

Half-Gallon Gal

Near N. Far

Smashwords Edition

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Half-Gallon Gal

Tits. Big bouncing tits. That was all Ty had ever cared about, and Brittany knew it. They'd been best friends since the first grade, and she'd always known that the two of them would end up together. They got along great, had similar interests, and just genuinely enjoyed being around one another. Then came middle school and the great blooming of the girls; Brittany had just sort of stayed flat when all the other girls their age were developing.

That's where things had turned sour. Since then, Ty had become obsessed with chasing after the biggest rack in school, typically focusing his attentions on one Rita Bitelli, known crassly amongst the guys as Rita "Big Titty." Suddenly, Ty was far less interested in spending time with "Itty Britty," always finding some terrible excuse for why he wasn't free to hang out. Sure, they'd stayed "friends," but things were never quite like the old days. Brittany hated the feeling that her lack of boobs had lost her a great friend.

Fast forward to the present day, and Brittany found herself playing the third wheel at lunch to Ty and his girlfriend Rita. Yep, same Rita. In a way, the three of them had followed Rita's breasts all the way to the same out-of-state college. Rita had gotten a full ride to join the Western State University photography program. The head of the program had been a huge fan of Rita's portfolio, though Brittany suspected much of that was due to Rita herself being the primary model, over half the pictures prominently featuring excessive cleavage or erect nipples under a wet t-shirt.

Of course, once Rita accepted the invitation to Western State, Ty had suddenly realized that it was "the perfect school." Brittany had been incredibly pissed to find out that her best friend was chasing Big Titty two states away, but she'd opted to follow along, determined that she would some day make him realize that the mass in Rita's shirt had obviously leaked out of her skull. She knew that she would win Ty over some day. That was why she put up with being a damn third wheel all the time, ensuring that Ty, and especially Rita, wouldn't forget that she was always there.

Brittany snapped out of her thoughts, realizing Rita had just asked her a question, "Sorry, one more time?"

"I said," Rita remarked in her sing song valley girl manner, "When are you going to find a guy, so we can, you know, go on a double date?"

Brittany was annoyed by the question, but she tried to brush it aside casually, "I'm just trying to make sure I'm ready for finals right now. I'm not too worried about dating."

“I guess that makes sense,” Rita replied, obnoxiously smacking the gum she was chewing after every few syllables. “It's probably pretty hard work getting a date anyway, Itty Britty.”

Brittany hated that nickname with every fiber of her being. What was more, Brittany knew that Rita knew how much she hated it. She wanted nothing more than punch the half inch of makeup off Rita's pretty face. Instead, Brittany just took a deep breath and tried to let it go. She decided she needed to at least get one remark in, “It is pretty tough. Most guys just seem to be into the bottle blondes with big tits wrapped up in a nearly see-through shirt and athletic shorts. I'm just not able to pull off that Sorostitute look.”

It was a perfect description of Ty's girlfriend, and the look he shot across the table at Brittany indicated that he knew what she was getting at. Rita, however, seemed completely clueless, “It's okay, Brit. You'll find a guy. Keep looking.”

“So,” Ty chimed in, obviously desperate to change the subject, “are you ladies about ready to get back to studying for that World Civ final?”

Brittany refused to break off the glare she was giving Rita, so without looking in Ty's direction, she muttered, “sure.”

“Ugh. Just shoot me,” Rita complained, as the trio began getting up from the cafeteria table.

Gladly, thought Brittany. She was sure that Ty knew what she was thinking, because he gave her another “play nice” look as they carried their trays to the trash cans.

Later that night, Brittany was trotting back across campus to her dorm room. The study session had been moderately productive, though she was thrilled that she didn't have to hear anymore of the stupid drivel that passed for speech in Rita's mind. It just infuriated Brittany to no end that Ty could be so blinded by a bit of perk and jiggle that the otherwise nice, intelligent guy just turned into a zombie when Rita was around.

Coming into the lobby of her dorm building, Brittany opted to take a short detour into the dorm's small grocery store for some comfort food. She thought milk and cookies sounded delightful as a way to make herself forget about Ty's obsession with the blonde bimbo and her rack of evil. She wandered around the store which was tucked away in one corner of the lobby and found some “Chocolate & Cream O's” that were so obviously not supposed to be any sort of name brand cookie. Brittany felt the pack of twenty cookies was priced at about double what any normal human would willingly pay, but that was college.

With cookies in hand, Brittany turned her attention toward procuring some milk for dipping. She could see the small refrigerated section in the tiny grocer and made her way over to it. The store only had half-gallon size jugs of milk, but that suited her needs just fine. The prices, like the cookies, were exorbitant, and there were only two selections. Green Earth skim milk was two whole dollars more expensive than the alternative, BioTek Farms 2%. Brittany didn't really have anything against skim milk, but she let the price tag make the decision for her.

Her mind made up, Brittany walked to the front of the store and plopped down her items while she searched in her shoulder bag for some cash. The cashier began to ring up the purchase, but stopped as he noticed the milk jug and raised an eyebrow.

“You realize you grabbed the BioTek Farms milk, right?” he said, incredulous.

Brittany would never have described someone as a dirty hippy, but the cashier was the definition of a dirty hippy, complete with matted dreadlocks, a tie-dye shirt, and a high expression.

Not in the mood to be judged by the cashier after putting up with Rita all afternoon, Brittany fired back, “How silly of me to buy the cheaper brand.”

“You know it's cheaper because they use all kinds of chemicals and hormones in their cows, right?” the cashier was obviously angered by her indifference.

“Who cares? Just let me buy it,” Brittany was getting impatient.

“Fine. That'll be eleven dollars and twenty-three cents.”

Brittany slammed down a few bills and grabbed the cookies and milk and marched out of the tiny store.

The jackass cashier called out after her, “Enjoy your chemically enhanced hormone milk!”

Brittany stopped where she stood, that last remark had pulverized her last bit of self-control. She spun around on her heel to look back into the store.

Her voice was so full of pent up anger that she nearly shouted, “Listen up, Mr. Granola! I have just had to put up with one of the most annoying people to ever walk this planet for hours. Getting through that took all of the control I could muster, so I came in to get some milk and cookies. The last thing I need right now is some jackass judging me for picking a non-organic brand to save a few bucks!”

The cashier simply shrugged it off and responded in a calm tone, “Just so you know, they're currently under investigation by the FDA for the things they add to their products.”

“Oh would you just FUCK OFF?!” Brittany had lost it. Hoping that some milk and cookies would help

push the entire evening out of her head, she turned and headed toward the elevator to go back to her room.

Once she arrived, Brittany unlocked the door and went inside, throwing herself onto the bed, more grateful than she'd ever been that she didn't have a roommate. After letting herself calm down from the confrontation at the grocery, Brittany got up and began changing into her pajamas. While dressing down, she took a moment to look herself over in the full length mirror on the back of her door. Her curly red hair was in a tangled mess after the stressful evening, and the image of her flat chest and lack of hips, dressed up in a sexy matching bra and panty set, wasn't making her feel any better. She let out a sigh. Brittany really wished she had a sexier body. Just a little fuller would be great.

She unhooked her bra and pulled on her silky black pajamas. Then she poured a big glass of milk, storing the rest of the jug in the otherwise depressingly empty minifridge. Tearing into the tray of cookies, Brittany grabbed a handful and dipped one enthusiastically into the cold creamy milk. The chocolate cookie, cream filling, and cold milk were coming together to go a long way toward making up for the shitty evening.

With a click, she turned her TV on and found a decent movie that wasn't too far into the middle. Watching the movie, she scarfed down half the tray of cookies and gulped down the glass of milk. Things were definitely looking up.

Suddenly, Brittany felt a slight tingling sensation in her chest. Unsure of what was happening, she looked down and saw the shiny black fabric of her pajama top begin to ripple and billow outward slightly. If she didn't know any better, Brittany would've said that her breasts were growing. With a finger, she stretched out the collar of her top and looked down. There, beneath the soft, silky black folds of fabric, she saw her breasts, now grown from her usual AA size to at least a full A.

Brittany felt she had to say it out loud in order to believe it.

“My boobs just grew.”

Brittany jumped from her bed and bolted to the mirror, flinging off the top of her pajamas, the silky black piece of cloth falling crumpled to the concrete floor of her dorm room. Standing there for at least half an hour, Brittany grabbed, squeezed, jiggled, teased, pinched, and generally had an all around good time with her brand new toys.

Finally convinced she wasn't imagining things, Brittany wrapped her newly swollen chest back up in her top and plopped back down on the bed to do some serious deduction. She was determined to figure

out what had brought on the swelling and, hopefully, a way to harness it for future use.

She ran the possibilities through her mind, the entire time searching the web for any other possible causes for swollen breasts. She knew for certain that she wasn't pregnant; that would require a sex life. It seemed there were a few herbs that could cause breast growth or even lactation in large enough doses, but she would've known if she was taking those. There were a couple of chemicals and hormones given to livestock to promote growth. She thought it was possible she could have eaten some meat with hormones, but all of the websites she could find indicated it would take a lifetime of exposure to cause even a small amount of growth. No, this was something else. Her breasts had jumped a cup size in about twenty seconds flat.

Suddenly, Brittany thought back to her run in with the jackass in the grocery store. He'd only pulled his head out of his ass long enough to spout a bunch of crap about how terrible she was for buying non-organic milk, but he'd also managed to throw in a mention of the FDA. He said they were investigating BioTek Farms for some reason.

Brittany couldn't believe that she was seriously considering the idea that drinking a glass of milk had made her breasts balloon the way they were. Still, nothing else made sense. She turned back to her web browser and searched for "BioTek FDA Investigation." It took a bit of digging, but she managed to find a blog called "The Natural Truth" that had a few posts. The author claimed that they'd found proof that BioTek Farms was merely the front for a line of chemically enhanced products created by a Biochemistry Research Laboratory called, shockingly enough, BioTek Laboratories. The articles also mentioned an ongoing FDA investigation into some unapproved chemical additives in their products. That had to be it. The timing matched up perfectly, and, while having your boobs grow just from a little milk seemed a tad far-fetched to Brittany, she certainly didn't know enough chemistry to discount the theory. With her mind more at ease over what was causing the bizarre occurrence, she next decided to do a little experimenting of her own.

Stowing her laptop safely on her desk, Brittany poured another small glass from the milk jug and returned to the mirror.

"Here goes nothing," she said to psych herself up.

She downed the entire glass in a few large gulps, licking the milk mustache from her upper lip and giving an exaggerated "Ahhh" of satisfaction. Leaning over to quickly set the glass on her dresser, Brittany stared at her reflection's breasts, eyes keen to notice any slight change. After a few moments, she began to feel silly, wondering why she'd been dumb enough to think that drinking milk had made

her boobs instantly bigger.

Brittany turned back to go to bed but was stopped by a massive wave of sensitivity in her nipples. Without warning, the soft silky cloth of her pajamas became more than she could stand. She spun back to face the mirror and saw two large points marking her erect nipples. She couldn't believe how horny the sensation of her pajamas rubbing against her bare flesh was making her. Then, on cue, the gentle curvature of her chest began to change as the swelling flesh beneath forced the fabric outward.

“Yes!” she shouted, unsure if it was more from excitement or arousal.

As she looked on, the swelling flesh seemed only to be gaining momentum. Meanwhile, the buttons on her pajama top were starting to put up quite a fight to keep the growing breasts contained. Another peek down her collar revealed that her A's had suddenly become a perky set of what had to have been full C's. The growing had stopped completely, leaving Brittany with a strained top, nipples more sensitive than they'd ever been, and a fire between her legs. She'd never had much trouble with her libido, but this was an arousal like nothing she'd known before.

Hoping that the arousal was increased with the growth, Brittany hastily poured another glass and downed it just as quickly. She rifled through her underwear drawer, looking for a little glass friend she hadn't seen for a while. With dildo in hand, Brittany dove onto the bed and slid her hand downward, not letting a silly thing like the waistband of her pajamas slow her down. Just as she was starting to have a little fun, she felt a pressure in her chest. The familiar waves of pleasure shot through her nipples like a jolt of lightning, and the pressure in her chest grew suddenly intense. Brittany tried to inhale deeply but her lungs felt constricted. She could sense the panic setting in as her breathing turned rapid, yet there was no relief.

Craning her head to look down her body, she saw the problem. Her breasts were expanding again, growing quite massive for a lingerie model, not to mention for someone who'd been totally flat-chested not an hour earlier. They were pushing into D territory, and her top was unable to keep up. The growing mounds of flesh beneath were so large that the fabric was being pulled apart between buttons. She could glimpse a deep run of cleavage peering through the gaps. The force of her now cantaloupe sized breasts swelling rapidly within the confines of the taut fabric was making it impossible to breathe.

With a sharp, deep inhalation and an arching of her back, Brittany watched two buttons go soaring across the room as they were torn free of her clothing. The top was still managing to cling to life, though there was now a large diamond shaped opening, revealing an enticing canyon where her breasts were being squeezed into each other. Perched atop the soft globes sat two huge nipples, reaching

toward the ceiling, creating twin cones of the shimmering cloth.

Freshly able to pull air into her lungs, Brittany let her panicked breathing return to a semi-normal rate. She brought her non-busy hand upward to trace a lazy circle around her left nipple, feeling herself come so close to the edge of orgasm. After a bit more play, Brittany let herself lie in bed, panting after all the excitement. Once she felt the feeling come back into her extremities, she propped herself upright, feeling the sudden sloshing weight of her new rack pull her center of balance forward.

Accounting for her new distribution of mass, Brittany stood and strutted around the room a bit, getting a feel for the way her body had changed. With each step, she could both see and feel the jiggle of her tits as they strained against their fabric confines.

The light bulb went off in her mind. She had tits. Actual tits. D's. Double D's, by the look of them! Oh yes, she was going to be able to have some fun with this discovery.

With all the excitement, Brittany hadn't realized how late in the evening it had gotten, nor how tired she was. She decided it was time to get some sleep, because she had big plans for the next day. She would have a few hours before the World Civ test, and she knew that she wanted to spend them shopping for some new clothes.

After all, Brittany thought to herself, she'd need something nice to wear to the study meeting with Ty and Rita. Throwing off the rather tight top half of her pajamas and hitting the lights, she pranced back and jumped into bed, feeling the soft heaviness of her shiny new breasts lying on her chest.

Brittany smiled. Tomorrow was going to be a good day.

Entire states away from Western State University, Analia and Lisa, two lab researchers, spent the following morning screaming at Dr. Kaveski, the aging head of BioTek Research Laboratories.

“What do you mean, 'no harm done'?!” Analia was screaming near the top of her lungs, flailing her arms wildly as she paced around Kaveski's office. Lisa did her best to restrain her partner, but her own temper was beginning to get the best of her. They'd just been informed that, due to a screw up at the animal testing center, a large quantity of experimental product had been released to store shelves.

“Do you have any idea what could happen to someone who drinks that milk?!” Analia just kept on

yelling.

“Calm down. The PR department is handling this. They're tracking down the contaminated shipments and should have the matter resolved by the week's end,” Dr. Kaveski was obviously unconcerned with the matter at hand.

“What about anyone who already bought some of the milk?” This time it was the lovely Lisa who spoke up. “This is from specimen B-993. That was the--”

Kaveski interrupted her, “Look. When I made you two the joint heads of R&D, I did so under the assumption that you would handle matters of R&D and leave the PR matters to those who work in PR.”

“You're an ass!” Analia spat bitterly.

“And you're lucky that I didn't fire both of you after your blueberry project blew up in your faces. Luckily, you managed to come up with a major pro for the board of directors, so they opted to take your research in a new... direction.”

Analia and Lisa gave one another a knowing glance. They knew that Kaveski detested having his livestock research redirected into body enhancement research, and both girls enjoyed how much he hated it. Still, neither was pleased to think that their research was being unleashed on an unsuspecting public.

“Fine,” Analia conceded, “but make sure they know how urgent this is.”

“I'll send a memo. Now get back to work. Both of you.”

The two researchers nodded and turned to leave the room. As they passed through the doorway, Lisa pointedly grabbed Analia's ass, hoping that the jackass noticed. He hated that the two of them were sleeping together.

The day of Brittany's final exam, she spent her morning getting out of bed very early and cramming her tits into the loosest fitting t-shirt she could find amongst her clothes. As it turned out, it was an old plain blue one Ty had lent her after a day at the lake in high school. She had held onto it for years. He probably had no idea that she still had the thing.

Inspecting herself once more before heading out, Brittany looked down to find her view filled with two

large forms, squeezed tightly into blue fabric which was straining to hold together. Ever since she had first noticed the growth, her nipples had stayed fully erect and very sensitive. With no bra of hers even remotely able to contain the amount of flesh on her chest, Brittany had no choice but to go out with her high beams on. The thought occurred to her that she could throw on a sweater or something, but the weather was warm enough that it might look unusual. Plus, she wanted the world to get a good look.

As she began out the door, she turned back to look at the minifridge, debating having another glass of milk, but she decided against it. She didn't have the time to knock out the arousal that came with it, or a t-shirt that would fit anything larger than the pair she was presently sporting.

Trotting proudly across campus toward the bus stop, Brittany reveled in the hundreds of glances turning her way. The girls were shooting glares of equal parts awe and disdain. The guys, on the other hand, were letting their jaws drop as they stared her squarely in the chest. She loved the attention. This had to be how Rita felt all the time. It was a feeling that Brittany wanted to experience all the time.

It was five blocks to the stop, thousands of steps. With each one, she could see her tits happily bouncing up and down out of her peripheral vision. The constant bouncing weight was beginning to cause a noticeable bit of strain on her back. She absolutely *had* to get a bra that could contain her bouncing baby girls.

The bus ride to the mall was filled with more lustful looks, but otherwise uneventful. Once Brittany arrived, she wasted no time grabbing up an assortment of large t-shirts, even grabbing a few XXXL men's button-down shirts. Next, she moved on to a new shop to grab a few designer dresses. She found an incredible open back red dress with such a high hem and plunging neck line that the two were in danger of meeting in the middle. Ty should like this, she thought, pleased with herself.

With her new wardrobe in hand, Brittany decided it was time to work on some new bras. She strolled through the central pedestrian section of the mall, eying the various shops. There had to be a good lingerie shop somewhere. Given that she typically bought her undies in bulk at a cheap department store, the whole bra-buying thing was not her expertise.

After some time, she rounded a corner and found a store clad in red, black, and pink, with a large sign above the door that read "Double D Deluxe Lingerie." Brittany was sure she'd found the right place. Before she was even through the door, she was approached by a tall blonde woman whose incredible bust was defying gravity simply by existing. She had to have breasts in the G or H range, though Brittany was admittedly inexperienced with guessing sizes, and a black and red corset that propped them up so pointedly that she had a virtual tabletop of bare breast skin held directly under her chin.

“Hello, darling!” the woman spouted excitedly, throwing her arms out, preparing to give Brittany a hug.

Brittany was uncomfortable with the idea of hugging a strange employee, but she figured it wasn't the strangest thing that had happened in the past 24 hours. She shrugged and moved in to intercept the hug. The woman was so tall that the hug sent her jiggling shelf of boobs directly into Brittany's face. She was lost in what seemed like miles of cleavage. Her lungs begged for air until the hug finally terminated, giving her that sweet breath of air. Brittany did sort of think she was starting to like big boobs. With a grin, she thought to herself that they were “growing on her.”

“Welcome to the store!” the busty store clerk continued. “My name is Debbie DDeluxe, with two D's. Well,” she paused and stared down into her own breasts, “I guess it's two H's now.”

“Wow,” was all Brittany could manage.

“Impressive, aren't they?” she was clearly proud. “I decided that the owner of a sexy lingerie store should have a physique that calls for sexy lingerie. Everything I wear is sold here.”

“Very nice,” Brittany managed, picking up her own jaw. “I'm looking for a nice new bra or two,” Brittany told Debbie.

Debbie glanced at the flesh stretching out Brittany's shirt and gave a “tsk.”

“Darling, it looks like you need a bra, period. It's good, though. You have a great figure, if you don't mind me saying.”

Brittany didn't mind it.

“Let's see... do you know your size?”

Brittany's dumbstruck expression was all the answer she could come up with.

“I see. Well, come over to the dressing area and I'll get you measured up.”

The woman led Brittany past rack after rack of lacy, see-through, and all around very sexy and naughty bras, panties, and negliges to the back of the store where there was a corner surrounded by full-length mirrors. She took hold of Brittany's shoulders and positioned her directly in the center of the semi-circle of her reflections. With all of the angles presented before her, it was the first time that Brittany was truly able to appreciate the total size and heft of her new breasts. They were so impossibly round and perky. She gave a slight bounce just to see them jiggle inside their tiny blue shirt casing, nipples bobbing happily. Brittany loved the way they looked on her.

With no warning, Debbie waved her arms around Brittany's torso, pulling a tape measure tightly around her ribcage at the base of her breasts. A smile touched Brittany's lips as she felt the weight of her own breasts resisting Debbie's attempt to pull the tape and shirt up higher.

“Thirty-two inches!” she called out, letting the tape measure fall away.

“That's it?” Brittany had hoped for a little more to the fitting.

“Dear, no, no, no, no! We still have to determine your cup size!” she seemed terribly cheerful to be doing this.

With no hesitation, she brought the tape back up to Brittany's chest, this time pulling it tightly around the fullest section of her bust. Brittany shuddered slightly as she felt it rub against her stiff nipples through the cotton fabric. Watching her reflection, Brittany took pride in the way that her boobs billowed out slightly around the tight band. Then there was the satisfying slight jiggle as Debbie dropped the measure again, letting gravity take full hold of the breasts once more.

“Well, dear,” Debbie announced after a bit more measuring and prodding, still in a sing-song voice.

“You are a 32DD! A very full one, at that!”

Brittany let the size sink into her brain. 32DD. She'd jumped up to that from a 32AA in less than one day. Plus, she thought, there was still over half a jug of milk in her dorm room. Suddenly, another idea occurred to her: there were many more jugs of that same brand of milk in the grocery store.

With a newly discovered sense of urgency, Brittany began to speak, “Thanks so much, Debbie! Can you bag up a bra in that size and two more a couple of cup sizes bigger?”

“Bigger?” Debbie seemed thoroughly confused by what she'd heard.

“Yeah, maybe a 32G and whatever the biggest you have in a 32 inch is?”

“Well, the biggest we have in the store is a 32H, but we can special order custom bras in any size. I'd need the exact measurements, though,” she was flabbergasted by this new line of inquiry, not sure what to make of the questions Brittany was tossing out. “Are you planning to get another surgery?”

“What makes you so sure that I've had surgery?”

“Well, you certainly look very natural, I'll give you that, but you don't know your size and obviously don't have a bra to fit your new toys. You, dear, just got a brand new boob job.” Debbie crossed her arms under her bosom, looking proud of her Sherlock Holmes-esque deduction.

“Well, you're wrong,” Brittany replied. Proud that she now had boobs that defied reason. “These are

natural.”

Then she added, “and I feel another growth spurt coming on, and I think it's going to be a big one.”

Debbie seem perplexed and fascinated all at once.

“Give me one of those H cups,” Brittany said, closing her shoulders in to squeeze her breasts together in front of the mirrors, “and make it a sexy one.”

With her new purchases in hand, Brittany left the mall and made for the bus stop, feeling her heavy chest resting comfortably on the lovely, lacy pillow of her new bra, her nipples digging into the soft fabric and still making themselves known through the shirt. She felt good, sexy, strong. The increased size of her tits and the brand new lingerie display case she'd picked up were doing wonders for her self-esteem, and she was certain that Ty would be equally pleased with them. She just hoped that the grocery hadn't sold the rest of their milk supply.

The smarmy cashier from the previous night was back at the register in the grocery, and Brittany felt certain he hadn't changed clothes since the previous day. At least, he smelled that way to her. Brittany grabbed four more jugs of the BioTek farms milk and hauled them up to the register, quite the feat to manage with her new double D's in the way.

“Just ring me up and keep your mouth shut,” she cut him off before he had a chance to speak.

He nodded, clearly offended, but not willing to piss her off. After a moment, he caught a glimpse of the show being put on in her shirt. He was so enthralled by Brittany's breasts that he gave her the total without realizing he'd only scanned three of the jugs. Brittany didn't bother to correct the mistake, figuring it was repayment for his attitude the night before.

Carrying her bags of clothing and milk out of the grocer and heading toward her room, Brittany yelled back to the cashier, “By the way, they're real!”

She thought he was about to faint.

Back at her room, Brittany dug through bags ravenously to find her new red dress and squeezed herself into it, tits first. She admired herself in the mirror, the way her bra and dress combined to give her the perfect “busty bombshell” look. Realizing she still had about an hour before the exam, she added a bit of fiery red lipstick and a touch of smoky eyeshadow. She teased her hair for a few moments, getting it just right, and she was the picture of perfection. Ty would have a lot of trouble ignoring her now.

With a last minute reconfiguring of the girls, she went bouncing downstairs and off to the exam.

Arriving at the auditorium fairly early, she was only the third person to arrive. The other two students, a guy and a girl who sat next to one another, frantically flipping through what was likely a homemade study guide, paused and glanced at her as she entered. Their eyes widened, and they pointedly began avoiding eye contact as they began whispering gossip.

Brittany took in the auditorium and began to plot her move. She knew that Rita always insisted that she and Ty sit in the very top back row, usually the center seats if they were available. Ty would definitely go with what Rita wanted; he couldn't risk upsetting the woman whose boobs he loved so dearly. With a plan formed in her mind, Brittany chose a seat near the middle of the next-to-last row and tossed her textbook and bag behind her, saving two seats for the pair. Rita would be so pleased to see that her least liked acquaintance had seen fit to save her favorite spot. That is, she would be pleased until she got a glimpse of Ty was certain to notice; the seats behind Brittany would give him a front row view directly down her dress to her monumental run of cleavage sandwiched between her shiny, new, impossibly perky tits. He was definitely going to fail this test with distractions like those around, but Brittany felt it was a necessary evil to free him from the bimbo's clutches.

It was several minutes later that the bulk of the class began filtering in, Brittany running defense for the reserved seats behind her and praying that Rita hadn't persuaded Ty to skip the final. It wouldn't be unusual for her to insist on such a terrible idea. Luckily, the two of them did manage to show up, only two minutes before the scheduled start time. Brittany sat low in her seat, trying to hide as much of her figure as she could behind the row in front of her. She didn't want Ty to get the full reveal until the perfect moment. She flagged them down and pointed to the empty seats behind her. Just as expected, Rita seemed both pleased and surprised to have the seats saved. She dragged Ty to the last row like a moth to flame. Brittany smiled at Rita's predictability.

“Hey, Brit!” Ty seemed legitimately happy to see her. He always did.

He was looking at her strangely. It was likely the make-up and hair throwing him off.

“Hey, Ty!” Brittany greeted back, pointedly saying nothing to Rita. “Ready for the test?”

“I hope so,” Ty replied, “we haven't studied since yesterday.”

Rita took that moment to chime in, “We did have a *lot* of fun, though. Isn't that right, Ty?”

Brittany ignored the jab, knowing that she was about to finally win the war. Ty and Rita had taken their seats, so she just waited for the sign. She could hear the two of them chatting quietly behind her back when suddenly Ty's voice trailed off. There was the sign.

Ty leaned in over Brittany's shoulder and began to speak, but he seemed to have difficulty finding the right words, "Hey, Brit... you... uh... did you..."

"Alright, everyone! Quiet down! We're handing out the test now! Do not turn yours over until everyone has a packet!" The TA's were strolling up the side aisles, handing out papers.

"We'll talk later," Brittany whispered over her shoulder in a hushed voice as the student next to her passed over a stack of white papers.

"You may begin!" called out one of the TA's.

It took Brittany about thirty minutes of the allotted two hours to complete the test. It was embarrassingly easy, yet she killed another forty-five minutes double checking her answers while Ty and Rita finished up. Something was evidently distracting Ty. He would've been finished much more quickly. Brittany wondered what it could be. With a sly grin, she bounced in her seat ever so slightly, sending jiggling tremors through her impressive breasts. She heard Ty choke and cough behind her. Oh yes, she thought, it was going to be a fun day.

With the test turned in, the three made their way out to the hallway outside the classroom and began discussing their hypothetical results.

"I'm pretty sure I aced it," Brittany chirped, wanting to flaunt her intelligence as much as her boobs.

Rita sneered without a response.

"I'm pretty sure I passed, but it was tough," Ty was talking, but his eyes were sitting firmly in the cavern between Brittany's mounds.

Brittany crossed her arms beneath her bust and squeezed, feeling the soft mass resting on them as she lifted for maximum emphasis. She could hear Ty swallow, and the huge bulge in his jeans was a dead giveaway of how he was feeling.

"Want to come hang out at my place," Brittany took the moment to make her move.

"We can't. I have another exam," Rita grabbed Ty's arm and began to walk off, but he remained firmly rooted to the spot. Her annoyance was clear from the tone in her voice. Not to mention, she kept firing nasty looks at Brittany.

Ty interjected, "Brittany, I have to ask. What's with the new... um..."

"It's obvious," Rita cut in before Brittany could answer, "Itty Britty' is stuffing her bra."

"Stuffing? Stuffing?!" Brittany was furious that, with all the boob flesh she was showing off, Rita

would try to accuse her of stuffing. She was such a bitch.

Completely pissed off, Brittany resorted to a desperate maneuver. She grabbed the neckline of her deep cut dress, making sure to slip her fingers inside her bra, as well, and she pulled down hard, letting her breasts spill out into the open air, revealing firm round masses and dark erect nipples. Ty let out a small yelp.

With his attention secured and Rita's mouth firmly shut, Brittany pulled her dress back up and turned to walk off.

“Ty! You don't have a test, right?” Brittany called, not waiting for a response. “I'll be in my room.”

“I guess I could come hang out for a bit,” he shrugged.

Rita said nothing. She just stormed off.

Brittany smiled victoriously.

Fifteen minutes later, she was sitting on her bed facing the door, legs crossed in her best seductive pose. Seeing her reflection on the far wall, she thought she pulled it off pretty well. For good measure, she gave another readjustment to her bra, still getting used to wearing one so large yet still snug against her new puppies. The fix gave a small boost to the amount of cleavage presented front and center in the sexy red dress. She took notice that the fabric was already stretched firmly around her chest, giving little room to grow.

Realizing she'd forgotten a very critical aspect of her plan, Brittany poured another glass of milk from the jug she'd started the previous night and sat it on her night stand. Ty would be arriving shortly, by her estimate.

Mere moments later, there came a knock on her dorm room door, and she called in a husky voice, “Come on in, Ty.”

The knob turned and the door creaked open cautiously. Right according to plan, Ty shimmied inside, free of Rita for the first time Brittany had seen in some time.

“Rita not coming?” she jabbed.

“She told you she has a test.”

“Oops. Forgot,” Brittany smiled an evil smile, relishing the hold her body held over her long-time friend and crush.

“Just... how?” Ty was understandably baffled.

“Well, it happened last night. I made a little discovery.”

He nodded along, eyes not leaving her melons.

“You see,” Brittany explained, grabbing the glass from the night stand and swirling the milk around inside, “I bought some milk that seems to have an interesting side effect due to the chemicals in it.”

“It made your boobs grow?” Ty was following along pretty well, Brittany thought, considering most of the blood was clearly leaving his brain for other locales.

“Why not see for yourself?”

Brittany tilted her head back and chugged the glass. She knew what she was in for, and she arched her back and propped her weight up on her arms, letting her legs spread open in a more stable posture and secretly hoping Ty would sneak a peek at the lacy thong she was wearing under her dress.

“You're kidding, right? Those have to be some kind of rubber or silicone.”

“Ty, just sit tight and enjoy the show. I think you're gonna like this.”

Just in time, Brittany felt the intense tingle return to her nipples, each of which was suddenly trying its best to stab through both bra and dress.

“Mmmm, I forgot how good it feels,” Brittany moaned.

Next came the real growth. Her brand new top-dollar bra began to strain, suddenly put under intense pressure as she could see her cleavage deepening, flesh bulging upward out of the fabric confines enclosing her boobs. She fought the urge to unclasp the bra, wanting instead to force the swelling flesh to rip its way to freedom.

“This isn't happening,” Ty muttered, rubbing his eyes like he was hallucinating.

“Oh, it's happen--” Brittany stopped her sentence short, suddenly unable to breathe as the growing tits put immense force on both her lungs and her clothes. Something was going to have to give. Hearing the sound of ripping fabric, Brittany knew it was going to be the bra.

Snap! With an almost “twang” sound, the clasp of the fancy lingerie gave way, allowing her breasts to lurch forward a bit under their own weight, though still held firmly by the screaming dress. It would be going the way of the bra very soon, Brittany felt sure.

Judging by Ty's expression and undeniable hard-on, she thought the short lived bra was forty bucks well-spent.

“Are you... um... okay?” Ty seemed concerned by the way Brittany was struggling to inhale.

“I’m... fine...” Brittany reassured between forced breaths. “Watch... this...”

With her tits suddenly approaching the size of decent watermelons and still growing and her dress ready to explode, Brittany took a massive breath and smiled as seams ripped asunder and fabric flew open wide, her record-setting breasts flopping forth and resting on her chest, rising and falling with her panting.

“By the way,” she said to a dumbfounded Ty, “these things get *very* sensitive when they grow, making me very, very horny.”

Ty looked her in the eyes for the first time since he’d entered the room, trying to determine if she was serious.

“How about you get me the opened milk jug out of the fridge and lose those pants?” Brittany gestured at his jeans which seemed ready to explode from their own growing pressure.

“Brit, I’m flattered by all this, but I have a girlfriend,” the disappointment in his voice was evident, “You know that.”

“I do,” she responded, her voice softened, “but I also know that you hate the fact that she has the IQ of a rock with a learning disability. You’re just with her for her tits. You always have been. You know it. I know it.”

He stuttered, looking for a decent rebuttal.

“Look, I am on fire right now,” she continued on, “and either you can help me out with that, or you can go back to your room and wait for your love to get done with her exam. Given you’re not there for her to cheat off of this time, I’d say it may be a while.”

Ty stared at the floor, his face screwed up intensely as he stood, deep in thought.

“Guess I can tell her it’s over after her test,” he began ripping his pants off so quickly he almost tripped himself. With the milk jug in hand, Ty flung himself on top of Brittany, finally getting the two of them some well-deserved time alone. She wrestled the jug from his hands and popped the cap, taking several large gulps.

The surging growth within her chest sent the bright red fabric careening outward, arrowhead-like nipples leading the charge and growing bigger. Realizing it was no longer of any use, Brittany dug the poor bra out from under the smothering mounds of flesh and flung it into the floor.

Ty had fully given in to his desires, massaging the swelling boobs through straining fabric. His expression was one of pure lust. Brittany continually moaned in pleasure, unsure herself if it was more the sensation of growth or the way Ty was working his firm, strong hands, grabbing and teasing and pinching.

At last, Ty ripped his shorts off, revealing a pair of plaid boxer shorts desperately holding back their own rapid growth.

“I’ll have some of--” Brittany’s sentence was cut off by another round of growth, sending the sound of tearing cloth out from her sexy dress. After recovering and catching her breath, she tried again for that sentence, “I’ll have some of that.” She pointed directly at the rigid shape in his boxers, and her eyes glazed over like a predator seeing its prey.

Obliging, Ty stripped the boxers off, letting his manhood stand free. Brittany looked him over. His dick had to be a solid ten inches long and girthy. It was something that she wanted inside her, but she had to try something else first.

With Brittany’s bosom still swelling, she reached up with both hands and ripped her dress apart. The added force of her breasts made it incredibly easy to split the clothing open, revealing a mile of deep cleavage, slammed between two milky white spheres.

Without hesitation, Brittany grabbed Ty by the arms and pulled him further onto her, so that he straddled her stomach. She could feel the hot, throbbing hardness of his member pressing into the soft flesh of her left breast. With a bit of maneuvering, she grabbed his dick and held it between her breasts. She then placed a hand on either side of the swelling flesh and sandwiched Ty right inside her cleavage, before she commenced rubbing up and down.

It was the first time Brittany had every titfucked someone. For that matter, it was the first time she’d ever had the equipment to perform the move. She looked up at Ty; his mouth hung open, and his eyes were nearly crossed.

“God!” he cried.

“You like?” Brittany giggled.

Ty made a few incoherent sounds, coupled with a drawn out moan of pleasure. It seemed a safe assumption that he was enjoying it.

Though she didn’t really need any further proof that she was good at what she was doing, Brittany soon got it. Ty gave out a deep moan as a thick ribbon of white cum erupted from the depths of her cleavage,

coating Brittany's yet still expanding tits and her collarbone area in stickiness.

A few gulps of milk, more tit growth, and several more ejaculations later, Brittany was pushing Ty back off her awe-inspiring piles of breast and begging him to just do her.

"I'm on the pill, don't worry," she reassured.

With a smile and a nod of agreement, Ty repositioned and thrust himself into Brittany's soaking wet pussy. All of the expansion was driving her nuts with arousal and she just had to have him. She felt the pressure fill her up as he thrust inside. It was everything she had ever wanted. There was a physical coming-together which perfectly opened her to the feeling of oneness with Ty that she had been seeking for so long. He was hers, and she was his.

They made love for over an hour.

Later that evening, Ty and Brittany lay together in her bed, both of them completely naked and trying to catch their breath. Brittany had downed enough milk that she'd finished the first jug. She couldn't believe the mound of tits that stretched across her, Ty, and the bed. She hated to admit it, but even the H cup bra that Debbie had sold her at the mall was going to be dwarfed by the mountains before her. She firmly believed that she'd left the alphabet behind in the dust, as each breast was the size of a small bean-bag chair, with areolas the size of dinner plates and nipples that were likely an inch long and as big around as her thumbs.

Ty rolled himself over, resting a muscular arm on the nearest breast and letting himself sink into the excess of flesh. He looked Brittany deeply in the eyes and said nothing for ages.

"Good for you?" Brittany was the first to break the post-coital silence.

Ty just laughed back without saying anything.

After a bit, he nodded and responded, "You?"

"I've been waiting for a very long time to do that." She couldn't stop smiling.

"Was I your first?"

"Ty," her voice grew serious and sincere, "you were always going to be my first."

He leaned in and kissed her tenderly on the lips, letting the kiss just linger on.

"You know," Brittany said, an air of mischief creeping back into her voice, "I've got four more jugs of milk in that fridge, and I don't have another exam for three days. You?"

“Two days,” Ty replied, “but that's enough time to have some fun.”

He lowered his head and kissed her around her left areola, moving in closer to the nipple.

“Thinking about seconds?” she asked, coyly.

Ty said nothing, just continuing to kiss and lick her nipple, gradually switching to a gentle suckling.

Brittany felt herself let out a soft moan of pleasure. She had trouble believing how good that felt.

After a few moments of sucking and teasing and squeezing, Ty paused, lifting his head back up to look at her.

“You didn't have to stop,” she said, hoping he'd take the hint.

“You... um...” he seemed worried, “You're lactating.”

Brittany leaned up and looked at her enormous breast. Sure enough, there was a tiny trickle of white liquid, a few drops running down the skin and pooling on the sheets. She was giving milk...

Taking full stock of her freakishly over-proportioned breasts, Brittany saw that both of her enormous, and quite sensitive, nipples were steadily dripping milk. She was unsure of what to make of it, since inducing lactation had not exactly been a part of her original plan.

She and Ty looked at one another, unsure what to do or say. After a tense pause, Ty seemed to come up with a plan. He licked his lips and dove onto her left nipple, sucking and licking feverishly. Brittany could feel the release of milk with each bit of suction, and it felt incredible. She hadn't realized just how much pressure had been building up in her giant, growing tits until now, when she could feel the intensely satisfying release. She glanced over and saw that her other nipple was following in kind, letting out its own fountain of milk.

“Yes! Keep sucking!” She cried out, hoping Ty had a big appetite.

He didn't reply. Instead, he just redoubled his efforts, milking her left breast then the right. He'd begun to massage the jiggling flesh with both hands as his mouth kept up its work, sucking each nipple dry.

The sensation of being suckled and milked was beginning to drive Brittany insane. She could feel herself growing incredibly wet as her body craved another go.

“Come on,” she nearly begged, “let's go again. Keep sucking, though...”

Ty nodded awkwardly without detaching himself and repositioned his lower body.

At that moment, the door to the room flew open, and a furious Rita stormed inside, her face already

flushed in anger. She attempted to take in the scene before her: her naked boyfriend straddled Brittany who was herself naked and buried under piles of breast, glistening in the light from being soaked in milk and semen.

“What the FUCK is going on?!” She screamed so loud that Brittany knew the entire floor had heard it.

“Rita, we need to talk,” Ty started, dismounting and grabbing around the room for his clothes.

“No shit we need to talk!” she spat back, storming up to him before slapping him squarely across the cheek. He turned his eyes to the floor.

“Rita, I just don't think we're right for each other...” his voice trailed off, letting her piece together the rest of his speech. Behind them, Brittany was reaching around the bed to pull the sheets over her mounds, a task that was proving rather difficult, considering each one had to weigh close to thirty pounds.

“So that's it?! You find a bitch with bigger tits, so you just don't want me anymore?!” Rita's temper was flaring still more.

“I just... It took Brittany here to make me realize that I've only been with you because of your looks.”

“Yeah! I'm gorgeous! And I have a damn good body! Not like this freak here!” she waved an arm emphatically toward a now more modestly covered Brittany.

“She's not a freak!” Ty raised his voice to match Rita's.

“She's a pair of boobs with legs! At least mine are real. I wasn't forced to buy big fake boobs to get your attention like Itty Britty here!”

Ty had heard enough. He raised his hand to strike Rita, but stopped himself.

“What? Scared to hit a lady?” Rita prodded him.

“You're not a lady. You're an idiot who can't do anything without flashing her tits to get ahead in life. We're through.”

“Like hell we are! Once you figure out she's got big fake plastic boobs, you'll come running back to the real thing.” Rita grabbed her ample bust with both hands and gave a firm squeeze.

“They're not fake,” Brittany calmly chimed in from the bed.

“And you!” Rita pointed an angry finger in Brittany's direction, “Stay out of this, slut!”

Brittany turned her head to look over each shoulder before sarcastically firing back, “Who, me?”

“Yes, you! You've always been jealous of me since I have boobs and you don't.”

“Those little things?” Brittany was trying to strike a nerve.

“Stop acting like those are real!”

Yep, she'd hit a nerve.

“Let's settle this right now,” Brittany had a new plan forming in her mind. “Come feel them.”

“I'm not touching your freak tits!”

“Look, Rita,” Brittany softened her voice, “You're right. I've always been jealous of your boobs, but I promise these are real. I found this milk in the grocery that somehow makes my boobs grow.”

“You think I'm gonna believe that?” Rita was having difficulty hiding the sudden interest worming its way into her voice.

“We can keep debating who does or doesn't think you're an idiot, or you can just come feel for yourself.” Judging by the look on Rita's face, the insult had missed her understanding.

“Fine,” she hissed, moving over to the bed. Ty watched curiously as he finished pulling his shirt back on. He seemed incredulous at the fact that his ex was about to start feeling up the impossibly massive tits of the friend he'd just had sex with.

Moving close, Brittany slid back the now milk-soaked sheets to expose her breasts. Rita scowled as she reached out a reluctant hand and pressed it firmly into the soft, pliable skin. Her fingers sank into the soft mass slightly as she applied pressure and then squeezed. Brittany's nipple gave off a fresh drip of milk in response. The blond kept squeezing, shifting to use both hands. After a moment, she pulled at the nipple, causing more milk to squirt as Brittany bit her lip to contain a moan. As a final check, Rita ran her fingers across the collarbone area, checking for some sort of seam where the boobs were attached.

“Okay,” she said, dropping her arms to her sides in defeat, “they're real. You win. Happy?”

“I am,” Brittany grinned.

In a singular, lightning fast motion, Rita whipped her right hand upward, holding her smartphone. The quick flash of light and “cachik!” sound it made told Ty and Brittany that she'd just taken a photo of Brittany's bare naked form.

“What are you doing?” Ty cried, moving in to try to grab the phone away.

“Tsk, tsk, Ty, babe,” Rita was suddenly acting very superior, “you wouldn't want me to accidentally hit send, would you? Who knows what the girls in my sorority would think of the picture?”

“What do you want?” Brittany asked, sounding rather upset.

“I want to know how you did it,” Rita said as Brittany attempted to keep her expression flat. She'd taken the bait.

“I told you, I got some milk from the grocery downstairs.”

“What milk? What kind?”

Brittany sighed heavily, “It's a brand called BioTek Farms, but I bought the last of it.”

“Do you still have some?”

“Four jugs. It took me about eight jugs to get to this size.”

Ty shot Brittany a look that told her he was catching onto her plan.

“Well, then,” Rita said, “I'll be taking those unless you want me to send this picture to everyone on campus.”

Brittany hung her head in mock defeat.

“Fine, take them. But remember that too much milk at one time can kill you!”

“Pffft, like I'd believe anything you say. You're pissed I outsmarted you.”

“Fine,” Brittany muttered. “Take them and leave.”

Rita opened the fridge and scooped up the jugs, making toward the door. Fumbling to get the door open with her arms full, Rita took the moment to say one final bit to Ty, “And yeah, I think we're done. Bye bye!”

As the door shut behind her, Ty waited a moment for her to be out of earshot.

“What were you thinking?”

Brittany just looked him in the eyes and smiled.

“What?” Ty asked.

She looked downward, letting her eyes rest on his jeans. Specifically, she was taking in the view of the twelve-plus inches of bulge snaking gradually down his pant leg. Following her glance, Ty shrieked, “Holy shit! Me too?”

“You drank the milk,” she said with a shrug.

“No, you drank it all...” he suddenly realized exactly what she meant. Her milk had growth effects, too.

“So we don't need that stuff anymore. We've got a good deal of stock,” she said, jiggling her tits with her hands and watching the nipples leak more of the incredible milk. “Now, what do you say to giving me a good milking? If we can get enough to shrink me down to an H, I might be able to wear a bra again.

“That's a lot of milking. Not sure I can handle that much labor,” Ty was jokingly trying to sound unhappy.

“Well,” Brittany added, “if you can get us some more containers, we might be able to save some for later. What do you think?”

Ty looked around and snatched up the empty milk jug she'd finished off earlier.

“We might need more than this one,” he said, looking at the jug with doubt.

“Then maybe we should get to searching.”

Ty pulled on some clothes hastily and, after a while, returned to the room with an assortment of glass bottles.

“I raided the recycling,” he explained, “but I washed them all thoroughly.”

Brittany counted at least two dozen bottles and figured it would have to do for a while. She needed the pressure release badly.

Ty picked up a bottle and came over, ready to begin milking.

“Not so fast,” Brittany interrupted. “I want to give that a test, first.” She was pointing at the possible python trying to rip its way out of Ty's pants.

As he began to undo his belt in response, his phone began ringing in his pocket. With a sigh, he paused long enough to pick it up and answer it.

“Hello?”

He paused as Brittany could hear a faint voice coming out of the speaker.

“Sorry, I'm busy,” he replied and hung up the phone. “Now where were we?” he casually inquired as he returned to his belt buckle.

Curiosity getting the best of her, Brittany asked, “Who was that?”

“Oh,” he answered without pausing his disrobing, “it was Rita.”

“She want to try to win you back?”

“Nah,” he said, smiling as big as he could, “She's stuck in her room. Apparently her boobs are too big to get through the door.”

Brittany cackled maniacally, “Sucks for her.”

“That it does,” he replied as he jumped back on top of her.

With all of his clothing removed, Brittany admired Ty's body. He had broad shoulders, firm pecks, and a faint tracing of abs. He wasn't built like a pro athlete, but he was certainly well cut. She hadn't really seen him shirtless since the old trips they used to take to the lake with friends. She'd certainly never seen him completely nude, and the rest of the view was growing rather interesting. He was completely erect, his cock now at least two feet long and nearly as thick as her wrists.

“Bring that bad boy this way,” Brittany said, curling a finger in a beckoning motion.

Ty complied and slid the rock hard dick in between her soft, slick tits. With the milk, they were amply lubricated. Suddenly, Brittany shot her head forward, wrapping her lips around the hard, throbbing dick, barely getting much more than the head into her mouth before she could fit no more.

Ty, meanwhile, rocked his hips to and fro, plunging the shaft of his dick in and out of the slippery fissure of cleavage. All the while, he continued to lean forward and suck milk from Brittany's nipples, coaxing a steady flow by pulling and squeezing with his hands.

“Mmmm,” Brittany groaned, unable to speak with her mouth full.

As Ty drank more and more milk, she could feel the sensation of her incredible tits slowly shrinking, their load lightening. She could also feel a steady swell as the dick she frantically licked and sucked was growing. Even with Ty's thrusting, she could tell that it was gaining length steadily, pushing harder and deeper into her mouth with each movement. Her jaw, too, was being slowly forced wider as the girth of his penis swelled in kind. Brittany knew she'd never be able to fit the massive thing in her pussy. The thought disappointed her, but she came up with what she thought might be a fair substitute.

With Ty milking and sucking and thrusting, Brittany put her tongue into overdrive, licking around the ridge of his dick's head and tip. She bobbed her head faster, taking in as much length as she could manage. Ty paused his suckling for a moment, and began to groan.

“Oh, Brittany! Yes!” it seemed short words were all he could manage with the pleasure he was

experiencing.

Brittany kept sucking until she felt Ty's dick give a massive throb and begin to twitch and jerk. Bingo, she thought. A split second later, she felt the hot, thick, stream of cum erupt into her mouth, filling her cheeks and forcing her to swallow as more kept pouring in. With each jerk of Ty's body and penis, a fresh shot of creamy cum coated the inside of Brittany's mouth.

She kept swallowing more and more, but Ty kept ejaculating. Brittany could feel her belly beginning to swell outward ever so slightly as she was being filled up.

At last, Ty's dick ceased its assault and began to soften. It had shrunk a noticeable amount but was still far larger than normal. Brittany was fairly sure that she would be able to take it inside her now.

The pair of them rested for some time, recovering from the incredible tit-fuck and cum eruption, panting to catch their breath.

“Let me know,” Brittany began, pausing to inhale deeply, “when you're ready... to go again.”

“Will do,” was all Ty could manage without taking a breath.

After a bit, he began getting up and went to fetch a few of the glass bottles he'd collected. He returned with a few, which he stashed on the bedside table, holding one up to one of Brittany's engorged nipples, still dribbling.

“How about we pass the time with a little milking?” he asked gently.

“Sounds good,” Brittany replied with a smile.

It had long since grown dark outside Brittany's dorm room windows, and Ty was finishing up stashing the bottles of milk in the fridge. Brittany sat on the edge of her bed, pulling her thong past her thighs.

“Do you think we got you down small enough?” Ty asked, eyeing Brittany's still titanic breasts, jiggling and swaying as she wormed her way into her underwear.

She returned a sly glance, “What? Not big enough anymore?”

He nearly choked at the question, shoving the final bottle onto a cold shelf.

“Mind handing me my bra? It's in the bag in the corner.”

Ty moved toward the shopping bags, rifling through until he found the lone survivor of her two new braziers. The 32H red lace bra had cups as big as his head. He lifted it up and shifted his eyes from bra to breasts and back.

“Do you think this will actually fit?” the doubt in his voice was obvious.

“It’ll be a squeeze, but it’ll have to do. We’re out of bottles and I don’t think you can quite handle another dozen sips,” she gestured to the end of his dick hanging out of the bottom of his boxers. The member had shrunk substantially from the numerous ejaculations over the last few hours.

Brittany's renewed interest in Ty's penis was obviously a turn-on. He was beginning to grow hard, his dick pulling at the fabric of his shorts.

“Could it be? Are you ready to go again?” excitement was clearly creeping into her voice.

Ty shrugged and stripped his boxers off, letting his foot and a half monster stand before him. Brittany slid her thong back off and threw herself back onto the bed, legs splayed wide. She licked her lips in anticipation.

A few days later, Ty and Brittany had gotten the hang of all the growing and shrinking. They'd secured a hefty supply of milk jugs for storage and were moving onto new wardrobes. Things had been going well for the pair. With Ty out of Rita's clutches, he was kinder, more open, and happier around Brittany. They had even decided to make things official and spend a month at Ty's family's beach house. That was how they found themselves in the swimwear section of Double DDeluxe Lingerie.

Debbie was overly enthusiastic to see Brittany back with even larger breasts than previously, “Dear, dear, dear! You simply *must* put me in contact with your surgeon!”

Brittany had simply laughed away the complements, but the store-owner had been proving ridiculously persistent. As Ty held up a purple two piece with enough string in the top to tie up Brittany's massive boobs, Debbie continued prying for the secret to the jiggling orbs flaring up her greed.

Finally, Brittany gave Ty a glance. He was too busy looking through smaller and smaller bikinis. She decided to cave but was aware that the two of them held an incredible opportunity.

“If I gave you the secret,” Brittany began to bargain, “would you sell it in your store for us?”

Both Debbie and Ty perked up at this.

“So it's a medication? An herb?” Debbie was feverishly interested.

“It's milk,” Brittany replied, keeping her answer pointed.

“Just milk? What's special about it?” She was asking questions so quickly that she could barely get a breath.

Brittany paused, seriously considering the ramifications of an honest answer, “It's a secret. You want a cut or not?”

Debbie excitedly thrust her hand outward for a handshake, sending ripples through her own breasts, prominently displayed by her shimmering baby blue corset.

Brittany shook her hand, smiling at the small fortune she and her new boyfriend would soon possess. She added one final condition, “And we'll be needing a store discount.”

BONUS STORY: Big Titty's Revenge

Rita Bitelli let the dorm room door slam behind her. She was fuming. She'd just walked in on her supposed boyfriend fucking his “just a friend,” Brittany. The nerve of that bitch! Rita knew that “Itty Britty” had always been jealous of her boobs, but to go so far as to steal her boyfriend? That was low, and the bitch had to pay. The worst of it was that she'd found some way to actually make her tits bigger! And not just a tiny boost from some cream. No, she drank eight jugs of milk and wound up with tits that barely fit on her bed. She looked like a freak.

Rita smiled, storming over to the elevator to head to her own room two floors up. She had managed to make Brittany cough up the secret to her new boobs, and Rita had made off with four half-gallon jugs. If eight had done that to Brittany, then two or three jugs would certainly give Rita a nice boost to her already impressive D's. She just knew that Ty would come crawling back to her once he saw that she could get bigger jugs, too.

Finally arriving at her room, Rita fumbled with the doorknob, her arms full with the jugs of milk. She managed a decent grip and began to turn the knob, but it was too much. The milk tumbled out of her grasp and clattered to the floor. One of the jugs split open on impact, spilling its contents all over the hallway carpet.

“Shit!” Rita cursed under her breath as she picked up the remaining jugs, leaving the mess for the janitors to take care of.

Dragging the load inside her room, Rita was relieved to see that her roommate, Samantha, was out, probably taking a final. Glad to have the room to herself, Rita latched the old chain latch to ensure it stayed that way. Getting right to business, she popped the cap on one of the intact jugs and began to chug. She gulped and slurped as the cold milk poured down her throat, droplets spilling down her chin and neck. Greedily, she downed the full half-gallon and lustfully popped the cap to another. While chugging the second helping, Rita glanced at the mirror to see if it was beginning to work. She was furious to see that there was no effect other than a noticeably bulging stomach filled with milk.

Slamming the half-drunk second jug down on her chest of drawers, Rita shouted, “Bitch!”

She didn't care if anyone heard her. She actually hoped that Brittany could hear it two floors below.

At that moment, Rita felt herself suddenly become hornier than she'd ever been. From the sensation she felt inside her bra, she knew her perfect nipples were hardening, begging to be touched and tweaked. The feeling of her push-up rubbing against them was maddening. Looking down, she could see why.

Her nipples were growing so erect that they were showing themselves even through her bra and tight sweater. She also realized that that the twin points were moving forward, seemingly because her nipples were growing, but also due to the fact that her entire chest was beginning to surge forward, stretching the already scandalously tight top.

“Ha! It works!” Rita exclaimed, reaching for the jug once more. She continued her indulgence, pausing only long enough to grab the third jug and begin drinking.

As Rita viciously consumed enough dairy to kill a person under normal circumstances, her body continually took in the liquid and converted it into pure breast volume. Her bra began to scream as its tensile strength was put to the test, straining to hold back the beach balls swelling inside her top.

“Mmmmmmm,” Rita moaned in pleasure as she could feel her skin stretching softly to allow for her growing assets. Finishing the third jug, she was approaching her final size, based on what Brittany had looked like. Yet she kept expanding. Her poor bra could finally take no more and died with a “pop!” Her sweater looked to be fairing none better, as the fibers were pulling apart as more and more flesh filled it to the brink. Victoriously, her nipples, now a good half-inch in length and as thick as thimbles, stabbed through the gaps appearing in the sweater.

Unable to fight temptation any longer, Rita reached her arms out, only just able to touch her nipples, and she began to squeeze and fondle, feeling the pleasure shoot through her body like a jolt of lightning. She became acutely aware just how wet she had gotten. Reaching down with her left hand, she began to stroke her pussy through her daisy duke shorts, feeling her wetness soaking through the denim.

Her breasts were rapidly passing the size she'd anticipated, and her sweater was clearly about to go. As if in answer to her thoughts, the knitted fibers gave in and flew apart, letting her melons spill out into the open. Somehow, the combination of seeing her new assets and the sensations of the growing had lit her libido on fire, and she couldn't take it. Rita ripped her shorts and thong off, flinging them into the floor, and tossed her body onto her bed, watching the flesh jiggle and wobble with the motion.

With her right hand busy grabbing and playing with her growing nipples, Rita plunged her left into her soaked pussy, rubbing intense circles around her clit and occasionally reaching a finger or two inside her body, seeking her own G-spot. All the while, watching her tits continue to expand, Rita rubbed and inserted and tweaked, bringing herself up to and then finally reaching the climax.

“GOD YES!!” she screamed, letting out the pleasure she was feeling.

Not content to stop at one orgasm, Rita kept going, letting wave after wave of pleasure crest and wash over her body, moaning and groaning. She became so intent on relieving the tension building inside her that she had failed to notice the tension being released from her breasts. Both of her mounds had swollen to at least the size that Brittany's had been and were giving off a steady spray of milk from her nipples. She snapped out of her delirium as she felt the warm wetness trickling down her tits and pooling on the bed around her.

“Shit, it's milk?!” she couldn't believe it.

Also troubling was the realization that her breasts were still growing, threatening to swell past the edge of the bed and spill into the floor. Rita made an effort to sit up, but the weight of her new tits was pushing back, holding her down, all the while still growing larger.

After another minute or two, the piles of flesh had grown large enough to begin spilling over the bed, and with a muffled thud, Big Titty's new rack went plunging onto the concrete tile of the room, jerking her upright and forward. The cold hardness of the floor pressing into Rita's lactating nipples was an intense feeling unlike anything she'd ever experienced, and she had a small orgasm just from the sudden sensation, feeling her nipples fire off a fresh surge of milk.

“Ughh...” Rita groaned as she attempted to lift the swelling mass of her tits, but it was no use. Each was about two-thirds the size of the rest of her body and still growing. She was trapped, stuck in the middle of her dorm room, held in place by two incredible masses of boob and helpless to do anything but watch as each continued to grow.

A thought popped into her head. Her phone! It was in her shorts, which she could see were lying in the floor only a few feet away, though her view was in danger of becoming obscured by a growing wall of breast. Desperately seeking a way out of her predicament, Rita used all her might to pull herself on top of her breasts. It took some effort, and the weight of her body pressing her nipples harder into the cold, and increasingly wet, tile made it necessary for her to pause for another orgasm. As before, it was accompanied by more milk, but the breasts kept growing.

Pulling herself to the other side of her boobs, Rita managed to lean forward enough to reach out and snag her shorts. There, in the back pocket, was her smart phone. She deftly swiped to Ty's number and called him, praying that he would come find some way to help her.

After a few rings, Ty's voice answered, “Hello?”

Rita began rattling off a combination explanation and apology as quickly as she could, “Ty! I'm so

sorry for what I said in there! Please! I drank all the milk and now my boobs are so big that I can't move! I'm *stuck!* I can't get to the door and even if I could I don't think I can fit! Please help me!"

There was a short pause before Ty answered, "Sorry, I'm busy."

He hung up.

"You son of a BITCH!" Rita yelled into the phone.

She was right, though. She could tell that her breasts were past the point of fitting through the door, and they were still growing larger with every passing moment. A shallow puddle of milk was forming in the floor where she stood and each nipple kept leaking steadily.

Realizing how humiliating it would be, Rita knew she had no choice but to call 911. She just hoped that they would believe her.

Dialing the number, Rita waited for an answer.

"911. What is your emergency?" a woman's voice answered.

"Hi, this is Rita Bitelli. I'm a student at Western State, and my boobs are growing so big that I can't move!"

After a pause, the woman responded, "Ma'am, this number is for emergencies and prank calling 911 is a felony."

"I KNOW!" Rita shouted. "I'm not kidding! I know this sounds crazy, but it's true! If you don't believe me, then send officers to arrest me! I just. Need. Help."

The woman seemed to consider what Rita said momentarily then said, "Okay, I'll send officers and the fire department to help. What is your location?"

Rita gave all the information that was needed and waited for about fifteen minutes before she heard sirens outside the building. After another few moments, there was a clatter of voices and footsteps in the hall outside her door.

"Miss Bitelli? Are you in there?" a man's voice came through the door.

"Yes," Rita called in a low voice, anticipating the humiliation she was about to endure.

"This is Officer Dorton. Is it okay if we open the door?"

"You can't. It's latched."

"Can you unlatch it?"

“I can't reach it.”

“Okay then. I'm going to have the firemen here break it open. Stand clear.”

There came a loud crash and the door flew open, shattering the chain that had held it. There in the doorway stood three policemen and two firefighters, one man and one woman. Behind them, Rita could see various girls from the hall clamoring for a glimpse into the room. One of the officers turned to shoo them away.

“Holy shit,” uttered the male firefighter, standing just inside the threshold, holding an ax.

Rita couldn't blame them. Her breasts had finally stopped swelling, but not before they reached a size big enough that they sat on the floor, taller than her body. All they could see was a pair of monstrous naked tits in the room, each with a nipple the size of a shot glass, still pouring a constant spray of white milk.

Rita heard one of the policemen speak into his radio, “We need a saw and a couple of gurneys up here, pronto.”

It would take them nearly an hour to get her out of the building, and Rita had to let at least several dozen onlookers see her freakish tits. She knew that Brittany had lied about how much milk she drank. She knew that she'd been tricked. Most of all, she knew that Brittany and Ty both were going to regret doing this to her.

A few days later, Rita was resting in the hospital, her breasts lying in a bed beside her own. The doctors had been unable to determine any reason for the growth other than “something in the milk.” Mostly, they just kept parading nurses and interns through her room, letting them gawk at the big boobed freak.

That afternoon, she got two visitors who were dressed in lab coats, but she didn't recognize them as part of the staff. It was a pair of women, one blonde and one with straight black hair. Each had massive breasts and accentuated curves which were evident even under the loose coats. Behind them stood two men in black suits who looked somewhat like bouncers or body guards.

The blonde woman spoke first, “Hi. My name is Analia, and I'm with BioTek Research Laboratories. This is my partner Lisa.”

Lisa bowed slightly and said, “Hi.”

Rita looked at them and spoke, “You here to study the freaky boob girl?”

“Actually,” Analia continued, “we were hoping you might come with us.”

“Why would I do that?”

“Because we know how this happened to you, and we can fix it.”

Rita perked up. “You can get me back to normal?” She was trying to mask the hope in her voice.

“We believe so, yes. Also, we know that you were not the one who purchased the milk you drank. We want to know who gave it to you.”

Rita grinned an evil grin, “Oh don't worry. I'll help you find her.”

“Excellent,” both Analia and Lisa replied in unison.

“By the way,” Lisa asked, “how do you feel about blueberries?”

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Thanks!

Near N. Far

Also, if you enjoyed this work, don't forget to check out the full version of my previous work, Serum Blue, also available at Smashwords.

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