

Expanding Horizons: Enchanted
Chapter 6

Lost, the pair stumble upon the grounds of an all-female religious community who agree to offer assistance.

GRRROOWWLLL

In what felt like a never-ending curse, Minerva and Eris's stomachs rumbled again that morning. Their challenges since leaving Athria had seen to keep them too busy to think about anything as basic as food. Their last form of nourishment came in the form of Minerva's explosive letdowns and whatever gushed into the girls' mouths at the time, whether it be rich milk or sugary blueberry juice.

GRRROWWLLLL

"*Nngh...*" Eris groaned and held her stomach. Thinking about tasting her friend's sweet dairy only teased her hunger. "You know..." she called out, "If we're *this* hungry, we could just make your--"

"Not a chance."

The scholar grumbled in defeat. "You would rather let me waste away than suck on your nipples..."

An excited squeak came from the fairy sitting amongst Minerva's cleavage like a luxury carriage. "I like Firehead's idea!"

"It's a terrible idea."

Almost a full day had passed since their departure from the forest and its many trials, including chasing their clothes down a creek. Seeing it best to stay off the main road for the time being, the adventurers found themselves wandering through yawning foothills of waving grass and sagebrush. No sign could be found of their abandoned caravan nor the hired man, Kalzar, seeking Minerva and her abilities.

Minerva sought to change the subject. "Would you know how to find your great-great-grandfather once we reach Glomia?"

"Probably!"

The fairy's reply wasn't incredibly reassuring. It would take a skilled rider at least a week on horseback to arrive at the ancient forest, Glomia. Given their timeframe for Akir's return, they would need to already have found a dragon in that period of time and be making their way home. Dismay ate at Minerva's belly.

CLANG!

CLANG!

CLANG!

Guttural metallic chimes rang through the foothills like the echo of a giant's hammer and anvil.

Minerva listened intently to the artificial frequency. “Are those bells...?”

The prospect perked Eris. “Do you think it’s a town??”

“They sound like chapel bells. Could be a small settlement.”

“Roasted chicken and a bed, here I come!!”

They spurred their horses down the road fast enough to leave a dust cloud in their wake. The bells chimed several more times before fading into the past, but the girls knew their path to be true. It wasn’t long until they rounded a bend and saw a multi-level brick structure nestled against a worn cliffside. Several smaller structures stood around it as well as gardens and animal pens, though there were no conventional houses to be seen. Atop the brick structure stood a steeple attempting to pierce the sky. Women clothed from neck to ankle in light brown dresses worked the area.

Eris frowned. “This is where it was coming from, right? Not much of a village...”

“It looks some kind of community.” Minerva stared at the women and their matching garb. “Maybe a monastery? I don’t see any men, though. A convent?”

Squinting her eyes, Eris inspected a large, shining silver insignia adorning the front of the main building. She recognized it as the symbol of a lesser-known religious sect of Comaoism. Its followers were peaceful and charitable, though known for strict modesty.

“Looks like their comaoists,” Eris whispered. Lowering her voice as they approached several women, she added, *“They’re kind of crazy... They think we’re all made of tainted clay and the physical body is an inherently impure prison of our true, pure essence. The only true goodness is an ethereal afterlife without our bodies distracting us from absolute virtue.”*

Minerva shivered and glanced down. Given the naked fairy squished between her excessive exposed cleavage, she frowned. “If that’s true, I’m not sure they’ll be very welcoming of us...”

“As long as they have food, I’ll pray to whomever they want! It’s worth it for a meal and a good night’s sleep.”

The comaoists working in the gardens took immediate notice of their girls’ presence when they approached.

“Disgusting...”

“Sinful harlots.”

One older woman motioned to Minerva and spoke to a younger girl who could have been her daughter. *“See the one with such flesh heaped and exposed? Her body has grown so full of evil that her essence has surely been corrupted to the core.”*

Several others insultingly shielded their eyes or knelt down to pray. Not one reacted to Minerva’s cleavage or choice of clothing in an accepting manner. Feeling self-conscious and guilty, she pulled the front of her dress higher to cover what she could. Eris was met with similar distaste.

“We do *not* belong here,” Minerva whispered over the clapping of their horses. “If I grow even a little, they might stone me!”

Eris's solution was simple. "Then don't grow!"

"Thanks, I'm cured."

A commotion was building when they approached the brick structure. It loomed like a dark grey monolith against the picturesque landscape, as dull in appearance as its residents' sexual taste.

"*H-Hello...*" a young, blonde-haired woman whispered when Minerva rode past. She stood at the entrance to a small sheep pen with a staff in hand. The sorceress supposed her the convent's shepherd, as well as the first to show them any kind of acceptance.

"Good afternoon," Minerva smiled back.

The girl blushed bright red and looked to the ground without another word. Minerva would have tried to speak to her again if the front doors hadn't opened.

"May I help you?" an old woman said with a tone of disapproval. She stood tall and thin with dark hair pulled back in a tight bun. The designs on her gown suggested she was the superior. "Perhaps you're lost? The nearest brothel looking to hire is to the south in Lhystra."

It was difficult not to take the woman's words personally. Luckily, Eris was there to speak for both of them as they dismounted.

"We're looking for a place to stay for the night! And some food!"

She recoiled at the deep V in Eris's dress and the skin it revealed down to her sternum. Minerva drew an arm over her own chest, wishing she were smaller and easier to conceal.

The woman answered, "We cannot turn away someone in need... Even someone as consumed in their own flesh as yourselves. If you accept our assistance, I must ask that you make yourselves decent."

Eris blushed and inspected herself front and back. "Huh?? Did my dress ride up??"

"Skin is shameful to display. Even worse, *breasts* are sinful things meant to be confined in darkness, not boasted and flaunted in the open like badges of honor."

The scholar cocked her head. Minerva was unsure why she was debating the subject, given Eris's knowledge of the sect's beliefs. "But aren't we all women here? We all have a pair of--"

Minerva interjected. "Of course, we'll cover up!"

The superior narrowed her eyes at the sorceress. "Very well. You will be expected to take part in prayer as well as chores during the duration of your stay, proportional to the hospitality you receive. Is that clear?"

"Of course," Minerva accepted.

"*H-Hey!! Easy!!*"

Minerva glanced over to see several women bustling around Eris. Her head and arms were tangled in a dress they were trying to pull over her body.

"You as well," the woman said, motioning to Minerva. "I do not wish for the two of you to taint the eyes of my flock with your flesh."

Brown fabric tumbled over Minerva's eyes. The garment was met with little resistance until it hit her chest.

"Nnngh!! C...Careful!" she protested when the two women tried forcing the tight fabric over her bust.

SSTTRRRRRRTCH

The stitches groaned. Minerva's chest bulged and squished like dough refusing to fit into a pan. Frightened as if they were touching a rabid animal, the women tried avoiding what they could of her oversized breasts.

"How vile..." the woman scowled.

"O-Ow! Hey! I-It's...bunched across my--"

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

FWIP!!!

"Nngh!?"

The dress lurched over her bosom after a great amount of pulling. Minerva felt air squeeze from her lungs as the garment constrained her torso like a corset. Stress lines shot across the rough fabric from the extreme stress. Looking down, Minerva could see her chest being forced flat against her body up to her collarbones. The dress was ready to split open at her size. At the sheep pen, the shepherd's eyes widened at the spectacle.

Together, the girls stood in front of the convent with their bodies concealed from the world. Given no opportunity to change, their usual garb remained beneath, adding awkward mass to the dresses and tenting the bottoms.

Minerva gasped and tried adjusting the front. "I-It's a little hard to breathe! Do you have a larger size?"

"No, we don't. Offer it up as reconciliation for your misdeeds and perhaps it will loosen; it's only through embracing the impurity of your physical form that they could have grown to such a sinful size in the first place."

"Or they grew this big on their own..." Minerva grumbled.

The woman inspected the girls once more before concluding the introduction. "You may call me Mother Theo. I'm the superior here at the Convent of the Modest Sisters of Comaicism. Come, we were just about to dine before our twilight prayer. Your horses will be shown to the stable and you will she shown to your rooms shortly thereafter. In the morning you will help in the garden."

Mother Theo retired inside without waiting for a response.

"This thing is itchy!" Eris complained. "*Do we really have to wear these while we--*"

SHFL SHFL SHFL!

Minerva gasped when the front of her chest shook and jostled. "*OH!!*" Tiny arms flailed against the fabric and her cleavage, trying to escape the compressed prison. Pulling at the neckline, she allowed Tria to escape.

“I’m sorry! I forgot you were in there!” Minerva apologized. “They pulled the dress on so fast I couldn’t stop them!”

Tria shook her head from dizziness. “I thought I was going to suffocate!”

“Are you coming with us, Tria?” Eris asked as the women returned to the convent.

The fairy shook her head and drifted upward. “*Not a chance!* Places like these exterminate fairies without a second thought! I’ll be on the roof where it’s safe!”

(. Y .) (. Y .) (. Y .)

“This isn’t roasted chicken...”

Eris stared at the bowl in front of her. Its scent lacked any sort of spice and the consistency reminded her of undercooked oatmeal.

“I’m not sure what you were expecting.” Minerva played with her food and listened to the sounds it made falling off her spoon. “They think the human body is sinful. Why would they give it something delicious to eat and enjoy? In their eyes, it’s best to feed themselves the most tasteless, bland dish as possible while still maintaining some level of health.”

Eris touched her tongue to a spoon. “Doesn’t mean they couldn’t add a little salt...”

“That’s exactly what it means... *Nngh*... Goddess, this dress is tight.”

“Can you breathe in that thing? You look ready to pop.”

“I-I’m fine... It’s only until tomorrow.”

Eris watched the fabric stretch and crease with Minerva’s breaths. “I knew they hated nudity, but I didn’t think it was to such a degree.”

“I didn’t either, but it’s part of their beliefs. We’re under their roof, so we have to go along with it if we want to stay here. I’ll stay squished in this thing if it means sleeping in a bed.”

Snickering, Eris teased, “I know *you* will, but I’m not sure your breasts will cooperate if--”

“*Ahem*,” a comaoist hissed from across the table.

“S-sorry...” Eris lowered her voice so only Minerva could hear. “Not sure your...uh...*sin bags* will play along.”

“*Shh*.” Minerva hushed her friend before they could land themselves in trouble. Looking further down the table, she caught sight of the shepherd girl staring brazenly at her chest.

“*Nora!*” Mother Theo hissed from the head of the table.

The shepherd girl removed her gaze and stared into her empty bowl. “*Sorry!*” Embarrassed, she could be seen muttering prayers under her breath.

“Is she still staring at you?” Eris asked.

“She hasn’t stopped since we rode in...”

The deep red in the shepherd’s face amused Eris. “She’s acting like she’s never seen a large pair of breasts before.”

Like the rest of the women at the convent, the shepherd showed little to no signs of growth under her shirt. Her stature was exceedingly petite.

“I don’t think she *has* seen large breasts,” Minerva worried.

After a disappointing dinner lacking any form of bodily enjoyment, the adventurers found themselves taken into the chapel for nightly prayer. It was a simple stone room with windows displaying the foothills outside. Rows of wooden pews filled the center to face a single pulpit at the front. Mother Theo stood there, looming over an open tome.

“How long do you think this will take?” Eris whispered.

“Can’t be too long; they wouldn’t want to give our ears the satisfaction of listening to too many sounds.”

Eris tried to hide a laugh as Mother Theo began.

“*Oh, Laios,*” she called out, “*We thirst!*”

GUURRGLE

Minerva shifted in her seat. “*Nngh...*”

“*Really??*” Eris gasped.

“Not like I can help it!!”

Mother Theo continued. “*We hunger!*”

GUURRGLE

“*Mmngh!*”

The dress pulled tighter, compressing Minerva’s awakening bust.

“*We endure this physical realm, rejecting its temptations in your name!*”

“E-Eris... This dress was too tight already...”

Down the pew, Nora leaned forward at the sound of Minerva’s commotion.

“*Laios, we beseech you,*” Mother Theo yelled, “*Fill us with your nectar! Take these sinful forms, and engorge them with sustenance!*”

GUUURRRGLE!

“*A-Ahh! Eris! I might be in trouble here!*”

“*Can you hold it??*”

“*No I can’t hold it!*”

Nora’s eyes bulged to moon-like saucers when Minerva’s chest pushed outward several inches. Nearest them, several women inched away in disgust at the sorceress’ predicament.

“S-Sorry...” Minerva whispered to them, not wanting to disturb their prayer. “Dinner isn’t sitting right...”

Mother Theo boomed. “*We are your humble vessels! Please, come into us! Make us to be full!*”

GGUUURRRGLE

“*Ahh!*”

“*Make us to be overflowing!*”

GUUUUUURRGLE!!

“E...Eris!!” Minerva trembled against the building pressure in her breasts. With the dress drawn too tight, it felt as though it were blocking her nipples from hardening and being able to release.

“Make us to be a gushing example of righteousness!”

GUUUUUURRRGLE!!!

“MMMNGH!!!”

“Minerva... You gotta hang on!”

“I...I’m trying!” Minerva leaned forward to help hide her bust. At the size of her head, it felt ready to burst through her dress. Milk eagerly swirled against her skin in an effort to push her larger and larger against the wishes of the modest garment.

“Dear Laios...” Nora whispered, seeing a rip open under Minerva’s arm. The flesh bulging into the open was more supple than any she’d ever seen.

Mother Theo raised her voice and her arms. *“Fill us with your nourishing essence, that we may truly feed this world!”*

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE!!

SSHRIIP!!

“Aahh!! AHH!! Eris! I-It’s...It’s gonna come out! It’s gonna--”

“AND QUENCH ITS ENDLESS THIRST FOR LUST!”

GUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!

“AAHHMM!!!!”

Panicking when her chest was forced to reach capacity, Minerva grabbed each mound to feel her nipples throbbing.

SQUUUULLCHH!!!

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

Milk assaulted her palms with the sound of two small creamy geysers. Containing what she could, Minerva urged her dress to absorb the liquid. Milk still escaped between her fingers to patter against the stone floor to leave the women around her aghast.

“Thanks be to Laios,” Mother Theo concluded.

“Thanks be to Laios...” Nora whispered, not taking her eyes off the sight.

(. Y .) (. Y .) (. Y .)

Later that night, Minerva was shown to her room by an angry Mother Theo. Minerva did her best to conceal the remnants of her swelling from prayer by soaking the entire front of her dress to disguise the source, though the increase in size was undeniable. The rips in the seams of the dress saw to that.

“You still stay in here for the night,” Mother Theo insisted.

A small room of stone opened up. A single bed, nightstand, lit candle, and a rack for her dress made up the collection of furniture.

“What about my friend?”

“She will be in her own room. Comaoism does not permit women to sleep in the same space. You will sleep fully clothed as well, is that understood?”

“Y... Yes?”

“Do you need anything else?”

“Is there somewhere I can wash myself?”

“We bathe together in the river at dawn, fully clothed. Anything else?”

“N-No, I--”

“Good.” Mother Theo made to leave, though glanced at Minerva’s watermelon-sized chest briefly. “You may have given into the desires of the flesh, but it’s not too late to be saved. Though the size of your sins is great, they would not control you if you accept Laios and his teachings.”

SLAM!

Mother Theo left Minerva wondering exactly what sins she was referring to. These thoughts didn’t dwell for very long, however, as she finally found herself alone. With the moon streaming through an open window, Minerva sought to undress and free her body from the horrid prison.

“Sleep fully clothed... *Yea, right.*”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

The dress clung to her chest like an animal refusing to release its maw. Wet fabric peeled away from her and tensed over her bust, causing stitches to pop and snap. It wasn’t meant to contain a girl of her size, and it surely wasn’t meant to hold a girl of her size when overladen with milk.

“*Nngh...! Come on...! Get off me!*”

SSTTRRRRTCH!!

SHRRRIIP!!!

“*GAH!!!*”

SPLCH!

Minerva gasped like a newborn when her clothes popped over her chest and released her head. A wadded pile containing the convent’s garb as well as her personal clothes were thrown in a wet pile.

“*Ngn... So swollen...*” she groaned. Inspecting herself, she found her engorged breasts dripping milk in their newfound freedom. Thumb-sized nipples jutted out, happily erect. “*That sermon really did a number on me...*” she sighed, poking at her bloated globes.

Begrudgingly, after stretching and rubbing the red lines on her chest from angry seams, Minerva separated the pile and hung the garments up to dry. A quick puff of air extinguished the candle and sent the room into darkness as she climbed into bed. The room was simple but

calming as moonlight filtered onto the floor, and after their night of running wild through the woods, Minerva was eager to close her eyes.

PAT PAT PAT

Bare footsteps against stone roused Minerva not long after trying to find sleep. She thought it to be someone using the restroom, until they stopped outside her door.

CLICK

The bedroom door slowly opened.

Minerva groaned in annoyance and whispered, “Eris, get out of here! The superior already thinks I’m some kind of walking lust demon! You’re going to get us thrown out into the--”

A timid blonde girl emerged into the moonlight. Minerva immediately recognized her as Nora, the shepherd girl.

“O-Oh... Hello, again...” the sorceress said as she pulled the covers up against her chin.

CLICK

She pushed the door closed. It was obvious it had taken the girl every ounce of courage she had to enter Minerva’s room under such circumstances. Even in the dim light, she could tell Nora was blushing and averting her eyes.

“Is something wrong...?” Minerva tried to guess.

Nora chewed on her lip and clasped her hands tight at her navel, as if trying to pray her curiosity away. “Can... Can I see them...?” the shepherd girl finally whispered.

“See what?”

She trembled. The word halted at her tongue, unable to be spoken without damning herself to sin. Voice low, Nora said, “Y-Y-Y-Your... Your... *B... B-B... Breasts...*”

Minerva pulled the blanket even higher. “Aren’t they--”

“They are! They’re forbidden! Everything about the human body is forbidden! I’m sinful simply for thinking about them!!”

Nora stepped toward the bed.

“They’re forbidden fruits... They seem so inviting, and yet they’re forbidden... I pray and I pray, so why can’t I stop thinking about them?!” She gulped and blonde hair fell into her face as she looked to the mounds doming Minerva’s blanket. *“And yours are the most forbidden I’ve ever seen...”*

Reaching behind her, Nora grasped her dress and pulled it off her body.

“*What are you doing??*” Minerva gasped, fearful someone may walk in.

“*S-Showing you my sinful body! So it’s fair...*”

Nora stood at Minerva’s bed as a petite angel clothed in moonlight. Feminine blessings seem to have abandoned her after delivering the bare minimum. Nora made Eris appear exceedingly well-endowed by comparison. Dark blonde hair peppered her crotch as if to declare her development complete. A thin waist helped discern a perky rear and supple, connecting thighs.

Raising a hand, Nora caressed a small breast like a fragile robin's egg.

"I've waited twenty winters for mine to grow, but they refuse to swell... I think it's punishment for thinking about them so often." She whispered in frustration, "*I know it's sinful to even look at them, but I thought indulging oneself would cause your body to grow with sin... So why haven't mine...? There are some nights I can't help but stare at them, waiting for more to fill my palms. When will the sin start to fill them?*"

Nora slowly grabbed the blanket, causing Minerva to tighten her grip. The rough fabric was splendid torture against her bare, engorged nipples.

Nora breathed deep. "Then I saw yours... They were so ripe, they could barely fit into our garment!"

She pulled the blanket down.

"*W-Wai--Mmnggh...*" Minerva tried resisting but was weak against her heightened sensitivity and friction.

"And then... At prayer... I watched them *get even bigger*. It was the most wondrous this I've ever seen!"

The blanket pulled lower, the edge rising up the slope of Minerva's bust. Pale skin shined in the silver light as they slowly came unveiled.

"What does it feel like to have such large...b-breasts...?" Nora whimpered at the sight of Minerva's slow reveal. "When you were a child, how fast did they grow? Did you feel it? Was it like a balloon inflating? Are they as heavy as they look?" She lowered her voice then. "Could a girl my size ever hope to grow so sinful?"

"*M-Mmnggh!*"

The blanket stopped with its edge at Minerva's nipples. Sweating and quivering, the sorceress didn't know what was going to happen. She wasn't in a state to think clearly given her lack of sleep and the night's swelling events.

"I-I've heard stories... Stories about how they're able to fill with milk... L-Like a cow's udder!" Nora hugged her chest. "Such a thing seems impossible... How could something so preposterous be true??"

Looking down, Minerva could see Nora's inner thighs reflecting with a shiny layer of moisture. She was gushing with arousal at her own words and repressed imagination, dripping to the floor below.

"*B-But thinking about them stretching... And struggling to contain such a thick, creamy fluid...*"

Nora's thighs pressed together as she started losing herself and massaging her pussy between them.

"*The image is overpowering... Don't you think?*"

Her hand tensed on the blanket before pulling.

FWIP!

"*MMNGH!*"

Flinging the covers to Minerva's feet, Nora stared at the majestic womanly body laid bare upon the mattress.

Nora's eyes dilated and her voice went soft. *"O-Oh, Laios... You're... Naked..."*

She hadn't expected such a scene. The discovery brought her breaths to rapid succession as she hyperventilated. So much bare skin of another had never graced her eyes. It was overwhelming to her senses.

"You look so soft... And your breasts are so... S-Swollen..." Nora panted. *"They're even bigger than I thought...!"*

SLOOSH

SLOOSH

"M-Mmng...!"

The night air caused Minerva to shiver and send her milk jostling. From her nipples came two thin streams of milk, silver in the moonlight. Nora's eyes glistened and her mouth watered.

"I-It is true... They can hold milk within themselves..."

CRREEAAAAAK

The bed moaned when Nora added her weight.

"Wait! Y-You can't be in here!" Minerva argued. *"We shouldn't be doing this!"*

Nora ignored her, drunk on the sight of another woman's supple flesh. Nothing could have torn her away from the inviting image of the sorceress' breasts. Lifting a leg, she straddled Minerva's hips. Drops of sweat and arousal fell to Minerva below, the fluid hot with lust.

"Mmng... M-Mmng...!"

Minerva had never had another woman on top of her in such a way. The air in the room was visceral and laced with desire. With nothing between them, the heat from their naked bodies mixed in a hurricane of lust between their colliding hips. Slippery lips rubbed against each other as the girls breathed.

Try as she might, Minerva couldn't fight it. Heat and milk fogged her mind. Deep down, she wasn't certain she wanted to refuse the shepherd girl. It felt unfair what had been done to her by the convent. Minerva felt she owed Nora the exploration she so desperately craved, if only to help expand the girl's horizons.

Nora's hands shook as she stared at Minerva's chest.

"I never imagined breasts could get so large... The thought of mine reaching your size seems impossible... I fear my skin could never stretch to such a feat."

She reached out.

"C-Can I touch them?"

It was easier for Minerva to answer than she cared to admit.

"Mmng... M-M-Mhm..." Minerva whimpered, fighting to not release her milk in the heat of the moment. Her mammarys tingled with pressure and tightness, wishing to letdown.

Nervous, finally about to grasp a treasure she'd sought for a lifetime, Nora extended a hand to Minerva's left breasts and pressed.

“Ahh!! MMNGH!!!”

“O-Oh!! They’re SO SOFT!! My hand...sinks into them!!”

Feeling Minerva’s body react under her own brought Nora pleasure. Their pussies ground together, flaring and intertwining in a slippery dance.

“H...Harder...” Minerva squeaked.

Clenching a hand against her racing heart, Nora applied her weight.

SQQUUULCH!!

“MMNGH!!”

“Milk!! I’m milking you!!!”

Thin dribbles ran over her hand and onto the bed. The harder she pressed, the more there was. Nora grew brave and let her hand travel in large circles to coat Minerva’s chest in milk. The plump mounds slid under her fingers with ease, malleable to the shepherd’s grip.

“T-They’re a miracle...! They’re better than I ever dreamed they could be!! How could such soft, warm, milk-filled mounds be sinful?!”

Nora pressed harder. She began tightening her grip until blue veins shined in the light.

“Ahh!! C...Careful!! They’re still very full of--”

SPLUURTCH!!!

A shower of milk erupted from her nipples, dousing Nora. Jumping in fright, she was soon overcome with ecstasy at Minerva’s warmth covering her front and her taste lingering on her tongue.

“It tastes... Heavenly...” Nora panted.

Minerva wasn’t sure she could handle any more. The bed sat soaked under her hips. Much more and she would wrap her legs around Nora’s waist and lock her in.

“Please... Please don’t...” Minerva breathed, seeing thirst in Nora’s eyes. *“I don’t think I can take it...”*

The shepherd’s mouth was dry. She would never be satisfied with water again. *“I’ve never tasted...such sweet nectar...”*

Nora leaned forward. Hands gripping the bed in anticipation, Minerva watched her lips open around a nipple before finally latching.

The sound of suckling came moments later.

“A-A-Ahhhh!! AHH!!! Oh, GODDESS!!!”

Nora began gulping milk from the vast reservoir. What couldn’t be handled by her thirst leaked from her lips and over Minerva’s chest in thick rivers. Wet and sweating, their bodies slid against each other as they started to dance.

“Ah! I... I-I can’t... This... We shouldn’t!” Minerva couldn’t think. This was the first time lips had graced her nipples. At such a hungry mouth, she feared she’d never find such pleasure again if Nora were to release. It was a whirlwind of ecstasy she didn’t want to end. Squirming and arching her back as she felt milk rushing from her glands and through her nipples, she gave in to the pleasure.

Minerva's arms wrapped around Nora's head. Embracing the shepherd, Minerva pulled her deep into her breasts like a lover. Flesh bulged around the blonde's face as she was engulfed in heat and milk, drowning in lust.

"MMNGH!!!"

Nora's suckling filled the night. Minerva could feel her loins quivering. Pleasure was rising to meet a peak. Soon she would scream, and her body would explode in a crash of arousal.

"A-Almost... Almost there...!" Minerva pleaded, hugging Nora into her bosom. *"Drink my milk!! Y-You can have... All the milk you want!!"* One of her hands slid down Nora's back to grope her rear. The tips of her fingers became dripped in the fluid of her crotch when she started fingering the shepherd.

CLICK

Shadows entered the room with neither of the girls the wiser.

"MINERVA!!!"

"NORA!!!"

Eyelids weak and heavy in the face of a crashing orgasm, Minerva could just make out Eris gawking from the doorway, as Mother Theo descending upon them and Nora moaned with a mouthful of milk.

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

What happens next?