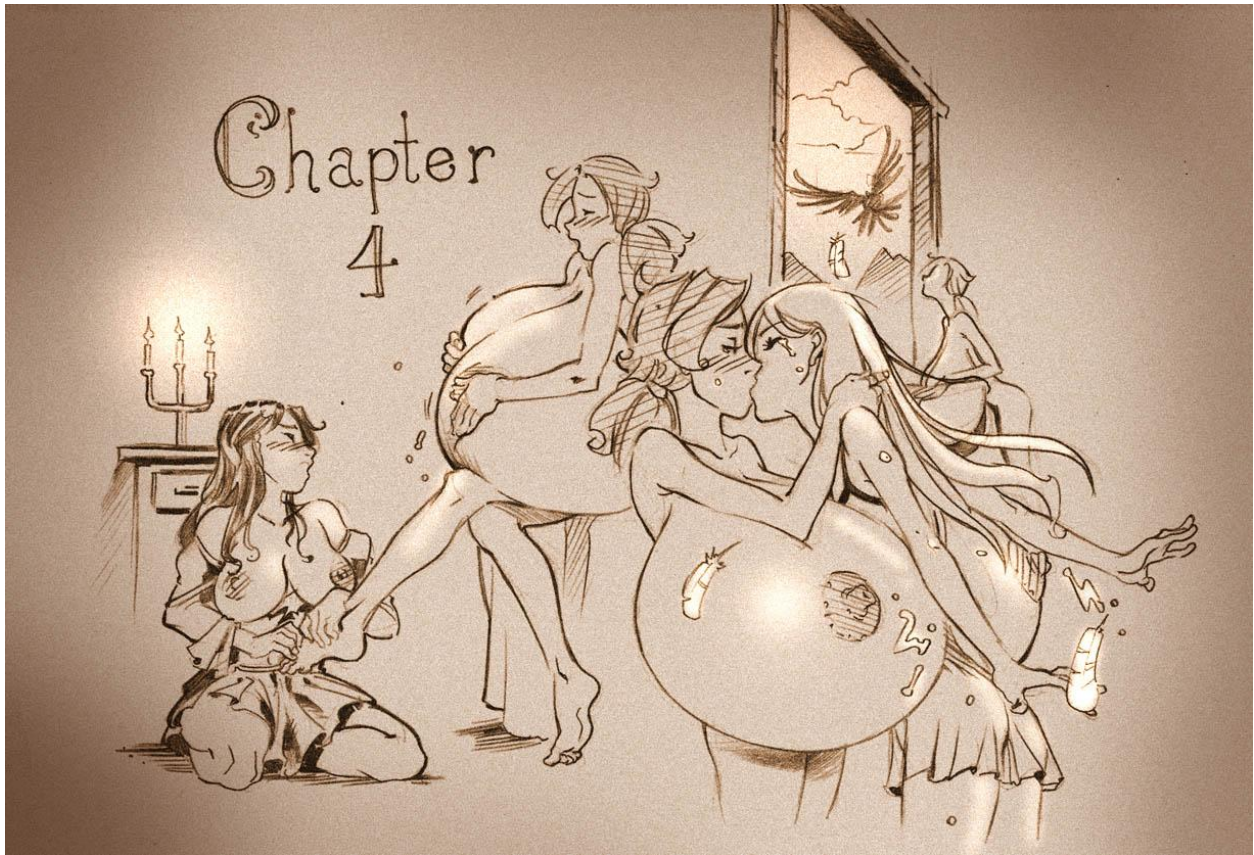


# Carrlie's Adventures: Chapter 4

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Carrlie awoke to bright rays of sunlight creeping through her room's window, warming her body. Her head ached for some reason, and she couldn't really recall why she was laying on the floor instead of her comfortable bed. Then she remembered; Boobs so big that they reached past her knees and so heavy with milk that she couldn't stand, literally pinning her to the ground! Lyla, the milk, the engorgement charm, the Brunette... THE BRUNETTE!! Carrlie looked about and immediately spotted the beautiful brunette from last night sleeping on the floor next to her. Carrier vaguely recalled the girl bursting into their room, looking worried, but then sort of went crazy when she spotted the kegs of milk attached to Carrlie, rushing over to feed on her nipples and fondle her boobs. Carrlie wondered for a moment if she had just been raped! But then remembered how she hadn't been very resistant during the process, even groping and fondling Bridget in return. There had definitely been some sort of lust magic going on last night, maybe an effect from when Carrlie mistakenly wore both amulets at once, mixing their magic?

As she gazed at Bridget, Carrlie noticed something was different about her. Bridget's boobs were now enormous, bigger than watermelons and nipples big as thumbs! 'They weren't that big last night. What could have happened?' Carrlie thought, '... Wait a minute... Bridget?... That's this girl's name... but how the hell do I know that?!' Carrlie had never seen her before yesterday, and she didn't think either of them had thought to stop their lust filled groping to formally introduce themselves. The more Carrlie pondered Bridget, the more it seemed she knew about her. Only vague details, but a strong feeling of familiarity, like they had been friends for years.

As Carrlie grew deep in thought, her right hand started subconsciously fiddling with whatever it was closest too... a.k.a, her boobs. It was then that Carrlie noticed another strange thing had happened, her tits had become smaller! They now only extended to about quarter of the way down her thighs, which is still much bigger than they were before mixing magic, but also smaller than past her knees, and she could still feel milk inside them! Carrlie experimented with standing, and found with some effort, she was able to get up on her feet. Carrlie had liked her titan sized boobs from last night, but she also enjoyed getting to walk quite a bit too, and wasn't sure if she could sacrifice that just for a bit more fluff in her stuff. But why had her breasts shrank? Carrlie then felt for the engorgement charm and found it was missing! Someone must have taken it off her. Carrlie looked around and noticed that Lyle wasn't there, maybe she had taken it?

Carrlie sat herself on the bed and continued to ponder what happened last night and why she knows so much about Bridget. Her hands went to work on her boobs again, Carrlie was finding it helped her concentrate to get a little stimulation, but then she noticed that Bridget was also moving. The girl's arm had flopped onto her chest and had begun to weakly fondle her own breasts in her sleep. Carrlie was fascinated by this and stopped fondling herself so she could get a better look, but then Bridget stopped fondling her own boobs a few seconds after. Carrlie paused and touched her tits again... then Bridget did the same to herself. Carrlie moved her hand to her nipple, and then Bridge mirrored her action, still asleep. Something wasn't right, and Carrlie was on the verge of figuring it out.

Just then, Lyla walked in, fully dressed and carrying a tray with toast and tea. Before Carrlie could say anything, Lyla put a finger to her lips, signaling to keep quiet, pointing to the still sleeping Bridget. Lyla then put down the tray of food and motioned Carrlie to follow her into one of the bathrooms. After Carrlie struggled a bit to maneuver her enormous boobs inside, they closed the door and began to talk.

"What in the world happened!?" Carrlie nearly yelled.

"Well, first you put on the engorgement charm, which caused a chaotic magical reaction to make your boobs grow and start to lactate. Then the barmaid came in and sorta went nutso for your enormous milkers. You both made out all through the night... Sound about right?"

"Well... Yeah! I mean... you're not wrong, but that still doesn't explain what happened to Bridget's boobs. They were definitely not that big last night. And hell, forget hers, look at mine! Why are they lactating and who took the engorgement charm?!"

"Don't worry, I have the charm. I figured you might be more comfortable if you could move around once you woke, though I won't deny that you seemed to enjoy using your tits as your bed. As for the milk, I told you that different kinds of magic are never to be mixed. It's the reason I don't wear the charm myself, because I'm a magical creature, and even I don't know what would happen. Mixing different magics causes chaotic results, so I guess the milk is a bi-product of that. As for the maid... I guess drinking your milk must have had some effect on her...it's completely possible that your milk has taken on properties of the 'boob-juice' that gave you these titties." Lyla said, giving Carrie's knockers a squeeze.

"Hmm... Well, I guess that all makes sense. I certainly don't mind the added girth to my babies, and I don't think Bridget will mind either." Carrie said, acting as if this whole series of sexy events was no big deal.

"Bridget?" Lyla said quizzically.

"Oh Yeah! Lyla, something weird is going on... Well, even weirder than everything else. The barmaid's name is Bridget, but I don't know how I know that! She definitely never told me this before. That and... I feel as if I've known her for ages. I can...feel her...like how I could feel where you were when I had the amulet on. That and...I don't know... I think I can control her or something..."

"Hmm... what do you mean by control?"

"Well, If I fondle my boobs, so will she... and I don't know... I just got this feeling."

"Fondle your boobs aye?... well... she did drink a lot of your milk last night, and as I've said many times now, mixing different magic can cause anything to happen... It's possible that wearing my heart amulet had its own reaction to your body, just not one that we could see with the naked eye. The amulet's main function was to control my will, so my best guess is that your milk must have a similar telepathic effect on others now, to the point where you can make a mental link to them...though that's just a guess. (a very good guess)

Just then the two heard a noise from the other room. Bridget was awaking.

"Well, I guess we should go meet our sleeping beauty," said Carrie.

Bridget had had a wonderful dream! She had met the most gorgeous girl in all of existence, who had boobs so large they obscured her whole body, and even gave milk! Bridget made love to the goddess and then everything became a blurry swirl of passion. Bridget then awoke to find the dream a reality!

She opened her eyes to discover she had enormous boobs, as big as watermelons! Though not a rare site in cities where engorgement charms are easily purchased, the exciting difference for Bridget was that they were attached to her! Completely real, no engorgement charms! Her second dream come true was that the beautiful goddess she had made love with was standing there in front of her with her gorgeous blond friend. The goddess's boobs were somewhat smaller than she remembered, but that hardly mattered at her size. This is the greatest day of Bridget's dull life!

Bridget just sat there, a smile spread across her face from ear to ear, her boobs exposed, just soaking it all in. Carrie and Lyla sat on the bed watching her, observing her

reactions to everything. Once it became clear that Bridget was too overjoyed to talk, Carrie decided to speak up.

"Umm, Hi Bridget...I'm Carrie and this is Lyla... I believe we met quite suddenly last night." Carrie said in a shy tone, not exactly sure what to say.

"... Hi..." Bridget squeaked back, clearly not able to function properly quite yet.

Carrie looked to Lyla for help and she just shrugged and gave a 'You slept with her, it's your problem' look. Carrie then turned back to Bridget and tried to think of what to say. As she thought, that feeling of connection came back to her and Carrie suddenly knew just what Bridget felt towards her... love. There was no other way to describe it. Carrie had never fallen in love before, nothing more than a short relationship that went nowhere here and there, but this passion flowing from Bridget's heart could be nothing else. Carrie herself could now feel a strong pull of love for Bridget too, though she wasn't quite sure if this was all part of the magical connection they now shared... was this love real, or had she forced it upon Bridget?

"So...umm...surprised about your new boobs?" Carrie said, unable to think of anything else to say. She needed to learn more about this new connection they shared, so asking about her new boobs seemed the best place to start.

"OH MY GOD I LOVE THEM!" Bridget said, finally breaking her silence.

The next five minutes became a constant stream of words and sentences flying out from Bridget's mouth. No topic was untouched. She told them about how she had always wanted bigger boobs, praised Carrie's beauty, and craved her delicious milk. Bridget somehow segwayed into complaining about her job as a waitress, lived by herself, loved cats, would need new clothes, loved shopping, thought Lyla looked gorgeous, and yada yada yada. Carrie and Lyla simply sat there, trying to catch all of what Bridget had said. Eventually, Bridget came to her point.

"Carrie I... I don't know how else to say this. I know it's crazy that we just met last night... or rather, I sexually assaulted you... but, well... I can't help but feel this intense passion, like love at first sight. I want to be with you, I'll do whatever you wish, be your personal maid! Please just let me stay with you and Lyla." Bridget pleaded with all her heart.

Carrie could feel through her connection that everything Bridget said was true, but still she could hardly believe it, but she could believe even less the feeling in her own heart. "Well Bridget...to tell you the truth...I think I love you too Bridget." said Carrie as she blushed.

"Really? Oh my god, this is a crazy dream come true! I can't believe this is happening! How could us total strangers have suddenly fallen totally in love in a single night?... and wait... how did you know my name?!" Bridget asked, finally catching that detail.

"That's what I've been trying to figure out. You see..." and with that, Carrie told Bridget of all her past adventures pertaining to how she had gotten her enormous boobs. She told Bridget about Lyla and the fact that she was a shapeshifter, and about all their treasures, including the boob-juice. Lyla helped tell details where she could and eventually the two got through just about everything.

"So you see" said Lyla, "Now that Carrie's boobs have unchecked magic in them, we don't really know all the side effects and are concerned about how her milk is affecting you. I think we can clearly deduce that her milk will make a person's boobs grow." Lyla said with a smirk. "But what we want to know more about is how her milk has affected your mind."

"I guess we'll start by listing off what feels different," said Carrie. "I'll start... umm first off, I can sort of... feel your presence like... I can tell your location, it's strange. I also have insight into your personality and thoughts. It comes and goes, not always the same strength. Can you feel the same things?" Carrie asked.

"Umm...I guess. I can definitely feel your presence. It's like I can just tell you're there, even if I have my eyes closed. There is also this warmth I can feel from you, like I know that I can trust in anything you ask me to do... I guess that's what love is or something like it." Bridget said with a blush at the end.

Carrie smiled. "Okay, but did you know what my name was before I told you?"

"No..."

"Hmm... okay..."

This was both good and bad news. They definitely established some sort of psychic link, but it doesn't seem like it's completely the same for both of them. Carrie can feel Bridget's presence, but even more is that she can sort of look into her mind, not to any great accuracy, but enough to invade her privacy. Even scarier was that it seemed as though Carrie could ...will Bridget to do things. This isn't necessarily bad for Carrie, but she certainly doesn't want to control anyone as nice as Bridget against their will. She literally just gave Lyla her heart amulet back, and now Carrie was mind controlling someone again? This time maybe permanently!? What are the odds?

"We'll umm..this may be sort of... alarming, but I think one of the properties of our new connection is mind control... Earlier I was... doing... stuff, and then you started doing the same things in your sleep, and when I stopped you stopped, so we should try and do some tests to see if this is true... I hope you're not freaked out about this?"

"hmmm Nope" Bridget said, not a trace of fear on her pretty face.

"Really?! Because I mean, if it's true..It means I can just... well... control you... against your will..." Carrie said, confused.

"Yeah I guess but... Like I said, I feel I can trust anything you do... so even if I'm under your will... I wouldn't want to be anywhere else." Bridget said with a smile.

"Aww, you're so sweet, but what if that sense of trust is just being ... produced or faked by our milk connection?"

"Sure, that's fine! I mean... What am I supposed to do about it? If you've got control over me... there's not much I can do to stop you even if I wanted to. You could be making me say these words right now for all I know, or already forcing me to be your mindless sex toy..." Bridget said, getting flustered. "My point is you aren't doing those things. You're trying to help me instead. Which I think proves I can trust you."

Carrlie smiled warmly and Bridget smiled back. Lyla observed the two and smiled as well. Everything was working out perfectly! It was as if the fates had deemed that Carrlie would be a queen to those around her, if not controlling Lyla through the amulet, then controlling someone else or even the masses through her milk. As Lyla looked over to the bag of treasures, she had a hunch she knew what was causing Carrlie to begin to live such a royal life. That mysterious glowing orb had been Princess Yama's most prized position for a reason, she had obtained it right at the start of her rise to power, maybe something similar was in store for Carrlie? This was all good news to Lyla! She wouldn't have to worry about Carrlie's well-being knowing that Bridget would be there for her. Now she could keep her own agenda of exploring the world which she had been kept from for so many years.

"Alright then!" Carrlie said, "If you're really okay with this Bridget, then let's do some testing! First, I guess I'll try and influence you to do something and then you can try to make me do the same." Carrlie thought for a moment on what she could have Bridget do, then smiled to herself and focused hard on having Bridget walk over and start massaging her feet! (They were still so sore from all that walking in the desert).

After a few moments of concentration, nothing happened. Carrlie focused harder, until subconsciously, her hands started to massage and fiddle with her own boobs, as she had done the last time she controlled Bridget. This had a visible effect on Bridget, as her face became dreamy with pleasure and her eyes sort of glazed over. Suddenly Bridget got up, walked over to Carrlie, crouched down by her feet, and began giving her a foot massage!

"Oh my god it worked! I willed you to do that!" Carrlie shouted, not sure if she should be excited or worried.

Bridget blinked a few times, coming out of her daze, then looked at Carrlie. "Really? I couldn't tell..."

"What did it feel like when Carrlie was controlling you?" asked Lyla.

"Well... when Carrlie started to fondle her boobs... I just felt this pleasure spread all through mine. I felt like I was sitting on clouds and was content to just do nothing in bliss, then suddenly I got the idea to go massage Carrlie's feet and couldn't help myself! All I wanted to do was give her a nice foot rub because I'm sure they must have been sore from all her travels."

Carrlie and Lyla exchanged glances with each other and Lyla gave her a nod, confirming that Bridget's description matched how it normally felt when someone tried to use her heart amulet. "Okay then, now we have a good grasp on how I can get you to do things...How about you try on me?" Carrlie asked.

Bridget sat up straight, closed her eyes, and willed Carrlie to come to her side and give her a soft kiss... maybe grope her breasts a bit. Bridget couldn't help but grin at her own imagination, but after a few moments, nothing happened. "Try fondling yourself like Carrlie did." Said Lyla. Bridget took the advice and started groping her own breasts, but she wasn't prepared for how sensitive they were now! The pleasure was so strong, Bridget felt as if something must be happening, but as she worked herself harder and brought one of her hands to her nethers, Bridget couldn't help herself and got lost in the ecstasy of her own masturbation. After a couple

minutes of play, Bridget orgasmed, then remembered in her afterglow that she was supposed to be trying to psychically control Carrie. She looked up to both Carrie and Lyla with embarrassment.

"Hehe, got a little carried away there... It didn't work?"

"Guess not," said Lyla.

"But I did everything right didn't I?"

"You definitely got the fondling part down," said Carrie.

"Did you feel anything?" Bridget asked

"No sorry... though I was certainly turned on as I watched. What were you trying to make me do?" Carrie asked.

"I wanted you to come and give me a kiss..." Bridge said with a blush.

"Ha! You're a sweetie aren't you?" Carrie got up from the bed, hefting her enormous tits with her, then crouched down, splaying her boobs to either side of Bridget so that they almost enveloped her, then leaned forward and gave Bridget a long kiss on the lips. As the new lovers began to make out, Lyla continued to ponder the limitations of Carrie's new abilities.

"Hmm... okay... so we know the mind control works one way, probably because Carrie is the source of the milk, so however drinks her milk and is changed will become mentally linked to her, though it appears the link only works if Carrie is sexually aroused." said Lyla.

Carrie broke off from kissing Bridget. "That all tracks and makes sense I guess. Though that would mean we need to be careful about who else drinks my milk... don't want to go around enslaving just anyone... you sure you're okay with this Bridget?"

"Of course! All I wanted since the moment I saw you was to be with you, and now I basically have no choice." Bridget said with a smile. Carrie couldn't believe how free spirited Bridget was, or maybe 'bound spirited' would be a better term? Carrie wasn't sure if this was part of Bridget's prior personality or if her willingness to be enslaved was the milk talking, but as Carrie studied Bridget's pretty face and carefree demeanor, she could feel that it was really her saying those words.

"Well, now that we got a grip on the milk connection, I guess we won't know if there's anything else strange about me till we stumble across it." Carrie said, getting up and walking over to the bed again, then laying herself down on her back, her enormous boobs sliding off to either side of her onto the bed, each towering up into the air.

"Oh! Do you think I could drink more of your milk Carrie? It was so good last night, you should have tasted it." Bridget said as she licked her lips for the creamy substance.

Carrie turned her head to look at Bridget "Really?! You want more? After what's happened to you, you want more?"

"Sure! You really don't know how wonderful it was, the best drink I ever had! Besides, all that will probably happen is that I'll get even bigger boobs... and that's not really a bad thing." Bridget said as she waltzed over to Carrie, her pumpkin sized breasts swaying hypnotically as she found her way to Carrie's side.

Carrlie glanced at Lyla, who just shrugged and smiled. "There's no reason anything different should happen. Once the magic is mixed, it stays that way. Drinking more will almost certainly increase her boob size, but it might also increase the mental connection you share."

"Losing myself even further to Carrlie's will? Hmm... It's a risk I'm willing to take!" Bridget shouted, licking her mouth, ready to suck on the thumb sized nipple of Carrlie's left tit.

Carrlie wasn't quite as eager to enslave people as Bridget was willing to be enslaved by Carrlie, but just then a loud shout was heard from outside their room "Oi! Bridget! Where the hell are ya! I need ya out here to work the tables!"

"Oh my god Burty! What will he say when he sees these?!" Bridget chimed as she cupped her breasts, clearly ready to go show off her new assets.

"Ha! We forgot that you still work here... I guess the best thing to do now would be to go down there and quit! Tell him you're traveling with us now." said Carrlie with a wink.

Bridget's heart nearly exploded hearing those words from Carrlie and she couldn't help but do a little twirl, landing with a stumble as she still got used to her new boob weight. "Thank you so much Carrlie! I swear you won't regret it! Let me just grab a blanket to cover myself and ill tell Burt what's what!" and with that, Bridget clothed herself in a large bed sheet and marched out of the room with a happy yet determined look on her face.

As the door slammed behind her, the room became suddenly quiet, Carrlie and Lyla sat stationary on the bed, both amazed at Bridget's upbeat personality in the face of permanent bondage. Carrlie then got a curious look on her face. "Hmm..."

"What?" asked Lyla.

"I can feel her... I can tell exactly where she is as she walks through the building... this is too weird."

"Not much different than before though. From one to another, you still control someone as your slave, just this time it's of a different means."

"But I never wanted to control her, or you for that matter... I'm worried about what might happen if other's drink my milk. Is this to be my fate now, to brainwash others with my milk?" Carrlie asked with a sigh, a slightly depressed look on her face.

Lyla's gaze shifted to the treasure bag for a split second, thinking of that glowing orb, but with no intention of telling Bridget about her suspicions. Better to let fate take its course. "Oh come on now! Stop being so self righteous. It's clear that you were born to be a great figure of some sort, or at least have a great figure," Lyla said with a smirk. "We got out of that tomb, you have the tits you always wanted, and now a loyal lover to be your servant. What's to be sad about? You're a good person Carrlie. You freed me from your control but here I am, still with you. I'm sure Bridget feels the same way and would have tried to seduce you even if she hadn't drunk your milk. So you know... stop complaining and have some fun why don't you!"

Carrlie smiled back at Lyla with a twinkle in her eyes. "Thanks" then leaned forward and kissed Lyla as best she could, though with some difficulty due to her massive boobs. Lyla threaded herself into Carrlie's cleavage so they could make out more easily. After a few moments of passion, Lyla broke off their embrace and put on a sad face. "Carrlie, I've made a



decision that I know you won't like...but I've got to do it... and I hope you understand. I want to leave...to get out there and travel the world... by myself."

Carrlie gasped and put her hands to her mouth. "What? Why?"

"Because I barely know this world! All that time I was trapped in that cursed tomb while the world continued on without me. I want to see and know what's different. What's out there?!"

Carrlie frowned and looked away in thought. "I can understand that, I guess, but can't you just travel with me? It's not like I have any place to be. We can travel together in style!"

"True, but... this is more of a spiritual thing... I don't know... I just need to head out by myself and learn who I really am. And no offense, but I can travel the lands much quicker than if we have to plan logistics about your beautiful body. But know that I still love you Carrlie! I could never dream of doing this at all if it wasn't your love that gave me back my heart, and it pains me so much to leave you but...I need to do this." Lyla looked away as tears started to roll down her cheeks."

Carrlie watched Lyla with concern, then leaned in and kissed the tears off her face. "There there, it's okay. I'm not against you going. I'm not gonna hold you back with me just so I could be around you, this is why I gave you your heart back in the first place, so you could choose for yourself. Knowing you still love me is more than enough for me to be happy."

"Oh Carrlie! You don't know how much that means to me!" Lyla said as they kissed. "I've never known someone as caring as you and it makes this decision that much harder. But it's not like I'll be gone forever. I'll come back one day for certain and then we'll stick together."

Carrlie nodded and they embraced for a bit longer. "You better not be gone for long... When are you going to leave?"

"Well, right now I think... I don't really need to make preparations. I can just change my form to accommodate whatever area I end up going to."

"Oh... You don't want to say goodbye to Bridget?" Carrlie said, clearly not ready for Lyla to leave so soon.

"No, it's probably better to make this a clear break and let you have a smooth transition between slaves" Lyla said with a mischievous wink. "Don't get me wrong, I think she's perfect for you, but she's in love with you, not me, and I've only known her for what, like... 3 hours?" Lyla said with a laugh. "It'd be best if I just got going without getting her involved. When I return, we'll all sit down and get to know each other... and probably do some other stuff too." Lyla winked again.

"Okay, I guess you're right. I know you'll be able to find what you need out there while you are traveling... But how will you find me again? Or what if I need to find you?" Carrlie asked with a worried tone.

"I don't think it'd be hard to track someone with such an exquisite bust as yours, Carrlie... but just as a measure of commitment." Lyla knelt down so her face was level with one of Carrlie's tits and moved in to take a drink.

"No!" Carrlie pulled away. "What would happen to you?! You yourself said you're magical and that anything could happen."

"This is true... but I'm willing to give it a try in the name of love. I'm not gonna drink as much as Bridget. Just enough to hopefully establish a connection so we can sense each other's locations... Will you let me drink a little?" Lyla asked with big doe eyes you can't say no to.

Carrlie nodded slowly and Lyla wrapped her mouth around Carrlie's shot glass sized nipple. As Lyla sucked and tongued the nipple slowly, a thick stream of milk gushed into her and quickly filled her stomach. Her eyes lit up with the delight of its creamy flavor. It really was the best drink ever! Carrlie became lost in the pleasure and moaned her satisfaction. After a few quick gulps, Lyla stood up again and faced Carrlie. "Don't feel anything yet."

"Hmm, maybe you were wrong, or it might take more time."

"Okay, wellooOHH!" Lyla clutched her breasts as she felt a tremor of pleasure erupt within her. All of a sudden her boobs grew, but not too much, stopping at nearly the size of her head. This wasn't really a big deal for Lyla, since she could just shapeshift herself to have boobs this big, but the next transformation was possibly more impactful. Lyla could feel her body shift in composition, like she was made of something else. Her insides felt different, her skin became a lighter, milkier tone, her skin became smoother and silkier, taking on a light sheen of gloss. Lyla looked about her for any other changes, but saw nothing. "Hmm...well that wasn't that bad... just a small drink though. Not like the draining Bridget gave you."

"Good! I'm glad to know the change can be measured." Carrlie said as she felt Lyla's arm. She could tell Lyla's flesh was somehow much smoother, soft, and squishy.

"Can you sense my presence?" Lyla asked curiously.

"Yes... but it's different for you than for Bridget. The connection isn't as detailed or strong, but it's definitely there." Carrlie said with a smile.

"Alright then... I guess this is it, I'm off now... I'll miss you Carrlie... take care of Bridget and I'll see you again soon" Lyla said, giving Carrlie one last passionate kiss and boob squeeze, then walking to the nearest open window.

"I'll miss you too... please come back soon okay?"

"I will, my love. You enjoy yourself, ya hear? Don't get too worked up about taking over peoples minds. It's likely your destiny to be a goddess among mortals anyways." Lyla mumbled that last part.

"What was that?" Carrlie asked.

"Nothing! I love you! Byeeee!! Lyla winked and gave a little wave, then put on the violet necklace which was literally Lyla's heart. After she put it on, her whole body began to glow purple and her form changed, becoming a large majestic bird perched on the windowsill. With one last look back towards Carrlie, the bird took off into the sky. Carrlie rushed to the window and looked out to where she could still see Lyla flying away.

When she could see Lyla no more, Carrlie turned about and walked back to the bed, looking at the treasure pile and thinking about all the dramatic life changes that had happened to her in the last week. The world had never held so much possibility for Carrlie. As she thought about what Bridget and her could get up to next, all she could do was smile.