

Harvest Milk preview

Nalla followed the elder and Gisel off stage where she was flooded with well wishes and congratulations. Her two closest friends managed to push through the crowd and snatch her away to the blaring festivities.

“You were incredible up there!” her friend Alina exclaimed, hugging her tightly. “I can’t believe that dress on you either! You look like royalty!”

Nalla blushed, smoothing out any wrinkles in the fine fabric running down her body. “You think so? I feel so exposed... My leg keeps slipping out of the slit going up the side and my breasts--” She stopped, remembering her male friend, Joseph, was with them.

“Don’t stop on my account!” he laughed. The line of sight his eyes followed was obvious and Nalla felt as though they were trying to burrow into her cleavage.

“Ignore him,” Alina teased, “He’s probably just remembering that year Gisel burst it open during her procession.”

Nalla went red at the thought. “W-W-Why would you think that’s a good thing to bring up?? I’m nervous enough as it is!”

“It looks like they made the front of the dress a bit roomier though,” she hummed, eyeing it closely. “Old Nana must be expecting *a lot* out of you, huh?”

Feeling like steam was about to blow out of her ears from embarrassment, Nalla shrunk into herself and tried again to pull the front of the dress higher.

“Don’t be so nervous,” Joseph said in hopes of reassuring her, “This has been going on for generations.”

“Easy for you to say...” Nalla huffed.