

Natalie plots a new course for her life as the changes continue.

Greetings, readers, and long time no see! I'm finally able to return to writing again, so I anticipate these chapters should start to be released somewhat rapidly. Thank you so much for all the support. I am surprised that this series is as popular and highly-rated as it is. I've never thought of myself as much of a writer or storyteller, and sexual matters can be highly subjective. Keep giving feedback if you can. Any suggestions of things you might wish to see in the story, constructive criticism, or any comments whatsoever are welcome!

This is the third installment of a nine part series (including an epilogue). I have a spinoff series planned if there's interest, but I won't begin on that until this series is finished. I've also brainstormed ideas for stories unrelated to this series, so rest assured I will be providing content to this site for as long as it's welcome.

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.

Growing Pains III: New Developments

By greatpersonhooray 2018

I had been growing. My chest, once flat and unlikely to draw any eyes, had grown to an impressive size. Above average, and increasing in size by the day. Of equal note was the milk they had begun to produce. My daily production was still fairly low, but judging by the way things had been going, it would not stay that way.

Lactation and my growing breasts both demanded a larger intake of calories and fluid that I was not accustomed to. I noticed myself growing hungrier by the day as what little non-breast fat I had was consumed to aid in the development of this new chest. Milk, on the other hand, required a number of ingredients to produce, chief among them being water. Currently I was producing between 24 and 30 ounces a day, which required at least that same amount, likely more given how thirsty I had become.

My body consumed more and more as it sought to produce a bounty of milk. Not to feed a child, no. Not even to feed a partner. For what purpose my body had decided to produce milk, I was not sure. Currently, the only mouth to feed was my own, and I gladly indulged in recycling at least some of this milk.

It was clear that whatever plans I had for the immediate future were to be put on hold. After the humiliation I suffered at the hands of those cheerleaders, it would be difficult to show my head - or breasts - in public for some time. This was fine, as I really did hate going to school. At home, I would be safe, relaxed, and free to give into whatever desires I might be feeling at that particular time.

The stories about me spread like a wildfire. Jennifer and the rest added embellishments, of course, stating that they walked in on me milking myself and mooing like a cow, or that they had caught me drinking my own milk. The truth didn't matter though, only what those three said. When I didn't show up for school the next day, I received a call from the school. Then a second call, after they had heard the story themselves.

They offered to put me into online classes, just what I had wanted. They also offered counselling, which I refused. I insisted on finishing my classes, and never setting foot in that building again, to which they agreed. No school wants to see their graduation rate drop even the slightest bit, or to see a star student drop out at the last minute.

Now I was free. My first act of freedom was to retrieve the \$100 I had received the other day and hop on my bike. My destination was a bra shop, but not the department store I had been frequenting. The last thing I wanted to do was see Jennifer's cruel mother behind that counter. I wished for revenge, but wondered if I would ever see it.

As I pedalled, my breasts flopped against my chest, threatening to leak with every bounce. I winced whenever my bruised right breast made an extra painful impact. Within minutes, I pulled up, locked my bike, and walked up to the door. I was still in my pajamas with no bra underneath, and had not milked for the morning.

Not ideal, I thought. Hopefully I didn't leak. Staining my shirt on my first trip to a new bra shop would be less than ideal. With a deep breath and a prayer, I opened the door and stepped inside. Hopefully my breasts would be merciful and hold back their bounty until I returned home.

"Good morning, Ma'am," the young woman behind the counter welcomed. Lately, I had found myself very conscious of other breasts and tended to observe and compare with my own. At first glance at least, she was probably the exact same size I was. That would change.

After an awkward split second, I peeled my eyes off her breasts and returned the welcome. I walked straight toward the maternity section and went to work looking for a nursing bra. By now my breasts had grown another two cup sizes. That big in just 18 weeks. It was astonishing. I was straining against my bra every single day. It was time to put an end to that, at least for a few weeks.

I grabbed a simple grey nursing bra to test out and took it to the fitting room with me. This one fit like a glove, just as all the others had when I first purchased them. It was cheap, too, so I collected two of them, one of them being a few sizes larger (got to prepare for the future). Unfortunately, there were no disposable nursing pads for sale. There were of course no pumps or accessories here, either. Still, I had found some bras and this was the most pressing matter. Satisfied, I took my purchases to the counter and paid for them.

"You have an excellent day, ma'am! Congratulations on the baby!" the young employee beamed. I paused for a moment. Me with a baby, that would be crazy. I didn't want to correct her, of course, as my story was not one I would want to explain to her.

"Thank you very much. Enjoy your day!" I responded. Grinning to myself, I walked out of the store with my purchases, put them in my backpack, and rode home. Halfway home, milk began dripping down my chest and shirt as I pedalled. There was nobody to see me, and right now, I didn't particularly care if they did. It felt good to let loose sometimes.

Next on the list was a new breast pump and nursing pads. After a quick internet search, I discovered that there was a dedicated maternity/baby store on the far side of town that *also* sold bras. That would have been handy to know a few weeks ago. I felt like a fool for not doing my homework, but at least I knew of its existence now.

This trip required a bus ride, and the fare was mercifully cheap. After a half hour, the bus arrived at my stop and I stepped off. Hopefully my freshly-pumped breasts would keep quiet for the next hour or so. I had to have been leakier than the average woman, surely they didn't all struggle with this to the same extent.

I walked down the street and enjoyed the warm summer air as I went. The sun was beating down on me and I hadn't spent much time outside in a long time. Short bike trips to stores were about the most time I spent outside. My destination was ten blocks away but I didn't care. Today was a good day.

As I walked the heat seemed to grow. I felt a sticky dampness form in my shirt, underneath my breasts and in between them. I panicked, thinking I had sprung a leak, before I realized that it was merely sweat. Good old boob sweat.

After my peaceful summer stroll, I had reached my destination. I entered the store and stood a moment to take in my surroundings. Then I grinned from ear to ear. It was Natalie Disneyland.

The infant side of the store I could completely ignore, but the maternity side had everything I needed. Nursing bras of all different sizes, pumps and accessories, pads, even supplements to aid production. I grabbed a box of disposable nursing pads should I need to leave the house and be modest. I figured my life outside the house wasn't entirely over, or at least I hoped.

Next, I eyed the electric pumps. With the \$100 and my own \$20, I decided I could afford an electric pump. Only a cheap one, of course. I looked through and found one for a mere \$50 that looked pretty sturdy. It was a far cry from the \$200 and up pumping stations but I was sure this one would do the trick for now. Someday I might graduate to the next level. I picked up the pump I wanted, and began to leak in anticipation.

Now, however, it was time to test out this new pump. I decided to keep the old one around just because I never knew when I might need it. You never know when you might have to drain two breasts at once. Having two pumps would be very helpful for that.

I opened the box and pulled the electric pump out of the box, practically salivating as I wondered how effective it might be. I turned it over in my hands. It appeared to be a rechargeable device, a definite bonus. Paying for batteries on my strict budget could be a bit of a struggle.

The cup attached to it could fit a total of twelve ounces. My upper limit of each breast in one session seemed to be ten. That should be acceptable for some time to come, but I might

need to get a larger bottle to attach to it someday. The way things were going, bigger and better seemed to be the only option.

I tried turning the pump on, but there was no charge in the battery. I rolled my eyes and walked into the kitchen and plugged it into the outlet on the island. Upon the flicking the switch once more, it instantly roared to life. My mouth curved into a smile and I flicked the pump off and attached it to my right breast.

Once I flicked the switch again, the pump started sucking greedily from the teat, better than the manual pump had ever done. I couldn't imagine pumping taking more than five minutes at the most. It tugged my nipple expertly and worked in a rhythm that wooed my breasts into letting go of as much milk as rapidly as they could. The sensation was incredibly erotic and I found myself weak in my knees.

While nipple stimulation and even the manual pump had turned me on to no end, this pump seemed like a sex toy. Every single sucking motion of the pump sent a small jolt through my body. My full breast was a constant swarm of sexual energy, culminating in the nipple which shot lightning straight down to my drenched pussy.

Before I knew it, I had my left hand stroking my left breast, while my right hand was shoved down in my pants as the pump clung to my softening breast. I squeezed milk out, spraying the counter tops with one breast while my right rapidly deposited milk into the collection chamber. My hand stroked the various lips and folds of my pussy in rhythm with the pump before pleasuring my clitoris at the same pace.

As the milk sprayed out onto the island from my left breast, I found myself drawn to consume it. I dragged my tongue across the clean surface, licking up any stray droplets that would dare escape. In a moment I found myself nearly fainting with orgasmic grace. My pajama bottoms were soaked, yet again.

As I recovered, I stopped squeezing my left breast. I waited patiently for my right breast to be drained before switching the pump over to the other side. At some point I would have to try both pumps at once, but I was nearly empty. By the time the pump finished with my left breast, I had collected nine ounces.

I shut the machine off unscrewed the bottle. *Bottoms up!* I thought to myself while I poured it over my tongue. The warm liquid coated every inch of my throat as I swallowed it. The taste of breast milk simply could not be beat. I wiped my breasts down with a spare towel and settled down to laze about.

It was day two of having an electric pump and I had already gotten an incredible amount of use out of it. I drained my breasts yesterday morning, for lunch, in the afternoon, and again just before bed. I had done the same this morning. This pump was proving to be one of the better purchases I had made in my life, and it was certainly going to help me finish school.

I stared blankly at the computer screen. My online classes were easy work, but I was constantly distracted by thoughts of milk and sex. I sometimes wondered if I was becoming a nymphomaniac, or if I was just adjusting to my new life with breasts. I hoped I wasn't a nymphomaniac, but then I wondered how bad such a thing could possibly be. Pretty bad, I decided, if I had no partner to relieve me.

Just as my eyes were about to glaze over, a drop of milk oozed out of my breast and stained my shirt. This woke me right up, and I hoisted the shirt over my head and onto the floor. I grabbed the pump and swiftly affixed it to my left breast. The left one wasn't the best producer, and I wanted them to be balanced in size and production, so I had been pumping the left one quite frequently to bring it up to the standards my right had set.

The pump hummed away and for a brief time I was able to focus on my class work, before I had to masturbate again. I tried to resist the craving, but I failed every single time. My pump, a glorified sex toy, tugged on my distended nipples in search of their bounty. After the pump emptied my left, I left it running for a while even though the damn thing was empty.

I shouldn't. I really shouldn't be milking myself this much. It was supply and demand, plain and simple, and I was just going to overload my body with demand. But it felt so damn good. I had to ask myself what the worst was that could happen and I couldn't think of anything. I'm at home, so what if I make too much milk?

The pitter patter of milk hitting the metal tray beneath one of my breasts had become a regular sound. Like rain on a metal roof. When one breast was milked by the automatic pump, the other tended to spring a leak, demanding its turn. Sometimes it oozed out slowly, and other times it sprayed like a faucet. At the end of a milking session, I would lick the pan dry and clean it to prepare for the next milk shower, likely a few hours away.

I was a milk monster. I was making this stuff as fast as I could, and drinking it as soon as it was pumped. It was going to be a long time before I was producing enough to save it longer than a few minutes. My greedy stomach always hungered for more milk than I could make.

As the days turned into weeks, I trudged slowly through the work. Nearly every waking moment was spent on my classes, as well as pumping of course. I went up another few bra

sizes, and my breasts continued to ramp up their production. Sometimes I wore them, but most of the time I found bras to be a nuisance. The only bras I bought now were nursing bras as they were flexible and had comfort and convenience at the forefront. I only wore them when I went out.

As for breast pumps, I bought myself an identical model to the electric one I had before. During my online school sessions, I would run both pumps at once for up to half an hour at a time. Keeping under that half hour limit was about the only control I could maintain. Restricting it further either led to engorgement or a breakdown as I suffered from what I assumed was pump withdrawal. Milking was second nature to me now, and I found it difficult to focus when pumps were removed from the equation.

By week 30 my breasts had grown several sizes larger. This was truly impressive, and I definitely had passed every single girl at school. My breasts continued to sag further, but that only added to my arousal when I saw how heavy those milk-laden jugs were. I was still worried, though, because another few months and I would run out of bra sizes.

Two weeks later, I had finally completed enough classes and earned enough credits to graduate. To celebrate, I decided to make some ice cream with my milk. It came out sweeter and creamier than ice cream typically does, and that is saying a lot. I finished off the dessert in mere seconds and sat down with a glass of my milk I had pumped the previous day. It had been chilled in the refrigerator and was now the temperature of cow's milk. I learned that I liked my milk both warm and cold.

I was clocking in at about 46 ounces a day, which was on the upper end of what the average nursing woman produced. My gut told me my breasts wouldn't be stopping there, and had other plans in mind. I had heard of women who made over a gallon of milk a day. Incredibly rare, but they were certainly out there. Most had either many children, or messed up hormones. I'm guessing I fell into the latter category. Someday I might expect to make that much milk.

Still, I wasn't sure what had me lactating. What had brought it on in me? Why then, in my Senior year? I wanted answers, but still I was too nervous to see a doctor. I feared a doctor might want to cease or hinder my milk production, and that I absolutely could not accept.

A private graduation ceremony had been scheduled. My father announced he could not make it, which was saddening but to be expected. He sent a letter congratulating me, and a \$100 check as a birthday gift. I quickly spent the money on new bras, buying myself a slightly larger one. I planned ahead and bought an even larger one, knowing that I would be using it

within the month. I looked myself smugly in the mirror as I prepared for the ceremony. I looked great.

I had been pumping myself beyond dry the past day in the hopes that not even the slightest bit of residual milk could be remaining in my breasts. I was bone-dry by the time I finished my morning pumping. Not a single drop could be produced by the electric pump. Today was to be one of the best days of my life, and while I loved the milk, I wasn't going to let it ruin this other blessing.

My breasts, while deflated somewhat by the milk, would still barely fit into the bra. I put several layers of nursing pads on my nipples. Over this, I placed my nursing bra with an additional pad over each nipple. I clasped the bra then pulled a tank top, followed by a sweater over my chest, before putting on my graduation gown. This was over preparing, but I knew from experience that if my breasts decided to start leaking, they could really make my life difficult. I needed as many layers as possible to protect me from embarrassment.

The community center was buzzing with activity as children ran from one side of the hall to the other. It was strange to have my graduation here, but the schools were closed for the summer and apparently this was where they tended to do late graduations. I walked down the hall in my black gown with pride as the silky fabric brushed against my legs, thinking only of the brightness of my future.

At the end was a small room with a dark blue curtain, a flag, a podium, and two chairs in front of it. It was not grand, but this would have to be the place. I sat down in the chair, expecting the wait to be a matter of moments as I had already checked in at the front desk. My heart sank as the hour hand made its journey across the clock twice.

I could feel my breasts swelling with milk. Anxiety around them filling up seized my mind. With them crushed down somewhat by the bra, I had less storage capacity than I normally would. I knew too, that the pressure on my chest could cause milk to leak. I had no pump with me, however and the ceremony could begin at any moment, so I was left with the single option of sitting and hoping things would turn out well.

Finally, and to the relief of both myself and my breasts, a tall man I had never seen before walked into the room, holding a camera. I stood up to shake his hand and he congratulated me on my success. I beamed with pride once more, completely distracted from my breasts. A minute later, my Principal entered and I shook hands with him as well.

I sat back down in the chair, not sure what to expect. My Principal stood behind the podium and awkwardly addressed me, congratulating myself and my class on our achievements. He also congratulated me for overcoming a number of "social issues" and

pushing through to the finish line. At this point my mind began to go blank as my I felt my chest tighten by the second.

The man's speech, despite its short length, was torture to sit through as my breasts struggled against the tight bra that held them hostage. I knew, though, that I would be able to absorb a bit of milk if it did come to leaking. This was only somewhat reassuring, as I simply did not want to be oozing milk as I accepted my diploma.

Finally, after five minutes, the old man finished congratulating me and asked me to rise up and join him at the podium. It was at that moment that I heard an infant from somewhere nearby begin crying, and quite loudly. Tension built up in my breasts before quickly relaxing once more. My eyes widened when I realized that milk had just begun to stream from my nipples. It was a letdown. Within seconds the pads had soaked through. I stood still while the two men looked at me, puzzled. I shook myself out of my stunned state and stepped forward.

From his pocket, he removed a diploma and placed it in my accepting hands. I was a mess of emotions ranging all across the spectrum. Shame, arousal, pride, disappointment, excitement, anger, fear, and a longingness to empty my breasts and to nourish. All of these thoughts clouded my mind and I stumbled through my words, thanking the Principal and the photographer for being there that day. He snapped many photos, all of which I hoped would not reveal my lactation.

At this point, the milk had breached the pads and was slowly staining the bra. The leaking showed no signs of stopping as the streaming turned to gushing. I wondered when I might stop, but I knew I still had a few ounces left in me. The pain grew as my breasts crushed themselves up against the tight bra, desperate for freedom. Despite emptying, they seemed to be filling fast. I cursed my tits for betraying me at such a time.

Luckily, my graduation ended seconds later. I shook hands and thanked the two once more, and rushed off to the nearest bathroom. I locked the door behind me and stood in front of the sink as I ripped my used gown open and tore my sweater off. Looking down at my chest, I was astounded by the extent of staining.

The bra was hugging my leaky breasts tight, but the fabric over my breasts were as soggy as a wet sock. I quickly unclasped my bra and let my breasts hang free. The two milk pads I had put on under the cups were soaked beyond any redemption, and I promptly peeled them off and tossed them to the floor. Now was the time to get messy.

I gave my breasts a squeeze and milk shot out with enough force to hit the mirror behind the sink. I corrected my aim and pointed my nipples directly towards the bowl. It always felt a bit bad to be wasting milk, whether I was in a shower or elsewhere, but I was desperate today. The pain mounted as my breasts managed to produce more milk. I began to regret my frequent and

lengthy pumping sessions, as well as the previous day that I had spent drained completely dry. They were undoubtedly a contributing factor to this milky disaster that I now faced.

I sulked as I took in my situation. Here I was, on the day of my graduation, bending over a sink to empty myself of boob juice. Each squeeze produced a small fountain of milk, five or six streams each. The milk landed in the sink with an audible “pang” on the porcelain or a “drip” as it mixed with the water. For ten minutes, I emptied myself until not a single drop remained. I turned the faucet on and washed away the milk droplets, before wiping down the mirror I had sprayed.

I put my damp bra on, filled to the brim with paper towels. It hurt whenever my nipples rubbed up against the coarse material, but I was without my nipple pads and had to make do. I tossed the wet nursing pads into the garbage and washed my hands in warm water. My face was not a pretty sight, as dried tears stained my face, ruining the slight bit of makeup I had put on. I washed my face, removing the makeup and improving my appearance somewhat.

I walked out with the gown and cap in my hands, wearing my sweater and jeans. Children ran past screaming, bumping into me as I struggled to leave. As I left the building and hopped on my bike, my nipples produced a few drops of milk. I had thought I was empty. I began to sob silently as I wondered how I could manage to live a normal life if I was constantly dripping like an old faucet.

College was one of my dreams, but I wondered if I could achieve it with such a condition. I knew more milk would be coming, accompanied by an increase in my breast size. This had become a fact of life. The thought crossed my mind of visiting a doctor, or trying to reduce my production by myself. I knew deep down though, that it wasn’t really an option. My breasts wouldn’t let me, and I was growing to realize that I wouldn’t let myself either. I was addicted to the growth, and a slave to making milk.