

Clouds of Growth

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System Status: Normal

Chemical BAH-1223 Capacity: Normal

Awaiting Input..

It was an average Monday morning, the sun shining through the blinds of a small bedroom. Pink walls lined the room's interior, along with memorabilia from multiple manga and anime characters. On the queen size bed, a mass covered by sheets was stirring. With the sun's rays beaming on the pillow, drool, and a small indent in the shape of head, could be seen.

On the nightstand next to the bed, a small alarm sat neatly on the top-

BEEP BEEP BEEP!

“AHH! WHA-WHA... Oh, shut it!” ***SMACK!***

From under the covers another pale hand emerged from its warm cocoon, ending the annoying sound. A tired face with short, blue-dyed hair rose first from under the warm sheets, before the rest of her thin body followed.

Puberty wasn't kind during her younger years. Gaining weight was always an issue for the young woman, and she found herself shorter than most women her age. Her teens also gave her a generous pair of breasts, which jiggled like jello as she got up from her bed and went to the bathroom.

Looking at herself in the mirror, they were slightly wider than her torso. Puberty had also cursed her with high sensitivity, her bare nipples hitting on the cold counter and sending a shiver up her spine. Great for waking up when you're dragging ass at 8:00 AM.

She never liked them, and always wanted to get breast reduction surgery, as they often brought more trouble than they were worth. Her back was in constant pain from her small body having to haul around such large jugs. On top of that, college was a nightmare, as it seemed every species of guy from human to dragonoid to various hybrids wanted a short, big chested woman with a pixie cut. Thankfully, her partner Matthew was always ready with back massages and shoulder rubs.

Emerging from the bathroom, she continued her morning routine: making breakfast and tea before getting ready for a walk through the woods; her favorite pastime before diving into job searching, her least favorite pastime. She saw Matthew had already left for work, leaving her the house to herself.

A normal human guy with a normal job. Of the guys that ogled her back in college, he was the only one that talked to her rather than just stare at her chest. He liked her for more than just her body, even though it was clear he enjoyed it. As the young woman put on her jeans, her phone started to buzz as she saw a text arriving from him.

[Morning Myra! Just wanted to let you know I'll be picking up an extra shift tonight. |

It was the 5th time Matthew had taken another shift to make up their expenses. A couple of months ago, before she got laid off from her job, they both decided to rent an apartment together. A two bedroom, with a fully functional kitchen, a decent bathroom, and a simple living room big enough for a two person couch. Though a bit pricey, it was doable with two people working and paying the rent. Now, he was working himself to the bone so they could live where they were.

Myra looked at the phone saddened at her current predicament; guilty for not being able to contribute financially.

[Ok hun. <3, What time will you be home? Maybe I can make you something?|

... Myra worried about what Matthew would say, not having to wait long as her phone buzzed in her pocket.

|Sounds good, babe. Maybe if you're feeling up for it we could also...ya'know 😊|

Myra knew what he meant, and a smile formed on her pink lips. Despite not being that into sex, she did enjoy the ability to at least provide Matthew a good night of wild love making after a long day at work. He wasn't a sex maniac, like some other men.

She pointed her phone to her chest and took a quick snap of her bare tits to send her lover; a response immediately followed the nude pic.

|Gods! I can't wait to get home and play your tits like bongos!|

Myra giggled at Matthews' attempts at dirty talk. While she wasn't that into the act, she often found joy, and a hint of arousal, in it despite it usually involving her boobs.

A quick text conversation later and Myra got dressed, slipping on a teal cotton top and blue jeans before rushing out the door. The air smelled clean and fresh, with the wind blowing gently against her face and through her hair.

The weather today gave her a clear view of the town over the corridor's railing. The spires of the local temple rose high above the school and homes in the northside of the town. Southside, the part she resided in, was mostly shops and small townhouses with a couple apartment complexes like hers dotted around, bringing a sense of community and convenience. The best part was its close proximity to the woods, with the view of the canopies visible from her bedroom window.

As she walked down the stairwell she spotted one of her neighbors: a young, pale elven woman with waist length silver hair, carrying a heavy basket of laundry to her apartment.

“Good morning!” Myra exclaimed, giving a polite wave to the elven woman.

“Good morn- Oh shit!” the woman exclaimed, almost dropping her basket.

“Sorry! Didn't mean to-”

The elven woman waved a hand to dismiss her apology, "It's all good, I'm fine!" she said before rushing into her apartment.

An awkward silence lingered for a moment, as the blue haired women stood by the stairwell. Their interactions generally followed a similar pattern, Myra never understood why though.

"Morning Myra!" a fox woman leaning over the guardrail gave an enthusiastic wave as her bushy tail wagged behind her.

Myra stopped and gave a wave back, "Good morning!", she saw the lit blunt burning in the fox's hand, "Flying high this morning I see," she teased with a playful tone.

The fox woman exhaled as a long puff of smoke left her mouth. "Youuu bet babe!" She turned her back, leaning over the guardrail so her head was upside down and her natural orange hair hung from her scalp.

The human woman giggled at the baked fox woman's antics. "Have a great day Dara!" she said as she continued her walk towards town and the forest entrance.

"YOU TOO HUN!" she shouted back before taking another long hit from her joint.

The tranquil and vast majesty was separated by a chain link fence, wrapped around her residence and ending past the shopping district of town. While she understood the necessity, she wished she didn't have to go through an entire block and the town park to get to the forest proper.

Passing through the street, she glanced at the various townhouses and local shops. Living so close to the trail, there were only three stores she had to pass before crossing into the park, and then to her favorite entrance to the woods.

The first was Y`gtheal's Wax & Sage Works. Y`gtheal was a dragonoid, who owned a candle and incense shop with his wife Harathur. Before she got fired, Myra and Matthew were regulars, and good friends with the couple.

Myra wondered if she should get something for later tonight, but felt the lack of weight in her wallet. Normally she would go in and pick up a nice scented candle for the apartment, but... Not wanting to waste anymore of her time she passed by, and onto Belthan's cowgirl store.

Edward Belthan was a known human-cowgirl and animal rancher who owned farms and plantations across the Elithor region. Through the store window she gazed at various cheese and milk products, along with a variety of milk pumps, tanks and other cowgirl memorabilia. There were even a pair of fake cowgirl horns. Myra cringed at the idea of someone deliberately wearing that.

A loud horn interrupted her perusing, the sudden noise making her flinch. A couple blocks away, a car was stopped as a bright yellow school bus filled with children rolled past on its way to school on the northside of town.

"What I wouldn't give to go back to that time," she lamented the simpler days of her youth, before the stress of job searching. At least it wasn't anything serious.

Giving a relieving sigh, she smiled and continued her walk towards the town park. The last store before reaching her destination was Taylana's Flower Emporium.

She saw the plant woman watering her garden by the park. Sweet smelling flowers in reds, purples, and pinks filled the air. There were also various exotic flowers that are found only in specific regions across the globe. Myra smiled and raised her arm for a friendly wave shouting, "GOOD MORNING!"

Myra initially startled the plant woman, but she turned around and replied with a friendly wave, her green lips curled into a smile as she saw the blue haired woman walking. Her maple brown eyes and olive green skin stood out against her white shirt, with her pink and purple skirt mimicking flower petals that went to her knees.

As she approached the park, she got a better view of Taylana's garden there. Roses, lilies, amaryllis, and other flowers she didn't recognize filled her vision. Noticing

it had spread in her way since her last visit, she took great care not to disturb the garden or its gardener further as she went back to watering her flowers.

As Myra walked carefully, the plants around and before her began to move on their own, with a voice coming to her immediate left making her stop.

“Sorry about that! My darlings do enjoy spreading around, don't they!”

Turning around Myra saw Taylana looking in her direction, her raised hands glowing bright green before returning to their olive shade. Taylana's warm smile never left her face and it made Myra's own widen. The two shared a laugh, separated by the multicolored wall of flowers between them.

“It seems so,” she giggled, “Thank you so much!”

“No problem darling” Taylana mumbled sweetly as she returned to her flowers.

A long walk through the park's grassy field later and Myra found the path that led onto the forest trail. Being the closest to her apartment, it was her preferred route to take.

“Time to start the day,” Myra said to herself, as she moved past the clearing into the woods.

Input Detected... loading... loading

Input received... Beginning production of chemical BAH-1223

Please set parameters for chemical production

System input detected... error... unknown parameters set

System input detected... Input override detected

Production parameter: UNTIL RUPTURE accepted

The birds and woodland critters made their morning songs and sang them proud, the canopy of trees covered much of the forest, and a small river that flowed through most of the area. Myra always enjoyed walking through nature, admiring the lovely animals, living their lives, unaware or uncaring of her presence.

She remembered the time she saw a family of deer, strutting through the area. Another time, she saw a fox walk up and sit with her as she sat near a babbling brook. She even remembered a time she and Matthew made love, during their earlier days in the apartment.

The moon was full and they were deep in the woods, sitting on a small patch of grass. The two lovers gazed into the starry night sky, until their eyes inevitably locked on each other. Myra remembered leaning in to kiss him, Matthew's arm wrapped around her body, his hand exploring until he grazed her butt and gave it a gentle squeeze. She began humping his pelvis, directing his other hand to her chest, where her erect nipples were begging to be touched.

It was the one of few times she let her arousal take over. Having him squeeze her sensitive chest, before climbing on top of her and undressing her. Kissing her all the way down 'til he reached her wet folds, where his tongue licked and slipped deep in her. Sounds of pleasure loudly erupted from her, like a wolf howling at the moon. Nights like those were amazing, as those nights of true love and passion always stayed in her mind; as she was sure they stayed in Matthew's.

They were also not that common, even before Matthew was always busy working. Myra found that, combined with her and Matthews low libido, sex between the two was often once a month, or once every couple of weeks at a time.

Alert: Chemical capacity reached. Beginning emergency purging pro-...

Input override detected... resuming production

After a half an hour of walking, Myra arrived at her favorite spot: a small clearing with a log that had been toppled over by a rainstorm long ago. A place for her to contemplate and rest, listening to the beautiful nature around her as she often did when she was alone. Not thinking about her job searches, not thinking about the troubles of her everyday life. Just her, the forest around her, and her lover.

His face appeared in her mind, as clear as if he were there. Short black hair atop chocolate skin, as his peerless bronze eyes gazed upon her. Laying on his lap and she bathed in the sun's rays, her teal blue shirt covering her mounds as they overflowed his hands. The thought of him gently massaging her breasts made her nipples erect, biting her lip as her arousal slowly started to climb.

"Maybe Matthew and I should come out here again?" thought Myra, as she closed her eyes and daydreamed of her lover sharing this space with her.

DANGER: Chemical capacity limit exceeding safe levels-s-s-s-s

C-c-c-c-chemical rupture im-im-im-im-minent begin-...

Input over-ri-ri-rride detected... safety protocols re-re-re-removed

I-i-i-input de-de-de-detected...

E-e-e-ext-t-t-er-ter-ternal fans off-f-f-...line

...

...

...

System... offline

A loud boom disrupted the peaceful tranquility of the surrounding woodland. The gentle breeze was quickly overtaken by a sudden rush of air, the natural, earthy smell of the forest replaced by a strong scent akin to strawberries; artificial strawberries.

Still dazed on her log dreaming of Matthew, the gust brushed past Myra's face, whipping her hair up and waking her out of her reverie. She smelled the air, the heavy scent filling her nostrils. She didn't mind it, at first. It reminded her of the scented candles at Ygtheal's.

It wasn't until her body started heating up that she started having trouble with relaxing. Discomfort rose as her nipples became rock hard, chafing against her bra. Taking a hand to adjust, she could feel them becoming more tender; a result of her daydreaming, she suspected.

She jumped down from her perch and landed on her feet, boobs bouncing as she made impact. Though her body was warmer than usual, she wanted to keep going; knowing going back would mean having to spend the rest of her day job searching, and wanting to put that off as long as possible.

The air continued to smell of artificial strawberries, which after a solid ten minutes was making Myra feel uneasy. She found herself itching and adjusting her bra more often than usual. Thoughts started forming as she continued on the trail.

"Maybe I grabbed a smaller bra?" As the artificial smell lingered, her bra started getting tighter. Her uneasiness about the scent was overshadowed by the digging sensation she had in her chest and back. "Maybe I'm on my period?"

That last one she was more confident in. Not only would increased arousal be common during her time of the month, but so would a little boob growth. Now worried about making a mess of her jeans, she decided, begrudgingly, to turn around and head back home.

As she continued walking, her bra continued to tighten. Her tits had more bounce than before, and the growing arousal Myra had earlier never really went away and was

starting to become a problem. Thoughts of Matthew and his cock being deep inside her, while his hands fondled her sensitive chest, sending waves of bliss and warmth to her breasts until-

“What's g-going on,” placing a hand on her bosom she felt her tits heat up and tingle under her shirt “with my chest?”

Her response came, as her melons suddenly grew before her. Down and outward they expanded, filling space in her bra and shirt. Her eyes grew wide as her hands flew to her mounds, pinching and poking to make sure she wasn't dreaming. With her skin freshly irritated the pain from her pinching made her realize: this was reality.

“Oh...”, she gasped for breath as she recovered, wincing in pleasure as she fought back a moan, “Oh my god... what-” Her eyes darted around in nervous twitches before landing again on her expanded chest, “... what is happening?”

Her boobs began to tingle as her breath slowed. Blissful heat filling her body before pooling into her jugs. Her nipples sent sparks as the rock-hard nubs began rubbing against her overstuffed bra. The agitation of them poking through and rubbing as her breasts swayed in their confined space was insane. Never had her boobs been this sensitive, not even during her period. Something was wrong.

Myra quickly grabbed her phone and tried to call for help, but there was no signal this deep in the woods. She had to get home, or at least closer to the forest entrance, to call for help.

After a few minutes, the tingling sensation rose in Myra's breasts, even more intense than the previous wave; a trend she hoped would cease as she stumbled onward.

“Mmmph... p-please don't get any-” wincing in both discomfort and pleasure, Myra's foot caught on a tree root and she fell to the ground. Taking a face full of dirt, the pressure in her boobs reached a crescendo-

”Bigger!” Myra's mind pleaded as her boobs expanded again. As they grew, her bra straps dug deeper into her back and the cups sank into her bulging boob flesh.

A whimper escaped Myra's lips, as the discomfort of her bra straps got to her and she desperately tried to remove it to relieve her pain. As her hefty bosom stopped its growth, Myra turned over to see two massive mounds, held in place by her suffocating bra and now crop-top of a shirt. Larger than her own head, her massive boulders swayed in their cotton prison as she slowly got up; bewildered, afraid, and with a constant arousal rising higher by the second.

Myra did her best to regain her bearings and continue her way back home. Taking a second to unclasp her bra, the pain in her back and from her boobs doing nothing to help her, she quickly tossed it to the side before another wave of tingling returned. She was desperately trying to fight the budding sensations in her body as she moved forward. She thought of her job searching, boring college lectures, the news, anything to keep her mind focused on getting home.

Eventually, the tingling in her mounds became impossible to ignore. Finding a tree to lean on, she braced herself for what was coming.

"Oh... gods..." she breathed between words, "here it... comes!"

Her lips pursed as her chest filled her top, widening by the second before ceasing; for now. Her shirt, now acting as a sports bra, was the only barrier between her tits and the world. Her nipples, now the size of thumbs, could be seen poking out through the fabric.

Myra placed a hand over one of her erect nubs in bewilderment, and a stifled moan escaped her trembling lips as contact was made through her shirt. She quickly stopped herself, not wanting to be distracted, or be caught fondling her breasts in the open for someone to come by and see. Pinning her hands to her sides she marched onward, giant melons bouncing excessively with each step she took.

A few minutes later Myra felt her hard nipples tingling, indicating another growth spurt was building within her. The fire in her core burned hotter as she suppressed her

urges, her attempts at mental distraction growing more and more desperate as the sensations in her chest grew stronger with each step.

“Mmmph, oh gods,” her free hand clutched her chest, “I can-,” heat flowed into her bosom as sweat accumulated on her wide front, “I feel-!”

She stopped as her breasts surged forward. Cool air brushed across her exposed nipples, giving her increasingly sensitive melons another sensation to feel. Pleasure filled moans escaped her lips, her discomfort melting away with every inch of her growth. The sound of her shirt tearing reached her ears, forcing her attention back to her tits to see a medium hole had formed during her growth.

Both nipples were poking out from the rip in her shirt as a gust of wind passed across the exposed flesh. She shuddered from the stimulation, reflexively placing a hand over her exposed nipples. Her sudden touch forced Myra to moan as her hands cupped her extremely sensitive pink nubs. With a mind of their own, her fingers begin massaging and stroking her exposed boobs. Doughy flesh rolled as eager hands hungrily explored her bloated chest. Every rub, twist, squeeze, and stroke of her nipples and jugs amplified the waves of pleasure in her increasingly wet and trembling core, her legs wobbling as her body tried to handle the growing arousal while keeping her upright.

Her loins leaked their lustful juices and stained her panties a growing color of dark pink. Her face was a mess of arousal, eyes half closed and mouth constantly sighing and moaning in writhing desire as her tired legs achingly carried her bloated form across the forest floor.

Still not close enough to reach her house, her mind assailed by the overwhelming stimulation and sensitivity growing within her bosom, she lost track of her surroundings. In a lust-drunk haze she wandered through the woods, looking for any sign of familiar territory.

Tired and horny, she found a tree that can rest on. She placed her back on the trunk and let her legs collapse, her boobs bounce and jiggle as her butt lands firmly on the

ground. Her heavy boobs had grown past her stomach and reached her knees by this point, the last strands of her ruined teal shirt snapping as it split in two from her growing mammaries. Panting hard, she tried her best to regain a sense of clarity.

“G-gods...,” her breathing quickened as her eyes locked on her tits, “what is-mmnggh, happening to me-ee!”

Her eyes went wide as her breast started prickling, an unwelcome but familiar sensation as of late, and she could tell this was going to be a big one. Her hand gripped hard at her bosom, and Myra watched as her boobs slowly grew again; with every inch of growth sending pleasurable signals straight to her wet and trembling loins.

She rubbed her legs together, about to be pushed over the edge. All she could do was await sweet release as the sensations in her breasts reached a climax. Her breathing quickened, her moans rising in octaves as her body tensed and the moment came. A forced pleased cry left her mouth, and she felt her panties soak through.

Myra’s orgasm washed over her whole body. Beads of sweat began forming on her forehead as her boobs began to rumble. Her nipples tingled intensely from their hardened tips as her chest rippled like water before her.

“Oooohhhh gods,” she arched her head up gasping for air, “I-I’M... HMM-MMMMPH!”

Her rumbling breasts sent waves of pleasure through her body, running across every nerve before landing on her trembling womanhood and making it gush more of its nectar. The last of her sanity slipped away and she spread her legs, dropping her boobs and making them flop onto the ground.

“MMMPH! I’M GONNA... GROW!”

Myra’s tits surged past her lap, spilling over her legs like liquid and spreading further away from her body. With their owner no longer holding back their growth, Myra’s immense melons swelled unabated, reaching past her feet and covering her lower torso. Overshadowing her full height, her breasts continued onwards, covering more of

the forest floor. Leaves were smothered and twigs snapped as two pale orbs four feet in diameter took more space. Nipples the size of soda cans brushed against tree trunks and shrubbery, sending pleasure and discomfort to the owner of these swelling jugs.

Pinned to a tree by her growing bust, Myra felt her womanhood tremble as her breasts constantly touched and rubbed more of the forest. Her nipples were constantly tickled by leaves and bushes. Her eyes, wide with the sight before her, seeing nothing but cleavage and two walls of flesh. The only thought in her mind now was wishing Matthew was here to fuck her, as her boobs endlessly grew.

The weight of her immense slopes was becoming too much on her legs and back. Using the last remaining strength in her legs, she awkwardly attempted to stand before stumbling forward on top of her mounds.

Surrendering herself, Myra's one arm reached to massage her bust, while the other slinked down to her pants till she reached her prize. The thought of Matthew kissing and touching her made her pleasure herself, as two fingers went to work on her needy pussy. Her other hand fondling her immense tit flesh giving her a sensation akin to having her clit massaged and licked by her lover.

"Oh god, Matthew, that's it..." Closing her eyes, she imagined Matthew's hands gently stroking her tits. "Oh god baby... y-you're... gonna... m-make... ahh!" Her core was about to explode, as her fingers furiously rubbed her g-spot back and forth. "I'm - OH GOD - I'M GONNA... CUU-UUM!"

Hot fluids erupted from Myra's folds, spraying her hands and running down her trembling thighs as her body writhed from the orgasm. While riding her high, she felt an intense rumbling from her massive tits. Having grown the entire time, they now exceeded Matthews height, her discomfort intensifying as hard wood was pressing against her growing mounds.

And yet, loud and passionate moans filled the air with every inch of her expanding bust. The tingling sensations started to spread to her body and butt. She moaned as her

jeans tightened with the sound of straining denim, and again as she felt her body enlarge atop her growing slopes. Gripping her soft tits, Myra let out a massive, pleasure filled, cry as her breasts surged around her.

Growing a couple feet a second, all she could do was watch her mounds spill across the forest like a pale river, her vision fading as her head grew heavy and her body numbed from the overstimulation. The last thing she heard before passing out was the sound of popping tree bark as her immense tits continued expanding.

...

System Reboot initiated... One moment please...

...

... Alert: chemical rupture of Chemical BAH-1223 detected in the surrounding area.

Analysing blast radius...

Predicted area of effect to be 50,000 square meters. External anemometer detects high winds.

*Alert: **E**external fans damaged. Unable to seal containment leak until repairs are made.*

... Input detected...

Please wait. Calculating data request...

Predicted population count affected: 246

Recent test reports on chemical BAH-1223 indicate only females show reactions to exposure.

Age Range: persons 26-34 years of age are most likely to be impacted by blast radius.

There are no schools, hospitals, or places of worship detected in the blast radius.

Data Request complete.

... Input detected...

Issuing orders for staff and field agents: Contain spread of chemical BAH-1223 and alert local authorities to enact quarantine procedures.

... Input detected...

Unable to identify the previous user...

Input detected... Accessing security camera footage...

Alert: Silo alpha has been activated...

Blazing lights woke Myra in a drunken haze. Drool clung to her chin, and when she went to wipe her face she found her arms and legs suspended in midair by metal armlocks. Looking around, she noticed her chest blocking her vision below. Above her, she saw a ceiling light and what looked like a speaker in the corner. Around her, metal tiles covered the interior of the room. In front of her, she gazed at the glass window that faced her and went down a couple feet below her.

Her reflection made her face pale. Below her small body was a pair of tits easily the size of an eighteen wheeler truck; possibly even bigger. Unable to see even her nipples in her reflection, despair gripped her heart at what her body had become.

“What... What happened to me?”

Tears began to well in her eyes as she struggled with the reality of her situation. How was she going to get back home? What would she tell Matthew? Would he still love her? Maybe, but she was never going to work again. She would have to rely on Matthew to take care of her. All these thoughts made more tears fall from Myra’s cheeks.

She noticed her pants were missing when her butt caught a chill. The air in the room was cold on her bare skin, with only the light above her giving any semblance of warmth.

Her tears continued as hung helplessly in the air. Cold and alone with only her mammoth tits for company. Her whimpering turned to sobs as her mind plunged further into despair and fear.

A sudden sound pierced the air, as a loudspeaker in the room clicked to life.

“Greetings Myra Hamsworth,” Myra was stunned to have someone who wasn’t her parents or Matthew say her full name.

“WH-WHO ARE YOU!? WHERE AM I!? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME!?” Her words echoed in the chamber before the loudspeaker clicked on again.

“Who we are is not important. Just know, we are going to help you with what you are experiencing.” The statement hung in the air and rang in Myra’s head.

Could she trust these people? For all she knew they were the ones that made her into a giant-titty-freak. Suspended in the air by restraints and boobs so big she wouldn’t be able to move. She knew there was no other option than letting these people “help” her.

She conceded. “Whatever you need to do, just do it.” Her head hung low, facing her cleavage, “I just...” her red irritated eyes welled with tears again, “I just wanna go home.”

A single tear fell from her cheek, landing in the cleavage of her gargantuan breasts.

The loudspeaker clicked on again, “Don’t worry miss Hamsworth. Soon you will return to normal; just brace yourself.”

A silence fell after the loudspeaker went silent. The last sentence had Myra uneasy, though she wouldn’t have time to think. Something sharp suddenly pierced her

sea of boob before being retracted. Nothing happened at first, her mind racing until her body began to heat up, washing through her before being poured into her tits.

She feared another massive growth spurt and tried to struggle against her restraints, desperate to fight back against the people who did this to her. The sounds of chains rattling and grunts of frustration filled the room, as Myra's wrists and ankles banged and shook against her restraints.

It was useless, and as she looked down, she saw her tits growing outward. Still she continued fighting, knowing Matthew would be cheering her on until-

GUURGLE!

The weird sound coming from her massive boobs made her stop. Tingling spread across her jugs and they started filling with something. Her breasts, which were originally hanging in a teardrop shape, started to slowly become more spherical. Soft, jiggly flesh started to stretch and become taught. A growing pressure was building behind her nipples, getting stronger every second.

From atop her breasts, Myra winced from the oceans of discomfort within her titanic breasts. Further below, sweat dripped from her puffy, pink, car-sized areolas as they hung a few meters from the ground. A mountain of pressure built behind her oil drum-sized nipples as her titanic tits started to shake violently. Her hands clenched tightly and her lips pursed from the discomfort.

GUURGLE!

"Oh god," loud sounds of churning liquid filled the room, "what's happening?!"

GUURGLE!

"MMPH... M-my boobs," taught skin began to bulge, "I feel like I- MMMPH!"

GUURGLE!

"MMM-AUUUGH!"

Below, white dots formed on her gargantuan nipples before erupting into strands of milk as gallons upon gallons sprayed onto the ground. Myra cried in relief as pressure from a truck's worth of liquid erupted from her milk tanks. Her restraints chafed and shifted with her arms and legs as her body slowly began to shrink.

Her enlarged butt cheeks slowly receded back to its original petite form. She noticed she was moving away from the glass panel in front of her, more towards the center of her cleavage. A chill went down her spine, as she realized just how small she was compared to her titanic chest.

When her body returned to its original size, her breasts slowed their torrential let-down to a peaceful dribble. She breathed a sigh of relief as she looked down at her slopes.

They were still enormous, now sloshing with milk as they swayed. To think her breasts would get so big after being outside for what felt like close to an hour. The thought of others being exposed like her plagued her mind.

Her thoughts were interrupted though, when a low growl came from her mammoth melons. Milk rushed to her tits again, intense pressure crashing upon Myra's body as it prepared itself for another big release.

Already close to an orgasm, her loins were ready to explode as her boobs released powerful streams of milk from her nipples. She came hard, lustful fluids leaking from her pink flower and landing on her titanic melons. With gallons flowing out of her tits, they started to shrink foot by foot. The satisfaction in her nethers soothed her mind, along with the immense relief from her tit's letdown, and soon she fell unconscious again.

***.

Input detected...

Analysing sample from subject Myra Hamsworth.

Please wait...

Sample analysis detects traces of chemical BAH-1223 in subject's milk.

Blood analysis has detected no traces of chemical BAH-1223.

Result: Subject is clear of chemical BAH-1223.

Analysis complete

...

Input detected... analysing field reports...

*42 cases of affected individuals exposed to chemical BAH-1223 and counting...
Quarantine procedures are already underway. Local authorities are issuing a stay-at-home order until all traces of BAH-1223 are eliminated.*

Input detected...

Local news is already on-site at numerous case locations.

*Probable suggestion: Mitigate further damage caused by chemical rupture event
and locate previous user.*

Input detected...

Subject Myra Hamsworth has been transferred from silo Alpha...

Location: 2nd floor Health Bay

Bright lights flashed in Myra's eyes (again) as she awakened in a haze. Feeling something soft beneath her as she layed, she realized she was not in that metal room. She looked around with sleep-blurred eyes, seeing IV bags and lab equipment akin to hospitals.

A rush ran through her heart, and she looked down to see her legs and feet draped in a hospital gown. Even more startling was how her tits had gone from the size of buses back to their original D-cups. Her eyes welled up with tears again as she hugged her

chest, never being so happy to see her old chest again; still sensitive, but not nearly as much as before in the woods.

She was crying when a pale-skinned human man walked in, wearing a white lab coat and mask, and approached Myra's bed with a notepad. Unable to see many of the man's features, she did her best to stay away from the strange doctor.

"I understand you must be confused, and scared. Let me first say: I am terribly sorry for what happened." The doctor's mask muffled some of the words but not enough for her to not understand what he said.

"What happened? Where am I?" Myra tucked her legs into her chest as the doctor got closer.

"The facility experienced a chemical leak, and you were exposed to it. You were reacting to the chemical causing your uh..." the doctor gestures to Myra's chest with a pen, "Those, to grow rapidly. When we found you, you were passed out, but still growing despite being unconscious. It was clear you also grew in your glutes and gained a couple inches in height"

Those words hung in Myra's head. To think, she was discovered at her previous size. What if they didn't find her till later, how big would she have been then?

The doctor continued. "I'm sure you must be worried about being exposed, and potentially reacting similarly again."

Myra looked at the doctor and nodded.

He took off his mask and gave a look of reassurance. "Right now, the facility is doing everything we can to dispel the chemical currently still present in the area. It'll take a couple of days to consider things safe.

"In the meantime, if you wouldn't mind staying in the facility; to both keep you safe and ensure the chemical has left your system completely. We will be sure to accommodate you and pay you for any aid in research you'd be willing to help us with."

Myra wasn't sure if she'd be willing to be a test monkey for a bunch of strangers. Even if the pay was good, her body being used for experiments that may or may not be life changing was not something she was keen to do. Shaking her head no, the doctor smiled and stood up from his chair.

"I understand, Ms. Hamsworth. If you ever change your mind you can call this number," the doctor pulled out a card before placing it on the table next to her. "In the meantime, you will need to stay here for your own safety. A nurse will arrive shortly to bring you to the mess hall."

With a nod of her head, the doctor left without another word.

Alone, she took a moment to think about her current situation; how her body had returned to normal and... about the potential "job" offer she received. The idea of being a lab rat made her uneasy after having her tits balloon to the size of buses. Still, there was a chance she might be able to help these people with treating others; others like her. With fatigue weighing on her mind and body, she drifted off to sleep; with the events of today receding to her subconscious.