

# Seven Busty Sins

## The Sin of Sloth

In another world, on a continent, in a country, on the outskirts of a kingdom, in a meadow, on a hill. Lay the peaceful young cowgirl Vivian. She was wearing a cowprint bikini with spaghetti straps, relaxing in the Spring breeze, and chewing on grass. The smell of freshly watered grass was in the air, a rainstorm had passed through earlier that day, and after the clouds passed by it made the perfect conditions for Vivian to relax.

“Vivian! Vivian!” A young female voice called out from behind the next hill. Vivian swallowed her grass and turned toward the next hill where the voice came from. Moments later Lilly, the daughter of the ranch owner, reached the top of the hill almost out of breath. “Vivian! There you are!” Lilly scampered down one hill, then up the other to meet Vivian. Vivian promptly stood up to greet the young girl.

“Hey Lilly, did you just get home from school?”

Between breaths she responds, “I got back about an hour ago... I was supposed to finish my homework before coming to see you but... I need some help.”

“Ok, you can catch your breath now,” Vivian assured.

Lilly’s labored breathing slows for a minute, then she says, “I’m supposed to write a page about demihumans in society, I need to pick a race and explain what makes them unique.”

“Well then, if you’re coming to me, I’m guessing you decided to write about cowgirls?” Vivian asked.

“MmmHmm,” Lilly nodded her head. “My paper is back at the house, come with me!” Lilly said before running back the way she came.

“W-Wait, at the house?” Vivian asked, “Are you sure I should go with you?”

“Yeah, I’m sure, c’mon!” Lilly shouted.

Over the hill, and down the slope of the meadow they went. Down the dirt path and up to the house. In front of the house was an old Redwood patio. It was dry and splintered from years of sunlight, and only just large enough for an outdoor dining table. Although at least when the girls arrived the recent rainfall had softened the wood slightly. The house itself was built traditionally. A stone and mortar exterior, with a wooden support structure inside.

After entering Vivian asked, “Are you sure it’s okay for me to be in here?”

“Daddy isn’t home right now so it’s okay,” Lilly responded.

“What’s this about daddy not being home?” Asked an older man who wandered in from the next room. He wore tattered clothes and smelled of alcohol. He was Tom, the ranch owner.

Lilly was almost too stunned to speak, "Daddy, I—"

"What are you doing in here, didn't I say you weren't allowed in? You'll track mud in." Tom questioned.

"Of course, sir, I do apologize," Vivian apologized then immediately turned around and exited the building. She waited on the patio to listen through the open door.

"Daddy, I asked her to come in to help me with my homework," Lilly explained.

"Oh yeah, what would she know, all she does is sit around all day," Tom responded.

"It's about demihumans. Please I need her help," Lilly begged.

Tom sighed. "Honey, you know you should just take the paper outside to her instead."

"But why can't she help me in here?" Lilly asked.

"Aint the right environment for a cowgirl. Besides, she can make a mighty fine mess if she 'aint careful," Tom explained. He walked off and Lilly dejectedly took her paper and pencil with her outside to the table on the patio. Vivian sat across from her.

"I can't believe he won't let you inside even just for a second," Lilly complained.

"It's ok Lilly, I like it better out here anyway," Vivian explained, "Now how can I help?"

Lilly calmed down and refocused on the task at hand. "Ok, 'Cowgirls in society,'" Lilly wrote the title of her writing then started writing stuff she already knew. "Cowgirls are demihumans. You can identify them by their cow-like horns ears and tail, and they have huge boobs. Their boobs fill with milk throughout the day then they squeeze the milk out into a huge bottle."

Indeed, Lilly had observed Vivian many times and was very familiar with her role as a milk producer. Even just that day, when Lilly found her in the meadow Vivian was starting to produce milk. Starting at about the size of volleyballs Vivian's breasts had been growing in size as they filled with milk. Only a half-hour had passed and when she sat at the table on the patio Vivian had to rest her now beachball-sized breasts on the table since they wouldn't fit comfortably underneath it.

Vivian is 5 feet tall, and her breast size is approximately a 30 L cup or 42 inches when she's empty. When she was sitting at the table though, she was already at a 30 Z, or 56 inches.

"So, I have to write about your role in society," Lilly explained. "What is that for you?"

"Well, first of all, not all cowgirls are the same. A lot of us do different kinds of work and have different roles. But I think what your teacher is getting at is that our bodies act like filters." Vivian responded.

"Filters?" Lilly asked.

"Yeah. So, Dryads care for the forests, Mermaids care for the oceans, Gorgons regulate animal populations, Lamias produce medicine, and Slimekins clean the water supply. Cowgirls like me filter excess mana out of the air." Vivian explained.

“Oh, really? How do you do that?” Lilly continued.

“Mana in the air comes into my body through my lungs and pores, then in my body, it gets turned into milk.” Vivian gestured by lifting her voluptuous bosom.

Lilly continued to ask about the nature of Vivian’s body and she explained what she knows, including the fact that grass can act as a catalyst that allows cowgirls to absorb more mana. The bottle that Lilly wrote about in her report was the tank that’s attached to the milking machine. Vivian’s body is made to hold onto a lot of pressure from the milk and the suction from the machine is necessary to drain it out of her.

Lilly and Vivian continued talking and Vivian mentioned a few other details about cowgirls in society. Vivian is technically a Minotaur and cowgirl is a colloquial term that most people prefer. And although it may look like she’s enslaved or bound to the ranch because of her work, she’s actually more like an employee who sleeps at her workplace. She has the freedom to leave if she wants to.

Lilly sighed as she finished writing her report, “Thank you, Vivian.”

“You’re welcome Lilly,” She responded.

“Can we go play now?” Lilly asked.

“Um, no I should go use the machine. I’m getting pretty full.” Vivian explained. At this point, Vivian’s breasts had grown even more, now with a bust measurement of 68 inches.

“Will you be able to play when you’re done?”

“Yes, of course.”

Vivian got up from the table and took a moment to stretch before walking farther down the dirt path to the barn. Inside some clattering noises could be heard like someone was working on machinery. Upon entering Vivian saw Tom next to the milking machine disassembling it.

“Oh, Tom? You’re dismantling it already?” Vivian asked.

“Yeah, finally got an order for it and they asked for it urgently,” Tom explained.

“Um, are you able to reassemble it real quick so I can use it one last time?”

Vivian begged.

“No, most of the critical parts are already on their way including the tanks,” Tom said.

“Why didn’t you tell me when I could’ve used it?” Vivian questioned.

Tom chuckled, “I’ve seen you hold several days worth of milk before, you’ll be fine. Besides, you’ve known you were going to have to find another place to work for a while now. Time to get off your ass and find someplace to go. You got at least three days before I put the ranch up for sale, and don’t expect anything more.”

“Why not offer me with the ranch? Whoever buys this place gets the ranch and a cute cowgirl!” Vivian suggested.

“No guarantee the buyer’s gonna want to farm milk. The ranch would make good space for satyrs and chickens too,” Tom explained.

Vivian sighed, “Alright.”

"I would recommend going into town today to figure this out," Tom suggested.

"Right." Vivian grabbed a coat and shorts that she keeps to cover up when she heads into town. The coat can stretch over her bosom a decent amount, but it was meant to be used at times when Vivian was empty. As it was, the size of Vivian's shapely bosom could be seen despite the coat. Vivian left immediately and began heading up the dirt path again.

"Vivian, you're back!" Lilly shouted. "You look bigger, what happened with the milking?"

"I forgot that your dad sold the machine, so I'm stuck with the milk for now," Vivian responded smiling.

"Hehe, silly. Can you play now?" Lilly asked.

"Sorry, I need to head into town for something. How about when I get back?" Vivian said apologetically.

"Aww... Ok," Lilly said pouting.

Vivian continued on the dirt path, it curved away from the field and merged with a larger gravel road. This road would lead Vivian through the mountains to the city just on the other side.

The city was a small one. Just two streets with some commercial buildings. All the way down both streets were shops, restaurants, several guilds, a couple of inns, a tavern, and a city hall. Vivian was looking to talk with someone at the merchant's guild. If anyone would know whether someone was willing to hire a cowgirl it would be the merchant's guild, they were responsible for licensing all shops and monitoring merchants' income for tax purposes. In addition, most people knew that they also kept records of employees and employment positions so people looking for work could find jobs, and employers looking for employees with specific skills could find those particular employees.

Vivian walked down the northern street passing several shops with a wide variety of goods. She could see several people eating at dining tables outside of restaurants. The streets were lightly crowded with people enjoying the good weather. A murmur of several conversations at once could be heard all the way to her destination, and she turned several heads on the way there. The Merchant's guild was almost on the other side of town from where she entered. So it took some time to get there.

Once inside Vivian met the receptionist woman, who wasn't exactly expecting a half-full cowgirl to come strolling in and was taken aback for a second before welcoming her.

"Ahem. Welcome to the merchant's guild, please state your business," she said.

"Hello, I'm looking for work. Is anyone hiring cowgirl producers?" Vivian responded.

The receptionist was struggling to stay focused. Vivian was, at this point, very large with a bust measurement of 62 inches. Imagine the beachball size she was at earlier, but the beachballs are overinflated and about to burst, that big. The receptionist

finally spoke, "Um, I'm not sure if we have anyone in town looking for a cowgirl right now but I can check. Give me one moment." The receptionist pulled out a large catalog binder with businesses that were looking for applicants. She began scanning for the word "cowgirl".

After approximately 5 minutes the receptionist says, "I don't see anything about employers looking for cowgirls here. In this case, do you want me to look for positions that aren't specific to cowgirls, or would you like me to add your name to a list of potential hires in case someone ends up needing a cowgirl in the future?"

Before Vivian could respond, another woman came from around the corner and addressed the receptionist, "You remember that weird request from the adventurer's guild? She could help there."

The receptionist nods in agreement and explains the request from the adventurer's guild, "A few days ago the adventurer's guild came to us with a request for someone who could siphon magic from an area. They referenced cowgirls but specifically asked for the machinery, so it slipped my mind."

"They need a magic siphon?" Vivian asked, "What for?"

"A young girl has been born recently who exudes large amounts of magic power. As you probably know a large amount of magic in a small space can degrade the health of anyone within that space. The girl is very sickly, if she could constantly move around outside she'd be fine because then the magic would be able to dissipate, but she has to sleep of course. So the family simply moves her from room to room every night and takes her on walks during the day. That's the best they can do," the receptionist explained.

"That's quite sad. You said this was a request from the adventurer's guild?" Vivian asked.

"Yes, 5 doors down with a big sign that says 'Adventurer's guild'. If you're interested, you should go to them," the receptionist suggested.

Vivian thanked the receptionist and did just as she suggested, she walked down the street to the adventurer's guild to ask about the inquiry. Upon walking through the door Vivian was met with a much different sight than at the merchant's guild. At the merchant's guild, the entrance broke way to only a small room with the receptionist behind her desk. At the adventurers guild, Vivian entered a much larger room like a foyer with a balcony. Underneath the balcony was the receptionist counter, where multiple receptionists were standing, ready to receive inquiries.

At 65 inches Vivian's bust was beginning to strain the coat's buttons. Her ample size was still causing heads to turn and eyes to drop as she walked in.

"Hello, ad astra- wait, sorry, sequere sidera ductu. Welcome to the adventurer's guild," the receptionist recited this phrase that means 'follow the stars for guidance'. She bore a nametag with the name 'Catherine' written on it.

"Hello, I heard about a request that was passed on to the merchant's guild. You were looking for a cowgirl, or, 'magic siphon'?" Vivian asked.

“Uh, I haven’t heard of it, but I can check with the guild leaders,” the receptionist responded.

“Ok. Thank you.” Vivian accepted.

Several minutes passed while Vivian listened to the murmur about her permeating throughout the lobby. Then the receptionist came back with a man who had a powerful aura. “Hello, I’m Felix the guildmaster,” Felix offered a handshake to Vivian across the counter which she accepted, “Catherine tells me you’re here about a request we made to the merchant’s guild for a magic siphon.”

“Yes, so, you did make that request right?” Vivian asked.

“Yes, we did,” Felix responded.

“Can you give me some more details about that?” Vivian continued.

“Of course, um... we should speak elsewhere, can you come with me upstairs?” Felix requested.

“Ok.” Vivian accepted.

Upstairs, Felix revealed more information about the request. The young girl in question was just over 1 year old. The family came to the guild about two months ago thinking the adventurers might have more resources to be able to find a potential solution. An adventuring party has actually accepted the job and set out to find the resources needed to create an actual magic siphon, namely they’re looking for extremely rare and specialized materials, as well as charge crystals that can hold excess mana, and they’ll have to replenish them periodically if this is to become an effective long term solution.

Felix then suggested that Vivian go and aid the family while the adventurers searched for the materials. While they’re out searching, she could aid the family in the meantime, since the nature of her body allows her to absorb excess magic power. The two of them discussed living arrangements, payment, and start time, then came to an agreement. The first thing for Vivian to do was go back to the ranch to say goodbye, then spend her last night there.

As Vivian left the guild several people were eyeing her physique wondering if her bosom got even bigger. At a 69-inch bust line, she had in fact gotten bigger, and she looked *nice*. If you’ve ever heard or seen those toy balloons with the rubber band called punching balloons, each boob was about that size.

Vivian made her way back to the ranch to share the news, collect her last paycheck, and sleep the night. As Vivian was removing her extra garments, the first person to greet her when she got back was Lilly.

“Vivian, you’re back, finally!” Lilly exclaimed.

“Hey, got things figured out,” Vivian explained.

“Can we play now?” Lilly asked.

“Yeah, of course. What do you want to play?”

“Chase!” Lilly runs off into the meadow, “Catch me if you can!”

“Wait Lilly, you know I’m too big for running!” Vivian called out.

“Awww...” Lilly returned to Vivian.

“Can you pick a game where I don’t have to run?” Vivian asked.

“Like what?” Lilly responded.

Vivian started making suggestions, “Like a tabletop game, or catch or-”

“Hide & Seek?” Lilly interrupted.

“Or hide and seek.” Vivian agreed.

“Ok, I want to play that, close your eyes and count to... 50!” Lilly takes off running again.

Vivian calls to her, “Don’t leave the ranch! ... One! Two! Three!”

While Vivian is counting Tom came up to her and stopped her after ‘12’. It seemed that the smell of alcohol had vanished.

“Did you figure something out?” Tom asked.

“...Something about future employment? Yeah, I got something.”

“Good to hear. I have your last wages with me,” Tom held a platinum coin out to Vivian.

“Oh, wow, are you sure this is the right amount?” She asked.

“This money also accounts for the retirement and benefits I owe you, plus a little bonus to round out the numbers. Being the last minotaur to remain with the ranch, it's the least I can do.” Tom reasoned.

“Ah, well, thank you. This is really generous.” Vivian accepted.

“Will you be here for long?” Tom asked.

“This will be my last night, at least that’s the plan,” Vivian responded.

“Ok, I’ll be in the house. Make sure Lilly gets back before dark,” Tom left.

“I will,” Vivian put the platinum coin into a pouch hidden in her hair.

She waited a short while before heading out to seek Lilly’s hiding spot. She was hiding in a tree, and it took Vivian about 20 minutes to find her. After a couple more rounds the two of them changed to playing ‘eye spy’. Lilly had been running around and was very tired at this point. She got to rest comfortably against Vivian’s 74-inch bust, enough boob to basically turn Vivian into a living bean bag chair.

“Daddy says we’re leaving soon, and we’ll be away for a long time,” Lilly explained.

“I know,” Vivian responded, “There’s no need to worry, I’m sure you’ll be fine.”

“No, I’m worried about you!” Lilly sat up and turned to face Vivian.

“About me?” Vivian asked.

“Yeah, you said before that you’re alive because daddy gives you money,” Lilly explained.

“Oh, well, he’s not the only one who can give me money. I’ve already worked out how-,” Vivian got cut off.

Lilly continues, “What about your milk, don’t you need the machine to milk you or you’ll explode?”

“What? No, I’m not going to explode,” Vivian assures, “I’ve never heard of a Minotaur blowing up because of milk buildup. If I get too full my body will just stop making it. And there are other ways of getting my milk out.”

“There are, what are they?” Lilly asked, “I want to help milk you!”

“Uh, you really shouldn’t. Someone will have to tell you about it when you’re older.” Vivian explained.

“Whaaaaat? No fair,” Lilly pouted.

“Sorry. But seriously, you don’t need to worry about me, I’ll be fine,” Vivian assured.

“Ok,” Lilly said with a sigh. She then flopped forward. She was going for a hug but there were a couple bags of milk in the way.

Vivian escorted Lilly back home, then went to sleep in the barn. The next morning she woke slowly and felt bloated. Her milk makers had grown to 84 inches overnight. She slept in a position accommodating her growing assets: lying on top of them so she wouldn’t risk being suffocated, they were quite heavy, and put together they’d be about the size of a yoga ball. Sighing and stretching on the ground, she prepared herself. Then she wrestled the soft fleshy balls off the ground and stood up. Stretched once more, then headed out.

As she left the ranch, she waved goodbye to Lilly as Tom was taking her to school. Then they parted ways. Vivian traveled with only a small bag full of spare clothes. It rested on one hip with its thin strapping slung over the opposite shoulder. She was on her way to the city again, with her coat and shorts on again.

Through the meadows and the mountains, Vivian walked along. She walked until she reached a mansion just outside the city, on the far side from where she entered. This was an abandoned noble’s estate that was purchased by a local wealthy merchant. When Vivian finally made it to the front door she activated the magic charm equivalent to a doorbell called a “pointer”. When activated the owner of the house would have a transparent arrow appear in their field of vision pointing towards the front door. Originally they were used to find lost items or help adventurers and travelers find their way between distant cities. The qualities of the arrow, like its shape, size, and length, could indicate to the house owner the magic potential of the one at the door. As Vivian activated the stone, she demonstrated a very strong magical aura.

The house owner, Marcus, appeared at the door and was met with the most alluring sight he’d seen in years. After the long journey, Vivian’s chest had time to fill up even further to 87 inches. She’s between comparable sizes at this point, somewhere between a yoga ball and two bean bag chairs. Marcus couldn’t see her torso at all. He was informed that a cowgirl would be coming to help him, but he wasn’t expecting her to be so full when she arrived. He took a second to collect himself.

“Hello. I’m guessing you’re Vivian?” Marcus asked.

“Yep, that’s me. Good to meet you, Marcus,” Vivian responded.



“Um, I hope this doesn’t come off the wrong way, but shouldn’t you have... emptied yourself before coming here?” Marcus asked cautiously.

“I suppose I should have, but I don’t have access to a machine for it currently,” Vivian responded.

“Oh, you don’t? Why not?” Marcus asked.

“Because before yesterday I used the one my previous employer kept for me,” Vivian explained.

Marcus, still confused, asked, “Your previous employer had a machine but not you?”

“I used to work as a producer on a ranch. There used to be several cowgirls there and we could all use the same machine for cheap,” Vivian explained further.

“Wouldn’t you have had one before working there?” Marcus asked.

“I didn’t produce milk before working there,” Vivian explained.

Marcus sighs, “Alright, so what happens when you start working as a magic siphon for my daughter? Are you just going to fill up the whole house?”

“No, no. Once I reach my maximum size I’ll naturally stop siphoning magic,”

“Ok, so I’ll have to get you a milking machine then if you’re going to be able to do your work?” Marcus asked.

“Yes,” Vivian affirmed.

“How big is your maximum size?” Marcus continued.

“I don’t know, my maximum should increase as I get older until I’m around 40, and the last time I reached it I was... filling a station wagon,” Vivian answered.

“How old are you now?” Marcus asked.

Vivian, shocked at his bluntness, responded, “23.”

“Ok, and were you planning on telling me all of this?” Marcus accused.

“Yes.” Vivian deflected.

Marcus paused, sighed, relaxed, and continued, “Alright, good deal. You should come in now.”

Vivian entered the mansion and immediately felt a small change in the magic in the area. Her body was processing it and making milk a little bit faster. Her bikini strings felt a little tighter, her coat’s buttons strained a little more.

As he led Vivian through the house, Marcus said, “I’ll have to introduce you to my wife, Jasmine. She’s taking care of our little one now. Also, the adventuring party that’s working on the siphon will be coming to check in soon. Well, their leaders will be coming by that is.”

“Are we going to your daughter’s room then?” Vivian asked.

“Yes, one of her rooms. We have to move her around to keep her safe from the magic buildup.” Marcus responded.

“What’s her name?” Vivian asked.

“My daughter’s name is ‘Rose’,” Marcus responded.

As they got closer to the room Vivian could feel the increasing density of magic in the air as it was being processed in her body. The kid was producing a lot of magic power. Vivian decided to make a quick change while Marcus wasn't looking. She took a replacement coat out of her bag that was larger than the one she was wearing, put it on over the smaller coat, then just as one of the buttons popped off, she removed the smaller coat and put it in the bag. The straining bikini top would have to wait.

"Alright, we're here," Marcus announced. He opened the door to his daughter's current room. "Hey, honey! The cowgirl the adventurer's guild told us about is here."

In the room was only a crib with a mobile and a chair where Jasmine was sitting. The dark blue window curtains were shut and a sense of foreboding came from the room. The magic blocked everyone's sense of smell. To them, the air smelled almost like stagnant water.

The magic was strongest here, it had permeated the entire room, about the same density everywhere, even near where the child was. Since Vivian stepped foot in the mansion, her milk production had accelerated so she had already gained another inch on her bust line. She was now 88 inches, and the new speed of her production threatened to surpass that change even faster. Although this also meant that the magic was being filtered out of the air. In just moments the density of magic power decreased enough for everyone to notice.

"Hi there, I'm Jasmine," said the wife.

"Hi, it's nice to meet you," Vivian responded.

"Thank you for coming. Now our little girl might survive a while longer." Jasmine said.

"I'm guessing this is her?" Vivian asked.

"Yes, come here," Jasmine requested. She stood up and began moving Rose toward Vivian. "Your first task will be to hold her."

"Ok," Vivian accepted with a smile. As soon as she grabbed Rose her bikini top popped underneath the coat which muffled it a bit so it just sounded like a joint cracked.

The child was small and frail. Bundled in a blanket she seemed to sleep comfortably atop Vivian's bust, now 89 inches around. Rose seemed to be about the right age to begin attempting to walk, but her skin was so pale it was as though she hadn't seen the sun all her life. Her breath was so weak it could be overpowered by the meadow's breeze.

"Oh, wow," Jasmine said. In the dark dizzying haze of the room, Jasmine had only now noticed Vivian's incredibly large bust.

"Hm?" Vivian asked.

"Nothing," Jasmine responded.

Marcus chimed in, "I feel like the air is already getting lighter. Hun, what do you think?"

"Oh, yeah, you're right. I guess this is your doing?" Jasmine said, gesturing towards Vivian.

Vivian turned her gaze from Rose to her Parents, “Yep, whether I wanted it to or not, my body is turning all the magic in the air into milk, and it’s all stored: right here.”

Vivian gestured to her tits, now 90 inches around. She was leaning back a noticeable amount now to counterbalance them.

“I guess that means, we’ll have to find a bigger room for her,” Jasmine remarked.

“Which room am I going to be staying in?” Vivian asked.

“It’s the next room actually,” Marcus explained.

Vivian followed Marcus, now holding Rose and being followed by their mother.

When they got to the room the door was open. The room was slightly larger than the one they were just in.

“Ok, this can work for now,” Vivian accepted. Inside the room was a minimal amount of decoration, the space was populated by a crib with another mobile for the child, a chair, and a bed for Vivian. A large window centered on the far wall let in some natural light.

“Before we forget, could you go around the house and ‘scrub’ the place clean of excess magic?” Marcus asked.

“Oh, right. Of course.” Vivian agreed.

Rose was left in the crib in this last room monitored by her parents while Vivian went through every room in the house. She went everywhere upon instruction about all the mansion’s rooms and facilities. She was sure to spend more time in the rooms where Rose had slept in previous nights. Once she was done Vivian had cleaned the whole mansion, and she simply needed to wait with the source of the magic to keep it that way.

Vivian stumbled in after struggling with the doorway. She was breathing a bit heavily, and being very cautious not to bump into anything. Her new size was relatively inconvenient and seemed to be about the most she could handle. She sat down in the chair and leaned backward to let her yoga ball sized, 112-inch boobs rest on the chair’s arms which complained with a loud creek when she did so. Vivian knew she wouldn’t be able to keep her coat on for much longer, but she didn’t have the energy to undo the straining buttons.

“Oh my, how do you handle... all that?” Jasmine asked.

Vivian, still panting, replied, “Carefully.”

“It seems the adventurers still aren’t back yet,” Marcus complained. “I told them to get back here quickly since I knew you’d be coming.”

“That’s fine, I need to catch my breath anyway,” Vivian explained. She turned to Jasmine, “Would you mind bringing me a glass of water? And clear the room, I don’t want these buttons to hit you.”

“Oh, well of course,” Jasmine accepted.

As they waited, Vivian’s body cleaned out the current room of excess magic and swelled further to 115 inches before the adventurers arrived. Vivian had a shallow

breath due to the ever shrinking amount of space in her shirt. She figured 'enough is enough' and took a deep breath in. POP! POP! POP! The buttons all flew off her shirt.

"My, this place is already feeling much better!" A voice shouted from outside the room. "You said you had someone come in to clean up, who is this magician? OH! Uh, hello miss."

The voice came from a man with short blonde hair and square stature. He had light armor on and wielded a sword sheathed against one hip. This combat-ready attire combined with the backpack he was wearing suggested he was an adventurer. THE adventurer Vivian had been waiting to meet with. As he entered the room Vivian was in he caught sight of her majestic size and stopped in his tracks.

"I'm guessing you're the one they were talking about. Hi, my name's Chest, I mean Chris. Well, Christopher, but people call me Chris," said Chris.

"And I'm guessing you're the leader of the adventuring party responsible for the magic siphon?" Vivian asked.

"Only one of them," another voice came from behind Chris. A young woman built like an hourglass with a little extra muscle appeared from behind him. She wore similar armor but had no visible weapon.

She lightly smacks Chris behind the head. "Quit ogling her, and show her the crystal."

"Ow, I wasn't ogling her," Chris retorted.

"Oooh? Are you sure? Cuz I know your name isn't 'chest'," the girl teased.

"It was a slip of the tongue, can we move on?" Chris pleaded. "This is Julie, otherwise known as Jewels,"

"Otherwise known as 'Tidal Wave' by the adventurers in the adventurer's guild," Julie boasted.

Not wanting her to continue, Chris said, "Yes, we're the ones taking care of the magic siphon. Since we're here, we'd like you to have a look at this."

Chris held up a small glowing gemstone radiating a brilliant pink. The crystal had spots that looked like dark mud. Vivian held out her hand to accept the item and then looked closely for a moment.

"This is a magic storage crystal isn't it?" Vivian claimed confidently.

"Ah, good. I was wondering if it was the right kind. So we did find them," Chris breathed a sigh of relief.

"I should mention, I haven't seen one before, I've only heard about them. But I can sense the magic energy inside of it," Vivian explained.

"You can sense that?" Chris asked.

"Yeah, in fact, if I wanted to I bet I could-" Before finishing her sentence Vivian grasped the gem, enveloping it in her hand. A faint pink glow washed over her and her chest surged with growth. The skin of her titties spilled over the sides of the chair and they pressed against her knees. In their growth, the chair creaked warning that it was about to break. Now at a hefty 134 inches, Vivian didn't have to lean so far forward to let

her chest rest on the ground, so that's just what she did, let her bosom roll off the chair to save it from falling apart.

Opening her hand again Vivian revealed a deep amber-colored gem instead of the spotted pink that it was earlier.

Vivian explained, "Yep, as I suspected, I was able to absorb the magic energy from it."

"Oh, that is what the uncharged ones look like!" Chris exclaimed.

"See, I told you they were good," Julie remarked.

"Hey, I still let you gather them all," Chris rebutted.

"But it was only me, if everyone was gathering both varieties we'd have a lot more. Now we have only charged ones, and we have to find a way to discharge them," Julie explained.

There was a moment's pause in the conversation as Chris silently looked at Vivian, looked at Julie, then gestured toward Vivian, then looked at Vivian.

"Before you ask, no, I shouldn't be the one to discharge them," Vivian told them.

"Why not? We just watched you discharge that one," Chris pointed at the gem in Vivian's hand

"Yes, but, as I'm sure you noticed, the magic power was turned into milk in my body. If I get too big I can't absorb any more. And I need to continue being able to absorb Rose's magic power. So unless you get a milking machine for me, I can't do it." Vivian explained.

"Wait, but what happens if you get too big before we get the siphon working? If there's no machine by then are you just gonna stop absorbing magic?" Julie asked.

"Yes, although there is another way to get it out, but I'd rather only use it in an emergency," Vivian answered.

"Ok, so there is a contingency plan then. Oh, by the way, you might be aware of this, but your nipples are showing." Julie informed.

Vivian's chest had grown so large that what was left of her coat was too small to cover anything. "Yeah. I don't think I have any clothes quite this large," Vivian responded. She thought for a moment then solved the problem by standing up and rolling her bosom forward so her nipples were smushed underneath.

With her whole weight on her chest, Vivian looked at the adventurers saying, "Don't look," in a joking tone and smiling at the ridiculousness of the situation.

After this, the adventurers discussed the specifics of what they were doing for the merchant's family. Chris has experience as an artificer, and through his connections found one artificer by the name of Darmorr who figured he could make a magic siphon. The adventuring party had been searching mines and dungeons for the necessary materials, the latest expedition was for the mana crystals. The method of channeling magic into mana crystals was well-known, however, it required conscious manipulation. The lynchpin of the magic siphon was finding a method of channeling magic power without the need for a person's conscious intervention. Some special materials were

needed for this, and the adventurers have been having trouble just figuring out where they might get the resources. The mana crystals however were easy to find, licensing the right to mine them was not, this day just happened to be one day the party was allowed to collect them.

Marcus was considering having all personnel involved in the production of the magic siphon take up residence in the mansion now that Vivian successfully cleared all of the excess magic power and is caring for their daughter. He waited for the next day before discussing the details with her.

The adventurers left after this exchange of information and Vivian checked in on Rose. Vivian saw that she was a little restless, so she picked up the child and rested her atop her bosom. Rose was much calmer now. "Well, I'm glad I can help you sleep soundly little one."

Vivian fell asleep holding Rose while lying on top of her boobs and for a good 10 hours while they were asleep Vivian absorbed all the excess magic power. While it was slower than the surge from the crystal, Vivian's breasts swelled, heaved, and groaned as they made copious amounts of milk. By morning it had been about 42 hours since Vivian last got milked, and she absorbed more magic power in that time than she normally would in a month.

Vivian woke up still clutching Rose wrapped in her blanket bundle, then looked down and tried to find the ground. Vivian's bosom had grown to about 217 inches and she had weighed them down, meaning she had squished a dip in the center. She was mature enough as a cowgirl to withstand large sizes, but now her skin was beginning to feel stretched around her bosom. The increased sensitivity allowed Vivian to now feel the flow of milk as she continued to grow. She rested a bit, enjoying that feeling, then rocked her way off the top of her gargantuan globes.

She went backward feet first, and the first thing they hit was the back of the chair she was sitting in yesterday. She had to kick it away on the way down and then she straightened herself out. Standing on the ground the top of Vivian's boobs were at about shoulder level compared to her. She placed Rose back in her crib then grabbed the chair, sat down, and waited for Marcus; rubbing her bloated skin in the meantime.

"Good morning" Marcus called as he entered.

Vivian couldn't see past her bust as she was sitting in her chair, so she wouldn't have known Marcus was there if he didn't say something. Vivian responded, "Good morning."

Marcus walked around the fleshy orbs so he could speak with Vivian face to face, "Now that you've been here for a full day, we should discuss your position, dedication, and compensation."

"Dedication?" Vivian asked.

"Well, your presence here is important to Rose's survival. If you decide to leave I'll need to be informed about it," Marcus explained.

“Unless someone gets a milking machine to me, I won’t be able to go anywhere,” Vivian reminded him.

“Oh, alright, I’ll ask about it later then. For now, I suppose I don’t need to worry. Good deal,” Marcus replied.

“Right. What were the other two things?” Vivian asked.

“Position and compensation,” Marcus reiterated.

“So by ‘position’ you mean to confirm what I’m responsible for. Is my position not just like a babysitter?” Vivian reasoned.

“No, there’s more. Because I’d like to get the others I’ve hired to come and do their work from here in this mansion. So you’re also going to be responsible for keeping the level of magic power in the mansion below harmful levels. You can of course ask for help on account of your immobility,” Marcus explains.

“Ok, and my compensation for that is what you really want to talk about right?” Vivian accused.

“You are correct,” Marcus admitted.

Vivian thinks for a minute. Marcus is a merchant who’s good at haggling, so this is gonna be a tough fight for fair compensation. “Since I’m stuck here, you’ll bring me the essentials like food and water won’t you?”

“Yes, that’s understandable, I’ll have one or more of my servants tend to your well-being. Your compensation beyond that is what we’ll discuss,” Marcus concedes.

“Ok, so since my work is essential to the well-being of everyone in the mansion and essential to Rose’s life. All of that’s worth a lot right?” Vivian reasoned.

“Hmm... yes. Although I don’t know if I’d call it ‘essential’. After all, we had to work with what we had in the time before you showed up,” Marcus countered. “Why not tell me what payment you think is fair? I’m sure we could come to an agreement from there.”

“Sir, I’d say I firmly believe a weekly wage of 1 gold coin is fair for this type of work,” Vivian proposed.

“Oh, well that’s far too high, in my professional opinion with the care we’re providing you, a weekly wage of 25 silver coins is more than reasonable,” Marcus demanded.

“Honey, are you really haggling with this poor girl?” Jasmine called from the doorway.

“Oh, well yes honey. We do need to make sure we give her fair compensation,” Marcus reasons.

“Why would you make it so difficult?” Jasmine walks around Vivian’s chest to stand in front of her husband. She calmly places a hand on Vivian’s shoulder and asks, “What was the initial amount you asked for?”

“I asked for 1 gold coin a week ma’am,” Vivian answered.

“You’ll get 2 then,” Jasmine replied.

“What? Honey, we don’t have to spend that much on her,” Marcus argued.

“If you won’t I will. Or did you forget that I also bring money home with me,” Jasmine concluded.

Jasmine left in a huff, and Marcus followed after her. Before she exited the door, however, she informed Vivian, “By the way, the adventurers will be back later. We’ll be out so they’ll have to report their progress to you.”

“Ok, Thank you!” Vivian called back from behind her large pink wreckingball-sized tits.

As the air settled Vivian reassessed her size, it was good for her to remain aware of her growth. She had grown some since she woke up, now resting at around 224 inches. She looked over at the crib to check on Rose. After all the arguing she could end up distressed. Rose’s eyes were wide open, looking at her. That was probably the first time Vivian ever saw Rose’s eyes. She went over to pick her up. She already seemed healthier. Vivian rested Rose on her chest again, it was similar to holding her since normally people hold children in front of their chest, but that wasn’t really possible at that point. Instead Rose got an extra squishy bed.

Several hours passed before the Adventurers came back. In that time Vivian’s breasts grew even further to 253 inches. At that size, they were just below Vivian’s eye level. Rose was in her crib again, sleeping. The same two adventurers showed up; Chris and Julie greeted Vivian as they entered, then walked to her side so they could see Vivian as they gave their report. Chris actually went so far as to sit on the ground giving a grunt and a sigh as he went down.

“Alright, we don’t know how much you know, or have picked up on so if you have any questions feel free to ask,” Julie informed.

“Ok,” Vivian acknowledged.

“First off, we informed everyone about the new living arrangements the family offered them. Our party is moving in as we speak, and Darmorr, the artificer, is going to be coming in a few days. He’s got a lot of stuff that he needs to package,” Chris informed.

“Ok,” Vivian acknowledged.

“As for the parts, before today we gathered the mana crystals, the specialized structural material Darmorr requested, and 3 out of the 20 special materials needed that are hard to come by,” Chris continued.

“What do you mean by ‘Special Materials’?” Vivian asked.

“Most of the materials for the device are common and can be purchased in the city. The materials that are harder to come by are our responsibility. We just call the collection of them all ‘special materials’,” Julie clarified.

“So as I said, there’s 20 in total, and before today we managed to find 3. Today, we finally acquired a 4th,” Chris explained.

“Oh, well congratulations.” Vivian acknowledged.

Chris let out another sigh as he laid on his back. “Great, the report’s done. Now we can relax.”



“Chris, aren’t you going to help me get everyone’s stuff inside?” Julie asked.

“I got all my shit. You’re the one who wanted to help everyone, I’m staying here,” Chris answered.

Julie sighs and leaves with a “Fine.”

“You really want to stay here? There’s only one chair and I’m using it,” Vivian questioned.

“Of course, with you here filtering the magic power and the fact that the kid is the most precious thing in the mansion to this family, this is probably the safest place in the mansion. Also, I’ve been instructed to guard you two at night, so best get used to each other at least,” Chris explained.

“That makes sense,” Vivian reasoned.

“So you know, you’re the first cowgirl I’ve talked to,” Chris informed.

“Really?” Vivian responded.

“Yep, I’ve spoken to a minotaur-bull before, but never a minotaur-heifer,” Chris explained.

“Huh, I would’ve thought you’d see us all the time. Especially with all the traveling you must do as an adventurer,” Vivian said.

“Oh, well yes, I’ve seen a lot of you girls before, but never got to talk to one,” Chris clarified.

“Oh, I see,” Vivian realized.

“So at your last job, you were ranched and made milk for your employer right? Along with a bunch of other gals?”

“Yeah, they started leaving one by one and eventually the ranch had to be sold. I was the last cowgirl there,” Vivian explained.

“Sounds to me like you miss them,” Chris observed.

“Yeah, after they left the ranch felt lonely. The rancher’s daughter Lily seemed to like spending time with me though,” Vivian reminisced.

“Before taking this job I had to work solo on a lot of missions. Wandering a dungeon on your own with nothing but a sword and shield can really make you miss having people around,” Chris related.

After a pause in the conversation, Rose interrupted by trying to get Vivian’s attention. Vivian went to get her again. She placed Rose on her boobs, then pressed down on them rhythmically so Rose bounced on top of them. Rose smiled.

“Is this the largest your chest has been?” Chris asked.

Vivian answered, “No, I’ve been bigger than this.”

“Really? I find it hard to believe,” Chris responded.

“Well, believe it or not, I’ve filled a station wagon before,” Vivian told him.

“What? How did that happen?” Chris asked.

Vivian responded, “I was traveling between ranches, this was back when my employer still owned two of them. We were given grass which boosts our production, but the trip took much longer than anyone had anticipated. It was me and two other

girls, we were too big to all fit on the same cart so a couple of us were left behind and they came back for us. I was the last girl they transported and if I hadn't already reached my max size, I don't know if the wagon would've lasted long enough to get me to the milking machine."

"Wow, so were you the biggest girl on the ranch? Or was there someone even bigger?" Chris asked.

"Oh, wouldn't you like to know, huh?" Vivian teased.

"I'm... just curious. You don't have to answer though... if you don't want to." Chris conceded.

"No, it's fine, this one's short. There was a girl who tried to make a protest about our work or something. She didn't use the milking machine for as long as she could. I think she got twice as big as I did when I got stranded," Vivian relayed.

"Damn, you girls can get that big?" Chris asked.

"Yeah, as far as I know, there's no theoretical maximum size all cowgirls stay under. Like, we all have the potential to get to the size of a lake. I haven't heard of that happening though," Vivian explained.

"Well, let me know if it does. I'd like to see that," Chris requested.

The conversation slowed down from there and Chris left soon after. That was Vivian's last interaction for the day. It wasn't until the day after that she spoke with someone else. Enough time had passed at this point that her bust was 349 inches around. Vivian's swelling was progressing rapidly, and now her boobs were taller than she was. Jasmine came in late the next morning to talk with her again.

"Good morning Vivian. Good morning Rose," Jasmine said as she entered.

"Good morning," said Vivian.

"Dah-," said Rose.

Jasmine walked past the concerningly huge growing pink orbs to talk with Vivian. She was holding Rose sort of between her face and her boobs, since now her chest was too tall to safely put a kid on top of them.

"How's our little one doing?" Jasmine asked.

"Oh, I'd say she's doing pretty well. Just two days since I came here and she's already far more active," Vivian assured.

She was right, Rose was looking around and reaching for things now, her skin had some color back, and she would speak occasionally.

"Eeehh-!" said Rose.

"Ah, well that's great news. I'm so glad you came when you did, I don't know how much longer she would've lasted otherwise," Jasmine confided.

"Oh, I don't think you need to be too worried. She probably could've lasted a lot longer, she's very strong," Vivian assured.

"Aaaahhh-!" said Rose. She reached both arms toward her mother.

Jasmine got closer, "I'd like to hold her for a sec."

Vivian and Jasmine exchanged Rose. She seemed quite happy to be held by her mother. Rose stared at her with a big smile, and played with her hair, and just generally acted like a toddler.

When Rose turned her attention to her mother's DD's Vivian commented, "Yeah, she seems quite fascinated with mine too."

"Well it's no wonder. You've grown to such an impressive size it's hard to miss." Jasmine replied. "How do you feel about them? I get people ogling me all the time when I'm working, I can only imagine what you deal with."

"I've gotten used to it. There isn't one person I've met, man or woman, who hasn't spent at least a short moment looking directly at them," Vivian revealed.

"Even when they were... uh, not full?" Jasmine asked.

"Yes, even at my natural size it still happens," Vivian answered. "Oh, that reminds me, I'd like to reiterate that I'll need you or your husband to get me a milking machine. I won't be able to continue absorbing magic power if I max out my size, and this room is getting a little cramped."

"Ah, yes. I think I remember you mentioning that. I've been looking but I can't find one that's cheap and nearby, so I'll probably have to save up about 6 months salary to get one for you," Jasmine explained.

"You'll do it on your own? Are you sure?" Vivian asked concerned.

"Yes, I'm sure. If Marcus won't do it, then I'll have to. That's why I got my own job," Jasmine affirmed.

"If you don't mind me asking, what do you do and how much do you make?" Vivian asked.

"I'm a seamstress. I work for noble families and earn around 4-5 gold coins every week," Jasmine responded.

"Wait, so that would mean you offered me half your salary, Is that a good idea?" Vivian questioned.

"I'll be fine, hun. The baby's worth it," Jasmine concluded. She looked at Vivian with a feigned expression of calm reassurance: kind eyes and a gentle smile. She handed Rose back to Vivian. "The adventurers will be back later, they might come and talk to you."

"O-ok," said Vivian.

Jasmine left and Vivian and Rose were alone again. Vivian checked on Rose who had a concerned look on her face. Vivian rocked her to sleep and placed her in her crib. Then at night several hours later the adventurers did come back. Chris and Julie both came in and were surprised at the wall of titty flesh they were met with. In the time she was waiting Vivian's boobs grew to 406 inches. Large enough each one could be used as a lofted bed.

"Wow, you're getting big!" Julie decided to point out the obvious.

"Hey guys," Vivian greeted them.

The adventurers sat on the ground next to each other to Vivian's side where she could see them. Even if it was cramped they definitely preferred being able to see Vivian's face as they spoke.

"Well, we made some progress," Chris began. "Unfortunately, there's still at least half of that dungeon left to conquer."

"Doesn't it usually take a couple days to conquer a dungeon?" Vivian asked.

"Normally yes, but I fear this one may take even longer," Chris explains.

"The poor guy's afraid of slimes," Julie remarked.

"Shut it, you're not much better," Chris rebutted.

"Excuse me!?" Julie exclaimed.

Chris turned to Vivian and said, "I'll admit it. I don't like slimes. Let's just say I have some bad experiences with them invading my 'personal space'. So there's that, as well as the fact that Julie is a fucking clutz."

"I- ok." Julie's retort got caught in her throat. She grinned as she knew what was coming.

"She fell so many times in that dungeon. 4 times?" Chris discussed.

"5 times," Julie corrected.

"5 times, she fell 5 times, broke another party member's weapon, missed a water stream attack. I don't even know how you did that last one," Chris continued.

"Well the channeling crystal was cracked, so I couldn't aim properly," Julie reasoned.

"And it was cracked because?" Chris started the sentence.

"Because I fell on it," Julie finished the sentence. She smiled at the ridiculousness of her actions.

"Exactly. And here you are, ready to tell me I'm holding us back," Chris argued.

"Wait, no, hold on. Aren't you an artificer too," Julie prompted.

"I... have experience in the field," Chris responded.

"Right, so explain to me how you forgot what an uncharged mana crystal looks like?" Julie countered.

"I-" Chris's retort got caught in his throat.

"You two are a class act, you know that?" Vivian chimed in.

"Yes, it's really entertaining to watch this girl fall on her ass all the time," Chris teased.

Julie didn't respond, she just lightly backhanded Chris in the head.

\*BONK\*

"Ow," said Chris.

"What about you Vivian? With those massive weights attached to you, even when they're normal size you've got to lose your balance a lot right?" Julie asked.

"Hmm...no, can't say I've fallen over that much because of them," Vivian assessed.

"Seriously, how?" Julie questioned.

“Well, I will say I haven’t gone exploring dungeons or even carried anything around while they were full. So I guess I never really had the chance to tip over in the first place,” Vivian assured.

“Hmm... How big are you anyway, do you know?” Julie asked.

“No clue. BIG! That’s all I got,” Vivian responded.

Julie got up and squeezed her way around Vivian’s bust, trying to assess her size. Chris watched them intensely.

“Ok, so like the width of my body away from each wall except the one with the door, the room is... 7 pales?” Julie questioned.

“I think so,” Vivian agreed.

“That means you’re about 5 pales wide,” Julie gestured her arms to Vivian’s left and right sides, “...and maybe 4 and 1/2 pales deep,” she gestured her arms towards, and away from Vivian.

“Yep, hopefully I get milked, or relocated soon.” Vivian acknowledged.

The adventurers soon left to go to their rooms.

This routine continued where Vivian would just wait for the others in the mansion to come talk to her. It repeated for a long time. The merchant would occasionally drop by to deliver the necessities he promised instead of having the servants do it all the time. The mother came to check in on her daughter every morning, and was sure to give Vivian the 2 gold coins she was promised every week. And the adventurers came in everyday to chat and bellyache about the trouble they have to go through to get these materials.

The last dialogue was from the end of the third day since Vivian came to the mansion. And at the end of it, just after her conversation with the adventurers, Vivian fell asleep holding breasts that measured 430 inches.

Later, on day 5, the adventurers came back with another of the materials they needed to complete the magic siphon. This was part 5 out of 20, and that night Vivian’s bust measured 527 inches. This was the point Vivian’s chest was touching every wall except the one with the door. She had to be moved, the adventurers spent a lot of time squeezing Vivian through the door, down the hall, and into the library which was much larger. Rose and her crib were also transported, and the routine continued from there.

Part 6/20

Acquired on day 7

Vivian’s bust was 605 inches.

Part 7/20

Acquired on day 10

Vivian’s bust was 741 inches.

Part 8/20

Acquired on day 11  
Vivian's bust was 792 inches.

Part 9/20  
Acquired on day 16  
Vivian's bust was 1129 inches.

Part 10/20  
Acquired on day 18  
Vivian's bust was 1262 inches.

Part 11/20  
Acquired on day 22  
Vivian's bust was 1323 inches.

Part 12/20  
Acquired on day 23  
Vivian's bust was 1380 inches.

Part 13/20  
Acquired on day 32  
Vivian's bust was 1694 inches.

Part 14/20  
Acquired on day 36  
Vivian's bust was 1815 inches.

Part 15/20  
Acquired on day 38  
Vivian's bust was 1858 inches.

Part 16/20  
Acquired on day 41  
Vivian's bust was 1903 inches.

Part 17/20  
Acquired on day 48  
Vivian's bust was 2085 inches.

Part 18/20  
Acquired on day 56

Vivian's bust was 2451 inches.

Part 19/20

Acquired on day 58

Vivian's bust was 2502 inches.

Part 20/20

Acquired on day 66

Vivian's bust was 2988 inches.

Finally, after a grueling 2 months, the adventurers had successfully acquired the materials for the magic siphon, and it could be constructed. In the meantime Vivian has been growing non-stop, reaching 3047 inches by the time the device was finished. Vivian was honestly surprised that she continued to grow so big. The room was nearly full of her flesh, maybe a quarter of the room was left to be filled. She had been begging for a milking machine the entire time, but nobody could find and afford one. Although secretly some of them just wanted to see her get bigger.

The furniture in the room had been slowly pushed back as she grew, a few tables with chairs all around, some smaller bookshelves, even the chandelier wasn't safe from the onslaught of boob. The library was evacuated of furniture by the end of the first month giving Vivian enough space to grow. There was enough space in there to fit the adventurer's guild hall, and Vivian filled about 85% of the open space, there was just enough for people to walk around the edges. Since the library was constructed in the center of the mansion, the skylight was the only source of light after the chandelier was taken away, so Vivian was given an oil lamp for nighttime.

Vivian had built up a great rapport with everyone in the mansion including Marcus. So they were all happy to gather with her as the device was activated. An audible gurgling sound emanating from the boobs had started around a month ago. By now everyone was used to it, but that in combination with a stretching sensation made Vivian a little concerned. No matter, after activating the device her production should slow to a slight trickle of milk, although she would miss the feeling of high levels of milk production. It felt oddly satisfying.

Vivian held Rose as Jasmine placed the device on Rose's head. The device was like a small helmet, there was a strap to hold it on, and a second part that was worn like a backpack held the heavier parts of the device. Mana crystals were charged and deposited into an external pouch when full, then the device would shine an indicator light when it was low on replacement crystals. Allegedly there was another device elsewhere that could discharge the magic into the atmosphere at a much lower concentration.

Vivian let out a sigh of relief when she felt that the device was working. Her milk production and growth had stopped and the gurgling noise subsided. Now all she

needed was a milking machine which she reiterated to everyone there. Vivian remained in place and was responsible for caring for Rose when her parents were away. Meanwhile, everyone searched for a milking machine. A couple weeks went by, nobody found anything. The artificer suggested he make one himself, but it would take time. Then, IT happened.

One day while the parents were looking after their daughter and Vivian was asleep (harboring 3-4 tons of milk like that can tire someone out quickly) some trouble occurred. The full mana crystals had been left to pile up for the full two weeks since the device was activated. The reason being that they hadn't finalized construction on the distributor that would discharge them. The used crystals had been getting warm as they were reacting to one another, but this went unnoticed by the parents. Once the 14th crystal dropped into the external pouch the crystals shone brightly and became extremely hot. The parents took immediate notice and rushed to the artificer who informed them that the magic power was too dense, and the crystals were going to explode and there was no way to prevent it. The reaction had already started, separating the crystals wouldn't help. Seeing no other options, they went to Vivian.

Hearing the commotion outside Vivian was stirred from her sleep, and when the parents arrived with what looked like a baby with a glowing diaper Vivian was fairly surprised. They explained the situation and asked for advice, they somehow got this impression that Vivian would know more about magic power than the artificer, so they went to her in a panic to find out if there was a way to dispel it.

Vivian sighed knowing what she had to do now, and grabbed the pouch of crystals. Everyone was kind of thinking of this solution but nobody wanted to say it out loud. Vivian took the crystals and activated the same transfer spell as before and absorbed all of the magic power within the crystals. The parents both breathed a sigh of relief but Vivian knew better.

"You should get everyone out of the building now," Vivian demanded.

"What, why?" Marcus asked.

His question was answered by a loud gurgling sound and a surge of growth from Vivian's chest.

"Seriously? Did you forget what I am? I'm a cowgirl. I absorb magic and turn it into milk," Vivian told him in an irate tone of voice. "Now get everyone out, but tell Chris to come here, he might be able to help."

"Chris?" Marcus questioned.

"Stop asking questions and help handle the situation!" Vivian shouted. "Tell Julie we'll need her water magic!"

The couple did as they were told. Meanwhile Vivian's breasts were growing at an unprecedented speed. The surges came faster than her own breath a loud groaning that sounded as though the boobs were complaining rolled through the whole mansion. Flesh piled on to the already gargantuan size Vivian had achieved. She had no idea how big she would get. Her maximum size a couple years ago was only a quarter of the



size she was at this morning. She found it hard to believe that she could grow any bigger.

But grow she did, larger and larger. Every second brought new sensations as milk was produced in gallons. Skin stretched tightly around her dramatically oversized watermelons. Wooden floorboards creaked under the intense pressure as Vivian grew more, got larger, made more milk, felt squishier, gained more weight, and she felt... Horny As Fuck!

"Vivian! Vivian!" A mature masculine voice called out from behind the hills of flesh. Vivian swallowed the drool in her mouth and turned toward where the voice came from. Moments later Chris, the adventurer she had been talking with every day for 2.5 months, reached the nearest wall where Vivian could see him. He was almost out of breath. "Vivian! There you are!" Chris scooted along the wall to meet up with Vivian. Vivian promptly dropped her bikini bottoms to entice the young man.

All around them milk flowed through the fleshy mass that conformed to the shape of the room. As Vivian's bosom grew more plentiful it pushed harder against the bookcases lining the walls. The boobs searched for any space left, and filled into the corners and pressed hard against the two people still in the room. There was a loud groaning that signaled to everyone: the growing isn't done yet. The building creaked and a few pieces of something in the walls cracked under the pressure.

"Ok, you called me in here, I assume you know of a way out of this?" Chris prompted.

"You remember I told you there's another way to get the milk out?" Vivian questioned socratically.

"Yeah!" Chris responded. He managed to push back against the monstrous mass next to him enough to turn towards Vivian.

"It's sex!" Vivian shouted plainly. She grabbed Chris by the collar. "Come here!" She then pulled Chris in for a passionate kiss.

"Would you like to fuck me Chris?" Vivian asked for consent.

Chris was giddy and had a big dumb smile on his face, like a kid at the candy store, "Of course!" He answered.

Chris then dropped his clothes as well. The adrenaline from the situation only made his right hand's favorite toy that much stiffer in this situation. Chris got behind Vivian, got himself lined up, then Vivian thrust her hips back.

"Aaahh!" they both shouted.

The boobs surrounding them were still making milk and after that first thrust of penetration there was enough pressure to blow out the library walls. Shattered wood and drywall flew outward along with the library's entire collection of books. With this new space Vivian took advantage and leaned as far forward as she could and backed up into Chris a couple steps. Her bosom continued growing. Two weeks worth of Rose's magic power surged through her. Making milk at such a speed was more than satisfying, it was downright pleasurable, orgasmic even.

As Vivian grew throughout the rest of the mansion Chris got to work with his fuckstick. Thrusting and humping like a rabbit in spring. Vivian shouted some pillowtalk back to him, "C'mon swordsman show me what you can do! Slay my pussy like the beast that it is!" The growth of Vivian's chest continued. She continued making gallons of delicious pleasurable milk. Her growth pushed the couple back further and further until they were stuck up against the next wall.

Pressure builds and sensations rise, Vivian and Chris can feel the wave of ecstasy begin to rise. Vivian makes more milk, her boobs grow more. bigger, Bigger, BIGGER!

A loud GROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAANNN!!!!!!

Followed by an

UUUUUUAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!

A loud moan, like the screams of ecstasy. Vivian climaxes as her milk is finally able to be released. Two torrential waves of white fluid puncture the wall at the front of the mansion where Julie deftly guides it all away safely into the property's storm drain.

"Hah. Hah. Keep going!" Vivian demands.

"Huh?" Chris asks, not sure if he heard her right through the ringing in his ears.

"It's not done, we have to get it all out," Vivian explains.

Upon inspection, Chris does see that she's really only gone back to the size she was that morning. Chris gives a strong thrust to start, then resumes his previous pace.

UU-AAHHH!

Another moan escapes Vivian's lips and more milk is drained from her chest.

Julie has to run inside to chase the receding breasts and continue the flow of milk she established earlier. Slowly but surely Vivian is drained of all her milk. Several puddles of the gallons of milk that Julie missed were strewn all across the mansion floor. Chris stopped his movements when he saw the release stop. Exhausted and out of breath, he leaned back against the wall, he wasn't able to catch Vivian as she fell forward into a big puddle of her own milk.

Vivian, with her tired body rolled onto her side, then curled up and fell asleep. The two adventurers watched her for a moment processing what just happened. Vivian was smiling and looked quite peaceful, that fuck followed by a huge release must have felt satisfying.

"Well that's just not fair, even when she's empty her tits are bigger," Julie commented.

Chris was still panting.

"I hope you used protection," Julie teased.

"We're different species, I'm not worried," Chris deflected.

The two adventurers then picked Vivian up and brought her to a bed in another room. Finally, Vivian gets to rest for a moment before her body starts filtering magic power again.