

GROWING HELENA

Two weeks had passed since Helena's breasts had grown.

She sat there, leaning forward on her tits that sprawled in front of her like a couch cushion, looking on her tiny laptop. She scrolled through Google, clicking on one questionable link after another; her hunt had been ongoing ever since she had ended up with tits as big as car tires. The experience of it all had been so embarrassing. Firstly, she had lost her job as a delivery driver, due to being completely unable to operate her vehicle now. Add onto that that she had to somehow explain this to her family, the stress of suddenly having funbags bigger than her torso built quickly.

Combing the internet, over and over, her brain started to fog as she thought back to inviting her brother over to see the damage done to her top. Wearing only a bed sheet, she explained to him the events of the other night. She just remembered him standing there, face beet red, trying his hardest to keep his eyes off of the tits she spilled across the bottom of her bed. The utter humiliation of being in that position filled Helena with such dread that she hadn't spoken to him since. She still hadn't told her parents.

With all that happening, Helena had slipped into a depressive stupor as she spent most of the day lying on her tits, trying her hardest to find a product that could reduce her size. She had already tried two different products; one lotion, promising to reduce excess swelling and stretch marks, which promised results in a few days. All that had happened was now her breasts were even softer than before. Another one was some kind of diet pill that claimed helped you lose weight 'all over' in 48 hours. Yet again, not a pound was shed anywhere.

Two weeks of this and Helena felt more dejected than ever. The opening of the front door broke her from her dissociative episode; it was her roommate, Chelsea, home from her job at the local diner down the street from their apartment. She was lucky to even get the job, but then again, the recent...developments she had had made seemed to make it a touch easier than before to find a job, for whatever reason. Perhaps it was mere coincidence that when she sprouted jugs the size of her head that she was finally accepted somewhere that, most other times, wasn't hiring. Perhaps.

Helena pouted at the thought. Chelsea had ordered this damn medication in the first place, used it on herself...and then Helena went up from behind her within 24 hours and took some behind her back, without even thinking that it might effect her differently. As mad as Helena wanted to be at Chelsea for buying it...she didn't force it down her throat. Like it or not, these tits that went down to her thighs were *her* fault, not Chelsea's. This thought merely propelled her into searching harder, looking deep in the corners of the internet to find what she needed.

“Heyyy Helena, how's the job hunt going?” Helena clicked out of the dubious sites she was on and back into LinkOn, putting up appearances for her roommate.

“Ohh...about the same as always...hard to hire a woman with tits bigger than a table!” She said with a sigh. Chelsea chuckled.

“Oh don't flatter yourself...they ain't that big!” Chelsea claimed as she stepped into Helena's room, alcoholic seltzer in hand, giving the flank of her massive tit a light tap with the back of her hand before taking a swig. She chuckled and gave her a big grin. “You really sure you don't wanna try CrowdFundMe or Patron or something? I keep telling ya, that's how women your size make the big

bucks-”

“Ok, but this *isn't* my *size*, Chelsea.” Helena stated curtly, causing Chelsea to step back a little, clearing her throat before continuing. She pulled the wadded up cash from the little bag tied to her side, blue apron smudged with dirt and grease. Tossing it aside into the laundry bin, Chelsea stripped down to her pink bra and panties before sitting next to her brunette bestie.

“Look...I know you got hit way worse than I did...but it doesn't have to be *all* bad-”

“I really don't want to have this conversation again, Cass. Thanks.” Helena stated flatly. Chelsea merely curled her lip up, standing from the bed.

“Y'know...you going through what you did doesn't give you the right to talk to me like that.” Helena felt her temper pique a bit at the statement, but it quickly gave way to guilt. Had she become less compassionate after getting these wrecking balls? Letting out another guilty sigh, Helena put her head in her hands.

“...you're right. I'm sorry, its just...I can't believe that I did this to myself...”

“Hey...its ok! You can still walk and get around and do stuff, right?” Helena held her hand up and wobbled it, implying a level of uncertainty. Chelsea merely rolled her eyes at the gesture.

“You haven't needed anyone's help so far. I mean, you can't drive, yeah, but you know how many work from home jobs there are that DON'T involve showing off your tits? And then the ones out there that ARE showing off your tits?” She teased, sticking her tongue out. Helena couldn't help but groan, but Chelsea hugged the side of one of her boobs regardless. “I'm gonna go shower. Brb!” She stood and made her way to the bathroom, leaving Helena to browse through forbidden sites once more. The one she had happened upon seemed promising, from what she had read on various forums. It was said that it could “suck the size right out of you”, whatever that meant. It was shrouded in a bit of mystery, but the women with large breast sizes that she followed online seemed to find their solution there...

Reading into it, it was a two step process: one pill needed to be ingested, and then a pump would be attached to her nipples and it would suck on them for an hour. The stimulation, mixed with the formula within the medication taken, caused breast tissue to break down and dissolve within a few days! She wasn't sure how it quite worked, but it had to do with some new medical advance that allowed the developers to break down and transform the milk glands within a woman's body; the idea that the fat could convert to a substance that would essentially evaporate within her, her skin receding guaranteed (apparently, that's what the ad said anyways)...it seemed too good to be true. Its why she was still looking online at other things, even without trying the new product yet.

But she had ordered it. And it had arrived today. Sitting in the box next to her, she was waiting until she had done a bit more research before she tried to use it. With Chelsea in the shower, it was the perfect time to take the medication, which she popped back into her throat and swallowed with some water, before picking up the cylindrical device, two pumps attached to either side, adjustable so even she could attach them, hoses stringing out from the main collecting device. She attached the cups to her nipples, wondering how long she'd have to wait before the meds took effect.

“I should probably give it an hour, at least...but Sandra could come out and I really don't need her input on this...plus, its not like starting a little early will hurt...” Helena reassured herself, flipping the switch

on the device and feeling as the cups slowly began to grip, then release, the grip; a rhythm formed, causing her to buckle forward on the bed, gripping the sides of her tits as she bit her lip. “Ooooooh, oh damn, I...I didn't expect it to feel...this good~...” She muttered under her breath as she buried her head in her tits.

Helena's penchant for neglecting her instructions was about to catch up with her, however, yet again.

The stimulation, mixed with the very recently taken medication, wasn't going to reduce her size any. At least, not how she was using it. Unfortunately for Helena, it would end up doing quite the opposite. As the medications began altering her body, instead of the fat changing and going away, the stimulated flesh converted to milk glands, and in a quick and excessive rate. It wasn't long before Helena's relaxation and pleasure was interrupted by a gurgling noise that quickly got louder and louder, coming from directly in front of her.

“What the...?” Helena muttered, reaching forward and palming her tits. They felt...warm. And...full? “...I really hope this wasn't a mista-” She groaned, then squealed, milk starting to leak out of her nipples very slowly at first, but quickly gaining intensity as she collapsed forward again, tits wobbling and jiggling as they reacted to the gradual force that her nipples started to emit. “M-milk, huh? Well...they did say that it all has to come out somehow...” She swallowed, her mouth getting dry as her tits continued to expel the creamy white liquid into the central container, its small cylindrical form quickly getting full as she laid there. Helena couldn't help but notice how quickly it had filled, and it only felt like her breasts were producing *more* somehow. The thought started to worry Helena.

“A-alright...I think...this can stop for now-” She reached down for the hoses, but found that she was unable to reach them somehow. The thought made her sick. “Am I...did they get...” The very thought of her tits getting even BIGGER than they already were certainly hadn't crossed her mind when she had bought this product...

PSSSSSHHHH!!!

The central jar containing her milk had given up in a spectacular fashion, the hoses disconnecting from the hub, but continued to grip and massage her nipples, only further worsening her milky situation. Milk now surged from the ends of the hoses and went across her room, Helena screaming as she stood. Feeling a light slap against her knees, her face quickly jolted down as her hands buried below the massive forms of her tits.

“Noooo, nonono, they only went down to my thighs before...this...this can't be happening!” She had to get out of this room, and fast; somewhere she could expel in peace...

Without thinking much further, she stumbled around into the living room and made a staggered, awkward dash for the living room, pushing off walls and furniture as she crashed through the door, soaking the walls and furniture nearby before tumbling her way into the shower, causing Chelsea to shout with her. Hot water poured across her massive tits, which were now bloating out of the makeshift shirt that Helena had crafted out of an old bed sheet. It fell off of her, bare forms now getting soaked as they continued to release milk all across the shower, Chelsea holding her hands up as milk sprayed all across her.

“WHAT THE FUCK, HELENA?!” Chelsea shouted before coughing then spitting, swallowing down a mouthful or two of her milk before stumbling out of the shower and grabbing her towel nearby. Helena

merely laid there, tits in the bathtub getting soaked by water and milk as they continued to slowly swell up, their forms bubbling up slowly inside the linoleum tub. She screamed out in ecstasy, the grips on her nipples no longer tugging, the impact enough to completely destroy them. The hoses attached to them continued to spray milk from them, however, the white substance still coating the walls and floor of the bathroom.

“G-gimme a hand here, Cass!” Helena asked, exhausted by the ordeal and desperate for it to be over. Chelsea took charge, putting aside the insanity of the moment before reaching over and grabbing the hoses attached to both her nips. With a firm tug, they came unlatched, along with a torrent of milk that soaked Chelsea from head to toe. She coughed and spit, ingesting yet more of her friend's titty milk, holding her head as she started to feel warm. “Unnhh...ohh...thank you, Chelsea...” Helena's voice was coated in ecstasy as she leaned her head into her leaking bosom, the force of spray gradually winding down as the growth came to a halt. Chelsea stood there, wobbling a bit in place as she felt her head getting fuzzy.

“I don't...feel right, Helena...” She held herself up at the sink, bringing her head up at looking at herself. Wiping the fog from the mirror with her arm, Chelsea gasped as she saw her nipples getting larger and harder. “Oh no...don't...don't tell me...” She whimpered as little white dew drops appeared on the tips of her nipples. They leaked down, little drops trailing down the forms of her tits before spurts began to shoot off, her and there, before the slowly connected together into one solid stream. They leaked out and forward, arcing higher and higher as the stream got thicker, Chelsea wincing as the sensation grew more intense by the second. Just as it reached its peak, however, it started to subside. The streams arced downwards, the intensity laying off as her breasts ceased their leaking as quickly as it had started. Chelsea opened her eyes and looked over, seeing her perky breasts standing out from her body. They certainly looked...fuller. But aside from that, they remained the same, no bigger than earlier. Chelsea sighed in relief, then looked back over to her friend, crumpled over the bathtub.

Helena had passed out, but from the looks of it, her boobs were even bigger now. How they kept managing to buy things that did that, Chelsea had no clue. With a smirk, Chelsea let her friend rest on her beanbag tits as she finished cleaning up after work. Tossing on some of her cotton boy shirts and an ill-fitting tank top that showed off just a glimpse of her underboob, she made her way into her room. Pulling out her phone and tossing herself onto her pink queen-sized bed, Chelsea merely hummed as she looked at the store page on her phone.

“Almost there!” Chelsea squealed in excitement, staring at the various pieces of cute, “plus-sized” clothes that were available in her wishlist. “I'll have a whole new wardrobe, and I'll be earning even MORE money with these!” She squeezed her tits giddily, but couldn't help but notice the sound that came from them when she released them. A dull 'slosh' groaned out, and Chelsea's carefree browsing had been interrupted. “Wait...is there still milk in me?” Instinctively, she brought a hand up to her left tit and squeezed, feeling a strange pressure push against the inside of her boob. The pressure pushed towards her nip, which itched a little, so Chelsea scratched it. The scratch felt good, however, and that merely brought her fingers back to the cloth-covered nub, their forms starting to harden and poke through the thin material.

“Woah...that...” Chelsea muttered, bringing her hand up to her other nipple and testing that one, feeling another pleasurable response, one that pulled her fingers back for more. She quickly pulled her hands away, however, the sensations bubbling up inside her tits getting to be too much. “Oooh...what's happening to me...?” Chelsea muttered, feeling wet spots start to grow in the front of her shirt, the fabric getting more and more damp by the second. “Oh no...it...it wasn't over...”

Despite Chelsea's realization, she didn't know quite how far from over she really was. The fresh milk from Helena was altered by the hormones she had ingested...and those very same hormones were finally starting to activate within Chelsea. And because the milk was so fresh, it was only going to be more intense for her. She cried out as streams of milk began streaming from the surface of her shirt, Chelsea reaching down and quickly removing it before it got too soaked. The streams gained fervor once more, reaching the old pressure from the bathroom, but not letting up as quickly as before. Chelsea panted and felt herself pushed into her bed, back propped against the wall as milk shot out all across the sheets and across her legs.

“Helena! What did you do to meeeee?!” Chelsea screamed in vain as her friend slept soundly in the bathroom, tits finally finished milking as she rested her head on their surfaces, snoring lightly as Chelsea endlessly lactated in the room nearby.

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A few days had passed. And even though Helena's tits now reached her knees, her efforts were the same: find some kind of fix for it all. Sure, this very hunt is what led her to not only bloat in size, but now she had to lactate every other day whenever her massive tits got too full of milk. The time it took to release all of it would vary from anywhere from a few minutes to a few hours. There were a few times where Helena was in the living room with Chelsea, watching a movie together, when her tits would suddenly gurgle and tingle. The sound would have Chelsea flee the room in an instant; Chelsea's tits, while they hadn't grown, still had the same issue that Helena had. All because she had drank a few mouthfuls of her milk. She could only imagine what would happen if someone had a whole glass of it!

As Helena laid there, eyes scanning across the screen, she came across yet another “shrinking” product with stunning reviews and short shipping times. She smirked.

It seemed Helena would never really learn her lesson.

TO BE CONTINUED...