

Oasis Part 2



Rising heat roused Violet from her slumber. Even in the shade of the truck, she could feel sweat covering her body. Sand clung wherever it was offered an opportunity.

“*Nnngh... Crap...*” she groaned. Energy was hard to come by and the sun reflecting off the sand around her was blinding. The previous night’s excursion to the water tank was little more than a fever dream in the back of her mind. Had it not been for the watermelon-sized breasts left filling her lap, she would have thought the events existed only in her imagination.

She stared at her chest. “D-Did I actually do that??” Despite the heat, their surfaces were cool to the touch like the outside of an icy glass of water. Just hearing the fluid sloshing within her breasts made her mouth dry. Diamond dewdrops rested on her skin as water slowly leaked free. A bubble of humidity surrounded her, over a hundred gallons of water already evaporated from her chest.

“God I’m thirsty... Was I out here all night??” She glanced at a nearby road. No cars were in sight, but that didn’t mean somebody hadn’t driven past and seen her lying topless out in the open. Now awake, and still exposed, modesty wasn’t Violet’s first priority; it was quenching her thirst.

Checking once more for any wandering eyes, co-workers or otherwise, Violet slipped her hands under a bloated tit. Skin bulged over her hand like a giant water balloon as she lifted a puffy nipple to her mouth. Clear water leaked from the pink nub. It made her shiver when it ran over her fingers and down her arm. Violet opened her mouth and closed the distance. It was almost too large to fit between her lips.

“*M-Mmmmm!*” It was exactly what she needed. Refreshing liquid coursed down her throat and saturated her parched mouth. It beat the sun’s rays away like a shield. The effects were so invigorating that Violet squeezed her hands into her mammary. Water gushed from the nipple like a faucet. What she couldn’t swallow fast enough ran from the corner of her mouth, only to be collected in her cleavage once more. Nothing went to waste.

POP!

The nipple quivered as it sprang free.

“*Oooooohhhhhh...*” Violet closed her eyes and leaned back against the truck. “Maybe basically being a camel won’t be so bad... I could get used to having my own personal water packs.”

“*Mmmmm ROMAN!!*”

A sudden cry of aroused delight flew from the tent. Two shadows could be seen embracing each other inside. Violet rolled her eyes at the display. Roman’s hands didn’t appear to have any restrictions on Tera’s body. “Give it a rest for one day,” she moaned. “Or bring your own tent next time.” The scent of breakfast wafting from the tent was too much to ignore.

Still full to sloshing, Violet stood on swaying legs and cradled her chest in her arms. Her shirt was nowhere to be seen. Entering the tent in such a state was going to be humiliating but it

was better than taking her chances in the sun without protection. Hands full of her nipples, she stumbled into the tent.

Violet announced herself as she entered. “Hey, Roman, could do me a favor and look away for a second? I’ve had a bit of a wardrobe malfunction and--*Tera!!*”

The apprentice was wrapped in Roman’s arms. Gasps of extreme pleasure moistened her lips. Breasts large enough to consume her torso overflowed Roman’s grasp. Unexplainable flowers and foliage covered the sand beneath their feet. Violet was so shocked at the scene she allowed her chest to slip from her grasp.

“Tera! Your breasts!!”

Roman’s eyes brightened and he released his hold. “Ah! I was hoping a water bearer had been chosen as well! Your talents will surely prove useful in the hours to come.” He stepped toward Violet, grabbing an empty coffee mug on the way. She was too stunned to react when expert hands grabbed hold of a leaking nipple and filled the mug to the point of overflowing. Her water drained into his gullet within seconds. “*Ahhh...* Thank you, servant. I haven’t had such delectable water in what feels like eons.”

SMACK!!!

An open-hand slap connected with Roman’s face. The coffee mug fell to the ground below. “*Servant??* And where in the hell do you get off thinking you can just *assault me?! I’m your superior! I could have you--*”

An iron grip closed around Violet’s wrist. The voice from Roman’s mouth was not his own. “*None* are my superior save for the gods. You would do well to remember your place.” A gaze of ancient wisdom and knowledge stared Violet down. Water leaked to the sand below and Roman’s grip tightened. “It would be wise to close your nipples as well; we cannot afford to be so wasteful in this barren place.”

Violet almost succumbed to his intimidating command. She held strong, however, and tore her wrist away. “*Fuck off! I don’t know what’s going on here, but you’re done!*” She moved to go around Roman. “*Come on, Tera, I’m not leaving you alone with this creep again!*”

Tera blinked. “Why? I’m happy with my master!”

“*MASTER?! What kind of sick roleplay is this?!*” Violet reached to take her hand. They would figure out her mammoth udders later.

The pharaoh was quick on his feet and even quicker in thought. His power was still far too weak to hypnotize someone as strong-willed as Violet; she wasn’t as receptive to his authority as Tera had been. Jumping between them, he broke Violet’s grip. “I’m afraid you caught us!” he grinned while playing into Violet’s assumptions. “This charade was purely for pleasure. I couldn’t keep my hands off this beautiful creature. We simply thought you had gone.”

His choice of words made Violet grind her teeth. But if anybody was to refer to a woman as a ‘beautiful creature’, it would be Roman. She was still infuriated. “*You groped my tit and now you’re going to act like it was all some weird sex game?!*”

It took all of the pharaoh's will to bow slightly to his would-be servant. "I'm deeply sorry for the mistake. I was too caught up in our fun."

"We were just messing around!" Tera giggled. "Master snuck up on me while I was cooking and--"

"*I don't want to know!*" Violet groaned and rubbed her temples. "Look, I know things have been out of sorts around camp the last few days. There are certain...*things* on all of our minds. But Roman, for the love of God, *please* keep this a professional place of work. I should have your license revoked for what you did."

"Understood."

Violet glared. "And stop with the freaky 'master' and 'servant' crap. It's weird, even for you."

Tera came forward and leaned on Roman's back, pressing her chest into him and loving him like a cat. "I live to serve my master..."

Violet averted her eyes. "*Goddammit.*"

The pharaoh wished to leave. There were things to do and his water bearer was proving to be a thorn in his side. The modern world as he'd come to see it thus far was vastly different from his ancient time. There was a lot of work to be done. Kissing Tera, he instructed, "Clothe yourself, my dear. We have more work to do in the tomb."

Glaring as Tera stepped away to find anything large enough to cover herself, Violet growled, "I hope you mean *actual* work and not what you two have been doing this entire excavation."

The pharaoh nodded. "I assure you, it's of the utmost importance."

Violet threw her arms into the air and stepped away. "Whatever. Just...do what you have to do to get this out of your systems so you can talk normally again. *I don't want to be a part of it!*"

Noticing sand covering the majority of Violet's body, the pharaoh suggested, "You're awfully filthy. Perhaps you should cleanse yourself before joining us for work."

Pausing at her bunk, it took all of Violet's strength not to slap him again. "Yes, thank you, Roman..." she said through grinding teeth. Grabbing a towel, fresh clothes, and a blanket for cover, Violet left the tent before the situation escalated any further.

The pharaoh watched her leave before speaking to an eager-to-please Tera. "Your companion is not going to make my kingdom's return easy," he warned. "I fear she does not know her place."

Tera hugged his arm. "Is there anything I can do??"

It pleased him to have such a willing servant. "I'm afraid not, my fire-headed milkmaid." Squeezing a nipple and eliciting a squeal of delight, he licked his hand free of sweet milk before responding. "Go to my tomb and await my arrival. I shall join you soon; there is a matter I must attend to first..."

Violet found herself at the Nile's banks. It was still early in the day; far from the ideal time for her to bathe in the clear waters. It wasn't uncommon for civilians or tourists to pass by. As much as she hated to admit it, however, Roman was right; she was covered in the filth of a night spent on the ground and reeked of sweat. A final glance to her left and right told her she was alone for the time being. If she was quick, she could be done in a few minutes.

"Get in and get out," Violet told herself, slipping out of her clothes. "I don't want to be caught and I need to get back to Tera and Roman as soon as possible to keep some space between them. You would think they were horny high schoolers or something..."

The rushing water lapped at Violet's bare thighs. It made her nipples sing and her skin dance with erotic tingles. For a brief moment, she was able to close her eyes and simply enjoy the river's caress. "*Mmmmmm, God...* Just standing in the water is making my chest swell... It seems like they're taking on fluid easier and easier the more I--"

"Water bearer... A word?"

A masculine voice made Violet freeze in place. Wrapping her arms around her naked body, she spun around to find Roman standing at the water's edge in her clump of privacy reeds. "*The fuck do you think you're doing?! Get out of here!!*" she hissed.

He paid no mind to the request. "This world has changed so much since my slumber." Staring at the looming Great Pyramids, he sighed. "It's clear my return did not go as planned and my descendants lost their way..." In the distance Cairo shimmered in the desert heat. A distant car kicked up a plume of dust. "Knowledge has progressed by leaps and bounds as well. It mystifies me but I feel it is not outside my grasp once my kingdom is returned to its former glory. For too long it has been lost to the sands of time."

Violet was at a complete loss. Roman was always capable of displaying odd behavior but never had he gone to such lengths. The man in front of her now was cloaked in an air of superiority and power. He was regal and spoke with a voice not his own. Her spot of privacy in the river suddenly felt more like a trap. Something told her she'd been played. "You're... You're not really Roman..." Violet whispered. "I don't know who you are, but this isn't Roman speaking to me."

The pharaoh grinned. "You're a clever one. Far more intuitive than your companion." Turning his hands upward, he moved his fingers as if controlling a puppet.

SHOOM!

SHOOM!

Aged strips of linen cloth shot from the water around Violet's feet. They took her by surprise, causing her to cry out when they wrapped around her ankles and wrists. She stood pinned in place and completely bared to her amused captor. "*W-What the hell is this?!*" she asked, struggling against her bonds.

The pharaoh stepped into the water to come face-to-face. "I am King Laban, ruler of what was once a prosperous land of oases and women in ancient times. I have returned to claim what is mine by divine right."

“The only thing you have a right to claim is my foot when I get out of here and shove it--*Nnngh!!*”

Laban reached out and grasped Violet’s nipples. Water gushed into his hands and he collected it in his palms before bringing it to his mouth. “*Mmmm...* Delicious. It keeps so fresh and cool inside your bosom. You shall be among the highest--”

CRACK!!

Violet threw herself forward to deliver a headbutt. Pain seared across her brow and he stumbled back, falling into the water with blood dripping from his nose. The wraps tightened around her limbs but Violet didn’t care. She snarled when King Laban wiped the blood from his nose and stood up. “*Let me go you insane bastard!*”

“I don’t expect you to understand your new role in society...” Laban clenched his hands. “However you *will* learn your place. The hard way, if need be.”

Linen wraps coiled further around Violet’s legs and arms. With the strength of several fully-grown pythons, her body was forced into the river in a thrashing splash. She coughed water as she was taken to the riverbank and spread eagle in the sand. Water kissed her neck, only her head rising above the surface.

“*The fuck are you doing?!*” Violet struggled but could not move. Wraps pulled her into the sand, keeping her in place. Already her breasts were absorbing the river at a worrisome rate. Staring ahead, her breathing turned to a panic when her abdomen was hidden behind two rising mounds. Her skin was absorbing water at gallons a minute and she was powerless to stop it. “*I-I’m filling up!!*”

King Laban nodded. “As you should be for a servant of your talents. My people drew water from these very banks for hundreds of years. You will do the same.”

“*N-Nnngh!!*” Violet grunted with effort. Her breasts were becoming overbearing and covered much of her torso. “*Fuck you!*”

“I shall return for you in due time. My kingdom’s return is at hand; there is much to do in the coming hours.”

“*Leave Tera alone!!*”

“The milkmaid? I’m afraid her heart and mind belong to me now. Alas, this burden was not meant to be placed upon a single woman, but I feel she will be strong enough to endure. Her bosom shall bring about a new era. Until then, farewell.” The reeds parted as King Laban left Violet trapped in the river. Try as she might, the bonds holding her body were too strong. The water flowed over her form, and much to her fear, flowed into her thirsty bust.

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

The dome greeted Laban like an old friend. Passing through its entrance and walking among its hieroglyph-covered walls brought with it a sense of belonging. Outside, the world no

longer made sense. Everything was metal and glowed with an unnatural light. Here, things were quiet and simple. It was comforting, even if it was his resting place.

“Milkmaid,” he called into the tomb. “I trust you awaited my arrival?”

Tera stood in the center of the room as still as the statues against the wall. His arrival was akin to a switch flipping in her mind and she came to life. “I’ve waited for you, my pharaoh!” Her hands clasp together at her navel to squish her breasts together. Although she wore a shirt, it did nothing to cover her frame. The majority of her breasts fell from the bottom to hang in plain sight. “I am at your service.”

King Laban smiled at his servant. He beckoned her to his side so he may grope an engorged udder. “You bring me peace in this time of rebirth,” he sighed. “Seeing you so swollen with milk, I’m astounded at your natural ability. In my time you would have been among the most precious of milkmaids.”

“*Mmm! I-I fill for you...my pharaoh!*” Tera swooned and relished his massage. Milk dribbled from her chest in thick rivers. “I am at your comma--*Ahh!!!*”

His hands grabbed each inch-thick nipple to cease her leaking. “We cannot afford to be wasteful of such a precious commodity. You are quite full, but our task requires a far greater amount of milk.”

“*M-Mmmm...M-Milk me...*” Tera pleaded. “*I’m so full as it is...*”

Laban grinned, feeling her contents beating against her areolas. “Your time for release shall come, and with it, my kingdom’s return. However you will continue to produce and swell until then.”

Shivering and awash in arousal, Tera nodded against the rising pressure from his grip. “I’ll shall contain...what is needed.”

“I have no doubt.” Laban released his hold.

PPHHHSSSHHH

“*A-Ahhh!!*” Milk gushed from Tera’s freed nipples before coming to a slow trickle.

What remained on the king’s hand was licked away. “Your nectar is simply divine, my dear. You deserve attire befitting your new role and destiny.” Ignoring the sarcophagus and the useless corpse it contained, Laban approached one of the many clay containers in the corner. Some were shaped like animals, others like women, but most were simple jars. He came to stop at a row of seven large vases decorated in waves of white fluid.

“A shame things didn’t go as planned,” he sighed while looking over the unnecessary containers. “There were meant to be six more of you...” Plucking one at random, he returned to Tera. Several items rattled inside when the seal was broken and lid detached.

“Remove your clothes,” he commanded, “You will not be needing such restrictive garments.”

Without a word, Tera began undressing. Her top was unbuttoned and slipped from her arms to the ground below. Struggling to find her belt, button, and zipper below her breasts, she

managed to undo her pants amid a storm of sloshing and groans. Sliding them down her legs was another story, however.

WHOOMPH

“*S-Sorry, my pharaoh...*” Top heavy, Tera fell to the floor when trying to shimmy free of her clothes. Her own chest pinned her to the ground while her pants tangled around her ankles. Laban’s gaze lingered on the pink lace hugging her hips and crotch. Seeing this, Tera exposed herself to produce a better view. “Shall I receive you, Master?”

Laban approached and knelt to her side. Placing a hand against the bulge of her pussy, he gently stimulated her until fluid soaked through the fabric and warmed his hands.

“*Nnngh!!*” Tera writhed, hugging her chest as it bloated from stimulation.

The sight pleased Laban. “You shall, but not yet. When our task is complete there will be much rejoicing.” Running his fingers under the lace, he grasped Tera’s panties before yanking them to one side.

SHRRIIP!!

They tore apart into a bundle of tatters to leave the girl naked at his hands.

“Y-You wish to gaze upon me...?” Tera spread her legs to the fullest and hugged her breasts on top of her body.

The girl’s obedience made power throb through Laban’s body. “Truly you are a blessing sent from Hathor herself.” He gazed in appreciation, taking in Tera’s supple figure. A shaven groin was foreign but a taste he found quick to acquire. Pulling off her shoes and pants, Laban instructed for Tera to stand while he returned to the vase he had chosen.

A flowing white skirt was withdrawn. The waist was lined in waves of gold thread and medallions. The fabric itself was long enough to reach the wearer’s ankles. Two slits separated the front-most portion covering the navel, allowing both legs full range of motion. There was no matching top.

“This shall be your new wardrobe,” Laban presented to a gleeful Tera. “This was the traditional garb for the milkmaids of my time.”

Overcome with joy, Tera took the white skirt and stepping into the silky fabric. Laban helped cinch it behind her back. It hugged halfway down her navel. Standing still, bare skin was visible on the front of her legs from her feet to the tops of her hips. Leaning forward would cause the front portion of cloth to drape, gifting a view between the wearer’s legs. The fabric was so sheer the sun would expose what lie beneath. With her breasts full and resting against her stomach, Tera was the image of ancient beauty.

“Does this please you?” she asked, presenting the garb.

“It does. We are not finished, however.” Several items clinked together when Laban reached into the vase once more. He revealed two golden rings inscribed with hieroglyphs. Each hinged open at the half before closing with a sturdy snap. “Present your bosom.”

Tera came to Laban's side and lifted her breasts in her tiny arms as if they were a gift. Milk continued to flow freely from her nipples. Tera's eyes gazed longingly at her master. "Do you wish to drink from me?"

"Not yet." Laban opened a ring and placed it around her nipple. "These shall help you contain the burden to come. They will also grow with you, for a time."

SNAP!!

"A-AHHMM!!!"

SNAP!!

"AAAHHMMM!!!"

Tera's leaking ceased when the golden rings sealed her nipples like clamps on the end of a hose.

GUUURGGLE

All exits blocked, Tera's milk immediately began backing up. Her chest bloated, tightening into full, round forms and lifting from her body. She trembled as her skin stretched and milk swirled under her skin. "*O-Ooohhhhhh... Pharaoh...! M-My breasts swell!! They grow too full!!*"

The king leaned forward and kissed Tera's cleavage. Its surface was taut and smooth under his lips. The heat of several dozen gallons of milk reminded him of the desert. "We will require a vast amount of milk. As my only milkmaid, you shall endure."

"Y-Yes, I--M-Mmmmmnnnghhhh... They're stretching!!!" The gold rings forbade any relief.

Moaning against her engorging chest, Tera watched as King Laban removed his clothes. They fell uselessly to the ground next to hers. She gazed with growing arousal as he strode naked to another clay pot to remove a set of royal clothes: a knee-length blue skirt, a circlet of gold and jewels to drape around his neck and cover his chest, and a headdress flowing down his neck. Laban almost felt like himself once dressed, even if it wasn't his original body.

Pleased, he spoke to Tera. "Come, the time for your duty approaches." Together, Laban led Tera from the ancient tomb back into the modern world. They came as visitors from several thousand years in the past. A noon sun was directly overhead. Though the majority of the area around them was sand, Laban knew it well.

"We must walk," he informed Tera, "Our destination lies to the west."

She followed, cradling her firming bust to help combat its weight. Not a drop of milk had fallen since the golden rings were placed on her nipples, though the pressure they fought mounted with every passing minute.

For over an hour they walked under the sun's beating rays. Laban stood strong and tall against the desert's harsh landscape. Tera followed as best she could. The surface of her chest shone bright and shiny with sweat and her cleavage slipped over itself, often causing her to lose her balance when the milk-weight shifted. Her nipples throbbed for release but their bonds refused to relent. She longed for the sweet relief of pressure but stayed her request; the pharaoh would provide her such pleasures when the time came.

Finally, Laban came to a stop in a wide area between two dunes. Tera's skirt clung to her skin from perspiration. The finest details of her body displayed themselves through the soaked, sheer fabric. Their camp resided miles back towards the Nile. Another twenty minutes of them sat a road cutting through the desert to support the occasional car.

"This modern world disgusts me," Laban grunted. "So much has changed, but has it been for the better?" Looking down at Tera as she fell to her knees, he marveled at her bloated form and added, "There was no hate in my time, only joy. My kingdom was a utopia to behold."

"*P-Pharaoh...*" Tera panted, "*I am so full... Yet I continue to produce...*"

"You have done well." He knelt down and grasped the searing-hot golden rings.

SNAP SNAP!!

FWOOOOSH!!

"*OOHHHHAAAHHH!!!!*" Tera cried out when milk engorged her freed nipples to their fullest in less than a second.

Kneeling behind her, Laban placed his hands atop each of her three-foot-wide udders.

"Shall we begin?"

"*M-M-Mhm! Ahhh!!!*" Tera whimpered when power flowed from Laban's hands into her chest.

GRRUMMMMMBBLE

"*Hahhh! H-Haaahhh!! My...My breasts!!*" Milk surged to stretch her full and round. Jet streams of milk flew from her nipples to arc over twenty feet into the steaming sand. "*Pharaoh... M-MY PHARAOH!!! YOU WILL MAKE ME...ME TOO FULL!!! I cannot contain such milk!!*"

Laban sank his hands into her bust. "There shall be far more than this."

"*A-Ahhh!! AHHH!!*"

RMMMBBBBBLLLL-SPPPUUURT!!!

Tera arched her back when the pressure became too much. Soda can nipples erupted with milk and shot her release high into the air. It descended upon them moments later in a shower of warm cream, coating the sand and darkening the vicinity. In less than twenty seconds, fifty gallons of milk left Tera's mammarys to leave her exhausted in Laban's arms. He groped her cantaloupe-sized breasts firmly as the ground shifted around them.

"It begins..." he whispered.

The landscape was changing. At first, shades of green blended with the dull desert sand. The green quickly flourished and sprouted. Palm trees groaned as they stretched towards the sky with thickening trunks. Lush flowers and bushes formed at their base to encompass a circle. The shaking grew more intense and the sand itself began to part. Dispersing from the center, a stone basin over two hundred meters across yawned before them. Soon the trees' growth ceased and the sound of wind rustling through the palm fronds tickled Tera's ears. Shade danced around them, a welcome relief from the sun. A lush sanctuary had sprung to life from her milk though it lacked any water. The basin remained at its center as if it were an empty lake begging to be filled.

Laban looked over the scene and grinned. “Behold, milkmaid; the beginning of my oasis.” He granted Tera temporary reprieve and stood to his feet. “In my time, our history told of Hathor, the cow goddess. This oasis once thrived with life and happiness. It was here she bestowed upon my people the gifts you and your companion have received. Some produced milk for sustenance and pleasure. Others found their duties in providing clean, fresh water for their people. Others...” Laban closed his eyes and felt the breeze on his face. “How I hope to feel the sky upon my face once again...” He turned his gaze back to the earth. “The oasis has long since dried up since my passing.”

In the far distance, the Great Pyramids taunted him. Electric noises of a modern city gave him a headache. An airplane roared overhead, traveling far too quickly to relish the joys of flight. “Life need not be this complicated. I shall show the people of this world the error in their ways.” Stooping down, he returned the golden rings to Tera’s beating nipples.

SNAP!

SNAP!

“*M-Mmmngh!?*” She stared down at her breasts and watched as growth ensued once more. “*You require...more?*”

“I do.”

Laban stood back and raised a hand. At the base of a nearby palm tree, strips of linen made the sand and foliage shiver like a bundle of snakes. They wound their way up the trunk and into its branches before drifting down directly over Tera. She watched the strips dance around her before they lashed out to wrap around her wrists, thighs, and ankles.

“This shall help you resist any temptation during the events to come.”

“*I...I am yours...!*” she announced. “*My breasts are yours to fill!*”

The bonds slithered around her body and bound her legs together. Bringing her to the ground and bending her knees, Tera’s arms were pulled behind her back to meet with her ankles. The linen knotted itself together and held Tera in a helpless hogg-tied position. Satisfied, Laban raised his hand.

Tera rose into the air like a doll on the end of a string. She was brought to dangle over twenty feet from the ground before stopping. Her chest faced below, each swollen breast bulging through the wraps as milk was produced. Already they were larger than her head. Their weight caused her to tilt and sway, having no control of her own. The stone basin waited below.

Laban was pleased. His milkmaid swung overhead and already showed signs of engorgement. They hung from her chest like ripe fruits. The golden rings would serve their purpose until the very end. Turning to the oasis, he spread his arms and spoke in a voice of authority.

“*Oh Hathor!*” he called, “*I come to this sacred place and beseech your blessing. Fill this girl with your flowing nourishment so my people may thrive once more. Stretch her bosom so her nipples may flow with your love.*”

Overhead, Tera writhed in her bonds. Heat was flooding her breasts, as was incredible amounts of dairy. “M-MMMM!!”

“Her breasts are supple and worthy of carrying your nectar.”

“MMMM!!”

“With your blessing, I shall rebuild my kingdom in your honor!”

“Ahh!! AHHHHHH!!!” Tera screamed as her breasts expanded to massive proportions. Within several heartbeats, they swelled to their largest size and beyond. The rings snapped tight around her nipples and blocked any milk from escape. As her weight doubled, then tripled, and soared beyond, the linen strained to suspend her. Even as her nipples throbbed and puffed with growth, the rings held firm. Milk fought back fiercely.



“MMMMNNGHH!!!! M-MY PHARAOH!!! I GROW FULL!!” Tera pleaded, wanting nothing more than to be touched. Her hands clenched against her bonds.

GRROOOAAAAN

“OOHHHH!!!”

SPUURRT!!

A jet stream of milk escaped from a nipple before it was closed once more. The fluid fell into the large reservoir below where it ran towards the center. It was no more than a drop in an empty ocean. The gallons continued to pour with no signs of stopping.

RUUUMMMBBBLE

The ground shook with a gentle tremor and Tera swayed in her tree. Laban’s heart raced as his plan came closer to fruition.

“MMMMM!!!”

SPUUURRT!!

Another spray of milk escaped through the straining rings. The basin accepted Tera’s fluid and the desert shook once more. Dripping in sweat, Tera happily gave herself completely to her master’s wishes. The skirt fluttered around her hips, exposing her most private regions as she swayed.

Leban smiled below, eagerly awaiting the rebirth of his kingdom. “The time is nigh...”

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

A tremor shook Violet and her mammoth breasts. Jostling water splashed against her face and she coughed for air. “The hell is going on out there?!”

SLLLSH

She winced at the fluid motions the quakes sent through her chest. Each breast stretching over ten feet wide and just as tall, they wobbled at the Nile’s banks like fleshy boulders. There seemed to be no end to the amount of water they were capable of storing and the more her body absorbed, the more greedy it became.

“G-Gotta get rid...of these things...” She grunted when pulling against her restraints for the hundredth time. There was no escape from the pharaoh’s bonds.

Somewhere below her chest, Violet’s pussy screamed for attention. Nipples hidden on the other side of her girth felt ready to burst with swollen ecstasy. It was driving her insane. Feeling herself absorb so much fluid was more taxing than the most expensive vibrator. For nearly two hours now she’d felt on the edge of a monumental orgasm. Every gallon bloating her tits brought her closer and closer, but the cliff was always just out of reach.

“God I just want to touch myself!!! NNGGAAHHHH!!!” Violet screamed and squirmed. It only made ripples run across her chest. Her mounting arousal conflicted with the concern she held for her apprentice’s wellbeing. *“Tera!! Hah... Anybody!!”*

Suddenly, hope sprang to life. Somewhere downstream and out of sight Violet was certain she'd heard men's laughter. "*Hello?! Is anyone there?!*" At this point she didn't care who saw her in this state; all that mattered was getting free.

The laughter continued as it drew closer before dying away abruptly. Violet could almost feel their gazes on her chest rising from the river. One of them spoke in a foreign language and garnered a similar unknown response.

"*H-Hello???*" Violet yelled, craning her head to avoid muffling her voice in her wet cleavage. "I could use some help!!"

The reeds rustled behind her when the men approached. There were three of them, each carrying fishing gear. Their eyes were like moons as they stared at the tits twice the length of their own bodies. They came to stand at the water's edge and ogled Violet's predicament.

"Do any of you speak English???"

All three looked at her. Only one responded. "I do..." The other two nudged each other, chuckling and motioning towards her breasts. One made a motion as if he were diving into her cleavage.

Violet was frantic. It felt like her body was about to blow apart from the arousal stored inside. "I-I know how this must look! I don't fully understand what happened to myself either! But...*nnggh...*" She pulled at the linen straps pinning her underwater. The men's eyes widened at the motions it caused across her chest. Gurgles tickled her skin. "*O-Ooohhhh God...*" Violet panted, "I-I-If you could just...cut me free!! *Please!!*" The sensitivity was unbearable. "*I NEED TO TOUCH MYSELF!!!*"

One of the men stepped into the water and reached a hand toward her chest.

"*HEY!!!*" Violet snapped, "*BACK OFF!!*"

He stumbled back in shock but the determination lingered in his eyes.

"Your breasts are very big," one of the fishermen observed.

"*Oh thanks!! I hadn't noticed!!*"

"I would think I had drunk too much if these two weren't seeing them too."

Violet didn't have time for this. At her current rate, the Nile would completely soak into her chest before she found freedom. "*Mmmm... L-Look...*" She tried to sound as persuasive as possible. "I know I'm just some naked woman tied down with massive tits, but I *really, REALLY* need to get out of here. You must have scissors or something sharp in your tackle box, right???"

GUUUURRRRGLE

Her breasts heaved and swelled in a surge of growth. Sand piled against the bases as they crept onto the shore like beached whales. Her nipples bloated and quivered in the air. The sudden noise of shifting water and her unnatural movement seeded fear and confusion into the men's minds. They backed away as if they feared she might burst.

"*No! No please come back!!*" Violet begged.

The men paused but stayed at a cautious distance.

“Please, I-I just want to touch myself and get this water out! *If you would just cut me free!!*” Violet saw her words weren’t getting past their confusion. She had to try a different approach. “I-I’ll let you watch!! You can even touch them!!”

That brought a certain spark to their eyes. She knew they would be crazy to pass up such an opportunity. They came closer and extended their hands. “We can touch?”

“Only if you cut me free!!”

They looked between themselves and shrugged. Relief filled Violet’s heart when one of them set his fishing gear on the ground and dug into its contents. It didn’t take long for him to find a gutting knife. His hands slipped into the water to feel for Violet’s arms. “T-They’re under my chest,” she whimpered.

The man was more than happy to lift her flesh with one hand and cut her free with the other. Finally, after hours of being trapped beneath her swelling tits, Violet’s arms found freedom.

“*Oh thank God!!!*” They flung from the water with a splash and slapped against her chest to push it away from her head. She didn’t know where to start. Every inch of her being craved attention. She couldn’t satisfy everything. Her nipples were much too far away. Even if her arms were free, she was still immobile beneath a thousand gallons of weight.

Luckily her skin was slippery. Sinking one hand into a breast, the other traveled under her bust and across her abdomen until a finger fell between her thighs. The water between her legs was warm from her lust. “*OHHHHH!!!*” she screamed, startling the men. “*FINALLY!!*”

They stared at the woman panting from approaching orgasm. Her nipples shook as water began flowing and spraying into the air.

“Well?” she asked, “What are you waiting for? *Don’t you want to touch my giant tits?*”

The men didn’t need another invitation. Violet was perfectly content with her own stimulation, but she knew another six hands would be the fastest way to lose the water. Their hands fell upon her and sank into her skin. Water gushed from her nipples as they did so.

“*NNGHHMMMM!!! Everything makes them slosh!! I-I never thought that was a sound I would find...nnngghh AROUSING!!*” Violet doubled down on her fingering. An orgasm unlike any other was approaching and she could feel her breasts preparing for its arrival. “*Almost there... Almost there!! OHH I’M SO FULL OF WATER!!*” She couldn’t have cared less about what the men were doing to her chest.

Fire ignited in the back of her head. The edge of the cliff had arrived. Feeling the swelling force of release take her, Violet clenched as her breasts contracted. “*AHHH!!!! HERE IT COOOOMES!!!*”

FWOOOOOSH!!!!

Her nipples doubled in size before erupting into geysers of crystal-clear water. It rained down over a twenty-foot area, dousing the men in a sudden rainstorm.

“*NNNGGHHHH!!!*”

The flow was strong and constant. Once it had begun, Violet's chest continued to gush. Her size diminished greatly and she was able to watch through a grimacing expression as her chest shrank smaller and smaller. Soon she could see her nipples once more, followed by her legs slipping free. Her tits slid up her body to cover her torso before giving a final spray. She was left floating on her back with a pair of breasts as large as her head. The men stood knee-deep in the water, wondering what had just happened.

Violet was quick to recover mentally. Recovering physically was another story. Rolling over, she crawled onto shore and paused on her hands and knees gasping for air. Pins and needles covered her body from her time in captivity. Every inch of her skin was pruned. Her saviors watched her naked form until she managed to get to her feet with some assistance.

"Thank...you..." she panted.

They refused to look up from her chest. "You are all right?"

She followed their gaze. It wasn't surprising to see her cup size still severely enlarged, but it was better than several tons of water filling her chest. "I just have a bit of a problem retaining too much water..." She smiled and cupped herself. "Are any of you thirsty? I still have plenty to--*DAMMIT!!*" She cursed what had become of her mind. "*I need to get to Tera!!*"

Scrambling, she found her clothes tossed aside in the reeds. She only bothered to pull on her underwear and pants before leaving. "Thanks for your help!!" she called before turning her back. She was positive it was a fish tale none of their friends or family would soon believe.

Violet ran to camp, pulling on the rest of her clothes on the way. It was clear long before she reached the site that it had been abandoned since breakfast. The scent of burning eggs came from a still-running camp stove.

"Nobody is here..." she breathed in a panic. She stared at the horizon looking for answers. Distant rounded dunes showed in silhouette against the sun. "Could they be at the tomb??" After what Roman had been willing to do to her, she didn't want to think about what he might do to Tera in her mental state. Turning from camp, Violet decided to go to the tomb.

One thing caused pause. Stopping in her tracks, she stared to the west once more. They had been excavating the area for weeks now and she knew the surrounding landscape like the back of her hand. They weren't likely to change quickly. Two distant humps roused her suspicion.

Squinting against the sun, Violet noticed an uncanny rounded shape to the mounds. They were too symmetrical to be piles of sand. Her heart raced when she grabbed a pair of binoculars from the tent. There were loads of foliage and palm trees around their bases, an oasis she didn't recall existing on their map. Upon closer inspection, she found the dunes each possessed a giant pink dome. Her breath caught in her throat when she realized she was staring at not a pair of dunes, but a pair of breasts as tall as a two-story building jutting from the desert.

RRRMMMBBBBLLL

The ground shook once more. Violet couldn't be certain if the massive pair of breasts had begun shaking before or after the tremors.

There wasn't time to ogle at what was certainly Tera's milk-filled bust. Grabbing a set of keys, the water truck roared to life with Violet at the wheel. A cloud of dust was thrown into the air as she raced towards her engorging apprentice and the possessed man responsible.

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

Tera's breasts heaved with monolithic proportions. No longer did she require the bondage to keep her aloft; the mass of her own chest held her several dozen meters in the air.

"Nnngh!!! Ohhhh, Pharaoh!!! My BREASTS!!!" she cried out. Skin pressed into her face like a wall. They were far too large for her mind to process the endless sensations. A single nipple stood engorged at over twenty feet in diameter.

"You have done well, my milkmaid!!" Laban urged from the opposite end of the basin.

His plan fell into place piece by piece. As the sun set behind Tera's chest to cast a shadow across the land, he stood at the edge of the stone reservoir in anticipation. Milk forced itself from her massive nipples in thick showers. They heralded a much larger flood to come. Every drop to fall in the waiting basin brought with it a series of tremors. Each was stronger than the last.

Overhead the roar of a helicopter cut through the air. Throngs of people had gathered to stare at the bizarre spectacle. The closest road was a mess of cars pulled off to the side. News vans waited a fair distance away for the sole purpose of fitting Tera's enormous breasts in one frame. The audience made King Laban laugh.

"They have come to greet the arrival of the new world! Let us give them what they came for!!"

RRMMMBBBBLLL

SPLLLCHH!!

Loud squirts escaped her nipples following a violent churning of milk. "*Ahhh!!! MMMMMMM!!!! I-I'm overflowing!!! I must release, my pharaoh!!*" Tera squirmed against her udders when fluid surged. The pressure inside her body was incredible and continued to mount every second. The golden rings clamps around her nipples had begun to crack. They could no longer expand with her body. Soon their job would be complete.

In the distance, an empty water truck came to a screeching halt. Violet stepped out with eyes wide in shock. Tera's breasts might as well have been small mountains. They were intimidatingly large even a hundred yards away.

A nearby female reporter spoke into a camera. Hair clung to her face and her dark suit was covered in dust as if she'd fallen several times. "It is unclear if this is some kind of art installation making a comment on women's rights, or a viral marketing stunt for lactation pharmaceuticals! Thus far, we have failed to reach anyone involved for comments on the inflatable breasts! Stay with us for further coverage!"

A male spectator chuckled to his friend. "Those things look pretty real to me."

“Please, you’re just so thirsty even parade floats are turning you on.”

Violet twitched. “*A-Ahmm!!*” A wavering cry caught the men’s attention. They stared at her shirt where leaking water made the fabric stick to her nipples. Violet panted and held her chest as it throbbed in response. “I-If you’re thirsty, I have--*Shit!! NO!!*”

The men stared when Violet literally slapped herself out of the strange reaction. Her focus had to stay on Tera and whoever Roman had become. Several curious onlookers had gathered at the base of Tera’s mammarys. They looked like bugs inspecting two halves of an apple.

“*OOOHHHHH!!!! I’M SO FUUUULL!!!*” A scream of pleasure rang across the desert. The spheres of flesh heaved enough to startle those touching her and knocked them off their feet. Milk gushed in thick releases to splash into the basin.

RRMMMMBBBBLLL

Violet was almost knocked over by the shifting earth. It didn’t take much to connect her releases with the quakes. Staring at the amount of milk locked inside Tera’s chest and the power only several gallons contained, Violet feared what a major release could lead to.

“W-We just experienced another tremor!” the reporter announced.

Laughter rang from the basin. Laban could be seen giving Tera his full attention. Violet wasn’t certain where he’d gotten his ancient wardrobe, but it clearly belonged in a museum. It was obvious Tera couldn’t hold herself back much longer. There was only one thing Violet could think to do.

She sprinted towards Laban as best her chest would allow. The ground shook beneath her feet as Tera grew full. Time was running out towards an unknown fate. Whatever it was, Violet was certain she had to do anything in her power to stop it.

“*MMMNNNGHHHH!!!*” Tera’s moan echoed around the dunes. Her nipples looked fit to burst.

“Come on, Tera! Hold on!” Violet pleaded through heavy breath. “Hold it in just a little longer!”

Laban raised his hands over the basin. “Now, my milkmaid! Release!! *Bring forth my kingdom!*”

Hurling through plants and around palm trees, Violet entered the oasis. Laban was within reach. The sound of running footsteps alerted him to her presence. As Tera’s chest heaved full and tight, he turned to find Violet lunging through the air.

“*Nnngh!?*” She grunted when her tackle connected. The attack caught Laban by surprise and together they tumbled into the empty basin. Several inches of warm milk waited for them in the middle. Wrapping her arms and legs around Laban, Violet trapped him in a chokehold.

“*STOP THIS!?*” she demanded while coughing on milk. “*WHATEVER THIS IS, IT NEEDS TO STOP!?*”

Laban was not pleased. “*Who are you to dare--*”

“AaaaAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!” An ear-piercing orgasmic shriek shot through the air. Tera’s breasts heaved over the basin and Violet’s heart skipped a beat when they tightened to drums. Veins shown bright in the sun.

SNAP!

SNAP!

Two golden objects broke around her nipples to reflect the light. Laban smiled in Violet’s grasp. *“It’s no use,”* he said as Tera’s nipples swelled to massive proportions. Violet’s heart sank in fear.

FWOOOOOSSHAAA!!!!

“AAUUUUGGGHHH!!!!!!”

Tera bucked as thousands upon thousands of gallons of milk flew from her nipples like waterfalls. The dairy fell into the basin directly onto Violet and Laban.

“I-It appears a large quantity of white fluid is being released!!” the reporter yelled over the roar.

The current was incredible. Violet clenched every muscle to keep her breath inside her lungs as well as a firm hold on Laban. Within seconds a growing lake of milk engulfed the two of them.

“AHHH AHHH AHHHHHHH!!!! TAKE MY MILK, MY PHARAOH!!” Tera screamed in ecstasy. Maintaining consciousness was all she could hope to do against such a pleasurable release. Every inch of her chest contracted to push the milk from her body. The sound of her gushing letdown was deafening as they emptied like balloons.

Soon enough, her chest was small enough to lift from the ground. She swung once more from her bonds with pendulous weight with mammaries like wrecking balls. Then, coming to a trickle, the last of her milk drained free. Before her stretched an expanse of creamy white. *“M-My...My pharaoh...?”* she panted trying to catch her breath. He was nowhere to be seen. The force of her release had set her in a swinging motion in her bonds.

Movement rippled in the center of the milky sea. The earth itself seemed to be holding its breath along with those watching in shock and awe.

“N-Nnnngh!!” Violet gritted her teeth as her chest bubbled and her lungs demanded air.

Two mounds domed beneath the expanse of milk.

“Something is rising from the basin!!” the reporter gasped. She directed the cameraman with a jabbing finger to focus away from the half-naked woman hanging from a tree and zoom in on the rising shapes.

Gasps ran through the onlookers when two pink masses rose from the depths.

“NNGH!!” Violet swelled rapidly, unable to stop the process. Milk surrounded her on all sides and her chest was more thirsty than it had ever been. She writhed against Laban as her tits bloated around his body. At an unheard-of rate, she was absorbing Tera’s letdown.

Van-sized breasts floated in the pool momentarily before their growth accelerated. Violet had only a split second to renew her breath before their size pushed her back under. The bottom

of the basin pressed into her back and her chest stretched on top of her. Milk churned in her ears as if it were being sucked into a vacuum.

“*MMPPHH!!!*” Violet couldn’t take it. Tera’s milk was hot against her skin and even hotter inside her chest. It took less than a handful of seconds for her to grow larger than her time in the Nile. Now she raced towards Tera’s own record size with no hope of stopping the process.

Nobody knew what to say. They stood agape, watching Violet’s tits rise into the air while the milk vanished. Veins streaked across her bust as she stretched to contain such monumental quantities of fluid. It was far more difficult than holding water and every gallon was a bolt of lightning to Violet’s groin.

Streaking sunlight approached her. The milk was draining away to the very bottom.

“*GAAAAHHH!!!*” Air chilled Violet’s face and she gasped when the dairy rushed away from her. She coughed for breath, hardly able to inhale under the weight of her chest.

Then she saw it. Her cleavage stretched high into the sky, too far for her to see the end before it curved out of sight. A wall of echoing skin extended to her left and right. The now-empty basin cradled her like two oranges in a bowl. Every gallon of Tera’s milk was swirling inside her chest, and it was strained to the utmost limit.

“*O-O-Oh my God...*” Violet gasped without breath. She’d been unable to maintain her hold on Laban, but several meters up, she could see him sticking out from her cleavage. “*I’m... I-I’m... HUGE.*” Violet couldn’t adequately comprehend her new form enough to react properly.

The reporter was too busy gawking at the sight to notice her cameraman’s erection. “It... It appears *another* pair of inflatable breasts has arrived and absorbed the milk! Could this be an ad for heavy-duty sponges?? Perhaps Shamwow?!”

“*N-NNNNGHHMMMMM...*” Violet’s chest trembled. It was all she could do to hold it in. She felt her nipples stretching fuller as if Tera’s milk hadn’t fully settled. “I...I-I did it...” she moaned, glaring in triumph at Laban’s struggling body above. “*I stopped it!! I don’t know what ‘it’ was, but it’s over, Laban!! Now give me my friends back!!*”

Laban’s reaction wasn’t what she’d hoped for. Laughter fell from her cleavage and echoed through her skin. Violet’s tits pulsed and contracted as Laban stared down. “It’s laughable you think yourself worthy of containing such blessed nectar.”

GRRMMMBBBLLL

Violet swallowed as her chest shook. “*U-Uuuhhhh...*”

“A mere *water bearer* could never *dream* of such a feat!!”

“I-I can--*O-Ooohhhhhh...*”

GRRMMMMMMBBBBLLLL

Her tits tightened. Milk leaked from her nipples. This felt nothing like the water she’d held so far; Tera’s milk acted as if it wanted out. “*Nnnngh!! Ooohhhh i-it’s.... I-It’s... Tera, your milk!!*”

Laban smiled. “You are not fit to carry milk.”

It was hot inside of her. Far too hot. The milk was frothing and swelling against her skin as if forcing itself free.

GRRRMMMMBBBBLLLL!!!

“*AaahhhhHHH!!!!*” Violet yelled when her chest swelled with one final ounce of strength. It could restrain the vast quantity of milk no longer. “*I CAN’T HOLD IIIIT!!!*”

BOOM!!!!

Violet’s chest burst in a vicious flood of pressurized milk. The force was enough to atomize the dairy into an expanding dome of white fog covering the area. Violet couldn’t breathe as her body rejected the milk into the atmosphere. Her back arched and her hips convulsed against a flurry of unholy orgasms she wouldn’t soon recover from. Chest reduced to its natural size, she hugged it as the force of her explosion ripped around the basin.

Then it fell to the desert. All stood still as the sands soaked up Tera’s lactation.

RRRRMMMMBBBBLLLLL

The ground shook with a low rumble before escalating into a massive earthquake. Plumes of sand shot into the air from numerous locations. Everyone within a five-mile radius was thrown to their feet. Plants sprung to life and the desert flourished in foliage. Domes similar to the excavation site shook the sand from their shells. Like ancient animals, they awoke to the rain of milk and rose from the desert to stand against the horizon.

The reporter was unable to get her feet beneath her. Though the camera was shaking too violently to film a clear picture, she continued to speak over the rumbling earth. “*A-A vast quantity of...milk has just rained down!! All around us pyramids are rising from the sand! They appear to be--*”

She stopped talking when a tightness bolted through her chest. Dropping the microphone, her hands flew to each breast as mounds of flesh pressed into her shirt. Her eyes grew wide.

“*W-What’s happening to--AHH!!!*”

SHRRIIPP!!

“*Lenny what’s happening to me?!*” she cried to her coworker.

Udders swelled in her grasp. Her blouse and jacket were torn to shreds against such an intense surge of growth. Falling back, she stared in confusion at the globes coming to dominate her torso and stretch to fill her lap. Luckily, her cameraman managed to find enough stability to broadcast the incredible transformation up until the point her nipples sprayed milk over the lens.

Cries of women in similar situations reached Violet’s exhausted ears in the depths of the basin. All around, two out of three women found their breasts expanding out of their clothes and into their arms. Milk dripped to the sands from the ripest and most plump. Others couldn’t help themselves but to tear water away from the nearest source and guzzle until they’d had their fill.

Tera swung in aroused joy from her bonds. “*My pharaoh!!*” she yelled, milky tits hanging below her, “*We’ve done it!!*”

Laban stood to his feet over Violet. She was mortified as he gazed upon the chaotic scene unfolding around them. Women hung heavy and full with milk, their desires to serve

overflowing their loins. Several girls dripping with crystalline water stood at the basin's edge offering drink. Some women's feet left the ground and drifting oval shadows cast themselves to the sands below. Laban spread his arms. "Hathor has given us her blessing once again!"

Violet knew she'd failed. "What...What have we awakened...?" she rasped, regretting ever opening the tomb.

King Laban stood as pharaoh to his people. His strength was fully restored. Breathing in and listening to the sounds of tearing fabric, leaking fluids, and cries of pleasure, he responded, "A new era."