

Two Scoops for a Good Time

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***Standard Disclaimer:** This story contains sexually oriented adult themes, specifically breast expansion. If you are not of legal age to be reading such material or if breast expansion is not your thing, then this story is not for you.*

Jessica slammed the front door behind her and tossed her bag on the floor. Leaning her head back, she sighed.

God, work sucked today, she thought to herself. The office was fucking insane for a Friday. I swear, if I hear one more goddamn phone ring I'm gonna...gonna...ah, fuck it. At least it's the weekend.

"Hannah! I'm back!" Jessica hollered out to her roommate as she kicked off her shoes into their designated corner and undid her hair bun, letting dark brunette hair flow onto her shoulders. "Hannah? You here?"

Huh, I guess not. Oh! That's right! She's staying with her boyfriend, Josh...or was it Jake? Anyways, she probably won't be back till Sunday! Which means...

"I get to have a little... 'Me Time,'" Jessica grinned to herself, realizing that she now had much more time to unwind from the day's stressful events than she had previously thought. She quickly double-checked their apartment to make sure the coast was clear, then rushed to her room.

Wasting no time, Jessica undid the buttons on her work blouse and then removed the white camisole underneath, flinging both into her laundry pile. Eager hands caressed her bra-clad bosom as she beamed down at the inches of exposed cleavage that now greeted her. Jessica had always been a bit on the busty side, currently finding herself to be on the larger end of an E-cup. Her round breasts more than filled her hands like plump oranges and on other occasions had filled the hands of lovers as well.

"Oh, we're gonna have *fun* tonight! Aren't we, girls?" Little pencil eraser nubs hardened and poked into Jessica's palms through her bra. Her heartrate quickened with eager anticipation of what was to come. Only taking a moment to bounce her goods a couple of times, Jessica soon added the bra to the laundry pile and dove into her closet to find her "special" clothes.

It didn't take long for the topless woman to find what she was looking for: A seemingly simple, black bra with a front clasp and a long-sleeved, white blouse with buttons that Jessica

had sown back on more times than she'd cared to admit. Jessica pulled on the bra and was mildly frustrated (though not at all surprised) to find that it hung a tad loose on her thin frame.

Damn, another one's gotten stretched out. Guess, I'll have to replace it sometime.

Stepping in front of the body-length mirror on her closet door, Jessica fiddled with her bra in an attempt to tighten it up some. Despite her rather robust bosom, Jessica had a decidedly sleek, athletic frame; a feature that she had worked hard to maintain. She was quite proud of how well she had kept in shape over the years. Though, occasionally she yearned for a just a bit more junk in the trunk to balance out her curves more. Regardless, she had to admit that being so slim had made her boobs look just that much bigger and had no complaints there.

Eh, good enough. It's not like I'll be wearing it for long.

More or less satisfied with the adjustments to the aging bra, Jessica slipped her blouse over her shoulders and reached under her bed to retrieve what appeared to be a large plastic jar of protein powder. Tucking the jar under one arm, Jessica headed to the kitchen, fumbling with her blouse buttons along the way.

Setting the jar down on the kitchen counter, Jessica hastily fastened the remaining buttons, leaving the top two open to display about an inch of cleavage. Like the bra, her shirt also appeared to be stretched out some in the chest area. Though it proved to still be form-fitting across her waist and was soon tucked into her slacks. Jessica's attention was no longer on her shirt, however, as she had already thrown open the refrigerator door.

A mostly full jug of whole milk joined the protein powder on the counter, soon followed by an electric blender and a large cup. Jessica dropped some ice cubes into the blender's pitcher and poured milk into it until she was satisfied. She then popped open the jar and began to scoop the powder into the mix.

*Alright, one scoop. Two. Three- *RIING*RIING**

"Fuck!" Jessica jumped a little, nearly dropping the spoon into the blender. "Goddamnit! Who the fuck is calling me now?"

Fuming, she left to get her phone which still lay in her bag by the door. Upon answering the call, she immediately hung up and took a second to block the number.

"Goddamn Chinese telemarketers," Jessica grumbled under her breath. "Why can't they call someone else?" Her phone was switched to silent and was tucked into her pants pocket.

She returned the task at hand and stared blankly at the concoction on the counter. "Shit. I lost count," she mumbled to herself.

Two scoops for a good time. Three for a great time. She silently reminded herself.

Jessica dropped two more scoops of powder into the blender.

But four scoops? Her heart fluttered at the thought. *Four for a fuckin' grand time!*

She scooped up one last, heaping spoonful of powder to top off the mixture and stirred it in a little. The overeager smoothie alchemist stuck the spoon in her mouth and started the blender.

As the blender whirred to life, Jessica sucked on the spoon thoughtfully. *It's been a bitch of a day, so it's time for one hell of a pick-me-up!*

After a few seconds, Jessica stopped the blender and set the spoon down on the counter. She pulled the pitcher off the blender and started to tilt it into the cup, but stopped short before any of the smoothie could pour out. She paused for moment, as if in thought. She looked at the pitcher, then at the cup, and then back at the pitcher.

Fuck it.

Jessica threw her head back and started to chug down her milkshake straight from the source. After a few solid gulps, she stopped to catch her breath and made a face at her concoction.

Damn, that's really chalky for just one extra scoop. Oh well, I didn't make this for the taste.

Jessica lifted the pitcher to her lips again but paused as she suddenly felt very warm, particularly in her chest. Lowering the pitcher, she placed her free hand to a breast just as a subtle tingling sensation began to emanate from deep within her hefty handfuls.

Whoa, that kicked in fast!

The tingling in her breasts intensified, signaling the activation of her milk glands and the start of a process that she was all too familiar with. That protein powder was, in actuality, a supplement designed to temporarily aid milk production in lactating mothers. However, there were some unintended side effects that caused it find use in other, kinkier circles.

“Mmmm...yesss,” Jessica cooed with contentment at her ample bosom. “I can feel it already.”

Subtly, at first, her breasts began to change; firming up some in her hand as the tingling intensified and spread outward towards her rock-hard nipples. When the tingling had spread throughout her breasts, Jessica could feel a slight pressure push out from within; gradually increasing as though they were filling up. Moments later, she could feel her soft flesh push back against her hand. Her already ample bosom was growing larger before her eyes!

Even through her clothes, Jessica's breasts felt almost hot to the touch. Beads of sweat formed upon her skin; the tops of her breasts glistened with it as they leisurely pressed into each other and pushed up towards her neck. It didn't take long for the ill-fitting bra that she had wrestled with earlier to be pulled snug across her chest. Wrinkles smoothed out across her blouse as her globes pressed into the silk like cushiony balloons, filling the formally loose fitting garment until it looked tailored to her curves.

“Ooooh yeah,” Jessica moaned under her breath. “Keep going!”

Arching her back slightly, Jessica could feel her bra band pull taut across her back and its straps began to dig into her shoulders. As she watched herself grow, she could feel her boobs push her bra cups out and away from her torso, filling in the space between. Like soft dough, her mounds began to slowly bulge over the edges of her bra, having filled it to capacity.

Mmmm, getting kinda tight! Time to take this to my room while I still can! Memories flashed through her head of the times Hannah came back early to find her in some rather compromising positions. Her roommate never would let her live those down.

Jessica quickly downed another mouthful of the growth-inducing milkshake before carrying it back to her room. Even at this early stage in her growth, she could feel a slight change in her equilibrium from the added weight up top and an extra bounce in her chest did not go unnoticed. In fact, Jessica actively encouraged it by taking heavier steps than usual as she walked. She was enjoying every aspect of growing bigger and planned on milking it for all it was worth.

Just as Jessica closed the bedroom door behind her, she could feel a wave of heat roll over her as the latest dose of milkshake caught up with her. Swooning slightly, she placed a hand on the door to brace herself as she felt the swelling intensify some.

“Ungh!” she gasped. “These are hitting fast!”

Setting the pitcher down on the dresser next to her bedroom door, Jessica stumbled almost drunkenly towards the mirror on her closet door.

“Ooh yeah! Now this is more like it!” She struck a pose in the mirror and gauged that she had gained at least two or three cup sizes just in the past few minutes. “I must be a G or an H already!” She giggled, setting off a miniature earthquake in her chest. “Free drinks here I come!”

Jessica thought back to some of her attempts to go out after giving herself a “modest boost.” Those nights would always start off well, with free drinks abound, but it never took long for things get out of hand. It’s all fun and games until someone ruins their wardrobe.

Her ripening fruits were running out of room in her clothes, surpassing grapefruits and racing towards coconuts in size. Stress lines had formed across her blouse, its buttons straining to hold back the oncoming tide of flesh that pressed relentlessly onward towards escape. Silk was pulled tight across Jessica’s toned back like a second skin, accentuating her every feature, from her feminine shoulder blades down to the subtle ridge of her spine. Most noticeable was the deep indent of her bra band being pulled ever tighter by the bloating masses that dominated her frame and were becoming noticeably wider than her torso.

With little space left to grow outward, breast flesh oozed its way out in any direction it could. Like rising dough, Jessica’s boobs had bubbled over, under, and around her overtaxed bra. Little booby puffs bulged out of her neckline towards her chin while a massive amount of underboob crept its way down her torso. All the while, the hem of her blouse was pulling itself ever so slowly out of her slacks to make more room to grow. The sensation of the soft silk

sliding over her skin as her body demanded more and more of the fabric was an experience that Jessica always relished.

Not content to stand still, Jessica continued to change stances and strike poses, intent to witness her transformation from every angle possible. She leaned forward to peer down her neckline and appraise her deepening cleavage.

“Damn, you could lose a hand in there,” she mused. “Heh, maybe two!”

As she straightened back up, her clothes creaked in protest. The buttons on Jessica’s blouse were being pulled so tight across her burgeoning bustline that little diamond shaped holes were forming between them, offering voyeuristic glimpses into her cleavage. Her bra was still tightening around her chest like an anaconda trying to crush the breath out of her. Pleasure aside, Jessica was becoming increasingly uncomfortable and found each breath to be shallower than the last. Something had to give soon.

Creeeeaaak*pop-pop!

Jessica’s chest shifted outward slightly as a couple of stitches popped somewhere in her creaking bra.

“Oh-shit!” Her hands instinctively went to her chest, as if to catch her boobs. Designed to hold mangos but instead containing cantaloupes, flesh had engulfed the poor brassiere. Feeling the end was near for the outmatched bra, Jessica smirked. “Christ, it’s tight! *Nngh!*” she winced. “Feels like **nngh** I’m caught in a beartrap! Time to **ah** bust it!”

A chorus of popping stitches and creaking threads was music to Jessica’s ears as she rolled her shoulders back, breathed in as deeply as she could, and thrust out her chest.

Snap-pop-pop-poppoppop*CRACK!

The front clasp of the beleaguered bra finally gave up the ghost, having been weakened beforehand by Jessica for just this occasion. She knew from past experience just how sturdy a well-built bra could be, so she would always keep at least one “special” bra with a tampered clasp for nights like these.

Like a burst dam, the useless cups released a wave of flesh outward into an already straining shirt. “*Ooooff!*” Jessica stumbled forward, the weight of her humongous hooters pulling her down with them as they fell. The hem of her blouse was yanked the rest of the way out of her waistline, revealing her slim stomach.

POP*tick-tick-tick

Bloating out to a more naturally rounded shape, Jessica’s melon-sized tits popped a button off the front of her blouse near widest point of her bust. The button was sent ricocheting off the mirror and into some unseen corner of the room. Creamy flesh bulged through the fist-sized gap that now opened like a window into her cleavage. One more button remained fastened above it, though it was also gaping wider and wider as Jessica grew ever more buxom.

Catching herself before she could fall, Jessica laughed as she cupped her boobs to help calm their quaking masses. “Holy shit! They’re as big as my head!” she laughed. “I’m surprised that bra lasted as long as it did.”

Still hot to the touch, Jessica’s melons continued to bloat even as she held them. They absolutely overwhelmed her hands, spilling around them as much as her tight shirt would allow. Nipples like pinky tips jutted out into her palms and she could feel a warm wetness spread out from around them. She pulled her hands away to reveal the soft pink of her nipples through the growing wet patches that had turned those parts of her shirt translucent.

“I was wondering when I’d start leaking,” she said to herself. “About time, too! I’m getting thirsty!”

Hands returning to her nipples, Jessica decided to speed things up a little. As soon as she squeezed her little pink nubs, what almost felt like a bolt of electricity shot straight down between her thighs as if her nipples were wired to her pussy. It seemed that her shirt wasn’t the only part of her clothing getting damp. Determined fingers continued to work at her milk taps. The warm, creamy liquid ran down her front and dripped from her hands. It didn’t take long for her to trigger a letdown.

“Uuuuunngh!” Jessica moaned with closed eyes as a surge of pleasure took hold of her. The floodgates had been opened for the first time that evening, releasing a torrent of milk from her nipples. The force of her release was strong enough to spray through the soaked fabric of her shirt and spatter on the mirror that was a few feet in front of her.

Such a forceful letdown reaction was usually unheard of in most women, but the supplement in her milkshake was working as intended. Jessica’s milk production was being boosted many times beyond what a normal lactating mother would put out, even at the peak of her production. Her breasts tingled pleurably as milk continued to well up inside of them, pushing out from within to fill their increasingly swollen forms.

“Ooooh, God! More!”

More came as Jessica’s tits filled her blouse to capacity. The creases across her chest had turned into deep folds and her buttons were hanging on by threads, the diamond shaped gaps between them pulled wide and short. Her breasts had craved so much space that fabric was being stretched over her shoulders and out from her sleeves, pulling her arms forward. Cool air tickled Jessica’s stomach as her shirt had been pushed up and away from her body by the watermelon sized jugs that jutted out from her chest.

Shhriip-POP*POP*tick-tick-tick

Finally unable to take any more, the top button of Jessica’s blouse exploded off her chest and shot to some far corner of her room. Twin loaves of doughy boobage burst out of the new opening, wedging her blouse open further and bulging over the sides. Nearly a foot of cleavage greeted Jessica’s startled eyes as she stared down into its depths.

“Holy shit! Were’d it even go?” Jessica’s eyes failed to track where her button sailed off to. “Guess I’ll have to buy more buttons again,” she laughed, her mammoth mammaries jiggling uncontrollably.

The jiggling of her tits catching her eye, Jessica looked back down at the massive mounds that dominated her view and grinned like an idiot. Holding the bottoms of her breasts, she shoved them up into her face and motorboated herself. Cleavage swallowed her face and smooshed around her features like memory foam. Holding this position, Jessica felt herself slowly swelling around her head and swore she could almost hear the faint gurgling of milk brewing in her chest. The warmth from her bosom could have put her to sleep if she didn’t need to breath, though she could feel it beginning to taper off as the milkshake had almost run its course.

Pulling out for air, Jessica released her breasts, letting them drop down and bounce on her chest. Then she grabbed the sides of her blouse and pulled. All of the remaining buttons were torn off in a zip line, ricocheting off her mirror before peppering the floor.

If anyone thought Jessica was large chested before, then they would have thought she was gargantuan now. She had started the evening with E-cups, but the breasts that flopped out of her blouse had bloated and swelled larger than her head. What were once large oranges were now large watermelons. Her tits absolutely dominated her slender frame, sticking out more than a foot in front of her and reaching about a hands-width past her sides. They were remarkably firm and round due to the milky pressure that had built up within them. Creamy milk dribbled out of her slightly domed teats and ran down the curved slopes of her udders, dripping onto the floor from their bottoms.

Enormous as they were, Jessica’s breasts were still visibly swelling larger. Though, Jessica could feel them gradually slowing. Licking her lips, she hefted one of the leaking milk tanks to her parched mouth and began to suckle from her own nipple. Milk flowed freely from her teat, filling her mouth again and again with each gulp.

Jessica was in pure ecstasy as she felt the pressure subside within her breast as she sucked more and more milk from her hyper sensitive nipple. Even as it was being emptied, her boob was still slowly growing in her hands, pressing further into her face with each passing second.

Sensing her other breast becoming fuller, Jessica switched sides and began to drain the other one instead. While her mouth was being flooded with milk, her mind and body were becoming flooded with pleasure. If she didn’t need both hands to hold her breast up to her face, one hand would almost certainly be tucked down the front of her pants.

Unable to resist her urges any more, Jessica backed up until she felt the edge of her bed bump her legs. Lips still locked around her swollen nipple, she let herself fall backwards onto the queen sized bed that stuck out into the middle of her room. Her overgrown watermelon tits sloshed upwards into her face like huge water balloons before settling on top of her chest. Boob flesh spread out to cover her entire ribcage and then some, oozing around her arms.

One hand shot down to the crotch of her pants and frantically worked to undo the button and zipper while her other hand continued to hold her teat to her mouth. Jessica’s enormous

breasts hadn't stopped growing since she laid down and now threatened to suffocate her as she drank relentlessly from one.

After some fumbling, Jessica managed to get her pants open. Slipping a hand down her panties, desperate fingers went to town massaging her clit. Mind foggy with overwhelming lust, Jessica groaned in ecstasy, nearly drowning in her own milk.

As her incredible boob growth finally slowed to a halt, she climaxed. She arched her back, causing her tits to slosh down over her face while milk erupted out of her nipples like fountains. Milk soaked Jessica's hair, clothes, and the bedsheets she was laying on.

After about half a minute of constant, milky orgasm, Jessica finally started to come down from her high. Still trying to catch her breath, she removed her hand from between her thighs and felt up a pair of breasts that had miraculously grown to be nearly twice the size of her head.

Before she had heard about the supplement powder, Jessica never would have believed that something like this was possible. She had always liked being busty and had often desired to be bigger. But this? This was beyond any of her old fantasies.

With this lactation supplement, she could grow as big as she desired or larger without much in the way of repercussions. All she had to worry about was the cleanup afterward and to make sure she had time to let her breasts shrink back down. She just had to be careful not to go overboard; which, unbeknownst to her, she was dangerously close to doing.

Gently playing with her new, giant tits, Jessica glimpsed something out of the corner of her eye. She looked over and saw the pitcher sitting atop her dresser as if it were some sort of holy boob altar. Of greater interest to her was the fact that there was still more than half of the growth inducing milkshake left. Naughty thoughts filled her mind at the sight of the blessed thing.

Biting her lip, she briefly tried to measure how big she had already gotten with what was left in the pitcher. Finally, she smirked and said "I think it's time to turn things up to eleven."

With some difficulty, Jessica heaved herself up and found that she was significantly heavier than she was when she walked into her room, with all of the added weight localized solely on her chest. Now sitting on the edge of her bed, she slipped off her pants and tossed them aside along with the remains of her blouse. Now clad only in a damp pair of black panties, Jessica attempted to stand up only to nearly fall flat on her face due to how front heavy she had become.

"*Hnnngh!* Holy fuck, these are heavy!" Jessica said as she saved her footing.

Breasts like dumbbells hung off her front, trying to pull her down to with them. Putting all those years of exercise to good use, Jessica slowly straightened up and lurched towards her dresser. Armfuls of boob jiggled and sloshed with each step as she slowly approached her goal.

Every step was an effort with two prize-winning watermelon sized boobs weighing Jessica down. Her eyes were fixed on the prize, though; and an overpowering desire to drink every last drop of the boobshake drove her forward.

After what felt like a mile, Jessica finally crossed the short distance to her dresser. Having had enough of carrying her burdensome breasts, she heaved them up and slammed them down on top of the dresser. Fortunately, the top of the old wooden dresser sat just below chest height for Jessica. Unfortunately, the force of her massive mammaries being dropped down on it caused the old hunk of wood to rock forward on its short legs.

Scrambling for the milkshake pitcher, Jessica managed to snatch it before it could topple over and spill its contents. She leaned her weight forward and stabilized the wobbling dresser. Her humongous hills sloshed like jello atop the dresser before slowly coming to rest before her.

Even flattened under their own weight, Jessica's breasts sat well over a foot tall on her dresser. They were so large that they actually blocked a good percentage of her vision from where they sat. Setting the pitcher atop a soft mountain, Jessica took one last appraising squeeze of her overgrown assets before they got any bigger.

Hands shaking with anticipation, Jessica tilted the pitcher to her eager lips and chugged like her life depended on it. After a few seconds of gulping down the thick shake, she stopped to catch her breath and immediately winced from the onset of brain freeze.

"Ow, fuck!" she said, rubbing a temple with her free hand. "Can't stop. I've gotta keep going!"

As she returned to the milkshake, Jessica could already feel the first stirrings of growth muster within her gargantuan fun bags. A thin sheen of sweat returned to her brow as her body worked to process the influx of formula, heating her up again as it did so. At last, the tops of her breasts began to rise once more, soon becoming level with her shoulders as they reached up towards her chin.

gurrngle

Something bubbled and churned briefly within Jessica's milkmakers as they surged outward in size by more than an inch in mere seconds.

"*Mmmph!*" Jessica nearly choked on the shake, momentarily overwhelmed by the unexpected burst of growth. "*Nnngh-ah!* The fuck?" Her free hand cautiously explored her volatile chest, having returned to its slower pace of growth.

Guuurrrrggle

"*Uungh! Oh god!*" Jessica's knees went weak as she was hit with another wave of growth. Stumbling forward into the dresser, Jessica leaned face first into her rapidly bloating bosom with her arms sinking inches into her flesh. Milk squirted from her swollen nipples onto the wall from the added pressure.

The surge of growth subsided as quickly as it came, leaving Jessica gasping for air after being smothered by her own breasts. “*Ooooh, fuck,*” she muttered to herself as she extracted her face from her cleavage. Tits nearing the size of pumpkins greeted her eyes as she finally realized just how much larger she had become in such a short time. They pushed up into her neck and now sat level with her chin. “Ooh, fuck! Now we’re getting somewhere!”

While Jessica’s breasts were still gently swelling, something felt different. It was almost as if they were trembling slightly, maybe quivering. The feeling was gradually getting stronger and more noticeable as her arms rested upon their rounding bulks. Eventually, the trembling grew within her chest until it became a low rumbling.

Guurrggglrglrglrgl!

“*Uuuuuunnnnnghh!*” Jessica moaned as milk could actually be heard churning and bubbling within her rumbling bosom. Her incredible growth reached a new peak as her former melons ripened and swelled into full pumpkins within seconds. Leaking nipples met with the wall as creamy mounds of boob flesh spread out further and further across the top of the dresser. With nowhere left to grow forward, Jessica’s breasts pushed back against her and soon began to hang over the edge.

“Whoa!” Jessica felt herself grow off balance and began to stumble backwards. Outmatched arms tried vainly to contain the pillowy masses that overwhelmed her thin frame. Her gargantuan growing tits pushed themselves off the dresser, their weight sending Jessica tumbling backwards across the room and back over the end of her bed.

The old wood creaked and groaned angrily from where Jessica had nailed and glued the bed frame back together after having broken it one overzealous evening. A tide of flesh rolled across her chest and over her face.

“*Mmmph!*” A muffled moan emanated from under Jessica’s tidal wave of tit before they flowed back off her face. They jiggled and sloshed like gelatin atop her chest until they finally came to a gurgling rest several feet above her.

“*Unnnngh!*” she moaned. “Why’s it so strong? I only put one extra scoop...” Her eyes went wide with a sudden realization. Biting her lip, she watched as her massive milk machines gurgled and groaned ever larger. A rising swell of milky flesh rolled ever further over her body, covering more of her torso until their beach ball sized masses began to brush her hips and cheeks.

Oh fuck! I lost count when the phone rang. This is gonna be a lot messier than I’d planned. I don’t think I’ve had this much since the first night I tried this stuff!

Trapped beneath a pair of leaking tits that were becoming wider than her arms could reach and were pinning her body from her shoulders down to her hips, Jessica tried not to panic as she realized she might be growing out of control. Her mind and body were becoming overwhelmed with sensations and she began to feel herself wash away with the swelling tide of pleasure. The entire top half of Jessica’s body, save for her head, was buried under two massive

erogenous zones. Just the feeling of her seething breasts pushing down on her from their own weight alone was enough to drive her crazy.

No longer able to ignore the growing pressure within her rumbling mountains, Jessica knew she had to milk herself. She attempted to wriggle her arms free from under her cumbersome bust. Her squirming efforts caused their massive bulks to slosh back and forth like giant, leaking water balloons. After some effort, Jessica freed her arms from under their cushiony prison and shot them up towards her leaking nipples.

Her draining milk taps sat atop rising peaks that had grown so wide and tall that Jessica had to strain her arms just to brush the soft mounds of her areola. Meanwhile, she could feel the outer edges of her breasts spread further across her bed and creep down her body, soon spreading over the tops of her thighs as they encased more of her body like warm memory foam.

“Come on! *Ungh!* Just...a little...further!”

Straining fingers searched desperately for the thumb-sized beacons calling to them from above. Jessica tried to lean forward as far as her burdensome bosom would allow in an attempt to finally grasp her elusive nipples, but to no avail. Even as she increased her efforts to reach higher, her breasts continued their unrelenting growth in all directions, pushing her goals further beyond her reach. Eventually, Jessica finally came to realize the obvious.

“Oh my god,” Jessica said. “I can’t reach my nipples anymore. I’m *so fucking huge* that I can’t even reach my own nipples! *A-Aaaahh!*”

A sudden zing shot through Jessica from that revelation, causing her to orgasm for the second time that night. Milk erupted from her teats straight into the air, some of it reaching the ceiling before coming pattering down like a creamy rain upon her bedroom. Her body quaked from the orgasm and her overgrown bosom quickly bloated up further beyond her feeble reach.

“*MMMMPH!*” Breast flesh pushed up over Jessica’s face, covering her mouth as if to silence her. No longer able to restrain herself any further, one arm snaked its way back under her breasts and between her thighs while the other tried to push the growing wall of boob away from her face so she could breathe.

Milk continued to erupt from Mount Jessica as she pleased herself to her heart’s content. Rumbling ever larger, her colossal tits would sporadically surge in size in response to her eager fingers’ ministrations. Each surge of growth sent a rush of endorphins through her body, creating a feedback loop of pleasure and growth that was quickly changing her into more breast than woman. Jessica was out of control and loving every second of it.

Together, Jessica’s breasts had now become at least as wide as she was tall, if not larger. Her aging bed began to groan under her tremendous weight as her tits had finally grown to such a size that they had begun to spill over the edges of the mattress. If someone had walked in on her at that moment, they would have only seen a pair of legs sticking out from under two overfilled, fleshy beanbag chairs.

Creeeaaakkk* Ck-Crack!

Jessica felt her mattress shift somewhat as the bedframe began to fail. Old wounds became known again as wood splintered around the shoddy repairs that Jessica had made to the compromised rails some months before.

C-C-CRACCKK!!!*SLAM!

The bed finally gave in to the overwhelming force of boobs that pressed down upon it. The entire front part of the bed broke off and slammed down on the floor while the rest of the bed fell forward with nothing to support it. Now laying on something like a ramp, Jessica's round breasts rolled forward, taking Jessica with them.

"Whoah!" Jessica's arms shot out in front of her as her rolling boulders carried her up and over their bloated bulks. Her hands met with her dresser as she was almost slammed headfirst into it. Covering most of the space between the broken bed and the dresser, Jessica's astonishingly huge breasts sloshed like waterbeds with her body riding atop them like a boat on the sea. In a reversal of roles, she was more attached to her breasts than they were to her and was completely at their mercy.

"I-I'm so huge!" Jessica stammered. "I'm more boob than woman!"

Jessica's entire body rested atop her waterbed boobs, not even her toes could touch the floor anymore. Despite being so glutted with milk, her breasts still retained some softness as her body had sunk into them as if they were pillows. As her gurgling tits grew ever larger, she found herself being lifted higher off the floor.

"Mmmpph! I'm still growing!?! How -nngh- h-how big am I gonna..." Stopping short, Jessica saw something that short-circuited her brain. "How...big..."

Just out of arms reach was the blender jug, still sitting atop the dresser where Jessica left it. What had derailed her train of thought, though, was that there was still some milkshake left in it. Not much, but enough to put her far beyond any size she had ever grown to before if she were to finish it.

"How...big..." I'm already as big as I was when I broke the bed the first time. Do I really need to get too big for my room, too? "B-big..."

As Jessica's internal struggle between her carnal urges and her rational mind raged on, her steadily growing breasts kept on lifting her up closer to that holy altar of boobs and milk. It was as if they were nudging her towards the growth shake, wanting to grow as big as possible.

"How big...*can* I get!?" Finally resolving to listen to the devil on her shoulder, Jessica beamed with a newfound determination and reached up for the pitcher's handle. Her fingers could only just barely brush the clear glass of the handle.

Unwilling to be defeated with her goal so near, Jessica's other hand returned to its place between her thighs and went to town.

"Just...a little...bigger!"

Having already worked up a sweat from her previous orgasm, it didn't take long for Jessica to turn up the heat again. Her breasts responded by surging larger a few more inches, lifting her just high enough to grasp the pitcher's handle.

Once again, Jessica found herself staring into her milky concoction, her eyes filled with booby greed and horny desperation. All that was left of the shake was a half-melted slush that lolled around in the bottom of the pitcher. Licking her lips, Jessica poured the last of the slurry down her throat and slammed the empty pitcher on a boob in triumph.

grrglrrrl-Guuurrgle-GUURRGLEGRRGLL!

Jessica's breasts churned and rumbled, sending waves of pleasure sweeping over Jessica as her growth kicked into overdrive. She could feel her breasts press harder into her dresser and spread wider across the floor. The defeated remains of her bed began to be swallowed by her tits as they swelled back over them. She could feel every contour of the broken furniture as breast flesh pressed into it like putty.

"Ooohh, fuuuck yeeesss!" The empty pitcher fell from her hand and tumbled to the floor, its purpose fulfilled. *"I've never been this big before! Oooh, it feels amazing!"*

No longer able or willing to restrain herself, Jessica yanked her soaked panties as far down as she could from this angle and let herself go. Her mind took a backseat to her libido as she ravaged herself with a carnal fury that probably would have scared her if she wasn't hornier than a wild animal in heat.

With each passing moment, her armchair sized breasts rapidly swelled larger and larger, overtaking more and more of her bedroom. The old dresser rocked back on its legs as Jessica's mountains pressed into it, soon dwarfing it in size. Every surge of growth wracked her body with pleasure and lifted her higher into the air. She soon found herself overlooking the top of the dresser that was out of reach just a short while ago.

Meanwhile, Jessica's lactation rate had surged far beyond what should be humanly possible to the point where her tits were practically exploding with milk. Nipples that poked out from beneath her giant boobs sprayed fervently out into the room. However, they were unable to keep up with the impossible amount of milk being brewed within and her breasts bloated and rounded out from the building pressure. White pools grew out from around Jessica's gurgling milk factories, soaking her carpet.

"Nnnngh! More!" she gasped. *"Keep *ah* keep growing! *Nngh!* BIGGER!"*

Orgasm after orgasm racked Jessica's body, causing her goliath gazongas to expand outward at an alarming rate while gallons of milk boiled up within and exploded out from her teats. By this point, her breasts had nearly surpassed her own height and each one could have been used for a bed. Any previous size record she may have claimed had been left in the dust.

*"I'm *hnngh* fucking huge!"* Gasping between breaths, Jessica urged her breasts onwards. *"How much *ah* bigger can they get? *Nnngh* Keep growing!"*

Exhaustion was beginning to set in and Jessica could feel herself reaching her limit, but she was determined to see this through to the end. Her mind reeled trying to comprehend breasts that were much larger than the rest of her body. She could feel the dresser trapped between her boobs and the wall and sensed other pieces of furniture being pushed around the room by her growing masses. It almost felt as if the room and everything in it had grown smaller instead of her growing larger.

Finally, Jessica could sense her growth slowing down and pushed for one last orgasm. As she worked her hand faster between her thighs, she tried vainly to squeeze her breast with her other arm to eke out every last bit of stimulation she could. Sure enough, she pushed her needle to the red and her tits surged outwards in one final burst of orgasmic growth.

Though she could no longer see how far her breasts had spread, Jessica could feel them starting to brush the side walls of her room. This sent her over the edge into the longest, hardest orgasm of her life. Milk practically flooded what parts of her room weren't already filled with boob and she screamed in pure ecstasy.

The gurgling quieted down until only the sounds of running milk and heavy breathing were audible. Her breasts had finally come to a halt; nearly a foot taller than she was and pressing against all but the rear wall of her bedroom. Milk dribbled lazily out of teats the size of soda cans and dripped into the inch deep puddle that was slowly draining out into the hall.

A dull ringing filled Jessica's ears and the light in the room seemed to dwindle. Her body had finally reached its limit with that last orgasm and she slipped into a peaceful slumber. Eventually, her milk would dry up and her breasts would reduce in size. The cleanup, however, was going to be hell.