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Contains: *Breast Expansion as Weight Gain*

Offering for the Goddess

Tuhaloni stood at the small table in her hut, carefully measuring scoops of cornmeal to a carved wooden bowl. She'd traded half her husband's share of the most recent hunt to double her allotment of corn, then spent the past nine days laboriously grinding it into meal. Thrusting her dark fingers into the bowl, she needed the meal into water and syrup to make a dough. Grabbing handfuls of the dough slightly smaller than her fist, she rolled them into balls and set them on large leaves beside the bowl. Once all the dough was rolled into balls, she stepped outside to check the batch of cakes slowly roasting on flat stones beside her fire. Using a long stick with a forked branch at its end, she flipped the cakes to ensure they wouldn't burn. She went back inside to gently flatten the dough balls into a fresh batch of cakes.

The light in the hut shifted as someone stepped into the doorway. Tuhaloni turned to see her neighbor Pahuwei watching her work.

Pahuwei said, "What are you doing?"

Tuhaloni rubbed the dough from her fingers, letting the crumbs fall into the bowl to not waste them, and said, "What do you think I'm doing? Making corn cakes."

Pahuwei said, "I can see that, but why are you making so many?" She gestured at the stack of cakes Tallia had already baked—more than enough to feed a family of four for a tenday. Tuhaloni and her husband had not yet been blessed with children, as Pahuwei and everyone else in the village knew full well.

"Haven't you heard? The Goddess Mecaloni is coming this way. Her procession will be here by tomorrow next."

"Of course, I knew that—I've not been living under a rock. But why did you bother making them into cakes? You could've just boiled some corn. That's what I did."

Tuhaloni stared agape at her neighbor. Pahluei was beautiful, perhaps the most beautiful woman in the village. She knew she shouldn't care quite so much about the beauty of other women and focus more of her attention on her husband, but try as she might, Tuhaloni could not bring herself to feel even half the fascination for Nomakari as she did for women like Pahluei.

The curves and shapes women had, their breasts and bottoms, the way the jungle breeze made their hair dance, and the fascinating way in which their lips moved when they talked, all of it was more fascinating to Tuhaloni than her husband's floppy member. She loved Nomakari in her own way and knew it was her duty to the tribe to bear him children. But in all the seasons since their first pairing, she had not been able to make new life bloom. Yet everyone said Mecalaloni represented fertility and womanhood. Tuhaloni prayed her offering would be sufficient to gain the Goddess's favor. Perhaps Mecalaloni would heal her womb and fix the brokenness inside her that made her crave Pahluei more than her husband.

"How can you say that?" Tuhaloni asked. "This is the first time the Goddess has walked among us in living memory. Since before our grandmothers' grandmothers."

"Everyone who can is preparing an offering," Pahluei said. "How will she even notice one bowl of food from another?"

"She knows, Pahu, I know She does. I have to... I can't..."

She wanted to tell Pahluei everything. How broken she felt, how *wrong* she felt. She'd been blessed more than most. Nomakari was a good man. They always had enough to eat. And still, Tuhaloni was unhappy. She couldn't put it into words.

Pahluei wrapped her arms around her. Tuhaloni felt the warmth of her friend's body, her soft breasts and bare stomach against her own. Why did they feel so... right—compared to Nomakari's loving embrace? "I'm sorry," Pahluei whispered. "You're right. Come, I'll help you."

The two women worked together all through the morning. Tuhaloni was just lifting the last of the roasted cakes from the hot stones when she heard it. A rhythmic thumping of feet she would have compared to a marching army—had she ever witnessed such a thing.

"What's that?" Pahluweï asked.

"It's Her!" Tuhalani cried. "It has to be!"

Tuhalani piled the still-warm cakes into an overflowing bowl while Pahluweï hefted the first. Thanks to her friend's help, she'd gotten them done just in time—she'd be at the head of the line to present her offering to the Goddess.

As she approached the village center, Tuhalani slowed to a stop. The form that could only be Mecalaloni sat in the clearing, a Goddess in truth. Her hair was red like clay, spilling down her shoulders in soft waves, entirely unlike the spongy puff of her own. Her skin was paler than sand but with a rosy pink glow that shone in the dappled jungle sun. Even seated, she towered above the small crowd surrounding her, the tallest man barely reaching the Goddess's shoulder. Tuhalani was overwhelmed by a feeling of peace and joy, as if every moment of her *wrong* life had been leading to this moment.

At least two-tens of men stood beside the Goddess's litter, rolling their shoulders and resting. Two of Mecalaloni's priests seemed to be arguing with the village elder, gesturing at the longhouse. From the snippets Tuhalani could hear at this distance, the priests had expected to lead the Goddess inside for her stay, but even Tuhalani could see it was too small.

If She were standing, Tuhalani guessed the Goddess would stand at over twice her own height. Despite this, over half of Mecalaloni's body was made up of two enormous breasts. As big as baby elephants, they rose higher than the longhouse's peak, wrapped in animal skins held around Her by braided leather cords. Tuhalani could see from the way Her divine flesh bulged around those cords that Mecalaloni's covering was too small and wondered how much the Goddess had grown since her incarnation. Everyone knew the Prophecy; when She came, Mecalaloni would receive the offerings of Her people, growing in divine abundance with which she would bless Her people in turn.

The Goddess's visit, it seemed, was to be shortened from two days to a mere hour. With nowhere to shelter Her divine presence, the pilgrimage would have to proceed to the nearest village before nightfall. Tuhalani hefted her bowl and started toward the crowd, calling to Pahluweï over her shoulder, "Come on!"

A few spear carriers tried to bar their way, but Tuhalani barked, "Let us through; we bring an offering for the Goddess!"

Seeing the two women posed no threat, the guards let them pass. Tuhalani's knees trembled as she drew near to the Goddess, but she took a calming breath and held her bowl out. Mecalaloni smiled down at her and said something in a language she couldn't understand. The Language of the Divine. The Goddess accepted her offering, grabbing three cakes in one hand and stuffing them in Her mouth. She smiled and spoke again, her words incomprehensible. Chewing thoughtfully, she added, in Tuhalani's own language, "delicious."

"The Great One favors you, child."

Tuhalani turned to see a crone in the braids and beads of a priestess. "She... She does?"

The priestess favored her with a warm smile. "What is your name, child?"

Tuhalani inclined her head. "Tuhalani, Priestess."

"Will you join our pilgrimage, Tuhalani?"

Tuhalani's heart skipped a beat. "M-me?"

One of the priests had stepped up behind the priestess, and he murmured, "What we need are litter-bearers..."

"Be silent," the priestess hissed. "Do not question the Will of Mecalaloni!" Turning back to Tuhalani, she asked again, "Will you join us?"

Tuhalani realized, with some surprise, that she wanted it more than she'd ever wanted anything. To be part of the Divine Calling, to cook and carry and serve, to watch her Goddess grow, to help the other women weave ever-larger garments to contain Her divine flesh... "I will," she said. "Of course I will!"

There was only one thing missing.

Pahluwei stood frozen before Mecalaloni. Eyes wide, she seemed to have forgotten what the bowl of cakes in her hand was for. Tuhalani took it gently from her hands, offering it to the Goddess, who had already finished the first bowl. Mecalaloni took the offering, smiling as she spoke a single word in her divine tongue. Tuhalani took Pahluwei's hands, breaking her trance as her friend met her eyes.

"Come with me."

"W-what? You're leaving?"

"I must. The priestess says I have Her favor."

"But what about your husband?"

"Nomak will understand. But I want you with me."

"You... you do?"

Tuhaloni squeezed her friend's hands. "Yes."

Pahluwei glanced up at the Goddess, then back at Tuhaloni. "A-alright."

Tuhaloni turned to the priestess. "My friend can come too, can't she? She's really good at braiding, and she—"

"Of course, she can, child."

The priest muttered something under his breath and stalked away.

Four men from the village joined the Goddess's litter-bearers. When the hour had passed, they lined up, bent to clasp their poles, and hefted Mecalaloni aloft. In the procession of women and pack animals following the Goddess, Tuhaloni and Pahluwei walked hand-in-hand, glancing at each other and grinning.