Margaret turned back towards the front door of the store she just left as she pushed her filled shopping cart towards her cart. “Come *on*, Abby. Ice cream’s melting here.”

Her ditzy friend was looking around for something. “I think I dropped my phone inside somewhere! I’ll be back!” She ran back inside the grocery store. Margaret huffed as she finished walking towards the car, pushing the cart next to the trunk of her civic. She leaned against the door, watching for Abby.

“She’s a wonderful girl,” she mumbled. “But she’s so damn *aloof* sometimes.” As Margaret watched the store, she was oblivious to the figure in a suit walking by the other side of her car. They quietly dropped a drink can into one of the bags and continued walking. Margaret wasted time on her phone as she waited, checking her various social media until Abby messaged her on facebook.

*Got it!!*

*Really now? Never would’ve guessed.*

A few moments later, Abby was outside, walking towards her. Margaret popped open the trunk and started loading bags into the car.

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Back at their apartment, Margaret and Abby brought in their bags of groceries and collected their third roommate to help put everything away. Jill stretched and yawned in the kitchen. “You guys are back already?”

“It’s two in the afternoon, Jill,” Margaret pointed out. She was quickly emptying the bags when she pulled something out she didn’t recognize. “Ab, did you buy this?” She held up an as-of-then unheard-of energy drink.

“Huh,” Abby said. “Not mine.”

“Then how’d it get in our bag? I definitely didn’t buy it.”

Jill chuckled. “Maybe someone dropped it in there while you weren’t looking.”

“But the alarm at the exit didn’t go off when we left.” Margaret groaned. “Whatever. I’m sure one of us will use it. Probably tastes like shit, though.”

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Margaret rolled—literally rolled—out of bed Sunday morning with a pounding headache. Impact with the carpeted floor jolted her awake. “God, *fuck*,” she mumbled. “How much did I drink last night?” She rose to her feet, stumbling out of her bedroom with just a t shirt and panties on- Abby and Jill had seen more, anyway. Running her fingers through her red hair, Margaret pulled the skin of her face back trying to wake herself up. It wasn’t really working. She plodded down the hallway to the kitchen and pulled the door of the fridge open. Staring vacantly into it, Margaret wasn’t entirely sure what she was looking for.

“Caffeine is good for hangovers, right?” she asked herself, eyeing the knockoff energy drink can. Margaret pulled it out of the fridge and closed the door. Haphazardly placing the can on the counter, Margaret buried her face in her hands and rubbed her eyes. “This is the last time I drink this much,” she mumbled, not for the first time in her life. “Fuck me sideways.”

The can let out a little *fsht* as she cracked it open. Holding it in her hand, Margaret braced herself for the awful flavor she expected. Putting the can to her lips, Margaret sipped a little and, pleasantly surprised by the taste, began to drink it steadily, chugging it down. Despite the taste, something about her body now felt… different.

Margaret knew something was wrong almost immediately. The can fell from her fingers, the aluminum clattering on the floor. Steadily, it felt like her body was pulsing. Before her eyes, she watched as her shirt began to strain as her chest bulged larger. Within seconds, her tits were ballooning bigger and bigger, filling any available space in her tight shirt. Margaret noticed two dimples in the fabric where her nipples were pressing into the thin cotton; her eyes widened a little when she saw just how big the nubs were. Squeezing her boobs, Margaret pretended she could squish them back smaller and stop the growth.

She realized how hopeless that was as she felt the band of her panties tighten around her, and she warily looked down to see wider hips and bigger butt than she was used to. The fabric of her underwear was pulled between her swelling butt cheeks as they grew ever more massive, the plain garment quickly being swallowed up by the flesh it attempted to contain. “Oh *fuck*!” Even her thighs were plumping up to support her fleshy rear end. Margaret sunk a hand into her thickening lower half and marveled at how small her hand looked in comparison.

A subtle pressure built inside her tits, and she watched them firm up even as they grew larger. Margaret’s currently head-sized endowments started to look unnaturally perky, and she wondered what on earth could be reshaping them like this. She carefully squeezed one.

“Unnnhhhh,” Margaret moaned as milk flowed from her breast. Her other hand eagerly grasped her other tit and she started to milk both of them. The expression of her milk must have somehow triggered her growth to accelerate, and Margaret watched dazedly as she quickly outgrew anything she would consider normal for breast sizes. They grew down to obscure her belly button, inches of tit reaching out in front of her. Margaret’s hands grew ever more forceful in their milking, and she was reduced to a mewling mess as she felt the pleasurable sensations overwhelm her, the inside of her thighs slickening. She fought an internal war of whether or not to abandon one tit and start jilling herself off, but Margaret figured her boobs felt good enough that she would… would… Her body tensed, her brows furrowed, and Margaret let out a deep grumbling moan as a powerful climax rocked through her.

Her tits gushed her milk out suddenly, the floor around her disappeared under a cover of white cream. Margaret’s body exploded with growth again, faster and faster, the weight of her body pulling her down to her knees, which were already shaky from her orgasm. Her torso rested upon her massive boobs even as the weight of her ass pushed her forwards into it, encouraging her thick milk to flow. Margaret’s tit-addled mind had almost forgotten that her butt was plumping up too, but its weight was too great for her to ignore now. She dazedly looked out over her tits and saw how they were larger than she thought breasts could ever get, at least the size of the beanbags she used to have as a kid. Margaret didn’t want to look back and see her butt, but she could tell it was similarly sized. She knew drinking that vial was a mistake, but Margaret didn’t have time to dwell on that as she passed out, exhausted from her transformation, naked, on top of her gigantic tits.

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The sound of the front door opening woke her, followed by purses hitting the floor and screams of “Oh my GOD!”

“*Margaret?!*” Abby shouted. “What *happened* to you?!”

She groggily looked towards her friends. “Oh… uh… that energy drink… was definitely not what we thought it was.” Margaret was still a little distracted by her milk flowing gently out of her boobs. “It feels so good…” she mumbled. As her friends observed her, their eyes were locked on her nipples. Something about them… they couldn’t look away. The sight of a blown-up Margaret and the smell of her milk were slowly hypnotizing them.

“These look… pretty nice,” Jill admitted. “You look good, Margaret.”

“I wanna suck on those titties,” Abby said, falling deeper into a trance. Margaret’s position on the floor gave her two roommates just enough space to drop in front of her and latch onto her thick nipples, the nubs barely small enough to fit their lips around. Margaret shuddered as her supply increased, and her milk quickly flowed into her friends’ waiting mouths, and the changes followed soon after that. Abby and Jill both moaned around her nipples as their bodies began to grow like Margaret’s had, their boobs and butts testing out the sturdiness of their clothes.

As her roommates’ stomachs filled with her milk, Margaret was lost in a daze; the powerful sensations from her huge breasts were too much for her. She relaxed into her tits as she happily let her friends nurse from her, twitching slightly when her boobs were a little overwhelming. The two growing girls were either unaware or uncaring as their clothes started to rip, their plumping forms beginning to overwhelm their fabric prisons. Stitches popped as the girls eagerly drank her thick milk, and skin was beginning to appear through the widening holes.

Abby gripped the sides of the collar of her v neck and pulled, tearing the garment off. Within seconds, the clasp of her bra popped off, and her boobs billowed out as she slid her arms out of the useless bra. Jill’s eyes narrowed; she hadn’t thought of doing that, and her tits burst through her bra, breaking apart between the cups. The buttons of her blouse began popping off, and they cascaded down, each one flying off easier than the previous one. She did have the idea to pop the buttons on her Daisy Dukes right before her widening hips and thickening butt tore them asunder.

In a matter of moments, both young women were down to just their panties, Abby’s ass having ripped through her athletic shorts with minimal effort. Tears were forming in their underwear, the wave of flesh inside them was rapidly becoming too much to contain.

*Snap! Snap!* Both the waistbands broke, leaving Abby and Jill just as nude as Margaret. Their tits contacted the cold tile floor, their own nipples perking up. In seconds their bodies were supported by their growing tits, and each girl snaked a hand down between her plumping thighs, enraptured with the erotic feeling of the growth. The weight of their swelling butts pushed them down onto their boobs, increasing the electric feel of their transformation. Finally, they capitulated to the fullness of their stomachs, and released Margaret’s nipples, all three girls now laying on top of their tits with mountains of butt on top of them.

Abby rolled onto her side, her tits piling up in front of her. She absentmindedly began to stroke a nipple, teasing it to hardness. She gently whimpered before feeling liquid flowing out onto her hand.

“Mmmmmilk,” she moaned. “My very own milk.” She smiled.

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“Package delivered,” the agent said as they observed the house. “Subject spread it to her two housemates as well. Deploy the welcoming party.”

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Over the next 24 hours, the girls adjusted to the new dimensions of their bodies—not without a little panic about just how *big* those dimensions are—but they acclimated. It seemed like their bodies had changed more subtly in ways to accommodate their huge proportions.

“Hey, Abby, come look at how *jacked* my back is now,” Margaret asked, lowering the bedsheet she was using as a robe. It was the only thing she found that would fit.

“Je*sus*,” Abby replied. Indeed, all three of them had strengthened bones and thick muscles beneath the curves- enough so to allow them to walk around. A knock sounded from their front door. The girls looked around at each other; none of them were expecting anyone. Jill answered the door for a friendly looking suit-wearing woman, who smiled. It took Jill a second to look down and notice the pale woman’s prodigious bust.

“Good afternoon,” she said, extending her hand. “My name is Lizz. I’m with B&M Labs, and we have a proposition that I think you ladies will love.”

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“So you’d install these…milking rigs here? And then someone would come empty them every so often?” Margaret asked.

“Yup! Since you three are so big we don’t want to try and get you all the way to the farm. So instead, we come to you.”

“I’m more concerned about how the hormone ended up in our shopping bag.” Abby stated.

Lizz shrugged, her nearly basketball-sized boobs bobbling inside her suit. “Supermarket mix up, if I had to guess. Must’ve been on the belt when you were checking out, and it got into your bag. I’m not worried about how you got like this though, I’m here to see how *we* can serve *you*.”

“Let’s get to the important part,” Jill butted in. “How much are you *paying* us for this milk?”

Lizz smiled. “Oh, a lot. I promise. Enough that you won’t need another job. And I can tell you from personal experience that it feels *great*.”