks be to Laios."

"I've heard! It's been so reassuring to have it with dinner every night." The sister sighed. "I only wish it didn't taste so good... I feel guilty for drinking it."

The other woman tossed a pile of clothes to the side. "Mother said you can leave the cows for the night."

Nora trembled at the thought of losing her milking schedule. "W-What?"

“We’re going to be coming in and out of here while we store some sewn goods. The cows will probably be too nervous to give much more.”

“But I wasn’t--”

The sisters headed toward the exit to fetch more cloth. “Mary has been too busy to tend to the sheep, though! Could take them out before dinner?”

GUURGLE

Soft rumblings under her dress pleaded for continued milking. The milk would have to wait for the time being. Nora could feel her breasts’ dissatisfaction with being cut off mid-release.

“C-Certainly!”

“Praise be to Laios for you, Nora.”

The shepherd had difficulty standing up straight as she led the small flock of sheep into the surrounding foothills. Pressure ached within her breasts at her inability to finish as usual. Leaving the convent with her modesty intact proved troublesome as her forceful lactation had already been awoken. More than anything, her devil’s gate throbbed for the attention it had come to demand at every milking like a hungry maw.

Soon she was a fifteen-minute walk from the convent. She didn’t wish to stray far, not with dinner looming and her chest threatening to give out.

GUUURRRRRGLE

“Nnngh!” Bloating skin stretched her dress outward. *“Please just...stay down for a little while...! I’ll empty you when I get in bed!”*

Baaahh!

Baah!!

The flock’s cries drifted further and further away from her mind. Nora couldn’t take them too far from the convent when evening prayer and dinner were within the hour, and she hadn’t been prepared to spend the night. It would be far too easy for one of her sisters to see her disrobe from this distance.

SSTRRRRTCH

“Ah!! O-Oh, Libyne... Please! I can’t... Nngh...! I can’t empty them here!!”

Minutes stretched into the better part of an hour. Nora could feel herself swelling larger into the cramped confines of her dress. If she were to grow to her largest size, the dress would be unable to contain her and there would be no explaining the sight to Mother.

GUUURRGLE

“N-No more...! I can’t milk them right now! If they get much bigger, they’ll--”

BAAHHH!!! BAAHHH!!!!

Frantic cries flew from a flailing sheep amid a small outcropping of rocks. It looked to have its foot stuck between two boulders.

“I’m coming!” Nora squeaked. The mere act of walking stimulated her breasts to a dangerous pressure. *“J-Just...hold on!”*

BAAHHH!!!

The animal ceased flailing when her staff landed next to its head. Nora knelt down to examine the situation and saw its hoof wedged firm.

“Let me... Nnngh... Get it out...”

She leaned forward, forced to compress her watermelon breasts against her knees.

STTTRRTCH!!

“NNGH!!!”

SPLLRTCH!!!

Milk ran down her legs. Such leaking was a sure sign of an approaching automatic letdown.

SHHRIIP!!

A small tear opened along a seam.

“No please no...!” Dizzy, Nora grabbed the sheep’s foot and maneuvered it free until it sprang off to join its companions. Rising to her feet proved difficult.

STTRRRRTCH!!!

Trying to straighten her back was a mistake.

SSTTRRRR--SHRIIPP!!!

“MMGH!!!”

Fabric jumped across her bare breasts as tears opened in several places. Nora’s milk was on a rampage after being denied freedom as usual. She wondered if training herself to produce such a monumental amount had been a wise decision.

SWEEEEEEELL!!!

“O-Oh goddess... Goddess, they’re getting too big for my gown!!”

Mass bulged from her torso. Heavy and unyielding, they threatened to pull Nora to the ground as fleshy anchors. Only her staff saved her from such a fate. Leaning her full weight on the wooden pole, she struggled to fill her lungs as her dress constricted her like a snake.

STTRRRRTCH!!

“T-Too much...! This is too much! I won’t be able...to stand!”

Juices leaked between her thighs. As precarious as her situation was, Nora enjoyed every second of her skin struggling to contain her milk. There would be no stopping her breasts’ desires; milk was coming whether or not she was ready. Turning her back to the convent would have to provide the privacy she needed.

GRRROOOAAAAAN!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Nora watched her dress fill outward and tears open like fleshy eyes. The end was near, either for her dress or her ability to hold her own milk.

STTTRRTCH!!

"I can't...take much more!!"

SSTTTTTRRTCH!!

"My...milk!! My BREASTS!!!" Hot breath moistened her lips as her skin sang. They felt ready to erupt within her dress.

SSTTTTTRRTCH!!!!

"AH!!! L-L-Libyne!! Please!! I don't think I can--"

SHRIIIPP!!!!

BWOOOMPSH!!

The dress proved inadequate for the challenge. Gaping holes shot across it to reveal Nora's bubbling flesh. A pale, sloshing avalanche toppled into view before she could react. Heavy and overladen, they pulled at her back and swelled at their underbellies as her milk jostled. Nora heard her staff creak at the sudden shift in weight. It bowed slightly in warning.



“MMNGH!!!! I-I FEEL LIKE THEY’RE GOING TO--”

FWOOOOOSH!!!

“AUUGH!!!”

She could hold no more. Ignoring her pleas, Nora’s breasts released their loads in a double torrent of uncontrollable lactation. Milk sprayed several feet before flooding the bushes and grass.

“Haahh!! Oohhhh GODDESS!!!”

Nora didn’t dare touch them; she wasn’t sure she could control herself if she did. The sensation of a forced letdown was enough to send her devil’s gate into a pulsating frenzy hungry for her fingers. Visible tightness spread across her areolas as milk fought for its chance to escape. Massively bloated udders hung to her hips, surpassing any previous size seen by the shepherd.

“I-It won’t stop...!” Nora’s mouth was dry with thirst. *“All this milk!! Going to waste!!”*

Nothing made her feel as guilty as watching her dairy spray onto the ground. Libyne had blessed her with this gift, and she was powerless to do anything but water the plants.

“Mmmngh!!”

Their size dwindled as if to mock her. Rapidly shrinking, Nora’s breasts released their contents within a minute to leave her at a dripping girth comparable to her head. Keeping one hand on her staff, she gently tried to cup one mammary.

SPPLLRRTCH!!

“MNNGH!!!”

They were far too sensitive. Her crotch seared with need. Sweat poured from her face as Nora rode the waves of her stimulation and tried to stay upright. The milk may have been released, but her body still craved more.

GUUURRRGLE

Tingling pressure sparked within her glands. More milk was to come, and it wouldn’t take long.

“O-Oh no... No, you have to be done...!”

GUUURRRGLE

“Mmng!” Her breasts would not tolerate being ignored. Until she delivered the release she needed, Nora knew her milk would continue to flow.

CLANG!

CLANG!

CLANG!

The convent’s bells rang in the distance as a call to prayer. It was time to head back or face Mother’s wrath. Unsure of the ordeal waiting ahead of her, Nora guided the sheep and wrapped a cloak around her and prayed it would hide her well enough for her to change before joining the others.

GUUURRRRGLE!

“M-Mmgh!”

She whimpered helplessly. Though gallons of milk were left seeping into the ground, Nora could feel her body was unsatisfied. It craved the attention she’d given it over the last few days in the barn. Until it was met, her coursing arousal would fuel her lactation and her devil’s gate wouldn’t settle.

She stumbled home under fear she’d only just seen a preview of what was to come.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Nora was lucky enough to reach the convent while the majority of her sisters were congregating in the dining room. Had any of them been present at the back door, they would have seen Nora clutching her uncovered breasts and the long trail of milk left in her wake leading into the foothills. As demanding as her chest was, it had expelled the majority of its dairy on its own accord.

“Please stay down until bedtime,” she whispered. “I’ll drink all you want me to drink then! But please just don’t grow anymore until I’m alone!”

GUURRGLE

A soft rumbling didn’t instill confidence.

Nora entered the dining hall as the rest of the convent was sitting down. Mother’s gaze fell upon her with disdain, but there would be time to admonish her later. She also made a mental note to find Nora a larger dress, as her current outfit appeared to be harboring two late-summer melons.

Three tables filled the hall, each stretching twenty feet in length. It provided enough seating for every sister with Mother Theo standing at the front behind a small altar. Nora’s place waited for her as it always did near the front of the room. A plate of dry mashed potatoes and uncooked carrots sat in front of every member alongside a glass of milk.

“M-Mmnh...” Nora whimpered. Smelling so much of her milk in the air at dinner wouldn’t be a problem if she’d been able to satisfy her body’s desires in the barn. However, smelling it now only tricked her neglected breasts into thinking it was finally time to milk.

STRRTCH

Her dress wasn’t getting any looser. Hoping to make it through the ordeal with her clothes intact, Nora hunched forward to allow her chest maximum space.

“My sisters,” Mother Theo began, “We have gathered here once again after a day of labor and charitable fulfillment. I pray that goodness welled within you as it did within me.”

GUURRGLE

“Nngh...”

“Please, raise your glasses so we may give thanks.”

Nora grasped her cup with a shaky hand. Even a sip was out of the question; if she were to taste her delicious nectar right now, it would send her body into overdrive. She would not be able to resist succumbing to lust.

“Oh Laios... We thank you for this healthy feast. We thank you for providing us with healthy drink once again so we may continue to spread your message.”

GUUURRRGLE

Nora groaned and ground her teeth in annoyance not only at her slowly engorging bust, but also at Mother’s prayer. *“It wasn’t Laios...”* she growled.

“Thanks to your intervention, our cows are producing milk once more!”

SSTRRRTCH

“Ah!! Ngh!!” Nora squeaked when her nipples slammed into the edge of the table. Fabric pulled tight at her shoulders and back. *“Laios didn’t...do a single thing...!”* Those nearest to her took notice of her fidgeting and disgusting display of her collarbones.

“Because of your blessing, our bellies remain nourished so we may continue cleansing this world of impurities.”

STTRRTCH!!

“Mmgh!!”

Many stared at her latest stifled outburst. Making it through dinner seemed less and less of a possibility. Nora’s mind flew with distress and pressure.

I can’t take much more of this...! I’m going to rip out of my dress again if I don’t calm down! I’m going to burst out in front of everyone!

SCREETCH!

Nora slid her chair back and turned for the exit.

“Sit down, Nora,” a demanding voice came from the front of the hall. *“We’re not through with prayer.”*

“B-But I--”

“SIT. DOWN. You need this prayer more than anyone else.”

Nora did as she was told, eliciting a cry of torture from her dress. Her excessive growth was obvious to those around her, but she couldn’t be certain if Mother had noticed. Protruding mounds marked her throbbing nipples like apple halves hidden under her dress.

They’re going to leak!! My breasts won’t stop filling!!

Dizziness fogged Nora’s mind as her chest filled into her lap.

“Look around you, sisters.” Theo motioned to the room. *“This convent... This peaceful land... This tasteless, nourishing food before us...”*

Mother raised her cup to sip Nora’s milk.

“Even this milk, though sweet, is a product of Laios’s divine interventi--”

CRREEAAAAAK!!!

“MMNGH!!”

SLAM!!

Nora couldn't take it any longer. Slave to her aching mammaries, any form of release sounded like heaven, whether it be by milk or confession. Throwing her hands on the table for support, she rose to her feet and stood over her sisters with watermelon-sized breasts jutting over the table. Fabric threatened to explode off her front. Milk dribbled from her breasts' underbellies to her potatoes. Every eye widened at the sinful scene.

"I WASN'T HIM!!!" Nora yelled amid horrified gasps.

"Nora!! SIT DOWN!!"

"No!! I--Nnngh!!!"

GUUUURRRRGLE

"Ahh!!!"

Her breasts ballooned outward several heavy inches.

POP!!

POP!!

Seams broke open. Slivers of pale flesh bulged from within.

"NORA!! I said SIT DOWN!"

"M-Mmnggh!! MMMGH!!!" Panting and dizzy from producing so much milk in one day, Nora found her judgment abandoning her. *"Laios... L-Laios didn't provide this milk!! This cream was not by his intervention!!"*

Mother Theo's face burned red with rage. *"STOP THIS BLASPHEMY!!! SIT DOWN THIS INSTANT OR--"*

CRREEEAAAAAK!!!

"Ahh!!! Oohhhhhh goddess!!!"

Gasps echoed through the hall at her blasphemous cry.

"MY BREASTS!!!"

Utter silence filled the room with such language. Combated only by Nora's intense gasps for air, she struggled to stay upright with the monumental mammaries stretching across her stomach. The bottom of her dress rose to accommodate their size, rising over her hips to reveal the steaming sauna of lust between her legs.

"L-Laios didn't make that milk!!!" she insisted.

CRREEEAAAAAK!!!

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!

She bit her lip as seams flared around her and milk heaved within her glands.

"I DID!!!"

SHRIIIIPP!!!!

SLOSH!!

A record-setting pair of breasts exploded into view before slamming onto the dining table. Cups spilled over. Food sailed through the air when plates were crushed beneath her girth.

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

Hot cream sprayed a dozen comaoites across from Nora. Dripping with milk and foam from the pressures within Nora's body, they looked ready to faint. Others were ready to be sick after learning the true origin of the milk they had been drinking all week.

"Laios help her!!"

"Dear Laios!! Purge this evil from our convent!"

"Sin has bloated her body to the point of bursting!"

"Devils live within this girl!!"

Outbursts of panic and prayer rang between the stone walls. Watching the chaos following such a dramatic over-engorgement, one might have thought the sisters feared a swarm of locusts were about to erupt from Nora's bloated bust.

Nora was too busy losing herself in the impressive depth of her chest. *"O-Ohhh goddess!! Goddess!! LOOK AT THEM!!"*

She was forced to lay across her chest breathing like a laborious heifer. Milk throbbed beneath her firm skin. She could feel fluid churning. Massaging their tops eased her swelling sensations but drove her devil's gate to gush with desire and drip to her chair below.

Nothing mattered anymore. Her secret was as exposed as her bosom. Marveling at the glorious mass that was her chest, Nora grabbed her nipples in her hands and squeezed to release fountains of milk into the room.

"They're so full!! Libyne!! I feel ready to burst with your blessing!!! Make me your vessel! Fill me with your nectar!!! Make me--"

Footsteps boiling with rage clicked across the floor. All fell silent as Mother Theo left her altar and approached Nora across the table. She stood over her sheep with disdain as Nora rubbed her milk-laden chest and moaned uncontrollably.

Nora stared at Mother's face. Noticing speckles of dairy clinging to her upper lip, Nora chuckled and said, "How did my milk taste, Mother? *Did my sin taste good on your chaste tongu--*"

SPLASH!!

Theo threw her remaining milk in Nora's face.

"Vile child. I knew you'd started to stray from Laios's path, but I did not know it was to such a grotesque extent. And now you pride yourself on infecting your own sisters with such unforgivable sin?"

GUUURRRGLE

"M-Mmgh!!" Nora whimpered as her chest grew in disapproval. *"They looked like they enjoyed it to me. Almost as much as I enjoyed milking my breasts every day. You never told me entering my devil's gate felt so--"*

SMACK!!!

A slap across Nora's face shook the atmosphere. She gaped at Mother, speechless as her face stung.

"I will not tolerate such wicked speech in my hall." Theo motioned to several women. "Take her to the basement. *We must drive this evil from her body. If she's too large to carry, do what is necessary to purge the milk from her chest.*"

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

"Mother!! Mother!!" Nora begged as she was dragged down a flight of stone stairs. The chill of the convent's basement brought her nipples to full erection. Normally the space was used as storage, but on special occasions, Mother used the area for celebrating holy days in the comaoist calendar or for fasting. Nora always hated the dungeon-like room for its musty smell and cold stone walls.

"I'm not evil!! Breasts are wonderful things!! They sustain living things and bring incredible pleasure to the--"

"SILENCE!!"

"Ngh!"

Mother Theo yanked Nora to keep her quiet. "Such *disgusting* lies. Where did I go so wrong??" Looking at the girl, Theo recoiled at the sight of such enlarged nipples gushing milk. Ever since her incident with the traveler, dealing with the devil's nectar caused her to hesitate with fear.

"Over here! Against the wall!" Theo instructed her assistants. Dangling shackles waited ominously.

"W-Wait!! Mother PLEASE!! Listen to me!!"

CLANK!

CLANK!

Shackles fell around Nora's wrists, holding her arms overhead and pinning her bare back to the freezing wall. The shackles were usually meant for the members of the convent wishing to meditate by depriving their bodies of warmth and comfort. Tonight they served a far different purpose.

"M-Mmngh!!" Nora squirmed at being unable to tend to her screaming bust. "Please...! I need...nnggh...to touch them!!!"

Mother stood in front of her. "You will do no such thing." She addressed one of the sisters, "Bring me the rope."

Frantic with lactation, Nora's eyes widened when Theo's hand approached a nipple with a coil of fabric. "W-What are you--NGH!!!"

SQUINNCH!!

"MMNGH!!!"

Her nipples squeezed closed in the rope's clutches. Like a dam, they blocked Nora's milk within her body. Pressure struck her instantly with intense swelling and tightening.

"Ahh!!! M-MY MILK!!! I can't... I-It can't get out!!!"

SSTRRRRTCH

"Gaahh!!" Nora panted at the rushing tightness. Slowly her breasts crept lower on her body until they brushed against her hips. *"They're getting...too full!!"*

Mother Theo stood calm at the scene. "You will repent for your sins or it will poison you from within."

"I-I won't!!"

The scene caused worry in the onlooking sisters. As Nora ballooned, they stepped back in fear of the impossible sexual scene.

"M-Mother--" one of them started.

Glaring, Theo lowered her voice and ignored them. "You *will*, Nora."

Her hands reached out, trembling but certain. Slowly they pressed against Nora's throbbing nipples.

"Aahh!!! D-Don't do that!!"

GUUUURRRRGLE

"Repent!!"

"N...No!!"

Mother pressed harder, sinking the apple-sized nipples into Nora's chest. The added pressure fought against her ever-increasing girth. Feeling her nipples handled so roughly was pleasurable, milk-inducing torture on its own. Nora wasn't certain how long she could withstand such sensations.

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

"My milk!!! MOTHER YOU'RE MAKING THEM GROW TOO BIG!!!"

"Then repent!!! Accept Laios back into your heart and he shall take this burden away!!"

She pressed deeper until milk pounded against her hands.

"A-Aahhh!!! MOTHER!!! My breasts...can't swell so far!!! They can't hold such a quantity!!"

"Because they aren't meant to!! This is a sinful, VILE thing!!"

GUUUURRRRGLE!!

"NNGH!!"

"You're so lost that your body is overflowing with evil!! It's ready to burst with corruption!! I can feel it in your skin!! All the wickedness you've allowed into your mind and actions! REPENT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!"

Nora gasped noiselessly over her heaving bust. Taut skin rubbed against her knees as they swelled into titanic teardrops. Cleavage bulged into her face from Mother's full weight leaning

into her chest, engulfing her up to her elbows. Each nipple felt twice its size because of her bindings. Pressure swelled her areolas to quivering masses.

“REPENT!!!”

“REPENT!!!”

“REPENT!!!”

Mother’s voice came at her like a screaming harpy. Clenching and pulling at the shackles, Nora trembling like a leaf. She didn’t want to disappoint Mother, but she felt her teachings were more than misguided.

“REPENT, NORA!!”

“N-No!! I’ve done nothing wrong!!”

Nora battled the stresses of milk. She thought about the first moments of joy she experienced upon finding her dress too small. How exhilarating it had been to find milk welling within her own bust for the first time. Exploring her body and experiencing ultimate pleasure hidden within her devil’s gate. Though they were unknowing, she’d seen smiles of delight on her sisters’ faces when they drank her milk at dinner. Merchants adored the dairy for trade and delighted at the profit it would bring. Even something as small as feeding a family of struggling kittens. Everything filled Nora’s heart with warmth from the goodness her breasts had sowed.

“M...My breasts are GOOD!!”

“LIES!!!”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!!

“AUGH!!! I can’t stretch anymore!!!!”

“You would let this sin consume you?!”

Nora ground her teeth. *“It’s not a sin!!! It’s natural and beautiful!!! And it’s kept me far warmer than Laios ever did!!”*

SSTTRRRRTCH!!!

Mother’s eyes widened when her hands were slowly pushed out by rapidly rising firmness in Nora’s chest.

“Laios has only brought me pain and misery!!”

“That is what leads to eternal life!”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!!

“Nora!! I demand you stop this!!!” Theo tried pushing back but found her skin drum-tight. Within seconds her hands were pushed out by mammoth nipples turned dark pink with bound pressure. *“L-Laios will still accept you back into--”*

“I don’t care!!!”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!!

“I don’t want to worship any god who thinks such beautiful things are evil!! My breasts have brought only good into this world!!”

Nora threw her head against the wall and screamed. Every inch of her chest felt at its limit. Milk bubbled within her like a geyser ready to blow. Rubbing across the floor, her bust startled Theo by brushing against her feet.

“I will never follow Laios!!” Nora announced.

SSTRRRRTCH!!!!

The monumental tits started to shake and round. Pink flesh bulged around the bindings as Nora’s nipples fought to break free. They deformed, sinking into her bloating areolas like corks about to burst. Mother stood back in terror.

“R-REPENT!! REPENT BEFORE--”

STTRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“I REPENT NOTHING!!! EVEN IF I SHALL BURST!!!” Nora thrust her chest forward as her devil’s gate surged with fluid and her nipples flared madly. *“I WORSHIP THE GODDESS WHO FED ME HER GOLDEN NECTAR!! THE GODDESS WHO BID ME SUCKLE AT HER TEAT!!! THE GODDESS WHO BROUGHT ME WARMTH AND LOVE!!!”*

“NORA!! I DEMAND THAT YOU--”

“I WORSHIP THE GODDESS LIBYNE!!!!”

BOOM!!!!

The bindings exploded from her nipples like weapons. Finding their freedom, they puffed as large as Nora’s head with milk before releasing an ocean of dairy.

“Ahh!! AHHH MY MIILK!!!!”

Orgasms rocked Nora’s fragile body. Natural lubricant ran down the wall behind her thighs.

“MMNNGGHHH OOHhhh MY GODDESS!!!! FILL ME WITH PLEASURE!! FILL ME WITH MILK!!! I AM YOUR SERVANT!!!”

No word came from Mother Theo. Struggling to open her eyes against the pleasure of such an overbearing release, Nora was greeted by a heavenly sight.

Her milk did not spray across the room, nor did it pool around her chest. Instead it flowed into the air with a golden radiance, floating around her like coils of magic dairy.

“W-What is this?!” Theo shrieked. *“You will--”*

“MMMMM!!!!”

It was world-endingly pleasurable. Finding no control over her release, Nora watched as the streams of milk floated in every direction. They coated her shackles in glowing brilliance before the metal dissolved away.

“Augh!!”

Nora fell atop her chest, pushing milk from her chest gallons at a time. For hours she’d prayed for an opportunity to milk herself. Now at Mother Theo’s feet, she couldn’t stop herself.

“I-It’s all coming out...! So much milk...!! I can’t believe someone like me could produce such a miracle!! I--”

SHWEEEEEN!

Nora’s milk dazzled in the air. It collected in a tall, thin column before thickening into the familiar shape of a voluptuous woman. Theo quickly backed away when hips and breasts formed on the golden stranger’s figure, filling out to extreme proportions.

“Who are you?!” she screamed, shielding her face. Her assistants cowered to save their souls from corruption.

Nora did not need an introduction. The shining image of femininity was seared into her mind. Flaunting her naked, hourglass figure, she was the embodiment of everything Mother deemed sinful.

“L-Libyne...”

“My child...” Libyne smiled. Gazing at Nora’s chest, she mused, *“How far you’ve come since we last saw each other...”*

Emotions flooded Nora. *“I-I didn’t mean for them to get so big! I tried to hide them, but the milk wouldn’t stop! I-I--”*

“My child, such a gift is not meant to be hidden from the world. It is meant to be shared.” A gentle hand wiped clinging strands of blonde hair from Nora’s face. *“Though I suspect you already know that.”*

Nora nodded, close to tears of joy. She felt renewed amid the swirling golden milk.

Libyne turned to Theo and rose to her full, towering height. Breasts twice the size of Theo’s head wobbled back and forth with dripping might as she approached.

“S-Stay away from me, demon!!!”

Libyne continued forward.

“L-Laios!! Protect me in this--”

Libyne chirped. *“Laios?? Laios is not but a trickster and a fraud. He preys on the gullibility of man.”*

THUD!

Theo fell back in terror. *“L-L-Laios will save me from--”*

She shook her head. *“He is laughing at your foolishness.”*

Libyne stood over Theo, bearing herself fully to the Mother. Glaring nudity burned Theo’s eyes with the fine details of Libyne’s nethers.

“The female form is a gift from the heavens,” Libyne insisted while running a hand over her chest. *“Not something to be shamed and hidden away.”* Her hand rubbed across a nipple, coating it in golden cream. A flick of the wrist sent several droplets falling upon Theo.

PLOP PLOP PLOP!

A dull glow enveloped Mother's body. Trying to wipe herself clean of the milk, Theo scrambled into a corner of the basement. "*W-What are you doing?! Stop this!!! In Laios's name, I demand you--*"

STRRTCH..

For the first time, Nora saw Mother speechless. Theo froze, hugging her body with a sheet-white face.

Her body shifted beneath her dress. Rounded curves plumped and swelled, arching her torso and straining the fabric around her hips. Panic filled her eyes when she felt two bulbous mounds pushed against her arms.

"No!! Laios, deliver me from th--"

SSTTRRRRTTCH!!

Mother's dress creaked. Filling out with impressive speed, her figure turned into an hourglass worthy of a brothel owner's desk. Her breasts distended into plump, round melons rivaling those in her own garden. Cushioned flesh cradled her thighs and bulged against the wall.

"Please!! Stop this!! This corruption!! I do not wish to--"

SSTTRRRRTTCH!!

POP!!

POP POP!!

"PLEASE!!"

Seams ripped open across her chest. A pink nub slipped into the open and Nora's heart skipped a beat upon realizing it to be Mother's nipple. It was far lighter in color and smaller than she imagined.

"P-Please!! I beg of you, demon!! Stop this before--"

SSTTRRRRTTCH!!

Grey faded from her hair to be replaced by jet-black strands of ink. Wrinkles smoothed to buttery skin. Within seconds, Mother Theo transformed into a picture of sexual lust and desire. Theo grabbed at her screaming dress. It wouldn't hold for much longer. Hugging herself tight, she forced the fabric to stay intact around her body. Her legs scrambled for footing.

"I SHALL NOT BE MADE A FOOL OF BY A LOWLY DE--"

POOF!!!

Mother Theo's clothes burst into a cloud of ash. No thread nor stitch was left on her form. Nora's eyes bulged at the incredible transformation. Bent legs revealed Theo's own devil's gate, glistening with moisture from the transformation. Sheer horror filled her face at her indecent exposure and her hands could not find peace in any location. The mere act of touching such a swollen body was agony to her chaste mind.

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!"

Libyne admired her handiwork. “Until you learn the error of your ways, no garment shall remain on your form. Fabric shall burst into ash upon your skin. No cloth will conceal that which you’re so unjustly ashamed of.”

Nora’s breath caught in her throat. “S-She’s beautiful... It’s her own personal nightmare of sin...”

Mother screamed at the several present sisters. None had the courage to act once Libyne made her appearance. “*D-Don’t look at me!! LOOK AWAY!!! MY BODY IS SIN INCARNATE!!!*”

Flailing, she grabbed a cloak from a nearby pile of spare clothes and pulled it around her body.

POOF!!!

It burst to ash, leaving her broken-minded.

“*Bring me a cloak!! BRING ME A CLOAK!!*” Theo wailed.

Libyne turned to Nora. Her voice cut through Theo’s insanity to bring peace. “Come, my child.”

Nora looked up. Libyne stood over her with a hand extended to help her to her feet. Having released most of her milk, Nora cradled her watermelon bosom and rose to wobbly legs.

“W-What do I do now...?” she asked the goddess.

Libyne embraced her. Together their breasts collided and swam in a sea of warmth. “I think you already know,” she whispered.

Nora nodded.

“*Thank you...*” Nora whispered.

“*I’ll be watching, little one.*”

Without leaving the embrace, the goddess slowly faded away. Nora watched her turn white before completely returning to milk.

SPLASH!

What was left fell to the floor around Nora’s feet. The goddess had taken her leave, but her gift remained.

Nora stood naked among her sisters without care. Her nipples hardened with proud perkiness, kissing the air. Knowing her path, she started toward the stairs. Her sisters parted, not daring to touch her.

“*Nora!!*” Mother screamed from the corner. “*If you leave, you will--*”

SPLRRRTCH!!

Milk sprayed from Theo’s nipples. Mortified, her face turned white as she looked ready to faint. A smell of sour milk rose into the air.

Nora continued on.

“*I-I-I forbid you to leave!! You will not lead this life of sin!!*”

SPLRRRTCH!!

“*Nngh!!*”

Nora would not look back. “This is no sin, Mother. It’s beautiful and nourishes the world.” She climbed the stairs.

“Nora!!! Nora!”

SPLRRCH!!

“Nngh!! NORA!!! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!”

Nora’s gift was unique: a bursting wellspring of life bestowed upon her from the heavens. Her breasts created pure sustenance in a world where so many desired warmth. Confidence filled her chest as she proclaimed her destiny. The answer was simple in her mind as she ascended the stairs, cradling her precious breasts.