

Millie knocked on the bathroom door for the second time, rolling her eyes.

“Shower’s been off for a while now, Clara! I’ve got to get ready too!”

“I - mmmph - sorry!” came the reply from the other side of the door. “I’ve just got to - you know.”

“I do know!” Said Millie, feeling a little bad for her frustration. “But you can do that anywhere. Use the kitchen sink or something!”

Wet footsteps and a brief ruffling of fabric came from just beyond the door, and then it opened with a click. Clara stepped out, her red hair sitting wet on her shoulders, a towel wrapped around her short, curvy body. The dark-haired Millie raised an eye as she looked at Clara’s chest.

“Extra long shower today?”

Clara blushed, the towel stretched out around her volleyball-sized chest. “I don’t have a morning class today, and sometimes it’s just nice to enjoy a regular person shower, you know?”

“I know.” Said Millie, sympathetically. Clara’s condition meant she usually showered fast, and even though she hadn’t been in there 10 minutes, she considered that a luxurious shower.

“Now go take care of yourself, I can see milk patches forming on your towel!” She pushed past Clara, closing the bathroom door behind her.

Clara sighed as she looked down at her towel, two dark patches certainly forming on her chest. Usually at smaller sizes like this, Clara’s milk wouldn’t come out without intentional pressure, but the towel was wrapped around her so tightly that it was slowly squeezing her milk out. She made her way across the apartment to her room, closing the door behind her. Clara dropped the towel to the floor and looked at herself in the mirror, sighing.

At 5’2, Clara was short and curvaceous. She had thick thighs and ample hips, a soft round ass, and just a little bit of belly. Looking at herself in the mirror though, the part of her body that stood out was her chest. At present, her tits sat on her chest like two heavy volleyballs, light blue veins running across the pale skin. A dusting of freckles lay across her chest and shoulders, courtesy of her redheaded genes. Sliding open the cupboard, Clara pulled out one of her smaller sets of milk pumps and attached the cups to her gently swollen nipples. Flipping the switch, Clara let out a groan as they began to push and pull, the attached container slowly filling with milk.

“Damn, why does it have to feel so fucking good?” She mumbled to herself, as she sat her curvy form down on the bed, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. Lately, Clara had been undergoing some internal turmoil. She was at university, studying finance and trying to forge what seemed like a proper adult career for herself, but her mind was increasingly drifting back to the family business. In Clara’s family ran an incredibly rare condition called lactohydrosis, which caused water to be absorbed through the skin and converted into breast milk. Clara’s mother

ran a sort of wet nurse business. She was capable of producing and expressing several gallons of milk a day, shipping it to hospitals in need all over the country.

Clara's mother had been trying to convince her to join the business for a long time, for one simple reason. Her mother could produce several gallons on a good day, spending most of the day with her feet or hands resting in tubs of water. Clara, on the other hand, was a genetic marvel. Her body was capable of producing several gallons of milk in a warm, 15-minute shower, whilst she was consciously trying to make her body absorb as little water as possible. Clara's mother was insistent that she would be incredible at the job, and would help thousands of families across the nation, not to mention she'd make a lot of money too.

As much as she hated to admit it, the idea of a career spent getting paid to grow and lactate was very tempting. It was what her body was built for, the reason she put on curves in all the right places so very easily. It was like her body was desperate, crying out to her to touch water, let it do what it was built to do. But what was it really built to do? Clara wasn't the adventurous type and had never really pushed her body to its limits. The biggest she'd ever grown was not much bigger than she had been after her shower. When her mother reached this size, she groaned about how full she felt, how she knew she couldn't take much more, how she had to release. Clara had never felt that feeling before. In fact, at her mother's biggest size, Clara somehow still felt... empty. She knew her body was capable of so much more. How big would she need to grow to...

The pump began to whirr as it pulled in air instead of milk. Clara was snapped out of her daydreams, unaware that her chest had already shrunk back to her regular apple-sized breasts. She glanced at the time on her phone, and her eyes widened.

"Fuck, I forgot the study group!" she said, not realizing how much time had passed. Pulling on jeans and a baggy orange sweater, she grabbed her laptop bag and hurried for the door.

Clara hurried across campus as fast as her body allowed her to whilst keeping modest, her soft curves not built for sprinting. Eventually, panting, she reached her friend Aubrey's dorm, and let herself inside.

"Jesus, I'm thirsty now." She mumbled to herself, swinging her bag over her shoulder and fumbling inside. She felt her irritation grow as she didn't find her water bottle inside. She usually carried a good quality water bottle with her everywhere, one that had an attached rubber straw that needed to be sucked on for water to come out, to avoid accidental spillages. Her eyes drifted to a water fountain on the wall of the hallway. Hesitantly, she walked towards it. She wouldn't normally, but she was so thirsty, and...

Clara leaned down and pressed the button on the spout, and water sprayed out at completely the wrong angle. She released it quickly, jumping back with a yelp, but the water continued to spray, dousing her at high pressure. As suddenly as it started, the torrent died off, but the damage was done. Clara's jeans and sweater were soaked. She looked around for somewhere to duck into to quickly dry off.

“Clara! Are you okay? I heard a shout.” Clara spun around to see Aubrey sticking her head out of her dorm room door. Her eyes drifted down to Clara’s clothes.

“Ah, you used that fountain, huh? It’s been broken for weeks, but they still haven’t sent anyone out to fix it. Come in, I’ll get you a towel and you can try to dab yourself dry.” She leaned in closer to Clara, a cheeky grin on her face. “I’ve invited someone you might know, and I don’t mean to play matchmaker or anything, but she’s definitely into you.”

Clara blinked. “Wait, who are you...”

Aubrey turned and walked back into her dorm room, leaving Clara standing, flabbergasted.

Clara followed Aubrey into her room and shut the door behind her. Another girl from their economics class, Sarah, waved at her from the table. They’d rarely spoken, but Clara had often caught her staring from across the room in class. Clara had to admit, she was seriously cute, slender, and pale with silky jet-black hair, and Sarah had caught her staring a few times too. But there’s no way she’d be into Clara, right? Although Aubrey was a serial matchmaker, and she wasn’t usually wrong...

“Hey, Clara!” She said, a genuine smile on her face, snapping Clara out of her thoughts “I’m really glad you made it! I was worried you weren’t coming.”

“Yeah, sorry about that. I -” Clara stifled a moan as she felt the familiar feeling of milk flooding her breasts. “I got a bit sidetracked this morning.”

Clara moved towards the table and sat down, pulling her laptop out and placing it on the table. Aubrey approached from the bathroom carrying a towel and moved to hand it to Clara.

“Oh! You’re almost dry already!” She said, looking at Clara’s clothes. Clara flushed red.

*Damn, she thought. I’ve absorbed it all already.*

“Huh? Oh, you’re right. It must not have been as bad as it looked. Thank you, though.”

Aubrey shrugged, tossing the towel onto the floor. She sat down at her seat, and the three girls began to discuss the last few lectures. Clara did her best to nod along, contributing to the conversation where she could, but her attention was somewhere else. She could feel her swollen tits spilling out over her bra, the fabric pushing into her soft flesh in a way that felt too damn good. This sweater was low-cut, but not low enough to expose cleavage, and Clara prayed that the bagginess of it would hide any growth. A loud gurgle from her chest stopped the other two girls mid-sentence.

“Sorry!” Clara said, flustered. “I’m just... probably thirsty or something.”

“Oh, you poor thing!” Aubrey said. “You never managed to get a drink, did you?”

Aubrey jumped up from her seat and walked to the kitchenette, grabbing a large glass and filling it at the sink. She walked towards Clara, arm outstretched to hand her the glass, and stumbled on the towel that she'd tossed to the ground earlier. She managed to keep her balance and stood up straight and proud.

"Geez, that was close. I shouldn't have left that towel there. Sorry Clara, here's your..."

Aubrey trailed off as she looked from the towel to Clara. The redheaded girl sat with a shocked expression on her face, her neck, exposed part of her chest and the front of her sweater drenched in water.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry!" Aubrey exclaimed. "Just what you needed too. Damn, I'm a klutz." She grabbed the towel from the floor and handed it to Clara. Her sweater was still wet, but the water from her chest and neck was already gone. Before she could say a word, Clara grabbed the towel and ran into the bathroom, red-faced, and shut the door behind her.

Alone in the bathroom, Clara groaned as she felt her breasts swelling against her bra. She pulled her sweater off and threw it to the ground, looking at herself in the mirror. Her bra was designed to comfortably hold her apple-sized breasts, but the flesh stuffed into them was pushing out the sides and top, spilling over the fabric. Clara reached around and unclasped her bra from behind, letting it fall to the floor. Two grapefruit-sized tits hung on her chest, heavy and swollen. Her nipples stood to attention on top of wide, pale areolae. She reached up and gently squeezed a breast in each hand, moaning loudly as a trickle of milk leaked from her nipples. She clapped her hand over her mouth, eyes wide.

A knock came at the door, and Sarah's voice called out.

"Hey Clara, are you okay?" she asked, genuine concern in her voice.

"I'm - yeah, I'm okay." She called back. "I'm just feeling a bit... I might have to run. I'm really sorry."

Clara pulled her sweater back over her head, shivering with pleasure as the wooly fabric brushed over her nipples. She opened the door and strode out into the room, grabbing her laptop and putting it back in its bag. She turned to the two girls, who were both staring at her, concern on their faces.

"I'm really sorry guys, I'm just feeling a little off. I promise I'll tag along next time. Sorry!"

As she turned to go, she noticed Sarah's eyes were focused on her chest. She strode out into the hallway, closing the door behind her, and looked down.

"Fuck." She hissed, looking at the two dark patches of milk on her sweater. At smaller sizes, her breasts usually wouldn't leak unless intentionally milked, but there must have been a leftover flow from when she squeezed them in the bathroom. As she set off through campus to her dorm, her mind drifted back to Sarah.

*Did she see? Clara thought. She was definitely staring at my chest, wasn't she? And... Oh fuck, I left my bra in the bathroom.* She stopped for a moment, debating whether she should go back. She decided not to, finding the idea far too awkward after her sudden exit.

Clara powerwalked across campus, her swollen breasts bouncing with each step. She drew a few stares from students as she walked, and deduced that their braless, bouncing outline must be visible under her sweater. After what felt like an eternity, she made it back to her dorm room. It was dead silent, and she guessed that Millie must have left for the day.

Hurrying to her room, she grabbed the pump she had used that morning, and attached the cups to the nipples, flicking it on. She moaned as the pumps whirred to life, sucking and pulling at her hardened nipples. As the milk began to flow, Clara's hand made its way down to her crotch, undoing her jeans and slipping into her panties. The other hand made its way to her breasts, lifting them and feeling their glorious weight.

*This is wrong.* Clara thought through the pleasure. *This is a medical condition. I'm a freak. I shouldn't enjoy...*

Her hand found its way to her clit, the pleasure winning out. She was already so wet, and the feeling of fingering herself whilst her swollen breasts were drained was just too much. She quickly approached climax, her body beginning to shake and convulse as the orgasm arrived. Letting out a moan, Clara came. The orgasm rocked through her body, her legs shaking. Milk sprayed from her nipples, filling the cups faster than the hose could take it. It overflowed from the cups, leaking down her torso and onto her lap.

After a few minutes of panting, Clara's head began to clear. She sat on the floor, the pump whirring as it sucked in air, her apple-sized breasts drained and returned to normal. Her torso was covered in milk, as were her jeans. She still had a hand in her panties and she pulled it out, quivering slightly. A whirl of emotions spun inside her, conflicting feelings of pleasure and discomfort. A knock sounded at the front door.

"Ah, fuck. Um... Just a minute!" She called out, scrambling for the towel hanging on her door. She pulled off her jeans and panties and quickly patted herself dry. She pulled on a pair of tracksuit pants that hugged her waist and ass like all pants seemed to. She grabbed a shirt from the floor, a baggy white shirt that she often used as pajamas. She glanced at her mirror as she left the bedroom. The grey tracksuit clung to her lower body, accentuating her hips and thighs. The white shirt hung loose on her torso, but her still hardened nipples were pitching little tents on her chest.

*Well, this delivery guy is going to get a little show.* She thought.

Opening the front door, Clara's jaw dropped. Sarah was standing in the hallway, looking confident, and yet a little sheepish. Her black leggings hugged her slender legs, and her tight tank top accentuated her torso and petite chest. Her sleek black hair hung about her shoulders, her pale skin contrasting with her dark clothing and hair. In her hand, she held Clara's abandoned bra. Clara's eyes bulged. *She's holding my fucking bra!*

Sarah flushed, taking in Clara's appearance. She thrust the bra towards Clara, the confident stance she'd held fading slightly.

"You forgot this!" She said. Clara grabbed the bra from her, speechless.

"I, uh... thank you." Was all she could muster. Sarah nodded and turned to leave, before hesitating.

"Hey. This might sound really weird, and it's probably an inappropriate time. I mean, you're probably not even into me. Or girls. This is dumb." Sarah trailed off. "Can I take you out sometime? Tonight, say 6 pm? At Paul's, the burger place just off campus? Something nice and casual."

Clara stared, awestruck, before nodding. "... I would love that. That sounds perfect."

Looking relieved, Sarah smiled at her, then turned and left, her face red. Clara stood still in the doorway for a moment, surprised. "... I guess that's a date." She said to herself, closing the door.

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Clara arrived at Paul's a few minutes before six. It was a cozy burger joint just off campus, only a 20-minute walk from her dorm. She looked at her reflection in the window, nervous. She had her red hair tied up in a ponytail, the way she liked to wear it. She was wearing blue jeans, a clean, milk-free pair, and a white tank top. She wore a white sweater over the tank top, one that sat wide on her shoulders and exposed the tank's straps. Clara was proud of her lightly freckled shoulders and red hair and worked them into her outfits. She straightened up her sweater and took a deep breath.

"Hiya!" A voice called out from behind. She turned to see Sara strolling up, and god she looked gorgeous. Her black hair still hung about her shoulders, sleek and straight. She was wearing a pair of black jeans, fashionably ripped to expose some pale thigh. She wore a casual-looking black collared shirt, buttoned up with white buttons. She approached Clara, and Clara noticed that Sarah had a good 5 or 6 inches on her. They hugged awkwardly, and Clara opened the door.

The date went wonderfully. After a bit of awkward small talk and a couple of drinks each to ease their minds and loosen their tongues, the girls both became more comfortable and slipped into a friendlier chit-chat. Clara was stunned by how easy it seemed to talk to Sarah, and by how much they had in common. The night flew by quickly, and before they realized it, it was approaching 9:00 and the staff were politely waiting for them to finish up so that they could close.

Sarah opened the door for Clara, and the two of them stepped out under the awning. Clara jumped back with a yelp as she realized it was raining. Sarah put a hand on her shoulder.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah I’m okay. I just can’t get... I don’t like getting wet. Hold on.” She fished around in her bag and pulled out her poncho. She unfolded it and pulled it over her head, letting it fall to her ankles. She pulled the hood up and then stared in the direction of campus, nervous. Sarah read her expression and spoke up.

“Look, I know it’s forward of me, but my apartment is literally a few minutes away. If you wanted to, you could come around... no pressure or anything. I mean, I have a couch, it’s really comfy. You could-”

“I’d love to.” Said Clara, surprised by her quick agreement.

*The alcohol is definitely boosting my confidence.* She thought. Sarah relaxed, smiling.

The two girls quickly walked down the street, Sarah comfortable under her umbrella and Clara shrunk down, huddled inside her poncho. As she hurried along, she could feel rain making its way through her hood and into her shoes and ankles, her skin hungrily absorbing it. Turning a corner, Sarah pointed to a cozy-looking brick block of flats. “That’s my building.” She said.

A car drove past hitting a puddle that neither of the girls had seen in the dark. Clara’s eyes widened as time seemed to slow down, a wall of water moving towards her. It splashed her front on, drenching her face, head and shoulders and she gasped, spluttering.

“Oh shit!” Sarah exclaimed. “Are you okay?”

Clara coughed, feeling the water already being absorbed by her skin. She knew she had mere moments before the milk started to fill her chest.

“I’m okay! Please, let’s just get inside.”

The two girls hurried across the street and reached the front door of the building. Sarah pushed it open and held it for Clara, who hurried in after her. She could already feel her chest starting to swell, growing heavier with each step. Once she was inside, Sarah headed for the door at the end of the hall, beside the staircase.

Sarah began to fumble with her keys at the door, unaware of what was going on in the body of the girl behind her. Clara could feel her breasts swelling by the moment, and they had begun to expand as their original capacity was filled. They were slowly pushing against her tank top and didn’t show any signs of slowing down yet. Eventually, Sarah got the door unlocked and stepped in, holding it for Clara.

Still wrapped in her poncho, Clara hurried inside, stifling a groan. She heard the door close behind her as she looked around for the bathroom, panicked. This was exactly why she didn’t date. What was she thinking, agreeing to this? She wasn’t made for...

Sarah approached her with a look of genuine concern on her face and squatted down, grabbing the bottom of the poncho.

“Here, let’s get this off you.” She said in a calm, soothing voice, obviously reading the panic in Clara’s expression. She pulled the poncho up and over Clara’s head.

In the process she accidentally caught the bottom of the redhead’s sweater and lifted it to her armpits, exposing the tank top underneath. Sarah’s eyes widened as she saw the breasts stuffed underneath, overflowing the top of the tight tank, nipples poking through the shirt. The sweater dropped back down as they got the poncho over Clara’s head, who didn’t seem to have noticed the sweater being lifted.

*Was she always so stacked?* Sarah thought, her mind sidetracked. The gears in her brain turned as she thought back to Aubrey’s dorm.

*The fountain... and then the cup of water, her bra being left on the floor... her aversion to the rain, and her panic at getting drenched. She couldn’t have...*

“Sarah!” Clara said, exasperated, pulling Sarah from her thoughts. “Your bathroom, where is it? Please.”

“Oh, it’s by the front door. You ran past it when you came in.”

“Thank you. I’ll just be a minute. Sorry, I’ve just got to... sorry.” She hurried to the bathroom, shutting the door behind her. Sarah stared after her, in disbelief.

In the bathroom Clara pulled off her sweater, revealing the overstuffed tank top underneath. Her breasts had easily doubled in size from their original apples and were fighting against the tight fabric of the tank, soft flesh spilling out over the top. Her nipples were rock hard, poking through the fabric underneath. Gingerly, she pulled the tank top up over her torso, letting out a whimper as it slid against her nipples.

Clara let the rolled-up shirt sit under her armpits, exposing her swollen chest.

*Fuck.* She thought. *There’s no way I can get home to my pumps in this weather. I’m going to have to quickly express before Sarah becomes worried.*

She reached a hand up to one of her breasts and tentatively squeezed it. She let out a moan as milk sprayed into the sink, before quickly stopping herself. She stood, frozen and wide-eyed, as she heard footsteps approaching down the hall.

A quiet knock came on the door, followed by Sarah’s voice.

“Hey, uh... this might be really out of line. And if it is, I’m sorry. But... if you need help, you know... getting it out, you can ask.”



Clara stood, dumbfounded. Had Sarah just offered to help milk her? Nobody on campus knew about her condition. Hell, nobody outside of her family and doctor knew about it. It only affected a couple hundred people worldwide, and most people had never so much as heard of it. So how did Sarah know?

Sarah took the silence from inside the bathroom the wrong way.

*Idiot.* She thought. *Letting your hornyness guide you... how can anyone just ask something like that on the damn first date?*

The bathroom door opened and Clara stood inside, her tank top pulled back down over her chest.

“Who told you?” She asked, her tone demanding and nervous. “Who told you about my condition?”

“Nobody! Really!” Sarah said frantically. “I figured it out on my own. After the fountain this morning leaving your bra behind, and then the rain, I took a guess. You never come to class when it’s raining heavily. Plus, I pulled your sweater up while taking off your poncho and saw how your top fit. Accidentally, I swear.”

Clara stared at Sarah, dumbfounded. When she thought about it, the girl’s reasoning made sense. If you knew what to look out for, Clara hadn’t done particularly well in hiding it. That left one question though.

“Okay, that makes sense... but how did you know? How do you even know my condition well enough to spot it?”

Sarah’s face flushed a deep red at Clara’s question, and she looked away.

“Please don’t take this the wrong way, because I’ve thought you were cute since the first time I saw you, and I had an amazing date tonight, and I had no idea about your condition until right now.”

She trailed off, looking nervous. She took a deep breath and paused, thinking carefully about what she said next.

“I... it’s just something I’m kinda into. I mean... I say kinda, but I mean really into.” Sarah studied Clara’s face but didn’t see the confusion or concern she was scared of, so she continued. “The idea of breasts growing bigger, and of filling with milk. It’s... I can’t believe I’m saying this. It’s a huge fetish of mine. I read a tonne of erotica about it. Your condition is basically the only real-world example, so I’ve read all about it. I think it’s really, really hot.”

Clara stared at Sarah, dumbfounded. She never really thought she would even find someone who accepted her condition, but the idea of someone finding it that arousing?

Again, Clara's silence made Sarah fluster. "But I mean what I said, I had no idea about it when I asked you out. I just wanted to take you out because I thought you were cute, and we meet eyes across class and I just thought -"

"Okay!" Clara said, gently cutting the girl off as she began to ramble. "Okay. I believe you."

She was still aware of the weight in her chest, the milk waiting to be expressed.

*Am I really going to do this?* She wondered. She looked at Sarah, the girl's expression a mixture of concern, worry, and arousal. She was clearly terrified of Clara's reaction to what she'd admitted.

Clara took a deep breath, and grabbed Sarah's hand, leading the suddenly bewildered girl into the bathroom. Reaching the counter, Clara turned and stood up onto her toes, kissing Sarah. After a moment's surprise, Sarah returned the kiss, placing her hands either side of Clara's face.

Slowly, as they kissed, Clara pressed her swollen chest into Sarah's torso. She held Sarah's wrists, and gently guided her hands from her cheeks to her chest. Sarah began to trace the outline of Clara's bust, gently prodding the skin where it overflowed her top. Clara stifled a moan as she felt Sarah's hands, someone else's hands, fondle her chest for the first time.

Sarah's hands made her way down Clara's torso, feeling her belly and soft hips. She gently held the bottom of Clara's top, and pulled it up and over her head, Clara's knees buckling slightly as the fabric slipped over her nipples. Sarah stared at Clara's swollen chest, still roughly twice her normal size, with lust in her eyes.

"They're so big..." Sarah said, mesmerized.

Clara couldn't help but laugh. Sarah looked up at her, confused.

"What? Did I say something wrong?"

"No! No no." Clara said hurriedly. "It's just... I mean, they were about as big as volleyballs after my morning shower. It's just funny to me to think of this size as big, that's all."

Sarah's eyes widened, not even trying to hide her arousal.

"How big... How big can you get?" She asked.

"I really don't know." Clara admitted. "This morning was about as big as I let them get. It's just... I don't know. I feel cursed. It feels shameful to let them get bigger. I've never let myself."

Sarah's gaze softened, and she stepped towards Clara.

"There's no shame in it, Clara." She said, "I'm truly sorry you feel that way about your own body. As far as I'm concerned, it's incredible. What you have is a gift, not a curse."

Clara felt shivers run up her back. She'd never expected anyone to speak of her condition this way. The way she'd been raised, it had always been so... clinical. Telling people was out of the question. To have someone so pretty, so kind, figure it out on their own. To have them find it attractive, to find her attractive...

Clara reached out and turned the sink on, letting the water run for a few moments to make sure it got warm. She grabbed a cup from the counter and filled it with water before pushing the tap off. She handed the cup of warm water to Sarah, and looked up at her.

Clara took a deep breath, calming her nerves. This felt right. This felt *good*.

"Sarah... you can grow me. If you want."

Sarah felt herself flush with an arousal that only comes from having a lifelong fetish fulfilled. She gently tipped the cup, the warm water pouring onto Clara's chest. Her eyes widened as she watched, the water seeming to sink into Clara's skin and disappear as it ran down her body. She tipped the cup further, pouring all the water onto Clara's chest.

It quickly disappeared, absorbed by Clara's thirsty body. After a few moments, Clara let out a little groan, her eyebrows lightly furrowed. Sarah watched as Clara's chest swelled slightly outwards, growth gently filled by the water.

"Holy shit..." Sarah whispered, almost under her breath. "I saw it... you really grew." She took a step back to look at Clara.

Clara's eyes widened, concerned. "You're stepping back." She said. "Did you not like it? I'm sorry. We don't have to... I shouldn't have..."

"That was the sexiest thing I have ever seen." Sarah said plainly. Clara stopped mid sentence, her face flushed red.

"Really?"

"Really." Sarah said. She stepped forward and then past Clara, reaching behind her into the shower, turning it on.

Clara looked at the shower and then back to Sarah. "Sarah, I'm... not normal. Are you sure you want to-"

Sarah stepped forward and cut Clara off mid sentence with a kiss. Clara returned the kiss immediately, reaching out to touch the body of the girl who had just accepted her. Clara ran her hands around Sarah's slender frame, taking in her flat stomach and perky, petite chest. Her hands slid down Sarah's waist and around to her tight ass, fondling and squeezing.

Sarah felt Clara up at the same time, sinking her fingers into Clara's soft hips and plump ass, clearly enjoying her curves. The two girls began to undress each other, Clara unbuttoning

Sarah's shirt while Sarah unbuttoned and slid down Clara's jeans. The two girls were quickly stripped down, still exploring each others' bodies.

Sarah pulled out of the kiss first and walked around Clara, stepping into the tub and under the stream of water. Steam rose to slowly fill the bathroom, implying that the water was warmed up. She reached out a hand to Clara.

"Will you join me?" She asked. Tentatively, Clara took Sarah's hand and stepped into the shower, albeit staying out of the water and closing the glass door behind her.

"I've never grown for anyone before..." she said. "I- I want to. God, I really want to."

Not needing further instruction, Sarah placed her hands on Clara's hips and then slowly spun the both of them around so that Sarah was out of the water, which was now falling on Clara's back. Clara let out a whimper as she felt the warm water hit her, some of it immediately absorbing into her skin.

Sarah knelt down and began to fondle and squeeze Clara's chest. Clara let out a groan as her swollen breasts finally got the attention they had been craving. They had already begun to swell, and she could feel them getting heavier by the second.

Sarah placed her lips over one of Clara's nipples and began to suck, working the other breast with her hand. Clara moaned and grabbed Sarah's hair as she felt her milk come through, her tits swelling faster as she let herself succumb to the pleasure.

Sarah began to work more vigorously in response, and Clara cried out as milk sprayed from her free nipple, hitting the glass shower door. Her other nipple sprayed directly into Sarah's mouth, and the girl swallowed every drop, not stopping her work for a moment.

Sarah pulled away from Clara's chest, and her eyes widened as she took in the size. They were swelling visibly, hanging from her chest and growing with every moment. Blue veins ran from her areolae outwards across the pale skin, and her nipples stood hard on her chest, the size of Sarah's own pointer finger tips.

Clara looked up at Sarah, her face flushed red with arousal. She looked down at her chest, breathing heavily.

"This is about as big as I ever let myself get." She panted. "They get so sensitive, that at about this size, they..." she brushed her nipple with her fingers and groaned as milk sprayed out for a moment, before turning to a drip.

"They do that." She said.

"How... how does it feel?" Sarah asked, breathless. "When they grow, and when they spray like that."

Clara smiled faintly. She had felt her nervousness fade with every heartbeat, and now it was gone, replaced by confidence and arousal. She was going to explore what her body was capable of, and Sarah had made her finally feel like that was okay.

“It feels incredible.” She said. Her breasts were still swelling as her body desperately absorbed all the water it could from her back. They had reached volleyballs in size now, feeling heavier as they brushed against her upper arms. Any bigger, and she’d likely be setting new personal records.

“They get more and more sensitive as they grow, and the buildup of pressure feels really good, and the release... it’s like a mini orgasm, concentrated in the breast. And it doesn’t stop as long as the milk keeps coming. It feels incredible, to tell the truth.”

Sarah had never felt more turned on. She stepped forward and grabbed Clara’s breasts, pressing them into the girl’s torso and watching them spread out around her fingers. She marveled at their weight.

“I want to see you grow. I want to see what you’re capable of. As long as you’re comfortable, I want to see you swell.”

It was all the encouragement that Clara needed. There was one thing she knew accelerated her growth and absorption, the one thing she tried to never let herself experience. Pleasure.

She grabbed the shower head from its mount on the wall and sat down, back straight against the wall, stretching her legs out in front of her. She took a deep breath and looked up at Sarah, who was still standing.

“You’d better get over here and sit on my face while you still can. Ride me while I grow, Sarah.”

With that, Clara pointed the shower head straight at her clit, her mind exploding with pleasure. She felt her crotch absorbing the water faster than her body ever had before, every droplet of water an impact of pleasure immediately absorbed. Sarah stood over Clara, gawking, as Clara’s breasts began to swell even faster, inching their way across her torso.

Sarah stepped over Clara, putting a slender leg either side of the curvy girl’s body, and lowered herself down onto her waiting mouth. Clara’s tongue went to work the instant she felt Sarah, and Sarah had to grab the shower rail above the girl’s head to steady herself. She let out a moan as Clara licked and sucked in a hurricane of pleasure. She looked over her shoulder and her eyes widened.

Clara’s tits were swelling rapidly, and now dominated a lot of her torso. Sarah could sense the weight of them just by looking at how they hung on Clara’s chest. Two tea-plate sized areolae puffed up on their fronts, adorned by two thimble sized nipples. Clara was making a constant stream of muffled moans and whimpers, her mouth still full of Sarah. It was the hottest thing Sarah had ever seen, and it was all she needed.

She gripped the shower rail with both hands as her knees quivered, and cried out in pleasure as she came. Clara intensified her tongue work in response, and Sarah's mind went fuzzy as the orgasm rocked her and it took everything in her power not to fall on the girl below. After several seconds, it began to fade as she stood, soaking wet and panting heavily.

She lifted a shaking leg over Clara's body and took a step back, standing against the shower door opposite the girl. She couldn't believe the sight in front of her. Clara was sitting upright against the wall, her torso hidden by two huge, bloated breasts that rested on her thick thighs. Veins ran from her areolae outwards, and her nipples, the size of peaches, looked like they were twitching with her heartbeat.

The cord attached to the shower head ran down between her tits, and looked tightly held in place. Both Clara's hands were desperately fondling her chest, her nipples just out of reach. Sarah assumed the shower head was still positioned well by the way Clara continued to shake and moan.

The bloated girl opened her eyes and looked up at Sarah, delirious in her pleasure.

"The head... stuck." She panted, groaning. She pointed to the shower controls on the wall above her.

"You want me to turn it off?" Sarah asked. The girl shook her head.

"Stronger." Was all she could manage. Sarah's jaw dropped. She was already sporting bloated beach balls, and she wanted the water to be stronger? How big could this girl get?

Sarah stepped forward, placing a foot in front of Clara's swelling tits. She reached for the dial on the wall, and clicked the shower from regular mode to the single jet stream in the middle of the head. Clara cried out in pleasure as Sarah heard the water spray intensify. She took a step back, and saw that Clara's tits had begun swelling even faster.

"So fucking heavy!" Clara panted through the pleasure. "No way I can move. They'll weigh more than me soon. And it feels so fucking good!"

Sarah stood at the opposite side of the shower to Clara, between the swelling girl's feet, with the cubicle door to her back. As she watched, Clara's huge tits inched their way towards her. They had well passed the beach ball milestone now, and overflowed Clara's thighs to rest on the ground either side of her legs, working their way towards the shower walls. All Sarah could see of the girl's torso was her head and freckled shoulders, as well as the arms, hands desperately squeezing at the wall of her own chest.

Clara looked up at Sarah, cheeks flushed red. The pale, slender girl stood between her feet, looking down at her with an expression of extreme lust. Clara squeezed at her tits, her body desperate to get the milk out. Her breasts were so heavy now, their weight pressing down on her legs and pinning her torso to the wall. It felt so good, so fucking right. She was built for growing. How had she waited 22 years to do this?

“Sarah.” She said breathily. “I’m sitting on the ground in your shower, trapped under my own milk-filled tits. I’m basically your fantasy right now, right?”

Sarah nodded.

“So why” Clara continued, groaning as she continued to swell. “Are you not milking me?”

Sarah dropped to her knees and reached out to either side, grabbing one of Clara’s apple-sized nipples in each hand. Clara’s body shuddered and streams of milk sprayed forth as soon as Sarah’s hands made contact, and yet the girl actually began to swell faster from the increased stimulation. As she began to squeeze and pull, Clara began to moan louder, squirming around under her breasts, her legs feebly kicking.

Sarah continued to milk, taking Clara’s moaning and squirming as a good sign. She could feel the weight sloshing as she pushed and pulled, like two yoga balls completely full of milk. They continued to swell forth and outward, and soon enough Sarah found herself up against the shower door, a wall of milky flesh approaching her.

Clara opened her eyes in surprise as she felt something smooth and cold press against her breasts. Her breasts had completely filled the shower cubicle, and were pressing against the tiled walls on either side. Their weight against her body was immense, and she couldn’t move much besides her feet and head, arms now pinned by her sides.

“Fuck.” Was all she could manage to groan.

No longer being able to swell outward, Clara’s breasts started to surge forward and upward with new speed. Her eyes opened wide as she saw the wall of swollen flesh rising towards her. She looked up to say something to Sarah, and saw that the girl was sitting on the floor outside the shower, having been pushed out by Clara’s tits.

“Sarah!” Clara called out, her head clearing briefly. “Turn the water off! I’m out of room!”

Sarah stood up and surveyed the scene in front of her. Clara’s tits completely filled the shower cubicle like two veiny, swollen bean bags. All that was visible of the curvy girl underneath were her feet and ankles sticking out from under her breasts, and her head above. They were still swelling with every moment, Clara’s body hungrily gulping up the water it had been denied for years.

“I’m going to have to climb onto you, okay?” Sarah said. Clara nodded quickly. Sarah placed her hands on Clara’s chest, feeling them sink slightly into the bloated flesh. Streams of milk sprayed from Clara’s nipples at the added pressure, and she squeezed her eyes closed and groaned, moaning something unintelligible.

Shakily, Sarah climbed forward onto Clara’s chest on her hands and knees, sinking into the flesh. Milk gushed from the girl’s swollen nipples as Sarah’s full body weight pressed into her chest, and she cried out. Sarah froze.

“Are you okay?!” She asked in alarm. Clara looked up at her with pleading eyes.

“Harder... push harder. Don’t be so gentle. Please. I’m so full.”

Throwing caution to the wind, Sarah clambered over Clara’s tits, reaching out to the tap.

“Nnnng - wait! Wait!” Clara cried out before Sarah was able to turn it off. Sarah looked down, confused. Clara’s face was scrunched into an expression of ecstasy, eyes closed. She seemed to be holding her breath.

“Please, before you turn it off” she panted. “My nipples... I’m about to...”

Sarah turned around awkwardly on Clara’s tits and then lay stomach down on them, reaching down to the front and grabbing a nipple in each hand. She began to feel Clara’s entire body shake and tremble as the bloated, overfilled girl’s moans grew higher in pitch.

Clara felt the orgasm approaching quickly, with more intensity than anything she’d experienced before. The shower head was still spraying water directly at her clit, the pleasurable impacts being immediately absorbed to be turned into more milk. She felt Sarah’s hands grasp her hypersensitive nipples, and opened her eyes to see the girl’s perky ass in front of her, thighs either side of her head as she faced away from Clara, working her nipples.

This sight was all she needed. The orgasm hit Clara like a train, her vision blurring and swimming with colors. She felt milk burst from her nipples like twin fire hydrants, spraying the opposite wall, and pleasure dominated her mind.

As the waves of ecstasy washed over her, Clara almost forgot who she was, why she was here. All she knew was that she was full, so full, and bigger than she’d ever been. And it felt so good, and so right. Her vision began to swim, and the pleasure overtook her as her head flopped forward onto her chest.

She was vaguely aware of Sarah clumsily turning around and turning off the tap, the torrent of water finally ceasing. Sarah asked her something about whether she was okay, and Clara mumbled back something about how she could still go bigger. She was so tired, and every movement still felt so incredible, and she was still pinned under her chest, and she was just going to lay her head down on her breasts and...

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Clara awoke to find herself laying back on a sofa, a gas heater clicking and whirring against the near wall. Opening her eyes wide, she sat up straight and immediately fell forward, pulled down by a weight on her chest. Catching herself before she rolled forward off of the sofa, she sat back up and marveled at the mounds underneath the baggy shirt.



She lifted the shirt up and gently squeezed at the melon-sized tits hanging on her chest. A spray of warm milk erupted from a nipple in response to the squeeze, littering the coffee table in front of her with droplets of white.

"I'm huge..." she mumbled. She sat up straight, eyes wide, as her memory came flooding back to her.

"Holy shit! I was... I couldn't move. Sarah. Where's Sarah?"

She looked around the room frantically, only to spot the slender girl emerging from the bathroom stark naked, drying her hair with a towel. For the first time, Clara noted the subtle muscle definition in her body.

*Damn. She's fit.* She thought.

Sarah froze as she saw Clara looking over at her.

"You're awake!" She said, awkwardly covering herself with her towel. "I wasn't sure when you... I mean, at first I thought you'd passed out, but you were still breathing. Once I got you to the couch you started to snore, so I turned on the heater and..."

"Woah, woah. What happened?" Clara asked.

"Well, what do you remember?" Sarah replied.

"I... I remember being huge. Filling the shower with my tits. It felt so good, and then you were on top of me, and then I came. Things get fuzzy there."

Sarah nodded, her cheeks growing red.

"Gotcha. Well, after you came, I milked you back down to the size you are now. It wasn't hard, I mean... when you're big, you spray just from your nipples being brushed. You did a *lot* of squirming and moaning, but you were pretty incoherent." She trailed off and looked at Clara's chest under the shirt.

"Then once you were light enough for me to move, I carried you out here and put a shirt on you. It felt weird, you being topless once you were out. I couldn't get anything on your, uh... lower half."

"Hence the blanket." Clara said. "I'm impressed you managed to carry me out. I'm not exactly a light gal."

"Thank you!" Sarah replied, looking genuinely proud.

Clara looked out the window into the darkness. She could still hear the rain hammering down outside.

“How long has it been?”

“Since you came? Uh...” Sarah glanced at the clock on the wall. “About half an hour? Not long.”

Clara looked at Sarah, and suddenly felt embarrassed. *Seriously?* She thought to herself. *After everything that just happened, this is what you find embarrassing?*

“Do you think I could stay tonight?” She blurted out quickly. Sarah blushed and looked away.

“I’d really like that.” She said with a genuine smile. Clara felt surprised at how happy Sarah’s response made her. She coyly adjusted how she was sitting, sliding a leg out of the blanket and into view. She adjusted her shirt, pulling it tight at the back to accentuate her chest, still bigger than it had ever been before today. Sarah’s eyes practically bulged out of her head.

“God, I feel so full and heavy.” She said in a mock exhausted tone. Her gaze drifted to Sarah, still dripping onto the wooden floor, towel wrapped around her torso.

“You look strong.” Clara said. “Lend a poor, overfilled girl a hand?”