

Oasis Part 1



A setting desert sun hovered against the horizon. Pyramids as old as time stood in the looming twilight. Several hundred yards away, nestled at their base in the midst of an excavation site, rose another structure lost to the drifting sands. Its domed shape curved in direct contrast to its pointed brethren.

The dig had gone on for months with teams coming and going in three-week periods. Mountains of discarded sand sat around it like a wall. Finding one's way to the bottom of the hole was a five-minute climb down a series of ladders in and of itself. The excitement of unknown history waiting below their feet was enough to fuel any archeologist through the challenge. Even now, as the sun set on what would be their fifteenth day in the secluded desert site, the sounds of shovels and scraping brushes echoed through a maze of passages from the dome's entrance.

Two women welled with pride at what they'd accomplished. An ancient door, sealed by a coil of rope and clay, stood before them like a portal to the past.

Violet's chest thumped with excitement. In her many years of work, this was by far the most intriguing find of her career. It stood to be her crowning achievement. A gloved hand brushed dust-covered blonde hair from her face. "Can you believe this?"

SLUURRP

Her apprentice, Tara, stood at her side. The door was magnificent but it wasn't enough to overcome her caffeine addiction. Torchlight danced across her firey-red hair like reflections of demons.

Violet sighed. "Do you want to put your coffee down? We're about to make history and I don't want to associate it with the sound of your slurping. If I had been lucky enough to be here when I was your age..." Her eyes turned misty before coming back to the present. "Where is Roman?? Doesn't he want to be here when we open the chamber?!"

Shrugging, Tara placed her coffee in a pile of sand for safekeeping. "He was still taking his afternoon nap when I left camp. Still sleeps in the buff too, if you're wondering."

"Thanks, but I wasn't." Violet ground her foot in the sand. Why Tara had become so enamored with their associate was beyond her. Considering Tara's ample womanly endowment, however, it wasn't a surprise Roman had returned the sentiment. Violet's DD-cups felt small compared to the girl's exaggerated proportions. Being out on the desert, her chest was likely the most entertaining thing for their male coworker. Violet dismissed the thoughts. "We're about to make history and he's taking a nap. Screw him, I say we open it."

"Can't wait to find out it was looted a thousand years ago!"

"It's very possible. Even so, it's a momentous occasion." Violet stepped forward and grasped the seal. It held like stone but was brittle enough to shatter in her grip. "Grab a handle," she instructed Tara.

"Seems like we should knock first, but that's just me..."

Ancient hinges creaked and swung open with surprising ease. Sand piled against the doors when the two women pulled them outward. They managed to open the chamber enough for

a single person to enter one at a time. A wall of aged air waited on the other side in darkness. Violet wasn't ashamed to admit she felt a tinge of fear bubble in her stomach stemming from every mummy movie she'd ever seen.

"You smell that...?" Violet asked.

Tara inhaled deeply, stretching her bush shirt over her ample chest. "It...smells *sweet*," she decided. "Not what I was expecting."

"Me either."

The round pyramid only became more intriguing. They stepped inside and brandished torches into the darkness.

The sweetness was familiar but unable to be placed by their senses. Its identity was left for a later time, however, when their fire cast an oblong shadow against a far wall. In the center of the buried chamber sat a long sarcophagus. The stone was a dull grey and covered in veins of white marble. On top was a bas relief of a sleeping ruler.

Violet was speechless.

Tara had trouble finding her voice. "...Ok, we might have made history."

Only their torches crackled while their minds processed the find. Violet couldn't contain herself any longer. "*It's a tomb!! We found a tomb!!*" She rushed towards the sarcophagus. Her hands trembled over its surface, scared to touch the artifact. "Could it be Akhenaten?? But why would he be buried here?! It couldn't be Nefertiti! The structure of this pyramid doesn't fit any known data about the pharaohs! It could be an entirely unknown dynasty!"

"Well why don't we find out??" Tara made to push on the lid of the casket.

Despite the preposterous idea of the girl being able to push the lid open by her strength alone, Violet was quick to snap, "Back away! You know we're not permitted to touch any human remains!"

"Calm down, it was just a joke." Tara stood back and lifted her torch around the room. Their attention had been so focused on the sarcophagus, they hadn't taken time to inspect everything else. "Violet..." Tara stared.

"What?" She was busy brushing clean the sarcophagus's surface.

"Look at the walls..."

"We'll get to them. Right now I want to--" It took only a glance for Violet's attention to waver.

Faded art covered the room. Like many other discovered tombs, depictions of ancient life was shown around them. Violet had to blink several times to make sure she wasn't seeing things in the darkness. "What am I looking at?"

Well-endowed women covered the walls. On all accounts, their breasts were far larger than any natural busts observed today and outshined even the largest implants.

One section depicted a group of women bathing in the Nile. Some leaned forward to dip their nipples into the waters, while others walked away from its banks cradling massive, dripping

breasts in their arms. All appeared incomprehensibly large with rounded mammaries reaching beyond their hips.

On another wall was a more royal setting. Pillows adorned palace chambers filled with men and women. Not a woman among them was of natural size. All carried their breasts like jugs of sweet wine. Men crouched at their feet while a white fluid was poured from the women's nipples into the men's mouths. At the center stood a pharaoh surrounded in a sea of flesh and milk. Giant bowls of dairy were fed by flowing nipples. He held an offering aloft to an unknown depiction of a winged goddess hovering above. A startling likeness to a bovine covered her visage.

"What the hell..." Violet whispered. Suddenly their discovery felt more like a prank.

Tara patted the sarcophagus. "Guess this guy had a pretty good life from the looks of it!"

"You would have fit right in..." Violet couldn't take her eyes off the paintings. "I've never seen hieroglyphics like this. I can't make heads or tails of these proportions! This doesn't match any known Egyptian style we've seen! Does it look like these women are *lactating* to you?"

Tara's attention was focused on another wall. "*Holy shit!*" her voice echoed through the pyramid. "*Look at this!*"

"There's no need to yell!" Violet winced at the shout.

In front of Tara waited another painting. A blue sky stretched over a number of domes similar to their current location. No traditional pyramids were in sight. Drifting through the sky were several orbs paired together. Beings were shown standing atop platforms hanging from each floating structure while others remained on the ground.

Tara swallowed. "W-When were hot air balloons invented?"

"Late eighteenth century..." Violet's mouth was dry. "In France."

"This is big! This is big, right?? Like, this could rewrite history or something! There is *no* record of any Egyptian culture remotely close to this!"

"You mean an ancient Egyptian civilization predating the known pyramids, built around massive breasts, and apparently being capable of air travel? Doesn't ring a bell." Saying such outlandish words made Violet lightheaded.

"I wonder what else is--*AHH!*" Tara shrieked and dropped her torch.

"What?! What is it??" Turning, Violet shown her torch further into the room where Tara had stumbled. Several shadow-cast faces emerged from the darkness, making her heart jump in her throat. She calmed herself upon realizing they were only the looming statues of two women. Each stood eight feet tall with breasts stretching beyond their hips and several feet in front of them. A hand was cupped under their nipples. On the ground lay the broken remains of a similar figure, fallen long ago.

"These things scared the tits off me!" Tara breathed. Gathering herself, she approached them with her torch. Their hewn busts rivaled exercise balls. "Look at these girls... They put me to *shame!*"

Violet kicked at the broken remains on the floor. “Must have been too top-heavy.” Leaning closer and searching for any kind of inscription or recognizable hieroglyphics, she added, “It’s so strange we’ve never heard of this dynasty before. If these paintings are anything to go off, they were incredibly prosperous.”

“Well they obviously based their entire culture around tits. If there was a pharaoh with knockers like this in his face all day, how much mental energy would he have left to devote to survival and the future?” Tara extended an arm and rubbed one of the giant nipples. “I guess boobs have always been fascina--”

HIIIIISS

Smoke began pouring from the two statues’ nipples. A dull purple in color, it flowed like incense into their hands before overflowing onto the floor. Wisps snaked their way through the air before finding the archeologists’ nostrils. They coughed immediately at the sharp scent.

“*Get out! Get out!*” Violet warned her apprentice through a covered mouth.

Both fled the smoke-filled tomb with watery eyes. Running down the passage until clearing a safe distance, they stopped to catch their breath.

Violet’s throat burned. “Are you all right? Did you inhale any??”

“Just--*ack!* Just a little! I thought booby traps were only in movies!” Tara leaned against the wall to catch her breath. She was acutely aware of how firmly her breasts were packed into her bra with every deep inhale. Each breath pulled her buttons apart to reveal a line of cleavage.

Throat burning, Violet opened her canteen and dumped its contents into her mouth. Quenching her smoke-kissed throat seemed impossible with so little fluid. Gasping and feeling it run over her cheeks, she said, “We can’t go in there again... Not until we have a pathologist check it out. We don’t know what kind of ancient diseases might have been dormant! We got ahead of ourselves.”

Tara wasn’t listening. Every inch of her chest demanded her attention. Watching it rise up and down with her lungs was mesmerizing. Energy tickled within its depths.

“Tara!”

“H-Huh??” Tara looked up.

“Did you hear me? We need to be careful. Roman has some experience in this sort of thing. We can talk to him about it when we get back to camp. It’s time we started heading back anyway; it’s nearly dark.” Violet snickered. “I say we wake Roman up and force him to cook dinner for skipping out on work.”

The mention of Roman made something flare inside Tara. Suddenly she very much hoped he was still asleep, so she could wake him up herself. But dusty cleavage was never the ideal flirting tool. “C-Could we clean up first? I feel like I need it after today.”

Cold, rushing water had never sounded more pleasant. Violet almost moaned with desire. “I thought you would never ask.”

Any notion of danger was gone from their minds. The purple smoke was little more than a memory with their tingling bodies the only lasting effect. After navigating through the domed

pyramid's passages, the dull glow of twilight was spotted through a stone entrance. Both sighed with relief when greeted by the fresh desert air.

Camp was one hundred yards to the right. Several large tents flapped in the breeze and the glow of a campfire turned the surrounding sand gold. Roman was up from his nap and stirring a pot over the flames.

To the left was the Nile. It was a significant distance, but the extra twenty minutes there and back was well worth it to the women. Being the only major source of running water, it served as their occasional washbin when moist towelettes would no longer do the trick.

They couldn't arrive at the river fast enough. Tara was focused on cleaning herself up for Roman. Violet, however, was mesmerized by the sound of the swirling waters. It was intoxicating listening to the Nile's banks babble and gulp. Just ahead was a patch of reeds the women had deemed private enough for their needs. Violet's blouse was already unbuttoned and slipping down her arms before they were at the water's edge.

"Whoa, jumping the gun a little bit aren't you??" Tara gawked. Her coworker was never one to expose herself in the open; she was quiet, strong-willed, well-spoken, and very private. Watching her slip her pants and underwear down her legs while hopping excitedly to the Nile's edge was unheard of.

Violet didn't reply. Instead, she pushed the reeds aside and stood naked at the river bank. Its waters called to her like a beloved friend unseen in years. It tickled her toes when she dipped a foot into the cool fluid. "*M-Mmmm...*"

A borderline-sexual moan made Tara blush while removing her own clothes. "You doing all right there, Violet?"

"I'm...in *heaven*." Violet let the water take and proceeded to float on her back. Every inch of her skin sang and rejoiced in the refreshing coolness. The night air made her nipples stand on end and rise from the water. She couldn't wait to run her hands over them and wash the day from her body.

Tara dipped a toe into the secluded area. "*Jesus it's freezing!! How did you just walk in?!*"

"Just let it take you!" Violet swooned and dove underwater before emerging and running her hands through her hair. "*Ooohhh I've never felt better!*"

Shivering and covered in goosebumps, Tara fought the night's setting chill and trudged into the river. The cold made her body tense, the most recognizable effects being centered on her breasts. They plumped with her contracting skin and stood out from her body with iron nipples. Wrapping an arm over them for warmth, Tara was positive they were fuller and more firm than usual. It took a lot for her to notice a difference such as this in her H-cups.

"W-Why did we choose to do this at night?? The sun is what makes this water bearable!"

"I don't know what you're talking about; this water has *never* felt more incredible."

Tara brought cupped hands of water to her body and rubbed it over herself. Every splash was like assaulting herself with handfuls of snow. Water pooled in her collected cleavage like a tiny oasis. “I can barely even wash myse--*V-Violet!*”

Glancing up from her duties, Tara found her friend’s hands running over her floating frame like a ravenous lover’s. One dove between her legs to cup an exposed pussy with another tenderly rubbed her pert bust. The scene was pornographic and Tara stared in shocked awe. “Oh my God, do I need to give you some privacy?! The hell has gotten into you?!”

Violet craned her head out of the water. “*M-Mmm!* Sorry... I guess I...got a little caught up in the night air...” The river ran over her body when she stood. Blonde hair clung to her back as she stretched her arms overhead. “You thirsty at all?”

Violet’s body was slender and lithe, standing over a foot taller than her apprentice’s. Tara’s eyes shot to Violet’s chest. She snorted and ignored the random inquiry. “You haven’t been sneaking cheeseburgers while we’ve been on the excavation, have you?”

“What do you mean?” Violet’s voice was soft and flowing.

“It looks like you’re putting on a little weight up on top!”

Curious, Violet turned her attention downward. Natural cleavage had formed between her breasts. Several additional cups wobbled on her frame with fluid-like motions. Shiny nipples reflected the rising moon’s silver against their pink surfaces. “H-Huh??” she gasped, groping them in her hands. They were firm to the touch and resisted with high elasticity. The weight in her palms was a far cry from what breasts should command.

“You trying to catch up to me?? What’s your secret! Those things are *damn* nice!” Tara grabbed herself with pride. “You still have a ways to go until you’re as big as--” She paused, squeezing herself testingly. Something didn’t feel right in her hands. Not only did her tits feel larger and more rounded, but a tense pressure pulsed against her fingertips.

Violet didn’t notice her apprentice’s words get cut off; she was too busy inspecting her own body. “I-I guess I must be eating too much salty food... This water retention is a bit extreme... It’s *all* in my boobs!”

“You’re telling me...” Tara whispered and sank her fingers into herself once more. The heat pouring off her chest was incredible.

Violet, snapping out of her trance, walked past Tara. “You want to go eat? Or you going to keep groping yourself all night?”

A growl came in response from Tara’s stomach and they left the river in the night.

The glow of a crackling fire guided their way back to camp. Roman sat at its edge with a metal spoon in his hands. He was in his early thirties; only a few years older than Tara. Though they hadn’t worked together long, an intense infatuation had blossomed between them. It was mostly physical and served as more of a distraction from the menial days of digging than anything else. No complaints had come from either thus far. Tara was more than happy to share herself with the olive-skinned, dark-haired Mediterranean dream.

Roman glanced up from dinner. “About time you two made it back! I thought a mummy’s curse had gotten you!”

“We actually *did* find a mummy for your information. You could have been part of the moment if you were doing your job instead of sleeping!” Violet scolded. “And thanks for coming to look for us! Clearly you were *very* worried.”

“Holy shit are you serious?? We actually found a--” In the full light of the fire, Roman’s focus was drawn to an abundance of cleavage flaring the women’s shirt collars. From the way their buttons folded into the shirt and stress lines crossed the fabric, they were unable to fully button the blouses.

“Watch where you’re looking...” Violet growled, narrowing her eyes at the man’s drifting gaze.

Tara wasn’t so strict. Falling under his inspection, she puffed her chest into her shirt to the point her skin bulged over her bra and threatened to pop a button. The extra heft was proving to be fun. “Careful,” she teased, “Don’t let our dinner burn.”

Bubbles ran over the edge of the pot and Roman snapped to attention. “Crap!” Furious stirring settled the meal with minimal mess but maximum arousal burned within him and Tara. “Uhh... Dinner is served!”

The group ate around the fire. Most of the conversation was dominated by the day’s discovery and what it meant for their futures and Egypt’s past.

“Hang on hang on, run those paintings by me again?” Roman requested.

Tara’s eyes shown bright. “They’re just women with *giant* boobs! There’s milk everywhere! Also they apparently had hot air balloons.”

Roman wasn’t buying it. “I think I’m going to have to see this for myself. Are you two sure you didn’t have a few drinks?”

She nodded hard enough to make her chest jounce. “I swear it’s true!” The button across her front was ready to burst. “Violet saw them too!”

“It’s true,” Violet confirmed, “They did resemble some form of a hot air balloon.”

Roman was only half listening; he couldn’t believe how packed into their shirts the two women were. Tara’s especially were plump and flushed with color. He didn’t dare mention the two wet spots on Violet’s front. “Well...” he breathing, trying to keep his mind off their breasts. Tara’s noticeable swelling was mesmerizing; every time he peeked, the blouse looked one step closer to blowing open. “I can see the appeal of such a society.”

Violet rolled her eyes. “I’m sure you can.”

“I’m just saying! Obviously we need to study the tomb more, but this is an incredible find!”

Dinner finished, Violet tossed her paper plate and utensils into the fire. “We should get some sleep. There’s a lot of work to do tomorrow.” Wetness spread across her shirt and the fabric clung to her nipples as she stood and surveyed her team. “Anyone thirsty before I go to bed? Need their canteens topped off?”

“No thanks, I’m good!” Tara piped.

“Same,” Roman waved.

“I’ll see you two in the morning then. Don’t stay up too late.”

After Violet bid them goodnight, the lantern inside the tent was extinguished minutes later as she climbed into her cot.

“That was kind of a weird thing to offer,” Roman muttered.

Tara shrugged. “She’s just being nice. It’s important to stay hydrated out here.”

The temptations running through Roman’s mind about what he would like to do to Tara’s chest would surely lead to dehydration. Her pronounced cleavage was too much to ignore.

“*Nnngh...*” Tara pulled her arms overhead to stretch. Creaking fabric strained from the front of her shirt, making Roman’s ogling gaze widen with hope. “I think I might turn in too. My shoulders hurt from shoveling so much sand today.”

Roman was disappointed to see her stand and move towards the tent. When she stopped at his side and bent at the hips to bring herself down to ear level, however, his heart thumped. Tara teased the bulge at the front of his pants and whispered, “Maybe if we happen to wake up in the middle of the night and we’re extra quiet, I’ll let you play with the tits you’ve been staring at all through dinner.”

Hope was alive. As much as he wanted to bend Tara over a chair right now, waiting until the dead of night would make it far more erotic. With the three of them sharing one large tent as their living quarters, there was something about having sex with Violet sleeping only several yards away that injected a certain amount of thrill into the act. If she were to awaken, there would be hell to pay. Trying to stay quiet while making the other moan was as pleasurable as the sex itself.

“Don’t make me set an alarm,” Roman teased.

Tara squeezed his shaft. “I don’t think you’ll have to.”

A final glimpse into her overflowing cleavage stuck in his brain as Tara straightened up and headed to bed. Roman stared at the crackling fire until the desert’s chill proved too strong and he retired as well.

Several hours later, the moon was high over the silent desert. A gentle breeze rustled the tent walls but its inhabitants slept without fear.

Still, Tara’s slumber was far from still. Sensations of pressure running through her chest plagued her dreams. Her nightshirt constricted her breathing. Lying on her stomach was more impossible than ever, and every other position left her feeling weighed down by immense mass.

“*Nnnngh...*” Tara’s moan drifted through the tent. “*A-Ahh!!*”

The shirt refused to allow a full draw of breath. Unconscious, her body fought for every gasp of air. Her shirt strained further each and every time. It felt as though she were trying to balance two buckets of water on her chest. Warmth attacked her nipples from every angle.

“*Mmmmm!!*”

POW POW POW POW!!

A rapid succession of buttons fired into the air like bullets. On the other side of the tent, the noise roused Roman from his rest. His surroundings were dark save for the silhouettes formed against the canvas walls.

“What’s going on...?” he mumbled, figuring someone had sought to wake him. Something had struck him in the forehead.

“Nnnngh...” Tara whimpered from her bed and her squirming figure caught Roman’s eye.

Suddenly he was very much awake. The naked top half of the girl’s body glowed in the moonlight. Shirt blown open from the inside, a pair of breasts like watermelons shook and wobbled on her body. Their girth was overbearing for the girl’s short figure and rose like mountains against the tent wall. Even her nipples were plainly visible, jutting into the air like dark thumbs.

Resisting the sight was never an option. Violet snored peacefully in her own corner, blissfully unaware. Rising to his feet and already naked, Roman approached Tara’s cot. They were even bigger up close. The plump fullness of her tits was staggering. Reaching forward, he pressed a hand into a firm mound.

“*A-Auugh!!*”

Tara’s back bucked under his touch and her mouth fell open in a gasp. Fluid coated Roman’s palm. An instant later, Tara awoke and her eyes shot open to meet his. Not a word was said, nor did she spare a moment to glance at her engorged udders. The only thing that mattered was the cock hanging over the side of her cock and the man attached to it.

Tara’s breath was laced with desire. She slipped her pajama pants down to her ankles and spread her legs.

Roman was on her in an instant and her cot groaned from his added weight. The size of her breasts was enough to press into his chest when he penetrated her slick pussy while supporting himself on his arms. He didn’t dare press his full weight on top of her.

“*Ahh!! A-Aahhmmm!!*” Tara clawed at his back, the thrusting sending dynamic motions across her chest. Milk sprayed against Roman’s torso. “*Why do my tits feel...so FULL?!*” she whispered as quietly as possible.

The sight was incredible. Tara was engorging before his very eyes. Pleasure fueled her lactation, pumping her mammaries to the brim with rich dairy. It began leaking, running over her bloated tits in thick streams. Muscles clamped around his cock when Tara’s body tensed and strained.

“*Oohhh!! Nnngh suck me!!*” she pleaded, grabbing his head and pulling him close. “*Suck my tits! PLEASE!! Oh God they’re so tight!!*”

It was unclear if Tara realized what was happening to her body. Roman couldn’t even be sure of his own mind. The darkness liked to play tricks and this was as real as any dream. With a pair of swollen tits engulfing his face, however, he wasn’t one to turn down such an experience. Grabbing their sides, he directed both nipples together and wrapped his lips around them.

“MMMM!!!”

Milk gushed down his throat. The taste was immaculate and sweet like honey. Tara’s breasts sensed the release and saw fit to take advantage.

“Ahh! Nnnngaaahh!!” She writhed from the painful swelling of a letdown. Pressure spiked within her tits, driving milk against her nipples and into Roman’s mouth. Fluid leaked from his cheeks as the flow tested his ability to swallow. “Oohhh my boobs!! M-My CHEST!!”

Violet snorted in her cot, Tara’s cries reaching her dreams. Neither of them cared.

Skin pulsed and stretched in his hands. Milk surged as if building up inside the girl for years. At its peak, Roman couldn’t keep himself from coming when Tara clamped around his shaft in orgasm. Both trembled in mental fireworks and the lingering scent of her fluid.

The flow started to wane. Her size was diminished, reminiscent of her previous endowment. Though still larger, it was hard to believe they could have contained so much milk. Roman’s stomach was full and heavy with her release.

“I-I was...” Tara panted, the stress in her chest gone, “I was wondering when I would have a midnight visitor... I don’t even remember you...mmm...unbuttoning my shirt!”

Roman squeezed her chest, eliciting a stifled squeal. “Somehow I think I came at just the right time.”

“Nnngh...” Violet shifted once again. Both Tara and Roman froze until they were certain she was fast asleep.

“Thanks for the sweet dreams,” Tara whispered, kissing Roman’s cheek.

“And thank you for the midnight snack.” Taking a final look at the magical scene of a woman naked and satisfied in the dead of night, Roman returned to his cot.

Several hours later, when the sun rose over the horizon and the tent began to rouse, neither of them could be sure how much had been real or dream-induced. Tara had no recollection of her milky eruption and Roman couldn’t be positive of the absurd experience. Though when it came time for breakfast, he found himself curiously full.

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The subterranean chill of the tomb was a welcome relief from the desert’s relentless heat. Tara couldn’t understand how it could be so cold at night and then turn into a sweltering heatscape in the day.

Their morning had been odd to say the least. Glances passed between Tara and Roman like notes in a classroom; neither could believe the previous night’s sex. Tara’s mind refused to accept what she remembered to be fountains of milk draining from her nipples. Ignoring the lasting tightness in her breasts was next to impossible; Roman’s actions from the previous night had only aggravated their swelling. Much to Violet’s relief, her breasts had receded to more closely resemble her previous size.

Following breakfast, the trio spent the majority of their day at the dome. Roman entered the tomb alone to analyze the air and surroundings for any dangerous substances or dormant diseases while his coworkers watched from down the corridor and busied themselves with transcribing the hieroglyphics found there.

“Are you thirsty?” Violet asked, licking her lips.

“No I think I’m good. Thanks though...” The question had been asked more times than was usual, even for someone as cautious as Violet.

“Figured I would ask. I’m *parched!* I’m going to run and get my big water jug; a bottle isn’t cutting it for me like it usually does.”

Violet made her way through the dome and back to camp while Roman finished his analysis. It was already late in the afternoon. “All clear!” he announced. A collection of instruments came cradled in his arms. “There are a few things I want to look at more closely, but I don’t see anything harmful. You two should be good to continue working.”

“Oooooo you could hang around for a few minutes...” Tara ran her fingers along Roman’s arm.

“Last night wasn’t risky enough for you? Violet could be back any minute you know.” Roman was never one to shy away from a thrilling quickie. The way Tara’s breasts stretched into her blouse was hypnotic.

“The walk back to camp is *at least* a few minutes... What’s the matter? Scared I’ll make you moan loud enough you’ll wake the dead?”

“Don’t tempt me with a good time.” Roman pressed a hand into her chest.

“*N-Nnngh! AAhhh...*”

“You all right?”

Tara nodded and tried to catch her breath. The pressure was back with a vengeance and Roman’s hand was enough to make her nipples throb. “*Nngh...* Yea, I’m fine! Somebody just decided to suck on my nipples like crazy last night!”

His eyes flashed. “I was just doing as I was told! I’ll see you back at camp; let me know if you want help washing up when you and Violet are done!”

“Oh I’m sure she’ll be thrilled with the offer!” Tara slapped his shoulder as he left her to her business. The tomb waited ahead of her with ancient loneliness.

“Just me and you, whatever your name is...” Tara mumbled, picking up her tools. The sarcophagus was where they left it, undisturbed for thousands of years. “You wouldn’t have minded a sexy little show, would y--*Nnngh!*”

Hot milk pulsed inside Tara’s bust. Stumbling slightly, she hugged an arm across it and gasped for air. “The hell is...going on with my boobs? I-I feel...*nnngh...*so tight!” A visual inspection matched the bloated sensations coursing under her skin. Orbs like basketballs stretched her blouse to the limit. Had been this large this morning, she wasn’t sure she would have been able to button her shirt.

“Maybe...last night was more real than I thought...” Tara’s head was hot and woozy from the heat rising from her cleavage. Hoping her work would distract from the tightening globes in her blouse, she leaned on the sarcophagus and removed an archeologist’s brush from her bag. Before they could transcribe any of the etched details into paper, she would have to remove any dirt.

“*A-Ahh! Easy...*” she told herself, accidentally leaning too far forward and squishing her breasts. Foregoing a bra was the right decision; had she worn one, Tara was sure it would be choking the life from her body at this point. It was hard enough dealing with the overwhelming sensitivity assaulting her nipples. “Ooohh the hell is happening to my ti--”

“You’re *sure* you’re not thirsty??”

“*Ahh!*” Tara jumped at Violet’s return. “*Don’t scare me like that!* And no, I’m still not thirsty!” A sloshing jug of water hung in Violet’s hand. “But *you* sure are, apparently!”

“I’m parched! It won’t stop! I feel like a damn camel. Ever time I empty a water bottle I just feel more thirsty than before.” Annoyed, Violet adjusted her blouse. The underwire of her bra was digging into a bulge of underboob. “Are my boobs as big as they feel??”

“*Your* boobs?” Tara straightened her back. “Have you *seen* mine?!”

“You were always on the big side though. I feel like I’m about to pop out of my bra.”

“Are you kidding me?? I was never *this* big!” Tara cupped herself and regretted it when her grasp forced a moan from her lips. “T-They’re bigger and tighter every time I look down!”

Violet waved a hand. “You’re young; your body is going to do weird things sometimes. You’re still a growing girl, and I’m apparently a sponge now. God I’m thirsty.”

POP!

The cap flipped off Violet’s water jug. Leaning against the wall of the tomb, she lifted the opening to her mouth.

GULP

Tara returned to her work brushing the sarcophagus clean. “Violet... Have you felt...different since yesterday?”

“Mmm?” She couldn’t be bothered to stop drinking.

GULP

GULP

“I don’t know, just *different*. Like something inside you has changed...” Skin tingled under Tara’s blouse and she glanced down worryingly at her cleavage pressing into the stone.

GULP

Violet continued to gulp relentlessly, hardly listening.

“I wonder if there was something in that smoke we inhaled. Roman said everything was clear, but what if it wasn’t technically dangerous? We both inhaled it and we’re both outgrowing our tops...”

GULP

“*Mmm...*”

GULP

STRREEETCH

“I’m just saying my boobs have *never* done this. I-I’m pretty sure I lactated last night. I know it sounds crazy--”

GULP

STREEEETCH

GULP

“--but it felt *so real!* My breasts felt so *full!* A-And they feel even bigger today!” Tara rubbed her chest over the sarcophagus; the fabric of her blouse was harmony against her iron nipples.

“*Mmmmmmm...*”

GULP

GULP

POP!!

POP!!

Violet was a storm of aroused noises. “*Mmm!!*”

“Hey, are you listening to me?? I’m telling you something weird is--” Tara glanced at Violet.

Supported by the wall, Violet had the jug raised overhead. Water ran down her neck and into her strained shirt. Two buttons had abandoned their posts and as a result, an overflowing heap of cleavage was bulging into the open. Violet’s mammaries had more than doubled in size, rivaling her own head and straining the seams of her clothes.

GULP

GULP

She was oblivious. Every greedy swallow sent a wave of water into her chest. Tara stared in wonder, watching her friend’s chest swell in pulsing surges. “V-Violet...”

GULP

STRREEETCH

“U-U-Uhh, Violet?”

GULP

GULP

GULP

“*M-Mmmm...!*”

POP!!

POP!!

Several more buttons exploded across the tomb. Only her bra clung to life now. It dug across the center of her chest like a belt, the cups folding over as it pulled too tight. The straps vanished in folds of water-filled skin. Tara’s eyes flitted between the jug and Violet’s chest. One was almost empty, while the other looked fit to burst.

GULP

GULP

GULP

STRREEEEEEEE--POW!!

The jug gave a hollow echo when Violet removed it from her lips. “*Ahhh...*” she sighed, thirst quenched for the moment.

Tara was wide-eyed in horror and confusion. “*V-Violet!!!*”

“What? What’s the--” A chill against water-logged nipples made Violet shiver. Eyes shooting downward, she found her blouse and bra blown open. Her eyes grew wider with every heartbeat.

Gallon-sized tits of water pulled at her shoulders. Plump nipples stood into the air like spigots. Crystal-clear fluid dripped from them into the sand below. Her back slid down the wall in surprise, only to release a rash of sloshing from her breasts.

“*O-OH MY GOD!!*” Violet screamed. Her hands sank into the fleshy water balloons, creating another storm of sloshes and she fought to contain their mass. “*MY BREASTS!!*”

“What happened to you?!” Tara ran forward to help but was kept at bay.

“*Nnngh, n-no, don’t touch them! God they’re so heavy... Why does it feel like...they’re full??*”

“I-I saw them get bigger as you drank! The more water you drank the bigger they got!!” Tara couldn’t believe the words coming out of her mouth. “This is what I was talking about! This isn’t normal!!”

Violet moaned and tried to stand up straight. “*Ooohhh I-I need to get out of here... I can barely...stand with these! What’s happening to my body?!*” She licked her lips and stared at the empty jug on the ground. “I-I kind of wish I had more water... Are you thirsty?”

Water leaked heavily from her nipples at the inquiry, as if preparing for a positive answer.

Tara was flabbergasted. “Violet do you hear yourself??”

She shook her head as if clearing cobwebs. “Sorry, sorry! I don’t know what’s...coming over me!” Cradling herself, she made for the tomb’s exit.

“Here, let me help you!”

“No, don’t worry about me. Stay here and do your work, I need to get a handle on whatever is going on.”

“Don’t you want to go to a doctor??”

“I-I feel fine. The sloshing kind of t-tickles, actually...” Violet blushed and covered her nipples. “I’ll be all right; I’ll meet you back at camp later.”

“Violet this is crazy! I can’t let you go like this! Where are you going to go??”

“Somewhere...*mmgh*...private.”

Tara suddenly understood. “Y-You’re sure?”

“I’ll be fine. You better get that sarcophagus cleaned off while I’m gone.”

There was no convincing her otherwise. Defeated, Tara left her friend's side. "All right. Be careful though..."

"I will be." Violet hugged her sloshing chest and winked. "Try not to let Roman know about this either, ok?"

Tara nodded. "I won't." Violet made her way down the corridor and Tara called out, "Don't drink any more water!"

A weak thumbs-up was the only response. More bewildered than ever, Tara turned back to her given task. Copying the hieroglyphics on an old tomb seemed so insignificant after watching her coworker's chest swell with water and explode out of her shirt.

"T-They got bigger than mine..." she whispered, poking the side of her chest. Her own muffled sloshing sounded back. "*M-Mmm and now they're even tighter than before...*"

Tara needed to distract herself. Bloated tightness was running rampant under her shirt and it was clouding her mind. After watching Violet blow out of her clothes, there was nothing Tara wanted to do more than touch herself.

"Gotta...clean it off..." Tara told herself. Her breasts moved as firm, solid objects when she stumbled to the sarcophagus. Leaning forward without stimulating her nipples was impossible. Billowing, milky skin squished over the carved face of the long-dead pharaoh.

She began brushing the surface clean. Even the lightest motions caused her chest to shimmy. Nubs like strawberries stood into her shirt screaming for attention. "*N-Nnngh...*" Tara couldn't help but whimper. "*Hah... Nnnnggghh! Oh my God they're getting full...*"

Milk was flourishing with her arousal. Engorging larger by the second, Tara's breasts swelled and filled. She could feel her skin shifting as her chest rounded out. The shirt fought to compress them, stuffing skin into the openings of her sleeves. Keeping the brush steady was a challenge in itself, much less putting it to good use.

POP!!

"Mmm!!"

A button ticked against the stone and she felt cleavage shift into the opening. "I-I'm going to...outgrow my--"

POP!!

POP!!

"M-Mmmm!!!"

Tara slammed the brush against the sarcophagus and panted. Her breasts were cracking open her shirt like an animal ready to hatch from an egg. Compressing cleavage bulged out in a deformed shelf. Flesh pressing into her arms trembling at her side. Slave to the peaking ecstasy, Tara's hand slipped from the sarcophagus and into the waistband of her pants.

"*NNGHHH Ooohhhhh...!!*" She was far wetter than she thought. Her pussy throbbed in time with her milky nipples. Gasping loud enough to echo throughout the dome, she clawed at the stone as she thrust her fingers in and out. "I-It's...*nnngh!! It's gonna come!!*"

GUUUURGLE

“Ahhh!!!” Tara bloated and tightened. She grew, her chest deformed in the ill-fitting shirt. “AHH!! AAAAHHH!!! OOH HH SOMETHING IS...S-SOMETHING IS GOING TO... NNNGGHH I CAN’T HOLD IT!!” Nipples contracting, Tara groped her crotch and felt her clitoris ignite. Leaning her head back, she gasped in agonizing pleasure.

SPRRRCH!!!

“AAAHHMMM!!!”

An eruption of milk sprayed from her trapped nipples. It soaked her shirt for only a moment before the torrent shot through the fabric. A shower of rich cream doused the ancient sarcophagus.



“Ahhh!! A-Ahhh!!!” The release went on, sprays of milk releasing from her chest in pulses strong enough to make her body shake. When her orgasm died away, Tara leaned on the tomb for support. Red hair fell in her face like a curtain. “O-Oh my...God... I’ve never come so hard in--Uh oh.”

Milk covered the sarcophagus. Running over the sides and pooling in every crevice, Tara couldn’t believe what she’d done to the priceless artifact.

“CRAP!!”

She tried to wipe it off but it only left smeared handprints in the unbrushed dirt. Panic gripped her chest. How much trouble could she get in for fingering herself and spraying milk over an ancient sarcophagus?

Tara panicked. Too many things had happened in too short of time. Between Violet's water-absorbing tits and her milk-releasing udders, the tomb was the least of her worries. Several of her buttons still remained intact. Fixing her shirt as best she could and gathering any tools, she fled from the tomb. As she exited the dome, she welcomed the setting chill of twilight; her body still burned with the lasting rage of orgasm. Had she stayed in the tomb for a few more moments, she would have seen her milk ominously absorb into the stone of the sarcophagus.

Roman had an early dinner cooking over the fire when Tara arrived. He stared at her disheveled appearance for more than a moment, taking in especially the missing buttons revealing full cleavage.

Finally he asked, "Uh... Where's Violet? I thought she was with you."

Tara wracked her mind for any excuse and sat across from him. "She's... S-She's having some...female trouble. She came back early; must be around here somewhere."

"Ah."

Tara glanced around the camp worriedly. Between their main quarters, the makeshift outhouse, and their rented truck, there weren't many places someone could hide. Considering Violet's condition, the large tank of potable water resting in the back of the truck seemed like a liability at this point.

Some time passed with Tara bouncing her leg and keeping an eye on the horizon. Finally, from the direction of the Nile, the outline of a feminine figure showed against the dimming sky.

"Oh thank God," Tara sighed. "I was worried about you!"

Roman greeted her from afar. "Dinner is almost ready! Tonight we're having burritos and--" He stopped, the woman close enough to inspect. "V-Violet..." he stammered, "You look--"

Violet was dripping from head to toe. It was unclear if it was water, sweat, or a combination of the two. Tara wondered if she'd had as uncontrollable urges as she did. Chest far too large to fit under her buttons, Violet's blouse was wrapped under her breasts and tied in a big knot at her sternum to reveal her bare stomach.

Violet glared at Roman. "I'm retaining a little water, all right? It happens. We don't need to make a big deal about it."

The women around Roman were blowing out of their shirts. Even Tara, who was large to begin with, had even become extremely disproportional. Roman wasn't sure how to react or where to look. "Do you need to go to a doctor? Do you feel all right??" he asked.

"I said we don't need to make a big deal out of it! I'm just retaining a little--"

SHRIIP!!

They fell silent when a tear sounded from Tara's front. Ever bloating, her chest won against her blouse in a final display of dominance. It split down the middle, releasing her breasts

as they reached beyond her belly button. Milk dribbled from her nipples into her lap. Already she had attained her leak-prone size from the tomb.

“W-Woops,” she squeaked, staring at her exposure. The arousal was back and stronger than ever. She cradled them in her arms and stared at Roman. He was ogling her thick nipples with eyes like a hungry dog.

“Tara, cover yourself!” Violet demanded.

Minimal effort went into tugging the shredded blouse across her chest. It was clear it would never fit again. Tara giggled, loving the ripples sent across her milk-filled skin. “Wish I could, but I don’t think this shirt is going to fit anymore! Like you said, I’m still a growing girl!”

The liquid coating Violet’s body was slowly disappearing. The droplets were absorbing into her skin leaving her soft, plump, and smooth. “This is still a workplace! It’s inappropriate for you to be--”

STREEETCH

Bloating skin swelling into Violet’s tied shirt. Folding over, her girth overwhelmed the tiny hammock until she tumbled free. Plump as ever, her breasts slapped against her stomach with several gallons-worth of water weight. She was stupefied and stared at her chest along with Roman and Tara.

Giggling and sensing her milk increasing, Tara quipped, “Looks like we’re *both* still growing girls!”

Violet was less enthused. She stared helplessly at her water-engorged chest and whispered, “W-What the hell is happening to us?”

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

An ominous wind rustled the loose sand across the desert. Silent as a painting, the landscape was bathed in the silvery glow of the moon. Outside the archeologists’ tent, all was still. Except for the dead.

In the dark recesses of the dome something stirred within the tomb. Tara’s milk having penetrated the accepting stone, energy began flowing through it. The sarcophagus vibrated and hummed until finally--

CRACK!!

A crevice split the lid in two. A gaping darkness thousands of years old was revealed within. The toothy smile of a mummified corpse grinned into the new world. It did not move. Instead, a shimmering blue aura rose from the wrapped skull like smoke. Wispy tendrils snaked their way from the sarcophagus. Finding none present in the tomb, the trail of fog drifted into the dome. A new world greeted the risen spirit in the outside air.

Its search wouldn’t take it far. Moon-cast shadows sat on the horizon, outlining a solitary tent and old pickup. The aura effortlessly flew over the sand like a ghostly rope reaching far back

to the dome. It cast no shadow of its own when it circled the tent several times before slipping into an open vent.

Three slumbering archeologists were laid out before the presence. Although the sight of a milk-stained nightshirt wrapped around a buxom young woman brought it joy, she was not worthy. Neither was the woman with a throat parched with thirst.

It drifted to Roman and hovered over his head as an ethereal tentacle. The presence paused for only a moment as if it were a snake considering how best to strike its prey. It lashed out, diving into Roman's snoring mouth.

"*Ngh!!*" He grunted in his sleep when his breath caught in his chest. Helpless and paralyzed, his body began bucking as the presence rushed into him. Wind tore at the tent from the undulating aura. In the tomb, it separated from the sarcophagus and pulled its remainder toward the tent. It was over as quick as it began, leaving Roman gasping and sweaty in his cot.

"W-What's...going on??" Violet moaned. Roman's gasps, as well as the violent shaking of the tent, had awoken her. Sitting up, she found nothing out of place; Tara was fast asleep and although Roman was breathing heavily and tangled in his covers, he appeared asleep as well.

Intense dryness struck Violet's throat. A scorching void cried out in her breasts, their forms dwindled close to her natural size. "God I'm thirsty..." Violet moved her tongue around her tacky mouth and stared at her coworkers. "And they're going to be *parched* when they wake up. They're going to need water."

An overwhelming sense of duty forced Violet to her feet. Messed blonde hair hung around her face but she saw no point in fixing it. All that mattered was having water ready.

The truck was just outside, and with it, the large water tank meant for their consumption over the weeks their job lasted. It performed its duties well, but Violet knew in her heart she could provide for her friends far better. Walking barefoot across the chilly night's sand, Violet came upon their truck waiting in the darkness. A small spot of moisture formed in the ground under the water tank's slow-dripping spigot. Watching the fluid shine in the moonlight made her lick her lips.

Violet fell to her knees and crawled to the tank. Facing away from the truck, she positioned herself under the release valve. Her lips were wrapped around the nozzle and her hand grasped the knob within seconds.

WHOOOOOSH

"Mmmm!!!"

Water surged down Violet's throat with such force it overpowered her need to swallow. Her body knew to accept the torrent and opened itself to the flow; it and the water spoke the same language. The effects on her C-cup breasts were immediate.

Violet let her body go limp at the mouth of the spigot. Legs bent to her side, she sucked on the metal and groped her gushing mammaries. Every drop of water flowed directly to her chest. Her skin bloated and stretched like water balloons. In a rapid display of engorgement,

Violet's chest filled by liters at a time. Her nightshirt held only for a second before its buttons burst off into the night.

SLOSH

SLOSH

“M-MMMPH!!”

Violet shivered from the release and the gurgling bounces it sent through her bust. Skin taut and rubbery, it continued to hold whatever water it was given. Each breast rounded and inched outward. Chilled condensation coated their surfaces. Her nipples, plump and tight, quivered from the vibrating fluid behind them. It caused her areolas to stretch and dome into her palms. It was absolute heaven.

Craning her head upward to give the water a straight path down her neck, Violet stared pleadingly at the draining water tank. Bubbles gurgled from its rushing contents. She could watch the water level drop lower and lower, every gallon urging her tits fuller. Skin bulged over her arms and they began to shake. The water weight was too great.

Slippery and weakened by arousal, Violet's breasts slipped from her grasp and landed between her thighs in the sand below. Rippling flesh bulged over her legs. Reveling in her heaving size, she laid her arms across the tops of her breasts and massaged the water within.

“M-MMM!!” Tightness was spreading. Squeaking sounded from within her cleavage. Violet came at the sensation of her chest stretching to the very limit. She swelled larger than three feet across before her nipples sprang pressure-driven leaks.

GLU-GLU-GLU-GLU-GLUB!

The last of the tank's contents swirled down her neck. It was empty and her tits were full. Every drop sloshed within her mammoth breasts. Any movement was enough to make her chest bubble and ripple.

“Ohhh... Mmmmm ooohhhh...” Violet couldn't keep herself from moaning. *“I-I'm...so full...”*

Delusional with sleep and a strange sense of duty, Violet sank her hands into her bloated chest and tried to stand. Tara and Roman were surely in need of fresh water, and who better to deliver it?

Her breasts would not budge; she was unable to lift their girth. Exhausted from her midnight rousing and the massive amount of water her body had just endured, Violet felt her eyes grow heavy. The settling water within her chest called to her with comfort. She could rest until her strength had returned, then she had faith she could resume the responsibilities she so desperately felt she had to follow. With her chest keeping her upright, Violet gave herself back to sleep.

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

The scent of freshly-cooked eggs filled the tent. A quiet humming tune vibrated Tara's chest as she prepared breakfast. It was now far too large for her blouses she'd resorted to wearing one of Roman's larger t-shirts meant for relaxing. She knew he wouldn't mind when he caught sight of her milk-leaking nipples tenting the fabric. The morning had greeted her with a dairy-filled size exceeding anything before, gifting her with a chest stretching to her belly button.

Roman stirring in his cot from the corner of her eye.

"Wakey wakey!" she chimed, "I know they're in limited supply, but last night was weird enough I thought we deserved some eggs for breakfast instead of stale bread like usual."

A spatula poked at the meal on a camping stove. Swaying with grogginess, Roman approached Tara. As she'd anticipated, his eyes were locked on her milk-laden breasts.

Tara raised a questioning eyebrow. "Hey, Violet didn't tell you about going to the tomb before sunup, did she? She wasn't in her cot this morning and I haven't seen her."

Roman stood behind her in a close enough proximity she could feel his breath on her neck. Hands wrapped around her torso and groped her tits with firm, commanding force.

"*A-Ahh!*" Tara squealed. Her milk reacted to the squeezing, plumping her breasts. "*Nnngh careful! J-Just because...h-haaaah...Violet isn't around..doesn't mean she won't...w-walk in at any...moment...*" Tara was short of breath. The hands at her breasts burned and ignited something within her body.

Roman's lips moved next to her ear, but the voice she heard was far from his. "How I've longed for this nectar..."

It sent a shiver down Tara's spine. His voice was course and ancient. He exuded an air of superiority. "R-Roman..." she whispered in his grasp, "What...What are you--"

Without a word, he delivered a deep squeeze, followed by a massage.

"*N-Nnnggahh!*"

Milk surged from Tara's body. Every inch of her skin strained at the sudden flood of dairy. Sweating and heavy with the energy of lactation, Tara let her head roll back when an orgasm shook her body. Whatever Roman was doing to her, it was unlike anything she'd ever felt.

SHRRIIIIPP!!

"Mmmmm ROMAN!!"

Hands like claws tore the t-shirt open to release beach ball udders. The hot pan sizzled when milk sprayed the overcooked eggs. Tara dropped the spatula and stared at the monstrous tits filling her view. "*Ahhh!! What are you doing?!*"

Roman sank his fingers deep into her milk. Touching her skin directly, she could feel strange energy flowing from his fingertips. "These shall make fine vessels. You should count yourself lucky to have been found worthy of holding my nectar, red-haired one." Taking her by the shoulders, Roman spun Tara around and marveled at her engorged form. The table stood as support for her weakening body. She quivered when he brought his lips towards a nipple.

"Become mine," Roman commanded in an ancient voice before latching.

“A-A-AHHH!!! AHHHMMMM!!!” Tara’s body shook and her knuckles turned white as she clenched. Milk made her nipple expand within Roman’s mouth before hot cream flooded his cheeks. *“Ooohh!! O-OOHHH MY!!! NNGGHHHH!!! I-I...MMMMMMM I-I-I...”* Tara’s mind exploded with fireworks before a wall of fog clouded her consciousness. In seconds, her mind went blank. Staring at the man latched to her chest, a calm voice replaced her cries of pleasure. “I am at your service...”

“Wonderful.” Roman stood and took the entranced girl in his arms. A thick nipple found itself in his grasp and he pulled. Milk streamed from Tara’s chest and struck an area of sand in the middle of the tent. For a moment it left only a dark spot, but soon, green sprouts protruded to the surface. They grew and bloomed into a vibrant patch of flowers unseen in the harsh desert.

Roman was pleased. “You shall be the key to my kingdom’s return, milkmaid.”

Powerless, Tara was lost in the sea of her own swirling milk and Roman’s command. She nodded and cradled her breasts as they engorged past her hips. “Yes, my pharaoh.”

TO BE CONTINUED