

A young woman with a flat chest finds herself growing larger - and milkier - by the day as she struggles with day-to-day life and the consequences of her condition.

This is the first installment of a series that I anticipate to end up being at least eight chapters, with a possible spinoff series. I will try to write them pretty rapidly but I will be away from my computer for a few months soon. Rest assured the series will be finished SOMEDAY.

This series involves lactation, breast expansion, and some minor instances of pain (relating to engorgement and breast growth). All characters are consenting and of legal age. None of the acts in the story are representative of the author's desires or actions.

Note: While this chapter does not contain any incestuous acts or non-consent, future chapters might. Since this is an issue for some (many), I will be publishing an alternate clean copy of each story that excludes incest and non-consent.

Growing Pains I: The Milky Beginning

Sometimes I pulled my sweater tight against my chest. In the mirror, I could see the faintest outline of what one might perceive to be breasts. They were practically non-existent, and were the type of thing one might observe only under the proper circumstances. You had to know what you were looking for to find them. To me, this was a tragedy. I was flat.

Flat-chested and a High School senior, about to graduate. It was humiliating to have such a boyish frame, with no breasts to speak of. Every day, I watched the other girls walk by, turning heads as they went. If anything, I turned heads away. Nobody wanted to see something so sad, a young woman with a flat chest.

I had hoped that I was a late bloomer and would soon develop, but puberty had left me in the dust. It had become painfully clear to me that this would be the way I would remain for the rest of my days. Flat and completely uninteresting to the opposite sex. So many painful nights were spent in tears, wondering why I had been cursed with such a chest.

On this particular night, I was sitting in my bed, studying for a test that I would be taking the following week. A history test, it would prove a breeze as history was one of my favorite subjects. Still, I was determined to not leave anything to chance and give myself the best shot possible. So I studied, reviewing all of this content I had already memorized. Outside, the wind blew the branches of neighboring trees up against the side of the house, producing an annoying and somewhat frightening scratching noise every minute or so.

I was frightened whenever I was alone. I lived by myself, in my father's house, but he himself lived far away and worked to support me. He was distant, and I rarely had contact with him. If anything, he was more of a benefactor supporting the charity of me rather than a father. I wondered why he remained away, but never worked up the courage to ask him. I hadn't seen him in about a year but he kept the allowance checks coming, twice a month, and kept on top of rent and utilities. My mother had disappeared when I was an infant, and I had no memory of her. Due to this, I led a lonely home life, and had suffered from a lonely childhood.

My personality was an independent one, and I had matured very quickly, taking on many adult responsibilities before my peers. I managed the house and property, cleaning it and taking care of the landscaping. Most my age would have been jealous of me having a house of my own to host parties, but I was not the partying type. I was proud of myself for being independent, but I did struggle with the loneliness. Nobody to come home to, and no real friends to speak of really wore on my conscience.

Still, I didn't let it get to me. I still had my fun. I watched movies and television, I played videogames, I rode my bike, I read books and wrote stories, I worked my garden, I masturbated. Goodness, did I masturbate. Ever since the discovery I had found myself drawn to it as an immensely pleasurable pastime (or time waster)? I had no toys, but I found my fingers talented enough to always finish myself off. Whenever I had free time, my mind tended to drift towards naughty thoughts about boys and girls.

Tonight, I had my studying to focus on. I pored over the exciting details others might find boring for hours. At my side I had a cup of hot chocolate I had made for myself. It was a cold winter night and while the house was heated, I was still snuggled up under a pile of blankets. I had them just up to my stomach as my chest was feeling awful warm today. This I attributed to the spicy food I had eaten earlier. Sometimes I got mild heartburn from it and this could be related to that.

After another hour I had grown too tired to continue. My head hit the bed somewhere around 11:30 PM and I dozed off into dreamland. Unfortunately, my slumber would not be a restful one, as I woke a few hours later with an intense burning pain spread across my chest. I flicked the bedside lamp on and glanced at the clock. 3:30 AM. Two hours before I usually woke up before school. I was frustrated at this loss of sleep but I had larger problems at hand.

I rolled out of bed and stood up slowly. My chest ached. My non-existent breasts felt hot enough to cut through butter and I would not have been surprised to see them glowing red. I hurried to the bathroom, my chest stinging each time an arm rubbed up against the side of my chest. My hand reached for the switch, and the room was illuminated. I looked into the mirror and realized I was drenched in sweat.

My pale white skin was now a faint rosy pink. Beads of sweat poured down my face, arms, and legs. No single inch of my body was free of it. My shirt clung to my body, glued in

place by the lakes of sweat on my chest and back. I peeled it off, eager to examine my burning chest. As I pulled it over my dizzy head, the sight shocked me.

My chest was not unlike what my imagination had led me to anticipate. I was nearly glowing due to the bright red skin. Around my nipples I could see a thin, ghostly network of blue lines. Veins? I had never noticed so many, and so pronounced on my breasts. It was extraordinary. The pain, though, the pain. It snapped me out of my fascination as I grew fearful.

Why was this happening to me? What exactly was happening? I ran my fingers over my breasts and found they were hot to the touch. Very hot. I ran my fingers over my nipples and felt a combined sense of ecstasy and pain as they hardened against my fingers. My chest seemed to grow an even angrier red in response. I moaned.

Conflicting thoughts of fear and arousal swirled in my head like water down a drain. My two nipples grew harder than they had before and I found myself wincing in pain while I began to sweat more. These nipples demanded attention, and so did the growing tension between my legs. I had to do something, so I tore off my pajama bottoms and slumped to the ground. With one hand, I clutched my chest, and the other I had placed over my crotch.

Each nipple was a rock hard, burning, stinging, erotic mess of sensations that tormented my mind as I gently rubbed them. I wanted dearly to tweak and twist and tug on them but I knew that the pain from such an act would be too great. With my right hand, I wasted no time in massaging the outer folds of my vagina. With each stroke I moistened further and imagined myself being fucked by a man, or perhaps being eaten out by a woman. These were naughty thoughts which I was not proud of, but found myself experiencing multiple times a day.

With a final few strokes, I found myself achieving an orgasm in record time. I shook while my nipples pulsed with an invisible electricity that shot through my body. I was in pain, but I felt so good. I wiped the sweat off my brow with my left hand and pulled up my pajama pants over my soaked body. I would certainly be showering later.

In the mirror I observed my chest once more. A slightly less intense red covered my chest as my nipples slowly went soft again. I was worried as to what this bright red chest could mean. It couldn't possibly be a sign of cancer? With this thought, my mind went wild.

I had a brief panic, but soon reassured myself. I reasoned that if it was anything to do with breast cancer, it would probably be localized to one breast, not both and certainly not spreading over my entire chest. This must have just been a bad rash or something. Perhaps one of my shirts had been causing some sort of irritation, or perhaps I was allergic to something.

With that, I calmed down and decided now was the time to return to bed. I left my soaking wet shirt on the bathroom floor. I wouldn't be needing it to sleep. I turned the lights off and settled into my bed, still uncomfortably sweaty and with a tender, stinging chest. Wearing

only pants, I wrapped myself up in a blanket and resolved to get whatever sleep I could still get. I would have to wait until tomorrow to get to the bottom of this.

My alarm clock jolted me out of the bed. 5:30 AM. Time to get ready for school. I hoisted myself out of bed and landed on my feet with a light thud. The hardwood floor was cold to my bare feet. The pain on my chest was still there, but significantly reduced. Perhaps it really had been some sort of allergic reaction. I remembered what had happened a few hours before and felt a residual tingle in my nipples.

A glance in the mirror confirmed my suspicions that I was recovering. My chest was much less red, now just minor discoloration and some pain coming and going. I tore my pants off and hopped in the shower. I rubbed the warm water into my body wash and washed the sticky sweat from my body. The water stung as it splattered onto my warm and tender breasts, but it wasn't anything too painful. As I washed between my legs, I felt the need to give in once more to my urges, but I knew I had school soon and should resist it.

After the shower, I straightened my shoulder-length raven hair and applied a very modest amount of makeup to my pale face to brighten it up a bit. I slid into a pair of panties, skipping a bra as I had never had need for one with my boyish chest. I pulled a pair of tight jeans up my legs, struggling to pull them over my tight ass, my one enviable feminine asset. After I pulled a dark green sweater over my thin chest, I considered my preparation done as I gathered up my books and went to eat breakfast.

The school day went by slowly. I succumbed to boredom punctuated by brief moments of excitement when I would feel my nipples harden or get distracted by naughty thoughts. The chest pain came and went, but was nothing a few ibuprofen couldn't handle. I returned home to examine my breasts, finding them a bit tender still but flat as they'd ever been. Over the next week the pain continued to reduce until it was hardly noticeable. My breasts returned to their pale snow-white appearance, albeit with a few faint blue veins I had collected.

It had been a week since I had felt any pain whatsoever, and I believed myself to be in a good spot although my mood was morose. I was in good health, my grades were top-notch, and my sexual fantasies continued to grow in strength. What fuelled my fantasies, I couldn't say, but I did find myself growing increasingly attracted to the idea of being controlled or treated like an object. This was in direct conflict with my independent nature, but I think everyone needs an outlet.

This was torturous, however. I simply went unnoticed at school due to my breasts. I worried these fantasies would go forever unfulfilled. It wasn't fair to be cursed with such small breasts, and even less fair to be punished with a complete lack of sexual attention. Any other girl my age could be fucked at the drop of a hat, but somehow my lack of a chest could not be offset, even by my face or my ass. It didn't help that I had about zero social skills. That night I cried myself to sleep, barely noticing a slight pain in my breasts as I finally drifted off.

I woke feeling a sense of déjà vu as sweat soaked my body and sheets. My chest absolutely stung, worse than it ever had before. I ripped my damp shirt off and craned my neck to observe my ruby red chest. The skin was pulled tight, and each movement of my torso felt as though I would explode. I felt *full*. To the brim. But with what?

Cautiously, I raised my right hand to my right nipple and gingerly brushed the small nub. It was rock hard and pulsing with energy. I felt my pants and legs grow moist. I resisted the urge to play once more, and instead focused on examining my breasts. They looked a bit... puffy?

If I didn't think it was impossible, I would think my breasts had been growing. They felt and looked the slightest bit larger. Perhaps they were simply a bit swollen from whatever was going on with them right now and it would decrease when this 'condition' or whatever I should call it passed by. What was wrong with me, I couldn't hazard a guess at this point.

Surely my breasts couldn't have grown at all. To be certain, I placed my hand over my right breast. Normally if I pressed down, I would feel nothing but my ribs beneath, with no fat in between. This time, it was all different. I pressed down gently and was greeted with a heavy, sharp pain on my breast that nearly caused me to double over. I reached my ribs, but in between my hand and my bones, there was padding. A cushion of tender, red-hot flesh. A breast.

I was stunned. There was so little there, but it was more than I was used to. Was it merely swelling or could there be actual growth behind it? I placed a hand on each breast and felt the thin flesh compress as I winced in pain. Both sides were identical. I grinned, realizing that I might finally be growing. What a treat that would be, to finally be rewarded with breasts. Way too late, but not too late to make a difference in my life.

At this thought, my nipples had grown hard. I couldn't resist at this point, and decided to squeeze each one despite the pain I knew I would receive. Sure enough, I had to stifle a scream, but the sensual energy hit a new high as I imagined myself with a full chest. As I twisted and squeezed, I began to feel something on my right nipple and on my fingers. I paused to investigate.

Several tiny white droplets of liquid had appeared on my nipple and fingers. What the hell? What is this? I lifted my fingers up to my nose to smell. There wasn't much of it, so detecting any smell would have been difficult. I had a sneaking suspicion of what it might be, though, given its appearance and where it came from. I hesitated for a moment before opening my mouth and inserting my wet fingers.

I licked the liquid off the fingers and let it rest on my tongue. It was slightly sweet, a bit creamy, definitely a good taste but unfamiliar. It was not unlike dairy, at least from what I could make of the few drops. I knew what this was. I grabbed my nipple again between my index finger and my thumb and gave a squeeze. Two drops of white liquid pooled on the surface.

It was milk. Breast milk. From my own breast. How the hell? I knew what breast milk was supposed to taste like from hearing a nursing mother talk once. I was proud of my guess being proved correct, but worried deeply about my body. How could I possibly be lactating?

I considered pregnancy but there was simply no way I could be pregnant. I simply didn't know enough about lactation to solve my problem. I needed to do research. This was too embarrassing of a problem for me to take to my doctor, at least right now. I would have to find out on my own. In the meantime, however, I still had a bit of work to do.

I knew breasts could feel full and painful with too much milk in them, so to reduce my pain I decided to make sure I was empty. I squeezed both my nipples, hard, and produced a few drops more from my right. Nothing from my left thus far. Try as I might, there was nothing there. This had just begun, perhaps the other would take some time. I gave the right a few more squeezes on the right nipple until I was satisfied that I was empty.

It didn't really ease my pain much but I did feel slightly less full. Expressing that milk had felt good. Each time a drop emerged I felt a tingle in my nipple and a slight decrease in pressure. Very welcome. I rubbed the milk off my nipple with my fingers and brought it to my lips licked it off. Sweet. I did like the taste, and I hoped to have more of it, but I was still in shock.

I had to get to the bottom of why I was lactating. I took a shower and got ready for my day, starting it right then at just past 5:00 AM despite it being a Saturday. My first stop would be to determine whether or not I had somehow become pregnant. This would either confirm or eliminate the easy answer.

The pregnancy test came up negative. As did the second, and the third. I was certainly not pregnant, and my research showed no pregnant woman lactates this early. I would either have to be days away from giving birth, or have just given birth, to begin lactating. Pregnancy was completely off the list of explanations now, and somehow that made things more alarming.

My internet research of lactation had revealed that women can indeed lactate without being pregnant. It was rare, and was almost always achieved through inducing. A woman would pump or otherwise stimulate her breasts for long periods of time in a regular schedule and trick the body into thinking she had a child to feed. Usually this required supplements, and I had taken none. I didn't apply the proper stimulation to my breasts to cause such a reaction, either.

This left the last possibility that I had discovered. Some women experience spontaneous lactation. For a variety of reasons, usually linked to a medication, a woman might begin lactating. I wasn't on any medication, so that was scratched off the list.

Another option could be some kind of hormonal imbalance. In some women, very rarely, they will sometimes experience spontaneous lactation and even hyperlactation. This could be brought on by puberty, or made worse by pregnancy, or some other unknown factors. Most women found this an unpleasant condition, but for me, there was some kind of appeal to it.

As for the possible size increase, I had found an answer. Usually with lactation and pregnancy, there was some sort of associated breast growth. For some women, it could be massive, and others they might see a mere cup size. For me, I was prepared to take anything I got.

I was proud of my research but I did not have all the answers I wanted. There was still work to do, but I would probably have to wait to see what my breasts did next. If they continued to grow by a significant amount, then I might be looking at hypertrophy of the breasts. If they stopped at some point, then it might merely be some minor hormonal imbalance. I wanted to know more, from a professional, but I was too frightened to bring this up with my doctor. A doctor might want to stop this, and I didn't want that to happen at all.

Over the weekend, I experimented a bit more with attempting to squeeze more drops of milk out of my breasts. I got nothing out of my left breast still, but out of my right I got around 8 drops a day. At home, I had closed all my blinds and curtains so I could remain concealed as I lounged around shirtless. Every half hour or so, I would give my nipples a squeeze, hoping to shake free another pearly drop onto my stomach.

The thought drove me wild, and I must have masturbated at least five times a day. My right hand frequently found itself submerged into my sweat pants, drowned in moisture from my aching vagina. I watched television, looking at the attractive men and women, imagining them tending to my body and my aching breasts, and before I knew it, I would have another fresh wave of wetness in my poor pants. By the end of the weekend, my fingers were prunes.

I woke up on Monday morning, nearly late for school. My alarm clock had failed to go off, but luckily my own internal clock had woke me up. I jumped into action and quickly showered, before throwing my clothes on and brushing my teeth. I skipped breakfast and sprinted out to the bus with my backpack on my back. A minute later, the bus arrived and I hopped aboard. Nobody paid me any attention as usual.

On the ride over, I realized my breasts were throbbing with pain. I had failed to relieve them this morning. They still had a number of precious drops inside of them. I wanted desperately to relieve myself right then and there, but I had no chance of doing so undetected. The bus was packed and a hand up my sweater for a prolonged period of time would surely attract unwanted attention.

First period was a struggle for me. My breasts grew tighter and tighter. At this point I was certain my left breast was ready to start giving milk too. Distracted from the class, I gazed off into the distance, waiting for the clock to signal the passing period. My body did not agree with my patience, however, and halfway through the class, I felt wetness pool atop my nipples.

A few drops of milk no doubt. I could handle it. I was wearing a dark sweater, so surely nobody would be able to tell. I was confident until I felt a bit more pool, and finally gravity took its course and pulled them down my bra-less chest. I could feel two rivers of milk slowly forming as beads of milk travelled down my tight stomach towards my pants. At this point it was simply too much, like Chinese water torture.

I raised my hand to be excused to the restroom. Once outside of the classroom, I ran down to the bathroom and locked myself inside. This bathroom, luckily, was for a single occupant. I stood in front of the mirror and removed my black sweater. Two thin lines of white milk ran down my toned chest. The beads stopped just above the waist of my pants. I ran my index fingers up, starting from the bottom, and working my way up to my nipples, collecting all the milk as I went.

After I had wiped it up, I stuck both fingers in my mouth to drink again. This time, there was a bit more milk, so I could get a slightly better taste. The milk was great, a really creamy taste with a bit of sweetness. Not too sweet, of course. I cupped a palm over my right breast while the other hand squished the nipple in an effort to expel more milk. A few drops emerged, squirting out this time, onto my palm. I repeated this with the left side, happy to see that it had joined the other in producing milk.

After about five more minutes of squeezing both breasts, I became satisfied. The fullness had reduced, and there would probably be no need to squeeze for another few hours. I wasn't sure what the squirting meant, but I took it as an indication of a supply increase. I was sure I was going to have fun with this.

Pain woke me once more from my slumber. Although it had been decreasing, I still found that especially at nights, I had times where my pain increased and my breasts grew tender once more. Tonight was one of those nights. I was feeling tight and full, and my chest was nice and warm. It had been a week since I had started lactating from my left nipple, and I had determined my supply was definitely increasing. As was the likelihood my milk would spray.

I got out of bed and walked to the kitchen, hoping to make it there before my breasts became impatient and decided to drop their load now. Leaking was certainly a growing problem with me. A moment later, I was in the kitchen and I grabbed a bowl. I pulled it right up to my chest and lifted my night shirt up to my shoulders, exposing my burning breasts.

I leaned over the bowl and squeezed a nipple with my left hand, watching as the thin streams shot out. The longest they would last was a half second at a time, and within seconds my breasts would finish with their fireworks show. It was still entrancing, and I found my right hand drifting down between my legs once more.

Once my left had been emptied, I moved on to the fuller right. For whatever reason, the right side decided to make more milk. My fingers tugged at the small nipple while I stroked my womanhood delicately. The bottom of the bowl began to turn white as the milk pooled together. My pants grew soaked as I reached a climax. Milk shot out as I breathed a lustful sigh. Within moments, I had emptied my breasts once more.

I lifted the edge of the bowl up to my lips and tilted both it and my head back. The milk flowed slowly as it rolled down the edges of the bowl onto my waiting lips. It was a divine taste, and I finally was making enough to truly appreciate it. I sometimes worried how much I would make if my body did not show restraint, but mostly I enjoyed it.

What kind of girl my age lactated? A single mother, obviously. But I wasn't one. I was my own woman, me. A fantastic student who was all alone in life, but had this one special gift. Over the past few days I had really grown to love lactating and the sense of relief after I was milked dry. I hoped to myself that it would never end.

At school I had taken to putting two band-aids over each nipple, arranged in a plus shape. This seemed to work as an effective stopgap measure to prevent my nipples from leaking milk and staining my shirts. I wondered how long I would be able to get away with this, though. Production seemed to be increasing, and eventually I would have to find something better to protect my privacy and dignity. I still enjoyed peeling off the wet band-aids at launch or after school and letting my breasts roam free.

It had been four weeks since I started lactating. By now there was a definite size increase in my breasts. I had actual breasts now. Very small, and not visible through any of my shirts, but if I continued at this rate, it would only be a matter of time before I had something to flaunt. When my breasts were full, I noticed that they seemed slightly larger, and when I emptied, they became soft and deflated. If there was ever a boy I wanted to tempt, I might consider remaining full just to have every advantage.

Every day I found myself needing to empty myself of more milk. Mornings and nights especially. This morning was no exception. I felt rather full, so I squeezed milk out onto my bowl of cereal to add to my cow's milk. The addition was most welcome and really improved the flavor. I always found myself wishing for more milk, though.

After I finished, I headed off to the bus. I had run out of band-aids but I had drained myself pretty good so I figured I was in safe condition to head to school. At the bus stop, I crossed my arms together over my chest. It was then that I felt a few drops of milk emerge from each breast and stain my shirt. Like a fool I had worn a white t-shirt.

My morning pre-squeeze hadn't been enough. I ran back to my house, covering my nipples with my arms. Fortunately there had been no witnesses. Once I entered, I locked myself inside and found my trusty milk bowl. I peeled my shirt off and squeezed my nipples, and sure enough I had managed to send another few sprays splattering against the bottom of the bowl. I had been certain earlier that I was empty, but a mere half hour later I had enough milk to stain my shirt.

It was clear that I would no longer be able to get away with mere band-aids on my chest. It was time to invest in a bra that would hopefully protect me from more significant leaks. I was certain now that my production was going to continue for some time, so it was better to jump on it now than to risk future embarrassment. I gathered up some money and prepared to go shopping.

I couldn't go to school in my current state, so I called in sick to school. I was old enough that I could do that now, but I rarely took advantage of it. Today was a special exception, of course. I claimed to be suffering from a stomach flu and couldn't make it in. The office was very accepting of that answer, seeing as how all sorts of nasty bugs had been floating around. Calling in sick due to lactation, what a crazy thing.

I threw on my heavy jacket over my milk-stained t-shirt and departed. I wasn't sure how to go about purchasing a bra as I had never done it before, but I of course knew the local department stores sold them. I rode my bike seven blocks to the stores, hoping nobody from school would catch me. I locked my bike up outside a large clothing store and walked inside.

The map out front indicated the direction to the women's underwear, as well as the neighboring maternity section. Perhaps something there could be handy considering my condition. I made a beeline in that direction.

When I arrived, there was a large rack of varying sizes of bras, but these were different. They were nursing bras. Dull, boring greys and browns. The interesting part, however, was all of them had small clasps and flaps over each nipple, I assumed for nursing. These looked ideal for me, but there was one problem.

They were big. Far larger than what I am right now. They must expect nursing women to have large breasts. Perhaps I could expect to have large breasts someday too. The thought put butterflies in my stomach and aroused me.

There was no chance for me to fit a nursing bra today, but I walked towards the regular bras. Along the way another item caught my eye. Nursing pads. Each box had dozens of disposable pads inside. They were meant to be placed inside of nursing bras to collect milk from leaky breasts. I assumed they could work in normal bras, perhaps not as well of course.

I grabbed a box and carried on again, before being faced by a wall of breast pumps. Part of me worried I might need one someday, the other hoped that I would. My gut told me that it was inevitable. Today, though, I did not need one. I stole one last glance then continued my search.

The smallest bras I could find were all black, barely A-Cup training bras. That was fine by me, I loved the simplicity of their design. The color black was one of my favorites, as well. I slipped into a fitting room and tore my coat and shirt off before realizing I wasn't quite sure how to put a bra on. I struggled for a bit and eventually figured it out. It fit snug on my body.

I felt comfortable in it and I looked at myself in the mirror. Natalie Benson, wearing a bra finally. I grinned and felt warm inside. I hoped my growth never stopped and that I could finally upstage all those stupid girls that made fun of me. I fantasized for a moment, but snapped out of it to remove the bra before I inevitably leaked on it.

I clothed myself, then took my treasures up to the counter. The lady behind the counter took the bra with a grin and scanned in. Then she paused when she saw the nursing pads.

"You've certainly never been pregnant, *little* lady," she smirked. Extra emphasis on little. I was certain she was referring to my breasts and not my height of 5'6".

"No, I'm not pregnant and I've never been, ma'am," I responded. Why did she have to be such an asshole about it?

"Then why do you need these? They're for women who are lactating," she retorted.

"They're for my mother, she's just given birth to a sister," I lied. Anything to get me out of here faster and with less embarrassment.

"Your mother sends you to buy her nursing pads? Must look like a cow if she's that afraid to go out in public. She must have stolen your breasts like a vampire, too."

I was shocked. Why did she feel such a need to belittle me? I was a random shopper going about my day. I glanced at her chest and saw that she was slightly below average. Perhaps she was bitter and this was her way of getting back at her own bullies. I decided to not confront her and paid for my merchandise. I walked out of the store with her snickering.

At home, I put the bra on over my relatively flat breasts and secured it in the back. Then I slid a nursing pad into each one and rubbed the cushion up against each nipple. To test them, I compressed my breasts and squeezed my nipples through the bra. A sensation of dampness overtook my nipples as the milk slowly pooled around them. I felt the front of my bra, however, and no moisture had leaked through.

For the whole day, I tested this, wearing the bra without changing out pads. By the end of the day, I was very satisfied. Not a single drop of milk had escaped the pads. I was very excited and also starting to get used to the sensation of wearing a bra. Most wore them for support, but clearly I needed none for my breasts, merely something to hold the pads in.

I felt much better about school tomorrow.

Another two weeks had come and gone and by this point, my training bra was beginning to become a bit too tight. I was growing. Really, truly, growing. It had served me well, but my bust clearly had outgrown its home and I went to purchase a larger bra. Not quite large enough for the nursing bras, I bought another simple black bra, one size larger. The same woman was there, giving me a hard time.

At home I tried it on and clasped it over my shoulders. Much better. This I could get used to. Still, I was at home and at home, I saw no need for a bra. Better to let my sore breasts hang free and leak whenever they desired. I felt that cooping them up in a bra was only asking for pain and I resolved to only wear them whenever necessary.

Every two weeks I burned through another bra. Just as the increasingly tight bras were cutting into my skin, the money required to buy new undergarments cut into my thin wallet. I had

not asked for a single raise in allowance from my father, and my breasts with their leaking were far too unreliable to hold down a minimum wage job. I was struggling to get by, but I managed.

One week I had to skip buying a new bra. My breasts had grown large enough that I could finally fondle them. I could play with my tits. This was unheard of for me, something I never thought I would be able to do. I cupped the tender tit flesh tight in my hands and squeezed in the mirror at home to celebrate the measurements. Milk splashed the mirror and I licked it dry. Milking had only grown in pleasure as I started to fill the bowl more when I milked. In a few months, I might not even need cow's milk for my cereal. I was delighted but I still had the issue of bras becoming too small too fast.

During the days at school, the straps dug into my shoulders while my breasts languished in the hot, sweaty cups they were forced into. I was crushed into these bras, my breasts and chest packed in like sardines. As the breasts grew, the straps began to dig into my back as well. I feared that a bra that was too small could impact my lactation or growth, and I knew at some point I had to get myself a new bra.

Luckily, just as my straps were nearly to the point of cutting my skin, an allowance check arrived from my father containing a much-needed cash infusion. I ran to the bank and then immediately to the department store. This week I would be celebrating a new achievement. I had graduated from A-Cups to a B-Cup. The changes had only been happening for a few weeks now but I had completely transformed. My breasts were now visible through a shirt, and I was indeed turning heads.

I wondered when I might be approached by a boy, but I was nervous about the concept. Lactation was taboo. Most would be disgusted by it, they would think I was a freak. Lactation had swollen my breasts to this magnificent size, but it appears that the curse that came with it was potential ridicule and outcast should the wrong boy come along. I experienced a brief moment of despair before I realized I still needed to purchase my B-Cup bra.

I grabbed a nice black one to celebrate the several inches of bust I had put on. I tried it on in the fitting room and it hugged my flesh like a glove. I'm sure my breasts, back and shoulders thanked me for that. I returned to the counter with the bra and made my purchase.

"What's going on?" the woman asked, surprised.

"I've just grown a bit, I need a new bra," I replied.

"You're too old to be growing that fast," she snapped. She was right, after all. Barring pregnancy or strange conditions, no girl my age should be blowing through cup sizes and bras. However, I did have a strange condition, one which I did not fully understand, but had come to fully welcome.

“Just a late growth spurt, I think,” and with that she grumbled under her breath and handed me the bra.

My breasts were coming in fairly saggy. Most girls would have been disappointed, but for me I was happy to have anything. And besides, when they fill with milk, they tended to look just as perky as any old breast. I really liked the way they looked, and my growing nipples were nearly the size of the tip of my pinky finger.

In just twelve weeks, I was putting on a huge C-Cup bra over my 80cm bust. To most women, this wasn't *that* huge. For me, it was a miracle. To have gone from hopelessly flat to *this*, it was like my wildest dreams had been fulfilled, and the train showed no signs of stopping. The growth was just constant. In a few more weeks I could be looking at another cup size increase. Certainly looking at more milk production.

Milk. It was becoming my life now. Despite the nursing pads, despite my morning pre-squeezes, despite the frequency of how often I escaped to relieve myself, I found myself starting to be soaked by the time I left school. I wore multiple layers to prevent any accidents, but I knew I would have to do something to keep up with my milk.

From my studies, I shouldn't be producing anywhere near this much milk with mere hand expression, and yet here I was. I spent hours a day squirting milk into bowls or into sinks. It was tedious. By my estimates, I was now making around 20 oz a day but it just came out *so slowly* and throughout the day. If I drained myself first thing in the morning, I would of course be feeling full by lunch-time. If I emptied myself just before I went to sleep, I either woke in the night full as hell, or woke in the morning leaking.

Every day I could feel it more and more. The milk swelling. Deep inside my breasts. My body was determined to keep on outdoing itself and setting new records. It was like my breasts had been replaced by the udders of a cow.

When I woke from my sleep I could hardly believe the pain. 16 weeks in since the first time I had felt that pain for the first time. Today, I felt worse than ever before. I was sweating rivers, I felt as though I had a fever. I felt delirious as my hands flew to my chest. It was the middle of the night of course. I had crashed last night after a long night of studying and had forgotten to take my bra off.

The bra dug tightly into my skin, like a vice. That wasn't the worst part, though. It was my actual breasts, glowing that bright tormented red that I knew all too well. Bright blue veins divided the surface like dozens of rivers. I needed relief and I needed it now. I was clearly going through some kind of growth spurt (and milk spurt?) that was probably going to require around-the-clock care.

I hopped out of bed and ran to the bathroom, tears streaming from my eyes following each wince as my foot hit the floor. This was the worst pain I had ever been in. I lowered my pace and walked slowly towards the bathroom. On the wall hung each of my old bras in a line, from smallest to largest. My trophy collection.

I delicately unclasped my bra as my heaving breasts shoved it out of their way, desperate for freedom. The bra was soaked through. Clearly the pads had not been enough this time. I looked down at my breasts and realized that a few bulging veins had formed on the surface and blueish-white beads of milk had formed on my nipples. I was positively engorged. Fuller than I had ever been.

With no time to spare, I leaned over the sink and assumed the position on my nipples with my fingers. I regret wasting milk, but I really had to empty myself out. I began to squeeze on my hard nipples, each one releasing a blast of steamy milk that collided with the white sink basin. There was no softness to my breasts, no squishiness. Today they were rock hard, angry, and painfully engorged.

After what felt like an hour, I had emptied my chest of the milk that plagued me. I celebrated my victory but I knew that this would become a regular occurrence if I did not take action soon. My breasts would only grow larger and produce more milk. It was supply and demand and my body seemed to assume there was more demand than there actually was.

I had heard that wearing bras too tight would stunt breast growth and lower milk production. In my case, I could hardly consider that a concern as I was struggling with what I had. Besides, I doubt it would have any impact on my mystery condition. I wanted to buy a new bra, but I knew I had no funds to purchase one. I would have to wear this for another two weeks before the next check came in. It would be torture but I would be strong enough.

The increasing frequency of my bra purchases meant that I would likely have to start cutting out other costs in my life. Every penny mattered. Nursing pads, while cheap, had grown to be too much of a luxury. I cut towels into small strips to place into my bras as reusable pads. Hopefully they would capture milk as effectively.

I knew at the back of my head, though, that no clever cost-saving solutions or larger bras would truly help me. What I needed was a proper helping hand. A breast pump. They were so expensive, though. I decided that if things got much worse in the next week, I would break down

and purchase a pump for myself. Then, perhaps, things would finally be under control and I could enjoy my breasts and milk in peace.

Today I would be presenting my report on the Vietnam War. I was passionate about the subject matter, for it was history and better yet, a war. For whatever reason, I was drawn to conflicts with fascination and horror. There were no periods of history more captivating or important than times of struggle.

I prepared my notes at my desk as anxiety built up. I was not a good public speaker. I had thought my breasts would be a confidence boost, but it seems that those around me were only suspicious of my rapid gains. There were whispers that I was stuffing, or worse, that I had gotten breast implants. I had no way of confronting these rumors without sounding guilty.

I had worn a simple black sweater that only strained lightly against my chest. Underneath I had my size-or-two-too-small bra with a piece of towel in each one. The whole day, I had been leaking but I hoped it was minimal. I worried about the thick, rectangular material showing through my sweater, but luckily I seemed to be just fine. The anxiety swelled just as the previous presenter finished his presentation to thunderous applause.

I stood up and walked to the front of the room as he sat down. I heard a catcall as I turned around. I wasn't sure what to make of it. Was it humiliating or welcome? I was finally being noticed, but perhaps not in the way I had hoped I would be. I was snapped out of it when the teacher pulled up my slide.

I prepared to speak, and just when I opened my mouth, I felt a dampness on my nipple. I hadn't fully emptied myself this morning as it was impossible to do it in a timely manner. I cursed myself for not buying a pump. I decided to press on, however, and started speaking.

The class was engaged, some with my speaking or my slides, and others with my breasts, but I didn't care either way. I was just happy that the ridicule had stopped for a moment. My teacher seemed to be enjoying my content, and he repeatedly nodded in approval. I was building confidence, but halfway through, it all came crashing down when milk started spurting out of my right nipple.

I knew there was no way that anyone could tell what was happening through my shirt, but it was torture to me. I felt humiliated. My thick nipples grew harder against my shirt, luckily concealed but still causing discomfort (physical, sexual, and mental). Then, for reasons I cannot explain, my mind snapped to the thought of a young man suckling my breasts, draining me dry. I grew wet between my legs, I stuttered and stammered. My breasts took this as a signal to start unleashing their bounty and within half a minute I felt the towels starting to soak through.

I had no choice but to get out of there before it was too late and I had milk staining through my sweater or running down my sides. I sprinted out the open door, shocking the entire class as I went. Left, then right, then left again I went as I barreled towards the nearest bathroom. Once I reached it, I barricaded the door and ran into a stall, locking myself in that too.

I pulled off my still-dry sweater and hung it on the hook. Next I unclasped my damp bra and rested it atop the sweater. The wet towels had clung to my breasts like superglue. They were entirely soaked through. I peeled them off and held each one over my mouth, then squeezing them tight to wring out all the milky goodness. The drops landed mostly in my mouth, but some went astray, hitting my chin or nose. After I deemed them dry enough, I put them in my pockets.

Finally, I turned my attention to the beasts themselves. My leaking, treacherous breasts. I felt humiliated, even though I knew I could explain my evacuation as sudden nausea. It was simply saddening to see my body betray me in such a way that made life difficult for me. But I wasn't ungrateful for the gifts I had received. I massaged my throbbing tits as I prepared to milk them into the toilet.

Such a shame to waste milk, but I was told not to cry over spilt milk.

The time had come. I had to get myself a breast pump. The time emptying my breasts before school with my hands was too time-consuming. The results were also poor, with myself filling up with milk a mere three or four hours later. Lunch wasn't long enough to empty my breasts fully. Hours a day I spent squeezing my nipples, attempting to wring milk out.

Any ordinary woman would have bought the pump long ago. It was a no-brainer for them. For me, however, I still had doubts in my mind. Milk worked on a supply and demand basis. The more I pumped and the more frequently, the more I would be producing. My body was already increasing production at a frightening rate. If I pumped too much then I could find myself in a worse position than I am now. That wasn't all, though.

The other issue was financial. Purchasing so many bras for myself as well as nursing pads had resulted in a poor state of affairs for my wallet. I considered asking my father for a larger allowance, but the money would not arrive for days and I needed this pump now. I was also too independent to stoop so low, it was bad enough I was accepting an allowance from him already. This left me with quite the dilemma.

Should I steal a breast pump?

Yes.

Just a cheap one, I told myself. The store would hardly miss it. I wouldn't be caught, either. There were no cameras in this section, and it was a safe town. Nobody ever stole anything. Well, except for me in about five minutes of course. With that, I hopped on my bike.

I entered the same department store I regularly went to for bras. The same cruel lady sat behind the counter, busy with her work, whatever it was. I snuck past her and entered the maternity section. In the corner, just where they'd been before, was a wall of breast pumps and accessories. All different sizes, shapes, and brands. I didn't know what a good pump looked like, but my guilt forced me to focus in on the cheapest ones.

These were manual pumps, not electric. The electric ones were much more expensive. I had eyed the \$200+ pumping kits but I knew that I wouldn't be able to sneak them. Instead my hands reached for a \$15 pump. It shamed me to admit that I could not afford even \$15 for this pump. I would have to get a job someday, or find some source of income.

I stuffed it into my coat pocket and prayed that I would not be caught as I left the store. I passed the woman without her even glancing up. Once I was outside, I breathed a sigh of relief and hopped back on my bike.

A few moments later, I pulled up outside my house and sealed myself inside. The fun was about to begin. All guilt disappeared as I tore my jacket off and pulled out the box containing the pump. I skipped the instructions as I tore into the box, retrieving a single breast pump. I tore off my shirt and pants and ran into the bathroom. The tub was where I wanted to test this out, because I wasn't sure how messy it might be.

I flicked the lights on and slid out of my shoes, pants, and sweater. All I had left on was my undergarments. My nipples were standing at attention now, as they knew something good was coming. My pussy soaked through my poor abused panties as I ripped them off. I hopped into the tub, my breasts bouncing.

I was probably far too excited to be trying out a manual breast pump, but I was more than aware of the problems in my life it could fix. I laid down in the tub and unclasped my bra. I tore it off and then peeled off the milk towels. I tossed both of them aside. Looking down I saw two small hills atop my chest, with two hard nipples pointing outwards and standing at attention. Atop each nipple a bead of milk glistened.

I decided to pump my right breast first since it felt fuller. I awkwardly placed the rubber flange over my areola until I was reasonably certain that it was secure. I had little idea what I was doing, but I assumed that I would begin compressing the handle, and that I did. Within a few squeezes I instantly felt the milk being drawn from deep inside my breast, and on out. It was

like a miracle. The device effectively drained my breast at ten times the rate my hand expression could.

I looked at the little bottle attached to the end as it very slowly filled. My left nipple, jealous for love, began to leak. Tension built up inside my breasts and in a moment I felt a deep, sexual release. I had been told that was called a letdown, and I think that was my first one. Milk gushed out of my right breast at a faster rate, while my left began to spray for a few short seconds. I was glad I had done this in the tub as it was beginning to be a mess. My left nipple continued to spray intermittently and in a chaotic fashion.

After just a few minutes, my right breast had dried up entirely. I was amazed. I repeated the feat with my left breast and even sooner, I had drained myself dry. Between the two of them, I had produced eight ounces. Five from the right, three from the left. 17 weeks and my breasts had gone from flat to C-Cup, verging on D-Cup. What the future held, I was not sure, but I felt pretty good about it.

I unscrewed the bottle of milk from the pump, put it to my lips, and tilted it back. All eight ounces of the creamy milk rolled down my tongue and over every inch of my mouth. I swished the milk for a moment, savoring the flavor, before I swallowed with a gulp. My craving had been satisfied. I looked back down at my breasts and gave my right nipple a pinch, resulting in a single, brief jet of milk. I could certainly get used to this.