

# The Melody That Moved Mountains

By Michelle Cuunis

Melody, a girl on a hike meets the *faerie*, Asherah and finds herself in a new world meeting fantastic humanoids both fair and fowl (You'll see.) This is an expansion story originally submitted to the swelltales.com 'Sweater Stretch-Fest' Tale Contest. It is a *fantasy* story with a *female* main character who experiences *breast expansion* as well as *weight gain, ass growth, lactation, and others* including *penis expansion*. (But not for her, *this time*)

## Lost in the Woods

"I can't believe I've been abandoned."

The thought kept spinning through my head as my shaky legs gave out slowly forcing me to kneel. How long have I been here? Nearly at the peak, the unforgiving July heat and utterly cloudless summer sky oppressed her. '*Why did I think I could make it alone?*' The clearing was unconcerned for its visitor, the young lady fighting the onset of heat stroke and dizziness. Sweat poured down her brow and her shirt and pants felt constricting. Everything was *so hot*.

'*Melody*,' she thought or thought she heard. Shaking her head she scabbled to the closest source of shade she could make out through squinting eyes that stung with sweat. A verdant kaleidoscope of old trees and their lush foliage spun, all casting a great shadow that would buy her time. Melody wasn't much of a sportswoman. She preferred the comfort of her own home, surrounded by books, *spicy* books, talking of faraway lands, and fantasies she could only *dream* of. The furthest she had even hiked was to the third floor of the library when there was a line at the elevator.

"Come on, Mel. Don't die." She licked the salty beads of sweat around her lips thankful for the respite. One pale hand in front of the other, freshly painted nails clutching rich black soil to keep herself from falling. '*Why did I bother painting my nails for a camping trip?*' Because *he* invited her. '*They must be watching me from behind some tree ready to jump out and start laughing. And this is all just some joke to them.*' The tears, thankfully, were just as hydrating as the beads of sweat and gave her what she needed to make it to the looming shadows.

It had been close to three hours of hard hiking. *He* said it wasn't that bad and *anyone* could do it. With muscles like his, it was easy to believe and the mere imagining of those muscles and that hair and his *voice* were enough to keep her from turning around hours ago. But more than two big bottles of water were too heavy for her and she drank them far too quickly and here she was, back to a tree *so thankful* for the cool shade it offered her.

'*Melody*,' There it was again. '*I have a heat stroke. I am going into shock. I am hallucinating. Oh, gods I am going to die here.*' *He* promised that he would meet her at a clear landmark. They'd be hiking and would find her easily. She brought a whistle, like he said, but couldn't even

blow it now. The second hour when she *thought* she was at the landmark, she had blown that thing until she was out of breath and red in the face. When she drank all her water. When she-

*'Melody. Are you thirsty?'* The voice called out. The shimmering echo of that unusual high-pitched voice didn't reassure her she wasn't going to die. She tried to say 'Of course I am thirsty, you silly flipping whoever you are,' but it came out as more of a sputtering cough and she hung her head deliriously. The stylish beige hiking shorts she stared at were such a deal. Quick drying, breathable, and stretchy. Ideal for hiking and camping. They were loose and breezy and her thin, weak thighs were sore and drained. She'd have to be carried if she was going anywhere, so much for that.

*'I will take that as a yes, Melody. So you can hear me?'* Melody didn't have any more tears to cry and that sent off alarm bells, but nobody could hear them but her. She nodded weakly and the cute chestnut pigtailed dangling over the shoulder straps of her small backpack bobbed down and up once. *'Good, Melody.'* Her fists closed in defiance, a weak gesture that only filled her hands with soil. Maybe she could suck the moisture from it?

*'Melody, I can help you. But you must help me, too.'* She shook her head thinking about bringing a handful of soil up to her lips debating the cost performance of wasting that energy versus a mouthful of dirt that *might* have moisture in it. *'Come now, human girl. It's only fair.'* Perking up she searched around for the source of the voice. A hollow, directly above her. *'That's right.'*

"How do you know my name?" The sound of her voice was hoarse. So thirsty.

*'Melody. Will you help me if I save you?'* The voice sounded almost as raspy as hers now that she focused on it. Shade was a good idea, she thought and swallowed dry in her throat then licked her lips for any remaining sweat. So little.

"How can I help you?"

*'I just want a drink. Just like you.'* Melody's head hung limp as weak laughter wheezed through her chest.

"Now this sweater vest is similar to the pants. Will soak *everything* right up and in no time, *poof*, dry as a whistle. Matching beige to give you a modern look, and emphasizes your ehm, *curves*." The flannel I picked out to cover up those *curves* had come off after the first hour. "A classic red and black flannel over top? Now you are protected from the elements. Can't go wrong with that."

*'A drink is all I ask. Only a few drops,'* It persisted.

"I have nothing." I pouted in a whisper at my chest.

*'If you did, if you could, would you offer some to me?'* The voice was louder and ended the plea with a cough.

"Of course, but I—" A berry fell into my lap between my legs. It was a brilliant blue and plumper than any blueberry I had ever picked or seen in a supermarket. I reached for it, well one of them since the spinning and dizziness had returned, and when my finger touched its moist outer skin the voice sounded even closer than before.

*'Do you promise? I only need a few drops.'* The way it said *promise* sent a shiver up my spine and *something* gave me pause.

"A few dropsss at firsst, she claims." The sound of brush and leaves crinkling behind her was preceded by a hissing laugh. Cold sweat dropped from the girl's brow as she brought the berry up before her. "That will kill you."

*'It won't. She's human.'* The small echoing voice called. The shade of the tree shimmered with an unearthly hint of purples and pinks like sunlight reflected off of flowers in full bloom.

"It might. If she'sss... greedy," said the new voice, and soon a large python clad in a sea of scales of glowing emerald greens pushed against the pinks and purples. The pattern on its back was of diminished golds and bronzes forming a series of diamonds or perhaps, crosses, up to the head where large blacked-out eyes with red glowing slits rose to meet Melody's gaze.

*'Do you promise, Melody? I have as many berries as you can eat. You will quench your thirst. You will LIVE. I promise you that.'* Pink and purple glittered overhead, but she was too weak to look up.

"Don't trussst her, human. Never trussst a faerie. She will take sssso much more than a few dropsss." The reflection in the snake's eyes showed me that there was something *glowing*, like some kind of pink blacklight, just near my head.

*'He will bite you and just wants it for himself. A few drops are all I need. Please. I can't eat them, but you can.'* A glittering jewel like a diamond fell from the balls of light in the snake's dead eyes and a single drip, an impossibly small teardrop of water, landed on the berry.

"Why not?" The nearly crumpled human asked with perhaps her last reserve of strength.

"She is fey. And that," The berry in her fingers now filled the snake's vision as its tongue flitted forward tasting the air around the fruit. "Is poisonous to them."

*'If he eats it, we are BOTH done for, Melody. Let's both live. Please. Promise me.'*

Fanged jaws snapped berry-flavored air an instant too late and the flavor of paradise touched the tongue of the desperate girl in the woods who just made a deal with a faerie. The flavor

exploded first with a sourness that pulled her shoulders up and then followed with a juicy sweetness. *'It's so juicy and good.'* Melody thought as the flavor spread and pungent, redolent spices filled her nostrils and mouth like autumn squash pies were baking in the background of her pallet. Her body forced another tear down her cheek as she *savored* its otherworldly tartness.

"You'll sssee..." the flitting forked tongue lapped up the tear without the girl noticing in consolation, but soon the serpent faded away among the brushing of grasses as quickly as it appeared. Melody's lips smacked and the flavorful pleasure soon faded away, replaced by thirst once again. Like a drop of water in a bucket of sand, the berry did very little although that respite reinvigorated her.

*'Will you have more?'*

"Please." The girl pleaded, *desperate* to live.

*'Will you promise?'*

"Just a few drops?" Melody swallowed, getting the final hints of those faraway spices just before her tongue refused to comply any further. Dry and useless.

*'Yes, Melody. I only need a few drops.'*

"I promise," Melody said as another berry fell in her lap. And another. And even more as fast as the little faerie could pluck them from the massive grove she was in and put them through the soft space for her soon-to-be-savior to quench her thirst. Once Melody had quenched enough to need time to chew, she soon had half a palmful which slapped into her mouth. Her thin lips were already stained and her saliva was dribbling down onto her brand-new beige top. "More. Please, more."

"There are so many more on the *other side*, Melody." The sound of flittering wings, like a bee coming too close for comfort zipped around her head and soon a tiny form filled her vision holding a berry. *A faerie*. Certainly, Melody was still in the middle of her hallucinations, and falling against the tree had knocked a few berries some birds stored in the hollow loose. Obviously. "I can take you there if you hold my hand." Melody's dizziness evolved into more of a case of drunken spins and she heard as if in a cave filled with water. "I'm Asherah. Call me Ash."

The female human's hand rose and could have taken the entire body in a single grasp. Ash, a tiny being bathed in dim mauve light with haloed refractions of neon pink framing her, floated completely still before her, save for the imperceptible fluttering of her wings that shed motes of pinkish dust. The boyish figure of the floating was thin, almost gaunt and emaciated, but gave off a latent femininity. Wispy pale white hair fell over her shoulders and covered where a

human's nipples would be and a single dark purple leaf covered where Melody supposed her privates would be.

"You're a-" Melody stammered, finally satiated enough that she could pause cramming berries into her blue lips. Also, she didn't have any more berries.

"A faerie, my child." Ash emanated, transfixing Melody with her luminescence and a penetrating stare like that of a mother's compulsion and authority.

## Found in the Fey

"Can you stand?" Without the echo, Ash's voice sounded a lot stronger up close. More caring, and strangely deep considering she couldn't be more than three inches tall. She handed the berry to Melody who accepted it.

"I think so."

"Save that berry, daughter. It will help you through to the grove. Don't let go, and *don't* squish me." Ash's hand grabbed the tip of Melody's pinky and guided her to her feet. The pull with all the strength of a single helium balloon on a breezy day turned her around as Ash looked over her shoulder with a big smile on her face. Big for a millimeter of course.

"Where are we going?" Melody said as Ash seemed to be leading her *into* the tree. The hallow was larger than she remembered it when she sat down and it was an archway now. The human didn't even need to duck to walk inside as darkness glowed with the radiance of her faerie shepherd.

"To my home. The wilds of the Fey. Hold your breath and throw that berry in your mouth and don't bite down on it until I say. Do you understand me, child?" Melody nodded her head at the command and *couldn't* see herself disobeying if she wanted to. Berry popped, breath held, she felt like she was being led down a hallway of carnival mirrors made from lights in colors she had never seen before. "Now!" Chomp. The burst of flavor had a burst of blinding white light with it this time and her free hand groped forward.

"I can't see, Ash." Melody's voice had notes of panic. A second tiny hand caressed the tip of the held pinky leaving a tingling sensation in its wake.

"You will." Cooed Asherah. The fey's voice warmed the human's senses but sent a chill along her body at the same time. "We are almost there."

"Why is it so cold?" Melody's teeth shivered and she realized that her berry-stained sweater vest, a nominal sports cami, and a pair of shorts weren't up to the task. The fabric of the tight top was soft but scratched against her sensitive hardening nipples. Wind blowing from ahead

sent her pigtails dancing as she held out her hand to block her eyes. The angle of their progression went from horizontal to vertical and Melody's mind told her she was in danger.

"We are between the spaces, now. That will change soon. From the center of the darkness ahead a point of white light grew into an expanding pool of cobalt blue approaching at great speed. With speeds not unlike falling from a great height into a pool of rippling cerulean they approached the far end of the tunnel. Melody began to shout aloud and Ash held her arm forward producing a pink dot of light which broke the surface of the bluish shimmering portal as she splashed through it.

The jarring sensation of going from laying face down on a surface to standing upright on the far side of it threw Melody and she closed her eyes and shook her head. The air around her was warmer than before, but still had a windy chill about it.

"We are here. You can open your eyes, Melody." Ash said in a kind tone and finally let go of the human's finger. Melody cracked open an eye and the brilliant blues and greens of this glade were like spinning shards of sea glass that sparkled and caught every reflection. It was bright and it should have burned her eyes to look at, but her eyes adjusted and it was like she had *more* colors and visual input to perceive than ever before.

"This... is the Fey?" Melody said as another chill danced up her spine and she untied the flannel around her waist, throwing it on and breathing out a foggy breath. It wasn't winter by a long shot and spring had given way to summer here, too. Ash nodded at her question, flitting in small loops stretching and taking deep breaths of fey air. "What's wrong?" Her fey usher's relieved flight of homecoming ended and tiny shoulders slumped down as she swirled down from above.

"It's this *heat*." Ash complained as her human charge finished buttoning up her flannel. It was stylish, Melody thought, and brought her back up on her shoulder just in time to create a landing pad for Asherah of her palms. "It's *too much*. It's *unnatural*." The tiny body softly landed in a miniature heap of over dramatic depression, one arm over her head, the other reaching for the sky balling into a fist. Melody didn't get it and felt like she just stepped out of a freezer. "You'll see, Melody. When the crossing sickness wears off." Ash sighed.

"Want to ride in my pocket or something?" Melody offered, bringing her hand towards her chest where two loose pockets held nothing but air. "Do you want my saliva? I am still pretty thirsty. Is there water here?"

"Saliva? I am afraid not. I need a bit more than your spittle to last through this hellish summer." She sat up on the palm and looked over the pocket. It was a bit deep, but she might be able to work with it. She reached out and grabbed the edge of the pocket and deftly hopped in peeking her head out.

“What *drops* did you need from me then?” Melody raised an eyebrow, frowning. A dry cough told her that a handful of berries wouldn’t be enough to recover from hours of dehydrated hiking and heatstroke. Looking up at the tree above her it glowed with brilliance as petals of pink and purple slowly drifted to the ground around them like a snow globe of floral bliss. The general blue and greenery surrounding them started to come clear and she realized that they were *all* berry bushes. “Are these the berries you gave me?” She looked around, pigtails whipping, for the closed one and stepped toward it cautiously.

“They are. You can have your fill. One thing that the snake said which was true is that we fey cannot eat them. You are doing us a favor, really,” Ash said in a drained voice followed by a melodramatic sigh. Melody’s boots kicked through the grasses and pressed into the soft soil on her way to the nearest bush and she started picking and popping without further invitation.

“I didn’t realize how hungry I was, too. These are *too* good, Asherah. I’m sorry that you can’t eat them.” The faerie, who could probably subsist off of a single berry this size for an entire day, marveled as the human woman went through multiple handfuls in mere minutes. She let out honeyed ‘Mmm’s’ and ‘Oh yes’s’ after a particularly juicy berry exploded flavor across her pallet and her belly filled with the mysterious fruit.

“You are eating much more than I thought you could. Do humans have the capability to get full from eating? Most Fey don’t eat more than a few morsels a day and are very content.” She asked genuinely curious looking down at the bulge in Melody’s shirt. The pocket was tighter than it had been earlier as the pixie pushed herself up.

“I normally don’t hog out this much either, but I was hiking on that mountain for hours and the sun was beating down on me and I almost got heat stroke. I didn’t have much of a breakfast or drink enough water. I’m such an idiot when it comes to boys...” Melody cursed under her breath using the monologue time to fill a palm with a mountain of blue juicy orbs. She licked her lips and threw her head back, funneling them into her mouth and filling her cheeks. Her eyes rolled back in her head and she dropped to her knees. “So full,” she said through half a mouthful of juicy blue joy. Her hand patted her stomach and her eyes popped wide looking down feeling the gurgling in her guts. Ash was scared by the sudden movements that squeezed her against Melody’s breast and fled from the pocket to fly just above her eye line.

“What’s wrong Melody? Are you dying?” Asherah cringed showing glowing white teeth. Melody paused from her own dramatic moment to give her a disapproving glance and then looked down to her belly which was swelling. The bottom of her flannel pushed out as she released her gut and the bubbling inside of her expanded.

“It’s my stomach. It feels weird. Like it’s filled with bubbles.” She pursed her lips and the expression of unease took on hints of terror as she reached down pulling up her shirt exposing a pot belly she never had before.

"You *did* eat a lot of them. And that is normal isn't it?" Ash descended face to face with the growing belly and pressed against it pressing a long pointed ear into the warm flesh. The sounds of gurgling and fizzing had her nodded as she was pressed back. Ash looked up and smiled. "This happens to all humans who eat the berries." Melody's expression told Ash that she didn't agree and the human watched as her stomach filled out further, blocking her vision to her own belt. She gave her swelling abdomen some squeezes and expected to be taught as a balloon, but it was soft and round.

"How long have we been here? I feel like we just came out of the tree half an hour ago. Why isn't it stopping?" Melody felt like she might start crying. Sitting with her legs beneath her, her stomach protruded down almost to her thighs. With a belly as big as a watermelon she was pregnant with fruity fey juices. Melody stared down, cupping the large round gut giving it squeezes and sloshing jiggles while her faerie companion landed in a seated position atop it.

"We've been here a long time, Melody. You ate the berries from almost three bushes. At least this side of them. Look." Ash pointed to three bushes completely devoid of berries and the next one in line that was absolutely littered with them. The human must have had *thousands* of them inside her now. Queasiness and dizziness returned, pinching her eyebrows into unease forcing her to look around. "Are you OK Melody?" Ash leaned back casually, hands sinking into soft round stomach. "Those are getting bigger, too." She pointed up at Melody's chest. She looked down at her own breasts and her eyes bulged again as she fell back kicking out her spread legs. Her breasts had begun swelling into the little buds she was promised too many years ago.

"What *are* those berries? What's happening to my body?" Melody reached a hand up and cupped a breast through her flannel, surprised to find more there than she ever remembered. Delirium from being so full and the berries taking their effect on her told her she was hallucinating. "This can't be happening." A stained-blue tongue ran across equally blue lips as she leaned back. Her shirt felt tight and a wave of heat passed through her as the sweater and flannel gained purchase around her bustline.

"They are native to the Fey. We call them blueberries because of their color." Ash informed keeping an eye on the stretching flannel expanding in slow pulses. "To a human, especially a female, they often encourage the production of one of the most nutritious nectars a fey creature can consume." Melody's lids dipped and rose trying to stay awake while her eyeballs spun trying to keep up with the spinning of the berry grove. Her hand squeezed a breast, an actual *breast*, enjoying the feeling of *more*.

"And what is that, Ash?" The human gasped, chest and belly rising and falling with her increased heart rate.

"Milk, Melody," The fairy beamed. "And since you ate so many, I think you will have more than a few drops to spare for us. You will be celebrated!" Ash took flight and flew forward toward one of the buttons on the flannel. "You should get this off." Using both hands and her bare feet,



Asherah tried to pull the cloth of the flannel's eyelet over the end of its button. The human nodded and let go of her breast to undo buttons one at a time.

"MILK?" The human stared down at the budding breasts on her chest. "It's so hot. My body is burning. Have to get this off." Melody said as the button doing the most work came undone and some of this new pressure was relieved. "It's so fast. How can they grow so fast?" Ash flitted down to a button under less burden unfastening it successfully as the glittering light of fey sunbeams grew orange and low.

"Time moves differently for humans here." Ash looked up after undoing the final loose button, pushing the wheel-sized disc through the eyelet, and saw massive shadows overhead. "Wow!" Taking flight, the pixie pulled a few tight loops around the human and paused above the swelling mounds. "Look at how big you are getting!"

"Oh god, Ash. They feel so good!" Melody sat forward so she could use both hands to fondle her new tits. The expanding flesh under berry-stained beige felt soft and emanated warmth. They were each as large as a hearty handful of blue berries now and still growing. Melody stifled a moan as her sweater vest tickled her tummy pulling up further. Ash couldn't help but salivate at the prospect. This was bigger and faster than *any* human she had ever brought back. This year's festival was going to be the best yet.

"Melody, can you stand up?" Ash asked, looking at the human with a pot belly staring down at her chest mesmerized. "Mel~ody?" Mel couldn't stop squeezing her new breasts, soft bosoms pushing against her fingers and palms having outgrown her own hands. Her sweater stretched further and for the first time in her life, she saw cleavage peeking from beneath the low v-neck. And she wasn't even squishing her arms in. Melody let go of her chest due to the fairy's incessant sing-song calling. The gentle weighty bounce pulling on her skin was unlike anything she had ever felt before as she staggered to a position to rise.

"I... I think so. Hold on. I can't believe this at all. *Urp.*" She covered her mouth still feeling so bloated and full from gorging. The pixie giggled and twirled, shaking her head joyfully. Shifting her weight pressing against her belly to lean forward to get on all fours prompted another berry-flavored burp. Feeling how heavy her belly and breasts were getting while they hung from her threw her balance off as proper *tits* hung down in her sweater swaying back and forth. Taking a deep breath and holding it Melody stood up and brushed herself, sighing a hot breath in Ash's direction.

"Very good, Melody," Asherah's voice had undertones that weren't there before as she flew in *close* to the swelling breasts, pawing at the bumps where Melody's nipples were becoming obvious. "Looks like your nipples are already getting bigger too!" The tiny faerie smiled going back and forth between each nipple trying to coax them to hardness pressing in with both her miniature hands and squeezing with all her might. She grunted from exertion and bicycle kicked in mid-air trying to put in more effort. The pinching felt quite good to Melody who couldn't help

but let her continue a bit. She got the chills and felt her nipples harden and perk up pushing out through the sweater fabric.

“That tickles, Ash.” Melody giggled. “But don’t stop, mmm.” Ash wrapped her arms around a nipple and dug her heels into slippery cotton pulling. Mel took care of the other with her thumb and forefinger twisting and pinching. The sensation of having nipples she could actually grab onto with more than just the very tips of her fingers was brand new. And through a shirt no less. She used to rub circles around her little niblets when she was exploring her body, barely able to find them even on a cold day. The ticklish darts of pleasure from her nipples zipped down to her stomach and brushed up and down her spine giving her the chills again.

“It looks like everything is working, Melody. There will be plenty of time to enjoy yourself at the festival. We should get going, soon,” Ash huffed, throwing her hair back after the exertion as she floated closer to eye level. Melody enjoyed one more tweak and then cupped and squeezed her breasts again, and relished the feeling of feeling softness *between* her fingers. She let the fall with a bounce and smiled down at them. Her lids were still a bit heavy, and her stomach wasn’t as upset as it was before, and she looked up at the faerie.

“Festival?” She said walking to a bush, and picked another berry popping it into her mouth. “Will there be actual food and drink there? And not just these blue berries that make me fat?” Her open hand rubbed her stomach and she wondered if it was as bloated as before. “I don’t mind *these* at all, though. Mmhnn...” She went back to fondling herself and was amazed at the inches of cleavage she had. The thin sports bra she wore was nominal at best and mostly to keep her nipples from being too obvious. She only remembered she was wearing it now that it was starting to stretch a bit and tug at the shoulders, a sensation that was new to her.

“Yes, Melody,” The bright voice said, flying in a circle around her. “And there will be food *and* drink there. You are the guest of honor.”

“You aren’t going to lead me into some trap where I am going to be eaten, right?” Melody said, taking up her bag from near the purple glowing hollow of the tree. She filled her empty bottles with berries and made sure she still had all her things.

“Nobody will *eat* you, but they are all expecting a few drops of your milk.” Ash had her hands on her hips and floated before Mel, watching her stash the berries in her bag. “I think you ate more than enough for this festival and the next one and the one after that, Melody. Now let’s go!” She waved her human companion along and took the lead darting through a set of bushes and back again rolling her eyes at how slow Melody was moving.

## The Magenta Jungle

“Give me some time here, I am super full and have never walked with a belly or boobs this big,” Melody said, stepping slowly acclimating to her new balance. She picked up the pace admiring the landscape. Although the berry bushes weren’t as concentrated, they popped up here and there and she’d pause to have a snack of berries at them quenching her thirst. The feeling of breasts bouncing on her chest while she hiked over the blues and greens of spongy mossy grasses titillated her, and the fuzzy magenta vines with tufts of purple fluffy foliage tickled her as she walked by. They seemed to bump into her nipples and caress her bare stomach and thighs as they went even when she avoided them.

“We have a little ways to go, so you need to hurry up,” Ash called back in a small voice. Her speed and dexterity had her darting ahead and zooming around trees always surprised that the terrestrial human tailing her was so slow. Melody was burning inside as berries turned into nutrients her body had never processed before. Fuzzy vines went from bumping innocently to trying to grab her with curious accuracy. It tickled and she playfully swatted them away. All the while her boots disappeared from view as her breasts got heavier and fuller, approaching the size of small melons.

“I’m trying. But, these... These vine things are... Ah!” A vine drew her attention up and away while another plunged between her considerable cleavage making her jump. She stopped and swatted one away while grabbing ahold of the thick tendril ticking inside of her cleavage groping around for *something*. “Ash?” She cried with rising intensity. The loose dangling net of magenta hanging down from tufts of indigo seemed to respond to her voice, loose ends almost perking up in her direction. Then she felt the vine that had discreetly coiled itself around her calf and thigh give a playful squeeze. She shrieked, yanked at the writhing creeper in her shirt, and pulled hard on her leg against the grip of the tickler from the floor.

“Melo- Oh no!” Asherah zipped from behind a tree and shot like an arrow right for her swelling companion. Three vines were harassing her, one around her leg, another grabbing for the opposite arm, and one was rummaging around inside of her shirt coiling around a breast judging by the thick writhing bulge. “This is not good!” The tiny fairy crashed into Melody’s mouth and pulled down on her upper lip and used her knees to brace the bottom and whispered just loud enough for her to hear. “You are making too much noise, Melody. Be very quiet and they will go away.” Melody’s round orbs, each as big as the sprite’s head, looked down as she nodded breathing through her nose frantically. Ash nodded and fluttered away slowly with a finger over her lips. “Stay still.” The teeny lips mouthed in a voiceless whisper as a pair of palms patted the air between them sending waves of calm to the clumsy human girl.

Melody’s anxiety was at its peak as one of her brand-new breasts was already being encircled by some strange plant. The feeling of it binding around her breast, squeezing it, felt *good* as much as it was terrifying. Glancing down she saw the thick bulging length creeping towards her hard nipple, the tip of the tendril getting larger as if it was growing or *opening*. Her breath raced, but the tentacle around her arm relented now that she was being silent and standing still. She lowered her arm quietly, shifting her foot in the process as the thing between her tits threw off her balance. The vine around her leg tightened and she felt its tip slip under the hem of a leg

opening along her inner thigh. Panicked eyes flashed to the completely silent faerie hovering in front of her, directing her attention down toward her crotch.

Ash cringed a little and worry colored her tiny elfin face but she continued to hold up her hands telling her to stop. 'Be still' she mouthed as the creeper tickled the crook of Melody's inner thigh, dangerously close to the edge of her panties. A source of great heat right now after hiking and the berries. '*What do they want from me?*' she thought, closing her eyes and trying not to scream. Then she felt something brush over her nipple and slapped both her hands across her face feeling a sucker slowly suck onto it. Ash's eyes bulged staring at the same thing Melody was seeing the magenta creeper obviously going for *her* supply.

Melody's muffled scream changed into a squeal as the fear blended with the pleasure of having her nipple sensuously sucked. Her opposite nipple got even harder, jealous it was being ignored, and the heat between her legs became moist with anticipation. She held her ground but was getting scared at how *close* and *curious* the lower vine was coiled around her leg right on the cusp of a very private place. She bit her lip and did as Asherah said, remaining as still as possible.

The inside of the mouth-like whatever was on the end of these vines was filled with multiple somethings that were slimy and smooth and moved around *a lot*. Multiple tiny tongues licked and twisted around her nipple, positioning it so that the magenta tendril could better suck. The fuzzy cilia along it waved forward and backward like they were trying to pull in unison and her nipple stretched inside of it. She let out a whimper through her clasped hands, unable to hold it back, but then she felt the lower vine slip inside her and something like tiny little lizard-like tongues began to tickle her approaching her clitoris. Ash didn't know what to do as the coiling fuzzy fine wrapping around her new friend's leg terminated in a writing bulge under Melody's shorts. But the human, despite her face of sheer terror from before, seemed to be *enjoying* it?

Melody felt the fuzzy creeper tickle her lips and then the little tongues found her most sensitive place and like her nipple, it latched on sucking and licking with semi-sentience. '*What the heck does it want from me?*' She thought as another cry slipped from her lips. A third vine had been getting closer and wrapped around her stomach and coiled under her shirt eventually finding the open nipple. Melody's nipples burned from being sucked so hard, but the plentiful licking and attention being paid to them felt better. Her clit, on the other hand, was way too sensitive for that kind of treatment and her gasping and whimpers couldn't be stifled as the heat inside of her simmered to a boil from the soft fuzzy tendrils squeezing her new thickness and the relentless suckers and their unknown hunger for *her* body. She flashed a dazed glance to Ash remembering that the whole time she was being accosted and pleased there was a little faerie flitting mid-air in total silence watching her *doing nothing*.

"Sorry!" The faerie mouthed, giving her a pity shrug. She approached slowly and had a concerned look on her elfin face as she zipped from vine to vine inspecting them. Melody's expression was lost in the feelings of that simmering boiling heat brimming over the edge as her knees gave and she slipped slowly to the ground. Vines hungrily sucked at her nipples and clit

forcing stifled moans into loud sighs of pleasure. Ash ruffled her pale hair in frustration worried after all this way her human was just going to lay down and die.

Panicked, she began to pull at the vine inside Melody's shorts as the human bucked her hips with a drunken smile on her face. She was a miniature faerie and not strong at all so the vine barely flinched and its fuzzy exterior was too slippery for her to gain purchase on anyway. She swallowed her fears and threw tiny fists pounding against it, a gargantuan foe essentially the size of a massive anaconda to a normal human. Nothing. Melody's reaction was getting more and more lively as she reached down the front of her shorts. '*She's finally fighting back!*' Ash hoped in her heart, but it couldn't be further from the truth. Melody was ready to burst, but these vines were too persistent and too rough on just her clit. She eased a finger inside her lips while using her other to strangle the vine a bit easing its intensity.

"Oh god, these vines aren't half bad if you can teach them a little discipline!" Melody said, voice straining on the edge of orgasm. She melted, knees bent underneath her, into a lying position. Nipples being sucked, bulging vines pulsing up and down underneath her sweater vest, and shorts filled with both her hands and a vine writing multiple alphabets in tongues she couldn't comprehend on her clitoris.

"What in the four seasons is going on? What are you *doing* Melody?" Ash said, giving up her assault on the vine and flitting above her charge's face. Melody cried out as the built tension snapped loose and the feelings of orgasm flooded her body. Her cry became unearthly as an echo rang through the magenta jungle, but not because of its vast open space. It was crowded and dense with vines, mossy underbrush, and trees so sound barely carried outside of the local area. But because the vines themselves, in an outward wave from her in the center, sang in a miniaturized falsetto mimicking her. Ash's eyes went wide, none of this registering with any of her memories of this enchanted place.

As the strange echo washed through the singing pink fuzzy vines with purple foliage, the suckers finally let go one at a time each prompting another moan which was then sent outward like a sonar ping mimicking her. Once Melody's nipples and clit were freed, vines slipped out from under the folds of her clothing with milk dripping from their sated suckers. Ash watched the vines fill with an inner light, pink and beautiful, as they slowly retracted ascending into the lower boughs. The milk, *her* milk was like some kind of energy source for them and it flowed within then spreading illumination. Danger seemingly averted, Ash planted a few slaps on Melody's cheek as she giggled and sat up.

"I don't mind this place *at all*, Ash. I will have to come back here again," Melody said and took a deep satisfying breath ready to continue on. She looked around and found her faerie companion in the air and smiled. "Sorry about that, Ash!" Getting to her feet, almost tumbling because of how heavy her chest was since it was still swelling.

"I'm glad you didn't die back there! I've heard so many tales about those vines eating people and taking them up into the branches and never seeing them again," The flying sprite huffed,

hands on hips. Melody brushed herself off and when she went over her breasts she let out another small yelp of surprise when she realized how *big* and *swollen* her nipples had become. Her yelp was echoed by the nearby vines who shared it with their neighbors. Her nipples weren't in pain as if they were chafed, but more sensitive after the orgasmic sucking the vines gave her. But they stuck out like thumb tips stretching taut lines across her sweater. Ash's issues and concerns seemed to abate when she saw how big and *suckable* those nipples were. Maybe this jungle wasn't so bad after all?

Without much more discussion they were on their way. The pink glow of the satisfied vines followed them as if Melody had become a sort of battery illuminating them as they went. It made going a lot easier. Berry bushes had disappeared and Melody only had a small supply left which she munched on as she recovered from her heat stroke earlier.

"I wanted to thank you for saving my life, Ash," She said feeling completely refreshed. The berries and hydration were life-giving and the orgasm was months overdue. But it was the care and companionship that she was most happy for, although the bouncing of her swelling tits was quite nice too. They had gotten considerably larger and her stomach was bared now due to how large they were. The sports bra they were overflowing kept them up, but they were getting heavier and heavier during the trek. It had been an hour or two at least of bouncing and relearning how to walk without falling every ten or twenty minutes when they ballooned another handful of cup sizes.

"Of course, Melody. You will be saving me, too. We are almost there," The sprite said with an ever-increasing glitter in her eyes reflecting big round milky breasts that held such promise for her. As the last of the glowing pink and purple vines swung goodbye with sad, slow whooshes, a more natural light began to peek through the branches ahead. The terrain cooled into purplish blues and then brilliant greens as more recognizable-looking plants and trees with greenish-brown trunks became the new surroundings.

## Two Wagons

'Almost there' was what she said and she wasn't wrong if she was flying at high speeds weaving through trees all alone. But at a walking pace, it was another two hours of hiking that blended into more of a light walk by the end of it. As Melody's body processed those berries she felt her breasts swelling larger and larger getting heavier and heavier. That also contributed to the difficulty of the trip alongside clothing that was getting prohibitively tight. She didn't notice it until her shorts pinched her thighs that had gotten thick and juicy, and when her butt started to strain against the belt. Her weak and frail legs had fattened up considerably but also had a bit of tone to them.

"Hurry up, Melody! Everyone must be so worried!" Ash said for the fiftieth time after flying in a circle around the struggling human for the hundredth time. Melody's stomach had shrunk down to its previous size and she was starting to get thirsty and hungry again, but the berries were all gone. And her breasts had swelled to the point her sports bra snapped and only her sweater

vest was keeping her prize-winning pumpkin-sized breasts in check. It stretched and her constantly stiff nipples helped hold the top on, but her breasts spilled out down to her belly button. She had one arm under them nearly constantly to hold them up otherwise they'd just bounce out.

"Ash," She huffed, taking a break at a tree to resituate her top finding each time she did there was less and less fabric to work with. "I'm going as quickly as I can. I'm exhausted, can't you see that? You said it wasn't far!" Melody whined, hiking up her chest again and trying to capture both her tits. She had them to where she could just hold the bottom of the top and that was enough, but after a deep breath, the top gave out and started ripping. "Oh!" She stared down holding the sweater, but it was no use. The sweater vest bulged until it finally blew open, and her big round breasts bounced down.

"Why do you insist on covering yourself, Melody? Are you ashamed of your form?" Asherah flapped up in her face. The little faerie only wore the tiniest leaf over her privates and her own hair draped down over her nipples. Otherwise, her emaciated figure was on full display. Melody sighed and got to walking, still wearing her sweater split open sweater vest. The path was clear enough, and the breeze on her considerable chest *did* feel good, but she couldn't help but be a bit embarrassed about walking around basically topless with breasts as big and nearly as full as beach balls. The way they bounced and swung around and slapped against her torso was lewd and all she could *think* about when Ash wasn't going on and on.

"I'm not ashamed of myself. I don't think so. It's just, you know. For protection from the elements. It's practical, isn't it? What if I was topless walking through that pink sex vine part of the forest?" Asherah considered her words hovering in a prone position like she was laying back and thinking about her words, chin in hand. "Besides, these breasts are getting too big for me and I won't be able to wear any clothes soon enough. I only have my-. Oh! That's it!" Melody took off her pack and knelt down. Her breasts flooded over her thighs while she opened her bag and took the scraps of the vest off exchanging it for the flannel top.

"It's fine. Don't worry about coverings, Melody," Ash said, seeing her tying the cuffs on the arms together around her neck and spinning it so the bottom of the shirt draped down across her breasts. More than the vest, this covered her nipples to some extent, but was otherwise topless.

"How's this? Still breezy, but covers me up a little, right?" Melody smiled, zipping up the bag throwing it over her shoulder smiling up at her flying companion. Ash wasn't convinced.

"If I had breasts as great and big as yours, I would show them off on every occasion I had. Like how you show off your legs and bottom," The faerie said casually swirling through the air behind her. Melody followed her flight path and realized her shorts had stretched and were hotter than hot pants at this point. Her pussy was eating the front of them and as she shifted her weight from one leg to the other, she felt how far between her crack they had slipped.

“Ohhh,” Melody whined, twisting and looking at her own ass. “It’s *huge*.” She stamped a few times and her butt wobbled. After a deep breath and a sigh, she shook her head. “Anyway. Let’s hurry up and help your friends and get me the heck out of here.”

“Yes, Melody,” Ash smiled and away they went. The treeline grew sparse and the afternoon sun was already beginning its descent. As the treeline thinned a trail formed and Ash got excited. “Just around those trees and we will be at the village! We made it Melody!” Melody just sighed and gave a fake cheer as she smacked her dry lips. Each of her arms were under a great large breast to mitigate the back bending weight of them. The worst part was, Melody could swear that they were still getting bigger. Whenever she made a misstep she could hear the sound of watery bubbles gurgling internally. Each breast was twice the size of her back pack and although it was the easiest part of the trail, it was proving to be the most difficult part of the journey.

“I don’t think I can make it, Ash. I’m too thirsty,” Melody whined and under what looked to be the last tree for a while, she sat in the shade. “These things are *way* too heavy. Gosh.” She sat down with a plop against the trunk and her breasts filled her lap, each plump and full like a yoga ball. “I can’t even see my nipples anymore. But they feel huge. I need to take a break.” Ash was worried for her friend.

“I know. I will just go and get help. Maybe they can help you or carry you or something. I can fly *extremely* fast. They will be here in no time!” Ash said excitedly pumping her tiny fists in the air.

“That was an option? Why didn’t we do this earlier?” Melody frowned, but Ash had already bolted around the tree line. Looking down at her chest, she was certain now that her breasts were swelling. They felt heavier and heavier on her legs and it was almost difficult to breathe from the weight. “I don’t think I could get up even if I wanted to!” A laugh or two slipped out before melting into a sigh of exhaustion. She closed her eyes for a moment and when she opened them again there were voices in the distance.

“Melody! I brought them!” Ash zoomed up and slapped her around again. As her lazy eyes cracked open she smiled at the faerie.

“That’s great, Ash,” She said sleepily, squinting in the distance where a handful of strangely shaped people or animals or something were on their way. The sun had moved in the sky a little bit and it was late afternoon now. Yawning she stretched her arms up and felt an incredible pull that made her pause. That was when her eyes snapped open totally seeing that her breasts had become a pair of gigantic round masses that spread over not only her thighs but much of her legs, too. “What in the name of!” She screamed and reached forward pressing her hands into the top of each breast. “How could this happen? Oh no. Oh no!” Panic swept through her mind.

“It’s fine, Melody. I brought plenty of friends and we will be able to get you into the wagons and bring you back to the square. It’s almost time for the festival anyway! We made it!” Asherah’s attitude was jovial and filled with hope. Melody frankly assumed her life was over now that her



left breast was almost double the size of her entire body the last time she checked. Tears began to well up in her eyes when the first group of sprinters came up.

“Well! Asherah. You weren’t kidding! I hope there are berries left for next season!” The creature said and more creatures like it joined in laughing. He was some kind of satyr standing with the bottom half of a goat and the top half of a man, but with horns protruding from his head. He was nodding while chewing on a piece of straw or grass or something. “I’m glad we brought two wagons. Faeries’ sense of scale is a little off. But their memories are impeccable.” Grunts of agreement went through the ranks of close to a dozen satyrs forming a pair of semi-circles around each breast.

“Uh, Asherah? Who are these, uhm, people?” She looked up at the myriad of fur colors matching long tresses of hair and beards. The different hues and skin tones including spots and patches and mixtures of all. Some of them wore vests and loose shirts, wore piercings, and had stylized facial hair. There were even a few Satyresses as well with long tresses and slightly more gentle horns.

“Thanks, Thrush. I knew I could count on you. I am sure this year’s festival will be the best yet! Thank you all!” Ash said to the crowd and there was a braying of acknowledgement.

“Well, if those things are as heavy and *full* as they look, you might be right, Sprite. Here come the wagons,” Thrush said. He was a bit larger than the others and had dark brown fur and hair of a similar color flowing in messy curls down over his shoulders. His goatee was long enough that it wobbled when he spoke. Despite his tougher gruffer appearance and impressive hairy forearms, there was a bit of youth in him, yet. As he said it, he licked his lips. Everyone looked at Melody’s breasts, you couldn’t miss them, with a mixture of incredulity and desperate hope.

A pair of wagons that could seat three or four of the goatfolk each, were pulled by pairs of jogging satyrs. More than a few of the onlookers were scratching their heads and sides and rumps wondering how this was going to work. Thrush gave a few hand signals and what looked like large colorful bed sheets were brought out.

“Melody, they will need to touch your breasts to get them on the wagon. I hope you understand,” Ash said, landing on her shoulder and patting her neck. “They will be gentle.”

“*What* are they? Who are they?” Melody asked as the goatmen gathered to discuss a game plan. Hand gestures from Thrush seemed to indicate that some of the folks here were going to push or lift the breast and others were going to slide sheets under it. Melody swallowed with a dry throat as the existence of faeries and now *goat-people* entered into her new understanding of the world. Worlds?

“Those are the Satyr, Melody. Good folk. Very hard working. And typically in charge of providing milk for the people,” Ash explained as one foolhardy satyr told the others to back away and

began to lift a breast on his own. He didn't get far. The show of strength continued until Thrush got tired of it and told them to work as a team.

"Why do you need milk from *me* then?" Melody's eyebrows told a different story each time one of them tried to lift her. They kept bumping her nipple or trying to use it as a handle and she'd feel pings of pleasure each time they did. Sometimes it would draw a look from the satyr doing the lifting, but otherwise, they ignored her.

"Melody, it has been an incredibly hot summer, and most if all of our rivers have dried up. And the river folk are very protective of their springs. Without them, understandably, they will die. That means people downriver, communities like ours, need to make ends meet. They simply don't have enough water to produce milk. That is why they are helping in such great numbers," Asherah explained. After the fruitless competition and some chastising by Thrush to get serious, six circled a breast and another four had a sheet ready to pull underneath. With concerted grace, multiple satyr lifted and her breast rose into the air enough for a sheet to be passed underneath it. They let it down a little harder than they intended and her breast wobbled and shook like a gigantic pudding, everyone's eyes mesmerized on the muffled gurgles.

"Alright, that's enough staring. We need to get this young lady to the square before sundown. Now to the right one!" Thrush called out and in little time they had a sheet underneath the other. Next, they had to lift the breast up high enough to guide a wagon underneath it and they would need all hands to make that happen. Almost a dozen satyrs and satyresses grabbed the sheet and heaved it up. Melody had to get up on her knees, legs numb from being crushed for so long. Her breasts seemed to be getting bigger and bigger the whole time they worked. A pair of satyr had spun the carts around and guided them under the breast which was lowered atop it carefully. The wooded wheels creaked and more than a few of them shook their heads fearing they'd need to bring bigger wagons. But they held.

"This is great, Melody! Great work Thrush and friends!" Ash cheered on. She got a few smiles and nods in return. The second breast was loaded up on the wagons and Melody was standing again. Looking across her breasts and how vast they have become, and the dozen or so goat folk crowded around wiping their brows and shaking hands after that hard work made her realize her life as she knew it was over. Her lip quivered as Thrush explained how they would pull and push the carts to his workers after a short break. He approached Melody with a smile on his face.

"Didn't think the carts would hold for a second there, but everything looks ok, young miss," He said. With sweat glistening on his chest in the late afternoon sun he had a bit of a handsomeness about him. "I am afraid you will have to walk, but we will help you on the way of course. You are the guest of honor afterall. Miss Melody was it?"

"Thank you, uh, sir?" Melody said to the goat man standing a bit taller than her.

“No trouble at all. I’d say the wagons will give out in a few hours if your breasts keep getting bigger at the same rate. But we can make it. Sorry for all the rough handling there. These things are bigger than anyone’s ever seen them. The artisans who heard your little sprite friend’s tales sprinted to get larger canvases to capture the event,” Thrush laughed, joined by a few more goat folk, and then got the wagons rolling towards the town.

“I’m happy to hear that I guess. What exactly is this festival again? Asherah has been a bit secretive about it,” Melody asked, Ash right on her shoulder acting like it wasn’t a big deal. Feeling the wagons lurch forward, Melody almost got dragged to her knees, hanging by her own breasts, but Thrush caught her by the belt and kept her upright thinking nothing of it.

“Oh? Just like her. She likes her secrets, she does. This is the festival of the mountains, Miss Melody. And without goats to make the milk for it, it’s not much of a festival if you ask me. It celebrates and prays for health and vitality. Nurturing the land and the people who work it and thrive on it. How Ash found you with such little notice is honestly a miracle. This has been the worst year yet,” Thrush said looking down, finally letting his hand off of Melody’s belt as she matched the pace of the wagons.

“I’m sorry to hear that. I was also dying of thirst when Ash found me. I owe her my life,” Melody said, wincing a little as a bump in the road set her breasts to jiggling. Something on the front of the wagon kept bumping into her nipples and it felt *good*. It was warm in the late afternoon sun, but the wind blowing along the side of the sparse forest felt refreshing. There were rolling hills of green grasses, yellowing from the onset of drought, hissing into the horizon towards other gatherings of forests and the occasional hut or homestead. The path was two lightly worn dusty ruts with long strands of grass and little cat tails.

“Oh?” Thrush raised an eyebrow at the faerie who was nodding proudly. “Well, we will all be in debt to you after the festival is done.” They walked for a while and then Thrush spoke up again after clearing his throat. “Miss Melody, I have a question. You aren’t from around here I am taking it and from how Ash here described it. Is that right?”

“I guess not. I went through some glimmering portal inside a tree after she gave me a berry. This place is unlike anything I’ve ever seen. We don’t have flying faeries or goat people where I am from,” Melody said.

“Satyr. I see. Sounds like the tales I heard as a kid about the mundane world. Stories, all of them, but to hear there is some truth to them is quite exciting. People say our worlds are connected. *All* worlds are connected,” Thrush explained.

“They are!” Ash chimed in. Thrush nodded in solidarity and Melody just tried to keep up.

“What I am wondering is if there is some kind of natural reckoning or terrible calamity happening in your world. That might explain the droughts and bad luck over here,” Thrush tilted his head. Melody sighed and explained how there *were* a lot of problems and lots of places in

her world were becoming more and more difficult to live in as well. Everyone nodded with a heaviness in their hearts, but the moment was broken when one of the satyresses called out.

“There she is! Let’s pick it up!” The wagon train got rolling even quicker as a village with stone buildings and thatched roofs put up a few light gray smoke trails in the distance.

## The Festival of the Mountains

The people and creatures and magical entities that were lined up in the central square of the quaint village straight out of fantasy alarmed Melody. There were more than goat folk. Some had scales, some had tails, and others had heads like cats. Some had wings and some wore rings, but all of their eyes glittered bright with delight seeing Melody’s breasts wheeled into the town.

They cheered and they cried, with fanfare far and wide, as the wagons she rode were pulled into the square. For there they all were waiting and with breath that was a baiting, and thirst that needed sating they cheered as she arrived. Melody feared what she saw as each dry and wanting maw’s attention did indeed draw to the contents of the carts. But the fears in her heart were only somewhat assuaged when the voice of the fey’s rose above rabble.

“Here ye all, and here ye now! The guest of honor has arrived! Let us offer our good tithes, else the festival cannot begin. Call your friends and call your kin, let no reveler step within without offering a sort of prize, else the festival cannot begin!” He was fine and he was tall and he was lithe, like reeds of straw, as he indeed sent the call o’er the crowd of people waiting. They formed their lines in reverence passing one at a time, some mumbled about his rhymes, but still in turn they made their offer.

“It isn’t much, but it is something. Here’s a stone I found when hunting,” said a lizard with the head of a man. “Its color captured my attention and brought a tear to my eye. For some milk,” with apprehension, he dared try.

“I, well. Thank you? For the rock?” Melody responded, completely out of key. She didn’t quite catch the whole thing they were doing and accepted the stone with a smile. The lizard-bodied hunter smiled and a snake’s tongue whipped out touching his nostril. He bowed and went to an area where the nipples presumably would be serving milk shortly. He even brought a mug with him as if this was a normal thing that people did.

The line of folks went one by one and offered trinkets, often with a small vignette on how much it meant to them or how often they used it and how much it meant to them. Before long Melody, who for all intents and purposes couldn’t move from her spot, smiled and said thank you as the collection grew before her feet in a basket someone gave her. It was quite helpful. There was a small spade, a quill and inkwell, a few more sparkly rocks, and a few whittled items. One person, a straight-up muscled human wearing a loincloth with the head of a rooster gave a coin with a hole in it that looked like it had come from somewhere on earth.

“You’re doing great Melody!” Ash said waving and smiling to the people who came by. She was sitting on the human’s shoulder as the procession continued helping to explain the finer details of the festival and the role she played as the guest of honor. “Now that the offerings are complete the next thing is-.”

‘CRASH!’ The sound of a wagon creaking to its limit before being utterly crushed under the weight of a breast that had swollen to a monumental size echoed out. The crowd gasped and everyone asked if she was OK. Presumably, there was splintered and snapped wood underneath that bosom, larger than a full-sized wagon at this point. She hadn’t noticed them swelling while accepting the gifts. Nothing *seemed* to hurt though.

“I’m fine, thank you. Sorry about your wagon!” Melody said. As Thrush and the other satyrs shook their heads like it was no big deal, the other breast flattened the remaining wagon. The owner of that wagon, a satyress, brought a hand over her face and a forced smile. “Your wagons... I mean.”

“We’ll make more. Worry not,” Thrush said, puffing on a pipe waiting for the festival to kick off. The atmosphere was jovial and filled with mirth since the bounty was clearly more than any of them had ever seen.

The master of ceremonies who was announcing spoke up. Thin as a reed, he seemed frail and dainty with cornsilk blonde hair that almost floated, jostled by the lightest breeze. His face was long and so were his ears and his eyes were like almonds. He wore somewhat nicer clothes with belts and buckles and always spoke in what seemed like a song.

“Is the guest of honor sated? Have our gifts found you elated?” He said looking over to Melody. He had to walk to the edge of the small wooden platform to look over her breasts where the human looked around at the anticipation in everyone’s eyes.

“Say yes, Melody!” Ash whispered.

“What happens after I do?” Melody asked quietly. She held up a finger and bowed her head apologetically to the MC who bowed in acquiescence.

“Everyone will drink your milk, Melody,” Ash smiled.

“You said a *few drops*, Ash!” Melody’s face frowned. “I obviously can’t say no. I can’t even *move!*” She whisper-yelled at the little fairy.

“I thought I said cups. And pitchers. My mistake,” The faerie smiled innocently. “If we don’t milk you then you will be this big forever anyway. It’s fun! Just say YES!” Melody sighed and put a smile on her face and looked up.

“I, uh. I’m elated! Yes. I am sated. Thank you for your gifts and all your kindness,” As soon as Melody said the words the crowd kicked into a great cheer and a previously unnoticed group of musicians broke into fanfare with horns, strings, and percussion.

“And with the grace of the guest of honor, let us all press upon her, and let the milk of life flow free, save a cup for you and me! The festival of the mountains has BEGUN!” The elf called out and there were more cheers and fanfare as the crowd rushed in. The first gifters stood near nipples, as large as buckets, with cups and pitchers at the ready. Those in the middle of the loose line pressed into Melody’s breasts in an attempt to get the milk flowing. It went on for some time, but everyone scratched their heads.

“Where’s the milk?” A satyress asked. The hands of the people pressing her breasts pushed *harder*.

“She’s not producing!” A sky-blue rabbit with human sentience squeaked. People began to paw at her nipples seeing if they could squeeze them or pull them or stretch them.

“The only thing being let down is *us!*” An old man wearing a turtle shell and sunglasses chimed in. The stretching felt good, but seeing all the strange creatures playing with her breasts terrified her more than turned her on. Ash floated up from her shoulder with a hand on her chin.

“Ba gawk!” Cried the Rooster-headed bodybuilder in the sexiest and most sultry deep voice Melody had ever heard in her life. There were so many *weird* or just unusual humanoids that she had never seen in her life and the whole experience had her feeling extremely nervous. Not to mention being self-conscious that she was supposed to be some kind of cow for them despite the fact they gave her gifts and such. That voice, of the chicken-headed beefcake, sounded familiar in some way. “Bagawk?” He said in his velvety baritone, cocking his head at the nipple which began to drip. “Bagawk!” Another drip.

“Keep clucking, big fella! It’s working! She’s responding to it!” Another villager cried, he was kind of a mix between a mouse and a short person. The rooster man continued to cluck and eventually, both her nipples were dripping a little at a time and people got out some wooden stools setting a wide mug on it to catch the drips after tiring of holding them there. The MC, after trying to keep the crowd at bay for a while, walked down the platform to sit beside Melody. After the first ten or twenty minutes they realized that she had been standing the whole time and found a stool high enough that she wasn’t being pulled on by her own massive breasts.

“My fair lady. Forgive my intrusion on this glorious occasion, but is there anything I can do in the form of persuasion?” The thin elfin figure’s eyebrows raised and his eyes looked at the crowd. There was trepidation across every face wondering when the guest of honor was going to hold up her end of the bargain.

“Melody, what’s wrong? Your breasts are so *full* of milk, but it isn’t coming out!” Ash said with a frown. There were more than a couple nervous glances at the MC as well. Melody’s nerves

were at their breaking point. Goat people. Chicken men. Everyone surrounded her with mugs and pitchers and bowls whose expressions faded from hopeful and happy to sour and expectant. Faeries and other fey of all shapes and sizes.

"I'm... I'm just not very comfortable right now. Sorry this is a lot for me and I'm kind of nervous," Melody said in a quiet voice to the most human-adjacent person she felt comfortable talking to.

"My fair lady, I hear your words and your position cannot be doubted. But I must concur that we need revision or our hopes will all be routed," The master of ceremonies whispered back. In an even quieter voice with his hand cupped near his thin perfect lips. "The crowd is quite voracious and we've fallen on tough times. I'm trying to keep them gracious, but fear their reaction if you decline." Those words sent a shiver up Melody's spine and she looked to Asherah who bit her lip and nodded with fear. Tears instantly began to well up in the human girl's eyes as her tensions reached new heights compounding fear atop discomfort.

"HA HA!" A crisp and clear voice called from down the square undertone by the striking of chords on a lute. "Oh poor folk, look at you all. Waiting for the drops to fall. When clearly there should be a flood! If not for our quivering rosebud." The smooth voice sang, bringing up a light tune. Melody couldn't actually see who it was since they were directly opposite her on the far end of the plaza area. The MC's face twisted into rage for an instant and quickly unraveled to minor distress before letting out a sigh and recovering his calm countenance.

"Who is it, Ash?" Melody asked, and the faerie flew up to the top of one breast and landed prone, crawling forward to sneak a peek. There was an elvish-looking person wearing a motley of reds, blues, and greens. They were strumming a lute and besides a few scuffs and some road dirt on their sandals, appeared fairly clean. The hair, a shining chestnut, was tied back in a ponytail and threw out two large side bangs that framed their face. They were tall and thin and looked almost identical to the MC, besides hair color and choice of dress. And demeanor. Asherah flitted back to Melody's side explaining that someone was coming while the MC marched out. Creatures in the crowd that *knew* sighed audibly and those who didn't began to gossip and try to find out what was happening.

"For a rose as sweet and rare as hers, should never be denied nor deterred. And on the festival of mountains no less, at least that is what I heard," The sharp-tongued minstrel laughed and played his lute approaching Melody as the MC stood to block his path.

"Well, brother. Yes, my brother. Who has been cast away in shame. By our father and our mother, name the name of your silly game. The festival is in full swing and there is nary but a thing that you could do to ruin it, but to set that lute to ring. And to barb and to sting with your foolish words and your gift you failed to bring." The MC, the brother of this decried player, put his hands on hips. For all here knew that the master of ceremonies was the prince of the local royal family which oversaw this small hamlet and his brother had been thrown out for debauchery years before. He wasn't especially exiled from the land, but was notably unwelcome in most if not all establishments where the royal word had been spread. As the pair stood toe to

toe, you could see the resemblance, MC with his hair of gold and the busker with his of dark brown wood. But the lute-bearer was perhaps a shred taller and a bit thicker in muscle from his time on the road, and his smile was easy and attitude relaxed compared to his brother.

“Little brother, heir to the throne. He who has not been disposed of home. He with honor, titles, and glory who stands before all please hear my story. For the plight you all now face has a problem and a solution. An answer to your question. A remedy for your confusion. If you’ll allow me, but a moment of your precious time.” The minstrel sang and moved jovially in suggestive rhythmic fashion around his younger brother. The younger brother crossed his arms, one eyebrow twitching in suppressed hatred. During his prancing and playing he made sure to swing out wide enough playing up to the crowd that he could get a good look at Melody and give her as calming and friendly a smile as he could. He winked at her and she felt a strange calmness wash over her. Anxiety that had frozen nerves into ice had a spidersilk crack run along the edges. The mug watchers eye’s opened wide as the dripping of milk grew faster.

“He’s a fool!” Cried one of the people in the crowd.

“Don’t let him speak!” Another section of the rabble expressed.

“He says he can help!” A weaker group of voices called out among the clamor.

“Vagabond minstrel!” The MC blurted, silencing the crowd. “One with no garden to tend. Naught but a lute by your side to call a friend. Solutions, answers, and remedies you claim. But time and time again your lies expose again your shame. How dare you!” The MC’s voice cracked as he shouted right in the face of his older brother and the crowd was taken aback. But the minstrel, hair blown behind him as elven spittle flecked his face, remained calm and easy.

“Always quick to temper. But never to temper the flames of your anger, eh little brother?” The minstrel put a hand on the MC’s hand. “Look about you, your people. How you scream and holler,” The minstrel took his hand away and played a few sad notes and gallivanted, matching the crowd’s mood until sidling up next to one of the massive nipples which was no longer dripping anymore. “Think of your guest of honor, though you’re so hot under the collar.” The minstrel shook his head and hopped to the side of Melody’s breast and got close to her, leaning into a bosom with an elbow. “My dear, forgive my rudeness. For it was far from intended. In truth you were the first I’d greet, but as you’ve heard I am a bit, *suspended*.”

“What is your name?” Melody asked. The MC moved to come around and hinder the chat, but Ash flew up into his face causing him to stop in his tracks.

“Porin, my fair lady. Might I ask you the same?” He held out a hand to accept hers and she raised it. He took it and held it to his lips, awaiting her response.



"I'm, uh. Melody," She said shyly. The sound of her name struck him directly to his heart and he drank deep of her voice then planted the most gentle kiss upon her knuckles before reluctantly returning it to her. Her hand held in the air for a moment before she cradled it with her other.

"No finer name in the land, and also an obsession of my profession," Porin strung the lute gently so that only they could hear. The trickle was back and increasing.

"Do you have to rhyme *everything*?" She asked and he almost fell face first into the massive bosom giving it a gentle fleshy pound.

"I don't, no my dear Melody. But I do enjoy it." He smiled. "Enough about me. You are in a predicament my darling. And I have a feeling I understand the root of it, but may I take your hands once more and share my feelings with you?" Porin asked. His voice was like silver and up close she could see he was tired and dirty from traveling on the road. But his demeanor was relaxing and calming. It was like everyone else there faded away and she could only see him. Her hands rose and found his. He grasped them and began to speak under his breath in a language she didn't understand. It was sweet and melodic and made her take deep breaths.

"*Porin*," Melody sighed. As she relaxed there were feelings, emotions, and memories of the present. His presence comforted her and relieved many of her fears. He shared his own fears and shame. Their connection was like a wash of colors and sounds that you could only feel and *remember* although they only just met. He admitted that he was thrown out for wanting to love and marry one who wasn't selected by his parents and they killed her as punishment and exiled him as mercy. Images and memories of crying, solitude, and so much more brushed against her and he showed her how he overcame them. He found love for life. Love for all. And music was how he shared his love with the world.

"*Melody*," Porin sighed in return. He saw her upbringing and felt a lifetime of feelings of shyness and inferiority and more. Being left behind and ignored. Ambitions to finally take what she wanted, to treat herself and enjoy the company of a man she liked only to become lost in the woods and die. Surrounded by creatures and expectation and unable to escape with breasts bigger than wagons. The pressure inside and outside all *dying* to just break loose and he finally brought up the courage to show that his love looked suspiciously similar to Melody. Their connection was severed brutally when the MC yanked his brother back and Melody had to blink as the psychic connection exploded into whiteness and faded back into reality.

"Guest of honor, Melody. Do not be fooled by this thief. He's a cheat and he's A liar! A thieving cheat with a lyre! Who tells no truths and uses tricks! Tricks that alter mundane minds. He betrayed our family and customs. He just wants to drink your milk before the time," The MC said, pushing his older brother back, but Melody and Porin's gaze was locked on one another. There was a tear in the minstrel's eye. He sniffed and renewed his smile offering Melody another wink fighting through the memory of his love being torn away being treated like a crime.

“You call them tricks, I call it sharing for I give more than I take. You call me a thief, but I steal from none, save your time and lack of fun. And as for cheating, I’ve followed the custom and paid my dues for my decisions, but that’s not true for more than me, my beloved is the true victim. But she can’t speak anymore after she disappeared behind closed doors and I was thrown out on my own. Expected to die, dirty and poor.” Porin said, removing his little brother’s manicured hand from his chest and stepping back.

“You killed her,” Melody whispered towards the little brother. “Chaundry. That’s your name right? You were the one that did it.” The MC, Chaundry, stifled a sneer.

“I followed the custom,” He said evenly, staring at the human. “And I did as I was told. And I *didn’t* disobey my mother and father.” His lower lip quivered as he fought to maintain his composure. Porin shook his head in disbelief and had a moment of respite. When the moment drew long he opened his eyes, glittering with tears, towards Melody.

“She told you. Somehow she told you, didn’t she. Melody?” Porin asked. Melody shook her head.

“I don’t know, but, like our connection. It just *felt* like that. I’m so sorry, Porin,” Melody said quietly. If there was anything I could do...” Porin took a breath and wiped away his tears on his sleeve and his smile was beaming again.

“You’ve done more for me than I could ever dream of. To know she will love me forever, even after all of these years. And to share that with *you*. I know how to solve all your problems, Melody, my sweet, sweet Melody. If you would allow me?” He asked. Chaundry shook his head and grumbled.

“Please. You know what I want,” She said.

“I know what you *need*, my sweet Melody. If you’ll allow me a drink of your milk, I will give you the greatest gift of all here,” He said sweetly.

“It goes *well* against tradition to drink before offering a gift!” Chaundry scoffed.

“Enough from you! Please. You are stressing me out! Telling me the crowd will turn on me if I don’t squirt milk for this crowd of people I’ve never met. I’m thankful for the gifts, but you are putting too much pressure on me,” She said, stress audible in her words. “Ash, you saved my life and wanted a ‘few drops’ or something, but this,” She gestured to the hamlet square with dozens of thirsty creatures. “And *these!*” She slapped her monumental breasts, immobilizing her, slowly burning wagon detritus into the dirt. “I had *no idea!* And I’m just so...”

“My sweet Melody. We shall return you home, we shall show you a good time, and you shall be safe and sound. In addition to these baubles and trinkets and well wishes, you will go back with gifts that will change your life. Trust me, and I promise you the night of your life,” Porin’s words

were dripping with a strange feeling and she recognized the mysterious lilt which plucked her heartstrings so easily. She could see through it now, for some reason, but still felt he was being true.

“What have I got to lose?” Melody said.

“I can assure you that you won’t lose your life. I’d die before I let it happen. Just a taste of your milk and I am sure I could make everything better.” He said.

“It sounds like there isn’t any, but if there is, go ahead,” Melody smiled. Chaundry sighed in anger and stomped off.

“I shall return. This is going to upset them greatly, but If my intuition is correct, everything will end well,” Porin smiled and leaned in close, pecking Melody on the cheek with a gentle kiss. A flash of memory neither had until then, but somehow they both shared, spread goosebumps across their flesh making them pause. It was the pair of them running through summer meadow hand in hand and falling down among the tall grass and laying together.

“The milk is coming out more!” The watchers said and more cups and pitchers were readied.

“My fair friends and those indifferent alike, I must ask you for a favor. I’ve permission from our guest to get a weight off her chest, to do it I must sample her flavor. Might I borrow a cup to unplug her poor ducts and share a sip of her nectar a touch early? If my plan indeed works then you’ll need a new shirt for it’ll rain milk right here very shortly,” The minstrel sang and danced. More than a few people threw their cups and mugs at him, most harmlessly deflecting off and into the dust.

“He isn’t very popular, Melody. Why do you trust him so much?” Asherah said seeing the crowd push back against him trying to swipe the little precious milk they had collected. Roughly a single glass of the stuff over more than an hour of trying countless remedies from bringing crying babies to massages and other forms of induction.

“Ash, he... I... I don’t know if it is some kind of magic or something, but he just puts me at ease. I have been so scared this whole time and the people and creatures here are so new and interesting and frankly off-putting... To finally have someone consider how I feel was refreshing. *Relaxing*,” Melody said looking up into the clouds and seeing the sun sinking lower in the sky. The bluish green hues began to take on reds and oranges in places.

“He *is* using magic, Melody. Is there magic in your world?” Ash explained. Melody shook her head.

“None at all. Not really. We have something similar to it called technology, though.”

“Well *his* magic is quite powerful. I hope whatever visions he is making you see or whatever he is doing is a good thing. Because the way you look at him...” before Ash could finish the sentence the sound of a lute string snapping and some makeshift song being given up on got louder as Porin came back.

“Oh dear gods, it was a worse reception than I’d hoped! Ha.” He sighed and held up a cup. “Well I have the stuff. It smells heavenly.” As he sampled the bouquet a few more cups and mugs were still being thrown in his direction forcing Asherah to flit and dive out of the way squeaking in terror. The minstrel pressed into her breast after deftly snatching one of the goblets from midair to take refuge from the attack. “We both need to drink this, you and I. And I am *certain* that everything will be alright.”

“B...Breast milk? My own? I have to drink it?” Melody wasn’t sure, but she wasn’t sure about anything anymore. The feeling of cups and goblets smacking against her breasts was an odd sensation, but it felt so far away it was like stepping on something and not really caring about it.

“I can tell from the bouquet that it is going to be an absolute delight,” Porin pulled his sharp nose from the goblet and poured half of his cup into the empty handing it to Melody. “For you my dear. What do they say when you clink glasses where you come from?” He waited for the answer while waving his hands above the goblets whispering words under his breath.

“They say cheers,” Melody answered.

“I like that. Well, let us say cheers and all our woes will be behind us. Drink it *all* now, ok?” He held up his goblet and she held hers and they clinked saying ‘cheers’ in unison then downing the goblets like their lives depended on it. Melody had never tasted breast milk in her life, let alone her own. She didn’t anticipate lactating before she turned thirty, either. Or having breasts that needed teams of goat people to carry. Or goat people existing at all.

But she *did* enjoy this taste. It was a roller coaster of flavors and started off with a sour note. Bad sign, she feared, but it was more like a yogurty sourness that mixed with the natural sourness of blueberries from her world. Almost like a blueberry lassi, she thought, as the cup emptied. Thinking that was where the ride ended she smacked her lips and the sour lassi taste became closer to creamy wine and spicy notes came forth like cardamom seed or cinnamon.

“Gosh, that was *great*,” Melody smiled, licking her lips. The warm spicy notes spread through her body and she felt totally at ease.

“Your milk is perhaps the best drink I have had in the last few years of my life, sweet Melody,” Porin said. “I, uh...” He coughed and pulled at his already partly open frilly shirt under his motley. He opened his mouth and fanned it. She was fine with the spice, but it seemed to be really affecting him. Melody nodded and exhaled a hot breath into his face.

“It’s spicier than I thought. I’m getting warm *all over*,” She said shifting in the stool they got for her. “My shorts have been *so tight* I don’t know how they are still on me.” Her lids were heavy and she looked at him with a predatory gaze. He took off his motley and tossed it aside while some of the crowd crept into positions where they could watch what was happening. His motley was a large tunic and now he was wearing only the opened shirt, tied with a simple hemp rope, and a pair of tight multicolored hosen.

“My fair Melody, I *feel* it as well. Oh gods. My whole body. It’s so *hot*,” Porin cried, wiping his brow and rushing to take off his shirt. The crowd began to murmur and point, but they only had eyes for each other.

“Your body *is* hot, Porin,” Melody said, biting her bottom lip. She stared at his strangely thin body, but admired his wiry muscles and graceful form. It was unearthly, but familiar and attractive enough for her to liken it to the body of a swimmer. Her booty shimmied off of the stool while a commotion grew around her nipples. People were talking about something while he took his shirt off, chestnut hair falling down over his nipples perfectly despite the blowing of the breeze. His codpiece began to bulge forward as he wiped his brow again.

“I didn’t anticipate this. Your milk is infused with some kind of *magic*, Melody. How can this be?” He asked looking around and finding the eyes of the faerie who had been quietly sitting atop a breast nearby watching the scene unfolding between them.

“The berries I gave you *do* have some interesting properties. It affects mundane humans in different ways, but it looks like Melody is having a *good reaction*,” Ash said, smiling with her elbows on her knees and head tilted a bit. She watched Melody’s face and seemed to drink in her emotions causing the fractal patterns in her translucent wings to glow a little.

“A *good* reaction?” Porin moaned and ripped off his codpiece. All three of them, and whoever was standing at a good angle from the crowd, saw the elf’s cock becoming engorged in his tights. “Oh gods, what sorcery is this?”

“I have no idea, but I am *liking* it,” Melody said, voice starting to warm up. She was stuck at an off angle since she couldn’t properly turn sideways, anchored to her breasts. But she began to undo the belt and buttons of her shorts, shifting her hips back and forth, fidgeting uncontrollably. She looked up at Ash who was starting to glow brighter. “Ash, tell them to start, uh, pulling on my nipples or something. That it will help get the milk going. Whatever.” The faerie smiled and nodded flying off without further hesitation, but Melody’s eyes were locked onto Porin who seemed to have a glowing aura around him in her eyes.

She couldn’t see who was doing it, but felt the sensations of groping and poking and yanking and pulling. A wash of sensitivity flowed from her beating heart and finally reached her nipples like a ripple from the shore of her heart’s lake to the far edge. There were weak cheers as the cold of steel and glass goblets and pitchers pressed into her breast under the nipples. It added to her excitement as the serpentine in Porin’s tights swelled up thicker than the handle of a

shovel. He leaned back against her breast sticking out his hips to catch a kiss of cool breeze as the heat built up.

“*Oh, Melody.* What is happening to me? My reliable flute is becoming a horn for *battle*,” Porin swooned, breath quickening. His battle horn was pressing forward and getting harder straining the fabric of his well worn tights and growing longer still. Two round growing bulges beneath that battlehorn pressed it out further as the elf minstrel began to sweat. “It’s so *hot*.” In his years as an exile he had traveled and found himself to be well suited with a silver tongue and easily controlled most situations where he found others enamored by him. But this was the first time he ever experienced this kind of magic.

“*Porin.* It looks like you are getting your gift ready. And if *that* wasn’t it, I don’t want any other gifts,” Melody cooed, still fighting to pull her shorts down which were far too small to be put on normally. Her eyebrows pinched inward and slid upward as she strained, wriggling her hips back and forth until threads started to creak and tear. “I know just what to do with it. *Oh Porin.*” Melody’s eyes glowed with the same faint color as the aura around her enticing partner and she licked her lips staring at his own threads pulling apart revealing flesh beneath. His cock split the cloth and threads snapped one by one as its pressure until it broke free with a loud slap against his bare chest. His heavy sack of fair skin tumbled in its wake and pulled down one heavy fat nut at a time. On his tall, lithe, and gentle elven frame his privates were monstrous and engorged.

“Oh gods, look at it,” He said, covering his face with a hand. The crowd around him cheered and applauded with those with more interest coming closer.

“*I am, Porin. Ahn,*” Melody moaned, as her shorts began to give up and tore at the seams hanging in shreds gripped on one thigh. Her ass burst out of them and wobbled, finally free from the pressure and visual relief played on the girl’s face when the first chilly breeze of the evening kissed her cheeks. The panties she wore were devoured and more like a string bikini pulling up rudely between her wet, wanting lips disappearing between her ass cheeks. “Fuck, I can’t wait any longer.” Melody struggled in the glowing light of her fairy companion who was brighter than before. She couldn’t get closer to the elven tempter because of how heavy her breasts were and reached out to grab him by the shoulder. “Come to me, Porin. Come!” She whined.

“Gods she is no elf, but a fairer body I’ve ne’er seen,” Porin said and turned to face her, cock still swelling and engorged, it was truly a zweihander as it pulsed filled with blood under the effects of her berry-induced magical milk. “If your precious life’s milk did this to me, then I will answer your call, Melody.” And he embraced her from the side and they kissed. The blinks of old connections neither had memories of dancing through their minds as their tongues danced in similar harmony. Her hand touched his body, surprisingly cool to the touch with skin smoother than that of a young babe’s. As fingertips traced the imperceptible hills of his muscles, tautness of tough years beneath them, she finally found his greatsword and grabbed it near the hilt.

“It’s *huge*, Porin,” She said into his mouth stroking it with the same motion one would stoke a fire. His fires were stoked as soon as their lips touched and one of his hands pressed into a breast, more of a background feature than a point of pleasure he could play with to tease her. The crowd began to react to the nipples and the trickles of milk forming into a pair of spurting streams. Celebration began and a half of a barrel was placed under each leaking nipple to catch any excess. As Porin and Melody’s embrace grew in passion, so did the excitement of the people wanting their chance with the milk. Desperation and impatience meant more fidgeting with huge nipples and pushing and caressing as the entire crowd played with her breasts.

“If that pleases you, then I could be no happier, Melody,” Porin sang in a whisper sending a chill down her spine. He ran his fingers through her hair and cupped her chin, thumb tickling her earlobe. Their gazes met, smiles naturally spreading across their faces, and she nodded.

“Although I cannot leave, nor would I want to. Don’t keep me waiting, Porin,” Melody gave his cock a tug towards her and he feigned a look of surprise. With agility and grace he slipped under her arms and squeezed between her breasts, leaving her spread atop his massive cock.

“I’d never make love to a lady unless I could see her face,” He said easily, regaining his composure. He was pressed very close to her since her breasts were so full. “It is a bit cramped in here, but I’d serve life in a prison as soft as this.” The first few members of the rabble had full cups and were cheering and drinking heartily. By chance of fate more than a few of the folks manipulating the breasts managed to roll one aside gently and spread her cleavage a bit giving Porin room to breathe.

“I’ve never been with a man like you before,” Melody said, sliding forward and back along his rigid prong. Porin scoffed and smiled.

“My dear, I am *no man*.” And he began to draw an outline around her mound slowly circling in, giving the gentlest lightest kisses with his bulbous head on her desperate nubbin. Melody’s body was on fire and his attention to *everything* was unlike anything she’d ever imagined. When she assumed he was *finally* going to put it in, he teased it away while reaching behind to grab and caress her buttocks while nibbling on her ear. And again he *almost* gave her what she wanted, what they *both* needed, but delayed and licked her ear to ear while squeezing and teasing her arms. She had a feeling he knew his way around a woman and enjoyed every moment of it, but she was no elf and there was a point and time when he needed to use the weapon at his command for its intended purpose.

“Porin, my sweet. You’re tender care and nimble fingers and lips please me and tease me,” Melody swooned. She grabbed a hold of his cock and brought it between her legs, head pressing her lips open and held *barely* by how tight she was. “But I can’t wait any longer. Forgive me for I am no *elf*.”

“They said the people of the mundane were impatient in the ways of love. I find your passion couldn’t be farther from the mundane. Forgive my dalliance, Melody,” Porin said and kissed her

deeply while thrusting forward finding it more difficult than he ever imagined it would be to give her what they wanted. He had to be rougher and push harder as he had more to work with than he ever had in his long life. And while she was wet and ready, his cock was bigger and thicker than *any* plaything she had experimented with and far larger than the few men she'd been with in her life.

They both moaned and grunted until finally he was inside of her and began to gently and carefully press forward, grabbing her around the waist. The crowd cheered and it was clear something was working. Sitting on the platform cross-legged, Chaundry sighed chin in hand as the festival *properly* kicked into full swing. He spared a glance to the pair of them out of the corner of his eye and shook his head rolling his eyes.

"Just like that. Nice and easy. You are *massive*, Porin. Oh god," Melody moaned, grabbing tight and burying her face in his neck. Porin couldn't believe the sensitivity of his newly expanded repertoire as he slid it deeper, inch after inch. She was tight and pressed in on him, but she was also wet and ready, accepting it as quickly as her body would allow. Melody could barely comprehend the fullness and with each inch she stretched further to accommodate him feeling pleasure and warmth and building tension. She was on the brink of orgasm each time he pushed deeper and what she *used* to call orgasms didn't feel nearly as incredible as this.

"This is unlike *anything* I've ever experienced," the minstrel said, pulling back for another push forward. Melody had been holding her breath and let it out in a sigh as he did. Before she could respond he was thrusting back in and she felt herself open wide again. The folk around the nipples laughed and cheered as the pressure of the milk spraying from her nipples became a spraying stream. Creatures raced to find more barrels and tarps to catch all the liquid, fearing to waste a drop.

Those who drank first were now succumbing to the effects of the milk which generally aroused the more sedate, and threw the more excitable into fits of passion. Growth and general signs of being in heat as well as increased libido were a common thread as everyone got their fill. Isolated couples sneaking away for secret kisses became threesomes, and then pockets of squeezing and moaning between trips to the barrel halves to scoop up another round of mugs for the revelers. Pockets of intimate makers of love that brushed up against others formed small orgies of mysterious creatures where the goal was *pleasure*, pure and simple. The more tame among the townsfolk made sure to fill up and cork barrels full of the precious liquid to be taken to the mountains and be put on ice for safekeeping and as an offering for the keepers of the springs. Melody's nipples were their own wellsprings that continued to give and give and give.

But it was Melody who was doing the taking and loving every long, deep, thick thrust her elven beau was delivering. They hadn't found a good momentum yet and it was more like loading a crossbow pulling back slowly and then shoving in as hard as he could. It wasn't easy to get a good angle either since backing up meant Porin had to squeeze between her gigantic breasts and they didn't want to let him go either. Melody was incredibly tight, but she kept demanding more, though her insides were tight and played shy. Only when the milk began to flow even



more did her breasts start to lighten up to the point they weren't squeezed in too tight. Melody saw he was having a tough time of it, and she was ready to keep going.

"You've seen my face, Porin. Get out of there and take me from behind. I want *all* of that beautiful thing inside of me," Melody said with pink in her cheeks. The setting sun's light made her shine with an orange glow and she pulled back to help him escape which he did with ease.

"Oh *Melody*, I like how you think," His voice was velvet while he sampled her ass and leaned forward, taunting her from below while easing her forward onto her own breasts. Gallons must have sprayed from them and the pockets of revelers were combining into proper orgies while milk sprayed wildly. More than three or four full barrels of milk had been safely corked and set aside and Melody was still spraying. Although she had given so much milk her breasts were still quite large, but she could finally see past them and could identify people shoulder-up if she wanted to. She pressed face forward into her own massive breasts, each large enough to provide another four or five barrels of milk each.

"You were made for me, now *give it!*" Melody was well beyond being *in the mood* and propped up her rear end standing on her tippy-toes in the dirt. Porin had work to do and wasted no time slipping in with ease and finding this 'from behind' business far more easy than before. The moans of satisfaction and shuddering from Melody told him that it was working. She let out squeals while he found a nice rhythm and found her a lot more accepting of his elfhood. The rhythm had his heavy full balls swinging and slapping against his own bare ass and all the way forward against her clit. Each time his hot nuts struck her she let out a small yelp knowing orgasm was coming.

Melody's orgasm as he hit her insides in that new and exciting way spreading her apart and filling her past the brim was a moment of release she had to cry out loud to handle. Face first in her own gigantic breasts, all mental obstacles were blown away by a flood of pleasure and her brain's floodgates pumped pleasure at full force. Porin didn't slow and felt how tight she was gripped around him and knew he'd be joining her soon.

The crowd by her nipples cried out as her steady flow came out in powerful torrents during her orgasm. The bursts of milk were strong enough to knock creatures onto their feet and the square became a bit of a mud bath after she overshot the barrels by more than a few feet. Partly upset at the loss of milk, some of the crowd lamented, but they were soon assuaged by the more frisky members who pulled them into the mud under a sprinkling shower of milk.

"Darling, I typically pull out around this time and I'd, unf, like to give you a bit of warning that I'm-" Porin said trying to slow his thrusts, but it only felt *better*.

"Just give it *all* to me, Porin. I'm under a magic spell called birth control," She huffed, arms wide out hugging her breasts as tightly as she could as her first orgasm continued to rattle her brain.

“As the lady reque- Eh! UGH!” Porin grabbed her hips and felt himself as deep as he could go when the half a dozen quick pre-spruts of cum built into a proper orgasmic gush of hot elven seed filling her guts completely. Her milk magic continued to baffle him as he tried to imagine *how much* he was cumming. The second long hot stream of cum pouring out flooded her overfull and a wet sloppy mess of pearlescent cream frothed out in thick globby gluts onto the ground and splashing against his thighs.

The orgy groups not inside the milk and mud bath corrected their error as Melody’s second orgasm heralded a rainfall of creamy goodness. Due to more than one or two people getting in the way there was a backsplash and even Porin and Melody could enjoy the calming spritz of milk above. Unable to handle it anymore, Porin pulled out still in his throes of orgasm and cast ropes across Melody, accidentally dousing Asherah in the process. The little fairy had been glowing like a miniature sun in the presence of such pleasure and was now covered completely in semen.

Cum poured out of Melody’s gaping pussy in large glugs and Poring had no idea he had it in him as his dick refused to stop spurting. He could have written a love letter in semen across Melody’s back and in the back of his mind admonished himself for not doing so, but swore he’d make it up to her. The square was awash with milk and Melody felt like she was in a waking dream as her nipples sprayed and sprayed and the entire fantastic village reveled well into the night. As her breasts shrank slowly, spilling gallon after gallon of mysterious milk, the lovemaking lulled her into a deep sleep and she heard echo like whispers slipping into darkness.

“Thank you, Melody.” It was the sweet tiny voice of Asherah, the faerie that saved her life. “You have rescued us all from a terrible fate. You truly are a guest of the highest honor.” The fluttering of wings and the feeling of warmth from her natural glow shined on her mind’s eye.

“Sweet, sweet Melody.” The warm and intimate embrace of Porin’s velvety voice. Melody could feel a gentle kiss on her cheek and smiled. “Until next year, my darling. I will wait for you. Thank you for sharing your kindness with me. I will never forget it.” His voice trailed off in an echo and she felt herself being shaken.

“Melody! Mel! Yo!” The voice sounded familiar. It belonged to a man that she was sure she knew. “Oh dude, this looks bad,” He said to more voices that agreed. Melody yawned and stretched, finally blinking her eyes open. Leaves fell from her hair as she sat up, propped against a tree and she smacked her lips. The taste of berries faint on them. “Oh thank goodness! God, Mel! I thought you were dead or something!” It was *him*. He was rugged and his five o’clock shadow brought a smile to her face. “You scared the heck out of me, Melody.” His concern was authentic.

“I’m, I’m fine. Thanks,” She said and reached up for his strong arms to help her to her feet. Leaves tumbled and fluttered to the ground. How long had she been laying there? As she got to her feet she fell forward into his arms, something *heavy* pulling her forward.

“No way, you are still dizzy or something. We’ve been looking for you for hours. Told you not to run ahead. Thank goodness you’re alright. Drink some water, here.” *He* gave her some water and she drank it greedily, like she hadn’t had a drink in days or weeks or *months*. It dribbled down her chin and neck into her *deep cleavage*. His buddies and their girlfriends also stared as Melody’s cleavage funneled the water dampening her top. They had *always* admired Melody’s incredible breasts. She had perhaps the largest breasts in the entire county and how intelligent she was on top of it was a mystery to many. Don’t judge a book by its cover at its finest. Shapely legs and thighs filling out stretchy beige hiking shorts and a similar colored vest was filled with big round breasts that nobody could ignore. The cute black and red flannel was tied right under them to help hold them up and show off some tasty midriff in the process.

“Thanks. Gosh I *needed* that,” Melody smiled, handing the bottle back to the guy she had *been* enamored with. He gave her a big hug and a peck on the cheek totally out of nowhere and she felt her heart race and nipples get hard in her bra.

“Babe, I was so scared for you. We all were,” He said in the most intimate voice she had heard him speak in and he was talking to *her*. The other guys and girls behind him with concerned glances nodded in agreement. Her look of surprise at him for the kiss and blush took them all by surprise. “What is it?” She was still figuring it out, but kissing her seemed to be something they did *regularly*?

“Oh dude! Look out! Snake!” One of his friends called out and began to smack a stick on the ground to scare it off. Melody caught a glimpse of it before it fled into the underbrush and recognized it. “Mel, did you get bit?” He asked. She twisted and turned and looked around her bare legs and arms and even inspected her *massive cleavage*, eyes popping open wide. When she looked up at everyone, their eyes all rose a fraction of a second later to meet hers. *Everyone was staring at her*. A hundred thoughts ran through her mind as the guys swallowed and the girls gave somewhat feigned smiles at her before taking glances at their own healthy, but *mundane* bosoms.

“I’m... I’m fine actually,” Melody said with a smile that grew from bright to beaming. She rolled her shoulders a bit and brushed a few more leaves off her shoulder and shook her hair, pigtails swinging about. On her wrist was a little bracelet of interesting charms including a variety of small rocks, a coin with a hole in it, a little quill, and a few little wooden figurines. There was a cute metallic charm that looked like a faerie’s wing, but one charm that stood out as particularly spectacular. A heart-shaped gem with a strange symbol on it like it was in another language. She brushed a finger across it and memories that were long forgotten flooded back in an instant of her time with Porin and she heard his voice in her heart. ‘*Live a free life my dear. You know where to find me.*’ A gust of cool wind from the direction of the tree with the scent of berries and milk kissed her nose.

“Glad you’re good, Mel. Dude, I am getting hungry. We should set up camp soon,” One of the guys said.

“Thank goodness you’re OK Melody. We were so scared for you,” One of the girls said sincerely.

“Melody? You good?” Her *boyfriend* asked. Her gaze broke from the keychain and she blinked her eyes a few times and met his concerned expression and gave him a big hug.

“I’ve never been better in my *life!*”

The End (19,355 Words)

### **Afterword**

Thank you from the bottom of my heart for reading this tale. I certainly hope it was swell for you. I am an amateur writer who is trying to get better and release lots of my work for free. I find that giving away free content is one of the most authentic ways to share your work and build rapport with a community. That is why I wrote this super long story with the intention of giving it away! If you enjoyed it and want to read more, check out some of my links below!

I *do* have places where I offer (plenty) of [content in exchange for your support](#). (It’s a patreon, but that is also where I host most of my free work as well. If that website isn’t to your liking I have a few other spots around the internet where I hide old stories and drafts. You can find that stuff on [my personal author website](#). I also sell stories and books online and you can check out [my Amazon author page](#) as well if you’d like.

I want to give a big thanks to swelltales for hosting the contest. It was fun and a neat challenge to try and write to such a theme and I was frankly surprised when the story sprialed out into what it became. And thanks to all readers and supporters of authors everywhere around the internet. A lot of writers wouldn’t keep doing it if it weren’t for the interaction and kindness of readers and fans.

Ta ta~

~Michelle