

INT. TEA SHOP - DAY

Emma peruses the wares of the humble store with a pensive squint. The shelves are lined with jars of various herbs. She glances over jars labeled "LAVENDER", "EARL GRAY", and "WORM'S WART", but Emma CLICKS her tongue.

The hippie-looking Dryad SHOPKEEP (27) approaches Emma.

SHOPKEEP

Hello, Miss! Can I help you with anything?

EMMA

Yes, actually. Do you have anything new? I'm feeling rather adventurous today.

SHOPKEEP

Oh, yes! Right this way! Our latest blend of Dragon's Tears has a kick of apple and cinnamon spice.

EMMA

Perhaps in the wintertime, it's been much too warm lately.

SHOPKEEP

In that case, can I interest you in some "Frog's Breath"? It has a matcha base with notes of moss.

EMMA

Ugh, no, sorry. Tried that one. Not a fan. What's this other one? "Baby's Breakfast?"

SHOPKEEP

That's one of our medicinal blends, though I'm not sure you'd be interested.

EMMA

What does it do?

SHOPKEEP

It's a highly-concentrated fenugreek base to help promote milk production in expecting mothers--

Emma's eyes grow wide as dinner plates.

EMMA

I'LL TAKE YOUR ENTIRE STOCK!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The windows are wide-open but the curtains are drawn. Intense sunlight fights to get inside as the cross wind FLUTTERS through. A standing fan OSCILLATES in the corner.

Emma sets down the pitcher of ice-cold tea on the dining table. The glass container sweats with condensation just as much as Emma, who wipes her brow.

Emma is dressed in a loose-fitting tank top and boy shorts, with her hair tied back. Emma's small breasts sway freely, her sweaty, dark blue nipples press visibly into the damp fabric.

EMMA

My goodness, it's too hot to feel sexy today. I was hoping to dress a bit more "appropriately" for the occasion, but this dreaded humidity is killing me! I have no clue how Jordan can exercise in this weather, but good for her I suppose.

Emma pours herself a cup of the iced tea.

EMMA (CONT'D)

As for me, I'll be staying home today. I have "udder" plans...

Emma takes a refreshing sip. Her petite breasts quiver. Slowly, her bosom swells from a couple mosquito bites to two apple-sized, perky mounds. Cleavage forms as her chest is given fuller dimension.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Ohhh that's good...

Emma prepares to take another sip when--

EMMA (CONT'D)

You know what? Humidity be damned! I \*SHOULD\* make an event out of this! I want to feel my milky, sweaty tits bursting out of my clothes! But what do I wear? Lingerie would be splendid! Rather expensive though...

Emma exits the kitchen in pursuit of a new wardrobe.

Moments later, the back door opens and enters a sweaty and PANTING Jordan. She's dressed in her sports bra and running shorts. Her skin glistens with sweat.

JORDAN  
 Geez, I'm exhausted! That's enough  
 exercise for a week!  
 (re: pitcher)  
 Iced tea? Yes, please!

Jordan grabs Emma's prepared pitcher of iced tea and chugs it down with hearty GULPS.

Emma reappears in the doorway, now dressed in some sexy lingerie. She opens her mouth to speak... but remains silent.

Emma watches Jordan slug down the entire pitcher with GASPING GULPS. Some drops dribble from Jordan's lips, slink down her chin, and pools into her bountiful cleavage.

Emma smirks deviously.

EMMA  
 Thirsty, Jordan?

Jordan finishes the pitcher with a satisfying SIGH.

JORDAN  
 Oh Gods, you have no idea!

Jordan takes in Emma's outfit and blushes.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 You look... nice.

EMMA  
 (flirty)  
 Is that all you have to say?

JORDAN  
 I mean, you look really nice but  
 I'm just so tired! I don't know if  
 I have the energy for... "that."  
 Sorry, Emma.

Emma mock pouts.

EMMA  
 Oh pooh.

JORDAN  
 But we can still shower together!  
 Or what if we cuddle in a nice,  
 warm ba~~aath!

Jordan shudders and arches her back in surprise. Her bulbous breasts surge with growth, swelling two cup sizes. Her knockers knock over Emma's plastic cup and it CLATTERS to the floor.

Emma rushes to Jordan's side for help, but her eyes wandering eyes betray her true intentions.

EMMA

Jordan! Are you feeling okay?

JORDAN

Woof. Yeah I'm alright. Just feeling a little light-headed. I must be more dehydrated than I thought.

EMMA

Keep drinking.

Emma tips the pitcher of iced tea to Jordan's lips and she complies. As Jordan drinks, Emma watches her girlfriend's chest rise and fall, slowly growing bigger with each gulp.

The chill from the wind and the cold drink cause Jordan's nipples to perk erect. As her breasts expand, her already-snug sports bra struggles to contain its increasing volume. Jordan's rock hard nipples pierce into the sheer fabric, threatening to stab through.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Better?

JORDAN

(panting)

I still feel so hot, and I can't --  
errghh-- breathe!

Jordan struggles to pull off her ballooning sports bra. Billowing breast flesh ekes above, below, and through the sides. The straps are pulled taut and on the verge of snapping. The fabric audibly CREAKS.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

I--umph!-- can't get it off! Get  
some scissors!

Emma rushes to the supply drawer for some scissors and cuts through the back of Jordan's sports bra.

One little SNIP is just enough to release all the pressure from within. The incredible force of Jordan's bulging bosom BURSTS through her sports bra and her fat, sweaty tits SMACK against her chest with a hearty bounce.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Ugh! Thank you.

(beat)

WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY TITS?!

Jordan looks down in shock and horror. Her breasts were already giant before, each at least the size of her head, but now they have swollen to the size of beach balls. Jordan struggles to hold them within her arms.

Emma covers her blushing face, smiling from ear to ear.

EMMA

Oh my...

JORDAN

I don't-- What the--

Jordan notices her grinning girlfriend. She glares at her.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Emma. What. Did. You. Do~~ooooo!!

Jordan is overcome by another growth spurt.

EMMA

I made myself a little drink but you, uhh, drank it all.

JORDAN

What was in it?!

Emma's smile twitches, trying to suppress her excitement.

EMMA

It's a new brew of tea I picked up from the market today. A little thing called "Baby's Breakfast."

JORDAN

Come on, Emma! Spill it! What does it do?!

EMMA

It helps expecting mothers... produce milk.

JORDAN

M-milk?!

Jordan looks down at her titanic tits. Pulsating with growth, swelling and fattening by the second. Her erect nipples twitch and white liquid forms and dribbles from her pores.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 But I just drank the whole fucking  
 pitcher! What is this gonna do to  
 me?!

The facade is broken. Emma grins with devious arousal.

EMMA  
 We'll just have to wait and see.

JORDAN  
 EMMA, YOU FUCKING-- OOOHHH~~!!!

Another growth spurt hits Jordan and her gargantuan gazongas  
 CRASH through the wooden kitchen table.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 UGH I'LL GET YOU!!!

Jordan lunges after Emma but her tits won't fit through the  
 doorway. Jordan reaches in vain to grab Emma, but Emma taunts  
 Jordan just outside her reach.

EMMA  
 Nanny-nanny boo-boo! You can't  
 catch me!

Jordan's knees tremble and buckle underneath her increasing  
 weight. She retreats back into the kitchen and takes a seat.

JORDAN  
 (to herself)  
 Oh my gosh, what do I do?...

All Jordan can do now is watch helplessly as her breasts pump  
 and pump, growing bigger than her body. Streams of milk leak  
 from her dinner-plate-sized nipples and SPLATTERS onto the  
 tile floor.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 P-please, Emma. Help me. They're  
 getting so full. I feel like I'm  
 gonna burst~!

Emma cautiously enters the kitchen as if she's wading into a  
 dream, careful not to slip on the slick, milky floor.

Emma presses her hands into Jordan's flesh, her outstretched  
 palms udderly dwarfed by the sheer size of Jordan's bean bag  
 chair-sized breasts.

EMMA  
 Wow.

JORDAN

Don't just stand there! Milk me!

With vivacity and gusto, Emma clamps her mouth down on Jordan's rock-hard nipple, nearly gagging on its girth. She pulls and sucks, kneading her hands into Jordan's breast to soothe the milkflow.

Emma GASPS and nearly chokes on a mouthful of milk.

She reaches a hand down to her own chest and feels her own breasts swelling. Her loose lingerie top fills and balloons with growth.

Emma smiles and sucks away even harder with wild abandon. Her tits fatten and fill and a much faster rate than Jordan's own growth. It takes no time at all for Emma's billowing bosom to RIP through her bra and swell even further.

Soon enough, Emma's breasts become so big that they press into Jordan's titanic tit, still dwarfed by comparison. Emma struggles to latch onto Jordan's nipple as her growing gazongas push her further and further away from her girlfriend.

Jordan looks at Emma in horror.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Not you too! Oh Gods, help us!

Emma rests upon her mattress-sized breasts as she continues to suckle from Jordan, now matching her girlfriend's size. The kitchen fills with pillowy breast-flesh and milk, space is quickly running out...

EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

KNOCK KNOCK. Clawdia stands expectantly at the door, holding a couple grocery bags! She wears a loose-fitting tank top on her slim torso, and a pair of high-waisted short shorts that struggles to contain her fat, sweaty dumptruck of an ass.

CLAWDIA

Hey, Emma! Can you get the door? My hands are full, I got us some ice cream!

(beat)

...You there?

(beat, less enthusiastic)

Jordan, can you make yourself useful for once, and \*maybe\* I'll give you a scoop or two.

(MORE)

CLAWDIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

...Hello? Is anyone--

As Clawdia knocks on the door with her foot the second time, the door BURSTS open and a torrent of milk GUSHES out.

Clawdia lies on the ground in a daze. Her clothes are soaked.

CLAWDIA (CONT'D)

What the heck was that?! Milk?

Tastes kinda... good... HUH?!

In an instant, Clawdia's flat chest EXPLODES with bewildering growth! Her tank top TEARS apart like a wet napkin as her tits fatten and FLOP to each the size of Volkswagens, smothering her body underneath.

CLAWDIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Oh, Emma~~ bUber eats is here!

THE END