





Milky Seduction

Breathe in deeply and relax as you experience an erotic journey towards becoming the big breasted, slutty, provider you have always desired to be. Listen and learn about how a car breakdown leads you to a simple country family, completely changing your life. Be guided gently as you discover the pleasures of eating, fucking, and idolizing the adorably plump women you see and worship every day. Find yourself developing lots of delicious habits and behaviors as you listen and transform into the curviest, most seductive lactating slut you can possibly be.

1. Country Drive

Your car breaks down as you are driving down a back road and you find yourself walking to a nearby house. You are invited inside by the family and can immediately feel comfortable and relaxed with your situation as you are greeted by them.

2. Dinner Invitation

As you enter the house, you can discover that the family is entirely filled with women. You are invited to dinner, and cannot help but be mesmerized by the size of each woman's perfect breasts and curvy figures. Know that these women must be happy and satisfied with their lives in order to become so comfortable and seductive in how they present their bodies to the world.

3. The Meal

Suddenly realize how hungry you are and find yourself eating even more at the encouragement of the family. Feel a need to eat more than you would normally eat, and start to feel jealousy for the figures that the women in front of you flaunt so naturally and seductively.

4. Seconds (Slut Exclusive)

The more you eat, the hornier you begin to feel. From the buttermilk biscuits to the gravy and country fried steak, the family cheers you on as you learn the joys of committing yourself towards making your body even more curvy and fuckable and seductive.

5. Dessert

Eat peppermint and ice cream and candy as the beautiful women remind you how delicate and feminine and soft you love to be. Know that every beautiful woman has curves and loves to show them off more than anything. Find yourself idolizing chubby, fuckable, women and know that your life will never be acceptable unless you remake yourself into becoming like them in every way.

6. Games



Play a game of truth or dare with the women of the house. Find yourself picking truth every time as you begin to reveal more and more truths about who you really are.

7. Bedtime

Realize that it is getting late, and accept the family's offer to stay the night. You are shown to your room by one of the women, and can find yourself nodding as she asks if you would like some warm milk before you go to sleep. Instantly find yourself becoming aroused as she takes out her breast and commands you to suck. As you drink, know that you desperately need to experience the euphoria of breastfeeding again and again, finding yourself wishing that you had big, heavy, milk-filled tits just like her so that you can offer them to anyone to brighten their day. Hear her moaning in a soft, feminine voice as you suckle on her engorged breasts, and find yourself instinctively becoming aroused as you think about yourself moaning in the same way in her position.

Remember how enticing and arousing a lactating woman is to anybody that might want to use her, and know that you should never take any chances on owning small useless breasts that refuse to give the erotic milk that turns you on so much.

8. Morning

Wake up in the morning and instantly know that you crave having large, milk-filled breasts to play with and beg your lovers to suck on. Know that constantly craving being a cute, curvy, lactating slut is completely normal for you and turns you on more than anything in the world. Feel surprise and excitement as a woman walks through your bedroom door carrying a change of clothing. Find yourself pleasuring her in order to be able to put her delicious breast into your mouth. Put on some of the pretty, feminine clothing that the girl brought you and become proud of yourself as you know that you are dressing in exactly the same way as your curvy, feminine idols.

9. Breakfast (Slut Exclusive)

Thank the women as they let you know that your car is fixed. Become turned on and aroused as they offer you milk from each of their breasts. Become happy and confident as they compliment your beautiful, feminine outfit, encouraging you to keep eating so that you can grow into it. Find yourself moaning in feminine arousal as they play with your nipples, wishing that your breasts were also as big and fuckable and milk-filled, as theirs are.

10. Ride Home

Get into your car and look at your unattractive figure, realizing that you need to work hard every day in order to remake yourself into the seductive image of lactating, feminine perfection that you so desperately crave.



Be the woman that gives her lovers a little something more every time they take her home.
Become the perfectly fuckable, endlessly sexy, curvy and lactating temptress everyone wants.

❖ **Country Drive**

And as you continue to breathe, you can find yourself falling deeper and deeper into a calm and obedient hypnotic trance. You can discover yourself feeling more comfortable and relaxed and at peace with your surroundings as the veil of trance lifts, and you find yourself driving along an empty country road with nothing but farms and forests for miles. Yes. The warmth of the afternoon sun's pleasing rays beats against your face and the gentle wind blows through your hair, whipping against your cheeks and the comfortable, soothing, headrest behind you. Happy. Relax. Comfortable. You smile happily to yourself as you make your way along the open road, enjoying the fresh, crisp air and the beautiful and relaxing country around you. You find yourself beginning to realize that sunset is fast approaching, imagining the beautifully comforting and soothing dusk sky as it casts its warm and pleasing glow against your skin. Peaceful. Pleasure. Soothing. You can discover yourself pressing the accelerator harder to keep travelling at your preferred speed, when you suddenly realize that you are running out of fuel. Yes. You can take a quick glance at the dashboard and find that there is no alert as you tap the glass in front of the needle in frustration. You intuitively know that you are unable to fix the problem as you pump the gas pedal in vain and find the car gradually slowing, before completely sputtering to a stop. Alone. Anxious. Afraid. You can find yourself sighing, knowing that there is nothing you can do about your broken car and you grab your cell phone, hoping to be able to call someone for roadside assistance only to find that you have no signal this far in the middle of the country. Yes. You take a moment to collect yourself and push your car out of the road and onto the gravel shoulder before you begin to walk down the street. You find yourself consumed with feelings of dread and discomfort with the idea of being stuck in pitch black darkness in such an unfamiliar place. Uncomfortable. Incomplete. Empty. You can continue moving forward, the afternoon sun dipping below the tree line, and can wonder to yourself how far you must have walked already without coming into contact with any other people. And as you walk, you can feel your heart begin to race as you discover the sound of a car approaching. You instinctively turn your head and see an old pickup truck approaching you in the distance. Yes. Waiting until it is closer, you begin to wave your arms, hoping the driver will stop and help you. Yes. And as you continue to wave for the vehicle's attention, you are completely relieved when the old truck creaks to a halt beside you and



the passenger rolls down the window, revealing a cab full of similar looking curvy, women with rosy, sun kissed cheeks. Happy. Desire. Adorable. The woman in the passenger seat asks if it was your car on the road behind them and you can find yourself shaking your head as you admit that you ran out of gas in frustration. Yes. She gestures to the rear bed of the truck and encourages you to get in, smiling warmly and telling you that you look exhausted and in need of a good meal. Yes. The rear bed of the truck is loaded with baskets of colorful produce, with more curvy girls sitting in the rear between each of the bushels. A beautiful woman with large breasts orders the girls to make room for you and you find yourself squeezing between them, your arms rubbing up against their soft, delicate skin pleasantly. Feminine. Loved. Safe. And as they continue on their journey, you can find yourself feeling a deep sense of relief and comfort knowing that your saviors are beautiful and trustworthy and kind people. Yes. The truck arrives at a large farmhouse and stops in the driveway, each woman beginning to unload the groceries, before turning to invite you inside. Yes. You nod your head and start moving towards the front of the house. And with each step that you take, you can find yourself becoming even more obedient and receptive to the sound of my voice. Deeper and deeper as you fall into a warm and relaxing trance.

❖ **Dinner Invitation**

You can breathe deeply in and out as you find yourself drifting deeper and deeper into trance with every step that your feet take as you enter the quaint farmhouse and are immediately enveloped in comforting warmth. Yes. Some of the groceries are taken from the truck into the home by a group of freckled little girls for the women in the kitchen to wash and prep while other women mind the multiple stoves and ovens, filling the air with the buttery smell of freshly baked rolls and biscuits. Safe. Soothing. Relax. The driver of the truck tells you that she is the owner of the farm and introduces you to her large family. You find yourself surprised to find that there are no men in the house at all and she smiles at you warmly, her ample chest puffing out in pride as she proudly tells you that they are an entirely woman run family farm. Feminine. Happy. Loved. She continues to explain the inner workings of her farm and family, and you cannot help but notice the button of her shirt straining to contain her large breasts. Yes. You find yourself looking around at all the women and begin to discover that they all have similar body types, beautifully curvy and soft and completely buxom. Pleasure. Desire. Excitement. Your voluptuous host's words are lost as you become completely mesmerized by the size of each woman's perky breasts, bouncing erotically as they cook dinner and move around you as you gaze, as if lost in a fantasy of your own desires. Yes. You find yourself thinking about the lives of these beautiful women and can begin to realize that each and



every woman here must feel completely happy and satisfied and fulfilled in order to become so casual comfortably flaunting their sensually seductive bodies around you. Yes. And as the women continue to work, you begin to find yourself studying their effortless movements, unable to tear your eyes away from their beautiful curvy forms as you begin to feel pleasure and desire and arousal building up inside of you. Yes. The women, seeming to sense your lustful gaze begin to steal long glances at you, giggling behind your back before scurrying off to their chores. Happy. Comfort. Excitement. You find yourself feeling horny and aroused and loved as the women begin unbuttoning the tops of their shirts and lowering their necklines to gain your attention, showing off their ample cleavage and giving you subtle hints of their erotic sexual intentions. Confident. Desire. Pleasure. You can discover yourself imagining them as seductive predators, stalking you as their prey as the women slyly press their soft bodies against you, your mind struggling with it's own arousal. Yes. You can imagine what it would be like to have sex with each and every one of these perfectly fuckable women, and cannot help but fantasize about burying your face between their thick thighs, licking their delicious pussies while you grip their soft, ample bottoms, pulling them even closer against your wanting face. Yes. You find yourself fantasizing about the pleasure of making each of these women come, their curvaceous and shapely bodies waiting for you as you erotically sample each of them in turn, your own body being used and fucked for their own feminine pleasure. Yes. You can discover yourself thinking about fondling each woman's shapely chest, endlessly curious about how their breasts will feel in your wanting hands and mouth. Desire. Pleasure. Excitement. You can begin to feel your mouth salivating with the completely pleasurable idea of feeling your tongue swirl around each woman's nipples and can fall even deeper as you fade into a comfortable and relaxing trance. Listening and completely obedient to the true and pleasurable sound of my voice.

✧ **The Meal**

You find yourself feeling more relaxed and comfortable and at peace as the veil of trance gently lifts and can discover yourself sitting in a comfortable chair between two beautiful buxom women at the large dinner table. Yes. The wooden table is ornate and long and covered with soft, white linens, and you can find yourself running your fingertips along the edges of your setting, feeling the raised threads of the embroidered designs as you ask yourself if these beautiful women created each and every placemat themselves. Loved. Happy. Pleasure. You can look around and notice that the bench seating is perfectly sized for the long table filled with women sitting shoulder to shoulder and you realize that while you might find the hard wood beneath you somewhat uncomfortable to



sit on, the women around you seem perfectly happy and comfortable and relaxed with the way that they are positioned. Comfort. Desire. Happy. You find yourself catching bits of talking amidst the low hum of excited chatter between the women at the table and it starts to become obvious that you are the subject of most of the hushed conversation, many of the girls commenting on how cute and more attractive you would look if you were a little curvier. Yes. You are starting to realize that the hard wood of the bench does not bother these women because of their curvy and thick and plump figures that allow for a soft and natural cushion against the biting hardness of the seat. You find yourself fidgeting and adjusting and constantly shifting your weight as you realize that your body is simply too skinny and boney to discover the comfortable position that these women enjoy so naturally. Uncomfortable. Jealous. Incomplete. And as large family style plates of food begin to flow out of the kitchen, you are pleased to be served a large portion of each before the plates are passed on, each of the voluptuous women helping themselves to a large serving before passing the dish to the girl beside her. All of the women around you encourage you to eat more and more, commenting on the fact that you have had a long and stressful day, and letting you know that any problem you may have can always be made better with a good, delicious meal. Yes. You find yourself nodding your head in complete agreement, intuitively knowing that beautifully curvy and seductive women always know what is best for you and always should be obeyed completely. Yes. You can discover yourself noticing that each and every woman at the table is happy and comfortable and confident in every aspect of themselves and you can feel the seeds of jealousy starting to grow within you for their ability to so easily and naturally flaunt their beautiful figures in front as they go about their day. Yes. You find yourself fantasizing about how happy and loved and satisfied you would feel if you too had the large, heavy breasts, wide hips, and plump kissable lips that each and every woman at the table so easily and naturally displays. Loved. Desire. Happy. You are beginning to intuitively crave the feeling of confidence and power and fulfillment that comes with the lifestyle of the women in front of you, and you find yourself being overcome with a completely understandable desire to remake yourself completely in their image. Yes. And as you begin your first bite you can suddenly realize how tired and hungry and drained you feel from the stress of your day and you can feel your mouth salivating in anticipation for the meal ahead. Yes. With every taste, you discover that the food is rich and filling and you find yourself eating faster and faster with the encouragement from your new curvy and feminine and sexual idols. You can begin to realize that their beautifully curvy shapes are a product of their own happiness and confidence and pride in their bodies and you discover yourself wanting to be as perfectly content and fulfilled and pleased as they are in every aspect of their lives. Happy.



Pleasure. Peaceful. And as you eat more and more, you find yourself becoming even happier and more fulfilled and satisfied than you have ever felt in your life, knowing that eating as much as you can, at every possible opportunity, will get you closer and closer towards having the same beautifully voluptuous, and completely arousing figures as the goddesses before you. Yes. The fullness growing in your belly, the sounds of utensils clinking against plates, and the purr of the overlapping feminine voices around you serves to make you fall even deeper and deeper into a calm and relaxing and comfortable trance with the completely soothing sound of my hypnotic voice.

✧ **Seconds (Slut Exclusive)**

Breathe deeply in and out as you discover yourself becoming even more relaxed and comfortable and happy. You can become aware of your body sitting on the wooden bench at the dinner table, surrounded by the sexy and curvy and confident women that you love to idolize. Comfort. Happy. Loved. Laid out in the middle of the table are baskets of hot and buttery biscuits, constantly being refilled as fresh pastries continue to be moved out from the kitchen, the family style plates of food never emptying despite them being in constant rotation around the table. Yes. You can notice that every time you look away, someone near you refills your glass of milk and serves you another scoop of whatever dish is closest. Yes. And although you are fast approaching fullness, the women around you seem to be having no problem, cleaning their plates and asking for seconds, making you feel even more flat chested and bony and unable to keep up with your curvy idols. Incomplete. Jealous. Ugly. A second portion of country fried steak makes its way to your dinner plate before being smothered in a thick and creamy gravy dotted with flecks of ground pepper and you immediately start eating, rousing cheers from the women, proud of you for filling yourself up with the foods they so generously cooked and served to you. Excited. Pleasure. Confident. And as the women around you encourage you to eat more and more, you can feel yourself becoming aroused with each bite, knowing that you will receive even more attention and pleasure and satisfaction from these perfectly curvy women with every plate you commit to finishing. Yes. You can discover yourself fantasizing about what it would be like to become one of the women around you, imagining your body ballooning out in all the right places to give you the completely sexy and curvaceous and feminine body that you know you have always desperately craved and desired. Yes. You can find yourself wondering what it would feel like to have the perfect hourglass figure like these women, with their large breasts perfectly proportioned above ample asses, and thick thighs to match. Yes. You can notice yourself fantasizing about running your hands along the soft curves of each and every one of the beautiful temptresses around you, imagining how smooth and feminine



and erotic their bare skin must feel, endlessly curious about how to obtain the buxom figure of the women that you have come to love and idolize. Pleasure. Desire. Jealous. Your new friends continue to cheer for you and support your new eating habits, and you can find yourself committing your future towards emulating them in every way, working each day towards making your body as curvy and fuckable and seductive as their bodies naturally are. And as the women around you continue to chat, you can find that the subject of many of the girl's conversations among one another is of their sexual conquests and desires. Yes. You can find yourself listening intently to their tales of erotic experiences, automatically lifting your fork to your mouth as you continue to eat, enthralled and turned on by each one of their stories. Loved. Happy. Confident. A scoop of velvety smooth and buttery mashed potatoes makes its way onto your plate as you listen to the woman across from you tell a story of two lovers fighting for her attention, each giving her extravagant gifts like gourmet chocolates and large dipped strawberries in order to gain her affection. Yes. You can feel yourself getting horny and aroused as she describes how each of her sexy lovers pleased her after showering her with gifts and compliments and love and you can realize that in order to have the same pleasurable experiences as she has had and in order to live your ideal life, you must also have the body that every sexy stranger craves and desires. Yes. You can find yourself feeling happy and comfortable and satisfied with your revelations as the gently hypnotic sound of each woman's voice lulls you into an even deeper and more relaxing and obedient hypnotic trance.

✧ **Dessert**

You can discover yourself feeling completely comfortable and relaxed and soothed as you drift deeper and deeper with the sound of my voice. And as the weight of your hypnotic trance lifts and you can find yourself again sitting at the familiar dinner table, wedged between two curvy women that you feel completely comfortable idolizing. Yes. The table has been cleared of dinner, and small, shallow dishes of peppermint flavored hard candies are placed where the basket of biscuits once occupied. A young girl clears your dirty dinner plate and another girl instantly replaces it with a smaller plate for dessert, clean and ready for the next part of your delicious and increasingly erotic meal. Loved. Happy. Pleasure. The woman beside you asks how you have enjoyed the dinner so far and if you are feeling better now that you have had a chance to eat a good meal. You find yourself nodding as you thank the woman and her family for their generosity, admitting to them how much you desire their completely carefree lifestyle and how you crave their beautiful, curvaceous bodies as your own. Desire. Excitement. Feminine. The women erupt into excited chatter, offering to help you achieve the soft and curvy and



buxom bodies they all flaunt naturally, and you can find yourself reaching new heights of pleasure and desire as you listen obediently and intently, careful not to miss any of the important advice that they plan to give you. Yes. And as they debate about the best ways in which to begin your pleasurable transformation into the soft and beautifully curvy woman you desire to be, you can find yourself being reminded of every curvy woman in your life and can realize that you have always envied their confidence and body and attitude and have always desired to acquire their beautiful figures as your own. Yes. You can discover yourself fantasizing about the pleasure you will feel once you are the beautifully soft and curvy lover that all the sexiest strangers love to shower with gifts before they fuck. Yes. Pies, cobblers, cheesecakes and large trays of warm cookies make their way out of the kitchen and onto the table as scoops of ice cream are served in ornate bowls with chocolate drizzled on top. The women begin serving small slices and bits from each dessert tray until your small plate is overflowing with after dinner treats. You intuitively know that the women expect you to finish your plate as you have finished all the others, and you find yourself stuffing as much of the perfectly baked pastries and smooth and rich ice cream as you can into your waiting mouth. Loved. Pleasure. Soothing. And as you eat more and more of the delicious food presented to you, you can find yourself thinking about every beautiful, feminine and curvy idol in your life, remembering that you have always craved to imitate the chubby, fuckable women you meet. Yes. You can discover that your life will never be acceptable until you have remade yourself completely in their image, and you find your mouth naturally asking for seconds as you commit towards achieving your new, pleasurable feminine goals. Yes. You can find yourself being reminded, that in order to live your ideal life, you must have the perfectly fuckable, soft, and sensual curves that these women so naturally flaunt, and you find yourself feeling aroused at the idea of your body growing bigger and curvier to match the goddesses in front of you, imagining how sexy your body would look as a voluptuous hourglass, in a tight-form fitting dress that leaves nothing to the imagination. Yes. You discover your mind naturally fantasizing about becoming the perfect woman, your large, heavy breasts fondled and your curves caressed and kissed and licked by your sexy lovers. Yes. The women each talk to you in turn, reminding you of how much you crave and desire to be curvy and soft and feminine, and you find yourself nodding your head to each suggestion, knowing that their powerful commands are completely true. Confident. Desire. Pleasure. You can remember that you have always enjoyed the idea of being delicate and feminine and soft and that you will be the happiest and most satisfied and fulfilled in your life when you have achieved the perfectly curvaceous and fuckable body you so desperately crave. Yes. You find yourself drifting deeper and deeper into a comfortable and obedient trance. Feeling more relaxed and happy and at



peace with your surroundings with every breath that you take.

✧ **Games**

You can discover yourself falling deeper and deeper into a comfortable and relaxing and soothing trance, and as you continue to breathe, you can again find yourself sitting at the long familiar table as the veil of your obedient hypnotic trance slowly lifts from your mind. Yes. The table has been completely cleared of all evidence of your meal, the surface clean and without a speck or a crumb in sight. Safe. Soothing. Peaceful. You can discover yourself feeling more comfortable and happy and satisfied with the curvy, beautiful women around you, your full belly happily reminding you that you are getting closer and closer to the image of the feminine perfection. Yes. The well endowed woman sitting across from you suggests that the family play a game of truth or dare and produces an empty glass bottle, placing it on it's side and before spinning it on the tabletop. Excitement. Happy. Pleasure. The bottle slows to a halt and points directly at you causing the women to hoot and giggle in excited anticipation as she asks if you would rather tell the truth to a revealing question or choose a daring task to perform in front of the family. Yes. You find yourself immediately choosing truth, slightly nervous for the revealing question she has in store. With a charming dimpled smile, the woman asks you which members of the family you think are beautiful and you find yourself smiling as you respond that you think every member of the family is completely gorgeous with their sexy, feminine curves and seductive, alluring charm. Confident. Feminine. Loved. The women react positively to your answer, earning hugs from those beside you and coos from the others at the table. You find yourself quickly becoming aroused as the woman continues to hug you, pulling you even closer against her large bosom. Yes. And as her breasts cradle you, you discover yourself resisting the urge to touch and fondle and please her soft and alluring and tempting feminine body. Desire. Excitement. Pleasure. The night and the game continues, and you can find yourself choosing truth in every instance in which the bottleneck points to you. The women around the table dare each other to give you kisses, starting mildly with quick forehead pecks and cheek smooches and progressing to long lip kisses, playful fondling, and pushing their large boobs into your face eliciting girlish giggles. Yes. The night continues and the questions that the women ask you begin to get more difficult, and you find yourself admitting to the family that you envy their beautiful, feminine bodies and that you would want nothing more in your life than to remake yourself completely in their image. Yes. You can find yourself excited at the rate at which their curves and femininity and beauty are arousing you and know that you naturally envy their luscious bodies, wishing that you had your very own set of large, supple, milky breasts to play with and enjoy every day. Yes. You can find



yourself easily expressing your emotions to the women around you, knowing that you will be happier and more pleased in your life the more you remodel your personality and emotions to completely match the chubby women around you, and know that curvy, voluptuous women are always the best examples of the perfect image to strive for in your future. You discover yourself fantasizing about transforming into the curvy and confident and chubby goddess of your dreams and perfect future and know that only once you achieve your goal will you feel as powerful and confident and erotic as the women in front of you. Pleasure. Desire. Loved. And as you continue to talk, you can find your most intimate words and emotions flow out of you naturally and easily. The women praise and compliment and approve of how easily you have confessed your lifelong wishes and hopes and dreams, promising that you will also gain their beautifully feminine, buxom, and curvaceous figures if you promise to listen and obey every word that they say. Yes. And as the game comes to an end, it becomes increasingly clear that you will need to stay the night. The women of the house insist that you have a hot bath before bed to relax after a long, exhausting day, and as you strip yourself of your dirty and sweaty clothing, discarding them on the floor, you can feel free to take a moment to look at your body in the mirror, disgusted at how small and flat your breasts are and completely displeased at your awkward, boxy figure. Yes. You need huge fuckable breasts. You crave a huge squeezable butt. You desire a plump body for your lover to grab onto and fondle as you scream out in pleasure. Yes. You can remember now how frustrated you have always been in your flat, uncomfortable body with it's annoying lack of curves and feminine assets. Incomplete. Jealous. Uncomfortable. You tear your eyes away from your own reflection and step into the relaxing bubble bath, the floral scent of the water and steam working quickly to open up your senses and sooth you completely. You discover yourself sinking into the perfectly hot bubble bathwater, quickly scrubbing away the excess dirt and sweat as you let go of all of your worries and stresses and anxieties and cares. Yes. Comfortable and relaxed, you step out of the tub, your body feeling fresh and clean and soft, and find that your dirty clothes are missing, replaced by a fluffy white towel and long nightgown folded neatly on the countertop. Adorable. Loved. Excitement. You can hear a light knock on the door and you tell your visitor to wait a moment as you dress. Without another choice of clothing you find yourself pulling the nightgown over your head, the soft fabric draping around your body and hem falling just below your knees. You take a quick look in the mirror and notice that the night gown covers all of your most boney parts, the clever frilled design making you look fuller in the chest. Yes. You open the door and follow the beautiful, dimple cheeked woman down the long hallway on the other side. And with each step, you can find yourself feeling even more happy and safe and loved as you continue to fall deeper and deeper into a calm



and soothing hypnotic trance with the sound of my voice.

✧ **Bedtime**

Deeper and deeper, feeling more and more relaxed and comfortable and obedient as you become aware of your surroundings through the gentle fog of your trance and find yourself back at the farm, following the beautiful and curvy and dimple-cheeked woman down the hallway to your bedroom. Yes. In her adorably feminine voice, she says that she hopes that you do not mind that she took your dirty clothes to be washed, and compliments you on how cute you look in the pretty nightgown, apologizing for the house's lack of other options. You find yourself telling her that you do not mind at all and thank her for all of the hospitality that you have been shown so far. Cute. Adorable. Loved. She giggles and leads you to a modest bedroom furnished with a small bed, night stand, and thickly cushioned rocking chair, the overhead lights dimmed to create a soothing and peaceful ambiance. The woman asks if you would like some warm milk to help you sleep and you find yourself immediately nodding as you accept her offer. Yes. To your excitement and arousal, she closes the door and moves towards the large rocking chair to make herself comfortable, patting her lap and gesturing for you to sit. Yes. Through your arousal and desire, you can find yourself moving across the bedroom before sitting on her lap as instructed. The beautifully curvy woman positions you herself, turning your body sideways and draping your legs over the arm of the chair, before cradling your upper body as she begins to rock. Soothing. Relax. Comfort. You can discover yourself feeling more relaxed and comfortable and at peace with your surroundings as the gentle rocking motion pulls you even deeper and deeper into a deep and soothing hypnotic trance. And as you drift, you can find your head falling perfectly into the crook of her neck, as she asks if you are ready for your milk. Yes. You can discover yourself nodding your head enthusiastically as she unbuttons the top three buttons of her night shirt, exposing her large milky breasts, her kissable nipples erect from being exposed to the night air. Happy. Desire. Pleasure. You can find yourself instinctively opening your thirsty mouth as she offers you her perfect breast, encouraging you to have a taste of her delicious milk. And as you drink, your beautifully curvy and seductive temptress continues to rock you hypnotically back and forth, pushing you deeper and deeper into trance with her every movement. Yes. Milk flows easily and naturally out of her puffy, sensitive nipples as you continue to suck, and you can feel yourself becoming more excited and aroused and turned on as she moans in response to every movement that you make. Yes. And as you continue to drink, you can find yourself smiling as you imagine the breast you are sucking to contains magical breast milk, a liquid that will slowly work to transform you overnight into the busty and curvy and



beautiful woman you have always wanted to be. Yes. And with that thought, you can discover yourself sucking harder with your erotic fantasy as you fondle her breast in order to stimulate more milk into your mouth. Pleasure. Desire. Happy. You are feeling more comfortable and relaxed and turned on as you suck, the feelings coming to you naturally and easily as if you were always meant to suckle on her large, feminine teats. You can find yourself fantasizing about what it would feel like to feel your own breasts filling up with milk, your large nipples unconsciously leaking through your shirt, advertising yourself as a lactating slut ready to be sucked dry and fucked by any sexy lover she wishes to have. Yes. You discover yourself imagining your body transforming with a belly full of her magical, milky liquid, your thighs and hips becoming round and your breasts swelling with sexy erotic milk to feed your horny lovers who crowd around you with praise and adoration for the chance to suckle at your enormous, milky tits. Yes. And as you continue to think about this entirely achievable and preferable reality in your perfectly happy future, you can find that you are naturally becoming obsessed with the idea of your body transforming into an entirely erotic copy of the curvy, feminine woman sitting in the chair, finding yourself sucking more and more milk from your buxom mentor as your need to idolize and emulate her in every way grows stronger. Desire. Pleasure. Loved. The woman moans in arousal as you continue to suck, her hand sliding under the night shirt to play with your wet, completely aroused sex, her movements perfectly aligning with your needs as she closes her eyes and enjoys the feeling of your mouth drinking from her breasts. Yes. She quickens her pace, finishing in a moan of ecstasy as you continue drinking in erotic bliss. Yes. And as she cleans you and tucks you into bed, you cannot help but feel consumed by your newfound obsession with breastfeeding each and every day as you work to achieve the voluptuous and feminine body that you completely desire in your ideal life. Yes. Find yourself drifting deeper and deeper into an obedient hypnotic trance with the sound of my voice. Falling deeper and deeper into the desire and pleasure and arousal that is your curvy, feminine future.

✧ **Morning**

Find yourself falling deeper and deeper into a calm and hypnotic trance with the sound of my voice. And as you continue to drift, you can discover the powerful, hypnotic fog gently lifting from your obedient mind to view the morning sun's rays spilling into the room from between the lacy curtains. You can feel empowered to slowly take a deep breath in and out, and find yourself feeling more refreshed and rested than you have ever felt, the bed beneath you soft and comfortable, the room warm and cozy. Comfort. Safe. Relax. And as you continue to adjust to the warm light spilling hypnotically through the window, you can find yourself considering the night before, and the family of beautiful



women who have put you up for the night, their soft, feminine, curves and thick, ample bodies filling your mind with sexy images of milk-filled breasts and perfectly fuckable sluts ready to be sucked and squeezed as they moan out in erotic feminine bliss. Desire. Loved. Happy. You can discover yourself craving the feeling of waking as a beautiful and cute and curvy woman, whose breasts can be played with and fondled and sucked on each and every morning by her hunky lovers. Yes. And as you think of all of the beautiful curvy women that you love to emulate and idolize and serve, you can find your arousal and excitement and pleasure increasing to even new heights with a newfound commitment towards completely becoming the voluptuous and gorgeous and alluring goddess who is able to provide for all of her lover's desires with just her body. Yes. You can continue to fantasize about your perfect future as you find yourself reaching under the blankets in order to take a peek at your figure, finding your uncomfortable and thin and boxy body beneath the covers and feeling disappointed and unhappy and frustrated that the breast milk from last night's lover was not the magical potion you wished would transform you into your ideal image of your perfectly feminine future self. Incomplete. Ugly. Gross. You can begin to imagine yourself being a chubby, carefree, lactating slut, being fondled each and every day as she moans out in erotic bliss at her lover's every touch, and you realize that constantly craving the idea of being a cute and curvy and lactating slut is completely normal and natural and instinctive and turns you on more than anything else in the world. Yes. You can discover yourself feeling more and more aroused as you imagine your body growing into the perfect, feminine figure, and know how happy and sexy and seductive you will feel once you have revealed your true self to the world as the perfectly fuckable and alluring lactating slut you know you have always craved to be. Confident. Pleasure. Happy. A light knock comes to the bedroom door and you invite your visitor in. A brunette woman cracks the door open and slips through, closing the door behind her. She greets you with a cheerful good morning and crosses the small room to sit on the edge of your bed, in her arms are a fresh change of feminine clothes for you to wear for the day. Soothing. Comfort. Loved. She begins to tell you that the women that picked you up yesterday are working to fix your car, but the words never fully reach you as you notice a dark, wet spot on her chest and become completely mesmerized by the spread of her swollen, leaking breast. Yes. She notices your hungry stare and looks down at her chest, giggling when she realizes how attracted you are to her suckable, engorged breasts and she coyly asks you if you would like some milk to start your morning. Yes. You find yourself nodding enthusiastically, immediately sitting upright, as the woman smiles, asking you how badly you want it. Desperate and frustrated and aroused, you find yourself begging and pleading with her, worried that the longer you allow her to leak, the less of her erotic milk she will have for you and you find



yourself quickly offering to pleasure her in any way that she wants. Desire. Happy. Loved. She smiles and accepts your begging, pushing you between her legs before lifting her skirt and straddling your head, ordering you to lick her sex until she comes. Yes. You know that you find immense pleasure within yourself whenever you please women that look like and emulate the perfectly curvy, feminine temptress you wish to be in your ideal future. And as you continue pleasuring your beautiful voluptuous, idol, you can intuitively remember that you always need to pleasure plump beautiful women until they moan in erotic ecstasy and come all over your increasingly slutty face. Yes. And as the woman underneath you begins to moan louder, you can find yourself increasing your speed, knowing that pleasing your plump lover now will help her be even more stress free as she shows you how to become even more like her. Yes. And as her delicious pussy explodes and her pleasurable orgasm drips down your face, you can feel your head being pulled up and to her chest, as she allows you to suck her erect nipples, the milk flowing easily and quickly, mixing with her come erotically in your mouth. Happy. Loved. Desire. The woman leaves you to change into the new set of clothing and you notice that she has given you a dress very much like the one she wears, finding yourself excited and aroused and happy with the thought of growing into the feminine outfit in the exact same way that she has. Pleasure. Excitement. Feminine. And as you pull the cute dress over your head, you can feel yourself enjoying the feeling of wearing the same outfit as the curvy women you love to idolize. You do a spin in the mirror, and as you spin, you can discover yourself falling even deeper and deeper into a warm and relaxing and comfortable hypnotic trance.

❖ **Breakfast (Slut Exclusive)**

Discover yourself falling deeper and deeper into a calm and hypnotic state, the fabric of the dress feeling soft and comfortable as it flows around you in the breeze. Yes. And as you become aware of your surroundings, you can find yourself walking into the quiet dining room, the long table now empty and covered in a blue and white checkered tablecloth, vastly different from the energy and excitement of the night before. Comfort. Relax. Peaceful. A strawberry blonde woman pokes her head out from the kitchen and tells you to sit down. You can find yourself obeying immediately, sitting in the seat closest to the kitchen, completely mesmerized by the busty and curvaceous women focused on their individual tasks. The blonde woman returns to the table, and hands you a tall glass of milk, promising that breakfast will be out in just a minute. Safe. Loved. Soothing. You take a sip of the milk as she talks and become completely aroused and turned on as you notice that the liquid is mild and sweet and familiar, she winks at you and says that she has more if you are still thirsty, gesturing to her large, suckable breasts. Yes. You find



yourself quickly draining the glass of her breast milk before asking for more as two women come out of the kitchen, large trays of food in their hands. Yes. They serve you plate after plate of fatty eggs, pancakes, and biscuits covered in thick and creamy sausage gravy. Desire. Excitement. Happy. You find yourself eating the delicious breakfast faster and faster, consumed with your own desire to transform yourself into a plump and fuckable slut like the women you love to idolize and emulate. Yes. The blonde woman tells the other two beautiful and curvy women that you requested more of their delicious milk and the women giggle amongst themselves before walking into the kitchen. The goddess in front of you picks up a thick slice of toast, spreading fruit preserve on top before taking a bite and encouraging you to keep eating, promising you a treat when you finish your breakfast. Pleasure. Comfort. Relax. She compliments the dress you are wearing, mentioning that the material makes you look bigger and curvier than your old clothes did, assuring you that if you continue to eat and keep to a diet like theirs, you will grow into the pretty, feminine dress, perfectly filling it out in the exact same way that they do. Yes. You can feel yourself clearly remembering that her great advice is both correct and true and are excited for your curvy, feminine future, remembering to follow the advice of beautiful, voluptuous women each and every day in order to achieve the perfect, curvaceous, chubby body with large, soft breasts heavy with milk that you have always dreamed of having. Yes. And when you have stuffed yourself with as much of the rich home cooked breakfast food as you can possibly eat, you can hear the blonde woman praise you, cooing that you will have beautiful, feminine curves like theirs in no time. Yes. She proclaims that it is almost time to go and the women in the kitchen join you in the dining room, asking if you would like a last taste of milk. Yes. You find yourself enthusiastically agreeing as each woman allows you to suckle on her breast, giving you the opportunity to fill yourself up with their delicious milk. And as you suck, you can imagine yourself getting chubbier, your stomach completely full with food and their milk and you can discover yourself wishing that you did not have to leave, that you could just stay here on the farm forever among these beautiful and alluring and voluptuous women, suckling and growing until you achieve the image of chubby feminine perfection you so desperately crave each and every time you look into the mirror. Desire. Loved. Happy. And as you breastfeed, you can feel yourself drifting deeper and deeper into a calm and relaxing and soothing trance. Feeling more soothed and comfortable and happy as you continue to drink the warm milk that you so desperately crave.

◇ **Ride Home**

You can discover yourself feeling happy and comfortable and relaxed as you drift deeper



and deeper. Yes. And as you continue to focus and listen to my words, you can look around to find yourself sitting in an old truck, waiting to get a ride back to your broken down car. The farm air is fresh on your senses as a chubby raven haired woman with cute freckles sprinkled across her face starts the engine, the little cart sputtering to life, before lurching forward as she steps on the gas pedal. Comfort. Relax. Soothing. The adorably chubby woman tells you that your car was fixed earlier this morning, and she, like the others, compliments you on your adorable, new outfit, praising you for being able to keep up with the family's ample diet. You find yourself immediately responding that you are more than willing to commit to the diet of eating as many fatty and sugary foods as you can, hoping that you can achieve the shapely feminine figure that you have always desperately craved and desired. Happy. Pleasure. Loved. The vehicle moves slowly along the unpaved roads, each and every bump causing the woman's breasts to bounce erotically to your pleasure and arousal. Yes. You find yourself staring at her ample cleavage, imagining what it would feel like to have such large, sensitive breasts bouncing pleurably along the drive and jiggling with every turn, leaking delicious milk from their engorged nipples. Desire. Excitement. Comfort. You discover your thoughts naturally reflecting on the adventure that you have had, meeting these beautiful, voluptuous women and fantasizing about feeding from each and every one of their milky, swollen tits. Yes. You can remember how much you have always preferred idolizing the curvy women in your life and can now fantasize about each top heavy female from your past with a new sense of appreciation and respect, fantasizing about the delicious sweet milk that they produce so easily and naturally and wishing that you could have the deliciously, erotic liquid of your own for your lovers to always taste and enjoy. Yes. You find yourself looking down past your flat chest and at your lap, your knobby knees bumping against one another under the skirt and you discover yourself naturally comparing your uncomfortable body to the perfect body of the raven haired woman beside you. Yes. Though the bench seats in this old cart are hard from age, use, and exposure to the elements, it does not seem to bother the woman whatsoever, her thick bottom cushioning her, where your butt fails to do the same and you can feel envy and jealousy and desire for a plump, curvy feminine body that feels comfortable in any position it may decide to be in. Incomplete. Jealous. Desire. The woman hoots excitedly as your car enters your field of vision, and as you approach, you are waved down by a team of women, smiling at you through chubby cheeks and plump lips. Loved. Happy. Excitement. You hug each woman tightly, thanking them as they hand you your car keys. The raven haired woman hands you a heavy picnic basket before winking and driving off with the other women, leaving you alone on the dusty road. You can see your reflection in the side door of your car and you find yourself frowning, wishing that you had huge



breasts to fill out your dress like the adorable, voluptuous women you love to emulate. Uncomfortable. Ugly. Alone. You know that it is perfectly natural for you to feel uncomfortable and unattractive and ugly without feminine curves or large milky breasts and you sigh, unlocking the car door and vowing to work every day until you have achieved the body that you have always craved and fantasized about and desired. And as you enter your car, you can place the picnic basket on the seat and open the lid to see what is inside. Loved. Happy. Peaceful. And as you look, you are pleased to see various small bottles of milk among snack sized vegetables and sandwiches. You open one of the bottles and take a small sip, ignoring the fullness from breakfast, and find that the milk has the familiar, erotically mild and sweet taste of breastmilk, bringing a smile to your lips as you reflect on everything your chubby idols have taught you about eating and growing and working towards achieving the image of feminine perfection you have always desired to obtain. Yes. You turn the key in the ignition of your car and as it purrs smoothly to life, and can find yourself feeling determined to work each and every day towards your goal of remaking yourself in the image of lactating, curvy, feminine perfection. Drift deeper and deeper into a trance with me now. Completely obedient and receptive to my every word and suggestion.