

BABBLING BROOKE

by: Clovis

II

Danica knew where they'd be. Their secret spot up on Daisy Hill wasn't much of a secret- an old abandoned greenhouse at the edge of an unkempt patch of property whose ownership had been undetermined for as long as anyone could remember.

When she emerged from the wooden path in the dark of night they were surprised to see Danica again so soon, or at all for that matter. She parked her bike by the van whose headlights lit the area. In that halogen glow, her thin silhouette grew as she made a trepidatious approach across the clearing, wringing her hands along the way. Once arrived, they saw she'd showered and redressed- something the mangy crew had themselves neglected.

"Hey, um... so, this is what you've been up to. Impressive." Contrary to the assessment, there was only a single genus of flowering herb being cultivated, and when Danica reached out to one of the wilting plants, its dry discolored leaves fell easily from the stem. "My friend called after you left. She'd gotten... an inkling of sorts- knew something was up. She apologized for being such an amateur and my pronunciations may have been off as well. I mean, I know my Latin, but this was like, old Latin."

"She fixed you then."

Danica studied Brooke's face intently when asked the question and her voice came out uncharacteristically loud as she replied, "Yeah." Despite the claim, Danica's hands were seen fidgeting once again. "I mean... I think so."

Brooke tut-tutted. "What's that phrase you love so much? 'If you knew, you wouldn't have to think.' Well," she said in a tone half-passable for sisterly concern, "probably best we do another test. Gotta make sure you don't climax over some spilled milk at that fancy school of yours. I mean, imagine how embarrassing that would be?" Brooke smiled as she imagined just that. She then gave a nod that sent two of her lackeys bounding off to the van.

Danica slowly moved herself to the far end of the greenhouse as two recently purchased gallons of milk were delivered to Brooke along with another pair of buckets.

"What can I say," Brooke chuckled at her own lame excuse, "we didn't want your mom's cats to go thirsty." With a more wry smile she then added, "anyway, I see you changed your shirt- probably not a good idea." No longer trying to hide her excitement, Brooke popped the caps off with her thumbs and upended the jugs over

the buckets. *Glug, glug, glug, glug.* As hoped, the effect was immediate.

“Oh no! Oh please- PLEASE NO!” Danica begged for mercy as she collapsed behind a table of their ill-grown harvest.

Dissatisfied with her viewing angle, Brooke handed the duties off to the others and rushed over to admire her handiwork.

Expecting an enormous and incapacitated wreck, Brooke was taken aback when Danica immediately sprang up before her. To the sound of the last of the milk spilling out, the unburdened girl ran her hands down her unsoiled blouse to make clear her usual A-cups.

“OH, COME ON!” Brooke stamped her feet in disappointment. “Fine! You think you’re so clever, but who was stupid enough to mess with witches in the first place?” With a one-two kick, she punted each bucket out the door, splashing her friends. “Congratulations on getting back to your normal, boring self. Why don’t you go scrounge up some cash to pay us back for all the milk you just wasted or at least go find someone else to bother.”

Danica tilted her head with a look of confusion as she again spoke loudly, “I’m sorry, did you say something?” Dropping the quizzical obtuseness, she then reached up and removed a wad of cotton from each ear.

“Dammit! You little...”

“SHUT IT BROOKE OR I’LL SHUT IT FOR YOU!”

Even the crickets seemed to go silent. Brooke’s friends backed away. No one had ever seen puny little Danica stand up to her considerably bigger step-sister.

“And how are you going to do that?” Brooke asked, puffing herself up even bigger like some feral cat.

Danica casually leaned herself against the wall, but in doing so, made certain her back rested along one of the supporting struts. Reaching down to her hip, they saw that she had the walkman clipped to her belt.

Danica put on the headphones, took in a deep breath, and hit PLAY.

As the dull whirring of the cassette began, they all noticed a not-so-dull stirring within Danica’s shirt. Her breasts were growing once more.

“You were right. I love doing experiments but only when I’m in control.” Any panic or fear from before had gone, and Danica now looked down in wonder as her chest rapidly pushed through the alphabet of cup sizes. “I recorded the sound of pouring

milk and made a looping track,” she explained then exclaimed, “Oh, look at them! Look at them grow. Look at ME grow!”

Continuing their surge, Danica’s breasts were expanding at a rate that left little time for further contemplation as their expanding bulk made quick work of her fresh shirt. “You were right again about changing clothes, but what girl ever gets to experience such a thing, let alone twice in one night.” Danica’s full array of buttons flew off in a near-simultaneous burst, *P-P-P-P-POW!* as the blouse went from baggy to blown asunder in mere seconds.

Impressed, Danica cupped each emergent breast and attempted to lift them. Failure never felt like such an achievement and soon it fell upon her thighs to try and bear the brunt of them, but even they wavered. In fact, just to keep herself propped up Danica had to lean so heavily on the structure that it too began to creak and skew. “So heavy... so full... so big,” Danica cooed in appreciation of her swelling mams as they overtook her wobbling knees and still kept spreading, dipping, and journeying ever-outward. Locking eyes on Brooke she added, “So much BIGGER than yours.”

A competitive rage shook Brooke from the thrall of Danica’s entrancing bosom. “GET THEM OFF HER!” she bellowed, but found her charge for the headphones impeded.

Danica’s strategic position and staggeringly huge bosom kept her head safely beyond their reach. While frightening at first to have four full-grown adults tackling her all at once, Danica quickly found enjoyment in watching them struggle and flail in a vain attempt to disarm her. What’s more, all that jostling, squashing, rubbing, and grinding against her very sensitive and very humongous hindrances was making her blush. “Whew, guys, take it easy. You’re not getting anywhere, and I’m... getting somewhere.”

Buckling under all that tumultuous weight, Danica decided to drop a new tidbit of information. “You want to know something really neat?” she calmly asked as if she wasn’t currently under siege. “If I turn up the volume even a teensy bit... voila!” Nudging the volume wheel resulted in an audible rumble as Danica’s rate of increase accelerated. Though she had nary an inch to go, it was with a great *THUD-D* that Danica finally fell forward and relieved herself of the weight by plopping her massive milk tanks down upon the earthen floor. The increased growth and more solid footing meant she was no longer just holding the others at bay, but repelling them with ease.

Safely barricaded behind a bosom the size of two small cars, Danica proved a quick study for the heretofore unexplored art of taunting and teasing. “What’s the matter? Go on, take them. Surely, this scrawny little body of mine can’t possibly be a match for all of you.” Danica let their involuntary retreat go on a bit longer so as to make abundantly clear the extent to which she outmatched them. “Oh well,” she sighed at their failure with a mocking pout. “Now, let me show you the best part...” and with that, Danica’s pout morphed into a gleeful grin as her thumb pressed STOP.

Danica's instantly abating tits let out a blast that sent the whole pig-piling hoard squealing and toppling back right over onto their asses. Danica joined their brouhaha with a squeal of her own. "WHOOOOOOOOOAAaahhhhhhhhhh!!!" As enormous became merely huge, Danica wiped some of the residual spray from her eyes. "Wowsers, that really is something. Though I'm still not sure which is better- out, or in. Perhaps more experimentation is warranted."

The moment Danica found herself small enough to bear her own weight, she made a lunge straight for Brooke while once again hitting the PLAY button on her walkman.

"UFF!" Caught completely off guard, Brooke found herself slammed down fully onto her back as Danica shoved one of her plumping nipples into her mouth. The playful bravado was gone, this was a side of Danica she'd never seen before. Determined, empowered, and thoroughly pissed off.

"I am so sick of your MEAN, MANIPULATIVE, MOTORMOUTH!" Danica seethed through gritted teeth. Tapping the PAUSE button ever so briefly she watched as Brooke's cheeks were blown out with a forced injection of her milk.

Brooke choked, gargled, and spat with fury. "YOU LITTLE... I'M GONNA..."

Before she could finish, Danica plopped her engorging tit back over that frothing maw. "Little what? Huh? I'll show you who's LITTLE!" Danica pushed herself down onto her boob which distended as it filled and absolutely dwarfed the head of her tormentor. "I was nearly free of this horrible Podunk hell and you ruined that like you ruin everything!" Danica wasn't even sure Brooke could hear her while trapped beneath all that bloating mammary meat, but she just needed to vent before easing her weight off Brooke's face once more as she asked, "Can't you ever just be nice?"

"RAWUrgghh!" Brooke roared for breath, but it was a frightening form of primal fury that had turned her purple. Spooked by such a menacing visage, Danica scuttled backward in fright, landing her little bum atop Brooke's size thirteen feet.

Hastily giving another tweak to the volume, Danica kept her rapidly growing chest at an angle so one keg-sized breast remained planted atop Brooke while the other pressed against a table of dying plants. Bigger and heavier Danica swelled, smothering Brooke up to the waist and progressing steadily.

"GET..."

Splorshsh!

Danica's aim was perfect and she shot her milk right into Brooke's blathering mouth like it was a carnival game. Every time Brooke attempted to get up or get her off, Danica amused herself by playing with the pause button. Swell and spout, swell and

swelled. Brooke watched in helpless horror as the crushing mass atop her heaved outward until it abutted her chin, then forced it closed good and tight.

And then there was silence.

Well, almost. First there was Danica's other tit- the one that wasn't currently squashing her step-sibling- which had continued to noisily bulldoze its way through the increasingly cramped greenhouse as it grew. Second, while unable to enunciate, Brooke still managed to grunt out her frustration and did so ad nauseam.

"Oh, quit being such a baby," Danica shouted over her wall of boob. "Can't you shush for one minute and let me enjoy this." Turning the volume down to but a whisper Danica eased off her rate of expansion and rest her head against her wonderful heaps of femininity. "Aren't they just so huge? I thought you liked them like this, or was that only because it was me trapped beneath them? Either way, you can't possibly appreciate how this feels, even down there, buried beneath all this. To be growing, filling, becoming more and more in every way. It's absurdist in the extreme, but so wonderful all the same."

Danica found her hands wandering off in gentle caresses. Then, more than her hands. Skinny met the obese when her petite little body began to grind against her copious gifts. Danica forgot herself along with the fact that she still had an audience. Through it all, Brooke's misfit troupe had been quietly huddled off to the side, gawking in silence as the increasingly odd events played out.

"Oh, hey! I um, forgot you guys were still here," Danica tried to quickly compose herself. She thought it strange they'd made no effort to intervene, though, she'd certainly set up certain roadblocks for any attempt. "Ah... help me out, how's she doing down there?"

"Um... she's fine."

"She's never fine. But I can feel the tip of her nose tickling my cleavage, so I guess we better get this over with."

Danica saw their faces go pale and it took a moment to realize why. "Wait, I'm not... goodness, I'd never- I'm not THAT mad at her. I just needed her to actually stop talking for once. And may I add, how insane is it that ALL THIS is what it took to make that happen. Accident or no, I'll have to thank my new friend Dawn for helping me finally get the upper hand- after she gets me back to normal of course."

Danica again yelled over her chest. "But before I do anything, can you promise me please that we can move on, and if you can't treat me like a sister, that you'll at least treat me with some modicum of basic human decency? What do you say? Truce?"

Even as Danica felt herself overtaking Brooke's final source of oxygen, there was a long wait for a response. "You know," Danica observed, "I can't remember the last time I've spoken this much in her presence. Which is sad, because I know a lot of cool stuff." Eventually, Danica felt some kind of movement, but couldn't quite discern the meaning. She turned again to the others for help. "I'm sorry, I can't see a thing past these great big boobies of mine. Was that a nod yes, or a shake no?"

"Um... looked like a yes."

"And, is she also saying yes with her eyes?"

"Um..." they went in for a second look and what they saw caused their faces to grimace. "Not exactly."

"Oh well," Danica signed. "Admit it though, the silence is kind of nice, right?"

Brooke's loyalists just stood shuffling awkwardly about, each too afraid to offer an answer.

"Are you all really still more afraid of her than me? I've got her smothered under what has to be a metric ton of tit. But it's fine- believe me I get it. Anyway, sure was nice while it lasted," Danica opined wistfully as she reached down and felt for the STOP button. Before she got to press it, however, the one breast tasked with keeping Brooke at bay was rocked by a sudden convulsion.

With whatever movement she could manage and strength she could muster, Brooke had focused her unrelenting resolve into an upward thrust against Danica's enveloping blob of flesh. The effect was minimal, but she timed another push with the resulting wave, then another and another- each extending the rebound on to a higher and higher apex.

"Goodness, you are persistent," Danica said with begrudged admiration for the moving of her own mountain. "Can't you for once accept that I've bested you?"

Momentum continued to build within Danica's undulating boob until the great mass began to bounce fully and rhythmically. "Whoah- whoah- whoah," Danica cried as her gargantuan tit bounded up and down which caused the rest of her body to shake violently.

"What are you..." Danica saw one of the larger dudes duck behind her galloping girth, and the next time her breast became airborne, she felt Brooke being slid out from underneath. Brooke hadn't quite made it all the way out and Danica's mammoth mammary quickly came back to rest upon her legs.

Undeterred, the whole group marshaled their forces, and Danica felt eight hands being laid upon that solitary tit. "PUSH!" came the order and the whole lot shoved everything they had into her pliable anatomy.

"HEY! Watch where you put your filthy mitts!" Danica cried out as someone seemed to think her sizable teat made for better leverage. But by then it was already too late. She could feel it. Brooke was free.

It was a struggle to stand, but even when upright, Danica could see nothing over her massive twin moons. Nor could she move any further- trapped by the very estrogenic anchors that had just been so brashly manhandled. Afraid of what lay beyond, Danica slowly increased the volume to enlarge both her bust and her perimeter of perceived safety. "Okay... so, we're good... r-right?"

Demonstrating how good they weren't, Brooke launched herself on top of Danica's six-foot-high breast and crawled toward her target with intense purpose.

"ACK!" With no time to think, Danica panicked. She didn't scream, didn't cry, in fact, her entire reaction amounted to the barest of gestures. Her thumb which had never left the volume wheel simply gave it a flick and in doing so, spun it all the way to MAX.

FAAAAAAAAAAAWUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMP-P-P!

There came a great echoing sound as hundreds of glass panes simultaneously shattered. Danica was propelled backward, impacting painfully with the back of the greenhouse whose steel moaned and creaked from immense strain while rivets unfettered themselves in sporadic discharges that sounded like the popping of fireworks. "Ow-ow-ow!" Her face mashed between a strut and a wall of her own bosomy flesh, Danica had fortunately managed to keep her hand on the walkman. She resisted the initial instinct to hit STOP, and instead, brought the volume back down again.

Danica could feel her breasts wearing the structure like an enormous fishnet top. As for the fates of the others, two had been ejected straight out the door. Another could be felt wriggling about her right nipple. But there was one who stood above all- as she always did.

Brooke had somehow managed to pop herself right through the roof. "Look at you," she said in joyous mockery as she jumped up and down like a kid in a bounce house, "finally got some meat on you and you went straight to pushing your weight around."

"I was only trying to be heard!" Danica yelled, but knew no one could hear her through those many yards of thick, milk-laden boob.

Brooke hopped from one bulging hill of flesh to the next. Each landing caused a great displacing bloat as her feet sank deep into Danica's bulbous bosom.

Danica felt foolish for ever thinking she was in control. She'd blown herself up to the size of a whale- two whales in fact- and yet Brooke still managed to come out on top. Danica's thumb navigated the controls of the walkman with uncertainty. Part of her really wanted to go all the way, to really pump up the volume and herself. Danica had no doubt her mighty breasts could make quick work of the flimsy structure, but was also certain there would be another casualty- herself. Wincing in pain after Brooke's every landing more forcibly mashed Danica against the cross beams along her back, she cursed her fragile bird bones.

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! As if lightened by lunar gravity, Brooke's giant leaps were propelled ever higher thanks to Danica's pressurized surface. Her impacts caused any remaining glass to bust and the structure to further buckle and bow. The last bit of oxygen in Danica's lungs was forced out and any room to replenish had been taken up by her still growing boobs.

She ruins everything, Danica could only whimper in thought as reluctantly she hit STOP.

Though far from pleased with her plan's outcome, once the pressure released the air flooded back into Danica in the form of an operatic howl, "Oohhhooohhhh-OOOOOHHHHHH!!!!!!!" She could no more hold back her searing exultations than she could her milk. Like a pair of turbo jets, Danica's frothing streams gave the aged structure a power washing that blasted the rust right off.

The voluminous output from each of Danica's nursing tits rivaled that of a whole cattle herd. The reluctant Holstein Queen watched as Brooke, her mates, and the whole of their agricultural endeavors were swept away in the foamy wave of her dairy deluge.

Wiping both sweat and milk from her brow, Danica was left a quivering wreck at the epicenter of all the damage she had caused. Awash in an all too familiar feeling of defeat, the girl simply sat and awaited her fate.

Brooke got herself back upright, and even from a distance, Danica could see she was sopping wet and searing mad. Empty pots crunched beneath Brooke's feet as she surveyed what remained of their clandestine operation. Turning to Danica, she seemed to burble and fume with so many words and expletive phrases that her cheeks swelled with their volume.

Bracing for the impact of that fermenting verbal onslaught, Danica brought a trembling hand back to the walkman and something amazing happened. Brooke stopped.

To the surprise of everyone, Brooke heeded the warning those fingers gave when lain upon those buttons, and she practically choked swallowing all those words back down. Then, without so much as a grunt, Brooke turned around and walked off towards her van.

Danica was in a daze as she staggered out from the shell of the former greenhouse. Had she won? The thought was almost foreign to her. Brooke going silent seemed downright otherworldly, and somehow all-the-more disquieting.

“Aw man, our whole crop is ruined!”

Even as they surrounded her, Danica didn’t find Brooke’s miscreant band nearly as intimidating without their leader. “Oh, don’t worry about that. You guys clearly had no idea what you were doing. I just gave those poor plants more moisture than they’d seen in their entire lifetime.”

“Like, what do you know about any of this?”

“In all her incessant babbling, didn’t Brooke ever tell you what it is I’ve been studying?”

“Yeah... like, you know, books and stuff.”

Before Danica could answer, the angry roar of a nearby engine took immediate precedence.

“Oh, so you’re going to lure them away from me as well?” Brooke seethed, leaning out her van window.

“Lure? What?” came Danica’s dumbfounded reply.

“You ruin EVERYTHING!”

“Ruin... I... ME?” a flummoxed Danica sputtered in incredulous huffs. “This was all folly from the get-go,” she proclaimed while gesturing to the garden of debris scattered all around them. “Just another HALF-BAKED scheme conjured up by a HALF-WIT determined to spend all her time FULLY BAKED!”

Brooke flashed a bright red then spun the van about, blinding them with the headlight’s glare as she sped backward toward the tree line, knocking over Danica’s bike along the way.

“Not cool, man.”

Danica turned to see a cadre of faces all shaking their heads in disapproval and she could only throw up her arms in confusion, “Again- ME?”

The van’s engine revved menacingly and the vehicle made an abrupt lunge forward.

“Are you really that upset?” Danica shouted across the clearing. “You’re going to hit your own sister with your van?”

“STEP-SISTER!” Brooke barked back.

“FINE! Let’s do this,” Danica muttered as she made certain her headphones were still on good and tight. Dropping to her knees she then fell forward and planted her chest down right in the milky mud.

“Hey, little dudette, don’t just give up.” The group seemed genuinely concerned by her fatalistic pose.

“I’m not giving up and you guys might want to clear out. We’re about to have a proper feud.” Looking a bit crazed herself, Danica waved them away while keeping her eyes locked on the van which rolled itself further back down the road. “HOW BIG DO I HAVE TO GET FOR YOU TO TREAT ME AS AN EQUAL?” Danica hollered as she set to MAX volume and hit PLAY.

Danica was instantly pushed upward as her chest blew out beneath her. Bigger, bigger, bigger her bosom exceeded her tiny frame in every direction as it propelled her higher, higher, higher up into the air. Danica felt like she was laying on an inflatable raft- only better because she was the raft, and she was going to be bigger than any raft, boat, or any other inflatable that came to mind.

“Oh... oh boy... oh man... OH GOD!” Danica reveled as she surged past her every previous size. “THIS ISN’T HOW I PLANNED ON SPENDING THE EVENING, BUT I’LL ADMIT, IT’S GROWING ON ME. SO, GO ON, GET IT OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM. I CAN TAKE IT!”

Brooke at least waited until Danica’s tits were each bigger than a charter bus before making her charge.

And as the van came barreling towards her at a reckless speed, Danica heard a most disquieting sound as **Click** her headphones went dead.

“Wuh?” Danica’s heart nearly stopped when the cassette did the same. At first, she thought it was the batteries, but she’d been smart enough to swap in new ones before heading out. She racked her brain as milk burbled and spat from all about her draining bosom. Danica’s breasts shrank rapidly while the van continued its equally rapid approach. “Oh no... no, no, no,” she’d lost half her size already. Brooke’s advance made no indication that she’d noticed. Danica grabbed the tape deck off her belt when...

Click

“Oh right,” Danica shook her silly head. The tape had run out and needed a moment to switch over to side B. Pouring milk never sounded so good as when it resumed at that moment. Danica gave herself a little mental applause for having the forethought to record both sides of the tape. Perhaps even then, she knew things might need to go

this far. With Brooke almost upon her, she realized full volume wasn't replenishing her fast enough and it was then she engaged an as-yet unexplored option, MEGA BASS.

BADABOOM-M!

The sensation was something akin to a hiccup, only epically so. Danica was catapulted into the sky even though the vast majority of her had never actually left the ground. Then again, and again. With a rhythmic beat, her breasts doubled in size, then tripled, then quadrupled. Looking down, her view was filled with the most beautiful body-scape. It was magnificently expansive and magnifying by the moment. But there was something off. Danica felt like someone had stuck a soda can in her cleavage. It took a little longer than it should have for her mind to adjust for scale.

"Is that... oh, geez," Danica realized the little irritant was in fact the bane of her existence. She had overtaken the oncoming van and it had become wedged deep within her cleavage. There, Danica could feel it starting to buckle between her growing hills. She gave it an additional second to log the sensation in her memory, then hit PAUSE.

As her bosomy confines began to relent, Brooke's crumpled van peeled in reverse in an effort to escape. Such efforts sent vibrations up and down Danica's canyon, and she found the sensation paired tremendously well with that of her already laudable lactations. Her tits literally humming, Danica watched with disappointment as Brooke's van came barreling out a little too soon for her liking. Through the windshield, she caught a glimpse of Brooke wearing an expression of utter amazement as she craned her neck up at Danica's still towering enormities.

Having positioned herself on top meant Danica had her nipples directed downward. Pumping away with nowhere else to go meant thousands of gallons of milk were being forced into the earth and soon the ground began to rumble. Even as she shrank, Danica took great satisfaction in how both Brooke and her cohorts backed further and further away in fretful confusion just as-

BOOSH! BOOSH! BOOSH!

Massive geysers of milk shot up from the earth. The minions scattered as they frantically tried to dodge both Danica's seismic eruptions and Brooke's van which began driving about in an equally erratic manner. What went up had to eventually come down and it did so in the form of a heavy pelting rain that fell loudly upon both the land and Danica's own drum-like surfaces.

Unhappy with also being something on its way down, Danica hit the PLAY button again. Like a celestial symphony, pouring milk filled her ears and flooded her breasts just as... *FAW-ISH!* the geysers all came to a simultaneous conclusion followed by the last smatterings of the milky monsoon. The evening's cool air had been turned balmy by Danica's sweet, humid essence which lingered as a heavy fog blanketing the hill.

Swelling anew and reclaiming land lost, Danica watched with amusement as the little van roared impotently past her great filling tankards. Not knowing what else to do, Brooke had resorted to simply racing loudly around Danica in an ever-widening circle.

After one pass, Danica heard and felt the crumbling of steel behind her. She feared it was the van she was crushing, but thankfully saw the ugly jalopy rounding her starboard side again. It was then she realized the whole of the greenhouse had been flattened by her unyielding breasts as easily as if it were cardboard.

Like it was nothing. The scale of such a feat sent a chill through Danica as did the scale of what had caused it. *There's literally ACRES of me now.* Before she could delve deeper into such musings, Brooke made another charge at her. This time she rammed her broadside. For Danica, it was little more than a gentle rubbing, but the van squealed and howled like it were aggressively abrading the most impervious of barriers.

“You still want to fight? I’m big as a blimp! Two blimps! A FREAKIN’ BLIMP HANGER!” Danica always feared that one day their endless spat might devolve into blows- she just never imagined she’d be the Goliath in that situation. Never imagined it, but damn well preferred it.

It had become clear that a bully doesn’t just wilt when confronted with size. Even a show of strength wasn’t enough. Danica needed to establish true dominance. Be the alpha. Show them who’s boss in a way that was simply beyond question.

“You guys want to see something REALLY neat?” Danica asked as she gave a little wiggle to make sure she was comfortably positioned atop her magnificent swells. Her face then winced with a straining exertion as Danica willed her huge and erect nipples down deeper, puncturing through the bedrock below.

Playing with the PAUSE button again, Danica let out a series of quick thousand-gallon spurts. Swell then purge, swell then purge, and again, and again. Her bosom acted like an enormous bellows. In then out, up then down. Pumping, pumping, pumping until the earth itself swelled with her unpasteurized essence.

Those on foot noticed milk beginning to permeate up from the ground. The grass began to glisten as if by a rich morning dew while Danica continued to inundate the land.

“YOU REALLY WANT TO TAKE ON A GEOLOGIC EVENT?”

“What’s happening!” they yelled as their shoes began sinking into the ground and the van swerved about chaotically from loss of traction.

“I’M HAPPENING! Or to be specific, I am saturating the land around you is what’s happening. It’s called liquefaction, you can read all about it in BOOKS.”

With a wrenching crack, the first tree began to lean, then topple over with its roots upended as it slid on down the hill. This was followed by another, then another, then the rest. A cataclysmic deforestation, and that was only the beginning. Milk-tides, milk-slides, and thundering calamitous milk-quakes rocked the very earth. Hopping into the skittering van, the gang made a hasty retreat dodging felled trees and wrested boulders while the two most astoundingly huge and miraculously expanding boobs chased them down the disappearing road.

Danica looked on in wonder as the landscape surrounding her eroded away. Her act of drastic terraforming opened up her view and she was granted a panoramic vista of their little nowhere town and its boring environs. She sat above it all. She was the peak. The pinnacle. And once she saw her petty rivals parked safely off in the distance, she realized there was no more reason for threatening theatrics she let go of the PAUSE button, lowered the volume, and dropped the bass.

Danica’s keen eyes watched the group stumble out of the van, and though they were all so far away, somehow she could tell their faces were properly gobsmacked as they beheld her up on her high and heightening perch. Gobsmacked, except for one. Brooke, the largest and most easily identifiable, was waving her arms and yelling something up at her.

“What?” Danica lowered the volume some more, but it didn’t help. “WHAT? HONESTLY, I CAN’T EVEN HEAR YOU FROM UP HERE!” It was then Danica was hit with a most amazing realization- she couldn’t hear stupid, mean, terrible Brooke anymore. *I’m beyond her*, she thought. *I’m beyond being made fun of. Beyond teasing. Beyond name-calling. I’m above it all. And all it took were these great beautiful tits each big as all get out*, she celebrated her success by hugging what little of her beloved new bust she could.

A delicate hand fondled the walkman as Danica pondered her options. In a way, she’d turned the device into a sort of dam. It had the power to command or release a vast reservoir. Already she held a lactose lake within each breast but she wasn’t ready to let it go just yet. She felt entitled to at least one night of peace.

Danica brought the volume back up to a comfortable level and laid the device upon one swelling breast while resting her head upon the other. After such a long, crazy night, Danica’s head finally began to clear as the tape played its soothing lullaby of endlessly flowing milk. And she grew, and grew, and grew.

My goodness, isn’t it beautiful? I’m beautiful. A euphoric Danica teared at the sight of the great valley and plains of her pale skin glowing in the moonlight. She was miles away from the nearest thing that passed for civilization, and certainly the most cultured thing around. *If I can’t escape this town, maybe I’ll just BE the town*, she thought. It

wasn't hard for her to imagine, what with her veins trailing off like country roads and her freckles and moles marking points of interest along the twin arcs of her still expanding horizon-lines. *A far better place I would be too. A sanctuary unto myself.*

...

As the night went on, Danica eventually felt the borders of her bosom begin to cantilever. It signaled a strange success in that she was now bigger than the hill upon which she rested. This brought an image to Danica's mind of the fattest of her mom's cats who loved to lay on the cable-box for warmth and how the paunchy pussy excessively overflowed every edge.

As she continued growing past monumental standards, Danica didn't see herself as an intrusion on the landscape. No, she felt she'd done it one better by topping off the lone hill with two beautiful new peaks. Better still, she'd brought new life to the craggy mound. She was a true wellspring, a veritable fountain of youth and vigor.

There was something beyond size. Beyond the incredible sensations that came with growing so big. A sense of becoming- not just bigger, but something more. Something extrasensory. Even as she grew more distant from those below her, somehow Danica felt more connected to the world around her. The greater world. And the more she had, the more she wanted.

What wonderful magic was this? Her head wasn't literally in the clouds, not yet, but Danica wondered if there really was no limit. She couldn't spy so much as a stretch-mark or blemish about her ever-swelling mountains- no wear, no tear. She knew it couldn't last forever, but with a double-sided tape coupled with fresh batteries, there was still plenty of time to go plenty bigger.

HONK! HONK!

"Ugh..." Danica moaned as the van's horn woke her from her reverie. She took pleasure in the fact that they'd had to move so much further away just to be seen over her sweeping crests. Humoring herself, Danica slapped a palm down upon each boob which sent a mighty **THOOMMM!!! THOOMMM!!!** echoing back in response.

"IF I COULDN'T HEAR YOU BEFORE, I CERTAINLY CAN'T HEAR YOU NOW, DUMMIES!" Danica realized she was equally dumb for shouting back as they wouldn't be able to hear her either. But she didn't care. Up until this day, she'd yelled about as much as she'd ever filled a bra. It was a night for new experiences for Danica and she didn't hold back as she bellowed, "YOU ALL MADE FUN OF ME, BUT LOOK AT ME NOW! I'M GREAT! HUGE! THE BIGGEST THING AROUND! AND I'M ONLY GETTING BIGGER!" She reached over and gave the volume a spin and immediately ballooned all the faster. "AND BIGGER! AND BIGGER!" She lovingly caressed the great bloating masses flanking her minuscule body and cried her adulations into her near endless

bosom. “WHO KNEW? WHO COULD HAVE IMAGINED HOW WONDERFUL, HOW AMAZING, HOW BLISSFULLY FULFILLING THIS WOULD BE?”

HONK! HONK! HOOOOOONK!

“DON’T YOU SEE? I CAN’T BE STOPPED, NOT UNLESS I WISH IT- AND I DO NOT!” She spun the volume until it could go no higher though she certainly could. Ridiculously big. Ludicrously huge. And still she wanted more. Moving her thumb back over to MEGA BASS, a shiver went through Danica as she entertained a thought downright unthinkable. *Forget the town, I could literally become a one-woman dairy state.*

HOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONK!

“Ugh!” Danica bemoaned the distraction while still fondling the button. “SERIOUSLY, YOU LOOK LIKE ANTS FROM UP HERE! SHOO! LEAVE ME BE!”

Squinting Danica was able to make out Brooke grabbing something out of her van. Blinking a few times to focus, she saw what looked like a bottle of water which Brooke opened and held up high.

“Huh? What are you up to little ants?”

Danica watched as Brooke poured the water out.

“Uh-oh...”

Danica was instantly overcome by a ferocious need to pee. Squirming and fidgeting in an effort to hold it in and not wet herself caused the headphones to slip off. Danica had only a split second to watch the walkman tumble beyond her grasp.

“N-n-NO-OH! OH!”

A tectonic rumble shook Danica both inside and out, heralding the unbridled hydropowered purge of her biblically behemoth tits.

Danica’s howl pierced the night as her twin moons waned and the earth below her quaked and wept uncontrollably with her unrelentingly copious release. She who hadn’t wished to part with a single drop now gave it up with more ferocity than a duo of exploding super-tankers. As down she came from on high, she found her earlier query most definitively answered- ‘in’ may have been pure and simple bliss, but ‘out’ was a rapturous mix of divinity and fallacy so concurrent and compounding that it sent the poor maiden to levels of unknown and near obliterating stimuli.

Never meant to weather such a hydraulic fracking, the old mound succumbed to the might of Danica’s still fervent discharge. The hillsides cleaved and its many

sedimentary layers were hurled aloft by million-gallon ejecta. Any former elevation had been fully cratered by Danica's ongoing aquatic apocalypse, and the absence was filled by a milky tsunami whose waves came flooding in to form a frothing, foamy sea.

Danica rode her great leviathans down, down, down, and her euphoria devolved into merely dazed and discombobulated as she steadily dropped by the fathom. Boobs big as ships- boobs big as boats- then just a pair the size of rafts only barely capable of keeping her dry until...

Splash!

...

Kicking and flailing, an already exhausted Danica dog-paddled her way to the shore of a very different world. To those parked safely beyond her catastrophic wake, Danica seemed even smaller and more fragile in the shadow of what she had so recently been. Clutching her shirt closed, she stumbled about a primordial soup of burbling tide pools then journeyed out through a boggy milk marsh of her own making. Her every footstep formed puddles that joined into rivulets that cascaded along into streams that flowed down to a raging river of white on whose opposite shore Brooke awaited.

Debating the crossing while trying to gauge the churning depths, Danica slipped on some slick foliage and fell fully backward onto her non-existent ass.

"You- you make me SO mad!" Danica sulked, not even trying to get up.

"THAT MAD?" Brooke exclaimed while gesturing to a hill that was no longer there.

"YES!

The magnitude of that accusation gave Brooke pause, and when she spoke it was measured and directed mostly to her feet. "Me and my dad were tight. It was all fun and low expectations until you came floating in on a cloud of self-importance, making everyone feel stupid with your lectures and constant corrections. When you went off to that big-brain university I thought it would be better. Only every day is me listening to tales of Danica the Great and her countless accomplishments. It's all I hear and it drives me out of my mind."

"It's not correcting, it's helping. And at least you weren't raised by someone who treats you like a space alien and a chore. You should know, you and Mom are always commiserating over your mutual bafflement of every single thing I ever do or say."

"Oh please, she's constantly bragging about you to her friends."

“That’s not the same as proud. Dad- your dad is actually proud of me. He’s the only one in this whole stinking town who doesn’t hate me.”

“Hate you? This town that you constantly complain about and were ready to bury with your TITS held a friggin’ bake sale when word got ‘round you couldn’t afford your textbooks.”

“I wasn’t going to bury... not really. And Mom told me she hit at bingo.”

“Then you really are stupid. Why do you think they went on that reality show? It’s for your grad school. This town might think you’re weird, but they’re rooting for you. Everyone gave up on me years ago.”

“Then why’d you stop me? Let them see me for the megalomaniacal monster you think I am.”

“We may be at the ass-end of nowhere, but we’re not entirely alone out here.”

“What?” Danica didn’t know of anything out this way, and was struck with fear as she scanned the decimated landscape surrounding them.

“The breeder farm where I got the boys is just a bit further down the road.”

“PUPPIES!” Danica clutched her heart. “Oh my gosh, are- are they okay?”

“Yeah, they’re um... upstream.”

“Oh, thank goodness!” Danica needed a moment to compose herself

“I knew you couldn’t deal if anything happened to them.” As a peace offering, Brooke held out the walkman which was dripping with milk. “Anyway, we saw this washing by, you can have it back. You win,” she said tossing it to Danica.

“I wasn’t trying to win,” said Danica who, despite the proficiency of the throw, still managed to fumble and drop the device. Picking up both it and herself, Danica held it a moment with her thumb gently caressing its buttons. “You know, even at school they tease me- call me a hayseed. It just gets to be too much and, well... I didn’t mean to get so carried away.”

“It’s fine. I pushed you too far. We’ll leave you alone.”

“No, I... it’s...” flummoxed for words, Danica popped the tape out, threw it down. and smushed it deep into the mud with her foot. “Thank you for stopping me. I never meant to... be a bother or an uppity smartypants. I just... I thought you were cool.”

“I am cool,” Brooke proclaimed, but on reflection amended, “I... I used to be cool.”

“None of this excuses-”

“No, it doesn’t. I... I’m sorry.” Brooke fussed about in a way that made clear being sorry wasn’t something that came to her easily, but did certify it as genuine.

They stood in opposing silence as a real rain began and the turgid flow between them showed no signs of tapering off.

“Look, ah... are you gonna stand there all night?” Brooke asked the timid waif.

As if on cue, Danica’s bike swept past, clanging about in the rapids, and she squeaked in fear.

Stepping into the river Brooke stood solid and steady against the powerful current with a hand extended. Danica recoiled from the gesture and Brooke frowned with the realization that the girl had every good reason. “It’s not a trick, I promise. I got you little mouse.” Their hands linked and the gap was bridged as Brooke swiftly delivered her across with ease.

Now sharing the same embankment the girls stepped apart and another moment passed in silence. “Look... I’m not the best at expressing thoughts or emotions, and I... well...” Brooke mumbled as she surprised Danica by going in for a hug.

Danica tensed, but she accepted the embrace. It was awkward, damp, and brief, but it was also the best interaction the two had ever had.

“Are we... fine?”

“We... could be,” Danica said with a snuffle. “And if so, I have an idea that could be mutually beneficial. I mean, for good or ill, you do know people.”

“And you know everything else.”

As the two returned to the van, the onlookers had queries. “Wait, you really gave up super-powered tits just for a hug?”

“Oh no,” Danica shook her head. “Hugs are great and all, but they don’t pay for degrees. I want two things: First, I’d like some peace and quiet every now and then. And second, I want a piece of the action. Before I was interrupted earlier, I was trying to tell you my field of study is Botany. Tomorrow we get to work.”

“Oh...kay,” there was consensus, but not enthusiasm. “Hey,” Brooke rallied them, “our dad always says, ‘nothing grows like a well nurtured hayseed,’ you’ve seen what my sister can do all on her own, just imagine what we could do together.”

A much cheerier Danica was about to regale them with the merits of a hard day's work but was interrupted by Marlene tugging at her blouse.

"Woah! Never figured you for a tattoo. Can I see?" While she asked for permission, Marlene didn't wait for it and pulled Danica's blouse fully open.

"I don't have a..." Danica cut off her objection when she indeed saw a fine dark line that ran along the outer edge of her little left breast.

"Oh, is it... a letter? 'C'- can't be for C-cup, heh-heh," Marlene chuckled.

"Is that-" Brooke asked with amazement.

"Your van." Danica licked her thumb and found the mark came off when she rubbed it.

They all looked at the vehicle whose paint had been scraped off all along its side.

"That is trippy dude."

"Totally," Danica laughed.

There was a grumble when Danica called shotgun, so she gave them a gentle reminder. "Don't forget, even without explosive tits, I still have a friend who's a witch." They acquiesced and Danica finally found herself seated side-by-side with Brooke as equals. "Oh, and Sis, one more thing, I... um... I'm still gonna need you to get your dogs off my bed."

The End