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Nora, Nourishing **by Treble Clef**

Philippa Parker exuded manners, learning and the condescending air of maturity that so many white, middleclass moms seemed to acquire after having a kid. But there was something else about the pale-skinned, dark-haired newl mom that registered with Nora. Sitting there in Philippa's cozy living room, Nora thought she caught a glimpse of something wise and cunning about the woman. She was smitten with a sense of foreboding.

"Nora?"

"Oh! Uh..." Nora shook her head, frustrated to be suddenly distracted. The interview had been going quite well up until now. "I'm sorry! What was that?"

Philippa smiled. "I said, have you had experience with baby twins in your life?"

"Oh, yes! My aunt had twins when I was fourteen. I spent a lot of time taking care of them in their first two summers. She had a really busy job."

"And, I believe your resume said you've been a nanny for two families?"

"While I was in college, yes. Toddlers, both times."

"And, will you be available to work the *whole* summer?"

"From now through August. I can probably even do a week in September if you need."

"Are you intending to be out of town for any of that time? Say, a week or so?"

"Not at all."

"You're sure, Nora? It's nice to have a summer vacation."

"Really, I'm sure. My boyfriend is finishing up his last quarter of grad school this summer. Even if we wanted to take a vacation, it's not really possible for us this year."

"Making some money this summer then, huh?"

"Definitely," said Nora.

"Can I ask what your plans are for afterward?"

"Well," said Nora, "that's a little up in the air. We'll possibly be moving once my boyfriend gets a job and then...well, *I'll* get a job wherever we end up, and..." Nora grinned a little, "then, probably kids."

"Well, that's exciting," said Philippa. The woman's expression scarcely changed, it was frozen in a smile, baring flawless white teeth. Not a fake smile, nor a polite one. It seemed a defensive smile, portioning a share of genuine good will toward Nora while something additional remained hidden. "I'm sure you'd make a wonderful mother."

Nora kept grinning sheepishly. "Thank you."

"So," Philippa continued, "If you don't mind, I have an important question to ask you before I take you upstairs to meet Percy and Flo."

Meet them? That sounded to Nora like she was close to getting the job. She resisted the urge to dig her nails into her thighs - a compulsive response to being nervous and excited.

"I apologize, Nora, that this wasn't in the job description but...how do you feel about breastfeeding?"

"I'm sorry, what?"

"It's an awkward question and I'm sorry. But I need your answer if I'm going to have you work for Joel and I."

Nora was puzzled. How were you supposed to answer such a question?

"Let me put it this way, Nora. When you have a child, *if* you have a child, do you intend to breastfeed?"

"Oh. Of course."

"And are you comfortable with the idea of it? I'm sorry, this is prying and you don't have to answer, but I can't offer the job unless you do."

"Well, sure, I'm comfortable with it. I've read about all the health benefits and stuff. I think it's good for mothers to do, if they can."

"I'm happy to hear that, Nora. Some people are repulsed even by the idea. Percy and Flo have been nursing since day one and for the duration of the summer, I don't intend that to change."

"Oh," said Nora, "oh no, I have *no* problem at all. In fact, I think that's great!"

Philippa smiled that smile again, the cutting, diplomatic smile. Women don't usually smile like that, thought Nora.

“So Nora, a normal week will be nine to five, seven hours a day, Monday through Friday. We’ll pay you a full-time salary, and we won’t dock your pay for days when one of us comes home early and you get to go home before five. And then, Joel and I have a couple trips planned this summer. The first will be for six days in the last week of June and the other will be a full week in August. Those are the housesitting periods we indicated in the job description. Will you be able to stay here round the clock? You’ll be paid for every hour, of course. Also, we’ll have a bed ready for you, we’ll fill up the fridge and yes, your boyfriend is invited to stay too. Household chores will be minimal.”

“That all works great for me.”

“Excellent.” Philippa rose from the chair. “I think Flo and Percy would like to meet you now.”

The word charming was reserved for houses like this. Wood floors, ceramic animal art on the mantles, low ceilings, well-stuffed upholstery. The walls were painted shades of green. Beyond the dinning room you could see a big, cozy family room with a huge fireplace. A fairy tale-ish house, not big, but rich in character. In the strangest way, the house seemed timeless and slightly removed from the outside world.

Nora and Philippa crept carefully up the stairs and into the twins’ room. The twins were angels! Nora wasn’t quite a baby enthusiast, but it was hard not to warm to the sight of them, sleeping together in the same crib, a stuffed elephant on one side and a fuzzy bunny on the other. A mobile of floating, plastic clouds orbited above them. The twins were as pale as their mom but their hair was golden. Flo and Percy – such quaint, storybook-ish names. They were going to hate those names once they were old enough for school, thought Nora.

Philippa excused herself for a minute. Nora stood beside the crib and took in the peacefulness of the scene.

Philippa returned with a check. “This is an advance for the first week,” Philippa whispered, handing it to Nora.

Nora gasped. She covered her mouth to stifle her surprise. It was over three times what she had meant to ask for. “This is *way* too much, I can’t accept it,” she whispered back, making a guilty face.

“Take it, Nora. It’s what you deserve and what we want you to have.”

Barely believing the incredible sum, Nora pocketed the check and thanked Philippa.

“I’d like to make you some tea, Nora. Do you mind?”

“Yes, of course! I mean, no, not at all!” said Nora, who was lightheaded with amazement and mentally scolding herself not to dig her nails into her thighs.

Nora took a seat at a small breakfast table between the kitchen and the family room. Philippa filled a lavender kettle, set it on the burner and switched on the stove. She opened a narrow cupboard.

“What would you like? I’ve got lemon ginger, peppermint, green, earl grey, chamomile...”

“Chamomile, please?” said Nora.

“Good choice. Sugar?”

“Please.”

Philippa prepared two mugs. The kettle whistled and she poured and scooped sugar into both with a tin teaspoon. The women sipped their steaming teas at the breakfast table and talked about college studies, significant others, how things change when you become a mom. When it was getting close to three, Nora said, “well, I need to go and pick up Theo from the university. He’s TA-ing today and I’ve got the car. Plus we have some errands to run.”

“Theo,” said Philippa as the women rose from their chairs and headed back into the living room. “Is that your boyfriend’s name? It’s lovely. Anyway, you’d better borrow a raincoat from us. We have extras and we’re due for a storm today. One more before the spring ends.”

“Really?” said Nora, doubtfully. It was overcast but still light outside.

“Believe me,” said Philippa, “I can see how the weather’s working. It’s a...family gift. You’ll need a coat well before you make it home. I can give you one more for Theo too.”

“Oh, that’s really nice of you but I don’t think Theo will wear it. He never dresses appropriately for weather.”

“Well, at least take one for yourself. I don’t want you to catch cold.”

The coat Philippa offered Nora was dark purple, knee-length, hooded...and enormous. Nora guessed she could’ve fit three of herself inside of it. She wondered why Philippa would have such a huge coat. Philippa was a bit tall but she was slender and judging by the family photos in the living room, her husband Joel wasn’t much bigger than herself. And Nora was a couple inches shorter than Philippa. She didn’t want the big coat, but something in the purposeful way Philippa retrieved it

from the closet and offered it to Nora told her that the matter was not open to discussion. Like all of Philippa's acts of good will thus far, refusal seemed not an option. Kind of like a mother, Nora thought.

"Can you come tomorrow at 9?" said Philippa. "We'll go through the whole routine and you'll only have to babysit for a few hours. I'm taking a half day at work."

"I'll be here."

"Great. I have a good feeling about you, Nora, about this whole arrangement. Have a good night with your Theo for me."

Nora bounded to the car, tossed the huge raincoat on the passenger seat and dialed her phone.

"Theo, I got the job!! And you won't *believe* how much they're paying me!"

"Woah, seriously?"

"Yes. We're set, Theo. We have to stop at the bank today because I got my first check in advance!"

"That's amazing, pumpkin, congratulations!!! Hey, we should get some champagne at the grocery store to celebrate."

"Ohh can we?? Let's do that! Okay, I'm on my way. Love you!"

"Love you too."

Nora arrived curbside in front of the social sciences building and Theo folded his lanky body into the passenger seat. They kissed passionately. The clouds above were growing darker and thicker.

"We have everything we need now, Theo. We can pay off our lease and we'll have money to move!"

"You must've killed at that interview," said Theo, lifting himself from the seat and pulling the giant raincoat out from under him. "What's this?"

"Oh, it's a raincoat she gave me. I mean the mom. She's convinced it's going to rain. She's kind of a strange lady. But nice."

"Well, she may be right about the whether. It's getting dark. But...this thing is—

"Huge, I know."

They stopped at the bank. Theo went to deposit the check at the ATM. When he returned, Nora was posed peculiarly in the driver's seat, crossing her arms over her chest.

"Is something wrong?"

"My...chest just...feels kinda funny."

"When did that start happening?"

"I dunno. I guess I was noticing it when we were on our way here."

"Does it hurt?"

"No...not exactly. It feels a little like...pressure or something. I dunno."

"Would it help if I rubbed your chest a bit?"

Nora snickered. "Dirty boy. It's probably nothing. Let's get the champagne. And dinner. I'm hungry."

Rain was sprinkling outside when they arrived at the grocery store. They took a basket through the aisles and finished their browsing in the liquor section.

"Theo?"

Theo looked up from the champagne he was examining. "Yeah?"

She looked around, making sure the coast was clear before speaking. "Do my...boobs look a little bigger to you?"

Theo looked down at Nora's maroon sweater. "I can't tell."

Nora turned her profile to her boyfriend. "How 'bout now?"

"Huh...well, yeah, maybe a little."

"Really?"

"I dunno, you...seem to be sticking out a little more. Do they feel bigger?"

Nora adjusted her C cup bra and felt a slight chafing over her areolas. "Maybe. This bra doesn't feel right. My boobs feel a little...heavy." Then she glanced at Theo suspiciously. "Is this turning you on, Theo?"

“Nope, not a bit.”

“Uh huh.”

She put her hands on her hips and gave Theo a scolding look. Theo grinned. He said, “you look nice. I mean, of course I always think you look nice but you look *quite* nice when you work the profile.”

“And when I tell you I think my boobs are growing?” she said, dropping her voice to a sensual murmur.

“Maybe.” Theo shifted slightly.

Nora continued, “and that they feel heavy?”

“Mmmm.”

“I think you’re getting hard mister,” she whispered in his ear.

“Not gonna let me off the hook, huh Pumpkin?”

“Nope. I like you hooked.”

“Naughty girl. Is this champagne alright?”

“I don’t know, let me pop it for you and we’ll find out.”

Theo grinned. “Maybe you should let me pop yours first.”

But the pressure in Nora’s chest grew. The two of them were standing in line and waited for three shopping carts to get through the checkout. As the last customer in line loaded her groceries on the conveyor belt, Nora whispered. “Theo, I’m serious this time. My chest feels tight and it’s getting a lot worse.”

Theo glanced down. Nora’s chest was bubbling over her cups and her sweater wasn’t concealing it. Excess boob was puffing up and to the sides. Nora crossed her arms over her chest to hide it.

“I have to get out of here, Theo,” she said.

“Can we make it through the checkout line?” said Theo.

“Yes, but hurry. And I don’t think I can help you. My arms are busy covering me.”

Theo speedily set the groceries on the belt and paid. Nora's face contorted in anxiety and discomfort. As they walked out of the store, Nora said, "this is real, Theo, my boobs are definitely bigger. I don't know what's wrong with me."

"What should we do?"

"Please, can we just go home? Maybe I'm having...some kind of reaction to something. Let's just get out of here."

The rain had picked up since they were in the store. It was coming down in heavy drops. As they powerwalked to the car, Nora felt her areolas, sensitive and swollen, rub against her bra. It was getting painful. New, unfamiliar mass quivered slightly on Nora's chest. Keeping up with Theo's long strides was harder than usual. "Don't go so fast," she said. Theo dumped the groceries in the trunk. Nora told him to drive.

Nora's boobs seemed to seep gradually over her bra cups. Nora had her hands underneath her sweater, caressing her boobs, which felt bloated and full. Her nipples were painfully sensitive. She tried to soothe them by stroking them with her fingers. "It feels a bit better when I do this," she explained to Theo, who was wondering. "Just drive."

They soon found themselves in traffic. Nora's boobs were all but escaping from her bra. They felt so heavy and sensitive and full.

"Theo, I need to get out of this bra. Can you help me?"

"Okay...how are we going to do this?"

Nora scowled in frustration. There were lanes of stopped cars on either side. Everyone was waiting for the light to change. Rain streamed down the windows. A roll of thunder sounded above.

Nora reached into the backseat and grabbed the huge raincoat. She wrapped it around her front side like a blanket and turned her back to Theo. "Quick," she said, rolling her sweater and undershirt up, "unhook me."

Theo undid the bra and Nora sighed, "that's better."

Concealed by the raincoat, she removed the bra and tossed it in the backseat.

Theo said, "are you still, uhh..."

"Growing? I don't know."

The light changed and Theo made it through a left turn just before the yellow changed back to red.

“Oh my god, Theo.”

“What?”

“It’s still happening.”

“I don’t get it. What’s going on?”

“I don’t know! My boobs are getting really big, alright?”

“Can you show me?”

“This really isn’t a joke, Theo!”

“I know. I want to see.”

Nora withdrew the raincoat slightly, giving Theo a peek. The outline of her breasts went almost halfway down her torso.

“Woah,” said Theo. “Are you sure you want to go—

“Yes, Theo. I want to go home. Home is the only place I want to be.”

“But if something’s wrong with you, you should see a doctor.”

“No. Theo, I’m not sick. I don’t know what’s happening but...I just know the doctor can’t help me. I need to be home. Okay?”

“Okay. Hey, it’s gonna be alright, okay Nora?”

“Yeah, okay.” Heart pounding, Nora was raking her legs with her nails, trying to tell herself it really was going to be alright. As they crossed a bridge over the interstate, she looked over. “Theo, are you hard?”

“No.”

“Liar.”

The rain shot down. Theo had the windshield wipers on maximum speed. Nora felt the flesh creeping down her body, getting fuller, fatter, heavier. Sensation washed over her breasts as the pressure grew.

They parked in the lot. Theo leapt out of the car in the cascading rain and thunder and quickly removed the grocery bag from the trunk. Nora emerged, wrapped and hooded in the huge raincoat and the two of them made a dash for the apartment. Once inside, they climbed the stairs, Theo helping Nora who was now a little lost in a world of strange sensations and finding it difficult even putting one foot in front of the other.

“They’re growing faster, Theo. I swear they’re growing faster than before.”

“Let’s just get upstairs. C’mon.”

Once at the third floor, Theo let them into the apartment. He turned the lights on and closed the door behind them.

Facing Theo, Nora let the raincoat drop in a great heap.

The awestruck look on Theo’s face frightened Nora. She looked down at herself and saw the threads of her maroon sweater separating, showing the white material of her undershirt beneath. Two tremendous, obviously squished mounds bulged from her chest, hanging down to her belly button. Her nipples were penny-sized bumps, their outline sticking out clear through the sweater.

“They’re...heavy, Theo. Boobs are...very heavy...”

Theo took Nora by the hand and tried leading her to the living room. Nora wouldn’t budge.

“C’mon, you should sit down,” he said.

“Don’t wanna...sit down.”

“Nora...”

“Just...just...touch them. I...I need you to.”

Theo looked down at his girlfriend’s massive chest. The sweater was visibly continuing to stretch. They were definitely growing, and faster than before. He set an experimental hand on Nora’s bulging chest.

“Y-yeah. Feel them.”

Slowly, he brushed his hand along Nora’s expanding bosom. Nora sighed.

“Keep going, Theo, please.” She took his hand and dragged it along her chest, showing him how she wanted it. Her eyes were closed, brows furrowed. She was lost in the sensations, pleasure and pain coursing over her.

"Are...are you okay?" said Theo.

"Yeah...well...I don't..."

"Hey...uh...Nora?"

"What?"

"I think you're...there's uh..."

"What?! What is it?"

"Milk!"

Theo was staring at Nora's left nipple. Along the side of the dark red, fleshy, downcast protrusion were two white dots. They looked like tiny beads.

"You mean I'm...I'm...oh my god, the pressure's getting *worse!*"

As she said it, the beads grew into drops and the drops fell and were followed by more drops. Then, an unsteady trickle of milk issued from Nora's fattened nipple and dribbled down the slope, pooling on the floor next to Nora's thigh.

Theo got to his feet and took Nora by the arms. Nora was moaning, her face contorted, but she let Theo lift her to her feet. "So...heavy Theo," she muttered. Too true. Theo fought the incredible weight of his girlfriend's pendulous jugs as he held her upright.

"Okay," he said. "We're going to turn you around and set your boobs on the sink, alright?"

"Alright."

They turned slowly, trying not to let Nora's sensitive breasts hit something. Then, Theo set his hands underneath them. "Help me do this," he said.

They heaved the massive, leaky tits over the lip of the sink. Nora's big, fat nipples touched the bottom of each basin, spurting drops of milk.

"Theo, the pressure is too much! I need..."

"What? What is it?"

Nora's hands went to her nipples. Grasping her areolas, fingers splayed, she squeezed at the ends of her boobs. Milk spurted from her nipples as she squeezed and released and squeezed and released. The action on her tits relieved some of the pressure and sensitivity. But it wasn't enough.

“Touch them, Theo. Stroke them down to my nipples, I *need it*.”

Theo reached around his girlfriend and placed his hands on the expansive slopes of her boobs. He pressed ever so gently into the swollen, squishy titflesh and slid his hands down each boob.

“Yeah, like that! Keep going.”

Theo massaged Nora, sweeping his hands along her huge breasts as Nora groped her areolas again and again, squeezing the milk through her ducts. Milk sprayed from the nipples.

“Ohhhh!!! Oh my god! Yes, don’t stop!”

Vigorously, they rubbed and kneaded Nora’s knockers. The spray grew more forceful, flecking the side of the sink with fresh Nora milk. Nora’s hands were wet. Theo’s member was raging hard. The feeling of those great, soft tits, the sound of Nora’s wailing...he couldn’t help himself.

On and on they milked Nora’s giant udders. Finally, the streams of milk slowed, slowed, until they were just a few drops.

Nora let her tits go and set her hands on either side of the sink, leaning forward and letting her huge tits rest in the basins. Theo put his arms around her and lay his chin on Nora’s shoulder. They were both panting.

“Oh my god,” she gasped.

“You...okay?” said Theo.

“So...much better.”

Nora turned her head and looked in Theo’s eyes. There was a pause. Nora sent a hand down below Theo’s belt. “Turned on?” she said.

“Yeah,” said Theo, bashfully. “Sorry, I—

“Popped...my champagnes, huh?”

“Yeah...”

“Do you like it?”

“Yeah.”

“Me, all huge with these...*gigantic* breasts...?”

“Uh huh...”

Nora drew in close and whispered, “drink me, now?”

Theo’s eyes grew wide.

“Off with your clothes,” she said, throwing off the remnants of sweater and undershirt.

In a complete motion that startled Theo, Nora heaved her breasts out of the sink. While still preposterously heavy, they were lighter than before the milking and Nora was able to carry herself.

Theo let his pants drop to the floor and stepped out of them. Nora grabbed him by the wrist. Holding her boobs still with her other hand, she took him from the kitchen, down the hall and into the bedroom. She was still frightened, still in shock, but something drew her away from her fears. There was an inexplicable longing to be close to Theo, right now. Closer than ever before. She wanted nothing to come between her and Theo. Nothing, except maybe her lactating boobs.

In the bedroom, Theo cast off his shirt and Nora kicked off her jeans. She got up on the bed, heaving her tits aboard and sat upright. She looked at Theo, standing there naked in the bedroom, blushing. His gaze was enslaved by those massive tits.

“Come here,” she said. Theo climbed onto the bed and crawled up to her. She grasped his head in her hands and thrust his face into her right nipple. “Suck on them, Theo. I want you to.”

He wrapped his lips around her gloriously fat nipple and stroked the beautiful pink flesh. At first, nothing came but soon enough, there was a trickle. Then a stream. Even her left nipple began to drip and neither of them cared that the blanket was getting wet.

“Oh Theo, I love you, I love you so much!”

“Igh lerf youf ter!” he replied.

It was wonderful. It wasn’t even a sexual feeling, or not *quite*. It was a sense of completeness, this intimacy with Theo, the sharing of herself with him. Her mind was elevated to a place of happiness more potent than any orgasm she ever had.

“Nrr,” said Theo.

Shut up, she thought, just stay here with me.

“Nerer!”

“Ohhh, what is it, Theo?” She let Theo withdraw from her nipple.

"I think your nipple is getting bigger."

"What?" She looked down at her boobs. Sure enough, they were expanding again. The flesh rose. Her mamms fattened, weighing heavier into the bedsprings. Nora's leaky nipples drew forth, lengthening her projection.

"No no no, please, just keep going," she said. It was crazy, but she didn't want this moment to stop.

"But, Nora—

"If my boobs want to be bigger, let them grow, alright? Keep drinking me!"

And really, Theo didn't know what else to do about it anyway. He switched to Nora's left nipple, stroking it with his tongue, relishing the taste of warm milk.

As Theo drank, Nora's boobs grew bigger still. They swelled, fatter and longer, spreading over the bed like rolls rising on a cooking sheet.

Even now, there was a tiny voice of alarm, sounding off in the back of Nora's head. *Your boobs are as big as minifridges, it said. And you're lactating for no apparent reason. How can you just sit there and make Theo drink your milk?? You have no idea what's happening to you!* And yet, there was another voice, a sweet, gleeful voice that shunned anxiety and concern, a voice Nora never knew was inside her. *This is the most perfect moment ever, it said. You have the power to feed and strengthen and nourish. Isn't it wonderful? Don't let it slip away. Let it grow and grow...*

Her breasts ballooned bigger and bigger. Her areolas were the size of Theo's face and her nipples were getting so huge Theo was having trouble fitting the whole thing in his mouth, but it didn't matter. The ducts enthusiastically released milk wherever he licked and sucked.

"Oh, more Theo! Keep drinking me, I love it so much!" cried Nora. Nora's boobs were so big she was having a hard time seeing Theo beyond them. Theo, dwarfed by Nora's massive mamms. For some reason, the idea of it turned her on. In that moment, the spell of serenity and perfection began to dissipate and a baser, more physical urge took over. She felt Theo flick her big, fat nipple with his tongue and the hairs stood on the back of her neck. Now that Nora knew she had power, she was going to use it. She had given something to Theo. It was time to take something back.

Nora lifted herself from the bed and, putting her back into it, she forced her monster of a tit onto Theo who fell to his back, blissfully imposed upon. She sank down into her massive cushions of soft tit, crushing him beneath her as she grew and grew. Theo's erection brushed her boob and Nora's heart began to thud. She was getting hot feeling Theo helplessly buried under her milkjugs. She could smother him to death right now. The thought of it made her giggle and she pressed down on his face, making him squirm in protest.

After some playful suffocation. Nora heaved her boobs off the face of her panting, boyfriend but kept them mooshed down so Theo was still pinned. The growth was slowing, and in good time, because the sides of her boobs were surging out to the ends of the queen size bed.

She looked into his eyes, glassy, dazed, still worried beneath all that male horniness.

“Naughty boy,” she said.

“Nora,” said Theo, deep in the cleft between his girlfriend’s colossal hooters, “this is so out of control. What are we going to—

“Shhhh,” she said, reaching for Theo’s cock and giving it a squeeze. “Ask me later, when I care again.”

Keeping him immobile and helpless beneath her, she fucked Theo till both of them were spent.

They awoke in the early morning. Nora was on her back. Her eyes flitted open and gazed up the slopes of two gigantic wads of flesh. Theo had nuzzled in beside her and was grasping an armful of her right boob, pulling it slightly over himself like a blanket. After all the sensations and hysteria and moments of feeling inexplicably powerful and wonderful and horny, Nora was horrified to find herself attached to boobs so big as to make her a living piece of furniture. Flopped slightly over on either side of her, each boob rose two and a half feet from the surface of the bed. Her nipples had drastically shrunk after last night’s milking but they were still the size of silver dollars. And the pressure had returned. Nora felt like screaming.

Theo awoke and fetched a large mixing bowl from the kitchen. He and Nora spent the next twenty minutes massaging the fresh milk out of Nora’s boobs. This time, there was no sense of power or perfection or wonderfulness or joy to any of it. It was just a chore, squeezing the milk out of some freakishly giant titties.

Once it was over, Nora felt a little better. A purpose was taking shape in her mind.

“So, Pumpkin...can I take you to the doctor now?” said Theo.

“No,” said Nora. “I know who did this to me. It’s her you should take me to.”

The raincoat that Philippa had leant Nora was a good fit now. It covered her all the way around the boobs, squishing them a tad when buttoned up. Wearing it, Nora looked like a giant, purple gumdrop with tiny head and legs. Her nipples still peaked through the fabric a bit but the coat was dark enough to not draw attention to that.

Wearing the coat as her only cover on top was plenty scandalous but no top in her or Theo's closet would come even close to fitting her. Nora put on jeans and rain boots and Theo helped her down the stairs to ground level. She squeezed into the back seats of their car. Nora felt fat and ugly and shameful. And terrified. The outdoors were soaked and dotted with puddles by the rainstorm that lasted all night. Even today, there was a haphazard sprinkle of rain.

Nora arrived at Philippa's doorstep at nine exactly. Theo waited curbside watching her from the car. He had wanted to join Nora for this confrontation but something in Nora told her Theo could offer her only moral support and that bringing him into Philippa's house would further complicate an already bizarre situation. She would text Theo if he was needed.

Nora knocked and the door opened almost on cue.

"Come on in," said Philippa, throwing the screen door wide. Even with the coat pulling her in, Nora had to sidestep through the entrance to avoid some uncomfortable boob-squishing.

Philippa closed the door behind her. "How are you, Nora?" she said.

"How do you think I am?" said Nora, making a face.

"Well, I'm sure you're pretty frightened right now."

"What did you do to me?"

Without answering, Philippa went around to the front window and peaked below the blinds. "I'm suppose that's your Theo in the car out there?"

"Yes." Nora gulped, summoning courage. "And he expects answers as much as I do."

"You'll get them. But I have a question first. Did you express a fair amount last night?"

"A *fair amount*?! I expressed a ton! And then I had to express more this morning."

"Good! That's excellent news, Nora."

"*How* is that excellent news??"

"Your body is already producing milk in abundant quantities. And I think you're dealing with it quite well, all things considered. By the way, now that you're fully grown, you can keep the pressure low by pumping three times a day."

"What was it that made this happen? Was it the tea you gave me?"

"Yes, the tea. A tasteless powder made from a recipe in an old book."

"You're a witch or something?"

Philippa grinned. "And proud of it. Why don't you have a seat on the couch?"

Nora wanted to refuse but she was frightened of Philippa and didn't necessarily want to cross her. Philippa closed the blinds and invited Nora to sit upon the same couch where she interviewed yesterday. Right now, that seemed like a month ago.

"You look uncomfortable sitting there in that coat," said Philippa. "Are you sure you want to keep wearing it?"

"I'm fine," said Nora, but she really wasn't. The coat squished her boobs together, bringing their weight in to the center. Although her massive bust was propped neatly in her lap, her back had to do extra work for her to actually sit up straight. It would have been easier to get out of the coat and let her boobs' weight redistribute to her sides and rest partially on the sofa cushion.

Philippa took her own seat. "Nora, your breasts are producing milk more nutritious and beneficial than any lactating mother in the world. I can't overstate the health benefits. A baby can drink your milk for a month and likely avoid any disease you can think of for their lifetime, thanks to growing on such a powerful formula at an early age. Do you understand the value?"

"But why me?"

"Why *not* you, Nora? You like kids, you're thinking about being a mom, you have no plans this summer and you need money. Well, this is your opportunity. I'm sure you realize I wouldn't pay so much money just for a nanny."

"But why did you deceive me?"

"Don't be silly, Nora. You would've said no, just like any sensible young woman would have. You wouldn't trust a crazy mom who wants to grow your breasts and make you lactate some magic elixir. I wouldn't know what to think about a young woman who did! I had to just do it to you so you would believe."

"That seems unfair."

"I'm sure it does." Philippa's tone was vaguely sympathetic but not at all sorry or regretful. "I don't mean to sound cruel, Nora, but I'm afraid there's nothing you can do about the whole thing. If you went to the police, I doubt they'd listen to much of what you say. They would probably decide you have a medical emergency and take you to the nearest hospital. And even if they did open some sort of investigation, I have ways of protecting myself. Nothing would ultimately come of it."

Nora felt suddenly very vulnerable and helpless. She tried to say something and choked on her words. She bowed her head. Tears spilled down her face.

Philippa stood and put a hand on Nora's shoulder. "Nora, it's alright. It's all going to be okay."

"No it's not!" said Nora. "I didn't ask for this. I didn't ask for it and now I'm your cow."

"Oh, Nora! You're not a cow! You're a wet nurse. One of the oldest professions in the world. There's nothing to be ashamed of. And you're going to be great at it. I'll see you're taken care of this summer. You'll be just like a member of the family."

"I-I'm so enormous now, I can barely get around," sobbed Nora.

"Trust me, you'll get used to it. And so will Theo, if he really loves you. And he does, doesn't he?"

Nora nodded, sobbing.

"Let's get you out of this raincoat. I have better clothes for you." Nora didn't protest as Philippa undid the buttons. With each unfastening, the coat split wider apart until it was completely open and her boobs rolled out to the sides, still resting some of their weight on Nora's lap. Her back eased.

"In fact," said Philippa, "I'm pretty sure last night wasn't really *so* bad for either of you."

"H-how do you...?" said Nora, who felt small beyond description now, even as her boobs made her take up all but a narrow portion of the couch.

"I'm not an idiot, Nora. I can smell sex on an unshowered woman. I can tell a man has been all over you. And I'm hardly surprised. A side effect of the spell is it increases your desire to make babies. But, more crucially, it also makes you crave intimacy."

Nora blushed. She was exposed on so many levels.

"But it's none of my business," continued Philippa. She hung the raincoat in the closet. She came back around to the couch, about to say something but she was interrupted by her phone. From its little speaker came the sound of crying. "Oh dear, that's the twins," said Philippa. "I have this app that receives notifications from the baby monitor. Nora, how long has it been since your last milking?"

"About...three or four hours," Nora muttered.

"I think it's a good time for Percy and Flo to have a feeding, what do you say?"

Nora didn't know what to say, but Philippa's question seemed to be rhetorical. Philippa made for the stairs. The lone voice crying on her phone was joined by another. "And now they're both crying," said Philippa. "It always happens, one starts crying and then the other joins in."

Philippa disappeared upstairs. Nora sat there awkwardly, her nails scratching vigorously at her thighs beneath her monstrous boobs. Her phone buzzed. She yanked it out of her pocket. She had texts.

Theo: How's it going?

Theo: Someone closed the blinds...

Theo: You okay?

Philippa came back down the stairs with Percy and Flo in her arms. The twins were still crying. "Are you ready for this, Nora?" she said.

Nora's mouth hung open, speechless. The problem now wasn't that she didn't know how to say no, it was that she didn't know how to say yes. She looked into the two round, cherub faces, flushed with infantile longing and something in Nora screamed that she had to do it, she *needed* to do it. The poor, babies looked hungry...but Nora didn't know how to admit Philippa had won. Nora sat, arms laid atop her humongous, naked boobs like armrests, mouth trying to form a response. Her nipples were getting involuntarily big again.

But Nora didn't need to say anything. Philippa read surrender on her face. She brought Percy and Flo to the couch. "Here, take Flo."

Nora accepted the spluttering infant in her arms. She felt her milk let down, this time not to relieve pressure, but to do the job her body was now equipped for. She leaned back, making room on the couch and brought Flo carefully into position. It took some maneuvering for Nora to hold the child at arm's length around her huge, swollen breast but, with Philippa's guidance, she managed to push the gigantic gland in with her forearms while guiding Flo to her awaiting nipple. Soon enough, the baby was feeding.

"Now, how about Percy, too?" said Philippa.

Nora looked at Philippa and nodded slowly. Philippa brought Flo's twin to the other breast and held him there as he latched on.

Nora felt like melting. She was overcome with emotion once more. Sharing herself with two completely innocent living things that couldn't even walk or talk yet: it was more incredible than anything Nora had ever experienced. She didn't care if it was the spell, there was nothing else in the world she wanted to be doing right now.

“Why didn’t you just...do this yourself?” said Nora to Philippa.

Philippa looked up over the crest of Nora’s humongous breast. “Well,” she sighed, “I just didn’t want the tits.”

“But it feels...wonderful.”

Philippa smiled. “You’re going to be great at this, Nora.”

“Will you...change me back after the summer’s over?” said Nora.

“Well,” said Philippa, “do you want me to?”

Nora gave it a second’s thought. In her head she composed her next text to Theo:
babe, would you be okay if I stayed like this? I mean...for a long time, maybe?