

The Power of Suggestion

by Bananaman

A young woman in her early twenties sat in the waiting room, fluorescent light flickering across the tacky decor and decade old magazines. Her hand reached up to tuck a lock of her slightly frazzled black hair behind her ear as she continued to distract her nerves by mindlessly scrolling across her phone and repetitively bouncing her knee up and down. Her eyes once more darted up to the placard by the door, *Dr. Shadi Ordak – Professional Hypnotist, Life Coach, and Notary*. The title of “Dr.” was taped next to the name in the form of a poorly laminated card.

Haley was by no means an ugly woman, in fact her facial features were as well proportioned as they were symmetrical. What she lacked was confidence in herself, and her rather lithe figure. The former of which she hoped to remedy with her visit here. One would ordinarily recommend either therapy, or failing that a plastic surgeon, to fix confidence issues related to appearance. Whoever this “one” is apparently does not grasp the concept of not having health insurance nor the money to get it whilst being an aspiring actress. Luckily, Haley did have a coupon for one free hypnosis session. The wrinkled coupon looked to have spent the better part of the last five years at the bottom of some purse or junk drawer, but had a glaring lack of an expiration date to the discerning eye.

The door creaked open, revealing a woman in her late twenties of short stature and mocha complexion in a dark purple blouse. Her dark hair was tied in a neat bun, and a pair of glasses sat nestled on her nose which fortunately distracted from a rather large mole on her left cheek. Pressing a clipboard to her chest the woman gestured inward and stated in a clean, professional tone “*Dr. Ordak will see you now.*”

Haley stepped past the woman into the “Doctor’s” office, noting that the clipboard was both turned outwards and had no papers attached. Upon entering the small room she sat in the folding chair which was placed opposite the only desk in the room. The room was dark, curtains adorning the walls despite a lack of windows, with a single shaded lamp in the corner spilling light over the contents of the space. A curtain of beads separated the office from an adjoining room whilst an incense burner separated the musty smell of the carpet from Haley’s nose. The door closed behind her as she looked around for anyone else in the room.

Following a series of shuffling noises and muttered curses the self-titled doctor walked into the room, pushing aside the beaded curtain. Ms. Ordak was a woman of short stature and light brown complexion, whose head was covered by some sort of wrapping which might be mistaken for a turban but failed to hide a noticeably large mole on her left cheek. She smiled at Haley and sat herself behind the desk in an office chair which squeaked as she leaned forward. With a thick yet nondescript Eastern European accent she addressed Haley, “It’s a pleasure to meet you, I am **Doctor** Shadi Ordak. How can I help you today Miss...” At the uncomfortable pause Ms. Ordak waved her hand in a gentle circles to prompt a response from Haley.

“Oh!...Uh you can just call me Haley. Sorry, it’s just you look so much like your receptionist I got distracted. Are you by any chance relat-”

“Don’t be ridiculous.” interjected Ms. Ordak, preventing Haley from finishing her thought. She continued to stare at the hapless young woman until she continued if only to escape the awkward silence.

Deciding not to press the issue Haley collected her thoughts to explain her reason for being here. “Well Ms. Ordak, I’m he-”

“**Doctor**, Ordak.”

“Sorry Doctor. Well, I’m here because I need some help. You see, I’m an actress and I have a big audition coming up soon. Whenever I practice at home I’m great, but when I go to an audition I get so nervous waiting for my turn. I look around and see so many beautiful women there that I can’t help but compare them to myself and feel like I come up short. Since Hollywood can be so looks-based and, depending on the director, misogynistic...”

“Naturally.”

“By the time it’s my turn I can’t get it out of my head that I don’t measure up to the others and can’t perform at my best. I was hoping you could help me with some form of hypnosis stuff.”

With her thumb and forefinger gently stroking her chin Ms. Ordak feigned thoughtful contemplation. “I think I know just what you need my child.”

“Child? You’re maybe like five years older tha-”

“No interruptions please. With your consent I believe I can fix your problem. I can hypnotize you to fix this issue, and include a triggering event to renew effects and give you a way to manage your stress should you feel you need it. If you’ll give me a moment to collect my tools we can begin. For now just close your eyes and relax.” Ms. Ordak reached a hand into her deep purple sleeves and fished out a pocket-watch which she promptly butterfingered into a half-open drawer in the desk. Cursing under her breath she groped around in the dim lighting before grabbing a different watch which was already in said drawer, the one which was a family heirloom and never used in her practice. Leaning over the desk she dangled it by its’ chain in front of Haley, focused more on her performance than the make of the watch she was holding. Gently swaying it back and forth she began to almost chant in smooth, dulcet tones. “As you listen to my voice all of you- You can open your eyes now... As I was saying, as you listen to my voice all of your worries and inhibitions melt away. The edges of your vision blur and fade until only my voice and the watch remain. You are entering a trance of complete suggestion, and the following instructions shall be made manifest by your inner self.”

Haley’s eyes gradually lost focus as she indeed slipped into a complete trance in record time. Her slacked jaw let a single strand of drool slowly lower itself onto her shirt. Her witless demeanor went unnoticed by Ms. Ordak who continued with her practiced spiel.

“You shall no longer be weighed down by undue anxiety and envy. Your beauty shall swell from within you and burst outwards, growing ever more. You will find great success in your endeavors and find great pleasure and satisfaction in them. You will be reminded of these facts whenever you consume your favorite treat. Your favorite treat of uh....”

Haley mumbled through her entranced state, “Boba...milk...tea”

“Milk, I guess.” *Seems odd for a grown woman but whatever.* “At the snapping of my fingers you shall ascend from your trance and return to your normal senses. After leaving here you will leave me a favorable review on Google Maps. Now awaken, in 1...2...3... ***SNAP***”

Clarity and consciousness soon returned to Haley’s eyes as she returned from whatever state she was in. Shaking her head and blinking her eyes she asked whether they were going to begin.

“Oh we’ve just finished my sweet. I think you’ll find you have more confidence in your looks from now on. So will that be cash or card? We also take Venmo.”

“Wow I couldn’t even tell, maybe there’s something to this hypno stuff after all.” Fishing around in her pocket Haley produced the crumpled coupon and slid it onto the desk. This action produced a sour frown on Ms. Ordak’s face, who was clearly looking forward to being paid. The frown melted into a forced smile as the coupon was gently slid into an upheld waste basket.

“Thank you so much for your business, please come on by if you need anything else. Remember that drinking milk will re-affirm any effects.”

“Wait, milk? Why?”

“...Because it’s your favorite treat?”

“Actually it’s..” *Hub, was it not something else? For some reason milk does sound really good.*

“And would you look at the time!” Ms. Ordak stood up and rushed Haley out the door. “Don’t forget to leave a review!”

From Ms. Ordak’s office Haley found her way to the nearest bus station. The bus rolled in and announced its arrival with a **TSSHHH** of the pneumatic brakes. She found one of the seats still missing an occupied neighbor and put her headphones in as she stared out the window and watched the city roll by in measured intervals. The headphones weren’t actually connected to anything, but she liked how it reduced the number of random conversations with strangers. After a few stops and a transfer Haley made it to her part-time job waiting tables at a mid-upscale restaurant. She changed in the back into a white blouse and black slacks and put on her best customer service face (which was admittedly quite good, only the most discerning eye could glimpse that she was not in fact completely satisfied and pleased to be there).

The shift went by without much issue. The hours passed by as she weaved amongst the table cloths and tourists whilst balancing plates of overpriced pastas and salads. While already an experienced waitress, Haley conducted herself with more confidence and enthusiasm than was typical. Her tips fortunately reflected her marginally improved performance. The strangest thing was she felt increasingly thirsty no matter how much water she drank. She didn’t feel dehydrated per say, it was more like she had a craving for something she just couldn’t quite name.

At the end of her shift Haley changed back into her street clothes. She caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and noticed her skin looked clearer for some reason. Minor blemishes had smoothed out into healthy skin, even her raven hair looked silky smooth. She smiled before turning to the side and taking note of her slender figure. At 5’9” she had model-like proportions but had always wished she had more up top. She put it out of her mind and went to make her way home. Walking out the door of the restaurant she still had that craving she couldn’t quite name. *Hmm, maybe I should get some boba. That’s what I usually do when I’m craving a sweet treat.* Haley stopped by her favorite boba shop which lay only a couple blocks from her home and put in an order for a brown sugar milk tea with boba, her usual. While she was waiting she went to look at social media on her phone but felt her finger drift to google maps and the hypnotists office she just went to. She was halfway through typing her review when her order was finished and she closed the app down and grabbed her drink to go.

Sipping on her delicious milk tea as she walked Haley found the taste quite pleasant but failed to meet her indistinct craving. Like a backscratcher over a too-thick shirt it definitely reached her itch but didn’t quite satisfy it. Just a few minutes later as she was walking up the stairs to her studio apartment, she paused amidst her unseasonably good mood as she felt an unfamiliar weight settle on her chest. Pulling the neckline of her shirt away and peering down inside her usual B-cup breasts were looking rather cramped in their bra. Deciding against removing her shirt in public Haley fumbled with her keys and used her shoulder to push open the door to her apartment.

She stepped into the bathroom and crossed her arms while grabbing the bottom hem of her shirt. In one fluid motion she pulled the shirt up and over her head before tossing it aside to the floor. Her breasts were now at least a cup size too large for her bra now, beginning to push up and over the top edges. *What the hell? Maybe my bra shrunk in the wash. I don’t think it’s that time of month at least.* Haley turned to the side and tried to examine them from a different angle before remembering she had a boba tea whose ice was melting.

She walked out to the kitchenette to grab her drink, still wearing nothing but jeans and bra. Haley took a long pull from her drink, savoring the texture of the chewy, bite-sized pearls. She set the drink down and began to prepare a modest dinner. She pulled out a ramen packet and filled a small pot with water before placing it on the stove. Then she grabbed the remainder of some orange chicken and chucked it in the microwave. As the water began to boil her breasts began to gently swell with each breath, before settling down with each exhale to not quite the same level. By the time Haley fished the wrapper out of the trash to check the cooking time (again), they had reached D-cup territory and were beginning to reside as much inside the bra as they did outside.

She grabbed the pot of ramen, not bothering to pour it into a bowl, and placed the orange chicken on directly on top. The broth would make the breading soggy but the chicken was an easy source of protein and by girl dinner standards this was gourmet. She sat at the other side of the kitchen counter on a stool and began looking for a video to watch while she ate. She once more found herself opening the review page of the hypnotist's office by muscle memory before she dropped her fork and had the good grace to finally look down. What she saw was the smooth pale flesh of her bosom spilling out of her bra like dough that had been left to proof for too long. Her former lemons now sat like grapefruits squished against her chest by their containment. DDD easily if not more. They not only crept past the top, but also the sides and bottom of the bra. Her jaw joined the fork on the floor.

Holy shit. She burst back into bathroom to get a better look in the mirror. Sliding to a stop on her socks, her breasts took an extra moment to stop due to their increased inertia. They wobbled back and forth, barely supported or covered by the inadequate bra. Staring in disbelief, a warm pleasant feeling flushed over her. She couldn't help but be mesmerized by her new figure. She was getting turned on. *I know I should be concerned, but I look so fucking hot right now. Just look at these things. They're so...* More eloquent words escaped her as she shook them side to side. *They're so big.* Her hands reached behind her, attempting to undo the clasp of her bra but unable to create enough space to undo them. Deciding the bra was a lost cause she raised her hands above her head, and leaned back while taking a deep breath in an attempt to snap the bra of her chest. The hooks of her bra strained against the load, bending but just barely holding. At that moment they swelled again, growing not just larger this time but firmer. The hooks failed, audibly snapping with the characteristic **'PING'** of an M1 Garand. Her breasts flopped out, resting above her taut stomach, nipples erect.

Haley took one hand and lifted a breast up, admiring its heft and the pleasant sensation it provided. With the other she grabbed her phone, dismissing once more the half-written review and began searching for potential causes. Any non-porn related result seemed to happen over weeks, not minutes. At the very least she lacked the constricting of airways and other unpleasant symptoms of anaphylactic shock. Haley decided to grab a tape measure to get a more objective view of her growth. She first measured the underbust, needing to lift her breasts with one arm to get proper placement. It was a concept that added more heat to her loins. 30 inches. She then measured her full bust measurement, stifling a gasp as she inadvertently applied pressure to her nipples. *Wow, these things are...sensitive.* 38 inches. For those who struggle with basic math that's a difference of 8 inches.

"38 inches! That makes me a what, G cup!?" It actually made her an H cup in standard U.S. sizing but close enough. She walked out of the bathroom, measuring tape in hand, as she began to ponder her new orbs. "Ok think Haley, if these beautiful puppies grew so fast it must have been something you recently came into contact with. Or maybe it was something you—" Her eyes settled on her nearly finished boba tea as the words of the hypnotist came back to mind. "...ate." *Didn't that back say something about drinking milk?* At risk of growing even bigger she had to prove her theory. She sat and waited for 20 minutes. No major change in her boobs except that they felt achingly full of something and her pale skin was supple yet firm. With a trembling hand she then took her drink and consumed the remainder, the melted ice diluting the flavor. She didn't have to wait long to see results.

Much quicker this time they grew again in gentle pulses. Adding more pounds to her top-heavy frame. They became more taut as they grew, sitting perky and upright. She measured her full bust again. 40 inches. J cups. Her teats grew as well, extending about an inch past the areola. As she pulled the tape measure away she noticed a dampness around where it had rested on her front side. It smelled faintly sweet, and she realized she had begun lactating. *Holy cow, I'm leaking!* Milk drops escaped her enlarged nipples and rolled down the lower curve of her melons. Not wanting to make a mess of her living space she once more entered the bathroom and stepped in the shower.

She bit her own lip in anticipation, her feminine hands pinching her proud nipples which ached for attention. She gently grabbed and pulled the left side, which resulted in a stream of milk spraying a foot in front of her. Multiple streams coming out in tiny arcs through the air. It felt good. She repeated the action on the right side. It felt even better. She alternated the pulling action, entering a steady rhythm as milk splattered against the shower wall and ran down in ivory rivulets towards the drain. Her sensitive new toys sent waves of approval, feeling just as good as any masturbation session had before. *Oh fuck, it feels so good. I hadn't realized how much pressure was building up in there.* Haley's legs nearly buckled under the onslaught of pleasure assaulting her tits. She kept pumping, gradually increasing speed as she panted with labored breath. It wasn't long before she worked her way to the brink of an orgasm, face flushed with pleasure. With one good pull on both breasts she came, milk escaping in a complete let down. She moaned as milk poured out of her, and her melons gradually shrunk back as they released their milky burden all over herself and the shower wall.

Haley worked her way down off her high, catching her breath. The milk slowly stopped flowing out of her and she noted that her breasts were much smaller than when she started. They were back down to D cups, still larger than original but much more manageable. Her teats had shrunk in proportion as well. She looked around the shower, impressed with the sheer surface area she had managed to cover, and felt a tinge of guilt at the amount of milk that had gone down the drain. She wished for a moment that she had collected the milk in a container, though she couldn't verbalize why.

"As hot as that was I think I need to call that hypnotist." She took note of the state of her pants, soaked in her own fluids as they were. "I should also probably change my clothes while I'm at it."

It was the next morning as Haley rode the bus to her job again. She leaned her head against the window, feeling the vibration of the bus in her skull. Feeling a bit warm in her gray zip-up jacket she fought off the urge to yawn. Her D cups had refused to shrink any more, despite several enthusiastic attempts to coax more milk out of them. Her attempts to reach the hypnotist who had placed this condition on her were similarly unfruitful. So she resolved to attempt again tomorrow after her audition. She figured so long as she avoided consuming milk she should be fine. If nothing else she was actually quite pleased with her new size. Not to mention the experience of growing was very nice. The bus arrived at her stop before her thoughts could linger for too long on last night. With a minor jolt the bus came to a stop, prompting Haley to get out and prepare for an opening shift after working the closing shift the day before. *Ugh.*

Haley removed her street clothes and changed into her uniform. She had opted to use her stretchiest sports bra in lieu of her usual day-to-day bra, as it still offered enough support while preventing her from looking too nippy. Her coworker and friend Julie said hello as she walked by to get out on the floor. Her eyes lingered for a second longer than necessary on Haley's chest. If she had noticed her obviously changed breasts she refrained from commenting on it. With some effort Haley managed to fully button up her blouse, the buttons visibly strained and shirt slightly tenting. She made a mental note that she may have to request a new shirt, not looking forward to the cost being taken out of her paycheck.

It was a Tuesday, and slow. There were scant customers for this time of day so Haley soon found herself having some free time. She was still a bit lethargic from missing out on sleep and began making herself a coffee at the service station. She smiled as Julie approached when one of her orders was just rung in. “Oh that’s me. I’m sorry can you finish this for me?”

“Sure thing girl. The usual latte?”

Haley was already at an awkward distance for talking by the time she finished processing the question. “Uh yeah, but no milk.”

“You got it!”

Haley swept by and on towards the main dining floor, order in hand, and dropped off the food to her table with her best customer service face. Swinging back by the service station she found the coffee already made in a to-go cup, lid on. There was a little heart drawn on the side. She took a sip and savored the taste. The aromatic bitter notes of the coffee blended together with the 8 pumps of caramel into a sugary rich taste that hit the spot. *Damn I love caffeine.* Now that she knew it wouldn’t burn her she downed the rest in one long pull. Throwing out the cup she released a tiny burp and went back to waiting tables and doing side-work like cutting lemons.

The restaurant soon picked up in business as the late lunch crowd rolled in. Haley worked her tables with gusto, something about the coffee put a certain spring in her step that made the rest of her shift far more tolerable. After a total of 6 hours of work she was in the back tallying up her tips. She had made about 30% more than average for a Tuesday. It wasn’t too far past standard deviation but nonetheless she was pleased. She was still in uniform when Julie walked up and Haley greeted her. “Hey Jules, how’d you make out today? I had a good haul myself.”

“Not bad. You still down to meet up for board game night this weekend?”

“Sorry, I had to pick up a shift on Saturday. My landlord’s mortgage isn’t gonna pay itself. Oh thanks for the coffee today by the way! It tasted extra good for some reason. What’d you use as the dairy substitute?”

“...I used regular milk. Did you want oat milk or something instead?”

A heat flashed across Haley’s chest and face. She could feel the effects happening already. Stammering, she replied “Uh y-yeah. I asked f-for no m-milk.”

“Sorry I must have misheard you.” Julie took note of Haley’s demeanor and flashed a look of concern. “Are you feeling OK? Your face is flushed.”

Haley stood up and glanced at her street clothes before she decided to wear her uniform home in order to leave as soon as possible. She threw her gray jacket over her work shirt and promptly zipped it up. The zipper caught for a moment on the underside of her breasts as they were sticking out just a bit farther than before. “I’m fine! I think I’m just tired. I’ll see you on Friday, OK?” Haley rushed out before Julie had a chance to object. Making her way to the street she saw the bus rolling up and jogged to avoid an unnecessary wait. A single button of her shirt popped with the movement of her growing jugs and she was glad to have a jacket to cover herself. She could already tell they were growing faster than before, as if to make up time.

On the bus Haley silently willed it to move faster, unable to avoid thinking about the growing weight on her front. She took a deep breath to calm herself, ***POP*** another button was lost. When she thought no one was looking she stealthily looked down her top to assess the damage. She was already back to H cup status, and she hadn’t even begun the engorgement stage. Her sports bra was woefully underequipped to handle such magnificent globes, their cups overflowing the top and bottom with soft flesh. She zipped her jacket back up all the way to hide them once more.

Damn it, I can't believe I didn't notice that my latte had regular milk in it. Curse you foul sweet tooth, once more you meddle in my affairs! Her thoughts were soon interrupted by the feeling of another achingly long growth spurt adding several cup sizes over the course of a minute or so. **'SHRIIIIP' 'POP'** Her sports bra was rapidly losing the fight as was her considerably less buttoned shirt. She stifled a moan of pleasure as she squirmed a bit in her seat. She angled herself against the bus wall and adopted a shrimp-like posture in an attempt to hide the two volleyballs on her chest. Suddenly the bus hit a bad pothole. This caused Haley to bounce in her seat followed by her breasts which popped a button on the upswing as well as forcing her zipper a quarter open, their pale peaks showing for just a moment. On the downswing they broke another button and slid out the underside of the sports bra but remained contained in her jacket. Haley definitely noticed but was too self-conscious to fix it in public, and resolved to wait the five minutes left until her final stop.

She looked around at the other passengers, no one was paying her any attention. She couldn't help noting the other women on board. Haley was very clearly the bustiest person by a wide margin and felt a strange sense of pride by that fact. Pride was soon replaced by the feeling of her breasts firming up, her erect nipples sliding against the smooth fabric of her work shirt beneath her jacket as they marched ever forward. They weren't just getting bigger now, but fuller. She unsuccessfully stifled the following moan. A passenger looked over out of the side of their eye but Haley was far too distracted by her filling milk jugs to notice. They were as heavy as two gallon milk jugs each at this point, dominating her slender frame. Her growth was much more than her first time, well into the watermelon comparison category at this point. Her stop finally came.

She speed-walked quickly to her apartment, then attempted jogging up the stairs. Her unsupported breasts bounced and wobbled in tandem, giving Haley a crash course on elastic collisions as they jiggled with audible sounds. **'SLOSH' 'PLAP' 'SLOOSH' 'PLAP'** She had to stop halfway, panting with equal parts exertion and excitement as her sensitive nubs slide against the fabric within. She had the keys in the lock to her front door when another growth spurt hit. She leaned against the door and let it happen. The vertex of her zipper slid downwards as did the bottom curve of her breast. Their forms filled outwards, deepening Haley's cleavage as more of their ivory bounty manifested itself. Her nipples filled outwards shortly after the main growth, sticking out 3 inches or so like ripe strawberries, plainly visible through the now dampening cloth of Haley's jacket. Were she not lifted by her overtaxed clothing they would hang down to her waist. The mounting stimulation was too much for Haley and she came, sliding further down onto the ground as she covered her mouth to avoid alerting the neighbors with her moans of ecstasy. Her milk flow spurted through the jacket as she did. *Oh God, I just came from my tits and I didn't even touch them. If I'm not careful I'm going to get addicted to this.*

Breathing hard and struggling to catch her breath, Haley scooped her arms under her ginormous breasts, visibly straining to stand up as she used the door for support. They weighed easily 35 lbs each at this point. Though well past standard cup sizes they might be a B cup, the second time around the alphabet anyways. Letting one drop to grab the door handle it hit against her stomach with a wet slap, nearly knocking her over. *If these things get any bigger I'm going to be more boob than woman!* She noticed the renewing heat in her core at that thought. *Why does that idea turn me on so much?* Haley managed to find the door handle past the view of her cleavage and finally got inside.

With herculean effort she carried her own breasts to the kitchen counter, dropping them with an audible thud that sent another spurt of milk out and another wave of sensation throughout her. She managed to remove her jacket and tossed it aside. Pulling apart each side of her shirt, still attached at the collar and bottom button, her breasts were laid bare on the cool quartz countertop. The peaks of her mountains were suspended in the air, pearlescent dew forming at the tips. Haley hesitantly held out her hands towards them. Her nipples twitched as if in response, urging her on. She could feel the pressure inside, waiting to be released at the slightest stimulus. She looked around for something to catch the milk and realized she was close to the opposite side of the kitchen sink. She shuffled over until she was pointing

herself into the sink, her calcium cannons occupying the countertop between her torso and the edge of the sink. The faucet sat between each mound, half-buried in boob-flesh.

Haley once more slid her soft, feminine hands along the side of her breasts till she reached her destination. She gathered flesh in hand, their sensitive tips filling her palms as she got ready to release the mounting pressure behind them. With slow alternating pulls she began to milk herself. The flow rate surged from a trickle to a stream. Haley moaned in pleasure as she continued jerking off her tits. With each tug her milk splattered against the sides of the sink, sounding much like milk hitting an empty pail. Haley leaned forward on her own pillows and lost herself in the sensation, not bothering to hide her whimpers of ecstasy. On the brink of a second orgasm she paused and watched her milk coming out in a steady stream. Her mouth watered at the sight, and she impulsively brought one nipple to her waiting mouth and latched on. She held up her massive tit with her left hand as she continued milking the other with her right. The taste was like ambrosia, the nectar of the gods. The warm sweet fluid coated her tongue and its scent filled her nostrils. She swirled her tongue around the nipple as it filled the space in her mouth, drawing more milk with each suck. In mere moments she came from the combined sensations.

Her milk flow surged, filling her mouth and the various dishes she had left in the sink from last night. Liters of milk poured out of her in pulses, alternating between low and high flow but never stopping. She gulped several times, barely able to keep up with her own production. At the end of her orgasm she released the teat from her mouth with a wet smack, a drunken look of satisfaction on her face. Her left tit flopped down next to its cousin, continuing to drain into the sink as her breasts began to retreat backwards. They continued leaking as they shrank, reaching basketballs when Haley hit a crucial realization. She stood up straight as she put her hands over her distended stomach, filled with a liter of breast milk. A feeling of equal parts dread and excitement followed. “Uh oh, I may have gotten carried away there.”

Haley panicked for a brief moment before a sense of calm and clarity washed over her. *Nothing I can do now but try to make the ride comfortable.* She took out her phone and laid it on the counter within easy reach. She slid her dampened pants down her slender legs before tossing them onto the couch, soon followed by her ruined shirt and bra. She walked over to the front door, her massive breasts sloshing back and forth, slinging droplets with each shake as they continued to shrink. Looking at the lock she debated whether it would be wiser to lock the door or leave it unlocked in case she needed to call someone. A wave of heat hit her breasts as they stopped shrinking and started visibly expanding before her eyes. They had managed to reach volleyball size when they started to switch directions in growth. She could practically hear the milk gurgling within them. “Unlocked it is, I better get back to the sink while I still can.”

Haley bounced back over to the sink, nearly hitting herself in the face from the jiggle physics imparted on her. She removed the small pot and dishware from the sink, still filled with her own milk. She rested her breasts on the edge, her back thanking her for the reprieve, as she watched her mammaries steadily swell. She attempted to milk herself as she grew in order to limit their growth but she didn't seem to even slow them down. **'GUUURRRGLE'** They practically rumbled as she continued milking and marveled at their growth. *Oh God they were so big and full from one latte. Just how big am I going to get?* There started to be not much room between her own flesh and the sink wall and Haley had difficulty working her nipples. She switched to applying pressure to the sides of her breasts, feeling the soft elastic skin devoid of any stretch marks despite the demands placed upon it. They were closer to watermelons or pumpkins now.

Haley leaned forward in an attempt to apply more pressure and accidentally slipped them forward into the sink. She didn't have to fall far, as her breasts mostly filled the sink with their mass. Unable to effectively work them she continued to swell, the walls of the sink rapidly closing in. All the while her milk continued to flow. As her own titmeat had covered the drain it pooled amongst her breasts, creeping up the sides. It quickly overflowed, spilling onto the surrounding countertop and floor. Haley realized a change of venue might be needed, and attempted to lift her breasts out of the sink. Her breasts were pressing against the sides of the sink now, and were difficult to manage as they were covered in their own slippery milk. That combined with their immense weight meant she had no shot at moving them. “Come on girls, work

with me here.” As if in response they only continued releasing their lewd sounds amidst their growth **‘SLOOSH’ ‘GURRRGLE’**. “At least slow down!” Their rising mass slowly pushed Haley upwards as milk continued to flow out of the sides. Her torso laid several inches above the edge of the sink, and her breasts began to spill over like muffin tops. The constant growth and stimulation had Haley pretty worked up, so she snaked a hand down her panties, soaked as they were in a mix of her own juices. She gently slid two fingers between her folds, moaning as she marveled at her cavernous cleavage. “Oh they’re so huge! I must have the biggest tits in the country by now! They’re so bountiful, so milky, so beautiful, so…” she sunk her hips down into her fingers as she reached the brink of orgasm number three, adjusting her footing.

She slipped in the puddle of breast milk, the sudden change in momentum combined with enough mass sticking out of the sink allowing her tits to pop out with a **‘SHHHHHLOP!’** as she fell on the floor, spinning and landing on her own cushions. “Biiiiiiiiigggg!” Haley exclaimed as she came from the sensation of her breasts hitting the wet floor and shooting out a stream of milk on impact. Her milk flow increased during her orgasm, abating the growth for the 30 seconds or so it lasted. The white liquid spread out, covering the kitchen floor and beyond.

Haley caught her breath and came back to her senses. She tried to get up but kept slipping in her own milk, faceplanting in her cleavage. Her breasts would rival large beach balls. Lying on the ground they rested in front of her, her soda can sized nipples resting a full 3 feet from the base of her breasts. “They must weigh 100 lbs, and they’re only getting **‘UNF’**,” her teats creeped forward another inch, “...bigger.” Haley tried reaching her phone on the counter, but slipped again, and caused another stream of milk to shoot out as she landed back down. This gave her an unconventional idea.

She braced her legs against the kitchen drawers and pushed herself forward, sliding across the ground thanks to her milky lubrication. She stretched out her arms and pushed her tits together, keeping her lubricating nozzles pointed in front of her. Like a sexy penguin pushing two rotund sleds she slid her way to the bathroom, squeezing more milk out of her whenever she needed to lessen the friction. Growing all the while, she had to get through the doorway one boob at a time. Her bathroom contained a nonslip mat which she used to get her feet under her. She scooped up her right breast, barely able to lift it over the edge of the tub. She repeated with the left, now squatting while facing the showerhead, breasts resting on the floor. Haley leaned over them, but couldn’t reach her own nipples. She felt immense pressure continuing to build behind them and decided a hot shower would help. She leaned more, her nipples digging into the bathtub floor, and she turned the shower on.

Hot water poured out of the showerhead, running down Haley’s back. She sat down against the back side of the tub and spread her legs up in the air. Her breasts pinned her legs to the side, and nearly reached the opposite side of the shower, four feet away. They squished against each other and rose a full foot over the edge of the tub. Steaming hot water pounded her beanbag sized breasts, flooding Haley’s mind with incalculable sensations and pleasures. She squirmed and rubbed herself, revelling in the feeling of each square inch of soft skin. She grew more in one final growth spurt, her giant nipples pressed and bent backwards against the opposite wall as her pillows pushed against the shower wall and enveloped the faucet. The milk arced backwards onto her breasts, mixing with the shower water. A considerable amount spilled onto the floor.

Her own funbags were blocking the drain again, and Haley had the presence of mind to grab a long-handled loofah, and shoved the smooth wooden handle between her breasts to create an open path to the drain. She loved the feeling of the angled pole sliding between her breasts. Pumping it up and down she fucked her own tits as her breasts and face were splattered with a mixture of hot water and breast milk. She screamed as she worked herself to crescendo, racked by orgasm after orgasm. Her mind unable to process to sheer number of neurons firing. At some point she blacked out.

She came to a couple minutes later. Watching her breasts empty themselves like so many times before as they gradually shrunk back. She sat there, still beneath the running showerhead, until they eventually stopped retreating just above her navel. She stood up and turned the shower off, breathing a sigh of relief. They were still absurdly large of course, weighing a combined 20 lbs, but she was mobile again at a comparatively modest 30P. She looked at herself in the mirror, a radiant image of beauty and femininity. She felt proud. "I can sort out new clothes later. Now where did I leave that phone? I have a five-star review to write."

End.