

## Birthday and Makeup

Yasmin was out of breath, although that was hardly unusual. She was on her morning jog; part of her daily regime as an athletic girl. Her frame was well-suited for her active lifestyle: toned and, a little to Yasmin's disappointment, a little on the curveless side, even though carrying around less weight made it easier to move around. Nevertheless, she did like to jog, but even today, it felt a little different – this was the last morning she was going to be seventeen. Yasmin had to admit, she was nervous – she was on the cusp of becoming an adult, but she still felt unprepared for it all. She was going to take a gap year, and yet, what exactly she was going to do in that time beyond getting a job wasn't something she'd figured out. She might visit Iran to see some relatives, or join some sort of service group in addition to whatever job she might pick up, but the actual specifics of it all were something she still hadn't quite pieced together.

Jogging helped her deal with some of her worries though – when she was out, she always felt she had a chance to clear her head a little, and she always enjoyed stretching her long legs. *It's not like I don't have time to work out my problems anyway*, she thought. Finishing her run, she quickly got back inside her house for her shower, getting ready for the day ahead. *Besides, with my birthday coming up, it's supposed to be time for me to relax!*

---

“Happy birthday, Yasmin!” Her friends Genevieve and Shana had camped out next to her locker, managing to catch her after classes. Like Yasmin, they were athletic, although neither were as tall as she. Genevieve was slightly stockier, with defined cheeks and a lighter complexion. She had decent curves, but hardly anything to turn heads. In contrast, Shana was the skinniest and palest of the trio, with lengthy curly brunette hair tied in a ponytail, fuller lips, and a more prominent nose. She had a well-defined backside, but her breasts were hardly anything to write home about either. They'd been friends for a while, and Yasmin felt comfortable around them, even if she stuck out a little due to being six and a half feet tall while also being small in the breast and ass departments. Genevieve held out a rather large wrapped box, while Shana had a much smaller gift.

“Thanks, Gen,” Yasmin responded, taking the box from her friend. She examined the box, curious at how big it was. “How much stuff is in here?”

“Enough for one of my best friends!” Genevieve said, grinning widely. Yasmin pulled the wrapping paper apart to reveal the gift underneath: an undecorated cardboard box. “It's inside-”

“Yeah, I got that, don't worry.” Yasmin winked at her as she lifted the flaps of the box open to find a neatly organized bundle of products. Yasmin named each as she picked them up. “Body lotion, mascara, eyeliner, foundation... damn girl, you really went all out here, huh? How many hundreds of dollars did this cost?”

“It was actually free! It's all from the company my dad works at.”

“Note to self: spend \$0 on Genevieve's birthday,” Yasmin joked. They giggled together as they looked through the rest of the box, sorting out all the products inside. Shana handed her gift to Yasmin.

“Can't really compete with the amount of stuff Genevieve got, but I did get something you'll find useful!” This box was unwrapped, but Yasmin could immediately tell what it was from the fact that it was a shoebox. Opening it, she found a pristine set of running sneakers.

“Shana, thanks so much! My current pair was starting to get ragged!”

“Yeah, well, it was kinda hard not to hear you saying you wanted some new sneakers. And I remember your size and brand preference from all the times we went shopping.” The girls giggled together, and Yasmin hugged them both. She was looking forward to the rest of the day – she knew her family and friends were going to join her for celebrations, and her boyfriend Andy would be there too.

---

“Whoa, Shana, where did you get all this beer?!” Yasmin asked, astounded, as Shana opened the suitcase she brought, revealing several packs of beer. She opened one, handing a can each to Yasmin and Genevieve, as they all sat down near the edge of the park they all frequently jogged in.

“Friend of mine at the liquor store.” Shana said. “Got in touch after a party a few months ago, and they turned out to be pretty helpful.” The girls opened the cans, clinking them together, before taking long swigs. They emptied the cans pretty quickly, so Shana brought more out for her friends.

“Can’t remember the last time I went to a party, especially during Senior year... I don’t think I’ve drank this much for a while, probably not since I went to see some relatives up in Montreal.” Genevieve said.

“Yeah, because of how busy we’ve been, I wasn’t really able to ask the liquor store friend for beer up until a few days ago. Actually, I don’t think I’ve drunk much since Seder!” As if to rectify this perceived issue, Shana took another big gulp. Clearing her throat, she continued. “Anyway, we’re all eighteen now! Good chance for us to get ahead a little!” Shana cheered. The girls giggled at her remark. “Speaking of growing up, how did things go with Andy on your birthday?” Shana asked. Yasmin finished her can, sighing.

“More of the same, really... didn’t get to much past second base.” Yasmin said wistfully. “Honestly, I thought things were going to get a little more intimate back when he dropped by for the celebrations a week ago.” Genevieve nodded for Yasmin to continue. “I noticed Andy eying a curvier girl too about a week before my birthday too... so I’m beginning to wonder if he’s being intentionally slow because he’s less physically attracted to me.” Genevieve and Shana looked shocked at Yasmin’s comment. It was a moment before Genevieve spoke up.

“No, Yasmin! I doubt Andy’s that shallow! I wouldn’t have introduced you guys if I did! He’s just a bit shy.” Genevieve shook her head, taking another gulp. “Maybe don’t get too caught up in it. Besides, it’s not like either of you are going anywhere.” Genevieve said. “Remember, he’s taking a gap year too.” Yasmin didn’t reply, but just took another gulp of her own beer.

“Not to say sex isn’t fun though.” Shana interjected. “I’ve had some good times, so if you think Andy’s ready to make a move, you should probably send him the right signals. It’ll make things easier for both of you.” Yasmin nodded, although she continued to remain silent.

*Probably best to change the subject now*, Genevieve thought. “Anyway, you think you might visit Iran anytime soon again? I might go with you to see my mom’s side of the family.”

“Yeah, I was considering going sometime over my gap year, but I don’t have any final plans yet. How’s your Parsi?”

“Still not good!” Genevieve laughed. “But I’m trying. Oh, by the way, you get a chance to try out the stuff I gave you? My dad got it from his company, the B&M one.”

“No, not really.” Yasmin said as she shook her head. “But I probably will tomorrow after my jog tomorrow morning.”

“Sure, let me know how it turns out! My dad also said he’s interested in seeing how you like it.” The girls continued to chat for another couple hours as they sobered up, before they all went home.

---

“Back, Mom!” Yasmin called as she unlocked the door. She’d gone pretty hard during her jog this morning, and she was quite fatigued. She grabbed some water as she entered the kitchen, taking a moment to catch her breath. Yasmin’s mother came in not long after.

“Hi Yasmin! I’m heading out to get some groceries. I left Genevieve’s gifts outside the shower for you.” Yasmin’s mother said in accented English.

“Thanks Mom! See you soon!” Yasmin’s mother left and Yasmin made her way over to the bathroom. Getting inside, she peeled off most of her workout clothes, stripping down to her underwear. She began pulling them off too, unclipping her sports bra and pulling her long legs through her panties, slipping them off. She paused for a moment, taking in the sight of her naked form in the mirror.

She gazed at her statuesque figure, admiring her toning. Her muscles, while hardly massive, were well-sculpted over years of playing sports, giving her form a somewhat tight look. Still... she sighed at her reflection, feeling a little wistful. *I wish I had more T’n’A*. She shook her head, moving towards the shower and twisting the handle. A stream of hot water sprayed out, heating up the shower floor and beginning to steam up the mirror. The tall girl approached the curtains and stepped inside, picking up the B&M bodywash as she did so. Yasmin placed the bottle on to the floor as she turned, letting the water run over her entire body. Satisfied with getting herself wet, Yasmin began to lather some of the body wash in her hands before spreading it over her olive skin.

“Ooh, feels all tingly!” She said with excitement as the soap soaked into her svelte form. She spread the bodywash all over herself, feeling the pleasurable tingling sensations dance across her skin as she lathered herself in the foam in thick amounts. Much to her delight, the tingling soon sank deep within her flesh, although she was surprised that bodywash could ever make her feel so good, especially after a hard workout. She began shaking from the increased sensuousness, unused to these feelings. Before long, Yasmin realized she was gasping. That was when she could swear she felt something weird about it.

As her hands traced down her chest, Yasmin discovered something was odd. Her breasts – formerly nothing noticeable – were now filling her hands. “Huh?” Yasmin stared down at her chest, unsure of what she was sensing. In front of her, for the first time, her eyes and her fingers confirmed that she had boobs! Yasmin’s jaw dropped. “This... this can’t be real!” Not only were her boobs bigger though... it felt as if they were pushing back against her fingers, overflowing her grip. *They’re... growing?* Yasmin focused through the sensations beginning to course through her, trying to examine her breasts. Peering down, she realized she could actually *see* her tits sliding through her hands as they swelled. Yasmin’s eyes widened too – *It’s real, I am growing!* She was starting to panic as her boobs began to grow too large for her hands. That was when she felt her ass push into the wall of the shower. *But... I didn’t step back!* Yasmin’s eyes widened even further, and her hands slid down her soapy body, hoping that what she was just feeling wasn’t actually real. Her hands turned over to her ass, and discovered it too was also plumping up larger. “Oh my goodness,” she mumbled, stumbling back into the wall of the shower harder, her thickening ass flattening out against it.

Stunned and unsure what to do, Yasmin simply watched as her chest bulged larger,

covering more of the expanse of her torso. Rumbles of pleasure echoed in her chest, causing her to moan again. "I'm not... getting turned on by this!" Yasmin tried to declare without moaning again, as if saying that would make it true. Yasmin was further stimulated by the droplets of water hitting her bosom. Against her better judgment, Yasmin slid her hands from bracing against the shower wall up to her chest again and, unable to stop herself, started to grope her swelling tits.

"Oh, gosh, mmmmmfffff," she moaned much louder than before as she kneaded her breasts, feeling how sensitive her nipples were for the first time. Her boobs pressed against her hands, pushing them backwards as her boobs outgrew the containment of her hands, now barely fitting into each palm as they began to reach basketball sizes. Meanwhile, her ass continued to push outwards against the wall, tipping her forwards as her figure became more and more hourglass-like with each passing second.

Yasmin was panting harder than she ever had when she played sports, her mind completely unprepared for how amazing everything felt for her. The powerful sensation of her skin stretching over her swelling flesh continued to engulf Yasmin's senses, forcing the girl to her knees. Yasmin felt her hair stick to her face as another powerful growth spurt rocked her body, her boobs now reached her midriff, just above her belly button. She began to shake more forcefully, taking one of her trembling hands and run it over a widening hip, carefully sliding it down between her thighs. Yasmin gasped again as she began to get hot and bothered, her pussy slickening.

Before Yasmin could reach there, another growth spurt stretched her tits so hard she yelped, feeling her nipples thicken too. Both hands returned to each boob, barely palming the bottom of each breast as they pushed past her belly button. The weight on her shoulders was too much, and Yasmin felt herself be pulled forward. Luckily, she instinctively grabbed the shower wall to steady herself. Through the pleasure of it all, Yasmin suddenly realized something that was both impressive and terrifying – she could feel her boobs pressing against her legs! *H-how big am I going to get?* was the only coherent thought she could come up with through her trance. As her tits continued to obscure more of her thighs, unknown to Yasmin yet, little drops of liquid were forming on her nipples – not from the shower stream, but from inside her boobs. Yasmin was lactating, and her milk supply was quickly increasing as she got bigger. In short order, Yasmin was a moaning, lactating mess as she grew and grew, her ass pressing into her heels, easily burying her feet with their plumpness. Her boobs began spraying her milk forcefully from how tight they were inside, flowing out of her nipples and all over her knees.

She was growing fast, pushing beyond comparable sizes quickly. Yasmin's firm, milk-filled flesh grew over her knees, obscuring the floor around her, approaching the shower curtain. There was only a short wall to retain the water, just a few inches high, and Yasmin was rapidly approaching growing over it. As her ass grew, Yasmin brought her feet out from underneath her newly-formed booty shelf, bringing her legs out in front of her, brushing against her tits. With her long legs splayed out to either side, she was sitting in the middle of the shower, slowing rising higher as her ass pumped up. The spray of water continued to tease her, feeling like gentle kisses all over her entire body as her skin became more sensitive. Meanwhile, her boobs had reached her shins, and began pressing against the shower wall. Her breasts started to leak her milk more forcefully because of the pressure of the wall, but her tits were literally rising to meet the challenge. In less than a minute, Yasmin's plumping tits now pushed over the shower wall, her nipples leaking milk onto the tiled bathroom floor.

Yasmin's curves continued to get more and more absurd by the second, the compound in

the B&M lotion pushing her youthful body even more than it would an older woman. Her arms rested on top of her tits, now too mentally far gone to move. Yasmin continued to shake as she lactated, all the sensations crashing through her explosively. Trapped under her tits, her legs trembled occasionally, making her boobs jiggle and encouraging her milk to flow. Her breasts pushed farther out into the bathroom, assisted by her rear pushing her further away from the wall. Her pubescence allowed the compound to shape her, change her, into a true exaggeration of femininity.

Yasmin's legs and feet were entirely covered by tit as her curves continue to grow larger and larger. She was too drawn into her own growth to really process it though, barely registering how massive her curves were becoming. Her moans of pleasure escalated into a hoarse grumbling and finally culminated in a throaty scream as she convulsed with the most powerful orgasm she had ever experienced, blacking out from the intensity.

---

"Yasmin? Yasmin, where are you?" Yasmin awoke, slowly, blinking as she felt the shower water running down her face, hearing her mother calling for her. She'd initially thought the whole experience had been a dream, but the water still hitting her and the weight atop her proved her wrong immediately. Yasmin gradually came to, and her eyes widened at the sight in front of her. The tits connected to her were beyond comparison, reaching almost to the far wall four feet in front of her. Moreover, Yasmin realized her nipples were still leaking milk. Unable to turn around fully from the weight of her breasts and from being wedged in the shower, Yasmin wiggled in place. Running her hands down her back and over her huge ass, she guessed it was almost a rival in size for her gigantic breasts.

"What... happened to me?" she whimpered, a wild cocktail of emotions broiled within her. "More importantly... how am I going to get up?" "Yasmin?" Yasmin heard her mother knock on the door. "You're still in the shower?" Out of all the emotions she felt though, now the strongest were concern and embarrassment as to how her mother would react to seeing her now. *Is this permanent? I could maybe make her go away for a moment while I try to figure this out...* Yasmin thought on it for a short moment before shaking her head. *She might be able to help me...* Even though she knew her mother would be terribly shocked to see her daughter grow such gigantic curves that would make most ancient fertility idols look like stick figures in comparison, she definitely needed help.

"Mom?" Yasmin called. "I... I've got a problem in here, and I need your help, but it's something shocking."

"Yasmin? Are you OK?"

"Well... I think you need to see for yourself. You can come in." Yasmin's mother opened the bathroom door, and gasped as she saw two massive nipples dripping milk on to the bathroom floor. Those nipples were attached to olive-skinned beanbags, which in turn were attached to a comparatively small torso and a head barely poking out from between each boob. Yasmin, her face flushed, stared awkwardly at her mother before gazing at each tit again.

"Do you mind... shutting off the shower now?" she whimpered.

"Yas... Yasmin?" Yasmin's mother stepped forward, carefully avoiding the milk puddle, and turned the shower handle, leaving only a small trickle of water from the showerhead. She could only stare at her daughter, completely taken aback by the dramatic transformation that had taken place. Yasmin could only nod.

“I don’t know why this happened... but I can’t get up. These boobs are too heavy. I need you to help me up.” She leaned as far forward as she could to reach out to her mother, but, wedged as she was between her incredibly-sized breasts and ass, she couldn’t really reach that far. Luckily for her, her mother was able to steady herself and take Yasmin’s hand. Her mother pulled up as hard as she could, and after a few tugs, Yasmin was able to free her legs from the weight of her boobs, sliding her breasts over on to the bathroom floor, causing them to splash into the milk puddle. Yasmin stifled a moan from the jiggling of her tits as they lay on the floor; she didn’t want her mother being frightened that she had become some kind of sex machine... even if part of her had to admit, she enjoyed the incredible feelings she’d just experienced.

---

Yasmin was draped in her bedsheets, the only thing that could really cover her up anymore. Her mother had helped her dry her off, squeeze through the door, and reach her bed, after which she tried calling a doctor over to their home to help her. Yasmin was still too shocked to really process what was going on for her though – she’d never even imagined what something as mundane as walking would be like with tits this big, but now, she could say she knew what it felt like to accidentally knee herself in the boobs. Before she could consider how it might affect her last few months in school, she heard the doorbell ring. Her mother answered it quickly, and to Yasmin’s surprise, she heard her mother coming upstairs again.

“Yasmin? There’s someone who can help you here. I’m coming over to help you down.” Yasmin’s mother entered the bedroom and held Yasmin by her shoulder and arm, helping her stand up. Yasmin was still having trouble keeping her balance, her tits and ass swaying precariously, but she was eventually able to stop the jiggling enough to right her posture. They walked together to the stairs, and, with her mother holding the bottoms of each tit and Yasmin trying to contain the shaking of her ass cheeks with her relatively small hands, they walked down together.

Upon reaching the bottom, Yasmin saw a very curvy, pale woman. Hardly as curvaceous as Yasmin was now, but definitely beyond the realm of normal, as she would’ve made most porn stars jealous with boobs larger than basketballs and hips that were barely small enough for her to have walked through the door. She was wearing a business suit and carrying a briefcase, but was leaning slightly against the wall in a casual manner. She moved up to Yasmin before extending her hand out in greeting.

“Hi Yasmin, my name’s Lizz. I’m from the B&M company, and we can offer you some things that might help.”

---

“So, you’re saying there’s a special apartment for me that’s designed for someone of my... proportions?”

“Yes, and it’ll have all the milking equipment you need. Your education will be taken care of with a tutor, so you’ll still get a high school degree around the same time your classmates will graduate. You’ll be paid quite well too, on top of the company paying for your living expenses in the apartment that we’ll provide for you. For someone your age, that’s a great offer.”

“It... it does sound like a good deal.” Yasmin turned to her mother, who had been listening intently to the offer too. “What do you think?” Yasmin’s mother looked a little hesitant, but after a moment, she finally spoke.

“If this is what god has planned for you, then... I will not oppose it.” There was a twinge of sadness in her voice when she said it, the sadness of all the things she envisioned for her daughter coming to an end. She looked sympathetically at Yasmin and nodded.

“OK, I’ll take it then.” Lizz came over with a clipboard and the documents Yasmin needed to sign. Yasmin placed the clipboard on her absurdly large bosom, stifling a moan again as her breasts wobbled against the clipboard while she signed the documents. *Wow, even something as simple as writing is going to be a challenge*, Yasmin thought with some trepidation. *My life is going to completely change because of this*. Once she was finished signing, Lizz took the papers and placed them in her briefcase before getting up to leave.

“The company will be here in about fifteen minutes to get you to the apartment. We’ll make a second trip for your things, but the more important thing at the moment is to conduct a physical to make sure you’re in good shape, and that’s a lot easier when you’re at this new apartment. We’ve got the equipment we need to properly examine you all there. *And to get some tests done on you to see how we can get other girls as big as you*, Lizz thought with some satisfaction. “Just so you know, there might be residual growth spurts that could happen from any leftover hormone inside you that didn’t activate for whatever reason. We’ll provide more clothes for you in case of emergency.” Lizz nodded to Yasmin as she exited her home.

*I could get even bigger? That sounds crazy...* Yasmin contemplated, as she waited for the company team.

---

Sure enough, the company team arrived within fifteen minutes to bring Yasmin to her new home. Her mother embraced her, wiping away a few tears.

“It’s OK, mom. I won’t be far, and you have my new address.” Yasmin hugged her mother back before getting up to leave with the B&M staff. Unlike when Yasmin squeezed out of the bathroom with the help of her mother, the B&M team were less gentle as they tried to pull Yasmin out of the door. They removed the bedsheet she was wearing, leaving her naked again. To keep her decent (and to prevent more milk leakage), they placed caps over her large nipples, and provided a smaller loincloth for her to cover up her pussy and ass. Finishing that, they began rubbing oil over her curves to help her squeeze through her front door. Yasmin had to stifle several moans as they rubbed the oil all over her, her empowered sensitivity exciting her, bringing a flush to her face.

Unknown to her, the oil was designed to trigger a growth spurt from any residual hormone that hadn’t fully activated during her shower. The oil was beginning to work its way inside her, starting the process of making her grow once more. Meanwhile, the team brought Yasmin outside, where there was a special cart designed for her to carry her breasts across. With her increased sensitivity, Yasmin was having trouble walking, and the cloth hanging between her legs would have trouble hiding that she was more than ready for some action. Luckily for her, she was able to reach a special truck designed to accommodate girls for her size before any obvious signs of her arousal were showing. Conveniently, it also contained a milking machine too, and as they placed her inside and strapped her into a seat that was extra-wide to take on Yasmin’s gigantic caboose, the caps on her nipples were replaced by the machine’s nozzles. With the combination of stimulation and her own growth beginning to restart, Yasmin was too turned on to keep on stifling her gasps and moans now, feeling the rising heat inside her as her face became flushed.

Yasmin's eyes widened as she recognized the now-familiar feeling of growth taking hold of her already hyper-curvaceous form. *It's... it's happening again!* she thought with alarm. She was about to say something to the team, except they switched her milking machine switched on. Yasmin had no words to describe the sensation of getting milked properly for the first time, other than that it was *amazing*. "Oh... fuuuuuccckkk..." Yasmin had never really talked dirty like this before either, but with the orgasmic sensations coursing through her now, she hardly noticed. Yasmin's milk gushed into the milk tanks, the machine providing Yasmin a release for her ever-increasing milk supply.

The truck began making its way to the apartment, although the road was bumpy. Yasmin was hardly aware of the truck moving until some of the bumps caused her curves to shake and wobble, only adding to the pleasurable sensations of growth bombarding through her. Her ass cushioned some of the more forceful rocking, pushing outwards further over the seat, overflowing it despite how it was designed to be wide enough for girls like her. Yasmin was a gasping mess, barely able to maintain her consciousness with how intense her orgasms were. The cloth used to cover her pussy up was drenched from how much she was enjoying herself. Without thinking, she was gently kneading the tops of her immense breasts, allowing the milk to gush more forcefully. Before long though, the powerful sensations were too much for her, and Yasmin screamed loudly before blacking out again.

---

Her mother's words echoed in her head. "If this is what god has planned for you then... I will not oppose it." Yasmin knew her mother was hardly pleased by this turn of events, but, if she had to admit to herself, *at least now I have a steady plan for the foreseeable future*. She had arrived in her new B&M home a few days before, still unconscious, but easily well-cared for. Once the B&M team had finished conducting their tests, they fitted her for a bra and panties, although, given her immense size, even they needed some time to prepare her new clothes. For now, she was mostly naked, with her tits were suspended in a hammock hanging from the ceiling to take most of the weight off her back. Her boobs reached out at least five and a half feet in front of her, with her leaky nipples the size of her fists capping them. Luckily, the house had a ceiling rail for the hammock so that she could walk around without too much of a problem. At least now whenever she walked, it kept her boobs from smacking into shins.

Thankfully, the panties were ready and had been delivered to her a couple minutes earlier. Reaching to open the packaging, she was in awe at how wide they were to accommodate her massively-enlarged hips. They were nicely decorated too, with floral patterns dancing across their large surface. *These panties are really pretty*, she thought. After examining them a little more, she slipped into them. Without the hammock, such a task would've been impossible, but Yasmin twisted her hips around to slip her sensual, lengthy legs into each massive leg hole. *Beats the loincloths they gave me*, she thought. Undoing the loincloth she had been wearing, she let it fall to the floor as she pulled her panties up her creamy thighs. Feeling them reach over each massive hip, she shook her ass to let it climb over the widest part of her, at least four times the width of her own shoulders now, feeling it jiggle as she enjoyed her new panties hug her plush, abundant booty. They'd also been designed to be more absorbent for Yasmin's... awakened sexual desires.

Yasmin's focus on her new clothes was interrupted when she heard a knock on the door. It was probably Genevieve and Shana – Yasmin had called them a day after her transformation, informing them that she'd grown immensely, and that she had to be put into a special home



while dropping out of high school. While they'd sounded sympathetic, both girls had mentioned they were interested in seeing Yasmin. Ostensibly, they wanted to check in on her, but Yasmin had a feeling they were there to see how big she got.

Making her way to the door, Yasmin sighed quietly. Even with the convenience of the hammock for her breasts, it was still difficult to move around given how heavy her curves were. Her athletic body, already toned, had become even more well-sculpted during her growth, but was still hardly a match for her curvaceousness. Shifting around to give herself room to reach the door handle, she reached it, finally turning it and opening the door for her friends.

"Hey Yas—" Genevieve was wholly unprepared for how enormous Yasmin's tits were, and her jaw dropped, completely speechless. Shana was just behind her, and she looked equally, if not even more shocked.

"Hi... come in." Yasmin said a little awkwardly. The smell of her milk permeated her apartment, hitting Genevieve and Shana with a powerful aphrodisiac scent. After a few minutes of staring, Shana found her voice. "They-they said you were big but... I can't even imagine what this is like for you."

"I'm still trying to wrap my head around it," Yasmin replied. "I thought they were huge when I was leaving the house, but then I kept growing on the way over here. They're so big now, I can't run anymore with them. Sorry Shana," Yasmin said mournfully, "I don't think I'll be using those sneakers you gave me as often as I could've before." Yasmin paused before continuing. "But, having said that..." Yasmin hesitated as she considered mentioning how she really felt about it all, but she wanted to be honest with herself and her friends. "Well, you have no idea how good everything feels now. Every second of every moment ever since has been... wonderful. My body is so sensitive and tingly now! Especially my nipples and pussy!" The other girls looked astounded at Yasmin talking like this, since she had never mentioned anything raunchy before. Genevieve tried to change the subject.

"Oh, er... do you have any idea why they asked us to go barefoot in here? They also told us to take off our earrings too..." Genevieve asked, tentatively. Yasmin led them to the living room, where they continued to stare at her. She smiled without answering.

"See these?" She gestured to her immense breasts. She pushed into them, causing her nipples to leak milk. Her friends both suddenly caught the scent and sight of her milk, and unknown to Yasmin, just the smell of the powerful aphrodisiac she produced inside her milk was bringing feelings of desire gently running through them. That, combined with the sight of her milk, was stimulating strong feelings of outright lust in both of them. Such feelings overpowered their inhibitions, and both of Yasmin's friends stared at the leaking nipples, unable to think of what to say. Something about it was... drawing her friends towards them, almost as if they were silently calling to a primal part of their femininity. Genevieve stared at Yasmin's openly leaking nipples, approaching Yasmin's left teat slowly.

"What if I... did this?" she asked. Both of her hands grabbed a hold of one of Yasmin's nipples and began to milk her. The flow of cream strengthened, and moans of pleasure emanated from Yasmin. Despite Yasmin having planned for them to arrive when she shouldn't be full of milk, her tits were so big that even in their less full state, there was plenty of milk inside them. Shana was surprised by how much milk there was, and out of curiosity, likewise began kneading Yasmin's titflesh, strengthening Yasmin's lactation. Yasmin's milk began splashing everywhere, Yasmin losing herself in the powerful sensations emanating from her boobs. "Wow, it feels so soft!" Genevieve marveled, as she and Shana continued to stroke Yasmin's mammarian abundance. The breasts seemed so... perfect to them, and the milk smelled so good! Shana's

mind filled with ideas, and she pulled as much of her friend's nipple into her mouth as she could. It was Genevieve's turn to follow what Shana was doing, and she did the same. As the milk flowed into their mouths, the girls' bodies were overcome with arousal. None of them knew the powerful hormone saturating Yasmin's milk would make them both grow like Yasmin had.

In moments, the hormone began aggressively rearranging their body chemistries far beyond the usual means of puberty. Their curves were pushing into their clothes, testing the limits of the stitching. The clasp of Genevieve's bra was the first thing to go, releasing its hold on the swelling tits inside. Her nipples poked through the material of her T-shirt as her breasts swung into it, causing the hem of the shirt to heave. Her undies quickly followed suit, her widening hips stretching the waistband. Soft flesh was rapidly being added to Genevieve's form, and it wasn't long before the seams on either side of her T-shirt were popping. She was losing herself in the sensations of growth, and before long, the eighteen-year-old's clothes were all pulled skin-tight across her swelling body, constricting her growing figure.

Meanwhile, Shana was caught up in her own developments. Her already plush ass was pressing against the insides of her skinny jeans, causing the stitching across the sides to groan and pop. Soon, the button at the top of her jeans popped off and the zipper started to get pulled down, revealing Shana's simple pink panties and some more pale skin. Any relief that might have given Shana was short-lived though, as Shana's hips continued to widen, forcing the zipper to reach the bottom without providing more room for Shana to grow. Not long after, the stitching between Shana's legs started to tear, exposing more of her thighs, and her noticeably wet panties. Her breasts, once hardly noticeable, had already begun to rival volley balls in size.

The girls continued to greedily suckle from Yasmin, enjoying the sensation of their growth, their asses and tits dominating more and more of their figures. All of them trembled, Yasmin from how much she enjoyed feeling proper mouths on her nipples instead of milking machines, and Genevieve and Shana from their own growth. All of them zoned out from the intensity of the orgasmic feelings burning through them; for Genevieve and Shana, there were only Yasmin's nipples and the delicious, sweet cream flowing from them, and nothing else.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, the sensations came to a head, and Genevieve and Shana's bodies shook from the most powerful climaxes they had ever experienced. Both of them cooed and moaned, although neither of them ever came close to lifting their lips from Yasmin's gorgeous teats, still generously gushing milk into their mouths and fuelling their bodies' incredible growth.

Genevieve felt her growth intensify, and she bit down on Yasmin's nipple harder, causing Yasmin to moan loudly from the sensation. Genevieve's breasts had pressed much further into her shirt, pushing it far away from her torso, forcing the hem of the shirt to hover in front of her abs, which were noticeably pressing out against her skin, two by two, although not large enough to look like a full sixpack. The shirt strained against Genevieve's enlarging tits, her thickening nipples poking through the fabric. At the same time, Genevieve's plumping ass had torn through her inadequately-sized skirt, with more and more assflesh pouring out of the holes that appeared in the fabric as it strained against her swelling flesh.

Shana's jeans finally tore completely around her ass and thighs from the strain their new eminence were placing on her now inadequately-sized clothes. Not long after, her panties, stretched so tightly across her immense hips that they looked more like a thong now, tore with a loud snap, allowing her ass to continue its growth unimpeded from its cloth prison and exposing her dripping pussy. Shana's shirt, completely overwhelmed by her tits that had begun to rival

beach balls in size, was ripping at the seams, looking more like a small, suspended tent barely holding together from how tight it was becoming.

From there on, their minds struggled to embrace the erotic sensations that their hormone-enhanced figures were providing them. Both Genevieve's and Shana's last pieces of clothing finally tore off, Genevieve's skirt and panties flinging off her body with such force that they popped off her massive hips, while Shana's shirt tore off her in a similar fashion, revealing strawberry-sized rosy nipples amid some pink titflesh. Each girl was only clad in rags now, unaware that the company had asked them to remove their footwear and earrings because the feeling of the air on their skin was strengthening the hormone in Yasmin's milk to transform them even more. They shook off any rags that clung on to their arms or lower legs instinctively, both girls trembling from the overwhelmingly powerful string of orgasms that were now coursing through them.

The constant climaxes coincided with a wild acceleration of their growth, and in seconds each girls' boobs had gone past their waists and pushed onwards to cover their wet nethers. None of them were close to being finished though, as they, just like Yasmin, were young enough to be affected by the hormone to grow even more. Genevieve was slightly bigger than Shana, although there was hardly a whisker of difference between them in both the boobs and ass departments. Genevieve and Shana's growth accelerated, their breasts pushing past the midway points of their thickening thighs and starting to touch the tops of their knees. Their asses had firmed and bulked out, and the hips that carried that had spread so far that even with immense bean bag breasts obscuring them, the outermost contours of their hips had spread enough to be visible, far beyond the needs of birthing.

Soon, their boobs had pushed past even their knees, touching their shins. Neither Genevieve or Shana were really aware by this point how big they were getting, so lost were they in the salacious sensations crashing through their bodies and strengthening their libidos. Soon, their tits were touching the floor, each weighing at least sixty pounds. Their boobs were starting to feel tight and full inside, straining the skin on their breasts as they continued to blossom with growth. Meanwhile, their asses continued to push outwards too, now having graduated to the size of shelf booties, about half the size of their breasts. Their knees wobbled as the growth rate started to level off, their tits having become so magnificently large that they were pooling over their ankles and touching the floor. The sensation of her boobs contacting the floor elicited such a strong orgasm in Genevieve that she lost her balance, accidentally slipping to the side on some of Yasmin's milk that had spilled onto the floor, causing her to pry her lips off Yasmin's nipple and barreling into both Yasmin and Shana. The weights of Yasmin and Shana's asses pulled them backwards and caused them to lose their balance. Yasmin was able to get her balance back because of the hammock holding her breasts, but her friends tumbled to the floor, Genevieve landing on her breasts, Shana landing on her plush ass as her boobs weighed down on top of her. The force of their landings caused their boobs to express their own milk for the first time, both of them gasping as their cream flowed quickly out of their boobs.

"Oh wow... my tits... and my ass... so... huge..." Shana managed between gasps. She tried to reach a nipple, wanting to feel her milk in her hands, but found that her boobs were so big that she couldn't even get close to reaching the nipple. Genevieve was completely overwhelmed, leaning backwards over her gigantic ass, trying to catch her breath. She couldn't even speak, she was still so taken with what had happened to her, only barely registering the rags around her body that used to be her clothes and occasionally shaking with a few residual orgasms. Yasmin recovered faster than them, and looked at them with surprise as she realized

what had happened to them.

“My milk did that to you?” Yasmin asked, trying to see over her own breasts at her friends lying on the ground.

“I guess so...” Genevieve said as she came to, but was staring straight ahead, seeming out of it. “It felt so amazing... I just want to feel it forever...” Yasmin’s friends lay on the ground, murmuring as they drifted in and out of their milky trance. Watching them, Yasmin giggled, remembering her own transformation. Shana was finally registering her growth through her lust, and she started stroking the sides of her boobs, amazed at how curvaceous she was now. The friends had all become exaggerations of womanhood, their bodies dominated by their curves. Yasmin had to admit, they all looked quite good like this... although she knew that they would have a lot of questions once they recovered just like she did. *I hope they adjust to it... it took me a few days*, Yasmin thought to herself, considering how their lives were going to change just like hers had. She made her way to her phone, wobbling all the way. Reaching it, she dialed a number. “Hi, Lizz? Got a bit of a situation here back at my apartment.”

---

It had been a week since Yasmin’s milk had transformed her friends. She was back in her special apartment, still getting used to not having to go to school. She had to admit, part of her did miss some of the routine of seeing classmates, even ones that she wasn’t that close to. She missed being around her parents, especially her mother’s cooking. And she missed being able to jog whenever she wanted to, and not being able to use Shana’s sneakers made her sad. If she tried to now, her assets would cause her to trip and fall, probably making a milky mess everywhere. And that was only if she could slip on her sneakers... even though there was a mirror to help her with that in the entrance hallway and the hammock freed her legs, she still hadn’t gotten the hang of it. But now, with her form resembling an ancient fertility idol, she also couldn’t deny anymore that a fertility goddess’s desires had become a part of her since her transformation... and the privacy of her new home helped her explore some of those desires.

She’d been able to call Andy and inform him what had happened, but he hadn’t visited her yet. Now that it was the weekend though, Andy had promised to drop by. Yasmin smiled in anticipation; he was going to be arriving any minute now. To emphasize her new size to him, she’d gotten her hands on an old blue dress that used to go to her ankles. After speaking with the tailor that B&M employed, she’d had it customized so that she could wear it again. Now, it functioned more like an oversized shirt than a dress, with most of the fabric dedicated to barely containing her oversized bust. The back of the dress needed to be modified to accommodate how wide her breasts were, but it was well worth it. Yasmin completed her look with an old black skirt she used to have too, which, like the dress, had been customized to her new form. Also like the dress, it once hung to her ankles, but had been widened to fully cover her immense booty. Despite its already incredible girth and height, the skirt tightly hugged her hips and ass, the hemline barely covering her upper thighs and threatening to show the lower contours of her custom-made panties.

As Yasmin admired the tailor’s work on her old clothes, she heard the doorbell ring. Yasmin eagerly made her way to it, the railing squeaking slightly from the strain of Yasmin moving faster than it had intended. Her body wobbled and jiggled from the effort, Yasmin still getting used to walking and balancing herself with such a breath-taking body. Nevertheless, she

was definitely more used to it than before. Reaching the door, she opened it, exposing her new look to her boyfriend.

“Hey Andy,” she purred as she struck a flirty pose in the hallway. Andy’s jaw dropped at the sight. Yasmin giggled at his expression; she’d never seen him look so shocked. Part of her was still shy, wondering if she should really keep this up. It would be fun to play around a little... maybe finally get their relationship moving forward more. Then again, it might not be a good idea to rush things. *I guess I’ll tone it down*, she thought, *don’t want him to think I became slutty from growing like this*. She shifted into a more neutral stance before letting him inside. “It’s been a few weeks,” she said as she gestured for him to take a seat at the dinner table. “I, er... hope it’s not too shocking for you.”

Andy was still speechless, completely unprepared for Yasmin’s change. Yasmin didn’t want to push him, knowing that it was a lot for him to take in. *Shit, I can’t say I responded to it that well immediately either...* she thought with some embarrassment. He ran his hands through his dark hair, before, finally, he managed to find something to say. “Y-yeah... I can see why. I know you said big, but... I had no idea until I saw it for myself.” He said, quietly. He smiled nervously at her. “H-h-how are you feeling about it?” He stuttered. Yasmin smiled encouragingly.

“Honestly? I feel amazing now, but I’m still taking it in some ways.” She pointed at the hammock attached to the ceiling rail. “I never thought in a million years that boobs or asses, let alone my boobs and ass, would ever get to be big enough to need support like this. And I’m producing milk. A lot of milk. They pump me all the time. Still...” she shook her breasts, allowing the hammock to shake and waver, “I have to admit, part of it does feel worth it.” *Wait, why am I talking like this to him? I was never open about sex with him this openly*, she thought with some surprise. The horniness was getting the better of her though, and her line of cautious thought was overtaken by another, more lustful consideration. *Maybe I can lay it on some more now*. She seductively winked at him. “What do you think?” she asked as the hammock continued to shake. Andy was staring at her again, unable to really come up with a response. *Oh no, does he think I’m being slutty?* Yasmin thought with more than a little worry as her lustfulness dissipated, at least for a moment. The aftereffect of her own transformation continued to linger over her through her own horniness, but she hadn’t been warned about how it would affect her judgment.

“Oh, I’m sorry Andy. Am I laying it on too thick?” she asked. Andy shook his head, his hesitation starting to disappear.

“No, no... it’s OK. And, to answer your first question... I think you look beautiful.” Yasmin blushed from being flattered on her new appearance. *Should I just be straightforward about this anyway?* Yasmin pondered. *I’ve been waiting this long to fuck him. I can’t really dance around it much longer if I don’t push the topic*. Yasmin took a deep breath as she prepared to talk about what she really wanted from him.

“It’s just that... to be completely honest... having a body like this means I’m horny. I’m horny all the time.” She said. *No, no!* Yasmin’s voice of caution cried out as it was still trying to battle for some control. She had never been this direct with Andy about her sexual wishes before, but, it was like the hormone had made her desires more urgent. He looked shocked as he heard her say something like this, but he nodded for her to continue. *I might as well put it all out there now*, she considered. For a moment, she almost didn’t, as thoughts of restraint were still trying to get her to stop. *But I already admitted I was horny... might as well see through to the end*, silencing her doubts again. “And... and I wanted to have sex with you even before this

happened. On my birthday, I was trying to hint at it to you, because I wanted a sweet sixteen, but... I guess you didn't pick up on it." *There it is*, Yasmin thought. *Forget being slutty – no subtlety, no hints. Just have it all out there for him to judge.* Yasmin crossed her arms over her immense tits, gazing at her SO, who looked like he was weighing her words more now.

"Yasmin, I..." Andy started, before clearing his throat. "No, I didn't know you were trying to ask me." He gestured to her swollen form. "Was this supposed to be your way of getting me more interested?" Yasmin laughed, causing her beanbag boobs to rock around in the hammock and jiggle enough for the rail to squeak in protest.

"Andy, you can be so cute with questions like that! No, not at all. This... this was something to do with some shower stuff I got for my birthday. I think Genevieve's dad had some mix-up with a hormone gel at B&M, the place he works at. They gave me this new apartment to help me." She gave him a sultry look. "But... now that I'm like this... what do you think? Do I... get a chance now that I'm being more open with what I want?" Yasmin asked with fake innocence. Andy was overwhelmed, but he had to admit, Yasmin's display was pretty arousing. And he was ready... for the most part.

"I, er, I don't have any protection though," he said sheepishly. Yasmin pretended to get annoyed with him and pouted.

"Honestly, who cares! I've waited long enough!" She took him by the wrist and eagerly made her way to the bedroom, but made sure to keep him far enough behind her so that she could sashay, putting her generous hips and ass on good display in her skirt as her panties were exposed. Andy walked at a slower pace but didn't outright stop her from leading him forward.

"Hun, I don't –" was all he managed before Yasmin stopped him.

"I've been pumping milk all fucking day, and I've waited this long. I need you, babe, please!" she said, this time with more genuine impatience. "Condom or no condom, I don't care. Just put it in me before I get really cross with you!" Not wanting to slight his girlfriend, Andy acquiesced and moved behind her.

Upon entering the bedroom, Andy saw Yasmin's gigantic bra hanging on a chair next to an immense memory foam bed. The bra was so large, it could carry several weeks' worth of groceries in it and probably still have room, and had several flaps around the nipple areas for milking purposes. "Wait, what's the point of having a bra when you have the... er... ceiling support?" Andy asked.

"For whenever I leave the house, silly! I have to wear a special corset with it too to keep my posture up, but that's not out at the moment." Yasmin giggled as she moved past the bra. Next to her bra was the milking machine. By this point, although Yasmin was still getting used to the very idea of being milked, she had gotten familiar with the controls of the milking machine. Flipping a few switches, she knew it would take a few moments before it would fully activate and start milking her. Stripping off her shirt, Yasmin revealed that she had indeed gone braless, her dark and thick nipples twice the size of kitchen towel rolls from being engorged with milk. Andy's jaw dropped; he had never seen Yasmin topless before, let alone now that she had giant boobs about to express milk. She attached the nozzles of the machine to her teats, before maneuvering herself to the bottom of the bed. She patted the part of the bed that her breasts hovered over, encouraging Andy to lie down there.

Andy did as he was told, shimmying his way beneath the tremendous breasts of his girlfriend. Yasmin smiled as she undid a few hammock straps, letting her mountainous breasts slip through the hammock and on to the bed. Andy flinched, at first worried that her tits might accidentally wind him, but Yasmin had accurately predicted that both boobs would land on either

side of him instead of on top of him, preventing any of that from being a problem. She grinned as she spread her long legs around his waist, rubbing her beach ball ass cheeks over his crotch and feeling him get hard from the stimulation through his clothes.

Eagerly, she began stripping his clothes off, first taking off his shirt and then his pants, leaving him only in his underwear with a plainly visible hard-on. Andy pulled off her oversized skirt, marveling at how it barely hid her new curves, and causing his cock to become harder and tent his boxers even higher. Yasmin couldn't hide her glee that she was an object of sexual desire, and she squealed as she continued to rotate her hips over it, causing Andy to groan from the sensation as their nethers, separated by only the thin fabric of their underwear, rubbed against each other. *Wait, wait, it's great that he wants me, but should I really keep on going?* Yasmin's shyness began to kick back in. *There's still time to turn back if I want to.* Unfortunately for Yasmin's more shy side, such thoughts were immediately dashed as the milking machine finally started to pump.

"Ohhh, it's starting again!" Yasmin shouted loudly, her body trembling as the pumps on her nipples began working in tandem, rivers of milk gushing forth and she cried out incoherently, taken by the pleasurable feeling of getting milked. Andy took that as his cue and stripped himself naked while pulling off her panties, exposing her wet pussy. Andy looked at his girlfriend's new figure in awe; he had never seen her naked like this before. Despite his own hesitation, Andy had to admit to himself, he wanted her too. Positioning himself to make love to her took some finesse, but he managed, slightly squatting under her huge booty. He began to push gently inside her, causing Yasmin to gasp loudly.

"Oh, *fuuuuck*, fuuck.... yes...." she moaned in a high-pitched voice tinged with satisfaction. Despite her wish for sex, she had never expected his cock to feel so good inside her. The tone of Yasmin's moaning changed as he pushed deeper and came into contact with Yasmin's hymen, Yasmin having no words to describe how she was *finally* losing her virginity, after waiting for so long. Andy pushed harder and Yasmin's cherry popped without protest, allowing him to maintain his pace. He kept going until he bottomed out, ringing out another cry from Yasmin. She could barely handle everything going on and mostly relied on Andy to keep everything going, at least at first. However, she was adjusting quickly to the feeling of being milked and getting railed simultaneously, and she was starting to raise her hips up and down, her calves and thighs well-toned from her former athletic lifestyle and the hormone's own muscle enhancements, allowing her to keep her pussy down low while maintaining her balance as she slid up and down his shaft. Andy was getting overwhelmed too, fondling her new curves and admiring their supremely erotic shape.

Andy's hands made their way up to Yasmin's teats, still attached to the nozzles of the machine. He brought as much of his hands as he could to the titflesh just beneath the nozzles, and squeezed hard. The milk gushed out harder and faster, causing Yasmin to gasp and moan, her thighs trembling as her pussy clamped down on Andy. Andy grunted, but he wasn't quite there yet; in contrast, Yasmin threw her head back and moaned even louder than she had during her growth spurts as she came for the first time from sex. Andy wasn't done though, and he had no plans to let Yasmin go just yet.

"Round... two..." Yasmin struggled to get out when she realized that Andy wanted to go the distance. Andy became more aggressive in his thrusting, wrapping his legs around her thighs and lifting the lower half of his body off the bed. Yasmin cooed and mewled as she felt Andy pound her vagina harder, quickly bringing her back up to high levels of arousal. After barely a couple minutes, Andy was close to letting loose inside her from all the powerful stimuli he was

experiencing, and he did everything he could to hold back. He removed his hands from Yasmin's immense tits and grabbed the outside of either huge thigh, and got a good hold on her hips to somehow thrust even more forcefully into her. One more stroke into her, and Andy grunted as he finally started blowing his load. "Mmmmmf," she moaned as she came again too. "Yeeesss... fill me up..." Yasmin made sure to envelop him as much as possible, ensuring none of his cum escaped the warm embrace of her vagina.

Finished, he rested underneath his girlfriend. Both of them were too spent to keep going, but Yasmin flipped him over and let him rest between her warm breasts. She smiled as she stroked his cheek, kissing him a few times. "Thanks," she said breathily, "that was worth the wait." She made out with him more passionately before they both drifted off to sleep.

---

"I'd thought this get easier." Yasmin grumbled to herself as she placed her left boob into the hammock. The high school graduation ceremony had finished a few days before, and although she, Genevieve, and Shana had definitely been in no position to attend, they were all still going to celebrate Andy's graduation in Yasmin's apartment. Andy was going to arrive a few hours before the others. *More than enough time to have my way with him for today*, she thought, without any other pesky thoughts to distract her from her desires. Yasmin smiled as a hand almost absent-mindedly dropped between her thighs, although she caught herself, giggling. Yasmin's hormone-driven lust had not diminished at all, and she knew that Genevieve and Shana wouldn't mind if she got in on with Andy before they arrived. She walked past the sneakers that Shana had given her for her birthday not long ago, but with hardly any regret that they were never going to be used for running again. Instead, she stroked her breasts, delighted with her new life, as she made her way to her milking machine.