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Alice joined the clergy to have her own life apart from her family. But when her very special sister comes of age, Alice must answer her Calling.

Contains: *Rapid Breast Expansion, Breast Expansion as Weight Gain, Giantess*

The Ikon

I

Alice had lived in her little sister's shadow even before Lydia grew taller than her. Five years her junior, Lydia had been born with a full head of yellow curls like no one else in Rivermere. The midwife, Viola, was so shocked that she'd run from their cottage to consult with Lucien, the village priest, leaving five-year-old Alice to help her mother with the newborn. Alice was on her hands and knees mopping up the last of the mess of her sister's arrival when Viola returned with Lucien to witness the "miracle." Many words passed between the adults that Alice didn't understand. But one would live in her mind from that day onward: "Ikon."

Lucien declared Lydia the Ikon of their beloved goddess, Titania. Chosen of the Goddess as the vessel, the intercessor between Herself and Her people. The priest announced it the following Sunday, but by then, most of the village had already heard the news. Lydia became a legend, loved and revered by everyone, almost before the midwife cut her umbilical cord.

Though they had the same parents, Alice and Lydia looked like strangers. As they grew, Lydia's golden hair became one of the smallest differences between them. Alice took after their mother: narrow hips, barely-there breasts, mousy brown hair, needing heeled shoes to stand taller than five feet. Lydia, the darling of the entire village, grew up rather more… well-nourished.

It wasn't that Alice ever went hungry—she'd inherited their father's austerity along with their mother's physique. And their household never went without. But Lydia's plate was always the first filled, and no one got seconds until she was done. There were never any seconds, even when the family fell on hard times, and the neighbors brought more casseroles than they knew what to do with. Lydia was never selfish or greedy about it; she simply had a big appetite. Their table etiquette wasn't

even her idea. But as the Ikon, anything given or done to Lydia was given or done to the Goddess—the biggest heathen in Rivermere wouldn't dream of filling their plate before the Ikon was satisfied.

Alice didn't resent her sister, per se, but few things can grow properly in the shade. She became an acolyte, apprenticing under Lucien. She wasn't particularly devout, but sharing a childhood bedroom with the literal Ikon left little room for doubt. As an entirely unrelated, random coincidence, becoming a member of the clergy was Alice's easiest path to traveling far, far away from her home village and her big little sister.

Five years later, Alice found herself serving in the *Buxmore Titania*, the Temple of Titania in Buxmore Harbor. A constant flow of pilgrims and unfortunates from across the wide world made every day fresh and new. She couldn't say she was ever bored, though sometimes, on a quiet evening, Alice gazed out over the sparkling orange harbor water, lost in fond memories of home.

"Sister Alice?"

Alice was rolling bandages when the acolyte addressed her. "Yes?"

"The Steward would like to see you in her solar."

"Very well, I'll be there straightaway."

The wiry young man scurried away before Alice could thank him.

The Steward's Hand admitted Alice to the solar almost immediately. Mother Eleonora had been sitting as High Steward of the temple for over a decade before Alice was even born. Her hair was grey enough to appear white, hanging over one shoulder in a wrist-thick braid traced with indigo thread. Her face was etched with lines like an ancient oak, but her blue-green eyes were sharper than any Alice had ever seen. Those eyes missed nothing, and they landed on Alice with an expression she couldn't read.

"Come, sit, Daughter."

Alice sat.

"I've had a raven this morning—" Eleonora lifted a thin strip of curled parchment from her desk, then met Alice's eyes again.

"Yes, Mother?"

"It's from Rivermere."

Alice kept her face calm with effort. It must be bad news. Had some mishap befallen one of her parents? Or both of them? Surely it couldn't be Lydia…

The Steward rescued Alice from her building panic. "You are, doubtless, aware of your sister's prophetic status?"

That's one way of putting it. "Yes."

"She came fully of age more than a fortnight ago. The oracles foresee her consecration with the next full moon. She will certainly amass a great following, but she will need guidance, don't you agree?"

"Of course, Mother."

"Excellent. Lucien still serves in Rivermere, but we fear he is not equal to this calling."

Lucien must be in his sixtieth decade by now. "I expect you're right."

"I'm pleased to hear you say so," Eleonora said. "Whatever Lady Titania calls upon Her Ikon to do, she will need someone young and healthy to serve her."

Oh. Oh, no.

"Someone she already knows, and, dare I say, trusts."

She couldn't do this. But how could she refuse?

"Perhaps a bosom friend from her youth…"

Eleonora spoke as if merely thinking aloud. Alice didn't believe for a second that this speech wasn't fully rehearsed.

"A priest or—no, it must be a priestess, surely. One of two or three and twenty."

Eleonora seemed to remember Alice's presence, and those eyes, gray as the harbor before a storm, locked on her once again. "Can you think of a holy servant suitable for this vocation, Daughter?"

Alice slumped as best she could in the hard wooden chair, wishing she could melt all the way through the floor and back to her solitary chamber. She nodded.

"Excellent. A raven will be in flight to Rivermere within the hour. A caravan of pilgrims is departing this evening; I'm certain they'll consider it an honor to have the Ikon's Priestess in their party."

Alice nodded again.

"Daughter."

She met Mother Eleonora's eyes. That lined face held no reproach, but her eyes glinted with the hint of a smile. "The pilgrims will consider it an honor, because it is. The Goddess has not sent an Ikon to us in living memory. None of Them have. As her Priestess, you will be subordinate only to the Ikon—a position higher than mine, higher than any of Their servants."

Alice sat a little straighter. She had little interest in rank or power, and she'd never worship her baby sister as others did, but she wasn't a child. Pouting over her assignment would be a slap in the face to the Steward and everyone she'd worked beside for the past five years. Good people who loved the Goddess and wanted nothing but the best for Her people. "I'll do my best, Mother."

"I know you will, Child."

***

Rivermere hadn't changed much in the four years Alice had been gone. Here, the Titanian chapel where she apprenticed under Lucien; there, the square with its fountain where half the town came to collect water and gossip. And just off the square was, of course, the baker's shop with its sweet pastries. Her fondest memories were of holding her little sister's hand while they walked to the shop to give her mother a break. She didn't even mind Lydia's small fingers getting sticky sugar all over her own palms.

"Alice!"

Alice was so lost in her revelry she almost didn't hear someone call her name. Turning toward the source, she saw a figure emerging through the bakery door. It was a person. A very tall, very broad person. A person with a cloud of hair falling nearly to their hips. Wavy, curly, golden-blonde hair. In Buxmore Harbor, she'd finally seen a few other people with blonde hair. But no one had the glowing curls of her sister. Nowhere except the frescoes and murals depicting Lady Titania, and even then, the works of oil and brush were pale substitutes.

Lydia's face split in a wide, delighted grin. Gone was the chubby teen Alice remembered. In her place stood an adult woman for whom the word "voluptuous" would have been a gross understatement. She seemed to fill the bakery doorway, making Alice wonder whether her robust form could even fit through the opening. Lydia had no such difficulties, however, and she waved at Alice as she stepped out into the midmorning sun and bounded toward her. She wore a dress in the Rivermerian style: A brown linen skirt to her ankles, a pale linen blouse with a thicker bodice over her middle. There were two striking differences between this costume and the one worn by every woman in the village. First, Lydia's outfit was of a finer cut and weave than anyone wore apart from feast days. The linen fluttered in a satiny sheen; ornate embroidery covered the bodice, embellished with what appeared to be thread of silver. The second, of course, was that the dress was larger than any Alice had ever seen. The yards of fabric covering her sister could have made three dresses for her; perhaps four.

Lydia lumbered toward her like a giant; her plump, full body jiggling and quivering in ceaseless motion. As she ran toward Alice, Lydia seemed to grow larger with each step. Her long skirt couldn't hide the breadth of her hips or the plush thighs that had to be the size of Alice's waist. The bodice of her gown curved outward to contain the softness of her belly, and her arms, too, were larger than Alice's legs. The biggest change of all was in her bosom. Alice knew her sister wouldn't grow up petite and waifish as she and their mother, but she had not expected to find grown-up Lydia sporting udders that rivaled the finest cow in a dairy. She stood stunned, frozen in place like a statue, as those teats wobbled closer and closer.

As if Lydia were still only a hand's breadth taller than Alice, she bowled forward and wrapped her in a hug that enveloped her entire body in plushy softness. Her sister had grown so tall that Alice could've tucked herself in the shadow of that bosom—if Lydia's round tummy didn't already occupy that space.

"Oh, it's so good to see you. I'm so glad you came back"

"It's good to see you too," Alice managed to gasp with what little air her overgrown sister left in her lungs.

She tried to return her sister's hug, but her fingertips wouldn't meet around her squishy back. Finally, Lydia released her, and Alice took a few steps back to catch her breath.

"What—What happened to you?" She asked between gasps.

Lydia looked at her quizzically. "What do you mean?"

Was she serious? Alice ran through a litany of clarifying questions: How did you grow so tall? Taller than the old blacksmith! Taller than any person I've ever seen!? How did you get so fat? How much do you weigh? How on earth did you grow breasts bigger than my head? None of these questions were appropriate for a reunion with her baby sister, but she couldn't think of any that were. She settled for the simplest approach. Gesturing vaguely at Lydia's body, she said, "You're so… big."

Lydia's grin faltered for a moment, and she looked down at herself, taking in her own figure as if she'd woken up in the body of a plump, luxurious giantess for the first time that morning. She shrugged, and her smile returned. "I don't know. I'm just healthy, I guess. That's what my followers say."

"Your… followers?"

"Yeah. You know how people were always so nice to me when we were kids?"

"How could I forget?"

"Right. Well, old Lucien says I'm the Ikon. So most everybody in town comes to me with their prayers and presents."

"Presents?"

"Yeah, you know, the, uh, what's it called? Offerings. For Lady Titania. They give them to me. Coins, keepsakes, but mostly food."

Yet another understatement if Alice had ever heard one. Deciding to change the subject, Alice asked, "So, how are Mama and Papa?"

Lydia made that puzzled face again. “Didn’t you hear?”

“Hear what?”

“Mama and Papa moved to the Capital.”

“What? When?”

“Oh, it wasn’t too long after you left, actually.”

“But why?”

“Well, Lucien said I should stay in the chapel so I’d be close by if people had prayers or presents.”

“Offerings?”

“Right, offerings. Anyway, after I moved into the chapel, Mama and Papa got offered some nice apartments in the capital as a gift from the church.”

“I see.”

A young woman dashed up to Lydia. She didn’t look much older than they were; five and twenty at most. She gazed up at Lydia as if she were the Goddess herself, handing her a large basket overflowing with rolls and pastries. Lydia grinned down at the woman.

“Thanks!”

“Please, Blessed One, I really, really want Tomas to ask me to dance at the Harvest Feast. Would you ask Lady Titania for me?”

It would be a lie to call this the most frivolous petition Alice had ever heard, but it was the most frivolous petition she’d seen accompanied by ten pounds of baked goods as an offering.

Lydia only smiled through the roll she’d already stuffed in her mouth. “Of course!”

The afternoon proceeded like this. Every few minutes, some townsperson or another stopped them to offer Lydia a gift and make some petition of the Goddess: Love, healthy children, a good harvest—So many requests for good weather that

Alice lost count. At the chapel, Alice followed Lydia to a large audience chamber where her sister settled into a wide, cushioned chair while petitioners visited every few minutes. As her sister said, most of their offerings were food.

The old priest welcomed Alice with an almost embarrassing level of enthusiasm. When she'd heard she was living in the chapel, Alice was briefly concerned about the nature of Lydia's relationship with Lucien. But the old priest simpered and fawned over Lydia to a degree that made her own welcome seem icy. If the dozens of townfolk she'd watched offer her sister food this afternoon revered her, Lucien was downright fanatical. In no universe would he so much as speak to the Ikon in an inappropriate way.

"I'm quite glad you're here, Sister Alice—Quite glad indeed. I should have known the church would send you here as the Ikon's Priestess. I'm only ashamed that I didn't see your vocation myself all those years ago."

This was more respect and reverence than Lucien had ever shown her. For lack of anything more appropriate to say in response, she offered an automatic, "Thank you, Father."

Lucien offered Alice his chamber in the corner of the chapel. It was little more than a closet, but she'd been well-acquainted with asceticism even before she joined the clergy. She tossed and turned on her hard cot, however, trying to reconcile the whirlwind of changes in her life. She would continue serving people as she always had. But through her sister, rather than directly. It was a big change, and certainly not one she would have chosen for herself, but she could see some good Lydia's presence did in Rivermere. She couldn't deny the strangeness of the arrangement. It seemed to Alice a waste of resources that could have been used to more widespread benefit.

Nevertheless, Lydia had become a focal point for the Rivermerians' faith. A walking, breathing, smiling… eating representation of the divine in front of their very eyes. But what was her own role in all this? Lydia was well cared for. More than well cared for. She didn't seem to need Alice at all. A soft breath of rain pattering on the stone chapel calmed Alice's mind, and she drifted off to sleep.

II

CrrrACK!

Alice bolted awake in her cot, startled from slumber by the thunderclap. In the week she'd been living in the chapel, she'd yet to adjust to the storms of her childhood, so different from harbor weather. She climbed out of bed to check on Lydia; at least one thing about her little sister hadn't changed since they were girls.

The massive slab piled high with blankets and cushions was missing its occupant, however.

"Lydia?"

There weren't many places in the chapel where a woman her sister's size could hide. Alice checked all of them. In an idle glance out the window, the flash of another lightning bolt illuminated the outline of a well-fed silhouette. She found Lydia in the garden behind the chapel, her eyes unfocused like a sleepwalker.

"What are you doing out here?" The storm seemed to be passing, but Alice still raised her voice to be heard over the rain.

Lydia spoke in a flat voice, devoid of its usual exuberance. "Don't you hear it?"

"Hear what?"

"It's Her…"

This must be it, Alice realized with a start, her sister's calling. What had the Steward called it?

Before Alice found the word, the rain slowed to a drizzle. The clouds parted over half the sky, revealing the moon. It was full, yes, but never had the expression "full moon" felt so insufficient. Perhaps the moon was larger, perhaps brighter. When she tried to explain it later, all Alice could ever say was that the moon was fuller than she'd ever seen it.

"…ughter…"

The voice came from everywhere and nowhere, but Lydia's gaze was fixed upon the moon.

“Daughter…”

“My Lady?” Lydia asked.

“There you are, Daughter.”

Alice dropped to her knees in the wet grass. She bowed her head. Needless to say, she’d never heard the voice of the Goddess—not in such an audible, undeniable way.

Lydia seemed less affected than her sister. “Is it really you, Lady Titania?”

“Yes, Lydia. Your time has come.”

“My… my time?”

“Through you shall my people be blessed. The harvest is nearly come. You will become my Ikon in full.”

Alice rose shakily to her feet. Reverent humility struggled with her curiosity, but she might never get a better chance. “Pardon, Holy One. What does that mean?”

Titania’s presence fell on Alice like a weight. Rather than crushing or oppressive, it was like an intense hug, right at the edge of too tight.

“Alice.”

The sound of her own name was accompanied by a shift in the presence, something warm and comforting, but no less intense.

“You have served my children well. You will now serve your sister as she serves my children.”

“But… but how, My Lady?”

“The harvest shall bring an outpouring of devotion. The Ikon must receive that devotion in my stead. They will need guidance as Lydia grows into her consecration.”

Consecration. That was the word. Alice’s attention was fixed on another word, however.

"G-grows?"

"Indeed. Lydia will grow into the fullness of womanhood and beyond. There must be no doubt that she is My Ikon."

Alice looked over at her sister. The rain had plastered Lydia's nightgown to her body like a second skin. Soft curves were everywhere. The indent of her navel in a belly that had never known hunger, hips wide enough to bear the healthiest of infants—a fertility idol made flesh, over six feet tall. Jutting forward like a sail under full wind, a bosom which strained the buttons on her nightgown. Ripe and round, they cast the other aspects of Lydia's beauty in shadow; literally, in a few cases. She could feed a nursery's worth of babies and have milk left over.

"Have you *seen* her?" Alice asked incredulously. "She's grown plenty full already."

Lydia seemed to notice her for the first time. "Alice," she hissed, "don't talk back to the Goddess!"

Titania's chuckle was a distant roll of thunder. **"Fear not, daughters. Rivermere has done well in providing for and preparing Lydia for her calling. My consecration will expand upon that work, growing My Ikon until her glory fills My temples."**

Alice thought of her sister brushing doorframes and ducking to get inside the small chapel. Then she remembered the vast columns and vaulted ceiling of the temple at Buxmore. "What if she gets stuck in the door?"

Lydia scoffed. "I know I'm a little chubby, Alice, but I'm not going to get *that* big."

Wind rushed through the trees, and Alice felt the Presence descend on her sister. Lydia's body was suffused with light, glowing like the overripe moon above. As the light faded, so too did the voice of the Goddess.

"Farewell, My daughters. This is only the beginning…"

***

Alice woke in her cot, uncertain how she'd gotten there or whether the previous night had been a dream. She heard a rumbling like many voices and stood on her cot to peek out the tiny window. A veritable mob of townsfolk was gathered around the chapel.

Shoving down her panic, Alice quickly donned her vestments and went to the front doors. There was no sign of Lucien. Half the village, it seemed, stood outside. They carried bundles and baskets of food—there were even a few wagons. Alice recognized some of them; a few had visited the chapel with an offering and a petition in the past week.

"Are… are you all here to see the Ikon?"

It was hard to pick out individual responses in their collective roar, but the consensus was definitely affirmative.

"Give us just a few minutes."

Alice closed the door on a cacophony of pleas. She rushed to her sister's bedroom, which was simply the space behind her audience chamber. When she'd served in this chapel as an acolyte, Alice remembered it as one large room for meetings and assemblies. A heavy curtain had been hung behind the throne to seclude Lydia's bedroom. Her sister was half tangled in a single bedsheet; her plush bosom rose and fell with her breath as she slumbered despite the sun through the high windows and the noisy crowd outside.

"Lydia, Lydia!"

Lydia's eyes flickered open as she woke with a groan. "Alice? What's the matter?"

"There's a bunch of petitioners gathered outside. You need to get up."

"Pe-what?"

Alice sighed. "The villagers, your 'followers.' They're here with offerings and prayers for the Goddess."

Lydia's face lit up, and she leaped out of bed despite her size. "My people need me!" Her tongue darted across her lips, and she rubbed her grumbling tummy. She lumbered toward the curtain.

"Wait!" Alice followed her sister into the audience chamber. "Aren't you going to get dressed?"

Wiggling her bottom as she settled into her throne, Lydia waved a dismissive hand. "No time for that."

Well, Lydia was covered, even if the nightgown looked a little more snug than it had last night. In the time it would take Alice to convince her sister to change and help her do so, the mob outside might decide to break the doors down. Biting back another sigh, Alice let them in.

"One at a time. Form a single line, please!"

Like herding cats, Alice corralled the throng into some semblance of order. After a few minutes, they followed each other's example, arranging themselves in a queue that led into the audience chamber and wrapped down the street outside. With that settled, Alice went in to check on Lydia.

Alice had been back in Rivermere for nearly a week. Every day, she'd watched a steady flow of villagers—a few each hour—come to the chapel or stop Lydia on the street to offer her a gift and make a request of the Goddess. Now, it seemed the entire town was lined up to see her. They all brought food, but it seemed nobody had a request or petition.

A man dropped a bushel basket on the dais. "This was our best harvest yet, Blessed One. I'll bring more tomorrow!"

A woman handed her an entire pie. "Here you go, Ikon! Thank the Goddess you're here."

The butcher carried a crate of smoked meats in his burly arms. "Bless you, Lady Lydia."

Alice recognized many of the village residents, but more than a few people in line wore clothing that marked them as outsiders. Somehow, overnight, word had spread beyond Rivermere, bringing pilgrims with offerings from all over the countryside. A few even wore garb she'd only seen in Buxmore Harbor.

As if she needed one more thing to overwhelm her, Alice noticed something unusual happening. Her sister had always had a healthy appetite. In the past week, she'd watched Lydia devour enough food offerings to feed an entire family, day after day. Now that the offerings were pouring in, her sister stuffed herself with both hands, without ceasing. Alice had opened the chapel only an hour ago, and food offerings had already surpassed the previous day. Food offered and food consumed.

Munch, munch, munch…

Unusual wasn't a strong enough word. Something strange was happening. Healthy as Lydia's appetite was, she shouldn't be able to eat ten times as much as she had yesterday and keep going strong. Yet eat she did: Mouthful upon mouthful, offering after offering, she ate almost as fast as her people could give her more.

Homf, slurp… Crreeeak.

Strange was strange, but what Alice observed next was impossible. Which is not to say she doubted Lady Titania's power, but it defied comprehension. As Lydia gorged herself on the offerings of her faithful, she grew. Not in the way a person who overindulges at the dinner table may grow stout over the years. Nor in the way a well-nourished child grows taller as they develop. Not even in the way a nursing mother's teats swell with milk or the bellies of her young swell as they nurse. It was all of these things and none of them. Lydia ate a sweet roll the size of her fist, and the shelf of her bosom stretched. She munched on a smoked sausage, and her bottom covered the slightest bit more of her chair. She gulped a jug of rich broth, and each swallow sent her head a hairsbreadth nearer to the vaulted ceiling.

Gulp, ulp, ulp… Brrrroowm.

Before Alice had time to truly ponder this divine mystery, she noticed a problem. Lydia was growing before her very eyes, but her nightgown was not. With every offering, the gaps between its buttons widened, the slits along her legs covered less thigh, and the bottom hem revealed more of her ankles. Unlike some other countries, the followers of Titania were not prudes. Nevertheless, it wouldn't do for Her Ikon to sit for her petitioners in the altogether. Lydia was too focused on eating to assist in this dilemma, so Alice went to find her some clothes.

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Alice held up one of her sister's linen blouses and peeked around the curtain. Lydia's head, once mostly obscured behind her throne's back, was now visible nearly to her nape. Her bosom had grown so broad that it peeked around the sides of that throne as the Ikon moved and munched. Alice flung the blouse onto the growing pile on Lydia's bed. How could she fix her sister's wardrobe problem if her clothes were all the same size? She could wrap the bedsheets around Lydia's growing form if that wouldn't be almost as shameful as letting the Ikon go about naked.

Before she could descend fully into panic, a soft voice called out from the audience chamber. "Sister Alice?"

Alice peeked around the curtain, where a woman carried an armload of white fabric. "Yes?"

"You probably don't remember me. I'm Charlotte, a seamstress. I moved to Rivermere just before you left."

"Ah. Apologies, Charlotte. I've rather… had my hands full, since I returned. How can I help you?"

"It's I who should apologize, Sister, for the confusion. There's nothing I need; I've come to serve. I made robes for the Ikon." Charlotte lifted a length of material from the bundle in her arms. It looked like an unpitched tent's worth of fabric… which meant it just might cover Lydia's burgeoning curves.

"How…"

"Oh, the Lady Titania came to me in a dream!" Charlotte dove into her tale. A fantastical visit from the Goddess, who showed her a garment fit for Her Blessed Ikon. Titania allegedly gave the seamstress specific instructions, down to fabric lengths measured in cubits.

A week ago, Alice would have called the dream superstitious nonsense. But she'd spoken with the Goddess mere hours earlier. Indeed, she could see something undeniably supernatural happening over Charlotte's shoulder: Lydia's bosom had grown even larger in the few minutes Alice had been speaking with the seamstress.

"That is quite the vision. Our Lady is most wise." Alice almost meant it.

"Indeed, Sister, indeed." Charlotte turned, following Alice's gaze. "It seems She sent me just in time, as well."

Shrip

The unmistakable sound of ripping fabric cut through the din of queuing followers and Lydia's constant chewing. The nightgown already had small tears under her arms where the seams were failing along the flanks of her prodigious bosom. Whether Charlotte's timely arrival was divine intervention or mere coincidence, it was certainly not a moment too soon.

Alice dashed to the front of the dais and spread her arms. "Attention! I need to pause the offerings. The Ikon, um, must commune with Our Lady."

"Alice, what?"

Up close, Lydia seemed even bigger. Her bosom spread wider than her vast hips, crumb-dusted cleavage welling up toward her chin. Alice stepped onto the dais and beside the ornate chair. She whispered, "You need to change into bi—er—better clothes."

Lydia looked down at herself. The top buttons of her nightgown were already undone, letting vast swaths of cleavage shine back at her. "What's wrong with this?"

Crrrrik—pop!

The topmost of her fastened buttons shot across the chamber like a loosed arrow. Lydia put a hand to her still-quavering bosom and her cheeks flushed. "I guess it might be getting a little snug."

"Let's go before you take someone's eye out," Alice hissed.

Lydia pushed herself to her feet, towering over everyone. She was nearly eight feet tall, putting Alice eye-to-eye with her belly button. "Sorry, everyone! I'll be back in a few minutes to accept more of your yummy pres—offerings!"

It took both Alice and Charlotte working with Lydia to get her changed. There was a moment of stunned silence when she peeled off the shreds of her nightgown, letting her enormous breasts bounce out in the open. They were round and full like

balls of dough twice as big as her head—Lydia's head; they were nearly four times the size of Alice's—with fat pink nipples springing out eagerly. To Alice's shame, Charlotte recovered first, handing lengths of fine linen up for Lydia to don.

The outfit was like nothing Alice had ever seen. Yards of fabric draped over Lydia's shoulders, wrapped around her waist, and hung in panels over her hips and legs. Metal rings—brass, but polished till they shone like gold—fastened at intervals to keep everything in place. The skirt-pieces reached her ankles in front, but pooled on the floor behind her. It wasn't until the ensemble came together that Alice understood.

Lydia's arms and shoulders were bare, her back covered only by the narrow strips over her spine. A deep V ran from her collarbone past her navel, and her bare belly spilled over the skirt in plain view. Even the skirt showed flashes of chubby calf and thunderous thigh whenever she moved. Nevertheless, she was covered. What's more, as Charlotte adjusted the rings and straightened the linen, Alice saw the garment could adjust. It might even adapt itself as the Ikon continued to grow.

As Alice admired Charlotte's ingenuity, or perhaps Titania's inspiration, she heard an insistent gurgling.

Grrowll

"Thanks so much, Miss Charlotte! Can I go back to my offerings now? I'm starving!" Lydia bounced on her toes, making every curve jiggle and the chapel walls shake.

Alice's jaw fell open. Her sister had been eating non-stop for half the day.

"I'm all finished, Blessed One," Charlotte said, beaming and flushed at Lydia's praise.

"Yay! Thanks again!"

Lydia lumbered past the curtain to settle back onto her throne. A chorus of compliments and admiration for her new clothes rose from the crowd.

"How did you learn to make an outfit like that?" Alice asked.

"Sister?"

"I mean, it's adjustable, yes?"

"Oh! I just made what I saw in the dream."

"So you didn't know she'd be so… big?"

Charlotte shook her head. "Isn't it wondrous? Who would have thought Our Lady would bless our little village so."

Alice saw nothing but adoration in the seamstress's eyes. The crowd, queued up to offer her sister even more food, gazed up at her with every bit as much awe. No one seemed at all bothered by the fact that she'd grown from a tall, plump woman into a towering, voluptuous giant in a single day.

Chomp, gulp… Bwooom

Lydia's breasts swelled into their linen covers, drawing them tight. A bit of material slipped through a ring as her outfit adapted. Lydia hadn't "grown;" she was "still growing," and from the looks of that crowd, she wasn't going to stop growing anytime soon. The chapel had high-vaulted ceilings, twelve feet high according to Lucien, and the Ikon now stood at least eight feet tall. Never mind the doors; if this kept up, she'd outgrow the building in a week's time.

Alice needed to talk to Lucien.

III

When Lucien gave up his chambers to Alice, he'd claimed he was taking a room at the village inn. At nightfall, Alice sent the crowd of petitioners away. She got her sister settled for bed, and walked to the inn. Despite the late hour, the common room bustled with revelry; toasts and cheers for Lady Titania and her Ikon ringing out every few minutes.

"Aye, he was here," the innkeeper said. "He set off for t'capital two or three nights ago."

By the time Alice caught up with Lucien, dusk had fallen the following day. The old priest was spending the night in a hayloft, which meant there were none but horses to overhear Alice berate the man.

"What do you mean by fleeing your post?"

"Flee my post? I've served the people of Rivermere since I was younger than you, girl."

"And that means you can just slip off in the night, without a word?"

Lucien relaxed somewhat, blowing out a sigh. "Sister Alice, what is this really about?"

"Did you know this would happen?"

"What would happen?"

"Lydia's consecration… making her… bigger?"

"The Ikon has always been a healthy young woman."

"Lucien. Half the village were lined up outside the chapel yesterday morning with food offerings, and I had to send them home last night. She does nothing but eat, and she's growing as fast as she eats. Titania's tits, she was over eight feet tall when I left!"

"You shouldn't blaspheme, Sister."

Alice scoffed. "I've heard you say as much and worse a dozen times. Are you coming back to help me or not?"

Lucien shook his head.

"But why?"

The old priest put a hand on her shoulder. "I've done my part, Alice. Lady knows your sister isn't the easiest person to care for, but I served. I did all Titania asked of me and more. I dare say I've earned my rest."

Alice sighed. "Alright."

"Our Lady wouldn't ask more than you're able, Sister. She wont forsake you."

"Right. Thanks, Lucien."

It had gotten dark while she argued with Lucien, so Alice took a room for the night. She had to get back to Rivermere, back to the Ikon.

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By the time she returned to the chapel in Rivermere, Alice had been gone nearly three days. Unseasonable rain showers delayed her return journey, and then she came upon a caravan of pilgrims en route to the Ikon. She was obliged to travel with them and their ox-carts, overflowing with harvest produce.

Chawmp champ… Mmmm!

Uwoooom

Alice edged past the queue of petitioners at the chapel, dreading what she'd find inside. She could hear Lydia stuffing her face from the courtyard, for stars' sake!

The Ikon had grown even more than Alice feared. Her throne was nowhere in sight, likely shattered to pieces under a bottom that was several paces wide. Her legs spread down the sides of the chamber, each meaty thigh rising to Alice's chest. Her head was still a few feet shy of the ceiling rafters, but she couldn't have stood up without destroying the chapel's roof. A few steps into the audience chamber, Alice lost sight of Lydia's face. Her supernatural growth had expanded her body in every direction, but her inhuman breasts continued to grow faster than the rest. They thrust out from Lydia's giant frame, hovering in the upper portion of the chamber like a second ceiling. While Alice could walk under that ceiling easily, a group of hunched-over men scurried around in the shadow of the Ikon's bosom.

Someone had organized the queue in a horseshoe shape; coming in one door, looping around to toss their offerings into large baskets. Bigger offerings, which had become more of them than not, were simply dropped off. Each of the faithful called their praise and admiration up to the Ikon as they passed, following the queue out the other side of the double doors. If Lydia made any response to this adoration, it was muffled by the appreciative moans of her eating. Once filled, the men hauled the baskets under Lydia's bosom to perch them on her right leg, just above the knee.

Lydia, in turn, lifted each basket like a large bowl, propped it on the vast shelf of her bosom, scooped whatever food it contained into her mouth, and set the empty basket on her left knee. The whole operation was surprisingly efficient, which Alice didn't necessarily see as a good thing.

Optimized offerings meant her sister was stuffing her face faster than ever. Charlotte's ingenious gown was intact, to Alice's astonishment, but it appeared to be near the end of its rope. Gone was the train of surplus linen brushing the floor behind her back, and the strips over her legs reached no further than her knees. Once flowy and elegant, every spare inch of material was stretched taut as a bowstring by her voluminous bosom. Two strips of linen arced up over their middles, and hints of areola peeked out where flesh billowed around its restraints. The rings holding everything together were warped into ovals, creaking and groaning with each basket Lydia emptied.

Charlotte stood near Lydia's left ankle, scratching her head. She'd brought another gown—at least, that's what Alice hoped the wheelbarrow of folded linen was—but she watched the Ikon eat and grow, seeming even more overwhelmed than Alice herself.

"Charlotte?"

"Oh, Sister, thank goodness you've returned."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I've brought new garments for the Ikon, you see."

"Let me guess; another dream vision?"

Charlotte grinned mischievously. "Don't tell anyone, but I made the same gown as before, and simply doubled the measurements. The other sewers in town leant me their aid. After seeing the Ikon with my own eyes, I thought she might need it…"

Alice followed the seamstress's wide-eyed gaze as she stared up at Lydia's swelling form. Her mountainous bosom gurgled, and one of the rings became less circular.

Charlotte gulped. "Perhaps we should have tripled the measurements."

Alice put a hand on the woman's shoulder. "You did well, Charlotte." My sister eats like a pig, she did not add.

"Thank you, Sister. There isn't enough linen left in Rivermere to make such a garment, anyhow. It took nearly our entire stock to make this one." Her eyes flicked back up to Lydia's looming femininity. "We did make the bodice segments a bit more, erm, accommodating this time, thank the Lady."

"A… wise precaution, to be sure…" Alice shook herself. "We should forestall the offerings to get her changed into it, yes? I don't think we'll get her behind that curtain."

"I think it's best if we don't ask her to move, yes."

Alice imagined her sister crawling back to her bedchamber like a gigantic baby in a house made of twigs. She nodded.

Two women approached the seamstress. "I think we're ready, Charlotte."

Alice paused Lydia's snacking—after explaining the situation to her sister yet again—and sent the petitioners outside. Between Charlotte and her fellow seamstresses, they'd assembled a team of about a dozen assistants and laborers, including the men who'd been ferrying baskets of food. They scaled the walls on ropes, and Alice noticed for the first time that the loops and scrollwork of the ceiling beams was not entirely decorative.

With the lightest bite of cutters into its rings, Lydia's garment burst off her like dandelion fluff in a stiff wind. Her bosom plumped excitedly out of its confines, dropping a bit nearer the floor and taking up even more space. Their fat, glistening nipples were larger than Alice's fist.

Charlotte's band seemed unaffected by this spectacle. The women gathered the remains of Lydia's old gown while the men hoisted the new one on rope lines. They worked with the efficiency of a ship's crew, synchronized with shouts and chants. Like sails raised to catch the wind, yard after yard of linen draped across the Ikon's vast form. More pulling and heaving drew everything snug, and in a matter of moments, Lydia was clothed as she had been. But rather than an overstuffed robe struggling to contain its wearer, this one was a perfect fit.

"Aww, it's so cute!" Lydia boomed. "Thanks so much, everyone!"

Grrrrwgle

"Can you let my people in, Alice? I'm still hungry."

THOOM! BWOOM!

Lydia bounced on her bottom, licking her lips. Dust and cracked plaster rained down from the chapel ceiling. On the downward bounces, Lydia's quaking bosom nearly reached the floor.

Alice waved to the man guarding the doors. "Get the queue going again, please."

If Lydia kept that up, she'd bring the building down on their heads. In moments, the queue was reformed and filling baskets of food for the Ikon to wolf down. Alice felt the chapel floor vibrate as those baskets of food miraculously became more and more Lydia. It was a good thing her new dress had room to grow.

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Thoom!

Crack!

Two mornings later, Alice was thrown from her bed by an earthquake. An earthquake, and a wall collapsing somewhere far too nearby. She sprang to her feet, but when she yanked open her door, the opening was blocked by pale, plush skin. The ground shook. This was no earthquake.

Squeezing through her small window, Alice ran to the back garden, where she heard the wall collapse. A pair of legs that could only belong to her sister stretched onto the lawn. Toes towered over her head, ankles that started above her waist thickened ever higher toward calves and dimpled knees just inside what had once been Lydia's sleeping chamber. Alice peered in through the gaping wall. Past the knees, the legs only got wider and taller and rounder until they seemed to fill the entire chapel from one wall to its opposite.

Homf! Chomp, chomp… Brrrrm

Echoing through the small building were the unmistakeable sounds of eating. This was getting ridiculous. Okay, Alice admitted to herself as she circled around to the front of the chapel, this had been ridiculous for a while. Her sister's size when she'd first returned to Rivermere could have been called ridiculous. This was absurd, unreal… Alice didn't have a word for what this was, but it had to stop.

Despite having seen the situation at the rear of the chapel, Alice gasped as she beheld her sister's upper half. Lydia had rolled onto her back, which explained the earthquake and the demolished wall. Her arms were folded under her head, and her breasts filled the chamber even more fully than her thighs and bottom. Her new dress already tight and straining, Lydia's gargantuan glands formed a curving wall of flesh bisected by two strips of taut linen and a tight crevice of cleavage. They pressed against both side walls and reached nearly to the ceiling. That explained why Alice's door was blocked.

The same volunteers, who Alice had come to think of as her acolytes—or at least, her sister's acolytes—had devised a new system for getting food offerings into the Ikon. With the same loops and pulleys they'd used to change her gown, they hung two bushel baskets in such a way that each could be swung out over Lydia's head, tipped into her open mouth, then brought back to be refilled while the other took its place.

"Good morning -*homf*- Alice!"

"Hi… I see you've made yourself more comfortable."

"Oh -*ulp*- yeah. Sitting up was getting -*munch*- so cramped."

Alice couldn't believe her eyes. Each of those baskets would have lasted their family several days when they were girls, even with Lydia's healthy appetite. This Lydia, the Ikon, was emptying them in single mouthfuls! The acolytes worked so efficiently that Alice couldn't reach a count of fifteen between each of her sister's "bites."

She stopped a woman struggling with a wheelbarrow of roasted meats. "Why are you all still feeding her? Don't you think she's big enough?"

The woman looked genuinely confused. She smiled at Alice as if this was the happiest day of her life. “I’m not sure what you mean, Sister. It’s our joy and privilege to serve Our Lady’s Ikon.”

Alice prayed the wince hadn’t reached her face. “Of course. Lady bless you for your, er, generosity.”

Munch, gulp, groooooow…

All day, Lydia’s followers hauled baskets and carts and wagon loads of offerings to the chapel. The acolytes filled their baskets and dumped them into her mouth. Lydia ate and ate, and she grew and grew.

Sometime after midday, Alice and the acolytes found puddles on the chapel floor. They spread rugs to keep the volunteers’ feet from slipping, but the source wasn’t hard to deduce. Without a baby, without even being pregnant, Lydia was making milk. It was a sign of how many impossible things Alice had seen already that this new development barely registered as odd. She simply shuddered at the thought of a newborn huge enough to nurse from twelve-foot tall udders.

Lydia herself had fallen into another trance. Between mouthfuls the size of a sheep or pig, she murmured for more. The acolytes dripped with sweat as they heaved on ropes, dumping food into her without ceasing.

Grrroooown… plop!

Somewhere far above their heads, Lydia’s pony keg nipples slid into cavities in the chapel ceiling which must have been crafted for the purpose. Her behemoth bosom churned and heaved, gurgling with a sound different from the stretching and swelling Alice had endured for the past week.

Crosh, cresh, glug glug glug…

Faster even than the inhuman speed with which they’d grown to fill the chapel, the Ikon’s breasts bulged in every direction. A gushing sound like a babbling brook surrounded Alice, and a tumult of voices drew her out to the courtyard.

All around the chapel, down the lane, and even to the village square, fountains ran white with milk. Carved stonework Alice had always assumed was mere ornamentation turned out to be fountains and aqueducts. The large fountain in the

square now sprayed milk instead of water. Sculptures of Titania's Daughters decorating the chapel gushed from their carved nipples. And in between, basins filled with thick, rich goodness until they overflowed.

Once again, the villagers were a step ahead of Alice. Anyone not queued to dump even more food into her gigantic sister clustered around the fountains. They filled jugs and jars, bottles and bowls, flagons and flasks. They made giddy toasts and guzzled it down, singing the Goddess's praises. They'd been cheerful when they brought Lydia food offerings; now they smiled and danced with pure joy. Someone handed Alice a mug brimming with milk. Her every instinct told her to shove it back into their hands or pour it on the cobbles. Nevertheless, a small crowd watched her expectantly, so she drank. To her annoyance, the milk was quite good—rather than holding back a gag, she wiped her lips with a finger and smiled at the beaming onlookers.

For the remainder of the day, everything in Rivermere that wasn't centered on the Ikon ceased. Half the village collected and transported milk while the other half continued to offer food at the chapel's entrance. Alice gave directions and assistance where she could, but most of the time, there was nothing for her to do but watch. Hearing Titania's voice at her sister's consecration had stirred her faith. The revelation of the chapel's pulley and rigging system had solidified it. The apotheosis of milk fountains, built into the structure before she or her sister were even born, erased all doubt. Whatever the Goddess's plans, Lydia was at the center of it. Be that as it may, Alice hoped the Rivermerians could gather enough milk to balance out the tonnes of harvest they'd fed to their Ikon while the fountains lasted.

Indeed, as Alice sat in the courtyard, she watched the chapel walls bow. Over the din of the crowd and the echoes of Lydia's incessant eating, she heard stones grind and beams creak. Her sister's enormous head had inched out of the doors over the hours until she seemed to be wearing the entire building as a dress. A dress that was getting tighter as the acolytes rigged more pulleys and fed Lydia ever faster.

Gulp, ulp, ulp, ulp…

Like a crate fattening into a barrel, the Titanian chapel bulged and curved. The box-like shape became increasingly spherical as Lydia ate and ate. Rivulets of milk seeped between widening gaps in the stonework. Fresh streams trickled down from above as the triangular roof plumped upward like a double-arched dome.

As Alice suspected, the milk fountains wouldn't last long. Their streaming arcs sputtered as the chapel distorted, more and more milk seeping between the cracking stone. The leaks became sprays, like the hull of a leaking ship in reverse. A mist of milk wafted over the courtyard. The chapel hissed like a boiling kettle.

"Get back!" Alice yelled at the acolytes.

For the first time since the morning of her consecration, Lydia's queue of food-bearing followers had subsided. The dozen or so men and women who'd been feeding her fled across the courtyard, helping Alice evacuate the space around the chapel.

CRRASSHH!!!

The structure's side walls collapsed into heaps. Its front fell halo-like around Lydia's head. The roof exploded in a shower of slate and timber that luckily landed short of the watching crowd. Lydia let out an animalistic, ecstatic cry as milk geysered from her enormous nipples. The mist became a showering deluge. Unconstrained by the stone building, the Ikon's gargantuan bosom rose higher and wider than any of the buildings around it. She thrashed and whimpered, shaking the ground as her eruption continued.

Alice held her hands fruitlessly over her head, then dropped them. She was already drenched. All around her, people laughed and sang. They set out pans and buckets to collect the raining milk. After what felt like hours, but was probably closer to ten or twenty minutes, Lydia's letdown subsided into a steady, gushing flow. She rose from the rubble of the Titanian chapel to tower over Rivermere.

Her knees rose above Alice's head. The single-story buildings around her reached no higher than mid-thigh. She cast the entire courtyard in shadow, most of it caused by her massive bosom. Despite doing nothing but gorge herself for over a week, most of Lydia's body was no more plump than it'd been when Alice returned home. The "miracle" of her consecration had turned much of those nutrients into height, growing her over thirty feet tall. The rest of her food offerings had gone into her breasts. Full and fat, they jutted forward over a dozen feet. They spread wider than her pampered torso. Heavy and engorged, they hung to her navel, streaked with still-flowing milk. Her outfit, now soaked, still technically fit, though the strips meant to cover that bosom had slid between them, leaving her cask-sized nipples twitching in the open air.

"That was all soooooo yummy! Thank you so much, everyone!"

Bundles of people clustered under the milk-falls streaming down Lydia's breasts, filling buckets and barrels. Still smiling and embracing, they seemed wholly unbothered that their harvest stockpile had been decimated. Many were already churning butter and squeezing lumps of cheese. While she'd given up on trying to comprehend Lady Titania's plan, Alice couldn't help but wonder if it was all worth it. What would she do with Lydia now? Where would she live? Could Alice find a house, or even a tent, big enough? How much food would she need to keep her gigantic sister fed? If she could get Lydia to fast once in a while, would she slim back down to a more manageable size?

THOOM, THOOM, THOOM

While Alice ruminated, the Ikon had turned and begun thundering out of Rivermere. Buildings trembled with each footfall, and she left small craters in the cobblestone streets. Alice ran after her, shouting to get her attention.

"Lydia!!"

Lydia stopped and turned, looking at the ground around her. "Alice? Where are you?"

Far above her head, Alice saw nothing but the undersides of those enormous breasts. Lydia pawed at her overfed chest, tugging her outfit straps back over her nipples, which did little to conceal the still-leaking nubs. She took a step back, crashing into a building with a hip that sent plaster and wood showering down.

"Oops… Oh, there you are, Alice. Aren't we a little old to play hide-and-seek?"

Her sister couldn't hide in the deep forest. "Where are you going?"

"It's time for me to move on. There are so many towns and villages out there that need Titania's blessing. More of Her followers for me to visit."

Growwargh

Lydia's growling stomach betrayed her benevolent words. She patted her stomach and licked her lips as if unaware of her actions.

Alice's blood ran cold. It was the worst possible scenario. If one small village did this to her, what would a "visit" to every town in the kingdom do? How big could she get? Even with her slow, lumbering gait, she could easily eat her way clear to the coast. The Titanian temple in Buxmore Harbor was far larger than the chapel Lydia had outgrown. She could probably still stand upright inside it. Alice imagined an entire city feeding her sister. Galleys and frigates loaded with food offerings from across the sea. More acolytes emptying wagons and carts into her sister until she outgrew even that grand cathedral.

Not waiting for Alice's response, Lydia continued waddling away. While Alice stood in her sister's wake, Charlotte and the acolytes rushed past her. They led empty ox carts ready to fill with food and a wagonload of linen.

Alice sighed. Rivermere would have to rebuild, but they wouldn't need her help with that. Her place was by Lydia's side, no matter what Lady Titania's mysterious plan was for her gluttonous sister.