

Dys·mor·phi·a

noun: **dysmorphia**

1. *A deformity or abnormality in the shape or size of a specified part of the body.*

CHAPTER 1

She heard a knock at the door. The sound was tremendously loud in the silence of Veronica's dusty apartment. She cautiously raised her head above the counter and narrowed her eyes. She experienced a wave of panic at the thought of visitors seeing her like this.

Veronica felt even more panic as the seconds ticked away with her no closer to opening the door. She started pacing the center of the room for a few moments before hustling to her bedroom and digging a coat out of a pile of clothes and shrugging it on. Another knock, angrier this time, and cold sweat to burst out onto her forehead.

She ran to the peephole and spied Andrea, her contact on the school paper. She couldn't see the entire hall, and couldn't be sure Andrea was alone. Even alone, how to be sure Andrea's motives were pure? What if someone had gotten to her?

Veronica chewed her fingers as the wait became more embarrassing. She went to her roommate's bedroom door. "Eddie, you remember my friend from the school paper?"

"Yuh"

"She's at the door, you think I should let her in?"

"Didn't you need her to come over?"

"Well yeah..."

"Then let her in," he mumbled, "unless you think she was followed..."

"I do Ed, I really do. I trust her, but...they...could have gotten wind of my research."

Followed her here, you know? It's very likely she's at the very least being shadowed by one FBI agent."

"She's been waiting at the door Vonnie. You should let her in." He could be heard crinkling a bag of chips.

"Alright, if you think I should. You do think I should let her in right? Is that what you want me to do?"

There was no answer from behind the door. Edward suffered from clinically diagnosed narcolepsy and was liable to fall asleep at any time. She was used to him suddenly becoming uncommunicative behind his door. It helped that he was terrifically agoraphobic like herself.

She whisked over to the door in a flying tip-toe trot, peering into the peep-hole once more, spying Andrea with her head lolling straight up in a universal expression of patience-under-duress.

Veronica rattled through the Rube Goldberg battery of locks and deadbolts, fumbling in her nervousness. She threw open the door.

One minute Andrea was about to give up and walk away, and the next she was being yanked savagely through the door after it had burst terrifyingly open.

"Let me go!" she roared, tearing her arm from Veronica's grip. She spun back from her roundhouse pull to see the shorter girl frantically locking 15 or so brass deadbolts and chains.

Veronica whirled and placed her back against the sealed exit, her narrowed eyes staring shrewdly up at Andrea over a garishly colored scarf covering her lower face.

"What the hell Veronica! You almost broke my arm! I think you bruised it" she moaned, and twisted her arm around to try and look at the underside for signs of purpling. She didn't see anything but this only made her more annoyed. Veronica still said nothing.

"Take that stupid scarf off! Jesus it's like a hundred degrees in here!" And indeed, it was barely an exaggeration. The air was stiflingly hot and musty. She glanced around the apartment living room, lit by the dirty rays of light filtering through the blinds.

Ancient, yellowed newspapers lay in great towers, some of them randomly cut up, the clippings pinned to the walls and connected with bits of string. Dozens of library books, some of them massive reference tomes, cluttered any surface available not already used for newspapers, and Andrea knew instinctively they were all months overdue at the university library. To cap the scene, bags of trash stood everywhere in little clusters as if ready to be taken outside.

Veronica continued her uncomfortably hostile glaring. Andrea finally had enough.

"Fine, fuck you, I'm leaving, get out of my way. How do you work these stupid locks."

Veronica jerked the scarf away from her mouth. "NO! Ok, ok, I'm sorry. I just had to be sure. Had to be sure you weren't working for them."

"What!? Working for who? The goddamn campus police?"

Veronica stared again, pulling off her massive scarf. She huffed in exasperation. "Did you even read my essay?"

Andrea made to speak but hesitated, thrown off track by the sudden appearance of Veronica's outrageous upper body. The tails of the scarf had helped disguise Veronica's prodigious bust, something that was now evident even through her coat. They were large, a little smaller than grapefruit, but most of their volume was in their thrust, punching forward missile-like, probably thanks to her matronly bra.

Or perhaps not. They had a tendency to jiggle embarrassingly every time she moved a lot.

Andrea shook herself back to awareness of the borderline psycho crouched sweating in

front of her. She remembered why she was here and her ready snarl died on her face.

"That's the problem Vonnie," she said, eyes flicking away. "It's...not that great."

"Nope," Veronica said. "You didn't read it right. Didn't have the proper frame of mind." She plugged a lock of hair into her mouth, chewing absently, her eyes glazing.

"I don't know how else to read it. Vonnie," she sighed, "it reads like the Unabomber's Manifesto! The allegations are completely nuts. The material you sourced that I bothered to check out all resemble crazy conspiracy theory pamphlets. None of this stuff would be let anywhere near a scholarly periodical! There's no way this could get in the school paper, unless you threatened to blow something up." Andrea's eyes widened in alarm. The last thing she wanted was to give her friend any ideas...

But the busty girl before her only grimaced around her hank of hair, clearly angry. "Well obviously," Veronica snarled, "these aren't the kinds of facts you'll find in freaking Time Magazine or Newsweek! This is real, dangerous shit, and it's happening all around us. These people are connected to every facet of government! So *duh*, of course they would suppress the data!"

"What are you *talking* about!? Veronica, your paper claims we're selling hormone treated milk to school students to give them big boobs to make breast milk or some shit, to create super strong drone workers. It's completely nuts! It doesn't make any sense. Where is your evidence!?"

"ME!" yelled Veronica. "Look at me! A long time ago a figure like mine would have been very rare, but it's getting more common all the time. There are more women looking like me all the time, more young girls. It filters down. Mammary growth is being accelerated, starting at younger ages all the time!"

Andrea sighed again, not knowing what to say. As if it was bad to be so blessed?

Veronica snarled "No, listen Andrea. When I was nine I started developing. Now, my mom didn't start till she was 12. By the time I was twelve I was already a D cup! It's the same story all over America. Our parents weren't like this, our grandparents weren't like this. Whole generations, more freakish than the next!"

Andrea looked at the other girl's figure. "You...think you're a freak?"

Veronica turned scarlet. "I..." she clutched her huge boobs. "Well I mean...this isn't normal. Most girls treat C cups like big breasts. What would they know about..." she swallowed loudly. "...about H cups? People...they stare. It's not normal. I'm not normal. My breasts are too big, horrible, they make me look like a cow, Andrea. And that's what I am. That's what we'll all be."

Andrea shook her head. She didn't know they were that big. "You're crazy. There are zillions of women who would kill to have a body like yours."

"Because they've been brainwashed by decades of media manipulation! Jesus, did you even read my freaking paper!?"

They'd been through this before. The tragedy was that Veronica was beautiful, but couldn't see it, instead, she insisted she was ugly. She never wore make-up, she didn't take care of her hair, but no one looking at her would notice. And though Andrea would feel a twinge of jealousy at that thought, it was never in the sense that no one would mind because the girl's shockingly enormous bust line took all the attention. It was worse than that. It was because her face and hair were simply gorgeous.

Veronica's vaguely Balkan features gave her unusually amber brown eyes, a hawkish nose, and small, pouty lips. If she ever got out in the sun she would be sure to gain a light patina of freckles under her eyes. All this framed by a rich mane of earthy, crow-wing black hair. Somehow, despite living like a bag lady, her skin was immaculate, if overly pale. But this only

completed the porcelain doll look.

While Andrea actually considered herself very pretty, she felt bland next to the busty girl. A beer swollen blonde of German descent, her own D cup tits gave her the pick of the crop on Frat Row. But then, there were lots of girls like Andrea.

Veronica was right about the increasing commonality of a D cup bosom too. Andrea liked having big boobs, but with every class of Freshman there were more and more of those big boobs. What was once a big deal in Junior High was getting pretty average now. If Veronica weren't shuttered away in her musty apartment she'd be a legend on any campus in America if she chose to appear. She was the outlier.

Breasts are supposed to sag a little, but Veronica's refused to. Andrea had no idea what her bras looked like, but they had to be massive experiments in engineering and architecture in the Brutalist style. Her jugs were ovoid, and jutted aggressively outwards no matter what the girl was wearing. They bulged a little bit off to the sides of her ribcage, and looked like they came down halfway to where her navel should be. Of course, the contours then flew upwards, graceful, like the masts on a ship-of-the-line, to the distant nipples positioned far in advance of where those bottom globes met her ribcage.

It was as if their perfection became more evident as they got larger. And "well endowed" didn't even begin to explain it.

"Are you staring at my chest!?" Veronica shrieked.

Andrea closed her gaping mouth with an audible pop. "Uh, uhm, no! Nope!"

Veronica was in the throes of some kind of panic attack. Her eyes darted everywhere, looking for an exit, but Andrea's large form enclosed her in the doorway, which only fed back into the loop of inexplicable terror.

"Oh man, I'm sorry Veronica, I wasn't staring, I swear. It's just you're so pretty I..." she

trailed off. Veronica didn't seem to be listening. Andrea reached out and grabbed the small girl's sweaty, palsied hands. "I just wish you would realize how good you look and get outside. Show it off! Meet people! I think your writing suffers because it's so disconnected from reality. I really think it would improve if you were able to talk to people in the field. You've got to get out there to write well. You need a human touch. In...every sense of the word..."

The smaller girl jerked her hands from Andrea's grasp, closing them into little fists. "My writing suffers? Pfft! This is bullshit! What's wrong with my writing!?"

Andrea could only splutter out half hearted explanations.

"No, you don't know what you're talking about" Veronica said. "The writing is perfect, solid. People like it, they say it works. I've read comments praising it. What's missing is the smoking gun, that's what it's going to take. You want proof."

"I want you to get out there and actually dig and investigate!" Andrea exclaimed. "If you applied your focus and drive in digging up print and online sources towards interviews, you could go so, so far! But you've got to get out of this crazy apartment first!"

"No. I can't. It's too...dangerous. Way too dangerous, Andrea. People will see me, they'll stare. I can't. The toxins you're exposed to on a daily basis out there would blow your mind. Here everything is controlled. Me and Ed have everything we need."

"Except other people."

"Like you?" Veronica angrily rolled her eyes. "Like you, who come here and stare at my tits? Who tells me my writing sucks, brings poisonous particulate matter in here, probably trailed by at least 2 FDA agents, showing them where I live? I should meet more people like you?"

Andrea could only stare for a moment, too outraged to speak. "You...fucking...bitch. I came here to help you! I didn't have to come here and have you try to break my arm. You think

I like choking in this smelly shithole? Why don't you open a window for god's sake, it's a hundred degrees in here, and you're wearing a sweater!"

Veronica plucked self-consciously at the threadbare garment she wore to conceal her massive bust.

Andrea had had enough. "Ugh. Open these stupid locks, I'm leaving. I tried to help. Bottom line - we're not running your piece anywhere in the paper. Not like this."

Andrea continued her harangue while Veronica unclasped the battery of locks. The whole time, she could only think of this new revelation. Andrea was right. The world would be too skeptical to take her statistics and research seriously. They would need incontrovertible proof. If she was going to change the world she needed to catch her enemies red-handed. Andrea hurled the manifesto at an end table and brushed past Veronica. "Bye. Get out of this dump before I find you dead in it. I'm serious."

"I'll find the proof you need. Somehow," Veronica muttered.

Andrea stood in the hall, about to let rip a wicked retort when the door slammed in her face.

Veronica remained glued to the peephole for upwards of five minutes after Andrea left, squinting through the fisheye lens in an attempt to identify the agents following Andrea. She had to give up when her back started to hurt. Figuring she must have missed them leaving, she massaged her lower back where the twinge of pain was. Working her fingers up her spine with increasing pressure, she hit the thick, wide band of her huge bra, and growled in irritation. They were always in the way! She tugged on the undergarment to loosen it where it chafed under her arm. Veronica detected more tightness than she felt was called for, and promptly started to have another panic attack.

She raced into her filthy room, and whisked a thermometer off the nightstand. Placing it in her mouth too fast she stabbed her tongue and whined "Oww" around it. Veronica was starting to hyperventilate as she pulled the clothes off her torso with some difficulty, since she refused to take the thermometer out of her mouth. She was trembling as she unclasped and removed the overlarge bra. Her first reaction was they had indeed grown, almost imperceptibly. She was sure of it. This was the third time she had checked, and this time she was sure. The tape measure came out and was wrapped around her back and too-big nipples.

She sighed in frustration. The tape was lying again, still reading 42. It was impossible, because they had to be bigger. Her breasts looked bigger and felt heavier. She suspected her tape had been switched with a fake somehow. They were always doing things like this - trying to confuse her, prove her conclusions false. Switching the tape to smaller inches was their favorite trick. It was all the same, just like this school paper business and the proof they needed. Veronica's assertions were self-evident! If people would just look around them, they'd see it.

But people weren't like that, and Veronica had to admit she should have known better. She was meant to change the world with her findings, but the world was resistant to change. Her findings would be difficult for the 'man on the street' to swallow. Even though he swallowed it daily. And breathed it in. In the form of chemtrails and hormone treated dairy products, irradiated meat, genetically engineered cereal crops...

Veronica took the thermometer from her mouth and read it. Slightly above normal. Just like the five previous readings today. Something was definitely wrong. Somehow, despite her best efforts, she was continually being infected with their toxins. Her breasts were ballooning daily and her brain was probably rotting. She was getting fatter all the time, with the goal of turning her and all other women into human cattle. It was only a matter of time. Because

Veronica was one of the very few who knew the truth, it was her responsibility to put a stop to it, and it had to start with education.

She realized she was still standing in front of the mirror, shirtless, and shuddered at her bloated milk sacks. Veronica threw her clothes back on and sat down at the computer to retrieve some files. She had identified the closest processing plant for the Food and Drug Administration's hormone treatment program. Less than 20 miles away sat a major R&D center and production facility, exporting the chemicals and treated consumables to the surrounding commercial centers. If her hunch was correct, penetrating to the facility's inner workings would yield pictures and computer files of unquestionable proof that the FDA and the Illuminati were engaging in a sinister program to control the world's population by rendering them docile human dairy cattle.

The journey outside and to this facility would be the most terrifying experience she could imagine. She knew death was a possibility. If not tomorrow, then months later from disease. Despite this, it had to be done. She needed money for the article, and she needed to get this information to the outside world. At this point it was worth the risk. Veronica printed out maps and notes, gathered her supplies for the trip, and made a sack lunch.

She had trouble sleeping that night.

CHAPTER 2

A young male college student is walking over the uneven floor of the hallway to his apartment door with a large bag of groceries. Trying to wrestle the keys out of his pocket without putting down the bag, he manages to get them out before dropping them. "Fuck," he whispers, squatting carefully to pick them up.

"I got it," says a female voice.

He looks up to see a cute neighbor bend over and scoop up his keys. "Do you want me to unlock it for you?" she asks.

"Yeah, that'd be awesome, thanks." He smiles sheepishly. "I'd probably spend another half hour trying this before I just put down the bag."

The girl giggled. "Typical guy."

She had an infectious laugh. And when she pushed his door open he stole a glance at her body. His eyebrows shot up, but he pulled them back down before she turned around. She was stacked! Why hadn't he seen her before? "Hey I don't think I've seen you here before," he said, "you new in the building?"

She was about to reply when the sound of a door slamming echoed very loudly down the hall. They both turned to see a short, warmly clothed woman locking her door.

"Ed" she screamed, "you've gotta come out of your room quick and lock the bolts! Do it for me! I'll be back!" The girl's head cocked suddenly with bird-like motion to see the two

neighbors. She flinched and flattened herself against the wall. Her neighbors shared a look as the bizarre woman began shimmying towards them.

"Are you alright?" the man asked.

The girl's face was wrapped in a thick woolen scarf, so her voice was muffled when she replied, "I'm fine," while studiously avoiding eye contact. She picked up speed and scuttled past them, the sound of heavy shallow breathing receding as she rounded the corner out of sight.

"Wow, did you see the size of her boobs?" asked the neighbor girl.

Veronica burst out of the dilapidated building's front doors into sunlight so bright it stabbed her eyes. The noise and the light overwhelmed her so soon after getting over her encounter in the hallway, and she had to take several seconds to fight off another panic attack. She pushed the fear down, swallowing hard, and swam through the poison atmosphere to the nearby bus stop. Every second she was outside was incredibly dangerous, so Veronica had arranged to be outside for only a few minutes before the bus arrived. When it roared to a stop, it sent murderous gases spewing down around her. At first she thought she couldn't breathe, but quickly realized it was just the scarf in the way of her giant panic breaths. But she refused to remove it in the sweltering summer heat.

She boarded the bus, careful to move past the terrifying doors that could malfunction and slam shut, dismembering her. After paying the fare and enduring the driver's leering gaze, she made her way to the back and sat down. The short girl had to squeeze her eyes shut and take several deep breaths through her nose to keep from letting a sob escape. The last thing she wanted to do was succumb to a public breakdown and attract attention, because as she well knew, the FDA had agents everywhere.

Opening her eyes was a huge mistake. People were looking at her. She felt her heart start to beat too rapidly. People in seats perpendicular were glancing at her and quickly looking away, pretending they were never looking, but it was painfully obvious. The feeling of being stared at was horrible, embarrassing, and violating. There was nothing she could do about it. She had thought the bus would be empty for this route.

An older woman a couple seats over from her noticed her discomfort. "Are you alright sweetie? You're shaking in your seat!"

Oh god. They were all staring at her now. She shuddered. "I'm fine. Please leave me alone," she monotoned.

The old woman huffed. "Fine, sorry for asking."

People turned back around. Except for the creeps pretending not to stare at her chest. She suffered the 25 minute bus ride by staring straight ahead and concentrating on the mission. And finally the bus made it to her stop, and she got out into the comparatively freer air.

A short while later she crouched in some bushes a dozen yards away from the parking lot to the processing facility. At this point she pulled off her outer layer of clothing. Underneath was standard business attire, except she left her blown-out hightop sneakers on. The clothes were sweaty and rather wrinkled, but she believed the disguise would hold.

As Veronica crossed the parking lot, walking between cars, she was shocked to find she felt a kind of tightly bound calm. She supposed she over-prepared for the task at hand, but it may also have been that vindication for her was so close. Inside the compound ahead was her proof. This was her purpose, and people would be forced to believe her after this.

She approached her target entrance, and Veronica spied her opportunity: an employee returning from lunch break, about to enter the back door to one of the main buildings. She

hurried up behind him and he held the door open for her after passing his keycard in front of the reader. She had made it. She was inside. This was just the cafeteria, but she was inside. Employees were seated at dozens of tables in the large, high-ceiling room, loudly chatting and eating their hot meals. Veronica realized this was probably the only pure, untreated food in a hundred miles. The thought made her remember she hadn't eaten in at least 24 hours, which was probably a good thing. even so, the smells made her stomach growl.

She hurried through the cafeteria, out of some double doors at the other end. She was alone in a very long hallway. It was safe to pull out her annotated floor plan here and figure out the direction to her first destination: the Research and Developement section.

As she walked through the compound's hallways, another odd thing odd came to her attention. Not one person had stared at her chest! She looked at her breasts. Nobody could miss them dressed like she was. She bulged obscenely out of a halter top and grey suit jacket. With so little clothing on, even her sturdy bra did nothing to stop them quaking and jiggling. Nobody seemed to notice anything out of the usual. Veronica had never experienced this before, and it was liberating. Exciting even! Not only was it a load off to not worry about her disgusting body, but she knew she was on the trail now. If nobody in a whole building gave her huge tits a second thought, it suggested they saw a lot of huge tits.

Now she would find the whole truth. It looked like her luck was holding too. Veronica nervously bypassed the reception desk, not knowing how she was going to get past the looming security doors, but someone was coming out in time for her to slip in. Once again, she had breached another of the Dairy Conspiracy's inner sanctums. Beyond the doors it looked shockingly similar to a hospital. Clusters of lab-coated scientists padded down sterile white corridors, over cold linoleum and past rows of solid looking doors with tiny observation windows. There were other doors hanging open, revealing small brightly lit offices. She was surprised to

find the place wasn't quite bustling with activity.

Veronica suddenly didn't know what to do next. She hadn't thought about this part. None of her research hinted at where exactly the incriminating testing was done in the building. Where were food additives designed and tested? Where were animal subjects? Where was the human testing? She had no idea. So Veronica had to just walk around like she belonged in the building. To her total non-surprise, however, that part worked. Quite a few of the women here were extremely buxom. There couldn't have been a single female scientist below a D cup. Some were larger than Veronica herself. A very busty woman fit right in, so Veronica was completely disguised and left alone.

She peered randomly into the viewing windows. The majority of the doors just led to this or that lab. But there were others, curiously, that were dimly lit replica apartments. Down to the last detail, everything was there. They looked lived in, with the kind of messy clutter that came with the average apartment dweller. She even thought she saw one that looked exactly like her own messy living room, with her newspapers and trash bags... Most of the rooms were empty, but some had very young women in them. And most of these were watching TV or reading magazines. It bothered Veronica that a few wore electrode studded caps without a hint of discomfort. Like birds fitted with tags, going about their lives.

But these women were caged.

She passed an empty reception desk stacked with clipboards and thought to grab one to further look the part of a technician. She stared futilely into a few more empty labs before passing an open door.

A man's voice scared her half to death when she heard "Are you lost?"

Veronica turned around. A tall man in a suit was jerking his thumb back the way she had come. "It's back that way if you're here for the demo of R46" he said, "The test starts in a

couple minutes. You look lost. I'm headed there myself. If we hurry we can get in before they start."

She prayed he didn't detect the fear-sweat launched out of her pores to drench her forehead. She tried to play it cool, and adjusted her glasses to stall for time. "Uh, hah, yep. You caught me. Guilty as charged. I could have sworn the demo was this way. I was so sure." She laughed a little, with an edge of hysteria.

Tall Dark and Evil didn't notice. "I hear ya. You know when I first got here I never left the 1st floor. Thing is, like half the guys in my team worked up above. It's such a maze up here I just didn't have the time to learn my way around. Made my team come downstairs to see me. I think I finally got over my hesitation when I had to use the bathroom, and the 1st floor one was packed. Haha, urination is the mother of invention, right?"

He was so proud of his stupid anecdote, she could tell he had repeated it a dozen times. "Mmm, I'm not sure that quote really applies there" she said.

"What? Sure it does! Edison said it."

"Hmm, no, that was about perspiration and inspiration. In which case, maybe urination would be appropriate. The quote you used is attributed to Plato. I'm not sure he would appreciate your bastardization."

His mouth worked for a moment in frustration. He snorted. "You're being smart with me. It's really cute."

Was she flirting with this man, who was obviously an FDA agent? He was handsome and unassuming, having obviously climbed far in the organization to be allowed to view the rollout of a new chemical. And he thought she was his equal. This was too perfect, if she could maintain her disguise. He was the enemy, and also repulsively stupid. She had her own philosopher in mind when she thought of an appropriate quote for this man: 'Hell is other

people.'

"Love the shoes," said the agent. "I've never heard of a dress code around here, but that's still the first time I've seen one of you ladies go without heels."

"Oh, thank you. I'd have worn heels but these seemed cuter." She bit her lip. How dumb.

But the man laughed. "Totally. I hope you don't mind my noticing, but you seemed to have dipped into the company ink as it were."

"What?"

"Er, your breasts. I'm just guessing you've sampled the goods we have on tap here. There's some co-workers walking around more heavily equipped than you, but you're still...uh, packing some heat."

"Oh. I think you used another expression wrong. 'Dipping into the company ink' means having sex with co-workers I think."

"Oh, right. Did you?"

"Did I what?"

He shrugged exasperatedly. "Did you ever had sex with co-workers?"

"I thought you meant did I have my breasts enlarged here."

"Well I want to know that too."

"Then the answer is no."

"Are you telling me you won't tell me?"

"I'm telling you no, I don't date company men and I don't use our products."

"You're crazy."

"I'm sorry."

"Oh don't be. I'm married and I think this is a textbook case of sexual harassment in the

workplace."

Her blush heightened even further. She didn't think she could take much more of this. "I won't say anything."

"I meant you. You're harassing the hell out of me," he smiled. "I like it, even if it is against company policy. What's your name, anyway? You're not wearing a nametag."

Veronica glanced down at the shelf of her bosom and realised he was right. Everyone else she had seen had a name tag. "I'm Veronica." She held out her hand despite being adamantly against shaking hands with people.

He pointed to his nametag next to his lapel. "Craig," he said, and shook her hand vigorously. He seemed to appreciate the jiggle evident in her halter top, because his eyes were glued to her tits the entire time. What a pig. She couldn't take much more of this. Underneath her clothes she was drenched with sweat and her heart was hammering so fast it felt like she was running a marathon.

"Um it seems like we've been walking forever. Are you sure you know where we're going?" asked Veronica.

Craig sighed. "I get it. Old guy creeping you out, huh? Well. I'm not that old. I'm 35. How old are you?"

"Twenty-Five" said Veronica, staring straight ahead.

"That's a little young to be working here, isn't it? How in the hell did you swing that? What are you, some kind of wiz kid?"

Ahead were double doors where more lab-coated technicians and suits were streaming inside. That had to be the place. "Oh look, there's the testing room!" said Veronica.

"Oh, yup. So for real, what are you, a super genius?" continued Craig.

She figured she had to stall for maybe half a minute. "That's right. First in my class."

"No kiddin? Beauty and brains. Which school you go to?"

She thought for a moment. "MIT."

"A serious brainiac then. You know I think you're the first MIT grad I've met here? That seems strange though." He held a door open for her. "Well, we've arrived." Inside was a surgical viewing gallery, and Veronica and Craig were in the rotunda audience section above an operating room. Below, the floor bustled with activity. 5 technicians read printouts, washed their hands, and brought in equipment. One of them was hovering near a hospital bed, administering to a sedated girl in plain clothes. The gallery was already rather crowded. It seemed like the whole facility was here to see this.

"I'll find us a seat" Craig said. He clasped her wrist like handcuffs, and she couldn't suppress a noticeable flinch. She was pulled along into the rows of theatre seats, with people all bunched together. She had to brush and slide past them. Veronica was horrified to feel her overlarge tits brushing against faces, forearms and what felt like a couple palms. She could taste bile run up her throat, but swallowed hard and tried to imagine she was somewhere else. She was so close. Just a little farther. It was too late to fail.

Craig found them two seats in the middle of a row. Everyone was so close together. She'd be sitting next to an overweight bald man bursting out of a suit. When they were settled in, Craig reached across her to shake hands with the fat man. It wasn't an accident that he accidentally brushed against her frontage. "Oop. Sorry," he whispered, an inch from her ear. She shuddered and tried to wipe her ear on her shoulder before realizing how rude it would look. The whole right side of her face seemed to go numb as a result. Whoever was sitting behind her was so close he was breathing into her hair. Veronica was breaking down.

Shaking the man's hand, Craig said "Davis, how the hell are you? You of course know Veronica here? She works on your floor."

Davis appraised Veronica in the darkness of the gallery. "No, we haven't met. Hello. Call me Jake. Are you new? I don't believe I've seen you. I'm sure I'd remember."

Veronica swallowed, and had her hand soaked in his sopping grip. "Pleased to meet you. Yes I'm new." She tried to be inconspicuous about wiping her hand on her pant leg.

Craig said, "A new hire and the youngest person in the building by several years. And authorized to see a new product launch. Impressive, wouldn't you say so Davis?"

"Yes," Davis said, never taking his eyes off her tits. "Very impressive."

"What did you say you did in Jake's department again, Veronica?" Craig asked.

With shaking hands Veronica tried to straighten her bangs, which were plastered to her forehead with sweat. An officious looking woman came to stand in the center of the operating room below them. "Oh, excuse me, I'd better start taking notes," Veronica said, fumbling with her clipboard

"There's no paper on that clipboard..." Craig said.

Veronica giggled, on the edge of hysteria. "Oh dear, you're right!"

"Here," he said, and pulled out a rolled up packet of papers from his black suit jacket. "Just write on the back of this."

She thanked him, and then realized how stupid she looked without anything to write with. Veronica rubbed the numb right side of her face.

"No pen either?" Craig asked.

Veronica shook her head, staring straight ahead.

"Use mine." He let his hand hover over the shelf her bosom made, and dropped the pen. It didn't roll off.

Veronica swallowed loudly. Jake Davis' knee made contact with hers. She moved her knee away as far as she could. But his was still against it. She took the pen off her breast and

pretended to get ready to take notes. Blessedly, the woman below began to speak and everyone turned their attention to her. The orderlies were finishing their tasks and leaving through side doors.

"Ladies and Gentlemen. This is our moment. Our facility is responsible for the greatest leap forward in covert genetic manipulation in 20 years. Through your hard work and innovation, our goal will finally be realized. What was once a distant pipe dream, or a vague theory more suited to science fiction magazines has become a reality soon to be as much taken for granted as microwave ovens and the eradication of smallpox.

"Our predecessors thought hormones were the key. And it served our purposes for a time. But it was too random. Some women responded better than others. Some didn't respond at all. Generations of exposure to our chemical compounds have produced results too slowly to accomplish our true aims. It would take a hundred more to see the kind of specimens we need. But by going straight to the source and manipulating the human genome, we can see those results *today*."

The lights above reflected in the woman's glasses made them totally opaque, no matter how she moved her head. She walked over to where the young girl was strapped to the hospital bed behind her. "The demonstration you are about to see comes after several years of animal testing," she said. "This particular trial is being conducted to tell us how much the formula needs to be diluted to produce relatively safe results in humans. This young lady" she placed her hand tenderly on the sleeping girl's shoulder, "was homeless, picked up off the street in Chicago. We have been running tests on her and caring for her here in our facility for several months. She is about to take part in history. As are all of you. So," she clapped her dry, veined hands, "let's begin."

The woman motioned for a pair of technicians, apparently one an aesthetician, to begin

the test. They administered some drugs and stepped away, waiting. Shortly the young homeless girl woke up and tried to rub the sleep from her eyes. She was immediately alert upon noticing her hands were strapped to the hospital bed. She found her captors and gawped at them. "Who are you? Where am I?" The audience could not have missed the note of hysterical fear in her voice.

The doctor and her two attendants began to walk away, out of the circle of light given off by the powerful surgical lamp above the bed. They seemed to disappear in the shadows. The reflections in the doctor's round spectacles were the last thing Veronica saw of her before they too faded beyond the ring of light.

CHAPTER 3

And that's when it started. Beneath the girl's plain t-shirt, two bulges began to form as her breasts rapidly swelled into prominence. Veronica's hand flew to her mouth to keep her choked gasp from escaping. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. No one else made a sound. The only thing that could be heard in the silence were the homeless girl's manacles rattling against the metal bed frame and her pitiful appeals for help. She squinted up at the audience hidden in the gallery, obviously sensing she was being watching from there. She seemed to look right at Veronica. "Help!" she yelled. "Why are you just watching! What's happening to me?"

Veronica could do nothing *but* watch. She was helpless to look away as her greatest nightmare played out below her. The girl's tits were blowing up like balloons. In the space of a minute they had advanced from non-existent to filling a double D cup, and showed no sign of stopping. All other sensation seemed to fall away. She couldn't feel Jake Davis' knee against hers anymore, and when she looked to her left he was gone, missing from his seat. On her right, Craig was gone as well, along with his seat and the entire audience on that side. Looking again, there was nothing all around her but blackness. She was alone in her seat. The homeless girl stared at her with her mouth open as wide as it would go. She was screaming without sound as her tits blew up past the size of basketballs, the bottom globes visible where they stretched her shirt away from her body.

Growing so rapidly, her tits started to tear the shirt on the sides, little diamonds of visible flesh elongating and tearing wider. In moments the shirt burst and the girl took huge relieved breaths. The pressure had been suffocating her. They maintained their firm shape as they advanced in monstrous size. Round like implants, they looked incredibly heavy. Eventually they pinned the girl's arms down, which caused her to panic further. Her breasts were so heavy that despite her desperate flailing underneath, she caused nothing but a gravid, undulating motion in them, the waves rippling out to her massive areola far ahead. Their ends were advancing past her mid thigh as they grew past the size of beachballs.

"Help me! Do something!" she shrieked. The veins in her neck thrust out as she now tried to even lift her torso off the bed. The tits were starting to pile upward, not just outward. Again, all she accomplished was to jiggle them.

"Veronica, stop them, PLEASE!" she begged.

But Veronica could do nothing. Up in the gallery she was completely paralyzed with fear. She couldn't breathe. She was suffocating, as the girl below seemed to be doing now. The lack of oxygen seemed to be causing Veronica to hallucinate. Her vision tunneled. Everything else seemed to go color negative, and before the ballooning tits below rose to cover and completely muffle the girl's face, it looked exactly like Veronica's.

She found her voice and screamed for both of them, flailing her limbs in the grip of a seizure. She felt her small fist make contact on her left with Davis' face. Still wailing a high pitched scream she was able to wind his tie around her hand and use it to launch her self out of her cramped chair, shoving and punching the audience as they reappeared. They all seemed to know her name and moaned it as she wrestled past and down the aisle. A voice over the PA system commanded in soothing tones for everyone to remain calm and seated as a loud flat whining alarm could be heard above the moans. A glance off to her right gave her a vision of a

towering pair of tits completely burying the girl's body while people in lab coats scrambled around the room disconnecting things and injecting drugs into the one visible, bloodless arm. The breasts were still growing.

Veronica was free of the aisle and it's grasping, pawing hands and pumped her way up the steps at high speed, bashing through the closed double doors. Outside a man in coveralls spread his hands wide trying to corral her, but an instinctive elbow thrust at the right height doubled him over right as her knee rose up and smashed him in the mouth. She was already moving again as he fell forward.

She saw no one as she sprinted through the hallways, past the fake apartments - where this time the girls were naked inside and had their faces pressed against the one-way glass, watching her streak past, her own huge tits bouncing so hard they had untucked her halter top. The women called out to her, but she ignored them. She rationalized that once she had shown the world what was happening here, these women would be freed. The horrors of this place were over. As Veronica grew more feverish thinking about how to spread the truth of what she had seen, she started to slow down. She realized she still needed proof, and had run out of time. Nobody would believe what Veronica had seen unless she brought something back that proved it.

She stopped and glanced around. She'd passed the fake apartments, and was back in the halls where doctors offices occupied every room. She started ducking into them, and decided not to spare any time for stealth. Veronica wasn't sure what she was looking for but she ransacked every office she went into, flinging jars of tongue depressors and cotton balls onto the floor, throwing drawers open and ripping the items out. She destroyed several offices before she stumbled into a lab. This was what she needed. Veronica ran over and closed both entrances to the lab and locked them, lowering and closing the blinds over a big bay window for

good measure.

Now she took her time and surveyed the lab. There were computers, microscopes, stacks of cultures, blood work, everything she could ask for here, she just needed time to gather it. She jumped a little as a fire alarm began to sound - she'd have to work fast. As she examined each area for clues, a sense of triumph began to fill her. Each piece of evidence was more damning than the last. Each was accompanied by worksheets explaining what was going on, and the computers were completely unprotected. Simple word searches brought up hundreds of pages of devastating proof of a massive international conspiracy. She recognized terms used by the Illuminati and occasionally the names of conspiracy bloggers from the internet. This information would change the world. She started printing every document she came across.

Veronica was letting the printer go as she picked up a beaker full of solution and sniffed it. When she realized it could be the gene compound used on the homeless girl she moved it away as carefully as her shaking hand would allow. Hand midway to the countertop, a familiar voice stopped her.

"Well! You've been a busy little bee, haven't you?"

Veronica turned around. Craig was blocking an open door, though they were alone for now. "What have you got there?" he asked.

"Proof," she snarled.

Craig began advancing on her, hands in pockets. "Veronica, listen to me. You haven't got anything, actually. Nobody will believe you. It doesn't matter how much of this stuff you show them. The people," he waved his hand, "they don't want to know. Think about how high this must go: to the top, and even higher. Do you think Joe Sixpack is going to get off his couch because we're blowing his daughter's tits up? His wife's got big tits too. He loves it.

We've brainwashed him to love it. Those people, they're happier that way, Veronica."

She found she was grinding her teeth. "No, you're lying. You're making women into freaks. Freaks! You made me into a freak, too!" she screamed. Her hand shook around the beaker.

Craig stopped coming toward her. "You're not a freak Veronica. You're beautiful. We're only making women more beautiful. Please...just," he hesitated, a pained look on his face. "Just let me show you."

She tensed up, backing away as Craig lifted a piece of reflective glass off the counter, and held it out to her. "Look," was all he said. Veronica found she couldn't resist at least looking. All she saw were her bloated disgusting milk bags. In the cold of the lab her embarrassingly huge nipples were punching out of the flimsy halter top. But as she looked she thought of all the other women she had seen today. Even in the dim reflection of the glass, her skin was more flawless, her hair was fuller and shinier, her face more beautiful than theirs. Her eyes lost focus as she took in more of the reflection. She had to admit there was something graceful about the swell of her breasts, that despite their size they spoke of youth, and a strange sort of fertility. They were so feminine, in a way none of the other women she had seen today could match, even those with bigger breasts. She truly was remarkable. She saw it, and couldn't help smiling a little.

She looked appreciatively into Craig's face in time to see him swinging his other arm down to stab her with a syringe. Veronica's hand jerked out, flinging the beaker of odorless chemicals into his face as she dodged backward. He emitted a blood-curdling shriek and bent double. His head slammed into the corner of the countertop hard enough to rattle all the glassware, and he crumpled like a broken doll. It unnerved her to see him bleeding badly, but she forced herself to ignore it.

Now there were distant shouts out in the hallways and Veronica decided it was too late to get everything she needed. She swiped as much of the evidence as she could and clutched them to her chest. For once the shelf-like geometry of her bust was a bonus. She piled the paper on top of her clipboard, along with a dozen blood samples - as much as she could fit against her tits - and flew out the door, resuming her confused dash through the facility.

Before running long she heard steps behind her. There were shouts of recognition and anger, and despite being already out of breath (god, how she wished she had exercised more), she picked up the pace and turned it into a dead sprint, feeling some of her treasured evidence falling out of her arms. A new guy in coveralls vaulted into her path from a T-intersection just ahead waiting to grab her, and without thinking she threw everything in her arms at him. Before he could regain his bearings Veronica hit him in the nose with the metal end of her clipboard as hard as she could. More blood seen out of the corner of her eye as she ran away and rounded the corner running almost smack into the tail end of a mass of lab coated technicians evacuating the facility.

A darkened doorway off to her right drew Veronica's attention, and she ducked inside and quietly shut the door. Waiting in the darkness, she soon heard the heavy booted steps of her pursuers coming to a stop, followed by muffled voices rich with frustration. They continued for a while, and she knew any moment they'd check the closet she was in. There was a rack of lab coats behind her, and not knowing what else to do Veronica hid herself behind them, keeping her breathing as shallow as possible. She realized suddenly that she had trapped herself.

As predicted it wasn't long before a pair of boots could be heard tramping up to the closet door. Veronica squeezed her eyes shut and prayed they wouldn't see anything. The door swung open. She couldn't see through the lab coats but she could hear the man's

breathing and the chattering voices in the hallway. The bare lightbulb snapped on. She knew she was fucked. Veronica's heart was beating so hard she thought it might just stop. The seconds ticked on. A voice called out from somewhere in the hallway, "Well? She leave anything?"

Miraculously the man said "Nah, there's nothing in here." The lightbulb snapped off, and the door swung shut. Veronica breathed a sigh of relief as loud as she dared. She felt tears welling up in her eyes. She was mentally and physically exhausted. Now so close to home, but she had no idea how she was going to get past those doors, not when they were looking for her. There was nothing to do except to wait. Periodically she glanced at her watch, and time crawled. 3 hours felt like 3 days. She wanted to sit down, but was afraid someone else would burst into the small closet. It was nearly midnight.

She heard steps way too close for comfort outside. There hadn't been any sound for at least the last half hour, now this. Veronica froze and held her breath. The door creaked open. The lightbulb string was clicked down, and held there. After what seemed like forever the man released it and the light snapped on, blinding her. She stopped herself from crying out as the light stabbed her eyes behind closed lids. She heard the person coming inside the closet, and shutting the door. She began trembling in terror.

To her horror, two hands clamped onto the ends of her boobs. She hadn't realized it, but her frontage protruded so far it stuck out of the lab coats. Whoever had opened that door hours ago had seen her massive bust sticking out from under the clothing rack and pretended he hadn't. Now his large hands were squeezing and massaging her huge tits, and pinching her big nipples. She gaped open mouthed in shock, but couldn't make a sound. Each set of fingers stretched wide could only encompass half of one boob, but he made up for it by frantically squeezing and rubbing all over. The sensation was horribly violating. The man's breathing

started to come heavy.

For some reason he stopped and spread the lab coats out of the way.

Veronica blinked in the sudden light. "Please just let me go," she whispered.

He was a middle aged man with beetle black eyebrows and a square jaw. In the harsh light from the lone bulb his silhouette was wide and square. "I'm not going to turn you in, so just relax," he whispered back. "But it's not a free service. I'll help you get out of here, but I want something first."

She tried to swallow but found she couldn't. She lifted her chin, and tried to look defiant. "You're going to rape me."

The man grimaced. "Uh, no girl. Not really. I just want to feel you up. That's not rape."

"Yes it is!" she snarled.

His hands clamped back onto her big tits, rougher this time. He got disgustingly close to her face, so that she could smell the cigarettes and breath mints. "Fine," he said, "whatever you want to call it, that's what I want. After we're done I'll help you get out of here scott free." He tried to look her in the eyes but she refused to meet them.

"Fuck. You." she said.

The man sighed. "Look I'm not a bad guy. I got a wife. But I haven't seen her in months. And here you are, the hottest woman I've ever seen in my life. I've never met a dude that would be able to resist this," as he spoke he was squeezing and massaging her tits. Nobody had ever done this before, never in her life. She'd never even touched herself this way, not for an instant. Veronica's revulsion began to give way to something else. "Your boobs are incredible," he breathed.

She gasped when he flicked an erect nipple over a quarter of an inch long. "You're disgusting." she said.

"You don't like this at all?" he asked, and tugged a little more on that same nipple. She gasped a little each time. Something was happening. Her breasts felt hot, and there was a sensation like they were buzzing centered around her nipples as he pawed at them. She'd never experienced this before. She was ashamed at deriving any pleasure out of him groping her, and wished he would just stop.

"Just let me go, help me get out of here, please," she said. He bit his lip. Emotion warred across his thick eyebrows. "Please," she repeated.

The man sighed again. "Look, just a little more. What if I do this?" He snagged the upper edge of her halter top and pulled it down, exposing her huge naked tits. She was horrified at the sight of her bloated, obese jugs, the nipples hardening still further in the cold air of the closet. Before she could react the man bent down and clamped his mouth around her big left breast. What must have been his tongue whisked back and forth over her nipple. The sensation was unbelievable. Her eyes rolled up into her head and she moaned huskily. It was incredible, like a glorious electricity infusing her body. Her hands grasped his head and snaked into his thick black hair. Veronica kept gasping for air, breathing "Stop, stop. Oh god. Oh god."

The man's hand grabbed at her other bulbous tit, rolling it around, pinching the fat nipple. He came up for air long enough to remark, in genuine surprise, "Wow, you really like this." He switched nipples, clamping onto the other one and sucking vigorously. Veronica felt like she was losing her mind, like it was draining right out of her ears. The space between her legs was pulsing waves of intense pleasure she had never felt before. Was this sex? She could hardly breathe as the force of pleasure grew in intensity. Something was building, and she was afraid and horrified while being incredibly excited and curious, all at the same time.

The man pulled his face away and looked up at her, the tit coming out of his mouth with

an audible sucking sound. Veronica's breathing was rapid and shuddering. "Don't," she gasped, "don't stop. I change my mind, it's okay. It's okay, let's just try this."

The man grimaced while kind of shrugging to himself. "What happened to all that rape stuff?" he demanded, and rammed his face back into her humongous breast.

Veronica's eyes rolled back up into her head as the pleasure once again overtook her. Her hand started snaking down to between her legs. She wanted to know what was going on down there. "This is still rape, asshole. When I expose this place you're going down too." Back on her left tit, the man's tongue flicked rapidly across her nipple, and she moaned with audible lust.

She heard him gurgle a laugh. "Well none of what we do here stopped you from dipping into the company ink..." he trailed off, nodding at her big boobs.

Veronica snorted in profound annoyance. "That doesn't mean what you think it does you idiot. Are all men total morons, or just the ones who work in this conspiracy?"

"Wait, don't you work here?" he asked, incredulous.

"Ugh, no! That's not what "the company ink" means! And no I don't work here anyway. Just forget it. Why did you stop, keep going!"

"I thought you were one of them. You mean you're just some girl? How old are you?"

"I'm fucking 25!" she hissed. "What does it matter! You were sucking my breast and it felt amazing, go back to that!"

He gave her tits a half hearted squeeze. "Yeah, but you're just some college kid aren't you? What are you doing here?"

She sighed. Whatever they had been building towards, the moment was past. Now they were just two people panting in a broom closet in the dead of night, her with her fat naked milk sacs hanging corpulent in the light of a humming fluorescent bulb. She clutched his wrists and

flung his hands off her breasts like she was tossing a pair of dead rodents, and pulled her halter top back up. "I'm going to burn this fucking place down" she said.

"Hey I work here. They pay good money."

"Not just this facility. The whole conspiracy. All over the world. I've seen the truth, and I'm too close to give up now. Were you lying about helping me get out of here, or are you going to turn me in after all?" She glared at him.

He met her eyes. Something in her hard, to-hell-and-back stare must have affected him. He let go of the breath he had been holding. "I got a wife. But I got a couple girls, too. Like you. They'll be starting college next year." He was silent a while, just looking at her. "I wasn't lying. I'll help you get you out of here. I'm not a complete asshole. Name's Tom." He held out his hand. She eyed it warily at first, but at this point, with his slobber all over her breasts, and god knew what other fluids splattered all over her jugs from the lab cultures, she figured worrying about germs was a moot point. She shook the crap out of his hand, squeezing it as hard as she could. "I'm Veronica," she said.

"Veronica," he repeated.

"Tom," she repeated, still shaking his hand.

He laughed a little, which made caused her to as well. "Come on out of those lab coats. Maybe I can tell you what I've learned working security here. Fill in gaps in your information." He helped her out of the rack of clothing. "You smoke, Veronica?" he asked, pulling a cigarette out of his front pocket and lighting it from an old style book of matches.

She snorted. "Are you crazy? Do you know what they put in cigarettes?"

"Yea," he said, rolling his eyes to take in the whole closet. "Same shit these people put in my daughters' school lunches for ten years. You going to have a cigarette with me or what?"

She shrugged. After today? Why the hell not? She could be dead by next Saturday.

"Yea sure," she said, shivering in the cold air. He handed her his own lit cigarette, lighting another for himself.

"Hey you're cold, you should throw on a couple of those coats from the rack. I'll grab some too, it actually is cold as balls in here." They both pulled about five coats off the rack all together, bundling up and smoking in the closet. Veronica found it wasn't so bad. Whatever active agent it was in the cigarette, it was working. They talked for a long while, mostly about college and Tom's time in the military, and they smoked their way through Tom's whole pack.

Veronica yawned for about the 4th time in a row and checked her watch. It was after 2:00 am. Tom muttered "shit, look at the time," after checking his own. "Time to saddle up Veronica. Let's get you home."

She smiled. It would be good to be home. Back where she was safe. This might all turn out to have been a bad dream in the morning. "How hard is this going to be?" she asked.

"Cakewalk," he said. "I'll distract the sentries up front and you'll have to jump a fence. But then you're home free."

CHAPTER 4

It worked out exactly like Tom planned. With trusted Tom distracting the guards, Veronica was able to slip right out through the front door and the guardhouse. A short sprint to the perimeter fence got her out of their sight range. She climbed the fence, not without difficulty, and swung a leg over the top. Her footholds weren't as secure as she thought, and Veronica slipped. She landed the wrong way up hitting her head, and fell asleep.

When she woke up it was morning, the sun having just crested over the trees on the other end of the vacant parking lot. She had landed in a deep ditch. Her clothes were filthy with mud, and she sensed something clutched in her right hand. It was the clipboard she had been running around with and using to hit people. But attached to it was the packet of paper Craig had given her to write on. She examined the documents, and was shocked to find they were every bit as damning as the evidence she had to leave behind. This was her proof! Now she just had to get out of the ditch.

It was a good thing she hadn't been wearing heels or anything fancier. Her chucks proved more than adequate traction in helping her get out of the ditch. She was momentarily startled to see the bus already looming in the distance.

After stepping inside she sat down in the back of the bus and rode home. It was empty this time of the morning. She rode in peace and quiet, catching some sleep on the ride back. Once home switched on her computer and immediately got to work on the manuscript. She referred often to the research document. with infrequent breaks for meals and a few stolen hours for sleep, she completed a final draft after 16 hours.

She was extremely hungry by this point and went to get something to eat. she shambled into the kitchen, feeling weak and greasy. she began unlocking the multitude of padlocks sealing her fridge. It took her a minute to realize someone had already done that for her. She flung the refrigerator open. inside a dozen metal boxes crowded the shelves. She was too tired to panic very much upon seeing that most of the boxes were also unlocked.

Surely her roommate Eddie had simply figured out the combinations to more than a dozen locks and forgot to close them again. It had to be.

Sidling up to his door, she called to him. "Eddie, are you awake? Did you eat my food?"

"How could I bloody well do that!" he wailed. "You've got it all shut up in your Bastille of Soy and such. It's nigh impregnable."

"All the locks are undone, Eddie! If you didn't, then who did!?"

"How about you? Seems like you just forgot to close them in your hurry, love. There. Case closed."

She wrung her hands in a gesture of pure frustration. "Eddie, I have never forgotten to protect my food in four years. Could you just come out here? This is annoying to explain this between the door." There was no answer from Eddie's room. "Eddie? Wake up!" she hollered. No sound from inside. He had fallen asleep in another narcoleptic episode. But what he had said made sense. Perhaps she had just forgotten to close everything.

She bit her nails for a while, staring at the fridge with no small amount of trepidation.

She hadn't eaten in a very, very long time. But this breach of security should be cause for a massive panic attack and throwing out all the contaminated food. That was the protocol Veronica had always followed, and so far it had kept her safe from the poisons directed at most citizens. The hunger gnawed at her stomach, and her throat was so dry it stung. She rubbed her face and decided to eat and drink a small amount to tide her over while she figured out how to get enough money to replace all the compromised foodstuffs.

Veronica started to make a small salad, but kept adding ingredients. Very quickly her small salad became huge. She couldn't wait any longer and ate it standing over the sink. It only seemed to increase her appetite, so she grabbed more things, and ate them while roaming her living room and appraising with deep satisfaction the piles of newspapers and pattern mapping covering her walls in bits of yellowed newsprint and taut red string. She was only full after eating very nearly everything in the fridge! Veronica reasoned she hadn't eaten in so long, she should have expected this. And Eddie was probably right, she must have just forgot to lock it all in her haste to leave the apartment before.

Suddenly feeling the need for sleep, she spared a glance at Eddie's silent bedroom door and shuffled off down the hall towards her semi-filthy bedroom.

A stab of sunlight through her cheap and broken blinds made her wake. She winced from the brightness and turned away. Her alarm clock read 3:00 pm. It took her a moment to do the math. She had slept for at least 18 hours. She had fallen asleep completely dressed, with her crumbling chucks still wrapped around her feet. The slimy feeling that accompanied sleeping in her clothes compelled her to take a shower, so she stripped while dutifully taking her own temperature. 98 degrees. She bit her lip, knowing this was an extremely bad sign. But what could she do? She walked to stand in front of her mirror for a moment. Her breasts

looked a little bigger. It was hard to tell how much. Maybe a couple centimeters? A half an inch? The unclear feeling persisted, so Veronica decided to postpone measuring her bust until after her shower.

It was just what she needed. It invigorated her body and calmed her scattered thoughts. The tension in her neck loosened. She couldn't remember the last time a shower felt this good! Usually the shame of her naked body was an ordeal to be borne with stoic, mechanical washing motions while showering the chemical and hormonal slime off her person from a day's accumulation. This afternoon it felt rejuvenating. Many unusual things were happening lately, she had to admit, so lost in thought she paid no heed to the liberal amounts of soap she lathered onto her tits, or the vigorous scrubbing of them. Many of the new sensations she was forced to feel were pleasant like this, like eating to fullness, like the thrill of new experiences out of her comfort zone.

After the longest shower she'd ever taken, she cranked off the water and toweled off. Riding the silky loose feeling she was experiencing, she dropped the towel and tip toed naked to an ancient, yellowed rotary telephone on her work desk. She moved the crusty newspaper clippings off it and picked up the receiver and dialed Andrea, hoping she had forgiven Veronica by now for her rough treatment.

It rang several times before it was answered. "Yes?" said Andrea.

Veronica experienced an unexpected feeling of warmth. She had gained a new appreciation for her one, precious friendship. "Andrea! Hi! It's me Veronica!"

"Yeah, I know, Veronica. What's this about?"

"The new article. Listen..." Veronica took a deep breath. "I thought about what you said. I got some incredible sources. I wrote a new piece and submitted it to you yesterday. And you were right, it was much better."

"I see..."

Veronica clutched the receiver frantically, smushing it to her face and sensing she was losing Andrea. "And! And I...I thought about what you said about getting out of the house. That's what I did to get the sources, just like you said. You were right. It's a good idea! So, I guess, if you publish the paper in the next issue of the school paper, maybe we could hang out, at some sort of...party. Or gathering. If there's something like that going on."

The insane bargain Veronica was proposing made her hands shake. Why had she just suggested that!? She could never go to a college party! There was a very long pause on the other end of the line.

Slowly, Andrea said, "Okay. I'm...reading it now. This is, hmm." Another long pause. "If you stick to your promise to let me show you around, I'll publish this in the next issue. Deal?"

Veronica was elated! She wanted to dance, but she felt her ungainly body made that embarrassingly impossible. Despite that, her smile was evident to Andrea in her voice when she said "Ok, deal. But, I don't have anything to wear I think. Could you help me?"

"Of course! I thought you'd never ask, Vonnie. There's a party happening tonight. I'll be by in a bit to help you get ready."

They said their goodbyes and Veronica hung up the phone. She fell to staring absently and chewing on a lock of hair. For no reason at all she decided she ought to clean her apartment a little. The idea made more and more sense as she got into the work. After all, her great mission was soon to be finished! Once the paper was published, people would begin to realize the truth, and all the detritus collecting from her years of research was practically rubbish already. The only problem was moving anything meant clouds of dust assailing her. She spent a lot of the time freaking out at clouds of thick particles coating the inside of her lungs. She hadn't finished by the time Andrea arrived.

Andrea winced as the door opened. Not jerked violently open, but a gentle, welcoming swing inward. Veronica was just inside, looking (could it be??) radiant and cheerful for once. Andrea came prepared. So she knew better than to reveal her shock and alarm at her semi-friend's voluptuous figure. Especially because she was as scantily clad as Andrea had ever seen her! A pair of gym shorts and a loose t-shirt was all the girl wore, and from her massive boobs to her overly rounded hips, she was definitely alarming and inarguably shocking to behold. Nary a single raised eyebrow from Andrea betrayed her true impression.

"Come in!" Veronica chimed.

"Um, OK" Andrea said, scanning the room as she did so. It was an incredible transformation in the apartment as well! The blinds were thrown back, bathing the apartment in gorgeous Atlantic sunlight. Now that she could see it, the apartment was quite a bit of alright. The piles and piles of books and newspapers had been moved to one corner, revealing stylish furniture from 15 years ago that despite their age appeared never used.

"I like what you've done with the place" Andrea said. She risked an appraising glance at Veronica. "And you look great!"

Veronica smiled again. It was an amazing sight. Andrea couldn't believe the change that had come over her! "Thank you. You look good too" Veronica said.

"I...wow thanks!" said Andrea, taken by surprise. Real human emotion, coming from Veronica? She came out with it: "What's come over you? You seem so happy! If I knew publishing the article would help you this much I would have done it a long time ago. I'm so sorry!"

Veronica blushed. "That's not all of the reason. I don't know what's going on with me. I know it seems weird. I guess I don't know what to tell you."

"Well I'm glad you're happy."

"Good. Thanks."

There was a massively awkward silence. Andrea pretended to stare at the newspaper clippings still tacked to the wall.

Suddenly Veronica spoke up. "Is it..." she stuttered. "Is it appropriate if I hug you now?"

It was Andrea's turn to blush in embarrassment. "Oh - no, that's not something you need to-"

"I'm going to hug you now" Veronica said, arms held out robotically as she shot forward and slammed her torpedoes into Andrea's solid frame.

OK, wow, we're doing this, thought Andrea. Oh my god. Her tits are ridiculous. Like, they're covering my entire body. Have her boobs always been this big, or are they still growing?! Oh shit! There's no way to prepare her for the guys that are going to be at the party.

After way too long of a hug, Andrea patted her back. "Ok, that's enough, Veronica. Good hug. You can let go now..."

Veronica disengaged quickly, pretending to scratch her nose to hide her face. "Uh, thanks again? For everything?"

Andrea said, "Seriously, it's no problem. You wrote, um..." she searched for the right words, "well, an interesting article. I'm sure it will be a splash. Why don't we get going? Do you know what you're wearing to the mall?"

"No."

"Well it's not a big deal. Just throw something light on, it's pretty hot today."

"Got it," said Veronica. "I'll be just a minute. Don't mind Eddie if he bothers you. He's narcoleptic, so..." she trailed off, before heading into her room.

Andrea nodded absently, more intent on trying to pinpoint which ugly 90's motel the

furniture reminded her of.

"Who the fuck is Eddie?" she asked no one in particular.

CHAPTER 5

Walking through the mall with her friend, Veronica panted into her thick woolen scarf where it covered her face. Andrea did not seem happy at her choice of bulky winter clothing when she emerged from her room, but it couldn't be helped. A shopping mall was a breeding ground for diseases and chemical sprays of all kinds, and Veronica wasn't about to allow total contamination of her person in exchange for the great favor Andrea had done her. All the same, even the industrial air conditioning inside the mall couldn't help cool her off under all the shirts and coats she was wearing. She hoped they would get to the clothing store soon. It was hard to keep up with taller Andrea's long strides.

"Can we stop?" Veronica asked, pulling her scarf down.

"Yeah what's up?"

"Where are we going?"

"Lane Bryant...I...think."

"Is that where you shop?"

Andrea looked away. "Sometimes. Uh, let's get moving again. We don't want to be too late for the party."

Veronica nodded. "Right!" And they headed off again. She kept her eyes focused on

Andrea's feet as she struggled to keep up with the taller blonde girl. Veronica had risked looking around a few times and it became a horrible mistake. As predicted, the mall proved to be the largest gathering place for people in the area, and as such it was awash with disease and - worst of all - staring onlookers. They leered at her without shame, eyes fixed on her enormous breasts, even clad in such thick clothing. Teenage boys did double takes and grabbed their friends and pointed and even stared at her from behind. They were shocked and horrified by her outlandish appearance, she was sure. Veronica didn't know why she wasn't paralyzed in the throes of a panic attack, but she knew better than to tempt fate. It was preferable to keep her eyes on the floor and try to ignore the terrifying environment she found herself swimming through.

After many confusing and seemingly random turns that reminded Veronica uncomfortably of her tour through the FDA's secret facility, they reached the Lane Bryant clothing store. Inside, Andrea immediately started examining different items, flipping through them like cards, even grabbing several in haphazard fashion. She held them against Veronica, one eyebrow raised skeptically. "Hmm..." she kept mumbling in doubtful tones.

"Can I help you girls?" someone appeared out of thin air much too close for Veronica. She yelped in alarm, nearly jumping straight up and turned around.

Andrea and a new woman both eyed Veronica nervously. "Uh, sorry, you scared us a little," said Andrea. The saleswoman was a little overweight, with large breasts and an orange tan. She had short, shiny red hair, and was positively radiating pure cheerfulness, as if already having forgotten Veronica's freakout.

"Are y'all finding everything OK?" she asked. This woman is incredibly brainwashed, Veronica thought. Far too happy. She is bloated with hormones and taught to believe this is a good thing. Her breezy, bright green dress showed far too much cleavage. "We're fine,"

Veronica mumbled, not making eye contact.

"Actually," Andrea said quickly, "We're having trouble finding something for my friend. We're going to a party, and we want to get Veronica something that brings out her eyes. And maybe her figure," she said, glancing towards Veronica to see her reaction, but Veronica shook her head vigorously. "Uh, or really just something stylish and conservative, I guess."

The sales girl nodded, smiling. "Uhuh! OK, I think we can find something for you. What size are you?" she asked Veronica.

"Well, I don't really know. It fluctuates a lot. Daily."

"Oh weird! Well did you want to take a quick measurement?"

"I don't know about that..."

Andrea butted in again. "Could you excuse us for a moment?" she asked the salesgirl.

"Sure!" the woman said with her typical exuberance. "Just come and get me when you're ready!" And she walked into the back out of sight.

Andrea rounded on Veronica, clearly irritated. "I thought you had turned over a new leaf! If you want to pay me back for publishing your essay then you have to go out to the party tonight. And to do that you need a new dress. And to do THAT we need to take your measurements. This isn't the time to get cold feet and go back to being old Veronica."

Veronica took a deep breath. She had bested the FDA facility, so this should be even easier. She just had to be brave. She swallowed. "Alright. I'll do it. Let's just make it quick."

Andrea nodded and they went into the back of the store and found the sales girl. They both looked at Veronica expectantly, waiting for her to remove her jacket(s). She peeled off one, and then another, and then another. With each layer the sales girl's eyes grew wider and wider in a naked display of awe. Finally Veronica's outlandish figure was revealed in all its glory. Her arms flapped a little, unsure of what to do with them. She wanted to cover her chest,

but couldn't, so she visibly hunched her back a little. A plain white t-shirt was stretched over her tits and enormous utilitarian bra, and jeans that had always been much looser clung tightly to extravagantly healthy hips and thighs.

"My goodness!" the sales girl exclaimed. She giggled a little. "Your boobs are so big!"

"I know..." Veronica mumbled through gritted teeth.

"You're so lucky. I'm a big girl too," said the sales girl, clutching her own rather large left breast. "It's hard to find nice clothes, but it helps working at Lane Bryant. I can, you know, dip into the company ink and grab a nice bra or something whenever."

"That's not what that means..." growled Veronica.

Andrea cleared her throat savagely, giving Veronica a dangerous look.

The sales girl unfurled the tape measure like a lion tamer cracking a whip. "Do we want to get started?" She pursed her lips then, eyeing Veronica's enormous bosom critically.

"Actually, if it's OK, it would be better to take the bra off too."

Andrea started to speak, but Veronica waved her away. She was resolute now. Whatever this ordeal threw at her, she would endure. "Sure," she said.

It might have been more proper to turn around, but neither of the other girls could tear themselves away. It was just another embarrassing moment upon the hundreds sure to come. Veronica pulled her shirt off over her head, her pale skin flushing in shame, and began the long process of unhooking her bra. She unceremoniously dropped it on the floor when she was finished. Her gigantic jugs defied gravity, thrusting forward like boat hulls, the nipples steadily elongating. If she got much bigger she wouldn't be able to see them over the tops of her breasts.

Sales girl clapped her hands rapturously. "You have such amazing boobies!" she squealed. "And you're so thin!" Before anyone knew what was happening, the plump little

creature had darted forward and placed her fat little hands on Veronica's huge jugs. She was entirely oblivious to the invasion of space involved, caressing Veronica's tits as if she were a long time lover. Veronica was horrified by what was happening, but glancing at Andrea for reinforcement got her nowhere. The blonde amazon stared mouth agape, dumbstruck.

What was going on!?

This little Sales minx was positively cooing as she pinched Veronica's outlandishly long nipples. It rekindled the incredible sensation she felt when Tom had done the same at the FDA facility. It was awful while at the very same time being the most amazing thing Veronica had ever felt! She bit her lower lip hard to keep from the sudden urge to moan. The sales girls tugged hard on both nipples at once, and Veronica inhaled sharply in a mix of pleasure and pain. It felt so good! Why had she run from this for so long? This resonated, like her entire reason for being. She couldn't keep a moan from escaping her this time, eyes rolling up into her head. Yes, she thought. More! She heard the Sales Girl giggle. A distant, dim voice in the back of Veronica's mind told her that this wasn't right. Being felt up by a strange woman in the middle of a clothing store for fat women was absolutely horrible, but it had no power over her at the moment. Every brain cell and nerve was focused on the sensuously plump little woman's expert ministrations on her magnificent breasts.

The hands began to knead her breasts in widening circles. "Your skin is gorgeous. Do you exfoliate?" asked the Sales Girl.

"Um," Veronica was cut short by a low moan that escaped her lips as the Sales Girl had the audacity to smash her face into one of Veronica's gigantic tits, flicking her tongue across one of her nipples. "No, no, nothing. I just-" another sharp gasp, "I just try to eat right."

"Well whatever it is, it's working. They're so smooth!" Sales Girl said.

Andrea, finally, seemed to venture a suggestion that they stop this. "Can we maybe go

to the changing rooms? Or something? We're kind of in a hurry.

Veronica's head cleared enough that she was able to nod vigorously in the throes of her extacy.

"Dresses! We're here for dresses!" she cried.

"Good idea." Sales Girl pulled her face away from the head-sized tit she had been burried in.

"Let's get you into a changing room!"

"But just to try on clothes." said Andrea.

"Oh you!" the Sales Girl giggled, shaking her head and wagging a finger and Andrea. She was glued to Veronica, her little hands pinching and feeling compulsively. Veronica, for her part, was struggling to stay afloat in a sea of erotic sensation that was proving more addictive than any narcotic she'd ever read about. This zaftig nymph was playing her erogenous zones like a concert violinist, and the person that was supposed to be putting a stop to it - namely Andrea - was completely frozen in shock. Her friend clearly didn't know what to do. It was like a hallucination. Veronica thought they both must have been wondering how this could be happening.

Covering her nipples with her dainty hands (that was the best she could do), Veronica was led into an oddly vast changing room. The Sales Girl closed and locked the door. She impatiently waved at Veronica to move her hands. She chirped in delight at the chance to slobber on Virginia's tits some more, promptly going back to pawing and sucking on them again.

"Dude..." Andrea sighed.

Hidden from Andrea, one of the Sales Girls' pudgy little hands had stealthily unzipped Veronica's jeans, gently exploring her vulva over her panties. Veronica felt completely helpless, lost in a storm of sensation. Her long eyelashes fluttered in ecstasy. This was an entirely new feeling. Her pussy emanated an expectant, golden hum, a thrumming vibration that coursed through her whole body. Her toes reflexively curled, and goosebumps tickled the top of her

scalp. She sighed, feeling relaxed, luxuriated in the pleasure of letting go. She sensed an ocean of joy waiting for her. The Sales Girl had to merely probe a little deeper. Something inside Veronica ached and screamed for the opportunity to be turned loose. She felt close to something incredibly life-changing she couldn't name. Sales Girl was so close. Deeper...if she could just go deeper...

"Is there a MANAGER we could talk to!?" Andrea said.

The voluptuous Sales Girl was an inch from Veronica's face, and her frown was genuine. Both expert hands withdrew from their deft ministrations as if they were never there. Veronica inhaled sharply. She had been so close! She leaned against the wall for several moments, breathing heavily with eyes closed. What an incredible experience! Once again, Veronica wondered why she had taken such pains to avoid sexual contact of any kind. She felt changed.

"Oh my goodness, I'm so sorry, you're totally right!" the Sales Girl said, all sweetness and batting eyelashes at Andrea. "I forgot you two were in a hurry. This will just take a moment." The tape measure snapped out again, a different kind of whip this time, making Veronica bite her lip expectantly. The Sales Girl flung the tape measure around Veronica's back and caught the other end like a pro. She joined the two ends at the fullest part of Veronica's boobs. "Forty Five!" she sang, nearly hidden from Veronica around the swell of her huge breasts..

Veronica felt a sense of relief. 45 inches wasn't so bad. That meant they had only grown an inch at most since she'd been adventuring outside her apartment. She could live with that.

"I've got something in mind for you. I'll be right back with something in your size," the Sales Girl winked at Veronica and zipped out of the changing room.

"I'm so sorry!" Andrea cried as soon as the girl was out of earshot. "I didn't know what to

do! This bitch is fucking crazy! Come on, let's get the fuck out of here!" She unlatched the door.

Veronica threw herself in the way, slamming the door shut again. "No! We've come this far, I'm not doing this all over again! We're here, we're finishing this."

"Veronica come on, there's other stores we can go to. I know you don't get out much, but I promise you, this never, ever happens."

"We're staying," Veronica said. Her tone was final.

The dressing room door pressed against Veronica from the outside, startling her. The Sales Girl's round face squeezed through the crack in the door. "'Scuse me!" she chirped. Veronica backed away, allowing the Sales Girl inside, sharing a glance with Andrea as she did so. The tall blonde girl looked very nervous now. Whatever she had believed about how wonderful it was to be so blessed with a figure like Veronica's, she no longer had any illusions about it. It was a burden. Veronica could see it in her eyes that Andrea finally understood.

The Sales Girl held the dress approvingly against Veronica, who had backed up as far as she could, leaning against a mirror on the wall. She was still timorous enough to feel the need to cover her areola with her cupped hands. Their fat hugeness wasn't immediately repulsive to her. She was learning that they had the power to make her feel incredible. Surely, logically, a normal sized chest couldn't produce even a tenth of the pleasure. So there was at least something positive to be said for her unfortunate condition.

The Sales Girl frowned suddenly. "Wait," she said. "What did I say your bust measurement was?"

"Forty Five."

"That can't be right. There's no way this will fit you. Are you sure I said Forty Five?"

Veronica swallowed, her throat suddenly dry. "You said forty five. I'm sure you did."

She turned to Andrea. "Forty five, right? Isn't that what you heard?"

"I don't remember," Andrea said in a dull tone.

"Well! I'll have to measure you again!" the Sales Girl cooed. She produced the tape measure, snapped it out with a flick of her fat little wrist, twirled it around Veronica's ribcage, and joining the two ends over one pencil eraser sized nipple, took the opportunity to give it a quick tug between two knuckles. She giggled like an imp. "You've grown! Forty Six!"

"No..." Veronica breathed.

"Yes! Forty Six. Sorry, I don't know why I said Forty Five before," said the Sales Girl. "You're actually pushing Forty Seven, so I wasn't even close. I'll be right back with this dress in your size. If I had tried to cram this on you, you'd have popped right out! There's no way your big ol' titties would fit in this!" She gave Veronica's right breast an affectionate squeeze and left again to to get the dress.

Andrea rubbed her face. "Jeez, I'm sorry. If I knew it was going to be this bad..."

"Forget it. I said it was OK. What's this party we're going to?"

"A friend of mine from the school paper. She's cool. Plus it's just a way to branch out for you. But this is crazy. Maybe we should call it off. I'll consider us even, after we get this dress and get out of here."

"What!? Just quit here? No party?"

"Well, yeah, I guess."

"No! I told you: we came this far. I came this far. We're not giving up just because this has been hard for me."

"But this is crazy! Nobody should have to put up with this!"

"I do!" hissed Veronica. "I put up with this every single day! Welcome to my life, Andrea! You asked for it, here it is. It's too late to back out now. We're getting this dress, we're

going to your friend's party. Then we're even."

The Sales Girl entered with a version of the dress that had a huge tent-like pocket for Veronica's bosom. "OK! I think this is the one. It should fit a 47 inch bust."

"Wait, wait," Veronica said. "You were supposed to get me a dress for a Forty Six inch bust size."

The Sales Girl giggled mindlessly again. "I clearly remember saying Forty Seven. We measured you at a solid Forty Seven."

"That's impossible!" moaned Veronica.

"Measuring time!" said the Sales Girl. Out the tape came, one last time, unfurling like a grappling hook around Veronica's bony ribcage. "Sorry, honey. If I said 46 I was dead wrong. You're a solid Forty Seven. You're growing! If you keep drinking your milk you'll practically be 48 inches in no time. You're pretty close already."

This was insane! "We started at 45, and according to you I've grown three inches in 20 minutes!" cried Veronica.

The Sales Girl swiveled her head with so much sass it looked like it might roll off her shoulders. "Uh, No honey, you were never 45. I could put you in that dress. I think you'd look good in the dress, but your tits would be naked. Your friend said you wanted slightly modest, and slightly modest means it will fit your 48 inch bust."

"Five seconds ago you said I was 47!"

"You're close enough to 48, I should just get you the 48."

Veronica raised a shaking hand to slick away sweat drenched hair from her feverish brow. Just a couple days ago this encounter would have rendered her catatonic and frothing at the mouth. Today her breasts ballooned more than three whole inches in the space of half an hour, and some maniacal fat girl had rubbed her dirty fingers all over Veronica's vagina. Why

not!? After what had happened recently? Why not? Why not *more*?

A bright light like a camera flash burst behind Veronica's eyes, leaving a blinding after effect. She blinked several times, and a giggle erupted from her diaphragm, quite unlike herself. "Why not?" she heard herself say.

"What?" asked Andrea. "What did you say?"

Veronica turned. Her eyes widened, to take in more, ever more. She would need so much more. "Why not!" she shouted.

"So...the 48?" asked the Sales Girl.

Veronica was seized with a sudden burst of frenzied power. Why not? She grasped the woman's fat little wrists and pulled her close, clasping her full lips parted slightly against the little lesbian's. Their tongues met at the same time. Veronica could not have said later how long they kissed, but when next she saw it, Andrea's face was thoroughly horrified.

The two women parted, panting. "Get me a dress for 46 inch tits. I want these puppies to *pop*." Veronica breathed.

The Sales girl just nodded excitedly, wiped her lipstick smeared mouth and dashed out the dressing room door. Veronica slumped against the rear mirror, her half lidded eyes heavy with lust.

"Are you alright?" she heard Andrea say.

Still panting, Veronica said, "I've never felt better."

"Oooooo..." Andrea trailed off as her cellphone rang. She became absorbed in the details of the call. Less than a minute later the door banged open, and the emerald temptress flew inside, all rounded curves and smooth orange skin. She held up the dress for Veronica to see. It was a purple number (maybe she should think of it as violet), with a plunging neckline. It was more daring than any of the other strips of cloth the Sales Girl had shown her, but Why

Not?

"It looks perfect!" said Veronica.

"Ok, well try it on!" said the Sales Girl. Of course she had no intention of giving Veronica any privacy.

A wild thought seized her. Veronica clasped her overly modest panties at her outlandishly wide hips and stripped them off, flinging them to the floor. She was now completely naked. Feeling immensely sensuous, immensely powerful, she held an imperious hand out for the dress.

The Sales Girl giggled. "Goodness! You need a shave or a wax or *something* down there, girl friend. You can't go to a party like that!"

Veronica glanced down at her pussy to see what the Sales Girl was talking about. "My hair?"

"Yes!" she laughed again. "You have to get rid of all that. Guys don't like it!"

"Guys?"

"Yeah, you know," the Sales Girl ran her sharp little tongue over her white teeth. "Guys. Men."

"Men...?"

"If you want to get a man at this party, Veronica, you need to be shaved smooth. Unless, I don't know, they're weird guys. What kind of party is this. What's your friend's name?"

Andrea turned around and gasped in shock. Her cellphone clattered to the floor. "Jesus Christ! Veronica what the fuck!"

"Is it my hair?"

"Put your underwear back on!"

"Should I get rid of it?"

“Yes! I mean no, not the panties, put them back on *now*. We’ll talk about the hair...later. Just...hang on.” She turned away, picked up her phone and started making up an elaborate story to cover up an otherwise embarrassing episode.

The sales girl waved a hand at Andrea. “Don’t mind her. Just try it on already!”

Veronica pulled the violet dress over her of her head and it ended somewhere about mid-thigh. From her vantage it looked wonderful.

Chin in hand, the Sales Girl cast a critical eye. “Almost there,” she muttered. Plump hands adjusted the dress around Veronica’s tits, making sure it didn’t hang on them, but hugged them. Suddenly a huge amount of breast flesh was surging out of the gauzy material. Looking down, Veronica had never seen her breasts looking so massive. They were pushed up almost to her chin!

“There, how’s that?” asked the Sales Girl.

Andrea turned around again. “Hang on,” she said to her phone. Her mouth hung open for a long moment at the sight of Veronica. A very long moment. They could hear a concerned voice on the other end of the phone, so much time had passed. “Oh my god. You can’t wear that!”

Veronica said the magic words. “Why not?”

“Because! Because...I don’t know! You look so...big. Are you sure you want to?”

Andrea got close to Veronica’s ear and covered the mouthpiece of her phone. “Look, if this crazy bitch is pressuring you to get this, you don’t have to. We can get something else.”

“No. I think it looks wonderful. This is what I want.” Veronica turned to examine herself in the mirror. She was composed entirely of tit from her collarbone almost to her navel. There was something missing though. She couldn’t remember looking at herself in a mirror and not seeing her arms, but in this dress, for some reason her arms were completely hidden from view

behind her massive breasts. Of which half her porcelain white surface was on full display. Veronica adjusted the bodice to be sure, and yes, her areolae were just barely hidden from view. Why not? it was perfect.

“We’ll take it.” she said.

“Great!” the Sales Girl said. “Let’s ring you up.”

The three of them emerged into a mundane fluorescent atmosphere depressingly devoid of any sexual charge. As promised Andrea paid for the (very expensive) dress, still on the phone. Every moment that passed the Sales Girl seemed to grow sadder and less cheerful. Her perfect paper doll was leaving her. She scribbled a number on the back of a card. “If you ever need anything else, just give me a call.” she said, handing Veronica the card. “And I mean *anything else*.” She winked.

They left Lane Bryant with Veronica still wearing the violet purple dress. Her bra, underwear, and the rest of her clothes were in a bag suspended from one fashionably held arm. The only things wildly out of place were the ragged shoes on her feet, which they would shortly correct with visits to shoe stores (and later makeup stores). Everything else, including her volley ball sized tits jiggling furiously for hundreds of onlookers...well that was right where it should be.

And why not?

CHAPTER 6

The punch had been spiked, of course. Even if Andrea hadn't seen the frat boy douchebag do it, the taste of cheap vodka was unmistakable. How could anyone miss? None of them did, and none of them cared. Besides, why drink the punch when there was beer freely available in a keg? On her fifth cup of punch, Andrea couldn't have answered that question. Or was it her seventh? She'd lost track already.

The only thing she focused on was Veronica. Voluptuous Veronica, with her huge clutch of loyal puppy dogs. And her huge...

Every boy there was wrapped around her finger, enraptured. Andrea had her eye on a couple of the men at the party, but tonight neither of them had eyes for her. Only Veronica.

She took a large swallow from her cup. What a cow. Did they know how absolutely crazy Veronica was? Did they know she hated her body? Did they know Andrea hadn't actually printed the crazy rantings of her 'friend'? That the bitch was only here as a personal favor? To

help her! As if Queen Titty needed help! The moment she walked in the door she was the star. Her tits stuck out a foot in front of her, and she parted the men like the Red Sea. Disgusting, Veronica thought, as she swallowed the rest of her fruit punch-flavored vodka.

She ladled more vodka into her cup. Upon turning around, her life's secret crush, Brad, brushed past her on his way to Veronica's group. He was such a hunk, and Andrea nearly melted at the easy confidence he displayed quickly separating Veronica from the rest of the males. They cast disappointed glances at the pair but could do nothing. Brad's smile would conquer men and women for the rest of his life, and here was the greatest conquest he would ever surmount. And it should have been Andrea. She gulped down the vodka. What about *Andrea's tits!*

Her vision swam, and a volcanic rage began to well up from deep inside. Brad placed a large hand in the small of Veronica's back, at his ease. The fucking cow! She would pay. Nobody touched her Brad. Not least some freak with freak boobs.

Andrea threw back the rest of her shitty punch, never taking her red-rimmed eyes off Veronica.

Veronica felt hot all over. Her face burned with all the blushing she had been doing since she walked into the party. And whatever was in the punch must have been contributing to her flushed state. Even her ears burned bright red. She barely had a moment to hide a hiccup in her fist when Brad handed her another cup of the punch.

"This tastes funny. Are you sure this is punch?" she said, giggling. Everything seemed so funny tonight for some reason. And Brad. He was so clever.

He kind of giggled to himself as well. "No, it's just punch."

"Oh," she said, taking an innocent sip. A shudder shook her as it went down, burning her throat. She looked up to see Brad staring into her canyon-like cleavage while it shook for another long moment. He seemed lost for a moment due to his mouth hanging open. It was hard to blame him. She couldn't help but stare herself. He was still staring after her massive tits had quivered to a gravid stop. She had to say something.

"So Brad, what did you say you do?"

"I'm a DJ."

"What's that?" she asked, taking another sip.

"I play music. I control the mood of the party." He smiled down at her, incredibly warm. "I try to make everyone feel good. If I'm doing my job everyone is having the time of their life. Are you feeling good?" he asked, placing his hand on her lower back again.

She felt like she had when Tom had touched her, back at the FDA facility. But that seemed like an eternity ago, and this was now. This felt even better, and all Brad was doing was caressing her back. He was powerful, confident. But he seemed so gentle. Without knowing what she was doing, Veronica pressed herself against him and laid her head on his broad chest. She felt him tense up.

"I feel really good," she whispered.

He chuckled. She heard it in his lungs. "Good," he said.

"Where do you DJ?" she said sleepily.

Brad hesitated a long while before answering. "A strip club." Suddenly he was pulling her away from himself. "I should be upfront with you." He stole a quick peep at her jugs before staring earnestly into her eyes. "It's a strip club. I mean, it's full of strippers. I've been known to...you know...*dip into the company ink*. Do you think I'm a pig?" His tanned face was

twisted with anguish.

Veronica nearly threw him on the floor and mounted him. A dam had just burst. She took a long pull off her cup of punch. It was getting easier. She fell against him, mashing her ridiculous tits into his torso. "Oh god. Oh god, Brad. You used the expression correctly. Do you know. Oh *god!*"

He laughed, confused. "What's wrong? What's the big deal."

"Nothing," she whispered. She felt incredible. They swayed back and forth for a while to the music. Eventually she couldn't ignore the hard thing pressing into her pussy. It had been bothering her since getting close to Brad. She fidgeted, but it was no use. "Um, do you think," she paused. "Is that your car keys? Could you move them?"

"Babe," he whispered down into her ear. "That's my cock. I don't know what you drive, but my keys aren't that big. Are you still feeling good? I've been pretty uncomfortable this whole time. Maybe we could help each other get more comfortable."

She looked up into his eyes. He was so nice. "I want you."

Brad didn't waste any more time than a subsiding boner required. As soon as he was able he clasped her by the waist and led her into a secluded hallway, trying doors. He looked suggestively at Veronica upon opening the door to a bathroom lit by nothing but a couple candles. She may have been in the throes of sexual ecstasy, but that was a bridge too far. She shook her head, and they tried more doors, locked and with heavy panting sounds behind them, until Brad tried the room beside the building's water heater. It was empty, with a pristine made bed. Veronica sat on the edge of it.

Brad stood in front of her. Tall and powerful. He stared down at her and unashamedly into her bulging breasts. "You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he said.

The heat in her flamed still further. She looked up at him. "Thank you. You're...very

handsome. Too.”

He smiled his smile. “Do you want to see it?”

“See what?”

“My cock...” he sounded deflated.

“Oh,” she said, taking another long swallow from her punch. She swayed a little. “I’ve never seen one. Is it good?”

“You’ve never...” He smiled some other kind of smile. He took Veronica’s cup gently from her and placed it on a table beside the bed. “Why don’t you tell me?” Brad unzipped his jeans and pulled it all down. Staring Veronica in the face was a cock. Or a penis. This seemed more like the former. It thrust out insistently, obscenely. In her foggy state, she had to admit that as far as sexual organs went, Brad’s was quite good.

“Well?” he said.

“I like it.” She giggled. “It’s cool.”

He rolled his eyes. “Well right now it doesn’t feel cool, it feels very hot. It’s hurting me, Veronica. The best way to make it feel better is to lick it. And suck it.” He thrust his pelvis and his cock wobbled closer to her face.

Why not? It couldn’t be any worse than being a human dairy cow. Which she already was, so why not? And something about Brad’s cock did seem inviting. Veronica had heard about sex. People liked it. Why not her?

She took Brad into her mouth and went to work. She had no idea what she was doing, but all the same within 30 seconds his member was pulsing and suddenly he was injecting what was surely sperm into her mouth and throat. It didn’t cross her mind to spit out some strange man’s bodily fluids in her present state, so she swallowed it all, blinking the tears from her eyes caused by the effort.

She found Brad panting, hands on knees, eyes closed. "Holy shit," he breathed.

"Does it still hurt?" she asked.

He brushed her hair out of her eyes. "No. That was awesome. You're incredible. Your tits...they're the biggest I've ever seen in my life, Veronica."

She patted them. "Someday all women will be as big as me."

"No fucking way," he laughed. "You're crazy."

"Nobody believes me. I'm a freak for now, but it's just the shape of things to come. I've seen it with my own eyes." She ran her hands along the bulging fullness of her tits. She couldn't see their ends anymore. Her nipples were so distant she couldn't see them, but they felt cold. Did this come from sex?

"Jesus, you popped out of your dress..." Brad remarked. "They're so big, I can't believe it."

"In some women arousal can trigger minute increases in breast size. It's rare. Maybe that's what going on with me," Veronica said, staring at her own massive jugs with the same awe.

"Are you 'aroused' then?"

"I suppose I am."

Brad giggled. "You suppose. It pays to be sure. Let's be sure!"

This must be the part where she was supposed to take her clothes off. Veronica stood up and slipped the purple dress off her hips with more difficulty than normal. An impulse to cover her exposed vagina seemed silly now. Instead an idea came to her, something from billboards and TV when she was young. She rested one hand on her hip, one leg bent. Vogueing, she remembered people calling it.

"Oh my god," squeaked Brad.

Veronica caressed one turgid breast. She felt like she was swimming in some kind of dream. There was an intense feeling of being outside herself, like watching events over her own shoulder. Her sense of fear, her ability to control events were absent. It was an entirely neutral feeling. She fluttered her eyelashes, intending to blink, instead making another sexually charged sigh in body language.

Brad clasped her hands and pulled her toward him. He then circled around behind her. Veronica felt one of his large hands squeeze a plush buttock. He was everywhere. Brad's member could be felt pulsing its way in between her ass cheeks as one hand slid around, gently brushing the faint hairs on the skin of her belly as it moved down, down, to her newly shaved pussy. She gasped in shocked pleasure. He was kissing her neck and ear as another hand wrapped around and clasped her throat. It was strangely scary, powerful, and tremendously arousing. She found herself breathing hard at all the buttons Brad pushed.

"You," he kissed her neck, "are," he nibbled on her ear, "so," he kissed her jaw, "beautiful." The hand on her neck craned forward to start squeezing and rubbing her gigantic left boob. The fingers playing around her pussy were starting to probe closer to the need that had been aching for days.

Veronica melted into him, reaching her hands back and palming his stubbly cheek and running her hands through his black hair. The dick wedged in her embarrassingly big butt felt incredible, and she wanted to writhe into his groin and get more. It made Brad's breathing come harder, and he kissed her more furiously, his breath on her skin coming faster and hotter. It made her writhe against his cock harder, breathe harder. They fed each other. They could not stop. Brad's fingers had probed and hit something. Veronica groaned in insane lust, her pussy suddenly feeling very moist, very insistent that something be done about this. She felt herself growl in crazed animal need.

They started grinding in rhythm, and with every downstroke Brad was working a nipple and whatever erogenous zone just inside her cunt that felt so good. "Brad! Oh god, Brad!" she moaned. "You feel so...!" she managed to work out between desperate gasps for air..

At this, Brad turned her around. Veronica's huge tits smushed in between them, rising almost to her chin. He kissed her then, and his tongue made its way into her mouth. She didn't want it to leave, and caressed it with her own. She heard Brad moan against her mouth, the sound vibrating down into her diaphragm. He came forward enough so that the head of his penis started to press on the sweet spot, and he writhed a little to stimulate it, which drove Veronica crazy. She reached up and twisted her fingers into his hair so hard he grunted in pain. Something made her bite his lip hard and suck it when his tongue withdrew. They broke the kiss.

They were very close. Brad stared into her eyes, panting in time with her own heavy breathing. Lipstick was smeared across the lower half of his face. "Oh, fuck," he gasped. He took her shoulders and started to lean her back on the bed. She followed suit, and sort of crabbed her way backwards with her elbows into the pillows. Brad followed on hands and knees, the bed springs creaking. He held himself above her.

Veronica needed this dick, and her hand snaked out to take hold of it. It felt very good in her hand, and she worked it like a piston for a few moments. Brad's eyes rolled up into his head and he made a weird noise. "Stop. Slow down, take it easy," he said. So she moved much, much slower. He sighed and smiled, burying his face in a tit bigger than his head. Veronica gasped when he bit her nipple and started to nibble. She loved that. It was hard to maintain the coordination necessary to do a good job working Brad's cock, but she found the will to focus.

It started to get easier as he brought his pelvis closer. So close her nipple slipped from his lips, and he made out with her again, instead. Then his dick got too close even for that. He

made contact with her vulva, and she knew to let go. Instead she caressed his chest. Without any trouble he parted her slicked lower lips and made his way inside. Veronica felt her breath leave her body as his girth filled her. "Oh my god, oh god, oh god!" she gasped.

Brad grinned. "Yeah."

It seemed to go on forever, like a glacier. In some dim area of her brain she felt the lesser sensation of his pelvis and balls making contact. He was all the way in, and he held himself there for what seemed an eternity. "How does that feel?" he asked.

Veronica bit her lip. She couldn't speak. She clasped his cheeks and looked into his eyes and nodded, almost in pain. Brad nodded back.

"We'll go slow..."

He started to slide back out. Veronica's breath came back, allowing her to moan in a mix of ecstasy and longing. It went on forever again, and just as she was about to scream at the loss of it, Brad came back, another eternity of pleasure. Out, and then in, faster and and faster. The sensation started to stack up one against the other, with no chance for Veronica to recover. It became a cascade of stimulation and pleasure. She felt hot. If she had her trusty thermometer with her it might have read 104. The thought nagged at her momentarily, but was soon blown away by another increasingly savage thrust of Brad's excellent cock. She started moaning sharp and loud with every thrust. Veronica couldn't have said how long they had been at it. But they were building to something absolutely incredible.

Her hips started to rise up off the bed in anticipation. Sparks exploded behind her closed eyelids. She started to vocalize a galaxy of pure pleasure. "Oh, oh oh, yes *YES, YES, YES, oh Brad!!!* Oooooohhhh.....!"

They both started to moan in unison when there was an incredibly loud BANG! of a door slamming open. Veronica heard laughter and gasps. Brad stopped his fucking. "Keep going,

why are you stopping!” she mewled. More laughter. Veronica opened her eyes to see a stunned Brad balls deep in her. All that girth was rapidly draining away. He was looking at the doorway. She followed his gaze.

The entire party, perhaps 25 people were staring at the two of them, laughing and pointing. Andrea was in front of them all, pale and grotesquely sweaty, swaying on her feet. “Look at that freak with the cow tits, guys! She must be a triple Z cup!!” Andrea said way too loud in the silence. “Her tits are way too big!” she slurred.

There was ripples of laughter. Women covered their mouths and pointed. The men all leered without shame. Brad withdrew and covered his shame with a pillow, and stood next to the bed shielding himself from scrutiny. “What the fuck!” he screamed. “Andrea what the fuck are you doing here! All of you get out!”

Andrea’s face was turning purple with rage. “Fuck you!” she screamed. “You pig! Is that what you like?” She pointed at Veronica. “Freakishly big tits? Do you know how fucking crazy Veronica is?”

“Her name is Jessica!” he snarled.

Something...*twisted* inside Veronica’s head. She felt the need to close her legs back up. She sat up and turned away from the assembled college students. She realized she had a splitting headache. Veronica slowly stood up and looked at Brad. He shrugged in apology. She was next to him when she turned around, stark naked.

Twenty five people gasped in shock and awe. All the girls looked absolutely disgusted. All the boys were laughing and chuckling amongst themselves. Not one of them seemed to think she was beautiful. For the first time, Veronica looked down at her tits and really saw them. They were bigger than ever, and very pale blue veins were visible beneath her white skin. She craned her tiny hands out to attempt to cover her areola and found them inadequate. They

made a plopping, slapping sound as the several pounds of fat in her tits undulated and rippled from the contact with her hands.

Brad was using the lone sheet to wrap around his waist, and draped the remaining material about Veronica's shoulders. She remained largely naked.

"Everyone needs to get the fuck out, now!" Brad growled. There was much grumbling, especially from the men, but slowly they started to filter out. Soon they were all gone except for Andrea.

"I hope you're happy" the blonde said.

Brad cast a sidelong glance at Veronica, but she never saw it. She was frozen in place. The sheet slipped off her shoulders, where she had made no effort to keep it on. Inside was a storm of alcohol and a slow realization that she had spent the last few days poisoning herself with breast-growth hormones. It was her worst fear come to life. Her lip was twitching, but no one noticed.

"I was happy, you dumb bitch. But you fucked that all up," Brad said. He snorted. "It fits. The school paper has been up my ass from day one with you in charge. It all makes sense now. You want the 'D'. All this sabotage was your crazy way to try and get it."

Andrea swayed. "Bullshit! Your patriarchal neo-liberalism makes me want to puke! You and all your little yuppie friends on student council; if you jerks spent one day in your lives working for minimum wage I'd take back everything I said."

Brad rushed toward her, the sheet falling off him too. He clasped Andrea's upper arms.

"I worked at my dad's yacht club for tips a couple summers ago. Don't tell me about hard work."

"Oh! Did you hear that Veronica!? Tips at a yacht club! I'm sure you could barely afford the rent on your McMansion, you asshole."

"It's people like you who are giving the Left a bad name!"

"*I hate you!*" snarled Andrea. She clawed Brad's neck and clamped her mouth over his. They both moaned in rage and lust, pawing chest and breasts, biting lips and necks. While furiously making out, Brad guided them into the bathroom. The door slammed shut.

Feeling a chill, Veronica picked up the sheet from the floor and draped it over herself. Oblivious to the sounds of things being knocked off shelves and Andrea moaning in the bathroom, she noticed a patio door. The night looked strangely inviting, and Veronica made her way through the sliding-glass door and stood on the balcony. She must have been on the 2nd or 3rd floor. Below her the busy nightlife of an upscale East coast village flashed and wailed in a valley that sloped away.. Her absolutely massive bust was resting off the edge of the railing, the breeze causing her nipples to blast out like telescopes.

They had done it. The FDA and Illuminati had brought Veronica down. They tricked her and had gotten the best of her. In her triumph, Veronica let her guard down. She was the last hope the world had, and she had failed. She had flashing thoughts of killing herself, and no, she should blow up the FDA testing center she infiltrated earlier. Bring them down with her. Or no, that's just what they would expect her to do. Better to do nothing. Or no, she couldn't do nothing...that would be insane.

She heard the sound of padding feet outside with her. Brad was beside her, still naked and bleary-eyed. His face was smeared from chin to forehead with slimy lipstick. "I called you a cab," he said, handing her a wad of cash. He sighed. "I'm really, really sorry about...everything."

He looked deflated and ashamed now. He was still drunk, like Veronica. "Is it true what Andrea said? You're a patriarchal neo-Liberal?"

"Yeah. Yeah I guess I am..."

Veronica turned away from him and held the cash out over the balcony. The hot valley breeze picked up, and the wind stole it from her fingers like dandelion seeds. \$80 fluttered out over the L.A. nightlife. "None of that matters," she said.

"Are you OK, Jess, er, Veronica? You sound weird. I'm worried about you."

She turned to face him. He backed up to preserve the personal space her huge jugs took up. "You should be worried. I'm the face of things to come, Brad. My tits are growing. Haven't you noticed?"

"Uh, OK...well the cab is on its way. I think everyone's gone. Andrea's kicking everyone out. Again, I'm sorry about all this."

"I should go," Veronica said. She brushed past a stunned Brad. She forgot the dress she had discarded, and left the house clad only in a bedsheet. She could not have said how she got home...

CHAPTER 7

A garbage truck splattered contaminated waste and chemical steam against the walls outside her apartment. The sound woke her up to the worst headache of her young life. Veronica groaned into her pillow and rolled over. This proved to be a mistake. Apparently moving or doing anything at all was going to cause more stabs of pressure behind her eyes. And there was the little matter of her much more colossal breasts flopping over to lay against each other on the entire other half of the bed.

The events of yesterday slowly came back to her through the fog. It was now obvious to Veronica that she had been in a hysterical mental state after her ordeal at the FDA facility. There was no other way to explain how she had ignored/enjoyed the exploded size of her chest. This was a whole new level of scary. If they had the power to alter her thoughts, they could make Veronica do and say anything. They could be altering her thoughts right now, and how would she know? Veronica was now wide awake, headache momentarily forgotten.

She sat up in bed. With trembling hands, she threw the comforter off. She gasped and then began to scream. For a long moment it was a raspy whine. She covered her mouth.

Red faced and panting, Veronica finally stopped. When she looked down all she saw were breasts. They had roughly doubled in size by now, being about the size of basketballs, and seemed to be every bit as round. With trembling fingers she traced the new contours of her worst fears made flesh. They stuck out wider than ever, having grown more in circumference than straight out and ovoid. They felt sweaty and uncomfortable, partly because there was nothing she could do to keep them from becoming compressed. They laid against most of her torso from high up on her chest down to her lap, preventing airflow. No matter where she put her arms, they corralled her massive breasts together, and the feeling of her arms being constantly covered quickly becoming maddening. There was nowhere for them to go except smashed together, forming a permanent line of cleavage a full foot long.

Her breasts laid on her thighs, covered her arms, blanketed her torso. They were everywhere, hot to the touch, pale and sticky, her heart beating double time to pump blood that she swore she could see visibly pulsing through the blue green veins just beneath the surface. Her body was attached to them, keeping them growing, and the rest of her was just a waste of calories. She felt something odd, watching them pulse. They really were pulsing in time to her heart beat, it wasn't just her imagination! They were swelling!

"Oh god, no! No no no no!" Veronica shrieked. She tried to roll off the high bed into a standing position, but her legs were still wrapped in her sheets. She went face first into the carpet and managed to prevent a broken nose by throwing her hands out, holding herself up. The new weight of her torso was too much in her weakened state for her waifish arms to support, and she collapsed onto her bloated jugs. The sensation caused Veronica to gasp in pain. They felt tight, like her stomach if she ate too much food. The pressure was agonizing,

and she jerked onto her side to get away from it. They still hurt, and she lay for a long moment praying for it to stop as they continued to pulse and swell.

The breasts didn't stop, but she had to do something. She tried to grab them and bring their distended, bloated ends up towards her face so she could see what this pressure was making its way toward her nipples, but halfway to her face it hurt too much and she dropped them and yanked her hands away like she'd burned them on the stove. They impacted the ground like water balloons filled to capacity, vibrating only at the edges. She was horrified at the sight, noting they looked less like sacks filled with fat than liquid containers.

Then it dawned on her what was happening. "Oh no," she whispered. "Please, please not this. Anything but this..."

She was preparing to lactate. Veronica was becoming a human dairy cow.

Terror infused tired muscles, lifting her up off the carpet, ignoring the pain of her swollen, turgid breasts bouncing against her stomach. She waddled to the bathroom and flicked on the light, screaming as it stabbed her hungover eyeballs, firing photon bullets inside her braincase. When she had adjusted to the withering fluorescent lights, she brought her hand away from her eyes and opened them. Staring back at her was a monster.

Her face was flushed with pain and sweaty, day old makeup smeared like cracked paint. Below her head, which looked hilariously tiny in comparison, dominating her body and the entire bathroom were her breasts; resting on the countertop, angrily reddening, pulsing, swelling forward to touch themselves in the mirror. She cupped their undersides, feeling the slack leaving her skin second to second. She lifted them, ignoring for a moment the insistent throbs of pain, feeling the tremendous weight and watching their ends lag behind in movement, feeling a sort of dread fascination. How could this be real? How could they do this to her?

A sudden burst of pressure caused her to groan and drop her breasts, which impacted

the sink painfully. The pressure continued to build, and Veronica grit her teeth and stared at her enlarging nipples in the mirror. They had always been disgustingly big, but now there seemed to be no end to their capacity to lengthen and swell. The pain was getting so intense her vision began to tunnel. She was desperate, and began reaching for her nipples, hoping to massage away the pain. She found them, and got some relief out of twisting and yanking on them, feeling something strange.

It was pleasure! She gasped, clinging to the sense of relief like a raft in a storm. As long as she tugged on her embarrassing teat-like nipples, the pain was kept at bay, replaced by an indescribable sensation of biological need and a syrup of endorphins. She sighed and closed her eyes and kept working, grateful for the respite. Less than a minute later her hands felt wet. For a minute Veronica figured her breasts must have swollen so much she hit the faucet knob in her frantic nipple play. But it wasn't a good time exactly to take her hand away and twist it off, so for a while longer she ignored it.

Until, that is, she felt a new sensation. More pleasurable, more relief. Hot jets against the palms of her hands. She opened her eyes and saw what was happening. It hadn't been the faucet. Her milk was letting down. Gushing might be another word for it. She had worked it out, and now the fluid was streaming from her nipples in steady rivulets against her fingers which still worked mechanically to pull and yank her udders. She watched with a clinical calm as her transformation into a human dairy cow was completed. She felt detached from her own body watching it in the mirror. The sensations she had been experiencing died away, and she felt nothing watching her massive breasts pour forth their milk down into the drain, her slick fingers working like insect parts to keep her flow going. The bloodless, frail body attached to these pulsating boobs shivered and twitched, and the face hung slack jawed and glassy eyed, perched on its stick-like neck above the spherical and rising swells of her bigger-than-basketball

sized breasts.

As time seemed to sag and stretch on with no end to how much milk came out of her, she came to the realization that this was only the beginning. She couldn't keep this up forever, and her production was probably meant to steadily increase. She couldn't feed herself, milk herself, and care for herself as she would become larger and milking would take up more and more of her day. Like industrial farmed dairy bovines, she would need help to function and produce the milk. Someone to groom her, clean her, feed her. Milk her. Day in and day out, until she milked her brains away, lowing when hungry, lowing like a cow when the distention in her udders became painful after a night of steady milk production. Like this morning. It might be lonely for a while, but eventually others would join her. Maybe Andrea would be penned up beside Veronica.

Eventually she felt the flow streaming through her milk ducts began to taper off, from the splashing stream to a trickle. She shook her head and focused on working to get every drop of milk out of her boobs. It was hot in the bathroom, and she sniffed at a runny nose, sparing a precious instant to run a forearm across the sweat running down her forehead. When no more came out, she kept working until satisfied she was really done.

Her arms fell to her sides. Her tits had shrank back to their size this morning, of bloated basketballs before they had become filled with milk. At least the pain was gone, Veronica reasoned. But it came with a price. She was completely exhausted. Her arms were sore, her fingers were dry and wrinkled from soaking in milk, and her poor nipples were painful and raw. They stung from more than an hour of rubbing and pulling. She took a shuddering breath and turned away from her hideous reflection, and shuffled back to bed.

Veronica found when she lay down she could not get back to sleep, despite being so tired she couldn't keep her eyes open. It was physically uncomfortable being attached to her

two huge jugs. If she laid on either side, one of her arms was buried under two dozen pounds of fat and skin. On the verge of tears, Veronica switched to laying on her back, knowing what came next. This wasn't her first rodeo, after all. The huge orbs pooled all over her torso, and with every breath more of them drifted towards her face. Inside of a minute the entirety of her huge breasts were covering her face, making her feel like a ridiculous freak. Not to mention they made it hard to breath like that.

"Augh!" she screamed, throwing a pillow across the room. Veronica covered her eyes with the back of a forearm and let herself cry, wanting to die. How would she live like this? She couldn't. It just wasn't possible. She thought of Jeff Goldblum in "The Fly" after his transformation was complete, begging Gina Davis to blow his head off. How right that was. He was a fly, she was a cow.

She recalled the grotesque scenes where he crawled on walls and ceilings, like the eponymous fly. During that part of the movie he was excited about the change. Veronica had never experienced that. How did cows behave? How did they sleep? How might a human cow sleep?

Veronica got out of bed, awkwardly working herself into a standing position. She worried she might never get used to the weight if they kept growing like this. But she probably wasn't meant to be standing anymore. She retrieved her pillow where she had thrown it, dusted it off and arranged it in the middle of the bed with the others as part of a stack that would nestle against her torso and tuck under her tits, holding them away from her stomach and letting them hang and pool against the mattress. When she had the pillows adjusted just right, Veronica lowered herself down onto her cow bed, being sure to maneuver her gravid breasts around so they piled up in front of the pillows and to her surprise they ended up bulging up and making a kind of warm, fleshy pillow that kept her head from hanging down. With the pillows acting in

tandem with her immense tits, the pressure was taken off her knees where they kneeled on the mattress. Veronica let her arms hang down and rest at her sides. The tightness in her muscles started to slip away.

Cheek to boob, sleep came so fast she hardly cared that she was willingly turning herself into her worst nightmare. There would be plenty of time for fear.

Veronica woke up not feeling any more rested. A glance at her alarm clock revealed the time was flashing 12:00 forever. The power must have gone out at some point. The FDA might have cut power to her apartment while they planted bugs. It seemed likely at this point. Veronica had embarrassed them with her article in the university paper, and they weren't about to let her continue unharassed, unrestricted. This had always been a risk. Her saving grace was that she was published now, and her discoveries would be hitting the airwaves today. Soon her side would win, and the FDA and Illuminati were in their last days.

But all that would come later. For now her stomach was painfully empty. She had not eaten since the salad yesterday. Veronica pulled herself out of bed and stumbled out into the hallway, tangled up in the sheet again and dragging it with her until she angrily kicked it off her feet. In the living room the broken blinds let in too much light. She noticed one of her information clusters plastered to the wall was coming loose and falling off, and she was forced to secure it with more tape and string. It was then that an old newspaper caught her eye. Page A13: "President Meets European Leaders."

"No..." she whispered. It couldn't be! He was cementing the conspiracy in Europe, the Illuminati center of influence. She hadn't counted on the FDA consolidating power so fast. "Oh god," she moaned, and fetched her scissors from underneath a huge pile of other cut up newspapers. She might clean that stuff up, but she wasn't done sorting through it. There was

more in there. There was always more in there!

Veronica lost track of time again and was snapped out of her work on the maps when her stomach knotted up and reminded her of how desperately hungry she was. Tip toeing around some garbage piles she had just made, she reached the kitchen and was about to throw open the door handle. It was unlocked. Had she locked it after the salad? She always locked it, why wouldn't she have done it yesterday. She always locked it.

The fridge was always locked, always.

There was no reason she wouldn't lock the fridge after taking food out.

After she put the food back she would have locked it.

Of course she locked it.

She did lock it.

The fridge must always be locked.

Veronica locked the fridge, and made sure this time, spending a long time examining to ensure the mechanism was working. Afterwards, she unlocked it and opened the fridge. She closed the door again and locked it, repeating this ritual three times. But three times didn't seem right. It was uneven. She unlocked and locked it another three times, and then another three. And then another three.

And then another three.

That didn't seem quite right so she locked it another three times.

She blinked. This was getting a little silly! Why wouldn't it get right? She couldn't eat until this was right. She locked it another three times.

Veronica lost track of time again. How long had it been? It was impossible to say exactly, but the lock on the fridge door felt right...for now. She opened it and bent over to peer

inside, feeling her meaty dugs pulling on her body as they swayed nakedly like gigantic udders.

So hungry...

All the locks were undone on these too...all the food was poisoned.

“RAUGHH!” Veronica screamed, and grabbed the open containers that had held her special foods, and started throwing them across the living room. Rotten vegetables rained all over the newspapers and books. It was all poisoned by them! It was all bad. When the food was gone, she gripped the sides of the fridge and tried to shake it and pull it over, but it was too heavy. She screamed again and threw herself on the sink. Her headache was worse now, hot tears stinging her eyes. She turned on the faucet. She had a water filter she’d invented using tubing and some socks, but of course it was gone. They took it away.

Veronica was too thirsty, and couldn’t keep herself from bending her face into the water and drinking from the poison stream. Her breasts had become so big it was difficult to do it without getting them wet, but she was so thirsty she couldn’t be bothered to care, and they flopped into the sink, one spilling into each section to fill them both. Oh god, she thought. It was so delicious. She couldn’t stop drinking even though it was doing horrible things to her body. It was cold and revitalizing, and she could sense how badly she needed this. In allowing their chemicals to alter her body and DNA, she had now become dependent on them to keep her alive. The synthetic molecules attacking her system and controlling her mind would have to be continually replenished from now on. She was becoming hopelessly intertwined with the system designed to make humans docile cattle, in a steadily deepening spiral of addiction and dependence.

When she finally had enough, her stomach sloshed audibly and she gasped for air. She shut the faucet off and was still hungry, stumbling into the living room and looking for the food she had thrown. It was horrible, but it wasn’t like she could call and order a pizza! What else

could Veronica do? Starve? She was already a cow, wasn't she?

Yes, I am, she thought. Cows eat like this.

Veronica crawled on the floor among the dusty newspapers and went looking for the vegetables she had thrown. She found a mostly OK carrot, and bit off a piece. On hands and knees, her tits dragged across the carpet, and started to feel weird. It wasn't so much the gravity as the pressure. They were filling with milk again.

She grew frantic. In a very short amount of time they were going to fill to fullness again, and she wouldn't have the luxury of sitting around eating.

"Eddie!" she screamed. "Help me! I can't eat! I need to milk! I have so much milk, but I can't get it all out and eat all this at the same time!"

There was no answer from behind his door. "Eddie! God *dammit!* help me!"

He wouldn't wake up. Desperate, Veronica decided the privacy he was entitled to had gone out the window the instant her tits started filling with milk. She hauled herself up, swallowing the urge to scream at the way her distended breasts were losing their jiggle and moving more like a stripper's fake implants, so full of the dreaded milk. She went to his door and pounded on it. "Wake up Eddie! God damn you, help me!" she yelled. "*Wake up!*"

The silence in Eddie's room was total. She'd had enough. That English bastard would come out. He was late on the rent anyway. She twisted the door knob and yanked it open, revealing...

A brick wall.

Her hands shook where she pushed against the bricks. It was solid, like it had always been there. This wasn't possible! Could they have entombed poor Eddie alive!? She seemed to answer her own question. The poor man had been asleep, as always. Perhaps they had just killed him in his sleep? Another sharp pang of hunger gripped her, and she slid to the floor,

back to the bricks sealing Eddie in his mausoleum of eternal slumber.

She was totally alone now, and went back to crawling on the floor and grazing on the unrotten parts of the fruits and vegetables she could find amid the shredded newspaper. A particularly painful pulse of milk production in her breasts, swelling against the carpet brought her up short.

“Urgh,” she groaned around a mouthful of lettuce. “Please not now...” She ate faster, feeling the skin tighten. The strange ache in her milk ducts. Why did she have to be stupid and throw the food out!? There was no time! Veronica’s breathing started becoming panicked as the pain started to increase. The milk was coming faster. There would be no sparing her ignorance this time.

Nourishment be damned. She had to get to the bathroom. When Veronica climbed unsteadily to her feet, a wave of nausea caused her to stumble and rest her increasing weight on one of the ubiquitous piles of newspaper, which collapsed beneath her and crashed against the floor. The yellowed newsprint unfolded and spread everywhere. She hissed, trying to ignore the terrifying messages unfolding like flower petals beneath her. Secret plots to kill her and make the fluoridated water more delicious, to make the chemtrails more potent. *To make the ink in newsprint more toxic.*

She wailed and threw herself forward through the hall, and just barely made it through to her room. She was coming perilously close to her jugs not being able to clear the doorway. Soon she’d be too big to leave her room, or her apartment. Soon she’ be too big to stand! She slammed the door and watched her breasts expand in time with the beating of her heart. She couldn’t do this. She needed help.

Veronica had no friends. Andrea was gone. But she didn’t really even know anyone else.

The phone started ringing.

It could be a bomb in the phone. Or a hypnotic message to increase her lactation rate. Or to make her more docile. Or a kill code from the Russian FSB, instructing her to assassinate the president. She could see herself shooting the president in a hypnotic trance. It made perfect sense. She was the perfect saboteur. In any case, it would be suicide to answer it.

Veronica reached over and took the handset off the receiver of the yellowed rotary phone. She brought it to her ear. There was only heavy breathing on the other end of the line.

"Who is this?" she asked.

There was no answer, just the same heavy breathing.

"Please don't make me kill the president!" she cried. "I'll make you so much milk. The best milk, whatever you want, please just don't make me hurt anybody!"

There was a man's laughter on the other end. It went on and on, like she had said something just funny enough.

"What do you want from me!?" she screamed. A sharp pulse in her milk production made her gasp as her breasts went through an accelerated growth spurt, the skin tightening far too suddenly. They were becoming ovoid faster than before, lengthening and firming up.

More laughter, louder now. Mocking her pain. The voice sounded so familiar.

"I'll kill you!" Veronica screamed. "You won't get away with this! You'll all pay for doing this to me!" While she was talking she heard an abrupt clicking sound, cutting off the laughter.

Andrea's voice. "Veronica? What?"

Veronica almost squealed. "Andrea, no, I was talking to the Illuminati! Or the FDA! Whatever, I mean they're the same thing, right?" She laughed, on the edge of hysteria. "They called me, they're doing it. They tricked me! You have to come over and help me!"

Her old friend's voice was piteous. Fading away. "Veronica, I'm so sorry. I was drunk. I

feel like shit for what I did. I'm glad you called actually. I wanted to apologize."

Veronica grit her teeth as another wave of growth spurts hit her gigantic breasts. Cold sweat was starting to bead on her forehead. "I don't care about that! Shut up! This is an emergency. My rules failed. I...I fucked up! I can't stop my boobs growing, I'm lactating, I'm getting so fat, my brain is infected I think. I...I ate these vegetables, they were rotten. I saw something in the newspapers about it. The president is going to Austria, to talk to them." That didn't sound right. Her head felt funny. It started to turn 90 degrees, and she wasn't controlling it. "Andrea! I'm going to die!" she yelled.

"What are you talking about? Veronica you're not making sense. Are you OK? Slow down, talk to me. Take it one word at a time."

Things were uneven. Whoever controlled her at the present moment resisted, but she made sure to turn her head three times in the other direction. She winced. "I, I woke up this morning and my boobs won't stop growing. I'm trying to live like a cow like I'm supposed to but I can't keep this up. I can't eat. They're trying to make my water taste good. The bastards are trying to kill the president. My milk is somehow related. It was in the newspapers. Did you read anything about the president trying my milk?"

"Veronica?"

"I didn't say that! They're making me say that! I'm lactating so much, Andrea. It hurts, I just want to kill myself."

"Veronica..." Her friend sounded like she was about to cry.

"I need you to come over again. Bring food and a gun. It's not safe! I can't control myself."

Andrea was saying something, but another massive growth spurt made Veronica drop the phone and scream in agony. She was bigger than ever, the skin of her tits so tight and

swollen they looked like they might explode. She reached for her nipples and found them horribly distended. Veronica collapsed to the carpet and started frantically tugged on her left nipple and tried to find the phone's handset with the other, but it was hidden somewhere beyond the horizon of her immense and growing jugs. Her grasping fingers met plastic and she brought the phone to her ear.

"Hello!?"

There was nothing. She looked at the phone, but it was just an old barbie doll. "Rargh!" she yelled and threw it away. She rolled forward onto her bulbous tits, trying to find the phone. It was there, next to the barbie doll. She grabbed it, sobbing at the pain in her tits. "Andrea, are you still there!?"

"Veronica, what the fuck is going on? You're scaring me!"

"You're not paying attention! Listen to the news! What are they saying about my tits? The milk crisis? Has the president been arrested?"

"What? I can't understand you."

Veronica couldn't take much more of this. Her breasts were steadily inching down her thighs. This was only the second milking! How big was she supposed to get? "Andrea, listen to me. My article you published. Have the media tried to contact me? I've been unconscious for a long time. I'm under direct control by the FDA, I might have answered the phone while under hypnotic suggestion and tried to mislead the media. We can't have that. M-my, my milk is too delicious. You should come over and drink some. Ignore me, I'm ugly."

"Oh god, Veronica, I'm so sorry. What's happening to you!"

"I didn't say that!" she screamed. "You have to believe me! This is real!"

It sounded like Andrea was crying. Good! thought Veronica. This was deadly serious. Finally she was beginning to understand.

“Veronica...” her friend started.

“What, what?” said Veronica.

There was so much static on the line. “I never printed your article,” it sounded like Andrea said.

Veronica laughed. They were playing games with her again. She said “heh, it sounded like you said you didn’t print the article. I just want to know what they said. What did they say, the media, when they read it? Hurry, tell me!”

The static died away. “Nothing. I never printed the article Veronica. I lied to you. I just wanted to get your out of your shell. I didn’t think any of this would happen. Oh god, you have to believe me, I’m so sorry. This is all my fault. I’m coming over. Don’t do anything, don’t hurt yourself, please just wait for me.”

No no no no no no no, thought Veronica. This wasn’t right. No.

No.

“Veronica, just wait for me. I’m calling the police. Please just don’t do anything.”

“NO!” she shrieked, and ripped the phone out of the wall, hurling it across the room. It exploded like it was made of glass, and she expected to see a listening bug inside, but the only thing filling the phone were the plastic limbs of Barbie Dolls.

“Wha...what?” she cried. Why were they doing this to her? Nothing was making sense. They were trying to make her kill herself! In front of her, she saw it happen before she felt it, one last agonizing surge in her milk production, pushing her breast skin’s elasticity to its limit as they become over swollen with the need to lactate and be milked. “Augh” she choked and leaned against the wall, pulling herself up. She had to get it out. There was no more time. It felt like she might die at any minute.

Once again in the bathroom at her new milking station, only this time her tits barely fit.

Well, more accurately, they might fit, but Veronica was in the way. Her shriveled body took up too much space for her enormous, bloated breasts to fit comfortably between the mirror and the shower stall, pressing against the mirror glass.

In the mirror she saw her new self. Above breasts bigger than basketballs her tiny head struggled to crane over them, with its pain-bright eyes and emaciated face staring back at her, like some kind of alien parasite. She reached forward, farther and farther still, finding the spigot nipples and trying not to think too much about it, started working them. They were still painful from being rubbed raw that morning. There was nothing to do about it except enjoy the parts that were enjoyable. Those sensations were immediate as the pressurized milk stores started blasting out of her disgustingly fat nipples to spray against the mirror. Relief.

Veronica shuddered feeling this little bit of pleasure. It was too slow, though. There had to be some way to get it out faster. She experimented with leaning forward onto the immense tits filling the sink and countertops, and was rewarded with a somewhat more forceful flow, but it still wasn't enough. She started moaning with frustration.

It occurred to her how much it sounded like a cow lowing. "Moooo," she tried. It sounded silly. But she did it again. It kept sounding a little bit more right. Moo, she said. It felt good.

"*Moooooooooooooooo*," she cried. The milk gushed endlessly from her freakishly swollen tits in response. Her tiny hands settled into a kind of alternating rhythm that she soon had figured out how to maximize her milk output without overtaxing herself too quickly. It was critical that her zeppelins were allowed to get all the milk out before the rest of her energy was spent. The body was non-essential, wasted flesh and bone. She kept at it, finally feeling the pressure beginning to ebb.

Of course it took longer this time. She was bigger and there was more milk in the tanks.

She wheezed to the finish line, working the raw red teats until nothing came out after 60 long seconds. She braced herself against the counter, doubting her legs had the strength to haul her 20 pounds of tits back to bed for the sleep she so desperately needed at that moment.

She was still hungry, too. Her body's transformation into a milk factory necessitated an increase in calories. She was supposed to be eating more than ever. Her stomach agreed by growling loudly. Food...

And then there was a knock at the door.

"Ms. Nash! Please open the door. This is the police!"

Her first thought was for Eddie. He had no idea what was going on and would be absolutely terrified when the FDA thugs kicked his door in. His agoraphobia was much worse than Veronica's. He hadn't been outside his room in years. She could almost cry for him.

More knocking, harder this time. "Ms. Nash! Open up!"

Veronica was out of time. Now that it was revealed Andrea hadn't published the article, it meant everything was up to her to stop them. The word had to get out. Otherwise, there was no hope for Veronica, no hope for women all over the world. The revelation that the Illuminati was spreading the FDA conspiracy to the European zone of control was more ominous than Veronica had previously believed. It meant Veronica was a success. She must have been their prime test subject, and things had worked perfectly. She couldn't allow herself to be responsible for the degradation of all womankind. It was unthinkable.

That meant escape. Refusal to be taken alive. The message must survive. But how to get out? She was on the 2nd floor, and the police were blocking the only exit. Not to mention Veronica was nearly naked and leaking milk, with constantly burgeoning breasts. None of her clothes were likely to fit her enlarged tits and ass. Dairy women were intended to be naked and clothes simply weren't designed for her hideous physique. After chewing on a lock of hair of a

moment, Veronica realized there was an extra exit, and some extra clothes that might fit her.

The extra exit was the 2nd story window, and the extra clothes were her bedsheets.

CHAPTER 8

He kicked open the door.

The engine was left running. This wouldn't take long, though he found himself having to do this more than was cool. Getting out of the car and walking around to the back of the rusting hatchback, he palmed the handle on the trunk and flipped it up to reveal piles of newspapers. At a certain point it was more correct to call them bales. Bales of newspapers. We're well past piles, he thought.

The neighbor girl he had met in the hallway was now his girlfriend of sorts, and that meant he found himself doing lots of things he wouldn't do for anyone else. This weekly ritual of throwing old newspapers in the dumpster was one such chore. He didn't fully understand how

she acquired so many or what she needed them for. She just said it was for research, and he thought it must have something to do with school. All it meant to him was more crap to throw in the dumpster. He grunted as he picked up one of the bales to heave into the trash.

Overhead he heard someone scream, and an instant later there was a terrifying crash in the dumpster. He stood paralyzed. The newspapers fell out of his hands to splash against the parking lot. The one on top fell open to the headline "President Attends Euro Conference on Dairy Tariffs." There were sounds of struggling coming from the dumpster, and creeping to the edge, he saw inside a woman trying to get out, filthy from contact with fresh garbage, something gross running into her eyes and mouth. She looked scared out of her mind, and when she saw him she screamed.

"Whoa, calm down!" he said. "I can help you out!"

She hissed at him! Like a cat! "Get away from me, pig!"

"What!?"

She ignored him and clasped the grease-rimed edge of the dumpster for support and started pulling herself up. He motioned to help her, but felt impotent when she continued to not see him. Watching her swing one leg over and balance her plump buttocks on the edge briefly before heaving herself down and out. She straightened and looked at him looking at her, which caused her to hunch and try to hide her prodigious bust. He hadn't even been staring, and in fact had been actively trying not to.

"Don't move!" A cop was halfway out of this woman's window on the 2nd floor, and was saying something into his shoulder mic, and must have been calling for backup or something. The girl crouched down against the filthy dumpster and took cover like she expected to be shot at. She winced in pain and squeezed her enormous breasts, almost erotically. This was getting way too weird. He started to walk towards his car when he saw the police officer duck back

inside the apartment.

The girl made a strangled sound. "No! Don't leave me here! Wait!"

He checked the window again. "Lady, I can't help you resist arrest. They throw people in jail for that!"

"Please, just get me out of here. They're trying to kill me. I know too much about the conspiracy!"

His skin started to tingle. Conspiracy? She was staring at him with crazy person eyes, wide with real fear. This wasn't a scam. Was it? "What...what kind of conspiracy?"

She inched forward on her hands and knees, and he was shocked to see how far down her massive dugs hung down, swaying like huge udders. She peered backward over her shoulder to make sure the cop wasn't there to gun her down, and then did something bizarre. She stopped and swung her head three times towards each shoulder, like a robot. Then she met his eyes. "The biggest conspiracy in the world. I'm a journalist, I blew it wide open."

Seeing her there, her beautiful features, hair, skin, and her mindblowing figure covered in dumpster grime, the fear in her eyes. How could he say no now? "Alright, hurry up, get in the car."

He ran to the passenger side and jumped in, moments later joined by the voluptuous girl. She wiped a filthy hand across her mouth. "My name's Veronica Nash, in case I'm killed. I'm not carrying I.D."

"Uh," he stalled for time to process the increasing crazy, turning the ignition. "I'm Ryan."

"Thank you for helping me Ryan."

They both heard sirens, and Ryan skidded the car into a reversed three point turn. The sirens were getting closer. He put the car in Drive and hesitated on the gas. "Why do they want to arrest you?"

She ignored the question, as he started to drive. "I remember you," she said. "You're my neighbor. You were with a girl. Or that's what you want me to think." She said this in a tone that made his knuckles go white on the wheel. This was turning out to be a mistake.

"Why do the cops want you?" he said, this time staring straight at her freakishly big boobs without shame. Veronica was not in danger. She was dangerous. Ryan started looking for the flashing lights of the approaching cops.

"Who do you work for!" she screamed in his ear.

"You're fucking crazy!" This was too much. Ryan started to pull the hatchback over and stop, when before he could move his foot to the brake, he felt Veronica's hand on his knee pushing it into the accelerator. In the splitted seconds that followed, he made no sound and very little thought went into his actions. He just steered, away from the curb he was about to smash into, away from the parked cars. He made a 90 degree turn at 30 miles per hour, sending a hubcap popping off one of his wheels. They both started to scream in terror. A police car was pulling into the intersection at the same time, its flashing lights going. Veronica pushed harder into his knee, and he turned to face her in his shock. Unbelievably, she looked more afraid than he felt. Before everything went dark the last thought in his head was how odd it was that Veronica was squeezing her right nipple with such sexual fervor.

Everything kept happening the same way, over and over again. Veronica was woken by the sound of a car horn, and groaning at the pain in her head tried to roll away from it. Making sound or moving only made the pain worse, and opening her eyes proved a terrible idea. Her feet shifted, and the sound of crystalline tinkling made her look at the floorboards. Shattered

glass lay everywhere. It covered her, and tiny bits were slipping through her make-shift dress and in between the massive line of her cleavage to cut and inject themselves into her bloodstream, poisoning her yet further as they surely sliced up her organs, carried by the hugely distended veins that she could feel mightily working to keep her tremendous burdens alive even as they swelled with more milk. Veronica flicked the bodice of her sheet-dress to get the glass off, and it sprayed all over the dash and hit her driver in the face. He moaned. She looked over at him.

Blood ran freely from a gash in the bridge of his nose where it had impacted the steering wheel, but he was alive, wincing every time he tried to move. Their airbags had deployed and caused a whitish powder to be dusted over him and the car. Veronica pulled the latch on her side and opened the door, more glass falling out. A wave of nausea hit her when she stood, and she had to fight the urge to throw up. That glass cut into her bare feet, and she used it to nullify the pain in her head and the acid in her stomach.

The police car absorbed most of the impact force. It was folded horribly around the front of Ryan's car, and the shattered police lights still spun. Nobody moved in the cab of the other vehicle. Sirens in the distance grew closer. They would shoot to kill now. It was time to go. She threw the car door closed.

One hand stopped it, the other a fist wound into the hem of her sheet. "No you don't," gasped Ryan, sprawled across the seats with blood on his teeth and glass in his eyes. He couldn't come any further; Veronica saw that his legs were pinned beneath the crushed steering column, but neither would he let go of her dress.

"They'll kill me!" she cried, trying to pry his fingers loose.

"I don't care! Don't leave me here!"

The sirens were louder now, just around the corner. She was trapped. To make matters

worse, the too-familiar sensation of pressure at the end of her immense tits was strong enough to blot out the glass underfoot, the concussion beneath her skull, and the roiling poisons in her gut. She shook violently in the throes of a panic attack so bad she felt her heart was about to explode, and could watch her pulse inflate her breasts with milk faster than ever. Almost as if she were in a cartoon, they swelled up like balloons, and the thick knot holding her bedsheet dress together began to unwind and pop open. Jerking away from Ryan's grip her clothing fell away, revealing her naked mutated body for anyone taking in the scene to swallow up. As soon as she was free, Veronica bolted away, leaving Ryan to scream like a man on fire.

She ran naked around the corner, away from the sirens and crossed a street to dive between a row of tall bushes that ringed an empty parking lot. Her stride was hideously ungainly and slow. Her fatted thighs and ass, so swollen, chaffed and wobbled as she ran and made even the once familiar rhythm of movement feel like trying to carry a platter piled sky high with Jello. It felt like she would hyperextend her knee beneath all this jiggling flesh. She was practically waddling, heaving her bloated form across the parking lot and trying to find a place to hide.

All this was taking place below her waist. Above it was a nightmare far worse. Her breasts were now so big, (and getting bigger by the second), that letting them swing freely was physically impossible. She was effectively handicapped through her mutating biology. She realized this as she limped along behind a strip mall trying every door to find the one that might be unlocked and let her hide. Her turgid right breast was wider by far than her rib cage and plopped into and slid along the wall way in front of her, smashing her areola into door knobs and handles. Becoming firmer and tighter with lactation, it became more and more painful, until she had tears in her eyes. If she could have seen the side of her tit it would have been filthy, scratched and bruised. But it was far too big by now to see anything but the tops of them.

This handicap was part of the benefit of making her so big. The point was that the new docile women cattle were prevented from escaping by their ungainly bodies, and Veronica was experiencing first hand the impossibility of fighting this condition. She strained her spindly arms to clutch the distant nose cones on her bloated milk bombs, and felt a good stream of milk piddling out of her widening nipples. In a few more minutes the urgency of the unexpressed milk was going to make her unable to continue. She rounded another corner and came to a very long narrow alley between this strip mall and another building of some sort. There were piles of disgusting trash sitting next to side doors from either building, and there was an open dumpster sitting just at the far end. Checking over her shoulder that no one had seen her come this way, Veronica saw nothing amiss but the setting of the summer sun. Had it been so long already?

Taking care to navigate her bigger-than-basketball sized jugs through the narrow alleyway, she waddled past the trash and hid behind the dumpster. Except Veronica wasn't as stupid now as she'd been at the FDA facility, when she had "hidden" behind the rack of coats without realizing her breasts had stuck out too far to make that possible. The aching ends of her tits stuck out past the edge of the cold metal. Any police checking this hiding spot would see her. A sob ripped its way through her crippled body, sending liquid waves through her boobs. She was done running. There was nothing left to get her up. She fell down into the garbage, breasts covering her thighs. She lay with her face in her hot cleavage for a long time, too exhausted to move.

Everything hurt. She was covered in cuts and scrapes, her right breast was developing an ugly purple bruise, and her persistent headache was getting worse. All that, but nothing hurt worse than the two bulbous orbs of milk and fat she was connected to. They had reached critical mass. She cried out in a barking cough, without the strength to get up, but knowing she

had to do it to get the milk out. The cords in her neck stood out. Her collar bones and tight skin stark in the gathering dark, straining to get up out of the trash. With one final heave, she stood up, one arm making a pitiful attempt to corral her swaying tits, the other to brace her against the bricks. Perching her frontage on the sharp edge of the open dumpster, Veronica stood on the bags of trash to give herself a platform and craning forward just barely managed to get her fingers around her spigots, and milked herself. She sighed in relief. They could kill her if they wanted. As long as she was allowed to get the milk out first, she didn't care right then.

The sun kept setting and the alley got darker and Veronica's breasts kept milking. The world fell away. The trance of rhythmic work started to take effect, the new endorphin flood associated with expressing her milk soothing Veronica's aches and pains, if only for as long as there was milk to give. Every time there was more. In the warm shallows of her mental state, she wondered when it would stop increasing. When would her output stabilize? Not for the last time, she wished they would stop growing. She had actually wished that her whole life, now that she thought about it.

They had started growing when she was very young, younger of course than her own buxom mother when she got her first bra. But unlike her mother they grew faster, and they had never seemed to really stop. She'd never had a chance to feel normal or pretty. Her body marked her as a freak. The stares of men made her uncomfortable, because they were focused on what made her abnormal. Women who had pity, or jealousy, or contempt made her furious. How could they let her suffer the shame without realizing they and their own daughters were bound for the same fate? It made no sense. They seemed to think she **CHOSE** to look this way!

One day she had decided she didn't want to live anymore and had tried to kill herself. They had her committed to an institution for a while after that. They gave her medicine, but it

didn't do anything to shrink her bustline and just made her not want to die for a while. The medicine made her slow and stupid, so she'd stopped taking it. That increase in brain power helped her realize what the FDA and Illuminati had been doing to her body.

She sighed. The milk was still coming. From the tightness it felt like she was maybe halfway done. She heard a growling sound. It must be coming from the stomach she hadn't seen in a few days, since her breasts had grown to drape over it. She hadn't eaten much, and what she did eat was converted straight into milk and hip fat. The growling growled again, and there was a noise like hissing. Like a truck made changing gears...

Veronica pulled her bounty off the sticky edge of the dumpster gasping when the wind was nearly knocked out of her after her tits flopped like flour bags against her abdomen. Crouching once again behind the dumpster, she squeezed her huge breasts together, dismayed at the grotesquely long line of cleavage from the elongated sacks. She managed to tuck herself now unseen behind her hiding place without any titflesh peeking out, but now she jutted straight forward to smear her red chaffed nipples into the rusted hulk. Calming herself, Veronica waited and listened.

The roar of the truck engine flared and shook the ground, and the beeping indicator sirens of the vehicle backing up into her alley made her breath catch. Lurid red brake lights swept away the dark, but kept Veronica in shadow. The truck rumbled to a stop, the engine cut. The back of the trailer was being unlatched, and Veronica squatted on the balls of her feet and peered around the dumpster. Men in black coveralls and gas masks were throwing the doors open. She strained to see what was inside it (maybe food!) but it was too dark.

A huge ramp started to slide out of the trailer of its own accord with smooth mechanical action. Two staccato ringing sounds, like stiletto heels on metal. "What?" breathed Veronica. Something heard her. Tremendously bright lights attached to the top of the trailer popped on,

flooding the alley with radiation. Her hiding place was gone, her orbicular shadow cast high and wide up the wall behind her. The men marched toward her.

“NO!” she screamed, and adrenaline threw her up and running down the alley. There was a door there at the end and she worked the knob but it wouldn’t move. She banged her fist until it felt broken, yelling every swear word and violent epithet she had ever heard to get them to open up. Strong arms grabbed her. She fought, and cold steel was pressed against her neck. There was a sting. She fought still to get away, but her eyes were closing. She remembered if you were concussed you weren’t supposed to go to sleep. She wondered if she were dying, if this is what it felt like. Then she wondered no more.

CHAPTER 9

There it was again. The feeling of having been here before. Veronica almost grasped the memory, but instead something pulled at her wrist. Metallic clattering. She opened her eyes. She was wide awake, and had the feeling that she had been for a while. She was in a reclining chair, like in a dentist’s office. Every surface shone, made of brushed aluminum. Not like a dentist’s office. The lights were harsh and clinical.

There was that sound again, like spike heels on metal. Someone spoke, a woman’s

voice: "We meet again, Veronica. Always so good to see you."

There was something familiar about it, though she was certain she'd never heard the voice before. "Where am I?" asked Veronica.

"We're on the road, heading home."

"We're in the trailer?"

"We're in a mobile medical lab. You were in bad shape when we found you, so we've patched you up a bit."

Veronica sighed. Maybe she was safe now. "My head still hurts. Why are these lights so bright?"

The heels clacked on the metal, and sharp fingernails cut into Veronica's cheeks, turning her face to stare up at a huge breasted young woman in a suit jacket. "The better to see you with, my dear!" hissed the woman.

Veronica screamed, wrenching her head away. "Get away from me!" She tried to get up, but found every limb was handcuffed to the chair. "Who are you!? Why are you doing this to me!?"

The woman chuckled. Even the laugh was familiar. "You don't remember me, do you? It's more than a little funny, Veronica, because I could never forget *you*. Not after what you did to me." The woman's eyes flicked up and down Veronica's body, which was now clothed in a generic hospital gown. Veronica's captors had apparently been forced to tear the bodice open enough to fit her extremely large breasts into it. "You've gone through some changes too. Always the busy little bees, aren't we?"

Something tugged at her memory. That slow southern drawl, the paternalistic bro-ism. It couldn't be. It was impossible. "Craig!?" Veronica gasped.

The woman laughed, her own ridiculous round bosom jiggling along. "Oh, you *do*

remember! I'd so hoped I made an impression. It wouldn't be fair if you didn't know who I was! It's not that I'm angry about what you did to me. It's just that it was rude, you see? One ill turn deserves another, isn't that what they say? You're so much smarter than me, I'm sure you'd know." The woman gripped both of Veronica's manacled wrists, which reminded her uncomfortably of that poor homeless woman they had experimented on at the FDA.

"I remember you tried to stab me!" she snapped back. "I remember the women I saw you experimenting on. I remember the poor homeless girl you probably killed. If it was the chemicals I exposed you to, well," she hesitated a moment. Her blooming fear and rage swelled suddenly. "Well, good. I'm glad it fucked you up. Fuck you. I hope it ends up killing you."

The female Craig eyed her again. There was nothing feminine about the hunger that flashed there. "You'll be disappointed then. It's worked all its magic already. I'm actually better than ever." Girl-Craig took her glasses off, tucking them into the distressed front pocket of a brown suit jacket that must have been custom-tailored. She wasn't quite as big as Veronica, but she was still very far into even the most outlandish stripper sizes. She hiked her grey pencil skirt up high on toned, tanned, stocking-clad legs, and started to climb atop Veronica.

"What are you doing!" she said. "Get off me!"

Girl-Craig ignored her. "There's just one rub. I've got this body you gave me, but all of Craig's old appetites. Isn't that funny?" She straddled Veronica by then, perched precariously on the edges of the steel dentist chair. Between the weight of her upper body and her built-in muscles, she clamped Veronica's arms down like twin vices. She forced a knee in between Veronica's legs, who was suddenly realizing what was going on.

"Oh brother, don't tell me you're going to make this hard for me, not after all we've been through" Girl-Craig sneered. "You owe me this."

Veronica struggled, still able to at least flex her knees, and managed to drive one into

Girl-Craig's crotch. The effect was nowhere near as catastrophic as if she'd still had testicles, but it was a good hit. The woman grit her teeth and hissed between them in pain. "You hot little bitch." She sunk nails painted black deep into Veronica's cheeks, and twisted her face away so violently she thought Girl-Craig was trying to break her neck. Instead the woman's long flat tongue flicked out to wick away the spots of blood, all the way up to her eye.

Veronica sobbed.

The woman patted her cheek. "Poor baby. All alone. A stranger in a strange land. We've been watching you, you know that? For a very long time..." she plucked absently at Veronica's torn gown, trying to reveal more cleavage. "Do you want to know how long?"

Veronica shuddered. Craig's powerful thighs were clamped so tight around her knees she couldn't throw another one into the woman. She refused to ask the question.

"You're still shy, that's okay, I'll tell you anyway: always. We've always been watching you. From the beginning. You're more science experiment than real girl. You're an unperson. Nobody knows you exist. Not even Andrea is looking for you, because she works for us, wasn't that obvious? Your parents have forgotten about you. They never even knew the real you, if they ever cared. They were paid actors. Sometimes watching you on the monitors, I wondered how you never noticed."

Tears welled in Veronica's eyes. "Is that...true?"

"My poor little doll," pouted Craig. Her puffy lips could not have been a byproduct of the freak accident that transformed her. It horrified Veronica that they were surgically altered. Hadn't it only been a couple days since she'd last seen Craig? Or had it been more? She couldn't be sure any more. "Of course it's true," Craig continued. "Why would I lie to you? It doesn't matter whether you believe me or not, the evidence is right in front of you, every time you look down. You're a blow-up doll. A freak, a doll. MY doll. And I want to play with you,"

she said. Working blind over the horizon of her perfectly spherical jugs, Girl-Craig flicked away the few overstressed buttons of her jacket and sighed luxuriously as she opened it wide, thrusting her basketball sized tits within inches of Veronica's face.

Craig, or whatever she must be calling herself now, wore a bluish tanktop stretched so thin it was almost sheer, such that her perfectly shaped brown areola were visible through the material. And so were the thick brown nipples tenting the fabric. "I know what you've been going through, Veronica," she said, beginning to tug her top down. "The new formula requires constant milking. It's exhausting, I know, believe me. I've been through it same as you. I'm not normally this big, but God, seeing you I seemed to fill up faster than ever." An obscenely long nipple hovered like a dagger in front of Veronica's face. As she watched, a droplet of milk gathered at the end. And then another. "Please, if nothing else, just relieve some of my pressure. You know what's it's like, Veronica. The pain?"

"Craig, get *off me!*" Veronica said, and with a rush of strength twisted her body as hard as she could in an attempt to throw the woman off. She nearly succeeded. But having failed, the pneumatic woman atop her dropped her look of pleading, the face going slack and dead. There were no lines in her forehead to disappear though. She must have botoxed them.

"It's not Craig anymore," she said flatly. "I go by Cate now."

Cate reached around her perfectly spheroid tits and pinched Veronica's nose shut. She needed to lean forward to do so, and her left breast smushed into Veronica's face, completely covering it. The erect nipple was poking her in the eye. She was about to open her mouth to take a breath and realized what Cate was doing. She would rather suffocate! Unable to see her tormentor the seconds stretched on, and the silence became awkward. She tried to grab at Cate with her free hand. She felt the woman move an inch out of her reach.

Cate tsked. "No, no. Just wait. You'll get your fill. As soon as you open that pretty little

mouth for me.”

How much longer could she hold out? This was pointless. Eventually she'd pass out and then what? Maybe she could make a deal. That was her only chance.

“Alright C-”

The nipple of Cate's left breast was instantly plugged into her mouth, and a flood of milk hot and thick filled her throat. Before Veronica could stop herself she swallowed it. It was about to drown her again, and before she could stop herself again she swallowed the next gulp. And the next. Then another. Eyes widening in absolute body terror, she realized she couldn't make herself stop swallowing, even though she'd rather drown. Her body wouldn't let her do it. She swallowed another two throatfulls.

“That's my girl,” purred Cate. “Oh that feels so good. You like it, don't you? I knew you'd take to this like a duck to water. The first time they told me I'd be in charge of your case, I couldn't believe it. I'd watched you for a long time. We all did, but I knew. Everybody thought I was crazy, but I knew. I knew, deep down...you love this. You love being a cow, being milked, being sucked, fucked, on your knees. I think someone upstairs must have heard me talking, because when they chose me, I knew. I was right: you love this.”

Veronica convulsed like she'd been hit with lightning. Cate shushed her, wiping the gathering sweat from Veronica's ashen forehead as she continued to suck and swallow mechanically. “Don't fight this, it's already done. You've already milked yourself three times, you're already on your knees sucking from a spigot like a heifer on a farm. You're already our prize winning cow. Would you like to know how much milk you've expressed from earlier today? We measured it.”

Gorging on heavy, fat laden milk and already past the point of fullness in her tiny stomach, Veronica could only struggle to shake her head no.

“Two whole gallons!” crowed Cate. “You’re a runaway success. I promised them results, but this blows away every metric we have. Trust me, I know you, I’ve read your writings. When I say this is the best thing you’ve ever done, take the compliment. You’re a born milk machine. This is your real talent, growing titties and giving milk.” She laughed.

Veronica had another muscle spasm, her body jerking on the chair. What was happening to her? She was so groggy. It was a struggle to breath through her mouth and keep swallowing, all while not drowning in the milk. She felt heavy and bloated and lethargic. The things Cate whispered in her ear were like magic spells, reducing her down so her flesh would fall away, and a spotted cow with an udder the size of a beach ball would emerge. Her limbs were immensely heavy already, and if forced to guess would say she now weighed at least 400 pounds.

Cate slapped her awake. Milk dribbled out of the corner of Veronica’s mouth. She had to swallow the huge gulp in her throat to speak. “No more,” she croaked.

“Oh! you poor baby! You’re so full. I’d forgotten how much milk our big tankers give out these days. Well you’re not going to like this next part, Veronica. We’re only halfway done. There’s a whole other tit for you to suck dry. Open up now, there’s a good girl.” The other nipple was injected into Veronica’s mouth, and a powerful blast of milk filled her cheeks. There was no time to think, only suck.

From somewhere beyond the planetoid horizon of breast mashed into her face and almost covering her ears, Veronica heard what sounded like someone else enter the room. Over Cate’s crooning and mewling, it was so hard to be sure. More sounds, a man’s voice, definitely. Veronica glanced up and saw Cate was not reacting. She flexed her hands, knowing her chance to escape might be coming.

A moment later Cate’s humongous boob was jerked away, and the harsh lights were

back in Veronica's face. A very short, bald, bespectacled man was struggling with Cate, and finally she worked herself off the chair to stand naked to the waist in her ridiculously high heels. Her dark hair had come undone from her bun, and her hand seemed to shake as she drew that hair from her eyes.

"Dr. Dale, so good of you to join us," said Cate.

"Are you insane!? You can't lock me in the bathroom! I have to write you up for this, this...completely unhinged behavior!"

Cate seemed to giggle. "Do we really have to do that? It's just that time of the month, doc. I'm going through some changes. I'm sure you can understand."

He scoffed at that, and then seemed to notice Veronica for the first time. "Is that the test subject? What in the hell have you been doing to her? Oh my god..." he looked at the little drops of milk still collecting at the ends of Cate's nipples to patter on to the steel floor, and then to the milk saturating Veronica's clothes. "You've contaminated her!" he accused, sounding for all the world like Cate had just dumped LSD into a reservoir.

For the first time Veronica felt like someone would rescue her. "Help me! She's crazy!" Veronica cried.

The doctor's head swiveled in her direction, the light hitting his round glasses in such a way as to make them opaque. It reminded Veronica of the doctor she saw at the testing facility, seemingly so long ago. But hadn't it only been yesterday? She couldn't remember. Hoping he would unshackle her, a horror began to steal upon Veronica. What she saw in that closed clinical gaze was not pity, not concern, not human.

"Why isn't the test subject gagged?" the doctor said. "And for that matter she's clearly not sedated. This is why I am in charge, and why I am supposed to be running the show, *Craig*, because you can't be trusted to do anything but fuck these days. Once I report this I think your

time as a field operative is done,” he sneered. As he talked he filled a syringe with a clear chemical and brought it like an Aztec dagger to inject into Veronica.

“Gag her, would you? She’s not going to like this,” said the doctor.

Veronica flexed at the manacles. She heard screaming but didn’t think it came from her. But it must have. She saw it all so clearly, it didn’t make sense. A ball gag like somebody might buy from a sex shop was placed into her mouth and secured around her head by Cate, who gazed down at her with wide eyes and a smile. The gag didn’t seem to stop the screaming. The syringe stung as it broke her skin and found a vein, and she could almost feel the poison rushing around her body. Struggling further seemed like a waste of effort all of a sudden. Veronica no longer felt particularly concerned with what they did with her. She blinked with a muddy slowness watching the doctor unhurriedly rip her hospital gown open and pull clear vinyl tubes down from the ceiling, suction cups on their ends. They clamped to her aching nipples, and a pleasurable sucking sensation began. Sprays of milk started blasting out of her own gigantic tit ends, and were vacuumed up into the ceiling.

“We’ll let the milking run for now. At least you weren’t lying about her production. It’s quite remarkable,” said the doctor, flipping through a sheaf of papers. He didn’t seem to notice Cate advancing on him, with the same fixed, wide-eyed stare and frozen smile Veronica had seen earlier. Her spike heels made no sound. She walked on the balls of her feet as she came to tower over the smaller man.

“You’re going to take her away from me,” Cate said. Even in her fogged mental state, Veronica could hear the tinge of madness inflected in that voice. The doctor started, gasping at Cate’s huge tits in his face, her collagen bloated lips looming over the shelf of her bosom, making her smile so wide it was almost grotesque.

“W-well, Craig, I mean Cate, she was never “yours” to begin with. She is the

Organization's. I think you just need some time to--"

Cate clapped her hands on the doctor's shoulders. "Fuck the Organization. She took my cock. You don't just let a thing like that go. I owe her. I OWN her."

"Take your hands off me!"

Cate sighed, jerked her tank top open, and her massive left breast popped free. Clamping the doctor's nose shut with one hand, she rammed her boob into his face, the nipple going right down his throat. She started working her breast, massaging milk into the doctor. Sooner or later he'd try to breath, Veronica realized. And then there'd be nowhere for the milk to go but his lungs. She was drowning him. In breast milk.

As the doctor's little arms struggled to reach around Cate's basketball sized tits, his head hidden from view where it was being crushed by her left boob, she sighed. "I've never liked this little idiot. Can you believe they set him above ME? I'm the one who found you, I'm the one who saw your potential. And they make me number two. Truth be told, it was only a matter of time before I outgrew this conspiracy. You can see that, right? All this power, and what are we supposed to be, dairy farmers? I'd rather rule the world. Or maybe I'll just burn it all to the ground. Doesn't that make more sense? Veronica?"

The doctor's frantic scrabblings grew frenzied, and as a last act he managed to claw Cate's face, drawing blood. Snarling in rage, she drew back, momentarily revealing the purple face of a drowning old man, and with savage motion rammed her tit into his face so hard there was a sickening cracking noise. The doctor jerked once and then fell sideways, dead. Her back was still to Veronica, but she turned and surveyed her murder, the blood running from the cut in her nose running into her mouth.

"Now," Cate said, turning smoothly onto Veronica. "before I was so rudely interrupted, I think I was going to make you suffer. What, I wonder, would cause you the most distress?"

She smacked her blood-caked fake lips and surveyed the jiggling ends of Veronica's zeppelin-like milk tankers, firing their endless supply of lactation into the tubes. Veronica shook her head frantically, trying to beg but knowing it was no use trying to be heard around the gag.

"Yes of course," cooed Cate. "You read my mind. We're good like that. Finishing each other's thoughts. Remember?" She stepped away and began rifling through a cabinet, throwing things onto the floor. She smiled. "Maybe you can guess what comes next." In her hand was a rather large syringe full of a golden liquid, the label read RU-46. The breast growth serum.

"Open wide, you little basket case..."

Cate jammed the syringe into Veronica's immense right breast and slammed the plunger home. A wave of nausea hit her as the force of her lactation became supercharged and blew the hoses right off her gigantic nipples. In horror, she watched her tits begin to grow to the size of beachballs.

The truck came to a highly kinetic stop, truck tires screeching and smoking. The back door was thrown open, and Cate sent her heaving out into the street with a kick to the back. The noises and smells assaulted her senses, but worst of all was Cate's maniacal cackle, causing Veronica to turn and look at her tormentor after she had impacted with the asphalt.

The pneumatic psychopath steadied herself in the truck hatch, a mixture of blood and breast milk smeared her makeup and gave her the aspect of a clown at a circus, and she regarded Veronica with unhinged insanity blazing from her eyes. "Go my heifer! Go and feed the hungry with your magnificent udders! But don't go too far. Remember, I've got my eyes on you. This is the next phase of the experiment, MY experiment." With that, she leaned out and

pulled the door closed, and moments later the truck roared into gear and sped off, the tires spitting wet road grime and gravel at Veronica.

She was in the middle of a busy street in the shopping district, and dozens of people were staring in shock at Veronica's naked body, perched atop the most phantastically bloated, massive tits any of them had ever seen. Someone brave offered his hand to help her up, and not knowing what else to do, she took it, and began the struggle to stand upright under the load of an additional 50 pounds of breast flesh crushing her spinal column. Her first feat was getting her feet underneath her for leverage, which was a thing now, because as she laid in the gravel her breasts still piled so high she was leaning on them and at a considerable angle off the ground. Her first two attempts had her painfully kneeling her tits before she found the right way to roll backwards first and plant her feet. From there flexing her malnourished limbs started to break the pull of gravity her immense breasts had, and truly seeing them in all their horrid glory.

Rising up they should have been sagging down to her knees, but they just wouldn't do it. She wanted them to, because it would take some of their weight off her over-taxed back and shoulders, which were already screaming. Instead, they jutted out before her to an endless degree, acute angles, like dirigibles. They seemed to extend at their fullest, as she straightened her creaking back, more than 2 feet in front of her. When she was able to stand erect she found this wasn't enough to keep her on her feet. The pull of weight far in front of her indicated her center of gravity was beyond her body, and before her brain could re-calibrate her mass, she stumbled forward, and was rewarded with a juddering, jiggling sensation in her gellid masses. With epic slowness, she craned her spine backwards, feeling the weight settle down onto her torso. This was no how she would be, and it would be impossible to remain upright without quickly and permanently destroying her ability to walk.

So she would have to sit or crawl or lay down as much as possible. They told her they

were making her into a cow, but now the reality was here. She was no longer anatomically suited to walking on two limbs. She was an animal. Looking down in shock, she could see nothing but tit now. They were bigger than beach balls at this point, and a familiar sensation of throbbing channels within these planetoids reminded her that very soon they were about to grow again and tighten with the milk she was born to give. She let go of the man's hand and placed her hands on her titanic jugs for the first time, feeling them.

What were breasts at this size supposed to feel like? A parasitic tumor? Rough, like the skin on the bottom of feet? Extremely soft, like new fetal tissue? She reasoned they shouldn't have any feeling at all, they should be like dead sacks of flesh. The little she knew about anatomy made her expect there wouldn't be enough nerve endings created in her explosive, metastatic growth to cover much of her overall acreage.

In an inversion of all that was natural, she found the skin of her vastness to be packed with nerve endings that rendered sensation at even the slightest touch. Peering at the skin of her right boob, which was so full and firm that it bulged up early to her chin, she could see almost invisible, tiny hairs, enough of them to turn a gentle breeze into the most erotic breast massage. As she ran her hands across as much of their mass as she could (which was less than half, to her horror), she realized they had been bio-engineered as perfect. Flawless. Except for the bruises and grime she had acquired throughout her ordeal today, they were the most perfect part of her body. They dominated her with their perfection, rendering the rest of her - face, hair, torso, limbs, hands and feet...a blemish. She was marring the perfection of her tits with her very presence. In comparison, the rest of her was ungainly, imperfect, haphazard. She was too skinny now, wan, discolored.

She blinked, and breaking her trance, realized she was standing in the middle of the busiest street, in the busiest part of the city, surrounded by onlookers, staring at her naked

body. A panic seized her and only that could explain her shoving the man who had rescued her away with a palm to his face, and attempting to escape, before she realized the insanity of the idea. She simply couldn't run with her new body. She was going nowhere fast, and that was just how it was. Instead she could only waddle away cradling her tits, or at least attempting to do so. Within moments and just several steps away from the gawkers, her tits became unmanageable and oozed out of her grasp. They were both too heavy, too firm, and too jiggly for her weak arms to corral. They loosed from her arms and flopped down to slap against her thighs loud enough to be heard by everyone, and hard enough to make her gasp.

Veronica got out of the street, stepping onto the sidewalk and among people who reacted to her deformed and naked body with a mixture of open-mouthed shock for some and giggling from others. But all of them (all of them) had their phones out recording her condition, muttering "oh my god," to their friends. It was horrifying.

"Please help me," Veronica pleaded. Nobody did anything. She waddled through them and tried to make eye contact, knowing it would force someone to do something. Nobody did though, they stubbornly kept their eyes on their screens. There was one woman without a phone, older and ethnic and pushing a stroller. She stopped to gape at Veronica.

"Please help me," Veronica said, looking her in the face. The woman looked aghast at Veronica's freakishly huge breasts, then looked away and covered the face of her child in the stroller as well.

"Leave us alone," she said.

Veronica stumbled past, and her enormous left breast went unnoticed until it was too late, ploughing into the stroller and nearly knocking it over. "I'm sorry!" she cried, on the verge of tears. Up ahead was an alleyway behind a row of toney shops, and she rounded this corner out of sight of most people and rested for a moment, pressing her naked back into the exposed

brick. The alley was like a soundproof booth, and inside was only the wind stirring bits of paper trash and dead leaves. Beyond, the grinding whoosh of life resumed roaring with cars rocketing past and honking forth poison gas. Veronica's breath came as fast as a hunted rodent's, trying to think of her next move.

She couldn't go home and she couldn't go to the police. Her only allies in this world were Andrea and Eddie, and they were compromised and dead, respectively. That left only one place left to go, in a grey area between a friend and a foe...

She'd found a very large and filthy pair of shorts in the dumpster in the alleyway. With no belt she was forced to hold them up, and this meant she couldn't use that arm to corral her pendulous, elephantine breasts. She found a blanket to drape around her naked shoulders, but this wasn't doing much to keep her modest. She sidled up to a payphone in the mall, drawing shocked stares at her bloated body, mothers and fathers pulling their children away from her, terrified.

She'd screamed at some of them to be afraid, that this was going to happen to them next, but nobody would listen to her, they pretended like they didn't hear. Veronica picked the receiver off the hook and wiped it against her filthy blanket, but it did nothing to get the grime off. She pressed it to her ear and collect called a number she had wished she'd forgotten.

They accepted the charges and a voice came on the phone. "Hello? Veronica what's wrong dear?"

Veronica hesitated for a long moment. "...I..."

"Where are you?"

“Mom...”

“Veronica what’s wrong?” her mother’s voice had a familiar note, not good. It reminded Veronica of doctors and needles, antiseptic smells and bludgeoning hospital lights. Nothing good ever came from that voice, but she was out of options.

“Mom...I need help. It’s my breasts. It’s really happening this time, they’re after me, they’re experimenting on me and they put something in my food.”

“Oh no, oh no! Not this... stay put, don’t move, I’m on my-”

“No! I’m in trouble, mom. It’s really happening. I did something bad, I think. I can’t remember. I think the cops are involved. I need you to send me sixty thousand dollars.”

“Veronica, just stay where you are.” Her mother’s voice was incredibly stern. She didn’t get it. She would come, but it wouldn’t be with help, it would be with doctors. Electroshock. Pain and imprisonment. Sweat burst out on Veronica’s forehead, and her stress spiked so high she felt like she was going into shock. The ends of her tits stung painfully, and she realized it was too long since she’d expressed her milk buildup. She could distantly feel the trickle of liquid dribbling out into a puddle she stood in.

The pain spiked suddenly and she shouted, the phone fell from her fingers. Veronica threw herself away and dragged her gigantic boobs with her, spraying milk all over the tile floor. She needed a bathroom to handle this, somewhere at least partially private. More to spare innocent people the horrible sight of what awaited them when the FDA and Illuminati conspiracy set its sights on the wider world.

Veronica lumbered through the shopping center for what seemed like an hour, and all the while the milk steadily filled her milk ducts and swelled her tits still bigger. They had stretched and become reddened, the nipples painfully swollen on the ends of very firm, very round jugs the size of exercise balls. She had to slow down even more to accommodate the

weight and had been reduced to shuffling.

Another spike in milk production brought her to her knees, the floor rushing up to meet her. She wasn't going to make it to the bathroom. Closest to Veronica was a clothing store, and in the middle of the day it looked mostly empty. She dragged herself there on hands and knees, her breasts piling up before her and into her face, making it hard to breathe. Her nipples felt cold against the tile floor, leaving snail trails of rich milk behind her, and she had to drag the rest of herself through the puddles.

Veronica crawled into the store and found a corner away from the windows, and had the bright idea to pull some clothes down off the rack to cover herself. She squatted in the corner and reached her nipples two feet away and wasted no time working these udders to express her milk on the floor of the clothing store. With the clothes arranged on top of herself like a burial mound she worked and worked to relieve the pressure.

This was by Veronica's count her 4th milking, and she was becoming experienced enough to know how much she had to give and how much she'd expressed. Squirted onto the floor of the clothing store was perhaps a gallon of her milk, after something like 10 minutes (time was getting funny on her, and it could have been an hour or 60 seconds).

She had roughly 3 more gallons left in her tanks. Veronica wasn't completely lobotomized by her change into a cow yet, she was still aware enough to know she had caused a scene, and they'd eventually find her in here. That fear drove her to work through the pain and horror of what she was doing to herself. With every squeeze of an overripe udder, she was speeding up her own transformation into a human dairy machine. But she had no choice, these massive tits were the ball and chain that shackled her.

So Veronica kept going, and like before settled into a routine, a trance. She didn't hear when the pile of clothes was thrown off her by mall security, and they were already hauling her

up when she snapped out of it, spraying milk from her distended milk bags. In her panic Veronica lashed out, punching once officer and reaching for the gun of another.

Searing pain from her lower abdomen dropped Veronica to the ground, and it arced throughout her body, paralyzing her. It wasn't until it stopped that she realized she'd been tazed just now. She had to escape! She kicked at her attackers trying to bind her limbs. Next came the suited agents of the illuminati with their syringes and zip ties.

Veronica felt a needle plunge into her overripe buttock and the deadly chemical surged into her veins. The world went dark, with the satisfied smirks of her captors dimming any hopes she had of escaping her fate.

CHAPTER 10

The next several days were lost in a medicated fog. Veronica knew vaguely that she was back in her home town on the west coast, back in the hospital after so long away. The details in between when she was taken and when she was arrived...everything *in between* was missing. There were no memories there, even though she was certain she hadn't slept the

entire time, a journey that surely must have taken several hours at least.

She didn't have any time to think about it really anyway. Any thoughts that bubbled up through the fog had a tendency to pop like soap bubbles seconds later. Veronica couldn't focus. Only two things told her any of this was even real: her enormous, perfectly shaped breasts and their insistent weight. Through day rooms and hospital hallways, seated, lying down or standing in line for medication, they swelled and pulsed with milk production and hung off her frame and settled with morbid gravity against her pelvis. Her captors didn't pump any of the milk build up, and Veronica could no longer do it herself. She lacked both the barest mental and physical dexterity to do anything beyond blinking and breathing.

The list of things Veronica could not do included eating. For a moment she thought (before the idea vanished in the headfog) this would be good, as it meant none of the poisoned food in this place would infect her system, and she might be released once they realized she'd be no use to them dead from hunger. She was wrong. They spoon fed Veronica a slurry of some kind of protein and sucrose powder mixed with what else? Milk. She opened her mouth uncontrollably and swallowed whatever they put in it.

At night she could feel the chemicals and hormones from the food working on her system.

Because walking with the massive size of her tits now proved almost impossible, they used a wheelchair to move Veronica around. During the day they parked her in front of a TV in the common room and sometimes they would put her close to a window looking out on the parking lot, and she would ignore the television and it's subliminal, mind-destroying rays and stare at the sun coming through the blinds. Thoughts of escape would come, and then someone would move her away from the window and closer to the TV, and she would spend the day being blasted in the face over the rising swells of her gigantic breasts by 180 channels of

hidden- signal bovine behavioral programming. Veronica heard the orderlies whisper something about her once, "*flight risk*".

But why they thought she was capable of such a thing, she had no idea. Perhaps dreams of escaping this place stretched her mental capacity at times, and she tried to hold on hardest to those, but they never lasted long enough to develop beyond images of running. She would remember her days of running were over forever, and then all thoughts would dribble down the drain hole they'd drilled in her head, and then she couldn't remember anything at all and started at square one.

Where was she again?

Veronica blinked sleepily and looked around like a cow chewing a wad of grass. She was in a brown wood-paneled office, lit by morning sunlight coming in through big windows all along one wall. She flexed her toes and felt lush carpeting. Taxing her system to the limit, she leaned over and peered around the outer swells of her body-dominating boobs to try and get a glance at the carpet. It was brown, like the rest of the office. She looked across from her, and saw a pair of brown wingtips, black socks, and rising upward grey slacks.

A woman in a white lab coat sat across from her. Veronica recognized her, dimly. The round glasses that seemed to reflect light in such a way that they always appeared opaque, hiding the eyes. She could never really forget that image from the Illuminati FDA facility, and the experiment that had killed that homeless girl as everyone watched. This was the woman who had done it. And now she sat alone in a room with Veronica.

She'd just said something.

"Uh..." Veronica drooled.

"I said 'Good Morning' Veronica."

She tried to say something, but it came out in a mumbled slur even she couldn't

understand. Nothing that happened inside her head could get out thanks to whatever they had done to her.

“How are you feeling this morning?”

She said nothing. Where was she again? How was who feeling? She blinked sleepily and looked around, cow-like. She found herself in a brown office lit by the morning sun. How long had she been sitting here?

“Veronica, I am so pleased to see you here again. I think it’s good that you’re here, all things considered. A lot of people, me among them believe that everything happens for a reason. Do you believe that?”

Veronica looked down at her bust, which stretched out and extended to her knees, so large they’d had to rip her gown open to make room for each massively rounded breast. A line of cleavage more than two feet long and so big around that they overflowed the chair she sat in and covered the armrests, crushing her legs. Even now she could feel her milk ducts pulsating, oozing milk from nipples that stung with unrelenting pressure. The reason for this seemed obvious, most of all to the person who made it happen.

She drooled on the swollen upper hemisphere of her right boob, quivering just under her chin. “Uh…”

“If we are to help you get well again, we have to start from zero, that’s just an issue of practicality. We have to build you back up, and to do that we had to tear you down,” the Doctor said, her tone patient and concerned. “I’m sorry this is painful for you. Your condition is unique, and so your treatment has been unusual as well. But today I think we try to open it up a little, so that you can come back to us. What do you think?”

Veronica lost track of what she was saying, it made no sense anyway. The Doctor rose and went to a desk behind her and spoke into her phone. By the time she had sat back down

across from Veronica, the door was clicking open and walking into the room was the last person Veronica wanted to see. A jolt of adrenaline shot through her system.

Cate entered the room, the woman who used to be Craig. She wore a nurse's uniform, but it was the kind that a stripper would wear, with a shirt unbuttoned over two obscenely round tits, bigger than last time Veronica saw her. Cate jiggled into the room on stiletto heels bearing a tray of paper cups and big syringes, and bent over at the waist, huge cleavage nearly falling out of the flimsy dress.

"Like what you see Vivvy?" she said, winking at Veronica. Cate set the tray on the side table next to Veronica's chair and tip toed around behind her and out of Veronica's sight. What was happening now? Veronica began to feel a terror burning the mental fog away. She was in incredible danger. This idiot doctor in front of her had no idea what Cate was capable of.

"No," Veronica stammered.

"What? What did you say?" asked the doctor, sitting up suddenly and grabbing her notepad and pen.

"N...no. Cate..."

"Cate is a nurse on our staff here, Veronica. Is there something about her you want to tell me?"

Where did Cate go? "Danger," Veronica said. It was so hard to find the words through the fog, but it was getting easier. "She's...crazy!"

The doctor's face scrunched up. "Cate, do you know this woman? She seems to recognize you."

From behind, Veronica could hear the grin splitting Cate's face coming through in her voice. "Oh no, I get that a lot, Doc. I guess I have one of those faces. Plus you know, my figure is kinda unusual. I've been, you know, *dipping into the company ink...*" she said that last

bit right near Veronica's ear, and it reverberated throughout her skull.

The doctor didn't understand what was going on, she was clearly clueless about what a dangerous psychopath she was dealing with. Veronica tried to get up, she had to get away. A pair of long-nailed hands clawed painfully into her shoulders and shoved her back down.

"Now now, miss Nash, you have to take your *medicine*," said Cate, again so close to Veronica's ear it sounded like it was inside her head. To the doctor, the insane woman said "Should I administer a mild sedative doctor, to calm miss Nash down? She seems a little agitated, more than usual..."

"Yes, I think that would be appropriate."

"No!" said Veronica, and she tried to stand again. When Cate held her down, she decided to fight. She flung her hands out trying to find something to use as leverage to help her out of the chair and out of this room, but only succeeded in knocking over the tray of deadly chemicals. From behind Cate wrapped her arm around Veronica's neck in a choke hold and she felt the sharp sting of a syringe in her upper arm. The fight left her before the drug could take it away. What was the use in fighting? It was over.

She lost control of her muscles, and her balance went next. She melted into the chair and found her view shifting as her head lolled sideways over the right armrest of the chair. She tried to move back into a sitting position and found that it wasn't going to happen. Willing her arms and legs to move did nothing. She was trapped in a paralyzed body.

"That's a little better," said the Doctor. "I'm sorry we had to do this Veronica. Terribly sorry. Sorry you were chosen to bear this burden. But you are uniquely suited, don't you see? Remember the girl in the FDA facility? We know you were there, I remember you. I saw you. That girl received the same serum that has been coursing through your veins for days now, and it was fatal. But some part of you is able to perfectly synthesize the change in DNA at a rate

that your body is able to handle.”

“She knocked the serum off the table, Doctor,” said Cate. “I’ll go get more.”

The doctor shook her head slightly, the glimmer in her glasses sending flickers of light back and forth. “That won’t be necessary,” she said.

Cate’s voice took on an edge. “I’ll go get it anyway. It’s time, Doctor. She needs her *medicine*.”

No no no no, Veronica whispered inside her head. Please help me, please, you have to notice this bitch is completely nuts! Stop this!

Instead, the Doctor waved her hand. “Alright, fine.”

Cate’s stiletto heels clacked their way out of the room, and with them the woman’s malevolent presence. The Doctor rose from her chair and came over to Veronica.

“You’re at the bleeding edge of a scientific breakthrough that will change the world. Isn’t that exciting? To be a part of something?” As she spoke, the doctor took a stethoscope from her white lab coat pocket and draped it around her neck. Then she pulled some blue medical gloves out of the same pocket and started to tug them on. “We can end world hunger. They’ll call you the ‘Mother of the World.’ They’ll write biographies of you. Women will read about you and thank you for their enormous, constantly lactating breasts feeding an exploding population of subservient workers and laborers creating a new world order based on obedience and progress. Won’t that be a beautiful place to live?”

She snapped the glove against her wrist. “Before we begin the next phase of drug trials, I’ll need to examine you to make sure everything is going properly.” She moved Veronica’s limp, bloated, ungainly torso back into position resting against the chair back, her gravid breasts piling and undulating on top of her thighs and extending to her knees. The doctor then plopped her hands against Veronica’s tits and squeezed, feeling around and squeezing again in different

spots like she was checking watermelons for freshness.

“Looking good,” the Doctor said approvingly. She grabbed a piece of Veronica’s gown and began to pull it up. It had never been able to completely cover her, and the Doctor maneuvered it around Veronica’s bulbous boobs with relative ease. Bare in the light from the windows, the doctor bent over and placed her stethoscope’s cold listening end and patted it around the circumference of the breasts. Veronica could only watch from beneath heavy eyelids, barely able to even blink.

“You’re milk production is simply miraculous. I don’t know if you know that, Veronica. We never expected anything like this. I mean, we had a threshold and an objective we were shooting for but you’re way above that. If we can replicate this it could save years of research.” The doctor then squeezed Veronica’s protuberent right nipple, so painful from unexpressed milk and so pressure laden that at the Doctor’s merest touch Veronica could feel it spray a huge amount, enough that the relief was real. She would have sighed if she could.

“Oh my,” said the Doctor. “You’re probably painfully full, I’m terribly sorry Veronica. I thought they’d been expressing it for you. After this is all over, the first thing we’ll do is milk you. Does that sound good?” She gently caressed Veronica’s cheek, like a prized dairy cow.

She heard Cate come swishing and clacking back into the room and set the tray down on the table beside her. She could see in her peripheral vision it contained all new cups of various chemicals and another slate of injections. “The R46 serum is ready, Doctor.”

“Well, I’d really rather do it in a hospital setting...” said the doctor, pursing her lips.

“Does it really matter?”

“Well, for one thing there are sterility concerns, this is a clean office, but”

“Right, totally clean,” said Cate, the aggressive edge back in her voice. “So there’s no problem, it will be fine I promise, Doctor.”

Jane's eyes flickered rapidly between them both following the conversation. A bead of sweat gathered at her temple and ran down her cheek. This was insane. Whether they did it here or some other out of the way place didn't matter. Either way Veronica would quite possibly not survive it. She tried once again to break free of the drugs and get out of the chair.

A finger twitched. She saw it, there, out of the corner of her right eye: the index finger on her right hand had moved. She strained again, and managed to flex the fingers on that hand all together. When Veronica tried again, she squeezed the arm rest in a white knuckled grip. Too late to stop herself, a muffled grunt escaped through her gritted teeth.

Both the Doctor and Cate whipped their heads around at the sound.

Cate darted forward to restrain Veronica. "Forget it, if you'd like Doctor, you can just watch. I'm doing it now whether you're ready or not!"

The Doctor threw up her hands. "Fine, let's get this over with then."

Veronica had more strength now, shaking off the drugs. "You're making a mistake! You can't do this to me! I never did anything wrong! I just want to be myself and live a normal life!"

"So did I, Vonnie," Cate whispered into her ear. "But you stole that from me..." Cate had come around behind her again and used her superior strength to hold Veronica down, crushing her into the leather chair. The psycho wrapped a firm forearm around Veronica, and with her other hand she grabbed a syringe from the tray by the chair, pulled the cap off with her teeth and spit it out with a *phtooof* sound.

"Wait, wait!" said Veronica, pleading.

"It's too late for that, babe" drawled Cate, and jabbed the needle into the broad, jiggling mass of Veronica's bloated right boob. Eyes wide with horror, Veronica watched Cate thumb the plunger down and inject the R46 serum into her body.

Everything kept happening the same way, over and over again. The deadly poison now

began to course through the massive blue veins inside her tits, supercharging them. She was struck by how trapped in time she'd become, trapped in an endless loop.

Escape from this fate had never been possible. For all of her struggles, Veronica was predestined to reach this moment in time. It was as unstoppable as the turning of the earth from day into night, night into day, endless and inevitable.

Beyond the pale expanse of her burgeoning breasts, already swelling with the catastrophic cellular mitosis that would either kill her in the next 10 minutes or turn her into a mindless milk factory, Veronica saw the Doctor scribbling notes on her clipboard, the opaque lenses of her glasses flickering back and forth with the movement of her head side to side, furiously writing.

Her breasts had already begun the day having reached the record breaking beach ball size, beyond any porn star or realistic size any man would find attractive, and now they were growing larger. Veronica reached out reflexively and placed her hands along the sides of her tits. The hospital gown had already been tight and ill-fitting, but now it was already beginning to strain past the fabric's ability to stretch. Veronica spread her fingers wide and squeezed, feeling the material like the skin of a drum.

Sure enough, moments later the bottom edge of her gown started to rip vertically, and her gown was exploding off her torso with blobs of perfect white breast flesh swelling through every available gap. They grew in all directions, but from Veronica's vantage perched behind them with them resting on (and beginning to painfully weigh on) her legs, she could only see them growing sideways and upwards into her range of vision. They used to sit impressively high for natural breast forms but now they rose up past the level of her nose, and higher still. The doctor's clipboard disappeared, then her chin, then finally the shining lenses of her spectacles, and then she was gone. Veronica couldn't see over her breasts.

Sideways, she felt her hands being forced wider where they desperately gripped the sides of her impossible jugs, holding on for dear life. Veronica counted to 10, and in that span she went from pushing up against the insides of the chair's high armrests to sitting on them, and then to overflowing them. Her breasts now completely enveloped the chair and the woman who sat in it.

There was another dimension she was only dimly aware of until it began to pull her forward, out of the chair: the end of her tits. They'd been growing outward as well. Having begun the day resting as far as her knees, they now grew beyond them. Within moments there was enough mass in her elephantine, gargantuan tits that they must have extended more than a foot past the edge of the chair. That mass was pulling her forward now.

Veronica gasped and felt herself sliding out of the chair. Her tits hit the carpet with a thud. They had left behind any sort of softness, and were very firm. When they impacted the ground they reverberated like two overfilled waterbeds. She felt some kind of small relief when they'd done so, and realized she'd sprayed milk out of the ends of her distended nipples.

However large they became she never lost the sensation of immense fullness and pressure behind the ends of her nipples, now more than four and a half feet beyond her reach. She needed to feel that again, more than anything, and squeezed the sides of her immense breasts. She was rewarded with another gush of milk from her nipples. Veronica moaned.

"Oh god, what have you done to me!" she cried.

"We're making you what you are," replied the Doctor. And from where Veronica was kneeling behind her growing tits she saw her again, while her boobs still continued to swell in all directions. If anything they were getting bigger, faster. The process was going so fast the skin seemed to undulate and ripple, like water into a balloon. To a great extent this was true, Veronica realized with alarm that a large amount of this filling up was caused by the milk surging

out of her milk ducts. Every part of her anatomy was being reconfigured to produce milk. Somewhere in the biologic machinery inside her burgeoning balloon boobs, those milk ducts were growing too! Her tits were being supercharged by RU46, it only made sense these strange amoebic glands inside them would be bigger too.

Veronica tested her ability to get up and flee. Leaning on top of the steadily rising tops of her breasts, she rose from her knees and got to her feet. She remained bent, however, because still connected to the wall of her chest was what felt like 200 pounds of tissue and milk. She felt the skin of her breasts where they met her chest, and discovered, to her horror, that unlike normal human breasts, the connective part was broadening. Instead of two dainty points on her chest that swelled outward, now her entire torso was becoming boob-meat. From her upper chest where two breasts would normally be connected, they had grown downward to just above her belly button, and had also started to wrap around the side of her body, into her armpits and sides - these parts of her were now also counted as her "tits". Beyond this connective tissue, her bust was exploding forward out and outward inches at a time somewhere more than five feet ahead of her.

She stuck out much farther than she was tall. It was now painfully obvious, Veronica was more boobs than human.

"You can't do this to me!" Veronica said, struggling to keep from just flopping on top of her billowing jugs. "My parents will wonder where I am, my friends will wonder where I am! I'm known to the outside world. What you're doing is illegal and you know it! This stops now!"

Cate came around Veronica's enormous right breast where it pulsated and elongated against the carpeted floor, and she stood next to the doctor. She kept her eyes on Veronica's breasts, even as she talked. "Don't you get it yet? None of those people were real. They were actors, paid to pretend to be your family, or your friends. Didn't you wonder why you had so

few?"

The doctor nodded. "Your social circle is extremely small, and therefore very manageable. We actually had to change the actor used who was playing your mother at one point. There were some complications with her contract so we had to let her go and get someone else to play the role of your mother, and you never noticed. You have no connection to the outside world, but even if you did your interaction with it is so minimal no one would notice your absence. You are *missed* about as much as a random *lab rat*."

Even as she heard the words, Veronica knew they were true. She'd always known, every memory was fake. Her friends were fake, her parents were fake. Her life was a cardboard cutout, like a movie set. Nothing had ever existed except the explosive growth of her huge tits her entire life. She grimaced as a shockwave of activity occurred deep within her whale-like protuberances, as her gigantic milk ducts *flexed*, horribly, and began what was designed to be an endless, prolific gushing of milk. A powerful thirst gripped her.

An instant later, she started to feel the relief of liters of milk gushing out of distended nipples. Both the doctor and Cate yelped in a mix of surprise and delight. "It's working!" cried the doctor, rapturously. They both had to get out of the way. They'd been sitting directly in front of Veronica's billowing tits and received a mild splashing from the colostrum that sprayed out of her gigantic nipples. Both women got out of the way, moving their chairs as well. Veronica realized she must be growing so large she was about to eclipse that part of the room and had been in danger of engulfing the chairs with her rapidly enlarging tits.

A wild rage gripped her. They thought this was great! Her life was a lie and she was about to die, or worse, be transmogrified into a human cow, and they found it amusing. Veronica had fought her whole life to avoid this condition, and these were the two people she had been fighting. She snarled, and spat at them. Globbs of spittle flew in their direction but

mostly landed all over Veronica's vast left tit. They laughed again.

"You fucking *bitches*," shrieked Veronica. "I swear to you, if I live, I'll get you. I'll hurt you, I'll break out of whatever you're planning and I'll find you. I'll find your kids, wherever you live, and I'll kill you all." She was shaking with anger, and jerked her body this way and that, achieving nothing but ocean-like undulations in the flesh and fat and milk of her breasts, which had now risen so that she was bent only at a 45 degree angle, with hundreds and hundreds of pounds. Fountains of milk had begun flooding the room. "You're dead!" she said, and screamed at the top of her lungs, until her throat burned, and her back ached trying to move the dead weight of her two impossibly big tits.

"Are you done?" asked Cate, when Veronica collapsed on top of her boobs, exhausted.

Veronica said nothing. Tears welled in her eyes and a sob escaped her.

Cate continued, examining a bright black fingernail for chips in the paint. "You've made yourself a security risk just now. In response you'll be watched more closely, your restraints will be tighter and your level of sedation will be higher. That's what temper tantrums get you. Cows don't have attitude problems, babe. Make sure you remember that the next time you decide to threaten anyone."

Veronica realized the mistake she'd just made, imagining the harsh life she'd brought upon herself and the one she could have had. She had to salvage something, maybe she could even get a better deal than before if she convinced them she was contrite. She didn't see a way out of this situation. Even if they could stop her growth right *now*, she still be trapped by the current weight of her tits, with a critical lactation problem! She needed help.

"Wait," Veronica gasped. "I made a mistake."

"I'll say," said Cate, smirking.

"Hold on a moment, hear her out," said the doctor.

Veronica looked into their eyes, trying to seem contrite. “I can be a good cow, I know I can. Look how much milk I’m making already!” And indeed it was positively gushing still. How wide the openings in her insanely big nipples had to be, she couldn’t even imagine, but Veronica could *feel* the rushing through her limbic system of the milk, as the milk glands and ducts inside her body had enlarged in response to RU46 and become like pipes, flowing a steady blast of milk out of faucet-like nipples.

Both of the women had milk lapping against their feet now and kept lifting them gingerly out of the liquid to keep them from getting ruined, as Veronica’s lactation had thoroughly waterlogged the carpet and was still filling the room, and surely the hallway beyond. It seemed impossible. Where was all this milk coming from? How did her body have the energy to create so much mass? It didn’t make sense, but Veronica couldn’t deny what her eyes could see.

“What I’m saying is this is so much, right? And I just know that if you made it stop I’d be so much better as a cow. I’d be pretty happy being a cow. Work with me here, and I promise I’ll work with you two, or whoever you put in charge of me. If, if I’m going to be a cow I think I might be better at it at this...” she swallowed hard, “...at this size. Instead of you know, instead of getting so big it would endanger me.”

Cate stood staring over the doctor’s shoulder, a good foot taller than the other woman, with a smile that reminded Veronica of a horror movie stalker’s deranged grin, with her own hugely obese, basketball sized boobs beginning to stain her blouse a little with her *own* milk in sympathy. Veronica forgot that Cate labored under a much lighter dose of these drugs. It made sense then, when still staring hard into Veronica’s eyes, she said:

“No.”

“No?” Veronica felt tears welling in her eyes again, running down cheeks splashed wet with milk.

“No. There is no antidote. If there was you wouldn’t get one anyway.”

Veronica felt the energy collapse out of her barely skeletal form, attached like a remora parasite to her enormous blimp tits. It was over. There was no hope. Almost as if in response, things seemed to accelerate. She didn’t think it was possible, but her metastatic growth rate increased, and the lactation rate changed from a flowing faucet to a spray, blasting against the doctor’s desk.

Veronica was now fully standing upright, and her breasts had risen so high that when she slumped into them she barely changed position. In a couple minutes they’d be as tall as she was. She had fought against this moment her whole adult life, and it had come to naught. Nothing mattered. Not what they did to her, not what they did to the rest of the human race. She wanted to die. She was ready for it, whatever came next.

Her impossibly big breasts were now obscuring everything, rising past the height of Veronica’s eyes, the world was now out of sight. Nothing could be seen except the goosebumped flesh of her rapidly swelling breasts. She heard the doctor and Cate gasp in alarm when they realized Veronica’s right breast was now blocked the door and growing with no end in sight. Veronica’s feet started to leave the floor. The doctor and Cate made panicking sounds, and then Veronica heard them trying to throw a chair through the windows. She felt the steel and cloth item bounce off her bloated left boob like an enormous rubber ball.

If she had to guess she’d say each gargantuan jug was bigger than an SUV truck, and within another minute left that far behind. The sound of furniture breaking and walls splintering was constant. She heard the doctor screaming in terror, realizing she was trapped, and banging her fist on the wall within another instant she was muffled and then chillingly there was no sound at all.

Whatever happened to Cate, Veronica did not know. She herself made contact with the

wall with the piece of her body that wasn't all tits. The breath was being squeezed from Veronica's lungs. She was dying.

A part of her had always known this would be her fate. She had fought hard to escape it, but now it was before her, that her destiny had been inescapable. As her vision tunneled, Veronica's last thoughts were that she was fortunate she would not see what would become of the rest of the women who would be afflicted with this mess.

Maybe something would be done, and they wouldn't be afflicted with a horrible body like Veronica's.

The blackness swallowed her a final time.

Veronica's mother, Joan, hurried through the doors of the hospital her daughter had spent so much of her youth in. She clicked the car's lock button on the key fob, aiming it over her shoulder. A big purse was slung over the other shoulder, and her various keys and supplies of things jangled and rattled in her gallop to the front desk. She had an OCD streak, and when she'd been young it had been Joan's curse. Eventually medication and therapy had made this strange condition livable, but it also left an enormous sense of guilt that she'd passed her disease on to her daughter Veronica through her genes. That she'd cured herself but not her daughter ate away at her days and nights, wondering if she could have done more to protect Veronica.

A busy/bored nurse greeted her and handed her a sign in sheet. When she finished, the nurse asked Joan who she was here to see, and when she said Veronica the woman's sad smile was so familiar Joan wanted to collapse into a chair and cry.

Veronica had been diagnosed with schizophrenia and severe body dysmorphic disorder in high school, and their family had never been the same since. They were in and out of hospitals for five years, and Veronica had been proscribed nearly every medication there was to try, and seen nearly every doctor that wanted to take a whack at it. They'd had some successes, and Joan's daughter had made so much progress that they felt it was safe for her to go to college.

And now Veronica was back in the hospital, worse than ever. She'd hurt people, she was wanted by the police. Joan was prepared for the very real possibility that her daughter would never be allowed out of supervision ever again.

The nurse told Joan where to go, and called the doctor to let her know that Veronica's mother was here. Joan desperately fought to keep herself from falling to pieces. She had to be strong for Veronica. When they said it okay to see Veronica, she followed the nurse through the various wards and hallways of quietly suffering men and women, most of them very old. It smelled terrible, but she pretended it didn't bother her.

They were met by Veronica's regular doctor who had originally diagnosed her years ago, a youngish man named Craig, with a funny Texas accent and a kind way of speaking. *Bedside manner*, they called that kind of thing. "Miss Nash," he said shaking his head sadly. "I'm so sorry."

When he went in for a hug, Joan cried then in his arms. When she was able to compose herself she pulled away. "What happened?" she said.

He stood close so he didn't have to whisper. "She never took her meds, as near as we can tell it's as simple as that. In the absence of treatment she's gotten worse. She's operating under nearly a dozen separate delusions and is in the depths of a classic schizoid depressed state. We can visit her if you like, but our treatment hasn't yielded results yet. What you'll see is

rather disturbing. Veronica is currently catatonic. She can be moved, but typically holds the position she's been moved to, which we call waxy flexibility."

Joan searched for words, not comprehending fully. "Catatonic?" she said.

Craig's head dropped. Now that she looked at him he didn't appear to have slept in some time. "As near as we can figure, she is currently under the delusion that she has died. This is embarrassing and perhaps disturbing, but it's the same old story: she believes that her breasts are uncontrollably growing, and yesterday she had a psychotic episode and destroyed a colleague's office in response to our efforts to treat her. Veronica made limited speech attempts, but we've been able to find out she now believes her breasts grew so large they killed her..."

Joan could only shake her head. "That's..."

"Don't say it, Miss Nash."

"I'm so sorry, this is all my fault, we never should have let her move out!" said Joan.

"You wanted what any mother wants for her daughter, Miss Nash: a normal life. Please don't blame yourself."

They talked briefly about what to expect, the legal ramifications of what had happened, and Craig pledged his support. Then he took Joan's arm and led her down the halls toward her daughter, Veronica. In the little rooms along the way were well appointed rooms for the other patients, women like Veronica but most of them were, again, much older.

They reached Veronica's room, and with a warning and a great breath to prepare, Craig pulled the curtain back from a viewing window into Veronica's room. Inside Veronica was in a hospital gown and stood with her back against a far wall, and her hands up in the air like she was trying to stop herself from being crushed! The window had been thrown open and the chintzy curtains fluttered in the wind.

Joan placed her hands over her mouth in shock and horror. The expression on Veronica's face was one of absolute despair. Her daughter was an extraordinarily beautiful woman. Like her mother Joan, she'd been blessed with a very well-endowed figure, but in the months since she'd last seen her daughter, Veronica had lost a shocking amount of weight and now appeared emaciated and hollow eyed. She looked sick.

Joan found herself crying again.

"Veronica has a long road ahead," the doctor was saying. "It won't be easy, but she's alive and she's safe now, and that's what's important. The treatment has already begun, and we'll want you involved as much as possible."

"I won't leave her alone again," said Joan.

The doctor turned back to the nurse to talk about something he pointed to on the chart, murmuring in urgent tones that did nothing to make Joan less worried. She turned away from them to look at her daughter, more tears springing to Joan's eyes when she studied the fear and pain wrenching up her beautiful face. She placed her hand on the glass, wishing she could hold her daughter right that moment and make everything better, like she used to when Veronica was little and this nightmare hadn't come into their lives.

Joan's wedding ring tapped against the glass when she placed her hand against it, startling the doctor and the nurse.

And Veronica. Her outstretched fingers twitched in reflex, and she moved her arm slightly. It was a small sign that there was still something working in there.

Craig said "That's a good sign. She's not so far gone maybe. We'll bring her back from this, don't worry Joan. We have before."

She nodded. There was hope, at least. If this life had taught her anything, it was how precious the little signs of life were.

Someday Veronica would come back. And her mother would be there.

That's all there was to it.

THE END