

it does a body good

a lactation & breast expansion novella

by Jay Philia

Content notes

Erotic content to note:

Male/Female oral sex (fellatio)

Male/Female vaginal sex

Threesome (M/F/M)

Breast expansion

Lactation

Non-erotic content to note:

References to addiction

References to maternal death

28th of June

Leah scanned the shelves, jam packed with fireworks.

“Don’t got any white ones this year,” said the man behind the counter. His cap cast a shadow over his face. “We got red and we got blue but we don’t got any white, on account of the tit...the tit...the titanium shortage.”

Leah nodded and smiled.

“Got a big show on the Fourth, even they don’t got any white ones this year.”

Leah nodded again. She walked past the beef jerky and the live bait fridge and the drinks fridge. She grabbed a packet of gum and set it on the counter.

“That all?” said the man. Leah squeezed the yellow foam stress ball with the black smiley face that she’d been given. She nodded and smiled.

“Two twenty-seven,” said the man. Leah pocketed the stress ball and reached for the phone that wasn’t there. She frowned and dug into her pockets. She found a five dollar bill and flattened it against the counter. The corners furled back into each other to form a crumpled mess. The man sighed and took the bill and gave Leah her change.

“Have a nice day,” said the man. Leah nodded and squeezed her stress ball and grabbed her gum. The bell over the door chimed as she left. Her brown eyes blinked against the flash of sun and her blonde hair flounced against the breeze. She walked over to Heath’s car and climbed in.

“That’s all you got? Gum?” Jasper pounced from the backseat, a wiry bundle of nerves comprised of square-rimmed glasses, a sickly pale face, and a ponytail that fell like a waterfall, reaching the small of his back. Leah slammed the door shut as a response.

“I hope you’re prepared to swallow,” said Heath, his thick biceps gliding the steering wheel as he pulled them out of the parking lot. Jasper and Leah both laughed.

“Leah’s always prepared to swallow,” said Jasper. “Ow!” Leah swatted him.

“I’m serious,” said Heath. “We’re going to be leave no trace. That means no spitting gum out on the trail.”

“Yeah Leah, spitters are quitters,” said Jasper. “Ow!”

The car grew silent as Heath drove slowly down the road, his bearded face and green eyes stoic and unchanging. The roadside was filled with Sitka spruce and Douglas fir, green and lush and tall and mighty. The windows were down and the salt air filled Leah’s lungs. Still her hand twitched and she squeezed her little yellow ball.

“How does it feel to breathe that Oregon air again?” Heath asked.

Leah nodded and smiled. She saw Heath and Jasper exchange glances in the rearview mirror. She squeezed her ball and turned her gaze to the green blur of conifers.

“So in case you don’t remember my email—” Heath said. Jasper winced, and Heath seized up. Leah just sighed and squeezed.

“Um, in case, you don’t remember,” Heath said. “We’ll start in what’s called an alpine cabin. Nothing fancy. Basically a shack, well, nicer than a shack. A...cabin. Some bunk beds. A kitchen. Then tomorrow, we’ll start hiking.”

“A journey of a thousand miles, begins with a single—ow!” Jasper said. Leah swatted him again. “That wasn’t dirty!”

“She’s started swatting at humble aphorisms, Jasper. I think you’re screwed,” said Heath.

“Hopefully!” said Jasper. “Ow!”

All three laughed.



The orangey-red embers of the sun dipped below the horizon. The moss matted trail of black wet earth gave slightly as Leah and Jasper followed Heath. The yellow plaid pattern of Heath’s flannel shirt stood out more and more against the darkening night sky. Leah gripped her hands tight against the straps of her backpack.

“Here it is,” said Heath as they stepped up to a clearing. He flanked his arms outward as if unveiling the cabin.

It was larger than Leah had pictured. Grey wooden shingles lined the exterior. A red brick chimney poked out from the top, and a small porch abutted the front.

“Cute!” said Jasper.

“Indeed,” said Heath. “Let’s set up camp, as it were.”

They marched up a small set of steps. Leah read the inscription on the plaque beside the front door.

LAC: Logger’s Alpine Cabin

For rest and rejuvenation of all good outdoorsmen.

“Outdoorsmen,” said Leah. “Well, I’m certainly neither.”

Jasper chortled.

“This was built by loggers back in the day,” Heath said as he opened the door. “Now the Forest Service maintains it.”

“Thanks, tour guide,” said Jasper.

The trio walked inside. The cabin, which had seemed so rustic and inviting from the outside, seemed rather small and sad on the inside. It held a few bunk beds, a dust-laden table, a small sink, a lime-green fridge, and a small bathroom. The floors were wooden and chipped and unswept. The windows were covered in grime. The ceilings were so low that the tops of the bunk beds practically touched the beams.

“Ew,” said Jasper.

“It’s not luxurious. But as a reminder, this will be the most luxurious part of the entire trip,” said Heath.

Leah frowned and sat on a wooden bench at the table. She set down her backpack and reached for her phone then squeezed her stress ball instead.

“Let’s cook dinner!” said Heath, eyeing Leah.

They got to work. Heath scrounged for cookware, Jasper peeled potatoes, and Leah chopped up a salad.

“Our last real, protein-bar free meal for the next week,” said Heath a half hour later.

“Let’s savor it!”

“Christ,” said Jasper, looking despondent. Leah laughed.

They ate their meal far faster than it took for them to cook it.

“Wow, I was hungry,” said Heath. “I guess the drive up was more work than I thought.”

“Yeah you really tore a muscle sitting down,” said Jasper.

“You’re one to talk,” said Heath, using his bulging bicep to point to Jasper’s pole-thin figure.

“Is there anything good to drink in here?” said Leah, abandoning the table and opening the fridge door.

“Um,” said Jasper.

“I don’t think—” Heath started.

“Don’t worry I’m not getting wasted,” Leah huffed. “Oh, there is this...” she said, trailing off.

“I don’t know if I’d drink anything in there. You don’t know how long it’s been there,” Heath said.

Leah ignored him. She grabbed the 8 ounce glass bottle filled with a mysterious white substance. The label said “LAC DRINK” and nothing else, but looked professionally printed. She broke the seal and tipped the top to her lips.

“It’s good!” she said, after a swallow. “Real good!” She returned the glass to her lips and drunk deeply.

“Uh...” Heath said.

“I’m not helping you if you get the shits in the middle of the woods,” Jasper said, bringing his plate to the sink.

“Same,” said Heath. “I mean, I’ll help but. I don’t want...I don’t think you should be drinking that.” Heath went to the kitchen, shaking his head at Leah. He turned on the tap, and grabbed a sponge.

Leah took one last gulp and gasped for air: she’d drunk every last drop. “I don’t know how to describe it,” she said. “It’s like milk, but it’s so rich, like super rich. And thick, like real creamy. I don’t know man, that was good.”

Leah stood still for a moment and then walked over to a bottom bunk. “But now I’m sleepy. I think Imma call itta night.”

“News flash, Leah doesn’t help with the dishes!” Jasper said.

“News flash, man complains after doing the dishes once!” Leah said, unfurling her sleeping bag.

“News flash, Jasper and Leah bicker while Heath does all the work!” said Heath, scrubbing the dishes.

All three laughed.

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Leah woke to a tightness in her chest. Her eyes blinked, glimmers of moonlight the only offset against absolute darkness. She heard voices. Heath and Jasper. Whispering. She rubbed her breasts, spreading the soreness, and strained to listen.

"I'm not a medical expert, but I am an expert in my field," said Heath.

"Literally," said Jasper, and Leah had to stifle a giggle. She could practically see Jasper smirking.

"Is everything a joke to you? This is serious! Leah is in serious trouble!" said Heath. Leah frowned and held her hand still.

"I'm the one who called you! Don't you dare...look, we don't want to wake her up. But...neither of us know what we're doing," said Jasper. They were both silent for a spell.

"I told you, Jasper, I run digital detox outings all the time."

"Not with a friend! You're not supposed to therapize a friend!"

"I'm not a therapist. I'm an Expert Wilderness Guide. And this will work. Or at least, it will get her off her phone for a week. Maybe reset her circadian rhythms."

"Fine," said Jasper. "But the first sign of trouble and we head back to town. Deal?"

"Deal," said Heath.

Heath and Jasper stopped whispering, and Leah slowly drifted back to sleep.

29th of June

"Up and at 'em, you two!"

Leah groaned. Heath had just moved a curtain, blinding both her and Jasper with fierce rays of sunlight.

"What time is it?" Jasper said. Leah knew he was every bit a night owl as she was.

"Almost 7!" Heath said.

"Fuck's sake," Jasper said.

"Up, up, up!" Heath said, clapping rhythmically. "We're burning daylight!"

"What are you, John Fucking Wayne?" said Jasper, but Leah could hear him exit his sleeping bag and stand.

Leah moved to do the same and winced. The discomfort in her breasts had grown worse, not better. It was a strange feeling. Neither sharp nor pulsing, it felt instead as though

her breasts were...fuller than they'd been before. She rubbed her chest then rose before Heath continued his coaxing.

"Ooh, what are these?" said Jasper, already more lively than Leah. He stood in the far corner of the cabin, where a pair of poles balanced against the wall.

Heath whistled. "Those are trekking poles. Some mighty fine ones at that. Looks like Black Diamond Alpine Carbon Cork, if I'm not mistaken."

"Fancy," said Jasper, grabbing them.

Leah walked over to see Heath frown.

"Well, I suppose it's alright as long as you bring them back," he said.

"Bring them back? How will I do that?" Jasper said, using the trekking poles to pantomime hiking, the silliness heightened by his plum-colored Gengar socks.

"I told you," said Heath with a sigh. "We're going in a big circle. We'll start at the cabin and end at the cabin."

"Ooh, right." said Jasper.

The three sat down and ate Heath's breakfast of scrambled eggs, toast, and tofu bacon.

"Leah, you'll need your energy today," said Heath, eyeing her two nibbles of toast.

Leah peeled open her eyelids and took one nibble more.

"I'm not hungry," she said, squeezing her stress ball. Once again she felt the heavy weight of Heath and Jasper's meaningful glance at each other.

"Well, if you're really not hungry...We can't let it attract bears," said Heath, and Leah pushed her plate over to him.

Jasper watched as Heath wolfed down Leah's breakfast.

"Have you been hibernating?" Jasper quipped, but Heath didn't take the bait.

"Alright. Shall we?" he said, standing. "Everyone have their backpack?"

"Check!" said Jasper.

"Yeah," said Leah.

"Alright. Hellllllo, great outdoors!"

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Leah's stomach growled, and her breasts ached still.

"Please can we take a break. We've been hiking for hours!" said Jasper, pouting.

"We've been hiking," said Heath, several paces ahead of them, "for two hours at most." He looked to his wrist. "In fact, it's not even 9."

Jasper groaned and Leah sighed.

"But, I happen to know there's a rather nice clearing up ahead. That seems like it'd be a good place to take a break and maybe give Leah a chance to actually eat something?"

"Yes please," Leah said with a whine.

"It's a plan," said Heath, not slowing his step.

Jasper turned to face Leah and panted like a dog. Leah giggled.

"You two would never make it in the wild," said Heath.

"Wow, do you tell all your clients that?" said Jasper. "Insult them to their face?"

"I wish I could," said Heath. They hiked for another twenty minutes, then:

"Alright, here we go," said Heath.

"Wow!" said Jasper.

The trail curved into a meadow, and a rainbow of flowers grew from the ground: yellow Western Buttercup, blue Pacific Houndstongue, white Baby Blue Eyes, and purple Pacific Bleeding Hearts. A stream trickled off in the distance, and the sun shone through the Sitka spruce and splashed onto their skin.

"Here," said Heath. He grabbed a red and black Buffalo Plaid blanket from his pack and spread it on the ground. Jasper placed the trekking poles on the edge of the blanket and sat, criss-cross applesauce. Leah joined him. All three drank deeply from their water jugs.

"We're lucky it hasn't rained yet," said Heath, handing Leah a protein bar. She unwrapped it with a grimace but chewed gingerly.

"It's coming," said Jasper. "Maybe not today, but we'll get it sometime this week."

Leah shook her head, disgusted at both the thought of rain and the taste of the protein bar, which she wagered was indistinguishable from dirt.

“The rain can be truly beautiful though,” said Heath, quietly. “So much of nature is, really.”

The three friends sat quietly for a moment. Leah finished her protein bar and felt her hand twitch. She grabbed her smiley stress ball and squeezed it. Over and over and over again.

“Well,” Heath started. Leah could feel him watching her, could feel him try to be inconspicuous and fail, without knowing he was failing. “Enough lollygagging, let’s go!”

Jasper and Leah groaned but got up, slowly. Heath folded the blanket and tucked it into his pack and the three moved towards the trees. Leah looked back forlornly at the idyllic meadow.

“Will there be more spots like this?” she asked.

“Oh yeah,” said Heath. “Lots.”

“Good.”

“Uh,” said Leah, wincing.

“You okay?” said Heath, stopping.

“Yeah,” said Leah. “Just...my leg. Outta shape.”

“Let’s do some stretches!” said Heath, raising his arms to the sky.

“Again?” whined Jasper.

“Again!” said Heath, using the faux happy voice he employed against his more unruly clients.

“I know that voice, you asshole,” said Jasper, but he stretched too.

“Don’t worry, Leah. The first day’s the hardest. But your body will get into a rhythm,” said Heath.

Leah plastered a wan smile across her face as she moved to touch her toes. She wasn’t so sure. Most of all because she had just lied: it wasn’t her leg. It was her breasts. Something weird was happening to her breasts, and she didn’t know what, and they were currently hiking further and further away from any discernible form of civilization, let alone medical assistance.

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“So this is what’s called dispersed camping. Basically, you can just pitch a tent anywhere,” said Heath.

Jasper giggled. “Heath certainly has no problem with that.”

Leah cackled, and watched as Heath’s face began to match the red of the twilight sky.

“That was a misunderstanding,” said Heath, as he grabbed the materials to pitch his literal tent.

“Oh I think everyone understood what was happening” said Jasper.

“Shut up and help me with the tent,” said Heath, and Jasper and Leah giggled again.

Leah remembered it well: they were in psych class, sophomore year, and Leah had turned around to face Heath to ask him a question. Her boobs splayed across Heath’s desk, and Leah watched as Heath’s eyes widened at the view. The next moment, their professor called Heath to the front of the class, and...

“I can’t believe all of Psych 101 got to see Heath’s beautiful boner. What a sight for them to behold,” said Jasper.

“Guh!” said Leah, her arm reaching for her chest instinctively.

“What’s wrong?” asked Heath, dropping a tent pole.

“Nothing, shoulder...actually, I’m going to go pee,” said Leah.

“Alright, we’ll be right here,” said Heath.

“Struggling,” added Jasper with a yell.

Leah dropped her backpack and sprinted into the trees and out of sight of the guys. She placed her palms against her breasts.

“Guh,” she moaned again, involuntarily. Her breasts were still sore. And...different. They felt fuller, heavier. Bigger, as if swollen from the inside out. Something about their conversation had triggered...something. The thought of splaying her breasts on top of Heath’s desk, of Heath’s arousal, his fat cock growing longer and thicker...

“Mmuuuh,” Leah moaned again, and this time, something truly bizarre happened.

“What the fuck!” Leah said, a high pitch shriek that she quickly turned into a whisper. She looked over to the guys. They were yelling at each other over the placement of a tarp.

Leah's panic didn't subside, however. For in the center of each of her breasts grew a darkening blot, a liquid stain. Leah dabbed her pointer finger against the spot and placed her finger in her mouth.

"Fuck," Leah whisper screamed again. It was the exact same taste, texture, and consistency as the rich, creamy milk she'd drunk from the alpine cabin fridge. Leah was lactating!

She looked back to the guys. The mass of orange canvas was beginning to resemble a tent. She didn't have much time. She used her sleeves to dab at her shirt, which seemed to merely spread the milk from her chest to her wrist. But it was just a couple droplets, and she figured if she kept her arms crossed the guys wouldn't notice. Besides, the pressure of her arms against her chest seemed to ease the aching. Leah tucked her hands into her armpits and walked back to the clearing.

"How was the whiz palace?" asked Jasper.

"Fine," said Leah, a little too quickly. "How's the tent?"

"Done!" said Heath. "It'll hold." Heath crossed his arms and stared at the taut orange pyramid of canvas, nodding his head.

"Yeah, yeah, it's a tent, not a child. And you didn't birth it alone," said Jasper. "What's for supper? And please don't say more Mountain House Freeze dr—"

"More Mountain House Freeze Dried pouches!" said Heath with a smile.

"Goody," said Jasper with a frown.

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Leah managed to make it through dinner with an arm, a freeze dried pouch, or her backpack covering her chest at all times. The sun finally subsided enough for her to let her guard down. She pretended to scratch at her chest just to make sure and found that it was dry.

"Well if you two will watch the fire, I'm going to go give back to nature what rightfully belongs to her," said Heath, standing up.

"That means take a dump," Jasper added.

"I like it better the way I say it," said Heath, before disappearing into the trees.

The fire crackled, plumes of smoke disappearing into the star filled sky. Jasper sat with his orange Digimon hoodie stretched over his legs, arms hugging his shins and head resting on his knees. Leah sat criss-cross applesauce atop Heath's blanket. She quietly

grabbed her stress ball from her pocket and began to squeeze. She felt Jasper's eyes flash to her hands and then back to the fire.

"You know we're here for you, right Leah?" said Jasper. He said it just loud enough for her to hear, and kept his eyes on flames.

Leah said nothing but made a small grunt.

"I mean it," said Jasper, and Leah could feel his eyes move from the fire to her. "We both do. I'm..." here Jasper moved back to the fire, as if from shame. "I'm sorry we didn't do a better job keeping touch after graduation. It just kinda slipped away. And when..." Leah knew it was coming. Wanted to get up and walk away. Wanted him to stop. Wanted Heath to return and interrupt them with a tale of the various types of coniferous leaves.

"When your mom died, we, I, I didn't know what to say. Or do. But obviously I should've done something. I'm sorry, Leah. I'm. I'm so sorry. And then. And then things got out of hand and. I don't know. You can talk with us about anything, you know Leah? You can tell me anything."

Jasper stopped talking and looked straight at Leah, whether for assurance or absolution she wasn't sure.

"Thank you, Jasper," was all Leah said, with a tone that she knew—gratefully and regretfully at the same time—would close the conversation.

"Well how's everybody doin'?" said Heath, returning from the woods with a spring in his step. "Day one down, only five more to go!"

"Hallelujah!" said Jasper, flailing his arms like a Pentecostal preacher. Leah laughed in spite of it all. Who knows, she thought. Maybe tomorrow she'd wake up feeling all better.

30th of June

Leah woke up feeling like shit all over.

"Gaaaah, fuck you Heath!" said Jasper, drowning out the call of a White-crowned Sparrow.

"What?" said Heath, a sense of confusion in his voice so sincere that Leah would've flipped him off, if it didn't hurt so much to move her arms.

"You dipshit, I feel like I got run over by a freight train!" said Jasper, and Leah grunted in agreement.

“Oooh,” said Heath, as if the existence of non-outdoorsy humans were a fun fact he had just been told. “Some of my less...experienced clients do get rather sore the second day,” he continued.

“What do we look like, Lewis and Clark?” said Jasper.

“That’s why we’ve been doing stretches!” said Heath. “Come on, guys, help me tear down the tent and we’ll do some stretches. We just need to Rice Krispies it out!”

“Rice Krispies?” said Leah.

“Yeah, just some snap, crackle, and pop, and we’ll be good as new!” said Heath.

Jasper and Leah pretended to help while Heath tore down the tent by himself. He then led them in a series of stretches: downward dog, hamstring, standing shoulder. Jasper and Leah swore like sailors but began to feel better, but still not good enough to admit that Heath was right. Heath untied their bags from the tree and the three quickly ate a breakfast of protein bars before re-starting their hike.

“Wish I hadn’t brought these things,” said Jasper dully, practically dragging the trekking poles.

“Too late,” said Heath. “You have to use them now so that we can return them.”

“I know,” Jasper said with venom. “I know.”

Leah, meanwhile, had been so focused on her overall soreness that she’d plum forgotten the situation with her breasts. Until they were roughly an hour into the day’s hike.

“Oof,” Leah said, hands again reaching instinctively for her chest. The distinct discomfort was back.

“Still sore?” Heath said, not slowing down.

“Y-yeah,” said Leah.

“Join the club,” said Jasper.

Heath and Jasper bickered about Jasper’s bitchiness; Leah zoned them out. She was last, behind Jasper, and she let the guys get ahead of her a little bit further while she slipped her hand underneath her bra and felt her nipples. *Phew*, she thought. They were dry. For now.

They hiked onward. The trill of the Spotted Towhee mixed with the choppy bark of the Stellar’s Jay and the shrill barrage of the Dark-eyed Junco. A canopy of cloud cover

darkened the day but not their spirits, which seemed to rise along with the cool breeze as the trio took step after step after step.

Even Jasper's mood improved. "Let's play Never Have I Ever," he said. Heath sighed.

"What?!" said Jasper. "I bet you don't get to play that with your clients."

"I wanna play," said Leah, chomping at the bit for something to think about besides the green of the trees or the ache of her chest.

"Fine," said Heath.

"Never have I ever...failed a class," said Jasper.

"Oof," said Leah. She didn't move a finger, but she knew Heath would have to.

"That's a low blow, dude," said Heath, sticking thumb to palm.

"That's all you would've had to do to Van Druten if you wanted to pass his class," said Jasper.

Leah laughed. "He totally had a crush on you, dude," she said to Heath.

"No way. He hated me. Plus that guy was like, a thousand years old," said Heath. "Theatre of the Ancient World was like...basically his childhood."

"He wasn't a day over 999," said Jasper.

"Okay, my turn," said Heath. "Never have I ever sucked a dick."

"Fucker," said Jasper, raising a thumb against the top of his trekking pole. Heath turned back to see Leah shyly sheath a digit.

"Wow," said Heath with a grin. "I might win this yet."

"Hardy har har. Your turn, Leah. Get him," said Jasper.

Leah frowned, her lips turning inward. She thought about everything she could possibly want to know about Heath.

"Never have I ever...fucked a pair of tits," she said. Jasper cackled, keeping his fingers still. Heath was silent, but visibly bent his other thumb.

Leah pictured Heath in her mind's eye, cock thick and thrusting...thrusting deep between her tits.

“Mmm,” said Leah. “Scuse me, bathroom,” she said, and flew off into the trees as Heath and Leah watched quizzically.

“Probably to go vomit at the thought of your naked body,” Leah heard Jasper say, along with a *thud* of a punch from Heath, as she rounded the fat trunk of a Sitka spruce. Her breasts felt like they were on fire, and yet, it wasn’t all painful. It also felt...

“Fuuucking goood,” said Leah, groping at her swollen breasts like an animal. And then she felt it—and what a miraculous feeling it was—to feel herself make something, to feel it build up, up, up, and then, in an instant, all casual like, to have it *leave* her body and enter the world—two droplets of milk, one from each breast—squeezed themselves out of her ducts and daubed the front of her shirt.

“Mmm,” Leah said again, frowning. It wasn’t much relief. It was like letting a single clown out of a clown car. She was still so full. She pressed her palms against her chest.

“Jesus,” Leah said. There was so much more of her. So much more boob. When she’d last pressed against her chest, barely an inch separated each of her fingers. Now, she webbed out her fingers as far as they’d stretch, and had bits of boob poking out between each three inch gap—with more flesh to spare above her thumbs and beneath her pinkies! Was she filled with that much milk?

As if to answer her, five more daubs appeared on her chest: fresh droplets from her nipples that left dark stains on her yellow shirt above her areolas: three on her left boob, two on her right. The stains merged and formed two larger stains. A fresh thought thrilled and terrified her: was Leah going to have to milk herself?

“Everyting okay?” came the voice of Heath. Leah panicked.

“S’all good!” she cried, and then, quickly, she set down her backpack, took off her shirt, and unclasped her bra, her breasts springing forward unbounded like greyhounds out of a racing gate. They swung slightly then sat still, another series of droplets forming atop her nipples, little beads of white materializing like mushrooms after a rainstorm. She crouched and leaned forward, and tried to remember her fourth grade trip to Umpqua Dairy headquarters.

Gingerly placing her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers, she squeezed and pulled.

“Guuuh,” she said, smarting from the pinch. But it worked: a half dozen beads of white formed across each of her nipples, enough to form two droplets big enough to drip down and off of her breast and onto the fern-littered forest floor.

Leah sighed, and squeezed again. Many more beads, a couple more droplets, and a smidge more relief. She got firmer at the start of her squeeze and gentler at the end. She adjusted her position and worked herself into a rhythm: squeeze, beads, droplets, squeeze, beads, droplets. She squeezed herself around twenty more times, then felt her breasts: they seemed smaller, if only ever so slightly. Hopefully she'd milked herself enough for the guys not to notice that she was...growing.

Wiping her palms on the back of her pants, Leah re-affixed her bra and climbed into her shirt, crossing her arms against the wet spots. She shouldered her bag, took a deep breath, and hiked back to the trail.

"Everything good?" asked Heath, lines etching a look of concern across his forehead.

"Yeah, I'm fine," said Leah. "Just a little upset stomach."

"Ew," said Jasper. "I knew you shouldn't've drunk that weird drink."

"Yeah," said Leah. "I really shouldn't've." A knot twisted in her stomach. Just how badly had she fucked up?



They abandoned their game of Never Have I Ever and marched onwards in silence for the better part of an hour before taking another break to stop for lunch.

"I don't think I'll ever eat another protein bar ever again," said Jasper, a look on his face like he'd just found a clump of used cat litter in his food.

"Better than Mountain House Freeze Dried Pouches," said Leah.

"Better than expired cow's milk," said Heath with a smirk. Leah laughed, but made sure to keep her chest covered.

"How much more do we have today?" asked Jasper.

"To be honest, we're not even halfway through," said Heath.

"Ughh," said Jasper. "Thanks, Leah."

"Don't you blame it all on Leah," said Heath. "You've been practically dragging your trekking poles all morning."

"Yeah, yeah," said Jasper. Then they got quiet. A Spotted Towhee trilled again, and a brook babbled, and suddenly the clouds parted ever so slightly and the sun shone down and it all seemed peaceful and still.

“I don’t mind nature in small chunks,” said Leah softly. Jasper nodded. Heath let them sit for a short spell longer, then:

“Well, sometimes you’re given more than you think you can appreciate, but you end up liking it all the more. Let’s get to it!”

Jasper and Leah groaned but got up and got to it.

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“Shall we play some more Never Had I Ever or is Leah gonna shit her pants again?” asked Jasper. They’d been hiking for nearly two hours, and the grey cloudscape had returned, as had a particularly vocal Pacific Treefrog, who seemed to either have many friends or to have been following them for the better part of an hour.

“I didn’t shit my pants,” said Leah, folding her arms. “But no. Let’s play something else.”

“How ‘bout Twenty Questions?” asked Heath.

“God it can’t all be about which tree dazzled horntoad is the whiniest or whatever,” said Jasper.

“That sentence doesn’t make any sense,” said Heath. “But fine. I’ve thought of something—and it’s not botanical.”

“Is it a person?” asked Jasper, skeptically.

“Yes.”

“Are they alive?” asked Leah.

“Yes.”

“Are they...hot?” asked Jasper.

“That’s subjective,” said Heath.

“Does Leah think they’re hot?” asked Jasper. Leah’s face flushed.

“Yes,” said Heath. Leah’s face flushed further, and she felt a rush of warmth to her chest.

“Ohmygod,” said Jasper. “Is it Todd Mackey?”

“Yes! You got it,” said Heath. “Leah’s only crush in college! I can’t believe y’all still remember that.”

Leah and Jasper glanced at each other awkwardly.

“Yeeeaah,” said Jasper.

“What was it about him that made him so hot anyway?” asked Heath.

“Ummm,” said Leah, stalling. It wasn’t that Leah thought Todd Mackey was ugly, *per se*. But she’d lied to Heath, when at the tail end of their sophomore year she said she had a crush on Todd Mackey. She had to tell Heath something, or else he might figure out that she had a crush on *him*.

“I mean, all the girls liked him,” she said, which wasn’t untrue.

“They sure did,” said Heath, with a hint of jealousy. “How come you never had a crush on me?”

Leah giggled nervously.

“You’re obviously not sexy enough,” said Jasper, coming in clutch.

“Oh yeah?” said Heath, who flexed his biceps mid-stride. “I’d say I’m a hunking hulk of man meat, if I say so myself.”

“Kill me now,” said Jasper.

Leah laughed, but she also felt a stirring in her chest. The sight of Heath’s thick muscles bulging, him bragging—however facetiously—about being a hunk of man meat...

“Mm,” she said, stifling a moan. She didn’t need to look down to see the daubs of milk had returned.

“Anyway, Jasper, your turn. And nothing dirty!” she said.

“Fine, Queen Victoria. Nothing sultry or knavish, since it displeases the lady,” said Jasper.

“Yes, it displeases me,” said Leah, feigning a British accent. But she crossed her arms as she did so. For she feared it rather *did* please her. She feared it pleased her very much indeed, in ways that had little understanding of and even less control over.



“Bathroom, I’ll be back,” said Leah, slipping once more into the trees. They’d hiked without stopping for hours, pitching their tent for the night just as the last auburn dregs of twilight shimmered in the blackening sky.

Leah barely made it behind a tree before taking off her shirt. Her breasts were visibly engorged, the excess fat doubling over and casting a shadow of skin atop the edges of her

straining bra. Dark spots larger than half dollar coins stained the taupe fabric, and even as she struggled to free them, she could feel droplets of milk escaping her nipples.

She unclasped, and the bra fell to the damp forest floor. She sighed in relief as her breasts spread up and out. She'd never seen them so big: great, pendulous globes, she wondered how they had even fit in her bra. She placed her palms against them and gasped—without even tweaking her nipples, a volley of milk flew from each of her breasts, spurts of white rushing to join the green of the ground.

“Mmmuuh,” she moaned, involuntarily, a guttural satisfaction taking over her body. She placed her right thumb and forefinger at the base of her left nipple. She braced herself and pulled downward with a squeeze.

Splaat!

A small splash of milk flew onto the frond of a fern. Leah watched the force of her milk cause the frond to dip and rise as if riding out a storm.

She did the same thing with her right breast: grabbing the nipple between her nondominant left thumb and forefinger, she squeezed and pulled. A somewhat splashier, less graceful arc of white shot out, pelting a bush.

She decided there was nothing to do but repeat, so she did. Back and forth she went, expressing her left breast and then her right. Each small squeeze was but a small squirt and small sense of relief. Taken altogether, it was a huge thrill. As she emptied her breasts, she filled herself with an electric sense of excitement. She supposed she should be scared, but more than anything, she was turned on: not only was she lactating, but she was clearly lactating *more*: her small droplets from the day before had now turned into a dribble.

She stopped after roughly 30 pairs of squeezes. She estimated that equated roughly 30 teaspoons of milk per breast, the disposal of which caused her chest to begin to return to normal levels—or at least, bra-claspable levels. She found that the more she expressed above, the wetter she got...below.

That by itself could pose a problem, and more than anything, Leah wanted to prevent the guys from finding out anything was amiss. She was already the problem, the reason for the season, the cause of their little “vacation.” First addiction, then allergy induced...*lactation*? How fucked up could one person get? She quickly threw on her bra and shirt and made her way back to the guys.

“There you are!” said Heath, as Leah sidled up to their tent and unzipped the opening.

“God I hope you didn’t get the shits again,” said Jasper, already snug in his sleeping bag.

“No, I didn’t ‘get the shits again,’ Shakespeare,” said Leah, climbing into the tent to lie between the two men. “Did you ever consider that maybe a lady would like some alone time?”

“God I hope that doesn’t mean you’re on your period. That’s all this trip—ow!” said Jasper, rubbing the shoulder that Leah had just jabbed with her elbow, before quickly returning her arms to a crossed position across her chest.

“No, I’m not on my period. I’m just tired of you two, that’s all. And with that, I’m going to sleep,” said Leah, zipping up her sleeping bag and crimping her pillow just so.

“Good night,” said Heath, clicking off the portable hanging light.

“Night,” said Leah, already drifting off to sleep.

“Sweet dreams, assholes,” said Jasper.

1st of July

“Let me guess, bathroom?” said Jasper, as Leah ran from the tent and raced into a thicket of Douglas firs, the morning sun shimmering against a partly cloudy sky.

“Yesss,” said Leah. Her breasts bounced painfully against her chest as she ran. They’d swollen mightily throughout the night, and now strained against her shirt worse than ever. Ducking behind a Douglas, she grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted, practically peeling it off of her skin. As she did so, milk dribbled through her bra and fell once more to the forest floor. She pulled her shirt up and off, dampness grazing her cheeks. She twisted the shirt into a rag and wrung it out. Leah watched the crumpled cloth unleash a trickle of white and wondered worryingly if Jasper had seen anything—Heath was already up and focused on cooking breakfast.

She draped her shirt across a couple of branches and went to unclasp her bra. It took some elbow grease: her boobs were tucked in so tightly, she had to strain to release them.

“Guhh,” she said, as her flesh finally flopped out. There was now even more of her than there had been last night. As her breasts flopped, a small but steady stream of milk eased out of her nipples, lasting several seconds before stopping. The flowing of her milk was more than a relief, it was a kind of ecstasy. Leah could really only equate it to a good sneeze, or an orgasm. She immediately wanted more. Needed more.

She positioned her fingers, and milked. Both hands at the same time.

“Yeueuuuuh,” she exhaled, eyes slitting shut then staying open to stare at the marvel that was her own breasts. She grabbed and squeezed and then: *fshh!fshhh!* Out went the double-burst of milk, a smidge more from her left side than her right. It was stronger, more powerful: the dribble had truly become a stream, and flew out of her with force, slapping and slathering with white droplets the tops of the ferns and bushes and mushrooms at her feet.

It was easier, both because she had now done it twice over, but also because her nipples had swollen too: they were as thick as her thumbs and as she tugged and pulled at them, they seemed to grow before her very eyes to be nearly as long.

As she milked her breasts dry, her pussy grew wet. It started as a hot, pulsing ache between her legs, then reverberated outward. Soon her knees began to buckle from the pleasure of it all, and she had to stop herself from rutting against the brown bark of the tree trunk.

After what felt like both forever and not nearly long enough, her squeezes yielded less and less milk, and her breasts looked like they could reasonably be packed into her clothes once more. She made a mental note to put on her brown button-up flannel sweater to try to compress her boobs further.

With a frustrated sigh due to her lack of full, vaginal release, Leah grabbed her bra and, straining only slightly less, imprisoned her breasts once more. She whipped her shirt around in the damp Oregon air in a futile attempt to dry it further, then furled it across her torso.

She placed her palm against the tree, as if to thank it for offering her privacy, then straggled back to camp, her knees still a bit wobbly.

Heath and Jasper were standing beside the packed-up tent waiting for her, a troublesome look on each of their faces. Leah knew that look. She hated that look.

“What?” she said testily.

“Leah,” Heath began softly, always the good cop.

“Do you have a phone?” asked Jasper.

“Jasper!” said Heath, glaring.

“What? I’m not going to prance around it. Jesus,” said Jasper, folding his arms.

Leah’s arms were folded too, which she realized made her look more suspiciously defensive than she intended, but she figured it couldn’t be helped: even after her milking, her breasts were suspiciously larger than she could explain.

“What? I don’t have a phone. You *took* my phone, remember?” she said, and she could feel a bitchiness rising in her, a dragon taking flight that she couldn’t quite steer. Whether it was withdrawal from her *supposed* addiction—what, was she a crack addict? It’s a cell phone! Or perhaps it was the fact that she’d just spend the better part of an hour straddling orgasm—or maybe it was the fact that she hadn’t seen civilization in over 48 hours—but Leah was set to explode.

“I know, Leah, and we did that for your sake,” said Heath.

“For MY sake? Oh, for MY sake?” said Leah, her volume drowning out the menagerie of birds that Leah knew were squawking because they wanted to *fuck* every bit as much as she did.

“Leah,” said Jasper, calming his tone to try to match Heath’s zen.

“Was it for MY sake that y’all straight up GHOSTED me for three years after graduation?” Leah said, rage deforming her face.

“Leah, I didn’t mean—” Jasper started to say.

“Didn’t MEAN?” Leah said. “Like when you didn’t MEAN to not say anything about THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER, the woman who sent EACH OF YOU birthday packages for FOUR YEARS?” She was screaming now, using every bit of brain power to make sure that, as much as she yelled, her arms didn’t stray from her chest.

“We were the FUCKED OUT FREAKS!” she continued. “We were there for each other when we failed a class,” she said, looking at Heath, who seemed close to tears, “or when we came out,” she said, looking to Jasper, who looked horrified. “What..what happened?” said Leah, who started to cry, tears streaming down her face. She bent her knees and slowly collapsed onto them, becoming an awkward, sobbing huddle on the damp, dirty ground.

In an instant, the guys were on the ground with her, Heath’s jeans and Jasper’s khaki’s getting just as damp as Leah’s green shorts.

“Hey, hey there girl,” said Jasper. He hesitatingly placed his hand close to Leah’s face, as if not quite sure if she would bite it, then used the front of his fingers to wipe away her tears.

“Girl you know I’ve *been* ghosted,” Jasper said, and for some delirious reason Leah could almost see the logo for Grindr flash across his eyeballs, as if he were a Looney Tunes twink. The thought was almost enough to make her laugh. Almost.

“We didn’t ghost you, Leah,” said Jasper.

“So...it’s my fault,” said Leah, voice almost a whisper.

“No, no,” said Heath, his knees touching Leah’s. “We just...drifted apart. It happens. I don’t...I don’t think it was anyone’s fault. We graduated. We moved to different states. We drifted,” he said, his voice fading.

“And my mom?” said Leah, a bitterness back in her tone.

“That *was* our fault,” said Jasper, looking at Heath earnestly. “I mean, we didn’t kill her or anything,” he said, which caused all three of them to laugh out loud.

“But we should’ve been there for you,” said Jasper. “No excuses. I mean, I can certainly come up with some—”

“We were immature,” said Heath.

“That was not an invitation. And besides, that’s still true,” said Jasper. He pulled down the hood of his hoodie, and Leah saw that it was a Pikachu hoodie, complete with black dappled ears and everything. Leah laughed again.

“I’m sorry,” said Leah. “I know I drifted apart too. I wasn’t the perfect friend either. And for this...” Leah said, letting the words land, not willing to delineate what all of *this* was. “I don’t know what got into me,” she said, her words vague enough to fit...everything.

“Don’t sweat,” said Heath, standing up. “I’m sure you’re exhausted. And you haven’t had breakfast yet!”

Leah stood, and Jasper did too.

Heath spread his arms wide, and Jasper did too. Leah nodded in assent, still cradling her chest.

The instant the guys made contact with her, she knew she’d made a mistake. Instantly her nipples began to poke against her bra, and she swore she could feel the movement of milk inside herself. To feel the warm, tight, loving touch of these men, *her* men, against her body...

“Okay guys, that’s enough,” she said, and they broke the hug. “Boy it’s chilly,” she said, with as much fake nonchalance as she could muster. She ran to her backpack, which Heath had already lowered from the tree, and grabbed her brown button-up flannel.

“Got you a freshly prepared Mountain House right here to help warm you up!” said Heath.

Leah finished her last button just as Heath appeared right beside her, Mountain House pack in hand.

“Yum,” she said, and for once she wasn’t kidding. She was so starved—likely from all the various liquids she’d lost in the past hour alone—that even the thought of freeze dried breakfast rice sounded delicious.



Late start aside, the three hikers had a spring in their step the rest of the morning. Despite the season, it was rather cold, and overcast, and by walking quickly they kept up both their spirits and body temperatures. Leah hoped their heart to heart had allayed any of Heath’s and Jasper’s suspicions, but she knew she was by no means in the clear: by midday her breasts had engorged once more, and milk was starting to leak through her bra, and her t-shirt, *and* her button-up. She excused herself behind a tree while Heath and Jasper bickered over protein bars.

Leah first stretched her arms, which had become painfully sore after hours of near constant-crossing—she was terrified that at any instant Jasper would glance behind him and notice how swollen her chest had become, or, closer to noon, see that she had two growing dark spots on her shirt.

She then unbuttoned her flannel shirt, the gaps between which had started to bow with the pressure of her rising chest. She slowly slipped off her now sopping shirt and barely managed to unclasp her bra.

A shudder moved through her, and she gasped at the sight of her breasts. What had once been a dribble had become a stream. Without even laying hands on her nipples, rivulets of milk loosed themselves from inside of her and glided down the lower arc of her breasts, from which they then fell, dropping through the air and onto the damp patch of dirt below. She hesitatingly grabbed her left nipple with her thumb and forefinger and squeezed it like so many times before. A laser of white shot out of her, a stream far thicker than even this morning; it blasted the bark of a nearby tree and dribbled downward like paint on a Picasso. She did the same with her right breast and got the same result.

This, Leah though, was no mere food poisoning, nor some allergic reaction. This was not getting better with time and rest. Her body was changing. This change, whatever it was, was growing stronger, more severe, day in and day out—hell, by the hour.

Still, she felt she could do anything but complain. After all, the entire process simply felt too...satisfying. Not good, entirely. She was in a state of near constant soreness, mostly due to the fact that she had to hide what was happening from Heath and Jasper. Her breasts needed air almost as much as she did, and keeping them constantly cramped under cotton felt like so much torture.

Suddenly, Leah had the urge to shake her chest with wild abandon, like she was one of those *Girls Gone Wild* women. So she did so! Who could stop her?

Using her back muscles—which also seemed to be getting both sorer and stronger by the hour—she swung wildly from side to side. Arcs of white painted the tree trunks and bushes and ferns and flowers. She giggled, a wild, rambunctious laugh tinged with pride and naughtiness alike.

“What the fuck!”

Leah turned around, snapping a twig beneath her feet and gasping at the source of the jump scare.

Jasper stood not twenty feet from her, mouth agape, eyes agog, splayed fingers frozen.

“What-the-fuck-what-the-fuck-whatthefuckwhatthefuck!” said Jasper, his voice melting, peeling apart, becoming a squeal, a siren, a fountain of panic.

“Shhh! Shhhhhh! Shut *up*, Jasper! I’m *fine*!” said Leah. She moved to approach Jasper and he almost fell over backwards in retreat.

“What the actual fucking fuck is *happening*, Leah?” he hissed. “Why are you...*lactating*?!”

Leah peered behind Jasper to make sure Heath was out of sight, and hopefully, out of earshot.

“Don’t worry about it, Jasper,” she said, continuing her hiss-whispering. “Lactating mothers lactate all the time!”

“You’re not a lactating mother!!!” said Jasper, practically yelling. Then he paused, his face melted and his eyes narrowed. “...Are you?” he asked, quietly.

“No!” said Leah, volume outpacing Jasper’s.

“*Then what the fuck is going on?!*” said Jasper, back to a yell.

“Shhhhhh! You can’t tell Heath, OK?” said Leah.

Jasper approached Leah now, inches away from her breasts, which were still leaking a steady stream of white, flowing milk. He looked down at the stream and Leah saw something in his eyes that confused her.

“What do you mean we can’t tell Heath?” Jasper said, pulling Leah’s attention away from his gaze, which was back at Leah’s eyes. “We *have* to tell Heath. Right now. We have to get you back to...to civilization! You’re clearly undergoing some sort of...medical emergency. Jesus Christ, Leah!”

"I'm fine, Jasper, I promise. I. I don't know what *this* is," she said, and for a second the both of them started down at Leah's stream of milk, sliding down from her nipples, past her areolas, halfway down the curve of her engorged breasts until it hit the apex of gravity and fell, like a miniature waterfall, to the forest floor.

"But it doesn't hurt. Well, it kind've hurts, but I just have to express it," she added.

"Wha—when...is this your *life* now?" asked Jasper, making Leah ask herself the same question. "How long has this been happening?" he continued.

"Since...well, since I drank that stuff at the cabin," said Leah.

"Jesus, Leah. I..." here Jasper paused, and looked at the shame and fear and search for friendship in Leah's eyes. He stopped himself from saying 'I told you so' and said instead, "We have to tell Heath, Leah. I'm worried, about this, even if you aren't. You need help. This isn't..."

He stopped himself, Leah could tell, from saying the word 'natural,' since technically it was among the most natural things in the world. "Healthy," was the word Jasper landed on. "I don't think it's healthy for a *non-pregnant* person to be...lactating. Good lord, Leah, how much milk have you made?"

"I...don't know," Leah admitted, staring down once more at her producing breasts. "A lot."

"I'd say," said Jasper, his tone of voice changing ever so slightly, and a flicker of something that confused Leah coming back to the lights of his eyes.

"You know as well as I do, Jasper, that we don't tell Heath *everything*," said Leah.

Jasper's face darkened. "That's a bit of a low blow, Leah," he said.

"It's no more of a hit at you than it is myself" she said.

"Fair enough," said Jasper, exhaling. "But I don't think not telling him about a college crush...or two...is the same as not telling him about a *medical emergency*."

"It's not a medical emergency," said Leah, firmly. "I feel fine. I mean, I'm sore, but, I just need to express them," and with that, Leah grabbed her left nipple with her right hand and squeezed, shooting the upper thigh region of Jasper's khaki's with a sharp, swift stream of milk, which landed with a splat against the fabric.

"Holy...fuck," said Jasper.

"Please," said Leah. "Will you help me? It's a lot of work for one person," she said. "Help lazy Leah?"

Somehow, her callback to her sophomore year nickname wriggled a smile out of her old friend.

“Uhhh, fine, ok, fine. But...if this keeps going tomorrow, if it gets worse, we have to tell Heath, alright? What are you so scared of, anyway?”

Leah paused. She wasn’t entirely sure herself. “Heath...always feels the need to protect me. I don’t want him to think I need coddling. I’m not a child.”

Jasper shrugged his shoulders and grunted dismissively. He stepped closer to Leah.

“Okay. What...do I do?” he said, raising his hands as if to catch a loose rabbit.

Leah grabbed her left tit again and milked herself, careful not to splash Jasper again.

“Like that, ok?” she said, impatiently.

“God, don’t become a teacher, alright, Leah?” said Jasper, but he moved his right hand forward. He grabbed her nipple and pulled.

“Ow!” shouted Leah in pain, though a stream of milk did fall from her nipple and onto Jasper’s hand. “I’m not a pinball machine. Give it some finesse, for fuck’s sake.”

“I—it’s hard with this angle!” said Jasper, also burning through his patience.

“Here, do it from behind me,” said Leah, rivulets of milk dripping down her breasts as she turned. Nothing made a sound but a faraway creek, as for several moments Jasper hesitated. Then, Leah felt his thighs press up against her ass as he nestled close. His arms swooped around and reached for her tits, his small palms and lengthy fingers hitting the steady stream of milk.

Leah breathed deeply. “You’ll want to grab the...nipples with your thumb and forefinger. Then squeeze gently, but, but also firmly. Down and out.”

“Okay,” said Jasper, a tone in his voice that was warmer, deeper, more intimately sincere than she was used to. Slowly, Jasper started with his right hand, clamping her right nipple between the pillowy tips of his thumb and forefinger. He tightened and rolled his digits forward, causing a thick splash of milk to shoot forth.

“Guuuhh,” Leah moaned without meaning to.

“Are you ok?” Jasper asked.

“Y–yeah. It just. Feels good. D–do it, just that like. Please,” she said breathily. And Jasper did so.

He worked in his left hand, pinching both her nipples with both his thumbs and forefingers, squeezing and rolling until *fshhh-fshh-splat!-splat!* out from Leah sprayed twin splashes of milk. He went again, for several rounds, until suddenly:

“Oh my God!” said Leah, stepping forward suddenly, almost losing balance with the newfound weight of her breasts. She turned around to face Jasper.

“What was that?!” she asked, accusatorily, looking at Jasper’s face...and crotch.

“Well...what do you expect?” said Jasper.

“Wh—I—you’re gay?!” said Leah, head practically spinning.

“Leah...I’m bi...” said Jasper, slowly. More silence, save the sound of the creek.

“Oh,” was all Leah said. “I’m...sorry I didn’t know that,” she added. “Now I feel like the bad friend.”

“No, no. I’m. Still the bad friend,” said Jasper. “And I’m sorry about...” he nodded down toward his boner.

“No...don’t be sorry,” said Leah. Suddenly, every part of her ached for contact. Ached to be fucked. The tension was electric. She felt her pussy grow wet; her milk stream, which had subsided for just a few seconds thanks to Jasper’s ginger milking, rushed forward again. It was little more than a centimeter in width, but it was constant, unyielding, a steady parade of white that marched from her nipples to her areola, rounding down and off her curves.

Snap!

Suddenly the pair heard the snapping of a twig.

“Heath!” said Leah, panic striking her face. “Go stop him!”

“Uh, um, right,” said Jasper, trying in vain to make hiding his boner seem natural.

“Just go!” said Leah. “I’ll finish up here. Just tell him I’m. I don’t know. I had a good cry. I’m PMSing. I don’t know, make something up, just GO!”

Jasper ran back towards the trail and Leah milked herself at double the speed, stifling moan after moan as she did so. Finally, after nearly a minute of frantic squeezing, her steady stream of milk dried up. She figured she could squeeze into her top layers again—barely.

Except she couldn’t. She pressed the cups of her bra against her mounds and tried to clasp, but to no avail. Perhaps, she thought, she could grit her way through. But she

realized in that moment that she would rather light the bra on fire than have it suffocate her again. She didn't even bother with the shirt. It was much too tight already, and she was good enough at coding—not to mention Candy Crush—to recognize patterns. Her boobs had gone from big to bigger to bigger still. She didn't want to have to cut herself out of her favorite Beatles shirt. No use having the Yellow Submarine drown itself in her milk. No, she would button up her brown flannel and hope for the best.

And besides, spoke a voice at the back of her head that seemed to be getting louder every day, *perhaps the best is yet to come?* The feeling of the fleshy hardness of Jasper's cock pressing against her ass as he milked her tits came flooding back to her, and she immediately felt the familiar speckle of droplets hitting her top. She took a deep breath, thought of the 1,000 year old Professor Van Druten—threw in some dead puppies for good measure—and made her way back to the trail to an expectant Heath and Jasper.



"Well gang," said Heath, as if addressing Scooby Doo and his friends, "we are officially halfway through our little adventure. More than halfway, really."

The gang of three stood at the base of their pitched tent, having just finished off their nightly rations of Mountain House Freeze Dried pouches (cheesy pepperoni pizza). The sun had long since set, and the embers of their fire crackled and popped like their limbs had on the morning of their second day.

Leah stood with her arms crossed, fresh from another solo milking session. Her breasts had ballooned further than ever, despite her milking, and she wondered how much longer her oversized flannel shirt would last.

Jasper stood next to Leah, arms also akimbo, a frown frozen across his face.

"Doesn't that mean," he said "that we are the furthest from help, I mean, from town, that we'll be?"

Heath laughed. "Such a worrywart," he said, patting Jasper on the back. "What could go wrong? After all, I'm here to protect you."

Heath bulged his biceps again, expecting a laugh, or at least a groan, but Leah and Jasper just stared back at him, a shadow of fear in their face.

"Oh come on you guys. We're doing great. Let's get a great night's sleep, and then tomorrow, we'll be closer than ever to finishing!"

Heath unzipped the opening of the tent and crawled on all fours to the left side. Leah got on all fours too. She crawled towards the back of the tent, her breasts swinging heavily.

Her nipples grazed the top of her sleeping bag, which sent shivers from her tits all the way down her spine. She winced as beads of milk formed once again atop her nipples, but she was far too tired to crawl out and milk herself for what felt like the thousandth time that day. So instead, she lumbered further, reaching the back of the tent and slinking her legs into the sleeping bag. She zipped up the bag—the top squeezing her rack far fiercer than her bra had—and closed her eyes, hoping that sleep would come quickly. But Heath’s question, uttered in ignorance, trekked around the chasms of her mind: what could go wrong?



Heath thrust his manhood inside of her wet pussy, hands gripping tightly at her tumbler-thick nipples, which sprayed the sloped ceiling of the tent with their cream, like twin firehoses. Heath cocked his head and aimed a teat towards himself, the firehose blasting his face and filling his mouth with her milk. He thrust harder, railing her insides as she moaned in delight at being filled and fucked and emptied and filled all at once.

Jasper stood—the tent somehow accommodating his frame. Leah watched as Jasper’s cock ran down the length of his upper thigh, and suddenly, just as she thought it, wished it, his khaki’s were gone, his cock throbbing and thick and facing her face. They read each other’s minds, and Jasper squatted, his cock entering Leah’s wet and willing mouth. Jasper turned to face Heath, and somehow Leah could see Heath aim a deluge of her creamy drink at Jasper, burying his face in white and filling his mouth, too, with her milk. Oh, to be fucked, and filled, and released, and fucked, and fucked, and fuck—

“What the fuck?”

Leah blinked and groaned. Like a spent firecracker, her dream disappeared into the night, quickly replaced by reality.

The tent was pitch black, as was the cloud-cast night. Leah struggled to see anything, but could hear Heath clearly.

“Something, something’s wet!” said Heath, voice rising in alarm and confusion.

Oh shit, thought Leah. She felt around, and realized that not only had she turned to face Heath in the middle of the night, but she’d also unzipped her suffocatingly tight sleeping bag. A steady stream of milk was seeping from her nipples, *had been* seeping from her nipples for who knows how long, and had dampened her breasts, and flannel shirt, and sleeping bag, and tent floor, and Heath’s sleeping bag, and...

“My shirt, my shirt is sopping wet, what is this?” Heath said, his panic and frustration rising in tandem.

“What’s going on?” said Jasper sleepily, just as Heath flicked on the portable hanging light.

“Jesus, Leah, what, are you bleeding? What’s going on, are you alright!?” said Heath, fright displacing all the frustration from his voice.

“I’m fine, I’m fine,” Leah said, eyes squinting and straining against the crude, glaring light. She struggled against the weight of her flowing breasts to sit up, and found that her milk was not the only wetness she was producing. She looked guiltily at the real Heath who sat beside her, who seemed far more innocent and naïve and flush with fear than the Heath from her dream.

“You’re...lactating,” said Heath, slowly, as if solving a math equation. “You’re lactating a lot,” he said, concern returning to his tenor.

“I wanted to tell you!” Jasper piped up, as if ratting out Leah to the principal. “She—she made me promise not to tell you!”

“What?!” Heath said, his stare swiveling back and forth from Jasper and Leah, as if deciding who was the bigger Brutus.

“Well I...” Heath began to say, and Leah prepared herself for one of Heath’s full-on school marm scoldings, when suddenly Leah let out an involuntary moan.

“Guhh,” she said, her milk still seeping steadily through her flannel shirt and forming a tiny puddle in her lap.

“Please,” she said, “help.”

“How can we help?” said Heath, the shame and shock gone from his voice, replaced with a sense of triage that would befit the hardest of night shift nurses.

“I need milked.” Leah said this plaintively, almost pitifully.

“Well, right,” said Heath, as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening.

“I still don’t understand what the fuck is happening!” said Jasper, resuming to his prior state of panic.

“Well I don’t either, and it doesn’t look like Leah does, but that’s not for us to figure out right now. Leah said she needs milking, so we’re going to...milk her,” said Heath, with just the slightest bit of hesitation in his voice.

“First, let’s get you out of the tent,” Heath continued, and he grabbed the hanging light and crawled to the front of the tent, unzipping the flap and crawling out. A slap of cold air hit her, but Leah crawled forward unabated, her leaking breasts dragging across the

top of her sleeping bag, the buttons on her flannel fit to burst. Leah placed the palms of her hands against the dark, dewy grass. She grabbed onto Heath's outstretched arm as he helped lift her up and out of the tent and into the dark of the night, their one glowing bulb the only source of light in the overcast night. Jasper whinily followed behind Leah and stood by her side.

"Okay," said Heath, attaching the velcro of the hanging lamp to a side pole of the tent, "let's, I think it may be best if.."

"Please get me out of this top," said Leah, voice veering again into a pitiful lilt.

"Yes, right," said Heath. "Jasper?"

"Uhh, right," said Jasper, the grogginess of his speech slowly being replaced by what Leah now knew to be arousal.

It took all three of them to remove Leah's top, so tightly was she scrunched into it. Paired orbs of smooth, milk-stained skin poked through the middle five gaps between her clasped buttons. The cleavage seemed to heave outwards of its own accord, and Leah had to press down against her boobflesh with both hands while Heath and Jasper used both of theirs to fight against the strain and move each button towards its hole. The men did so slowly, delicately, with Leah's nipples leaking more and more milk all the while, the smooth white fluid landing against their elbows, staining their own shirts.

As their hands pressed against her breasts, Leah felt an ever more pronounced sense of wetness emanating not only from her nipples, but from her still unfilled hole. An urge to moan grew in the back of her throat. Her fight to stifle her moan grew harder with effort, fighting the urge to swallow when she had a sore throat.

"Tuh," said Heath, a breath of relief escaping his lips as he eased loose a button. Twin blobs of boobflesh flew out, and even against the poor lighting Leah could see Heath blink several times, a look flashing across his face like the one he'd made years ago in psych class. Leah watched as he shifted the balls of his feet, attempting to angle his crotch away from her.

"Vhhhh," Jasper inhaled, as he also found freedom for another patch of Leah's bulging, now unbuttoned cleavage. The second patch of boobflesh merged with the first, and Leah struggled to process how much her breasts had swollen, how much milk she was producing every single second as they all struggled to free her from her flannel prison.

Heath loosed the third button, Jasper the fourth, and finally, after unclasping the fifth boob-backed button, Heath freed both of Leah's breasts, her flannel now ornamental, milk-soaked rags covering her stomach, back and arms. Leah looked down gingerly.

They were monstrous, her boobs, and gloriously so. *No wonder I didn't fit in that sleeping bag*, thought Leah. Smooth, pale flesh sloped up, up, up and out; Leah reckoned the upper dome of each breast alone could fit the length of her entire hand. Her areolas were wide as saucers, and her nipples, those ever-giving nipples, were far thicker than her thumbs and longer too.

“Here, I’ll show you,” said Jasper, suddenly taking the lead in coaching Heath how to milk her. Leah was relieved; she dared not open her mouth, fearing the escape of her moan, or perhaps even a wild, guttural howl of pleasure,

Jasper shifted to stand behind Leah, leaving space between his crotch and her backside. “It’s easier from behind,” he said with a soft intensity. Heath mimicked Jasper, each of the men stood with one thigh an inch away from her backside.

Jasper demonstrated: aligning his thumb and forefinger against Leah’s massive, leaking nipple, he squeezed and pulled. Try as she might, Leah opened her mouth and filled the still night air with an aching groan as a propulsive shot of white disappeared into the dark.

“Ucghhhh!” she practically shouted, and she felt Jasper’s hand jolt.

“Leah are you okay?” Heath said, night-nurse returning to his tenor.

“Y-yeah, I’m fine,” she said, “but please, hurry. *Please milk me.*”

Leah could feel her words add voltage to the already electrically charged eroticism. But she couldn’t help it. Didn’t want to help it. Didn’t want to help anything or anyone but herself, *needed* to help herself to the primal experience of feeling her milk become free from her breasts and be released into the world.

Heath mimicked Jasper again, placing his thicker, calloused thumb and forefingers against Leah’s right nipple, squeezing and rolling them down and forward.

Fssspt! a powerful shot of milk glided out of her nipple and into the black of the night. Heath was a natural. Leah breathed deeply to stifle another moan, but otherwise did not hold back:

“More, faster. *Please!*” Leah practically commanded them. Heath and Jasper obliged. They placed their nondominant hands at the fatty base of her breasts, and used their dominant hands to quickly express the milk out of her, one skillful squeeze at a time.

Fsspt! Fssspt! Fsspt! Fssspt!

Jasper and Heath got into a rhythm, a slight syncopation of the squirting caused by Heath being so much better at the milking than Jasper. Leah could hear the boy’s

breathing rise, as did her own. She knew they were enjoying themselves—there was no way they were positioned naturally; she figured their hips were nearly 45 degrees from where they should be, if they weren't worried about bumping into her with their boners.

But as much as they enjoyed it, Leah *knew* she was enjoying it more. Each expulsion of milk was like an orgasm in miniature, and boy did her pussy know it. She had to stop herself from reaching down between her boobs and under her pants and into her slit.

Her nipples, her areola, her vast expanses of boobflesh, her pussy, even her tongue: her whole body felt like a network of trails, with all roads leading not to Rome but to sheer, simple, excruciating pleasure. *What a waste*, Leah thought, *that my holes aren't being filled...and that my milk isn't filling the boys.*

Still, as unusual as their midnight milking party was, Leah knew that there was still a bridge left to cross. They all knew what they were doing was erotic, hell, they felt it in their bones, and were wading through their lust as if crossing a river. But they couldn't admit as much, not out loud, not yet. Something else would have to give.

"Oh," said Heath, gingerly. For just then, after over a quarter hour of squeezing, Leah's breasts stopped giving milk. Jasper, several squeezes behind Heath, stopped too.

"Well," Heath said, softly. "I'll...let you button up." And at that, Heath turned slightly away from her.

Leah nearly laughed out loud. Heath had just used his bare, calloused hands to express milk from her giant tits. But he still thought to give her privacy? Honestly, she never wanted to jump his bones more than in that moment. But instead, as Jasper took his lead from Heath and also pivoted, Leah buttoned up her flannel and found that it fit just fine, if far snuggier than last week.

"We should try to get some sleep, gang," said Heath, verbally reverting to his Scooby Doo cosplay. "We can talk about this in the morning." And with that, he unfastened the velcro of the hanging light from the outer pole of the tent and crawled through the unzipped flap.

Jasper and Leah looked at each other through the even dimmer source of light. It seemed like there was *so much* to discuss, and that it very much shouldn't wait until morning. But they knew Heath. They knew he sometimes got like this: there was a rhythm to things, a proper way of doing things, and there was no sense in trying to get him to do something a different way.

If Heath wanted to try to get more sleep tonight—inside of a damp sleeping bag, no less—Jasper and Leah knew better than to try to talk to him. The crisis was averted, and

now it was time to sleep. Morning Heath would be a better Heath, and it was then that they would devise a plan for proceeding.

Perhaps, Leah thought, noticing how nice it was to once again fit into her clothes, perhaps Heath would have some nature-minded solution. She hoped so. For she couldn't imagine what could possibly stop her breasts' incessant swelling. How big would she get? How much milk would she make? And at what point, a different part of her mused as she crawled between Jasper and Heath and into her wet sleeping bag do we all just say 'fuck it,' and fuck?

2nd of July

Zrrrrrrrrrrrp!

Leah woke to the sound of the tent flap opening. She blinked and caught Heath rising into the morning sun. She pressed her hands to her breasts and found that they had swollen once again. She softly exhaled and got up.

"Hey," said Leah, catching Heath just as he started to close the tent flap.

"Oh hey," said Heath, extending his hand for Leah to lift herself up and out of their pyramid of canvas. Heath then squatted again and closed the flap as quietly as he could.

"Best to let him sleep," Heath whispered.

"Don't I know it," said Leah, and they smiled at each other. There was an ache in Leah's chest that wasn't from her swollen breasts. It matched the knot in her stomach, which wasn't from the chalky protein bars.

"I...better milk...these," she said, awkwardly pointing to her breasts, as if there was any universe in which Heath had forgotten what had happened last night.

"Listen, Leah," Heath said, as they took several steps away from the tent so as to not wake Jasper.

"I'm really sorry you're having to go through this," Heath continued once they were out of earshot. "I'm sure it's...extremely inconvenient. But I don't think it's dire. If I thought you were in serious danger, I would...I would run back to base camp barefoot to send for help."

"I know you would, Heath," said Leah. "Believe me, I know. But I'm not little Leah anymore. I don't need you to protect me. I can take care of myself."

Leah and Heath stared at each other, and Leah felt a tinge of shame swell up in her chest. How was that not a load of bullshit? Leah blinked, almost afraid that Heath could see into her mind's eye; see the trifold, egg-white paper stamped with the scarlet letters OVERDUE; see the total of \$11,639 owed for, of all things, the premium purchases on Candy Crush; see the half dozen other bills just like it splayed across the peach laminate countertop. The thought of all those bills, still waiting for her at home, made her want to cry.

She couldn't, of course. Not in front of Heath. Jasper, sure. She'd *sob* in front of Jasper, anytime, day or night. But never in front of Heath.

But what could she say? Nothing about her addiction, certainly. She still wasn't ready to face that. But what about now, what about *this*? Could she say that her breasts swelling out of control scared her shitless, but that she wouldn't want anyone else in the world milking her but Heath and Jasper? Could she say that part of her wanted to stop growing, but with each day, an even bigger part of her wanted to grow *even bigger*? Could she say that she knew her tits turned Heath on, and turned Jasper on, and the fact that her tits turned them on turned *her* on, and that they might as well fuck already?

No.

No, she couldn't say any of that.

"I'm...I'm trying Heath," was all Leah said instead.

"I know," Heath said. "Do you want my help?" his voice was soft as he said this, though Leah was quite sure he was tempted to scream.

"Sure," she said, and she unbuttoned her flannel, which wasn't near as tight as it had been last night. Her breasts plopped out, and as if on cue a small trickle of milk started to flow from both of her nipples. Heath's eyes widened and Leah swore she saw his tongue squirm inside his mouth.

"It's easier if you stand behind me," she said, motioning with her arms.

"Sure," Heath nodded, and moved, placing his torso against her back. Heath was taller than Jasper and Leah. His crotch lined up with the very top of her buttocks, and his head stood firmly above her shoulders. His arms swung around Leah quietly, delicately. He firmly placed his coarse palms against her squishy, milk-filled sacs of flesh. He then lined up his digits and squeezed, and Leah let loose an audible moan as small showers of her cream carpeted yet another patch of Oregon wilderness.

Nearly as soon as Leah moaned did she feel a swelling in Heath's blue jeans. Neither of them said a word. Heath swelled further, the thickness of his crotch pressing firmly

against the softness of Leah's buttocks. Heath just kept squeezing her: firmly, rhythmically, gasping for breath in tandem with Leah's moanings and blasts of milk.

They danced in a one-two-three waltz: squeeze, squirt, moan; squeeze, squirt, moan. Leah unloaded what was surely an entire cup's worth of cream out and onto the forest ferns. When her spray slowed down to a dribble, Heath stopped and stepped back.

"Thank you," Leah said, hands shaking as she re-buttoned her brown flannel.

"Of course," said Heath, who went to get started on breakfast.

Leah went to go pee, and came back to Jasper sitting down for another Mountain House pouch meal.

"Oh, wow, your swelling has gone down some," said Jasper, tying up his ponytail.

Leah looked over at Heath and saw they were both blushing.

"Um, Heath helped milk me this morning," she said, joining the guys on the blanket.

"Oh," said Jasper dully.

"So here's how I see it," said Heath, steamrolling over the awkwardness. "Leah is in some sort of unknown medical situation. It's uncomfortable, and it's unusual, but it's not life or death. We're nearly as far from town as we can be, but we're traveling in a big loop and are getting closer with each step. I say we just move as fast as we can and try to make it back so that we can get Leah to a hospital." Heath looked over at Leah and Jasper's faces.

"Sure," said Leah.

"I find nothing to argue with there," said Jasper.

"That's a first," said Leah and Heath at the same time.

"Jesus you two," said Jasper, mouth full of Mountain House eggs. "You owe *me* a fucking soda."

Heath and Leah blushed again.

"Or at least some milk," Jasper said softly.

"Jasper!" said Heath, as Leah blushed further. "I'll have you know the milk went straight to the ground."

"Seems like a waste," said Jasper, as Heath gasped.

Leah laughed, but as she did so, she felt a warmth rising in her chest. A wetness forming in her pants. A stretching of fabric against flesh as once again, milk multiplied within her bosom.

She could already tell it was going to be a long day.

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“Hey, how’s it goin?” said the man.

“Good, how ‘bout yourself?” said Heath with a nod.

Jasper gawked while Leah blushed, her heart palpitating. The lone hiker had just passed them, going in the other direction, walking stick in hand and a smile on his face.

Leah was mortified. They’d been on the trail for nearly four days and hadn’t seen so much as a chipmunk, let alone another person. The last thing she expected to see was a stranger approaching them, even though she knew the Pacific Crest Trail was both public and popular.

What embarrassed Leah was that it was mid-morning, and already her breasts had swollen mightily, with droplets of milk already staining the front of her flannel. She’d been determined to keep hiking—marching, really—thinking that it was better to make as much progress as possible so as to make it to town faster, and besides, what did it matter if milk spilled down her shirt, since they were alone?

Except they weren’t alone. Any second now, Leah was sure another ogling outdoorsman would burst through the foliage and stare at her rack.

“Let’s take a break,” Leah snapped, stopping all of a sudden. “Please. I want...I need milked,” she said.

Heath paused. For a second, he frowned, but then quickly changed expressions. “Of course,” he said, warmly.

“I’m a little worried about that hiker,” Jasper said, looking back as the trio traipsed into the trees.

“I wouldn’t worry about it,” said Heath. “Though there’s bound to be more, as we get closer to the Fourth.”

Leah winced aloud. “I don’t want anybody else to see,” she said.

“Hey,” said Heath, turning around as they found a secluded grove. “Hey, it’s okay.” Heath took Leah’s hands in his and squeezed, his callouses pressing against Leah’s smoother skin. “When we restart, we’ll put you in the middle, with me in front and Jasper behind

you. We'll hike close together, and I'll warn you the second I see someone approaching so you have time to...shield yourself."

Leah nodded. Heath smiled.

"Are you ready?" he said, patiently, and Leah quickly unbuttoned her flannel. Heath and Jasper took their positions behind Leah, placed their palms against her swollen, aching bulbs, and readied their fingers and thumbs.

"Wait!" Leah said, though the delay was excruciating. "What if they hear me moan?"

Heath and Jasper looked at each other.

"Can you just...not?" Jasper said. Leah could've kicked him.

"Would...your gum help?" Heath said after a moment. "Something...for you to do with your mouth?" Leah could hear him add as flat an affect as possible, but it still sounded sexual as hell.

"Oh yeah," said Leah, who dove into her right pocket and grabbed a handful of shiny, silvery sticks. She unwrapped them, placed the wrappers back in her pockets (feeling the heat of Heath's judgeful, no-trace glare as she did so), and stuffed the sticks of spearmint into her mouth.

"Mogkay, goh," she said through the gobs of gum, and Heath and Jasper squeezed, streams of milk instantly squirting out from her nipples. Immediately Leah felt the need to moan, and she did so, she couldn't help it. But the gum muffled her moans quite a bit, and kept her mouth busy, giving her something to do while every inch of her body tingled with an electric-erotic energy.

As Leah moaned into her gum, she felt both men grow, their covered cocks rubbing down and across the cheeks of her buttocks. No one said anything about it, which Leah felt made it seem even more forbidden, which made it seem even hotter. Leah grabbed more gum and shoved it in her mouth, the gum almost becoming part of the fun, part of the game, or at least an interactive attempt for her to stay sane while her breasts and her boys drove her crazy beyond belief.

Fssst! Fssst! Fssssst!

The streams were longer now, and more potent, too, or perhaps that was just the eagerness with which the guys squeezed her nips. Either way, the narrow strips of milk shot out of her as if through the barrel of a water pistol, striking the forest ferns and making their fronds reel and wobble and furl.

They began to sway as a group, rocking back and forth with each squeeze, each propulsive expulsion of cream. Heath and Jasper started to pant, sounding to Leah like dogs in heat, and she almost offered them their own silencing sticks of gum, but her window of caring about their noise levels had been eclipsed by the suffocating sensuality of it all.

More and more they milked, and more and more milk did Leah give, ounces and ounces of the stuff, until two small puddles of creamy white pooled against the roots of their respective ferns, too much for even the highly permeable forest floor to absorb.

Finally Leah's twin streams slowed to two trickles and the trio turned quiet. Leah exhaled sharply from her nose, her mouth still stuffed with spearmint. She felt relieved, but also deeply, viscerally frustrated. She was sure the guys felt the same way: blue balled, as she'd so often heard back in college.

But, gentlemen that they were, Heath and Jasper unclasped her breasts. They had each shrunk a cup size at least—and lost at least a measuring cup's worth of milk. The guys stepped back and took deep, calming breaths, Heath forming fists and Jasper doubling forward and exhaling as if at a lamaze class.

"Don't say a word," Leah said after spitting out her gum onto the forest floor. She could feel Heath's disdainful grimace as she re-buttoned her flannel.

"Alright," she said. "Let's go." The boys snapped too, and the three returned to the main trail.



They stopped to milk Leah three more times that day, with an additional milking at lunch. Each time it took them slightly longer to expel all of her milk, and each time her breasts shrunk down to a slightly larger size than they'd shrunk to the milking prior, such that her flannel was nearly at the breaking point that it had been after her sex dream the night before.

For it was all very clear now: the more aroused Leah became, the more milk she produced. The problem being that she was in the middle of the woods, with little more to think about all day except for how bored she was and how hot her college crush companion was. Jasper complicated the situation too. She didn't know he was even capable of being attracted to her until yesterday, when she discovered that he was not only capable, but was actively, *physiologically* attracted to her. Boners don't lie.

It was thus a day of fits and starts, and by the time the sun had begun to set, all three traveling companions were more tired than usual.

“Well, we didn’t make it quite as far as I aimed for, but that’s okay,” said Heath, as he finished hanging their bear bag. “I suggest I take uh, first shift, as it were.”

“First shift?” said Jasper, as if Heath had suggested they run a mile.

“What do you mean?” asked Leah.

“Well,” Heath explained sheepishly, “given what happened last night, I figured, perhaps we should take turns...milking you, throughout the night. Or at least, be prepared to do so, if needed.”

They all stood in silence for a moment, digesting this suggestion.

“I can’t make you do that,” said Leah with a tinge of shame.

“Well,” Heath continued gently, “You wouldn’t be making me. And...I don’t want to wake up all wet again, either.”

Leah turned her head. The sun’s descent had quickened; it was but a flicker of red behind the blackening conifers. The birds had just finished their dusk chorus and were quieting down for the evening.

“I’m sorry,” said Leah, dewy eyed.

“No, Leah. You’re fine—” Heath started to say.

“You’re more than fine, is what he meant to say,” Jasper interjected.

“Shut up!” said Heath, glaring.

“Jesus, whatever. I’m going to bed. You take ‘first shift’ or whatever,” said Jasper, before pissily unzipping the flap of the tent and disappearing inside.

“What’s his deal?” said Heath, watching as Jasper raced to close the flap from the inside.

“He’s probably just tired,” said Leah, looking away from Heath.

“Yeah, well, we’re all tired,” said Heath.

“You did kinda snap at him,” said Leah, lowering her voice and taking a step away from the tent.

Heath followed. “Well, he needs to learn not everything is a joke.”

“He does it to cut the tension,” said Leah.

“What tension?” Heath said. Leah could’ve kicked him. Instead, she stepped further away from the tent and allowed Heath to follow.

She arched her back as she spoke, ever-sore from the ever-increasing weight of her chest.

“Tension because,” she hesitated. “This is all clearly very arousing...for all of us. Some more than others.” Leah had so much more to say, but she didn’t. Instead, she sat with the tension, watching as Heath’s face again began to match the red of the twilight sky.

“Well,” was all Heath said, stuffing his hands into his jean pockets.

“Look, if you want to stay up half the night waiting on me to...ruin your sleeping bag, fine. But last night was...different. I’ll be fine. And I’ll...I’ll aim towards Jasper,” she said. The two friends couldn’t help but smile.

“I will, just to be on the safe side,” said Heath. “I’mma go pee. But...sleep tight,” he said, before walking deeper into the woods.

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As it turned out, the night before was not different, but simply the new normal. Closer to midnight, Leah began to moan in her sleep. Heath sprang into action, gently nudging her awake.

“Huh, wha?” she said groggily, before looking down. Great gobs of smooth, milk-stained titflesh strained and pushed their way through the pregnant apertures of her top, and a thin but unceasing cascade of white poured out from her nipples and onto the sleeping bag below.

“C’mon, let’s get you up and out,” said Heath, firmly but gently. He unzipped her sleeping bag and clasped her hands in his, pulling forward.

“Ooohkay,” said Leah, rocking back and forth, struggling to rise against the weight of her breasts and the momentum of her milk. She finally lunged forward into her knees, then crawled up and out of the tent.

Heath zipped the tent closed and helped Leah move several paces north. The skies had cleared and a fat sliver of moon guided them with its glow.

“Okay, here’s okay,” said Heath, wishing he’d thought to bring his hanging light. Instead he fumbled under the half-moon, knuckles kneading Leah’s engorged boobs as he struggled to unbutton her, milk spewing out forcefully as he pressed into her flesh.

Finally her boobs flung outward with a *thwump*, a pair of leaking water balloons each bigger than Heath's head. He got into position, crotch to butt, and started to milk.

Immediately this time felt different. Leah was expressing even more milk per squirt, for one. The milk flew fast and far, each squeeze sending twin arcs of white into the black of the night.

A wetness formed between her legs and she struggled to stifle moans. Heath grew against her and the two began to rock back and forth, as if he were thrusting into her with each pair of squeezes. On and on it went, until at a certain point, cocooned within their sublime sensuality:

"Heeaeeth!"

Leah called out his name as if enraptured in orgasm. They both fell silent, frozen in a pregnant pause. Then, Heath quickened his pace, switching from squeezing both tits at once to milking one then the other in rapid succession, while Leah's moans rose in pitch and frequency.

Fssst! Fssst!

Faster and faster Heath squeezed her nips, and faster and faster did he thrust, ramming his rock-hard, denim-clad cock into the cotton-covered pudge of her rump. Leah was too turned on to be shocked, thinking only *more, more, more*.

"Huc—guh....Heeeaeeth!" Leah squealed it this time, flooding her pants as she orgasmed, fluid spewing from her pussy and tits all at once.

Heath sensed her climax and froze. He removed his hands from her breasts and slowly took a step back.

Leah turned around, the fever of her orgasm breaking. The flow from her milk slowed, shrinking from dribbles to droplets to a dry stillness. She looked to Heath. Beads of sweat dappled his brow, glistened against the moonlight. A thousand thoughts raced through her mind. The stillness of the night did nothing but quicken their flurry, and she felt that her heart beating in her chest must be the loudest sound from here to the sea.

Heath stood still as a stone and looked as if he'd rather pick his nose with Jasper's trekking poles than be the one to speak first. So finally, Leah dared:

"Thank you," she said.

"You're welcome, Leah," Heath replied. He looked as if he was about to say "thank you," right back to her, but instead said "we should get back to sleep."

Leah nodded, and quietly buttoned up her flannel, which was still a snug fit, but better than before. Thanks to Heath.

They walked back to the tent. Just before he crouched, Heath said, "I'll wake Jasper."

"No don't," said Leah.

"I need to sleep, and so do you," said Heath firmly. "But I doubt you'll make it til morning without needing...to be milked again. He can stay up and keep watch."

Leah didn't protest, both because there was a logic to what he said, and because she was growing sleepier by the second.

Heath crouched and unzipped the tent door and found Jasper waiting for them.

"Oh, hi, Jasper. You're—" Heath started to say.

"My watch. I know. I'm going for a walk," was all he said, before bypassing Heath and disappearing into the darkness.

Heath and Leah exchanged a concerned glance, but did nothing besides crawl back to their respective sleeping bags, meeting sleep within seconds.

3rd of July

If Leah had to guess, she reckoned it was around four in the morning when Jasper woke her up, twin streams of milk spilling through her top. It was dark still, but the birds had started to chirp. They climbed out of the tent—a task Leah was growing weary of—and walked far enough away to give Heath some peace and quiet.

Jasper was strangely silent as they fulfilled their new ritual. He said nothing as Leah unbuttoned her top, said nothing as he got into position, said nothing as he placed his palms against her swollen, leaking tits and pinched the milk out of them.

"Ow!" said Leah, after a particularly indelicate pinch.

"Sorry," said Jasper gruffly.

"Jasper, wait," said Leah, freeing herself from him and turning around to face him. "What's wrong?"

Jasper's pale face looked back at her, and despite the dim glow of the half moon, Leah could see the hurt in his eyes.

“Nothing,” he said, putting his hands in his pockets. “Can we get back to milking, please? I want to try to get what little sleep I can...”

“Jasper...”

“I’m serious. Can we please?”

They stood staring at each other, the sharpness of the silence like knives against their sleep-deprived thin skin.

“Fine,” Leah said curtly, turning back around. Jasper repositioned himself and began to roll his thumbs and forefingers down her thick nips, gentler than before. This session was far less sensual than her earlier one, however. She did not feel Jasper grow against her butt, and she found herself feeding off his negative energy, hardly mustering any instincts to moan, let alone squeal.

They milked for several minutes. Miniature puddles of milk pooled atop the ground. Leah could see them only because the tiniest suggestion of the sun had started to sprout from the horizon.

“I heard you call his name,” said Jasper suddenly, and Leah’s blood turned cold. The only sounds were the rising chorus of birds and the *Fssspt Fssspt!* of milk meeting milk.

“No response?” Jasper pressed, harder than he pressed her nipples.

“Jasper, I...what do you want me to say?”

Now Jasper said nothing, dutifully continuing his ministrations.

Leah sighed, knowing nothing had been smoothed over.

“It’s just hard always being second fiddle,” Jasper said, a thick layer of cold bitterness icing his words.

“You’re not second fiddle,” said Leah.

“No?” said Jasper, his words a whip.

“No, Jasper. You’re the one I first told about...this,” she said, gesturing to her lactating tits. “You’re the one who first called me about my...problems. We’re close, Jasper.”

“Not as close as you and Heath,” he said.

Leah fell silent again. The instant she thought of something further to say, Jasper spoke instead:

“Besides. I’m not just talking about...you.”

“Oh,” said Leah. She thought back to college, and to their pact. They’d both fallen for Heath—fast and hard. But Leah dating him, when Jasper couldn’t—and never could—it would’ve ruined the special triangle that was their friendship. So they made a pact: Leah would never ask Heath out, and if, by some strange, Pride month, Gay Hallmark Channel miracle, Heath asked Jasper out, he would decline. Heath, for his part, never asked Leah out nor found out about the pact. But, the pact worked. They stayed friends throughout all four years of college. All of them. Just friends.

Then they graduated.

Leah’s thoughts turned to graduation, and everything that had happened since, and suddenly, an icy bitterness spread inside her, too. She was tired of apologizing for things that weren’t her fault. Especially since she had enough things that *were* her fault to apologize for.

“Jasper, I don’t know what to tell you, honestly,” she said. “That was college.”

“Yeah, well, I guess we both have a lot of growing up to do,” said Jasper.

If Leah had one nerve more sensitive than the others, Jasper had just struck it.

“You know what, I can finish myself,” said Leah, stepping forward and wiping away tears.

“Leah, wait,” said Jasper, his tone melting.

“No, you know what,” said Leah, turning around to face him. “I can’t control that man’s sexual orientation. And neither can you. And you, you can’t even control your own sexuality!” Leah pointed to Jasper’s crotch. “And I don’t think it’s fair, just because you’re miserable, and refuse to move on, to make someone else be miserable as well.”

“I didn’t ask,” Leah continued, pointing to her still dribbling nubs. “For any of this. And neither did Heath. But you see him helping selflessly—”

“Oh, selflessly, that’s rich,” said Jasper, a tear rolling down his right cheek. “He fucking gets off on it too, just like me, and just like you.”

“Then what’s the problem!?” Leah screamed, exasperated.

“I’m the problem, I guess, Leah, I’m the problem!” Jasper shouted.

“Hey, hey, whoah, what’s going on, guys? Y’all are up with the birds!”

Leah and Jasper turned to see Heath approaching them, a startled look on his face.

“I’m going to get some privacy in this godforsaken forest!” Leah said, before marching north.

“Me too!” spat Jasper, moving east.

“Oh...okay. I’ll make us all some breakfast!” Heath said helpfully. This caused Leah and Jasper to roar with further rage, Heath furrowing his brow as he watched them disappear into the dawn’s early light.

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Heath tried valiantly to inject some conversation into their breakfast, but neither Leah nor Jasper accepted his many invitations. Eventually, he gave up, and a surly mood fell over all of them. The mood soured further as it started to sprinkle, and then pour, just as the campers started to hike for the day.

Leah grumbled and grimaced as a decidedly unsexy wetness formed atop her hair, across her fit-to-burst flannel, down her green shorts and bare calves, and onto her hiking shoes.

An icy rage continued building in Leah’s chest. So much so, that she didn’t notice how much her actual chest had continued to build up—and out.

Thwa-pip!

“Was that...hail?” Heath was shouting to be heard above the deluge of rain. He stopped suddenly and covered his eyes as he looked skyward.

“I don’t think so,” said Leah, also looking skyward in a momentary distraction from her rage.

“Why are we stopping?” Jasper groaned from behind Leah.

“I thought I felt hail!” Heath shouted patiently.

“Oh,” said Jasper.

Even standing right next to each other, the trio could hardly see each others’ faces, so thick was the rain.

“I guess it wouldn’t hurt to shelter for a spell,” said Heath. “I can spread out the tarp across some trees and we can stand under it.”

“Why didn’t you say so earlier?” Jasper shouted.

Heath ignored him but motioned for the group to follow him into the foliage.

Thwa-pip!

“See, that! I think it’s going to start hailing. We have to put up this tarp!” said Heath, unfurling the bunched up blue material from his backpack.

“I didn’t feel anything,” said Leah.

“Me neither. But. We should shelter,” said Jasper.

The three got to work, using rope and carabiners to build a makeshift shelter of a twice-folded tarp. They huddled underneath it, the large droplets of rain pelting their ad hoc roof.

“Well, maybe it was a false alarm. I guess it wouldn’t hurt for us to do—L...Leah!” Heath stopped talking to stare silently at Leah’s chest.

Leah looked down. She’d been so peeved at Jasper, so distracted by the rain, so tired from the hike, that she hadn’t realized that her breasts had swollen larger than ever before. They were two massive mounds of flesh, with a thin but constant stream of milk flooding out of each of her nipples.

Her stream had been disguised by the downpour of rain, but under the cover of the tarp, Leah’s deluge stood out. A steady pair of *fssssth blip* sounds added to the pelting of the rain as arcs of milk flew forth and dropped into the mud.

It was all contained by her flannel, but not for very much longer. For just then, Leah gasped. Two of her buttons—those at the outermost curve of her chest—were gone, creating a gap of chest-flesh that was straining ever-forward. Suddenly, she felt it, the swirling, swelling, sloshing of cream within her own chest, as the milk multiplied and with a *Thwa* sound, yet another button flew from her flannel and landed, with a *plop*, into the mud just outside their tarp.

“Aaagggh! Get it off!” she screamed, for suddenly she felt something else, too, the violent tug of fabric against flesh, the hurt of the heaving strain of growing self against straining sweater.

Jasper and Heath didn’t need telling twice. Each guy picked a side and pulled, with a deafening crescendo of *thwaps*, the bursting of buttons filling the air like the frenetic popping of bubble wrap.

Freedom! Out and out grew her balloons, her heaving, fleshy, milk-filled balloons, sacs of flesh twice as large as Leah’s head and more than twice as heavy. She bent her knees under their weight then finally collapsed to the ground, her breasts like two sand-filled airbags draping her thighs and flooding the forest floor beneath her.

“Leah!” shouted Jasper, strictly concern in his timbre.

“Are you okay?” said Heath. Both men were on their knees, squatting in front of her, fear on their faces.

“Guhh, I’m fine boys, I’m fine. But pleeeeeease, I need milking. Just MILK me, please. Just....drink me...use your mouths,” Leah pleaded, squinting from the pressure.

When she opened her eyes, she noticed Heath’s face had transformed. He no longer looked frightened. Or concerned. Instead, he was staring at Leah as if he’d just run a marathon in Arizona, and she was a lemonade stand. It was a look of unquenchable desire, and Jasper had it too.

Slowly, gingerly, Heath and Jasper reached forward with their hands, grabbing onto the plump middle part of Leah’s tits. Her areolas alone were now the size of what each breast had been just a day prior. Gripping each breast, the boys moved one ever-gushing breast towards their respective mouths.

“Oooh, uchhh,” Leah said, as she felt Heath and then Jasper latch onto a teat.

They suckled hard and fast. They had to! Her raging rivulets gave them no choice. The guys were bent forward, hands lifting her colossal sacs as her nipples—each one nearly the thickness and length of her four fingers pressed together—filled their mouths and puffed up their cheeks with her cream.

“Drink me boys, drink me!” Leah screamed against the thundering of rain over their heads.

Gulp gulp gulp gulp...

Drink her they did. Leah grinned with glee as she watched her boys swallow mouthful after mouthful of her milk, of *her*.

A familiar, sexy wetness formed at her pussy. She moved her palms against the vast expanse of her chest, over and across and under, under and around, all the way down to her slit.

A *schluk*-ing sound joined the chorus of gulps, and groans, and squeals and moans, as she fed her boys more, and more, and *more* of her milk. For that’s what they were, in that moment: they were *her* boys. *She was feeding her boys*. She needed them, sure, but just now they needed her just as much as she needed them. They’d formed a sensual, skin-to-skin singularity. Leah hiccuped and gulped and gasped. She *schluk*-ed *splat!* after *splat!* from her slit to the soil and gave ounce after ounce of milk, straight from her engorged tits into their eager, eager mouths.

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After nearly twenty minutes of nonstop suckling, the boys finally came up for air, panting like dogs after feeding like pigs. Slowly, the milk stopped streaming from her nipples.

Heath, Jasper, and Leah looked at each other. Their feeding frenzy seemed to have changed everything. Gone was Jasper's curdled mood. Gone was Leah's icy venom. Gone too was Heath's prudish restraint: plastered on his face was a look of slutty serenity.

The one thing that remained was the rain, but with a fresh perspective—and after five orgasms—Leah could see that Heath was right: the rain could be truly beautiful. Droplets of milk plinko'd their way down the bushy barbs of Heath's beard as he breathed. Several droplets slid down Jasper's sheer skin as he smiled. Both men sighed, contentedly, and Leah sighed with them.

It was like their fever had broken, a maelstrom made up of questions about who cared for whom more and in which ways, all swept aside by a flood of milk. A flood that had happily abated, leaving behind bellies full of cream and faces free of frowns.

"Wow. That. Was Awesome," said Heath, staring down at Leah's still engorged right tit.

"You can say that again," said Jasper.

"That was awesome!" said Heath, and the two guys high-fived.

"Okay boys," said Leah, grinning. "You've gotta help me up now."

They did so, cupping each of her breasts in their hands as they did so. They'd swallowed a huge volume of milk, but still, there was no question of her ever again fitting into that flannel. Not only was the thing torn to shreds, of course, but even after gulping down what felt like gallons, she was simply too large to be contained by any piece of clothing they had in their possession.

"Whoah," Leah said, wobbling forward from the weight. Her breasts, beautiful, smooth, and raindrop-shaped, would now each barely squeeze into a bucket from Home Depot.

"Here," said Jasper, running back and forth, bringing with him his trekking poles.

"No it's fine I don't," Leah said, before quickly changing her mind. Her bucket-sized breasts pushed her center of gravity forward, ridiculously so. Only with the trekking poles could she hope to stay steady. "Thanks," she told Jasper, who padded her gently on the back.

"Huh, ahem, okay," said Heath, wiping a dribble of milk from his chin with his wrist as he cleared his throat. "Well, that was fun, but, we should keep moving, since, uh, we really should try to get back to town."

Leah giggled, and Heath and Jasper stared back at her, brows furrowed.

“You...haha. Just look!” she said. They all looked, and they all laughed.

For however much milk Heath and Jasper had just swallowed, it was enough to give them Thanksgiving Day, four-helpings and three-slices-of-pie sized paunches, their bellies sticking out like bloated balloons.

They laughed some more as they tore down their makeshift shelter and made their way back to the trail, torrential rain pelting them all the while. The incessant wetness did dim their spirits after a while, but the team just grinned and bore it, deciding to curse the rain and not each other.

The three stopped briefly at lunch. Heath and Jasper couldn’t eat—or drink—anything else even if they wanted to, but they expressed Leah by hand, and even poured some into a canteen to give her a taste of her own milk.

“Mmm,” said Leah, after swallowing a mouthful. “I taste...so sweet.”

“Yeah you do,” said Jasper, patting his still gluttoned gut. The friends stood underneath the tarp, rain unrelenting.

“Much better than a protein bar,” Leah said as she finished off the canteen. “What’s wrong, Heath?”

For a puzzled expression had taken over Heath’s face, as he brushed off the excess milk against his blue jeans.

“Well, I don’t wanna be a buzzkill,” Heath said. Leah saw Jasper open his mouth then close it again. “But, it was surely the weird milk in the alpine cabin that made you...uh, this big, right?”

“Makes sense that that’s what caused it, yeah” said Leah, screwing the top back onto the canteen and fishing around glumly for a protein bar.

“Well, if the original...milk product caused you to grow this big, then I’m not sure we want to risk feeding...giving you too much of your own milk, in case, that also has...a similar effect,” Heath’s voice tickled off, replaced by the unceasing showers.

Jasper and Leah looked at each other.

“That’s a fair point,” said Jasper, a thick tinge of worry replacing the earlier weightlessness of eroticism. It was he who’d filled the canteen, pushing the container up to Leah’s flesh, watching as her fat, hard nub wobbled into the lip and flooded its insides with a trill of his fingertips.

“Well. We’ll just have to be careful. We have a ways to go still,” said Heath, his voice as steady as his gait. He walked up to the far corner tree and outstretched his arms. “Ready to get going?”

Leah and Jasper nodded, and they tore down the tarp and went back to the trail.

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Miles and miles and miles they trekked. Leah’s breasts swung like great, fleshy pendulums as she *squelched* her trekking poles in-and-out, in-and-out of the dirt-turned-mud-turned-swamp that was their never-ending hike on the never-ending trail in the never-ending rain. Same. Same. Same. What had once been a variety of noises—the trill of the Spotted Towhee, the choppy bark of the Stellar’s Jay—was replaced with the sameness of the rain. Ever pouring, ever the same. Even Heath struggled to tell the time, the only gauge for which seemed to be Leah’s swollen tits.

Tits that were becoming a problem. They would stop every couple of hours and express her by hand, but by midafternoon, that didn’t seem to be enough. After an extra-long milking session, the team resumed hiking. Not twenty steps in, Leah gasped. All three watched as milk streamed steadily from her naked nipples.

“It’s...fine, just...leave it,” Leah said, as Heath and Jasper looked at each other and back at her. They’d just spent nearly an hour milking her by hand—moans and all. They filled each of their water canteens with her milk, and even swallowed several more mouthfuls—bloating their bellies even further. Still, it wasn’t enough. It was never enough. As insatiable as they thought their lust was, they had a limit. But Leah didn’t. Or at least, her breasts didn’t.

“It’s like that fucking *Mean Girls* meme,” shouted Jasper, above the din of the rain. “The limit does not exist!”

Leah frowned, and Jasper took a step towards her.

“It’s a joke, girl! It’s ok, we’re gonna be okay!” he said. Still, Leah’s frown remained, and she looked to Heath, who sighed as he put on his metaphorical nurse’s cap

“Are you in pain?” he asked, looking at her leaking nubs.

“No,” she said, truthfully. The pressure was fierce, and growing, but it wasn’t painful.

“Then let’s keep going,” Heath said decisively. “We’ll have one more sleep in these woods, but we should make it back tomorrow.”

“Thank gaaawd,” said Leah and Jasper in unison, as onward they marched.



“The Romans would be proud,” Heath said with a grin. He, with Jasper’s help, had constructed what they’d begun to refer to as a “milk-cquaduct”. Cutting their tarp into two large strips, they created two funnels through which Leah’s milk could travel. They’d pitched the tent at an angle, and unzipped a small hole in the tent flap, through which they placed the ends of the tunnels.

“Does it work?” asked Leah, lying on her back at an angle, torn fabric tied in gentle knots around her nipples to keep the tarp in place. She felt the milk bursting through her bosom, had felt it for hours. She only hoped the stream would flow all the way down and out of the tent.

Heath and Jasper squatted at the tent flap, watching, waiting, eager.

“Haha!” said Jasper.

“Yes!” said Heath. They stood up and exchanged another high five. Leah wasn’t sure what to think of their newfound bonhomie. They hadn’t bickered in hours.

“It works!” said Heath, crawling into the tent. “I think we’ll get some sleep tonight.”

Leah wasn’t so sure. As Heath and Jasper settled into their sleeping bags on either side of her, she thought about how much she’d rather her boys not simply next to her, but *inside of her*.

“Ooh,” she gasped. The mere thought of being fucked by the both of them at once was enough to send an extra large shot of milk splashing out of her nipples.

“What was that, Leah?” asked Heath. He rolled over to face her. His mouth...perched perilously close to hers.

“Sleep tight,” Leah said decisively, eyes wider than ever.

“Sleep tight,” said Heath, rolling back.

“Sleep tight,” said Jasper.

The rain poured, the milk rolled, and Leah sought to squash any thoughts she had of fucking, or sucking, or any such things.

4th of July

It was a level of horniness Leah hadn't felt for years. But fuck, she felt it. Felt it all through the night. Felt it in and out of consciousness. She felt it in the swelling of her breasts. She felt it in the pushing up and out and through of her milk. She felt it in the hole between her legs. She felt the emptiness inside her, as much as she felt it in the fullness.

Perhaps worst of all, she felt the horniness in the forms lying next to her. In Jasper. In Heath. She couldn't know whether their dreams returned to the same, orgiastic vision as hers,, but she could feel the erotic energy of their bodies, could feel their needs, could feel the snores that should be groans and the wheezes that should be moans.

Finally, after a grueling night of longing, she felt a stirring by her side. She cocked her head and locked eyes with Heath, the whites of green eyes the only thing visible in the pitch black tent.

"Still raining, huh?" was all he said, a stage whisper above the still pelting precipitation.

Leah's lips wobbled and a tear formed at the ridge of her nose.

"What's wrong?" Heath said, sensing if not seeing her displeasure.

"I'm...so horny," Leah breathed, as if asking Heath to help her put on her oxygen mask.

"Oh," said Heath, his voice intoning that he was not on the same flight as Leah.

"I'm sorry," said Leah, tears fully flowing. "I'm just. I can't sleep, like this, and I...I need a release."

"Leah, you..." Heath paused, fortifying his voice with kindness. "You need a doctor. I don't know what's going on, and I'm sorry if I...we got carried away. But, um. Look, you, feel free to do what you need to...do, to yourself, I won't judge."

"I can't reach," said Leah.

"What?" said Heath, surprised. Leah heard him fumble around in the dark, then blinked rapidly he turned on the hanging light.

"What's happening?" Jasper mumbled.

"Jasper, look!" said Heath. And they all three looked, seeing what Leah had been slowly, frustratingly, mesmerizing experiencing through the long night:

Her breasts had engorged beyond belief. Still topped by tarp, they heaved atop Leah's chest as she had decided to sleep underneath two tents instead of merely inside one.

“Holy shit,” said Jasper, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

Heath carefully unfurled the top wraps of the tarp to expose Leah’s bare flesh, and his eyes widened further. There was just such a wide expanse of flesh stretching up and out; her areolas had widened to be bigger than her backpack, and her nipples were as thick as her fists, shooting off a constant—and rather thick—stream of milk down the length of the tarp and out onto the ground outside the tent. It seemed a miracle that their milk-quaduct had held all through the night, though that seemed to present a problem of its own.

“We should’ve milked throughout the night,” said Jasper.

“Yeah well, live and learn,” said Heath, thinking.

“Uhffffiii,” cried Leah, as if in pain, but Heath knew well enough by now to know she was not. Or at least, not the typical kind of pain.

“Please, milk me,” she cried. Heath and Jasper looked at each other. The question on everyone’s mind was not what to do, but how to do it.

“Bring me to the t–tent door,” said Leah, doing the thinking for all them. “Then, pr–press against me, express it out of me.”

Her boys nodded and followed her instructions. Heath quickly unzipped the front flap. Then he and Jasper each grabbed a breast, their wingspans barely able to reach around each tit’s smooth, shapely circumference. They squeezed, and heaved, milk squirting out with great force and splashing up to the ceiling and down to their faces and fingers and arms and chests. They lifted with their knees and back and upper arms and heaved and pulled with all their might. Leah screamed and reached towards the front of the tent, straining with all her might too.

“Gaaaaaaah!” Leah shouted as they finally plopped her onto her knees, twin creeks of milk flowing forth from her knuckle sized nubs, one bloated breast after another *Splat!* *Splat!*–ing against the already milk-soaked mud. The pair of human udders filled the entire entryway of the tent.

“Huh, phew,” said Heath.

“Jesus fuck,” said Jasper.

They were both doubled over, panting and gasping from the efforts.

“Boys you aren’t done,” said Leah. “Please, I need miiiilked.”

Heath stood up straight and Jasper slowly followed, crouching slightly so as to not hit the top of the tent.

“So we just—” Jasper started to say.

“Don’t be gentle,” Leah yelled.

The boys looked at each other and shrugged anxiously. The bent forward and pushed their hands against the mass of flesh.

“Guhhh,” Leah moaned as she felt Jasper’s smooth hands and Heath’s hard ones press against her new, shiny skin. “Harder,” she said, angrily, realizing even with her breasts at a new angle, she could not quite angle her hands around low enough to reach her slit.

Heath got down on his knees and Jasper followed his lead. Heath made fists of his hands and held his arms out, stiff and solid in front of his face. Then, as if holding a solid metal slab, he pushed himself forward, kneading his knuckles and forearms into Leah’s right breast.

“GuhHHHuuuuuuh!” Leah groaned wildly, and a veritable geyser of milk shot out of her right teat like a rocket.

“That’s it,” said Heath. His voice was deep, focused. Hard. Leah doubted it was the only part of him that was hard.

Jasper blinked twice and mimicked Heath: knuckles, forearms, knead:

“GuhHHuuuuuuh!” Leah groaned again, another milky rocket shooting forth from her left teat.

As they’d done several times before, Leah’s boy got into a rhythm. Heath would clench his fists, straighten his arms, and dive into the soft, pillowy flesh of Leah’s right breast, practically body slamming her. She’d moan wildly, unleashing an outrageous splash of white into the black night. Jasper would do the same, to much the same effect. On and on they went, their milking reaching new physical strain and even greater sensual rewards. Leah felt her slicing the night sky with her shrieks, feeling ever stronger that as much as she needed releasing, she also needed filling...

But not yet, it seemed, *still* not yet, she thought, losing her patience even as she orgasmed from her lactation alone, moaning and swearing as her boys slammed again and again into her teats and painted the brightening sky with her milk.

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Spuluck!

Leah uncorked her right trekking pole from the muck, her underarms and the top of her back aflame from the weight of her breasts, each bigger than buckets.

Her boy's body blows had slammed enough milk out for her to walk again. Barely. The going was slower than it had been all trip. After an hour it felt like they were drowning in raindrops.

She was a one woman, liquid Hansel & Gretel, leaving a heavy trail of milk with every step. Her streams were constant and thick, cream meeting mud and forming white cloudy pools atop the black ground.

The team had stopped conversation altogether. They knew their goal, they just had to grit their teeth and go. The cabin was only a half-day by foot. Under normal circumstances.

Nothing about this was normal, least of all for Leah. She was sure whatever had altered her breasts was also altering her brain chemistry. She'd had sexual thoughts about the guys before. Loads. But not like this. She ached to be felt, to be fucked, to be filled by her boys. Needed it, each step without it a drag. No, not a drag. Torture.

They hiked through lunch, which should've been when they reached their destination. It wasn't. It felt like they had an eternity yet to go. But they stopped for nothing. It seemed like they were becoming nothing. Like they were fading away into the rain.

Yet far from nothing, Leah was still growing. Her nipples protruded further in front of her. Her nubs grew thicker across. Her secretions gained intensity, the milk barreling through the air as if from a fire hydrant.

She felt as if she was going through withdrawals, but not from her technology, nor from her shopping sprees. It was a withdrawal from touch, from cocks, from milking and throbbing, kneading and thrusting. Her mind was as hot and bothered as her body. The rain worsened her mood but did not extinguish the fire of her lust. If anything, the blankets of water washed away all distractions. Her body, her mind, her very existence became an accelerating feedback loop of growth and desire.

"Guuuuh," Leah called out, her spraying sacs of flesh swelling evermore as she did so. She stuck both trekking poles into the mud and stood still. She watched helplessly as her breasts pumped quart after quart of cream onto the ground, her geysers turning the puddle beneath her feet into a pond. The liquid lapped at her hiking boots and climbed towards her shoelaces.

Her breasts expressed so much volume. All by themselves. Yet even as they did so, they grew even more. Growing outward, growing heavier, become a bigger burden on her back as she wobbled underneath their weight. Out, up, but also down, down did the

pendulous sacs grow, diving towards the ground. Leah's hands shook violently, involuntarily, from the effort of simply trying to stay upright. She felt herself practically drill the trekking poles aground. She felt she could collapse into the mud at any moment. It took every ounce of strength not to flop forward onto her fleshy firehoses.

"Help!" she cried out, finally, knowing her boys could hardly hear her above the rain.

Heath turned around and grimaced. Jasper had fallen behind her, but caught up to her after she'd paused.

"Shit!" said Jasper. "What do we do?"

"Jasper, hold her up and keep her steady," said Heath, and Jasper snapped to it, gliding in between her and Heath. He scooped up as much of her breasts with his hands and arms as he could, doubling over and grunting with the effort. Leah let herself feel a smug sense of satisfaction over how much stronger she was than him.

"I'm going to run ahead to the cabin," Heath continued. "It can't be that much further. They'll have a phone. I'll call 911, then run back here and we'll help Leah get to the cabin." He and Leah stared at each other, both pairs of eyes filled with concern. A half-second of hesitation. Heath then turned and disappeared into the rain, the squelches of his sprinting filling the air for only a moment before being displaced by the rain.

Jasper looked into Leah's eyes with much the same concern. She knew she was practically drowning his legs with her milk, ounces becoming quarts becoming gallons as the seconds turned to minutes. Her swelling stopped but the milk did not. They said nothing, and Leah saw the look of panic on Jasper's face grow as big as her tits as time crept on. How far was the cabin? Where was Heath?

Then out of the rain Heath sprinted back, wordlessly grabbing one of Leah's spewing tits.

"They're on their way," Heath shouted. "Let's go!"

A giant, geysering tit for each of her boys. Jasper held her right tit and Heath her left, milk drenching their crotches and legs. Leah aided their movement with the trekking poles. The team made progress in fits and starts, clumsily climbing the incline like some sort of spider. The boys moved backwards, fumbling with the force and flow of her boobs. Leah moved forwards, wrestling with the pull of her sexual urges.

A half hour later and the cabin was in sight. Leah felt herself relax. Yet her urges grew. With no ambulance in sight, she felt a thought swell up inside her, much like the milk swelling up in her tits. It was the same thought that had been building up all week, and she felt it grow into an uncontrollable vocalization, building in the back of her throat and leaving her lips like a lion's roar.

“I want you to fuck me,” she shouted, as they approached the steps of the cabin.

“What?” said Jasper with a shriek.

“Both of you!” shouted Leah. “I need you to fuck me!”

Through the rain Leah could see Heath begin to short circuit, as if he was actually a robot and the water had made its way to his mainframe.

“Careful up the steps,” was all he said instead, and Leah dropped the trekking poles and held onto the railing. The now six-legged spider of friends climbed precariously up the small set up cabin steps and through the door, which Heath had left open.

Leah gasped: Heath must have singlehandedly moved the bench seating, the table, and the bunkbeds. The furniture was all lined up against the wall. In the center of the cabin, meticulously arranged, was a mass of mattresses.

“Let’s set you down here,” Heath said, softly, barely audible above the din of the rain atop the roof.

Heath, Jasper, and Leah turned awkwardly, milk spewing all the while. White carpeted the cabin floors as her milk flooded through the door, across the porch, and cascaded down the small set of steps. Heath and Jasper slowly lowered Leah onto the mass of mattresses. They let go, and her breasts flopped, splaying across either side of her chest, milk flooding out of her and instantly reaching either end of the cabin, flowing under the table, cresting the wall, breaking against the legs of the bunkbeds and merging again on the other side.

Heath grabbed a pillow out of his backpack. He ran toward her and placed it under her head, helping prop her up against the weight of her waterbed breasts, which had once more begun to swell up and out, creeping off of the mattresses and onto the floor.

Leah grabbed onto Heath’s arm tightly.

“Fuck me, please!” she said, a furious horniness flashing across his face. He blinked and shook his head, ripping his arm out from her grip.

“Where is the ambulance!?” he screamed, running back to the phone which stood by the lime-green fridge. He dialed. “Yes, I called a half hour ago. We have a medical emergency! A severe allergic reaction! What do you mean? *Well try faster!*”

Heath slammed the black trimline back into the wall mount.

“Some fucking idiot got his hand blown up with fireworks!” he yelled. “They said it’ll be hours! Fucking bumfuck town!”

Jasper angled himself to catch Leah's gaze. They'd never seen Heath this upset.

"Heath, calm down," said Jasper.

"How the fuck am I supposed to calm down!?" Heath screamed.

Leah felt like they'd stumbled into Opposite Day.

"Heath!" Leah called out. It was like magic. Heath took a deep breath, then quietly climbed onto the mass of mattresses, above her growing masses of breast, and stared calmly at her face.

"What is it, Leah?" he said, softly. "How can I help?"

"Heath," she whispered, "Please. I need you to fuck me. It's connected, Heath. It's all connected. The hornier I get, the more I grow. I need release!"

Heath looked down. Leah's breasts were each bigger than a mattress now, blobs of boob that were crawling across the floor, pelting the walls with their flying fusillades of milk.

Leah reached up and touched Heath's crotch with her hand. He groaned in shock. He was hard as a rock!

"You're asking how to help. This will help. Please," said Leah.

"Ok," was all Heath said. He ran to the other side of her breast and began to unzip his jeans.

"Whoah!" said Jasper. "Are...are we doing this?"

"YES!" said Leah and Heath in unison.

"Okay!" said Jasper.

"Leah's in charge," Heath asserted, and Leah instantly felt a wetness form between her legs.

"Damn straight," she said with a smile. *Large and in charge*, she thought. Finally, finally, her dream could come true.

"Heath, guh," she started to say. It was all so overwhelming. She could feel every single inch of her growing flesh as it crept across the floorboards of the cabin. Each brush against the boards felt like an excruciating, one way ticklefight. They were twin treehouses now, her breasts, and the firehoses of milk were powerwashing the walls with white.

"Heath," Leah began again. "Undress. Yourself. And me. And then fuck by pussy."

She couldn't see over the walls of tits, but could hear Heath scampering to take off his clothes, and then felt him gingerly unzip her own shorts.

"Jasper," she said, struggling to breathe through her excitement.

"Yes Leah?" said Jasper. She could hear the hesitation in his voice, the hurt, the feeling of being a third wheel.

"Come here," she commanded. Jasper stood towards her legs. He ran to the wall, squeezing between it and her wedding-cake size nipple. He made it to the other side and crouched near Leah's head. She saw her milk had sprayed him fully, from head to toe, thick white cream dripping down from every surface of his skin and clothes. Yet she also saw the brick between his legs.

"Come here," she said again, and Jasper crouched closer, inches from her head. She felt the scraping of her tits against wood, Heath's hands shuffling off her shorts, the heat of Jasper's breath against her face.

Leah tilted her head up, Jasper closed the gap, and they kissed.

"I love my boys, *both* my boys, so much," said Leah. She could see a tear forming in Jasper's right eye.

"And I need you both to fuck me. Can you do that?" she asked, and Jasper nodded. The evidence was already there. Boners don't lie.

"I need your dick in my mouth," said Leah, and Jasper's eyes grew wide as saucers. She'd heard him share too many Grinder date details to know how much he loved a good blowjob. Without hesitation he stripped out of his pants, and pulled his Mewtwo boxers down to the floor.

His engorged cock sprung up, thick and glistening with precum. Leah licked her lips. Oh, how she wanted it. Needed it.

"Guh," she said, with a bit of shock. Heath was fast at work down below, pulling down her panties. Above and around them was the incessant din of rain on roof and milk splattering walls.

Jasper stood up and turned to face away from Leah, placing his feet on either side of her head. He began to crouch, pivoting his hips to aim his cock at Leah's now gaping mouth. Leah felt the throbbing, sticky tip of Jasper's cock enter her mouth. Somehow, at that exact moment, she also felt the throbbing, sticky tip of Heath's cock enter her pussy. She moaned with pleasure. Her boys were filling her!

They moved deeper inside of her. Jasper's cock was longer and wetter, great gobs of precum already filling her mouth as she sucked and moaned and groaned. Heath's cock was far thicker, her pussy practically pulsing as each inch moved deeper inside her.

The boys were wet, of course, soaked not only from her milk but from the rain outside. Leah hardly noticed. She was wet too, after all, and the slit was simply growing wetter.

She did notice that the rain pelting the cabin roof grew thinner and thinner, just as Heath began to thrust harder and harder, and Jasper began to bob up and down, expertly fucking her face as Heath fucked her pussy.

Leah saw stars, so good were her boys' cocks.

"Uh, uhh, uhhh, uhhh, uhhh!" she squealed as her holes were filled and fucked. Her nipples made more milk still, practically peeling the walls with the force of her expulsions.

Boom! Crack!

In the distance, Leah heard fireworks. The rain had stopped, and the show had started.

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uhuhuhuuh," Leah squealed faster, more frequently, before finally, like an explosion of fireworks herself, she came, flooding Heath's cock with her pussy-juice. She heard him grunt approvingly and began to ram her harder. She heard both of her boys groaning and grunting, more and more, faster and faster. They were close. Perhaps they could time it just right.

Fwomp! Fwump!

Her tits, slowly creeping across the floorboards of the cabin, finally met the far ends, hitting up against bare wall on one side and a row of furniture on the other: table and benches and bunkbeds. Her nipples, thick as beech trees, pushed into the hard surfaces and sprayed frenetically.

Creeeeeeeeeaaak!

Her breasts billowed out further, and her left breast pushed the furniture down towards the door and further against the wall. Her breasts grew, her boys fucked, and she came, again and again and again.

Her boys' grunting reached a fever pitch, and she felt Jasper's long cock tighten against the wall of her mouth and Heath's thick cock tighten against the walls of her pussy. They filled her with cum. She *gulp, gulp, gulped* as Jasper shot wad after wad down her throat, and bucked and squirmed her legs as Heath filled her hot, tight wetness with load after load.

Not a half-second later did it happen.

Leah's rate of boob-growth exploded. The vast, fleshy base of her breasts ballooned outward at a rate that made Leah literally dizzy. Milk gushed out of her in furious jets thicker than tree-trunks. Her nipples grew thicker, and longer, all faster than Leah could feel it happen.

She heard Heath and Jasper, still in their post-nut haze, shriek and clumsily unsheath themselves from her holes. She felt as more and more of her boobage pressed against more and more of the world around her: every expanse of wall, and floor, and ceiling; she felt and heard her left boob press against the phone and yank it off the wall mount, its dial tone quickly muffled by the rumbling, sloshing sound of her hulking mass of mammary.

She heard Heath and Jasper scream and run down the steps of the cabin rather than be crushed underneath her colossal chest. She felt as every inch of cabin became filled with her boob and her milk, and began to panic as milk pooled against her hair, and cheeks, and forehead, and mouth and nose.

Creeee-Creeaaak!

Her view was entirely occluded by her own breasts. But Leah could hear, and feel, as her breasts tore into the very foundation of the cabin itself. Her left nipple tore through the left wall of the cabin, her areolas bursting through the interlocking logs like bullets through tin cans.

Her right breast pressed against an eave of the cabin and cleaved the roof from the wall, before flouncing forward and crushing the wall as if it was made of cardboard.

Leah's cum-filled slit flooded her legs again and again as she felt her ever-flooding flabs of flesh gain strength and grow more and more.

Her breasts shredded through the rest of the walls and roof, flopping onto the ground and growing up and out. The milk flew away from her face and she could breathe. She gasped for air and it came, miraculously. The rest of her body was but a small dot, the bottom tip of an ever-filling water balloon attached to a supersized spout.

Each of her nipples were larger than Heath's car. She could feel them filling the night air with sprays of white.

"Leah, Leah are you okay?"

It was Heath, from somewhere far enough away to be safe, but just close enough to be heard.

Leah yelled as loud as she could, hoping her bosom formed a sort of echo chamber.

“YES!” she said, as another orgasm racked her body.

“You’re amazing,” shouted Heath, his voice full of shock and awe. “You’re...you’re part of the fireworks display!”

Leah thought back to the old man at the general store. *The big show in town just got their white colored fireworks*, she thought.

And with that, her growth stopped.

Her milk flowed on. On and on and on, shooting out of her like rockets, spirals of white flying high into the sky before crashing back down into the trees.

After Leah had stopped growing for a few moments, she heard two figures approach her.

“Leah, are you still okay?” said Heath. He stood outside the wall of boob that had blinded but somehow neither crushed nor suffocated her.

“Yeah, how are you doing?” asked Jasper.

“I’m fine,” Leah shouted. *More than fine, really*, she thought.

“Uh, good,” said Heath. Leah sensed a stiltedness in his voice. An awkwardness he wasn’t explaining.

“Because, uh,” Heath continued. “The paramedics are here, and, uh, we don’t really know what to say.”

Leah blinked. And laughed. She laughed softly at first, but then began howling, wheezing at the absolute ridiculousness of the situation. She could only think of one thing to say, really.

Milk: it does a body good.

4th of July, One Year Later

“Wow. I still can’t believe they rebuilt it.”

Heath stood, arms akimbo, gazing upwards. Freshly laid tiles, the color of sawdust, lined the outer wall of the cabin.

“I can’t believe nobody pressed charges,” said Jasper, straightening his sunglasses. They were sorely needed: 89 degrees, and not a cloud in the sky.

“Yeah well, when you give a small town the best damn fireworks show they’ve ever seen, they tend not to ask questions,” said Leah. She wore a medium sports bra and a brown flannel to shield her arms from the sun. She pressed her hands into her empty pockets and kicked at the dirt.

“Nice thinking, Heath,” she said. “Having one last trip, for old time’s sake? Shall we go in?”

The roommates climbed the steps and read the inscription on the newly minted plaque.

LAC

Loggers Alpine Cabin

Historical Re-creation

Please be mindful and avoid use of fireworks!

They all laughed. Heath opened the door and let the others walk past him.

“Well, good advice I suppose,” he said. “And hey! This isn’t one last trip. This is...another trip. We—” here he stared hard at Jasper while shutting the door behind him, “are *all* going to do a better job keeping in touch.”

“Why are you glaring at me?” said Jasper, slouching into the log bench of the dining table.

“I’m just saying, just because we...won’t be living together anymore, doesn’t mean our relationship has to change,” said Heath, sidling up to the dining table alongside Jasper. Leah was walking around, looking at the already dingy mattresses.

“God what IS all of ours relationship?” said Jasper, gesturing towards all three of them.

“It’s messy,” said Leah.

“And SEXUAL,” said Jasper, causing Heath to abruptly start coughing.

“But it’s also resilient,” said Heath, wheezing. “It can be rebuilt, like this cabin,” he continued, before hacking again.

“Yeah, yeah, get your own after school special, chokey,” said Jasper.

“Heath do you need a drink?” asked Leah, walking toward the kitchen.

“No,” coughed Heath, violently clearing his throat. “I’m...mmmhm. I’m fine.”

“Leah, what are you doing?” asked Jasper.

“That’s too bad,” said Leah, ignoring Jasper. “Cuz I found one.” She closed the fridge door, holding an 8 ounce glass bottle labeled “LAC DRINK.”

“Leah!” said Jasper, standing up at once. “Don’t you dare! What are you doing?”

Heath sat frozen, his eyes growing wide as saucers.

“Please, boys,” said Leah. “Would you deny a girl a drink? Just a sip? I’m so thirsty.”

“Heath!” said Jasper, halfway between the table and kitchen. “Stop her!”

Heath squealed like a cat, clearly torn. Then: “May-maybe just a small sip wouldn’t hurt.”

“Heath!” Jasper screeched. “They just rebuilt this cabin!”

“But it’s so resilient,” said Leah. She unscrewed the top, tipped the lid to her lips, and chugged. 💜