

True Love's

NSFW content! Not recommended for people who are not into or disturbed by the Breast Expansion Fetish. I make no claims to the accuracy or legitimacy of scientific or biological facts used in this story.

Loud groans of discomfort emanate from the chamber at the end of the hall. The thin wooden barrier does little to dampen the writhing of a young adult woman. Inside that room, sideways upon her bed, the woman can feel the churning of her stomach as it moves. Her body is changing. Her skin is pulled and bones shift, her breasts heave, and head aches. The changes come from bottom to top; her once slim hips become soft cushions and a comedically named bone changes to make the base of a 2-foot tail. Her navel is pushed forward as her stomach makes four chambers, meanwhile, her breasts each rapidly fill with milk. Two soft and perky orbs are now resting calmly on silken sheets, they are glazed in sweat to look like freshly washed fruit.

From her well-cut chin to her crown lingers an illusion of fog, and through a delicate button nose and gritted teeth her breath moves with panic. Her hazel eyes fill with tears, not from pain but from dread. While her skin is still fair her appearance has changed, she has gone from woman to beast and she feels ashamed. Her ears shift becoming furry and almond-shaped, and atop it all two horns pierce through long straight blonde hair.

The woman rolls onto her back and uses her hands to cover her tears. A voice from above her laughs and says, "It is fun to watch when it happens. Now miss adulteress, you see what happens when you act up? Now you won't be able to tempt either of those men," they snicker again, "Farewell!"

In the new silence, only a faint weeping emanates from the girl. Before long that silence gets knocked away in a panic as Vivian bursts through the door.

"Beth! Bethany are you ok?" she asks.

"Don't look at me!" Bethany responds. She covers herself in the silken sheets.

Vivian hesitates as she chooses her words, "I heard a voice, was it?"

"Yeah, it was them. They got me too," Beth responds.

"It can't be that bad, I've seen some girls-" Vivian gets cut off.

"It is that bad Viv! I'm a monster now." Beth speaks through tears and sobs as she recoils into her silk cocoon. "I didn't even do anything. He's the one who made moves, I didn't have a choice."

Vivian moves to the foot of the bed and reasons, "I'm sure the transformation is not as bad as you say, let me see you so I can tell you so,"

Beth slowly reveals her tear-stained face and looks at Vivian with pleading eyes. Another voice comes boasting into the room, "Vivian! What are you doing up here?"

"Derek, I was just-" Vivian begins in shock.

“Just leaving right? There’s more I need you to do downstairs. Your sister can wait,” Derek stands in the doorway like a looming shadow. Dressed in a dark aristocratic style his six-foot stature, strong build, and chiseled features radiate a confidence that’s taller than him.

Vivian, his fiance, is a five-foot shortstack who is dressed more casually. Her brunette hair accented with pink highlights falls down her back in shallow waves, and two soft tufts from her bangs frame against her gentle face and rest on her collar like a scarf. Her two blue doe eyes shy away from Derek’s as Vivian leaves the room. Derek follows behind her and Beth hides away to sulk.

Once downstairs Derek explains, “Your place is down here taking care of things, my place is out at my work. This is how we cooperate as a couple.”

“I’m sorry hun, I was worried about my sister is all,” Vivian responds meekly.

“No need for that, the gods only punish sinners after all. I’ll be in my office, you can come get me when dinner’s ready,” Derek instructs.

“I will,” Vivian obliges.

Derek leaves as he said and Vivian is left with her own thoughts. Before she can cook dinner she must wash dishes. While idly working on this her mind wanders, “The gods only punish sinners then? Yeah right. Beth wouldn’t do that, that sister-fucker definitely blackmailed her somehow. I swear, everywhere I look some girl is turning into a cow, there’s no way there are that many adulteresses in this small town. I wonder which god is behind this.”

Vivian sets aside 3 cleaned plates for later, then quickly returns to her place in front of the sink. An old scar on her finger kickstarts her next train of thought, “Could this be the result of a covenant? No, there’s no way anyone could make a blood seal that strong. ‘If you ever need the aid of the gods remember that your covenant strengthens for every ten drops of blood.’ That’s what the priests said. But if whatever god’s behind this had no interest in it, someone would need at least a barrel full of their own blood. I was barely able to speak with them using only ten drops.”

Time passes, and an engagement party is held for Derek and Vivian. The couple individually mingle with many of the party guests. One of the guests was a good friend of Vivian’s, engaged to another high-born man named Adam. He and Derek worked in similar fields.

“Salutations Madame,” Adam addressed Vivian formally.

“Oh, Sir Carmicael, Salutations,” Vivian responded quickly.

“Shall we speak informally?” Adam asks.

“Yes that’s fine,” Vivian answers.

“Ok good. I’m looking for a couple of people can you tell me if they’re around?” Adam continues.

“Who are you looking for?” Vivian asks.

“Derek and Beth,” Adam responds.

“Oh... Well Derek’s probably in the next room greeting people, I heard his parents would be here soon. And Beth... Do you know...” Vivian pauses in between phrases.

“She was cursed right?” Adam answers before making her ask the question.

“Yeah, she’s not... taking it well. She won’t be here. Why did you need her?” Vivian asks.

“I was going to offer her support, like emotional support, for her situation,” Adam explains.

“Ah, that’s sweet of you. I’ll let her know,” Vivian responds.

“Uh, no need, don’t trouble yourself. Someone else needs your help anyways,” Adam deflects.

“Yeah, what happened?” Vivian asks.

“Nothing yet. It’s Abby who needs someone with her,” Adam explains.

“Oh, I see,” Vivian realizes what he’s asking.

“Third booth on that wall,” Adam says pointing at one end of the room.

The two of them part ways and Vivian makes her way to a table and booth setup with a lush, short redhead sitting there, trying to make eye contact.

“Abby, are you really drunk already?” Vivian asks.

“I may be drunk but my head’s on straight ma’am,” Abby responds.

Vivian snickers, “Oh, really? Can you stand up then?”

“I cannot,” Abby admits.

“Well far be it for me to leave you alone like this,” Vivian sits down with Abby in the booth.

“Thank you, baby, I needed the company,” Abby lets her head rest on Vivian’s shoulder.

“Did you pace yourself correctly? You look like you’ve had a barrel,” Vivian asks.

“Whaaat? I’m not even slurring, I’m pacing myself just fine,” Abby reasons.

“I know what you look like drunk Abbs. Slurred speech is never a part of it,” Vivian rebutes.

“You know I got a good tolerance. What are you, my Mom?” Abby continues.

“Just making sure you can still get out of bed tomorrow. I do care about you of course,” Vivian explains. She scans the table and spots the water pitcher, so she pours a couple of glasses and hands one to Abby, bringing it all the way to her lips to make sure she takes at least one sip.

Abby smiles, “I appreciate that Vivi.”

“What did you drink anyway?” Vivian asks.

“Just a few cocktails. None so sweet as you though,” Abby responds.

“You flatter me,” Vivian accuses.

“No no I’m serious,” Abby looks Vivian in the eyes, “I’d need no lemons to drink a glass of you.”

Vivian was a little surprised, not sure how to respond, “Th- thank you.”

Still staring, Abby realizes, "Wow, Derek's more than lucky to have you huh."

"Uh, Abby?" Vivian mutters with bewilderment.

"I should tell Adam that I..." Abby continues.

"Abby, what are you saying?" Vivian asks under her breath.

Abby recoils realizing her thoughts were being spoken. She removes her head from Vivian's shoulder and faces forward. A nervous sweat appears on her cheek.

"Sorry, I don't know why I said that. I, uhh..." She's at a loss for words.

"Vivian!" Derek calls from nearby, "I need you to meet someone, come with me."

Vivian responds, "Oh, uhh, I need a second with Abby, can you-"

"Now! Come on," Derek demands.

"Ok, ok," Vivian mutters, exasperated. "Bye Abbs."

Abby waves faintly to Vivian as she leaves, then hides her beat red cheeks.

The next day, Vivian is doing the chores expected of her. Specifically, sweeping the floors.

"Why are you moving so slowly? Get your head out of the clouds, the present is right in front of you," Derek chastises his fiance.

"Sorry," Vivian responds.

Again on another day, while cooking, she lets a sear turn into char by accident, only getting out of her own mind from the burning smell. Later it takes a minute for her to realize she's drowning the Daffodils. And in the middle of an evening of companionship with Derek she acts aloof.

"Don't tell me you're thinking of someone else babe," Derek says to pull her attention. "I asked you to call me 'master' tonight, so what should you say now?"

"Yes master, it won't happen again master," Vivian wears a poker face with an added smile.

Where is she now? Is she in a good space? Or is this more like a hell she was dragged to? She never considered this life with Derek to be anything more than disappointing. There were no longer any such things as weeks months or years. Only days, one after another.

Until now that is, finally Vivian has seen the first burning red rose in spring and the next time to see her is exactly 5 days later.

The moment Vivian had some freedom, when Derek left for work and instructed her to run errands, was the moment she decided to find Abby. It had been almost a week and the image of her face speaking drunkenly about Vivian was still burning in Vivian's mind. With not so much a sprint but just a powerwalk Vivian made her way to The residence of Abby and Adam. The door was unlocked and Vivian knew Adam would be gone for the same reason as Derek, so she invited herself in.

Vivian was immediately bombarded with two things, an impressive victorian entrance hall hiding a labyrinth of hallways, and the sound of panicked screaming.

“WHY ARE YOU EVEN HERE, STAY AWAY FROM ME!”

A different voice responded but was too quiet for Vivian to hear.

“NO, PLEASE STOP, I DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT!”

Vivian began running through hallways trying to find Abby.

“HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY KNOW THAT! WE'VE DONE NOTHI– AAAAH!”

A thudding sound followed by the same quieter voice now audible, “Do you think the gods would be wrong? There's no justifying *your* actions.”

“BULLSHIT, THE GODS EACH HAVE THEIR OWN INTERESTS AND I WANT NO PART OF THIS!”

Vivian finally gets close enough to realize Abby is on the second floor.

The voice continues to chastise, “You don't decide whether you're a part of this or not.”

Abby's response, “WHAT KIND OF GOD WOULD DO THIS? YOU'RE NO ANGEL YOU'RE A DEMON!”

In a sarcastic tone the angel responds, “Oh my, I'm so sorry I wouldn't want you to think I'm a demon.”

Vivian calls out, “Abby! How do I get to you!”

Abby responds to this call, “VIVIAN? GOLD THEN LAPIZ! THE HALLS ARE D– AAAAAAAHHHHH!”

The angel laughs, “Oh my gods the look on your face. Ahahaha!”

“Who do you serve, Mefolas!?” Abby accused from the floor.

“Haha. Ok fine, I'll humor you. I serve Cotria,” the angel responded.

“The goddess of nature?” Abby was stunned.

The angel tilted its head to align with Abby's, “Yes. What's more unnatural than a romance that can't procreate?”

This is when Vivian finally found her way, as she rounded the corner she saw the angel looming over Abby. She was holding her stomach and gritting her teeth, a spot on her stomach glowed green. The angel over her was a cherub. The appearance of a young boy about 8-10 years of age dressed in white robes with wings and surrounded by a faint green glow. He held a wand and its tip was also glowing green.

“GET THE HELL AWAY FROM HER!” Vivian shouted.

As the angel turned to her she could see the devious look in its eyes. “Aww, but the show has just begun.”

Vivian begins a prayer, “Joriam, god of judgement, take this sinner away for trial. I invoke a covenant–”

A look of fear washed over the angel's face halfway through the incantation. They left quickly by phasing through the ceiling. Vivian then went to Abby to support her. After getting her upright Vivian asked if she was ok.

Between heavy breaths Abby responds, “It's just like they said, uncomfortable but not painful. I feel very tired though.”

“Ok, where's the nearest bed?” Vivian asks.

“In the room right behind me,” Abby informs her. As she’s being carried inside she asks, “I didn’t know you had a covenant with Joriam.”

“I don’t, that was a bluff,” Vivian explains.

“Oh I see. I suppose that proves they can’t read our minds though,” Abby reasons.

Vivian lays Abby on the bed in the nearby guestroom. Abby continues to squirm and groan as her body changes. Wider hips, new horns, a tail, and furry ears. Then about halfway done with her transformation she complains, “My shirt’s getting really tight, Viv can you help get it off?”

Abby’s deep magenta top is skin tight, and after struggling with it for a few minutes it proves too difficult to remove. Instead the seams by her sides begin backing out their own stitching; the two women listen to the consistent popping sound of several threads snapping one after another. Through heavy breaths she comments, “I seem to be more productive than I would’ve expected.”

As she swells the contents of her production reveal itself. Two wet spots appear on her shirt over her nipples and soon a drop of white liquid makes its way through to the outside. Abby’s breasts heave and swell like rising dough and soon the stitching of her shirt is completely torn down her sides. The tattered remains prove much easier to remove and as Abby’s body calms down and stops morphing. She rubs the skin of her now much more sensitive chest, moaning softly.

“You know, it’s not as bad as I thought it would be,” She explains.

“So you’re ok?” Vivian asks from the bedside.

“I mean, I feel fine but, what’s Adam going to say?” Abby responds.

She sits up, small milk droplets fall off of her, she looks to Vivian, “How do I look? Terrible right? Like a beast?”

Soft amber eyes glistening with tears look to Vivian for assurance. Vivian looks at Abby and sees her fluffy auburn hair framing her face. Glowing skin, lightly freckled cheeks, and a button nose adorn her. Vivian responds honestly, “No, you look beautiful just like I remember you.” Abby was thrown off guard, staring into Vivian’s eyes while she said that excited Abby more than she expected. Vivian decides this is the best chance to confess, “I need to tell you, I haven’t been able to stop thinking about what you said last week. About how you felt about me. And if you weren’t lying I’d like to be with you. More than anyone else.”

“No, no you shouldn’t say that they’ll just be after you then,” Abby reasons.

“I don’t care, we can be monsters together. I just. If nothing else, I can’t go back to him,” Vivian pleads with her.

“To who, to Derek?” Abby asks.

“Yea,” Vivian answers.

There’s a pause in the conversation before Abby says, “Ok, yes, I want that too.”

The forbidden affair is complete. Vivian and Abby enter into a romantic relationship. Derek wouldn’t be too happy to find out, Adam on the other hand.

"I think that works out great," Adam agrees after he comes home, and the couple explains the situation to him. The three of them are still upstairs in the bedroom Abby told Vivian about.

"Wait really, you don't mind?" Abby asks surprised.

"Of course not. Our marriage was arranged, I suspected you didn't want to be in this relationship with me," Adam reasons.

"So... that's... we can just call it off?" Abby remarks.

"Yeah, legally I have to approve it. Most men probably wouldn't but I'm more interested in letting you be happy," Adam explains.

"That's nice of you. Um, if I may, why didn't you bring this up sooner if you knew I probably wasn't interested?" Abby asks timidly.

"I was hoping to keep up appearances until our engagement party because my parents sponsored it. I was going to talk to you about it after that," Adam explains, "I can deal with my parents on my own though if you would rather cancel it now."

Abby considers her options, "Well, Derek probably isn't going to let her leave the arrangement so we'll have to skip town. On one hand if we're successful both engagements would default, on the other hand this might be the last opportunity for us to sign off on it officially."

"VIVIAN!" a booming voice echoes through the hallways. There's only one man who would call her name with such force, and everyone knew it. Before they could respond to the situation however five cherubs appeared and immediately silenced Vivian, Abby, and Adam by casting some spell that sealed their lips. Then they explained the situation.

"Your sins haven't gone unnoticed," says one.

"Cotria has asked us to deal with you," says another.

Vines appear from underground and grab Abby restraining her on the bed. With fear in her eyes she watches one of the cherubs approach her with the same wand that had cursed her before.

"For coercing another woman into an unfaithful, unlawful, and unnatural relationship with you, you will now be punished," says the cherub holding the wand.

They then point the wand at Abby and it activates. The curse is then intensified. She feels her stomach shift further and swell then the real show begins. More milk is produced and begins to fill Abby's bosom larger. Slowly the cantelopes on her chest further ripen to the size of watermelons and beyond. Abby's screams are muffled as she struggles against her bindings.

"Your punishment will continue until she's married," the cherub explains, "And you. You're lucky I don't punish you for that trick you pulled."

Two orbs soft as marshmallows rose from Abby's chest. They're filling with milk and reaching for her face. Meanwhile one of the other cherubs reached for Adam's nape and activated another spell. After convulsing like he's been electrocuted, Adam's

eyes glazed over and he began pulling Vivian out of the room by her arm. The other cherubs assisted. Vivian tried to resist but was not able to overpower a man and three angels.

Once back in the main hall the cherubs disappear and dispell the seal on Vivian's and Adam's lips. Adam drags Vivian over and presents her to her fiance saying, "Here she is,"

"Ah good, there you are, what are you doing here? I thought you were shopping," Derek responds.

Pausing to quickly assess the situation she responds, "Abby and Adam called me here after an emergency. Sorry, I-"

"An emergency? Everything seems fine to me," Derek interrupts.

"Abby has caught the curse. I'll have to speak with her about it all soon," Adam informs.

"Oh, I see. Hun you need to stop concerning yourself with sinners. They don't need your compassion," Derek responds.

Vivian catches her anger behind her lips and instead responds, "Yes... honey, I understand. It won't happen again."

After a sigh Derek takes Vivian home. Their marriage is still scheduled for next week, and all the while Vivian has to agonize over Abby's condition. She filled up so quickly before Vivian left, Viv can only imagine how much strain her body is under.

Four days before the marriage Bethany finally emerges for long enough for Vivian to have a conversation with her, even if she's hiding herself under a blanket the whole time.

"He doesn't deserve you anyways. I told you before you still look beautiful," Vivian assured.

"But you know the prejudice people have right? I'm a beast, what man would marry a beast rather than a woman?" Beth pleads.

"You're no beast Beth. At its worst: you're a hybrid. And are still very much a human woman," Vivian asserts.

"I don't know Vee. There's just so much different about me now," Beth reasons, "I never used to have to pump milk out of myself for one."

"Oh, don't remind me. Abby's probably still in trouble right now," Vivian recalls her lover's predicament.

"Wait, Abby's in trouble?" Beth asks.

"Yeah, I said... Oh, right I haven't told you yet. She was cursed then tied down by cherubs of Cotria," Vivian explains, "She's probably still filling up with milk as we speak, I just hope she's ok."

"Wait, so she can't milk herself?" Beth asks with a concerned look on her face.

"No, I don't think she can." Vivian answers.

"H-How big is she?" Beth is holding her hands over her chest color having drained from her face."

“No clue, I only saw her right after it started and she was about... this big.” Vivian demonstrates with her hands Abby’s approximate size at the time at ‘just larger than two watermelons’ big.

“That’s awful. How’s Adam taking it?” Beth continues.

“It looked like they brainwashed him or something. He was actually really cool about it, ready to help us leave town to elope too,” Vivian recalls.

“Oh, so he wasn’t perturbed *and* he’s ready to call off his engagement to Abby?” Bethany confirms.

Vivian lifts her head in interest, “Yes. Does that imply you want to get together with Adam?”

“I, uh... I’ve said too much,” Beth shrinks back into her blanket.

“I used a fake covenant with Joriam as a bluff, but I’m thinking that if we’re both in love with someone involved who’s in trouble, Amaryllis might make a covenant with us.” Vivian suggests.

Beth comes back out of her fleece armor and responds, “That could work, you’re stuck here because of Derek right? I could go, but don’t you need to offer a blood seal at an altar?”

Vivian pauses only a moment then grabs a sharp kitchen knife. In one swift movement she slits her palm to draw blood. Beth stutters then silences herself as she catches her surprise. With her bloody hand Vivian grabs a nearby cloth that was recently cleaned and lets it soak up enough blood for a blood seal before offering it to her sister.

Slowly, she accepts the cloth. Then while gently bowing her head she says, “I will show honor to your resolve sister.”

Before Derek can return Bethany rushes to the nearest private altar and establishes the covenant. In what is essentially a dark closet with a table inside Beth has to shout an incantation then offer the blood seals to whatever god or goddess she wishes to call.

“Hear me Goddess of love and beauty, Amaryllis! My sister and I invoke a covenant for the aid of our lovers in strife! I ask that you honor our resolve and join us in pursuit of love and virtue!” Beth recites.

As a wind kicks up in the sealed room candles are blown out then replaced with pink fairy lights. Proof that the goddess has witnessed the ritual so far. Beth then hesitates for a long while before slitting her palm with a knife to draw blood and slams her hand down on top of Vivian’s blood seal which rests atop the altar. A bright red glow shines from the fresh blood illuminating the room further and nearly blinding Bethany. A violent gust of wind then shoots up into the dead space above the altar as all the light vanishes. Then after a pause the candles are relit and Bethany is face to face with a cherub in service to Amaryllis.

The cherub takes the appearance of a young girl about 10-12 years old with long flowing hair framing an innocent face. She has wings and is wearing a white cloak with a hood on. She's surrounded by a faint pink glow.

The cherub greets Beth with a smile and a waving hand, "Hello. You can call me Amy."

"Hi. B-Beth," Beth responds standing back in shock, "Did you come to help?"

"Yes, not many people in the city have reached out to Ameryllis recently. Thanks to Cotria a lot of citizens have been falling out of love. We'd like to take care of things as soon as possible," Amy responds.

"So, does helping us help you do that?" Beth asks confused.

"Yes, Cotria seems interested in Vivian for some reason. Helping you two defy Cotria should force her to show her hand," Amy explains. "You two are worried about Abby and Adam correct?"

"Yes," Beth answers simply.

"Ok. We should go to them now," Amy asserts, "Cotria's head angel will probably still be there, he's the one who attacked Abby. This is a perfect opportunity to make a scene."

"Head angel?" Beth asks confused.

"Cody. Just like me he holds the highest rank among his colleagues. I serve Ameryllis, he serves Cotria."

"Oh, I didn't realize you held such a high position, forgive me," Beth bows to the ground.

"Uh, babe there's no need for that," Amy assures.

"Are you sure?" Beth asks nervously.

"Very sure. Ameryllis is the goddess of love, beauty, and compassion. How can we show compassion if I can't even see your face?" Amy reasons. Beth slowly sits up, then Amy continues, "We should go quickly."

Beth and Amy make the trip to Abby and Adam's residence. Amy explains what to do, "We'll need to dispel whatever's controlling Adam first, then upstairs we can check on Abby's condition. Cotria's cherubs left a while ago, it's just Cody now."

"What do we do about him?" Beth asks.

"I'll take care of him, shouldn't be an issue for me to at least keep him occupied," Amy proclaims.

"Ok, how do we dispel the curses?" Beth asks.

"With an act of love of course. Typically a kiss is enough for this," Amy explains.

Amy dispells a lock left on the door to the house then once inside they wait for Adam to show up. He's been left as a guard/alert system for Cody so once the girls are inside he comes over to get them to leave. However, before he has a chance to get mad, or worse get violent, Amy holds him back as Beth gives him a kiss on the lips. It works, Adam wakes up a bit dazed and confused but thanks to Beth he's quickly caught up.

Meanwhile, after he woke up Cody appeared from one of the hallways. "Oh, you've got to be kidding me," he says.

"No kidding around here," Amy responds. She manifests a weapon. She knocks and draws an arrow in cupid's bow.

Cody snickers, "You want to fight here and now?"

"No better place, unless you want to just give up the girl and leave," Amy retorts.

"Hmm, you know, I probably should. But damn I'm not wasting an opportunity for this. I'll need to prepare, I'll be right back," Cody whisks away through the ceiling.

"HEY! Get back here!" Amy shouts after him. She looses the arrow in a direction predicting Cody's movements, It disappears through the wall after him but nothing happens, it missed.

"Wait, so your *love* is what broke the spell on me?" Adam asks Bethany.

Beth responds with a sheepish nod and nervous look on her face.

Addressing Amy now Adam asks, "Can that also break the cowgirl curse that's been put on her?"

"As long as I'm here you should be able to dispel *any* curse with an act of true love," Amy explains.

Adam turns to Beth and returns the favor, with a kiss on the lips a green glow emanates from her, fades to pink from ripples starting at the lips, then stops. Her body shifts slightly as her figure slims down again, and her tail and horns slowly fade into dust. With a warm hug to his waist Beth thanks Adam profusely for this act.

"No problem. Now, you said you're here for Abby too right?" Adam reminds her.

Releasing Adam from the embrace she responds, "Yes, do you know where she is?"

"This way!" Amy calls from the top of the stairs.

Amy leads the new lovebirds to their friend's chambers/prison. Up the stairs and through a couple of winding hallways the group comes to the room Abby's been trapped in. And after slowly opening the door Beth then the others realize they were lucky to have gotten here when they did, any later and the door would've been blocked. What was likely a part of Abby's bloated figure stood in front of the door reaching most of the way from the floor to the ceiling. Abby had not only outgrown the bed but then went on to fill the majority of the room with her expanding bust. Occasionally a loud gurgling would emanate from them as milk was still filling them up larger. Boards creaked under the enormous shifting weight. Some of the milk was spilling out of her nipples and making two puddles on the floor. Overall the sight was astonishing, if not greatly concerning. The visitors all quickly came in to aid the poor girl. The spell sealing her lips had dissipated by now, so as the team brushes against her skin her voice can be heard emitting loud moans of both pleasure and discomfort, her tightly packed milk makers are very sensitive.

"Vi-Vivi, is that you? Are you there?" Abby calls out in a weak pleading voice.

"Sorry Abbs, Vee is still locked into her engagement right now," Beth responds.

“Beth? Oh my, I haven’t heard your voice in a while,” Abby calls out.

“Adam is here too, we managed to dispel his brainwashing. Vee and I made a covenant with the goddess Amaryllis, one of her cherubs is here too, you can call her Amy,” Beth explains.

“Oh, thank the gods. Can you get me out of here? You’ll have to get the milk out first,” Abby pleads.

“We figured as much, don’t worry we’ll get you out of here,” Beth assures her. As they start working Amy decides to hang back for a moment to guard them from Cody’s inevitable attack. It only took him a few minutes to make the trip for his preparations. With a quick motion he appears and stabs Amy in the back, she retaliates by stabbing him with an arrow from cupid’s bow revealing its special effect as being able to apply paralysis. While he’s stunned she drags him outside through the walls, removes the knife and destroys it then prepares to continue the fight far enough away so as to not disturb the milk extraction process.

The intense curse placed on Abby proves to make the process difficult. If either Beth or Adam so much as turn away to sneeze or cough during this milking the milk fills Abby back up and extends the time it takes to drain her by several minutes. It was good that Beth’s curse had been lifted already because she would have no chance to relieve herself. The team works tirelessly to help Abby get mobile again.

“So did your curse ever do anything like this to you Beth?” Adam asks.

“Oh, no, I made milk but not this much,” Beth responds.

“I hope it wasn’t too uncomfortable for you,” Adam sympathizes.

“I’ll be honest, I was more embarrassed than I was uncomfortable,” Beth admits.

“That’s good. You know, I would’ve liked to take you somewhere for a first date once I got the chance. I was thinking about your situation, and I saw a lot of cowgirls were flocking to the same tavern. I figured you would be more comfortable there, that is, if you were still cursed,” Adam recalls.

“That means a lot. That you had been thinking of me even when I looked so disgusting?” Beth thanks him.

“Don’t be ridiculous, you’ve never looked disgusting in the first place,” Adam compliments.

“Wait, then why did you lift the curse if you thought I still looked good?” Beth asks.

“It didn’t cost me anything. And you clearly didn’t like being like that, it was the least I could do,” Adam explains.

“Right, well thanks again,” Beth tells him.

“When we’re done with all of this would you like to go out anywhere?” Adam asks.

“Of course,” Beth responds, “Actually, do you think it’s still alright to go to that tavern you mentioned?”

“I don’t see why not,” Adam accepts.

Meanwhile, outside, "YOU PIECE OF SHIT!" Amy exclaims.

"Man, you're one to talk," Cody remarks, "Who was it again who picked this fight?"

"You did, last century," Amy responds. She looses an arrow at Cody. "I was just defending my goddess, but then you came along and started something, I still don't know what you were doing?"

Cody dodges the arrow and throws one of his swords back in response. "Seriously? After one hundred years you're still holding onto that grudge?"

Amy responds, "You see, after that I was ordered to kill you, and even if I wasn't I'd still want you dead." Amy fires an arrow at the sword to stop its momentum, then the glanced arrow ricochets back at Cody. "You fight dishonorably, that was the fifth time you've backstabbed me. Not to mention all the times you jumped into a clear one on one fight as a third party, and the times you tricked your enemies into fighting each other for you."

"So what? You should know that 'all is fair in love and war'," Cody deflects the glanced arrow.

"Well, all that dishonor is about to bite you in the ass," Amy chastises as her first arrow makes it back to hit Cody in the butt paralyzing him.

Cody is confused, he'd be motionless with or without the paralyzing effect, then Amy quickly makes it into melee range and lands a heavy attack launching Cody into the ground. A large impact accompanied by a dust cloud emanated from where he landed. After the dust settles he pushes aside a large rock that had fallen on top of him. He has no response, he just growls before continuing the fight.

After three days of milking and fighting the bosom that was sealing Abby away is finally small enough for Abby to see her helpers. Milk has been draining away by the gallon for some time now completely soaking the floorboards and the room below. Slowly draining and shrinking back from 'Oh my god she's huge' to 'looks heavy'. Cody got called back to his goddesses side allowing Amy some reprieve. Once inside she was able to reach the vines to cut them off of Abby's wrists. As they spent the last day getting as much milk out as possible they chat about the situation before them. The wedding is tomorrow and now with Amy there's a chance Vivian can dispel the curse on Abby.

In a grand hall ordained with beautiful artwork, architecture, and mosaic lighting the ceremony is ready to begin. Four long aisles of pews are full of guests from both Vivian's family, Derek's family, as well as many guests from outside the families. Derek waits impatiently at the altar, while Vivian strolls slowly down the center aisle dressed in a big and flashy white wedding dress. She had made all the requests she could to extend the time it would take for the ceremony to take place. Giving her sister and her lover ample time to arrive.

Admirations were made, passages recited, speeches given, vows explained and exchanged, and finally the ring. Derek held the box with the ring in his hands and waited for the go ahead from the officiant.

“Should anyone present know of any reason that this couple should not be joined in holy matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace!” says the officiant.

A sudden and loud BANG rings out from the back of the ceremony hall. The large double doors were just forced open by a redhead cowgirl with gargantuan tits and passion in her eyes. “I OBJECT TO THIS UNION!” she shouts pointing directly at Derek. A subtle look of relief washes over Vivian’s face. Everyone in the crowd has taken notice and is very confused.

“Who is this? You don’t look like any *person* I’ve seen before,” Derek remarks.

“No matter if you really know who I am or not. You are undeserving of your bride and I’m here for her,” Abby asserts. She approaches the altar.

“Are you a mad woman? Whose ever heard of a unity such as this, a beautiful maiden with another maiden of sinful stature?” Derek persists.

“You speak facetiously! Two persons in love are all that’s needed for unity,” Abby reasons. The crowd is getting rowdy, clearly split in their overall opinion.

“No matter what you say you’re interrupting this ceremony. Guards!” Derek calls out.

“That won’t be necessary!” Adam shouts. He’s joined by Beth and Amy. “We are here to honor the unity we’ve witnessed. These two shall be unified and you will remain outside of it.” They reach the altar as well.

“Absurd, is that an angel with you, who does she represent?” Derek asks.

“The goddess of Love and Beauty of course,” Amy responds. The crowd’s murmur grows louder in surprise.

Meanwhile while being defended Abby quickly explains the situation to Vivian telling her of the cherub’s ability to lift curses with an act of love. Vivian brings Abby in for a kiss without hesitation and the curse is lifted.

Witnessing all of this Derek backs up several paces and mutters, “I suppose I don’t have any choice now.” Derek brandishes a small knife and slits his wrist to draw blood, “Goddess of the natural order, Cotria! I invoke our covenant to right the course of events! May we have your law and order!” Derek’s blood shines green and the entire building jolts once, then moments later a large crash occurs as Cotria herself descends from the heavens and smashes through the roof. She lands kneeling then stands up, she stands about 5 men tall, holds a striking and velumptuous figure, and wraps herself in plants and foliage instead of clothes. Her face is serious, with short straight hair and piercing eyes. She’s enveloped in a faint green glow.

As the crowd arises in panic and begins to evacuate Cotria chastizes the party, “This woman is needed to create a healthy and natural child, should you persist in taking her away from her rightful place at his side I will have to punish you again.” Cotria begins charging some kind of green blast from her finger, she points directly at Abby.

Amy hovers between the charge and Abby, protecting her.

“Cody,” Cotria shouts.

Suddenly Cody the cherub appears wielding a sword driving it towards Amy. She blocks it, barely, with cupid’s bow. Cody advances on her aggressively, Amy is forced to transform the bow into a staff for close range fighting. The two of them lock their weapons against each other.

“Now it’s time for that fight you were begging for,” Cody remarks, smiling menacingly.

“Perfect, wouldn’t have it any other way,” Amy responds.

Meanwhile, Cotria is still aiming a blast at Abby.

“She doesn’t deserve such a punishment, this is unreasonable and unjust! Hold your fire!” Vivian commands.

Cotria doesn’t hesitate, the charge finishes and is fired. A bright green bolt flies through the air and strikes Vivian in the shoulder. She managed to push Abby out of the way and took the hit herself, she convulses like she’s been shocked by electricity and falls to the ground. The green energy of the shot can be seen pulsing through her.

“Vivian!” Abby shouts running to her side.

While Derek begins complaining to Cotria about what just happened since Vivian was supposed to remain human, Abby leans over Vivian on the ground.

“Viv, Viv are you ok?” she asks, eyes welling with tears.

Vivian reaches up to Abby’s face, looks into her eyes and says, “Thank you for coming.” She then reaches for Abby’s horns and cuts herself once more before the horns completely fade away.

“Huh, wait, what are you-” Abby panics for a moment.

“To the goddess of love and beauty I invoke our covenant! Please aid us in our need for protection as we seek out love and devotion!” Vivian begins an incantation. She then grabs Abby’s hand with her own bloodied one, thrusts them upward, and shouts, “I CALL ON YOU AMARYLLIS!”

Vivian’s blood shines a bright pink and from the heavens crashing through the roof comes the goddess of love Amaryllis. She lands kneeling then stands at about the same height as Cotria. Bearing a slender figure with well accented curves she’s wearing a pink skin tight shirt and shorts. She turns to look at the gay couple and they see her gentle face, soft flowing hair, and innocent looking eyes. In a protective motherly tone she says, “Don’t worry, I’ll protect you babes.” She then turns back to face Cotria.

Just then the curse cast on Vivian took effect. The power was intense and her body changed quickly. Horns, ears, and tail; then hips, gut, and tits. Then more tits, Vivian’s chest was already a plump L cup but after the curse took effect its power surges and she produces milk at an alarming rate. Within seconds her soft boobs fill her strapless dress, break the seams on either side then fold the rest out of the way. Now they’re resting on her supine body covering her from chin to navel.

“Viv, Viv, stay with me. It’ll be ok,” Abby consoles her love despite failing to hide her panic.

“Abbs, babe, calm down. I’m fine. Sure the transformation hurt a little but *this*? This feels good,” Vivian assures Abby with a smile on her face.

Almost like she’s in a trance Vivian starts massaging her growing breasts as they gurgle and swell past the size of watermelons, then medicine balls, then yoga balls. Vivian is quickly enveloped in a sea of soft, supple, and sensitive skin. The flow of milk rushing through ducts makes a very audible slooshing noise. And as her body makes new vessels to hold the ever increasing volume of creamy white fluid, gurgles and groans emanate from her. Vivian grows, moans, and writhes under her soft milk factories. Abby watches in awe, and by the time Vivian is completely covered by her own flesh, Abby wakes up and helps Vivian roll forward so she’s not crushed. Once visible Vivian’s face is awash with blush and lust, she bites her lip to the sensuality she’s experiencing

Meanwhile, the goddesses are having a spat. “You clearly don’t understand Amaryllis, the more people on earth the more they can provide, I’m making sure they don’t stray from their natural course of reproduction,” Cotria argues.

“No, you don’t understand Cotria, that we don’t need to micromanage them for that, and the more you take from them, the less they have to give us,” Amaryllis responds.

“Of course, you’re too far into your own vanity to realize what others would think of it. Well here, I’m sure I can show you what I mean,” Cotria says this then begins moving for Amaryllis.

Amaryllis defends herself, swiping Cotria’s attack away and knocking her over into the wall at the front of the church. The remaining spectators are amused by the two most attractive goddesses fighting right in front of them.

“Did you see the way those things bounce?” says one.

“Yeah, talk about a knockout am I right?” says another beside him.

“Dudes, look at the bride, are you seeing this? No way she’s getting out of here, the carriages wouldn’t be able to hold her.” says a third oggler.

The three of them do find the good sense to leave though, what with the rubble from the goddesses fight nearly crushing them.

Cotria finally stands after being thrown. She charges and locks hands with Amaryllis, they push hard against each other trying to wrestle the other to the ground. The impact creates a shockwave that shatters all the windows and the force from their wrestling pushes the floor apart. The carpet tears and the baseboards splinter, Amaryllis is caught by the movement and it gives Cotria the upper hand to pull Amaryllis to the ground then pin her.

“Now, take your punishment, I’ll skip to the good part, you can never have enough of these right?” Cotria taunts.

Cotria casts a spell on Amaryllis and her body changes too. Tearing their way out of the tight pink bindings Amaryllis' chest begins growing too.

"Huh, what?" Amaryllis says confused.

"Take it bitch, witness the immobilizing power of- AAH!" Cotria is cut off.

Amaryllis grapples Cotria to the ground then rolls over on top of her. She smashes her newly grown chest against Cotria, "Yeah, immobilizing you say?"

Cotria deactivates the spell when Amaryllis' boobs are only large enough to cover her torso. They have yet to notice Vivian still growing, Abby managed to hitch a ride on the rising mass but still shows concern, "Viv, are you sure you're ok? I think you're almost bigger than I was."

"Never better," Vivian assures.

Back to the goddesses: After struggling for a minute Cotria finally manages a hold that she can use to force Amaryllis and her weight off. Cotria throws Amaryllis away and she goes flying back into a line of empty pews. She's hurt for a moment but recovers in time to dodge Cotria's next attack. It's at this point that Amaryllis notices Vivian's condition, then she gets an idea. She positions herself just right, so that after Cotria's next attack she successfully puts her into the ground just ahead of Vivian's growing expanse.

"Aagh! You, wait what!?" Cotria wasn't expecting Vivian to get this big. Before she can react and stand up Amaryllis kicks her in the stomach to keep her in place until Vivian pins her.

Meanwhile the cherubs have been trading blows this whole time. Finally Amy gains the edge and knocks the wind out of Cody with a thrust to the gut. He's knocked back far enough for Amy to draw an arrow again, this one laced with a spell that will put Cody to sleep. He falls and happens to land in Cotria's cleavage, if he weren't unconscious he might be considered a lucky cherub.

Vivian quickly grows larger and covers Cotria's face, but also rolls over a few pews, pushes against the altar then keeps growing and filling up. The growth intensifies and the gurgling sound gets louder, she surpasses large wrecking balls in size, and continues to rival the size of most bedrooms. Cotria's voice is muffled and her torso halfway covered.

"Just stay there Cotria, you literally brought this on yourself," Amaryllis chastizes the goddess.

After a few more seconds of swelling Vivian's chest wouldn't fit in most houses and is big enough that Cotria is well and truly immobilized, she can do little more than kick her feet and flail her hands. Vivian rubs and massages her growing chest sensually. Amaryllis then kneels in front of Vivian to talk with her.

"I don't think she's going anywhere, are you doing ok little ones?" she asks.

"I wouldn't have expected this, but she's really enjoying this," Abby explains.

Vivian, lost in lust, can do little more than blush and moan. Her dress seems to have gotten quite wet below the waist, and her breasts are still growing. Another loud

gurgle and surge of milk fills up more boob and that boob fills up more of the church hall. The goddesses fight had wrecked a decent amount, but Vivian's chest was still finding things to break and furniture to smash, pew after pew, crushed as she grows. Amaryllis finds herself being pushed back. In surprise she backs up and watches the spectacle. Vivian fills enough space to crush and replace a small house. And as she grows more Amaryllis becomes concerned.

Vivian's curse is more intense than anything anyone has seen before. It seems her bosom is determined to fill up the whole church. "Uhh, babes, you're getting a bit big there," Amaryllis remarks. Vivian couldn't hear, she's still focused on the pleasure, she has to massage her sensitive skin to help the expansion along. Her breasts rise to attention filling with more milk than could be consumed by the whole town, she's rivaling Adam's mansion, filling more than half of the church hall, and keeps growing. Amaryllis is running out of room, and when even more milk is produced, she totally runs out. Vivian grows so much that she reaches the ceiling, Amaryllis is being pushed into the wall. Soon her face is squished between the boob wall and the real wall, then Vivian makes more. More milk fills the girl with delight and satisfaction, a rush of libido washes over her and she surges larger. Growing past the size of most buildings, growing past the space that the church hall could fit. The walls crumble and Vivian is set free.

A loud moan ringing through town replaces church bells as Vivian finally finishes growing. A huge and satisfying expanse of flesh lays below her and fluid runs from her crotch and through her cleavage. Surrounded and engulfed in a soft mountain of boob Vivian and Abby are resting comfortably in an embrace. The boobs gurgle happily as the milk and titty flesh settle into place.

Amy the cherub appears again as Amaryllis works her way out from underneath boob mountain. "Looks like we're gonna have our hands full with you huh?" the cherub comments.

"That was worth it. That felt so good," Vivian remarks. She drifts off to sleep, fairly sure of herself that Derek isn't going to marry her now. Especially since his trump card has been crushed by her bosom.

While she's asleep Abby and Amaryllis have a conversation about what to do next, Abby remains atop her lover's assets and as such is approximately at eye level with Amaryllis. Abby got the idea to call Joriam the god of judgement, inspired by Vivian's earlier bluff. Amaryllis calls him and he appears. A look of a man who is official in his work and otherwise stoic. Wears glasses, dresses in a suit, and holding a notepad. He's surrounded by a faint blue glow.

"You're saying Cotria did this?" Joriam asks.

"Yes, you should be able to see her energy inside of the girl," Amaryllis explains.

Joriam lifts his glasses and his eyes glow blue for a moment. He puts them back down, "I see. Ok, she'll have to stand trial but this seems like an open-and-shut case, bring her to me as soon as she's out of there, you can call as many of my cherubs to assist as you need."

Joriam quickly disappears back into the sky where he came from.

“Uh, thank you,” Amaryllis says to the open air.

“What about Vivian and her curse, won’t she get just as big if she’s still cursed?”

Abby asks.

“You remember Amy and I make it possible to lift curses with love right?”

Amaryllis responds.

“Yes I tried giving her a kiss while she was growing but it didn’t stop,” Abby explains.

“Oh, right because it came from Cotria herself it’s a bit stronger. You’ll need to perform a more meaningful act of love then,” Amaryllis resolves.

“A more meaningful act of love? What does that mean?” Abby questions.

“Here, I’ll bless you with the power yourself,” Amaryllis touches Abby with a glowing finger. Bestowing a boon on her. “Now you won’t need me there with you. You’ll want some privacy for this,” Amaryllis says this with a smile and a wink.