

Lily closed her eyes and sighed heavily into her ham and cheese sandwich. The start of her third college semester had started off just as boring and uneventful as the last two, but she figured she should be used to that by now. For as long as she could remember, Lily's 20 years of life had always been plain and boring; nothing terrible, but nothing really exciting either. She sat at a table alone in the campus cafeteria, her brain bouncing between thinking about her psychology major and her average appearance.

Growing up, Lily doubted whether puberty was even a thing that existed for her. Sure, she grew to her perfectly average five-foot-eight, but the rest of the pieces never moved into place. She would always joke that her parents had named her 'Lily' despite never blooming even a little. The expression 'flat as a board' was something that she didn't even like saying. She has seen plenty of boards with more pronounced curves than hers. Fashion wasn't exactly her forte either. One of the disadvantages she discovered years ago was that when you don't have the body to fill out the pretty dresses, they tend to just slide right off of you. She had resigned herself to a life of plain t-shirts and skinny jeans for most of her teenage years, and it hadn't changed much now that she was 20.

She got up from the table and walked over to the trash so she could toss her paper bag. Next to the garbage area was a bulletin board that already had a few posters and flyers on it despite being so early in the term. People used it to promote things like party plans, study meet-ups, and even the occasionally brave soul shooting his shot with one of those sheets where you could rip off a tab with his number to call him for a hookup. The students were all pretty chill, so the campus didn't mind people posting whatever they wanted. Lily glanced over to see if there was anything that would add some excitement to her boring day. Someone, either really brave or really stupid, had already posted a hookup sheet.

But wait... Lily stopped to take a closer look at the sheet. None of the strips had been torn off yet, but this was for something completely different. 'Hypnotism and mentalism demonstration'? Some guy named Simon was trying to find people to practice party tricks on. Lily put her hand to her chin, reminiscing about her cousin's 8th birthday party. Instead of a clown or character, her uncle had hired a hypnotist to entertain the party guests. She couldn't remember much, but the one thing that had always stuck in her mind was her grandfather who walked with a cane being hypnotized at the end of the show. The old man had been able to stand up straight and even do a back flip, but once the hypnosis was released he went back to being just a hunched-over old man. If nothing else, that moment had always convinced Lily that hypnosis could be real if done right

Lily looked at the sheet for the time when this guy wanted to do his little demonstration, then up at the clock on the wall. There were about two hours before the time posted on the flyer, which was plenty of time for her to get back over to the dorms. Instead of taking one of the slips from the bottom, Lily took the whole sheet off the board and headed for the shuttle to the dorms. She wasn't sure what this little show would entail, and she wanted to avoid having an audience in case this guy made her do anything weird.

The college campus was conveniently set up. On one end, you had the classes and sports areas, and on the other end, you had the boys' and girls' dorms. The whole setup was arranged around a central shuttle system that had free buses that traveled along a big oval-shaped road that had a big park in the middle, almost reminiscent of how New York City had Central Park. While the boys' and girls' dorms were separated, there wasn't any rule that members of the opposite sex couldn't spend time, or even the night, at the other dorm as long as there was no disturbance reported from something like a big rowdy party. Lily was lucky in that she managed to score a dorm room all to herself, but she often wished she had some friends to be able to invite over. The shuttle driver was kind enough to wait for her to drop her bag in her room before she headed over to the boys' dorm to meet this hypno-dude.

Lily found the dorm room easy enough. The boys' and girls' dorms were both modeled after those types of road motels you see when you travel or go to the beach for the weekend. The only difference was that the dorms were 5 stories high, much taller than your average Surf Inn or whatever. Lily laughed to herself. This room was placed in the mirror opposite spot of where her room was, and it even had the same room number. She knocked on the door and waited. She hoped being a few minutes early wouldn't throw this guy off. After a minute, she knocked again and was met this time with a muffled "Sorry, I'll be right there."

The guy who opened the door had a relieved smile on his face with his eyes closed, almost like he didn't expect anyone to actually show up. "Hey there! The name's Simon! Nice to meet you.. You.. all..." Simon's smile left quicker than it had taken him to come to the door when he saw just Lily standing by herself, holding his invitation in its entirety in her hand. He looked back and forth from her face to the sheet, clearly disappointed that his plan hadn't gone as well as he had hoped. "Well, come on in, I suppose. Just take your shoes off if you don't mind." Lily quietly followed him inside and gently closed the door, taking a moment to glance around.

Simon's room was almost as plain as hers, and it looked like he had hit the college jackpot himself by also getting it all to himself. In the middle of the floor was a low table and a circle of cushions, clearly prepared for a group of at least five or six people to show up for his little show. "So," he started, "you thought it would be fun to play a prank on the hypno-nerd, right? Took the whole sheet all for yourself so no one else would come? You wanted to laugh at me privately, then tell all your friends about it with no one to say you're lying?" Lily shook her head. "Oh no, not at all! I'm so sorry! I saw no one else had taken a slip yet, and I thought I could save myself some embarrassment if it was just me. I really do believe in hypnosis and wanted to see what you can do."

Simon looked into Lily's eyes, saw she was sincerely telling the truth, and then let out a big breath. "Sorry about the big accusation. Lemme start over: I'm Simon. I'm 19 and doing my second semester here for chemistry, but I have a big passion for hypnosis and mentalism. I was hoping to meet some new friends to help practice the things I've been trying. You can only do so much on your own, y'know?" Lily nodded. "I'm sorry too, I know it must have looked fishy, and you were probably hoping some prettier girls showed up instead of just plain old me. I'm Lily, by the way, it's nice to meet you, Simon."

Lily told Simon the story about her grandfather being hypnotized when she was younger and how she always believed that it was possible if the right person was doing it. Lily wasn't very athletic herself, but she wondered if she could be mind-tricked into doing something cool like a back flip or even a cartwheel since she had never done one herself. Sitting on the floor across the table, Simon nodded throughout her whole story and smiled when she asked about what she could be 'tricked' into doing. "You've got the perfect mindset for this, Lily. That's the first step. You're exactly right: hypnotism and mentalism aren't some kind of special magic; they're tricks. Specifically, they're about tricking your mind into what it thinks is possible and what's not. You've heard of the phrase 'mind over matter,' right? Or the placebo effect? Both of those concepts are very close to how hypnosis works. By fooling your brain into believing things it knows shouldn't be possible, or even a mental block that a person has placed on themselves through something like trauma, you can extend the ability of what they're able to perform while they're in a hypnotic trance. I've even read that there are post-hypnotic triggers you can set up to happen in response to certain stimuli, like making someone quack like a duck when they hear a bell ring exactly three times."

Lily was growing even more excited listening to Simon explain all the details. What had started as a curiosity from a childhood memory was growing into something that seemed like it could work out. The way Simon explained it, hypnosis worked best on two types of people: the first was people who are already gullible and will believe most things you tell them. They're great for party tricks because you can make them do all sorts of silly things for a cheap laugh. The second type is, as Simon put it, people who are really smart but believe it can work. These people are often seen in hypnosis-based therapy for things like quitting smoking or overcoming PTSD, and they work with a lot of long-term post-hypnotic suggestions that last for an extended period.

The two talked for hours, discussing the basics and how to practice them. Lily even brought up how her psychology knowledge could factor in and boost success, something Simon hadn't even considered. As the night stretched on, Simon asked if there was anything quick Lily wanted to try before she went back to her dorm for the night. "Well, my grandfather doing that back flip has always stuck out in my mind. Can we try something simple, like making me athletic enough to do that? We're on the first floor, so it shouldn't bother anyone if I make a hard landing." Simon nodded and got up to get something from the other side of the room, then he sat back down and held out a lighter in his hand. "To help induce the trance state, I'm gonna move this flame slightly back and forth. I want you to focus on it and the sound of my voice very closely, okay?" Lily nodded and took a deep breath, then stared at the little fire intently. "I'm going to count down from ten. As I count each number, you will feel a tired heaviness slowly build throughout your body, starting from the tips of your toes and reaching up to your eyes. When I get to one, the flame will go out and your eyes will close, but you will still be focused on my voice. Your body will be persuaded into believing whatever I tell you, even things it thinks it shouldn't normally do. I know what you're capable of; your body will listen and follow what I say. Do you understand?" Lily nodded slowly, her eyelids already heavy. As Simon began to count, her body slowly started to slump while staying upright. Eyes transfixed on the light in his hand, Lily's eyes slowly closed until the flame went out, and they shut along with it while she maintained a slow, steady breathing. "Now," Simon started, excitement creeping into his voice

from how well this was going, “I want you to stay in this trance, but raise your left arm.” Eyes still closed and breathing still steady, Lily’s body slowly raised its left arm into the air. “Good, now listen very closely: the joints in your left hand are incredibly flexible. Your fingers have more range of motion than you’ve ever thought possible, even individually. I want you to close your left hand into a loose fist, then, as if you were stretching out all five fingers for a high-five, extend just your left ring finger to its full height without moving any other finger.” Lily’s hand slowly moved just as Simon said, first closing into a fist, then stretching out her single finger as if it wasn’t held back by the other tendons in her hand. Simon’s eyes lit up, trying to keep his excitement in check. “Now, relax your hand and put your arm back down, but as you do, picture that strength and flexibility spreading throughout the rest of your body. You’ve always been that flexible. Your body can do things that gymnasts practice their whole lives for. On the count of three, I’m going to clap my hands, and you’ll awake from the trance. Your body will maintain its flexibility until you look into my eyes and I clap my hands twice. Here we go. One, two, three!”

Simon gently clapped his hands together, and Lily rose and looked around. “Well, I feel like I just took a long nap. Did it work? Was I hypnotized?” Simon nodded. “Not only were you hypnotized, you’re still in a post-hypnotic state until you look into my eyes and clap twice. Go ahead, stand up and do a back flip right now.” Lily looked at him skeptically, but he seemed so confident. She slowly got up, stepped away from the table, and proceeded to do a standing back flip that would put even the most experienced athlete to shame. As she stood up from her landing, she raised her arms into a pose reflexively. Her eyes widened as she realized what she’d done. “Oh my god, I did it! You did it! You made me do it! This is amazing! What else can I do?!” Simon, also excited, forced himself to be the calmer one. “Hold on, hold on. Let’s not get too crazy. I just made your body think it was more flexible than it is, and it listened to me. Here, look into my eyes and I’ll undo hypnosis.” Lily begrudgingly listened, and after Simon clapped his hands twice, she seemed a little deflated like a balloon a few days after a party. “Don’t look so down,” said Simon. “You’ve got an incredibly receptive mind for hypnosis. Honestly, I didn’t think it would work nearly that well. Tell you what: meet me back here tomorrow, same time, and think about what other sort of things you want to try. At the end of the day, it’s still your body, and I don’t want to force anything weird onto you that you’re not sure of.” Lily cheered up at how courteous Simon was being about this whole thing. He didn’t seem like some freaky hypno-nerd, just a guy with a hobby he was really passionate about. “Okay, sounds great! Thank you so much, Simon. I’ll see you tomorrow!”

Lily browsed the internet, looking for ideas of what she could be hypnotized into doing next. Some basic searching for hypnosis examples led her to a few more simple party tricks: things like people quacking like a duck whenever they heard a bell ring, or not being able to move their hand from a table. Digging a little deeper, she discovered case studies of people who used hypnosis for therapy to quit smoking. One woman was hypnotized into thinking that any cigarette she put to her mouth turned into a worm, and that lasted for months until she finally quit. While Lily didn’t have a smoking addiction, she made a mental note about the long-lasting effects as well as the duck one. Maybe something that could build up over time, but she just wasn’t sure what. As she searched more and more, Lily eventually found herself on a hentai website. While Lily wasn’t completely asexual, her smaller features seemed to also come with a lower sensitivity and sex drive. She didn’t dislike the idea of sex; she wasn’t a prude. It just so

happened that she had never really felt any sort of stimulation, and it wasn't for lack of trying, either. As it stood, Lily was more of a casual enjoyer of the art and stories she found in some doujinshi. It turns out that with horniness taking the wheel, you could get some interesting ideas. As she scrolled through the textbook examples of girls being hypnotized into having sex, she found one that caught her eye. A woman with a similar situation to hers, with lower sexual sensitivity, meets a guy who was able to hypnotize her into feeling good. Obviously it ended in a steamy sex scene, but Lily was more focused on the implications. Could she have Simon trick her body into actually feeling pleasurable sensations? And why stop there? Could she trick her body into growing some actual curves? Lily browsed a few more of the substantial titles that mentioned hypnosis, writing down notes to bring to Simon tomorrow. Hopefully, he would be down to try them out...

"You want me to do *what*?" Simon asked, looking at the list of notes Lily had handed him. Lily just looked back at him, her face like a child asking to go to Disneyland. "It's not really all that perverted, even if I did get most of the ideas from looking at porn," Lily said. "I just want to see if I can make my body more like how I want it to be. You don't understand Simon, I've never grown in any direction other than up. There was this one girl I went to school with, I forgot her name, but she hit puberty before the rest of us at age eleven. By the time she was seventeen, she could only be described as what everyone called her: The Titty Monster. I watched her for years, wanting just a fraction of the magic she had, but it never came to me. I've been 'Unblossomed Lily' my entire life. But after seeing how you made me do that flip yesterday with zero practice or training, I think this is something you can pull off!" Simon smiled a little from her praise, but deep down, he was also smiling because of how passionate she was. Just like how he wanted to prove he could do hypnosis, she wanted to be hypnotized. No one had ever asked him for this before. He wanted to try and make it happen. Looking down at Lily's notes, he brought his hand to his chin, clearly thinking hard and trying to think of the most direct way. After a few minutes of silence, he turned back to Lily. "Okay, I have an idea. Part of my chemistry course had us learn about the makeup of hormones. When the body goes through puberty, or other types of situations like how adrenaline gets your blood pumping, it creates and disperses those hormones. If I use that as a base suggestion, we can trick your body into a kinda second puberty, but one that's more controlled with how you want it to affect you." Lily nodded. "Okay, but I want it to last for a while, like the long-term smoking lady. If it works, I can just have you break the trance like yesterday once I've had enough." Simon looked back at the paper. "All that leaves is the trigger to make it happen. It should be something that can't accidentally happen too much, but enough to control it and make it work. A bell ringing might be a little too common and hard to control. We don't want any potential hypnotic overdose, for lack of a better term." He closed his eyes and thought for a moment. "Oh, I've got it! When I had you in your trance yesterday, I made you stretch your left ring finger farther than it normally would have, but I kinda came up with it on the spot since being left-handed is so rare. What if we made it so every time you see or hear someone snap their fingers, but with their left hand, it triggers the hormones to flow?" Lily jumped up. "That sounds like a great idea! Okay, I think that's everything. Let's get me hypnotized!"

Simon went through the same steps and successfully put Lily into a hypnotic trance. He went through the instructions like he and Lily had planned: Whenever Lily saw or heard

someone other than herself snap their fingers with their left hand, it would trigger her brain to release a wave of hormones that would promote growth and sensitivity in her chest. He wasn't sure how well something like this would work, but he did his best to give the instructions with complete confidence. Simon wanted to make sure that Lily's body listened to him better than it listened to itself, which technically, since Lily came up with the idea, was almost like he was helping hijack her own body. He couldn't be sure, but as Simon counted to three to set the post-hypnosis, he could have sworn he saw Lily's entranced face smile a little. As Lily stretched from her little trance nap, Simon couldn't help but smile too. "Okay," said Lily, her eyes lit up once again. "Let's get started! Snap your fingers and let's see if it worked!" Simon put on a fake serious face. "Alright, here it goes," he said dramatically, playing into her excitement. He stretched out his left arm and snapped his fingers loudly. The two of them stared at each other for a moment, then down at Lily's chest. They couldn't tell if it had worked. Lily ran her hands up and down the front of her shirt. She still seemed as flat as the table in front of her. Simon snapped again, and then a third time. Lily continued to fondle her verticality, hoping to feel the slightest curve, but to no avail. Simon tried to put on a brave face. "Here! I'll keep trying!" He snapped his fingers a few more times before Lily reached out and grabbed his hand. "It's okay, Simon. I knew this was too good to be true. I just got so excited after the back flip, I thought it could work. Sorry for wasting your time. I'll make it up to you, just lemme know if you wanna practice any more realistic hypnosis stuff. I'm gonna head back to my room." Before Simon could say anything, Lily had slipped her shoes back on and was heading out the door.

What Lily and Simon hadn't taken into account was that hormones needed time to generate and disperse. After Lily went back to her dorm room in a depressed slump, she went straight to bed. As she slept, her chest rose and fell gently with each breath. As the night went on, her chest fell less and less. It slowly pushed up against her sheets until her boobs developed into a small handful. Lily woke up in the middle of the night, thirsty and needing a drink of water. As she paid back into bed and pulled her sheets up, her hands brushed against her newfound curves. Her eyes snapped open and she turned on the lights, practically ripping her shirt off her back. She looked down and couldn't believe what she saw: breasts! Nothing amazing, but compared to her flatness mere hours ago they may as well have been mountains! She reached up and groped one of her boobs and was met with a pleasant sensation. Not quite an erotic tingling, but it definitely felt good! Lily quickly realized that the growth was time delayed, of course it was! This wasn't some hentai where you could just snap your fingers and giant tits appeared. Lily tried to think of how to capitalize on her success. She didn't want to stop with two little bumps that wouldn't even fill out a training bra. As she tried to craft a plan, her exhaustion got the better of her and she fell back asleep. As she drifted off, she resolved to come up with a plan to make the most of her new situation

Lily yawned as she sat in her early morning psychology class. Not only was she not a fan of this time-slot, but her mind was focused completely elsewhere. Specifically, it was focused on her chest and how she could make it more substantial. As she racked her brain trying to come up with a way to get more left-handed snapping in her life, she started to mutter quietly to herself. After a few minutes, her professor took notice and singled her out, shaking her out of her daze with a few quick loud noises. "I'm so sorry to interrupt you, Miss Lily. I'm sure whatever you're saying to yourself is very important, but you're disturbing others in my already

difficult-to-focus early class. I don't like that the University stuck me with this early time-slot either, but so help me, I am going to keep every one of you focused so I can prove that I deserve better times. That includes you, Mister Dylan. Keep those eyes open!" Lily watched, and her eyes widened as she remembered that her professor was not only left-handed, but the loud noises he used to keep the class focused were him snapping louder than a dog trainer. Unlike the rest of her class, Lily was suddenly very focused on her teacher, watching for the rest of the lecture as he stopped and snapped at students dozing off over a dozen times. With no classes for the rest of the day afterward, Lily rushed to the bus to get back to her dorm room. She rushed inside, jumped onto her bed, threw her top off onto the floor, and waited.

With hormones already flowing through her system, Lily's growth started much quicker this time. Her breathing grew heavy as she did her best to keep her hands off her chest for as long as possible, watching as it visibly swelled with each breath. "Oh my God, it worked," she whispered as she slowly reached for her boobs. "I have boobs now. They're big enough that they can rightfully be called 'boobs'!" As they continued to grow, she slowly groped them and let out a moan that surprised herself. "Oh wow, they feel even better than I thought they would. I wonder if..." She slowly moved her fingers across her just to brush against her nipples. She gasped loudly from the sensation. She groped herself even harder as her breasts pushed back against her fingers, the effects of her professor's efforts to keep the class in line still running rampant in her system. After a while, she took a break from her newfound mounds to address another new sensation to her: her pussy was wet for the first time in her life. Like a baby deer standing for the first time, she slowly reached her shaking hand into her panties. Her finger brushed against she now-swollen clit and he let out a shocked scream before quickly covering her mouth with her other hand. She had never experienced anything like it before. It felt even better than groping her boobs and playing with her nipples. She grabbed her laptop and quickly flicked back to the hentai site that had fueled the thought that made this possible, a new concept on her mind: porn focused on breast expansion. She had never considered it before, but her pleasure-fueled brain sought more. She clicked through titles with one hand, the other furiously fingering her pussy with the other. The excitement of having breasts, the new pleasurable sensations she had never felt before, and, most importantly, thoughts of how to take it even further were the only things on Lily's mind as she threw her head back in pleasure. Riding the wave of her first-ever orgasm, her hand kept working. Alternating between her swollen clit, her soaked folds and her newfound breasts, she rode the excitement and aftershocks into another climax, and then another, and another. The pleasure wasn't enough to distract her from her other mission, though: flipping through as many doujinshi as possible to come up with a new list for Simon. As her sixth straight orgasm soaked through her panties completely, she threw them into a corner of the room and clicked on another title that caught her eye. After reading a few pages, Lily came faster and harder than she had all night, screaming as she squirted like a porn star. As she rode out the high of her seventh climax, she thought to herself of the best way to convince Simon to hypnotize her again so she could emulate the image on her laptop screen: a girl with boobs bigger than her head and leaking milk like a cow.

Simon couldn't believe his eyes as he stared at Lily standing in his dorm room the next day. "It worked. I can't believe it. Just a few snaps did all this?!" Lily shuffled, embarrassed. "Not exactly. It turns out my psych professor is left-handed, and the way he gets everyone to focus is

to snap his fingers. He's pretty good at it, you should see him." She laughed. Simon nodded. Of course, it made so much sense. He could only imagine how much snapping it would take to keep an early morning class focused on psychology. "What about the other part of the hypnotic suggestion? Do they ummm... Feel okay?" he asked nervously. Simon wasn't sure how to approach the subject of how sensitive Lily's newfound breasts felt. He'd never had a girlfriend before, and he had only known Lily for a few days. Lily sensed his discomfort and did her best to put his mind at ease. "They feel great! For the first time in my life, I feel like a real woman. I'm not just a flat-chested girl that people mistake for a guy anymore, I actually feel like a woman, and it's all thanks to you!" She hopped over and gave Simon a big hug, which he did his best to return without looking like a total dweeb. "Well, actually, there is one thing that I wanted to ask you about, if you wouldn't mind another hypnosis session..." She slowly handed Simon another piece of paper. He read it over and then read it again to make sure he didn't misread it. "You want me to hypnotize you so that you produce milk when you're aroused?!" Lily nodded quickly. "Please, it would only be for like a day, and then you can release it! I thought about how womanly I feel now, and I kinda wanted to try it. I was so flat before I never even thought it would be possible, but now I want to experience it for myself." Simon hesitated, but her logic made sense to him. She had spent her whole life with nothing, and now she was able to do whatever she wanted. Plus, this was something she came up with herself. It wasn't like he had pushed some horny fantasy upon her. It was just like he said after the first hypnosis: it was her body. "Okay, but first let me just undo the growth suggestion. I don't want anything weird to happen if they're layered on top of..." "No, don't!" shouted Lily, surprisingly Simon with how forceful she was. "I mean, it'll be fine. I don't have my next psych class for a couple of days, so I shouldn't run into any unexpected problems. I just keep thinking about The Titty Monster from high school and I don't want to turn this off just yet. You've helped me grow into the woman I want so much, but I'm not ready to turn it off yet, please." Simon sighed. If that's really what Lily wanted, he had to respect her wishes. He pulled out his lighter and started the hypnosis.

Lily gave Simon another big hug before leaving for the library. She had one thing to return before she could head back to her dorm room and see if Simon's new suggestion worked as well as the first. The bus ride from the dorms to the library on campus was a little crowded at this time of day, and Lily was attracting a few stares. Her old wardrobe wasn't exactly equipped for her new assets, and in her excitement to show Simon how well their efforts worked, she had squeezed into a t-shirt that didn't exactly fit properly. Lily was shaken out of her thoughts by the whispers of a couple of girls across from her. She recognized them as one of the prominent lesbian couples on campus, always holding hands and making out in plain sight of everyone. While Lily was straight herself, she did find the couple's passion cute and endearing. The girls blushed as she smiled at them before they went back to a hushed conversation. Lily could barely make out the word 'bigger' and suddenly realized they were talking about her newfound boobs. Lily started to turn red herself from embarrassment as she realized that as time went on, she was attracting the gazes of even more people. She crossed her legs and looked off to the side, trying not to look at anyone in particular. The more she thought about it though, the more she realized she shouldn't be embarrassed. She looked great for the first time in her life, and she was happy about it. Her mindset slowly turned her embarrassment into arousal as she thought about the cute lesbian couple and everyone else gawking at her body. As Lily's face

flushed with a renewed redness, a new sensation welled up in her breasts. Lost and thought and not fully noticing the new feeling in her chest, Lily was snapped back as the couple across from her gasped loudly and stared pointedly at her chest, not bothering to hide their gaze anymore. Lily looked down to see two wet spots slowly growing on the front of her shirt. She gasped. The new hypnosis had worked, and this time even better and faster than before. The realization only fueled her arousal as the wet spots grew not only on her chest, but in her panties as well. Lily did her best to cover her boobs as the bus reached the library stop and she rushed off the bus to a secluded spot behind the library building.

Checking around to make sure no one had followed to check on her, Lily lifted the front of her shirt to see creamy white drops forming from her nipples. She noticed for the first time just how full her boobs felt, and she wrestled with the intense desire to milk herself. Looking around one more time to make sure she was truly alone, Lily slipped off her panties from under her skirt, put one hand on her clit and another on one of her nipples. She pinched them both hard and immediately came, her moaning muffled by the shirt she was holding up with her mouth. Her nipples both squirting from the orgasm more intense than any she experienced last night, Lily swapped the hand on her clit to squeeze her other lonely nipple before taking her other hand and fingering herself furiously. With her body not used to the level of pleasure she was experiencing, her orgasms came fast and hard over and over until her vision went as white as her milk that she was spraying everywhere. After cumming for what felt like forever, her vision finally returned and her orgasms subsided, aftershocks shaking her legs and causing small jets of milk to leak out. Lily looked around and thanked both her luck that no one had heard her and her foresight to move any clothing out of the path of her intense squirting, both from her pussy and her boobs. She slowly regained her composure as best she could, made sure her leaking was at a minimum, and put her panties back on and her shirt back down. She rushed into the library to return her book, determined to head straight back to her dorm to continue to fuck herself blind again.

As Lily walked into the library, she was met with an unusual source of noise from the back of the room. Despite wanting to get back to her dorm room, the bus would be another few minutes, and her curiosity got the best of her. She maneuvered her way to the edge of the crowd, where she could see some sort of cute little slam poetry event going on. Sitting on a pillow was a cute girl dressed in clothes that looked like they belonged in another decade, reciting poetry while gently tapping on a small drum. Lily got swept up in the energy until the girl finished her poem with a little drum-roll and a bow. Lily's enjoyment of the moment was suddenly cut short by a sound repeating throughout the crowd: everyone snapping both hands instead of applause. The color in Lily's face drained as she looked around; there had to be about twenty people here, and they were all snapping over and over with their left hands! Lily rushed out of the library and onto the waiting bus. Too panicked about the potential oncoming public indecency, this bus ride was not nearly as horny as the last one had been. Thankfully, it seemed like Lily had this particular bus to herself, and she tried to relax and prepare herself for what was about to come. Simon had snapped six times after her initial hypnosis, and she got her small, budding breasts. Her professor had snapped about a dozen times, and she had ended up with these decent-sized, albeit now milky, boobs. And just now in the library, there had been at least twenty people all snapping like it was going out of style. She hadn't even been

able to think about counting them all. Trying to wrap her head around it, the panic and anxiety eventually simmered down into her new natural state: arousal. As the bus pulled up to her dorm, Lily slowly walked to her dorm room, her legs shaking from the thoughts filling her head. She opened the door, shed her clothes in one smooth motion, and slowly made her way to the bathtub. As she finally sat down in the empty tub, she felt her boobs start to fill with milk from her growing arousal while also slowly starting to grow once again as the hormones flowed through her. No, she thought to herself. These won't be boobs anymore. These are going to be giant milky tits, and I'm going to be The Titty Monster.

Lily squeezed her breasts, thinking how this would be the last time they fit in her palms. This would be the last time they fit in anyone's palms. *That* little thought made her pussy quiver. Lily moaned as they grew in her hands, visibly spreading her fingers apart. She groped and squeezed the tops and sides of her breasts, taking care to steer clear of her sensitive areolae and nipples. Not just yet, she thought to herself. Gotta pace myself, this is gonna go on for a long time. Droplets of milk formed again on her nipples, but still she slowly edged herself by just groping her growing boobs. She moved her hands to the tips of her chest, slowly tracing circles around the outside of her areolae. She shuddered and felt her pussy grow wetter, but still she restrained herself as she continued her efforts. After a few minutes of building the tension, she took a deep breath and then wrapped her entire hands around her nipples. With the amount of hormones actively coursing through her system, the pleasure was immense. Outside the library when she pinched her milky nipple for the first time, she had just cum hard. This time, squeezing both of them as hard as she could, Lily squirted without even touching her pussy. She moaned loudly as she came hard, milking her tits like the udders they were becoming. Juices flowed constantly from her needy slit as her nipples sprayed milk in every direction. Opening her eyes, Lily looked down at her milk tanks and grabbed one with both hands, shoving the nipple into her mouth. She moaned and sucked at her teat, marveling at how sweet her milk tasted. Her one hand returned to milking her other breast but with her other hand freed by her mouth, she plunged it deep into her soaked pussy. Lily came over and over again, not knowing where one climax ended and the other began. Her nipple shot milk directly down her throat as she sucked, the arousal from it alone refilling her tits faster than she could empty them. She took a quick moment from fingering her G-spot to switch which milky nipple she was sucking on. With her adjustment set and her one hand back to milking her tit, Lily took her free hand and alternated squeezing and rubbing her swollen clit. A side-effect of the massive amount of hormones flowing through her body and her unrivaled arousal, Lily's clit had swollen to the size of a small grape. As she pinched it, she gasped, almost losing her grip on the nipple in her mouth before redoubling her suction to make sure it didn't escape. In addition to its growth, her clit had increased in sensitivity. Lily realized in her milky arousal haze that it was effectively now a button that made her cum. She did the only thing that made sense: grabbed it with the same strength and milking motion that she was using on her nipple. Lily moaned loudly into the breast in her mouth as she squirted from her pussy with a force to rival her tits. As her climax continued without ebbing, she screamed, and her breast fell out of her mouth. Deciding to focus all her attention on the new biggest source of pleasure, Lily stopped milking herself and shoved her hand deep inside her pussy while the other continued to furiously play with her engorged clit. She was rewarded for her efforts with another round of chain orgasms that flooded the bottom of

the tub underneath her with so much girl-cum that she felt it rise underneath her faster than it drained out of the tub. The realization only made her cum harder and her tits surged with one final wave of growth as they sprayed their milk with a renewed vigor. The last conscious thought that Lily had before she passed out was that her tits had stopped growing, and she would have to do something about that...

Simon stood outside Lily's dorm room with his phone in one hand and his small light in the other. He had gotten a text from Lily earlier that just read 'Come to my dorm room. Bring your lighter.' With no other details to go on, Simon was worried something bad had happened. Why did she need him to go there? He slowly knocked on the door, and was answered with Lily's normal, friendly voice. "It's open, but close the door behind you quickly when you come in." Taking a deep breath, Simon opened the door and quickly stepped inside to the dark room that awaited him. As he closed the door, the lights turned on, and Simon was met with a completely unrecognizable Lily. She was completely naked, but it was no wonder because he imagined she couldn't possibly have a shirt large enough to cover her top anymore. With breasts the size of her head, she had truly become The Titty Monster that she had told him about. Beads of milk formed endlessly on her nipples and slowly dripped onto the floor. While he normally tried to preserve Lily's modesty, it was clear to Simon that she no longer cared and his eyes were drawn down to her swollen clit. He swallowed hard. "Simon, before you say anything, I just wanted to thank you and reassure you that this is what I wanted. You helped me see that my unhappiness with my body could be fixed with simple 'mind-over-matter' and now I'm so much happier. But as you probably guessed by now, since I asked you to bring your lighter, that it's not enough for me." Lily looked at the growing bulge in Simon's pants and licked her lips hungrily. "Here's what you're going to do for me. You're going to put me in one last hypnotic trance, one that makes it so none of them can be undone. You're going to make it so the skin on my giant tits is as sensitive as the inside of my hungry pussy. You're going to make my huge, milky nipples as sensitive as my giant, throbbing clit. You're going to make it so that every time I cum, my nipples cum milk and spray everywhere. You're going to make it so that my drooling pussy flows with thick, wet girl-cum nonstop. You're going to make so that every time I orgasm that my pussy squirts everywhere, just like my giant milky tits. And you're going to make it so that when you drink my milk, that delicious looking dick of yours never goes soft. And then, Simon, when you finish with all those hypnotic inductions, you're going to latch your mouth onto my nipples and suck like your life depends on it, because my tits have grown so big that I can't fit my nipples in my mouth anymore. You're going to snap your fingers over and over and over again. You're going to keep snapping your fingers until my tits are as big as prize-winning pumpkins that pin me to the ground. And then you're going to take your cock and shove into my needy pussy. You're going to fuck me, and suck me, and grow me until we both pass out and when you wake up you're going to do it all over again. Do you understand?" Simon simply nodded and lit the flame of his lighter.