

Harvest Milk



“Oma, I don’t know if I can do this...” Fear and trepidation wracked the young girl’s heart. Hardly eighteen and the world already weighed heavy on her shoulders.

“Nonsense, my dear.” The old woman smiled and helped tie the many laces in front of the ceremonial dress. “It’s the will of the great Harvest Spirit!”

“I-I know I’m meant to do it, but what if I can’t? What if it’s a mistake choosing me as the maiden?”

The village elder scoffed at the thought. “I’ve seen many a maiden come and go; you’re as fit for the honor as any, Nalla.” The laces on the front of an ornate black dress were sinched tight to accentuate Nalla’s chest and give her an abundance of cleavage on display for the world. Under the laces was a cover of soft white fabric stretching to hold her bust. “All set,” Oma smiled warmly before turning to face the door alongside the girl.

Nalla gulped and felt nervousness make her head swim. This moment was eighteen years in the making but it didn’t relieve any of the pressure mounting in her core. Being such a small girl, Nalla was always more comfortable keeping away from the center of attention. What awaited her outside was nothing less of a nightmare. What would follow would be even worse.

The decrepit old woman at her side breathed deeply. While not blood related, Nalla had taken to addressing her as Oma from a young age. Many people in the village did. The tired elder was a mother and grandmother to all and never failed to impart wisdom to those who sought it.

A bony hand straightened the thick black braid of hair running down Nalla’s head. “Ready?” she asked, eyes beaming with pride.

Nalla looked down at her front with embarrassment. While a small girl, she had been gifted with an ample bust disproportionate for her petite frame. Roughly the same size as freshly-picked cantaloupes, some called her breasts a blessing from the Harvest Spirit while others thought it a bad omen. Nalla herself had always been keen on hiding her assets under a common tunic with a neckline reaching no farther than her collarbones. The festival’s traditional dress went in the opposite direction, however, and prominently displayed a shelf of packed cleavage.

“Do we have to show so much?” Nalla asked softly. She tried to adjust the dress to cover herself more, but the elder had bound it tight.

“It is for the peace of mind for your fellow villager! You must grow used to it, for there is much more to come.” Oma squeezed her hand lovingly before stepping forward. “Now follow me, child; it is time to begin.”

Music flooded the small cottage when Oma stepped outside. A warm Autumn twilight was casting a seasonal orange glow across the small mountain village. Basking in the harvest light were the few hundred citizens, each waiting in a crowd of onlookers to witness Nalla’s arrival. The air was adrift with the scent of fresh-baked goods and aged spirits.

“People of Skapone,” Oma announced. Though old, her voice never failed to hush a restless crowd. “The final days of the harvest are among us. With this, we are blessed to gain a

new Milk Maiden! A vessel for the Harvest Spirit! Let us make way to the town square where Nalla shall assume her responsibilities and the blessings that accompany them.”

Oma stepped aside to reveal the young girl. Cheers and hollers rose into the air amid clanking flagons of ale when everyone saw her clad in a flowing black dress fit for nobility. Training for this moment for years, Nalla took a deep breath and stepped outside. The throngs of people parted like water around a boulder to form a path. The spotlight was on her now, and it would follow her for the four days like an angry poltergeist.

Nalla knew most of the faces passing by. Few were family, some were friends, most were acquaintances. All had one thing in common; their eyes were glued to her breasts. Nalla had never felt so exposed and she knew it was only going to get worse.

Some other villagers weren't quite so happy. There were some who dreaded this day almost as much as she and were convinced of her yet-to-come failure. Most of them were farmers.

“Be lucky if she even makes it out of town...” Nalla heard one old man grunt to another when she walked past.

“Surprised she can stand straight as it is,” he replied.

Nalla looked to the elder, her vision closing further from fear. “You're doing fine, dear,” Oma encouraged.

The town square loomed ahead, not far from the elder's cottage. Lanterns and music played in the area with a clearing set in the middle for a stage. On it stood a woman in her late forties. Even from this distance Nalla could sense her beauty; there wasn't a man in town who hadn't fought for her heart at one time or another.

Nalla breathed as deep as she could in the ceremonial dress and stepped towards the stage. The festival's music faded away with her echoing footsteps on the wooden stairs until dead silence awaited her at the top.

Oma was at her side as always, ready to speak. “The transition of a milk maiden is a celebration! Gisel,” she said, turning to the other woman, “You have served and provided for this village well for the greater part of your life. But now it has come time for the Harvest Spirit's blessing to fall to another. The charm, if you would,” Oma asked, cupping both hands in front of her.

Nalla eyed the small object resting in the crook of the woman's bust nervously. Gisel reached behind her neck to unlatch a delicate chain and dropped the necklace in Oma's hands. Turning to face Nalla, the elder said with surprising volume, “Nalla, our village is renown the country over for our bountiful harvest. We are blessed to have the Harvest Spirit dwelling among us and honored with his gifts of such abundance. This burden is heavy, but it now falls to you.” Oma held the necklace into the air for all to see. “Do you accept your role as the Harvest Spirit's vessel?”

“I-I do,” Nalla said, shaking. Most of her vision was dark, blocking out the majority of her surroundings.

“And do you accept his blessing?”

“I do,” she squeaked.

“Bow your head.”

Nalla did so and closed her eyes, unsure of what to expect. Watching from below had always been so magical as a child; being the subject of the festival was something else entirely and she wasn't sure her tiny heart could take it.

Raising the charm into the air, Oma announced, “Then receive his gift and overflow with his blessing! Bring unto us a plentiful harvest for this year and the years to follow! As the moon grows full over the next five nights, so shall your bosom!”

Nalla held her breath when the necklace was lowered over her head and latched behind her neck. “*Ahh!*” she gasped out loud when the metal fell against her cleavage, a distinct shock of tightness settling in her chest.

“May I present our new milk maiden!” Oma introduced.

Nalla opened her eyes to a sea of applause and joyous neighbors. Any children lucky enough to make it to the base of the stage for a front-row seat jumped and cheered, as well as those riding on the backs of wandering dairy cows dispersed throughout the city. Nalla herself looked down to inspect the charm bestowed upon her. It was heavier than she expected when simply hanging against her chest. Trembling fingers picking it up for a closer look.

It was about the size of a large coin and had the same shape as a cowbell. The weight of pure silver brought a sense of reverence and etchings more ancient than Oma herself covered its four sides. A certain heat flowed from it to her hand like a gentle hearth.

“Wow...” she awed softly, audible only to herself over the cheering festival.

“Let us feast!” Oma instructed. “Celebrate our new milk maiden and dine tonight with the Harvest Spirit! Nalla will soon be sequestered until the full moon graces us with its light!”

Nalla followed the elder and Gisel off stage where she was flooded with well wishes and congratulations. Her two closest friends managed to push through the crowd and snatch her away to the blaring festivities.

“You were incredible up there!” her friend Alina exclaimed, hugging her tightly. “I can't believe that dress on you either! You look like royalty!”

Nalla blushed, smoothing out any wrinkles in the fine fabric running down her body. “You think so? I feel so exposed... My leg keeps slipping out of the slit going up the side and my breasts--” She stopped, remembering her male friend, Joseph, was with them.

“Don't stop on my account!” he laughed. The line of sight his eyes followed was obvious and Nalla felt as though they were trying to burrow into her cleavage.

“Ignore him,” Alina teased, “He's probably just remembering that year Gisel burst it open during her procession.”

Nalla went red at the thought. “W-W-Why would you think that's a good thing to bring up?? I'm nervous enough as it is!”

“It looks like they made the front of the dress a bit roomier though,” she hummed, eying it closely. “Old Oma must be expecting *a lot* out of you, huh?”

Feeling like steam was about to blow out of her ears from embarrassment, Nalla shrunk into herself and tried again to pull the front of the dress higher.

“Don’t be so nervous,” Joseph said in hopes of reassuring her, “This has been going on for generations.”

“Easy for you to say...” Nalla huffed. “You’re not the one locked away for almost a week being filled with the Harvest Spirit’s *blessing*.”

“I could pay you a visit if you want! I wouldn’t mind,” he grinned.

“Yea I’m sure you wouldn’t! Along with every other man in Skopane!” Alina shoved him away. “You know it’s forbidden to see the milk maiden after she leaves the festival; are you trying to ruin the harvest??”

“Sorry! Just thought I would offer! Gisel’s always looked so heavy.” Nalla whimpered at his words and Joseph thought it better to bring her attention to the festival. “How about I find us some food and then we can dance?”

“I-I’m not sure I should try and dance in this dress, but food sounds good,” Nalla nodded.

“I’ll be back then!”

She and Alina watched him vanish into the bustling village square. The music had started up again and it was difficult to hear someone speaking right in front of you.

“Getting excited?” Alina asked, “Feel anything yet? I heard you gasp on stage!”

“There...There was something,” Nalla admitted, “But nothing since then.”

“I can’t *wait* to see what happens.”

Nalla gaped. “Thanks for your concern! You’re definitely not looking forward to this in the slightest.”

“I would be lying if I said I wasn’t! I always wanted to be a milk maiden growing up, you know that! You’re so lucky...”

Frowning and glancing at her chest with worry, Nalla said, “Yea, *lucky*.”

Alina could sense something was wrong. “What’s the matter? You’re making history tonight! You’ll be remembered!”

Nalla could feel the stress and frustration building inside of her and pushing moisture to her eyes. “But what if it’s not for the right reason!” she said in a high-pitched voice, “W-What if..I’m not a good milk maiden? What if I ruin the harvest??”

The sudden change in Nalla’s demeanor took Alina by surprise, but she was quick to jump to her friend’s aid. “What’s the birthmark on your left hip?”

“A-A droplet...”

“And how does the Harvest Spirit indicate his milk maidens?”

“W-With a droplet-shaped birthmark...” Nalla’s eyes were downcast.

“So what are you worried about? The Spirit chose *you* to be his vessel!” Nalla was silent and Alina could see something else was tugging at her mentally. “What else is there?”

Nalla spoke in a barely audible voice. “I’ve...heard people talking more and more the older I got... A lot of them are worried about the harvest now that Gisel is finished... I’ve heard a lot of them talking behind my back. Some of them are scared I won’t even be able to make it to the fields...”

“They don’t know what they’re talking about! They--”

“They say I’m too small to be much of a vessel for the Harvest Spirit a-and I wouldn’t be able to handle much more...” A tear fell into Nalla’s cleavage as she tried to hide her fear. She hiccuped before continuing. “And...I-I’m scared of the same thing... What if this is too much for me?? I’m not a strong girl...”

“Nalla,” Alina stepped forward, wrapping her arms around the milk maiden. “You can do this. The Harvest Spirit knows what he is doing; he loves us and wouldn’t choose someone who isn’t prepared to be his vessel. And *I* know you can take just as much as Gisel, if not more.”

Nalla’s eyes bulged with the thought of so much milk flooding her chest. At her largest, Gisel could have filled two barrels. Such a feat seemed impossible for Nalla with such a small body and carrying them in the procession sounded even more outlandish.

“Listen to me,” Alina said with love, “I believe in you, and I believe in your udders.”

“Hey...” Nalla blushed, more embarrassed than sad now.

“Trust me; by the end of the harvest festival when that moon is full, you’re going to be better than any of our prized dairy cows.”

“A-Alina!” she cried out, afraid someone might hear.

“You shouldn’t be so flustered about it either! Everyone knows exactly what’s going to happen to you. They’ve seen it their entire lives. The milk maiden is *supposed* to fill with milk!”

“Yea, but they’re *my* breasts doing the filling now... People haven’t stopped staring since I put on the dress... It’s easy to only have to watch.”

“Because they’re excited to see how big you’ll get! You did the same thing with Gisel, I remember! You couldn’t take your eyes off her.”

“I wanted a good harvest...” Nalla confessed. “I-I was always a little scared too though, because I knew it would be me one day...”

“You’re going to do great. Give the Harvest Spirit a run for his money.” Alina smiled and brought a grin to Nalla’s face. “And I promise to keep Joseph from sneaking into your maiden’s quarters.”

Nalla looked into the darkening sky and spied the moon. “It’s going to be full five nights from now... A-And so will I...”

Alina squeezed Nalla’s hand, following her gaze to the semi-orange moon. “And I’m sure it will be plenty.”

Joseph appeared from the crowd suddenly. “I found bread!!” he announced. “It’s still warm too!”

Nalla took it graciously and joined her friends for what remained of the night. It wouldn’t be long until Oma would find her and whisk her away to a solitary cottage used only by the milk

maiden. As the moon rose higher to signal her coming responsibility, Nalla was certain she could already feel her breasts tingling with the Harvest Spirit's influence.

"I have to stay here for four days?" Nalla asked, wanting to make sure of her fate.

The festival had dwindled to a gentle roar in the background being Oma. A dim golden glow filled the night sky like wildfire from countless torches and bonfires. Being so distant from all the fun, Nalla felt like a child being sent to bed while the adults continued their merriment.

"As is tradition, my dear," Oma nodded. "Everything you need is here: preserved food on the shelves, a bed, obviously a washbin with some towels, a separate room for private affairs in the back, some books..."

"I can't read, Oma."

She waved a bony hand. "Oh I always thought the pictures were pretty at least. I'll be by to check on you every now and again with a hot meal as well."

Nalla inspected the small cottage. It was simple but cozy. One or two nights would be manageable, but five seemed like an eternity. A large pile of straw was thrown a far corner of the room. "Why the straw?"

"Many maidens have found making dolls or baskets helps the time pass, or keeps their minds off other things."

It all seemed like so little to do for so long. "Won't I get bored?"

The elder laughed. "Not with the Harvest Spirit's blessing upon you, you won't!" Two women appeared behind Oma and stood outside the cottage. "These two are tasked with guarding the maiden's quarters. They'll ensure no one disturbs you during the festival."

"You can count on us, Maiden," they both promised.

"T-Thank you..." Everything was moving too fast for Nalla to fully grasp.

Before she knew it, Oma was stepping out the door. "You best get some rest. The festival can take quite a toll." Saying goodbye, Oma hugged the girl and planted a kiss on her forehead. "May the Spirit's drink overflow within you," she whispered.

The door closed, locking Nalla away in her prison. The day's events came to a screeching halt and she was left wondering what all had happened. A stray hand played with the charm dangling upon her chest and she noticed it emanated a gentle silver glow in the low light. Not long after, fatigue found Nalla during a cursory exploration of the cottage. Eyes heavy and chest tingling more than ever, she laid herself down for rest in a bed of far greater quality than her own.

The night was dark when Nalla opened her eyes to the sound of feet rustling within the cottage. Her breath caught in her throat as her eyes adjusted to see the dark outline of a figure walking towards her against a far window.

"He--"

“*Shh!! Shhh!! It’s me!*”

Nalla was about to cry out for the guards, fearing a man had snuck into the room when a friendly voice reached out. “A-Alina??”

“Who else?”

Her friend stood in front of her bed, a smile on her face becoming evident now in range of the charm’s glow. “You...You can’t be here!” Nalla gasped softly, not wanting to alert the guards. “What if--”

She froze when Alina lifted her blanket and made to climb into bed. “Make some room,” she giggled.

“I--*nnggh*...” Nalla was stunned to feel an unfamiliar weight pulling her into the bed. Both breasts were pulled along by the girl’s small body, rubbing across the mattress. Alina climbed under the cover, coming face to face with the maiden. “What are you doing??” Nalla whispered, “You know the rules! If you get caught they might--”

“Mmmmm, I’ve only ever heard that *men* aren’t allowed to visit the milk maiden... The rules don’t say anything about *women*,” Alina hummed, moving closer so their bodies pressed together. “Besides, I missed you.”

“I-I missed you too...”

They kissed, embracing one another in the eager arms of separated lovers. One of Alina’s hands drifted upward and sank into Nalla’s right breast, eliciting a squeak of surprise from both girls.

“*Oh!*” Nalla gasped, pulling away.

“Wow, you’re *already* bigger!” Alina awed, squeezing again. “You’re *actually* filling with milk!”

Nalla bolted upright in bed, realizing this wasn’t a dream. A pair of mammaries pulled at her shoulders and swayed from her jostling, each an inch larger in girth than when she had fallen asleep. “O-O-Oh my...” she gaped, stunned to see her abnormally-large chest now even bigger. In her rest they had fallen free of the ceremonial dress to reveal pluckable nipples.

“A-A-Alina...” Nalla stammered, feeling panicked and out of control of her own body, “They’re bigger! M-My breasts are *bigger!* And they’re going to k-keep *getting bigger!* I-I--”

She stopped hyperventilating when Alina held her hand. “You look beautiful, Nalla, and I can’t wait to see what you do as the milk maiden.”

“This is...This is too much! I already feel so big! Alina what if--” She was cut off again when Alina kissed her and drew out a groan of pleasure when she groped Nalla’s chest.

“Relax,” Alina hushed, “This is why I’m here. I knew you would be nervous. Now lie back...”

Swallowing, Nalla reclined once more and felt her chest flatten on top of her. “How did you manage to get in?” she asked suddenly.

Alina giggled, climbing on top. “Let’s just say I planned ahead and made a little backdoor in the cottage before the festival started. Now hush.”

“What are you--*ahh! A-Ahh ooohhh... Mmmmmm...*”

Leaning forward and gathering Nalla’s breasts in both hands like massive fruits, Alina latched onto a nipple. Milk was quick to flow into her warm mouth and coat a tongue, every lick causing Nalla to thrash in ecstasy.

“A-Alina... *Alina!*” she cried out, trying not to grab the attention of the guards.

“Your milk is so sweet! It’s...*mmmm...*It’s so rich...” Alina couldn’t get enough, devouring the nipple like candy. The surface of Nalla’s chest grew hot against her hands.

“*Ahh!! Nnnngh!! M-My chest!!*” she gasped, clutching at the bed. A glance downward made her eyes widen at the sight of her free nipple quivering and puffing with need. One of Nalla’s hands drifted under Alina’s tunic to find a small, palm-filling mound waiting. The familiar breast was soft and firm, always so small compared to her own.

Alina’s suckling was affecting Nalla’s breasts like never before. Her lips had always been magnetic towards them, as had her hands. Now an increased sensitivity had settled within her bosom and every draw of stored dairy made the charm’s glow pulse brighter.

“I-I feel full...*Ah I feel so full!!*” A change was occurring within Nalla’s breasts. With every passing moment they felt tighter and more engorged, her skin tingling with an energized strength of the night before.

Something pattered onto her cheek, then her forehead and hand. With a start, Nalla could see small streams of milk spraying from her free nipple like a pink fountain. Dairy drizzled upon the two girls, running over Nalla’s blessed curves and down Alina’s back.

“A-Alina... I can’t...*MMMM...*I can’t take...this...!” Nalla panted, squirming. A shiver passed down her spine when Alina slipped a hand into the dress’ slit to find her bare hips and what waited between two petite thighs.

“*NnnghMMMM!!*” Nalla groaned, the midnight intruder entering yet another private place. Alina pulled on the nipple, drawing milk from it like a siphon. Heat flared at the base of Nalla’s chest, followed by a bloating pressure. She began to gasp in short breaths when the sensations grew and spread upwards into her enlarged mammaries.

“*I feel full... Alina, I feel more milk!!*” Nalla grunted when a hand groped her skin firmly and fingers slipped in and out of her aching loins. “*Oooohhhh...I...c-can’t...take...take anymore!! Gaaaahh!!*”

Nalla bolted partially upright at the moment of orgasm and wrapped her arms around Alina, hugging her into a swollen chest. The maiden shook with the waves of pleasure, tensing and easing her hold with every passing thrill as milk sprayed down the length of her bed. When finished, Nalla collapsed back down and released Alina, both girls breathing heavy.

“Feel...better...?” Alina whispered, using the engorged breasts like a pillow.

“I feel...” She swallowed against a dry, post-orgasm mouth. “I’ve *never* felt anything like that... I feel--” Nalla’s eyes fell upon her chest and her heart skipped a beat. “*Big,*” she finished.

The charm's glow was buried deep in her cleavage, Nalla's bust having gained several inches in size. Larger than Alina's head, they demanded control of her torso and shook with the creamy weight of milk.

"I think the Harvest Spirit liked our little show..." Alina giggled.

"They're...I don't think t-they're supposed to grow that fast..." Nalla stammered with wide eyes. Milk leaked from hardened nipples and ran down the sides of Nalla's chest from remaining waves of lust. She could hardly process what had just happened, nor imagine what lay ahead. "I-I think I might need a towel..." Nalla squeaked, the tingling in her chest as strong as ever.

Nalla was roused the next morning by a gentle rapping at the cottage door. The previous night was little more than a haze to her waking mind but as she tried to sit up in bed, everything became much clearer.

Two bulbous mammaries tried to pin her down. Large enough for cleavage to form naturally between their fighting curves, Nalla gaped at how their flattened shapes escaped her torso and covered her biceps. Spurred on seemingly by Alina's playfulness and burst free of the dress, they loomed into Nalla's view and blocked any sight of her lower body. Every attempt to rise caused gelatin-like shimmies to wobble them back and forth. The shifting weight was too much for her small frame to fight and the inertia easily overpowered her core. It wasn't until Nalla reached her hands up and pushed into their sides that she was able to sit up.

"*Nngh...*!" A grunt escaped her lips, her skin taut and sensitive after being filled with milk. The sensations laid a lustful fog across her eyes and she gazed at her doubled-in-size breasts. They had continued to fill with milk even after Alina snuck away. "W-W-Wowww..."

Her hands, stomach, and breasts were sticky with dried milk. Small drops still ran from her nipples from the new stimulation. Their increased weight was mind-blowing for the small girl and she couldn't help but marvel at what the Harvest Spirit had done to her chest.

The door creaked open and Nalla covered her bare chest in fear, forgetting the knocking that had first awoken her.

Oma hobbled in, closing the door behind and setting a steaming pot on a table. A wrinkled smile crossed her face when seeing Nalla hugging her chest with wide eyes. "My dear girl, the Harvest Spirit fills you!" she exclaimed, walking towards Nalla. "Though from the look on your face I think you already noticed."

"Oma... Oma, they're so big!" Nalla let them fall naturally and held her breath when they reached passed her elbows. Remembering her previous cantaloupes, her heart skipped a beat. "My breasts have...h-have more than doubled in size..."

"And they'll continue to fill!" Oma laughed in a slight cackle. "New maidens always react the same the first time." The old woman sat on the bed and started pulling Nalla's dress

around her. “The Spirit loves you; you’ve become his vessel and have only begun to fill with his drink! At this rate our harvest will be bountiful without a doubt.”

“A-At this rate I won’t be able to stand! I could hardly sit up this morning!” Trepidation was overpowering the intense sensations from her breasts. Nalla didn’t want to think about what another six days might do to her bosom if a single night was enough to almost incapacitate her. The dress pulled at the bottoms of her breasts when Oma tried to slip the sleeves onto her shoulders. “Oma, I don’t think the dress will fit me anymore...”

“Oh nonsense, dear; this dress has fit maidens far larger than you.”

Nalla watched as the elder worked with expert fingers to loosen the laces across the front. White fabric unfolded enough to swallow her breasts before hugging them tightly. The laces were pulled tight once more, gushing with flesh against the fabric and over the neckline.

“There, you see?” Oma smiled, “This dress was made to hold a milk maiden.”

Wincing at the seams pulling against her shoulders and arms, Nalla wasn’t convinced and said, “W-We’ll see, I guess.”

Oma stood and walked to the table. “Now then, I’ve brought some porridge for breakfast. It’s important to keep your strength up or you won’t be able to handle the maiden’s burden!”

The elder served a bowl in silence. Watching her skin bulge over the top of the dress with every breath, Nalla asked, “Oma, why are men forbidden from seeing the maiden during the festival?”

Oma didn’t turn around from the porridge. “It’s tradition; maidens are meant to be the Spirit’s vessel during the festival. He is a generous god, but not immune to jealousy.”

“What about women?”

“Hmm?”

“Why are there only rules against men?” Nalla listened carefully, her heart beating strong and firm.

A chuckle made the old woman’s back jump. “Oh my dear, don’t be ridiculous.” She turned around with a bowl filled with steaming breakfast and walked it over. “Now here, eat! You’ll need it for the days ahead.”

Meanwhile, outside and down the road, Joseph stood watching intently with Alina. He squinted his eyes, trying to make out any silhouetted shapes against the maiden’s cottage window. “How do you think she’s doing?” he asked, knowing full well Nalla’s guards were keeping an eye on him.

“That’s the big question isn’t it? Everyone in the village is dying to know.” Alina was having a difficult time holding back a smile. Joseph looked like he might fall forward if he leaned in any closer for a better look. Alina slapped him across the shoulder. “Would you quit it?? If you see her you might ruin the harvest!”

“Can you blame me??” He held a hand over his eyes to block the sun and resumed his gaze. “Nalla was big to start with... One of the biggest girls in the village despite the rest of her body. I can’t *imagine* what she must look like now.”

Alina rolled her eyes. “It’s only been a single *night*.” His constant infatuation with Nalla’s chest had a unique ability to crawl under her skin. It grew especially bad around this time of year, as it did for every fertile male. The thought of a woman’s body filling and overflowing with milk yet hidden away from sight was enough to drive them mad, it seemed.

Alina snickered, remembering Nalla’s incredible development from last night. Upon her departure from the maiden’s cottage, Nalla’s breasts were far more engorged than Alina thought they could be at such an early stage. “You’ll just have to wait and see, I suppose.”

“I *hope* she’s like Gisel...” Joseph was lost in thought and thinking out loud. “As a kid, I remember her being so big she almost couldn’t carry them.”

The image made Alina’s eyes widen as she pictured Nalla struggling to carry such a load. The thought was horribly arousing but she didn’t want to think about what may happen if her love couldn’t fulfill her duties.

“A lot of the farmers are worried about the same thing,” Joseph continued. “If she can’t make to the fields then they’re out a lot of money and we’re out a lot of food.”

“Our Nalla is a strong girl,” Alina huffed. “She’s not one to give up.”

“Makes you wonder why the Harvest Spirit chose her though, doesn’t it?” He looked away from the cottage and inspected Alina, wavering on her smaller-than-average breasts pushing into her tunic. “I always thought you would have made a good maiden.”

“Makes two of us,” she said in a soft voice, now aware of her nipples pressing into the rough fabric. If she couldn’t get to experience it herself, having the ability to be intimate with the maiden was the next best thing. Even so, after seeing Nalla’s milky reaction to her actions last night, she decided it best to wait a few days until sneaking in again.

“You’re not seeing her, are you?” Joseph asked as if reading her mind.

“What? No!! No no! Are you crazy??”

He narrowed his eyes at her. “Seems like something you would do. The two of you have *always* been close. You wouldn’t sneak in there without taking me, right?”

“Better believe I would leave you behind!” Alina laughed. “I wouldn’t ruin the harvest just to give you a good peek!”

Joseph grumbled and went back to staring, hoping to see the slightest hint of a strained seam.

Two days passed and each brought Nalla new challenges. The days were long and labored, her back often tight from trying to manage her swelling burdens. If she was sitting, her breasts were lain upon the table for support while she worked to busy her mind. If she were lying down, they obstructed her view and sought to completely immobilize her. Every night before bed she would gaze at the moon and see how much it had grown. Somehow she felt sympathetic towards it now as if understanding what it’s like to helplessly swell in size. It was odd, feeling

such a bond with the moon. The light from its dull silver glow always made her chest tingle with excess lactation, however, and Nalla was sure to not spend too much time in the window.

Oma had been right in saying boredom wouldn't be an issue. The longer Nalla spent alone with her engorging bust the harder she found it to keep her hands off them. She tried whatever she could to keep her mind distracted from her pulsating nipples and their increased sensitivity. With so much milk flowing into her bust, Nalla was experiencing sensations she hadn't thought possible for her mammarys: milk tugged and sloshed against her skin like an overfilled wine sack, new veins ran into her cleavage like gushing rivers, and every drop of milk to fall from her nipples sent a chill down her spine.

Despite the changes brought on by her lactation, Nalla was relieved to find her body faring beautifully. Among the flow of milk, the Harvest Spirit's blessing had also bestowed upon her bust the tempting softness of thick cream and a perfection enviable by a princess. Though every additional ounce was startling, Nalla couldn't help but admire the gorgeous globes of dairy her breasts had grown to be. She wasn't ashamed to admit to burying her face into her cleavage just to feel its awesome warmth engulf her.

The penultimate night arrived, leaving Nalla with a chest overflowing with milk and a belly fluttering with butterflies.

"Almost there... I can do this..." she whispered to herself. The moon illuminated the dark cottage in a dangerous, lactation-inducing light. "Please don't get too full tomorrow," Nalla whimpered to the rising silver sphere in the sky.

Rubbing her breasts to test their ever-increasing weight and help her body adjust, Nalla felt milk dribble over her hands and onto the floor. It was such a common occurrence now she hardly noticed, but still shook her hands to fling off any fluid. Knowing what challenges lay ahead, she thought it best to sleep and save her strength for tomorrow's procession. She had been hoping to see Alina before the event, but her love hadn't come by since the first evening.

The maiden's cottage was in the midst of night when a barely-audible clatter arose from the back. Alina slinked through the darkness like a fox in a henhouse, thankful for the increased visibility from the waxing moon. It flooded through the windows to throw a silvery glow into the maiden's quarters.

"Nall--*huh*?" Alina's whisper was cut off when she saw the bed was empty and the sheets made. Confusion threw the girl through a loop and she started to wonder if perhaps Nalla couldn't take the pressure of the milk maiden's responsibilities. She was about to leave when a soft moan drifted through the cottage. It had come from the pile of hay in the corner, one of the few areas not doused in moonlight.

"Nalla...?" Alina whispered, tiptoeing towards the hay. The sight made her breath catch in her throat and her body tingle with sexual heat.

The milk maiden was sprawled atop the pile of hay, deep in an arousal-filled slumber. Nalla's flushed head rested in one hand while another was clenched across her stomach and tangled in the dress' laces. A massive bust like a pair of large pumpkins had overtaken Nalla's

torso. One had fallen free of a heavily-loosened dress while the other fought and bulged for escape. Each was as wide as Nalla's own shoulders and topped with mouth-filling nipples. Milk poured from their throbbing pores over the sleeping maiden's body, drenching her dress and the hay around her. The charm glowed bright around her neck, always filling her chest with milk. The fluid seemed to be gushing into her now so late in the festival, and every milk-sloshing breath released a groan from Nalla's lips. Farther below, the dress' slit had flared open in Nalla's sleep to release one of her legs. Alina couldn't help but follow the slender limb up from her foot, past a soft thigh, to an exposed span of skin across the right side of Nalla's hips.



Alina simply stood in place, too stunned by Nalla's transformation to move. The maiden's body was utterly beautiful and could only be the gift of a god. Before Alina even realized what she was doing, her pants had already slid down her legs, soon followed by trembling hands pulling her tunic over her head.

Standing naked over Nalla's swollen form, Alina stared at the milk flowing over Nalla's chest and licked her lips; the taste of her milk hadn't left her thoughts since the first night. The hay bent and crinkled when Alina stepped onto the pile.

"*M-Mmm...*" Nalla moaned, squirming in her sleep.

Milk sprayed into the air when she groaned as if coaxed from her breasts by invisible squeezing hands and doused Alina. Leaving was no longer an option, not after feeling the warm cream on her lips once more.

Aline lowered herself onto her hands and knees, straddling Nalla's exposed leg. With the grace of a hunting owl, she lowered her groin onto the exposed thigh and swam in its heat.

"*Ahh!*" Nalla gasped, reacting in her dreams. Her thigh bucked under Alina's weight, applying pressure in all the right places. She couldn't help herself anymore and lunged forward, pressing her face into a mammoth udder and allowing a leaking nipple to pop free of the dress and fill her mouth. Pressing her small, bare breasts into Nalla's felt akin to dumping a bucket of water into an ocean.

"*NNNGH!!*" Nalla writhed, turning her head into the hay, straw sticking in her thick black braid. The more milk Alina sucked from her bosom, the more she squirmed. Alina rode her gyrating thigh, covering its surface in slick moisture. It didn't take much stimulated before Nalla's breast bloated against her face and hands, swelling multiple inches larger and thrusting a nipple down Alina's throat. One of her legs bent forward and slipped a knee between Nalla's thighs, pressing into a pussy craving attention.

"*NNNGHHMMM!!!!*" Nalla groaned, clenching her toes. Suddenly her eyes popped open, rising pressure in her tits forcing her awake. Seeing an unknown and naked body lying on top of her almost made her cry out in fright until she recognized Alina's face suckling her teat.

"*A-A-ALINA!!!*" she gasped, hips bucking against the pleasure of her lips.

She didn't respond and only continued to guzzle the dairy flowing from her lover. It gushed down her throat and ran down her cheeks in thick rivulets, filling the cottage with a nose-pleasing sweetness.

Still in shock and fighting against her lactation's pressure, Nalla pressed her hands into the sides of her chest. They heaved full and firm with milk, the surface of her skin taut with the swirling contents. So much pleasure and stimulation were becoming more than the girl could take and it was short-circuiting her mind.

"*A-Alina...nnnng!! Alina!*" Nalla cried out, breasts inching across her stomach. Cleavage threatened to engulf her face soon, every thrust from Alina's eager hips shifting her bust's massive weight up and down.

Pressure continued to rise, spurred on by Alina's thirst. Nalla, helpless but to watch, could feel a certain threshold approaching. It was a familiar, orgasmic cliff she and Alina had reached together many times before, but it brought something new with it now.

"*I'm...I-I'm gonna...mmmmMMMMM...A-Alinaaaa I'm gonna...!*"

It was pure agony. Between Alina's groin and thighs massaging her leg, her knee pressing into her crotch, and her lips pulling against a nipple the size of an overgrown strawberry, Nalla was overpowered. Shadows were cast around the cottage when the charm glowed hot and bright around her neck, burning against Nalla's rising cleavage.

“Harvest Spirit... *H-Harvest...Spirit!! I can't!!*” Beneath a pair of overbearing mammarys, Nalla prayed for release, her tits bloating massively and lifting Alina. Milk surged as if in answer, Alina gagging when it was forced into her mouth. Relief was approaching at a tremendous speed and Nalla knew there was no stopping it, but she felt she had to do everything in her power to resist.

“Mmmm... *Mmmph...*” Alina swallowed, milk filling her belly. Loins tingling with imminent release, she applied maximum suction to Nalla’s nipple.

“I...*nnngghaaa...*” Nalla gulped, unable to hold back her orgasm, or invigorated lactation, any longer. “A-A-*AlinaaaaAAAAHHHHHHH!!!*”

Both girls’ bodies tensed and tightened when sexual release shot through them. For Alina, it emanated from her hips and thighs, causing her to clamp around Nalla’s legs like an animal. For Nalla, the sensations started in her groin but shot to her bust where they grew and multiplied inside her. Milk rushed into her chest, flooding against her skin and filling her like a reservoir. Her breasts rounded out and rose into the air, Alina gagging on a massive nipple flaring within her mouth before forcing itself free. Audible gurgles came from the heaving tits, their quickly-swelling frames almost intimidating.

Once over, Nalla and Alina collapsed into the hay under a pile of heaving breaths. Covering in milk, the straw stuck to their naked bodies though neither cared at that moment.

“O-Oh...god...” Nalla moaned, feeling her chest weighing heavier than ever. “This...” She opened her eyes, looking at the milky mountains pinning her down. “A-Alina, what were you thinking??”

Smiling at her side, Alina said amidst panting breaths, “Thought I might...see how you were doing before the big night. Then...I saw you lying over here all full...full of milk... I guess I couldn’t help myself... Why weren’t you in bed?”

Nalla could hardly believe what state her body had become. “They w-wouldn’t stop leaking and it was m-making a mess... The hay seemed more comfortable... *Mm!*” She squeaked when a stream of milk shot from puffy nipples. Struggling, she tried to sit up but now found it impossible when on her back.

“Hey hey hey, take it easy,” Alina said quickly, getting up. “Let me help...”

Still dripping in milk, Alina stood in front of Nalla and the two joined hands, pulling the maiden into a sitting position. Two breasts fell forward to fill Nalla’s lap, squirting milk into Alina’s legs when they slammed together.

“O-O-Ohhhh nooooo...” Nalla gazed, “Oooh *noooo!* I-I still need to get to the fields tomorrow, Alina!! A-And they’re still going to *keep filling!!* I’m bigger than Gisel was at her largest!!”

“Ok, ok, don’t worry,” Alina said trying to calm her panicked friend, “We’ll just figure out how to move them and--” She reached forward and touched her hands against Nalla’s swollen chest.

“*MMMNGH!!!*” They vibrated and engorged, stretching larger, Nalla’s skin tightening before milk sprayed across the floor. “S-Stop stop!!” Nalla begged.

Alina dropped her hands, stunned at the sudden release.

“I don’t...I don’t think you should touch me anymore... These have filled...*nnngh*...w-way too fast...” Nalla whimpered, looking into Alina’s eyes helplessly. “I-It might be time for you to go, Alina...”

“But what about--”

“I’ll handle it.” Nalla got to one knee, cradling her breasts in her arms. “I-I have to handle it... The village is counting on me...”

Alina stepped forward to help but knew her touch would only make it worse. “Are you sure? I can go get Oma and--”

Nalla shook her head, standing to wobbling feet and a look of surprise. Grunting, she said, “I can do this. Just...*nnggh*...be there tomorrow, all right? Something tells me I’ll need you after.”

Wanting to help but forbidden, Alina nodded and gazed into Nalla’s eyes. “I’ll be there. I love you.”

“I love you too.”

Alina snuck off into the night, leaving Nalla alone with a chest swollen beyond what she thought possible. The arousal and release had filled her to the brim to such a point her body needed time to catch up. As it stood, Nalla’s breasts were firm in her arms with nipples leaking like broken dams. Although she wasn’t in the moon’s light, a constant flow could be felt slowly filling her bust. She looked on nervously, the sensation of engorging all-too-familiar at this point, but recognized something new. Alina’s midnight gift of orgasm had brought with it something different, and whether it was part of the Harvest Spirit’s blessing or not, Nalla prayed she could make it to the fields tomorrow night.

Twilight blanketed the small village in an Autumn glow. A moon swollen and full hung overhead slowly rising into the sky. Outside the milk maiden’s cottage door, Oma stood with raised hands, addressing the crowd gathered before it along both sides of a path.

“The Spirit’s blessing is upon us!” she boomed, drawing murmurs of excitement and worry from the onlookers.

Joseph and Alina stood in the crowd near the front. “How big do you think she is?” he asked, eyes glued dark void behind Oma.

“How should I know??” Alina said perhaps too hastily. Sleep had been impossible for the girl since she caused Nalla’s incredible lactation. Not just from the worry of bringing ruin to the harvest, but also from an insatiable desire to experience her lover’s transformed breasts again and taste the sweet milk upon her tongue.

Grrrrr

“*M-Mmmm...*” Alina whimpered softly, placing a hand over her belly as the thought of Nalla’s milk made it growl.

“You all right?” Joseph asked suspiciously. “You’ve been acting weird for the whole festival.”

“I’m fine,” she nodded. Looking down she hoped her erect nipples weren’t too obvious through her tunic. “I’m just nervous for Nalla and--*Oh my god...*”

Alina’s mouth fell open and the whispers died off to leave only stunned silence when Oma stepped away from the darkened cottage door. The emerging figure of a swollen maiden demanded silence. Nalla’s breasts were visible before the rest of her body, moving into the moonlight like drifting, fleshy bergs. The most silent of gasps carried like shouts when Nalla had to press her chest together in order to fit it through the door frame, allowing her to stand outside the cottage next to the elder.

“W-Wow...” Joseph gaped.

“It’s over,” a farmer groaned from within the crowd. “The procession is where most of the growth happens and she hasn’t even started walking yet!”

“She’ll never make it to the fields.”

“It could be twenty years until we have a new milk maiden and another good harvest.”

Nalla stood outside the cottage on wobbly legs. The dress was stretched and deformed, the laces fully loosened by Oma to allow for the maximum capacity. Even so, the white fabric was taut and filled to its limits. It reached to her hips and only provided minuscule support for the bottom half of Nalla’s breasts. Both nipples and the majority of her areolas were visible to the crowd and they awed at the quantities of milk spilling forth.

With her arms wrapped around their sides, unable to bring her hands together, Nalla was ready. Now standing directly in the moon’s light, however, she whimpered softly feeling its glow cause more milk to bubble within her body.

Unaffected by the murmurs and pessimistic talk, Oma whispered, “You can do this, my dear. The Harvest Spirit wouldn’t have chosen you if you couldn’t.”

“I-I’m not sure this was *all* the Spirit’s doing...” Nalla said under her breath, seeing Alina wide-eyed in the crowd.

Oma addressed the village. “Let the maiden, filled as the Spirit’s vessel, bring his drink!”

The procession started with a heavy, milk-laden groan. It was impossible to blink when watching Nalla take her first, stitch-popping steps down the path. The fields were only a half-mile walk but to the milk maiden it might as well have been a marathon. The moon beat upon her with magical light and urged her lactation to new levels.

Milk sprayed in front of her in rich showers full enough to run down the path. Soft skin bulging between her fingers and engulfing her arms, she could feel her contents pushing and swirling inside.

“You can do it, Nalla...” Joseph whispered when she passed by. His eyes, like everyone else’s, were glued to her bosom and wouldn’t look away until the festival was over. Looking to Alina, Nalla was surprised to find her speechless and slack-jawed. It was a rare occurrence.

“*Mmmm!!*” Nalla gasped suddenly. She dug her hands into her breasts and felt them swell against her, reaching further out and down her body. Milk was surging under the swollen moon and the weight was already becoming more than she could bear. The sensations of such breast development alone were becoming enough to make her legs weak. Feeling the dress pulling into her skin like a belt wasn’t helping either.

“Not even one hundred yards from the cottage...” a farmer sighed.

“I can...do it...” Nalla panted to herself. Controlling her breasts was like trying to control an armful of water. Slick and covered in milk, they were near impossible to keep a firm hold of and constantly fell from her grip.

Every step sloshed and gurgled. The never-ending patter of milk onto the dirt droned in her ears like a timer, reminding the girl of what was at stake. With so much flowing within her and leaking free, the ground beneath her feet grew sticky and moist. Oma and the villagers followed behind. Most were doubtful but all had hope that Nalla might make it to the fields.

“O-Oma...” she gasped, her tits stretching larger as another gallon fell into each. “T-They’re too heavy... My legs... I-I need...help...!”

“Believe in the Spirit,” Oma sang, “This is something he has entrusted to you alone!”

“I--*whoa!!*” Nalla cried out when her foot caught the front of her dress and she fell forward. Massive weight shot to the ground and time stood still as Nalla fell to one knee, the weight of her jiggling chest resting on her thigh. A tear opened in the front of the dress from the jolt and it threatened to split open at a moment’s notice.

Multiple people made to help and support her chest but Oma raised an arm and shouted, “No! The maiden is a vessel for no one but the Spirit!” The villagers backed away, looking on helplessly at the small girl bearing the weight of their future.

She could feel her strength fading. “N-No, please no,” Nalla begged, struggling to regain her grip. Though not supporting much, the dress provided something to hold onto amongst an ocean of milk-covered skin.

The village held its collective breath and watched the maiden shake with effort to stand. If she were to fall, there would be no getting back up.

“N-Nngh...!” she grunted, bringing her other leg up and into the bottom of her chest. Milk sprayed over the path when her knee sank into her flesh and her arms hugged tightly with effort. Weary and sweating, Nalla rose to her feet once more.

“*T-They’re getting bigger!*” she cried out to no one in particular. “*I’m so...FULL!*” The charm burned around her neck, nestled in her cleavage like an egg. The glow seeping off it was intense enough to make Nalla squint.

The fields were in sight and tensions were high among the citizens. Even those who doubted were starting to believe. Nalla marched slowly ahead, mouth open as she panted with effort and the dress' tear widened. Flesh bulged over the top in deformed shapes.

"*C-Come...on...*" Nalla gasped. The moon, rising overhead and growing fuller by the minute, waited for her arrival in the fields. Skin pressed against her thighs from continued engorgement, making every step like walking through molasses.

"It's too much... *It's too...nnnghhh...much...!*"

No one said a word. No maiden in recent history had ever been filled to such proportions by the Harvest Spirit's blessing. Even Oma, who had come to witness so many fulfill their duty, was in awe. Nalla had slowed to a crawl under the immense weight of her chest and the dress was fit to burst. The smallest motion or gasp for breath was enough to shimmy her chest free of her hold.

Ahead were the fields. The path led to a pumpkin patch before winding through various other crops. In the middle of the pumpkin patch the path formed a clearing centered around a large stone platform overlooking the crops below. It was here the milk maiden would ceremoniously ascend before finally engorging to her fullest under the moon's glow and release the Spirit's drink over the fields. For Nalla, this platform loomed ahead like an unattainable goal. The pumpkin patch sprawled before her filled with orange melons that seemed small in comparison to her breasts. The hundred yards remaining taunted her numb legs with its impossible goal.

"Come on, Nalla..." Alina pleaded, her chest tight and tingling with love and worry. Every villager could see the maiden's arms shaking to support the weight of her breasts. They bulged from her sides like clouds, her arms only long enough to reach around their back halves.

Bubbles and gurgles left Nalla's chest. The closer she drew to the platform the larger she swelled. She couldn't comprehend how bloated and full her breasts felt having been blown into such milky udders. Visibility of her nipples had been nonexistent since the procession's start but Nalla could feel them pulsing and throbbing with pressure. Their cylindrical forms ached to release the dairy held back for so many days. It wouldn't be long until the simple leaking wouldn't be enough and the flood gates would open; she only prayed she could reach the platform before that time came.

"*Hah... H-Hah...*" Nalla panted, breasts reaching beyond her knees. The dress creaked and popped with tortured stitches. "*I...nnnghhhaaaa...*" Nalla swallowed, her thighs burning from supporting such mass. "*I...can't...I'm so fuuuull...*"

Nalla's knees buckled together, refusing to move. Milk churned against her skin, blowing her larger without regard. The moon was going to make her overflow regardless of whether or not she reached the platform. It waited for her only yards ahead. If she could just reach it, Nalla knew she could find relief, finish her responsibility, and bring a bountiful harvest to the village.

She tried to lift her leg but it refused to move. Knees knocked together to hold her weight, Nalla found another step impossible.

“Nnnnghh!?” she grunted, trying to lift her tits as they bloated larger. “*They’re too heavy!*?”

“Don’t fall, Nalla... Please don’t fall...” Alina prayed.

Joseph stood wide-eyed at her side. “She can do it,” he had been repeating, “She *has* to do--”

BWOOMSH

Silence covered the village when Nalla fell to her knees in the middle of the path. Tears ran down her face when she leaned on top of her chest, sitting on her over-worked legs. The platform sat only twenty yards before her, the distance as infinite as her shame. Countless pumpkins surrounding her on either side seemed to look on in disappointment.

“I’m sorry... I-I’m sorry... I’m so sorry...” she sobbed, gasping for air. “I couldn’t make it. I...*sniff*...I couldn’t do it...”

“She was so close...” Joseph sighed.

“Nalla...” Alina whispered silently under a cloud of guilt. “I’m so sorry...” A maiden hadn’t failed to perform her duties in centuries.

“Dammit!” a farmer swore.

Another took off his hat and sat on a nearby pumpkin in dismay, Nalla’s sobs audible in the background. “We knew she couldn’t handle too much going in... Why would the Spirit fill her so? I’m surprised the girl made it this--”

Oma raised her hands. “The Spirit’s vessel is not yet full! Behold, the moon grows full!”

Without hope but never to abandon tradition, the villagers watched the Harvest Festival come to a close with frowns of despair.

“A-Ahhh... *Ahh!*” Nalla panted, her swelling reaching its fullest strength with the moon coming to its peak. “I-It’s coming... T-The milk is coming...!” she yelled, failure heavy on her breath. Her tears fell hot on her cleavage as she stared ahead at the unobtainable goal.

“What’s the point in watching now?” someone asked. “She’s not on the platform; she can’t release it over the crops from here.”

Someone was about to respond but stopped when Oma turned around and shot a hundred-year-old glare into the crowd. Nalla continued to groan in the background.

Nalla’s breasts expanded outwards under her arms. The dress ached from its torture and begged for release. She had known the final engorgement would be the most powerful, but as Nalla felt her skin stretch and bloat, she realized she was vastly unprepared.

“O-O-Oma!” she called, chest vibrating with growth, “There’s...There’s a *lot* of milk!! Is this--”

SHRRRRRIIIIPP!!!

“*OHH!*?”

The dress split apart under Nalla’s breasts and released her milky globes in their full forms. They rounded out and extended before her to overflow her bent legs. Her cleavage reached to her collarbones and swallowed the charm in a heated chasm of flesh. Each of Nalla’s

hands pressed into their sides, shaking with pleasure and shock at their unending growth. Nipples the size of large, ripe apples stood into the air squirting milk in all directions.



“O-Omaaaa!” she yelled, helpless as they swelled. The flow of milk was fast and unthinkable. Such a size was unheard of for a milk maiden; not a single villager dared speak a word.

Nalla’s tits burned with incredible heat and continued their growth. Pumpkins were pushed aside by their round forms and milk ran down the path.

“O-Oooohhhhh... Ohhhhhh!!!! MMM!!” They grew larger, pushing back against Nalla. The force threw her off her legs and onto her butt, forcing her to straighten her knees before her lower body was completely covered by her breasts.

“What’s...What’s going on??” she panicked, working desperately to stay upright as a wall of flesh swelled against her. Tits as tall as a grown man threatened to force her onto her back but her arms fought against the soft surface.

“She’s not stopping,” someone gaped. “S-She’s not stopping!”

“This is the Spirit’s will!!” Oma reminded. She looked to the moon shining upon Nalla and called out, “Harvest Spirit, your vessel is ready! Make her to overflow!”

“O-O-Overflow??” Nalla grunted, feeling her chest slide across the path. “*NANA I’M AS BIG AS A--MMMPHHHH!!*”

Nalla was thrown onto her back when her chest responded to the elder’s call. They blew outwards with a rejuvenated will, filling the maiden with countless gallons of milk by the second. Helpless under their weight, Nalla lay in the soaking dirt and fought to keep her head in the open air. A towering line of cleavage shot into the night sky above her head. Rivers of white ran down on all sides from pumpkin-sized nipples resting at their peaks.

Stunned as everyone else, Alina watched from the crowd. Her chest burned and pulsed from a racing heart at seeing her love engorge to such a size. Each breast loomed like a small cottage and completely blocked the path like a fleshy barricade. “N-Nalla! Nalla are you all right??” she called.

The words fell on deaf ears. The maiden was unable to hear anything over the sound of milk rushing against her ears. Supple skin rubbed against Nalla’s cheeks, her weakened arms unable to push back any longer. “*God I’m so big... I’m so...FULL!!*” Nalla screamed, every inch of her body aching for stimulation. “*My breasts feel ENORMOUS!!*”

Some villagers took a step back when the lactation showed no signs of stopping. A shadow cast by Mt. Nalla crept over the pumpkin patch the higher she bloated and some grew fearful.

“This is too much... *NNNghhhh... T-This is...too MUCH!! How much are you going to fill me, Spirit?! I feel like I’m...o-ooohhhhhh...like I’m...*”

Flesh rubbed and massaged Nalla’s pussy. No part of her body was safe from the massaging forces of her titanic udders. Every sliver of her being was alive and gushing with arousal, wanting only to find release.

“I-I can’t...*mmmmm this MILK!!!*” Nalla screamed. “It’s--*AHH!!*” Something hard and cold pressed into the front of her breasts as they swelled forward.

Shocked gasps spread through the crowd as everyone held their breath.

“S-She’s reached the platform!” someone from the side of the crowd yelled.

“*I’M THAT BIG?!*”

Nalla’s mind couldn’t fathom how large her body had grown, but as she felt the cold stone of the platform slide into her cleavage, she squirmed beneath her mountains in arousal. Sprays of milk grew thicker from her nipples and Nalla panted at the intense pressures raging inside her bust. The moon was just visible through the top of her cleavage like looking up from a canyon; the end was drawing near.

“Accept the contents of your vessel, Harvest Spirit!” Oma addressed. “Your maiden has been filled with your blessing!”

“*A-Ahhh!! Ooohhhh my BREASTS!!*” Nalla yelled, cleavage swallowing her face. Her body clenched tightly as pressure shot from the base of her torso to the tips of her nipples. “I-I can’t hold anymore! I *can’t hold anymoore!!*”

Oma yelled loudly, “Take your vessel and drink!!”

A heavy rumbling shook the ground as Nalla’s breasts shook and rounded out, filled to the absolute brim with warm milk. Under the fleshy heaps Nalla screamed, “*AhhhhHHHH I’M FUUUUUULL!!!!*”

A silence fell over the pumpkin patch when the rumbling ceased. The gentle sloshing of milk filled the air, Nalla’s breasts shaking with gigantic, rippling proportions. Suddenly Nalla’s eyes sprang open in the dark of her cleavage. Her scream could be heard from all around.

“*AaaaAAAHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!*”

KASLOOOSH!!

Nalla’s breast burst like an overtaxed dam. The force threw every villager off their feet before they were swept away in a torrent of steaming milk. Waves of white fluid flooded the pumpkin patch before washing over the platform and rushing over the remaining fields.

The dairy was quick to absorb into the crops and plants, allowing everyone to stand up in drenched clothes amid puddles of milk. The entire countryside looked like a milk bomb had gone off.

A half-naked girl lay in the path, gasping for air and clutching at a large chest she remembered as her own.

The village waited in silence amid the dwindling rain. Hope filled everyone's hearts and when a dull glow covered the land their eyes were filled with wonder. The crops took on a silvery sheen, glowing with the intensity of the moon and covered in Nalla’s lactation.

“Look!!” a young boy said, pointing to a pumpkin. The melon grew larger and flourished on the vine, all others following suit. Beyond Nalla’s tired body and the platform, the other fields were bathed in a silvery light. Every crop multiplied, plumped and grew full with the Harvest Spirit’s blessing. Nalla laid her head back in relief, unable to believe what she had done.

“I’ve never seen our wheat so lush!!” a farmer hollered.

“Give thanks to the Harvest Spirit!” another yelled.

“Well done, Nalla!” The village cheered, thrown into a celebration like no other.

Footsteps sounded by Nalla’s head and she looked up. Alina was there, bending down with a smile on her face. “You did it,” she said, eyes watery.

“I did... I-I really did,” Nalla nodded, emotions getting the better of her. “Where’s Joseph?”

“I think he fainted during your big display,” Alina laughed.

Nalla giggled between labored gasps and held her bare breasts tightly, saying, “You know I’m starting to think the Harvest Spirit doesn’t mind a *woman* sharing his vessel...”

“I was going to say he liked it.” Alina bit her lip, overcome with lust after what she just witnessed. The villagers were too busy celebrating to notice her lean in and kiss the maiden, their breasts pushing into each other.

“*M-Mmm!*” Nalla gasped, feeling something soft and unfamiliar pressing into her bust. “What are--”

She stopped when Alina sat up and straightened her back. The front of her tunic was pulled taut across a pair of freshly-grown melons, almost as large as Nalla’s. They pulled at the top buttons and created stress lines over Alina’s bust, her shirt much too small to contain such masses. Drenched in milk, erect nipples stood proudly into the fabric like fingers.

Seeing Nalla’s speechless face, Alina put her hands to them and hefted their weight. “The crops weren’t the only thing that grew, I guess, huh?”

Eyes full of shock at her lover’s transformed bust, Nalla stammered, “W-Was that because of just now, or...because of how much of my milk you drank...?!”

“Not sure,” Alina’s eyes sparkled and she leaned in for another kiss. “Maybe the Harvest Spirit just wants more milk next year.”