

A Lactose Intolerance

Grrrrr

Kate sat at her small cafe table and sighed softly, feeling her stomach gurgle under her button up shirt. *I really need to stop coming to this coffee shop...*, she thought as she realized that it had happened yet again.

She looked up at the barista, a young girl probably still in high school, flicking through her phone, as a customer stood waiting to be served in line. *Pay attention to your job, would ya?* She chastised her internally, *couldn't even bother to pay attention to my order.*

GRRRrrrr

She stomach growled again; it was time to go, she didn't have long.

She reached for her purse and got up to leave. On the way to her car she quickly tapped an email out on her phone to her boss:

*Something came up during lunch.
I'll be working at home for the rest of
the day. Be back in tomorrow.*

She dropped her phone back on her bag and climbed into her car, the seat cold against her bare calves below her skirt in the early spring weather. Her stomach had stopped its talking now, and a warmth was beginning to spread through her body. It was lucky that she worked so close to where she lived.

She rushed home. Not in a panic, but not calmly either. She knew what was coming and she didn't want to be on the road or in public when it happened. Minutes from her driveway she felt her nipples tingle, a sensation that spread across her small, pert breasts. She brought her breaths in long and slow. It helped, but not much. *Almost there...*, she promised herself, as she rubbed her thighs together. Her core temperature continued to rise, and she felt her nipples poke into her cotton bra; she bit her lip. *Almost there...*

Kate reached her drive way, her car bouncing up the curb as she pulled in. She threw it in park and made a slight run for the front door. She could feel it starting now; there was more bounciness. She ran to her bedroom, throwing her purse onto the bed, and breathed a sigh of relief. Now that she was alone in her home, she had nothing to worry about.

She flipped the light on in her bathroom, standing in front of her vanity mirror. You almost wouldn't know what was stirring in her body. She was average height for her mid-twenties, around five and a half feet and with a slender build. She had long hair that curled itself into thick locks that ended at her shoulders, with bright blue eyes shining from her face. She had worn a white button up blouse and a black pencil skirt to work, where she worked as a marketer. Considering she had felt like touching herself for the past 10 minutes, she looked pretty professional.

She began undressing, starting at her top button of her blouse. She could see a stress wrinkle had already appeared across her petite bust. Her nipples burned, barely visible poking

through the layer of fabric. The buttons fell away as her fingers worked deftly, and her shirt slid open, exposing her small black bra. She rolled her shoulders back, letting her blouse slide down her arms and flutter around her feet. She reached to her hip and unzipped her skirt, letting it fall from her thighs and join her blouse on the ground. She remembered that she hadn't thought enough to make her underwear match this morning, and she saw her small hips wrapped in a pair of bright pink cotton panties. There was a small wet spot forming on the strip covering her crotch.

She ran her hands up from her hips and to her breasts, running them over her bra. There was an indent where her breasts were beginning to bulge over the B cups, and she could feel the hard bumps of her nipples. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes, as she cupped her breasts, massaging them lightly. Her boobs continued to overtake her cups, and her nipples begged to be touched and pinched.

"Ahhh..." she moaned, feeling her body grow into her hands. She continued to rub them, and she felt her areola slide out from behind her bra. Their skin stretched and formed, as she swelled upwards and out of her bra, now tight and sitting awkwardly. Her breasts would easily win this fight. Her legs fidgeted, the spot on her panties growing.

POP!

"Oh!" she gasped! Her breasts had grown so much now that her nipples had just been freed from their prison, poking over the edge of her bra as if they were decorations. She looked down at her chest. It was making its way through the D cup measurements. They looked like someone trying to hide a softball with an eyepatch, as her bra began to fold under their bulging weight.

"Ok ok, girls, funs over," She giggled, reaching behind her back and releasing her poor bra from its struggle, "I still need that bra!" It fell, defeated, to the ground, and she looked at herself in the mirror. It wasn't a sight that she wasn't used to seeing, but it never ceased to amaze her. Her once small breasts had grown big and large, hanging off of her torso like fleshy fruit. They passed easily for DDs, and filled her tiny hands like a tight water balloon. She giggled again as she shook her body back and forth, watching her tits bounce around. The breeze cooled her nipples, making her shiver. They quickly grew hot again, and she looked down smiling, witnessing her feet disappear little by little. She wasn't done growing yet.

Although her breasts had swelling an incredible amount, her nipples had remained relatively small. Her areolas were no bigger than a quarter, her nipples like a pencil eraser. Yet they stood out proudly on the increasing surface area of her boobs, slowly growing in unison.

"My my..." she cooed, cupping them again, squeezing them to test her skin, "We're getting a little big over just a little coffee creamer, aren't we?" She ran her fingers along their curves to her nipples, and gave them a squeeze. "Ahhh!" she bent over slightly from the pleasure, waves running from her tits to her pussy. Her boobs hung into her hands and she cradled them, now breathing heavily. *I think it's time to lie down*, she decided.

She left her clothes on the bathroom floor, waltzing over to her bed, purposefully making her breasts bounce with every step. She jumped backwards onto the bed, landing on her back and

watched as her melons jiggled from the motion. She looked at them, *Goodbye DD cups, hello F cups.*

They were still growing, and not all too slowly either. She could still see them swelling with her own eyes, as they expanded upon her chest. She felt their new weight press into her as she filled her lungs with air, breathing slowly out onto her nipples. They grew moist, begging to be sucked. *Maybe soon...*, she realized, hoping. I think I'll speed this up a bit.

She leaned her head back, and closed her eyes, feeling the pressure of her breasts filling with tissue, rapidly developing. A hand clenched her nipple and pulled. She writhed in pleasure. She could never explain to someone how incredible it felt to grow like this; to actually feel your own tits swell and pulse bigger and bigger. She had tried to describe it to her boyfriend once before: "It's like being connected to a tap of warm water! And I can feel it all rushing into my boobs, making them fuller and heavier, and I can feel my skin tingling everywhere on them as they stretch!" It was truly indescribable, and if you haven't experienced it, you could never understand.

Another hand drifted over her belly button, finding the elastic of her pink panties. Her fingers found their way under, finding slick, wet skin underneath. Her two longest fingers easily slid into herself, as she began fingering in and out, while twisting her nipple. It was all she could take to not scream. She fingers clasp onto her breast spread slowly apart, as they swelled even larger. She could easily pass for an H cup, or give most models a run for their money at this point. She rocked her hips up and down as her hand worked inside her soaking panties. Her breasts bobbed around.

"S-so big..." she gasped, between panting breaths. She could feel her growth slowing, the effects of the creamer having run their course. She looked at her body, pleading to it. It was covered in a layer of sweat, and her breasts looked monstrous jiggling on her tiny chest. Her nipples stood out on top, the areolas raising them on a puffy platform. They matched the size of the end of her pinky finger. She knew that she was big enough now, and she knew what she had to do.

She cupped the bottom of a boob, feeling its warmth emanate into her hand. It was soft to the touch, and felt brand new and full. She sat up slightly, craning her head down as she brought her nipples towards her mouth. She latched on, moans threatening to force her mouth open. Instead she clamped her thighs down on her hand.

She began to suck, her nipple throbbing in her mouth. Her mouth filled with a warm creamy liquid, as it flowed from her tit. Her breast jiggled in her hand as she sucked furiously, swallowing greedily, the flow increasing. A trickle ran out of the corner of her mouth, unable to drink fast enough. Her fingers continued in and out of her pussy, stretching her panties as her hand flew. She was getting close. *So big...*

Her nipple came out of her mouth with a soft popping sound. Her mouth was drenched in the white liquid. She was out of breath, her chest heaving. She looked at her other breast, tight and swollen. She reached for it, pulling it towards her mouth. Again she latched, and sucked madly. She could feel her breasts emptying bit by bit. She sucked one last time, her fingers flying.

“mmmmmmMAHHHH!” she moaned loudly, mouth flying from her breast, her chest drained. She thrashed in pleasure from an orgasm, her legs clenched tight around her hand, trapped inside of her. She shook helplessly on the bed, pleasure wracking her every curve. Her breasts bobbed on her ribcage, small trickles of milk running out of the nipples and down their swollen sides. She saw that they were still very large, nowhere near her B cups, closer to F, looking like two overgrown grapefruits.

Exhaustion took her over, and she leaned her head back on her pillow, still breathing heavy. Her mouth tasted like milk, and she felt like she needed a good shower. *Maybe later...*, she thought, drifting into a light sleep. She could already feel her breasts slowly getting smaller, as her body finished its course.

Kate had been aware of her condition for a long time. Her petite form basically demanded that she had small breasts. And usually she did; small, incredibly perky B cups that could still jiggle given the right movement. And she loved them. But she also had a small aversion to milk, or more accurately, lactose. She had found out about it late in her teens, after her body had finished developing. Until that point milk had been fine, but around the time she started college, anything with lactose causes a strange reaction in her breasts.

They would grow. That was the only way she could explain it. They simply just grew, bigger and bigger and bigger. They felt almost exactly like her original breasts, but fuller and rounder. She was always happy that they maintained a certain amount of perkiness. It hadn't taken her long to figure out that the amount she grew was directly related to the amount of lactose she had ingested, and it didn't take much before she was pushing the limits of any clothes she owned. And nothing turned her on more.

Getting big and swollen drove Kate nuts, and it was usually all she could do to control herself when it happened. When it had first started happening, there were some embarrassing moments, and she was ridiculed. But after some time, she had gotten used to watching what she ate carefully. It didn't take a lot for a night out to be ruined; likewise for her shirts to be stretched or torn. She had lost count of the number of buttons she had popped off her tops.

There was one other caveat that accompanied her condition: the milk. There had always been a point where her breasts would stop growing, but just because they had stopped didn't mean they stopped tormenting her with pleasure. She would remain big and busty, disabled by arousal until her breasts were emptied of milk. It didn't usually take too long; they were never nearly as full as they looked. Sometimes she had to do it herself, but usually her boyfriend was quick to jump at the opportunity. “It's a good thing I found a boob-guy!” Kate would often joke with her boyfriend, Devon, after he had sucked her dry. Afterwards, they started to return to their normal size. It was never a fast process, but it was usually done by morning.

Kate's current swelling had gone down considerably while she slept, only a rather small amount of creamer having been ingested from the coffee. She awoke to the sound of Devon coming into the room. She looked up groggily, and saw him looking at the sight laid out on the bed: mostly her breasts, still over well over C cups, but also her soaking panties, now a dark pink.

“You drank some milk, didn’t you?” He asked, smiling.

“No!” She replied, sitting up on her elbows giggling, “It was coffee creamer.”

“Oh well alright then, that’s much better! Was it bad?”

She sat up cross legged, and held her hands in a groping fashion a few inches in front of her breasts. She puffed her cheeks out, and pretended to bounce her imaginary tits.

“Not too big then!” He laughed, “You look like you’ll be back to normal for work tomorrow, and for our trip to the Spring Festival.”

She nodded gleefully, her eyes still heavy, “I can’t wait! I hope they have fireworks...”

“Maybe they will. You look tired. Why don’t you take a shower while I get dinner ready?”

“It’s a deal!” She exclaimed happily, crawling off the bed. She pulled her panties off her butt, making sure to give him a view of her small, tight rear. She wiggled her bare hips back and forth, working her panties down her legs.

“Hey now...” Devon responded, mesmerized. He watched her sway into the shower, only able to look away once she had disappeared from view. He committed the image of her naked body to memory, and left the room to start dinner.

Soon they came together for their meal, and Devon commenced teasing her about her mistake. “I can’t believe you let a little creamer get the better of you!” He said, prodding her in her still swollen breasts. They jiggled happily.

“Hey!” She said, pouting her lower lip, “It’s not easy avoiding lactose you know...”

“Suuuuure,” He teased, “Just watch the coffee when people prepare it! Simple!”

“You make it sound so easy to avoid. I bet you would be devastated if I *actually* never had milk again. You’d miss me ballooning up!”

“Big or small, I love you, Kate,” Devon assured her. Kate stuck her tongue out at him. She knew he was telling the truth; she also knew he adored giant tits. Sometimes she would drink a sip of milk just so he could watch her burst out of a schoolgirl costume. An idea flashed in her head, and she grinned slyly. Devon hadn’t noticed, and the two went about their night, soon settling into bed, a plan swirling in Kate’s mind.

The next day passed by quickly, even for a Friday. Kate and Devon were excited for their trip to the Spring Festival, an annual celebration of the blooming world now that Winter's grasp had ended. They had food, art vendors, and shows in a local park. It had become a tradition of theirs.

They arrived at the festival at the peak of the festivities. Kate could hear a band playing in the distance, and lines had formed in front of every booth. Devon had worn jeans and a light jacket. Kate had worn leggings, a plain t-shirt, and a large green coat covering her upper body. Devon thought she looked adorable. They walked around the park with their arms around each other, and Kate couldn’t wait to start. She feigned a shiver.

“Cold?” Devon asked, feeling her shiver under his arm.

“Yea, this coat doesn’t block much wind. Think we could get some hot chocolate?” She asked, giddy, jumping up and down.

Devon looked around, spying a tent that looked like it served hot chocolate in the distance, "Looks like we could get some over there."

They walked over together, Kate light on her feet. Arriving, they were greeting.

"Hi, can we get two please? One made with water?" Devon asked.

The lady smiled and started making them. Kate interjected, saying, "You can make mine with milk actually, please." The lady nodded and continued.

Devon turned his head and looked at her, confused. "Milk?" he said quietly, "You sure that's a good idea, Kate?"

She stood on her toes and kissed his cheek, "Positive."

Devon didn't know what to think. They both knew what would happen, and he knew that she hated when she grew in public.

"Here you go! Enjoy!" The woman said, handing them their cups. Kate gripped hers tightly, feeling it warm her hands. Devon sipped his, watching her carefully. He couldn't believe his eyes as he watched her take a drink and swallow.

"Ah!" She gasped, "That's refreshing!"

"Kate...what are you...doing?!"

"Enjoying some hot chocolate," She replied, taking another sip. She could feel her chest heating up. The more milk she drank, the faster the changes began. She sipped it again, "It's good, don't you think?"

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Her stomach rumbled. This was going to be fun.

"B-But what about...you know, your...condition?" Devon asked nervously, looking at the crowd. He had seen her reaction to milk enough times to know that even after those few sips, her chest was already tightening.

She looked him straight in the eyes, and took a big gulp. She licking her lips. "This will teach you to make fun of me," she declared.

GRRRRrrrrr

They both heard her belly snarl, and Kate's eyes were daring him to look down: he fell for it. Already her chest was starting to show under her coat, two bumps lifting into the fabric. Devon's mouth dropped. "Kate..." was all he could say.

"Wow, does it feel like it's, I don't know, warmed up a little to you?" She said, fanning her face with her hand. She felt her chest swell, and she knew Devon had seen her coat shift. She already felt big. She had only just had a few drinks and she felt like she was a C cup.

Devon started looking around, hoping no one was staring at his girlfriend's chest slowly growing.

"Don't worry about the people," Kate said, "Worry about how you'll get through this date without touching these puppies," she soft seductively, crossing her arms under her bust, lifting them up. They were getting bigger, much bigger. Kate was having a hard time not shifting her legs back and forth; her pussy was killing her. "Now come on, we should walk around! Look at the *sights*, you know?" She felt her chest pulse, and it quickened in growth. She had been

smart not to wear a bra, but the downside was her nipples were rubbing against her t-shirt, and it was diving her up the wall. She was doing what she could to hide it, but she could tell she sounded out of breath.

She felt big, and Devon couldn't take her eyes off of her. He looked at the mounds moving under her tightening coat. He could only guess how big she was; an F? Maybe a G cup? He could watch and see her jacket shifting on her body. The oversized buttons holding it closed were starting to earn their keep.

"*Oh!*" she squealed, noticing his stare, "These are getting pretty...big..." she said in a breathy voice. *Maybe I overdid it...*, Kate thought, *that last gulp might have been a mistake*. She felt her breasts surge again, her skin becoming taut. But she refused to quit.

"W-We can leave..." Devon suggested.

"But we just got here! Besides, I have a *BIG* feeling that there's still a lot to see," She said, pushing her burgeoning tits into his arm. His breath caught in his throat; she felt huge, and soft. She had to bite her lip to stop a moan from escaping. It was becoming too much for her to keep her arousal under wraps. She was burning up, and her melons were begging to be groped and squeezed. They were bouncing wildly, having worn no bra to contain them. Her nipples felt like rocks the size of grapes rubbing against her shirt.

"K-Kate, your nipples!" Devon exclaimed, not all too softly, staring wide eyed at her bust. She looked down, and her nipples were protruding through the thick jacket. She felt her pussy get wet instantly. She had been mostly fine so long as she didn't see how big she was getting, but she made a mistake. She looked like she had two volleyballs hidden under her jacket; its collar was beginning to pull apart.

She could feel her clothes tightening around her, *Crap, this jacket has no give to it!*, she realized. She was still growing, with no signs of slowing down. Her jacket was starting to pull awkwardly at her front, wrinkles forming as the buttons pulled against each other. *O-Ok...Getting a liiiiittle big now...*, she had most definitely made a mistake. She shifted uneasily in her, feeling her breasts wobble heavily.

People were starting to stare at the skinny girl with the giant boobs. Her jacket wasn't hiding her size as well as she thought it would, and they had run out of room to expand forwards. She could feel her tits being mashed down by the strong fabric, as they swelling outwards towards the side of the jacket now. It was getting hard to breathe. She could feel the skin of her tits press against her collarbone now when she inhaled now. She knew exactly how big they were. *Ok, time to go.*

Devon saw her demeanor change. A large, round curve was showing through her jacket now, spreading from her shoulders and to her sides, like two half-inflated beach balls were smashed together.

POP!

They both heard a stitch burst somewhere on her coat. Without hesitation, she grabbed his hand, and walked briskly away from the crowd; she didn't dare run with these things on her chest. Not when each one was three times the size of her head. They were getting heavy, and starting to bulge downward in the jacket, being forced by the fabric. She could feel her skin

stretch as it fought back, and felt their curves rub against her tummy, slowly moving lower and lower down her abdomen. But she had a plan.

She turned away from the festival, and took a turn down a small trail into the trees. She knew this park well; there was an old shed not 100 yards away they could hide in. Kate felt like she had gained fifty pounds, and her entire front looked bulbish. Her coat had had enough.

They came upon the old shed, and burst in, the door unlocked. The only people who used this shed now were potheads.

“Kate are you alri-” Devon began to ask once they were out of sight, but Kate cut him off, as she collapsed, sitting against the far wall.

“I’m not done with you yet,” she said turning to face him, panting, eyes narrowed. She looked like a cartoon character, her entire jacket now bulging out with a tiny head coming out the top. She inhaled deeply, and a button exploded off her front, whizzing past Devon. “You don’t get to touch,” She said, grabbing her front, “Only watch. And you’re lucky I let you do that.” She winked.

She grasped each side of her jacket, and with a loud moan, pulled. All the buttons down the front exploded off in a hail of plastic, and her breasts fell heavily into her lap. Each was the size of a beach ball, overflowing her legs. Light blue veins crossed her skin, and met at her nipples. Her areolas were the size of saucer plates, and her nipples topped them like bright pink marshmallows. Devon was speechless. Kate saw his mouth hanging open and smiled. “Try to keep an eye on the door if you’re going to stare like that,” she said, arousal about to over take her. It was now or never.

She leaned back, uncrossed her legs, and let her breasts fall between them onto her waist. She bent her legs up on each side of her massive knockers to steady them. Her leggings stretched against her crotch in the awkward position, and Devon could just barely make out the outline of her pussy. The fabric stretched against her and she moaned. She had to do it *now*.

Her hands flew to her boobs, grasping both nipples, each big enough to require a thumb and two fingers. “*AH! AAAAHHHH!*” She started moaning uncontrollably, “Devon I’m so big...I-I need to release...I feel like I’ll pass out if I don’t!” She squeezed both her nipples, and milk erupted forth, like a pressure washer, coating the floor in white.

“oooooOOOOHHHH *YEEEEAAAAA!!!*” Kate screamed, clenching her nipples. Her breasts rocked with the release, jiggling their entire masses, “*OH, GOD, THIS FEELS GOOOOOD!*” she yelled. Devon wanted desperately to touch them, to rub them, to bury his cock between that mountain of cleavage. But he knew he couldn’t. He was showered in milk, and Kate was sitting in a puddle now.

With a quick movement, she brought both nipples up to meet her mouth, and she latched on. Devon watched as she swallowed gulp after gulp from both breasts at once, the nipples stretching to meet her mouth as hands supported her breasts. Sucking the milk out was the only way.

Slowly, the flow decreased. She massaged each nipple, getting all the milk out that she could. It had slowed to a trickle, and her head fell back against the wall, her heart pounding, the remains of an orgasm still running through her loins. Her breasts sat against her thighs.

“I hope you...learned...your...lesson...” she panted to Devon. He could only stand there, wishing he could have touched them, just once.

Getting Kate home hadn't been easy. After waiting a bit for her to calm down, they decided Devon should run for the car and park it at the trail head. They waited until the festival had died down a little before he left, and he was back in a flash. They covered her with a blanket from the car, and after checking for anyone nearby, hurried her to the car. Her chest had only shrunk so much by then, and they hung like watermelons down to almost her belly button. Once she was in the car it was smooth sailing, and they returned home.

Devon helped her into bed after helping wipe of the dried milk, enjoying the soft moans that escaped her as he cleaned her nipples.

“Cleaning up my giant tits is part of your punishment...” She said, sleepily. Finally, he brought her into the room, and she collapsed heavily on the bed. He pulled the covers over her; he smiled at the white hills her breasts made under the sheets. She saw him chuckling, and joked, “These are so big that they might be gone by next year's festival, huh...?” And she drifted off to sleep, Devon soon climbing in next to his swollen soulmate.

They both slept deeply: Kate from such a big release, and Devon from watching such a scene unfold in front of his eyes. His cock had remained stiff the entire night until bed, where he finally calmed himself enough to sleep.

They awoke the next morning refreshed. Kate sat up, stretching her arms over her head. She looked down at her chest; it was still swollen, currently around D cups. Devon stirred next to her, looking at her breasts.

“Almost back to normal, huh?” He asked, half mumbling still from sleep.

“Getting there, another few hours and they should be good ol' B cups! They're going down a bit slower since I had just grown the day before.” She replied, squeezing them. “But you would never know that I was bigger than watermelons just yesterday...” the thought excited her a little bit, and she turned her mind away from it.

“How about some breakfast before our errands?” Devon suggested. He got out of bed and walked out of sight towards the kitchen. She could hear pans banging in the background.

“Remember: no milk!” She yelled.

“You don't say?” He called back, laughing.

He made a delicious batch of French toast, enough to fuel them through their long day ahead of them of running errands. They both had a different list of things that needed done, and thought it better to run them separately to save time.

Devon was the first out of the door, being quick to get ready. He kissed Kate goodbye as she washed her face in front of the mirror, still in her pajamas. “See you in a few hours!” he called as he left.

A bit later, a text appeared on his phone. It had a picture attached. Devon opened it up, and felt his pants tighten. Kate was in a dressing room, wearing what looked like an off-white sweater. The phone had been angled down to her chest, and showed that she was still well over

her normal size, the sweater fabric pulling over her breasts. He could see that she was braless, tiny points making indents atop each mound. The message read:

Does this make my boobs look big? ;)

Devon's cock throbbed in his pants. Yesterday had been absolute torture, and he only wanted to bury his hands into her soft boob flesh, feeling her skin bulge between his fingers. He replied:

Ok! You've made your point! :p

The picture stayed with him for the rest of his trip, her perky breasts bouncing around in his head, full and round. Somehow they always stayed perky, and it had never ceased to amaze him.

His raging hard-on didn't go away easily, and he was finally getting his mind off of the picture as he walked into their home. His boner came right back. He saw Kate lying on the couch in the same outfit from the picture. It looked like a sweater dress, made out of a thick, soft fabric. The arms were long and extended to the end of her hands, and it looked like the dress reached to just lower than her mid-thigh. Her bare legs were bent and stacked on top of each other.

She looked away from the TV and got up. "You like it?" She asked, twirling for him, "It's really cozy..." She wrapped her hands in the ends of the long sleeves and brought them in front of her mouth. She looked adorable. The sweater dress was slender and form fitting, running over every curve of her body. It looked like she had put a bra on now, but she was still well over twice her normal size.

"I really like it," he said, trying to hide his bulge, but he knew she had seen it. "Put a bra on I see... You still look a tad..."

"Swollen?" she finished his sentence, looking down at them, "Yea I am, but the bouncing gets old after a bit. This bra should hold them until they're normal again! All this because you made fun of me for not watching my coffee get made."

Devon walked up to her and embraced her, kissing her. He made to grab a swollen boob, and she caught his hand. "Uh uh! You get to watch these disappear," she said stepping back and grabbing herself, "Then you can have your touching privileges back!"

Devon scowled at her playfully. "Hungry?"

"Yes!" She cheered, "Something warm and filling please...I'm *starving*."

"Soup and grilled cheese it is."

Kate smiled and jumped back to the couch, excited for one of her favorite dishes. Devon walked to the kitchen and grabbed a pot and a pan to cook the tomato soup and grilled cheese. Cooking for Kate could sometimes be a challenge; her lactose intolerance didn't always make it easy. But tonight's meal was relatively easy. They had found lactose free cheese, 'fake cheese', Kate had called it, and the tomato soup could be made with with water.

Devon's hands stopped, one holding the soup, the other holding a pan over the sink to fill it with water. A devilish idea had crossed his mind. Should he really do this? It didn't take long for him to decide.

He put the pan back on the stove and grabbed his jug of milk from the fridge, measuring a couple cups into the pan. He quickly mixed in the soup, turning it a creamy red. He looked at Kate, she was still watching TV.

How far was he willing to take this? It could only go well, he decided. He opened the fridge and grabbed the bag of real mozzarella cheese, sitting next to the fake cheese. He loaded their sandwiches up, and threw them in the pan. *Wait until she she's how big she gets now!* He thought, his cock pulling against his pants, *I'll make sure she begs me to touch her tits.*

He finished his would-be growth concoction, and dished it up. He brought her a bowl and a plate with her grilled cheese and set it in front of her, sitting by her side.

“Eat up!” He said, excitement running through him.

“Mmmm... This smells delicious!” She exclaimed, taking hold of the spoon and looking at it, “This spoon is a little big, don't you think babe?”

Devon had purposefully grabbed the biggest soup spoon available, “Sorry, the rest were dirty,” he answered, dipping his sandwich.

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She shrugged, her stomach growling from hunger, and filled the spoon with soup. She slurped it hungrily; it was too late to turn back now. She had another heaping spoon full, then another.

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Her stomach rumbled like thunder. “I must be really hungry!” She said, patting her stomach.

She grabbed her sandwich and dipped it in her soup, taking a large bite, the melted cheese stretching apart. She swallowed loudly, and again her stomach growled.

GRRR

“This is delicious!” She exclaimed. She took another bite.

GRRRR

Her belly growled louder than ever under her sweater. This time she heard it.

She knew this feeling well, as her stomach churned. Her eyes grew giant and wide with realization. “D-Devon?” She asked, looking at him with pleading eyes. She saw his eyes looking directly at her chest. Her bra was already tighter.

“Ah!” She gasped, her breasts swelling quickly to a C cup in a matter of less than a second. Her sweater dress clung to her body tightly, and Devon could see the indent her bra was making in her breasts. “W-Why...?! I-I hadn't even gone back to normal yet! Is this because of...mmm...yesterday?!” She asked through a multitude of pleased noises, squirming in place as she looked at her body.

Devon smiled as he watched her sweater tightened across her chest. She was really growing. He was grinning from ear to ear, “Now we’re even,” he said.

Kate’s face was flushed, burning up from arousal. She felt so horny, and she knew she was going to be gigantic. She could feel it in her breasts, as they swelled larger and larger. Her hands flew to them, feeling their warmth radiate through her top. She felt her bra cups flatten as she ballooned well past grapefruits. “My bra!” She exclaimed, feeling her cups press into her breasts, “I was already too big for it!” She was growing much faster than she was used to. “Why am I growing so fast?!”

Devon indeed saw her growing rapidly and thought he would tell her one last thing, “I used *whole* milk,” he said with a grin like a child on Christmas. Kate’s face went white.

“You didn’t.” She expanded further, two coconuts swelling under her sweater now.

“I did,” he admitted again, watching as she squirmed even more. He knew she was burning up inside, her expanding boobs driving her crazy. Her bare thighs were gyrating together under her sweater.

There was no turning back, and Kate knew it. She squeezed her bust, finding them much too big for her small hands now. It looked like she was trying to hold two bowling balls against her chest. Her sweater dress had excellent stretch to it, and only accentuated her rounded assets more, as they continued to grow, confined in her tiny bra. She felt her nipples become erect under her palms as she pushed them into her body; they felt like they were the sole tenants of each bra cup. She was passing beyond the realms of horniness.

She was starting to pant now, licking her lips as her eyes closed. She was really enjoying this. Her bra tightened further, and the straps began to dig into her sides and the curves of her tits like a belt. She forced her hands away from them, reaching around her back to try and undo her bra through her sweater. It had grown too tight for her to get a good grip on it.

“D-Devon, I...need to get...my bra off!” She said, exasperated. Her chest was moving up and down rapidly as she arched her back out, her lungs inhaling and exhaling in quick succession.

“I’ve got just the thing...” He said. He grabbed what was left of her half sandwich, and brought it to her mouth.

For a second, she could only look at him with disbelief in her half-open, pleading arousal filled eyes. Then she saw the outline of his cock through his pants. *He looks so long and thick...*, she thought hungrily, *he is loving this... I’M loving this!* She smiled devilishly, a soft gasp escaping her mouth as she felt her breasts again swell bigger, her bra growing taut. She opened her wet mouth, and ate the last of her cheese filled sandwich.

GRRRRRRRLLLLL

Her stomach rumbled louder than ever, and both pairs of eyes flew to Kate’s bosom. It swelled forth at an increased rate, the designs on her sweater getting stretched and distorted. The bottom hem of her dress began to creep up her thighs, necessary to accompany her increasing size on top.

“I-I’m going to be *soooo* big, Devon...” She wheezed, “I’m already HUGE! Look at me!” Devon had to agree with her. She had long passed the size of bowling balls. She was sporting ripe, full jiggly watermelons now, and he could actually hear her bra straining. The sweater was nothing if not sturdy, however.

“That’s the plan,” He said with a smile. He saw her hem slide further up her thighs, and her breasts distended more. Her bra creaked, stitched beginning to blow. It wouldn’t be long now. He could have sworn he could see the small outline of her areolas under her sweater too big now for her bra cups, looking like small dinner plates. That bra had to go.

He slowly reached out his index finger, and brought it closer and closer to the edge of her left breast. “D-Don’t...” was what she said, but her voice was pleading, her mouth hanging open, gasping. He stopped; he didn’t have to move his finger the last inch or so, she could watch as she grew to meet him. Her breasts closed the gap within seconds, pressing into his finger. It sank softly into her; it made her body quiver.

“AH!!” She exclaimed, her growth pulsing, fueled by the fire in her pussy. A snap on her bra split, vibrating her tits. Her nipples stood out like thumbs, and she could feel them resisting against her bra. She arched her back, thrusting her breasts out. They fought against her bra, and she could feel it pressing her breasts into her ribs. Devon pushed his finger deeper into her flesh, and she gasp loudly. She inhaled deeply, and felt the bra give away.

SNAP!!

It flew from around her body, sending shock waves through her massive melons. Unsupported, her breasts fell, making a soft *whmph* sound as they hit her thighs, the sweater muffling the sound. Her neckline was stretched incredibly far down, and Devon was gifted with more than a foot of cleavage, from where her body met her breasts to where they disappeared into her sweater dress. They were white and looked soft and full, like they had an incredible shape to them, blue veins marbling across them. Her flesh rippled visibly through her neckline as her tits settled. They reached down to her lap, and looked like they might soon fill two five-gallon buckets, her bra hanging loosely between her tits and sweater. She was already bigger than she had been last night.

She reached through the top of her sweater, and found her bra, pulling it out and tossing it aside. “Won’t be needing that anymore...” She said breathlessly. She felt giant. She felt like her tits were inflating from a hose. She felt horny. She had to feel their weight. She pulled her neckline up as best she could, almost to the base of her breasts, and then stood up, holding her breasts in her arms.

She stood, wobbly at first, her tits overflowing her arms like she was carrying two big water balloons. Devon could only stare, *God, she’s full*, he thought.

She stood in front of him, still cradling her boobs. They filled her arms, and extended past her sides. Her nipples stood out from the fabric like D batteries, a shade of light pink could be seen through the stretched fabric where her areolas were. She could feel herself still growing larger, pulling her arms apart. Devon watched as her sweater rode higher and higher up her legs. It was just below her hips now.

“Well?” she said, hefting her chest, “What do you think?”

“You look...incredible.” Was all he could reply. He was mesmerized by her growing form.

“Mmmm...I hope the view is worth it...” she said, jiggling her tits, “Because you’re going to be buying me another sweater.”

Her tits grew into her arms, the sweater starting to run out of stretch. Even holding them across their middles, the bottom curves of her breasts still reached to her belly button. They had incredibly perkiness to them, still growing out as much as down, maintaining a more rounded shape despite their weight. She began rubbing her nipples, pleasure forcing her to close her eyes and throw her head back. Again the bottom of her dress slid up, and Devon didn’t know it had always been a dream of his to see what he was about to witness until it happened.

Slowly it slid up, revealing the rest of her thighs. It reached the base of her hips, and stretched slightly, as it was pulled over them. Then he saw it. The smallest flash of bright red from her panties, as her pussy was revealed like the curtain rising on a stage. She was soaked, moisture glistening on her inner thighs. Still her breasts grew, demanding more and more of the sweater. It rose, higher and higher up her hips, more and more of her seductive red underwear being shown. Within moments her panties were fully visible; tight, and bright red, with a small black bow in the center along the elastic. They sat flat against her tummy, but Devon couldn’t see anything higher than that, only her breasts.

It was at this moment that he saw just how big Kate had really become. The sweater dress that had once covered her from neck to knee was now fighting to contain these two wobbling mounds of flesh, as their owner struggled to maintain her hold on them. They were easily each the size of exercise balls, and wider than 4 Kates standing side-by-side. She couldn’t take anymore; the weight was too much.

She slowly bent her knees, and knelt down, moving her legs out from under her butt, her feet on either side of her hips. Her breasts rested on the ground, her sweater now acting as more of a giant sports bra. The top of each tit reached to her collarbone, and they were still growing. She could no longer reach her nipples, each the size of a soup can. She felt tired, and leaned forward, her sweater sliding up her back in a heap, giving the last of any slack it once had, her legs stretched out behind her.

She rested her body on her own breasts, like two large rounded cushions. She could feel them stretching, fuller and fuller with each passing second.

“Devon...I-I’ve never been this big before! *OH IT FEELS AMAZING!*” She moaned, sweaty, her arms draped over each tits, desperately needing to touch herself, but her size preventing it. Her growth continued, cleavage now stretching out through her neck hole. Her breathing was fast and short, then she heard the sound of a zipper. She lifted her head, and saw Devon’s cock, swaying in front of her. Her mouth actually watered, and she might have drooled.

She watched him walk around her bust and go behind her, and instantly she knew what was coming. Kate felt Devon grab her panties, sliding them down over her tight butt and thighs and over her calves. They left her feet lightly, and fell to the ground. His hands grabbed each of her thighs, and pulled them apart. Then, as she felt her legs being lifted up, her body starting to balance on her titanic tits, her pulse sped up, and she felt her nipples press into the floor as her

tits rolled forward. Kate's thighs spread apart more, and she buried her head deep into her cleavage as Devon entered into her throbbing pussy.

"MMMMMHHHPH!!" Was the muffled scream that came from her tits, as Devon began thrusting in and out of Kate, rocking her back and forth on her tits, her cute ass pointing upwards at him. Her melons bulged outwards from her entire weight resting on them, the sweater growing tighter and tighter. Slapping sounds came from their hips, and ripples could be seen going across her bust. They were beginning to escape the sweater, their rounded edges coming out of the neck and bottom. It was starting to look like a giant tube top with sleeves.

Kate rocked back and forth, feeling the mighty inertia of her breasts each time she changed direction. They weren't just growing now, she couldn't say that now. She was growing so fast it felt like they were blowing up. She felt their speed increase, and felt them begin to flood into her sleeves, oozing against her shoulders, each like an overfilled bean bag. Her hands flew to each side of them, and pushed inward. She was getting tight.

"D-DEVON!" She moaned, bringing her head up, "M-My breasts!" She could feel them lifting her up higher. Inch by inch her angle increased, and Devon found he had to change his hip position.

"Look at you, Kate!" Devon wondered. He slammed his cock in her, watching as the force travelled up this woman's body and into the massive tits she was resting on like a bed.

"I-I've really never been anywhere near this big! M-My skin is getting ti--*AHH!*" she was cut off by her own moan, and the sweater rolled and bunched up across her tits, pulling into them like a string on rising dough. "OOOOHHHH my tits feel so *FULL!*" she screamed loudly. Large veins could be seen across her skin, and Devon could swear he could see the outer edge of her areola peeking out from between her and the carpet; it looked like the lid of a trash can.

"I need...to flip...over...!" she began saying, "I-I can feel my nipples being pressed back into my boobs by the floor!" Devon understood. Her back had risen to be over a foot higher than the couch now, and it was getting difficult to keep his angle. He slid out of her, letting her legs fall. Only her feet able to touch the ground. She was starting to get too big. Each breast was easily the size of a lounge chair, even dwarfing Devon's own lounge in the same room. He looked at her back and it rose up and down with her breaths; the top of her back reached halfway up on his chest now. The sweater began to groan around her.

CRACK!!

Like a rope snapping, her sweater broke at the front, trapped somewhere under her mountains, releasing a wave of flesh to bulge out either side unrestricted. Devon could see that from one end of her chest to the other was longer than he was tall. She was truly monstrous now, and she looked full.

"Please Devon! My breasts can only take so much growth!" She said half heartedly, "Get this milk out of me!" She was getting too big for their living room *and* her own body it seemed. He had to act fast.

He had a plan. He grabbed her feet, and pushed them down into her cleavage along the floor, forcing her hips to bend. He walked to the front of his impossibly swollen girlfriend, and said, "I'm going to push you bakward so you're sitting down, ok?!" She nodded, sweat dripping

from her forehead. He pushed his hands into her breasts, feeling the skin push back with only a small amount of give. “*AH!*” she moaned loudly, “I-I think I just *came*, Devon!” she managed to say as her body shook.

Devon pressed again, and slowly her breasts rolled, turning her. She continued to roll, feeling her butt touch the floor somewhere under her breasts, and her nipples spring forward, now unrestricted by the floor. She could feel her feet sticking out on the other side, but just barely. “O-Ok!” she wheezed, “I’m on the ground!” For a second she didn’t feel anything except her breasts inching further and further out.

Devon was staring at her nipples. Atop each of these firm, round breasts that could have passed for 500 gallon tanks, sat an areola as big around as a car tire, puffing up a full two inches from her breasts. Her nipples were something to behold. Sitting perfectly in the center of each areola, sat two throbbing, bright pink towers the size of a ripe mango, each with a small trickle of milk running down them and over the bulging breasts. The floor was soaked where they had been pressing into previously.

“D-Devon?” Kate asked nervously, wondering where he had gone. He lunged at her nipples, holding an entire one in two hands and he placed his mouth on it. “DEVON!” Kate screamed in pleasure, another orgasm rocketing down her body.

Milk shot into Devon’s mouth as he sucked. They were so large he couldn’t fit his mouth over them, and he had to press his face into them to help get suction. His mouth was filled again and again, and he swallowed what he could, much of it being forced out the sides of his mouth. Kates screams of pleasure rang around the room, and he could feel her squeezing her own breasts. The flow began to slow from his first nipple, and he let go, warm milk trickling out of it.

“P-Please, Devon...j-just a little bit more! I-I’m almost empty! But please hurry! *Fuck my tits are big!*” she yelled. She was still slowly swelling, and her skin was beginning to feel like the outside of an above ground pool.

Devon didn’t waste any time. Even as he grabbed her nipple in his full hand, milk burst out like a hose. “OOOOHHHH *YEEEEAAA!* I’m coming so *hard*, Devon! Suck me, PLEASE!!” Devon’s lips clung to her nipple, and he guzzled her sweet, warm breast milk, streams running down his neck. Milk gushed out of her nipple as she exploded in orgasm again, pulsing stronger then lighter with each convulsion. Slowly but surely, her flow began to subside, as did her screams of pleasure. Devon fell back away from her tits, and looked at the fleshy mountains before him.

They had stopped growing, and now only small streams of milk remained. They were big and round, as wide as they were tall, nearly reaching Kate’s own height. He listened, and could hear her fast, labored breathing on the other side. For a moment they sat there, breathing together.

Kate’s breathing eventually slowed, and with a large amount of effort and exhaustion, she said, “Oh...I feel so swooolen...I never thought they could grow this big...” She was silent for a moment, then with a little humor, she finally said, “Devon, I really hope you’re happy with what you did to me. Because not *only* will you be buying me a new sweater dress, but you’re also going to be taking care of them and me for the next *week* while these giant tits go back down!”

