

### Loki's Misfortune Part 3

The bar owner ogled Loki's changing body. Whether it was her engorging mammaries, lengthening tail, or madly twitching cow ears, the goddess was a sight to behold.

*"M-Mmooooo!! MOOOO!!!"* Loki moaned. Blonde hair clung to her sweating face. Every passing minute sealed her fate with another ounce of milk burdening her breasts.

"You're filling up rather nicely!" Cally laughed. "I'll admit, I've daydreamed about various things befalling you before, but even I never imagined I would see you in such a state. You couldn't be more helpless if you were pinned beneath Thor's hammer!"

*GUUURRRRGL*

Milk churned louder than ever. Somewhere deep in her cleavage, Loki could feel the amulet burning with cursed magic. It would never end. Her destiny was flooding with milk. Soon she wouldn't be able to stay on her feet, let alone think straight.

*"Please... P-Please... I can't...take much more of this..."*

*SLOOOSH*

*SLOOOSH*

*"Mmmngh!!!"*

"Oh but I have a feeling you're just at the start of this delightful transformation!" Cally stepped back to gaze at the fallen goddess' breasts. Leaning on a barrel, they hung over the floor and crept closer to the wood with every second.

*THWAP!*

Loki gasped when her tail struck her own thigh. *"M-MMGH!!!"*

*"My that's an eager tail!"* Cally stepped behind her to inspect the red mark left from the strike. An open hand couldn't have made her jiggle any better. Taking the writhing extremity in her grasp, she pulled gently.

*"Ahh!! M-MMMOOO!!! Please...don't!!! You'll make me--NNNGH!!!"*

*GUUUURRRRRRGL!!!!*

*"AAHH!!!"*

Milk flooded Loki's chest, stretching her skin shiny and taut. Nipples thick enough to fill an Asgardian's mug reached for the floor. Blue veins raced away from her distending areolas like waterfalls climbing her tits. Loki shivered when Cally placed a tender hand against the side of her chest and continued to play with her tail.

"It's almost as if touching you makes it worse..." Cally whispered deviously. *"I'll bet if I push the right buttons, I could give the entire tavern several rounds of frothing mugs of milk."*

Her hand slid to the base of Loki's tail, where the bar owner extended several fingers and rubbed a quivering pussy trapped between two fattened thighs.

*"H-Hah... Mmng...!"* Loki whimpered as she tried to fight her own magic and rising lust.

“I wonder what would happen...” Cally teased, pressing herself into Loki’s back, “If I entered the Goddess of Mischief in such a fragile state of lactation?”

*SCHLLCK*

*“MMNGH!!!!”*

*GUUURRRRGLE!!!!*

Cally’s fingers slid into Loki like a sword. As if throwing buckets of fuel to a raging fire, Loki’s body trembled and she gripped the barrel for dear life when dairy exploded within her to new heights.

*SSSTTTTTRRTCH!!!!*

*“MMMoooooooooooo!!!!!”*

*CRREEEAAAAAK*

It was impossible to place all the sounds that followed, the most prominent of which was the sound of Loki’s skin stretching and the barrel complaining of her engorging weight.

*“D-Don’t!! Please, let me free!”* Loki begged.

“Oh I don’t think so.” Cally rubbed her chest against Loki’s back. “It’s poetic justice in a way, isn’t it? You robbed me of a wonderful pair of breasts for a quick laugh. Now, you’re about to find yourself with *far* more breast than you ever wanted.” Chuckling, the bar owner added, “I don’t think you’ll be known as the Goddess of Mischief for much longer.”

*“M-My nipples are rubbing against the flo--”*

*CREEAAAAA--CRASH!!!*

*BWOOMP-SLOOSH!!!!*

*“NNGH!!!!”*

The barrel gave out, collapsing under Loki’s swirling milky weight. Powerless, she fell to her knees as her own chest billowed in front of her as a jiggling pale landscape. Milk and cleavage squeaked in her ears. The entire world seemed to jiggle until her breasts came to a heaving stop under her arms.

*“No more! Please!”* Loki’s eyes widened when her chest ballooned high and round. Her tail beat against her thighs and feet. *“I don’t think I can hold much more before I--”*

*GUUURRRRGLE--SPLLLTCH!!!!*

*“A-A-AAHH!!!!!”*

Quivering and bloating for a brief moment, Loki’s nipples puffed outward to release a stream of milk across the room. The relief in pressure was heavenly and made her weak. She lay across her chest in ecstasy.

*“Ooohhhhh yes!!! Please, empty yourselves!”* she pleaded to her milk-laden udders.

*“Well we can’t have that, can we?”*

Loki froze when Cally approached the front of her chest and removed the tie around her apron. Milk spraying against her body left her unfazed.

*“W-What are you doing??”*

“Oh I heard all the suggestions of those rowdy men out there before I saved you! I quite liked one of them...”

The goddess' eyes widened when she felt the strap wind around the base of a nipple.

*SQULCH!!*

*“MMHG!!!! NO!! PLEASE, NO!!!”*

Loki's release ceased within an instant when Cally tied off both nipples. In its stead was a dangerous rise in pressure as Loki's milk backed up.

*CCRREEEAAAAAAK!!!*

*“Oooohhhh my chest!!! MY BREASTS!!!”* Loki cried out, watching them bloat over her face.

“They look a bit more like udders to me!” Cally laughed. Staring at Loki's shiny skin, she noticed several new colors rising to the surface. “And look! You're even getting your spots!! I wonder how long until you can't even speak... Only able to make those embarrassing bellows of a bovine!”

*“N-No...! No...I... M-Mmmngh...!! Mmmooooo!!!!”*

*GUUURRRGLE!!!!*

Loki's chest complained with pressure. The rising milk would soon be too much, even for a goddess. Tail writhing and ears twitching, she knew she couldn't possibly handle much more.

“Why, you might even end up in Midgard as some farm animal! What a fitting end.”

This was too far for Loki. She would never accept such a fate as to be grouped in with the occupants of a barn. Fighting back a wave of labored bellows and moans, she called out to the bar owner over the sound of her milk.

*“I...I-I'm sorry!”*

This took Cally by surprise. “Excuse me?”

*“I'm... O-Ooohhh... I-I'm sorry for what I did...”* Loki gulped to swallow her pride. *“I'm sorry for robbing you of your breasts. It was a terrible act. I at least should have restored you to your original form.”*

Cally didn't know what to say. She'd held resentment for the goddess for so long, yet never expected Loki to apologize for her actions. It simply wasn't heard of.

“I...” Cally stared at the rising pair of monstrous breasts and shook her head. “W-Well it's too late now. You would have given them back by now if you could. I don't see why I shouldn't open the door to those parched drunks waiting outside.”

Loki chose her words carefully. *“It's true; I lack my magic and I may not be able to restore you in this state. But my milk can...”*

Such news made Cally pause and consider the cream dripping from a dark, swollen nipple. “Your...milk?”

“This curse is overflowing with feminine transformative magic. If you were to drink a tiny bit, it should restore what I took so many years ago.”

It seemed too good to be true. Truth was never known to reside in Loki's words.

“*P-Please...*” Loki moaned, feeling her chest tighten against her face. “*I won’t last much longer. At least let me make these amends...*”

Cally chewed on her lip and stared at her own torso. It had been criminally empty since her head-sized bosom was stolen away. The thought of once more filling a bodice to the point of ripping sounded incredible.

“You’re not lying?” Cally whispered.

“*I promise, if you drink of my milk, you’ll regain what I took.*”

The promise of a god or goddess was absolute. Knowing this, Cally stepped towards a nipple and grasped a knot.

“Very well... I shall have a taste.”

*SPPLLRRTCH!!!*

Milk shot from the nipple upon the bond loosening.

“*MMNGH!!!! Please, hurry!!*” Loki begged as the stimulation encouraged further lactation.

The sounds of ravenous gulping came from the other side of her chest. She hadn’t expected the bar owner to be so eager as Loki felt her lips suckling her giant fleshy nozzle.

“*Gah!!*” Cally gasped for air, leaning back from the breast. “*It is done!*”

“Splendid.”

“*H-How long until my breasts--MMGH!!*”

Cally’s chest sparked to life. Flinging her hands to her bust, she felt her nipples expanding and contracting rapidly. It wasn’t long until she felt soft masses push against her palms.

“*They’re GROWING!!*” she exclaimed. Pulling her bodice away from her body, she watched two pale mounds rise from her torso. They plumped and filled as if breathing before gaining enough mass to fold over.

*SSTTRRRRTCH!*

The fabric strained to contain them as they filled the empty space. Releasing her fingers, Cally sat mesmerized as cleavage filled her view for the first time in an eternity.

“*My breasts are BACK!!*”

“As promised.”

*GUUURRRGLE*

Loki’s chest shifted. Like a hulking animal waking from sleep, it shifted and bloated before rapidly shrinking in size. Her milk seemed to vanish and within seconds, Loki’s face appeared from the other side. Any signs of bovine anatomy were gone.

Cally couldn’t have cared less. Within her arms were two bulging tits just as she remembered. They heaved and wobbled with her excitement.

“*Thank you!*” she awed, sinking her hands into them. “*Thank you for returning my breasts to m--MOO!*”

Cally clapped a hand over her mouth with an expression of bewilderment.

*GUUUURRRRRGLE*

She glanced down at the sound of churning liquid inside her bust.

“*Nngh!! Ahh!! W-What’s...What’s happening?!*” Her eyes bulged upon seeing her growth continuing past her natural size.

*SSSHHRIIPPP!!*

Her dress ripped down the middle. Upon her hips settled excess weight and girth, plumping her thighs and rear.

*“WHY AREN’T THEY STOPPING?!”*

Loki rose to her feet. Though naked, she possessed none of the overbearing sizes gained from Thor’s outsmarting.

*THUD!*

*SLOOSH*

*SLOOSH!!*

“*Y-You promised!!*” Cally complained, falling onto her hands and knees as flesh billowed beneath her.

Loki stood over her with an amused smile. “I promised you would reclaim your old size, though I never said you wouldn’t receive anything extra. *Enjoy my curse.*”

*“W-Wha--MOOOO!!!!”*

*SPPLRRTCH!!!*

Horror filled the bar owner’s face when a tail sprouted from her hips and ears sprang into view. Leaking milk formed a widening puddle around her.

“Did you think my mischief was so simple?” Loki laughed. “It was designed to only be lifted upon my brother, turned woman, experiencing sexual contact with another man, where it would then be transferred! It would have been oh so satisfying to see him endure such embarrassment, though this works as well.”

*GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!*

“*WHAT?!*” Cally felt herself rising atop her chest. Its growth was wild and out of control. “*I trusted you!!!*”

“A grave mistake.” Loki stepped towards the door. “I believe you were complaining about not having enough milk to satisfy demand?”

Cally’s eyes pleaded with her from within deepening cleavage. “*P-Please--*”

Loki opened the door to the tavern. Shouts and laughter died instantly upon seeing the goddess returned to her powerful form. Walking among them and gathering her ruined clothes from a nearby gambling game and made to leave the tavern.

Pausing in the doorway, she announced over the sound of Cally’s moans, “If any of you are still thirsty, there’s free milk in the back! All you can drink.”