

It was another monotonous day at work, and the only reason Rose wasn't losing her mind was precisely because she was so utterly bored that very little actually registered with her at all. She was supposed to be getting work to do, but after wrapping up her tasks for the day about two hours prior and getting absolutely no reply from her direct superior, there was little for the vixen to do beyond sit in her cubicle and pretend to do something useful while actually browsing the internet for whatever random thing happened to catch her attention. It was more mechanical than anything else at that point; she was scrolling through whole pages and opening up over twenty tabs at once without really paying attention to anything in particular, leaving her eyes glazed over and unfocused. The only saving grace was that her workspace was in a corner of the main office area, making it a rarity for anyone to wander close enough to her to actually see what she was looking at. As long as she occasionally checked her email for any official communications, Rose could probably spend the rest of her day doing sweet fuck-all and still get paid for it... and paid quite well, hence why she hadn't looked for any alternatives despite spending most of her days not really doing anything.

At the very least, it gave her plenty of opportunities to stumble onto less-than-reputable websites whenever she clicked somewhere that she really shouldn't, or whenever her workplace's filters failed to catch something in their draconian web. Very rarely, something interesting actually popped up to catch her attention that wasn't yet another trope page being created or some random comic that she felt interested enough to binge on, and while most of the time it was perfectly innocuous, on occasion... it really wasn't. Very rarely did Rose get to think about her kinks while on the clock, usually having better things to do, but after one of the banner ads on the page she was looking at began displaying a selection of models with, quite frankly, *egregiously* oversized breasts in extremely provocative poses, the vixen snapped back to reality and instinctively looked around her to check if no one was looking. The images had provoked an innate, gut reaction in her, one that she very rarely, if ever, got to feel while working, and one which was normally reserved for her private hours at home, when Rose could close the door to her bedroom and enjoy herself in peace.

For a moment, she figured she'd imagined it; there was no way that her workplace's internet filters had allowed *actual* pornographic material to slip through, much less the kind of excessive, size-related kink material that the vixen believed she saw. Yet the more she kept looking at the banner ad, and the more it refused to go away and very much kept getting worse (or better, depending on one's point of view), the more Rose was convinced that she wasn't imagining it. She was, indeed, looking straight at a series of images of plus-sized individuals all proudly displaying curves and proportions that would normally be utterly impossible to achieve in reality without extreme amounts of cosmetic surgery, if even that much, while the ad itself proudly announced the "grand opening" of their "innovative approach to size woes": the oddly appropriately-named "HyperSolutions.com", a site "dedicated to making dreams come true."

It felt cheesy, downright corny, especially for what was effectively going to turn out to be a bunch of poorly-edited photographs and videos of actors and actresses wearing obviously-fake prosthetics while pretending they were the real deal. Rose was no stranger to such things, and usually ignored them in her search for higher-quality artistic productions, but there was something about that banner ad that drew her attention: the models looked *real*. Not just real in the sense that the plastic prosthetics were there, but very much real in the sense that those tits they were carrying, despite obviously *having* to be fake, looked to be perfectly natural and actually attached to them the way they should be. The milk a few of them were leaking didn't appear edited in, and some of the silent video clips showing off the more extreme stuff looked perfectly legitimate and, if Rose was being honest with herself, hot as all hell. It was all probably just camera tricks and some top-notch professional-grade image editing, but it pushed so many of Rose's buttons that the vixen couldn't help but click on it, even if she knew she'd be alerting the IT department by doing so.

She was expecting to land on a garishly-coloured and poorly-put-together front page with very large buttons telling her to pay up to access all the juicy stuff, but instead, she was redirected to a completely black screen with a standard eighteen-plus disclaimer written in eye-searing white; after clicking through it, the website still refused to give her what she was looking for... in a way. Instead, it proudly displayed the message "*We're here for you! HyperSolutions.com is proud to work with its customers to bring the joy of growth and size to everyone we can. Please tell us how we can help!*" in large, bold lettering at the top of the page, followed by a lengthy list of body parts, each one set right next to a slider that took up most of the width of the screen in a straight line. Rose sighed, chuckling quietly to herself as she shook her head; she'd seen stuff like that before, in those terrible Flash "games" asking you to build the "body of your dreams" that inevitably tried to squeeze a trojan into your system. If nothing else, she wasn't surprised; the whole thing was clearly too good to be true.

Still, she went that far, and the computer wasn't even hers anyway, so why turn back now? Why not just go for broke and see what happened when she moved the sliders along; maybe the damned thing would finally let her take a look at what was happening behind all those curtains. Besides, the idea still tickled Rose's brain in *just* the right ways to make her wish it were all true, whatever that even meant; being cursed with a body as flat and plain as hers while her sexual preferences were right on the other side of the size spectrum was difficult at the best of times, so fantasy at least gave her an outlet for her frustrations. As such, the vixen found the slider for her breasts and promptly yanked it all the way from one side of the screen to the other; a small button with a plus symbol appeared next to it, and Rose was about to click on it when suddenly she felt something slam into her ribcage from within, a surge of pressure that almost made her yelp in shock and surprise. She had to put both hands in front of her mouth just to muffle the noises trying to get out, all while the sense of discomfort grew more powerful, the pressure rising to nearly unbearable levels at the same time as her breasts were becoming *immensely* hot. Sweat

poured down her brow, matting her hair against the fur on her forehead, and this didn't get better when she actually looked down at herself.

What used to be a perfectly fitting button-up shirt had suddenly turned into an overstretched piece of fabric that could barely contain two things that the vixen was certain hadn't been there just moments prior: actual tits. It took a moment for her brain to process what it was looking at, but after it put the pieces together and began to really appreciate what it was that was happening to her, Rose's suddenly had to fight back the urge to scream in utter, unbridled glee, to announce to the world that she *finally* had a bust that was worth looking at! Nevermind the fact that it was probably an hallucination or some kind of very long lucid dream, all that really mattered was that she looked down and could see her breasts overflowing from between the buttons on her shirt, struggling against them in their attempt at breaking free from their prison, stretching the cloth out as far as it could go as they packed on pound after pound, cup size after cup size. After a few seconds, Rose even dared to remove her hands from her mouth and place them on her chair's armrests, arching her back forward just enough to really get a good view of her tits as they burgeoned outwards; her first groaned ominously as the fabric itself was torn apart, and within a few moments the first rips made themselves well known, with her soft flesh bulging out from them and inviting any who saw it to get a good grope. By the end, she was left with a set of breasts big enough to cover a good half of her torso, though miraculously her buttons had all survived... so clearly something had to be done about it.

Without even thinking about what she was doing, Rose leaned forward, stifling a moan once she felt her very sensitive and constrained tits smush against the side of her desk, and clicked on the plus sign, hoping that it would give her an extra boost. Instead, it merely reset the slider back to what it used to be... but without actually shrinking her back down to her old size. With her mouth breaking out into a grin that grew wider as the realization set in, the vixen didn't even give the program time to react as she moved the breast size slider back to the other side of the screen, where amazingly enough the plus button showed up again; as this wouldn't nearly be enough to satisfy her, she of course immediately located the lactation slider and, as quickly as possible, gave herself two full run-throughs as well before finally sitting back down and letting her body take the wheel.

Rose's buttons wouldn't last more than ten seconds. The extra upgrade to her bust size, as well as her milkiness being boosted so hard she could *feel* her cream being produced inside of her, the faintest of sloshes audible already if she paid attention to it, made sure that those valiant little things were shot out at such a high speed that one of them even managed to embed itself into the wall of her cubicle, loudly enough to probably attract some attention... not that Rose could really care at that point. All that mattered was bringing her hands over to her bust, squeezing it until her soft flesh overflowed from between her fingers, watching and delighting at how it kept on taking up more and more space on her torso, spilling from her ruined shirt and

straight onto her lap, so massive that the mere thought of having to walk around with those things attached to her was leaving her so giddy as to be unable to thoroughly think of the consequences of her actions. All that mattered was watching herself grow *bigger*, so big in fact that a different perspective was necessary to truly appreciate it.

The vixen got up so quickly that her chair ended up rolling several feet backwards and against a wall; she was surprisingly agile despite the fact that her tits, now that she could see their size properly, were already big enough to reach her waist without losing their perfect shape. But this wasn't enough, no, she had to shove her keyboard out of the way to make room for both of her arms when she leaned forward and kept her upper body at a ninety degree angle with her lower one, leaning down onto her desk from a standing position just so she could enjoy both the sight and the *sensations* of having her tits hang down into thin air, just so she could feel the *weight* of them as they grew and filled. With her forehead firmly on her arms and her eyes fixated on her growing bust, she watched as her tits bloated and swelled, filled and stuffed themselves with milk, so much so that they began to leak openly onto the ground; thin spurts of cream were constantly falling from her teats, which now hung a good distance away from where her flat self used to have them... but this wasn't enough.

Rose turned her attention to the website again, but not to the size slider. There was something about that position she was in, about how much it reminded her of the many milking fantasies that had run through her head, how much it made her look like a dairy cow ready to be drained by industrial-grade machinery, that made her want to *fill*, not just grow. So she took her mouse and clicked the plus sign on the lactation slider before running it back to maximum again... and again... and a fifth time in total, and then a sixth, and then a seventh despite the fact that the warmth in her tits had progressed to full-on heat, and then an eight despite her being in full flow and each nipple leaking like an open faucet, and then a ninth and a tenth. She would've gone for more, hell, Rose probably wouldn't have ever stopped if not for the simple fact that, when she was ready to click on the plus symbol an eleventh time, she felt something: the *floor*.

The vixen didn't want to believe it, but there it was, ready for her to look at once her eyes were wrenched from the screen. Her uncontrolled boosts to her own lactation had forced her breasts to produce so much milk that, even though they were probably flowing with *gallons* of the stuff, they had somehow managed to swell up and inflate with their delicious contents so much that both of her nipples were firmly smushed against the floor. The reason for this was obvious the more she looked at them: her productivity had been boosted to such high levels that she was now permanently stuck growing, no longer needing to increase her size to have her size increased. Inches were added onto her in every direction for every other second that passed, a process that only got "worse" as soon as the vixen snapped from her lactic trance and began giddily adding more and more milkiness to herself via the sliders again. The only thing that truly

could stop her was if someone showed up and outright removed her computer privileges, and even then, who had the power to stop her tits from producing milk? No one, that's who.

“What the fuck?!” someone did indeed end up shouting next to her, immediately snapping Rose back to reality, her eyes going wide and her arousal halting for a couple of seconds, “Rose, wha-what the fuck, Rose, what the hell is going on?!”

The words left her frozen in place, the realization that someone had actually caught her during her expansive growth fantasy bringing Rose crashing back down from her aroused state far more harshly than she would've wanted. Suddenly, it wasn't just her, alone, enjoying her body as it grew to absurd proportions; it was her back at work, having completely let go of any hope of holding onto it by virtue of being unable to control her urges. Off to the side, one of her coworkers was staring at her with their eyes wide open, scanning her burgeoning form as if trying to make sure they too weren't hallucinating, unable to really say or do anything other than what they had already; the vixen, meanwhile, was desperately eyeing everything around her for any means of escape, unfortunately spotting something far different in the process: the sliders had changed.

Or rather, the plus sign next to the lactation one had inexplicably developed a twin, the one coloured differently, and far more alluring than it had any right to be. Figuring that her job was a loss anyway, Rose threw caution at the wind and clicked the newest option... resulting in every other slider suddenly being cut in half; or, more appropriately, the milkiness one *doubling* in size. What this meant was obvious, though Rose wasn't certain whether she should be doing it in her cubicle, given how weighty her tits already were. Then again, it was there, and she wasn't going to be able to resist the need to use it for much longer, so why not skip ahead and ignore all sense of rationality while doing so? She dragged her mouse over to the very edge and then reset the damned thing for another run-through again, having completely forgotten how many times she'd done so already; all Rose knew was that the pressure inside of her bust was so powerful that she couldn't help but moan in response to it, loudly enough that most of the office could probably hear her all the way from the back.

She had to move, but how? All Rose had to do was let herself fall onto her bust and she could use those two enormous milktanks like a plus-sized beanbag already, and they were only growing bigger and fuller with each second that passed. In a moment of desperation, Rose, by that point completely ignoring the throng of coworkers trying to see what was going on, scrolled through the list of options until she found the ones she was looking for, then promptly began the process of sliding them over to the edge and repeating it over and over again once more. In doing so, the jeans she was wearing began to feel tight all over *very* quickly, before the denim began to rip and tear open, large gashes being created by her fattening thighs and swelling ass, until the whole thing just *snapped* like it was absolutely nothing, leaving her trapped between an

immobilizing bust on one side, and a lower body that quickly became couch-sized on the other. Then again, that was the whole plan: give herself legs so big and powerful that they could actually move her from place to place.

Against all sense of reason, it actually worked. Though it still took a significant amount of effort for her to lift her tits off the ground, and even while standing up properly those things *still* scraped against the floor and forced her to physically push them ahead of herself, Rose nonetheless managed to regain mobility... even if it meant her colossal asscheeks clapping loudly with each step she took, and the door to the bathroom being completely ruined once she managed to squeeze herself through it and plopped her colossal bottom on the linoleum. But she did it, and that's all that mattered; somehow, against all odds, Rose had dragged herself all the way over to the women's restroom and now sat in the middle of it, her butt big enough that her head was just a couple of feet from the ceiling, her tits having filled to the point where they were already smushing against it and leaving her feeling like she was about to be crushed by their sheer size. And sure, there was a whole crowd waiting for her outside, but that hardly mattered, because even in her sorry state, Rose had remembered the most important thing: her phone.

No amount of size was going to stop her from getting internet reception on that device, and with it came glorious accessibility to the very same website that had turned her from an unassuming office worker into something more resembling lewd artwork than anything else. Yes, her tits were already beginning to ache from how much they were pushing against the top and bottom of the room she was in, physically pushing her back against the far wall from how much they were filling up; and yes, they were doing so at such a fast pace that despite her nipples looking more like cream-based fire hydrants, she was *still* growing with the sheer amount of fluid build-up inside of her. And finally, *yes*, her ass was so big that there was a hole in the wall where the bathroom door used to be, her thighs thick to the point where she could probably fit her torso in a single one about ten times over. But that wasn't enough.

Because now she had free rein to play with herself.

The phone was very quickly unlocked and the browser opened, the vixen's mind hyper-focused on getting back to the website that had turned her into some sort of milkspllosion-based lifeform; despite her mind being in quite the state of disarray, she still managed to find it again within a single minute, and was very happy to find out that the extra buttons were all there, as was the extra-long lactation slider. *How* that happened to be was anyone's guess, but she wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth; rather, and with the giddiest grin on her face, the vixen decided that she was going to start abusing the living hell out of the lactation slider until she really couldn't anymore. She needn't do anything more after all; her breasts were more than happy to swell up perpetually as long as she was producing milk, so why not make her body do that even better and more efficiently? Why not just keep going until

not only did she completely lose track of how many times *more* she had done so after sitting down in the bathroom to isolate herself, but the browser UI changed once more, with the green plus symbol showing up again? Clicking it did what it had previously: increase the length of the milkiness slider and give Rose even more room to improve herself beyond the limits of mere mortals.

It was more reflex than anything else at that point, with the vixen happily moving the bar over to the right, slamming her finger down on the reset button and then doing it all over again, and again, *and again*, until the very building around her began to crumble and the churning of milk within her bosom began to overpower everything else, even the thoughts in her own head. She couldn't really listen to or focus on anything else, with even the phone having been turned into little more than muscle memory moving her finger from one side to another in order to drown out the whole world... and drown it the old-fashioned way as well, given how much cream and bursting forth from her swollen, person-sized teats. The streets outside were completely covered in a thick blanket of white, the building collapsing all around her as the thick cream infiltrated every nook and cranny and turned everything into a mushy, barely-stable version of itself. The entire city block around her workplace was awash with powerful currents of milk all emanating from where she sat, or rather, where she *lay*; after a while, it was impossible to remain on her comfortable cheeks, given that her tits had simply grown too much for her *not* to be smothered by their immense size, resulting in the vixen slowly being pulled upwards by her own growth, until she was lying down on a dairy throne, two colossal tits that had completely destroyed the office building she used to work in while she was too busy focusing on how big and full she was, and on making herself ever more productive.

It was only after the light of the sun shone on the phone screen, making it harder for her eyes to pick up on where they should direct her slider finger, that Rose returned from her own personal heaven, her brain calling its consciousness back into action to resolve that unfortunate little problem. The vixen couldn't even *fathom* how immense she was, so big that she couldn't even see the curvature of her breasts anymore, so full and stuffed that she could feel ocean-strength currents roiling around inside of her, the sounds so powerful that her ears rang from constant exposure. She was productive enough to substitute the entire planet's dairy industry and *still* she didn't feel like it was enough; why stop now that she'd gotten so far? Why halt her ascension when the browser still worked, and she could still give herself more and more? Feet being gained every second just wasn't sufficient, she needed *yards*, then *miles*, she needed to grow so much that reality itself frayed at the edges!

And she would... just as soon as she covered her phone up to protect it from the sunshine so she knew where to place her finger again. It was only then that she noticed something *new* about the slider, and given what all the surprises had done for her up until that point, it was only natural that she look into what it happened to be that time. There, sitting next to the reset button after she

maxed the damned thing out again, was a red “+1” icon; Rose couldn’t tell what it was supposed to mean, but she *did* know that pluses meant more, and more meant she became milkier, so of course she instantly pressed it without thinking about the consequences. The ensuing sense of pressure made her regret doing so, if only for just a second; the vixen had been feeling that sensation of near-bursting for quite a while at that point, it being part and parcel of the sort of insanely uncontrolled growth spurt she’d arranged for herself, but this one was... different. It reminded her of when the whole thing started, back in the distant time of about ten minutes prior when she was still person-sized and able to sit on a chair; it was the same warmth, the same heat, the same sense of pressure slamming into her ribcage from within, rather than inside of her tits. If Rose were still in possession of her mental faculties, she might’ve guessed what this meant, but in the lust-induced stupor that she was *deeply* stuck inside, the vixen completely failed to notice the second pair of breasts growing in beneath the original one until they began competing for room.

It was almost supernatural how quickly that second row grew in, seemingly possessed of a mind of its own, wanting to match the first rack for size as quickly as it possibly could. And indeed, Rose felt her center of gravity shift massively as her torso was rocked backwards and forwards by the emergence of this brand new bust, leaving her split between two rows of tits that were both just as sensitive, just as productive, just as full, and soon enough, *just as big*. The vixen might not have been able to think about anything that wasn’t the word “more” at that time, but if there was one thing her mind was still capable of processing, it was a growth opportunity; after all, if she was given *more breasts* to work with by virtue of just moving that slider to the right enough times, then clearly all she had to do in order to be given even *more* was keep doing it until her wrist gave up the ghost... which was exactly what she then sought out to do.

There were no more thoughts in that head of hers, just the knowledge that she was growing larger and more productive as time went on and the rhythmic moving and resetting of sliders continued to disproportionately increase her milkiness, until not only was every street in the whole city covered in a several-foot-thick layer of cream, rolling at speeds high enough to move cars like they were made of paper and prayers, but her tits too had become... something bigger than big. They cast a shadow over the downtown area for all of the five or so minutes it had before being overrun, growing outwards until they flattened everything in sight, reducing the city to rubble while the evacuation efforts were just barely keeping ahead of the advancing wall of breastflesh trying to consume everything. More and more milk was given to those titanic orbs, until their growth rate *did* go to yards per seconds, steadily increasing until the first mile was broken and the third came right along; the third set of breasts came in shortly thereafter, just as excessive and just as impossibly pleasurable as the second had been, leaving the vixen thoroughly spent, yet unable to stop herself from giving her body boost after boost, no longer caring about such petty things as having room to grow, or being able to breathe at the kind of altitudes her main body was being pushed to.



This led to a bit of change in perspective though, if only because there was a small part of Rose's mind that wondered if the effects of the sliders were proportionate, and whether or not giving herself a boost to breast size in general would result in her growing so massively more in comparison to the first two she had tried out that the planet itself would be unable to hold her. That was the logic at least, and that was *very much* the motivation as well for her to break the cycle and give her tits a little bit of love for the first time in a while, having to zoom into the tiny little sliders that had been scrunched up against one side of the screen by the lactation one growing so massive.

That was the last thing Rose remembered before blanking out completely, that and the sound of rumbling as her breasts' surface began to quiver and tremble after she gave herself more size with the slider. When she came to, there was nothing around her; she was somewhere warm, somewhere soft, enveloped on all sides by her fur. She couldn't see just how impossibly enormous she had made herself, couldn't see how the growth spurt had been enough to jettison her out of the planet and into orbit, couldn't see how her now-*four* rows of tits had become *sun-blotting* to the point where her torso had been buried beneath them, nor the jets of milk that threatened to strip away the atmosphere as they continued to grow in intensity. No, the only thing she could see was her phone.

And the lack of reception.