

This story uses several familiar tropes and archetypes from Judeo-Christian scripture and lore. These are not intended to be taken seriously. Sometimes, a story is just a story. However, readers may find these appropriations objectionable. You've been warned.

The Milk of Human Desire

Chastity had never seen a stranger house. Tall and lavish, with marble posts and iron standing lamps that illuminated the brick path to the front, the well-tended grounds enclosed by a wrought iron fence and a large gate; a small mansion, surely...

But, could a mansion also be a duplex?

The thing about the house was this: it was perfectly symmetrical in shape, but not in composition. The windows, gables and chimney on the left side of the duplex all had its mirror image on the right. But, the left plex was made of uniformly polished beige stone. The right was made of red stones of different shades. Even the twin doors were mismatched: the left one immaculate, painted white; the right a very dark, charcoal wood.

Chastity climbed the front step and paused in the light of twin sconce lamps, brass on the left; cast iron on the right, her head swiveling between the two doors. She did not know which to knock on. She had expected one door; not two.

It was not too late to turn back. Chastity could walk away, send an email: *Thank you but I have changed my mind. I'm actually not interested.*

But, there was a problem and its name was *Ari and Eliza*. There was also ten thousand dollars in the savings account Chastity had opened early this year. Nine months of art commissions had earned her that extra money. She had worked around her day job, sometimes late into the night, all for this.

No, she would not back away now. Chastity notched her glasses up her nose and knocked on the left-hand door.

With rhythmic precision, the door swung open. A woman's head popped out and peered at Chastity. She had a brown bob and silver eyes. She was pretty, but Chastity could not place her age. She could have been twenty-five...or forty-five. "Uh, hello," said Chastity, "are you—"

The woman's silver eyes peered at Chastity. She spoke in a voice that was light and airy, but with a startling sharpness. It cut like a blade so thin, you wouldn't feel it slip into your skin. "Oh, you're here for Darcy, aren't you?"

"Uh, y-yes. That's right."

"I'm her sister, Ivanna."

"Oh! I'm sorry. I didn't know which—"

"Fine, fine. It happens all the time."

"Well, I won't waste any more of your—"

But, the woman, Ivanna, stepped out onto the patio. She wore a long, white dress with a tiny black waist belt. She regarded Chastity with what seemed profound curiosity and said, "Darcy has made you some offer. Let me guess: a difficult job? Stuck in a bad lease?" Chastity opened her mouth to answer but Ivanna went on: "No, no. You're in *love*. You love someone who doesn't love you back. Or, won't admit it."

Chastity's blood froze in her veins. Could Ivanna have learned this from her sister? Chastity had kept her emails vague. "How did you...?"

Ivanna crossed her arms under her breasts, leaned against her door frame. "I intuit these things," she said. "Now, I imagine Darcy has made you come up with a good deal of money, so she can help you coax this lucky individual right into your arms."

Chastity flushed.

"Well, it's my duty to warn you: you might be wasting your money. Darcy's gifts come with a lot of fine print."

Chastity's tongue caught in her throat as she fumbled for an answer. "Are-are you saying she's lying?"

"Lying? No. If she says she can do something, she *can* do it. I should know. But—"

"Well...that's what I want," said Chastity.

"Have you told him how you feel?"

"What?" said Chastity.

"The boy. The boy you're so enamored with that you'll buy my sister's services just to get him. Did you try telling him how you feel about him?"

"N-no. I can't. It's complicated."

Ivanna uncrossed her arms and put her hands on her hips. "Is it?"

"Y-you don't understand. Uh...look, thank you for your concern but I—"

"Oh yes! Isn't that just like me? Butting into matters that are none of my business. Well, my apologies. In any case, child, I wish you well. Please take care of yourself. And, if it pleases you, come give my door another knock in a week and let me know how my sister is treating you."

In a flash, Ivanna disappeared behind the door.

Chastity stared at the now-closed white door in a daze. Somehow Ivanna knew she was in love—and that the object of her love was a *he*. Was this magic?

Of course, Chastity did believe in magic. She would not be here otherwise.

She knocked on the dark wood of the right-side door.

The door flew open. In the doorway was a woman in a shiny red bathrobe. The robe was barely closed around her. Her black lace bra was on full display, and nestled in it was the largest pair of breasts Chastity had ever seen in person—proportionate to the rest of the body, anyway.

"H-hi. I'm Chastity Hart. I—"

"Yes! I'm Darcy. So good to meet you. Come in."

Darcy hurried Chastity inside.

Candles burned everywhere in the living room, on the tables, the mantle, the windowsills. Orange flames danced in the fireplace. A sable-colored, leather sectional couch spanned much of the room and bordered a coffee table so dark, Chastity thought it might be obsidian.

Darcy unfurled her arms in an overwrought gesture toward the couch. "Please, sit." The woman had long black hair and young eyes, paired with a mature smile. The resemblance to her sister, Ivanna, was tenuous, but something of the other woman's face was definitely here in Darcy's. Once again, the age was hard to place. She seemed a bit younger than her sister, but it could have been the attire.

Chastity perched on the couch cushion, hands on her lap. The very pretty, very sexy Darcy sat beside her. For some reason, a flush crossed Chastity's face. She hoped it would not be apparent in the candlelight.

"Well now," said Darcy, "you gave me the short story in your email. But, I want to hear everything, now. Who is this boy to you?"

"Ari's my best friend," said Chastity. "He has been for at least five years. And, I'm his."

"And, how long has *Ari* possessed your heart?"

Chastity turned her gaze to the umber wood of the floor. "Five years," she muttered.

"Oh, my. And, what has kept you longing for this boy for all of five years?"

"He's with someone."

"With who?"

Chastity furrowed her brow. She did not realize these details would be of interest to Darcy. The woman was all business over email; short and to the point. "Her...her name is Eliza."

"How long has this *Eliza* stood in your way?"

Chastity sighed. "Three years."

Darcy arched an eyebrow. "And, why didn't you take Ari three years ago when you perhaps had the chance?"

"I was dating someone else at the time. I-I broke up with him later, because..."

"Go on."

"Because...because, I was in love with Ari."

"Oh. And after you did that for him, he didn't do the same?"

"He loves Eliza."

"Does he?"

Chastity looked Darcy square in the face. "Well, not really." Her right hand was clenched into a trembling fist. "Eliza uses him. She hurts him. It's abusive. Ari thinks he's in love, but really, he's just afraid of leaving her. I told him! I said, 'Ari, that's not love. It's just fear.'"

"But, he won't listen to you."

"He thinks I don't understand. He thinks nobody understands"

"And, you told him you love him?"

Chastity let out an exhausted breath. Her tongue caught in her throat.

Darcy tossed her head back and laughed. It was no laugh of sympathy, or pity. There was something cruel in this laughter.

"What's so funny?" said Chastity.

"Of course you haven't *told* him. Why would you? You've been his kindest, sweetest friend, through everything. He, of all people, should know it by now. He probably already does. But that wicked, little charmer on his arm has her claim."

"Yes," cried Chastity.

"If only he appreciated you—like he appreciates *her*. She never earned his love. No, she feeds on him, and you suffer. It isn't fair."

"No, it isn't."

Darcy reached out a hand and held Chastity by the chin. "Well, my dear, with my help, you'll be able to whisk Ari right out of little Eliza's hand."

"It's all I want," said Chastity. "I have ten thousand, like you asked."

"Please." Darcy held out her hand. Chastity dug the check out of the interior pocket of her jacket and placed it in Darcy's palm. Before Chastity could draw her hand back, Darcy gripped it and did not let go.

Chastity looked up. Sitting at her side now was no human woman. Her skin was not white, but deep crimson. Her eyes were not silver, but a glowing yellow. Black horns sprouted from her temples and curved up like twin antennae. She grinned at Chastity, baring a set of upper and lower fangs.

She released Chastity's hand, examined the check, folded it in half and stuck it under her bra.

"Y-you're..." Chastity stammered.

"Did you expect the tooth fairy?" Darcy giggled. She proudly drew herself up and crossed her arms under her heaving bosom.

Chastity's heart pounded. Warmth flickered inside her belly. It was a kind of gooey ecstasy. She felt as though she were melting.

"I'll have you know, girl, I *will* fulfill my end of this bargain. I always do." And, with that, the demon stood. She removed her bathrobe and tossed it into the fireplace. Immediately, the robe was no more than a pile of ashes. The fire was suddenly enormous. It huffed billows of smoke into the room. Chastity glanced up and realized the whole ceiling was smoke-charred.

Darcy strutted back and forth across the living room in nothing but her black bra and panties. Chastity gawked when the devil turned her back toward her and she realized that, in the middle of her tanky rear, the devil's underwear had a slit in it—for a long, red tail. It swished and wagged.

"Now," said Darcy, "here's what we're going to do." There was relish and verve in Darcy's voice now. In a strange way, she reminded Chastity of a Julie Andrews character—the way she didn't just walk but strut; the way she didn't just talk, but dramatize. There was even a sort of musicality in the way she spoke and moved. "You can win poor Ari's heart with one thing only: the milk of human desire. However, I can't simply *give* it to you. If you gave Ari *my* milk, well then, Ari would fall for *me*. And, while I love attention, that would not fulfill my part of the bargain. No, my dear, sweet, little heifer: you must make your own milk."

Heifer? For some reason, the word made Chastity flush.

"Uh...what do I do once I make it?"

Darcy paused and raised her brow at Chastity theatrically. "You must put it in his body, of course."

"But...but *how*?"

Darcy laughed. "Why, put it in his coffee. Drip it into his bong. Squirt it in his ear. Lubricate your finger with it and stick it up his ass. I don't care *how* you give it to him. Pick an orifice and figure it out!"

"But...I have to trick him?"

"Well, if you think telling him honestly that you want him to drink enchanted milk, I suppose there's nothing to stop you from doing it that way. But that usually doesn't work. You're his rightful partner and he won't see it. What option do you have, other than trickery? You must *make* him see that you're the right one for him. Otherwise, why would you be here? The way this whole thing works, dear, is I give you the power and you use it the way you see fit. Besides, it's more interesting that way."

"Uh...okay. So, how do I get this milk?"

For a split second, the devil gave Chastity a look like she'd just asked the dumbest question in the world. Then, Darcy burst out laughing. "Oh, how silly of me—I forgot to say before. Take off your clothes."

"Um, what?"

Already, Darcy was unhooking her bra. Her emancipated boobs jiggled as she threw the garment into the fireplace. "Was I unclear? Your clothes—they must be off. Well, if you insist, I suppose you could leave that top on. But, I really don't recommend it. It's about to get very hot in this room."

Chastity slipped out of her sneakers, took off her spring jacket, unbuttoned her jeans, slipped them off, yanked her shirt off over her head.

Darcy stood over her, fully nude in her deep crimson skin, etched in the firelight. Chastity was not immune to the physical charms of a shapely female. "Well," said Darcy, "get on with it."

Blushing, Chastity undid her bra and slipped her little white briefs off.

She had been arranging her clothes neatly in a pile at the end of the couch, but Darcy swiped them onto the floor. "You'll need the whole couch for this. Now, stretch out. Head at the end, there."

Chastity inched back on the couch and gazed up at Darcy. The devil looked so tall. Somehow, her breasts looked even bigger than before. Her mighty hips were wide and full. Her waist was trim and her tummy was toned and chiseled. Hers was a figure few women could boast in their prime.

She climbed on the couch. Her grin was not unkind. Darcy spoke now with a gentler, more syrupy tone: "Spread your legs. I must anoint you my darling heifer."

There was that word again. *Heifer*.

Chastity was still trying to figure out whether Darcy's last sentence had a comma between *anoint you* and *my darling heifer* as a long, pointed tongue rolled out of her mouth and ran up Chastity's brow. It didn't feel like saliva—more like tiger balm or some sort of soothing oil.

The devil moved down to Chastity's mouth and for a second, that pointy tongue met the inside of her cheek. When the devil drew it out, Chastity's lips tingled.

She ran her tongue ran down Chastity's neck, over her collar bone, between her small breasts, along her soft tummy and to her groin. Chastity's leg spasmed; her knee jabbed Darcy in the boob. "Uh, s-sorry!"

"Oh, you won't be sorry," giggled Darcy. Gently, the devil parted Chastity's legs and slipped her head between them.

What came next was indescribable. Chastity felt like a stick of soft, warm butter was inside her. And then, the rest of her was soft, warm butter and Darcy was soft, warm butter too and they were merging into warm, buttery, melty bliss, together.

Chastity screamed. She tossed her head side-to-side. She squirmed. She pleaded for Darcy to slow down. She begged for Darcy to speed up again. The devil had penetrated deeper than any anatomical barrier. Chastity's core was exposed and she couldn't stand it.

It was purest bliss she had ever known.

* * *

Chastity awoke from dreams of devils, curses, spurting milk and sexual union. She could remember none of it in detail—just flashes of images. She reached for her window and pried open the blinds. Sunlight flooded her retinas.

Her neck was achey. Apparently, she had side-slept last night. She was normally a stomach sleeper. But, stomach sleeping wasn't an option last night for some reason...

As if to remind herself, Chastity's hand drifted to her breast. *Ooh!* Tender.

Chastity looked down at herself and beheld a large wad of boob in the clutch of her hand.

Everything came flooding back. The house. The devil. The tongue. The white, hot, melty orgasm. She could still feel the afterglow of it tingle in her limbs.

Last night, after Darcy's ministrations, Chastity's breasts became tender. Darcy urged her to go home. "You'll express the milk in...I'd say thirty minutes."

But, oral from Darcy had left Chastity feeling drunk and spacy. Somehow, she'd managed to drive home in the night without incident. But, the pressure in her chest was worse every minute.

When she got to the apartment, her boobs were ready to burst. She breezed past the living room where she tossed a polite *hey how's it going* to her roommate, Yun. Then, she took a

glass measuring cup from a kitchen cupboard and holed up in her bedroom, where, without the aid of a pump, she expressed enough milk to fill all 200ml of the cup and then some. Her bedding was dotted with milk splotches when she was done. Darcy had instructed her to keep the milk refrigerated until she used it on Ari, so she waited for Yun to turn the lights off in the hall, snuck out and poured the milk into a tupperware.

All that happened, yes. But Chastity couldn't remember having a chest like *this* last night. She sloughed off her baggy nightshirt and studied her engorged boobs.

Chastity wore a B cup. She'd never had a great grasp of how cup sizes compared, but these must have been bigger than Cs. Bigger than Ds, probably. They were about the size of the small cereal bowls she and Yun ate their corn flakes out of. They weighed against Chastity's neck. And ached. Her nipples were thicker and rounder than they'd ever been. Her areolas were full and dark.

She shuffled over to her standing mirror and checked herself. Historically, Chastity's hips were the principal proof of her womanly shape. Not that she was obviously pear-shaped, but Chastity had gotten enough compliments, wanted or otherwise, on her curves to know she cut a decent figure from behind. But, these tits made a hard, above-the-waist sell. Chastity turned and marveled at how her new chest modified her profile. Her boobs looked firm. Even, dare she say, juicy.

Chastity sucked in a staggered breath. *Well*, she thought, *maybe these will be decent competition against Eliza's stupid double Ds.*

She donned her nightshirt once more. She would have to express again soon. She needed a pump. Or, maybe two

Chastity padded out to the kitchen. Yun was at the breakfast table, sipping coffee. She waved eagerly to Chastity, as if they hadn't seen each other in weeks. Her steam curled bangs bobbed in her round face. She grinned warmly. "Good morning, sweetie. How'd you sleep?"

"Uh..." For a moment, Chastity couldn't get words out. Since when had Yun ever called her *sweetie*? She usually reserved that particular term of endearment for her boyfriends. Then again, she'd been single for over a month. Maybe she was on one of her *chicks before dicks* phases. "I...didn't sleep great."

Yun's face collapsed into an expression so sad, Chastity at first thought she was making fun of her. But, it was clear enough, her concern was sincere. "Aww, what happened? Are you feeling alright? Do you want some coffee??"

"Um...yeah, I'd love some." Chastity took a step to the counter where the still mostly full coffee press was, but Yun bolted up.

"No, no, sweetie. I'll get it for you." She patted the back of the chair beside hers and went to fetch a mug from the cupboard.

"Uh...you don't have to. I—"

"You can sit and relax. I'll get you coffee."

Chastity was perplexed. The only time Yun had ever served Chastity coffee was when she was sick in bed. Nor had she ever spoken to Chastity in such a...*doting* fashion. Servitude, mutual or otherwise, was never an attribute of their friendship. They split up the house chores, and that was that.

Not that the gesture was unwelcome. Chastity's boobs ached and she was eager to sit. She staggered to the chair with crossed arms folded against her front. Yun filled a mug and set it in front of Chastity. Chastity watched it steam.

"Are you okay?" said Yun. "You seem droopy."

"It's...it's nothing," muttered Chastity. She lifted her coffee mug and took a tiny sip.

For some reason, Yun still stood by her side.

Then, Yun's hands touched Chastity's shoulders. Chastity nearly jumped in her chair.

"Oh, sweetie, it's alright," said Yun. "You feel...very tense." Yun's hands moved in toward Chastity's neck and squeezed.

Chastity was stunned. But, her muscles slackened against Yun's massage. "Mmmm," Chastity sighed. She did not mean to sigh, but Yun's touch was generous and precise.

"How about I get some oil?" said Yun.

Chastity looked at Yun. That was when she saw the bowl of eaten cereal on the counter.

Yun and Chastity ate cereal with oat milk. Oat milk had a grayish tint—their usual brand of it did, anyway. But, the dribbles of milk in this bowl were pearly white. Chastity knew immediately that Yun had not used oat milk in her cereal. Matter of fact, they were out of oat milk and had planned to get some on their weekend grocery trip.

There was no way that...*oh shit*.

"Uh...Yun?"

"Mm-hmm?"

"Did...did you happen to buy milk today?"

"Oh, no. We're out of oat milk. I actually used that milk that was in the pyrex container. I wasn't sure where it came from, but no one's name was on it. So, I gave it a shot. It was really good on Raisin Bran."

That was Yun and Chastity's policy. If you don't want anyone else to eat something in the fridge, you put your name on it. Otherwise, it's fair game.

God. How had Chastity forgotten this last night? That milk was meant for Ari. If Yun drank it, then that meant...

"Oooh, you poor thing. You're so tight."

There was a pang in Chastity's breast. "Nng."

"Oh, what's wrong, Chas?"

She wanted to tell Yun, *nothing*. But, the pressure in her boobs was ratcheting up. She pressed her hands to her chest and groaned. "It-it hurts," she muttered.

Yun laid a hand on Chastity's collar. "What hurts?"

Chastity's eyes met Yun's. Something was not right. In Yun's eyes was something Chastity had not seen before. Hunger.

"M-my...breasts."

"Your breasts? Well...would you like me to take a look?"

Chastity didn't know what to say. So, she eased back in her seat and let Yun grab her nightshirt up and raised her hands to help Yun slip it off.

Yun's eyes fell on Chastity's bare boobs. Her areolas were a dark brown, her nipples swollen and puckered.

Yun dropped to one knee, eye-level with Chastity's boobs.

"Th-they hurt," Chastity whimpered. Why she did not tell Yun to back off, get her hands away from her, she couldn't say.

"They look so *big*. And, full..." Yun drawled. Her face inched closer to Chastity's left boob.

"W-what're you doing?" Chastity stammered.

"I just...want to help," said Yun. In slow motion, Yun brushed her hair back and face-planted into Chastity. Her lips and nose pressed into the fleshy bit where Chastity's collar ascended into breast. Yun's warm breath felt nice against her skin. Yun's hand slipped around Chastity's shoulder blade and gripped her shoulder for support. Her lips moved down...down...

Chastity's eyes fluttered as Yun's lower front teeth grazed her nipple. A pause. Then, Yun's tongue stroked it. Then, her lips closed around it.

"Ah-ah-*ahhhhh*!" Milk gushed. Yun swallowed.

Whatever happened next, nothing would be the same. Not between Chastity and Yun, whose friendship until now had been platonic and stringently reserved. No more.

It was awful; it was lovely...

* * *

Chastity lay in bed on her stomach. her boobs were drained now and far less tender—but hardly smaller. She tried to feel okay about stretching out, fully naked while her roommate straddled her, slicked her back with oil and pressed out bundles of tension. At times, Chastity cried out and Yun asked if she should lighten the pressure. "No," was always Chastity's answer.

Yun knew what she was doing. She was a massage therapist. She was giving Chastity a \$180 service for free. And yet, it somehow felt like it was Chastity doing Yun the favor—by facing Yun with the privilege of *touching her*. Yun did not wish to be anywhere without Chastity present. Chastity had tried to explain to Yun, this infatuation was pure enchantment, that it was the work of a devil, not a natural attraction at all. Yun understood. She nodded and acknowledged and conceded all of Chastity's points. Still, the knowledge had no bearing on Yun's desires. She still just wanted to be near Chastity.

As Yun's deep tissue work traveled beneath Chastity's shoulder blades, Chastity placed a call.

"Yes, hello. This is Darcy, of Occult Affairs."

"Mnng. Hi, this is Chastity."

"Yes, Chastity! How are things going? Have you managed to entice poor Ari out of Eliza's clutches or does the battle rage on?"

"My roommate is obsessed with me."

Darcy's voice cackled over the line. "Your *roommate*? Well now, I thought this was going to be a one-off seduction. Are you telling me you enthralled your *roommate* too? Got to say, I'm impressed. So, don't spare the details. How did you get your roommate to drink the boobie juice?"

"I *didn't*. She drank it on her own."

"Oh. Well, that was very dumb of your roommate, wasn't it?"

"She had no idea! She drank it while I was asleep."

"Ah, yes. One of *those* cases."

"How do I snap her out of this?"

"Well, obviously, you do it by not letting her have any more milk. If she continues to drink of you, the effects will last indefinitely. Of course, even if she doesn't, it'll take some time for the effects to wear off."

"How long?"

"About a month, generally."

"A month! I can't wait a month. Yun has a life of her own."

"Well, not anymore. It belongs to you now, dear."

"This was supposed to be for Ari!"

"Well, you took a shot and missed, girl. Try aiming for *his* mouth next. Or, maybe his eyeball. Now, this conversation is getting a bit boring and I have a very busy day ahead—"

"Wait! She can't be like this an entire month. She's like a sad little puppy. She follows me around everywhere."

"Hmmm. And, what's she doing now?"

Chastity wanted to lie, but she had the uneasy feeling she couldn't bullshit a devil.

"She's...giving me a massage."

Darcy laughed and laughed and laughed. Chastity muttered *goodbye* and ended the call.

* * *

Yun's infatuation with Chastity was beyond a doubt. But, as it turned out, infatuation was not the same as obedience. Yun protested when Chastity laid down the rules and said Yun was no longer to drink her milk. The poor girl did not find the honest explanation—that the milk had instilled an artificial attraction in her and she needed to stop drinking it, so the attraction would end in a month's time—to be a satisfying reason for abstinence. So, Chastity resorted to deal-making: as long as Yun avoided Chastity's milk, she could sleep with Chastity in her bed—and yes, they could cuddle.

"But then, what do we do with all the milk?" said Yun. It was not a dumb question. If Darcy and recent experience were to be trusted, Chastity was on schedule to express three times a day. "We could take it to a breast milk bank."

"No," said Chastity.

"You're just going to pump and dump?" said Yun.

"Yes. Well...not all of it. I need to save a bit."

"For what?"

Chastity looked away. "Oh just...something."

Yun's eyes narrowed. "Something like...?"

Chastity cleared her throat. "It isn't your business."

"Oh."

Yun, who, prior to the enchantment, was entirely content to let Chastity live her own life, was not happy now to be left in the dark. But then, Chastity offered Yun the chance to go to the drug store and buy some breast pumps. The opportunity to help Chastity seemed to brighten her mood.

That evening, Yun laid in bed with Chastity and assisted her while she pumped.

As it turned out, even eight 5oz bottles were not enough to capture Chastity's output. Just when she thought she was done, the pressure resumed and her right breast began to spurt, spattering the comforter. She tried holding her nipple closed to buy time to make it to the bathroom, but the nipple was too tender and the pressure too great to squeeze off the flow.

So, Yun, ever the helpful one, drank Chastity's right boob dry. Chastity had to admit, Yun's lips and tongue felt nicer than any pump.

It seemed, keeping Yun away from her milk wouldn't be easy.

Once they were done, Chastity went to the bathroom and cleaned her sodden chest.

This Milk of Human Desire thing was starting to look like a mistake.

But...there was still Ari to consider. Chastity had spent so much of the day doing damage control, she had almost forgotten about him. She sent a text:

Chastity: Hey!

Chastity: Just wondering if you want to hang out next week. Maybe after work Monday? I'll buy you a drink at TTT

TTT was short for The Thirsty Throat. An old-fashioned, downtown wood-tables-and-Saturday-night-live-music hangout Ari and Chastity liked to frequent—all the better because Eliza usually didn't care for the place. She said the noise gave her migraines.

Ari's response was swift:

Ari: *Can't tomorrow. E is having a rough time.*

Ari: *Maybe Thursday or Friday?*

So she'd be waiting all week. Dammit. Well, a plan was a plan. Chastity agreed.

She padded back to bed—and caught Yun sipping from one of the breast pump bottles.

Chastity gasped. "Yun!"

Yun seized up and broke into a cough. The poor girl had just choked.

"M sorry, 'm sorry!" Yun gasped. "I just wanted a *tiny* bit. It's soooo good and I don't want it to go down the sink..."

Chastity felt horrible. The girl was helpless and it was not her fault. She gave Yun a hug and told her it was alright and Yun's sobs petered out.

That was when they kissed.

There were no butterflies in Chastity's stomach. Time did not stand still. But, Chastity wanted Yun to feel better, and so, when Yun came in close, Chastity's lips accepted her.

"Listen," said Chastity, "this *isn't* love. Not for me, and I hope, not for you either."

"Okay," said Yun.

"I just want you to feel better."

"I do," said Yun.

And, for the second night in a row, Chastity got oral from a female. It wasn't the shooting stars of that once-in-a-lifetime experience with Darcy, but anyway, it was nice.

They cuddled and began to drift, but Chastity came to. There was an itch on her head, a couple inches above her left ear. She scratched. The itch didn't go away.

She felt the same thing over her right ear.

The fuck was going on...?

* * *

The next two days were a strange haze. Chastity pumped thrice a day and was, for the time being, cuddle buddies and fuck friends with Yun. Yun was also, despite Chastity's wishes to the contrary, her milk depository.

Chastity could not find the resolve to stop Yun from drinking her milk. For one thing, when the pressure in Chastity's boobs was too great, the mouth of a massage therapist soothing her tired nipples was...a welcome salve.

At some point, Chastity would have to find a way to wean Yun off her milk. Perhaps, after a few days, her boobs would adjust to the milking sessions and she could get by without Yun's mouth to soothe her.

It turned out, Yun was not entirely a hermit in the apartment under the influence of Chastity's milk. She took trips to the bank, the grocery store, the incense shop, Target. She didn't return home without having made some purchase for Chastity—it seemed Chastity could never be too far from her mind—but Chastity could live with her room smelling of sea salt and sandalwood. And, the maternity bras Yun had picked out for her did fit well. Apparently, she wore a G cup now.

On Monday, Yun went off to work at the spa. She sent Chastity occasional texts but was not a pest. Even enthralled, it seemed the girl still had some semblance of independence.

Yun also did not seem to mind that Chastity was not in love with her. Whatever the milk did, it did not necessarily invoke jealousy. Just...desire, obsession...perhaps even worship.

Would the milk work on Ari in the way Chastity hoped? Chastity had known for years that Ari did love her. At times, when he was particularly drunk and lamenting his fraught relations with Eliza's, he had said as much: *sometimes, I wish we'd had a chance together, Chas. Things would be so different...etc.*

Anyway, the goal was to redirect his desire from sexy, nasty Eliza to her. The capacity to induce desire was, Chastity now realized, the one facility Eliza had over her. Chastity was smarter, kinder, more honest than Eliza. Alas, Chastity was pretty, but Eliza was smoking hot. And, Ari was a fool in the same way millions of men were fools: he allowed his dick to do critical thinking for him.

But, after that—what? Would Ari simply become her milk slave, like Yun?

No, there had to be some other way. Chastity would figure out the rest. She simply had to get Eliza out of the way. If you could believe in magic, you could also believe things would work out okay in the end, even if you didn't know how.

* * *

Tuesday rolled around and Chastity got a text from Ari.

Ari: *Hey! Any chance you'd like to meet at the park and hang out for a bit?*

The park. Not the easiest place to slip milk into Ari's drink. Nevertheless...

Chastity went to the kitchen and opened the fridge. Two thermoses of milk from this morning were in there. She reached out to take one—then, thought better of it. Honestly, how would she get Ari to drink her milk in a park?

She closed the fridge. No. It wouldn't happen today.

Chastity bade Yun goodbye, zipped up her spring jacket and headed out to the park.

There was a quick breeze in the autumn air when Chastity met Ari there. He was huddled on a bench, shoulders clenched together, hands sunk in his coat pockets. He smiled and gave Chastity a hug.

"So, how's crazy?" said Chastity.

"She's...crazy," muttered Ari to the ground. Ari took off his glasses and scrubbed his face in his palms. "She was doing so well, for *two weeks*," he muttered.

Chastity shot Ari a petulant glare.

"I know. I know what you're going to say," said Ari.

"And, what's that?"

"She's always been like this. I deserve better. I cover most of our expenses. I give her emotional support that she doesn't give back. I should throw her out on her ass."

"Hmmm. You know me pretty well," said Chastity.

"I can't give up on her, Chas. She really is a good person."

Chastity sat on the bench and nudged in close to Ari.

"Does she know you're hanging out with me here?"

Ari did not answer.

"Uh huh. Thought so. Y'know, there are people in this world who love you more than she does. You realize that—right?"

"But...I love *her*."

"This isn't what love looks like, Ari."

"Then, tell me. What does it look like?"

Chastity could not look Ari in the eyes when he asked the question. If she did, she might burst into tears. A prickly silence extended between them.

"I can't keep talking with you about her, Ari," Chastity croaked. "I mean, not *this* same conversation we've had a thousand times."

"Yeah. I get it."

"I care too much. Every time we do this, I want to know things are going to change."

"They will."

Chastity laughed. "You don't really think that."

But, they will, she thought. *No thanks to you.*

"I do think that," said Ari.

"No no. You don't. Let's talk about something else, okay? Something that'll make us both feel better when we both go back home and everything is the same as when we left."

"Okay. Like what?" said Ari.

"Like..." Chastity hesitated. Then, she burst out laughing.

"What? What is it?"

"My boobs grew," she giggled.

"Eh?"

Chastity drew her hands out of her pockets, pulled her jacket against her stomach and thrust out her chest.

Ari's eyes scanned her profile. "Huh. Well, look at you. How did that happen?"

Chastity nudged him with an elbow. "Don't act like you're not impressed."

"I am."

"Mean it, dude."

"I do!"

"I'm fitting a G-cup bra all of a sudden and all you can say is, *I do*? Fuck you, man."

"I'm really impressed with your tits, okay?!" Ari cried out.

"Okay," said Chastity, nodding. "Now tell Eliza you said that."

Ari burst out laughing. "You're such a bitch!"

Chastity was laughing too. "Oh! Oh, no no no no no. *You're* the bitch. There is one bitch sitting here on this bench and it ain't me."

"Anyway, how'd you fit a fucking a G-cup?"

Chastity poked her boob comedically—though it honestly hurt a bit. She was due for a pump soon. "Dunno," she said. "Hormones?"

"Those are some crazy hormones you got there. You're wearing a zipped up jacket and—shit—I see the difference.

"I've been blessed," said Chastity. "Blessed by an angel. In a few weeks—days, maybe!—my tits will be so fucking huge, Eliza will see me and get so mad, she'll just explode. Poof!"

Ari looked away, but he was laughing.

"And then, you'll live happily ever after. Aren't you excited."

"We were out to dinner on Friday and she accused me of looking at some chick at the bar."

"Did you?"

"I didn't even see this woman," said Ari. "My back was turned. But, that wasn't an excuse to her."

"Hmm. Because your girlfriend's a fucking nutjob?"

Ari looked wounded.

"Sorry," said Chastity.

"It's—it's alright," said Ari.

"How'd we get back to talking about Eliza?" said Chastity.

"You brought her up."

"Fuck. I did. There's no escaping that woman. We still on for Thursday or Friday?"

"I'll be there," said Ari.

Chastity returned to the apartment, her boobs achy and ready to burst, and found Yun in the kitchen, stirring up cookie batter.

"Cookies?" said Chastity.

"Yuh huh," said Yun. Yun turned to look at Chastity. "What's wrong? You look sad."

"N-nothing. I need to pump."

"Oh! Uhh..."

"It's fine. Keep doing what you're doing. I'll be busy with the pump. Welcome to join, whenever."

Chastity was crying with her pump in action when Yun entered the room.

"Oh! Hey, what's wrong."

"Nothing. Nothing. It's Ari."

Yun crawled up on the bed and touched Chastity's shoulder. "Ari?" she said.

"Same story as always," Chastity sighed.

"You love him."

Chastity shot Yun a defeated face. Yun helped her out of the pump and began to suck.

"Mm!" said Yun over a mouthful of Chastity milk.

"What's up?" said Chastity.

Yun swallowed. "Give him some of this," she said, indicating the milky boob she clutched in her hand. "He'll be all yours, then."

Even though she was still crying, Chastity smirked. "Y'know, that hadn't occurred to me."

* * *

Chastity awoke too early, Wednesday morning. Yun had crawled out of the bed to go to work—and was trying very hard to leave discreetly. But, Chastity was not used to sharing a bed with another person and Yun's sudden absence reminded her of the little void in her heart. She groaned, turned over and buried her face.

Chastity dreamed.

She sat on the same park bench as yesterday, but Ari was nowhere in sight. Morning sun shafted through the trees and etched shapes on the grass.

A brunette woman approached the bench in yoga pants and an exercise jacket. Chastity was sure she had seen her face, in a photo, or on the street. She couldn't say where or when. Chastity motioned for the woman to sit beside her and she did. Then, Chastity stood and peeled the woman's yoga pants down to her sneakers along with her dark bikini. Chastity opened her mouth and out rolled a long, pointy tongue. Darcy's tongue—from her mouth. Strange. Somehow, Chastity knew what she was about to do to this woman would not be exactly like what Darcy did to her. But, it still involved this long, serpentine tongue. She got to work on the woman, tickled her clit, caressed her slit, made her cum. And, it felt amazing. Chastity came too. And, while all this happened, she drew something out of the woman, something light and airy—but when it came out of the woman and into Chastity, it had weight and substance.

Chastity helped the woman back into her clothes, and then the next person approached the bench—a toned, dark-skinned man in sweats. Chastity wrapped that long, pointy tongue around him and drew the same thing out of his penis. He came; she came. Again, she felt the weight of it. It sank down on her chest.

Another woman approached the bench—this one short and middle aged, but still with the verve of youth...

Chastity's phone alarm jingled a cheery piano tune. Chastity grasped for the nightstand. The phone clattered to the floor.

She scooted across her bed to reach for it. Her chest dragged. She grasped it. Her hand sank into a big wad of soft flesh.

Chastity rubbed the sleep from her eyes and sat up. The unfamiliar weight on her back was unmistakable. She squeezed out of her nightshirt and threw it across the room.

These weren't big tits. These were fat, freakish monsters.

And Chastity thought Darcy's boobs were the biggest she'd ever seen. The only pictures she'd ever seen of chests this size had to be surgery cases. She lifted one up in her hand and it spilled over the tips of her fingers. Honeydew melons. That was the closest size approximation.

They jutted out like cartoon cannons, terminating in nipples wider than her pinky. Her areolas spanned the length of her index finger.

Ooh. And they were tender. Chastity would have to express soon.

How the fuck did this happen? Darcy hadn't said anything about giant boobs.

Chastity got to her feet and grimaced as her huge, achy boobs dragged her upper body.

But something worse was waiting for Chastity when she looked in the mirror. From the sides of her head, above her ears, sprouted...something. Her heart seized as she stepped closer to the reflection. From the sides of her head, between strands of her hair, came the curving points of white horns, each about the size and length of a curved thumb.

Chastity fell to her knees and wailed.

* * *

She tried the breast pumps, but her milk gushed so hard now, the devices couldn't hold suction over her nipples. Besides, Chastity made so much milk now, the tiny breast pump bottles were a joke. She went to the bathroom and drew a bath. The hot water soothed the ache in her boobs as she soaked and squirted.

She placed a call.

"Hello. Darcy of Occult Affairs speaking."

"Hi, it's me. I have horns."

"Oh, *really*? This must be Chastity."

"My boobs are enormous and I'm gushing milk."

Chastity held her phone in one hand and massaged her boob in the other. Milk squirted the length of the tub. It dribbled down the tiles. The water was soupy white.

"Right, right," said Darcy. "And, who has drunk your milk since our last conversation?"

"My roommate. That's it."

"Dear, you either take me for a fool or you're a fool yourself. Someone besides your roommate must have tasted your milk recently. Several someones, in fact."

"Well, I haven't fed anyone my milk if that's what you're asking."

"What about someone else?"

"What?"

"Did someone else feed your milk to yet another someone else?"

"No, I—" But then, the dots connected. Yun was making cookies last night. She was at work today. Chastity was nauseous.

"Listen, dear. If you had succeeded in your plan, which I took to be, feeding the milk *only* to your darling boy Ari, you wouldn't be dealing with horns or oversize breasts. But, clearly, your milk is getting around. Every soul you seduce with the milk adds to that heiferous power I bestowed on you. Your beauty grows, and so does your milk output. You'll be able to feed a whole village before long, if you keep it up."

"But-but...I don't *want* any of this!" As Chastity spoke, the nausea in her belly was suddenly countered by a glowing warmth. Blood rushed to her clit. "Ugh. Oh, god, what *is* this?"

"Let me guess," said Darcy, "you're very horny all of a sudden. You feel powerful, beautiful..."

It was true, she did.

"Next, a wave of sensation comes, like a blanket, covering your whole body."

The pleasure was almost too much to bear. Chastity clenched up as waves of pleasure spiked across her belly and into her limbs, all the way to her fingers and toes. "Nnng!"

"And, then, just as you reach the peak of orgasm, your boobs get heavy on your chest. They grow."

The weight of Chastity's boobs was unreal. She cradled them in her little arm. Flesh fattened between her fingers. Rivulets of milk spilled down her wrists. She tried to hold them still but she was trembling all over. They jiggled like Jell-O on a bussing cart. Their weight mounted until they slipped off her forearm and splatted on the surface of the murky water.

They were as big as soccer balls, her engorged nipples nearly the width of her index finger.

"Oh god...oh god..."

"Then, your little heifer horns get longer and thicker."

Blood rushed to Chastity's head. It itched. She groaned as her horns crept out, widening at the base.

"Finally, the pressure in your breasts are worse than ever. In fact, you might not be able to stop them bursting."

Chastity screamed. A geyser of milk erupted in long, arcing streams. Milk splattered on the walls, the floor. The water in the tub was nearly opaque with white. Chastity writhed as the milk gushed out of her. It hurt, but it felt so good, too.

While all this happened, Darcy let out a long, sensual sigh over the line. Had she had a pleasurable moment herself, too?

Chastity's milk slowed to a generous leak.

"Wh-what happened?" gasped Chastity.

"Congratulations, dear. Your milk has seduced yet another soul. And, yes. I had a lovely little climax there. Thank you."

"H-how?"

"You're marked as my hell heifer. You seduce others. I get a nice kickback from your successes."

"You didn't tell me about any of this!"

"You didn't ask."

"Every customer review of you I read was glowing positive! Five stars!"

"Yes, I'm well spoken of."

"I never should've trusted you."

"Well, to be fair, I haven't told you a single lie, dear."

"I don't want that! I want this whole thing to stop. I want to stop lactating. I don't want horns. I don't want boobs *this* big."

"Hmmm. Do you have another ten thousand dollars?"

"Are you serious?! No, I don't have ten thousand dollars. It took me months to save up that money."

"In that case, are you looking for work?"

"What?"

"If you can turn this many souls in under a week, without even trying, dear, I *shudder* to think what you could do for me on *purpose*."

"Wha...like what? What do you want me to do?"

"Exactly what you are doing, only more. See, when you seduce others, I get a little piece of their soul. Not the whole thing, of course, but with enough soul-backed securities, my power grows. And, you grow too. Bring in a steady stream of souls for, say, half a year and then you earn enough to get out. I cut you out of the loop and those fractions of souls belong to me, all rolled up together, like threads in a Turkish rug. It's a beautiful process. Of course, I would ask you a few more little favors. Such as, writing up a very detailed and favorable review of my services online."

"Oh god, you *bitch*. This is a pyramid scheme."

"I'm a devil, dear. I'm merely letting you know, you're not necessarily at the base of the pyramid."

"Fuck you."

"Well, thank you. I do enjoy a good fucking. Alternately, you could simply do what we discussed before, and keep your milk out of the greedy mouths of others—except your lovely beau, of course. The boobs will go down, the horns will go down, the milk will go down, etcetera. It's up to you. Goodbye, now."

The line went dead. Chastity dropped her phone on the milk besotted floor, sank into her milky bath and closed her eyes, dearly wishing she would wake up and all this would turn out to be a bad dream.

* * *

Chastity texted and called Yun repeatedly throughout the day, but Yun rarely answered her phone while she was at work and being enthralled by a devil's curse did not apparently shake the woman's work ethic. Chastity went through two more growth surges before Yun's work day ended.

After 4, Yun stepped through the door into the living room bearing a tupperware container with the uneaten milk cookies she had brought to the spa. Chastity was on the couch, bent over a waste bin, trying to saw off her horns with a serrated bread knife. They had curved up into vertical points and were roughly the length of a cupped hand.

Chastity's boobs sat on her lap as she filed away at her left horn. Once again, they were full to bursting with milk.

"Oh my god, Chastity! What happened to you?" said Yun.

Chastity's eyes blazed at Yun. "You didn't answer your phone. Not even once today."

"Oh...I forgot. I muted it.

"Why did you bake cookies with *my milk*?"

"Uh...well," Yun stammered. "We had so much of it and it seemed a shame for just me to drink it all. So...I thought I'd spread it around a bit. It seemed...fair."

After a very curt reprimand, Yun was on her knees, begging forgiveness.

Chastity concocted an act of atonement whose perversity surprised even her: Yun would drink every last drop of milk Chastity produced, regardless of quantity, unless Chastity said otherwise.

Whether Chastity was simply taking out her frustration on her roommate's foolish mistake, or trying to ensure her milk did not find its way into any new mouths, she couldn't say. Regardless, Yun was willing.

Yun spent the next forty minutes guzzling Chastity milk through bulging cheeks. By the time Chastity was drained, Yun's normally flat belly bulged prodigiously. She made a *glunk*-ing sound as she walked.

After the feeding, they managed to saw Chastity's horns down to half inch stumps, though it dulled Yun's bread knife to uselessness.

To cover up the stumps, Yun offered Chastity a very cute, wool beret she owned. Chastity had to admit, the hat looked cute in the mirror.

But, there was also the problem of Chastity's basketball boobs. Yun drove to the mall after rush hour to buy Chastity some baggy shirts, both casual and nice. The shirt made Chastity look fat, but, with the beret, she could at least pass as halfway normal.

That evening, Ari messaged. He'd be free Friday night.

* * *

The day was dark and breezy with turgid clouds. October was maturing.

Chastity went to dinner in Yun's beret and an oversized hooded, fleece jacket. Two days ago, it would have been baggy as hell. Now, it offered just enough cover to hide a pair of soccer ball breasts with no bra, as long as she didn't stand up too straight with her hands out of her pockets.

She had considered postponing. But, to wait a whole month for her breasts to shrink down? No. Anything could happen in a month. Ari and Eliza could be married in a month. They had almost tied the knot twice already.

Yun drank Chastity dry earlier that evening, so Chastity could be sure she would have a few solid hours of no milk. She had left Yun at the apartment, flopped on the couch massaging a sloshy, distended belly. *Good luck*, Yun muttered when Chastity was nearly out the door.

Chastity arrived at The Thirsty Throat through the side door—only n00bs used the front—the place was packed. It was, after all, Friday evening. People jammed up the corridor that led to the dining area, waiting for tables. Chastity sideswiped half a dozen people with her boobs and made her way to the front.

At the bar, a hostess told her it would be a thirty minute wait. She reserved a table for two and then booby-swiped the same queue of people on her way to the edge of the bench, where she sat.

Ari had sent a message:

Ari: *Sorry! Running late...*

Chastity messaged back that she had reserved a table.

Five minutes later, another text from Ari came.

Ari: *Um...look, I'm really sorry about this*

Fuck! He was going to stand her up.

Ari: *But, do you mind if Eliza comes along?*

Ari: *We had a bit of a fight earlier and she really doesn't want to be away from me*

Chastity's jaw dropped. Of all nights for Eliza to not allow Ari some time alone with his friends. Her heart hammered against her ribs. Chastity would have to steal Ari right in front of his own girlfriend.

"Are you okay?" said a woman beside her.

"Y-yes," Chastity gasped.

There was no getting around it. If Chastity pushed back on Eliza coming, dinner would be off. Eliza wouldn't let him go alone tonight. She messaged:

Chastity: *Sure*

She stood and passed through the corridor, this time with her boobs away from the queue. Her left boob bumped the doorframe and made her wince. She asked for her reservation to be changed to a table for three.

"Oh, we can give you an extra chair."

"Oh. Thanks..."

"Should be thirty-five minutes."

Thirty-*five*. Things were not moving as fast as they'd estimated. Or, maybe they were adding some wiggle room to get the extra chair. "No problem," she muttered, and booby-swiped the queue again. Chastity couldn't tell if any of these men and women waiting for a table knew a pair of soccerball boobs were colliding with them, but a couple of them gave her strange looks.

Chastity took her seat on the bench again and scrubbed her face in her hands. Dammit. She could do this. All it took was one tiny drop of milk to capture a soul. In her pocket, in a sweaty palm, she clutched a small sample of the milk in an old nail polish bottle. She just needed a moment in which Ari and Eliza were both looking away. As soon as that moment came, she would drop a splash into Ari's drink. Easy peasy, titty squeeze-y.

Chastity waited, elbows on her knees, phone in her hands. More people were entering The Thirsty Throat than leaving. Soon, the corridor was so thick, Chastity couldn't see more than a foot in front of her. Her legs were getting tired under the weight of her boobs. Her neck hurt from hunching over as she browsed her phone.

The hostess's voice rang down the corridor: "Chastity, table for two?"

Chastity squeezed through and popped out into the dining area where Al Green boomed from the overhead speakers. A double layer of patrons clustered around the bar. The hostess weaved around them. With a pair of soccer ball boobs under her jacket, Chastity was less graceful.

The hostess led her around the partition that split the dining area in two and stopped at a small, two person table.

"We need an extra chair for three."

"Oh, really? Um...alright. Hang on." And the hostess scurried off. Chastity had the uneasy suspicion the hostess had already forgotten that extra chair.

A few minutes later, Ari and Eliza appeared.

For a total basket case, Eliza never failed to make a public appearance with gorgeous hair, brushed and flat-ironed. Her bright blonde highlights blended well with her dirty blonde natural color. She wore a blue peacoat and a decorative gray scarf. She flashed a smile Chastity knew much too well. It was such an endearing smile—but every muscle movement in it was practiced. Chastity could see in Eliza's eyes—she was not in a good mood and did not wish to be here. The only reason she was here at all was because she couldn't handle the idea of Ari being somewhere she was not. And, she could see in Ari's drawn face, the way his gaze narrowly avoided Chastity's: he was in the doghouse with Eliza, or else had been very recently.

"I told them we need an extra chair. They're getting it," said Chastity.

Ari motioned for Eliza to take the one available chair. He came around to the side of the table and dropped to a squat.

"How you doing?" said Chastity—though she knew neither of them would give them an honest answer.

"Doing well," said Eliza.

"Fine," said Ari.

"I really like your hat," said Eliza.

"Oh, uh...thanks," said Chastity, touching her head. Her horn stumps had grown at least half an inch since the other day. "My roommate lent it to me."

"Yeah, your getup looks...different," said Ari. "I'm not saying it's bad, it's just—"

Chastity laughed. "I just need to do a load of laundry. It's a plan B fashion day for me."

Eliza laughed. Chastity did not think her quip was particularly funny. Neither did Ari, who's gaze anyway was fastened on his girlfriend.

A waiter came by and for the third time, Chastity asked for a third chair. She ordered a porter.

"Just water for me," said Ari.

Just *water*. Chastity was not sure how quickly her milk would dissolve in a glass of *just water*.

Eliza looked over the drink menu. "I think I need some time to pick mine," she said.

"I'll get that porter ready," said the waiter. "And the chair," he added, and then left.

"Lize, what're you doing?" Ari muttered to Eliza, but Chastity could hear him.

"What?" said Eliza. "I think I'd like a drink. The grapefruit cosmopolitan looks good."

"I thought you said—" Ari began, but Eliza shot him a guarded look.

And, all at once, the pieces came together for Chastity. A narrative was coming together—she could read it on their faces.

It went something like this: Eliza had blamed one of her recent outbursts on too much drinking and had declared herself sober for life. Ari was trying to do the same as a show of encouragement—by ordering water in her presence. But, Eliza changed her mind often. All it took, apparently, was a grapefruit cosmo on a menu.

Well, there were ways to work this to Chastity's benefit. "Maybe you should both have a drink," she said.

Ari looked at her, his eyes almost pleading her not to take Eliza's side on this. Chastity looked away from him at Eliza, who approved the suggestion.

And so, Eliza got her cosmo and Ari got a pineapple sour beer.

Finally, the waiter brought Ari's chair. After that, they waited long, awkward minutes for any of their drinks to arrive. The Thirsty Throat was evidently short staffed. With Ari visibly brooding, Chastity keeping a white knuckled grip on her nail polish bottle with the milk and neither of them able to speak their thoughts in Eliza's company, the time dragged. But, Eliza was at least good for something: she busied Chastity with friendly questions and forged laughter. The woman knew how to be kind when kindness seemed appropriate. The compliments she gave Chastity, on her appearance, her modest success as a freelance graphic designer...these would once have flattered her. But, Eliza never meant them. On multiple occasions, Eliza had tried to talk Ari into not being friends with Chastity. Chastity was not special in this regard. Pretty much everyone in Ari's life, friends or family, was an enemy in the mind of Eliza. *It's nothing personal, she's just very insecure*, Ari had once told Chastity. *Not insecure*, she told Ari. *Possessive. Stop making it about how Eliza feels. Don't you see what she does?*

And then, Eliza excused herself to go to the bathroom. Chastity had Ari all to herself, for at least two minutes. It was like a breath of air after a long, slow asphyxiation.

"You're talkative tonight," she said to Ari.

"It's...been rough."

"What's going with you two?"

"Well...she flipped out because we started talking about the wedding again."

"Oh, that old chestnut."

"Chas...I'm-I'm not in the mood."

Chastity bit her lip. Too much snark. "Sorry. What about the wedding?"

"She says, my family is too big and she wants a small wedding, and I'm like, I'm the youngest of four siblings and all my brothers and sisters are married and have kids and I'm pretty close with some of my cousins too. What do you want from me? And, she didn't like that. At one point she was screaming at me. I couldn't even make out any words. And...then, she said the drinks she had last night were making her upset and she probably shouldn't drink any more. And I said, 'great, I fully support you'. And then, things were okay for a couple hours. But then, I was getting ready to see you and she got really sad and said she didn't want me to go."

"And now, she's at the drinks again, huh?"

Ari gave Chastity a defeated look.

"Listen, Ari. Whatever Eliza's problem is, it isn't drinking. You know it's bullshit when someone blames the drinks they had last night on their bad behavior today. You *know* that. You can't be that stupid."

"Yeah, but...I really think drinking might affect her mood. Even if she isn't actively intoxicated."

"You will just crawl over broken glass to defend—"

But the bus boy had arrived with their drinks. As he set them on the table, Chastity unscrewed the cap of the nail polish bottle.

Chastity watched Ari and his beer like a jaguar spying its prey, limbs tensed, ready to spring. She needed four seconds. Her hand would dart out, splash the milk into Ari's beer and slip the bottle back in her pocket.

For the next agonizing minute, Ari did not pull his attention away. He sipped his beer and made the same lukewarm defense of Eliza Chastity had heard many times before. It would've been hard to listen to even if she weren't waiting for a chance to spike his drink.

Then, Eliza came out from around the partition. God fucking dammit. That was her best chance.

But, Eliza was waving her hands in the air. Her face was scrunched and petulant. She came up to the table. "They're out of paper towels," she complained. "And, my hands are cold."

And, that was the moment Ari looked up at Eliza and Chastity saw her opportunity.

Her hand sailed out of her pocket. Not *too* fast, but quick, like a snake.

The milk dribbled into Ari's beer glass and was lost in the foam. Bullseye.

Best of all, Chastity had a way to pass her motion off as innocuous. She gripped the now empty bottle in her downturned hand and nudged Eliza's cosmo a little closer to her spot. "We have drinks, finally," she announced.

Back into Chastity's pocket went the bottle. She watched as Eliza complained to Ari about how long the line was into the womens' room.

They hadn't noticed a thing.

Chastity needed to get out of here. As soon as Ari took a sip of that beer, her boobs would grow. Shortly after that, she would have a fresh supply of milk. Dammit. She should've thought of an excuse ahead of time...

But, Eliza took a sip of her cosmo and winced. "Mmm...uck."

"What's wrong?" said Ari. "Not good?"

Eliza shook her head and slid her drink away.

"Well, ask 'em for something else," said Ari.

"I don't know what I want," said Eliza. Chastity's heart froze as Eliza's eyes turned to gaze at Ari's beer.

Chastity knew what Eliza was going to say before the words even came out of her mouth. Her mind raced. She wanted to stop it...say something!

"Can I try yours," said Eliza.

No. No!!!

"Alright," said Ari. He slid his beer in Eliza's direction.

It happened in slow motion: Eliza's hand clasped the beer and raised the glass to her lips.

There was nothing Chastity could do. She had no story to get Eliza away from Ari's beer.

Glug, glug. Swallow. Down Eliza's hatch it went.

"Mmm. This stuff is good."

"Eh, it's yours," said Ari. "I'll order another one. If I feel like it."

Oh god, no. Ari was not even going to drink a sip of it.

But, worse things were in store. Eliza was looking at her. Not in the same measured, calculated way she had looked at Chastity so many times. Her eyes were soft. There was a flush in her face and a tremble in her lip. She looked fragile, vulnerable.

The way Eliza's attention had shifted from Ari to Chastity in the space of a few seconds was as palpable as a change in gravity.

The pressure built in Chastity's breasts. There was an itchy ache in the roots of her horn stumps. Her body fizzled with sensation.

She feigned a glance at her phone. "Uh...I-I have to go," Chastity muttered, and staggered to her feet.

Ari looked at her, puzzled. "Uh...to the restroom?"

"Wait, you're leaving?" said Eliza, a hint of genuine disappointment in her voice.

"I'm really sorry. I've got an emergency. I really have to go. Look, I'll Venmo you for the beer. Talk to you later!"

As she spoke, Ari's gaze studied Chastity's shapeless form in the thick folds of her oversize jacket. Eliza studied her too, with desperation in her face.

The Thirsty Throat was at max capacity. Chastity loudly excused and shoved her way through a thick curtain of bodies. Her boobs were so sensitive, it was like they burned under magnified sun. God, they were heavy. She could feel the top of her thighs nudge them as she walked. Every step shot another flurry of jiggles over her chest.

The corridor was damn near impassable now. A party of who knows how many dawdled there and two of them were having a very loud, hilarious and drunken conversation to the amusement of their companions.

"S'cuse me," Chastity had to almost shout it to get their attention. She *needed* to get through. She was about to burst.

And then, a geyser of milk flooded Chastity's ducts. Oh god—she wouldn't make it to her car in time.

"Let me *THROUGH*." She clutched her humongous boobs and barrelled through the crowd. She did not care who she inconvenienced. She had to get out. Her jacket had begun to ride up the southern slope of her boobs. It no longer bunched around her in thick folds, but flattened against the jiggly surface of her chest.

The crown of the beret lifted up her brow and at first, Chastity thought someone was trying to steal it. She pressed it to her head and felt the business end of a horn against her palm.

Good god. Had she only known her next soul claim would cause such a violent growth. Had she only known The Thirsty Throat would be packed to the gills tonight. Had she only known Eliza would come with Ari!

A concerned person behind Chastity ushered some of the crowd past her so she had room to squeeze through. She got within two steps of the exit.

But, it was too late. The pressure was unbearable. Her legs were weak. Chastity crumpled against the wall, hugging her massive breasts and wailed.

"What's wrong?" said a woman with heavy eyeliner.

"Do you need help?" said a skinny guy beside her.

Chastity shook her head, her eyes cast down at the floor. "No one can help me. No one at all."

The gears of disaster made their last few inexorable turns: Chastity's nipples popped out from under her jacket. The jacket slid up her chest, the elastic hem bunching at her biceps. The eyes of Chastity's spectators grew wide as they realized the bulge under the jacket was not tummy or extra layers. Between her and them was the biggest pair of boobs any of them had ever laid eyes on. Big as jumbo watermelons, crowned with engorged nipples the width of elevator buttons.

And then it came. Milk gushed. It fanned out across a span of some four people, raining on their clothes, their hands, their wide-eyed faces. The milk ricocheted into Chastity's face, running in sheets down her cheeks. In only a second, her jacket was drenched. The floor was puddled.

The crowd twisted in the milky rain. Someone slipped and crashed into Chastity and Chastity fell with him. More people fell. Someone screamed amid the rainforest cascade of milk.

Chastity sat up, grasped for her fallen beret.. A half dozen people had collapsed beside her. They spat and rubbed the milk in their eyes. Oh, *god*.

Their eyes! Chastity saw the terror fade from each of them. They beheld Chastity anew—like a precious thing.

She had allies now.

"I-I need to get out of here," muttered Chastity.

The next two minutes went by in a flash. Two men lifted Chastity to her feet with her arms each slung over a shoulder. A pair of women each lifted a boob. A fifth woman had fetched Chastity's fallen beret. She held the side door open.

The group formed a wall around Chastity and brought her up the block. All the while, she splattered milk. The milk blasted Chastity's boob bearers and shot back in Chastity's and the mens' faces. Chastity's hair was matted across her forehead.

"Where do we go?" said one of the women.

"Maybe to the park?" one of the men panted. "It's just up the next block."

Chastity's right boob bearer grunted. Her milk slick hands couldn't keep a hold. The boob slipped out of her grasp and Chastity almost fell. But, a man who was trailing behind took over and lifted the errant mammary with drier palms. Each step, Chastity's boobs were bigger, heavier. The milk spray had only just begun.

They crossed the street to the next block, then turned right and crossed again, leaving a trail of milk splatter in their wake.

Chastity looked up into the barbed outlines of mighty oak trees. This was the park.

After an arduous climb up a small knoll, they set Chastity on the grass. Chastity tried to sit up, but she was weak. She fell back and unzipped her soaked jacket. Her naked boobs were like cliffsides, rising over a foot beyond her nose. Her splayed nipples jetted arcs of milk to either side. She was a human fountain. She couldn't be sure how airborne her spray was, but it was certainly higher than the tallest person's head.

Chastity's captured souls were not eager to be dry again. They stood in the milky rain, some of them catching it with their tongues. Others just stood there in the downpour as if enjoying the splendors of nature. A woman came behind Chastity, lifted her slightly, set Chastity's head on her lap and massaged her face and neck.

"I don't know who you are," said the woman. "But, you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

The great wall of tit rose higher and higher. It was as if they endeavored to grow to the height of the great oaks of the park. Chastity tried to rub them with her hands. They were sore from the pressure.

"Allow me, please," said the woman. Chastity let the woman stroke her massive mounds like she was petting a cat.

Chastity had claimed six new souls in the corridor of The Thirsty Throat. Two men; four women. Most of them didn't know each other, but they were relatively respectful of each other, even when they got feisty. One of the men drew his open mouth to Chastity's firehose nipple and quickly choked. A pair of women had a better idea. They each found the landing point of a single milk arc, collected the milk on their tongues and gulped it down. It seemed no one would leave the park with an empty belly. Chastity must have expressed far more than her own body weight in milk at this point. But, the flow was still going strong.

Eventually—she could not say how long—Chastity's milk spray died down. As the arcs of her milk shrank, the crowd of six drew closer to Chastity. She allowed them to lick dribbles of milk off her boobs and even chided them for being greedy.

Soon, the milking was over. Chastity's ducts were dry. "What do we do now?" said one of the women.

"I wanna go home," said Chastity.

But how? Each of her boobs would take up an entire car seat. She certainly wouldn't be driving.

"I have an SUV," said one of the men, the taller of the two. "We could fit you in the back, I'm pretty sure. Just need to get the baby seat out of the way."

Chastity raised her hands in the air. "Help me."

Two people grabbed each hand; another two grabbed each shoulder. They heaved.

Chastity was wobbly on her feet, but she could stand. She had to sink her balance back into her heels to do it, but with the occasional outstretched hand from her milk thralls to steady her, she was eventually able to walk.

The park was sodden at a radius of up to fifteen feet from the point of Chastity's repose. The ground squished under everyone's shoes as they departed. Again, Chastity's half dozen thralls surrounded her, shielding her toplessness from onlookers.

Chastity shivered in the breeze and clutched her sore nipples in her palms. They felt as thick as shot glasses.

"Want your hat?" said a woman, holding the beret out to her.

Chastity set a hand against her head to check her horns. She gasped. The pointed tips of her horns were back, and they rose inches above her head. She could wrap all four fingers around one of her horns, like a handle. "I...don't think I can wear it anymore," she muttered.

"I suppose not," said the woman. There was a hint of admiration in her voice.

"Hmm. My boyfriend wants to know where I am," said another woman, glancing at her phone.

"What'll you say to him?" said the tall man.

"Well, I don't want to be with him anymore. Not after tonight. I don't think I'll ever feel the same way about him."

"No!" said Chastity. "Don't tell him that. Give it time! This feeling will wear off."

"It will?" said the tall man.

"But...I don't *want* to feel any different than this," said another woman. "I feel like I'm exactly where I'm meant to be."

"Me too," said the woman whose boyfriend missed her.

"You can't be milk slaves forever," cried Chastity. "You have your own lives."

Everyone got quiet. A very uncomfortable ten seconds passed.

"You don't want us to be with you?" said the other man who was not short, but shorter than the tall man.

"No, I..." Chastity hesitated. "Look, I want you with me now. You're helping me. I really appreciate it. But, don't tell your loved ones about this. *Please*. Tell them you're helping someone in need and you'll see them later. I won't be happy if you break up with your significant others over me, okay?"

"My 'significant other', as you say it, is right here," the short man said. He laid a hand on the shoulder of one of the women.

"But, we want to be with you more than we want to be with each other," said the woman who was his significant other.

"That's right," said the short man.

"Well...don't just give up on each other. I'm sure you're together for a reason."

The couple looked at each other skeptically, but they did not argue.

To Chastity's relief, the tall man's SUV was a block removed from the main street. Chastity would not be seen, topless and horned, by unthralled Friday night party goers.

The tall man slid open the car door and moved the baby carrier to the trunk. A woman helped Chastity climb in and slide into the middle bench seat. Chastity set the bulk of her right boob on the seat area next to her and held her left boob in her lap.

"Where are we headed?" said the tall man, who had climbed into the driver's seat.

"My apartment," sighed Chastity.

But this was not a fully satisfactory answer. The six milk thralls gazed into the SUV with anxious eyes. In the interior light of the car, she could see their faces. They would be wounded if she turned them away.

"What about us?" finally said the woman whose boyfriend was enthralled too. She was short and slightly plump with thick, curly hair.

Chastity felt horrible. In the space of forty minutes, six lives had been compromised. This Milk of Human Desire was too powerful. It had no rightful place in this world. But, it was here.

She realized then how much Yun must have suffered over the course of this week. To want someone so badly, and get morsels of attention, day after day. Yes, Chastity knew that kind of pain. And, here she was, causing it.

"You can all come with me," she said, finally. "I'm not making promises about what happens after tonight, but...anyway, I'll need some help getting into my place."

All six faces eased. The relief was palpable.

"Thought she was going to turn us away," said the woman with Chastity's beret, who was pixie-like with short hair.

"How many cars we got?" said the tall man in the driver's seat.

They had four. The couple had one, Chastity had one, and then there was the tall man's SUV. Chastity shared her address. They made parking plans. The woman with the missing boyfriend took Chastity's car keys. Another woman took the bench seat behind Chastity and the others agreed to carpool.

They shut the doors. The interior lights went out. The tall man started the car.

Something bumped Chastity's head. "Ahh!"

"Woah, what's wrong?" said the man.

"Your horn bumped the ceiling," said the woman in the seat behind Chastity.

"Oh...sorry," said Chastity.

"No problem," the two milk thralls said, almost in unison. Chastity winced.

They pulled out into the road. The tall man worked the gas carefully, so Chastity wouldn't jiggle out of her seat.

"What're your names?" said Chastity.

"Austin," said the tall man.

"Kennedy," said the woman in the seat behind Chastity.

"What were you guys doing at The Thirsty Throat?"

"Went there to celebrate my best friend's birthday," said Austin.

"Flirt with one of the bartenders," said Kennedy.

"I see." Chastity suddenly realized, she did not actually want to know more about the lives her milk had disrupted. She would refrain from further questions.

"Um...what's your name?" said Kennedy meekly. She apparently feared she was overstepping her bounds, asking the goddess with the humongous boobs and the horns her *name*.

"Chastity." Chastity fiddled with her horns as she spoke. At their advanced length, they felt a lot denser and harder at the base now—perhaps not quite so easy to saw off this time.

"How did you become so...uh...like this?" Kennedy stammered.

Chastity let out a very long exhale. "I made a pact with a devil."

"With *the* devil?" said Austin.

"Not *the* devil. *A* devil."

"You mean...figuratively, right?"

"No. A real devil. With horns and a tail and red skin. The whole bit."

Kennedy gasped.

"What made you make a deal with a real devil?" said Austin.

Chastity had to swallow back the sob that seeped up in her throat. "For love." Then, she thought about it. "Actually, I think I did it because I felt trapped."

"Oh, you poor thing," said Kennedy softly.

The irony was too much. "Don't feel bad for me, please," said Chastity.

Chastity checked her phone—thankfully not fritzed to death by milk seepage. She had several missed calls and over two dozen messages.

Eliza had called twice and texted a handful of times:

Eliza: *Hey! Are you alright? Ari and I got worried when you ran out*

Eliza: *Can we talk?*

Eliza: *Please respond when you have time!*

Ari had sent similar concerned messages some forty minutes back. But, there was a slew of more recent Ari messages that struck a more ominous note:

Ari: *Uh...*

Ari: *Some shit went down tonight*

Ari: *After you left*

Ari: *And, if it's not an emergency, I really need to talk about it*

Ari: *What happened tonight?*

Ari: *Oh god...*

Ari: *wtf is going on*

Chastity sent a quick message to Ari:

Chastity: *Are you alright?*

It was a stupid question because she already had some idea of the answer. But, what else was there to say? The truth wouldn't fit into a thousand texts and would not be believable if it did.

Austin parked on Chastity's block. The other cars soon arrived. Chastity's milk coterie huddled together to strategize. The no-longer-interested-in-each-other couple, whose names were Patrick and Karen, had a few blankets in the back of their car. Chastity climbed out of the SUV with a plaid, wool one draped around her boobs. It was not a small blanket, and yet, it didn't wind all the way around her. So, she had another blanket draped over her shoulders. Surrounded by her posse, she went up the block and unlocked the door to her building. She squeezed through the doorway, temporarily lost her blankets in the process, climbed the stairs to the second floor with all six people at her tail, and let herself in.

Yun was there—and, not alone.

"Hey," said Yun.

"Oh, wow—hi!"

"Evening!"

In the living room, on the couches and chairs with her, were a hot middle-aged woman, a very toned man and two young women. Chastity knew them. They were Yun's co-workers at the spa—all people who had consumed her milk via Yun's cookies. She had seen them in her dreams. Containers of half eaten pho covered the coffee table. A chillout video played on the tv screen.

They greeted Chastity with wide eyes and warm smiles. Yun ran up to meet her like a doggy whose owner was back from a road trip.

"We were...uh...just talking about you," said the toned man.

"Look at those horns," muttered the hot middle-aged woman, awestricken.

Chastity's new thralls entered the apartment behind. They had nine guests now, all of whom were very, very happy to be in Chastity's esteemed presence.

Yun came up to Chastity and whispered in her ear. "You okay?"

"I...fucked up," Chastity whispered back. "I turned all of these people. Plus, Eliza."

"*Eliza?*"

"It wasn't on purpose, I—"

"She's had quite a night," said Kennedy.

"She was like a fountain," said Karen. "Oh! Can I say that?"

"Do you wanna sit down?" said Yun.

"Well, I—" Chastity began. But, already, Yun's guests were making ample space on the couch.

Chastity went and sat, arms flopped over boobs the size of footstools. The blankets slipped off her. She let them fall. What did it even matter if she was topless? Everything had gone to shit.

And...damn it. Her ducts were filling up again.

"Do you want tea?" said Yun.

"Blankets?" said Kennedy.

"Back rub?" said the hot, middle-aged massage therapist.

"We could order you dinner," said Patrick.

"Take a nap?" said Karen.

"I just—" Chastity choked on her words. "I just want you all to be okay. I want everyone to be okay."

Chastity's eleven milk thralls looked at each other. "We're fine," said Austin.

"As long as you're okay," said the toned, male masseuse.

"Oh," said Yun. "I forgot. Ari called me."

"What'd he say?" said Chastity.

"He said to ask you to call him—if you could."

Chastity closed her eyes and simply breathed. "Yun?" she said.

"Mm-hmm?"

"Do we still have that rum—from Fourth of July?"

"Yep. Half the bottle."

"I need a shot."

"Coming up," said Yun.

Yun poured the shot. Chastity knocked it back. "Another," she said. Yun poured; Chastity shot. "One more."

She choked on her last one and the hot middle-aged massage therapist brought her water.

"Thanks," said Chastity. "Uh...what's your name, again?"

"Margie," said the woman.

"Are you gonna be okay?" said Kennedy.

Chastity waved a fatigued hand in the air. "Please. I need a minute of quiet."

All eleven milk thralls went utterly silent.

"Not *that* quiet! That's creepy," said Chastity. "Just...just talk amongst yourselves. But not to me."

There was a bit of awkwardness as the guests attempted to converse, when none of them were particularly interested in each other—not when Chastity was in the room—and when most of them were strangers to one another.

Chastity stood. "I need to make a call," she declared, and staggered over to the corridor. The guests began to arise. Chastity motioned them back down. "I'm fine. I'm just going to my room for a bit."

"Is there anything we can do?" said the young woman from the spa.

"No!" said Chastity. "Look, just *be*—okay? Don't be helpful. Don't be concerned. I appreciate it, but seriously—just fucking *be*. That's all I want from you. Be as you are, and be nice to each other."

She turned tail, made off for her bedroom, closed the door behind her, flopped on the bed and buried her face.

God, what she would give to just wake up from all this.

She checked her phone. More missed calls from Eliza.

Chastity placed a call.

"Rather late to be calling," said Darcy.

"I need all this to stop. Now. Just, tell me what you want from me and I'll do it. I'll do anything. I'm begging you."

"Oh, there goes that pesky conscience again," said Darcy.

"I mean it, Darcy! I want this nightmare to end. I'll give you anything."

"Anything. Really?"

"I want all these people to be free from my goddamn milk curse. It just keeps getting worse. I'm fucking huge."

"Well, dear, get your little butt over here, and I suppose we'll work something out. If you *really* mean what you're telling me...I mean, I could take a whole soul in exchange for the soul roll-up you've appreciated for me."

"I don't *want* to. I have *no choice*. You know damn well, I don't."

"Chastity, my darling heifer, there's always a choice. No one understands that better than a devil."

As Darcy spoke, Chastity received another call—from Ari.

"I-I have to take this," she said.

"Fine, fine. If you want a new exchange, come tonight—any time. Bye."

Chastity switched calls. "Hello?"

"Hey," said Ari, sounding very faint. "She kicked me out."

"Kicked you out?" said Chastity.

"She doesn't want me in the apartment with her."

"Uhh...um, why?"

"She says she's...", long pause, "...in love with someone else."

"Okay, Ari, listen. I...I can probably explain what's going on."

"You *know* something about this?"

Chastity sighed. "I do. But, it's not what you think."

"Well, what *is* it?"

"I..." Chastity choked back another sob. "Ari...I think you'd better come to my place. I'll try to explain."

"Uh...well...maybe Eliza will let me back in so I can pack a bag. Wait, are you inviting me to stay the night?"

"Uh...yes. Sure. Get a bag. Whatever."

"The fuck is going on, Chas?"

"I can't explain it, Ari. Not over the phone. You're just going to have to get over here and see for yourself."

"See *what*, Chas?"

"I-I have guests, okay? And...I don't look the same way as you remember me."

"What? Are...are you injured?"

"No. Just get over here, will you?"

"Alright, fine. But I'm fucking scared, Chas."

Chastity let out a thick exhale. "*You'll* be okay. I promise."

Yes, indeed. Under no circumstances would Chastity enthrall Ari with the milk. Not anymore. That Chastity had, only an hour or so back, *planned* to do such a thing was mind-boggling now. She had seen too much. She loved Ari. What kind of monster was she to make him a *slave*?

Chastity ambled back to the living room. Those shots were beginning to hit her. Margie's voice rang down the hall as she approached. "I'm just saying, you six people had no prior history with Chastity."

"Right, and neither do you," said Austin's voice.

"We're co-workers of her *roommate*. We were invited here."

"So were we!" said Karen. "By—" but she paused. Chastity was in the room.

Chastity raised her hands in the air. "Do *not* fight over me. That's an order."

The abashed thralls turned their gazes away.

Chastity took her spot on the couch—no one had claimed it in her absence, despite the scant space in the living room for a party of eleven.

What was she to do...? Chastity needed to get out of here and over to Darcy's. But, how to get there... And, did she have it in her to lose everything—sell her soul, perhaps, to save a handful of people from what could be made a temporary condition? And, then there was Ari and Eliza to think about. Dammit, what a fucking mess.

The buzzer rang.

"That's Ari," said Chastity. She turned to Yun. "Can you buzz him in?"

"On it," said Yun. She hit the button next to the door.

But, it was not Ari who appeared at the door of Chastity and Yun's apartment. No. It was peacoat & scarf wearing, flat-iron haired Eliza, fake smile and all.

Chastity had just told Yun to buzz in the single person she despised more than anyone else in the world.

When Eliza saw Chastity, topless, huge-titted and horned, there was a flash of shock, but it quickly faded. "Uh...hello! I see you're having a party," she said. "Sorry to barge in. I just...you didn't respond to any of my messages and I was...getting worried."

Chastity's tongue caught in her throat. Her mind was an utter blank. She had not been prepared for this.

Eliza set down her purse, took off her peacoat and hung it on the standing rack. Even in the most ignoble of settings, Eliza was dressed to be the VIP in the room. She wore a fitted, black and white houndstooth sweater that molded to her heavy chest and flat tummy. Chastity had long been envious of that figure. She hated the way Eliza flaunted it to beckon Ari's attention.

But now, the flaunting was not for Ari, but for the hell heifer on the couch. All around the room, Chastity's thralls eyed Eliza. They knew—most of them, anyway—that Eliza posed a greater threat to their access to Chastity than any of the rest of them. Enthralled or not, Eliza was just that kind of girl.

Clearly, Chastity's milk didn't make people unlike themselves. Yun still had her low-key sturdiness, Eliza her obsequious histrionics.

Chastity finally thought of something to say. "I heard you kicked Ari out of his apartment."

There was a flash of fear in Eliza, but it receded. "I didn't kick him out," said Eliza. "I said, I thought it would be better if we took a break. He and I haven't felt close in a while. Did he tell you that?"

"No," said Chastity, ruefully.

Eliza stepped into the social circle of Chastity's thralls and gave the room a friendly wave. "Hi! I'm Eliza."

"Did you know, Ari's on his way over right now?" said Chastity.

Eliza looked mortified. "He's coming *here*? Why?"

"I invited him," said Chastity.

"Well...um, I'll talk to him," said Eliza. She fetched her purse and took out her phone.

"I'd rather you not talk to him right now," said Chastity. Whatever Eliza had to say to Ari, it was surely meant to deter him from coming. And, Chastity needed to speak to Ari. Only then might she have some idea what her plan was, what her priorities were... "L-look," said Chastity, "just, have a seat on the floor and relax with everyone else, okay?" She did not in the least desire Eliza's company, but at least here, the woman's chaos might be contained. There was also the little, nagging fact that Eliza was a milk thrall, just like every other guest. Some responsibility on Chastity's part was surely due.

"Okay. Thanks!" With dainty little steps, Eliza found a spare bit of floor and sat among her fellow thralls.

Chastity's heart was still leaping in her chest. The unreality of the situation would not wear. It was constantly new and terrifying. She was topless in a room of eleven—no, twelve, with boobs so humongous, they spilled over her lap. She took up two couch cushions, leaving only a spot for Yun beside her. But, here, among these people, her toplessness was not a source of shame or humiliation, but an exaltation of her status. These people...they loved that she graced them with her nudity. They relished every spare minute, just to be in her presence. What was she to do with them? When it was just Yun who was enthralled, Chastity could at least halfway pretend they were roommates. Most of these people were complete strangers—Eliza was despised, for that matter. But they all, friends, acquaintances and enemies alike, offered nothing but rapt attention to Chastity. Not a single pair of eyes were on a phone screen, not here.

What made all this so uniquely uncomfortable for Chastity was not the nudity, not the gigantic boobs, not even the fact that her milk ducts were thickening with a fresh load. It was the simple fact that these people *needed* something from her. They would take anything, gladly. It seemed wrong not to offer them something.

Back in college, when Chastity had class presentations, she would jot down pages of notes and practice for hours. Extemporaneous speech seemed an unattainable gift, blessed only on the very, very lucky. Even here, where every man and woman in the room was prepared to receive Chastity's words as favorably as any person could, her mind drew a blank.

Chastity turned her eyes away from her adoring thralls and stared beyond the twin horizon of her humongous tits at the coffee table. If she forged a new deal with Darcy, damnation was by far the most likely outcome. And, who knew what would come after that. On the other hand, if Darcy was telling the truth about the milk's effects, then it would take about a month for all these enchantments to wear off—provided all the milk-drinking came to an end. If that were accomplished, these poor thralls would be released and she would have normal-size boobs—and a more manageable milk supply.

But, that depended on the cooperation of twelve people. And, if even Yun couldn't keep the milk to herself, how would anyone else?

There had to be a way. Chastity cleared her throat. "Uh. Look, I know you're all very enamored with me, but you all need to understand, it's because you were exposed to my milk."

"That's what Yun said," said one of the young, female massage therapists.

"I need you to promise me something—don't spread my milk around any further. I mean...there's already one of me, and there's twelve of you, all with really strong feelings about me. You can't possibly want more competition. Right?"

Most of the thralls all shook their heads. But, a few looked perplexed.

"But...don't you think the world would be a better place if everyone just felt this way?" said Kennedy. "I've never felt so complete in my life, just by being here."

"No! No, it wouldn't," Chastity stammered, in search of a response to such a beautifully innocent question.

"We have this to ourselves," said Eliza. "I don't wanna risk that."

Well, damn. Score a point for Eliza's selfishness.

"Listen," said Chastity. "I don't *want* you to spread my milk around—whether you think it's a good idea or not. It's my milk. I decide."

"She's right," declared Austin. "Chastity decides."

"Chastity decides," several of them echoed. All nodded in agreement.

"I appreciate it," said Chastity. Many of them smiled at this. They liked her appreciation.
"Uh...look. I don't know many of you hardly at all, but...you're lovely people, okay? I'm...I'm sorry you got mixed up in this mess."

"We're so happy to be here," said Patrick.

"I only want you all to be okay. I mean it. You're all great. Exactly as you are. And, I'm sure you lead wonderful lives, and I don't want anything that happens here to come between you, and..."

A couple of them were breaking out in tears at these words, like Chastity had just delivered the most moving speech. Yun, bless her heart, had such a low-key demeanor, Chastity had underestimated the artificial charisma boost of this milk. Good god. If she read a cookie recipe to this crowd, they would swoon.

"Just..." Chastity was grasping at straws, "keep the milk to yourselves. Don't tell anyone about it. Don't share it. Keep this whole thing between us. *Please*. Don't betray me."

"I would never do that," said Margie, her eyes soft and teary.

"I'm sorry," whimpered Yun. Tears ran down poor Yun's face. Chastity had just called her out without realizing.

Chastity reached out a hand. "Uh...Yun, come here." Yun threw her arms around Chastity and bawled. Chastity hugged Yun to the slope of her couch cushion of a boob. "It's alright," said Chastity. "You didn't know. I-I forgive you, okay?"

"Thank you," squeaked Yun. "I would've been there to drink your milk tonight if I'd known," Yun went on.

"Oh...forget about that, okay?" said Chastity. "Y-you don't have to do that anymore."

Many of the other thralls cried too. Even Eliza seemed vaguely moved.

It was coming. Chastity's milk ducts were swollen to bursting. Just having Yun's head pressed against her boob brought a strange mix of pain and pleasure.

Chastity groaned.

"What's wrong?" cried Yun.

"I-I'm about to..."

"Oh!" Yun leapt off the couch and ran to the kitchen counter. She returned with the big mop bucket they had used over the last day. Yun set it beneath Chastity's left boob.

Chastity tried to aim both her nipples at the bucket, but there was a lot of boobie flesh between them and she had to mash them together.

Milk gushed.

Chastity could get most of one boob load into the bucket, but not both boobs. "I need something else," cried Chastity.

Yun and several other thralls were already back in the kitchen in search of more basins. The male massage therapist and Patrick scooted the spattered coffee table away from Chastity's pumping boobs.

Milk was getting everywhere. The rug already had a huge wet stain.

Chastity couldn't believe what she was about to say next. "Is...is anyone hungry?"

That was all Chastity needed to say. Five thralls crawled toward the couch on hands and knees. Another three huddled in close. They opened their mouths and caught the spurting sprays of milk before they hit the floor.

Milk blasted their faces, flecked their hair, stained their clothes. They had to close their eyes to not be blinded by shooting milk.

"We can use this," Yun called from the kitchen. She held up the plastic tub they used for dirty dishes out of the sink.

"Fine. Just, clean it off, okay?" said Chastity. She didn't want anyone drinking milk mixed with food debris.

Yun and another woman rinsed off the tub and brought it beneath Chastity's right boob, and beneath the milk-dribbled chins of her ravenous thralls.

"The bucket's half way full already," Yun declared. She ran back to the kitchen to fetch cups which she handed to the thralls on the sidelines. With Chastity and Yun corralling them, the thralls took turns sticking their cups under Chastity's left nipple. Once their cups were mostly full, they drew them out and chugged, leaving room for the next person to get theirs.

Occasionally, the thralls got in each other's way. Chastity chided them to be respectful.

Even with twelve avid drinkers, The tub and bucket were filling up. Yun, ever resourceful, set a package of straws on the coffee table, knelt before the bucket and slurped.

After some time, Eliza emerged from the milk horde, got up on the couch and scooted next to Chastity. Some of the thralls shot Eliza dirty looks for taking a spot, uninvited, beside their beloved milk goddess, but Eliza was undeterred. She whispered in Chastity's ear: "Can I talk to you in private?"

"Why?" said Chastity.

"I just...I think I could do something for you. Something really good."

"Better than the rest of these people?" said Chastity.

"Yeah. Really. I'll-I'll do whatever you want. I promise."

Of course. Eliza wanted to do special favors, to be treated specially. Even in a state of unbridled desire, the woman was insufferable.

Chastity enunciated sharply, baring her teeth. "I," she said, "don't want special favors."

"There must be something I can do," said Eliza. And then, she whispered: "I give really good oral."

"You're lucky to even be here," said Chastity.

"I know! I know, I'm lucky. I just...want to show my appreciation."

"Like how you appreciate Ari?"

The sarcasm was lost on Eliza. She nodded her head, emphatically. "Yeah. But better."

"I don't think you appreciate Ari at all. I don't think you ever did."

"It's not that. He and I weren't right for each other. I realized that tonight when I saw you at dinner."

"Stop talking. Please."

"Just give me a chance. I'm begging you."

What Eliza meant by a *chance* was a chance to be special in a room of equals. She had not been here even forty minutes and already, she was angling for status, favor. Chastity hated it. "Get off this couch," she said.

"I was good to Ari," said Eliza. "I still am."

"I said, get off."

Reluctantly, Eliza did as she was told. Her face looked wounded, but Chastity knew she hadn't given up yet.

As Chastity's milk spray ran down to a stream, she gave the thralls each a turn to drink straight from her boob, two at a time. She let them at it for half a minute or so and then shooed them away for the next pair. She even stoked her thralls' heads as they fed off her. She wanted them to feel loved, if only to expiate her guilt.

Drink of my body, which is poured out for the proliferation of sin. Ugh. Revolting. No, Chastity did not want to say that. She bit her tongue.

This whole time, she seemed to be watching herself, watching someone utterly different from the Chastity she knew. With such overwhelming power over so many people, how did you retain who you were?

As Chastity's milk flow drew down to a trickle, many of her thralls flopped over on the floor with full bellies. They looked happy as clams. Yun was still busy with her straw, sipping milk from the

bucket. Eliza, too, was busy with the remaining droplets from Chastity's boob. Perhaps she suspected outdrinking Chastity's roommate would earn her a vaunted position.

"You guys don't need to keep doing this," said Chastity.

"I want to," said Yun.

"Me too," said Eliza.

"Isn't it dangerous to drink this much liquid?"

Yun's voice dropped to a whisper. "Chastity," she said, "I *never* have to pee. Not when I drink your milk. It just stays *in* me."

Chastity was aghast. "Seriously?"

"I've gained ten pounds since I started drinking your milk." Yun drew back so Chastity could see her. Sure enough, Yun looked quite a bit thicker. Her belly bulged, her tank top rode up, exposing her belly button. Her boobs and hips looked fuller too.

"Oh god. Yun!"

Yun smiled. "It's okay! I love it. I love having it in me."

Chastity didn't know what to say to that. She wanted to protect Yun, but Yun wanted *this*.

The buzzer rang again. Chastity's heart leapt in her chest. She had completely forgotten.

"Yun! That's..."

Yun was already on her feet. She answered the buzzer.

Chastity shooed Eliza away from her nipple and got to her feet.

"Who is it?" said Eliza.

"Your boyfriend," said Chastity.

Eliza joined Yun at the door. Chastity heaved her boobs across the living room, stepping around prone and recumbent thralls.

The knock came. Yun opened the door.

A bone weary Ari stepped inside, suitcase in hand. His eyes went wide. His best friend stood topless before him with boobs the size of microwaves, and his girlfriend was there too, with a milk-spattered face and wet hair.

"Ari! You're here," cried Eliza.

And then, something horrible happened. Eliza bounded up to Ari, and kissed him. With tongue.

Yun gasped.

With milk all over her face and tongue, Eliza had just taken poor Ari into the fold.

"No," groaned Chastity.

Eliza turned to Chastity. "See?" she said. "Ari and I are great."

Chastity went over to Eliza and slapped her face. Eliza crumpled to the floor, still trying to understand what she had just done.

"I told you," Chastity shouted. "I told you not to spread the milk around."

"How can you just ignore her like that?" Yun cried.

In seconds, half a dozen thralls were on their feet. They surrounded them and were dragging Eliza, screaming, by the arms across the living room, some of them sending jabs at her flailing body.

"What's going on?" screamed Ari, bewildered.

It was then that Chastity realized things were about to get much, much worse. To prove their virtue, this mob of milk-crazed thralls had to punish evil. Who knew how far they would take it.

"Wait," Chastity cried. "Don't hurt her. *Please*."

The mob paused. A fear-stricken Eliza lay, slumped and bawling, under their hands. Her sweater was milk-soaked and torn. She was screaming. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry I forgot. I—"

Chastity waved them away from Eliza. They gave way.

Chastity approached Eliza. And, seeing her there in a wretched heap something, suddenly, clicked into place in Chastity. Something horrible.

"Ch-Chas...?" said Ari.

Chastity looked over her shoulder. Ari was hopelessly confused, but also gazing at Chastity with a face she now knew much too well.

She could do anything now. If she wanted, she could fuck Ari right in front of Eliza and Eliza would welcome the humiliation.

But...no. Not that.

"What should we do with her?" said Austin.

"I'll make sure she's punished accordingly," Chastity heard herself say.

Punished, yes. But, how?

As if in answer to a prayer, an answer came: another pang in her boob. Another soul; another spurt of growth; another geyser of milk. Chastity needed to act fast. "Take her to the bathroom," she said.

Yun stepped into the circle, helped Eliza to her feet and guided her down the corridor. Chastity began to follow, then she turned to Ari. "Um. We'll explain everything, okay? Just...take it easy."

"Okay," said Ari.

Weight mounted in Chastity's boobs. They spread, fuller and wider. Their flanks grazed the passing walls. They didn't jiggle so much as flop and crash together as she walked.

They reached the bathroom and Chastity had to maneuver one boob in, then herself, then the other boob. Her milk ducts were about to burst.

Eliza and Yun joined her and Yun closed the bathroom door.

"Listen," said Chastity to Eliza. "I really am furious at what you just did." And this was no exaggeration. She wanted to throttle Eliza. Not because Ari was enthralled, but because Eliza made the call. She had no right. *Chastity* was the one who decided.

Some years back, long before she had ever known Yun, or Ari or Eliza, Chastity was a waitress. There was a two month stint in which her tip money seemed to disappear. After weeks of feeling like a crazy person, she caught her then-roommate snatching a roll of bills from her room. This act did not simply make Chastity furious. It made her *happy*. Her roommate's dirty crime was there in plain daylight and Chastity stood ready to punish the wicked.

And now, after Eliza's transgression, the same sweet catharsis awaited.

It would be sweeter, this time.

"You disgust me," she said to Eliza.

"I'm so sorry," spluttered Eliza. "I promise, I—"

"But, I'm going to give you a chance to...absolve yourself."

"Yes! Yes, please tell me what!"

Yun, ever the perceptive one, knew the drill. Already, she was rolling up a towel in front of the tub for Chastity and Eliza's knees. She plugged the drain.

"I'm going to leak milk into this bathtub and you're going to drink it. Every last drop."

"Okay!"

Chastity fell to her knees, rested her boobs on the lip of the tub. Her milk came, blasting like a firehose all over the tiled wall.

Yun handed Eliza a cup. Eliza kneeled beside Chastity, filled the cup, and began to drink.

"Drink faster," said Chastity.

Eliza drank faster.

"Is that the best you can do?" said Chastity.

Eliza groaned. Her throat bobbed as she took in ounce after ounce of milk.

Chastity glanced over her shoulder at Yun. "I've got this now. Can you explain to Ari what's going on?"

Yun nodded and left the bathroom.

Eliza's normally flat belly was already bulging over her waistband from her first feeding. Her milk-soaked sweater matted to her skin. But now, she was chugging cup after cup.

The milk level in the tub was an inch high...maybe more. Chastity's milk flow was fiercer than ever

"Drink faster," growled Chastity. "Do it!"

Chastity's boobs crowded the bathroom. Her right titflank mashed into Eliza as Eliza sought space to get her cupfulls. Still, they grew, bigger and bigger. Every soul turned, it seemed, increased the rate of growth. Her boobs were as broad as the back cushions of a sofa. Chastity could've plopped both of them in the tub and there would have been little room left.

"Keep drinking. Don't you fucking slow down," said Chastity.

"Mmm," Eliza replied, and knocked another cup back.

Eliza's gut was round and bulging now. The hem of her sweater barely covered it. Her hair was drenched. Her eye makeup ran down her sodden face.

The more downtrodden Eliza looked, the more Chastity barked for her to drink faster. "C'mon, bitch. Drink!" Chastity had never spoken so cruelly in her life. She couldn't quite locate the source of all this fury. Was some wicked part of her *enjoying* the facility of her power? Was it that it was Eliza—the one person in the world she hated with so much envy and contempt? She felt like a bird that had suddenly broken out of its cage and could now spread its wings. Words began to spill out of Chastity's mouth that she didn't even know she was capable of. "*That's it. Drink that belly fat and round, you dumb slut.*"

Chastity's boob growth slowed, but her milk still gushed. The tub was three, maybe four inches full now. Eliza was nearly out of room. She couldn't get around Chastity's monstrous boobs.

"I-can't anymore," Eliza whimpered. "There's no room."

Chastity put her hands around her right boob like she was about to carry a nightstand and, grunting, lifted the yoga ball-sized mammary in the air. "Get in here," she yelled. Chastity backed up to give Eliza space and Eliza crawled under Chastity's massive breast and kneeled,

facing the tub. Then Chastity lowered the massive tit back to the lip of the tub. She squeezed her boobs around Eliza's body. "Now, can you get at it?" she yelled.

From the tight confines of Chastity's cleavage, Eliza could indeed reach over the shelf of Chastity's chest and gather up another cup full of milk.

Eliza's soaked sweater was uncomfortable against Chastity's boobs, so she made her take it off, revealing a bra that was now overstuffed with milk-induced tit fat. Then, the seams of Eliza's bra chaffed, so Chastity made her take that off too. She could feel Eliza's sides bulge against her cleavage.

"Drink up! Drink like the piggy you are, bitch. C'mon!"

Somewhere, in some offshoot of this world, there must have been a demon dimension where Chastity and Eliza did exactly this for all eternity: screamed at Eliza to keep drinking. If Eliza wanted to be special, Chastity, hell heifer and loyal servant of the republic of devils, would *make* this disgusting little worm *special*.

"You like that? *Keep drinking!* Choke it down!!"

Chastity couldn't believe it. She *hated* this. Hated the words pouring out of her mouth. She wanted it to end, but she had told Eliza to drink every last drop and she was still blasting milk into the tub. It simply had to be this way.

If Chastity's milk didn't flush through the system, like any normal, unenchanted fluid, then it seemed plausible that one pound of her milk equaled one pound of body weight. And already, Eliza had drunk pound after pound of milk. She was ruining Eliza's gorgeous, stacked, flat-tummied figure. Eliza would have a massive gut to match her now oversized boobs, and a chunky ass to back her up. Eliza's biceps were thicker, doughier.

This thorough wrecking of Eliza's enviable body brought Chastity viscous joy. She wanted to wretch.

But she still barked out her orders at Eliza: *drink...more...faster...hurry...bitch...slut...*

Chastity's milk blast finally slowed from misty spurts to thick streams. A handspan of milk now filled the tub—and Eliza was going to drink all of it.

Chastity's voice was hoarse, so the orders slowed too. After a while, she said nothing. Eliza knew her penance.

The milk ran down to rivulets, then drops. Finally, there was no more, except what Eliza was to drink.

Eliza drank and drank. The tub got too shallow for her cup to scoop much out, so Eliza curled over the lip and drank like a piggy from a trough.

She was licking the basin clean when Chastity told it was enough.

Chastity pulled her boobs off the tub and backed up against the wall. Eliza leaned back against the tub. They were spent.

Eliza had a huge, round sumo wrestler belly and boobs the size of honeydews. She was pouring out of her pants with flanks popping over her waistline in massive handles. The dough of a slight second chin rounded her once sculpted face into a plump circle. Her biceps were thick and round.

She might have gained fifty pounds tonight. And still, even with a thick, doughy body and smeared makeup and disheveled hair, Eliza's beauty was evident. Yes, this was still a face Ari could love.

Chastity was out of anger, out of cruelty. She had nothing left.

"D-do you forgive me?" said Eliza.

"I do," muttered Chastity at the floor.

Chastity climb to her feet. Yes, somehow, she could still stand, even though she was maybe sixty percent boob.

She popped out of the bathroom, squeezed down the hallway into the living room where the thralls still sat, all eleven of them.

Chastity called Ari, who stood and gazed at her, overcome with wonder and adoration. For so many years, Chastity had wanted Ari to see her like that. But, there was no satisfaction in it now. No satisfaction, ever.

She invited him to her room and they talked.

She told him everything. About the crush that had turned into an obsession. About the jealousy that had torn her apart for years. About her deal with Darcy. About her plan to enthrall Ari, just to pull him away from Eliza. About everything that had happened, up to the sordid scene that had played out with Eliza in the bathroom.

Ari was too stricken with her for Chastity to react in anything but sympathy. But, Chastity needed him to know.

"I've never hated myself in my whole life. But, Ari, I'm going to set you all free."

"I feel free," said Ari. "And...I love you too."

Chastity shook her head. "It feels like you're free, but you're not. You'll understand."

Ari looked at her blankly.

"I need a ride," she said.

"Oh. Well, we can take my car," said Ari.

Chastity called Yun into her room and told her the plan. "I need you to manage the guests," Chastity said. "Do you think we can get them to leave if they know I'm going to be gone anyway?"

"They'll be disappointed," said Yun. "But, maybe if they think they'll see you again?"

"I'll tell them myself. Oh, and uh...Eliza doesn't fit into her clothes any more. She can take my sweats. I don't need them back."

"Are you really serious about this?" said Yun. "We won't...love you anymore. Not like this."

"I need you both to be strong for me. If you really do love me, please do this."

* * *

The great, split-design duplex mansion loomed in the darkness of 3AM with only the trail of standing lamps up the yard to show the way and a pair of electric lanterns by the twin doors to mark the destination.

"I don't want you to do this," said Ari, glancing over his shoulder from the driver's seat.

Chastity tried to look up at him and her horns jabbed the car ceiling as they had a dozen or so times already. "Of course you don't," she said. "You got hit with the milk and now you're convinced I'm the one for you."

"That was your plan though, wasn't it? To show me Eliza was wrong for me."

"Yeah. And, it was wrong. Help me out of this car please."

Boob one, body, boob two: out of car. Ari draped Chastity's comforter around her and she clung it closed over herself. With her chest thrusting the garment out so far, it didn't even go halfway down her thighs, she probably looked like a huge umbrella.

She took the path up to the house with Ari close behind.

When she stepped up to the landing and stood before Darcy's dungeon-charcoal door, Chastity hesitated.

She turned to Ivanna's door and knocked on that instead.

For at least a count of five, there was no answer.

"Asleep, I guess?" said Ari.

But then, Ivanna's door swung open. Ivanna, in the same white dress she had worn when Chastity saw her a week back, stood before them, inches from Chastity's gigantic rack. The woman regarded Chastity with wide, scrupulous eyes, but she didn't quite seem surprised.

"Uh...hi. Sorry to disturb you," said Chastity.

"That's alright," said Ivanna. "If you don't mind my saying, you look like you're about to see Darcy."

"I am. But, I wanted to say something."

"Oh. Well, I imagine you'd better say it. It must be very important for you to say it at three in the morning."

"You were right."

"About what, child?"

"You told me to just talk to Ari and tell him how I felt. I should've done that. I should've taken your advice."

"And, why didn't you?"

"Because, I didn't go to Darcy because I love Ari." Chastity glanced at Ari. "Even though I do. I went to Darcy because I wanted a comeuppance for Ari's girlfriend. I wanted to bring her down."

"And, did you?" said Ivanna.

"Yes. No. I-I don't know. In any case, I brought a lot of other people down. People who didn't deserve it."

"Oh, dear. And, after all that, what in god's name is bringing you back to Darcy *now*?"

"I want her to release everyone else from this milk curse. So...I'm going to submit to her."

Ivanna was shaking her head. "Oh, no no. Enough of this. Come inside, both of you."

"Uh, what?"

But, Ivanna was already leading the way inside her plex. She waved Chastity and Ari in after her. Chastity, as always now, had to sidestep her way in.

Inside, tiny blue cord lights emitted a soft glow around the walls. The living room consisted of a blue couch, an upholstered chair, a simple wood coffee table, a gray and white turkish rug and hung prints of Renoirs.

"Close the door please," said Ivanna. Ari did as he was told.

An adorably tiny beagle ran up to Chastity and Ari and put his paws on their legs, panting fervently. "Murphy, down. *Down*," said Ivanna. The dog sniffed them a couple more times and then retreated into the next room.

"Sorry about him. He loves company. Now, then..."

Suddenly, Ivanna's form was swallowed up by a blinding flash of light. When it disappeared, Chastity's heart skipped.

Folded over Ivanna's shoulders was a pair of gorgeous, ivory wings. A halo of blazing light flickered over her head.

"Y-you're—" said Chastity, but she couldn't finish the sentence.

"Yes, yes, yes. Darcy and I are rather different. Oh, don't get me wrong. She's my sister and I love her dearly, but we never see eye to eye."

"Can...can you *help* me?"

"*Can* I help, dear? I *must*. It would be unbecoming to leave you to the tender mercies of my sister."

"I mean...can you stop this hell heifer curse?"

"Only the willing can be made agents of hell. That's the one little secret devils never want you to hear. Every word they say may be the truth—in isolation. But, there's always a little something they leave out. Anyway, I can't undo every part of this curse. You've taken it...rather far for that, child."

"Can you free the people who drank my milk?"

"Yes, yes. Now, you have a seat here on the couch."

Chastity sat. She took up the whole couch.

There was a tiny half smile on the angel's face as she turned to Ari. "Are you this *Ari* the girl talks about, boy?"

"Um. Yes, I am."

"Well, I would normally invite my subject's companion to sit by their side but I'm afraid she has company enough with that...enormous chest. So, you'll just have to make do with the chair. Please, have a seat."

"Yes, ma'am." Ari sat in the upholstered chair. "Um...is she going to be okay?"

"Hush, boy. Now, child. I'm afraid you'll have to remove that blanket. And the rest of your clothes too. I need to see you. Oh, what's wrong, child?"

Chastity was weeping. "I-I just...I thought I was done for."

The angel raised an eyebrow. She dropped to one knee so her face was level with Chastity's. "Child, no one, absolutely no one, is done for. Now, I need you to undress. And, if you don't wish for the boy to watch you do it, I can have him play with Murphy in the den."

"No. It's fine." Chastity let the blanket fall to the floor. She reached behind her boobs, undid her jeans and peeled them off with her underwear. She was about to take off her socks but Ivanna bade her to stop with a wave of a hand.

"That's all the nudity we need for this, child. My my. It's been such a long time since I saw a pair of hell heifer breasts so *large*. Most heifers get scared off the moment they see the horns. Darcy must be very proud of having found *you*. Now, I need you to lean back. I'm sorry, but this may feel like a trip to the gynecologist. But...less pleasant, I'm afraid. Please spread your legs."

Chastity pushed her boobs back against the couch cushions with her arms and levered her body back. She spread her legs wide.

Ivanna raised her left hand in the hair. Suddenly, the hand glowed with brilliant light. Then, the light spread down to the elbow. Ivanna's illuminated hand closed in on Chastity's pelvis.

The moment her fingers touched, Chastity felt the burning. She screamed. Two fingers, three, four... Ivanna's whole hand was inside her.

"Ah! Ah! Ahhhhhhhh!"

"You can scream your poor head off but be still, child."

It was like a molten brick had just found its way into Chastity's abdomen. Chastity writhed and gripped the pillowy flesh of her breasts.

And then, suddenly, the pain was gone. Gone, yes, but Ivanna's hand was still inside her. She drew it out, out...

"Here he is: the naughty, little fiend that was making my light so painful to you."

In Ivanna's pinched fingers was a tiny, squirming grubworm with horns coming out the side of his head. Like Chastity's horns, they curled up into upside down question marks.

It squealed: *Reeeeee...reeeeeeee...reeeeeeee...*

The fiery light of Ivanna's hand receded up her wrist until it reached the tip of her index finger and thumb. And then, it bathed the horned grub in fire and smoke. The worm squealed one last gasp—and then, was eviscerated to nothing.

A shout came from behind the living room: "FUCK."

Ivanna giggled. "Don't mind that, it's just Darcy. It is very painful for her when I remove one of her minions from this plane."

Chastity didn't answer. She felt faint. Her muscles felt so weak.

The horns on her head were drawing in...she could feel the root width dwindle, feel the weight on her neck ease.

Her breasts shrank too: down, down, down they went. In seconds, they were footstools...beach balls...basketballs...

A bit of strength returned to Chastity's body. She touched her head. The horns were gone. There was no hair where they disappeared. Only bald spots.

Her chest stopped shrinking. Chastity's breasts were still huge. Volleyball huge. She hefted them in her hands.

"Well, I couldn't completely remove the physical effects of Darcy's little implant," said Ivanna, anticipating Chastity's next question. "That little demon had you in a very advanced stage. I'm afraid you'll either have to get them surgically removed or...you know, learn to appreciate them for what they are. Your hair will grow back, at least."

"That's...that's okay," gasped Chastity. "I'm just...I'm so glad it's—is that it? Am I really okay?"

"Everything is fine now. And, don't worry, I have a robe you can wear home."

"Thank you. *Thank* you. How can I repay you?"

"You don't," said Ivanna. "The act of saving souls is its own reward. Don't worry, my business is very different from Darcy's. Ah, but she's the one who pays our mortgage. Between the two of us, she's the only one who's allowed to charge for her services."

"Oh *god*," cried Ari from the chair. His hands were pressed to his face. He was stooped over in agony. "Eliza...fuck..."

Ari was back. So, too, was his love of Eliza. Seeing Ari there, the memories of the last eight hours flooding back to his unclouded mind, Chastity's relief turned to despair.

Ivanna took a seat beside Chastity and patted her hand. "Child, I think your friend might need you now."

* * *

There wasn't much to say about the first couple weeks after Ivanna removed the hellworm from Chastity's body.

When she and Ari returned to the apartment, everyone was gone except Yun, who told her everyone snapped out of their trance state and realized they were in a place they had never seen before, waiting for the return of someone they loved for reasons they could not quite recall. They left immediately—none of them faster than Eliza, who was somehow back to her original weight. Ari left too, hoping to find Eliza back at the apartment.

The first thing Chastity did as a hell heifer no longer, was to shave her head. It was the cheapest way to fix these bald spots, short of getting extensions. It was a good time for Chastity to not quite recognize the woman in the mirror. Ivanna had removed the curse, but not the memories.

In her dreams, Chastity still had the horns, still had the breasts, the milk, the crowd of adoring thralls... And, Eliza was still drinking her milk from the tub, growing fatter and fatter.

Chastity took on a slew of new client projects. The work kept her busy.

She didn't hear from a single person she'd enthralled, save, of course, Yun. Ari had left the apartment that first night, saying he didn't know what would become of their friendship after everything that happened. Chastity understood. She might never hear from him again.

But, Yun was still Chastity's roommate. She grew sullen around Chastity, even seeming to avoid her. They no longer had friendly talks at breakfast. When Yun was on the phone in the living room and Chastity happened to wander in, Yun would get up and take the call to her room. Almost all of their conversations were sterile exchanges about chores and rent.

On the third week, Yun knocked on Chastity's door and told her she didn't think she could keep renting an apartment with her.

"It's not that you *hurt* me," said Yun. "When I look back on that week, I still feel like I had a choice then, even if the only choice I would ever make was whatever got me closer to you. It's just..." Yun struggled to find these next words: "I miss being *obsessed* with you, Chas. It's crazy, but I *miss* it. I'm so empty inside without that feeling."

"But, that's not like you at all, Yun. You're not obsessive," said Chastity. "You've always been the one with her shit together. *I'm* the one who's obsessed. That's how it's always been."

"Yeah. And, I need to feel okay about that again. But, as long as I'm around you, I remember that person I was. It just lasted a week, but it might as well have been years."

"Could we ever be friends again?" said Chastity.

Yun shook her head. "I don't have an answer to that question. Not now."

For the millionth time, Chastity told Yun how sorry she was but Yun waved off the apology. She knew, she knew: Chastity was very, very sorry.

A week later, Yun had found a new apartment. They came to an agreement: Yun would pay out her part of the rent through the next month and Chastity would shoulder the burden of finding a new roommate, and pay for two rents the following month if she couldn't find a good prospect.

Two weeks later, Chastity helped Yun box up her things for the movers to carry. Yun had become a touch more friendly. Whether they would be friends again, it seemed they at least didn't need to be enemies.

Yun's final day arrived. The movers took her bed, her couch, half the kitchen supplies. The apartment was sad and bare without her and for half a day, Chastity laid on the wide open floor and cried.

* * *

It was the first month Chastity had to pay the full rent for the unit. Even with her design projects flowing along, things were tight. Still, she hadn't been wiped out. Chastity had paid the rent on

time and she still had eighty dollars left for groceries and gas. Live to see another day, and all that.

She had spoken to a couple prospective roommates, but nothing had worked out. The only woman Chastity had seriously considered changed her mind after they met on a video chat. Chastity couldn't be sure, but she suspected her crew cut had turned the woman off.

On Wednesday, she got a text. It was Ari, asking if he could visit.

Chastity: Of course. Any time.

A few hours later, he was outside, buzzing Chastity's unit.

He appeared in the doorway in a wool coat. It was December, and, though there was no snow yet, the weather outside was murky and cold.

"I like the hair," said Ari.

"You don't have to lie," said Chastity.

"No, I mean it. I think it's cute. I never knew you had such a nicely shaped head."

Chastity laughed. She couldn't remember the last time she had laughed.

Ari took off his coat. "No coat rack?" he said.

"Nope. That was Yun's. You can either throw it on the kitchen counter or wear it."

Ari tossed the coat on the counter, took off his shoes and wandered into the living room area. There was only a chair, a floor lamp and a coffee table left after Yun's exodus. He dropped to a cross-legged seat. Chastity joined him.

"I think Eliza and I are done."

"Oh? Because of my shenanigans, I'm sure."

Ari laughed. "It wasn't just that." He looked away. "You might've helped a bit, though."

Chastity exhaled. "I'm so sorry, Ari. I-I can't say I didn't *want* it to happen. Because, I did for a long time. But, now, I—"

"That's it?" said Ari. "You're not gonna ask *why*? I didn't come here looking for an apology, y'know."

"Well, pardon me. *Why*, Ari, are you and Eliza done?"

Ari sighed. "Eliza got really weird after that night. I mean, the first week went as expected. You were basically persona non grata as far as we were concerned and she made me spend every spare minute around her to make her feel better. She barely even let me work that week. There were a lot of feelings."

"What happened next?"

Ari sighed. "She started blaming *me* for what happened. Like, she started getting really nasty and made lots of demands—I mean, worse demands than ever. She was in a really foul mood. Sometimes she just screamed at me for no reason."

"How's that any different than what she's usually like?"

"Not different. But still, worse. There was something really...despairing in her. She said, what happened to her was all because of me, because I was friends with you. Because, I shared my problems with you. Because, I betrayed her by being friends with someone who was in love with me. Etcetera."

"I'm sorry. You don't deserve that."

"Well, for a while, I bought it. I apologized for it. But then, the next week...she started saying she didn't want to be exclusive anymore. She said she didn't think I could satisfy her sexually. And, sometimes, she would masturbate in bed and...this is really fucked up, but...she was crying out your name, like right in front of me."

"Jeez."

"And, when I confronted her about it, she just said she had no memory of it. She must've been dreaming. She wasn't dreaming, Chas. It was some fucked up game."

"Oh, god."

"And then, she did it again. She kicked me out of the apartment. I stayed with my folks a few days and thought about stuff. And, I got to thinking. Y'know...I was really pissed at everything you did. I mean, you really wreaked havoc on my life, and on Eliza's. With *devil* magic, too! I mean, that's serious stuff. I still can't believe it."

"Worst thing I ever did. I'll never stop regretting it."

"But, while I was staying with my folks, I got to thinking: Chastity fucked up. But, she knows she fucked up. She's sorry. She wants to be better. Every time Eliza fucks up, she blames the fuck-up on someone else. And...it's never *not* been like that. Like, *never*. This is how she is." Ari was gazing out the window at the bare branches of a honey locust tree as he recounted all this. "Anyway," he said, "after a few days, Eliza calls me and says she's suicidal. And that's when I realized: I have a choice. I don't have to be the person who comes to her rescue. So, I told her, I'm not sure I want to do this anymore. And...she said *fuck you* and hung up. Next day, she said she wanted me gone. So, I had a miserable week of moving all my shit out and into my folks' place."

"And, that's where you're living now?"

"Yep. I told her, I'm not renewing the lease with her in February."

"Anyway, after that, she kept sending me texts. Sometimes they were angry. Sometimes, pleading. So...I blocked her."

"No fucking way."

"I did. I blocked her."

"Ari, that's...that's incredible. I'm..." Chastity swallowed a lump in her throat. "I'm so happy for you."

"There's still a part of me that worries. I still hear her voice in my head. But...honestly, most of the time, now that she's gone, I'm...I'm feeling really good."

"Ari..."

"But, I need to get out of my folks' house. They're driving me up a wall."

"I bet."

Ari exhaled. He looked down at his crossed legs. "Anyway, I wanted to say, looking back on that week and, let's face it, the last five years, I realize something."

"What's that?"

"We were all crazy. You, me and Eliza. We were driving each other crazy. Someone had to do something. It's nuts but...I don't think Eliza was a hundred percent wrong when she said it was my fault. I let her treat me like shit and you got to hear about it. For years. That must've been rough for you. I know what it was like for me."

"You couldn't imagine."

"Anyway, I'm not upset at you anymore. I mean it. I-I can't be mad at you for the shit you did. I wanted you to know that. Far as I'm concerned, we're still friends."

They hugged. Ari's shirt was wet with Chastity's tears.

And then, they looked at each other. Chastity's breath was still in her throat.

Their lips touched. Then, their tongues. Their breath got heavy.

Chastity tore away. She got to her feet. "No," she cried. "No, fucking way..."

"Hey...w-what's wrong?" said Ari.

"Ari, I did something *awful*. I contracted a devil to seduce you with magic—to *spite* Eliza. And yes, maybe I wanted to spite Eliza because I care about you, but mostly, it was because I hated her. I despised her. I wanted to steal you away from her. It was selfish and awful and a lot of people got hurt because of it. My life sucks after that. I lost my hair, my roommate. I've got huge, porno boobs. There's about ten people in this city whose faces I hope I never see. I probably fucked up marriages and friendships and broke up homes, Ari. After all that stupid, awful shit I

did, *this* is not supposed to happen. You're supposed to hate me so I learn my fucking lesson. I-I..."

Ari was on his feet, holding Chastity. Chastity released her breath and sank into his arms.

"Are we really doing this?" she muttered.

"Well," said Ari, "you always said I was too forgiving."