

Milk Magic Part 2

“Dean Amae...?” Kara called out.

No response came from the woman. The silence wasn’t helping to unravel Kara’s nerves and confusion. Since her arrival at Bron-Regence Academy, her world had been turned upside down. Nothing made sense and those around her seemed fueled by nothing more than pure lust. Milk magic dominated their every waking thought, and as she was finding out, it was doing the same to her. Kara never imagined developing a large pair of milk-bearing breasts would lead to such a drastic shift to her lifestyle.

The events from the dining hall could hardly be contemplated without a part of her considering them no more than a dream. Girls leaping across the tables at one another? Fingers delving and wiggling in each and every hole? Milk spraying from nipples like fountains of dairy mounted upon overbearing breasts? Any of these things on their own would constitute a major shift in reality, and yet, as Kara walked behind BRA’s dean while carrying her own bloated chest, she was forced to accept the tenderness and residual moisture from multiple tongues on her skin as fact.

“D-Dean Amae!” Kara panted. It was hard enough maintaining a standing position with her boulder-like breasts. Walking at a brisk pace to keep up with the dean was another challenge altogether, one which nearly caused her to fall forward onto her jiggling flesh more than once.

Still there came no answer. Ahead of her, Amae continued down the stone hallway with no regard for her newest apprentice. Heaps of rounded skin protruded from the sides of her bare torso. As large as Kara felt, Amae was clearly bigger. Her bust extending below her navel in two massive pale teardrops. She audibly sloshed with the reservoirs of magic-laden milk hidden inside. Somehow, despite being far larger than Kara, Amae had no trouble walking as if her chest was lighter than air.

It was harder to speak with every wobbling step. Kara puffed, “C-Can you teach me how to do that?”

Amae finally responded though she didn’t look back. “Do what?”

“Use magic to...*nnngh*...carry your breasts... Mine are so big I can hardly--*Nngh!!*”

SPLLCH!!

A particularly heavy footfall stimulated Kara’s breasts enough to engorge with milk and spurt the hallway in front of her. The back of Amae’s legs dripped from the surprise release.

“S-Sorry, Dean Amae!” Kara apologized, blushing intensely. “They’re very full! I’m having trouble controlling them...” She shifted her weight when Amae turned around. Kara whined, “*T-They’re heavy...*”

Amae’s reaction to the warm milk drenching her skirt and calves was surprising. There was no annoyance, rather amusement and latent giddiness. Amae wiped her legs clean and continued down the hallway.

Kara was relieved when Amae continued her response. “I understand your plight. When my milk first came in, it was rare for me to find strength enough to stand. There were days I feared I may live beneath their girth for the rest of my life. But learning to carry the burden of your blessed milk is a rite of passage: a gift from the Goddess. Few trials can give you such an appreciation for the great magic welling within us. Our magic is as heavy as it is powerful. Carrying them through your own effort is rewarding.”

Adjusting an arm as it began slipping from the underside of her bust, Kara wasn't so sure. “But I'll still learn how to carry them with magic soon, right??”

“As my apprentice, you will learn that and far more.” Amae then turned her head back to pass Kara a smile, warm but with a chilly breeze dwelling beneath. “There is much potential in you, Kara. Under my direction, you could become one of the greatest milkimages Bron-Regence has ever produced. You've attended my fine academy for hardly an hour and yet I've never tasted such potent magic.”

Kara didn't know what to say. Such praising compliments had never been heaped upon her in such a way. A few days ago nobody would have given her the time of day. Now she had to cradle her breasts, fight off other girls like bears to honey, and the head of the most prestigious milkimage academy was showering her with praise.

“T-Thank you!” Kara stammered, looking for anything to continue her sentence. “I wasn't sure I would fit in here, but--”

Amae interrupted as if not hearing a word of Kara's gratitude. “The effects your milk produced in your fellow apprentices was astounding.”

This made Kara shiver with ecstasy. She could still feel Melanie, Stella, and Kim's tongues and hands sliding across, and in, her body. Their uncontrollable lust and ravenous suckling was overwhelming in every way yet Kara couldn't think of anything she wanted more at this moment. Jumping back into their milky, saliva-coated embraces sounded as welcoming as reentering a hot spring during a winter storm. Juices of desire ran down her thighs after being pulled away from the orgy too soon.

Amae continued. “Tell me again, you're certain you have never practiced milk magic before?”

“I don't know how I could have... I only started lactating a few days ago. My breasts were flat and then...” Thinking about them rounding off her body like fruits made her moan. Back at home, her shredded tunic still sat in the corner of her bedroom. It never stood a chance against her sudden enlargement. “Mmmm... T-They just *grew*.”

This information pleased Amae in a way Kara couldn't understand. “Highly unusual.”

Looking ahead at her dean, moreso out of thirst and desire at this point, Kara stared at Amae's breasts. There were larger than she recalled when they met at the academy's entrance.

“Did my milk do something to you?” Kara wondered. How the thought of her milk causing a change in Amae's body made her feel so lustful was curious. Her dairy made this

grown woman's breasts break out of their ornate embraces of jewels and gold. "After my...*entrance exam*...it seemed like you were surprised when they grew."

Amae ran a loving hand along the outside of her right breast. "It did catch me off guard. I wasn't expecting such...*mmm...energy*."

"A-Are you all right?" Kara was certain the dean's chest appeared fuller and taut.

"I assure you, it's nothing my bosom can't handle. This is a matter for another time, however; there are things we must discuss in the privacy of my quarters."

Kara hadn't realized how far she'd been led into the castle. During their talk, dinner had ended and students were returning to their usual business. More and more well-endowed women met them on their path. The students had a habit of arching their back to puff their chests towards the woman, while teachers and other faculty members greeted her with a simple flourish of their skirts. Kara never considered using one's breasts as a form of polite greeting.

Far more interesting was the storm of random orgasmic screams ringing down the stone walls. Most were so intense it was difficult for Kara to follow Amae rather than rushing towards their sources and joining in the fun. Lucky for her, the numerous rooms they passed on their way to Amae's office were open to anybody walking by. The sights made Kara's nipples perk up like excited puppies.

Every room made Kara question what kind of magical world she'd stumbled into more than the last. In one, a girl was seen sitting against a wall with her breasts in her lap. The size was fairly normal given what Kara had seen up until now, but it was the sheer girth and length of her nipples that made Kara's heart race. They were long and thick, like two massive pink pythons slinking across the floor from the girl's tits. Another student had a tape measure in hand and busied herself taking note of the nipples' impossible length and thickness.

"*C-Careful!*" the girl with the overgrown nipples pleaded as the other wrapped the tape tightly around a pink serpent, "*Do you know how sensitive they are right--NnnnghhMMM!!!*"

"Well quit getting longer and I'll stop measuring!"

"*S-Stop measuring them and they'll stop growing!! You keep wrapping that tape around them and--*"

SNAP!!

The measuring tape broke in half when her nipple thickened like a tree stump.

"*Hey!*" the measuring tape's owner complained.

"*I...I-I tried to warn you!!*"

The sound of gushing fluid in an approaching room stole Kara's attention before she could witness anymore. From the next room, a pool of milk was encroaching into the hallway. Amae stepped over the creeping puddle without a second thought as if it were as common as a rain puddle.

"*Aaack!! Christa!!! Stop it!!*"

A sputtering student held her hands in front of her face to guard against a never-ending deluge of dairy. It came at her as a wall of white, threatening to push her backward on the

slippery floor. Writhing against the opposite wall was another girl clearly lost to the sensation of the monumental release. Her face was red with arousal and the effort it took to breathe was made Kara envious.

“Y-YOU THINK I’M TRYING TO LACTATE THIS MU--NNNGHH!!! AAAHHH IT’S NOT STOOOOPING!!! THE MILK WON’T STOP!!!”

She sat with her arms flung over the top of her chest. It swelled, looming dangerously larger than its owner.

“Let that be an early lesson to you,” Amae said softly, sensing Kara’s amazement, “It can be *very* easy to lose oneself to milk magic. Just know whatever mess you make, you will be forced to clean as well. The janitors are not here to clean up your spilled milk.”

“Yes, Dean...” Kara whispered. Her eyes lingered on the girl until her breasts eclipsed her in every way and her friend was blown back by the increasing milk.

“CHRISTA!!” the downed girl coughed against the milk. *“Stop!! It’s going to take us all night to clean this up!!”*

A new, very loud, voice echoed then. *“Mmmmmmm!!!! B-Bigger!!”*

A heaving plea from further down the hall sounded more normal than anything Kara had heard thus far. Surely it was only another student wishing her chest larger. Following Amae, Kara found the reality to be anything but.

A larger classroom with a pair of double doors brought Kara to pause. Inside was a girl grown to gigantic proportions. Her limbs sprawled from wall to wall and her neck craned to fit her head against the ceiling. Each breast was large enough to be a bed, yet was proportional to the girl’s titanic frame and would have been average-sized in a normal encounter. Cowering between her spread legs was a fellow student. Her tiny hands were wrapped around a clit the size of her own head, massaging it as if testing a melon for ripeness.

“Bigger!! Pllleeeaaase!” the giant girl pleaded in a booming voice. Lust-fueled juices were leaving a puddle under her massive rear.

Her friend was drenched from head to toe. Thick locks of hair clung to her face and her clothes hugged her body like paint. The possibilities of where she could have been to encounter such moisture made Kara squeak and her thighs tremble with tremendous curiosity. Just *how much* of the giant girl had she *explored*?

“Thalsa, I *can’t!*” the girl panted from the supposed effort to magically induce such growth in her friend’s body. Her nipples were incredibly swollen and leaking what little milk she had left. *“I don’t even think I have the magic to shrink you back to normal size!”*

“Mmmm!!! Just a little mooooore!!” The giant twisted in the room and grabbed her friend in a single hand to squeeze her between her mountainous breasts.

“Y-You’re squishing me!! Thalsa, calm down!!!” She hugged a giant tit with her entire body and still could not compete with its size.

This was something Kara knew she had to try. If the act of her breasts swelling to such proportions was so exhilarating, then having her body grow into the realm of a giantess must be

beyond orgasmic. The thought alone of her clothes tightening across every inch of her body before stitches popped and seams blew open to release--

“Kara?” Amai was waiting further down the hall.

Lagging a dozen meters behind, Kara snapped to attention with a red face. “Y-Yes!!”

“This way.”

A door waited by Amai at the end of the hall. At her motion, after catching up, Kara was ushered up a short staircase with Amai close behind. A short corridor was found at the top. The atmosphere was rich with expensive oils. The closest door was opened and Kara herded inside.

“This is my private study,” Amai announced, “You’ll often find me here when I’m not teaching or seeing to my other responsibilities around the academy.”

Kara wasn’t sure how to respond. There were too many items to focus on any one object in particular. “It’s very nice...”

“Thank you. Please take a seat and make yourself comfortable. I shall return shortly.”

Amai left without another word. The silent click of the door locking didn’t help to put Kara at ease. The contents of the dean’s private study, however, gave Kara’s imagination plenty to ponder.

In the center of the room was a large, ornate wooden desk. Each corner had a pair of handcuffs dangling in the air. Along its sides were carvings of engorged women lost in the throes of ecstasy. Piles of books and aging tomes helped keep the fantastical piece of furniture grounded.

Behind the desk were two glass tanks of white fluid reaching to the ceiling. From the smell, Kara could tell they contained only the freshest and most potent milk. The sight alone made her mouth water. For a moment, she was tempted to wrap her lips around one of the spigots at their bases and drink from the massive milky wellspring, but the other contents of the walls were too interesting to ignore.

One wall was laden with a series of portraits depicting proud women. Kara recognized Amai in the painting furthest down the line and assumed each portrait displayed a past dean of the academy. Each had their bust proudly in view as the painting’s focus. Kara was intrigued at the amount of swelling afflicting each woman as the paintings progressed; each dean was more endowed and adept at milk magic than the last. Amai’s breasts were leagues larger than the academy’s first dean, who appeared small even by Kara’s standards.

One corner contained a collection of jeweled breast decorations glimmered with obvious pride. Resting on a velvet cloth were the remains of the golden circlet Kara had broken when Amai proctored her entrance exam. She blushed when confronted with the shattered gems and bent gold. They had snapped like twigs around her nipples.

The rest of the office walls were decorated in an assortment of arousal-tingling sensations. Kara could only assume them to be the most devilish of sex toys. Some were obvious as to their purpose and where they were meant to be applied. Some had springs or clamps. Others had glass bulbs or seemed to be used in conjunction with one of the nearby potions. Then some

contained so many twists, curves, and nodules that Kara couldn't fathom what use they could possibly serve for the female body. It didn't stop her imagination from trying.

Timid, Kara stepped towards one of the closer objects: a large jar containing a pink creature. It was as long as her forearm and just as thick. Sliming about the glass container with no apparent sensory organs, it somehow managed to follow her movements as if eager to make contact.

Somehow, Kara could sense coming into contact with the creature would paralyze her with orgasmic bliss beyond her understanding. From the way it followed her back and forth, almost trying to break free of the glass, she had a good idea of where it might head on her body if given the chance.

Torchlight flickered off an object on a nearby shelf. Moving closer while keeping an untrusting eye on the creature, Kara found an oval-shaped cup with a spout leading from one end. It was obviously meant to be placed between her legs where her nethers would sit comfortably in the cup, but beyond this Kara could glean nothing. Running a finger along its curved metal surface, and glancing back at the squiggling pink creature, Kara wondered what purposes these items could possibly serve. She shivered as well, both in trepidation of finding out and from excitement for the same reason. There was so much she did not know about the art of milk magic.

The office door clicked open and Kara pulled her hand away from the toy in fright. "Sorry, Dean Amae! I didn't mean to--"

Amae didn't enter the office. Rather, it was an older girl Kara hadn't seen before. She was tall and boasted an air of dignity similar to Amae's. Long black hair reached beyond her shoulder blades in straight lines. Blue eyes fell upon Kara immediately.

"Careful with that engorger, they're not easy to craft."

"I-I was only curious!"

The excuse meant nothing. "So *you're* her new apprentice, huh?" the girl huffed.

She was nothing if not intimidating. Though she still wore her pants, Kara felt as though she were being examined in the nude. "I-I suppose... I'm Kara."

"Prilla."

The girl's abrupt answers put Kara on edge. There was an overbearing mentality about the girl, as if she already knew what Kara would say before the words had even crossed her mind. Still she tried to be friendly. "That's a pretty name! Are you one of Dean Amae's apprentices too??"

Prilla's blue eyes flashed and she glared at Kara in annoyance. "No," she growled, "I'm not... The dean hasn't taken an apprentice in over a century. I'm one of her senior student staff members. You could say I'm on the student council."

The contempt in Prilla's voice was inescapable, as was her lingering inspections of Kara's breasts. She wrapped her arms across her nipples, uncertain if she liked the girl staring at

her. “O-Oh... Well it’s nice to meet you. Dean Amae told me to wait here for her. Do you know when she’ll be back?”

“Hmmm... Not for a while.” Prilla closed the office door behind her. The lock fell back into place with a click to make Kara’s heart thump. She stepped towards Kara. “Or sooner, if you behave.”

“W-What do you mea--”

Prilla came closer. Bringing a hand to her left breast, she circled a plump nipple until milk leaked free. It ran over Prilla’s hands and released an intoxicating scent. “We’ve got the place to ourselves for a little bit.”

Kara was about to say something until a hand like a flash of lightning flung droplets of milk onto her face. “*Ahh!*” she cried out, stumbling back as the warmth ran down her cheeks.

Grinning, Prilla came breast-to-breast with Kara. “And you’re all mine for every second of it.”

Kara couldn’t explain it, but a cloud was coming over her mind. The heat from Prilla’s milk against her face radiated through her body. “Why...Why did you do that?” She could feel her breasts pushing against Prilla’s. Kara’s were bigger, but Prilla’s won by unseen authority. Prilla’s bust was as stern as her blue eyes.

“You could also say I’m one of the top users of mind-control magic at the academy.” Prilla moaned. “One of Amae’s top students, even.”

“I... I... *Mmmnngh...*” Kara was swooning. She would gladly listen to every word from Prilla’s lips. Suck every drop of milk from her nipples. Follow any request. “*P-Prilla...*” Kara whimpered, color flushing her cheeks as she grabbed the girl’s chest like a hungry child.

“Oh you were too easy,” Prilla chuckled. Taking Kara in her arms, she spun her around to bring Kara’s back against her breasts. She set her chin on Kara’s shoulder and spoke into her willing ear. “I’m not sure what Amae is after in that head of yours, but I’ll give her everything that you’re hiding.” Running her hands down Kara’s front until they sank into the underside of her enlarged breasts, she delivered a generous squeeze.

“*A-Ahhm!!*” Kara cried out when her milk flourished.

Prilla couldn’t help herself. “Should we have a little fun before we get down to business...?”

Her eyes scanned the walls of sex toys. The eagerness of the pink slime creature squirming in Kara’s direction made her laugh. “That void explorer seems *aaaaawfully* excited to get into you!” Running a palm down Kara’s back, Prilla slipped her hands down her pants and over her petite butt before delving between the back of the thighs. A sopping pussy met with two penetrating fingers. “Oooh so *tight!* Maybe we should start you off with something a little more...*manageable.*”

Prilla was confident in her choice when she reached for a long, curved artifact. It was about a foot in length and had one end clanging with two handcuffs. The opposite end flexed up

and down like a finger beckoning someone to come closer. Two leather straps were attached near the handcuffs.

“This will do *nicely*,” Prilla cooed. “*Bend over.*”

“*M-Mmmhhmm...*”

Doing as her mind-controlling master commanded, Kara whimpered and bent at the hips until her nipples brushed against the stone floor. Her pants slipped down to her knees moments later when Prilla stepped behind her. Licking her hand, she massaged Kara’s presented pussy and coated it in a mixture of their fluids.

The curved toy was positioned between her legs, its end pressing into her crotch.

“Something tells me you’re going to enjoy this as much as I am...” Applying pressure, Prilla penetrated Kara’s trembling body.

“*Ahhh!!! Nnngh!!!*” Kara cried out and felt her chest tighten. Under Prilla’s spell, her sensitivity was heightened. Such a thick, elongated object had never stretched her loins before. She could feel every inch stretching her body from the inside. “*Ahhmmm!!!*” she continued moaning as Prilla slid the toy deeper until it stopped.

“There we go...” She stared at the pierced girl and rubbed Kara’s ass. Cinching the leather straps around both thighs to keep the toy in place made Prilla sweat; Kara’s soft flesh bulged lusciously over the bands.

“*M-M-Mmmm!!*”

“Now give me your hands.”

Bringing her wrists together, Kara presented them at the base of her back. Metal rings snapped around them soon enough to bind her to the toy.

“You’re ready to go!” Prilla announced.

Kara tugged gently at the cuffs. “*AHHH!!!!*” Hot bolts of pleasure shot through her navel. Even the tiniest tension applied to the handcuffs caused the toy to squirm and writhe inside her pussy. Its location was too centered on her G-spot to be a coincidence. Glancing at her belly, Kara could see the toy’s head moving as a bulge under her skin below her belly button. Its flexing was controlled by the tension in the handcuffs.

“I *knew* you would love it.” Prilla’s voice seeped with the lust of dominating control. “Now turn around and kneel.”

“*Ngh... N-Nnngh...!*” Any movement caused intense pleasure in Kara’s body. With how tight the cuffs were clasped around her wrists, there was no hope to escape activating the toy.

“*Yes, Mistress...*”

Her enlarging bust dragged across the floor when she turned. Heavy sloshing was music to Prilla’s ears when Kara fell to her knees, sinking partially into her chest. Sweat poured off the newest apprentice’s face and her cleavage shone bright and misty. Kara’s panting was heavy enough to heat Prilla’s exposed stomach.

GUUURGLE

Kara's flesh bulged, inching across the stone floor. It had been a long time since Prilla had seen nipples so ready to burst with milk. The signs were all there; something inside Kara was resisting her mind-control magic. Overcoming her spell would be a fool's errand for such an inexperienced milkmage, though. Prilla was confident in her abilities.

Prilla was also ready to have more fun. "Let's give you a taste of a little air magic, shall we?"

Bending at the hips she came face to face with a gasping, cloudy-eyed Kara. A deep breath filled Prilla's lungs to their fullest. Taking Kara's chin between her thumb and finger, Prilla lifted her lips toward her own. They met in a lengthy, lustful kiss before Prilla released the pressure stored in her chest.

FWOOOOOSH

"*Mmm! M-Mmmph!!!*" Kara's foggy eyes bulged when airy sensations bubbled in her chest. Her tits tightened against her body and rounded in shape. Tiny bubbles tickled against her areolas. Like a breath caught in the center of her chest, Prilla's air sat and refused to leave.

Prilla pulled back and snickered. "Now now, be a good little apprentice and let me blow your tits up nice and full. You'll *loooove* the difference a little bit of air can make in a woman's body."

Kara had no choice. Again, Prilla inhaled before locking her lips with Kara's. They enjoyed a wet, tongue-filled session before air puffed Kara's cheeks.

FWOOOOOSH

"*Mmmmmmm... Mmmmmmmmm...!!*"

FWOOOOOSH

"*M-MMM!!!*" Kara's hands clenched into fists against her breasts. This was a far cry from what she'd experienced up to this point. Engorging with milk was full and heavy. It carried demanding weight with warm, relaxing temperatures. Now, as Prilla's air rushed into her mammaries, Kara was confronted with sensations of tight, stretching inflation. Air tickled under her skin and bubbled through her milk. It caused her to tighten and firm as if she were a balloon.

FWOOOOOSH

"*Mmmph!!*"

Her breasts rounded fuller. Against the airy pressure her areolas domed outward. Already being full with milk, the added content caused her chest to pressurize its dairy. Milk beat against her skin and nipples for escape. As she grew full and round, her breasts bulged around Prilla's legs.

Kara was desperate for any kind of release. Her hands shook and pulled against the handcuffs but it only drove spikes of bliss deep inside her crotch when the toy bucked. The devilish toy knew no mercy, nor did the apprentice who had so eagerly inserted it.

FWOOOOOSH

"*M-MMPH!!*"

Kara's breasts were growing taller. They lifted Prilla's own chest like a shelf, pushing them back into her body. A waterfall of juices ran down the toy and Kara's inner thighs. In the back of her barely-conscious mind, she pleaded for relief. Something had to go. Whether it was the raging pressure inside her chest or the inferno exploding between her thighs, she didn't care. She couldn't possibly bear much more of this torture.

Prilla stepped back then and wiped her lips dry with a finger. She took a moment to admire her handiwork. Kara had been reduced to little more than a trembling girl slave to her lust and her inflated breasts. Skin squeaked against itself in shiny tightness.

"Look at you... You're panting like a horny balloon!" Prilla scoffed. "Some apprentice you got here, Amae; she couldn't even *try* to defend herself against--"

GUUUURGLE

An angry bubbling gave Prilla pause. Looking down, she noticed Kara's nipples were trembling. A faint silver glow outlined their features before enveloping the quivering pink forms in dull white light. It spread to the rest of her chest to illuminate Kara like two full moons.

Prilla took a step back. "What the--"

GUUUURGLE

Kara couldn't take it any longer. Under Prilla's magic, a force was fighting back. It raged within Kara's chest like a tiger about to break free of a trap. Kara's milk did not enjoy falling prey to Prilla's control.

"*A-AAHHHH!*" Kara screamed out.

FWOOOOOSH!!!

A massive ejection of air and milk erupted from Kara's glowing nipples. The full force of the release caught Prilla off guard and sent her several meters through the air before she landed across the room in a soaking heap. Coughing up Kara's dairy, she attempted to stand on wobbly legs. An intense tingling was spreading across her breasts where the fluid had coated her. She glared at Kara in anger.

"*Hey!! What...*" Prilla stumbled. "*What...W-What do you...think you're...nnngh...*"

Cloudiness was falling over her vision. Dizzy with what she knew all too well to be high-level mind-control magic, her shrinking consciousness raced to counteract the effects. There was no time. Falling to the floor on top of her enlarging breasts, the last thing Prilla would consciously see was Kara standing over her with the dripping toy clenched firmly in her hand. Prilla couldn't imagine how an inexperienced milkmage like Kara could manage to extricate herself from the handcuffs. The necessary magic alone would challenge any of the academy's top professors.

"*D-Dean Amae...!*" Prilla whimpered softly. Far more powerful magic was emanating from Kara than she could possibly know how to deal with. Her mind fogged over when Kara stepped behind between her legs and lifted her flowing white garment.

"*AuuuUUGH!!!*" Prilla howled.

Outside the study, Amae stood waiting for over an hour for Prilla's return. An annoyed tapping foot sent jiggles through her bosom. Screams of pleasure had been gushing from her office nonstop. "Honestly... What is taking her so long? It was a simple task. The girl shouldn't have posed any challenge. Probing her mind should be child's play for a student of Prilla's caliber."

Knowing the girl's tendencies too well, Amae considered the possibility of Prilla losing herself to her own lustful urges. It certainly wouldn't have been the first time it happened when she was left alone with a subject. A monstrous power complex was Prilla's greatest shortcoming. Deciding to call it quits, Amae unlocked her study.

The scene inside was stunning. What books had previously covered her desk were now strewn about the floor soaking in a pool of milk. Spread eagle on the desk was Prilla, her naked body slick and shiny. Each wrist and ankle sat cuffed at a corner. A massive pair of mammaries heaved on her form from extended magic usage, threatening to overflow the desk itself.

Prilla's head extended beyond the desk and craned backward. Straddling her thrashing tongue was Kara's crotch. Each thigh rested on either side of Prilla's head to cradle it in their dual softness. Smaller than Amae recalled, Kara's breasts pushed into Prilla's like watermelons and leaked milk in thick curtains.

"*O-Ooohhh YES!! DEEPER!!*" Kara demanded, howling with pure bliss. "*MMMMM!!!*" In her grasp was Prilla's old skirt. It dove between the prisoner's breasts before emerging at her belly where it was tied to a pair of handcuffs. Amae recognized the writhing toy very well as Kara tugged on the makeshift reins and made it thrash within Prilla's body. It was a wonder the girl hadn't fainted from overstimulation.

The dean was in shock. "*GIRLS!!!*"

Kara's eyes snapped open as if a trance had been broken. Finding Amae standing there, as well as finding herself in such a situation, was beyond bizarre. "*O-Oh my Goddess!!*"

"*MMMPH...!*"

Prilla's tongue slithered between her thighs. Heart skipping a beat in sexual shame, Kara fell backward off the mind controller's face. Fluid dripped from her hair and she gasped for breath. The fog had lifted from her mind as suddenly as Kara's.

"*W-What happened??*" Kara cried out, scrambling on the floor to cover herself. "*Where are my clothes?!*" Looking up, she saw Prilla struggling and bound to Amae's desk. There were so many juices running down her face it made Kara wish they could continue. "*Prilla what did I do??*"

The student gave no response aside from eager moans. Prilla was having a difficult time escaping her backfired magic.

A sigh fell from the dean and Kara cowered on the floor, certain a punishment was approaching. Amae stood over her desk. "Honestly, Prilla... I sent you to handle one little task and you let yourself get overpowered. *Disappointing.*" Kara tried to shrink into herself when the dean turned to her then with a curious expression. "Or perhaps I should be impressed."

Amae raised a hand.

SNAP!

With a flick of her fingers, Prilla's consciousness returned. "*H-Huh?? What the hell happened to me?!*" She struggled against the cuffs. "Amae! I-I--"

"Stay still." Amae waved her hand over Prilla's bust. "You're leaking all over my desk."

"*Nnnngh!!!!*" Prilla arched her back as her chest started to buck and heave as if being handled by giant hands. Loud sloshing filled the room amidst her screams until--

SPLLCHH!!!

"*NNGHHAAAHHH!!!*"

The entirety of Prilla's milk was pulled from her nipples in a continuous stream. Under Amae's direction, it flowed through the air and into the holding tanks behind the desk.

"*D-Dean Amae! Please!! I-It's too fast!! They're...so swollen!!*"

There was no reaction from Amae. "Hush. Consider this your punishment."

"*Aaaauugh!!!*" The orgasms rocking Prilla's body drove her to teeter on the cliff of fainting. Kara's eyes bulged from below, watching the scene unfold and fluid gush from around the toy between her legs.

Finally, as the last of her milk left in floating droplets and Prilla's screams turned into recovering moans, Amae released the handcuffs with another snap. "You may handle the toy lodged between your thighs on your own. I expect it washed before you return it to my possession."

"Y-Yes...Dean..." Prilla panted, finally able to hug her chest. Despite her best efforts, even the slightest twitch of the toy made her body tremor. "*Mmmnng!!*"

Kara moved to grab her pants and find any amount of modesty.

"Leave them," Amae commanded, "They won't be needed anymore."

"O-Of course!" Kara tossed them aside and stood to her feet. A hand was clasped across her exposed privates while her other arm cradled her chest from below.

"*M-Mmmnng!!*" Prilla wailed in desperation, unable to grasp the toy let alone remove it.

Amae rolled her eyes. "For Goddess's sake, Prilla. Remove that silly thing; it's time for my bath."

"Y-Y-Yes, Dean!"

SLORP!

"*Ahhugh!!*" Milk sprayed from Prilla's nipples when the toy was removed and a final orgasm shattered her worn-out mind. "*MMMMM!!!*" Dripping in sweat, she sat on the edge of the desk. Kara didn't understand the new urgency after Amae mentioned her bath.

Satisfied, Amae turned to exit her study and head down the hall. "You shall be joining me as well, Kara."

Glancing at Prilla, Kara received an angry glare in response. Whatever had happened between them in the study, Kara knew it had done nothing to further their relationship. How she

could have wound up in such a position with Prilla was a mystery in and of itself. The past hour was a blur and her crotch tingled from Prilla's ravenous mouth.

"Stay away from me," Prilla hissed. Her feet were weak beneath her.

"S-Sorry, Prilla," Kara said softly.

"Now, girls!" Amae called from down the hall.

Both responded with haste. "Coming!"

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

Amae's private baths were beyond anything Kara could have prepared herself for.

"As my apprentice, you shall bathe here with me every morning and every night from here on out. Is that clear, Kara?"

Slack-jawed at the pristine bath chambers, Kara nodded. "Yes, Dean..." She was too busy taking in the ornate detail to respond with anything more meaningful.

The room was vaporous and larger than her house. Everywhere she looked was either formed from gold or white marble. Taking up the majority of the room was a circular ankle-deep pool of crystal water spanning twenty meters across. At various points around the bath were statues of busty women in risqué positions. Each had two streams of hot water falling from their nipples to keep the bathwater circulating.

Amae casually walked into the middle of the pool. Ripples spread from her feet in all directions. The steam had seeped through her skirt enough to reveal every bit of her womanly form hiding below. As she sighed and slipped the garment down her hips and thighs, Kara held her breath; Amae was the picture of femininity.

"Ahhhh..." Amae moaned, stooping down into the water and reclining on her back. It lapped over her body and chin, her face just able to stay above the waterline. Each of her breasts jutted from the water's surface like fleshy bergs. They bounced and wobbled against each other with fantastical buoyancy.

"Please don't make me wait," Amae called impatiently.

Prilla sprang to life at Kara's side. "Coming, Dean Amae!" Leaving her skirt at the pool's edge, she waded into the water with a bundle of towels and oils.

Amae's voice came from the other side of her bust. "You as well, Kara. *Wash me.*"

"R-Right away!" Watching Amae slip into the nude in such a wonderful setting had been oddly tantalizing. Being invited to caress such a graceful form felt like a blessing. Kara stepped into the water. It was cleaner than any water she'd ever drunk at home.

She approached Amae and Prilla to stand over the woman. Amae was like a serene lady of the lake beckoning Kara to enjoy her beauty. A long leg lifted from the water with a splash. The academy's dean had no reservations in exposing even her most private regions to the girls.

“Prilla, you shall wash my legs tonight.” Excitedly, Prilla took the leg in her grasp as if it were a trophy. She reached for a rag. Wringing out the excess water, she was about to put it to Amae’s skin until the dean added, “I’m craving a more *delicate* touch...”

Prilla’s face gained a fair amount of color. Not all of it was from the rising steam. “O-Of course!”

Dropping the now useless rag, Prilla delicately brought herself towards Amae’s extended calf. Kara was shocked to see her mouth open to release a dripping tongue. It ran across Amae’s leg and explored its gentle curves before ultimately gliding across her foot. Clearly not her first time, Prilla set herself between Amae’s legs and used her shoulder to support the calf possessing her focus. Her tongue worked on cleaning every inch of Amae’s leg while her hands massaged her thighs with rich oils.

Kara swallowed while watching Prilla’s mouth explore Amae’s body. A foot had never looked so appetizing, something she was certain she’d never find herself thinking.

“Kara,” Amae called. Her hands gently rubbed the sides of her floating bust. “You will be washing my breasts. Please make sure to give extra attention to my nipples; they’re extraordinarily sensitive today and have been crying for attention. I fear I’ve let myself become a tad engorged...”

“Dean Amae!” Prilla gasped, “This is only her first day at the academy! *I* haven’t even had the honor! Surely you can’t trust her to--”

“*Silence!*” Prilla whimpered when Amae snapped at her and her breasts wobbled. “Kara is my apprentice and she will be treated with respect.” Amae turned to Kara, staring down her swollen duties with wide eyes. “Kara, you may proceed.”

Mouth dry, Kara knelt at Amae’s side. A two-foot-tall breast heaved in front of her like a jiggly boulder. “W-W-With my tongue...?”

Amae leaned her head back and closed her eyes. “Perhaps another time. I would like you to use your breasts. Prolonged contact between two milkmage’s busts is highly beneficial for both parties. It strengthens not only their magic temporarily, but their bond as well. As my apprentice, it is essential for our connection to be as strong as possible. In time, you will find that every inch of my body will become familiar to you, and vice versa.”

Prilla grumbled with envy but did not let it distract from her task.

A part of Kara was disappointed her tongue was not requested for the job. Though using her breasts in such a way was enticing as well. Placing her hands under her mammaries, Kara lifted them onto Amae’s chest. The water coating their bodies made for an exceptionally-slick lubricant and they slid with ease. It proved challenging for Kara to control their movements without losing control.

“*Mmmmm...*” Amae moaned. “*How full I am tonight...*”

Kneeling over her, Kara was astounded at how tight and firm the dean’s bust felt against her own. Their breasts fought with swollen, bulbous might.

“*Harder.*”

“N-Nngh...”

Kara applied more of her weight. Her chest bulged from under her body and squished against her guiding arms. Slippery lathers of soap and oil brought her skin to shine brilliantly and reflect the gold surrounding them. The heat emanating from Amae’s chest was incredible. It mixed with the steam of the bath to make Kara pant. Sweat ran down her face in large droplets.

“*Your breasts are so firm...*” Amae praised, “You should be proud.”

Kara couldn’t agree more. “T-Thank you.” Under such usage, her breasts had begun engorging with milk. The sexual tension of the bath caused her to bloat several cup sizes at a time. It was a relief; the excess milk would help apply more weight to the busty task at hand.

Now losing herself to her work, Kara explored more of Amae’s breasts. She dared to venture close to her nipples. Each protruded several inches and quivered with a girth rivaling her wrist. The taut firmness of her areolas pressed into her breasts when she circled them around the dean’s nipples. Well aware of how much milk sat beneath them, Kara was cautious to keep her face from drifting too close; a spray of dairy was likely to happen given the taut sloshing.

“*Mmmmm... That’s it... Remember my nipples, please.*”

Amae had no reservations hiding her arousal. To Kara’s amazement, her nipples firmed and grew against her breasts. The pink knobs jutted with enough force to indent her milk-laden chest. A deep-rooted desire to feel their hardened, elongated forms slip between her cleavage overtook the girl. As she lifted her breasts and pressed them together, she lowered them onto a bloated nipple. The envy in Prilla’s eyes burned the back of Kara’s head.

“*A-Ahhh!*” The pressure of Amae’s nipple sliding into her cleavage was divine. It penetrated the fleshy chasm and caused her milk to shift. Blistering tingles spread over the girl’s hard-working bosom. “*They’re...mmmm! Dean Amae, your nipples are so hard!*”

The act made their milk flourish. Tightness swelled under her skin until white streams trickled down Kara’s breasts. It washed down Amae’s curves and coated her in cream. Likewise, Kara could feel Amae’s nipple quivering somewhere between her tits. The other breast’s unattended nipple had begun spraying like a fountain; she only wondered what was happening between her breasts. The tightness was increasing with every stroke and Amae’s breasts looked slightly uneven. Kara hoped she wasn’t blocking the dean’s lactation.

“*Nnngh!!*” Amae moaned loudly. The water shifted between her legs as Prilla changed positions. Lying on her back, she hugged one of the dean’s legs between her breasts and caressed her foot with her tongue. Prilla’s adventurous toe explored the area between Amae’s spread thighs. A waiting pussy was the obvious destination. Amae was more than happy to return the favor, massaging Prilla’s groin with the sole of her foot.

“*I-I’m getting full...!*” Kara whined. Committing such an act was becoming more than she could bear. Her hands wanted to fly between her legs and provide her with the attention she so desperately needed but Amae’s bust demanded further washing. Milk leaked from her cleavage in heavy gushes. She knew Amae’s nipple was losing control. The pressure was rising. How much her cleavage could handle was a mystery.

Kara's breasts grew to overgrown watermelons. The larger they became, the more they indented Amae's chest. Fleshy, rounded mounds rubbing across one another was a recipe for moisture on Kara's thighs.

"Mmmm! Mmmmm!!!" Her nipple-washing strokes grew more intense. Every fall felt as though Amae's nipples pierced her cleavage further, until finally, Kara was shocked to see a bright pink object spread the tops of her breasts apart. *"O-OH!"*

SPLLLUURRCCHH

Amae's nipple sprang free from Kara's cleavage. Milk sprayed into the air as if it had been trapped for ages before pooling between the girl's breasts. Beyond thirsty, Kara lost control and plunged her head into her cleavage.

"Ahhh! Careful, my apprentice!!" Amae squirmed at the eager lips locking around her engorged nipple. Kara's suction pulled it deep into her mouth while she continued working her breasts to wash Amae. Feeling them squish against her cheeks as she sucked and swallowed was becoming more than she could take.

"NNNGHH!!!" Prilla groaned and dug her nails into Amae's thigh. In her excitement, the dean had plunged her toe deep into Prilla's pussy. It pumped her chest with milk.

The water around the milkimages was turning a foggy white. With every passing second, their chests heaved larger and larger.

"S-Suck harder!" Amae pleaded. *"I-I seem to have...Mmmmmnng...grown fuller than I thought!"*

Kara happily doubled down. Gurgling vibrations reached her ears. Amae's breasts expanded outward, pushing into her body like milky pillows. If her growth continued much longer, Kara feared she may have to stand in order to continue attending to her nipple. Or better yet, lay across a massive udder and hug a nipple into her mouth.

"Aaahhh!! O-Ohh!!!" A surprised tone tinged Amae's voice. *"What...What's happening??"*

"NNNGH!! Mmmmm!!!"

"MMPHH!!!"

They were lost to their own oceans of pleasure. Amae's flow was quickly becoming too much for Kara to handle alone. Milk sprayed from her lips and her cheeks puffed outward with pressure. Pinned under Amae's leg, Prilla was paralyzed as all of Amae's horny wrath was taken out on her helpless pussy. Slick throbbing sounds slipped from where her toes thrust themselves in and out of her crotch at accelerating speeds and strength.

"Dean!! D-Dean Amae!!!" Prilla cried out, fearful the milkmage may soon thrust the first half of her foot into her body.

"M-MMMPH!!!" Kara coughed when milk forced its way down her throat.

"Apprentice!! Nnngahhh!!!" Amae cried out. An overbearing weight loomed from the girl's breasts. *"Kara!! That's... O-Ooohh, Goddess!! That's enough! Something is...Something is going to--"*

GUUURGLE

“*MMMPH!!!!*” Kara gagged, her eyes opening when Amae’s chest heaved like a volcano about to erupt.

The dean threw her head back. “*AAHHH!!!*”

SPLUUURRRCH!!!!

A massive release of dairy threw itself into the air. The force was enough to blow Kara’s mouth off the dean’s flagon-sized nipple. Both she and Prilla were bathed in a rich torrent of falling cream. It was enough to turn the entire bath an opaque white by the time Amae’s let-down was finished. The mixture of heated water and magic milk tickled Kara’s pussy to the point of making her release an orgasmic whimper and clench her own bloated breasts. One hand clamped itself over her crotch to protect it from the heated pool; even coming into contact with the mixture of milk and water was enough to make it spasm with need.

“*OH GODDESS!!!*” Amae screamed under her six-foot udders.

When it was over, Amae breathed a sigh of nervous relief. Both of the young milkmaids sat wracked with unsatisfied arousal while she rose to her feet. Amae’s skin glistened with a royal glow only a bath in milk and washing from eager tongues could produce. Residual milk left her breasts swollen and full. Their size was no longer an issue, but Kara was certain she saw embarrassment in the woman’s eyes.

“W-Well done, girls,” Amae stammered uncharacteristically. There was a shakiness in the dean’s voice, and an obvious effort to avoid eye contact with Kara. Somehow she didn’t feel like the dean had been expecting to lose control in such a way. It made her swell with pride that she could cause such an effect in the experienced milkmage.

Amae made her way to the bath’s edge on wobbly legs. Certain haste in her leave wasn’t lost on Kara. “I’d hoped to talk, Kara, but--*Nnngh!*” Amae trembled and doubled over, experiencing an orgasmic aftershock and sudden spray of milk. “*B-But...the night has grown old!* We shall reconvene tomorrow morning. Until then, Prilla will show you to your quarters.”

The dean reached for the door, though not before glancing back at the two swollen girls in her bath. Kara was having a difficult time keeping herself from becoming pinned under her breasts. Prilla had given herself to such a fate long ago.

“Y-You may pleasure and empty yourselves as you see fit before leaving!”

Kara was about to say something before the door slammed shut. Amae was gone in a mysterious hurry. The reasons couldn’t have mattered less to the young milkmage; all she wanted to focus on were the tits pressing into her thighs and the remaining taste of Amae’s milk in her mouth. Sharing the bath with Prilla, their cries of masturbating delight echoed around the marble walls until the air was thick with their sexual release and panting recovery. For a time, they were not enemies, but sisters in the joy of masturbation.

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

Prilla's movements through the academy halls were slow and sleepy. After having her own mind-control magic backfire, followed by joining Amae for her bath, her sexual energy was spent. For Kara, the thought of lying in a bed after such a grueling day of intense pleasure sounded like pure bliss. The academy was far from what she had been expecting, but it never lacked a dull moment.

In time, with their hair still dripping, Prilla stopped at a door. "You'll sleep here with the other *low-rank* apprentices. They should be inside."

Kara had yet to dress after their bath due to Amae's banning of her pants. A hand remained clasp over her navel to provide some form of modesty. "Does that happen every night?"

Annoyance flashed in Prilla's eyes. "What?"

"The bath with Dean Amae! It was..." Kara shivered from more than her nakedness. "It was *ecstasy*. She made you lick her clean like a cat!"

"And I relish the taste!" Prilla huffed. "We should count ourselves lucky to be in such a private setting with as powerful and respected milkmage as Dean Amae." The image of Kara rubbing her breasts over the dean's was still fresh in her memory. "Some of us had to *earn* it."

Kara got the sense Prilla wanted an apology, but she had no clue what for. "I-I was just doing what she--"

Amae's helper threw the door open. A gruff hand pushed Kara into a room of wide-eyed girls. "Your fellow apprentices will show you to your bed. Good night."

"W-Wait! What about my clothes! I don't have anything to--"

SLAM!

Prilla closed the wooden door and left before Kara could say anything more.

"--wear..."

Color rushed to her face. Turning slowly, Kara faced her roommates in all her swollen nudity. The leftover milk from her bath had left her breasts full and plump. Her skin had never felt so smooth.

The room was fairly spacious and housed several beds. Each occupant had a small space to call their own, but the bedroom was shared between them with no privacy. It was a welcome relief when the excited faces staring back were familiar; she could never forget them after the scene in the dining hall. Melanie, Kim, and Stella stood as if they'd been waiting for Kara's arrival for hours. They were still visibly engaged after drinking so much of Kara's milk.

"*Kara!*" Melanie yelled, jumping off her bed. Arms were flung around her bare body in an embrace. "You're still wet!" She turned to her friends and laughed. "I told you Amae would make her give her a bath!"

Kim giggled and ran her eyes over Kara's exposed frame. "Looks like she had a fun time doing it, too. Not to mention she smells better than any of us on our best day!"

It was nice to be among other girls she was semi-familiar with, but Kara was far from being comfortable in her birthday suit. Her legs shifted uncomfortably while scanning the room. “Do any of you know where I can find some clothes?? Amae took everything I arrived with!”

Lying on her stomach in bed, Stella hummed. “She’s probably burned them by now. If it’s not a flowing white skirt with easy access, it’s not accepted here. Your uniform is on your bed!”

Kara’s feet padded across the stone floor to reach her bed. Looming over it was a tall window overlooking the countryside below. It was shrouded in darkness. Kara wondered what was happening back home with her sisters. The village was too far away to see any of its torches.

Waiting on her mattress was a neatly-folded garment. Lifting it up, she sighed at what qualified as her new uniform: a single white skirt completely see-through in the right light. Stepping into it, she found it reached her ankles and sat angled on her waist to reveal a healthy view of her pubic area. The top creases of her hip joints left an exceptionally-teasing image.

“It’s supposed to sit like that,” Kim laughed. “Takes a little to get used to, but you learn to love it. It’s the traditional uniform for a milkmage.”

Somehow Kara felt more exposed in the silken garment than when she was naked. There was nothing left to the imagination to any pair of eyes willing to wander enough. Still it was better than nothing. She wondered how long it would be until she could decorate her nipples with gorgeous gems like Amae’s.

A thought popped into Kara’s head then. “Oh Goddess! I-I hope I didn’t get all of you in trouble at dinner!”

Stella licked her lips. Kara could still feel her tongue writhing against her pussy through the bench’s holes. “Are you kidding?? That was the best meal I’ve had in a *long* time.” Kara blushed bright red at the compliment and knew she wasn’t talking about their food.

Melanie provided better assurance. “That sort of stuff actually happens more than you think. You put that many milkmages in one room together, somebody is going to lose control. It’s part of the Bron-Regence Academy experience.”

“I’ve *neeeever* had someone’s milk affect me like that before, though.” Kim lifted her chest in her hands. “Mine *still* haven’t gone down!”

Melanie nodded with excited agreement. “I felt ready to pop if I didn’t let-down soon! It was the fullest I’ve been in a long time...” Arousal brought color to the girl’s cheeks as she spoke. “Kara... Your milk was *delicious*.”

“O-Oh... Thank you! I never thought people would say something like that about my--”

Kara paused when the torches on the walls flickered and dimmed in unison. Shadows lengthened over the floor. “What’s going on??”

Stella grumbled and rolled onto her back towards her pillow. “It’s just time for bed. The hall monitors are turning down all the fires...”

Sleep would be a treasure. Just the diminished brightness of their room was enough to make Kara yawn. The last several hours had been filled with more sexual adventure than the rest

of her life combined. Following the other girls' leads, she climbed into bed as the remaining torches died away to glowing red embers in the darkness.

Considering all she'd been through, Kara was shocked to find her mind too awake to accept her body's exhaustion. Tossing and turning several times amid the sloshing of her breasts, she determined lying on her back was going to be the new norm. Her soft curves overflowed onto her biceps as she lay staring at the ceiling. The window overhead filled the room with the sounds of the night.

Her mind would find no rest.

It was all too much to take in. How had a pair of simple breasts brought her from living the life of a peasant, to claiming one of the most respected positions in society? Kara pondered the question. Before her milk, she was nobody. Now with her chest engorged to the point of overflowing and even dwarfing her body at its fullest, there seemed to be no escape from the attention her dairy wrought. What was worse, Kara didn't understand anything she'd been presented with. Magic remained a mystery and there were no boundaries between her and her fellow students or the dean of the academy for that matter. At any moment, some naked girl could cling to her gushing with lust. Fingers could find their way into her body. Tongues could wash over her skin. Mouths could latch on her breasts for hours until their owner felt satisfied. Horny eyes could ogle her from across the dining table before leaping through her food where their lips would meet in passion. A part of her wondered if her hair would ever be dry of milk again.

"M-Mmmm..."

Kara shivered. These thoughts were stirring sensations in her core. Under the warm blankets, one of her hands gently explored across her belly until falling between her thighs. Her breasts were hot and plump. Their nipples tented the covers. Even the act of feeling her breasts' weight shift as she breathed was enough to make her horny. Her size had grown by leaps and bounds, but her sensitivity had increased far more.

As confusing as her new situation had become, Kara knew one thing; it all felt incredible. She'd never been so alive. She'd never seen so much of the female body, nor appreciated what it was capable of. Indecent urges wandered into her thoughts.

GUUURGLE

"Mmmm..."

Kara closed her eyes and moaned. Milk bubbled in her chest to lift the covers to remind her of its ever-present existence.

More mysterious than anything was the creamy content of her breasts. The power it commanded came without reason or explanation. Feeling her skin bloat, Kara relished as her arousal kicked off a new cycle of lactation. She had no idea what milk magic was, but Kara felt as though it was constantly ready to overflow and burst from her body the longer she pondered such lustful thoughts. Giving into these urges only made her milk swell further and her chest

bloat. Was there a limit to how large she could become? How much milk her breasts could hold? Gasping silently in the dark room, Kara's mind flew at the thoughts.

"Shh! Shhhh!!!"

Kara froze. There were giggles coming from the darkness. Hushes drifted through the air to calm them.

DRIP DRIP DRIP

The sound of liquid falling against stone rang out. Anxiety set in when the sound drew closer and closer to her bed. Heart pounding and praying the lump of her hand under the covers between her legs wasn't too obvious, Kara opened her eyes.

The other girls were standing around her bed in the darkness. Much of their features were hidden but the moon revealed playful smiles cracking their faces. Leaking milk reflected the moon glow when it fell through the air. It was very clear none of them were wearing any clothing. The outlines of their labia between their thighs called for attention.

"G-Guys?" Kara whimpered.

Stella was the first to speak. "Melanie, tie her down."

"Mmmmm... With pleasure." Melanie groped her chest. Her thighs clamped together as she moaned with increasing milk. A glow filled the bed and Kara noticed rings of light twisting around her wrists and ankles. They moved to the corners of the mattress to spread her eagle and helpless with only her covers for protection.

"W-What are you doing??" Kara squeaked while pulling at the magical bonds. The area between her thighs throbbed when Kim playfully pulled at the bottom of her blanket. It slipped from her body to fall in a heap on the floor. Kara was helpless against her fellow students' wishes as they bore down upon her.

Stella's hands slipped under Kara's skirt to caress her calves. "This is your initiation..." she moaned, inching her hands higher. They passed Kara's knees to sink into her supple curves.

"Every new girl has to go through it..." Melanie leaned over Kara's face. Their lips quivered before locking together.

"M-Mmmmm..." Kara shivered with Melanie's tongue on hers.

Stella's hands moved teasingly across Kara's navel. Only the most gentle of finger brushes would graze the outskirts of her groin. Eager to dive deeper, she lifted Kara's skirt and bunched it on top of her stomach.

"S-Stella!" Kara cried out, squirming to save some of her dignity. Her legs were spread too far for her thighs to come together. There was no hiding her glistening pink flesh.

The frisky girl paid no mind to her embarrassment. Glanced behind her, she said, "Go ahead and get started, Kim; we'll get her all ready to go up here."

"Don't take too long," Kim breathed. A hand sank into her chest as she knelt to the floor. "You know how I get..."

"Wait! W-Wait! What are you going to do to--Mmmnghh!!!"

Melanie and Stella attacked. Their chests pressing together, Melanie's tongue made circles around Kara's nipple before latching. Sweet milk gushed free to the pleasure of both students. The massaging delivered by Melanie's hands to either side of Kara's breasts only accelerated the arousing process.

"Melanie! D-Don't... Aaahhhh! Ooohhh don't suck so hard!! I've given so much milk today already!! Please you're going...g-going to make my breasts grow aga--AHHH!!!"

Two fingers spread her pussy to make way for a slithering tongue. Stella's efforts were as energetic as ever. She zapped Kara's body with electricity, knowing exactly where to apply pressure. A swollen clit sang with sensitivity and heat. It felt as swollen as a plump grape, but Kara knew better. At least she hoped she did; with magic in the equation, there was no telling what could happen to her body.

"Nnngh!!!" Kim groaned on her knees. From what little Kara could see of her, it looked as though her breasts were swelling by the second. Already they flowed over her lap and sloshed with thick fluid. *"Guys..."* Kim panted, hair clinging to her face. *"I-I'm...almost there...!"*

"Well slow down!" Stella grinned from between Kara's thighs. *"We're not ready yet."*

"Ready for what??" Kara arched her back. Melanie's hungry suckling knew no limits. The stimulation was already driving her mammarys to bloat to the point of spraying dairy. Quick spurts arched through the air before falling upon the pile of naked girls. *"M-Melanie stop! You're making me...f-fill up!! Goddess how are you so thirsty?!"*

Melanie's and Stella's breasts had begun swelling from the excitement. At their current rate, it wouldn't be long until there was no room left on the bed. Stella's tongue wiggled inside Kara's body. Between her thumb and index finger, she tenderly massaged her clit.

"N-No!! Oooh stop please stop!!!" Kara bucked her hips. The pleasure was becoming too much to endure. Every inch of her being felt ready to burst from the pent-up sexual energy. At this rate she was going to need another bath. *"Y-You're going to make me COME!!!"*

"Look how wet you are...!" Stella admired. Pulling her head back, a string of natural lubrication mixed with saliva stretched from her bottom lip to Kara's pussy. *"I could take a bath between your legs, Kara."*

"MMMMM!!!" Kara panted at the crude comment. *"D-Don't...Don't say that!!!"*

"Nnnnghhhh guuuuys!!!" Kim warned. Her size had come to rival giant pumpkins. Spilling onto the floor, her breasts dwarfed her body. *"I-I can't get much bigger than this!!!"*

"You need to learn how to slow it down!" Stella sighed. *"All right... Melanie, I think she's had enough."*

POP!!

"Nngggahhh!!!" Kara cried out when her nipple sprang free of the girl's lips. In the moonlight, she could see it had swelled to twice the size of its pink sister due to the constant suction. Kara's eyes widened watching it quiver and shake in the moonlight and she whispered, *"I-It's so puffy..."*

Melanie stepped away and wiped her mouth.

“Wait... Wait, where are you going??” Kara missed her mouth latched onto her tit.
 “C-Come...mmmm...back!”

“Someone is enjoying themselves,” Melanie giggled. “Don’t worry; we’re not done with you.”

Stella’s hands slapped into the sides of Kara’s hips to grasp her firmly.

“Ahh!”

Stella moaned with rising anticipation. “We just have a little spell to cast before we move on to the big finale.”

“A...A-A spell?” The thought of more magic taking a toll on her body made Kara weak.

“My own special little invention.” Reaching towards her chest, Stella pinched a nipple to stimulate a mini let-down. Milk covered the tips of her fingers and she brought them to meet with Kara’s pussy.

“Oooooohhhhhh...!!” The thick warmth against her lower lips tingled with energy. Kara writhed at the milky massage.

“You like that?” Stella cooed, rubbing her pussy in circular motions. “Just wait.” She leaned between Kara’s thighs. With tender lips, she kissed Kara in several places before licking the full length of her crotch from bottom to top.

“Aahhh... A-Aaaahhhh!!” Kara’s body tensed. Every nerve in her groin was on fire. Building desire wanted to explode from her clit. “W-What did you do?!?! Aaaahhhh OH GODDESS THAT FEELS GOOD!!! WHAT’S HAPPENING TO ME?!”

Melanie took pleasure in Kara’s reaction. Grabbing the bound girl’s chest, she spread her cleavage apart to allow her a view down her abdomen. “See for yourself!”

“O-OH HOLY GODDESS!!!”

Stella’s lustful eyes sat behind her hips. Their gaze was fixed on the soft tissue between Kara’s thighs. With heavy pulsing, her flower shook and quivered from flowing magic. A mound was rising between her legs.

Puffing and engorging, Kara’s pussy was growing in size. Its lips thickened and mashed together in plump writhing. Taut and pink, it rose from between her thighs like a small balloon. Kara’s hips bucked at the intensity. She could feel it sliding against itself with smooth bulges. Both labia grew like magical fruits until they pushed against her inner thighs. As large as a grapefruit, Kara’s enhanced pussy quivered on her hips like a bowl of pudding.

“What did you do?! M-My...My...Nnnngh!!! Ohhhh I can hardly stand it!!!” Kara stared with wide eyes. “I-It JIGGLES!! It’s like a giant pink peach!!”

From within its puffy depths, she could feel something stirring. Gasping louder and louder with excited breaths, Kara squirmed and clenched her fists. Her clit was engorging like a balloon. Engorging and stretching, the bulb of extreme pleasure grew like a berry until it was large enough to part her pink crease. Kara’s eyes bulged.

“*I-I-It’s getting so BIG!!*” she yelled. What was once no bigger than a bean had grown to a ripe strawberry. Her chest heaved with quick breaths at the incredibly personal transformation. “*It’s still going!!*”

The bulb grew and grew. Blooming from the top of her crotch, Kara’s skin stretched around its base. Its pink color became intense and deep. Sensitivity shot through Kara’s hips like bolts of lightning. Soon it became as large as her fist before coming to stop its magical swelling. Kara stared in utter shock at what had become of her femininity. There were no words she could find.

“*Mmmmm*, what do you think?” Stella chuckled and ran a finger between the bloated lips. It sank to her last knuckle with ease without penetration. Sliding it out at an angle to strike her apple-sized clit, it sent Kara’s groin into a fit of engorged wobbling.

“***AHHUUUGH!!!***” Kara shrieked. Her clitoris shook with monumental sensitivity. Her eyes watered when Stella’s hand opened above it. “*N-N-No, please!!*”

Stella grabbed her clit and squeezed.

“***A-A-A-A-AAAAHHHH OH MY DEAR GODDESS!!!!!!***
SPLLEELCH!!!”

Fluid squirted from Kara’s pussy in a thick curtain. It doused her mattress and Stella’s face with thick lubrication. Kara could hardly breathe from the over-sensitized sex organ’s power.

“*Nice and plump!*” Stella laughed, giggling at the giant clit and feeling it squish between her fingers. “She’s readyyyyy!” she sang.

“***MMMM!!! Thank the Goddess!***” Kim bellowed. “I-I can’t hold this much longer!” Nipples as big around as her fist and twice as long were squished in her hands. Visible pressure had drawn her skin taut and shiny with milk. “I-I’m going to need some help getting up!”

The illusory bonds vanished from Kara’s limbs when Melanie and Stella went to Kim’s aid. She couldn’t resist the urge to sink a hand into her enlarged loins. It squished against her palm and coated her hand in fluid. She could have lost all her fingers in its swollen depths. She didn’t have the courage to come near her clit; it squeezed between her legs like a bomb ready to explode. Hot, bleary eyes glanced up from the sight when the three girls approached the side of her bed.

“Kim is going to need to be on her back,” Stella advised. Kim’s breasts extended past her hips as massive droplets.

Not wanting to fight whatever was happening, Kara moved out of the way. Walking proved more orgasmic than ever with the soft object between her thighs.

“*Nnnngh!!!*”

CREEEAAAK

The bed heaved when Kim sank into Kara’s mattress. Under a pile of flesh, she was pinned until something could be done with her milk. One-third of the bed had been claimed by

her bust. Kara was mesmerized by the sight. Almost three feet tall, Kim's mounds groaned with fluid. Her towering nipples alone were large enough to knock someone out.

Stella was at Kara's back with surprising swiftness. "*Sit on it,*" she whispered in her ear. "*W-What?!*"

"*Accept Kim's nipple,*" Stella whispered like a devil. How did she know what Kara was thinking?

Mouth dry and thighs drenched, Kara joined Kim on the bed.

CREEEAAA

"*O-Ooohhhh they're so full!*" Kim moaned, arms draping over her chest to keep her head free.

"Are you sure about this??" Kara ogled. The breast was much larger up close.

Helpful hands grabbed Kara's thighs. Pushing her onto a mound-like tit, Kara's knees and feet sank into Kim's right breast as she fought to balance herself.

SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH SLOOOOOOSH

Kim screamed from her weight. "*OOOHHHH GODDESS!!!*"

The heat of her eight-inch nipple emanated only inches from Kara's pussy. The girl was afraid to lower her hips onto the throbbing pink beast.

SPLLLUURCH!!

"*AAHHMMM!!!*"

Milk sprayed up her legs as if in warning.

"W-Wait...!" Kara panicked, "If I sit on it, it's going to--"

SQUEAK!!

BWOOOMPHH

"*AHHHUUGGHHHH!!!*"

Covering in slippery milk, Kara's knees lost their grip on the sides of Kim's breast. Her hips fell. Colliding with the monstrous nipple, her swollen pussy mashed into the fleshy cylinder. It spread its lips apart and doused the nipple in lubrication. In one swift motion, Kim's nipple plunged deep into Kara's body. They both screamed in sheer delight with a sound that rang through the night. Stretching to fit her fellow apprentice, Kara's groin ached and throbbed around the milky nozzle.

"*M-MMM!!! MMMNNGHHHH!!!*" It was an incredible sensation to grow accustomed to. Arching her back, Kara thrust her breasts into the air. The open window above her bed displayed a night sky as expansive as her pleasure. She wondered if her sisters might hear her screaming. Leaning forward, she placed her hands on Kim's breast for support. Her hips gyrated as they started to hump and grind.

SLOORP

SLOORP

"*K-Kara!!! Nnnghhh take it easy!!!*" Kim grabbed the mattress. With Kara's entire weight resting on a single tit, every motion sent her milky mass heaving back and forth.

“It’s...so big!! Ooohhh it’s so THICK!!” Kara humped, hardly able to slide up and down the nipple. “I can...barely keep it in!!”

GUUURGLE

Kara’s eyes bulged. She froze, straightening her back and pressing her hands into the bottom of her belly. It rumbled with an emanating heat and pressure.

GUUURRGLE

“N-Nnngh!!!”

The pressure rose. Deep inside of her, Kim’s nipple was engorging with milk.

“Your milk...!!” Kara gasped, “It’s...pumping into me!! Kim your milk is...o-oooohh...it’s going directly into my body!!”

She grasped at her navel. Somewhere inside of her, she could feel the nipple releasing more and more milk. Already the base of her navel was rounding out with pressure. The fear of being at the mercy of Kim’s nipple was impossibly erotic.

“I-It’s going to fill me up!!” Kara panicked.

“All that milk has to go somewhere,” Stella confessed. “Don’t worry; I think you’ll like where it ends up.”

“What do you mean?! I’m ALREADY full from her nipple being inside of--”

GRRUUMMMBLE

Kara stared at her breasts. They were growing at an alarming rate. The familiar sensation of her own lactation was there, but it was accompanied by another presence. Additional heat was flowing into her chest from below. Grabbing their bottoms, Kara squeaked when they ballooned.

“My breasts!! YOUR MILK IS GOING INTO MY BREASTS!!”

“What better place to keep it?” Melanie licked her lips.

Turning her head back and forth, Kara stared at her bloating bosom. Melanie and Stella stood on each side of the bed. Thirsty eyes ogled her strawberry nipples.

“Don’t worry,” Stella assured while climbing onto the overfilled mattress, “We won’t let you get *too* big.”

Melanie joined them. “Just big enough that you can’t stand it.”

Kara was helpless but to hold her breasts aloft while they leaned towards her nipples.

“NNNGH!!!”

The two girls clamped down. A gush of milk immediately followed to overflow their cheeks.

GUUURGLE

Kim’s milk flowed at a greater rate. Given the view from behind of Stella and Melanie’s rears, her arousal reached new peaks.

“A-Aaahh!!! Ohhh milk me!! Please suck the milk out!!!”

It was too much stimulation for one girl. At every erogenous zone, something was assaulting her sanity. Whether it be lips, tongues, or a giant throbbing nipple, the pleasure was mounting beyond what Kara could handle. Slamming her hips up and down into Kim’s breast,

she began to feel as if she were ready to launch into space. *“OOHHHH I’M GETTING SO FULL!!”*

She swelled larger with Kim’s milk and her own. Too large for her own arms, her chest required the help of her friends to hold it aloft for their thirsty mouths.

“Please milk me! Milk me MILK ME!!”

SLOOSH SLOOOSH SLOOOSH

She rocked on her mount.

“K-Kara, careful!!” Kim gasped in shock. *“I got as big as I could!! You’re getting heavy!!”*

It was true. Kara could feel her knees and feet sinking deeper into Kim’s udder. But she wanted more. She wanted to be bigger. She wanted Kim to be bigger between her legs. She wanted Kim’s nipple to double in size inside of her, then triple. She wanted Stella and Melanie to have enough milk for a lifetime.

As her chest bloated into her suckling friends’ mouths and Kim’s tit heaved under her inertia, she stared through the open window.

In the distance the clouds drifted through the open sky. Silvery illumination fell upon the land when a full moon revealed itself. Kara stared at its swollen form as if it were as ready to overflow as she was.

A wave of lustful magic spiked in the back of her mind. Heat pierced her nipples like coals.

“H-Hmmm?” Melanie and Stella paused. Looking down, they noticed a silver glow shining through their cheeks. Kara’s nipples swelled with power.

“MMMMMMMMMMMM!!!” Kara said nothing. Throwing both hands between her legs, she bent forward with all her weight until they sank up to her wrists into Kim’s breast.

GRUUUUUMMMBLE

“K-Kara??” Kim asked, growing nervous. Heat was traveling through her milk glands. When her chest started to swell and rise, her eyes opened wide. Magic was pouring into her from Kara’s buried hands. *“Kara what are you doing?! D-Don’t make me bigger!!”*

“MMPH!!” Stella struggled against an influx of milk. The glow spread across Kara’s chest in front of her face. As frightening as it was, she couldn’t bring herself to release her liplock.

“Mmmm!!! MMMMMM!!! MORE MILK!!!” Kara demanded, bearing down heavier on Kim. Magic rushed through her breasts in a torrent. Her legs spread wider to accompany the growing mound of flesh.

“K-KARA STOP!! Oooohhh I’ve never been this big befoorre!!!” Kim yelled. Rounded globes loomed over her on the bed. They bulged over the edges of the mattress, Kara now perched four feet in the air.

“*M-MMPH!!*” Melanie gagged. The milk was beyond delicious. Along with Stella, she was forced back on the bed by Kim’s expanding breasts. Their backs pressed into the wall, pinned there by Kara’s own expanding bust. In their mouths her nipples pulsed with dairy.

“*K-Kara!! Slow down!! Your magic!!*”

Milk sprayed from Kara’s pussy. At such a rate, her body couldn’t take in the full amount of Kim’s leakage. Together with her own lactation it was driving her bust to mammoth proportions.

“*MMMMPH!! M-Mmmph!!*” Stella waved her hands. Pink flesh was overflowing from around her mouth. Pure magic gushed down her throat with the taste of honey. She and Melanie ogled the wall of skin inching towards their faces. Below, Kim’s head was becoming drenched in their orgasmic releases. The heat between her immobilizing chest and her friends’ bodies was dizzying.

“*AAHHHH!!!!*” Kara threw her head back. The ceiling wasn’t far away. Kim’s nipple felt as big around as her own thigh. Gallons of milk rushed from it every second. “*I-I...I CAN’T CONTROL MYSELF!!!*”

“*I’m so FUUUULL!!*” Kim howled. “*F-FUCK MY NIPPLE!!*”

Something in Kara’s core was reaching a breaking point. With her breasts larger than Kim’s and more than enough to overflow an entire bed, she dug her legs into her friend’s breast as if she were riding a horse. Milk was forced into her pussy from the pressure.

“*AAUUUGH!!! O-OOOHHHHHHH GODDESSSSSS!!!!*” Kara shrieked. Light coated her body. She could feel her nipples ready to escape from their prisons. Between her legs, Kim’s nipple had grown so large it was forcing itself out of her pussy. She sat on it, halfway removed, like a giant pink pillow.

“*MMPH!!! MMMMPH!!!*”

“*KARA NO MOOORE!!! AHFFF I CAN’T TAKE IIIITTT!!!*” Kim clenched her body, knowing what would come if she were to orgasm.

Kara ignored her. In the final seconds before her mind-rending release, Kara released what remained of her magical surge.

“*I’M GOING TO EXPLOODE!!!!*” Kara exclaimed, every inch of her body strained to the limits of sexual pleasure. Unable to take it, she reached between her legs and grabbed her magma-hot clit with both hands and squeezed.

SPLUUURCCCHH!!!!!!

Milk release from the girls as their dams broke simultaneously. Atop a six-foot mound of milky flesh, Kara was blown off Kim’s nipple like a cork when her nipple erupted in a geyser. Likewise, Melanie and Stella were thrown across the room by a sweeping let-down striking them at point-blank range. Kara fell to the floor and landed upon her breasts where they cushioned her with enough girth to keep her feet from touching the ground.

For an entire minute, the dorm room was a collection of girls writhing under the shattering ecstasy of the monumental release. The scent of sex filled the air alongside their milk. Dairy whitewashed the ceiling and walls. Nothing was safe from their orgasmic wrath.

Upon coming down from the sexual high, the girls observed their surroundings. The beds were nowhere near their original positions. Blankets lay in a soaking pile in one corner. One mattress was completely missing, presumed washed away through an open window. Sopping clothes torn from their wardrobes covered the floor in a squishy layer. The only thing left unmoved was Kara's bed, now split in half under Kim's girth.

Resting in the middle of the chaos was Kara, her body partially engulfed in her own cleavage. Her breasts extended several meters in every direction. Kim's came to rest at half her size, while Melanie and Stella sat against the wall with busts large enough to hide their legs. Milk drained from their throats as they coughed.

It was hard enough to catch their breath, much less find something to say.

Stella was the first to find her voice. "*What...WHAT HAPPENED?!*"

"*Nnnnnnghhh!?*" Kim moaned from the bed, her nipples far too sensitive for the breeze entering through the window. The moon was hidden behind the clouds once more. "*I don't know! Kara just started glowing and...a-and I can't explain it!! My magic went haywire!! I didn't think it was possible for me to get this big!?*"

Melanie agreed. "I've never felt so much magic flowing through me in all my life!!"

"What did you do to us, Kara??" Stella demanded with excitement.

Kara blushed atop her chest. Struggling to find balance and not sink between her mammaries, she admitted, "I don't know!! I-I just saw the full moon come out from the clouds and I completely lost control! I--*W-Whoa!?*"

BWOOMPH!!

Gravity taking over, Kara sank into her cleavage. Her arms flailed from the front of her chest until she managed to free her head and gasp for air. "*Whoops...*" Staring out at the sight her milk had created, Kara could tell her friends were enduring the same tingling sensation of residual magic inside their breasts. Whatever happened to drive their lactations to such heights, it was clearly not normal.

GUURUUUGLE

"*A-Ahhh!?*" Kara whimpered when her chest bulged around her ever so slightly. A sliver of moon glow flashed in the room before clouds hid it from sight once again. Doing her best to control her heightening urges as her friends stared in awe, Kara pondered all that had happened in the several hours since arriving at the academy. Overwhelmed and trapped in her cleavage, she confessed, "This might take some getting used to..."