

Best Served with Milk  
**Caution: contains popping**

Leigh sighed, releasing all of her tension after a stress-filled day at the lab. Her girlfriend, Sammy, was sitting beside her on a bench, looking out at the park, eyes wandering and watching those enjoying their summer.

“It feels nice to get out of the house for a while, doesn’t it?” Sammy asked, closing her eyes and leaning her head back, letting her long brown hair hang.

“You’re telling me. Sometimes I feel like there’s no nature left after I spend so many hours at work! It’s all just fluorescent lights and technology.” Leigh vented, leaning her head on Sammy’s shoulder. It gave her a clear view down her blouse, the meeting of two perky, well-sized breasts greeting her.

The sound of a jogger’s footfall approached them, and Sammy lifted her head, turning it as she watched the young woman run past them. She was gone within a few seconds, Sammy’s attention returning.

“You could be a little less obvious, you know...” Leigh said solemnly.

“What?”

“You were ogling that jogger! Tell me, was it the tits or the ass? I never know with you.” Sammy chuckled a little, her chest jiggling slightly for Leigh, but it only soothed her a little. “You know me, I’m a boob-girl through and through!”

Leigh didn’t think it was so funny, remaining quiet.

“Oh, come on. It’s not like I asked for her number or anything! How could I not look when she’s got them packed up in a neon orange sports bra like that?? Might as well be twirling a sign that says ‘Look at these Knockers!’” Sammy tried to defend herself, but it was doing little good.

Leigh sighed again. “Yea, I know how you are...” She sat up away from her girlfriend, feeling the moment ruined now.

It wasn’t the first time something like this had happened. Nor was it the second, third, or fourth. In fact, Leigh had almost come to expect her partner’s eyes to go straight towards any ample pair of boobs that came their way. In and of itself that wasn’t such a bad thing; humans were sexual creatures, Leigh knew that and understood. She herself was guilty of ogling other women every now and again.

But lately it had begun to be more than just a few passing glances. Sometimes it turned into commenting, others it turned into actions directed at the target. On more than a few occasions in the past few months, Leigh had found herself listening to Sammy flirt with other women while still holding her hand. And sometimes she didn’t even give her that courtesy. It was becoming downright insulting, the way Sammy ignored her for a more well-endowed girl.

Leigh couldn’t blame Sammy for liking large breasts. She herself found great joy in squeezing a nice pair of tits, or laying her head on them. But her recent behavior had made her

feel insecure about her own bra size. Her 30B breasts were perky, but regrettably small. And Sammy rarely let her forget it. It was beginning to feel like an emotionally abusive relationship for Leigh.

“You know, if you were to go up a few cup sizes I wouldn’t lose attention so easily!” Sammy laughed, elbowing Leigh.

It wasn’t so much of a joke for her. “I’m not getting implants.”

“Woah! Who said anything about that?” Sammy said defensively, “I was just saying! Growth spurts happen, you know!”

Leigh crossed her arms. “I shouldn’t need a *growth spurt* for my girlfriend to find me attractive.”

“You are attractive! You’re five feet of cuteness. But is it such a crime to want a nice rack every now and then?”

“Yes! When you put me down in the process! And aren’t yours big enough for you? Why do you need to always flirt with every bit of cleavage that walks by??” Leigh could feel her anger starting to bubble.

Sammy actually laughed, seeming to ignore the important parts of what Leigh had just voiced. “You know why! It’s much more fun to play with someone else’s toys than your own.”

This wasn’t the first time they had had a conversation like this. Leigh could feel it gearing up very quickly to a fight, but it usually took some time before Sammy actually let any emotions through her wall of humor. Silently she wondered how much longer the two of them had together, if it was even worth the effort anymore.

Sammy seemed to pick up on Leigh’s seriousness. She leaned over and looked at her girlfriend, seeming apologetic. “Hey, come on. I’m sorry, you know I’m just messing around with stuff like this... Why don’t we go home and we can play around with your kiddie toys a little?” Sammy’s hand approached Leigh’s side and gently groped her right breast through her shirt.

Leigh shoved Sammy’s hand away, infuriated at this point. She quickly stood up. “God you’re *dense!*” Leigh turned and started walking away.

“Where are you going??” Sammy asked, feeling hurt.

“On a walk,” Leigh declared, trying not to let her voice falter. She felt at her wits end, and often wondered why she stuck around. Usually she found the answer to be their history together. But she knew that was a garbage reason to stay with anyone.

Sammy watched her walk away, shrugging to herself. They lived within walking distance of the park, and there was still plenty of daylight left. She returned to her people watching, mostly watching women.

A week passed and the tension loosened between Leigh and Sammy as it usually did. So long as they didn’t spend much time together in public, there didn’t seem to be many issues with

Sammy's behavior. But Leigh knew that was a terrible thing to let fester in a relationship. Most often, she was able to distract herself with her work. Although always full of new, exciting breakthroughs in medical science, it often left her tired and beat. It didn't leave much energy for emotion or issues at home. Which is why what she found in their closet drove her to an extreme she didn't know she was capable of.

Leigh had just come home from work, finding the house empty. It had been a particularly stressful day at work, but she had managed to get home at a reasonable time, with enough daylight left for a relaxing run. The thought calmed her a bit; she hadn't been able to get out and run every day since college nearly six years ago. Now she was lucky to fit a run in once every two weeks. Although with her wage they managed to live fairly comfortably, complete with a small pool outback, so the trade off wasn't bad.

She undressed quickly, before finding herself naked without any running clothes to put on. "Not like I need a sports bra anyway..." she said, putting herself down. Leigh shook her head, throwing the thought aside. She couldn't keep letting Sammy do this to her.

On the way to the closet, she looked at herself in the mirror. Leigh thought she was cute, if nothing else. Her hair was short and brunette, barely to her shoulders. Two pert breasts sat on her otherwise flat torso, but led beautifully into her trim tummy. Her thighs had decided to stay toned as if she still ran regularly, and she was thankful for that everyday.

"I'm a catch!" she told herself confidently, posing for herself.

Leigh grinned, turning into their shared closet, thinking her shorts and sports bra must be buried in a dark corner. They were. Unfortunately they were buried under something else.

She had almost tossed it aside, assuming it to be Sammy's. But then she stopped, holding it up. Before her was one of the largest bras she had ever seen. She looked at the tag.

"36G..." she awed, feeling her pulse change pace. "Too big for Sammy..." Sammy was only a D cup. And the thought of this being a long lost bra of Leigh's was laughable, even to her.

That only left one possibility; it belonged to someone else. She sat down on the carpet as it fully hit her.

Leigh didn't have to think very long about what this meant. Her vision seemed cloudy with images of the life they had built up over the past few years, crumbling and falling away like a broken wall. Her heart sank; Sammy had cheated on her.

She felt devastated for a moment. Sad and neglected, betrayed.

But then something else flared in her chest: rage. *If Sammy likes busty women so much, why doesn't she leave me and get herself a nice cow?!* Leigh was beginning to see this as the final push she needed to leave her, and she was finally beginning to realize that all she had ever needed a just little push. This giant bra in her hands was the answer.

Her mind began to flood with how she would confront Sammy. Maybe nail it to their front door? Send it to her in a package with a note saying 'we're over.'? The infinite possibilities almost made her want to laugh, sitting naked in her closet. But then inspiration struck.

“No...” Leigh breathed, setting the bra down. “Just saying ‘goodbye’ is too good for her.”

She buried the bra in its original spot, making sure to make the location appear undisturbed. Quickly she got dressed and grabbed her keys. Leigh was going to her lab, thoughts of revenge taking root inside her.

Saying Leigh’s work was experimental would be putting it lightly. The pills, ointments, and formulas she dealt with on a daily basis would be considered revolutionary by many, which is why her company kept most of its work under such tight restrictions. But Leigh felt this was a good reason to let a certain product finally have a human tester. Specifically, Sammy.

She almost giggled as she flipped the switches on in her lab. Leigh was well aware of the cameras watching from every corner, and took care to remember the janitor she had passed on the way in. She would be fast, and they wouldn’t notice a few tiny samples missing.

Leigh rolled a small vial over in her palm, filled with a thick yellowish fluid. She stifled a laugh. “So you like big tits, Sammy?” she whispered, putting the vial in her bag. “Well I hope you like them *giant*, because with this you’re going to find yourself having a growth spurt of your own!”

She almost felt mad, bordering maniacal. Few times did it cross Leigh’s mind if this was the right thing to do. She was seeing red, and believed that Sammy deserved what she was about to get.

Of the many projects Leigh was apart of, one of them concerned chemically altering the metabolism and mammary glands of animals. Specifically cows. The goal was to help them produce larger quantities of milk by way of absorbing water more efficiently through the body. Incredibly, they had seen instances of skin pores absorbing water to aid the milk production. It was groundbreaking work that would revolutionize the farming industry, Leigh believed.

But right now, it was about to revolutionize Sammy. Leigh was about to leave, when she spied a second rack of vials on the shelf, these filled with a light pink fluid. A smile crept across her face, threatening to break it in half. *I must be going insane from anger, because this has never seemed so tempting as it has now...*, she thought.

Leigh snatched one of the vials, throwing it into her bag alongside the other. Something told her it would be the perfect cherry on top of what she had planned for Sammy.

“I’m home!” Sammy called, walking in the door, “What’s for dinner? Smells great.”

“I thought I might make us some salmon tonight, haven’t had it in a while...” Leigh responded from the kitchen.

“Mmmm, you sure know how to treat a lady.”

Leigh had to stop herself from snickering. *You bet I know how to treat a lady; though more of a cheating bitch in this case.*

Leigh served Sammy's plate to the table, and before she could turn around with her own helping of food she saw Sammy eagerly eating away. Her eagerness made Leigh smile. *That's it, eat it all up...*

"You really outdid yourself on this fish, Babe!" Sammy complimented through a full mouth. "This a new sauce recipe?"

"It is actually! I thought I might try a little brown sugar..."

"Well you should do it more often! Tastes delicious."

Leigh slowly worked through her dinner, making sure to watch Sammy clean her plate. There was no turning back now; the formula she had slipped into Sammy's food wouldn't take long before it started taking affect, altering her DNA. Then the real fun would start.

Sammy belched loudly, leaning forward onto the kitchen table and pressing her breasts up. The sight of her deep cleavage excited Leigh, but she had to remember not to be pulled into it; she was on a mission. Sammy was the enemy, the cheater, the unfaithful.

"Why don't you go upstairs and take a shower? We can relax after that and watch a movie maybe. I'll be your pillow..." Leigh offered, trying to sound as excited about physical contact with Sammy as possible. It was about all she could do to resist slapping her across the face.

Sammy laughed, "Oh were you planning on wearing a padded bra?"

Leigh scowled at her, perhaps too sternly, and Sammy shied away a little.

"Heh, sorry, long day at work. Shower sounds great; I'll be down in a bit."

Leigh busied herself with the dishes while Sammy made her way to the shower. A maniacal grin spread over her face when she heard the water start to run. "Show time...!" Leigh giggled. Although the effects would be relatively small this soon after consuming the formula, there should still be a difference. And it would only grow.

Twenty minutes passed of Leigh listening to the shower run while sitting on the couch. When she heard the flow stop, she was almost dismayed not to have heard a scream. *In time...*, she consoled herself.

Sammy approached down the hall, wearing pajama shorts and a tank-top, her dark hair wrapped in a towel. Leigh smiled slightly, her eyes locked on Sammy's chest; they were larger, and had a bit more jiggle to them. "Lookin' good!"

"Oh, thanks; this top shows off my best features, I think!" Sammy agreed, posing and squeezing both her boobs. She seemed to hesitate for a minute, her face looking thoughtful. But it was gone as quick as it came.

*Oh, what is it? Feeling a little swollen?* Leigh thought. This was going to be a fun couple of days. "Come here! One of us needs a pillow!"

"Guess I'm the only one for the job, too!"

*You're so full of yourself.*

Sammy sat beside her, gesturing for Leigh to lay over. She complied, resting her head and hand on Sammy's breasts. She gave it a test squeeze. Definitely bigger, if only slightly. Absolutely no turning back now.

"You're looking kinda big there, Sam!" Leigh giggled, poking her boob.

"Hey, easy!" Sammy cried out, "They do seem a bit swollen. Just a little tenderness is all; retaining water or something."

Leigh had to fight an incredible urge to laugh. She was in this for the long game; to reveal herself now would be denying her the justice she rightfully deserved. So she waited.

Leigh knew she wouldn't have long to wait, though. When it came down to it, there are very few days when a person *won't* come into contact with water. Between showering, washing their hands, drinking throughout the day, and even swimming, she knew Sammy would start noticing the effects very soon. It would become undeniable.

Which was why Leigh was so happy when the weather called for heavy showers the next day. That hadn't even been part of her plan, but she was ecstatic that fate had smiled upon her. She chose not to tell Sammy, fully knowing she would never check the forecast on her own. It was just one more thing she had come to use Leigh for. Not any more.

The next day, while Leigh toiled away in her lab, her mind on other things, Sammy went to her job as a receptionist at a local dentist. It wasn't the most high paying job, but dental work came incredibly cheap. It was a nice perk.

Sammy had noticed a particular bounce in her step that morning. Her bra didn't seem to want to sit right, and her button-up blouse felt constricting. Although she found herself still modest enough to wear it to work. Swelling happens all the time.

It was a slow morning. The most excitement she had seen was a mom with a young boy throwing a fit. He couldn't have been older than five, and he had made it his mission that everyone within a five-mile radius knew that he didn't want to go to the dentist.

"Brat..." Sammy said under her breath, trying to ignore the wails coming from down the hall.

"Sam, could you come in here for a minute?" her boss, Dr. Chase called. The patients must be done. Among her duties was the responsibilities of being present for the diagnosis of any necessary dental work so she could make the next appointment.

Grabbing the young boy's file, she stood from her chair and found the group of three in a small room. The boy sat angrily in the chair, his arms crossed.

"Thank you, Sam," the doctor said, turning to the mother.

"Now, Mrs. Warmel, it looks like Jon is going to need three fillings."

"*Three??*" she asked, as if it was unheard of that her son could possibly never brush his teeth.

Sammy marked it down in his folder, checking possible dates for a follow-up appointment. Jon caught her eye as he started fidgeting, finding the dental tools beside him.

"Hey, kid, leave those alone," Sammy said absentmindedly.

“Shut up,” Jon snapped, not even looking at her.

“I know three is a lot, but it only shows how much sugar he eats and how little he brushes.” Dr. Chase said.

“But he tells me he brushes every night! And they’re just baby teeth...”

The adults continued to speak, while Jon became more involved with the tools. He grabbed one of the tools connected to a long hose, looking at it.

“I said leave those alone!” Sammy said, trying to use her best stern voice.

“And I said shut up! Bimbo.”

Sammy felt like she actually took a step backwards, the force of this young boy’s words hit her so hard. But it quickly subsided. She stepped forward. “Put it down.”

“Make me.”

What happened next could only be described as something out of a sitcom. While the doctor continued his chat, Sammy lunged at Jon, trying to pry the dental instrument from his hand. If he hurt himself or damaged it, she would likely be the one held responsible.

“Let go!” she whispered as loudly as she could without drawing his mother’s attention. No wonder this kid had cavities; he was rotten to the core.

“No!” he hissed at her. She felt him tighten his grip, and Sammy found herself gurgling and spitting as water flooded out the end, washing over her face and down her front.

She stepped back, Jon keeping his hold on the trigger, drenching Sammy’s front completely. Rage flared inside of her. “*Turn it off!*”

She had said this loud enough that the doctor’s words stopped. The mother looked, and instantly sprang into action.

“*Jon!*” she cried out, “Turn that off right now!!”

Defeated, Jon dropped the tool, letting it clatter to the floor. “She told me to...”

“I’ve never heard such an outright lie. Ms., I’m so sorry...” his mother said, turning to Sammy.

She felt like a mess. Her hair was wet and clinging to her face, and her entire front was dripping in the chilly water, making her nipples rise to attention and harden through her bra. She gritted her teeth; Jon deserved every cavity he had and more. She shook her hands off, after wiping them down her front. The faint color of her breasts could be seen coming through the soaking white fabric, the dark line of her cleavage even more visible.

“It’s alright... Kids, you know...” Sammy tried to repress her anger. She didn’t get paid enough for this.

“Well it wouldn’t have happened if we hadn’t even come here,” Jon said, determined to take none of the blame. He looked once more at Sammy before turning away. But his gaze turned back quickly in a double take.

Sammy felt like her clothes had grown even more restrictive than before. Her boobs had a certain heft to them that felt new, and her bra cup was making an indent just above each of her

nipples. *Woah... Haven't felt that since high school...* Sammy noticed, remembering her development years.

She felt three pairs of eyes on her, and began to feel embarrassed. Dr. Chase coughed, "Ahem, Sam, why don't you go clean up a bit. You can take an early lunch if you would like. I can handle the desk, it's a light day."

She jumped at the chance. "Thanks!" Quickly she turned and made for the ladies room. Looking in the mirror, she definitely saw a difference in her clothes. Small gaps between the buttons of her blouse had bloomed, the soft curves of her breasts visible peeking out, outlined by her beige bra. She grabbed a few towels, dabbing at her front.

There was an unfamiliar resistance under her fingers as she pat at her tits, like an increased weight. They felt like they were filling up the entire space in her shirt, pushing tightly against the fabric. "What the..." she wondered, grasping each of them.

They felt bigger to her, by at least two cup sizes. "You girls all right?" she asked them, jiggling them as if in test. Even their jiggle felt different. Sammy remembered high school again, and how quickly her breasts development had happened. It had seemed like they came in overnight, and everyday felt like a new balancing challenge.

She giggled a little. "Well, a girl can't complain when she's gifted a few extra cups!" Sammy willingly accepted them. "Plus this wet blouse isn't exactly helping. Dumb kid."

She towelled off as best she could, before exiting the restroom and heading for the car. She frowned.

The sky was dark and menacing. Rain was a guarantee, the only question was when. Off in the distance, Sammy could see the diner she ate at for lunch everyday, only a half mile down the road.

After another glance at the sky, she decided to risk it. It was a quick enough walk, and to her relief she made it to lunch without feeling so much as a drop. Although the lack of sunshine did little to help dry her clothes. They had turned damp and chilly. She shivered, feeling her nipples still prodding into her bra.

But by the end of lunch, she was starting to feel cursed. Her blouse had taken the entire hour to dry. She was just paying the check when she heard thunder boom outside. Her shoulders slouched as she saw the air grow thick with falling drops, the shower becoming a torrent. "Great..."

She had to make a run for it. Sammy stepped outside, waiting under the overhang of the diner with a slim hope that it would let up. It didn't; the rain grew only stronger, fat drops smacking into the concrete. With a heavy sigh and a tight chest, she stepped out into the rain.

It was wetter than a shower. Gutters had already begun to flow with runoff, and cars were spraying curtains of wetness from their sides. Sammy's clothes and hair were wetter than before after only a few seconds. "Fucking summer storms," she swore.

She began lightly trotting, trying to keep as quick of pace as her heels would allow. *A twisted ankle would be the cherry on top for today.*



Her blouse and skirt clung to her body like plastic wrap. She knew her bra was completely visible through the fabric, and her new bust definitely wasn't helping, as much as she welcomed her new F cups. The thought helped a little, as she wondered what Sandra would think of them. She only thought second about what Leigh would think of them. It didn't much matter to her, not when she was planning on leaving Leigh for Sandra soon.

Her thoughts were cut short when she was doused in a giant spray from a passing car, drenching her like only a wall of ten gallons worth of water could. She cursed again, giving in and slowing her pace to a walk. There was no point in getting back fast now; there was no part of her body left dry.

She grumbled, "I'm getting back and getting out of these underwear. Maybe this bra too. Or maybe I'll just strip to nothing, get a nice raise from the good doctor." He didn't know about her lesbian tendencies.

Her breasts still remained on her mind. Every step they reminded her of their new heaviness. It almost seemed to be increasing ever so slowly. Her blouse felt like rope around her bust in a few places, and the wind was blowing freely between the buttons. *Guess I'm prepared with flotation devices if I'm caught in a flash flood!*

Finally, Sammy reached her office. She stood outside, wringing out her hair and whatever clothes she could before entering, but it didn't help much. She had never been more glad that her dental office closed at 2 on Friday. After this, Sammy was ready for a relaxing weekend.

Dr. Chase was waiting for her in the lobby, and his eyes widened when he saw her sopping wet and dragging her feet. "It's really coming down out there, huh?"

"Just a bit, doc," she spat. Her breasts were sore and tender. Her bra was definitely not going to work with their new size, most likely this blouse had seen its final day as well.

She walked behind the counter, passing by her boss and sitting heavily in her chair. Her butt made a soggy smacking sound on the leather, and her body squeaked as she moved.

Dr. Chase seemed to be trying to avert his eyes, blushing slightly. Sammy knew she must look ridiculous; she looked nearly topless from her blouse, a prime candidate for any wet t-shirt contest. "You're clothes...are uh...pretty wet there..."

Sammy sighed, hearing a stitch pop as she tried to breathe in fully. "You don't say?" She huffed, and sat back into her chair, feeling light headed. Her breasts jiggled from the force, and she could feel her nipples rubbing against the ridge of her bra cups. The girls desperately wanted out, deep tingling and stirring sensations filling them. Wrinkles were forming from the tension in her shirt, streaking across her bust and back, making sharp indents in her burgeoning curves.

She sighed again, "You know, doc, I--"

*PING!!*

A button burst from her front.

*PING!!*

Followed by another. They ticked softly against the carpet, rolling away. Dr. Chase's eyes bulged as he saw Sammy's chest billow out, finally released from its confines. Her blouse splayed open, opening down past the bottom of her bra, a full view of her overstuffed cleavage spilling out and over her bra like a wave. Her bra band had begun to rise from her ribcage, her breasts taking it out with them in their swelling.

Sammy couldn't believe her eyes. "T-Those...are more than F cups..." she stammered, looking down at the canyon before her. Her tits had engorged well past her estimated F, approaching H or I, nearing the size of her head. She gulped, seeing their surfaces streaked with a map of light-blue veins. They wobbled as if full, threatening to pop her bra too if she tested them.

The doctor quickly turned his head. "Sam, why don't you go home early today?"  
Sam was happy to oblige.

Leigh came home that night to a house brimming with a tense atmosphere. It set upon her like a pile of wet sand. She knew instantly that the rain had played its role. Looking around the corner cautiously, she found Sammy sitting on the couch glaring at her phone. Her head turned to her, as if waiting.

"Why didn't you tell me it was supposed to rain today?!" Sammy accused, "I got drenched on my walk back from lunch!"

Leigh giggled slightly, "I'm sorry, I thought you saw it...!"

"It's not funny," Sammy said sternly, trying to kill her laughter.

"It kind of is; how hard is it to look at the weather in the morning?"

"*It's not funny!!*" Sammy snapped. "My shirt got soaked and two buttons flew off! I might as well have flashed the doctor!" She stood up now, walking over to Leigh. Sammy was in her pajama bottoms with a baggy sweatshirt covering her top. Even with it, Leigh could see an obvious and surprising surge in her growth.

"Sammy...something seems different about you..." Leigh observed, playing dumb. "Have you wore that sweatshirt recently? I don't remember it."

Sammy chuckled. "Yea, something is different. My tits are bigger." She simply stated, as if annoyed.

"Oh no *way!* Let me see!" Leigh exclaimed, playfully jumping at her girlfriend. She was more excited to see how well her formula was working; it would be a great indicator for what's to come.

Sammy pulled her sweatshirt over her head, the bottom hem pulling tightly around her bust as it stretched over them. With a soft *flop!*, they fell against her torso, firm and upright, rivaling the size of Sammy's head.

Leigh gaped. "Woah..." Even she had been surprised. It was only the second day, and a heavy rain shower had turned Sammy's breasts into a pair of true udders.

Her nipples looked plump and permanently erect, sky-blue veins running away from them and over her mounds. Each nipple was easily the size of a thimble, centered on areolas resembling silver dollars. They looked absolutely full, their slow wobbling looking like heavy pendulums. Although only Leigh knew that they were, in fact, literally ballooning with milk, each ounce of water Sammy consumed or absorbed through her skin adding to her fill.

Technology is a beautiful thing.

Sammy squeezed them greedily. “Nice, right? Dr. Chase had about the same expression earlier when my shirt burst open.” She seemed almost proud of her incredible amount of growth. For a moment, Leigh wondered if her plan was going to backfire, but quickly dismissed the idea.

“They’re *massive*!!”

“A pure pair of H cup knockers!” Sammy cooed.

Leigh reached out to touch one, genuinely curious about how they felt, and Sammy shied away. “Hey hey hey, you can look, but you can’t touch. All this growth my body has been doing has them a little sore. They feel kind of tight.”

“Oh, darn...” Leigh faked, before decided to really pour it on. “Can’t believe you’re boobs are growing and I’m still stuck with mine at B cups...” Leigh pouted.

Sammy puffed her chest out, full of pride. “Well, you know how it is. Some women were just meant to be busty! We can’t all be lucky.”

Leigh really couldn’t wait for tomorrow. “You know it’s supposed to be a nice day tomorrow, why don’t we spend it working on our tan? You can test out those new puppies in a bikini!” She knew Sammy wouldn’t be able to resist a chance to show herself off. She had dropped her sweatshirt long ago, and looked to have no plans to put it back on. If there was one thing Sammy loved, it was flaunting her tits. And their near-tripled size only magnified that.

“I love it! That’s the best idea either of us have had since you getting implants.”

That fueled the fire in Leigh, making it burn all the brighter. “I’ve told you, I’m not getting implants.”

“Yea, I know. Probably best; no way they would look as good as these. Or be as big, for that matter!” Sammy laughed, enjoying her new weighty jiggle.

*Just you wait, you damn cheat. You’ll get the tits you deserve, I promise.* Leigh laughed along, sucking it up for only one last night.

The following day, Leigh and Sammy strolled outside into the hot summer sun, clad in their bikinis. Sammy’s was comically too small, her breasts bulging out of it at every corner, including a hefty amount of under-boob. She seemed to be enjoying the look, as if it affirmed her endowment.

Leigh sat down on a lawn chair, opening a book. Sammy waltzed past her.

“Think I’ll take the girls out for a swim real quick! See if I can even keep myself underwater!” Sammy laughed, stepping into the pool. Leigh almost couldn’t believe it. It was too

easy. She waited with bated breath, her heart beat strong and fast. It wouldn't be long until the real show began.

Sammy started swimming. Their pool wasn't very big, about three times as large as a standard hot tub, and the deepest it ever got was only four feet. But it was good for a refreshing lap or two every now and again.

For the first few minutes, Sammy simply relaxed and floated on her back, letting her breasts rise above the water as if they were two whales about to breach, warped by the bikini fighting to hold her bulges back. Leigh felt sorry for her top, it was innocent in this fight. It didn't deserve what was going to happen to it.

Soon Sammy flipped over, and tried performing a few laps. She wasn't that great of a swimmer, doing no more than a weak doggy paddle, and her lap times were slow. But each one seemed slower than the last. It was quickly becoming obvious to Leigh, Sammy's breathing growing loud and labored. Sammy had begun to feel light headed again, although on a much more intense level from yesterday. Her entire chest tingled like a hundred fingers were prodding and poking it.

Suddenly Sammy gasped, her swim was cut short. The tingling was still there, but it had risen to a much more intense level; she could tell this was something different. With a great effort, Sammy grabbed the side of the pool for support, not finding the strength to stand up out of the water. The tingling in her tits had now turned to a tightness, and was only increasing. It felt as if they were churning on the inside. Her bikini felt like it was constraining her more than ever, the straps digging in around her back and into her bust.

"W-What's going on...?" she moaned, looking at her chest under the water, "What's happening to me??" Leigh grinned happily from behind her book, ready to move. Sammy found herself having a difficult time keeping above the water, her strength was flowing out from her, and her top felt like it was about to snap. She began to panic. "I-I need out!" she cried out weakly.

With great effort, Sammy tried pulling herself out, but stopped at the sight in front of her. Her breasts rolled out of her bikini, well past the size of basketballs, and bounced tightly onto the cold concrete. Her top, much too small to contain them, rested taut as her sides, her curves still swelling outwards as the water ran off them.

"My *tits*!!!" Sammy cried out, seeing them jiggle before her. She could feel them growing, feeling like a warm pressure was building up inside of her, pushing against the fleshy mounds that continued to bulge outwards. "L-Leigh! Something's wrong!" she cried out for help.

Leigh didn't put the book down. "What is it? There a bug in the water?"

"No! I-It's my boobs! They feel...feel like their filling up! My chest feels so tight and full!" Sammy bit her lip as her nipples puffed out, wildly erect and firm. She groaned, unable to hold it back as she could feel them throb. They were as thick as her thumb, and were begging to be twisted.

Leigh looked over the top of her book. Sammy was leaning over the pool for dear life, drained of energy while her mammaries produced their milk. *Perfect*. She sprang into action. “Oh shit! Sammy! What’s going on??” Leigh cried out, grabbing something she had stashed from between the pages of her book and jumping up from the chair. She ran over, grabbing Sammy’s arms.

“I...I don’t know... It’s like they just won’t stop growing...” Sammy said weakly.

Leigh hefted her out of the pool, her engorged tits pressing into her as she did. They truly were getting large now. *It’s a start*, Leigh thought. Together, they walked over to a chair, and Sammy sat down heavily. Her chest had swelled out to wild proportions, now wider than her own torso, their bottoms reaching to just below her elbows. Her skin looked taut, tightly moving as her breathing came out in gasps.

“Thank you...Leigh...” Sammy wheezed, “I don’t know what’s go---” She stopped short as she felt Leigh grab her wrists.

*ZIIIIIP*

*ZIIIIIP*

Sammy tried to move, but found her arms bound behind the chair. “What...what are you doing...??” she cried out weakly, her strength starting to return now that she was out of the water.

Leigh walked in front of her, holding some zip ties in her hand. Calmly she knelt down and zip tied Sammy’s ankles to the chair legs.

*ZIIIIIP*

*ZIIIIIP*

“L-Leigh??” Sammy asked nervously, “What’s going on??”

She turned her head to follow Leigh as she remained silent, walking behind Sammy to the house. She heard the sound of their hose being turned on, and for some reason it sent chills down her spine. “Leigh, please, I don’t know what you’re doing, but I need to get to the hospital! My chest is *enormous!*”

Leigh walked in front of her, holding the trigger for their hose nozzle in her hand. She smiled. “Nonsense! You *love* having big ‘ol tits, right??”

“L-Leigh, I--”

“In fact, let’s make them a bit bigger, shall we?” Leigh squeezed, flooding Sammy with cold water. The torrent continued for only a few seconds before she turned it off, revealing a coughing Sammy, dripping wet.

“*What are you doing??*” Sammy screamed. She opened her mouth as if to scream again, but her words disappeared as her eyes widened.

Both Leigh and Sammy watched as her bust grew another two inches larger, swelling out from her body. Sammy’s eyes grew almost as large as her nipples, watching her chest become like a pair of beach balls.

Her anger seemed replaced by fear and confusion. “What’s happening...?” she slowly asked.

“So you like big boobs, huh? Big, giant titties?!” Leigh screamed at her. Sammy seemed taken aback by her sudden outburst.

“What are you talki--”

“*Tits!* Here, have some more!” Leigh yelled, spraying her quickly again.

“AaaaAAH!” Sammy yelled, watching her bust swell slightly. She was started to see the patterns in her growth, and was becoming very frightened.

“No need to hide it! We both know you *love* them! Right?! You love having a giant pair of knockers! Proud of them even.”

“I-I”

“In fact, you love them so much that you’re willing to cheat on me with someone who is more well-endowed!!” Leigh was fuming, and could feel her face burning red.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about!” Sammy quickly yelled. Too quickly.

Leigh turned the hose on full blast, drenching her for ten seconds before giving her relief. She walked away as Sammy began screaming, watching her tits swell incredibly large, their bottoms now hanging just above her thighs. Their sides had begun to push into the arm rests of the chair, giving them an awkward indent. Sammy clenched her hands into fists, her breasts swelling faster than ever before. The feeling of her skin stretching was almost intoxicating, but Sammy knew she was in a bad situation.

“You...” Sammy coughed, “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Leigh appeared again, throwing the bra at Sammy’s feet, not saying a word.

“That’s mine,” Sammy said, dismissing it.

“Liar!” Leigh sprayed her again, grinning as her growth made the chair creak.

“Ok ok! Yes! I cheated on you! I met her at a bar, and--” Sammy’s words were replaced by coughing and sputtering.

“I don’t care what happened. I don’t care who she is, or how big her damn boobs are. What I do care about, is making sure I make you as big as possible.”

Sammy stared at her for a moment, while Leigh watched it all fall into place in her mind. “You...? You did...whatever this is??” Sammy cried out, trying to struggle but finding it impossible. Tight ripples ran over her overblown beach balls.

Leigh smiled. “Guilty. Never piss off a scientist, Sammy. You just might find yourself...overflowing with their knowledge.” She sprayed her again, not much, but enough. Sammy could feel a deep churning inside her bosom, a swirling massiveness that was growing in intensity. Her skin grew ever tighter.

“Stop it! Please, stop it! My chest is too big, Leigh! I’m sorry about what I did, but this is too far! Really, I feel like my tits are filling up! There’s a pressure!!” Sammy’s face changed as she felt a warm sensation on the front of her chest, contrasting the chilly hose water.

“Oh, well would you look at that? You’re leaking.” Leigh told her.

Sammy began moving her head, desperately trying to see what was going on, but the tops of her breasts covered any view of her legs. A warmth felt like it was streaming over them, and soon a dripping sound could be heard under her chair. Sammy craned her neck, and saw a puddle of a white substance. “M-Milk??”

“Courtesy of my formula, and good old H2O!” Leigh laughed. She pointed the hose at Sammy’s chest.

“O-Ok, that’s enough, Leigh. I said I was sorry! I-I’m seriously getting tight!”

“Ooooh, but you love big boobs so much...” Leigh pretended to pout, before spraying her for a full twenty seconds.

Sammy sputtered, coughing out the water and shaking it from her face, before filling with dread. “Aaaaaaahhh!! No no no no no!! I...I can feel...” she moaned, biting her lip, “feel them swelling! Oh it’s so tight!!”

A pool had formed in her squished cleavage, and she watched as it seemed to disappear into her, her chest bubbling out in response. The chair began to creak loudly as her tits ballooned to massive proportions, completely filling her lap and overflowing the arm rests. Her nipples surged and pulsed, their leaking growing in strength, each one like a half can of soda.

“Did I hear a moan there?” Leigh asked, teasing her engorged girlfriend. She sprayed her quickly again.

“P-Please...mmmgh...” Sammy tried to say, “The pressure... It’s really building up, Leigh! I-I’m *huge!*” Deep veins were coursing over her curves.

Leigh giggled. “Well I really do need to hand it to you, Sam! You were right about one thing; it really is more fun to play with someone else’s *toys!*” Leigh reached out and squeezed one of her nipples, big enough to fill her hand and squeeze through her fingers. Sammy moaned loudly, her eyes fluttering. “All that estrogen inside of you must be doing *wonders* for your sensitivity! But I have one last surprise for you.”

Sammy looked at her, terrified. Leigh reached into the side of her bikini bottoms, pulling out the small vial of pink liquid. She coughed a little after drinking it in one gulp, before looking down at her own chest and smiling.

“W-what did you just take?” Sammy asked, buried behind her tits.

“A very fast acting formula! Much like the one I slipped you yesterday, as a matter of fact...” Leigh giggled. “But there’s one key difference between the two. Your tits will always be like this, always blowing up bigger and bigger with milk from the water you encounter. It’s part of your DNA now. Have fun showering, by the way.”

Sammy looked like she was about to break down, but Leigh continued. “*Mine* on the other hand, will only be in effect for the next hour.” She set the hose to a low level, and doused her chest lightly, running it back and forth a bit, before taking a large drink from the end. Leigh loosed a light squeal as if she had been tickled, and then it began.

At first it was just her nipples that were showing under her bikini top, two small dots. “Eep!” She squeaked again, staring directly at them. “That really tickles!” Slowly her nipples

began to rise, pushing out into the fabric. Her top shifted on her chest, two perky mounds forming underneath the small triangle shapes. They started small, like two halves of a baseball. But they grew steadily forward, plumping larger and larger into oranges, then softballs, then grapefruits.

Sammy's jaw dropped. In a matter of moments, she had seen her flat-chested girlfriend swell and billow out two an incredible D cup. They looked magnificent on her tiny frame, and hung firm and perky off of her, all the while still growing. Her skin was creamy white and blemish free, a perfectly rounded teardrop shape coming to them. Finally their growth slowed, leaving Leigh at a very ample F cup.

"Oh!!" Leigh yelled in excitement, "These are *incredible!!*" She pulled her bikini to her sides, letting her breasts fall free. Her nipples were an exquisite pink, small enough to be called cute on her supple new melons. They seemed to be reaching out, begging to be sucked. She giggled happily, squeezing them between her fingers. "Much better than yours were, wouldn't you agree?" she asked, smiling at Sammy.

"B-But..."

"Now you know why I never wanted to get implants. Why, when I could get these? I had been planning on taking the formula on our next anniversary...but...well you had already found someone with bigger boobs, hadn't you?" Leigh confessed. "Oh! And I should say, these things aren't all full of milk like yours are. These are 100% natural, all-American, tits. It's too bad you won't be able to enjoy them..."

Leigh pointed the hose at Sammy. "W-Wait wait wa--" she tried to protest.

The water hit her full blast, her breasts absorbing the impact like a taut drum. Her surface jiggled as one mass, and her growth was fast, the trade off of volume nearly equal now. Sammy's tits were swelling an inch every second, all the while she tried to cry out in protest behind the deluge of water. As incredible as it felt, she could feel an intense pressure only building stronger. Dangerously stronger.

"Leigh please!!" she tried to say, "My nipples can't...can't release enough!! I-I feel like I'm going to explode!! I'm...mmmuuugh!!!!...so full of this milk! I think I can hear my tits sloshing!!"

The water began bouncing off of her as her skin tightened, running out of any stretch. Droplets sprang back, hitting Leigh's own new breasts. They licked up the water greedily, and Leigh squealed with delight as she felt her own body growing. "Ooooooohhh, yeeaaaaaa..." she moaned, running her free hand down her front. She played with her new cleavage, running a finger up and down it as the space became tighter and tighter. Her own mammarys had reached an overflowing H cup now, and absolutely dominated her petite body. She pulled on a nipple, almost collapsing in pleasure.

"Oh *man* I've been missing out!!" Leigh cried out, playing with herself, "These things make me wanna suck this hose dry!"

*CRRREEEEEAAAAAK*



Leigh turned off the stream of water, cautious of the noise, and looked at Sammy's breasts now overflowing her knees and covering all but the top of her head. With a loud crash, her chair collapsed under her incredible milk-weight, startling Leigh into dropping the hose and stepping back with a short shriek.

"*AHHH!*" Sammy screamed as she fell heavily onto her rear, falling backwards as her breasts pinned her to the ground. "Please don't pop, please don't pop, please don't pop!!" she began chanting, watching in horror at the three foot high boob-flesh tightly wobbling on her. Her nipples looked like pink coffee cans, each spouting a fountain of milk. "Leigh *please!!* I'm so big...I feel like a blimp! I can't take anymore!!" Sammy was stunned as she could hear a loud gurgling coming from the mountains in front of her, heavy sloshing filling her udders.

"Ooooh nonsense!! Doesn't it feel *great??*"

Sammy stifled a cry of pleasure when Leigh squeezed her nipple with both hands, sending a gush of milk into the air. "L-Leigh no! I'm too full! P-P-Please!!" Sammy hoped her pleasure wasn't getting through into her voice. "I'm sorry that I--"

*RUUUUUUUMBLE*

A light hum filled seemed to fill the air, a low gurgling coming from Sammy's breasts. She began to panic when she noticed they were still going, their tops rising higher and higher, like her nipples were trying to touch the sky,

"L-L-Leigggghhhhh, I'm still growing!! Make it stop! Really!" Sammy yelled, her arms and legs pinned beneath her titanic wobbling masses of milk.

Even Leigh could see that her now ex-girlfriend's chest was getting well past its limit, her skin becoming shiny in the sun. Hollow sloshing could be heard as Sammy struggled. "I'm not doing it!" Leigh admitted.

She looked for the hose, her face going white when she saw that it had been pinned under Sammy's mounds. "Your tits landed on it! The hose is running underneath them!"

"Well pull it out!" Sammy cried out desperately, "I-I can't handle any more of this milk! I feel...feel like the pressure is...really too much! I'm gonna *burst!!*" Veins pulsed over her surface like fingers, and her nipples had become as large as milk jugs, swollen and puffy from milk. Even they had reached a limit. "S-Something is gonna happen! They're too big! U-Ugh, how can I hold so much milk!! My tits feel like they're about to explode like tanker trucks!!"

Leigh started pulling on the hose, trying to dislodge it from under Sammy. Each pull sent her off balance, her own chest still new and unknown to her. "Nnnnnggh..." Leigh grunted, pulling with all her strength.

Sammy's bosom began to shake, her nipples gushing milk at a higher rate than ever. Her chest was easily as tall as Leigh herself now, and it dominated their backyard. Soon she would overflow into the pool, her breasts pulling her in from their weight, and at that point Leigh knew it would be all over. If Sammy made it that far.

*RUUUUUUMBLE*

“Oooooooooohh I can feel something...The pressure...Ooooooh *the pressure!!*” She began panting, her bosom moving tightly as one, “I’m...I’m gonna...g-gonna *blooooooooooww!!*” Sammy cried out, her nipples throbbing hard with pressurized milk.

“Almost...got i--”

### ***KERSPLAAAASH***

Sammy’s incredible mammaries burst apart, sending sprays of milk into the air. Leigh took the full force of her wave of warm lactose, becoming covered in its creamy texture as it blew her backwards.

With a loud splash, Leigh was forced into the pool, hundreds of gallons of milk running over her head and overflowing its boundaries. The force had been enough to knock her out for a few seconds. After a moment, Leigh got control of herself again, panic quickly filling her with dread as she realized her situation. She burst out of the surface of the water, struggling to keep her head up in the deepest end of the pool as a churning ignited in her chest.

Her eyes bulged wide, looking at the two tits in front of her, bobbing tight and round in the off-white water. Leigh’s breasts were growing, and fast, completely submerged.

“N-No no no!” Leigh cried out, watching as they greedily and hungrily seemed to convert the water and Sammy’s milk into her own flesh, her bust blowing out to resemble beach balls in only seconds. “Shit!” she swore, “I have to get out of the water!”

Leigh struggling to swim to the pool side, her breasts gaining inches every second as her body seemed to gurgle. Her skin was becoming tight, the amount of growth exceeding what the formula was designed for. She tried desperately to lift herself out, but found the weight of her new tits too heavy.

She fell back into the pool, her boobs quickly approaching the size of her own body. Leigh looked across the pool, the ladder too far away for how quickly her growth was occurring. Leigh gulped, as her own breasts began to quiver, her body unable to keep up, and her skin becoming taut and overstretched.

Just as Leigh felt her tits refuse to stretch anymore, their size now filling half the pool and stretch marks running over her overgrown body, she whimpered, saying, “Maybe implants wouldn’t have been such a bad idea...”