

Milky Fiona

“Come on, Fiona, don’t take those... Be rational about this.” Beth advised.

“Why not?? All the other girls at school have a nice pair of knockers!” Fiona complained, “Why should I be the only one not able to fill out her sweaters?!”

“But this just seems...so...I don’t know, *desperate*.”

Fiona narrowed her eyes at her friend. “Excuse me for wanting a guy to look at me every now and then.” She looked down at the three pills in her palm and rolled them around.

“I get that, but are bovine growth hormones *reeeaally* the way to go? You could get implants, or...anything besides this! Just think about this a little before you jump into somethi--”

Fiona tossed them into her mouth without a second thought, wincing as she swallowed them dry. “There. Problem solved.” she said shrugging.

“Or more problems created! You don’t know what those things are going to do to your body, Fi! They’re meant for *cows*!”

Fiona grabbed her bag and threw its strap over her shoulder. “All I know is that they’re supposed to give me the tits I deserve.” She started walking towards the bathroom door, “Now come on we’re going to be late for class.”

Beth sighed and followed her friend out of the women’s restroom to their calculus class. She felt mad at Fiona but couldn’t blame her entirely. Her chest had always remained as flat as the day they had met in middle school. All through high school and even now in college she was still made fun of for her lack of a womanly figure. In a campus full of busty girls it was bound to get to her.

Fiona sat down next to Beth and opened her textbook to review before the lesson. She could feel Beth’s eyes lingering on her. “Would you stop? I’m fine.”

“Sorry for caring! I just don’t want you having some weird allergic reaction...”

“I wouldn’t care if it meant finally outgrowing my training bra.”

“Well let me know if you feel anything at all. *Anything*, got it?”

“Yes, Mom! I got it! For the last time, I’m fi--”

Fiona’s words stopped and her eyes shifted down to her body.

“Fi? What is it??”

“N-Nothing...” Fiona assured. “I just thought that...for a moment...”

“Ok, class! Let’s get our homework out from Monday and go through it.” the professor said announcing his arrival.

He snapped Fiona’s attention back to class but try as she might she couldn’t shake the feeling that her training bra was shifting on her bust. Her internal temperature was making her hot and humid and she felt like fanning herself with her hands.

“Fi...” Beth whispered, “You all right?”

“*Nngh*, f-fine...” Fiona winced a little, her straps beginning to cut into her sides and shoulders. “Just a little warm in here is all...”

“No, it’s not...” Beth disagreed. Nonetheless she decided to take Fiona at her word and began concentrating on her homework.

Meanwhile Fiona was feeling a very unfamiliar sensation of weight on her front. A pressure felt like it was building inside of her and pushing against her bra and button up. Making sure Beth wasn’t looking her direction, Fiona glanced at her breasts.

“Eep!” she squeaked in surprise.

“I knew those were a bad idea,” Beth said, hearing her.

“I-It’s nothing...”

Gently she leaned forward over the table and sneakily put a hand against her chest. Her heart skipped a beat when her fingers met with a soft, cushioned resistance. She pressed again and there seemed to be even more. She glanced around nervously to make sure no one had spotted her poking her breasts and feeling safe she grasp a mound firmly.

The sensation made her almost cry out in pleasure. Her hand was completely filled with flesh! She squeezed it and felt her fingers meet a firm surface against her taut training bra. Fiona’s mind fluttered with happiness. *These have to be at least C cups! This is incredible!!*, she thought.

“Psst... Beth...” Fiona whispered.

“I’m not taking you to the nurse. You had your chance.”

“Not that.”

“What then?”

Fiona grinned, “Look...”

Beth turned her head and watched Fiona sit back into the chair, her back arching out to accentuate the ample mounds straining her blouse. Beth was so startled she choked on her breath.

“What the hell?!”

“Told ya they would work. Hey, do all big-breasted nipples feel this good? Why didn’t you tell me?? Mmmm, I can feel them rubbing against--”

“Ladies, care to pay attention please?” the professor requested. Fiona saw his eyes linger on her bust before turning back to the board, but she nodded in compliance.

“Sorry...” they both said.

“Now then, if we take the integral...” his voice faded away as Fiona gave her chest full attention again.

She giggled softly feeling their forms bounce, but the smile it put on her face faded away. They weren’t stopping. Fiona frowned slightly and tried to adjust her shrinking bra as it quickly grew uncomfortable. She could feel the bottoms of her new mammaries pushing out from the bottom band and overflowing from the top. “U-Uh oh...”

Her growth looked to be speeding up. Instinctively she arched her back as if to try and hold her chest away from her in fear, her eyes bulging when she saw them bloat out into massive mounds compressed by the blouse. The line of her cleavage was visible through her flared collar and opened button windows. She squeaked again.

Beth looked towards her and dropped her pencil. "Shit, Fiona!!"

"Shhh!!" she hushed Beth, "Not so loud!"

"What's happening to you?! Those are *giant!*"

"I-I don't know, ok?? They won't stop! I...ugh...I feel like...like I'm about to..."

PING!!

The color drained from Fiona's face as a button burst from her blouse, two cantaloupe-size piles of tit oozing their way through the opened hole. Somehow she grew even paler as two dark wet spots formed over the bumps of her nipples. "Eep!"

"Ladies what is so important that--"

"Professor Chase I need to go to the bathroom!" Fiona interrupted. She didn't wait for his answer and jumped from her desk, nearly falling on her face as she ran with her unaccustomed weight. Beth stayed in her seat dumbstruck by her friend's udder transformation.

"Crap crap crap...!" Fiona cried making her way back to the bathroom. Her growth was still quickening and she had already lost another button in the last thirty seconds. She burst into the bathroom and locked the door before throwing herself at the sink. She started to sweat when she saw her reflection.

Two wet spots the size of saucer plates covered her front like targets and her shirt was flared open to expose more skin than it covered. It was lined with stress wrinkles and her tits were mashed together into a solid mass of jiggling flesh that wobbled with each movement. "Oh no, oh no..." Fiona whimpered unbuttoning. Her shirt fell to her feet and her jaw dropped. "*Oh no...*"

Her training bra looked like it had been stretched over two ripening watermelons. The white fabric was drenched and dripping with a white fluid and her areolas had widened enough to peek over the top and bottom of the fabric. Two bumps the size of strawberries prodded out into the spandex demanding attention, a pink shade coming through the soaked bra.

Tenderly she tried to take off her bra but gasped in surprise when she touched her growing jugs. "Oh *God* that's a lot of pressure..." she moaned, "Why are they filling up??"

Biting her lip against the pressurized pleasure she grabbed her bra and pulled mightily, stitches popping as it stretched over her bust. It flew over her head and flung white droplets onto the mirror and walls. Some landed in her mouth and she tasted it unexpectedly. "*Milk?!?*"

The bra fell to the floor with a wet smack. Both of Fiona's hands hovered just inches away from the pair of boobs that hung to her belly button like basketballs. Her nipples quivered and leaked milk in thin warm streams that ran into the sink. Veins had appeared over her surface and Fiona groaned as the pressure felt like it was reaching a climax.

She knew what she had to do. She grasped both nipples and started to milk herself in firm squeezing strokes. "O-O-OooohhhhhhhhHHH!!" her groaned echoed around the bathroom.

Thick gushes of dairy drenched the sink and gurgled down the sink. Her legs quivered in ecstasy at the feeling of so much liquid running through her. "*How is there so muuuuch???*"

After a full five minutes of milking, Fiona felt the last few drops fall away from her. She collapsed onto the floor covered in fluids with a perky pair of C cups remaining on her torso. She panted while she watched them bounce almost happily. “I...I really hope...that’s the only time...this kind of thing happens...” she pleaded.