

Recalled: A Breast Expansion Novella

By Near N. Far

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Smashwords Edition

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Chapter 1: The Trouble with Lactix

Shinaya Kamikawa: Pharmacy Technician

Shina sighed through her frown, disheartened by the fact that nearly all of her life's accomplishments could be summarized on her name badge. Pharmacy Technician. That's all there was to her. She lived alone in a small one-bedroom apartment with no husband or boyfriend, no roommate, no pets, no real hobbies to speak of. At twenty-three, she'd only ever found the time to do one thing: make her overbearing mother proud, and she was constantly reminded that even that had been barely achieved.

"Shinaya, you should be a doctor. Shinaya, you need to get your grades up. Shinaya, use your full name; it's your heritage," her mother's shrill, heavily accented voice rang in her head.

Shina had lived, by her account, far too long under those awful demands. While it was true that her parents were certainly much better than average, and they had her best interests at heart, she was never allowed to live her own life. She resented having her life laid out for her, with her mom prodding her down a predetermined path.

In order to please her mother and, to a lesser extent, her well-intentioned but overworked father, Shina had tiptoed carefully through every day, desperate to eke out her own story while preventing a maternal meltdown of catastrophic disappointment. That was why she always shortened her American-Japanese hybrid name, a Japanization of Shanaia, chosen to help her both maintain a link with her Japanese ancestry as well as fit in with her American peers.

It was this constant balancing act of defiance and appeasement which had given rise to her profession as a pharmacy tech. She'd never really felt compassionate enough to be a doctor, but had enough of an interest in chemistry to go into pharmaceuticals. She hoped to be a full-fledged pharmacist someday, but money was currently invaluable in helping her maintain a life away from her parents' home, so she opted for steady work as a tech, rather than dive deeper into debt finishing school.

Thus, Shina looked upon her name badge with contempt and disappointment as she pinned it to her white coat, letting the laminated card flop limp against her boyishly flat chest, another ever-present reminder of her heritage, one which she might blame for her lack of a romantic life were it not for the fact that she had honestly never had time to attempt to date during school.

Now, with work, she only ever met guys at the pharmacy, and they were typically ill, old, or way too dorky for her tastes, with one exception.

BZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!

Shina jumped and shrieked as her cell vibrated loudly across the bathroom vanity. Fumbling to answer, she saw that it was another tech, Jeremy. He was the cute one...

“Hey, Jeremy, what’s up?” Shina tried her absolute best to sound nonchalant, despite her still racing heart.

“Shina! Hey! Is there any way at all that you could come into work early?” He sounded like he was about to panic.

“Um... yeah. I mean, I start in just over an hour anyway. I was about to head out early now so I could grab food.”

“Lunch is on me if you can come in early!” Over his hurried voice, the sounds of multiple grumbling voices roared in the background.

“What’s up?” Shina knew some serious shit was hitting the fan. Jeremy never panicked like this.

“It’s all over the news! Lactix, that new drug for breastfeeding? Well, they’ve issued a full recall on it, and it’s just me and Donna here, so I’m trying to deal with about ten panicked new moms at once, and...”

“Where’s Ashley?! Wasn’t she scheduled today?”

“Yeah, she saw the news and called in ‘sick’,” his tone had shifted to pure loathing.

“Ugh... bitch.” Shina added, “I’ll be right there. Just sit tight.”

“Thank you!”

Shina hung up with a quick swipe of her finger and pocketed the phone. Grabbing her keys hurriedly off the table by her front door, she sped downstairs, hoping to catch the current bus before it left.

Fifteen minutes later, Shina was marching into the front doors of 3B Pharmacy, ignoring the hunger pangs from skipping food, and hoping that Jeremy was still alive. On the phone, he’d mentioned it was just him and Donna, one of the three pharmacists, and the one who had a reputation for refusing to do anything aside from working on scripts in the back, leaving any techs to the wolves at the front.

As she arrived at the pharmacy counter, Shina had to force her way through a crowded throng of women, all of whom looked to be some combination of angry, sleep-deprived, and covered in baby vomit. Assaulted with countless cries of “What is going on?!” and “Am I in danger?!” Shina immediately regretted wearing her lab coat into the building. Sneaking past the mommy mob would’ve been significantly easier in street clothes.

“You’re here!” Jeremy’s relieved voice called out past the crowd.

Shina hurried into the side door marked “Employees Only.” On the other side, Jeremy rushed up to her, his face flush and his hair soaked with sweat.

“Oh thank god you’re here!” Shina had never seen Jeremy in the sort of state he was in; he looked to be fully in the throes of hysteria.

“Okay, I’m here,” Shina was honestly just happy she could help her coworker. Although, given that he was the only male she knew who was even close to being date-worthy, she figured the bonus points couldn’t hurt her. “What’s going on with Lactix?”

“When Donna and I came in this morning, there was an email from ExPharm saying that they were recalling ALL bottles of Lactix and that we were to contact anyone who has filled it here since it came to the market last month, plus collect and record all of the medication as it is returned to us *AND* have the patients answer some kind of survey about side effects. They want to collect it all for further research before they decide whether to scrap it entirely or rework the medication,” Jeremy wrapped up his explanation and threw himself into the nearest chair that was out of sight of the front counter. The crowd of women could be heard even in this secluded corner of the pharmacy, beckoning for someone to answer their barrage of questions.

“Look,” Shina turned to Jeremy, truly concerned for his well-being at this point, “you rest here for a minute. I’ll go take care of the crowd. When you feel up to it, go see if you can pry Donna out of whatever corner she’s run off to.”

“That won’t happen,” Jeremy’s voice was filled with woe, “she’s decided that she’ll handle calling all the patients, and she refuses to do anything else,” he jerked his head to indicate the two-way mirror on the back wall, behind which lay the pharmacy office. “I’ve had to just tell everyone that the pharmacist isn’t available all day.”

Shina rolled her eyes and sped off to the counter. The next few hours were a whirlwind of stress, angry mothers, questions (both rational and paranoid), and regret that she had come in

without first eating. Giving up on Donna, Jeremy came over to help after catching his breath, and the pair were able to sort out the messy situation rather handily.

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As the end of Jeremy's shift arrived, he found a rare calm moment to talk to Shina, "You really came through for me, today."

"I'd have done it for anybody." That was a lie. She really liked Jeremy as a coworker, and, if they'd known each other for a bit longer, possibly as a friend. A part of her even wanted to like him as more than a friend, but her utter lack of self-confidence ensured that she would never have the courage to ask him out. Maybe if she had a more alluring figure, a prettier face, or even just a nice respectable set of curves to entice him...

"Well, still, you saved my ass," he smiled. Shina was enthralled by his blond, shaggy bangs, perfect teeth, rugged jawline, and icy blue eyes.

"It's such a great ass; who wouldn't want to save it?" Shina wished she had the will power to say something so confident to him, but all she managed was a half-smile back. Having failed to do much in the way of a beauty routine in her rush, she knew her make-up free face, framed by limp black locks of hair was not able to muster even half the wonder of his smile.

"I'm gonna hang around a little bit, just in case things get hairy for you," Jeremy said, instilling just a tiny glimmer of hope in Shina that maybe he did care about her, even a little.

Luckily, the remainder of the evening was fairly uneventful, as most everyone was having dinner and getting ready for the next day, so Jeremy left after about an hour, but not before bringing Shina a belated bagel and bowl of soup for the lunch he'd promised her. Donna had snuck out some time before, but her replacement, David, was just as content to sit around in the office, making calls and leaving Shina hanging.

Just as Shina was getting ready to close things down for the night, the front door's irritating bell went off, signaling that someone had just entered the pharmacy. Briefly, she considered shuttering the counter a few minutes early in case it wasn't just someone coming in for a drink or pack of bandages, but decided that, all things considered, the odds of something super crazy happening in the last five minutes of her shift were pretty minimal.

She regretted her decision the moment the bizarre woman arrived at the counter. She was probably in her mid-thirties, hair disheveled and mascara running down her tear-stained face.

Most frightening, though, was the woman's chest. She wore a pale gray tank top, stained with countless colors and stretched to the point of tearing in places over her colossal breasts. Each orb of flesh was at least a foot in diameter, perhaps more, and on the very front of each, was mounted a large point of a nipple surrounded by the telltale dark stains of lactation.

Stranger, still, Shina observed that the woman's midriff was fully revealed, indicating that her shirt was intended for someone nowhere near as well-endowed as herself.

"I don't know what's happening to me!" the poor soul sobbed, nodding down as she brought her hands up to lift her immense bust onto the counter.

Shina cringed before noticing that in one of those hands, the woman was clenching a transparent orange pharmacy bottle. The timing was too perfect to be anything else.

"Lactix?" she inquired.

"Yes!" the woman seemed, more than anything, relieved that someone was even hearing her out.

"Okay," Shina let her professional mind take over while her personal mind envied the stunning feat of nature that was the woman's boobs, "let me grab my paperwork, here."

Pulling a clipboard from the behind the counter, Shina fired off the first of ExPharm's many questions she'd been asking patients all day, "Name?"

The woman snapped out of her stupor and locked eyes with the tech trying to help her, "Janine Morisson."

Shina fought to keep her eyes from wandering back to the depths of cleavage showing above the tank top's neck line, "Okay, how long have you been taking Lactix?"

"Thank you so much! I just don't know what do!" Janine was completely unable to hold it together. This was going to be a difficult process.

"Janine, I know you're worried, but I need you to stick with me, here," Shina was doing everything in her power to remain calm and pull the woman back to reality.

"Sorry," Janine apologized, pausing to pull a tissue from her purse and blow her nose, sending ripples jiggling through her chest. "I started taking it three weeks ago."

"Thank you, Janine," she paused to note the answer on the survey before continuing, "and when did you last take it?"

"I took my first three doses for today, so four o'clock was the last one."

"And how many did you take at that time?"

“Two, same as always... ngh...” Janine winced with a groan, and Shina noticed a fresh spurt of moisture staining the fabric around her nipples. She jotted a note under “Patient Condition,” and moved on.

“Um... could you describe in your own words any ill effects which you believe have been caused by the drug?”

Janine gave Shina a deadly serious look before dramatically grabbing a breast in each hand and thrusting them together and forward, resulting in another trickle of milk and a groan.

“Janine, please,” Shina urged.

Janine huffed, but began to answer in a highly indignant tone, “I had just put the baby down for a nap when my husband and I began eating dinner. We had grilled chicken and rice, if *that’s* necessary information.”

Shina refused to respond to the jab, instead continuing her notes.

“Anyway... I took my dose just before dinner, but had to stop eating because I was having trouble breathing. My husband suggested I go lie down, but once I,” she glanced around nervously, “once I took off my shirt to change into something more comfortable, I noticed my bra was REALLY tight.”

Janine paused again to collect herself.

“I’m normally a B-Cup, but after the baby, I went up to a C. Now look at me! This happened in less than four hours! What did those pills do to me?!”

Janine stopped writing to look at the distraught woman before her. She put a hand on hers and said in the most reassuring voice she could, “Janine, once we finish this, I’m going to send your info to the drug maker, and you’ll need to go to the hospital. But I promise you, everything is going to be fine.”

It wasn’t much, but Shina had to give the poor thing something to hold onto, some small hope.

After another twenty minutes, the report had been finished and placed in a pile with the rest, and Janine had been sent on her way, leaving Shina with the bottle of remaining Lactix pills to pack up with the rest.

As she finished up closing down the counter, David finally emerged from behind the two-way mirror of the office. He’d managed to do literally nothing but make phone calls his entire shift.

“Wow! Was that,” he crudely made a gesture to indicate large breasts, “the medicine?”

“Apparently,” Shina sighed, pissed that the only thing her boss had gotten from Janine’s plight was that she now had a huge set of tits.

“Seems like they ought to sell that stuff as a miracle drug, if you ask me,” David was grabbing his things and heading for the door, “But what do I know? I’m just a successful pharmacist!”

The guy was a royal ass, but Shina had to admit that he had a point. Once she could be certain he wasn’t able to see, she quickly scribbled out the “24” she had written on Janine’s survey for quantity surrendered and wrote in “4.” Mustering the best sleight of hand she could, she opened the bottle and dumped out all but four of the little white pills and slipped them into her pocket.

She figured if eight a day for three weeks had done that for Janine, one or two tablets could certainly help her out in the T & A department, especially the T.

Chapter 2: Personal Growth

That night after getting home from work, Shina sat on the couch in her small, dim apartment living room, nervously eyeing the pile of oblong pills she'd laid out on the coffee table. Numerous thoughts played through her head, ranging from "What am I doing?" all the way to "What the *fuck* am I doing?!"

She had, in all likelihood, made a career-ending mistake by falsifying documents and stealing medication, all with the intention of making her boobs a little bigger. The whole situation was beyond absurd. For all she knew, Janine's giant boobs hadn't even been a result of the medication.

The pile of Lactix pills just sat there on the table, practically daring Shina to take one, but she fought away the urge, finally deciding it was best to trash the pills and pretend nothing ever happened. But then she thought about Jeremy, who was so incredibly charming and thoughtful and handsome. He was the only guy she'd ever met who she actually wanted to spend more time with, which just left the matter of her appearance.

For every ounce of good looks Jeremy had, Shina lacked as much, as far as she was concerned. When she looked in a mirror, she saw a short, bony, flat-chested, ill-kept, stringy-haired, poorly dressed little Japanese girl. Of course, as the only other major players in her life, her parents had always assured her that she was beautiful. Though, they were careful not to over-compliment her to avoid delusions of modeling or some other "silly" career choice.

Superficially, she knew she was attractive, but a lack of anything close to a love life or even friends had kept her from building any sort of self-esteem. She even remembered complaining about that very thing to her mother who had just replied, "Great careers aren't built on self-esteem!"

Bitch.

Still, more than wanting a shot with Jeremy, or any guy for that matter, Shina wanted to like herself. She wanted the body she dreamed of. She wanted a nice pair of milkers and maybe a nice, firm ass.

Without another moment's hesitation, she scooped up one of the little pills, tossed it into her mouth, and chased it with a gulp of water.

The next couple of hours went by uneventfully. Every few minutes, she would stand in front of her bathroom mirror, grabbing, massaging, pushing together, doing anything to try to see even the slightest result, but nothing happened. After a while, she stripped off her rose colored button-down to examine her chest in her 28AA bra. Nothing; just two sad little lumps in a bit of beige fabric.

The stupid pills weren't doing anything, but it did occur to Shina that it might take some time to kick in, so she threw on her favorite blue silky pajamas and plopped back on the couch with the greatest mood switcher she could think of: a nice big bottle of wine.

"There's nothing a nice sweet moscato can't fix," Shina was determined to put everything behind her, even if it took a bottle or two!

She threw a random chick flick on Netflix and snuggled into a nest of blankets with her big wine glass, and drank away her insecurities for the next few hours.

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The next morning, Shina woke up on the couch, feeling like Janine's tank top from the previous night: stretched past her limits and ready to self-destruct. It was easily the single worst hangover she'd had in her life, not that she'd experienced many, given her up-bringing. Strewn across the floor were two empty wine bottles and countless cookie wrappers.

"What the hell did I do last night?"

With a glance at the clock, Shina then came to a startling discovery. "Shit! I have to be at work in half an hour!"

Taken by a flash of panic, she jumped up from the couch, but immediately fell back onto her butt, due to a combination of feeling like total crap and having a bad case of vertigo.

On her second attempt, she managed to get up and limp her way down the hall to the bathroom, holding onto the walls for support. As she rounded the doorframe and hit the light switch, the first thing (or rather, things) Shina noticed was her chest. In the bright lights, the pastel blue fabric of her pajama top rippled with shadows, but it was clear that there was much more mass beneath the silky ripples than had been present before.

Tearing her top off in a swift blur of motion, Shina gawked at the perky B-cup breasts adorning her chest, each one featuring a puffy, erect, and darker-than-normal nipple. It was impossible to determine whether it was the pill or the hangover, but the sight of her freshly

increased bust made her very aware of the fact that she was feeling hornier than ever before. More than anything, she had the sudden urge to fondle and squeeze her new mammaries, but her oversleeping meant that she had to be leaving for work ASAP.

After bolting to the closet and rummaging around for a bit, it dawned on Shina that the only bras and shirts she had were intended for someone with no chest to speak of. There was no way she was going to fit her new girls into one of her old tops without drawing some unwanted attention, especially the day right after Janine had come into the pharmacy. If David were there, he would certainly be able to put two and two together.

Saran Wrap! The idea came like a thunderbolt, and she dashed into the kitchen and pulled the long, slender box from one of her cheap cabinets. Careful not to constrict her breathing too much, Shina wrapped her torso five good laps with the clingy, clear film, nodding in approval at her once more flattened breasts.

It sucked, honestly, that she had lusted so many years after having a more curvaceous figure to boost her confidence, and now that she had it, her first act was to hide it. It was unavoidable. She could always start showing off the goods after the whole Lactix mess died down, but for now, she needed to avoid arousing suspicions.

A quick run through of an abbreviated version of her typical morning routine—granola bar, clothes, brushing hair and teeth—and Shina was out the door, downing a few Aspirin, and tugging at her top. She'd chosen a bright lime green blouse to wear with her khaki shorts under the standard white coat. It was a less than beautiful shirt, but it was the loosest thing she owned and the collar was super high with big ruffles, so the combination would hopefully help hide her Saran Wrap bra.

She arrived at work just a minute late, where she was greeted by a Donna who was once more sealed away in the office and a dour Ashley, the least useful thing ever to be found at 3B, save for when David needed his dick handled. If the girl had even half as much brain as she did ass, she could've done something truly impressive, like basic arithmetic. She was evidently upset that she'd been written up for calling out the day before; poor thing wasn't used to having to work.

Seeing the useless bimbo at work reminded Shina once more why she'd been so eager to up her own assets: being hot was super helpful with getting ahead in life. People were falling down

to give you anything you want, and things like intelligence and personality were just extra icing on the cake. With a well-rounded set of features, a girl could do anything.

Aside from having to ensure that Tweedle Dum didn't kill anyone with the wrong medicines, most of Shina's shift was busy but uneventful. Several more women came in to return their bottles of Lactix, but no one was showing the effects that Janine (and now Shina herself) had experienced, and nobody seemed to notice Shina's secret... well, make that 'secrets'...

Just before her final break, Shina did begin to notice she was having some difficulty breathing. Maybe the wrap was shifting and constricting her lungs, or it could've been the running around the pharmacy helping people with more weight on her chest than usual. Regardless of the cause, she thought it was best to take to the restroom for her break and get to the bottom of her breathing trouble.

Once inside, she locked the door and began to strip down in front of the mirror, taking care to hang her coat and top on the coat hook on the back of the door. The cause of the problem was immediately apparent: the mass of flesh packed into the wrapping was bulging against its shining clear confines.

"Shit!" Shina clasped a hand to her mouth, hoping no one outside the door heard her exclamation.

There was no way her bound tits were still the same size they'd been in her apartment. From the look of them, they were now likely C-cup size or beyond, though seeing them smashed tightly into the wrapping made it near impossible to tell for sure. Shina briefly floated the idea of redoing her wrap, but thought better of it after realizing that she'd never be able to get her glorious new breasts as flat as they already were. She'd just push through the breathing problems and work out a new solution once she got home.

Emerging from the bathroom fully clothed and hunching her form to avoid presenting the twins, Shina kept her head down for the remainder of her time at work. On her bus ride home, she couldn't shake the sensation that she was still growing, becoming bustier with every passing second, raising concerns that she might need a new wardrobe before returning to work. Luckily, it was Thursday, and she had the next two days off work, so there was plenty of time to work out an explanation for the changes before then. Still, she'd need some clothes that fit without taking ten minutes to strap down her sweater pups beforehand.

A single glance down at her top beginning to bloom outward very slightly was all Shina needed to decide that a stop by the clothing store a block from her apartment was in order. She pulled on the cord and stood up, holding onto the overhead bar for balance as the bus lurched to a slow stop. As prepared for the deceleration as she was, the added weight of her breasts pulled enough under the forces to send her tumbling forward down the center aisle before finally catching herself next to the driver.

“Careful there, little lady,” the grizzled old man crowed through a bristled mustache.

“Thanks, I just,” Shina paused as it occurred to her that she actually had enough weight on her chest to throw her off balance. She wasn’t growing breasts or boobs, she had an honest-to-god set of melons developing! “I just... tripped.”

With a massive, self-satisfied grin plastered across her face, Shina stepped off the bus and walked across the dimly lit sidewalk into Madame Atolli’s clothing store, from which she emerged over an hour later with four giant bags filled with tops, dresses, lingerie, and a plethora of bras in sizes from D to GG. She would’ve grabbed a few more to be safe, but the shop didn’t carry anything from the mid to late alphabet.

After hauling all of her newly acquired swag up the three floors to her door, Shina was wishing that she’d taken the time to switch into one of the new bras instead of struggling to breath with half her torso being squeezed like a tube of yogurt. She threw open the door and kicked her bags inside before stamping toward the bathroom, tearing off her work clothes and peeling away the Saran Wrap.

Even before getting a good look at her reflection, Shina could see the globes of tits on her small, narrow frame slowly reveal themselves as she unwrapped herself, but her full look into the mirror presented the complete story.

She was still the very same five and a half foot tall Japanese girl with a slender body she’d always been, but on her chest were two big, firm, perky breasts, presumably small D-cups, now that she could see them in full. In addition, her nipples were each fully erect and a deep maroon flesh color, as were her areolas, which were now each a full two inches in diameter and puffing out.

“Fuck!” It was just too unreal that one little tablet had caused such a drastic transformation.

And it was at that instance, after the insanity of a full day in which she’d discovered her breasts had grown, wrapped herself up to hide said breasts, worked a full shift, discovered her

breasts were STILL growing, and bought a whole new wardrobe to fit her bigger breasts before trudging back home, that Shina remembered one other thing from that morning—she was really fucking horny.

With a dash of super speed, Shina flung her body onto her bed and snaked her left hand down under her waistband and inside her soft cotton panties. With no crisis currently demanding her attention, she was able to fully concentrate on the fact that her panties were sopping wet with her own juices. Judging from the state of things, she'd been wet for most of the insane day she'd endured.

Feverishly stroking and flicking her engorged clit, she paused on occasion to plunge her middle finger deep into her pussy and press against her G-spot.

“Mmmm... Aaaaauuugh...” she groaned in ecstasy as her body was wracked with pure pleasure.

It had been some time since Shina had taken the time to indulge her carnal needs, and she was covering all that lost ground in one fell swoop.

As her left hand went crazy on her clit and pussy, sliding effortlessly across her folds with the moisture of her desire, her right hand was squeezing and caressing her brand new toys up top. She rubbed and pinched her nipples, one at a time, biting her lip to stifle her screams of pleasure.

In almost no time at all, she had sprinted straight to home and was writhing on the bed, grabbing at sheets, arching her back, and admiring the impressive amount of wobbling and jiggling her fresh udders were capable of.

Drenched in sweat and entangled in a mess of blankets, Shina gradually came back to reality, letting her libido subside to make way for rational thought. She got up, dug through her new clothes to find a sexy red silk nighty she'd been especially drawn to in the store, and grabbed a fresh new bottle of wine from the fridge to celebrate.

Lounging on the couch and taking a huge gulp from her wineglass, Shina noted something was missing that she'd overlooked in her hungover stupor that morning. The entire pile of nineteen remaining Lactix tablets was gone.

She'd taken all twenty at once.

Her heart fell into her stomach, as the lacy neckline of her cherry red negligée bowed outward, revealing a deepening run of cleavage.

It was starting again.

Chapter 3: Helpful Hands

Jeremy Baumann sat at his computer desk, head in hands, trying to fully wrap his head around the information plastered across his screen.

Hacking had never felt like a viable career option. There was very little money to be had in it unless you were willing to whore yourself out to major companies for security debugging or to government agencies for even shadier shit. Pharmacy, though... there was serious money in pharmaceuticals. Even for a lowly tech, there was a major need for man-power, and jobs were ripe for the picking. That was the short story of how he got the job at 3B.

Still, it was fun every once in a while to do some digging into the deepest, darkest secret corners of the big guys' servers and see what they were afraid of sharing with the rest of the class. And working in a pharmacy, Jeremy got all kinds of wonderful leads on the secrets of "Big Pharma."

That's where his latest hacking target came in: ExPharm Pharmaceutical Laboratories. The whole recall of Lactix was coated in layer upon layer of sketchiness. All those surveys? Refusal to acknowledge the specific side effects? Sketchy as fuck. The whole thing smelled of corporate intrigue, and now Jeremy knew exactly why.

He was staring at everything—testing records, testimonies, internal emails. All of the things ExPharm was trying to hide were laid bare, and boy oh boy, was it juicy.

Jeremy was so engrossed in reading through everything in front of him that the sudden ringing of his phone knocked him out of his chair. Untangling himself, he fumbled for the phone, being careful not to knock his laptop off of the desk.

"Hello?" he answered hastily without even checking who it was.

"Um... Jeremy?"

It was Shina, and judging by the trembling in her voice, something was very wrong. Coupled with the fact that she was calling so late at night, Jeremy was legitimately concerned.

"Hey, Shina. What's up?"

There was a sizeable pause.

"I... uh..." she was tripping over her words, and her speech was wavering. Was she scared?

"It's okay, Shina. Just, say it slowly," he was trying to be as reassuring as he could without really knowing what was bothering his coworker.

“I fucked up. I *really* fucked up.”

She fucked up? He had to admit that was troubling.

“Okay, you fucked up. It happens. What’s going on?”

“Can you... can you come over? I really need some help, and I don’t know who else to call. ”

Jeremy never really got to spend much time with Shina at work. He knew he liked her as a coworker; she always showed up on time, did her job, and was fun to chat with when things slowed down a bit. Outside of that, she was definitely attractive. Not in a supermodel kind of way, though. She had a sort of approachability to her, a kind of magnetic personality coupled with plain features that were at once ordinary and enchanting. She was the quintessential “girl next door,” as clichéd as that sounded. In short, he was drawn to her.

So, yes. He was able to come help.

“Text me the address, and I’ll be right there.”

Quickly, Jeremy pulled on his jacket, saved the recently acquired ExPharm files to his emergency thumb drive, and flipped the laptop screen closed before bolting out the door.

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Before bringing his knuckles to Shina’s apartment door, Jeremy braced himself. He checked his posture, took a deep breath, and knocked.

“It’s unlocked,” he faintly heard Shina call from inside.

A bit taken aback by the invitation to just let himself in, he slowly turned the knob and eased open the door. Inside, Shina’s place was simply but pleasantly decorated—a few sconces and art pieces adorned the otherwise basic beige walls of the living area, where a single khaki-colored sofa sat across from a modest TV and entertainment center, a rich, walnut stained coffee table between the two.

As he glanced around for Shina, he heard another call from the hallway leading away from the living area, “I’m in the bathroom!”

The bathroom? What exactly was going on? Was Shina really ill? Is that why she called him for help; did she need to go to the hospital?

Jeremy cautiously rounded the doorway to the bathroom, where he found the bizarre sight of Shina, sitting in the bathtub, several soaked, wadded up towels lying around her. She was

wearing only a sexy red night gown that was presently being strained to the limits by a massive pair of breasts she'd not had 24 hours before.

The lacy red lingerie was being pulled at the seams by the two basketball-sized mounds of flesh straining to break free. Shina had always been a pretty flat-chested girl, as far as he'd noticed, but the pair of udders she was sporting were fit for something like "World's Biggest Tits." Further, the silky fabric of the nighty was terribly stained around her enormous, erect nipples, with still more liquid, presumably milk, squirting forth every few seconds.

"What?" he was truly at a loss for words. Everything he was seeing was at once impossible to process and unfathomably arousing.

"Lactix..." Shina was able to get out the single word before she winced and grabbed her breasts which appeared to be lurching against the already taut clothing, growing still larger, fuller.

It all clicked in Jeremy's head. The files and emails he'd been poring over earlier that very evening came wizzing back through his mind. If Shina was saying what he thought she was, this was very, very bad.

"So, you mean that you..."

"I took twenty of them..." Shina lowered her gaze to her outlandish figure shamefully.

"Twenty?!" Jeremy searched for the proper words, "I didn't even know you had a kid..."

Shina's shoulders shuddered as she let out a teary sob, causing her chest to wobble and another jet of milky liquid to spurt through her top.

"Hey," he cooed, trying to comfort her as much as possible, "it's going to be okay."

With a deep breath, Shina launched into a hurried, jumbled explanation. She recounted everything to him: Janine, the stolen pills, the Saran Wrap, the realization that she'd taken all of them at once. She told him all of it.

"Okay," he held up a hand to both calm and shush her, "everything will be fine. You fucked up, like you said. We'll think of something, though."

She looked up from the tub to Jeremy who was now sitting down on the closed toilet nearby.

"What can we possibly do?" she seemed devoid of any hope at all.

"Well," Jeremy reached into his jacket pocket and pulled out his thumb drive and flashed a smile, "I kind of have a little hobby that I do in my time off work. Do you have a computer, by chance?"

**

Less than half an hour later, Jeremy was again sitting on Shina's toilet in the bathroom, this time with her laptop plugged into an outlet and balancing on the edge of the vanity.

In the relatively short time it had taken him to find her computer and get it set up, she'd already had another few growth spurts, the last one causing the silk nighty to let out an audible cry as its threads neared their breaking point.

As Shina used the towels around her to gently dab at the milk still dribbling from her engorged nipples, Jeremy was racing through all of ExPharm's data which he'd helped himself to.

"Aha! Found it!"

Shina jumped and yelped at his sudden exclamation.

"Sorry, I got excited," he apologized. "Here is all of ExPharm's data on their trials of Lactix."

"Jeremy, that's great, but..." a wave of suspicion and apprehension overtook her speech, "how did you get all of this?"

"I sort of enjoy hacking into major pharmaceutical networks for dirty laundry in my spare time..." he realized as he said it that he might not want to spill all of his very illegal secrets to his coworker, but she really needed help, and she seemed trustworthy enough.

"You realize you could go to jail for something like that, right?"

"Very much so."

"Fair enough," she gave a grin that told him that she was on board.

After sifting through the trial data files for a few minutes, Jeremy was able to find exactly what he was looking for: the data on what ExPharm had labelled "Trial 84-E." The file read just like all the others he'd seen, save the ominous heading of "TRIAL FAILURE—ADVERSE REACTION—DISCONTINUE TRIALS" at the top of the report. It was worth noting, as far as Jeremy was concerned, that the trial documents continued on all the way up to Trial 197.

"Here it is, their data on a failed trial. I noticed it earlier, when I was first sorting through everything."

He moved the computer to his lap so that the screen faced Shina who immediately began running her eyes over the document, reading the same words which Jeremy had already seen.

It was troubling, to put it lightly. The trial notes included the fact that the test subject had suddenly begun to gain breast mass and lactate uncontrollably. There were mentions of emails and reports at the bottom of the notes, showing that the person in charge of the test had at least made an effort to properly make ExPharm's higher-ups aware that the drug had problems.

Once she had signaled that she was finished reading, Jeremy pulled up the other files referenced in the report, all the while, her mammaries continued to swell and issue forth milk.

"Okay, here's the email," he remarked.

"Just read it to me," Shina seemed understandably preoccupied with her swelling chest.

"Attention, Dr. Thaddeus Darton: It seems that the Lactix drug has the potential to trigger spontaneous, rapid mammary swelling and lactation at changing rates based on several as yet unknown variables. For details, please see the attached notes on Trial 84-E. The subject was milked to temporarily relieve condition, although she is unable to continue trials, and I recommend immediately suspending all trials of Lactix until more data can be collected. Dr. Lisa McKenny, PhD."

"So they *knew* this could happen?!" the sudden outburst from Shina caused a shudder to ripple through her tits, accompanied by the sound of tearing fabric.

"Shit, my top's going!"

No sooner had the words left her lips than Jeremy was faced with the spectacle of the tortured red lingerie giving up its last grip on life and shredding apart, unleashing a tsunami of pale, taut flesh and deep cleavage as Shina's bare breasts broke free, covering her entire lap. For modesty, Jeremy averted his gaze, but could hear the poor girl beginning to sob.

"Don't cry Shina," he comforted, holding an arm in front of his eyes. "With this information, we can go public and expose those fuckers!"

"And make me into a freak show attraction?!"

She had a point. Jeremy thought for a moment before settling on another plan of action.

"Then we blackmail them! Make them find a cure!" he was trying to sound more confident in his plan than he really was.

"Jeremy, I can't do anything until we fix this," Jeremy was sure she was gesturing at her gargantuan breasts, but he refused to look. "You read the email. You know how we fix this."

He was both excited by and afraid of what she was asking, but truth be told, he knew she was right.

“I need to be milked.”

There it was.

Dr. McKenny had laid it out fairly plainly in her email. Sure, they could spend more time digging through documents and emails, looking for other leads on how to stop what was happening to poor Shina, but as things stood, she was filling up most of a bathtub with her boobs and dribbling enough milk to soon fill the rest. It simply had to be done.

“Okay, then,” Jeremy cleared his throat awkwardly, “should I leave you alone?”

“No, I... uh...” Shina awkwardly tripped over her words, “I think I need you to do it.”

“ME?! Why me?!” he tried to hide the nervousness and shock in his voice but knew it wasn’t working. When he’d offered to come help out his coworker, he’d never imagined anything remotely like this.

“Jeremy, watch,” she pleaded, but he kept his eyes averted. “Please, I need you to look at me. It’s okay.”

Girding himself, Jeremy moved his arm away so that he could truly look upon Shina’s predicament. She looked incredibly distraught: her hair was a mess, her face contorted in a strange half-way expression of terror and confusion, and her arms rested awkwardly on top of the twin globes of breasts, the weight of the limbs causing them to lightly sink into the pink fleshy orbs.

“This is why I need your help,” she said to him frankly as she reached forward, straining to bring her hands to her puffy, quarter-sized nipples. It was possible, but given that each breast was comparable to a beach ball, it was difficult, to be sure.

Once at her nipples, she grabbed each and gave a squeezing tug, causing a fountain of creamy, white liquid to blast forth for a short moment before her entire body shuddered. She moaned in ecstasy and her arms and hands contracted in pleasure. The sensation made it impossible for her to continue milking. She was right—Jeremy had to do it.

“So, should I just...” he was dumbfounded. He had literally no idea what to do in this situation.

“How about you help me out of the tub, and I bend over the side?”

“And use the tub like a...” he didn’t want to say it, because it sounded so ridiculous.

“Like a milk bucket,” Shina’s tone had morphed into that of someone with determination. She was taking control of the situation, shaking off her fear to become confident and assertive. It was pretty attractive.

“Alright.”

Jumping up from the toilet lid, Jeremy extended both arms to Shina, making a point not to ogle her assets unnecessarily, which was proving an incredible test of his will.

She took his arms and awkwardly pulled herself up out of the tub, straining to move under the enormous weight of her chest. By the end, she’d not so much managed to get up as reconfigure her position so that her breasts lay slung over the tub’s edge and the rest of her body sat in the bathroom floor, on all fours. Jeremy could see now that, beneath the scraps of shining red fabric of the nighty, Shina wore a sexy matching pair of hot red bikini cut panties.

“Let’s get started...” he said, more to psyche himself up than anything else.

He sat on the edge of the white tub, next to one of the two vast breasts. Leaning over, he was just able to reach both nipples while maintaining his precarious seating position. Shina grunted in what seemed like pleasure as he latched hold of each of the oversized nubs.

Without wasting time to linger on the fact that he was actually milking the incredible, oversized tits of his attractive coworker, Jeremy got to work. He began gripping and pulling in a steady, alternating motion, urging each nipple to issue a cascade of liquid, the intense geysers giving way to slight dribbles as he released his grip before taking a firm hold and pulling once more.

With each tug of her nipples, Shina quivered and sharply inhaled, letting out a soft moan before the next pull. Twice during the ordeal, the moaning grew more intense, louder, as she was possibly reaching orgasm through the experience.

The milking session went on for what was certainly an hour or more with Jeremy pausing to rest his aching hands and arms every so often and give Shina a moment to recover before diving back into it. All of the effort, though, seemed to be paying off. With every drop of milk Jeremy squeezed out of her breasts, the globes shrank a tiny bit, the taut skin relaxing ever so slightly as beach ball sized mounds became basket balls which became actual normal (though still enormous) sized breasts.

“Think we should stop there?” he asked Shina as she approached somewhere around a solid F cup.

“Maybe...” she sat up straight, taking in the perky mounds perched on her chest. They looked incredible to Jeremy; they were flawlessly shaped and with an exceptional amount of heft to them. The only thing out of place was the three inch dark areola on each, still topped with a massive knob of a nipple. The shrinking had certainly caused some disproportion there.

“I think we can give it a rest for...” Shina trailed off midsentence, and began biting her lip. She closed her eyes and arched her back as the twin F’s began to flourish into G’s.

Jeremy looked on as the still massive tits expanded outward, jiggling slightly as their mass increased. With each wave of growth, another spurt of milk shot out triumphantly. The growing did not stop until the last ten to fifteen minutes of milking had been undone, leaving Shina kneeling there, groaning and holding an impressive, cantaloupe-sized boob in each hand, glistening beads of milk streaming from her nipples.

“Maybe we should keep going?” Jeremy offered.

Shina sighed and nodded as she moved back to the bathtub. It was shaping up to be a long night for both of them.

Chapter 4: Black is the Mail

“Are you sure about this?” Shina was beginning to have second thoughts about Jeremy’s plan. “There might be another way...”

“There might,” he fired back confidently, “but this is the fastest way to fix this whole thing.”

Jeremy nodded at Shina’s bare chest as she sat on her sofa, holding the cups of an electric breast pump against each of her watermelon sized breasts. The bottle attached to each cup was approaching the “full” mark yet again, indicating it was nearly time to dump the milk for the fourth time that day.

The pump had been Jeremy’s idea.

Having completed another hour of milking the previous night, he’d suggested a break. Hoping for the best, Shina had gone to bed, and he had passed out on the couch. When Shina awoke that morning, she found herself suffocating beneath heavy, overgrown udders, each of which was still spewing its own river of milk. Her entire bed had been soaked through, and she was immensely thankful that she’d made the wise decision to not wear a top to bed.

After an emergency milking attempt was cut short due to the still intense reaction she had every time her nipples were even slightly brushed, let alone squeezed, she woke Jeremy to once again help her out. It was becoming obvious that he was somewhat turned on by the whole ordeal, unless the enormous lump in his jeans was just a rock hard fold in the fabric. Still, his apparent discomfort was enough to reassure Shina that her coworker and friend was truly in this to help, not to get his rocks off.

He’d only been milking for a few minutes that morning when he brought up the idea of getting a breast pump. He offered to go out to a nearby maternity shop and get one, even suggesting that he pay for it himself.

Once Shina had returned to a semi-manageable size, he hurried off, returning more quickly than expected with the glorious device in hand, complete with a few varied sizes of maternity bras and other helpful accessories. Jeremy was proving to be incredibly dependable.

Plus, he’d been right to suggest the pump. The gentle suction of the machine was far less intense than manually milking her swelling tits, making it easier for her to autonomously relieve the ever-building pressure.

The pump aside, Jeremy was so intent on helping that after leaving to work his shift at the pharmacy, he returned with a fully outlined plan for helping Shina get out of the trying ordeal: they would blackmail the researcher from the trial report, Dr. Lisa McKenny.

Nearly another two hours went by as they discussed possible outcomes and consequences, Shina running her milk pump the entire time, pausing only to empty the bottles as they filled.

Everything was coming together, so the pair found themselves sitting in Shina's living room just past sundown.

"This is the fastest way to fix this whole thing."

Jeremy's confidence was infectious, and he certainly acted like he knew what he was doing.

"Okay," Shina replied, setting her face into a look of determination. It was hard to look serious with such enormous fleshy orbs resting openly on a pillow in her lap, but that was just one more reason that they had little choice in the matter.

Jeremy whipped out his smartphone and dialed Dr. McKenny's number as listed in ExPharm's personnel files. Once he activated speaker phone, Shina could hear the crisp ringing echoing in the apartment over the low rhythmic electric hum of the pump.

After a few rings, a breathy female voice answered, "Hello?"

"Yes," Jeremy injected as much gravity into his voice as possible while also making an effort to sound unlike himself, "is this Dr. Lisa McKenny of ExPharm Laboratories?"

There was a notable pause before the woman spoke again, "This is she. May I ask who is calling?"

They had her.

"Actually, who *I* am is not important, Miss McKenny." Jeremy's face remained dead serious, taking on an almost threatening expression as he continued, "All you need to know is that I know who *you* are, and I have numerous documents detailing your company's and your own involvement in the cover-up of dangerous side effects resulting from the use of Lactix. Do I have your attention now?"

No response.

"I'll take that as a yes," watching Jeremy work was fascinating, though Shina was getting the distinct impression that he'd never done anything quite like this before. Despite his confident façade, his face occasionally cracked a look of hopeful apprehension.

"I reported all side effects to the project supervisor!" Lisa shot back, indignantly.

“Yes, but I have documents showing that you continued to perform tests, knowing that your report was being ignored.”

“But I—”

“Also, it seems that you suddenly stopped raising any concerns at all after you were made the head of research on a separate project, correct?”

It was working! They had her on the ropes, and she had to know it.

“What do you want from me?”

Bingo.

“I want you to meet me in person with all the information you can get regarding the side effects of Lactix, and I want a cure for it. Otherwise, I go public with everything.”

The silence on the other end seemed to indicate she was thinking things over.

Lisa let out a long sigh, followed by, “When and where?”

Shina’s face lit up with excitement. She was going to be cured!

“Tomorrow night,” Jeremy responded, “at William Markton Park. Eight P.M. Come alone.”

“Okay.”

Jeremy added a final, “Don’t fuck this up, Lisa,” and hung up. He instantly collapsed back into his end of the couch and let out an exasperated breath.

“You did it!” Shina cried joyfully.

“Yeah,” Jeremy looked fully wrung out. “I just really hope we don’t go to jail for this.”

“Jeremy,” Shina said his name calmly, so that he looked directly at her.

“Hm?”

Shina leaned forward in a single, swift motion, causing the pump to detach from her nipples and sending her weighty bust forward into his lap. She could feel that he was quickly growing erect. She leaned in and quickly kissed him on the lips before adding, “Thank you.”

Turning bright red and jumping up from the couch, Jeremy began to stutter.

“We... uh... we should... we need to go to sleep. We have a long drive tomorrow.”

Shina was embarrassed that she’d made such a brash move, and was just as eager as Jeremy to change the subject.

“Where to, exactly?”

“William Markton Park,” Jeremy said, beginning to close up his laptop and put his things into his bag. “Pennsylvania.”

“Pennsylvania? Why?!”

“That’s where we’re meeting Dr. McKenny. It’s not far from the ExPharm facility where she works.”

Shina was filled with numerous conflicting emotions: excitement over her first kiss, embarrassment over her first kiss, and utter bewilderment over how she was going to make a road trip to Pennsylvania with her... condition.

**

Roughly twenty four hours later, Shina found herself several states away in Pennsylvania, sitting in the back seat of a rented sedan under a large blanket, pump still running, plugged into the cigarette lighter via adapter. Her nipples were becoming sore and more swollen than they’d been during any of the previous days’ growth and milking.

On the upside, the machine was managing to keep pace with her production, meaning she was now hovering around a generous D cup. Unfortunately, though, every time she stopped for a moment merely to empty the pump’s bottles, her chest immediately responded by bounding up a cup size or two, the flesh pulling and expanding as it always did, making room again for the gallons of milk being pumped into her lush mounds.

In the front seat, Jeremy was fading in and out of consciousness, struggling to stay awake after more than sixteen hours of driving as he anxiously watched the car’s digital clock tick over to 8:05.

“Damn it!” he cursed, “It’s after eight! Where is she?”

Not a single soul aside from themselves could be seen in the darkened parking area of William Markton Park. The place was creepy after dark, lit only by a single, flickering street light five parking spaces away.

After another few minutes had passed, a small black sports car pulled quickly into the lot, sliding smoothly into a space two away from Shina and Jeremy.

“Is that her?” Shina asked, eager for a chance to be done with the entire stupid ordeal once and for all and finally give her tender nipples a chance to rest.

“Maybe?” Jeremy responded, sounding uncertain. “Looks like there’s two women in there... Shit! I told her to come alone!”

There was a tense moment during which no one from either vehicle made a move, but as the silhouettes of two women soon emerged from the car, walking briskly toward the passenger side of the sedan, Jeremy began cursing profusely.

“What do we do?” Shina was concerned that the meeting was just beginning and things were already spiraling out of control.

“Fuck. She’s testing our resolve. We have to push back. Fuck!” Shina was both impressed and a little concerned that Jeremy seemed fully cognizant of how blackmailing worked.

There was a pair of dull clicks as the two women pulled the handles on the passenger side doors, one sliding into the front seat and the other into the back before closing the doors firmly.

The woman in front was tall and curvaceous with silky, wavy black hair that was just long enough to perfectly frame the unrealistically plump and perky breasts which happily peeked up out of her deep V-necked burgundy T-shirt. In the back seat with Shina was a shorter blonde woman who wore a pair of red-rimmed glasses and much more modest street clothes, though it was evident that she, too, had an impressive figure hidden beneath. It was difficult to tell for sure, but both in the dim light, women’s skin seemed to possess a pale bluish hue.

“I told you to come alone! I’m releasing the doc—” Jeremy’s threat was cut short as the black-haired woman firmly smacked him across the side of his head.

“What the fuck do you—” Jeremy was cut off again as, this time, a smack came from the blonde in back as she casually leaned across the still-pumping Shina to reach him.

The dark haired woman was the first to speak. Her breathy, almost sensual voice was the same one they’d heard over the phone the previous evening. It was Dr. McKenny.

“You dumbass!” she emphasized each syllable in pure contempt. “You have no idea what you’re doing, do you?”

Shina had been so impressed with Jeremy’s handling of everything that she had no idea what Dr. McKenny could be talking about.

“What are you—” yet again, Dr. McKenny cut off Jeremy’s sentence with a smack to the head before she spoke.

“You don’t talk until I’m finished talking. That clear?” the anger in her voice rang clear.

Jeremy nodded.

“How about you?” Dr. McKenny had turned to look Shina in the eyes.

Shina nodded.

“Good,” she relaxed a bit into the front seat before speaking again.

“First of all, what the hell do you think you’re doing driving a rental car to an extortion meeting?!”

“I—” the blow to the head came swiftly.

“Ah ah ah... Don’t talk,” the doctor was now speaking in a condescending, almost matronly tone of voice. “Second, why would you call from your *actual* cell phone? Do you know how easy that would be for me to trace? What if I’d just gone to the police? Are you trying to get arrested?”

Jeremy and Shina both remained silent, staring straight ahead as the two women glared at them.

“Look, I can tell by your demands, and from her current state,” she jerked her head toward Shina, “that you’re just trying to help, but you honestly have just come very close to screwing up everything Dr. Denikin and I have been working toward.”

The woman next to Shina, presumably the aforementioned Dr. Denikin, shrugged with a “what’re ya gonna do?” look of indifference.

Jeremy timidly raised his hand, like a grade schooler needing to use the restroom.

“What?” Dr. McKenny barked.

“Can you get to the point, please?” Jeremy’s previous tone of anger had given way to one of utter bewilderment.

Dr. McKenny made a move to smack him in the head once more, but both Shina and Dr. Denikin shot their hands out to intercept the blow.

“Lisa,” Dr. Denikin said softly, “let’s just fill them in so we can help her.”

Dr. McKenny sighed wearily.

“The new project we got moved to was a reversing agent for Lactix. I stopped pushing the issue with the side effects because I was looking for the cure to them.”

Dr. Denikin spoke up, “We had no idea that Dr. Darton, the Lactix project head, was moving ahead with distribution until it was far too late to stop it.”

“So we buckled down on finding the cure while spending our off-time doing exactly what you did: building a case against him and the company for releasing a drug with dangerous known side effects.”

The way the two finished each other's thoughts showed that they were almost perfectly in sync with one another. They acted almost like a sweet old married couple.

"And if I had gone to someone else instead of you..." Jeremy was beginning to piece together the puzzle.

"You could've ruined everything and lost us our leverage."

He stared at his lap, head hung in solemnity.

"So do you have a cure?" Shina was trying not to sound overly eager, but even at that moment, she could still feel the milk being pulled from her tits by the pump's gentle suction beneath the blanket.

"Maybe," Dr. McKenny paused and gave Dr. Denikin a hesitant look as she trailed off.

Dr. Denikin finished the statement with the dreaded *but*, "...our current formula hasn't yet been tested."

Without a single instant of hesitation, Shina chimed in, "then I'm your first subject!"

"Are you sure?" both doctors asked in unison.

Shina, growing tired of the extra effort required to maintain modesty in her situation, ripped off the blanket to reveal her firm, enlarged breasts, still shrinking ever so slowly as milk was pulled from them.

"I'm sure," she said with a tenacious fire in her eyes.

"Okay," Jeremy interjected, reflexively jerking away from Dr. McKenny, "where to?"

**

An hour later, all four were in a nearby cheap motel room. Jeremy and the doctors stood around Shina who sat on the edge of one of the room's two twin beds, her breasts bare and swelling steadily now that she'd removed the pump.

Though he made a point not to stare, Shina kept catching Jeremy sneaking a sideways glance at her impressive globes. She'd certainly been correct in assuming that larger breasts would get his attention, but the extent to which her plot had been taken was proving a bit excessive for her liking.

As Lisa and Dr. Denikin, having finally properly introduced herself as Analia, probed and prodded at Shina's gorged and darkened nipples, occasionally squeezing enough to yield a

gushing spurt of white milk, Jeremy tried desperately to come up with a subject other than his coworker's breasts and nipples.

"So I'm not allowed to rent a car for extortion, but you two can rent a motel room for secret experiments?" Shina found it cute that he was trying to regain the upper hand after his blackmailing scheme had blown up in his face.

"We're not on the books," said Analia while swirling a test tube of Shina's milk in front of an incredibly bright light they'd brought in from their vehicle. "The owner is a friend of ours. We... um... helped him with a gift for his wife."

Lisa let out a chuckle, as she looked at Analia with a raised eyebrow, indicating there was a little more to the story than was being let on.

"Alright," Dr. McKenny retrieved a vial of clear, ruby-red liquid from one of the several metal cases lying on the other bed. She inserted a syringe and drew a small, measured amount before saying, "as I mentioned earlier, this formula of the serum has not yet been tested. We're fairly certain that it will undo the changes, though, as we've finally determined the root cause of the Lactix side effects."

"What's that?" Jeremy inquired.

"Alcohol," answered Dr. Denikin without looking up from her pages of notes. "That's why Darton deemed it inconsequential. Nursing mothers are unlikely to be drinking."

Both Shina and Jeremy exchanged looks of incredulity.

"His words," she added.

Shina thought back to all of the Moscato she'd been drinking the night she took the pills. It couldn't have been a coincidence. After all, the increased growth hadn't kicked in until after she'd had more wine.

Dr. McKenny explained, "Lactix works through a combination of hormone therapy and rapid genetic restructuring to stimulate milk production. This serum is programmed to undo those changes, while also accounting for the alcohol's effects on the drug."

"But you don't know if it works," summarized Shina.

"Correct," replied Lisa, "which is why we have rented these joining hotel rooms. We'll let you guys sleep next door, but we will be checking up on you every couple of hours."

After inserting the syringe's needle into Shina's arm and depressing the plunger, she turned toward Jeremy and added, "This is partially hormone based, so you knock on that door if she starts showing *any* strange behavior, got it?"

Jeremy nodded.

**

After another half hour of observations, measurements, and note-taking, the doctors bid the two of them good night and dismissed them to the adjoining room.

The moment the door latched behind them, Jeremy spoke, "So, am I crazy, or does their skin look almost blue?"

Without a single word of response, Shina shoved him from behind, knocking him to the bed. Those last few moments of study had been torture for her, as all she craved was Jeremy. He'd been her hero, her knight in shining armor. He was willing to risk jail for her!

"Shina? What're you doing?" asked Jeremy, rolling over to get back up from the mattress when Shina jumped atop him, still wearing only a pair of khaki capris, her enormous bare breasts resting on his chest, weighing him down as she straddled his crotch, feeling his hard, throbbing dick pressing against her soaked pussy.

She wanted him. No! She *needed* him inside her.

Seemingly unbelieving what was happening, Jeremy more joked than protested, "A simple thank you would've sufficed."

Shina looked down at him, his face below his eyes totally enveloped by her extraordinary cleavage. He wasn't making any attempts to look away from the one-foot-around spheres of tight flesh before him. His gaze was locked on the gorgeous tits. Shina had managed to woo him in the end.

As she felt him reach down to begin unbuckling his belt, struggling to reach it beneath her breasts, her attention turned elsewhere. A familiar sensation in her breasts told her that the milk was coming again.

Right on cue, the twin mounds in front of her began to rise in waves, the skin pulling as she filled with milk once more. She knew the smart thing to do was to fetch the pump or even alert the doctors, but nothing was going to tear her away from Jeremy at that moment. She didn't care how big she got.

Before she was fully anchored by the monstrous jugs, she plopped backward and aided Jeremy in a rapid removal of his pants, revealing a massive, rock-hard cock, jutting through the slit in his boxers, standing at attention. Eager to let his piece of meat inside her, Shina stood up, to strip off her own pants, but she was met with resistance.

The waistband of her capris had become so tight that she didn't possess enough strength to unbutton it.

"Wanna give me a hand, stud?" she jabbed at Jeremy who was staring in awe. She was surprised at just how sultry her own voice sounded.

As Jeremy jumped up to help, both of them were just able to unbutton the fly, and then he said what Shina, somewhere in the back of her mind had suspected.

"I think your butt is growing," he sounded like he couldn't believe his own statement, but a quick move to the bathroom mirror revealed the truth.

Both Shina's breasts and butt were swelling up at a shocking pace. With her pants undone, the soft plumpness of her expanding buttocks was muffin topping up and out into the open air, wedging her sexy silk panties tightly into her ass.

Both she and Jeremy knew that they needed to tell the doctors immediately, but she chose to peel her tight pants and underwear off of her ballooning thighs and throw Jeremy back onto the bed.

He was able to let out a gasp of "Don't you think we—" before Shina's plumper than usual lips wrapped around his warm, pulsating dick.

Chapter 5: Tit for Tat

As Shina repeatedly bobbed her head, taking Jeremy's dick into her mouth all the way to its base, then retracting, to let its considerable length slide effortlessly out, Jeremy lay flat on his back, holding his head in his hands and moaning in pure pleasure. Each time her lips neared the hot, throbbing head of the organ, she paused to circle it a few times, massaging it with her wet tongue.

With every passing moment, Shina could feel her heavy breasts surging with renewed milk production, growing large enough to cover Jeremy's entire lower body. Meanwhile, both her bottom half and her lips were plumping up at a slower pace, taking on a less dramatic, though still impressive shapeliness. Having removed her constricting underwear and pants, her ass was bloating up nicely, gaining a thick layer of cushion around the cheeks and thighs which wobbled in the air behind her as she continued sucking off her man with the soft, pillowy lips of a goddess.

"Oh my god! Shina, I'm gonna come!" shouted Jeremy as he writhed and grabbed at the bed's comforter.

Just as foretold, the cock in Shina's mouth exploded in a hot, gooey mouthful of Jeremy's semen. The shaft jerked and pulsed as the muscles contracted, blasting out every last drop of warm sperm.

Once he'd finished ejaculating, Shina pulled up from Jeremy's member and looked at him with pure desire, making a point to swallow every last drop he'd just released into her mouth. She then licked her swollen lips and moved forward, struggling to lift the still increasing mass of her now constantly spraying mammaries as she moved. At last, she arrived at her destination, feeling the still-hard mass of that magnificent dick rubbing against her moist, eager labia, Shina rocked her hips and plunged downward, taking him inside her.

Jeremy let out a gasp, followed by a cry of "Dear God!" as his face contorted into a vision of absolute wonder. Though Shina knew her proportions were reaching absurd levels, her mind was consumed with nothing but her desire to fuck.

The bed shook, the headboard clashing against the wall in time with the pair's pelvic thrusting. The whole time, the bed was becoming soaked with the flood of milk releasing from

Shina's now immeasurable bounty of tit-flesh. Much more growth, and the breasts would no longer fit onto the confines of the mattress, but Shina did not care.

With the thrusting taking on a thunderous pace, Jeremy grabbed at her nipples, whether from desire to induce further lactation or to steady himself for leverage, she couldn't tell. Shina could feel his cock sliding into her wet folds, filling her up as he was thrusting to the hilt, twitching as he neared orgasm once more, and she herself could feel the shaking of ecstasy take her. She was on the very verge of coming!

SLAM!

The door to the adjoining room burst open as the two doctors, disheveled and half-dressed entered, just in time to witness both Shina and Jeremy cry out as they came together before collapsing in a heap on the bed.

“Before I jump to conclusions, I'm going to assume that fucking like rabbits in a mound of tits and ass qualifies as ‘unusual behavior.’ Am I wrong?” Dr. McKenny asked indignantly while Dr. Denikin stared on, mouth agape.

Shina watched one of her still expanding breasts ripple as one of Jeremy's hands lifted part of the mass to expose his exhausted face.

“We... uh...” he searched for the proper words, his cheeks turning red with blush, “got caught up in the moment?”

Shina whirled her head around and glared intently at the interlopers who were standing between her and more wild, growth-filled sex.

“Who asked you two?!” she snarled through her new enlarged, sensual lips, their size seemingly stabilized for the moment. “Now GET OUT!”

“Analia,” Dr. McKenny said firmly to her cohort, “get the second vial.”

As Dr. Denikin sped back into their own room, Lisa called after her, “...and a sedative!”

They were going to take away Shina's fun! They were going to take away her tits! With her milk-producing monsters, she was irresistible. She could have Jeremy. She could have anyone! They would not stop her! Those jealous bitches!

Subconsciously, Shina knew that her thoughts and actions were being altered by the hormonal effects of the drugs, but it was like watching a recording of herself, powerless to affect the outcome.

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Once Dr. Denikin had returned with the small case of serums and removed two new vials, these filled with green and transparent liquids, she handed them off to Dr. McKenny, who began to extract the clear liquid with a syringe.

Jeremy, emerging from beneath one of the person-sized breasts wearing only his milk-soaked T-shirt and still sporting a semi-erection, asked, "What're you doing to her?"

"Jeremy," said Dr. Denikin calmly, "she's having a reaction to the hormonal treatment."

In response to his somewhat obtuse look, she elaborated, "The new serum is fighting the Lactix changes, causing her genetic code and hormones to veer wildly out of control. She needs to be sedated and given a second injection. It's a less powerful form of the injection we gave her earlier. Think of it like calling the cavalry to fight off the Lactix."

"So you knew this could happen to her?"

"We told you to tell us if anything happened," piped up Dr. McKenny as she prepared a syringe of the green serum, "But you decided to have your fun instead. Luckily, you were about as subtle with this as you were with the blackmailing attempt."

As they conversed, Shina lay on the bed, flailing and hurling obscenities at the doctors and even Jeremy, but her struggling proved useless, given that the immensity of her new assets was weighing her down, immobilized. She was reduced to little more than a shouting knoll of breasts and ass, dribbling and squirting milk from the massive nipples near either corner of the headboard.

"Okay, I'm going to need you two to hold her arms, while I sedate her," Dr. McKenny said to Jeremy and Dr. Denikin, moving closer with the first injection.

As Jeremy stepped next to the bed and looked at Shina, he saw her then as the enraged succubus she had become, eyes and hair wild, lips firm and succulent but spewing vitriol and curses.

"I'm sorry," he cooed, "We're trying to help you."

He was overcome with remorse for what his selfish actions had created of this wonderful young woman. He'd known all along that she wasn't herself, that he should've stood fast against her lustful attack, but his feelings kept him from doing what was right. His hormones had made as much a fool of him as hers had of her.

With Shina's arms held, Dr. McKenny injected the drug into a shoulder. Within moments she went limp, showing no signs of movement save the gentle rise and fall of her back and the somewhat slowed distention of her engorged breasts. She was out cold.

Dr. McKenny reached in with the second syringe, ready to administer the dose, when Shina's body roared to life, grabbing the needle from her hand and plunging it into the doctor's thigh before hammering down the plunger and injecting the liquid within.

"Oh god! Lisa!" screamed Dr. Denikin from across the bed, too far away to do anything.

Jeremy simply stared in horror, too caught off guard to even make sense of what he was seeing. Had Shina faked her sedation in order to attack the doctor? It made sense. She'd been crying before about them trying to take away her fun. She truly had been lost to pure lust and greed.

Cackling, Shina began to slur her words as the sedative really took hold of her, "Have fun wif da, youu..."

Unable to get out the last of her sentence, Shina collapsed forward onto her waterbed of a chest, the impact sending ripples through the flesh and causing a fresh torrent of milk to erupt forth.

She was unconscious.

"Are you alright?" Jeremy called to Dr. McKenny as he hurried to her side, momentarily forgetting that he was still nude from the waist down. "What's going to happen to you?"

Dr. McKenny looked back and forth between him and Dr. Denikin.

"Well, like we said," she said, somberly, "these current anti-serums have never been tested. Their function is purely theoretical. That's the whole reason we brought multiple doses and all the lab equipment we could transport. We're having to react to what happens, which is **WHY YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD US—**"

She was cut off by Dr. Denikin raising a hand to her lips.

"Lisa," she comforted her partner, "we've gotten out of much worse problems in the past."

Dr. McKenny knowingly muttered, "Blue-21."

Jeremy had no idea what the two were talking about, but he was pleased that they seemed at least stalwart in the face of this upsetting development.

Dr. Denikin raised up onto her tiptoes to plant a kiss on Dr. McKenny's lips, causing Jeremy to cock an eyebrow in both intrigue and approval.

“So what happens now?” he asked the two women.

“Well, first we get Shina a dose of the second serum,” answered Dr. Denikin, taking charge over her taller colleague.

She grabbed a fresh syringe, filled it with the green liquid that the other doctor had just been injected with, and delivered it directly into the unconscious Shina’s shapely left buttock, which jiggled noticeably as she wiped the injection site with gauze.

“Next,” she continued in her newfound can-do manner, “you’re going to put some goddamned pants on and keep an eye on her while we start running tests.”

Fetching a new needle from the case she’d earlier brought into the room, the new doctor in charge stuck the thing into a vein in the bend of Shina’s elbow before letting her blood flow into a small tube. As she removed the blood sample and needle, she handed Jeremy a large cotton ball and said, “Apply pressure until the bleeding stops.”

As she collected the various syringes and vials in the room and ushered Dr. Kenny back into the other room, she spoke to Jeremy one more time.

“If *anything* happens,” she began.

“I’ll tell you immediately,” he stated matter-of-factly as he heaved an impressive thigh aside to make room on the bed Shina now filled by herself.

Once the two doctors had left the room and closed the door behind them, he heard the latch click.

He hoped the new dose would help Shina get back to normal. He missed his friend.

Chapter 6: Un-Expecting

Analia latched the door behind them as she and Lisa returned to their room. They had just been thrown a massive curveball in their search to undo Shina's transformation. With Lisa having been injected with the secondary serum, there was no way of knowing exactly how long they had before she would possibly begin to undergo changes of her own or even what those potential changes could be.

Analia began rattling off a plan while pacing rapidly back and forth in front of the flimsy motel room table strewn with assorted bits of lab equipment and vials of liquid, taking full control of the situation.

"Okay, step one: I'm going to need a blood sample from you."

Lisa immediately nodded in agreement and fetched a needle and vial. She was already drawing her own sample as her partner continued planning aloud.

"Step two: we analyze Shina's blood and your blood, isolating the key hormonal and genetic effects common to both."

"Roger," Lisa seemed genuinely amused by Analia's sudden take-charge attitude.

"Step three: synthesize counteractive gene therapy reagents and reactive hormone supplements which target those changes."

"You know, you're very sexy when you're resolving crises under a time crunch," Lisa joked, punctuating her statement with a wink and a blown kiss.

Analia allowed her train of thought to be disrupted for a moment, knowing she needed to assess her fellow researcher's condition before the two of them could proceed any further.

"Lisa?" she prodded.

"Yes?" Lisa responded, not looking up from the label she was preparing for her blood sample.

"How do you feel... *honestly?*" Analia paused, choosing her next question carefully. "I mean, are you being jokingly sexy right now, or are you actually feeling turned on?"

"Oh, I'm incredibly turned on," admitted Lisa freely, "but it's not due to hormonal fluctuations. At least, not yet, anyway." She spoke the last part with a look of uneasiness. She wouldn't admit it, but she was clearly concerned that she was about to turn into a raving, inflating nymphomaniac like the girl.

Analia, convinced that Lisa was still in control of herself, replied, “Good. Let’s get to work.”

The pair began busily examining specimens and running a full gamut of tests and measurements, trying to get a firm grip on the exact combination of genes and hormones necessary to reverse the drug’s effects, but no matter what potential lead they followed, it invariably resulted in a dead end, as the two blood samples seemed to share no consistencies regarding the changes.

“Goddammit!” Analia cried out in frustration, bringing her clenched fists down hard onto the makeshift workstation. “Nothing lines up! It’s like we’re dealing with two entirely different problems!”

“Well, that’s not that surprising, right?” Lisa placed a comforting hand on Analia’s shoulder. “I mean, she’s had the initial drug, plus two serum doses, not to mention the sedative. I’ve only had the one serum dosage.”

Analia’s face lit up with recognition. Lisa was wrong! She hadn’t only had the one serum. That was the reason the samples were so absurdly different!

“Babe, you’re a genius!” she leaned over and embraced Lisa tightly, planting a huge, loving kiss on her lips. “You’re way off, but you’re a genius!”

The confusion on Lisa’s face was plainly visible.

“Blue-21!” Analia announced like a bingo caller.

The serum from a few years prior which had left both of them with azure-tinted skin and unusually curvaceous figures had been of a similarly gene-based functionality. It had altered their genetic and hormonal makeup permanently. In actuality, Lisa’s and Shina’s blood samples seemed totally dissimilar because they were. The two women had to have very different genetic abnormalities after such different exposures. Add in the original Lactix-induced changes in Shina, and they would be vastly different!

“That’s the answer!” Analia shrieked, excitedly. “We’ve been searching for what you have in common, but we should’ve been comparing each of your samples with a separate control with a similar starting genetic makeup!”

Without a moment of hesitation, she jumped up from her chair and began to fetch the necessary items to take a blood sample from herself. By comparing hers with Lisa’s they would be able to get a clear picture of the effects. Shina, however, would need to be compared to someone who had been exposed to neither Lactix nor Blue-21. Someone like Jeremy.

Lisa had arrived at the same conclusion almost simultaneously. “I’ll get a sample from him!” she bellowed, already undoing the locks on the door between rooms.

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Analia was nearly finished documenting her own sample by the time Lisa reemerged from the other room.

“Got the fourth sample,” she said before adding, “He’s impulsive and a little childish, but, dammit, I’m actually starting to like the kid.”

“Oh?” Analia didn’t look up from her work, but she was curious what had led to the sudden change of heart.

“He’s in there sitting by her and just telling her she’s going to be okay. He really cares about her. I’d almost swear they had been together for years,” Lisa’s voice had taken on a sympathetic tone.

“What makes you so sure they haven’t?” Analia fired back.

“Because they remind me of us,” Lisa said, handing over a fresh vial of blood, marked with Jeremy’s name. “Back when we first became lab partners.”

Analia glanced over her shoulder, raising her right eyebrow inquisitively. She wasn’t going to bother actually asking for the reasoning; she’d known Lisa long enough to know she was going to elaborate, regardless.

“When we were working on our second research project, that muscle revitalizing cream,” Lisa began, a nostalgic glaze coming over her beautiful face, “I tripped over my own feet and slammed my shoulder into the lab table, remember?”

“You insisted on wearing high heels in the lab, despite repeatedly being told it was not safe,” Analia recalled with a laugh.

“They made me more attractive,” Lisa defensively shot back. “I kind of had a thing for another researcher.”

Analia felt her cheeks turning warm with blush.

“Anyway,” Lisa continued, “I fell and whacked my shoulder pretty badly. Of course, no sooner had I been hurt than my still fairly new lab partner came running to my aid, after dropping our only vial of sample tissue onto the floor, shattering the container and sending the bits of material EVERYWHERE!

“This... partner of mine... then spent the next half hour icing and massaging my shoulder—pretty sensually I might add. It was really sweet having someone I’d only worked with suddenly take that leap and show that they legitimately cared for me.

“I see that same kind of relationship with them, excepting the hormone-fueled two-person lactation orgy we walked in on a bit ago. They care for each other, but they haven’t quite made that perfect connection just yet,” she placed her hands on Analia’s shoulders and gripped them tenderly.

Analia struggled to hold back tears and focus on her work, but the sudden rush of memories was making that difficult. She would be lost without Lisa, and now she had no choice but to find a cure for the serum swimming around inside her veins or risk losing her lover to any number of crazy possible side effects.

“Hey,” Lisa yanked Analia out of her haze of memories and worry. “Come here, babe. We’ll solve this, I promise, but come here for a second.”

Analia tore herself away from the table and stood up, turning to look Lisa directly in the eyes. She was crying, as well. They both were. For nearly two hours, they’d been analyzing samples and looking for solutions to a problem neither of them really wanted to believe existed. Lisa was in danger. So was Shina. They were both worn down by the effects of Lactix and the fallout that had resulted from trying to undo all of the damage created by Dr. Darton’s selfishness.

Lisa held out her arms and Analia came in for a tight hug, letting her head rest on the soft warmth of Lisa’s ample bosom. It was probably her favorite feeling in the world: the two of them holding each other tightly, able to faintly hear Lisa’s heart beating in her chest. She loved it, though not necessarily in a sexual way. She was absolutely crazy about Lisa’s smoking body, even more so since the shapely boost she’d gotten from Blue-21, but this wasn’t about the titillation of having her head buried in the depths of her partner’s impressive cleavage; it was about closeness and simply being in each other’s arms.

It was comforting.

The two embraced one another for some time before Analia noticed it: a sensation of motion at her midsection. With a slight gasp, she unclasped her arms from Lisa’s waist and backed away.

“What’s wrong?” asked Lisa, before following Analia’s gaze down to her belly.

The lower half of her burgundy t-shirt was beginning to ripple subtly as the fabric which had previously hung loosely beneath the stretched tightness of her bust was beginning to bow outward, pushed out by a growing mass beneath.

“Your stomach...” Analia’s words trailed off. She spun on her heels and threw herself back into the lab equipment.

“I’ll take a sedative,” Lisa said, her voice wavering slightly with uneasiness. “I can’t disrupt your work if I’m unconscious.”

“No, take the sedative with you into the other room. Have Jeremy give it if necessary, but you should stay awake so I can get your help if I need it,” Analia answered, refusing to spare even the time to look up from what she was doing. Her singular purpose was to find a way to reverse the effects on both Lisa and Shina, and the faster she accomplished that, the better the chances there would be no permanent harm to them.

“Good idea,” Lisa said, the sound of cases being opened and closed punctuating her response.

“I love you,” said Analia, once again without looking up from the equipment. She told herself she didn’t have time to waste, but the truth was she was afraid to look at what might be happening to her lover. Blue-21 could have caused either of them to literally burst in a torrent of blueberry juice, but they’d solved the problem in time. She refused to entertain the idea of what could happen this time.

“I love you, too, Ana,” came Lisa’s voice, followed by the “clack” of the door being shut behind her.

Analia raised her head up from the microscope and wiped away fresh tears with her forearm before going back to her work.

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“Is everything okay?” Jeremy asked as Dr. McKenny once more emerged into the room, but the look on her face told him everything he needed to know.

She was staring down at her own abdomen with a grim expression, and it wasn’t difficult to determine why. The doctor’s formerly hourglass figure was ballooning conspicuously in the middle. Her munificent bust was seemingly unchanged, as were her wide, shapely hips.

However, her belly now had a prominent bulge to it, and judging by the gentle stretching of the purple fabric of her top, it was still bulging.

“Listen carefully,” she virtually shouted at him, clearly upset.

Jeremy nodded silently as he sat on the room’s remaining empty bed across from the one currently taken up by Shina’s still unconscious, fleshy form.

“Changes have started for me. I don’t know what’s going to happen exactly, but right now, it seems to be limited to my stomach,” she was laying out everything very carefully and matter-of-factly, but she at least seemed to be operating under the assumption that Jeremy was moderately capable.

“In this case,” the scientist continued, holding up a silver attaché case, “there are several syringes and vials of our proprietary sedative. The vials are marked with a red line at the standard dosage. I trust you are able to properly measure and inject it, should the need arise?”

Jeremy was incredibly nervous about the fact that the doctor seemed to be expecting him to sedate her, but he could tell from her manner and tone that this was a very serious matter.

“I can do that,” he replied solemnly.

“Good. I’m going to remain in here with the two of you. If I’m needed in the other room, Analia will come get me.”

She outstretched her arm to hand the case of drugs over to Jeremy before continuing, “If I begin to act strangely AT ALL, you are to inject me in either the shoulder or thigh, whichever is easier. No matter what, you cannot hesitate. You sedate me the second I act even a little strangely. Am I clear?”

“Crystal,” Jeremy gripped the cool metal case, as it sat in his lap, hoping he would not have cause to open it.

“Excellent,” said Dr. McKenny in a determined voice, “Analia is working on the cure for us, but we can’t risk any effects I experience hindering the work.”

There was a heavy pause as she walked over to one of the room’s chairs, placed a hand on her ballooning midsection, eased herself down into the chair, and turned to look Jeremy directly in the eyes before adding, “I can’t stress enough how dangerous this situation has become.”

Jeremy had just been handed a case of drugs, a pile of responsibility, and an ominous warning. It had not been necessary for the doctor to stress just how much trouble they were facing. One look at Shina’s gargantuan form was enough to make him realize that. The poor girl

was being swallowed up by a massive heap of breasts and ass. Her assets had become so oversized that the rest of her body was practically invisible, save for her head which lay peacefully on top of one of her massive tits.

Thankfully, it seemed that the second dose of anti-serum had at least caused any further growth to halt, though she still remained in her transformed state.

“Hhnnnnng!”

Jeremy’s attention was ripped away from Shina as the doctor let out a strained grunting sound. Turning his gaze, he found her doubled over in the chair, clutching her swollen belly with her arms, letting out the pained sound through gritted teeth.

“Are you okay?!” he demanded, already opening the case in preparation.

“Nnnnnng... just a... lot of... pressure...” she let out in labored bursts of speech. “No... drugs... yet...”

She abruptly arched back in the chair, arms flung wide at either side, revealing the new wave of growth she was experiencing. Where her t-shirt had been somewhat snug around her bloating belly as she entered the room, it was suddenly brought to the brink of its stretching limitations. Her slim voluptuous figure was assuming the shape of a pregnant woman who was finishing her second trimester.

“Wow, this feels intense!” she exclaimed, interjecting as much sarcasm as her circumstances would allow.

Jeremy looked on, awestruck, as her bulbous abdomen raised with each inhalation, but failed to lower substantially upon exhale. She was swelling at an incredible rate, on par with what Shina had undergone just before sedation. The cloth of her shirt was pulled exceedingly taut, and a widening band of firm flesh was continually emerging from the lower hem of the piece of clothing. Below that, her black capris were straining at the waistband, causing an audible creaking to emerge from the button holding everything closed.

“I’ve got to undo my pants!” she cried desperately, fumbling with the clasp but having no luck as her body was only expanding further with every passing second, making it ever more impossible to unbutton her pants.

“Shit!” she cursed as she moved her hands away from her waist and began to roll up the bottom of her top with apparent difficulty.

Her breathing was becoming more labored as her rigid globe of a belly kept increasing in size, causing her clothing to further constrict her.

“You’ve got to help me undo my pants!” she shouted at Jeremy, who was now faced with undressing a second woman with whom he was *not* romantically linked. The dilemma must have been visible in his expression because she followed up with, “I’m not asking you to *fuck* me; I can’t breathe!”

Jeremy leapt from his seat on the bed and rushed over to assist. With great difficulty, he slid his fingers inside her waistband on either side and pulled the two points together, hoping to create enough slack at the center to allow Lisa to unclasp the button. With some groaning and huffing, their efforts were at last successful, unbuttoning her pants and allowing the spherical mass to blossom forth, unimpeded.

And blossom it did. The effect was instantly noticeable, as she progressed rapidly from an apparent second trimester to long overdue... to long overdue with triplets. In minutes her belly had grown enough to fully emerge from the confines of her shirt and cause her large (and still unchanged) breasts to be thrust upward into her face.

Though the growth was beginning to slow, Jeremy realized that much more would cause her swollen form to become lodged between the chair’s arm rests, so he stepped forward and held out his hands.

“We need to get you to the bed before you get wedged in,” he said calmly, trying not to alarm her any more than she already was.

Dr. McKenny nodded and reached out, taking his hands. She wriggled herself forward as Jeremy pulled with all his might, astonished by the sheer mass of her visually pregnant form. Finally, they were able to heft her upright, at which point she waddled over to the empty bed and plopped down.

They both took a moment to take in the still slowly escalating size of her globular mid-section. She was becoming enormous, and her skin was becoming continually tighter, faint stretch marks beginning to appear in places. Then with a “pop” her belly button suddenly inverted, becoming an outie. By all accounts, she looked ready to explode.

“I’ll go get Dr. Denikin!” Jeremy called out to her, already moving swiftly toward the door.

“No!” Dr. McKenny’s voice arose from somewhere on the other side of her bulging belly, “let her work! If she can’t find the cure, the girl and I will both pay for it!”

Jeremy inhaled deeply and prepared himself for the rest of what was turning into the longest Saturday night of his life. He just hoped the cure could be found in time.

Chapter 7: The Let-Down

“Almost there...”

“You’re doing great, babe, PUSH!”

“OH GOD!”

“Are you sure she shouldn’t be in the bath tub?”

“Shut it! She’s almost there!”

All the voices around her were wavering in and out, or maybe it was her. It was like her head was drifting in the ocean, waves of consciousness slowly rolling over her and just as quickly rolling away. Shina recognized Jeremy’s voice, but she wasn’t so sure about the two women she was hearing.

The doctors! Lactix! The serum! She remembered!

Shina threw open her eyes just a torrent of gushing, sloshing sounds erupted from somewhere in the room, followed by the voice of Dr. McKenny, exhausted and seemingly relieved, “Oh thank god...”

“You did great, babe,” came Dr. Denikin’s voice, “Now let’s get you cleaned up.”

Before her, Shina saw nothing but an expanse of pale, milky flesh, split in the center by a cavernous chasm of cleavage. Were those her breasts? What had happened? How long had she been asleep?!

“Hey! Shina! You’re awake!” Jeremy’s happy, enthusiastic tone was comforting.

She could hear a squishing sound emitting from the carpet as he hurried to her side. Lifting herself up to turn his direction, she felt a pronounced weight holding her down, like gravity had been dramatically increased.

Shina craned her head around, trying to get her bearings. She was still in the motel room. She was on the bed. She could see the two doctors out of the corner of her eye; one of them was sitting on the other bed, naked from the waist down, while the other was standing beside her, handing over some towels.

Finally, Jeremy came bounding into view, standing between the two beds. He placed a hand on her shoulder before speaking gently and reassuringly, “Shina, everything’s going to be alright.”

That was good news. The last she could remember, Dr. McKenny had been injecting her with a possible cure for Lactix, and now she was waking up who-knew-when with breasts bigger than beach balls and an immense sense of weightiness to the rest of her body.

“How long?” was all she managed to get out, despite having dozens of questions to which she wanted immediate answers.

“It’s Sunday morning. You were out all night,” Jeremy answered timidly.

“Shit! I’m supposed to be at work tonight! I’m gonna be fired for sure!” she was fully panicked. If she lost her job, her parents would never let her live it down. Plus, she’d be unable to make rent. What was she going to do?! She was totally fucked!

“Like I said,” Jeremy began rubbing her shoulder soothingly, “everything’s going to be alright.”

She gave him a puzzled look. He had to know neither David nor Donna would ever forgive a late arrival or call-out from someone who *wasn’t* banging David.

“I called the pharmacy last night. I told them,” he paused, nervously fidgeting with his cuticles, “I told them we went out together and both ended up with food poisoning. We’re safe for now. We just need to focus on getting you back to normal.”

“Which is well underway,” piped up Dr. Denikin from across the room. As Dr. McKenny was toweling off her thighs and groin on the glistening, soaked bed, the blonde doctor walked toward Shina and Jeremy, again soliciting squelches from the carpet.

“Last night, after you injected Lisa with the second dose of serum, we started work on a new batch,” she explained.

“Until I started ballooning up,” Dr. McKenny added indignantly.

“Yeah, it seems that our unique history with genetic modification combined with the single dose of anti-serum in the absence of Lactix created a sort of pseudocyesis,” after noting Shina’s puzzled expression, Dr. Denikin added, “a false pregnancy.” She glanced back to her partner, “By all accounts, her body thought she was pregnant.”

“VERY pregnant,” Lisa added.

“True,” continued Dr. Denikin, “She was large enough to have been carrying quadruplets at least. After giving her the new anti-serum, she even went through labor as her body got rid of the excess mass.” She gestured toward the torrent which had flooded that side of the room. “Though, the result was nothing more than a mass of fluid. She was never actually pregnant.”

Shina tried her best to take in what the doctor was telling her, but she had no recollection of injecting anyone with anything. It was as though the entire night after the initial injection had been blanked from her memory.

“I’m sorry for whatever I did,” she was abhorred at the thought of attacking the women who were trying to help her. “I just don’t remember anything after that first injection.”

“Don’t worry,” Lisa began, getting up from the bed and pulling on a fresh pair of pants from a duffle bag on the table, “it wasn’t really you. The hormonal and genetic changes brought on by the anti-serum sent you into a sort of... nymphomaniacal rage.”

Shina felt the blood leave her face. Nymphomaniacal? Had she...? Did she and Jeremy...?

“Jeremy?” she looked to him for some kind of confirmation.

He stared at his feet sheepishly. Without glancing up, he said, “You sort of threw me down on the bed and I didn’t realize you weren’t really... you...”

He trailed off, still avoiding all eye contact with her.

“You have to understand,” he suddenly blurted all at once, “I would have NEVER done anything if I’d known. I really like you, and I’d never hurt you. I just got caught up in the moment and didn’t really think it all through.”

“So, we actually...” she probed.

He looked up and nodded with an apologetic expression on his face.

Shina was more embarrassed than anything. She’d dominated and fucked the one guy she’d ever really been interested in, and she didn’t even remember it.

“Sorry to interrupt, but,” Dr. Denikin interjected, as she and a now clothed and normally proportioned Dr. McKenny were making their way toward the door to their room, “I just wanted to say that I *did* manage to create a true anti-serum for you, as well. We administered it while you were sleeping. You’ve already sized down considerably, but you’ll probably want to,” she cleared her throat awkwardly and gestured to her breasts, “help things along.”

After sharing a sly smile, the two doctors retreated to their own room, shutting the door behind them.

Once the sound of latches being turned ceased, Jeremy was the first to break the silence, “Shina, I am so, SO sorry. I can’t apologize enough for...”

“It’s fine,” Shina interrupted him, “like you said, ‘Everything’s going to be alright.’”

She flashed a smile, really looking deep into his jade eyes for the first time. There had been dozens of moments at work when she could have been honest with him, told him how she felt. Instead, she'd unfailingly managed to talk herself down, convinced that he wouldn't be interested. Yet, here they were. She had gotten herself into the single worst situation in her life, and he'd been with her from the beginning, doing everything he could to make everything right. He had been a true friend to her, but there was still more to it. There was no real reason to feel the way she did, but her intuition told her that Jeremy, that cool, funny, handsome guy from work, shared her feelings.

"Jeremy," she mentally braced herself, a little shocked that she was actually saying things aloud, "I've really liked you for pretty much the entire time we've worked together."

Jeremy looked taken aback, but the puzzled look rapidly gave way to an enormous grin.

"I like you, too," he said tenderly, causing Shina's stomach to lurch.

He likes me, too!, her internal voice cheered. Externally, she played it as cool as she could manage. Bringing her elbow to rest on her waterbed-like mound of breast and causing a short gush of milk to squirt out of her right nipple into the air, she propped her head up on her palm.

"So, uh..." she said, mimicking a mysterious, seductive voice, "you want to grab dinner sometime... handsome?"

Jeremy cracked a smile and chuckled softly.

"I think we're already a little bit past that," he remarked, gesturing to her outrageously proportioned body, which she suddenly realized was fully nude.

"Crap! What happened to my clothes?!" she demanded.

"You... uh... kinda took them off when we..." he seemed so reluctant to actually *say* what had happened between them, but Shina could understand how he felt. The whole thing was just... bizarre.

"Analia and I did manage to go clean them at the laundry room, though!" he chimed while fetching her pants and underwear from the duffle on the table. "You might have to wait a bit to be able to fit into them, though."

Shina tried to twist around to get a good look at what exactly had happened to her body during the night, but she was finding any real mobility to be beyond her abilities.

"Do you mind giving me a hand?" she asked Jeremy.

"Sure," he lay her clothes back into the bag and came over, extending his hands out to her.

“Let’s not stand on ceremony, okay?” she said, giving him an incredulous look before jerking her head toward her inflated buttocks.

Taking the hint, Jeremy clambered onto the bed beside her and placed the palms of both hands on her swollen thigh.

“One. Two. Three!” as Shina counted to three, she suddenly heaved her considerably girthy backside, and with help from Jeremy’s firm shoving, managed to roll herself over. With a bit of awkward tugging at her engorged breasts, she was finally able to lie somewhat awkwardly on her side.

Jeremy shuffle-crawled his way up to her side, though the two of them were still some distance apart with her beach ball sized breasts lying between them.

“So, I believe,” Shina began, playfully, looking at Jeremy as seductively as she could manage, “there was mention of me needing to be milked?”

Though he was attempting to maintain his composure, Jeremy’s eyes were noticeably darting back and forth, nervously, looking everywhere but Shina’s swollen body.

“It’s okay, Jeremy,” she reassured him, “I know that you’ve been turned on by this whole thing.”

“What? I mean...” he stammered, trying to deflect the charges.

Shina giggled, sending ripples through her assets.

“Jeremy, it’s fine. You’ve been a great friend, and I know you wouldn’t take advantage of me, but you’ve been sporting a pretty impressive bulge since you first found me stuck in my bathtub.”

She gestured to his presently bulging jeans. There was no amount of fabric that could hide the sizeable protrusion attempting to tear free of its confines.

“In fact,” Shina continued, while reaching out with one hand to gingerly stroke his cock through the taut fabric, “I must admit I’m a bit disappointed that I can’t remember anything from last night. I’m sure it was pretty... fun!”

With her last word, she gripped his rock-hard phallus through his pants, eliciting a combination moan and gasp from Jeremy. Judging from the expression on his face, he was quite enjoying the sensation.

Returning a sultry smile, Jeremy looked into Shina's eyes for a sustained moment before leaning in and kissing her firmly and passionately on the lips. She was overwhelmed with her feelings for him as she felt his hot, soft lips pressed tightly against her own.

As their impassioned kiss went on for a seeming lifetime, Shina felt a spontaneous pressure at her left nipple. Glancing down, she saw that Jeremy had cupped his hand over the billowy mound of tender flesh and was squeezing the engorged point between his thumb and index finger. The sensation was intoxicating. Almost immediately, Shina felt her entire body shake with pleasure as a blast of milk came bursting forth from the tender nipple, soaking both the bed and Jeremy's chest and causing the cotton fabric of his shirt to cling to his fit torso.

Her lips still locked with his, Shina reached down and began frantically clawing at Jeremy's belt buckle, trying desperately to remove the only obstacle standing in her way. Taking the hint, he released his grasp on her breast to help remove the hindrance.

Moments later, Jeremy's hands were both back to Shina's nipples, each of which was gushing forth a geyser of milk. The sensation of her tits letting down all of her milk at once in a forceful torrent of lactation was nearly more than she could stand. The intensity was overpowering.

She was, however, able to keep enough control over her body to thrust her left hand out and take hold of the mighty rod that was Jeremy's impressive dick. At least eight inches long and possessing enough girth that she could only just wrap her hand around the thickest point of the shaft, Shina was astonished by the monster this mild-mannered pharmacy tech had kept tucked away.

As they continued dueling lips and tongues, Jeremy and Shina kept their hands fully occupied, Jeremy's milking Shina's still expansive tits, and Shina's stroking the length of Jeremy's glorious organ. They were both writhing in ecstasy, Shina having serious difficulties with maintaining concentration on her "work."

Finally, Shina ended the lengthy indulgence by rolling over fully onto her back, a feat now much easier as her breasts were once more approaching "enormous, but manageable" sizes. Once in position, she lurched over and took Jeremy by the shoulders, pulling him on top of her.

The young man took the hint, taking up position between her ample thighs and positioning his prominent member. Then, with a strong thrust, he entered her.

Shina wailed with satisfaction as she felt her pussy being entered and filled up by the hot, throbbing dick. Looking up at Jeremy, she saw him falter after only a few oscillations, falling forward. Although, he managed to catch himself and steady his balance by once more gripping her still-lactating breasts, squeezing and massaging the wobbling mounds as he simultaneously rocked his pelvis to and fro, his cock gliding effortlessly into and out of her.

“Oh, god!” Jeremy exclaimed after pumping intensely for some time. He was quickening his pace, and Shina could tell from the look on his face that he was nearing climax.

Opting to seize the opportunity, Shina wrapped her legs around his midsection and began clasp him, drawing him still more forcefully into her. She arched her back and began rocking her own body in a complementary rhythm, letting his shaft rub the upper wall of her vagina. With each pounding motion, his body slammed into her clitoris, sending a jolt of pleasure into her.

As they continued, moaning and thrusting, Shina felt the milk spraying constantly from her shrinking jugs bringing them into the realm of “human sized,” though they were still certainly immense, jiggling in time with her own rocking.

Then it happened. In a glorious moment, both she and Jeremy let out a furious, frenzied cry, cumming together. A final, sputtering blast of milk shot from her nipples as her abdominal muscles spasmed uncontrollably. Inside her, she could feel Jeremy’s rigid cock jerk repeatedly as a remarkable volume of thick cum shot forth, filling her fully.

After a shared incredible orgasm, the pair collapsed, still embracing one another, before drifting off to sleep.

Chapter 8: Exposed

Janine Morisson lay in her hospital bed watching yet another inane daytime soap opera in grainy resolution on the room's ancient television, pinned beneath the mass of her monstrously oversized breasts. She'd been in that bed for nearly a month, ever since she'd had her initial reaction to Lactix. That night had been a waking nightmare for the weary new mother, as her chest had ballooned to absurd proportions, and after going back to her pharmacy to report what had happened, she'd been told that "it would be taken care of," and she should go to the hospital.

Well here she was!

She'd gone to the ER as that scrawny Asian girl at 3B Pharmacy had instructed, only to spend the next four weeks bed ridden and smothered by her ever-growing breasts. The doctors were constantly coming and going, stopping on occasion to prod her or ask about her medical history.

No one really seemed to know how to deal with her ridiculous condition. The doctors had finally settled on hooking her up to a maternity pump to extract as much milk as possible; the female nurses avoided eye contact or shot her sideways looks of pity; the male staff mostly tried to hide their sneaky glances at her enormous mammaries; her friends and family were all too embarrassed to acknowledge what was happening; and her husband... he had taken their newborn daughter and left town to stay with his parents, repeatedly claiming that "the whole thing is just too much." He hadn't called in over a week.

Eventually, the door to Janine's private room flung open and one of the several doctors who'd been working with her entered. Her name was Dr. Evenhorde.

While it would be an exaggeration to say that any of the hospital's doctors had been overly supportive during the prolonged stay, Dr. Evenhorde had at least been sincere.

While she never seemed to offer any real hope of reversing the changes Janine had experienced, she did always give off an aura of honest compassion. She, more than any other member of the staff, seemed to care about helping Janine.

"Well, Janine," the doctor said as she approached the bedside, an uncharacteristically dour look on her face, "there's some news."

Though the doctor's expression was unnerving, Janine was ecstatic to hear any news on her condition, good or bad. Either way, it meant knowing more about what was going on.

“What is it?” she inquired.

“We were contacted by ExPharm Pharmaceuticals this morning regarding a treatment for Lactix’s side effects.”

“They found a cure?!” she couldn’t contain her elation, shooting upright in the bed and sending a ripple of movement through her mounds.

“Possibly,” the doctor answered, pointedly trying to lower the level of excitement. “They’ve sent a case of anti-serum for administering, but they said it’s not yet proven...”

“Still, that’s good news, right?! There’s a chance,” Janine was growing more hopeful by the second. She didn’t care if there was a chance the cure failed. There was a chance it worked!

“Janine,” Dr. Evenhorde said with utmost gravity in her voice, “they will only give us the anti-serum if all members of staff and you sign a non-disclosure agreement, as well as an arbitration agreement.”

There was a long pause as what she’d said sunk in. They were going to sweep it under the rug.

“They’re blackmailing me to not say anything?” Janine could feel herself getting choked up. Tears were beginning to cloud her vision. “How can they just act like this never happened?”

“They’re hoping you want the cure more than you want justice,” said the doctor heavily.

Janine sat in silence. She’d lost everything because of that company’s fucking drug. Her husband had left her, her daughter had been taken from her, her friends refused to visit or call, and an entire month of her life had been swallowed whole by the fucking hospital. And they wanted her to just quietly let it all go?!

But what choice did she have? Without the cure, she was just stuck as a giant pair of jugs with a body. She didn’t have a choice at all. She had to get her life back, as much as she could salvage, at least.

“I’ll do it,” she croaked after mulling it over for several minutes.

“Mrs. Morisson, you don’t have to—”

“I’m getting my old life back.” Janine stated with assurance. “If that means they get away with everything, then so be it. They won. I’m not exactly thrilled at the prospect of pretending nothing ever happened, but I’m sure as hell not letting pride keep me stuck here longer than it has to.”

“Very well. I’ll inform their legal counsel,” said Dr. Evenhorde curtly, before exiting the room.

Janine wanted ExPharm to pay for what they had done to her, even more so now that they were forcing her to keep quiet about it, but she needed that cure. They had left her no choice.

They were going to get away with everything.

**

“And now, we have with us Doctors Darton, McKenny, and Denikin from ExPharm Pharmaceuticals, here to talk about their revolutionary new drug for nursing mothers, Lactix!” Janna Joy chirped in her overly sing-song manner as the studio audience erupted into applause.

Lisa McKenny walked out onto the talk show’s set, preceded by her superior, Dr. Thaddeus Darton, an older, grey haired man with a stooped posture and splotchy, greasy skin, and followed by her lover and research partner, Dr. Analia Denikin who, like herself, was wearing a significant amount of concealer to hide her skin’s vaguely lavender hue. All three doctors were wearing their official lab coats, buttoned down and emblazoned with the ExPharm logo.

Once the trio had taken their seats on the generic, off-white plush sofa and chair reserved for Janna’s guests, the host began her interview, exactly as they’d rehearsed it a few hours prior.

“So, Dr. Darton, why don’t you tell us a little bit about Lactix?” she asked before turning to the crooked little man.

“Well, Janna, I had the idea for it after my wife had a great deal of difficulty nursing our third child. Of course, this was well before the technology existed to make it a reality, but after several decades, I’ve finally made my wonder drug, and now nursing mothers everywhere can rest easy knowing that they will have no trouble providing for their children.”

Lisa rolled her eyes at the pile of lies. She and Analia had derived the formula after coming up with the idea themselves. Darton had wasted no time appointing himself the head of the project, though, and taking all credit. Of course, he also refused any responsibility, forcing the few who experienced side effects before the recall to jump through legal hoops absolving him of any liability.

“Now, ladies,” asked Janna, turning her attention toward Lisa and Analia, “I understand you are the researchers who have spearheaded the tests on Lactix and helped Dr. Darton here create this wonderful drug.”

“That’s correct,” answered Analia, “my partner Dr. McKenny and I were very excited when Dr. Darton approached us with his idea, and he’s been kind enough to let us assist in its development.”

Analia shot Lisa a look that signaled she was not pleased with the charade, but they both knew that they needed to play along for just a little bit longer.

“I have to admit, it’s great to see two young female doctors working on such a wonderful drug for new mothers. You both have very bright futures in the field, as long as you keep learning from such visionaries as Dr. Darton here.”

Janna had no way of knowing how insulting she was being. For all she knew, Darton had been the scientific mastermind behind Lactix, just as all of ExPharm’s previous breakthroughs had been the work of the other “research heads” who saw no problem with shamelessly stealing from the young scientists under their supervision.

“Now, I wanted to take a moment to talk about this recall that happened about six months ago,” Janna’s tone grew much more serious, though the question was far less hard-hitting than it appeared. They’d gone over the question in rehearsal and had the perfect canned response.

“I can answer that, Janna,” piped up Lisa. “We did issue a full recall on early batches of Lactix due to some of the pills being incorrectly dosed too low. Basically, the manufacturing facility made some of them too weak. There was no health risk involved; we simply wanted to ensure that consumers were getting what they paid for.”

“Well, that’s good to hear,” Janna replied, smiling cheerfully.

Meanwhile, a look of relief flashed across Dr. Darton’s face. He had clearly been concerned with the question. Perhaps he was worried Lisa might not stick to the script.

“So then, what about these rumors going around that Lactix can be dangerous when combined with alcohol?”

There was the second question right on cue. Lisa felt her chest beginning to tighten. She exhaled and held her breath as long as she could while letting her posture slump slightly. One glance at Analia told her that things were going according to plan.

“It’s absolutely preposterous,” bellowed Darton. “Lactix is one hundred percent safe, and we at ExPharm would stake our very reputations on it! Besides, nursing mothers are not going to be drinking anyway. It’s dangerous to the baby.”

Everything was on schedule. It was time for Janna to issue her challenge.

“I’m actually glad you said that,” she said mischievously, standing up from her chair, “because I would like to take this opportunity to issue one of my famous Janna Joy Challenges!”

The audience exploded with life, cheering and clapping, as a young man in a suit emerged from backstage, wheeling out a cart carrying four margaritas and a single translucent orange pill bottle before disappearing just as quickly.

“Alright, audience, you know the drill!” Janna exclaimed with enthusiasm. “I’m going to issue a challenge to my guests in order to get to the bottom of the issues that matter to you!”

She then spun around on her heels to face the three doctors, all of whom were now standing. Lisa and Analia were hunching their backs as much as possible without drawing attention to themselves, because they were already beginning to feel the effects of the Lactix they had taken before coming on the show.

“Dr. Darton, I’m sorry but I’ll have to issue this challenge only to your colleagues here, as you’re not quite suited for it,” Janna stated.

Darton smiled and backed away from the cart that had been left standing directly between the four of them.

“Dr. McKenny, Dr. Denikin,” she addressed the two ladies very matter-of-factly, “ExPharm claims that its drug Lactix is perfectly safe, while rumors persist that it is dangerous if taken with alcohol. Therefore, I challenge you to each take a full dosage of Lactix—that’s two pills each—along with a full margarita! The other two margaritas are for me and Dr. Darton to enjoy,” she added the last sentence with cheerful glee.

“Do you accept?” she asked.

With no hesitation, Lisa and Analia both stated, “We accept your challenge!”

Janna then stepped up to the cart and opened the pill bottle, counting out four white pills into her palm. She handed each woman two of the pills, which they promptly popped into their mouths, followed by a margarita, which they each began sipping liberally.

Darton’s face as he began to sip his own margarita was plastered with a smug look of victory. He knew the pills they’d just taken were the new reissued formula of Lactix and had no chance of the usual side effects. What he did not know, however, was that Lisa and Analia had spent the last six months testing various dosages of the original Lactix and alcohol to nail down a firm time frame on the effects. He was also unaware that the two of them had carefully measured out a dosage just before coming onto the show which they’d followed with shots of vodka. While the

“challenge” was perfectly safe, they had painstakingly calculated a plan to expose ExPharm, Darton, and themselves live on national television.

As Janna and her three guests returned to their seats, Lisa let herself relax, noticing Analia do the same. Beneath her lab coat, she could feel her bra and button-down blouse beginning to grow tighter as her breasts began to fill with milk. Her nipples were becoming engorged and erect, poking out enough that she could see them through all three layers of fabric.

“I must say, ladies,” Janna carried on with her interview, “I don’t think I’ve ever had someone take to one of my challenges with such gusto. You must be very confident in your product.”

“We absolutely are,” Analia groaned through gritted teeth. Lisa could see her partner’s chest beginning to swell outward at a decent pace, all while feeling her own ample assets blossom to an even more impressive size.

“Now, Dr. Darton, would you like to tell us just a little bit about how Lactix does what it...” Janna trailed off, her attention suddenly seized by the events transpiring on the couch where the two female doctors sat.

Both Lisa and Analia’s breasts had begun to swell with such tenacity that the changes were clearly visible to everyone. While the two had certainly been far from flat-chested, their breasts had increased by several cup sizes each, the buttons on their lab coats being pulled apart, revealing glimpses of a deep blue, shimmery blouse on Analia and patches of fabric, flesh, and lacy brassier on Lisa. Furthermore, their nipples had begun to jut forward so astoundingly that there was no ignoring the four attentive peaks.

“Um... ladies... is there a, uh...” Janna was scrambling for words as things were beginning to deviate from her carefully rehearsed script.

Throughout the audience, murmurs and gasps could be heard as even those in the back row could tell that the doctors’s chests were expanding to impressive sizes, threatening to escape from the fabric confines which held them at bay.

“Well... Janna...” said Lisa, now struggling to breathe as her torso was being constricted between her tightening clothes and growing breasts, “It seems... there’s been... some sort of... reaction... to the... Lactix...”

As Lisa struggled to get out the last few words, there was an audible “POP!” as she felt her brassiere snap under the pressure, allowing the mass of her tits to shift down and forward into her

lap. With nothing but her twin layers of buttoned clothing to hold them back, Lisa could feel her breasts begin to expand at a faster rate, filling with milk and growing larger, straining the poor buttons tasked with containing them.

Likewise, she could see Analia sitting next to her, struggling to get air into her lungs until her own undergarment gave up with a softer tearing sound. It wouldn't be long before they were both completely topless on television.

“So, it would seem that there is some truth after all to the rumors...” Janna's voice was cracking. She seemed desperate to regain some semblance of control over her talk show, but she was proving as effective as the doctors' bras.

“This must be some sort of practical joke being played by my subordinates, right ladies?” Darton was equally desperate to turn things around, but there was no mistaking what was happening. Even if the cameras stopped rolling, everyone watching the show would become suspicious of Lactix. Of course, once the effects became known, sales might increase a bit, but for totally different reasons.

“Unnng... it's about to... get messy...” Lisa grunted as she felt the pressure in her mammaries building to the familiar breaking point. The milk was looking for a release.

She felt her body shudder as the points of her nipples began to leak warm trickles of milk, soaking through her shirt and lab coat, creating dark spots of lactation. Analia was experiencing the same, although the lack of buttons on her blouse was lending to the sound of rending fabric. Any minute, their clothing was going to fail.

“I... uh...” Janna stammered uselessly as the scene played out on her set. Finally, she managed to blurt out a quick, “Go to commercial!”

At her orders, all of the camera operators immediately swiveled away from the main set, pointing their rigs toward various bits of scenery around the studio. The audience was growing hysterical, everything from screams to laughter spreading through the crowd. Lisa and Analia's plan seemed to be working perfectly. No one was going to forget what had happened.

“What did you do?!” Darton screamed at the women as soon as he was sure the cameras were no longer rolling.

“We took... Lactix...” Lisa smugly replied.

“The real Lactix...” added Analia.

“Wait!” interrupted Janna, as she jumped into situation, “what do you mean ‘real Lactix’?”

“Rumors were... true...” Lisa was struggling to speak. Her breasts had become so massive that several of her buttons had begun to burst free, revealing a deep, dark cavern of cleavage crammed between masses of soft flesh. Meanwhile, twin streams of milk were jetting from her covered nipples, arcing through the air and creating puddles on the floor of the set.

“Well, then,” said Janna, eyeing Darton with contempt, “I guess we should get you girls backstage to get cleaned up, and we’ll have a little bit of ‘off book’ discussion with Dr. Darton here.”

The male doctor shot an evil look toward the Lisa and Analia, but they knew they had won. There was no way he could salvage his reputation. It served him right for insisting on taking all the credit for the drug and then leaving the poor victims helpless legally.

As stage hands arrived on set to assist the two women with walking backstage, both of their tops exploded open nearly simultaneously, sending piles of naked tit flesh spilling into their laps, geysers of milky liquid still spraying forth from their nipples.

Analia glanced over at Lisa and confidently said, “We did it.”

Lisa looked over their enormous breasts and the wet mess they had created all over Janna’s set before smiling and agreeing, “We sure did.”

With that, the two shared a quick kiss and laboriously stood up before lugging their gargantuan orbs off set, leaving Dr. Darton alone with Janna to explain himself.

Epilogue: Bustily Ever After

It had been close to eight months since the recall occurred, and Jeremy had finally finished moving into Shina's apartment. Since the incident, the two had been closer than ever, spending tons of time together both at work and outside it. They'd been *officially* an item for over six months. Things were going very well for the pair.

Shina had finally told her parents that she was happy to be a pharmacy technician and gave them the ultimatum that they could let her live her own life or stop speaking to her. They seemed to suddenly loosen up after that.

Jeremy was still hacking large company servers to expose their secrets, but he'd decided that full-on blackmail was probably better left to the professionals.

Both of them still worked at the pharmacy, where everyone but Ashley pretended not to notice the new C-cups which Shina was sporting or the fact that she had begun to put a little more effort into her appearance. Shina was convinced it just made everyone so uncomfortable that they refused to acknowledge it. Though, Ashley had greeted her with a snotty "You think you're hot?!" when they had first bumped into one another after Shina returned. Truthfully, Shina was making herself up half because she finally felt good about who she was, who she'd always been, but it was partially just to piss off Ashley.

Things were indeed going well.

"Hey, sweetie!" Jeremy called into the apartment one summer evening as he came in from work.

"There you are," beamed Shina as she came bounding down the hallway, her shapely figure bouncing along with her.

Jeremy threw down his messenger bag and looked her over. She was truly breathtaking: shimmering black hair down to her shoulders, infinitely wondrous brown eyes, beautiful red lips forming a shallow smile, a voluptuous hourglass figure accentuated by a form-fitting plum top and hip-hugger jeans. Standing there in the entry to the living room, she was radiant. He knew the moment was right.

Jeremy dropped to one knee without saying a word and pulled the small black case from his jacket pocket. He'd been carrying it for a few weeks, waiting for the perfect setting.

"Jeremy? Is that?" Shina was fighting to get out the words as she began to get choked up.

“Shinaya. I have been through so much weird shit since I met you, but I regret none of it. Every moment of fear or confusion or uncertainty has been worth it, because it brought me to this point, to right here, so that I could ask you this question: Shinaya Kamikawa, will you marry me?”

She smiled wide as tears streamed down her face.

“I absolutely will!” she shouted as she jumped onto him and the two embraced tightly.

“That’s good,” he joked, kissing her tenderly, feeling her warm, moist lips upon his own. Things couldn’t possibly get any better at that moment.

“Oh,” Shina said, pulling away slowly, “I also have a bit of a surprise for you...”

“What’s that?” he asked.

Without answering, Shina reached down and lifted the end of her shirt up over her large bust, revealing her pale, full breasts, snugly held in place by a lacy bra which matched the plum color of the top. There, nestled snugly in her cleavage, was a small orange pill bottle filled with white pills. She retrieved the bottle and held it up, shaking it playfully.

“Is that...” Jeremy began.

“Yep. Lisa and Analia sent it as a sort of apology/thank you gift.”

“Did they also...” again, he was cut off before he could finish.

“No need for anti-serum,” Shina replied, already unscrewing the bottle and tossing two pills into her mouth before chasing them with a sip from a glass of wine she’d left sitting on the coffee table. “Apparently this is a new formula that reverses itself after a few hours.”

“Alrighty then,” said Jeremy, already stripping off his jacket and shirt, “let’s see what this new formula can do!”

“I don’t think we’ll have to wait long,” mused Shina, arching her back as the soft flesh of her breasts began to billow out, spilling out of the cups of her already tightening bra. She was growing faster than she’d ever grown during the incident.

“They really outdid themselves!” she said in a satisfied tone as her bra gave a sudden “snap” and loosened. In only a few seconds, her tits had already outgrown it and showed no sign of slowing down.

Jeremy wrapped his arms around her and buried his face in her deepening cleavage.

“Mm mmff mmm,” his voice was muffled by her growing bosom, but Shina had understood him perfectly.

“I love you, too, Jeremy,” Shina replied.

The End

Acknowledgements

Thank you, dear reader, for purchasing this ebook. I truly hope that you enjoyed it.

It is my heartfelt belief that the world needs more erotic stories with actual character development and plot, so I take the time and effort to create stories like this one for people to read and enjoy. It is through the support of my readers that I am able to continue writing, so you should know that you are a big part of the reason this book exists. Thank you.

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