

The Milkmage

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *lactation*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

Commission: The following is a commission for an *anonymous* Discord user.

- *Madam Materia*

To say it was a warm day would be putting it nicely. High above the sun was shining brightly, casting its rays down on the open fields and plains that stretched far as the eye could see around these country roads. Not a speck of shade in sight to shield Myriakal from the heat bearing down on her, which she wouldn't have minded too much if her robes didn't leave her so exposed.

Rich blue fabric hung off her supple hips, flowing like water over her smooth legs with each step, though the garment left nothing to the imagination up top. Her breasts were fully exposed, bouncing upon her chest and jingling the fine golden jewelry draped over their magnificence. Each was more than a handful, a perfect teardrop that swayed and lightly batted at its heavy partner while their owner trekked onward; further and further from the university on her pilgrimage.

It was a rite of passage for all novice milkimages, even those that carried the natural talent and potential Myri did, to set out into the world and put their gifts to practice. A good milkmage needed three things: desire, control, and expression.

The first was easy, a part of being human, but also the most dangerous unfettered. It was easy to lose oneself to lust, but there was also a balance to be struck lest one not be able to tap into the powers of a milkmage when needed. Many acolytes saw it as a matter of temperament, dipping into the second discipline of control to keep themselves reined in, then use inner foci to bring themselves up when needed. Myri knew the real secret though; true masters were always aroused, and used control to pull it back and function day to day with the constant high burning inside of them. The final key though, expression, was the true separator between a milkmage and the rest of the world.

Everyone was capable of expression, to some extent; the most common manifesting in mothers to withstand the hardships of childbirth, and feed their young for the coming years until the magic ran its course. Some could harness it with the aid of remedies and salves, using it to grow their chests as symbols of femininity, or hope they could awaken a latent talent and harness their milk to cast a spell or two. The truly gifted though, when they came of age a whole new world opened to them. It was why the first two disciplines were so important; an untrained milkmage could do wonders great and potentially terrible.

Such was the need for the university, to help those young souls temper that raw talent into true skill through the three disciplines. To the uninitiated, some of their methods likely seemed odd; their uniforms for example. The open-front robes Myri now wore to show her chosen profession served two purposes. The first was a matter of expression, leaving her chest ready to release her bounty for spells without the need to waste time undressing. The lesser-known reason for it though was for control, to

dispel the milkmage's sense of modesty or shyness about their body. After all, getting flustered whenever you have to go topless to cast would interfere with the desire needed to manifest your magic. Even the jewelry served a purpose, as not only small charms the prestigious school bestowed upon its students to help their magic, but to draw the eye and further quash any sense that a milkmage's body wasn't something to be admired for its gifts.

And gifts Myri had, as she brushed a lock of her golden blonde hair over her ear. She was quite the prodigy, inducted into the university at a young age, a record by almost a full two years according to the headmistress. Plus, not only did she have a natural affinity, but she was quick to learn, having picked up her first spells in only a few weeks.

None of it however, exempted her from her pilgrimage. They had waited a few years, to ensure she was of age before setting out on her own, but she wouldn't achieve higher than a novice rank until she'd seen more of the world for herself; which was probably for the best. A few times she'd bitten off more than her experience could chew, and caused a bit of a ruckus on the campus grounds.

Just recalling those moments had a soft flush in her cheeks, partially masked by the faint traveler's tan walking the country roads had bestowed upon her flawless skin. All too quickly her body felt the desire, and soon her breasts were swelling with sweet milk, the pearl-like dots appearing over her decorated teats in anticipation for expression. They accumulated a couple sizes before the milkmage caught herself, embarrassingly dipping into recounted lessons to regain her control. Maybe she did need this journey, her mind was too prone to wandering alone on these empty trails.

Casting her ice blue gaze to the horizon Myri frowned. Another of heat's perils, the dark clouds of a summer thunderstorm, was coming in from the west. Her robes may have done little to protect her from the sun, but they'd do far less against torrents of rain. She needed shelter, and quickly.

Scanning about she caught sight of a chimney, the soft billow of smoke rising in swirled plumes before fading into the air. A fire in this weather could only mean one thing, amplified by the low grumble of her belly, someone was cooking supper. She crossed her fingers for an inn, though if it were a nice farmhouse willing to recognize and take in a milkmage for the night she'd accept that too.

Picking up the pace she came to regret choosing sharp heels over more sensible footwear. Each jogging step was a ride, her unbound tits bouncing on her chest, rattling her charms as they rose and slapped against her fit abs. Scarier was when her dainty feet landed, her shoes giving a loud "clack" against the gravel and threatening to send her spilling.

She made it though, heart hammering as she barely beat out the storm to stand beneath the swinging sign of "The Leaky Teat"; a fitting name for a place only a few days out from the university. Their lamps were lit, casting a dim glow out from the frosted windows, and the smell from the dinner pot was strong enough to reach through the wooden door as an invitation. Hopefully it wasn't too expensive for a bowl.

Stepping in there was a wave of rowdy cheering, the evening regulars raising glasses at the ring of the bell above the entry. It was good to be appreciated, Myri giving a cute little wave as she looked about the patrons, only to realize their attention wasn't on her.

All eyes were up at the bar, where a cute little redhead had her shirt hiked up. She had to have been around Myri's age, her chest pert, perky, with adorable cinnamon nipples just smaller than a pinky tip; fun to tease. More pressing however, she was in the middle of clumsily affixing a charm to her left breast.

How'd she gotten her hands on that? She wasn't wearing a milkmage's robes, and the pink flush in her cheeks was not that of someone who'd mastered control. Fiddling with that type of magic was asking for mishaps, and so the buxom traveler shot forth on clacking heels to intervene.

"Stop!" she commanded, sliding across the countertop with a hand outstretched.

The barkeep's face went red, as Myri's delicate hand snugly fit itself over her plump tit. It hadn't exactly been the milkmage's plan, but from the way that coloured nub was stiffening into her palm, it was the right move. A mixture of disappointment and excitement at the sight of the blonde cupping the cutie rang out, along with a few whispers from what she would assume were hicks who'd never seen a proper student of the university before.

The attention was certainly welcome, making her breasts swell with anticipation for expression, the little white droplets appearing on her chest and drawing an amazed stare from the redhead. "Ahem," Myri cleared her throat, reluctantly removing her hold and taking the charm with her, "are not you aware of the dangers of milkmagic charms? You could end up overexpressing, growing to the extreme and spurting good milk all across your floor."

It clearly struck a chord, the girl's green eyes casting downwards in an unspoken admission that such things had happened before. "It ain't so bad," she mused shyly, still not fixing her top, "an' we need it fer the Teat's specialty drinks."

"Yeah, jus' let 'er milkmage!" a semi-drunk voice came from the back. "Ah came 'ere fer a show!"

Did they truly have so little care for the girl's wellbeing? "Oh, can you not get your wife to lift her top with a mug like that?" she shot back at him, her ice blue eyes steeling a cold glare.

She struck a nerve. "Why ye little-" the drunk was ready to rise when a member of his table stopped him with a hand.

"Ye wanna pick a fight with a milkmage?" she challenged, turning a skeptical eye on him. "All our fields need their blessin's in the spring, 'less ye want the lot o' us pissed at ye keep yer ass in yer seat!"

A smug satisfaction twisted into a grin on Myri's lips; good to see some people at least had sense. With the room calmed down somewhat she was able to turn her attention back to the innkeeper, fixing a lock of her golden hair over her ear. "Specialties? What do you offer that needs milk charms?"

The redhead finally fixed her look, pulling her grease-stained tunic back into place to cover her cute little body. "Nan could do some milkmagic. Used ta use it fer mixed drinks an' a few recipes," she explained.

Well, that certainly explained it. "Do you need any tonight?" Myri asked with a cute little tip of her head.

"Stew'll be mighty thin without good milk," the innkeeper answered.

Stew sounded lovely, leading the milkmage's stomach to rumble with need. "Well then," she spun, planting her plush bottom on the counter and pressing her unbound breasts out as they continued to tease her expression, "how about a proper master of lactation provide for the guests tonight? In exchange for a bowl or two from that delicious smelling pot on the fire?"

You couldn't put a price on the look of gratitude in the young redhead's eyes. "O' course! Ah'd be more'n grateful fer yer help milkmage," she chirped, straightening with new vigor so quick her pert little tits bounced in her top.

"Please," the intricately garbed novice turned with a grin, "call me Myri."

The curvy blonde dipped deep, giving up the lightest bit of her control in order to dwell in her powerful desire. Her chest swelled before all their eyes, rounding out into full, heavy milk tanks that hung off her chest, each as large as her face, and looking enticingly obscene on her small frame. "So," her voice struggled with a sultry moan, her cheeks warm as the space between her legs, "who had the order in need of proper milk?"

Hands shot up around the bar, and the innkeeper's wide eyes were a good sign not all had been original requesters of the specialty beverage. "Hold up, lemme jot y'all down," she chirped, scribbling names down with her grease pencil.

"The more the merrier," the swollen milkmage giggled, turning and plopping her weighty bust onto the counter. "I am afraid that I do not know how to make your goods, so these are at your disposal," her words were a purr, an invitation for the redhead to return the grope she'd incidentally given her earlier.

The bartender paused, her face pink at the sight of the beautiful woman and her offer. It was clear she knew how to work the crowd, there were already hoots and hollers of, "Come on Nemees! She's askin' ya nicely." So that was her name.

Nemees cleared her throat, wiping her messy fingers off on her tunic. "Awright, keep yer coppers fer the drinks!" she plucked a bottle from her racks, shaking the fine mead and juggling a half-dozen tankards to fill the new orders.

Milkmagic was an art, as much as any other; watching the young innkeeper work the bar was its own thing entirely. She laid out the deep mugs, popping the cork of the fermented beverage with a thumb, and fluidly poured each of them without even a stutter in her movements. It was all in some part muscle memory, as her hand moved to her chest, only to remember she was getting the secret ingredient from another source today.

Her green eyes turned to the buxom magician, the first mug in her grip as she held it under one of the girl's "taps". "Jus' lemme know if ah'm doin' somethin' ya dun like," she whispered.

All the speed from just a moment ago transformed into elegance. Her fingers were soft, delicate as they gently took hold of one of Myri's pebbly nipples. Such tenderness spiked the milkmage's desire, her breasts filling another size and leaking a steady stream of her pale expression down the curved underside of her tits and onto the counter. The barkeep didn't have three hands, all she could do was

slip the current drink into place and carefully pinch the bud in her grasp to aim the flow where she wanted.

The blonde bit her lip, realizing she needed to reel back a bit or she'd end up spurting across the cute girl. "Ah'm not bein' too rough, am I?" Nemee asked at the sight.

"N-not at all," her voice rasped, the tease of the redhead stopping making her squirm, "Keep going!" she pleaded as she felt her desire growing, threatening to swell her further with sweet bounty.

Once more warmth filled the girl's face. She didn't need further prompting, tipping the tank to maintain the booze's foam head as she pinched the teat in her grasp. Myri's flow picked up, a stuttering moan singing out from her core to the background of her milk pouring into the drink. It was full in seconds, and the seasoned bartender slid it across the bar with an "Order up!" before taking the next to the rapidly squirting nip.

The way she was handled left the milkmage in ecstasy, savouring the girl's touch as she beckoned out her creamy expression. The whole bar got to watch the rock of her hips while she danced on her toes, heels clicking like the tempo in her lustful orchestra. She must have filled a dozen drinks, alternating between left and right, her stream never slowing as the gentle caressing of her buds helped keep her at a steady balance between the disciplines.

It had to come from somewhere though, the blonde's tight tummy sending a reminder with another whimpering growl. "Awright, jus' need some fer the stew an' we can see to fixin' ya a meal Myri," the lithe innkeeper's tone had lightened, accented with a fluttery giggle, "Doubt ya wanna be holdin' those beauties over a hot pot."

"Not particularly, no," the hungry mage joked along, happy to know her efforts had broken the girl's nervous shell.

As they bantered, Nemee pulled out a bowl, setting it on a stool beneath those milky fountains; she didn't need the accuracy of a single teat into a mug for this job. Both hands rose up, taking a brief moment to fondle the sheer, impressive size of the head-sized mounds on the milkmage's chest. Once more the buxom traveler's song rang, as the bartender kneaded from base to those hard nubs in a proper milking motion.

Long spurts fell, painting the bottom of the container and splashing up over the lip from their sheer volume. Sweet smelling droplets soon dotted her milker's trousers, and though the suntanned blonde was making more than enough to spare, she still let out a precious whimper at the waste. "Jus' a bit more," the greasy server assured, misinterpreting her whines, "then we'll getcha somethin' ta fill ya proper."

She wasn't lying, Myri's copious bounty soon filling the bowl to near the top. The milkmage did her best to hold her tongue, watching the redhead get to her feet, licking the errant droplets of her milk from her fingertips with a cat-like grin. "Oh, tha's real good."

"Ah'd say, might need another round," one of the patrons hooted from their seat in the corner, mug held high, with a telltale line of white on their upper lip.

The barkeep shot a playful leer, "Come now, le's give the lady a break. She's jus' give the better part o' a gallon."

"I can handle a few more glasses," the sleek dressed woman purred from the counter. In reality, she really just wanted those skilled hands back on her needy teats.

With a chuckle Nemee shook her head. "Ah dun' doubt it Myri, but ye should, if nothin' else, stretch yer back. Ye've been hopped over the bar fer longer n' a whore getting' a railin'."

Excellent advice, the golden blonde had to admit. She'd been so fixated on the delights of milking, the stiffness she'd been accruing had floated under her notice. It was a hassle to push herself up, the weight of her laden bosom, and her own desire, fighting to keep her down. Wasn't often they got this big without "fun" on the menu, and it was going to take a deep dive into her control to calm back down; something all the more challenging watching the innkeeper waltz her way to the dinner pot.

Even in such plain attire, that stained tunic and baggy trousers she was unafraid to get dirty, one could make out the feminine flare of her hips, her bottom bouncing with the same youthful vigor as her generous chest. The light dip she made to tend to the stew offered a perfect outline of her heart-shaped rear, lasting through the pouring in of the final ingredient and a few good stirs. Soon the warm smell of supper was tinted sweet with the milkmage's expression, and faces around The Leaky Teat lit up with hungry anticipation.

The first bowl was ladled out, and brought to the starving traveler. "There y'are," the redhead served with a smile and a soft blush, "first o' the night should go ta ya, fer the hard work."

Rustic in its presentation, the steam alone rising out of the dish was enough to have anyone's mouth watering with anticipation of some fine, country cooking. While the well-worn wooden spoon was far from the university student's ideal, after years now of dining with fine silverware, it fit well in her hand, and the first scoop of the thick slop clung to the porous material making it a proper tall mouthful.

Myri took it to her lips, and as the hefty bite touched her tongue, she let out a coo that put her delighted mewling from earlier to shame. Large chunks of beef melted in her mouth, mingling with the flavours of field-fresh greens, carrots, and perfectly cooked potato, all caressed by the broth mixed with her very own hot milk. Perhaps it was the long day on the roads, but it was one of the most delicious things she had ever tasted, and quickly she found herself dipping in for the next spoonful.

"That good eh?" the innkeeper gave a chuckle, "Musta worked yerself up quite an appetite."

The blonde could only nod, a gooey dollop nearly escaping over her plush lip. Like earlier there were patrons ready to jump out of their seats, Nemee hurriedly scribbling names and serving steaming bowls. Her skills behind the bar moved around the room, three to four dishes balanced in her arms as her cute butt danced about the floor, receiving every manner of compliments about the meal.

"Best bowl o' stew ah've ever tasted."

"So, this' the difference o' proper milkmage's work? Ah'll take 'nother round!"

"Ain't no surprise after them drinks the meal'd be just as good."

It was good to be appreciated, Myri's face breaking into a grin. Not all were singing the girl's praises however. A woman in the back, at least a few years her senior, done up with flashy reds and glittering golds designed to draw attention to the finer points of her figure; while distracting from the subtle signs of age that had begun to appear beneath her layers of makeup.

"Ah dun' see the big deal," she scoffed, though the near-empty tankard, white drops drying upon its lip, told another story. "I's tit milk, we all got 'em. Y'all're trippin' over yer jaws to lick 'er boots jus' cuz she's from that university. Ah'll bet mine'd be jus' as good, f'not better, bein' a lady an' not jus' a girl," she bragged in open challenge of the milkmage.

The bar was brought to a still silence, the cracks of the fire and bubbling of the pot the only sounds as eyes moved between the talented novice and her challenger. The expression on the bare-chested girl remained a satisfied grin. "Oh?" she turned her icy eyes up, making the woman flinch with the confidence of her smirk, "Would you care to try Miss?" she offered, fishing The Leaky Teat's charm from her dress pocket.

A bead of sweat marred her foundation. She knew all too well what the little trinket could do, everyone at the inn did, but whether from the buzz of the milky mead, or simply her own jealousy, she'd dug herself too deep to back down. "Give it here!" she demanded, holding her hand out stubbornly.

Myri complied, heels clicking dominantly as she carried herself across the room. This wasn't her first challenge, and certainly wouldn't be the last. Many a senior student at the university had sought to try and put the gifted novice in her place, only to fall short next to her talents. A gift-less, peacocking, hussy from the backcountry wouldn't hold a candle.

Perhaps it was cruel to even humor her baiting, how else would she learn though? Besides, maybe it would help them all respect the dangers of milkmagic charms to watch her fumble. "It would not be a proper wager without a judge. What say you we both fill a single glass, and a volunteer of our host's choice will taste each of our expressions to determine the victor?"

"Fine ba me," the woman hissed, snatching the piece from the blonde, face red as her dress as she hesitated with her top.

"Two clean cups please Neme," the buxom milkmage called, dipping into the shallows of her desire to prepare; the redhead made quite a good subject to help her too.

The barkeep was quick to it, fishing out a pair of decently sized tankards and bringing them to the table. "There y'are. Ah'll pick out yer tester when ye're done ladies."

The challenger looked at the mug, tall as the one she'd drunk from earlier. "A might big ain't it?" she questioned, the whole of her will going into preventing a stutter as the fingers wrapped around the inn's charm trembled.

"S'not easy aimin' yer milkers," Neme advised, "Ah'd like ta not be cleanin' milk outta the table all night."

"Too much for you Miss?" Myri popped in, her breasts already firm with her bounty, bouncing and setting her jewelry chiming as she propped herself on the table. "We can do only half a glass if you would prefer."

You couldn't buy the look of disdain in the woman's made-up eyes. "I's fine," she growled. How easy it was to play types like her, push their buttons and watch them make fools of themselves; even without a good drink in them.

With the stage set for their duel there was no more delaying. Polished nails rose up, dipping into the neckline of that frilly garment and yanking it down with such force you could hear stitches pop. She knew her breasts were an asset worth showing, decent in size, hanging just a tad low in their teardrops from the effects of time, but still quite hearty. That, however, had no bearing on an upbringing of somewhat modesty, as heat took her cheeks.

A shame, it seemed the innkeeper's desire for a clean table would go unfulfilled. "Then let us begin," the milkmaid exclaimed, her bosom swelling in size, her sweet expression once more coming to the surface. Delicate and careful she drew up her container, holding it beneath one of her bejeweled teats and gently pinched it to get her flow going. Even from just self play she let out a small moan, and soon enough was filling her receptacle with her white bounty.

The challenger stubbornly affixed the charm to her tit, and immediately she felt the effects. All of the eyes on her were sparking a mixture of the vanity she craved, and embarrassment she was topless without "getting the goods" as it were; a dangerous combination for desire. With the catalyst giving her access to powers unknown to her, her bust quickly surged with growth. The bar listened as dress stitches popped, the woman scrambling to try and contain her expanding chest while beet red from her cheeks down to her neck.

No control, and without it her wanton, selfish desire was running away with her. She was dragged to the table by their weight, mewling like a right slut as they spread over the surface. Her tankards were knocked, clattering to the floor and spilling their remaining errant drops across the hardwood. That was just an opening act unfortunately, as the pent-up desire the woman fostered was rapidly turning into expression.

It was too much for her to hold back. Her nipples, currently large as a thumb tip, puckered into hard nubs, and from just the pressures of the platform beneath them, and her scrambling arms, they began firing jets of her milk across the inn.

People stepped back, not wanting to have a laundry on their list of things to do tomorrow. Myri herself just gave a cocky little side step, avoiding the blasts and cradling her offering for the wager close as to not taint it. "Forgive me for the mess," she offered the redheaded cutie, knowing this would unfortunately end up her job to clean.

"Nah, s'awright," Nemee picked up the tumbled cups, using the clean one to collect a bit of the spray for the sake of the wager, "She deserved ta be taken down a peg."

There was more to it: that smug smirk on the bartender's lips telling that she was more than a little happy to watch someone else experience her misfortunes. "Awright, we got the goods, who 'ere wants ta be the taster?"

Hands once more shot up around the bar, a moment which had become quite amusing in and of itself to the traveler. "Gladis, ye've popped out a kid 'r two, ye've got the best tongue to judge," she offered, holding out the red-clad harlot's mug.

about the bar with the locals until her feet were sore. After everything she'd done, Nemee had insisted she couldn't just wander out into the night, not half drunk anyway, and so had given her a key to spend the night.

She collapsed onto the bed, the wooden frame creaking from the sudden impact. While not as lavish as those at the university, just the presence of a proper down-stuffed mattress and thick, warm, woolen blanket were like a gift from the heavens. Her dogs were barking, thankful to have her weight off them after a long day of traveling and merriment, and she took it as a good sign to prepare and turn in for the day.

One by one the milkmage started removing her charms, laying them upon the nightstand with delicate care. They needed to be taken off in a proper order, many helped with expression, but just as many assisted with control. With each one that lost contact with her tanned skin she could feel her breasts swelling and receding, the concentration of her milkmagic changing and ushering them towards expression or rest. When all were done her chest was lain bare, a pair of perfectly spherical orbs upon her form, small white droplets already eagerly waiting on her nipples; her natural state.

There was a pride to be had in her gifts, Myri idly scooping up one of the beads on a finger to take to her lips. It had been fine with booze, but in her mind, it was far more perfect on its own. She was about ready to slip out of her uniform dress when there was a knock upon her door, drawing her icy blues its way. "Come in," she offered, not wishing to rise back to her feet.

"Who could it be" the traveler couldn't help but wonder? Maybe Nemee come to check on the room. Or perhaps this evening rival finally expressed back to a more manageable size and wanting to slip a last few venomous words in. Neither were immediately correct, as the door swung open to reveal a new face.

Freckles dotted across her nose and cheeks, partially hidden by a proper tan, earned from working her days in the fields, that made Myri's sun-kissed skin seem like a joke. Shoulder-cut sandy hair was done up in pigtails to keep it out of her face, letting her hazel eyes sparkle on their dark canvas, and opening the way to follow down her body. She wore little, just a loose fitting, and frankly undersized, top that had seen a right amount of wear and tear, and a pair of similar shorts that hugged tightly to her rear.

Her arms and legs were well toned, another sign of a life of labour, with defined muscle under smooth-looking skin and lithe hands you could make out the discoloration of calluses on. The short nature of her top showed off flat abs that held her high, leading up to a pair of petite but perky boobs, and down to fine hips that would likely one day continue her family line. For today though, they were a treat on the eyes, making their way into the milkmage's room and crawling up onto the bed with her.

Not that the buxom blonde was opposed to a cute girl in her bed, she rather enjoyed such experiences, but it did catch her by surprise to have a stranger in her sheets. Before the well-spoken novice could inquire as to her reason for being here however, another appeared in the still open doorway.

"Hope we're not intrudin'," Nemee stepped inside, gently sealing the door behind her.

She'd changed out of her grime-covered work clothes and into a simple white nightdress. Considering the light nature of it, the way it hung off her modest breasts like water that waved about her thighs as she moved, it was probably fine satin or silk; and the most expensive thing a country girl like her owned. The kind of thing only for special occasions.

"After all ya did today, figured a bowl o' stew n' the Teat's bes' bed weren' quite 'nough," she explained, walking over on long barefoot strides to join the pair. "Made more in a night 'an the usual week, n' ya saved me least one spill," her cheeks tinted rose, as she slid up with them, her legs curled in such a way as to offer the lightest peek up her dress to the lack of any underthings beneath, "ah wanted to give ya proper thanks Myri."

Her green eyes flitted upward, filled with an all too recognizable emotion: lust, and it had the same stirring within the milkmage. Her tits perked, nipples puckering and growing ever so slightly with anticipation as the flesh behind them filled with her milk. She was up two sizes in seconds, the beads upon her teats swelling until their breaking point where they rolled down the round underside of her bust.

"Wow, ya weren't lyin' Nem," the freckled girl among them gasped in wonder, edging closer, placing her arm across the blonde's body so she could be right up to those pebbly fountains, "leaks right easy."

"I's beautiful right?" The innkeep cooed, drawing in herself and closing any distance between the three, "An' it's so sweet, like cream," she licked her lips, her breath hot against the bare skin of Myri's exposed chest. "Wha' say we help 'er Airene?"

The two girls locked eyes, and a blink later were locking lips. Tongues danced together, revealing the display as more than just a cute attempt, the pair were well versed in one another. Nemee's teeth grazed her partner, beckoning her closer, and the sandy-haired girl complied with one of those strong hands coming to run up her thigh, sliding that nightie up her mate to show off more of the girl's pale skin.

Myri was pinned beneath their play, unable to do anything but watch and whimper in her escalating desire. Further her breasts grew, rivalling the head-size she'd adopted earlier to fill drinks, however now she was struggling with her control. Her rock-hard buds quivered, profusely leaking only to surrender the game and fire a first spurt of her warm expression across the temptresses teasing her.

As the white ambrosia hit her cheek, Nemee gave a giggle, her breath ragged with arousal. Those green eyes fluttered as she broke the kissing, letting her tongue out to lap the droplets off her cheek. There were more unaccounted for however, a pair of dark spots tarnishing her pristine gown, over the redhead's hardened teats.

Worry spiked in the milkmage, her icy gaze jumping to the nightstand to make sure they hadn't nicked one of her charms while she was distracted. They were all accounted for, including the one that she'd originally taken from the barkeep, which only left one conclusion; one Airene was quick to confirm.

"Oh, ya got Nem goin'!" she said in absolute wonder, running those fingers further up, continuing to hike the girl's dress. It came up over those milky beauties, revealing that her plump little

handfuls had grown firm with pure expression that was beading at their tips. "It's so much! Ain't often she gets 'xcited 'nough ta milk."

Her other, powerful, hand came up, taking one of those eager tits and giving it the lightest little squeeze to get the girl going. It worked, as Nemees's cute little moan chimed, singing from her throat as a little arc of her expression was brought out. Her partner let out her tongue to catch it, skillfully getting most as the rest spattered her cheeks and roughed top.

The golden-haired beauty pondered it briefly. The girl had said her "nan" could do a little parlour casting, it made sense the gift might run in her family line. Any further deductions though were cut short; they were still in bed together, in the middle of play.

And play the redhead wanted. "Come on Airee," she chastised with a lewd grin, "we got tits bigger 'n mine already overflowin' ta take care o'," those green emeralds returned to Myri, joined quickly by her mate's as they shared an equally lurid expression.

They were right, the milkmage was close to spraying in arcs, her desire for these two farm girls reaching a peak; and unfortunately watching another girl express was leaving her errant mind wandering. "N-now careful-" she managed to sputter out before they were upon her.

One of each of their hands were on her shoulders, pushing her onto her back among the woolen sheets. The pair crawled over her, bodies slithering in a sinful dance as they put their weight upon her, letting her feel the warmth, and in Nemees's case wetness, of their nethers over her thighs.

"Ya know ah will be," the redhead purred, grinding on the buxom caster and spreading her liquid love on her skin.

The girls descended, the innkeep, having already gotten a taste of the milky feast, now eager to take a drink from the tap as she wrapped her lips over the first leaky bud. Airene was a little more tactful, lapping up the flowing trail that had been dripping down that beautiful breast, and letting one of her strong hands come in to knead the source of such sweet nectar before latching onto the other. It was a little more than the farmhand could handle, her cheeks quickly filling in her attempts to swallow it all back until it began to overflow, spilling from the corners of her mouth in rivulets.

It was a delight for all three, Myri letting out a powerful cry of pleasure that drowned out the pair's cute suckling and whimpers. She couldn't match the redhead's excitement though. The girl's lower lips were positively drooling just from the eroticism of her own actions. Her legs quivered, needily going to work rubbing herself off on the milkmage, eager for a release she both craved and hoped would never come and end this moment.

Those stray thoughts floating in the blonde's head amplified, as she lost her mind briefly to the euphoria. Her bust swelled, soft tit squishing around the cheeks of her two bedmates, and her flow increased in kind, forcing them to drink deeper or spill the white bounty. It was different now though, now the blue-eyed beauty's lewd imaginings had her sweet expression laced with milkmagic.

Airene was the first to feel it, her eyes going wide as the effects started to manifest. She had to let go of the teat in her mouth, pouring warm milk over the chin and across her tiny top as she peered down. "Oh mai," she gasped, reaching up and cupping her pert little boobs.

Her powerful fingers pressed into the softest part of her form, molding the damp fabric to her skin and making what was happening more visible. Beneath her grasp they were pulsing, pushing against their restraints with each breath in and failing to fall as she exhaled. Soon they were filling her palms, spreading her digits with their girth and pulling her already ill-fitting work shirt up. The sheer excitement in her eyes was a treat, as the hem of her short covering became insufficient at hiding the round undersides to her breasts.

“Damn Nem, look! Ah got a right fine rack,” she grinned, bouncing them in her hands, swaying her shoulders back and forth just to watch and feel the way they swayed on her body.

Her mate’s green eyes peeked open, her lips unwilling to part from the turgid, spouting nipple in her mouth. Indeed, it was fine, the girl letting out a moan around the sensitive bud in her mouth, tribbing herself more fiercely on the milkmage’s leg before relenting that she wouldn’t reach her peak yet. Had she seen what had become of her then, perhaps she might have.

Slowly she stopped her suckling, pulling away without spilling a drop of the liquid gold from the beauty’s teat, only remaining connected to it by a string of drool. “Ya d-” she started, her attempts to rise thwarted as she was dragged back down onto Myri by an unfamiliar weight.

It took a grunt of effort, and the aid of her arms, to pull herself up. Just like Airene she’d grown, her chest a pair of face-sized melons that held her cute dress away from the rest of her body to outline their grandeur. They were still leaking, even more profusely now that they had size compared to what the blonde novice had been sporting over the bar, leaving the pale silk practically transparent to show the cinnamon colour of her nips clearly.

“By the... ah’m bigger ‘n nan,” she exclaimed, unable to get even both her hands over a single heaving tit. The attempt however had her cheeks flush, as her delicate fingers moved over the massive expanse of femininity.

The sandy-haired girl crawled over on her powerful limbs, once more teasing her partner with her touch. “They look mighty good on ya,” she purred, creeping her hand up the hem of that nightie, “Mind if’n ah take a peek?”

Nemee let out a soft moan, her breasts surging with a fresh spurt of milk in response. All this desire, but she wasn’t at all trained to control it and not spray like a dairy cow. Not that the milkmage among them was doing much better.

With the two girls temporarily off her, Myri had a moment to catch her breath, the weight on her chest making the task somewhat difficult. Each tit was dominating her torso, the heavy milk tanks rolling out over her ribcage to her sides, while still remaining full enough to stand more than a foot from her in firm, round mounds. She knew she let herself get out of hand, her incidental growth spell all the more evidence of her lack of control. If the headmistress could see her, oh the scolding the novice would get.

It took a grunt of effort to sit up, doughy boob rolling down over her core to rest on her thighs and wrap around the two girls playing on her. It was enough to distract their exploration, the hands they had upon each other slowing as they marveled at the giant bust before them. “Wow,” it was Airene to

break the wonder, running one of her strong fingers over the expanse of tit. "Ah dun' think ah've seen no one so big, even with yer nan's charm."

The redhead joined in, her nightie hiked up over her bust, allowing her to dock her head-sized breasts on one of the milkmage's massive nipples. "Me neither," she purred, her voice raspy with arousal as she squished her assets around the bud, "Jus' her nip's more 'an a mouthful," she did her best to point the teat up, lapping at the milk still pouring out of the sensitive, nearly fist-sized tap.

"I-I do not normally get so worked up," the golden blonde shuddered with delight at the attention, feeling herself continue to swell further.

At least she was regaining her control, concentrating so there were no more accidental spells. That was about all she was going to manage though. She was on fire, her nethers burning between her thighs nearly as much as Nemee's still rubbing against her. There wouldn't be any cooling down, returning to her normal, not without release.

She needed to take a more active role in what was happening. Pleasant as it was to be fawned over by a pair of cute country girls, it wasn't going to get her much closer to finish having them just worshipping her heavenly milkers; sensitive as they were. She placed her hands upon her two ravenous ladies, giving herself a little distance to work with.

"Ye not enjoyin' it Myri?" she barkeep asked with a nervous quiver in her voice.

The blonde shook her head, her plush lips twisted into that confident smirk she wore so well. "I have been quite enjoying it," she flashed her icy blues to her overstuffed breasts for emphasis, "but, I like partners who pay the whole of me attention, not just the best parts."

She turned her gaze to Airene, to the girl's muscular arms. "Do you think your friend would assist me in rolling over Nemee?" she inquired with a purr.

"Wouldn' even hesitate Missy," the freckled farm girl stated proudly, puffing out her new chest and doing her best to wrangle one of the milkmage's huge tits.

It was an ordeal, more for the awkwardness of their size than their weight. Myri did her best to help out, pivoting on her hips, but her unassisted boob kept one arm consistently pinned to stop her using those limbs effectively. Soon enough she was on all fours, albeit her hands weren't really a part of the equation.

"Damn Myr," the sandy-haired girl wiped her brow, "ye're too full even ta hang fer milkin'."

It was true. Even if her breasts weren't too heavy to be putting less than her full strength into lifting, they were so big that even extending her arms and pushing against the well-stuffed down mattress they refused to rise off the sheets. "It would appear so," she giggled with a flush, reaching her hands beneath her soft mounds and running them under, rolling her heaving assets so her leaky nipples were facing forwards and resting on them like cushions. "Though that does not mean I would not like a little relief, from Nemee's trained hands."

Airene gave a playful scoff. "Ye think Nem's good? Ah were the one what taught 'er ta drain a tit," she exclaimed, crawling herself in front of the pinned milkmage and stretching her fingers.

“Well then who will-” she started, only to let out a lewd gasp.

Behind her, the innkeeper had scooted herself into place, sodden box straddled over the girl’s heel, painting it with her juices as she rode on it. Meanwhile, her face was buried in Myri’s rear, one hand holding that blue dress up while her tongue went to work delving into the gifted girl’s folds.

The fit Airene’s powerful hands moved to the giant milk tanks before her. “Looks like Nem’s got ya,” she purred as her calloused fingers slid from breadth to tip of the milkmage’s overfull teats.

Comparing her to the softness of the bartender’s digits, the buxom girl had expected roughness from her milker’s hands; she couldn’t have been more wrong. Airene was gentle as a summer breeze, lifting from the underside of her right breast and coaxing out her expression with a petting from base to nip. This was her passion, her raison d’être, and it was obvious in how every caress got the absolute most out of the swollen teat before her.

Myri was mewling, squirming in ecstasy as her breasts were firing jets across the bed, and the sandy farm girl servicing her. “There there,” she giggled, lifting, squeezing, and relieving some of the pressure, “we’ll get ya handled.”

It was such a waste, so much good milk gone and soaking into sheets, clothes, and tanned skin alike. The feeling was just too good though, the blonde seeing spots as she was expertly tended on both ends. Nemee was busily savouring her sex, the texture of her tongue sliding in and out, caressing the parts of her inner walls that elicited the strongest sparks. The softness of her lips tangled with her labia, skillfully tickling them the same as she would any mouth, and every now and again giving them the tiniest graze from her teeth to keep the subject of her pleasure on her toes.

The soaked farmhand lapped the nectar from her fingers with a coo, eventually moving to the other tit in her care. “Can’ have perfect beauties like these bein’ uneven, can we?” she teased, coaxing out more and more of their alabaster gold.

Indeed, they couldn’t. As her second teat was released the milkmage gave a cry, tipping her head back in the throes of climax. Her body tightened, the muscles of her chest not even enough to elicit more than a trickle from her overgrown bust. The girl’s folds however wrung the tongue penetrating them, and rewarded the exploring girl’s efforts with a splash of her feminine spunk.

The cute and curvy innkeeper murred happily into those spasming folds, funneling as much as she could towards her mouth. With so much desire coursing through the golden magician’s body it was a small flood, pouring from the corners of the redhead’s grin and down her neck to her exposed body. “Nearly sweet ‘s yer milk,” she cooed, taking a moment to come off the heel she’d been grinding all this time; sticky threads of her juices linking her to it and showing she’d also reached a peak.

Clarity from her overwhelming lust was coming back, giving the blonde returned control to reduce herself to something more manageable, thanks to Airene’s help of course. She flopped onto her side with a delightful sigh, her heavy milkers slapping against one another to fall in a round stack. Her bedmates weren’t quite as ready to call it a night however.

Strong arms took her shoulders, once more rolling her onto her back with her doughy breasts atop her. “Race ain’t over,” the tanned worker whispered, slipping out of her tight little shorts and planting her hands over those leaky teats, “not ‘til er’ry horse crosses the line.”

Myri was hardly in a state to protest, even if she didn't know what the girl's euphemism meant at first. She got the gist of it however, when the working girl straddled herself over her face, tight womanhood wet and ready, only inches from her mouth and nose.

The milkmage wasn't green when it came to sex, she knew her way around, what was generally expected of each position she and another girl could get into. She let out her tongue and prepared to crane her neck forward and tend to the delicate flower that had been placed in her care. Its owner was a tad more enthusiastic, to say the least. The distance between her and her target disappeared in an instant, Airene dropping herself down and grinding on the buxom girl from nose to chin, all while toying with the monumental boobs in her hands, pinching, teasing, to drive the beauty to more ecstatic moaning that disappeared muffled into those velvety folds.

Nemee wasn't finished with her either. Behind the veil of that wall of tit, and the powerful thighs boxing the ice blue-eyed magician in, the redhead was weakly repositioning. Her own upsized bust was flopping about, sprinkling creamy droplets about the already soaked woolen sheets, as her legs slid up along the hyper-buxom girl's own. Soon the barkeep's feet were mingling with the undersides of those mammoth mammaries, and the still simmering wetness of their sexes met in an electric spark of euphoria.

Beneath them, the bedframe creaked, the cutie putting the whole of her body to work grinding their velvety walls together, while her well built partner continued going to work on the milkmage's face. Myri was once again at the two girls' mercy, riding the peak of her orgasm, squirming, moaning, and reveling in the moment until the world went white with pleasure. Time became a figment. They could have been there like that for minutes, days, it didn't matter. All that did was the moment when the folds smothering her face quivered, and slicked her cheeks and hair with more liquid love.

There was a relieved sigh from above, muffled by the powerful thighs around her ears, their grip tightening with the farm girl's climactic release. "There t'is," she babbled weakly, finally letting go and flopping, satisfied, onto the bed with the others.

The redhead crawled up from below, laying her head upon one of the body-sized pillows the traveler was still sporting. Soon the three were curled up in a small pile, exhausted from their play, after what was already an exciting day, and drifted to sleep together.

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The storm passed, morning came, and the warmth of the summer sun drifted in through the frosted glass to tickle and kiss at the milkmage's skin. Slowly her senses reawakened, her ice-like eyes coming open to catch the light, her delicate fingers curling lazily into the girls on either arm. All delightful, until she took in a deep breath and was met with the pungent smell of stale milk.

Even after hours of night the quality mattress was still damp, giving squishy little groans as she sat up. Her perfect breasts fell into place on her chest, back to their normal glory after a fine evening of release, and good the dreams that followed. All they needed, along with the rest of her, as a tuft of her

golden hair was sticking straight up from Airene's dried juices, was a nice bath. A last little comfort before she hit the road once more.

With utmost care Myri slipped out of the tangle of bodies, collecting her charms from the nightstand and making her way towards the small bath her inn room connected to. It wasn't much, not compared to the ornate hot springs available at the university, the barrel by the window was only barely warm as she transferred buckets of water from it to the lay-in tub. Still, it was more than suitable to wash her body and robes.

As she bathed, her bedmates began to stir, Nemee the first to rise with a wide yawn and a cat-like grin. It faded when she noted the milkmage's absence, as well as her own and Airene's busts returned to their usual pert sizes now that the novice's accidental spell had worn off. Her hands rose, gently toying with her plump little tits in the hope maybe she could express a few more drops, or get them to grow once more. To her disappointment they did not.

The pigtailed working girl was next to rise with a soft groan. "Smells like ah fell 'sleep in the barn," she chuckled, pulling herself up and stretching her stiff limbs. Just as her partner, she too noticed how her short little top slipped back down over her flattened chest, leaving her to whine. "Awe, thought ah'd be a right looker from now on," she joked, patting her shirt.

They were joined as the blonde slipped out of the bath, still wet, her charms sparkling atop her bare bosom and drawing the eye. Her blue dress, not yet dry, hung heavy on her body; the sun would do the rest when she got back on the road. "I would argue you are quite a treat for the eyes already Airene," she noted, wringing out her hair. "Sorry to leave a mess Nemee, but I must get going."

The redhead sank a little, "Ye're leavin'?" her voice was a whine as she crawled up to the edge of the bed. "Can' ya stay Myri? The Teat's never been so lively 's last night, an' we wouldn' need nan's charm no more," she pleaded.

"Ya could even teach Nem ta use magic!" her sandy mate added. "An' I could milk ya right proper, we cou' have fun like this er'ry night when th' lamps go out!"

Memories from last night were still fresh, the dancing, the praise from the inn crowd, the farm girl's strong hands as they coaxed the sweet expression from her gigantic teats. Just thinking about it had her swelling a size, fighting her own control as milk began to bead on her beautiful nipples. It wouldn't be a bad life, by any means, definitely one that would be filled with pleasure and the love of two cute women; one would even be her apprentice.

A novice milkmage giving up her training for bar work wasn't unheard of; after all, the point of a milkmage's pilgrimage was to help experience the world and find their place in it. But, was it the life she wanted? To stop here would be to never reach her full potential. Myrikal, prodigy of the university, was destined for greatness, and no matter the comforts, she couldn't give that up and end her journey here.

"I am sorry," she told them, "but I cannot stay. I have only just begun my pilgrimage, and must return to it if I am to finish my own training," she gave them that confident smile she'd worn the prior night, "I would make a poor teacher after all if I were not a master."

Though disappointed, the two understood, their shoulders slumping with defeat. "Ah guess then can we have nan's charm back?" Nemee asked her. "The Teat wouldn't be able ta survive withou' 'er specialty drinks."

The buxom novice couldn't in good conscience let the girl continue to put herself at risk. "Nemee," she whispered, coming over and resting her hand upon the girl's shoulder, "you have the gift. You have no need for a dangerous trinket, only training, and I would like to write you a letter of recommendation for the university, where you could learn to harness that potential," she told her.

The redheaded cutie sank a bit, her cheeks flush. "Tha's mighty nice Myri, bu' who'd run the Teat withou' me?" she pointed out.

Airene threw her arm over the girl's shoulders, a grin on her lips. "Come on Nem, ya know ah know ma way 'round the bar, ah can handle the Teat 'til ya get back. Wouldn't even be the first ah've taken care o'," she joked, giving the girl a loving shake.

"Where wou' ya get the milk Airene?" the innkeeper questioned.

"The university is full of young milkmaids eager to prove their mettle, or who need a little extra coin for spending," Myri answered for her, "I can let them know in my letter that you are in need, they will send someone post-haste."

Stripped of her excuses, Nemee could only sit silently, twiddling her thumbs. "Nem," her sandy-haired partner nuzzled into her neck, "ya got an opportunity ta learn like yer nan, ta not have ta 'xpose yerself fer pervs' entertainment," she laid a kiss on the girl's neck. "Dun' waste it. Ah'll be here waitin' for ya when ya get back, promise," she let out her pinky, the strong digit piercing through the redhead's tight fists to loop with her own.

A smile couldn't help its way onto her lips. "Airee," she mused softly, nuzzling her back until their lips could meet, and she could embrace her love in a proper kiss.

It was touching to watch, perhaps making the traveler just a tad regretful to be leaving. She had greater pastures on her horizon though.

She stayed long enough for a fine breakfast, and to draft her letter for the royal carrier, before departing for the road once more. The sun was high above, shining brightly and forcing the last bits of moisture from her uniform as it cast its rays down on the open fields and plains of these country roads. Her heels crunched in the gravel, her magnificent breasts bouncing gently and ringing her fine jewelry with each step. Waves from her new friends sent her off, with a feeling in her heart light as the pale clouds above as she trekked onward; further and further from the university on her pilgrimage.