

A Winter Gift

Snow fell to blanket the dirt path. By now, Gisselle could no longer hear her horse's hooves striking the ground; all was muffled by the night's snowstorm. Trees rose over the road in a canopy of outstretched, bony arms, doing little to slow the descent of frozen fluff. The woods were silent as if it had gone to bed without waiting for Gisselle to find refuge. On the eve of Solstice, it all felt fitting; the world had paused to take a moment and bask in the approaching holiday. A cloak was all she carried to keep warm, though she needed nothing more. Little could faze the sorceress at this point in her life, even as she realized she might spend Solstice alone.

She rounded a corner. A light glowed through the tree trunks further down the road. Even from a distance with snow dotting her vision, Gisselle could see it was an inn. Lanterns and a hearth flickered against the windows to cast the surrounding woods in an inviting warmth.

"Now there looks like a warm bed for the night," she sighed in relief.

A day of travel had taken longer than expected. She'd known there was an inn along her route, but unforeseen circumstances sought to keep her from progressing. While spending the night in the woods hadn't been off the table, Gisselle was pleased to see she'd finally reached the end of today's travel. Many miles of bouncing on her horse's back had left her chest sore and overstimulated. It ached with a fullness that she was yet to tend to.

A hand reached under her cloak and gave a gentle massage to a breast. It was more engorged than she would have liked and bulging against her bodice. Such pressure wasn't meant to be mixed with a horse's jostling movements.

The snowflakes grew in number and size. Already, the blanket of white was nearing her horse's knees in some parts by the time she entered the light cast around the inn. The building was three stories tall and well-traveled. Carts of merchants and assorted travelers waited outside. At the back, she could make out a stable. A lonely boy was busy throwing hay for a row of waiting horses.

Snow swallowed her shins when she dismounted. Her cloak dragged over the top of the powdery layer upon approaching the inn. A wooden sign hung still in the dead winter's night overhead, reading 'The Wanderer's Nest'.

Movement flashed across the fogged windows. Moments later, the door opened before Gisselle had even attempted to enter. A middle-aged man stepped into the snow with a lantern.

"Welcome, welcome! Happy Solstice!" he greeted. "Dreadful weather for a woman to be out alone, isn't it?"

Gisselle smiled and lowered her hood. Crimson hair glowed in his light like a beacon in the snow. "It's serene but cold. Have you any room for the night?"

"Of course!" He ushered her past. "Please, go inside. My wife will see you at the counter. I'll take your horse to our stable, if you'd like."

"Please," she accepted, handing the reins over. Only one bag came with her from the saddle: a simple velvet drawstring of purple embroidered with gold.

Crackling coals and scents of greasy roast chicken found her senses when she stepped out of winter and into the inn. Some guests remained at a large dining table drinking ale from flagons and laughing with slurred jokes, but most of the visitors had retired to their rooms. In one corner stood a tree cut from the ground outside. Fist-sized berries hung on its branches in a variety of colors, each one plump and ready to burst as the Solstice approached. They nearly glowed at this point in the season.

“Happy Solstice! Welcome to the Wanderer’s Nest,” a voice called from a nearby desk. A woman stood waiting with a large guestbook. “Interested in a room?”

“Top floor, if available.”

“Oh, I’m afraid those are meant only for--”

Gisselle’s cloak opened as she reached for her hip. A form-fitting dress of red with a bodice of ruffled white stood out against the otherwise rustic establishment. Distracting fullness had plumped her breasts to nearly overflow the straining neckline. Coins clinked at Gisselle’s side. She plucked a gold piece from a small bag and placed it on the counter. The woman’s tone changed.

“You’re in luck! We do have one room available on the third floor!”

“Wonderful~”

“And will you be needing any dinner? I believe it’s still warm.”

A door opened behind the woman with a glimpse into a kitchen. A girl stepped out in a simple dress and apron. “Auntie, I can’t find any more butter for tomorrow’s--”

The girl’s words stopped short. Her eyes locked onto the confident woman waiting at the counter and her impressive cleavage. As large as the honeydews she enjoyed in the summer, the stranger’s breasts mesmerized her as they bulged up and out of her neckline with her every breath. Snowflakes had fallen from her hair to settle upon their blushing tops and melt, trickling into her cleavage before vanishing into her intimate warmth.

“Noel,” the innkeeper prodded.

The girl’s face grew warm. She stammered before looking at the floor and straightening her apron across her board-like front. “W-We’re out of butter,” she whispered.

“I’ll look for some. Go clean the dining table.”

Noel nodded and hurried away, not daring to ogle Gisselle’s front again.

“My apologies,” the innkeeper sighed. “It’s always something with her. Wayward mind, she’d got.”

Intrigued, Gisselle watched the girl go about her business. “She’s your daughter?”

“My niece. She’s become like a daughter, though.”

The door flung open with a flurry of snow. “*Hooooo! Colder than a witch’s tits in an iron bra out there!*” the man said while rubbing his hands.

The woman gave a tolerant look. “He’ll take you from here, if you’ll excuse me. Dear...?” she called.

“Aye?”

“Top floor for this one. She’s paid in full.”

“*Aye!*” he said with more enthusiasm.

They switched places, the woman disappearing into the kitchen while he searched for a key on a series of hooks. “Where’s that blasted thing...”

Gisselle’s focus remained on Noel. She watched the girl gather dishes and wipe the table around the group of late night drinkers. She was plain with strands of raven-black hair falling into her face. A blue dress hugged a body abandoned by development after little feminine blessing even as she looked to be into her twenties. Every now and then, she would catch Noel glancing in her direction only to look away suddenly.

“Here ya are!” the innkeeper announced with a thunk of a key against the counter. “Room 302. Anything else?”

“Yes...” Gisselle’s eyes flickered. “How much for the girl’s company for the night?”

He was taken aback. “*Company?* Miss, we’re not that kind of place. She--”

Two gold pieces tapped on the counter. His eyes widened.

Gisselle explained, “I would like someone to draw my bath and help me wash. My travels have left me quite weary.”

“Fancy type, huh...” He chewed on his lip, looking the sorceress up and down, before taking the coins. “Take her, then. *Noel!*”

The girl looked up, startled.

Pointing to Gisselle, he commanded, “Do whatever this one asks of ya tonight. She wants a bath as well. Room 302.”

Heavy blushing turned her cheeks rosy. Wide eyes stared like a frightened deer. A small curtsy was followed by, “Y-Yes, Ma’am! Right away! Please give me a moment to prepare the tub!”

“Hop to it!”

She dashed off to heat Gisselle’s water.

“Room 302, you said?” Gisselle asked, taking the key with a smile.

“Up the stairs and to the left.”



Gisselle took her time going to her room for the night. With a bath being prepared, she didn’t want to arrive too early and disturb Noel’s focus on the task at hand. After some time had passed, and the majority of the stragglers in the dining area had gone to bed in anticipation of tomorrow’s festivities, she decided it was time to inspect her room.

The air was humid when she opened her door. Steam rose from an elongated, wooden bathtub polished to a shine. The piece of luxury looked to have been carved from a single tree. Water poured from a bucket to fill its basin with cleansing heat.

“Sorry, Ma’am!” Noel squeaked timidly, “It’s almost ready.”

“Oh, that looks quite lovely as-is. Piping hot to warm this cold body...” Gisselle closed her bedroom door.

Noel glanced up. “I-I’ve been told I’m to follow your whims for the night...”

“That is correct. I’ll admit, I’m a woman who enjoys a little pampering. I hope you don’t mind.”

She remained timid but professional. “Not at all, Ma’am.”

Gisselle looked her up and down. “Tell me... What do you wish for this Solstice?”

Surprise made Noel straighten. Her cheeks blushed. “That’s not-- You shouldn’t ask someone what they--”

“Help me undress, would you?”

Gisselle’s words came faster than Noel could process. She stared, unable to comprehend the simple task.

Holding out her arms, the sorceress urged, “Quickly, please, before the bath cools.”

Noel swallowed and approached. She was shorter than this woman by at least twelve inches. Prominent cleavage sat at nearly eye level as she stood before Gisselle and untied her cloak. When she saw the lace criss-crossing over Gisselle’s bust to hold her bodice in place, she couldn’t help but stare into the soft chasm of milky skin. Her fingers trembled when working the bow and loosening the garment. Once ready, she stepped behind Gisselle and guided the clothing off her shoulders and arms. Everything slid with ease, fluttering down her frame to pile at her feet.

“Oh, I already feel better...” Gisselle moaned, stretching her arms overhead.

From behind, Noel watched in awe at the woman’s incredible figure. Tall and slender, the curves of her breasts stood out from the sides of her torso. A trim waist flared into fertile hips and thighs that left little gap at their peaks.



“Now then... As for my question.” Gisselle turned, naked, and faced Noel. “*What do you desire for Solstice?*”

A pair of swollen breasts filled the girl’s gaze. They were even larger than she’d expected, and far too perky for their size. An incredible fullness rounded them forth, lifting Gisselle’s nipples upward as her breasts’ underbellies seemed to strain.

“I-I--”

“I could make it yours...”

Eyes wide and feeling a strange sense of hunger, Noel looked up at the confident woman. “Ma’am?”

“Reach into my bag. You’ll find a ruby amulet.”

Unsure, Noel looked at the velvet bag and back at Gisselle. She motioned assuredly and Noel proceeded. Upon opening the bag and inserting her hand, the first thing she found was small, cold, heavy, and upon a chain. It glittered when she pulled it free. The size of half a walnut, it boasted a fine ruby mounted within gold.

Gisselle stepped toward her with an aura of heat and took the necklace. “I can see the hunger in your eyes... The desire... The need... The...” She inhaled deep, lifting her breasts until they threatened to touch Noel’s face. “*The wish of a woman forgotten by Nature...*” Eyes flashed. “Should you wear it, this amulet will grant you your heart’s desire tonight. But only if you obey my every command. For each show of obedience, you’ll take one step closer to attaining your wish. If you arrive at the end, your wish will be granted.”

Noel only stared. There was nothing appropriate she could say. It all sounded too good to be true. If nothing else, it sounded like a witch’s trap.

“Well, my dear? What do you say? You’re free to go at any time; however, if you abandon my desires early, your wish will be lost.”

“What...” Noel’s throat was dry. Concentrating with such a grand bust filling her vision was impossible. “What sort of commands must I obey?”

Gisselle smiled. “By my word, nothing that shall mar your soul. Have we a deal?”

She thought for a second that felt like an hour. Quicker than she realized it was happening, Noel nodded.

“Good girl~”

The amulet lowered over her head. Heavy gold chain sank into her neck. As the ruby dangled between her diminutive breasts, she could feel a power emanating from it. She held it within her fingers and looked at her reflection. “It’s... pretty...”

Water splashed as Gisselle stepped into the tub. Intimate folds squeezed between Gisselle’s thighs upon bending forward to grab the bath’s edges and slowly lowering herself down. Water lapped at her breasts, making them bob and wobble. Red hair drifted around her shoulders like crimson seaweed.

“*Heavenly...*” Gisselle sighed, letting her eyes close amid the steam. “Would you be so kind as to wash me?”

Noel recoiled at the sudden intimacy. But she could feel it; it was the first command. She refused to fail before having even started. Taking a bar of soap and a wash rag from a tray, she approached Gisselle's tub from behind. She dunked the soap and sent a flurry of suds into the bath before bringing it to the woman's shoulders.

"Mmmmm... Wonderful~"

Strrrrrrtch...

"Ah--!"

Noel squeaked as the amulet glowed. Her breath hitched when energy pulsed across her chest. Startled by a sudden tightening across her bust, she looked down. Pressure was shifting beneath the cotton of her dress. Slowly, it pushed outward until the muffled shapes of two mounds indented the fabric. Light creases arced across her front at the subtle change.

Splash!

She dropped the soap into the bath. Eyes wide and stunned, she stared at the two apple-sized slopes resting where her flat breasts should have been. She hardly dared to breathe, as doing so strained her dress across them to the point of aggravating a pair of throbbing nipples.

"Something the matter?" Gisselle asked, not opening her eyes.

"M-My--" Wet hands came to feel her chest. The curves were real. Their volume squeezed and compressed with a fleshy cushion beneath her fingers. Pulling her neckline away, Noel gasped at the petite cleavage crammed within her once-empty bodice. *"M-M-My chest has--"*

"Continue my bath, if you would."

She snapped to attention. Suddenly, there was something at stake. Something Noel wasn't keen on losing so quickly, not after looking at other girls her age under a cloud of envy. Her heart raced as she obeyed, fishing the soap from floating against Gisselle's chest and resumed washing.

Strrrrrtch...!

"A...Ahhmmm...!"

She was more prepared this time when the tight, skin-tingling stretching came. It flared beneath her dress as if she were baring herself to the sun. Rising volume filled her further. Nails dug into the soap as she watched her dress push away from her torso. Seams creaked down her side. Feeling their weight come forth as they approached ripening grapefruits, Noel trembled with heated arousal. Wetness had appeared between her legs.

"Ma'am..." She breathed, shaking as the growth ceased. *"M-Ma'am... What sorcery is this?"*

"Wash my legs..."

A thigh emerged when Gisselle rested her foot on the tub's edge. The water hid nothing of her nudity as her legs spread. It hadn't been the answer Noel was asking for, but it had been the command her heart wanted. Eager, she approached and began scrubbing with a soapy washcloth, taking long, firm strokes from heel to thigh.

"Don't be shy~" Gisselle smiled.

Noel dared to travel higher, delving the cloth deep into the water and leaving nothing untouched. Dark red tufts of trimmed hair met with her wrist when it grazed Gisselle's navel.

Strrrrtch...!

"Hahhh! Mmmmm!!"

Flesh bulged against the tub as she leaned against the edge. Coming in pulsing waves matching her heartbeat, Noel's swelling bust pushed larger. It fought against her leaning weight, making itself known by lifting her body. By now, her dress was reaching capacity. It wasn't meant to contain such assets. Tension coiled around her ribs and left her lungs unable to draw air fully.

"Tight-- It's...tight...!" she squeaked, grimacing.

Flesh crammed together. Her knuckles turned white when she gripped the tub for support upon feeling the inner curves of her breasts press together. The dress was forcing them flat, insisting they grow outward and upward instead of forward. Her neckline fluttered before pulling away in the wake of a rising tide of pale skin.

Crreeaaaaak

"Ngh!"

Creases pulled at her back. A seam popped beneath her arm. It was impossible for her to know how big she'd grown when her dress deformed them to such a degree.

Gisselle brought her legs back into the water. "My breasts now, please. And do be gentle..."

Normally, the request would have sent Noel spiraling. To be tasked with handling such a glorious, mature bust felt like a dream. Now, she was only hungry to encourage whatever magic was pouring into her own bosom. She approached Gisselle's chest with soap and rag.

Gisselle raised a hand. *"With your hands only,"* she corrected. "They've been aching all day, and they're in need of a massage."

Straightening up to stand proved impossible for Noel. Her dress was warped as if containing two cantaloupe halves. Forced to stand behind Gisselle with a hunched back, she slipped her hands into the water. Palms cupped and met with pillowy flesh, more than filling the girl's grasp as she took hold of the woman's fatty globes. She began moving them in circular motions, kneading and squeezing all the while.

They were supple and firm. Slippery with soap, they slid in Noel's grasp as if trying to escape. Their fullness was only more exaggerated when in-hand. Startled by their weight, Noel noticed a strange density. They were warmer than the water itself. Pale veins mapped their surfaces, all leading to darkened nipples.

Gisselle shivered, her areolas puffing to attention. *"Ohhhhhh yes... Just like that..."*

Strrrrtch!!

"Mmmgh!!"

Knowing it was coming didn't help Noel prepare. Her growth gained strength with every wave of obedience. Feeling flesh bulge between her fingers only seemed to spur her development. Tension reached a breaking point within her dress. Daring to look down, Noel saw

cleavage rapidly rising like over-yeasted dough. It pushed up and out of her neckline, bulging up to her collarbones and into her sleeves.

Creeaaa--pop!!

“Ah!”

“Something wrong, dear?”

Noel pursed her lips and fought to keep a consistent massaging motion. “N-No, Ma’am! Just... My dress is--”

Guurrrgle

Gissell’s breasts shifted in Noel’s hands. She ogled and realized they were larger than when she’d started. Their skin was more taut and her veins brighter. Handling them was challenging as they dominated the woman’s torso. Watching in awe, Noel saw the redheaded sorceress’s bust gently engorge. Extreme fullness stretched her skin to a new firmness.

“H...Harder,” Gisselle requested.

Noel obliged, sinking her fingers into their masses.

Strrrrtch!!

“A-Aaahhh!”

Creeaaak...!

Growth attacked Noel’s chest in turn. She could hardly bring her arms together against the expanding sides billowing from her torso. Cleavage bulged over her neckline to form a jiggling shelf.

“M-Ma’am! I--” Noel searched for words as her dress reached capacity.

Guurrrgle!

Gisselle squirmed. “Haahh~ Haaahhhh~ Ohhh, all that riding... It’s--” Her chest bloated to the point of aching. “It’s left me-- So sore~”

Guurrrrrgle

Splrrrtch!!

Something white shot from the woman’s nipples when Noel squeezed. Cream dribbled freely now, turning the bath water a milky white around Gisselle’s chest. She groaned, biting a lip at the sudden leak.

“Oh dear... I may have neglected them for too long...”

Noel stared in wonder. Now the fullness made sense. The woman’s bust seemed ready to explode from the amount of milk straining her flesh.

Creeaaaak!!

Straining seams stole her focus back to her own growth. Stitches dug around her sides. Under one arm, a hole split to release a bulge of escaping flesh.



“Don’t stop, please.”

“*Gaahhh~! But Ma’am! My dress! I fear it--*” Her face reddened at the nudity she was about to face.

“Are you disobeying me?”

“*No! N-No! But--*”

CREEAAAAAK!!

They were out of room. Puffed in anger, Noel’s engorging mounds threatened to tear her seams apart with their new size.

“*My dress won’t-- I can’t... breathe...!*” she whined, nipples screaming as her areolas creased over her neckline. Weight and discomfort wouldn’t let her continue.

Gisselle hummed and motioned with a hand to the side of the tub. “Very well... Come here and undress.”

Noel’s heart leaped in her chest with anxiety. Her arms flung around herself. “*Y-You can’t really expect me to--*”

Pressure eased across her dress. Frightened, she looked down to see her new breasts slowly shrinking. The horror of their loss was greater than any shame she might feel from nudity.

“*Very well! Very well!*” she panicked, hurried to the side of the tub. The shrinking stopped, though she’d lost an inch of precious growth.

Gisselle watched like an owl. Slowly, Noel’s fingers worked to undo a knot behind her neck. The back of her dress flared open suddenly, forced apart by the incredible forces stuffing its front.

“No need to be shy,” Gisselle soothed, “we’re both women. Let’s see what your obedience has won for you thus far~”

Noel shivered despite the room's heat. Fabric slipped down her shoulders and biceps. She was bare down to the bases of her breasts, which sloped proudly from her tiny torso to fill her hugging arms, keeping her dress and modesty together.

"Dress on the floor, please."

Noel swallowed. "Y-Yes, Ma'am..."

In a force of bravery, she opened her arms. Her dress held itself atop her breasts for a moment before sliding over their curves and finally falling.

She had to gasp. Larger than she expected, two head-sized breasts rolled off her frame like melons topped with cherries. They felt twice as heavy now that she could see their true girth. Noel's eyes sparkled at the wondrous display of femininity. Paying no mind to her exposed nethers, even as they leaked nectar, she brought her hands to cup her warming bust. Cleavage rose to nestle the ruby amulet in a soft cradle of flesh.

"They're..." Warmth filled her palms. "O-Ohhh my--"

Strrrrrtch...!

Her breath caught. She'd obeyed and now they had started growing, more eager now without her dress keeping them hostage. To see her skin pull and firm as her chest rounded out into fattened teardrops was enough to send Noel's heart into a flurry. Their overflowing masses gained power. Her fingers spread to contain their underbellies but it was no use; they were simply becoming too big to hold.

"My my~ Such big wishes for a young woman~" Gisselle mused.

"I'm-- I-I'm--" Dry mouth left her panting. "I feel so..."

Strrrrrtch!

She chewed on her lip when a final bout of swelling pushed her to astounding proportions. Her hands fell. Even without support, her breasts pushed against one another. There was no space left on her ribcage. Tremors shook down her thighs. Noel's heated breath challenged the steam from the bath.

"Dear Goddess, I'm big..." she whispered.

Water sloshed when Gisselle adjusted herself. "Now, join me in the bath."

Noel looked up. She knew better than to question the woman's commands now. Any hesitation could take back everything she'd gained.

Guuurrrrgle!

"Nnnghhh..." Gisselle groaned, rubbing a milk-leaking teat. "With haste, please. ?The bath's heat has driven my breasts mad."

Noel's newly grown assets swung off her frame when she leaned over the tub and raised a leg, lowering it into the stinging water. It was still nowhere near as hot as her breasts felt.

The water level rose as she fully entered. Kneeling between Gisselle's legs on the opposite side of the tub, she hugged her bust lovingly. She was surprised to find herself eager for the next command.

"A-And now...? What would you have me--"

STRRRRTCH!!

“A-Ahhmmmm!!”

Desperation cut her words when pressure jumped against her arms. It was stronger than ever. Mind racked with the pleasure of rapid development, Noel hunched forward and hugged her mammaries as they bloated into her embrace. Gasps moistened her lips from the inches she saw them gain. Cleavage plumped and rose to her shoulders. Throbbing nipples screamed for pinching fingers or a thirsty mouth.

Growth didn't end so soon this time. Skin continued to stretch as Noel held her breath.

“Ahhh-- Nnngh!! They're-- not... stopping...!”

STRRRRTCH!!

Flesh crept down her stomach. Her body weakened. She hadn't realized she'd fallen forward onto Gisselle until her face was engulfed in the woman's comforting bust. Water lapped at her chin and hands rubbed the girl's back tenderly.

“Isn't it exhilarating?” Gisselle mused.

Noel whimpered as the growth ceased. She'd ballooned, surpassing anything that looked remotely natural on her frame. As large as watermelons, they slowly rose in the water when she released them. There would be no explaining such a dramatic transformation to her aunt and uncle.

“It's... D-Divine...”

Guuurrrrgle!

Gisselle's breasts tensed against Noel's face. The sorceress grimaced.

“Are you alright?” Noel asked, rising up. One arm wasn't enough to cradle her chest now, but it was enjoyable to try.

“I fear... I've gone too long since my last release...” Gisselle breathed deep, aching discomfort plain upon her face. *“Milk me, would you, dear?”*

Noel hadn't realized how deeply she'd been waiting for her to ask. She nodded. “Yes, *yes of course! You look positively overburdened!*” Her hands reached out, only to be caught on the wrist by Gisselle.



“No hands allowed,” the sorceress stipulated.

Fireworks flashed in Noel’s eyes. Her heart felt ready to pop with the overwhelming urges coursing through her veins. She ogled the over-engorged breasts causing such a strain on the woman. Her mouth opened as she breathed. Slowly, as Noel leaned forward, coming to press against Gisselle’s naked body, her tongue extended toward a thumb-sized nipple. Milky scents attracted her like a bee to a flower.

Latching onto an areola was electric. Dairy was quick to flood Noel’s mouth, forcing her to swallow even as she wished to enjoy the surprisingly sweet flavor of the stranger’s cream.

“Mmmm... Mmmm...” Noel moaned, leaning in more. Bloated skin mashed across her face. Her stomach rumbled in sudden hunger.

“Yes, just like--” Gisselle trembled. *“That’s it--”*

STRRRRTCH!!

Life fluttered within Noel’s chest. As she sucked and swallowed, her breasts blossomed with the blessing of her obedience. They swelled into the water, growing between the women’s bodies.

Gulp... Gulp... Gulp...

STRRRRTCH!!

Noel’s eyes closed. Sight was too much for her brain to process right now as her stomach and chest slowly filled. Breasts pressed into Gisselle’s stomach in the search for space.

“Harder, dear~ They’re so very full. Fit to...burst, I fear~”

She didn’t need to be told. Milk gushed free as if a dam were ready to break. Noel grew larger and ravenous, wrapping an arm around Gisselle’s back to pull her closer. Her own breasts squeezed around her back.

Splrrrrrrrtch!!

Milk sprayed from the unattended breast. Bloated and hard, it boasted veins blue as ice.

"The other-- The other!" Gisselle pleaded. *"It can't... hold another drop!"*

Noel switched. The second seal was broken and milk flooded her cheeks with a torrent of heavy cream so quickly she sputtered and gagged. Her eyes watered as she struggled to swallow fast enough.

Gulp...! Gulp...!

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

"Mmmm!" she squeaked. Stretching flared across her breasts within the water. They'd started to prove cumbersome for the small tub. Noel's body slowly pushed away from Gisselle's even as she tried to hug her close. Ever eager, Noel began switching between milk tanks. Cream was always ready to flow between her suckling lips. It was intoxicating. It was sweet as dessert. Feeling the tension ease across Gisselle's bust was a reward in and of itself as they softened in her hand.

Heaviness settled within Noel's belly. Milk had distended it to bloat against her petite figure. A whimper slipped free as she released and came up for air. Milk trickled down her chin as she chased her breath and fell against Gisselle's body once more in milk-drunk exhaustion. She rolled over. Back pressed into Gisselle's front, she lay gasping in fullness and shock.

"O-O-Oh Goddess-- They're--" Noel's eyes fluttered and took in her newest growth. Her belly rumbled at the influx of cream. *"They're-- MASSIVE."*

Two boulder-sized breasts filled the tub before her. Floating like icebergs, they consumed whatever space was left between her and Gisselle's spread legs. Wood rubbed against her skin as they pressed into the sides. Gazing upon them was like watching two mountains float in a sea of steam. They jiggled and wobbled, weightless in the water and reactive to the slightest movement.

Gisselle shifted. Her breasts squeezed the sides of Noel's head. Slowly, her hands drifted down the girl's shoulders and over the rising slope of her chest.

"Ma'am...!" she whined. Stimulation ignited to a blazing fire the likes of which Noel's body wasn't prepared to handle. *"Ma'am! What are-- Ahhmm~! W-What are you--"*

"Shhhhh~" Gisselle whispered. Her hands massaged and circled. One of them dipped into the water. Noel trembled when it ran down her abdomen and over her navel. Fingers tickled her inner thighs. *"Give yourself to me."*

It was all the permission she needed to let go. Noel's breath hitched, and she relaxed. *"I-I'm... yours..."* Core aching with tension, she begged, *"D-Do to me as you will."*

Fingers graced her pleasure-plumped folds. They parted, allowing Gisselle entry to the girl's more sacred hollow.

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!

"A-A-AAHHH!!"

Growth came in a crashing wave. Noel arched her back when skin-stretching engorgement rushed into her chest. Skin squeaked against the tub's size as it filled to the brim.

Water sloshed over the edge. At the front, she felt them pin her feet to the bottom and her nipples rub against the opposite wall.

“Big-- *They’re--*” Noel watched her pale globes rise, squeezed into ovals as the tub filled with her bust. “*They’re still-- Getting--*”

STRRRRTCH!!

“Only as big as your heart wishes,” Gisselle whispered.

Her attention on Noel grew more intense. One hand massaged the overgrown breasts while another attended to Noel’s lower half. Experienced fingertips pressed and twiddled her special button, finding it engorged and protruding from her petals.

Every touch was electric. Noel’s breasts screamed with sensations she didn’t know were possible. Each breath sent waves across their tub-wedged forms. The amulet was sucked into her cleavage, wedged like a coal fueling her swelling.

Creeaaaak

The tub’s wooden sides groaned.

“*What... What next? Please-- What’s next that you desire of me?*” Noel begged, not ready for it to stop and willing to obey any command. Anticipation fluttered within her core. She couldn’t last much longer. Stimulation assaulting every sense left her on the brink of sexual eruption. Her legs endured short, shaking spasms.

“Tell me,” Gisselle hummed, sinking a hand into Noel’s flesh until it bulged around her wrist. “Why does your heart desire such oversized breasts?”

The question made her reel. Noel squirmed, feeling two of Gisselle’s fingers curl into her like a hook. “*They-- Because--*” Fingers groped her chest. “*Because breasts are-- B-Beautiful. There’s nothing more womanly! They feed! They comfort! They protect and warm! They--*” Noel gulped for air as her body approached the breaking point.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Flesh bulged over the tub’s edge. Cleavage pushed into her chin. The women were nearly buried by her chest as water flowed over the sides.

“*They’re a mother’s love and a wife’s embrace! Goodness flows from them just as milk does!*” Hunger flashed in Noel’s eyes as cleavage loomed over her. “*For years... I’ve dreamt of... filling my bodice... with so much love and pillowy compassion... that the seams--*”

STRRRRTCH!!!!

CREEEAAAAC!!!!

“*T-That the seams... BURST! I want to be a symbol of the goodness they bring into the world! I don’t care-- I don’t care... how big I must grow... So long as I can take care of those dear to me!*”

Skin rumbled. They lay beneath her heaving bulk, barely able to move. Even breathing felt dangerous as Noel teetered on the edge of no return. Apple-sized nipples ached and bulged over the tub’s edge. Her chest could have filled one of the circular tables downstairs and then some.

Gisselle's finger teased her clit. A sliver more of pressure would spell the end of Noel's sanity. Her body reared again and again in expectation of release, always held back by a shred of restraint.

"Are these the beautiful breasts you wish for this Solstice?" Gisselle whispered.

Noel took in the hulking masses. They were enormous. Oversized. Gargantuan and heaving with minds of their own. Briefly, her mind imagined them filling with milk. Images of the inn flooding with cream followed soon after.



She nodded, lungs hardly able to fill. "Yes-- Goddess, yes--"

"Then here is your final order."

"Anything-- Anything...! Just--" Noel whined as cleavage squeezed her cheeks. "Just tell me what you--"

"Come for me."

Noel's mouth gaped. Permission had finally arrived. Gisselle's finger pressed and massaged at the perfect angle. Lights flashing in her eyes, Noel arched her back in obedient orgasm, letting release wash over her.

"Aahhh--- AAHHHHH--"

STRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Flesh billowed in conquest. High and soft, her breasts mounded up and out of the tub like dough from a bucket. Cleavage swallowed their heads and forced any remaining water onto the floor.

Creeeaaaaaaaak!!!

Wood groaned. Cracks popped and the sides started to buckle.

“MMMPH!!! MMMMMMMMMGH!!!!”

Noel felt like her belly was about to explode as everything tensed and quivered. Her thighs nearly cramped when they flexed and squeezed her breasts. Rising over three feet tall from the top of the bath, Noel’s mammarys groaned in dominating weight.

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

“MMMMMMMMMM!!!!”

CRREEEEAAAAA--CRASH!!!

The sides of the tub exploded outward. When her mountains of flesh released, slamming across the ground like two small whales, the inn shook on its foundation and the floor cracked. Water splashed around the girl’s meteoric fall.

“GGAAAHHHH!!!”

Noel fought for air when they flowed away from her face and pinned her body to the floor. Monstrous breasts stood over her, each one nearly reaching her height and twice as wide. There would be no door large enough to hold her, nor any bed capable of containing her.

Air rushed into her lungs as the orgasm simmered to completion. She couldn’t move as Gisselle slipped free, standing over her girl in amusement.

“They’re... Oh they’re absolutely... Enormous...” Noel rubbed the wall of skin looming over her. *“They’re everything I’ve ever wanted...”* Wide eyes took in the wish she’d been granted by the visitor.

A hand fished the amulet from her cleavage and off her neck. Its task was done, and Noel’s obedience proven.

“And they’re all yours, my dear.”

Epilogue

Noel’s life was never the same after her night with Gisselle. When her aunt and uncle found her on Solstice Morning, with the sorceress nowhere to be seen, they feared the worst for Noel’s future. But the smile on her face was undeniable.

“Martin... What do we do?!” the innkeeper asked her husband as they stood before Noel’s mountain-like bulk. *“Look what that woman did!”*

He stared at the incredible sight. Mobility issues were the first thing that came to mind. Next was social stigma and what people might think when they hear about the sorceress getting the better of their niece. *“I’m not sure... Maybe we could--”*

“Let me work!” a voice cried out from beneath the jiggling mass.

They looked at Noel, having to push her cleavage away to fully see her face. *“Noel?”*

“I want to work! I want people to see! These aren’t a curse, they’re a gift! A gift for everyone!”

Her aunt and uncle looked at one another in disbelief. *“You can’t honestly--”*

“*LOOK!!*”

Noel motioned to the bedroom door. Already a crowd of onlookers had gathered. Their eyes were wide with childlike wonder. Despite the chill from a heavy layer of Solstice snow, their cheeks burned hot.

Her aunt hurried to close the door. “Please leave! My niece is in no state for your eyes right now! She’s been tricked by a witch into--”

“We’ll help bring her downstairs!” one of them shouted. The others nodded.

“B-But... She can’t-- She can’t even wear a dress! She can’t cover herself! She--”

Noel piped, “*I want them to see!*”

All stared at her, some incredulous, most in awe.

“Look at how happy they make people...” Noel continued. “I want to make everyone feel like that. These breasts are a blessing that needs to be shared.”

They saw that there was no swaying her mind. And in reality, neither her aunt or uncle saw any alternative. With the help of two dozen patrons, they brought Noel downstairs where she remains to this day. Her uncle’s ingenuity concocted a series of tracks along the ceiling, where ropes lowered and cradled her breasts in a giant leather sling. This allowed Noel to walk with relative ease, assuming the pathway was clear.

From that point onward, The Wanderer’s Nest exploded in popularity. Even as snow fell to smother the country, the inn was kept warm and toasty by Noel’s overgrown desire to please. Her breasts started as a marvel, but as word spread, they became a must-see destination, drawing hungry eyes from across the land. Travelers journeyed in hopes just to glimpse the girl and her titanic breasts suspended from the ceiling while she worked to serve food and drink. To be accidentally shoved to the ground by her bust as she walked near-blindly was considered a blessing of good luck.

Business had never been better. The inn’s walls were fit to burst every night. Ale flowed to the point of Noel’s cleavage ending the day gleaming and wet with gold coins nestled between her breasts. Her days were filled with the boisterous laughter and smiles of overjoyed travelers. Some said it was the happiest place in the country, and indeed, when Noel lay across her chest to sleep every night and her face ached from smiling, she believed it was true. Nary a day passed that she wasn’t thankful for the sorceress’s gift and wished she could thank her.

But sometimes, late at night, when all had passed out and the inn was quiet, Noel would awaken gasping within her cleavage to a churning pressure. She’d noticed it growing stronger over the months and some claimed her already oversized breasts had become even bigger. It was true she’d felt them bulging over her uncle’s rigged suspension and heard the ropes creaking in the ceiling. She thought nothing of it until the eve of the next Solstice, when she awoke panting and sweaty from a dream of pleasure and pressure. Her breasts were colliding with the walls and pushing her into the ceiling. Creamy scents pulsed from her nipples. Something sought to engorge her enormous mammaries to greater, fantastical heights as they struggled to contain a new blessing.

But for now, that is a story for another time...