



Stone walls and fine tapestry were a welcome sight for Cedric after several days away from the castle. A bath and well-deserved rest would greet him with open arms once his task was completed. He counted himself fortunate enough the errand did not necessitate him to wear his armor, or his exhaustion would have been several-fold.

A bag of ingredients swung in his grasp. It hadn't been easy procuring them, but compared to battle or defending against an enemy nation, collecting the items was a nice break from the norm.

"Sir Cedric! You've returned!" a passing royal advisor smiled. "I trust you were successful in your quest?"

"Indeed. I am making haste to the sorcerer's workshop. Let King Richard know the problem will be solved soon."

"He will be most overjoyed."

Cedric continued through the castle. As the king's most trusted knight, he was often entrusted with tasks concerning the wellbeing of the kingdom. He lived to serve his country and his king in any way requested, whether it be by sword, shield, or anywhere in between. Only one thing was more important to him than his honor and pledged loyalty to the crown, and her smile could warm even the coldest stone walls.

*"Oh, Sir Cedric!"*

The king's daughter, Astrid, caught sight of him. As the princess, she enjoyed a comfortable life of luxury within the castle walls. Her beauty was regarded as one of the kingdom's treasures, surpassed only by her kindness.

Cedric basked in the princess's warm greeting as if it were sunlight. Having been recruited as a child, he was blessed to have grown up alongside Princess Astrid and gain her friendship. She'd taken a liking to him in their childhood and often demanded the king allow them time to play. Though there was little time to frolic since their adulthood, Cedric was one of few trusted enough to guard her quarters as well as escort her when she left the castle.

The knight looked upon their time growing up fondly. He treasured their progression through youth in more ways than one. Watching Astrid blossom into a mature woman could be compared to little else. God had blessed her with an ample set of curves to make even the kingdom's most expensive harlots envious.

Astrid wore a flowing green dress reaching the floor with frills flowing from the sleeves. Hand-filling breasts sat heaped to her collarbones in a proud display of cleavage behind a lung-squeezing corset. Flaring hips lifted her gown's fabric like a tablecloth. Every inch of her figure bred temptation in the minds of those lucky enough to catch sight of her.

For years Cedric found himself plagued by images of undoing her bodice and sinking his hands into the best rear end in the land. To deny his affection for the princess would be to lie to himself, though to act upon it would be to break his oath as a knight. Honor would never allow him to caress her body as a lover, nor enjoy her company in the middle of the night. Suckling at

the princess's royal bust was more distant than a dream. King Richard would surely have his head.

"*Cedric! How I've missed you!*" Astrid embraced the knight with a squeal of delight. Her brown hair smelled sweet and clung to his face and clothes: a welcome distraction from his own filth. "The castle has been so dreary in your absence! You're back from your quest?"

"I am," he replied, returning her embrace as far as his honor would allow while ignoring the soft pillow mounds pushing against him. Their softness was rivaled only by silk.

"What errand did my father send you on this time? Was there another attempted coup? Perhaps the head of a spy needed removing?" Astrid saw the bag in his hand and her eyes widened. "Is it in there?"

"Nothing so gruesome, your highness." Cedric opened the bag for her inspection. "Cesar needed these ingredients to help the kingdom's cows produce more milk for the farmers. Your father has received several reports of their productions waning."

Astrid blushed. "Oh my... Those poor cows... I certainly hope they can still walk with such engorged udders! I wonder what it feels like..."

Looking away from the princess's cleavage as she poured over the bag was among his hardest challenges. Images of the princess's bust filled with milk wouldn't soon leave his thoughts.

"I...I couldn't say, your highness. I--"

"I told you to stop calling me that!" Astrid pouted and crossed her arms. "We've known each other since we were ten. Call me Astrid."

"I--"

"Or at least Princess! It sounds cuter than *your highness*. Regardless, you can drop the honorable knight act; nobody is around to hear you."

Cedric snickered. "Can I call you Pig Breath like when we were children, then?"

Her face turned red. "*Cedric!! I said you can call me Astrid or Prin--*"

"Very well, *Princess Pig Breath*." He mused at her frustrated expression. "If I may take my leave, I must get these to Cesar. He'll be expecting me."

"Very well. Make haste for those poor cows!" Astrid stood on her toes to deliver a kiss to his cheek. "Seek me out later! I've been so lonely in your absence. We must play a game or two!"

"I'll make it my next priority, Princess. Until then!"

Cedric took his leave before she could distract him any longer. He took a moment to pluck several loose hairs off his tunic; it wouldn't look good if he was found with the Princess's hair clinging to his clothing after her embrace.

The tension between them was palpable, enough to lead to countless restless nights of longing. It had thus far gone unspoken, but he couldn't help but wonder if the same sexual urges fought within the princess's mind. He liked to believe they did, as he still felt the warmth of her lips on his cheek and the pressure of his trousers against his manhood.

The royal sorcerer, Cesar, could be found among one of the castle's towers. Its high windows provided a view of the entire city as well as miles of countryside. Such a thing was important to the sorcerer's work, he assumed.

The door opened to a vast room of books, brews, and contraptions beyond Cedric's understanding. Standing amongst the sorcerer's study never failed to transport him to a different world than the earthy, bloody battlefield he was so used to.

An older man shrunken with age stood over a tome. His eyes brightened upon seeing the knight. "Ah! Sir Cedric! I trust you have my ingredients?"

"I do."

"Fantastic. I've just finished preparing the base enchantment for your arrival. Come, you can help."

Cesar led Cedric to a cauldron bubbling in the corner. Its fluid was a dull red in color and churned as if mixed by an invisible hand.

"You'll add the proper ingredient as I stir, got it?"

Cedric nodded and opened the bag in preparation.

"First the bundle of cow hair."

Rummaging through the contents, he found a leather pouch. Wrapped within was a palm-sized collection of hairs from various cow tails around the city. They sank into the thick fluid with hardly a reaction.

"Now the milkweed..."

Cedric added the plant. A layer of its fine petals floated over the mixture's surface for a moment before shriveling away.

"Now we must be careful with this final ingredient," Cesar warned while stirring at a constant rate. "You have the luminous mushroom essence?"

He nodded and presented a bottle of clear slime. It glowed blue when jostled and filled his palm with warmth. The substance hadn't been easy to obtain. Putting it to use so quickly almost seemed a waste.

"Good. It's going to act as a catalyst. Slowly pour it in so it distributes evenly as I stir. Ready?"

"Ready."

Lifting the bottle, Cedric tipped it toward the cauldron. A thin strand of slime fell into the concoction to swirl across the top with its movement.

"*Careful... We don't want to add it too quickly...*" Cesar warned. "Any deviation from the recipe could mean disaster."

The pouring continued until the last of the slime fell into the pot.

*POOF!!*

*FFFSSSSHHHH*

Bubbles roiled and churned. Slowly the potion's hue transitioned to a dull purple. Careful not to disturb its motion, Cesar withdrew his rod and stepped back.

“Now what?” Cedric asked.

“Now we wait.”

“We don’t have to distribute it to the cows? Shouldn’t they drink it?”

Cesar shook his head. “It’s an enchantment, not a potion. The effect is slowly spreading outward with transformative energy even as we speak. It should be strong enough to affect every cow within a radius of several dozen kilometers within a few hours. Farmers should wake up to a lot more milk tomorrow morning!”

Looking out the window as the city bathed in a setting sun, Cedric awed at the capability of magic. “Hard to imagine such a small thing could affect so many animals so far away.”

“Believe it! Those cows won’t know what hit them!”

“I’ll make sure to inform the king of our success.” Cedric turned to leave, looking forward to washing up.

“Be proud! You just solved a lot of problems for farmers and milk maidens across the kingdom!” Cesar winked. “Don’t let ol’ King Richard take all the credit for those full udders.”

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The next morning, Cedric was happy to return to his task of patrolling the halls nearest Princess Astrid’s quarters. It was during these early morning patrols while most of the castle was asleep that he found himself able to delve into his own thoughts and ideas. These most often concerned Astrid, and their strength grew when he neared her bedroom door. The thought of such a voluptuous woman alone in a bed was enough to fuel him through even the most mundane duties. If he weren’t careful, his ears would strain to hear something wondrous from within, such as a moan.

“AAHHHH!!!!!!”

A shriek shot through the halls. Cedric didn’t have to hear it again to know it had originated from the princess’s room, and what he’d heard was no moan of delight. Sprinting to her room with a hand ready to draw his weapon, he stopped at Astrid’s door.

*KNOCK!*

*KNOCK!*

“Princess?? Are you alright??”

“Augh!!! H... H-Help me!!!”

“I’m coming in!!”

“C-Cedric?! No! D-Don’t come i--”

*THUD!!*

Ignoring her plea, Cedric threw her door open to smash it against the wall. He found Princess Astrid collapsed on her knees. Both hands clutched her chest over her flowing nightgown.

“Your highness! Are you--”

*GUUURRRGLE*

*“Mmmmmngh!!!”*

A sound of deep, bubbling fluid reached the knight’s ears when Astrid arched her back and threw her chest forward. Her breasts heaved, wobbling back and forth on her torso with far more girth than Cedric anticipated.

*“C-Cedric!!! My... My chest is--”*

*GUUURRRGLE*

*“NNGH!!!”* She grabbed a head-sized mammary in swollen desperation. *“Why...Why do I grow?! My bust feels aflame with heat!!”*

The princess’s nightgown drew tighter. Hard nipples prodded the fabric like fingers and cleavage stretched her neckline into a pillow display.

*“Cedric! Please! M-My chest is...swelling!!! I cannot make it stop!!”*

Watching her fleshy mounds expand to the point of causing stress folds in the fabric, Cedric knew he’d seen enough. He rushed to her side and cradled her in his arms with ease.

*“Where are you taking me?? I--Mmgh!!!”*

*GUUUURRRRRGLE*

*“To get you help!”*

He rushed through the halls towards the castle tower.

*BANG BANG BANG!!*

*“Cesar!!”* Cedric yelled at the sorcerer’s door. *“CESAR!!! WAKE UP!!!”*

The old man answered moments later in a cloud of confusion. *“Sir Cedric? What seems to be the--”*

*GUUURRRRRGLE*

*“My chest!!! Mmmmmghhhh MY CHEST!!!”*

Cesar’s eyes bulged at the engorging woman in his arms. *“Bring her in.”*

Soon, the three were gathered in Cesar’s workshop. Astrid sat in a chair, slave to the overwhelming sensations within her bust.

*“Oh my... Oh my, oh my...”* she whimpered, watching them further engorge. Tightness spread over her skin to lift her breasts with pressure. *“W-Why are they growing??”*

*“Can’t you do something??”* Cedric urged the sorcerer.

Cesar poured over several books of anatomy and curses. *“It’s difficult to start without knowing the cause! It could be anything from a witch’s curse, to a wurmple bite, to--”*

*GUUUURRRRRRRGLE!!!!*

*“Ah!! Aaahhh!!!”* Astrid arched her back when pressure struck within her body. *“Oh God!!! I feel as though they’re about to--”*

*SPLRRRCH!!!!*

The two men stared in shock when white fountains erupted through the princess’s nightgown. Dairy arched across the room to litter the floor in cream.

“Mmmmmgh!!!” Her thighs ground together in pleasure at the sudden release. “*Is that...milk?!*”

Cesar’s face turned white. “Oh no.”

Frantic and moving faster than Cedric had ever seen, the sorcerer focused on mixing a small beaker of fluid. Its color was a cloudy white when he stepped towards Astrid and plucked a brown hair from her head. So enthralled in orgasm, she failed to notice the small bit of pain. Tension filled the air when Cesar dropped the hair into the beaker and swirled its contents. Slowly the fluid transformed into a dark purple, bringing worry to Cesar’s face. Cedric noticed its color matched that of their enchantment.

“Cedric!!” he called in a panic. “Is there *ANY* chance you had the princess’s hair on you when you helped me last night?!”

The knight pondered for a moment before recalling Astrid’s embrace. “She welcomed me home with a hug and I removed several strands from my tunic.”

Cesar collapsed against a table for support. “Then we’ve made a terrible blunder...”

“*Ah!! C-CEDRIC?!*”

They turned when Astrid cried out in shock. Fearful, she held the top of her head between her palms. Two small tan points grew into view from her scalp, separating her fingers. Cedric knew a pair of horns when he saw them.

*GUUURRRRGLE!!*

*SHRRRIIP!!*

Her chest bloated wildly, dominating her torso and dwarfing her head. Tears formed in her nightgown as seams burst. Tight, pale flesh oozed into view like rising dough.

“*C-C-CEDRIC?!?!?*” Astrid gasped, feeling at her limit.

*SHHRRRRRIIP!!!!*

“*Augh!!! I don’t think I can hold any more!!*”

*SPLLLLRRRRRCH!!!!*

In a massive letdown, milk gushed from Astrid’s bust as if it were two fleshy volcanos. The thick streams filled the air with sweetness and flooded the floor in seconds before leaving the princess panting and reduced to her former size.

“What evil is this?!” Cedric demanded.

The sorcerer corrected him. “It’s no evil!”

Struggling to catch her breath, Astrid leaned back in the chair and held her tattered nightgown closed across her chest. “*I-I feel so...warm... What’s happening to me...? Why do I have...horns...???*”

Cesar addressed the knight in a flurry. “Our enchantment is not affecting the kingdom’s cows. It’s affecting the princess and *only* the princess!! By tainting the enchantment with her hair, it’s effects are targeting only her and now she’s enduring the consequences!!”

“*The consequences???*” Cedric glanced at the gasping woman. “*She just blew through her clothes! Make it stop!*”

“I-I’m afraid I can’t...”

*GUUURRRRGL*

“*Mgh!! It’s starting again!!*”

Cesar gulped. “Her body will transform. I’m unsure as to what extent, but just as she’s started producing milk and growing horns, she’ll likely sprout cow ears... And a tail... She’ll come to resemble a heifer overflowing with dairy in her prime.

“*WHAT?!*” Astrid shrieked at the news. “*I can’t--MMGH!!!*” She clutched her breasts in desperation when milk stretched her glands.

The knight ran to the bubble cauldron. “Then I shall dispose of this magic!”

“*No!*” Cesar stopped him. “*Its effect has already taken hold of her body and seeded magic within her!*”

“Then what do we do??”

“The only way to cleanse her of this magic is for her to bathe in a spring of purity! A spring made of water fed by ancient crystal-lined rivers deep in the earth! They’re capable of washing away any enchantment! I have some water here, but not nearly enough for what she requires.”

He spread a map across the table and pointed to several locations. “There are many springs of purity in the region, though the closest is a day’s ride north on the outskirts of Athria. I believe it’s housed within an old chapel. Look for the sprites; they’re attracted to the water. You must get her there before dusk, or the effects cannot be reversed.”

Astrid prayed she hadn’t heard him correctly over the sounds within her chest. “*WHAT?!*”

“I’ll get her there,” Cedric assured. “We can make it.”

Cesar’s eyes shifted back and forth to Astrid. Bending his finger and moving across the room, he beckoned Cedric to come close. “And... Uh... There is one other thing.” He lowered his voice. “Once in the spring, she must release a large amount of energy from within herself to drive the magic out.”

“Energy? What kind of--”

“*Sexual energy.*” Cesar whispered even lower. “*She must climax for the purification to work. Do you understand?*”

Cedric nodded, knowing he would have to inform Astrid eventually. Now was not the time.

“Good.” Cesar hurried to a cupboard and rummaged through a box before finding a bell on a leather strap.

“W...What is that for??” Astrid moaned when he approached her.

“This charm resists enchantments. It can’t stop them, but it slows their effect.”

*CLICK*

Relief washed over the princess’s face when her swelling slowed to a trickle. “*That feels infinitely better...*”



“It will only slow the transformation. Without it, she would transform within a matter of minutes.”

Fear showed within Astrid’s eyes. Hugging herself for modesty and trying to ignore the raging lust between her legs, she cried, “*Oohhh what am I going to do?? I have political affairs to attend to! I can’t rule as queen if I’m a cow!! Who would marry a heifer?!*”

Cedric stepped forward. “I promise I shall not let this fate come to pass, your highness. Come, we must leave. We’ll need every minute.”

The knight helped her to wobbly feet. Lust weakened her muscles and her nipples burned for attention. He gifted his cloak to conceal her body and purity.

Cesar had a final word of advice for Cedric in a hushed tone. “I must warn you; this transformation will not be unpleasant. Magic and hormones are raging within the princess’s body like a storm. You should expect her to behave rather drunken and aroused, unable to control her impulses at times.”

“*I beg your pardon??*” Astrid scolded. “I am *perfectly* capable of maintaining my composure despite--*Mmng!!*!”

Her legs trembled and clenched together when a wave of arousal washed over her. Flushing red, she swallowed a bundle of sexual noises.

“Princess??” Cedric asked in worry, stepping forward to catch her.

Her breasts bulged over her arms as she hugged herself. “I-It’s nothing.” Staring at him, she found it difficult not to wonder what hid beneath his tunic trousers. Thinking about the knight’s sword was extremely dangerous in this state. She wondered what he thought of her swollen bosom. “*Please, let us make haste!*”

“Thank you, Cesar!” Cedric nodded. “I will make sure to bring the princess back as she should be!”

“Hurry!” he called as Cedric ushered her into the castle halls. “You do not have long...”

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

Astrid’s royal carriage rattled down the path. Countryside and sparse trees had been passing by in a blur for the majority of the day. Despite having spent an extended amount of time in close quarters with the princess, Cedric found himself unable to come to terms with her condition.

*GUUURRRGLE*

*CLANG!*

The bell announced itself as she shuddered.

“*Mmng... Cedric...! They’re...swelling again...!*”

Her labored moans filled the carriage and danced with the sweet scent of leaking milk. Foregoing her traditional corset and bodice, Astrid was clad in a forgiving green dress with

plenty of stretch available for her girth. This did not stop her breasts from testing the limits of the garment before erupting in creamy displays.

Usually the princess would not travel with so little company upon leaving the city. A minimum of four knights or soldiers would accompany the carriage to any destination. This time, however, only Cedric and the carriage driver served as her protection. Astrid insisted on keeping her condition secret when they left the castle. Even the king, always one to keep a close eye on his daughter, thought she was simply making a whimsical day trip. The amount of people privy to her situation could be counted on one hand; Cedric hoped to keep it this way.

*“Hah... Mmmmgh they’re so full...”* Cleavage pumped to her shoulders beneath the dress. Despite the forgiving neckline, the excess space proved inadequate as relief. *“Why does it feel so good...??”*

*CLANG*

*CLANG*

The bell chimed around her neck. Cedric didn’t dare imagine how far her transformation might have progressed without its magic-restraining properties. The slowly swelling breasts and protruding horns were a drastic change on their own.

*“Mmm I want to touch them...!”*

“We should arrive at the purity spring shortly,” Cedric assured her. Outside, he could see the sun approaching the horizon. Less than two hours separated them from Astrid’s fate.

*GUUURRRRGLE*

Pale skin heaped on her frame with audible liquid within. Keeping his thoughts contained was impossible in such a setting. With every passing minute, Astrid’s bust found new girth and pushed her limits. The shiny sweat peppering her cleavage was proof of its arousing effect on her body. Ignoring her grinding thighs couldn’t be done.

*“Y-You’re staring at my breasts...”*

Cedric turned his gaze out a dirty window. “My apologies, Princess. I--”

*“I don’t mind.”* Astrid giggled and squirmed in her chair. The firmness was pleasingly tantalizing to feel wobble back and forth. “They--”

*THUNK!*

*SLOOOSH*

*“Nngh!?”*

A rock struck the cart and sent sudden energy through its passengers. The effect looked to drive a spike of pleasure between Astrid’s legs.

*“T-They can’t...mmmgh...exactly be concealed,”* she struggled to say. *“It’s foolish to pretend they’re not as prominent as they are.”*

*SSTRRRRTCH*

*“Ah!?”* She gathered her dress into clenching hands to combat a wave of growth. Tingling sensations sparked over her head and body. Astrid desperately wanted to itch the base of her horns.

CLANG

CLANG

“Are you alright?”

“Yes... I-I’m fine...” A weak smile appeared on her face between blushing cheeks.

“*Cesar was right; it is...nnngh...very difficult to endure.*”

Her engorging figure tempted Cedric without end. He never imagined so much milk could gather within one woman.

Astrid’s breath came out in steamy huffs. Glistening eyes of lust stared at Cedric as if he were the first food she’d seen in months. “*We’ve certainly come a long way from our childhood games, have we not? Who knew we would mature into such adults...*”

The knight had to agree; his friend was maturing more by the second.

A giggle stole his attention when Astrid squeezed her breasts between her arms. Cleavage engulfed her chin and smiling face. “*Tell me! Did you ever think I would grow so buxom??*”

“My Princess! I would not dare to think of you in such a way!”

“W-What?” Hurt tinged her expression. “You do not think me attractive?” Holding hands over her front, she tried to conceal her chest in embarrassment. “Have they...grown too large for your liking?”

Her visage was a dagger to Cedric’s heart. “Princess, I-- There is not a man alive who does not find you attractive. I simply cannot let such things distract me from my honor and duty.”

“*Pft! Duty.*” Astrid rolled her eyes and released her breasts. “More like prison chains.” Leaning forward, she allowed her breasts to strain her dress towards the ground. “You can be honest! *Has the honorable Sir Cedric ever thought about his princess sexually?*”

The answer was yes, though he could never confess such shame. Cedric knew he had to change the topic before Astrid was consumed too far by her raging urges.

“I’m sorry, Princess.”

She straightened up. “Hm? What for?”

“For causing such a mess. I was careless in my duty and endangered you.”

“You let one of my hairs slip into a giant cauldron. It was *hardly* your fault.”

CLUNK!

SLOOOOSH

“*MMMGH!!! God, my milk...! It strains me so!!*” Astrid chewed on her lips to stifle a rising groan of pure pleasure. She continued responding to Cedric, saying, “*M...Mistakes happen! And after all, with this protective charm, the effects are...mmngh...slowed. My appearance has not been altered too far!*”

FWIP!

FWIP!

Cedric wasn’t so sure. Staring at the princess’s head, his eyes widened in worry.

“Cedric? What is the matter?”

“Princess... I-I’m afraid your condition has progressed.”

Following his gaze wasn’t difficult. Scared of what she might find, Astrid brought her hands to her head. Although the horns were still there, she found something far more troubling. Two furry objects twitched between her fingers and extended several inches from her head.

*GUUUURRRRGLE*

Cedric wasn’t sure if her chest had just tightened with milk or worry.

“Have... Have I just sprouted...cow ears?!”

Astrid inspected herself in a frenzy. Rubbing their lengths, she felt their soft surfaces warm her fingertips. Caressing the protrusions was more intoxicating than she cared to admit.

*“Dear Lord!! I must look like a devil!!”*

Cedric begged to differ. Keeping his thoughts to himself, he thought the animalistic growths fit the princess. The development was rather cute.

*“Are they as big as they feel?!”* she whined.

He had to lie. Telling her they were too large to conceal was out of the question. “No! Hardly noticeable, Princess!”

Her eyes narrowed. “We grew up together, Cedric. *I know when you’re lying.*” Full of worry, she continued playing with the growths. *“Oohhhh this is terrible! Nobody will take a princess seriously if she has two cow ears on her head!”*

*SLOOOSH*

Sitting back under the weight of her chest, she sighed in defeat. “At least I’m out of the public eye... Can you imagine what my father would do if he were to see--”

*THUNK THUNK!*

*SLOOOOSH*

*“MMGH!!!! A-Ah!!”*

“My apologies, your highness!” the carriage driver said from outside. “The road is well-worn!”

The situation grew worse with every jostle. Ripe melons dominated Astrid’s torso with minds of their own. Nothing could quell their milky production. Cedric could only imagine the sensations coursing through her body as he watched her clutch at her dress. Obvious body language broadcasted a roiling desire for physical attention. He flushed red when Astrid’s legs spread in lustful relaxation and her dress slipped over a knee.

*“Cedric... I feel they’re close to gushing again...”* She wiped her cleavage of sweat before resting a hand in the fleshy chasm. *“It’s so hot in this carriage...”*

The knight shifted in his seat. For once he wished he were wearing armor. Even the most prominent of hard-ons wouldn’t show from beneath the metal layers.

*STTRRRRTCH!*

*“Nngh!!! O-Oh my...”* Astrid rubbed her breasts. *“They’re getting very big, aren’t they? I did not think myself capable of such girth!”*

*SPLRTCH!*

“*Oh my!!*”

Milk sprang from her aching nipples and doused her lap. Feeling the cream flow through her nipples only heightened her desires.

“*Mmmmmgh, I can feel them...starting to stretch! Is this how cows feel when their farmer forgets them?? I must admit, I’ve always wondered...*”

Astrid giggled drunkenly at the thought of her breasts turning into udders. Glancing up, she caught Cedric’s gaze.

“*You’re staring at my bust again, Sir Cedric.*”

“*Forgive me, Princess.*”

“*You may gaze upon them...*”

“*I cannot. I do not wish to--*”

*THUMP!*

*THUMP!*

*THUMP!*

The carriage driver knocked on the roof. “*Sir Cedric, we’re coming upon the city of Athria!*”

The purity spring was almost within their grasp, and not a moment too soon. Once they reached the outskirts, it would be a short walk to the chapel.

The carriage grew hot with her breath. Lust intoxicated every exhale.

“*Cedric... Do you not enjoy my appearance...?*” Astrid whispered. The knight’s inability to look upon her was worrisome.

“*I--*”

“*Surely you must have an opinion. You watched me blossom into a woman!*” Astrid caressed her bust and leaned forward with temptation, trying to seduce him. “*Am I everything you thought I would be?*”

Cedric prayed he could hold on until they arrived at the spring. “*I admit, Princess, I do not dislike such a heaving bosom.*”

The confession amused her. “*Oh is that so?*” She teased her skin until excess milk dribbled to her thighs. “*I must say I agree; its firmness and weight are far more entertaining than my old figure.*”

*THUNK!*

*SLOOOOOSH*

“*Mmmmmgh! It’s such a shame to waste such nectar!*” Astrid watched her milk leak freely to the carriage floor. “*Do you wonder what it tastes like?*”

Cedric stayed silent and recited his knightly vows within his head. He couldn’t allow such fleshy pleasures to break his honor, especially with the princess.

“*Ah!! A-Ahh!! They’re so tender!!*” Spreading her fingers, the princess rubbed them across the bumps on the front of her dress. Cedric knew her nipples were hidden below, swollen and plump like tiny fruits. “*I feel fit to burst!!*”

She withdrew her hand. Milk coated her palm and fingers in a creamy layer. As if trying to make Cedric break through his pants, she brought a finger to her tongue.

*“Mmmmmgh!!! It’s simply exquisite!! Like honey!!”*

Astrid’s eyes rose to Cedric’s. Passion gleamed within her gaze like a hearth. Watching her new ears twitch excitedly, the knight feared for his honor.

*“Would you like to taste my milk, brave knight? We’ve known each other for so long... Surely you’ve imagined such a deed when you saw me outgrown my gown. Such urges are only natural when two have spent so much time together.”*

*“Princess, I don’t believe we should--”*

*STTRRRRTCH*

*“Nngh! Please...they stretch fuller!! Surely a sip would not hurt! If only to relieve me of this pressure!”* Astrid gasped and hair clung to her face when she leaned forward. Aching seams popped in her dress. *“Would you not relieve me of this creamy burden?”*

*SLOOSH*

*SLOOSH*

Her breasts swayed back and forth with churning fluid like a siren’s call.

*“You may do it in any manner you please! I have no qualms quenching the thirst of my protector.”*

She lifted her chest toward him and Cedric’s temperature rose. Sweat soaked through his tunic. Fighting a dragon would have been less dangerous.

*“You can see how full I have engorged, can you not? I feel ready to burst like a ripe cherry... I cannot hold such a quantity!”*

*THUD!*

Astrid fell to her knees in front of him.

*“Princess!! You must not degrade yourself in such a--”*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

Cedric froze when she shoved her mammaries into his lap. Hot flesh bulged over his thighs and pelvis.

*“If I were to command you to empty my bosom with your lips, you would have to do it, wouldn’t you?”*

The knight gulped. It was true; if in order to protect the princess, he would commit such an action. Cedric was not sure if he could ever come to terms with enjoying the ordeal. Tight milky pressure pressed upon his cock like teasing hands.

*“You’ve imagined such a thing before, have you not?”*

Astrid reached behind her to grasp her dress. Gathering it in her fingers, she slowly slid it up the backs of her thighs while bearing down on Cedric’s lap.

*“P-Princess! I insist that you--”*

*GUUUURGLE!!*

Milk soaked through his pants. Overcome with drunken lust, Astrid could no longer control her urges. Desperation filled her gaze and lust tainted her breath. A pleading tone brought her voice to a higher pitch.

*“Am I not still the girl you fawned after in our younger years...?”* she whimpered with worry. *“D-Do you no longer find me attractive, Cedric...?”*

Her dress rose over her rear. Catching sight of the princess’s bare thighs and spread cheeks at the base of her back, Cedric could no longer contain himself.

*“No! N-No, I--”*

Tears sprang to her lashes. *“NO?!”*

Astrid’s mood changed drastically. Throwing her dress down, she rose to her feet. Angry, hurt eyes stared into Cedric’s soul.

*“It is because of this monster I’ve turned into, isn’t it?!”*

*“Princess! I did not mean--”*

*“I always thought myself beautiful in your eyes!! No matter the situation!”*

*“You are! But I am bound by my honor to--”*

*“Always with your honor!”* Astrid yelled. *“What if I want more from you than your honor?! What if I want--”*

**SCREEECH!!**

The carriage lurched to a stop with wood scraping against cobblestone. Outside, Cedric heard the driver shout, *“Oi! You kids!! Out of the road!!”*

*“Perfect timing.”* Astrid didn’t waste a moment. Getting up, she opened the carriage door. *“I can’t stay in here for another minute.”*

Cedric rushed to stop her but didn’t dare make physical contact. *“Princess, I implore you to stop! We must hurry before dusk! We’re so close!”*

Astrid stepped to the ground and took in her surroundings. The town of Athria stood around her with small buildings and shops. The bustle of a countryside town was far warmer than the castle. Such a small settlement would never know her identity.

*“Yaarr!! Give us another!!”*

Roars of laughter came from a tavern.

*“Princess! Please, return to the carriage! Someone might see!”*

*“You’re so disgusted by me that you will keep me from the world?”* She walked toward the tavern. *“Perhaps they will not care so much about my appearance! I would like to enjoy a drink or two.”*

*“Here?!”*

*“Yes!”*

Cedric was surprised she could walk so well given her enhanced weight. *“But it’s dangerous! And the transformation will soon be permanent!”* He gave chase but was stopped.

Grasping the door, she glared at her childhood friend. *“You better stand guard out here, brave knight. I wouldn’t want you tarnishing your honor by looking at me for too long.”*

Dismayed, Cedric watched the princess vanish within the tavern with no regard for her ongoing transformation.

*“Oi, look at ‘er!!”*

*“I ne’er seen such a buxom lass!”*

The reactions were tamer than Cedric expected. As the door closed, he resigned himself to stand guard and allow the princess her space.

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

Sunlight angled low through the small village. Anxious, Cedric feared they may not make the spring in time. He wanted to give Astrid the time she needed, but also knew she wasn’t in her right mind to keep herself on track. The pleasure rushing through her veins was enough to render any person incapable of sound thought.

He and the carriage driver exchanged glances. Both knew time was short.

*“Yaaarr look at ‘er!!!”*

*“Fill ‘em up!!”*

Hoots and hollers hadn’t ceased from the tavern since the princess’s arrival, and they grew more fevered every second. Astrid wasn’t an alcoholic, but she couldn’t hold her booze either.

*“Let me bend ye over a barrel, Bessie!! I’ll empty ye out!!”*

Cedric blushed at the image but stood motionless. More than a dozen townsfolk had turned away from the tavern upon seeing him standing guard at the door; he wasn’t about to let more people join the fray.

*“AAHHHH!!! Oh GOD!!”*

An echoing shriek poured forth. Ready to spring to her safety, Cedric drew his sword and rushed into the tavern prepared to strike down any attacker.

*“Princess! Are you--”*

It was worse than he feared.

Standing on a stool, Astrid positioned herself above the crowded tavern in a display of joyful, dancing drunkenness. Burly men and women surrounded her in a mob, cheering and holding tankards of sloshing milk to their entertainer.

*“There he is!!”* Astrid laughed. *“My--HIC!!”* She jolted and flung milk from her cup. *“Sir Honor!!”*

Cedric stared in horror. In the short time she’d been left alone, the princess’s body had undergone several devastating changes. A long cow’s tail danced behind her like a whip. Full and bushy, her ears had grown to full size. Horns several inches long sat between them. Most surprising was her chest. Milk had ballooned her mammaries into massive, sloshing mounds with girths rivaling one of the princess’s bed pillows. Heaving flesh overflowed her dress to the point



of her nipples escaping into full view. The tight curves of her globes would have extended beyond her belly button had her neckline not managed to sink into their underbellies.

*“Are you thirsty, Cedric?? I have plenty to go around!!”*

Alcohol had not helped her mental state.

Milk flowed like a dream. Endlessly gushing from her breasts, Astrid was willing to fill anyone’s tankard who desired the creamy beverage with a tug straight from her palm-filling nipple. Not a cup in the tavern wasn’t overflowing with her dairy, nor was a chin left dry. All in attendance were visibly drunk. Finding the princess in such an immodest display shocked Cedric.

*“Princess, cover yourself!! You can’t--”*

She sneered at her protector. *“Oh sod off! Just because you don’t find me attractive doesn’t mean these fine townfolk don’t!”*

Yells of agreement and clanking tankards filled the space. Cedric was more impressed the princess could manage to stay standing.

*CLANG!*

*CLANG!*

*“Come and get it!!”* Astrid’s tail curved back and forth in time with her bell, as if beckoning the tavern goers to approach with their empty cups. *“There’s plenty of hot milk to go around!”* Leaning forward and placing her hands on her thighs, she flaunted her rear. *“Plenty of me to go around too.”*

The tavern erupted into horny, milk-drunk chaos. Men and women rushed the princess to refill their mugs, quickly turning into a thirsty riot. When she couldn’t milk herself fast enough to satisfy their needs, hands started flying. Astrid squeaked in surprise when gropes and prods attacked her body, focusing on her milk-laden bust.

*“H-Hey! Careful!! Wait until I--Mmgh!!”*

Hands covered her in greed. Massaging her breasts and tearing at her dress to free them to their full extent, Astrid found herself powerless to control the mob.

*SHHRRIP!!*

A tear shot across her dress when a particularly burly hand pulled the royal fabric. A window to her navel and hips fell open, teasing a hint of her delicate lips.

*CLANG!*

*CLANG!*

*“Ow!! Be gentle!! I--”*

Several hands gripped her nipples and squeezed. The resulting increase in size was evident even from across the room. With several people tugging playfully on her tail, Astrid watched her cleavage rise.

*GUUURRRGLE*

*“Ah!! Nnnngh!!! You’re making them swell!! Slow down!!”*

Cedric knew the situation had grown out of her control. *“Princess!!”* He shoved the citizens out of the way in a desperate attempt to reach her. The mob proved thick and unyielding, even for a knight.

*CLANG!*

*CLA--SNAP!!*

Astrid was suddenly very sober. Straightening up among the chaos, she looked down and placed a hand at her neck to find the sorcerer’s bell ripped away.

*“Ah!! H-H-Hey!!! Who took my charm?! I-I need that so I don’t--”*

*GUUUUUUUUURRRGLE!!!!*

Color drained from Astrid's face when her bust vibrated. A dam had just broken, and she could feel magic rushing across her body.

*“C-Cedric...?”* she squeaked.

*GUUUUUUUUUUURRRGLE!!!*

*“AUGH!!!”* Doubling over, the princess wrapped her arms around her stomach and swayed on the stool.

*“Out of my way!!!”* Cedric demanded.

It was too late. Held back for so long, the enchantment’s power rushed to take full control of Astrid’s form. Her ears twitched and her tail curled as her body tensed. A grimace came over her face and she moaned against rising pressure across her entire figure.

*“Ah!! I-I... Something is happening!!! Cedric!!”*

*STTRRRRTCH!!!!*

Skin and fabric ached over the noise of the crowd.

*“M-My breasts!!! They feel like they’re--MMGH!!!”*

*SSTTRRRRTCH!!*

*SHRRIIP!!*

Astrid’s chest bloated at an unprecedented rate to tear through her dress. Milk blossomed and flowed, pushing her skin outward. Approaching their maximum capacity, her breasts were forced to rise and round in size, lifting upward with pressure.

*“CEDRIC!!! I-I CANNOT STOP MY--MMGH!!!”*

*SHHRIIP!!*

The princess’s attention was stolen by a loud rip at her sides. Flinging both hands to her rear, she felt her butt plumping within the confines of her dress. Fleshy curves filled outward to increase her weight and figure as if she were quickly swelling for pregnancy.

*“E-Everything!! Everything is growing!!”*

Cedric watched in amazement as her dress pulled tight around her hips and thighs. Smooth, rounded pillars pulled the fabric into a taut surface. Enduring the pressure crushing her pussy between her limbs was maddening.

*SHRIIP!!*

*SHRRRIIIP!!*

Seams exploded into gaping holes. Rips shot down the length of her hips to create teasing peeks to her supple body below. Nearly doubling the size of her hips, Astrid's balance was no longer up to the task of keeping her upright with such enlarged thighs fighting for room.



*“Cedric!! Help me!! I-I cannot--AH!!”*

*THUD!!!*

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

When Astrid toppled from her stool, the sound was loud enough to be heard over the joyful yelling. Silence fell over the tavern when her churning milk and ripping dress sang in symphony. Milk raced across the floor in a spreading puddle.

*“Hahh!! I cannot...endure this!!!”* Astrid trembled on her hands and knees as her body engorged.

*SHHRRIIIP!!!*

A gash opened along her dress in the back, revealing her bare nethers to a chilly breeze.

“*W-What’s happening to m--*” Pausing, the princess gulped as if swallowing her words.  
 “*What’s... What is happening to mm--*” She looked up as Cedric finally reached her side.  
 “*C-Cedric!! What’s happening to m-m-mMMMMOOOOO!!!!*”

Horror gripped Astrid when an animalistic bellow escaped her royal lips. Mortified, she held a hand to her mouth.

“*M-Mmmooooo!! MOOO!!!*”

“*P-Princess...*” Cedric whispered.

“*What’s happening to me?!*” Astrid cried. “*My chest feels so full, I fear it may--*”

*SPLLLRRRRRCH!!!!*

“*MMMMOOOOOO!!!!!!*”

The princess’s udders swelled madly before releasing their contents across the floor. Nipples surging and expanding, Astrid could hardly bear to withstand the pressurized sensations. Watching a giant sea of milk spread beneath her only served to illustrate how far her transformation had come.

Cedric knew there was little time to spare. Wrapping her in his cloak, he covered what little remained of her modesty and helped her to her feet. The awed spectators backed away when he hurried her toward the door.

“*Princess, we need to hurry! Dusk is almost upon us!*”

“*I’m...mmgh...sorry,*” Astrid moaned. “*I don’t know what came over me. I couldn’t help myself!*”

“*Think nothing of it.*”

Cedric motioned to the carriage. “*Driver! I’ll be taking her on a horse myself! We don’t have much time!*”

The situation was understood immediately upon seeing the princess swollen to an extreme hourglass. Jumping down, the driver freed a horse for Cedric’s and applied a saddle stored away for such emergencies.

“*I’m going to lift you,*” Cedric warned.

“*I--Mmgh!?*”

*SLOOOSH*

In an incredible show of strength, the knight thrust Astrid onto the horse’s back to sit side-saddle before he himself climbed into the stirrups and secured her between his arms.

“*We shall return shortly!*” he told the driver before spurring the horse into a gallop.

*CLOPA*

*CLOPA*

*CLOPA*

Hooves beat upon cobblestone to echo into the encroaching dusk. Cedric recalled Cesar’s map well and knew the spring resided on the outskirts of town to the west. Leaving the main settlement behind for surrounding farmland, he was happy to find an aged dirt path leading into tree-covered foothills.

“We’re almost there, Princess! Don’t worry!”

The rapid motions jostled her bust, frothing her hot milk into a frenzy.

*GUUURRRRGL*

“*M-Mmgh... Cedric...*” Overwhelming arousal flushed her cheeks red. “*I’m sorry... I--Mmmooo!!*”

“Think nothing of it. You’re not yourself.”

Wetness glistened in Astrid’s eyes. “You don’t think me ugly, do you?”

Cedric glanced down while the horse weaved between overgrown branches. The enchantment had transformed the princess into something far from her former self. Struggling to balance her incredible weight and fullness of bust and butt, it was hard to believe she was the same woman he’d departed the castle with. However, despite her twitching cow ears and the tail beating against his leg, he could only see Astrid staring back.

“You’re as beautiful as ever.”

She sniffled. “That’s not a farce?”

“I could never believe anything different. No matter what happens, you’re still the same girl I grew up with, and one day, you’ll be the most beautiful queen both inside and out.”

Astrid beamed with affection. Burying her head into his chest, she clutched his tunic to endure renewed swelling within her chest.

“*N-Nngh... Cedric... They’re growing again...!*”

“We’re almost there.”

The glow of forest sprites drifted by. Following Cesar’s orders, he followed them down a worn stone trail. Ahead he saw the ruins of what looked like an ancient chapel. The roof was collapsed and vines had overtaken the walls in a blanket of green. Despite its dilapidation, their goal was found waiting within: a crystal-clear spring fed by an eroded pair of stone hands from the wall.

Astrid squirmed in his arms. “*Hah... H-Haaahh... Cedric...! I-I don’t feel right...! Something is happening...!*” By the time he stopped the horse at the entrance to the spring, she was lost in a fit of panting gasps for air.

The sun was low. Darkness would soon envelop the forest. Jumping down, Cedric helped Astrid off the steed. She leaned upon the horse for support as he inspected the pool.

“*This is it!*” he announced in triumph. “Quickly! We must--”

“*Nnnngh!!! C-Cedric...!!!*”

The knight spun around to see Astrid clutching her lower belly with one hand. A worrying bulge pushed against her palm. Slowly it grew, rounding out what remained of her dress. If he didn’t know any better, he would have thought the princess to be in the late half of a pregnancy.

“*What is becoming of me?!*” she gasped. “*M-Mmmooooo!!! MOOOO!!*”

*SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!*

The dress inflated and bulged under her hand. As her belly grew, she was forced to hold it with both hands. Hips and breasts bloated off her body to match, giving Astrid the appearance of a woman ballooning with weight.

*GUUUURRRRRGLE!!*

*“Cedric!!! Something is happening to me!!! I-I don’t know what it is!!! My...belly!!! It’s...so hot!!! I feel as though...it is filling with...fluid!!! I can--MMGH!!!”*

*SHRIIP!!*

Fabric tore under her hands. Four firm protrusions tented the dress like fingers. Between the rips, Cedric gazed upon bright pink flesh swelling forth.

*GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!*

*“N-No!! No, please!!! Anything but that!!”* Astrid pleaded. Her hands pushed into the pink mass swelling from her navel. At twice the size of her head, it refused to shrink and only deformed under her palms. *“PLEASE TELL ME I’M NOT GROWING AN--”*

*SHRIIIP!!!!*

Her dress exploded into useless tatters at her developing body. Falling to the ground, she and Cedric gazed upon a fleshy pink mound resting within her grasp: an udder. The leaking milk sack spanned her abdomen and stretched from her diaphragm before delving between her thighs to curve into a swollen pussy. Four teats puffed from its mass like extra-long nipples, begging for mouths to latch on and drain its contents.

*SLOOOSH*

*SLOOOSH*

*“I-I... I...”*

Astrid’s eyes bulged when the udder audibly sloshed in her shaking grasp. Coupled with breasts filled to enlarged watermelons with milk, she couldn’t have felt more like a dairy cow.

*“A-An UDDER?!”* she shrieked.

*GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!*

It bloated full and round like an angry balloon.

*“MMMMMMOOOOOO!!!!”* The princess whimpered and bellowed, nearly collapsing under the pressurized lust.

Her transformation was almost complete.

*“Quickly, Princess!! The purity spring!! The sun has almost set!!”*

Cedric swept her into his arms and carried her to the pool. His arm sank between her udder and chest, though there was no time to pay mind. Slowly, he dipped her toe-first into the clear waters until she sank up to her neck and reclined on a submerged stone bench.

*GUUUURRRRRGLE*

Her breasts swelled upward out of the water, bobbing against each other. Between her legs and on top of her thighs, Astrid could feel her udder bloating ever larger.

*“Mmnggh!!! N-Nothing is...happening!! Who do I still grow?!”*

The time had come. Cedric had dreaded telling her the process for expelling the magic from her body.

“Princess,” he started. “Cesar instructed me to tell you, i-it is necessary for you to release a large amount of energy to cast the magic out.”

She struggled for breath and against the temptation to touch herself. *“Release...energy? What am I meant to do in a pool to release--”*

“You must...pleasure yourself.”

Astrid’s face grew hot and she feared the water might boil around her. The blushing color in Cedric’s cheeks and averted eyes told her it was the truth. *“I-I can’t! I could NEVER!! The mere idea of doing such a vulgar act in the presence of--M-MMMOOOOO!!!!”*

*“The sun will set soon, Princess!! You MUST!!”*

*“No!! I couldn’t possibly!!! I-I’m a princess!! I could never degrade myself so far as to--”*  
*GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!*

*“MMMGGH!!!! Ohhhh God!!!”*

Milk leaked from her nipples to spread into the water. Though he couldn’t see it, Cedric knew her udder must be lifting her breasts from below. There was no way to be certain in the low light but he thought he could see her skin tone changing to a spotted pattern.

*“M-Mmgh!!! Oohhhh my BREASTS!!! My udder!!! I--MMMOO!!!”*

Astrid leaned her head back and gasped in lustful agony.

*“Princess!! The sun!!”*

Chewing on her lip, she could feel her pussy throbbing between her thighs. Even her udder felt primed to cause a wave of orgasmic pleasure. She didn’t dare think about the sensitivity of her nipples.

*“V-Very well!!!”*

Astrid slid down, angling her torso and spreading her thighs.

*“Do not look!!”* she commanded before whispering, *“I-I could not bear for you to see me in such a state...”*

Cedric turned his back to the princess. “On my honor, I will not look.”

Only the sound of bubbling water filled the grotto for a moment, until finally, Cedric heard gentle gasps coming from behind him.

*“M-Mmgh... Nngh...”*

He knew what was happening; Astrid had begun touching herself. Whether she was devoting all of her attention between her legs or sharing it between her breasts, he couldn’t be sure.

*“Ah!!”*

Cedric swallowed and fought back the images rushing through his mind. Being raised as a knight from a young age, he was yet to experience the sexual adventure of a woman’s body. Honor held his virtue steadfast, and to the best of his knowledge, Astrid was in much the same boat. Never had he seen another man spend time in her chambers.

*“Mmmgh!! M-Mmmooooo!!!”*

The events occurring behind him couldn't have been more mysterious. The female body was a playground he'd thus far only looked upon, and Astrid's was by far the most interesting he'd seen. Given the chance, he wouldn't know what to play with first, nor how fragile to treat her body. It appeared too soft and delicate for rough play.

*“They're...so sensitive!!! I can...barely...AUGH!!!”*

He shifted in place. How long the process could take, he did not know. Cedric only prayed the princess would not notice his swollen member on the horse ride back.

*“I-I... Ahhhh! I...I-I'm going to...!!”*

Astrid's voice turned into squeaks and whimpers in the dusk air. Mixed with splashing water, Cedric assumed the deed nearly complete.

*“NNNGH!!!”*

Silence fell over the spring after a laborious moan.

He waited, hearing nothing, but not daring to turn around or speak for fear it might break Astrid's concentration.

*“O-Oh, Sir Knight...”*

Hearing her tired voice, Cedric slowly turned to address her. “Princess...? Is it fini--”

Astrid stood in the pool. Water ran over her naked body to make her enlarged curves shine like the sunset. Stimulated by her efforts, Astrid's breasts and udder had engorged to mammoth proportions to dominate her torso. Her udder alone commanded as much space as a belly ready to birth triplets, and each mammary saw fit to swell to match. Cedric was certain she would have fallen forward had her posterior not thickened so vast. Such plump thighs would never fit in the royal throne. The light in her eyes burned with pure lust and desire.

*“Brave knight... I am unable to surmount this challenge alone...”* Astrid begged, massaging her breasts. Slowly she ran her hands down her udder before lifting it to reveal a bulging pussy sandwiched between her legs. *“May I borrow your sword to fill my sheathe?”*

Cedric's member throbbed painfully tight. No meal had ever made him as hungry as gazing upon the princess's naked body. Averting his eyes, he said, “Princess, my honor prevents me from having relations. I could never defile you in such a--”

*GUUUURRRRRGLE!!*

*“Ahh!!”* She gasped and shuddered under mounting milk weight. *“Honor, honor, honor! It's always about your honor.”* Narrowing her eyes, Astrid announced, *“I-I'm...nnggh!! I'm tired of your honor!”*

*GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!*

*“Mmmmmooooo!!!!!!”*

*SPLASH!!*

Her tail whipped the water. Ready to burst with arousal and milk, Astrid pointed at the water. *“Cedric!! Your princess demands you join her in this spring and do whatever it takes to save her from spending the rest of her life as a barn animal!!”*



The knight couldn't find his breath. Subconsciously taking a step forward, he paused.  
 "I--"

*"Or would my loyal knight disobey me and tarnish his honor?"*

She had him in checkmate. Deflowering the princess was among the greatest sins he could commit, but he would never dream of disobeying an order from the girl he swore to serve and protect. As the sun approached the horizon, threatening to solidify her transformation, the knight knew what he had to do.

Cedric stepped forward. In a motion that made Astrid blush, he unclasped his tunic and set it upon the ground with his sword. Undoing his pants, he allowed them to join the rest of his garments at his ankles.

Saucer eyes bulged in wonder and Astrid's breath caught in her chest. He was the first man she'd ever seen naked. The sight of Cedric's manhood sent shivers down her spine and fueled a hot fire in her loins. It was nothing like the drawings she'd been shown.

Astrid whimpered. *"I-It's so much bigger than I thought it would be..."* She knew she was supposed to accept it into her, but she doubted her body could perform such a feat. *"Would such girth not tear me asunder...?"*

*"What would my Princess have me do?"*

Her brain refused to function, but her lust knew what to do. Pointing in the pool, she commanded, *"Sit."*

The water was warm and smelled of her perfume when he sat in its depths. Looking up, he was gifted with an unabated view between Astrid's legs as she stood over him and straddled his hips. A heavenly gate spread before him.

*"You are ready to enter me?"*

Cedric nodded and felt as though he were in a dream. It was far more than he had been prepared for, yet Astrid's loins called to him like a second home.

Like a heaving mountain of sex, Astrid descended upon him. Milky flesh collided with his face and torso and he found his head engulfed in cleavage as massive thighs clamped against his sides. Instinctively, Astrid's hand slipped into the water when she felt his head pass between her thighs. Her fingers spread her gate for his arrival.

*"A-Ahh!?"*

Her lips kissed his manhood with warmth. The sensation was enough to make even Cedric tense with lust.

*"Nnngh!?"* Astrid lowered herself down his shaft, gasping at every inch. *"C-Cedric!! You...stretch me!! I am not certain I can contain your full girth within myse--MMGH!!!"*

*SPLASH!!!*

Cedric grabbed her rear and pulled her down the remaining length of his shaft, plunging deep into her body. Waves spread from the force and sent her figure jiggling. Milk-tightened skin pressed against every inch of his chest. With her nipples rubbing against his shoulders, Cedric could feel her udder pushing against him beneath their girth.

Astrid squirmed and gyrated, clenching around him. *“Oh God!!! I-I feel so TIGHT!!! I was not told it would feel so--”*

Cedric’s hands gripped her hips in an iron vice. Looking at him and feeling very helpless at the whim of his trained muscles, Astrid whimpered, *“C-C-Cedric?”*

*“Forgive me, Princess; we don’t have much time.”*

*SPLASH!*

*SPLASH!*

*SPLASH!*

*“A-AUUGH!!!”*

Cedric began thrusting in and out while hefting Astrid’s body. The combined movement sent her frame wobbling and sloshing. The princess sank her nails into his arms to hold on for dear life.

*“CEDRIC!!! C-CEDRIC!!! Slow...MMGH!!! MOOOO!!!! Oh!!! S-SLOW DOWN!!! I-I CANNOT--AAHH!!!”*

Light dwindled by the second. Cedric could feel there were only minutes left before it was over.

*GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!*

*“My milk!!! Oh you make me fill too full!!!”* Her thighs clamped hard, refusing to let him escape. *“Do you wish me to burst?!”*

*GUUURRRRRGLE!!!*

Skin rose and rubbed against Cedric’s cheeks. Heat poured from her cleavage and churning milk, making his sweat in the sauna of her bust. Between her gasping delights came the sound of swirling milk.

*“Mmmmmooooo!!! MOOOOO!!!”* Astrid’s bellows rang through the grotto. Leaning back, she presented her chest as her skin stretched. *“M-Milk me!! Milk me, please!!! I cannot take this pressure!!!”*

*“Princess, I am not sure I should--”*

*GUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!*

*“Ahh!!! Auugh!!!”* A gaze overflowing with sexual rage bore down on him. Grabbing the sides of her rounding udder, Astrid lifted it and her bust to him. *“MILK YOUR PRINCESS BEFORE SHE BURSTS!!!”*

Cedric’s cock throbbed within her. Diving forward, he clamped a mouth over a strawberry-sized nipple and sucked.

*SPLRRRTCH!!!*

*“MMMMMOO!!!! You make my milk flourish!?”*

His cheeks bulged with milk until leaking. Swallowing as fast as he could, he massaged Astrid’s bust to coax her diary into the world.

*SSTRRRRRTCH!!*

*“M-My udder!!! It bloats too full!!!”*

A ballooning mass engorged between them until reaching several feet in diameter. Such girth brought her crotch to puff and thicken around his shaft.

*“My udder!!! Milk my udder!!! It holds too much milk!!! I-I can stretch no more!!!”*

*GWOOOSH!!*

*GWOOOSH!!*

*“NNNGH!!!!”*

Cedric gripped the massive pink mound between his hands and applied pressure. His palms sank over an inch before meeting a firm wall refusing to depress any further.

*“A-Ahh!!! YES!!! My knight!!! Milk me!!! M-MILK ME!!! I feel overwhelmed!!!*

*S-Something...approaches from within me!!!”*

*GUUUURRRRRGLE!!!*

Her udder vibrated, tightening firm and full. Dense veins ran under its soft skin.

*SPPLLLRRRRCH!!*

*“GOD!!!!”*

Milk erupted from her teats to strike Cedric in the chest like fountains. The force drove the air from his lungs and would leave him bruised, but the scent and taste of Astrid’s milk were more than worth it.

*“MMMOOOOOO!!!! M-Mmmmoooo!!! I am close!!! I can feel it, welling inside of my loins!!!”* Astrid squirmed and pulled Cedric deep into her bust, driving out more of her milk. *“My release draws near, Sir Cedric!! Can you sense it?!”*

*SWEEEELLLLL!!!*

Flesh thickened around him. Astrid’s transformation was nearing completion. Unsure of what to expect in the coming moments, Cedric marveled at the princess’s engorging curves pressing tight and full around him. Her butt bounced against his knees with every thrust. Much of her face lay hidden behind her chest. Beneath the water, a raging cow tail wiggled its way between their legs to tease his jewels.

Astrid looked at the sun, ready to vanish out of sight. *“H-HURRY!!! I’m so close!!! T-This feeling!!! I’ve never felt...anything like it!!! Like I’m about to erupt!!!”* Leaning forward and wrapping her arms around his head, the princess hugged the knight deep into her churning udders and tensed. The edge of the cliff had arrived and she couldn’t contain her milk any longer. *“B-Burst within me, Cedric!!! I can no longer endure!! I-I want to feel...your love for me...fill my being!! Fill the last of my body with your seed!!!”*

Cedric thrust as fast as he dared. Veins throbbed and thickened his shaft to stretch the princess to her limits. Unable to hold himself back, Cedric thrust himself to maximum depth and ground his teeth.

*“A-As you wish, Astrid!!”*

*GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!*

*SSTTTTTRRRRREEEEEEEEEEEEEETCH!!!*

*“MMMMMMMOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!”*

*FWOOSH!!!*

An echoing bellow shook the ancient chapel as both knight and princess erupted in ecstasy. With the last ray of light vanishing from sight, a blinding burst of energy filled the pool with shining brilliance. The explosion, coupled with a tsunami of milk, stunned Cedric and flung him backward amid the roiling chaos.

The knight was unsure how long the pleasure lasted. He couldn't remember hearing the light fading away, nor Astrid's milk ceasing its flow. When he opened his eyes, however, he found the chapel shrouded in dim twilight combatted only by the hovering sprites.

*"M-Mmgh..."*

A woman stirred in his arms. With her head on his chest, Astrid opened her eyes to meet Cedric's. The warmth of his manhood still throbbed within her belly.

She was far smaller and greatly reduced in weight. No horns claimed her head, nor did ears flick back and forth. Running a hand down her back, Cedric found no tail, though his hand did not stop until finding her ample rear.

*"Astrid...?"* he called out.

The princess was slow to respond. Opening her eyes suddenly as if awakening from a nightmare, she lurched upright and flung both hands to her head. Relief fell upon her face.

*"I'm cured!!!!"* she laughed, inspecting further for ears or horns. *"I'm normal again!! I-I'm back to nor--"*

Her eyes fell upon her chest, a location Cedric's had not left since she sat up.

*"O-Oh my..."*

Swollen breasts pulled at her shoulders. Dwarfing her head, they hung past her ribs and extended over a hand's length from her torso with a supple fullness. Gently, she brought her hands to cup them.

*"M-Mmgh...!"*

Milk dribbled to cloud the water. Cedric was certain he saw her bust swell and several pale veins come to light from her fullness.

*"It appears we were too late in reversing all of the enchantments' effects..."* Astrid whispered, squeezing herself to free more milk.

Cedric throbbed within her at the sight. "Princess, I swear on my life to find a cure and restore you to your former body. On my honor--"

She released her chest in favor of his head and placed a kiss on his brow. *"Shh, you'll do no such thing."*

The princess pulled him into her bosom where he could feel her milk warming his face.

*"Only swear you'll always be there to empty me for the rest of my days, brave knight."*

Cedric embraced her. "On my honor, Astrid."