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The Impromptu Disappearance of Sophia Jones

By Keliadom

Ah, you're here. Thank you for meeting me as agreed. I'm really sorry to take some of your time, but it's something that I've needed to get off my chest. A confession of sorts. One with which I'll need your help. I don't know how much longer I can bear with what I've seen, what I feel I've become. It's about Sophia. You remember her, don't you? Blue eyes, freckles, hair the color of wheat down to her neck, usually kept out of her face with a hairband. Yes, the one that you know. Quite lively, yeah? But when's the last time you saw her? About last year? See, this is what I came to talk about. You know of how infatuated I used to be with her. I know: I was never her type of girl. But it didn't matter to me: I respected that. I just appreciated being around her. Hearing her voice, seeing her smile, feeling her hands on my own when we laughed.

Not a week passed by without me passing by her place; always after announcing myself, mind you. But, those first two weeks where she wouldn't pick up the phone had me immensely worried. At first I thought she might have gone on a trip that I didn't know about, but no one could confirm that. My thoughts switched to self-depreciation: maybe she had grown tired of me, maybe she suddenly wanted me gone. At the height of my panic, three weeks later, she finally picked up. Her voice on the other end was immediately strange to me: her usual sprite-like joy was absent. The change was subtle, but I noticed it. I invited myself over to her place, with the intent of checking up on her. You know where she lives, right? It's that quiet wooden house, the one that smells of pines, just out of the suburbs.

When I arrived, I found I could just enter, her door not just unlocked, as it usually was, but eerily ajar. I found her right there in front of me, in her cozy living room, sitting on her couch with her head the only thing poking out of an inordinate pile of bed sheets that covered her entire body. I went and opened the windows, the room smelling slightly closed-in. With barely concealed zeal, I joined her side, concerned and worried. I asked her longingly how she was, distressed at her appearance: her hair was unkempt, her eyes just a bit baggy with circles of tiredness readily apparent. She said she hadn't felt well lately, so had elicited to stay home. She apologized for her state, the room's and her mood. Of course, I

wanted none of it. So after requesting she stay there, I prepared her some tea, a proper lunch and such.

Nothing a friend wouldn't do, right? Although my concerns weighed heavily, I was mostly happy to see her functional. It had been so unlike her to stop reaching out. You know how outgoing she usually was. My time with her turned out to just be a quick hour, not wanting to intrude. After being certain she had all she needed, I left her there with a promise of being back to check on her the next day. You would have done the same, I'm sure, had you known her as I did. The entire time I was driving back home, so many little details started nagging at my brain: All the windows had their blinds shut. Why was she hiding under the blankets? How long had she been there really?

When I arrived the next morning, I found Sophia in the same spot, resting, the plates of food I had brought her on the ground by the sofa and her self still buried under the bed sheets. I waited by her side until her eyes opened.

She smiled. That same smile I had missed oh-so-much in just three short weeks. "Thank you for coming back," were her words. I couldn't hold myself and just immediately embraced her. That's when I found out. I felt my own breasts hit an enormous mass under the blankets, pillow-like but warm. But before I could even ask a question, her face had turned beet-red, hiding her eyes behind her delicate hands.

—*Sophia, what the hell was that*— I think were my first words that day to her. With the carefulness that we know of her, she stood up and let the drapes slide down her body, revealing it in its entire nakedness... if not for the immense shapes hiding her torso: two elongated, very slightly misshapen and oval breasts larger than anything I had ever seen on this planet. Right? I can see your eyes. You know like me she used to be flat as a board. Seeing her usually lithe body overtaken by these was a shock. I approached her and embraced her again, but this time holding back tears of concern. I could feel her own on my shoulder. I had to reassure her.

Taking a step back, I again checked her condition. I asked her if it hurt. She shook her head, putting her hands under one of her breasts, lifting it in a way that had it break and hang down from her holding point, asking me to feel them. I tell you: I had never, ever felt a human part so heavy. At first, I tried lifting just one with my right hand, my fingers pressing into her fat, puffy and overtly protruding semi-sphere shaped areolas at the bottom. I swore I could feel the milk glands, like grape vines. Then, trying to continue my lift, I felt resistance: they were just too heavy for me to lift, no discussion about it. I looked at her skin near her collarbone, stretched inordinately since it was obviously struggling with the new weight. Across her milk white skin, starting from the top, strong web of blue veins could be seen criss-crossing all the way down to the sides, by times disappearing to leave

her skin pristine, only to reappear in greater number the closer to the breasts hanging ends, all blue lines eventually fading near the milk glands. Hard to believe, isn't it? I can see you're surprised, but well, it's just the same as I was then.

She took my hand then and sat me by her side. The two mounds of breasts bunched up in the space between her legs, so plump with inner rigidity they kept their elongated, oval shape, even horizontally. I just felt so bad for her... and so guilty. Why? Well... you'll see. It's part of why I felt I needed someone to confess, why I thought of you. I... we need help. Let me first tell you what she told me.

I couldn't stop staring, but she didn't mind. Placing a hand on my own, she recounted the past few weeks. It started just two days after she had stopped taking the pill. Yes, the monthly one. She had been wanting to change a while, and hadn't felt that well with the one she had been using. At first, it was but a tingle, just a strange discomfort. But... well I know it happens to you guys too during puberty, but for us it's the same: you remember how super charged you felt? How perky your nipples became? That's how she felt, but anew. A bit strange for a woman in her late twenties. But no matter: her areolas just suddenly blew up the size of her fist, swallowing her nipples... for a day, before her teats pushed out again, followed in the next two days by not only rapid growth of breast tissue, but over sensitivity. That's when Sophia confessed to me: she had stopped going to work, spending the next six days going to and from the kitchen and bathroom, eating, staying clean and masturbating. A simple brush of the finger over her tips was enough to get her going.

I was so red. I had never heard such things out of her. But... this is where I failed. This is where the troubles began. While Sophia continued telling me how guilty she felt, how wrong it made her feel, I on the other hand felt a growing obsession deep within my core, fueling my desires as I leaned towards her, taking her breast closest to me with two hands, lifting it then dropping it on my own lap. The slapping sound it made echoed in the room. I don't think I had ever felt my own clitoris so hard. She didn't show the smallest hint of disapproval. Quite the contrary, as she laughed. She knew I wanted to play with them. I think now, she too wanted someone else to experience bits of the pleasure she had felt the past few days. It was a moment of hedonism. And we indulged.

I'll spare you the details of that time, but I can tell you we consummated. It was... amazing. And I returned again, every day. When was that? Well like I said, six months ago. Before I knew it, two more weeks had passed. Sophia took to waiting for me, having grown to enjoy our spats. I'd arrive, and every time she was on the couch, her legs opened while caressing her ever growing masses, at first with her hands, eventually with her feet, barely able to touch their ends with her tiptoes. They had easily doubled their humongous size since the first time I saw her, now reaching the floor with ease. We played a few games too: I'd lay on the floor, and

have her drop one of them on me, see how long I could last without tapping for relief. I knew that only a few more days, and even laying under one would become dangerous. It's around that time, after our first month together, that she complained of pressure near her nipples. Their base had become fully flared out, the milk ducts and glands almost visible, creating tube-like patterns around the circumference, bloated. Her nipples, so large by now, could barely be encircled with both my hands. It was my idea to fetch a large culinary bowl and place it under her. Immediately, she knew my intent.

Sophia laid on her back, caressing the side of her masses with her feet and just closed her eyes, enjoying the moment. It took, if I recall well enough, about six or so slow strokes. The way her nipple engorged was insane: it grew almost twice in size, bloating with an intent of release and pushing my hands apart, my palms feeling the rhythmic thumping of its expansion, until I could perceive the small but noticeable openings of her ducts, near the end of it. I aimed its end at the bowl and sucked on its side.

I swear to you: the side milk duct I lapped at was like a water pistol in my mouth, and the main ducts at the front coalesced into a full on garden hose in the bowl. Sophia screamed with pleasure. You'd think maybe this would have been a red flag: my friend was rapidly becoming immobilized, I was becoming dependent on the lust I felt for her and she for the pleasure and help I provided. You'd think we should have woken up there at our increasing codependency and the wall that was reality and its obligations bearing down on us. I know. You're giving me that look. But no, we didn't. It shouldn't surprise you, really.

Day after day. Week after week. Shortly, we had remodeled her living room. Gone where the furniture: I took them out. In were the buckets, the mops, the hose, the tarp. Daily, I played with her sex, making sure she was satisfied. Hourly, I played with her growing breasts, whose speed of growth remained constant, if not had increased. Soon enough, each was taller than me, length wise, and at least as tall in their circumference, when laid on the ground, as my shoulders. We never spoke, her and I, of the concept of what was happening. We only really acted: we pleased ourselves, played games, laid together in silence. We were blind to the upcoming disaster. But I should have noticed: Sophia's sex drive was ever increasing.

It must have been about three months ago, by then: I arrived at her place, only to see her recently climbed on the back of her right breast, rubbing her sex against the rigid bottom of her mass, where the oval shape began. The ground was full of her juices, and her now gargantuan nipples at the front in dire need of my help for release. Sophia screamed for me, urging me to help her. For a moment, I realized I was scared. Walking to the front of her breast, I saw an areola larger than me. A puffed out, dark mass that I had to crane my neck in order to see its upper

curve. The massive pillar in its middle, Sophia's mega drum-like nipple, was the size of a small human, hot and wanting for release, the veins feeding into it pulsing every few seconds with apparent excitement. All it took was to hear my name, and a plea, to override my survival instincts. I did as usual, and pleased her, me, and again her several times, barely making a dent in her constantly increasing needs.

You don't believe me? Oh, you mean if that was the case back then, then what about now? No, listen: yes, obviously that was a while ago. I feel ashamed of it, of having let it go on for so long, not even saying to you or anyone else a word of it. I should have told you all that's what was happening. But I'm here now, right? I finally caved in, a few weeks ago: the situation became untenable. Despite my fears, I continued going to her, trying to make her feel good, acquiesce to her needs, wanting to please my crush. To have her happy and fulfilled. It was sick of me. But I had to. Even as her bloated breasts pushed through the walls of her house. I made sure to keep watch. Even as I could barely climb on a nipple, the things having grown bigger than me. But no one noticed: she was too far removed, at the end of a road. Unless someone had business there, she was alone. But she had me, and I her.

Sigh.

Two weeks ago, it came to an end.

As I drove towards her place, with the sun rising over her glade-like corner of the world, I finally saw them rise above the canopy of the trees, the light of our star reflecting off the morning dew that must have been stuck atop her skin, like a small hidden hill. I parked my car by her tip, the dark areola visibly hazy with smoked humidity as the torrid heat emanating from the nipple contrasted amidst the cold condensation of the morning. I realized then that I'd have to walk a couple hundred meters to say hi to her. Lost in my thoughts, I stumbled on a rock, placing a hand against her puffed out dome of an areola to steady myself, my hand sinking all the way to my wrist, swallowed by the tit's skin. Immediately, deep thrumming sounds echoed; slow at first then progressively faster. Sophia's veins, huge and thick as my body, bloated as they provided what the nipples requested. Her areola grew in size suddenly, so fast it pushed me to the ground and almost, dearly, growing over my sprawled body, had I not rolled out of the way. The masses parted the ground as if it was water, with the nipples above engorging to the size of a small building, uprooting trees as it pushed in between some trunks, bending them forty-five degrees, their cracking sound filling me with dread.

Like a clap of thunder, the tips opened up their valves, hundreds of firehose-like streams of milk creating a misty whiteout in the air. I screamed for Sophia, but could barely see. I kept getting lost, stumbling against the white wall of her skin, indicating her ends had grown far away from me, leaving me to stand by the side of the paler part of her chest. I called for Sophia, but clearly I was too far.

I eventually understood I was walking in circles, lost in the fog of milk which prevented me from getting a bearing, until I found myself in front of my car again. I had to leave her. I didn't have the courage anymore.

So please, understand me. I meant no ill.

I had to tell you, I had to tell someone. Get her help? No. No you see: I just wanted to have someone know the story, share my pain at the events I caused. There's no saving her, for you see: I drove back by her place yesterday and... well I couldn't get closer than a few kilometers. She's growing, cuming and lactating seemingly exponentially faster.

Drive to her body? No I tried, we can't: her form is now growing too fast. Her skin would overtake any road by her side before you have time to get anywhere. You remember the earthquake this morning? What do you think that was? Come, look outside: that white fog in the distance, that's not rain. It's why I had to confess. To tell you. In a few hours, at most, she's gonna be here. Part of her, at least.

But, you forgive me, don't you?