

# Maria of Swell Tales



## ~Part One~

Vibrations thrummed through Maria's head as she leaned against the bus's window. A long day of classes had drained her of energy. Listening to the rumble of the engine made staying awake even more of a challenge as the darkening autumn sky tempted her to close her eyes and enjoy the bus's lulling movements.

Her eyes snapped open with a lackluster effort. Sleep couldn't win. She hadn't even gotten to the public library yet and there was still research to do for her professor's essay. A week seemed like enough time until a mess of other college classes was crammed alongside it. A stressed sigh lifted her chest before fogging the window in a tired exhale. Anxious fingers tapped a notebook clasped in her lap.

Trying to stay alert, Maria took to people-watching. There weren't many options to choose from; the bus was peacefully empty. There was an elderly man near the front. Behind her sat two women in tight spandex outfits heading home from what Maria assumed to be a yoga class. A few seats ahead of her was a boy around her age. She recognized him from calculus but couldn't place his name. His hair was unmistakable, though. Maria stole glances over his shoulder as he tapped his phone, spying quick flashes of scandalous pictures of women scrolling by. All of them shared one thing in common: a pair of breasts that put her C-cups to shame. A finger tapped on her notebook in slight annoyance while another played with a braid. Sometimes she couldn't help but wonder if she looked more like the women stretching out their spandex outfits behind her if she would have better luck with love.

The thought was banished from her mind. Maria knew love didn't come from having a body someone else found perfect. Love had to first come from loving yourself. And truly most days she was happy with the modest, if not petite, bust she'd been gifted. A thicker bottom half more than made up for it. Maria was happy to show it and a teasing glimpse of her thighs off in her classic plaid skirt. However, to say she didn't wonder what it might be like to truly fill out her sweater would be a lie. Maria was honest enough with herself to admit she was curious about having larger breasts, if not a little envious of others.

However, her curiosity wasn't so simple. There was more to it than just a desire to be bigger. Maria's interests went deeper. More primal.

The bus slowed before coming to a hissing stop.

"*Alvin Street,*" the driver called out.

Maria's ears perked. She rose and made her way toward the door. Chilled air hit her at the door and blew her skirt enough to make her hold the front while stepping off.

There was a woman sitting at the bus stop. Staring for a moment during her departure, Maria saw a newborn cradled in her arms. A small blanket was draped from the mother's shoulders and partially over the baby, concealing her breastfeeding from the world. A spark lit within Maria's core.

Something dull blue caught her eye on the ground by the woman's feet. It looked like a bus pass.

"M...Miss?" she asked softly.

The woman stared ahead in dazed thought. Exhaustion filled her eyes as she held her newborn and the bus roared down the road.

Maria asked louder now. “Ma’am? Excuse me? Is that your bus pass?”

No response. Through the woman’s hair Maria could see a pair of earbuds. Social interactions weren’t her strong suit, especially when the other person was busy feeding their child.

Maria steeled herself. She had to be more direct. Approaching the woman, she stooped down and plucked the card from the concrete. A breeze waved her skirt around her bending thighs. Now so close, the woman was forced to notice the schoolgirl. She removed an earbud and their eyes met. Maria felt herself grow timid.

“I-Is this your bus card...?”

The woman’s eyes bulged. “*Oh my God! Yes!*” Her hand pressed to her heart in relief and she looked around at herself. “*It must have fallen out of my bag!*” She leaned forward and extended a hand. “*I never would have gotten home without--*”

Her blanket slipped down. Breasts, fully engorged with milk, revealed themselves. Maria’s eyes couldn’t help but shoot toward them to take in their swollen glory. A nipple had slipped from her baby’s mouth, dribbling milk down the woman’s exposed front.

“Oh dear...” She sighed with a blush and replaced the cover with an embarrassed laugh. “Sorry about that. Long day and no sleep... I’m losing more than just my bus card these days.”

“It...It’s ok--” Maria swallowed.

The card exchanged hands. Maria stood, her mind still in shock.

The woman stared. “Are you alright?”

“I was just--” Maria realized she was still staring at the blanket, to the point of making the woman shift uncomfortably. Milk had soaked through the fabric. Curiosity got the better of her. The question came out before she knew what she was saying. “D-Does it hurt?”

Stiffness straightened the woman’s back. Her blushing grew more pronounced. “I’m sorry?”

“The--” Maria’s face burned red. Syllables tripped over themselves. “T-The milk...? Filling up with...milk?”

“Oh. It...” The woman’s eyes shifted around at the intimate surprise question as if looking for an exit. An anxious puff of laughter came with a sheepish grin. “It can be a lot when they get too full. But it’s one of nature’s miracles, right?” A nervous smile tried to ease the tension. “It’s worth it to bond with my son.” Her eyes looked Maria up and down, looking for a reason behind the odd inquiry. “Are...you expecting?”

It was Maria’s turn to don a red face. Her hands flew to her belly as if to show there was no pregnant bulge beneath her sweater vest. “*No! No no! I-I was just curious!*” Maria backed away and ran into a pole. Flustered actions took over and she started down the street. “Have a nice night!”

The woman was almost surprised to see the interaction end so abruptly. “*Thank you for my bus card!*” she called out.

Maria didn’t respond. She continued at a quick pace to escape the situation she’d created. Curiosity always got the better of her, and now images of the woman’s milk-bloated chest were

etched into her mind. Intrigue raged, wanting to know more. Learn every little detail. There was so much she wanted to ask. To feel.

Lactation fascinated Maria. It wasn't simple breast growth she longed for; it was the experience of producing milk and feeling it fill her from within. The obsession had sprouted in high school after covering the topic in health class. Since then, hardly a week went by without Maria falling into a daydream of milk pushing her breasts too large for her bra. Inducing was a tempting prospect, but she just didn't have the time with a college schedule.

"They looked...so heavy..." she whispered, looking down at her own chest. "She must not have had a chance to pump at all today... I wonder how--"

*Plip...*

*Plip plip...*

Water fell on her hair. Dark spots formed over the concrete in the dimming night. In the golden pillars cast by streetlights, Maria saw dancing droplets falling to the earth. She was given only a moment before rain pelted from the sky. A drizzle turned into a sudden downpour.

*"Crap!"*

The college student glanced at the darkening sky in time to see a flash of lightning crack through the dimness. Rain was already soaking her hair, drenching her braids until she could feel them clinging to her back. Their chilled heaviness sent a message even through her sweater vest and blouse. A trickle of water ran down her neck and under her neckline. The chilled tickle passing between her breasts was the final warning.

Maria's speed walk turned into a jog with her notebook clutched tight against her front. A hand swiped at her glasses to clean the lenses but she would have needed windshield wipers to keep them clear. The northwest's autumn weather was working against her this evening.

Light vapor fogged the air in front of her as her body warmed from exertion. She felt her cheeks growing hot. The sight of the city's public library coming into view told her the journey was almost at an end. Puddles splashed over the stone steps leading into the ornate century-old landmark as she ascended to the front doors. Wooden doors welcomed her into the stone palace of knowledge.

It was silent within these walls. Shelf after shelf of books arranged into a maze of paper muffled most sounds against the downpour outside. Here Maria's socks and shoes squished all the louder as she squeaked across the tile floor. Water dripped from her braids to her rear before running off her skirt and leading a trail of water behind her.

"Soaked... Absolutely soaked..." she sighed, brushing off her front. Water felt like it had made its way into even her bra's padding and she wondered if maybe this is how nursing mothers felt when they leaked into their clothing. Nipples chilled to their cores rose like pebbles into the strict garment. A small consolation was her notebook's relative dryness. Cleaning her glasses with a corner of her blouse was the final task before she set herself back to the task at hand with a determined huff.

Now her cheeks warmed for a different reason. The subject she'd come to study wasn't something she would normally explore. Not in public where eyes might pry. Essay requirements demanded she cite a physical book, however.

Maria glanced around. She knew the library's fantasy and horror sections well. They were off to the left. Educational and medical genres weren't so familiar.

Wet squeaks announced her aimless wandering as she strode into the aisles in search of an anatomy section. Every footstep almost mocked her inability to navigate the maze of books.

“Oh!!”

Excitement flashed. A small white placard tacked onto the end of a shelf read ‘HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY’. Maria ducked into the lesser-traveled alley of tomes. It wasn’t nearly as big as the fantasy section, and far from as exciting. The covers here smelled like a classroom from the 90s rather than late nights with hot chocolate.

She pushed her glasses higher on her nose and scanned the multitude of spines. Slowly her gaze drifted lower, shelf by shelf, until she was bending forward to read the bottom row. The hem of her skirt raised dangerously high on the backs of her thighs, forcing Maria to squat down before she accidentally gave passersby some kind of library peep show. She shuddered when her wet heels pressed into the soft creases of her rear; they were one of the few parts of her still dry.

Her eyes scanned. Maria bounced on her heels.



“Hrnh... Nothing.”

A frown slanted her lips. Annoyance was quick to poke and prod. She only wanted to go home and beat back the night’s chill with a steaming shower. The longer she spent in this silent library, the longer she had to live in wet clothes.

Huffing frustration blew a strand of brown hair from her face and she stood up. A librarian would be able to find it faster than she could. Smoothing her skirt and pulling her clinging top away from her body, she made her way toward the library’s center.

Gentle click-clacking of a keyboard drifted between the books before she saw the rounded desk. Piles of hard and paperback novels sat behind a woman like a dam holding back reality from crashing upon her. Maria’s senior by at least two decades, the woman didn’t look up as Maria approached. A tight bun of black hair bobbed atop her head and a computer’s screen reflected in dark blue eyes.

Maria stood for a moment, hugging her notebook against her chest. The librarian paid her no mind.

“Er... Excuse me?” she finally asked.

The woman glanced up like a cat being distracted from a toy. She turned to face Maria, supporting herself on the desk with crossed arms. The prominent show of cleavage pushing from a half-unbuttoned blouse wasn't lost on the college girl; the librarian's chest neatly filled her arms to nestle them between her biceps.

“Ms. Em,” the librarian said sternly. Her voice seemed to pull Maria closer.

Maria looked around in confusion. “I-I'm sorry?”

A finger tapped a nametag pinned above the librarian's left breast.

Maria felt her eye twitch in deepening annoyance. This wasn't an elementary school library, yet she felt as if she were being treated like a child. She contained her huff and reworded her approach. “Excuse me, *Ms. Em?*”

A thin smile appeared now. The librarian warmed. “Yes, my dear. How can I help you this evening?”

“I'm looking for the adult section, but--” Maria's mouth closed with face burned red.

Ms. Em raised an eyebrow as her smile smirked in amusement. Slowly her eyes drifted down Maria's body as if matching her figure to the strange request. “I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we don't keep *adult content* available for--”

“*No! N-No no no! Nothing like that!*” Maria panicked, flustered at her misspoken words. She hugged her notebook tighter to her bust until it bulged over the cover.

Ms. Em's eyes lingered, flitting between Maria's chest and skirt-teased thighs, before meeting Maria's gaze. “Then what *do* you mean, my dear?”

“Let me start over. I'm working on a research paper for my Gender Studies class. We're studying the connections between female psychology and physiology, particularly when it comes to...” Maria's voice softened and her eyes wavered. “P...Particularly when it comes to sexual satisfaction, confidence in the bedroom, and how the perception of...*ahem*...t-the female orgasm has changed in the last century.” Maria stared at the floor and cursed her professor's citation requirements.

“I see.” Ms. Em pushed her breasts higher as if they puffed with her curiosity. She inhaled, seeming to draw in the heat from Maria's blushing cheeks. “*And?*”

Glancing at her notebook, Maria added, “W-We were recommended to try reading ‘Women's Anatomy of Arousal’ by Sheri Winston as a source? I looked in the physiology section but didn't see it.”

Ms. Em only stared. That slight smile lingered just like her gaze.

“Uh... Ma'am?”

The librarian smirked like she knew a secret. “You've got a bit of a naughty side hidden behind those glasses, don't you?”

This took her by surprise. Maria's jaw dropped before she took a step back. “E-Excuse me??”

“You're *thirsty*.”

Now her heart beat like a drum.

The librarian stood. She was taller than Maria expected. A black pencil skirt, stockings, and striking heels matched with her blouse. Coming around her desk, she found the woman loomed over her enough that she could have used Ms. Em's chest as a pillow if they were to hug.

“Yes... You try to hide it under that prim little outfit and watered-down curt demeanor, but I can see it.”

She paused in front of Maria with an overwhelming presence of heat. It was almost surprising she couldn't see steam coming from her wet clothes. Feeling her personal space being invaded, Maria wanted to retreat but couldn't bring herself to do so. “T...That's not--”

“Come now... There's no need to be so sheepish.” Her hand reached toward Maria's front. The student's heart leaped in her chest. Her breath stuck, puffing her breasts against her notebook as the moment hung.

Ms. Em's fingers slid between Maria's bust and her notebook, sliding ever so gently between her sweater-wrapped cleavage before pinching her notebook. “Let's take a look here, shall we?”



All functions were on hold. She couldn't breathe, much less think straight as this woman's fingers brushed over her chest and pulled the notebook from her arms. Pages flipped as Ms. Em scanned Maria's notes. Most pertained to school. Others were incredibly private.

“‘Women's Anatomy of Arousal’, was it?” she mused.

Maria squeaked, “Y-Yes, Ma'am.”

Ms. Em smiled and closed the notebook, handing it back where it was taken like a long-lost teddy bear. “I don't believe that's what you're after. It's a good start, to be sure, but certainly not as...” Ms. Em inhaled until her blouse pulled tight before sighing and looking fondly at the girl, “...*in depth*, as I think you need.”

Maria stood waiting, part of her hoping the woman would take the notebook from her again. This time she would hold it even closer to her chest. “T-Then what would you recommend?”

That same knowing smile flashed. “Come with me.”

It was a simple command. Maria's feet followed it without question even if her heart was racing like a rabbit's. She tailed the woman through several rows of shelves toward the back of

the library. Maria hadn't known the building's footprint was so large, nor had she ever found a reason to venture so deep. But Ms. Em was at the helm, and Maria's body wouldn't let her pursue anything else at the moment.

They came to a wooden door situated along the far back wall. Its surface was hewn into an ornate carving of spiraling vines and foliage. For a brief moment, when Maria squinted, she thought the design looked like a voluptuous goddess enraptured in pleasure.

Ms. Em removed a key from her blouse. A lock thunked with a wooden echo.

"This is where we keep our more...sensitive materials," she informed. "Can't just leave any kind of content out in the open for any pair of wandering eyes."

Maria nodded, swallowing as the door opened to softer lighting. "I-I would hope not."

Another world unfolded from the back of the library she thought she knew. Ushered inside by Ms. Em, Maria found herself surrounded by elegant multi-story bookcases spanning shelf after shelf. The atmosphere was warmer here as if kept alive by several loving hearths. Plush couches and chairs gathered into quiet groups: grottos of pure reading pleasure. An electricity tingling through the air brought a sense of intoxicating excitement.

Maria shivered. It felt like the same core-bubbling weakness she had the first time a date ran a hand up her skirt.

This place put the other library to shame.

"What..." Maria swallowed. Her mouth was dry and there was a fluttering in her chest. Her thighs pressed together in a way she had trouble ignoring. "Where are we...?"

A hand fell upon her back and urged her inside before the wooden door closed with a solid click. Ms. Em's presence was like a fire against Maria's back as they walked. "Think of it as a place of curiosity. A special place for those looking to read something a little more... *fulfilling*."

Maria's body felt alive as they walked. Every footstep sang with vibrations through her body. The wetness of her clothes wasn't so bad now. In fact, she almost enjoyed the exotic sensation of fabric clinging to her bare skin. Knowing her bra's padding was soaked with water, engorged like a sponge and making her breasts appear larger than normal, was a tantalizing secret that sent her heart racing.

"But how have I never--"

"Let's say it's on a need-to-know basis. Most won't even see the door because they're not looking for it. Or maybe they simply don't need it."

"*Need* it?" Maria snorted slightly. "What, is this some kind of Room of Requirement?"

"More of a dimension of desire. You could say it's for members only."

Maria stopped and turned around, shrinking. "Oh... I'm sorry, b-but I'm not interested in--"

Ms. Em laughed softly. "Oh no no, nothing so literal, my dear. And even so, you know as well as I that libraries are always free. If you're here, you're already a cherished member."

Her heart wasn't so sure. Maria glanced behind the librarian, but they had ventured so deep that the ornate wooden door was out of sight. "And... Where exactly is *here*? Is this part of the public library?"

"Only in the same way a speakeasy is part of a barbershop."

"T-That doesn't really answer my--"

“Ah, here we are.” They paused at Ms. Em’s instruction. A shelf of books smelling faintly of cinnamon and vanilla faced the women. The woman’s eyes scanned with a lingering gaze. “Let’s see...” Deft fingers plucked a small booklet from the shelf. “*This* is what you’ll want for your research: ‘An Intimate Guide to the Female Body and Orgasms’, by the esteemed Dr. Magnolia.”

As it was handed to Maria, she saw it was hardly more than a pamphlet. She stared at the strange title. The book was warm in her grasp and weighed more than it should. “This can’t be more than twenty or thirty pages.”

Ms. Em filled her chest with delighted air. “And each one *brimming* with what you need.”

“I’ve never heard of this author either... Is she a real doctor? Or one of those fake--”

“My dear, Dr. Magnolia stands at the top of her field. I encourage you to read it. Seeing how short it is, it shouldn’t take you long. If it’s not what you’re looking for, I promise to find your original query.”

Maria’s fingers tightened on the cover. Her core was warm. Glancing at a reading area, a couch drew her in. Suddenly rushing home to shower wasn’t such a priority. “Can I...read it here without checking it out?”

Ms. Em gave the warmest smile yet. “Absolutely. Feel free to read at your pleasure. When you finish, I’ll be at the front.”

“Thank you...”

The librarian left with clicking heels in her wake. Maria couldn’t help but watch her go. Soon, she was alone amongst the towering bookshelves. Dr. Magnolia’s book vibrated in her grasp as if inviting her to relax on a couch and enjoy whatever its pages had in store.

Maria approached the furniture. It was plush and dark red. Sitting down let her sink comfortably into the cushions. Soft fabric rubbed against the backs of her thighs. After removing her shoes, she reclined to lay her legs straight with her skirt smoothed over them. There hadn’t been a sign of anyone else in the hidden library yet, but just the same she didn’t want to risk flashing anyone. With her notebook open for jotting down thoughts, she cracked the booklet.

“*Oh!*”

Maria blinked as if struck by a gentle breeze. A rush of tingling desire washed over her to the point of palpitating her heart. She couldn’t explain why her nipples had grown so hard within her constricting bra, nor did she want to question it. They felt divinely erect.

Text leaped at Maria when she turned to the first page. Words seemed alive, the paper brimming with a delightfully mysterious energy in her hands. She began reading.

*Of all the treasures found upon this great earth, the female body is the most breathtaking. This may be obvious at a glance to some, or perhaps sound a little biased given my own feminine physique, but even if you are the most seasoned of explorers, or perhaps you’re a woman yourself and simply desire a deeper understanding of your own anatomy, I promise there is always more to discover. Through this short booklet, I intend to take you on a wondrous journey high over splendid hills and deep into stunning valleys, with stops at every attraction in between. It is a journey into femininity: an adventure across these enchanting creatures we call women.*

Maria snickered. “Kind of flowery, but alright.” She settled deeper into the couch. Her eyes were reading the lines but a part of her mind was keenly aware of the intimate parts of her body, unable to remove its focus.

*Before we begin, I would like to introduce you to my assistant, Belle. Though she will have no speaking roles, she will be serving as my visual aid for every demonstration today. She’s assured me nothing is off limits in our expedition of the female body. You may consider her an average girl: twenty-five years of age, roughly five feet in height, longer brown hair, green eyes, a healthy weight, and a figure with pleasing curves that we shall certainly explore to their fullest when the time comes. I would use myself as an example, but such things are easier to show on another willing subject considering how in-depth I’ll be taking you. As we progress, I think you’ll find Belle is quite willing to push herself to the limit for us.*

A finger twisted a strand of hair in amusement. “Hope Belle got paid well for whatever this is... Poor college intern, probably.” As outlandish as the book’s premise was, Maria couldn’t help but picture the girl. Her physique was strikingly similar to her own. Try as she might, her brain wouldn’t let her put clothes on Belle’s mental image.

She read further. It didn’t take long before the physical exploration broached more sensitive areas. Maria came to a section titled ‘The Breasts’. It was enough to make her blush as the author began exploring the girl’s bust, leaving nothing to the imagination.

*They’re soft enough to massage and squeeze, bulging between my fingers. All the while you can see her cleavage blushing a darker pink. She’s becoming aroused. Being one of the most erogenous zones on the female body, I’m not surprised. Belle’s mammaries are especially sensitive, as you can tell from her panting gasps. If I had to guess, they regularly receive attention in lovemaking or Belle’s sessions of self-pleasure. They’re incredibly receptive to stimulation.*

“A-Ahmm~” Maria moaned.

*Fwap!*

The book slammed closed between her hands as if it’d told her a dirty joke. Her eyes bulged in horror at the sound she’d just made. Immediately Maria looked around, hoping no one else had heard the slip. Heat flushed her skin. Beneath her sweater, her breasts felt alive. She realized her heart was racing. A deep aching for attention burned within her bra.



There came no reaction. No one had heard. Relieved, but unable to calm herself, she slowly opened the book once more as she fought the strange sensations. Maria wasn't against getting lost in a book, but letting an educational booklet get the better of her in a public library wasn't her style. She cleared her throat and glanced around for any wandering ears. Toes flexed in her socks and her thighs shifted before turning her attention back to the reading.

An anxious finger tapped on the book's cover as she knew the exploration would only become more intimate.

*When it comes to breast stimulation, it's hard to go wrong. I shall demonstrate on Belle. Gently take each one in your hands. In slow, firm motions, massage them in opposite circles.*

*"Mnngh..."*

A shiver trembled down Maria's spine. Her lips parted to draw long, heated breaths. It had been months since she'd been touched like Belle. Even so she could feel the sensations as if it had been only yesterday. A finger lifted to her lips and she bit down thoughtfully, eyes glued to the words. Throbbing passed through her nipples. Heat rose from her blouse's collar.

*Nipples may be twisted, pulled, pinched, poked, and twiddled. The desired intensity depends on the party. Belle prefers a firmer touch. You can see how she squeaks when I pull on them as if trying to milk her. Sucking on the nipples should be an obvious choice, as the heat and fluid from one's mouth bathe her in sensations.*

*"Mnnghahhhh... That's..."*

Maria pursed her lips. Her hand drifted to settle upon the rise of her chest. It was warm beneath her hand, resisting its weight. Delicate flutters of arousal tickled through her. Her pinky twitched, pushing down on the subtle indent where a nipple was pushing into her bra.

They hadn't been so hard in weeks. She could feel her areolas coming alive with them. Slowly one of her legs bent upward. Her skirt shifted, but she knew nothing intimate was visible. Just a little bare thigh. Plus, she needed her leg to help balance the book with only one hand.

*Have you noticed anything while we've been exploring Belle's chest? It's nearly invisible, but you may have observed an increase in size. That's right: Belle's C-cups have swelled, pushing her to a full C-cup or perhaps even into the D-cup range. Stimulation and sexual arousal cause the breasts to inflame due to increased circulation. This in turn makes them temporarily larger, up to an astonishing 25% bigger in some cases!*

“M-Mmngph~!”

Her body betrayed her again. Much louder this time. Maria shrunk into the couch, clamping a hand over her mouth in horror. Air whistled through her nose and over her fingers as she realized she was panting for breath.

She looked down to see her forearm pushing firmly into her right breast. There was a fullness to them. A fullness her bra hadn't been prepared for. Tremors tickled through her body. Maria knew these sensations. They were the same tempting sensations of arousal she felt when tending to her needs.

“Hrph... Hrph...”

Struggling gasps hissed through her fingers as she tried to calm herself without moaning. Arousal had made its home in her belly. She could feel moisture within her panties. Slowly she removed her hand and pressed it upon her chest to stem her rapid breathing.

“What's-- What's wrong with me?? I... I can't be doing this here!”

Yet the temptation remained.

She rubbed her thighs together as if to test the waters. Electric sensitivity shot back as her lace-wrapped treasure mashed between them, barely hidden from the world but for a sliver of pink. Her breasts felt as though they'd been torn from a lover's hands. They were desperate for more.

She was horny.

Caution held her back.

“I-I'll just... Skip over the rest of this section,” she whispered, flipping pages before stopping at random. Her mind was too distracted to read about such intimate breast play. Eyes shifting, Maria brought the book closer to her face. Redness filled her cheeks as she sought to continue despite her better judgment. Her body wouldn't allow anything else.

Sexual anxiety boiled then; she'd jumped ahead to an exploration of Belle's pelvis.

*Watch how the sides of her bare navel shift and crease with her thighs as we twist her hips. Our precious assistant has quite the supple thighs for her frame. You can see how they rub together even as she stands still for us. There is little gap to be found. They meet in a fine line of bare skin, warm as the sun and as comforting as a pillow.*

Maria squeaked and her breath caught. Belle's naked hips twisted and posed in her mind as clearly as if she were straddling her on the couch. The wetness of her bra grew warm from her body's welling heat. Between her legs, Maria felt her lust spread.

The urge to touch herself commanded her hand.

Arousal ushered in an adventurous side. Ever so slightly, Maria parted her legs. The library's warm air bathed her exposed sliver of intimacy. Feeling it wash over her wet inner thighs, she chewed on her lip.

Her body was begging to be touched like Belle's. To be explored and manhandled. Indeed, it already felt as though it was. This book was putting its hands on her.

*Do you notice her skin plumping ever so slightly at the intersection of her navel and thigh creases? This is where our exploration of her pussy begins. Even just saying the word makes Belle blush. Let's get her on her back, part her thighs, and dive in, shall we? It's time to truly get to know our assistant.*

*Take it in for a moment. Appreciate Belle and her openness to letting herself bloom purely for the sake of our curiosity. Everything you see here, from the base of her fuzzy pubic mound to the crest of her petite butt cheeks is her vulva. Admire her blossoming petals situated in the middle. They're damp. They have been damp for some time now, from back when I first caressed her lips.*

Maria mewed like a kitten. Fires lit across her body. Squirming, she fought with all her willpower not to let her clenched hand drift under her skirt. It was bad enough she was copping a feel in such an open area. Feeling her flesh bulge against her sweater left her core trembling for more. She couldn't remember the last time her nipples felt so sensitive. To waste it would be a shame.

The book had a power over her. Even as hair fell into her face and her skirt hiked up her thighs, she couldn't bring herself to pull away from its intoxicating effects.

*Ahh yes... There... Isn't it wondrous? As we rub and massage Belle's soft mound, you can see her arousal flourishing. Already it's trickling from her folds like condensation on a cold soda can. And from the top, what's become of her clit? It's protruding, engorging forth and swelling to rise to the occasion.*

*“Hah~ Haaahhh~ What... What am I...”*

Maria felt her fingers unbutton the top of her blouse. A crushing inferno had come over her. Her body screamed in need. Against her panties, she could feel herself plumping and testing the elastic.

The page turned. Her eyes wavered with lust and her breath hitched.

*“W-What am I...doing??”*

*We come now to our symphony: the female orgasm. It is as wondrous as it is mystical. Before the climax of this guide, for lack of a better word, let us take a brief peek into what effects an orgasm will have on*

*our assistant's body. They're nothing short of spectacular. Belle is already shaking with excitement! Our thorough examinations of her every nook and cranny have left her more than ready.*

*“Mmnggh... No-- I-I...”*

Maria couldn't look away. The stimulation was happening on its own whether by her hand or not.

*It begins with an increased breath and heart rate... Blood will rush to where Belle needs it most in order to draw her mate's attention and increase her own sensitivity. Primarily this means her labia and breasts. They'll gently swell, literally engorging her sexual organs with arousal.*

She groaned, arching her back and writhing as her skin blushed with tingles and goosebumps. Tightness spread across her bra as if a pair of hands had found her breasts hidden within. Behind the book, Maria felt her skirt fully slide up to her hips. Her legs were open to the world, and the thought was driving her up the wall.

*“Ahh~ A-Ahhhhh~!”*

*Fluid will begin secreting in a thick, lubricating nectar. Through foreplay this easily spreads across the whole of her vulva and thighs to create a near-frictionless surface.*

Wetness spread, leaking from her plumping pussy in waves. No part of her outfit remained dry now as rain, sweat, and lust permeated its fibers. Maria clawed at her sweater until its neckline stretched down to her breasts. She arched her back to push her bust into the neckline, marveling at the way it bulged with blushing fullness. Button gaps flared to show her cleavage stuffed into a pink bra.



*“I-- How is this--”*

*Tension spreads across her body. Belle's muscles will quiver and pull, most notably across her core and pelvic floor. Her thighs receive a similar treatment but their quivering is best saved for a later phase.*

Maria quaked on the couch. It embraced her throes of pleasure as her legs quaked. Hair fell across her eyes but it couldn't stop her from reading.

*"I-I'm in...a library-- I can't do this-- I can't-- Not here-- I--"*

*As Belle reaches the end, she'll tighten and tense. Her heart may feel ready to burst from her swollen chest. Here is where all the pressure she's been building would be released. A barrage of muscle contractions attack Belle from all angles. Her core, her uterus, her vagina, her thighs, even her chest. They all flutter and kick like a mule as her body overflows with desire.*

*Now, are you ready to try it for real?*

Maria's hand pulled up on her sweater's hem. Her bare, heaving abdomen was bared to the library as she slid her hand up to meet her breasts. Pursed lips held back whimpers of need and want. Hips rocking, she whimpered in mental conflict.

*"I-I'm ready... I'm-- O-Oh God-- I can't-- I'm gonna--"*

Excitement kicked her heart into overdrive when Dr. Magnolia led into a masturbation walkthrough.

*Enjoy the tingles the light touches bring. Feel how they emanate from your nipple to the core of your breast. Cup your other breast now, taking both in your embrace. Warm them. Feel your nipples rise and harden into your hand. Don't be afraid to pinch or twist as they awaken.*

Her hand twitched, clawing at her bra when it tried to fly south. She wanted to follow the book's instructions. To do everything it said down to the letter. But she didn't need to. It was happening to her word for word. She could feel her nipples responding. Hardening and pushing out of her bra as her breasts swelled with extreme arousal-based fullness.

*"It's-- Mnnnghhhh~!"* She stifled her desperate moans only a little now. Rapid panting breaths steamed her lips.

*Let a hand drift lower now. Slow and delicate, like a feather tracing across your belly. Don't rush over its soft expanse. Enjoy the tickle of a fingertip running over your navel and hips.*

*Dance your fingers over your inner thighs. Do you feel that crease where they meet your glutes, at the bottom of your labia? Follow that valley back up. Rub and massage the outside of your labia, not daring to actually touch it just yet.*

*"I-I feel it-- How can I--"*

*"Something is--"*

Her mind was going blank. All that existed were the pages spreading into a sea of white with black text. The library faded away. Her own gasps for air fell upon deaf ears. Her hand pulled a breast from a damp bra cup. Groping it felt sinfully good.



Panting breaths leaped from her lips. “I’m-- I’m gonna--”

*It’s time to fully open. Spread your legs. From your navel, slide your hand down. Use a single finger to rub over your hidden clit before pressing and parting your lips. Wetness soaks over you. Feel your folds embrace your fingers. Continue lower, fully parting yourself for the world.*

“Nnnngghhhhh, no~ P-Please don’t-- That’ll make me--”

She didn’t know who her words were directed at. Herself? The book? Its author? Even Belle? Maria grew dizzy with arousal. Stimulation assaulted her from every nook and cranny.

*Breathe. Your belly may start to tremble now. Your core tightening. Your legs bending and tensing.*

It was starting. The body-shaking tremors that moved through her legs. These were shivers she knew all too well. Her abdomen flexed under her hand. Maria was no stranger to these sensations. She knew the signs of approaching orgasm.

“I can’t-- I-I-I can’t...! I’m in...a library! I can’t just...”

*Pair two fingers together. Slide them down into the deepest parts of your lips. Allow your entrance to guide them to the goal. As they enter, feel yourself stretch to accommodate their girth. Feel your walls quiver and contract.*

Pressure fell upon the wet bulge of her panties.

“A-AAhh!! MMNGH!!! I-It’s--” She bridged her back. Fire felt like it roared within her core. “WHAT’S...MMNGH~!!! WHAT’S HAPPENING...TO ME??”

As if envisioning her pink lace deforming and compressing, Maria could feel her lips parting. Her folds, grown supple with the enticing words, bloomed within her mind. Their sensitivity sang to the heavens. Fluid trickled down between her cheeks to soak the couch.

*It’s building. Feel the pressure welling. Belle can hardly breathe. She’s ready to explode. Watching her ravage herself is like watching art in motion. She can barely contain it.*

*Are you ready to climax with her?*

*Get ready.*

*Three...*

Puppy-like whimpers bounced her throat as she begged for mercy. Her body was on the verge of betraying her. “Mmmnghhhhhnnnnnooo... N-No-- Please-- N-Not...here...! How can I even...think to--”

Flashes of the public setting around her teased her obscene display. Clawing at her bust was all that was keeping her hand from flinging between her thighs.

“I-I have...to stop...reading~” Familiar tremors shook her legs. “I’m gonna-- I-I can feel-- Stop! I-I have to-- S..nng...Stop~”

*Find your perfect rhythm. Feel all of your body as a whole and take it as yours. Bask in the subtle contours of your curves.*

*Two...*

“Ahhh~ A-Aahhhhhh~!! It’s-- This is--”

Emotions mixed. Confusion. Fear. Shame. Lust. Desire. Maria’s heart raced behind a breast trapped in a groping hand.

Her body was about to explode. There was a lit fuse creeping toward her crotch.

“P...P-Please-- I’m--” She swallowed, spreading her legs until one rested on the floor and the other bent against the back of the couch. “I-I-I can’t wait anymore!!!”

All she needed was Dr. Magnolia’s blessing.

*Everything is tensing. Shivering. Quaking. The heat is unbearable within you, pressurized in your core like a bomb. You’ve lit the fuse. It’s ready to blow. Any second now... Hold back, just a second longer. Feel your pussy ache with the intense engorgement of extreme arousal. Feel how full you’ve made yourself.*

*One--*

*It’s all ready to come crashing down, this mountain of lust we’ve built. Let your body take control now. Whatever that means for you. Let your mind go blank. Feel your core ignite as you overflow with desire, far too full for any woman to contain. Don’t be afraid about making a mess; it’s the artwork you’re about to paint.*

*“Please-- Please-- PLEASE-- LET ME--”* Maria felt near tears.

*As that sharp tingling flares within your navel and shoots through every inch of your plumped lips and your body begins to tremble, let it all come flowing out of you...*

*“Ahh~ AAHH~ PLEASE-- I’M ABOUT TO-- I NEED TO--”*

*And release.*

Colors exploded in Maria’s head. Clenching the book hard enough to bend the cover, she arched into an orgasmic release. Pulsating throbs traveled through her core to her pelvis, beating upon her nethers until her nectar flowed in a deluge.



*“AAAUUUGH!!! AHHMMM~!!! A-A-AAHHMM~!!!”*

Cries echoed through the shelves. She didn’t care who heard now. She was at the book’s mercy. At the mercy of Dr. Magnolia’s words.

*“A-A-A-AAAAUUUUGH!!!!”*

She screamed, tearing part of her sweater as her orgasm peaked. A black abyss swallowed her vision even as she clenched her eyes. To feel herself climax with hardly a physical touch left her mind shattered until it all came crashing down in less than a minute.

*“Haaahhhh~ Haaahhhh... That...”*

Maria lay in a sweaty puddle upon the couch, the book draped over her slumping body as she fought for air and to clear her double vision. Raging fires had simmered to a bed of coals. Sweaty and smelling of her own sex, she could feel every inch of her privacy exposed to the world. Yet she couldn’t move. She didn’t want to. All she wanted was to bask in the all-engulfing bliss of the greatest orgasm she’d ever experienced.

All at the hands of a book.

## ~Part Two~

Sock-wrapped feet padded across the library's tiled floor. Dizzy and lost in a fog of lingering arousal, Maria made her way back to the librarian's front desk like a guilty child.

*Thunk!*

The book landed in front of Ms. Em with a dull thud. She looked at the bent cover, then up at the schoolgirl with a knowing smile.

"Finish already?"

Maria stood before her, disheveled and used. Her sweater collar was torn and her blouse was untucked from her skirt. Askew glasses framed her face like an abstract painting. One of her braids had come undone and was halfway to coming fully unraveled into a mess of brown hair. Holding a hand against the front of her pelvis as if to fight back against the still-present tingles of feminine release, she stared with broken eyes.

"M...Mhm..." she nodded, lips pursed in shame and embarrassment at what she'd just done.

"Wonderful. Did you find it enjoyable? All you were looking for? I think it was *just* what you needed."

Maria nodded again, wishing to shrink away and hide from the guilt. To call the mess she'd left on the couch a crime scene would be an understatement.

"Dr. Magnolia is quite talented in her field. I recommend her to many--"

Maria interjected softly, "T-T-There's something else I need... F-For my report..."

"Is there now?" Ms. Em leaned forward with an elegance only she possessed. "Well what else does this *report* need to feel complete?"

Her shoeless feet shifted. She couldn't process what had just happened, much less hope to understand it. Perhaps this was a dream. Maybe the strange library truly did have some kind of power over its readers. Regardless, a deep-seated wish tugged at Maria's throat. Something she'd wanted to experience for years. If this was happening, whether a dream or reality, she wanted to take full advantage.

"Do..." She looked at her plain white socks, then whispered, "Do you have any literature regarding...lactation?"

Ms. Em clapped her hands once in glee, loud enough to startle Maria. "Lactation? Of course! We're overflowing, so to speak. Are you looking for something specific? Adventure? Fantasy? Maybe--"

"Magnolia..." Maria's face burned. "B-By Dr. Magnolia, if you have it..."

"Ahh~ This *is* for a school report, after all. Best to keep it out of the realm of fiction, yes?"

Maria nodded sheepishly, feeling more like a child with a parent playing along with their fantasy by the minute.

"Follow me, my dear."

She was led back to the wooden door. Maria couldn't believe she'd missed it all these years. It was so obvious now. Ms. Em had her open the door this time. It welcomed her without a key.

“It should be right about where we found her first work,” Ms. Em led.

They rounded a corner. Maria’s heart beat in her chest not only from anticipation, but from the anxiety of knowing her cushion-soaking mess was just on the other side of a shelf. The smell of sex still hung in the air. No hint was given as to whether or not Ms. Em could sense it.

“Here we are~” the librarian sang.

Maria trembled when she watched the librarian run her finger along the shelf before sliding another slender book to freedom. Excitement wanted to make her burst.

“‘An Intimate Guide to Lactation and Breast Development’, By Dr. Magnolia.”

Containing herself was nearly impossible. Maria could feel her body revving with need. It was ready for more. Ready for another adventure. Ready to let the library take her by the braids and use her.

“Here you do, dear! Do try not to bend the cover of this book. They’re--*Oh!*”

The book was snatched away.

“*Thank you!*” Maria gasped with brimming excitement. She was already retreating, itching to return to her lust-soaked reading nest.

A knowing laugh brought a smile to Ms. Em’s face. “Do enjoy. I’ll be at the front if you need me.”

She was off like a rocket. Naughty desires filled her lungs with heated breath as she clasped the book to her chest. She felt like a pubescent girl again, exploring her budding breasts for the first time and relishing in the fantasy of what they could become. More than a decade of dairy-fueled curiosity wanted to explode.

Everything was just as she’d left it. The couch was a mess and pushed halfway off the rug. Her notepad lay useless on the floor, not a single word or thought jotted down. A darkened soak spot where her hips had been was still plain as day. Maria felt shame for only a moment. There was no one else around. In this world of books, at least for now, she was alone with their strange magical words.

She held her breath when reclining and positioned the book against her angled legs. She didn’t care about the visible lacey pink bulge squeezing between her thighs now. All she wanted to do was start reading. To find that same magic and put it to the test.

Maria found herself wanting to plead with the book. To ask it for the same magic she’d just experienced.

“Please work...” She looked down at her breasts and took in the gentle C-cup mounds filling her sweater. Imagining them as full and bursting with milk as the mother at the bus stop made her weak. “Please, *please* work...”

The cover opened.

“*Haaahhh~*”

It felt the same as before: intoxicating and alluring. But now it was stronger, as if she were more receptive to the book’s inner fantasy. Like she’d just opened a window to a fresh outside world after a summer storm. Goosebumps spread to cover her skin. Dr. Magnolia’s breathy, familiar voice returned to her head.

Maria’s nipples pulsed within her bra. Anticipation made her shudder as she started to read.

It was happening again.

*Breasts are a symbol of life and nourishment that can come in all shapes and sizes. Their eager rise into ever-swollen, mounded shapes during puberty are a herald to a girl's transition into womanhood and her eventual ability to bear a child. From her bosom she'll feed it with the milk her own body produces, welling within her as a lifespring of nutrients and cream. It's an amazing feat that only touches on the breast's incredible nature. We'll be exploring that nature to its fullest today, if you'll excuse my pun.*

Even the intro made Maria short of breath. “S-Swollen...with...life...” she mouthed. A hand gently cupping a breast still aching from her prior release. There was no fighting the book's influence this time. She wanted it to take over. It could have any part of her it wanted. So long as in return she got what she'd desired for so long.

*As always, my assistant, Belle, is joining us as our visual aid.*

A shaking sigh moistened her lips with longing. “*Belle~*”

She didn't know this girl. She didn't know if Belle even existed outside of Dr. Magnolia's words. Maria didn't care; for all intents and purposes, she was Belle. She was Magnolia's little scientific puppet. She was the doctor's visual aid. She was at the doctor's beck and call.

*Most important to note is Belle's current bra size: an average 32C. We'll be watching this number very carefully, as I assure you, it won't stay so average very long. I expect by the end of our session today, Belle will more than give my own chest a run for its money, if not completely dwarf it.*

32C. Maria's hand squeezed her breast. They shared the same bra size. Groping her chest almost felt like she was groping Belle, exploring her soon-to-be engorged bust alongside Dr. Magnolia. Or better yet, Magnolia was exploring her.

*It's a thing of beauty, don't you agree? Literal milk balloons expanding from a lucky girl's chest. As she produces, the pressure will rise. She'll become firmer. It's not unexpected for veins to become prominent and line her mounds. Most women will experience two to three additional cups of growth from the milk filling their chests. Heavier producers can see far more.*

*The longer they wait, the more intense the engorgement becomes. This can lead to tightness, soreness, discomfort, and even pain. It can reach a point where she feels unable to touch them and relieve any pressure. At that point one can only hope she has a willing partner or she can endure the stimulation of a breast pump.*

“*Nnnngh...*”

Belle's lactation hadn't even begun, yet Maria could feel a tightness within her breasts. It was deep. Familiar yet foreign, as if caused by something not fully part of herself. Her breath hitched as her mind placed the strange sensation: pressure.

*Now then... Belle's been blushing like a bride for the past ten minutes and fidgeting her thighs. There's a nice plumpness to her bust and I can see her nipples poking through even her bra. I'd say her body is itching to start up the milk factory.*

*Shall we give it the push it needs and see just how much cream our precious Belle is capable of producing? I can already see her body trembling with energy. She's a milk bomb with a lit fuse.*

*"M--Mhm... I... I-I'm ready..."*

A timid nod bobbed Maria's braids. She was enthralled. Absorbed by Belle's venture and ready to begin her own. Firm squeezes turned to massaging. The sensation of pressure was growing stronger with each breath. Every collapse of her bra cup rubbed padding across her nipples to make them sear with arousal. Already plumped with lust, the garment felt too small for her precious pillows.

*"Mnngh!! T-They're--"*

*My my... She certainly is burning up. The fires have been stoked, so to say. Even my breath on her neck makes her tremble and tense. Belle is normally a very sensitive girl. Based on her shorted breath and clenched hands as I massage, I'd say we've cranked that sensitivity up to eleven.*

Maria breathed over the book. Her nipples were on fire. Blushing heat burned across her areolas. Looking down, she gazed at the soft mounds lifting her sweater. A subtle outline of her flesh pushing over her bra cups deformed the fabric, betraying the bra's inability to fully contain her.

*"I... I already look... Bigger..."*

She chewed on her lips. Nervous eyes glanced around. There was no one else among the bookshelves. As far as she was concerned, the library was hers alone tonight.

*"Maybe just... J-Just for a bit~"*

Maria's hands slid under her sweater and blouse, caressing her body below until coming upon her hidden bust. To do so in a public place felt wrong, but to do it while reading such erotic words felt deliciously naughty.

*Slowly I'll massage her bust. Kneading and squeezing in circles. I can feel her nipples pushing through her bra. And-- Oh, do you see that? Her breasts are already becoming fuller. Look how they seem to be plumping in my hands... Her cleavage fattening and closing together into a tight chasm... This bra fit perfectly moments ago, but as I massage, Belle's quickly becoming too big for its cups. You would be tricked into thinking she's wearing a push-up bra if you didn't know any better! Truth be told, this is purely just swelling from her arousal. Blood is rushing to her breasts to puff them with excitement.*

*Strrrtch...*

Her eyes shot downward. “Ah-- What~! What was that?? Did my bra just--”

*Strrrrrtch...!*

“Mmmngh!?”

It came again, louder this time as Maria’s bra squeezed her torso. Already it felt two sizes too small for her bust. Flesh grew within its cups, pushing the underwire up and away from her ribcage. Exploring their swelling forms, Maria could feel her cleavage closing together. Every grope left them fuller. More engorged. Maria knew what kind of fullness pure arousal could bring. This wasn’t it. There was something deeper happening within her bust.



As you might have guessed, her milk glands are awakening. They feel like soft clusters of peas nestled within her bust. This is where the real show begins. Come closer and watch. Don’t be shy; Belle’s entire body is open to us. Nothing is off-limits.

Watch how I softly twist and pinch her nipples as I massage. They were hard before, but they’re truly rock-solid now. Every tug and pull makes her squeak and arch her back into the cushion of my chest. She’s nearly deadweight against me, fully allowing me to take control. The massage is working its magic together with the hormones rushing through her body. It’s slow, but you can see her mammaries filling out. Don’t they look firmer? Tighter?

*Guuurrrgle*

“Aaaauugh!?”

Formless stimulation pushed Maria deeper into the couch, forcing her to bridge her back as it felt like two ghostly hands were torturing her nipples. Her own hands clenched against her

bloated chest, feeling it throb with a fullness she'd never experienced. True to Dr. Magnolia's words, something did feel like it was growing within her breasts. They were rounder. As her hand and wrist pressed into them, Maria could feel dense pockets of heat pushing back.

*"M...M-Milk..."* she whimpered, eyes weak with lust. *"Am I really... I-I'm filling...with milk...?"*

*Only a few minutes in, and Belle's more than overflowing her bra. Those little bear-print cups can hardly contain her! We have two F-cup treasures stuffed into a C-cup bag. It's almost sinful to overflow such a cute bra so obscenely. You can see how the band is lifting away from her ribcage... And the shoulder straps sink into her breasts.*

Maria pursed her lips. The enlarging mounds under her top certainly felt like F-cups or bigger. Skin was deforming against her bra's boundaries. With every breath, there was less space for her hand to maneuver. The sweater might have been stretchy, but her blouse wouldn't be so quick to give.

*"Mmmm-- M-Mmng~ More... I-I want...to feel them...get so full that--"*

*Strrrtch!!*

*"A-Ahm!!"*

*Oh. Uh-oh. Did you hear that, under Belle's whimper? The sounds of a bra reaching its limit. We best take it off; I assured her we wouldn't ruin it. It's time to observe her engorgement more personally anyway.*

Straining spandex and elastic popped in Maria's ears. Her hand shot out of her blouse to cover her mouth and stifle a trembling groan of pleasure. Belle might have had her bra removed, but she would do no such thing. For too many years she'd daydreamed about outgrowing the padded prison.

*Strrrrrrrtch*

*"Mmmmmmm, t-tighter..."*

Fabric pulled. Buttons and seams added their strength to Maria's bra, compressing her rising breasts all the more as cream bubbled within her milk glands. Watching her sweater shift and pull, Maria rubbed her thighs together as the shapes of her breasts became deformed by her blouse.

Lactation was forcing her chest larger.

*Still she gets fuller. I'll cup her now, more gently than ever, and squeeze. Her milk glands are working overtime like tiny engines. They almost feel like a large bundle of grapes within each breast. Aren't those soft whimpers just music to your ears? Belle is as full of arousal as she is of milk!*

*"Hah~ Haahhh~ H-Harder, Doctor~!"*

Maria's breath steamed the air as her bra size grew beyond G-cups. Plump melons jutted forth with welling pride.

*Guuurrrrgle!*

She could feel her blouse straining. Taut fabric pulled across her mammaries in a tense layer, squeezing them flat and wide. Breathing began to prove difficult and Maria's panting gasps came short and fast. A hand grabbed a bundle of skirt and clenched, pressing down against her thigh.

*Strrrrrtch!*

*"Mmmnnnghhhhh so fuuuull!"*

The pressure wouldn't let her forget its presence. It pulsed and throbbed within her breasts more with every passing minute. Every turn of the page. Each word Maria read urged her milk glands to produce more. To engorge and bloat.

*Keep in mind what's happening to her body during this. Her breasts are not growing. They are quite literally acting like balloons, stretching and expanding with her inflating milk glands. And as a balloon inflates, it becomes tighter. Its surface stretches, fighting against the internal pressures. The same is happening to Belle. The more milk her breasts try to hold, the fuller and tighter they become, and in turn, the more sensitive she grows. Even now, I'm sure they've reached an unbearable level of sensitivity. You can see her nipples expanding and contracting, quivering with her heartbeat. Sweat is coating her cleavage. And perhaps you haven't noticed, but the crotch of her shorts has soaked through.*

*"B...Balloons...!"*

Maria squeaked at the erotic image. Looking down, there was no way to know how big she'd engorged. The compression from her clothes was simply too great. Her skin itched and tingled with stretching and shifting, rubbing firm against her collarbones.

*Guuurrrrgle*

*"Haaahhhhh ohhh God!"*

Collections of ridges pushed into her sweater. Staring at them, Maria could see the outline of her bra deforming her breasts like a belt. Her sweater looked like it had been stretched across a giant raspberry.

*Creeaaaaa--POP!!*

*"Ahh!! Ohhhh~ O-Ohhhhh God~!"*

A muffled shudder jolted her chest: the bursting of a button beneath her sweater. Maria's breath hitched as her entire bust shifted, moving to deform into the newly available space.

*Let's push Belle further. She's become quite firm, but not enough to cause concern. I have a feeling we have a champion milker on our hands. Belle must have an above-average quantity of milk glands.*

“*I do! I-I do!*” Maria pleaded. Her hand fell upon her chest. Surprise widened her eyes. They felt much larger in her fingers than they looked. Flesh pushed into her chin. Even her sweater was pulling taut now, straining over a pair of volleyball breasts growing within.

“*I... I want to be...your champion milker--*”

*GUUURRRRGLE*

“*MMNNGHH!!!!*”

Pages creaked under her fingers when a surge of pressure rushed into her breasts. Milk stretched her glands and skin, engorging Maria several inches.

“*T...Tight~ So-- Full~*”

Drool slipped from the corner of her mouth as she listened to her engorging milk jugs swell.

*Veins are coming forth now. They're like faded rivers crossing over her breasts as they fill out into my hands. We're entering into the higher intensities of engorgement. Against my fingertips, her skin feels taut and firm. Stretched like the latex of a balloon. The pressure she's feeling must be immense. I'm taking extra care not to squeeze too hard. I realize their appearance is quite striking; bloating from C-cups to what I'm estimating to be H-cups in a matter of minutes is no small feat and her body is struggling against the effects. Belle has assured me she'll alert us if she feels she can't take any more.*

*GUUURRRRGLE!!*

“*Mmm--*”

*POP!! POP!!*

“*Haaahhhhhhh~!!*”

Dizziness swam about her mind. Maria could hardly inhale against the strain of her clothes. Every exploding button was a gentle slap to her breasts. Even as her blouse failed, her bra held strong. It sank deep into her bosom, creasing and deforming her breasts like a belt to a balloon.

“*H-cups... I-I have...H-cups!*” Maria piped as softly as a mouse.

*Strrrrrtch!!*

Lines on her sweater warped across her mounds. Heat boiled within, frothing with milk and hormones. Slowly her top pulled up her belly as more was demanded of them from above.

*Guuurrrrgle!!*

“*I-I-I can hear it!*” she whined. “*I think I can hear my milk-- C-Coming in!*”

*You can almost hear the milk straining within her. Like a gurgling aquifer of cream. Such a thing isn't possible, of course, but isn't it a fun thought? Watch closely now. Despite Belle's efforts, the pressure is getting the better of her.*

*Splrtrrrtch!!*

*“A-A-Ahhh!! Mmnnghhh!!!”*

It hit her nipples like a punch. Her hand left the book, joining its sister to grab her breasts in their entirety. Warmth spread across the fronts of her breasts.

*“What’s-- Happening??”*

Maria saw the dark spots forming then: twin patches of milk soaking through her sweater.

***GUUUURRRGLE!!***

This rush of milk made her wince. Holding what looked like two honeydews, Maria panted for relief. The pressure was spiking. She couldn’t hold much more.

*“Mmnnghh!!! T-Too TIGHT!! I’m-- Stretching!!”*

***Creeeaaaaaa--SNAP!!***

*“AAUGH!!”*

Her bra released with a mighty eruption. The shift of cable-tight fabric shot across her oversensitized skin, leaving Maria quivering on the couch as her nerve endings sang. In her hands, now free of her bra, both breasts surged forth.

They were tight. Round, bloated, and distended, they resisted her fingers with firm surfaces. Risen nipples tented her sweater like pinkies. Concern flashed in her eyes. Even the mother at the bus stop wasn’t this engorged.

*“O-Oook! I-I-I think that’s--”*

***STRRRRTCH!!***

*“Nnngh!!”*

Panic raced through her heart as she heard her own body strain. Skin pulled around her over-filled milk glands. Heart throbbing and breasts pulsating in her hands, she looked with worried eyes at the book leaning against her thighs.

She couldn’t take anymore. Milk was pushing her to feel ready to pop. Yet she couldn’t stop reading.

*Her breasts simply can’t stretch any larger. Her milk glands, while blessed with numbers, can only stretch so far. Milk is starting to dribble out. Dripping from her over-engorged nipples like a leaky faucet.*

***GUUUURRRGLE!!***

***STRRRRTCH!!***

*“W-Wait! I can’t-- Mmmmm!!!”*

Pressure screamed. Maria writhed on the couch as her breasts filled out her sweater. Milk ached within them, begging for freedom. Even breathing felt dangerous as her chest rounded forth finding little give or ability to jiggle.

*“I-- I-I can’t-- Get any-- Fuller!!”* Maria pleaded. The discomfort was exquisite. It rended her mind with lust’s claws.

Her skin beat and pulsed. Her body felt on the verge of bursting. She loved it, devouring every moment of tension. Soaking up every straining, milk-aching sensation pushing her chest to the limit.

Whether Belle likes it or not, she's reached her limit.

***CREEEAAAAAAK!!***

“Pop!! I'm gonna...POP!!” Maria gasped breathlessly



Cream flowed, churning through her ears. Cleavage pulled her sweater's neckline down to reveal pale skin stretched shiny and laced with feathered veins.

“Nnnghhhh~ I-- I'm out of room!!! I-I-I need--” Maria's eyes flashed and failed to focus. Peering over her chest as it grew into her face, she flipped through the pages. There was still another half of the book she hadn't explored, and it was the only thing that could combat her overindulgence of dairy.

*“Bigger! I need to be...bigger!!*

Hope sprang in her chest when she found the next section, just as milk threatened to create stretch marks.

*We come now to the second stage of Belle's breast journey: growth. Don't worry, it doesn't hurt. In fact this rapid session of development will create a warmth capable of soothing that milk straining her chest to such a degree. That, combined with the astounding number of growth hormones flooding Belle's system as we speak, will take us on a flurry of mammary development.*

*“Please!! P-PLEASE!! I--”*

***GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!!!***

*“EEEK!!!”*

Maria's eyes bulged when her chest was forced an inch wider. Skin trembled beneath her warping sweater.

“Wait!! J-Just please wait!! Stop filling! S-Stop getting bigger!! I just--” Her hands didn’t dare squeeze.

Hardly able to focus against the flood of milk, her eyes jumped ahead. Dr. Magnolia had begun a verbally assisted growth session for Belle.

*Breathe deeply. Focus on how inflating your lungs lifts and presents your chest, lifting your breasts higher and full of pride. The weight is even more noticeable when you inhale slowly. Feel your muscles pull and tense as your torso expands before reaching its limit. Pretend this sensation affects your breasts in the same way. Imagine every breath filling them just like your lungs.*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

“Nnnngh!!! T-Tiiiiight!!”

Maria struggled to inhale, much less fill her lungs to the brim. Doing so felt like she was hugging her chest with a belt of air.

“I need to get-- Bigger--” she whimpered to the book. “B-Before I--”

*CREEAAAAAAK~*

“B-Before I get so full that I--”

*All that warmth is making your cleavage blush like a garden of roses. All that welling heat... All that sensitivity... It’s all going somewhere. Can you feel yourself getting heavier? That’s not just the relaxation. You’re beginning to change. Starting to grow. Even if it weren’t for all that milk we spurred into your precious mounds, you would already be testing your old bra.*

*Strrrrrtch*

“Haaahhhh~ Mmnnghhh!”

She could feel it. It was slight with only the most gentle of tingling sparks, but it spread over her breasts like a soft wave of velvet: loosening of tension.

“M-More!! I need...more!!” she whimpered.

*Feel my hands start massaging firmer. I’m becoming braver. Squeezing harder. Kneading your swollen mounds until pale skin bulges between my digits. And with every little breath... Every little squeeze... They get bigger. And bigger... And bigger... Enlarging with plump, ripening growth.*

“Nnnnnghhhh not so haaarrrrd!!”

Mystical hands groped and massaged Maria’s overloaded breasts. She squirmed, presenting her chest toward the library’s ceiling. Though her milk ached, every squeeze and grope left her mammaries more relaxed.

*Strrrrrtch...*

She gazed at her mounds, watching them slowly rise into her sweater with a constant speed. Each still held a gallon of milk, but now she had more room. Fabric pulled and rubbed over her fattened nipples until it pulled tight.

*“Almost~ A...A-Almost...”*

*We’re several cup sizes in now. A handful of inches larger. These are no longer the petite fruits I started with. These are melons growing from your body. Stretching with growth. If you really focus, you can feel them transforming: skin shifting against my hands as it pulls and swells... Soft, muffled movements of developing tissues... Fat pouring in ounce by ounce to fill out your mounds like fleshy balloons...*

*“That’s it--”* Maria encouraged her breasts like little children. She dared to reach for them now, taking their heaving shapes in her palms. They were still tense but not dangerously so. Her skin had give. It was pleasurable to feel it resist her until a wall of milk deeper within pushed back like a rock. *“J...Just a little--AAHMM!!”*

*Oh! That trembling clench of the body. The stifled, lip-pursed whimper. I know the signs of growing pains when I see them. Sorry, my dear Belle... No gain comes for free. I’m sure your breasts are starting to ache. Not only did we force what seemed like a gallon of dairy into each mound, now we’re forcing them to endure a year or more of rapid puberty.*

Maria whined as the growing pains ebbed and flowed. She felt like a girl in middle school again, enduring weeks of aching growth testing whatever new bra her mother had just bought for her.

But it was working. Even as she felt the bottoms of her breasts escape her sweater, she read on.

*Still, let’s continue. I can feel a firmness coming over your chest. Not from pressure, but from sheer size. Your body is struggling to keep up with the hormones. So much growth so fast... It is going to leave you delightfully perky.*

*G-cups... J-cups... We’re climbing higher. I can hear them growing. The faintest of rivers appear as veins. Sensing your development, your protruding areolas had begun widening. Spreading flatter and stretching across the front of her breasts. It’s only natural that such a large bust would bring sizable nipples. Those pink hills are begging for stimulation. Let’s see how they’re doing, shall we?*

***STRRRRTCH***

*“J-Cups... I have... J-cups...under all this...m-milk~!”*

Hair clung to her sweaty face. She could barely see over her chest now as it laid atop her torso like two overgrown watermelons. Warped and pulled in all directions, her sweater turned pale as it was stretched beyond its limit.

*K-cups now, rapidly approaching M-cups... How does it feel to own two vanilla watermelons? There is so much life pulsing through these treasures. We're pushing your body to the limit, even with the help of my hormones. Your areolas doming forth are a sure sign of limits being reached. Do we dare push them further?*

*"T-That's--"*

Something nudged the back of her mind: a warning.

*"This is-- B-Big enough I think--"*

Her chest rose, blocking the book. A hand moved on its own to lift it into view, Maria's eyes unable to pull away.

*Shrrriiip!!*

Stitching pulled apart under her arm. She could feel hot, soft skin mashing into her armpits. The sweater had stopped stretching.

*"Ahhh~ A-Aaahhhmmmmmm w-wait I--"*

She sank a hand into her burgeoning bust. It sank until her sweater would allow no more. Fabric was the limiting factor now, not her skin.

*Strrrrrrtch!!!*

*Bigger... Bigger still. These are your own personal pillows. They command attention. Dominate your figure. Your breasts have become so big that they're as much you as you are. Fleshy mountains that dwarf most other girls.*

*"T-Too big! I'm--"*

*Creeaaaa--POOMPH!!*

*"MMMMMGH!!"*

Maria reveled in the sensation of a rip bursting on her front. Her nipples stood hard as pebbles, half-swallowed by her areolas.

*"S...Stop~ My-- Sweater! I can't-- This is-- Too much!"*

Red-faced and out of breath from her lungs trying to lift fifty pounds of flesh, Maria whimpered as her chest pushed into her face. Helpless eyes stared at the book's all-powerful pages.

*The shortness of breath. The shaking body. You're at your limit. Your breasts can't stand to grow another inch. They'll not have it. I dare not squeeze too hard; we wouldn't want to mar their surfaces with stretch marks, would we? Even your nipples, thick as my thumb, look ready to erupt.*

*"Ahh-- Aahhhh-- My chest!!"*

A hand slipped between her thighs. To fill with milk was heaven. To grow was divine. Maria's breasts screamed with pleasure and pressure as every aspect of their being was put to the test.

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*POOMPH!!!*

*“Haahhhh I’m gonna-- I-I’m gonna--”*

Her sweater groaned like leather. Seams sank into her skin. The hem pulled like a cable to deform the escaping underbellies of her fattening globes. Eyes full of disbelief ogled the looming globes atop her body.

*“G-G-Gonna-- BURST!!!”*

*Bigger... Even bigger. Far too big for such an innocent girl. This is not the hefty bosom you wanted; this is a booming mountain range of lust. Even I’m astonished to see your cute breasts transform into these monoliths of flesh.*

*Quickly now. Even growth has its limits. Your body needs time to adjust. You can’t grow anymore. Not today.*

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*CREEAAAAAAAAAK!!*

*“MMMM!! MMMNNGGHHHH!!!”* Maria watched her breasts swell upward into oversized beach balls. She was helpless beneath them, trapped between her bust and the couch. Heaving, wobbling fleshy weight shifted and squeezed.

A tremor shot through her sweater. There was nowhere left to grow.



*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*“Aahhh-- AAHHHH-- AAHHHHHH~~!!!!!! I CAN’T GET ANY--”*

*Do you feel the pressure rising inside of you? Like a volcano about to blow? You must come. Let yourself orgasm. We must stop. Your body... It can’t take much more. You must--*

*SHHHRRRIIP!!!!*

*“AAAHHHUUGHHH!!!”*

Her sweater exploded in a hail of tattered shreds and buttons. From within burst two titanic mammaries, bloated with milk and grown to perfection. Maria gasped in carnal relief, feeling them surge forth in an avalanche of flesh.

Skin slapped when they landed against her thighs and belly. Arms rushed to cradle their heaving forms as an orgasm vibrated through her. Hot flesh filled her kneading palms as she hugged her bust for dear life, milk spraying from nipples as thick as her thumb.

Amid her cries of pleased distress, the book toppled to the floor and closed.

It’s job was done.



*“Ms. Em!!! Ms... Haaahhh-- Dammit! M-MS. EM!!!”*

Maria’s angered yells rang through the library. Heaving, milky weight pulled her breasts side to side with her stumbling steps. They dwarfed her frame to the point of hiding her torso and hips behind their swollen shapes. Rounded, overgrown globes filled with milk reached to her thighs like pale droplets.

*“Ms-- A-Ahh!”* She stumbled, pulling several books from a shelf as she caught herself. Hair fell about her face and sweat peppered her skin. What remained of her sweater and blouse hung in tatters off her shoulders. It was all Maria could do to stay upright. As she slowly made her way through the shelves, one arm fighting to cradle even a single breast, she left a trail of milk in her wake.

*“MS. EM!!!!”* she screamed. *“I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME!! I NEED--”*

*“My my~ So much noise for a library~ That’s against the rules, you know...”*

Maria whipped around when she heard her clicking heels and almost fell. *“YOU!!”*

The librarian’s eyes perked in amusement at the girl’s appearance. *“Somebody had fun... Did you find what you were looking for, my dear?”*

Color turned Maria’s face red from the strain and embarrassment of such a display. *“LOOK WHAT THAT BOOK DID TO ME!!”* She threw Dr. Magnolia’s guide at Ms. Em’s feet.

*“Whatever do you mean?”* She approached with a lithe grace, tracing a finger over Maria’s bloated front that sent shivers to her toes. *“I only see works of beauty. And let’s not forget that I’m not the one who read it.”*

*“M-Mmng! S...Stop that!”* Maria swatted her hand away and almost fell from the inertia. Milk sloshed and streamed from sagging nipples.

*“You’re certainly full to bursting, aren’t you? That’s a lot of milk for one girl...”*

Maria glared from a cloud of steaming huffs. Cradling her chest, she lifted the impossible mounds toward the woman. *“THEY’RE NOT GOING DOWN!! LOOK AT THEM!”*

*“Well milk can be slow to release. An hour of massaging or a session with a breast pump will do you wonders and--”*

*“THAT’S NOT WHAT I MEAN!”*

Ms. Em's eyes didn't waver, nor did she speak.

"*T-They... THEY GREW!!*" Maria whined. Her hands sank deep to present her new bust. "*Why aren't they shrinking back down?!*"

A knowing chuckle bounced Ms. Em's front and she crossed her arms. "Why? Because you read about inducing permanent growth. And read very in-depth, I would say..."

"*What?! N-No! No I didn't! I-I only needed more room for the milk!! I felt like I was going to explode!! I didn't want--*"

Ms. Em plucked the milk-soaked book from the floor. Flipping halfway through, she flashed her eyes and turned the pages to face Maria. "Part two, titled 'Permanent Breast Development'. Sound familiar?"

"*N-No! I--*" Maria panted as she tried to recall any of her actions while under dairy duress. She remembered only jumping ahead until finding something that would ease the pressure. "*I-I-I didn't know that was--*"

"Do you not like them, dear?"

Heat flushed her cheeks. Embarrassment soothed her voice. "*T...That's not the--*"

"Was it not a fantastical experience...?"

"*I--*" Maria swallowed. Her nipples still ached with sensitivity. Staying on her feet as hormones swarmed her body was like fighting waves in the ocean. "*I-I-It was...*" Looking down, she stared at the monstrous mammaries blocking any view of her feet. "*It was...incredible...*" she finally whispered. Helpless eyes looked at the librarian. "*But I can't go into the world looking like this! I... I can't even fit through a door!*"

"Ohhhh, come now." Ms. Em moved behind the distraught girl. Delicate hands slid down her front to bear the weight.

"*Ahhmm~!*"

"Still alive with sensations of fresh growth, I see..."

"*M-Mhm...*" Maria nodded.

"Don't fret. So much of what you see here is still just engorgement. You pushed your poor bust to the limit. It had no choice but to grow so large after you stuffed it with such a load!"

"*But-- But they're so--*"

"*Enormous? Yes...*" Ms. Em's hands massaged. Milk sprayed in thick gushes that smelled of vanilla. "But they'll become calm. They're still so full. Still *so very swollen* from growing so quickly! You won't believe what they'll settle into."

Maria swooned. "*I... I-I won't?*" She could listen to Ms. Em's voice in her ears all night. Feeling her hands ease the burden of her chest was like a dream. Already they had shrunk several inches in size and were coming to reveal her hips and soaking skirt. Milk ran out in heavy waterfalls from her sore nipples.

"You'll be big. Far bigger than most girls can hope to dream. And they'll be *glorious*. Eye-catching. Attention-demanding. Miraculous breasts."

She whimpered. "*But that's--*"

"*That's why you continued reading, no?*"

There was no fault in her words. Maria couldn't stop herself. To feel lactation take control of her bust was everything she'd ever wanted and more. The pressure. The heat. The stretching. The swollen, taxing load forcing her breasts bigger.

She pursed her lips as her mammaries slowly dwindled. They were slowing, becoming more natural-looking as they neared the size of beach balls. *“Will I... C-Can I still...”*

*“Mmmmm, lactate?”*

Maria’s jaw trembled and she nodded her head.

*“As good as the best of them. After what you read, you won’t be able to stop these miracles from producing milk.”*

*“Mmmnnnghhhh!”*

The thought alone threw Maria into a whirlpool of desire. She fell against Ms. Em, relishing the heat of the woman’s chest pushing into her face.

*“And already you’re a more manageable size! Once all this new flesh is calmed down and if you keep up on your pumping, I’m sure they’ll be your new favorite pair of melons. You won’t see your feet ever again, but...”* Ms. Em laughed. *“I don’t think you really mind such a burden, am I correct?”*

Words were failing her. Maria nodded, working only to keep her breath going.

*“I knew what you were after the minute you walked in. It was in your eyes... In your heart...”* Ms. Em’s hands sank deep, hefting the entirety of Maria’s chest until milk sprayed. *“The desires within you are...spectacular.”*

*“Aaaauugh!?”*

*“A deep, primal desire to taste the rush of milk... And you received that and more. Aren’t you happy?”*

*“I... I-I...”* Maria shivered as she exhaled. She didn’t want to admit it. To say so would be to accept the bulbous cleavage dividing her torso and dwarfing the C-cup bra she used to call her own, now limp around her sides. *“I-I-I am...”*

*“That’s what I like to hear. And I can tell there’s more within you. More than just a latent urge to fill out a sweater. More than to simply break your bra by flesh alone. My dear...”* Ms. Em caressed her and held her close. *“I have a question for you. How would--”*

*“W... Wait.”* Strength welled in Maria’s core. Fighting every urge, she pulled away from Ms. Em’s embrace and turned to face her. True to the librarian’s word, her breasts had shrunk considerably. They reached just below her belly button but still had the appearance of a mother overladen with cream. She locked eyes with the woman. *“What is this place?”*

*“I believe I told you earlier. It’s a dimension of desire.”*

Maria narrowed her eyes. *“But what is it?”*

Interest flashed through her gaze. *“A place where fantasy can become reality. An escape from the cruel hardness of the world. A library where lust lurks at the turn of every page...”*

Eying Magnolia’s book, Maria insisted, *“That doesn’t answer my question.”*

*“Well then~”* Ms. Em looked like a tigress ready to lick its chops before a meal. *“Perhaps it would be best if I gave a demonstration?”*

Her fingers teased a book from a shelf. Maria’s heart fluttered, already well aware of what the books were capable of in this library. *“W-Wait--”*

Ms. Em began reading aloud, *“Her panties didn’t usually feel so tight...”*

*Strrrrtch*

Lace shifted around Maria’s hips. She looked over her shoulder as something moved beneath her skirt. *“Huh??”*

“They were becoming uncomfortable. Pulling like twine into rising dough. Megan shifted in her office chair, feeling as though she were sitting an inch higher than normal.”

*Strrrrrrrrtch*

“Y-You’re--” She shot her attention back to the woman. “Wait!” Her underwear felt as though it were shrinking around her cheeks but she knew better at this point. It wasn’t her panties getting smaller; it was their contents getting bigger.

Mass pushed wider beneath her plaid skirt. Lifting with smooth, subtle movement, the fabric drew up her thighs. She watched in horror as it flared to the sides, widening as her hips gained girth.

Ms. Em smiled, running a hand up the side of her hips as she leaned to one side. Her own pencil skirt was firming. Creases tensed around her figure as it too bloomed, matching Maria’s. As her figure enhanced into a man’s dream, her voice grew more sultry. More breathy. “*Fabric began torturing her pussy. Lace rubbed across her moist lips as the intimate garment stretched. Megan reeled in shock as she felt her ass press into her chair’s armrests. It was swelling far, far faster than she’d anticipated~*”

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

“M-Mmmmgh!!! My butt is--” Maria found her legs failing her. Her balance was fine, but her feet refused to stay put. Pressure pushed against her thighs. Daring to send a hand to explore, her heart skipped a beat upon finding them frighteningly plump. Her fingers collided with their warm cushions sooner than she expected.

*Shrrriiip!!*

Maria looked up when a rending fabric filled the air. A seam had split down the side of Ms. Em’s skirt. Pale flash pushed through the elongated diamond opening, bulging around any strands left standing. Already the librarian’s hips had entered the land of disproportionality. Wider than her shoulders by six inches on each side, her rear end jutted forth against a drum-tight skirt like a bomb ready to burst.

Maria, on the other hand, knew she was worthy of being called bottom-heavy before this story started. Her fingers pressed and squeezed and she struggled to see over the sides of her chest. Slowly her skirt rose up and out like an umbrella opening before a storm.

“*Heavier. Thicker. Megan’s bottom half swelled with a vengeance. She panicked as the rest of her panties dove between her cheeks with a muffled SNAP!*”

*Snap!!*

“*Ahmmm!!!*” Maria yelled, her cable-thin underwear shifting to floss its way into every nook and cranny. Rising fabric tickled the bottoms of her bloated cheeks. Cool air caressed the front of her hips and her face turned bright red as she realized her skirt wasn’t covering her. “*H-H-Hey!! Wait!! I’m-- My skirt isn’t big enough!! It’s not--*” Her arms fought against her bust to pull at the front of her skirt to provide any form of modesty. Engorgement forced her pussy to squeeze around the panties turned thong.

*Shrrriiip!!!*

Ms. Em’s skirt blew another seam. She almost chewed on a finger as she read, relishing every moment. “*Megan tried to rise from her chair but found herself wedged in place. Her thighs pushed against her stomach as they creased against her hips. Pillowy ass cheeks fought*

with the back of the chair. She thanked the gods she'd worn spandex pants today; jeans would have split long ago."

*Creeeeeeaaaaaaak!*

"Too...T-Too...tight!" Maria pleaded as her panties pulled thin. "They're too tight!! They're too-- Tight!!"

"Popping sounds came from her hips. Muffled and choked, but popping nonetheless. The popping of stitches. Megan struggled to flee the prison holding her rear hostage but it was futile. The pressure was too great. As her thighs rivaled her own waistline in girth, she watched as they too filled her office chair side to side. Failing stitches grew louder. Elastic trembled against her pussy. She held her breath, waiting for the moment when her panties would finally--"

*SNAP!!!*

"AAUUGH!!"



Maria's entire bottom half jolted as if spanked. Fabric burst open with enough force to make her shrunken skirt flutter. An extreme bolt of stimulation threw her back against a bookshelf where her newly plumped rear collided with the novels. Books toppled to make room for her heaving ass and her legs pushed themselves apart with fullness.

"Y-You-- You just--"

She whimpered when something slipped down her legs and landed around her ankles. Realizing it was whatever remained of her panties, now overstretched and soaking, she flung her hands to cover her intimates that her skirt could never hope to hide.

Soft, sweaty mass met with her hands. Even with her chest in the way, Maria could see her bottom half for what it was now. Her posterior would be more than enough to overflow any normal chair. Heavy-grown hips swayed and jiggled as her feet struggled to find a steady position. Her skirt, once reaching mid-thigh, now rested atop her pelvis like something meant for a stripper. Her fingers could hardly find her pussy as it was squeezed between the all-engulfing twin masses of her legs.

“*What... W-What did you do to me...??*” Maria asked. Weak in the knees as her bottom half ached with need, she hoped Ms. Em couldn’t see how slick her inner thighs had become from the venture. “*I’m-- God, I’m HUGE!! I can hardly stand!*”

The librarian chuckled. Her own skirt was in tatters and hung loosely around her widened figure. Maria wasn’t sure the woman was wearing anything beneath them aside from the pantyhose splitting across her legs. “Not to your liking, my dear? Shame... You looked to be enjoying it so well...” Her eyes batted and she closed the book. “*Let me try again.*”

Another book was plucked.

Maria’s breath vibrated. She held out a hand but found doing so left her feeling too exposed. “*Just~ G-Give me a minute to--*”

The librarian wouldn’t dare pause. She opened the cover and began, “The tingling was back and stronger than ever. Blushing as a loud rumble emanated for all to hear, Jasmine placed a hand over her belly. She looked down, following the same line of sight as her friends.”

Her eyes dilated. Maria held her breath as pressure blossomed within her stomach. She looked down but saw nothing over her bust filling her view. As she worked to conceal her nudity, however, she felt her abdomen rise to push against her forearms. “*That’s-- T-That can’t possibly be--*”

A sly smile formed on Ms. Em’s face. She continued, “*Jasmine didn’t dare breathe. She hoped the doming shape of her belly was only because she was holding her breath. The rumbles churned again, louder this time. Then she saw it; her bloated waistline pushing outward against her shirt as if she’d swallowed an inflating party balloon. ‘O-Oh no’, she whimpered, feeling fuller by the second. Suddenly, eating so many unrisen cinnamon rolls didn’t seem like such a good idea.*”

*Guuurrrrrrrgle!*

“*Hahhh-- Haahhh!!*” Maria panted for air, gasping in desperation. Her hands flew to her stomach, nudity the last thing on her mind as her belly now began to bloat. A once-slender waistline pushed forth, expanding into an oval-shaped dome until it trembled between her palms like the belly of a woman in her third trimester.

Arching her back, she tried to see her belly from over her breasts. The librarian, on the other hand, was proud to display a doming waistline filling her blouse to its limit. Buttons spread across Ms. Em’s front until gaping windows parted between them. Taut abdominal contours traced the firm girth of her inflating stomach as her shirt pulled out of her ruined skirt.

“*What... What is this?!*” Maria whined, feeling pressure tickle through her abdomen.

“*Magic, my dear. Now hush and listen. It’s about to get good~*”

Expansion hissed in Maria’s ears to draw anxiety from her core. “*But!!*”

Ms. Em returned to the story. “*Jasmine’s eyes widened in sync with her belly. Skin pushed her hands apart as her gut bloated. All eyes ogled the girl and her distending front, conversation falling silent. Jasmine resembled a woman overladen with child. Pressure rumbled, deeper now, as the dough refused to stop its bubbling procession within. Skin bulged over her tightening shorts as the tightness moved into her navel to pull the entire front of her pelvis taut. No longer just bloating, Jasmine watched as her front became round. Full.*”

*GUUURRRRRGLE!!*

*PING!!*

*PING PING!!*

“Oh my~!”

“Mmngghh!!”

Both women reacted as swelling assaulted their bellies. Buttons exploded from Ms. Em’s, releasing a window of pale skin pulled taut enough to reveal a striking brown line down her center. A hand tenderly explored her globe as it expanded further, pushing her blouse to the limits. It had begun pushing up on her breasts, lifting them until they jiggled on her personal shelf.

Maria, meanwhile, was squeaking for air as a massive dome ballooned in her grasp. Frantic eyes watched as her breasts lifted in response to the swelling mass. Her skin pinged and echoed with her gasps as if her belly were a vast cavern. The waistband of her skirt pulled into a belt, sinking deep into her hips and navel as they pushed outward to keep pace with the sudden bloating.

*Shrriiip!!!*

“EEK!!!”

Her skirt split down the side. It fluttered away, slipping down her hips to join her ruined panties on the ground.

“My belly!! My stomach is-- I-I’M INFLATING LIKE A BALLOON!!” She reeled back, watching it push into view now. Saucer eyes gazed at the beach ball-sized globe in her grasp, hissing louder by the second as it filled. “I-I-I’M BLOWING UP!!!”



Ms. Em only mused.

“Bigger--”

*PING!!*

“And Bigger--”

*SHRRIIIP!!*

*“And bigger, Jasmine bloated.”*

***GUUURRRGLE!!***

Maria whimpered as her chest was pushed into her neck. *“S...Slow down!! It’s--”* Her eyes darted to see Ms. Em’s clothes completely fall away. She stood naked with Maria, reading her tale like a goddess of fertility. *“Mmnggh!!! Don’t-- ...Stop!”* Maria gulped, feeling tightness spread in an intoxicating wave. *“D-D...Don’t stop~”* she whimpered.

*“POW!! Jasmine’s shorts burst at the front. Her belly surged forth, forcing her to arch her back as dough expanded seemingly without end. A pale, stretching expanse of skin heaved before her. Her friends fled the couch in fear of her fleshy, tightening balloon of a belly.”*

***STRRRRTCH!!***

*“Slow-- S-Slow down!! I’m-- I can’t--”* Maria couldn’t escape her gut no matter how far she arched back. *“I feel like I’m going to--”* Quivering pleasure shook her legs. Her core, regardless of its over-blown form, felt ready to erupt. Books tumbled as she flailed against the bookshelf. Her knees weakened. Fluid ran from her crotch in waves. Tension tugged across her navel and down between her thighs. Her pussy was elongating, forced to pull forward with her navel.

Even Ms. Em was struggling with her distended size. Face blushing, she leaned back to give her belly the room it required. The book sat atop it, nestled against her bare breasts. *“A quake ran over her surface. Jasmine squeaked upon feeling her belly button spring forth. A brown fissure, her sacred linea nigra, pulled to the surface as her stomach blimped too large for her fingers to meet at the front. Her breasts pushed into her shoulders. Wide eyes stared at the monstrous belly filling her view. She couldn’t take much more. Every bite of dough was coming back to haunt her, pushing her to the limit. Soon the pressure would--”*

*“A-A-Aaauuuugh!!!”*

***BOOMPH!!!***

***Spllrrrrrtch!!!***

*“MMMNGH!!! MMMNNGHHH OHHHH GOD~!!!!”*

Maria toppled. Her body could take no more abuse. Writhing in sheer delight, her legs finally gave out as an orgasm took her into its clutches. Her belly cushioned her fall and she lay across it, tensing and crying out as fluid sprayed not only from her pulsating groin but from her milk-filled nipples in white orgasmic fountains.

*“T-THAT’S-- AAHHHMMMM!!! OHHHHH GOD I CAN’T TAKE IT!! PLEASE, JUST LET ME-- I--”* Maria gulped, every inch of her body alive. She’d never felt such a rush of endorphins. Such an onslaught of sensations and stimulation. *“I CAN’T...TAKE ANY MOOORE!!”*

Ms. Em smiled knowingly. Stooping down, as best her belly would allow, she knelt by Maria and stroked the girl’s head as she endured a release like no other.

*“I knew I saw something in you...”* she whispered, holding Maria to her chest.

*“Aaahhhh~ Mmngghh!!!! D-Don’t-- Don’t stop~!! Don’t stop!”* Maria pleaded to her own horror. She wanted more. More of everything. Everything the library had to offer. *“It feels-- Ohhhh God it feels so--”*

“We don’t have to stop.” Ms. Em caressed one of Maria’s aching breasts. “But before we continue, there’s something I would like to ask.”

Weary, helpless eyes turned upward. Stranding upon her belly, as a bloated pair of breasts balanced out an ass too large for the bus ride home, Maria met the librarian’s gaze. “*W... What is it?*”

Ms. Em smiled. “How would you like a job?”





A shudder ran through the floor followed by a moan of desperation several aisles away. Maria hardly batted an eye; such noises were common here. She'd seen everything by this point.

*Rmmmbbbllll!*

*"Ahh~!! H...Help!! I need-- MNGHH!!!"*

Now her ears perked. Maria turned toward the cries of distress. Patrons often bit off more than they could chew.

She took to a controlled trot and began searching the aisles. They loomed high into the ceiling with balconies spanning the upper floors. Ladders stretched with wheels ready to take a reader to any location along the shelves.

*RRMMBBBLLLLL*

*"NNGH!!! A-AAHH!!! HELP!!!"*

"I'm coming!" Maria yelled. "Where are--"

She rounded a corner and nearly collided with a redhead. Hardly any reaction came from her as she eyed Maria with sly eyes. Her lips wrapped around a milkshake's straw. Long draws lifted a sizeable bust against a tight camisole.

Maria righted herself. "S-Sorry! Have you seen a girl calling for help nearby??"

The redhead looked away in boredom. "Sorry, can't say I have." Leisurely steps took her past Maria.

The librarian was about to move on before she paused. Her eyes narrowed. "Excuse me, but there's no food or drink allowed in here."

Rules fell on deaf ears. The redhead continued on, slurping from her shake.

*"Excuse me!"* Maria insisted, coming up behind her ready to grab a shoulder.

*"There's no--Oof!!!"*

An empty cup was thrust into Maria's chest. Plastic crumpled between her breasts before the redhead retracted her hand and left Maria to fumble the cup.



“Thanks! I assume there’s no littering either?” she snickered before turning back around.

*“Hey! I’m not a babysitter! There’s a trash can right--”*

***RMMMBBBBLLLLLL!!!***

*“MMNNGGHHHAAAHHH!! S-SOMEOOOONE!!! P-PLEASE HURRYYYY!!!”*

Maria huffed and set the cup on a nearby shelf for later and raced toward the sound of impending doom. Vibrations pulsed through the floor and into her body as the library shook. Their strength was becoming worrisome.

*“Nggh!! NNGGAAHHHHH!!”*

She rounded a corner and heard the source approaching. “I’m here I’m here! What’s-- *OH MY GOD!!*”

Maria stumbled back at a wall of oppressive, titanic nudity. Looming from floor to ceiling sat a girl grown to monstrous proportions capable of giving the fifty-foot woman a run for her money. Desperate hands fought to cover herself but something always remained exposed. Scrunched and trying her best to stay small, the girl’s body continued to slowly grow to fill the aisle.



*RMMMMBBBLLLLLLL!!*

“MMMMMM!!!” she moaned, squirming as her growth came in surges. Soft curves pushed into the shelves and books rained forth.

“What are you doing?!” Maria yelled. A clear view of the patron’s spread nethers assaulted her vision with wetted folds twice as tall as the librarian. “We have a giantess reading section for a reason!!”

“I’m sorry!! I’m so sorry!! It’s not my fault!! A--”

*Thud!!*

“OW!!” Her head met with the carved stone ceiling. Bookshelves teetered as her hips pushed into them and her elbows searched for space. “M-Make it stop!! Please!!”

Maria’s eyes scanned the floor and prayed the book wasn’t pinned beneath the mountain of flesh cushioning the girl’s hips. It wouldn’t be long until the book started influencing others, or worse, the girl left a pile of shelves overturned.

“Where’s the book?!”

Weary eyes and gasping breaths contorted the girl’s face as she tried to stay sane against her skyscraper body. Fingers clenched deep into her breasts. Maria couldn’t blame the girl for struggling to keep her wits about her; giantess growth had a way of overwhelming every sensation available. “T... Ahhhmmm~!! It’s-- There!!” A finger as thick as Maria’s waist pointed to the floor. An open book was half hidden under the bookshelf.

*Strrrrtch...*

Tingles sparked across Maria's body and her breath hitched. Slowly her skirt drew up her thighs while her sweater lifted on her abdomen. Already she was several inches taller as the book's influence spread. Something of this size would overwhelm her within seconds.

*"Stop stop stop stop!!!"*

She lunged, diving for the book just as her shoes became uncomfortably tight and her skirt revealed her cheeks.

*Poomph!*

Covers slammed closed. Air ceased its vibrations and the library grew still. High overhead, the girl's steaming breaths came in long drawn-out sighs of relief and bathed Maria in heat.

Sounds like shifting leather came next.

*"N-Nnghaahhh~"*

Maria couldn't help but tense alongside the library's patron; shrinking was just as stimulating as growing. There was going to be need of a mop when she was done retreating from her ceiling-thumping stature.

*"Ahhh! Mmngaahhh~! My-- Body!!!"*

"I know, I know..." Maria nodded and caught her breath after enduring her own few seconds of fleshy recession. "Just... Bear with it and try not to--"

*"MMMNGGHHHH!!!!"*

She reared in orgasm, body curling as fluid poured from her crotch and over the floor. The librarian sighed but couldn't help smiling at the girl's pleasure.

*"Ahhh~ A-Ah~ Ah~!"*

Squeaking gasps came like the cries of a mouse as her body rapidly dwindled. After the final rush, leaving her curled in a ball amid the chaotic mess of bookshelves, Maria rushed to her aid. A pile of torn clothes were all that were available to cover her.

*"Thank you... I didn't think...it was going to stop..."* the girl said shakily. *"I was... S-So big--"*

"You're alright now." Trying to ease the tension, Maria added, "But you might have unlocked a new taste or two after all that."

Frantic embarrassment shone in her eyes but there was more behind them. Maria recognized it well: a need to explore a new world. *"D...Don't tell me that! I'm-- I-I'm not into that kind of stuff!"*

Maria rubbed her back. "What happened?? We have a section specifically for reading this type of stuff. It gets out of hand way too fast for the main wing."

Sitting up, the girl hugged a shredded sweater around herself. "T-This girl told me she had a recommendation for me, and she started reading it before I could stop her..."

A frown slanted her mouth. "Was it a redhead? With a milkshake?"

"Yea... And really big-- Y-You know--" She held her hands out in front of her torso, dwarfing her exposed B-cups. Envious eyes stared at the librarian's sweater-warping front. "Almost as big as you..."

Maria groaned. “I think we ran into the same girl... *Troublemaker.*”

“W-Why didn’t she grow like me?? I thought she would stop but I-I’m the only one who got big enough to--” She looked down and stared at her ruined outfit.

“Chances are she slipped out of one of the tales. If they’re story characters, they’re only affected by their own plot because anything else isn’t canon. They can be a bit of a pain, *especially* when they come out just to have a little--”

A distant fluttering of air came, followed by a thud.

Maria’s head shot up. “Did you just hear that?”

Still trying to find the best way to cover herself with her slivers of clothes, the girl looked around. “H-Hear what?”

Eyes narrowed. Maria waited, already well aware of the sounds of this library. “Sounded like a book fell off a shelf... Or--”

*Guurrrrgle...*

The girl’s eyes shot toward Maria. Following her gaze, the librarian drew her gaze downward. Both blushed. The girl confessed, “I...Is that the sound you mean??”

Maria’s hands came to hold the front of her belly. Deep, tingling pressures were moving within her. A gentle heat was welling. Thick and viscous.

*Guuurrrrgle...*

The sound came again, this time louder and from both girls. Maria’s eyes drifted to her chest. Small bumps rose into her sweater to betray her nipples within her bra.

“N-Nngh... *Hey-- I feel--*” The patron shifted on the floor and struggled to keep her breath even. Heavy blushing turned her cheeks red. “*I-I feel...weird... What’s--*”

Maria stared, watching the girl’s blushing pink cheeks shift to blue. Tightness spread across the librarian’s bra and her breath caught. Heaviness filled her breasts out with a gentle skin-stretching inner massage. Looking back at herself, Maria’s fears were confirmed as she saw her bust bloating slowly outward. Subtle bloating pushed her stomach into her hands.

“*Oh no,*” she whispered.

*Guuuurrrrrrgle...!*

The girl squeaked. Her arm shot out and pointed at Maria’s face, allowing her modesty to drop. “*Hey! Y-Your nose!! It’s turning blue!*”

Maria went cross-eyed. A dark blueish-purple hue was spreading across her face. Scents of sugar and juice hitched a ride on her heated breaths.

*Guuurrrrrrgle!!!*

“*Mmngh!!!*”

Both girls gasped when pressure struck them with a vengeance. Maria fell back against a shelf, holding her belly as it domed forth. Her sweater and blouse rose upon the exposed slope to reveal the lower half of her distending navel. Blue skin pressed upon her fingertips and stretched her skirt’s waistband downward. Looking as though she’d chugged two gallons of water, her stomach jutted forth with a prominent engorgement.



“Crrraaaaaap, not this one!” Maria whined. The sensations were all too similar. She recognized this growth. The pacing was unmistakable.

Falling back on her hands, the girl squealed in confusion as purples and blues spread over her naked body. She held her belly as it pushed over her thighs and watched as her breasts filled out, coming to settle atop her stomach. “W-What’s happening to us?!”

*Strrrrrrtch*

Maria swallowed. Her blouse complained in sync with her sweater. Seams pulled taut around her juice-filled figure. Beneath her skirt, she felt her panties pull between her cheeks and thighs as her lower half thickened too large for her lace. A sloshing heaviness caused her thighs to wobble as her footing was forced to adjust.

“Someone left one of the blueberry tales open!! Why can’t people just--”

*GUURRRRGLE!!*

“EEEKK!!!” The girl fell back and flung both hands to her body as everything widened. “M-Make it stop!! I feel--” Rapid gasps lifted her exposed breasts in tiny jumps. “I-I feel like I’m filling up!!”

“It’s juice,” Maria sighed and composed herself. A seam burst under her arm and she felt her breasts enlarge to the point of piling over her bra cups. “I need to close the book or it’s not going to stop.

“JUICE?!” Panic veiled the girl’s eyes. “I-I-I only came here to read about milk! WHY AM I--”

*GUUURRRRGLE!!*

“MMNNGH!!!”

*SHRRRTTIP!!!*

Sugary nectar assaulted both their bodies. Maria's sweater tore across her chest against the two overgrown breasts burgeoning forth. Over twice the size of her head, they were eager to hold as much juice as they could. An overdue pregnant woman's belly strained her sweater to the point of warping. Heat traveled down her thighs. She didn't need to see them to know they were already blushing blue and wet with her arousal.

At her feet, the girl squirmed against the rush of fluid. Filling out to a generous hourglass with a belly rivaling a beach ball, she fell on her back as blue skin heaved and sloshed on top of her. *"E-E-Everything is--"*

"I know!" Maria gathered herself and began walking down the aisle. Muffled churning sloshed within her bulk. Already her belly was rubbing against her thighs.

*"Wait!! Where are you going?!"*

"Just... Stay calm and don't go anywhere! I'm going to close the book!" Maria called back.

***GUUURRRGLE!!***

*"EEEKKK!! P-Please hurry!! It's-- Aahhmm~!! I-It's... warm!! Everything is turning BLUE!!"*

Maria didn't need to be reminded. Hardly any time had passed and her body was ballooning beyond belief. This juice was going to come fast and it was going to come thick. She could already feel it pounding against her nipples. Skin was bulging over her bra with a heaviness only blueberry juice could bring. Daring to peek around the massive curve of her bust, Maria's heart skipped a beat upon seeing the doming mass of her belly. It protruded full and round with less than half covered by her sweater. Taut, blue skin gave a gentle shine in the library's warm lighting. Thick folds of skin creased at her sides to pull at her back.

*"M-Mmmgh~"*

A moan slipped free. Fullness plagued every inch of her body. Walking squeezed her nethers between plump thighs. Far too plump for her underwear, Maria could feel them squeezing her intimates tighter by the second. They dripped with leaking juices, both lustful and blue, as the blueberry effects took a greater hold.

It wasn't unpleasant. On the contrary, Maria thoroughly enjoyed the intoxicating sensations. Feeling the juice fill her every curve and pull at her skin with a shifting weight was tremor-inducing. This particular story was one she'd enjoyed on her own a handful of times. The only difference was it had been in the presence of a drain and not within range of her treasured bookshelves.

***GUUURRRGLE!!***

*"A-Aahhhh~ Can't--"* She gasped, holding the bottom of her belly. Her skirt pulled into her hips as they muffined from the top and forced the garment down her thighs. Weight pulled her forward. Purple cleavage piled out of her neckline. Her skirt became less modest by the second as it pulled up to tease the crease of her swelling cheeks. *"C-Can't get...distracted~"* She called out then, *"Hello!! Was anyone re-- Ahhm~!--W-Was anyone reading a blueberry tale recently?? I think you forgot to--"*

***GUUURRRRRRGLE!!***

*“MMMMGH!!”*

An intense rush of pressure almost collapsed her legs. Maria leaned on a shelf and felt juice push stronger into her breasts. Nipples as thick as strawberries stood into her sweater. Blue soak spots spread from the fattened tents.

*Pop!!*

*“Gaahh~”*

Her bra snapped. Weight shifted all at once as her chest fell freely into her tortured sweater. Sloshing churned as her engorged mammaries settled, risen full enough to push against her shoulder and chin.



*“N-Not good... Not...good...”* she had to remind herself. *“H...Hello...??”* she called again. *“Was somebody reading a blueberry--”*

***SHRRITIIIP!!!***

*“MMNGGAHHH!!”*

Her hands clenched against the shelf. A massive tear had just split her blouse beneath her sweater. Fullness rushed to every part of her body. Maria could feel it approaching: ultimate engorgement. Soon her curves would run out of room and her entire body would follow. This was only the beginning. Tightness was already sparking across her chest and belly. Her nipples ached and her skin tingled with a sugary tension. Pressing upon the sides of her bust tenderly, she heard them bubble and saw the tips of her fingers turn blue.

She was getting too full.

*“Hah... It’s coming too fast! I-I have to...”*

*Sloooooommmsh*

*Sloooooommmssh...*

*“Mmmnghh...!”*

Walking slowed to a crawl. Moving with such juice-engorged thighs would have been a challenge on its own, but when they had to fight against an over-inflated beach ball of a belly, it was a nearly unwinnable battle.

*Pomph!!*

*“A-Aahhhhh--”*

Maria shivered when her sweater jumped over her stomach. It concealed only her breasts now, stretching over the juicy pumpkin-sized fruits like an argyle sports bra. Against her hands, her belly strained with a heated tightness. A subtle contour raced down its center like a fleshy seam. It tickled as it was forced to stretch ever wider.

The book’s power was absolute. It wanted to find a home, and its influence was only going to grow the closer she drew. She could feel the juice within its plot rushing into her more by the minute. Gasping for air, Maria felt a fullness spread from her belly to around her back. Her arms felt thicker. Juice tinged the back of her throat.

*GUUUURRRRGLE!!!*

*“A-A-Aaahhhhh~ Ms.-- Ms. Librarian...!”* the girl yelled from several aisles back. *“I’m-- I feel-- FULL!!!”*

*POW!!!*

*“Mph!!”* Maria pursed her lips when her skirt finally blew open and fell to the ground. An enormous rounding figure of curves and femininity heaved with increasing nudity. *“S...Stay calm! It’s fine!!”* She gasped for air as a tear widened across her sweater. *“It’s--”*

*ShhrrriITIPPPP!!!!*

It split like an overripe fruit. Surging with juice, Maria’s sweater and panties burst in tandem. Purples and blues lurched with fleshy freedom as the garments slapped wetly upon the floor.



Warmth instantly trickled down her front. Maria whimpered, seeing two nipples bloated to the size of large marshmallows leaking juice over her belly.

*“I-I-I feel like I’m starting to stretch!!”* the girl cried.

Maria gulped. *“Everything...is...f.fine...!”*

There came no response beyond the strained whimpers. Knowing she must have been on her back, Maria could only picture the mountain of blue flesh creeping closer to consuming the poor girl.

*Sloooooommmsh*

*Sloooooommmshh*

Every step came with a symphony of pressure. She was close. Maria could feel the juice coming faster. One of her feet slipped and her leg flung out. Thighs fought for dominance as nectar ran down her skin to make them slick and wet.

*“Haahhh~ Come on-- Almost--”*

*GUUUUURRRRRGLE!!*

*“Mmnnnghhhhh~!”* Maria held back an orgasmic moan as her entire body expanded with strain. Juice was pumping into every crevice to plump and fill. Her breasts rounded out with pressure to resemble blueberries nestled atop a titanic gut. Folds of skin creased around her hips and waistline as her body struggled to keep pace with her rising volume. Grabbing the sides of her belly, she panted for air against the exotic sensations tempting her to give in.

The juice was winning. Her curves couldn’t hope to contain everything, even when as big as hers. Ever so slowly, she could feel her pelvis starting to round. Her pussy

distended with the bottom of her stomach, rounding out and pushing lower between her spreading thighs.

*“Nnnghhh no no no, please-- Not yet-- I’m-- Mmmmm!!”*

The librarian whimpered as her pussy bulged. The bases of her breasts lifted as her entire abdomen began to fill. True to its name, the blueberry expansion was reaching its peak.

*“I’m-- Rounding out~ G-Getting...too full~”*

*Gllloooooorrrrrmp!*

Maria’s eyes fluttered. She’d begun waddling as her legs spread wider. Her arms could hardly reach her chest as her biceps were pulled into her mass. Behind her was a trail of slick purple juice.

She rounded a corner into a neighboring aisle. Hope sparked within her juice-flooded chest. There at the end of the bookshelf was a purple-bound book lying open on the floor.

*GUUURRRRGLE!!!*

*“EEEEEEK!!!!”* the girl squealed in the distance. *“I DON’T THINK I CAN HOLD MUCH--”*

*“Almost there!! I’m almost there!!”* Maria promised through the taste of sugary juice.

Her legs heaved with their cargo. The bookshelf might as well have been a mile long given her current shape. Maria shivered, feeling herself rounding out more by the second. It was the exact book she feared. She’d read it before, and even worse, she knew exactly how it ended.

*Sttrrrrrrtch...*

The tightness was coming. Tension pulled across her skin, drawing her purple flesh into a shiny treasure to behold. Each nipple throbbed against its load, puffing up and out into fat apple-sized masses leaking her ooze.

*“Please-- I’m almost there--”*

*Sprrrrrrrtch!!!*

*“MMNGH!!”*

Juice sprayed forth from her holes. Maria choked on the pleasure of feeling like a leaking balloon. Her pussy felt enormous, stretched to a gargantuan vision of its former self. Flesh swallowed her legs down to her knees. Her abdomen was filling. Ballooning to consume all of her. Roundness pulled across her back as she slowly resembled a water balloon.

The book lay just ahead. Unable to hear anything beyond her gasps and sloshing, Maria used the shelf for support. Her feet threatened to fail at any moment and she knew she would have to fall forward in order to reach the book.



It was going to be a photo finish.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!*

Skin trembled. Tingles popped across her figure as everything stretched rounder. Maria whimpered and saw her breasts rise into her face like purple mountains.

The book sat only a few feet ahead. Giving up her balance, Maria released her hold of the shelf. Gravity took over, grabbing hold of her enormous front.

*“W-Whoooooaaa!!”*

*SLOOUMMASH!!!!*

She rolled forward. Flesh mashed and deformed with her weight. A flailing arm reached out to grab the book as it came within range.

Then a pair of shoes stepped into view. A sly, breathy voice mused with an air of tease.

*“Whoopsie! There it is~”*

Dread came over Maria when another hand grasped the book, plucking it from the ground at the last second.

*GUUUURRRRRRGLE!!*

*“H-HEY!!!”* Maria scolded, rolling to the side before wobbling backward. Her feet wiggled but could find no purchase on the floor. Overdrawn skin squeaked over the tile. *“Please!! CLOSE THAT BEFORE--”*

She froze. The redhead stood in front of her holding the book with a fox-like smile.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!*

*“M-Mmmmgh!!”*

“My my...” the redhead hummed, approaching and holding the book open. “All that pressure just keeps building higher and higher...! Lot of juice for one girl~”

A hand pressed into Maria’s balloon-like body. Nectar sprayed from enormous nipples filled to bursting.

“Ahhh~!! D-Don’t do that!! Oohhh don’t do that~!! I’m-- Too full~” she panted, not wanting to climax in front of the pest. Lust and stimulation raged in her head, begging to be released.

The redhead giggled and licked a finger clean of juice. “Can barely hold another drop by the looks of it.”

***STRRRRTCH!!***

“NGH!! P-Please!!” Maria squeaked as her body became truly immobilized. She wobbled in place, rounding out into a blimp-like balloon of nudity. “Please-- Just close the...book!! Before--”

Giving a feigned gasp of horror, the redhead looked at the pages. “Oh no!! You don’t think the story ends with her...*popping, do you??*” Amusement turned her gasp into a grin. “Like a big, overripe blueberry??”

“It’s not-- I-It’s not the...*popping I’m worried about--*” Maria gasped as her body trembled like a champagne cork ready to blow. “It’s...*the mess!! It takes so long to... clean up!! PLEASE!! I’M ABOUT TO--*”

***CREEEEAAAAAAAAAAK***

“AHHHMMM!!! M-M-MS. LIBRARIAAAAAAN!!!!” the abandoned girl cried out in the distance.

The redhead’s eyes flashed as Maria’s body reacted in turn, quaking with pent-up pressure. “All that juice... Ready to *gush*.” She turned to the last page. “*Certainly seems like it’s about time for that cute little body of yours to just about po--*”

Blue skin rose around Maria. Her eyes watched the tight, shiny curve swallow her vision and rub against her cheeks. Hands and feet flailed as they sank into swollen pits of flesh. Pressure screamed within her, ready to explode forth. Her pussy bulged against the floor, pushing outward into a giant mound like a dam ready to release.

***GUUUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!***

She closed her eyes, more than ready for the familiar sensation. After the day she’d had, popping sounded like heaven at this moment. “MMMMMMGH!!!!!! G-GONNA-- I’M GONNA--”

***Smack!!***

“AH!!!”

She cried out at the sharp sound, expecting to feel her body finally give. Instead the flow of juice ceased. She looked from of her prison of skin as everything strained. Juice arced from her nipples; her breasts couldn’t take any more abuse. Her belly echoed like a drum full of water.

The redhead had closed the book. With a yawn, a satisfied hand patted Maria's bloated side. "That's enough reading for now, though. I think I'll save the climax for later..." She began walking away before pausing, perking up as if remembering something. "Oh!!" She leaned against the stranded librarian and flicked an over-fattened nipple causing it to spray purple nectar. A grin narrowed her eyes and she growled. "Best be careful with all that juice; *you're not supposed to have food or drink in here.*"

