Brooklyn and Maryse’s Excellent Adventure:

By Isengard

One day before the project was due and Brooklyn’s cow hadn’t been showing any promising signs of development.

Dr. Milley had given his zoology class a major project before the upcoming long weekend. It was his decision to make his class help increase production of milk or meat from the common cow. There was one cow for every two people in the university class, and it was up to their discretion on what to harvest from the cow, meat or milk.

Brooklyn had chosen a smart girl named Angela (which she nicknamed her Angie) to be her lab partner. Neither of them could imagine pumping their cow full of hormones and meat by-products only to have their cow ‘murdered’ by Dr. Milley, so they decided to find a way to increase the milk production.

Brooklyn was in her first year at the university and was taking a food production class in her Zoology department. She had medium length dark chestnut hair with faded auburn streaks in it. She was a relatively short person with a slender frame. Her square glasses were just in style and so was everything else she had on. She had a pretty little face with sparse freckles around her little button nose. She loved her body, including her cute round ass; in fact the only thing she wished she had were bigger boobs. Her bra was more of a teaser for other people than anything else. She did have nice perky breasts, but they were only A-cups.

She sighed deeply making her lab coat shuffle. “I don’t know what were doing wrong, Angie. There’s just no way that freakin cow’s going significantly get more milk than it had yesterday.” Brooklyn spoke disappointedly.

“Just give me a sec, Brook. I’m sure we can figure it out, I mean Dr. Milley has got to give us some credit for the work we’ve done.” Angie spoke in her nasally voice.

Angie was very different from Brooklyn; she was tall, blonde, and busty. All of which made Brooklyn envious of her. The only thing that Brooklyn could take pride in was that she was far less skinner and way more toned than Angie.

“There’s no way we can finish by tomorrow,” Brooklyn pouted.

“We might just have to stay after class, because I think we can come up with a new formula by then,” Angie retorted.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I think, that if we made some alterations within the carbon part of the formula, we can surely increase the milk production in a quicker time. The only catch might be. . .” Angie’s voiced trailed off.

“Is?” replied Brooklyn

“Well, it might increase the production of milk too much for the udder’s to handle, it’s a slim chance, but if it happens, we might fail,” Angie look up puzzled at Brooklyn.

“You’re the brains in this area, I really only know how to treat an animal if it’s injured,” Brooklyn sighed. Her bright green eyes floated around the room, desperate to get out of the classroom and somewhere, anywhere, else.

“C’mon, pucker up,” Angie smiled. “Let’s try this formula, I mean nothing else has worked, what’s the worst that can happen.”

The duo than proceeded to stay in the lab, long after everyone else had left. Dr. Milley had reluctantly let the girls stay and continue their project. He handed them the keys and told them that the janitor will stop by in a couple of hours, and when he does, they would have to leave and give him the keys.

So they began their immense task of making the new formula and calculating it. At one point Brooklyn had to step out for some fresh air; and while she was out there (knowing how close they were to potentially finishing, considering that the janitor would be in soon), she decided to pick up a 12 pack of bottled beer at the nearby campus liquor store.

“Hope you’re thirsty,” Brooklyn laughed as she arrived back in the lab. “How goes the project?”

“Almost done with the prototype Brook, hand me one of those long necks,” Angie smiled holding up a syringe.

The girls than took a drinking break, sucking back beer after beer before they realized how much time they wasted sitting around drinking.

“Let’s get back to work,” Angie said out loud, trying to steer the conversation they were having back to work.

“I guess, can I at least stick it into the cow and get some credit?” Brooklyn said, admitting her contribution to the project was a bit useless.

“Sure, make sure to get all the air pockets out of the syringe first,” Angie reminded Brooklyn before handing it to her.

“Don’t I always” Brooklyn joked, but Angie gave didn’t quite get it.

Being a bit buzzed, Brooklyn somewhat stumbled towards the cow before sticking the needle into the cow’s neck. The cow whimpered as Brooklyn pushed in the hammer and watched the fluid flow into the cow.

“Good girl,” Brooklyn hugged the cow, as if the cow needed comfort.

Brooklyn than wheeled around to Angie, and walked towards the container that held the remainder of the formula.

“I’ve had enough of this bullshit!” Brooklyn stammered. “We need to know if this will work however long it will take for the cow; the effects will take twice as fast for me!”

Brooklyn raised the needle to her neck.

“Don’t do it Brook, we’ll just take whatever grade we can get tomorrow, there’s no point on trying it on yourself!” Angie tried to stop Brooklyn, but to no avail.

“It worked for Marie Curie,” Brooklyn replied

“And we all know how that ended up,” Angie rolled her eyes.

Brooklyn inserted the needle into her neck. She felt it pierce her skin, and then she pushed in the hammer. It was a sensation she hadn’t felt before, not quite painful, yet not quite enjoyable. She felt the cool liquid ooze into her body as she gave a quick (almost sexual) sigh.

Brooklyn placed the needle back on the table, looked at Angie and said, “And that’s that.”

“Do you feel anything, Brook?” Angie inquired.

“At first I felt something, but now there’s nothing. Just as I thought, what a crack pot to think it something would happen,” Brooklyn replied.

The cow mooed and slammed one of it’s hooves down, giving the girls a jump. As soon as they realized what had happened, the janitor walked in.

Angie and Brooklyn decided to pack up their work, but left the remainder of the formula at their station in the lab.

They seemed to have forgotten what had just transpired when they walked outside the zoology department. It was late, nearly ten o’clock, and both girls were getting to feel a bit lazy and decided to just go to their separate apartments in campus residence.

PART 2:

The effects of the alcohol had all but worn off by the time Brooklyn reached her apartment.

She wondered what her roommate would be up to as she walked in.

Brooklyn had a hard time closing the door as she was fumbling around with her book bag, before she just gave up and dropped it on the floor. There was no point in doing any work tomorrow; the only class she had was food production, and it was only going to be evaluation. Then freedom, a whole 4 days to her self!

She heard the TV was on and looked around to see her roommate sprawled out on the couch. There lay Maryse, her friend from high school, of who was also taking classes at the university.

Maryse had obviously just come from cycling, since she was in her tight (and revealing) bicycle shorts, and was wearing a tube top to cover up her chest.

Maryse was a tall skinny girl (also in her first year), with a good toned frame and a nice firm ass. She had short brown hair which reached half way between her earlobes and shoulders. She had a beautiful face and stunning blue eyes. The only problem she suffered from was the same Brooklyn had suffered from. In fact, when they were back in high school, the other girls gave them the moniker of IBTC (Itty Bitty Titty Committee).

Maryse was lying down with her legs opened up to touch both the top and bottom of the couch.

“Thought you’d never come home, babe,” Maryse looked at her friend and laughed. “You look awful.”

“Thanks, that’s just what I need now,” Brooklyn pouted.

“Tough day?” Maryse inquired

Brooklyn than began to tell her about her long day in the lab, and how they still had no results for tomorrow.

After Brooklyn was finished telling her story, the duo decided it was best to pull out a tub of ice cream and watch some random chick flick with Kevin Spacey on TV.

When the movie concluded, Brooklyn decided it was best to get some (if any) sleep for the evaluation tomorrow. She went into her room, closed the door behind her and locked it.

The movie had made her a bit horny, and she needed some ‘evaluation’ on herself.

Brooklyn began to pull away her belt and opened up her pants. She stood in front of the mirror and placed one hand one of her breasts and the other inside her pants. She felt a huge wave of pleasure wash over her as she continued on stripping.

She peeled off her pants and than ripped off her shirt. She flew onto her bed, pulling out her rabbit vibrator from underneath her pillow. She slipped off her wet panties and began to reach up to her bra. But something was not right; something brought her back down to reality.

Her bra was unusually tight, and she had been wearing the same size bra since she was fifteen. She got back out of bed and walked in front of her mirror once again. She admired her figure and looked at her chest. Nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary, which was until she turned into a profile view.

“What the fuck?” She gasped. Her breasts were literally almost half an inch over her cups.

Brooklyn snapped off her bra (which popped off) and felt something she had never felt before.

Her breasts were hanging, not much, but just a little hang.

“How is this possible?” She questioned to herself.

She plucked her nipples, feeling how sensitive they were. She could care less at the moment on deciding what happened to her, because she could feel that this orgasm could be one of her best ones ever.

She jumped back into bed and placed her favourite vibrator in between her legs, right up to her clit. Her nicely shaven pussy was leaking with her own juices like a leaky faucet.

With one hand commanding her vibrator in and around her pussy and the other going mad crazy over her new bloated breasts she came hard. So hard in fact that she squirted more than she had ever done in her life.

She ripped the vibrator out of her and covered her mouth as she proceeded to scream and roll around in ecstasy, with her other hand still fondling her breasts.

Brooklyn passed out and eventually woke up at around noon the next morning. She had never felt as refreshed that morning compared to any other mornings. She sat up in her bed and stretched her back out and yawned, opening up her cute face.

She couldn’t believe what had happened the previous night and was still in disbelief as she looked into her mirror.

Brooklyn was astonished; it had seemed that her breasts may have increased in size by a little bit more. She had tried to put her A-Cup bra back on, but gave up after five minutes of having to pull the cups over her breasts. And every time the cup so much as touched her areola, her nipples sprung hard, and it became impossible to heave her breasts into her bra.

She pulled out a push-up bra she used for working out, it wouldn’t provide as much support, but it would work as a temporary bra.

To cover up her new chest, she wore a loose fitting summer shirt, which was in fashion. Then she proceeded to go back to the lab and fail her evaluation.

“Going somewhere special?” Maryse asked as Brooklyn fluttered by.

“No, just the lab. But, may be somewhere else later,” Brooklyn told Maryse as she jotted outside.

“Well, don’t forget, we’re going to Tantra tonight!” Maryse reminded her. “We need to go to a club tonight, for a four day weekend, why wouldn’t we?”

Maryse sat at the table in the kitchen, eating her lunch in nothing but boy shorts and a bra.

For some reason, Brooklyn was beginning to get wet again, and felt like she needed another rub down.

But there was no time, and eventually Brooklyn began to think nothing special about her increased appetite for pleasuring herself or her bigger breasts. She passed it off as a probable cause from her monthly visitor.

When Brooklyn entered the lab, Angie had arrived early and already set up everything that needed to be set up.

“I have some bad news and some good news,” Angie said with a slight disappointed tone in usually nasally voice.

“Ok, what’s the good news?” Brooklyn asked.

“Well, the formula had some effects, and Dr. Milley won’t grade our cow until Tuesday next week, but. . .”

“But what?”

“Not the effects we wanted to have. Sure the milk content increased a little bit, but not enough to say it was caused but the formula.”

“What were the effects than?”

“Well, the cow only wants females around her now. She wouldn’t even allow Dr. Milley near her,” Angie smiled.

Brooklyn than thought of her own ‘situations’ that she had in the time period since she gave herself some of the injection; were her bigger breasts caused by the formula? She than thought that every time she became ‘unbearably’ horny, she was around Maryse. Brooklyn was than startled when Angie spoke again, breaking the silence.

“Brook, can I ask you a personal question? After you gave yourself the needle yesterday, did you feel any of the effects the cow felt?” Angie asked.

Brooklyn didn’t know what to say; should she tell her lab partner that the formula may have increased her bust, or that she may be turning into a lesbian?

Brooklyn stuttered, “N-nothing that I can recall.”

Angie’s face went into a puzzled look again.

Brooklyn thought that she had to let her lab partner know that the increased bust she had put on, and how it might be related to the cow’s effects. But, the project wasn’t due until Tuesday anyways, and that would be a whole four days away to settle everything. She could see if the effects would continue on her or not, and than she would let Angie know if need be.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m going to come by the lab every now and again on the weekend to check on the cow and see if anything has happened to her, I mean it’s not everyday that a professor gives you four extra days on project. I think you should use it to our advantage,” Angie said smartly.

“Ya, just text me when you’re going to stop by and I’ll come with you,” Brooklyn said monotonously. As soon as she said ‘come’, all she could do was stare at Angie’s best feature; her luscious C-cup breasts. They looked so perky and round inside her shirt. She wore her lab coat open today, and she just happened to be wearing one of those shirts which wrapped around her chest and showed just a hint of cleavage on the top.

Brooklyn realized what she was doing, and spun her head around as fast as she could. She became wet again, her nipples ached and she blushed furiously.

“Something wrong?” Angie asked innocently. “You looked flustered.”

Brooklyn looked back into Angie’s eyes, “Just thinking about plans tonight.” She rushed her words almost too fast.

“Well, don’t think too hard,” She laughed.

After parting ways with Angie, Brooklyn decided that she needed to go to her parent’s home in the south side of the city. She knew her parents weren’t home and she needed to masturbate like crazy. She also decided to stay there until she would meet up with Maryse at the nightclub.

Brooklyn went into the bathroom to take a shower. There she stripped off her clothes and looked back up at her self.

There she was, looking at her reflection, but only this time she noticed that her breasts once again increased in size.; just a little bit, but enough to notice a change.

“They must be full on B-cups now,” She smiled, attempting to hold (but they were still too small to hold in her hands).

She slowly entered the shower, letting the water bounce off her newly sized chest first. She felt the warmth of the water flick off her nipples and drip off. She reached in between her legs and started to rub her clit. She moaned and grabbed for air. She was loud and she didn’t care, her parents wouldn’t be home until late in the night and it was still mid-afternoon yet.

She caressed every inch of her body, sliding her hand down from her face, over her shoulders and down onto her chest, playing with her glistening breasts.

Her other hand worked furiously on her clit and until she came. Feeling her cum rush out of her gave her an extra nice orgasm. She couldn’t help put sit in the tub and close her eyes.

After about a minute she re-opened her eyes to see some white stuff flow down the drain. But it was gone too fast to tell where it came from.

‘Probably some soap or shampoo or something,’ she thought to herself.

Brooklyn decided against hiding her breasts and put on a very revealing dress that she found in her old room. It was may be a size too small, but just perfect enough to have some cleavage showing.

She arrived at the club just as Maryse had arrived. She was stunning, wearing tight black pants and a shirt that had slit opened up from the top, right down to her belly button (which was pierced). She obviously put some tit-tape on to avoid the dress from opening up and revealing her cute little golf ball-sized-breasts.

“Nice tits!” Maryse looked at Brooklyn’s cleavage shocked. “When did those come in?”

Brooklyn saw Maryse’s stunning eyes stare at her breasts, which began to make her dry panties wet.

“Just my monthly visitor’s gift,” Brooklyn told her, trying to avoid the whole story of how they might be because of her project.

Soon thereafter, Brooklyn forgot about everything that had been concerning her in the previous two days.

She drank, met some guys who bought her drinks. And pretty soon, she was drunker than an Irish Sailor having a bad day.

She decided to rock her new tits out, rubbing them up against different men she met.

She then decided to tease some of the guys by going up to Nat, one her other friends. She began to start grinding with her, but she couldn’t stop.

Nat, a red haired girl of whom she had known since elementary was also slender and built like Brooklyn, except she had bigger boobs. Well, she used to have bigger boobs than Brooklyn, but now they were about on par with each other.

Brooklyn hugged Nat from behind, than placed her hands on Nat’s wide hips. They were grinding like mad with each other, Nat being too drunk to tell her to stop, and Brooklyn to horny to know when to stop.

Before long the lights had come back on, and Nat and Brooklyn appeared to be one of the last people in the bar. They both laughed at the circumstance and decided to back to their homes.

Immediately as soon as Brooklyn walked into her bedroom, she passed out on her bed.

PART 3:

Brooklyn arose the next morning, her head hurt like mad. She was having one of her worst hangovers yet.

She hauled herself out of her bed and walked into the kitchen. Maryse had already left for her boyfriend’s house (where she was spending the day). Thankfully, though, she had left Brooklyn something special on the counter, a little note and a joint.

“Dear drunken princess,” Brooklyn read it out loud to comprehend it. “Nice dancing with Nat last night, the guys thought you two were gay for each other. Horrible hangover you must have, you drank a lot! Here’s a joint I rolled earlier for you to help get rid of the pain.”

Brooklyn took the joint and walked into her shower room with it. She turned on the shower to its hottest temperature and shut the door. She waited until there was enough mist in the air before she lit the joint (to avoid her neighbours from complaining about the smell again). Pretty soon her horrible hangover was gone and she began to feel a high from the joint.

She couldn’t stop smiling, that was until she looked into the mirror. There she was in her little slutty dress, but her cleavage didn’t just fill out the dress, her tit flesh was spilling over the edges all around her breasts.

She tried to take off her dress, but she got the dress stuck around her cleavage. She hauled and hauled until her dress split (which was the least of her concern). There she stood with breasts the same size as Angie’s. Only they were firmer and rounder. Her nipples were also redder and thicker and longer. Her areolas nearly doubled in size from the night previous. There was no doubt about it; these breasts were the result of the formula.

She could actually hold her breasts in her hands and squeeze them together. In fact she could almost put her mouth around her nipples (she decided to lick them instead).

The feeling of her wet tongue lapping up her nipples was making her horny again. She sat up on her bathroom counter and took the only phallus-like thing she could find, her toothbrush. She kneaded her breasts and tweaked her nipples uncontrollably with one hand, while her other hand was fast at work pleasuring her clit.

The mist in the air, the hotness of the room and her weed high only added to the pleasure. There was no way she could stop working herself.

At one point it felt like her breasts were stretching. She looked down only to see them actually growing in mass.

Brooklyn grabbed a hold of her left breast and she could actually feel some skin spilling over her hand and it felt good.

The pressure building up in her breasts, forcing her areolas to enlarge made her want to cry with ecstasy.

She couldn’t contain herself and came all over the counter. But her cum wasn’t the only bodily fluid coming with her orgasm.

Brooklyn couldn’t believe her eyes, despite her breasts stopped growing, milk was leaking out of her nipples.

With both hands she grabbed her nipples and tweaked them simultaneously. Two short streams of milk gushed out of her nipples, forcing her into a second orgasm.

She shut her eyes and tears streamed down her face as the pleasure was almost unbearable.

She re-opened her eyes and thought to herself, ‘I wonder how big they are now?’

Brooklyn gobbled some food down, grabbed her purse and drover herself to the mall.

She decided to wear the same push-up bra as before (which was now feeling tight on her), and a relatively large shirt, with a cute skirt ending just inches from her thong.

She ran into the lingerie store to get sized up.

The clerk took Brooklyn into a private room and pulled out some measuring tape. Brooklyn took off her bra and let her breasts hang nakedly in the room. The woman touched the breasts, placing the tape over them. Brooklyn couldn’t believe that she was actually feeling turned on by this action.

“34 C,” The woman looked up at Brooklyn.

“Wow,” Brooklyn replied. She realized than that she had gone from an A-cup to a C-cup in three days. It took her five years just to get those pointers she used to have.

“Shocked, I see. Bigger than what you expected?”

“Defiantly.”

“Well, when did you last get measured?”

“3 years ago,” Brooklyn replied. That was the truth, too. She hadn’t needed to get resized since she was 16.

“About time, your body is still changing, and your breasts are still growing,” The woman told her.

‘If only you knew what my body was doing,’ Brooklyn thought to herself about the woman.

Brooklyn put a bra on that the woman handed to her. It fit perfectly, the first thing that had actually fit her in days.

Brooklyn put a shirt over top and went back out into the sale room. She picked up different types of bras, causal ones, lacy ones, some even a little risqué, and above all she picked up some push-up bras, just in case her boobs decided to grow on her again.

It wasn’t until Brooklyn reached the till until she realized, what made her boobs grow that fast, and why did they lactate? Whatever growth and hormonal experiences she was going through were happening twice as fast as what the cow was experiencing.

‘That cow is going to be in for one wild ride,’ Brooklyn laughed in her head.

As she was getting into her car, her cell phone vibrated. It was Angie texting her:

‘Sorry, forgot to tell you that I was going down to the lab today. Nothing really too new, except the cow is going through heat. Some good news at last though, the milk content in the cow has gone up, in fact she’s carrying so much milk that her udders increased in size about 2 or 3 inches. Plus, the growth doesn’t look like it will be slowing down anytime soon. I don’t think I’ll be able to make it tomorrow, but I think we’ll be in clear sailing now for the grades. TTYL,

Angie’

“Your monthly visitor’s gift, eh?” Maryse pointed at Brooklyn’s new figure as she walked through the apartment door.

Since she arrived home, Brooklyn gave up on trying to figure out what was going to happen to her and also gave up on trying to hide her new assets. She was wearing a white buttoned up shirt that was somewhat see through showing a hint of what bra she was wearing. It never use to fit this good, but her new tits really filled out the shirt (which now was very tight around her chest).

“I guess they are permanent,” Brooklyn smiled.

“Bullshit, what are they kleenax?” Maryse playfully grabbed one of Brooklyn’s breasts, thinking it was fake.

But it was not, instead Maryse grabbed flesh. She could feel it slipping out of her hand as she squeezed Brooklyn’s breasts.

For a second Brooklyn almost let Maryse continue to fondle her breasts, but that would be too weird for her.

“Hey!” Brooklyn yelled and Maryse pulled back. “I told you they were real”

“Breast implants?”

Brooklyn shook her head.

“Those breast enlargement pills they advertise on late night TV?”

Brooklyn shook her head.

“Push-up bras? Are you pregnant? Fuck Brook, how’d you get to be so fucking busty than?” Maryse turned jealous.

“You just have to trust me, babe. They’re real and they grew from me,” Brooklyn replied.

For the remainder of the night, Maryse kept on trying to find out what Brooklyn’s secret was.

Brooklyn eventually gave up and went into her bedroom. Maryse then decided to go for a late night ride on her bicycle.

She entered her bedroom and placed her hands over her breasts.

“I wonder how big my puppies will get. They’re just perfect right now, but they felt so damn good when they grew and milked,” Brooklyn whispered to herself looking down on her chest.

Brooklyn went into her bathroom with all the intentions on drawing herself a nice bath. But she began to feel tightness around her chest again as she shut the door behind her.

“Ooooh, that feels so good,” Brooklyn said to herself. The mixture of pain and pleasure created from the tightness began to turn her on.

Brooklyn let the tightness increase around her chest until she decided it was enough and was about to take her clothes off.

But she looked down and saw that her shirt was straining to keep together around the buttons. She could see through her top that her tits were starting to grow over the bra. Brooklyn was now too big for the bras that she had just bought that day.

All of the sudden, the bra snapped off falling to the ground, but the growth didn’t stop there.

Brooklyn could barely move a muscle as she looked down in horror at her enlarging breasts as they rebelled against her shirt pushing it farther and farther from her frame.

The button at the very center of the breasts gave way and shot across the room. Following suit were the other buttons as her shirt was now open giving way to two large knockers.

Brooklyn could feel them slowing their growth by a little bit, enough for her to place her hands on her breasts.

She began to squeeze them together, but something happened which had never happened before. Milk was beading from her breasts, and she hadn’t had an orgasm yet.

The milk fell to the floor and as each droplet came out, the pleasure slowly increased for Brooklyn.

‘I can’t get the floor all milky, with MY milk,’ she thought to herself. ‘I must milk them in the bath.’

“I’m home!” Maryse yelled. “Where are you?”

“Taking a bath,” Brooklyn replied. ‘A milk bath,’ she thought to herself.

“Don’t take too long, I’m really tired and I just want to take a shower and go to bed,” Maryse pleaded.

Brooklyn heard the television turn on and resumed play with herself.

She peeled off the rest of her clothes and climbed into her tub. She plugged the drain with a plugger and began to knead her tits, making them milk uncontrollably. Brooklyn moaned to herself as gush after gush of milk spurted out of her. It wasn’t long before Brooklyn was waist high (lying down) in milk and feminine cum.

Despite having multiple orgasms as she milked herself, she still wanted more.

Brooklyn grabbed her glass from the counter and put it under her milk and cum mixture. She played with her clit as she drank her milk.

It was so sweet, sweeter than regular milk. It tasted like sugary coconut milk mixed with strawberries and a hint of salt. She moaned a bit louder (she didn’t care if Maryse heard her by now), and felt her boobs tighten up again.

“Fuck, I want to be bigger!” Brooklyn thought to herself as her breasts began to grow again. They rose up out of her milk and cum like two giant icebergs coming out of the ocean. Her nipples and areolas were also growing, thickening up and becoming longer and more sensitive.

“Bigger!” She yelled to herself.

And bigger they grew, as if almost by command from Brooklyn; milking themselves as they grew larger.

Her breasts were now nowhere near the C-cup sized tits they were earlier. They were larger yet, and Brooklyn wanted more.

Brooklyn placed the empty glass back up on the counter as she was now in a tub almost full from her own milk and cum.

She had countless orgasms, and couldn’t remember the last time she felt this way.

Despite all this, Brooklyn still wanted more. But she didn’t just want to play with herself, she needed someone else. She needed another girl to play with.

Brooklyn rose out of the milk and cum and looked down at her engorged breasts. They hung down to her belly button and pointed out far from her little frame.

They must have been F-cups if not bigger by now, and she still wanted them to grow and add to the ludicrous pleasure she had been feeling.

Naked and horny, Brooklyn opened up her door and walked into the TV room. There was Maryse, laying the same way she had been lying down the day Brooklyn gave herself the injection.

Brooklyn looked down at Maryse, who fell asleep. Maryse was wearing her tight, black, revealing bicycle shorts, a hoodie that was opened up in the front and her purple push-up bra to cover her tiny breasts.

Brooklyn bent down to Maryse’s face (with Brooklyn’s worldly beauties rubbing against Maryse’s collar bone) and started to take her hoodie off. After that she looked at her pretty face and started to pet her hair.

“Such a lovely face, flat tummy, cute little tight ass, beautiful legs, I bet you taste like fruit,” Brooklyn said as she slowly pressed her lips against Maryse’s lips (which in turn pushed her bloated breasts against Maryse). Brooklyn than took her lips off Maryse’s and saw that her tits were leaking all over Maryse’s neck. “I bet you have such a tight little cunt,” Brooklyn began to lick her slobbering lips.

Brooklyn kneeled down beside her sleeping friend and began to place her hand underneath Maryse’s tight shorts until she felt Maryse’s clit. She than placed her other hand over Maryse’s now hardened nipples and began to massage them. She felt Maryse stir in her sleep, as if she was unknowingly enjoying her friend jacking her off. Maryse started to breathe more heavily and her lips were turning a bright beet colour as her friend continued to finger her.

“Mmmmm, ahhhh,” Maryse said in her pleasured state.

Brooklyn may have started to abuse the advantage she had over her friend because Maryse slowly started to open her eyes and looked up at her best friend fingering her pussy.

“What—what the fuck are you doing to me?” Maryse began to say slowly.

Brooklyn took her other hand (which had been on Maryse’s nipples) and pursed a finger up against Maryse’s luscious lips, “Don’t worry, I’m going to take good care of you tonight. Doesn’t this feel good?”

Brooklyn shot three fingers up into Maryse’s pussy, hitting her g-spot (something of which Maryse’s boyfriend had failed to do).

Maryse couldn’t help it; it felt too damn good to do anything but give submission to her best friend. Maryse grabbed Brooklyn’s arm, which was leading her hand into Maryse’s pussy and slowed it down into a gentle rhythm.

“I know we should stop, I have a boyfriend; but this I’ve never felt before,” Maryse looked down at Brooklyn’s chest, noticed the inflated tits bouncing around. “What happened? How’d they get so big?”

Brooklyn decided there was no more use in lying to her new ‘fuck buddy’ and told her the entire story, while gently caressing her friend’s vagina.

Brooklyn climbed unto the couch facing her friend’s wet pussy. She took her hand out of the pussy and was caught off guard and Maryse took the hand and sucked on each finger that hand been inside of her.

“Mmmm, I taste good,” Maryse moaned.

They both started to peel away Maryse’s bicycle shorts and lifter her tiny push-up bra over her head until both college girls were looking at each other buck naked.

Brooklyn looked deep inside Maryse’s angelic eyes as the same eyes shot back at her. Both girls lunged for each other kissing each other with great passion. Brooklyn’s boobs were pushed up against Maryse’s rib cage and stomach as Maryse pulled away from her friend.

“What that wet stuff streaming down me?” Maryse asked.

The duo looked down at Brooklyn’s behemoth sized breasts to reveal Brooklyn’s lactation.

Instead of freaking out, Maryse grabbed hold of one of Brooklyn’s thumb-sized nipple and began to suckle.

Brooklyn pushed her friend’s head into her tits as she felt the milk being sucked out of her and into her friend.

“That tastes so good; I want to have tits like these. Promise me you’ll take me to the lab and give me these tits,” Maryse asked innocently.

“In time, but first all I want to think about is tonight,” Brooklyn said as she shoved her fingers back up Maryse’s snatch.

Maryse let out a huge moan as her friend continued to fuck her.

“Don’t stop baby, fuck me harder!” Maryse commanded her endowed friend. “Harder, fuck that pussy!”

Maryse began to shudder as a wave of pleasure rushed over her, starting at her pussy and rushing outwards to her head, feet and hands. She let out a huge moan as she had an enormous orgasm on the couch. She began to squirt, something of which she had never previously done before.

But just as the ridiculous bliss was starting to subside, she felt something else; a tightness that was starting to grow in her chest.

Maryse looked down almost horrified at first and saw that her two little stumps of tits were increasing in mass. Maryse felt her skin push outwards as her nipples and areola began to grow as well.

“Baby, you’re growing too. I guess we don’t need to go to the lab tomorrow,” Brooklyn said playfully.

“What’s happening to me? Why am I growing? My tits are becoming huge,” Maryse began to massage the burgeoning tits, as Brooklyn’s hand joined her in massaging. “I think your milk is causing my tits to grow!”

Brooklyn thought about it; when she drank her milk in the tub, her tits ballooned almost uncontrollably; and than when Maryse drank her milk, her tits too began to inflate.

Brooklyn than shoved one of her own swollen nipples back into Maryse’s mouth as Brooklyn took the other nipple and placed it between her own lips.

The two girls began to nibble and suck on Brooklyn’s tits, milking them for their own self pleasure.

The two girls looked at each other’s breasts as both were growing bigger. The pleasure was so immense for the girls that they both had multiple orgasms with just suckling each other.

“My skin feels so tight, how much are they going to grow?’ Maryse asked.

“Does it matter anymore?” Brooklyn replied

“Mmmm, make me bigger, babe” Maryse asked her friend.

Brooklyn that took her hands over the breast that Maryse was suckling and squeezed it almost as hard as she could.

Milk gushed into Maryse’s mouth, it was too much and milk escaped her mouth spilling over the couch.

Brooklyn felt the pain and pleasure squeezing her tits brought, while Maryse’s tits began to increase their ballooning. They were now almost the same size as Brooklyn’s. Both girls couldn’t help but relish in the ecstasy.

The two stopped suckling and looked at each other’s breasts measuring them out with their eyes.

“Our tits are the size of beach balls, if not more!” Maryse looked amazed at Brooklyn.

“Your tits are lactating too now,” Brooklyn pushed in on Maryse’s chest watching the milk gush out, than brought her milk soaked hand into her mouth, sucking it dry. “Mmmm, sugary coconuts.”

They both laughed and then Maryse looked up at her bosomy friend, “They’re still growing, slowly, but I can feel my tits enlarge.”

Brooklyn gave her a seductive smile, then looked down on her friend’s soaked snatch, which had a tiny patch of pubic hair above it. She dived right in and began to eat her friend out.

“Wait!” Maryse yelled. She than made her friend go on top of her, in a 69 position. “Now, I can eat you out too.”

The two girls began to munch on each other, with their inflating tits rubbing against each other. The feeling was almost indescribable for the girls. They had never felt this way before, not about each other, not about anyone else.

The two moaned loudly as they sent nirvana all throughout each other’s small built (with the exception of their breasts) body.

Bigger and bigger their breasts grew until. . .

“Ooooohh!” Brooklyn screamed as she squirted all over her friend’s face, forcing Maryse to orgasm as well squirting her friend too.

The two got off the couch and attempted to stand up. Needing each other’s help, they finally stood up as tall as they could, with their enormous breasts reaching just below their snatch.

They were exhausted, and it appeared their breasts had stopped growing for now.

They went into Brooklyn’s room where they began to fall asleep in each other’s arms.

“I don’t want to freak you out Brook, but I think I’m falling in love with you. I want to be your lesbo partner,” Maryse whispered into Brooklyn’s ears.

“I feel the same way babe, I want you in my life more than before,” Brooklyn replied.

PART 4:

After waking up the following morning, Brooklyn and Maryse agreed that they couldn’t keep on living this way with the size their tits were. So Brooklyn decided to phone Dr. Milley and ask for the anti-growth hormone he had kept in case any cow had gotten to be too big.

“Why do you need it?” He asked Brooklyn over the phone.

“My cow’s udders keep on growing, and we need them to be smaller,” Brooklyn replied.

“I can’t stay at the lab today; I have a function I need to attend to. I’ll drop it off around 6pm, the doors to the lab should be open if no one is around,” The doctor instructed her.

Brooklyn and Maryse bounced their way into the lab; thankfully Angie wasn’t in, or else there would be a lot of explaining to do to her.

Holding their tits, so as not to bowl over anything breakable in the lab, Brooklyn and Maryse walked up to the teacher’s desk and saw the syringe with a yellow colloid looking formula in it and a note beside it:

“Dear Brooklyn and Angela,

This serum would stop the growth all together. You don’t need much of it; just a drop will work for it. Milk the swollen area to get rid of excess milk. Unfortunately it will not bring the area back to its original size, so the area will still be somewhat bloated. According to the video surveillance, Brooklyn, you took enough of the formula to make your chest around the size of a car. This serum will get you down to a D-cup, DD-cup, or may be a DDD-cup. I will not tell the dean about what you did, since I left you two girls alone, but I expect you to not tell anyone else as well. Just don’t ask me for too many more favours this year,

Yours truly,

Dr. A. Milley

P.S.

You should take a look at the cow, I already gave her the serum, but I think it’s safe to say you two will pass.

The duo looked up at the cow. Her udders were now as big as a giant exercise ball with nipples the size of broom sticks.