

# *Not so Boyish x2*

Chapter 11 -

On the Queen Sized mattress, there lay a face of a girl with blonde hair, cut in a short, spiky shape as its owner snored in a rhythmic form, laying her head on the pillow as she rested cozily.

Unlike all the other school districts, the one up in Pine finished back in March. Because of this, Alex's summer was far, far longer than she ever anticipated. Sure, she had an online summer class for engineering coming up, one to jumpstart some college credit, but it wouldn't be until Sam graduated in June before Alex could actually begin to cherish the time in Hometown.

Still, that time seemed to be catching up to Sam, who spent the next week doing nothing but classwork. No hangouts, no meetings during classes, nothing. It would be arguable that Sam wanted to just stick with catching up since she was an AP student, but still, it felt like Alex got a bit too personal with her.

*Especially now that Sam loved her.*

Throwing herself up from the bed, Alex quickly got out without thinking, throwing the sheets off as she stood bearing her naked chest. Covering up using her arms, she slowly hopped out of bed as she looked to not even see her panties on. It was the weekend, a time she usually slept commando. Letting her feet squish out of the bed, she let her arms go as she revealed what her arms didn't show, having the breasts jiggle and circle around as she showed them to a blank audience.

Her areolae were the size of pepperonis, followed by their surprisingly small nubs, which challenged pencil erasers in size. Standing nude out to her open room, she made her first stop at the laundry, looking to find anything left in her stockpile. To her dismay, nothing seemed to be prepared for her, with a lousy old bra she forgot to throw away and Vella's undies mixed in, which were a few sizes larger than Alex's.

Rolling her eyes, she took downstairs, putting her morning shower on hold as she tried to find some laundry. For certain, Vella wasn't home. That was evident by the lack of her car in the presence of the garage, alongside the lack of any pop music in the background. Sliding along the kitchen nude, she felt her breasts sway and arc gracefully with her body, lacking a care in the world as she entered the laundry room. Even though she couldn't see her feet, she had a clear idea of how to use them.

Inside the dryer lay her prize, a few shirts, her bras, and a decent pair of sweatpants. A weak smile was on her face as she lifted up an empty tub, shoveling her laundry in as she felt tingles from the warm clothes brushing her nipples. The blonde could almost pounce onto the warm

laundry and rest her body in the basket, but she lost her thought as she considered where her chest fit into that equation.

Picking up the laundry basket, she felt her naked breasts squish into the holes as she winced a little. However, it wasn't too bad, in fact, there was an odd satisfaction with having her fatty breast meat push through the walls, almost like shredding cheese without the shedding part. Skipping along with glee, the blonde haired woman headed the direction upstairs as she slid past the kitchen, the dining room table, the door, and what looked to be a guest at the door.

Halting the instant she examined someone was at the door, Alex looked down, realizing she just passed by and displayed her full, naked body to the person up front. Immediately, guilty sweat trickled from her body as she felt her arms close in, worried about this news to her very core. She peeked around, trying her best to get a glimpse at the visitor as she slid her face across her wall, making guesses at a janitor or an electrician. However, the figure at the door seemed to be far, far worse of a chance as to what Alex hoped for, peeking over to see none other than the face of Sam, covering her eyes as she looked away to the right, her arm out in defense as her legs crossed. The hint of embarrassment was visible from the blush of the brunette's cheek Alex could see, burning scarlet with thoughts.

Having no more shame, Alex dropped the laundry basket as she opened the door slowly, causing Sam's attention to be grabbed as she hid her nude body from the rest of the outside. After all, kids were in this neighborhood, she couldn't be seen like that. Alex's head peaked through the right of the door, ignoring her own meaty globs pushing into the monochrome wall as her nipples became suffocated by the peach-beige colored mounds.

"H-hey..."

"No"

"W-wha..." Alex said in confusion.

"No- just get some clothes on first. Then we talk." Responded the flustered woman. By the tone of her voice, there was no strength, only fending her off like a helpless prey animal.

Realizing her drowsy mistake, Alex made a B-line to her room as she made little thought about anything other than Sam's reaction. After a few minutes, Alex returned back, wearing a baggy T-Shirt since she didn't have the time to bother with a bra, and a pair of army green sweatpants that had very unfitting underwear of a superheroine visible from the top.

"So uhh... what's the occasion?" Alex pried the door open as she disclosed her question, nearly falling over indicated by her breasts yanking back from her action. A false ray of confidence shined to her embarrassed buddy, Alex smiling with a nervous blush as if she didn't reveal some secrets too early towards such a girl.

“Well, you said we could hang out today... and...”

“Oh shit that was today?! Shit! You’re right!” Shouted the tomboy, forgetting her responsibilities in her fit of laziness.

“Were you... not expecting me?”

“No I was, I just forgot because I got up like 2 minutes ago.”

“Oh... well I mostly just thought it was because of the packages you ordered.”

“Packages?” Responded Alex, raising her brows at the question.

Opening the door, she stepped outside to her still bright red friend as she looked around, sharing a similar blush. To her shock, she saw not one, not two, but dozens of boxes covering her porch, spread like mountains across the stone flooring as Alex looked in awe at what had come home.

With her chest in the way, obscuring some major details on the side of the box, she pulled hard into one of the heavy boxes as she opened it up, looking at a bottle with some kind of white substance that had to be milk. Curious, Alex pulled it out as she raised it to her head, failing to find a label of some kind on the box.

Instead, what seemed to catch her attention was a letter found at the bottom of the package, seemingly hand written by the sender.

*“Dear Alex.*

*We couldn’t thank you enough for stopping by, you and your company are just the perfect little angels! Our little boy was so happy to tell us how you helped him overcome some kids that were picking on him, and we couldn’t be thankful enough to have seen you once again. We knew how much you loved drinking the milk by our springs, so we worked really hard to give you just enough! We hope you enjoy it! You’re our hero!*

*Love, Mrs. Mendel.”*

Alex, while appreciative of the gift, never expected to see it delivered in such vast quantities. It was overwhelming to say the least. Looking down at the letter, she looked with a curious eye at a small piece of text on the back of the letter, catching Alex off guard as she realized that this was a due date.

“It says... best by April 24th, 2022.” Alex read, looking with shock at the size once more of this delivery.

“Alex, you know what today is right?”

“Oh no...”

“It’s April 23rd... 2022.”

Hearing that reminder, terror grew on Alex’s face as she stared at the boxes that could fill an entire room sitting across her porch. All of this was going to go bad by tomorrow. If she really wanted none of this to go to waste, she’d have to start today. Right here, right now.

The girl gulped as she looked at Sam, who showed the same feeling of guilt as sweat was visible falling from the girl’s chin.

---

“So uh... you have to tackle 700 of these bottles.” Sam claimed in a tone indistinguishable from a question or a statement.

“Yeah, that’s the plan. I’ve never let these go to waste when they get to my hands!”

Looking at Alex carrying another 3 boxes in, she was amazed at how much she was handling. Each bottle was at least a pint each, way more than the usual bottle, yet the blonde looked so content with chowing through this that she didn’t care about the fact that 36 of those were lifted without struggle.

“Alex, you know this is impossible.”

“C’mon, this stuff is my bread and butter! I used to not go a day without this stuff!”

“That doesn’t mean you chug until your stomach explodes.”

“Sam, you’ve seen my stomach capacity, I’ll be fine.” She said, laying down another box in the dining room as she brushed her hands together.

“Alex, this is... you know what, I’m going in circles. I’ll just watch.” Sam said, accepting defeat on her own grounds. Like Alex said, she could carry just about anything in that stomach, but that didn’t mean Alex couldn’t stop. It’s not like she’ll eat until she dies, right?

Taking the box, Alex opened a bottle with no hesitation, lifting it up to her mouth as she tilted herself to the side for Sam. She almost flaunted how flat, and somewhat muscular her stomach was as she gulped down the bottle. She tried to hold a smug look at Sam, but her senses caught her off guard, feeling her hairs stand up as she became rejuvenated by the refreshing taste of this bottled, still cold milk.

With a noticeable sound, Alex gasped in relief as she took out the drink from her mouth, relieved by this old sense of sweet, soothing milk entering her system. It felt like within an instant, her arms and legs regained their old shape as the nectar flowed into her body.

“Mmmmp... oh wow... I forgot how refreshing this stuff is!” Alex said, ignoring the fact that she swallowed a whole pint of milk from one bottle.

“Do you need me to warm some of this up? Usually I prefer milk that’s not cold.”

“Nahhh, cold’s great, Sam. Makes me miss Pine all the more!” The tomboy chimed, smiling as she reached for the second bottle and chugging. Her enormous mammaries arose top as she continued to swallow the dairy product, almost perking out rather than sagging, likely from the snug T-shirt she wore.

“Whatever”. Responded Sam, looking away as she tried to distract herself. However, it was extremely hard not to, especially since when Alex reached for the second, her breasts flailed around, before bouncing and bobbing as Alex gulped the drink down.

“You know, it’s probably gonna get boring if we just sit here all day and wait for me to drink it. I’d know you’d hate it.”

“No I don’t mind, whatever makes you happy.” Said Sam, staring at Alex’s breasts as they moved and rippled from any subtle movement the blonde made.

“Alright, I’m gonna get some of these boxes and take them to my room, you want to help me get some?”

---

“You know... \*huff\* I’m really \*gasp\* getting sick of taking things up these stairs.” Sam said, carrying three of the boxes with all the life she could.

It was impossible to imagine Alex carrying just one, yet she was on her second set of 6 boxes. Even with that time, Alex seemed to enjoy her breaktime a bit too much.

As she hid the boxes in her room, Alex walked out as she held a straw to her mouth, with the bottle lodged deep into her breasts. If she had an actual bra under her shirt, that bottle would likely be smashed into pieces from the pressure, but luckily, her T-shirt served to be her “bra” for now.

“I can take a box or two if you need.”

“No it’s fine, I need a workout.” Sam said. While she didn’t like feeling like a moving van, she felt better after these charades anyways. It was probably for the best that she was getting active rather than just sitting on a bed.

After getting up to the final steps, Sam sighed as she felt the bliss of not having to handle those wretched steps anymore. The brunette stumbled into the room as she found the stack of boxes, placing her clutch into the pile as she collapsed onto her knees in Alex’s sweaty, disorganized room. As she regained her consciousness, the girl with a ponytail looked around, seeking clothes and boxes littering the area, alongside different containers and trash from her gaming sessions.

Alex was right beside her, taking a moment to sit down as Sam looked at the belly. It had to have already taken in 10 of those bottles to reach the slight bulge she had, but knowing Alex, there was probably even more inside.

She chugged another bottle as she sat down, resting her bottles in her lap as she sighed with relief. Alex scratched her sandy blonde hair as she gulped down the bottle without a sign of delay. Sam smudged her face from the box, making her wear clear as her hands caught her face.

Despite Alex being so caught up in her challenge, she wasn’t heartless. Looking over to Sam, she rolled over one of the countless cartons of milk to the taller girl, smiling as a sign of offering. Sam looked for a second, expecting an excuse for Alex to try and take it back, but she only saw her smile in response, causing Sam to blush in response, taking the bottle and popping the cap off.

As the churning sounds underneath Alex’s breasts became more clear, her body seemed to be either eager for more, or upset by the lack of. Either way, it was enough for Alex to feel perked up, so why not indulge a bit too.

Taking a sip, Sam quickly ingested the creamy fluid as it spilled to her mouth, making sure not to spill across her face as she accepted the flow. It was very sweet, but surprisingly thick, almost honey-like in texture. Of course it was still fluid, but the surprising thickness of the drink caught the brunette off guard. Regardless, the girl felt herself calmed by the intake of it, her muscles regaining vitality as it spread across her veins. While she couldn’t really stand any more, since she just had breakfast, she understood why Alex could get so worked up by this.

Looking up, she finally took in what game Alex was playing. It seemed to be... Fortnite. She was surprised that Alex was still playing it 4 years after the fad died, yet here she was in this strange map, playing as the Street Fighter girl with the blue tights.

She never remembered her name, and asking Alex felt like it would be a death wish. Still, the milk seemed to give her some confidence, looking focused at the 40 inch HD TV.

“So, uhh... you’re playing as Mai-Lee, right?”

“Sam who the fuck is Mai-Lee?”

Shocked to the core, the false sense of brazen strength she got withered as Sam’s blood went cold. But that was the right name, the fighting game girl who was extra curvy, that was Mai-Lee for certain!

“Y-you know... from streets?”

“You mean like... Street Fighter?” The blonde said with a brow raised, laughing at Sam’s odd mistake.

“That’s uhh...”

“Sam.”

With a lash of the hand, her shoulder became caught as Sam looked at the smug tomboy holding the controller in her other hand, trying not to break into laughter. The eye contact quickly made Sam uneasy as she felt frozen in her tracks. Sure, they were lovers, but the look Alex gave was too much. It only devolved as her face loomed closer, Sam near melting at the thought of her intentions.

“It’s Chun-Li, ya dink.”

She chuckled at Sam’s lack of video game knowledge as she returned to her match, seeking cover in a nearby, cartoonishly shaped house. Her chest fat rose as she pushed her arms together, rushing to grab ammo and crates as quickly as she could.

As reality came back a second time, Sam looked beyond Alex’s beach balls to catch the box she just pulled up. By the time she had sat down, Alex had already downed 6 more pints of the drink, finishing the box she just slid up. Sam wasn’t even a quarter way done with her own, looking at her bottle with a feeling not too dissimilar from envy.

“God, it’s too hot, I’m gonna get a bra once this game ends. You don’t mind me doing that right?”

“Uhh... I mean...” Sam felt shocked at the question. Though she had just seen Alex topless, it’s not like she didn’t feel any less nervous about the ocean of curves.

“Great!” Alex said, throwing her shirt off as she revealed her pale, sweaty bosom as it pushed into the girl’s bra. Sam could find each individual point where the cleavage interacted with her custom bra. To little surprise, it was covered in damp sweat. There were wet spots all across the

fabric as trickles of sweat spilled like waterfalls, touching down to her underboob without a care in the world.

The Chun-Li character continued to fire down at oncoming opponents, with Alex's change to more lackluster attire becoming a major distraction from Sam's focus on the game. They rippled with Alex's very breath, and the controller only seemed to speed up as Alex's breasts mashed into it. Was it really right for Alex to be getting comfortable with her around like this? Maybe if they were married, but not after the first two weeks of getting together as a couple.

"SON OF A BITCH!"

Sam nearly passed out in shock as she saw Alex rise from the ground in an instant, stomping the ground as the brunette crawled away by mere instinct. Her breasts shot upwards as they see-sawed up and down in a rhythmic motion, thanks mostly to the smack she gave them to send them to orbit.

"God, I'm just..." Alex fumbled, not sure what to use as a means of coping. Grabbing another box, Alex hopped onto bed as she let her belly wobble under the impact of her breasts. It could audibly be heard gurgling and churning, begging for more of the dairy as Alex opened the cap to the bottle, chugging the thing without missing a single drop. Maybe it was the view from below but Sam's blonde beauty had a stomach that was only gaining in size. While Alex could be confused for pregnant before, she now could easily house twins.

"You want some more milk?" Sam said, sighing at the visual cues. She stood up with her back bent, realizing that the time she could use to study was wasted on this.

"Nnnnngh" Alex responded. Her tone seemed aggressive, but Sam could tell the answer by the way she wiggled her hips in temptation. Even with the belly wobbling around, it was hard to avoid the core of the movement in her lower limbs.

—

Heading down to the living room, Sam lifted some of the countless bottles at the front door as she herded them to the living room, keeping a good eye on Alex laying on the couch as she chugged another bottle with ease. About 3-4 other boxes were laid by the girl, hand carried by the girl bearing little arm strength. She'd definitely be taking a break from this once there was enough to satisfy Alex for the next hour. That'd have to be a good... 15? 16 boxes? They were already down by 18 boxes, which was tackled in about 30 minutes.

Perhaps it would be best to just keep pulling them. However, right now, she was exhausted, hopping on the plush, fog colored chair as she rested like the glutton to her right. A deep breath was made as Sam felt taken aback by the work she did. This is what she was doing instead of classwork.



“God, you know, can I admit something?” Alex said, catching Sam’s eye as she looked down at her pet blob. “Like, first of all, I really want to apologize for not talking to you all those years.”

“It’s all good, stuff happens.” responded the brunette, giving a smile in exchange.

Alex rolled onto the wooly red couch nearby, popping her arms as the enormous round gut bounced up and quaked down, making some kind of gurgling noise as it digested some of the milk. The stomach looked very visibly stretched as it leaned forward, with the girl’s rather large breasts beginning to push up under the mass of milk stored inside her.

To her right was a few extra boxes of her ambrosia, thankfully carried over by Sam earlier. Taking a bottle and unfurling the lid, the girl continued gushing more of the milk down her throat, bulging like a heartbeat as it pumped more of the luscious fluid into her stomach. Sam could hear faint moans of glee as she emptied the bottle of its remains, eager to start the next drink.

“Anyways, you know I was TERRIFIED when I showed up back a few months ago. Like I just thought ‘Oh man, she’s gonna see her buddy from all those years ago and she’s gonna look like she just got out of a strip club’”

“Oh no... Alex, you’re fine. I wouldn’t ever think that of you. Like you gotta remember I still had no idea you were a-“

“A girl, yea yea. I dunno, it just feels... like I know I try to avoid talking about my boobs too much, as hard as it is, but I mean... part of me kinda feels...” Alex, trying to word her own comments on her bust, chugged another bottle as she downed her regrets with a soft, sweet sip. “Like I just feel like a buzzkill bringing that up.”

“I mean, I never mind boob talk. We’re both girls.” Said the brown haired one, smiling at her compadre with a supporting look.

“Yea but you’re not gonna have boob talk when you’re seeing other people who haven’t been in your life in years.”

“Nothing I really minded, though that gut of yours gives me the heebies.”

“Oh you mean this?” Alex said, standing up as she pressed her two hands into the ballooned stomach, zooming it at Sam against the table that divided them. Almost like a gorilla showing its teeth at a zoo. The girl winced back with shock as the yoga ball sized unit of sloshing liquid made some kind of noise from inside.

“Yeah... uh. It’s just uhh like... how do you not want to explode drinking that much milk? Or like anything? Kinda scares me that you’d just explode from something like that or turn into some kind of land whale you see on TV.

“Well Sam, I can assure you I am never going to use those mobility scooters in my life.” The response made Sam chuckle a bit, even if it didn’t subside the possibility of death.

“Well like, don’t you fear something bad happening, like just having your liver just shut off?”

“Oh I mean like at first yeah, but I dunno, it’s just the more I’ve done this kinda thing the more I’ve been able to withstand it.” She said, taking another sip as Sam digested the words.

“Don’t you think that’s dangerous? What if it’s just your stomach’s pain receptors just... not working?”

“Believe me, I would know by now if I needed a hospital for getting like this.” She said, slapping her belly as a huge ripple blazed across the planet, sending a shiver to the blonde’s thighs as it reverberated towards them. There was a couple of seconds of awkward pausing as Sam tried to think of a way to correlate things, but simply couldn’t think of a thing.

“What was I getting at with this? I kinda got caught up with my own thoughts.” Alex said, chuckling as her stomach mimicked her movements, bouncing up and down as if it was laughing with her.

“No, it’s fine! I have that happen all the time where I start to think I have a point but just completely side track.”

“Say, you wanna just go outside? Pretty damn sunny from what I can tell!” Responded the engorged girl, looking out to the beams of light entering her home.

“Don’t see why no- jeez you are fast!” Said the slimmer one, spotting a good seven empty boxes of milk. “How do you do that?! It’s barely human!”

“Like I said, I just have a big appetite. At the very least, I *proobably* won’t see this go to waste.”

“Well, if you need to get some walking time, I’m going downtown sometime tomorrow for a project, would you want to drag along?” Sam said, thinking about how close finals were.

“I mean.... Eh I don’t see why not.” Raising her heaving stomach up, Alex popped her back as she stretched around, showing her yoga ball sized stomach at full course. “Anyways, I don’t think I showed you much of the yard actually, c’mon!”

The tomboy sat up, quaking the ground with her first step as the turgid stomach sloshed back and forth like a giant water container, moving her stomach left to right as she scrambled for focus. With a deep breath, and some jiggling of the 2 other orbs perched on top, the blonde nabbed her belly as she took for the door, stopping at the frame with a sudden realization.

Sam, looking from afar, only saw the two breasts touch the door, alongside the faint image of the shape of her stomach against it, pressed between the two walls as they grew the illusion of being taller. Hopefully the lack of any movement by their beholder seemed to break a sweat in the girl, not wanting to have to fear the girl stuck by her own stomach.

“Uhh, you’re not trapped, are you?”

Turning to Sam, the girl didn’t seem too worried by her expression. “No, I’m just waiting for you to bring those boxes out.”

—

\*GULP\*

\*GULP

\*GULP\*

“Ahhhh... much better.”

Feeling her throat swell with the viscous fluid, Alex took a break from her beloved beverage as she laid her back onto one of her beach loungers. It was one Vella had won for a work contest she wasn’t even aware of, and usually denied Alex any access due to her troubles, but being so heavy and her body beginning to succumb to the stretching of her stomach, some rest would be nice, alongside whatever stretches she could do with.

Being just a few hundred pounds heavier, Alex let herself lie on the cushions of the rather sturdy seat as her head placed itself as the top, letting her belly stretch out in every direction.

“Alright, is this all you wanted?” Sam said, heaving one more box of milk outside, even if there was still plenty to move inside. Her partner in crime would survive on this at least.

“Yea, just put it next to the pile.” Alex said, pointing to the stack of a dozen boxes, alongside another dozen boxes left to the ticking time bomb. All kinds of noises could be heard from the stomach, digesting and processing all of the fatty milk in Alex’s gut that you could confuse as pregnant from the kicking. Sam got a good angle of her buddy’s breasts as they fought for space against the massive bulging stomach, pressing up against Alex’s neck and onto the sides of the white lounge as she stretched her invisible legs around.

She reached for yet another bottle of the substance, opening the bottle as if it was her first time drinking it, rather than her 347th. Sam could only watch Alex, making that strange noise with her throat as she swallowed another pint of milk with no issue. In all her life, she had never heard someone grunt while swallowing food. Sure there was a gleeful moan she’d make when having something sweet, but never did it sound like gasping.

It was such an intriguing sound, one the ponytailed girl wanted to ask Alex, with all of her strangeness from inside her titanium stomach and breasts which filled up one's own side of the dinner table. However, it felt... embarrassing to ask. Despite all of Alex's oddities, the two never really explored sex, nor did Sam ever feel like she was anywhere near prepared to challenge that.

Interrupting her thoughts however, was a bug dizzily flying by, haphazardly smacking Sam right in the face as she flinched, hitting her own smaller nose before realizing this intruder wasn't trying to latch for blood or for her own sweat.

Looking down, she saw a bug that was almost bell shaped, sharing spots all over as it got itself to its feet on the concrete ground. It was a spotted lanternfly, one that seemed a bit out of place, preferring life on a tree.

Its colors were fascinating, originating from China, so its more exotic, white and black wings almost looked decorated as it aimlessly walked around, showing the beauty in this little bug's own adventure. However, despite this all, the bug was still invasive, and a major harm to its environment.

They feed on vineyards, destroying native plants and gardens, letting dangerous mold grow around plants not capable of defending themselves, and laying countless eggs in just a day.

Sam had every reason to just step on the bug, take it back to her mantis as food, really anything that would dispose of the bug, yet left to her own thoughts, she simply let the bug fly off, aimlessly trying to keep a focused direction as Sam could only watch. Every part of her knew to dispose of the creature, but by the end, she left it, unknowing of what that may entail.

"Hey, you good?" Alex replied, sipping on a glass of milk before letting the halfway drank bottle lodge between her tightened tits.

"Oh huh, what?" Sam blabbered, forgetting that Sam's breasts were heavy enough to make their own fleshy noises sometimes, with this being no exception. "Oh... sorry I just got caught up in something."

"Nothing's wrong, right?"

"Nononono, just fretting about a little bug." The thin girl said, almost forgetting her own thoughts. As much as she wanted to go back to it, she only had the present to work with.

"Well, it is, like you said, just a bug. So I wouldn't worry about it." Responded Alex, lifting the bottle back to her lips as she continued to drink without interruption.

Gasping with some relief again, Alex left an eased, agape mouth outwards as her eyes closed in the moment, rolling her belly to the side as its size was only more emphasized by the angle. It easily matched a foot and a half in diameter, slinking off the lounge as it tried to touch the floor.

“Actually, I hate to say this, but the basement door’s open, you mind getting me something?”

Not having any reason to go against her wishes, Sam obliged, skipping down the stairs as she reentered the dusty bottom floor of the house.

Exploring the dark, not too occupied floor of the house, Sam found herself, once again, curious. Boxes ranging from musical instruments to toys could be found. She even found that Littlest Pet Shop toy house that she always swore she lost. It wasn’t necessarily creepy, but Sam couldn’t help but feel a little nervous snooping around their stuff.

It was definitely cleaner than her basement, not littered with dust and old trinkets and contraptions that she never used anymore. Sam still shrugged at this one makeup kit she used a few years back, spent a fortune on, and then never had the gall to throw it away.

Looking by the hallways, there were several things she could look out to see in the distance. However, Alex specifically told her that she needed to find the cardboard box with green lacing. Around where some clothes were, ones that seemed a little snug despite one clearly stating Pine High 2022, she found the cute little box, around 8 inches by 6 inches.

As she continued back up from the outdoors, she could hear some noises from Alex, alongside a more muffled belch coming as she saw some birds fly away from the reaction. Considering how much Alex was putting into herself, it wasn’t surprising that she’d need to push out any unused space. Even so far into this binge, it was shocking that she was able to fill herself this much.

Finding herself in the area once more, Sam had felt a familiar shock as she walked in on Alex’s stomach, somehow bigger than it was before. A rumble was made as she held one hand casually against it, less to balance weight and more to rest her arm.

“Nice, you got this. Sorry this may be an inconvenient time to ask for this, but go ahead and give it to me.”

Sam, handing the box with both hands, watched as Alex stared at it for a moment, before giving it back to the brunette.

“Ok, here!” She said, as if Sam hadn’t been carrying the box before.

“Uhhh, okay?”

As she unlaced the fairly nice ribbon, Sam wondered what Alex could have gotten her.

“Sorry for bad timing, I was gonna get you this a while back, but I didn’t think it would be the right time.”

“No it’s fine, I’m sure I’ll be able to...” The brunette then paused, looking at the box to realize it contained a gift. But not just any gift, it seemed to be that of a white haired, tall, chiseled man. He wore a butler outfit as he started firmly yet nervously at his chest, looking to see a pair of growing breasts.

Sam’s stale reaction caused Alex to cackle like an old lady, her belly clapping against her thighs as her breasts bounced in unison.

“What is wrong with you?” Sam said with both disappointment and reluctant appreciation.

“Ok so, I ended up finding a comic book store around 15 minutes from Hometown, and for whatever reason, they happened to have a dirty novel area below the store. Wouldn’t you know it, they happened to have your cup of tea.”

“Alex, I...” Sam palmed her face as she was forced to accept the chuckles from her girlfriend. After all, it’s not like this book was unfamiliar territory for her. She could only dare to glance at either the book or the busty tomboy laughing at her. The fact that she could even

The prankster in Alex had to be placed on hold as she found her stomach gurgling, her hand placed to comfort her upper stomach as something built up in her.

\*AAAAUUUUUUURRRRRPPPPPPPPPP\* Alex gasped with a shocked face, her mouth agape as she pressed into her breasts. Sam looked at her with a frightened glare, while Alex’s face was pure red. This moment of pure smugness ruined thanks to her inability to control herself. The stomach was seen rumbling and churning, readjusting as another bag of air escaped her body, ready for the space of added milk.

—

“Alright, so it’s 4:00, there’s still like... how many boxes left?”

“Around like 20?” Sam estimated. “Wait, Alex what the hell, that’s like 30 boxes of this stuff!”

Sam spent some time trying to math things out. Each pint of this milk had contained at least 3-4 pounds of milk, and considering that Alex drank through 12 bottles per box, she was...

“Holy shit Alex, you’re like 1800 pounds now!”

“Well uh, hi to you.” Alex said, smugly rolling her eyes. At least there was a reason she could lift so much, carrying more than a bathtub’s worth of milk in her endless stomach. It could be heard

sloshing inside with even a hint of motion from its host, her soft thighs pressing by a hint into the stomach.

“No like, by all means you should be dead from this! Barely even moving or hell, even conscious!”

“I mean, I dunno, I just like milk. Besides, you’ve seen me eat...” Alex stopped for a moment, lifting her belly upwards with herculean strength. “WAY beyond what any of my friends have already.” She scoffed, letting her stomach make a massive quake against the marble counter. Sam was left dumbfounded by what she exaggerated in her own mind to be a planet-sized stomach now expanding beyond the width of the counter, drooping down to the other side as she could only glare in complete shock.

Reaching for the box on the side, Alex nabbed some of the milk like a bear searching for honey. Her enormous breasts, while still outclassed by the centerpiece, made some trouble for her right hand as she tried to move it somewhere to the other side. There was too much breast pressing against her, with the two yoga balls and their flesh pressing back against her own body, leading to her pushing through the tiny crevice from her neck to her cleavage to reach her destination.

Alex let out a gusty sigh as she popped the bottle of milk, repeating the same cycle for the last 400 or so bottles. The shirt had long given up touching her waist, like a bird trying to fly to the moon, instead serving as a crop top for the hungry girl.

Compared to her stomach, which was as tight as a drum, her breasts surprisingly looked a lot more fluid compared to it, sagging a little downwards they began to show noticeable rivets each time Alex sipped from the bottle, passing the now empty glass aside to grab yet another.

Strangely enough, it felt as though each time she stretched her stomach outwards, her belly only seemed to rise higher. Likely, her stomach was simply not digesting any of the milk yet, so it just stood to rest in the over-exercised upper half of her stomach. Despite this, clear yearnings for the ability to break the white fluid down were prevalent. With every sip, more steam could be almost seen emanating from the girl’s skin as she ingested the endless supply of her favorite drink. It almost called out for Sam to help her, fogging her environment as the only thing available to her was simply Alex, and her tight, likely sensitive belly that only grew more full by the second, with all of the body fat gained going to all kinds of places.

“Uggh, you think you’ll be able to roll me out of here, gal?” Alex said as she took a break to pat her belly, playing with fire in the case that it popped.

“Oh my god.”

“Kidding! Besides, there’s too much inside me to really be able to roll much Alex out!” She said, leaning over a little as she almost slammed her belly into Sam’s waist, who luckily dodged the attack.

The drinking continued with the woman, casually filling her stomach and her throat as the appetite ceased to be quenched. Sam's suspension of disbelief felt more shattered as this charade continued to extend. The stomach only stretched more, yet Alex wouldn't bother with even a discomforted groan. The stomach jutted from her body, with it touching her knees while standing. Her breasts, usually more liberal with their exploration of their range, looked tightened due to the space occupying between them consisting only of tight, compressed skin filled only with milk.

Another 30 minutes passed, Alex continued to drink, standing by a table as she didn't bother requiring much support. Despite it all, she stood on both legs as though her belly were weightless, only giving in with some push to opposite sides, allowing the big ball at her center to fill more room.

"Huff, alright! That's 500 down!" The girl stomped down as she rested her knees on the ground. Her belly jiggled around as it reacted to the fall like a blob of jello falling from a 10 story building. "That means just... 200 more to go!"

"You know, I'm really NOT looking forward to rolling you out of here after you give up."

"Who's gonna give up?" Alex shouted back, holding her hands out to halt Sam's denial. "I got this- Just... Look, I-"

Alex, too stubborn to give up her own desire to finish the challenge, snatched one of the countless bottles on the table, taking a big chug as she let Sam watch nearby, crossing her arms with some annoyance. Still, she stared with great concentration at Alex's throat taking in more of the milk, slowly bloating out the mound of flesh as it seemed to run thinner and thinner, being far less stretched than it once was.

"p-Ahhh! See? I got this, no probl-AAAUUUUUUUUUGGGGGHHHHHPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP\*\*"

As if on cue, Alex's reflexes took control as she almost became possessed, her eyes shocked as she let out a belch that could be felt to the very bone. Sam oddly felt nervous by the sound rather than frightened, turning her eyes away as she let Alex relieve the gas inside of her.

"-buh." Wheezed the blonde, exhausted by the reflex. With the sounds of wear coming from the girl, it became clear just what duty Sam was gonna have to take.

She walked over behind Alex, taking a deep breath. It was hard to look away at the fact that her breasts had expanded behind her own back, and not only that, but her stomach's back end bloated out beyond any size Sam could expect. All she had to do was escort her to the rest of the bottles, and things would be fine.



The brunette eased herself towards the stomach, holding back her guilt as she tried to think of anything but the situation at hand. As she felt the stomach once more, it felt so tight, with endless amounts of soft fat spread across her view. From Sam's eyes, it gave the illusion that Alex's belly had overtaken the whole kitchen, leading to an audible gulp as she tried to grip a little more of the fat.

"Ugh... what are you doing?" The blonde dizzily moaned out as Sam tugged more of the blubbery fat.

"You wanna finish this?" Sam said, clearly given up on any chance of stopping Alex.

The captive, looking at Sam's oddly disgruntled yet optimistic face, chuckled. Reaching her own superhuman arms to her nethers as she lifted more belly fat, feeling much easier thanks to the addition of Sam.

"Alright, fine, fine. I do kinda want to talk to you about some stuff in the meantime though. Just get me there and then we'll start."

"Uh... any reaso-" Sam, supporting her friend's stomach which almost reached a ton in weight, quickly realized why exactly it wasn't a good idea to talk mid carry.

Alex stomped across the wooden floor, her feet luckily weren't slipping against the floor, despite the weight of both an unbearably large stomach and a rather sturdy floor. Luckily, Vella seemed to have the right idea in mind when she replaced the floor tiles about a month ago, which coincidentally happened right after she ate all that ice cream.

The brunette could feel the girl heaving and huffing with each push forward, exhausted by even moving around. It was stunning that anyone could keep an appetite at the state she was in, with the girl's face turning red from the strain.

A storm of sweat fell down to Alex's love handles, piling up on Sam's fingernails which she chose to ignore in favor of pushing onward. Even against the wall-like stomach, she tried to grip as much of the virgin skin as she could, offering to go just far enough to reach the destination.

With what seemed like too short of a time, Alex slipped out of the grasp, threatening the dining room floor as Alex's entire body felt overpowered by her own stomach. There, she stood by the front door, holding a 2 foot diameter stomach, and an appetite for the last 16 boxes to open up. The stomach easily spread to the width of a table, with Alex leaning upon it like it was a tube for a boat ride. She continuously gasped as she yearned for the last bottles, opening up the batch as she gripped two with the force of a gorilla, drowning herself as she groaned with satisfaction.

After letting out a sigh, the girl defused her head by smothering the blow into her breasts. She seemed to be motorboating her own mounds as they reverberated against their prison. Once

the motorboating had subsided, she looked up to see Sam, passively looking down as she attempted not to be shocked by anything going on.

“Hey, so much for not rolling me back here, right?” Said the girl with a smug look. Alex made a toothy grin to Sam as she rolled her eyes.

“Ok I carried you, big difference.”

“Ok but c’mon, I thought you weren’t gonna help me with this anymore.”

“I never said that, you...” Sam, rather than moggging an insult at the girl, offered to instead lightly smack the girl straight in her belly, with the shorter haired girl pretending to be in pain as she raised her arms, wincing her face in agony as she tasted the pain.

Her taunting flattering Sam’s rage, she continued, playing the drum like a pair of bongos as Alex shifted her coy discomfort to a mild annoyance.

“Alright, bit’s over. You can stop now.” She said, watching her belly still wobble around. However, it became a little clear after a few seconds that the wobbling wasn’t just Sam’s hands. From the top of Alex’s stomach, sounds could be heard from inside the milk-laden stomach. The sound of some organ inside shivering around could be heard, groaning and kicking as it begged for attention.

“Uhhh, is that normal? I’ve heard noises, but that seems a bit...”

“Yeah, it does that whenever I eat a ton. Happened this one time I ate at a buffet in Vegas.” Alex said, her voice being constricted a little.

“Wait, you went out and did this sorta thing in public?”

“It was... an odd experience. Basically I went with Vella on a college trip, and it was around when I was still developing, so I just ended up eating the entire place to the bone.”

“Wait, and like they didn’t charge?”

“Ok so, Vella basically got a ticket there after we had a run in with this Japanese business guy. It was this really run-down area, and he was speaking some pretty poor english.”

“Alright, uhh...” Sam, distracted for a second, looked to see a noticeable bulge in the top of Alex’s stomach, combined with all the growling that began to phase into the story. “...go on?”

“So basically, he just stopped us on a way to some Broadway show Vella liked, and he gave us the meal ticket completely out of the blue. He seemed to be trying to offer us something, but it really was hard to understand. It was like ‘You can see... backstage!’ Or something like that.

Dude was loaded with cash so part of me wanted to at least see what he was up to, but you know wi-“ Alex stopped for a moment as her body reflexed, with her nursing friend watching the bubble of air lift itself away into Alex’s cleavage, somehow lifting the chest up.

“Anyways, but you know with being in New York, you ca-“

“You can’t just follow people with money.” Sam said in chorus with Alex. “Yea, I know about stranger danger. You should too, we were in the same class in Kindergarten.”

“Yea but... c’mon... that sweet cash! Eh?” Alex said, snipping her hands like crab claws. She looked down, feeling something burst out of her chest as it rose from her belly. Her T-shirt was already snug from the added pressure below, but the bulge she found made it look like it would rip any moment. Air had been building up in the milk she drank, and it seemed to be aiming for releasing itself soon.

“No.” Sam commented.

“Why not, I would’ve been set!”

“Alex, that dude was definitely gonna molest you.”

“I’d do it for the cash.”

“Alex, no. Like- think about what you just said.”

The tomboy, acknowledging the more raunchy, offensive statement, took a moment to look down for a moment as she tried to grasp openly admitting to selling herself away to some creep in an alleyway in the name of getting money. Her mouth winced in disgust, whipping back as she imagined the weight of such a decision she had no right to just joke about.

Sam watched Alex, luring her face up as Sam leaned in on the girl, who seemed saddened by the actualization of her joke. The girl’s mouth opened slowly as Sam’s eyes widened, expecting something to be shared on the situation.

Instead, a sudden bulge of air appeared from her chest, rising up her throat as her cheek billowed out to the point of bursting.

\*URRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP\*  
PPPPPP\*

Sam had to hold her arms out to keep herself shielded from the gust of wind escaping Alex’s mouth, letting out a fizzy belch that could be heard from even outside the house as her entire body vibrated from the explosion. The empty bottle in blonde’s hand, sucked dry of any milk once left in, shattered to bits as the echoes of the belch violated the bottle.

The burp continued in one large burst, pulsing across the area as if it were her superpower. The brunette winced as she tried to defend herself. The power of the burp was overpowering, barely holding a stance as she kept her footing.

After a while though, the sound subsided, with Sam's ponytail touching her back once more as she looked down to see Alex once more, with a belly that somehow looked bigger than before. It was the size of a fridge at this point, being far too large to even think of walking around with. If Alex could stand after things she would have to send her to Guinness.

The tomboy was left out of breath for a moment, gasping in and out as she attempted to regain the flow of oxygen in her body. She had been burping for a good 40 seconds, and nearly passed out from the pressure. Her stomach, while still stretched far beyond the human limit, somehow seemed to be a little more curved, with a more noticeable divide between the upper and lower half of the stomach.

"Uhh, anyways. What were we saying?" Asked Alex, looking with confusion at her friend.

"I think I forgot too, it's ok." Responded Sam, scratching her head to unease her messed hair.

"Well to uhh... change subject..." Alex said as she scratched her head in synchronization, looking the other way. "You doing anything with your major? Actually, you don't really talk a lot about your major."

"Oh, like Forensics?"

"Yeah, how's that?" Said the tomboy as she reached for a bottle of milk.

"Good, good... you know I said I wanted to focus on that, but did you know I was gonna be a Journalism major?"

"No? Do tell!"

"So I was pretty big into writing, and especially writing articles for like this one fanpage on a group of Youtubers I liked."

"Did it make anything?" Alex asked, wrapping her hands around another drink.

"Oh I got nothing for that!" Responded the brunette, giggling a little in response. "It was a complete scam. They said I'd get a bunch of followers even though I never got acknowledged for their scripts, the articles, heck I didn't even get credited."

"Wow, that's... really shitty."

“They actually kicked me out once they got some other person to write more articles faster...”

“Heh, yeah, but hey, it was fun! That’s all that mattered.” Sam clamored, breaking the awkward silence.

“I guess... I’d punch someone if they did that though.”

Alex, taking her answer, swallowed another bottle full of milk, savoring the taste as much as she did the first time. Its soft, filling, creamy taste oozed her into a land of dreams.

Sam took a moment to stare down the enormous gut once again. It was impossible to avoid how massive it was getting, especially with how animated it was. Sounds could be heard all around it as the milk digested, despite more and more being spilled into the mass to no end.

It was so enamouring. If this was any other person, or any other situation, she’d feel disgusted. The rummaging stomach, the constant noise quieted down by the walls of Alex’s flesh, it all culminated in an experience highlighting how the girl’s whole body became like a living factory. However, something about that only lured Sam closer, fascinated by the process as a whole. How much more of this could Alex even take? Would she even be able to move after this? What kind of effects will she even have from the milk?

“Uhhh... you good? You’re kinda just sittin’ there.”

Reality snapped in the girl’s head, causing her to stare Alex silly before waking to reality. “Oh I’m fine, don’t worry about that, just kinda caught off guard.”

“Alright, just hope everything’s good.” Going back to business, Alex slid another box as she reached for a new one, now placing it on top of her belly as if it were a table. It practically was at the size it currently settled in, reaching down to her knees, and bloating across the floor without a sign of end.

...

“Alright, did... ur... it! It’s over, no more!” Alex struggled to say, kicking a bottle off of her breasts as she raised her arms to the sky, finally defeating almost 60 bottles of milk on the day they expired.

Almost immediately after her celebration, she made a groan as she slumped onto her belly, hugging it as she curled the toes that touched her two butt cheeks.

“Yayyy!” Sam weakly said to the burnt out Alex, attempting to soothe her up as the stomach pain began to overshadow her dopamine.

Alex felt like she could literally explode at this point. The constant bubbling and soreness of her belly overwhelmed her to no end. Ripples were made across her skin as the belly attempted to handle the tens of thousands of calories hustling to be used as she gripped onto herself in hopes of surviving this. Her upper intestine however, would rather die than do the things it was, guzzling all the milk it could through the system through a bottleneck, causing a tantrum throughout the tomboy's stomach as it cried for help.

"God, I feel terrible. Why did I do that? Why?" Alex mumbled, burying her face into her meaty breasts, offering comfort for their remorseful owner. Thanks to the ticking time bomb attached to her, the two floaties were raised by a few inches, making her submersion feel the smallest bit more comforting.

"Sam, I need your help."

"What's up?" The girl happily responded, holding back scolding to comfort her groggy friend. She leaned into Alex's face, which made the girl feel a little red as she caught a glimpse of Sam's rosy cheeks and ocean blue eyes. It almost felt wrong to glare at a beauty like her in the state she was in.

"Ughhh, could you-rm... could you hold onto the back of my stomach? I need you to rub it a bit."

"Uhhh sure! Sam said, looking out the window to see the sun had finally gone down. The day she'd spend studying now entirely wasted on dealing with her inflated friend. Well, more than a friend.

Taking no time to waste, Sam held her doubts back as she rested her hands around the heavy waist of Alex, blimped out by the endless supply of skin outstretched beyond the horizon. If Sam wasn't in "intensive care" mode she'd be sweating atom bombs.

"Alright, ready?" She said softly into Alex's ear.

"Ur... don't do that right now, I'm gonna explode..."

Not wanting to disrupt Alex's senses, she began to slowly make circles around each side of the stomach that was struggling to function each second. Stretching and playing with the organs as they deformed with her hands. Considering the pressure of her stomach, tight and stiff from how overblown it was, it actually made reaching around the other organs easier as the pressure extended across all sides of the belly, crushing and pressing around hundreds of gallons of milk as Alex began to raise her breathing.

The room felt so foggy to be in, feeling like a sauna against the balloon of a woman as she caressed the weakened stomach, freeing more of the milk inside as the gentleness of her skin graced the red, veiny stomach as it readied its demise.

Despite that, it never came, with the hands letting the milk inside settle in the right spots as the skin contacted the delicate hands, causing Alex to moan with relief. It was like a nice massage, one that would pop just about every bone in your body, except right now, she was having a massive sensitive spot on her belly that felt more cozy against the two hands as it attempted to find some relief in the situation.

The stomach was easily reaching her feet at this point. If she stood up, her stomach would touch the floor without a challenge. By all means, she had practically done the impossible. The belly had at least a 3 foot diameter as it spread across the floor, nearly contacting a chair not too far away as it rumbled and growled at anything nearby.

The top of her belly felt bubbly again, gurgling around like a hot tub as she instinctively reached to it, not even able to touch below her breasts as the stomach failed to have itself scanned. Eventually though, the bubbles soon formed into a giant lump, around the size of a baseball, which began to crawl its way up Alex's system again as she could only watch in a dazed stupor as her senses fought pain with her gurgly, sensitive stomach, and her girlfriend's hands, waving and rubbing against the back of her stomach. The ball of air continued as it pushed away even her breasts, whose confines in the T-shirt remained intact, bearing not a tickle of milk or a tear from her shenanigans all day.

Despite that, the bubble came into contact with her ribcage, causing a strange feeling to billow across her chest before the bubble reached its way to her neck.

\*BUUUUOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPP\*

\*urrrpahhhnnn\*

"Mmmghhhaahh" Alex sighed, feeling another bubble leave her system as Sam gently cared for her at her worst.

\*UUUUURRRRPPPPPPP\*

Alex let out another belch as the massaging soothed her belly, letting the gas out of her system as she felt lighter and more freed from the air that threatened her end.

At the very least, she could feel anything more than tightness against her belly as it became slightly more decompressed, with the heavy sensation of her belly feeling oddly nice. With her stomach muscles stretched, and her belly bloated outward, she could feel just how stretched out she was, rather than simply feeling the pain of it. She couldn't feel the milk digesting, kind of. The sounds of it all reverberated across her body, almost massaging herself in a weird way, but the fact that her stomach just simply tickled her felt blissful.

The face that one held a tiring, dreadful face became more relaxed as it grew to a smile, raising her eyes up as she almost began to drool with excitement. Her eyes began to light up as it felt

like something awakened in her, with her nipples feeling slightly sensitive from the caressing as her stomach continued to barrage itself with rumbles and tickles.

Alex could live with this feeling forever, cuddled by Sam as her belly acted as a giant pillow, all while she could feel everything her stomach could, pressing against the ground as it attempted to grab more of the space around it. Something inside Alex told her she wanted to feel it get bigger, but knew that any more of this wouldn't end well.

Sam however, quickly realized why she hesitated on doing this, looking at the clock to realize it was late, really late. And one of her assignments was due tonight.

"Ok so uh... Alex."

"Mmmghhhh.... What?" She said, knocking herself out of the trance.

"I uhh... need to go. There's an assignment I have to get through."

"Wait, but what about me, I need some help getting rubbed." Alex mumbled, her tone dumbed down by the easing of her senses

"You'll do fine, trust me. You're this far in, so the only way you'll make it is back down."

"Ooh but I'm gonna explode. Can't you find a way to do this tomorrow?"

Sam, taking in the guilt, sighed as she looked at Alex's puppy dog eyes. They hungrily wanted more cuddles as she rested her hands on her two massive mammaries, which poked out further as they sagged forward from the belly's size.

"Fine, do you want me to bring my laptop here?"

—

The sun had long gone down, with the sky dark as the two stayed in the dining room. Sam had brought over a bean bag from Alex's room to work on her assignments with, popping her spine against it as she readied herself for another chunk of her online math homework. Her eyes, while ready to quit at any moment, trekked on, eager to close out on the online assignment.

Alex, still overblown by the countless gallons of milk digesting in her, rested at the side of Sam's left thigh, comforted by the cushioning of the bean bag, as well as Sam's plush skin. She hadn't budged since she finished her last bottle, weighed down by over 2000 pounds of milk over weighing her. That, alongside the extra hundred pounds of weight her breasts added made getting around right now very difficult. Nonetheless, she was satisfied, eased by her accomplishments today alongside a good amount of her favorite beverage.



She looked as though she was near asleep, resting on her side with the stomach billowing out to the size of a weather balloon. With her chest leaning out the left side of her body.

Sam had basically given up thinking about this feat, realizing that finishing up her homework was more important than just gawking at the immeasurable size of Alex's gut. Arguably though, what was more distracting was the tomboy's face. It looked as if it were trying to fall asleep, but it seemed red, her eyes fluttering as her lips moved in ways a resting man couldn't. She was likely still up, but it was hard to say why.

All of the sudden though, the eyes slowly rose open, with the worrisome look of Alex's lips becoming more apparent with her twitching mouth. She aimed her eyes at Sam, which made it all the harder to work on math assignments.

"Hey... uh... you don't mind if I ask something... gross... do you?" Alex said, her pupils seeming a bit bigger than usual.

"I mean... what's the context behind it?"

"It's not bad! It's not a tragic backstory or something like that, I just wanted to hear your thoughts on what I had to say about something." She said, wanting to comfort her studying friend with a hand, but was too tired to lift her own.

"I guess you can say." Sam said, curious about what Alex meant. "I'm too committed to leave your place right now."

"So uhh... it's just... you know... this is impossible to bring up without just babbling nonsense." Alex said, giggling nervously to her partner.

"Just spill it, it's fine."

"I wanted to talk to you about sex!"

The girl with a ponytail stared at her for a moment, before a sudden flare grew around her cheeks, raising her eyes and shrinking her lips at the response.

"Oh..."

She turned away for a moment, almost trying to back away from Alex as she feared the question like a chained beast.

"Nonono, like it's fine if we can just ignore this question, it's a bit too early to say anything big, I just..." Alex, expecting Sam to interrupt her, saw nothing escape her mouth as she only looked in silence. "... talk to you about this, just uh... hear your thoughts. I don't want to go at it right now."

"I mean... It's a bit of a hard question for me to ask too. I mean, it's nothing wrong with you I just... I don't really have a straight answer to that right now. Wasn't something I really thought about." Responded Sam, sitting straight as an arrow as she looked to the girl on her left, who was burning up just about as much as she was.

"No I uh... I get it." Alex said with a small chuckle. "I honestly just wanted to hear your answer, because I can't really find the best way to give my answer either." She said, her breathing tightening more than when she gulped down four whole bottles in one chug.

Alex's breasts heaved up and down, as if swelling and shrinking like her lungs, with her stomach following a similar rhythm. Sam looked to the side to see her two heavier thighs crossed between each other, nervous about the whole ordeal.

"Let's just think more about this once I graduate. I'm still a kid until I get out of this place, remember?" She said, leaning a bit close to Alex's face. The once flamboyant, bouncy, and active girl felt trapped by the look in Sam's face. Her inviting lips and focused eyes, while a little nervous, couldn't be happier to see Alex as her love, even if it felt a little awkward to really admit right now.

But the small kiss she gave on Alex's forehead only pushed that relationship closer. The bloated girl looked shocked as Sam leaned back, expecting a reaction from her only to see her frozen for a moment. Luckily, a smile began to arise from her face, blushing as Sam grinned back.

The sound of a door creaking could be heard, busting the place open as lights flickered on, illuminating the area and causing the two to writhe from the beams.

A woman in a business suit walked from the hallway to the garage, unmistakably Vella as her melon sized breasts wobbled even in her tightened blouse, compressed by her heavy business suit.

She had to take a halt and lower her suitcase, which easily stood a foot tall, as she could only stare at the size of Alex at this rate, taking a heavy breath of frustration as reaction to this discovery.

"Oh for the love of-" Vella mumbled, striking fear in both girl's eyes. "What the hell, Alex?! Really?"

"I- shit... I'm sorry sis, it's just... uhh."

"I don't care what happened, and I don't care why. You couldn't even get Sam to clean this up?" She shouted, clearly angry at the mess in the house.

“Unbelievable. I have a meeting at my house on Monday, and you decide to throw all these boxes around and stuff yourself with... what-what the hell is this?” Vella said, looking at one of the bottles that rolled to a nearby wall.

“It’s the geezer’s place, back in Pines.”

“And you just decided that drinking all of this like some kind of pig would be a good idea? Like this hardwood is gonna have to be replaced because of this!”

“But, I thought this stuff was sturdy, I would be able to handle...” Alex, taking her hand down to the butt cheek that was pushed to the ground, felt the floor below her, feeling a little more disorganized from the sheer weight. While it was still “usable”, there’s no way its lifespan wasn’t cut down to a few months by the strain.

“I’m not gonna ground you, but like for the love of all things holy, I want you to be anywhere else this weekend.”

On the bright side, Sam had a three day weekend, so she could spend a good amount of time with her, but the only issue was that she also had to go all the way downtown, and right now, Alex had no will to walk. She didn’t even know if she could budge when she got up tomorrow.

Regardless, the most important thing right now for Alex is getting rid of that milk weight.

“Oh for fuck’s sake!” Vella shouted, looking at her sister pass out on the bean bag as her scolding couldn’t go through anymore.

“I mean, Mrs. Price.”

“Ms. Price.”

“Oh right, sorry. But I could uh, help out with cleaning the boxes if you want.” She said, standing up as she looked nervous from all of the issues going on around her.

Vella, while wanting to be angry, understood Sam probably didn’t have a choice being thrown into this, sighing as she tried to calm down for her guest.

“Here, I’ll go get you a trash bag.”

---

Chapter 12 -

---

It was a bright spring day on the road to downtown Hometown. The trees felt as green as ever, even against the brick buildings they stood against. Flowers bloomed in nearby grass. Birds and other wildlife roamed the area without any danger in sight, nothing felt particularly harsh about the environment.

However, for Alex, things were pretty harsh. Her day wasn't wasted away trying to re-earn a love she couldn't have, or had lost the one thing she loved in life, instead, she simply had to face the consequences of her actions.

Sam tagged in the front, walking her tomboyish partner across the sidewalk as they headed downtown. While they could've just stopped in the area, Sam instead chose to take the walk from about a mile or two away, a routine back when she was a big fan of Pokémon Go.

What brought her out here though on a Monday afternoon was the fact that she needed to get a book at the library. She was doing a report for her Physics class on the human stomach, and how the food people eat is affected by the digestion process. Her school, and the internet somehow, sadly didn't have the book she was looking for. The only place she really had left was the college library, which seemed to have it in stock.

While she could take the trail without hassle, Alex had been struggling with all of her being to keep up with Sam. Her running habits had improved since Sam last checked, but because of very recent events, she had suffered a little bit of a road bump.

After a long Saturday spent drinking nothing but milk before it hit the due date, the remorse she had for going into such a challenge was beginning to show. Sure, her favorite beverage was very much savored, but not only did her stomach continue to hurt, but there were very clear indications of its effects across her body.

Mainly, her stomach was very much still bloated since Saturday. Sunday had passed, and heading to the weekday she still had plenty of fat to digest. Her belly was as big as a beachball. While not obnoxiously tight anymore, it was very much jiggly, even more so than the two balloons on top. She could feel it itching against her gym shorts as she walked up the slope, internally groaning for the sweet release of this extra baggage. It was even worse than the ice cream binge, as not only had she been far more bloated than then, but the bubbling noises her stomach made still hadn't stopped. It was like a chemical lab in her gut as she heard countless sounds from within. At the very least, these bodily vibrations felt soothing, tickling her tummy as they sprouted all around. There was something generally satisfying about how bloated she was, even if the rest of her body couldn't handle the added weight.

Speaking of, on top of a bloated belly was another added couple of inches to each breast. Even with one of her bigger bras, this was simply too much to handle. They bursted out from the top of her bra, and pulled on her black Mountain Dew T-shirt quite a bit, with a visible curve between

her breasts, flowing upward as the bottom half squeezed into the fattier belly. Somehow, they managed to pick up a range even bigger than her belly, outranking it's beach ball size, boosting outward as they became splayed like large fruits on a shelf.

Luckily, the rest of her body remained unscathed. Her head still remained the same, athletic shape it always had, her arms and ankles were as thin as an average girl's, the only other change was her waist, which saw an additional flow of fat added into it, with her gym shorts seeming almost like spats as they made the baggy garments were stretched to their limit. Each cheek was easily the size of a 20 pound medicine ball. Even then, her tightened trunk still bounced vibrantly with each step, quaking around with heavy force as the two cheeks collided every now and then.

It was hard for people to look away at her, jiggling around in her casual wear as her curves made herself as visible as a bird of paradise. College frat boys would snap their pictures, girls would look in disgust, yet all of them just couldn't take their eyes off. If she only had her compression bra, a lot less looks would be aimed towards her.

"Ughhhh I hate this." Alex said as she felt her soul whisp away.

"C'mon Alex, you know this is the best way to burn those calories. Isn't the whole point of workouts to get your body suffering?"

"But I don't wanna suffer right now I wanna get a pizza."

"C'mon, remember what Vella said, nothing but salad until you can fit through the door."

"Mmmmmgh babababa fuck you." Alex mumbled, as if she were a baby fighting back from her mom.

Sam, shrugging the complaint of her childish friend, looked to the right as she saw apartment buildings and their respective stores begin to build up in her environment. On one side of the road, she saw clear indications of the town being overtaken by the university on the left, while the other end had the viewside outside to the river being overrun by a coffee shop. Strangely though, Sam could just barely see a silhouette of someone in the corner of one of the alleys.

Sure, it could've been just every other person, but it caught her completely off guard as she saw it strut patiently toward a path. It was hard to get across, but there was something about how she looked that seemed so familiar.

"Oh my god." Alex said, sounding like all confidence shrunk from her voice.

"What, what is it?!" Sam jolted out of her mouth, keeping her composure so as not to alert the shady figure in the alleyway. Was this someone that Alex knew?

“Hey-to your left, dingus.” With an abrupt turn, Alex cocked her friend’s head like a wind up toy, turning it to the right as it saw a car drive by, stopping at the corner of the road. “Look at that guy’s car.”

Peering over to the white Subaru, she saw a car that was full of stickers. The colors were so distant between any adjacent sticker, and blended into one strange mess, but as Sam got a closer peek, she felt her appetite diminish. Anime memes, art of stuff like that Gardevoir or Sneasel Pokémon, and plenty and plenty of anime girls. The only character she could even recognize was this one Alex compared herself to, one that had blonde hair and heterochromia. If it wasn’t that which made Sam worried, it was definitely the 6 My Little Pony figurines sitting on the bumper. They seemed to have a strange brown stain, causing Sam’s gut to punch itself.

“Oh god, what is this guy doing? He knows it’s a green light, right?” Alex said as she stepped closer, her two breasts jiggling around in a rhythmic manner. As she got to the two doors, covered by a poster of some magical girl anime, she saw the face of some very heavy man, curly beard and small eyes, looking directly at Alex as she nervously peeked for a closer view.

As soon as he knew Alex was watching, the man made a scurried blast from his car, zooming his car off at a red light. The man, not looking, immediately collided into another vehicle. Luckily, no one seemed hurt, since he was going about 20-30 mph, but the crash totaled the other person’s truck.

“Ohhhh kay let’s just uhh, is there an alternative way?” Alex said, not wanting to get in trouble from this. She lifted her stomach out as if to protect it from any dangers to come next.

—

Sam was never too fond of the alleyways of downtown. While the rest of the place was bright and colorful, there were a lot of corners that she did not feel good about, especially with Alex around.

If that guy with the stickers was a creep, she didn’t know who’d be out to get the two in this kind of setting. She clenched her arms around her stomach as she looked around. While there was a map, she didn’t want to pull out her phone to judge where she was. One look down and next thing she’d know, Alex would be gone.

Luckily though, Alex seemed fine, albeit still heaving from carrying a growling, bulging belly in such tight corridors. It was enough to fit a door frame, but that didn’t seem to match her size anymore. Her stomach never touched the chalky walls, but they definitely became an issue for the occasional trash can in her way. While she could hypothetically kick against the walls and climb over, it was a lot less effort to just have the trash can get overpowered by her beach ball belly.

Luckily though, the two made it out safely. Well, at least Sam did. Alex on the other hand immediately realized that something wasn't right, with her breasts halting her movement as she tried to escape the corridors. She almost forgot how enlarged her mammaries were, so used to them being bigger than life, but now, their inconveniences became much more annoying as she felt them locked into the walls. Oddly enough, her belly could stick out just fine, almost perfectly as it touched both walls of the alleyway.

"Shit, ok this is uh... not good." Alex muttered as she kept pushing forward, to no avail. Her breasts had swollen before from stuffing sessions like this, but this was a scale she had never reached. Sam watched them press and bounce against the wall as the two breasts stretched out. The Mountain Dew t-shirt was very clearly readable thanks to the stretching of her chest, although the space between the words was now lost to the abyss as the top split of her cleavage sucked the fabric in like a black hole.

She tugged and growled as she tried to pull through the opening, trying her hardest to escape this prison. However, all of the sudden, she stopped, raising her brows as she moved a step back. With a bit of elbow grease, she tilted herself 90 degrees, instead offering to scuttle out of the area. Somehow, it worked, with her sighing with her newfound breakthrough in science. She lifted up her belly again, causing the breasts that occupied the top to bounce in the air and let out a clap as she sighed with relief. It was quite a lot for her back, so finally exalting that feeling made her feel all the more powerful.

"Well uh... glad you're safe!" Sam said with a welcoming smile.

"Yeahyeahyeah-anyways... anyways..." Alex said, looking around at the big bustling city, with buildings a lot bigger than she remembered. "Are you sure this is downtown Hometon?"

"Yeah, I think so." Sam said, unsure since her map app was unusually laggy. "Uh I think it says... go right."

The girls, passing along the sidewalk, really had no idea where they were. Sure, there was no way they had left Hometon, but this was somewhere they had never seen, which was odd thanks to how big it was. That being said, it didn't make it feel any more comfortable. Trash littered the place, very uncomfortable figures passed by, ranging from bald and ripped, to wrinkly and old. There wasn't a chance that at least every other person wasn't gonna try to mug them.

Not taking any chances, Alex slowly crept her breasts to be nearby Sam at all costs, poking her back a few times by accident. While Sam wanted to tell her she wasn't too comfortable by that, it helped to tether the two, so not all was lost in this environment.

Along the buildings and shops the two passed, they managed to look out the left of their path to see some kind of altercation. There seemed to be about 5-6 guys, all batting their eyes at one girl who stood patiently by the wall. Sam quickly recognized it as the same phantom-esque

woman she saw in the shadows, with her ghastly, gothic appearance, but still, that didn't answer how she knew her in the first place.

She had dark hair, albeit with a slight ruby tone to it. Her pale skin stood very contrasting to the dull, brown colors of the alleyway, white as milk as she took a composed stance. However, the most appealing part of her, aside from her gothic attire, was the huge pair of breasts she had. While not as big as Alex, they stood the size of volleyballs, yet somehow stood firm in the dress she wore. The girl stood six feet, towering over the thugs that seemed to look more like little goblins rather than average sized men.

There, she stood as the thugs looked at her, their tank tops greasy as their faces grinning. By the lick of one's lips, it was easy to tell that they were readying to pin down the girl, eager to do whatever they pleased.

"Oh... shit..." Alex said, hearing snarky compliments towards the girl's figure as she stood idly. She almost seemed confused by their acts, flattered by what they had to say. Regardless, if Sam didn't act fast, that girl would probably never see the light of day again. Taking to the phone, she quickly dialed 911, as she readied to call the number. However, she kept a halt on acting, waiting to see where this was going before she acted without thinking.

"Ayyy, c'mon, c'mon guys, what's a girl this goddamn beautiful doing out here? She knows what kinda people are around these areas, right?"

"C'mon won't you just give us a chance? Why don't you just say something, we're just being nice here."

"Don't play around with us, just tell us what the fuck you'll give?"

The goons took their fair share of insults and compliments as they tried to pressure the girl. They obviously had the upper hand, but seeing the two girls back there made things a little difficult for them to do anything drastic. One of them, bald and likely a few decades older than he was trying to act, attempted to make an advance on the girl, putting his hand on the girl's breasts.

Almost immediately, the man halted as the girl went into her reflexes immediately, pushing back the man and slamming him into a wall with exuberant force. The whirling of the movement alone was enough to be heard by girls, with Sam jumping by the unexpected movement.

Two of the other crew members attempt to lunge at the girl, with bulky figures sure to crush the average man's face with a single crunch. Even then, the girl showed superhuman strength as she grabbed the man by the wife-beater, swirling him by his top before slamming him into the concrete, before punching the other offender so hard he got slammed into the nearby garbage bin.



As the other three remaining goons tried to get away, the superhuman kicked one of them into a wall like a flyswatter, with one trying to return a blow on the woman only to be sent literally flying in the air with an uppercut. With one last man attempting to escape, she jumped up in the air like a pouncing lion, before dropping onto the man and kicking with the force of a bullet. If that man was still alive, he'd probably be envying death with a kick that hard.

Sam and Alex could only watch in awe of what just happened, watching the almost vampiric girl take on a group of 6 burly men and winning. Whoever this woman was, was something that they should definitely stick as far away as humanly possible from.

With that realization, Sam's eyes widened as the identity of this mysterious girl became all the more clear.

"Ohhh, shit." She said, looking at Alex as she tried to keep quiet, not letting the woman hear their banter.

"What?"

"I saw an article about this lady, she fucking ate a person."

"Ate a perso-what?" Responded the alarmed Alex.

"It was on the news she was like this vampire lady that was in court for it, I didn't think she'd be out and about!"

"Sam, that's-"

"Did you see her?!" Sam hissed in her whisper. "She just mauled like 6 people, we're gonna be next on the block if we don't get out **now**."

"I-" Alex, looking at the girl, noticed her just standing there, as if she had just run out of steam. Her hair drooped over her face, her legs split, and her composure looked as though she was ready to shut off entirely.

However, as Alex began to walk away, tugged by her shoulder from Sam, the woman began to light up, looking directly at Alex as the color of her vibrant garnet colored eyes became all the more apparent, glowing red as if a predator had found its prey.

Stricken with fear, Alex began to rush forward, catching along with Sam as the two ran for their lives, hearing a gate bust open as the monster behind them moved at blinding speeds. The two ran ahead as they attempted to escape, with no one in the open bothering to even pay attention as the girl moved like lightning through the streets.

Alex stood no chance of outrunning the woman, moving like a superhuman through the crowds of people holding her back as the duo eventually gave up, pushing into another dark alleyway in a half-assed attempt to cover from the girl. Sam fell flat on Alex's breasts and belly as the two looked each other in the eyes, with the brunette's hands submerged in the crossing between Alex's belly and her enormous breasts.

However, this hiding attempt soon revealed to be a failure as the woman stood towering above the two, her arms stiff like sticks as she stared down at them, expressionless as if she were some kind of doll, but with enough emotion to indicate she needed something from Alex.

Having no choice, Sam had to hop off Alex, attempting to drag her by the arms before getting smacked away from the monster's soft hands. Her phone slipped from her hands in the process, leaving it glaring on as the lanky figure spotted the two.

This was it, this was the last time she'd see Alex. The woman looked down at the girl, raising her hand in defense like a cornered animal as Sam's face filled with dread. The woman began to lean down towards the girl, sitting on top of her knees as if not to stretch her dress. She licked her lips as she scooted closer to Alex, ready to devour her meal.

"Ich kann spüren, dass da Milch drin ist."

"Wh-wha?" Alex said, speaking out of instinct.

"Ich bin am verhungern, ich muss einfach einen Schluck haben. Ich hoffe es stört dich nicht zu sehr..." Softly spoke the girl as the whimsical sound entered Alex's ear. Still, that didn't make her any less nervous of the very hungry girl, focusing deeply into Alex's wobbling breasts.

"I uh.... hehehe..." Alex laughed, something that was a nervous habit for the girl. She didn't always have it awaken, but in a time like this, there wasn't much she could do to keep her fear locked up.

"Ich sehe das als ein ja..." The woman babbled out, with words clearly going over Alex's head as she could only feel threatened by what she meant. Before long, the woman took her palms to the blonde's chest, grabbing onto the two mammaries with the grip of a lion, inciting pain on the girl's chest more so than the growling and swelling festering inside.

Alex attempted to squirm or kick her off, yet any of her strongest flails meant nothing compared to the sheer force of the taller woman, she continued to grope around, increasing her panic as she blindly went along with her toying.

"Alex!" Sam hissed, as though not to awaken the beast on top of her girlfriend. Alex looked for a moment, seeing the brunette's fearful gaze as Rosmarie placed her hand near her areola.

"I said stop! Get off me!"

The woman, however, found her prize, squeezing down on the turgid mammaries as a glass object shot out like a bullet, stopping its momentum right before hitting Alex's chin. The dark robed woman didn't hesitate to snag the bottle from the girl's cleavage.

The face that seemed emotionless, dull, cold, and focused, changed ever so slightly as the girl halted in movement. Her brows bent back as her pupils shrank, smiling as she used both hands to sip the milk with the delicacy of a butterfly, with a deep breath that could only be described as cute. The girl sipped on the bottle like a little girl before pulling it away, sighing as she reached the stars.

The blonde still felt nervous staring up at the girl, who's face reverted back to its predatory aura, focusing in on Alex as she began to grow stiff again. The witch-esque character looked to the bottle, before staring at Alex again with more emphasis in her eyebrows. She opened her lips, with Alex whimpering inside as she expected the worst.

"Ei... äh, zorrie...??" the woman said, smirking as she looked down at the girl who would've been next on the chopping block. Having no other choice, Alex accepted the apology, with this ominous, yet busty lady lifting herself up before proceeding to bow towards the blonde, narrowly avoiding the girl's 200 pounds of breasts.

"Mein... my name ist... Rosmarie." The woman responded, smiling as though she hadn't just chased Alex for her life.

"Eh...heheh... nice to uh... meet you too... Rosmarie?" Alex said, sweating bullets as she reached her hand out, accepting the girl's gratitude out of force. The sound of two hands clapping against her own was then heard, with Rosmarie yanking the arms up and down like a dog's pull toy. The enigma's breasts could be seen wobbling slightly as Alex pulled her focus back to the lady's face, who had the most welcoming grin one could see.

"Wohnt ihr hier in der Gegend?" The woman softly spoke, covering her mouth for a moment, realizing Alex had no idea what she said by the look on the American girl's face. "Erm... you... Hometon? Zum Henker, wer soll dass denn bitte aussprechen können, das ist unmöglich!"

"Uh... I'm from there." Said the cornered, curvy girl, her breasts feeling microwaved from the panic in her system. Rosmarie tilted her head the other way, clearly not recognizing what Alex meant.

"Yes! I'm from Hometon!" Alex said again, hoping to reach the monstrous girl.

"Ich suche ein Ben und Jerry's..." Rosmarie, taking a breath, allowed Alex some time to look over to Sam for a moment, who seemed to be frozen by the same shock. "Wo ist das??"

“Oh shit, uh... that’s... we need to go to the library, but I think I know where one is” Alex said, nervously trying to signal that she wanted to leave the alleyway. It was something Rosmarie quickly picked up on by the docking of their chests, splaying her arm out as the tomboy crept from the corner, with Sam scurrying out as to not have Alex left behind, nabbing her phone before someone else could.

As Sam checked the still-on device, she tried to figure out where the library was, only to look up to see the words “Hometon University Public Library” worded out for her right around where they were on the map. Apparently they were just directed towards the backside entrance this whole time, rather than the front one they usually took.

Standing by the steps, Alex and Sam faced the direction of the gothic girl, who was adjusting her attire before they exchanged conversation, with Alex huffing as she tried to keep composure.

“Stay here, we’ll be right back.”

“Ich ... ich weiß nicht, was das heißt, aber... OK. “ Rosmarie said, giving a thumbs up in the stiffest way possible. She wasn’t even smiling or anything, simply closing her eyes.

As Sam and Alex stepped into the library, the ponytailed one looked back to see Rosmarie looking aloof at a milk truck owned by this one small business in the area, but chose to ignore it as the two blasted into the library.

Almost immediately Alex began panting again, reaching down onto one of the chairs by the front as she took a breather, risking breaking it from her weight as she let out steam. Her whole body was fogged up, with it looking like a trail of translucent smoke was exiting her belly and breasts.

“Should we... report that girl?” Sam said, looking at the girl who just had her breasts squeezed by a random woman.

“I mean I’m not like... too traumatized by that, especially compared to what happened to those guys back there.” She said, looking down at her mammaries. While they were still swollen, and definitely making some strange noises, they seemed fine at the very least.

“Anyways oh my fucking god I thought I was gonna die there. I actually thought I was a goner.” Alex spouted, trying to keep her tone as if she didn’t make herself a big center of attention with her two beach balls. As much as she was glad Rosmarie didn’t do anything bad, that fear still lingered through the whole experience.

“No kidding, I thought we were done for.” Sam said, panting alongside her pal. “Oh my god, she was jolting towards us like some ghost. That woman isn’t human.”

“Speaking of... that was German, right?” Alex muttered as another wheeze was let out.

"I... think?" Sam said, trying to recall the accent she had, lost by the panic and the fact that Alex's belly muffled some of the sound.

"Anyways yeesh, my boobs feel terrible. I shouldn't have run like that."

"What's the issue?" Sam said, perking up a little to make sure the blonde was okay.

"They're just like, it's internal, like there's some kinda bump in them. This is why I don't like running, ever since I started it's been sore like this."

"And it's not the 700 bottles of milk?"

"No-shut up! My boobs just probably feel weird from all that running."

"Yeah, cause it's all just big globs of fat."

"Shut up-anyways! Books, we need your books Sam." She said, pointing out to the plethora of shelves to see if it's in there somewhere.

The two split in their quest searching around the library, one Sam had been a regular for with her class. It was actually quite difficult to find college textbooks through these times, usually picked by college students like vultures at a body. In fact, there was actually a small hiding spot for books like these tucked away in one of the corners of the second floor. However, as Sam checked the usual spot, she was met by a work table, likely taking the place of the hidden stash for somewhere benefitting for the regulars.

Choosing not to dwell, Sam simply moved onwards, trying to find the book by alphabetical order in hopes of at the very least renting it.

Walking along the trek, she tried to at least check out this webcam app she got on her phone. She'd usually check on her room when she had the time, specifically her pet mantis as it sits around in her cage, minding its own against a fake oak log.

\*BWOMPF\*

Sam had felt bounced back as she could already guess what she bumped into by the three spheres that cushioned what would be a more dangerous pass. Regardless, she nearly tumbled to the floor as she danced her legs against the rug, looking up to see the blonde giggling as if she played a bad prank.

"C'mon, what are you laughing at, fatty?"

"Nothing, and here I was thinking that you'd be able to notice."

Sam, looking down again at the gut once more, looked at it rumble some as it digested the food inside, seeming almost like a cackle of laughter.

“You know, on the topic of my project, how do you even manage to survive after the kinda things you eat?” Asked Sam, someone who probably shouldn’t be so lax when it came to how downright ludicrous Alex’s whole dynamic was.

“You know, I’m not really sure myself, honestly.” Alex said, stretching her legs out a little as the stomach wobbled up and down. “My mom is pretty damn stacked if you remember her, like she used to have jugs as big as Vella’s even if they’ve shrunk over the years. I guess it’s genetics, but like, I’ve had a big appetite my whole life.”

“Yeah, thanks for eating everything in my stockings back in what, like 3rd grade? You had to get a doctor called over eating a Littlest Pet Shop toy.”

“Okay, okay, maybe that’s why I’m not allowed to eat chocolate on Christmas morning. But anyways, my doctor said it had something to do with having especially trained stomach muscles, along with pretty durable skin. I don’t know if you’ve noticed this, but it’s super hard to bleed for me.”

“Really? Is that just like a workout thing? Does it mean you have superpowers too?”

“Oh no I can still feel pain, it’s mostly just the consequences behind it just sorta get dealt with before I can really do much about it. It’s a weird cycle.”

“Maybe it has to do with all that milk you drank back in middle school.”

“I mean maybe. Vella never liked the milk up in Pines, even if she gave it a few sips in case the rumors they gave you more cleavage were true.”

“Well... I mean...” Sam chuckled as she pointed fingers around the two obstacles attached to her partner, giving smug eyes as Alex reciprocated the expression.

“But oddly enough, when I went to another doctor about this, they said that the milk and the size of my chest are apparently completely unrelated.”

“That... doesn’t sound right.” Sam took a moment to think back to the ice cream scenario, where Alex engorged on a ton of frozen dairy, and her breasts were definitely bigger for a short period of time, even if they did shrink back to normal.

“I mean, to be fair, this is the same doctor who gave me this one shot that made my breasts turn as black as raisins for a few days, so I’d be a little weary on their advice, but hey, what can you do?”

Halting the conversation, Alex felt rumbling from her cleavage as the two breasts quaked from the motion. Reaching into the depths, Alex pulled out her phone as she saw a dubious number calling her. Taking the risk, she ended up answering as she put the device to her ear.

“Hello?”

“Alex?” Said a grainy, curious voice.

“Uhhh... Alex.” She responded.

“Ich sitze in dieser elendig-verdamnten Gasse fest, dieser ... Melon Ridge!” Responded the voice, making it clear just who it was. Alex’s breath halted for a moment as her eyes went dull. She never gave Rosmarie her number, no one did. How would she be able to reach the number in that regard? Was Alex going to have to move states to avoid this girl now?

“Uhh... we’re uh... on the way!” She said, not wanting to make any bad decisions. “Goodbye!”

Alex quickly hung up the phone as she hustled by the stairs, signaling Sam to come with.

“But what about the book?”

The blonde, sighing, went into the depths of her chest before revealing Sam’s book, *Gastroenterology, and how it Affects You*, hiding in between the giant breasts this whole time.

Rolling her eyes, Sam simply accepted her prize as the two headed back down. In her fit of mild frustration, she forgot about her fear of the cryptid outside entirely, just wanting to forget the whole ordeal.

—

The two headed out the back of the library, Sam holding onto the book by hand, avoiding it being locked between two sweaty breasts again. The sky seemed a little more clear as they escaped the labyrinth of books, with Alex seeming a little more vibrant now that the sun was out.

Even as her stomach growled, seeking salvation for its sins, Alex couldn’t help but caress it a little to satiate the feelings.

“Did she say just to meet up back at the alleyway?”

“Well she said Melon Ridge, which looks to be... there!” She said, spotting the sign from the end of the block. It seemed to be the same road they saw her in the alleyway, so there was no reason not to expect her to be hiding away in there, right next to the milk truck that seemed to be driving away.

Alex peeked into the hidden path, her breasts resting on the corner of a wall as she spied around, with Sam casually walking into the alleyway.

There, they simply saw Rosmarie, her back turned as she turned to see the girls, wincing a little before giving them a friendly wave back. It was hard to accept, especially since they were all alone in a dark environment, but as the 6 foot woman jovially bounced forward, swinging her chest up and down, it became clear she wasn't of harm to the two.

"Eh, sorry, we were at the library, I hope you get it!" Sam said, raising her hand in the air with the library card in her hand. Rosmarie seemed allured like a tiger watching its prey whimper back, focused on the card as if analyzing it.

"Entschuldigung! Ich wurde nur etwas hungrig und habe mich nach einer Stärkung umgesehen, und da sind diese Halunken aufgetaucht und, nun ja..." The woman politely said, much to the confusion of Sam and Alex. All they knew is that she had a bottle of milk in her palms, happily sipping it like it was a divine nectar.

"M-Milk?" Sam said, pointing at the bottle just for some clarification. The library card seemed to be in the way of the milk bottle a little, lifted by her ring finger.

Rosmarie, with a keen eye, stared at the library card for a moment, before looking down at the bottle, deciphering what she could of the words on the container.

"Milch!" She responded, holding it out to the girl with the ponytail. When doing this, she had a sudden lunge forward, pushing into Sam's arm as the girl tried to regain balance.

"Uhh... are you alright?"

"I'm...yes! Aber ich glaube mein Korsett gibt gleich nach." She struggled to say, heavily accented by her German. She stumbled onto a nearby wall, her breathing rising as she took a moment to cool off.

"Uhh, if you aren't doing the best, we could help you home." Alex asked, immediately regretting asking as Rosmarie struck up before her own remorse.

"Danke-, Thank you!" She said, almost teleporting to Alex's front as she grabbed her shoulders, her own torso slamming into Alex's belly. It was something Alex felt a little dazed by, but also pleased by. Regardless, the feeling had to be shaken off as the two questioned Rosmarie a little more.

"Do you mind telling us where you live?" Sam butted in.



Rosmarie, instead of answering, just decided to walk off on her own, with Sam and Alex looking puzzled before following along.

As Sam and Alex caught up, Rosmarie's walk looked like a pitiful limp, with a leg lagging behind the other. One would be easy to believe she had back pain by the two mammaries that bulged out.

However, before Rosmarie could suffer anymore, Alex caught up and took a hold of her right arm. The blonde almost fell over herself from the weight. Rosmarie seemed far heavier than she actually looked. It felt as difficult as carrying that titan of a belly a few nights before, but now on her shoulders instead of on a nap.

Because of this, Sam had to catch up to take the German's other wing, who sighed with satisfaction in response.

After a solid 15 minutes down the straight line, the destination was seen, at least for Rosmarie, as the head that was previously down rose up like a flower as it saw the entrance to a building. It was an apartment complex, nothing really all that special. There was a big flower graffitied on the side, but seemed to be nothing out of ordinary for the other brick buildings.

However, Sam and Alex were less than ready to take care of the girl's sudden turn, with Alex slamming her juicy belly to the ground as it made an odd, wet sound, while Sam teetered around, but regained her balance. The brunette, while disgruntled by the literal turn of events, scruffed it off as she lifted Alex.

"Owww..." Alex groaned. While she wasn't in pain herself, the groan came more so from her breasts, which now made another gurgling sound, almost like one her stomach would make. Whatever it was, it caused Rosmarie to turn like an owl, halting her struggle up the steps as her eyes grew sharp.

Regardless, Sam attempted to reach her arm out again, as Alex refused to do much more than she had, allowing the girl onto the final step as she made another halt at the door. It seemed to be almost reflex, stopping as if something were in the way, but alas, no one was there.

After a trip up an elevator, halted momentarily by Alex's chest getting stuck going in and out, the two had finally reached their destination.

Instead of simply unlocking the door, the girl opted to instead knock and wait. The three of them waited for what felt like longer than it was, before the door opened, revealing a girl a few years older, appearing to be in her late twenties, looking with her eyes raised a little at Rosmarie's new friend. Her butt was pretty nice and firm, exemplified by the yoga pants, as her long red hair spilled out over her yellow turtleneck.

“Hey, wait you’re from the program!” The girl said, revealing not only her glasses, but her own pair of enormous breasts, contrasting the soft turtleneck as the opening had her bare breasts open for viewing, save for the private spots held back by a bikini.

“Actually, no, we’re uh... not.” Sam commented, with Alex similarly having no idea what Vanessa was talking about.

“Wait, you’re not?!” The ginger spoke back, leaning back a bit. “You’re at least aware, right?”

Alex, looking at Sam, who was looking at the other for an answer, simply looked back at the girl with an agreed no.

“That’s... really odd. There’s no way you just have breasts that big, alongside some uh... if you don’t mind me saying... belly fat.”

“Nah I don’t mind, but uh... do you care to elaborate on what this company is?” Alex said with a brow raised.

“You heard of B3? B3 Researching and Dynamics?”

“Doesn’t... ring a bell, sorry.” Alex said, attempting to recall anything about whatever this company is.

“Really? Eh- you don’t mind coming in, do you? I’d love to discuss this more thoroughly?” Asked the woman, bowing a little as she as her sports bra revealed a little more of her cleavage.

The blonde took a moment, looking down at her own breasts, before looking at her surroundings, before raising her shoulders in some kind of acceptance.

“Uhhh, mein Bauch wird gleich aus diesem Ding platzen!” Rosmarie said, completely static by the kitchen as Vanessa rushed over, leaving Alex to hold the door open as she saw the rest of the apartment. It wasn’t in bad shape, clean floors, some water boiling by the stove, and the television going on in the background with some anime against the darkened walls, although it was certainly prepared for guests.

“Halt still! Beim letzten Mal musste ich die halbe Küche renovieren, als das Teil losging. Weißt du wie viel meines Gehaltes das verbrannt hat?” The redhead spoke back, blending from an American to German tone in mere seconds.

“Eep!”

The sound of a zip was heard as Rosmarie’s back straightened, with the woman tightening something in place.

“Oh yeah, you girls can sit anywhere and also my name’s Vanessa.” The woman abruptly spouted, owing up to forgetting to tell them before. She tilted her glasses as she returned to the guests, pretending she wasn’t as unorthodox as before as she rested her arms over her surprisingly toned lower waist.

—

Sam took a sip of the green tea that was made for her on the fine wooden table, feeling a little more refreshed by the events that had previously followed. Alex, on the other hand, passed the opportunity. She hadn’t wanted much to eat since breakfast anyways, which according to her, was normal after a binge to the level she went.

Rosmarie sat opposite to her, taking a sip out of a more refined glass than that of Sam’s mug. Her soft, dark hair flowed out like a waterfall as it poured out into the fair. Sam couldn’t guess a word she said, but her demeanor seemed genuinely friendly, albeit hidden through her cold, expressionless face.

“So uh... if you don’t mind me asking, what does Rosmarie do?” Sam said, watching Vanessa take her own sip of the tea as her rather thin thighs sat straight. Her shoulders were more lax as she held a plate by her cleavage. There was a faint hint of sweat building a layer around herself as she took a deep breath.

“Well, there was just a thing with her planning on staying at a dorm-type area for exchange students, but since she missed the deadline for getting a room there, she’s basically living with me and taking some online classes.”

“Hey, meinst du sie wird sauer werden wenn ich frage, wie viele Typen sie mit den Dingen geknallt hat?” Rosmarie said in the back, smiling as she gently placed the cup back on the table.

“What’s she saying?” Alex said, slouching her back to the right as she raised her head via a vacant hand.

“Oh she’s just saying that she likes your bra!” Said the redhead.

“Why thank you! It’s actually custom made! This lady back in Pine made most of my bras. I’m not sure how she does it but she’s a savior.”

“You know, I’ve barely heard of someone who can get those right, did you have to find her somewhere?”

“No, I just used to live there, and I got a lot of early bras from her in middle school, which, when puberty hit, she just sorta looked for more ways to work around these things.”

“Interesting! I never thought I’d hear about having a local help out with that!”

“Yeah, she’s a miracle!” Alex said before giving Vanessa time to translate back to Rosmarie. While the two talked, it took Sam only until now to realize Rosmarie was drinking separate tea from a separate, more elegant pot that had a refined blue ceramic. As she placed the cup down though, she seemed to place her hand by her blouse, which pulsed forward a little.

“You know, if you don’t mind me asking-“

“Nah it’s all good, as long as it doesn’t get too personal.”

“Well if I may, what’s Rosmarie got in her pot?” Sam said, pointing at the fine china as the stern woman looked down at the girl, almost looking offended.

“Geht es um die Milch?” She asked Vanessa, who simply nodded in return.

“Well, it’s a milk tea we usually blend for her, since she can’t have anything other than milk.”

“Wait, what?” Sam said, holding a face of complete disarray. Alex on the other hand, seemed to gag a little, probably grossed out by the idea of drinking only milk.

“Have you two not heard of B3? I’d imagine at least you have... er...”

“Alex!” The tomboy responded.

“Oh, and uh... Sam! Sorry I can’t believe we went this whole way without telling you our names.”

“No, it’s fine. But Alex...” The redhead, tapping her finger, made a mental note as she circled a certain marker around the girl’s torso. “It’s an institution focused around the research of well... human anatomy. However, they’re well known for patenting a medication known for relieving stretching, as well as those metabolism pills pretty well known in the area.”

“I’ve heard about the skin relief medication, Dermirel, right?”

“That’s the one.” She said, pointing to her newly found acquaintance.

“Nice, I’ve been pretty natural at handling stretch marks, if you couldn’t tell.” The blonde said, slapping her stomach as Vanessa chuckled a little, almost unphased by the uncannily large gut toyed by the thin arms.

As Sam watched the conversation unfold, she couldn’t help but drift away from it. She could hear more medical lingo that was probably important to her studies, but she couldn’t help but look at Rosmarie’s breasts.

It wasn't necessarily a feeling of attraction, nor one of envy. Heck, she didn't really have much of a lure towards her own partner's extravagant pair. However, there was a sensation that could be felt pumping, bouncing. It was like Rosmarie's heart kept bashing out of her suppressed ribs.

"Hey Sam!"

The girl jumped up, with the noise alarming Sam like a bomb went off from the other end of the room. A very large, bouncy bomb.

"You're doing that study on stomach elasticity, you care to talk about it?"

"Oh! Uhh it's a bit early on... I guess I'll pass for now." Sam said, hesitantly giggling to not fall under pressure.

"All good, Rosmarie here's actually been a part of a program involving stomach density, do you think that would be of any use to you?" Vanessa said with a smile.

"I mean... we could talk about it." Sam said with some concern. After seeing what that woman was capable of, and what she didn't know about her, it wasn't necessarily a good idea to challenge finding out.

"Actually wait a minute, you guys don't happen to have a thing for pregnancy, do you?"

"Eh-what?!" Vanessa said as she winced back, blushing red at the question as if it were a bullet.

"Like, the thing you're doing?"

"Wh-no! I'm not pregnant!" She said with an embarrassed face.

"No- goddammit, like programs, I think I have a friend who might be a part of the program." The tomboy reiterated. "Erza, I think she's actually involved with it."

"So you do have someone in the program? We're either of you possibly interested in joining yourselves?" The redhead said, placing her hands in her lap, changing her tone a little to sound like a friendly assistant.

"Noooo thanks... sorry." Alex said, slowly nodding her head left to right. Sam similarly felt unnerved by the idea.

"You sure? I'm sure it'd give some great benefits?"

Almost immediately as Vanessa said those words, Rosmarie sat up, panicking as she blasted for her room. It was hard to gather what she was doing, but Sam could clearly see her holding her chest together, hoping her bosom wouldn't explode in front of her.

“Scheiße, sag ihnen, ich muss gehen, diese Milch bringt mich um!” The goth said in a worried tone.

As the door shut, an audible crashing sound could be heard, blasting through the living room as Vanessa could only stare in shock.

“Alright, uhh time to go!”

“Nonono we get it, we’ll be on our way.”

“Nice to meet you Alex and uh...”

“Sam” The titular girl butted in, waving with a crooked smile as she tried to head on her way.

“Anyways goodbye! I hope we meet again- ROSMARIE! Was zum Henker, wie viel hast du bitte gegessen um so fett zu werden?!” She screamed, opening the door to her room as Sam closed their own way out.

The two girls took a deep breath as they heard some muffled scolding from the researcher, looking at each other as they sighed. Whatever they had dealt with involving that mysterious tall girl was over, and they could be at some peace.

Well, at least some peace. Alex felt a rumble from her stomach once again, but it didn’t seem to be a sign of discomfort. In fact, she could probably go for some dinner right now. A small dinner, but nonetheless, something.

“You wanna eat at home? Mom’s making beef stew” Sam said, bumping her by the arm.

“Sam, remind me to never drink a ton of milk and then go downtown.” She lectured to herself, tugging her tummy a bit as she envied how it was still shrinking. Even though it’d still take another week of relief to free the leftover milk, the groggy sensation in her breasts had still not gone away. Usually the back-end consequences like extra breast fat are the first to go, but here they were, bulging from her bra without any end, and without any care. She could only hope that this wasn’t gonna cost her an overhaul in bra wardrobes again.

---

Chapter 13 -

“Jesus, how many spare bras does this woman need Alex?”

“Enough to excuse dumping a bunch of my old ones.”

Outside of a nice, suburban house in a quiet neighborhood was a girl with breasts far larger than life, as well as her partner in crime, holding onto a box of bras she probably couldn't carry a month ago. In a turn of events, Alex had a button up on today, a white one. It probably wasn't for the better as summer was getting closer and closer. After all, it was May, so who knew when the heat would strike?

Ever since she had begun hanging out with Alex again, Sam had definitely been able to lift a bit more than she was used to. If she had to guess, she could maybe lift 80-90 pounds, but even though this wasn't superhuman, she felt much more confident in herself being able to lift a good 20-30 pounds more. All the box carrying she was managing seemed to be doing some benefits after all.

Regardless, Erza needed new bras, running out of any she could find locally. However, with Alex's development in size over the years, and a plethora of unusable bras, it made for the perfect opportunity to lend them over to the expecting delinquent.

She actually had to go up a few sizes fairly recently, but even that's been overshoot by how big her breasts have gotten since she drank that milk. Thankfully, her belly had returned to its normal size, finished pushing all the milk through her system, but oddly enough, her breasts had barely shrunk. Sure, there have been dairy binges she went on where she got pretty damn big, but never had she needed to face such consequences for it.

She was still at the back door of Sam's car, pulling and rolling her zip as much as she could for her black hoodie, unable to fully wrap it around her heavy cleavage.

"Alex, you can handle that later, they're good enough."

"No they aren't, lemme just... ngh~" Alex grunted, yanking the zip just enough to zoom it out of the curve as it rose to the top of her collarbone. She was so grateful that her new compression bras arrived today, taking her "outdoor" size down a few notches to make her seem a little like a normal person. Handling that German girl while being bloated out to such a size felt embarrassing, even if she could barely show it. Whenever something like that happens, she pretends nothing is wrong.

Taking no more excuses, Alex grabbed a few boxes full of bras as she kicked the door that automatically closed the car door. Walking in the sidewalk across the well manicured garden, Sam couldn't help but admire the flowers around the area, different unrecognizable patterns appeared that shaded the areas not spread with the emerald grass, giving nice yellow and blues to the patches of bushes, stealing the spotlight from the well groomed plant.

As the two reached the porch, Alex stopped for her partner as she struggled to ascend the steps, exhausted by the climb. She wasn't on the verge of death, but it was good to take a break and wait for the door.

After a few seconds, the two were met by a familiar figure they hadn't seen in quite a while. Not the gravid girl, but her mother, giving a cheeky smile as her eyes remained rather shut. She had the same ginger coloration to her hair that her daughter had, but was a lot taller, and a lot more chest heavy than Erza was. Well, before Erza had gone under testing.

"Oh my gosh! It's you!" The woman exclaimed, clearly remembering Alex's looks despite being so far from her childish self. The welcoming woman squeezed tightly against the blonde as she held a smile together, leaving her victim to her massive, suffocating chest. They covered Alex's whole head as she pressed her hands into the victim's back, pushing so hard against Alex's swelling chest that they began to touch her own. "Ooomph, It's so nice to see you again, big girl!"

After a longer than necessary hug, she pulled back, the blonde's face red from the lack of oxygen.

"Yeah, it's us!" Sam said, patting a half-conscious Alex on the back as she relearned the definition of air.

"Oh Erza here has been telling me all about how you've come back to town, I had been dying to finally see you again! My, you've grown so much!" The woman clamped her hands together as she wiggled her hips in excitement. Alex laughed a little nervously at the overbearing mother, but tried to keep a benevolent composure. "Come on in, she's in the living room!"

As they walked along with their boxes, Sam couldn't help but notice how bouncy Ms. Bastin's breasts were. Sure, they were definitely large when she housed 7-8 kids in her pot, but they seemed even larger than even the days when she was a kid. They were far larger than Rosmarie's, alongside bouncing as if they were a hefty bowl of thick soup. The lady bore little care for the distractions as she gleefully passed by.

Alex, less focused on the breasts, was far more interested in how open the house felt. As they arrived at the living room, a large glass window glazed the area with light, covered with books and trophies of all kinds. Pottery of all kinds stood atop the cabinets and shelves, earned by more than just the mother. A rich history from this family's lineage gleamed from the home, housing generations of history, likely from the countless brothers Erza had, a trait likely passed from her mother's family. Living under all of that wealth quite literally was the redhead herself, backed against a leather couch as her splayed, pregnant belly, especially her own mom.

In contrast to the doting mom and her beautiful home was a lazy, bloated delinquent, carrying a protein shake in between her breasts that she drained dry using a straw. Sounds that seemed rather vulgar and violent could be heard emanating from a large flat screen on her wall, curved as Alex peeked over to see the woman playing Doom Eternal seamlessly. She ripped through demons with her bare hands as she lazily pressed buttons on a controller, playing as if this was her 100th time.



“Well, I’ll be in the kitchen if you need anything! I have a big meal planned for you three!” Ms. Bastin said with a bright smile on her face, tidying the apron near her wide hips.

Erza, continuing her rampage, looked over at the two as she multitasked, dispatching an arm to give a peace sign for her guests.

“Yo.”

“Uhh, what’s up?”

“Just uhh... oh shit let me pause this.” Erza said as she peeked to the boxes, stopping her carnage as she took a deep breath. It took her a moment to realize the point behind all the bras in Alex’s possession.

The one with larger breasts then proceeded to lay down the box. The cardboard made a large fwoomp sound, alerting the bound woman as she lost focus of the blonde.

“These the ones?” Erza said quietly to her dealer, hoping her peppy ol’ mom wasn’t around to see her exchanging the bras.

“Well, what else would I be bringing? You said you had trouble with bras, I said I’d bring em’ next time I saw you.”

“Ok but that was- eh, I’m not complaining actually. You don’t mind if I go ahead, do you?”

“All yours.” The blonde replied. “I can’t use ‘em’ but for how pricey they are I wouldn’t send them to the dumps.”

“Well, let’s just hope that these fit- oh hey this one’s perfect!” She said, holding a magenta maternity bra by its straps, matching the cups to her own breast size. “Should last me a good few weeks or so, the company I’m testing for has the worst standard bras.”

As Sam watched the conversation go on, she couldn’t help but stare at the woman’s belly, wobbling as Sam could imagine the things inside of her. She said she was pregnant, but considering whatever was going on in that lab, she didn’t know what it was like. However, it was hard not to stare at it out of pure fascination, curious as to how Erza’s womb could hold as much as it did.

She had listened to documentaries about an incident or two like this before, but never had she heard of anything fatal occurring. Whatever Erza was going through they must have been very, very careful through the process.

“Hey, I’ll be right back, I kinda want to try this on if it’s okay!” Erza said in a rare moment of glee. Alex gave out a silent thumbs up as she scurried to the restroom. Even as she was lost behind the corridors, the sound of her belly being stuck to the frame of the bathroom door could be heard as she slipped into the room.

Alex, a bit eager for some rest, gently laid herself on the host’s leather chair, splaying her arms as she let her breasts spread out onto her lap. When slouched out like this, her breasts easily took over a good chunk of Alex’s stomach. It was a miracle she remembered that her torso even existed. Not wanting to feel left out, Sam sat on the more wooly couch, coated with a blanket to likely keep a cat of some kind from tearing it up.

“You know... I spent some time researching that company back there.”

“Yea you told me, big organization that studies the human figure, yadda yadda benefit of the health of man etc.”

“But I think I’ve actually, I know this will be wrong to say, but I’ve been getting a good amount of notes for that project of mine from it.”

“Huh, in what ways?”

“Well they apparently have a pretty big history in weight loss programs, and found some article of some girl who lost like 50 pounds in a few months from a program.”

“Jesus, and she didn’t die from that?”

“No, actually- hold on, let me get my phone.”

Alex, peering over to her friend, watched as she clattered away at the device, trying to get an understanding of what Sam was researching. However, something further away seemed to catch her attention, a taller, more fertile thing.

It strutted across the soft wooden floor as it hit the same aquamarine rug the two were resting their feet on, leaving Alex frozen as she watched the mother walk over. Sure, one could be impressed by Alex’s chest size, especially in the tight buttoned up shirt, but Ms. Bastin’s mammaries were shaped perfectly for her body type. Her hand touched the arm of the chair as she hunched down to see what the girls were up to, keeping an innocent smile throughout all of it.

“So, have you two been doing well? It’s been a year since you’ve been here Sam, and mmmghh~ you’ve grown so much! I can’t get over that!” The redhead said as she hugged herself, unable to contain the affection she had for the friends of Erza. Her feet stomped like a mad animal as her squinted eyes pushed further down, obscuring whatever hint of eye color she gave.

“Thanks!” Sam lied, considering she hadn’t grown an inch since freshman year.

“And you Alex, you’ve grown so much since I last saw you! You’re a completely different woman”

“Heh, it’s funny you say that, since Sam over here coul- GHHACK!” The blonde choked, feeling the air around her disappear as she became pressed between two blobs of flesh between her ears. Her own breasts could be felt squishing into the cleavage above. She could only hear her surroundings as her sense of touch became lost by the plump breasts invading her button up, alongside being blinded by the vast sea of flesh she was drowning in.

Her face turned red as Ms. Bastin smothered the girl as if she was wanting her dead, gripping onto her back as she became sucked into the cleavage like the gates to heaven. Alex could swear she became one with the boobs as she got gripped harder by the hug.

However after what felt like a minute, she was released, pushed back onto the edge of her chair as Sam could only watch in despair at what was happening. The brunette could only hope that she wasn’t the next victim of those two circumstances attached to the overbearing mom.

The force was too strong though, with Ms. Bastin surging onto Sam as she became choked by the two breasts, engulfing her whole head as she tried desperately to escape their grasp. Alex from the other side watched as Sam’s legs kicked as the mother pressed between them, reminding her of a certain fan of rabbits, closing in on death’s door as the ponytailed girl could be heard struggling from afar, with her culprit unaware of her damages.

There was only a moment of time before she felt a release, oxygen entering her system as she stood dazed. The poor husk tried to piece itself from the facehuggers that latched to her face, slowly breathing as she returned to normal.

—

“Okay, back.”

The gravid woman was seen heading back, her breasts seeming far more comfortably shaped, loosened just the slightest, but making all the difference for the redhead.

Her gleeful prance was interrupted as she saw the two girls red faced as they laid on the couch, very clearly worn by something. She seemed concerned, until she peered over to the kitchen where she saw her mom, passing back to the kitchen, with some food on the living room table.

The redhead paused for a moment, taking in the circumstances that happened before her slowly, before chuckling as the pieces clicked.

“I’m guessing you finally got your hugs and kisses?”

Sam and Alex, drained of their life force from the jovial mounds her mother carried, unable to regain the strength to even respond correctly. Erza simply chuckled at the two and their misfortune, surviving what they considered agony for a good 18 years.

Bored by the confines of the living room, Erza guided her companions down to the basement, waving them over as she squeezed herself through the door frame. As the two followed suit, Alex pushed ahead as she saw Erza’s hips wobbling with each step she took, almost hypnotizing the tomboy as she became stuck between Sam as she tailed Alex’s own plump rump.

Stepping barefoot against the wooden stairway, Sam looked to see the University’s football team, alongside a few photos of the half a dozen brothers she had. The brunette still was amazed at just how divergent the brothers were, each going to their own college, having their own life stories. One was even working for the government apparently.

“Hey Erza, do you ever get worried about your belly blocking the way for the stairs?”

“Alex, your tits are literally touching the walls right now.”

As Alex took the reflection, she looked down to see her breasts touching both sides, failing to feel the sides of her breasts under the fabric. It wasn’t an odd occurrence for the girl to forget her chest pushed against the walls of things. After all, they were just fat. Even if recently they felt more sensitive, it wasn’t like they were always bothering her, which was a good thing.

“Oh, yeah... my bad.”

Reaching the basement, Erza made a quaking sound as she skipped three of the steps on the stairs as she hit the stone floor, with it reverberating across the entire room.

“Sorry, my physical therapist says I shouldn’t do that, but it’s too fun not to.” Erza said as she rubbed the bumps inside of her.

Taking to a nearby couch, Alex rested the bras one last time onto the floor as she took her time to simply sigh from exhaustion. It shouldn’t have been a task, but after Erza’s mom used her overwhelming powers, she didn’t have it in her to move much more. Alongside that, her chest was aching. Every now and then, she could feel a pulse from inside that just bursted across her body. It almost felt as if her breasts were aching, like she had something inside them.

“Anyways, let me put on some Breaking Bad, been watching that recently.” Erza said, relieving the quietness of the basement with some sound.

“I only know that because of the memes.” Alex said with a chuckle.

“My mom was a pretty big fan of it, she even had a poster of it in her room for a while.” The brunette chimed in, nudging her ponytail to her back, which shifted to her shoulders from the trek downstairs. “Why is it so popular now though, I know that thing was gone forever?”

“Well, I saw that stupid picture of the bald guy making the funny face and thought, is this show actually good? And that’s how I got hooked, I guess.”

“It’s still a good show regardless.” Responded Sam.

“Oh yeah, of course. Honestly glad I found it. Mike’s easily my favorite.” Responded the redhead, sitting down by Alex before Sam could take the spot, leaving her without a place to sit.

Sam should’ve been angry, but Erza’s got a lot to handle. She’s graduating too, though she’s also pregnant, and has to go to check ups, alongside a few other things.

Without Erza even asking, Sam tossed Erza a bra on the larger side, who shared her gratitude with a thumbs up.

“Oh shoot, thanks for reminding me Sam. You don’t mind if I test these bras out right now, do you?”

“I mean, knock yourself out.” Sam responded.

Taking that literally, Erza took the opportunity to pull her shirt off right in front of the two, causing both guests to begin to panic as she revealed her two pumpkin sized mammaries that were trapped in the shirt, glistening with sweat as they began to play the bongos with her belly.

“Waitwaitwait not here!” Sam responded with a red streak on her face. “Do you have a bathroom?”

“Yeah, but it’s a bit tight and I may not fit in.”

“Just... go there, I just feel a bit uncomfortable by that sort of thing you know?”

“All good, I never asked to be a nudist but this whole program has just been so desensitizing. Especially since... eh I’ll be back in a jiffy.”

Lifting herself up, Erza took off to a pathway as Alex became glued to the action scene going on with the Breaking Bad characters, with a gun fight going on in some kind of factory.

As Sam looked back, she came to realize Erza was at a halt, with her not even budging into the restroom. She simply continued to strip the old bra off as her nude body was fully visible from the top, with any sensitive parts being hidden by the bathroom walls. She couldn’t even focus on

the show at hand as Erza just adjusted her body around, fitting the bra on as she squeezed her belly out from the confines of the bathroom frame. Not bothering to put a shirt on, the crevices between her breasts and belly were fully visible, opening and closing with air as they made a distinct clapping around from each step. Sure, Alex made similar sounds, but only in super tight, old bras. Erza simply made this noise by reverberating her boobs against her gravid gut.

As she passed along the old carpet with the state football team's flag, the pregnant girl simply sat where she was before, taking a deep breath as she felt satisfied with her new bra, bouncing the couch a little with her presence.

The improvements could clearly be seen by the overflow of breast flesh, now being much more natural on her body as the bra left a smooth print of her curve rather than looking ready to burst at a moment's notice. Even if Erza twitched a little still, she seemed quite cozy in the new bra. Sam, on the other hand, was still a little threatened by Erza's sloth in getting her shirt back on, but at the very least, she wasn't going to reveal any more of herself.

The two sat for a little longer, watching closely at the dialogue between two characters Sam couldn't really get the grasp of. As unnerved as she was, she did have that research project to do. It would be highly valuable to at least ask Erza a few questions.

"H-hey Erza, you wouldn't mind if I talked to you about that facility that's handling you, right? If you don't feel comfortable about mentioning it we don't have to talk." The brunette asked.

"B3? My company said I couldn't talk about them, but I mean, you know about them, right? Alex certainly looks like you gained a few inches of knowledge."

"Uhhh, not at all, actually." The tomboy said with a puzzled look.

"Really, your chest looks like it's gotten huge recently, figured they'd have done something like that to you. They look more rounded than they usually do." The redhead commented.

"Oh, whoops. I drank a ton of milk a few days ago so that's probably why I look so bloated."

"Well, as long as you're sure you're not growing. Although you usually look more... bloated when that happens. Right now you seem to have a thin waist on your hands." The girl said, visualizing her poking Alex to exert a point. "Well back on topic, how do you know about B3, anyways?"

"Sorry, we just met with another person about it the other day, and it's just sorta been all over the place." Sam chimed in.

"Well, as long as you don't spread them around, I don't mind asking."

“So, you mentioned how you haven’t really had too much stomach pain, despite well…” Sam exclaimed, whirling her arms around the shape of Erza’s gut, too far away to actually reach it.

“Yeah, the doctor said that it’s due to some kind of duplication process behind cells, where they manage to double the production of cells for skin production. Because of anatomy, they can’t actually do anything to increase my stomach tract, but they can allow it to be further stretched, as well as digest stuff a lot quicker. It’s honestly a godsend because I cannot stand the idea of not being able to provide more than I could chew.”

“Still, it’s probably pretty time consuming to eat that much.”

“Eh, I don’t mind, especially because apparently a lot of my fat storage is optimized.”

“Ooh I meant to talk to you about that!”

“Huh, do tell?” Erza commented, raising an eyebrow at what she meant.

“So, basically the hormones that get produced when digesting food get reworked a little, and while my body supplies the average amount of food for the rest of my body, excess fat gets stored in other places like my ol’ boobs here or you know…”

Erza stopped her comment as she took the time to slap her own thighs, sounding like a whip cracking. The two logs continued to jiggle as Erza chuckled a little.

“Huh, noted.” Sam said as she took away her phone, leaving the notes of her little interview.

The phone then flew out of the brunette’s hand in a sudden shock, spooked by a woman passing by her right as she pounded the lady with her cleavage. It was none other than Ms. Bastin, carrying two plates with her that she set on the table before the two heavier girls.

On the plate was a plethora of nachos, graced with all kinds of cheeses and bacon as the two girls watered their mouths. The chips circled the plate as if a fountain as a pile of chicken wings stacked at the center, perfectly baked by the mother herself.

The other dish served some lasagna, all with some plates on the side to help divide between the two girls. It was glistening, perfectly baked as it left a nice aroma across the room.

“I figured I’d make you three something while you’re here. It’s such a pleasure to have you all here, you two are like daughters to me!” The woman said, trying to hold back another hug for the girls as Sam and Alex winced at the idea.

“Anyways, just let me know if you girls need anything! Ta-taa~!” The woman waved as she revealed the back pockets of her jeans, stretched out by her rear as she wiggled away, unphased by any of the absurdities happening.

A moment of silence took the three as they simply sat there, before Erza went ahead and grabbed one of the bacon and cheese covered nachos from the plate, stretching the gooey yellow goodness as she took a munch into it.

“This stuff’s great, my mom’s a natural cook. Although when you have like- septuplets, that’s to be expected, right?”

“Is that why you were selected for that B3 program?” Sam commented.

“Honestly... yea- like why wouldn’t that be?”

“I don’t know, the way you said it made it sound more voluntary.”

“Well I mean it was, but you don’t hear of mothers who give 7 kids in one go too often, especially if that’s your birthright.”

“I’m guessing that means your brothers give big litters too?” Alex butted in.

“Actually, no. Weirdly enough it’s only girls that end up having like 6-8 kids.”

“So if a normal girl took part in the program, they’d probably be pretty carrying only like one, right?” Sam said as she took back to asking questions

“Yea, but they end up with huge boobs by the end. They were showing me these charts with girls at the 9 month mark and their boobs soared way across what I thought was possible honestly. Bigger than even you.” The redhead commented, poking Alex in the chest.

The blonde winced a little, holding back some pain as Erza accidentally hit a vital somewhere in her breasts. At least, that’s what she thought. Her boobs felt sore all of the sudden, with a pain unlike anything she had even seen.

Ignoring it, she looked over to Erza’s observing her chest for a moment as she noticed some kind of discoloration on her breasts as she shoveled some nachos down her gullet. The delinquent’s legs spread out as she lifted the plate, placing it on her belly as she hogged the plate for herself.

Regardless, the redhead poked Alex’s cheek as she tried resuming her watch, looking to see a crisp nacho being offered by the woman reluctantly. Unable to take no for an answer, Alex took a bite out of the chip as she savored the taste of the corn chip.

Still, Alex couldn’t help staring at the spot once more, realizing Erza’s chest, with it looking almost damp.



Erza seemed to notice as well, watching her chest for a second to realize the issue at hand.

“Oh shit, uh... I keep forgetting about that.”

“That’s not...”

“Yea that’s uh... milk.”

The three couldn’t do any more than stare at the two breasts as the milk dribbled out of the bras, like water surfacing around a metal bottle. While Erza was more used to it, she still couldn’t help but feel embarrassed by her two guests and their reaction.

“I’m gonna... go outside.”

Taking the door outside to her right, the redhead made her escape, leaving behind a drip of milk on the concrete against the door frame.

Alex placed her hand around her left breast as she stared at Sam, a little unnerved at the thought of sharing Erza’s fate. If her breasts were making those kinds of noises, she couldn’t be lactating too, right? She’s not pregnant, after all.

“Should we... help her?” Sam asked her partner, who seemed concerned for the dispatched friend by her more tensed neck.

“I mean, it feels a little wrong to do, like we wouldn’t want to just barge out there, right?”

“Well I mean it’s just gonna haunt us if we don’t do anything. Plus, I figured I’d have to at least research it-“

“Yea yea for your final project I know, let me just... Do you mind if I stay here for a second? I’ll come out in a bit?”

The brunette looked at Alex, looking away for a moment. It was a bit clear that Alex felt a little uncomfortable about this whole ordeal, and Sam would be too. Still, she had a lot of research to do, so lounging about wasn’t going to be something she planned on doing.

“Sure.”

—

Sam, walking by herself, took some time to appreciate Erza’s backyard. For such a scruff, delinquent girl, it always surprised her how open the area was. They lived right out by some farmland, so there was quite a wonderful view as the girl looked out. For being in a more

suburban area, one could never expect to see a view of countless hills, showing cows grazing away as a pond could be seen housing waterfowl.

Shaking out of her own enamourment, the brunette crept out of the shade beneath the porch she was under, passing along a hill as she looked around for Erza. For a lady her size, she never expected to have trouble searching for her, but alas, it was hard to pin where she could be from her guess.

Eventually though, Sam found the woman, at least thanks to the naturally scarlet hair she had. However, what she didn't expect was to see Erza bare naked, stripped down to the core as she rested on her knees. Her belly touched the ground as it was supported by a rugged beach towel. There, the lady rested, sighing with a calm breath.

"Oh, uh... hey!" Sam muttered. "Sorry if I was..."

"No sweat, just getting ready to bathe myself."

"...outside?"

"I mean, it's easier than the shower."

The girl still seemed to be spraying milk, not even bothering to fix the issue that was at hand. It could be seen uncomfortably dripping off of her nipples as it spilled down the curve of her breasts, trickling onto her belly as it nourished the skin with its moisture. The woman rested her head on the breasts, resting her chin down as she let the milk flow out without much support.

"Hey uhh... you see those four bottles over there?" Erza said, pointing at the one standing on the sleek, wooden outdoor table.

Without a response needed, Sam took the bottles as she handed it to Erza. There wasn't much of a guess as to why the pregnant girl needed it, using one hand to push down on the chest fat as another held onto one of the bottles, with Sam watching the white nectar from the girl exit her turgid breasts and enter the glass container. The other teat dripped milk at a faster pace, incentivized to drip more and more as the other one tended to, envious of its coaxing.

After about 5 minutes, the milking was complete. Sam could only really sit there, like watching a car crash as she felt uncomfortable, but intrigued nonetheless. The bottles all stood full as Erza looked down at them with relief.

"That should be enough for today. Ever since I began lactating they've been needing me to send in the milk for whatever reason. I've never been sure why, but it's something."

"Yea, it's uhh... definitely something new!" The brunette said as she pretended this was something normal.

After taking the bottles up to the porch, Sam walked back down to see Erza holding the hose in her hand, having it press into her drum of a belly and spread across her two mammaries like a seatbelt. The trickling had just about finished, but that didn't stop her from prioritizing cleaning the milk from her breasts. It would likely begin to stick soon if she did anything, so rinsing them up first seemed like the best priority.

However, it took Erza only a moment of leaning near a bush to realize she couldn't reach the hose. Her belly was too big to waste the effort of getting up, lazily reaching to the faucet without using her legs. The stomach, now touching her knees, made ripples with each buck of her legs, using whatever effort she could to push forward. Sam, sick of seeing the animal struggle, walked over, turned on the hose, and watched as Erza's hands rose up as a gush of cold water spilled onto her breasts, with enough pressure to cause an indentation into the flesh.

"Hey- woah, what the fuck?"

Sam, stopping her task, looked to the left as she saw Alex escape from the basement, with her button up noticeably having the first two buttons undone, letting breast flesh rise out like well-baked bread.

"Hey, you uhh... doing good?"

"Uhh yeah." Alex said awkwardly. "Just had this weird cramp- ok what the hell's going on here?"

One of the bigger pigs in the pen though was seeing Sam water down Erza, who had been stripped naked, all while doing it on Cars 2 themed towels. The brunette simply kept a monotone look as she let the flow of the water limply splash onto Erza's left breast.

"You uhh... have anything to scrub down with?" Erza asked, trying to lighten the oddity of the situation.

Alex remained a little shocked by the answer, seeing something so intrinsically sensual going on, never expecting a borderline pornographic scenario with Sam and her other friend. However, this moment died down as she lowered her arms, sighing in order to accept Ezra's innocent question.

"I actually have some soap with me if you guys want to use it." She said in an acceptingly dreadful tone.

Erza, seeming a little brightened, shared what almost looked like a smile on her face as Alex gave her answer, watching the girl walk over as she bent down to the pregnant woman's domain.

However, Alex, instead of reaching into a pocket of some kind, took one hand and drilled it deep into her own cleavage, with a slick, sweaty noise heard as she searched for something under the beach ball sized breasts. Reeling her catch, she pulled out the prize from the chest as it rippled like water once her hand slipped out.

In her palm was a bar of soap, colored pink as the name of a brand washed out from weeks of use. Her arm touched the sky as she let her boobs jiggle around to exemplify the motion. Sam couldn't help but palm her face as she saw Alex lower her hand back.

"Alex-no. Gross. Put tha- just throw that away. Eww." Sam said in disappointment of the blonde, looking at her used bar of soap with some visible upset as she showed a frown. Taking the soap, she culled another button as she opened her button up some more, taking the thin bar of soap and lodging it into her cleavage.

"No, that's even worse!" Sam yelled.

"Okay, okay!" Yelled the busty one back over, rushing in as she left Sam to Erza's duties once more.

While Alex rushed into the house, Sam and Erza were left alone again, mellowed by the shenanigans with Alex.

Sam continued to rinse the skin around Erza's breasts, watching it slowly drift onto her belly and onto the concrete surrounding her towel. The owner of them simply looked to the side for a moment, pondering a question in her head as Sam could only guess what was in her head.

"Hey Sam, you remember that conversation we had in the car that time?" The girl said with a more authentic voice, ignoring the absurdity of the situation for a moment.

"Yea, what about it?"

"You know how you had that big fight with Alex, I said some things, and you two just sort of made up by the time I saw you again."

"Yea, Alex binged like an entire tub of ice cream."

"Jeez!" Erza said, chuckling a little as she hugged her breasts, before looking to see Sam stare back without reciprocating that feeling, causing the redhead's smile to fade back to normal.

"But, I wanted to ask. You know how I said something like 'If you're that nervous about it, just date her!'"

Sam, hearing that response, stood shocked for a second as Erza brought up the memory, she herself had forgotten the moment entirely, just now catching up to it as she was just reminded.

“Oh... uh that...”

“C’mon, I gotta know if you two are actually at it?” Erza said, chuckling like a little girl through her matured voice. She seemed to regress a few years as she became curious like a little girl invested in gossip.

“Errr... I...” Sam’s cheeks grew red as she struggled with the question, her hips rhythmically clenching in a nervous habit as her arms held each other.

“Uhh... I didn’t pull a string, did I? `asked the girl as Sam pulled the hose away, baking her once more in the sun.

“It’s uh...” Sam realized it was too late to lie, reading the reactions Erza made as the answer made itself more visible by her blushing as well. Even though Erza was stripped nude, lactating, and all in front of guests, that was what caused her to blush the most.

“Uh hey... I bet you two have gone at it, right?” Chuckled the girl back.

“Not really... I mean...” Sam mumbled. She looked primed to collapse at any moment.

“You mean you’re telling me you’re with a girl who’s easily the hottest chick in the block, one I’ve seen people oggle over from different school districts, like- I’ve heard legends of her from this one girl who’s in an entirely different county!”

Sam couldn’t feel any more pressured by Erza’s comments, nervous about their implications as she went on, talking about Alex as if she was some kind of myth and not her girlfriend who just went inside.

“Okay, I get it! She’s just, I like being around her! It’s not some kind of scoring game!” Sam shouted, freezing the redhead in her tracks.

The two stood silent for a moment before Erza went from begging for questions to completely silent. The redhead looked up at the brunette as she retracted to a more nervous state, with Erza’s back hunching in a way that seemed natural, rolling into her breasts as her feet bent more to give space to her stomach.

“Hey, I’m sorry about barging into your personal space.” Erza said, feeling bad for pushing Sam’s patience.

“It’s... fine. Please, you were just curious. I should’ve been more calm about something like this.”

“No, listen, I’ve dated some girls before, it’s not that and I promise I’ll tell no one. I guess when you see someone after like, 6 years and they come back home with massive boobs, you start to ask a few questions.”

“Yea, I definitely had a few of my own, I’ll admit.” Sam said as she rubbed her shoulder.

“Actually, if you mind, does she lactate?”

As soon as she question was spilled, Erza pointed at the door as she saw Alex was out, stepping down the stairs as she stood oblivious to whatever the two were talking about, with Sam simply placing her hose on Erza’s breasts, watering them like flowers as Alex lazily walked down with a clean bar of soap. It was Irish Spring, Erza’s usual brand.

The sheer presence of Alex alone somehow was more shocking than the attire change, taking off her button-up in favor of a white T-shirt she kept in a bag she brought along the way. There seemed to be a brand for a popular 80s franchise, but it was long faded by her breasts stretching the poor shirt out. Each breast now looked like two ghosts sharing the same costume as she held the soap in her hands.

“So what’s the plan with this?” Alex said as she pointed to the bar, her breasts jiggling as she signaled her arm. She must not have been wearing a bra, as they moved with too much fluidity, flowing like water as her nipples poked from the sides of the fabric.

“Eh, what do you think?”

It took the girl a moment to process Erza’s question, wondering how to interpret it as she looked at the bar of soap, facing Erza’s back as it glistened with sparkling hose water.

Instead of just handing the soap, the broad jabbed the bar of soap into Erza as she jolted in surprise, scrubbing it into her back in just the right spots as Erza stood stunned. A light burp of air in her stomach bottled up from the reaction, expelling from the redhead within her moan of surprise. Rustles could be heard emanating from the stomach as a result, gurgling and vibrating as her digestive tract went out of control.

Sam knew about Erza getting stomach issues from shock or surprise, but she didn’t know it was like this. She could see the girl change colors as Alex boldly rubbed around her back, gripping to her shoulder with one hand as she circled around the trapezius down to the latissimus. With her pupils shrinking she looked to her right, attempting to visualize the sensation of her butt being pushed in and out by Alex’s breasts, feeling them kiss her ass cheeks in a clumsy manner.

“Hey you may want to be a bit less intense than this!” Erza said, her voice weakened by the surprise as she revealed a squeamish, vulnerable side to the most dreaded girl of the high school.

“Well it’s all you asked right, you needed me to scrub you ass naked, pray down to you like some kind of goddess, do all this weirdo shit because of how fat you got!”

“Jeez I just wanted you to pass me the soap, you didn’t have to make it weird.”

“This is already weird!”

“You have tits that would fill a cabinet!”

“And you look like you’re pregnant with a cabinet’s triplets!” replied Alex, relishing the absurdity of her comment.

Erza, stopping her argument, bursted in laughter as she admitted defeat, snickering and giggling as her assassin and its witness couldn’t help but join in. Sam hunched over as she raised her occupied hand to her face, gripping her fingers down as she hit Alex point blank in the breasts, causing the soap to slip out of her hands as her breasts rippled under the fabric, wobbling like gelatin as she stumbled to the left, nearly falling onto the grass adjacent to the concrete as she lost her sense of balance.

Getting herself together, attempting to ease her own laughter, she tried to find where the soap was misplaced, searching the ground to find little trace of its path. For whatever reason, no damp spot on the ground could tell her where it went, with Erza similarly unsure as she looked to see Alex prowling around the yard like a chicken.

“Oh my god- Alex!” Sam shouted, causing the girl to twist in response. In another unexpected move, she dug straight into Erza’s rear, drilling into the crevice like a pocket as the host’s cheeks puffed up in response, giving a cartoonish reaction to the mishap. With a quick wet squishing noise, out came Sam’s hand with a shiny bar of soap, with the desperate partner of her’s snatching it out of her hand.

After that, Alex continued her path scrubbing across Erza’s body, brushing her chest by accident more than enough times as she got suds all over the white shirt, revealing her dazzled skin underneath. The bar was eventually used up enough to split into two, which prompted Sam to join in and scrub Erza by the front, with Alex joining in too. The stomach was quite sensitive, to no one’s surprise, and squished around like a giant, water filled beach ball, shrinking and stretching with every minute movement.

However, even with Alex joining in to help clean the rest of her, it still wasn’t enough, with the girl never really feeling fully clean as a result. It felt as if no matter how much they pushed through, the mass of flesh would never end.

Luckily, all of the water would likely soak through, which relieved the two a little as they sat on a metal chair, with Alex somehow slouching on the uncomfortable seat as if it were a water bed, and Sam sighing as she smeared some sweat off of her forehead using her top as a rag.

For Sam, at least, it felt like a lot of the guilt she felt before over Erza's naked form subsided, being able to manage with it in a way that didn't really feel that embarrassing. There wasn't a doubt she felt bad for her friend being unable to bathe inside for the time being, but Erza seemed satisfied by the scrubbing down, popping her back against her belly to coax herself into a comfortable state.

"Hey Erza, do you have any drinks? Hate to smudge into your stockpile but I need some energy."

"Uhhh, I have a Monster in the fridge my mom saved for later..." The bloat said as she rested her head on her own belly, looking out at the fields as she looked at the cows grazing and the patches of grain blowing gently.

"I think we'll do fine." Alex said as she hunched back down.

"Actually, there's some water in that mini fridge, my mom uses it for gardening but I'm sure she won't mind."

Lifting her shoulders and leaving Alex to rest, Sam picked herself up to dizzily pass by the pregnant girl laying in the towels, stepping up the stairs to the little plastic fridge. Unclamping the door, she saw a plethora of metal water bottles, dripping from the bottoms as they laid dormant in the cold temperatures. Picking two of the sloshing bottles, Sam slid the fridge door shut as she waved over to Alex, signaling the treasures being obtained.

However, it seemed that the dragon had showed up to its den, with the door opening to Sam's shock, hitting the wall as a certain jovial individual leaped out. Sam only prayed as she was pounded by Ms. Bastin's enormous mammaries, leaving a big red imprint on her face as the mother skipped down to her daughter.

The mom was wearing something far more revealing than before, shocking Alex as she felt her lips touch her chin. The lady's bare breasts had become much more exposed, wobbling down her sides as they jiggled to no end. She laid hands on her own gargantuan hips, which rivaled Alex's in size while keeping a good indicator of where the hip bones were, bending to the sides as the two beach balls behind her deformed and smushed, with Sam getting a good picture of her skimpy bikini bottoms. One could barely tell she had anything on under there aside from the narrow lines of string digging a crater into her waist.

"I'm glad to see you two were helping out! Erza usually needs some support when she's this big, there's only so much she can do herself!"



Alex leaned forward as her own breasts bounced against the bit of chub dished against the two sacks of meat, in awe by the subtle ripples and sways of the lady as she grabbed the soap off of the table.

The blonde thought she materialized a sponge into her other hand, not able to concentrate on anything but Ms. Bastin's bouncing breasts as she took to the back of her daughter, rubbing the soft sponge around from the back as she mashed her own breasts into Erza's, absorbing the squeaky foam as her breasts divided between her back.

As she walked over to the right side, Alex and her cohort couldn't take their eyes away at the rear that was on full display, shaking to an imaginary rhythm. Ms. Bastin squeezed her breasts hard into Erza, with them visibly appearing behind her own back, rubbing against Erza as she looked unphased by this all. It took them a few moments to realize that she was rubbing her breasts not as an inconvenience, but as an extra scrub as well.

The two watched as the half naked woman brushed across the pregnant girl so masterfully, keeping an innocent face as she scrubbed and rubbed the soapy water across the belly.

—

"Well that was certainly fun, it was nice being able to hang out again!" Sam said, smiling at the host.

"Yea, it was fun to finally hang out again, we need to meet some more!" Responded Erza, smiling as she crossed her arms. She was a lot cleaner after the bath, sliding her arm against her skin as if it were butter.

The two guests had to keep a distance still, thanks to the stomach that reached Erza's waist. It was less of fear, but more so the fact that Erza had trouble seeing the two under the couple of steps. Just one wrong move could mean her slipping off the porch, or getting stuck in the door frame when going back inside.

"I guess it is a little difficult, with us graduating and all." Sam said with her hand scratching her back.

"Us? What do you mean us?" Alex butted in, causing some confusion before Sam caught the idea, pointing at the girl already on early summer vacation.

Alex, standing with a thought in the back of her head, wanted to say something, feeling neither text nor school could answer this question. It was a question that she had to ask Erza at least once.

"So what's your two's summer pla-"

“Wait, so when are those buggers coming out, anyways?” Alex asked, pointing at the stomach as it blindly made another kick. Despite only a month or two, that stomach was more on the latter half of pregnancy, her body developed in such a quick time.

“I mean I guess give or take, I’ll have to check my calendar for this stuff. Usually they send supply crates every week or so?” The redhead casually answered, toying with her gut as she answered. “They usually come every ‘month’ with things like upgraded milking machines or bras or medicine or whatnot. You’d be surprised at what they do to help you maneuver.”

“Is that so?” Sam commented, curious about any affairs in B3.

“Yea, they offer a lot in regards to support, sometimes it feels like a scam.” She said as she posed her body out, when all of the sudden, a spray of milk was let out, sprinkling onto Sam as she backed away, attempting to whip the cream from her top.

“Oh shit, oh my bad, sorry.” Erza said as she awkwardly had to apologize for such an uncontrollable action. “You know, I think we should split here, I’ll see you two later.”

“Alright, see you later!” Alex chimed.

“uhh- fuh- bye!” Sam frantically said as she waved her arm in a panic, waiting for the door to close as Erza walked around the frame, getting stuck for a moment as her hips and belly got caught on both sides. More milk trickled out as a result, causing Erza to audibly mumble “Shit” in her breath. Before long though, she squeezed through, shutting the door quickly as the sounds of stomps could be heard as she ran to get assistance.

Sam looked at her shirt as the atmosphere grew closer to evening. The fabric was pulled as she saw noticeable dark stains. Whatever was in that milk, she hoped it didn’t cause her top to stink.

“So Erza spraying milk everywhere was pretty awesome haha right?”

“Alex, please shut up.”

#### Chapter 14-

It was a busy class day in Mrs. Rosenberg’s class. There was a quiz on Organic Chemistry, which considering the subject, usually took students the whole class day to finish, not unlike an exam.

Sam, looking at the piece of paper, stared down question 16, asking how a mixture between 1-Bromobutane and Lithium diisopropylamide would correctly mix. She remembered the formula and everything, had it down to a key, but she just couldn’t focus on the subject matter.

Whenever she tried to shift to “chemistry mode” it felt as if she just washed right back up the shore of thinking about home again.

Since her mom had a business meeting up in Idaho of all places, she was in charge of taking care of the house. However, she had school and studies overlooking her, it wasn't like she could just watch the place all the time.

That was where Alex came in.

While Sam didn't want to deny Alex of her abilities, especially considering what she's shown to achieve with her heavy, beach ball-sized breasts, Alex was still very much big, and very much curious. It wasn't like Alex was going to do something like break a few dozen glasses, or crush the TV remote, or mess around with any of mom's documents, right?

—

Back at Sam's residence, it was 11:00 AM, with not much going on as an unfortunate couch offered to carry Alex herself. School was long gone for the girl, which meant that she was fortunate enough to be able to sit around all day and just lounge about. She was surprised to hear that Mrs. Anderson offered her money to watch over the place, but she ended up declining, as much as it would help pay for the Battle Pass coming up in Fortnite.

Right now though, she simply just cared about snooping around on her phone as the smell of a freshener of sorts lightened up the house.

For some reason though, her boobs were acting up again. As she put her hand up to the lower end of her breasts, she felt some kind of strange sensation. It felt as if her breasts were digesting something, like she gained two extra stomachs in her boobs. They had already boosted in size immensely since the milk incident from a week or two ago, but was far out of her control at this point.

As her focus was adjusted to her breasts, heaving and pulsing to a rhythm, her voice felt itself grow weaker and weaker, heating herself to the sensation of her chest. It felt as though something was in her breasts, begging to be tugged and squeezed and squished around.

All of the sudden, her phone rang, making the sound of a Minecraft Cow as it waved across the open room. The blonde quickly shuddered as she realized her thoughts were alluring her once more. It was a bad habit, but it felt as though she had gotten more unhinged with her feelings as of late. Maybe there was something in that milk from the spa?

Lifting herself up from the couch, she made sure not to apply more weight than it could handle, before taking a moment to nab the phone, seeing Vella was calling her. She bent her arms to the right as her left leg bent to face its adjacent, twisting her back enough to face the window

outside, wrapping one arm around the other. After enough stretching, her mind was clear, and Alex took a deep breath as she sighed with relief that she didn't have those lewd thoughts in her mind. With a clear head, she answered the phone call from her older sister, hoping it wasn't any trouble.

"Hello?"

"Hey, you there?" Vella commented.

"Yeah, any reason you called?" Alex commented.

"Yes, so I'm currently at a business meeting, discussing some kind of thing for my marketing team to do so I won't have much, but I looked into my email and realized that we have a package ordered from some address. Do you know what it was?"

"Oh! Uh... so you know how I told you that we got a big surplus of milk from those guys."

"The one that I walked in on you bloated down to knees with milk?"

"Yeah, the old couple from the mountain. They uh... have quite a bit of milk stored with them, and that's probably just a delayed message from when they arrived."

"Well, just in case, can you go make sure nothing's at the front of our porch? I don't want to handle that much milk here for the rest of my life."

"Uhhh sure!" Alex mumbled guiltily. "I'll go in a bit."

"Alex, just don't drink an inch of that stuff, I've seen what it does to you."

"Please, I won't, I'm still recovering from last run."

"Well, as long as we do something with them, I won't care. Just don't hurt yourself. You've been acting a bit weird anyways, but I'll talk to you more about that later."

"Alright, see ya sis."

Hearing the phone click, Alex slouched back down. She had the house to herself, but it was okay, she just had to take things easy and not let her thoughts get to her. There was plenty to do looking through funny animal videos or seeing Alyx's new garage band. As the thought got to her, she remembered there was a hamburger back at home in the fridge. Luckily, since she lived right next door to Sam's, it was pretty easy to grab a bite.

Passing along a hallway, ignoring an office filled with newspaper of some kind, Alex exited the house, opening the big oak door only to find a guest that had been standing there for some time.

It was... Rosmarie?!

Alex screamed as soon as she saw the tall girl, falling to her knees as she stood with a cold stare, the gothic girl staring her down as she showed an almost evil grin. Her hand rested upon her chin as she stared the shocked one down, leaning in and waving her hand like a gentle handkerchief.

"Uhh... what are you doing here?" Alex responded, hoping to hide the illusion that she was composed and confident.

"Nun, ich bin der Adresse von ... von der mit dem Pony gefolgt, und so bin ich hier gelandet. Ich habe frei, und dachte mir, warum nicht hier aufkreuzen und fragen, ob ich bleiben kann?"

Alex took a moment to try and figure out what she was trying to say. Judging by the fact that there wasn't a sign of a car around, she seemed not to have anywhere else. As Alex looked into her eyes, they didn't seem ill-willed. There was almost a saddened look in them as she tried to judge the indecipherable girl. Alex couldn't tell if she reached here via a car or if she had the audacity to walk here, but whatever it was, it gave the impression that Rosmarie went pretty out of her way to reach here.

"Uhhhh... it's probably not a good idea to be here, but... do you have anywhere to go other than here?" Alex said, smirking a little under the ghosts of fear festering her. The lady crowning above her seemed like death calling upon her, down to the pale white face of unknown intent.

The German goth took a moment, trying to analyze this American's words, scanning them in her head like a computer software. Alex's words could be heard mumbled in the lady's mouth.

"Nein." Spoke the girl back.

"I'm guessing your roommate or girlfriend or whatever has you stuck here." Alex commented, to little response, causing Alex to retrace her question.

"How did you get here?" She spoke more simply.

"Ich kam mit einem Uber her." Responded the fiend.

"Well I guess for now, stay here, and I'll be back in a second." Alex said, slowly raising herself up, before a hand jabbed outwards at the girl, making her yelp once again before she realized Rosmarie was only reaching it out in assistance.

After a quick stroll across the road, Alex busted inside her own place as she left Rosmarie to her own for a moment, passing by her confines as she reached the kitchen, looking at the plastic cased patty and buns as she swiped with enough agility to get back to Rosmarie, making sure she couldn't wander off and eat one of the neighbor's dogs.

To little surprise, Alex realized she was missing, judging by the window to Sam's front door lacking a figure. A palm to her own face was earned as the incoherent girl went on her own adventure. Surely a minute was too much time to ask of her. Sighing, she looked around the yard to find no traces to judge, and looking around the house yielded no results.

She didn't bother checking in the basement, since that's basically Vella's dump room, where she places all her old stuff she didn't want her parents to throw out. As she went to the side of the house, Alex checked to see if those boxes had shown up, and to little surprise, they hadn't, to a big sigh of relief. That or they got snatched, but no one could lift boxes that heavy and that big unless they were already throwing them to the door.

The only other plausible place to find Rosmarie would have to be Sam's house. No better place than the one she outlined after all. As much as she wanted to support the dog theory, especially since that hound spent all night barking and keeping her up, Rosmarie didn't seem that malicious.

When entering back into Sam's place, she realized not just how cooler it was, but how much more floral the house smelled. She felt a little more relaxed as she breathed in the air once again, looking at one of the packages Mrs. Anderson had gotten in the mail. Maybe Sam had a nice smell, or maybe the mushy scent of boob fat caused the Price residence to be less pleasant to the nose.

Looking around, yet again, she found nothing of sorts that would tell her Rosmarie was around. Offering to take a small break, Alex shuffled over to the microwave, removing the plastic container from her cold burger and fries as she let it sit on one of Sam's many plates, toasting a few seconds as Alex investigated the basement with her time limit.

As she stepped down, strange noises could be heard, bringing Alex closer to her destination as the girl's breasts jiggled against the edge of the narrow walls, avoiding any switches that may interfere with her line of sight.

The bottom was reached, and as Alex punched her breasts out of the narrow line confines of the two walls of the stairway, she found herself focused in on some kind of gulping sound, swallowing down on something as Alex looked around.

She almost screamed as she looked to see Rosmarie to the right of her entrance, resting on a dusty red carpet as she held a belly that was quite literally bigger than the person wielding it.

Gurgling noises were constantly let loose as Rosmarie stood atop of it, with a red face as tight as her gut panting and gasping as she became lost in the feeling of tightness against her body. Suddenly, though, Rosmarie looked over to Alex, who stood almost appalled at the heights the goth had reached. Sure, Alex had been able to stuff herself to a pretty good amount, but Rosmarie quite literally looked like she ate not just one horse, but three, all in the span of a few minutes Alex was gone.

“O-oh my god, what the fuck?!” Alex said, losing her sense of voice as she could only watch the gut bump around even more as Rosmarie realized how frightened Alex was at the sight of her.

“Tschuldigung! Ich - ich habe nur Milch gerochen, und ich konnte einfach nicht anders. Ich musste einfach etwas davon haben, den Geschmack erleben.”

Rosmarie babbled, without Alex able to comprehend a word. There seemed to be some kind of container to the lady's right though, and Alex, as curious as ever even in the most dire of moments, squinted to see a familiar pattern to the objects, realizing they were bottles of milk.

However, not just any milk, but the same brand Alex binged on a week prior. The same one caused her to act so differently. Yet this girl was just able to sense this like some kind of animal?

As she got up, Alex thought she should've been mad at the girl, stealing her milk supply straight from the porch. However, she did give a sigh of relief, as at least she wouldn't be tempted to come down there and cheat on her own diet anymore. Plus, if Alex even tried to object, she'd only get wrecked.

Rosmarie's stomach was like a factory, with all kinds of unknown sounds going on inside that could be confused for a boiler. It was still very much impossible to recognize the amount of space the stomach took up, considering it was being done with milk alone. The black haired girl raised her buttocks to keep a balance, pressing her legs into both sides of the back of her belly.

Alex was hard pressed on what to do. Should she try and call Sam and have her try and help? No, she's at school, and she's closing out. Alex pestered her enough there. Police would be terrible, because Rosmarie just seems too innocent just to be thrown to court.

“Mghh.... mein Bauch! Massiere ihn, bitte!” Rosmarie mumbled to herself, submerging her mouth into her breasts as she started circling her hand around her gut. Alex had no idea what she was doing, but at the very least, Rosmarie looked like she could handle herself.

Still, judging by the girl's bucking movements, it was hard to tell what she was doing. She looked almost pained, but a closer look could tell Alex it was more so a strange sense of pleasure in her expression. She couldn't move, but she seemed content with herself.

Alex had no intention of being a part of that though. After all, she had a girlfriend herself, and no plans to throw in a third. Leaving the girl to her devices, she heard the goth's moanings and gasps intensify as she left the area, left to her own devices she was free to do as she pleased.

Taking back to the living room, Alex sat down on the couch once again as she opened her phone, hovering once more above her Instagram as she hesitated opening it. Alex did love seeing more gossip going around, or seeing whatever vacations or achievements people made, but that didn't feel entertaining at the moment.

"Mgggghhhh fick dich! Du elende Göre, komm zurück! Ich werde die Milch aus deinem Titten saugen!" Rosmarie shouted from the basement. It was hard to measure what the girl was saying, but it was getting a little discomfoting from the tone.

Alex kept to herself as she felt her skin turn rose. The sound of her voice seemed fine, but there was something so slightly accented towards the point of pleasure that seemed so alluring. It was like a siren calling out to its temptors, with Alex as an unfortunate little sailor.

Her breasts felt more stuffed as she heard her voice, with Alex almost tempted to chime back as she had that same hardened feeling in her breasts. It was almost asking her to go ahead and begin fondling herself, relieving that sense of pressure while Rosmarie did god knows what underneath. Hopefully whatever was going on in her stomach didn't involve actually eating that dog.

In a sudden moment of reality, Alex stomped her feet as her sense of reason came back in control, standing her up as she wrestled her frustrations from her body. She really needed to take her mind off of this.

Taking upstairs, Alex tried to muffle out the sounds of screaming with whatever could entertain her there. Looking to see a leftover paper, it didn't take long to infer which was Sam's room, violating her partner's privacy for a moment as she tried to get a sense of cognition.

There had to be something to entertain her. Ooh! Those bugs. Sam mentioned feeding them, but she didn't know exactly how. One of her orchid mantises was seen in the cup, lounging about in its confines as it almost tempted itself to at the very least to be interacted with by the girl.

Reaching to her phone again, she tried to contact Sam on how or what to feed the creature, as she rummaged about in drawers to find the feed. Unable to find it from simply the containers nearby, Alex took a few more extreme guesses, like under the bed, by the drawer near Sam's bed, even the backs of the desk's walls. Eventually though, she found it, oddly enough, from her second search through the desk's cabinet.

Although, there was a more interesting thing that caught her attention as she spied a certain container inside. It seemed well hidden from the rest of her dusty belongings, but it seemed intentionally done.



Actually, now that she thought about it, Sam never really talked about sex all that much. There wasn't a chance she was holding back, right?

Illusions grew around Alex's mind, thinking about the box stowed away by Sam. She had to be packing some kind of dildo in there. Like a huge one, one she'd have to spend all day using and thinking about. The blonde became giddy as she fondled her own breasts, she knew every man around a mile radius would absolutely want to know more about her, since one won't see breasts like hers in every other town, and there's no way Sam didn't have a trace of a lustful thought.

Letting temptations get to her, Alex popped open the plastic container, expecting to see the best sex toy of her life, something Sam had to relieve her bothers with, something Alex dripped thinking about.

But that toy never came to be, instead, she saw a group of plastic horse toys. Clearly well made, but nonetheless, not sex toys.

She wanted to pick at least one up, specifically the one striped like an American flag, but a sudden sound from the basement alerted Alex, causing her to close the container as she locked it back in the drawer, panicking downstairs as she feared the worst for Sam's belongings.

Alex took a moment to unfurl from her perverted desires. It took her a moment to coherently realize those feelings as the burning sensation in her body almost died down to the soft realization of her mistake. Her breasts felt swollen still, but her guilt seemed to overwrite it, closing the door to the closet in hopes she could pretend that this never happened.

Heading back downstairs, she took a moment to grab the cheeseburger from the fridge, placing it on a ceramic plate that she let microwave with some fries for a few seconds.

It was surprising seeing the burger as delicate as it was when she opened it from the microwave. It looked brand new as she took it to the counter, taking a bite from the heavy meal as it took both hands to lift. The lettuce smoothly blended with the meat as she split the burger by half over half, until it spilled down her throat and she repeated the cycle.

After a good few minutes relishing her lunch, Alex shifted over to the dishwasher as she landed her plate and glass of water into the machine, alongside the other dirty dishes.

She thought for a moment, debating on calling Sam once more to figure out the situation, but decided against it. The kind of guilt that Alex felt if she had to contextualize this terrified her. She would definitely cut everything off from her if Alex both snuck in her room, alongside letting a stranger in who caused possibly irreversible repair to the place.

With the panic setting in, Alex rushed down to check on Rosmarie once more. The fact she went this long without spying on her is irresponsible. Step by step she hoped she hadn't fallen over.

She was definitely not gonna get any bigger than where she was, unless she just had a bad milk allergy.

However, turning to the right, she looked to see that the German girl was gone. It was as though she had vanished from the house entirely. Luckily, as the tomboy looked around the area, nothing seemed to be disturbed by the 6 foot belly that was there, but there was a noticeably sweaty stain remaining in its place. Around the size of a trampoline, it seemed to have occupied flesh not too long ago, which could only mean that she had to have been in the area still.

“Äh... wie heißt du noch mal?”

“EEEE!” Alex yipped, her back straight as she felt a mass of flesh push into her back, hopping around for a moment before she looked back over to catch an ocean of belly fat attached to the goth herself, staring unabashedly at the girl as if she should expect this thing to be normal.

As Alex looked, the belly surprisingly was not bigger than before. In fact, it looked as though it had shrunk in size in the span of the few minutes she was gone. Now, it seemed to be touching the ground, although it only seemed to reach to Rosmarie’s chest, rather than being taller than the girl entirely. The stomach also looked very flabby in the state that it was. Whatever milk had gotten in there was now sparse as the gut now sagged into the corridors, squishing into much more space, and nudging into Alex’s calf.

“I uhhh... Are you... Hiii!”

“Hiiii!” Rosmarie responded back, cheerfully waving back as she signaled to Alex that she needed space. Moving to behind a wall, Rosmarie walked ever so casually as she sat on a spot not too far from her original nesting place.

Using her belly as a cushion, Rosmarie rested once more as she let the milk inside continue digesting. Sounds of many kinds could be heard pushing the girl’s stomach to its limits, but she shared almost no pain. It was impressive how much the girl could even bother to withstand it.

Even Alex couldn’t bother to notice that her thin figure seemed almost unchanged from the eldritch amounts of fluid that was swallowed, that is, except for two outliers. There seemed to be a bit more posterior to Rosmarie, rising outwards as she almost naturally lifted her butt. Her hips seemed thicker, but not unnaturally bloated, with the ends of her knees seeming perfectly thin. Her breasts also seemed to be quite a bit larger, going from coconut sized to watermelon sized. Even then, with all the noises from inside her belly, she seemed far from done with the effects this meal had.

—

Back at the highschool rested Sam, sitting in one of the many classrooms on her daily break. Not unlike her partner, she felt hooked on her phone, eager to relieve the stresses of whatever

was going on at home. Alex hadn't bothered to update her in a while, and she was beginning to worry. However, whatever it was, she probably could withstand it. She could trust that Alex wasn't going to break anything important like the TV.

There, she sat next to Chandler, who seemed to not have much on her mind. Too bored even for the unlimited expanses of the internet, and clearly not interested in her homework, the girl with blue hair simply daydreamed, questioning what to do once this small break was over.

"So uh... how have things been with you and Nestor?" Asked Sam, spooking Chandler as she almost fell asleep, her hair just narrowly touching her keyboard.

"Oh, uh.. \*sniff\* we've been good. Was there any reason you asked?"

"I dunno, just figured what he was up to. I don't have any classes with him, so I never get to see him around."

"Oh he's... good. We actually went to West Virginia a few weeks ago, and saw the New River Gorge Bridge. It's a beautiful state, more than what the ol' town of Hometown can offer."

"Yea, I just haven't really gotten much time to get out. I wanna go to Nero Beach when I graduate, invite a few of my friends, just decompress. You're welcome to come if you want!"

"Well, I'll think about it. You know, if you don't mind me asking myself, I was curious about Alex since you seem to be her guru."

"Oh, uhh..." responded Sam, expecting the worst.

"I know a few of my friends recognize her, honestly a lot of people were surprised by how different she was, but I don't know, the fact that she's able to come in so confident about her figure is honestly really impressive."

"Uhh... I'm sure she'll appreciate it."

"I don't know, it's just Nestor was someone big with the sports crowd, but he went into theater for his major, but since he went down that path it just looks like he doesn't seem happy with it."

"Aww, why is that? I'm guessing his sports buddies aren't for it?"

"No, it's more than that. He told me he felt like it was a "useless major" or something."

"I sorta understand. I feel a bit outcast by going into Forensics, so I understand feeling uneasy about that. What are you planning on majoring in?"

"Oh, just something in American History probably."

“Does he seem supportive of that?”

“Oh yeah, he’s happy about it?”

“And does he like theater?”

“Yes! He’s a great actor, even got an application for a college in New York!”

“Then what’s stopping him?”

“I’m not really sure, because he’s a talented singer, does great performances. Just doesn’t seem like he knows how to make a living from it.”

“Yeah, that’s how I feel about Alex in some ways.”

“Wait wha-“ Chandler responded, halting at the fact of how Sam brought her up.

“Huh?” Responded Sam, looking concerned with the expression on her face.

“You said that like you two were dating or something.”

Sam, realizing what she said, began to shiver at the fact of Chandler beginning to throw suspicion towards Sam’s expressions, before she attempted to hide them once again in the shadows.

“I... uh... we’re just... friends that’s all!” Muttered Sam.

Chandler, leaning into Sam’s face, struck the brunette solid as she felt the coldness in the girl’s eyes. Leaning to her ear as her face seemed completely neutral.

“You know I don’t mind that, right? You two can do whatever.”

As Chandler hopped back, Sam stood frozen a bit longer as she digested the info given to her, collapsing as she realized she could be accepted by at least her for this.

“I guess though if you don’t mind me pondering, it’s not because of... y’know.” She chimed in.

“Not... I don’t think so.”

“You don’t think so? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I mean I just like... being around her. I feel more whole with her.”

“I guess, although you never struck me as a... never mind.”

As the bell rang, Sam realized she could break from the awkward conversation, rushing out as she held onto her lunchbox, eager to chew away her openness.

—

“Alright, c’mon! You’ve been in here for long enough!”

Back at the Anderson residence, Alex, to her best abilities, was trying to nudge Rosmarie out of the house she had thrown herself in uninvited. Her breasts, covered by a drawstring top, pushed deep into Rosmarie’s belly as she nudged all the fat she could out of the house.

Rosmarie didn’t mind it, in fact, the warm spring air felt nice against her belly as she felt another section push out. It was impossible for her to move at this state, but alas, she was confident with Alex’s control.

Pale fat stretched more and more onto the concrete outside, shaded underneath a porch that stood by four arches across the house. It was hard to even gauge how anything was even visible under all of Rosmarie’s bloat.

After a solid 10 minutes of pushing the bloat out of the door frame, Rosmarie seemed to have the entirety of her stomach free from its confines. Despite having such width to the stomach, the door remained unscathed, thanks in part to Rosmarie’s skin being as smooth and fluid as it was.

She could see it touching into the pillars of the porch above, pressing into them and diluting towards other ends as Rosmarie simply sat down on her dress, letting the widow dance dress press into the bottom ends of the endless gut.

Alex had basically no chance of getting in the way of Rosmarie, considering she didn’t want to step on the thing’s belly, which would cause who knows what. Besides, with whatever track record she had with the massacring with those thugs, she didn’t want to be a part of that list too. Heading upstairs, she took a deep breath as she tried to refresh her mind once more. There was no way Alex could fit that much in her, even after the whole “700 Gallon Slamdown” as Sam called it jokingly.

Walking by the kitchen, Alex took a good look at the plastic container she accidentally left out, standing by the bread box as she felt disgusted by the greasy food she ate. Only a few more of those burgers and she’d probably be stuck as big as whatever Rosmarie became. Probably not, but it helped give her workout motivation.

The girl went to go check her phone once again, taking a moment to throw the plastic container in the recycling as she looked to see a text from Sam. It didn’t specify what, only stating it was an image, so Alex felt inclined to check out what it meant.

In the image, there seemed to be some girl with a bubbly anime face, pink hair and two twintails that went down to her shoulders, on some kind of subway. She had enormous breasts, and was smothering them into some poor, paper white, ambiguous soul on the other end of the vehicle.

Underneath, Sam had the caption “Hyper girl problems, am I right?”. Sam usually liked to send stuff like this to support Alex with her conditions, nothing she hated. However, this was a very select exception, judging by the fact that the artist spent a plethora of detail into the skin, as well as the blush on the blank slate’s gaze.

“Sam this is just straight up porn, you know that, right?” Alex commented, giving a few seconds for Sam to respond with a laughing emoji and a quick apology. It wasn’t anything Alex got mad at, considering she found it funny how many times Sam has attempted to send “Hyper support memes” only for them to be just porn. It was less shocking and almost an inside joke now, considering how used to it Alex was.

Realizing there was enough time spent on the phone, Alex stopped herself from opening Instagram as she went along the backside of the porch to see if Rosmarie had shrunken at all. Considering eating a burger was enough time to digest at least 700 pounds of milk weight, she had to have shrunk a bit more in that frame.

Walking back down via the porch steps, she went to go check on Rosmarie, seeing if the lady was even still there. She was, but something was very clear about her shape. The girl was still resting on her belly, but as she stood up, it seemed as though she had reached a more “reasonable” state, with her belly now just barely touching the ground. It was still making constant churning and rumbling noises, as if the milk inside her was begging to be released from her tightened stomach, but alas, it was somehow in a more manageable shape.

Oddly enough, she seemed unphased entirely by the weight of her stomach, seamlessly walking through the pillars under the porch with no issue, but instead, she had no awareness of her mass, pressing into Alex by accident before gently hopping back. It was then that Alex realized something else about her, something that became a lot harder not to realize as she took so much time staring at the belly. Rosmarie’s boobs were gigantic. From the coconuts they usually were, Rosmarie’s breasts now reigned to the size of beach balls, somehow fitting in her corset as she walked by Alex, brushing against her as the two pairs of jugs slid between each other, like swords parrying their own strike.

There was a very real mistake bound to happen, with Rosmarie grasping the post of the stairs before Alex quickly grappled the gentle palm, nodding in disapproval as Rosmarie looked at her with confusion.

“No, nononono you’re gonna break something doing that!” She shouted. The blonde could feel part of the belly swell into her own breasts as it overtook the nimble stairs, fit for only one or two people to walk down.

“Hm?” Responded the girl, confused by what Alex said.

“Oh, right... you don't speak English.”

Taking her phone out, she attempted to translate what she meant as quick as she could on google, getting the most blunt possible translation.

“Die Treppe... ist zu schwer.” She speaks in Google Translate. It vaguely sounded like German, but it was enough for Rosmarie to get what she was saying, causing her to back down as she shook her head back in embarrassment.

“Oh ja, sorry. Ich habe mich schon dran gewöhnt, zu Hause Sachen zu zertrümmern. Es macht einfach Laune zu spüren, wie man immer größer wächst.” Rosmarie commented, blushing with embarrassment. Alex didn't need to translate much to understand that the goth felt apologetic, risking it all to at least give a handshake for her commitment.

“Alright, I think we've had enough of this. I'm gonna take you back.” Shifting to the phone again, Alex attempted to shoddily type out what she meant into the translator.

“Möchtest du nach Hause gehen?”

Rosmarie, with no better way to communicate, requested a quick snatch of Alex's phone, switching to translate German to English as she typed out what she meant.

“Yes, but would you want some tea before home?” The automated translator said for Rosmarie, looking at Alex as she opened the gate out to the side of the house for the raven haired girl, causing Alex to roll her eyes as she feared where she would take her.

—

Alex had forgotten how long it had been since she had driven. Sure, she knew how to, she even had a snowmobile license, but considering the added weight, it was hard to keep it from either honking the horn or steering her wheel somewhere she didn't want it to. Because of this, she had to hunch over, letting her breasts dangle into the crevice her feet occupied, hoping not to interfere with the brakes.

“Alex, du bist so nah dran jemanden damit umzubringen.” Rosmarie mumbled to herself, likely worried about getting back.

“You'll get there, I promise!” Alex said, awkwardly thumbing up as she hunched some more, attempting to balance control and vision with two breasts that made driving a car impossible. Well, at least she wasn't Rosmarie, whose belly overtook most of the backseat. It was there Alex

realized Erza's butt had blown out of proportion too, now seeming like two logs instead of two delicate legs under her dress.

With the car cranked on, Alex waited a minute for the engine to rev up as she finally let loose, letting the vehicle leave her residence as she passed the neighborhood.

As she escaped the area, her breasts lifted up, ignoring the space on the wheel as she yearned for more visible space, entering a 50 mph zone as she revved up speed.

"Es tut mir leid, aber ich muss mich um meine eigenen Angelegenheiten kümmern."

"Yea, yea. I think I'm safe." Alex mumbled in response, unsure how to answer in this situation. As she continued to focus her attention on the road. There was a certain sound that could be heard emanating from the back, whimpering and moaning as it begged for attention. There's no way she was masturbating, right?

Not wanting to cause an incident, Alex focused on her path downtown, passing through the park as she grew closer to the school, her halfway point. Her chest pressed into the wheel as she could only hope that nothing distracted her enough to cause the wheel to be in control of her tits.

It was getting harder and harder to focus as the noises from the German girl became more loud. Exemplifying her soft noises as rubbed against the seats, with nothing for Alex to do but have it linger in her mind.

West Hometon High School was to Alex's right, giving a great view to the place as she drove past the well crafted school district. The sounds from the goth were simply too much though, with Alex unable to take it anymore. Pulling into the parking lot for a bit, she stopped the car to investigate what was going on with Rosmarie. To her surprise, what looked like milk was spilling out from the teats. As Alex got a good view, the moaning intensified with the girl, raising up as her mouth drew agape, her eyes pent with lust as she spewed milk all over the seat.

"What the fuck..." Alex whispered to herself.

"Bitte, vergib mir, aber ich muss es einfach rauslassen, es tut so gut!" Rosmarie mumbled, desperate to leap onto the driver in the parking lot. In an act of emergency, the blonde pressed the door to her left as she ejected out of the vehicle, with Rosmarie rolling down her window, heavy breasts and all, as they began to spray out of the car and into the pavement. Milk spilled like a waterfall as fear struck Alex's eyes. The girl moaned and begged for attention as she bucked and choked from the sheer need to express herself. In response, Alex tried to push her breasts back into the vehicle, but mistakenly, by the nipples.

An even louder gasp was made as the nectar flew all across the ground, with Alex making sure it didn't touch her tennis shoes. With enough pressure though, the needy teats were back



inside. Luckily, the girl's yoga ball sized belly was still inside the car, so she didn't have to wrestle that out. Stepping back into the car. Alex scurried the vehicle out of the district as she escaped off to whatever direction downtown was. Entering the school with a breast heavy loose cannon like her was a mistake.

After a solid 10 minutes of hearing nothing but Rosmarie's desperate moans like a baby crying, she finally reached where the apartment complex was to her memory. Sure, she was parked illegally, but she didn't have the time or patience to gamble on that. Taking upstairs, she looked and looked for the location of the residence of that one redhead. Slamming on a door she hoped was it, there was a pleasant surprise to see the redhead once more. Her breasts were as massive as ever as she took a sip of coffee.

"Oh, hey. I'm guessing Rosmarie had a fun day with you." Vanessa commented.

"We... didn't invite her" Alex mustered, exhausted having to haul Rosmarie back home.

"Oh, my apologies. Sometimes she just wanders off like that. Leaves info out from other people. She's certainly a sly fox."

"Yea yea, I get that."

"Listen, if there's any trouble she caused you, we can pay you back if need be."

"Nonono, that's not necessary, I just need... rest." Alex mumbled as she forgot that Rosmarie was right next to her, blasting milk to the right of her thigh.

"Well hold on- Rosmarie! Komm schon, komm zu dir! Soll ich dich melken?"

Almost on command, Rosmarie's attention singled in on Vanessa, who simply looked at her like a starved animal as she struggled to get up, relying on Alex's hand to lift herself. Teetering inside, Vanessa. Held the hand of the goth as she twitched and teetered towards her room, milk uncontrollably spilling onto the floor like a hose as Alex watched the door shut.

A massive sigh of relief was made as she pushed her back against the wall, feeling an audible pop as she was relieved of her duties. She felt her lungs heaving as her breasts strained them, causing her to use one hand to give them some lift through her pink top. They still felt stiff, or occupied or whatever. It was like a fat reserve was growing in her breasts or something. She probably needed to see a doctor about this, but right now, she just needed a break.

Taking to her phone, Alex checked to see the notification she got from Sam. The relaxation in her eyes grew to fear as she realized what was going on in the picture.

It was her car, with two enormous breasts dangling out, as another girl desperately tried to slam them back in. Underneath seemed to be a caption of sorts, screenshotted from a news station or something.

“On the lookout: Two alleged men in drag carrying ‘enormous implants’ displaying ‘explicit acts’ on school campus.”

Alex could only look with anguish on her face. Her eyes at full moon and her cheekbones pulled back. Her muscles all tensed as she felt her pectorals almost twist. Sensing her top, the reality that she’d never be able to wear this outfit again seeped into fruition. She may not have gotten into a crash somehow, but the monkey’s paw still reaped its own kind of humility.

—

## Chapter 15 –

Upon a dark road was a SUV, passing by the area with only a few metallic signs and the traffic ahead to keep intact with reality.

Inside that SUV was Alex, sitting in the front seat as her sister drove her off to an amusement park. Sam had promised a date with her, which Alex guised to the elder sibling as a decompressor from school for the girl.

There, Alex rested her arm on the seat as she looked out the window, stricken by quite a few thoughts. That Rosmarie girl was definitely a nuisance, but there was something about her that awakened something inside. While she was feeling achy before, now she feels sensitive almost all the time. Not to the point of pain, but her boobs always felt more tender, yet also more hard. Sometimes her boobs felt floppy, sometimes like they had implants.

“You feeling okay, Righty?” Vella said, still keeping the nickname Alex had in middle school, where her right boob had grown noticeably larger than the other during puberty.

“I’m doing good, just thinking...”

Vella knew of the whole “Juggalo the Clown” incident as it was told. Luckily, Alex wore a binder around the classes, so it was easier to hide behind the mask for that, but she still made a fool out of herself trying to get a pent up girl who was ready to explode back into a car by boobage alone. Not only that, but because of the whole B3 rumors, there were a lot of allegations thrown towards them instead.

Still, it meant being grounded from leaving the house after that for a whole week. Couldn’t even text Sam after the fact, so she was left in the dark on her thoughts.

Everything about Sam just frustrated her right now. The girl was as innocent as a butterfly, but that's what was beginning to throw around Alex. She hadn't really had sex before, but everything about how innocently Sam treated her just felt wrong. It felt like Alex needed to be called "Cowtits McGee" or "The Largest Living Mammary" in order to feel corrected. Yet, whenever that girl was around, she just wanted to be there to help out. It was like Sam was pent up, ready to unleash some sexual dragon inside of her and split Alex in half, but the blonde just didn't have the right time or place to admit it.

Alex's breasts felt warm again. Her nipples felt like they were being stung from the inside as a strange sense enveloped her chest, like circulation was building up inside them. She let out a huff of breath as she leaned her head further into the side of the window. She could feel every inch of her breast being pushed through the arm of the door, with the turtleneck she was wearing doing nothing for covering how naked she felt, something the puffy coat she had over that couldn't support either.

Not only that, but they felt bigger. They could've been, she hadn't measured in the last month, but against her cold, sweaty bra they felt like they accompanied more of her lap. She could only guess how Sam felt about them. The desperate girl had to tell her, she had to smother Sam in boob meat until she milked the two nips like a cow. She didn't lactate, unlike her friends Erza or Rosmarie, but she certainly felt desperate to feel the touch of that girl's soft hands, letting her sleek hair touch her shoulder as they embraced.

Suddenly, a bump in the road caught the two off guard, with gravity sending the car around. Even under two layers, Alex's breasts whisked around like clubs in the vehicle, hitting the driver as they nearly blinded the girl under such a dark path. The wheel whirled around, the girl struggling to get the car back in place as Alex slunked her breasts to the correct seat.

After a few sighs of both relief and yearning for air, Vella looked down at her sister, bending her back as she expected a scolding. The tomboy felt like a tiny little rat under the weight of her high up, business oriented sister.

"Alex!" The only words that Vella could muster in her shock. She simply made a hum of distaste and built up anger as one hand clawed in rage. "The amusement park was right there. We're gonna have to wait 5 more minutes now."

"I'm sorry Vella, I can't control these things." Responded the blonde, the one with a slightly sandier tint to their hair.

"Arms! You remember what I said about arms! What mom said about arms! You have to hold your left breast in the front seat if you don't want to crash us."

"Yea but that's because I was looking for... the tickets! Hold on, they're... they're" as Alex whisked around the cup holders, expecting one of the tickets to be there. To her shock though, they weren't.

“Uhh, Vella. You did put the tickets in the cup holder, right?”

The blonde, frozen in fear, looked down at Alex as she realized the tickets were on the kitchen counter.

“Alex, you-“ Unable to even have words for this matter, the woman began to breath heavier, her muscles tensed as Alex could only question what the punishment was this time.

“Ok you know what? No, you’re not going back. We’re going to Thomas Tarantula’s.”

“Wait, but-“

“No buts, I forgot the tickets, I’ll pay for both of you girls, I have the ability to.”

“But Vella we had pla-“

“Listen... I’ve had enough to handle tonight. It’s been a long week at work and this was already enough.”

“But, we-“

“No buts, okay?!” Vella shouted. As Alex caught attention to her, she noted how her sister seemed a little pudgier than she usually was. “I just need a rest, that’s all. I’ll give you enough money for the night, just let me rest at home.”

Alex, looking at her worn out sister, sighed. As much as she wanted to argue to go back, a sleep-deprived, imbalanced sister wasn’t going to listen.

—

Looking out at the faint lights of storefronts in the parking lot got boring after a while. The same cars remained stagnant, the same people just went in and out, and looking inside Thomas Tarantula’s would only ruin her own fun with it.

The girl simply stood out in the lukewarm atmosphere as she looked down at her phone. Sam seemed pretty willing to revisit here, but it felt wrong. She had built up this night with Sam for weeks now, only for it to squander last second because of one mistake. The only thing she could hope for was that she showed up.

Making sure no kids were around, Alex placed her hands around the ends of her chest, adjusting her bra some more before popping her head around one more time to spy on any passerby.

Peering off left again, she spotted Sam's car, passing into the view as she felt a spark inside her. The vehicle found a spot near the front of the parking lot, with the brunette opening the door to her car.

Alex felt stunned seeing her outfit, watching Sam burst into action wearing the cutest plaid sweetheart neck, with string thin straps connecting to her shoulders as they hugged a white long sleeved top. Alex recognized a bunny shaped necklace as she stepped closer, before staring down and noticing the high raised belt covering her stomach like a corset, keeping together a black denim skirt that was enough to cover her thighs.

Prancing along with a leather purse touching her thighs, she hopped onto the sidewalk in her fancy beige sandals, before taking a good look at Alex's curious face.

"Can I just say I'm sorry that I had to bail on the meetup?" Alex huffed, out of breath by the efforts Sam went through to look appealing. She didn't even have makeup on, while her partner had a nice eyeliner that made her aquamarine eyes pop out just a little bit more. "Also Sam you look absolutely beautiful I don't know how else to put it."

"Oh Alex.. you flatter me too much."

"No I mean it, you slay in that, you're the queen of the school."

"Aww, don't say that." Sam said gently with her head zoomed into her partner's face. "Also please, it's fine that we couldn't go, I haven't heard much from you since you got grounded."

"Yea, sorry about that." Alex said, mumbling past why she was grounded in the first place. She didn't really know what else to say, trying to rest her grudges with Vella, and simply enjoy spending the moment with Sam. "So, how was your weekend?"

"Good, I've been so occupied with my project that I lost my sense of time. I wasted all that time with you and your milk gig, and forgot that the project should be done next week."

"Oh shoot, I forgot that May's closing in! You're finally gonna be out of school like I am!"

"Yea, I've been meaning to find a way to celebrate, but I'm exhausted enough."

"Then I guess we should use that time here, eh?" Commented Alex, pointing inside.

Having no option, Sam obliged, following the girl into the kid's restaurant, or entertainment center, arcade, whatever they were called.

The two were quickly treated to a nice, green light, illuminating the checkerboard carpet floor. Countless balloons were decorated on the wall, while a menu glowed above a disgruntled employee.

After paying for a few good tokens, the girls walked to the left to find a nice blow of nostalgia in this new enterprise, with Alex enamored by the endless amounts of arcade games, the prizes laid out the walls, and most importantly, the funhouse.

Detached from Sam, or any sense of humanity, Alex jolted like a cheetah towards the jungle of slides, nets, and ladders, her arms raised as she kept her chest from bouncing too far.

However, that failed to stop her from bumping into the mascot in front of her, hitting its chest as she felt a bump at her neck through its outfit. The two teetered around, Sam once again fearing any of the arcade booths crashing in the process.

Upon looking up, she saw a person in a mascot suit, one of the koala looking things that was a drummer. It seemed rather shocked, bowing in apology as it shook her hand. She got a good look at its whiskered face, and its cute little beady eyes as it nervously made a pose to the girl, causing the tomboy to scratch her head for a moment. In a panic, the monster scooted between Alex's right breast, eager not to disturb her presence, as it indented into as if skimming across water.

With Sam passing along, she soon realized as well how tight the space between a lot of these games was. Plus, Alex wasn't lying when she said her boobs felt bigger. They looked like they were taking up the entire corner she walked through. Jollily prancing along the corridor of devices, her breasts nearly broke each decade old machine in a rhythmic manner, with Sam ready to jab any rogue boobflesh back in case it got too close to a power cord. After enough sliding through, the blonde looked at her destination, eager to find no kids along the ride. In fact, barely any kids were in the area, other than the few glued to the arcade games, and the pair playing air hockey by the corner.

"Uhh, what's going on down there?" Sam asked, needing to lean a bit as Alex realized she was in the way.

"Oh whoops, come along. I was really, really wanting to get in the Monster Pipes."

"Alex, you weigh 230 pounds. Don't."

"C'moon~, It'll be fun!"

"It'll be a lawsuit. C'mon, let's do... oh hey! Alex it's Doodle Jump!"

"Oh my gosh it is!" She squeaked, seeing the vendor on the right. Her butt was seen from underneath the flesh, jiggling back and forth in a hypnotic fashion under her jeans which seemed to be too tight. Sam couldn't tell if the rips around her thighs were a fashion sense or a fashion malfunction.

Quickly shoving a coin into the machine, Alex mashed her breasts into the edge of the plastic board as she splayed her tush like a cat. Sam backed away due to past experiences, not wanting to cause any more liabilities from a push of the girl's tightened buttocks.

Vaguely, Sam could see the green creature bouncing along its gridlike environment, climbing platforms and using springs to further itself. The iconic sounds of the thing firing as Alex nabbed its signature propeller hat.

It was hard to believe Alex managed to fit all her chest fat onto the counter. Well, she managed to fit some, but the girl had a good grip on the game, even as her breasts pushed into the screen, with Sam only guessing her nipples were staring at the ground.

As Sam looked back towards the girl, avoiding spending time staring at her jiggly, overenthusiastic butt cheeks that easily outmatched skeeballs despite their denim prisons, she realized the blonde was doing a great job at the game, blasting through monsters upon the minimal platforms she found at the pillars of the map.

"Jeez, how much did you play this game again?"

"I played it all the time at arcades, I know there was one at Disney World the one time I went, as well as this fancy hotel in Louisiana." She clamored on, seamlessly playing the game while time passed.

"You know it's on phones, right?"

"It's on phones?!" She exclaimed, shocked that this phone based game had originated there.

"Yea, what made you think otherwise?"

"I dunno, never bothered to look up, Booble Jump is just something I play when I see it at arcades."

Sam, standing blushed, couldn't help but be dumbfounded by the girl's statement, her hands raised a bit in shock. "Wait, Booble Jump?"

"Is that what I said? Oh shoot..." Alex murmured to herself. "I mean I guess it's fine, I'm already a walking sexual misconduct policy so what can you do?"

In response, she felt herself freeze in shock to the behavior Alex was inhibiting, fearing some innocent child being destroyed by Alex's words.

"Alex, you should tone down..."

“Oh yeah. Sorry!” She said, blushing a little herself as she resumed Doodle Jump, now peaking the 60k score marker.

Sam simply watched as Alex marched through more and more of the depths of the game, wondering how far the Doodle Jump sky could reach. Alex, on the other hand, controlled her joystick with the combination of her palms and her breasts as a last minute brake.

“So uhh... I also noticed you didn't bother with your binder again. I'm guessing they still haven't gone back to normal.”

“Yeah, I'm ordering a few new bras soon. I'm kinda worried about my condition right now.”

“Do you think you're gonna get bigger?” Sam asked, with reasonable worry that Alex was too busy to gauge.

“Yeah, they've been getting way too big as of late, and it's getting on my nerves. I've never had them grow this fast.”

“It's not gonna hurt you, is it?”

“Sam, as long as I can stand it, I'll be fine. You've seen me carry 700 liters of milk in here, I'm sure a few extra pounds can't hurt.”

“But you don't fear anything else? You've been acting a little weird lately, no offense. I just hope you're okay.”

“I'm fine, but... if you want me to be honest, my boobs are hurting a little more than usual, and I've been more... out of breath.”

“Are they heavier?” The girl insisted, holding back the instinct to lift the two sweater puppies. “If so we could look for something to support them.”

“Oh no.” She chuckled back. “I mean they're like... they feel... It's like they're more tight than usual, like boobs are supposed to be more fatty at the size I'm at but they feel like something's inside them.”

“Is there anything I could do to help? You've talked to a doctor about this, right?”

“I mean, I don't really have a doctor to help out with this, sorta just been doing fine myself.” She said, “Actually wait, hold on... shush for a second.”

Alex, now focused deep into the game, squeezed her chest down as she closed in on the last section of the so called limitless game, jumping past crude monsters and UFOs as she broke a



small sweat. A small groan could be heard as she continued, onward, ready to reach the end of the line.

Almost as soon as Alex reached the goal, she shot back, her back bent as the screen flashed red and yellow to her pain. Sam watched her knees weaken as she groaned in reaction, huffing on the ground standing like a dog.

“Oh god, are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine \*huff\*, just those weird pangs. It’s like my boobs have their own stomach \*gasp, and they had a ton of greasy food.”

“We can call this off if you really want to, Alex-“

“It’s fine, really! I’m totally okay.” She said, getting lifted by an eager to help Sam. Wrapping her arms around Sam’s shoulders like a drunkard, showering her breasts down to the brunette’s lap. “Hold on, lemme get... the...”

In a nervous fit, Alex attempted to pick up the tickets like some kind of sausage, stacking the thousand she just earned in her sweaty palms, all while Sam let her partner get a decent grip on her.

“C’mon, you wanna try and get more tickets? That skeeball game should be easy?” The blonde exclaimed, slowly getting back to her healthier senses. She seemed happy, despite the issues with her breasts, and Sam didn’t want to ruin the moment for her friend. Maybe it would be best if she just let Alex enjoy the night, and they could worry about it tomorrow?

After depositing another coin, skee balls began to roll down from a dispenser, with Alex quickly grabbing them and tossing them to the goal. However, what Sam didn’t expect was that when the skee balls rolled to her breasts, they seemed to have some kind of push by them, as if they were some kind of trampoline. Because of that, they would fly forward when she leaned in to toss a ball.

“Hey, hey Alex.” Said Sam, careful not to disturb the joyous judy. Alex only needs to turn her head a smidge for Sam to understand the cue.

“You could possibly make some goals if you pushed your boobs hard enough.”

Looking at the trajectory, there seemed to be some chutes that only needed a good roll to really make it into the goal, and not wanting to lose any opportunities with a ticking clock, she lunged her ribs forward, bouncing her breasts like a pinball bumper to see 5 vacant balls barrage the goals, with gravity pushing them all over the place as she tossed the ball in her own hands.

Realizing this rigged strategy, she continued her antics, slamming her chest harder and harder as she watched the balls hit endless goals, with the score counter only rising more and more as Alex became as giddy as a kid again.

“You sure you’re not too old for this, Alex?” Sam joked with the girl.

“C’mon, you saying no to free tickets? Actually wait Sam, Sam, grab one of those skee balls QUICK!” The girl said, continuing her cycle of bouncing and tossing the various white balls, pointing at one lone white sphere at the corner stuck under Alex’s right breast.

Sam, taking little chances, threw the ball as Alex kept an eye on her, aiming at the center of her chest as Alex perfectly deflected the ball, sending it straight towards the tiny hole marked 100 without issue.

With a smile, the girl with a ponytail rolled her eyes, just happy to see Alex enjoying herself. After a good run, the timer ran out as tickets began to pour, Alex raising fists as she ‘woo-hoo’d’ in excitement. However, her ecstatic nature ran short when she realized her efforts only went towards about 500 tickets, half of what Booble Jump gave.

Not only that, but as Alex’s cheering reached its climax, she looked to the left, seeing that same monster staring her down with its koala like ears, holding a pair of Thomas Tarantula balloons as Alex felt reality begin to kick in. She began to wrap her arms around each other, squishing her breasts as a reflex to avoid coping with the realization about how childish she was acting.

Regardless, the monster simply walked along, with Alex only able to stare in a nervous fit as Sam followed suit. It seemed like someone or something was signaling her, as a light seemed to flare from the curtains not too far away.

“Ladies and Gentlekids, Boys and Girls. Thomas Tarantula’s Fuzzy Funcert is just around the corner! We’ll be starting the show in 5 minutes! Bateline and Lil’ Duckling here are just jumping with joy to join you, they might even eat one of you up! Just kidding! We’re so excited to meet you!”

With the goofy, iconic voice of Thomas Tarantula subsiding from the dated microphone, Sam looked back to Alex, whose chest was laden with an enormous bundle of bubblegum colored tickets.

“I’m guessing you want to see their little show?” Asked the less occupied girl, placing her hand on her jeans skirt as Alex’s puffed up face grew more underneath her excitement.

Passing all the arcade machines once more, with Alex making sure not to crush any smaller ones underneath her figure, she made it to the ticket cruncher, or as they liked to call it, the Crunchmeister.

He was some kind of green ghost, bearing a gnarled face and a sharp, bulbous nose. It was unbearably thin, with miniature bumps appearing as elbows for his twiggy arms. There, he sat on top of a wooden chest bearing sharp teeth, looking angered and drooling for its next meal. One could see the inside of the monster, where a green light illuminated it as though it were ectoplasm.

“Gahahahaha! Welcome my lair, little ones, must you give more tickets for my hungry little friend?” Spoke the animatronic, with a sinister voice distorted by the passage of time. It was clear that while Thomas Tarantula’s did move, they never bothered to actually update a lot of the machinery.

“That seems a bit demeaning, doesn’t it?” Sam responded.

“Oh god, I used to be terrified of this guy!”

“Oh I remember. I always had to scan your tickets because you always ran off to the corner when you heard that thing go off.”

“It was sca- ok for a 7 year old it’s scary, but I’m an adult, I’m not scared of these things anymore!”

Stubbornly placing her tickets into the slot, the machine quickly began to activate as the chest’s mouth munched open and closed, with the Crunchmeister piercing through ticket by ticket. Alex jolted at the sight of it, but settled back to Earth pretending to be normal, ignoring Sam’s stare with a stubborn gaze out the dark window to her right.

The tickets continued to be devoured, chewing through hundreds as the pile on the floor grew smaller and smaller. On a LCD display, a number skyrocketed as Sam pointed her vision towards it, watching it reach a good 1000 into the machine.

However, it suddenly stopped, making audible thinking noises before the audio box inside began to clamor.

“Hooohoo, more! More!” The ghoul said, with a mechanical arm clapping the chest. Raising her arms another time, Alex realized she needed to feed it the remaining tickets that were littered across the floor, ready to meet their demise in the chest of doom. Rolling them in once more, Alex held her fears as she bent down, rolling in some of the remaining tickets to be devoured by their executioner.

All of the sudden, a force was put over her head, causing the girl to yip like a dog as she froze in place. It took a second to realize that it was simply Sam’s hand resting over her, soothing the tensed up blob of meat, whose face turned red as she succumbed to her embarrassment.

Momentarily, the device rung, dispatching a purple card from a dispenser as the devious chest giggled once more.

“Don’t spend it all in one place, or do! Your tickets will be in good stomachs! Kekekekeke!”

Picking up the card, Alex saw a printed number on it, stating how many tickets were available to use with it. Staring back at the prize corner, though, she saw a plethora of prizes. Slinkies, big stuffed animals, puzzle boards, action figures, toys of all kinds littered the walls and in the glass displays below. An employee seemed nearby, but was absent for the time being, making Alex question when they’d get there.

After a minute, support arrived, with a familiar Duckling hand waving at them from the staff exclusive room, with a familiar “Van Moment Pleez!” Being heard. An audible zip was heard, before Alex realized who exactly it was that was the employee here.

None other than Rosmarie had appeared once more, rocking her L cup breasts in her green Thomas Tarantula polo. She adjusted her black hair some, as it was distorted by the mascot outfit she was trapped in, giving a great big smile to her customers as Alex’s eyes raised.

“Welcome to Thomas Tarantulas!” Rosmarie said slowly, making sure she was in the correct tone. “Vat would you like zu...” looking back to her phone, Rosmarie had to check a notepad to remember what to say in this situation. “Vat would you like zu redeem?”

“Uhhh... isn’t that the girl that we met at the alleyway?” Sam murmured.

“Yea, lets just uh...” Alex, tapping her hand on the counter, tried to make this encounter as quick as she could. She didn’t realize the girl was working here, which only made her more worried what Sam would think after such an encounter. Her chest felt warm with fear as she confronted the gothic German girl again, as well as warm with pressure.

“We’ll take uh... that one!” Alex said, pointing at a foam torpedo hung at the wall.

Skipping to the shelf like a dog, she reached up with her tippy toes, pushing her breasts into the nearby wall. Unfortunately a small poster as she quickly realized her mistake. After a quick swipe, Rosmarie walked back with the walkie-talkies, which clearly wasn’t at all what Alex asked for. The mishap caught her attention too much as she rushed to reframe the cheap Minions poster.

“No, the torpedo, my apologies.” Alex said, pointing to the right.

Still, it seemed that Rosmarie didn’t comprehend that she only wanted the torpedo, stacking the talkies with the toy. Somehow though, it seemed that Alex still had enough to buy both of them, so rather than arguing any more, she just accepted that she’d just need to purchase them and move on.

“Hey everybody, the big show starts in just one minute! Grab your seats, cause it’s about to be a hair-raising night!”

Realizing they didn’t have much time, the girls ended up just giving Rosmarie the card and signing off, wishing her a good day as the two whisked off, carrying their goodies along the way.

Grabbing some seats near the front of the stage, Sam and Alex shuffled around as the lights dimmed and they announced the stars the restaurant was named after.

First arose Duckling once more, sharing his beady eyes that flicked around as he sat by his signature drums. His yellow, fluffy fuzz, while stained, seemed ready for action as he played a quick drum solo that any Tarantula Twotimer could recognize.

Second came Batison, bearing her own fuzzy, violet skin, wearing a black skirt and a big gray t-shirt that bore a skull that shouted “I’M BONED”. That didn’t detract from her bat wings at all, shifting to action as Batison moved her arms up to her face, robotically brushing her bob cut as she held a smug face using her cartoonish eyes, all while her silver crown mechanically hopped up and to her head again.

Lastly, Thomas himself, his lime green arms waving as the stage pulled him and his mic in. In his hands was a sparkle covered purple electric guitar straight from the 90s, with orange nubs serving as fingers. With glee, the cubic face of Thomas smiled at the audience, looking as goofy as ever with the relaxed eyes and big gaping buck teeth, all topped with a big top hat and tie.

“Late night, isn’t it? Huh huh. We’re still happy to see all you kids show up, but just remember to get some rest afterwards, the last thing you’d want is to have bad sleep after a birthday!”

As the band began to ready their instruments, Alex began to fidget a little, feeling out of orbit once more as she rested the two prizes under her mammaries. After all, she wouldn’t want goblins trying to take them.

“You feeling okay?” Sam asked with quiet concern. “Is your outfit feeling too snug?”

“I mean it’s pretty tight, but no. That’s not it.”

“Then what’s going on?”

“God, I really missed these guys. I really shouldn’t but I do, and I hate myself for it.” Alex mumbled to herself. There was a smile that was hard to tell between laughing at herself or hating herself.

“Why’s that, they’re cool!”

"They're not, shut up!" Alex shouted quietly. "They're just a stupid kids band, no reason to get all uppity over them."

"I mean yeah, but you can't deny you missed them, look at your face." Pointing it out, Sam saw the clear picture of Alex blushing red as she crossed her arms, unable to deny Sam's point as hot breath exuded from her. She used her mammaries almost as big pillows to abuse as she tried to delve deeper into denying her innate love for the ghastly group.

"You know it's kinda sad how much I loved the bat when growing up, she was always the coolest." Alex mumbled. "But the internet, hoo-boy~"

"Yeah, I remember looking her up on images for a project, there is so much like weird... balloon pics of her on just the front page, and that's not even mentioning the straight up..." Sam, taking a second of hesitation, couldn't say those words she really wanted to, since it was a children's foundation. "You know what I mean."

"Yeah, it's a shame. People are disgusting."

"Yeah, especially with all those fanfics, just made the world a worse place." Mumbled Sam, extinguishing her hatred for that kind of erotica for a moment. "Anyways, have you been doing anything of note? I've just been occupied with my projects."

"Oh yeah! How's that been?" Alex responded with a keen ear.

"Good, I haven't really talked much but I've actually been researching a ton on B3's methods. It's actually really interesting to see a lot of the public information they give on the process of digestion. Apparently, they've figured out some kind of compound that can take trans fats and shields itself around it, where it then repurposes the hormone into some kind of cis fat. It doesn't cause weight loss, but it apparently can be a major boost to health."

"And you're sure it's not just some kind of marketing game for easy money?"

"I mean, from what I've read, they seem to have some great results. Like there's women who have had complete makeovers thanks to these, and actually seem to be a great motivator for losing weight. I guess that may be what caused someone like Rosmarie to get so hyper."

"Hyper in a... shape sense?"

"I mean I guess, but I'm referring to the energy she has. Actually, have you noticed that a lot of the girls under these effects are rather athletic?"

"Well, I've seen a few that challenge that, but I see your point, none of them seem... disadvantaged for a lack of better terms."

“I think that’s part of the enzyme’s effect, where it causes a lot of unhealthy fats to be diffused through the body thanks to certain binders to fat clusters.”

“HA-SHHHHHhhhhhh!” A figure alarmed towards the chattering ladies.

The two girls quickly shushed as they looked to the right, seeing Rosmarie once again, staring the two down with those shivering, raptor-like eyes. Those eyes looked as though they could kill a man, with Rosmarie just ready to strangle the girls if they so much as talked.

After a few awkward seconds coated with the singing of animatronic robots, the girl shifted back to being joyous as she patted the two on the heads like dogs, before gracefully passing along the rest of the corner.

Alex and Sam, a little dumbfounded, just stood there making faces as they tried to recover from their crimes, the busty one placing an elbow on her breasts as the hand shaded her face, while Sam hugged her own shoulders as she looked at the singing robots.

“Hey, uh- I... wouldn’t mind going outside... if you want to just talk there.” Alex whispered quietly, as not to alert the guard.

Sam, sitting for a moment, hesitated with her answer, but eventually gave an accepting nod. The song was wrapping up anyways, and judging by Alex’s face, she seemed a little desperate to answer whatever was on her mind.

“Hey, do you mind if I just uh... order a pizza before we went? Just need to refresh myself a bit.” Spoke Alex. Sure, she was a big eater, but she never was this spontaneous unless whatever it was, it was really stressful.

—

The two took their way out, hearing a ring from the store’s little tiny bells at the entrance, as Alex pointed towards an alleyway not too far from the restaurant. She tried to hold in a burp from the greasy meal she had, but released as they were both halfway out.

“Couldn’t escape in time, huh?” Sam asked.

“Heh, I guess...” The girl mumbled, scratching her back as she tried to look the other way. She patted her stomach a little as the whole extra large pizza rested inside. Well, 7/8ths, since Sam had a slice of her mushroom pizza.

“Since we’re out, I’ve actually been meaning to say something but it’s hard to express in there. It would be easier somewhere... personal.” She said, her voice sounding more awkward than normal. While a little worried, she trusted Alex, so not having much else to resist, the two went

along the brick path, littered with some papers as the corner felt narrow thanks to a certain someone's chest.

Not only that, but something about Alex's chest felt... stiff. It was as if they were being unnaturally raised in some way. Even in her usual attire, her chest felt like something was pushing to fit all space she could within her mass, despite not having a compression bra.

"Hey Sam, I have a question. Really awkward one."

"Hm?" Responded the girl standing from behind."

"How often do you masturbate?" She asked, staring into Sam's eyes with some kind of feeling enveloping the two. Sam felt shocked, not at all expecting such a strange question.

"I... don't, I don't uhh... masturbate. Sorry."

"No, no that's... totally fine!" Alex responded with a giggle. "I don't either, but it just feels like recently it's been so hard not to think about the idea for whatever reason. I've just felt so... pent up with something. Is it just being in a relationship causing this? I know you said no to going at... it... the thing... you know."

"I still don't know, Alex. I feel like I'll just need time to think about it." Sam said as she understood the implication.

"Sam you don't... hate how I look, do you?" Alex nervously mentioned, cupping her chest for a moment.

"No, Alex, I mean you really do look wonderful, and it's not just your assets, your little pixie cut is cute, your eyes are magic, and I guess... I don't know, you just look super cute. I would've asked you out if we weren't best friends in elementary school. Back when I thought you were a-

"A boy?" Alex cut in, taking a moment to laugh some more, masking a peach colored blush in her cheek. "But heh... thanks. Although, I guess on a more... how do... fuck it, Sam, do you think my boobs are hot?"

Sam almost saw the steamy breath blow across Alex's face, feeling closer and closer as the warmth of the girl's skin could be felt. The further steps she made, the more pronounced she tried to make them, lifting the two breasts casually on both of Sam's sides.

"I guess, for the longest of time, I was always worried you specifically would be grossed out by them in some way, and I wanted to know if that put you off about me? Please be honest, it's just... I dunno- I feel bad about the sorta things I've done like dragging you along for eating like a full fridge in body weight."



“Alex, I... I mean...” Sam tried to calmly state her answer, though it was difficult to do as she felt pressured.

Alex wasn't right, her arms pressed close and she looked scrunched. It was as if she was falling apart at the seams, with her heavy breath, predator-esque eyes, and steaming, sweaty body. The one she was talking to inside seemed to be gone, replaced by this fiend that needed to latch onto Sam or else she'd explode.

“Alex, you... they're... uh...” Sam, fidgeting some, wanted to be nice to her girlfriend, but it was hard to really express the more sexual side of the girl. “This will be odd to ask, but are your boobs alright?” She asked, hoping to sidetrack her.

“They're... ah... uhhh...” Alex, hesitating, tried to find a way to sidetrack the conversation, but couldn't seem to think of anything outside of the truth, too blinded from her delirium.

“I'll- I will admit, something's wrong. I don't know what it is, I don't know how to admit it to a doctor, I don't know if I'll even make it.” She said with some pants. “I just... I hated the idea of bringing it up because I wanted to feel better, but something's wrong. I feel more emotional, more all over the place, I feel like a mess.”

The girl thrashed around the confines as she tried to cope with these issues, placing her hand on the wall as she admitted to her mistakes. In the midst of this though, her breathing was far more accelerated, rising up as she attempted to cool down, only advancing the troubles.

It was as if her chest was pulsating, her nipples poking through her shirt as her face grew more red. Her legs tightened against the crimson wall as she tried to correct her bent back, gripping both ends of the wall as she faced towards Sam.

“Hey, you wanna make out?” Alex casually, but desperately mentioned.

“Alex, I love you, but don't you think this is a little too intense for now?” Sam commented, backing away from the heated girl. Even under a spring night, her breath could be seen steaming away as she approached the taller girl.

“No it'll be fine, we can keep this here, it's just I'm so over the place, I need something to express myself to!”

“I think we should just take a breather, please.”

“But I love you, and I just- I really just want to be more with you, and just ahn~” Alex's brain regressed more as she fell further down her own madness, overrun by hormones backed up in her body.

“Alex, I-“

Without hesitation, Alex pounced onto Sam, pinning her to the wall using her chest alone. The brunette's breathing amplified as she tried to hold back the urge to yelp, but was quickly defused by a sloppy, yet passionate pair of lips pressing against her own.

Sam felt her conscious melt too under the soft moans Alex made under their kiss. It was clear the tomboy had been holding these feelings in for quite a while, whipping her arms desperately near Sam's shoulders in an attempt to pull more of the girl forward. It was as if she had been thinking about how to engage Sam like this for a very, long time, finally letting it out in a primal fit.

The brunette could feel rubbing against her back, getting caressed by Alex as she tried to pull Sam deeper into a kiss. It was hard for Sam to do anything in this state. Sure, she knew the feeling of Alex's lips, but it was different, so much more different here.

All she could do was stay frozen as more breast meat drowned her resistance back, one not fearful of the makeout, but distraught at what decision was right. Her whole body felt pressed against the wall, flattened by the tight and swollen breasts billowing from the desperate girl.

Eventually, Alex's eyes opened, scarlet with lust as she tried to find some kind of weak point of Sam, although her sloppy attempts of finding the girl simply resulted in Alex fondling her own breasts in the process.

After a solid minute or two of desperate kissing, the two separated, with a silent look on Sam as Alex removed her tongue, stifling her breath as her lower teeth grew visible in her gape. Sam's mouth was opened by the smallest amount, while Alex was gasping for breath. The sensation of lust almost literally choking her out.

However, it seemed that at least some kind of sense came to Alex, but it wasn't one Sam was happy to see.

It was clear Alex had some kind of clarity, realizing Sam wasn't comfortable with the hard pressed smooch she had. The girl was stopped at her tracks, hyperventilating as she looked deep into Sam's eyes, her body quick to catch with her mind that felt heartbroken by the disapproval Sam had given through her body language.

The brunette rubbed her shoulders, looking the other way as if Alex wasn't staring into her crystal blue eyes that breathed heavier than Alex, but much slower.

"I... fuck... I just... no I mean..." Alex was mumbling nonsense, clearly overrun by hormones to the point where she couldn't behave normally anymore, twitching and lifting her arms in unnatural ways. "I'm hurting you, no I... I didn't... I'm-"

"Alex, it's okay, I'm not-"

“I can’t! I’m a fucking monster! Just a fucking disgusting monster that hurts people!” She shouted, clawing her hands as she couldn’t tell whether to leave or stay.

“No, please!”

“I’m just a fucking horrible, uncontrollable monster!” She shouted, rushing off in a fit of desperation and rage, overcome with feelings that Sam had never seen from her.

She attempted to follow, but her consciousness felt glued to the ground, feeling her own sense of anxiety and guilt overcome her. It wasn’t that Sam had to reject her, it’s just that she went too far for her own good. It was impossible to process the trancelike state brought by Alex’s passionate kiss, but at the same time try and reconcile with a girl holding 200 pounds of breasts that could kill someone.

Sam, as much as she tried to analyze her partner’s overabundance of hormones, couldn’t bring herself to a reasonable conclusion. She had already begun to get her feet off the ground, reconnecting with friends, making new ones, and now it felt like she was just going to collapse all over again. It was this kind of behavior that pushed so many others away, especially that one person in the past.

The brunette got to her knees as her face went dim, her eyes gravitating to the ground as she felt the color desaturate from her pupils. Her breathing rose as she thought more of Alex’s reaction, the person she cared so much for, now pushed due to her own boundaries being set. She wanted to feel like the victim, but for what? She drove this beautiful, charming woman to her limits, and now their relationship wouldn’t be the same. She didn’t even know how she could even get home that night.

Trying to piece herself together mentally, she twitched and dragged her feet together as they thawed from the emotional turmoil as she tried to run out to the parking lot.

However, Sam had to halt as she saw Alex interacting with someone. They had a strange suit on, covering them to the waist as they were lined with strange tech.

It was The Doctor.

They seemed to be talking in some way, with Alex discussing something with her. She wanted to go out there and do something, but what The Doctor said made her stop in her tracks.

“You seem to be suffering from some kind of hormonal imbalance.” The girl said, splaying her nails to the girl. “Here, come with me to my car. I’ll let you sign a form, and then set you up to have your body fixed up, does that sound good?”

She never trusted that girl, always shady, looking for someone to pick on, and ever since Alex came back to the high school she's been rumored to want some kind of punishment on the larger girl.

Before Alex showed up, everyone always talked about The Doctor's enormous chest. One kid had a claim that she got them from a curse, another said she was just born like that, however, the rumor on Sam's mind was the one about that one transfer girl, the one who had a large chest, albeit nowhere near as massive as the masked girl in twintails, but was taller, more popular, the likes. One day, she manages to go missing, never to be seen again. However, many have cited this girl was kidnapped, filled to the brim with fluid until her breasts were larger than the school itself. One would laugh it off as nonsense, but with what Sam had learned about Alex, or Erza, or that Rosmarie girl, it was obvious how far her disbelief could be spread, and whatever the Doctor had in plan for that girl, wasn't going to end well, especially as she saw The Doctor's pink spiked bat in her open truck door.

There seemed to be some kind of plastic container next to her, which when the door to the building opened, Rosmarie came out to accept.

Sam, looking back to the alleyway, realized something, citing one of the doors open to the building. What she assumed was an iron shut door at first actually seemed to have a doorstep over it, for whatever reason.

While she would've ignored trespassing, she watched the Doctor walk into the building, leaving Alex to get into the truck as she slammed the door, still visibly upset by the scene brought with her and her girlfriend.

Taking the risk, Sam went into the building, peeking to see an empty staff room and the same container, picked clean by Rosmarie as she stepped out for a moment.

Sam didn't know why she was doing this. There wasn't a sensible option anymore as any chance she got would look like her spying, and whatever reason Alex agreed to get in the car, she had to know why.

Looking at the box in the pale, uninviting room with checkerboard walls, Sam saw some packaging for a product called "B-Milk - A supplement for those experiencing effects of any kind of hypercephaly"

Before Sam could even read the box further, the sound of footsteps could be heard from the other side, raising Sam's stress higher. Having no other choice, she opened the box from a certain lid, before cramping herself in with the speck of time she had.

Sam was in complete darkness, breathing as she bent back into the container as she could only guess what was happening around her.

All of the sudden though, she felt the area around her go light, as the sound of a door creaked once more. She was being taken back to the truck!

The only option Sam had to do was breath slowly, holding her breath as she heard Rosmarie carrying her back. Everything around her was tense, but she had no way of letting loose, only able to play the act and see what was going to happen. Although, she could only think about where The Doctor planned to take Alex, and if either of them would make it back in one piece; metaphorically and, moreso to Alex's degree, physically.

Chapter 16 –

---

Sam had been completely quiet, waiting without a trace of sound behind whatever box she crawled in before. Boxes could be sensed nearby, rustling and such with unknown substances inside. She could only guess bottles were in the right container, while machinery was to her front. She didn't know how she wasn't caught, but alas, she was going wherever Alex was. Even if it was uncomfortable, compressed, and not fit for a taller than average high school girl, she had a plan.

Still, even with her mind trying to wrap around what she was going to do once she escaped, Alex's meltdown just wouldn't leave her head. Of course she loved her, but Alex looked heartbroken by the rejections she made back there, overwhelmed and teared up.

It was just that Alex was so passionate, so forceful and desperate for something clearly further than simple affection. Even though Sam was an adult, it's just that she wasn't ready to dive into that just yet. Of course, she had her own "privacies", especially since her own secrets got busted at that sleepover, but the actual action of sex was just too much to really take in.

However, whatever was going on with Alex wasn't right, and whatever The Doctor was going to do with Alex was especially alarming. Taking her away in some "B3 Approved Vehicle" as she simply accepted her fate like death.

Underneath the black void of the box, Sam tried to peek out by the tiniest bit of light she could locate, but no matter what, nothing bothered to indicate a semblance of reality. For now, she just had to keep her calm, pretend nothing was going on, and try and figure out where this truck was going.

All she hoped was that Alex was okay, and that whatever it was, she could be forgiven.

---

After a while, the truck seemed to stop, bumping the box once more as Sam pretended not to be alive, waiting for some kind of response to indicate her surroundings.

She could sense some kind of humming nearby of a large vehicle, with the signature huffing noise one could hear occasionally letting out when stopped. If she had to guess, it seemed to be some kind of parking deck sounds of other engines passing in a more disorderly fashion, coated by the scent of gasoline.

Footsteps were heard nearby, with heavier ones being recognized from a distance away.

“That one seems new, what’s the occasion?” A burly, middle aged male voice spoke.

“This little one says she had no involvement with our facilities, yet flops around tits like it's normal.” Responded the other character, with the stern feminine tone giving the connection to The Doctor.

“That’s... odd. There’s nothing like a record of rival companies, or some spread outside the company, so I’m unsure what she could even be on about.”

“Well, we’ll send her in, hopefully we can find what makes her tick.” She said slightly quieter, chuckling to the burlier voice as it began to unload the boxes one by one.

Her fear began to strike as she held her breath, sensing the truck become lighter with a box lifted down, before what seemed to be another man from nowhere picking up another. She wanted to hyperventilate, but the only thing she could do was hold her breath, letting guilt overtake her as she forced herself to stay still.

Eventually, Sam felt herself being pulled, before a hand nearly the size of her hips was felt gripping the underside of the box, as another wrapped like a snake around the other faces.

That was it, she was done for. She was gonna get locked away and turned into whatever freak they felt like. Even death was a better fate than this, but she had to accept it. Surprisingly though, she felt herself get plopped down, alongside another box. It had to have been a few minutes, and judging by the rhythmic feet stepping further away, she seemed to be in the clear.

On a rather ballsy whim, Sam tried to peek her eye out of the box, peeking enough to where her forehead could just narrowly poke out. To her surprise, no one seemed to be around, despite the trucks and such humming in the background. Wherever she was, it was more secluded, with only a metal door nearby.

Taking the risk, she slowly peeked her head out from the top, finding no one in her vicinity. It had a hazy atmosphere, with steam rising from the concrete and a ladder lined up to the nearby

brick wall. She slowly rose out of the box as she lifted her legs the slightest bit, kicking them out of the box as she tried to read whatever was on the door.

The words "Waste Disposal", were seen written with a cheap pen on the building with poorly placed tape.

Gulping, she looked over at the ladder and took no chances, fearing this figure would come back to catch her if she made any wrong decisions. Clamping onto the bars one by one, she saw some kind of vent it reached to. Clearly not meant to be climbed in, it still was the only escape route Sam had in this situation, so she had to go ahead and make her way.

Hitting the metal platform, she saw the gaping entrance, enough to fit a fridge, and simply took the chance as she shoved her head inside. Her shoulders were rather tight, but after enough squeezing she was able to reach her arms outward, allowing her to crawl deeper away from whatever forces were outside, and possibly a little closer to Alex.

---

Sweep by sweep, Sam traversed the metal labyrinth as she attempted not to pass a breath or too much pressure to her forearm. It was quite exhausting, with her yearning for a break, but wherever Alex was going, she needed to know.

The darkness just seemed like too much though. There could have been many paths nearby, or just one, but she didn't have her phone with her, making the traversal more sluggish. Only hints of blue helped guide her against the lighting of the metal panels, separated by a dark line that extended like a ruler. Perhaps, if Sam tried hard enough, she could traverse the area with those halts as some sort of mark, as if exploring a giant ruler herself, but that would only be more exhausting. Judging by the layout of the building, being quite long, it seemed to be rather traversable, so perhaps it meant it was a short crawl.

Eventually though, her first sign of interest made its appearance, being an open, boasting light in the darkened metal tunnel that screamed for it to be a guide.

Not wanting to make herself too alarming, she peeked through only one of the sockets, making sure her hair wasn't getting in the way of her spying as she looked down at the floor.

It looked... like a hospital? It had that teal lighting found within every building, but also those cream white marble tiles, which made it feel almost angelic. The only thing deviating was a stray piece of paper, held together by a small paper clip as 3-4 pages spilled on the ground. She didn't just break into a hospital, did she? There'd be almost no explaining her situation if this was a place like this.

Tensing herself up, she remained quiet, waiting for the sign of anything or anybody to show up. It was quite exhausting, but after about a minute someone seemed to make their presence under all of the bars separating her from the vent, notified by the sound of boots stepping along a path.

There, she saw someone, or something. It seemed to be a woman of sorts, but almost immediately, something was clearly different, judging by the enormous pair of knockers on her. The blouse she had covered in what appeared to be a suit pointed like an arrow as she walked ahead. If she wasn't wary, she'd assume this was some bondage maniac, but a distinctive name tag could be seen to her right. Sure she couldn't read it, but the redhead's profession seemed to be a lot more than just some kink-related mess.

"God, and they just never listen. I tell them to use tamoxifen citrate and then they complain about all these problems as if that wasn't the reason I prescribed it in the first place-" She rambled, with Sam feeling like a caveman hearing English for the first time.

The brunette slowly tucked back, waiting for the footsteps to stop as she escaped from the creeping girl's line of sight. As it became clear she was safe, the girl began to keep pushing forward. It was impossible to tell if she was located in the ceiling or if the metal vent was open to view. She hoped for the former, but there was no way of telling as she slid her way past the light, thanks to the floor and a hint of the walls being the only thing visible.

Passing by another light, Sam looked down to see something of note; doors. Or at least, the bottoms of doors. They seemed to be lit up, but they showed very little signs that anyone in there had a plan to leave, causing her to keep moving. While those had little signs of interest, there was something very intriguing as she crawled further, as she heard a loud humming noise from inside the vents. With the faintest signs of animation, the brunette saw fans whirring, which seemed to be blocking out some corridors in this labyrinth. Luckily, whatever this area was, the lack of much activity seemed to indicate that this wasn't an office for patients of such, serving more as a staff hall.

Eventually, she found her way at a dead end, nearly banging her head into the wall as she looked puzzled by this new challenge. It seemed like this was going to be the end of her vent adventures, until she managed to catch the ceiling in her eyes, looking to see a new path to explore.

Surprisingly, getting on top of the little wall was easier than she thought. In fact, the vents in the building were surprisingly spacious, as if whatever was in these parts needed a lot more oxygen. Slithering further into the vent, she had to crawl through a maze-like structure which could only tell her this was where a lot of activity happened. In fact, it was rather dusty, as if it hadn't been cleaned out in months. Holding her breath, she spread across the vents as she tried to keep it together, going up, down, left, and right, until she managed to catch another light in her eyes.



Feeling herself grow red, and the haunting of dust growing unbearable, she decided to try and bust out of the vent for once. Tracking dust would be a bad idea but at least she wasn't going to suffocate.

Luckily, it was rather easy lifting open with her bare hands, entering a dark room that was only illuminated by the lights outside. Lifting another leg out, she tried to find her ground, before realizing she was on a revolving chair, causing it to roll for a bit as she froze once more. After a moment of quiet, Sam took the time to turn the light on as she tried to get a good look of where she was. It seemed to be a janitor or ventilation closet of sorts, judging by the row of brooms, mops, and other tools on one hand, and a workbench full of drills and screws nearby where she just crawled out. The vent nearly took half of the room, clearly meant to be opened from a plethora of areas. It seemed a lot of maintenance was necessary, making Sam wonder if the dust collected inside was even that old.

The sound of a footstep outside caught her attention though, causing Sam to point out as she heard some kind of footstep outside. However, that wasn't the only thing she heard, with the sound of some kind of jiggling, water filled jug also following it. The jugs sounded ready to slam into a wall, with Sam wondering who would be this unprofessional with such a heavy object. However, once she peered down to see any sign of footprints, the real answer came to her in the shape of two large black shadows, with footsteps following closely behind veiled under work boots of some kind.

Sam wanted to deny someone could hold a chest as big as Alex, but considering the figure, and the nature of how she got to this mysterious facility, she could only come to a single, globular conclusion.

—

Realizing staff may enter at any time, Sam had no choice but to go back into the vents to avoid being spotted, traversing through the maze of directions until she found what seemed to be a continuation of the path.

From what she could tell, she seemed to be outside now. Well, not outside the vent, but the faint breeze of night air could be felt as she crawled across. Luckily it was much more clean, albeit with the cost of debris or bug exoskeletons being littered across. However, before she could continue, the sound of a fan was heard, making her realize there was a block in the road, a fan blowing her direction. Looking up, Sam saw an orange light in view, and surprisingly, the vent seemed to have enough space for her to stand up.

Taking the opportunity, she slowly got her footing to get a good view of whatever area this was, since she didn't seem to be outside of the facility considering it was clear she had been at least on a 2nd floor.

As expected, it wasn't, seeming to be some kind of rooftop park area. Shrubbery such as decorated bushes and trimmed grass spread across the view, spotted with trees that shared the lack of nativity in the area of Hometon, going from Asia to Arizona. The walls had black glass to fortify themselves, with it giving difficulty to see inside, but a likely possibility of being seen outside, being spread to Sam's front and her back as the space in between revealed a road out from a certain height away. By all means, she was still in the building, but it's not like escaping was in her plans anyways.

The girl slowly removed the pane keeping her from being trapped out, hoping to familiarize her surroundings a bit and hopefully find a map or something. It was surprisingly comfortable, feeling refreshed by the foliage around her as she walked around the concrete road. Spotting a black, shiny plaque, Sam tried to keep cool as she skimmed through the text imprinted.

*"Garden of Growing Bondage*

*Since the founding of B3 in 1960, we have made connections with people of nations from across the world, who have offered to support our endeavors in ways we cannot thank enough. This garden helps to represent the diverse range of people we have met who pay tribute to research and development of enhancement of health and the human figure."*

Before Sam could read any further, a door from far away was heard, causing her to leap behind a bush near the wall as she awaited whoever was to pass by. While not the best hiding spot, there had to be something nearby to trap herself in before she could be in the clear.

"Yes, just make sure there's enough stock for her tomorrow, she literally punches through boxes of those things if they aren't under maintenance." A voice said, stepping along the garden, open to hear. "Alright so that's done with, I got this strange girl from my high school in the clinic, apparently she's someone who had 'never known of the program' which has me suspicious, so we're probably gonna try tests on her.

Almost immediately, Sam lit up. Whoever it was, it had to be Alex the voice was talking about, and whoever that voice was had to be The Doctor. Her uptight, snarky voice synced perfectly with the ominous presence as it shared a different texture than that of normal clothes.

Peeking just a hint, Sam got a good look at The Doctor from her hiding spot. As the girl talked on the phone, she kept a hold of her signature dark blue twintails, but looked almost like an alien or some anime character in her outfit. It was split between the colors of black and red, looking almost like military armor as it gave a worn, somewhat dulled texture under its slight shine. Purple lights were seen around where her nipples should be, adding questions of their purpose as it almost seemed like an outlet.

"Anyways, I got a hold of the reports and nothing seems astray. The new x-ray for clinic offices is being worked on, and I've got all the papers on sessions from patients being sent down to

lower levels for evaluation. Right now, I'm going to see if we can take the girl who seems to have a hold of our methods and... experiment more on those effects."

Sam began to feel her fears get to her once more. Was Alex going to be turned into some kind of test rat for these people? They wouldn't, right? For such a well established company, it seemed horrible to place people in such cruel and unusual experiments. Still, with the people like Rosmarie or Erza that she's met, there's no telling what's going on beneath here.

"I'll be on my way down. I have to handle a 23 year old who has joined the Eileithyia program, and I have to supervise one of the nurses with what medication to prepare for her, so I'll talk to you soon. Okay, bye."

With a click of the phone, The Doctor seemed to place her phone into a pocket on her breasts, before striding along in her metal heels. Her coat drifted along the way as she passed on to the other side, unaware of the intruder just around the corner.

Whatever was going on, Sam had to follow, with her leaping into a vent nearby as she dug into a side reverse of that to the air duct she was just in, feeling a gust of wind to the North this time. It seemed to be identical in direction, but all of the sudden, she felt a sudden lack of grounding, before realizing that she had just hit a pit, plummeting down the vent, failing to grab the walls to prevent her demise.

---

Luckily, she survived the ordeal, alongside her consciousness, leading her to slowly crawl across vents as she tried to cope with the bruise swelling around the knee region. All she knew was that if she went this way, it had to be towards wherever they are testing Alex. Otherwise, where else would Alex be? Some undocumented location being prodded at like some kind of labrat?

However, if it felt dark before, it would feel dreadful now. It was as if everything felt more compact, more attached. If she had to guess, she was down a floor or two. Not just that, but she also heard something around the area that felt like cooking. There was whirring, metal clanging, and glass moving. Was this a culinary area? What kind of hospital has a gourmet restaurant? Step by step, the girl peeked more towards a nearby light, and when she reached, she was surprised to see it wasn't a kitchen at all. Instead, it seemed to be some kind of... science lab? If that were the case, Sam was surprised that the chemicals smelled so nice.

She watched from the wall down, catching all kinds of equipment, corridors, glass rooms, and counters along the way. There even seemed to be a shower of sorts, judging by the fully clothed girl bathing in it.

The researchers themselves were varying. Some looked normal, being more petite in their little lab coats and goggles, but some were very much gigantic. Ranging from some who had breasts

down to their knees, to ones with hips that couldn't have fit through the door frame inside. One even seemed to be pregnant, although it had every reason to also be a food baby. There was a single constant though, as all of them were very much thin to some degree. Not all perfect, but average sized, average weights, nothing seemed wrong with any of them from far away.

The most coherent of the full female team of researchers was spotted whirling something around a scoop of sorts, before passing it to another that injected it down a pressure tight jar. To Sam's left, there seemed to be some kind of factory machine doing its job. Shaped like a catwalk, it seemed to take something which she assumed was a pill, before pounding them in softly, assumedly to give them their shape. Lastly was a girl scooping them, making sure her chest didn't get in the way, as she raised a scoop of finished pills and dumped them into some wheel shaped opening, closing it as some kind of magic happened on the other side.

It was fascinating seeing this happen before her eyes. She had done factory tours, but never any going into the depths of medication or chemicals like this. It was like those bacteria labs she did in freshman year, only much more complex. A certain device had looked striking, being one that microwaved these mass produced vials. It looked a little dangerous, judging by the warning signs all over it.

Sam had to ask what these pills were for, curious if they were meant for something like enhancing breast growth, or inducing lactation. Perhaps it was the opposite? Maybe it made you pregnant like Erza was? Maybe it was an experimental pill that turned you into a fire breathing milk dragon, who was also a monster girl? Maybe, it-

All of the sudden, the sound of glass breaking was heard in the corner of the lab, it was apparent that something had bursted from its containment. A woman could be heard making some sort of distress signal, alongside the sound of skin stretching. Sam wanted to stay and analyze whatever was going on, but there were more important matters to focus on if the implications in her head gave an idea of what would happen to Alex.

Having no choice, she scurried off deeper into the vents, only able to hear footsteps and the sound of something gurgling and stretching from the back as only a hint of a thought lingered. If she had been caught, that was it, she'd be done for. However, despite the alarm going off, it seemed to dim as she crawled deeper into the expanse, giving the idea that it was likely made for the accident rather than the girl it was attached to.

Crawling amongst the corner of the ceiling, Sam could hear guards being rushed in, as the brunette anticipated them just being blissfully unaware. However, she quickly bumped into something alarming, finding another frame in her way that didn't seem like budging as easy as the last few.

There was hope though, as Sam managed to catch a vent in the adjacent side, with a bathroom of sorts being the way through.

There wasn't much of a choice, with Sam nervously tapping the right walls in hopes of her finding a route to escape towards. As she looked down, more women that seemed to be guards raced around, but two apparently just seemed lax enough to enjoy walking along the path.

Finding an exit, Sam slowly made her way down as she exited the door to an empty room, darkening the room full of vials and different technology, likely for measuring the exact amounts of certain compounds.

Before exiting, Sam turned the lights on, so that when she turned them off, she at least would look more natural. At the very least her date clothes helped her blend in as someone at least amateur, dusting some soot off from her dress as she walked out of the building, turning off the lights as she noted the lights seeming to stop. There was a very large contrast between her and security that she noticed.

While Sam was considered at least taller than average, the women here had to be at least 6 foot minimum. Stomping around in shiny heels as they held some kind of specialized weapon in their hands. A belt containing more of their arsenal bounced like their bosoms as a few walked left and right.

She didn't seem to look funny, except for maybe one girl she looked at too long through her sunglasses, but that didn't stop her from heading towards the corridors as she attempted to find the bathroom entrance.

When she stepped inside, it was standard fare. Soft stone tablets on the floor, and a tray-like sink. However, the stalls were what felt completely different compared to everything else here, with 3 wide stalls at least as long as a car stretched across the room, with another open area that seemed to be a shower, save for two things that looked like breast pumps.

Sam needed to find where that vent led to, but luckily, it seemed to stop right at the corner of the wall. Hopefully no one else showed up in here by the time she was done crawling through. However, that seemed to be too far fetched, with the sound of two women walking in behind her.

"God it's the absolute worst. Someone calls an alarm for all the guards to show up in a lab because someone spilled some chemical and now a girl has boobs bigger than herself." Said a more gruff, womanly voice, lazily laughing on. It was far more deep than Alex's voice, sounding almost like a girl doing an impression of a man.

"I'm surprised we have the resources to have someone survive that, sounds awful." Responded her cohort in a similarly tomboyish tone. "My boobs on the other hand could easily take that all, it'd take a lot more to have these babies bust."

"What is it with you and bursting? Is it like some kink for you?"

"What's wrong with a milky climax?"

“Dying.”

“Oh. Yea, uhh... that part.”

Sam, trying to act natural with the vent open, tried to pass off dusting the entrance inside, minding her own as the two chatted on. She waved in circles, brushing the walls and nudging the corners. It was almost as if she wasn't miming this with her hand before.

“Hey.”

It was still odd, thinking about the disrepair in the vents, Sam almost wondered why they would break so quickly-

“HEY, CHALKBOARD!”

“Huh, wha-?” Sam quickly mumbled out as she leaned her face, keeping her arms in the tube.

“What the fuck are you even doing?” Shouted the louder one. Looking up, Sam found herself eye to eye with a girl with olive hair, not really fitting the demeanor her face gave as her milky blue eyes looked down at Sam, who was almost completely obscured by a vest which didn't even try to cover her beach ball sized breasts, nor her black tights which enveloped a deep darkness around her.

“Oh I was just cleaning, you know how it is with people who can't fit vents.” Sam nearly choked as she spoke, her half-insult half-theory going straight to a girl ready to give any reason to lock and load for her security breaches.

“Oh god, yea no one here could fit in that shit, believe me.” Commented the other girl, bearing glasses and long, brunette, silky hair that went to her neck. She almost seemed like a description of that broad Alex hung out with that tried to hit on her.

“I guess that's fair, heh.” She commented, continuing to role play as a janitor.

“You know you're pretty young for this kind of thing.” The blonde commented. “I'm guessing you're one of the girls The Doctor brings in to be her little guinea pigs? That happened to that poor German girl and now she's basically her pet when night calls.

“Oh don't get me started!” The other butted in. “If it weren't for a bunch of bullshit lawsuits, that supermutant would be in a maximum security cell, well- ok she'd be in a normal prison cell, maybe. But still, she eats up all the fuckin B-Milk as if she doesn't get like a whole Producer's worth a day, and then she'll still pin down and basically do god knows what to any intruder, all because her little master gave an extra cent in milk money.”

“Huh, so uh... what else is there about the Doctor you know?” Sam restlessly muttered.

“Oh don’t get me started.” Said the taller, hourglass shaped brunette. “She acts like because she’s the president’s daughter she can basically do all the leadership. Sends out all the tasks, orders all the equipment, and every time you fuck up she has you do her little ‘trials’.”

“T-trials?”

“Basically you get forced to become a temporary Producer for a week since you can’t be terminated thanks to a lease. It’s super fucked, but hey, we signed up for it, we got good money, and it’s better than being in the Navy.”

“Or the Army.”

“They’re both full of pansies, even with the guys. At least here you can get a decent diet, and you’d be amazed at how good I feel with these things” Spoke the girl, splaying her hands at the chest which was noticeably larger than her partner in crime; or law.

“Well, that’s nice. Uhh...” Sam had basically run out of ways to answer at this state, waiting on the two to leave her alone.

“Alright, I need to take a mean shit, I’ll see you later.” Commented the blonde, stepping into the stall alongside the spectacled brunette.

Too grossed out to try and get a closer hearing of the sounds, she climbed into the vent before closing it up, the sound muted by whatever was going on in those stalls. They didn’t have the time or sanity to bother comprehending it. It made her grateful she’s never had to be in the same vicinity as someone with a big diet such as her lost girlfriend in an area like that.

—

Never had Sam thought she met more gross women, even compared to Alex, but there she was. Even just by thinking though, she began to retread her thoughts back to the missing girl. Just what was The Doctor planning with her, and what did she do to Rosmarie? Did she even have a say in the picture? Was Alex going to end up as one of those monsters?

If a woman was going to get boobs bigger than herself, would Alex end up bigger? Time could only say as she trekked even quicker down the path.

Eventually though, she heard sounds of muffled babbling, someone who seemed to be in a conversation the tone of the voice. There was a rather steep climb Sam had to make, all while not setting off the systems, but as she made her way up, she managed to feel a draft of sorts, cooling Sam off a little as she felt her body rising.

With a bonk on the ceiling though, that relief's intentions became more clear, alongside a quick slide along the floor. Sam felt her legs being scrapped as some elevated herself some more to avoid her thighs getting burned up.

Seeing a light, Sam tried to aim her arms towards the side, with the draft still gusting her forward. Before long though, she felt herself nearing the light, hoping to hold a grip. With her hands locked, she felt herself narrowly hit the vent, piercing her skin a little as a wince of pain nearly oozed out.

Outside, she saw a conversation with The Doctor, still in her black and red bodysuit, with some kind of contraption poking from her clavicle to her shoulder. It appeared to have two, amethyst, pillar-like spines nearing the top. Whatever they were was up to interpretation, but they seemed to add to the intimidation, however the coat she wore made her abstract apparel feel a little more natural. The buttons didn't do much though, looking closer to see the coat end right around her shoulder bone, allowing extensive amounts of breast flesh covered in a synthetic, almost latex-like texture to be accommodated for.

Sam felt her grip weakening under the gusts, not able to hold for much longer as the current rose. Looking around she saw she had quite a bit of space to distance from the heavy fiend, but it didn't seem like enough for her to hear the bang, with other than Rosmarie beginning to peek by, bearing a new outfit.

Unlike her Victorian style attire before, she appeared to boast her curves far more, wearing a black, skin-tight suit that shared similarities to a leotard, but wrapped her leggings around another coat of latex. Rather than skin accompanying the untainted parts, a thin layer of fabric that gave the illusion of a tan roped around her back, spreading to the sides of her leotard almost like that trendy sweater that split the front and back. Her head seemed a little different too, wearing what appeared to be a helm of sorts, covering her ears with a disc-shaped object, with a sort of black, horn-like appendage sprouting from atop.

"Hast du was gefunden, Rosmarie?" The girl spoke in what appeared to be broken German, judging by the more awkward speed as if remembering each individual word, one by one.

"Nicht wirklich, aber irgendwas riecht hier. Ich kenne diesen Geruch!" Rosmarie responded, a new eyeliner making her seem like a different person.

"Nun, ich schätze, wir sollten dich aufblasen und diesen Eindringling finden?"

"Nur wenn ich mehr Milch bekomme, Boss!" Commented Rosmarie, speaking with the more peppy tone Sam was used to for a moment.

Before Sam could react, she gusted off, leaving no trace as she lost her grip to the torrent behind her. Sliding and tumbling was made as she attempted to minimize how much sound she made, heading forward through the corridor as it felt almost endless. Eventually though, after



who knows how many feet explored, Sam crashed down by another opening, taking a moment to recover before looking outwards at the view.

It seemed to be masses of flesh, laid out in some kind of row, as many different sounds could be heard from afar. Ranging from squirting, to machinery, to... moaning?

Shaking her head, Sam looked a little closer as the rows of flesh appeared to be... breasts? They were lined up by iron and wires keeping them straightened, with their chests possibly outsize the height of an average person. On top of each breast laid a woman that Sam could narrowly see from afar, letting out plenty of sounds and bucks of pleasure as what seemed to be milk sprayed out from their chest and into a tube of sorts, which slithered all the way to the ground as it connected to impossible to decipher connections. It was almost like a whole sewage system for milk, with dozens of girls pumping who knew how much fluid into the pump as it went various, oddly specific directions. Whatever reason these women were being milked, each one seemed to have their own motives.

Reaching out the vent, she carefully placed the frame back on the vent as she snuck closer to the woman amongst the stainless steel floor. There was a hint of decoration to it, but it was very much cold even for her boots.

Eventually The Doctor caught up once more to Sam's pathway, stepping down a set of metal stairs to find her way towards the army of gasping, squelching, milk laden women, barely bothering to even react to the sight that left Sam questioning her existence.

Rosmarie came along too, clenching her fists as she caught the eye of a specific woman.

"Alright, here's your fill, straight from the source since we're down here." The twin-tailed girl seemed to hand Rosmarie a bucket as she eagerly rushed to the girl before pulling a pump from her areola, quickly digging her mouth into the nipple as her mouth began to guzzle with milk.

"No! E- Du solltest nicht von ihrer Brustwarze trinken, du Hund!" She yelled, yanking Rosmarie back as she used both her latex ridden gloves to push out a gallon of milk in a second alone. It became clear that this bucket was huge, easily the size of a minifridge.

After not long, the bucket was full, and by a strange amount of power, The Doctor slid easily hundred of pounds of milk effortlessly by her boot to her cohort, offering the meal to the ever thirsty German.

Taking the chance under the cacophony of sounds, Sam decided to sneak out from the vent as she attempted to head forward. For all she knew, one of these girls could be a poor Alex, experimented upon and turned into their little milk slave. It may have seemed like a perverted thought, but under these fantastical settings, it didn't seem so unlikely.

It was too hard to see behind the sets of breasts, blocking the view entirely, but giving enough space for the brunette to sneak by seamlessly. None of the women from Sam's perspective shared a resemblance to Alex, bearing all ranges of hair color, but nothing that was both short and sandy blonde.

Her best option was to turn around, but that would easily raise alarms or security cameras. Putting more attention to herself was a very very bad idea, and it was likely she could be killed, or worse, for just being here. There was one more option though, with her looking out to see Rosmarie finishing up the whole 20-30 gallons of milk in record time. Before she could peek any further, she realized she was pressing into a girl's breast flesh, causing a moan to squeeze out without issue.

"Phuck! I love... euhmm~!" The woman muffled, clearly not being Alex judging from the more sultry voice.

"Yea yea girls, you'll be free to go once the medication runs dry tomorrow." The Doctor yelled from the considerable height they were from her. "We got that other one down here who's a little more of a priority."

They at least didn't seem to be here against their will, judging by the sounds, but maybe that could give an idea of which one may be Alex if she poked around correctly?

Scuttling to the mass of breast flesh to her left, she squished down once more, this time hearing a bubbly voice in response.

"More~ More~!" Responded the lady, younger than the previous subject but still not Alex, judging by the longer blonde hair. It was frankly disgusting doing this, considering she was basically dehumanizing these people, but right now, questioning all of the problems here wasn't her issue. It wouldn't take long for something like this to happen to her if she isn't careful.

Waiting as the other women around moaned in a cacophony, she waited once more before pressing down on the last girl who would bother to share Alex's skin complexion, this time hearing a voice that seemed familiar, but couldn't quite catch it in her head. As Sam reached back to the vent, having given up, she had realized that the frame couldn't be pulled off, causing another panic attack as she tried to keep calm and use what she could to follow The Doctor in hopes of finding Alex.

Looking around, she didn't seem to find any cameras pointing at her vicinity, giving her the time to sneak underneath a step as she tried to weasel her way out from the room, but not before checking to see Rosmarie was gone, likely going that way judging by the slight white drops on the floor.

To the right of her, there seemed to be some kind of doorway, which if it meant Sam had a way to get back into the vent, she'd take it.

Stepping in though, she unfortunately saw no such thing, only finding a locker room, which only seemed to have 6 lockers and a special screen of sorts. On it, it said the words "ERROR: malfunction with size M apparel return. Clothes are not properly inserted into the locker."

As Sam read those words, there seemed to be another trail of milk, or at least dampness, alongside a shelf knocked over. As Sam looked at where the trail began, it seemed not to be that of Rosmarie, judging by the more positioned lining of the trail.

From a wall, Sam happened to find a white, monochrome dispenser of sorts, bearing an image of a woman and a pill, alongside a considerable amount of cleavage, and in the tray was a pill that shared a white, Hershey's Kiss-like shape. Whatever it was, Sam refused to take it, but looking back at the clothes, it gave her an idea, alongside the storage crate that was abandoned of its contents.

—

Wearing a pair of sunglasses and a cream white suit, the girl without a ponytail and a hefty box in her hand walked about the path with a blank look in the eye. This girl's name was "Becca Millensburg".

The other agents and researchers paid no attention as she walked along her own trail, carrying the important contents of the small plastic crate towards a destination unknown.

Unlike the more busty women of up top, there seemed to be a lot more men down in the deeper parts. Being someone scared of firearms, the sight of men casually having them in the perfect range kept her on her toes.

Regardless, she stepped forward, dodging men of many muscular faces, guided by military vests and sunglasses that bore a target-like signature on them. It was as if these men were bred to do this, perfectly built to protect the confines of these areas. Luckily, in the case of really intended on going in a vent again, there's no chance their top heavy muscles, or heavy breasts could reach inside.

Speaking of, there was a lot more cleavage on this floor than the last, with the agent looking around to find women of various occupations, going from basketball sized all the way to yoga ball sized. Some had a perfect hourglass shape, others had a belly outclassing even Erza. She could look to see some stomachs even kicking or gurgling with something, but she wasn't mentally prepared to guess what. It was strange seeing these women, going from chicks in military vests holding their boobs together as a damp spot overtook it, to a confident business suit, ready to work with the board as their figure went overboard.

Rosmarie was caught again in her vision, looking as tough and ready to demolish a wall with the say of a word. On the subject though, Rosmarie seemed... thinner than before. Did she really

bust through all of that milk like nothing? Before she could finish the thought, more of the soldiers seemed to be around, with Sam hoping to blend in to better suit the environment.

As the hallway turned into a spiral by a white frame, the alleged agent looked out to see something she had never seen before.

Pipes among pipes of milk were seen flowing down the center of the chamber, divided between what Sam could only assume the subjects from before as their contents were spilled down a bottomless pit, unable to guess where it went or where it was used. There seemed to be dots for each pipe, color coded to tell what milk was being used for what, looking to see smaller pipes dispatched towards other ends. There even seemed to be milk flowing upward, showing that there was likely some milking happening under even this floor.

Once the view was removed from her sight, she looked ahead once more, this time finding her uncomfortably close to Rosmarie. The shock almost made her yelp, as she had literally just talked to her under a different name a few hours ago. All she could do was hope the smell of guilt could be blocked off by her sunglasses.

Another jump was made as a bump from another employee was made, being another soldier giving a cheshire grin to the girl who felt as big as his forearm.

“Heh, you look pretty thin for the likes of being down here, when do you say you’ll get as big as the rest of the broads here?” He said, his perverted expressions masqueraded by the gray sunglasses that made her wonder how he even saw.

“I’m uh... not interested in that right now.”

“C’mon... no one’s invited to work here that isn’t in it for the peaches, plus, I think they’d look good on you.”

“I have a boyfriend, stop!” She lied, knowing the classic “I’m 16!” trick wouldn’t work down here. If she wasn’t 18 she wouldn’t be down here, after all.

“Well, I’m sure whatever reason you’re down here for is just so you can appease him, right?” He said, licking his slimy lips as Sam blindly moved forward, ignoring the advances of the perverted soldier.

Pretending to go to another room, she slid to the left as she saw a door, attempting to open as she noticed it was locked, requiring a card key to open.

The creep, now standing behind her, grabbed her by the shoulder. His fist was bigger than her head, looking up to see him smirking as fear grew in her eye.

"Hey, you wouldn't mind pulling out your *ID*, would you?" He said, Sam feeling powerless as she shivered her hand to a pocket, pretending to rummage around for it as the creep had advantage over her, slipping down to her jeans pocket to find no sign, before jittering her hand at the speed of a snail to the other one, finding once again, nothing.

All she could do at that point was look up, pupils the size of a ball of lint as she stared at the towering figure, giving a toothy grin and a look on his face that she dreaded. One punch from him would kill her, but would the alternatives be any better?

Almost as if a miracle was called, the sound of an ID was heard as someone opened the door for her, realizing it was none other than Rosmarie, opening the door as she stared coldly into the eyes of the beast, causing him to back off as she proceeded into the hall. Before she could even bother doing that though, she stared the office girl in the eyes, almost beckoning her to come in as she stood confidently, but assuredly.

Having no other option she walked in with the girl, stepping by the black marble path as Rosmarie took every step with confidence. She entirely forgot she chugged an entire couple of gallons of milk before, simply stepping along with her rock solid abs underneath the black skin tight suit she wore.

"Ich kenne dich." Rosmarie commented, sternly walking forward as she only spared her pupils to the disguised girl. "Samantha, stimmt's?"

She turned bright red as she was caught, but continued walking forward so as not to cause any fuss. All that there was right now was a dark pathway forward, and a dark pathway backwards.

"I- uhhh... I'm... Don't tell anyone please, I just want to get out of here." Sam whimpered out, hunching over with her disguise foiled. The tall, black haired fiend put her fingers to her ears, before looking down once more at the slightly shorter girl.

She stared for a moment, walking forward still before halting at another steel door, illuminated once more as black steel walls overtook the view around her, she simply stared up at Rosmarie as she failed to understand what would happen next.

The monstrous girl opened the door, holding a hand out as she kept Sam from walking any further. With two focused eyes, the message was clear as she entered the room, with Sam looking out the window to see Rosmarie stepping down, going to some object at the center. It seemed to be surrounded by a lake of white fluid, glowing a luminescent color as lit up blue lights surrounded the top of the mass. Rosmarie seemed to stop for a moment as it looked up to it, as if it were talking to the altar as though it were a person, or more specifically, a god.

Rosmarie then kneeled down. Was she appraising it? Was this thing actually some weird underground god that they locked up? Did it have to do with all of these strange phenomena recently?

Sam kept on thinking of motives and thoughts as to how all of this was just under the rug of society. Before she met Alex, she never even thought of this much of a world being underneath having huge tits. Judging by who Alex was, she wouldn't doubt her not knowing either.

After some time, the sound of a door opening was made as Rosmarie opened the door once again, with Sam getting a much bigger view as the door creaked back closed again.

It was a woman, but she had enormous breasts, like not just down to your waist big, but easily topping 20 feet big. Her long black hair streamed down it as her nipples expelled some kind of white fluid similar to milk, spreading like a river across the dark but illuminated corridor.

That was all she could get before the door shut, looking back at Rosmarie who seemed to have a belly, once again, far bigger than before. Her hands held behind her back as she posed Sam out of the way, walking over to a wall before pressing it. A strange synthesized sound was made alongside a yellow glow, before it began to slide the other way, revealing a white business room that felt rather out of place compared to everything else in the vicinity.

Invited by Rosmarie, she looked around as she saw chairs that shared arms that were extremely stretched out, bearing some kind of clamp of sorts fit for a human body. Rosmarie pointed towards the vent, her belly jiggling as she looked like a tiger at the relatively normal girl in this situation. She held her suitcase tight as she tried to play straight in an environment that clearly wasn't.

"Los, verschwinde von hier. Ich weiß, dass du hier rumgeschnüffelt hast. Falls die Chefin oder ihre Tochter dass rausfinden sollten, bist du geliefert. Sie werden schreckliche Dinge mit dir machen, glaub mir." She said, pointing towards the vent.

"I-i'm not sure I understa-"

Before Sam could even finish, Rosmarie pinned the brunette to a wall, nearly giving her a heart attack as she felt a literal crack near her hands. There was no doubt this chick was crazy, but whatever she had ordered her to do she needed to know now. Her belly was felt pressing into Sam's torso, leaving no space for air as her neck became pressed in by her chest. It was a lot more painful that one would imagine, especially with the girl pointing with laser focus at the girl.

Her mouth unhinged, a soft puff of fog emanating as Sam realized how cold the room was, before she got a good glimpse of Rosmarie's teeth.

"Du must gehen..." Muttered Rosmarie once more. "Links!"

As soon as she mentioned that last word, Sam was freed as the girl pointed towards the vents, fear stricken in Sam's eyes as she crawled without any other thought, her suitcase dragged

along as the girl looked at her going deeper and deeper into the depths, turning at a corner and relinquishing the fiend from her sight.

Back in the vents, Sam attempted to keep her cool once more, although with the office attire that was definitely hard. However, with a slide down the vents, she found herself at a fork, with Sam trying to figure out which one Rosmarie wanted her to head down towards. She thought she had said left under her broken English, so that was likely her best bet.

However, almost immediately, the girl found herself falling down as she realized she was only going deeper into the pits of the facility. Almost a completely different mood hit her, as rather than feeling the cold steel against her that smelled faintly like blood, there was now a smell of something more... sweet? It wasn't sweet like candy, but sweet as though a vegetable produced the smell. Taking the chances, she crawled forward as she tried to get a good look at what was going on under the stone cold depths.

Along a hallway she could spot a cell of sorts in her view, with her crawling closer to find a woman of sorts. Unlike a lot of other parts through her vent journey, she was actually near the ground, allowing her to get a full view of a woman with blonde hair, who seemed to be submerged in a white, viscous fluid as two masses sprouted from her chest. The intruder would assume she was dead if not for the inhale she somehow made underneath the gallons upon gallons of unsettling fluid she had around her. Looking to the top, the words; Project Pakicetus Subject E-67 could be seen. Weirder out, and a little shocked, Sam kept moving forward, craning her suitcase behind her boot still.

Stopping by another corner, there was another woman of sorts, visible through a glass chamber as she lay unbothered. Like the rest of the women here, she had a "reasonably" sized chest and hips, at least for the women in B3, going down to her torso as her hips looked wider than a bathtub. However, what separated her was what seemed to be rabbit ears of sorts, but they didn't seem like normal rabbit ears, being more like cartoonish ones that whipped like seaweed under some kind of chemical she was encased in. Under her name was the label Project Morganucodon Subject B-22.

Those couldn't be real ears, right? Or did she have four ears? Just the thought of it hurt to think about, imagining her line of hearing put on her forehead would be worse than going death in her head.

Not bothering to think further, another few steps were made before Sam's eyes got drawn back to the murky, green hallways, dimly lit by a few lights. What was in her sight seemed to shock her to her core, looking over to see a girl with enlarged breasts, easily down to her hips, but saw another pair of breasts resting on the ground, leaking milk as she seemed to be awake, moaning in a dizzy, almost endless pace as her breasts continually leaked. This was Project Sinoconodon Subject H-46.

The subjects only got stranger as Sam crawled further down the rabbit hole, catching a girl having something lodged in her nipple titled Project Castorocauda Subject N-42, or one that Sam had to check if she was looking correctly, catching a woman who looked as though she was ready to hit the ceiling as she rested against the glass wall, letting her naked breasts spill down to her nether region, who was titled Project Repenomamus Subject G-47. The one who seemed to be surrounded by a ton of eggs caught attention, seemingly ready to let out another one as more whimpers were made through the glass titled Project Obdurodon Subject A-93. Her belly was swollen to bursting, reaching her shins as the size of a volleyball. It was impossible to even tell which hole it came out of.

However, the strangest had to be the one of the ones who seemed to have a woman crawling inside another woman's... crevice, titled Project Deltatheridium Subject U-74-77. Said woman bucked around as a billowing was appearing from her belly, amplified as the second one joined in.

Sam had to keep her mind off of it, too shocked and disturbed to even imagine any more of these as real things but looked to see one final chamber, titled Project Multituberculates Subject R-99. Various tubes surround a chamber locked away in a lightened environment, covering steam as there seemed to be a photo nearby. While many of them weren't noticeable for the other subjects, due to the rotation it was present in, she could clearly see a girl with black hair, and blue eyes that seemed all too familiar. As the brunette looked closer at the tube, she noticed that no one was actually inside, with it being empty.

\*BAAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNP\*

Sam rustled in the vent corridors as a red light blared across the hallway of cells, causing Sam to look around as the girls inside their confines blindly minded their own.

“LOW OXYGEN FILTRATION DETECTED, INITIATING DRAFT SEQUENCE”

Within an instant, Sam felt herself being blown to the right as she attempted to grab onto something, only to be gusted forward before she could get any more insight on the lab. Hitting a corner of the vent she shot upwards, before banging right, left, up, mostly up, and more as she ascended upwards, narrowly missing head trauma but suffering some bashes into her biceps, continually flowing by as she got bonked by her suitcase wherever the gust was going.

Eventually though, it stopped, with Sam gasping as she writhed with pain, whimpering for a few moments as she tried to play calm, looking down to see a clear rug as she felt yellow light hit the vent from below. This must have been a route to escape. She'd have to reroute to find Alex, if she wasn't down wherever the other freaks were. Taking time to hastily change out of the suitcase, she switched back to her date clothes in a mess as she abandoned the suitcase where it was, gently opening the vent as she jumped down to the floor. If she was caught, she didn't care. As long as everything she saw stopped.



Luckily, the corner didn't seem to have anyone watching, and strangely no security cameras either. To her left she caught a glass two frame door, and a person walking in as she took a massive sigh of relief. She could just safely walk out of here, call an Uber, and get this all...

"So that means you probably need to be taking this before you go to bed every night. It will help a lot with mammary pain, and I personally had to use it when I began puberty." Said a reserved voice, with Sam peering over to catch The Doctor once again, her suit covered up under a lab coat as only her black latex leggings and a pair of boots were seen underneath her.

However, that didn't shock Sam as much as the sudden glance to her right, seeing Alex, doing just fine in her crimson turtleneck from earlier that night, seemingly having a perfectly sane discussion with the twin tailed girl, holding a clipboard near her cleavage as she checked some things off of a paper.

"Well, I appreciate the help, now we just need to find a ride ba- oh my gosh Sam!" Alex said, her mood throwing a 180 from the demeanor she had only a few hours ago.

Without even a chance to react, Sam ran towards the girl, clamping around her as she tightly squeezed into her back, smushing her chest back as the embrace left Alex shocked. She seemed hesitant at first, but laxed her head as the two kept their embrace.

Alex could tell Sam was stressed, with leaving her behind and whatnot, and despite her remorse towards seeing Sam, it was welcome feeling this again.

"Wait, wait, hold on, hold up." The Doctor said, pulling the two away for a moment. "I smell something, you, skinny."

Sam, now with tension back in her head, teetered over to the girl with the mask, who dragged her behind the reception office as she could only guess what could happen.

"Hold on, you smell of something, it smells sweet." She said, gritting her teeth as Sam began to sweat from fear again, looking up to the girl who felt so much taller than her despite being just a few inches senior.

"I... I..."

"I don't know how you even smell like Aphrodigen, but you better have a good reason not to tell me." She said, banging an arm against the wall as Sam winced down in panic.

"Okay,okay please don't take me there, I just wanted to find Alex because I saw her get carried away, I thought she was gonna get turned into a monster and-"

"STOP IT, for all that's holy I'm not gonna kill you!" She said more aggressively. "If you didn't look like you were on heroin I'd throw you there, but you seem genuine." The Doctor said as she

aggressively glared at the frightened Sam. I'll let you out if you just tell me how you even got down."

Sam sighed, taking a deep breath as she tried to recuperate herself. She had to be careful about her words or else she'd piss her off more than she had.

"I-I managed to fit through the vents to try and catch up to you, but I got sidetracked by an exit, then ended up in that murky lab and there were all these freaks and-

"Godammit, okay that's part of the thing about that stuff, it basically just someone to experience hallucinations that tend to be more... erotic. We developed it as an alternative to painkillers since there tends to be a lot less negative effects. The thing is that we may have had a breach of it because this one tank of this has been squeaky."

Sam, thinking for a moment, sighed as she looked back. She had seen paraphernalia like that on the internet, and that sort of context may have drained into her brain being in that vent for so long. She may have had to discover some new things about herself, but at least there wasn't weirdo stuff down there.

Taking another sigh, Sam lifted herself up, pulling her body weight and a good few pounds of sweat to off the ground as she looked The Doctor in the eyes on more time.

"I'm gonna let you out, but if I hear a thing about any of this leaking, we'll know." She pointed, with Sam hesitantly nodding as she got escorted out of the room.

As The Doctor took back to Alex, she attempted to lift her keys, but the tomboy gestured a decline to the drive. "I got Sam, it's okay."

Sam attempted to fight back, but before she could even start a sentence, The Doctor was off.

"Alex, I didn't have my keys, I didn't have anything."

"Wait then how did you get here?"

"It's-" Sam, almost muttering beyond her deal, t herself. "It's a long story."

"Alright, well I have my phone so I could just Uber us to Tarantula- oh man it's 3 AM. C'mon, let's skedaddle." She said, rushing off as she requested a driver, Sam lagging behind as she heard some kind of voice nearby.

"Hey, so the vents down there need repairing right?" An engineer said walking by the girl in the lobby.

"Nonono it's all good, we fixed the aphrodisiac problem a few hours ago, it should be all clean."

Sam wanted to halt for a moment and question what she just heard, her eyes shrinking a little hearing that word again, but seeing Alex wave over at her made those guilts fly away for a second. That all just had to have been a weird, psychedelic dream that went on while she was crawling through.

...right?

Chapter 17 –

---

**Sunday, May 8th**

“Yea, I’m sorry Alex but I’m gonna need some time away, it’s just too much.”

“But, you’re... it’s not because I-“

“Alex... it’s not because of you, or anything you’re involved with, it’s me.” Responded Sam along the line. “I just need time away right now, there’s just a lot going on and my priorities need to be set.”

“But- please, I promise I can give you some fun.”

“Alex I just can’t, I’m sorry. I really am. I just... it’s just...”

“No I get it, I’m just a burden to you. I just wanted to have some companionship and love someone and I guess I just took it far. I’m sorry, I really... am.” Alex commented again, almost tearing up a bit.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“You know like the whole outburst I had, the one that I ran off like a baby from.”

“Oh no I just meant I’m taking a few days off to work on this essay. Sorry about the mixup, gal. I still love you.”

Alex, realizing her mistake, looked blankly at the ceiling, holding her phone in her left hand as she tried to make up for the stupidity she was infested with.

“Well uh... thanks. I love you too.”

“You been taking the medication The Doctor prescribed?”

“Yea it’s basically supposed to coax breast tissue, which should mean that they won’t feel as sore. Also, she tried to apply me for that bullshit membership Erza has with those papercut bras. The ones that actually feel like cardboard.”

“Oh god Erza told me about that, she told me how your bras feel way better on her too.”

“Yea I’m really glad I still order from Sabrina up there in Pine, I just ordered a good ton of them in the meantime. I actually am paying on top of Erza too because of her whole thing too, now that she’s going above my sizes.”

“Jeez louise.” Sam commented back.

“Anyways, how’s the presentation coming out?”

“Well, it’s a lot of changes, but I’m happy to be doing them.”

“That’s good.”

“Actually on that subject, now would be a good time to head out, since I have to get studying and still have class in the morning.”

“You think you’ll do fine without me?” Alex commented in a half humorous manner.

“I’ll do fine, who’s gonna rob someone with the last name Anderson anyways?”

“I guess that’s true... though Price isn’t very different”

“I mean if someone’s named Price they gotta have money on them.” Sam mentioned, causing Alex to chuckle a bit from the joke.

“Alright, well I hate to keep you waiting, so I’ll go ahead and skip along. Good luck with your presentation!”

“Thanks, and good luck with uh... you!” Sam commented back. “I have a little surprise on Friday but don’t think too much about it ok, bye!”

“Alright, see ya!” Alex snapped back before hanging up.

She slammed back down on her bed as the clock ticked 11:00 PM. It was late, and she needed sleep soon, but alas, she stayed up, trying to find something to entertain herself this late. She didn’t feel like starting up a game of Fortnite, and working out at this time felt laughable, but she

still had to do something to entertain herself. Sometimes being unemployed was hard, especially since she moved in a few months ago and her sister basically paid for everything.

For right now though, she had to figure out what to do with her week until Sam was free to go...

...

...that was, except she still couldn't really take away from how large her chest was, spread out against her back as she laid against the bed in her undergarments. They could be felt trailing against her waist as they pushed into her sides. Sure, a new bra would do the fit, but she was running scarily low on ones that fit her for the week.

She sat for a moment, laying at the ceiling, pondering about her own physique. Sure a lot of this she can't control, and she's been healthy for the most part, but what if she really was getting too big? Is it possible to even get these things back to a reasonable size or will they just get bigger as she grows older. A thought entered her head at that exact moment, giving the look of an older Alex in her late 30s with a bust that reached her knees, causing her to grit her teeth and shut her eyes in rage.

Right now, she needed to just get some rest and make plans for tomorrow.

---

## **Monday, May 9th**

Sweat spilled from Alex's breasts as she continued to dance her feet in a rhythm, pushing against the breeze that felt too cold for how warm the spring weather was. Sam was going to graduate soon yet it felt like it was 40 degrees. Regardless, she continued her push onward as she gripped onto her phone, blaring a song by *Sidewalks and Skeletons*.

She hated running. It was exhausting, time consuming, and made her feel like garbage every time she went. Sam wanted her to give it a shot from that sleepover, but now she wanted to overcome that fear of cardio. After all, she had a lot of fat in her that could be shaved.

Considering how indulgent she had been a week or two ago, she had come a long way from her little incident with the milk she drank. What used to be ready for triplets was now trimmed down to its usual, food babyless state. Only a trace of bloat could be felt against her stomach as she raced forward against the sidewalk.

But alas, the pain didn't stop, with her ribs burning and her breasts sore from the running, just as her arms yearned for her to halt. She had been running far enough, but the desire to reach her goals ran too deep. After all, the idea of being over 350 pounds again was disgusting. Even if it meant adding more strain, the cardio had to pay off.

After a good added mile, Alex took a break, panting as her back embraced sweet release and her breasts slapped down to her waist, gasping and panting as she was covered in freezing sweat. She had to get into the *Eaton's* and recuperate herself, as well as get those groceries Vella promised to give the car again for.

Walking into the expansive market, she forgot how much less store-y it felt over going to *Safeway* back at home. While this was a lot less diverse with options, particularly toiletries, the store offered what she needed.

After taking a small break in the bathroom to wait for her shirt to stop burning up under the jacket, she went ahead and got straight to the grabbing shopping bags from her backpack. Even though her top was still damp and uncomfortable, it was better than it was when she got in.

After 10 minutes of plucking around the aisles gave Alex a pretty hefty amount to work off of for the week, and hopefully enough to satiate both of the girls living in that house. Around a dozen apples, about 7 pounds of ground beef, her little independent business that makes pasta, and a few containers of rice were in the bag at the moment, with Alex squishing her chest into the row of cheese to get a few slices alongside 3 packs of Woodard, her brand of bacon. As much as she wanted to pass by the cereal aisle, she knew that stuff was too junky for her, and she knew there was enough sugar in her diet, and plenty she still needed to expel.

Stopping by the fruit aisle, she looked out to see some guy taking photos. It seemed like an odd thing to be doing at a grocery store, especially on a day like this that wasn't anything special, but it got Alex curious. As she went over the the banana aisle, she leaned her chest into the edge of the display as she plucked the finest bananas she could nab, looking over to see his camera turned suspiciously the other way, possibly just to get a different shot. However, when she went closer to the cold veggies to grab some carrots and pepper, she watched him snap the other way to take pictures where the tomboy once was.

The way he did it agitated her, as if she wasn't important to her or something. It couldn't have been that she looked indecent, right?

Acting a little sly, she snuck towards the busy man as she tried to seem more innocent despite her deepened envy, skipped along with her arms behind her back, making the chest heavy girl look innocent under her hoodie.

"Hey, uh excuse me sir, what'cha taking those pictures for?" She said, acting like a curious child.

Turning around, a man with decent posture and height looked at her, seeming to be around her age at closer glance.

"I'm taking pictures for a news article, there apparently has been contaminations among the food here, and I'm giving these to a news anchor to report on it."

“Oh, interesting,” Alex said with only half interest. “is this uh...” as she tried to give a question back, he stared her down with intimidating eyes, bothering her a little as even her abundant, distracting chest seemed to not even bat a glance. “I mean is there a reason, you uh are reporting-what is it that you specifically are telling about?”

“Well there are reports that many of the fruits here are poorly handled by foreign companies, despite saying that their fruit is local, which I believe a few people have mentioned getting sick from.”

“I hope bananas aren’t one of those fruits.”

“Well, that’s not something I think was mentioned, but I’ll just say your safe.” The man chuckled, with Alex chiming in. “I’m Aaron.”

“...Alex.” She responded, giving a sweaty hand to the photographer as she tried to pass things off normally again. “Anyways I have to get back to my car before things thaw, nice to meet you.”

“Well you never know what to expect here, could see you tomorrow, could be next year. Have a good day.” The man said as he lightened a little more, with Alex getting back to her luggage as she tried to remember every last thing she got.

After checking out and a grueling trip to the parking lot, Alex lunged her groceries in the backseat as she hurled herself in the driver’s seat, turning on the AC as she felt relieved to sit once more. Her breasts oozed into her lap like warm ice cream as they felt almost like a blanket, challenging the idea of sleep in the warm, baked seat and her cooked chest. She could be in there for hours, letting her breast slip down to her thigh as it almost begged for her arms to give up on moving for a bit. She was sore after all, so the rest would be nice.

However, snapping out of it, she tried to move her mind back to getting on the road, ignoring her body’s beckoning for a break. She made no bother checking for traffic as she headed left, realizing too quick that she was heading the wrong way.

While a little bothered, it didn’t irk her that much. In fact, she had almost completely forgotten about the house she used to live in back when she was raised here.

After a good 5 minute drive, she managed to reach back around the pond that circled around the neighborhood, houses spotted around with white painted outer walls and crimson doors, lined by trimmed grass and the occasional thin tree. Finally though, she reached the place she used to live, a house with two paths in and two stories high. She could narrowly see her window as she realized just how small it was now that she was grown up. The black rooftop seemed more visible as the unchanged gates looked more thin.

She remembered playing prison breakout with Sam and Erza, and how Sam would almost always find a way to snoop them out. While Alex was a wild kid who could get out and alongside her trusty old dog, Sam could always snoop her out of whatever part of the neighborhood she trailed off to. That's not even to forget about the goose that used to trail the pond out by the road. She and Sam would go out there and throw cracked corn at the ducks and geese would show up and start pecking at them.

One goose in particular stood out between the rest though, nicknamed Mr. Meanie. He would always run up to the girls specifically to scare them off, and then hog all of the food for himself. For a 7 year old girl, a goose spreading its wings like an eagle would be terrifying, especially knowing they hit like clubs after that time she tried to push him back in the pond using her special 'stick sword'.

Regardless, she didn't have anything of use to really lure the waterfowl with, which meant sitting there to just admire them basking in the sun, watching them dabble underwater to find any stray minnows that may have been caught. The sky was blue but the golden tints of evening began to mark themselves as the blonde offered to sit back and appreciate her surroundings. It felt good to be back at home for a bit, less sugarcoated by nostalgia, but somewhere she hadn't in years but missed regardless. It made her think about her future, how she'd really be able to get out of the rut she was in, unknowing of what she can do and hungry for her own independence. If it weren't for Sam, that would've been the reason for going back to Hometown, just because living with Vella felt a lot more human than just living with her parents.

Still, she had some curiosity about going into engineering. Math was a good subject for her, and she took some dual enrollment classes before applying to Hometown University, but would the life of college really be able to prepare her for adulthood?

Before she could wrap around her future, she noticed a presence nearby, looking out to see what she quickly realized was a goose, with its black head and brown plumage, waddling its way towards the girl as she stood more straight, raising hands to show she had no food. However, the goose instead stopped in its tracks, almost analyzing her as she stared back at it.

It seemed to crawl closer as if it expected a meal, with Alex only seeming to deny such a case with her hands open to keep it back. What she didn't expect though was the goose jumping on top of the girl, landing on her chest as she pushed down to the ground, pinned by the bird that regained its balance on top of the water bed Alex carried. After such, it then began to rest back down, tucking its head back down looking into Alex's face. There seemed to be slight whiteness in the eyelids of the beast, alongside a more muzzled beak. It was then that she realized that the scar wasn't a new one. In fact, it was the same place Mr. Meanie had his after she threw an action figure at it in self defense.

It felt odd knowing this goose was still alive, especially after such a passage in time. But alas, it was happy the way it was, and it didn't seem interested in provoking the same blobs of meat it



rested upon, so the only thing Alex could do was just let it abide, enjoying the life its had here in the old pond.

However, it didn't take long for Alex to realize something, something important.

The groceries were still in the car!

She wanted to budge the goose off again, trying to get her footing, but the bird didn't bother to nudge, sticking to its position as she only sighed in disappointment. It was going to be quite a while before the old man got off her, watching it begin to doze off as it tucked its beak into its wings, curling its talons into the fluff as the old man took its time off.

She was going to only hope that the frozens would stay intact.

—

## **Tuesday, May 10th**

The titanic tomboy sat by a signal to a railroad, looking out to both the incomprehensible graffiti adjacent to her, as well as the railroad track that didn't show a sign of ending. As her back rested against the wall, she had a sense of relief as her back straightened, leveling her breasts a little alongside her left arm nudging into them by her underboob. A sticky feeling pressed against her head, but it was light enough for her to believe it way her imagination.

There was something about the rocky area that almost reminded her of Pine, moreso the quick trip she made to Breckenridge to visit some family friends. Sure they had a beautiful ski resort, but since it was during the summer when she visited, that image never came to fruition, only able to envision the rocky mountains alongside the architecture exclusive to the high altitude area.

Looking down at her phone, she looked to see some pictures of her in some fancy lime boatneck, alongside a pair of denim jeans that slanted a little up her waist. She had managed to get in contact with a designer named Sabrina in Hometown thanks to her sister, and got a custom sized outfit to try on earlier that day.

However, today wasn't the day for a fancy outfit change, as she had a part time job to do at 3 for Nail's, a home improvement shop. While Home Depot definitely was more recognizable in that regard, the store itself marked itself as a good local competitor, offering a whole warehouse of assorted homely needs.

Adjusting the strap to her store's signature lime green apron, she walked back to the store, which happened to be nearby. She was a little tense, since this was her first day at this job, and it wasn't like she had to go, but Alex had not an hour of labor under her sleeves, making her guilt catch the back of her mind.

---

Entering the store, she got right to the back, taking to the back as she had to load some of the boxes out of storage and into the aisles. The main place to worry about at the moment was the tool section, which had a few appliances missing. To her back was things such as planks and boards, loaded by one of the large forklifts that patrol the area.

Oddly enough, she always wanted to be able to ride a forklift, finding controlling a bunch of boxes or whatever to be a fun experience. However, because of her chest, there was no doubt she would never earn her license, even with one of her compression bra on, one misinput could cause catastrophic damage.

She had a few things to sort through, starting with the power tools. Luckily, they were already boxed in, so she didn't have to get to unpacking more time consuming things.

Her arms gently rested the goods over her chest, looking at the boxes carefully before sliding them with the rest, neatly stacking them in a row. She definitely saw this as one of the more easy tasks, although she would hear many complaints about how exhausting it could be. Sure, it was time consuming, but it wasn't at all tiring.

Before long, a customer showed up, nervously tapping her shoulder before she gave a curious gaze at the bearded man who had to be in their 40s.

"Excuse me, but I believe the spray paint isn't in the spot it's usually in, would you happen to tell me where it's located?"

"Yes, it's uhh..." Alex, lifting up, felt her butt shake a little in her jeans as she nervously pointed her hand out. "Oh I apologize, the spray paint is in aisle 5, the manager said they shifted the whereabouts a week ago but this is my first day!"

"Ah, thank you little er... Alex. Have a good one." The man said, looking at her a little funny before walking off. It was probably rather off putting to see her chest like this, but considering how nice he was about it, there were worse options. Still, odd choice to specifically state her name.

Getting back to work, she sorted out the last of the boxes for the power tools, before taking her cart over to the next corner that needed restocking, where it seemed that a set of toolboxes were in need of unloading.

Bending down, making her less impressionable but still large butt visible as her breasts kissed her knees, she hunched to see how much space was in the corner they were supposed to be stocked in. As she did, there was a slight itch in her left cheek, and despite not wanting to seem unsightly, she scratched it, looking left and right to hope no one saw.

Before she could bend back up though, another question was made, causing the girl to hop in the air from the scare, raising her arms in defense of the unseen force behind her.

“Excuse me, Alex, you have mops here?” A 20 something man with bushy hair said, with Alex almost wanting to say he had one on his head.

“I think at aisle 17? My apologies.”

“No it’s fine, have a good one.”

“You too-“

Before Alex could turn back around her breasts pushed into another man, one as tall as a tree, who absolutely would bury her head deep into the concrete if messed with.

“Excuse me Alex, could you direct me towards the plaster paper?”

Surprisingly, that was one of the items she knew the location of, although it was in a niche spot.

“Alright, hold on, let me put the last of these boxes away and I’ll be glad to help you.”

Taking a few seconds, she slid the tool boxes wrapped in cardboard under the desk, making sure not to kiss the price tag above it.

However, immediately after handing that in, another customer appeared, pushing into her chest as she attempted to blindly step forward for a moment. In her way was yet another man, overweight and more plum shaped, wearing only a wife beater and some cheap shorts.

“Where’s the adhesives for PVC glue-Alex, right?” The man said in a slightly southern accent, stuttering as he corrected her name. It was really bothering her how many people were asking her for things, to the point where it felt uncomfortable. There were employees in other places yet she seemed like a magnet.

“It’s in Aisle 6, I need to guide this other customer. I’m sorry.” She said, apologetically scuttling by as though not to cause conflict. The lanky man followed her as he lurched by, bearing paint all over his apparel as it became clear by his face he was a college student and not a spooky man from 1867.

There hadn’t been a time where she hadn’t felt more exposed than this. It definitely was the lack of a compression bra, because basically everyone was looking at her funny. She knew guys were perverts, but it was as though their minds were connected today.

After guiding the customer to the plaster paper, she strolled back to her cart, dragging it back to storage but not before being stopped by one of her coworkers. They seemed to be by a display bench, with a person watching not too far away.

It was Sheryl, one of her coworkers who was a more aged woman at around 25. She was working part time in the midst of applying for another job for a landscaping company, but she seemed to know her way around the store.

“Hey, new girl!” She shouted, catching Alex’s attention. “Come here and show this man the Milwaukee M18 Circular Saw.”

“Right, coming!” Alex commented, prancing along as though she were a mindless servant.

Looking at the more plump woman, she handed over the device with care as Alex correctly held the saw towards the line indicated.

“So this is the M18, personally it’s a really good saw for personal use. I actually had to use one up in Pine for a lot of engineering projects in high school.”

Underneath her confidence was Alex sweating out of her mind as she tried to put herself back together. Her breasts felt sweaty which meant that there was probably a pocket of it somewhere around, and that likely meant more stains on her uniform.

“Anyways this is a really good device, really durable in regards to weather and it does a great job at giving nice clean lines when you’re cutting.” Sheryl attached a pair of goggles onto the blonde as she demonstrated, leaning forward as her bust threatened the table with her pull forward, putting a flat line against the plank of wood as it began to lose tension.

A small clank was heard underneath her bust as she felt the saw become lighter, making her realize the job was done. She was surprised to see no cuts were ridden on her body, adding to this point that she was ok.

“The best part has to be, to be that there’s not much sawdust that gets anywhere when you cut, it’s a super clean go!” She was really trying to keep herself together, holding back a shiver as her hand reached to the remaining wood, pulling in more to be turned into plank.

However, looking up she saw more than just the customer, with more of an audience showing as they looked at it almost like a bid. She tried not to stare, instead continuing to slide the wood into usable parts, all defined by the line they were placed upon. Due to her experience in those high school classes, her ability to make clean lines was perfected, easily going across the board with confidence and patience.

Without realizing, her boobs were pressing deep into the desk. Sure, it was far enough away from the saw, and most people were away from any real harm, but it made her a little subconscious as she reeled herself back.

“So uh... yeah! This is a wonderful tool if you’re looking for something for an in-home project, and we have it here on sale for around \$150. Any other questions?” She said, rubbing her thighs together in a nervous rut. A drip of sweat spilled from her cheek as she sawed through the final piece, getting an audience applause as the plank fell, the girl turning off the circular saw as she put her hands together, blushing a little even though she felt like she shouldn’t.

“Can you cut through something bigger?!” A man yelled in the back. She glanced at Sheryl, who signaled continuing the encore, leading her to reach a larger plank of wood that had a good amount of density. Ready to use her saw by the directed line, she locked it in before buzzing it towards the end, her sweaty breasts pressing down as her shoulder brushed sweat off her forehead.

However, after enough pushing through the 2 foot long block, a flat piece was laid out for the audience to see.

She could feel her boobs melting as she tried to shred more into the block, watching sawdust safely fly the other direction as she continued onward, one hand supporting her and the other continuing to piece it apart. But alas, half of the plank was now gone, meaning she just had one more bit to go.

Starting at the line she began once more, trying to ignore the sweat festering her mind begging her to change. However, getting this done was the most important thing of her day. She needed to make a good image, have a good look not just for a paycheck, but so she could have more experience with people used to technology. Understanding ski technology helped inspire her a lot back at Pine, but since she had moved in and met Sam again, it felt as though her focus on her major halted, focusing on romance and friends rather than productivity or something on a resume. It was almost as if her little bubble was about to...

\*RIIIIIIPPPPPPPPPP\*

Alex shot back in fear as she tried to angle in on the tearing noise that scared most of the other audience members, raising her eyes up as she realized something cut that was definitely on her. There wasn’t blood, but by the look of the men around her surroundings, blood seemed to be going somewhere.

As Alex touched, she realized just what was wrong, feeling just a touch of soft flesh as the damp sweat infected her glove.

“I-uh... I need to go.” Alex said, red hot on her face as she scuttled away, aimed directly at the nearest bathroom as the audience stood in awe of the girl with enormous breasts who just

ripped her top in the middle of a demonstration. It was great she was safe, but was it worth it at the cost of her dignity?

### **Wednesday, May 11th**

The sounds of agony could be heard from Alex as she pushed and struggled for her life. The pressure was drowning her out, her arms weakening, her legs kicking. She could feel her skin turning bright red as she continued to fight back.

However, with enough force, she began to push, gripping her muscles tighter than ever, pushing her legs down as she put her life into this moment.

\*CLANK\*

With that, the weight was finally landed, Alex panting as she finished her bench press. Her arms felt like breaking apart into segments as her tongue stuck out, gasping for air as she tried to contain herself. She wanted to keep a goal in mind of being more quiet when doing bench press, but always seemed to fail that task when in actuality.

Still, despite the clear message of her warmup of 250 pounds, it still didn't feel like enough. Standing up, she crossed her hands between her slightly pudgy belly. She was nearly done with all of her extra fat, meaning that she could soon get back to her regular eating habits. It was still uncomfortable being at the gym, with her looking at passerby who may be staring at her doing some stretches, but the image of her in the mirror was more relaxing. That didn't mean sitting around gawking at herself, but it did mean she was finally feeling like she was improving in health.

Even if she probably wasn't going to lose her added cup sizes soon, the preservation of a healthy body shape is important more than anything, as it could easily lead to health concerns with her two overbearing lumps.

Thinking of that topic, Alex had a rush of blood, grabbing some weights to slide into the bell, adding another 120 pounds to each side.

Right now, 450 was her deadlift, but 250 was a good exercise, especially after her 5th rep. Still, she needed to make sure she could outmatch that, especially with her urgency to keep up with her shape.

Slapping back down on the bench, she got to lifting. Already, it was far more than she anticipated, taking some effort to actually manage lifting up the daunting amount of weights even an inch. Her arms were wobbling, her mind focused only on the weight as she lifted it steadily down to her breasts, which were spread down to the sides of the platform as she bent the bar lower and lower.

Then, the hardest part.

She began to push upwards, grounding her legs as her back bent, mustering all of her upper body strength together as she tried to push the weight back up. The steel grew hotter as she focused her eyes on the bar, pinching her skin with her squinted brows.

Tragedy soon struck, with Alex suddenly pulling something, causing the bar of metal to come flying down, Alex praying only for a face makeover.

However, the bar soon halted, nearly stopping at her head as Alex could only look at her reflection vaguely as her life flashed for a moment. Someone definitely helped her stop the fall, but she'd have to lift it back up to its hook. The girl tried again, pushing with all of her might until the bar rose once more, with the bar soon reaching to top of her bend before it fell onto the resting spot. Almost immediately Alex panted, feeling death just around the corner raising his fist for losing his catch.

Looking up though, Alex's senses came to her, peering up slowly as she yearned to see her savior, expecting some kind of staff or a buff college student saving her life.

Instead, she saw someone different, a shorter girl. Tan skin, tank top and gym shorts, almost mistakenly male if it weren't for the soft face and indistinguishable pixie cut Alex shared.

"You're never anything but reckless, are you?" Spoke Nelly, shrugging as she pressed her arms against the bar that nearly killed the decadent damsel.

"What are you here for?" Alex grumbled, forgetting she was just saved by this woman as the flashes of her behavior at the volleyball auditions struck her.

"What am I-what the hell are you here for? It's my gym."

"You don't claim ownership of a gym."

"What are you- Good god I do not understand you." The tan skinned girl put a rag on her face as she attempted to recover from the stupidity of Alex's comment, with Alex only looking naively back as though she did nothing wrong.

"Ugh." The confused yet disrupted girl said back, standing up as she gave up on her workout. Taking a step, she went forward as she tried to think about avoiding the bully.

"WAIT!" She yelled, causing Alex to look back as she shared a frightened look on her face, almost grabbing Alex by her shoulders with a despair filled glare.

"I-uhhh. My bag is under you! There's a lot of valuables in there!" She said nervously, looking down at the rather bulky backpack. It seemed rather secure, so she didn't know why Nelly was so scared of Alex stepping on it, unless she was just heavy enough to crush it.

Slowly, she lifted her leg off and onto the floor. However, a spark went in her head as she found herself locked in a way to keep Nelly off of her tracks.

"What's in there that's got you so scared?" Alex asked with confusion.

"N-none of your business!" Nelly shouted as she attempted to pick it up, swinging it around before locking it across her back. Her legs bent between each other as she pushed it into herself, but it didn't seem they lost balance from the blow.

"If you need help, I'd be willing to spot you too." Alex requested.

"Yea- no thanks, not interested."

"It's always good to have a spotter."

"Dude, I'm not gonna let you pester me while I work out." She said, moving to a new bench.

"There's plenty of dudes here who like bothering girls and it would be good protection."

"They just like fat pig boobs like yours."

"Yeah but it's still safer for us to work together-"

"I can do this myself, okay?!" Nelly shouted, placing herself down as she took to her stack of 220 pounds of iron, resting as she took to raising the bar, taking it down to her chest and back up.

"I don't do double this like a fucking, ngh~ monster! Okay?" She snarkly spoke as she lifted the first time.

"You still probably are struggling a lot due to your body weight."

"Your arms are about as big as mine, shut up!"

"Yea and I have big tits I need to carry around, they aren't twigs, you know."

"Well I'm perfectly fine, very much. I can do this set all by my-"

Almost on cue, the bar fell over, almost crushing Nelly before Alex caught it, only narrowly nudging her with the bar as it toppled to the ground. A face full of boobs was met at Nelly's face,



engulfing her like the airbag of a car. Alex took to quickly lifting the bar herself, avoiding her rival's futile struggles below as she lifted the bar easily, taking it to the hook with little issue.

Lifting her chest off of the narrowly saved girl, she coughed and spat as she leaned up, suffocated by two mounds that were guarded only by Alex's tank top.

"Do you ever learn to keep those things to yourself?"

"I just saved your life?" Alex said a little smugly.

"Only because you... er... mmmmmggghh!" The girl began to growl before stomping on the ground. It crumbled across the gym as it startled the blonde, with her needing to check the ground to make sure there wasn't a crack on the marble floor.

"Ok fine, what do you want?" She said, yelling as her cheeks flushed red, her thighs oddly flexing as she huffed with rage.

"I just wanted to work out with you, that's all. I know we got on the wrong page and I just hoped to forgive from that encounter."

Nelly wanted to continue the argument, but she felt at least gracious for Alex saving her. Letting out a sigh, she simply walked along to the dumbbell rack as she whipped a cloth around her neck, straightening her neck a little as she almost signaled Alex to follow along.

With the smaller grabbing the 35 pound weights, Alex grabbed the 50 pounds. Resting down, Nelly begun her workout, going from some basic exercises simply doing curls and shoulder presses, all the way to raises as she tried to keep her butt in place.

Alex followed suit, liking to keep a rhythm with the person nearby when working out. It usually allowed her to have a good understanding of what exercises she could and couldn't do with her figure, and how to truly optimize her core despite the weight pulling her back.

Something was different, however, when Nelly shifted to squats. Sitting to her left, she managed to see an indent in her shorts, one that didn't seem natural. It was a flat shape, but one that wasn't organic.

"Uhhh, Nelly?"

"What."

"Is there something up with your shorts?"

It took a moment for her to recognize what Alex meant, but when she did, she was struck red as she grunted in disapproval.

“I mean, they can get pretty baggy at times, but not on me right now.” She said, taking a bounce before resuming her row of squats. When Alex peered again, she realized that the spot once there was now gone. It was as if it never was there.

Alex simply ignored this, joining in with her own set of squats.

“So how exactly do you know Sam?” Alex asked.

“Of course you’d like to know. We used to be good friends in 8th grade, she always helped me with my math homework.”

“Neat, did you two do anything else?”

“Well, I used to lump together with her and some of the theater kids to go downtown, it was honestly super fun.”

“Oh, neat.” Alex responded, expecting a more engaging answer. “I remember she told me about how she had a ton of sleepovers watching Ghibli movies with Chandler and some others.

“Yeah, I do miss hanging out with them more.”

“Oh?” Alex responded with curiosity.

“But I don’t feel like getting too into it, you know?”

“I mean, I just know you had a fight in the past, which is why you aren’t hanging with Sam too much.”

“I had a fight with Chandler.”

Caught off guard, Alex looked at Nelly with some shock as the girl just casually continued her squats. It seemed odd for Chandler to fight with anyone, especially since she spent so much time with her boyfriend, but alas, questions arise.

“When even was the last time you guys talked?”

“I guess in July, I wanted to hang out with them more but Chandler was too busy smooching with her boyfriend, Teegan was busy doing parties, and May got her job at that donut place. Sorta just left me by myself, and the only thing that entertained me was getting into volleyball.”

“Wait, so you managed to get to being the captain of the team within just like a semester?”

“Things happen to the world around ya’ if you concentrate your efforts on something.” Said Nelly, putting down the dumbbells before placing them on the rack. A loud puff exited her body as she made a sound similar to a moan.

“You sound tense, I guess a good exercise has really made you feel better about yourself?” Alex commented as she placed the bells back on the rack herself, being stamped with a print of her sweat as she stretched her arms, pointing her breasts outwards in an attempt to get her body fixed up.

“It helps relieve stress.” Nelly said, taking some breaths as she did some stretching herself, although it felt more like she was just touching her hands together from the exhaustion. Alex usually overdid it with her workouts since her diet required a hefty amount of exercise to stay in form with, which meant that a normal routine felt taboo. However, something about Nelly’s workout seemed like it shouldn’t be causing her to pant this much.

“Anyways, I’m pooped, I think I’m gonna just go home.” Said Nelly, straightening her back as she began to walk out.

“You sure?”

“Yeeaaaaa.” She replied back to Alex. Oddly enough, she took a moment to look at the girl’s chest and then her face, something she didn’t usually do, before smiling a bit. “I’m uh... glad to have spent a little time getting to feel better.”

“Yeah, sorry we got off on the wrong foot.” Alex said back, waving as she felt more resolved with herself seeing Nelly forgive her.

“I’ll see you later, bye!” The tanned girl said, skipping off before awkwardly shifting to a walk, which acted as a waddle for a moment as she tried to adjust her shorts. The flat bulge that was there now seemed much larger. It was that same artificial print as before, but what was once as wide as a lime was now as big as a cereal bowl.

Alex wanted to catch up to ask her about it, but she was already out of the building before she could get a step in.

Still, it wasn’t like she had that much of a care about that minor detail in her day, simply happy to be on better terms with someone she originally saw as an enemy. Skipping back, she saw a treadmill nearby, looking at it not with fear, but a spark of ambition this time.

While once terrified of the beast and her inability to run at such speeds, she felt more confident now, stepping onto the trail as she pressed a button, readying her pace as her desire to run began to take priority.

**Thursday, May 12th**

Figuring there wasn't much to do, Alex decided to spend the day in the house. Sure, she went to the bookstore to get Vella something, but other than that it wasn't anything particular.

Lounging in her room, she sat upside down as she played a game on her Switch. On the screen was a Dark Souls, with her left arm squishing a plush of a big polar bear.

She was currently engaged in combat with Erza's character, swinging along her sword in the midst of choppy, poor internet combat.

While they hadn't met in person for a while, Erza had sent Alex pictures of her situation, showing how her stomach was reaching near inhuman heights, stretching and swelling alongside the rest of her curves. It had to have reached her knees by now, with her breasts bloating out to the size of beach balls. It was amazing she was even able to move in her state, seeming more blubbery flesh than human. Not to mention, but her stomach could have a consistent bumping noise heard through her mic, alerting Alex's attention as she continued her game.

"Yeesh, is this really your mechanism to stop thinking about the trip an hour away."

"I just hate the idea of going to a country club like this." Erza said. "Like it's not that I struggle getting out, thank god for double doors, but like... I just kinda hate the idea of anyone seeing me like this."

"I'm just impressed that you manage just fine." Alex commented back."

"Yeah, thank heavens for whatever they're pumping into me, but I still kinda just want to stick home."

"I get that- hey WHAT THE FUCK" Alex yelled as Erza got a cheap backstab on her, causing the readhead to burst with laughter as she tried to contain herself. Even though it had been since elementary school since they played together one to one, Erza clearly never changed, looking to weaken Alex down before striking her whenever they would jump on the trampoline or use the zipline.

"Ok yeah I'm never talking to you again while I play these games."

"Whatever, tits for brains."

"Your boobs are almost bigger than mine, you dummy."

"Oh yeah. Well, not naturally."

"Whatever." She said, respawning into the world.

As she tried to continue her game, the sound of someone behind her made itself present, with her quickly realizing it was none other than her sister.

Having to cut her ties with the controller, she had to leave the game as she stepped downstairs, hopping with each step as the girl with brighter, blonder hair stands in the kitchen, tapping away on her phone while she clatters her mind out on a laptop. By the looks of the hint of her bra strap showing from her O-cups, it was clear she didn't have much time to get dressed.

"Alright, Alex, I just got a call from my team. I'm gonna be out of the house until maybe Sunday, because they want me all the way in Washington. It's a lot of executive stuff and they want me to help with things. I'm gonna have you care for the house before I get going, ok?"

"I mean, sounds good to me." Alex mumbled, unsure what the catch would be from her boss.

"I think the biggest thing you can do over the weekend is probably handle all of the leftovers." Vella stated, opening the fridge to reveal many containers from the many meals Alex has been able to ingest. Despite her weight, and especially her appetite, it was a more likely occurrence than one would think.

"Alright, sounds good to me!" Alex commented like a soldier on duty.

"Cool, I'll see you Sunday, try not to burn down the place while I'm gone." She said, raising her keys as Alex noticed something about them.

"Wait, is that really that same Gir keychain you had from middle school?" The tomboy commented as Vella raised the keys.

"Huh?" She replied, shocked for a moment until she saw the slightly weathered paint job of the titular "dog" of the show.

"Oh yeah, that's the one my ex-boyfriend got me back in middle school."

"Didn't you have like a fake keyring back then just to show off that you had one?" Alex brought up, causing Vella to redden a little.

"Oh my god, I was like what, 13?" She said, pressing the figurine against her left breast as she stepped her wider hips out to exemplify some point. "Besides, it's not like I bribed mom into buying a butt load of cosplays even though the closest place to Pine that had conventions was Denver."

"Shut up, they looked cool."

“Yeah and you have to get new material for them every 3 months because you always outgrow you.”

“Oh yeah and you act like you don’t eat like a pig.”

“Yeah but at least I don’t gain a cup size every month.”

“At least I don’t complain about back problems because I actually exercise and not... play mediocre Netflix movies and eat Sour Patch Kids cereal when in my free time.”

“Ok but those things taste good if you don’t-“

“-if you don’t pour the milk; I know.” Alex snapped back, almost lighting a fuse in Vella’s brain as she wanted to strangle the girl she called her sister. “Doesn’t make you any less of an animal.”

“Ok enough arguing, I’m going out, good luck with everything.”

“I love you, see you later, have fun!” Alex called back out in a loving voice to her sister as she stepped out the side door to her car, leaving Alex to abide by her own rules.

She did need at least something to do, since bringing Sam over was a no-go, and bringing Erza over seemed physically impossible. For now though, she had the rest of the week all to herself, bored out of her mind, and forgetting about the leftovers-oh wait she had leftovers!

Unpacking the tupperware, she found a third of the 9 hamburgers she made the night before, since she was getting some protein in after her workout. However, there was also some chicken and rice, some stew, and some rotisserie she could find in there that didn’t seem to be that old. There were a lot of good options, but she wasn’t sure what to pick.

She’d probably have to at least start with reheating the burgers, and possibly finding that pizza she ordered last night but never actually ate.

---

After a solid hour, Alex had finally come to her decision on what to start first, by just simply showing her way through all of it. Getting through 3 burgers, a bowl of stew, half a rotisserie, a whole pizza, 2 cups of chicken and rice, a whole NY strip, and some alfredo spaghetti wasn’t easy, but she managed with what she had, panting as she let a puff of exhaust out of her full mouth, patting her inflated belly as it begun to reach to her waist, a habit that happened often when she got out of hand.

She dreaded the idea of taking all the plates and bowls to the sink, resting on the chair as she rubbed her tummy for vanquishing the beast of the fridge. As much as she wanted dessert, it was likely going to have to pass, since she had to do something to try and vanquish the tight

feeling in her tummy. Slowly lifting herself up, she felt it jiggle against the top of her chest as she stepped outside for a moment, getting some evening sun on her skin as she walked around the yard for a moment.

Her belly was upset, growling and gurgling as she made an attempt to soothe it by unconventional means. Bumps and indents were made, with a distinct layer between what was being digested and what had already been, judging by the flabby layer below housing a distinct bouncy orb. A small belch blended with a hiccup excited Alex as she continued to walk down a concrete path, looking at flowers as she tried to put her mind somewhere else.

However, that, combined with her breasts, left a certain feeling that rubbed her the wrong way. Sure, she knew that all this eating was going to affect her already swollen chest, but they felt at their limit for whatever reason still. Sure, her meds definitely helped relieve things, but even if she didn't feel tightened in her own skin, it was as if they were going to explode any second, like her nipples were ready to burst in an instant.

Stepping outside for a moment, she crossed around the fireplace that came with the house as she walked into the plains, grazing herself across the creek in case of any animals. However, every groan of pain in her stomach kept her from thinking about her curiosity.

For whatever reason, her mind felt stricken when they went to that fancy restaurant. It was Sam's idea, but Alex, being the over interpreter she is, decided to dress super fancy as if she was her date. Maybe in hindsight it makes more sense, but it did make her really think about how she even could react now knowing Sam just happily went with it. It was as if that need for someone familiar overwhelmed her that day, especially with Sam pushing her away towards that Waluigi-looking freak. The last thing she could think of under her groggy, dinner filled illness is just how good that ice cream was. She was sick to her stomach, but that vanilla cream dessert couldn't get out of her mind.

Rumblings snapped Alex back to reality for a moment, gently putting her hand against her triplet-sized stomach to feel it vibrating against her breasts. Not to mention, her nipples were incredibly hard, poking out as they had a similarly groggy, yet enticing feeling to rub them a little. However, that daze caught her off guard as she looked to see a tiny, tiny snail against a leaf on the bush.

Crouching down, narrowly avoiding her bloated belly and bust tampering with the fragile barrier of nature, the blonde felt amused by it trailing to the leaf, nearly connecting to another as it made its constant, never ending adventure to wherever. Despite the hearty moment, and the picture she took for Sam, it was clear that she was getting bored of this after only a minute, rising up as she held the bottom of her stomach around her arms, crossing between the front of her crotch as she wiggled and jiggled back inside.

After a decent walk around the backyard, Alex went back in to try and find some kind of rejuvenation for her stomach problems, be it TUMS, or some kind of workout equipment upstairs, or the secret ice cream vault no one liked to talk about.

Considering the first and last options seemed like better choices, she decided to go to the basement, making sure she didn't hit neither her belly nor breasts into the wall as she stepped to the bottom floor. Surprisingly, she's had to replace the walls of the basement after eating too much before, so this wasn't something completely out of the ordinary for her.

Finding herself in the dusty basement once again, she decided to go looking for medicine first, since it seemed like the healthiest option. However, with the lack of lights, she found herself at a disadvantage due to such poor vision. The light was located a bit away, and judging by the book she just stepped on, her feet weren't going to be without risk. Stepping by, she found herself bumping into something with her belly, feeling a buildup of gas as she stepped back like a tank before going a more correct direction. Unfortunately, this led to her stepping on a bag, slipping her around until she fell directly onto her belly, squeezing it hard into the ground as the pumpkin sized gut caused even more gas to bellow up.

\*UUUUURRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPP\*

She had to pant for a second before getting up, all before she bumped her head on some cabinet, causing her to realize that this was where the light was located.

Flipping the switch, she soon caused a whole different picture to come to her eyes as she came to a room she hadn't visited in months.

Looking around, she had forgotten all about the room of her Kung-Fu class she had with Sam as a kid. She ended up roping her in for a special sweepstake, leading to her and Sam having their own charades in an attempt to reach the legendary Black Belt. It was an adventure that she was very adamant on reaching, spending years of training after classes to attain. However, since she had to go to middle school, she never was able to fully reach it, especially since nowhere offered karate up in Pine. Because of this, it made the girl feel all the more alone. At least, that was until she began to discover skiing with her friend Alyx, but that goal of reaching black belt never really felt attained after her foray of a trip halfway across the country. Maybe someday, she'd be able to conquer that goal that once felt abandoned.

That wasn't even to mention the over the top "birthday castle" Sam made her when she was a kid. Being super into Littlest Pet Shop, Sam loved the idea of building her own house, and having the brilliant idea of making one for Alex, she ended up making a big cardboard one that was filled with things like an "adventure tube" that took you across all sorts of "adventure dimensions". That was still alive in that woman, especially in the moments she worked as a DM, but she never expected to see Vella bring this back of all things. It was bound to have eroded with time but this cardboard masterpiece stood alive and well, even having the Iguana, Alex's favorite of the toys, sleeping in its bed.



She found herself staring at a small watermark hidden by some debris and a lego bush in the way, something she hadn't found with years of use.

"To Alex:  
From: Sam & Mr Martin Andersen"

---

## Chapter 18 –

---

Sam stood in a room backstage of another person speaking. She had only a set of paper in her hands wearing a fancy skirt alongside a suit and button up to make herself more professional. This was the big day after all, where a whole month of research and writing finally paid off.

Her AP Biology II class required her to have a full project to present, and while many were enthusiastic, when it was announced it would be shown off Hometon University's biology board, regardless of if one got in or not, panic would begin to arise in any student cursed with working on one.

But Sam, she learned to accept the pressure, putting together her notes for this final project of her high school career. It was on the process of digestion, and how distribution of fat can vary with both diet and exercise. However, with her research into B3, a company known for their efforts in that field, she wanted to understand their own faults based on their research. Their use of chemicals on altering the human figure had shown clear changes, many of which seemed inhumane, and needed to be brought to light.

The next student went up, meaning that Sam was destined to be the last one. She looked at her notes, rereading about the intricacies of the absorption of protein into the system, how it gets distributed and how that can be affected. She felt outweighed by the pressure of her last moments in high school, but alas, knew this had to be done.

-

Sam cleared her throat quietly as she stepped to the mic, refusing to look back at the presentation showing to the board. The clean wooden floor felt like it was pulling her inward, begging her big moment to fall apart.

"Eating food, we all do it here, but it's something I always felt fascinated by the results of. In a day and age where it seems as though obesity is less escapable than death, I decided to look into how intake of food truly correlates with the body."

Clicking the screen, she waited for a fade in as a graph of the human stomach appeared. “I am to assume everyone knows what digestion is, being the breakdown of food in the human body, going from being chewed up in your mouth.” Sam halted as she clamped her jaw to the audience. “All the way to being broken apart through the stomach.”

“However, the actual process for absorption of nutrients into the bloodstream truly begins with the small intestine, where the walls push water and nutrients out and into your system.”

“This is where things such as fat turn into fatty acids and glycerol, the shortest to digest, proteins turned back into amino acids, and carbohydrates into glucose, the longest to digest.”

“For something like protein, it passes through the initial intestinal lining via active transport, they are taken to the liver to be synthesized. This allows for the amino acids created to be regulated in the bloodstream and be used across the body.”

“In recent years, there have been some people who have been sighted as being able to healthily store fat across the body that are known to many as hypers. The distinction comes by having specialized visceral fat being specialized between certain areas of the body. This specifically means that organs are tied to having a good amount of fat surrounding them, which comes with better metabolism and more healthy distribution of fat across the body.”

“However, with modern times, there have been companies that sprouted that test these extremities of the human body, giving results to subjects similar to that of the hyper phenomenon, but come at the price of a larger burden on the back, muscle cramps, and on very rare occasions, tumors.”

“Despite this, it is clear that keeping a good amount of nutrition is good for the human body, with taking in the right balance being important to human health. Trying to modify yourself through artificial means can lead to extreme consequences such as that with “hyper programs” offered by companies, leading to your internal systems being permanently changed or even damaged.”

“Are there any questions that anyone in the audience would like to ask?” Sam said, avoiding the sound of panting under her voice as she tried to keep herself together.

The crowd stood silent for a moment, panicking the girl as she dreaded the idea of failing the board.

“So, would you happen to have any info on the companies ‘divulging’ into the secrets behind this hyper phenomenon?”

“You can find them at the end of the slide, here.” She said, almost forgetting to put up her sources on the big screen.

“Does the hyper phenomenon have a positive influence on health, would you say?” Another audience member asked.

“I mean there’s definitely a lot of issues that still come with it.” Sam commented. “There’s a high risk of organ failure if a healthy diet isn’t maintained to keep the body together.”

“So... wouldn’t that mean they just need to maintain a healthy diet?”

“Yes, but not only is estimated food costs in regards to caloric intake five times that of a normal person’s, it also is guaranteed a continuous development of the body 80% of the time, even between those who have eaten around 20% less than the required caloric intake.”

Seeing the conversation as done, she shifted herself to another raised hand, with a more mature woman looking at Sam, bearing wavy blackish-brown hair, seeming unfitting for the college board.

“Do you happen to know anyone who has undergone these procedures? It would be valuable to know about first hand experience with such a phenomenon.”

Feeling nervous, not wanting to rope anyone close to her into this mess, gulped for a moment as she tried to keep herself from being sidetracked by the question.

“I do, I know multiple people who are experiencing this phenomenon, and it’s those experiences that made me realize the unfair problems that arise due to their body type”

Looking at her crowd, the board seemed to be muttering to themselves, showing either interest or disinterest, but visibly nothing in between. She could only stare as she kept a cold, reserved glare down at her audience.

“I think that concludes my time here. I appreciate you all for listening to me, and wish you all the best!” Sam said, walking off as she heard the audience from the back, silently looking behind her as she tried to keep it cool. It was rather clear by their looks that she did something she didn’t intend. She did everything the professor said, and followed along a whole boatload of research, but it was hard to say if people went behind what she was saying.

From whatever route she went with that, she messed up.

—

It was hard for Sam to keep her composure on the drive back. Luckily she had school off for the rest of the day. Well, she could go back, but in the state she was in, it didn’t feel like it would be worth it.

She held her forearms by her stomach as she entered the confines of her house. The familiar scent of home felt nullified by the sense of pressure in her mind, weighing down her core. But alas, she entered the home, trying not to let out a gust of air too loud for her tensed body.

Her mom was currently on call in the office, talking to what Sam could only guess was the board of Hometown Power. Even then, her mother waved out to her, cheerfully saying hi to the downed girl. She simply waved back as she went up to her room, feeling the weight of each step of her stairs before crashing into her room.

Only a moment was spent taking out some mealworms and feeding her orchid mantis before she inevitably crashed her bookbag on the ground and body slammed her bed. She felt heavy. Too heavy. Heavy enough that a month's worth of sleep wouldn't be getting her up anytime soon.

Weeks. Weeks of effort on a project was spent looking not just into digestion, but the further looks into an industry like B3, one so heavily set on "improvement of the human body" despite everything else saying otherwise. Even with her words of disdain and their misuse of people, it felt as though people sidelined it just to focus on their own indulgences. She thought avoiding the obvious behind the "hyper phenomenon" would be enough to show them from an objectively wrong level, but it felt as though people only became more curious about it.

God, was she enabling these people? Enabling the kind of behavior she dreaded in life? It felt like her whistles of danger only lured people in like animals to their own demise. She thought about Erza for a moment, thinking about how she was reaching a point where she had to literally be lifted out of her own home. Was this the kind of behavior people would just let fly?

The elephant in the room though felt too obvious, as much as Sam didn't want to admit it. She wanted to speak against the ethics of artificially implanting hyper hormones into women, yet here she was, dating the most hyper person she could imagine. She fought against the very problem she indulged in.

Sure, the two haven't really delved into anything... indulgent, but she felt like she was using Alex in a way. It felt as though she was some kind of object to her, a tool to make her feel better about herself. Did she love Alex? Did Alex even love her? What reason would she even have for chasing down someone so mediocre?

At some point though, Sam realized that putting too much emphasis on her thoughts was only going to lead to more turmoil, but at the same time, even by just lifting herself closer to the cushion, she felt like she was wasting more time.

Alex and her were going to go out to the mall tonight, just so she could get some fresh air. But right now there was too much to think about. She just didn't feel like going there and causing trouble. Lifting her arm to her pocket, she struggled to twitch her fingers into the snug pocket against her breast.

Slowly, she unlocked the device, going to her messages as she looked at the picture of Alex. It was surprising that after all this time, she hadn't bothered to change Alex's profile on her phone to something more fitting, but alas, she was stuck bearing the icon of her 8 year old self, high on sugar and making a funny face on old Mr. Andersen's boat. It's a shame they had to sell it before her mom could get that promotion, but it managed to save the house she'd live in for as long as she could remember.

Not wanting to waste too much time though, she went to the messages, quickly typing "Hey, I don't think I want to make it, just want to rest right now." Before sending it off to the other end.

It felt like a weight passed as she pushed the side of her face into the bed, wondering what direction her life was going. Sure, she loved Alex, but didn't necessarily know if she liked anything about associating so much with this. She did want to look deeper into the case of B3 more but it felt like in some areas, she didn't have a choice. Forensics was her main interest in regards to her major, investigating crimes and evidence with the power of science, but something so openly indulgent felt too scary for her. It was a rabbit hole she didn't want to climb into, yet it felt like life just pushed her in without a second say.

The sound of a message was heard on the phone, distinctly being her Messages app sound indicated by the piano key. She didn't want to pick it up though, regardless of who it was. Why would someone who's a failure to her own point want to be someone worth accepting, after all. Or at least, that's what she convinced herself.

Time passed erratically as she continued to lay on the bed, the sheets not unraveled as she lay on her stomach. Her head felt blank as her mind drifted to the back of her brain. It was as though she couldn't think nor desire to think, simply continue to dwell in her confines until time passed.

All of the sudden, a door knocked, with Sam remaining unalerted by the sound.

"Sammy? Dear? Are you alright?" Her mom asked, knocking the door.

She gave no response.

"Do you want me to come in?"

No response.

She wanted to respond, feeling bad for concerning her mother, but was hesitant about all of this. She had told her about her relationship with Alex, and while a little hesitant, seemed accepting more so that she thought. Still, how could she even begin to tell her about the can of worms she trapped herself in?

Against her will though, the door opened, with her mother passing by in her usual business uniform, with a gray blazer over her red top. She rested her hand over her daughter's face, hoping to soothe the girl at least a little more.

"Did something happen between you and Alex?"

"No..." She whimpered back.

"Was it something else?"

"It's just a lot. School's a lot, and I wanted to do good on my project but I just didn't get the grasp I wanted."

"I understand, it's okay. For my field especially you see a lot of people misinterpret what you mean, especially with nuclear energy."

"I know it's safer than what people believe." Sam said with a jingle to show she knows her point by instinct.

"But so many people get scared at the idea of it when they shouldn't. People never understand the unlimited potential because of the dangers beforehand, as if people haven't learned."

"And it doesn't bother you when you're trying to prove your point only to get the opposite effect?"

"Of course it does. I recognize why people would be scared though."

"Then how do you keep going?"

"By just working. You can convince people of how it isn't as dangerous as fossil fuels or by showing how it can produce infinitely more power than other methods but people just wrap back around one idea of it in their head."

"That's depressing."

"But it hasn't stopped you from believing in your idea."

"I just don't know if I even have the power like you do to challenge it though."

"Sam, you know how your mama grew up, and you know how we were in middle school."

"I remember just spending a lot of my time in the room after..." Sam wanted to state the reason, but she knew her and mom couldn't bear to state it.

“But it was difficult keeping my job during that time. You were also struggling a lot with school. But the fact that I managed to get Hometon to accept our company’s proposal for a new plant saved us. I honestly thought we would have been goners if we didn’t but just sticking to what I wanted got us to stay here.

Sam, looking at her mom, still pinned to her bed like a bear skin rug, elicited some kind of response, but didn’t have the energy in her to express it.

“I’ll leave you alone but just know that I love you Sam, you’re the best thing I could have on this planet.” She said, lifting herself off of the bed as she stopped by her insect collection, admiring the plethora of creatures. She herself couldn’t help but give a mealworm to another one of Sam’s pets, being the tarantula this time.

Before she could close the door fully though, Sam mumbled something, catching her attention once again.

“I-thanks... mom.”

She seemed a little surprised, before smiling back at her daughter, knowing her heart was still there.

---

Hours passed as Sam continued to attach to the bed, feeling as though she had fused to the mattress. She didn’t know if she felt better, although her emotions felt more mushed together, almost forgetting about her problems as she lay in her own thoughts.

However, the sound of a stray phone call could be heard chiming in her ear, piquing her curiosity as she struggled to remember where her phone was in a blind rut.

Eventually feeling something hard, she swiped it over to her face, seeing a number, and sliding right to answer.

“H-hello?”

“Hey, you didn’t get back to me, how did the presentation go?” Alex said, seeming curious in a more enthusiastic way.

“Oh, it went... it...” Sam said without confidence. A sigh followed as she tried to justify whatever she did there, only to fall back as her pride crumbled.

“That... sucks. I’m sorry.” She said through the line.

"It's just. I thought I knew how to handle writing about hypers. I mean, I got you to help with understanding the whole thing about weight intake and how body fat is distributed, but it just felt like it made people interested in the whole B3 lab experiment kind of thing, rather than the problems with it.

"I understand that feeling, Sam." Alex said through the line. "Honestly I thought I'd feel fine being able to hold the line off of you for a while, but even then I just felt miserable despite doing everything to really avoid that. I dunno, I shouldn't feel like the creepy stalker girl in the relationship but I ended up caving in to those feelings too."

"I mean, at least you got into a college, I just feel like for whatever I did, I still failed."

"I thought your presentation was great though." She responded, giving more innocence to her voice. "I think you're overthinking it, Sam. I get you spent a lot of time on this but just putting yourself down isn't going to be healthy and you know it."

"But it's just. I didn't want to have it go to waste."

"You didn't think about how much you learned about your subject just from researching it. You helped me a lot with understanding myself, so thank you."

Sam, hearing the sincerity in Alex's voice, couldn't help but freeze as she felt flattered by her girlfriend's words.

"T-thanks. I just wanted to make you feel better." She said as she rubbed her shoulder.

"In what sense?"

"I mean, I guess I just figured it was an interesting topic to explore since your whole dietary thing was a can of worms to my life, but I guess since we were dating it made sense to try and know what you want."

"In a sort of..." Alex tried to communicate an implication through the line, but found it going amiss as Sam stood in confusion, simply grunting to show this.

"Sorta... s-se-"

"Ohhhh!" Sam commented back. "Nonono I didn't mean like that, it's not- ugh." The girl palmed herself as Alex couldn't help but chuckle a little, even when talking to her more vulnerable girlfriend. "It's just I figured it would be nice to know what you want from me, or what I could do to support you. I know you're pretty capable but I've seen you drink enough milk to go to your knees. You get really out of hand and I guess... I know I sound controlling, I just wanted to find a way to better understand how I could help you in regards to the troubles you experience."



“Sam, you don’t sound controlling, but don’t worry about my eating habits.”

“It’s not just that though.”

“Oh?” Alex commented.

“I saw what happened to you out with Rosmarie, with the kind of crazy junk going on with her spraying milk everywhere. It’s just... what if you turn into that?” She said with some more concern.

“I’m not gonna be like Rosmarie, I promise I’ll keep out of there.”

“I just hate seeing it! I hate having people I can connect to just begin snooping out and becoming monsters. I already lost Aaron from it!”

Almost immediately Sam stopped, realizing she skipped a beat. She didn’t mean to blurt that out in front of Alex, feeling nervous as she tried to cover her mouth to a room of no one.

“You mean the kid from 8th grade.”

“No- it’s, nevermind. I just- I’m sorry I just don’t-“ Sam wanted to put herself together again, but realized she opened a bit too much. Without hesitation, she shut off the phone, slamming onto the bed as she tried to take a breather.

---

Alex chowed into a banana as she slouched on the couch. Alone in the living room, the girl simply looked up at the flat screen against her wall as she laid on her side. The leather couch felt warm after enough time lounging, with her breasts pushing against her neck while also nearing the edge of the cushion. Sitting in a relaxed position, she continued watching close to the end of one of her favorite shows, *Same to Sandan*.

The titular character, Shuredda, the titular maiden of the seas, had come face to face with her final opponent, being Anko, the dreaded King of the Depths.

She munched into an apple as she watched eagerly at the shark girl wielding her iconic Sawtooth Naginata, curious where the scene would go next. This binge had been going on for the past week, with her finally reaching the 26th episode.

While Alex had enough to eat in regards to fruit, there was still plenty of popcorn to dig into. The Doctor advised against eating too much dairy, as with her current medication to help her skin soothe, dairy would only complicate things. Still, she needed a cheat day for once. She didn’t

want to bother Sam, but her body felt bad for her condition, leading to her wanting to chew on some food to help alleviate her desire to pounce out at her.

All of the sudden though, she heard a knock on the door, causing her to raise her head up, putting the 2 snacks by the other 4 disposed wrappers. Her chest bounced up as it nearly slapped her face before shooting down to match her T-shirt's gravity. Stepping closer, she felt some groggy noises coming from her chest, making her feel a little gross but not as though she needed to lock herself in.

Opening the front door, she was surprised to see Sam in a business suit, with it looking especially worn alongside her baggy eyes that had an unhealthy plum glow. She looked like a zombie, one who's diet was cheap pasta and sleep schedule was a whole hour per week.

"Ohhh, hey, Sam."

"Yea, sorry about my looks." She said with an attempt to brush her tangled hair that wasn't in its usual ponytail. "I just, I figured I'd try to make up for the whole canceled date thing by crashing here. It's the least I can do."

"Sure, I mean a house date's still a date, right?" Alex commented, letting her famished partner nervously creep alongside her as she let her chest jiggle more. She had one of her bras on that filled the underside of her breast, which kept there from being issues with her chest sagging, at the cost of her breasts popping out like torpedoes, showing off a good indent of her nipples.

Before Sam could see, she rushed to grab the remote and go to the Netflix hub menu, keeping Sam from being spoiled for the show. However, the tomboy was surprised to find Sam only trekking so far behind her, moving like a robot through a maze it knows the finish to.

"So uhh... what'cha been up to... yourself?" Sam mumbled.

"I mean not much, just hanging out until you graduate really since there's not much I can do on my own. It's nice though." She said, taking some of her leftover junk and disposing of it in the kitchen trash can. Sam got the signal to sit down on the left side of the couch as Alex got back to sit to the right.

Sam seemed to want to say something, but couldn't bother to muster it out as Alex clicked through the screen.

Alex seemed to stop thinking about playing the next thing to watch, some show about some Canadian girls trying to recover from a bad relationship with someone who felt too pressured to admit. There was a vision in her head that seemed to be inside her mind, but she almost seemed hesitant to even accept it.

"Hey, Sam... I hope this isn't the right time to admit this, but I guess I just wanted to know..."

“Go ahead, all ears.” Sam said as she tucked her head down, paying more mind to the shoes she forgot to take off over the joy of having someone nearby.

“You don’t think it’s my boobs that are the issue?” She commented, placing her elbows on the top of her chest as she looked over to the ponytailed girl.

“It’s not, you’re fine.”

“Not the whole eating thing, or dragging other people like Erza or throwing myself into that weird business or any of the weird binges I had-“

“Alex it’s not that!” She said sternly, piping Alex down for a moment as she was scared white by the brunette, never seeing her this stressed before.

“I’m fine, really. I just...” she seemed to stumble off again before taking a breath. “I just get worried about stuff like this, bonding with people and then just having them pulled away.”

“How so?” Alex mentioned back.

“I just feel like I can’t really get a grip on my own voice.”

“I mean, I like listening to you.”

“Yea but what if you just don’t one day?” She said, looking back at a more concerned Alex.

“What do you mean by that?”

“I... I don’t know, it’s just we’re in high school, and I want to figure out for myself how to really get out of here, but I just don’t think I have a grip. It feels like I’m just gonna be the unorganized mess I’ll always be when I go.”

“But who’s to say that?” Alex spoke back. “College is a great time to really get yourself together.”

“I mean we’re both highschoolers though, who’s to say that?”

“Sam, you never saw Vella in high school, like when she first got into freshman year she was an absolute mess. Her room was a mess all the time, she had this really ugly half cut across her head, and almost always ended her semester in Cs. But she went off to college and became a completely different person.”

“But what, she went to a special program to help get her into a fancy college?”

“No, actually, it all just came down to really pushing herself. I have no idea how, but she went from total punk to doing 7 classes a semester, being in a ton of clubs, doing internships. Same bitchy sister, but she just tried to look at herself from afar and evolved.”

“I just... I still don't know if that's the route I'm able to take.” Sam said with a droopy look.

“Sam, what did you even make on that presentation?”

“I... don't know. It's probably not worth it to check.”

“I mean, there's no reason to just try and guess. Give it a shot!” Alex said with a smile.

Sam, tensed up a little, checked her phone despite her problems, shuffling around until she managed to find her internet browser, logging into her school website for class and finding her AP Biology II class. Going to the grades, she took a deep breath, gripping a fist as she looked down her phone to find the final grade for the presentation.

A 94.

Her eyes glistened for a moment, but that didn't seem to be for long, drooping again as she rested her cheek down on her palm.

The feeling of warmth was felt to her right as she instantly recognized the chest of Alex, curious about her grade too against her shoulder.

“Hey, a 94! That's great, right?” She said as she bumped into her shoulder. Not only that, but Sam passed with an A in the class.

Underneath was a small note given by the board. “You clearly demonstrated and understood the benefits of B3, as well as the nature behind the hyper phenomenon. Our board is very proud of the knowledge you have brought to us, and some of us are even eager to explore more into them. We thank you for your time.” — Hometon University Board of Biology

While Alex seemed proud, Sam brushed her look to the side, not happy to read what they told her on the paper. Shame felt ridden on her eyes as couldn't accept what many would dream of achieving.

“I still feel like the whole point of what I did became misinterpreted.”

“But you still made it. You have the technique, and the talent, and education behind presenting to people, and let me tell you that a lot of people don't. Especially me.” She said with a lean back, giving Sam more breathing room.

“I'm just going to fly over my own point.”

“Then work on fixing that. You’re strong enough to do that, trust me.” Alex said, placing a hand on the girl’s thigh as she seemed to swell a little.

With some hesitation, Sam looked to Alex, still worn from the stress, but trying to give the blonde a chance. A kiss seemed imminent between the two, with Alex looking into Sam’s face with a grin stating her acceptance.

However, Sam just couldn’t accept the girl’s loving smile, turning away as she scuttled to the corner.

“No, I just can’t, I’m sorry.” Sam mumbled.

“Why?”

“It’s just I don’t know if I want to believe that I did the right thing.”

“But you-“

“I convinced a college board why shoving genetic saline into your tits is perfectly justified! No one should feel like that is something normal!”

“But I thought you didn’t have a problem with my chest-“

“I don’t, Alex, but it just isn’t right to force yourself to become like that, it’s wrong. I hated seeing the people who have been affected by it, like the ones in those labs.”

“Labs?” Alex spoke with curiosity.

“I-“ Sam realized she spoke too much, not wanting to admit she breached private company property even to her girlfriend. “It’s nothing, just a video. It’s just hard to watch this sort of thing happen.”

“I mean I can sympathize with that, I guess. I still don’t think you should be freaking out over this.” Alex commented.

“Alex I just can’t make a point, it just feels like what I say gets corrupted beyond what I ever meant.”

“And you’re still getting As! I literally graduated with like 4 Cs and a terrible SAT score! The only reason I even came here was because it was the only engineering school that would accept me!”

Alex was raising her voice, going from calming to agitated in a minute. Sam was already feeling threatened as her usual smile became a noticeably angry frown.

“You wouldn’t get it.” Sam mumbled back as she hunched more.

“I absolutely get it! But you have so much you’re capable of and you’re throwing a fit because of one time you messed up and got an A?”

“You know where you’re going though! I just don’t want to endorse the shitty things they do!”

“It’s a high school projeeeeect! Get the fuck over it you’re an adult!” She yelled at Sam with a terrible hiss.

“But this is to a bunch of adults who do things! They’re going to just take this out of context and throw it around and get a bunch of people big tumor tits that give them cancer and-“

“You’re doing great, you fucking idiot, just realize that!” She screamed, stomping the ground as Sam jumped off the couch, scurrying off to where she could only assume was the bathroom. The festering rage Alex built up began to swell back down as she came to her senses.

She had never been this angry before, and her chest never felt this sore. It was as if her hormones were constricting her as her skin turned red. Her chest felt present in every sense of the word, feeling her shirt fabric against the top of her flabs of meat, the bra piercing into her skin, the unhealthy breeze blocking the flow of her body. It just seemed like too much all at once.

However, after taking a few seconds of panting and hot breath, she seemed to calm back down to her usual state, huffing as she realized how angry she was with a clenched fist. Regret began to kick in as she looked to the carpet below, guilt choking her breath as she tried to heave back down.

This was something that needed to be corrected now. What started as therapy ended in a fight, one Alex lost control of easily for no good reason other than hormones.

Stepping to the bathroom, she saw the light was dark, but she could tell someone was in there by the sigh emitted from the door. It felt wrong to just pounce in there, be it for gross reasons or for Sam’s personal health. However, she couldn’t just leave her alone like this. It was hard to even tell what Alex was there for, being either an apology to feel better about herself or a legitimate urge to help Sam.

Unable to decide, she decided to stall by the door, bumping into the adjacent wall as she slid down, all until her chest began to touch her knees. Laying with her legs flat and a close focus on the door, she sighed, fearing what kind of thought would exit her mind.

Her face felt cold, and her mind felt numb. She couldn't even focus on the door as her focus went from blurry to clear in moments.

Moments passed, with Alex still trying to hesitate while drowned by her own guilt. There was a part of her who wanted to just force the door open and scream she was sorry, and the more sensible side that held her back.

After what felt like an hour, judging by the sunlight growing a more orange tone outside, she decided that something had to be done. Vella may have been out on a business meeting until Sunday but that didn't mean she couldn't leave Sam in there by herself.

Stepping up, feeling like a golem that hadn't been alive in 500 years, she teetered together as she took a deep breath, all before placing her hand gently on the door, knocking a few times and hoping something could come out of it.

To her surprise, although it took a minute, the door handle winded down, with Sam stepping out nervously.

Her face was even more teared up than usual, with Alex feeling her lurch forward in a way that felt uncomfortable. The natural brunette pelt was tainted and rustled and her eyes looked drained of what soul they had.

"S-sam..." Alex said, looking down to try and hold back her own guilt.

"I know I shouldn't be freaking out over that." The other one coldly commented.

"Sam, I..."

"I shouldn't have lost it, I shouldn't have made you mad, I just didn't like how I handled everything."

"Sam... you didn't mess up. I got angry at something I still agreed with you on just because I wanted you to be happy." Alex said with a crumbled tone. "You shouldn't be apologizing. I lashed out and I'm sorry for that."

"You don't need to apologize"

"I do. I know I'm being pushy but I realize I made a mistake and I'm sorry."

Sam took a moment to look at Alex before looking off to the side, just trying to pay mind to something else that wasn't her.

"I just don't know right now, Alex." She said as she shut the door.

“Wait, please. I know you’ve been hard on yourself but I really do believe in you. I really am glad that you feel you need to make a stand against B3. I’ve seen enough of Rosmarie to know that they’re a bad company. A lot of people just blindly go towards them because of the whole boob thing and I’m glad you can see past that.” She said, looking her into the eyes as her mouth opened a little, all before shutting again to keep composure.

“I just want you to feel happy that you got out of high school well. It’s something I wish I had, y’know?” Alex smiled just a little as she felt eager for Sam to listen to her. She wanted to recall her stories of high school and the people that bugged her about her chest size, but felt it was unnecessary to add on.

“But that’s not important.” She added on. “You did great, you have friends, you have a college degree you’re passionate about. I feel like you’re overlooking a lot about yourself.”

Sam simply kept silent, rubbing her shoulder as she tried to keep still. “I never said this, but do you know why I wanted to move back to Hometown?” Alex asked.

“I thought you said it was because they offered you a degree nowhere else bothered.”

“I know I said that, but that was only half true.” She said back. “I wanted to come back because I missed you.”

Sam stood for a moment a little confused, unsure if Alex was being honest or not. “You’re just saying that to make me feel better.”

“No, I’m serious. I saw you in my Instagram feed and realized you were doing well for yourself and wanted to try and see what was up again. You were a really good friend then, and I missed you a lot while I was in Pine.”

Alex had that same warm look on her face that stunned Sam, it felt different this time, more than just supportive. Even though she felt oh so alone, she had company right next to her. Someone happy to talk to her, help her, and help her get on her feet. She wasn’t perfect by any means, but she cared enough about Sam to warrant feelings arising.

“T-thanks.” Sam said, raising her back a little as Alex stood by. What caught her off guard though was a slow hug that enveloped around to her back. Alex’s face rested on her right shoulder as her breasts slid past around her torso in a surprisingly comfortable manner. A small pat was made as Sam looked to the mirror, ignoring the decorated wooden frame as she saw her reflection. It was scared, worried, but at the same time relieved as Alex was seen hugging it.

The hug soon subsided with Alex looking at her once more, turning around as she finally had space to leave the bathroom. “C’mon, I’ll go fix you something. Eating always makes me feel healthier.”



---

Sam felt weak as she sat at the bar of Alex's kitchen, debating on whether she looked at her girlfriend or her phone. She wanted to speak, but her voice was weak from the fight before. Even though things were forgiven, she felt awful for instigating things, placing her phone down as a cold field spread across her face.

Alex was also a little broken inside, feeling an emptiness between her ribs as her calves felt weak. She felt as vulnerable as glass, with a single touch being easy enough to break her. Even the pain in her breasts felt dimmed and her foresight felt weakened, stirring away at the macaroni as she tried to keep herself together. It was hard not to blame herself for yelling at Sam earlier, probably further traumatizing the timid beauty as she tried to cope with her problems. It was a horrible thing to do, bordering domestic violence. For once she just wanted to help Sam with her problems but she just felt like she was causing havoc again. It was her instinct to do it, but it made her feel awful.

She felt better, despite it all. The macaroni slowly grew more tender as she took a break to let it boil. The beef she had on the side was doing well too, being spun around until it became the crispy bronze goodness she was used to.

It made for a great combo together, with her mother usually making them back when she was a kid. She was with Sam by the pond, where she encountered that same goose she knew before, and in an attempt to rescue her childhood friend, got her knee chomped by the arrogant anser. When she went back in, after a few minutes of crying, her mom sat her down and gave her a few bites of a nice warm bowl of macaroni and cheese with beef, feeling like her problems swept away as she came to her senses.

After some time passed, and the macaroni was soft, she went to the sink to pour it all onto the big strainer, letting the meal dry off as she rinsed it with another gust of water.

Alex happily placed the bowl next to Sam, sliding it a bit closer to let the steam kick in. It smelled quite nice, with the cheesy mix alongside the meaty coat filling Sam with vigor before taking the first bite.

Her bite made her realize she never had any of Alex's cooking, feeling a sense of warmth flow into her veins as she bit into the macaroni. Her heart could be felt beating as she felt hungry once more. It was no wonder Alex could eat so much if this was what she was cooking in the kitchen. The rich flavor from the pasta was brought out with a perfect boil as she let the melted cheese seep into her mouth, the beef adding a powerful texture that only served to ask Sam to dine on more.

Sam had finished the meal a lot quicker than she expected, finally taking her last bite of the beef as she took a tense breath, letting out some pressure that had been building up in her. It had

been a long day, a long week, possibly a long month. However, the brunette wanted to believe she felt better expressing her problems with Alex.

Alex soon stopped by, this time holding a massive salad bowl of the macaroni & beef, all before plopping right next to the still puzzled Sam. A big glob of it was held together on a marginally thinner fork, before being swallowed by the girl, chewing it down herself with some angst that needed to be pushed down her throat. It then began to amplify as another, then another, then another bite went into the girl's mouth. Alex leaned forward as the bowl rested on her breasts, as if she was sitting on a table herself.

"You shure you'on wabba nubber owl?" Alex blabbered out, talking between swallowing whole spoonfuls of macaroni and cramming more in.

"I mean it tasted great, I just didn't want to take your spoils-"

"It's fine, really! You're free to grab some more. I made this for you." She said as she stopped for a moment to smile at her girlfriend, causing the brunette to blush a little as she felt obligated to grab some more.

Feeling obliged to take another bite, she scooped some more of the meal into her bowl as she began to dine some more as out of complete coincidence, Alex finished her bowl.

"Jeez, do you plan on eating all that?"

"Oh shush." Alex snapped back in a joking manner. "Of course I will."

"Alright." Sam said back, looking down at the macaroni and beef as her bowl seemed halfway empty. She felt way too full, but considering the emotional aftermath from a short amount of time ago, she had to try and fill herself somehow.

"You know, I guess I never mentioned this but I lived in Australia in my sophomore year of high school." Alex sputtered out of nowhere.

"You did?"

"Well, over the Summer, but it was still a fun experience. It's actually the reason I was able to move back to Hometown." She commented as she took a bite into another bowl of her meal. There was a bump in her stomach that seemed much more visible now that she was going further into the big pot of macaroni and beef.

"I'm kinda curious about that, never heard you say until now." Said Sam.

"I swore I did, but I can talk about it." Alex said as she took another bite, burping a little before her story started.

“Yeah I just got mixed up since you already lived in Pine for about a year, you forgot that people can move between moves.”

“Aye fair, but anyways, yea I was around all across Sophomore year. I actually was super scared of getting on planes when I first hit puberty, mostly out of fear of someone yelling at me for going too far out.”

“I’m guessing Vella had a plan?”

“Not... really actually? You have to remember she was still in college at this time. She was a Senior when she should’ve been a Sophomore though, but that’s another story.”

“So why’d you go then? Or how did you go?”

“Well my Mom had a thing for her job there, had to do an abroad thing that required moving, though me and Vella tagged along since she needed study abroad and I needed some time out of my area.” Alex, already finished with the second course, went to refill her salad bowl with a final serving.

“So what was it like, hot?”

“Yea... heh, It was certainly scalding. Honestly though between living in frigid cold Pine and Hellfire Australia, I’d honestly take the latter.” She said, reaching to the pot before accidentally burning her hand a little in the process of scooping.

“Really? I’d prefer the cold, when we went on that ski trip I couldn’t imagine a cozier life.”

“Well, there’s enough cold for everyone, and despite having some nice warmers on my chest, I kinda preferred having them out down under.”

“Wait not like... you didn’t go out topless-“

“No!” Alex giggled, pushing Sam a little. “Why would I go topless in heat like that?”

“I would, I’ve seen like nature documentaries on how hot it gets in the summer... or is it winter?”

“Yeah heat is no joke, I literally had to keep this tacky fridge thing on my hands so I wouldn’t get heat stroke-hold on, I may actually still have it.” Alex said as she carried her bowl on her breasts, walking carefully down the basement before stopping at the door.

“What are you talking about?”

“Okay so I basically had this thing my sister got from like a technology convention, but it’s like a pod you keep on you that serves as a battery, and gets powered based on calories burned in your body.”

“That’s... kind of cool actually.”

“But basically it powered what was essentially a mini-fridge I carried around all the time through these little wires, and I had to pull out these like ice rods and lodge them between my boobs.”

“Were they like ice packs?”

“Like sausage shaped ice packs, yeah!”

“And you just had to slap them into your boobs when it got too hot?”

Pointing at her chest, she seemed to support this point by opening the spot between her chest.

“Well I usually tried to find a bathroom, of course. But yeah!”

“Sure, sure, but like I guess having to use a whole ice pack seems a bit much.”

“Sam I am literally a bit much put into a person.” Alex stood still, giving Sam a good glimpse of Alex’s form. Despite being shorter than average, her bust stood all the way down her stomach, with her belly bloated out from 3 times the necessary calorie intake a day from one meal alone, somehow still leaving space for her hips to spread out.

“Okay fair, but that’s something a peasant like me couldn’t ever do. I never had to worry too much about my cup size through puberty. I mean sure my boobs itched a lot- actually, how often do your boobs itch?”

“A lot.”

“Yea, but my point I guess is just that it at least seems cool to have happened.” Sam mumbled out.

“Hold on, let me go find that fridge.” She said as she disappeared down to the dark basement below, leaving Sam to finish her pasta.

After cleaning the bowl, Sam really began to feel bloated. Her stomach stretched as her gut bloated out by the tiniest bit. Not to the point where she couldn’t see her feet, but it was definitely a beer belly. The skin against her stomach felt at its limits, pulled at its ends as her stomach stretched with contents it wasn’t prepared for.

She felt like she was gonna throw up.

Given a minute, Alex came back with the device in her hands, although Sam was shocked to see that it wasn't as much as a fridge as it was a small backpack with a black case centered around some straps.

"Yeah, maybe not a literal fridge, but here- lemme... open the damn thing." Alex struggled to pinch the lock for the fridge, using her boobs as a mat as the bowl that miraculously stayed between her cleavage got nudged to the left. "Ah ha!"

Out of the small white interior were two sausage like objects, white in color, as they flopped around in Alex's hands.

"Here, catch."

"Nonono I think I'm goo-" Before Sam could think, she saw the sausage in the air, realizing she needed to think fast. She felt something pull in her gut as she dropped her feet to the ground, realizing that she'd probably not eat again for the rest of the night.

"See what I mean?"

"Yeah they kinda feel like sausages. It's really weird."

"I mean they feel super uncomfortable but you'd be amazed at how quickly they cool off two globs of fat attached to you."

After some jostling and observing the white roll of unknown chemicals, Sam decided to give it back to Alex, who promptly placed it in its container before setting it to the ground. She took some hand sanitizer out from nearby, needing to clear herself after touching that.

"I probably need to get this thing out for the summer anyways because I heard it's gonna be the hottest yet."

"Yeah, jeez. Oof." Sam mumbled out. The girl went from standing straight to running into the couch to her side.

"Everything okay?" Alex asked, scooting a little closer.

"No, no. Everything's fine." Sam commented. "I'm just full."

"You sure you're good?" The heavier said with more concern.

"Really, I'm fine, I just think I ate too much, it was great, but my body just can't take all that."

"I get that. Still, I hate seeing you like this, especially after all you've been through."

Sam couldn't see herself, but her stomach had a noticeable bump out of the blouse she had on. It wasn't anything close to what Alex has ever managed, but she likely bit more than she could chew at the table.

"You want to lay on the bed?" Alex commented, pointing upstairs.

"It's fine, I just need to get my balance."

"Don't you think you deserve to just lie down?" She said, causing Sam to feel a little guilty about her poor habits.

"I just... I mean, sure." She said, looking at the path upstairs for a moment. "I haven't been able to spend much time with you anyways."

Alex looked at her girlfriend for a second, before smiling back. Sam was eager to accept the offer, but what she didn't expect next was Alex then lifting the girl up, holding no issue to grabbing Sam by her legs and laying her next to her cleavage. The warm flesh could be felt against her backside as the girl's soft yet strong arms held her thighs on one side and the back of her neck on the other.

Almost as a reward for the constant baggage she helped drag up these stairs, Alex was now carrying Sam up, feeling her face near her left as she felt the weight of her girlfriend's bounces. It was almost as if she felt what it was like to be the girl, her blobs of fat bouncing as that stiffness the blonde complained about began to make itself recognizable.

As Alex reached the top of the stairs, she tossed Sam a little to readjust her position in her hands, apologizing for a moment as she got a better glimpse of the pixie cut girl's adorable face. Her eyebrows narrowed as her beady black eyes got distracted looking into Sam's. Her nose was small, a little more pale thanks to the bandage she wears sometimes on it, as the natural glow to the girl's face was made clear as she walked forward.

Sam felt like a princess almost, being carried by a hefty knight after being rescued by the wicked dragon. She didn't feel like she deserved this position, but alas, Alex was the one who gave it to her. Someone who despite everything, cared deeply about her. It was hard to say if she liked this or not, but it was a feeling that felt so different than one would expect in the dimly lit hallway.

A hefty amount of boobweight billowed onto Sam's body, spreading from her neck to her knees, yet the pose Sam held welcomed the flow of the mammaries, almost like two bean bags softly pushing into her. Sam from a few months may have been struggling and kicking her way out of the flesh, but right now, even though it was difficult to see, she felt at ease under the soft skin.

Unconventionally turning on her bedroom lights with her foot, she let the dim lights vanquish the dusk, revealing the rather unclean, yet welcoming domain of Alex Price.

The blonde gently rested the girl down on her bed, feeling her hands roll off of the skin and fabric of her as she gave a small kiss on Sam's forehead, furthering the rose blush that wouldn't go away.

A pillow rested below Sam's face, which only conducted more heat as she tilted her head left, seeing Alex turn on the flat screen in her room. It felt nice resting on her pillow, it was definitely in need of a wash soon, and was certainly pretty beaten, but it was relaxing in a strange way.

On the screen was some kind of game, it seemed to be a medieval type of game, with gothic architecture and symbols glazing the environment, emphasizing a sense of dread.

Alas, Alex played the game, with Sam watching as a small knight character went against unkempt knights with very exaggerated weapons. She heard about this game before, it was one she heard Nester mention a few years back. The name didn't ring, but she saw him playing through and fighting some sort of disgusting monster that opened its neck up to reveal a bunch of gnarled, unnatural teeth.

She felt tense, debating on glancing down at Alex's hair just above her nose or watching the swampy mess be traversed by her character. As much as she did feel better, her body felt weak, desiring to comment on it but only having enough energy to jostle around for a moment.

In the midst of the daze Sam had on the screen, she could hear some kind of outside noise, something clearly not from the TV as Sam heard it from the sides of her ears.

"Uh, hey... uh..." Alex mumbled, catching the only other woman's attention. "This isn't about the fact you're graduating soon, right?"

"I mean I guess, I leave high school next week, and it's still hard to really take that in."

"That makes sense, I actually have a ton of classmates still in school right now, I just got to graduate early thanks to a curriculum thing for some of the AP students."

"But did you feel sad about leaving everyone behind?" She snapped back, somehow lifting her knees to a fetal position.

"I mean, not really." Said Alex, morphing her chest against the ground as she dodged the knight she was facing. "I still keep in touch with Wreath and Alyx, but I never felt aimless since I got out of there."

"I understand, I'm never good with text so that has me worried."

"I mean, there's not much to worry about as long as you're able to hang out with them. Nothing wrong with getting together with people again." She looked up at Sam for a moment, giving a

quick smile before resuming her intensive gameplay. “Besides, I’ll stick with you if we get the chance.”

“I still don’t see what you like about me so much.” Sam commented to the girl as she looked down at the tomboy with two breasts that could carry a small child.

“I mean, you’re sweet, you have a pretty face. You support me just for the sake of it. I don’t have to question whether or not you just love me for my tee-tas.”

“That doesn’t really feel like it’s a novelty though.”

“I mean does it have to be a novelty to love someone?” Alex said as she landed a final blow on the knight, sighing as she turned to look at Sam for a moment. “There’s plenty of people in the world, and just searching for someone who fits your mold perfectly just isn’t a viable reach. Trust me, people see me as that all the time. But you don’t need to worry about that all the time, I’ve kept up with you since I was a kid, and being able to come back here made me really appreciate who you are. I really can’t say that enough, same, I love you.”

Alex continued the game for a moment to find a save spot as Sam stood a little shocked by what she had to say. Her whole life she just felt conditioned to be her own, even if it never really fit, but it felt different talking to her. Alex drugged her along, but she showed she appreciated Sam by the end of it all. The games they’d play, the talks they have, the walks along the shady town path. She fully began to realize that she really did enjoy being with Alex.

The sound of the game halting progress was distinctly heard as the blonde lifted herself from the floor, turning around to Sam as she seemed eager to pounce onto the bed with her, lifting her arms as she fell chest first onto the cushion, with her whole body bouncing against them until her sense of control came back.

“Hey, I was curious about this, if you want to say no that’s fine, but I’ve heard from friends before that my chest makes a nice stress relief, and I was curious if you’d want to try it out?” She said, shyly lifting her chest to reveal her breasts underneath a rather snug bra, showing she had to bump up in her cup sizes soon.

Sam stood shocked, looking at the breasts with embarrassment as Alex gave an innocent look to her eyes, her eyebrows curved upward as she crawled like a baby closer to Sam, scooting her thighs as she got closer.

She kept good attention on her face, glimpsing at the breasts momentarily a few times as she tried to discern an answer.

“I... I still don’t know how I feel about sex, Alex.”



“I mean we don’t have to have this be a sexual thing. Trust me, it actually takes a bit for these to really get turned into an erogenous zone.”

“Still, are you sure that you want me to do this?”

“I’d be happy to just let you relax, you need it.” She said, emphasizing her breasts by lifting them with her arms.

Sam took a moment to breathe in, really making herself certain she wanted to do this, but eventually, she just decided to wing it, lulling her arm towards the steaming, shiny flesh that was left marinating in the shirt. It had a distinct scent to it, but it was one that felt strangely nice. It was a sweaty scent, but the aroma was almost inviting due to how used to it Sam was.

Hesitating against the soft, perfect skin, slightly paler than the rest of her body, she jittered her hands, leaving Alex to look at it with curiosity as she stanced her breasts. The almost perfect curvature was something Sam couldn’t help but think about, showing soft, yet natural indents due to her bra that was kissing into her skin by the perfect amount.

However, not wanting to keep herself like this forever, her rage jolted her left palm into the flesh, almost petting the breasts like a dog as she attempted to look the other way. Alex was shocked by the touch of her skin, but the gape of her mouth turned into a smile as she blushed from Sam’s timidity.

The flesh indented as she began to wrap more of her palm around it, circling the sides of her chest as she increased the flow of her caressing.

“How does it feel?” Alex said as she held her breath.

“It feels nice.”

“Thank you.” Alex huffed. “I really do appreciate it.”

She continued rubbing the breasts armored with a tight bra, before turning them into circles against the abundant amount of chest flesh, nearly reaching her thighs as she continued to fondle her body.

Sam felt as though she was tugging into a warm pillow, one that made her skin feel fuzzy whenever she thought about it.

“So... if it doesn’t turn you, what does it do for you?” Sam asked.

“I dunno, just feels like a nice massage.”

“I guess that makes sense. These things have to be sensitive.”

“Yeah, it just kinda feels like a rub on your tummy.”

“I couldn’t do this to myself, probably would cry like a dog from being touched in the boob.” Sam laughed off.

“Oh yeah, I haven’t touched yours ever, have I?” Alex said, not thinking much as her’s got squeezed gently by Sam’s soft hands.

“I... I mean I guess not.”

“Yeah, I forgot how it feels to be small, you know?”

“Does it ever feel like you want to go back?”

“Gosh no, I love the added weight. I don’t ever get fat, but I do get these titanic hooters, it feels like a good trade-off.”

“Huh, and do you ever want me to get bigger?” The brunette asked, glancing at her own chest for a moment.

“I mean, do you want to be bigger, Sam?”

“Not really, to be honest.”

“Then stick that way, as long as we can support each other, you’re everything I want.” Alex said, keeping a smile that caused Sam to get a good look at her eyes, feeling whole for a moment.

The feeling of pressure from her presentation, her poor mental health, the fear of having nowhere to go after high school, the embarrassment of being Alex’s partner, all seemed to go away as she continued to fall into the fog of caressing the soft skin wrapped around her palms. For once, she seemed to be fully relaxed.

Then she felt something damp.

Her hands jolt back, looking shocked at the source as she finds two spots near her palms, looking to see Alex puzzled a bit by her reaction.

Sam’s arms pointed at her face, her palms limping down as her brain went into fight or flight. She didn’t know if this was a prank or just something wrong she touched in her apparel.

“Is something wrong, Sam?”

Her breathing increased, she looked back down to the nipples, still damp, as she realized that they were only growing more wet as a faint white tint was added to them.

“Alex, you’re not uh...”

“What?”

“There’s...” Sam pointed to Alex’s chest, aiming her focus on the mess now looming in her bra as Alex undid her bra to understand what was going on. Sam couldn’t keep her eyes off of the breasts casually spilling milk as Alex was unaware of the situation.

Almost immediately, she threw the bra back, shocked by the wet substance that was emanating from the chest. Her hand immediately went to her nipple as she went to test this claim only to be met by a soft trickle of milk greeting her hand.

“How the...” Alex commented, at a complete loss of words.

Chapter 19 –

---

The living room felt cozier when there was company around. Usually, Sam tried to stick to being in her room, but having the open space she had when Alex hung out with her made life feel just the hint more engaging. Even though Sam had to focus hard on writing her graduation speech, furthered by her being an opening speech to celebrate the students before her, the shoulder of someone she cared about being just around the corner made it more tolerable to handle.

Around a week passed since Alex had that incident, where Sam massaged her chest only for her to begin spraying milk. It was a shocking experience, and Alex had to go see a doctor about it, but it was more under control now.

Right now she simply sat to the left of her couch, resting on a chair as she dug into her jumbo ultra sized popcorn bucket as she watched a show on the television, starring two busty alien girls in a bunch of hijinx. It wasn’t Sam’s cup of tea, since the animation was a bit too flashy for her eyes, but Alex kept her eyes on the steering wheel as she watched the girls land as their chests jiggle from nearby turbines.

She had herself milked a few hours ago, but noted that while she did this her nipples burned a lot from the process. As of now, she had been storing her milk in bottles, mostly some reused ones she got from the elders, but it wasn’t something she could get used to. She was told to lay off on dairy for a week, but considering she needed the fix for some popcorn at the time, she couldn’t really grant her doctor’s wish.

The loud sounds of her munching popcorn and watching as a blue alien lady clad in a skintight bodysuit didn't really distract Sam as she worked. In fact, the sounds of company were almost therapeutic. Her motivation to write about the school year progressed as she grew more confident in herself, chewing away at her personal thoughts and hopes beyond high school.

"Hey Alex!" Sam said with a slightly louder tone in case she was too lost in her trance.

An audible "Hm?" Could be heard as her breasts lopped to point at the ground, showing an ugly face that was covered in popcorn grease.

"What was writing your graduation form like?" She said, looking through her paper once again for any typos.

"I mean honestly, I didn't even write a paper, I assumed you just had to go up and say some words and then go."

"Though do you know what it was like?" Sam asked, causing the tomboy to raise herself up by pressing her hands to the floor.

"I mean, it was nice, hung out with Wreath all day and those old people up the mountaintop gave me some milk. Oh and she took me up to Denver to go see an aquarium with Alyx and another one of her friends."

"Huh, neat." Sam said without much of a way to continue her point. "You know, if you don't mind me asking, what was it like in high school with your boobs?" She asked, looking at Alex a little nervously as she asked a more brash question.

"Sam I'm your girlfriend, I don't know why you get so hesitant to ask questions like that, 'specially cause you're a girl too."

"I know, I just figured it sounded off since a lot of you is... that."

"I guess, I mean it wasn't too bad after middle school. Got more space to myself thanks to the school board and mostly just focused on stuff like grades and the 3D printing club."

"3D printing?" Sam said with some confusion. "You do 3D modeling?"

"No, I just served as maintenance for the machine, although I've been doing some work in private in AutoCAD. You'd think it's terrible though."

"Alex... don't be like me." She said back in a more peppy tone. "I'd be happy to see whatever you made in there."

“I’ll show you later, probably just not able to show something in my skill level right now.” She said as she got back to the TV.

However, Sam felt a little jealous of the time the TV was taking away from the talk with Alex, using the opportunity to walk over with her laptop and sit down on Alex’s ankles.

“Aw, fuck off!” She said with a humorous tone, causing Sam to laugh alongside her as Sam leaned in to kiss Alex momentarily on the cheek, attempting to gently wrestle the girl off. Before Sam could get back to her antics though, Alex leaned back up before lifting her breasts up, smothering Sam’s face with her chest as she attempted to now back Alex away, who retaliated with a hug as Sam embraced her assault, resuming her little speech as two enormous pairs of flesh poured from her shoulders down to her lap.

A familiar dampness was felt against her thigh as she quickly tried to scoot away a little, Alex quickly realizing the mistake as she rushed back up from her seat, heading to a sink in an attempt to relieve the sudden buildup in her chest.

As she lifted her shirt up, revealing her nipple, she looked down to see her breast flesh filling the entirety of her view, making spraying the milk into the bathroom sink all the more difficult. The boob would almost suck into the space the sink had, getting it across her areola as she attempted to squeeze the milk out from the sides available, hoping the extra fat didn’t run too far into the narrow walls adjacent to her.

After a few minutes of massaging, her left side seemed to be squeezed free of its byproduct, leading her towards satisfying the other end.

As she continued to squeeze the other mammary, she tried to think of what could have caused this. She reached out to the Doctor a few days ago, and she said that the lactation was something that had been building up for a while, and when Alex pushed her, she sent several medical logs to prove she wasn’t lying about Alex’s condition. This certainly couldn’t be a natural occurrence since Vella never experienced anything of this sort before, which begged further on how she even ended up needing to milk herself.

A knock on the door interrupted her relief session, but a quick turn to the left made her realize the bathroom door was already open. Too curious to avoid thinking about, as well as being too stubborn to let Sam get interrupted, Alex stopped tending to herself as she quickly wiped her nipple off, putting her shirt back on as she looked out at the front door, noticing a familiar figure outside.

Rosmarie showed up once again at Sam’s place, but it couldn’t have been because she needed Alex, right? For a woman so keen on getting milk, it made her a little scared to open the door, but the fear of what would happen if she didn’t made her drop any hesitation to get a better glimpse at the tall, black haired woman.

“Uhh... hey!” Alex said with a startling gaze at the gothic lady, bearing a Victorian dress and a bow to her head, with a color palette that seemed as though she was going to a funeral.

“H-hello!” She said nervously, seeming nervous to speak a hint of English. “Today... es ist sehr ... naice to meet you?” The foreign woman said with hesitation as Alex kept a smile towards the lady presenting innocence to the house she nearly destroyed after stealing a week’s worth of milk. Sam was nearby, pretending to be a good host to the guest that just wandered in.

However, instead of rushing to do something like suck the cheese out Alex’s popcorn, she placed a document of some kind on the table, retrieving a pen from her cleavage as she passed it closer to the seat. It should have been clear from her calm, slowed movement as she walked in, but considering Rosmarie also demolished Alex’s milk supply before, it would be expected to see such a milk-hungry girl craving for anything remotely dairy.

“Oh, ich wünschte ich hätte im Studium ein paar Kurse in English belegt, wie die anderen. Ich hatte gehofft Schwedisch würde mir hier weiterhelfen.” She said, rubbing her shoulders as she showed clear signs of not knowing what the document meant by her weary eyes and inability to recognize the text.

Skimming the page herself, Alex assumed it was meant for her, reading through and seeing the words expansive and blown-out in regards to whatever was being sold here, but the motives seemed more clear as the title B3 Private University Acceptance Agreement.

She already moved here from Colorado to experience this state again, yet this company that’s only going after her for her body decides that it wants to set her into a life where she never gets to experience the variety the world has to offer? The image disgusted her, seeing herself as another dime a dozen woman in that B3 building, doing medical studies for their own private little chest heavy team.

Looking further though, Alex began to notice that there were things that didn’t exactly apply for her, going from the description of excellent examples of her career life, a great track record with school grades, plenty of information on extracurricular activities, and so forth. The final nail though, was reading the top left of the front page, seeing a certain name as she scanned through, being Sam Andersen.

“Uhh...” Alex said, looking over at Sam. She quickly caught on that she needed to be over there, with her getting a good glimpse of the document as Alex stood up, leaving a vacant seat for the brunette as she sat on the noticeably warmer spot.

On the document was what seemed to be a special application for the graduating girl, allowing her the opportunity to get a special degree at B3 for 4 years. She read further, looking through thoroughly at whatever this form would indicate.

“Working at B3 allows their students unique opportunities to grow and change to their liking, offering many courses about complex, in depth details on subjects like biology, physics, anatomy, and more.”

As she read through, she saw many different people listed as those who graduated with the help of B3, seeing all sorts of doctors, professors, even CEOs that got their start thanks to support from this facility. It was clear that this was a one-in-a-million opportunity for Sam, since she would probably be one of the most qualified in her state to work there.

“Hmm... I’m not really sure what to say...” Sam spoke mostly towards herself, confusing Rosmarie a little as she tried to put together an answer. “I do appreciate the offer, but...”

As she read further, there were talks about how she’d basically have a job in a lab at the get-go, with many career opportunities waiting for her once she graduated, seeing many famous institutes listed off as she grew more and more interested.

“We love, to have.. you... here!” Rosmarie said to her best English abilities. She clearly struggled with it, but the effort stood out in Sam’s ears.

“I may need some time to think about this, would you like some tea?” Sam asked politely to the foreign lady, who stood a little confused until Alex said the word for tea in German.

“Ohh! Yes! Yes... yes!” Rosmarie said nervously, unable to throw in another variant of her approval in response.

---

Back in the warm kitchen, Rosmarie was seated by an ebony table, sitting on almond colored chairs as Sam brought her a warm cup of black tea.

Sam stood behind, simply brewing her own mix as she stood by the window towards the sink. Sam kept a wary eye, knowing the dangers of this woman, but she sat collected as she drank the beverage. She had only seemed to watch her drink milk beforehand, so it was surprising that she just started drinking something new out of nowhere.

Reading a little pamphlet she was given, Sam looked through as she glanced at her guest. The sound of an automated voice was heard vaguely in the background, but the curiosity kept her interested in the paper.

“B3, a new line of discovery and education for women of all shapes and sizes. With our abilities, we seek to provide a unique and fresh background for passionate students.”

“Psst, Sam. Can we talk?” A whisper made to the right of her. Looking over, the brunette saw Alex peeking nearby, trying to lay cool as she held a slightly more nervous look. However, Rosmarie seemed to be catching attention of her too, failing to capture Sam’s brief attention.

Quickly, Rosmarie seemed to get up, sniffing a few times before her demeanor began to change, seeming like a hungry animal as Alex grew a little nervous. Sam attempted to creep forward, hoping to try and restrain the superwoman, even if it would provide no success.

“Ich rieche ... Milch.” The woman said with a more huffed tone than usual, alarming Sam and causing her to quickly place her arm to the table.

What she didn’t realize though was that this hand clicked on the TV remote, flashing the screen on in the kitchen that revealed none other than a familiar yellow character on the screen, catching the eyes of the gothic fiend.

“Oh mein Gott, schau mal! Spongebob Schwammkopf!”

Going from creeper to child, the woman scooted back to a seat as she glued herself to the antics the sea creature was going through alongside his cephalopod friend.

Her eyes quickly went to Alex, gesturing her forward as she tried to keep quiet. Tip toes were made on Sam’s feet as she reached around the corner of the frame connecting to the living room, passing by as she nearly flaked against Alex’s sensitive nipples.

“We need to talk about all of this” She said with a more condensed tone.

“I know, I don’t want to do this either.”

“That’s good, I’m just glad you’re also not on board.” Alex said with a little bit of shock.

“You’re nervous about this?” Sam said with some hesitation.

“Yes! Those B3 people freak me out!”

“I thought you were the one that was fine with them! I was terrified!” She snapped back. “What’s scaring you about Rosmarie though?”

“You’ve seen her around milk, I literally saw her chug a whole 6 month supply of my own in less than an hour!”

“Jeez...” Sam mumbled back looking down at the fairly clean, yet visible more pronounced nipples to further understand her fears.

“I just... I want to make sure she’s not gonna pounce me.”



“I mean, you just got all the milk out, right?”

“Yea but what if I still smell like it?”

“Then you take a shower, stinky!”

“I’m gonna break your shower though.”

“Alex I literally saw you take a shower before like a few weeks ago, you’ll do fine.”

Taking a moment, Alex paused before being hugged by Sam in a more casual manner, before patting her away upstairs.

“Ah, Sam! Did! Unterschreib das Formular!” The German girl said in a cheery tone.

“I uhh... coming!”

Sam, returning back to the table, looked at the form once again, reading about the contract stating her ability to achieve great things or what not, feeling bored by the vague appraisal of their weird sex program. It baffled her how anyone would receive an idea of the company from this form alone.

Was this really even a good idea, continuing to incentivize this idea she was going to a college she hated just so a friend could be happy? She herself didn’t seem right, easily having more than a few kinks in her system, but Sam knew she didn’t want to turn out the way Alex did. Her girlfriend was fine with that, especially since the support was easily what she appreciated about her the most, but did that mean she had to just be pressured into sacrificing her passions to support that one person?

“I... uh... I’m sorry, but I’ll have to decline.” Sam said, eliciting a curious look on Rosmarie as she pranced over. However, the response was finally understood as Sam slid the papers away, telling her clearly that the brunette wasn’t interested.

“Oh... das tut mir leid. I’m... sorry...” she said, sparing a sad tone in her native tongue. Lifting her papers, she stood up as she went to put them away, rubbing her shoulders as she began to look frozen for a second, cutting into Sam’s eyes with a teary look.

“Wait!” Sam responded, catching her before Rosmarie began to step back. “Are you doing okay?”

“Ich wusste das ich hier keine Anleihe finden würde...” She said, storming off as she opened the door, leaving the brunette to be confined to herself as Rosmarie teared up.

Standing by the door, she simply looked down, beginning to feel bad herself from the tone she put herself at with the foreign girl. She didn't want to get into the education program, but she didn't want to see her like this either.

"Hey, uh... sorry! I just took a quick rinse off of my boobs so I could get back down. Is everything o-" The tomboy stopped, with her breasts taking a little longer to stand still as she saw Sam looking at the door as she seemed more down than usual.

Alex knew something had to have happened, if she was like this. Stepping gently, she poked Sam on the back playfully and received no response, causing the blonde to sigh in disdain.

"She left, didn't she?" Alex said as she butted into the door, resting right by Sam.

"I just, I thought I was handling it well, but I just took things too far and she stormed out of here. She shouldn't be the kind of person to do that!" Sam talked as though she was a whimpering animal, not being loud, but subdued and difficult to make out.

"Sam, I know it's not your fault, you're not the person to be rude like that."

"I just... I don't know." She mumbled, looking towards the opposite of her girlfriend as she tried to think of something else.

A pair of soft arms pulled her gently, with Sam obliging as Alex spun her around to look her in the eyes. Despite being much taller than Alex, she never felt like that when they looked at each other.

"You're too hard on yourself, you know." She said, feeling almost out of character with how soft her tone was. Despite that, Sam's hearing couldn't have been any more crisp after that.

"Listen, don't feel pressured because you didn't want to sign a form you didn't want to."

"It's not just that..." she said with some worry. "It's just... I mean part of me did want to go, but not for the right reasons."

"Oh?" Alex said with some confusion, waiting a moment for Sam to continue.

"It's just... I know there's not a lot of information on the internet on how to really handle girls like you and I wanted to get better at helping you."

"Sam..." Alex butted back, removing her arms as she felt a little flattered. "You really shouldn't put yourself down for something like that. I said before I'm just happy you're here for me."

Sam felt rejecting her idea, going over slowly to a nearby chair as she sat down, questioning the decision she made. She didn't want to have to undergo whatever nightmare modifications

happened at B3, but she didn't want to feel like she couldn't help Alex either. For once she felt like she finally had someone to relate to, some group of people to fit into, and yet she dreaded losing that once again.

Quickly though, a pair of warm breasts slammed into back, shocking the brunette a little, but soothing her as the soft skin began to melt into hers through the fabric. Alex looked nervously at Sam, but remained confident as she tried her best to be calm about the situation.

"You have a lot more than a lot of people have, you know that?" Alex said on top of the depressed girl. "The theater kids you're around, a mother who loves you, a girlfriend, and plenty of other people who are happy to talk to you."

"But I just don't know if I'll keep it that way after high school, I don't know if I'll be able to do this thing myself."

"That's for you to decide." Alex said, with Sam looking a little more down after the situation, huffing a little as she tried to think once more about this sort of dread.

Alex, realizing this mistake, reached out a hand to Sam's forearm, softly grabbing it to get her attention once more.

"I'd still be happy to help you with that, I promise."

Although there were a lot of emotions in Sam's head, with the stress of them feeling almost piercing against her body, her ribs felt just a little left empty as Alex's warm embrace pressed against that tension in her back.

It was surprising how comforting the two breasts were against her body, rather than being heavy and fatty, they rolled perfectly against her shirt, leaving a relaxing print against her clavicles as the lefts and rights of her breasts spread down each individual arm. Out of all the things she expected from a relationship with Alex, therapy boobs wasn't on the list.

"I feel better... I think." Sam said with a mumbly tone.

"You sure?" Alex said as she gently began to lift the breasts away.

"I think so... thank you." She said, reciprocating the feeling by mushing herself between Alex's breasts, reaching her back as she felt Alex pat against her own.

After a few moments in embrace, the two separated, with Sam taking a moment to breathe before looking out the door once more. Something shocked her though, looking out of the door to see a car that hadn't moved since she last looked, right by her own driveway.

Rosmarie couldn't have still been in there, could she?

---

Sam and Alex walked together to the vehicle, veiled by a thick film over the window as whatever was in there tried its hardest to remain private. That didn't stop Alex from knocking on the door though, Sam was shocked as she had the gall to attempt that.

However, it was enough to let the window roll down, causing Sam and Alex to see what was the sole driver in this vehicle, being weary eyed, black teared Rosmarie, sobbing and sniffing as she drank another bottle of milk as she rested towards the other side of the car, all due to her engorged belly taking up far too much space in the driver's seat, now resting at the size of a beach ball, likely tall enough to kiss her thighs. It made even Alex quiver at the sight of it, someone always so jovial and happy brought into being a sobbing, blathering mess.

"... na und, du bist nur hier um wieder über mich herzuziehen." She said in a broken voice, chugging another bottle of the white beverage as a drunken sounding belch was bellowed from the girl.

Suddenly, Sam decided to do something out of the norm, grabbing her phone, and then suddenly typing away as if not paying attention. Then, she began to play a message out from the device.

"Geht es dir gut?" A robotic voice said, catching Rosmarie's attention as she looked over at Sam, looking at the German girl with worrisome eyes. She hoped it translated to "Are you alright?" in German.

Getting a similar idea, Rosmarie looked through her phone, using the same online translation bot to choreograph an idea of what to say in response.

"I thought you two had had enough of me!" The translation bot said back to Sam via Rosmarie's iPad. It held a neutral tone that sounded rather unfitting for the tear woman in black.

"Tell her that you think that we got off on the wrong footing." Alex said, leaning her chest into Alex to show her will to engage.

"Wir wollten nie deine Gefühle verletzen, ich glaube einfach nicht, dass B3 das richtige College ist." The bot spoke out, with Rosmarie acting more engaged with her typing on the phone.

"But if I don't get you guys in B3 then my distance learning is forfeited and I have to go back." The bot said as Rosmarie slouched over, resting her head onto the other front seat of the car as her belly pressed into the seat, gurgling a little as she rested her free hand on it.

"Gibt es ein Problem mit Deutschland?" Sam typed, expressing curiosity about her problems with Germany.

"I guess I just never met people like you guys over there." Rosmarie looked up at Sam from upside down, sighing as she felt unhappy with her conundrum.

The girl looked away for a moment again, drifting off to a barely empty bottle of milk on the floor of the car as she attempted to wring out any more fluid into her unquenchable thirst. Her stomach gurgled and billowed from the meal inside, but her sorrows kept her from feeling satisfied.

Sam stood for a moment, looking at Alex as she tried to reason some way to actually appease her.

Then, with a sudden spark of an idea, Sam borrowed a stack of note paper and started writing. Alex was a little confused about this, but it made sense as she handed the letter back to Rosmarie. She took a moment to comprehend what was in front of her, but the woman began to understand it as she read the name.

"Ah, th-thank you!" She said back, lifting herself up a little as she reached to type the phone number out on her decision. Her stomach made an audible sound as she jiggled it to her thighs, slapping around the fancy car as the rippling slowly stopped.

"Who's number was that?" Alex asked with hesitation.

"Erza's. Figured she needed a program after high school" Sam commented.

Alex simply raised her shoulders in response as she felt relieved Rosmarie looked a little more hopeful about herself. However, Rosmarie didn't seem ready to leave, she was instead looking around for something, with her opening a fridge behind her, built into the car, as she dug into it to pull another bottle of milk out. From there, she handed the pint to Alex, looking a little surprised at the gift. However, receiving anything from such a confused lady seemed like a shock.

"Uh, thank you!" The tomboy responded. "Oh, I wanted to mention, me and some friends are going to Hometon Beach in a week or so, would you like to join along?" She asked.

Rosmarie took a second to comprehend what Alex said, hearing some words she recognized for inviting in her sparse learnings of English, but seemed enthusiastic for what was offered regardless. Nodding in agreement, she gave the notes to Alex once again to write down the location.

"Hey!" Rosmarie commented as Alex prepared to give the note back to the lady.

She quickly tapped through the translator again, before playing a message to the girls.

"I'm very glad we met each other!" The robot translated, with her giving a smile as the two girls also followed.

"Auto, bring mich wieder zurück nach Hause." She said, with the window already beginning to automatically roll up. Rosmarie waved one last time as the two outside waved back, looking as the car began to automatically drive her out of the neighborhood.

There, the two lovers stood once more, taking a breather as they finished handling the woman.

\*Sappy convo between the two girls\*

"Phew, am I glad she didn't notice me beginning to leak." She said, looking down to barely notice her shirt becoming more damp than usual. The sight made Sam's eyes bulge for a moment, her mouth shrunken by Alex acting so casually.

"Well uh... I'm gonna go back to my paper, I'll be inside." Sam said, shuffling back to the door as Alex took a moment to read the milk bottle she received. She expected little more than B3 branding, but upon closer inspection saw something different.

"Mendel's Naturally Farmed Mountain Milk"

—

After a solid 4 years going through classes and pushing herself to her fullest doing AP and extracurricular activities, it all culminated with the graduation ceremony. With that, Sam successfully made it through high school without scathing too much on her career.

Sure, she had a few clubs she was a part of, a part time job she was planning on doing until the end of the summer, and great scores on her SAT and ACT, but alas, she felt empty from her endeavors nonetheless.

It was exciting to get into Hometown University with Alex, one doing Forensic Science while the other doing Mechanical engineering, but as much as she wanted to believe that she was set, something felt empty still.

Snapping back to reality, she looked out in the crowd with her gown, looking out at the people as she stood quietly against her seat.

All of the sudden though, the phone went off, catching Sam off guard as she scurried to grabbing it in case it was an emergency. Luckily, it was only Alex sending her a funny picture of a cat, scrunched up and giving a frown as it stared into a camera.

However, what was left underneath the caption caught Sam's attention, causing her to open messages to make sure everything was okay.

"Almost done with this, shit absolutely burns my skin can't put on a top or else they just sting like a bitch."

Alex was still letting out milk, as per usual. It was certainly a little worrying for the girl as, for starters, Alex really hadn't left the house that much since then. Even worse was the fact that it had to require quite a lot of dedication, being something she handled at least 8-10 times a day minimum. While her devious search results gave her a better image of lactation, she didn't expect such a phenomenon to be so grueling. That being said, she also did doze off in her health classes, having a teacher who was more engaged with thinking about starting a scandal with the football players than showing her what was required on exams.

Shaking her head, she returned to reality, checking out a bunch of other graduates, people she vaguely knew lined up around her. While Sam wanted to look up at the booth to see her classmates graduating one by one, the person on stage didn't seem to be someone of interest.

It was hard imagining Alex going through something like this, especially since she wasn't a mom, nor someone imagining white goop coming from her nipples. Whatever it was, she was hoping Alex was handling it well.

As much as she wanted to help, preparations for graduating, alongside AP exams, kept her from being able to support her in this important time. Luckily though, she could get started on things once she got back, but right now, she probably should focus on getting through the ceremony. Shutting off the phone, she looked back up to see the student leave, with the next in line being Teegan.

The blonde quickly got up to stage, clearly nervous, as she tried to keep a straight stance as high school finally ended. Always being impatient, the girl quickly got to her speech unprompted.

"Uhhh, I'd like to thank my mom... my dad... and uhh... I had a lot of fun throughout highschool... oh yeah Nelly thanks for keeping in touch with me!" She yelled out, as if she was frantically looking around for something. Hopefully, that someone wasn't Redtail or something stupid like that. She had been a bit more "heisty" as she liked to call it when it came to looking for the redhead, but maybe that phase would finally come to an end once she got out of high school.

Almost as quickly as she started, the girl quickly moved off stage, causing the next person to be up for take off. It was some popular kid, making a fool out of himself as the audience laughed off, but as Sam peered off to the audience, a familiar blur made itself visible to her eyes, recognizing a slightly dimmed brown tone to the blond hair noticeable by an atom as a hand waved, causing Sam to wave back.

Looking at her phone once more, she caught the message Alex sent in her glimpse, seeing it was made only 20-30 minutes ago.

---

“Hi, it’s nice to see you all, I’m uh... very glad to have been a part of Hometown High School for my career, where I met a lot of wonderful people.

Even though I’m glad to have been a part of theater, and I’m glad to have been working within the biology program, it’s been wonderful being able to work with so many of you.

I spent a lot of my time in a rut. I felt locked in a cage doing schoolwork, I didn’t really feel like myself, a lot of separation from my peers. I just had many reasons to feel I didn’t belong.”

The brunette sighed for a moment, looking to the crowd again to see that same familiar fuzz jiggling for more of her speech, leaving no choice but to continue.

“But things did change in the end, I felt reached out again, I got to socialize more with people, I understood my passion for my major, I got into the college I wanted to, and I feel good about where I’m going, which is everything I could want right now, honestly.

I appreciate everyone who supported me to get here, and I’ll miss so many of you from this day onward. Thank you so much.”

The crowd began to clap as Sam stepped down from the podium, calmly taking back to her seat before getting a better glimpse of Alex from the rails, keeping her two burdens locked away in her bra as she waved to Sam, causing the robed woman to wave back with a smile as she felt freed from the life she lived in high school.

After the ceremony ended, Sam reflected enough to realize her speech wasn’t really the best to close out on. She could’ve talked more about her reflections on the future, or kept a less negative tone. However, whatever tension she had about her future had whisked away.

---

Chapter 20 –

---

It was definitely a lot of chaos passing between a group of 3 chatty teenagers and a rather needy girlfriend. However, going out on a vacation like this felt quite nice.



Sam walked along the sandy path barefoot, following that no-shoes policy placed at the front of the sign to get in. While that was enough to tolerate, Alex seemed to be suffering in the back from the wind, her breasts blowing off between both sides of her body as she attempted to hold them together. Just a few minutes ago she reached back out to Sam for help, but she declined, saying she could do it herself. If there was one major flaw to Alex's body plan, it was certainly that she wasn't aerodynamic anymore.

Regardless, Alex looked cute in her swimsuit, bearing a two piece with white fabric and these orange frills sticking from the front. It was amazing that she wore a swimsuit that didn't have the straps pinching into her breasts, with more flat straps that allowed her skin to breathe. Sam's swimsuit was a little less to share. While she didn't have much skin showing, even compared to her more "normal sized" buddies, she happily wore a nice laced swimsuit, cutting against her chest with many lines as she took her time to stretch her thin, yet athletic figure.

Their main plan was to first meet up with Erza, who said she'd be here early. However, when they finally got to the shore, she was pretty much nowhere to be seen.

Sam tried to look around, spotting not much other than some seagulls, a few eroded sand castles, some benches, and then the vague shape of an umbrella to her right. Looking up at her phone, she read the text Erza sent, saying "You should be able to see me."

Regardless, it was best to use the time to talk with Teegan, Chandler, and May while they were still here. This could be the last time they all meet, after all.

Before she could even bother to turn around, Alex was already running towards her, squishing her cleavage directly between her arm. Even as her bra was stretched by Sam's inclusion to the party, she seemed unphased, causing the girl to be further shocked as Alex let out a little giggle.

"So, ya feeling better?" She said to Sam.

"I think so." Sam shyly answered.

"You know, I'm glad you're taking some time to relax, you really pushed yourself these last couple of weeks. Is this what studying was always like for you?"

Alex was right. While Sam never admitted it, there would be days where she'd almost exclusively do work, staying up until 5 AM trying to perfect essays or prep for finals as she pushed her limits. It almost punched her workout routine, making it more inconsistent as her flow of energy was sacrificed for the good of her passing. But alas, she didn't need to worry about that anymore. She made it out, that fear was finally gone.

"Well, I'm just glad I'm spending my time with all of you for now. And especially you." Sam said as she laid a little kiss on Alex's forehead.

“Awww, you didn’t have to…” Alex said as she put her hand to her forehead.

“C’mon, you deserve some back.”

“Alright fine… oh hey! I didn’t tell you this but I’ve been playing around with more 3D modeling stuff. Trying out AutoCAD again and I made this, check it out.”

Reaching her waist strap, she plucked the phone that was hooked by the panty strap as she adjusted it to the right angle. Unfortunately, while the chest meat resting against her led to a good amount of the screen being sheltered, that didn’t account for the bottom left corner being baked by the sun, sending the phone flipping around and falling deep into her chest, just as Sam made her own way out of the canyons.

“Oh shit!” She said, quickly taking her hand to the crevice as she began to dig around.

Sam, scooting more closely to her left ear, crossed her arms as the tomboy dug deeper into her bra.

“So uh… you did milk yourself today, right?”

“I did.” Alex whispered back. “But I can feel it already building back up. Don’t tell anyone, but I’m probably gonna try just letting it out in the ocean.”

“Whatever works best.” She said back.

“Hey, is everything going alright?” Chandler asked the pair, with Teegan and May following suit.

“Yeah, Alex just got her phone a little… lost. That’s all.” She said as she tried to attempt to do something as she spread Alex’s left breast in a panic.

Dropping like an egg, the phone fell into the sand as the owner attempted to look down. However, it became abundantly clear her instinct to hunch over to get a better look failed, as her balance crumbled to the panic as she bounced right onto her phone. Her plush butt dug deep into the device, easily outsizing a watermelon of some kind with one cheek alone.

“I uhh… oh…” Alex said with shock at her weight pulling her down, giving awkward stares as only Teegan was brave enough to ask if her phone was okay.

“You know, this isn’t a bad spot.” Chandler said as she began to unpack her things, unfolding a first umbrella as she let Sam handle the folding chairs that Teegan carried.

The heat against Alex's skin felt more manageable as Chandler placed the second umbrella. She applied tons of sunscreen before going, which was a given due to how enormous she was. However, even it wasn't enough to save it from feeling a little sore.

"Phew, I'm gonna sit here for a few, if that's okay." Alex said with a huff. Sam wasn't the one to really stare, especially at her girlfriend, but the combination of her exhausted face and her slightly saggy breasts made for a look that caused her to blush a little. They looked a lot heavier as they moved almost rhythmically with the bra, shining skin to the girls that nearly could weigh as much as another human being.

"I mean, sure, just let us know if you need anything, I'm going for a walk." Teegan said, passing along towards the left side as she seemed to show interest in the view.

"Wait, don't leave without us!" May said as she tagged along.

"Don't worry about me, I'm fine here, just need to rest a little." Alex commented as she toppled her back to the ground.

"You sure you don't need a towel at least?"

"I'm good, thank you though." Alex said as she looked more comfortable in her seat.

"Alright, well we'll see you around." Chandler said as she scurried off, with Sam following suit.

—

"Phew." Teegan said.

"What are you 'phew'-ing about?" Asked Sam in a humorous tone.

"I dunno, I just sigh a lot."

"Well, usually sighing can mean that you're in some kind of distress, was something bothering you back there?" May chimed in.

"Wha-everything's fine. I do that all the time." She said, turning her head around for a moment as took a moment to sigh. "Probably just the lifting."

"Oh yeah, Nestor! How's he doing?" Sam asked Chandler, edging away from Teegan's denial.

"Good! He's actually going to New York, got applied into Stella Adler."

"Holy shit, isn't that place famous?" Teegan shouted back, her blonde hair whipping in shock.

“Yeah, wait, didn’t I tell you about this the other day?”

“Oh yeah, I forgot. Go on again?” Teegan awkwardly said to spiral control back to Chandler.

“Anyways, he’s still not that into the idea of going, but I ended up having to convince him myself that he’d find himself enjoying it more than he thinks.”

“And do you think he agrees?” Sam asked the blue haired girl. She took a little time to pause adjusting her bikini before answering her friend’s question.

“I’d say so.” She commented back. “I mean, maybe it’s just that guys tend to be more cohesive with their friends, but he just seemed to miss that group.”

“I mean they’re just sports kids, right? Wouldn’t there be a ton of those kids no matter where you go?”said Teegan.

“Yea, but friends are friends. Still, there’s always Snapchat or something. I already can’t go to big NY, but we’ll still be together.” She said, rubbing her shoulders as she felt bad herself.

“What about you guys? Sam I know you’re doing Forensics, but Teegan, May, haven’t heard much about your choices.”

“I’m probably going into Journalism, most of my family has been in that field so it makes sense for me too.” Said Teegan, her eyes squinting ahead of her as if catching something far off.

“And you May?”

“Oh, I haven’t decided, probably just going to stick to part time jobs until I can afford getting some degree in Math.”

“I mean, that makes sense.” Chandler awkwardly said, not accounting for the other 3 girls who had the privilege of affording college.

“I guess I’ll stick to forensics, I had temptations by a private school, but I’m more eager to outgroooooooooowwww...” Sam was left at a halt as the hint of a face popped up at the corner of the massive tent of fabric, with none other than Erza appearing before them.

“Yo.” She said, shouting a little with the 20-30 foot divide.

All four of the girls were left shocked, with only Sam being brave enough to step forward to say hi. Erza easily outmatched a truck at the size she was at, with her stomach billowing out of the fabric hidden from the side the girls couldn’t see. Upon closer inspection, endless amounts of kicks and bumps could be subtly felt against the swimsuit that wrapped across her body,

contrasting the breasts that easily surpassed Alex's by 3 times the size. Despite the added flesh to her, Erza showed no signs of stress, as if this was just another day for the bloated baddie.

"Uhhhh, how you doing, heh?" Sam asked Erza nervously. How could she even get this big already?

"I'm doing good, kinda just been sitting here waiting for you all. Rosmarie was supposed to come to tell me more about the program, but I'm just here getting some sun."

Sam looked up for a moment, catching just for a moment that Erza was just casually spilling milk from the tops of her breasts, it wasn't like she could reach them, so it's nothing to put against her.

Looking down at her waist, it was enormous, easily big enough to fill a couch. Her swimsuit ended there, leading to her ass being able to spread out against the sand, each cheek being as big as a beach ball.

"So uh, I'm guessing you were busy for graduation?" Sam asked.

"Yeah, had some mandatory testing at the labs. I think I found out a bit too late that the term *Months*, they use doesn't literally mean months, which is why I got these huge tits so fast. I think they just list months as a cycle more than anything.

"And what month are you at now?" Sam commented back, ignoring the whispers of the stunned girls in the back.

"Month 9, although it's really been 2-3 months since I joined in." She said, slapping her belly as fat residing over it jiggled across the tight swimsuit, with her body fighting back by heightening her milk production for a moment. Sam didn't realize, but the milk Erza was making wasn't just going anywhere, but a streak of it could be seen tracking a river of milk down to the ocean.

"So, how do you feel about the whole B3 University Program thing?" Sam asked Erza.

"Honestly pretty good, I've heard a lot of people are joining that program recently, although most of these are private invites. They're a company that likes to have a low record, after all."

"I mean yea, that makes sense, makes sense." Sam said with a sigh of her own. "So how was your first meeting with Rosmarie, anyways?"

"It was very uh..." Erza took a moment, shuttering a little, as she put her hands together. "...eventful."

"Yeah, she can be a bit of work."

“UH Erza!”

“Wai-“ Sam felt an arm push her out of the way as the blonde made herself visible to the blimp of a woman.

“What... caused you to grow out like this? This isn't normal and I know you're doing something!”

“Yea no shit.” Erza said with a condescending tone, directing it at Teegan as though she were a pest. Almost furthering a sense of illusion, a watermelon appeared out from her side, with Erza biting into a half of it as though it were a bowl.

“Don't tell me the rumors are true...”

“Oh yeah like the 20,000 rumors you make of me everyday.”

“You've been eating people, haven't you?”

Erza cringed as she looked at the girl saying that with a straight face, dumbfounded entirely by her answer.

“Wha-no, no! What are you on about- what?!” Erza mumbled out, her head unable to even wrap around how that would even work.

“I know it, you've been doing it all this time, no person could get this big with a normal child.”

“Teegan, I told you already that this is all just a part of the procedure, there's no way- how would I even eat someone?”

Teegan, beginning to get frustrated, lunged at the back of Erza, groping onto some of her belly fat to help prove the point she was trying to make. The result, however, was unexpected. Instead of the bump of something like a limb, she felt... something else? It felt malleable, yet it formed as something round. As her hand sunk deeper, this theory she had felt more disproven as the things inside felt more plentiful. It wasn't like that of a regular pregnant woman, whatever it was, it was way beyond that.

However, the greater disturbance came with the drip of white fluid raining down on her fingers. By a simple glance up, the trickle once formed around the nipples had turned into a spray, getting across the girl's belly as it jetted out in a sensation Teegan couldn't guess as to how it felt.

The blonde slipped her arms away, but the damage had been done, with Erza showing a distinct face of frustration by the fluid now tainting her more well kept skin. In a sudden turn of events, the truck-sized pregnant woman got up as if it was nothing, lifting the whole belly and all of its jiggliness as it kicked around to the change in position. Her legs, which were blown out in size,

showed no issue with carrying this much weight, turning around like wielding a giant club as she focused attention on the culprit behind her issue.

“Alright now I’m REALLY gonna serve your liver on a platter!” She said, and before Sam could think, she watched Erza chase after Teegan as she jolted across the beach. Obviously, Erza was still slower, but the fact that she could make the effort to move at all was genuinely impressive, easily carrying a few tons in baby weight.

While Erza was obviously slow, the fact that she could keep a decent pace with Teegan was legitimately impressive. While Chandler and May couldn’t help but be shocked, Sam was a little more relaxed as she watched the two run back to home base.

“So uh... anything you brought to drink, Sam?” Chandler asked.

---

Back at the sea sat Alex, resting from the time spent reaching the beach. Usually she wouldn’t be this exhausted, having the endurance of an ant.

However, trying to get her body used to an entirely new function out of nowhere was difficult, since her nipples hurt like all hell, and by proxy, her back hurt from the changes in weight. Right now though, all she had to worry about was laying on her back, with her breasts offered as a nice cushion against the towel and sand as she puffed out a medium sized sigh. Part of her wanted to show more skin against the sun, since the beams of light felt quite nice against her body, but at the same time, it wouldn’t be long before the sun would burn her up, no matter how many bottles of sunblock she used up. It’s not like using up half a bottle wasn’t something that was unusual for her.

While Alex did feel a little bad for leaving the group behind, getting some time to breath was also nice. She was never someone who was too used to big groups of people, usually socializing best with just one person at a time, so it could be quite exhausting to comprehend all of that at once.

As Alex continued her resting, her chest began to feel milk flowing in, cited by the feeling of pressure built at the core of her breasts. It was pretty clear to tell that she was beginning to spray again. Leaning up, she went to look into the cooler, hoping to find those spare bottles she and Sam got prepared, until she found nothing inside. She should’ve been mad, but it was her duty while Sam got the rest of the things.

Another huff exuded from her as she tapped her foot, feeling more intense from the tingling feeling of her nipples, hinting at a trickle of milk already exiting into her frilly top. No way in hell she’s using a soda can, since that would hurt like all hell to spray milk in, and just leaking it out openly would be another weird option. The best place to try and relieve herself at this point was

likely going into the sea. After all, that's what people usually do when they need to relieve themselves out here.

The tomboy strutted in an awkward fashion as she reached the ocean, not wanting the sand to burn her soles up. However, the cooling feeling of the ocean felt quite nice, rather than the shocking sensation she was used to. Step by step, her wide hips up to the starts of her breast began to submerge, with her footsteps working to avoid the natural debris littering the ground. Seeing that she was more than to herself, she crouched down, leaving her breasts tucked in the water to the best of her abilities. She still needed to tug her hands against them, since they were clearly buoyant, but there was enough of them covered to let her nipples be removed from the top, getting a jet of milk all over her hands.

The fluid subsided though as she dunked the nipples underneath the water, using both her hands to let out a hefty amount of milk that had built up. She left out a little sigh of relief as she pushed out what she could. It wasn't something she openly would speak about, but expelling milk felt quite nice, like opening a jar of peanut butter that she couldn't snap right.

On top of that, the lack of spillage thanks to being submerged helped, as a common occurrence when milking would be her spraying into a sink or a bottle, only to get droplets all over the place. In fact, she tried to keep Sam away from her room after that incident solely because it caused her place to smell like milk.

It only took a minute or so of milking before the other teat began to grow upset, leaking out milk of its own as Alex tried to finish gushing out whatever milk was trapped inside her to the best of her abilities. As much as she could get plenty of milk on her own, part of her had a devilish side that would wish Sam could help out with milking her. She outright denied her girlfriend stepping into this, just because she knew Sam would be a little too weirded out to involve herself in this. However, the urge to involve some hands to take things over sounded too satisfying as milk propelled from her left nipple. She'd always have sore arms, pressing her chest up only to cause some kind of ache from it.

Plus, she already had to milk herself around 15 times a day. And if she had to guess, there was enough coming out to rival that of a cow. Probably even more, considering her size. The influx of milk production easily brought Alex a few more sizes, resting her breasts down to her waist.

After a good while focusing on relieving her breasts, she looked back to see a figure showing up at the beach. By a simple look of the long, flowy ebony hair, it was obvious that it was no one other than Rosmarie.

Having enough of her little chore, Alex decided to put her bra back over her nipples as she stepped out of the sea, waving to the two guests as she wiped some of the damp pockets of water out of her body.



Trying to keep a more innocent demeanor, Alex waved at the foreign girl, who simply waved back as she unpacked some kind of supplies of her own. There were two coolers, a beach chair, and a pitch black umbrella in her possession. Alex had to assume that the coolers were only for milk, judging by the one that Rosmarie took to opening, downing a whole bottle within a few seconds as she gasped at Alex.

"Uh... hey!" Alex said.

"Hallo! Schönen guten Tag!" Rosmarie commented back, smiling as the other hyper sized girl entered the fray.

"So uhh, how do you feel about getting to stay here?" Alex commented. "I know Erza told me she was happy to get into that B3 program.

Her ears rose as she mentioned Erza, with pleasant thoughts coming to her as she spun for a bit. "Wir geht es großartig! Ich habe mich mit Erza getroffen, ich hatte keine Ahnung das sie schon Milch gibt. Ich habe gleich zugeschlagen und tonnenweise Milch trinken können, es war so lecker! Oh, und außerdem ist sie ab August in der Uni eingetragen!"

The comment went over Alex's head, but for the most part, it sounded like she had a good time. If there was one thing Alex was going to have to learn at Hometon University, it was German.

The surprise of Rosmarie showing up almost made her forget about how stunning she looked, wearing a two piece that shared a raven tone as it wrapped across her large breasts and healthy hips. There was a gentle gaze from the gothic figure as she held an arm underneath her chest, pushing one leg forward as she seemed to be a little nervous still, albeit happy that someone was here to invite her to the beach.

As quickly as they met, Rosmarie jolted her head to the left as she looked to find a familiar face, or more specifically, a familiar belly. Erza could be seen jogging towards Teegan, who went behind the umbrella as she made some kind of whimper in discomfort. The tomboy watched as the taller girl jumped over to Erza, waving her arms out as if meeting an older friend. However, the closer she got, the more Alex began to realize that wasn't a greeting of joy, but a greeting of something else.

Using the skill she got from her cardio exercises, Alex quickly grabbed Rosmarie by the back before she could reach the nipples raised high up on the redhead's body, masquerading this defense as a sign of affection. Quietly, Alex whispered "Nope, nononononono not here, please." to the feral beast as she attempted to wriggle out for a bit.

Sam and her cohorts weren't that far away, and to let that sort of interaction happen would traumatize her friends on the last day.

With a sense of reality, Rosmarie sighed as she was let go from Alex's grasp, taking a moment to recollect herself.

Seeing the opportunity, Sam waved hi as the other two more normal sized girls went to soothe Teegan, still spooked from the chase Erza made.

"Hey! Rosmarie! How've you been?"

As she looked at the girl, who seemed a little gloomier than usual, Sam looked down to her stomach against the two-piece as a clear formation of pudge had begun to form around the goth girl.

"Hmmm, you know, I never saw you as someone who had a little pudge to them, maybe all that milk is doing something to ya." Sam commented, causing Rosmarie to whimper a little. Even though she didn't fully understand Sam, the connotations made a clear idea of what was wrong with her.

After a deep breath, Rosmarie ended up sucking in her envy as she went back to the shade, with Sam and Alex following suit as she not only drank her problems away with another bottle of company brand milk, but instead of ending there, the tallest of the bunch then went to the other cooler, pulling out an entire watermelon from her fridge as she placed it by the beach chair.

"Oh hey, is that watermelon?" Chandler said as May followed along. The two were talking over their umbrella with Teegan, but she seemed a little too intimidated to join them.

Rosmarie nodded with affirmation, showing it off like a pet to the girls. A look of shock entered the goth's eyes though as she went to look around for something. It was just until now she realized she completely forgot to bring a knife.

Smacking her head, causing her breasts to be knocked around by the force, the woman almost mimed in agony as she forgot the one thing that was needed to enjoy the bountiful fruit.

While there was a shared disappointment in most of the girls, it seemed like they understood the issue brought about, happy to just be out on the beach.

May, however, thought differently, stepping forward for a moment to the watermelon as she took control of it from Rosmarie.

"Hey, I never showed you girls this, but check this out."

The woman took her hand to the air, raising it like a blade, before hitting it down on the watermelon, as if it were a block of wood. Within an instant, the melon split, with a collective "Ooooo" coming from the crowd's mouths as they looked at the delicious red treasure inside.

“Alright, I call dibs.” May said, ripping a bit of the watermelon off for her own taking.

—

The whole crew had their own slice of watermelon. Even Rosmarie, who usually stuck to milk, couldn't help but munch into a juice slice of it. Some took smaller pieces of the enlarged fruit, but others, like Alex, decided to keep a good share to herself, holding a good amount of rime in her hand.

Sam, on the other hand, was attempting to make a sand castle. While her girlfriend was a glutton, she trusted her enough to hold onto her rime as she continued to build whatever she was molding together.

“So is this supposed to be like a Disney Castle, or?”

“Alex, when have I ever been a fan of Disney stuff?” She said with a playfully pessimistic tone.

“Weren't you like a huge fan of Wall-E as a kid? You had that little figure of him that had the block in his stomach.”

“I mean, I guess... but that doesn't mean I keep up with my Disney+ subscription.”

“Even though you went to Disneyland on that school trip you made to California?”

“Yeah, a school trip. That's not a commitment you dunce!”

“So what does that make you? Miss build-a-disneycastle?”

“Just someone creatively derivative, who doesn't make sand castles when at the beach?”

Alex, wanting to prove a point, bent down, lodging the two slices of melon between her chest as she rested her arms, and while she could mold something in her grasp, it was quite difficult.

Sand whipped from her fingertips as she gave an indication by her shoulders that she couldn't do much in the slightly damp sand, too far from reach against her own burdensome breasts.

“Well fine, would you want me to do something else?” Sam said as she turned her head over to the blonde's eyes. A brief look was made to Alex's waist as she noticed her butt filling into her ankles, giving the illusion she lacked feet at all.

“No I wasn't saying that, I kinda like what you have!” She said as she handed Sam's half eaten slice back to her, giving some time for judgment.

It was a kingdom poorly put together, with one of the pillars of the castle already melted off, and the semblance of a garden only molded by pinches from her fingers. Before any time could even be made to properly judge it, a wave came by to splash the castle, eroding the 10 minute work of art as Sam took a deep breath. Alex put her hands together as she felt sympathy for the poor kingdom now lost to time, letting a sad moan from her girlfriend's loss.

"Aww, that's awful... I'm sorry."

"No need to apologize, I kinda wanted to do something more fun anyways." She said, munching on the watermelon slightly tainted by sea water. Luckily, being behind Alex's mass allowed for it to stay dry to some degree, retaining its fresh taste, despite the contamination.

"So..." Sam said standing up. "What were you thinking of doing?"

"Hmm..." A moment was taken as she bit into the watermelon, toying with ideas at a beach. "You wanna play a volleyball game?" Alex suggested on the blue.

"Huh? Do we have a net for that?" Sam asked, unaware someone had already left a net out, likely unintentionally, but regardless conveniently.

"I think we got a good amount of people, I have enough women on my end, and you have enough flexible people on the other. Besides, I spent a bit of time asking the girls while you weren't around."

"I mean that feels a little... unfair..." Sam mumbled.

"In what way? Would be a good way of settling our differences."

"What differences?" She giggled back at Alex, bumping into her boobs a little as they swung like a pendulum for a bit.

"We gotta decide who's taking territory over this land." She said in an almost too casual voice.

"Alright, fine, I'll be for it, but there's only 3 of you and 4 of us, doesn't that seem a little unfair?" Sam commented.

"I mean maybe? But we kinda make up for it with mass."

Before Alex could continue, another figure showed up from the bridge, someone with long locks of black hair that seemed to flow like a waterfall. Surely enough, the girl had pretty large breasts, but they seemed to be covered by some kind of bandages. However, the only person she knew that was bound by those was...

"Ah, Grüß dich Mizuki!" Rosmarie shouted out loud, causing the girl to rush over to hush the woman at the speed of a superhero.

"Don't EVER call me that!" She spoke in a harsh, yet quiet tone, her legs stanced as if ready to land a blow on the taller lady, piercing her lips by the tiniest amount as she hushed Rosmarie with two fingers.

Swiftly dashing her fingers away, Rosmarie stood a little dumbstruck, yet obedient regardless. The woman, now known as Mizuki, stood wearing her mask as she kept a clear look of hesitance that caught most of the passerby off guard.

"Eh-hem!" The new girl coughed to grab the attention of everyone. "So I'm here because I was told to have a more 'in person' meeting with Erza. Since I'm her higher up, I have been required to scout things out, and-"

"Hey, so we're playing volleyball, and we need a fourth member of our team, any chance you can join?" Alex said out of the blue.

"Er... what?" She said with some confusion.

"Yeah, volleyball! We're having a little game and figured you could serve as our fourth team member."

"I..." Mizuki stood for a second, comprehending the whole situation. "Listen, I'm not sure if you're getting the right person for this thing, I'm a busy woman, and-"

As she turned left, Rosmarie stood nearby, giving puppy-dog eyes as she held her hands between her breasts, folding them as if to make herself look more soft.

Taking a moment, Mizuki sighed, palming her face as she groaned for what felt like a minute. She didn't want to disappoint Rosmarie, and there were enough women to talk to her that would benefit her field, leading her to simply accept this fate.

"Well, I'm already in swim gear." She said, adjusting the binding for a moment, nervous about what this mishap would entail.

—

Against the raggedy net were the two teams, Fats vs Skins. At least, that was the idea Alex gave for names. On one end was Sam, Teegan, Chandler, and May. Just from the stark contrast in shape, it was enough to want a few of them to stretch before the match started. On the other side was Alex's team, including Rosmarie, Erza, and Mizuki.

Sam took some confidence to her stretching, since she was the only one in the group that had experience in volleyball. While intimidated, Chandler and May seemed a bit more confident than one would usually be, considering they were up against women that had a bit more mass than normal. After all, the baggage would only mean less agility, right?

Teegan, lastly, simply rolled in the corner. Her phobia of facing towards those maximum sized women only left a face of dread that cradled in the hot sand. Only after some pep talk from Sam would bring her to her feet, but even then, she stood behind the 3 girls in fear of the beasts behind the net.

On the other end stood the four larger girls, well, one of them stood a bit more clearly. Erza, either in an attempt to subjugate her opponents with intimidation or just a general sense of ignorance, stood dead center in the court as her gargantuan stomach blocked the view of all the other girls. She simply went on with some conversation unseen by the others as her belly quite literally spread across the field, resting against the sand as her legs pressed gently, somehow keeping a sense of connection to the ground.

“Hey, we’re uh... ready... over here!” Chandler shouted to the other end. She didn’t even know if it reached the other end, but judging from the head motion of Erza, perhaps they were discussing things.

“Alright, me and you can stick to the offensive, while May and Teegan keep the back occupied.” Sam quickly grouped to the other 3. “I’m sure they’ll signal things out once they hand us the ba-“

Without even a warning, a volleyball slammed into the unassuming girl’s face, knocking her over a bit as it bounced to the sand.

Erza, getting the memo of her size, understood that maybe blinding the other side for the team seemed a little too cheap, turning her belly almost like a tank ass she walked more to the middle end, her belly jiggling and wobbling from all directions as she situated herself once more. Alex was finally visible, palming her face as she finally got her spotlight.

“I meant to say are you four ready?” Alex yelled a little loudly despite not having much blocking the two. Mizuki was slightly visible, looking bothered by being here in contrast to Rosmarie, who kept a strong fighting stance as Sam held the ball.

“Yeah, just uh... make sure you can aim the ball next time.” Sam said as she rubbed her face a little.

“Oh shoot, are you-I’m so sorry! You need me to get something for that?” Alex said with some alarm.

“I’m fine, it’s all-“ Sam aimlessly said, unable to wrap around getting a conscious thought, needing to shake her head a little before returning her mouth to reality. “I’m ready, my bad.”

To the shock of Alex, Sam tossed the ball as she punted it towards the blonde, still locked by the conversation as she struggled to prepare for a blow. Hitting the ball the best she could, it simply hit the net as Sam giggled with her first point of the match.

“Yeesh, what even was that?”

“A conversation breaker.” Sam added, rubbing her hand against her back.

“Alright, then let me return the favor.” Alex said with a huff as she took the ball before punting it to the air. Unlike the heavier girls, Sam and Chandler were a lot quicker to respond, bouncing the ball back to the other side as it flew towards Rosmarie. She attempted to hit the ball, but it missed. However, it still bounced back up, landing in the girl’s cleavage, giving Alex another chance to toss the ball over to Sam’s end.

This didn’t go as planned, as Sam immediately followed by aiming the ball right at a spot on the left of the field. It was still on the grid, but wasn’t anywhere Alex could reach, allotting Sam another point.

Another round went by as Alex tossed the ball, Sam countering back, but accidentally hitting the ball into Erza’s belly. There was enough of a bounce to fire the ball back to Sam. Unable to contain herself, the ball landed flat on the ground as she watched the enormous gut wobble for a moment as Erza acted completely unphased by this.

As Alex turned, she looked to see Erza sliding her phone out of her bikini, slid into the lace as it pressed into her marshmallowy waist.

“Hey.” She said with a casual voice, sounding almost smug with her tone. “Scored ya’ a point.”

Alex was only left to sigh, wanting to scold her for being a little bit of an asshole, but it was Erza. It’s not like anyone here could challenge someone who proved they could lift an elephant in body fat.

The war continued with the two factions. Erza, being bored and wanting to mess with people, stuck her belly back in the front of the net once more, causing the sides to be blocked out.

Despite seeming like a cheap advantage, Sam still managed to send the ball more accurately to Alex’s side than the intended side of Sam’s. This also meant Alex needed more of a grip on Mizuki, who seemed to be rather out of touch.

As the game continued, the sides seemed to show more signs of activity. Teegan slowly began to creep out of her shell, May becoming surprisingly more active than even Chandler, as well as Rosmarie and Mizuki offering a more fair challenge.

Despite it all though, it was clear Alex was losing. The call for some kind of tally had long passed, but it was clear that Sam knew the game more than the blonde ever would. After all, her girlfriend was an expert.

“Are you sure you want to keep going?” Mizuki said with a shrug. “You already know we lost.”

“I mean so? It’s for fun. You two put in a lot more than I’d expected so I’m glad enough for that.” She said, smiling as she gave a peace sign.

As the next round began, Alex was surprised as Mizuki went ahead and knocked an incoming ball upwards, giving leeway for Rosmarie to pass it to the other side of the net, blindly awaiting a ball to be passed back as a punt could be heard jetting the ball to Alex.

No one in the team really had the jumping power to reach taller balls. While running became difficult for people like Alex, jumping was outright impossible.

Rosmarie thankfully deflected the ball, mumbling something in German before realizing it hit the net, bouncing the ball onto their field as each girl aside from Erza let out a sigh of disappointment.

It was clear after a while that despite the power advantage, the girls of more balanced shape had won this match. Even though someone like Alex had the ability to lift things a woman couldn’t dream of, her lack of agility put into play that this so-called “perfect body” she had supposedly been endowed with, carried flaws.



After the game finally ended, Sam and Alex decided to spend some time just sitting by the sun.

May and Chandler had already left, with them having to do some other things for family, leaving it only with the big girls and Tammy.

Not surprisingly, the cooler for Rosmarie’s milk had been emptied, needing all she could get for the long day of fun. Not having that occupying her time, she seemed to have more of an affinity with the others, but it never seemed like she had an interest in Sam, for whatever reason. Perhaps she knew that Alex was lactating?

It was a surprise for Mizuki to stay for as long as she was. There was only a little more time before she’d have to go back to her “Doctor” moniker, forgetting this day even happened. Despite that, she seemed to be having a good conversation with Erza, chattering along as Rosmarie sat down on her ass, attempting to extract any last milk in one of her bottles.



"I dunno, I guess I just kinda hated that you just were involved in my mom's work. I never really hated what she did, but even as a kid I always felt a little unnerved seeing it out of home, you know?" Mizuki commented, which Sam heard briefly as the Japanese woman talked to her redhead rival, alongside the German girl acting more like a lapdog than someone who could contribute to the conversation, resting between her master's thighs with a playful look in her closed eyes.

Alex, too focused on the three enormous women, failed to realize there was a jellyfish touching her palm, causing her to yelp as the long dried up organism stung her.

"So I kinda wanted to ask a bit more, but how's the whole situation with milk?"

"I mean, I don't blame the concern, but eh." She scoffed. "It's pretty hard to handle it yourself, there's only so much two hands can do that are your own."

"It's gotta hurt like hell, right?" Sam asked.

"You know, honestly not. Sometimes my boobs feel better than ever." The tomboy said as she posed her arms to stand her point.

"Maybe that's just your body telling you that from the dopamine rush, also..." Sam said as she fidgeted her hands.

"Also..." Alex said, noting Sam's stilted silence.

"I guess I was curious... do you think that the milk had anything to do with all of..." Sam, unable to be blunt, motioned her hands around Alex's breasts, as if sliding it past an invisible barrier.

Wanting to toy with the nervous woman, Alex yanked her arm into her own chest flesh, somehow fitting her whole elbow and a bit more in the cleavage, letting a playful roar as Sam squeaked in retaliation.

"Y-you wench!" Sam said, her face reddened as she squished her arm out of the the two planets.

"Ok, ok, but I mean of course all that caused the milk, don't see why it wouldn't if I drank that much, but why would you say?" Alex asked, chuckling still from her previous prank.

"Well, I guess I just thought about it, and you know how Rosmarie drinks a bunch of milk?"

"Yea, I mean that's her cup of tea."

"You never noticed that it was the same brand as those old people in Pine's milk?"

“Wait huh?”

“Yeah, she just had a ton of it in her car. But it just made me think about how they even had that much milk to deliver to you in the first place. Do you think that having that in your system gave you some long-term consequences?”

“Well I-“ Alex, taking a moment, put her hand to her chin, thinking for a moment.”You know, I feel kinda stupid for never thinking about that.”

“I mean, drinking that much of anything will do that.”

“No, like. the old people, the Mendels. I didn’t really think about it but they almost never have anyone else around. As far as I know, I think me, Vella, and my mom were the only ones in town to really drink their milk.”

“That’s... why did you never tell me that?” Sam said, surprised yet a little frustrated she didn’t know this. Information like that would have been very important in her studies, so just having it left out made her project feel empty now.

“I mean, just never really thought about it until now. I only knew them because my family went there around the time we moved in, and a family friend recommended we go there, since it’s a nice area not too far away. I think the only other person who may have joined me is Alyx, but that was only for a few occasions before she started causing a ruckus. She tried to eat a bottle of sunblock, and that was kind of the breaking point.”

“I guess that explains the rack.” Sam commented, remembering that such a ravenous girl was a little more busty. Not as far-reaching as Alex, but still a solid J-cup if she remembered correctly. “You know, another question I never asked you; how much do bras cost you?”

“I mean, usually they cost me quite a bit, around \$250-“

“Jeez, really?!” Sam chimed.

“Yea, ain’t cheap, now you know why I gotta mention it when these puppies grow.

“Yea bras are supposed to cost me like \$20 tops” Sam said as she fondled her measly B cups to Alex, feeling much smaller to the behemoth and her demands.

“Wait until you hear that they’re actually a good price, normally my seamstress would cost someone \$400 for these.”

“Goodness, and did the leaks cause you to need to upgrade?”

“Already made the shipment, usually takes a while to make these.” Alex said, looking to the left as she found Erza walking over. It was still astounding seeing this woman pass by with little issue, wobbling her enormous, kicking stomach. It never got boring seeing the woman able to walk just dandy as her stomach pushed from the ground, sand pushing out the way as though she dragged a beached whale around. Despite that, little resistance was made, as if she was carrying a giant balloon.

“What’s on your heads?” The redhead asked, notably with Mizuki and Rosmarie still talking.

“Oh nothing, just talking about life.”

“I see, yeah- I’m still kinda unsure what to do once I manage to get my stomach down a few sizes after this whole... water breaking... stuff.”

“Birth.” Sam corrected.

“Yeah... that...” she said with an awkward tone. “But yea I think I’m gonna try to do more B3 stuff, my mom of all people seemed super supportive of it. I kinda feared she’d be the last of any person telling me to sign up for this enrollment thing.”

“So what do you think you’ll do there?” Alex asked.

“Well, from what the forms said, it shouldn’t be anything more than studies. At least, optionally.” She said, looking at her belly to almost wonder what would happen to it once she got there. “Kinda wondering what’ll happen myself after this whole shebang is over.”

“Do they not have some kind of postnatal care?”

“I mean of course they do, but like... look at me.” She said as she bent her hips forward, giving a good realization that her waist was massive. She was well beyond the ability to use chairs, and even couches seemed like a deal with the devil at her size. They easily spread out 2 feet wide, and just a wobble held the implication that it wasn’t just all fat underneath.

“You don’t really think I’m gonna go all back to normal after this, do you?” She said with a smug glare, her lips giving that default frown as she looked Alex in the eye, almost telling Alex to observe her body.

“I mean, probably not... right? No?” She said, hoping she wouldn’t be buried into the sand by her truck sized stomach.

“Good.” She said, with a confident tone.

Almost at the instant she said such a word, there was a noticeably stranger bump that sounded almost like a drum to the group. Even Rosmarie and Mizuki seemed to turn towards the direction as they all looked with concern.

“Oh... you uh... alright?”

“Oh yea, this sorta thing happens. Usually get a big kick and then next thing you know...” Almost on cue, milk began to spray out in large doses as she posed her hand. Alex, staring at the spray coming out, felt her chest become a little more dense as she cupped the underside of them. As the four watched, Sam looked around as she spotted her hips, which seemed to buck around a little, alongside a wet stain around her swimsuit.

Mizuki walked around Erza, causing her some concern as the presence of Mizuki this close to her was a little bothersome. “Hey, I don’t mean to be a bother, but we should probably get you checked up on.”

Having no obligations, Erza raised her shoulders, turning her blimp of a body towards the other side as she looked over at the two girls.

“Well uh... I guess I’ll see you two later. Hope you two have a good summer. Sorry I can’t really give much time.”

“It’s fine, hope you’re okay.”

“I’ll be fine, as long as Mizuki doesn’t yell at me.” She commented, not caring that she was right there.

“It’s standard procedure, we’re just making sure that things are progressing smoothly.” She said in a more cold tone.

“Alright, we’ll see ya!” The blonde said to the larger women, seeing Mizuki walk off first. She didn’t expect Rosmarie to run back up, skipping as she placed her hands together, smiling big and wide as the blonde was curious what this beast had in her mind. Her nipples were beginning to feel more tart, causing some concern that she’d make a scene. However, what came as a surprise was Rosmarie lifting her by the waist, panicking Alex as she became wrapped by her smooth arms, squeezed by the bear of a woman’s love. Too much and she feared her breasts literally bursting, now that she knew that white stuff was inside.

“Ich weiß nicht ob du das überhaupt verstehst, aber du und Sam habt mich so lebendig fühlen lassen hier. Danke, von ganzen Herzen!”

“Errr, what?!” Alex said as she struggled a bit in the grasp, unable to grasp what the lady even said.

"I-Ich-ich kann doch nicht- Zank you... very much!" She said once more, this time in a more cheerful manner.

Before long, she let go, causing Alex to fall on her knees into the sand as Rosmarie ran off in her swimsuit, wobbling her curves like crazy as she tried to catch off with Mizuki, who was helping Erza get into the vehicle.

"Widersehen! Hoffentlich treffen wir uns bald wieder!"

Alex and Sam waved back, a little sad to see them all by themselves as the party came to a close, everyone returning home as the two simply looked out at the sun, now at the edge of the ocean. Even though they were the last two, they still had each other.

"So..." Alex commented, now that Sam and her had space all to themselves.

"So... what?" The adjacent girl asked.

"You think Tammy's still scared of Erza?"

"I mean... probably. She's always been pretty antsy around her."

"Well I don't blame her honestly."

"But like she always got more... I know this isn't the right word but yappy?"

"She acts more sensitive around Erza than the rest?"

"I mean... I guess that works?" Sam said with a chuckle.

"Yeah, I wouldn't fret, for someone like Erza, everyone has their own stressors."

"I certainly did today." Sam responded, looking out at the beach sunset again. It was a rather unfocused look, as though her body pushed her to the sun before her mind did. She never really went to the beach in the summer. Sure there were times in grade school, but after high school, most of her expeditions were usually in November, when it's windy, dreary, and not the same. Here, the sky glowed a nice orange, something she had forgotten the beach did outside of some movie or show.

"You know, it gets scary thinking about graduation." The brunette commented, catching Alex's attention.

"Yea, it was pretty tough leaving people I knew back in Pine too."

“But it just feels like I don’t have much outside of there. I don’t have those people when I’ll get to college, like a roommate, or just someone to show me around, or just a group to feel like I belong.”

“I mean, you’ll have me.”

Alex gave a glare into Sam’s inattentive eyes, causing her to glance back at Alex as she leaned a bit closer, her warm chest flesh looming just to her left.

In the midst of the awkward, romantic stare, she attempted to lean a bit more at Sam, causing her to chuckle as she failed to pull her back.

“Okay, okay, stop!” She said with a chuckle, before Alex embraced with a light hug.

“Believe me, college is about turning new leaves. You kinda just go there to work from the ground up. That’s why I moved here, was just to get some experience like that. Could’ve just stayed in Pine if I wanted to.”

“I guess, but...” Sam wanted to comment back, but as she got baked in the sun, it felt difficult to comment.

In agreement from both parties, the two fell to their knees, Alex’s mass taking over Sam as she continued to look out at the vast ocean.

That moment, though, got quickly ruined, as something damp began to make its way into her back. She could already guess Alex was lactating again, but she didn’t have any will to feel grossed out about it anymore.

“You’re nasty.” Sam said, despite that.

“Eh, you get tired of needing to milk yourself a few times a day, I just want to feel the moment.

Ignoring her own issues, Sam simply let Alex rest on her, feeling her cheek press closer to her like a magnet as she looked more towards the outskirts of the ocean. Her mind scattered around a little, first thinking she’d need to be back late, then thinking how she’d pack up right now with two people, but in her mind, she thought there wasn’t anything wrong with just feeling the moment.