

Grade-A Milk

“Ethan...? Hellooooo...? I’m here like you asked...”

A dimly lit lab greeted the schoolgirl. She didn’t care enough to look up from her phone as she called out for her class partner. Sitting in the far corner with a scowl was Ethan. Lack of sleep left him exhausted but he had a feeling things were about to get invigorating.

“Wow, I’m surprised you managed to find your way here,” he grumbled to Chelsea. “What with you not helping at all over the course of our project.”

Chelsea was yet to finish the novel-length text being prepared on her phone. “Yeeaaaaa... Sorry about that! I was really busy with a family emergency this last week... Plus I like *really* can’t stand the smell of the science building, you know?”

Ethan narrowed his eyes. As far as looks were concerned, Chelsea was a cut above the rest. In high school she would have checked every box for the stereotypical bombshell cheerleader: thick blonde hair, short, skinny frame, and curves to make a guy drool. College and the final stages of bodily development had only added to her attractiveness.

Ethan’s eyes lingered on her short skirt before settling higher on her breasts. They were the target: two E-cups hiding beneath a designer blouse. Chelsea was so preoccupied with her phone, she never noticed him staring intently at her bust.

“That’s alright,” Ethan growled through a smile, “You had stuff come up. I was able to handle the project on my own.” If her social media pictures from the last week were anything to go on, Chelsea had been busy with anything but a family emergency. Unless it involved taking shots at local bars with friends and spending time at the mall.

Ethan offered, “I got us a few drinks from the vending machine too. They’re on the table if you want any. You like tea, right?”

“Oh, thanks.” Feeling around blindly, she found a pre-opened can of tea to sip. Finally satisfied with her message, Chelsea clicked her phone off. “Ok! I’m ready. What did you need me to come down here for again?”

“It’s about our science project.”

“Right... For biology? I gotta be honest; I really have *no* clue what’s going on in that class. You were able to handle everything, right? I feel *terrible* that I wasn’t able to help, but you really don’t want me anywhere near it!” Chelsea laughed innocently. “I would just bring our grade down! You’re so much smarter than me; it’s for the best that you took care of the whole thing.”

Ethan had to control himself against her manipulation. It wasn’t by chance her blouse came with a low-cut neckline. “Do you even know what our project was about?”

“Something about hormones? Or cows or something? I don’t know, it sounded boring.”

“We were studying the effects of growth hormones in dairy milk production. I thought it would be fun to use my chemistry degree and make an actual sample of something they might use in the field.”

“Oh yea!” Metal bracelets jingled on Chelsea’s wrist when she smacked the side of her head. “I remember! So it’s all done?”

Ethan pointed to several vials sitting on a table next to a report. It was surely worth an A.

“Looks good!” Chelsea nodded. “So... Are we done here?”

“There’s a small problem, actually. Professor Hays won’t give us full credit if only *one* of us worked on it.”

“So just like put my name on it!” Chelsea smoothed the front of her blouse from rising anxiety. Her push-up bra was extra tight today.

“Except I don’t *want* to just put your name on it. Because *I* did all the work.”

“But then we’ll...*nnggh*...fail the project!” Chelsea’s words stumbled over a groan. Discomfort was blossoming from her bra to an unbearable point.

Watching her reaction like a hawk, Ethan said, “We’ll only fail if you don’t contribute in some way.”

“W-Well... How can I...contribute? I can’t retake biology *again!*” It was hard to catch her breath. Feeling a strange heat in her chest, she swayed against what felt like bulging cleavage. Drinking more of the tea did nothing to quell her perspiration. Strange pressure made her chest feel bloated.

“I was thinking you could give a live demonstration of the hormones. Like a visual aid.” Ethan could barely contain his bubbling *schadenfreude* as he kept an eye on her blouse.

“L...Live? Like how? I don’t know anyone with...*nngghh*...with a cow!”

“I mean more along the lines of *you* taking some.”

“*Me??* But I--*Whooaaa*...” Chelsea swooned. Her breasts felt swollen inside her bra and ached as if someone had been sucking on them for hours. “*But I don’t want to take cow hormones! That’s disgusting!*”

SSTTRRRRTCH

Ethan was silent as they listened to audible strain coming from under her shirt. Chelsea looked down in horror at the bloated cleavage rising through her neckline.

“Sorry, but you already did,” Ethan confessed.

“*W-What?!*”

Looking at the empty tea can, Chelsea dropped it in horrified realization to grab her chest. Several additional cups were already stretching her bra to its limit and doubling her regular size.

“*My boobs!!*” she cried while feeling their enhanced weight fill her hands. Cleavage pushed to her collarbones when she squeezed as if trying to push them back into her body. “*What did you do to me?!*”

“I gave you another chance to participate in our project so we can receive a passing grade! I did all the work and lost all the sleep; the least you can do is test it and sacrifice your shirt.”

“*B-But I don’t want to!! I--N-Nnnghh!!*” Chelsea shivered when her chest bloated several inches. Larger than her head, each mammary filled her blouse and bulged off her body with gratuitous proportions. “*I don’t want them to get bigger!! M-Make it stop!!*”

“I can’t. It’s too late for that.”

SSTTRRRRTTCH

“*A-Aahh!!*” Spandex and underwires dug into her body. Constrained inside her study bra, Chelsea’s breasts deformed into giant oval mounds. Hardened nipples jutted into her bra with areolas large enough to fill its cups.

“*Mmng!!! I-I’m sorry!!! I should have helped!!*”

“You’re helping right now!” Ethan stared at the sight as the schoolgirl fought against her engorging bust. It was far more arousing than he anticipated.

“*Oohhh my boobs feel weird!!! I...I don’t like this!! Please! My bra is going to burst!!*”

“That’s a good point; how does it feel? These are good notes to have.”

SSTTRRRRTTCH

“*Auugh!*” Chelsea leaned against a table for support. Carrying two watermelons on the front of her body wasn’t something her gym routine had prepared her for. “*They feel really really weird!! Like they’re...f-full of something!! God, the PRESSURE!! My nipples are getting too sensitive!!*”

Ethan smiled.

GUUURRRRRGLE

At the sound of bubbling fluid, Chelsea’s eyes bulged and she froze. Her skin pressed back against her hands. “*W-What was that noise?!?!*”

“You would know if you had helped with the project.”

She wracked her brain until something clicked. Color drained from her face. “*MILK?! Is there milk in my tits?!?!*”

“About two gallons’ worth, I would estimate!”

“*I CAN’T HAVE MILK IN MY BOOBS, YOU PERVERT!! I’M NOT SOME DAMN DAIRY CO--*”

SNAP!!!

“*A-AHH!!*”

A sound like a gunshot rang across the lab when Chelsea’s bra broke in two. Heavy sloshes accompanied her bust when it fell into its natural shape. Bloated to leaking beach balls, they hung from the bottom of her blouse with exposed nipples. The heaving weight carried the unprepared girl to the floor where she landed on her knees.

“*H-Holy shit!!! MAKE IT STOP!!*” Sinking her hands into them, Chelsea couldn’t comprehend the massive udders covering her lap. “*WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO ME?!*”

Ethan narrowed his eyes, annoyed she was still confused. “Because it’s only *fair*. If you refuse to do any of the work, then at least your breasts can help a little.”

Chelsea tried to get up but found their mass too much to bear. Skin inched onto the floor as a great pale slope of flesh extended from her shoulders. *“I-I’m a FREAK!! Look at me!! My boobs were perfect!! This isn’t fai--”*

GGUUUURRRRRGLE!!

“N-Nnnnghh!!! Ahhhh!!”

SPPLLLUURRTTCH

Bubbles and vibrations assaulted her fist-sized nipples before milk gushed in thick streams. It reached several feet across the floor before petering out.

“O-O-Ok!! Ok!! I learned my lesson!!!” she begged. *“Now make it stop!! They’re getting too full!!!”*

“It has to run its course!” Ethan tried to sound confident, but looking at her massively engorged chest, the formula had surpassed even his wildest calculations.

“Oohhh this is so grooooss!! I’m a pair of sloshing TITS!! H-How much more milk are they going to make?!”

GUUURRRRRGLE

“I don’t even like milk!”

As her shirt bunched under her arms, Chelsea found her milk tanks anchoring her to the cold tile floor. She draped her arms across them as they expanded. Milk pushed against her skin like an ocean.

“They’re too big!!! My chest is too big!! How am I supposed to live like this?!”

“You’ll just have to milk them, I guess!”

“I can’t even reach my nipples!! How am I supposed to--”

SPPLLLUURRTTCH!

“M-MMNGH!!!”

Chelsea’s legs splayed out behind her as she moaned against gushing dairy. Ethan was surprised to see how aroused the process had made her, based upon her skirt hiking up around her waist and the glistening view it provided.

“I can’t... I can’t take anymore... I can’t even...get up...!” she panted. Cleavage bulged against her cheeks as she laid across her chest. It bloated larger than yoga balls to support her weight. *“O-Oh God, there’s so much milk!! I’m sorry, alright?! Let me talk to Professor Hays! I’ll tell him we need m--”*

She paused, the words catching in her throat.

“T-That we need m-m--”

Chelsea squeaked.

SPLLUURTCH!!

“Need m-m-m--MMMMMOOOOOO!!!”

A bellowing heifer’s cry filled the lab when milk sprayed. Mortified, she clamped both hands over her mouth and refused to speak again for fear of releasing another demeaning barnyard sound.

Ethan would have been surprised by the noise had he not been focused on two small horn nubs sprouting from Chelsea's blonde hair. A pair of plush cow ears grew from the sides of her head to join them seconds later. Each twitched nervously as she felt them elongate.

THWAP

THWAP

Eyes wide, Chelsea felt something long and thin slip from her skirt. It whipped around to slap the backs of her thighs and breasts. As her chest came to rest like two milky bean bags, she waited for the nightmare to end.

In a voice like a whisper and barely audible over her sloshing, Chelsea asked, "*W-W-What the hell did you do to m-m-m--mmooooo!!!*"

"Huh..." Ethan scratched his head. She'd finally stopped lactating. Her excessive size was surprising, but the additional bovine growths caught him off guard. "Well, that was unexpected..."

Humiliation overtook her when he reached for a camera. Chelsea shook her head in protest, not daring to speak again.

"Don't worry!" Ethan said, raising the camera. "We're *definitely* getting an A now. Thanks for your help!"