

Milk Magic

“Ah! M-May! Careful! You almost pushed me over!”

“Oh! Sorry about that, Kara!” May smiled at her sister while walking across the garden, holding a hand to her chest to put a stop to any more rogue motion.

“It’s...*Ooohhh*...” Kara wanted to accept her sister’s apology but instead felt her head start to swim. The soft pressure of her sister’s head-sized breasts knocking into her own non-existent assets was lingering, and something else was hiding in its wake. The brush of her sister’s chest made her nipples stand straight.

Kara gasped aloud suddenly, her face grimacing when a bolt of arousal ran through her. “*N-Nnngh!*” Panting for breath, she whispered, “Not...*nngh*...N-Not again...”

“You all right over there, Kara?”

“Y...Yea! I’m fine!” Kara bent forward and used her hoe for support. Intense pressure and tingling had returned to her chest for the second time today, the first coming early this morning while she milked the cows.

“*Nnngh*...” she grunted under her breath once more, rubbing the tender area across her front. The girl had no curves to speak of but her nipples felt as though they might tear through her scratchy tunic if she wasn’t careful.

Her other sister, Hanra, noticed Kara’s massaging motion and disgruntled stature. “Are you *sure* you’re fine? You’re touchin’ yourself pretty intensely over there!”

“Really, I-I’m...fine...! I just need a break, I think.”

May laughed. “What we *need* is to hire enough gold to pay a milkmage to come douse our farm in some milk and magic! At this rate we’re not going to make the harvest!”

The mention of milk made Kara’s mouth water, a reaction foreign and new. “*O-Ohhh*...” she swooned.

“There she goes again,” Hanra chuckled.

“Sorry... My chest has just felt so tight today...”

“You don’t say?” Hanra smiled. “May, you thinkin’ what I’m thinkin’?”

May nodded, following her sister’s train of thought. “I’ve seen that expression before. Hell, I remember living it! I think your milk is starting to finally come in, Kara. About time too! I was starting to think the Goddess had forgotten you!”

“Mine started on the first day of my eighteenth summer!” Grabbing two soft globes through her shirt, Hanra sank her fingers into their depths. She wasn’t the largest between her sisters by any means but compared to Kara’s flat chest, she was far from the smallest. “The milk didn’t stop until four weeks later when I was left with these beauties!”

“*N-Nnngh*... *This isn’t...how I expected it to be...*” Kara moaned, leaning heavier on her hoe. Heat was radiating off her flat breasts like tiny hearths. The strangely-arousing temptation to remove her smock assaulted her mind as the sun beat down overhead. Neither of her sisters heard her continued groans.

Scoffing, May rolled her eyes at Hanra's pride. "Please, I've seen you naked enough times to know you needed at least *another* four weeks until you could talk like that. Let me know when you're big enough to overflow your own arms."

"Oh shut up! We both--"

May interrupted. "Hey, Hanra."

"What?? I'm tryin' to--" Hanra glanced up to see May lifting her shirt to her collarbones. A set of breasts like two halves of a watermelon stared back with bright pink nubs. Cleavage slick and shiny with the sweat of a hard day's work glistened in shiny droplets. May's skin was so firm they were blessed with the most gentle overlap of flesh.

May smirked at the blush in Hanra's cheeks, as well as the two aroused points sticking through her shirt. "Gotcha."

"Dammit..." Hanra grumbled, falling prey to her sister's trap. No matter how proud Hanra felt of her cantaloupe-sized assets, May never failed to make her feel inferior in size. It didn't help when the sight of May's torso-filling breasts left an image powerful enough to keep Hanra up at night trying to contain stifled moans. Under her breath, Hanra added, "If you're going to rub them in my face all the time, *actually* do it for once..."

Like Hanra, the sight of May's hefty bust was making Kara's mouth water, an effect they had never unleashed upon the girl. She couldn't help but stare at her sister's presented assets through her labored gaze. The longer she studied, the harder her nipples throbbed against her hands.

"O-Ooohhh mmmmm...! G-Guys..." Panting for breath, Kara steeled herself against a rising sense of pressure inside her breasts. Although nothing existed to lift her shirt, Kara felt as though her skin were taut and stretched, as if bubbles were pressing outward from within her body. The sensation was overwhelming and rooted her in place.

"You don't have to feel ashamed," May consoled Hanra, "Everyone in town looks at them! It's impossible to turn away from beauty."

"Look at you acting like you're a big-shot milkmage," Hanra glared. "Go to the academy if your tits are so *big* and *beautiful*."

"You know I've tried!"

"Nnnnghh, u-uuhh...May??" Rubbing her nipples was closer to pressing pleasure-releasing buttons. Despite her best efforts to resist, Kara couldn't keep from massaging their erect nubs. Every pinch and pull sent a cascade of shocking thoughts into her mind. She wasn't proud to admit, even to herself, how tantalizing the idea of latching onto May's raised areolas sounded. Likewise, the thought of her sisters tearing her own shirt to shreds and sucking on her nipples to help relieve their incessant pulsing made her legs tremble. "NNNGH!"

May continued and shook her head in dismay, oblivious to Kara. "Goddess knows I've tried to get a hang of milk magic... I really thought I would have a knack for it when I grew so big..."

Snorting, Hanra added, “If by *tried*, you mean grunt and turn red in the face while playing with yourself day and night, then yea, you *definitely* tried.”

“You *saw* me engorge that one time! I didn’t fit in any of my tunics!”

“Yea, for like an *hour*! Then you couldn’t hold it and you got milk everywhere. I’ll bet if I actually tried, I could fill my chest up nice and--”

“*A-Ahh!! MAY!! H-HANRA!!*”

“Goddess, Kara, what is it??” Hanra sighed.

Clang-cla-clang!

Both sisters stopped their bickering when they heard a farm tool clatter to the ground. Finally they noticed Kara and watched her double over while clutching at her chest. Brown hair fell around her perspiration-covered face, clinging to her cheeks and lips as she gasped.

“Something...S-Something is happening...to me!” Kara pleaded, falling to her knees. A force was swirling against her palms from under her smock. Each nipple swelled and contracted, trembling as if resisting a massive pressure. “*N-NNGH!! Ohhh my chest!! MY NIPPLES FEEL LIKE THEY’RE--*”

Lungs filling and deflating like a blacksmith’s bellows, Kara pulled her hands away from her chest. A warmth was saturating her shirt. Both palms were coated in a white substance freely dripping to the dirt below. Eyes wide and heart racing, Kara turned her eyes to her bosom and saw two wet patches soaking through her smock.

“*Something is coming out of me!! T-There’s...There’s FLUID COMING OUT OF MY NIPPLES!! WHAT’S--*” Logic caught up to Kara an instant later. It was obvious what was seeping from her bust like a leak in a dam: rich, fresh, milk.

“Look at her shirt!” Hanra pointed.

May was elated, clapping her hands in front of her mouth with sparkling eyes. “Kara your milk has started! Goddess be praised! Ooohh this is wonderful!”

“I was starting to think it might not happen! You still have all summer though, I suppose...” Hanra pursed her lips, part of her praying Kara wouldn’t outgrow her as well.

“I-Is this...normal??” Kara gasped for air and allowed her hands to hover in front of her chest. The sight of the milk patches growing larger from surging nipples was too frightening to conceal. “My nipples a-are...nnngh...so *hard!! And my boobs feel...SO TIGHT!! Goddess...it’s making me so...*” Through fluttering eyes, Kara glanced at her sisters and imagined their clothes falling to the ground. She knew their naked bodies the same as her own from years of communal bathing, yet at this moment, there was nothing she wanted to do more than explore every supple inch with her tongue. “...*horny!!*”

Kara’s body separated from her mind, throwing her onto her butt with her arms for support. Knees bent into the air, her tunic slipped down her legs to reveal a moist pussy slickening her inner thighs. The sisters gawked at the full display of their sibling’s nethers, not expecting such an immodest scene in their garden.

“Save a little for the imagination!” Hanra blushed, glancing away.

May was more understanding. “Don’t you remember how aroused your milk made you, Hanra? Poor Kara looks like she’s having a hard time keeping still... I had pruney fingers for weeks.”

“Something...isn’t right!” Kara debated. Every passing second heightened her agonizing torment of pleasure. Gasping heaves raised her torso up and down creating a teasing view of the vanishing and reappearing visage of her groin. Milk ran over her toned stomach to drench the rest of her clothes before pooling at her navel. A gentle stream of runoff flowed between her thighs and caressed her groin with sweet richness. “*A-Ahhhh!*” She cried aloud at the sensation. Her hand jolted with a mind of its own, lurching toward her pussy to enter its warmth and play a game only to be pulled back in the name of modesty.

“She’s totally paralyzed!” Hanra teased. “Come on, Kara, I know it feels good, but we can’t have you lying in bed moaning for the rest of the summer. You’re not even showing yet. We all had to keep working when we received the Goddess’s blessing too. Right, May?”

May didn’t respond.

“...May?”

Mouth dry, May pointed to Kara’s chest with wide eyes. “Hanra... Look.”

Hanra’s eyes grew just as wide then, but none were as shocked as Kara’s. The two largest milk splotches on her smock were gently rising into the air, tented in points by nipples as thick as her pinky.

“O-Oh Goddess... *Oh Goddess oh Goddess OH GODDESS!!!*” Kara could no longer control herself. A thousand invisible fingers were playing with her breasts as a fluid-driven force danced under her skin. It started small like a seed just behind her areolas but swelled into a whirlpool with her every breath. Her fingers clawed at the dirt behind her as if to anchor herself to the ground. All Kara could do was watch as her tiny breasts began to blossom.

“W-Wait...” Hanra stammered, watching the tiny bumps under Kara’s shirt grow into apple halves. “Kara what did you do?? It took me a week to grow that much!”

“I don’t know I don’t know!! *Oooohhhhh please it’s getting stronger!! May, what’s happening to my tits?!*” The arousal raging inside Kara was unbearable. Both sisters watched her thighs tremble with need. They closed together to rub and massage her exposed privates.

“Dear Goddess...” May whispered, watching Kara engorge larger.

The breeze upon her pussy was mindnumbing. “*AaaaAAHH!!*” It drove Kara’s breasts to double their petite size and come to rival Hanra’s. Still their enlargement saw no end and as her smock rode to expose her stomach, Kara could feel the fabric pulling taut.

“They’re not stopping! *My breasts won’t stop!!*” With skin so round and fresh, Kara was unable to handle the dairy her milk glands saw fit to develop. The white fluid bloated her nipples in its search for room before shooting out in pinpoint streams. Their energy was high enough to leap through her shirt like fleshy fountains. “*I-I’m spraying milk everywhere!!*”

“Really, Kara, what did you do?!” Hanra seemed upset at her sister’s development.

“She’s...” May swallowed, watching Kara writhe on the ground with shirt-wobbling boobs. “They’re as big as mine...”

“Please help me!! *Please I...I can’t take this!!*” Kara didn’t dare elaborate on how she wanted her sisters to assist. The thoughts alone were too dirty for her to imagine. “*Oh they’re so HOT!*”

Mounds dwarfing May’s chest stretched Kara’s shirt like an overfilled grain sack. Bloated flesh pulled every weak seam taut and threatened each stitch with its own life. It got to the point Kara found her ability to breathe inhibited. Watching stress lines fold across her ballooning chest was helpful in no way.

“It’s too tight!!” Milk sprayed harder from its confines, spattering the garden several yards away. None of the sisters noticed the seedling sprout where it landed. “*My smock is too tight!! I-It’s squeezing my milk out!! I can’t...MMMMMM Goddess, I’m engorging!!!*”

Shrip!

A tear opened at Kara’s collar. Cleavage was quick to rush to the additional space and met with the girl’s chin. In a shirt fitted to a toned, flat girl weighing in at one-hundred and twenty pounds, it stood no chance of containing the fully-ripened melons heaving off her front.

“I-It’s gonna...*rip open!!*”

SHRIP!

The tear spread wider with no regard for Kara’s privacy.

“My...My shirt is...*nnngh!!*...isn’t going to last much longer!!”

“Kara they’re as big as your head!!”

“She’s not stopping...!”

SHHRRIP!!

BWOOMPHHSSSSLLSSH

“*AhhhaahhhHHH DEAR BLESSED GODDESS!!!*”

Kara nearly lost consciousness when her milk-filled udders tore her smock in two. They jostled against her naked torso in absolute abundance, each mammary swollen like a full moon. Several inches larger than her head, they dominated the girl’s torso and fought for space. Natural cleavage split them down the middle. A slick film of sweet milk covered their supple surfaces like honey, powerful sprays still streaming from each nipple. All three pairs of eyes took in their majesty, ogling the gorgeous shape and perkiness of Kara’s swollen tits. With a shape rivaling that of a fertility goddess’s, Kara’s nipples were proudly raised twelve inches into the air by her own breasts. Gravity avoided them like wolves would a fire, as if scared to approach Kara’s serene breasts.

None of them moved. Even Kara held her breath, too frightened to make her new endowment jostle. There was still something unknown lurking within her body and it was bubbling to the surface amid throbbing tingles across her core. Try as she might, dirtier and dirtier thoughts came to mind. Each image caused her milk to surge and squirt with swollen power for brief moments, her arousal peaking from every forbidden sexual urge.

Hanra stepped forward, extending a disbelieving hand towards her sister. “I don’t believe it.”

“Kara...” May gaped. “L-Look...Look at your...breasts... You just grew like--”

Kara started to quiver, her breasts pulsating with a final surge of growth.

“A-A-AaaaaAAAHHHHHH OOOHHH GODDEEEESS!!!”

SQURRRRT!!

Kara’s legs spread wide. The motion drew Hanra’s eyes down in time to see her pussy flood itself and tremble before a stream of fluid squirted outward. It struck Hanra in the chest like a bullet powered by Kara’s erupting ecstasy. Milk followed soon after, dousing a three-yard radius around the girl as her nipples expanded to contain the flow. Crying out the whole time, Kara watched her body complete its blessed transformation.

When finished, Kara’s milk slowed to a drip though her breasts remained the same. Each extended several inches from the side of her torso, giving her no hope from hiding them from sight even from those at her back. Her sisters were drenched, milk dripping from their clinging hair while Hanra stood stunned by the other fluid gifted to her. It tasted heavenly.

“What...just happened...to me?!” Kara cried. Her mind was unwilling to comprehend how her breasts had gone from flat to giant bloated fruits in only minutes.

May stepped forward with a shaky hand. “Let me see them.”

Squirming but unable to stand, Kara resisted. “M-May, no! Please if you touch them--”

“I’m just going to take a look and--” Her finger pressed into Kara’s right breast, sinking beyond its first knuckle before the milky tension would allow no more.

“A-A-AAUUGH!!!”

Kara bloated larger before milk gushed from her nipple, stimulated to life by May’s touch. It sprayed into her mouth like a river and left her coated in white. Several swallows entered her throat before May gagged in shock, both in surprise and disbelief of her sister’s milk’s sweetness.

“D-Don’t...Goddess, *please* don’t touch them,” Kara half-heartedly begged. “I-It just makes...them bigger... I don’t understand what happened to me! T-The more aroused I am...the bigger...m-my boobs feel like they’ll grow!”

Standing over their sister, Hanra and May exchanged knowing glances. The signs were all there, though nothing could account for Kara’s monumental growth in such a short period of time, even their strong suspicions.

May spoke first, feeling obligated as the oldest. “Kara, I-I think... I think you might be a milkmage...”

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Rain beat upon the carriage window like an angry mob. Just the thought of entering the downpour made Kara’s bones chill to their cores, but she knew soon enough she would be forced

into the torrent. Through the misty haze she could just make out the outline of a looming stone structure. It rested against the grey sky like a castle. Four towers on each side of a rectangular set of walls encircled a group of buildings. In the center was a large arrangement comprised of two domes side by side, each fitted with a small lookout tower from their centers.

“So this is Bron-Regence Academy...” Kara murmured, taking in the sight. “It’s bigger than I expected...”

The reality of everything still felt like a dream. Within an hour of her mother discovering her monumental womanly development, word was sent to the academy with airs of pride, hope, and celebration. Even Hanra, amid grumbles of envy, was happy for Kara. No one in their family had yet been blessed by the Goddess to possess adequate skills of milk magic.

“Our family has put its name in history with this, Kara!” her mother had exclaimed, eyes tearing up at the sight of her daughter’s leaking bust. “You’re so beautiful...”

It was nice to make her mother happy, but inside Kara felt like things were moving much too fast. Only a day after acquiring her new assets, she found herself traveling to the academy where she would study the art of milk magic. There hadn’t even been enough time to purchase new clothes; the smock on her back was originally May’s. Even with her ample size, it stood no chance against Kara’s breasts. The fabric was pulled and stretched immodestly across her chest and hid nothing from view. It was a challenge in itself to pull it on. Aside from the clothes she wore, Kara carried nothing of her own.

“I miss home,” Kara sighed. She knew she could return soon enough, but the academy wasted no time in their training of apprentices. Few authorities were higher than a skilled milkmage, but all feared their power in both magic and seduction.

The road outside the carriage kissed the edge of a cliffside. Startled at the change in landscape, Kara noticed the academy was situated on a tower of stone split away from the mainland. When the rain and mist rolled just right, it looked as though the castle was floating in a sea of fog. A length of rock-hewn bridge extended from the academy’s base towards the main road where it would meet with Kara.

A horse whinnied after the driver called out.

“*Ahh!*” Kara cried, throwing her hands out. The carriage’s sudden stop sent Kara falling to the carriage floor, the momentum of her new chest seeing fit to continue forward. She wasn’t accustomed to bracing herself against such motions yet. Such a jolt made her borrowed shirt ride up her back and abdomen. The jouncing was more than enough to make Kara’s nipples protrude eagerly.

The carriage shook when the driver jumped to the ground and appeared outside Kara’s door. Rain and a blistering wind flooded the cabin seconds later.

“This is your stop,” the driver said, eying her passenger resting on the floor on her hands and knees. It was difficult not to blush when witnessing such udders swaying downward.

“What? Here?? But the academy is across the bridge! It must be at least half a mile!”

“Sorry, I would take you across but I’m not allowed any closer. Not big enough...”

“Not...big enough?” Kara cocked her head. When the driver pointed to her smaller chest under her cloak, Kara’s eyes widened. “O-Oh.”

“Someone should be waiting to receive you at the academy’s entrance.” A hand offered itself for Kara’s use and helped her from the carriage. It took less time for her shirt to soak through than it did for her feet to descend the steps. The rain was unbearably cold on her sensitive nipples.

Kara hugged her arms around her chest as best she could. “I just go across the bridge?”

“Mhm.” The driver closed the carriage and climbed back into her seat. “Good luck up there; I wish I could tell you what to expect but it’s not for women like me to know.”

The reins snapped at the horses back and it resumed a gentle gallop through the muddied road. Kara was left alone in the countryside moments later with only the rain and cold for company. Astoundingly, the milk swirling in her breasts was amazing at keeping her warm.

“Heh, maybe they’re not so bad,” she mused, hugging them into herself for additional heat. She knew she would need it traveling across the bridge. What she wasn’t expecting was how tired her body would become after only minutes of walking. The added weight of her chest was like carrying pails of water wherever she went. Though their shape was unaffected by gravity, their heaviness certainly wasn’t.

Windows lit with golden light guided her path. Stepping onto the academy grounds, Kara entered through an archway and to find a large courtyard. Rows of honeysuckle and decorative flowers lines various pathways as well as a fountain. It would have captured Kara’s imagination had it not been for the rain but she vowed to return and embrace its beauty in the future.

Bron-Regence Academy stood at the other end of the yard. Wooden doors with ornate bas-reliefs of naked, lactating women covered its surface. The door stood over three times Kara’s height and poured eroticism into the air. She couldn’t help but run a hand across the wet thigh of a reclining milkmage before brushing against a detailed carving of her groin dripping with milk. Even being only wood, the simple touch made Kara’s chest tighten with confusing excitement. This new pleasure-fueled draw to other women was strange and alien, but Kara couldn’t get enough.

CREEAAAK

The academy’s door swung open like an ancient gate, startling Kara into snapping her arm back to her side. Welcoming heat poured forth and wrapped around the dripping girl with loving hands. A woman was waiting in the opening. Her body and state of dress caused Kara’s breath to catch in her throat, as well as titillating electricity to spring in her navel.

The woman lacked any clothes above her hips. A flowing skirt sat across her navel at an angle, low enough to release a tuft of black pubic hair. Its fabric was sheer white and free of any impurities, reminding Kara of fresh snow. The faint outline of gentle thighs cradling her groin stared at Kara through the fabric.

Higher up, beyond a bare and slender stomach, were a pair of breasts larger than Kara’s. The sight was a relief, to say the least, and for a brief moment she actually felt smaller and

manageable. On the woman's frame, her bosom was monumental and overbearing. Each milky globe resembled a large watermelon not only in size but in shape as well. Around each thimble-sized nipple was a ring carved from solid ruby. They hugged her nipples at their base, keeping them erect and plump in the rings' centers. Several inches outward was a circlet of white gold spreading across the larger portion of each breast. The design had numerous swirling branches running over her skin before each ended in pearls shaped like droplets.

The woman herself was beautiful beyond measure and stood two feet over Kara. Flawless skin of cream begged for a gentle touch. Ruby lips matching her nipple rings looked sweet as sugar. Thickly-braided black hair met the nape of her neck and swayed from behind. The sight took Kara's breath away and rendered her helpless but to stare at the natural cleavage resting at eye level.

"Ah, there you are!" the woman said, finding the girl gaping outside in the rain. "We've been expecting you. Please, come in."

Kara nodded and stepped into a yawning torch-lit foyer. A hallway extended beyond the woman into the depths of the academy and the halls rang with the floating whispers of gasps and girlish moans of pleasure.

"I-Is this Bron-Regence Academy? My name is Kara," she explained, still hugging her body. "My blessing happened only recently and I'm a little confused, but--"

The woman chuckled. "Yes my dear, this is where you belong. You may call me Amae; I am the dean and the head milkmage at Bron-Regence. When I heard of your miraculous blessing, I knew I must make a point of welcoming you to our lovely academy myself!"

Kara stammered, realizing the authority she spoke to. Amae was surrounded by an aura of brilliant womanly draw as well as stern intolerance. The time to make a lasting first impression on the most important figure at the academy was gone, Kara feared.

"H-Hello," Kara squeaked, "It's very nice to be here. Thank you for..." Her voice trailed off, her mind wandering into the void as she watched Amae's chest sway and rise with each breath. Their sheer girth made Kara's mouth water with the idea of how much milk could be held within.

Amae noticed the girl's line of sight as well as her flushing cheeks. "Something catch your fancy, my dear?"

"N-No!" Kara tried to save herself from the trap of arousal. "I was just...admiring your jewelry... It's very beautifully crafted. Are the rings piercings?"

Amae's expression changed suddenly and she puffed her chest forward with pride. "*Never!* A milkmage's breasts are a *sacred* container for the life of the world! They should *always* remain blemish-free." The dean's eyes narrowed, looking over Kara's dripping visage. "Furthermore, it is time for your first lesson."

Two hands shot through the air before Kara could react. Fingers strong from years of expert milking techniques gripped either side of her collar and pulled in opposing directions.

May's loaned shirt gave, tearing down the middle before being yanked from Kara's arms. All that remained on her frame was a dirty work skirt.

"*Ahh! M-My smock!!*" Kara cried in surprise, wrapping her arms around her breasts in embarrassment. The last thing she wanted was the dean of the academy to see how hard her nipples had become at the sight of her mammaries.

"Lesson one!" Amae declared, standing over a topless Kara, "A milkmage's chest is *never* to be covered! To do so is no less than rejecting a gift from the Goddess herself! Bare your breasts to the world and let its inhabitants drink of your engorged beauty!"

"*M-Mmm...*" Kara whimpered at the thought of strangers suckling at her tits. The dean's sudden change in demeanor had caught her off guard. It didn't stop her from shivering. "Please, it's cold!"

"Your milk shall keep you warm," Amae instructed. "It burns within your body like the love of another." Inspecting eyes looked over Kara's bust and settled on her nipples, each engorged like a grape. "Your nipples are fairly sensitive, I see..."

"Y-Yes, the slightest touch seems to make my boobs--"

Amae paid no mind. "Let's gauge your potential for milk magic, shall we?"

Kara watched the dean kneel and bend forward enough to come to eye level. Resting a hand on Kara's shoulder, Amae slipped a hand under Kara's skirt before shooting upward between her thighs.

"*A-Ahh! M-Mistress Amae!!*" Kara cried out, bringing her knees together and clamping the dean's hand between her legs. It stopped only inches from her crotch. She tried to wrestle away out of fear of her bubbling arousal but the hand grasped firm on her shoulder.

"Hold still please, my dear," Amae instructed.

"But...But why???" Kara was panting with anticipation. "If you touch me there...I-I feel as though my chest will--*Nnngh!!*"

Amae's hand slipped from Kara's shoulder to her breast and delivered a gentle squeeze. The sensation flooded Kara with hormones, rendering her defenseless and willing, craving more of the woman's touch. Like a gate, her thighs opened and Amae's hand cupped her pussy.

"Think of this as your entrance exam," Amae smiled, applying pressure. "I assure you this is only the start of our curriculum here at Bron-Regence."

"*M-Mmmmm!!*" Kara moaned, biting her lips as she felt the dean's fingers massaging her crotch as a whole.

"You're certainly wet and *very* accepting of pleasure. I'm impressed you managed to hold your legs closed at all, quite frankly. You must learn to give your body what it desires."

"Y-Yes, ok..." Kara felt no more than an instrument in the hands of an aged master. Every subtle spot and hidden gem of ecstasy hidden between her legs was clear as day to Amae. Kara was putty in her hands.

"*Ahhh... H-Haaahh...*" she panted, feeling fluid well inside her pussy moments before gushing onto Amae's hand.

“Very good,” the dean nodded. “Now, going a little deeper...”

“W-Wait, maybe we--*AHH NNNGHH!!*”

Two fingers bent upward and slipped inside Kara. It was the first time another person had ever done such a thing to the girl. The thrill of being helpless against another’s will was overpowering. When she started twisting and thrusting her fingers, exploring Kara’s pussy like a drenched cave, her vision blurred. “*A-A-Amae!!*” The tickle of several droplets sliding down Kara’s legs tickled with anticipation. Glancing down at the dean’s mammoth tits in front of her, Kara realized she’d never been so thirsty.

While massaging Kara’s insides, Amae looked into her weakening eyes. “You say your blessing came all at once?”

Her speech was little more than whimpers. “*M-M-Mmmhm!! M-My... My... Nnnnghh!!! My tits grew...within minutes!!*” Kara gasped. Familiar tightness was seeding itself within her breasts.

“Interesting.” Amae withdrew her lubricated hand.

“*Nnngh!!*” Chest heaving with need and desire, Kara watched the dean bring a hand slick with juices to her lips. Amae’s tongue drifted over a finger as if it were covered in frosting. “*Very interesting. Your pleasure tastes simply exquisite, Kara.*”

The dripping hand came towards her then. Aroused enough to accept anything, Kara lifted her chest into the air and helped it meet Amae’s hand. They met with a slick grasp and the dean proceeded in massaging Kara’s left breast with her own juices, giving extra attention to her nipples and making sure to coat them in the slick substance.

“*Oh GODDESS!!*” Kara shouted, her screams echoing around the foyer. The dean could have asked her to lie down, roll over, and present herself; Kara would have done it with a bow tied around her body all while pleading for more. The level of arousal the dean could influence inside her body was paralyzing and far beyond anything Kara had ever managed to attain by her own means.

“You’ve been blessed with quite the playful nipples!” Amae complimented, “They can’t seem to get enough!” She pulled on each one, stretching them to twice their length before letting them snap back and send ripples across Kara’s milk-filled udders.

“*A-Ahhh! Oooh please, don’t stop!! Give them more!! M-My breasts...feel so full!*”

“I would expect so.”

“*N-No, really my boobs feel...mmmmmm...FULL!! I-I think more milk is coming!!*”

“Certainly it shall, but it will take time. As you are now, your skills of magic could only produce very little--”

“*AhhhhhAAAHHHH!!*”

Amae stopped, Kara’s breasts tightening into her palms. The girl shuddered, thrusting them out as they bloated several inches, coming to rival Amae’s.

“*They’re growing they’re growing THEY’RE GROWING!! D-Don’t stop touching me, I BEG OF YOU!!*”

The dean was too stunned to pull her hands away. Each of Kara's nipples puffed and swelled between her fingers, spreading them apart from increasing girth before they engorged angrily and trembled.

"OOHHH I CAN FEEL THE MILK INSIDE OF ME!!"

SSPLLLUURCH

Milk shot from Kara's chest in a mighty wave. It struck the dean with full force and doused her from head to toe. The massive letdown continued for half a minute before Kara's flow ceased, leaving her at her initial size and gasping for breath. Her eyes bulged with worry when she saw the dean standing in shock, fresh dairy running off her body and making her skirt cling to her legs. Now soaked, the white fabric was near invisible and hid nothing of the body it touched.

"A-Amae, I'm SO sorry!!" Kara pleaded. *"I didn't mean to--"*

Amae shivered and grinned, raising her hands to lift her breasts. *"Mmmmmmm..."* she moaned, swooning with enjoyment. Gently their rounded forms swelled, making Kara gasp. She could see them expanding as milk flowed into the dean's chest. It heaved outward, skin bulging around her golden circlets as they held firm on their swelling fronts. *"O-Ooohhhhh, my dear,"* Amae gasped.

Growing large enough to nearly reach her belly button, Amae lifted her rounded bust into the air. A low gurgle came from their depths just as Kara saw her nipples quiver and puff. A pair of overflowing breasts stared Kara in the face. Gulping, she shook with anticipation for what was certain to come next.

SPLLUURRRCH!!

"MmmmmMMM!!!" Amae couldn't contain herself, allowing her own buildup of milk to release and drench the gaping Kara. It was far sweeter than milk from any cow she had ever tasted.

Once over, Amae allowed her emptied chest to fall. Surprise still existed in her eyes, but it was accompanied by great pleasure. *"Oh, my dear, I'm sorry for spraying you. I wasn't expecting your aptitude to be so great! But after experiencing it for myself, I must say, your lust is certainly unbridled and...mmmmm...contagious. I sense much potential within you, Kara. You shall make a fine addition to the academy."*

"I...Does that mean I can...stay?" Kara whispered. If it meant she could enjoy more scenes like this, she would be overjoyed.

Amae's eyes flashed, looking upon Kara like a discovered treasure. *"You will do more than stay. I would like to take you as my *personal* apprentice. I shall train you myself. Be aware, however, I will expect you to perform many--"*

CREEAAK

Amae stopped, both her's and Kara's eyes lowering to her breasts. The milk flow had stopped, but they were starting to swell once more. There was something distinctly different this

time as well; Kara could tell not only from the changing appearance of Amae's chest but also by her increasingly-perplexed expression.

"What..." Amae stared, pressing into the side of her breasts with confusion and lust. "What in Goddess's name--"

She began to grow. Each tit flared with developing tissue and her skin plumped. Frightened, Kara stumbled and fell backward, watching from below as Amae struggled to contain her expanding bust.

"*O-Oh my! My...nnngh!! My breasts!!*" she gasped, hands sinking into their rounding depths. "*This...This is not milk!!*"

The dean rounded in all directions, her arms spreading wider as her chest pushed them apart. From below, Kara could see the underside of her bosom creeping down her stomach until it covered her belly button.

CRREEAAAK--SNAP!!

One of the golden circlets snapped in half from an inability to contain Amae's breast. "*Ooohhhh this growth!!*" the dean moaned. "Kara... Kara, you--"

Amae's nipples grew in turn. However, restrained by her ruby rings, they could not attain the girth they strived towards. Out of Amae's straining reach, they flared and bulged from the rings, rounding out to resemble swollen grapes. "*O-OOOHH MY NIPPLES!!*" Amae gasped loudly, the rings contracting tighter. "I can't...*They can't hold me!! OOOHH I'M TOO HARD!!*"

BANG!! BANG!!

Each gem artifact shattered in an instant, the hardened force of the dean's nipples breaking them open. Nipples like strawberries rushed to the true forms, protruding atop a pair of knockers Kara could only liken in size to wagon wheels. It was all the dean could do to contain them in her arms, and even still they stretched to her navel with soft skin. Despite their gargantuan size, they remained full, perky, and round, lifting from Amae's body even when she removed her grip.

The dean's eyes were wide with shock. Kara was certain she would never see the inside of the academy again.

Amae whispered. "D-Dear Goddess..." Swallowing, she took in her full form. "Kara, I-I'm afraid I must take my leave for the time being. There is something I must--"

SNAP!!

The remaining gold circlet broke apart, sending ripples across her breasts. "*MMM!!!*" Panting for breath, Amae finished, "Please, f-follow the main hallway to the center of the academy where you'll find...*nnnnghmmm*...the grand hall and the other apprentices. They should be...*ooohhh*...sitting down to eat. I shall seek you out later this evening."

Amae started to leave, but took a struggling step. "*T-These are...heavy...*" Focusing her breath, she placed her hands atop her chest. They glowed with a white aura before she ran them across their surfaces as best she could. Within seconds, Kara saw her back straighten as if a load was lifted. Milk leaked from puffy nipples as well.

Content, the dean sighed with relief. “That’s better.” Though trying to contain herself, Kara could still read the confusion in Amae’s eyes. “As I said; I shall seek you out within the evening. Please, adjourn to the mess hall and enjoy a warm meal. Surely you’re hungry after such a display.”

Confused, topless, and drenched in milk not her own, Kara watched Amae vanish down a different hallway before being left alone in a warm puddle of fluid.

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

It wasn’t hard to find the mess hall; a trail of moans and cries of ecstasy-fueled girls let Kara like a roadmap. This was the longest, and only, time she had been in public with her chest bare. To her surprise, she found herself not caring. The state her mind was in after the dean’s fingers had assaulted her body was too great to ignore. Kara could have spent hours under her touch and not been satisfied. Left in its wake, aside from a trail of dribbled milk, was a growing hunger for more feminine hands. Her hunger for lust was greater by the minute. Kara didn’t understand her position or how milk magic worked, but she wanted desperately to find out. The tightness in her mammaries was far from gone. Unbeknownst to her, they were gently swelling at a slow but steady rate; she was too focused on finding satisfaction to notice.

The interior of the castle was a girl’s wet dream. Paintings of well-endowed women surging with milk and pleasuring themselves at the hands of other women covered the walls. One’s eyes could not look in any direction without finding a hormone-inducing scene.

The wafting trails of moans led Kara to another set of wooden doors. These were not as tall as the academy’s entrance, but they were just as ornate. Pushing them open unleashed a tidal wave of groans.

Inside was a great hall lined with tables. At the front atop a raised platform sat a dozen women dressed similar to Amae. They looked out over their adepts and apprentices while enjoying their meals. Their breasts resembled the dean’s as well but came nowhere close to her size after Kara’s assistance. Behind each of them stood two to three girls. They were focused on some aspect of their master’s body, either massaging her breasts from behind, sitting next to them with a mammary in their arms in order to suck on leaking nipples, or plunging a hand between their thighs and exploring their privates. Similar gems and golden pieces adorned their busts, but none were as intricate as Amae’s.

Below their watchful eyes were two stretches of tables. Countless heads bobbed around in conversation, eating, and general sexual depravity. Kara estimated there to be eight hundred apprentices in the room. How she could possibly stand out was beyond her.

The hall went silent when the door slammed behind her. Judging glances came from the milkimages and questioning expressions arose from the apprentices. Kara could feel over a thousand eyes staring at her bared tits. Some of the apprentices looked as though they had just walked out of a sauna based on how sweaty and gasping for breath they were.

“That’s the new girl,” someone whispered.

“I heard her blessing was instant.”

“I heard she sprayed so much she drowned her cat.”

The murmurs turned to inaudible whispers.

“Uh... H-Hello,” Kara called out, hoping for some direction.

One of the milkmaids motioned to her. A loud voice reached throughout the hall.

“Welcome to the academy. You may take a seat at a table closest to you.”

Kara looked around.

“Over here!” a girl waved, sliding down a bench to make room. Willing to accept any invitation, Kara wrapped her arms under her chest for support and approached the table. The first thing to catch her eye, aside from the countless girls with exposed breasts resting on the table, were the spaced holes in the benches large enough to fit a fist through. Plates filled with dairy-rich food were placed in front of each girl alongside goblets sloshing with milk.

“Welcome to Bron-Regence!” the girl greeted, patting a seat next to her. “You looked a little overwhelmed.”

“T-Thanks, I was. My name is K--”

“Kara,” the girl finished. “We’ve heard *all* about you. I’m Kim, that’s Stella, and that’s Melanie,” Kim said pointing to those closest to the group.

Smiling at each, Kara sat on the bench between Kim and Stella. A plate of food was brought to her moments later by a serving apprentice.

“Is it true your milk came in all at once??” Melanie asked. Her breasts mashed into the table when she leaned forward in excitement. The girls were all large but not as large as Kara.

“M-Mhm,” Kara admitted, surprised how quickly news traveled.

“Wow... That must have been *incredible*. How did it feel?! I nearly fainted if I touched my nipples when my blessing came!”

“Ignore her for now,” Kim waved.

“Hey!”

“Relax! She’s not going anywhere. Poor Kara probably has a ton of questions!” Kim turned towards her, batting her eyes and gazing at Kara’s engorged mammarys. Kara had to admit Kim’s own nipples looked like they belonged between her lips.

“Let me explain a few of the basics,” Kim offered. “Sitting up there are the milkmaids. They run the academy with Dean Amae. Their personal apprentices basically wait on them hand and breast. Below them are the adepts. They’re just skilled apprentices, really. We’ll be there one day. You can usually tell an adept because they’ll have a golden ring around their nipples. All of the other tables are apprentices like you and me! The further back you go, the less experienced you are.”

“That’s why we’re basically next to the door,” Melanie mumbled. “We’re the lowest of the low.”

Kim rolled her eyes. “She’s just glum because she failed a test today.”

“I swear I had it! I filled an entire bucket while making stuff levitate last night!”

“She’s right, I saw it,” Stella nodded.

“How are you at milk magic, Kara?” Kim asked. “Any experience you have coming in can go *a long way*.”

Kara stammered. “I-I... I don’t know anything about it...”

The girls giggled, hardly taking their eyes off her chest. “We can help you practice!” Melanie said.

Kim nodded. “It’s really simple; we’re all training to be milkmages. We use lust to power our magic through the energy of our milk.”

Stella’s explanation was cruder. “Basically the hornier you get, the more milk you’ll produce and the bigger your breasts will engorge and the stronger your magic will be! More lust is more power. But if you get *too* horny, you can get out of control.”

The sound of such a thing worried Kara. “G-Get out of control??”

Kim answered. “Stella just means you lose your mind because you can’t handle all the milk inside your chest. Classic ‘don’t let your eyes be bigger than your boobs’ scenario.”

Kara wasn’t sure where to look. No matter where she turned, another pair of breasts lay waiting on to the table like exotic fruits. More apprentices were busy tasting the food on each other’s lips than the food on their plates. The girls around Kara seemed to be inching closer as well. Milk was leaking from several of their nipples. Kara was in a hungry lion’s den.

“Sorry... This is all so new... I’m not sure what to do or say...”

“Don’t worry,” Kim said in a soft voice, placing a hand on Kara’s thigh, “We’re here to help.”

Hands fell on Kara’s bare shoulders and caressed down her arms. “A-Ahh!” she cried out in surprise.

She hadn’t realized Stella had stood up from the bench. “Relax,” Stella whispered behind her into her ear, “You’re going to *love* it here.” A hand traced a circle around Kara’s nipple and she felt Stella’s naked bust press into her back. “I can tell you’re *already* enjoying yourself... Let me show you a few tricks.”

Playful hands pulled at Kara’s skirt around her hips, making her squeak and jump. It was pulled up the back of her legs until it was bundled in a roll behind her back, leaving her bare skin sitting on the bench. A breeze blew around her pussy through the oval holes carved in the wood. Stella’s chest pulled away from her back.

“W-Wait, what are we--*EEAHHHH!!!*” Kara shrieked in pure pleasure when a writhing tongue met with her pussy under the bench. Looking down, she could see the top of Stella’s head as she lay on the ground. “*G-Goddess, what are you doing to me?!?*”

“Relax!” Kim giggled, turning towards Kara and lifting her chest into hers. “The trick is to just let the lust flow through you... *Enjoy* it... Do *whatever* you want... There’s no shame here. We’re milkmages; our power *is* pleasure.”

Melanie's eyes flashed before sliding her plate aside. She climbed onto the table, crawling towards Kara like a frisky cat. "Mmmmm we're going to give you a crash course in letting your milk flow."

"B-But...I...already...A-AAGHH!! O-Ooohhhhh!! Goddess that feels good!!!" Stella's tongue was magical against her clit. Every wriggle made her chest plump and bloat onto the table. Kara was thankful to have it for support.

"Look at her, she's already getting the hang of it," Kim cooed. "Melanie, you do your thing. I've got somewhere to be."

"W-Where...do you have to go??" Kara asked.

Kim didn't respond, instead turning around and lying her head in Kara's lap. Two hungry hands reached up and angled Kara's massive right breast downward until her lips latched around a thimble nipple. "AHH!! MMMM!!!" Kara panicked, feeling Kim's mouth suction her nipples back and forth. Milk was quick to flow freely, filling the girl's mouth to the point of leaking from her cheeks.

"K-Kara...!" Kim gasped after swallowing. "I-I've *never* tasted milk as good as yours!"

"I don't know what to--NNNGHH!!" Kim resumed before Kara could respond. Stella was working harder than ever below the bench, her hands reaching up to grope Kara's thighs and pin her in place.

"Don't forget about me," Melanie swooned, knocking over a goblet of milk as she crawled closer. The other apprentices around them were joining in the fun and turning to the girls closest to them.

"P-Please don't suck me. Or...O-Or do! I don't know what I want!" Kara whimpered. "I-I'm already starting to fill up! I don't know if I could take anym--"

Melanie put a shushing finger to Kara's lips. Swinging her legs under her, Melanie slipped her skirt off and sat naked on the edge of the table. Thrusting her leaking nipples towards Kara, she instructed, "Don't worry, you're going to suck on *me*."

There was no argument. Kara leaped at Melanie's melon-like tits as if they were the only food on earth. Grasping both in her hands, she switched back and forth between the nipples. Milk ran over her face and Melanie's naked body, her hands pleasuring herself.

"M-MM... MMMMM!!!" Kara choked. Suckling another girl's chest was unlike anything she'd ever imagined. It was so soft and warm, able to consume her whole face like a magic pillow. The milk stuffed inside her body was rich and dense, tasting like liquid frosting as it spurted from her nipples.

"E-Easy, *easy!*" Melanie whined, surging in size. "Don't go...*nng*h...so fast! O-oohhh!! Ohhhh!! Mmmm you sure are thirsty!!!"

Kara nodded, feeling like a babe at Melanie's teat. She wanted more. She wanted to try Kim's milk and Stella's milk. She wanted each of them to try her own milk. She wanted to be as close to each and every one of them as possible. She wanted to taste their pussies and feel their burning warmth on her cheeks.

Kara released, milk falling from her mouth as she forgot to swallow. Looking up at Melanie's exasperated face, she grabbed either side of the apprentice's hips. "Come down from there..." Kara whispered.

"Mmmmm, I like the way this new girl thinks..."

Melanie lowered herself off the table and straddled Kara's knee. Placing a sopping pussy onto the smooth surface, she began sliding back and forth as she arched her chest into the air towards a waiting Kara, resting her elbows on the table behind her for support.

"MMMM!!! MMMPPHHH!!" Kara moaned, feeling engulfed in erotic sensations. They all fed into her chest, urging it larger and fuller.

Kim shuddered in her lap, crying out with a mouth full of milk. Another apprentice down the bench had spread Kim's legs and stuffed her head between her thighs, drawing squirms and gasps from the girl.

"Y-You're good at this," Melanie gasped, hugging Kara's head into her cleavage. Kara watched with weary eyes as Melanie bloated around her, growing full and tight. The sound of rushing milk inside her glands was a pleasure in itself.

"N-Nghhh!!" Kim groaned. Her head was all but buried between Kara's thighs and her filling breasts.

Kara's chest was engorging to new heights. With so much stimulation, it had more than doubled in size. More than several cows' udders-worth of milk were stuffed into her tits. They pushed into Melanie, forcing her back into the edge of the table and mashing against her own bloating chest. So many soft, luscious curves with slick milky skin fighting for domination was more than Kara could take. Pitted against each other, she felt as though she and Melanie were destined to swell and swell until one of them won, the other no longer able to contain so much fluid.

"MMMGNNNGH!!" Nails dug into Kara's thighs. Something soft was rising and pressing into her butt from behind the stool. The realization that Stella had grown to such a size simply from playing with her pussy was too much.

"M-MMM!! OOOHHHH MMMM!!" Kara started to whimper, losing control of the lust coursing within. There was too much stimulation and too much milk stuffed in her knockers. Her nipples flared to twice their size, preparing for a monumental letdown any second. Feeling Melanie slide up and down on her knee while Kim sank her hands into her chest was the final nail in the coffin.

"W-Wait!! OHHHH WAIT!!" Kara cried out, muffled by Melanie's chest. "*Something is...I-I can't take it!! KIM MY TITS FEEL SO FULL!! MY PUSSY FEELS...MMMNGGHH!! IT'S SO WET!! MY BODY FEELS LIKE IT'S ABOUT TO--*"

CRASH!!!

Kara's mammarys doubled their size in a matter of seconds, growing as large as Amae's after the incident. The force pushed back against Melanie, leaving Kara's body no choice but to

fly from her dripping seat on the bench and fall backward onto the floor. A pair of breasts each almost three feet across pinned her to the floor and covered from her neck to her navel.

“AaaaAAHHHH!!! GODDEEEEEEEESS!!!” Kara screamed, her chest vibrating on top of her as every apprentice licked their lips.

SPPPPSSSSHHHHH!!!!

Kara’s nipples erupted like volcanoes, spraying milk into the air and covering everything in a ten-meter radius. A torrent of raining dairy fell upon every girl, their eager mouths opening to catch the sweet substance and hands rubbing it over their naked bodies. It bubbled within their bellies, making their chests tingle. Kim most of all, after suckling at Kara for so long, could feel an intense magical pressure building in her body.

“Oooohhhhh... O-OOHHHHHH MY BOOOOOOBS!!!” Kim moaned, squeezing her watermelon jugs. *“K-KARA, YOUR MIIILK!! WHAT IS IT DOING TO ME??”*

“AhhhhHHH!!!”

“Oh Goddess OH GODDESS!!”

Deafening roars of orgasm rose from the table as every girl clutched at their busts. They surged in size moments later, bloating in their arms and across the table. Plates were shoved aside by rounded skin and crashed to the floor. Their firm growing breasts met in the middle, girls expanding on either side of the table before their nipples pressed like long lost lovers.

“I’M GETTING SO BIG!! What kind of milk magic is this?!” Kim howled, rolling off the bench and falling on top of jiggling milky heaps. Her face rested inches from Kara’s exposed crotch. *“I-I’ve never felt...so full!! I’m OVERFLOWING!!”*

Their playtime was drawing attention from the other apprentices. Seeing the titanic display, they rushed to join, lapping up Kara’s milk from others’ breasts. All at once, those around Kara cascaded into an unstoppable orgy of delight. Kim carried her breasts in her arms, struggling with the weight. Straddling Kara on the floor, she pressed her pussy against hers and applied pressure to both their clits. Their jugs stacked together to create a jiggling plus sign of cleavage and burying Kara in the process.

“THEY’RE SO FULL!! GODDESS I’M SO FULL!!!” Kara screamed. *“This milk...IS DRIVING ME INSANE!!”*

“Kara, I’ve never tasted anything like you!” Kim confessed, leaning all her weight onto her chest and Kara’s. *“Y-Your milk is...IT’S MIRACULOUS!! I FEEL SO LUSTFUL!! I COULD DRINK YOUR MILK FOR DAYS! MMMM IT MAKES ME WANT TO...T-TO...O-OOHHHH SOMETHING IS COMIIING!!!”*

Kim’s pussy shivered in orgasm against Kara’s along with her whole body. Fluid gushed between them, making their navels slick and frictionless. Their nipples squished together, the girls’ milk had nowhere to escape and forced their mammaries to incredible sizes.

“GODDESS I’M COMING!!! I’M COMING FROM SO MUCH MIIILK!!!”

SLAM!!!

“*CEASE THIS AT ONCE!!*” a voice boomed after the hall doors burst open. “*CEASE THIS AT ONCE, I SAID!!*”

Even in the midst of such a flesh-driven festival, the apprentices could recognize the voice of their dean. Quieting to a hush of stifled residual moans, they removed themselves from each other and watched Amae approach. It was all they could do to keep from whimpering as their breasts continued to fill.

Kim rolled off Kara in a gasping heap, landing on her side. Her eyes, along with everyone else’s, bulged when they saw the dean. A gasp ran through the hall.

“S-She’s grown...” Kim gawked.

“*Remove your lowly hands from my apprentice!!*” Amae demanded, standing over Kara.

A louder gasp came in a wave, followed by whispers. The dean hadn’t taken an apprentice in years. In fear, Kim scuttled away from Kara as if caught touching a priceless artifact.

“Kara,” Amae said, “You are to come with me at once.”

“I-I didn’t do anything!” Kara defended, struggling to sit up from under her lap-filling jugs. “They were just trying to help me learn--”

“You’re not in trouble. On the contrary.” Amae lent Kara a hand, pulling her from the pool of milk. “We can’t speak here.”

The hall watched Amae walk a wobbly Kara from the room. Once outside, the dean turned to her. Their breasts slid against each other, too large to prevent contact. Amae’s eyes swam with knowledge and secrets. In a low voice, the dean whispered, “You are no ordinary milkmage, Kara.”

Kara was too stunned by the scene in the mess hall to keep up. “H...Huh???”

Glancing around and looking at her own enlarged breasts, Amae whispered, “Come to my office; there is something we must discuss.”

TO BE CONTINUED