

Allie and the Pill

"New birth control medication ready for testing! Apply today to be a test subject! Fair compensation!"

Allie looked at the flier on the bulletin board on campus. The offer was tempting. Money had been tight recently, and her last birth control had ruined her libido while she was on it. That had kind of defeated the purpose, after all. She'd have to think about it, but as long as the time commitment wasn't too great she was leaning towards signing on.

Allie checked her phone. *Shit, I'm gonna be late!* Her lab class was going to start in five minutes and she was a fifteen minute walk across campus. The shuttles were never punctual either. Allie ripped the flier from the bulletin and rushed off to class.

The friction between her thighs was killing her. Allie needed a lay. She needed one bad. As she lay there in bed, squeezing her legs together in desire, all she could think of was one thing. The warm, filling feeling of a man releasing his seed within her. She needed it. Her breeding kink was descending upon her with full force this spring night. Seeing that advert for the birth control study had reminded her what she so desperately missed. Months of using condoms or pulling out only made her desire it more. That flier had taken that desire and blown it into a need.

She tapped her phone to check the time. 2:48 AM. It was so late it was almost early. Lecture at 9:20 AM. No sleep. Just a deep, dull ache in her loins and a moistness that refused to let her sleep. Allie rolled over and took a look at that flier again. There it sat on her nightstand, taunting her. Calling to her. And lying in the drawer below it... Promising to put her to sleep quickly... She couldn't take it anymore.

Allie quickly opened the drawer and nabbed her vibrator. Flicking it on, she reached under the covers. "Ungggh! Fuck... Yeah... cum in me, please..." Allie muttered to herself as she worked. Her moans and grunts quickened in pace, pitch increasing. "Ungh! Ungh! Uhhhhhhnnnn... Ungh ungh ungh! Fuck yeah! I... oh fuck I'm getting on that study! Ohh yeah..."

Allie had never been in this lab before. In fact, she didn't even know that there was another bio lab on campus. The one that she'd always had classes in was clear across campus and much more... equipped than this one. She walked through the hallways, the dimly lit fluorescent lighting starting to give her a headache. She turned into the room where the flier had indicated.

"Hello? I'm here for the study..." Allie timidly announced her presence.

"Oh! Oh, hello, um... yeah, hi, I- I'll take you, um... I'll help you out here. T-take a uh, a seat. Let me just grab the uh, grab the p-paperwork for you," a man in a lab coat responded. Wheeling his short stool over to a table covered in papers, he shuffled through the mess looking for something.

Allie gingerly took a seat across the table from him. The folding chair creaked as she put her weight on it. The lack of funding for this project became more and more apparent as Allie took in all the details of her surroundings. Her confidence was rapidly dropping. Finally, the

doctor extracted a packet several inches thick. Handing it to her, Allie looked at the papers and wondered what was with how many there were.

“Ok, so I- I just need you to umm, f-fill that out. Yeah... all of your, your uh, information. Your se- ummm, reproductive hi-history, and... the uhh, when you last had um, your... menstruation. And, of course you... you have to sign that you ac-accept the terms.”

Allie took a pen and began to look through the packet. Page after page asking for her personal information. Some stuff, she expected. When her last period was. How regular her menstrual cycle was. Had she ever been pregnant. Questions that, while she wasn't thrilled to answer them, they made sense. But there were other questions as well. Questions that she couldn't fathom being important to this trial. Her bust size? 34 B, but why did it matter? Height and weight? That might be relevant for dosing, but shouldn't that be measured here by the doctor? How many partners had she had? There's really no way that can be relevant, right?

Painstakingly, Allie took her time to read and ponder every question the packet asked her. Her desire to participate in the trial was diminishing with each prompt. But then she thought about the ultimate result of this. The deep yearning she felt, the hole in her sex life she needed to fill. She pushed through, continuing her way through the packet until she finally reached the releases section. Sign here, initial there, date on the line. Really boilerplate stuff. By now, Allie barely cared to look at what she was agreeing to. Her attention had been wasted on the bizarre stream of questions she had to respond to. Signing the final line in the packet, she handed it back to the seemingly nervous doctor.

“Ahh, g-good. I'll umm, I'll file this and... yeah,” he told her, taking the packet and tossing it on a different messy table. “I'm D-Dr. Carter, and I'll be... I'll um, I'll be the one conducting the study. I... well, let me st-start by asking you a f-few, ummm, few questions. Why do you want to ummm, to be a p-part of this trial?”

Allie began to speak but caught herself. *I can't tell him the truth, can I?* Before she even came to a decision, the words were tumbling out of her mouth. “Well, I used to be on birth control but I didn't like it. It killed my libido. I had less sex on the pill than I ever had without it and I just couldn't stand it.” Allie briefly moved to cover her mouth in shock before she stopped herself. Her wide eyes betrayed her surprise.

“Uhhhh... ok. Ok. Th-that's great. Do you have umm, have any allergies?” Carter struggled to get past the frank confession that he had just heard.

“Ummm, not to any medications. I do have an allergy to bee stings; will that be a problem?”

“N-no, it um... it shouldn't be, I don't th-think. I suppose that's umm... that's the purpose of this tr-trial. We know that the umm... we know it works, the m-mice studies have ummm, have proven that. We just ummm... need to t-try it with people. Have you ever, ummm, been pregnant?”

“No, no I haven't. God wou-” Allie cut herself off before she revealed anymore about her predilections.

“Ok, ok, good. That's about ummm, that's about all I need. L-let's get you your umm, your first dose and ummm... yeah.” With that, the awkward man stood up from his stool and walked around the desk. He walked out the room with a brisk, stiff gait. Dr. Carter uttered no words to Allie as he left, but Allie understood she was to follow him. Hopefully.

Walking behind him, she looked down. Allie was a tall woman, about 5'10". Tall for a woman, sure, but just above average for a man. Yet she towered over the bumbling doctor. He couldn't have stood more than 5'6", probably even less so. In her heels, the short man would have faced just about chest height.

Dr. Carter turned into a room on the left, and Allie walked in right behind him. Inside was what looked like a fairly standard medical room. Thin mattress on a stainless steel frame and a paper covering. Bare white walls and tile flooring. Bright white fluorescent lights, cabinets and a white countertop lining the walls. A sink. And resting on the counter closest to her, a small orange bottle with a white cap. Dr. Carter motioned wordlessly to the bed. Allie took it to mean that she should have a seat.

"Ok so I'm ummm... I'm going to g-give you a dose of the uh birth control ummm, now. I want to uh, to hold you here for an... um, about thirty minutes s-so I can be sure you have no ummm... no uh, no bad reactions to it. Then you'll be umm, you'll be on your way." Dr. Carter grabbed the orange bottle and popped the cap off. Tapping out a single little pink pill, he handed it to Allie.

Allie sat there looking at the pill in her palm. She waited a few seconds, before looking up at Dr. Carter expectantly. "Um, can I get some water?" Allie asked him. With a start, the doctor opened the cabinet above the sink and pulled out a little paper cup. He filled it with a small amount of water, before he meekly handed the cup to Allie with an apologetic expression on his face. She threw the pill back into her mouth and quickly sipped the water. And then, she waited.

"So what got you into this study specifically?" Allie asked, attempting to make small talk.

"Oh I just ummm... well, I uh... I have..." Dr. Carter started to respond and then trailed off, clearly uncomfortable with any sort of conversation. *Such a strange, awkward man. I wonder if he's always this uncomfortable or if it's just something about me,* Allie mused.

As she sat there, waiting for the half hour to finish, Allie could feel something happening. Nothing too important, at least she hoped not. But there was a heat rising within her, slight but undeniable. A heat that made her clench her thighs together gently, and brought her nipples to attention. Through her white blouse, the gentle imprint of her piercings became just a bit more visible. Dr. Carter tried not to look, it was obvious. But every so often he would glance from the corner of his eye.

"Alright, do you umm... do you feel o-ok?" the doctor asked Allie.

"Oh, umm... yeah, I feel fine. I'm good," Allie responded, biting her tongue about the ever increasing arousal she felt.

"Ok, well that's good then. So, umm... here's uh, here's your pills," Dr. Carter handed Allie the orange bottle, "You'll have to take umm... take one every w-week. Today is um... is Wednesday. So next uhh... next W-Wednesday, you'll take another one and umm... um, so forth and s-so forth. I'd like to uhh, see you in two weeks for a ch-checkup. See you then." Dr. Carter stood up and walked out of the room without saying another word.

Understandably a little confused by the half-Irish exit, Allie gathered herself and her things and walked out herself.

That night, Allie found herself in an admittedly predictable situation. She wanted to put her new birth control to use. Less predictably, that mild arousal she had begun feeling in the lab

persisted. In fact, if anything it had grown stronger. So, excitement to use her birth control plus an insatiable horniness put Allie in a position she'd rather have avoided: desperation.

Thinking of all the ways she could remedy this situation, Allie really only had one option she wanted to take. She tossed on her most seductive clothes - a tight crop top with no bra, a denim miniskirt, a bright red thong - and began to do her makeup. Bold, colorful eyeshadow, a glittering emerald hue, and dark eyeliner. Deep, ruby red lipstick. Her look verged on whorish, but it would work exactly as she needed. Throwing on some flats, Allie stepped out of her apartment and made her way down to the nearest bar.

It was a Wednesday night, so it was expected for things to be a little dead. Very few were seen walking downtown. When she walked into the bar, nothing seemed to liven up at all. But it didn't take long for Allie to spot her target. A younger man, maybe twenty-five, with his friends around a pool table. Attractive enough, and with so little else going on tonight she knew she could reel him in.

Allie walked up to the bar and ordered herself a vodka soda. Drink in hand, she walked over to her target ready to seduce him. If she was lucky, she'd be in bed within half an hour, getting her brains pounded out of her. Squeezing her arms together a little to enhance her rather average bust, Allie made first contact.

"Hi, I'm Allie," she introduced herself, batting her eyelashes a bit and leaning forward just enough to produce some cleavage.

"Hey, My name's Luke. How're you tonight?"

My lord this guy seems like he's gonna be awkward. Oh well, he should at least be a good fuck, hopefully, Allie thought to herself. "I'm great. Especially now that I've found you," Allie gently traced a finger along his bicep. She could see his posture change slightly, like a budding erection was starting to change the fit of his pants. Now was the time to lay it on thick, before the cringeworthy banter killed her arousal. "Say, do you wanna find a place a little more... *private?*" She made sure to drop her tone and let her voice get breathy with that last word. Her intent was unmistakable.

"I uh, I'd like that. I would really like that," Luke responded. Allie took that response to give her all she needed. Reaching down, her hand graced the fly of his pants gently. She could feel the fabric strain as she did so. She then turned around, facing the door to the bar and taking a few steps before she glanced back at Luke. Mesmerized, he followed, only briefly telling his friends that he was leaving.

This is going to be such a hot night, Allie thought to herself.

Well, Allie got laid. Not that it was really what she wanted though. After they got to her apartment and undressed, Allie pushed Luke back onto the bed. Straddling his hips, she mounted what was the most disappointing cock she'd seen in a long time. Four inches, if she was being generous, and not even thick enough to really fill her up. Even more disappointing, he lasted less than ten minutes. His hands, lying awkwardly at his sides, made no attempt to play with her body whatsoever. He barely even looked at her, like he feared that doing so would end their night together even quicker than it did.

Despite the less than stellar fuck, when he came, Allie had not a single regret. The hot spurts of jizz filled her. Her pussy had not felt such warmth in such a long time. She loved it. Cum filling her, Allie found an orgasm of her own. Shaking from the intense pleasure washing

over her, she pressed her hands into Luke's chest and rode him as hard as she could. Before long, it was over, and she rolled off of him and to his side. Both Allie and Luke breathed heavily. Slowly, Allie drifted off to sleep. She was sure Luke would leave in the morning before she even woke up. As dreams of the orgasms to cum flitted through her head, Allie sank into a deep, satisfying sleep.

The next day proved Allie right. As morning light filtered through the blinds, she roused and found the bed otherwise empty. Not even a note. Not that she was surprised, or even particularly disappointed. It was just typical.

Allie tossed the covers off herself and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. Stretching, she stood up. Allie still felt that familiar warmth in her core. Apparently the increased arousal was going to be a constant with the birth control. Not that Allie necessarily minded; it was just going to require some... "maintenance." Allie also noticed a less familiar weight to her body. Like there was a tugging at her shoulders. She wasn't positive about what she was feeling, but it vaguely reminded her of her period boobs.

Thinking back, Allie couldn't remember anything said about how the birth control would affect her period. On her last pill, she had the standard week of sugar pills that would let her period run its course. But this pill was supposedly weekly. Would she get a sugar pill one of these weeks? Or was she just supposed to go without a period while she was on the stuff? That didn't sound healthy (but it did sound nice). Of course, Allie didn't always follow her previous birth control regimen that strictly. Sometimes she would go multiple months without her sugar pills.

Allie examined herself in the mirror as she let the shower warm up. She didn't look any different. Lathering her body with soap told a different story, however. Cupping her breasts, her nipples quickly came to full attention. Heightened sensitivity was apparently also going to be a side effect. It took every ounce of her self-control to not immediately give in to the pleasure. Gingerly rinsing herself off, Allie bit her lip. The feeling was just so great. She could afford to be a little late to class, right? Her hand tentatively reached down before sharply drawing back up. She couldn't give in. Her lab class was too important. She quickly shampooed and conditioned before exiting the shower and drying off. Again, as she dried off she felt that urge. This was going to be a long day.

Lab was going slowly. These titrations Allie was supposed to be doing were sooooo boring. She couldn't stand it. The ennui of it all, combined with the persistent arousal. There was nothing on her mind but being bent over the lab table and getting railed.

"Allie! Allie! You added too much, we're gonna have to start ALL OVER!" Allie's lab partner Sydney started to wave her hands in Allie's face.

"Huh OH SHIT! Fuck, I'm sorry. I've got a lot on my mind right now," Allie apologized, "Uhh, ok, um, can you prepare the sample again? I've got to go get some water real quick." Allie stood from her stool and made her way to the door. Sydney gave her an annoyed look, clearly irked that Allie had the audacity to fuck up and ask her to fix it.

In the hallway, Allie took deep, long gulps from the water fountain. She had to find a way to deal with this. She wasn't entirely sure how long this trial was supposed to last, but there were ten pills in the bottle when she got home. That can only mean ten more weeks, right?

She'd definitely have to talk with Dr. Carter when she went in for her check up. *In thirteen days UGGGGHHHH*. This was going to be such a long two weeks.

Allie stood there trying to regain her composure as a rather attractive man walked by her. 6'5", easy, muscular build... Oh Allie wanted to just jump his bones right now. Reacting quickly, Allie chased after him. For all the problems this birth control seemed to have, it was definitely building her confidence. Allie tapped him on the shoulder as she caught up to him. "Um, hey, would you wanna go out tonight?" she asked, twirling her dark brown hair, "I'm done here at six."

The man turned around and agreed with no hesitation. After exchanging names and numbers, he walked off and Allie made her way back into the lab room. Seeing Sydney furiously restart their titration gave her some pause. It was going to take a lot to make this up to her.

The date was fine. After the slightly disappointing night she'd had yesterday, Allie had hoped it'd be much better. Regardless, it was obvious where it was headed, and Allie couldn't be happier about that. Her date - Dylan was his name, apparently - invited her back to his place and she happily accepted. It wasn't long after arriving at his apartment that she was disrobed and he was inside her. Pinning her against the wall, Allie gave herself to him. Dylan was well endowed, much better than the night before. Better yet, he clearly knew how to use it.

Lifting her off her feet, Dylan positioned her pussy just above his cock and then lowered her onto it. Allie had never been lifted up like that. Her feet still above the floor, Dylan began to pump into her. Honestly, she wasn't even sure how she fit it all. What must have been nearing double digits of dick filled her like she had never been filled before. Back to the wall, Allie had no option to take it. And take it she did. For almost twenty minutes they stayed in that position. In and out and in and out, his thick cock stretched her tight little pussy. Dylan's head teased her so good, just about slipping out of her before plunging back into her.

"Ohhh fuck! Fuck me, daddy! Fuck me so hard! Unnnngghh! Ugh fuck! Cum in me, please. I want your cum daddy! Fuck!" Allie had lost any semblance of composure. She was so desperate to feel his seed fill her with warmth. She didn't care if she was begging for it. She wanted him to fill her up so desperately.

As she continued to cry out for his jizz, Dylan pulled out of her and let her back onto her feet. Allie's legs wobbled, barely able to hold her weight. She leaned on Dylan for support. Dylan led her over to the bed and bent her over it. Face down, ass up, Allie knew what was coming next. And she was so, so ready for it. Gripping her hips, Allie felt his head push between her lips once again. With little grace and much force, he rammed her from behind. Allie clenched her walls on him, about to cum herself. She hoped to synchronize their orgasms. She was successful.

"OOOOHHHH FUCK!" Dylan cried out as he came in her. Allie felt spurt after spurt of hot jizz fill her pussy and couldn't help but cum herself. He felt incredible. And he came so much. Her womb felt swollen with semen. As he finished and pulled out of her, Allie rolled over onto her back to bask in the afterglow. She looked down to find that her stomach was indeed a touch rounded out. He had cum so much that Allie had developed a little bit of a belly. She blushed. Glancing over at Dylan, an important detail caught her eye. He hadn't grown soft at all.

"Mmmmmm fuck, you filled me so good daddy. Do you want to go for a second round?" Allie subtly pleaded with him. And a second round he did want. And a third. And, a few hours later, a fourth. Each orgasm filled her more and more, until she almost felt pregnant.

The next morning Allie's belly had returned to normal. Upon waking up, she took stock of her situation. The burning desire? Check. Weight on her shoulders? Check. *Actually...* Allie sat on the edge of the bed and noticed the weight had increased further. And this time, they actually looked a little bigger. Not too much, sure, but they had definitely swollen a bit over night. Allie reached up and squeezed a pierced nipple. "Mmmmm..." Allie moaned a little through her teeth. They felt *really* good. Allie was almost prepared to go for round five when she checked the time on her phone. *1:30 PM!?! SHIT!!* Allie thought to herself. She rushed to get her clothes back on and get out the door. Her baby tee didn't quite fit as it had previously, however. The smallest amount of underboob peaked out from under the hemline of her shirt.

Allie looked down. "Shit," she muttered to herself. If her shirt rode up and more than it already had, her areolae were going to start showing. Already, her turgid nipples were pressing through the fabric. Her piercings were even starting to shine through. Dylan came in through the bedroom door at that moment, towel around his waist. His skin glistening from the shower, his muscles bulged.

Allie looked at him and bit her lip. She knew where this was going. Today was definitely going to be a wash. "So... round five?"

It had been a week since the veritable fuck fest that Allie enjoyed with Dylan. By the time they were done, they had reached round eleven. Perhaps stupidly, she took her pill yesterday. Since then, Allie had noticed two things: most importantly was that her constant horniness seemed to be worsening. Less pressing but still something that needed to be addressed was the continued swelling of her boobs. Allie had never had large tits. They were nice, but they were never big. And at this point, she had reached a size her period boobs could never. That was the first sign that it wasn't just her hormones adjusting to her new medication.

The second, more interesting sign, was that they didn't seem to be growing continuously. Discrete little packets of growth hit her. And, after a few more hookups throughout the week, Allie was pretty sure she had found the pattern. Her boobs seemed to be growing only after someone came in her. She'd fuck, he'd cum, she'd wake up with tits slightly larger than she had fallen asleep with. After nights that she hadn't banged (which were admittedly few), her boobs remained the same size.

By now, her tits had grown a good amount. More than they could really be explained by anything she knew. Allie could only hope that Dr. Carter could. Her B cups had blossomed into full DDs. All of her crop tops were out of rotation at this point. Her baby tees were bordering on the same fate. Her nipples and areolae had darkened to a minor extent. And her nipples had also grown a bit too. Thanks to her piercings and unending arousal, they stayed erect. They had also grown a little puffy.

While Allie had obviously noticed the changes in her physiology, others were starting to take notice as well. Sydney had been eyeing her chest this week. Today, she couldn't help it any longer and had to comment. "Allie? Are you ok? What's going on with," Sydney gestured, mimicking growth from her chest, "... *those?*"

"Oh, yeah, um... I've just been trying a new birth control medication and, well," Allie sheepishly admitted, "They've been growing."

Sydney stared at Allie's chest. Allie couldn't be sure, but there seemed to be a sort of jealousy in her eyes. Allie didn't blame Sydney, they were nice. Allie had never been so proud of her tits. She'd never really had tits. That might have been part of why Allie didn't feel a compulsion to visit Dr. Carter early. Allie cleared her throat a little to get Sydney's attention off her boobs. And as Sydney pulled her eyes away from Allie's chest, there it was. An undeniable flash of lust in those jealous eyes.

A few days later, Allie was certain that she needed to see Dr. Carter early. It was Monday. Two days to go, but Allie was starting to freak out. She couldn't help it. Saturday her basal instincts got the best of her and she went out. It was a wonderful night at the bars, but the after party at her place was divine.

Allie had always wanted to try something. As her search history would phrase it, she wanted an MMF. It didn't take long for her to find two willing participants. Taking them both home with her, she found herself stuffed on both ends. As the men pumped away in her pussy and her mouth, Allie felt the unmistakable heat of an orgasm rising within her.

She extricated the man from her mouth and started to jerk him off, slowly. Maintaining her pace with him, she kept him just at the brink of orgasm. Behind her, the second man bucked his hips wildly. Filling her pussy with a nice, fat load, Allie couldn't help herself and came as well. As he finished inside her, Allie moved with a deftness that few could manage in those circumstances. She flipped herself around onto her back, bringing her pussy around to the other man and presenting herself to him. He obliged with no hesitation. Above her, Allie's second lover watched. As she felt herself being filled once again, Allie reached up and grabbed his cock.

Bringing him into position, she enveloped his dick between her creamy tits. She had never before titfucked anyone. She hardly knew what she was doing. Before she knew it, her hands were on either side of her tits, pushing them together around his member. She started jerking his cock with her funbags (*I've never been able to call them that before*, Allie thought). His balls hang just above her face. She tilted her chin up slightly, licking his testicles before she gently started to suck them.

While she gave a show that would make some porn stars blush, the man between her legs succumbed to her femininity. He came, and came, and came. Apparently the sight before him was giving him extra fuel to light Allie's fire. Much like her night with Dylan, Allie's belly rounded out just a bit. Content, she thanked the men and told them to go home before falling asleep.

Upon waking the next morning, Allie made a concerning discovery. Her belly, unlike previous instances, hadn't quite shrunk back down to normal. It was smaller than it had been the night before, but it wasn't its typical flatness. More concerning than that, however, was how much her tits had grown that night.

Allie fell asleep sporting what had been on the edge between an E cup and an F cup. The fat globes that sat on her chest now, however. She barely saw over them, laying on her back like that. She couldn't believe it. They had to have reached an H cup in just one night. Her baby tees were officially out of the rotation now. A quick wave of regret washed over her as she wondered what she was gonna do with these. She could barely cover them with her wardrobe. Any bigger and she wouldn't have been able to left the house.

That was the situation on Sunday. When she woke up Monday, she was positive that something was wrong. Her belly had finally shrunk to normal. And her tits... well, apparently their growth from Saturday night's extravaganza hadn't yet finished. The growth over the night was less pronounced than it had been the previous night. Still, she had definitely crossed the threshold into a J cup. She couldn't believe it. She barely believed a J cup was a real cup size, and here they were, sitting on her chest.

Allie stayed home that whole day, scared to face anyone with the melons that she had developed over the weekend. She knew she should just go straight to the lab and meet with Dr. Carter, but she couldn't even fathom what might happen. She was so scared to hear the worst news possible. She couldn't face it. Not in the slightest. So, against her better judgment, she stayed home. And she stayed home on Tuesday too. Thankfully that night had brought no new growth. Now, she'd just have to wait until Wednesday when she could see Dr. Carter.

The cold, clinical surroundings that awaited her in the lab made her shiver. She had pulled off her top once she made it into the room with the bed. It was crushing her. Allie's underboob would have put most women to shame, more flesh peeking out from below her chest than most women have altogether. Her areolae also refused to be hidden, a full inch of the darker, bumpy skin showing itself. To think the shirt she had on would have been a normal tank top for her just two weeks prior. Her nipples also wanted to be known. The dark, thick nubs stretched the threads apart, showing through the sheer fabric. Her piercings could barely fit any longer, the sides of her nipples almost hewed in by the little metal barbells on either side.

"Umm... I, uh... I d-don't know exactly w-what happened... ummm... happened here. I uh, I'm looking at th-the uh results of your blood t-test. They ummm... show that you... um, well... you are uh, p-pregnant. But the uhh... the, the ultrasound didn't um... well, I d-didn't see any embryos in your w-womb. I s-suspect that the um... the medication is affecting uhhhh... it's affecting your um, your h-hormones."

Allie took this all in. So her body thought that she was pregnant? But she wasn't. But it was preparing for a baby. But... she hadn't started lactating or anything. She didn't have any morning sickness. No symptoms other than just the bigger boobs.

"So, what does this mean for the trial? Do I have to stop taking the pill?" Allie asked. She was concerned she would stop enjoying herself the way she had been.

"Well, it umm... it c-could. I need a uhh... a full account of y-your ummm, your activity this week. W-what have you been umm, been doing?" Dr. Carter struggled to get the question out, probably afraid of her answer.

"Ummm, well..." Allie couldn't believe she was about to tell him everything she had done this week. "I... mostly went about my normal routine, at least I did until um... well, until..." She reached up, about to cup her breasts before she stopped herself. She was sure that Dr. Carter got the message. "There was umm... well there was *one* thing that I had done a little differently. Or, well, there were quite a few *people* I did differently..."

Carter glanced up at her from his notes, evidently caught between his nervousness about looking at Allie and his obviously piqued interest. "P-people, you said? Did you um... you uhh, did you h-have um... have unprotected..." He trailed off, unable to even finish his question.

“Well... yeah, I did. Isn't that the point of birth control? Right? I mean, that's-” Allie caught herself, just shy of revealing her fetish. *Well*, she thought, *he's probably figured it out already*. “That's why I wanted to go on birth control again.”

No reaction from the doctor, but Allie knew he was struggling to process what she just said. “Well... umm... ok, that's um... ok, th-that's ummm... that's g-good data. Well... I ummm... d-do... do you think that you could ummm... you could... *hold b-back*? Just f-for a ummm... week, until you c-can come back and ummm... ummm, see me again?”

Allie thought about it. On the one hand, she knew that he probably desperately needed this data. The results of her case could make or break this new medication. But... A week? With this deep, burning arousal that she can't satisfy? She'd have to stay at home for a whole week. She couldn't be trusted outside, not like this. She probably couldn't even be trusted with an internet connection. A whole week like this. And Sydney... her poor lab partner has already pulled more than enough weight in this project. She didn't want to leave her out to dry. On the other hand... What if there's a withdrawal effect from stopping it? What if she gets even hornier? What if that's the only thing keeping her hormones in check? What if her boobs explode even more than they already have? Could she-

“Ummm... Allie?” Dr. Carter uttered, waiting for an answer.

“Ah, sorry. Ummm... Yeah, I can handle that I suppose? Does that mean I should take my pill today?”

“Um, y-yes... please do... I need to observe i-if ummm... well, if it's b-because umm... because of the s-sex.”

“Ok. I can do that. I'll see you in a week.” Allie gathered herself and got ready to leave for home. Before she had even stood up, Dr. Carter was already out of the room. The man really couldn't stand to be around her. *Weird*, she thought, *I guess this should be over soon, right?*

One week. One week that Allie had been cooped up in her apartment. She hadn't left. Not once. Everything she ate was delivered or already had been in her kitchen. She didn't even leave when she ran out of toilet paper. She just had to get it delivered. It was like quarantine all over again. But this time she at least had the benefit of massive fuckin titties to play with. And play with them she did.

It had been a nearly unending stream of porn. She took to leaving her vibrator plugged in when she used it to keep it from dying. Allie had done basically nothing the whole week but jill off and eat. She barely slept. When she did, she was relieved to wake up with the same boobs that she fell asleep with.

The week had almost passed quickly for her. It became really difficult to tell time when you were perpetually recovering from an orgasm. By the time she was supposed to leave for Dr. Carter's lab, she had almost forgotten about the outside world. She dressed herself as best she could, slipping on the same tank top she had worn a week ago. Making her way to campus, she did her best to pay no attention to any of the men she passed by.

“Hi, Dr. Carter... I'm here for my appointment,” Allie alerted him to her presence.

“Oh, oh, yeah ummm... Let's step into th-the examination um, room.”

Walking into the examination room, Allie took her seat upon the paper covered mattress and waited for the awkward doctor to start bumbling through his questions. *Mmmmmm*, Allie

thought, struggling to contain herself, *Even Dr. Carter would be sooo good right now.* She shook her head slightly. Did she really just think that to herself?

“So have you um... have, have y-you... grown, at all?” Dr. Carter pushed the words past his verbal blockages.

“No, actually. They’ve stayed the same size since I came in last week,” Allie seemingly touted. She couldn’t help herself. She shimmied her shoulders just a touch, so desperate for some male attention. They jiggled and bounced so deliciously. *God I could get lost in those so easily,* Allie thought.

“Ok, ok... Ummm, that’s uhh... that’s g-good,” Dr. Carter responded. Allie half-heartedly smiled at that, clearly feeling bittersweet about the development, or lack thereof.

“So... should I stop taking the medication then? Leave the study to the other girls you’re testing?” Allie asked. She honestly didn’t even know which answer she wanted.

“O-other girls? No. No, umm... there aren’t any other g-girls. You’re the umm... the only one that’s r-responded. Let’s g-get your ummm... your blood test g-going.”

Only one? Allie pondered, *So he has no idea if this is a me problem or a pill problem.* Allie couldn’t believe it. Was she really the only one that wanted to be a part of this? Dr. Carter walked over to her with the vial and needle. As he tied a band around her arm to find a vein, Allie worked through the information that she had just received. *I guess this is a pretty seedy seeming operation.* Dr. Carter stabbed her arm with the needle and began drawing blood. *Was I stupid to trust this? I mean I didn’t even know about this building. What if it’s not even part of campus??*

Dr. Carter stopped drawing blood and brought the vial over to the machine. With Carter wheeling over the ultrasound machine (which, now that she was taking a good look at it, Allie thought seemed cobbled together), Allie leaned back and pulled her shirt up over her stomach. Dr. Carter squirted the cold jelly on her stomach and began to spread it. *There can’t be anything too wrong with it, right?* The machine started up and the wand began to search her womb. *Ughh... what did I get myself into?*

“Well... I st-still don’t see any ummm... any embryos in there. So you’re ummm... you’re d-definitely not um, p-pregnant.” Dr. Carter offered cold comfort to Allie in her time of worry. Taking in everything that was going on, she couldn’t help but think she fucked up.

“Well, that’s a good sign. Right? That is a good sign, right?” Allie’s voice now audibly betrayed her deepening concern over the situation.

“Ummmm... yes, y-yes it is. But, to... to be sure, I th-think ummm... I think we should c-conclude this trial. I’ll st-still pay you ummm... pay you the umm, the amount I would have i-if we finished,” Dr. Carter informed her.

“Oh... Ok. I guess we can stop then. Should I just give you back the remaining pills?” Allied offered.

“Umm... yes. Y-yeah, I’ll take those... take those from you. Ummm... I-let me write your check here and... umm, and you’ll be o-on your way,” Dr. Carter rolled his stool over to the counter and pulled out a check book. He wrote a number down and tore the check free from its book. Turning around, he handed Allie the check and then promptly stood and walked out the room.

So typical of him, Allie thought. She looked down at the check. *Two hundred dollars,* Allie read. That was it? Her tits almost quintupled in size, her hormones might never be truly back in

order, and she's debased herself on as many dicks in two weeks as she had in her entire life previously. And her "compensation" was two hundred fucking dollars!?! This was fucking ridiculous.

Allie stormed out of the room to find Dr. Carter, but he wasn't in his office. She looked around quickly to see if there were any other open doors in the hallway. There weren't. "Ugh, fuck this! I'm going home." Allie huffed and started her way out of the building.

About a week later Allie's life had mostly turned back to normal. Her boobs never once shrank down, but that was ok. Her libido had mostly fallen back to its normal level. Upon returning to her lab class, Sydney couldn't believe what she was seeing. Allie's fat tits nearly dangled out of her shirt, pushing apart her lab coat. Sydney immediately forgave Allie for leaving her out to dry the past few weeks. Whether that was because Sydney felt bad for her or because she was so turned on by her tits, Allie had no idea. Frankly, Allie didn't care.

The additional attention she was receiving from her peers was obvious. Allie had been hit on with some frequency before the trial, but this was something else. It seemed like every day at least one guy was coming up to her and propositioning her. Dinner, a quick fuck, coffee. Didn't seem to matter, they just wanted a piece of her. And honestly, she wanted to give them a piece. But, without her birth control she didn't feel like she really wanted to give anything up.

Well, for six days at least...

After holding out for almost a week, Allie came to a realization. Tonight was the last night she could likely take advantage of it before she risked a pregnancy. *It's risky*, she thought, *But dammit I'm gonna miss this so much once it's gone*. Allie couldn't pass it up. She was just so desperate for one last jizz fix.

Determined, Allie made herself up and put on the sluttiest outfit that was still legal. Just as the hookup that had started this whole, crazy adventure, Allie was headed out to the bars to find a guy to rail her. But this time, she wanted to try something a little more exciting. She pulled out her phone and texted Sydney.

ummm... ok, why?

heyyyy syds... meet me at my place in 15 xoxo

lets go out and get trashed

i wanna get drunk and find someone to fuck

i want us to find someone to duck

fuck

are you serious???

allie...

fuck i want to so badly

15 minutes

be quick

The night was a slutty show of absolute depravity. Allie barely even remembered it. Brief glimpses came to her as she roused the next morning. Sydney and her finding some tall guy with fluffy hair and bringing him home. Their lips meeting together as they slobbered all over his

dick. Allie on her back, their boytoy straddling her torso and pumping his cock between her tits as Sydney lapped desperately at her juicy pussy. Sydney and Allie making out, fingering each other while their man suckled on both their tits.

The most vivid memory Allie could recall was the titillating climax of their night. Allie with her face down, her boobs smushed between her chest and the mattress, was being railed. A thick, eight inch cock was filling her tight pussy so good. In front of her was Sydney. Allie remembered her face being buried in the soft, velvety folds of Sydney's femininity. Gushing, Sydney had nearly drowned Allie between her legs, squeezing Allie's head with her thighs and locking Allie in place. The forceful pumps of the man behind her grew increasingly rapid.

Allie could feel it. He was going to cum soon. Reaching behind her, she began to massage his balls. The thought that he was going to finish soon pushed her to the brink. It was going to feel so good, Allie just knew it. She came. Her inner walls quivering, she clenched tight on his cock. Allie milked him, squeezing out every ounce of cum. She was desperate to get all of it. She didn't want to admit it, but a not insignificant part of her wanted to have one last growth spurt. As she rode the wave of semen flowing into her, Sydney reached an explosive climax. She squirted in Allie's face. The femcum drenched Allie's lips and chin, soaking into the bedding. It was a perfect moment. Allie couldn't imagine any better ending to her journey than one last creampie with her birth control.

Only, it had been one week since Allie last saw Dr. Carter. It had been two weeks since Allie last took a pill.

After that, Allie and Sydney ushered the man out of Allie's apartment and fell back into the sweaty, cum-soaked sheets and fell asleep. That was all Allie remembered of the night before. She lay there, morning light seeping through eyelids and a slight smile on her lips. She wondered how large she grew overnight. She got a pretty big load last night, but it was nothing like the loads she'd gotten during some of her other escapades. She took in the moment just a little longer, appreciating everything. The warmth of Sydney in the bed next to her. The weight of her breasts on her torso. The soft, almost satiny feeling of her cleavage encroaching on her chin. *Wait*, Allie thought, *WHAT?!*

Allie opened her eyes in a fright and looked straight down at where her chest should be. A wall of pale ivory flesh sat before her, a dark line down the middle terminating just at the tip of her chin. Allie couldn't even believe what she was seeing. Her tits towered over her, stretching to the ceiling. She couldn't even see her nipples. She doubted she could reach them if she tried. As she continued to ogle the mountainous mammaries before her, she noticed something. The portion of her vision not occupied by tittflesh was steadily shrinking. Her breasts were still growing. She could feel more and more warm skin covering her chin, and before long she could feel it on her lips. Allie made to sit up.

"FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK! HUGGGH!!! SHIT! THEY'RE TOO HEAVY! I CAN'T GET UP! FUCK! SYDNEY! WAKE UP!! HELP ME!" Allie had never shouted so loud in her life.

Groggily, Sydney rolled over and looked at Allie as she screamed at her. "What? It's too early," Sydney rubbed the sleep out of her eyes, "What do you w-" Sydney stopped mid-sentence as she took in the incredible sight before her. It was like two balloons of skin billowing over Allie's body and onto the mattress. Sydney rushed to sit up and help Allie into a less dangerous position. That's when Sydney noticed a problem with that plan.

A third, less prominent balloon seemed to be developing on Allie's body. Her stomach swelled out, a rotund mass of flesh that continued to expand in a bid to catch up to Allie's breasts. "Um... Um... A-Allie... your... y-your umm... I don't think you're gonna be able to sit up," Sydney pushed past her shock to communicate with Allie that something more was wrong.

"What? I need to sit up! The weight of these things are going to crush my lungs! I'll suffocate, I need to get up!" Allie was panicking.

"Your umm... your... it's... your belly Allie," Sydney got out, "It's swelling too."

"WHAT THE FUCK! WHAT DO YOU MEAN MY BELLY IS SWELLING?! SYDNEY, GET ME UP NOW!!"

Sydney scrambled to stand up and tackle the problem at hand. Allie wasn't going to be able to sit up. That just wasn't happening. Her belly was too big. Combined with her swelling breasts, Allie didn't have enough torso for her legs to be bent at the hips like that. Sydney could feel the collective panic in the room building as she stood there and watched, unsure what she could do. Allie's breasts must have been over two feet around each. Her massive nipples, turgid and taut, were nearing the size of her fist. Allie's nipple piercings were nowhere to be found, evidently having been broken apart by the force of her growth. Allie's stomach, tight from its expansion, was almost the size of her breasts. Unlike her belly, her tits were still soft and pliable.

Sydney realized what she must do. Getting on Allie's side, she pulled up on Allie's torso from underneath. Sydney mustered all the strength she could. Slowly, Sydney rolled Allie over onto her side. She was half way there. Sydney began pushing on Allie's side, finishing the job



and rolling her over onto her belly. The sight was something to behold. Allie looked like a thin girl attached to three medicine balls.

Now on her front, Allie could feel some of the panic leaving her system. She wouldn't suffocate anymore, but she was still being blown up by an unknown force from within. "Sydney. I need you to help me reposition a little more," Allie requested. Having her face just inches from the headboard wasn't ideal. "Just, um, help me rotate around on the bed so I'm facing the doorway instead of the headboard." Sydney obliged, placing her hands on Allie's shoulder and pushing with all her might. For her part, Allie pushed her legs to the side trying to help. It took a lot of heaving, but after a time Allie was facing the door. All the while, her body continued to bloat out.

Three feet across by now. Allie was absolutely prone, bent over her assets. Taking in the sensations for a moment, Allie had to admit. The growth felt kind of good. Allie could feel the familiar warmth of her time on the pill radiating out from her belly and tits. It was actually kind of turning her on at this point. Allie stretched her arms out and rubbed her belly. She couldn't believe what she was feeling. The sensation of her stretching skin under her fingertips. It was nice. Allie turned her attention to her boobs, following much the same procedure. Gently kneading her funbags (*What a term that I can use now!*), Allie started to moan a little.

"Mmmm... Ungh... Sydney..." Allie moaned, "Can you... mmmmm... can you help me out a little more? Please... It just... it just feels so good. Oh, fuck! You can't imagine it! It's soooo good... Just finger me a bit... please? Or... mmmm yeah... suck my tits if you can... something... I just need... unghh... I need some release... fuck!" Allie was melting into her burgeoning body.

Sydney was drawn to the erotic display before her. A woman - a very, very sexy woman - trapped by her growing body - her growing breasts - asking her to help her reach climax. Sydney readily agreed. Walking around Allie, Sydney graced Allie's yoga ball sized tits with her fingertips. Transitioning to Allie's taught, round belly, Sydney couldn't help but notice the difference. What was almost pillowy had turned to something drumlike. Sydney gave Allie's belly a light slap. A deep resonant sound echoed from Allie's body. Allie squeaked a little, surprised but pleased by the sensation. The feeling of stretching skin under Sydney's fingertips was unique, to say the least. Sydney continued to drag her fingers along Allie's belly until she reached her hips. Finally, coming around behind Allie, Sydney placed a hand on either ass cheek. Spreading Allie's cheeks apart, Sydney slowly brought her face between Allie's thighs and started to lick.

"Ah! Oh, Sydney! FUCK!" Allie was overwhelmed. The growth. Sydney eating her out. Allie couldn't take it. Allie was rapidly approaching what would be her fastest orgasm ever. She could feel it building; it wouldn't be long.

CREAK!!!

A very loud, very noticeable groan came from the bed frame. Allie's increasing weight was stressing the frame. She couldn't believe it. She was about to crush the bed beneath her tits and stomach. The thought was... well, it was hot. It was hot enough to finish her.

"OHHHHH FUCK! HNNNGGH! AH AH AH AH!!! OH FUCK! YEAH BABY EAT ME OUT! EAT YOUR LITTLE SLUT OUT SO GOOD!! HNNNGHH! AHHHHHH!!" Allie orgasmed harder than she ever had before. The world disappeared around her as she was rocked by the most intense feeling she had ever experienced. As her orgasm subsided, Allie noticed another

sensation. Her body was rotating, tilting. It felt like her front was being lifted up slowly. It was a growth spurt of sorts. Her growth was accelerating. She couldn't believe it, her boobs were bigger than she was. Her belly wasn't too far behind, either. It was all so-

CRACK!!!

The bed frame split apart and Allie and Sydney tumbled to the ground. Sydney rolled over to the side, scared that she'd be crushed by Allie's mass. Allie, anchored by her tumescent tits and ever-swelling belly, remained relatively stable. Her growth spurt seemed to be slowing, returning to her pre-orgasm rate. Allie couldn't see anything but her flesh before her. Her belly alone was big and taut enough to hold her nearly upright. In a few minutes her belly would be so large she'd be hanging from it. Her boobs were much bigger, flowing over her belly and reaching the ground around her. Her nipples, sitting at least three feet before her, rivaled wine bottles in diameter and were equally as long.

"Oh my god. I don't know what's happening, but this is one of the hottest things I've ever experienced in my life. I think I should get my doctor here, but my god... I almost hope this never ends. I... I don't even really wanna shrink back down to normal. Oh my god..." Allie was reveling in the aftermath of the craziest two minutes of her life. Soon enough, she was proven right. Her feet left the ground as her belly continued to swell. Her breasts, growing ever larger, had begun to rise over the top of her head. While the growth was definitely slowing to a gradual stop, Allie wondered if she would ever return to any sort of normalcy. A part of her never wanted to.

Allie dispatched Sydney to go find Dr. Carter's lab. Clearly, Allie wasn't going anywhere. Hanging there in her room, Allie gently massaged her monumental body and drifted off.

When Dr. Carter arrived, he fairly quickly figured out what had happened. The birth control had completely worked its way out of Allie's system. By the time she had her threesome with Sydney, there was nothing stopping her from getting pregnant. While she had been on the pill, the medication was simply preventing the eggs from dropping into the fallopian tubes. But the hormones had tricked her body into believing there was no egg to drop, while simultaneously making it think she was pregnant.

When she was off of the pill and it worked its way out of her system, her body was attempting to normalize her hormones. But when Allie received that massive load, her hormones freaked. Her body was once again tricked into thinking it was pregnant, but to such a massive degree that her breasts began to swell seemingly endlessly. While she hadn't started lactating, Dr. Carter told her to expect it might happen someday soon. At the same time, her body couldn't make sense of the buildup of unfertilized eggs while believing there were no eggs at all. It couldn't make sense of anything, and its response was to simply flood Allie's uterus with a near-infinite number of unfertilized eggs. The result was her taut belly.

Dr. Carter expected her belly to resolve itself when Allie's next period came around. It would be her heaviest period by far, and probably her least bloody. He recommended some sort of vessel be used to collect the eggs. They wouldn't be worth anything, but it would help prevent a mess. Her breasts, on the other hand, wouldn't shrink and - if anything - might grow larger if the lactation kicked in.

This explanation, of course, took much longer and was punctuated by frequent stutters made even worse by the extremely lewd visage of Allie-turned-fertility-idol. Allie thanked the

doctor, and as always he scuttled out of the room without saying a word. Sydney walked around Allie's large body to speak to her face to face.

"So... what now? How are you feeling?" Sydney asked.

"Good! I mean... um, fine. I'll be ok," Allie tried to hide her enthusiasm.

"How are you going to live now? You can't move. When your period starts, you'll need someone to keep the room clean. You'll need someone to feed you, bathe you, help you relieve yourself, all sorts of stuff. You can't live like this, not without help. What are you gonna do?" Her voice dripped with concern. But there seemed to be a touch of something else in there, almost hope-like.

"Well... I guess I'll need a live-in assistant..." Allie hinted at what she was thinking, "And I suppose I'll need a way to... pay for it."

"I'll do it!" Sydney immediately offered her services.

"Well, that takes care of that. But I'll still need to be able to pay for everything, won't I?" Allie batted her eyelashes as she said this. The answer was obvious to her. She only hoped Sydney picked up on it.

Epilogue

Sure enough, Dr. Carter was right. Allie's stomach deflated when her period started. Before long, her flat tummy was back. And her milk came in too, and her breasts definitely grew a little as a result. But when you have tits over six feet in diameter a little growth is hardly noticeable. With her growth finalized, she even got new custom barbells for her nipple piercings. For the first few weeks of giving milk, there was a lot of it. Allie and Sydney hardly had a way to store all of it. After some time, it died down to a relative trickle. Just a few gallons a day. Luckily, they had a way to... dispose of it.

Allie joined OnlyFollowers. With a body like hers, what else was she going to do realistically? Allie was happy to do it. She had hardly waited after that fateful day to get started. She and Sydney made a whole backlog of belly content, knowing there would be demand for it. Since her period, she continued to make titty and lactation content. That's how they'd offloaded the gallons on gallons of milk Allie was producing. The initial offering was such a success, and demand was so high, that after her milk production slowed people were offering up to one hundred dollars an ounce. Combined with her PPV content, sponsorships, and the immense following she had on the site, Allie would never worry about money again.

Much of her content was girl on girl, starring who else but Sydney? Their relationship had taken off, happy to call each other girlfriends. But they weren't entirely monogamous. Allie's unique figure, combined with her career in porn, meant they had many men (and some women) coming by for hookups. Usually it was content. Usually.

Altogether, life had been pretty nice. Both Allie and Sydney dropped out of school to pursue their new lifestyle together. Money was good, and they were happy with their choices. It turned out that both women were natural born porn stars, especially Allie. Lounging around all day, resting atop her room-filling tits, it imbued her with a certain sensuality that could never be learned. Everything was just right it seemed. Nothing could have changed their lives for the better or the worse. Well, almost nothing.

“Hey, Sydney?” Allie called to her lover one day, “I’ll need a test to confirm, but... I’M PREGNANT!”

The End