

Expanding Horizons

The bell hanging above the candy store's door jiggled to announce a customer's entrance. Josh looked away from his book to greet them, his face brightening when he saw it was one of his favorites.

"Hi, Josh!" Katie greeted. In her usual bubble way, she met him across the counter and rested on her elbows. "What's up?"

"I'm surprised to see you back so soon, for one!" he laughed, setting his book down to give his undivided attention. If there was ever a girl that deserved it, it was Katie. Josh had adored her since their meeting years ago in high school, and even now in their college years her brown hair and matching dark-brown eyes drove him just as mad. She was hardly ever without the headband holding her hair in place; sometimes he adored that simple aspect about her most of all. Shaking his mind from her charm, Josh continued, "Didn't you just fill your stash a few days ago?"

The giggle she released was intoxicating. It always was. "I did! Buuuuut..." Biting her lip and smiling slyly, she finished, "I could always use more..." She leaned forward and reached over the counter, grabbing a piece of wrapped candy from a bowl by the register as she eyed the colorful wall of sweets and treats beyond.

An opportunity to glance down Katie's top presented itself to Josh, accepting it whole-heartedly. Being the summer months, she had chosen to clad herself in a pair of jeans that showed off her slender figure elegantly. On top she wore a skin-tight tank top with a U-neck curving down far enough to normally reveal just a teasing glimpse of her cleavage. Though when she leaned forward Josh was greeted with a healthy view of her bosom, the entirety of her breasts being pushed together and up when her arm pressed into their bulk. The pink of a bra flashed at him for just a brief second, but it was more than enough.

30C, Josh reminded himself, *Katie's bra size is a 30C!* One thing he'll never regret is sneaking a look at her bra one summer's day at a pool party. It had been too good of a window to pass up; something as personal as Katie's bust size was a mystery he had longed to solve for years.

He wondered if Katie knew how much he hungered for her tits. Sometimes it felt like she knew, and she enjoyed teasing him every bit. As it did at this moment, as her ample vanilla curves bulged towards him and out of her neckline for a few glorious seconds before she straightened up.

"H-Hey, you gotta pay for that!" Josh stammered, her hypnotic chest almost getting the better of him.

"I know I know, you can add it to my tab," she grinned, popping the candy in her mouth. Katie looked around the store and took note of how empty it was. "Slow day?"

"Yea... Not many people out buying candy at two o'clock on a Wednesday," Josh said sarcastically, "Who knew?"

"So we're all alone here...?"

"Yea I guess!"

A smile spread over her face and again she leaned forward, this time the lift her arms gave her breasts came across as incredibly obvious and deliberate. Katie crunched the candy in her mouth and whispered, “So we could go in the back and have a little fun?”

“W-What??” Josh asked, blindsided by her implied meaning.

Her arms tensed against her chest to the point Josh was certain a nipple was going to pop out if she breathed too deeply. Katie winked and said, “You know, so you could show me all the special candy you guys don’t keep on the shelves!” She burst into a fit of laughter and released her bust, fully knowing what power she had over him.

Josh groaned having fallen for her teasing yet again. “It’s always about candy with you isn’t it?”

“How do you think I’m always so sweet and whimsical?” Katie giggled, straightening her top.

Sighing and mentally battling his erection under the counter away, he rubbed his temples and asked, “So just the usual for you today then?”

“Yes please! One heaping pound of gummy worms.”

His pants loose enough to save him any embarrassment and prevent Katie from feeling any prouder, Josh stood up and grabbed a glass jar filled to the brim with wiggly candies. There was a fine balance between keeping the image of him and Katie going at it in the back storeroom and keeping it from reinvigorating his erection. It was too sweet of fantasy to release so quickly.

“Any plans for the rest of today?” he asked, setting the jar heavily on the counter and taking a set of tongs, the strain in his eyes as if he had magnets attracted to Katie’s bust.

Since Josh found out Katie's bra size in high school, perhaps in the next installment he finds out that she's grown since then. For example, she drops a receipt from a recent bra purchase.

“Nope! After this little trip, I’ll have my shopping all done for the day!” she grinned proudly. “Time to go home and relax with some candy.”

“Doesn’t sound too bad. Buy anything good at the store?” Josh asked, piling her candy onto the scale.

“Just a trip to Victoria’s Secret,” Katie said teasingly, obviously meant to poke fun.

“I would say that’s pretty good...” Desperately trying to not get caught staring, Josh tried to guess if she was already wearing her purchase. *What did she buy?*, he wondered, *New bras? New underwear?* The images running through his mind grew increasingly dirty, thoughts of her standing naked in a fitting room sure to grace his dreams that night. Josh began to consider if Katie’s chest had grown at all, new assets spurring her trip to the lingerie store. From the way her tank top looked to be filled out, it wasn’t entirely out of the question.

Katie giggled. “Hey! Your mind somewhere else? I think that’s enough!”

Snapped back to the candy store, Josh noticed he had created a mound of gummy in his daydreaming, the scale reading over five pounds. “Crap,” he said flustered.

“Sorry, didn’t think mentioning my underwear spending habits would short circuit you!” she laughed. “Don’t worry about putting it back, I’ll take it.”

Relief washed over Josh’s face. “Thanks, I would have had to throw it all out and my paycheck would have paid the price.”

“How much do I owe you?”

Bagging her candy, Josh tapped on the register. “Fifteen dollars even!”

Katie’s face brightened up and she raised a wallet from her purse quickly, “Oh perfect! I have cash!” In her excitement to withdraw the bills, something fluttered out of her wallet and came to rest on the counter.

Josh picked it up and started to hand it back, seeing it was a receipt. “Here you dropped thi--” He froze, the words ‘Victoria’s Secret’ printed in large lettering across the top. Immediately his eyes fell to the items sold, coming to rest on one item in particular nestled between two different pairs of panties.

Bra, Lacey-Blue, 30E

\$35.07

It was like finding the holy grail. Josh’s mind ran in circles doing the math and quickly realized that Katie had grown two entire cup sizes since his pool-party snooping. *She’s a 30E now!*, his mind raced, trying to picture such ample mounds on a girl with such a petite frame.

“H-Hey!” Katie stammered, reaching out, “Give that back!”

It was snatched from his hand before any reaction was possible, his senses dulled by the thought of Katie’s still-developing breasts. Looking up, he saw that her cheeks had blushed a bright pink in embarrassment, the only proof of her enhancement tucked back into her wallet.

“You...didn’t see anything did you...?” she asked timidly. The attitude coming off her surprised Josh; it wasn’t like her to act so shy about her body, especially with how much she usually enjoying teasing him.

“Uh, well I mean--”

Katie glanced at her chest before raising her eyes and asking, “What exactly did you see?”

Lie! Lie you idiot! You saw nothing! Josh coughed and said stupidly, “I think blue is a great color for you!”

The amount of color he saw drain from Katie’s face told him anything would have been better to say. It looked as if he had just walked in on her while naked, her face mortified.

“I-I’m sorry!” Josh apologized quickly.

“No, no it’s my fault...” Katie said softly, “Don’t worry about it.”

The tone of her voice was completely different now, scared almost. “What’s wrong?” Josh asked with concern. It looked like she had something on her mind.

Katie bit her lip in thought, averting her eyes from his while considering whether or not to answer the question. “W-Well... Did you see *everything* about the bra?”

Gulping loudly he started to ask, “Like wha--”

“Like the size.” Katie’s face was beet red. Wherever her confidence had gone, it wasn’t coming back during this conversation. The silence told her everything she needed to know.

“I won’t tell anybody!” Josh promised, “I’m not sure I even remember what it was now!”

“That’s not it...” Katie sighed. Looking down at her tank-top, one of Katie’s fingers traced a line from her collarbone to the top of a breast, the journey torture for Josh. “C-Can I tell you something? It’s a little embarrassing, but I feel like I owe you an explanation after how reacted...”

Josh nodded, listening intently and ignoring the ringing in his ears telling him to look at the 30E-cup breasts peeking over her collar.

“I’m not mad that you saw, I-I’m just...nervous.”

“Nervous? I said I wouldn’t tell anyone. Plus it’s nothing to be ashamed about!”

“I know you wouldn’t, but that’s not it. I’m nervous because...” Katie paused, taking a deep breath before saying quickly, “Because I was a C cup yesterday.”

Josh thought he felt a wire in his head burn away. “What do you--”

Words came flooding out of Katie’s soft lips. “I was a 32C when I went to bed! Then when I woke up this morning...n-nothing fit!” She looked at her bust and forgot she was pouring her private business out to a male friend, squeezing her chest with a concerned look. When her fingers sank into their soft forms Josh thought he might pass out. Continuing, her voice laced with slight fear, she said, “T-They just grew so fast... I don’t know what to think! I was trying to be confident about it, but seeing the receipt brought everything back and... They just feel so *big*, Josh.” Katie’s voice squeaked, sounding on the verge of tears. “I feel like I’m disproportionate now and my body looks weird! Why did they have to grow??”

Josh was silent, stunned by the barrage of personal, breast-related matters. Katie’s eyes bulged wide, realizing she had just groped her mammaries in front of a guy she had known for years, all the while rambling on about how she had outgrown every bra she owned. “Oh, God, I’m so sorry! F-Forget I said anything!” Placing a twenty-dollar bill on the counter, she grabbed her bag of candy and turned away hurriedly. “I-I’m sorry!”

Josh called her back quickly, “Wait!”

Her hand on the door, Katie stopped and turned his way, but kept her eyes to the floor. “Yea?”

“I uh...” Josh tried to speak, unsure if it was the right thing to say, “I think they look really good on you.” Dizziness wrapped around him, unable to believe what he had just said to his life-long crush.

Surprisingly, Katie looked up and let go of the door. Stepping closer she asked, “You do? Y-You don’t think they’re too big for me?”

“I think they look fine!” Josh assured her. Feeling like he was pushing his luck, he added, “A-At least from what I can see.”

Katie stepped closer, pulling at the bottom hem of her tank-top nervously. In a sweet voice, looking into Josh’s hungry eyes, she asked, “Would a closer look help?”



While flashing him she is hit with another growth spurt, almost snapping her new bra

A sly smile spread over Katie's face as her confidence returned. Josh could hardly believe his eyes when she began lifting the front of her tank-top higher. The sight of her bare, slender stomach alone was enough to drive him crazy, but watching the top only climb higher made his head dizzy.

The bright blue of her band and curved underwire revealed themselves before leading into the bottom of two supple, curved cups. Josh, fearing he may faint before he had a chance to see any more of Katie's tempting body and the apparent growth she had undergone, gripped the side of the counter to steady himself. A pale chasm of bulging cleavage revealed itself and Josh found his ability to breathe once more.

Stretching her bunched shirt against her collarbones in order to present her full chest to the lucky man, Katie bit her lip and swayed her torso the tiniest teasing bit. "Well...?" she cooed, "What do you think? Too big for my little body? I had to get a bra that clasps in the front because it was so much easier with how big they had grown..."

Katie's mammaries were utterly magnificent. Two glorious heaps of rounded flesh were stuffed firmly into the E-sized bra and on her petite frame they looked absolutely massive. Their tops rose high over the cups and came together like two clashing hills to create a line of darkness capable of sucking in the mental capacity of any man lucky enough to gaze upon it. The little plastic clasp between either cups taunted Josh like a button reading 'Press me for milky tits!'. Her breasts looked to be fighting their confines, soft skin pressing against the latch as if she were swollen.

"Helloooooo?" Katie giggled, her laughs making her chest bounce, "You still home?"

Josh gulped, not wanting to look away from the vision of perfection. "They're...*big*."

"*RIGHT??* That was my first thought!" Sighing, Katie bounced on her heels a little as if to test the strength of her bra, "But I mean, are they *too* big for me? I thought they were big before..." Releasing her shirt and leaving it on top of her chest, each of her hands cupped the underside of her bust before squeezing gently and hefting them like water balloons. "It's obvious you like them, though; I think most men would--"

Katie stopped speaking and frowned, looking at her chest more directly now as her hands' motions became more direct. She looked to be inspecting them now, a look of worry spreading over her face. "W-What?" she asked slowly, a tinge of concern in her voice.

"Katie? What's wrong?" Josh asked, her tone bringing him partially out of his trance.

"They're..." Moving her hands over them more quickly now, Katie's fingers pressed into their sides and cleavage. "No, no no!"

"What is it??"

"J-Josh..." Katie stammered, her confidence gone once again. She looked to her friend with worry and quickened breath before saying, "My boobs a-are bigger!"

Hoping she couldn't see how aroused he had remained while watching Katie fondle herself, Josh said, "Yea, you said that earlier. I think they look good on you--"

"No!" Her voice was shaking now, face becoming pale. "I-I-I mean they've grown *more!* Since I got this bra e-earlier...t-to...today..." Her words wavered and Katie began to swoon feeling lightheaded as heat spread over her exposed body.

Quickly she fell to a chair by a table close by, her chest heaving from the motion of the sudden drop. Katie closed her eyes and laid her head back, moaning softly. "Why... Why do I f-feel so...dizzy all of the sudden?"

Hands digging into the chair for support, Katie felt another wave of heat fall over her body. A tightness was building in her chest, causing her discomfort from her bra's band and underwire.

"Uhh...Katie?" Josh said slowly. With her hands no longer massaging herself, he had been regifted with the full view of her bra-clad chest. When her eyes fluttered open at his call, she followed his pointing finger and looked at her chest.

"H-H-Holy shit!!" she cried out, arching her back. Two swollen mounds were fighting against her bra and threatening to pop out at the slightest motion. A run of underboob flowed from the bottoms of her cups to lift the bra away from her ribs, while their compressed tops fought and bulged against the top of her bra and shoulder straps. Cleavage overflowed between the cups, giving Josh the impression Katie's breasts were trying to engulf her bra.

Breath quickening to a rapid pant, Katie arched her back more as if to stem her swelling. A hand quickly shot to her chest while another steadied herself against the chair. "W-What's happening to my boobs?!" she yelled, eyes fixated on the flesh bubbling around every edge of her tightening bra. They had ballooned as large as melons in the short amount of time, Katie's eyes filling with disbelief at her expanding bust. "Josh! I...*nnngh*...I can't...*God*, what's happening to meeee?!"

The sound of Katie's gasps alerted Josh to how difficult her breathing was becoming. Small gasps of air escaped her mouth with increasing effort while she fought helplessly against her rising tits. Her hand tried to grab the clasp in front but the smallest touch made her cry; her sensitivity was off the charts.

"J-Josh..." Katie pleaded, helpless against her burgeoning bosom.

Josh knew he had to help. Despite the engorging pair of knockers in front of him, he couldn't stand by and watch as they deprived his friend of air. He leaped over the counter to rush to Katie's aid.

CRRREEEAAAAAK

The sound of spandex and plastic groaning and straining made him stop in his tracks, standing only feet from Katie as she squirmed on the chair.

"N-No... No, please don't... P-Please don't...!" Katie softly begged her chest, the pink of her nipples peeking over the edge of her bra. It seemed to be slowing in its growth though it hadn't finished yet and she gripped the chair in preparation for the worst. Her eyes opened wide as another groan came from her front. "*My bra! I-I-It's gonna--*"



POW!

“Ahh!?”

Katie’s bra burst open at the front, her clasp breaking apart with the sound of a firecracker. The cups shot to either side of her body and hung limply at her arms. Released from its prison, her chest fell forward in a flow of pristine skin and slapped against each other in heavy wobbling motions. Either of them unable to move from sheer shock, Katie and Josh looked on at the volleyball-sized mammaries attached to her front. Nipples hard and firm stuck out like the ends of index fingers on areolas puffed into small pink platforms. Josh thought they were the most delicious-looking pair of nipples he had ever seen; he had never wanted anything in his mouth as badly as those quivering pink nubs.

Huffing loudly with a few seconds between, Katie lowered her back before bringing her hands to her engorged chest, touching them slowly as if afraid they may begin growing once more. Watching as her fingers sank into her flesh by more than an inch, Josh’s breath caught in his throat; Katie’s chest completely overflowed her hands. One of her palms wasn’t enough to cover even a quarter of the amount of skin on display.

“*My tits!*” Katie cried out, “*M-My boobs just blew up like a couple of--*”
The bell above the entrance jingled happily, both Josh and Katie looking up in terror.

It's just a customer, and Katie flees. With Katie on his mind he gets a text from her later asking him to help her

An older gentleman entered the small candy store. For the briefest of moments, the scene inside remained hidden to his downcast eyes. Though as he looked around, almost in slow motion, both of them knew the man had seen.

Before either Josh or the old man could react, Katie sprang from the chair like a startled cat and dashed through the door. Josh had just enough time to see her struggling hands pull the tank top over her jiggling head-sized melons. In her haste, the bag of candy remained forgotten and unimportant on the table in spite of recent developments.

The bell dinged as Katie sprinted from the other exit, leaving Josh alone with the new customer.

“Wow...” the old man awed, his eyes wide with disbelief. “I’m sorry if I’ve intruded on--”

“No! N-No, nothing like that!” Josh assured. Watching Katie grow like a sponge in water had been the highlight of his year, perhaps his life. But if the man happened to give the wrong impression to the wrong people, Josh could easily be out of a job. The last thing he needed was the manager hearing he had a topless girl in the shop. “She just had a slight wardrobe malfunction!” he promised.

The old man coughed gently, wiggling a wispy mustache. Walking into the store and towards the counter, he replied, “I see. Poor girl. Give her my best if you see her again.”

“I will.” Josh prayed with all his might he would get to see Katie again very soon.

As he returned to behind the counter to serve the man, Josh listened as he mumbled, “I swear girls these days just keep getting bigger and bigger...”

“You have no idea...” Josh replied.

Later that day after what seemed like an eternity waiting for closing time, Josh gathered his things from the back and locked up. After Katie’s ordeal, nothing had served to distract his mind from the image of her breasts snapping her bra in two. Finally able to look at his phone, he was disappointed to see nothing had been sent from the enlarged girl.

Josh wasn’t sure what he had expected. The sudden onslaught of growth had clearly been just as much of a surprise for her as if had been for him. Katie was more than likely confused and hiding somewhere.

“I wonder if she’s even bigger now... If she grew *that* big in only a few minutes...” He gulped, imagining the possibilities of what could happen in the span of a few hours. Maybe Katie wasn’t hiding but was trapped, rendered immobile by her own swollen chest.

The thoughts were shaken out of his head. He couldn't afford to let his mind wander to such fantasies when Katie needed his help. Looking at his phone, Josh wondered if he should call and check on her.

He nearly dropped the phone in surprise when it vibrated suddenly, the screen flashing with Katie's contact image. Heart pounding, he opened the message and read the few words it contained:

Josh, please I need your help

The angels had smiled upon him. A better message couldn't have been hoped for. Heart pounding, Josh texted back, "*Where are you? Just let me know what you need.*"

Katie is panicked at her friend's house studying. Not only has she grown more, she has swelled with milk and needs help smuggling her and her engorged tits home

KNOCK

KNOCK

KNOCK

Hannah glanced away from her homework to her apartment door and quickly jumped to answer.

"What happened?" Josh asked before she could say anything.

Eyes still wide with confusion, Hannah responded softly. "I think she's fine, but she won't come out of the bathroom..."

Mmmmmnnngh!!

A loud moan carried through the house and both Josh and Hannah turned towards the source. Although she didn't say anything, Josh was certain he knew who had made it.

"Come in," Hannah invited.

The inside of her apartment was littered with books and papers as if they had been thrown onto the floor in a hurry. Katie's abandoned backpack sat next to a chair. Peeking over the zipper was the pink lace of a bra he remembered very well from earlier that day. Apparently, Katie had decided not to fix it. The thought of her trying to stuff her enlarged breasts into its undersized cups made Josh's head swim.

NNNGHHH!

"She's been in there for almost an hour," Hannah said. The tone of her voice was shaken up as if she had seen a ghost but she looked more confused than anything.

"She texted me to come and get her; let me see if I can get her to come out." Josh didn't know Hannah very well; only from classes they shared together. Right now his top priority was rescuing Katie, but he would be lying if he said he wasn't curious as to her current size.

He stepped towards the bathroom and the stifled moans but Hannah grabbed his arm. “Josh, what the hell is going on? What’s wrong with Katie?”

“What, uh, do you mean?” He didn’t know if Hannah had actually witnessed Katie’s growth as he had, but he didn’t want to volunteer information.

“She came over all flustered for our weekly study session! It looked like she had run here from across town!” Hannah looked back to the backpack open on the floor. “I asked if she was all right but she was insistent on studying. For some reason she was wearing a sweatshirt when it’s eighty degrees outside, and her bra was hanging out of her bag...” A look of accusation shot at Josh. “Did something happen? Did you do something to her?”

“N-No! Nothing!” Josh defended himself. “Katie came by the candy store and...left in a hurry!” He thought it was best to leave the part about her flashing him and breaking through her bra out of the equation.

Hannah narrowed her eyes. “Something was off with Katie. I couldn’t put my finger on it, but something was different. Like she was hiding something under her sweatshirt. She wouldn’t sit up straight all night.”

“Maybe I should just go check on her...”

“One other thing,” Hannah offered, averting her eyes. “Before she ran into the bathroom, Katie was acting really weird and breathing heavily. Right before she jumped up and ran away, I thought I saw...” Her cheeks blushed before she found the strength to continue. “It looked like her sweatshirt was *soaked*. Like, as if Katie was lactating. I’ve seen it a few times with my sister after she had a kid...”

“You don’t say...” Josh swallowed, trying to picture the scene.

MMMMMGH!!!

Katie’s groans still flew from the bathroom in a tormented frenzy.

Hannah added one more thing in a voice low enough for Katie not to hear should she be listening. “They looked *huge*. Like--” She held her hands in front of her own chest as if she were carrying to basketballs. “*Giant*, Josh. They didn’t look like that when she arrived, but when she ran to the bathroom, I swear her boobs looked like they were about to fall out of her sweatshirt. Did Katie get implants? Is she allergic to anything? You need to tell me if you know anything about this. It wasn’t normal!”

“Ok, ok, Hannah. Let me talk to her, all right? I’ll see what’s wrong...”

“Fine. But if you had anything to do with this, I swear I’ll knock you out. You hurt Katie, you get to deal with me.”

“I get it.”

Hannah stared him down again before returning to her books on the couch.

Slinking away from the defensive friend, Josh knocked gently on the bathroom door. He spoke in a soft voice so Hannah couldn’t overhear their exchange. “Katie?”

“J-Josh??” she responded quickly, out of breath. “Josh I-I need help... I didn’t know who else to call! It...*nnnnnghh!!*...it happened again! Only this time...”

“Can I come in?” His heart pounded as he asked, not knowing what to expect on the other side of the door.

“O-Ok...” Katie whimpered. “The door is open...”

Hannah’s eyes bored into Josh when he opened the bathroom door enough to slip through without revealing anything. Once inside, he was glad to have done so.

Kneeling in the bathtub was Katie, the top half of her body bare to the world while only a pair of blue panties covered her hips. Knees pressed into the sides of the tub for support, her thighs cradled two bulbous breasts each the size of overgrown watermelons. They bloated off her chest like balloons, completely dominating her petite figure with their hanging, fleshy curves. Cleavage deep enough to swallow a hand rippled with her heaving gasps. Katie’s face was flushed pink with what appeared to be a combination of confusion and arousal, each of her hands sinking into her chest and pulling at thumb-sized nipples to release gushing streams of milk into the tub. A soaking tank-top and sweatshirt were draped over the side of the tub next to a pair of folded jeans. Her headband was askew and broadcasted her stress.



“Y-You’re staring...” she whimpered with tormented eyes, feeling exposed.

“Sorry, sorry,” he averted his gaze.

“It’s fine, it’s hard not too with...with me looking like...*nnngh*...” she shivered and bit her lower lip, releasing more milk to soak her legs. “L-Like this...”

“Katie, what’s happening to you??” Josh asked suddenly.

“Hell if I know!! I-I thought maybe after earlier they were done! I mean how much b-bigger could they have gotten, right?? So I put on a giant sweatshirt I keep in my car a-and

came here to study like normal... I was in denial I guess, I don't know! But then they started feeling r-really hot and *really, reeeaaally* tight. I could f-feel my skin stretching and was starting to get scared again. I hid them as long as I could from Hannah, but when I realized I was starting to leak something I panicked and ran in here!" Katie took a moment to breathe. "They've been slowly growing ever since... A-And the milk won't stop!!"

Josh only stared ahead, his mind blank after hearing what may have been the best story ever told.

"Josh!!"

"Right! Sorry!" He shook his head and looked away from the pink nipples gripped in her dripping palms. "How can I help? I don't even know how--"

"I need to get out of here. Without Hannah seeing. If she sees these things, she will *flip out*. A-At least you saw them earlier, so I trust you..."

"You *trust me*?"

"Well..." Katie looked at her engorged mammaries. "More than anyone else on this particular issue at the moment... Can you help me?"

Josh couldn't resist the helpless look in her eyes. It was true; after what they had shared earlier in the candy shop, he might be the only other one who had some grasp on the situation. As puzzling as it might be.

"I will."

"Thank you, Josh. How do we get out of here?"

"Uhhhhh..." He looked over Katie's body, particularly the massive boobs unlikely to fit in either of their clothes. "Can you stand?"

An attempt was made to get up from the tub, but she slipped in the pool of milk and fell backward, her chest covering her mouth as she cried out.

"Let me help!" Josh ran forward and grabbed one of her arms, steadying her as she rose to her feet. An arm wrapped over her bust, Katie stood shakily with the milky weight.

"God they got heavy..." she gasped. "O-Ok, now what?"

Josh looked around the bathroom and grabbed a towel from the rack. "Let's cover you with this."

"Ok," Katie accepted, pulling it as far around her chest as she could. It flared open and barely reached across her nipples, but held against its own tension.

"I'll distract Hannah and then we'll run to my car."

"*That's* your plan? Have me *run*?"

"Then speed walk!" Stooping down he grabbed the discarded sweatshirt from the floor. "We'll get your bag later. Ready?"

"I-I guess..." Milk was dripping off the towel as it leaked from pressure being applied to her chest.

Josh opened the door just enough to get his head through. "Hey, Hannah? Think you could make Katie some hot chocolate?"

"Hot chocolate??" she asked, suspicious.

"I think it would help a lot."

“All right...”

The moment Josh saw her vanish around the corner into the kitchen he swung the door open and ushered Katie through the hall and to the front door. In a flash it was open and she stepped outside and out of sight.

“Hey where are you going??” Hannah yelled, rushing back into the living room. “What about Katie?!”

Thinking fast, Katie called back from outside and prayed no one else in the complex would come out of their rooms. “A-Actually, Hannah, I think I’m just going to have Josh run me home... Sorry to...*a-aahh*...t-to just run out like this...!”

“But your stuff!”

Hannah stepped forward to check on Katie but was cut off by Josh. “She’ll call you later!” Quickly he closed the door and herded Katie’s wobbling form down the back sidewalk and around the corner towards the street.

“*Hey!*” Hannah yelled, opening her front door and looking around for her friend, only to find both of them vanished.

“Where are you parked? Where’s your car, Josh??” Katie asked in a panic. It wouldn’t be hard to miss a girl trying to carry a pair of breasts swollen to the size of beach balls walking down the street with only a towel to cover her shoulders.

“Right here!”

A car beeped and he opened the door, helping Katie into the passenger seat with a massive grunt. Running around to the other side, Josh jumped into the car and slammed the door, his mission complete.

“Oh my God...” he sighed, relief washing over him. It vanished quickly, however, when he looked at Katie. “O-Oh my *God!*”

“U-Uh... *Uhhhh*...” Katie breathed, hands clutching fearfully at her breasts as they visibly swelled larger. “O-Oh God... A-All...*nngghh*...all that movement...!”

Her arms struggled to contain them as they filled her lap and pressed into the middle console and the door. Blue veins rushed over their heaving surface and dove down the deepening cleavage Josh so desperately wanted to plunge into. “J-Jooooosh!!” Katie cried helplessly. Milk sprayed from angry nipples puffed to the size of small fists, dousing his dashboard and windshield.

“H-Holy shit!” he swore, the passenger seat more tit than Katie.

“D-Don’t just stare at me!!” she cried, “*Drive!*”

“Where?!”

“Anywhere I won’t be seen!! I-If I keep growing like...*NNGGGH!!*...like this I’m not going to be able to get out of this car!!”

Josh stepped on the gas and sped down the road, every bump pulling a gasp of panic from Katie.

“*O-Oohhh... OOOHHH*...” she groaned, unable to wrap her arms around her chest. “P-Please...hurry...! God, there’s *so much of it!* Just g-get me anywhere, I don’t care! I-I think you’re going to have to milk me!”



Josh's home is minutes away and empty and perhaps with his home science lab and candy stash they can get her milked and some privacy as to what is causing this.

“Oh God oh God *oh God OH GOD!!* Josh huuuurry!!”

Katie was in a panic. Her breasts had swelled to an unbelievable size in the few minutes she and Josh had been driving. Hidden somewhere under their gurgling depths sat her legs. Her breasts pushed into the door and center console, bulging into Josh's seat with every breath she took. Each bump in the road sent rippling jiggles of tightness across the expanse of milk-filled flesh spanning before Katie's wide eyes. Shadows from passing streetlights lit her cavernous cleavage for brief moments.

“I-I'm running out of room in here!”

Filling her seat, Katie's breasts had started to expand upwards. The tops of their curves brushed against her shoulders and inched ever closer to her chin.

Josh had never turned into a driveway at such a speed. Tires squealed on concrete at the sudden sharp corner and Katie felt her chest slosh dangerously in her lap. The motion made her hold her breath with fear for her delicate bosom and the dozens of gallons swirling inside. Pressed into the dashboard, her nipples were being prevented from leaking any further.

“Oooohhhh Josh they're too big!! I'm g-going to burst or something they're so tight!!
Look at my tits!”

“Just hang on!”

Josh's car broke through a swinging gate before coming to a screeching halt in a backyard shrouded by the cover of nightfall, grass torn from the ground under his tires.

“Where...Where are we??” she moaned, pressing on the tops of her breasts to cease their creaking motions.

“My house,” he said bluntly before jumping out of his car and running to her door. On the outside he could see just how much weight was packed into the passenger seat, his small sedan leaning heavily to one side as if a cow was seated inside. Perhaps it wasn't too far off.

“Your *house?! What about your parents??*”

“They're out of town!”

When he opened her door a mass of creamy flesh billowed into Josh's quick-thinking arms.

“*Ahh!*” Katie nearly fell out of the car from the weight of her breast pulling her over.
“*S-Shit, Josh! God they're so heavy!*”

A groan from Josh doubled her sentiment when he tried to lift her breast. It was like trying to lift half of a waterbed. His arms sank deeply into her tightening skin and milk pulsed against his hands.

“You're telling me,” he gasped for air. “There's no way we can get you inside like this!”

Katie was about to say something when her face lost all color and a loud gurgle echoed across her bust. Discomfort made her gasp aloud when rising pressure tightened across her skin, causing her to bloat and round.

“O-O-Ooohhhhhh...” she moaned, clenching her fists, “J-Josh, I *NEED* these milked *NOW*. I-I...NNNGHH!!...I-I’m not kidding!”

Josh looked over her quivering frame and lingered on a massive nipple pointed towards his chest. Pressure and tightness seemed to move through her areola, doming it out into a tight pink hill before it struck her nipple and sprayed him with a sputtering stream of dairy.

“*JOSH!!*” Katie begged, “*I’m not going to last much longer here!! MILK ME!*”

Snapping out of his daze, Josh took Katie’s shaking hand and pulled her from the car. Her left breast toppled from her lap and landed with a monstrous slosh on the cold grass. Falling halfway out of the car, Katie fell on top of their engorged shapes and grunted loudly. Fighting mentally against the pressure building inside her body, it was all she could do to not cry out.

“R-Right here, just do it right here!” she pleaded, hands unable to indent her rising skin. “I don’t care who sees, I don’t care how you do it; *get this fucking milk out of my boobs!!*”

Josh stared at the two nipples pulsing like fleshy soda cans. Milk ran from their multiple pores and into the grass, pooling around Katie’s breasts like a small lake. On top of her shiny pink areolas they looked like the nozzles to a firehose about to blow.



He leaped at them without a second thought. Gripping both in his hands, Josh squeezed and pulled on the throbbing udders supporting Katie.

“*Ahh! A-AHHH!!*” she screamed. Milk flowed through her in torrents and sprayed Josh’s lawn like sprinklers. “*GOD!!!*” Katie had to bury her head deep into her cleavage as she continued to cry out, her hands pressing on the sides of her chest to force out more milk.

Josh had to fight against the flow to keep his grip on her chest. Against the slippery grass and her smooth skin, it was all he could do to keep his footing. Much to his relief, however, progress was starting to show. Despite Katie’s muffled groans, her breasts were slowly retreating in size from their yoga ball girths.

“K-Keep going... Keep going...” Katie breathed from her cleavage. Sweat dripped from her brow in a rush of arousal, fear, and exhaustion. “How...How in the world was I holding a-all of this...?!”

Josh’s clothes clung to him like shrink wrap. Milk splattered against his face making it difficult to breathe. Forced to open his mouth to inhale, he was greeted with a gulp of warm milk. He quickly swallowed and excitement flared within him when he realized he had just drunk Katie’s own breastmilk made within her gorgeous chest. He wanted more.

With the release of so much fluid, Katie’s sloshing udders had dwindled greatly. She tumbled out of the car with heavy groans, relieved to see her chest more closely resembled a pair of beach balls than giant truck tires.

The cold grass felt good on her bare back and she rolled over to gain the full spread of nighttime dew. She sighed with relief, but it was short lived when she looked upon the two wobbling mounds of milk overflowing her torso. White cream ran over their sides and across her neck, Josh’s hands still firmly gripping her erect nipples.

“L-Look at me...” Katie groaned, “My boobs are fucking huge still! I was a C-cup!!”

Josh was in a world of his own. Never in his life had he tasted milk as sweet as Katie’s. Its sweet aroma and rich flavors of sugar and warmth were intoxicating. Looking at her gushing nipples in his palms made his stomach growl with primal hunger and his cock throb with need. He couldn’t help but lick his lips.

Tenderly Katie pressed into their sides from disbelief of her current situation. “How could this happen?? W-Why am I lactating like a damn co--*OOOOHH MY GOD!!!*”

Her head shot back and her eyes shut tightly when she felt a mouth clamp onto a strawberry nipple. Josh sucked ravenously, unable to get enough of Katie’s sweet milk as it filled his mouth time and time again. Milk surged between his cheeks easily from her welling pressure, Katie quivering and squirming beneath her milk jugs helplessly.

“J-J-Josh!!! What are you...*aaahhh!!!* Y-You’re sucking my nipple!!!”

Ever so slowly as Josh sucked one breast and milked the other with a free hand, Katie’s milk started to run dry. He could feel himself lowering onto her reclined body from her shrinking chest. It wasn’t long until he found themselves on top of each other, Josh suckling away at a perky C-cup breast sized to fit perfectly in his hand.

Feeling Katie’s flow cease, he released his lips and looked up to see her eyes closed in ecstasy. Both of them were drenched in milk and covered in sweat. Hardly able to believe what he had just done to his long-time crush, Josh rose to his knees and sat at Katie’s side.

“I-Is it over...?” she moaned, cautiously opening her eyes. Seeing her half-naked body exposed to Josh with normal-sized breasts, a rush of modesty suddenly returned. Her arms flew over her bust to cover herself, their curves slippery and difficult to manage. “D-Don’t look!”

“Are you all right??” he asked with concern. It was hard to believe the girl lying in front of him had just experienced her breasts blowing up like weather balloons.

“I’m...fine...” she said slowly, averting her eyes in embarrassment. “Thanks for...you know...milking me...”

“Anytime,” he laughed, quickly realizing it to be the wrong response.

Katie blushed red. “About the whole...sucking thing...” she said softly.

“Purely to get the milk out,” Josh lied. “I hope it was all right.”

“I-It needed to be done,” Katie nodded. “I seriously thought I was going to pop for a second there... Thanks.”

The two sat in awkward silence in Josh’s backyard. Seeing Katie shiver brought him to his senses. “Let’s go inside, I have some clothes you can borrow.”

Once within Josh’s house, Katie found privacy in the bathroom to change into a dry outfit while Josh did the same. Every itch and tickle in her chest was enough to make her heart race with fear of the process restarting, but her C-cups always remained when she looked down.

“All dry?” Josh asked catching her in the hallway.

“Mhm! Hope all that milk doesn’t hurt your dad’s lawn...”

“Chest still the same size?”

Katie grew bashful. Speaking so openly about her breasts to a boy wasn’t common for her. “S-Same size... Do you think we could talk about something else?”

“Are you kidding? We need to figure out what happened to you! What if they start filling up again??”

“Don’t say that! *Please* don’t say that!” Katie begged, hugging herself and her beloved C-cups. “Once was *more* than enough...”

“Then we should figure out how to prevent it! I might not always be there to milk you again and--”

“T-That was just a one-time thing!” Katie blushed bright red, remembering Josh’s sucking. “If it happens again I’ll...I’ll... I don’t know, maybe--”

RHHHHING!!

She stopped, hearing her phone ringing from Josh’s room. Fearful it was Hannah or someone looking for her, she rushed to answer but stopped when the number was blocked, reading only ‘UNKNOWN CALLER’.

It's an official from a government organisation wondering if Katie has come into contact with any suspicious characters recently. They're looking for a stolen formula.

“Who is it?” Josh asked after seeing Katie hesitate to answer.

She continued to stare at the blocked number making the phone vibrate her hand anxiously. There had been enough mystery stuffed into one day as it was; she didn't need something else piled on top. "I-I don't know, it just says 'unknown'!"

"Want me to answer it?"

Admiration came over Katie's face as if Josh was her hero. She nodded quickly and handed the cell phone over. "Hello?" he answered.

A gruff, rapid female voice responded. "I'm trying to reach Katlyn Bonner. Is she available?"

Josh flashed a look at his friend. Hearing the woman's voice, Katie shook her head.

"Uh... Sorry, Katie isn't around right now. Can I take a message?"

"Would you be able to tell me if she was at Lakeview Park yesterday? Around 2 p.m.?"

The woman's rapid questioning caught Josh off guard. Another glance at Katie received a gentle nod of confirmation. "I-I think she was. May I ask who is calling, please?"

"Thank you," the woman ignored.

"Wait!"

A click on the other end told Josh the woman was gone. "She hung up..." he informed Katie.

"That's it?? Who the hell was it?? Why did they care if I was at the park yesterday?! How did they get my number??" Katie stopped to breathe and noticed the stunned expression on Josh's face from the assault of questions he had no answers to. "Sorry, it's been a long day..."

Handing her phone back, Josh nodded. "I can't imagine what this has been like for you."

Katie took her cell and stared nervously at the floor. Rubbing her arm softly she asked, "Feel free to say no to this, but...d-do you think you could hold me for a little bit? I'm scared they're going to start growing again... I'm a little scared to be alone but I'm so tired..."

Josh was taken aback by her request but his heart leaped nonetheless. Holding Katie in his arms had been a dream since the day they had met. Even after the sexually-charged milking only an hour ago, her request thrilled him more than anything.

"Of course!" he answered quickly once his mind rebooted. "D-Do you want the couch or--"

"Bed please," she responded.

Unable to believe his luck, Josh led Katie to his room. After laying on his pillow, he opened his arms and invited Katie to join him. Her eyes seemed to shift anywhere but towards his own as she climbed into bed, adorned with blushing cheeks.

Wet hair clung to his cheeks and soaked damp patches into his shirt when her head pressed into his chest. The sensation of wrapping his arms around her tiny body made his vision split into double with excitement. It was hard to believe this tiny girl had been struggling with breasts like yoga balls so recently; at their current C-cups, they were little more than a gentle cushion against his own chest.

An awkward silence filled the room. Katie was the first to speak. "Thanks... I really needed this..."

“Don’t worry about it! I don’t mind...” An overwhelming urge to kiss the top of Katie’s forehead surged through Josh and it was all he could do to suppress it. They had experienced a lot together today, but none of it indicated she shared his romantic feelings.

“It’s just so scary, you know? W-What if it happens again?”

“We’ll take care of it!”

“You saw how big they got!” she cried, “How am I supposed to work, or go to school? Or even drive??”

Katie’s voice sounded on the verge of tears. Unable to think of a response to her fears, he simply rubbed a hand up and down her back.

“I can’t thank you enough for all your help...” she added after a time. “The way you smuggled me out of Hannah’s apartment and then driving me somewhere safe...” She paused as if unsure how to continue. “And then the *other* part... I don’t know what would have happened if you hadn’t been there to e-empty them. I was terrified and you were right there to help. Most guys might have tried to take advantage of me...”

“You needed help,” Josh said.

A weak laugh bounced Katie’s back followed by a sniffle. “Promise you weren’t just doing it so you could touch my chest?”

“I promise.” Josh wasn’t lying, but he was glad she hadn’t asked if he had enjoyed the experience. “I wanted to help; I care about you.” Those few words made his vision blackout for a split second the moment they left his mouth.

Katie’s silence was deafening over the blood rushing through Josh’s ears. He was about to correct himself for fear of stepping too far but she spoke first. “I care about you too...”

Neither of them said a word then. Josh thought his heart might explode when Katie nuzzled her head against his chest and sighed softly. Rubbing his hand along her back, he could feel the absence of a bra strap. The idea of her nipples pressing through her shirt excited him and as much as he hated to admit it, Josh found himself imagining Katie’s chest growing between them and lifting her up. He knew such thoughts had no place alongside the tender moment they were sharing, but the image was impossible to throw away.

Josh’s heart beat like a drum against Katie’s face. He was certain she could feel its rhythm and his lips were moving before his mind knew what he was saying. “Would you want to grab di--”

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

KNOCK!

A sharp banging on the front door made both of them bolt upright in bed. Fright took over Katie’s face and she looked to Josh with saucer eyes.

“I’ll go see who it is,” he assured her. “Probably just some package my parents ordered.”

Katie followed behind him like a lost puppy as he made his way to the door. Her arms were wrapped over her breasts as if scared her emotions could cause further growth and her applied pressure might keep them at bay.

Unlocking the door, Josh opened it a few inches. “Hello--” He stopped when he saw a suit-clad woman standing on his porch. Everything about her was professional, from the tightly-wound black bun in her hair to the sharp makeup on her face and tailored clothes. Josh might have finished his sentence had the woman’s bust not so closely resembled Katie’s from earlier that day.

The front of the woman’s jacket was open and flapping in the breeze of Summer’s dusk. A white blouse bulged beneath it and flared open from her collarbones to past her elbows. Eye-sucking cleavage extended outward like a fissure between breasts as large as basketballs. Two damp spots soaked the front of her shirt to reveal braless nipples jutting into the tightly-packed fabric.

“Where is Katlyn?” the woman asked without missing a beat. Too stunned to answer, Josh stood still. A glimpse of Katie’s brown hair peeking curiously into view in the background grabbed the woman’s attention. She pushed the door open, startling Josh and Katie.

“H-Hey!” he protested, the woman stepping into his house.

She ignored him, locking eyes with the girl looking ready to sprint out of sight and hide. “Katlyn Bonners?” the woman asked.

“Y-Yes?” Katie hugged her chest tighter, whimpering softly when it gently pushed back more than normal.

Milk dripped from the woman’s front and splattered on the hardwood floor. “You’re going to need to come with me.”

“Now hold on!” Josh stepped forward “Get out of my house before I call the cops--” He stopped in his tracks when the woman’s arm flashed, her body turning around and training a taser on his chest with a badge held into the air by her other hand. Eyes like steel looked at him with determination and a piercing silence filled the room.

PING!

A button popped free of the woman’s blouse and clattered to the floor. She was unphased, staring at Josh as her milk-laden mammaries threatened to topple free of her shirt. “I’m afraid this is a matter of national security. You’re both coming with me whether you want to or not.”

Against their better judgment, Josh and Katie followed the woman to a black sedan parked in front of the house. Given Katie’s state, the last thing Josh wanted to do was become incapacitated and leave Katie to hide and fend for herself. He assumed the best course of action was to stay together and go along with the woman for the time being. Seeing the woman’s breasts act similarly to Katie’s helped put his mind at ease as well.

They sat in the back seat while the woman adjusted herself to fit behind the wheel. Surprisingly, Katie was the first to speak once the car started, although in a quiet voice. “M-Ma’am? Are your breasts--”

The woman looked at Katie in the rearview mirror. “Afraid so. You look like you’ve already been through something similiar.” Katie nodded and the woman asked, “How big have you gotten?”

Josh and Katie were silent, their eyes telling all the story the woman needed to know. She started the car. “That bad, huh? Sounds like you’re lucky he was there to help.”

Katie shivered and Josh caught sight of her gently massaging the side of her chest with two fingers. Anxious for answers before they relived the previous milky situation, he bluntly asked, “Who are you?”

“Agent Letche,” she responded, pulling away from the house, “Of the International Department of Food and Nourishment.”

“That sounds made up.”

“It’s one of the lesser-known branches of government, but I assure you we’re very real. And we have a major problem.” The car pulled onto the main road and Josh and Katie could feel their predicament growing larger by the second. Agent Letche continued. “Recently one of our researchers was found guilty of bribery and conspiracy. Before we could arrest him, he had already fled the state and taken a vitally-important formula with him.”

Josh was growing less certain of the woman’s sanity by the second. “Formula?”

“Our department is concerned with the scarcity of food and lack of nourishment around the world.”

“You’re trying to end world hunger?” Katie chirped.

“In a sense. Our latest project dealt with increasing milk production in dairy cows. It was meant to provide a higher source of protein and essential nutrients in a sustainable form to those in third world nations.”

Katie shivered at Josh’s side and squeaked. A flash of skin across her tummy revealed itself as her t-shirt rose away from her body and swollen tits pressed into her arms. He couldn’t be sure due to her hold on them, but Josh estimated Katie was already as large as an E-cup.

Turning his attention back to their lactating driver, Josh started to ask, “You’re not trying to say--”

“I’m afraid so,” she finished, “Just like myself, Katie has been exposed to a potent lactation-inducing hormone. It was developed for large animals but was still in its infancy when it was stolen and barely tested. When given to a relatively smaller mammal, like human females, well---”

“*N-Ngh!*” Agent Letche glanced at Katie’s worried expression in the mirror when the girl groaned suddenly and clutched at an engorging pair of breasts.

The agent finished her sentence, “--the effects are drastically multiplied.”

Agent Letche is taking them to her family's farm. She and Katie are growing at an accelerated pace so she doesn't have much in the way of options. Her sister runs the farm now, still resentful of Agent Letche for turning her back on the family farm.

“You can...*o-oooh*...fix this, right?” Katie moaned. “I’m not going to lactate for the rest of my life am I??” She winced at the sensation of her shirt rubbing across swollen nipples and

inspected her filling chest with a look of worry. “I-I can’t handle this for the rest of my life! They were just emptied an hour ago and I’m already twice my normal size! How am I supposed to live?? How can I be expected to g-go to school?? O-O-Or work??”

Katie was becoming hysterical and losing her mind to panic. Seeing this, Josh wrapped an arm around her shoulders in an attempt to help calm her. It worked a little, Katie whimpering under his grasp. Her breasts paid his comfort no mind, however, and Josh could feel them pushing into his side with growing pressure.

“Is there a way to reverse the formula’s effects?” Josh repeated Katie’s question.

Despite her official appearance, Josh had to remind himself the agent was going through the same ordeal as Katie and was currently at a much larger size. He admired her professionalism, but the cracks were starting to show in her demeanor as her own mammaries bloated with the creamy fluid.

Agent Letche responded short of breath, her knuckles white as she gripped the steering wheel firmly. “We...have a workaround for the moment. It’s only a temporary solution, but it’s better than the--*nnggh*--alternative.”

The sound of something spraying against hard plastic filled the car. Josh and Katie both blushed as they knew Agent Letche had just violently sprayed through her shirt, but Letche remained as collected as possible amid the growing scent of sweet milk filling the car.

She continued. “Luckily our center of temporary operations isn’t very far from here. I was on my way there when I got the call about you.”

A pair of volleyballs were stretching Josh’s loaned shirt. Katie couldn’t help but squirm in her seat at the growing pressure and sensitivity coursing through her chest. Her milk glands filled with dairy, making her ducts pulse and throb for release.

“*A-Ahh!*” she cried out after a sudden surge and held a hand to the bottom of her right breast. Josh could see dark splotches spreading over the t-shirt’s rounded curves. He tried not to stare too long at the wet fabric clinging to and revealing the shape of Katie’s bare nipples.

“How far away is this place?” he asked urgently, gripping Katie tightly only to elicit another growth-fueled gasp.

Looking briefly in the back seat, Agent Letche eyed Katie’s situation and hummed. “Looks like you’re one of the quick ones...” she said before pursing her lips and turning back to the road. “It won’t be much longer. Just...*nngghh*...off I-84; a few more miles.” Letche looked back again and found Katie distraught, woozy from feeling so much milk swirling inside her body at such an increasing rate. “Just hang on a little longer, Katie.”

Katie nodded in understanding but jolted at the motions sent through her bust. Sporting an arm’s full of watermelons, Josh’s shirt had reached its limit of what it was able to conceal. The soft skin of her waist was bare to the world, as was a growing amount of underboob.

“It’s going to be all right,” Josh assured her, eyes widening when the shirt collar drew low against the force of rising cleavage.

“D-Don’t...Don’t let me get too big again, Josh...” Katie breathed, “I felt like I was g-going to go insane... I don’t...*nngghmmmmmm*...know if I can h-handle that much milk...a-again...”



Josh did what he could to calm Katie. If he had to milk her again he wouldn't hesitate though he would be lying to himself if he said it was purely for her sake. The situation inside Katie's body was dire but it was difficult for him not to stare at the globes threatening to soon fill the small girl's lap.

Minutes turned into a stress-filled hour. Buildings grew sparse around them the further out of town Agent Letche drove. It wasn't long before even street lights vanished and threw them into the darkness of a deserted highway save for a handful of other night drivers. Seeing the environment open into a vast expanse of sagebrush and dirt, Josh wondered if they had made the right choice taking the stranger at her word. After what he and Katie had been through, they had been primed to listen to any explanation.

The car took an abrupt exit with minimum reduction in speed. Agent Letche's urgency showed through in her driving due to her own dairy challenge. Katie was nearly incapacitated by her own lactation; being able to drive under such conditions amazed both her and Josh.

After blowing through a lonely stop sign, Letche pulled onto a dirt road. She and Katie cried out in agonized ecstasy when the car's jolts passed into their bodies and rattled their chests.

"A-Ahh! Miss Letche!!" Katie groaned, gripping Josh tightly. The sound of her bare breasts softly bouncing against her stomach accompanied her distress and milk began to flow more freely. "It's too...mmm...the road is too rough!"

"I know, but we're...a-almost there," she assured the girl.

Rows of lights illuminated an area in the distance like an alien mothership. Josh then had an inkling of where they could possibly be heading, but he didn't want to believe it. That is, not until the car skidded into a dirt parking lot minutes later and he stared around in shock.

"A *dairy farm*? You brought us to a *dairy farm*!?" he yelled, looking around at the rows of feeding troughs for cows. A large brick building with a sign reading 'Dairygold' looming in front of their car. The occasional bovine stared at the car with less-than-moderate interest.

"We...*nnggh*...made the best of the situation..." Agent Letche grunted while opening her door, "It's not our headquarters, but it serves its purpose." Several men dressed in similar suits to Letche were running towards the car. One caught her arm as she fell to the ground and Josh gaped when he saw a pair of udders pulling her down, each larger than her own torso. How she had been able to control the wheel with what may as well have been a pair of deployed airbags was beyond him.

"Letche!" one of the men greeted, "We need to get you to the--"

"T-The girl first!" she demanded, pointing to the back of her car. "She's producing much faster than I am; hurry!"

The men nodded and flung the back door open, startling Katie. "Come with us," they instructed, trying to pull her from the car.

"What's going on?? W-What are you going to do to me??" she cried out in confusion, Nervous hands pulled at her shirt trying to conceal her chest from the men's eyes all while clinging harder than ever to Josh. Regardless of her efforts, Katie's breasts bulged madly, stretching her skin as they ballooned to mammoth beach balls and toppled free of her shirt. "*Ooohh J-Josh, the milk!*" she complained, "I'm starting to feel really full agaaaain!"

"She needs to come with us!" the men told Josh.

"Don't let them take me alone!" she whimpered.

"I'm coming too," Josh said firmly, intent on keeping Katie safe.

"Your breasts are engorging larger by the second!" Agent Letche yelled, "*Go!*"

Realizing he had to make the first move, Josh nodded to Katie and stepped out of the car. Extending a hand, he helped her out as she filled her arms with her own chest. One of the men guided the couple towards a brightly-lit facility covered by a massive biohazard tent to their right. It reminded Josh of something out of ET.

"In here!" he led, unzipping a tarp door.

It grew more difficult for Katie to walk with every step. Each footfall sent a wave of milk-jostling ripples across her bust. Josh could hardly believe the trail of puddles left in her wake. "Josh... *Ohhh* there's *so* much again..." she moaned, face flushed pink. "E-Everyone can see my nipples... My chest is so big I can't cover myself...!"

"They're going to help," he promised her, "They know what they're doing."

Inside the tent was a building. Swinging doors labeled 'Extraction' stood before them, but when they stepped through Josh wasn't so sure of his previous statement.

Inside was a space about the size of a large classroom. There looked to be doors leading to the outside on the opposite wall, but they were shut and locked with a chain. Along the walls sat odd, cushioned chairs reminiscent of weight machines Josh had seen at the gym. However,

their frames looked backward and upside down with a large platform resting on springs located in front of each. A pair of hoses with large nozzles hung from hooks on the walls behind each chair. They seemed to be the only people in the room at the moment.

“Over here, quickly!” the man waved them.

Katie stood in front of the machine with eyes full of fear. “W-What am I supposed to do?” she asked with apprehension, holding her breasts protectively. “What is that thing??”

The man took her from Josh’s arms and helped her into the chair. “You kneel on this cushion and lean forward with on your arms here,” he said, “Your chest will be placed on the support bed.”

“Josh, I-I don’t know about this...” Katie trembled, backing up. Her eyes were drawn to the hoses and she grew more fearful. “I--*A-AHH!*!” A fresh wave of milk surged in her tits, almost buckling her legs with weight.

“Katie we need to get you on there!” Josh said firmly.

“I can’t...c-carry them...anymore...” she grunted.

“I’ll help.”

Katie’s face turned red when Josh lifted the front of her breasts. Both nipples rubbed against his shirt, dousing him with fluid like leaking hoses. Trembling and confused, Katie placed her knees against a cushion and her feet against a bracing pad along the floor.

Eyes full of determination, Josh told Katie, “Put your arms on the rests, I’ll lift your chest onto the platform.”

“Josh I--*Ahhmmm!*!”

Katie couldn’t help herself when Josh’s hands sank into her milk-filled jugs and pleasure raced through her body. Both arms leaped to the cushion in front of her and she leaned forward, wrapping her head between her forearms as her chest was placed on the bed. Its springs squeaked with her weight and the globes jiggled until they came to a stop.

“Josh... J-Josh...” Katie swooned, her back heaving with heavy breaths. “They’re filling up *really* fast... I-I can feel a lot more milk c-coming...!”

Josh stared at her breasts and watched as they bloated wider on the platform. It sank lower under her weight, each tit like a yoga ball hanging off her front.

“Ahhh! *A-Ahhh!! Mmmmm Jooooosh!*!” she cried out, milk seeping from film-canister nipples in large streams. Overflows of skin bulged over the sides of the platform, her chest too large to be contained.

“We need to hook her up now!” the man yelled, grabbing the hoses from the wall. He handed them to Josh. “I think it’s best you do it at this point.” He flipped a switch and the nozzles jumped to life, sucking air in large gulps and writhing in his hands like snakes.

Katie ogled the cup-like ends like a child seeing the needle at a dentist’s office. “A-A-Are you--”

“Trust me,” Josh nodded. Eyes wide as she tried to hide within her arms, Katie watched his approach her nipples.



SLLUUURRRMMPPPHHH!!!

“AhhHHH OHHHH GOD!!” Katie screamed.

The cups latched onto her nipples like magnets and her udders jumped as if struck by a punch. Milk flowed through the clear hoses in vibrating torrents, drawing the dairy from Katie’s lactating body by the gallon.

“Hah.... Nnnnghhh! H-Hah...” she panted, draped over the cushion like a cat in hot weather. Her eyes fluttered in pure relief, hands clenching every time the hoses drew more milk. Their effect on her bust was magnificent, already reducing her size considerably from the behemoths they had been.

“God, get this stuff out of me...” Agent Letche moaned, stumbling into a chair next to Katie with another man’s help. Her breasts fell onto the platform, though weren’t near as large as Katie’s. Her eyes widened with shock when she saw how large Katie had become. “Holy... Y-You...nnngh...really ballooned there at the end, didn’t ya? Lucky I found you when I did...” she inspected, seeing Katie’s bust still bulging over the edges of the metal.

“I...I don’t think I could have held another drop...” Katie moaned. “I--Mmmmmm...”

“The hoses really do the trick,” Letche nodded. “It’s not the most orthodox method, but it’s effective. They can be a little scary at fir--MM!!” Agent Letche lost her train of thought when her own release began, leaning forward similar to Katie. “Thaaaaat’s the stuff...”

“Wow, full already?” a female voice called.

Josh and Letche turned towards the extraction room entrance to see a woman dressed in dirty overalls walking towards them. Her hair was done up in a ponytail and her brow looked messy from a hard day’s work.

“Not a good time, Talia...” Agent Letche moaned.

Talia chuckled and leaned against her milking chair. “I let your fancy government department take over my entire facility, yet I haven’t seen a single penny in compensation. I’m not moving any product with you guys takin’ up my extraction room, Sis!”

“I...mmm...told you, I’m working on it... There’s paperwork and-”

Talia lost interest and turned a ponytail-flipping head to Josh. “She’s got your girl roped into this now too?”

“I, uh...” he hesitated, unable to think of how to respond. Men in lab coats were approaching Katie with clipboards and measuring tools, though Katie seemed too preoccupied to notice.

“The name’s Talia. Talia Letche. This is my dairy farm you and your girlfriend have been dragged onto. Secret-agent-food-specialist here probably didn’t tell you that, did she? Why would she bother? Government acts like they own everything anyway.”

“She’s... Katie isn’t...”

Talia didn’t care for his loss of words, turning her attention back to her sister. A finger teasingly prodded the side of an engorged breast, causing Letche to bite her lip and stifle a moan in response. Talia grinned. “Kind of funny, don’t you think? You abandoned the family dairy to go be the James Bond of food or somethin’, but you still wind up back on the farm. Even better, you’re basically one of my cows at this point!” Talia laughed and gave Letche’s chest a light pat bringing forth a deep sloshing. “How many gallons per day you producin’ in them udders now? If the number’s right I might pay you better than your current job!”

“You...*nnggh!*...shouldn’t even be in here! You’re lucky it hasn’t transmitted to you!”

The men in lab coats gathered around Katie with eyes full of wonder. “She’s one of the biggest we’ve seen come through...” one said, wrapping a tape measure around her breasts. “Four feet across and she’s already experienced a large letdown. Her production is through the roof!”

“*M-Mmmm...* Josh, what are they doing...? M-Make them--” Katie moaned, feeling their hands and eyes on her.

One of the men took a metal rod with a spring-attached pad on the end and pressed it into the depths of her chest, indenting her skin until the the spring clicked.

“*Ahhh!! MMMMM, J-Josh!! Make them s-stop!!*” she gasped.

“Astounding! Her skin shows little signs of stress, even when so engorged,” the poker exclaimed.

“Hey back off! She’s been through enough!” Josh jumped forward and shoved the scientists away. Out of protective instinct, he placed a hand on Katie’s breast and another along her back.

“OOOHHHHH AAAHHHHH!!!” Katie screamed, thighs clamping together and hands clawing at the cushion. Her mammaries lurched forward in size, drawing a creak from the springy platform as she bloated more than two feet in width. Milk sprayed from around the suction cups as their load was exceeded. Katie buried her face into the cushion and gasped for air at the sensation of her nipples releasing such an incredible amount of milk.

“Baron, did you just see that?” a man asked the one holding a clipboard.

“That reacti--”

“Get out of here!” Agent Letche bellowed, “Can’t we get a little damn privacy? We’re getting our tits sucked off and we’re being prodded like experiments! You didn’t even ask if the poor girl is all right!”

The scientists were taken aback but collected their things with downcast eyes. “Understood,” they nodded, “We’ll find you when you’re done.”

The lab coats and other agents left the room, leaving Josh alone with Katie, Letche, and Talia. The dairy farm owner sighed and stood by Josh, clapping him on the back. “Hell of a sight... Guys dream of things like this don’t they? You must be *loving* it.”

Josh blushed, unwilling to admit this was an exact scene he had fantasized about more times than he could count. “S-Some might, maybe, I guess.”

“Please, they’re all the same. Something like this? Some men might think that formula getting out was the best accident in history.” Talia laughed amid the symphony of sucking hoses and strained breaths of their milk sources.

Josh gulped, unable to take his eyes off Katie’s draining udders. The milk seemed to never end, nor did her enjoyment. She had been only a C-cup a handful of hours ago; now she could be classified a buoy if lost at sea. Heart pounding as he watched her milk flow into the wall behind her, he reeled at the true extent of their situation.

While Katie recovers, Josh explores the facility. Katie isn't the only girl there filling with milk and he finds there might be more to the agency than they're leading on.

“Is she going to be all right?” Josh asked with worry.

Agent Letche stood by his side in an oversized sweatshirt after having been drained of milk. “She’ll be fine; Katie just needs some rest. It’s best to leave her be for now. Producing so much milk in a single day takes a lot of energy.”

Josh hadn’t taken his eyes off Katie as she slept in a small room. After her milking, they were escorted to a different building into what they were told would be Katie’s room for the duration of the stay. It was simple and lacked any furnishings aside from a bed, a few chairs, and a portable rack for clothes. A public bathroom was located down the hall. It was amazing how much the agency had transformed the dairy farm into some sort of makeshift clinic for lactating women. Wanting her to recover, he closed the door with a soft click and left her to sleep.

“Do you need to call your parents?” Letche asked. “They must be worried sick.”

Josh shrugged. "Mine are out of town for the next few days and Katie is here from out of state for school. I'll let Katie decide if she wants to call hers in the morning; I wouldn't want to make them worry if she didn't plan on telling them yet."

"It's not an easy situation to explain, nor does it sound the least bit sane."

"I'm glad you found us when you did," Josh sighed, "Had Katie gone through an episode like that again I don't know how we would have handled it on our own. Thanks for helping her."

"Part of the job! Or at least I guess it is for now... Speaking of, there are a few other women we know were at the park yesterday when the formula was released. I'll be leaving to find them soon enough." Letche motioned to Katie's room. "You have a place to sleep?"

As much as Josh had wanted the situation to force him and Katie into sharing a room, fate had different plans. "There's a spare bedroom down the hall. I'll be ready if anything starts to happen with Katie though."

A warm smile showed on Letche's face. "I'm sure you will be. You're a good friend to that girl. I see the way she looks at you. The circumstances might be odd, but she's happy to have you at her side."

Josh became flustered and darted his eyes around the hallway. "Just trying to help!"

"She's lucky to have you." Agent Letche gave him one last smile before turning to leave. "Have a good night, Josh. Hopefully I'll see you tomorrow with good news!"

They waved goodbye as she walked off and left him alone. His room was only a few doors down but as midnight approached the last thing on Josh's mind was sleep. Too many unbelievable events had transpired throughout the day for him to simply lie down and put his mind at ease. Not only had Katie revealed her gorgeous breasts to him in the candy shop, but they had blown completely out of proportion with milk on two occasions. So many of his fantasies came true in such a short amount of time he never even had a chance to absorb them.

He decided to explore the facility and gather his thoughts. Much of the farm was quiet in the settling night save for the occasional moo from a dairy cow outside or a passing scientist on their way to a lab.

"Hey," some called softly. The sudden voice made Josh jump in fright but he calmed down when he saw Talia peeking around a doorway.

"You scared me half to death!"

"Want to see something?" she grinned. Talia disappeared into the room and Josh felt compelled to follow. Knowing so little about his surroundings didn't sit well with him.

Inside the room stood various clear tanks. Some were no more than fifty gallons while others were massive in size and reached to the ceiling. Most were filled with a white fluid that Josh could take an educated guess as to its identity. Talia stood next to a tank as tall as a reclining chair.

"Heard you coming and thought you might like to see this," she grinned, tapping a label. It read:

Bonnors, K

Josh swallowed, suddenly thirsty. “Is that...Katie’s?”

“You better believe it. That girl of yours really let it flow!” Talia patted the side of the tank to bring forth a hollow echo. “That government agency keeps it all here for research purposes.”

Josh was speechless, intent on staring at the hundreds of gallons and wondering how it all fit inside such a petite bust. “They keep *all* of it?? “

“Oooh yea. You want a taste?” Talia whispered. The question took him by surprise and he glanced at the woman in shock. She laughed, taking a small paper cup from a stack on the floor. “Don’t worry! I won’t tell and those scientists won’t notice if a little goes missing.” A spout near the bottom filled two cups and Josh was helpless against his curiosity. The taste of her milk from her first milking was still fresh in his memory; tasting it again sounded like bliss.

“Take it,” Talia offered, putting a cup in his hand. It was warm from Katie’s milk and his mouth watered. Seeing the dairy farm owner guzzle her own down helping, he couldn’t resist.

The fluid was thick and creamy like a rich, white-chocolate beverage. Josh’s senses sang in ecstasy and a smooth scent akin to vanilla found his nostrils.

“Mmmm...” Talia groaned, smacking her lips. “She makes some good milk...”

“That’s incredible...” Josh awed, wishing his cup wasn’t empty.

“She’s among the best here. Some of the other girls’ aren’t bad either, though.” Talia winked at him. “Can you imagine how much people would pay for something like this?”

Josh could have wrapped his lips around the spigot. “It’s one of the best things I’ve ever drunk.”

Wiping her mouth, Talia tossed her cup in a trash can. “I’ve got some business to attend to so I’ve gotta lock up. But...” She leaned in close enough for Josh to see cleavage down her flannel shirt. “In case you’re ever thirsty, the code for the door is 8008.” Talia’s eyes sparkled at her humorous security. Josh made certain to memorize the combination.

He left the holding room with Talia. “Stay out of trouble,” she called, walking away.

A growl vibrated his stomach with a hunger for more of Katie’s milk but he thought it better to hold off for the time being. Despite Talia’s words, the holding room didn’t sit right with him. It was odd that they would keep so much milk from each girl, especially inside large tanks with spouts. It didn’t seem very scientific; it looked more commercial. Regardless, the thought of so much of Katie’s lactation waiting just beyond the door was too great of temptation and he decided to leave before he drained the reserve.

Having a moment of downtime for the first time since Katie’s visit to the candy store earlier that day, Josh contemplated their situation. The more he thought about things, however, the stranger it felt. Agent Letche seemed honest enough; she was as much a victim as Katie. But the more he pondered the sweet milk still resting on his lips, the more suspicion seeded itself in his gut.

“Oh...D-Dammit...”

“Hurry, Molly!”

“I’m going as fast as I can!”

Two feminine voices carried from around a corner framed by the heavy shuffling of bare feet. Realizing there were other women in the same condition as Katie, Josh ran to provide any assistance he could.

“Nnngh!! Watch it!”

In his hurry he turned the corner and plowed into a red-haired girl leaning against the wall for support. Their collision reminded him of running into an airbag or the side of a bouncy castle as he was almost thrown from his feet. Trying to steady herself was a woman in her early thirties cradling a pair of breasts the size of beach balls. While mostly covered by her shirt, their bottoms hung in the open just above her belly button.

“You just gonna stare??” she snapped.

“S-Sorry! I was coming to help!” Josh said quickly.

“Over...*nnngh*...here! It started a lot sooner this time!” a voice called from behind the woman. “I-I used the call button but they weren’t coming fast enough!”

Josh looked to see another girl slumped against the wall with a lap overflowing with skin and milk. The rapid rate of her breasts’ growth was evident, both by their increasing girth and the labored expression on the girl’s face.

“M-Molly!!” the lactating girl gasped.

“Hellooo! Girl filling up with milk down heeerreee!” Molly yelled down the hallway.

“Let me help get her to the milking room, I’ll--” Josh stopped when pounding footsteps echoed behind him as well as the squeaky wheels of a cart. Moments later two lab men rushed past him pushing a small mobile platform and stopped in front of the overflowing girl.

“Mmmmm... Please...hurry...” she begged, *“They’re filling r-really...fast this time!”*

Together the men lifted her onto the cart and wheeled her out of sight towards the milking room. Josh was stunned but was brought back to reality when Molly sighed and leaned against the wall before sliding to the floor.

“Are you all right?? I can help you get there before you get much bigger if you want,” Josh offered.

She laughed as if hearing a bad joke. “Thanks, but I’ve done my lactating for today...”

Josh swallowed and eyed the breasts ready to topple free of her t-shirt. “But you’re--”

“Huge? Yea, I know, don’t remind me.” The woman looked up at him and squinted against the fluorescent lights. “Haven’t seen you around before... I take it your girlfriend found her way here? Blew open a shirt or two?”

“I-I wouldn’t say *girlfriend*...”

“Guessing you’ve seen more of her by now than most guys have though!” She laughed and extended her arm. “I’m Molly.”

“Josh,” he greeted, shaking it. “I’m here with Katie.”

“Cute. She get in tonight?” Josh nodded and Molly continued, patting the top of her chest. “Make sure you keep a good eye on her. I hate for any girl to end up with a set of knockers like these. They look great but I can’t move like I used to.”

Josh was amazed at how open she was with her breasts. Sensing this, Molly rolled her eyes and said, “Would you just get a good look and get it out of your system? There’s not a pair of eyes in this place that hasn’t seen my tits by this point. I don’t care any more...”

There was something else on Josh’s mind after listening to Molly’s words. “What did you mean before? About keeping an eye on Katie?”

“Ooohh they haven’t told you? Or maybe they’ve only told Katie?” Molly grunted and lifted her mammaries from her torso like two watermelons. “This is what happens when you let them get too full; they start to develop permanent growth. I guess it makes sense, right? They can only fit so much milk. But man when they start getting full... I guess the body decides it’s better to just make the containers bigger instead of the alternative. Blows my mind how much they can stretch in the first place. Felt like a blimp my first time around.”

“T-They...*grow* when they can’t fit any more milk??”

“Like crazy. You wouldn’t believe how full I had to grow to end up at this size. I was doing pretty good for a while there too; managed to keep my lactation under control for an entire month before I slipped up and couldn’t reach my nipples.”

Something didn’t sit right with Josh. “Wait, how long has this been happening to you?”

“A month, didn’t you hear me? Both Clara and I have been dealing with this for what seems like forever.”

“But the formula was just released at the park yesterday! Agent Letche said--”

Molly scoffed. “I don’t know any Agent Letche, but they’re probably changing their story as they go. I started engorging in front of my coworkers during a presentation last month. My blouse never stood a chance... Maybe your girlfriend is in a different boat, but whatever is causing this has been going on for a lot longer than *yesterday*. They say they’re trying to help us but I swear they’re only after the milk. Have you seen those massive tanks in the back rooms?”

Josh was becoming very worried now. The more he listened to Molly the more nervous he grew. It was hard enough to put their trust blindly into this would-be government agency. That trust was quick to crumble with this news.

“Something is going on in this place...” Molly moaned, rubbing her breasts. “I feel like all they have done is milk me since I got here. If I were you, I would get your girlfriend and leave. Hell, I would leave if I could fit behind a steering wheel.”

Fear loomed over Josh now. “B-But what about Katie’s--”

“Milk? Come on, man!” Molly grinned and tugged on a nipple through her shirt. “Take care of it the good ol’ fashioned way! Better a pair of lips than a pair of hoses every few hours.”

Josh’s heart was beating like a rabbit’s. In this situation he felt protective of Katie. She was in no state of handle herself given what her body was capable of. He hadn’t been sure about anything since Agent Letche’s arrival, but now he was certain this was the last place they should be. Driven towards impulsiveness by fear, he sprinted back down the hall towards Katie’s room.

“That’s fine! I don’t need any help getting up!” Molly called as he ran away.

Blood rushing through his ears with adrenaline, Josh raced through the facility to Katie. At this point anyone and everyone had to be considered an enemy. He was startled to hear men’s

voices carried from an approaching room over his pounding footsteps. Slowing down to quiet his feet, he couldn't help but listen to their excited voices.

"Bonner's reaction matched what we have seen in other women! When he touched her--"

Someone interrupted him. "That hasn't been shown to be consistent across all the subjects. Every girl has shown the ability to produce large amounts of milk at varying speeds."

"Yes but he *increased* it. For her sake we must keep them apart until we can isolate--"

Josh's footsteps alerted them to his presence and they stopped talking out of curiosity. Not wanting to give them a chance to catch him, he sped past the door and around a corner where Katie's room lie in wait. The door burst open with all of his weight thrown behind it.

"*Ahh!!*" Katie screamed, bolting upright in the small bed. She was a mess and looked as though she could have slept twelve hours more. It was strange seeing her without her headband. "*Josh!!* What the h--"

"We need to go!!" he interrupted, rushing to her bedside and pulling her by the arm. "I don't think this place is all they make it out to be!"

"L-Let go!" she grunted, fighting his panicked grip. "I can't leave! What if I--"

"I'll handle it!!" Josh said firmly. The insinuation made Katie blush with images of Josh emptying her breasts by various means. "I really think we need to go, though!!"

"Josh..." she said softly, too tired to know what to think. "I don't know. They've helped us so far..."

"We can't trust them, Katie. There is something not right about this place." Josh looked her in the eyes. "You can trust me though. We'll figure this out without you becoming one of their lab rats."

Her eyes sparkled in the night but changed to fear when footsteps echo outside her room.

"Stay away from her!" a scientist yelled.

"Come on!" Josh urged, pulling Katie from bed. She wore only a hospital gown and was quick to secure it around herself to avoid unnecessarily flashing Josh.

"O-O-Ok," she nodded, feeling her chest tighten with excitement. Grabbing her few belongings, Katie followed Josh's determined grip.

The men were down the hall when they left her room and ran for the exit.

"*Stop!*" they yelled.

Cold night air struck them with a desert coolness when they ran from the building. An eerie sense of solitude enveloped them among the isolated milk farm. Only security lights on the sides of buildings pierced the night. Across the lot were the red spots of two tail lights on a running car. The driver's door was open and Josh could see Agent Letche speaking with her sister through the window of the front office.

"Come on!" he yelled, pulling Katie towards the car. They crossed through the darkness guided only by the distant light.

"Stop them!!" the men yelled, waving flashlights through the air. The darting spots caught the attention of Letche and her sister through the window.

“*Shit!*” Josh swore, seeing them turn to investigate the commotion. There wasn’t time to think. He opened the door for Katie before slamming it shut and running for the driver’s door, slipping in the gravel as he did so.

“What the hell are they doing...??” Agent Letche wondered, rushing from the office when she saw Josh get behind the wheel. “Hey!!” she yelled, trying to reach the car. “It’s not safe for her to leave!! She needs to--” She couldn’t get there fast enough and choked on a cloud of dust thrown into the air by spinning tires.

Josh peeled away with Katie hanging on for dear life. The image of Letche and the men standing in the rearview mirror made his pulse pound. He knew it wouldn’t be long until they followed in pursuit; they had to get far away and hide.

“Look at that...” Talia hummed, joining her sister outside amongst the chaos. “Like Bonnie and Clyde.”

“You’re awfully calm!” Letche yelled. “Don’t you know how bad it will be if that formula spreads?!”

“Relax,” Talia chuckled, reaching for her car keys, “This isn’t the first time I’ve had to wrangle an escaped cow.”

Josh and Katie miraculously make it back into town with the feds hot on their tails. They manage to shake off their pursuers and knowing they can't go back home, pull into a seedy motel for the night. Short on friends, they enlist Hannah and try to come up with some plan of action.

“Josh! S-Slow down!” Katie cried out in fear. The dirt road flew under the car at high speed. In the darkness, every turn caused her heart to skip a beat but Josh’s reflexes were running on overdrive in the heat of the moment.

Finally the highway was in sight. When the car lurched onto paved road, Katie breathed a heavy sigh of relief. It didn’t prevent her from gripping the ceiling handle above her head, however. The speedometer read ninety-five miles per hour and emitted a dull greenish glow on the underside of Josh’s face. “You’re going too fast!” she warned.

“We don’t have a choice! Those agents aren’t going to waste much time following us. The faster we can get into town the better.”

Katie’s chest was tight with nervousness and confusion, but something else was tugging at her bosom as well. Folding an arm across her front to steady herself against the high-speed jumps, she asked, “Josh, a-are you *sure* we shouldn’t have stayed at the lab? What if--”

A strong hand reached across the front seat and gripped her lower thigh through the hospital gown. Warmth flooded through Katie at Josh’s intimate touch and blew away the rest of her sentence.

“You have to trust me on this,” he stated, holding her leg as if scared she could slip away. “This is the right move.” The looming tanks of milk storing the lactation of the other women

were still fresh in his mind, as was the sweet flavor of Katie's own product. As smooth and creamy as it had been, it couldn't overwhelm the red flags in the back of his mind.

"O-O-Ok," she squeaked, heart still pounding from his continued touch. It was enough to make her temporarily forget the small amount of milk building against her arm.

"Here's the plan; we'll get into town and ditch the car as soon as we can. More than likely, being a government car, they have a way to track it. Once we're around other people and we wouldn't be traipsing across a desert at night, we'll go on foot, all right?"

This side of Josh was new to Katie. He was firm and taking charge. It made her skin heat up like a furnace.

"All right, Katie?" he asked again. The car's engine hummed louder as he gave it more gas.

"Right!"

Inside, Katie's mind was a flurry of thoughts and emotions. *What are these sensations??*, she thought frantically. Josh's hand still rested on her leg; she had never felt so grounded. *Josh and I have always been close... But lately, why does my heart jump whenever he tou--*

"Ahhm!?"

Josh looked over and saw Katie fall forward and clutch at her chest with a loud gasp. Hanging by the ceiling handle, she leaned over her knees trying to catch her breath. "Are you all right??"

"F-Fine, just fine...!" she nodded, slowing her breathing and sitting up once more. She couldn't hide the two halves of a volleyball under her hospital gown, but even if she could, Josh knew very well what a gasp of that caliber meant.

The glow of the city rose in the distance. Determined more now than ever, Josh gripped Katie's hand and squeezed it before putting both hands back on the wheel. "Don't worry, we'll figure everything out. We can handle whatever happens."

Katie was glad it was dark enough he couldn't see how red her face was; she was also glad Josh was with her more than anything.

The industrial zones flew by. Before long, the two runaways were driving through the city. Downtown wasn't far and even past midnight the streets were well lit.

Against his better instincts, Josh slowed down to the speed limit. Should they get pulled over in a government car, he didn't want to think about what could happen. He glanced at his passenger and her poor state of dress in the hospital gown. "You uh... You might want to put some actual clothes on before we get out of the car," he suggested. He had caught a glimpse of Katie's exposed rear more than once, but he didn't dare reveal it for sake of her peace of mind.

"Crap you're right!" In their rush, Katie had time to only grab what was thrown in a pile on a chair in her room. Her own clothes were still at Josh's house drying from her earlier letdown. As of right now, her only possessions were a pair of borrowed pajama bottoms, a t-shirt, a headband, and her phone. She dismayed at the dead battery and lack of underwear or a bra.

The pajama pants were easy enough to slide on from under the gown, but the t-shirt was a different story. "Uhh, can you undo the buttons please?"

Katie turned her back to Josh and lifted her brown hair away to reveal the gown's various buttons along her spine. They were easily opened from his position with one hand and soon Katie's petite bare back was exposed.

"Don't look, OK?" she requested, letting the gown slip over her shoulders.

"I won't." Although he maintained his focus on the road at first, it was impossible not to notice the hefty mounds swinging back and forth when she lifted her arms and pulled the shirt over her head. The sight drew Josh's eyes like a magnet and he held his breath at her beauty. In the shifting golden glow of passing street lights, Katie's bare torso was artistically outlined in a midnight aura. Heavy, rounded breasts swollen with milk hung off her slight frame to her elbows turned profile to him. Her nipples were only visible in the window's reflection, but even so, they brightened the night with their pink forms. Watching them shift and bounce as she worked the shirt was hypnotizing.



After it draped over her bust, Katie secured her headband in its rightful place as the finishing touch. "So much better," she shivered, happy to be free of the gown. She turned back to Josh, grinning while wearing his clothes. From her earlier growth during Letche's escort, his t-shirt shown obvious signs of stretching around the front and collar.

“Just in time, too.” Josh pulled into a vacant spot along a sidewalk. The city was dead save for the remaining bar patrons wrapping up their Friday night.

The car’s headlights died with the engine and left them in relative silence. A loud creak filled the night when Josh partially opened his door. “Ready?”

Katie nodded and opened her own.

The car was left in the dead of night. Frightened and chilled in the night air, Katie walked as close to Josh as she could without hugging him. A large part of her wanted to wrap her arms around one of his and hang on for dear life, but she couldn’t find the courage to do so. Josh, on the other hand, was busy looking over his shoulder at every passing pair of headlights.

“They can’t be too far behind,” he told her, “And I’m sure they know we wouldn’t stay in the car. They know where we live too, so we can’t go home.”

“So what do we do?” Katie shivered.

“Stay low for now.” Josh looked at his phone and scrolled through a map. “There’s a hotel nearby; we can stay until morning and then go from there.”

With no better plan, Katie agreed and followed him through town. It wasn’t long before a cheap ‘Vacancy’ sign of a motel lit up the night with red neon.

It wasn’t the kind of place Katie could ever see herself staying at. “Are you sure about this?”

“It’s only for tonight,” Josh assured her. “A lot of these small motels don’t ask for a credit card to be on file either, so we won’t leave a trail.” Wrapping his arm around her protectively, he urged her on. “Don’t worry, I won’t let anything happen to you.”

Katie would have gone anywhere in his embrace.

The lobby smelled of unwashed carpet and cigarette smoke. Magazines from a previous decade were strewn about a coffee-stained table. Behind a desk, a weary clerk snapped awake when a bell rang.

“Eventful night?” the middle-aged man asked, seeing two college students approach the desk at three in the morning.

Josh took the lead. “You could say that. Have any rooms?”

“Sign says vacant, so we must.” The clerk suffered a coughing fit while typing on a computer. “You here for a night or just an hour or two?”

Katie’s face turned beet red and she cast her eyes to the floor, knowing full well how their presence must look. She could feel the man’s eyes lingering on her disproportionately-large chest.

“A night, please,” Josh answered confidently.

“Fifty bucks.” Several bills were withdrawn from Josh’s wallet and he paid the man in return for a key. “Room 206: out the door, up the stairs, and to the right.”

“Thank you,” Josh nodded, leading Katie from the lobby.

“You two have a good night,” he snickered in return.

There was something about closing the door to a hotel room that seemed so poetic to Katie. Away from home and things familiar, someone could deem this space as shelter for a night from what may lurk elsewhere. It sealed off the outside world, leaving the guest in a small

space where for a brief moment, all that mattered was what was contained within those few walls.

This time was no different. The moment Josh unlocked their door, flipped on the light, and turned the wobbly deadbolt, the outside world faded away. He and Katie breathed a sigh of relief simultaneously before looking around.

The room was old and dingy. A CRT TV with a built-in VCR rested on top of a dresser next to a full ashtray. One of the room's corners housed a lonely chair with a table large enough for one person to use.

BANG!! BANG BANG BANG!!

"*Ahh!!*" Katie jumped at a loud thudding in the walls from restless pipes.

Cautious, Josh stepped into the bathroom and flicked the light. It wasn't as bad as he feared, but it wasn't great. The shower made you want to stand on as few toes as possible when in use and lacked a curtain. A well-used bar of soap was present in the sink.

"You get what you pay for, I guess," Josh sighed.

Katie still stood in the middle of the room. "There's only one bed..."

Neither said anything, but identical thoughts raced through their minds.

"Do you think it's clean?" Katie wondered, not speaking her more intimate thoughts.

With a yawn, Josh shrugged. "Does it *matter* at this point?"

"Not in the least." Katie collapsed onto the bed and spread eagle. "This is *sooo* much better than the bed at the lab."

Josh watched from the bedside. Although Katie's body had come to rest, her chest still wobbled atop her frame, making his t-shirt wave and shift as if full of water. She was engorged to what he guessed to be G or perhaps even I-cups. The bottom of her shirt had ridden up during her movement to reveal her stomach as well as a gentle peek of underboob.

"What do we do now?"

Josh thought. "We need some help, from someone with a car who you trust and wouldn't speak to our parents."

"Like Hannah...? Oooohhh she's probably *ticked* after the way I bailed."

"Better than any of my friends," Josh agreed. It might be hard explaining the situation, but if they could manage to drain Katie before Hannah arrived, maybe they wouldn't have to. "I'll text her and tell her to meet us here tomorrow morning."

The message sent, Josh sat his phone next to the TV and looked ahead. Katie was still slightly revealed.

"How are you feeling?" Josh asked, unable to take his eyes off her swollen front.

Katie's arms instinctively wrapped around her chest to preserve her modesty. "A-All right..." In a lower voice like a whisper, she added, "They're a little full right now, b-but I can handle it..."

Embarrassed, she rolled over into a semi-fetal position and looked at Josh over her arms. "You can...get on the bed too, if you want... Turn the light off first, though?"

He didn't say anything but accepted her invitation. After leaving the room illuminated only by the light from outside, he laid next to her with his head on a pillow. Silence filled the

room much like the accompanying elephant neither wanted to talk about. Sex was on their minds, but the other's feelings were unknown.

"Hey, Josh...?"

"Mhm?"

"Would you mind holding me? I-If you want, I mean... You don't have t--"

Katie's body tingled when he rolled over and wrapped an arm around her body, clutching her tightly into his in a spooning position. She thought her heart might explode from the pressure of its racing beat and Josh's hot breath on the nape of her neck. Emotions ran rampant in their systems.

"J-Josh?" she asked again in the dark.

He inched closer, pulling her tight against his chest. "Yea?"

"Thank you... So much... F-For everything... This whole thing has been a blur and i-if you hadn't been here like you have been, I-I can't stand to think where I might be now. I was so scared at that lab and--"

Josh's hand moved and slipped into hers. Their fingers intertwined before Katie's curled around his and clutched it into her chest like a precious gift.

"You're welcome," he said.

"*N-Nnngh...!*" Katie shivered in his arms. He felt her breasts push against their clasped hands.

"Are you--"

"I'm all right," she moaned, nuzzling into his embrace. "Just hold me..."

In his arms, Katie was quick to drift to sleep. Josh wasn't far behind once her gentle breaths reached his ears. Hand engulfed in her grasp and cleavage, he closed his eyes and joined her in slumber.

"*M-Mmmm...*"

A drawn-out moan roused Josh from his sleep. Disoriented and confused, he looked around the room gripped by fear before recalling the night's events. At some point he and Katie had slipped under the covers for warmth. She was still at his side, but the sight was morning-wood inducing.

During her sleep, Katie's borrowed t-shirt had ridden over her enlarged bust and bunched near her collarbones. She lay on her side, anchored down by a pair of breasts as large as basketballs. Firm and filled with milk, their rounded forms were stacked on top of each other. Bloated nipples stared angrily at Josh for being ignored for so many hours and trickled milk over her curves and onto the bed. One arm was bent under her pillow while the other was wrapped around the underside of her chest. Their nighttime fullness had caused several veins to crop into sensual rivers. A tantalizing view of her hips wrapped in blue underwear peered from under the slipping sheets. At some point she must have taken her uncomfortable jeans off during the night.

"*A-Ahhgg...!*" Katie's mouth fluttered when a nipple spurted milk into Josh's face.

Sweetness flooded his tongue to induce a hungry growl from his stomach. The temptation was monumental.



I can't... I can't!, he told himself. Katie's bare, overly-engorged breasts loomed in front of him like a wall of milk. It wouldn't take much to reach an erect nipple with his lips. *She'll wake up! How can I even CONSIDER doing something like that?! She trusts me!*

He shifted in bed to relieve pressure in the front of his pants.

"MM!?"

Milk squirted again from the mattress' jostle and Katie gasped loudly. It doused Josh's face and a hungry tongue licked it from his lips. Through the night, her chest had engorged beautifully and looked fit to release a milky letdown any second.

I could never--

Josh's mind switched off. Once his head started moving forward, there was no stopping him from reaching his goal. Gently, he opened his mouth around Katie's throbbing nipple before ever so gently closing his lips around the pink thimble.

"NNGH!?" Katie squirmed in her sleep amid a shriek.

Josh wasn't ready for the surge of milk discharged into his mouth and had to fight his gag reflex. Now stimulated into finally releasing, Katie's nipple showed no sign of ceasing her flow. Adapting, he began gulping down the richest milk he could imagine straight from the thick, pulsating source. He had triggered a letdown and there was no stopping it now.

"Ahh!! A-AAAUUGH!?" Katie's sleeping mind was exploding with fireworks, as were her dreams. Josh noticed the blankets shift around her legs as her thighs ground together in arousal. "Oh, Josh... O-Oh JOSH!?"

He fought back another cough when Katie's milk surged with pressure against his cheeks. Each of her hands balled tightly into fists and her mouth opened to gasp. At this point, Josh only prayed she wouldn't wake up and he could reduce her size enough to relieve her pressure.

Uncertainty came when the firm skin of her bust bulged into his face. Gurgles bubbled within her bust when her production increased. Cautious, Josh placed a hand against her top breasts and felt her skin stretching under his fingers. Buried under it, her other mammary was strained and bloated, enduring the pressure of its own contents and the weight of the sister tit above.

“Tight!” Katie cried out. *“Milk... Milk me!”*

Josh was suckling as fast as he could but it was a losing battle. Could he use his hand without waking her? Swelling larger by inches a minute, Katie’s breasts were nearing beach ball proportions and looming overhead. Shuddering at her lactation, Katie subconsciously pressed her arm into the bottom of her chest. The added pressure forced milk to gush into Josh’s mouth with enough force to make him sputter and spray the fluid from the sides of his lips. Katie’s other nipple was content to soak the bed between them.

“Aaahh! Ooohhh my boobs! Josh help!! My chest is too full again!! Suck me!”

Katie’s sleep talking combined with the monstrous udders pushing his head back was about to make him come in his pants. Still she filled, engorging well beyond what was manageable by a single mouth. Josh cursed his thirst; it was only a matter of time until she became too big and awoke to find him latched to her breasts. What would she do? He hadn’t asked permission and Josh knew Katie could be flustered, to say the very least.

“Too big!” Katie yelled.

BANG BANG BANG!!

“HEY!! OPEN UP!!”

“AHHH!!”

Josh and Katie both sprang upright in surprise by a loud pounding at the door strong enough to shake the room.

“O-O-OH MY GOD!!” Katie shrieked, her lap instantly filled by a bosom which was absent when she fell asleep. *“OH MY GOD!!”*

Josh was relieved to see she hadn’t noticed his mouth latched onto her chest due to the sudden knocking. To help, they were both drenched in milk. Katie assumed he had awoken at the same time.

Dairy continued to spray across the bed like loose hoses. Eyes wide and thrown into the situation, Katie flung her hands to her nipples and clamped down tight, stopping the flow of milk. *“What’s going on?!”* she asked in a panic, trying not to make a mess.

BANG BANG!!

“JOSH I SWEAR IF YOU DON’T OPEN THIS DOOR! I KNOW YOU’RE IN THERE!!”

Katie’s face went white. *“It’s Hannah! S-Shit it’s--”*

GUUUURRRGLE

A loud churning came from her bust. With the only exits sealed, her growth was ballooning in her lap. *“U-Uuuhhhh,”* Katie gawked, feeling her breasts swell like never before. Milk strained against her nipples, making her hands shake. *“J-Josh!! She can’t see me like this!! What do we--”*

BANG BANG BANG!!

“KATIE!! THE HELL IS GOING ON?! I HEARD YOU SCREAM!”

“S-Stall...her!!” Katie begged, unable to allow any more leakage but desperate for relief.
“I need to get to the tub and--”

GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE

BANG BANG!!!

“*J-JOSH!!*” Katie gasped, her chest engorging well over her thighs. Cleavage shot towards her gaping face. It was difficult for her to maintain a hold on her nipples as her tits pushed into her arms. “*OOOHHH THEY'RE TOO BIG!! I-I CAN'T...NNNGH...HOLD IT!*”

BANG BANG BANG!!!

“OPEN THE FUCKING DOOR BEFORE I--”

BANG!!

SNAP!!

With a determined shove, Hannah broke the cheap lock on the door and rushed into the room. “*What’s the big idea texting me in the middle of the night after basically running from my apartment and then IGNORING all of my texts?! Josh you had better--*”

GUUUUUURGGGLE

Hannah stopped when she took in the sight on the bed. Josh was shirtless and sitting up next to Katie. Making the aged bed creak from a massive weight were two tits the size of yoga balls pinning Katie’s legs under a soaking blanket. The gasping face of her friend was visible between her own cleavage, eyes looking down in disbelief. Katie’s trembling arms make her chest bulge over them like angry water balloons as she fought to keep hold of soda can nipples.

Hannah was speechless. “K-K-Ka--”

“*Oh, GOD! I can’t hold it!!!*”

GUUUURGLE

FWWWWOOOOSH!!!

“*AAHHHHHMMMMMMMMMM!!!*”

Dual pressurized streams of hot milk erupted from Katie’s nipples when her arms flung open. The fluid struck Hannah dead center in her chest, throwing her against the wall where she was pinned and forced to endure a creamy torture.

“*Haaaahhh! Haaahh!!*” Katie moaned, pressing on her chest to encourage release, “*Oh yes!! YES!!*”

Josh was at a loss for words and feeling partially responsible. Hannah could only cough and gag for air until the arching streams died down. Released, she fell to the floor on her hands and knees gasping for breath and spitting out whatever milk she wasn’t forced to swallow. Dairy flooded the floor and rushed out the door.

In bed, Katie fell back onto her pillow under a pair of breasts now reduced to melons. They wobbled cutely as if saying ‘whoops!’ to what had just occurred. “*Oooooohhhh that’s soooooo much better...*” Katie moaned, breathing with an orgasmic release. “I thought I...*nnggh...* Where did all that milk *come from??*”

Josh looked up when Hannah stood to woozy feet, dripping milk from every pore. “*Do you mind--ack!*” she coughed before finishing, “*Mind telling me what the FUCK is going on?!*”

Katie tries to explain the situation while she and Hannah clean themselves up. Josh, keeping a close eye on the outside, notices some men in suits walk into the hotel office. Certain it's the agency, he urges their departure. Meanwhile, Hannah starts to complain about her chest feeling tight.

“You’re staring...” Katie whispered.

Hannah hadn’t been able to tear her eyes away from her friend’s chest since bursting into the hotel room. Even now as they undressed and cleaned themselves of Katie’s milky eruption, Hannah was too struck with disbelief to look anywhere else or even begin undressing. “Well *duh!* Katie have you seen yourself?! Your boobs were--”

“I know! I was kinda there. I know *exactly* what they were like. No need to remind me...” After wringing her shirt out over the sink, Katie ran one of the many towels Josh had acquired over her body. It was cumbersome maneuvering around breasts the size of her head when she was so used to C-cups, but Katie was starting to get the hang of it.

“I’m sorry,” Hannah sighed, trying to reel in her emotions. “Can you just...*please* explain what’s going on? You basically ran out of my apartment last night, then I find you in some dumpy motel this morning, in bed with Josh, with tits like parade floats! Are you all right??”

“I’m fine!” The look of scrutiny in Hannah’s eyes was obvious and Katie repeated herself once more. “Really, I’m fiiiine. If I explained everything you would think I’m crazy!”

“Try me, because you sure didn’t look fine... I don’t think the human body is supposed to do that.”

Slipping her underwear down her legs, Katie tried to explain as best she could. “Apparently there was some sort of malicious attack at a park the other day and I happened to be there when it happened. Some angry scientist working on cow milk production enhancers went rogue and exposed a bunch of women to the formula. I started growing a day or so later and then it just got worse from there. I-I started...” Katie blushed from having to speak about such things. Somehow, it wasn’t the same as talking to Josh. “I started to...you know, lactate... *A lot*. Long story short, Josh helped me out, a government agent tried to help us but we stole a car and ran away from the lab because Josh thought they were hiding something. And now here we are, wiping ourselves off in a gross motel bathroom while Josh tries to clean up my milk from the carpet and bed.”

“You’re right, you do sound crazy.”

“But it’s true!” Katie stood naked in front of her friend and opened her arms, showing the enlarged breasts on her frame.

Hannah was actually speechless for a moment. “So at my apartment...”

“Yea... Sorry about that, they took me by surprise.”

“I *knew* you looked bigger!! And my bathroom was a mess after you left!”

“Heh, sorry about that, too.” Katie looked at Hannah. “Are you going to clean yourself up?? You’re still dripping!”

“I was too busy trying to wrap my head around your new knockers!” Clothed in simple attire fit for the early morning, Hannah wore a light cotton zip-up and yoga pants. The zip-up revealed only a bra underneath. Being on the smaller side, Hannah’s frame was well-matched with perky B-cups. “I was in a hurry to get here, ok?” Hannah defended, wringing her jacket out over the tub. “I didn’t know what the hell was going on with you...”

“I appreciate it. You’re a good friend.”

They were silent as Hannah unclasped her bra and borrowed a towel before slipping out of her yoga pants. Katie was shocked to find no panties and averted her eyes but her friend’s body was nicer to stare at than the bathroom itself. It wasn’t the first time they had been naked together, but this was far different than changing for gym class. Hannah’s signature skull-flower tattoo revealed itself on her left shoulder, always taking Katie by surprise. Given her small stature, the skin art always made her appear more mature when visible.

“So... I take it this morning wasn’t the first time that’s happened?” Hannah asked, breaking the silence and drying a thigh.

“It uh...might be the third...” Katie blushed.

“The *third*??”

“A-And they’ve been bigger than that too...”

“Jesus. Josh must be a very special friend, huh? He must be in hog heaven!”

Katie’s face turned red and her mind flashed back to him sucking her nipples so ravenously at his house. “*Shut up!*”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” Hannah chuckled. Katie bent over and ran a towel down her leg, causing her breasts to hang in the air like two udders. It was impossible for Hannah not to stare. Swallowing, she asked, “C-Can I touch them?”

Katie bolted upright, praying Josh couldn’t hear their conversation. “Huh???”

“You can’t blame me for being curious! Come on, please? You’re like three or four times as big as I remember; there’s *no way* they feel real.”

“Trust me, they do.” Despite her confidence, Katie took a step back and wrapped an arm across herself, suddenly feeling very exposed. Hannah’s curious eyes remained glued to her bust however. Groaning, Katie lowered her arm. “Fine, if it will stop you from staring already, *creep.*”

Hannah ignored the insult and stepped forward, dropping her towel on the ground. Nervous hands reached out and pressed into Katie’s mammaries like two pillows and soft skin bulged around Hannah’s palms.

“*M-Mmmmm...!*” Katie whimpered, shivering from residual arousal. She had never been touched by another girl before, much less a naked girl. Likewise, Hannah had never wanted to touch another girl so badly.

“Woooooow,” Hannah awed, squeezing again and drawing squeaks from Katie. “Katie these are *incredible!* Seriously! You could make money off these puppies!”

“*T-Thanks!*” Katie’s voice was sharp and high-pitched. Try as she might, she couldn’t prevent her nipples from hardening into Hannah’s palms.

“*And those nipples!!* They’re like freaking Hershey’s Kisses!!”

“H...H-Hannah...” Katie groaned. Heat was rising in her chest and tickling her skin.

“How the hell are they so firm *and* soft?! Do they just ignore gravity too?!” Hannah mashed her hands into their depths and massaged gently, inspecting them like precious fruits.

Pressure pricked Katie from within her breasts. It was a feeling she knew all too well.

“*Ahh!! H-Hannah! Don’t...mmm...D-Don’t do that...!*”

Changing her grip, Hannah lifted them from their bottom halves. “Oh, sorry!! They’re just so...*big!* Are they heavy?!”

“Very... V-Very...heavy...” Katie was clenching her fists at her hips, praying Hannah wouldn’t notice the wetness between them. “Hannah, m-maybe we should--*Nnngh!*”

Hannah’s eyes bulged and Katie’s shot downward when her breasts bloated a cup larger within Hannah’s hands. Firm nipples throbbed and sprang free between her fingers a split second before milk started to leak. It ran over Hannah’s hands and forearms before dripping to the floor, both girls gazing in shock.



“S-Sorry! Sorry!!” Hannah panicked after realizing what she had done, dropping her hands and allowing Katie’s breasts to fall back with a milky slap.

“It’s...nnnghmmmm...It’s alright...” Katie’s head was swimming but the growth had been minimal. With Hannah’s hand removed, the rising pressure was subsiding. “Just a little...leftover milk is all...”

“I-I felt you *grow* in my hands!”

“Ha, I think you mean fill,” Katie breathed.

“Either way!! It was like feeling a baby kick or something weird like that! There’s this stuff inside your body you have no control over!”

Katie ran a towel over her front and dried the new milk, sighing at the additional cup she had to deal with now. Her bosom was like a pair of party balloons hanging off her front.

“What’s it feel like?”

“What?”

“You know what!! The *milk!* Swelling up like that! Your face this morning when they were like beach balls was just...” Hannah didn’t know how to finish her sentence. No word came to mind to describe the pleasure on Katie’s face.

Katie gulped. “It’s... Uh... I-It’s not bad. Kind of nice, actually... And also kinda scary... When there’s enough of it, I can feel the milk moving around inside of me. I-It causes this pressure that isn’t really *bad*, it’s just *tight*, you know? They get really, really hot and over-sensitive to the point I can’t stand to touch them myself because it’s just *too* much. There’s this tingling all over my skin too like a bunch of tiny fingers. I don’t know how else to explain it! L-Like I can feel my chest always stretching... Because it has to! There’s so much milk it has to hold; what else can it do...?? That has to be the weirdest part, just *feeling* my boobs stretching and shifting and filling up like...like well...a pair of balloons, I guess... It’s unlike anything else I’ve felt before. I-It’s too much to handle, really...”

Hannah stood in place, speechless and wide-eyed at her friend’s description. Her erect nipples weren’t lost on Katie.

“U-Uhm... Earth to Hannah?”

“That honestly might be one of the hottest things I’ve ever heard.” Katie was aghast at the statement and Hannah backtracked, explaining herself. “I-I-I don’t mean the swelling a-and filling with milk and stretching stuff! That would be weird! B-But just *growing*... It sounds nice...”

Hannah blushed, something Katie rarely saw from her. Continuing, she said, “I’ve always been a little envious of your chest if I’m being honest. Mine aren’t very big and next to you I’ve always felt flat.” Hannah breathed, taking in Katie’s chest. “Even more so after today.”

Reaching up, she cupped her pert breasts and massaged them in small circles. “I would be lying if I said I’ve never imagined them getting bigger... Just waking up one morning to find them tripled in size, or maybe outgrowing my bra during class one day...” Hanna giggled bashfully, dropping to a whisper. “When I was little and going through puberty, sometimes I would hold the shower head against my nipples for a few minutes and imagine the water filling them up...”

Katie didn't know how to react. Of course she had assumed there was a slight amount of breast envy on Hannah's side; there were some instances where her gaze had been all too obvious.

Hands like lightning shot out and grabbed her clothes, Hannah stepping into her yoga pants and keeping her eyes to the ground and changing the topic in a hurry. "Sorry!" she laughed, "Too much information, right??"

Katie blinked, still processing her friend's words before reaching for her own clothes as a distraction. "No! No no! I'm glad you opened up! I-I think your boobs look fine on you, though..."

"But haven't you ever gotten excited by the idea of yours getting bigger? A-And like...swelling up?" Hannah's voice drifted off to somewhere else as she clasped her bra. "It sounds...mmmm...incredible..."

Katie didn't dare say she had never considered the idea before for fear of alienating her friend. Instead she chuckled, stepped into her pajama pants, and said, "I don't really need to imagine it at this point."

Both dressed and cleaned up, as well as feeling a new, somewhat unspeakable, bond between them, Katie opened the bathroom door to join Josh. "I wonder if he's made much progress cleaning up my--"

Amid a pile of milk-soaked towels, Josh was sitting on the bed staring directly at the bathroom. Mouth partially open as if he forgot how to close it, his face was as red as Katie's and Hannah. Not a word had passed between the girls that had failed to reach his ears.

Hannah was the first to snap out of the embarrassment, returning to her blunt attitude. "The hell are you looking at??"

"I-I uh...ran out of towels..." Josh stammered, folding his hands over the front of his pants.

"Yea, I'm sure you did. I don't know what you *think* you heard in there, but--"

A car door slammed in the parking lot. As distracted as he had been, Josh was still keenly aware of their situation and the agency no doubt on the hunt. He rose from the bed and approached the window, making sure to keep out of sight.

"You wouldn't happen to have a spare charger in your car, would you?" Katie asked Hannah, her phone's battery still predictably dead.

"I might. Maybe we should--"

Josh's breath caught in his chest. From his vantage point he had seen three suit-clad men exit a black sedan and approach the motel's office. "They're here! I-I think they're here! Shit they found us!"

Katie's face turned white. "Are you sure??"

Wanting to protect her friend, Hannah stepped to Josh's side and peered through the window. "So it's a couple of guys in suits. People are allowed to make business trips."

Ever cautious, Josh's pulse quickened when the back door of the sedan opened. A woman stepped out, glancing around the parking lot. "*It's Letche!*" he hissed, ducking down. Katie

whimpered and tried to shrink into herself. The tightness-inducing fear in her chest was more than she needed.

“We need to go!” Josh demanded.

“Go where?!”

“Anywhere but here! Hannah, please tell me you’re not parked down there.”

“Trust me, I tried, but the guy at the front desk looked ready to call the tow truck the moment I walked away. I had to park on the street.”

“Perfect. Come on, Katie, we’re going now! While they’re in the front office!”

The door creaked open and Josh peeked his head out. There was nobody waiting and he could still see the men and Letche speaking to the hotel manager through the office window.

“We’re going to go down the stairs then run around the back, all right?” he confirmed.

“O-Ok,” Katie nodded, hugging an arm across her bust in preparation for running.

Hannah readied herself as well but couldn’t take her mind off the pressure of her nipples inside her bra. They had refused to go down since being assaulted by Katie’s milk.

“Let’s go,” Josh whispered. Staying low, the three fled the room without closing the door. The stairs would be the most dangerous portion of their escape; should one of the agents turn around there would be nothing to save them from being spotted. “Quickly,” he urged, taking Katie’s hand to help provide support. Every quick step made her wish she was wearing a bra.

The group reached the bottom and followed Josh’s lead around a corner to the sidewalk. “Hannah?” he motioned, looking for her car.

“It’s over here!” Hannah’s chest was tight with excitement and thrills. Katie’s bust was all the proof she needed for the given story, no matter how strange it sounded. A Subaru blinked its headlights seconds before they reached it, everyone piling into Hannah’s car and breathing a sigh of relief.

“Ok... Where to...now...?” she asked, curiously out of breath. She was sweating more than expected after such a short escape. Her bra burned like a heating pad under her zip-up.

Josh, still on the lookout for trouble, was turning his head in every direction in the passenger seat. “Anywhere! Just drive for now until we have some distance from them. I need to think.”

The motel shrank in Hannah’s rearview mirror, becoming nothing more than a milk-flooded memory after she turned a corner and headed into the heart of downtown. Able to relax, the group sighed with relief before Katie’s stomach growled with need. Cautiously optimistic and now several miles from the hotel, Josh agreed breakfast wasn’t the worst idea. It seemed forever since they had eaten properly and they couldn’t have looked more like a group of teens straight out of a movie when they walked into a diner with such disheveled appearances.

“We should be safe for now,” Josh assured them, sitting across from Katie and Hannah.

Katie’s eyes were still full of anxiety. “How did they find us?!”

“They must have tracked the car we stole then guessed we would go to a nearby hotel considering it was after midnight... We’re lucky they didn’t show up earlier.”

“N-Nngh...” Hannah grunted silently, leaning forward in her chair. Twinges like growing pains were running through her chest.

“What should we do after this...?”

Josh sighed. “We can’t go home, they know where we live. We need to find someone we trust who can help us.”

Heat flared under Hannah’s jacket. “*Ohhhh...*” she moaned, her bra like a torture device. For the first time since puberty, it felt too small.

“We need a scientist,” Josh continued, glancing at Katie’s bust stretching his t-shirt. “Some kind of doctor or physician maybe.”

“*Nnngh! G-Guys...*” Hannah gasped, pressure tickling the back of her nipples. A growl came from her stomach, still full of Katie’s lactation.

“Hannah you look like you’re burning up!” Katie said with concern. “Can we get some water please??” she called out, the waitress not yet seeing their table.

“I-I think...*nngghmmm...*I’m starting to understand what you were saying in the...*o-ooohh...*bathroom...” Hannah quivered, the sound of stretching fabric coming from under her zip-up. “*God it’s so tight!*”

Josh was ready to help in any way. “What’s the matter?? Are you--”

Hannah straightened up and leaned back in her chair, arching her spine and lifting the tightened front of her jacket into the air. Two mounds like grapefruits warped the fabric, the group’s eyes widening in shock at her sudden development.

Hannah’s were the widest, her bust lifting into the air with every confused breath. A loud groan drew every eye in the diner to their table. “O-Oh my God! They...*nnnnnnggh!!* T-T-They really *do* tingle...a-all over...!”

Hannah and Katie excuse themselves to the restroom, leaving Josh as a benchwarmer. Hannah's boobs fill up to the size of (surprise us) and Katie tries to help her drain back down before she gets too big. Hannah is reluctant to go back to being small and only lets Katie shrink her new tits down to coconuts. Afterward, Josh remembers that his boss at the candy shop has a scientific background and may be able to help them.

“Ohhh they’re growing... *Oohhhh my God my boobs feel like they’re blowing up!*” Hannah’s exasperated voice rang throughout the diner. It was far too early in the morning for such loud noises for its patrons, but Hannah couldn’t have cared less. The bubbly sensations of milk flowing into her chest made her belly flutter.

“H-Hannah you’re growing!” Katie gasped.

“No...*nnggh...*N-No shit... And here I just thought my bra had only shrunk in the--”

POW!!

“*NNGH!!!*” Hannah groaned like an animal when her bra snapped in two, making her jacket jump before it resumed hugging her torso. A pair of breasts like cantaloupes dwarfed Hannah’s frame and each nipple tented the thin cotton like two fingers. “*G-God!!*”

“We need to milk you!” Katie yelled, her chair screeching across the floor when she jumped to her feet. There wasn’t a pair of eyes not staring at the group of teens at this point. A cup of coffee overflowed in a barista’s hand, her attention entirely focused on the commotion surrounding this girl’s chest.

Hannah’s mouth gaped. All she could do was stare at the globes rising off her body, blocking a larger portion of the table by the second. Stress lines pulled into her skin and the jacket’s zipper warped at the seams. “It’s coming in...so fast!”

“I know! That’s why we need to get the milk out *now!* Trust me!” Katie’s voice was urgent, having been through the effects of a full letdown more than enough times.

“L-Look at them! *I’m fucking huge!*” Her eyes were wide with greed. Wrapping her arms around her chest, Hannah hugged them into herself like two balloons and moaned with pleasure. Across the table, Josh shifted uncomfortably when he saw her embrace squeeze milk from her nipples, creating two dark spots on her jacket.

Katie couldn’t sit by and watch any more. She knew how good it felt, but if they waited much longer Hannah would be completely immobilized. It wouldn’t take long for word to reach the agency about a girl’s chest suddenly bloating to massive sizes at a local diner.

“*Come on!*” Katie hooked both hands under Hannah’s armpits, yanking her to her feet.

An obnoxious clatter startled the room when Hannah’s chair fell to the floor. She herself nearly toppled with it, but Katie’s caring arms managed to catch the engorging girl.



“*Mmmm t-they’re getting heavy...too...*” Hannah breathed, more top-heavy with every breath. “A-All that milk...swirling around...inside of me...” Her head leaned into Katie’s chest as she supported her. Looking up, Hannah pressed into her friend’s bosom and grinned. “I don’t think I’m the only one getting a little full...”

“I-I’m fine! It’s just leftover from this morning!”

Hannah winced, her jacket riding up her stomach as she neared beach ball sizes. “*Nnngh... T-They’re starting to get a little...tight... My boobs feel...really full...*”

Katie was more concerned now than ever. “*I know! We need to milk you!*”

The growth accelerated and the group’s eyes widened as milky flesh bulged into the open from the bottom of Hannah’s jacket. Hannah squeaked, seeing thumb-sized nipples spraying milk through the fabric and onto the table. “U-Uhhh o-o-ok! I’m ready!” Her demeanor was still dominated by lust and arousal, but a tinge of urgency now accompanied it.

“Do you need any help??” Josh asked, sincerely wanting to assist in any way necessary.

“*Fuck no!*” Hannah snapped. “I’m still mad at you for what you did to Katie this morning! You’re not touching my tits!”

“He was just offering! And he didn’t do anything this morning!” Katie defended. “Now hurry up! Your jacket isn’t going to hold much longer!”

Supported on Katie’s shoulder, the two hobbled to the diner’s single bathroom and locked the door behind them. Josh was left to an ocean of silent gawks. Awkwardly, he slid down in his chair and waved to the onlookers. “She’s lactose intolerant...” he explained.

“*MMMMM!!!!*” The cries of pleasure from behind the bathroom door didn’t match his claim.

“C-Calm down!” Katie hushed. As luck would have it, a small stool was placed in the corner for one’s bag. Katie motioned for a trembling Hannah to sit.

“*So...tight!!*”

“We need to get your jacket open!”

ZIIIIIP!!

The zipper opened by itself after the slightest tug. It flung open to the sides like a pair of wings and Hannah bit her lip when her chest fell free and smacked onto her lap. The garment slipped to the floor without a second thought from either of them. With nipples reaching to her knees, Hannah’s tits were laden with milk and crossed with pale veins, showing no immediate signs of stopping.

“*L-Look at them... Mmmmmm!! I’m so FULL!*” she moaned, pressing her hands into their sides. Milk sprayed like confetti, much to Hannah’s joy. “*Ooohhh it’s just like I’ve always IMAGINED!*” Instinctively and out of curiosity, Hannah began tugging on her nipples with shaking hands. Milk squirted onto the tiled floor in small spurts but it wasn’t enough to overcome the volume her body was producing.

Katie blushed, coming to realize the fetish-level amount her friend was enjoying the experience. There was no time to be bashful. “You need to release more, Hannah! You’re not milking yourself fast enough!! Your boobs are going to get too big!”

Still at their table, Josh’s face was beet red. He slid further down, forced to dwell in the absurd awkwardness with the other breakfast goers. It seemed everyone had forgotten about the food on their plates.

“What happened to the ladies boobies, Mommy?” a child asked.

“Shh, it’s none of our business,” the mother hushed. Though she couldn’t take her eyes off the bathroom door, except to glare at Josh for interrupting her meal with such crude friends.

“They were *biiiiig*,” the kid awed.

“HUSH.”

“*AhhhhHHHH there’s so much milk inside of my tits!!!*” Hannah screamed from the bathroom. Josh put his head down, buried under his arms.

It wasn’t coming out fast enough. Hannah was too busy enjoying the experience to care about the consequences. Anxious, Katie knew what she had to do. “*I just cleaned myself up...*” she sighed. Planning ahead, she removed her shirt and pants to maintain their dryness. Exposed in only her underwear with her own chest swollen to ample melons, she stepped behind Hannah and out of the immediate splash zone.

“O-Ok, Hannah?” she asked, reaching around her friend’s front. “I’m going to milk you, all right? I-I have to help.” Katie had never touched another girl like she was about to.

“*So much milk... I-I feel so...full! It just keeps coming!!*”

Hannah’s breasts were out of control and growing firmer by the second. Katie knew there wasn’t a second to lose. Pressing her chest into Hannah’s back, she sank her arms into Hannah’s chest in order to reach her nipples. They fit in her palms like two strawberries.

“*MMNNGGHHH!!!*” Hannah shivered, falling against Katie in utter enjoyment.

Milk sprayed the opposite wall with a curtain of fluid. The pressure behind Hannah’s nipples surprised even Katie and as she twisted and pulled, the dairy’s flow increased in volume.

“*Ahh!! A-AHH!!! Katie!! I’m coming!! OhhHHH I’M COOOOMING!!!*” Hannah orgasmed, squirming against her friend’s bare body. A tempting pair of naked breasts hung over Hannah’s head. A nipple had never looked so juicy.

“We’re going to get it out! It won’t take long! I just need to--*AUGH!! H-H-HANNAH!!!*” Katie shrieked when a pair of lips reached up to latch onto her pink nub. She felt milk flow out of her, Hannah’s tongue eager to lick and swallow. “*D-D-Don’t suck on me!! Hannah you can’t suck on my nipples!! Just let me milk you!!!*”

Outside Josh was nearly hiding under the table. The embarrassment was great, but so was the raging erection in his pants.

“Ok, I’m calling the cops,” one of the baristas announced. “They can’t do this here!”

“No!” he pleaded, “It won’t be much longer, I promise! She just... has a condition. This happens sometimes!”

An elderly woman scoffed from a booth in a corner and muttered under her breath, “Girls these days...”

“Is she breastfeeding?” a young woman asked. “Mine were similar when I was pregnant.”

Her husband chuckled at her side. “No, they weren’t.”

The reverberations of milky torrents could be heard by everyone. Coupled with the girls’ screams, it was like some kind of lactation porn was playing over the speakers.

“S-Stop sucking on my chest! Y-You’re gonna make me...*nnngh!!* H-Hannah! Stop licking!!”

Hannah gulped and gulped. Katie’s warm, thick milk was like honey.

“*HANNAH!!!*” Katie shouted, squeezing her friend’s nipples like stress toys. Engorged pink skin bulged through her fingers.

“*MM!!! Ahh!*” Hannah released to gasp, collapsing against her friend as her flow waned. “E-E-Easy...” she begged, the orgasms mounting.

“You weren’t listening!” Katie was just glad to be able to focus again. Her friend’s breasts were dwindling to basketballs and nearing the realm of a manageable size. It wouldn’t be much longer before they were back to their former, B-sized glory.

“N-Not...Not too much!” Hannah groaned, grabbing Katie’s hands. Together they massaged her nipples.

“What do you mean?! Look at yourself! Hannah your boobs are bigger than your head!”

“I...I-I know...” Her eyes were closed and Hannah was chewing on her bottom lip in ecstasy. “I don’t want...all of the milk out... I like feeling it inside of me... It feels *good* being big...”

Katie looked at her friend’s breasts in dismay. They were still like volleyballs and far too large for her frame. Even so, her hands were clasped inside of Hannahs and pressed into the depths of her chest. Katie didn’t think she was going to get any more milk out any time soon.

“Please,” Hannah panted, “I’ve always wanted this...”

“Ok... O-Ok, I guess... But the minute you start growing again we have to milk you, all right?”

“Mmmm... Deal...” Hannah sounded like a tired puppy drained of energy after playing with its favorite toy.

Milk ran down a floor drain in the middle of the bathroom. It would be a while until it was all done, especially from the amount still dripping off the walls.

“We should go,” Katie decided. There was going to need to be some serious cleanup.

Every head turned when the bathroom door clicked open and two exhausted girls stepped out. Hannah’s jacket did nothing to hide the milky mounds below.

“Is it bad?” Josh whispered, getting up to meet Katie.

“Let’s go, let’s go, let’s go,” she urged, motioning to the door.

Josh understood, following as she led them to the door. A fifty-dollar bill was thrown on their foodless table. “Uhh... Sorry about the commotion,” he apologized to the staff and diners before following the girls outside.

They were hardly ten feet out the door before they heard someone yell. “*Oh my God!!*” the voice carried as they ran from the diner. “*It’s on the walls! There’s milk all over the goddamn walls!! It’s on the ceiling!! How the fuck did they get it on the ceiling?! It’s EVERYWHERE! Milk is coming out of the ceiling vent!!*”

Josh hurried them to the car. “Why is she still big???”

“She wanted to stay big!” Katie said with a perplexed expression.

“Sorry, about that...” Hannah moaned, still leaning on Katie’s shoulder. She willingly gave her car keys to Josh. “I didn’t expect it to be so...mmm...”

“I didn’t expect it to happen *at all*.” Katie threw Josh a worried look. “Why *did* it happen? I-I’m not contagious, am I?! She was fine until this morning when my milk hit her!”

Josh shook his head. “I don’t know. But I know someone who might.”

The group climbed into Hannah’s car and Josh wasted no time in pulling into traffic.

“Where are we going?? Who might know???” Katie asked. Hannah lay in the backseat, hands pressed into her chest enjoying every jiggle bounce.

“My boss at the candy store!”

Katie blinked. “*What?? The old lady?!*”

“During that...scene...at the diner, I remembered something about her. She was a biochemist before she retired! She might be able to help us find some answers.”

Katie snorted. “You were thinking about your *elderly boss* during that thing?”

“I had to distract myself...” Josh grumbled. “Besides, it’s worth a shot.”

“Mmmmm...” Hannah moaned in the back.

Katie rolled her eyes, learning more about her friend in one morning than she had bargained for. “Fine. It’s better than the agency... I could use some candy anyway.”

Josh's boss is able to shed some light on Katie's condition, as well as a few other things she's been feeling. With some answers and a possible game plan, they return to Hannah's apartment, unfortunately underestimating her fetish desires.

“You’re sure it’s ok we borrow your car?” Josh asked, him and Katie standing outside Hannah’s apartment.

“Of course! Go see your boss. Plus, you don’t have a car otherwise and I need to clean myself up... Kinda sticky, you know?” Her cheeks were still pink with the morning’s excitement and a generous billow remained to fill out her jacket. Obviously-erect nipples poking through the cotton gave away more than Hannah led on.

Katie stared nervously at her friend. Based on her willingness to allow her milk to build up at the diner, she wasn’t sure she trusted Hannah alone. “You’re *sure*?” Katie asked for her own peace of mind.

“Absolutely! I’ll be here when you get back and we can figure out a plan. Have *fun* you two!” Hannah closed her apartment before they could protest any longer.

Josh glanced at his watch and sighed. It was past noon; the candy store was bound to be open and his boss was sure to be wondering why he wasn’t there for his shift three hours ago. The situation wasn’t going to be easy to explain. Katie’s body’s current state would help, though. With plenty of milk still leftover from Josh’s stolen morning suckle, her breasts were fixated at frame-dwarfing melons. Going without a bra, her nipples easily tented his borrowed t-shirt and swayed with hypnotizing motion. Katie was an utter dream if he was being honest. Luckily Katie’s growth was currently slowed after her massive release at the motel.

Not wanting to stare, he started to the car. “Shall we?”

“Yes please!” Though the hope was slim, Katie was holding out Josh’s boss might shed some light on their situation.

The drive didn’t take long. Josh’s place of work rested within downtown on the outskirts of a historic neighborhood. It was the picturesque location for any Summer’s day and provided countless activities. Couples and local children frequented the area the most, walking through the shopping center for ice cream and treats before going to the nearby park.

Hannah’s car found parking in front of the candy store. The sign in the window declared it open for business and as expected Josh’s boss was behind the counter covering for his absence.

“Ready?” he asked.

Katie nodded but was obviously nervous. A blanket was fished from under her seat and she wrapped it around her torso like a shawl. “Ready,” she nodded timidly.

“Should I do the talking?”

“Y-Yes please.”

The candy store’s door opened with a delightful bell and Josh’s boss, Grace, looked up from a horror novel in her lap. She was an older woman approaching her sixties and looked every year of her age. Blonde hair fighting grey streaks sat in a curled perm around her bony shoulders. Grace was intimidating at first but always softened after getting to know someone. Experienced eyes flashed behind her glassed when seeing Josh.

“Well well, if it isn’t my loyal employee! Only three hours late on a Saturday during Summer break!” Grace leaned forward on her elbows. “I’m sure you’re terribly busy. You *must* be to leave a poor old woman alone to lift the heavy tubs of ice cream all on her own.”

She spotted Katie hiding behind Josh then. “If it isn’t one of my favorite customers! I was wondering when I would see you for your regular gummy worm refill!” The old woman’s eyes didn’t miss much, least of all the pair’s disheveled appearance. “How strange you would both appear at the same time.”

“Hey, Grace,” Josh waved. Luck was on their side and he found no other customers in the shop. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t in this morning, but believe it or not I have an excuse for being late...”

“Oh! Hang on!” She loudly closed her book and set it on the counter, setting her chin in a hand and batting her eyes. “I’m all ears.”

Josh glanced at Katie’s blanket-wrapped body behind his shoulder, wondering how he was going to explain such a situation. “It’s...complicated. We need your help.”

Grace’s expression grew serious. “Uh oh, young adult trouble.”

“Katie has...uh...run into a bodily issue and--”

“Is she pregnant?”

Katie’s face turned bright red and she wanted desperately to hide under the blanket. Even the thought of pregnancy made her breasts jump a cup size as if they were excited at the thought. She squeaked like a mouse.

“No! No, nothing like that!” Josh assured. Wracking his brain, he tried to pick out the right words without sounding outlandish. “It’s a...*hormone* problem and I know you used to work as a biochemist before you retired, so we were hoping you could take a look and--”

“If she’s having hormone problems then she needs to see a doctor,” Grace said bluntly.

“We don’t really want to go to the doctors for this,” Josh confessed, thinking how easily word could reach the agency. “It’s not exactly *normal* and--”

The old woman was running out of patience. “One of you needs to tell me what’s going on!”

“Katie’s boobs won’t stop filling with milk!” Josh couldn’t believe what he’d just said aloud to his employer, and Katie wanted to hide under a table.

Grace blinked. “So she is pregna--”

“No!!”

“Well then you must hear how insane you’re--”

Katie stepped out from behind Josh and dropped the cover. Grace knew Katie well and always thought the world of her, despite her taste in outfits leaning to the immodest. Seeing the small girl with two-gallons-worth of tit on her torso was a slap in the face.

“I-It’s true,” Katie displayed.

“Oh my...” Grace was speechless. “What crazy Chinese product did you use??”

“We can explain everything,” Josh promised, “But we need your help. You’re the only one we can trust right now. I know it’s asking a lot, but can we please go to your lab?”

Grace considered the request for only a moment; she was never one to turn down someone in need. They watched as she rose from her bench and turned the shop’s sign to closed and locked the door. “All right, let’s go. And I want to hear every detail of this story on the way.”

Grace’s house was only a few blocks away from the candy shop. A small brick home greeted them with more than one hundred years of history. Josh knew it well from past summers helping Grace with her work. In the basement was a wide array of chemistry gear and cooking stations, all dedicated to Grace’s retired passion of creating new and exciting candies. Chemistry turned out to be far more practical for real life than she initially thought. Several pieces of equipment were complex enough to give hope to Josh and Katie.

By the time the trio were in her basement, Josh and Katie were finished telling their story. Only some details were left out, mostly pertaining to their more intimate encounters.

“Quite a story for only twenty-four hours,” Grace observed.

“And? Do you believe us??” Josh was desperate for any crumb of assistance.

Grace pursed her lips. “Of course! How can I not?! Look at her! The poor girl is about to fall over, yet she couldn’t have filled out my ice cream scoops last I saw her! No offense...”

“N-None taken...” Katie blushed.

“So what do we do?? Can we stop it??” Josh wanted answers.

“Well I can’t know by looking at her. I would need to run some tests. I can’t sequence her DNA or anything fancy, though; I’m a retired woman who makes candy, for God’s sake.”

“But you can help me?” Katie pleaded.

“I’m not sure about help, but I can take a look. I’ll need to examine you and get some milk.” Grace held her hand out.

“I-I can go fill a cup or something if that would--”

“Do you want answers or not?”

Katie bit her lip; her chest was just as tight with milk as it was with the desire for these precious answers. It helped that she had known Grace for several years. “Ok...”

“We’ll go into this storage room for a little privacy. Wait here,” Grace told Josh.

“I will,” he promised, Katie casting a glance at him before the door closed.

For a few seconds he heard nothing but rustling. Then he couldn’t listen close enough to the hidden scene.

“Remove your shirt please,” he heard Grace instruct. Seconds later she gasped, “Oh my... Do you mind?”

“N-No, not if you have t--*Ahh!!*”

“Very sensitive?”

“V-V-Very,” Katie gasped through the door. “I--A-AHH!!”

“Your milk glands are incredibly swollen. And I’m not a dermatologist, but your skin feels especially springy as well. Do you take collagen supplements?”

“N-No... *Nnngh!!*”

“Sorry! Do they hurt??”

Josh recognized all of Katie’s noises. “Not...r-really...”

“Interesting. Is this the largest you’ve engorged?”

There was silence from Katie and Grace answered for her. “That large, huh? All right, I’ll need a milk sample. Do you mind?”

Josh wasn’t sure he should be getting aroused listening to the conversation but he couldn’t help it. He was glad they weren’t around to see his excitement.

Katie whimpered. “I-It’s ok, just be--*Mmm!! C-Careful, please!*”

“Sorry, sorry. Did they grow when I pulled on your nipple?”

“A...A-A little...”

“Very strange...”

The sound of several streams of liquid landing in a plastic cup made Josh avert his eyes. Somehow it was far more private when happening behind a door instead of in his car. It stopped within a minute.

“How was that?”

“Fine,” Katie gasped.

“You can put your shirt back on.”

Josh moved his hips behind a table when the door clicked open. A cup of warm milk led the way in Grace’s hands, followed by Katie breathing heavily with patches of milk soaking her shirt.

“If you could give me a moment,” Grace said, bringing the milk to a workbench.

“How are you?” Josh asked when Katie joined at his side.

“L-Leaking again,” she admitted, “It’ll stop though.”

“Hmmm...” Grace hummed, bringing the cup and several strips of paper to the table.

“What is it??” Josh was hoping for a breakthrough.

Tabs similar to those used in measuring acidity levels were placed next to Katie’s cup of milk. The square pad on the end of one was a dark purple. Another one next to it was colored bright blue.

“What’s wrong with me?” Katie asked.

“You see this strip?” Grace pointed to the purple square. “It measures estrogen levels in fluids.”

“W-What color should it be normally?”

“For a girl your age? A *very* light purple.”

“And...” Katie gulped. “W-What did I measure?”

“You maxed it out. It turned so fast I thought was going to turn black when I dipped it in your milk.”

Katie was pale. “What about the other??”

“It measures the presence of prolactin. Honestly, I didn’t know that one was able to turn blue. I thought it only turned shades of green.” Katie squeaked, no other reaction coming to mind and Grace elaborated. “Your estrogen and prolactin levels are completely off the charts. It shouldn’t be possible for the female body, frankly.”

“Prolactin?” Josh asked, the word only a hazy memory.

“It’s responsible for milk production in women, usually only those who are pregnant. But she’s pumped full of it!” Grace scratched her head. “No wonder your body is producing so much milk.”

“B-But we can do something right?! I can’t live this way!” Katie was beside herself.

“You said this was because of an airborne chemical released at a park? Without the formula, or whoever made it, it could take me years to track down the root cause. Any switch could have been flipped in your pituitary gland, and frankly, I’m surprised science has come far enough to accomplish this with how little we know of it.”

Katie wanted to faint. Somehow she was going to leave feeling worse about her predicament than when she came.

“There’s something else I would like to try,” Grace announced. “It won’t help stop it, but it will help our understanding.”

“Anything if it will get us closer and--”

“Josh, I want you to grab Katie’s breasts.”

They both fell silent. Josh couldn’t deny his hands were itching, but thus far he had only touched her milky globes when absolutely necessary.

Katie hugged her chest, blushing. “I don’t see what that is going to--”

“For science, of course,” Grace assured, “Call it an experiment. There is a hunch I want to be answered.”

Shuffling her weight, Katie lowered her arms. “O-O-Ok.”

“Katie, no one is making you do this,” Josh consoled her, “If you’re not comfortable we don’t have to.”

“No, it’s ok,” she nodded, “Besides, it’s not the first time, right?” Her eyes were avoiding his gaze, both of them recalling her past milkings.

Josh looked at Grace. “I just...touch them?”

“Both hands, full palms, and squeeze. And Katie please lift your shirt. I would like skin-to-skin for this.”

Seeing Josh hesitate, Katie stepped closer and added, “It’s all right, go ahead.” Lifted her shirt and presenting a pair of weighty volleyball tits was the last invitation he needed.

He lifted his hands before the opportunity passed and pressed into Katie’s bust.

“Mmmm!! A-Ahh!” Katie’s cry was sharp and quick, her heart rate spiking. Her udders vibrated in Josh’s hands and her nipples plumped against his palms. “O-Ooohhhh!!!”

Hot fluid coated his hands and dripped to the floor when Katie’s chest swelled on her frame. Skin stretched in Josh’s grasp, watched his friend engorge several inches before he pulled away. “I-I’m sorry! Katie are you all right?!”

"I'm...*n-nngh*...I'm fine..." she moaned, wrapping her arms around her breasts. They were too large now to be covered in any meaningful way.

"As I thought," Grace nodded. Katie started to replace her shirt but the woman stopped her. "There's one more thing I would like you two to try."

Katie stared, helpless against the pursuit of answers and fearing the next task "Please, I released so much milk this morning! I can't be milked or sucked again so soon, I couldn't take it!"

Grace was calm. "Josh, I would like you to kiss Katie."

Somehow this was far more awkward than the previous request. Looking in completely different directions, their minds were a flurry of emotions. Such an act had crossed their thoughts plenty of times in the last several years and doubled in the last day alone. The sheer idea alone made Katie's tits tighten in her arms.

"Kiss...?" Josh asked, feeling like a bashful child.

"You're adults, you've both done it before; just kiss."

Katie's heart was going to jump out of her chest. "Do we have to?"

"I have suspicions, but I want to see the results. And Josh, I want you to wrap your arms around her waist like you mean it."

Grabbing Katie's waist was on his bucket list. Turning toward her, Josh saw Katie staring back. Her eyes glistened with tender feelings kindled throughout the years. More than anything, he noticed the soft, inviting pink her lips.

"Katie?" Josh asked.

"Josh?"

"Should we...?"

"If it'll help..." Katie's headband had never looked so adorable.

"O-Ok..." Josh faced her, stepping close enough to feel the heat from her milk.

"Arms around her, and pull her in," Grace instructed, "We're going for high intensity."

Raising his arms, Josh's vision blurred and went black during their movement. Only when he felt the bare softness of her abdomen did it return. Pulling her close, her chest was squished between them as their hips met. Katie's face waited inches from his own. Josh couldn't believe the heat rising into his nostrils from her cleavage.

"Are you sure?" he asked, staring into her brown eyes and tightening his grip. "Really, if you don't want to, we don't--"

Their lips met, Katie leaning forward faster than he could react. Her lips were astoundingly plump and firm for their petite size and had the lingering taste of birthday cake-flavored lip gloss on his tongue. The tips of their tongues met like long-lost lovers, each too nervous to cross the threshold into uncharted territory. Josh felt his manhood swell with excitement and instinctively he made to pull his hips away from Katie's, but her hips followed, pressing firmly into his obvious arousal.

"Mmmm..." Katie moaned, hot breath passing into Josh's mouth as their kiss drew on.

Something was pushing them apart; a rising pressure making Josh's arms flex and tighten.

“M-Mmm...!” Katie squeaked, mouth opening to gasp.

Josh’s arms trembled and their torsos angled away. Two points like rocks were jamming into his ribs and it felt like he was suddenly wrestling two airbags.

“M-M-MM!!!” Katie pulled back, breaking their trance and opening her eyes. “O-OH MY GOD!”

Josh’s arms released, Katie’s body springing back and falling against the table behind them. Breaths heaved in and out of her chest as she leaned on her arms, watching milk pour into her bosom. “They’re growing! O-Ooohhh they’re growing so fast!! I-I’VE NEVER LACTATED SO FAST!!”



“Grace! What’s happening to her?!” Josh yelled, scared to touch her again. Katie’s breasts were stretching down her sloped abdomen, rounding out with the mighty influx of dairy. It wasn’t long before milk sprayed from thumb-sized nipples, knocking over her cup on the opposite table.

“As I thought,” Grace nodded, watching intently.

“As you thought?? She’s going to get too full!”

“*Ooohhh God... S-So much...MILK... Not...N-Not again!*” Katie groaned and pleaded. In less than a minute her breasts engorged to twice their size, reaching to her navel like swollen watermelons. Her lactation came to a sloshing halt then, milk running over her vein-dashed curves.

“Katie...?” Josh asked, seeing her bloating slow.

“I’m...*nnnghmmmmmm*...it’s slowing down... It’s stopping...” she panted, letting her eyes close. Kissing Josh was such a rush of emotion, it felt as if her breasts become a reservoir for the fireworks in her head. “I just wasn’t expecting that to...happen!”

“I suspected as much,” Grace confessed. “Katie, your lactation was stable until a moment ago, or at least at a manageable level. When I touched you earlier there was little to no reaction either, but when Josh touched your chest, your production surged. Even more so when you kissed.”

Josh wasn’t sure how he felt about what Grace was implying. “What are you saying?”

“I’m saying Katie’s milk production is directly impacted by affection, desire, and sexual attraction.”

Neither of them responded but their eyes refused to meet and their faces grew red. Katie pulled down her shirt only to find it useless in covering her nipples; it still felt as though Josh’s palms were still pressing into her and she was scared to admit she missed his lips. Grace chuckled at their sheepishness. “Has anyone ever said you two make a cute couple?”

Katie squeaked, the t-shirt slipping over her chest when it gained an inch at the mention of dating Josh. “W-What?? No! We’re not like that!” Katie protested.

“Not at all! Her chest is just sensitive! I accidentally touched it again when we kissed!”

“Young love...” Grace sighed, finding their rejection adorable. The number of times she’d caught Josh’s eyes glazing over staring at Katie in the candy shop was too high to count. A similar count was just as high vice versa, though only Grace was privy to both facts. “Regardless of what you’re willing to admit, just being near Josh puts you at risk, Katie. Your affection for him spikes your already-high hormone levels and his touch only magnifies it.”

Katie refused to look away from her shoes, or at least away from the mammaries blocking her view of them. “I... I-I don’t have any affecti--” She stopped, swallowing her words; even as a lie, saying such a thing felt too cruel with Josh at her side. “We’re just friends,” she whispered.

Grace raised her hands. “You’re both adults capable of making your own decisions in your own love lives! But so long as he is around you while you’re in this state, you *have* to be careful. You can’t let your chest get out of control. You’re capable of stretching to contain your lactation, it’s how the female body is designed, but there is a limit; if you start producing too much milk, your breasts will undergo permanent development in an effort to contain it. There’s no telling how far your condition could go. If you haven’t reached that point yet, I have no doubt you’ve been close.”

“Isn’t there anything you can do??” Katie was more confused than when they started.

Grace shook her head. “Like I said, I can’t do anything without the formula you were introduced to. If you can find that, or the person who made it, then I could--”

KNOCK KNOCK

They froze at a pounding on the front door. “Who could that be?” Grace wondered, not expecting anyone during her normal work hours.

“Josh, what if it’s them?!” Katie feared.

It was impossible to know without looking, but he wasn’t about to take any chances; the knock was firm enough to come from an agent’s fist. “Grace, could we slip out the back door while you answer? Just to be safe?”

“I suppose, but shouldn’t Katie relieve herself a little first? Surely she can’t run in such a--”

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

“I-I’ll be fine!” she insisted, frantic with worry. “I would rather run with these than risk getting caught by the agency.”

“Ok then. Josh, take Katie to the back door and I’ll distract whoever it is on my porch.”

They made for the basement stairs and ascended into the house’s ground level. Before parting ways, Josh ushered Katie into the kitchen and looked his employer in the eye. “Thanks, Grace. You’ve been a big help.”

A spark was alive in Katie’s and Josh’s eyes and it was obvious to the old woman. On a much broader spectrum than her milk problem, Grace knew she’d helped plenty. “You two be safe. And be careful! Don’t let her get too big! Now go!”

Josh waited until Grace was out of sight and near the front of her house before opening the door to her backyard. In his hurry, he rushed behind Katie and didn’t see her stopped in her tracks on the stoop.

“Katie we need to go!” he urged. “We don’t have time to--”

Agent Letche was waiting in the backyard, blocking their exit. “They always go out the back...”

“N-No, no!” Katie whimpered. “Please, let us go! I-I don’t want to go back!!” Soon there would be tears.

Josh acted quick and stepped in front of Katie. If there was a need, he could rush at Letche and allow Katie to escape. From the looks of Letche’s jacket, it wouldn’t be too difficult to take advantage of her top-heavy state. “Let us go or I’ll--”

“Just hang on! I’m here to help.”

“Like hell you are! The last we followed you, they hooked her up to a milk machine like a cow!”

“I know, I’m sorry.” Letche opened her hands as a show of good faith. “I’m not here as the agency, I’m here as myself. I don’t like what the agency is going either; there’s something they’re not telling me and I’m tired of working blind.”

Josh wasn’t buying it. “Why should we believe you?”

She stepped forward, extending a hand to Katie and noting her enlarged chest. “I need help the same as you, and they’re doing nothing to fix it. There’s something shady going on and

something tells me I'm not going to get to the bottom of it if I'm working with Talia. I want to find the man who did this and I have some ideas about where he might be. Let me come with you. I can help! I--*Nnnngh!*!" Letche shuddered, a button springing open on her jacket to reveal a strained blouse. "*Dammit,*" she cursed.

"You can't actually expect us to--"

"Josh, wait," Katie said softly, stepping around him. She knew the look in Letche's eyes very well; they were eyes desperate for relief from a heavy burden they both shared. It was hard enough going through such a ridiculous ordeal with Josh at her side; she couldn't imagine Letche's experience fighting it alone. "I... I trust her."

"What?? She took us to that place and--"

"She was only doing her job!" Katie looked at the face of a woman pleading internally for the swirling pressure to recede, a feeling she knew all too well at this point. "I really don't think the agency is trying to help her, though. Otherwise she would be there right now, being cared for instead of running their errands."

"Well..." Josh couldn't argue with the evidence leaking in front of him.

"Please," Letche begged, "Let me come with you. We'll find this madman and put a stop to whatever is going on in the shadows. You can't do it alone and I can help."

Josh was unsure. "You trust her?"

Katie nodded. "I do."

Still unsure, he trusted Katie's intuition. "Fine, but you're coming in our car," Josh demanded.

"They'll track mine anyway," Letche agreed. "We need to stay out of their detection."

Josh led the way, Katie and Letche struggling to contain themselves in a modest fashion. "How did you find us anyway??"

"*Nnngh*, timing and luck, really," the agent groaned. "I found out where you worked and thought I might question your employer. Turns out the waitress in the restaurant next door saw the candy store owner close up and leave with two older kids about an hour ago. The rest is public record sleuthing."

"*Dammit...*" Josh scolded himself. Had Letche not turned to their side, they would be in trouble right now. He had slipped up.

"This is what we're driving?" Letche asked when they reached Hannah's borrowed jeep.

Josh unlocked the doors and helped Katie inside. "Is there a problem?"

"N-No... The suspension just looks a little...stiff."

"It is," Katie frowned, not looking forward to the coming bumps and potholes.

The air was thick when they pulled up to Hannah's apartment. Something wasn't right. A sound like a moaning animal lost in the woods carried all the way to the street.

"Does anyone else hear that?" Josh inquired.

Katie gulped, fearing the worst. "I have a feeling I know where it's coming from..."

The source was obvious as they climbed the stairs to Hannah's apartment. Letche sniffed the air outside her door. "Is that...milk?" Her eyes widened. "Oh God, please tell me your friend didn't ingest your milk, Katie."

“J-Just a little! There was an accident this morning...”

The moans on the other side of the door were torrential. Steeling himself, Josh used his borrowed key and let it swing open. It stuck tight a quarter way through its arc, jamming against a pillow-like material.

“Oh dear Lord,” Letche gasped, Josh and Katie beyond words as they forced the door open.

“Oooooohh!! OOOHHHH!! MMMMMM GOD!! I’M SO BIG!! KATIE LOOK AT ME!!”

Hannah’s living room was nothing but a rising expanse of flesh. Milky skin filled every corner and engulfed every piece of furniture. Milk rushed over their feet from a sopping carpet. Lying atop the groaning heaps of tit was Hannah, closer to the ceiling than she was to the floor. The absolute girth of her bust was incomprehensible despite standing before its majesty; Josh’s sex drive short-circuited and Katie’s female mind couldn’t register her own body filling to such a titanic size.

“H-H-Hannah...” she gawked, staring from the door. There was no space for them to enter and her skin was bulging outside. *“HANNAH WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?!”*

“Ohhhhh Katie it feels SO GOOD!!” Hannah looked like a cat after diving into a pile of catnip. No clothes remained on her body and a mist of glistening sweat shone bright. One hand was clamped between her thighs, vigorously masturbating with no regard for the watching eyes. Hanna was no more than a slave to her fetish. *“C-Come on... Climb on my boobs!! Get...MMMMM...come and get as big as me!! It’s INCREDIBLE!! I promise you’ll just keep stretching!!”*

Josh honestly didn’t know where he would start if a girl gave him such an invitation. The line of cleavage in the center of the room looked deep enough to get lost in.

“We can’t help her,” Letche stated.

Katie wouldn’t hear it. “What?? We need to milk her! Before she--”

“MMMMM!!!!” Hannah groaned along with her chest and the walls of her apartment. One of her hands reached overhead to press into the ceiling.

“She’s already too big! The amount of growth that girl has undergone...” Letche gulped at the thought. “It’s unnatural. Even touching her would make it worse.”

“So what do we do?! Hannah’s apartment is *filled* with her *tits*!! She looks like a bouncy house!”

Biting her lip, Letche made a choice. “I hate to say it, but she *needs* the agency.”

“Are you kidding me?!” Josh was furious.

“I know how it sounds after everything I said at the house! But in this kind of emergency, they’re the only ones capable of dealing with...” Letche looked at the sea of flesh. *“This.”*

“Hannah...” Katie whimpered. Finding her friend so far gone was heart-wrenching. “O-Ok... Do it.”

“It’s the only thing we can do for her,” Letche assured. “I’ll send word I found her while looking for you and they’ll handle it from there. She’ll be milked, but there’s no telling how large she’ll end up.”

“OOOHHHH!!!!” Hannah shrieked from a body-shaking orgasm and rose another foot from an influx of milk. “*Katie don’t go!! Come join me!! J-Josh can come too! He can do whatever he wants to me!*”

“I’m sorry, Hannah,” Katie whispered, looking away. Waves of guilt were crashing over her.

Letche’s hands pressed into her and Josh’s back, leading them back towards the stairs. “All right, we need to go. The agency is on their way and we don’t want to be anywhere close when they get here. They’re sure to question Hannah and something tells me that from the state she’s in, she isn’t going to be able to keep from talking after some incentive.”

Letche sets them on course towards the mysterious rogue scientist. Katie, wracked with guilt for Hannah, struggles with conflicting emotions over Josh and the new revelations about her condition.

“Pull in here.” Letche pointed to the parking lot of a hotel standing out against the setting sun. After a long day of following any remaining hunches, the agent’s search for the devious scientist had turned up fruitless.

“This is a lot better than where we stayed last night,” Josh said with relief. “Maybe we’ll have better luck finding a lead tomorrow.”

A defeated sigh was released as he parked and Letche put her head against her fist for support. “He could be anywhere... We initially thought he may still be in the city after releasing the formula in the park two days ago, but he could be anywhere by now.”

“Where else would he go?” Katie asked.

“Honestly, with the formula, the entire world is his oyster. We were foolish to think he would stick around. If the wrong political power was to get ahold of it for the right price...” Letche shuddered. “God help us if Russia gets their hands on it.”

Josh wasn’t following her logic. “What? It’s meant to fix world hunger, isn’t it? Why wouldn’t we want to share it?”

Both women glared at him. After a long day of driving, Katie and Letche were irritable and filled to the brim with milk. Letche was fairly regular about relieving what she could of her pent-up dairy via bathroom breaks, but even so, the bottoms of her breasts were brushing against her thighs.

Katie remained shy about such actions when given the opportunity to release. As a result of this, as well as Grace’s kissing test, her bosom had been continuously engorging throughout the day and was once again pushing the limits of Josh’s borrowed shirt. The garment resembled more of a belly shirt from the way her chest lifted it up and out with its double-watermelon girth.

Letche narrowed her eyes at Josh. “Imagine the formula infecting an entire country’s water supply. How helpless would the US find itself if every woman was suddenly outgrowing her shirt? Every developed woman outgrowing their house. Half of our workforce would be

wiped out. Husbands and boyfriends would refuse to fight. You saw what happened to your friend; imagine that on a large scale.”

A sorrowful whimper came from the backseat and Letche knew she had touched on a sore subject. “Sorry... Hannah will be fine, though.” The agent turned her attention to the hotel. “For now, we should be safe here from the agency while we figure out our next move. Quite honestly I’m not sure where to go from here.”

Josh watched Letche adjust her clothes and pull them down as far as her chest would allow. It helped only a little; her appearance was still greatly disproportioned. Her blouse looked to be stretched across a massive, soft belly. “At least I’m big enough they make me look pregnant instead of top-heavy,” she accepted.

“W-We’re going in like this??” Katie didn’t feel comfortable walking past a receptionist in her current state.

“I’ll check us in then meet you at a side door if you would like. I don’t blame you for wanting to stay out of sight.”

“Thank you,” she accepted with a whisper. The day had been too long for her to withstand such an embarrassing display. Through the glass doors she could see the lobby was bustling with people. How Letche had the courage to brave their eyes was beyond her. Watching their heads turn and lock onto her mammaries as she spoke with the desk clerk was anxiety-inducing even from the car. Afterward, Letche motioned for Josh to pull Hannah’s car around to the side of the hotel where she met them at a side entrance.

“There we go,” the agent said triumphantly after meeting them.

“I don’t know how you could stand in front of all those people...” Katie awed after Josh helped her from the car.

“You get used to it.” Letche winked. “The real fun is if they see you again *after* you’ve milked yourself. *That’s* when you get the really confused double-takes.”

Josh locked the car. “Which floor are we on?”

“Third, room 306.” A key card was handed to each of them.

Already sensing Katie’s apprehension, Josh asked, “You want to stick to the stairs?”

“Y-Yes please.” The elevator would be far too populated.

With no belongings to carry, the climb to the third floor was relatively easy for Josh. The same could not be said for either of the girls. Both were puffing for air by the time they reached their floor, especially Katie who was bending forward from weakening shoulder and back muscles.

“You can lean on me if you want,” Josh offered, standing next to her as she caught her breath.

“No thanks, I...I know I can do it. I need to get used to them.” Katie feigned a smile and pushed on. Moments later once they entered their room and the door closed, she fell forward onto the bed with all the likeness of a toppling tree. Relief poured from Katie as she rolled onto her side and hugged her chest. “They’re so heavy...” she muttered, tired of the constantly-growing weight.

“We’ll get you fixed up, don’t worry,” Letche assured her before excusing herself to the bathroom.

Josh sat next to Katie on the bed. As much as he wanted to rub her back or help soothe her in any other way, the space between them was too awkward to penetrate. Their relationship was strained and uncomfortable since the revelations in Grace’s lab. Katie had barely looked Josh in the eyes, blushing every time as if embarrassed.

“We’ll figure this out,” Josh affirmed. “This guy is out there somewhere.”

“Promise...?” Katie’s words were soft and scared. She hadn’t been herself since Hannah. “I don’t want to live like this, Josh. I’m away from home, traveling with an agent with an entire government agency chasing after me and my boobs feel like a couple of beach balls someone is slowly blowing up.”

“Things will get better, I--”

“A-And then there’s what Grace said... When we... You know...”

Both were silent and could feel the heat radiating off their faces. Josh laid a shaky hand on Katie’s shoulder only to draw a cry of surprise out of the girl when her breasts gurgled and swelled. “*Mmmgh!*”

“Sorry! Sorry!” Josh withdrew his hand, seeing her arms widen with the contained flesh.

Katie sounded out of breath. “It’s...*nnggh*...It’s ok, I just need to milk them a little... It’s been a long day...”

Josh started to say, “Hannah is going to be--”

The bathroom door clicked open and Josh paused his thought. Walking into the open was Agent Letche wearing only a hotel-provided robe. It was nowhere near large enough to wrap fully across her body and left a view of cleavage striking down her front unless she forced it closed. For an extremely brief moment, Josh’s mind considered the most porn-like scenario of what could come next.

“Katie?” Letche called, making sure her cover was drawn tightly, much to Josh’s disappointment.

“Hmm?” Katie hummed in response without rolling over.

“There’s a robe in here for you; why don’t you put it on and we’ll have a little girl time?”

This brought her back to her usual self for a moment. “Huh?”

“A soak in the hot tub will do you wonders. Trust me.”

“But...I don’t have a swimsuit...” Katie was visibly hesitant.

The agent held a welcoming hand out. “Don’t worry, there won’t be anyone else there to see. It will be just us girls. Come on, Josh will hold down the fort.”

Looking at Josh for help, he nodded. “You should go,” he assured, “Relax. Your back probably needs it.”

After some time in the bathroom, Katie emerged wearing a robe as ill-fitting as Letche’s. A pile of both their clothes could be seen by the sink, though the most milk-soaked garments were draped over the shower curtain rod.

“Ready,” Katie announced.

“Wonderful. Josh, we’ll be back soon. If anything happens, come and find me. I’ll have my phone as well.”

Nodding in understanding, he smiled goodbye to Katie before they left him alone in the room.

The robe’s cover was far more useful than the meager t-shirt Katie wore before. Under its thick fabric, the actual size of her chest was hidden and contained enough for a brief stint in the public eye. Letche’s was another story, though she didn’t seem bothered.

“How do you know we’ll be alone?” Katie wondered.

“Call it a hunch.” Letche turned towards the front desk. “Excuse me, Ma-am?” she asked the clerk.

“Good evening! Is there anything I can do for you?”

A flash of Letche’s badge made the color flee from the desk woman’s face. The official tone adopted by the agent was intimidating. “We’re from the state health department. We’re going to need the pool area closed for the next hour while we perform a surprise inspection and various cleanliness tests.”

“I-I wasn’t aware of--”

“That would be the ‘surprise’ portion of the inspection, Ma-am. If you would please clear everyone out, we would appreciate peace while we do our jobs.”

“Absolutely! O-Of course! There was no one in there last I checked! I’ll put the closed sign up until you’re finished!”

“Thank you, we’ll let you know.” Letche turned towards the pool area while the clerk ran ahead to put out the sign. Within seconds, the two women were alone in an indoor pool with no worries of being disturbed.

“I can’t believe that worked!” Katie awed.

Letche shrugged and strode to a chair by the hot tub. “It’s the badge, really. Most employees will believe anything you tell them once you flash it. It’s irresponsible, actually. She didn’t even ask for my credentials.”

“I definitely wouldn’t have if it had been me...” Katie admitted.

“Now then,” Letche slipped the robe from her arms and stood naked amid the chlorine-smelling room. Katie’s jaw dropped at the sight of her breasts reaching to her hips, each more than two feet in width and depth. The agent’s body was more attractive overall than Katie had envisioned. It was obvious she spent a lot of time at the gym, and it also explained how she carried her milky burden so well. With no swimsuit or underwear to speak of, a neatly trimmed pubic area greeted Katie as well. It seemed so professional in comparison to her own smooth nethers.

A foot dipped into the water before Letche slid in completely. “Ahhhh... Heaven.” With water up to her neck, she leaned her head back and closed her eyes. Each breast floated in front of her like pool toys, bobbing up and down while bouncing lightly against one another. “Turn the bubbles on, would you?”

Katie's feet slapped wet and bare across the tile on her way to the dial. Once the roar of heated jets filled the air, she stepped towards the tub. Letche could sense her nervousness. "Don't worry, I won't look," she promised, keeping her eyes closed.

Feeling safe, Katie released her own robe and laid it across a chair. It was her first time standing naked in such a public place. In such a wide, spacious room, she felt cold and exposed with nothing to cover her privates.

Without a word she slipped into the water. The heat's effect was instant, drawing a groan of pleasure as it washed across her skin. Each nipple was especially sensitive to the swirling bubbles. A distinct tingling itched her pink nubs. Although she was nearing an overbearing size, Katie was still dwarfed by Letche's flotation devices. Small wisps of white were drifting from their breasts and Katie realized the heat was making them leak.

The tub was quiet for several minutes as the women enjoyed the heat. After some time, Letche started to speak. "What did I tell you? A hot tub will work magic on--"

SNIFFLE

The agent looked up to see a tear rolling down Katie's cheek. With her knees bent up into her chest, she girl looked lost and scared.

"What's wrong?" Letche asked, concerned.

"I..." Katie sniffled again, hugging her legs tighter until cleavage pushed into her chin. "I-I can't believe what I did to my friend... I'm sick to my stomach about it. Hannah's life is ruined because I couldn't keep my milk under control!"

"Her life isn't ruined, she just--"

"You saw what she was like! Her apartment was *filled with her own breasts!*" The tears were flowing faster now. "She's never going to be able to live the same way again! And it's my fault. I'm a danger to everyone around me. I...I turned my best friend into a freak show!"

"Katie..." Letche lowered her voice to a more comforting tone. "Hannah is going to be fine."

Katie was near sobbing. "But she was so big! And *I* did it to her!"

"She might be a bit bigger than her usual size when all said and done, but from what I gathered I think she'll be happy in the end. I think she might even come to thank you."

"I'm just so worried about her... And now she's probably at that horrifying place! I had Josh at the dairy farm, but she's got *nobody*."

"Despite whatever hidden agendas the agency harbors, they will still take care of her. She will be fine until we can figure this out." Letche watched Katie for a reaction but saw none other than sadness. "Don't feel guilty, either."

"How can I not?! It's because of my milk she became like that!"

"But it's not your fault. You couldn't help it! I know I've woken up plenty full and ready to overflow more times than I can count! From the story I've heard, you barely had any time to react before she burst in. There was nothing you could have done."

"Yea..." Katie mumbled. Waking up so large in the hotel was a surprise in itself. "It's hard to believe she was normal sized only this morning..."

“It’s a lot to take in, but it’s best not to dwell on what’s done. All we can do now is charge forward.”

“Mhm...”

Letche didn’t feel as though she was helping very much. Allowing her words to set in for several bubbly minutes as their milk continued to slowly drain, she said, “Is there something else on your mind?”

Katie started, “Well my boobs are--”

“Aside from that,” Letche chuckled.

A smile cracked on Katie’s lips but faded soon enough. “I’ve been thinking about what happened at Josh’s boss’ house.”

“You never told me exactly what you were doing there.”

Katie blushed. “His boss, Grace, used to be a biochemist... She tried a few things to help us understand my--our--condition better.”

The agent’s ears perked up. “And???”

“And... Josh and I... Kissed.”

“You lost me. What did his boss say about your chest?”

“The kiss was part of it!” Katie was avoiding eye contact. “Apparently feelings of affection enhance the formula’s effects and increase the milk production.”

“Ah... I have heard a couple of similar theories floating around the agency. What’s so bad then?”

Katie lowered her forehead into her cleavage. “I’m afraid I might like him,” she said muffledly. “I kissed him and...” She had to swallow. “T-They got so big so fast... I felt *good*. I actually wanted *more*.”

“Still not seeing the problem here.”

Katie looked up. “I don’t want to ruin our friendship! We’ve been close friends since high school!”

“Oooh, I see.” Letche swished her hands around the foggy white water and pressed her breasts together to release more milk. “It’s a hard choice. One I’ve had to make before as well. Friendship is important, but what if there is an infinite amount of love to gain?”

“What if there isn’t?? Just because I swelled up when we kissed doesn’t mean *he* likes *me!*”

“Do you *think* he likes you?”

Katie stared into the water and the swirls of milk mixing with bubbles. It was becoming much easier to hold her knees into her chest now with their dwindling size. Thinking back on all the times Josh was around to help her in a time of need or share a laugh, Katie’s heart warmed. He always smiled when she walked into the candy store and never failed to listen to any inane story she might share. The way he thought he was sneaky in stealing glances down her shirt was cute and made her giggle. “Yea... I think he does...”

Letche smiled. “If it helps, I thought it was obvious from the moment I laid eyes on the two of you. From where I stand, you two belong together. He’s been there for you every step of

the way through this ordeal. Not that any other guy wouldn't have been for obvious reasons, but he really *cares* about you.”

Katie giggled. “Trust me, he’s had his fun through this ordeal too. He’s gotten some lucky breaks.”

“Josh is a good guy. From what I’ve seen, he absolutely adores you and he’ll be loyal to the end. Take the plunge, I say.”

Heart beating wildly, the talk of starting a romantic relationship with Josh was making her chest begin swelling once more. It was best to change the subject before her progress was reversed. A question had been burning in the back of her mind for some time. “Can I ask you something?”

“Shoot.”

“How were you infected? Were you at the park too when he released the formula?”

Agent Letche bit her lip. “No, I wasn’t. Your case is fairly recent, but this has been an ongoing issue for the agency for some time.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve been lactating like this for nearly a year.”

“What?! How? How do you live?!”

Letche shrugged. “You get used to the routine.”

“What happened??”

“I worked very closely with Dr. Shrade. He’s the one who changed the boobs you’ve known and loved your whole life.”

“I hate him.”

“And I...dated him.”

Katie’s jaw dropped. “I’m sorry, what?”

“We were romantically involved. For quite some time, actually. As it turns out, all those mornings he was bringing me coffee like a loving boyfriend, he was actually feeding me microdoses of the formula. I was his little experiment for several months before I caught on.”

This news made Katie’s blood boil. “What an asshole!”

Nodding her head, Letche agreed. “Yea... Yea... The changes weren’t as pronounced as yours. At first I only grew a little here and there. One or two cup sizes. Some mornings I woke up in need of a new bra. It was obvious I was growing, I just didn’t think it was because my boyfriend was poisoning me. Eventually, after my chest had almost tripled in size, starting from a C-cup mind you, I was becoming suspicious. Then one fine Saturday I woke up and had knockers leaking over my bed that were so large I couldn’t lift them to the tub. Turns out he was just using me to find the right dosage to cause this ‘miracle of milk’ in human women. After I called him that weekend in a panic, he didn’t show up to work on Monday. All of his research was gone and we haven’t seen him since.”

Katie needed a moment to process everything. Blinking several times, she burst out, “*What an ASSHOLE!*” Her yell echoed around the pool area. “*When we find this guy... I... UGH!*” She wasn’t sure how to deal with her anger.

“He’ll answer for what he’s done, don’t worry. There’s a jail cell waiting for him after all the assault cases piling up.”

“Aren’t you angry?! He violated you! What he did was...it was *completely out of line!*!”

“I was angry. Very angry, actually. But being angry is only so helpful. When we catch him, and we will, he won’t get the satisfaction of knowing how upset I was.”

“God, that story makes me mad!” Katie brought her head down to slam her brow into her cleavage but instead it bounced off her knees. “Ow! Dammit, where did my tits go?!”

“Looks like we’re finished!” Letche laughed. Standing out of the water, a more proportional body was revealed to Katie. Though still large, the volleyball-sized breasts on Letche’s frame were utterly gorgeous. “*Oooooohhh* I feel *soooo* much better!”

“U-Uhh...” Katie gawked.

“You’ve probably never seen me normal-sized, now that I think about it. Normal now, anyways. These *used* to be manageable before my ex’s little stunt.”

“So those are permanent...”

Letche hefted their soft round forms like giant fruits. “Part of being his experiment, I guess. Come on, we’ve left Josh for long enough.” Forgetting she was naked, Katie stood out of the water before freezing in full view. Letche’s eyes inspected her petite frame. “You empty out nicely!” she complimented Katie on her recovered C-cups, “Reminds me of how small I used to be. It’s a great size. Beautiful on you.”

“T-Thanks,” Katie blushed, covering various parts of her body on her way to her robe. The fluid left behind in the hot tub looked closer to milk than water. “What about--”

“Don’t worry, I’ve got it taken care of.”

Wrapped in now-fitting robes, the two women exited the pool and approached the front desk. “Ah! Everything taken care of?” the clerk asked. “Did we pass?”

Letche nodded. “All seems to be in order. You may want to keep the pool closed for another hour or so; our sodium-based testing kit can leave the hot tub a bit murky for a while. Best to let it clear up on its own.”

“Absolutely!”

Katie could hardly keep from giggling at their caper. Back in her natural shape and size, she was starting to feel herself again. She knew it wouldn’t last long, especially if Josh were to touch her, but it was pleasant for the time being.

Upon arriving back to room 306, they spied a note taped to the door. “What’s this?” Letche hummed, taking it down after opening the door for Katie.

“Welcome back!” Josh called from a reclined position on the bed. Finding their bodies shrunken to normal was almost more jarring than their monstrous sizes at this point. “You’re looking refreshed.”

“I feel *so* much better,” Katie grinned, warm inside and out. Her heart palpitated at Josh’s smile. “I feel better about a lot of stuff...” Their eyes meeting brought a bit of excited swelling to her cotton-wrapped bosom.

“Hey,” Josh began, feeling infatuated and trapped into staring into her gaze. “Do you want to take a walk later and--”

“Josh...” Letche called, still standing in the hall. The note was in her hands. “Did anybody come by?”

“No, why?”

“You didn’t hear anyone?? No knock?!”

“No...”

Katie frowned at Letche’s change of emotion. “What’s it say?”

She read the short note. “*Bottom floor of the 3rd Street parking garage, tonight at 9 pm. I know where to find Shrade.*”

The message chilled the air in the hotel room. “I thought things like this only happened in crime dramas...” Josh said to break the silence.

“What do we do??” Katie was returning to her nervous self.

Letche’s decision was swift. “We go.”

Several female agents arrive at Hannah's apartment, taking measures to shrink her down and transport her to their base. Hannah is resistant to answer their questions at first but she is swiftly persuaded by the agents.

“M-Mmmmm!!” Hannah groaned against the ceiling of her apartment. The wind was blowing across an exposed nipple squeezing through her gaping door. Within twenty minutes of Katie and Josh leaving, her apartment building was flooded by agents dressed in similar suits to Letche. Several wore lab coats she’d otherwise only seen in movies.

Hannah wasn’t able to witness much of the goings-on. Only a rounded sliver of an opening between the ceiling and the top of her chest allowed for a small view through her door. The rest of her prison was dark. All light was blocked from the windows by overbearing breasts. She might have been concerned for the integrity of her floor if she weren’t so overcome by arousal.

“The hell did she do to herself??” one agent groaned from outside her door, “It’s like she *tried* to make herself this big!”

A fellow agent responded, slapping the overflow of flesh and making her cry out. “You don’t get this big if you’re not doing it on purpose. Probably had fun up until she was pinned against her own ceiling.”

“Freaking swimming pool’s worth of milk in there...”

Hearing them talk about her breasts in such a way was arousing. Hannah felt like some sort of erotic oddity of science. “Nnnngh, hello??” she called out, sweaty in her home-made sauna. “Are you going to get me out??”

“We’re working on it.”

The sound of what Hannah considered to be a large diesel truck pulled up outside her apartment. Men’s amused chattering came from the walkway below.

“Hey! How bad is it?” one of the truck drivers called out to the agents at Hannah’s door.

They were silent. She could feel them ogling her three-foot-wide nipple, then cried out when one of them prodded it experimentally. “*Ahh!!*” Milk squirted at the slightest touch.

“You better bring the big one, Seth,” the agent sighed. “With the extra-wide adaptor.”

“T-The big what??” Hannah whimpered.

A sound like a giant snake slithering across the sidewalk and up the concrete stairs made goosebumps break out over her skin. A metallic end clinked in unison with a man’s grunt.

“We’ll have to drain this one before we can even get to the other one,” he advised.

“Drain how?? What are you doing??”

“Hang on, girly, this might be a little cold.”

“What are you--*EEK!!*”

Metal slipped itself around her bloated nipple like a ring of ice. It was pushed by the weight of two agents and held in place, sinking the adaptor deep into her areola. “Turn it on!” one of them yelled.

“W-Wait!!”

CHHLLLUUCK!!

NNNGHH!!!!

The hose jumped to life and suction consumed Hannah’s nipple. Its pink form was drawn into the metal coupler before the force pulled milk from the depths of her chest.

“Ahhh!! A-A-AHHH! GOD!!”

“They always react the same way...” an agent sighed, wiping his brow.

“Fun to watch, though.”

They stood at her door, watching Hannah’s milk expand the hose on its journey to a holding truck. Her door remained a wall of flesh several minutes later.

“I-It’s milking me! You’re taking all my milk!!” Hannah couldn’t keep herself from orgasming. The release was far too substantial.

The agents stared, feeling bored.

“This might take a while. Wanna grab some lunch?”

“Yea, I could eat.”

Several hours later at the dairy farm, Talia stood in a holding room swirling a cup of milk. A tank with Hannah’s name scribbled across it stood in front of her. She hummed, sniffing the liquid. It passed through her lips a moment later, only to be spat into a nearby drain.

“That bad?” a scientist asked, a clipboard in hand to take notes.

“Terrible.”

“Just like the others...”

Talia shook her head. “It’s so obvious when it’s a second-hand infection. She’s clearly not a natural-born milker. Where is she now?”

Checking his clipboard, the scientist responded, “We’re keeping her in room fourteen at the moment.”

“Maybe her knowledge will be more useful than her milk.” Talia tossed the rest of Hannah’s dairy down the drain and left the holding room. The dairy farm was quiet as night began to set. It was always quiet when her sister wasn’t there to complain about her methods.

“My farm, my rules,” Talia grumbled. “Damn government agency thinks they own the place.”

A key unlocked room fourteen. Inside was an empty pad made of concrete. Several drains were spaced across the floor for its previous milking purposes, but Talia had recently had it cleared of machinery to be painted. The timing couldn't have been better. In the center was a single chair. Hannah sat tied to its frame, her head forward in slumber.

“Wakey wakey...!” Talia cooed after closing the door.

“W-Wha? Where am...I? What ha--*Oh my God!*” Hannah roused and was in a fog for only a moment before the sight of her chest brought back a flood of memories. Topless, she gazed upon a pair of breasts large enough to fill her lap like a pair of beach balls. “Where are my clothes?! Who are you?! What did you do to my boobs?!”

“I'm Talia,” she explained calmly, standing in front of Hannah, “You're at my dairy farm and you're going to tell me what I need to know.”

Hannah was in a panic. A part of her missed her room-filling girth, but she fully expected to return to her B-cups afterward. “What happened to my chest??”

“I believe the words you're looking for are ‘thank you’. We drained it and it appears the pleasure of it all put you out cold.”

“Y-You...drained them?” Hannah stared at the jiggling flesh pillows. “But they're--”

“Giant? Yea, what did you expect when you let them engorge so large? Say hello to your new bra size, honey.”

“O-Oh my God...” Hannah gaped. It was strangely arousing to be in such a state, though she didn't dare admit it.

“Now then, I believe you know someone I'm looking for. Katlyn? Perhaps you know her as Katie? Runs along with a guy named Josh?”

“I don't know what--”

Talia was firm, stepping closer. “Where are they?”

“Like I would tell you! I've heard about what you did to her! Katie is my friend! You assaulted me, kidnapped me, and tied me to a chair! *Why should I tell you anything?!*”

“Mmmmm, because it's in your best interest, dear.” Talia extended a finger and rubbed gentle circles around Hannah's strawberry nipple.

“*W-W-What are you... Mmmmm...*”

Talia applied more pressure. Hannah's skin was already warming and becoming tighter. “You *liked* what happened, didn't you?” The finger pressed itself into her nipple like a giant pink doorbell.

“*Nnnnghhh please, stop!*” Hannah panted.

“Most girls would have called someone. But I think you *liked* watching yourself swell up like a balloon.” An open hand squeezed Hannah's chest as it began overflowing her chair. Milk was gushing inside the girl's bust once more, and at an accelerating rate.

“I-I'm growing... *I'm starting to lactate again! Mmmmm I'm going to get even bigger! Please!*”

“You wouldn’t happen to...*enjoy* the thought of your tits growing, would you? Just...*expanding* bigger and bigger and *bigger*.”

“*M-Mmmm... Mmmmmm!!*” Hannah whimpered, powerless against Talia’s teasing grasp and seductive words. “Stop! There’s going to be...too much milk!”

“Nonsense. I’ll bet you used to be tiny, didn’t you? Maybe nothing more than a B-cup? Even smaller, perhaps?” Talia took the sides of Hannah’s chest and jostled it to release a contained slosh. “You’re already filling up quite nicely! You’re twice as big! And only getting *fuller*.”

“*Nnnnghhh please!!*” Hannah bit her lip. The weight of her chest was massive on her lap and threatened to pull her out of the chair. It would have had it not been for the restraints tying her arms behind the backrest.

“Why don’t you tell me where your friends are? I can make it worth your while. Don’t you want to be big? I can see it in your eyes. You *want* your chest to be like a blimp.”

“*M-Mmm!!*”

SQUULCHH

Milk squirted from Hannah’s nipples with rising pressure. The teasing was becoming too much.

“Uh oh! Looks like someone is getting a little too full too quickly!” Talia squeezed both nipples and made her shiver. “Can’t have that, now can we?”

Talia stepped away to a nearby table. “W-What are you doing?” Hannah groaned, watching her every move.

“Just having a little girl fun!” She turned around with two circular silicone clamps. The sight made Hannah’s eyes bulge.

“N-No! *Mmmmm you can’t!*”

Talia stood in front of her, positioning the clamps. “Don’t try and fight it, dear; you’re drooling.”

CLAMP!

“*NNNGHH!!*”

Hannah’s milk immediately backed up, bloating her chest a foot in all directions. “*Ohhhh GOD!! I-It’s building up!!*”

Talia resumed her teasing. Tapping on the top of her rising cleavage, Hannah heard her chest echo only inches from her chin. “You sure have a knack for this,” Talia giggled. “You could be a star producer!”

“*So full... Ooohhh they’re so full!! P-Please! I...can’t...hold it!! NNNGHHHH!!*” Hannah shook against an orgasm and released a heavy sigh. The torture wasn’t finished. Each udder rivaled a bean bag in size and pulled at her shoulders with threatening weight. “*Please I feel like--*”

CRACK!!

BWOOMPHSLLSHH

The chair shattered under Hannah's weight. She was sent careening onto her butt under her chest before it flowed over her torso in a heaving mass. It pinned her from her collarbones down to her knees, her arms trapped under its depths with no hope for escape.

"MMMMM!!! I-I can't...MOVE!!!" The sheer idea was orgasm inducing it and of itself.

"Ready to talk?" Talia asked, leaning her elbows on top of Hannah's chest and looking down at the pinned girl.

"N-N--"

Sensing her restrain, Talia began leaning her body up and down to make Hannah's chest flow in waves. It teased the milky contents and made her nipples engorge with delight against the clamps. Milk had never wanted to be free so badly.

"NNNGGHHHH AAHHHHHHH OK OK OK!!!" Hannah screamed from under the heap of pleasure. "I saw them with someone in a suit! She had black hair! They were talking about going to find a scientist!"

It didn't take long for Talia's mind to process her sister's actions. Patting Hannah's chest, she said, "Good girl..." Content, she turned to leave.

"W-Wait!" Hannah squirmed under her ever-expanding chest. "Aren't you going to unclamp me?? My milk has nowhere to go!!! What if they permanently grow again?!"

She couldn't see Talia from under the creeping mass of her chest, though her voice rang in the empty room. "I think I'll let you enjoy it for a bit. You're having too much fun to stop now, from the sound of it!" The door swung open with a creak. "I'll send a milker in a few hours... Right now I've got a stray cow to rustle."

The door slammed and left Hannah alone.

GUUUUURRRGLE

Her chest continued to balloon from her own undeniable pleasure. Feeling her cleavage engulf her head and squeeze her cheeks, her whimpered amid the mounting sounds of swirling milk. "*M-Mmmmm!!*"

No poll was taken for this chapter

The sky was black against the city's streetlights. Their efforts didn't seem to be doing much on this particular night, not in Katie's mind at least. There wasn't nearly enough illumination to put her racing heart at ease.

"I-In there...?" she whimpered when Letche drove Hannah's car towards a parking garage.

The agent was tired of the girl's timidity. "I told you you might want to stay at the hotel."

"Yea, but then I would be alone at a hotel..." Either choice sounded nerve-wracking. As always, Josh was there to be her rock. "Don't worry, nothing is going to happen."

“Not to mention this is the only lead we’ve gotten. Hopefully, whoever this is, actually has info,” Letche reminded them. The car’s tires bounced when entering the garage’s property. Just as the note instructed, Letche turned towards the ramp going downward. “Bottom floor,” she told herself, much to Katie’s dismay.

Josh tried to be chipper. “I’m still surprised this kind of stuff happens outside of Hollywood.”

“More than you would think.”

The deeper the car drove, the less light there was to rely on. Only the pale glow of industrial bulbs guided their way in this subterranean hovel. Katie wasn’t sure if her chest was tight with fear, milk, or some combination of the two. Clutching Josh’s hand when they rounded the final corner didn’t help the sensation.

Her grip was like iron. “You have a gun, right? In case anything goes wrong?? Government agents always have guns!”

“Sadly that *is* only in Hollywood. I have a taser.”

Letche parked the car in the center of the parking area. Several other vehicles sat in silence. Some were small, others were SUVs or even large vans. All could have been malevolent, but their windows were dark and lifeless. The clock on the dashboard glowed an alien green and read nine o’clock.

“It’s time, but I don’t see anybody,” Josh announced.

“That means they’re waiting for us to get out first.”

Katie didn’t like the sound of that. “Get out of the car?? Are you crazy??”

Her heart thumped when Letche’s door clicked. “You didn’t think this was a drive-thru, did you?”

Echoes of a slamming door bounced around the garage. Josh opened his own to Katie’s worry. “Where are you going??”

“This is exciting! I want to see what happens!”

Josh stepped out of the car, followed soon enough by a skittish Katie. No sound was too small to make her jump.

SCREEECH!!

Rubber burning against pavement pierced their ears.

“*Ahhh!!*” Katie clung to Josh’s arm.

Letche wasn’t phased. “It’s just someone peeling out at a stoplight.”

“I-I thought maybe--”

Katie stopped at the sound of a metal door creaking open and shut, followed by approaching footsteps. The others could hear it as well, keeping their eyes open for company. In the distance, a shadow emerged from the cover of a large concrete pillar. Their face was hidden, but the outline of a trenchcoat and hat was visible.

Hands dug into Josh’s arm. “This is *just like* the movies...” she whimpered, “Except now I’m *actually* terrified.”

A masculine voice came from the dark figure. The chills it produced affected all three of them. “You’re looking for Shrade.”

Letche took the lead but stayed close to the car. “Do you have information?”

Though invisible, Josh could sense a smile on the man’s face. “For a price...”

The answer didn’t sit well with Letche. “Your note didn’t mention any kind of *price!* This man’s actions have affected women’s lives! Anything you know could bring him to justice.”

Whshh whshh whshh

A far-off sound tickled Josh’s ears like a breeze or a bird flapping its wings.

Letche continued. “If you actually want to help these women, you’ll tell us what you know!”

Whshh whshh whshh

The sound was still present and haunting his mind. As no response came from the figure, he asked, “Does anyone else hear tha--”

Whshh whshh WHISHH!

Like a mouse glancing up at the silent descent of an approaching owl, Josh felt confusion and fear descend. A loop of rope cast itself over him and Letche before pulling tight. Their arms were pinned to their sides and with a forceful tug, the rope pulled them against the car.

“*Nnngh!?*” they grunted in unison, the wind knocked from their lungs. Letche and Josh faced each other in the prison, her chest pressing tight and firm as the rope secured them.

“*Shit!?*” Letche swore, struggling to free herself. It was difficult with Josh’s weight following her motions.

Whshh whshh whshh

Josh fought as well but his hands couldn’t get enough leverage on the rope. “I can’t get out!” The end of the lasso was tied off and held them against the car. Unable to pull or produce any slack, loosening the knot was impossible.

Whshh whshh whshh

“What’s going on?!” Katie screamed. Her hands tried to grip their bonds but it was too tight and her nerves were too shaken. Fearful eyes glanced behind the car when she heard boots running towards them. “I-Is that Talia?!”

Whshh whshh WHISHH!

“*Katie run!?*” Letche warned.

She made it no more than a few steps before a second lasso circled around her waist. She fought and struggled, trying to escape but its controller expertly kept the rope taut. “*Josh!?*” Katie yelled.

“My my! You’re quite the fighter!” Talia laughed. She was closer than Katie had feared.

“Don’t touch her!!”

“*LET GO OF ME!! JOSH!! HEL--Ahmmph!*” A firm yank pulled Katie to the floor. She landed with a thud and gloved hands were around her shoulders in an instant. A rag was placed over her mouth and fear flooded her eyes before they fluttered closed. She fell limp into Talia’s arms a moment later.

“*Talia what the hell are you doing!?*” Letche demanded. She was breathing hard enough to make the rope tighten painfully around her and Josh.

The cowgirl cradled Katie in her arms. Curious hands delivered a squeeze to her chest. “A little empty after the bodacious display that I remember... I sure hope all that sweet milk didn’t go to waste.”

“*Talia!! Stop! That’s enough!!*” Letcha was furious at her sister. With such emotions rushing through her, Josh could feel her chest bloating against his. The relaxing effects of the hot tub were long gone. The rope tightened as a result.

“That fire of yours hasn’t changed a bit.”

A voice made Letche freeze. The shadow was speaking differently now, and it was enough to make her breasts swell with heat. Buttons spread and flesh bulged against Josh, the agent’s shirt and jacket much too small.

The figure stepped from the shadows and approached them. “I do so miss that about you. It’s a shame we didn’t work out.”

PING!!

A muffled pop struck Josh’s chest. The pressure between them was enough to make his breath short and labored. If Letche continued to grow like this when they were tied together, he didn’t know what might happen. “*N-Nnngh, Letche...*” he grunted. Angry eyes fell on Talia. “Let Katie go!! She doesn’t want to go back to your damn lab and--”

Light fell over the man’s face as he removed his hat. He didn’t look to be over thirty-five, but his dark hair was tinged with gray from hours of research. The bags under his eyes played with their own sinister intent.

“S-S-Shrade,” Letche stammered in shock.

GUURGLE

“*Nnnnghh!*”

PING!

Milk surged in her chest. Squished between her and Josh, Letche’s breasts bulged like two watermelons. The warmth of leaking milk soaked Josh’s front. Her body’s reaction to the man was beyond confusing. “That’s Shrade?! What’s...going on?? Why are you growing like this?? There’s not enough room!!”

Josh was ignored.

The man stepped close and ran a hand through Letche’s hair and chuckled. “Still lactating as heavily as ever! I miss watching you pop out of your bras every day.”

Poison spat from Letche’s lips. “Go to hell! You’re--*Mmmph!*”

Shrade leaned in, planting a kiss on her lips.

GUUUUURGLE

“*Ahh!! L-Letche!*” Josh groaned, her chest tight and bloated. The rope dug into his arms and back. It felt like two balloons were trying to split a piece of wood in two.

PING!

PING!

PING PING!!

Shrade stepped away and left the agent stunned. Shirt and jacket blown open, cleavage rose like a tide between her and Josh. He was forced to crane his head back or risk being smothered by milk-filled tits.

Talia giggled fiendishly at the sight. “Oh my, it looks like my sister still has feelings for you!”

Shrade agreed. “She always did have a hard time moving on.”

CREEEAAAK

“N-Nnngh!?”

“Letche!! *The rope...is too tight!!*” The rope groaned around them. The nipples rubbing against him were hard as fists. The only one left with a clear mind, Josh felt helpless to save his love. “*Where are you taking Katie?!*”

Watching Shrade and Talia lift Katie into a van was heart-wrenching. No matter how hard he struggled, Talia’s lasso held firm. Every motion sent a sloshing wobble across Letche’s bloated mounds engulfing the two of them. Her strained face was barely visible between her own cleavage. Desperate for space forced her tits to spray milk in a display of rising pressure.

“*KATIE!!*” Josh screamed.

“Have fun, you two!” Talia laughed before a van door closed on her and Katie.

The weight was immense. Far too top-heavy, he and Letche began swaying but the rope held them aloft. Fleeing the scene, however, the rope’s end was cut from Talia’s van.

SLAM!

“Nnngh!?”

The two of them groaned when they fell to the ground. Crushed beneath Letche’s yoga ball udders, Josh was helpless but to squirm with his arms tied. The red of Talia’s taillights glowing as they ascended the parking garage drove a spike through his heart. In only a matter of minutes, everything had been lost. Katie was taken, Letche was incapacitated, and he himself was trapped with no hope of quick escape. Feeling more milk flowing every second, he feared Letche’s predicament wouldn’t soon resolve itself.

“*KATIE!!*”

With some sharing of Letche's kinks and some action on Josh's part, they manage to break free with the help of the agent's "assets"

“Nnngh! *Come on!*” Josh struggled against the lasso. In the distance, the screech of the van’s tires meeting the road echoed through the parking garage. Katie was slipping from his grasp with every passing second. Soon there would be no hope to catch up.

The weight of Letche’s breasts was incredible. Coupled with his arms bound to his sides, there was little to no range of motion. “We need to save her!”

“We need to save ourselves...first!” Letche reminded him. She lay on top of her chest. Every breath was laborious, both from the pressure of her chest and the toll such drastic milk

production put on her body. To their relief, however, Letche's mammaries had ceased their engorgement. Though they were bigger than beach balls and squished between the two of them.

A sigh of relief escaped Letche's flushed cheeks. "Thank goodness they stopped..." She dropped her head onto them, exhausted.

Josh wasn't in the mood to rest. The rope around his back and arms was beyond frustrating. "Don't you have a knife or something? Anything??"

"Not...*nnggh*...that I can reach! My hands are pinned between me and my chest!"

"Mine are pinned to my sides..." Josh grunted and tried to shimmy out from the fleshy prison. It only sent massive wobbles through the pile of milk.

GUUURGLE

"*W-Wait! Nnnggh you're making them swell!*"

Josh froze. Milk churned against his chest as Letche bloated further. Skin bulged around the rope as if trying to bite through the fibers. Keeping perfectly still, the surge of growth ended.

"Ooooh I can't breathe... I can't breathe like this...!" Letche complained, "There's not enough room! Are you all right, Josh??"

"Yea, just fine!" he lied.

CREEEAAAANK

The rope protested Letche's newest size. "*Nnnggh... D-Damn rope...*" she grimaced. "My boobs are swelling between our hips!"

An idea popped into Josh's mind. Staring between the looming cleavage overhead and Letche's tired face on the other side, he couldn't believe what he was about to say. He blushed at the thought of it, the agent still little more than a stranger. "What if we made you bigger?"

A piercing gaze shot down her cleavage. The idea didn't sit well with her. "*Excuse me? Don't go letting your hormones get the better of you and--*"

"No I'm serious! What if we make you big enough to break through the rope?? You're already swelling around it! If we add more pressure, it might break!"

"Or *I* might break!" Letche's back arched in the search for a full breath. Their situation was dire enough. Every second spent on the ground put more distance between them, Katie, and Shrade. Groaning at what the near future held, Letche closed her eyes and looked away. The last thing she wanted to do was meet Josh's gaze. "O-Ok, do it."

He wasn't sure what to do or how far he should go. "All right, here we go..." Moving his shoulders, Josh made her chest wobble back and forth.

GUURGLE

"*Nnggh...*"

The increase in size was minimal. Milk flowed into her bust, but the rope held as strong as ever. Sloshing sounds were hypnotic in Josh's ears.

Letche didn't have the patience for his timid nature. "You're going to have to do more than that!"

Red-faced, Josh stared into the chasm. "Like what?? Katie always ballooned at the slightest touch!"

"That's because she--*nevermind*; just use your mouth!"

“What??”

Letche peered at him, annoyed she had to spell it out. “Your tongue, teeth, lips; put anything anywhere! You need to stimulate me!”

This situation had never crossed Josh’s mind. It was one thing to have a woman telling him to lick her chest; it was another for her to be a stranger pinning you down with said chest in the middle of a parking garage. As supple as she was, it was impossible to ignore the awkward circumstances. The age difference alone was enough to throw Josh off.

“Hurry!”

Josh took a deep breath and plunged his head into Letche’s cleavage. Engulfed in warm skin, he began doing whatever he could with his mouth.

GUUUUURGLE

“O-Ooohh... *It’s working!*” Letche moaned, clenching her hands. Two fingers itched to rub against her crotch. “*I-It’s...mmm...You’re doing it!*”

GUUUUURRRGLE

Milk was flowing at a growing rate. Flesh crept over Josh’s head and brushed across his ears. He could feel her underboob billowing between their abdomens and hips, pushing them apart like an airbag. The lasso only grew tighter.

CREEEAAAK

“*God this rope!*” Letche panted. Breasts far deformed from their natural roundness, they overflowed their bonds. “*It’s cutting into me!*”

Josh could barely hear her. Coming up for air, he found it even harder to inhale. The pressure her tits applied to his torso was immense and overbearing. If the rope didn’t break soon, he feared what may come instead. He returned to his slippery patch of cleavage and ran his tongue across her chest.

“*Oohhh! Mmm!! T-There’s...going to be a lot of milk!*”

GUUUURRRR-SPLUURRTT!!

“*CRAP!*”

A rush of liquid soaked Josh’s torso. Bulging from his left and right were Letche’s nipples, both swollen as large as apples. They released angry streams of milk into the concrete under his body. Any progress they had made was being undone by the rope’s strength forcing the milk out.

“It’s...It’s no use!” Josh gasped.

“*Hold my nipples closed!*”

He couldn’t believe the request he’d just been given. Not only would reaching them be nearly impossible but doing so would back up Letche’s lactation. “But what about--”

“*Just do it!*” Her eyes pleaded with him from above the milk jugs. “*A-And massage them while you’re at it!*” She blushed a bright red. “*They...They like being massaged...*”

If it would help them rescue Katie, Josh was willing. Moving as best he could, Josh slipped the rope into the crook of his elbow so he could bend his forearms around the outside. Letche’s nipples rested against either shoulder. Straining his flexibility, he was just able to reach them in his palms.

“I-I got a hold on th--”

GUUURRRGGGLE!!

“MMMM!!!”

Milk sprayed in gallons at his touch. Hoping for the best, he clamped down and closed off the exit to Letche’s mammarys.

GRRMMMMBBLLL

“NNNGH... O-OH GOD...” Letche winced.

Josh felt like he had just stuck a hose into an already-full balloon. Letche’s skin swelled and tightened across every inch. Her milk had nowhere to go; it could only build inside her body.

“Are you all right??”

“You...nnngh!! Y-You better hope...this works!”

CRREEEAAAAC

GRRRMMMMBBLLL

The sounds of the rope and her chest complaining played together like a symphony. Josh clenched his fingers in massaging patterns, urging Letche fuller and fuller.

“A-Ahh!! Ooohhhh that’s tight!! Nnnnghhh there’s going to be a LOT OF MILK!!”

CRREEEAAAAC!!!

GRRRMMMMBBLLLL!!!

“We’re almost there!!” Josh announced. The rope dug into his back like a cable. He didn’t know if it or the deformed, yoga ball tits crushing his body was more uncomfortable. *“The rope is about to break!!”*

“It better!! I-I...NNNGH!!! I-I feel like I’m about to POP!!”

CRRREEEAAAACKKK!!!

“NNGH!!!”

Letche’s chest began trembling. It swallowed Josh’s fists and in an instant of bloating, he was engulfed into her cleavage. Milk gushed from her nipples despite his clenching fists. The pressure was too high.

“AhhhHHH!!!” Letche screamed, her hand finding a way into her pants. *“I can’t take iiiit!!”*

POW!!!

A sound like a whip cracked through the parking garage when the lasso finally snapped. Their bodies flew apart and Letche rolled over her chest before coming to rest on her back. Josh’s hand released from her nipples, they expanded to their true size. Gurgles emanated from her depths like a faucet ready to blow.

SPUUUULLLCH!!!

Milk erupted from Letche’s gargantuan chest. It washed over the concrete ceiling above before showering them a second later like warm rain. *“Ahh!! Aaahhhh!! AAHHHHMMM!!!”*

Josh blushed at Letche’s orgasmic expressions forcing her mouth into a scream. He averted his gaze until her pleasure, and letdown, were reduced to little more than slow drips from the ceiling.

Letcher was the first to speak, breathing heavily and doing her best to cover her now beach ball-sized breasts. “*G-God dammit... I can’t believe I let him get the better of me...*” She inspected her chest. It was small compared to how large Josh had just made her grow. “Well, that’s going to add a few permanent inches.”

“I-I’m sorry! I thought--”

“Don’t worry about it; you did what you had to do.” Letcher smiled warmly. “And I won’t tell Katie if you don’t.”

Josh’s eyes widened. “*KATIE!! We need to save Katie! Where did they take her?? Are they going back to the dairy farm??*”

Rising into a cross-legged position. “Probably not, but knowing Shrade and Talia, I think I have a pretty good idea of where they’re going.” She struggled to get to her feet.

“Do you need to release anymore??”

“No time; if Talia is going where I think she is, we need to hurry.” A set of keys was tossed through the air. “You’re driving.”

Katie awakens tied up in the back of the van, still en route to their destination. Panicked at first, she tries to stay calm and find some means of escape, but to no avail. Realizing that she's trapped, she reluctantly decides that she may be able to buy some time by making herself too big to be moved.

Rough driving pulled Katie from her forced slumber. The chilly surface of metal burned against her cheek. It felt numb as if she’d been rubbing against it for a while. A section of time was completely unaccounted for in her memory. The last thing she remembered was her voice echoing through a parking garage while Josh struggled to help her.

Now, all she saw was the bleak inside of a van. It was dark outside the windows. Only a driver’s and a passenger’s seat occupied the front, leaving ample space in the back. An unfamiliar country song drifted alongside static on the radio.

“*N-Nnngh...*” Katie groaned in discomfort. Her wrists burned from a rope binding them together. Movement was difficult without the use of her arms to help steady her chest. For the moment, lying on her side seemed to be the only option.

“Oh, you’re awake!”

Katie’s head was clearing now, as was her vision. Two polished shoes sat in front of her. A man was sitting on the wheel well, watching her like a hawk. Katie didn’t appreciate the glint in his eyes, nor the glass of white fluid in his hand. She thought it best not to think about where it had originated.

“*LET ME OUT!!*” she shrieked suddenly. Struggling on the van floor, her shoes beat against the metal. Regardless of her efforts, the ropes held firm around her wrists. “*NNGH!!*”

“Hey hey! Careful!” Shrade warned, “Don’t want to hurt yourself!”

“*You’re the ones who kidnapped me!!*” Her eyes flitted around the van in desperation. Even if the doors were unlocked, she could never open them with her hands behind her back. Not with her captives watching. And tumbling onto the rushing pavement below didn’t sound like an option at the speed they were traveling. Still, she couldn’t just accept her fate.

BANG BANG BANG!!!

“*NNGGAAHHH!!!*” Katie screamed and kicked at the back door. It showed no weakness; she simply had no leverage.

“Quick your banging or I’ll have to put you to sleep again!” Talia demanded from the front. Her eyes stared back at Katie in the rearview mirror. “You’re precious cargo, you know. Can’t have you messing yourself up.”

“*LET...ME...OUT!!!*” Katie was considering lunging for Shrade’s ankle and sinking her teeth into him.

Talia shook her head. “No can do. You’re a prize-winning heifer!”

“You’ll go to jail for this!! *Both of you!!*” Katie wanted to continue screaming but deep down she knew it wouldn’t help.

Shrade chuckled at her prediction. “You can avoid anything if you know the right people and what to give them. I don’t see much issue once we’re up and running.”

“*NNGGAAHHH!!!*” Frustration boiled over in Katie. Thrashing once more, she rolled around trying to gain freedom. The situation was as terrifying as it was helpless. It would have been better if Josh were there too, even if he were tied up next to her.

Talia groaned and turned up the volume of the radio to drown Katie’s struggles. “You want to come and buckle up, Shrade? We’re almost at the turnoff. I don’t want you getting hurt when we hit the dirt road.”

Mumbling incoherently, Shrade stood from the wheel well and made his way to the passenger seat. Katie was left alone in the back; an improvement, but not a solution. “Yes, ma-am... You know, we wouldn’t have to come out here if--”

“If what? You weren’t a fugitive?? We have to stay--”

Their conversation faded away from Katie’s attention. Right now, the only thing she was concerned with was escape. Stealthily, she took inventory of her surroundings. Her pockets were empty. There were no tools or objects in the back of the van. Though her hands were tied behind her back, her feet were free. If she could get out, she could at least run. It was a positive but she wasn’t sure how to reach that point.

There was nothing else. Breaking through her restraints on a part of the van would take too long and could draw attention. The doors were locked. She had no idea where she was. Judging by the static mixing with radio music, they were a significant distance from town. Even if she could get out, where would she run to?

The first step was obvious. Avoiding their destination was the top priority. Stopping the van would at least stall their progress. She could try and attack Talia as she drove, but a wreck would be too dangerous. Katie’s hands were both figuratively and literally tied. She had nothing at her disposal.

“*N-Nngh...*” She whimpered when pressure spiked in her chest. It had grown during her sleep and was more cumbersome by the second. The cold metal floor wasn’t doing any favors for her over-sensitive nipples. If they continued to grow, she didn’t know what she would do if they became too big.

Katie’s breath caught in her throat. There was one tool at her disposal, and it was stretching her t-shirt like two volleyballs. Her heart raced at the idea. It was insane no matter how she considered it.

“Could I get big enough to stop the van...?” she whispered. “I’ve never been that big... Big Hannah...”

Milk bloated her breasts in response. It was her only hope. She’d never tried to encourage her growth before. It had always been something to avoid at all costs. Now it was possibly her one and only hope. Heart fluttering, Katie relaxed and focused on her breasts.

Silently, she rolled onto her stomach and felt the cool metal against her nipples. The saturated front of her shirt made the temperature change easy to detect and her nubs sprang to life. “*M-Mmmm...*” Arching her back up and down, she tried rubbing her chest on the floor. The stimulation was significant but it wasn’t the overwhelming arousal she required.

She applied her full weight to them as well. Flesh bulged out her sides like airbags. Growth was happening but not fast enough. They were only surpassing the size of her head. She needed them to be bigger. Much bigger.

“*Come on... Come on...*” she pleaded, closing her eyes and urging more milk to flow. “*Get as big as you want! I won’t stop you!*”

GUUURGLE

Dairy sloshed from a bump in the road and her chest sprang larger by several inches. It was still a far cry from what she needed. The situation felt more hopeless than ever. Katie groaned in fear. “If Josh were here I bet they would gr--*Mmm!*”

Her tits swelled under her body like balloons before coming to rest. “*Josh,*” she whispered. Saying his name made her heart gush. They’d been through so much in the last couple days.

GUUUUUUURRGLE

“*Nnngh! A-Apparently my boobs miss him too...*” Katie winced at the beach ball-sized udders stuffing her clothes. The t-shirt had ridden up her back to constrict her chest like a sports bra. She didn’t care; it wasn’t going to last if her plan succeeded. Feeling flesh bubbling into her sleeves, she doubled down and recalled the night she and Josh had spent together in the hotel.

GUUURRRRGLE

Sleeping in his arms had been so safe and peaceful.

GUUUUUUURRRRGLE

Feeling his hands around her waist again was all she wanted.

GUUURRRRGLE

The warm moisture of his sleeping breath on the back of her neck. Or the heat of his lips when they kissed in Grace’s basement.

GUUUUUUURRRRRRRRGLE

“*M-Mmm!*” Pressure was building and Katie was rising atop her chest. Blowing past exercise balls, she managed to straighten up and sit on her legs. More thoughts of Josh flooded her mind and boobs.

The way he always stared at her cleavage when he thought she wouldn’t notice.

GUUUUUUURRRRGGGLE

How strong his hands and lips had been on her bloated nipples when he first milked her.

GUUUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGL

How long and hard his cock had felt between the backs of her thighs as they lay in bed.

GUUUUUUURRRRRRGGGGGLLLLLEEEE

At the front of the van, Talia and Shrade were oblivious to the rising mounds. The sound of Katie’s labored moans of arousal and the surging milk stretching her chest was drowned out by Talia’s radio.

SCREEEEECH!

“Whoa!” Talia gripped the wheel when the van swerved without warning. “The hell is with this road?? I felt like I almost lost control!”

Shrade squinted into the illumination of the headlights. “Maybe they chip sealed recently?”

Talia rolled her eyes. “Like the state cares about these roads.”

Behind them, the dark shadow of rising cleavage inched toward the roof. It loomed over the backs of their seats like a monster waiting to strike. Somewhere behind it, Katie had been pushed against the back door of the van.

CRREEEAAA

“You hear that?” Talia asked, looking in her side-view mirrors. “This thing isn’t driving right. I feel like our tires are low on air.”

Silently, a nipple the size of a coffee can inched between their seats. It crept into the front of the van until warm skin bulged around the cushions. Just as Talia noticed her rearview mirror had gone completely dark, Shrade’s eyes were pulled to movement to his side. A giant pink mound met his gaze, its form shivering with gallons of throbbing milk ready to burst free. His eyes widened with realization.

“Shit!! TALIA, STOP THE--”

BLEWSSHHH!!!!

A tire exploded on the rear of the van.

“*DAMMIT!!*” Talia struggled to maintain control of the van as it swerved. A massive weight in the back half made it almost impossible. Slamming on the brakes, the van skidded to the side of the road in a cloud of dust.

The kidnapers threw open their doors and jumped free moments before their seats creaked and snapped into the dashboard. The van as a whole was a symphony of stress and bulging metal. The roof had domed outward. Both rear tires were rubbing against the frame as the suspension groaned and compressed under its cargo. Cursing under her breath, Talia stomped to the back of the van and shone a flashlight on the scene.

The back of a young girl was pressed into the window. Pale flesh sealed her against the double doors and squeaked against the glass.

“Open it,” she commanded.

Cautious, as if lighting a firework, Shrade stepped forward and grasped two metal handles.

CREEAA-BWOOMPH!!

The doors flung open with enough force to bend their hinges. Shrade was thrown to the ground and stared ahead at the heap of skin bulging out of the back of the van. Too big to be removed, Katie’s breasts held firm and remained inside. Her petite body hung off their mass, her toes hardly able to brush the dirt below. She wished desperately to sink her hands into them but they were still tied at her back. An angry scowl glared at her captures.

“Oops, sorry,” Katie growled in triumph, feeling the front seats crush under her still-swelling size, “Little more milk than you expected?”

Katie prayed they wouldn’t see through her false courage. She’d stopped their progress for now but she wasn’t certain on the cost. Her breasts rivaled the van itself in size. The milk filling her body was monumental and begging for freedom. Most worrying was a strange tingling spreading through her depths. Wondering if Hannah had experienced similar sensations, she feared she may have gone too far.

Talia groaned and reached for her phone. “Dammit...”

Schrade got back onto her feet while she dialed a number and held it to her ear. “What are you doing?”

CREEEAAAK

“M-Mmm!!” Katie whimpered as more growth made the van creak around her wall-like chest.

Talia kept her focus on the lactating girl while responding to Shrade. “What do you think I’m doing? I’m calling for a flatbed.” A wicked smile crossed her face and she stared into Katie’s worried eyes. “Like she said, there’s just a little more milk than we expected.”

Josh and Letche come across the remains of a destroyed van and know they're on the right track. Upon reaching their destination, Josh is met with far more of Katie than he thought possible.

“Turn here, turn here!” Letche frantically pointed to a backroad leading from the highway into the darkness. Drops of milk sprayed across the windshield as she did so, her hands working hard to drain the remaining contents from Katie’s abduction.

Grinding his teeth, Josh turned at a faster speed than was comfortable. Thoughts hardly registered anymore. All he cared about was finding Katie. “Why the hell would they take her out here?! They’re not going to hurt her, are they?!”

Letche watched his knuckles turn white as he gripped the steering wheel. “They won’t hurt her, I’m fairly certain of it.”

“What’s even this far out of town??”

“You would be surprised... A lot of industrial plants are built in the boonies like this, often because there is livestock to maintain alongside the product.”

Josh was in visible distress. He had been since they managed to attain freedom and take chase after Katie. “I can’t believe I let them get a hold of her. They just took her! *And I couldn’t do anything because I had a damn rope around me!*”

“Calm...nnggh...” Letche breathed as the last of her milk drained away. Her breasts may have been empty, but the car floor was sopping with dairy. She didn’t want to think about the cleaning bill coming her way. “Calm down,” she started again, “We’ll get her back safe and sound. I just hope Talia hasn’t gone too far...”

Josh turned his attention to Letche. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing! Sometimes my sister just tends to get a little too caught up in what she’d after and--”

Communication paused between them when the headlights fell upon a pile of wreckage. At first glance they thought it nothing more than a pile of trash, but upon closer inspection, Josh slammed on the brakes.

“That’s the van,” Josh said with certainty. “They were here!”

“And it looks like Katie put up quite the struggle.”

The van was blown open from the inside out. A fissure had opened the roof down the middle to split the vehicle in half like a clam. Awkwardly-bowed panels of metal were strewn about.

“It looks like the thing exploded...” Letche said in awe. She’d been big, but never big enough to cause this kind of damage.

They glanced at each other nervously. Josh was confident they were on the right track, but his fears for Katie’s wellbeing only grew. “We must be going the right way.” Slamming on the gas, Josh continued down the desolate road.

Fifteen minutes later, after winding through the desert, Letche announced, “We should be getting close. I can see the glow of the lights. It’s just up here.”

Josh didn’t know what to think when they rounded a corner to head down a straightaway. In the distance was what appeared to be several warehouses and packing plants. It was too close to the milking plant he and Katie had worked so hard to avoid. “*Another dairy farm?!*”

The agent bit her lip in frustration. “Not exactly... This is what comes after the milking.”

Rubber squealed when Josh hurled into the parking lot. It was empty save for several tanker trucks, a flatbed, and a few small sedans. A sprawling building like an airplane hangar stood against the dark of night with floodlights. The sign above the office read ‘Cow Belle Milk Distributors’.

Josh was beside himself. “A bottling plant?”

“My sister bought out the company a few years back. I always thought she was just trying to corner the market... Now, after seeing her and Shrade working together, I’m starting to wonder just how long the two of them have been planning this whole operation.”

Looking closer, Josh was able to make out what looked like puddles of milk covering the back of the flatbed truck. White fluid had also pooled around its tires. Coupled with Talia's dairy farm logo on the tankers, he was starting to get an idea of Talia's true intentions.

"Front office looks closed," Letche hummed after staring into the dark windows. "It might be best if we try and sneak in around back through the loading area."

Leaving the car for the sake of discretion, the two of them clung to the walls and walked around the corners of the massive establishment. Even with Letche at his side, Josh's nerves sang with anxiety. Being out in the open in the middle of the desert at night had the same sensation as being watched by countless invisible eyes. The sound of voices around an approaching corner was surprisingly settling.

"Shh," Letche warned. She peeked around to take in the area. Josh did the same when there was no obvious danger of doing so.

Several workers were busy loading crates of bottled milk into a refrigerated truck. Though the fluid looked no different than normal milk, Josh could swear he could smell the distinct sweetness of Katie's lactation.

"Please tell me Talia isn't doing what I think she is," Josh whispered.

"I wish I could... But I don't see any other angle at this point."

"If other women drink that, they're going to end up like Hannah!! *Is she insane?!*"

Letche shook her head. "Keep your voice down. Talia isn't *that* stupid. Pasteurization is all you need to remove the infective properties of Katie's milk. It was one of the first tasks our scientists were given; we couldn't risk having it spread. I have no doubt Talia has taken every precaution in her distribution. Not to prevent other girls from ending up like Katie, but to keep the source of her product a secret."

Blood boiled with rage in Josh's ears. "Katie isn't some cow to be stolen and milked... She's a person! She didn't ask for any of this!"

"I couldn't agree more, and trust me when I say Talia and Shrade will have to answer for everything they have done."

With careful steps and quick movements between shadows, Josh and Letche managed to sneak past the oblivious loaders. It didn't take long for them to find a doorway leading away from the loading dock and into the heart of the building. The most striking feature of the atmosphere were the countless feminine moans drifting through the air. They had no clear source, all bouncing along the white brick halls.

It made Letche's heart sink. "There might be more women than just Katie here..."

The level of enjoyment in the moans struck Josh as odd but he thought it better not to mention it. "Where should we go? If we just walk around we're bound to get caught!"

"If I had to guess, my sister and Shrade are the only employees here right now. We shouldn't run into them, assuming they're busy with Katie. We'll cover more ground if we split up."

"*Split up?* Isn't that the number one thing *not* to do?"

"Only in the movies. Once we confirm they're here, I'll call back up from the agency. Finding Katie is just as big of a priority."

“I’ll find her. Don’t get caught,” he warned as Letche stepped away to explore a hall. He glanced at her blown-out shirt. “And if you see Shrade, don’t...you know...”

She rolled her eyes and withdrew her taser. “Thanks for the golden piece of advice.”

Left alone, Josh set himself down an opposite hall and into the storm of moans. There weren’t as many as he first thought; most seemed to be the same exceptionally-strong gasp echoing back and forth. His attention was drawn down a branching corridor where he found a set of large swinging doors.

Shadows appeared on the other side of the doors suddenly and his heart skipped a beat. They swung open, leaving him nowhere to hide among the stretching hallway. Relief washed over him when he saw it wasn’t Talia or Shrade.

Two women strode from the doors chatting amongst themselves. They didn’t look old enough to be out of college, by Josh’s estimation. A pair of bikini bottoms was the only clothing on their frames. Full, rounded breasts hung to their belly buttons like large droplets. Each had a towel draped over their shoulder used to wipe sweat from their bodies. The plumpness of their nipples was out of this world, as if they’d been given attention for hours.

“I’m *exhauuusted*. I must have pumped a couple thousand gallons today!” one of them, a redhead, groaned. She ran the towel between her cleavage and under each breast.

The other one, a woman with short black hair, snorted. “Please, talk to me when you’re puttin’ out a *dozen*!”

The redhead glanced behind her through the double doors. “I felt like it was nothing compared to that new girl... She better slow down...”

“What? Worried she’ll put you out of a job?”

“You’re damn right I am! We’ll both be out of a job at the rate she’s going and this beats the workin’ the club by a *mile*! I don’t think I could go back there after this gig!”

Massaging her chest tenderly, the blonde sighed. “Amen to that. Wanna hit the showers then grab a coffee on the way back to the dorms? I could use a--”

She stopped after noticing Josh standing down the hall.

Both screamed in alarm, covering themselves with hands and towels. “*Hey, perv!! This is a female-only workplace! Get the fuck out of here!!*”

Josh couldn’t have cared less. “Is there a girl in there with short brown hair and a headband?!”

The girls were taken aback by his urgent tone. “Y-Yes, but--”

He knew there wasn’t time to waste on the rest of their answer. Sprinting ahead, Josh ran between the two startled girls and burst through the double doors. He almost fainted from shock once inside.

The room was like an airplane hangar: spacious and three-stories tall. Hoses and catwalks crossed over the ceiling. Spread out across the floor were various stations. Each had a leather chair reminiscent of something from a dentist’s office and an end table with bits of entertainment such as magazines or books. A pair of suction cups attached to hoses hung over each chair and ran to the roof and beyond. The atmosphere smelled of cream and sugar like sweetened milk were being used in a humidifier. TVs hung on the wall. Each played a different channel as if Josh

had stumbled into a gym. His attention wasn't focused on these features, however; he was frozen in place before a pair of monolithic breasts.

The pair of tits sitting full and bloated in the center of the hangar was vertigo-inducing. Each rested over fifty feet wide and two stories in height. A single nipple alone was large enough to hug like a tree. Suction cups over three feet in diameter were latched onto their pink forms, guzzling milk from the depths of the two house-sized udders. Josh felt small. Insignificant. Like an ant. He couldn't imagine the sheer amount of milk churning inside such impossibly-large breasts. It was certainly audible, as was the milk gushing through the hoses and into the ceiling. He would have fallen to the ground if his body still had the capacity to remember gravity.

"Nnnghhaaaaahhh!!!" a labored scream came from behind the mountains.

"K-K-Katie...??" Josh squeaked.

"*JOSH?!*" How she'd managed to hear his terrified whisper was a mystery.

The sound of her sweet voice pulled him out of his stupor enough to move his legs. Never did he imagine he would even have to run around a pair of tits, yet here he was. Thirty seconds later, he rounded the left breast and saw Katie slumped in her own chair.

Josh yelled and ran towards her. "*Katie!!*"

Relief overcame the girl. Panting and exhausted from such production, she smiled weakly and held out a hand to meet him. The other stayed in front of her, making sure to push the wall of flesh away from her face. "*I can't believe you found me!*" she cried.

"Of course I did! Letche and I came after you as soon as we were free!! What happened to you?! Y-You're..." Josh glanced at the pale wall to his left. It extended upwards as far as his neck would bend. "*You're so big...*"

Katie was close to a breakdown. With Josh back at her side, however, she felt safe once again. "*I-I-I don't know what happened! I tried slowing them down, but...they got out of control!!*" She squeezed his hand and fought against the pressure of her chest and the hoses. "*Thank you for coming for me...*"

"It's going to be all right, I promise." Intent on rescue, Josh made to free Katie. He stopped when he saw nothing restraining her to the chair. "You're not tied down...?" he said in confusion, wondering why she hadn't fled.

Katie stared at him wordlessly, blinking several times. An annoyed slap of her hand against her chest sent a resounding gurgle through the wall of milk.

"Oh, right," Josh realized in embarrassment.

SLLUUURRRPP

"*NNGH!!*" Katie shivered when the hoses sucked particularly violently.

"*Are you all right??*"

She nodded weakly. "T-They're...reeeaally sensitive like this. Those hoses, just keep sucking!!" Katie moaned and pressed her head against her chest, sweat pouring down her face. "*I can't take it! This milk hasn't stopped coming since I--*" She didn't dare say how she managed to single-handedly tear open an entire van. Confessing such intimate thoughts about Josh to be the source was too embarrassing.

He couldn't bear to see her in such a way. The hoses had to come off. Looking around, his eyes fell on the catwalks above. The hoses ran along them suspended by cables. Determination struck. "Hang on! I'll get them off!"

"P-Please hurry!" It hurt when he left Katie's side, but she had faith he would return. In the background she could hear him climbing a ladder on a far wall. A full minute passed before he'd managed to climb to the ceiling and reach one of the metal bridges. Pounding footsteps on metal rang out when he raced towards the greedy tubes.

"Hang on!" he said once more. Wrapping his arms around one thigh-sized hose, he pulled against the suction latching it onto Katie's nipple. The milk rushing through the tube vibrated against his arms.

"A-AHH!! MMMMM!!! J-Josh! Careful!"

SLLLSHSHSHS

Her screams echoed in the hangar, along with a monumental amount of sloshing from her chest. Josh's actions, although minuscule in comparison to their size, produced an incredible amount of noise. He pulled again.

"NNGHHMMM!!!! N-No more!! They're on too tight!!!" Katie felt like the orgasms were being sucked from her nipples themselves.

Josh released. There was no freeing her by brute force. "Don't worry! I'm going to think of--" He froze when voices came from outside the double doors.

"Why isn't she producing like before?!"

"We were lucky to get her into the facility at all! Our systems can barely handle the output!"

It was Talia and Shrade. Josh was certain of it. If they caught him now there would be no hope to save Katie and on the catwalk he was completely exposed. There was no time to run down the ladder to an exit. Heart pounding as their shadows appeared on the other side of the doors, Josh peered over the edge of the railing.

Katie's yawning cleavage rested twenty feet below. There wasn't time to hesitate. Throwing caution to the wind, Josh pulled himself over the guard rail and fell between Katie's mammoth tits like a stone into a pond.

BWOOOMPH!!!

"M-M-MMMMM!!!!"

Katie had to clamp her hands over her mouth to keep from screaming when Josh slid between her chest and the entire mass of flesh jiggled. Hot and sweaty, her cleavage swallowed him whole. Darkness enveloped her rescuer on all sides. Pressure beat against his body. Milk swirled in his ears. Josh felt as though he'd just fallen into a pool of jello.

Moving was far harder than he anticipated. As carefully as possible, well aware of the arousal it caused Katie, he inched his way to the top of her cleavage using a combination of motions between swimming and rock climbing.

"Mmmmmnnggh!!!"

Talia and Shrade entered the hangar. They stared at the massive pair of mammaries in similar awe to Josh. "Still sensitive, huh?" Talia called out, noticing Katie's loud outbursts.

“P-Please, let me go!!”

Talia ignored Katie’s request. From atop her cleavage, Josh was able to spread her breasts and spy on the villains from above.

The kidnapper turned her attention to the scientist. “Her milk is nowhere near as sweet as the batch from my farm, Shrade!!” Talia hissed, a half-empty bottle of milk in her hand.

Shrade was defensive but did not shy away. “I tried to tell you her lactation conditions aren’t the same! Look what we’ve put her through. She’s stressed! And it’s likely the guy she was with had a positive effect on her production. ”

Rolling her eyes, Talia brushed off his explanations and stepped towards a control terminal near the door. Josh kicked himself for not noticing it earlier. “I’m looking for a solution, not excuses. Her milk is what we need to take over the market.” After typing, she asked Shrade, “You’re sure this new formula will do it?”

KA-CHUNK

Overheard, metallic grinding clattered from the rafters. Josh glanced up to see an industrial sprayer lowering from a track. A hose dyed with a bright pink fluid ran from the wall to a nozzle. The setup reminded him of a sci-fi weapon.

Shrade stared nervously. The sprayer was meant to treat an entire herd of cattle, a fact he was sure Talia was aware of. “It’s extra concentrated like you asked. It should kick her breasts into high gear. I wouldn’t go too heavy though; genetically, she’s already an over-producer and taking up three milking stations as it is.” He felt it necessary to explain once more. “She only needs a light dose; a few drops in a glass of water would honestly be better.”

Talia ignored his warnings. “I don’t tell you how to work your science; don’t tell me how to run my business.”

As she turned several knobs, the sprayer hummed to life. Soon it would be primed with the scientist’s lactation-inducing concoction. Watching from inside her cleavage, the color drained from Josh’s face when it lowered to take aim directly at Katie’s breasts.

What happens next?