In the year 2077, the chemical signals in the body that control the formation of breast tissue were fully mapped. Adjusting the size and quality of a woman’s breasts became as simple as getting an injection once every couple of months. Women were free to choose the body type they wished to have, and jokes about who was born with smaller or larger breasts became an anachronism. Progress, as they say, marches on.

Most women chose to be relatively flat chested. There were several reasons for this, the most practical of which was that breasts were heavy and bras were uncomfortable. Socially, a woman having large breasts was a choice, and many were reluctant to be seen as “suggestive.” Ironically, women having the power to be as showy as they wished lead to many being a bit humbler.

There were, of course, some exceptions. This is a story about a woman named April, and her boyfriend named Ian. For most of her life, April had chosen to be an A-cup. She hated bras and wanted a man who would like her for her mind instead of her body. But when she and Ian had been together for a few months, and she was pretty sure he really loved her, she asked him a question.

“You like girls with bigger breasts, right?” They were in bed together, curled up side by side.

“I like you exactly the way you are,” he said, kissing her on the forehead.

So she elbowed him. Gently enough it didn’t hurt, but hard enough to make him laugh. “Don’t make me look through your porn,” she teased.

“Okay, okay, yes. A little bit.” When his laughing subsided, he kissed her again for good measure. “Why do you ask?”

“Work lets me work from home. So, no coworkers to judge me if my cup size suddenly changed. And I thought, your birthday is coming up.” She reached a finger up to stroke his cheek. “What if you could make me as big as you wanted?”

“Oh…” Ian smiled, a faint blush appearing his features. “I don’t know, I really do like you how you are.”

“I know you do.” April teased his lip with a finger. “But I don’t think that’s why you’re being all awkward. I think you’re being awkward because you like girls big. *Really* big.” She took his hand and pulled it towards her, placing it over her bare, flat breast. “Am I wrong?”

His blush brightened and he laughed. She laughed as well, then said, “I thought so.”

“You’re okay with it?”

“I probably won’t stay that size, but yeah. Yeah, I’m sure.” She slide over to his side of the bed, straddling his hips with her own. “I was thinking of dying my hair blonde too. Would you like that?”

Ian did like that, and the next day, they went to the new cosmetic pharmaceuticals place downtown. April got some pills that would turn her hair blonde, and Ian bought some injector-pens that would grow her bust. She let him buy the pens, and insisted she wouldn’t look at what the labels said. That evening, she took her pills, got a shot in the arm, and they made passionate love over her couch.

The changes began a few days later. April’s hair brightened at the roots, and she dyed the rest to match, leaving her a beautiful golden-blonde. Her waist thinned, her butt toned, and her breasts started to swell out. She ate more, craving the calories that fueled her transformation.

“You’re already starting to look a little curvy there,” one of her friends said the next week, pointing to the two little bulges under April’s shirt. The friend’s name was Lilly. “Growing pretty fast.”

“Oh, totally,” she agreed. “Ian is loving it. I’m definitely going to end up at least a D-cup. Maybe a even a DD.” Lowering her voice, she went on. “I got some tear-away bras for those sizes? So I can flex my back and pop right out of them. He’s going to flip.”

Another week later, she was a C-cup, and started wearing her special new bra. The week after that, she was a DD, and dramatically burst out of her old cup size. Ian actually swept her off her feet, and the two of them made eager, excited, gleeful love on every part of her bedroom. It was everything she’d hoped for, when she’d planned all this.

But the week after that, she was an F-cup. And she wasn’t done growing yet.

April didn’t like wearing bras, she kept outgrowing the ones she bought, and she worked from home. So most days, she went without. She kissed Ian goodbye in the morning, slipped out of bed, pulled on jeans and a tank-top, and got to work on her computer.

But a month and a half into her experiment, things went wrong. She woke up in the morning, kissed Ian goodbye, and slipped into her jeans like she always did. But when she tried to pull on her top, she found herself struggling. She had to grunt, to strain, to force the fabric down, and even when she did, what she saw in the mirror didn’t look right.

She was used to clothes being tight around her breasts, but her tank top looked stretched. The white fabric was so tight, she could see the pink of her areolas clear through it. Every time she took a breath, the fabric groaned and shifted. Her clothes had been snug yesterday, but she’d had a growth spurt during the night. And she bulged out. Her cleavage popped out of the top of her dress, and the sides of her breasts pushed out as well.

She pulled her phone from her pocket and texted Ian. Self-driving cars had changed society that way. *Not* texting while driving was considered rude.

*April: Hey*

*Ian: What’s up?*

*April: I grew last night. My breasts are bigger this morning.*

*Ian: I noticed. <3*

She hesitated a moment then, considering herself in the mirror. With a hand, she reached up to cup one of her breasts. They were big enough she could barely get her fingers around herself, soft but firm, heavy in her grip. She gave herself a soft squeeze, just to check. Then she went back to her phone.

*April: I’m getting pretty big. I think each one is about the size of a mellon now.*

The words “Ian is typing,” appeared on her screen for a moment. Then they vanished. Then they appeared again.

*Ian: Do you like it?*

April bit her lip. She was getting a lot bigger than she’d anticipated, that was true. But, she thought, hadn’t this whole thing been her idea? Over Ian’s objections no less. And it wasn’t as though it did any harm.

*April: I dunno. ;) You’ve already been crazy for me at this size. If I get any bigger, I’m not sure you’ll be able to keep your hands off me.*

*Ian: I thought you liked my hands on your breasts.  
Ian: My tongue on your nipples.  
Ian: Those big, firm, sexy tits hanging under you when you’re on all fours.*

The tingling from a moment ago returned, and April reached up to gently massage her breasts through her tank top. Her fingers found her nipples through the fabric, rubbed and stroked freely. She could type with one hand just fine.

*April: I’m in the bathroom now.*

*April: My tops don’t fit anymore. I’m too big.*

*April: I’m feeling myself up through my tank-top. Think I’m going to pop this thing if I take a deep breath.*

Her nipples were stiffening, tenting the fabric around them. She smirked at the image, certain that Ian would love it. But before she could consider the matter more, her phone buzzed with his reply.

*Ian: Fuck it, you’re too perfect this way.*

*Ian: Told work I’m going to be late.*

*Ian: Turning around. <3*

April considered telling him to forget it; that she’d been describing her literal circumstances, not trying to seduce him. But then again, hadn’t seducing him been the point? And the tingling was nice. More nerve endings, she had to suppose.

She put her phone down, and started to massage her breasts with both hands. The tingle slowly turned to a feeling of warmth, that spread down through the rest of her body. It spread up to her face, making her blush. Down to her torso, making her take deep heaving breaths. It went further down, down to her slit, where she could feel herself heating up.

By the time Ian made it back, she was hot from head to toe, and she very nearly tore his clothes off. They made love first on her bed, then on her couch, then later in the hallway, and Ian never made it into work. He loved her, and her loved her body, and he loved playing with her body in all sorts of ways.

That evening, as they lay side by side on the couch, April watched Ian. She watched how his eyes stayed fixed on her cleavage, how all she had to do was smile and he’d blush. It was different from her usual. But different wasn’t bad.

So she put a hand on his chest and asked, “Am I going to keep growing?”

He nodded, and so she said, “Then I have some conditions. First, I need some custom-made clothes, and I’m not going out topless to get them. You’re going to take my measurements and get me new clothes every time I outgrow the old set. Got it?”

“Got it,” Ian agreed at once.

“Second, since I can’t go outside without people staring at my tits, you’re my errand boy as long as this lasts. You want me locked up in my house playing with my nipples, you can do the chores. Got it?”

“Got it,” Ian agreed again, and small smile on his face.

“And…” she hesitated. “I want to try something different in the bedroom. Call me…” She bit her lip. “Beautiful.”

“But you are beautiful. I call you that all the time.”

“No, like…” She gestured vaguely, not quite sure what it was she meant. “I don’t know. The way you were staring at me. I thought, like…”

“Ah.” Ian grinned. He took her by her bare hips, stretched over to her where she lay on the couch, and laid a gentle kiss on each of her breasts. “You don’t mean the word beautiful. You mean like calling you *busty*.”

“Um…” April blushed bright. “Like that, yeah. But you don’t have to be so, you know… *clean* about it.”

“You are busty though.” He grinned, pulling her close. The side of her right breast rubbed against his chest. “You’re big-titted. Top heavy. Stacked. Bursting out. Overflowing. If these are mellons they’re *over-ripe*.”

With a hand, he reached up and gave one of her tits a hard squeeze. She moaned, then to her own surprise, she giggled, and a smile brushed her face.

“Like that?” Ian asked, smiling too.

“Like that,” she agreed. “You like them?”

“They’re perfect,” he said, straddling her on the couch. “You’re the biggest, sexist cow I ever saw.” He grasped both of her breasts and gave a firm squeeze. “When I see you jiggle, I can barely keep it in my pants.” His hands start to knead. “You’re more woman than a dozen other girls put together.”

“O-oh.” A flush climbed through her body up to her face, and she looked away towards the couch. “That got weird.”

“You want me to stop?”

“No no. Good weird. I’ve never felt this *wanted* before. It’s…” She looked back to him, drawing in a deep breath. “Keep going. I’ll tell you when to stop.”

“I could call those other girls itty-bitty titties. Not like your plump playthings.” He leaned in and whispered into her ear. “You want to do something *really* weird?”

The next day, he got her another shot. She took it, and her already enormous breasts began to fill with milk.

The day after that, he bent her over the table and milked her into a bowl. She groaned and squirmed and begged for him to keep going, and when she was finally empty, they made love over the table.

She kept growing.

By the end of the next month, April’s breasts were bigger than melons. So big she sometimes struggled under the weight. So big that every time she shivered, they’d keep on jiggling for seconds. So big she had to twist around them to see her feet.

And she had a new morning routine.

She woke up first, typically around 6 AM. She didn’t need an alarm -- her breasts filled during the night, and the stiffness work her up. She’d crawl over to Ian’s side of the bed, nudging and pushing him until he woke up.

“Mmmph?” he’d say, sleepy. “What time is it?”

“Milking time,” she’d say. “Get up.”

He’d wake up as well, and bend her on all fours over a glass pail. The weight of her breasts was so much that she actually struggled to hold the pose, shivering with the effort as he reached under her. Every yank of her nipples made her moan, every jet of milk into the bucket made her gasp for breath.

“There you go,” Ian would say when he was done, giving her a firm pat on the ass. “All better.”

Then she’d say, “I’m horny.”

He was horny by that point as well, of course. If he had the energy, they’d make love then and there. Sometimes though, if he was exhaused from sex the previous night, he’d have to get a toy to satisfy her. Sometimes she preferred the toys. Ian was wonderful in bed, but he only had one dick. They could put three toys in her at once.

Then they finished getting up, had breakfast, and she kissed Ian goodbye on his way to work. She worked herself, from her computer at home.

But one day, instead of logging into her work terminal, she called in sick. Then she texted her friend.

*April: Lilly, you there? Need advice.*

*Lilly: What up, cow girl?*

April froze, staring down at the phone like it was an incomprehensible mystery. Turning away, she put it back on the desk for half a second, before immediately snatching it up and furiously typing.

*April: Okay, I need advice about the whole cow-girl thing.*

*Lilly: See that makes sense because it’s super weird. But, hit it.*

*April: My boyfriend has a weird fetish, and it turns out I have that weird fetish too, and honest to god Lilly, this is the sexist I’ve ever felt. I have never felt so wanted or so needed or so goddam horny in my entire life. This is AMAZING.*

*April: Sorry TMI.*

*Lilly: No shit. But I’ll give you one TMI free pass for this conversation.*

*Lilly: When two perverts meet and fall in love it’s a beautiful thing. But it doesn’t seem to hurt anyone, and he loves you and you love him, so what’s the problem?*

*April: That fetish involves my tits being so big I have trouble standing up.*

*April: If not bigger.*

April pictured it, and when she did, she bit her lip hard. Her hand snaked up to her chest, and she started to massage a nipple. In seconds, they were stiff.

*April: Honestly if this keeps going I can see myself getting so big I need a wheelchair to support these knockers.*

*Lilly: …and you’re into that?*

*April: It’s the best sex I’ve ever had, and I get to eat whatever I want. Making this much milk burns like 800 calories a day. I get to eat a cake a day free of charge. And if I eat too much it goes straight to my tits. WHATS NOT TO LOVE?*

*Lilly: Not getting to go outside?*

*April: Yeah, that.*

She sighed, fell back in her chair. She tried to pull her hand away from her breast, but somehow it stayed there. She played with herself, reveling in the sensation as the heat spread down from her torso to her groin.

*Lilly: Girl, there’s no two ways to put this -- you need to decide what you want in life. Maybe have a chat with Ian? I’m guessing you haven’t talked to him about this*.

April stared at her friend’s text for a long time. Then, she switched over to texting Ian.

*April: Hey, loverboy. I need you to get some things. Take lunch early.*

She had him pick up some drugs from the cosmetic place, some food she wanted, and a few miscellaneous items from the tailor. She ordered something delivery as well, that came in plain cardboard box. “A surprise for you later,” she said.

She took the shots as soon as he wasn’t looking, and shooed him out of the house the next morning. Over the course of the next few days, she kept her distance from him, claiming she was feeling sick. He could see her, of course, but she always kept blankets pulled up around herself, so he couldn’t see the exact dimensions of her chest.

Until one day, at the start of the next week, she woke up at 3 AM. Her tits groaned with the pressure inside them, and she could feel she was already slowly leaking milk. She wanted to sneak out without waking Ian, but when she tried, she found she couldn’t.

She couldn’t sit up. She was too big. Her back muscles strained, and her tits jiggled.

Despite the pain in her chest, she smiled. With some effort, she rolled over into her front, her thick nipples down against the mattress. Quickly, she pulled the sheets up before Ian could see her. “Hey, loverboy,” she whispered, once he was awake. “Go downstairs, and get that package. I have a surprise for you.”

It seemed to take him so long to get back. She was full. She was *full*, and she needed to be milked. She dropped the sheet, posed herself as best she could, and waited for him to come back to the bedroom.

When he pushed open the door, he saw her.

She was stretched out on the bed, golden-blonde hair spilling down over her shoulders, pert butt up in the air and legs crossed in the air behind her. Lay chest-down, elbows on the mattress and hands supporting her chin, so that the pyramid created by her arms would frame her cleavage.

She’d grown during the night. Each one of her breasts was bigger than their pillows.

“Holy shit,” Ian said, gaping at her.

“That’s right.” She tried to pick herself up in a slow, sensual way, but the weight of her breasts held her down. She had to push hard with both arms for her bulk to clear the mattress. “Did you find that package?”

In Ian’s hands was a milking machine. Not the little one, for pregnant mothers -- the kind used on cows.

“This is for…” Ian pointed.

“I’m too big for that little bucket.” She jiggled herself, reveling in the feeling as her nipples dragged on the sheets. “It’d overflow. And I need to be milked. Right now. So here’s what you’re going to do.”

She crooked a finger towards him, gesturing him her way. “First you’re going to put that milking machine on me, because I am about to *burst*. Second, you’re going to get the two biggest toys you can find out of the drawer. Third, you’re going to decide if you want your dick between my legs or between my lips. And whatever two holes you don’t use…”

Slowly, she licked her lips. “Those toys are going in.”

Ian looked around the room. At her, at the milking machine, at the drawer full of toys and the bed. Then he walked up to her and said, “Actually, I’m going to do whatever I want.” He rested his hand on the side of her face. “Because you’re so big you can’t stand up. Isn’t that right, you enormous fat cow? You have to do anything I say.”

April froze for half a second. “I’m offering you your choice of which hole it goes in,” she finally said. “What are you going to do that I’m not already giving you?”

“I’m going to tit-fuck you. I’m going to come right between those giant cow udders of yours, and you’re going to feel my sticky seed stuck down in your massive cleavage.”

“Milk me first,” she said. He went and got her three biggest toys from the drawer. “Ian? Milk me. I’m so full. Ian?”

The first toy slowly parted the lips of her slit. And despite herself, she spread her legs. He slid it halfway in, and she grabbed it, pushing it the rest of the way. “Ian I’m serious.”

The second toy parted her cheeks, pushing inside her with a much tighter fit. She groaned, eyes rolling back in her head. Still she stuttered, “*M-milk me*, please.”

“You can keep begging to be milked,” Ian said, “or you can suck my dick to get us started.”

She looked at him as he stripped his pants away, groaned, and parted her lips. She sucked him until he was hard, then he pulled out, and shoved a massive dildo into her mouth instead. She sucked and squirmed, penetrated in three places, as he pressed her massive breasts around his hard cock.

They were still at it when the sun came up.

Of course, he did milk her eventually. That got them both horny again, so they went to bed again, but eventually it was morning and her breasts were empty. And without the added weight of the milk, she could sit up, a little.

“That was amazing,” Ian said. “Next time though, we need a safeword. That got really crazy.”

“It did,” she laughed, falling back against the covers. “And the whole bedroom is going to smell like spoiled milk in an hour.”

“I’ll fix it,” he said. “And hey, you did something I thought no girl could ever do.”

“What’s that?” she smirked, putting her hands behind her head.

“You proved there’s such a thing as *too big*.” He flicked a nipple “Not that this wasn’t *so much* fun.”

April’s eyes went wide. For a moment, she struggled to speak. Then she gestured down at herself. “You don’t want me this big all the time?”

“No way. I want a girl with huge tits, not two tits with a girl attached.” He gestured to demonstrate. “I’d love you that size you were a month ago -- the two big melons? Maybe a little bigger.”

“Oh.”

As April looked down to the sheets, Ian hesitated. “I… thought you’d be happy to hear that.”

“No, I mean, getting outside will be great, I just thought… you know.” She brushed her hair back. “I felt really, *really* sexy this way. Like, you have no idea.”

“From what we just did, I think I do have a pretty good idea.” After a moment, he leaned over and kissed her on the lips. “You know you’ll still be busty at the smaller size, right?”

“Yeah, I know.”

“And you know I can still tit-fuck you at that size, right?”

She snorted. “Yeah, I know.”

“You know I can still call you my beautiful cow? Worship the ground you walk on? Milk you in all sorts of humiliating ways?”

“Heh.” She turned away to look at the wall. “Stop it.”

“I will not stop it. I get it -- this is your first time going really crazy with sex.” He reached over to squeeze her hand. “But take it from a lifelong pervert. Going all out is fun in short sprints, but you don’t want to turn it into your life.”

“You’ll still play these games with me?”

“I’ll do whatever you want.” He grinned. “I can tie you up and crop you if that’s what you want.”

“Pass.” She shifted in place, feeling her breasts slide beneath her. “I can still feel your cum in there. All over me. Inside me.”

“I know.” He grinned. “I’m going to keep that up.”

April hesitated a moment -- then smiled. “Then help me into the shower, loverboy. And come in there with me. Because even if my breasts shrink later, I’m going to have fun with them now.”