

SUMMARY: Emma and Lyla are complete opposites. A beautiful, happy go lucky tour guide and a quite gloomy sorceress in training. Regardless of this they are *very* attracted to one another. So what else could a sorceress do *besides* scour through tens of sexy spells to make Emma even sexier than she already is? Boob growing ensues.

Contains: breast expansion, lactation, body alteration, magic, curses, lesbian couple, exhibitionsim, nipple expansion, nipple growth, breast growth, lactation expansion, breast feeding, titty sucking, my usual references to other in-universe stories.

Emma was in the middle of her usual old routine. Every day at the same exact time, *except on Tuesdays and Wednesdays*, Emma would meet up with increasingly large groups of tourists. Each group would get an intricate, detailed and energetic glimpse into Big City's greatest attractions, though every attendant would certainly have tired feet at the end of things. Some may ask, why did Emma do this every day? Why did Emma constantly give strangers from all across the globe foot killing city spanning tours so often?

"It's because I love it!" Emma squealed, her excitement was tangible and obviously not just an act. *"And, it pays really, really well!"* Emma giggled, the crowd chuckling with her. She wasn't completely joking either, Big City thrived on commerce and Emma was their top tour guide by far.

Emma continued happily, *"I was born and raised in this city, I was there when Mayor Bear was elected! I was there when Hyper Girl defeated The Pregnancy Witch singlehandedly! I was even there when Super Big and Important Corporation released their new line of futuristic peace keeping androids!"*

The crowd cheered and clapped, Emma's energy was intoxicating, the whole group was entirely invested before the tour even started. The city square was bustling and the group's excitement only made it even busier, yet the tourtakers blended in easily. Despite the group's evident excitement, in the middle of such a popular area even the crowd's cheers seemed quiet.

Big City town square managed to mesh a beautiful park and shopping center seamlessly with the busy center streets, combining luxury, greenery and concrete amazingly well to form a perfect hub for shopping, travel and relaxation. Even in such a loud area, each inhabitant managed to find peace within. Despite being the heart of a skyscraper filled city, which could clearly be seen past the spiraling green trees, nature still felt well placed. Past the park benches, fountains, shops and shrubs lay these insanely tall buildings, the tallest one of them all being the aforementioned Super Big and Important Company's home office. The SBAIC headquarters was quite the sight for any tourist to behold, it truly sold the city name. Obviously, at some point around its reality altering creation, the place had been aptly named... *Big City. It just made perfect sense!*

And in such a Big City, a tour guide was absolutely necessary, and Emma was **perfect** for the job! Emma had been in love with this city even before reality had shifted it into such a massive hotspot, so when things changed, she already "*naturally*"knew all there was to know! Emma really was there when the walking, talking bear man was elected for office. Emma was really there when the superhuman, skyscraper strong Hyper Girl had an amazingly epic battle with The Pregnancy Witch. And as soon as Emma had mentioned SBAIC peacekeeper drones, they'd walked right past the touring group!

"Look! There they are now!" Emma practically jumped in excitement, pointing her following eyes into the direction of a drone troop. Everyone in the group looked on in wonder, expecting to see some type of insane robotic troops, only to see a group of vaguely robotic women that were more akin to sex dolls and models. SBAIC wasn't exactly modest in their creations, these drones looked like massively sexy women ripped straight from the nearest runway. Each android was a bit different, each wore the same sexified cop uniform emblazoned by the SBAIC logo, though they were all on different levels of endowment. Some carried massively bouncy butts, others watermelon sized tits, some even had both. A few had clear bulges between burgeoning thighs, while a few others were short and petite. A few of the tourtakers took a step back, there was a recent surge of rumors about SBAIC droids gaining an ass obsession. Though the

company assured it was just one rogue bot, only a few of the tourists had come to the city for some sort of body augmentation.

In a place like this with so many sights to see, so many technological advancements, downright super heroes fighting magical fertility focused villains, a robotic peace keeping force and a million more things... a tour guide was practically needed more than water. Every single day, thousands of people across the globe saw the daily happenings in the modern day metropolis, most of them grew excited to see the Big City of legend in person. Emma was more than happy to oblige. The job paid well and she got to do exactly what she loved most, exploring the constantly changing and evolving city she was born in! Introducing hundreds of eager people to the same wonder she'd found so long ago was exactly what Emma wanted to do.

For today's tour, Emma wore a bright yellow sundress, decorated with cute little sunflowers all over. The yellow perfectly matched her sunny, excitable disposition, while the sunflowers centers matched her shoulder length brown hair. Emma's bob-cut bounced from side to side with every energetic movement she made, while her cutesy brown walking shoes gave her the comfort she needed to traverse multiple city blocks every day. Emma had additionally done her makeup, glossy lips were always a perfect match for her smile, which was even prettier when combined with her starry brown eyes. Underneath all the beauty, Emma's sundress provided quite a bit of insight into her figure. She was quite toned, particularly in her constantly walking legs. In combination with an exceedingly thin waist and a slender figure Emma appeared nicely curvy even with small, slim assets. Despite not being too big, her ass bounced with every peppy step, taking the thin fabric along with it each time. Up top, her chest was quite close to average, though was certainly on the lower side at a perky B cup.

Overall, Emma was very pretty and the slightest bit curvy with a bit of muscle adorning her legs and her tum. Emma's appearance was beautiful and yet *real*, not over glamorous but gorgeous nonetheless, like the perfect embodiment of the girl-next-door trope. Because of this, half of the people Emma gave tours ended up

following her on social media afterwards, granting the young lady quite a bit of online popularity through just her appearance. The other half that followed loved Emma's happy demeanor and her quality tours. In fact, Emma always had a few regulars eager that came along to explore with her daily group, each round taking them to at least one new sight.

But for all popular, happy people, there had to be one or two gloomy folks around. While Emma brightly beamed in the city center, Lyla lurked in the shadows, *waiting* and *watching* for her moment to strike. And by "*strike*", Lyla meant... *sexify*.

Emma and Lyla had been dating since highschool. Before reality shifted, they were a regular couple of highschool sweethearts. Emma was popular and bright, while Lyla was a complete social outcast who highly preferred dark colors over bright ones. As the saying goes, opposites attract, and these two were attracted as soon as their eyes met. In the new reality things were majorly the same, aside from the fact *Lyla was now a god damn sorcerer!* Lyla herself, much like Emma, didn't ever know about the old reality or the fact she hadn't always had magical abilities. Either way, Lyla thought they were *pretty fucking cool*, and Emma was more than happy to have the additional spice every now and again.

Lyla was a sorcerer in training under the wing of a local small-time coven. In this new universe, magic was uncommon but not *extremely* so. Not everyone could use magic, and those that could were quickly swept into the first local coven that could find them. Lyla was a moderately new member of a librarian group that just so happened to be sorcerers, hiding their pursuits of magical knowledge in between the shelves of a normal library.

Lyla fit in surprisingly well with this group. Librarians tended to be quiet, and the socially inept Lyla was absolutely satisfied by reading in silence with only the occasional lesson. Lyla herself remained a pretty dark person despite the wonders of magic she had access to. She had a slim, petite body that landed at a pretty short 5'2, perfect for *lurking* and *watching* her girlfriend from within the crowd of tourists. Above, her raven black hair was exceedingly

long, though retained a look of ungroomed disheveledness that overall ended up looking like a mess of curls. Emma absolutely *loved* that messy, gloomy look her girlfriend always had, it made her infrequent smiles all the better. Lyla was naturally pretty without much effort, her dark makeup, glossy black lips, and typically goth attire was just icing on the cake while her short stature made her look more cute than menacing.

Opposites truly did attract, Lyla just couldn't take her eyes off of Emma no matter where they were, while Emma viewed Lyla as her perfect little goth. Lyla sometimes accompanied the tour guide on days she was actually willing to leave the house, as infrequent as those days were. Watching Emma's beautiful face and perfect body happily bounce around town was one of Lyla's favorite activities, even if she was just silently watching from the sidelines.

Actually, Emma's *"perfect body"* hadn't always been so perfect at all. Lyla's first order of business after being discovered by the Bookclub Sorcerers was to figure out body altering magic, she cared little for anything else truth be told. Before they'd met, Emma was quite chubby. Lyla always found her cute either way, but in their highschool years, the few people who didn't like Emma always insulted her figure. Emma herself was happy no matter what, but after years of walking and participating in sports, she simply couldn't lose it, no matter the diet. Lyla loved Emma more than anything, and if her happy go lucky girlfriend was trying so hard, she deserved to achieve her goals. Lyla magically thinned Emma's waist to resemble an hourglass as soon as she found out how. Emma's ass was a bit flatter before, and now could barely move without jiggling the fabric of her trademark dresses.

Lyla absolutely loved the new toned, curvy, slender look Emma had now. Now, she was a *"naturally"* curvy bombshell with a clear knack for fitness, though Lyla still wished she'd have been able to figure out that breast expanding spell...

In fact, that was *exactly* why Lyla had conjured the willpower to leave home today. Rather than watching Emma's tour on her trademark Sorcerer Scrying Orb (*a crucial object of all mage*

arsenals) as she usually did, *Lyla had come to finally test out her latest breakthrough in body shaping magic!* To be honest, Lyla was typically *never* excited about *anything*, the only time Lyla was ever close to being near Emma's level of excitement was when she was learning a new spell. Otherwise, it was all doom, gloom, and general apathy. Emma herself loved this about her, Lyla's usually cold demeanor always brightened up when she was learning something new or watching Emma give a tour. Emma was fully aware Lyla watched her tours from home, the Wizard Scrying Orb wasn't exactly a secret between the two. Overall, Emma was exceedingly supportive and similarly appreciative of Lyla's affections, even if they were communicated a bit oddly.

Regardless of orbs, now that Lyla was ready to alter the love of her life's body, she hid herself in the crowd as well as she could. The two had briefly discussed a few extra enhancements, and knowing Emma was on board, Lyla prepared for this moment with everything she had. Lyla flung her hood up and lowered her dark gaze, her short, petite stature allowed her to easily sink into the large group, especially when Emma was so enraptured by the tour she was giving.

"Now!" Emma clapped her hands together, *"Our first stop will be..."* Emma grinned, appearing to charge up her excitement. *"The Big City's biggest, awesomest, coolest, maid cafe! We'll see tons of stuff on the way but the cafe is right next to tons of great landmarks!"*

Lyla smiled, that cafe was perfect for what she had planned. Even if they didn't go into it, the maid cafe was just pouring with magical energy Lyla could potentially siphon if her spell went south. Lyla put her hands together, gathering magical, dark purple energy between her palms until the glow could clearly be seen. No one in the crowd noticed as they eagerly began following Emma down the street. With a slight whisper and a sudden pulse of energy, Lyla directed her glowing palms towards Emma, releasing an arrow-like burst of energy that passed everyone on its way to the lovely tour guide. The arrow whizzed through the crowd faster than anyone could register, striking Emma square in the chest, sending both of her tits into a brief jiggle fit.

"*Eep!*" Emma squeaked, Lyla grinned as the arrow forced a glow all over Emma's body, which quickly faded. "Sorry guys! Think a stray mosquito must have gotten past the city's Auto Mosquito Annihilator tech somehow..."

The crowd paid no mind to the slight distraction, all of them looking on as Lyla twirled her fingers one extra time, sending another bolt of purple magic right into Emma's body. The tour guide didn't notice this time around, but Lyla had sprinkled in just a little glamor. Now, no one around would notice Emma changing, though Emma wouldn't know that herself. Lyla hadn't really studied her spell too hard, she didn't know the exact manner of boob burgeoning goodness, nor did she know when it would start. In all honesty, Lyla was so excited she could finally cast a boob embiggening spell that she hadn't at all read the spell's fine print. Lyla pulled out her phone and quickly navigated to the spellbook page via a newly released grimoire documenting app. Technology meshed well with wizardry, to the point Lyla had tens of spells in her view as soon as the app was opened. In a vast library of magical spells, there were certain to be a few strange ones among them. Lyla's eyes scrolled, attempting to find the spell she had casted, just so she could see exactly when things would start getting *hot*.

Lyla's heart sank as soon as she found it.

Fuck.

Fuck...

Fuuuckkk....

Lyla's rolled her eyes and took a massive breath out, *this wasn't a simple boob growing spell at all... She had accidentally infected Emma with a bad, no good, terrible case of the Sweater Puppies, a disease magically concocted to give anyone infected an insanely hot, sensitive, big, jiggy pair of tits!* If the grimoires notes were to be believed, Emma's chest would outgrow any top she wore, not stopping until every single article of clothing had an irresistible

amount of jiggle, bouncy cleavage. Emma turned her phone's brightness up and inched closer to the screen, reading the description summary.

SWEATER PUPPIES

Type: Magical Flu. Non-contagious unless double casted.

Casting Complexity: Medium

Magical Power Required: Medium

Duration: Infinite

Spellmaker: Tristana Tila Tealeaf Ferta the Fifth

Purpose: *"A few girls at school pissed me off, so guess who won't ever have a top that fits again?"*

Effect: The victim of this spell's breasts will grow until they are much too large for their current top. Specifically, if the wearer dons a bikini top, their chest will grow until the top was *just* on the cusp of bursting, which would then force them to purchase a larger replacement, then repeat the cycle indefinitely. For clothing items like sweaters, the chest area will expand until the top is very tight and clearly displays curves. Target will likely develop extreme sensitivity and a love for breast play, which is amplified tenfold by lactation, which is guaranteed to develop extremely in later stages. Nipples will grow until they can be clearly outlined through any clothing item, and will remain hard forever. This effect is doubled on women with nipple piercings, because *"That bitch Gretchen's nipple piercings always pissed me off, I got mine first!"*

Lyla let out the slightest chuckle, this Tristana girl seemed like kind of an asshole, but that was exactly the type Lyla wanted to hang out with. Lyla shook her head, realizing the urgency of the situation once again. Where was the cure section? The dispel magic section? Lyla scrolled down further, desperately looking until she found it.

SWEATER PUPPIES: CURES & COUNTERS, by Tristana

"I'll be honest there's pretty much no solution,"

Lyla face palmed and let out a long groan before reading further.

"But, my mother Viviana always taught me to provide a failsafe. Don't tell her I actually listened, but the spell can be paused by utterly draining the victims breasts. After they grow a certain amount the waterfall is likely to begin, you must suck harder than you've ever sucked anything before, and then you may cast stopping spell of your choice. If you've grown fond of Sweater Puppies, (*it is a pretty cool spell afterall*) you may cast a Cap spell, placing a maximum size upon growth. Or, simply disperse the spell as a whole. Sure, either way the girl will still have super sized tits, but at least you won't have to deal with em' getting bigger. Probably."

If Lyla didn't stop it in time, Emma would never be able to wear a top again! Or at least, not without the fear of bouncing out of it! But with the notes from Tristana it was clear Emma was gonna grow a lot either way... which Lyla wasn't exactly mad about. In fact, why was she even trying to cure the damn thing? This is exactly what she wanted! Her girlfriend was about to grow big and sexy right fucking now, right in front of her! Lyla bookmarked Tristana's notes, she loved big titties, but even the goth sorcerer knew limits were a good thing, and Emma would be pissed if she grew too massive.

As if on cue, Lyla heard a squeal at the front of the crowd, the entire troop of tourists stopping in their tracks. Lyla pushed to get a better view, remaining as hidden as she could in the process. Lyla's eyes finally found Emma, her face had reddened in obvious embarrassment. Nothing was obvious yet, but based on the squeal and Emma's slightly arching back, something was certainly going on.

Emma pointed at a nearby building, Lyla sensed the magic within, it was certainly the maid cafe.

"Now, here, we have..." Emma paused, her words hanging as she bit her lip, her pointing finger quivering as pleasure only Lyla could see radiated through Emma's body. Emma still couldn't speak, the pretty woman stood, shaking as she tried her very hardest to suppress her moans. Her chest was already growing so, so sensitive it was hard to talk, even Emma's small perky tits felt heavenly with the slightest movement in her dress.

No matter how hard she tried to hold her moans back, it wasn't enough.

"Ah!" Emma squeaked, *"Ohhh! Fu-"* Emma bit her tongue, she couldn't let her tourists hear her moan, let alone curse. Emma's chest quaked, the girl herself could only look down in anticipation as magical warmth gathered across her less than average mounds. Her moans were only encouraged by the feeling, her chest was amping up in sensitivity so much, even with her current size she could feel herself growing hornier by the second. Her small nipples could already bring her to orgasm if she tried, and the spell hadn't even fully taken effect yet. Emma clenched a fist and covered her mouth, this had to be Lyla's doing! She'd give her a piece of her mind later, if she could think about anything more than sex.

Emma gasped, though the gasp turned into yet another, breathy *"Oh!"* that the magical glamor prevented the crowd from hearing. Emma turned around, hiding her body as her mounds quickly began gaining in size. Each heavy, moany breath pushed more flesh into Emma's chest, her previous B cups filling out on her torso, gaining more and more weight until they reached a nicely perky C cup. The growth was divine, Emma's thighs mashed together as an unrelenting torrent of pussy juice filled her damp panties.

Emma could feel sweat running down her forehead, flowing until the droplets reached between her bosom. The size increase wasn't completely unmanageable, but her sundress certainly was a bit tighter than before. The fabric that previously covered her entire chest had lowered, revealing her collarbone to the world. Emma could feel the expansion hadn't ended, her chest still felt just as warm as before, though the warmth was spreading to her nipples.

Emma pushed her hand against her mouth, suppressing her moans as she still faced away from the tourist troupe. Lucky for her, Lyla's glamor spell had managed to distract them entirely, they looked around in awe and wonder while Emma stood utterly embarrassed that she had lost her composure in front of them all. Emma needed to regain self control quickly, lest she lose the crowd's interest- or so she thought. Emma tried to suppress the growth yet

again, pushing against her chest to no avail. Her nipples surged in size, doubling their previously cute, tiny size into something a bit above average. At the same time, they hardened, increasing further in size until they were obviously seen through her dress' thin surface. Emma hadn't worn a bra, she usually didn't need to with how small she was before, but now, Emma's nipples and her chest were on nearly complete display through thin fabric. Lyla breathed a sigh of relief, glad Emma hadn't worn a bra– the Sweater Puppies curse would have made her tits grow until the bra exploded!

Emma resolved to continue the tour, forcing her limp, quivering body to go on. With her hard nipples atop her growing breasts, she had truly embodied the term hot and heavy. So hot and so heavy it was hard to walk without plunging her fingers into her folds, harder to resist fondling her own sensitive breasts. Emma grunted, biting her tongue as she pointed at the cafe, emphasizing what she was about to say.

"The Maid For You Cafe!" Emma beamed, somehow managing to shift her moan into an excited yell. Lyla's pale skin managed to blush, watching her love silently teeter on the edge of euphoria. Emma's body heavily turned around, revealing her expanded, nearly D cup chest to the crowd. Lyla's eyes went wide and her mouth fell agape, she was seconds away from drooling. As if on cue, Emma's breasts surged in size yet again, pulling her dress taut against her chest as her boobs were forced to bounce from side to side. Lyla had to resist not revealing herself, she had to resist not pouncing on Emma right then and there, her new body was sexier than ever! Lyla had practically forgotten she needed to stop the whole thing in the first place, not like she really wanted to.

Emma grimaced, pulling her dress downwards until what was previously the completely closed off top became a cleavage baring open chest. This wasn't enough for the Sweater Puppies disease at all, her chest would need to be literally falling out of the top before it was satisfied.

"This cafe has tech so powerful it's basically magic! If you eat here, your server will transform based on whatever you purchase!"

Emma regained a semblance of composure, though her newly bouncy, sweat covered chest and frayed lipgloss implied otherwise. Lyla couldn't wait to get her hands on those, though she stayed in silence, scanning through her phone's grimoire trying to find some form of countermeasure. Tristana suggested a Cap spell, which was usually used for lactating women or lazy wizards who wanted to never overfill a cup.

Lyla further analyzed the shop, Emma's previous assessment was completely true and she certainly wasn't lying. The tech there was so powerful it wasn't simply tech at all, the Maid For You Cafe was most definitely magically powered. Lyla had developed a talent for mana stealing, easily siphoning arcane energy into her next spell just by being nearby. But the energy wasn't exactly pure, the things that went on in that building were downright sexual, and with that energy flowing through her Lyla found herself growing just as hot as Emma was.

Lyla scrolled through her phone with strained breaths until finally... *Ah!* The perfect counter to Sweater Puppies! Lyla waved a finger, sending another jolt of purple magic energy into Emma's body, directly aimed at her chest. With the sexual energy of the cafe combined with the undoubtedly lewd spell, Emma's tongue lolled out of her mouth, her pretty brown eyes rolling backwards with a moan she just couldn't hold back.

As soon as the jolt hit Emma her chest bounced as if it had a mind of its own, her growing tits flopping against her chest heavily. The sensitivity combined with everything else she felt was pure euphoria, Emma went entirely silent and fell onto her hands and knees. It was too much for her to even moan, her body was spasming, orgasming on the spot without ever actually touching herself. Lyla puckered her lips, feeling slight remorse that was massively overshadowed by how turned on she was. Emma's tits continued to bounce even facing the ground, hanging off her body. As they bounced and jiggled, Emma focused as hard as she could, scanning her environment hoping to find something to distract the tourists with. She hadn't noticed no one cared she fell on the ground, nor had she noticed no one was questioning the obvious lewd display in

front of them, she had a job to do and was determined to do it! Emma smiled as she located a particular item of interest. The perfect distraction!

"Now, this is a statue of Hyper Girl, Big City's greatest hero!" Emma said, crawling to the statue and waving her tourists over. Emma used the statue to climb back onto her feet, her heart still racing from the forced orgasm she'd received. This area of town square was especially popular with tourists, right across from the Maid For You Cafe was a Hyper Girl gift shop and statue, perfect for any newcomer. The Hyper Girl statue was from her first appearance, the first time she'd battled the Booblord, a villain themed around growing tits, who sadly had no idea Hyper Girl grew stronger the more curvy she was.

"Feel free to partake in any Hyper Girl memorabilia the gift shop has to offer, I'm sure your hometowns will love her!" Emma's speaking grew increasingly fast, *"Excuse me for a moment!"* Emma squeaked, quickly running behind the large breasted statue.

Emma's face reddened again, her breath hurrying as her hands cradled her chest, her fingers sinking in far more than ever before. *What the hell was happening to her?* She assumed it was Lyla before, but if it *was* Lyla she'd have been here with a happy, horny smile on her face by now! Was this a different sorcerer's magic attack? A prank? A piece of SBAIC tech gone wrong? Side effect of being near the Hyper Girl statue? No matter what it was, Emma's head swung back to the point it nearly hit the stone statue, her chest was growing again!

Lyla peaked around the corner and laid eyes on her hot and bothered girlfriend, confusion appearing under her hood. Why hadn't the effects stopped? She'd cast the perfect Cap spell! The goth Lyla pulled up the grimoire app yet again, her heart sinking further than it had last time.

Fuck! Again!

Lyla had casted the complete opposite of a cure, she had just made it worse! The last spell had infected Emma with a case of the

magical Sweater Puppies disease(*non-contagious*), and now, the second spell had infected Emma with an even worse magical case of Milk Mania(*also not contagious*)! Now, not only would Emma's chest grow to force cleavage into every outfit she wore, they'd fill up with the milk to match! And Sweater Puppies already intended to make her lactate! Lyla read the description, solemnly swearing to herself to actually read the spells before casting them next time.

MILK MANIA

Type: Magical Flu. Non-contagious unless double casted.

Casting Complexity: Medium

Magical Power Required: Medium

Duration: Maximum a month, with lasting effects.

Spellmaker: Mandy Moosville

Purpose: *"A couple a' my cows weren't producin' like I wanted em' to! So me an' the boys had a magic lookin feller cast this spell! Ain't even have a clue it'd work on women til I casted it on myself!"*

Effect: Quintuples lactation in any human or animal, increasing every day for a month, staying at a stable rate permanently afterwards.

Lyla sighed, disappointed in herself for not reading like she should have. She *liked* reading too! But she also liked big boobies, and honestly Milk Mania sounded pretty damn hot... Regardless, it was time to reveal herself, then hope Emma would let her get her hands on those puppies.

"I'm sorry babe!" Lyla yelled, exiting from behind the statue. Lyla's soft voice was obvious to Emma, it was one she could never get enough of. Emma could barely take her hands off of her own chest at this point, her fingers constantly kneaded and grabbed at her skin, coaxing it to expand further. Her efforts paid off quickly, her D cups were growing so fast her dress looked like it was shrinking, the upper half growing thinner and thinner until what was basically a thin layer of paper was all that remained while her ass was growing more exposed due to the dress rising upwards. Her breasts expanded by the second, growing larger, softer and bouncier until they had reached the size of Lyla's head each. Lyla rushed over to her girlfriend, who was completely at a loss for words; only thin breathed moans remained. Emma was certainly at least a double G

cup by now, her dress was exactly what the spell described, a valley of enticing, soft cleavage that could never not be on display.

Emma locked eyes with Lyla for a moment, finally realizing exactly what had happened. Her girlfriend was a secret sorceress who tended to be *very* obsessed with her body, *of course this was Lyla's fault!* Emma wondered why she even thought otherwise! But no matter how upset Emma may have been, the pleasure in her body, the growing libido, and apparent love for Lyla was more than enough to forgive her. Looking into Lyla's eyes, it was clear she felt bad about what she'd done, but her shifting, shy looking form was more than enough to come to the conclusion she was *enjoying* it at the same time.

Lyla's eyes were only locked onto Emma's for a second, the audible, growing sloshing of the tits right in front of her was terribly distracting for the boob loving goth.

"I'll forgive you," Emma said, Lyla's eyes widening at the notion, *"Only if you take care of these,"* Emma spoke softly, her lust obviously at its breaking point. Emma yanked what remained of her top downwards, allowing her breasts to heavily bounce freely, a loud, fleshy slap following them. Emma thrust her chest forward as her nipples surged in size yet again, the shorter Lyla was at perfect chest height, Emma's nipples nearly poked her in the eye! Lyla's lustful gaze watched Emma's nipples grow yet again, darkening as her breasts grew another cup size, filling with milk in the process. Emma laid a soft hand on Lyla's head, pulling her forward, easily convincing her to drink. Oh how Lyla loved Emma's sweet, soft touch. Dominant in a soft, sweet way. It was perfect, even more perfect now that she had big, fat, milky titties. Lyla would have drooled if her lips didn't immediately leap to suck at Emma's new teats.

Lyla didn't hesitate at all, her dark lipstick made an immediate mark on Emma's chest. Lyla had grown just as horny as Emma did during this whole ordeal, watching her sexy girlfriend grow was now her absolute favorite thing to do! Lyla slipped a hand below Emma's dress, quickly brushing against her abundant wetness and stroking her clit. Lyla got her into this situation, it was only right she got her

off in every way possible. The shorter goth drank from Emma like there was no tomorrow, suckling from her heavy tit until her belly was so full it had clearly grown from its previously petite size, Emma brushing her hair, moaning with every slight suck and moaning louder with every tongue movement.

The entire while, Emma held a manicured hand on her other tit, massaging it as it waited for its equal treatment. Emma had given up on hiding at this point, her moans filled the area loud enough to hear the milking session through the crowd. The busty tour guide was taking great pleasure in the public milking despite her prior embarrassment. Lyla could tell, she may have just turned the brightly beaming woman into quite the exhibitionist, completely allowing the euphoric pleasure of being fingered and milked to wash over her despite still believing everyone was watching. Emma felt amazing, her cow tits were so wonderfully sensitive, big and milky, while her pussy was wetter than it had ever been, she was the perfect picture of sex. Emma's prize winning watermelon tits hung off her chest like they belonged on a much bigger girl, dominating her slim frame and remaining gravity defyingly perky even with the massive amount of milk filling them.

The goth threw her other hand to Emma's free boob, squeezing and pulling at the plump, hard nipple with reckless abandon. A huge burst of milk spurted onto the ground below and Emma's moaning crescendo grew louder in tandem. Lyla was having the time of her life! What was better than sucking titties, drinking milk, and hearing a pretty girl moan? Probably nothing! Emma could feel heat passing through her body, a raging tidal wave of milk begged to escape her body along with a nuclear bomb's worth of euphoria. She was on the cusp of cumming, and with so much milk trapped within her still growing tits, it felt like a euphoric marathon just trying to finish. Emma groaned and moaned, bucking her hips against Lyla's fingers, pulling her head deeper onto her nipple until it was squirting directly into Lyla's throat. She couldn't get enough, and only when Lyla rubbed her whole hand across Emma's super slick pussy was when Emma finally reached her peak. Lyla took Emma's nipple as deep as she could, sucking her lips so hard the black lipgloss smeared across her chest. A raging blast of milk pushed Lyla's stomach

further outwards, she looked like she was pregnant with how much milk she'd swallowed!

Emma's body convulsed, shaking in orgasm as both her nipples and her pussy quaked, one shooting milk while the other squirted directly onto Lyla's black painted fingernails. Lyla did not allow her any reprieve, quickly going straight to round two with her second breast, which was obviously much larger than the now emptied one. Emma's body grew tired but her lust didn't end, her free hand stroked Lyla's hair below her and her moans quieted down, but never stopped, flowing unimpeded into the open air. If it wasn't for the glamor, Emma would have certainly been apprehended by the sex-bot peacekeepers for indecent exposure, which would more than likely lead to even more indecent exposure afterwards.

Lyla eagerly suckled, while Emma lost energy Lyla had gained it. Emma slowly lowered onto the ground and Lyla continued to finger and suck all the way there. Her stomach had grown pudgy, sloshing with milk below. Of course it wasn't normal of her to drink so much, but caught up in the literally magic moment it was all that crossed Lyla's mind. Maybe it was a side effect of Milk Mania? Maybe she just loved tits? Either way, her unrelenting fingers picked up speed, masturbating Emma closer to a third orgasm. Emma still felt her last one and could barely stand from how her legs shook, the increased sensitivity helping Lyla give her another body rocking orgasm. Emma sucked until there was literally no milk left, then brought both hands up to grope and grab at Emma's sensitive boob flesh. Emma didn't even care that Lyla stopped fingering her, her tits managed to feel much better than her pussy, even now that they weren't full of milk. Lyla pulled the massive breasts together, pulling both nipples into her mouth at once. Emma's legs shook almost immediately, quaking with pleasure she'd only ever dreamt of, all from her swollen nipples. With one final suck, Emma's entire body convulsed as she let out a long tired moan, practically screaming into the open park, her chest squirting out one last bout of milk for the day.

Emma fell onto her side, laying on the ground in the fetal position, her body completely spent by the three orgasms, insane

growth and even more insane milk production. Lyla rubbed her belly, it looked like she was pregnant with twins, and she never felt better! Lyla grinned more than she ever had, a toothy smile making its way from the typically scowling goth girl.

"Forgive me?" Lyla teased with a cute look, sitting down next to her disheveled, milky, big titted lover. Sure, Emma would still be outgrowing any top she put on. And sure, she'd be milky for the foreseeable future... but just *maybe* it wasn't so bad. Emma smiled, planting a quick kiss on her lover's milk coated lips before falling back down, thoroughly spent. Maybe they'd find a spell to fix all this? Maybe Lyla would actually read the description this time?

...Probably not.

THE END?