

# An Intimate Guide to Lactation and Breast Development

Dr. Magnolia

## Intro

Breasts. Few things are more mesmerizing. To men and women alike, regardless of orientation, it's difficult to ignore the supple cleavage or gentle protrusion of a pair of soft, supple breasts. Those sensitive peaks of flesh... They simply draw your eye, do they not? There's a reason for that.

Breasts are a symbol of life and nourishment that can come in all shapes and sizes. Their eager rise into ever-swollen, mounded shapes during puberty are a herald to a girl's transition into womanhood and her eventual ability to bear a child. From her bosom she'll feed it with the milk her own body produces, welling within her as a lifespring of nutrients and cream. It's an amazing feat that only touches on the breast's incredible nature.

We'll be exploring that nature to its fullest today, if you'll excuse my pun.

As always, my assistant, Belle, is joining us as our visual aid. We've already explored every nook and cranny of her body *quite* thoroughly in "An Intimate Guide to the Female Body and Orgasms", and I highly encourage you to read that if you haven't already. Today, as I'm certain you've deduced--not only from my busty prelude, but also from Belle's lack of a shirt--we'll be diving head-first into her cleavage and exploring the wonders of not only lactation but breast growth as well. That's right; Belle wants bigger breasts, and I'm just the doctor to help. I can tell you she is simply brimming with excitement for a bit of upper development! How lucky we are that she's giving us a front-row seat to watch her test the limits of that pesky bra.

Let's paint a picture of our little Belle first, shall we? For every expedition must start somewhere.

You may consider Belle to be a relatively attractive girl. She's a blossoming twenty-five years of age. Roughly five feet tall. She has long brown hair that is just a delight to tangle your hands in, and striking green eyes. Her figure is pleasing and fit with a petite, although soft, waistline. Most important to note is Belle's current bra size: an average 32C-cup. We'll be watching this number very carefully, as I assure you, it won't stay so average very long. I expect by the end of our session today, Belle will more than give my own chest a run for its money, if not completely dwarf it.

Let's begin, shall we?

## Part 1

### Lactation

#### That's a Lot of Milk for One Girl

You may be wondering why I chose to start with lactation before growth. In all honesty I did not inform Belle of this decision either, and she seems quite anxious because of it. I think she fears she's too small to hold much dairy. But before we flood her chest with cream, let's briefly discuss what lactation will entail for such a cute pair of breasts, or any pair of breasts for that matter. In the meantime I'll have Belle drink a small concoction of nutrients and hormones I've prepared.

Lactation usually occurs after a woman gives birth. Months of bombardment by hormones lead to this moment, often resulting in a dramatically different pair of mammaries than what she started with. Weight gain could cause them to swell with fat and gain any number of cups in size. Her nipples will darken and fatten to help draw the infant's eye like a target. They'll become sore and sensitive, putting the pleasure of her old bust to shame.

Mind you that is just to prepare her body for lactation. The act of giving birth triggers a rush of prolactin in the mother. This assaults her chest with triggers and commands to begin milk production. That's when the real fun starts.

Take Belle's 32C-cups for example, nestled so snugly in her little pink bra. Doesn't the cute bear print pattern just make you want to giggle?? Oh, it's simply adorable! It's-- I apologize; I could spend all day ogling them, but we should leave Belle to finish her hormone drink.

As I was saying, taking Belle as an example, there are many girls who are smaller, and many girls who are far larger. But regardless of size, all women possess roughly the same average number of milk glands within each breast: around fifteen or so. This means every woman has about the same ability when it comes to how much milk they can produce. Breast size does not matter. What matters is how many milk glands there are to fill. For some lucky women, the number of glands can go as high as thirty or forty!

These milk glands are what actually hold the milk. They're a collection of small sacks situated at the centers of her breasts. Lactation brings them to life. Within Belle's breasts, they'll each start to slowly inflate and expand, growing like hidden water balloons as her body produces ounce after ounce of milk. Her breasts will have no choice but to stretch and contain them. This is where the engorgement comes in. As a woman's chest fills with milk, she becomes visibly larger. This happens over the course of only hours. They swell, filling with milk and pressure. The effect is enough to alter their shape and perkiness, often making them round and firm. Many women will say their breasts are so full they feel like rocks.

It's a thing of beauty, don't you agree? Literal milk balloons expanding from a lucky girl's chest. As she produces, the pressure will rise. She'll become firmer. It's not unexpected for veins to become prominent and line her mounds. Most women will experience two to three additional cups of growth from the milk filling their chests. Heavier producers can see far more.

The longer they wait, the more intense the engorgement becomes. This can lead to tightness, soreness, discomfort, and even pain. It can reach a point where she feels unable to touch them and relieve any pressure. At that point one can only hope she has a willing partner or she can endure the stimulation of a breast pump.

Each gland has a milk duct leading to her nipple, where its contents can escape through a pore. That's right, there is not one hole in a nipple, but several! Usually three or four. It's through these holes the woman finds relief. Whether through sucking, arousal, or stimulation, milk can be coaxed from her nipples in slow drips or impressive fountain-like sprays. If she's full enough, this may happen on its own in what's called a 'letdown'. This is where she's become so incredibly engorged and full that she can't hold another drop and her body forces a release. This can also be caused by stimulation or orgasm. If her ducts are blocked, then that's another story. This can be quite painful until the blockage is removed, and it puts incredible strain on the woman and her milk glands. Usually heat, massage, and a partner's willing mouth will do the trick.

Breast milk itself is often semi-sweet. In fact, if you're lucky enough to have it on tap, you should brush after each helping; it's likely to rot your teeth. And there's not only sugar. Milk is packed with nutrients to give her infant a rush of necessary nourishment to urge development. In turn, the baby's suckling helps create an emotional bond with the mother as it releases oxytocin.

Breasts can quite literally bring happiness.

Now then... Belle's been blushing like a bride for the past ten minutes and fidgeting her thighs. There's a nice plumpness to her bust and I can see her nipples poking through even her bra. I'd say her body is itching to start up the milk factory.

Shall we give it the push it needs and see just how much cream our precious Belle is capable of producing?

## Opening the Valve

A woman does not need to be pregnant to lactate. Inducing lactation is a sound science as much as it is an ancient profession. Wet nurses have been around for thousands of years tending to the babes of royalty, nursing infants without mothers, or even just lending a breast where needed. Their job was solely to produce milk.

Inducing lactation is a lengthy process. It's normally accomplished by regular sessions of stimulation, massage, and simulated suckling with a breast pump over the course of weeks or

months. Hormones can sometimes be used to trick the body into thinking it's pregnant and are quite helpful.

We don't have the luxury of such time today! Luckily Belle has consumed my formula and we'll be able to speed her breasts through the process. Over the course of only minutes, Belle's little bells will flourish and engorge dramatically. We'll leave her in her bra for the time being; it makes for a much better show.

I can already see her body trembling with energy. She's a milk bomb with a lit fuse.

Hold onto your hats and get your umbrellas ready; we're in the splash zone.

Now then, I'll start by standing behind Belle, unbuttoning my own blouse, and removing my bra. Please try to focus on the subject... This may seem odd, but watch what happens when I press my bare front against Belle's bare back. She shivers and warms, a blush spreading to her chest. Skin-to-skin contact is a fantastic producer of oxytocin and helps encourage her body.

I'll reach around now, finding her chest with my hands. My my... She certainly is burning up. The fires have been stoked, so to say. Even my breath on her neck makes her tremble and tense. Belle is normally a very sensitive girl. Based on her shorted breath and clenched hands as I massage, I'd say we've cranked that sensitivity up to eleven.

Slowly I'll massage her bust. Kneading and squeezing in circles. I can feel her nipples pushing through her bra. And-- Oh, do you see that? Her breasts are already becoming fuller. Look how they seem to be plumping in my hands... Her cleavage fattening and closing together into a tight chasm... This bra fit perfectly moments ago, but as I massage, Belle's quickly becoming too big for its cups. You would be tricked into thinking she's wearing a push-up bra if you didn't know any better! Truth be told, this is purely just swelling from her arousal. Blood is rushing to her breasts to puff them with excitement. As we've seen from our past research with Belle, she's on the higher end of the spectrum when it comes to arousal-based swelling. Gaining a size increase of 20% is well within her ability. Feeling her become fuller in my hands, even I have to admit the situation is causing my own bosom to flutter.

I'll massage a little firmer now... Her body temperature is rising and her bust burns in my hands. Watch as I slip my hands into her bra and cup her bare breasts to continue massaging. Gentle but firm. As I squeeze, I can feel something at their centers.

As you might have guessed, her milk glands are awakening. They feel like soft clusters of peas nestled within her bust. This is where the real show begins. Come closer and watch. Don't be shy; Belle's entire body is open to us. Nothing is off-limits.

Watch how I softly twist and pinch her nipples as I massage. They were hard before, but they're truly rock-solid now. Every tug and pull makes her squeak and arch her back into the cushion of my chest. She's nearly deadweight against me, fully allowing me to take control. The massage is working its magic together with the hormones rushing through her body. It's slow, but you can see her mammaries filling out. Don't they look firmer? Tighter?

Let me remove my hands for a moment and you'll see.

There... Now look at that. Only a few minutes in, and Belle's more than overflowing her bra. Those little bear-print cups can hardly contain her! We have two F-cup treasures stuffed into a C-cup bag. It's almost sinful to overflow such a cute bra so obscenely. You can see how the band is lifting away from her ribcage... And the shoulder straps sink into her breasts. If we continue, you'll--

Oh. Uh-oh. Did you hear that, under Belle's whimper? The sounds of a bra reaching its limit. We best take it off; I assured her we wouldn't ruin it. It's time to observe her engorgement more personally anyway.

There. Now take in Belle's astounding transformation without the support of her brassiere. Milk pressure alone is forcing her breasts higher on her chest! Lactation and arousal have swelled her C-cups to more than double their usual size. Look closely at how pale and tight their underbellies are. And how her nipples point upward. Note their dark brown color, a far cry from the pale pink she had when we started. There's hardly enough room on her torso for them. Even without my intervention, they touch together at the center.

And still, as we stare like thirsty infants, she gets fuller. I'll cup her now, more gently than ever, and squeeze. Her milk glands are working overtime like tiny engines. They almost feel like a large bundle of grapes within each breast. Aren't those soft whimpers just music to your ears? Belle is as full of arousal as she is of milk!

Keep in mind what's happening to her body during this. Her breasts are not growing. They are quite literally acting like balloons, stretching and expanding with her inflating milk glands. And as a balloon inflates, it becomes tighter. Its surface stretches, fighting against the internal pressures. The same is happening to Belle. The more milk her breasts try to hold, the fuller and tighter they become, and in turn, the more sensitive she grows. Even now, I'm sure they've reached an unbearable level of sensitivity. You can see her nipples expanding and contracting, quivering with her heartbeat. Sweat is coating her cleavage. And perhaps you haven't noticed, but the crotch of her shorts has soaked through.

Belle is becoming lost in the intense sensations of lactation.

Please note that while breast size does not play a role in how much milk a woman can produce, it *does* play a role in how well a girl can handle it. Take Belle for example. She's more than doubled her size due to the quantity of milk, albeit an above-average quantity. If this same quantity of milk were thrust upon someone much smaller, perhaps with A-cups, their engorgement would be *severe*. There would be no give left for her breasts. I'm positive she would fear the possibility of them exploding if she neglected them for too long. Certainly she wouldn't be able to sleep through the night without pumping at least once. If she neglected to drain them, waking up would bring an intense assault of pressure and discomfort.

Let's push Belle further. She's become quite firm, but not enough to cause concern. I have a feeling we have a champion milker on our hands. Belle must have an above-average quantity of milk glands.

Fuller now... Can you see her skin pulling tighter? How it blushes pink? A simple caress of her breasts is enough to tell you how strained she's becoming. This is where the pressure really comes into play. You can see it on her face. She's grimacing from the intensity, arching her back and thrusting these glorious G-cups forward. She may be in need of some relief. Let's test the waters.

I'll squeeze her nipples with firm, direct motions. Pinch at the base and pull outward. We're trying to milk her. Doing it like this, where we pull on the nipple to tug on the entire breast, stimulates every inch of her bust. And if we do it enough times--

*Oops!*

Did I get you? The spray can be quite surprising! I was expecting only a few drops! The pressure must be higher than I thought... Belle is trembling in my grasp. She's feeling the first droplets of milk escaping her nipples. The floodgates are opening.

Let's have a taste before we move on to discovering her limits.

Oh my... Simply delicious. Such light sweetness makes you want to lick your fingers clean before going back for seconds. And just look at how her areolas are puffing up. My dear Belle, you're a heavy producer if I've ever seen one. We could hook you up to a pump and sell this at a farmer's market.

Veins are coming forth now. They're like faded rivers crossing over her breasts as they fill out into my hands. We're entering into the higher intensities of engorgement. Against my fingertips, her skin feels taut and firm. Stretched like the latex of a balloon. The pressure she's feeling must be immense. I'm taking extra care not to squeeze too hard. I realize their appearance is quite striking; bloating from C-cups to when I'm estimating to be H-cups in a matter of minutes is no small feat and her body is struggling against the effects. Belle has assured me she'll alert us if she feels she can't take any more.

And yet she continues to bloat. It's not a stretch to say her breasts are more milk than fat at this point. These weighty honeydews looked ripened to bursting. I'll let them down gently so we can see their true size...and... God, they consume Belle's torso. From the front they extend below her elbow. From the side, they jut forth like figureheads on a ship. Their fullness causes me some concern... Belle, my dear, I think it's best that we--

Ah, she wants to keep going. Fair enough, I suppose. She's squeezing my hand against the aching pressure but relishing the exotic sensations.

You can almost hear the milk straining within her. Like a gurgling aquifer of cream. Such a thing isn't possible, of course, but isn't it a fun thought? Watch closely now. Despite Belle's efforts, the pressure is getting the better of her. Her breasts simply can't stretch any larger. Her milk glands, while blessed with numbers, can only stretch so far. Milk is starting to dribble out. Dripping from her over-engorged nipples like a leaky faucet.

Bigger... Bigger still... Belle, my dear, this is beyond even what I anticipated! This is a rare scene we've been given. Faced with so much milk and pressure, Belle's mammaries are firming into teardrops bordering on spheres. Her cleavage is stretched pearl-white and blushing

at its tightest portions. You may notice her areolas had begun distending into puffy cones. Her milk is escaping in thicker streams... Turning into sprays...

She's shaking, gasping for air as her breasts feel ready to explode. I wouldn't dare to touch them at this point, much less squeeze them.

I must insist we give our straining subject some room to breathe, so to speak; whether Belle likes it or not, she's reached her limit.

And what a fantastic limit it is.

## Part 2

# Breast Development

## The Magic of Puberty

While Belle catches her breath and relieves some of that pesky pressure with my patented breast pumps, let's begin down the road of breast development. Belle has confided in me her wishes to be bigger, so I thought this to be an excellent learning opportunity, especially given the contents she's currently struggling so dearly to contain.

But before we can embark on the wondrous adventure of growth, we must first know what it entails. Let's step back a decade and some years; we're going to follow Belle and her breasts on their intimate journey through puberty into womanhood. Some of you may be familiar with this process already from "An Intimate Guide to the Female Body and Orgasms", but the miracles of growth are always worth a visit! This will be brief and you can find a far more exploratory guide in the former research paper.

Like most good things in life, it starts with hormones. Before Belle had the C-cups we've come to know so well, she was a flat-as-a-board adolescent. The slow process of breast development likely started around age nine or ten and surged for a year or so, before slowly continuing into her late teens and ceasing completely in her early twenties.

Breast growth begins with 'budding'. This is when her nipples and areolas swell into firm cone shapes and announce her coming of age to the world. This budding slowly spreads to her breasts themselves. She'll start feeling soreness and aching over the coming days. I remember this phase vividly with my own development. And I, like I'm sure Belle did as well, awoke one morning and found her hand or arms brushing oddly against the front of her chest.

The true growth has begun. From here, her breasts slowly fill outward from her torso, gaining mass and weight as they protrude more and more by the week. It's likely her mother would have her start wearing a training bra by now. Within the coming months, however, she



would outgrow such trivialities and graduate to a real brassier. This will be necessary to contain her growing nipples and their eagerness to harden into points.

You can assume Belle would have reached a full A-cup within her first four to six months of development, but it could happen much sooner depending on the body. They would have been sore and likely itchy. Mine felt like they were on fire some nights. Sleeping on my stomach was out of the question. By this stage, they may have just enough weight to give gravity something to hold onto. They'll begin folding over, growing larger and creeping down her chest like fruits. Belle might feel they're getting bigger every time she looks at them, despite the growth happening over months.

Things will slow down from here. Into high school, Belle's breasts will creep forward in development until reaching the breasts we see before us, minus the milky engorgement, of course. Throughout the entire process, she wasn't just storing fat within her breasts, but developing the ability to one day produce milk. The general soreness will fade, returning only during her menstrual cycle and bringing with it a flourish of temporary swelling.

And to think it all started with two tiny pink nipples.

## Turning Hills into Mountains

We come now to the final demonstration of this research topic, and our grand finale. Belle has recovered somewhat. At least enough to breathe without shaking. A pump has helped drain the majority of her milk though her C-cups are still fairly engorged, especially for a girl of her size. Let's give her a bit more space to work with, shall we?

Prior to today, Belle expressed a desire for larger breasts. I am of course happy to oblige! No shame in wanting more of something. I believe she wanted to be around an F or G-cup. Given her already swollen state, we'll have to do a little estimating. She is already larger than her goal but that is all milk, of course. We will almost definitely overshoot.

Within the hormonal concoction Belle consumed to spur her lactation, I included several additional ingredients. These have been settling in her breasts, starting processes that have been dormant for over a decade. Notice how full her areolas have become, even for the size of her milk-laden chest. They're like small mountain peaks. Pink cones jutting forth! Remember the beginning stages of breast growth?

As you may have guessed, I've tricked Belle's body into restarting puberty. However, this time around it will be *far* more powerful. A hurricane of feminine development rather than a storm. The extreme erectness of her nipples is the tell-tale sign that she is primed for growth.

I'll now don a special pair of gloves. These were specially designed to allow me to massage while delivering gentle electrical and ultrasonic stimulation deep into the tissue through my palms and fingers. Don't worry, it doesn't hurt. In fact it creates a soothing warmth. That,

combined with the astounding number of growth hormones flooding Belle's system as we speak, will take us on a flurry of mammary development.

Belle is about to experience several years of breast growth crammed into a few minutes.

Now then... I'll situate her in a chair and position myself behind her, taking her bust in my hands. You can see she's quite nervous, yes? Belle is positively shaking with anticipation, yet she can't tear her eyes away from her front. Those are the eyes of a girl waiting for her dreams to come true. And my, my... She's still got so much milk stuffed inside. A gentle squeeze is enough to send it running down her front.

I'm turning on the gloves now. From this point forward, I'll be speaking to Belle directly to help induce the correct mental state for her development. You could call it a breast growth meditation. A little verbal encouragement never hurts! I invite you to enjoy the session as well, perhaps while massaging your own breasts if you have them. Who knows, maybe Belle won't be the only one leaving with a bigger bra size today...

*Now, my dear... Feel your breasts fill my grasp. Their weight sinking into my palms and between my fingers. Warmth is shared between them, flowing between your curves and my hands.*

*Breathe deeply. Focus on how inflating your lungs lifts and presents your chest, lifting your breasts higher and full of pride. The weight is even more noticeable when you inhale slowly. Feel your muscles pull and tense as your torso expands before reaching its limit. Pretend this sensation affects your breasts in the same way. Imagine every breath filling them just like your lungs.*

*Now exhale. Let the tightness fade away into relaxation. Your shoulders fall with your chest. Your breasts come down heavier than before, pushing deeper into my palms. They're warmer. Deep within them, there's a gentle heat building. Like hidden embers wishing to ignite. Every breath you take stokes their flames, fluttering through your chest to bring energy and desire. Relax and let it grow.*

*Just like that... Let yourself sink down. Give yourself to me completely. I promise we won't leave one inch of your breasts unexplored. It's ok to be excited. That bubbly lust in your belly as you feel your bust start to tingle. You may feel aroused. Maybe even horny. That's quite alright... Embrace it. Feel your lust burn between your thighs and embrace it. Encourage it.*

*That's not all that's burning. All that warmth is making your cleavage blush like a garden of roses. All that welling heat... All that sensitivity... It's all going somewhere. Can you feel yourself getting heavier? That's not just the relaxation. You're beginning to change. Starting to grow. Even if it weren't for all that milk we spurred into your precious mounds, you would already be testing your old bra.*

*But we're not done. Not even close. There is still far more flesh waiting to blossom within your breasts.*

*Feel my hands start massaging firmer. I'm becoming braver. Squeezing harder. Kneading your swollen mounds until pale skin bulges between my digits. And with every little breath...*

*Every little squeeze... They get bigger. And bigger... And bigger... Enlarging with plump, ripening growth.*

*Your skin is already feeling softer in my grasp. We're finding more room for all that precious milk. It's probably hardly noticeable now. The growth is helping you store more and stretch less. But you'll always be able to stretch... These glorious works of nature of yours. If you let them engorge, they certainly will.*

*Does that idea excite you? Having breasts so big, yet still able to get so bloated with milk, that they feel ready to just...pop? Your blushing face certainly leads me to believe so. Your heated breath and quivering legs. That trembling hand itching to dive between your thighs. Go ahead~ Don't be shy... I won't tell. It's pure ecstasy to feel yourself grow at such a speed. To waste it would be a shame.*

*We're several cup sizes in now. A handful of inches larger. These are no longer the petite fruits I started with. These are melons growing from your body. Stretching with growth. If you really focus, you can feel them transforming: skin shifting against my hands as it pulls and swells... Soft, muffled movements of developing tissues... Fat pouring in ounce by ounce to fill out your mounds like fleshy balloons... You're likely to come out of this with even more milk glands than you started with. How does that sound, Champion Milker? Already you were producing enough to push your mammaries to bursting. What might the threat of even more milk lead to?*

*Bigger... Larger... A pair of hands isn't enough to explore the globes we've created upon your body. F-cups would be a conservative estimation now if not for this pesky milk still swelling you so full. A fine pair of decorations for such a figure. But let's venture further, don't you think? A little extra on top, so to say.*

*All this growth is having quite the impact on the rest of your body. If I'm not mistaken, the rest of your curves look plumper as well. More womanly. I know for a fact your shorts weren't so tight across your groin when we started. Is that the outline of a swelling vulva I see pushing into the fabric? You certainly are a growing girl... How can I ignore that wetness soaking through your crotch? Even if you clench your thighs, that is far too much arousal to hide. I'm certain it's a sauna of lust within your panties. A heated forest of--*

*Oh! That trembling clench of the body. The stifled, lip-pursed whimper. I know the signs of growing pains when I see them. Sorry, my dear Belle... No gain comes for free. I'm sure your breasts are starting to ache. Not only did we force what seemed like a gallon of dairy into each mound, now we're forcing them to endure a year or more of rapid puberty.*

*I can hardly massage them without losing my hold. Their mass is becoming unwieldy. A coating of leaking milk has left them slippery. These breasts positively dominate your front. Can you feel that? Me groping their underbellies and squeezing? I can knead a handful yet hardly see them deform from the top they've grown so large. The milk is certainly exaggerating your volume by a frightening amount. It's difficult to tell what is growth, swelling, and cream. All packed into these wonderful mounds larger than your head.*

*Still, let's continue. I can feel a firmness coming over your chest. Not from pressure, but from sheer size. Your body is struggling to keep up with the hormones. So much growth so fast... It is going to leave you delightfully perky.*

*G-cups... J-cups... We're climbing higher. I can hear them growing. The faintest of rivers appear as veins. Sensing your development, your protruding areolas had begun widening. Spreading flatter and stretching across the front of her breasts. It's only natural that such a large bust would bring sizable nipples. Those pink hills are begging for stimulation. Let's see how they're doing, shall we?*

*Oh that whimper! It just melts the heart! You just came didn't you, my dear~? I saw your hips buck and your soak spot spread. No need to be ashamed. These dime-sized nubs are little more than orgasm buttons right now and I just pinched them for all their worth. I'm sure you're happy to hear that I'm not yet done.*

*There it is... Squirm for me. The pinching, pulling, twisting... It's orgasmic, torturous bliss. Like sparks exploding within your breasts. Let your growing sensitivity fill your body to the brim. It will only help your growth.*

*K-cups now, rapidly approaching M-cups... How does it feel to own two vanilla watermelons? There is so much life pulsing through these treasures. We're pushing your body to the limit, even with the help of my hormones. Your areolas doming forth are a sure sign of limits being reached. Do we dare push them further?*

*We'll go just a little more. For the sake of your desire and my curiosity.*

*I would like one more orgasm from you. Let's make it a big one together, hmm?*

*Focus on your breasts. Feel them growing firmer. Fuller. How much do you think you've managed to grow? You're absolutely drenched from the milk you've been leaking through our developmental endeavors... These monsters in my hands could be all you. All flesh.*

*They ripple and jiggle when I bounce them. Your nipples quiver with a hardness they can barely endure. Areolas angry with growth are rising to partially swallow them.*

*Heat is overflowing. Pouring from your massive new breasts. Filling your core. Spilling into your feet and welling into your legs. The heat of growth is filling you. It's too much for your breasts to handle on their own. Like a wine sac being filled to the top. You're going to overflow. Grow too far. Grow too large. Have we gone too far?*

*Feel that delicious warmth start to leak out. Trickle down your breasts. Trickle from your over-sensitized pink folds. Leaking as your body becomes too full. Full to bursting with this energy of growth. It just can't hold it any longer.*

*Bigger... Bigger still. These are your own personal pillows. They command attention. Dominate your figure. Your breasts have become so big that they're as much you as you are. Fleshy mountains that dwarf most other girls.*

*The shortness of breath. The shaking body. You're at your limit. Your breasts can't stand to grow another inch. They'll not have it. I dare not squeeze too hard; we wouldn't want to mar*

*their surfaces with stretch marks, would we? Even your nipples, thick as my thumb, look ready to erupt.*

*We must cease. But not without one last whimper of defeat from you.*

*Come now... Feel the pressure beneath your soft, stretching skin. The flurry of tingles as your breasts ache with exaggerated growth. I need to hear your release. I shall not stop my massage until you do so.*

*It's very important that you come for me, my dear. The growth won't stop until you do.*

*Bigger... Even bigger. Far too big for such an innocent girl. This is not the hefty bosom you wanted; this is a booming mountain range of lust. Even I'm astonished to see your cute breasts transform into these monoliths of flesh.*

*Quickly now. Even growth has its limits. Your body needs time to adjust. You can't grow anymore. Not today.*

*Do you feel the pressure rising inside of you? Like a volcano about to blow? You must come. We must stop. Your body... It can't take much more. This is it.*

*Count down with me... Prepare yourself to release.*

*Three...*

*You're still stretching, but just barely. I can feel you firming in my palms. Ever bigger, ever tighter. That's it... Massage your thighs together. Slide a hand down your shorts. Do what you must to come when I say.*

*Two...*

*We mustn't go any larger. I know it feels good to feel them strain. Let the stretching tightness of massive growth rush through you in tiny quakes. Breathe and feel how tense your chest has grown. Relish in its aches and growing pains. Your nipples burn in my fingers, ready to pop like corks. It's a good thing you were partially drained beforehand. Here we go...*

*One...*

*Your breasts are at their utmost limit. Overgrown. Pushed to the very edge of what your body can handle. They're shaking. Blushing pink with fullness and fresh tissue sailing with sensitivity. You can't take it. I can feel you struggling. You can hardly breathe. That deep, throbbing ache of overwhelming sensitivity screams from their cores. Rear back now and feel your core swell with eruption. Bury your face into my own naked bust as your body sings in agonizing pleasure. I'll dare to squeeze your breasts, pushing them into you as your mouth opens at the height of sheer skin-stretching pleasure and--*

*Ah--*

*There we go.*

*Those cries of female orgasmic distress make my heart gush. Shhh, shhhh... It's alright... Keep your head upon my chest. Catch your breath and feel your body cool as those mind-numbing tingles fade away. When you can see straight and breathe once more, I think you'll be pleasantly surprised by just how much you've grown, my precious Belle...*

Dear reader, if you're still with us, thank you for coming on this journey of Belle's bosom. She's still recovering, quite soundly against my front. I'll keep vigil until she's got her wits about her again.

Now as for her breasts... I'm sure you're wondering just how big we managed to help her grow. There is a puddle of milk in her lap and around the chair, meaning she expelled much of her contents. That leads me to believe the mammoth sloping mounds reaching to her belly button are truly pure flesh. Far, *far* larger than the F-cups she initially wanted. These marvels of feminine beauty couldn't be fuller. Through my massaging, I also felt her milk glands developing. There's a strong possibility she's more than doubled her number of milk tanks.

As you can see, her breasts are fat. Bloated. Round and supple. So full of growth that they hold an amazing shape with nipples pointing forward and slightly up. Their distended underbellies stretched to be pale as pearls. You may compare them visually to a pair of weighty beach balls, but if you desire a pure number to assign, my eyes estimate Belle's new bra size to be roughly a 32S-cup, but only a tape measure can say for sure. With the future addition of milk and her eagerness to push her limits, there are certainly not enough letters in the alphabet to label her maximum size. Given the slurry of hormones I pumped into her, Belle's body won't stop producing milk for some time, if ever. I do hope she drains them regularly and gives her body time to adjust to its new size before testing her new dairy-carrying limits. She certainly won't be able to stretch very far for the next few days. But once she can, immobility may be a concern... I shall keep a watchful eye on our favorite assistant.

I'm afraid that is all for now. Belle's body couldn't possibly take any more of our exhausting research. Thank you all for joining us on this thirst-quenching journey.

Until next time.

-- Dr. Rachel Magnolia