

February 29<sup>th</sup>, 1542

Once again, I made my way through the maze, in hot pursuit of the well-endowed young lady. I couldn't help but smile as I rehearsed my words repeatedly in my head. Today, years of abuse and shouting from this spoiled princess were going to come to a most satisfying ending!

Just as before, I found her in the corner of the maze, her massive boobs spread out on her front, milk flowing from her darkened nipples. The moonlight reflecting off of the milk made her glorious bosom shine as loud groans came from her lips.

The expanding masses of flesh each squirted out their loads onto the grass that the gardener so carefully cut, soiled by this ungrateful brat.

For a brief moment, a tingle in my loins distracted me from my goal. No... I couldn't give up now. It was time to tell her what I saw. All I needed to do was just take a few steps forwards...

"AGH!" I heard her scream into the night sky. "Curse these loathsome milk bags! Curse them and that stupid maid! This is all her fault!"

Some more information. Perhaps if I stayed quiet, I could gather even more blackmail... or maybe I should confront her before she has a chance to run away and have me replaced.

Another surge of growth wracked the woman's body. They ballooned bigger than last time, practically pinning their owner to the ground with pounds of perverted flesh. A loud, shrieking moan soon followed, then she began to spray milk in every direction. She squeezed them with all her might, letting loose streams of white fluids from her chest.

"Make it stop! Please, just make it stop! Curse you, Isabella!"

Another surge of lust from my moistened loins distracted me. My thighs began to rub against one another involuntarily. Surely... one orgasm couldn't hurt, I thought at the time. The way she said my name... why was it making me feel so flustered?

*I shook my head. The next course of action is obvious.*