

Two Legged Pharmacy

by Very Free Aug 7, 2009

WARNING: ADULT CONTENT!

If you're not an adult, you should not be reading this.

Pictures are B/W to minimize file size. They are for illustrative purposes, and the fictional individuals in the story are not related in any way to the models in the pictures. Please don't complain about the pounds/inches in parentheses after the kilos/meters; they're for us metrically challenged people that live in the U.S., etc.

It was June, in a few weeks it would be Miriam's 13th birthday. The year was far in the future. Miriam's adopted parents were concerned about her leaving for The Farm. She had already reached telarche (see glossary at end), and her breasts were growing at an extremely rapid rate. She was a striking redhead, with a rapidly developing hourglass figure on an above average height frame, slim, it seemed, because all of her body's resources were being channeled into her prodigiously growing breasts. Her mom was already sewing tops made of terry cloth for Miriam. Every few weeks, the ever increasing top would become 'too small', and she would have to sew a new, larger one. The last one had cups twice the size of her head, and it was already getting too small; her gigantic boobs were bulging out of the sides and top. Her skyrocketing breasts wallowed from side to side with every movement she made, causing her firm, pliant flesh to shimmer and shake.

"I'm still hungry. Can I have a big bowl of ice cream?" Miriam pleaded as she sat at the table. She had already finished her third microwave dinner, the biggest one mom could buy. She had chugged so many glasses of milk that the gallon jug was almost empty. "Mom, why do I have to go to The Farm?" Her mom handed her a big bowl and a spoon. "Can't I stay with you and do my duty?"

"Because you're one of the chosen few who will save humanity from cancer," Miriam's mom recited. She and Miriam had had similar conversations, and had known this day would eventually arrive, ever since adopting Miriam as a baby, and since Miriam had been able to understand. She watched as Miriam dug in with the spoon. "Now go to bed; we have a big day tomorrow," she said as she cleared the table, thinking that she wouldn't be spending so much on food any more for her ravenously hungry daughter.

Her mom also thought about what they had told her. About the problems her daughter would have as her daughter's breasts grew too big to find bras and clothes to fit. She was already sewing some tops to fit her daughter, but Miriam's rapid growth had kept her busy, and took away time from her other activities. Of course she could never sew bras for her daughter, and Miriam was outgrowing them rapidly. Fortunately the Society had planned for this. They had a bra exchange where outgrown bras could be sent in and exchanged for bigger ones. Still it was a challenge to keep up with Miriam's rapid expansion. But the one thing that she still had to cope with was Miriam's voracious appetite. The Society didn't help with the food. It seemed as if her expanding bosom was soaking up every ounce of food that she consumed, especially the dairy products.

Her mom had told her not to worry, but she was getting more anxious as the date got closer. She slipped out of her clothes and into a nightgown. She looked in the mirror and grew angry at the sight of her huge nightgown that looked as big as a tent to accommodate her monstrous boobs. She pulled off the tent and threw it across the room in frustration, and walked across the room, breasts slapping together below her navel with every step, leaned over and pulled back the bedcovers, being careful to not get too close lest her breasts get tangled in the blanket, and slipped into the bed completely in the buff.

After a few fitfull tosses and turns and repositioning her billowing boobs under the sheets, she ended up laying on her back. She reached down and slipped her middle finger between her labia and rubbed it across her clit.

"Mmmm," Miriam purred as she stimulated herself with a circular motion of her finger. She threw back the sheets with her other arm and then grabbed a handful of her areola and squeezed the nipple and rolled the nipple end between her thumb and fingers. She planted her feet on the bed and arched her back as she stroked her clit. When she reached the balance point, her breasts went from resting on her shoulders and upper arms and with a gigantic rolling motion, flowed up over her shoulders. Her hips bucked as she approached climax, and as her back arched again, her huge boobs again flailed up towards her head. She tried to stop the massive mound of flesh she held, but most of it and all of the other free tit slapped against her cheeks then temples, and her areolas pounded against the pillow above her head.

Miriam let out a guttural moan as she climaxed. With a last few gasps of pleasure as she manipulated her clit and handful of nipple, she collapsed into a sweat covered mass on the sheets, waves flowing through the flesh of her breasts as her heart pounded and she panted to catch her breath.

"Fuck me!" she mumbled as she rolled over onto her side, She grabbed a whole armful of breast to flop it over her chest on to the sheets in front of her face. Only a month ago she could grab her areola and nipple with her hands and double it back on itself, and suck her own nipple. But her breasts had grown so much bigger and firmer and fuller, extending from back behind her armpits to crowd each other at her breastbone, and from collar bone to below her last ribs. Now an attempt to pull her nipple to her lips was met with firm, full resistance; she could barely touch her nipple to her forehead, with the bottom half of her areola smothering her whole face. She tried again unsuccssfully to suck on her nipple, but gave up and with a sigh, fell fast asleep.

Miriam's mom and dad took her to Disney World for her birthday, but the rides posed a big problem, her boobs were in the way or were flailing about. The day after her birthday they saw her off at the train station, escorted by a nurse from The Farm, a secret place in New England. Many promises were made and tears were shed as they said their goodbyes.

Staring out the window, Miriam thought about al her friends she was leaving behind. They, too, knew that she would be leaving soon to The Farm. She positioned her breasts so she could rest her arms on her cleavage. Her right breast pressed up against the armrest and the train below the window, causing a large part of her of cleavage to bulge across her

chest. That in turn caused part of her left breast to be forced to bulge into the nurse's lap.

"Sorry, my boobs don't have anywhere else to go. What's going to happen to me? What's it like being at The Farm?" Miriam asked the nurse as they rode along at high speed.

"That's okay, you can use my whole lap for support," the nurse said as she made room for the bulging breast. "You'll be with other girls and young women as you progress through your growth, and you'll be entertained to your heart's delight as you're being pampered every day. We strive to make our patients as contented as cows," she said, with a sly grin as she looked at Miriam's ever expanding bosom. Suddenly Miriam got the hint. Her escort was very bosomy, but not as big as Miriam.

"How much bigger will I get? And why am I chosen for this duty?"

"Well," her escort recited, "Long ago researchers found that they could genetically engineer goats to produce milk that contained human factors, one of them for anti-cancer. They found that the amount in the milk was very dilute and it took a lot of processing to extract the small amount. And the amount they extracted was very effective, but it caused an allergic reaction in some cancer patients. To solve this problem, they could suppress the patient's immune system, but that left the patient vulnerable to other diseases."

Miriam had heard this story before, but didn't let on. The Society had done a good job of educating her and her parents.

"But why me?" Miriam pleaded.

"Well," the escort went on, "The researchers then found that they could find small amounts of this anti-cancer factor in humans. Over time, they found that they could select certain individuals and have their offspring produce even higher concentration of this factor in their milk. Through successive generations, the researchers have managed to get better results with the human milk than with the goats' milk. But the goats are still used for most of the non-allergy cases. The human milk is used mostly for the allergy cases, with any left-over milk being processed with the goat's milk."

"Well, please tell me more about where I'll be.. What do I do?" She repositioned her arms, as her cleavage bulged up towards her chin. Her breasts were even bigger than earlier, and she felt the pressure as they strained against their restraints.

Mostly just enjoy yourself," the escort said. "You'll get to know the other girls, and spend time doing what you want after your daily duties. Some of our girls produce enough milk so quickly that they can finish by noon and have the rest of the day off."

"Do they have bigger tits than the other girls?" Miriam asked, revealing her worldliness. She was an avid reader, one favorite being romance novels.

"Not necessarily," the escort explained. "Some girls have extremely large breasts and don't produce as much milk as a girl with breasts half as large. It depends on a lot on the rest of her body. Take for example Galeah. She has a very large stomach capacity so she can be filled with a lot of nutrients and she quickly turns that into milk."

"Will I have to drink a lot of these nutrients?" Miriam asked.

"We solved that problem with a special feeding tube that's very thin so it doesn't bother the girls. It can pump a lot into Galeah's stomach especially at night. She wakes up in the morning with her breasts so full that they are already dribbling. We put her on the milk machine and she produces gallons by noon. Her storage capacity is so great that she can go until evening when she is milked again before bedtime.

Are her breasts bigger than mine?" Miriam asked.

"She is much bigger than you are, but you will be growing much bigger, too." the escort explained. "You're one of our newer girls, with even better genetic selection than earlier girls. I think you may be an even bigger producer than Galeah."

"What do you mean?" Miriam enquired. She was already huge, and now she was worried that she would be even bigger. "Do you mean I'll produce more milk, or that my boobs will get bigger?"

"You could have both," the escort went on. Our girls are chosen to be best at milk production, but it's an inexact process. Like I said, some girls are much bigger than others, but they don't necessarily produce as much milk. Galeah has very large breasts and produces a lot. She may put out as much as three or four of the other girls. And there is the other factor, how much of the factors are in the milk. Some girls have more than others, so they don't have to put out as much milk. It's an inexact science, but we're getting better. Hopefully you and other new girls will be even better than the rest."

"Well, how many are there? How many new girls will there be?"

"Our complex isn't the only one, there are others. But it has several buildings, each like ours. Ours has four floors, and is just like a hospital. It has all the amenities, swimming pool, recreation hall, and physical therapy for those girls that need to have it in their rooms.

"Why is that?"

"Well, some of the girls are very big, and need to have extra help getting around." Miriam gave her a puzzled look, thinking "How big are my fucking boobs going to get?".

"Well it's nothing we can't handle. When a girl's breasts grow very large, they may need to exercise in the tank. This allows the girl to have her breasts floating so she can exercise without having a heavy load on her back."

"I love swimming," Miriam said.

"We have indoor pools, also," the escort explained. "The only problem we've had is girls that leak too much milk can cause the pool filters problems. So we want the girls to be milked before they use the pool."

"What's my room like? Do I have a room all to myself?" Miriam asked.

"Well, generally, there are two beds to a room, with two girls. But some girls are so productive that the other half of the room has their milk machine and some other equipment."

Miriam looked disappointed. She had hoped that they would give her her very own room.

"Don't look so sad," the escort said, patting the big breast that was half in her lap. "We encourage the girls to have 'extracurricular activities' on their own. When you are processed, you will sign papers that make you an 'emancipated minor' responsible for your own personal affairs. As long as you choose a partner who is accepted into the program, you're free to choose who you want. We have honeymoon suites around the complex, and we encourage the girls to develop relationships with others, and to become fruitful and bear more babies that will carry on the lineage and become even better producers."

Wow! That didn't sound too bad to Miriam, in fact she thought it was really cool.

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They arrived at the train station and Miriam and her escort met with two other escorts with their girls and all loaded into a limo that took them to the compound. On the way, Miriam was introduced to Konnie and Jana, who were about her age. They were ravenously hungry and pigged out on sandwiches and snacks on the way. They, too shared some of her traits, young but large bosomed with an above average stature, but again slim, with Jana having dark hair and Konnie being honey blonde.

They arrived, then said goodbye and parted for their rooms in other floors of the building. The escort left Miriam with her floor nurse, Della. Della processed Miriam into the farm and assigned her to a room with another girl, Kayla, who had already been there several weeks. After introductions, Della left and Miriam settled into her new home. It took a while to get unpacked, and finally she sat down to relax.

"Do you know anything about who your biological parents are?" Kayla asked as she offered Miriam some chocolate candy. Food, especially fattening foods, were encouraged, as it made the milk richer, and the butter fats in their milk held most of the factors. But with their ravenous appetites, the girls could eat a whole chocolate factory. So chocolates were a special treat.

"My parents never told me anything about where I came from; I just know both of my parents were Caucasian."

"Yeah, me too," Kayla said. "I just know that I'm Heinz 57 kinds." Kayla had short, black hair, pale skin and her face had a slightly asian look. The rest of her body was slim, but her boobs were already much larger than Miriam's.

"Yeah, my tits were smaller `than yours when I came here a few weeks ago, but look at these fuckin' tits now!" she said as she wrestled with her boobs as she got out of bed, pulled up her shirt, and let them hang down.

Her right boob was as big as a watermelon and hung down to mid thigh, but her left one was twice as big and down to her knees! Dark red areolas covered the whole end of each



breast. {

"My right tit is huge, but my left one is ginormous. Right now I'm empty, but before I was milked, they were balloned up huge, and so heavy I couldn't get out of bed and stand up. The left one must weigh more than 25 kilos (55 pounds) when it's full."

Miriam was speechless as she stared at the two pendulous mammary glands. Finally she took a breath and let out a slow "Ohh mahhee gawwd..."

"You'll get used to it," Kayla said as she dropped the shirt back down over her monstrous mammaries and wrestled them onto the bed. "Yours will be just as big, maybe bigger."

"B-B-But... H-H-How come..." Miriam stammered as she regained her composure. "Your belly is..."

"Yeah, right now my tummy is almost empty, Kayla said as she climbed into the bed. "They pump up your tummy 'til you look like you're nine months' pregnant," Kayla added. "The drugs they add to the nutrient help your stomach grow to accommodate all the food they pump into you. At first it's uncomfortable, but soon you get used to it and welcome the full feeling it gives, and you won't feel so hungry."

"How do you go to the bathroom when you're so big?" Miriam said as she shifted her growing boobs from side to side in her too small top.

"Here, let me help. Come over here and turn around," Kayla said and she undid Miriam's top. "That's what the machines are for. You're connected to the machines, and they do the work for you." She pointed to the machines at the side of the bed.

"Mmm, that feels so much better," Miriam said sensuously as she sat on the edge of Kayla's bed, shrugged off the terrycloth top and was relieved as she rubbed her swelling boobs as they were set free, their firm flesh flowing into their full, round shape, hanging down to her bellybutton, with saucer sized areolas covering the end of each tit.



"Ooh, you're so nice and big and round," Kayla said as she cupped one of Miriam's boobs in both hands. "And already so heavy, too." Her hands and arms sunk into the flesh as she strained to lift the huge globe and watched the milky, lightly veined of flesh bobble and wallow as she hefted it up, down and sideways.

"Mmm, feels so good," Miriam giggled as she used her hand and forearm to lift the other massive melon up, and pinched her nipple with her thumb and fingers. Although the nipple was stretched out, she could grasp it and pull it out a full 6 cm or 2.4", more than a mouthful for the biggest of mouths and definitely a challenge for the milking machine.

Kayla saw this and opened her mouth as she lay down and moved her head closer to the fat teat. Miriam giggled as she aimed the teat at her mouth, and Kayla latched on, gave Miriam a beaming face as she suckled the teat with vigor. But no milk yet.

Miriam reached out and grabbed Kayla's smaller right tit, and forced the pillow sized mound of quivering flesh up so the huge areola and nipple were above Kayla's shoulder. She grabbed the big teat but let out a squeal of surprise as the milk laden nipple shot out several streams of mother nature's finest, a few hitting Miriam's face. Not to miss the opportunity, Miriam opened wide and brought the teat close to her mouth, and gave a giggle and a squeeze as the rich milk gushed out in heavy streams, filling her mouth within a few seconds.

Miriam swallowed and wiped off her face with the terrycloth top. "Is drinking this going to be bad for me?" she asked before .taking another swig.

"No, it's alright to drink other's and even your own milk, and it's supposed to be good for you because all the hormones it it. But obviously, the more you drink, the less there is for the machine. Then they'd probably never notice if you drank your own milk, because it'll just come out again as more milk." With that Miriam latched on with vigor and gulped down several mouthfuls of Kayla's udderly delicious milk.

Della walked in and her face lit up when she saw all the boob play. She walked over to Kayla's other larger boob, and with both hands grabbed the soccer ball sized areola and big nipple and pointed it at the girls and gave it a firm squeeze, sending heavy jets of milk all over both girls' faces and upper bodies.

"Wow, that was like a lawn sprinkler!" she said as the other two squealed. "When you're done having fun, Miriam, come see me. We have to get you started." She layed the end of the torpedo sized milk bag back on the bed and, licking the dribbles of milk off her.hands and fingers, left the room.

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GLOSSARY

TELARCHE - At or before puberty, a girl's breasts begin to grow. In the case of this story, they explode overnight into full-blown watermelon sized tits!

TEAT - The nipple in the sense that it's a device for suckling the baby.

HONEYMOON SUITE - Private room where couple can be intimate without interruption. Sometimes known as a den of delight or fuck flat.

NUTRIENT - enriched liquid with hormones added to increase the yield of the cows. The word cows is used behind the girls' backs.