

The Chosen

Your girlfriend stands in the doorway, dressed scantily - but ornately - in silken garb. Her hair was done up and pinned in the back with a golden daisy hair-crown, which matched the little flowers stuck in her hair. Green veils covered her “modest” areas, but they were so translucent it may as well not have covered them at all.

She blushes as you take in her visage. She turns to the side, really revealing just how far her breasts extrude from her body. The beautiful pale orbs are round and taut, with each breast easily twice as wide as she is. Her nipples were even more glorious, massive donuts of plump red flesh the size of her head decorated her breasts. To top it all off, any small movement caused her massive, firm breasts to comically bob around.

You frown, you know what this meant. She was to be this year's Ambrosian Vessel. Being chosen by the Gods and Goddesses was no trivial matter. But when was being chosen by the higher powers ever trivial to begin with? You've seen the transformation ceremony once before.

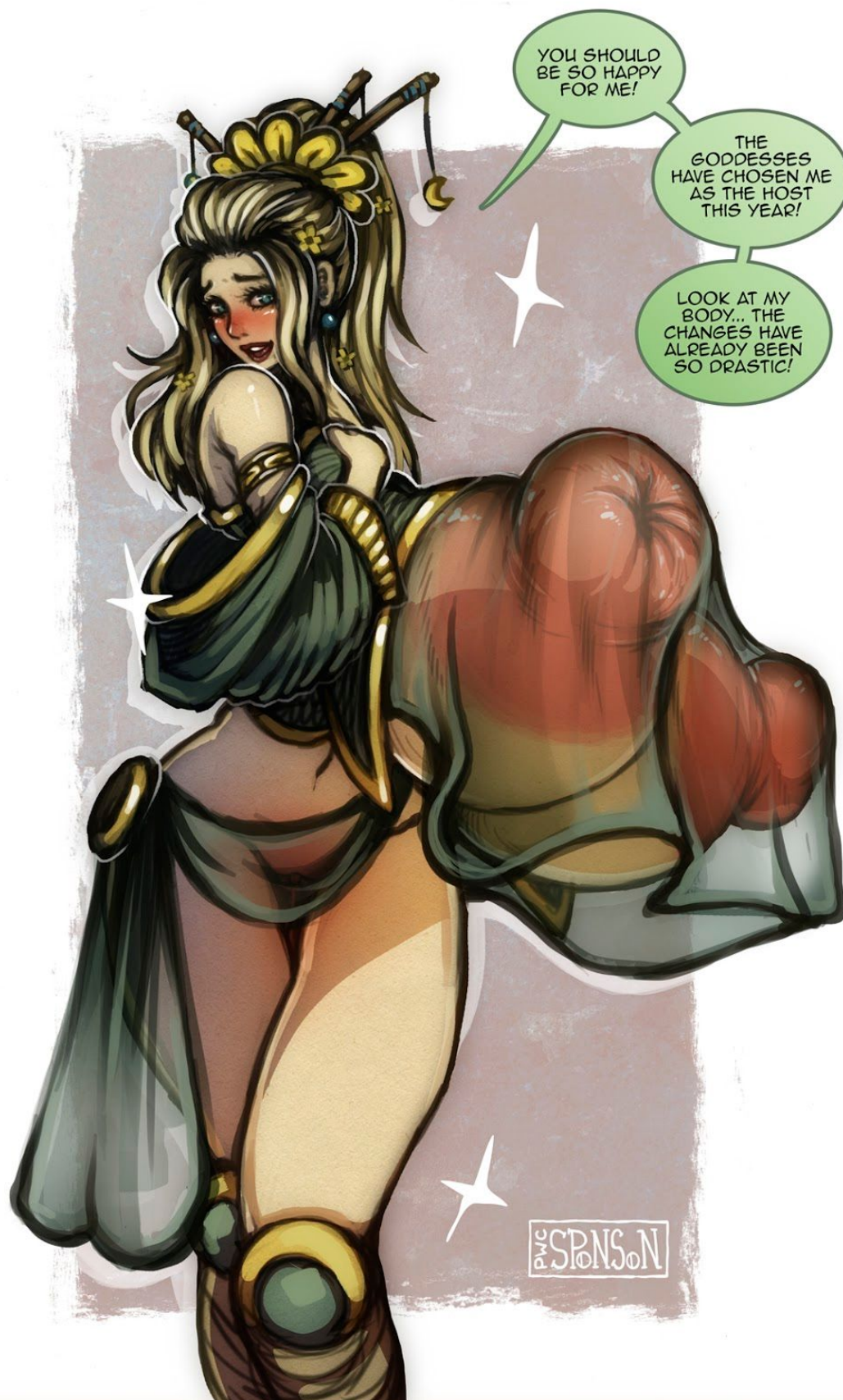
The Ambrosian Vessel makes the trip to the Sundew Temple - and at the first sign of dawn she drinks the previous year's nectar and ascends to the throne at the top of the Temple. Her breasts will begin to grow, now possessed by the raw life energy of the gods - and they will not stop until the girl disappears behind them. After three days of growing, her breasts will begin to lactate the Ambrosian Nectar, eventually producing so much she becomes like a fountain. From then on people are barred from interacting with the Vessel - as it simply becomes dangerous. The pressure of ejecting liquid is so high that the sounds of it crashing into the pools below is deafening like a waterfall.

And there she'll stay like that for a whole year, and during that time she doesn't need to eat or drink, and she doesn't produce bodily waste. When it ends, the girls never really come out the same. They're not all there anymore. They speak of non-stop orgasms, so long and so powerful they can do nothing but gasp. Their breasts shrink back down - but never to the original size. They stay firm and round and massive like a medal of honor, a reminder of their year-long service to the Gods and Goddesses.

The sing song voice of your love breaks you out of your thoughts. You must still have been wearing your frown.

“You should be happy for me!”

And in a way, you are. Your hands move and explore her new body. She shudders - revealing just how sensitive she is. If she's to be gone for a year, then at least you'll have her tonight.



YOU SHOULD
BE SO HAPPY
FOR ME!

THE
GODDESSES
HAVE CHOSEN ME
AS THE HOST
THIS YEAR!

LOOK AT MY
BODY... THE
CHANGES HAVE
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DAN SPONSON

