



This would be the first time Cathy left her house and attended an event unrelated to motherhood since her daughter was born just over a year and a half ago. A small art exhibition erected by Cathy's childhood friend Hinoa, buddies since kindergarten. Her mother offered to watch the baby since Cathy had gone far too long without time to herself. It wasn't every day a childhood friend would have a personal exhibition of their work, even if the show catered to a local crowd exclusively. Still, Cathy shivered with anxiety, feeling her heart pound through her entire, immense chest.

Cathy described herself as well endowed. Others described her as well endowed two years ago. Today, the word "endowed" would have to ask for permission if it could say Cathy. Before, Cathy's breasts were the first thing anyone noticed about her. She smothered grown men during intercourse. She loved her large chest and would soon learn how much her breasts loved her in return. Her breasts responded very well to being pregnant. In her first trimester, her breast inflated so quickly she could almost watch them swell in real time. Her bras upgraded from needing to be special ordered to being custom made. Then, her milk came in.

Many women have big breasts. They possess overflowing handfuls that look phenomenal in form fitting tops. Some women have huge breasts. These women are often the friend with the huge rack who complain about neck and shoulder pain. Few women have massive breasts. These women often have large social media followings if they were discovered. They are known for and by their breasts. This is the space where there is no tolerance, only love or hatred of one's own chest. At the end, there are sweat inducing, awe inspiring, breath stealing, hefty, heaving breasts. At this point, descriptors fail and many resort back to the word big, only with increased emphasis. Eyes scan over with disgust or overwhelming lust. And then, there was Cathy.

By the final trimester, Cathy had been declared temporarily blind. A combination of bras designed by architects and doctors in conjunction paired with her large pregnant belly pushed her swollen, bloated udders just under her eyes making it impossible for her to see clearly when walking. After giving birth, the cow of a woman breathed a sigh of relief as she could finally see over her heavy chest. Cathy's world was one of silence as most lost the ability to speak upon seeing her. At their smallest, her body hid from the world behind her own titties. Each breast spread wider than her body, easily doubling her width. Cathy was by no means svelte, especially post pregnancy. Thicker than all outdoors, but not many could tell as many often failed to see past her chest. She often walked slowly to avoid bruising the underside of her boobs as they more often than not hung down by her thighs. She struggled through average size doors. She was forced to quit driving as she failed to fit in moderate sized vehicles enough to drive. Her clothes implied she was dangerously obese, but under these massive shirts were two world silencing titties.

Not to be outdone by the size alone, Cathy's milk factories put most competition grade cows to shame. Every day, the mother thanked the universe her baby was a big eater, lest she explode in a shower of milk. If she went too long without expressing milk, her breasts screamed at her in their own way. They would swell, veins becoming increasingly visible. Once this began, reaching her own nipples became a fight, despite their own prominent size. This was the only time she would begin to resent her breasts. If she waited too long, they would all but immobilize her. Times like these, all she could do was wait for the dam to break for her breasts to release naturally. The wide areola and thick long nipples meant this never took too long as there was a lot of surface area on her milky mountains. She did hate seeing the milk go to waste in these

cases. But she was far too large to suck from her own oversized nipples. Inevitably, she pumped multiple times per day, gallons filling the second refrigerator she kept in the garage.

Cathy elected to visit a seamstress in order to get the perfect dress for Hinoa's exhibition. Clothes off the rack stopped being an option soon after the pregnancy began. Even these tent-like shirts fit like tight sports bras on these vast breasts. Cathy often laughs to herself when she feels like a cartoon character because, the moment she finds one that fits, she buys multiple in different colors, often leading to her wearing the same outfit every single day.

At home, she would often go topless. The lack of clothing to fuss with made breastfeeding much easier and clothes last at least another month before having to inevitably replace them. The few tops that succeeded in containing her only lasted so long before her breasts destroyed them.

The seamstress had seen many tits in her life. The view had become second nature to her. However, when Cathy removed her top, the seamstress clenched her jaw until she felt one of her teeth crack and the taste of iron on the side of her tongue. She began to sweat in sheer terror. This terror asked her to run in fear or worship the masses in front of her. After stepping out of the room, taking a swig of whiskey kept under her desk, she was able to compose herself and begin taking measurements of the breasts, she meant woman, in front of her. This would continue over the next few weeks, infuriating the seamstress as sometimes Cathy was bigger, sometimes smaller. She elected to add extra fabric in the form of lace that would allow Cathy to maintain public decorum even in the event she began to engorge with milk.

She elected to wear an a-line dress with a mild v-neck. She wanted to be classy. Her breasts had other plans however. At her size, modesty didn't matter. Even a mild v-neck showed more flesh than most women had on their entire chest. And with nipples that always pulled at the front of her tops, she would struggle to downplay her chest. However, this was the best Cathy could hope for. She remained self aware. Regardless, the goal was to be classy. She paired her navy blue chiffon dress with gold sandals with a mild heel. Her center of gravity floated nowhere near her actual body, so high heels presented a danger. Light makeup with a bright red lip completed her look. She glanced at the mirror. Classy.

Preparing for the night, Cathy milked her udders for hours, pumping them dry. She couldn't remember the last time her mountains felt so soft and yielding. At this size, she would be just small enough to drive. The constant engorging often left them feeling firm, even with regular milking. Loading her extra refrigerator, Cathy felt a sense of pride. Her breasts were unwieldy, heavy, and inconvenient. At times she would resent them if she let them fill to capacity. They threatened to immobilize her often until her body finally relented and sprayed whatever room she occupied. However, looking at the gallons of milk in front of her, she felt pride. She was special. She felt guilt. Many mothers struggled to produce enough milk, especially a year after giving birth, but Cathy was overwhelmed with success. She smiled at the refrigerator and patted her chest. The mountains responded by threatening to tear through her dress with her nipples alone.

"Oh my darling, you look amazing!" a voice announced from behind her.

“Mom, you scared me!” Cathy breathed heavily.

Her mother laughed. “My bad, my bad. I was only in awe of my angel of a daughter.” Cathy’s mother often reminded her of where it all came from. Cathy’s mother, Gloria, rivaled her daughter’s own heaving masses. However, aging and no longer lactating allowed her massive chest to soften and sag about. Despite this, the older mountains preternaturally held onto some of their perkiness. Gloria thanked her ancestors as if they sagged too low, she’d be wheelchair bound.

Cathy stepped to the side of Gloria to embrace her in as wide of a hug that she could manage. Normal hugs were never an option in this family due to the size of Gloria’s bust and only became more impossible after Cathy’s pregnancy.

“Thanks, mom,” Cathy stated. “I hope the baby isn’t too much work.”

Gloria kissed her daughter on the cheek. “Oh we will have a wonderful time. Now hurry. Hurry. You’re already late.”

Gloria was correct. Cathy arrived late and the exhibition was in full swing. Cathy quietly cursed herself as she predicted the next moments. She attempted to quietly force herself through the door, but moments forced rarely go quietly. As she clicked into the hall of art, a wave of silence overtook the room. She could count the seconds as the talking progressively ended until the only sound was the easy listening background music. Even Hinoa, on stage, came to a slow halt. Cathy could feel everyone’s eyes scanning across her most dominating feature. The stares tickled a bit. She noticed two men in particular having incredibly diverse responses. One covered his crotch while the other covered his mouth. Both ran to the restroom. Hinoa spoke, trying to take the attention away from Cathy. The crowd collectively realized staring was rude and turned back to the stage.

As the show went on, some of the attendees worked up the courage to talk to her. A significant number of them asked about her breasts. Cathy didn’t like being the center of attention, but her body had other plans. At one point, a particularly top heavy woman approached her. This woman certainly stood out in the crowd as the bustiest person in a room. Those rooms did not have Cathy.

“It’s not often I meet a woman anywhere as big as me, let alone bigger,” she stated to Cathy, clinking her glass to the mother’s. “But today, I see two: yourself and the host. But you put her to shame. You could put mine and hers inside of your own and still have room to spare.”

Cathy giggled. She remembered growing up with Hinoa. In high school, they were often jokingly called The Boobs due to being the biggest girls in their graduating class. Every day, Hinoa would come over and they’d share a cold glass of milk, sometimes flavored with chocolate or strawberry. Unlike the lactating mother, Hinoa didn’t come from a busty family. She was a genetic anomaly. Cathy and Hinoa hadn’t seen each other in a while, especially since the pregnancy. Hopefully Hinoa would not feel upset being upstaged at her own show due to a childhood friend going through a mild growth spurt.

The busty stranger leaned into Cathy and whispered, "Between you and me, who did your implants? Most doctors won't even go as big as I am. I'm already full and I'm looking to go bigger."

"I'm sorry to disappoint," Cathy sighed. "These are natural. Full of good ol' milk, no saline or anything else here." the mother joked. Cathy looked apologetic. "But yours are great! I didn't even realize they were implants. They look so natural."

The woman stuttered and snapped her wine glass without noticing. It barely hung on with a hairline. "Y-you carry them so well," she barely got out. "I didn't know breasts could naturally get this big," the woman whispered quietly.

"Only when they're this small," Cathy corrected. She didn't hear the second sentence.

"I'm sorry?"

"Yeah, these are the smallest they get. I spent hours draining them before I came." Cathy failed to notice the woman's jaw drop. "Sometimes they get so full I can barely stand. God have mercy on my back. The kid really did a number on me."

"Sounds like a good problem," the woman laughed. She choked back the envy and jealousy in her throat. "If I were you, I'd get pregnant again just to see how big I'd get."

Cathy enjoyed her time as the show prattled on. Suddenly, she heard a cry. It sounded like a baby. She tried to pinpoint the sound, but couldn't find it. She began to feel nauseous and dizzy. Her heart beat heavily in her chest, echoing from her ribcage to the ends of her nipples. Another cry. She couldn't tell if it was a baby going down the street or if one of the attendees brought one with them. Cathy sweat profusely and her breaths became heavy. Pressure built in her breasts. Every beat of her heart, they felt fuller. Every breath, her chest expanded, but didn't go back down. Her maternal instincts kicked in. Milk. Milk. Not enough. Blue veins crisscrossed around her massive, swelling mammarys. She'd never gone into overdrive like this. She loosened her dress to give herself growing room. But it wasn't enough. Her breasts demanded more room. They demanded more milk.

Cathy scuttled to a side room. The first unlocked door she found she dived into. The threads in her dress started to audibly pop. She all but tore the dress off, revealing her chest in all her naked glory. She placed her hands on her breasts and felt them swelling. She was quickly passing her average "full" size and heading into new territory. She squatted, leaning against a wall and pressed her hands flat against her nipples. She prayed to stop the pressure from building. Her nipples pushed against her palms. She moaned into her bulging boobs. Face pressed against her cleavage, she could hear the milk churning. It hurt so much she wanted to cry. It felt so good, she wanted to cum. She felt guilty. In the other room, her childhood friend and innocent people enjoyed art. It was so hot. Cathy had never been so turned on in her life.

Her breasts had never been this big before. They began to leak, forming rivers down her breasts and dripping onto the floor. Squirts shot between her fingers. She squeezed her eyes shut, fighting every urge to play with her overly taxed nipples. Oh so sensitive, she knew if she failed, she'd be cumming for hours. Her arms grew tired. Her right hand slipped. It was almost

as if her breasts said “Finally!” A torrent of milk crashed against the floor. She came hard. Her left hand fell. She came harder.

She moaned in relief while stroking her long, thick, hand filling nipples. The milk acted as a lubricant as she stroked herself. Her milk slammed against the wall across from her, several feet away. All the disgust went down the river of milk replaced with awe inspiring pleasure. She collapsed onto her butt before falling onto the floor. Her legs spread and she felt the cool air along her panties. She was wet in more ways than one. Despite no longer touching them, her breasts continued to spray all over the room. And they continued to bring her to orgasm.

Cathy didn't know why that door was unlocked. She couldn't have known. It was the main attraction, Hinoa's biggest art piece.

“And here you see-” Hinoa opened the door and flipped the light switch. She stopped speaking as she stepped in and heard a squelch. “What is this?”

Hinoa was quickly answered. Cathy sat back against the wall. Her breasts continued spraying the room. Her breasts also continued to grow until her nipples left her reach. Only three parts of her body could be seen behind these behemoths. Her head sat atop them. Her arms rubbed the tops of them. Finally, her knees down to her toes showered in her own milk.

“Um, hi.” Cathy didn't know what else to say. The moment was the most awkward Cathy had experienced.

“...they're even bigger...”

“...bloated udders...”

“What a cow...”

“Isn't she ashamed?”

Cathy saw a silver lining. None of these women knew she was cumming as they watched in various states of shock. After a particularly strong one, she managed to eke out, “Can someone get me a towel or two? I had a little accident.”

Someone ran to get her towels while two women helped her to her feet. Her breasts had never felt this heavy before. With Hinoa on one side and the lady with the implants on the other, helping her to stand, the difference really became noticeable. The implants were big enough to fill her arms. Hinoa's breasts overflowed her arms. But Cathy's were deliciously too big for her or anyone else's for that matter. Cathy eyeballed all the women in the room and imagined that if everyone's breasts could combine together, she would still be bigger than them all.

Someone brought a chair. Cathy sat in it and heard it creak from the weight. “I'm so, so, so sorry for ruining your show. That's never happened before. I heard a baby and I guess my maternal instincts just kicked in.”

Hinoa was saying goodbye to the last guest. "You didn't ruin anything, Kitty Cat," Hinoa assured. "If anything, you made it better."

Now that the show was over, Hinoa ripped off her top. She sighed a breath of relief as her breasts could finally breathe.

"It was a long day and I am famished," Hinoa complained sarcastically. "Got any left for a starving artist?"

Cathy laughed, "Oh there is plenty. Please take as much as possible. I can't possibly go home with all this."

"Challenge accepted. Bon appetit." Hinoa shoved the nipple to the back of her throat. Her other hand stroked the free nipple, pulling harshly. Milk poured out of Hinoa's mouth as her body failed to swallow it all. But, she was by no means a quitter.

Cathy squealed. "Oh my fucking god, if you suck dick like you suck nipples, I can see why your boyfriend stays. Oh, Noa..."

Hinoa stopped for a second. "I do. He's very lucky."

After a few hours, Cathy was finally empty. Just after midnight, Hinoa walked past the door looking like she was in her third trimester. Cathy looked back and wondered how her friend managed to hold so much. Cathy also noticed how the artist's breasts looked much fuller.

Cathy struggled to stay awake on the way home. She'd never given so much milk in a single day. She regretted driving and wished she'd just taken a cab. Cathy tried to tiptoe through the front door. On the couch was Gloria, snoring quietly. She laid on her side, both breasts having slid over and landed on the floor below her. She was surrounded by bottles. Cathy questioned how the baby could have possibly drank this much. Looking closely, Gloria's breasts seemed fuller. The message slammed into her. Her family's breast milk induced breast growth. It all made sense. Gloria always wanted her daughters to get pregnant and would joke that she will be even bigger once they do. Hinoa looked so much fuller up top after drinking so much and why she was such an anomaly in her family. Hinoa was normal. Cathy and her family were the strange ones.

Cathy put a blanket over Gloria. No hugs or kisses tonight as she feared she'd smother her own mother. She peaked into her daughter's crib and rubbed her face gently. The crusted milk on the corner of her lip notified Cathy that the girl was well fed. Cathy grabbed a few bottles of milk from the second fridge and took them to bed with her.

The art show's experience had lasting repercussions on Cathy. She had to accept that she'd never drive again. Even empty, her breasts were now much bigger than they were before. And they would hold far more milk before it became painful. Her breasts brought her many feelings and emotions: guilt, discomfort, resentment, pleasure, joy, connection. However, the biggest feeling she held was pride. She felt proud of every inch of her milk factories. At the new rate she was producing, she considered donating the milk...or, more likely, getting a third fridge.