JP3T

By Lord-Godzilla

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Rh: Studies conclude that female personnel interacting with animals must attend immediate detox sequence or risk contagion by unknown hormonal variations caused by direct contact with animals or their biological remains. It is priority number one to follow the protocols as stated exactly in the manuals posted in sites A and B. Failure to do so could result in female personnel put at risk……-End of message recovered from Site A lab prior to the evacuations.

\*authors note\* This first story takes place after the first film.

\*Scritch scratch k-tnk!\* Damn! The young man tossed the slender metal tool he had been using aside in frustration, the pointed tip broken on the rock he had been scraping loose from around the fossil it contained. He examined the busted tool and sighed. Beside him Ellie Sattler stood up, looking spry despite her harrowing adventures in Jurassic Park earlier that year. “It’s not good to break those, we only have a few more left.” She chastised him lightly. The young student sighed and looked crestfallen. “I’m sorry Doctor Sattler, I just pressed too hard and the tip snapped on me. I’ll go get another from the trailer.” She waved him back down as she stood up, brushing the Montana soil from her knees. “No worries David, I’ll go get it. I need to check on some of the mail that arrived earlier as well so just take five and I’ll be back. Cool off and we’ll get this jawbone unearthed soon enough.” He nodded and headed for some shade while Ellie strode over the rocky terrain of the badlands, heading for the trailer which kept the documentation on this latest dig site.

She made for a lovely sight, wearing white shorts that showed off her tanned legs with a blue undershirt as well as her favorite pink blouse knotted loosely around her middle, dusty blond hair looking a bit mussed from digging out fossils all morning. She walked past the nearby supply shed and opened the trailer door, giving an involuntary shiver as the AC pelted her bare arms and legs with a chill breeze. She closed the door and winded past the cluttered tabletop for the counter with a stack of mail propped on the corner.

She looked over a few of the bill and letters, wondering idly if Alan was going to be bringing more papers for them to fill out when he came back from his trip into town. She turned and opened a small cabinet above the back stove, removing a second scraper tool from a box, closing the doors with a secure click of the lock. As she turned around and carefully tucked the mail under one arm she felt a peculiar flutter in her chest. She blinked but the fluttering sensation remained. Ellie felt her pulse start to speed up and a sense of urgency begin.

She sat down on the worn cushions of the side bunk of the trailer, tucking her boots under her. “This feels odd. I wasn’t out in the sun for that long.” Thinking it might be mild heatstroke, she sat quietly, trying to remain calm. The fluttering in her chest seemed to be spreading across her modest front, making her fidget as she tried to puzzle out what was wrong with her. As she thought about getting a drink of water she felt a tightness in her chest that made her gasp. Placing the tool and the mail on the nearby counter ledge she carefully pulled her pink blouse open and her eyes widened in surprise.

Her modest breasts somehow looked bigger to her. Subtle curves showed under the dark blue fabric. She could feel her bra straps digging into her back, the tightness growing as she realized it wasn’t her breathing that was being affected but her bra and shirt! “What the-?” She whispered in the trailer as her shirt front seemed to be filling out before her. Ellie’s confusion spiked when she felt her bra cups sliding and realized it was her breasts rising out of them! Her shirt wasn’t changing! She was!

Ellie reached back and undid her bra, releasing the clasps. Her blue shirt bulged in front of her as her freed breasts began taking up a great deal more space than this morning. “How is this possible? What’s happening to me?” She felt a cold chill as her blue shirt grew out from the confines of her pink blouse, breasts swelling and growing noticeably as she dragged her bra out from under her shirt and gaped at her own body.

Ellie registered that her blue shirt was rubbing along the sides and tops of her bare breasts and with rising fear she knew she was outgrowing her own shirt! Her nipples began to harden in the chilly air from the AC. Ellie realized they were looking bigger as well, noticeably prominent atop her mounds. Ellie braced her hands on the tabletop trying to stand up. She winced as she felt her heavier chest resist gravity but then yield as she sat up. She automatically wrapped her hands around her enlarging chest, feeling her growth continue. The bottom of her breasts were threatening to slide out from under her shirt hem as her neckline was being pulled down further by the weight of her mams that had now grown to the size of healthy melons.

Ellie supported her expanding front with both hands as she made her way out of the now confining trailer, knocking piles of loose papers and coffee mugs off the table tops as she swayed and sidled through the trailer, the tool forgotten in light of this new development. “I-I have to get out of here before I get stuck!” Ellie voiced her concerns as her breasts grew up and out, two hefty spheres of creamy flesh capped by thick thumb sized nipples. Her blue shirt was now tautly pulled over her ample front leaving little to the imagination. As she faced the door she winced. She was too wide to fit out the narrow trailer door facing front wise. Knotting her pink blouse around her ripening chest, she turned sideways and opened the door, bright sunlight spilling into the darker trailer.

Ellie carefully squeezed her impressive left tit out first followed by her sturdy frame and the right one. As she shut the door she felt a flush of embarrassment. She was practically topless at a dig site of more than 20 college students, a third of that number comprised of boys! Realizing that walking into camp with her breasts still growing could be a disaster, she clutched her bosom tightly to her and ambled to the nearest building, the supply shed.

Ellie felt the sun beating down on her as she had to walk to the shed. Running was impossible as her breasts had grown bigger than her own head in such a short time. Her pink blouse was loosely draped over her front and she was forced to stoop as standing straight would have revealed her assets to the wide world. Feeling her breasts still flutter and grow, Ellie arrived at the supply door, fumbling in her pocket for the keys, feeling one boob slide out of her grasp and dangle pendulously while her free hand shoved the key in the lock and turned. She ducked inside with a groan of relief, closing the door behind her.

Inside the shed were boxes and crates of dig supplies, dry food stores and plaster for the preservation of the fossils they discovered. Ellie made herself comfortable on a few spare bedrolls, siting back as her breasts kept on swelling larger and fuller. “What in the name of heaven is going on?” Seeing her body grow out of control reminded her oddly of her conversation she once had with John Hammond about power getting out of control. She sighed in the dim shed, amazed and scared of her own body.

That evening Alan Grant returned back to the site in the jeep, greeting the students and having them offload supplies from the back of the vehicle. “Has anyone seen Ellie? I need to speak with her.” David piped up, “Doctor Grant? I was working with Doctor Sattler. I thought she was in the trailer but she never came back.” Another student tapped Alan on the shoulder. “I saw her by the supply shed earlier. She was walking kind of funny, maybe she was getting something from the med kit?” Alan nodded and left them with the jeep, heading for the shed.

“Ellie? You there?” He knocked politely, hearing a shuffling noise. “Alan? Is that you?” He heard her reply in a timid voice. “Yes I just got back from the town run. Is everything alright? I heard you’ve been in here all day?” Again a shuffling noise emanated from the shed. “Alan, something’s happened. Now I don’t want you to panic, just open the door carefully and step inside, we need to talk.” Alan opened the door and shut it after ducking inside, thinking he knew what was coming. “Look Elle, if it’s about that jawbone we found earlier you don’t have to worry. I just thought it might have proven our theory right-uut!” Alan felt his jaw go slack and his hat drop from his hand at the sight before him.

Ellie was sitting upright, atop a draped out camp blanket with a second canvas tossed on the ground in front of her. Her pink blouse hung loosely off her shoulders as her breasts dominated the supply shed, having steadily grown until they were each four feet wide, firm and fully ripened while still possessing a slightly pointed look and topped with plump light pink nipples the size of tennis balls. She gave him a small weak smile, having finally come to grips with her enormous change. “Alan, we sort of had a situation develop while you were gone.” Alan blinked then rubbed the back of his neck in disbelief. “Interesting choice of words Ellie.”

Act 2

\*authors note\* This takes place after the events from Jurassic Park The Lost World.

The chords of elegant violin music waft through the air, giving a feel of sophistication to the night. Clusters of socialites and researchers wearing their finest mingle and fraternize, making polite conversation. The museums plaza is full of people tonight, the fund raiser in full swing. Sarah Harding takes another sip of champagne, wishing for the hundredth time she had made some excuse to get out of this. The brave red headed beauty wears a lovely thin strap one piece black dress with stylish edging tonight, her hair done up in a Greco-roman style that really displays her neck and shoulders. She looks amazing but inwardly she is cringing. A survivalist and naturalist, Sarah is used to trekking across the African savannah or climbing rocky hills in sopping rain forests. Standing with a champagne glass and listening to posturing “scientists” discuss the latest in research trends is excruciating for her.

“Oh Sarah! Come over here! Herbert is about to tell us about his theory on miniature trees evolving to offer less resistance to browsing ungulates!” Her friend Sherri tugs on her arm with a grin. Sarah plasters a fake smile on her face as she is tugged towards the short little man who is trying to snag the attention of the room. Sarah feels her face grow flushed from her third glass of champagne that night. She rubs her temple noticing that violin is starting to sound a bit too high pitched.

“Ugh, listen Sherri I’ll be back in a moment. Just going to go freshen up okay?” Without waiting for a response Sarah unhooks her arm from her friends and heads out of the plaza, down the red carpet hallways to the ladies rest room. The restroom is spotless clean and Sarah is relieved to find it currently empty. Turning on the tap she rinses her hands, gently rinses her face, washing away her tension and cooling herself. Looking in the mirror she carefully tugs at a few red hairs that came loose from the fancy bun she had them bound into. “What are you doing here?” She asks her reflection. She ruefully feels a pang of guilt at trying to rope her boyfriend Ian Malcolm into coming with her but he had to decline, staying home with his daughter this night.

“You’re here because your trips to Africa need the funding. So go be polite and the night will be over soon enough.” She answered herself as she smiled wryly at her reflection. It was hard picturing this pretty woman in the slinky dress as the same one who petted a baby stegosaur and helped save the life of an infant tyrannosaurus. She thought back fondly of those small lives she encountered, wondering how big they’ve gotten by now, how much they would resemble their ferocious parents bristling with spikes and fangs. She closed her eyes and sighed happily, remembering the little stegosaurs pebbly texture, the young Rex’s distinctive yowl.

When she opened them again she stared at her reflection in the mirror. It still looked like her with the elegant hair and the face but her chest was all wrong! The Sarah in the mirror was sporting very large breasts, heavy orbs that were threatening to spill out of the top of her dress. Sarah snapped her fingers. Nope. She didn’t wake up or snap out of a trance. Her breasts seemed to quiver and bulge out, growing rounder and larger at the same time. Sarah took a few steps back and realized she really was growing out of her dress! She reached up cupping the masses that were rising out her neckline like two soft loaves of bread. She could feel the considerable weighty firmness in her palms.

Her naturalist brain was trying to make sense of this, trying to figure why this could be happening so rapidly and why she wasn’t feeling any discomfort or pain despite her skin stretching to contain her oversized glands. Sarah’s dress gave up the struggle and she saw her breasts fall from the dress front to swell out from her chest like fruit on the vine. Her nipples had darkened in color and grown larger as well, her aureoles stretching wider across her enlarging orbs. Sarah swung away from the sink counter watching her breasts sway and bounce in front of her. “This is incredible! Mammary tissue buildup this rapidly without pain or discomfort should be a sign of natural progression but the end result would be- Oh!”

Sarah’s dialogue to herself was her way of coping with this anomaly but she was interrupted when her nipples quivered and began to leak milk! She had begun lactating, twin trickles of milk running down the undersides of her mams to her dress front. She hefted her plump bulk and headed for the door, managing to make it back to the hallway. Sarah knew she had to call Ian and get to a hospital but she had left her cellphone at her table back in the plaza! By now her breasts had grown as big and heavy as prize winning pumpkins. Sarah felt her frustration return. Unable to enter the plaza without creating a huge scandal and finding her back and legs ache from trying to support her milk laden boobs was making Sarah loose her calm analytic demeanor.

As she sat down her legs tucked demurely under her as her breasts spread out heavily, more cream spilling from her throbbing nipples to create a widening stain in the red carpet fabric. Sarah realized she was stuck until someone came looking for her. She smiled when she realized that if Ian had been here he would have been too dumbstruck by her billowing breasts to launch into his favorite chaos theory rant about how a woman’s breasts could grow like this.

Tina and Chelsea walked towards the restrooms, gossiping about the latest news when Chelsea’s high heel sank into the carpet with wet squelching noise. “What the heck?” She said, looking down at the dark red carpet. Tina grasped her friends arm, gawping but not saying anything. Chelsea looked up and her eyes widened. Blocking the way to the restrooms was a pair of absolutely massive breasts, huge spheroids with dusky pink nipples spurting streamers of milk. A flushed face appeared behind them and asked exasperatedly, “Hey! Do either of you have a cell phone I can borrow? I can’t get to mine right now!” Tina and Chelsea looked at each other, dumbstruck by the whole scene. Sarah rolled her eyes, amazed at how some folks acted during a crisis. Tina finally fished one out of her purse and tossed it gently to Sarah. “Thanks. This won’t take long. Hello 911?” The girls were completely unsure what was going on as Sarah placed the call and waited for the ambulance to arrive. “This night just got longer.” She groaned to herself as she sat there propped behind her vast chest.

Act 3

\*Authors note\* This story takes place after the events of Jurassic Park 3.

Swhk swhk swhk swhk! The sprinkler made its familiar noise, arcs of water misting the front yard in the suburban neighborhood. Out in the backyard Amanda Kirby was pulling weeds from her small makeshift garden. Having cleared the radish beds of the pests, she stood up and worked a kink out of her lower back. With her short hair and trim figure she still turned heads in the neighborhood. Amanda pulled off the grubby work gloves and tossed them on the back porch as she headed inside the house. Closing the sliding glass door she saw she had missed a phone call while out gardening. Hitting the red light on the answering machine she walked into her bedroom, letting the message play. The house was quiet, her son Eric off for a few weeks at summer camp, eager to show off his survival skills to his camp friends. \*Beep! Hey sweetie it’s Paul. I’m bringing a bottle of chateau épines over for dinner tonight. I figure a little celebrating is in order now that Eric’s home safe. See you tonight! Beep!\* She washed her hands in her bathroom, rinsing the dirt from her arms. “I bet he’s going to bring chocolate mousse over despite me telling him that it’s his favorite not mine.” She murmured to herself as she stripped off her dirty gardening shirt and stepped into her bedroom to put on a fresh one. She stopped in mid stride, looking at her reflection in the mirror.

She saw her bobbed hair, her pixyish face but the side of her abdomen was marred by three long white scars starting at her navel and curving around to her back. It was her souvenir from the search for her son. When the nightmarish Spinosaurus had attacked them on the riverboat, reaching into the cage it had tossed into the water, those hooked claws snagging her briefly, drawing blood. She traced one with her finger, remembering the fear that had gripped her, the awful crunch of fangs overhead. The sound of river water churning above her head, swirling in her ears, gurgling all around her.

Her thoughts were interrupted when she realized she had been daydreaming, although the gurgling sound could still be heard. Amanda peered in to the bathroom, seeing if the sink was clogged. It was normal. She cocked her head, trying to pinpoint the sounds origin. As she turned back she felt a soft weight bump her chest. She looked down and cried out in surprise!

Her breasts had grown larger! No longer soft little handfuls they had bulged out into heavy mounds bulging in the confines of her red bra. Amanda stared in shock as her breasts gave another gurgle and then swelled up again, causing her bra straps to creak in protest. She waved her hands back and forth over her expanding bust, unsure what to do! She was aware of a rising heat in her breasts a swirling warmth that felt really familiar. Her poor bra finally snapped open letting her milkers tumble forward. The sudden shift in weight caused her to stumble back and forth, trying to stay upright. “Auh! Woah!”

Amanda fell back atop her bed spread, breasts wobbling heavily atop her. She cupped them, feeling her nipples ache. She knew this feeling, crazy as it seemed. Her breasts grew fuller and heavier, the weight causing them to slide to either side of her torso as she lay there. She tried to sit up, to head out to the living room and reach the cordless phone but by now her tits had undergone another growth spurt, swelling up like a pair of beach balls. The warm swirling sensation was getting to her, making her mams feel like they were revving up for something.

As Amanda held them with her hands helpless before her expansion it finally occurred to her. Back when she was first pregnant with Eric. Before her belly showed, her breasts had started to feel the same swirling, the unnatural warmth, it all meant …

“Milk! I’m making milk again?!” She cried out as her aching nipples began flowing with cream, twin rivulets streaming across her pale blue bed sheets as her boobs swelled rounder and fuller, her glands bulging and pumping up larger. Amanda closed her eyes, wishing this was just a crazy dream as her tits grew steadily around her, causing the bed to creak under the added mass.

Sometime later, Paul Kirby let himself in the front door, surprised at how quiet it was inside. Putting the dinner fixings on the kitchen counter he called out happily, “Amanda? You in here?” He rubbed his chin, getting a cold beer from the fridge. “She was never that punctual.” He grumbled in a friendly tone. He stepped out and peered around taking notice of the ground. A creamy white puddle was leaking from the bedroom hallway. “Huh?” Paul wandered that way, hearing a muted rumble followed by heavy breathing. He paused beforethe bedroom door, standing in the doorway and stared in wonder at what lay within.

Amanda Kirby lay on the bed, eyes shut as she moaned from the incredible pressure. Her breasts had grown unchecked for hours leaving her attached to a seven foot bust. Her breasts were so wide and full the sides of them were touching either side of the queen sized bed spread. Her nipples had grown to the size of soda cans, steady streams of milk bubbling merrily from the tips. She opened one eye, face flushed with exertion. “D-dinners..cancelled..tonight Paul.” She said through gritted teeth as her breasts continued to generate milk. Paul Kirby could only stand and grin, unable to understand what was happening to his ex but amazed at how staggering huge her rack had become. “If you say so.” He mumbled in response, his grin never leaving his face as he closed the door.