

Like Faucets

Three weeks had passed since Kitty had been over.

As Joanna tucked in her oldest child, giving them a kiss on the forehead and one last “goodnight”, she shut off the light and pulled out her phone. On it was a text, letting her know that the sender was on their way. She smiled, making her way to the living room, shutting the bedroom door behind her gently. Brewing up some tea and setting some meat and cheese on a wood platter, Joanna was trying to make the night as comfy as she possibly could.

The last time Kitty was over was certainly...traumatic. Sure, they had been texting all the time since the incident, so its not like that was the last they had spoken on the issue. According to Kitty, anyways, her breasts had remained at their old size and weren't lactating anymore. Which was a relief! The guilt that Joanna had been carrying over cursing her friend with what she had was a burden she really didn't want to deal with.

The same couldn't be said about her own chest, however. Since the incident, her breasts had been gradually making gains like never before; it was like a second puberty on steroids, her old G-cups, which were already quite a bit large for her liking in the first place, had absolutely ballooned up beyond any cup size she could gauge. Her maternity bras were coming in handy, but even *they* were starting to get a bit tight, even with the band completely adjusted to its maximum length. They sat on her like two fully grown pumpkins, bigger than any sports equipment she had ever seen, the growth rapid throughout the weeks.

Regardless, she kept her head held high throughout all of it, taking it on the chin in spite of the constant feeling of fullness that plagued her since the incident occurred. As she finished the last bit of cheese grating for the soup she had made for herself and her company, her breasts popped out of her top with their wild motions. Letting out a sharp huff, she stuffed her goods back into her too-tight tank top. In that moment, there was a knock at the door, Joanna's head turning quickly the to the sound before she started to make her way to the sink.

“Coming!” She called out to it, setting the cheese grater down and washing her hands before drying them and making her way to the door. Swinging it open revealed Kitty, standing there in a black leather jacket, left open to show her breasts struggling to be contained in a black crop-top. The look that Kitty wore on her face at the sight of someone she hadn't seen in a few weeks had shock and awe written all over it; Joanna couldn't help but chuckle at her wide-eyed, yet polite greeting of a full hug without hesitation.

“Sorry I'm a little early, those buses really just run on their own schedules these days...” Joanna waved it off.

“Its all good! I just got done with the soup anyways, so its still hot. Come in!” She ushered her friend indoors, both removing their shoes before entering the living room and posting up on the couch. There was an awkward silence before Kitty addressed the elephant(s) in the room:

“So...you doing ok? With the whole...” She gestured at her chest. Joanna let out a deep sigh and a shrug, ripples crossing her cleavage with the movement.

“Yeah, you know...ever since we hung out, I've just been...I dunno, I thought for sure that since I drank

some of that milk, I'd just...y'know, I'd explode everywhere like you did." She put her hands to the sides of them and squeezed gently, cleavage oozing out from her top briefly before she released them. "...but I haven't let out a drop since then, so I dunno *what* is going on with them lately..."

"You seen your doctor yet?" Joanna shook her head, agitated.

"Y'know, I'm tired of paying a bunch of money for someone to tell me they have no idea what's going on, either."

"Yeah, but-"

"Look, Kitty...I'm fine. Its...y'know, it hasn't gotten too bad lately-"

"I mean, no offense Joanna, but they're like...almost in your lap at this point-"

"I'm aware, yeah, Kitty, I...ugh, I know, ok?"

"Sorry, I-"

"Its fine!" Joanna waved her hands dismissively. "Look, I...I'll get in to see the doctor, its just...Ben came down with some kind of cold last week and my just...my mind has been all around that so this has just been kinda...happening in the background a bit. But I'm ok, alright? I'm not in like...pain, or whatever. Besides my back, obviously." They both chuckled at this, Joanna stretching back and thrusting her chest out, threads creaking as her tank top's strength was tested. "I'm just glad, y'know, that you're ok. Cuz I was really worried about...I dunno..."

"Yeah, y'know...they just went back to normal, I guess." She shrugged, F-cups lightly moving behind the thin fabric's confines. "Which is fine by me! That was...that was some really freaky shit that happened..."

"Tell me about it. Just the other night, I-"

"Mommy!" Her story was cut off by her youngest, Ben, storming into the bedroom, tears in his eyes as he called out for his mother. The two cut their conversation abruptly, Joanna looking over at her son as he stood in the doorway. "Mommy!"

"What do you need, baby?"

"...there's something, Mommy!"

"What's something, Benny?"

"..."

Joanna exhaled, but stood, hiding her mild frustration as she picked up her kid and made her way back to his bedroom.

"One sec, Kitty."

Kitty wasn't really paying attention, however. For whatever reason, her ears had started to ring. Not only that, but an odd heat began running through her body, her temperature gradually rising as she sat there, sweat starting to coat her body as an odd numbness starting to take over her chest-region before it suddenly felt as if every nerve-ending lit up at once.

“Oh! Oh no...” Kitty didn't like this feeling. It was familiar, yet new. Something that she thought had been long behind her, and yet, here she was, feeling the fabric of her crop top climbing up the slopes of her breasts as they made their descent down her upper torso. Her crop top rose like a curtain, revealing two swollen nubs at the ends of her now bowling ball sized tits, the upgrade in size so sudden it made her head spin. “Ohhhh ok, that's *really* not good!” She was trying to keep herself calm, knowing that two kids were not far from where she was at the moment, but the constant churning sound that was starting to emit from her quickly swelling chest was really starting to worry her.

It was just then that Joanna walked back out into the living room.

“Hey, sorry about...that...” She stopped in her tracks, eyes wide as her friend's shirt lifted away to reveal two pale orbs capped with two pink nipples, which seemed to be standing at full attention.

“Jo...I don't understand...nnggh!” Kitty tried to explain herself, but lacked the words as she arched her back with one long moan. Milk began to violently spray out from the pink nubs at the ends of her breasts, cascading across Joanna's living room. Most of it hit Joanna, however, and plenty of it decided to stream right across her face. She coughed, turning away and walking from the living room, entering the kitchen as she gagged.

The outburst was short lived. Just after what felt like a gallon of milk ejected from each of her teats, Kitty's breasts had shrunk back down and felt completely normal again. Wet, sure. Sticky, perhaps. But they were no longer burning up or making any odd noises. Joanna, on the other hand, seemed to be not so lucky. From the other side of the wall that divided the living room from the kitchen, the only thing Kitty could hear was Joanna crying out in moans.

“Kitty! Kitty, could you...could you come here, please?” Kitty paused for a moment, standing there as she patted herself dry with a nearby paper towel. Disposing of it and pulling her stretched out top back on, Kitty slowly made her way through the doorway, Joanna's distressed moans and grunts getting louder and louder as she approached. There was an odd shuffling noise that mixed in with it, and only when Kitty went through the doorway and looked to see Joanna facing away from her, struggling against the sink, did she realize that it was Joanna's feet shuffling in place, fighting to stand up as she supported herself against the counter top.

“Kitty...is that you?” Joanna couldn't fully turn to see Kitty, and as Kitty made her way towards her friend, she suddenly understood why. Gasping, and taking a few steps back, Kitty pushed forward and walked back towards her friend, face riddled with concern.

Joanna's tits were filling the sink. They overflowed it, in fact, their forms spilling across the sides of it and approached the edges of the counter top, as well as the wall behind the sink itself. They seemed to be big enough to fit in a wheelbarrow, like two county fair pumpkins that were clear winners in a size competition.

“Hooly shit...Jo...what...um...what's going on...?” Joanna grunted, feeling her tits swelling and filling rapidly since her spray down.

“I uh...swallowed some of what you sprayed back there and, well...this is happening now...”

“...are you blaming me for this? Cuz I dunno, I wasn't...I didn't mean for any of that to happen!” Kitty struggled to explain herself, going red in embarrassment and shame as she stared at her friend's bust, which continued to pile on mass every few seconds.

“Well, I mean...the whole thing started when I swallowed a tiny bit of it a few weeks ago. That's when I started to really...y'know...”

“Ah...” Kitty could believe it all; it was something that had happened to her not long ago, after all, so the lack of logic was something she was getting used to at this point.

“But um...I can't reach my nipples to...y'know...and even when I could, it wasn't...” Kitty, feeling genuinely remorseful about the whole situation, saw a way of redeeming herself:

“Oh! Let...let me...do you want me to try, I mean?” Kitty stumbled around with the words, but got the idea across. Joanna sighed in relief and nodded, struggling to lift up her massive bust from the sink. There was some slight suction, but the weight wasn't great enough yet to keep her from lifting. That was, until they lolled off from the sink and suddenly pulled her forwards, Joanna crying out as she landed down on her knees, body resting into the two giant couch pillows that were now straddled to her chest.

“P...please. I know this is super weird, but...Adrian won't be home for a few days, and...I just...I can't let the kids see me like this...” Kitty nodded, stepping forward towards her friend's slowly bloating front as it continued to bubble and gently wobble with growth. The sight mesmerized Kitty for a moment, realizing in that split second that these were the biggest tits she had ever seen in real life before. Or ever, honestly, she hadn't really seen anything like this at all when she really thought about it. Reaching out, she grabbed onto her friend's pink nubs and pulled. Gently at first, but gradually quicker and quicker as the two nipples gradually grew harder and longer, their forms getting about as big as Kitty's fist.

Yet, in spite of her best efforts, Kitty couldn't seem to get a drop to even start to come out of Joanna's breasts. On and on they swelled, the couch pillows becoming cushions in size in no time, slightly pushing into Kitty's body as she sat there, desperately tugging at the teats that gradually grew apart every passing minute.

“Why isn't anything...happening...?!?” Kitty cried out, running out of breath.

“...I don't...think touch will help.” There was an awkward silence, the only sound being the relentless churning noises crying out from Joanna's front. “...Kitty, I...I really hate to say this...” Another pause, Joanna taking a moment to take in a deep breath, adjusting her position as she felt herself pushed back even further. “...like, really hate to ask it, cuz its...its weird, but I know...I know this is what it is, cuz...I just...”

“What?! Spit it out, Jo!” Kitty urged, pushing herself back and away from her friend as she continued to puff up. Now was no time to mince words.

“Ugh, just...you need to suck on them, ok?!?” Joanna shouted, going a deep shade of red that could've

bordered on purple. Kitty stood there, stunned, looking as her friend continue to bloat more and more with every passing second.

“I...um...wh-what?” Was all Kitty could sputter out, Joanna groaning in response as her tits continued to vault forward, reaching the size of love seats, nipples sticking out at opposite angles as she felt herself pushed off of her knees slightly.

“Look, you don't have to, like, drink my milk or anything just...just suck on them and...just get it started, y'know?” Kitty looked at her skeptically, a pang of fear deep in her heart as she held a hand to one of her breasts.

“I...” The guilt riddled her immensely, Kitty feeling partly responsible for all of this, but not wanting to risk drinking any of what was inside of them. Last time she had drank just a small sip of it and her tits got massive before spraying everywhere. And even though she had shrunk back down, she couldn't help but notice that none of her bras seemed to fit quite right anymore...

“Kitty, *please!* I'll let you know when I feel it coming, ok? And then you can just...let go and step back and it'll be ok. Ok?” Kitty stood there a moment, motionless, staring at the two breasts that seemed to be determined to fill the entire room. Inhaling sharply, Kitty moved to the left breast, pulling herself upwards slightly to position herself properly. Hesitating a moment to gaze at the fist-sized nipple before her, Kitty whimpered before pushing her face closer, wrapping her lips around the pink nub and slowly sucking; the sensation made Joanna go weak. Her legs buckled as she slumped forward, causing Kitty to stumble for a moment before regaining her balance.

“Careful!” She chided before putting her lips back around her nipple, continuing while Joanna laid there. Her eyes shot open after a few seconds of stimulation.

“Ok, move Kitty!” She shouted, trying her best to pull her breasts backwards. Kitty was quick, jerking her head back and taking several steps away as Joanna felt her breast lightly rumble before spewing milk across her kitchen. “Fuuuuuck that feels so...mmmmm...” She stifled her moans of pleasure in fear of waking her kids, putting a hand over her mouth and biting her finger as her teat continued to completely soak the tile of her kitchen floor.

That was when Kitty noticed something that made her heart sink to the bottom of her stomach. While one breast had started to gradually shrink as it expressed, Joanna's right tit refused to lactate still. Joanna, breaking out of her pleased stupor, also took notice of this fact, a look of worry across her face as her body quickly became asymmetric.

“Um...K-Kitty?! Little help?!” Kitty rolled her eyes, stepping up to her teat again, being sure to stay out of the path of the spewing milk that continued not far to her left. Once more she lifted her mouth to it, cautiously sucking at it as Joanna mewed and writhed. The second round was not going as smoothly as the first, however. Kitty kept interrupting herself every minute or so, much to Joanna's dismay and discomfort as her left tit continued to release and shrink back down more and more, now looking about half the size it was before. Which only made her other tit that much more massive looking, Kitty still licking and suckling, with no results.

“Nnn...keep trying Kitty, its just...sorry, I'm a bit distracted by the other...mmm...” Kitty kept her lips on her friend's nipple, now completely numb to the situation as her desire to get it all over with made her mind slip just a bit. Closing her eyes and reaching up, she began to massage the massive mammary,

feeling the intense warmth of Joanna's skin on her fingertips.

For a minute, this was all that was happening in the kitchen. Milk seeped across the floor and splashed across the counters. A strange silence hung in the air, with the wet plopping of milk dripping across the hard surfaces around her. An odd shift happened, almost instantly, however; a lurch moved forwards towards the front of her right teat's nipple. Having a brief moment of clarity, Joanna looked around her right teat and over at Kitty.

“K-Kitty, I-” Exhausted and unable to project the same urgency as before, Joanna merely moaned as her other nipple suddenly began to pump out milk violently, as if the tip of a fire hydrant had been lopped off. This force pushed Kitty backwards onto her ass, milk dripping off her face as she coughed and wheezed, trying to get every drop she could out of her mouth before she swallowed it. Kitty knew, however, from how intense the streams that had flowed down her throat had been, that it was too late.

“Fuck! No...” Kitty gasped, gaining her breath as Joanna continued to pump out milk. Like faucets, her breasts pumped out gallon after gallon of milk, on and on, Kitty stumbling out of the kitchen while clutching her stomach as Joanna merely sat there, tits expressing violently as milk seeped out of the bottom of the back door.

How much had she drunk down? Kitty grasped at the thought as her chest began to heat up. A whole mouthful, maybe more? The milk had come so quickly and out of nowhere, she had almost blacked out at the sudden force as it hit her face. Milk still dripped from her chin, hair, and chest, which now seemed to be emitting mild tremors as the heat continued to crank up within them. “Ohhh...I don't like this...” Kitty whispered in fear as her nipples stood to full attention, tenting the black material of her soaked shirt.

She could feel herself trembling as she stood there, body feeling as if it was on fire as her tits began to pulsate. Leaning over to grip the side of the dining room table, Kitty grunted as her tits suddenly vaulted forwards in her top, inches adding on as Kitty gasped out. “No! No, not again, please...just...stop...” Kitty clenched into the side of the wooden table with all her might; the wood scraped under her fingernails, pieces of varnish peppering the surface as she clenched harder. “Just stop...stop...GROWING!” She cried out as another hard pulse hit her, her breasts ballooning once more, reaching the size of her head now, shirt once more pulled up across their pale surfaces.

“Alright...they've...shit how big did they get before?” She grunted again, tits pushing downwards in a longer, more intense burst of swelling. They were crawling down her chest towards her elbows, Kitty merely looking on in horror as their growth continued unabated. Meanwhile, Joanna just sat there, still groaning as her tits gradually shrunk back down to their proportional sizes. The room seemed to be taking on more and more milk as less and less tile could be seen by the second.

Kitty cried out once more, falling back down on her backside as the weight of her swelling knockers became too great for her. They filled her lap completely, spilling out across her thighs and reaching her knees. “They're...are they...bigger than last time...?” She muttered in horror before gasping out once more, tits pushing up and up, slowly but surely until they completely covered her legs, then her feet, spilling out across the floor all around her. They seemed to be as big as beanbag chairs now, their advance stopping once more, leaving Kitty to marvel at them, completely aghast at how humongous she was becoming.

“F...fuck...this is...mmm...n-no...not...” The familiar gurgling rang out inside the living room. That same

sensation of pressure and movement underneath the surfaces of her mammoth sized mammaries. The odd shifting wobble of her tits seemingly moving on their own for a moment. Before finally

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH FUUUUUUCK!!!” Kitty screamed at the top of her lungs as milk tormented out of her nipples, milk flooding across the floor and splashing across the kitchen, mixing with the flow that continued to cascade from Joanna's own milky pair.

How the kids stayed in their rooms, both had no idea. And before either of them knew it, they passed out, slumping on down in the puddle they had both created.

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A week had passed since the incident. That's what both of them thought of it, it was yet another incident. Albeit way more fucking intense than their last “incident”, they still kept in touch and met up once the dust had settled a bit.

Joanna opened her front door, welcoming Kitty with a smile that quickly turned to a look of shock.

“Yeah. Yep.” Kitty stated flatly.

“That much?” Was the first thing Joanna could manage to ask as she let her friend inside. Removing her coat, her outfit consisted of some black sweats and an XXL T-shirt that stretched across her bust, now on par with the size of her head.

“Mhm. That much.” She lifted them slightly with her hands, letting them fall and wincing. “Fucking crazy, Jo. I still don't understand why any of that happened.”

“I don't either! I just walked out and all of a sudden I'm fucking...covered in milk!” Kitty scratched her head, still unsure of why she had even had an outburst like that in the first place.

“Well...I guess we can both just hope that it doesn't ever happen agai-”

“Ah ah! Don't jinx it, Kitty.” Kitty rolled her eyes and let out a small laugh, breasts slightly swaying and catching Joanna's attention once again.

“So like...what cup size are you now?” Joanna asked. Kitty merely shrugged.

“Fuck me if I can figure it out. I went up to a G and still couldn't get close to something that fit.” Joanna's eyes widened, staring down at her own chest in relief. Her breasts had luckily reduced greatly since the incident, going back down to her old G cups herself.

“Bigger than me now, huh?” Joanna asked in disbelief. Kitty snorted.

“You jealous, Jo?” Kitty asked sarcastically. They both laughed in response.

“No, but...I'm really sorry like, all this happened. I never thought that...” Kitty shook her head.

“Hey, I believe you. This is all like...no way anyone would have any idea how to deal with this.”

There was a pause for a moment, before Kitty decided to bring up something else that had been bothering her.

“Hey, um...have your pants been getting tighter lately too, or am I just gaining-”

“Mommy!” A small voice of a child cried out from the doorway opposite of the living room, the small form of a young boy barreling into view. “Mommy! Where is he?! Where is he?!” Joanna's face softened as she leaned over to her son.

“Where is who, sweetie?” She asked, voice soothing and delicate, her son's demeanor instantly calming at the sound as he wiped the tears from his eyes.

“Where's daddy?”

“Daddy's working, honey. He'll be on a plane coming home tomorrow, ok?” With a few more snuffles, the boy nodded before stepping back into the shadows of the bedroom.

“Is now a bad time, or...nnn...” Kitty asked, feeling her shirt suddenly pinch at the front.

“No, its supposed to be his bedtime anyways...he just misses-” Joanna's sentence cut off midway as she looked over at Kitty, whose nipples were now trying to desperately rip through her t-shirt. “...should I turn on the heat?”

Kitty merely shook her head, biting her lip as she felt the fabric of her shirt slip up her tits, their forms growing once more.

“You gotta be fucking-” Kitty screamed out as her tits erupted with two violent streams of milk, Joanna unable to react quick enough to keep herself from getting soaked. Once again, she had sucked down a few gulps of her friend's milk, and immediately she felt her stomach drop to the floor.

“...is this a fucking joke, or...?” Joanna asked in exasperation.

“It feels like it. Fuck...at least it was quicker this time...like, way fucking quicker, holy shit...” Kitty let out a sigh, her breasts once more the size she had walked in with, albeit now completely soaked in milk. “Well...I gotta get home and change, I guess...” Kitty stood from the couch, moving to the door with hurried footsteps.

“Wait! Kitty!” Joanna called out, already starting to feel the effects of Kitty's milk in her system. Her tits were warming up and beginning their gradual push outwards in all directions, Joanna looking down nervously as her shirt quickly tightened from their rapid growth. “I...I need you!”

“Um...no offense, Jo, but...” Kitty put her shoes back on, quickly making her way for the door as Joanna collapsed against the side of her couch. “Last time I helped, I doubled in fucking size!” She opened the door, looking back at her friend with tears in her eyes. “...I know this is a scumbag thing to do, Jo, but...I'm scared. I'm sorry.” With that, she walked out the door and closed it behind her.

“Kitty! Wait!” Struggling to stand, her tits now beginning their familiar crawl across her legs. Except what was before a crawl was now a sprint; it seemed as if, in the time it had taken her to grow to her maximum size last time, it was now taking mere minutes to reach those sizes once more. And without



Kitty or Adrian around, there was no way to stop it this time.

“Oh no...am I gonna...pop...?” Joanna muttered to herself, breasts rising up above her eyes, obstructing her view as her tits became as big as couches in mere moments. It was all too fast for her. She closed her eyes, preparing herself for the inevitable, before she suddenly felt her whole body, mattress tits and all, go numb.

Opening her eyes, it looked as if the sun had risen. A soft pink light had filled the room, and Joanna now sat there, completely still as everything seemed to...stop. Looking down at herself, her growth seemed to have stopped, both tits being about as wide and tall as a fully grown adult – 6 feet across, each, they squished against the far wall of her living room on one side, while the other tried to desperately squeeze through her kitchen doorway.

A moment or two passed before her tits suddenly snapped back up in an instant, like a taught rubber band being released. The feeling knocked the wind out of her, Joanna gasping for air as she crouched on all fours, looking to her side after a moment to see a stranger sitting in her love seat.

“AHHH! WHO THE FUCK-HOW DID YOU GET-” The figure held its index finger to their lips, the shadow that covered them slowly dissipating to reveal a young woman, no older than 30. Her hair was bright red, which matched her lipstick and nails, as well as her attire. Her eyes were a deep scarlet as well, which only heightened Joanna's anxiety. Sporting an hourglass figure, she crossed her legs as she sat there, pleated skirt ruffling across as she made eye contact with Joanna. The silence sliced into the room like a weighted knife.

“Now then. Shall I explain?” Joanna merely nodded, unable to form words at the sight of her for a moment. “Right. So, as my personal research into this matter has found, it turns out you have been cursed. How and by who, I cannot answer, because even I don't know as of right now. Said curse is, as you can probably tell by now, an endless lactation once four years had passed since your first born child. A curse that is, as you saw, infectious.” The woman paused for a moment, letting Joanna take in the information before proceeding. “That being said, I do now how to alleviate said curse. It will have repercussions, however.”

“Repercussions, huh? Always a catch...” Joanna sighed, looking down at her chest, then back up to the redhead. “Who are you, anyways?” She smirked.

“The name is Tiffany, dear. And I, unfortunately, had something to do with the creation of the curse that was put upon you. Which is why I am here to...basically clean up the mess they had made.”

“Wait...so how do I know you didn't just...do this to me for some sick, weird cosmic prank or something?” Tiffany merely shrugged at the suggestion.

“Maybe it is. I'm still the one who's going to fix you regardless.” Joanna pouted at the non-answer.

“...wow, glad I got someone like YOU on my side...” Tiffany merely smiled and nodded.

“Lucky you!” She pointed at Joanna, making a few odd hand gestures before a spark emitted from her fingertips. Joanna jumped, feeling an odd cooling sensation come across her, before suddenly feeling her body get very, very hot.

“What...did you do to me...?”

“I broke the curse. Well, the first lock, anyways. In order to finish the process, you need to...well, drink yourself dry.” Joanna's eyes went wide, her tits suddenly bloating out and downwards, nipples coming to full attention on the spot.

“Wait...no, I...I don't know if I can-”

“Oh, well...there's really no going back from this point, dear. Unless you want to just...grow forever, I mean...”

“You bitch! Goddamn it...” Joanna muttered under her breath, heaving one of her tits up to her mouth, their massive forms big enough to reach her face. Feeling the little nub go in her mouth, it didn't take long for milk to start trickling forth.

“Here, let me give you a hand, dear...” The voice came from behind her, which startled Joanna and caused her to jolt up; her nipple remained in her mouth regardless, however. Feeling two hands cup around her left tit and pushing it upwards until her other nipple wedged into her mouth as well, Joanna breathed in deep to calm herself, the soft smell of tea and lilacs filling her nose. “There we are...now just keep going until it stops, dear...and once you do, it'll all lift...even from your friend as well...” The words seemed to assuage Joanna, her body going limp against the back of the couch as she suckled on her own teats, milk flowing down her throat continuously. It felt as if she had already drank down at least a gallon, but it only seemed to grow stronger and stronger, Joanna needing to focus more to swallow it all down. She reached down to her belly, expecting it to be swollen; it was normal, however. She had always had a little bit of softness to her physique, and the milk had done nothing to change that. The thought confused her, as the geysers of milk erupting within her mouth only seemed to strengthen once more.

It didn't seem as if Joanna needed to voluntarily swallow anymore, as the rate of flow was almost that of a sink on full blast. This feeling only ratcheted up her anxiety, mixed with the other thought that had occurred to her: she couldn't get her nipples out of her mouth. She couldn't open her mouth at all, and it seemed like they were almost suctioned in. Try as she might to pull them out, they only remained within and continued their relentless gushing, Joanna's eyes welling with tears as the feeling seemed like it was going to go on for forever...

And then she woke up in her bed, like it had never happened.

The only problem, she realized as she struggled to get up, was that her breasts now completely filled the bed.

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“So she just...appeared out of nowhere and then...’poof’, gone?” Kitty asked, leaning in as she sipped her coffee in Joanna's living room; it was a Sunday afternoon and her two kids were playing with toy cars and mini construction worker figurines, pretending to make traffic across the floor as they created exaggerated car accidents.

“Just as soon as she had been there...” Joanna shrugged, taking a sip from her coffee as well before sitting it in front of her. Something convenient about having tits the size of twin mattresses was the

convenience of setting things in front of you so closely. She could set her phone down while she sat on her couch or in bed and still have another hand free.

She had to convince herself of these little joys, at times. It was true, the trade off to lift the curse was more intense than Joanna could've ever imagined. She hadn't seen Kitty in months. It was hard to face her since the last incident, Kitty ashamed to have abandoned her friend in her time of need. Joanna forgave her. If she was in her shoes, she wouldn't have known what to do either. It really felt as if they had been in a terrible loop, and Kitty leaving was actually what had broken it.

She had told her as much when they met up again. Kitty tried to wrap her mind around the events that had occurred, and this mysterious "Tiffany" person that seemingly "fixed" the situation. It didn't really make any sense, but Kitty's bust had shrank back down to their old F cups, just as promised. Kitty couldn't help but be grateful, even if she didn't fully believe – or at least, understand – what had truly happened over the past few months.

"Well...I'll keep an eye out and if I hear about anybody with that name, I'll let you know." Kitty assured her. Joanna nodded and smiled.

"Thanks Kitty. I appreciate it."

"Of course! And again, I'm just...so sorry for leaving like that." Joanna shook her head, waving the thought away.

"Its ok. You pretty much helped, at the end of the day. You kinda like...broke the cycle we were in by doing that." Joanna shrugged. "I dunno, sometimes doing something that seems fucked up is kind of...what you need to do sometimes in order to fix things."

"Hmm. Deep shit, Jo."

"Oh fuck off!" The two laughed, grateful for a chance to mend the damage that had been done.

The emotional damage, anyways. The physical changes to Joanna's bust were there to stay. Not to mention that Kitty's suspicions about her pants' tightness had been true; her backside had swollen up considerably, and it seemed to only get worse by the passing month.

"So what now?" Joanna shrugged, looking over at her two kids as they continued to smack plastic cars against other plastic cars.

"...same as last time, Kitty. Just...I guess I'll need more help." Kitty reached out a hand to Joanna in assurance, which she took.

"I'm here for you, Jo. Whatever you need." Joanna smiled and nodded to her.

"Thanks, Kitty."

THE END