

Back again after a long hiatus! Thank you readers for sticking with me. If you haven't read the previous three chapters then definitely do so.

All characters are of legal age. None of the acts in the story are representative of the author's desires or actions.

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.

Growing Pains IV: The Visitor
By greatpersonhooray 2020

63 ounces. That's what I had pumped the previous day. It was an obscene amount of milk, the kind of level few nursing women could ever expect to reach. Yet here I was, ballooning day by day with more milk. Today I was sure I would be beating that record. Even if by a single ounce. The thought turned me on, despite my devastation a few weeks prior during my graduation.

I had thought long and hard about the whole thing but had not come up with a plan for my future. Every time I felt I was nearing a conclusion, my mind turned to milk as my breasts distracted me. I was becoming lonelier, lazier, and hornier by the day as I sat alone in my house.

The near-constant pumping wasn't helping my case either. Here I was again, draining my tits of all they would give me. Anything to reduce the pain in my breasts. Nothing could diminish the pains of constant growth, though. I was a 46H now. Soon I would be running out of letters in the alphabet.

I zoned out on the couch, half awake. It was 2 A.M., the usual time for the new late night pumping session I had just added. My sleep schedule was in shambles. I didn't care. I had nothing better to do. Nothing to do at all, actually.

The electric pumps tugged away at my nipples, the rhythmic humming a soothing sound. These particular pumps only had one speed setting, and it was beginning to be a bit too slow for my comfort and patience. They were barely adequate. At least they did *something* though.

The television was running a playlist of videos I had set up. Some were porn, some were not, but all of them involved a woman lactating in some form. Usually pumping. Some of the videos were fairly innocent "tutorials" while others were women who like me, were turned on by the beauty of lactation. I wasn't certain why I watched these videos while I pumped, but they were soothing. It was good to see other women at least somewhat like me, and I think it helped my milk flow more easily.

Some women hardly had any milk. They would squeeze their nipples and get a drop or two. Or sit at the pump for five minutes and produce perhaps an ounce at most. Many of them still had the gall to complain of the “inconvenience” they faced due to lactation, or of the pain of engorgement. I looked down at my bare breasts, covered in blue veins, and placed my right hand on my breast. It was warm, full. Even after all this time at the pump.

Some women were more like me. Strong producers. I empathize more with them, especially when they talked about their own struggles with leaking or engorgement. Whether they made a bit more than me or a bit less made no difference. I just wanted to surround myself with lactation, a process that had grown as familiar to me as eating and drinking.

The true champions, though, were a very rare and select group of women. These women had all either been blessed genetically or had many children to feed. I wondered if I would ever reach the same level as some of these gorgeous women. Even to me, the claims of producing a gallon a day were stunning.

Just as I was thinking about these top producers, a video of one began playing. A massive chest appeared in the frame, contained only by a pink tank top and white bra. Her face was just out of frame, but I figured she was in her late 20s or early 30s by her voice and skin. She complained of engorgement but her voice betrayed a hint of arousal. My nipples hardened as she pulled off her tank-top and unclasped her bra to reveal nipples the size of thumbs.

My much smaller nipples hardened in reaction. Milk flowed at a faster rate from my breasts. The woman in the video squeezed her nipples, producing a very small stream that one wouldn't expect from such a... cow. She insisted she needed the pump to kickstart the streams, and she pulled two sturdy pumps with massive bottles, probably 16 ounces each attached. The woman attached them to her breasts and started them, moaning the very moment her nipples were tugged into the chamber. Milk squirted out and pooled into the bottles as if a dam had burst.

I felt myself growing wetter and wetter between my legs by the minute. With both hands, I reached down to pleasure myself. I pictured my already full breasts growing fuller and milkier by the minute until they nearly crushed me beneath their weight. The image of myself I was now fantasizing about was more breast than woman. Perhaps at the rate I was growing, I could look something like this someday...

That thought sent me over the edge and I felt my legs begin to quiver as pleasure rushed throughout my body. I closed my eyes in brief bliss. My breasts had a simultaneous letdown and milk began to gush into the pumps. Within another minute both bottles were full and I felt relieved enough to finally call it a night.

The woman in the video was not as empty and continued for another ten minutes. She continued replacing bottles every few minutes until she decided she was done. She proudly displayed 26 ounces of milk in front of her. It was utterly captivating to me, and I knew that I had to top that someday.

She explained that she *still* wasn't empty, and gave her breasts a squeeze to demonstrate. A healthy stream spurted from each nipple to confirm her statement. She wasn't empty, merely comfortable. *Could she ever be emptied when she's making that much milk*, I wondered. I quickly put the bottles of milk away in the fridge and returned to the couch. 64 ounces in total pumped today. I beat yesterday's record by an ounce.

I wrapped myself up in warm blankets up to my chest, which I left exposed. I didn't want to soak anything other than towels tonight. I had so few shirts and bras that fit, I couldn't spare any more to the wash. I bunched up a few towels around my breasts as a dam and then rested a final one over my breasts like a blanket. Within minutes, I drifted off to sleep.

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I heard the sounds normally associated with one fumbling with their keys. That was funny, nobody could possibly be trying to enter the house. I was the only one who lived here. I assumed I was still asleep and didn't even open my eyes. That was a mistake, as a second later I heard the front door open.

My eyes opened and darted toward the door. A man stepped in. He turned to look at me, and his eyes began to widen. He was average height, but tall compared to me, and had dark hair and eyes like my own. It was him. A man I had not seen in some time. My father.

He gasped and took a step back. I looked back at myself to see what had drawn his eyes. The towel that I had draped over my breasts before I fell asleep last night had fallen off. My huge breasts were completely exposed, and worse, they were slowly leaking droplets. I quickly pulled the blankets up to my chin before returning my gaze to my father. He remained in shock.

"It happened to you," he mumbled. His eyes turned from surprise to sadness.

"Dad, what's happening to me, why's it happening?" I asked him, my own voice sounding fearful.

Father was anxious. He took a seat in the armchair and sat silently. This was *not* his usual demeanor. Normally he was a calm but confident man, now he was clearly out of his comfort zone. I was too. I worried as I watched him stare at the floor below him.

"It's time you learned the family history," he declared.

"Family history?" I asked.

"The story of your mother and her side of the family," he replied. It wasn't often he talked about mother. I sat silent and still in anticipation.

"Your mother, and all the women in her family going back generations and generations, have all suffered from the same condition once they reached adulthood," he began. "As they matured into women, their bodies began to change. Much like any woman's would. But for your mother and her family, it was on a whole new scale," he continued.

"The order would differ, but two things always happened. Breasts would begin to grow, and they would swell with milk. There was no stopping it, it simply continued forever and intensified as it went on, forcing the women to learn to live with it," he explained. I could sense his discomfort as he shifted his legs.

"It's a genetic condition of some sort. What triggers it, I'm not sure. For your mother, she began in High School. Your aunt went into her 20s flat, but her pregnancy seemed to trigger it. Maybe it's caused by fluctuations in hormones. Regardless, it's like being struck by a second puberty. Things change," he sighed. He still had his eyes on his shoes, refusing to look at me. I worried that he was disgusted by my condition.

"Your mother was a normal girl. We met in High School and dated for years. She was flat, and that never bothered me. Then she grew. In a month, she was large. In six months, she was the largest in our class. In a year, she was breaking records. And there was the *milk*."

"It was easy to manage at first. We would empty her in the morning and at night. Then her production increased and found ourselves draining her between classes. A few weeks later, she was no longer able to attend. It devastated her," he continued.

"She had all these goals in life. She loved dancing, she loved gymnastics. She couldn't do any of that anymore. She simply grew and made milk. I helped her with it as best I could. From the first drop, however, something awoke inside of me. I became obsessed with it and I drank her dry, even when she had no need. That surely did not help matters."

"Things got worse once your mother gave birth to you. Her breasts grew down to her waist. She made too much milk. We finally tried drugs, we even tried breast reductions. Nothing worked and her body fought back harder than ever. She nearly lost her mind. Ever since you were a small child, she's been living alone, believing herself to be a freak," he began to sob.

She's a freak like me, and driven mad by her breasts, I realized. This was the dark secret of my mother that I had longed to know.

"I knew you would someday experience these changes. Deep down, I knew. I had hoped the cycle would be broken, but clearly my genes were not strong enough. And your mother, she needed help. This is why I had moved so far away from you. It wasn't because of work, or because I didn't love you, it was because I was afraid of your change and worried about your mother," he confessed. His tears doubled.

"I'm so sorry. All of this, my distance from you, it's because I have an obsession, and I can't be near you-" he began to apologize.

"I want you to stay and help me. You know more, you can understand me," I pleaded.

"I can't."

"I need you to stay. I need a father. I need someone to help me with my problems," I begged. Tears started to form in my eyes. I needed someone.

"No," he answered softly.

"Please, I need someone to help me with this. For the first time in my life, I'm not sure I can do it alone," I confessed.

"You need to find a man who can help you," he responded. "A boyfriend who understands you."

"There's nobody out there for me. I was a failure with men before this, and I'm certain nobody would want me now," I cried.

"You're a smart, beautiful young woman. There's somebody for you," he assured her.

"I don't know where to even start," I admitted. Dating was so foreign to me and my condition was a major hurdle.

"I need to leave now. But promise me you will try to find someone who can help you in ways I just can't," he pleaded. I was heartbroken. No mother in my life and here was my father running away from me because of my body.

"I promise," I answered in a pathetic whimper. Tears were streaming down my face and my breasts were beginning to leak, as if out of sympathy.

Father stood up and leaned down to hold out his hands for a nervous goodbye hug. I sat up to meet him and my blankets slipped away. My bare breasts pressed against his stomach. I pulled myself closer and tighter to him and my breasts were squeezed as if in a vice.

"I love you," he winced as milk began to soak his shirt.

"I love you too," was all that I could manage before I had a letdown. I was unable to completely stifle the soft moans that were interrupted by tears as milk rushed from my breasts and onto my father. I was a complete mess of a woman.

Father pulled away quickly. His shirt was soaked through. He turned away and opened the door. The man stepped outside and just as the door began to close, he whispered a goodbye. The door slammed shut and he locked it. Seconds later, I heard a car engine start. The experience had left me drained and devastated. I was not living a normal life and never would.

I couldn't believe what had just happened. I was alone again. I was always independent, but the new me was just too much for *me* to handle. I wanted someone for support, someone to spend time with, someone to count on.

I rolled onto the floor and onto my hands and knees. I felt worthless. Nobody would want me, *nobody*. I sulked as a pool of milk and tears formed. My breasts were heaving and the milk was flowing in conjunction with my sobs. I was a freak.

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The events all came rushing back to me as I picked myself up off the floor. I had managed to pass out on the hardwood. I went about my usual morning routine as my mind began to clear and emotions died down. I had a problem that needed a solution. Imminently.

After my shower, I hopped onto my computer and began browsing. There were a number of communities dedicated to lactation in a sexual or adult context. Only one so far looked promising. It was essentially a fetish forum. I frowned. I couldn't imagine a good relationship coming out of such a place.

Maybe that's what a freak like me had to settle for, I wondered.

Maybe I could find someone here. I had to at least look, I promised my father. I would search for a man. Someone to take care of me. Someone who would understand my needs. I felt my nipples tingle as a new wave of milk began to dribble. My breasts ached as I dreamt of a warm mouth closing around them to suckle. I could feel them growing as needles of pain stabbed into my breasts and the skin stretched ever tighter.

I was no longer independent. I *needed* someone. Fear began to overtake me. Fear of rejection, fear of mockery. Women were meanest to me, but that didn't mean that guys couldn't be the same. I was like no other girl.

This is a community for fanatics, I reminded myself. Of course there would be somebody interested in me.