

Royal Milk Part 1

The sound of footsteps on stone bounced down the dark hall. Even in leather shoes, Sir Galhan feared his trespass might be discovered. He'd forgone his usual armor in favor of stealth, but in deserted halls, everything echoed far too loudly.

A window passed by on his right. Silvery glow illuminated gray clouds against the moon. It was the dead of night. Hopefully at the same time the sorceress, Liara, would be asleep. Her malicious nature seemed to permeate the walls of her castle and crowd Galhan's mind even in her absence. For years her shadow had tormented the realm. Some say she was as old as the land itself. Sir Galhan didn't know if he believed such tales, but he was certain he wanted to keep a wide berth.

His right hand clenched to reassure him of the gauntlet's presence: the only weapon viable for his mission. A sword would be useless against the sorceress. Even the gauntlet, for all its incredible power, would likely prove unable to defeat her power in the end. Fortunately, he was not here to commit something as dishonorable as an assassination.

This was a rescue mission.

Three months had passed since Princess Muna's disappearance, vanishing in the dead of night without a trace. There didn't need to be an investigation; the air in her chambers was saturated with the stench of ancient evil. Since then, her retrieval had been the kingdom's top priority. The King was up in arms ready to go to war with the witch. The Queen hadn't found a moment's sleep, always pacing the halls muttering prayers to the gods for her only child's return.

The metal of Galhan's gauntlet clanked against a wall as he peered around a corner. He'd reached a flight of stairs leading up a tower. From outside he'd seen it to be the only room with a flickering light.

"They're always in the tower..."

Trained ears listened for any approaching trouble. Liara wasn't known for employing henchmen. Hers was a life of self-inflicted solitude, accompanied only by a wart-riddled goblin by the name of Kolpy. He was not powerful, but his loyalty was absolute. A dozen tales circulated the kingdom of knights beheading the rancid creature only for him to return with his master. Galhan, as well as the King's sorcerers, assumed Liara had bestowed a form of immortality upon the simple-minded creature, though he thought such a fate sounded closer to a curse than a gift; to serve the wretched sorceress for eternity could be nothing less than nightmarish.

The staircase wound up the tower. Anticipation mounted. If Princess Muna was at the top, then his mission was half complete. He would need to only escort her back into the castle's ruinous depths and into the sewers where a boat was waiting to take them to safety. Such a task was easier said than done, but he had faith in his abilities.

For the kingdom's sake, she had to be retrieved at any cost. Galhan would battle with Liara if the need arose, even sacrifice himself for the princess's safety.

A wooden door approached with torches on either side. Galhan steeled his resolve. If Liara was on the other side of the threshold, he may very well perish where he stood. Taking the knob in one hand while readying the gauntlet with the other, he opened the door.

Chains rustled. Someone stirred in the dim light. Groans and labored pleadings drifted out.

“Nngh... No... No...!” More movement as they roused fully. Scrambling ensued. *“N-NO!! NO!!! GET AWAY!!! GET AWAY FROM ME!!! WITCH!!! FOUL BRIDE OF--”*

The panic ceased when Galhan entered the room. Relief blanketed the atmosphere. Within seconds, the princess’s fear transformed into hope.

“Sir... S-Sir Galhan...?” she whispered.

“Shhh, My Lady.” He slipped into the chamber and closed the door behind him. *“I’ve come for you.”*

His approach made her recoil and draw away. *“A-Are you real?”*

Whatever Liara had put her through would haunt Muna for the rest of her life. Galhan paused and realized he would have to treat the situation with care.

She’d been chained to the wall. Bowls of dried gruel were strewn around the room, no doubt fed to her by the goblin. To see the realm’s beloved princess brought to such a lowly state made Galhan’s heart heavy. Dirt had turned her blonde hair brown. Little remained of her royal garb. Tears had rendered it useless in providing modesty. It hung now in tatters from her shoulders and hips as if greedy claws had had their way with it time and time again. Scrapes and cuts damaged her otherwise flawless skin. Delicate contours creased across her upper thighs and navel and drew the eye to her intimate nudity. The knight did his best to not stare at her exposure, but there was something that demanded his attention and concern: Princess Muna’s breasts.

They were far larger than he recalled. Having grown up alongside the princess while a page at the castle, Galhan had watched her blossom into a woman from afar. Her bosom had never been more than a delicate display of petiteness, but now Muna’s chest hung heavy with such engorgement that Galhan’s mind couldn’t process how she’d managed to grow so quickly in her time away. They pulled at her shoulders with the girth of ripe melons. Her nipples pointed slightly upward as if proudly putting on a show of how large her breasts had grown.



Honor took over. Galhan removed his cloak and draped it across Muna's nakedness. "Don't worry, My Lady. I'm real. This is no trick."

The tears started to flow. She hiccuped, letting them stream down her dirty cheeks. "*I-It's really you... You've really come for me!*" Such relief couldn't be contained. Muna grew frantic with hope. Rapid gasps sent her chest heaving under the cloak; somehow they looked even larger when covered.

"Hold still..."

He reached out and grasped her chains in his gauntlet. The metal vibrated as its seams illuminated with a golden glow. Energy gathered in his palm.

Shhunk!

Galhan's arm flexed against the recoil. In a single blast of repelling force, the gauntlet shattered the restraints. Chunks of metal released from his open hand and her chains sank to the floor. Her freed hands immediately raced to grab her breasts.

"Nnngh...! Gods!!"

He knelt in front of her, unsure of how to assist. The amount of flesh held in her tiny palms was stupefying. "*Are you alright??*"

Muna winced and gently massaged her breasts, unabashed at Galhan's presence.

"*Liara...! She... She cursed me... Cursed my breasts to--*"

Guuurrrrrgle

"M-Mmmngh!"

Galhan's cloak shifted under her fingers. Flesh caused the fabric to tense and pull. As the top slid down, he was stunned to see her cleavage pushing up her torso as flesh swelled into her grasp. Sounds of a muffled brook ran through her bust as if fluid were trickling into her bust.

From the sweat on her shoulders and the heat of her gasping breath bathing his extended hands, he knew whatever was happening inside her body was leaving her tormented.

They ceased, leaving her shaking for a hold on reality.

“Milk,” Muna rasped after catching her breath. “*S-She cursed my breasts...to swell with milk!*” She lowered his cloak and presented herself. Heavy blushing turned her cheeks red. In the time since freeing her, Muna’s breasts had grown more than an inch in girth. “*They’ll grow and fill, becoming simply massive...until I fear I might burst! But Liara... That WITCH. She comes and...nnngh...*” Muna paused, shivering as more milk settled her bust again. “*Every day she takes my milk to use in her spells and potions. Keeping herself young.*” Helpless eyes looked to the knight. “*I-It never ends.*”

Feeling exposed now, Muna hugged her arms around herself. This proved ineffective at hiding their girth.



The reality stunned Galhan. To think such perky flawless apple halves could have swelled into the arm-filling fruits he saw before him was breathtaking. Ivory skin had been decorated by the faintest of blue veins. Squished against her arms, the tantalizing pink of Muna’s nipples showed like rose petals. Scents of sugary sweet milk rose from her cleavage and pores as if the sole purpose of her breasts was to intoxicate the senses.

He shook the tempting mouth-watering thoughts from his head. Helping the princess to shaky legs, he secured his cloak around her shoulders. It wouldn’t fully close across her front and left a gap several inches wide shooting down her body, but it was enough to conceal the majority of her chest, if not her obscene cleavage. A tattered remnant of her gown clung around her hips as a last resort.

“Come, we should make our escape before it’s too late.”

“But--*whoa!*”

Galhan whisked her down the stairs from her prison. It became clear after several steps that descending the tower would not be easy given her top-heaviness.

Sloosh

Sloooooosh

“Nngh... *G-Galhan...*” Muna moaned between gasps for air. She’d already become sweaty with the effort of hefting her bust in one arm while using the other to steady herself against the wall.

He was there in an instant to provide support. With her arm around his shoulders, the two descended the tower with careful progress. Hot, engorged flesh pressed against Galhan’s side through the ordeal. Even through his leather armor he could feel the heat of her dairy.

Guuuurrrrrrrgle

“Mmmngh!”

She stumbled at a rush of milk, caught only by the aid of a strong arm across her front. Fullness engulfed his arm and pressure spiked against her to draw out a squeak.

“Princess! You’re--”

“I... *I know...*” Muna fought for breath. “*It’s worse with stimulation... O-Or strong emotion...*” Lust-heavy eyes stared into his. “*Almost like...the racing of my heart...pumps my chest larger...with each beat...*”

The air thickened around them. Galhan could indeed feel her pulse through her bust, and true to her claim, her assets swelled slightly with each throb. Moist air invaded his nostrils as he inhaled Muna’s breath and he found himself wondering how he’d never noticed the delicate softness of her lips.

“We--” He cleared his throat and quickly removed his arm from her chest. Milk dripped from the leather. “We have to keep moving.”

“Right... *Of course...*”

She clung to him with both arms for the remainder of the stairs. At the bottom, after ensuring the area was clear, Galhan pulled her toward the corridor he’d originally traveled. “This way.”

She pulled back with a whispered shout. “*No! We can’t leave yet!*”

“What?? Princess, I must fulfill my duty. The longer we wait, the more chance we have of Liara finding you gone. We must--”

Holding her breasts in her arms, she stood firm and determined. “*I’m not leaving until we find a way to break this curse. I can’t go home and have my father discover his daughter is more laden than a dairy cow!*”

“The court’s sorcerers will--”

Muna gave him a look and his claim ceased. Galhan knew as well as she did that Liara’s powers far outclassed the King’s sorcerers. They could never break the curse.

With a sigh, Galhan relented. “Very well. I’ll allow us twenty minutes to search before I carry you out. Do you know where we might--”

A finger indicated down an opposite passage. “There is a workshop down this hall and to the right. She brought me there when she first cursed me. I’m certain among those books is a--”

Guuuuuurrrrrrgle

“Ahh!”

Muna’s legs buckled and she doubled over. Sounds of straining flesh came from her front. Galhan watched as her breasts distended with aching fullness. Milk trickled from between her fingers. On one hand, a nipple managed to wiggle free like a throbbing tip of a thumb.



“Nnghh! Haaahhh... O-Oh dear...” she whined. “*It’s coming faster...*”

Galhan stared at the bloated, leaking watermelons of flesh and knew he was out of his depth. “We must hurry.”

The door creaked open to a deserted workshop minutes later. Torches crackled on the walls to greet them as Galhan ushered Muna inside before closing the door behind them. Bookshelves lined the walls along with various materials and ingredients. Some moved within their bottles, warning Galhan to stay away.

Leaving Muna against a table for support, he began inspecting the room. “Do you remember what the book looked like?”

“*It... I-It had a darker binding! Old and--Ahh!*” She paused to catch her breath after a surge of milk. His cloak was now unable to hide her nipples. “*Old and frayed!*”

Determined eyes scanned a table. Open tomes littered the surface with pages stained from potion spills. One page caught his eye, as well as several vials of bubbling black ooze. He lifted one for Muna to see.

“Is this familiar?? It looks like some kind of transformation potion according to the book!”

Blonde hair tumbled around her shoulders as she shook her head. *“I never drank...anything! But that might be...how she was able to gain access to my room and steal me away in the first place! I thought it was one of my servants coming to--”*

Guurrrgle!!!

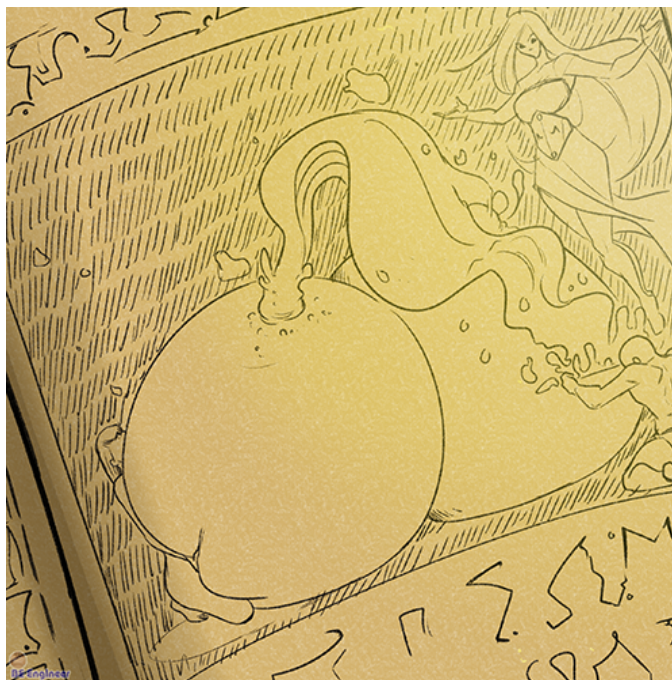
“MMMGAHH!! P-Please hurry!!” The tight, smooth-stretched underbellies of her breasts swelled to rub against her stomach. Strawberry-sized nipples filled her palms atop tea cup areolas. Swimming in a building fog of lust, Princess Muna gazed her engorging assets and rapid breaths. *“It’s building up... There’s so much...milk! Galhan...! I fear I might need to relieve them soon!!”*

His eyes scanned back and forth. On a far table, he spied a weathered black book. He rushed to it and found it bookmarked with a crimson ribbon.

“Is this the one??” he asked, holding it up.

Muna pursed her lips and leaned back to endure her swelling. *“M-Mhm...!”*

Its pages opened. At the bookmark was an illustration of a woman experiencing an amount of lactation Galhan hadn’t thought possible, bringing her to the point of immobility. A figure hovered above her with arms outstretched. At the figure’s feet stood a bowing servant presenting a bowl of milk being filled with sprays from the woman’s heaving bust. Around the image were runes foreign to Galhan.



“What in the name of--”

Slam!

The workshop door opened to smash against the wall.

“Yes, Mistress! Kolpy will get the salve! Kolpy will--”

Time stood still as the goblin and Galhan stared at each other. Dripping milk pattered over the floor to fill the silence.

Kolpy stood as tall as Galhan's waist. Riddled in warts and knots of flesh, the dark green creature's body moved like a poorly put-together doll of dense muscle. He might have been short, but Galhan knew the creature could hit harder than even the biggest fighter.

The goblin blinked his buggy eyes before inhaling. "*MISTRESS! THE PRI--*"

Schwwiiip!!

Strands of crackling light flashed from the tip of each finger on Galhan's gauntlet. They whipped through the air, each one wrapping around Kolpy to bind him in place. Galhan tightened his grasp to secure the struggling catch.

"*Mmph!!*"

Kolpy glared, his limbs pinned and his mouth gagged, as the knight loomed over him.

Gurrrrgle!!

"*NNNGH!! Hurry please hurry!! They're getting...too full!!*" Muna panted. She'd begun tugging on her nipples. Streams of heavy cream poured out over her feet.

"*How do we break her curse?*" Galhan growled.

"*Mphhh mph!*" A finger flexed and the strand of light around the goblin's mouth loosened. "*Ahahahaha!!! Too full!! She'll get too full!! Milk like a cow forever!! OH MISTRESS!! YOUR MILK IS--NGH!!*"

Galhan's fist cracked across the side of Kolpy's head. Clenching his gauntlet, the whips of light coiled to make Kolpy's eyes bulge. "*Talk, or it's going to get a lot tighter.*"

The goblin coughed a mouthful of blood. "*Can't be stopped! Can't be cured!!*" Laughter filled the spaces between his words. "*Cursed Mistress too!! Always so thirsty!! No matter how much Kolpy brings!!*" Kolpy's eyes bugged and a tooth fell out during a fit of giggles. "*Needs her milk forever!*" His voice rose into a yell. "*But she can't get it herself!! SHE CAN'T GET IT HERSELF!! KOLPY MUST--ACK!!!*"

Galhan closed his fist. The ropes of light clenched before twisting Kolpy in several ways his body wasn't meant to perform. His body fell into a crumpled heap with his laughter still echoing down the halls.

"She will have heard him," Galhan warned. "We need to move!"

"Kolpy..."

A voice like rose-soaked velvet drifted down the hall. Kolpy's body twitched at Galhan's feet.

"Kolpy, my dear..."

Lira was coming. Heart pounding, Galhan searched for another way out of the workshop but found none. If they fled, the sorceress would surely see. Death would follow.

"Princess," Galhan started, approaching the door with gauntlet ready. "*Get behind me. I'll protect you. When the door is clear, run to the castle dungeon and--*"

Splrrrtch!!

"*Mmmmgh!!! No...!*" Muna swooned on her feet. Heavy breasts hung to her hips as she stepped away from a puddle of milk. "*There's... A secret passage...*" Stumbling, she fell against a far wall. A brazier rotated in her grasp. After a gentle vibration, a section of wall pulled back to

reveal a hidden doorway. *"I saw the goblin use it...mmmgh!!...the night they brought me here..."* She shivered and released her grip. *"Liara put him to death twenty times for that."*

The sultry voice drifted closer. *"Kolpy, it is time for my drink..."*

Galhan didn't need an explanation; Liara's voice was closing in. He could hear her footsteps just down the hall. Herding Muna into the tunnel, he rotated the brazier back before following on her heels.

Thunk

The wall closed not a moment too soon. Not daring to breathe, Galhan listened on the other side. Liara entered the workshop soon after. Though muffled, he could make out an annoyed sigh.

A foot collided with something dense and limp.

"Get up, worm. What happened?"

Bones popped and snapped. Galhan didn't want to imagine what the goblin looked like returning to life after being so broken. "A man, Mistress..." a gurgling voice replied.

"Ahh... Her prince charming? Come to rescue his precious heifer?"

Guuurrrrgle!

Muna trembled and clamped a hand over her mouth. *"Ahh!!"*

Galhan hugged her face against him in a split second. *"Shhh..."*

"My breasts!! They're too full!! Too...hot!!"

Listening hard, Galhan could no longer hear Liara or Kolpy. He released Muna and inspected the tunnel ahead. It was narrow but tall, likely running between two different rooms.

"Please endure it for just a little longer, Princess. We'll have to follow this passage. Do you know where it exits?"

She shook her head helplessly.

"Very well." Having to squeeze around her, and soaking his front in the process, Galhan took the lead. "Follow me. I know it's difficult, but remember to be quiet."

A whimper was his response.

Only his gauntlet provided light for their journey. Galhan could feel the heat of Muna's chest burning behind him like a furnace. The constant dripping of milk and heaving breaths made the tunnel sound like a brothel.

Guuurrrrgle

The princess gathered her breasts in her arms. Their swelling sides had taken to rubbing against the tunnel walls. Forced to lean forward with their weight, she whispered, *"Mmmm... Nghhhh, Galhan... They're getting too big..."*

"I know... We have to keep moving."

"No, I mean--"

Guuurrrrrrrrgle

"Mmmmngh!!" Stone rubbed across her milk-stretched skin. Their cold surfaces drove her nipples to harden to rocks. No matter how she held them, her breasts collided with the tunnel's sides. They wedged momentarily and her heart skipped a beat. *"G-Galhan!!"*

"I know! Just hang on a little longer."

"But--"

Guuurrrrrgle!

Muna's breath became fast. Claustrophobia was setting in. Seeing the light of his gauntlet start to escape, she pushed and forced herself sideways in the tunnel. Her bare back rubbed against the wall in favor of leaving her breasts untouched. Scraping sounds came from her feet as she was forced to shuffle.

Guuurrrrrgle

"No... Please, no more... Not right now...!" Muna pleaded, feeling milk flow into her bust. She swelled as they paid no mind to her whim. Flesh pushed forward. Maneuvering with the arm-filling globes made her dizzy. Desperate and watching her chest reach dangerous sizes, she exhaled every bit of air from her lungs to grant them every inch possible.

It worked, but only for a moment.

Guuurrrrrgle!!

"A-Aahh!!!"

"Princess, please...!"

"But! M-My--Mmm!!!" Her nipples had met with the opposite wall. Stone rubbed across her overly sensitive milk nozzles. There was no escaping it now.

She'd outgrown the tunnel.

Several more foot shuffles caused overwhelming stimulation. Biting her lip, Muna endured the pleasurable agony urging more milk into her bosom. The walls had begun to squeeze her and force her breasts into deformed spheres. Every step was harder than the last. Pushing them forward with one arm, she willed every last inch, until...

Guuurrrrrrrgle!!

SQUK!!

"Mgn!"

Muna loosed a panicked squeak when her flesh wedged firm. Stone pushed her nipples back into her flesh. She hadn't only outgrown the tunnel; she was truly stuck.

"G-Galhan...?" she whispered in a high-pitched panic.

He kept walking.

Guuurrrrrrrgle!!

"Nnngh!!!" She whimpered, feeling pressure rise even faster with her nipples blocked. Cleavage rose over her shoulders and around either side of her torso. *"G-G-Galhan!!!"*

"I know! Just--"

"I'M STUCK!!!"

The knight froze and turned around. Even in the dim light, Muna could see the situation processing in his mind.

GUUURRRGLE!!

"Aaauugh!!!"

Her legs would have given out if her upper half weren't pinned in place. Angry flesh bulged around her and into her face. Her arms flailed helplessly, pushed against the encroaching mass to no avail.



“They’re too big!! They’re too big!! I-I can’t move!! Galhan, I CAN’T MOVE!!! MY NIPPLES ARE BLOCKED!! A-A-ALL MY MILK IS--”

GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!

“MMMNGH!!” Tightening skin rubbing against her knees. Pressure throbbed through her nipples. Angry and full, her breasts rose over the frightened princess’ face. Her hands could only do so much to push her cleavage out of her eyes. *“Help!! I-It’s--MMPH!!”*

He was on her in seconds. Hands grabbed and sank into her breasts, trying anything to dislodge the dairy-filled beasts.

Pleased shrieks shot down the passage as he clawed. *“Ahh!! MMMGH!!!! C-Careful!!! They’re so FULL!!”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Sounds of tension and pressure echoed. The princess’ legs were forced against the wall as her breasts grew to the floor.

“MMGH!! NNNNNNGH!!! T-Too tight!! I can’t breathe!! I fear I’ll...pop!! This tunnel is..too small! I...can’t...mmph!!”

Vibrating skin bloated over her head. Galhan grabbed and groped but she wouldn't come loose. He couldn't even find a nipple as he tried to wedge his hand between her and the wall. He pulled to free his limb then, but it held firm. He pulled again with no luck.

His arm was pinned.

"MMPH!!"

The pressure was too great. Galhan felt his gauntlet being squeezed between her titanic breast and the wall. Flesh crept wider down his arm as she was forced to grow to the sides like dough in a pan. Hot, drum-tight flesh pushed against the side of his body and pinned him against the wall in turn.

"Princess!!" he yelled, knowing of only one option. Turning his head before her breast could muffle his voice, he instructed, *"Brace yourself!!"*

It took everything to twist his gauntlet around in the heated vice of flesh and stone. Rotating his wrist, Galhan managed to press his open palm against the stone wall. A flex traveled down his arm.

"MMMMPH!!!!"

Heat pulsed through the weapon. Galhan readied himself for the impact and prayed it wouldn't affect Muna.

BOOM!!!!

The world split open. Sending an eruptive force into the stone, the gauntlet blew the wall apart in a storm of debris. Pressurized flesh did the rest and ballooned out of the opening. It took only an instant for the wall to crumble. Galhan and Muna toppled free, landing in the hallway. Giant man-sized breasts pinned Galhan to the floor as the princess screamed against the release of backed-up pressure.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!

"AAHHHH!!!! MY BREASTS!! TOO MUCH... TOO FUUUULL!!!!"

Milk gushed from her freed nipples and flooded the floor. Galhan could feel and watch her chest shrink on top of him as they pushed their contents out. Hot cream soaked through his tunic until he was able to push himself free of the heaving mountains.

Terror froze him then when he locked eyes with the dreaded sorceress. A giggling goblin stood at her side. They had been waiting.

Arrogance filled Liara's voice. *"Well well... Those rats in my walls seem to get bigger every year..."*

Galhan raised his gauntlet but Liara was faster. A wave of her hand left him paralyzed amid the rubble.

"Stealing our cow!!! He was stealing our cow!!!" Kolpy jeered and jumped toward Muna. His fingers sank into her hair before yanking her from the floor.

"AAHH!!! GALHAN!!!"

"QUIET, COW!! THAT'S MISTRESS'S MILK!!!"

Muna kicked as he dragged her back to Liara's side. Galhan couldn't help but notice the sorceress step away from the princess and maintain a wide berth. There was extreme caution in her behavior, but desperate longing in her eyes as she stared at Muna's leaking breasts.

"Let... Ngh..." Galhan struggled to breathe against the witch's paralyzing magic. *"Let her go!"*

"My my, such a command for someone so close to their death."

"If you hurt her... It will be your end. I swear it," Galhan promised.

Liara scoffed. "You're welcome to try."

A daring smile and Muna's cries while being dragged away in Kolpy's grasp were the last things he saw before darkness drew over his gaze and Muna's milk trickled into silence.

To be continued