

Loki's Misfortune Part 2

Contains lactation, breast, butt, and thigh growth

CLANG!!

The bar fell silent when Loki's armor blew from her body. Separate pieces skidded across the floor, the leather bindings ripped apart by the overgrown watermelons bloating off her chest. Loki's face stared in silent horror at her absolute exposure. A single nipple rivaled her fist in size as they both throbbed in full view of the tavern patrons, breathing with a puffy aroused life of their own.

"Oi! Look at 'er!" an amused drunk laughed. "Ms. Goddess of Mischief looks like she's ready to put my cow to shame!"

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH

The torture wasn't over. Loki's chest plate only had so much it was willing to give. Her skirt, however, was far from reaching max capacity.

"P-Please no," Loki whimpered. It was bad enough sitting in the middle of a tavern topless and grown far out of proportion. It was another matter having the effects continue with dozens of eyes upon her naked form.

The skirt continued tightening around her hips and thighs to the point of pulling the stitches of her seams taut. Slivers of pale flesh shone through pinprick holes.

"Get ready for a show!"

"T-Thor! Message received!" Loki yelled, hoping her brother had stayed close by to provide mercy. "I won't do it again!! Please!"

CCRREEEAAAAAK!!!

"The goddess can't handle her own chaos!"

"Someone pour some mead on her! I want to see those curves shine!"

"T-T-Thooooor!! My skirt isn't going to--"

CRREEEEEAAAAAAAANK!!!!

"MMM!!"

Loki whimpered and threw her head back. Drum-tight fabric massaged her thighs as well as her pussy as it bulged between the back of her legs. Hugging her chest for every bit of available modesty, Loki felt her hourglass figure balloon in all directions. Tiny pops and rips came from her rear. The end was here.

"Thor!!! T-Thor!!! Please!!! Remove the amulet before--"

SSSHHRRRRRIIP!!!!

"EEP!!"

An uncharacteristic squeak escaped her lips. A storm of fabric exploded around her lower half. In the blink of an eye, the Goddess of Mischief was rendered naked before the tavern of drunk warriors. Such embarrassment had always been her delight to distribute, but never receive.

“Woooo!!! Well there’s some mischief in my pants, that’s for sure!!”

“What do you say we tie her up and see how far that amulet’s magic can go?”

“I say we bring her to the square and--”

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE

Everyone fell silent once more when a fluid-filled churning came from Loki’s body. Her eyes widened in fear as the amulet burned against her cleavage.

“No.... N-No, anything but that...”

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!

Her chest ballooned. Immobilized by her own body, Loki felt an incredible wave of heat and weight travel through her chest. Pressure pushed against her skin as if something wanted out.

“Oi! Is an ocean rushing into there??”

“She’s gonna blow!?”

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

Loki’s breasts engorged out of her grasp with minds of their own. Horrified and shamed, she watched her nipples bloat two twice their size atop rounded areolas before something warm and thick struck their centers.

SPPLLLURRTCH!!!

Milk sprang from Loki like a fountain. Doing everything in her power to stay upright, she held her chest aloft and doused those in front of her with a curtain of milk.

They licked their lips. The warriors’ eyes grew with hunger.

“BRING ME A FLAGON!?”

“I’ll drink from the goddess until the sun comes up!?”

They descended upon her in a frenzy of lust. Hands grabbed at Loki’s body, massaging and squeezing her curves to urge milk from the depths of her chest.

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“Mmmngh!!! C-Cease this!! Cease this at once!! I’m not--A-Ahh!!”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

She only grew larger. There was no hope of running on her own. Given the slippery nature of her thighs and the growing puddle around her feet, she wasn’t sure she could even hope to stand without slipping in her own juices.

Milk poured forth from her bust in great streams to overflow the Asgardian’s goblets. Every stimulation pushed her body fuller. Her chest rubbed against her hips like a shelf. Her thighs heaved to either side as fleshy bumpers useless in keeping the thirsty barbarians away.

“Let me get my mouth on one of those nozzles! I’ll suck her dry!?”

“S-Stay back!! Don’t you dare touch me!! I’m the Goddess of Mischief!?”

Several approached with visible excitement tenting their pants. They were moments away from losing their minds.

“Why don’t we tie off her nipples and see--”

“Alright, that’s enough!?”

THWOOM!!!

An invisible force pushed the Asgardians aside and against the walls. Looking over her shoulder, Loki saw a woman approach. She was dressed in a dingy barmaid's uniform similar to Loki's recent disguise, though with a much smaller bust. Loki recognized her as the tavern owner, someone who would often be seen leaving Thor's quarters in the morning.

The Asgardians were not happy.

"Cally! What's the big idea!"

"Oh hush," she waved, standing over a helplessly gushing Loki. "Leave the poor goddess alone. I think she's had enough."

The barmaid grabbed Loki by the arm to help her stand.

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

"M-Mmnggh!"

"Oh, you are full!" Cally chuckled.

Loki smiled weakly as enormous weighted curves threatened to pull her back into her puddle. *"T...Thank you..."*

Cally addressed the struggled men. "Now all of you just hang tight! I'll be back with some towels."

With its fun ruined, the tavern groaned as Loki was led into a back storeroom for safekeeping. The amulet continued to burn at her cleavage but at least she would be out of the public eye. Cally led her to a barrel.

"Here, lean on this," she instructed.

Loki did so, eager to return to normal, though doing so may prove challenging with her powers sealed by the amulet. Heaving globes of flesh hung in front of her and continuously reached for the ground. Given the size of her backside and thighs, she wasn't sure even the most well-endowed warrior on Asgard could penetrate her.

"Well this is quite the conundrum..." Loki sighed. "My brother really--"

CLICK!

Loki turned around to see Cally locking the storeroom door. A devilish grin had spread over her face.

"B-Barmaid?"

"You don't remember, do you?" Cally growled.

She came close. Loki knew she wasn't out of trouble yet. "Should I--"

The tavern owner grabbed her bodice and yanked it down to reveal two petite breasts, barely capable of filling one's palms. *"You stole something from me..."*

Loki stared between the woman's chest and her vengeful face. Mischief from years prior came flooding back. Cally had indeed frequented Thor's chambers, though she used to be far bustier. Loki gulped in regret. "A-Ah... Yes... I did slightly diminish your--"

“You enchanted my wine and left my tits reduced to a child’s!! Thor hasn’t looked at me since!! I had a set as big as my head!”

Loki thought her concern humorous considering Thor looked at hundreds of maidens on a daily basis. Now wasn’t the time for humor, however. “I-I can certainly return your bust! This amulet need only be--*Mmngh!!*”

Angry hands pushed into Loki’s chest and ass. They massaged her as if she were livestock being judged. Fingers traced dangerously close to the lips of her pussy and circled a massive areola.

“Oh no...” Cally chuckled, bending forward to grab a thickened nipple. “There’s something *else* you can do for me now.”

SSPLLLLRRTCH!!

“*N-Nngh!!*” Loki shuddered at a quick release of milk into a bucket.

“You see, my family lost its best cow recently. A *lot* of things need milk...” Cally pulled again. “After seeing you engorge, so helplessly, I knew I found my answer...”

GUUUUUURRRRGLE!!

“*Ahh!! S-Stop this!!*” Loki gasped for air. Being manipulated like some barn animal wasn’t very goddess-like. “*I’m the Goddess of Mischief!! You’ll treat me with respe--MMNGH!!!*”

SSPPPLLLLRRTCH!!!!

“I’ll treat you like my new dairy cow... At least until I can find another use for you!”

SMACK!!

“MMNGH!!”

A full-handed slap spanked Loki’s presented ass, sending it into a fit of jiggles and waves of tingling through her crotch.

“Shouldn’t be too difficult, considering what you have to offer! Call it payback for what you took from me.”

“You can’t honestly expect m-m-m--moooooo!!”

Horror filled Loki’s face at the animal noise leaving her lips.

Cally looked at the goddess’s rear, noticing a long whip-like tail swinging back and forth. Gazing at two soft ears popping from the side of Loki’s head, she chuckled and said, “Oh, I think I can.” She took both nipples and held them over a bucket. “*Now hold still; there’s a tavern of thirsty men out there.*”

To be continued