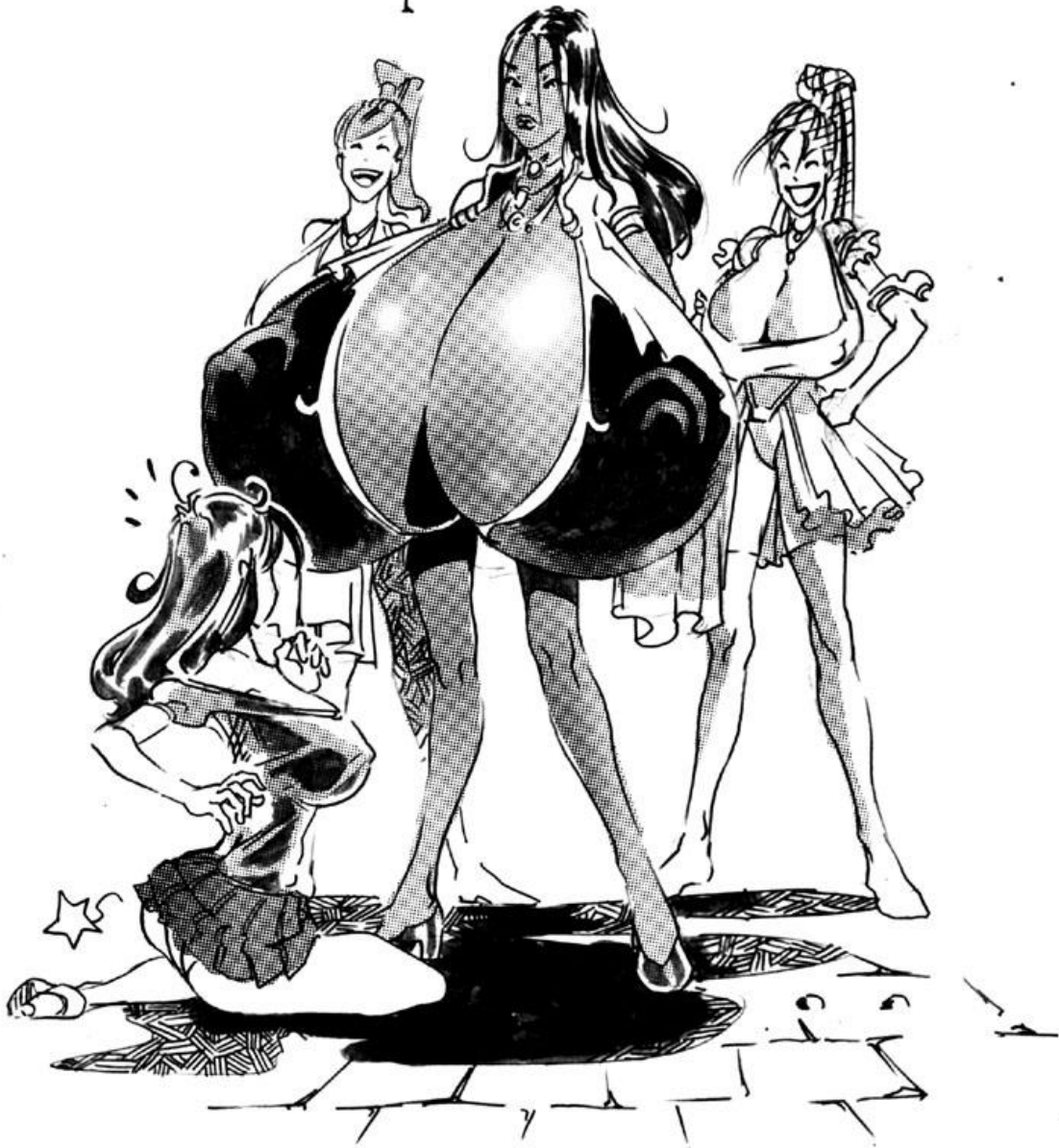


Carrlie's Adventures: Chapter 5

By Sexyjin: <https://www.deviantart.com/sexyjin>

Chapter 5



This amazing work was drawn by Sidneymt!

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Carrlie was looking out the window towards the blue sky that warped itself over the world of Alar. Large white clouds could be seen in all shapes and sizes high above, like a fluffy mountain range towering high above the busy city. As Carrlie gazed, she spotted a flock of white birds gliding off in the distance and she was reminded of Lyla. Carrlie's eyes glazed over, but as she pressed her hand to her heart, she could feel that Lyla was alright. A vibe deep within her chest, similar to the one she felt with Bridget, told her so.

Being reminded of Bridget, Carrlie slid her hands to her nipples and went back to fondling herself, not simply because Bridget turned her on, but because Carrlie was currently trying to get Bridget to buy her a new cloak, one a little more festive and prettier than her others. Bridget was already out and about in the marketplace, so Carrlie was trying to deliver this message by means of the psychic link that they shared due to Carrlie's milky boobs.

It had been about 3 weeks since Lyla had left the two of them. Carrlie and Bridget now lived as a sort of permanent residence within Burt's Deer's Head Inn. Burten himself took the sudden loss and growth of Bridget from his working staff quite well, but like the rest of the world, was still a little curious as to how both Carrlie and Bridget got so much bigger up top without the aid of engorgement charms. Due to the curiosity, and the fact that Carrlie had to have the biggest tits in all of Tiniba, many people stopped by the bar or at least tried to get a look through the window to see the two girls. This increased business for Burten, as Carrlie and Bridget became a sort of attraction for guests, even though it wasn't like they were on display, or even bothered to show themselves in the bar often. Just the word of mouth that the place housed such enormous tits simply drew customers to it. This of course escalated into rumor and tall tales throughout all of Tiniba, and Carrlie's name soon became known to many people in the city.

At first the attention was nice, but soon became a little annoying. Being in love with Bridget made the constant yips and whistles from the men a nuisance as Carrlie trundled with her massive tits through town. To avoid the cat calls, and because walking had become a lot harder with small boulders attached to your chest, Carrlie had started staying inside more often and letting Bridget get things for her when she needed them. They still went out to parks together every now and then, but it was mostly Bridget that handled the routine needs of their living arrangement. Bridget didn't mind at all though. Her new water melon sized endowments were beyond anything she could have dreamed and she loved the attention from the men around her, even if she isn't really interested in them at all. That and the fact that Carrlie could control her thoughts made it so that she kinda had to do the job.

The two of them had been working more with their psychic link recently, exploring all the ways it could best be utilized. They had already established that the more milk the subject drinks, the greater the link and the greater the subject's boobs grow. They also knew that Carrlie could always tell where Bridget was and vice versa, however Carrlie only gets a vague idea in what direction Lyla was, since Lyla only drank a little milk. Carrlie can get the general

descriptions of Bridget's surface thoughts easily, but she could also relay messages and orders to Bridget, such as getting her that new cloak. All this was tied to her boobs. If Carrie wanted to command Bridget to do something or send a message, she would need to fondle and arouse herself first to do so, and depending on how complex the message was, meant that Carrie would need to fondle her tits with equally complex hand gestures, which Bridget would then feel on her own boobs and mystically understand the message or task. It became clear that messages could not be very sophisticated without becoming incomprehensible, though they believe that if Bridget were to drink more of Carrie's milk, they might be able to send more complex messages due to the stronger link. Carrie also had to pace herself with how frequently she sent the messages, or else end up making both of them start to orgasm, which would no doubt cause a scene on Bridget's end.

"Aaawwhhmm" Bridget moaned as she felt her boobs ripple with pleasure. She squirmed a little as she stood in front of a fine clothing stand, relishing in the afterglow of the message. "Festive? It's not like she gets out of the room often. Why would she care if it was festive?" Bridget muttered to herself, only to feel a sudden pinch at the tip of her nipple. "Ouch!" Bridget yelped and then looked about as the people standing by her stared in confusion. "... Mosquito... bite me..." Bridget said, attempting to explain her sudden outburst. It worked well enough for the public. "Sorry... forgot you could read my mind" Bridget thought, knowing the thought would get to Carrie. While Carrie could send messages to Bridget, the only way Bridge could communicate back was just by thinking 'loudly', as she put it. It wasn't quite like a real conversation, but it worked well enough. A soft pleasure, like a massage, engulfed Bridget's boobs. "... Blue cloak it is!" Bridget said with a smile, heading off in search of a tailor to make a very large and festive, custom blue cloak for Carrie.

On her way about the merchants district, Bridget found a nice pair of pants and a specially made, very pretty shirt for women with watermelon sized tits like her own. This was an amazing find, though not impossible. Peppered around Tiniba were shops that were tailored to women with large chests. As mentioned before, engorgement charms were possibly more fashionable than diamonds, though only the rich and lucky could afford them, and so the rich and lucky would most definitely want clothing to go with their new busts. Bridget's tits were big, but occasionally another woman would pass by with boobs as big or bigger, though no one came close to Carrie. When it came to Carrie's keg sized boobs, shirts were basically impossible, so she basically only wore cloaks or ponchos now. Bridget blushed with a sort of pride at being the love of the girl with the biggest tits in all of Tiniba...at least, that's what Bridget thought...

Sifting through a rack of cloaks in a high end clothing store, Bridget found a dark teal colored cloak with beautiful green patterns across it. This would look great on Carrie... if it was about two feet longer. Bridget went to the tailor with the cloak and asked about getting a larger copy made. "200 gold pieces" the tailor said, so Bridget reached deep down into her valley of cleavage and brought out a small pouch, from which she produced two platinum coins. Carrie was basically rich from all her treasure, giving Bridget all the spending money she could need after cashing in one or two of their rare 1000 year old artifacts from Princess Yama's tomb.

Bridget walked out from the merchant tent with a receipt for her order, which should be done by tomorrow, when she suddenly bumped into something very soft and squishy....and HUGE. Bridget fell from the impact, the weight of her watermelon sized boobs driving her down. She hit the dirt with a loud thump from her ass, and then followed by a 'plop' of her boobs hitting her lap. "Ouch" Bridget yelped as she rubbed her butt from the slight pain. Bridget realized she was in the shadow of the large obstruction she had bumped into and as Bridget's eyes moved up, all she saw were 2 feet and a wall of something embraced by a beautiful silken blouse. The moment she saw this, she realized what was in front of her, having the experience to know.

Bridget slowly stood up, awe struck by the size of the living wall, the wall of boobies! It was incredible! The tits were so big that they just nearly touched the knee. They were lush and tanned, with two small nipples perking out from under the fine cloth. Bridget could only remember seeing boobs this big on the night that she first met Carrie, when Carrie had the engorgement charm on. Bridget barely realized that there was a head attached to the top of them until a demoralizing scoff came from it. Bridget finally came back from her trance, seeing that the woman had about 5 different necklaces around her neck. She had a beautiful and seductive face, with jet black hair and thin brown eyes, however that face was not very pleased with Bridget right now.

"Watch where you're going you dimwit! You could have hurt my precious girls." the woman said in a hateful tone.

"Oh! I... I... uhhh" Bridget was unsure of what to say, her mind realized one thing, this woman had bigger tits than Carrie?!

"What? Have you never seen boobs this big and beautiful? What am I saying? Of course not!" The woman said, only to laugh at her own joke. However, two other girls standing behind the wall of boobs quickly joined in the laughter. Bridget hadn't noticed them before, but now it seemed obvious they were there. Each of the girls had boobs a little bigger than Bridget's, both hung down close to the waist, a pair of necklaces around each neck. They looked at Bridget with mocking grins.

"I'm sorry I didn't mean to..."

"SORRY?! That's the best you can do? BAH! You're pathetic! You should be kissing my boobs for forgiveness, actually scratch that, I would want you tainting them with your worthless lips." the woman said with a sneer.

Bridget didn't understand. The barrage of insults threw her off balance. She was just trying to apologize but this boob head wouldn't stop mocking her.

"Well? Are you going to just stand there with your pebble sized boobs or are you going to get out of my way?"

"Oh...sorry, I just...umm" Bridget shuffled off to the side, still trying to get her head around why someone would just spit all these terrible things to her, saying that her boobs were tiny?

"What? Still can't talk? I understand. It's not every day someone gets to see the largest boobs in all of Tiniba. HAHAhahah"

"Largest boobs? What? No you can't have the biggest. That title belongs to Carrie FairFox!"

The dark haired woman went silent and her face went red with rage, you could hear her teeth grind within her mouth. "WRONG! I AM THE LARGEST! THE BIGGEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL TITS!" The woman screamed that at Bridget, knocking her off her feet again. The shout seemed to echo for a couple seconds. Her two friends were cringing from the sound and rage of their leader. The woman seemed to cool down after yelling her brains out and she took a big breath to help calm her. People around them were staring, but she ignored them.

"...Like I said, I am the biggest. I've heard of that Carrie girl, I was told that her boobs are as large as beer kegs, going half way down her thighs, right? Well I'm not certain if you can tell, but my boobs reach down to my knees! I don't want to hear any more pish-posh about some whore having boobs anywhere near as big as mine. If you ever see this Carrie, you can tell her that Nadia Bellows thinks she's dirt! Now get out of my sight and take your tiny boobs with you!"

Bridget was in such shock from Nadia's statement that she actually began to tear up a bit, but then quickly got up and went sprinting away as fast as she could, her watermelon sized boobs swaying back and forth with each stride. "How could someone be so mean! *sniff* I'll show her! Carrie might be smaller now, but she doesn't have to stay that way! Hahaha!" Bridget cackled as she became determined to convince Carrie to grow bigger.

Carrie was lying on her bed, massaging her boobs, a grimace across her face. "Somethings wrong." she thought to herself. The whole scene was hazy to her. Carrie knew there was something big, bigger than her, and that it was a total bitch, but none of that made sense. She could remember hearing Bridget feeling horrible and trying to apologize for something and that she's running home right now. "She needs me...but for what? Her mind is so manic right now, it's hard to tell one thought from another..." Carrie looked down to her tits and gave them a good squeeze. A sharp pleasurable feeling washed over her and a few drops of milk leaked out from her nipples. "No doubt her plan has to do with you two." Carrie grinned.

"BANG" the door flew open and in rushed Bridget, skidding to a halt and then waiting a moment as her watermelon sized boobs continued to bounce and jiggle as they lost their momentum. "Carrie! It's terrible. I was shopping for your clothes, but then I ran into this really mean girl who had tits as large as boulders! I tried to apologize, but she wouldn't listen and kept insulting me along with her snickering friends. She's completely obsessed with her boobs and thinks so much of herself and and and..." Bridget was talking so fast, Carrie couldn't keep up, that Bridget's sprint from the market place was causing her to pant every other breath.

"Okay Bridget, just slow down and come rest next to me, you look exhausted." Carrie sat herself up a bit on the bed and patted the mattress next to her, welcoming Bridget over.

Bridget, still panting a bit, smiled and hopped onto the bed, snuggling up next to Carrie and using her left boob as a pillow. "So like I was saying. This girl... Nadia Bellow, she's a real bitch! She was sooo self absorbed, and get this! She claims she has the biggest boobs in all of Tiniba!"

"WHAT!? That's ridiculous. Everyone knows I have the biggest tits. Did she even come close?" Carrie asked with a smirk, trying not to use her mental connection with Bridget to learn for herself, preferring to talk with her friend rather than use her as a tool.

Bridget frowned and looked away for a sec then back at Carrie. Something wasn't right. "What?...What were they like...almost my size...or close?...she's not actually...TELL ME SHE'S NOT!" But Carrie already knew the answer, the mental visions of Bridget's encounter earlier now making sense.

"She is," Bridget whispered, dreading the answer as much as Carrie.

"WHAT! By how much?"

"Her boobs go down to the knees..."

"Gees.... well that's not toooo much bigger, but... ahh! I am not going to lose that title! After all that work through the temple and everything... was she wearing any engorgement charms?!" Carrie asked.

"Oh yeah! Like five. She was loaded."

"Okay good. That means I still have the biggest legit boobs... but most people don't care about that kind of detail. I can't have her going around stealing my title! We either have to get her charms off of her... or..." Carrie's face grew worried, she could sense what Bridget wanted of her. The same thing she always wanted.

Bridget's face grew overjoyed. A sinister smile stretching from ear to ear accentuating a gleam in her eyes. "Oh please Carrie! Can we make you bigger? Seriously! That would put Nadia in her place. There's no way we can keep her from wearing her own. We have to go BIG!"

"Bridget, are you serious? You still want me to get bigger? Look at me, I can hardly get out of the room! Running isn't even an option for me anymore. I can understand you wanting to get bigger, but I'm not sure if I'm ready. Besides, how would I get bigger anyways? I can't use an engorgement charm or else risk mutating again in some new way beyond my control!"

Bridget thought for a second only to leap up out of bed and rush over to the treasure bag, shuffling through the content until she found what she wanted. Finally she pulled out an hourglass bottle with about 2/3's of its content remaining! The Boob-Juice!

"OH that's right! I could drink more of the elixir!" Carrie suddenly started to get excited, only to remember that she was the one who was supposed to not want bigger boobs.

"Come on Carrie! I know you would still like bigger boobs, you can't deny it! You want to keep your title and what better way to ensure your victory than to increase your bust even further." Bridget wiggled the bottle at Carrie.

Carrie frowned at Bridget, not because she disapproved, but because Bridget was right. Even though Carrie tried to tell herself she didn't...she really did want bigger boobs. "When will this end?" Carrie thought. "I thought I was content with boobs down to my thighs, but now I want them bigger than touching my knees?! And what say I'm still not content then? How much bigger will I get?.... I guess I'll just keep growing until I'm satisfied... even if I lose my mobility. There's always a magic solution to everything these days. Maybe I can find some sort of levitating bra..." Carrie thought to herself, a smirk growing on her face as the idea seemed more feasible the more she contemplated.

"Is that a yes I see?" Bridget said as she noticed the look on Carrie's face.

Carrie reached and twisted one of her nipples, sending a shiver of pleasure down both Bridget's and her own spine.

"ALRIGHT! Message received!" Bridget said with a squeal of joy. "Let's get started!"

With the elegant hourglass bottle in hand, Carrie stood steady, ready to brace herself for the inevitable growth. All the objects that could get wet or crushed were moved to the sides of the room. Both Carrie and Bridget were stark naked. Bridget looked at Carrie with a lustful face, getting a full view of her lover, though she couldn't see Carrie's bush because it was concealed by her enormous boobs, but that was fine. Carrie saw, no, she felt Bridget's eye's wander up and down her body, and couldn't help but scan Bridget's wonderful form as well.

"Ready?" asked Bridget.

"As I'll ever be." And with that Carrie leaned in and gave Bridget a long kiss, squishing their breasts together, stimulating their excitement, then broke the kiss and backed up a few steps. Carrie took a deep breath, then brought the bottle to her lips, a wonderful scent reaching her nose. She could feel her boobs start to tingle from the smell alone. Then bottoms up!

Carrie chugged the contents of the bottle. Before nearing the end of the elixir, Carrie broke off from the bottle, letting some of the drink drench her head and boobs before tipping it right side up, leaving about 1/6 of the liquid remaining. Before being able to bring the liquid back to her lips, Carrie felt a tremendous energy building inside her. Her body quaked and she stumbled backwards. Unable to hold the bottle without some portion spilling out, she quickly placed the bottle onto the nearest table before her transformation began.

Carrie gasped for air as her boobs started growing at an incredible rate. Their size became absurd, absurdity only matched by the pleasure that came with their growth. Carrie could feel a torrent of milk being to build up in her already milk filled breasts. Bridget stood gaping, taking in the site, feeling a tremendous amount of pleasure from the psychic link they shared, along with the fact that she was pleasuring herself as she watched her mistress become more beautiful by the second. As she watched Carrie's boobs reach past her knees, she knew that milk would be coming soon. Then it would be her turn to grow and to become even more a part of her lover. Carrie's nipples grew in proportion to her chest, becoming larger than most dicks. Not being able to stand any longer, Carrie let out a moan of joy and collapsed onto the floor, a rush of milk jetting out from her nipples. Bridget rushed forward with glee and started lapping up the sweet milk, only to reach forward and grab one of the nipples, spraying herself with the white ambrosia before placing it into her mouth and drinking all its content. It was bliss for both of them.

The growth lasted only a little longer for Carrie. Finally stopping at boobs so big they became their own bean bag chairs, reaching half way down her shins, her nipples even dangled as low as her ankles. Bridget's growth continued as she drank, but she soon became full and had to stop, her boobs settling to end just above the thighs, about where Carrie's boobs had been before this most recent growth! They both laid in a pool of milk, and though the growth had stopped, the orgy had not. Both women continued to sex each other up, kissing and fingering each other in the pleasurable aftermath of the growth.

Several hours later, Bridget stood next to the bedroom mirror, admiring her new look. Her boobs felt like love incarnate. She could hold and caress them for hours, which was what she had been doing. That and appreciating her stronger bond with Carrie. Before, Bridget only had

a vague idea of where Carrie was at any given time, and could only feel and read messages that came from Carrie when she was caressing her breasts. But now Bridget could feel all the sensations that Carrie felt whenever Carrie wanted. Each drop of water that touched Carrie's skin as she stood in the shower, washing off all that dried milk. Bridget could hear Carrie's messages clearly now. No longer was it an idea delivered by sensation through the boob, now if Carrie wanted to tell Bridget something, she merely thought it and Bridget would understand. Bridget still couldn't read Carrie's thoughts, she was still very much the slave of her lover, but it was beyond that even. To Bridget, it was as if they were close to becoming one. Anything Carrie felt was something she felt, anything Carrie wanted her to know was something she knew, anything Carrie wanted, she wanted too. To serve Carrie was to serve herself. Bridget was even starting to even think in less individualistic manners, speaking as "us" or "we" more frequently. Bridget wasn't brainless, she still had her own needs and desires separate from Carrie, and right now, Bridget wanted nothing more than to teach that punk Nadia never to mess with 'us' ever again!

Carrie could feel nothing but love from Bridget as she cleaned herself in the shower. Nothing but devotion to the point of unity, that and an intense desire to kick some Nadia boob. Carrie could tell the difference in her bond now, understanding it more intuitively. She knew that Bridget was losing her sense of self, slowly embracing the idea that it was her own desire to become one with Carrie, whether that was actually true or not. Carrie didn't know how to feel about this and didn't know what she could do about it at this point. She had always been against the idea of slavery in the first place, but by sheer chance had permanently enslaved Bridget to be her mental toy. Despite all her warnings, Bridget never protested about being under Carrie's thumb, in fact it seemed to turn Bridget on more than anything! But Carrie feared it was worse than just being her sex thrall. Carrie could feel that they were becoming one mind... her mind. She could tell Bridget thought less and less about who she was, what her past was like, or what her goals are, but at the same time, Carrie was beginning to understand that Bridget just didn't care about any of that stuff. Her life now with Carrie is a million times better than it had been, and her biggest goal in life had already been achieved, falling in love with a beautiful, bust goddess.

Carrie shook with pleasure as she towed herself clean, the towel becoming soaked with milk as she rubbed her sensitive nipples. Still, Carrie couldn't shake her concern. 'What was she thinking, letting Bridget drink more of her milk? Did she really want her love to disappear into her mind, become just a pretty doll, an extension of her mind and body?' But as Carrie walked out of the bathroom and looked to Bridget, watching her twirling her hair and fingering her nipples as she gazed at herself in the mirror, Carrie figured out that, even though she maybe be absorbing Bridget's mind, Bridget's soul would still be there, giving her all those little quirks and mannerisms that Carrie had grown to love, no matter how unified they become.

Bridget looked up towards Carrie and smiled. "Ready to kick Nadia's nipples?" she asked, already knowing the answer as she looked lovingly at her mistress.

Carrie slapped one of her gargantuan boobs, sending a shock wave through her body that traveled all the way down past her knees, causing her nipples which started to waggle back and forth, leaking milk. "Oh we're ready!"