

Royal Milk Part 2

Constricting forces squeezed Galhan's body. Upon rousing to a groggy head, he tried to move but found it impossible. Ropes held him firmly to a chair. Behind him, the soft moans of Princess Muna drifted from her own waking body.

"Welcome back."

Galhan looked up. Liara stood over him grinning with lips of ruby red. He'd never seen the sorceress in person and only heard of her appearance from passing stories. Sitting in her shadow now, he realized they didn't do her justice.

Devilish beauty dripped off her in an intoxicating miasma. For as old as the tales claimed her to be, her appearance was that of a woman in her early thirties. Jet-Black hair fell around her shoulders with devastating weight. Compared to her pale complexion, the difference was night and day. A figure-hugging dress shot from her shoulders to her ankles with a plunging V-neck reaching her navel. Black spiderweb lace filled the chasm to grant only a passing tease of the smooth skin below and the supple melon-sized breasts so tightly packed together.

"Liara..." Galhan growled. He flexed his hand but found no gauntlet.

She enjoyed his search. Bending forward, she leveled her eyes with Galhan's. "Don't bother. I removed that pesky little trinket. Can't have you destroying any more of my walls, now can I? Kolpy is very much enjoying his new toy, though."

The goblin laughed with delight as he brandished the gauntlet. Several chests had already been shattered in the room, no doubt by his new power.

"Mmngh... Galhan...?" Muna shifted against his back and he felt his ropes pull tighter when she started breathing in panic. "Ahh!! W-What happened?! Galhan, where are we?! Why--" She loosed a whimper when Liara approached. Galhan could feel the breath catch in her chest in fear.



“Calm yourself, my dear. I couldn’t have you missing the show! Somebody tried to steal my precious cow... *I’m afraid I must retaliate. Set an example, so there are no more interruptions from your father.*”

Muna’s voice trembled. Though emptied, her chest still radiated with lactating heat. “*L-Leave him alone, you witch!! JUST LET US-- MMNGH!!*”

The ropes rubbed across her bare breasts as she struggled, assaulting her nipples. Milk trickled into her bust. Though at a manageable size, any amount of swelling within the rope prison was too much.

“*Gods... My milk! Please... N-Not now! Don’t...Mmmngh!!*”

Galhan could hear her chest filling. The ropes pulled and shifted. However, it wasn’t Muna he was focusing on; it was Liara.

The sorceress was fixated on Muna’s swelling. Eyes like a starving child’s gaze watched her cleavage rise as it filled with ounce after ounce of dairy. The knight could tell her focus was locked on Muna’s nipples. For someone as powerful as Liara, the mere act of slight swelling had been enough to short-circuit her mind. Galhan almost thought he had seen her start to drool.

Pieces of the curse started fitting together.

“*Ngh!! Mnggh!! It’s too tight, Galhan!*” Out of necessity, Muna stopped moving and took shorter breaths before the ropes could squeeze every bit of air from her lungs.

“What do you plan on doing to us?” Galhan asked.

Liara shook her head from the distraction. “There is no ‘us’. You will be executed, and your precious princess will return to her tower with far stronger enchanted chains.”

“Haven’t you gotten enough from her?! How much milk have you drawn??”

The returning smile made Galhan shiver. “It will never be enough! Do you know how powerful the milk is when drawn from the breast of someone with royal blood? It’s exquisite. Delicious. Capable of sustaining my beauty for centuries. In the right hands, her milk is the fountain of youth.” Liara inhaled Muna’s milky scent and swooned. “You should be thanking me, Princess... *Those tiny royal bumps you called breasts look much better full.*”

“*Mgh!!*” Muna squeaked in disapproval and turned her head away in disgust.

She chuckled as she straightened her back. “Always so defiant... Until the poor heifer needs to be milked again.” Liara addressed Kolpy. “Keep an eye on them. My thirst grows and soon I’ll need to drink. I’ll return after I’ve made my preparations. Our brave sir knight can watch his princess get milked like a cow before I end his miserable life and send his head back to the king.”

“*Yes, Mistress!! Kolpy will watch!! Kolpy will fill the bowl!!*”

The door closed. Galhan knew this would be his only chance. He surveyed the situation.

The room was bare with only a table and a pile of crates. They looked to be in a storage chamber. Without his gauntlet or a weapon, there was little he could do, especially when tied to Muna.

There was only one tool at his disposal.

“Princess...” Galhan whispered. “Has Liara ever touched your chest?”

Muna jolted. *“What??”*

“Please answer. Think. Has Liara ever touched your breasts since cursing them?”

“Of course! Every day that damned witch comes and--” Her voice trailed off. *“Wait... No... That’s Kolpy... I...”* She pondered momentarily. *“No, I don’t think she ever has. Why?”*

“I have a theory... And a plan.”

Terror crept into her voice. *“What can you possibly do?? She’ll be back soon, and then she’s going to--”*

“Shh.”

“NO TALKING! KOLPY CAN HEAR YOU TALKING!” the goblin hissed from the door and pointed his weaponized hand in their direction. *“COWS CAN’T SPEAK!! ONLY MAKE MILK!!”*

Galhan lowered his voice. *“Liara could have killed me instantly if she wanted to, but instead she tied us up. She’s arrogant and cocky. Overconfidence has left her vulnerable. I have a plan, and possibly a way to break the curse or put an end to Liara.”*

He could feel Muna stiffen with hope. *“You do?!”*

“Yes, but know in advance, that I’m sorry for what I’m about to do.”

“W-What are you-- Mmmmm!!!!”

Galhan started shifting his body left and right. Sharing ropes with Muna, he forced them to rub and tighten across her exposed breasts.

Guuurrrrgle

“Ahh!! G-Galhan!!”

The effect was immediate. Galhan not only heard Muna’s milk flourish but felt the ropes shift across her chest as well. He prayed it wouldn’t take long.

“I’m sorry, Princess, I’m sorry!” he whispered. *“Please just endure the pressure!”*

“Galhan...! Stop! Y-You’re making me--MMGH!!”

The princess arched her back against the chair. Her nipples screamed under the ropes. Milk surged, bloating her skin to swell and bulge into odd shapes and collections of pale ridges. The rope was merciless to her bloating udders.

Kolpy’s eyes popped at Muna’s sudden development. *“Ohhhhh! She grows!! The princess milks!! Milks for the Mistress!!”*

Guuurrrrgle!!!

It was becoming more difficult to move. Galhan’s breaths were shallower by the second as Muna’s bust demanded more slack. Labored moans and squeaks filled the room.

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

“Nnngh!! They’re too tight!! I’m getting...ahh!!...t-too big!!” Muna tried to arch her back but there was no space to do so. Cleavage pushed into her face as her chest came to look like two giant balls of dough being squeezed by a fist. *“Galhan!! Galhan, please!! You have to stop!! Stop messing with the ropes!! They’re too tight!! Rubbing against...my nipples!!”*

Guuurrrrrrgle!!

CRREEAAAAAAK

Straining fibers screamed. Galhan knew he was close. Just a little more pressure and freedom would be theirs.

“T-The ropes! My chest!!” Muna’s words became silent rasps of panic. There was no air left in her lungs as cleavage bulged around her cheeks.

Kolpy’s eyes were wide with amusement. He approached, giggling at Muna’s constricted breasts. Knarbled, hairy fingers poked and prodded at the trembling bulges of flesh. *“Tight like a pig’s belly!! Tight with milk!! Mistress loves to see them full!! Begs Kolpy to tell her what they feel like!!”*

“D-Don’t...Don’t touch them!! Get away, you monster!! They’re too sensitive!!”

GUUURRRRGLE!!

CRREEEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Fuller!! Get fuller for Mistress!! So I may serve her!!”

Smack!!!

Slooomsh!!

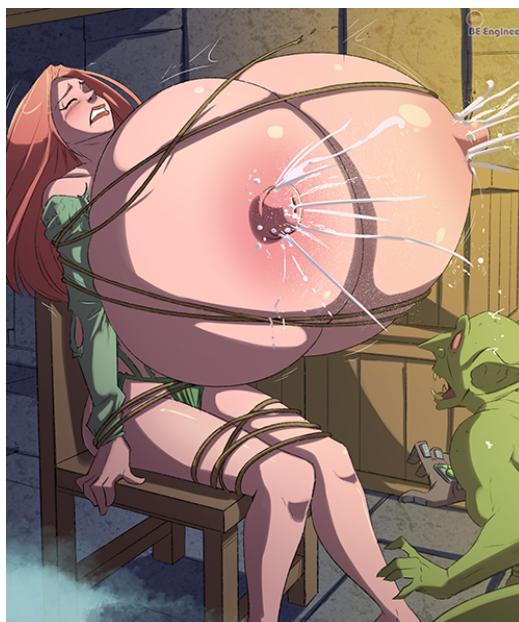
“GAAHH!!”

Muna shrieked when Kolpy slapped an exposed portion of skin and sent her chest wobbling. Liquid jostled with anger.

“Sloshes like a wineskin!! SLOSHES LIKE A WINESKIN!!”

CRREEEEAAAAAAK!!!

“Can’t...breathe!” Muna tried fruitlessly to inhale where there was no more room. Heaving mounds filled her view. Ropes sank deep into her skin to create drum-tight creases and valleys.



CRREEAAAAAK!!

“AH!! AAHHH, GALHAN!!”

“BIG AND FULL!! BIG AND FULL!!” Kolpy cheered as apricot nipples squeezed free of fraying rope. *“BIG AND F--”*

CRACK!!!!

Thunder broke through the room when a rope finally burst. Tension released in a tearing wave. Before Kolpy had time to react, the wall of flesh in front of him came crashing down with the weight of two boulders.

BOOOOMPHSH!!!!

“GRAGH!!”

“MMMMMGH!!! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!”

Moans of orgasmic relief flowed from Muna with her milk. A puddle quickly spread across the floor. Galhan would have noticed it if he weren't busy untangling himself from the rope. There wasn't a moment to lose.

“Mmmmnggh!! How...” Muna panted and massaged her breasts. Red lashes streaked where the ropes had rubbed the most. Annoyance and anger wavered in her eyes at the knight. *“H-How...dare you...! You cannot just...use my breasts to escape--HEY!!!”*

Galhan ignored her, quickly working to retie her to the chairs after dragging Kolpy out from under her bust.

“Galhan!!” Muna yelled, feeling the ropes tighten around her. Swollen flesh squeezed against her torso as his hands worked. Before she'd had time to enjoy her freedom, she was already bound once again. *“GALHAN!! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!”*



Heels clacked across the stone floor when Liara returned. The room was just as she'd left it. Sheer fullness straining Muna's rope-bound chest brought a hungry smile to her face.

“Kolpy, I have finished the spell. Bring the bowl.”

“Yes, Mistress!! Kolpy will bring the bowl!!”

The goblin approached the trembling princess. Red-faced and bleary-eyed, she watched the green menace come forward with grabby hands and a wooden bowl.

“S-Stay away!! DON'T TAKE ANYMORE OF MY MILK!!”

“Oh hush.” Liara strode around the room with a back straightened with pride and power.

Smack!!

Slooomsh!!

“Ahmmm!!”

Kolpy delivered a full-handed slap to the side of her breasts. A reddened mark in the shape of Galhan's gauntlet was left in its wake amid the rippling skin. Churning milk sloshed

back in confined anger and her nipples started to leak in a constant flow. *“She’s full, Mistress!! The cow is full!! Full to bursting!!”*

Ignoring her lackey, Liara stared at Galhan. His eyes were closed and his head slumped. She kicked his foot. “Oh brave Sir Knight... Your princess is about to be milked. Don’t you want to see her beautiful breasts in action before I put you to death?” A smile cracked her porcelain face. *“Maybe I’ll let you have a taste as your final meal if you beg.”*

Galhan’s head lolled on his shoulders. He gave no reaction.

Liara frowned before casting a glare at the goblin. “Kolpy, did you hit him too hard?”

“Kolpy only hit him in the stomach!! Man was weak!!”

“Pity. And I was so looking forward to hearing him beg for mercy. Maybe we’ll keep him around until he wakes up. Youth waits for no man, however. Kolpy, bring my milk.”

“Yes, Mistress!! I bring the milk!!!” He stared at a throbbing fleshy nozzle before grasping it in a fist. Pink skin squeezed between his warted fingers as he massaged and pulled.

Muna writhed upon feeling her milk flow through her. *“NNGH!!! N-No!!”*

Fssshhhh!!!

Heavy streams filled the bowl in an instant. Cream sloshed over the brim and splashed across Kolpy’s bare feet, though he paid it no mind. His eyes watched with glee, delighted at the princess’s gorgeous breast filling his bowl like a miraculous fountain.

“S...Stop...!! You’re milking it...too hard!!” Muna begged. *“Galhan, do something!! Why won’t you wake up?!”*

“Kolpy,” Liara hissed. She came to his side, fighting to keep her focus despite Muna’s impressive size. *“Stop wasting the milk. I can feel my skin starting to crack.”*

His hand released and Muna gasped in relief. Uneven pressures bounced between her breasts as one had become visibly smaller than its sister. The dramatic difference was almost as uncomfortable as having to contain the milk itself.

“Kolpy is sorry!!” He turned to his master, sloppily spilling milk from the bowl in the process. Extending his hands, Kolpy presented the bowl. *“Mistress’s milk!! Straight from the cow!!”*

Liara bent at the hips to receive the dairy. Indecipherable words danced on her tongue in whispers before she moved to take the bowl and complete her daily ritual.

“HYAHHH!!”

SPLASH!!!

Kolpy flung his arms up, throwing the milk into Liara’s face. Milk soaked her eyes and mouth, causing her to shriek in rage as the cream soiled her entire front. She doubled over and wiped at her stinging eyes. *“KOLPY!! WHAT ARE YOU-- I’LL HAVE YOUR--GRRAAAH!!”*

Kolpy was on her, clambering up her back with nails finding purchase in her dress. The gauntlet grabbed the back of her neck as if she were a misbehaving kitten and clenched down. Dull glows pulsed through its seams when it began restraining her magic.

“WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?! GET OFF OF ME!! YOU HORRIFIC MORON!! REMOVE YOURSELF FROM MY BACK!!”

Kolpy didn’t speak, focusing only on maintaining his hold on the thrashing sorceress. Black hair poured over his face and nails scratched at his arms, but he refused to release.

“I’LL BURN YOU ALIVE!! I’LL BURN YOU ALIVE AND BRING YOU BACK BEFORE THE FIRE GOES OUT!! I’LL--”

Liara froze. Kolpy was getting heavier. She could feel his body growing. Transforming. Behind Muna, Galhan was changing as well. Slowly, his skin turned a sickly green and grew peppered with puss and warts. His limbs shrank into hairy clubs of muscle. Small and unconscious, the true Kolpy slumped over in the chair and fell out of the now too-loose ropes. Muna gasped in relief, finally able to fill her lungs.

The gauntlet tightened at Liara’s neck. *“Stay where you are, witch,”* a voice warned behind her, the weight now gone from her back as his feet reached the ground. A burly arm wrapped itself around her body and bound her arms to her side.

Liara growled. Seeing hope on Princess Muna’s face as she watched her savior scruff the sorceress only induced further rage. Milk boiled across her skin with anger. *“You...”* She raised a hand but stopped short. *“What did you--Gaahh!!?”*

Galhan dug the gauntlet’s fingers into her neck. Its glow was increasing. A pulsing warmth radiated into his hand. It wouldn’t be able to keep her magic at bay for long. Pleased with his resourcefulness, Galhan confessed and tossed the now-empty vial from her workshop onto the floor. *“Shouldn’t leave transformation potions lying about; somebody might find them.”*

“RRRAAHHHHH!!!”

Liara bellowed and seethed. She began thrashing, trying to escape Galhan’s hold. The gauntlet was anchored at the back of her neck, however, and his grip was true. Liara may have been unbeatable with magic, but in terms of physical strength, she rivaled a malnourished milkmaid.



“RELEASE ME!!! LET ME GO!!!”

Fssshhhhhhhh

The gauntlet steamed. Galhan’s hand felt as though it were hovering in a furnace. Already the weapon was overheating from restraining her spells. He knew there wasn’t any time to lose. Wrestling with the sorceress, he flexed his muscles and forced her toward Muna.

“YOU THINK YOU CAN BEAT ME?!” Liara’s hair flowed with rage, taking on a life of its own. She willed magic to rush out and tear Galhan limb from limb. *“MY MAGIC IS ABSOLUTE!! MY POWER IS LIMITLESS!! THAT SILLY BAUBLE CAN’T--”*

She saw Galhan’s intentions then, as he directed her toward Muna’s breasts.

“No...” Liara whispered. *“NO!!!”* She thrashed like a fish and kicked like a mule. Such defiance only proved Galhan’s theory.

He had her.

“Muna!!” Galhan yelled. Smoke poured from his gauntlet. Burning red, it neared the limits of what it could handle. If it broke, Liara would decimate him in an instant.

The princess nodded and arched her back, presenting her overgrown watermelon breasts for the witch.

“STOP!! I-IF YOU--”

There was fear in Liara’s voice. Terror. Her eyes bulged at the bloated nipple quivering only inches from her face. In her widening gaze, however, Muna could see something else: ravenous hunger.

“YOU FOOL!!!! DO YOU THINK THIS WILL SAVE HER?!” Liara tried to squirm free but Galhan’s embrace had her arms and chest in a vice. *“THERE’S NO SAVING THIS COW!! SHE’LL FILL WITH MILK FOREVER!!”* She started to laugh. *“THE ROYAL TITS!! SWOLLEN WITH DAIRY LIKE SOME FARM ANIMAL FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE!!”*

Galhan sank his fingers into her neck and forced her head closer. *“Then I swear to milk her every hour of every day for as long as I live.”*

Muna blushed, her heart skipping a beat at the promise. The world faded for a moment as her mind ran wild.

The nipple neared. Liara could feel its heat. Wrinkles and creases in Muna’s areola stared back. She tried to turn her mouth away but the knight would not allow her to escape fate.

“YOU CAN’T DO THIS!!”

FSSSHHH--BOOM!!

A facet exploded from the back of the gauntlet. It was at its limit. Liara’s power would explode at any second. Galhan gave a final push. Muna lifted her breasts.

Slowly, Kolpy rose from the floor and looked around. His eyes bulged when he saw the situation. *“MISTRESS!!”*

“THERE’S NO SAVING HER!!! YOU’LL NEVER WIN!!! YOU CAN’T--”

Pomph!

The nipple pushed between Liara's lips. Her body went still and stopped fighting. Mouth full of Muna's fleshy nozzle, her eyes turned to saucers. Fear filled her gaze at the bulbous mound in front of her. From above, Muna saw the sorceress's terror. However, there was something else: insatiable hunger.

Gulp...

Gulp...

Gulp...

"A-Aahhh!" Muna trembled in disgust. "*She's...suckling!!*"

Galhan released and stood back. The gauntlet fell from his hand in a crumpled heap. He could see the witch's cheeks bulging between swallows of milk. The mixture of ultimate pleasure and despair upon her face would haunt his mind for years.

Kolpy's ears drooped. "*Oh no...*"

Placing a weak hand on Muna's chest, Liara pushed back.

Pop...!

"Gah...! H-Hahhhh...!"

The room was silent when she stumbled backward. Her demeanor had changed. Gut-clenching anxiety held her in its grasp.

Milk still running from her mouth, Liara stared at the knight in shock. "*D-Do you have any idea what you've just done to me?*"

Guuuuurrrrrrgle

A dull rumble emanated from Liara's stomach.

Kolpy whimpered. He approached his master slowly. "*M...Mistress? What about...the curse?*"

Guuuuurrrrrrrrgle!!

She didn't dare breathe. Staring at her body, Liara placed her hands over her belly. Pressure was stirring within. Already, it was causing her dress to deform and shift.

"*What...What did you...*"

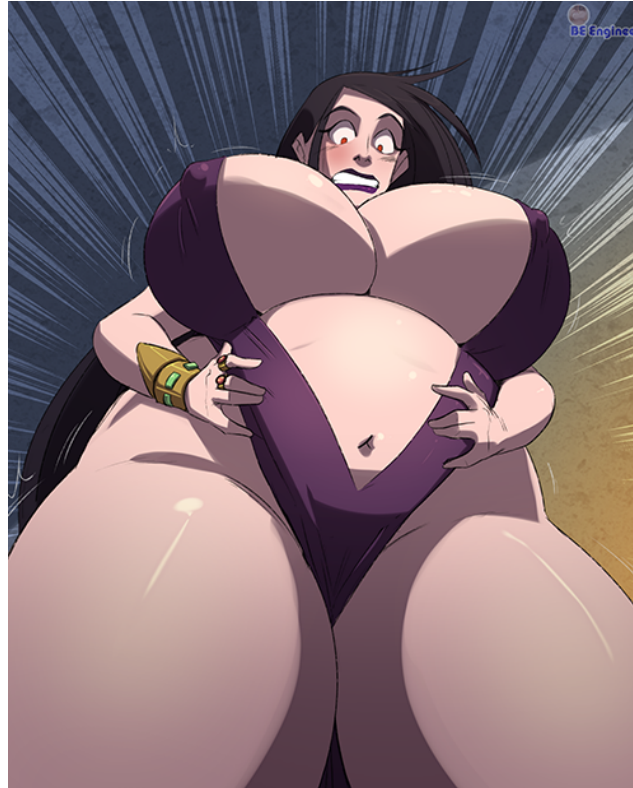
GUUUUUURRRRRRGLE

No one said a word. Liara's body swelled as if fifty pounds of weight were rapidly pouring into her. Her stomach bulged against her hands. Creases shot across her dress where it pulled to the limit. Her fingers trembled against the rising pressure. Slowly, her belly plumped and bloated. Within moments, she'd gone from slender to appearing ready for labor.

Muna gasped and whispered, "*She's... Blowing up...*"

The accumulation progressed, migrating to the rest of her body. Fullness flowed into her breasts. Galhan watched her cleavage tighten and firm between the two competing spheres of flesh. They pushed forward, rounding out atop her distending belly like two watermelons on a shelf. Below and visible to everyone but Liara, pressure pushed her wider. Swelling assaulted her lower half to add inches across her curves. The defined border between her stomach and navel

fattened and pushed against her dress, nestled between two plumping thighs each as wide as her torso. Too heavy against the force of gravity, Liara's rapidly filling contents pulled downward. Her abdomen assumed a teardrop shape, rounding out between her thighs as her stomach pushed lower and wider by the second.



Worry dripped from Kolpy's words. He reached out but recoiled, deciding against touching his master's expanding pear-shaped body. "*Mistress... Y-You're--*"

GUURRRRRRGLE!!

Liara's terror grew. Her breasts bloated into massive globes of tension and pressure. Nipples swollen into fists tore through the dress.

"*Galhan...*" Muna's eyes were wide with fear but couldn't look away. "*Galhan, what's happening to her??*"

The knight came to her side. "*Retribution.*"

GUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

"*Haaahhh! Nnngh!!!*" Liara groped and massaged, trying to combat the incredible expansion. It was no use, even with the help of magic. Every spell only seemed to backfire and build the pressure higher.

Galhan stared. "*Your milk might have kept her young, but she was cursed as well... She could never touch your breasts. Never draw the milk for herself, no matter how much she wanted. You've seen it in her eyes; she stares at them like a beggar to a feast. That was the condition of your curse, and she just broke it.*"

Shhrrriip!!

“Ahh!!” Liara gasped when a seam opened down her side. Flesh poured out with reflective tightness.

Pop!!

Pop pop!!

“M-Make it stop!!!” she begged, hands flailing across her figure. “*THERE’S TOO MUCH PRESSURE!! It’s all...BACKING UP!!!*”

Lace sprang open across her bust. Larger now than even Muna, Liara’s breasts heaved upon a belly too wide to fit through a door. Her body bloated across every inch. As if her belly were hungry for more, it pushed her legs open and swelled between them to engulf her thighs. Its roundness was spreading across her body, pushing up against her chest and widening her torso.

The sorceress’s entire body was filling.

GUUUURRRRRRRRGLE!!!

“Haaahhhh!! Nnngh...Y-You!!” she groaned, arms flailing against her widening sides. Desperate massaging and pushing did nothing to ease her state. Her body was starting to look more balloon than human. Plumping flesh pushed her arms up and out, refusing to let them reach the front of her belly. “*NNNGH!! You did this!! YOU DID THIS TO ME!!*”

Galhan shook his head. “*You did this to yourself, you wretch.*”

STRRRRTCH!!!

SHRRRIIIIP!!!

“Ahh!! Hahh!! HAAH!!!”

Liara’s breath was fast and short. Terror filled her gaze as she stared at the cleavage engorging into her face. It felt as though her abdomen was swallowing her up. Rounding growth lifted her breasts and stretched their bases into wide circles across her belly. Even at their boulder-like size, they had begun to widen and flatten out into gentle domes. Nothing could stand against her gut. Any semblance of a human figure was swallowed up. She’d grown wide and plump. A merchant’s cart would not have fit her girth as her body surpassed a width rivaling her height.

Kolpy reached out. “*M-Mistress, you’re--*”

SHRRRIIIIP!!!!

“*AAUGH!!*”

Her dress exploded. Billowing flesh sprang forth, shocking Galhan and Muna at the sorceress’s deformed nudity. She was becoming spherical. Rounding out from her shoulders to her shins, Liara’s limbs had almost vanished into her bulk as they were pulled into her rounding frame. Between her spread legs, her crotch had stretched into a fantastical version of female anatomy. Heavy, swollen lips stretched long and tight across the bottom of her belly, dripping with a thick black ooze.

Muna felt far too close for comfort. “*Galhan... I-I think she’s going to...*”

“Nnngh!!! You...” Liara gasped for air, wobbling on her feet. Balance was abandoning her as she glared at Galhan from over her flattening breasts. “You’ll...regret this!! YOU’LL--”

FWOOMSH!!

“MNGHH!!”

She toppled, rolling onto her back as the remainder of her limbs withdrew into her body. Flailing arms and feet thrashed against her bulk.

“Galhan...” Muna whispered, grabbing his arm. “She looks like she’s--”

Strrrrrrrrtch

“Nnngh!!!!”

Skin tightened. Liara’s body couldn’t push itself much further. Watching her plump to full roundness was mesmerizing as it pulled and tightened every inch of her nakedness. Even gravity couldn’t keep her body from rounding into a full sphere.

“Mistress?! MISTRESS!!” Kolpy yelled, sinking his hands into her side. Stretch marks instantly shot from his nails when they pressed into her skin. “WE MUST GET IT OUT!!”

“DON’T TOUCH ME!! D-DON’T YOU DARE TOUCH ME, YOU FOOL!!! I’M TOO--”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!

“NNNNGH!!!!!!”

Her areolas pulled wide and pale across overfilled breasts. A gray tinge darkened her skin to match an approaching storm. Stretched so wide across her body, Liara’s breasts could hardly be recognized as such. They domed with a diameter of several meters across. Even her nipples had been forced wide and flat.

SPRRSH!!

SPRRRS!!!

“AHH!!! AAHHH!!!!”

Black ooze erupted from her depths. Deep quakes vibrated Liara’s body as pressure searched for anywhere else to settle. Her skin could stretch no more. Even as Kolpy pushed against her, she refused to indent under his hands.

Liara’s face was red with stress. Flesh squished around her cheeks as it sank into her body. “I’LL GET YOU!!! THIS-- NNGH!!! DON’T THINK THIS WILL-- A-AHH!!”

RRMMMMBBBLLLLL

POMPH!!!

A belly button the size of a child’s head sprang forth into a tight bundle of skin. It trembled atop her form like a cork ready to burst from a bottle of wine. Stretch marks blossomed around it.



Muna inhaled sharply in fright when the sorceress's body jolted. *"G-Galhan!! She's too full!!! She's going to BURST!!!"*

He could sense it too as the air vibrated with her straining body: Liara's end was near. She'd blown up enough to command almost a third of the room by her size alone. Wobbling with a shifting weight of hundreds of gallons, Liara's form groaned in a last-ditch effort to stretch against the curse's consequences.

Galhan untangled Muna from the ropes before helping her to her feet and racing for the door. Kolpy didn't seem to notice, his eyes trained only on the looming, darkening figure of his master.

RRRMMMMMBBLLLLLLL!!!

"MISTRESS!! M-MISSTRESS!! YOU MUST STOP!! STOP YOUR SWELLING!!" His hand flailed across her to search for hope. Pushing caused ooze to spray from her crotch and nipples, but it returned twofold to stress her more.

Liara screamed as they fled through the door. Nothing could be seen from within her divet of flesh as her head was pulled deep into her body. The taste of Muna's milk still on her lips was almost comforting. *"S-STOP PUSHING ON ME!!! DON'T TOUCH ME!!! I'M TOO TIGHT!!! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M--"*

CRREEEAAAAAAAK!!!

The door closed. Galhan hurried the princess far down the hall before rounding a corner. Stretching like leather filled the air before a sharp eruption trembled through the castle. Muna fell against him, finding comfort in his arms until silence fell over them. Milk soaked through his front and filled the air with a sweet scent.

"I... I-I can't believe it..."

Galhan rubbed her back in comfort. She nuzzled his chest, sniffing with emotion.

"A weight... An incredible weight is just...gone..." Looking up, he saw hope in Muna's watery eyes. *"Galhan...! I-I think the curse is gone! I don't feel--"*

Guurrgle

"M-Mngh...!" Muna whimpered, clenched her hand against his chest.

Galhan's heart sank. "Princess??" His heart sank when her bosom swelled. *"I'm sorry I could not remove your plight... For as long as I live, I shall seek a cure and--"*

She pulled back, looking into his eyes like a helpless fawn. *"Liara was right... She's gone, but... The milk... It hasn't stopped... But, it doesn't feel the same... It..."*

Guurrrrgle

Muna tensed, inhaling deeply as if being raptured by invisible hands. Color flushed her cheeks and her eyes lingered on Galhan's loins. *"It feels...better..."*

Her breasts swelled against him until their bloated, ivory fronts pressed against his pelvis with their fullness. A pulsing rod tensed between them, noticeable even through his trousers.

Placing a hand on her chest, Muna whispered, *"Did you mean what you said? About milking me every hour of every day?"* A tremble ran through her as pressure mounted. *"My body has grown so sensitive... My nipples...rage with the fires of Hell..."* She blushed bright red at the incredible need to be pierced to her core brought on by her lactation. *"I-I fear I may need more attention than just relief from my milk, but I could never--Ah!!"*

Galhan silenced her with a full-handed grope of her areola. Kneeling before his beloved princess, the knight brought his lips to her pink petal nipple and latched, drawing a mouthful of milk before swallowing.

"G-Galhan..." The warmth of his mouth was enough to send her into a swirling storm of heat.

He pulled away and kissed her leaking nipple before bowing his head. *"A knight's word is absolute, Princess. No matter the size, no matter the quantity, no matter the need: I shall cherish your milk and your whims as gold. I am at your command."*

Desire welled within her. Never had her milk felt so ready to erupt, nor her core so tense with anticipation.

Muna stepped forward until Galhan's head slid between her dairy-coated breasts, his nose nearly coming into contact with her navel. *"Well then, my loyal knight... Allow me to dub thee once more..."*

Her presence pushed him to the ground. Galhan stared up at the woman straddling his body and the incredible milk-strained breasts swaying back and forth. She hooked the remainder of her tattered dress hanging across her pelvis and pulled it aside. Humid lust flowed over Galhan's senses as he gazed at the princess's most intimate secrets being spread before him. Desire dripped from her pillowy lips. Nestled within were rose-like folds glistening with need.

Princess Muna lowered, giving herself completely to her savior. *“Prepare for your accolades, Sir Galhan of Milk.”*



The End