

Natalie has grown from a flat chest to a comfortable size, but her breasts show no sign of stopping. Additionally, she faces bullying from her peers due to her increasing bust.

This is the second 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). Most growth is off-stage and during her sleep but it's important to remember that Natalie will be constantly growing. Growth starts off slow at first but you will see breast size and lactation reach extreme levels in later chapters. All characters are 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, 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. If you are not comfortable, do not proceed.

Note: This chapter does have a scene of minor physical violence and harassment, but I assure you it will be over just as quickly as it started.

Thank you all for the very positive reception to the first story I've submitted to this site! Also, if you have any suggestions of what you want to see in the story, or any constructive criticism, please help me out by rating and leaving a comment. I'm not quite happy with the way this chapter turned out, but I'll leave it to you to judge. Perhaps I'm overly self-critical!

Growing Pains II: Above Average
By greatpersonhooray 2018

While I was greatly enjoying the changes, they were not without difficulty. Taking care of my breasts and their associated lactation was beginning to be a part-time job. The struggles continued to grow at the same pace as my breasts. That is to say, very rapidly.

Thanks to my breast pump, I tended to be sufficiently empty before school which greatly reduced my anxiety and paranoia. No longer did I have to worry about my breasts bursting at the seams or my clothes being soaked by milk. Life was a lot less painful now that I was engorged less frequently. I could almost, almost be a fully-functioning student.

As I said earlier, however, life isn't perfect. I noticed my grades starting to slip. I feared this was due to my social anxiety as well as the reduced free time I had for studying. My masturbation had really begun to impact my homework time, and oftentimes I found myself reaching for the breast pump or between my legs before the pencil. At school, I simply craved release as my mind wandered. I was a lonely, horny teenage virgin.

I was stunned that no men had approached me now that I had noticeable breasts. I was officially above average. It didn't compute in my head. Was I really that socially awkward? Was I seen as the weird girl because I had no friends? Some women complained so long of men who thought only of women physically, and now I so dearly wished for one. Yet there seemed to be nobody in sight. I could have approached a man myself, but I hadn't the faintest idea and was sure I would break down into a nervous wreck. Plus there was the issue of my lactation, something that might be a bit of a turn-off to many.

So the single life it was for me. For now.

Math was always a productive class. Everyone worked hard, and they worked silently, alone by themselves. It was my type of class because it meant that I did not have to embarrass myself in front of others. This particular course was Algebra II. Not my favorite subject but I was still perfectly good at it.

I was lost in my work, deep in the long worksheet we had been assigned to do while the teacher was busy. I had pumped during lunch so I knew I had no milk-related worries. Just when I had almost lost all connection to the world outside my desk, I felt a tap on my shoulder. A girl, Mikayla, handed me a note and giggled. I took it from her and opened it.

"What's up with the breasts? Paper or plastic?" the note read. My bras were not stuffed and my breasts were certainly not filled with silicone. I was furious. My pale face flushed red in an instant and I fought back tears.

A group of girls behind me laughed. The class sluts. The cheerleaders and athletes. Practically braindead but dead set on ruining the lives of others. I wanted desperately to punch their leader, Jennifer. She had bullied me for years because of my flat chest. I knew, however, that I would be punished greatly for anything I did to confront her. I put my head back down and continued working on the assignment.

My last class of the day was physical education. I was thankful I didn't have this class last term when I was experiencing the leaking. It used to be an easy class for me, but with the growth of my breasts I found it growing more and more difficult. I had no funds for sports bras or comfortable exercise clothes, so I relied on old shorts, t-shirts, and the same old bra I wore every day. Whenever I jumped, my tits would flop around. I was thankful for the pump, for without it I can't even imagine how much leaky embarrassment I might have faced.

I was glad the gym teacher pushed everyone so hard, because it kept my peers distracted from me. It made this class into the happiest moment of my school day, my one break (aside from my lunch pumping sessions) from harassment. After class, I always took a nice long shower after the others had gone home. Sometimes I even milked myself into the drain as the warm shower seemed to trigger my letdown reflex.

It seemed that day in the math class had been the tipping point. In the days since I suffered new levels of annoyance. Now peers, mostly girls, were not afraid to torment me. They were bold, and cruel. Some jokes, I admit, were clever. Most were dumb, and had no thought behind them other than the intent to hurt.

What irked me was that my breasts were not overly large by any means. In fact, a number of the girls bothering me probably had larger breasts. What they took offense to was the fact that I was once flat, and had broken free of that prison. Somehow my growth pissed them off in the most extreme way.

School had become hell, but I still had home to look forward to. Nice and quiet, where I could unwind. For most of my life, I had come home to do my homework right away. Nowadays, though, I found myself settling into the chair in the living room or flopping down on the couch. I had entered a period of depression. I thought having breasts would have fixed everything for me.

What a silly thought. I dismissed it as I walked in the door to my house. I had grown bolder in the past week and had stopped wearing sweaters and instead proper shirts. No fears from catastrophic milk leaking, after all. Today I was wearing a loose white button-up blouse. I

retrieved my breast pump then threw my backpack down on the floor and laid down on the couch.

My breasts were starting to fill up as they tended to do after school, so I unbuttoned the blouse and revealed my bra. This bra was too small, that much I knew. I wouldn't have any money to deal with it for another week, so I just sucked it up and went along with it. I carefully slid each breast out and over the cups that struggled to contain them. The blobs of fatty flesh poured over the edges of the bra and rested my hand on one of them. I decided then that my next bra would probably be a nursing bra, for ease of access.

I turned the TV on and flipped between house shows and food shows. Relaxing stuff and unlikely to get me too aroused. I placed the greedy pump on my right breast and started pumping away. I wasn't full, probably only 75%, but I figured I might as well avoid the pain of being full. I couldn't help but let out a soft moan as the device sucked my mammary dry. I really did love this thing.

I switched to the other, less-productive breast, and started draining that one as well. A few minutes later and I had emptied my breasts of their bounty. Six ounces. This meant that I could have probably been looking at around Eight ounces if I had been full. My production was definitely increasing, and that I thought was most welcome.

I placed the milk bottle in the refrigerator, hoping to drink it down later at dinner. I laid back down on the couch with my blouse open and breasts spilling out. It was a good, lazy day. A part at the back of my mind kept urging me to complete my homework, but I knew it was really no worry. School sucks, now it was me time. I zoned out to the TV as I watched a couple looking for a house in New York. I thought it would be fun to visit there someday...

There was a knock at the door and I bolted upright. Nobody ever knocked at my door. Not ever. I was perplexed. I turned the TV off and hid the pump, and then stuffed my breasts back into their bra holder and buttoned up my blouse. I stood up, straightened my hair, and went to open the door. Outside stood a classmate.

"Good afternoon, Natalie! It's me, Mike!" said the short young man. I knew very well who he was, even though he was one of the quiet kids.

"Oh uh, hello there Mike!" I answered. Why was he here?

"Everyone at school has been wondering for a while now about your breasts. I've been dying to know; are they real or are you stuffing your bra?" the boy asked.

"I uhh... I..." I stammered.

"No, it's okay. It's really forward. I just really wanted to know because I am pretty sure those are real. You don't have to worry, though, your secret's safe with me." he assured.

"They're... they're definitely real!" I sputtered out.

"Could I see some sort of proof? Even just a quick glance?"

"I really don't think-" I started.

"I've got \$100 for you if you take that shirt off and show me," Mike interrupted. \$100 was a lot of money for me. I could buy a nursing bra and save myself a hassle at every pumping. I could buy new clothes. I felt dirty. It was like prostitution, or at least like stripping. I needed the money, though.

"\$50 now and \$50 after I'm done, alright?" I offered.

"You got it, Nat," he accepted, pulling out five ten dollar bills and handing them over to me.

Now was the hard part. I motioned for him to enter the house and closed the door behind us. I looked up at him and he had a look of pure anticipation on his face. He was pretty nice. He'd even called me Nat, a nickname I had been hoping would catch on for years. I decided that I had to go through with it since I'd accepted the money and welcomed him in.

I fumbled with the buttons on my blouse, starting from the bottom and working my way up. Towards the end, I hesitated, but I pushed on. After what felt like an eternity, I finished the final button. I pulled my blouse to the side to reveal my breasts crushed in my oppressive bra. The tops of my pillowy breasts spilled out ever so slightly over the rim of the bras like muffin tops.

"Is that good enough," I asked nervously. This was my first time ever displaying my chest to the opposite sex. I wanted desperately for him to like it what he saw, but I still had my woes regarding modesty.

"Going to need to actually see them, sorry," he instructed.

I sighed and reached around to unclasp my bra. I hoped he wouldn't see the pads under the cups as I slowly removed the undergarment. My breasts bounced slightly, happy to be free. The nipples hardened rapidly due to the cool air and stood at attention, pointing slightly to either side. I was glad I had just pumped because to leak right now would be truly humiliating. I wanted the fact I was lactating kept hidden under wraps.

"Oh my goodness, they are real!" Mike exclaimed, eyes widening.

"I mean of course they are?" I asked him.

"Damn, I just lost a bet," he announced. I froze. It hadn't occurred that people would be betting on whether my breasts were real or not. Just as I was about to ask more questions, Mike thanked me and ran out the door, tossing \$50 inside before he slammed it behind him.

I had no opinion of what had just happened apart from a sense of discomfort and confusion. He had made no indication of whether he liked what he had seen or not. Before worry depression set in, I decided enough was enough, and that I had experienced a long day. I went to the kitchen and took out two sleeping pills. It was an early bedtime for me. I reached into the fridge and downed the pills with my bottle of milk. Never stops being satisfying.

I pulled my pants and blouse off entirely, and laid down in my bed. All I had on were my panties, and to be honest they were not needed. I was simply too tired to take them off. I wrapped myself up in blankets up to the chest, set my alarm, and dozed off within minutes of my head hitting the pillow. My slumber was fairly restful but dreamless.

I woke in the middle of the night once more, wondering why I had been disturbed from my slumber. It took only a moment to realize my chest was damp, as were the sheets by my sides. I had slept through my usual late night milking and had paid the price! It was like I had wet the bed. I enjoyed the situation as fresh milk rolled down the top of my breasts. These new drops crossed paths with old trails of dry milk that had stuck to my poor soggy breasts. Clearly I had been leaking for some time if some of the milk was old enough to have dried.

There was something sexy to me about leaking milk whenever I was full, and doubly so when it resulted in my chest and sheets being soaked. I was simply too tired to retrieve my pump, or even get out of bed really, so I decided on the easiest and laziest option. I rolled over onto my right side and started squeezing my nipples.

Beads of milk shot out, some landing an inch away, and others a foot away. The nearest ones continued to soak my sheets, while the others went as far away as the hardwood floor next to the bed. I would clean in the morning, I told myself. In the meantime, I doused my bed with a few ounces of warm milk. Once I felt I had emptied my tits to a satisfying level, I laid back down to doze off again. Perhaps I should keep my pump at my bedside should a similar situation arise in the future, or at least a towel...

My alarm clock jolted me out of a brief but pleasant dream that I cannot now remember. I sat up in bed, resting my hands on dried milk stains. What I had done last night was a bit

messy, but certainly nothing that wouldn't come out in the wash. I stood up and began my morning routine, milking myself in the shower and then in front of the sink, and again with the pump while I ate my breakfast. I was drained dry by the time I headed out for the bus.

Throughout the morning, I felt no breast-related distractions, save for the typical filling sensation I experienced just before lunch. I went to my usual low-traffic bathroom on the far side of the school and began pumping myself in one of the stalls while I ate my lunch in peace. Dessert, of course, was the bottle of warm, fresh milk that I had just pumped.

After that, I had no worries. Everyone left me to my own devices. I wondered if Mike had put the rumors to rest somehow, and perhaps I would be seen as normal now. Even in my math class with Jennifer and the rest, they simply didn't bother me.

By the time P.E. rolled around, I was feeling pretty good with myself. This had been a good day. I ran around the track, keeping pace with some of the best runners in the class, while I smiled as I felt my breasts slowly bloat with milk as they heaved in rhythm with my movement. I was looking forward to a nice, peaceful shower in the locker rooms.

Finally, during our cooldown, the bell rang and my teacher dismissed us. As per usual, I did not take my shower with the rest of the girls. I claimed that I would take it later, at home. Half of that was true. I walked out and hid behind the bleachers, drenched in sweat and waiting for the other girls to leave. After ten minutes, everyone was gone and I returned to the locker room.

I made sure the coast was clear, and then peeled my clothes off. I tossed them on a bench and then slid my panties off and unclasped my bra. I was paranoid and afraid of being seen naked, even around other girls, so I kept them close by me. I unclasped my bra as well and hung it on a shower head along with my panties. I stood under a neighboring head and sighed with relief. It was going to be nice to take a long shower and earn my prize for the day.

With my hand I twisted the knob and turned the water up almost as high as it would go. Here, that meant pretty damn hot but not nearly scalding hot. I stood beneath the torrent of water and sighed once more with satisfaction. It was good to be me today.

After I had stood in the water for a bit, I let the faucet blast my breasts and soak them entirely as I massaged them. With both my hands, I dug in softly to the two fleshy masses protruding from my chest and kneaded slowly. This combined with warm water has always triggered my letdown reflex and would let me hand express pretty quickly. Just as I had hoped, the moment I began squeezing my nipples, they started gushing warm milk right down into the drain below. I continued for a minute or two, almost lost in my own little world, before I was interrupted by a door opening.

I freaked out and shut the faucet off, throwing my bra on first for safety. I clasped it tight and then pulled my panties on over. Just as they reached my hips, three girls walked around the

corner. Mikayla, Mary, and Jennifer at the lead. I cursed under my breath that I had decided to take a shower here, rather than take one at home.

Jennifer was a tall girl, who dwarfed my 5'6" figure. Normally it would be bad for a girl to be as tall as she was, but she was also the head cheerleader and thus secured many, many boyfriends and as much prestige as she wanted. She was also strong, muscular, and intimidating. Her breasts were actually smaller than mine, but hers were pushed up tight with a push-up bra, and her tanned skin, tight ass, and long blonde hair tended to be all a man needed to be entranced.

"What do you want?" I asked as the cheerleaders approached. I was soaking wet, and practically naked, with just a bra and panties to wear. Worse, I was mid-milking and I was certain my letdown was not yet finished. Whatever was gonna happen here had better happen fast.

"We wanna know where you got those tits of yours. You've been flat for as long as anybody can remember, but a few weeks ago you decide to start getting big? You have to have breast implants, there's no way those things are natural," Jennifer stated. The girls grew closer and I grew more afraid by the second.

"Just leave me alone, please. I'm not trying to upstage you guys or anything. Look, Mikayla, you're bigger than I am by a longshot, and Mary, you're the same size," I reasoned.

"You're so much bigger than you were before, and that's all that matters, you little slut," she hissed.

"Please, just go," I pleaded.

"No, we came here to find out why you're big now. There's been all kinds of rumors floating around, that you were stuffing your bra or that you had implants. Mike busted the theory about you stuffing, so we need to confirm you've got implants so we can laugh even harder at you," the cheerleader continued.

"Just go, okay, just go, it really doesn't matter," I begged. I tried to make a beeline for the exit, but Mikayla grabbed my arm tightly, and Mary soon captured my other. The two pinned me up against the wall as I panted and my breasts heaved.

"You know, there's one interesting theory floating around that might be the only other explanation," she teased.

"W-what's that?" I stammered. What could she possibly have in mind?

“My mom works at the store you’re always buying bras from. She said you bought a new bra every two weeks, and nursing pads from her. She also said you stole a breast pump. So is that it, are your tits full of milk, mommy? How big are they gonna get?” the woman teased. The other girls just about fell over in laughter while I went cold as ice and white as a sheet.

“Did you not like that? Are we gonna call you mommy? Was it a miscarriage or what?”

“No, no it’s not anything like that!” I shouted. I almost couldn’t believe that Jennifer’s mom was that cruel lady who worked at the department store... but of course it made perfect sense.

“Sure it wasn’t. Anyway, my bet’s on plastic. Those are obviously full of silicone, and a really poor boob job at that,” she continued, “Girls, let’s find out what they’re made of!” she shouted.

With that as their signal, both girls reached around to unclasp my bra with their free hands. I struggled but within seconds they had unhooked my bra. Jennifer reached forward and pulled it off my chest, tossing it to the side. I looked down at my chest, thankful no milk had appeared just yet. I looked back up and to my sides to see that all the girls had gone wide-eyed.

“Definitely a poor boob job, you can see how they’re a bit saggy,” Mikayla suggested.

“Probably right, look there’s a scar!” Mary said, pointing at a vein on my breast.

“Alright, time to put you to the test. This’ll be just like those mammograms you’ve never gotten at the doctor before, tiny-tits,” Jennifer announced.

The cheerleader reached out with her hand and touched my breast. I wanted to scream and shout and struggle but I knew if I did, then I would risk leaking milk as my tits bounced around. Still, I was in danger with Jennifer touching my chest. I was frightened, but the slightest bit turned on despite that. What started as a light touch soon turned into groping as Jennifer dug into my tits, likely searching for implants. When none were found, she stepped back, dumbfounded.

“What the hell, these aren’t plastic?” she shouted. The other two girls started pinching at my breasts to confirm.

“I told you they weren’t, you fucking asshole!” I screamed. I kicked her between the legs and she doubled over in pain. The other two girls pinned me harder against the wall. What happened next seemed to happen in slow motion.

Jennifer stood back up and balled her hand up into a fist and launched it with all the force she could muster into my right breast. I screamed in pain as it had hurt on two levels -

being punched hard always hurts, but she had hit my milk-filled breast. The punch itself had compressed my milk ducts, and just as her hand broke contact, milk began spraying out of my right nipple, blasting Jennifer and Mary in their faces. Everyone went silent.

"You fucking cow. I should have known my mother was right," Jennifer announced. She reached forward and tugged on my nipples with both hands and was greeted by sprays of milk that landed at my feet. At this point I could hold it no longer and I burst into tears.

"You're a cow and that's what we're going to call you!" Mary shouted, wiping the milk off her face with disgust.

"Natalie's got udders! She's a big fat cow!" Mikayla yelled, laughing.

"This shit is fucking disgusting, you fucking creep. Why the fuck are you even lactating?" Jennifer asked, wiping milk off her own face.

"I-I uhh...", I started.

"You know what, I don't even want to know. Get the fuck out of here. Go home. Can't wait until you get to school tomorrow, you fat cow," Jennifer interrupted. She pointed toward the door and the girls let go of me. I gathered up my belongings and sprinted out of there, changing into my undergarments as I ran. I didn't stop running until I reached my house, eight blocks away, tears streaming down my face the whole time.

I locked myself in my house, and turned off all the lights. I sat in darkness at my desk, pondering the future. Worrying, mostly. News was going to spread like crazy, I would never live this down. No girl my age lactated, I would be the butt of every joke. I could face even worse humiliation than I had today.

I removed my shirt and bra, and leaned over my wooden desk. My breasts were not properly milked, and my right breast was sore and beginning to bruise. They were still half full, and with my afternoon and evening milk beginning to arrive. I cursed my breasts for the pain they were causing me and wished that I was still flat. My tears intensified as I struggled to cope with what had happened and how my life might unfold. My life was ruined.

With each sob, my breasts bounced and milk oozed in response. The milk gushing out of my sulking nipples mirrored the tears in my eyes. Eventually my tears and the milk ran together as the puddle pooled on the table against my chest, which was now slumped against it. I had been having so much fun with the pleasure, the excitement, and the routine of these growing breasts and the milk that came with them. Yet they had effectively destroyed any chance of me graduating as a normal student.

How would I ever go back to school now? I could quit right now, just drop out and figure out something to do instead. That wasn't acceptable though, I was a star student and I knew it. My grades may have been slipping lately, but I still had the option of online classes. I just had to finish the term off and then I could graduate. I could spend all day at home, in peace, and still make it.

My academic worries began to evaporate, but my worrisome mind led me back to the loneliness I was forced to live in. I knew I was never going to find a regular man being a mess like this. If I wanted a normal man, then I needed normal breasts, not these milking monsters.

Then it struck me.

I wanted a normal man. I wasn't a normal woman. Perhaps I needed to broaden my horizons and look for a man who wasn't necessarily normal, but who would love me for what I am. One great big milky mess with a bit of a growing problem.

I needed a man with a... fetish? A fetish for women like me. There had to be some out there, considering all the lactation porn that I had seen recently. There must be some sort of dating community where I could find a man interested in me. I just needed someone, so I wouldn't be alone anymore. I would find that someone, someday.

Armed with these two thoughts in hand, I felt somewhat more optimistic about my future. It still seemed to be in the gutter, but perhaps it was salvageable. I looked back down at my breasts and quickly fell in love with them again. The size that they had grown to... this milky bounty inside of them. Everything about them was *fun* and *large* and *wet* now. I didn't want to change them. They were perfect the way they were, and so was I. I would graduate, find myself a partner, and make it far in my life one way or another.