

SWELL TALES OF TERROR

~SPECTER PLEASURE~

Wet grass coated Maria's bare knees in dew. She crawled along the cemetery grounds on all fours, keeping a watchful eye on the horizon of headstones. A camera came along in one hand. Its red light was one of the only colors in the graveyard aside from the dull grays, greens, and blacks cast silver under the full moon.

Her voice was low when she addressed the tape. "Welcome back to another episode of Swellin' 'Round the World. Notice anything different about my surroundings today? Well, that's because we're on the prowl for something special. Fun fact, viewers: expansion isn't only reserved for the living."

Maria paused to catch her breath and right her pith hat. Heavy breaths strained the buttons of her beige shirt while she took in her surroundings. Somewhere an owl cooed from a tree as if in warning.

"That's right. Tonight, we're looking for *ghosts*. Now, ghosts are an elusive quarry..." Maria whispered into the camera. "You hardly ever catch sight of 'em, and when you do, you're not sure they're truly there."

Mist coiled around her skirt-draped thighs and she brushed the fabric smooth, wishing she'd worn something longer for the excursion.

"The spirit I'm after tonight is especially shy. But believe me when I say, her dazzling display of ghostly charm is not to be missed. It's almost--"

Crickets quieted. The owl jumped from its tree and into the night without a farewell. All was silent.

Maria hardly moved. Scanning the century-old headstones, her eyes brightened upon falling upon one emanating a pale blue radiance.

"There," she pointed the camera. "This is perfect. Looks like we've arrived just in the nick of time."

The glow intensified until wisps of azure flung into the misty air as tentacles of vapor. Like a veil tearing between realms, light poured forth and ushered in a transparent blue figure of a girl. She floated from the ground, hovering in the air amid a shroud of tattered cloth, before sitting light as a feather on her headstone. Long hair danced around her head in weightless locks.

Ducking into the grass, Maria peered from around a headstone from a distance. "There she is, boys and girls: Sage Lousie Granger. Born 1734, died 1756 due to unknown causes. She's a shy one, coming out only on nights of a full moon." The camera zoomed in on the ghost's body. "I think it's due to her clothes. They're barely shreds of fabric. She's likely embarrassed

about how much skin she's showing... Now, viewers, I want you to note her small breast size. Any moment now, you'll notice her-- *Oh! Oh! Here! This is it!*"

Sage closed her eyes and leaned back, arching her torso to lift her breasts toward the night sky. Silvery moonlight played across her breasts as erect nipples slipped free between wide holes in her dress.

"A-Ahh~"

A gasp like an escaping breeze drifted from her see-through lips. The moon's glow bathed her petite bust, bringing their slopes to glow. Arching further, Sage gave herself fully to the full moon's light.

Fullness pushed into her breasts. Lifting the mounds away from her torso, her bust plumped to rise and round forth. Tiny B-cups swelled with moonglow until they had enough girth to fold over her ribcage. Swelling continued to push her larger, leaving Sage enchanted by the moon's caress. Ever so slowly, the middle of her breasts came together to meet in a soft line of cleavage sloping down her front.

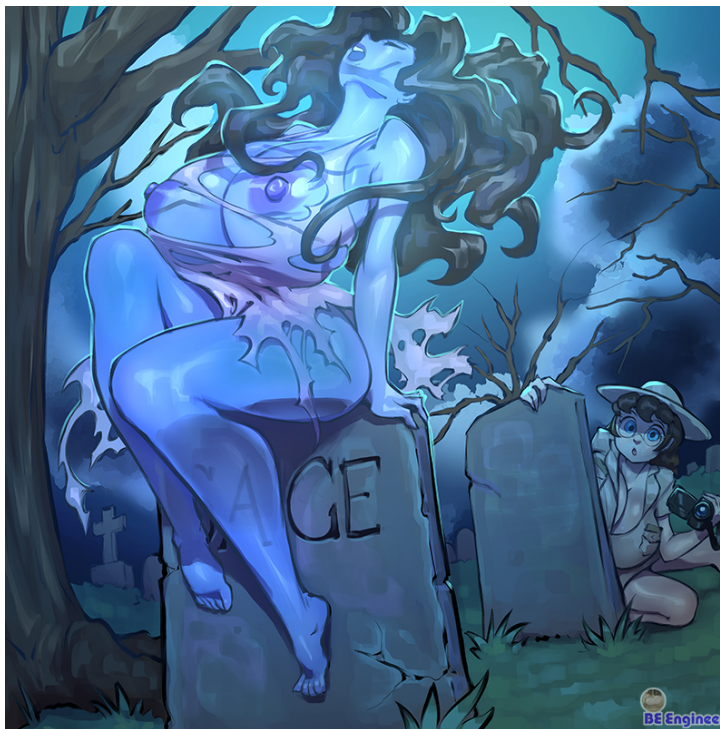
"Now isn't this special, viewers? I can't tell you how lucky we are to be seeing this tonight. A solitary ghost, Sage keeps to herself. But when the moon is full, this frisky phantom can't help but take in its glow. Quite literally. But don't be fooled, this is no mating ritual."

"Mmmgh... Y... Yes... M-Mooooooooore~"

A moan crept over the cemetery. Sage would have panted if she needed to breathe. Spectral essence stretched across her mammaries. Drawing up her body, her tattered dress covered less by the second as she filled it with her ghostly assets. Taut and engorged, two breasts larger than her head stretched her dress to the limit. Puffed areolas domed outward atop the pale blue globes with thumb-sized nubs quivering at their centers.

"Quite the impressive display, wouldn't you say? For ghosts, this is one of the few ways they can still experience pleasure. Sage especially loves to fill herself to the utmost limit of what her ethereal form can handle. Why, you can almost hear her stretching to contain the moon's blessing!"

The fabric's tears widened and pulled taut. Ethereal weight wobbled on Sage's frame as her breasts surpassed the size of watermelons. Shiny and taut, they boasted a perky shape that left her nipples pointing slightly upward. Smooth, rounded underboob gleamed from a rip shooting across her stomach.



A hand rose and groped one of her swelling treasures. Sage trembled, biting her lip at how electrifying her bust felt in her grasp.

“Even for ghosts, this kind of growth can be overwhelming. All that absorbed energy leaves them brimming with sensitivity. It’s not like anything we feel with our fleshy bodies; it’s completely unknowable. See how she’s completely neglecting her lower half? That’s because absorbing the moonlight *is* how she pleasures herself. The act of engorging her spectral form is the height of ghostly enjoyment.”

Sage’s breasts visibly strained. Their weight pulled them laden and bloated down her body until they brushed over her thighs. Over-engorged, they took on a teardrop shapes that accentuated their straining underbellies.

“*That’s~ T-That’s~*” Sage’s words hitched in the silent cemetery.

“This is not your everyday ghostly moans, viewers.”

Sage started to tremble. Pressure sparked and ached within her. “*Ahhhh-- It’s--*”

Her chest burned with moonlight. Weary eyes watched the holes of her dress stretch over her skin, pulling tight and causing pale skin to bulge through the openings. Throbbing nipples trembled in the night. Frost formed in the air in front of her mouth as she felt their limits approaching. The moon was bright tonight, and it was eager to fill her to the breaking point. Every second of exposure heightened not only her pleasure, but the pressure within her as well.

“*Aren’t we lucky,*” Maria whispered and watched with wide eyes. “Viewers, I have *never* seen Sage reach such a size. The transformation is dramatic, don’t you think? Hard to believe such tiny breasts could stretch so large. If a ghost could burst, I’d say Sage is on the verge of--”

Snap!

A twig broke under Maria's foot.

"Ah!" The specter jolted and hunched forward with a squeak. Arms flung themselves around her beach ball breasts as she looked around. *"H...Hello?? Is someone there??"*

Maria hid behind a headstone and held a finger to her lips for the camera.

"Hello...??"

Seconds passed. After a minute, Maria dared to peek.

Sage's headstone was empty.

"Rats. Looks like we spooked her... But wasn't that a show?? Not every day you get to see a ghost fill out a--"

"What do you think you're doing?!"

Maria whirled around. Sage was behind her, floating with both arms hugging her chest for modesty. Even dead, her cheeks blushed in embarrassment.

"Oh! I-I was just--"

"You can't be here! P-People are trying to rest! They need privacy! They're trying to--" Then she saw the camera. Sage's cheeks burned brighter and her eyes widened in horror. *"Hey-- H-Hey!! I know what that is!! Y-You were-- You were recording--"*

Maria's heart sank at the ghost's modern knowledge. *"No! No no no! I was just--"*

"So you enjoy recording girls at their most intimate moments?!" Sage's hair billowed in anger and she bore down. *"Let's see how you like it, PERVERT!"*

"Pervert?! I'm not a-- MMPH!"

Sage shot like a missile, plunging into Maria's torso and vanishing without a trace. The camera flung from Maria's hand in surprise to land in the grass with its frame focused on the researcher.

A chill ran through Maria. She looked down, pawing at her breasts. *"Hey!! Get out!!"* Her skin prickled with goosebumps from the spectral intrusion, but something else was building. Maria gulped, feeling her mounds start to shift within her bra as if they were taking tiny breaths. *"H-H-Hey-- Sage! Let's be reasonable!! Let's not-- Ahh!!"*

Fwoomp!!

Pressure struck Maria's breasts from within. Immediately, her shirt tensed and pulled drum-tight across her mammaries. Button snapped firmly before gaps widened between them to show packed cleavage below. Her hands shot to grab her front, pushing inward as her own breasts fought back with minds of their own.

"V-Viewers!" she squeaked, breath short and eyes wide as she felt cleavage rising higher until it pushed against her collarbones. *"It's important to remember! When possessed by a ghost, rule number one is to stay calm and-- A-Ahhmm~!"*

STRRRRRRTCH!!

Skin-stretching mass heaved into Maria's bosom. Fabric screamed around her torso and her shirt slipped out of her skirt to show off her midriff. Skin-tingling tightness sparked through

Maria's breasts to make her squeak and momentarily lose her senses. Breast flesh pushed out of her bra and into her sleeves as every inch of her shirt was filled.

"Sage ?! S-Sage, wait!!" Nervous whimpers left Maria biting her lip as her mammaries shifted ever fuller in her hands. *"I-- I-I haven't milked them today!! They're already about as full as they can get!! I don't think they can--"*

STRRRRRR--POP!!

POP POP!!!

"EEEEK!!!"

Three buttons ruptured when Maria's breasts ballooned several inches with building pressure. Cleavage burgeoned forth from the widening gaps and bulged pale white in the moon's glow. Sweat glistening in her anxiety, Maria's hands lifted from her bust. She dared not squeeze them as pressure rumbled and Sage fought with her existing dairy contents.



"S-Sage--"

CREEAAAAAAK

Her shirt complained. Filled top to bottom with her breasts, it squeezed them into trembling ovals that were forcing their way out of the bottom and down her exposed navel. Dark soak spots formed over her nipples as milk started to dribble free, forced from her straining glands by spectral pressure.

“Nnngh!! Too-- They’re getting... T-Too full!! I can’t--” Maria panted and leaned forward with both hands on a headstone for support. Swaying beach ball breasts pulled her shirt to a groaning tension below. *“I-I really should have...mnnghhh...pumped before...coming!”*

CRREEEAAA--POP POP POP!!!!

SLOOOMMMMSH!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Her shirt gave up. Pelting the grass with its remaining buttons, Maria’s clothes burst open. Two over-bloated breasts fell free and tugged at her body like boulders before slapping against one another. Together they hung, reaching lower than her hips, with areolas like saucers and nipples plump enough to fill teacups.

Strrrrrrtch

Strrrrrrrrrrtch

They didn’t stop. Maria gasped, shaking against the body-rending sensations pouring into her chest.

“Ahh! H-Haaahhhh~ V-Viewers--”

Slowly, Sage forced them larger. Maria’s breasts inched lower and wider in dense surges of growth. Her skin strained, struggling to stay soft and pliable against the ghost’s influence. Milk came in constant streams that gained strength with every second of enlargement.

“V-V-Viewers-- You may want to-- L-Look away! I don’t know-- Mmnnghhh!! What’s going...to happen!! If Sage is adding her own size...t-to mine-- Then I fear-- MNGH!!”

RMMBBBLLLL!!

Maria pursed her lips and threw her head back as tension spread over her chest. Veins, pale as Sage’s form, rose to her skin’s surface. Fullness tightened across her areolas to turn them shiny and pink.

“Too-- Ohhh that’s too big!! They’re too...big!! I’m not...going to be able to--”

RRMMMMBBBLLLL!!!

“I-I think this is Maria, signing off!” Staring at her chest swelling toward the ground, she whimpered as both nipples engorged themselves closed. Milk gurgled in anger as Sage swirled within her without end. *“I don’t think-- I can’t take-- A-Any--more!!”*

CRREEEEEEAAAAAAA--

The sounds of growth ceased. A silent cemetery held its breath around Maria as she waited for the final prick of pressure.

It never came. Her breasts stayed still, aching and overloaded with milk and the moon’s energy. They gave off a dull glow as if charged by the night.

“She... Oh thank the Library she stopped...” Maria whispered. Not daring to try and lift herself from the headstone, she remained leaning forward with yoga ball breasts brushing against the grass. *“Viewers... L-Let this be...nngh...a lesson... Never peep on a ghost if you’re not prepared to take on their--”*

“BOOM!!!”

“EEEKK!!!”

Maria shrieked, fearing the worst at the sudden sound. Her arms gave out and she fell to the ground, landing amongst her breasts where cleavage swallowed her frantic, panting form. Horrified eyes stared from the fleshy canyon as her heart raced.

Floating above her, Sage rolled with laughter and breasts drained of moonlight. *“Don’t get too comfy...”* she teased, floating down to settle on Maria’s back. *“There’s still a lot of moonlight left to enjoy~”*

~MOTHER'S MILK~

"Did you bring it??" Lily asked in hushed words.

Bella blushed. Even whispering, their voices carried more through the quiet house than she wanted. "Yea, but I--"

"Put it on! Put it on!"

Maria shushed Lily's excitement. "At least wait until we're all in the bathroom!"

Lily's giggles followed the trio down the hallway. The rest of the world might have gone to bed but the girls' sleepover was in full swing.

They hurried into Bella's upstairs bathroom and closed the door with a gentle click. A single candle served as their illumination. Nervous and stifling their laughter, they all turned to the task at hand.

"Ok, Bella, let's see it."

Eyes averted, Bella reached under her pajama shirt and pulled out something she'd wadded up against her stomach. It unfurled into a series of straps and two large black cups that made her friends' eyes bulge.

"That's *huge*," Lily said, ogling the bra.

"I-It was the biggest bra I could find in my mom's closet... From the last time she was pregnant..."

Lily whistled. "Your mom might be even bigger than Maria!"

"*Hey! I-I'm not--*" Maria blushed and glanced down to hug her chest in a strange mixture of pride, jealousy, and embarrassment. "I'm big for my age, you know... Pregnancy is a cheat code..."

"Oh relax. It's not like I called you small! Not as small as Bella, at least."

Maria pouted as Lily examined the bra.

"Alright, now put it on!"

Bella looked around the small bathroom. "*R-Right now??*"

"Well that's what we're here for!"

"But--"

"Just do it quick! It's plenty dark. Hurry before someone hears!"

Maria nodded in agreement. "Opening the door a bunch of times for us to wait outside might wake someone up. Just put it on."

Hot and flustered, Bella found herself outnumbered. "But why me??"

"Because Maria's boobs are already giant, and I'm pretty big too! You're the smallest one here. We'll see the effects most with you. Pluuuuus... You're the one who picked dare instead of truth."

Fear flashed in Bella's eyes in the candlelight. "*Guys, y-you don't actually think this is going to work, do you?? I don't know if I want to do this anymore! W-What if I actually--*"

“Would you relax? It’s just an urban legend.”

Maria chimed in, “If it were real, all the girls would do it, Bella...”

“I-I guess that’s true...”

“Now hurry up and change! We’ll turn around if it helps.”

At Maria’s urging, Lily huffed and turned her back on Bella. Still nervous, the girl unbuttoned her pajama shirt and let it slip silently to the floor. Donning her mother’s bra on her tiny frame felt like wrapping a baby in a comforter. Far too much padding and fabric fought with her hands as she struggled to clasp the garment.

“O-O-Ok, it’s on...”

The girls turned around. Lily snickered while Maria held a hand to her mouth to stifle a laugh.

“That’s...” Lily snorted. “Is that a bra, or a double basketball holder...?”

“Oh come on, don’t laugh! This is hard enough already!”

Maria stared, trying to estimate if the bra truly was bigger than her own. “You’re *swimming* in that thing.”

Bella tugged on the giant cups. They concealed nothing of her tiny B-cups and left them open to the world.

“Can we just do this?? I’m cooold!”

“Alright alright alright. Everyone step up to the mirror.”

They did so, and stared at their reflections in the candle-lit mirror. Bella stood in the middle with her oversized bra.

“Remember what to do, Bella?”

She nodded. “S-Say it three times...”

“And then Heddy’s ghost will appear...”

“And she’ll make you lactate enough to fill the bra you’re wearing.”

Bella whimpered at the thought.

They waited in silence.

“Bella?”

“I-I’m going! Just...give me a sec!” Tiny breasts staring back at her in the mirror, she took a deep breath and whimpered, “M-Mother’s milk...” Nothing happened. She swallowed. *“M...Mother’s milk...”*

The candle flickered. Lily licked her lips and stared into the mirror. “Come on. One more time...”

Apprehension tugged at Bella. Whether by some supernatural warning or her own anticipation, her nipples had risen into rock-hard nubs so firm they ached. Heat swirled in her petite mounds like waking volcanoes.

“M... M-M... Mother’s milk!” she finally blurted.

Maria and Lily watched the mirror for any sign of a ghostly woman brimming with dairy. None arrived. The candle wavered momentarily but nothing else came of the legend.

“Well... Bummer.” Lily sighed and looked back at Bella. “At least we tried! You--
BELLA!! Your boobs!!”

Maria’s focus turned at the shout, her eyes widening at what they found.

Contrary to her friends, Bella didn’t need to be told where to look; her gaze had already been glued to her breasts the moment the last syllable left her lips.

Strrrrrrtch

“T-T-They’re--”

Intense heat danced within her bust. Slowly pushing outward as if someone were inflating water balloons within her, Bella’s mammaries plumped and fattened. They jutted forth with pronounced torpedo shapes as if she’d gotten implants far too big for her frame. Already her B-cups had engorged to what the other girls could only guess to be size E.

“W-W-WHAT’S HAPPENING?!” Bella cried out, arching her back and bringing both hands to her chest. They stopped short for fear of touching herself as it stretched ever larger.

Strrrrrrtch!!

“Holy shit... You’re growing!” Lily ogled. “*You’re blowing up!*”

Larger than grapefruits, gravity demanded her weight obey. They began to droop and crease, hanging more naturally on her chest with each passing inch of growth. Bella watched her assets expand with rapid surges in sync with her breath. Sweat trickled down her neck and into the fresh pale cleavage the likes of which she’d never seen on her body.

“It-- I-It wasn’t supposed to do anything!” she whined. New weight pulled at her inexperienced shoulders. “I-I-I don’t want to be this big! I was-- Mmmm!!”

She moaned loud enough to risk waking the house. Something new was bubbling within her bust. Rising pressure pushed on her skin from below with a churning fluid-like movement. It took Bella’s breath away as she saw her breasts move as if each had a rabbit trapped inside. Her nipples bloated and rose more than an inch on doming areolas, stealing her words and replacing them with helpless squeaks.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

Splrtrtch!!

“A-AAHH~!”

Milk sprayed the inside of her mother’s bra. Engorged to rival volleyball halves, Bella’s breasts took on lives of their own. They bounced with her rapid breaths and pressed ever firmer together in a chasm of natural cleavage.

“Holy... Bella, you’re HUGE!!”

“Was that milk?!” Maria gawked in jealousy. Seeing another girl lactate made her heart race and her breasts warm.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

Nervous panting turned frantic and labored. Bella leaned on the counter as her legs started to fail. The crotch of her pajama pants soaked through and started trickling down her inner thighs. *“It’s-- It’s too fast! They’re growing-- Too fast!”*

STRRTCH!!

“AHMMMM~!”

“You’re even bigger than Lily now!”

Lily’s jaw dropped. *“Hey!!”*

“Look at her!”

Even Lily had to agree her position as second biggest of the group had been taken and then some by the swollen volleyballs heaving on her friend’s tiny frame.

GUURRRGLE!!

“Ahh-- Haahhhhh oh, God...!” Bella moaned. She chewed on her lip and clenched her hands until her knuckles turned white.

Lily came close and brought her face only inches from the rising blushing slopes. *“How does it feel?!”*

“It-- Nnngh! I-It doesn’t...feel bad--” Bella’s breath hitched and she winced. *“But they’re...really tight! Like the inside of my boobs...are full of a bunch of tiny balloons! A-And everything is shifting and pulling...! My skin doesn’t like it! It’s like it’s fighting with the milk, and-- A-And I’m scared to breathe too deeply!”* A heavy gasp moistened her lips. *“Haaahhhh~! My nipples are on fire! They feel like they’re being pulled in all directions and massaged from the inside!”*

“Well that’s probably because your areolas are the size of drink coasters...” Lily observed.

Bella’s eyes bulged and she looked down in panic. *“THEY’RE WHAT?!”*

SPLRRRTCH!!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

The shock sent milk gushing into the bra. Squeaking and coated in candle-reflecting sweat, Bella felt her bloated, darkened nipples meet with the inside of her mother’s bra cups.

Maria didn’t dare blink. *“She’s actually going to fill it...”*

“Mnnngh... No...” Bella whimpered, feeling the bra form around her as she grew inch after inch with skin-stretching milk. *“N-No, please...! No more-- This is already-- I’m already way too big! I’m--”*

GUURRRGLE!!

“MMMMMM!!!”

Her thighs clamped and trembled when she filled the cups completely. Padding smoothed out and tensed at the fleshy pressure within.

“She almost got as big as me!” Maria exclaimed in relief.

“I can’t believe it worked! How do they feel?? Can I touch them?! Can I--”

STRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh!!” Bella’s cry cut Lily off as the bra’s elastic creaked. “*T-They’re not stopping!!*”

All eyes widened when the swelling udders began straining the brassier. Cleavage heaped up and bulged over the cups. The straps pulled taut into tense cords before sinking into the pillowy flesh filling their confines.

“*Why won’t they stop?? Why are they still--*”

SPLRRRRRTCH!!

“*Mmmmgh!! F-Filling?!*”

Bella’s breasts ached with engorgement. Light veins danced on her skin in the candlelight as she grew to resemble fluid-filled beach balls. Bloated, milk-logged skin bulged around the bra as it lifted away from her fluttering ribcage and released the taut underbellies of her mammaries. Milk ran down her front in droves as if even her breasts were angry about the load being forced upon them.

“Holy shit... They’re *really* not stopping...” Lily stared.

Maria extended a hand. “Bella...? Are you--”

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!

Panic drained Bella’s face of color as she wondered if the sound of straining had come from her or the bra. She stumbled back and cradled her chest in her arms. Cleavage engulfed her chin. Beneath the bra cups, Bella could feel her nipples throbbing fuller than ever. Her raised areolas trembled like corks about to blow.

“*They’re too big!! I-I think there’s too much milk!!*”

Hearing the thick churning of cream in her ears as cleavage bulged around her face, Bella arched her spine as if trying to get away from her own breasts. Her legs trembled beneath the weight of ten gallons.

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!!

“*Ahhhh!! T-They’re too full!! It’s Heddy!! Her ghost is-- She’s trying to make me--*”

Bella’s heart raced in panic as her skin firmed. The pink of her areolas peeked over the bra cups as they outgrew the confines. “*She’s trying to make me pop!! SHE’S FILLING ME WITH SO MUCH MILK--*”

CRREEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

“*--THAT MY CHEST IS GOING TO--*”

CRREEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

The bra trembled as her udders engorged large enough to swallow the cups between creases of milk-coated skin. Not daring to breathe, Bella felt milk fill her chest to the brim. Her glands strained to the utmost limit, aching within her like fireworks about to explode. Pressure contracted her nipples as they tried to release but it wouldn’t come soon enough.

CRREEAAAAA--

“*I-I-I DON’T THINK I CAN HOLD ALL OF THIS MI--*”

POP!!!!

“GAAHH!!”

The front of the bra burst open. Like an inflatable raft being released, Bella’s chest rapidly expanded into her arms from the flesh-squeezing prison. Shifting weight thrust itself against her, and with a scream of surprise, she fell backward.

THUD!!

The tub caught her. Tripping over its edge, she fell backward and ended up cradled in its bowl with her legs sticking out from the side.

“Are you alright?!” both of her friends asked, rushing to her aid and standing over her.

“Hah... Haahhhh... Nnnghhh, God...” Bella moaned. A lump was already forming on the back of her head. Her eyes slowly opened, but any effort to rise was met with a wall of weight.

She was buried from chin to thigh in swollen, mounded flesh. Larger than beach balls, her breasts overflowed her torso and encroached onto the bottom of the tub. Nipples the size of apples throbbed atop their taut surfaces, each one leaking streams of thick cream.

“I-- I-I-- I’m--” She stammered, taking in the expanse of naked skin wobbling on top of her. *“I’m--”*

“I guess Heddy makes you grow until you break out of whatever you’re wearing! But look! You’re HUGE!!” Lily blurted. *“You blew even Maria out of the water!!”*

Maria gasped in horror. *“Hey!”*

“She’s tiny compared to those monsters!!”

Jealousy flared. *“H-HEY!”*

“I didn’t think boobs could even get that big!! Those things are beautiful! I’ll bet--”

Sounds of curtain rings being torn away cut her off. Both girls looked up at Maria as she ripped off her pajama top and took the shower curtain in a flurry of fabric.

“Maria? What’s up? What are you--”

She tied two corners around her torso under her breasts. The other two corners were pulled up and tied around the back of her neck.

Bella realized it first. Even her heart sank at what was to come. *“Maria, wait!! Don’t--”*

Their warnings weren’t heard. Maria ran to the mirror and pored over the sink, almost coming nose to nose with the glass with overwhelming jealousy she couldn’t fight off. Lily was about to say something before Maria’s voice filled the bathroom.

“MOTHER’S MILK, MOTHER’S MILK, MOTHER’S MILK!!”

~WRAPPED UP IN GROWTH~

The desert heat couldn't penetrate below the sands. Even as the sun blazed in the clear sky, Maria and Jenn were perfectly content in the chilled maze of tunnels running beneath the earth.

Weeks of expedition and research had brought them to the lost tomb of Titibastet. Now, after countless hours of work, their torches were the first in over 1000 years to shine upon the sealed sarcophagus housing the ancient pharaoh's remains. Around them, standing tall into the shadows of the chamber's ceiling, were the watchful eyes of Bastet, the Egyptian goddess of fertility. A protruding belly jutting forth, doming her abdomen.

"This is it..." Maria breathed. Pride and wonder welled within her to the point of making her want to cry tears of joy. "We found it... We actually found it."

"The Pharaoh of Fertility... Some said she never even existed, but here she is." Jenn clapped Maria on the back. Dust had lightened the redhead's hair to a dull auburn. "Never doubted your theories! But I was getting tired of them being wrong."

"History was so clouded. It was impossible to know where she truly wound up."

"Hey I'm not blaming you, I'm just saying it would have been nice to find her a few months ago."

Maria huffed a strand of hair from her face and ignored the chiding. Reaching into her bag, she removed a notebook and knelt in front of the sarcophagus. A pencil began taking notes on the endless carvings and hieroglyphs decorating the side. Jenn, on the other hand, was busy reading the hieroglyphics painted on the wall above the long-dead pharaoh. A sly smile crossed her face as she took them in.

Eyes sparkling with the thrill of discovery, Maria took note after note. "This is the find of the century! Look at everything here! It... It could fill in more than three hundred years of missing history! Nothing has been touched! I'm hard pressed to think of any--"

"Hnnph!?"

Jenn leaned on the lid. Effort puffed her cheeks as she strained and pushed. Much to Maria's horror, the seal cracked and stone began to move.

"What are you doing?!"

"Taking a closer look!"

The lid pushed further. A gap into the waiting darkness opened and stale air poured forth.

"Stop! STOP! This is history! We need to come back with the proper tools! The proper permits! You're going to--"

CRASH!!

The lid fell off, breaking on the floor with a tomb-shuddering thud. Jenn stood back with a pleased expression and used her unbuttoned blouse to fan herself cool. Before the women lay the body of Titibastet, wrapped head to toe and untouched for untold years.

Jenn gazed at the shriveled, but womanly, figure betrayed by the tight wrappings. "There she is... Just as beautiful as the legends say..." Under her breath with a hint of greed, she whispered, "*Pharaoh of Fertility...*"

"*What have you done?!*"

"Hush. You've done your job, now let some of the more sinister goals have a turn."

Jenn raised her arms over the corpse. Looking at the wall to read the hieroglyphics, she began reciting something Maria couldn't make out.

"*You're out of your mind! All this work, and you're just going to--*"

The air vibrated with Jenn's words. Power drew into the tomb. Looking down, Maria saw the mummy begin to glow. Vapors of light drifted from the ether and into her body.

Strrrrtch...

Jenn's words continued, growing louder and more direct. Maria only watched, leaning over the sarcophagus in stunned horror.

Titibastet's body was plumping. Sharp, bony corners where bandages pulled against her joints were gently smoothed out. Mass flowed to fill her figure and remove any slack from the wrappings. Like watching a human-shaped balloon inflate, Maria ogled at the mummy's body, gaining volume and weight until her feminine figure fully returned and she looked like she'd died only moments ago.

True to her Bastet namesake, Titibastet was the picture of fertility even under layers of bandages. A slender waist flared into wide hips and thighs that pressed into the sides of her sarcophagus. Looking higher up, Maria held her breath upon seeing the body's breasts fill out. They rose from her torso with steady engorgement until surpassing even Maria's head-sized treasures. Nipples tented the wrappings when they reached their fullest.

The breasts started to lift, slow and measured, in repeated motions.

"*Ahhh!!!*" Maria screamed, stumbling back. "*She's breathing! SHE'S BREATHING!*"

Strrrrtch!!

As wrappings strained and popped, the spell on the wall reached its end. Jenn's words ceased with a pleased hum. "What a surprise~"

A white-wrapped hand grasped the edge of the sarcophagus. A shoulder rose forth, followed by a head and torso. Maria cowered at Jenn's feet as they watched the mummy rise from her tomb. Slowly at first like a baby deer, then gaining her footing, Titibastet rose to stand at full height. Wrappings loosened and slipped down. From below peered caramel skin. Gleaming brown eyes stared at the modern women. A pair of lips curled into a fiendish smile.

"*S-She's alive?! What did you do?! Jenn, what did you do?! HOW CAN SHE BE--*"

"Silence."

Titibastet's voice was absolute. Maria's lips clamped shut. Lithe and without faltering, the resurrected pharaoh stepped from her tomb and stood over them at nearly seven feet tall. Wrappings continued to slip and part to grant teasing slivers of the woman's naked body hidden below. A dark nipple emerged. Lower, a wide sliver of navel blinked with a tuft of pubic hair.

"It was you?" Titibastet asked, eyeing the redhead.

"Yes. Yes!" Jenn nodded, eager at the interaction. "I brought you back!"

Maria whimpered. "Jenn-- *Be careful! She's--*"

Titibastet's eyes flashed. She extended a hand. "Then you shall be the first to meet their end by my-- *Nngh!*"

Strrrrtch!!

The wrappings across her chest tightened. Maria watched from below as pressure seemed to move through her ample bust.

"*Gaahh! W-What?!?*" the pharaoh grunted.

They grew heavier. Wrappings dug into her dark skin and deformed her enhancing mounds. Heated breath moistened Titibastet's lips as she inspected the scene and saw her body continuing to fill. The force made her stumble, falling backward to catch herself on her sarcophagus.

"*You-- What did you do?!?*" she roared, holding both breasts in her hands. They'd already managed to bloat enough to dominate her torso inches. Bandages sank into her skin like cables.

"I brought you back!" Jenn smiled with her arms crossed smugly. "*With some conditions.*"

Guuurrrrgle!!

"*Mnnngh!! You...wretch!*" Titibastet groaned when her chest surged in size. Wrappings came off in droves as they popped and ripped. With every passing second, the pharaoh's nudity was put more on display.

Splrrrtch!!

"*Gaahh~!*"

Creamy scents filled the air. Seeing dark spots soak into the ancient wraps, Maria scrambled behind Jenn. "*What's going on?? What did you do, Jenn?!?*"

"Let's just say we were after the same thing with different goals."

"*But why is she--*"

GUUURRRGLE!!

"*MMNGAAHHH!!!*"

Titibastet's chest heaved in her arms. Skin shining with the sweaty labor of distension, her mammarys bloated low and heavy to reach her belly. Milk trickled free to pelt the dry stone floor below.



“Pharaoh,” Jenn addressed.

The woman looked up, glaring with disdain as milk continued to ravage her body. “*You-- You will pay for-- Mmm!!*” It was too overwhelming for her to maintain control.

Calm as ever, Jenn continued, “I made a few modifications to your resurrection incantation. You’ve not only been brought back to life, but I think you’ll find you’re rapidly *filling* with it.”

“*You... Y-You-- Mmgh!*”

“You were a ruler in the ancient world. A ruler renowned for her great blessings of fertility and power to grant women their desires.”

Titibastet growled, sinking her hands into her mounds. Maria shied away at the snarl but couldn’t help noticing the dampness spreading down the woman’s thighs. “*What...do you want?*” she hissed.

“You will continue to engorge until I free you of the burden. For that, I ask only one thing.” Jenn raised her arms to the side and presented herself. “Grant me your same powers. Let me rule the new world at your side. As your equal. As a pharaoh of fertility.”

Maria’s eyes bulged. “*Jenn!!*”

Titibastet was silent. Milk groaned within her, swelling her breasts larger and tighter until they looked like teardrops ready to burst.

“Well?” Jenn asked.

“Jenn... J-Jenn, I think we should go!”

“Hush.”

A soft cackle rumbled from the silence. Maria wanted to head toward the exit, but knew it was too late once Titibastet's laughter began echoing through the tomb.

GUUURRRGLE!!

Her laughter grew to make the walls tremble. The statue's eyes began to glow. Even then, Jenn didn't falter.

"Hahhh~ Do you really think me so feeble...that I can't handle my own holy cream?! Do you think I've never endured milk's flood?!" Her eyes flashed. *"I fed a NATION! The only thing you've ever fed are your delusions."*

Skin strained across her front. Milk began spraying in thin arcs as pressure reached a boiling fever inside the pharaoh. Titibastet stood and approached. Her chest pressed into Jenn's as the redhead refused to back down. Milk soaked into her shirt and warmed her chest.

"I see no ruler in you. All I see..." the pharaoh grinned and looked the two girls up and down, *"are my two new milk attendants."*

The redhead scoffed. "Don't make me laugh. That's--"

"JENN!!"

Shhwiiip!

Bandages shot from the shadows like lurking snakes. Maria cried out but couldn't escape their clutches when both her and Jenn were restrained by the arms and legs.

"Ahh!! L-Let us-- Let us go!" Maria whined, finding herself lifted into the air. Jenn followed, struggling against her own restraints. The girl's wrists came together over their heads and their legs were pulled straight. They had no leverage against the writhing wrappings coiling from the walls.

GUUURRRRRGLE!!

Milk engorged Titibastet's front to its limit but she took little notice, even as her areolas domed with aching pressure and ripped through her gauze.

"These garments you wear in the new age... They're... Interesting." she sighed, walking around the girls. Bandages began slithering up Maria and Jenn's legs and abdomen, exploring under their clothes. *"I don't care for them."*

Tension bucked within their shirts. Maria's eyes bulged feeling her panties pull taut. *"W-WAIT!!"*

SHHRRRIIP!!!

All was torn away in one assault. Rendered naked in less than a second, the girls hung before the pharaoh helpless to cover themselves from her all-seeing gaze. Titibastet's hand lifted and caressed Jenn's mounds before drifting to Maria's. She gave a squeak at the woman's touch exploring her bust.

"For peasants... You're quite endowed." She paused, sinking a finger into Maria. *"And you, even laden with milk yourself. Blessed by some mystical force I've not felt in my life. But not blessed enough to be my attendants."*

Titibastet grabbed both of their chests and sank her hands deep. Muttering parted her lips and her eyes glowed. Crawling up their bodies, bandages bound and squeezed their intimates like curious tentacles. Titibastet groped harder as power began to flow and their nipples puffed.

Maria squirmed in the air as the usual milky pressure in her chest spiked. “*Wait-- Wait wait!! I’m not-- I--*”

“Do your worst,” Jenn growled.

The heat came fast and strong. Maria and Jenn clenched when their chests bucked and tightened.

GUUURRRRGLE!!

“*Haahh~! Haaahhhh, Jeeeeenn!! My-- My chest!*”

They watched as growth came for them. Waves of fullness pulsed beneath their skin to expand it against Titibastet’s massaging hands. Skin stretched and shifted to keep pace. Deep within, they each felt pressure prickling like dozens of fingers pushing outward.

STRRRRTCH!!

Their bellies vanished from view. The floor inched out of sight. Breath taken from them, Maria and Jenn watched helplessly as their busts ballooned into the wrappings. The taut underbellies of their chests inched down their abdomen to reach their hips despite the frail support of bandages.

“*N-Nnnghhhh!!*” they each moaned, unable to resist the waves of orgasmic sensations. Gauze slithered between their thighs before flossing against their crotches and between their cheeks. Nothing was left untouched. Plump skin bulged as their vulvas mashed against the fabric.

“*Haahhhh-- J-Jenn! My chest...feels like it’s going-- G-Going too--*”

GUUURRRRGLE

SPLRRRTCH!!

“*MMNGH!!*”

Milk erupted in a fountain from nipples as thick as thumbs jutting between Titibastet’s fingers. Though the release was great, it did nothing to quell the pressure dancing within their overengorged globes.

Finally she removed her hands and stepped back to admire her handiwork. Coiled in the bare minimum of wrappings, the girls were spared complete nudity by mere slivers of modesty. Breasts like pumpkins hung to their hips, laden and rotund with dairy. Each girl dared to take only stifled gasps of air. Maria whimpered as the end of a bandage slinked into her cleavage and wiggled about before emerging from the top. Even Jenn was at her wit’s end.

“*Those* are breasts worthy of a pharaoh’s attendants.” Titibastet grinned and addressed a writhing Jenn. “Now, fire head, about these oases of milk you so arrogantly bestowed upon your pharaoh... Shall you pamper them alongside your friend as my servants in this new world...?”

Jenn struggled against her bonds while Maria wiggled from exploring bandages winding around her chest. “*I-I would rather--*”

“Or...” Titibastet grinned and placed a hand on each girl’s belly. Their eyes widened at a core-tensing heat. A dull glow pulsed within their wombs, emanated through their entire abdomens as swelling began stretching their bellies forth into tight domes eagerly lifting their busts. Within seconds their wombs became burdened with a mystic presence rapidly swelling to term. “*Perhaps I should show you why they called me the Pharaoh of Fertility?*”

