It was getting to be that time of day, Jack thought as she slid the rest of her groceries through the register. The short-haired girl bit the side of her lip as she pulled out her debit card and began to pay using the self-checkout. The less people she had to interact with in a given day, the better. After sliding her card and waiting to enter the PIN, she glanced at the name on the card. Jacqueline Ainsley. Well, it wasn’t completely right, but it worked at least. Jack would have preferred if it said Jack Ainsley, like it did less than a week ago.

Jack moved to the end of the register and placed her food into a series of plastic bags, hurrying as she looked at the clock on her mp3 player. The device was wedged into her new cleavage, and she could already feel a tingle coming from the spot that had nothing to do with the heavy bass coming from the headphones perched around her neck. It had been clockwork like this for days. Every day, precisely at noon, another transformation for her body to go under, and she had been too busy messing with her boobs this morning to get out at a decent hour. Now she was in the middle of the grocery store, seconds away from going through another change.

In the end, it didn’t matter for Jack if she ended up changing in public. Nobody had paid her any mind the last few times it had happened. Even her best friend seemed to think she was a girl when she came out of a bathroom with two bumps tenting her ratty t-shirt. She spent the whole day going around trying to find some proof that she didn’t always have two X chromosomes. But every photo, every document, every memory people had of her set her up to be a thin, lithe female. It was only near dinnertime when Jack accepted that this wasn’t just a crazy joke people were playing on her, and took the time to look over her body in the mirror.

If she had to be a female, it wasn’t entirely what Jack would have picked. She still had a similar hairstyle to what she had as a man, and her curves were practically nonexistent. The fact that her male clothing wasn’t particularly flattering didn’t help her attractiveness either. Jack had sighed and leaned against the mirror. It just hadn’t made sense. She’d gone into the bathroom standing up, and had left to a stern warning for going into the wrong side. It had only taken five minutes, and despite a few others coming in while her breasts grew to b-cups and her hips flared out, nobody had paid her any mind until it ended. At the very least, Jack hadn’t been harmed by this transformation, and things seemed to be relatively normal otherwise. After dinner, she had done some research online to try and figure out if anything like this was reported by others, but couldn’t find anything before she had to get to bed.

Jack had woken up the next day, wondering if she would turn back to normal. It didn’t seem to be the case though, her hand still found a handful of soft flesh in the way, and her boxers were far too roomy. Jack knew it was important to find out what had happened, but didn’t want to mess up her daily routine. She’d gone to work, and as expected, everyone treated it as normal for Jack to walk in as a girl. But, right around lunchtime she had felt a strong tingle in her chest and had excused herself to go to the bathroom.

Her mouth went dry as she watched her shirt stretch over her breasts. Not again, she thought, trying to push them back into her chest, only forcing them to bounce out bigger. Cold water, biting down on her tongue, pinching her waist, nothing seemed to wake her up from the nightmare she took this to be. All she could do was grip the sink as her nipples pushed out into her top until they were as big and round as teacups, resting on a set of breasts she only fantasized about. The initial shock of becoming a female, combined with her average appearance, meant Jack hadn’t really explored her body up to this point. But holding two huge hooters in her hands, each the size of her head, it was too much for her still-male mind to handle. She came back to work a half hour later, panting and satisfied.

Just as before, everyone seemed to think Jack always had a set of tits that a porn star would be proud of. It sure made work difficult, but she still managed enough to make it through the day. Night couldn’t come fast enough, it would give her some privacy to try and figure things out again. Unfortunately, that night was fruitless. She couldn’t remember doing anything that would have caused this, and there was nothing online to explain what happened to her.

The changes had continued over the next few days. First her wardrobe had changed to refit her new busty body, only to get stretched out by her plumping backside the next day. Each day was deadest on making her sexier, more womanly, and as Jack was rapidly finding out, content. After almost a week of having a girl’s body, she was starting to not mind it so much. It did have its benefits, though she imagined the negatives were a pain in the backside as well. Jack finally decided one day to take a few days off of work to keep to herself, spending the days waiting for her transformation, checking that reality offered to match it,

That’s how she ended up walking out of the grocery store with a lavender top that was starting to stretch over even bigger breasts. Jack was actually a bit confused by this. So far all her changes had been unique, just a set of larger breasts seemed to mess with the random pattern. The pitter patter of droplets hitting the floor signified that this was a new change after all. Her arms were full with her groceries, so she had no choice but to keep walking as her shirt exposed more of her creamy cleavage, her swelling breasts tearing the garment as the wet spots around her nipples spread.

She ignored the one cashier telling her about a nearby store that sold maternity bras, trying to act nonchalant as she exited the grocery store. She learned that there was no point getting upset; it just made her look crazy. The girl let out a slight gasp as her boobs swelled another cup size. Every day she was alerted to her change by a tingle in her breasts, and it was getting stronger every day. Today’s lactation creation, combined with the growing tingle in her boobs, made it hard to focus. She was able to get her groceries in the trunk of her car, and then got in as soon as she could. Jack rubbed her thighs together as her breasts continued to grow until they filled up her lap, the milk droplets coming out in a somewhat steady stream to pool on the bottom of her car. The steering wheel of her compact car squished into her boobs and made more of the milk come out. Jack quickly backed out of her spot and drove back home, where she tossed her groceries on the table and went to the bathroom to express her milk.

It had only been a few days ago that she even had breasts to touch, so she wasn’t entirely sure how to milk herself properly. She decided on grabbing a boob with both hands and squeezing as hard as she could, pushing out until milk came out in a fast burst. It splattered against the bathtub and began to flow down the drain. The sound of the milk swirling down the tub matched the low groan Jack gave out as she continued to fondle her breasts, solely to milk them, she said to herself. The fact that there was a damp spot on her jean shorts indicated that wasn’t the only reason she was doing this.

After milking herself, her breasts felt lighter, but hadn’t gotten any smaller. Seems they had expanded to fit the milk they produced, so she wouldn’t have to deal with fluctuating sizes at least. Jack pulled herself out of the tub and decided to just take a shower now, tossing off her dampened shirt and shorts and turning on the water. She let out a shriek and backed up against the wall. The water was far too cold, sending goosebumps all up her body, and causing her nipples to perk up like soda cans. Seems like they had grown as well to match the lactation of her breasts. Well, for one reason or another, she could consider this a productive day.

Jack’s shower lasted thirty minutes, when she usually finished in half that time. She toweled herself off and sat on her computer, deciding to play some games to calm herself down and relax. The woman went online afterwards and purchased a video camera. Maybe if she recorded herself going through a change, she could get somebody to believe her. She was out of options at this point, and it was all she could think of. Dinner, more games, television, the rest of the day went by without a hitch, though in the back of her mind Jack always wondered if she’d get a second round of tingles.

The next day of her vacation was much the same; she could at least stay at home and not worry about anyone bothering her. Right as her clock struck noon the tingle in her chest was back, now so strong that she could feel it in her fingertips, and down to her backside, which ballooned out to match her titanic, lactating melons. Jack had to get out of her computer chair before her burgeoning thighs wedged her in place. She stood up right as the button burst off of her shorts, wedging her panties into place and making her waddle to the bathroom more difficult than it should have been.

Jack’s breasts had begun to leak again, so she returned to the bathroom and began the milking process, remembering what worked best yesterday and repeating the process. If it wasn’t a two-handed process, she’d likely be using one of her hands to ease the aching need building between her legs. The tingle was sticking around longer than normal, and was driving her crazy. It didn’t go away until she emptied her breasts and attended to her baser needs. This time her shower lasted forty-five minutes. None of it was wasted.

The following day, Jack prepared by just waiting naked in the tub for her change to come in, knowing it would likely bring more milk with it and make her more aroused than she wanted to admit. Her camera had arrived that day, so she set it up and readied it to record her change. People would HAVE to believe her now. There was no way they could doubt her with video proof. She checked the time and took a deep breath, preparing for the next change. The tingles this time were intense, and made her grip the sides of the tub in anticipation as it spread all over her body, from her face down to her toes. Her body vibrated with pleasure as two mounds began to push out from underneath her original set.

Just when Jack thought she was prepared for anything, life threw this curveball at her. Not only were the breasts underneath her top pair swelling very fast, faster than any of her growths before, but they were leaking as well. She didn’t even think about what she did next, bringing up one of her breasts to her lips and beginning to suckle it. There was going to be a lot more milk than normal coming out of her soon, so she needed to be empty as quick as possible. With one nip between her lips, she could milk one breast with her right hand, and attend to her inner legs with the other. It would be over soon enough, she thought to herself, feeling her arm brushing up against a bigger and bigger breast coming out above her navel. Milk flowed down her forearm and down the tub, soaking her lower body before it ran down the drain.

She was undoubtedly starting to like this, and she knew that was probably a bad thing. But at the very least, she’d have proof about this with the video recording, even if it would allow people to watch her pleasure herself. At that moment she looked up at the camera and realized she forgot to hit record. Jack sighed, letting the breast flop out of her mouth and hit her lap with a wet thud. She could stop pleasuring herself now, the tingle was starting to subside and she needed to focus on her milking now. She just had to forget about her lust for a bit and resist what her body wanted her to do.

Her willpower crumbled like an old tin can. She laid back in her tub, and continued to squeeze her breasts with just one hand, focusing on milking the top set while the lower set was still growing. By the time she was empty up top, more than just milk had flowed down the drain, and she was quite tired. She looked at the useless camera on the wall, knowing she could have started a recording now, but it was probably a hopeless thought in the first place. Like it or not, this seemed to be her lot in life. There were worse things that could have happened to her, she supposed.

Jack sat there as her lower breasts stopped swelling, staring down at the enormous set of breasts she had been cursed with. Maybe it was a blessing; her mind was starting to waver on that. Now she owned four breasts, each one about twice as big as her head, and filled up with milk every day. Jack took a deep breath and began to milk her lower set of breasts next, closing her eyes as the pleasurable feeling in her groin built up again. Despite how intense this was, something in her mind told her there would be a new transformation tomorrow. What would she end up with then? Bigger lips, longer hair, maybe a few more tattoos to cover her beautifully tan skin? Jack would just have to find out, and wait for the next set of tingles.