

Ramona's Desperation

By TROGDOR297

Ramona sighed as she swigged her beer. "I'm telling you Nora, I've tried everything. All the supplements, all the oils, all the massages. Nothing's worked..." She crossed her arms in front of her resting on the table before slamming her face down on them in frustration.

Her friend sitting across the table from her, rolled her eyes at her companion's melodrama. "Ramona...I don't understand your obsession. There's more to life than boobs, you know girl?"

Ramona lifted her head enough so that her eyes were visible. She gave her friend a withering stare. "Easy enough for you to say Jugs McGee"

Nora looked down at her own cleavage, filling out her top. It was true that she'd never had to worry about not having enough up top. Her F-cups had always more than impressed any boy she'd try to woo, and left them speechless if she decided them worthy of seeing them in the naked flesh.

Nora sighed. "No need to be rude, Ramona. I was being serious; you're stressing too much over something that isn't an issue." She gulped down her own drink "Like why is it that important? You're young and hot, I bet you get dates all the time!"

Her friend sat up in her seat, her glare intensifying. "6 Months"

Nora paused with her drink in her hand "What?"

"My last date, was 6 months ago"

Nora grimaced "Yikes...I didn't realize it'd been that bad..."

Ramona slammed down her beer "Yes! It has been that bad! That date that I had 6 months ago? He realized that he had an important meeting in the morning, the moment I took my top off!"

Nora's grimaced intensified "Oh wow...Ramona...I'm sorry, that sucks. But I mean...if he's acting like that, he's not really a nice guy anyways"

Ramona nodded "No...he wasn't, but I'll settle for any guy at this point!"

"Any guy you say?" Said a lanky man with short brown hair. His face bore a dark goatee.

Ramona rolled her eyes as she slid over in the booth to make room for the newcomer. "In your dreams Marcus. Not even I'm that desperate"

He held a hand over his heart in mock dismay "Oh Ramona, you wound me!" He slid into the booth placing his rye and ginger on the table.

Ramona scoffed. "I'd be more worried, if I didn't already know you were soulless"

He gave a quick laugh "Touche, my dear. So what were we talking about?"

Nora smirked "Ramona's boobs, or her lack thereof"

"Hey! Fuck you Nora!" Ramona said, flipping her friend both of her middle fingers.

Marcus tutted "Oh deary me, poor Ramona and her flat chest. You know you could always get implants..."

Ramona held her hands up "Ugh, No. I'm not getting implants. I just wanted to develop my breasts a little bit...more than they already are. Just so I have something..."

Nora reached across the table and rested her hand on her friend's forearm. "Ramona...you're perfectly amazing as you are. You don't need bigger boobs; you just need a self-confidence boost. A great date with a great guy and you'll forget all about this boob obsession"

Ramona sighed, before finishing her beer. "Maybe you're right, Nora. Maybe I should just forget about it"

Nora smiled "That's my girl. Now, you stay here, and I'll go get us some drinks to celebrate"

Ramona gave her a weak smile. She would try not to think about it, but as her friend shimmied her way out of the booth, Ramona couldn't help but stare at her jiggling cleavage. This would be a difficult thing for her to let go.

As Nora walked her way across to the bar, Marcus leaned in close to Ramona. "Listen...if you're serious about wanting to increase your bust...I've heard about these supplements online that supposedly really work"

She pushed him away "Forget it Marcus, I've tried all those natural breast enhancement supplements, they're all shit!"

He leaned back in "No, no, these ones are different. They're...lactation aides. But they were discontinued because of the side effects...occasional extreme breast growth. Or at least that's what the rumors say"

Ramona turned to look at him. She hadn't heard of anything like this before. "Are...are you messing with me Marcus? Because if so this isn't funny"

He shook his head. "Nope, I'm 100% serious. I'll send you the link later tonight, ok?"

She looked at him suspiciously, but he'd returned to his casual lean against the booth as Nora returned. "You're only holding two drinks there Nora! What about your old buddy Marcus!"

Nora gave him a sneering smile. "My old buddy Marcus, can buy his own drinks. You ok, Ramona?" She'd noticed her looking lost in thought.

She fixed her face with a smile. "Yes, all good. Just... it's nothing. Thanks for the drink" The topic didn't come up again for the rest of the night, as they instead discussed work, the news, and other such things that one discusses in a bar. But despite that, these new supplements that Marcus had suggested never left her mind. And as soon as she got home, she checked her email, and sure enough there was a message from Marcus linking her to a shady Ebay posting.

The guy claimed he had the last batch of this discontinued supplement, and that it had technically expired. He was asking an arm and a leg for it, but Ramona made good money, and if this could be her ticket to a better bust, she would take it. Before she could talk herself out of it, she clicked buy, and then went to bed.

The next morning, she woke and got dressed for work. She stepped out of her apartment to find a small package on her step. "What! It can't be..." She picked it up and brought it back inside. With scissors she cut through the tape and opened the box. Inside was a small pill bottle with about 30 small white pills inside. A small piece of paper with the Ebay sellers name on it, listed the contents and the amount she'd paid.

"Wow...that's some good service for a sketchy eBay seller..." She opened the pill bottle and tossed one into her hand. She stared at it sceptically. There was no label on the bottle, no instructions or warnings. There wasn't even any sort of indicator on the pills, they were just plain white ovals. For all she knew she could just be holding some aspirin, or even just sugar pills.

"Sigh...I really hope this isn't a scam" She said as she put a pill into her mouth. She crossed her fingers as she swallowed it. She stood there for a moment. "What am I waiting for...it's not like I was going to see results immediately. God, I'm an idiot..." Without a second thought she headed out the door and left for work.

Throughout the day she kept reaching down and cupping her breasts underneath her button shirt, hoping to feel something, but every time she was disappointed. After a quick supper, and an evening of trash tv, she was in bed once more. As she nodded off she thought "Maybe it's something that kicks in overnight" She smiled at her optimism and slipped away to unconsciousness.

With a yawn she woke the next morning, and sat up in bed. She looked down at her pajama top and...no boobs. "Ugh! I should've known they were fake" She stomped into the kitchen and grabbed the pill bottle off the counter. With a step she opened the garbage bin beside the counter and she held the bottle over it. With a sigh she released the switch holding the bin open, and she put the pills back down on the counter. "I'm being crazy. It's only been a day. I probably just need to keep taking the supplements" She downed one pill, and then after a moment of consideration downed a second "Just in case" She muttered, as she headed back to her room to get dressed.

She wore a loose flowy top to work that day, just so she could be ready in case any unexpected growth came. But by the time 5:00 rolled around she was just as flat as she had been as the day started. Despite the lack of results she still felt determined. "It's only been two days, the supplements just need time..."

"It's been two weeks! When the fuck are these things going to kick in!" She said holding the empty pill bottle. A fortnight had passed since she'd first start taking the supplements and she'd encountered zero growth. She hadn't even experienced any lactation, which she thought would've been the bare minimum. Just something to show that the supplements were actually doing something.

Ramona felt crushed. She'd really thought that this would've been her ticket to a nice rack, but once again she was let down. As she got out of the shower a few minutes later she looked at herself in the mirror and thought back to the conversation she'd had with Marcus and Nora at the bar. "*You could just get implants*" Marcus had said. She held her hands over the tiny buds on her chest. She *could* get implants...she'd never thought that she'd be the type of girl to get cosmetic surgery, but something about this latest attempt had made something snap in her mind, and what she'd once thought was unthinkable, was now a lot more palatable.

She unlocked her phone and after a quick web search found a highly recommended doctor. She bit her lip as she momentarily considered her options. "Oh, what the hell, one appointment couldn't hurt, I can always say no." And with that she made a phone call and booked a slot for that afternoon.

The rest of the day she felt nervous, but also excited. The more she thought about it, the more she realised that she'd been silly to dismiss the concept of implants off hand. Thousands of women across the country had gotten them, and were perfectly happy, so why couldn't she be one of them.

That afternoon she sat in the doctor's office feeling giddy. She'd long since moved past any hesitations about the idea of her enhancing herself, and now was greatly looking forward to it.

"Ms. Peterson, have you put any thought into what size you'd like to go to?" The doctor asked while steepling his fingers in front of him.

"Hmmm" She said, as she pictured herself in her mind's eye. Her thin build, her long brown curly hair. Then she imagined herself with boobs. Then she imagined them bigger, and then even bigger. She imagined herself with her arms above her head twirling around, while melon sized jugs hung off her ribcage. She shook her head, no that was too big...But then again, was it? She really wasn't sure.

"I don't really know Doctor, I didn't really have a set size in mind, just that I wanted to be bigger" she said with a shrug.

The doctor gave her a warm smile. "Not to worry my dear, I think we may have just the thing" He pulled up a file on his computer, and turned the monitor to show her.

"These are a newly designed special type of implant." The picture on the screen showed a mans hand holding a small sphere with a clear fluid. She frowned "They look a little small...I wanted to have them bigger than that!"

The doctor chuckled "This is just their starting size my dear. They get bigger!"

"Oh!" She said, her mouth forming a perfect circle.

The doctor nodded. "Indeed, they're a special new type of expander implant. Typically, the way that this type of implant works is that over a series of regular appointments, we would inject saline into the implant increasing its size, until a desirable size is reached."

She nodded in understanding. "Sounds simple enough"

The doctor held up his hand. "These are different however. With the new patented outer layer, these implants absorb excess fluid from the surrounding tissue, filling the implant with it slowly over time. No need for appointments, or needles. Your skin will grow along with the implant avoiding unnecessary stretchmarks"

Ramona's face broke out into a smile. "They sound amazing!" Then a thought hit her. 'But wait...if they work by absorbing fluid from my body...do they ever stop expanding?"

The doctor clasped his hands in front of him. "Well, theoretically no, but when a desired size is reached, we have you take one of these" From his desk he pulled out a single pink pill. "This is a special enzyme that temporarily affects the fluid that would normally be absorbed by the implant. It makes it thicker, which essentially plugs the membrane preventing any more fluid from being absorbed, permanently"

"Sounds perfect Doctor! When can we begin?" She asked excitedly.

The doctor clicked through his computer to check his schedule. "Well, we've actually got an opening this evening, if you're ready? Due to how small the implant starts at, the surgery fairly minimal in terms of invasiveness."

"Ok, let's do it!" She said, as she quickly scrawled her signature on the paperwork that the doctor passed over to her.

The surgery went by quickly with no complications, and after staying the night at the clinic she was back at home the next day.

As she stood in the bathroom, she slowly removed the bandages that covered her chest. As she pulled the last one off, she looked at them in the mirror. She squealed with delight at the reflection she saw. She had boobs. They weren't huge by any means, modest C-cups, but as the doctor had said this would just be the starting point. She danced about with joy, enjoying the heft of her new tits as they bounced. Today was the first day of her new life.

The first day she rested at home, letting her body recover from the surgery. She spent the majority of the day naked, ogling her new figure whenever she had an idle moment. She considered calling Nora, to tell her the news, or maybe even Marcus, but she refrained. She wanted to be at a more considerable size when she revealed her new self.

The next day she awoke, to an abnormal weight on her chest. She smiled as she rose. "It's going to take some time for me to get used to these" She said as she gently cupped them, feeling their firm round shape. She hopped in the shower to get ready for work. It was only when she exited and was standing in front of the mirror towelling herself off when she noticed the change. She straightened up with her hair in its towel turban and she gasped. Her breasts had grown since yesterday.

This was by no means a shocking outcome, the doctor had promised that these new implants would indeed grow over time, she just hadn't expected it to occur so quickly. Her modest C's were now up to delicious D's. She whooped with delight, as she shook them back and forth.

It took her awhile to get dressed, having difficulty finding clothes that remained modest with her new figure. She settled on a black fabric dress that had always fit her a little too loosely. Now her breasts filled out the front wonderfully. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she noticed two tiny points sticking out the front. None of her bras had fit so she'd gone without. "Oh goodness, my nipples!" She said as she reached forward to touch them. A shiver ran through her as her fingers grazed them. "What is up with you two!" She said as the sensation ran through her.

To solve the issue, she ran to her closet and grabbed a cardigan, which covered them up well enough. "I'm going to have to go shopping!" She laughed to herself as she left for work.

The work day went by swiftly, as she had plenty to do to catch up with missing the last day of work. No one noticed her new assets, as she kept her cardigan tight around her. It was only when she got hot in the afternoon, and took it off, when an intern walking past nearly gave himself whiplash with how quickly he did a double take taking in an eyeful of her chest. "Hi...Hi Ramona!" he gulped, his eyes bulging.

"Hello Timmy" She said sweetly. "Can I help you with anything?" She crossed her arms in front of her as she leaned forward on to her desk. The gesture pressed her tits together, forming a valley of cleavage just visible through the top of her dress.

"Oh Shit..." Timmy said, before he turned and ran away. Ramona laughed to herself as she watched him book it down the hallway. "Oh I'm definitely going to enjoy you two" She said as she hugged them to herself.

The next morning, she woke and rushed to the bathroom to inspect her figure. She pumped her fist with excitement, as she inspected her new Double-D jugs sitting perkily on her small frame. Her nipples, though small, were just as excited as they'd been the day before, poking out like two tiny mounds at the outer edge of her tits.

Out of curiosity she reached forward and gently tweaked them, and gasped as a wave of pleasure ran through her. "Damn...those were never this sensitive before, the Doctor said nothing about this side effect!"

She found it hard to focus throughout the day. She kept wanting to run off to the bathroom to inspect and hold her new breasts, and to touch her nipples once more. The morning's exploratory tweaking had awakened something in her, a desire to be filled.

The next day she awoke with full F-cups on her chest. "Wow...they look amazing. I think...I may be bigger than Nora now!" Without hesitation she texted her friend and suggested they go out for drinks that night.

The evening came and Ramona walked into their favourite bar wearing an extremely low-cut top. More than half of each breast spilled out of the top. It was lucky that her nipples and areola were so small or else you'd definitely be able to see them over the edge of the

fabric. She walked with confidence through the bar, enjoying the stares from all the men that she passed by. This was what she had wanted, this attention, and now it was hers.

She found her way back to their favourite booth, and found Nora already there, busy texting on her phone. Ramona slid on to the bench across from her, and waited, a catlike grin on her face. "Hey, Nora" She said smugly.

Nora put her phone down "Hey Girl, how are...Whoa! Ramona! Jesus Christ!" Her eyes had immediately shot down to Ramona's cleavage which rested on the table as Ramona leaned over it. "What...what happened to you?" Nora asked in shock.

Ramona just smiled. "Me? I got a new haircut? Is that what you mean?"

Nora rolled her eyes. "No, dummy, I mean your tits! They're huge!"

Ramona sat up straight and looked down at her exposed cleavage, a face of mock concern on her face. "Oh my goodness! You're right! Look at them!"

Nora huffed. "Very funny, Ramona. I'm serious what happened?"

Ramona smiled and shrugged. "I got implants, I was tired of living the flat life and so I did something about it"

Nora shook her head. "I thought you had moved past that...I thought you were over it"

Ramona looked at her friendly coolly "Well, I'm not, and I have no regrets. I think they're fantastic."

Nora sighed. "Alright...if you say so. I still think that you were fine the way you were before"

Ramona laughed. "Ha! You're just saying that because now I'm bigger"

Nora was taken aback. "What! No! That's not..." She looked down at her own chest and then at her friend's newly expanded one. Ramona was right, she was bigger now. "That has nothing to do with my reservations, I'm only concerned for you."

Ramona nodded dismissively. "Mhmm, if you say so. Well believe me when I say I couldn't be happier with them. Ah, here's someone who'll understand me!"

Marcus walked over and slid into the booth beside Nora. "Hello ladies, how are we doing this evening?" He looked across the table and caught an eyeful of Ramona's cleavage, she gave him a devilish grin. Without missing a beat, he winked at her. "Nice tits, Ramona"

She smiled as she took a drink. "Thank you, Marcus. I thought you'd appreciate them"

Nora shook her head in disbelief at her friend's behaviour. "This is crazy...I need...I need some air" She slid out of the booth and headed for the patio.

As soon as she was out of earshot Marcus leaned in. "So I guess those supplements worked pretty well, eh?"

Ramona shook her head. "No, these are implants. The supplements didn't do anything! Such a bummer."

Marcus rubbed his chin and frowned. "Hmm...that's strange. I thought this guy was legit. Have you tried getting your money back?"

She shook her head. "No, I figured with something as sketchy as this, it wouldn't be worth my time."

He shrugged as he took a drink. "Mmm, maybe. But what do you have to lose in trying, you know?"

Ramona nodded thoughtfully. "Yeah, maybe you're right, might as well try." She slid out of the booth and made to leave, but before she did, he caught her wrist. She turned to face him. "Yes, Marcus?"

"You know Ramona, I was being serious before" He said, his eyes flicking up and down between her face and her cleavage. "Those are some nice fucking tits"

Ramona felt herself blush at the attention Marcus was giving her. He'd always flirted and made jokes about them hooking up, but it had always been a lark, just friends kidding around. But the way he stared at her now, it was true lust. He wanted her badly.

"Th...Thanks Marcus" she said with a quick smile, leaning forward to give him a peck on the cheek before she rushed out of the bar.

As she walked home in the cool night air, she took deep breaths to calm herself. "Jesus, what was that all about!" She laughed to herself, trying to forget about it. But as she walked home thoughts of Marcus and her engaging in carnal acts kept popping into her mind.

When she got home, she stripped down to just her panties, then put on a loose t-shirt. Through the thin fabric her nipples were visible poking through hard. "When are you two going to give it a rest!" She said sarcastically. While she did think it was strange, she also found herself enjoying the way it looked, and how it felt.

She sat down in front of her laptop and fired up the internet browser. She was going to try and get her money back, as Marcus had suggested. She'd spent quite a bit on those useless pills.

She opened her gmail and typed in the seller's name, wanting to pull up the order details so she could contact him. But when she did so, another email popped up, one in her junk mail folder. The subject line read "Supplement Dosage Instructions", it was dated the day after her order had arrived. She quickly opened it up to read its contents:

Hello, Ms. Peterson.

I apologize for the inconvenience, but as I'm sure you've noticed the supplements that I mailed to you yesterday did not have the dosage instructions with them. I had thought I'd stuck the

printout in the box before I sealed it, but then I found it laying on the floor yesterday. I hope you haven't consumed any yet! Attached is a scan of the dosage instructions.

Cheers,

EBAYDUDE8008

She frantically opened the attached pdf, to read the dosage instructions.

Dosage: An average woman should take no more than 1 pill per week. Women with multiple infants, may require 2 pills per week. Results typically occur within 3 weeks of consuming the first dose. In the case of an over dose please call...

But she couldn't read the number. The paper had crinkled, making the phone number illegible in the seller's scanned photo. She started to panic. One pill per week was the normal dosage. She'd done far more than that. She'd consumed 7 months of pills within 14 days. "Oh Fuck...Oh Fuck...Oh Fuck..." She said to herself as her panic attack set in. She looked at the calendar on the wall. Tomorrow would be 21 days since she'd taken that first pill. *Results typically occur within 3 weeks.*

"What the fuck do I do!" She yelled. She immediately typed back a response to the email seller, asking him to send her the phone number that had been unreadable on the scan. She hit send and then sat back in her chair. That was all she could do, she'd just have to wait for him to respond.

As she sat there, she felt a new sensation on her nipples. "Oh god...no!" She cried, as she stood and ran to the bathroom. She stood staring in the mirror, her mouth agape. There at the end of each small nipple was a single drop of milk. "No!" She yelled, running her hands through her hair in frustration. The new sensation turned to pressure, as each drop fell off, being replaced by a new one. "Fuck...I...I guess I have to do this" She groaned.

She walked forward and leaned over the sink. With fingers around each nipple she gently tugged until she felt release. Like two tiny fountains each nipples started to spray tiny jets of milk into the sink. She sighed with audible contentment, as the pressure fell away, her milk having been drained.

Feeling exhausted with the stress of the predicament she was in, she went to bed, collapsing on to the mattress, and immediately falling asleep.

She woke early next morning, to the light sound of liquid gently spraying. "What? What the fuck is...oh shit..." She sat up and discovered the source. Each nipple was spraying a number of tiny streams of milk, the pressure having built up over night that her body had triggered an automatic let down. She stood up and looked at the bed, the entire mattress and all the sheets were soaked. "Goddamit" She thought as she rushed into the bathroom.

Once more, leaning over the sink, she milked herself until the sprays stopped. She had to admit that it did feel quite satisfying to milk herself. Each tug on her nipple filled with pleasure but also the feeling of release, of a pressure being slowly lifted. As she watched the milk drain out of the sink, she took off her pyjama top, and inspected herself. Her breasts, just like the days before, had grown slightly larger, now a double-F cup. Now though her nipples had swollen, each pink

and engorged. "Damn...they do look good" She muttered as she swung her torso around each way, inspecting her body. Round and firm they sat high on her ribcage, like two grapefruits. She reached forward and squeezed one nipple, a jet of milk shooting forward onto the mirror. She sighed. 'I could do without that, but I guess we'll just have to deal with it'

Her day was a stressful one. While she did enjoy the stares she got from the male onlookers she passed, every time she worried was it because of her tits, or because she was leaking milk. Throughout the day she found herself taking frequent bathroom breaks, rushing to relieve the pressure building in her boobs, hoping that each time she'd have a little bit longer before the next required milking. Unfortunately, it went the opposite, each time coming sooner than the last.

As she walked into her apartment at the end of the day, she sighed as she stripped away her clothes. The drive home had been too long, and she'd soaked her whole outfit as she rushed to get home. After a thorough milking in the bathroom, she returned to her room to put on some comfortable clothes. There she found the remains of her bed from this morning. "Shit...right" She said, before stripping the sheets. She would have to find a solution before bed time.

A few hours later, with the bed fitted with fresh sheets, she stood in the bathroom. The idea had come to her an hour ago, and while she didn't know if it would work, it was the best she had. In her hand she held two clothes pins. She'd found them in a drawer full of junk. She didn't remember buying them, and reasoned that they'd probably belonged to the previous tenant. She didn't care, she just hoped they did the job.

After milking herself one last time for the evening, she took each clothespin and clasped it around her nipple. She winced in pain as they clamped down onto her flesh. After a few seconds of heavy breathing, she got used to the sensation and then decided to test her plan. With both hands she grabbed one breast and squeezed it, rubbing along the flesh towards the nipple. Moments ago this would've rewarded her with heavy streams of milk that would've covered her vanity. But now...nothing. She smiled; the clothespins would do their job, keeping her nipples clamped shut overnight.

As she laid in bed, she laughed at the comicalness of it all. Her with her nipples in clothespins, which poked up through the sheets quite dramatically. She rolled over and slowly went to sleep. Everything would be ok, she thought. This milk thing was just a little inconvenience that she would overcome.

The next morning, she awoke to an incredible surprise. She opened her eyes, and gasped, as the sheets in front of her rose dramatically away from her body. She pulled away the blankets and stared in shock. The clothespins had done their job well; she and the sheets were still dry. As she looked down at herself, she could see her nipples were enormous, swollen and an angry colour of red, but no milk leaked out of them.

That's not to say that her body had just stopped producing milk, far from it. With her nipples clamped tight, the milk had been forced to go elsewhere...namely into her fluid absorbing implants.

"So big..." She said under her breath as she started down at her now expansive chest. Each had grown incredibly overnight. What had been grapefruits, were now large watermelons, each

firm and deliciously round. She stood and nearly fell over, their incredible heft throwing her completely off balance. She caught herself on the bed and then with a grunt, righted herself. With one hand supporting each of them she had recovered her mobility, as she carefully made her way to the bathroom.

She could do nothing but stare as she took in her reflection. Her enormous jugs dominated her frame, sticking out almost a foot from her body. They still sat high on her chest, but due to their size they almost reached her navel now. She couldn't see her arms at all, except where her hands were visible reaching up from under her tits to support them.

Her nipples had grown very large overnight, each the size of a cork cut in half. As she looked at them in the mirror, she could visibly see them pulse, as the milk below tried to push its way out, but the clamps were strong. She let go with her hands, and let them fall. They only sank an inch, before settling in front of her. She reached up and traced her hands along her globes of flesh. The skin was taut and shiny, not surprising considering the rate that she'd grown. In the mirror now she could see that a number of blue veins had appeared on the front faces of each breast, some visibly pressing against the surface.

"This...this is crazy!" Was all she could say. They had grown far beyond what her goal had been with these expanding implants, and yet...she didn't hate it. Their weight, the way they exaggerated her frame. For some inexplicable reason, it just felt...right.

"Well, now that I'm up, no need to keep these on" She said, reaching forward and pulling the clothespins off her breasts. The letdown response was immediate, each nipple spraying milk with the force of a super soaker. She caught herself on the sink as she immediately doubled over, moaning loudly. She hadn't been able to feel the pressure that had built up, but now that it was being released it was heavenly.

She leaned with her elbows on the edge of the sink, each hand reaching up to tug on her nipples. It seemed like her milk was endless, and so she tugged harder and faster. The incredible sensations soon had her body shaking as an orgasm emanated through her, starting from her nipples and working its way throughout her entire being.

After a few minutes, the spray of milk subsided, leaving only a slow dribble. With a few final squeezes she forced the last of the liquid out of her, and then stood up. "Goddamn! That was incredible!" She looked down at the sink and laughed. Though the drain was open, the rate that she'd been producing milk had filled the sink almost to the brim. She watched as it slowly drained away, forming a small whirlpool in the bottom of the sink.

She turned from the bathroom, and headed back out into the main room. She had to lean back as she walked, adjusting for the heaviness of her new jugs.

"Alright well, I'm definitely not going into work like this..." She said as she gazed down at the valley of cleavage that opened before her. She'd never seen tits this big before, and she was in awe at the pure femininity they proclaimed. Not to mention the cups of milk that she was able to produce.

She slowly plodded her way over to where her phone sat on the kitchen table. She walked with both hands on the back of her hips as she walked, finding it necessary for her to keep balance. She grabbed her phone and dialed. The voice of the doctor answered. "Ms.

Peterson! How are you doing? It's only been a few days since you were in, have you achieved your desired size?"

She looked down at her 10" wide tits, the ends of the blue veins she'd seen on the front just barely visible as they snaked up over the top. "...mmm...almost, doctor. I was actually just calling to find out...if...if I go too big...is there a way to shrink them?"

The doctor chuckled. "Why of course my dear, any excess fluid can be pumped-"

"Ok great, bye!" She interrupted him mid-sentence, then hung up.

She made her way back to the bathroom, and grabbed the clothespins off of where she'd left them on top of the toilet. "Back you go!" she said excitedly, as once more she clamped them over the end of each nipple.

Then she returned to the living room, grabbed her phone and sat on the couch. She fired off a quick text to Marcus, informing him that she needed his help and it was an emergency. Then she sat back and waited, feeling the pressure begin to build once more underneath her clamped nipples.

Marcus sprinted out of the elevator, and ran down the hallway. He'd only been to Ramona's apartment once before when he'd dropped off a coat that she'd forgotten at the bar. He nearly walked past her place, before he caught himself and turned back around.

He reached for the doorknob, but then thought better of it. He didn't know how serious this emergency was, so he'd better knock to be safe. Three quick raps on the door, and then he waited. "Come innnnn" Came Ramona's voice from inside. Marcus paused, she didn't sound like she was in an emergency. His curiosity got the better of him, and he turned the knob and entered. He was immediately glad he did.

There was Ramona sitting on the couch. Her arms were spread out along the back of the couch, and her head was leaning over the back. Her face was gritted into a look of discomfort, her eyes shut tight. As he walked closer he could see sweat on her brow. But that was the last thing that he was concerned about.

His focus was drawn to her two enormous breasts. With her leaning back on the couch, each round globe stuck straight out into the air, gently rising and falling in time with her heavy breathing. They were each easily a foot in diameter, the flesh taut and firm, the skin shiny. Then he noticed her nipples. Each was enormous and deep pink. They visibly throbbed against their containment, a pair of clothespins clamped tight around the ends of each. Bright blue veins surrounded them, pulsing with that same rhythm.

"Ramona...what...what the fuck is going on?" He said, his face aghast.

Ramona opened her eyes and smiled at him, then responded in between laboured breaths. "Oh hey...Marcus...the supplements...worked...my breasts...are engorged...with milk" She leaned her head back and closed her eyes once more, teeth gritted in pain.

“Jesus christ...” He said, placing a hand on his forehead in shock. “If they’re engorged then...why don’t you release it. Why do...that” He said pointing at the clamps.

She answered this time without lifting her head, her face still focusing against the discomfort. “If...the milk...stays in...my implants...absorb it...that’s why....they are...this huge!” She emphasized this last point by slapping her hands against the size of their titanic forms. The flesh was so taut that it didn’t even jiggle from the impact.

“Oh wow...that’s intense” He said, still reeling from the entire situation. “Are you sure you don’t want me to take those off? It looks like you’re in a lot of pain...”

“Yeah ok...I need...a break...help me up” She reached out a hand, which he quickly stepped forward and took. With a pull he hauled her up off the couch. She stood there for a moment, leaning heavily backwards, eyes closed, before she started walking towards the bathroom. She stopped in front of the sink and looked at it for a moment. Then she shook her head “That won’t be big enough”

She turned and eased herself towards the tub, then kneeled resting her tits on the edge of the porcelain. She turned to Marcus sheepishly. “I...I can’t reach them. Can you take them off?” He nodded, still mesmerized by the entire scene. “Yeah...yeah sure” He leaned over her and gently pried loose the pair of pins clamped around her nubs. With a heavy moan her face visibly relaxed, and almost immediately twin jets of milk shot out of her. She leaned forward resting her head atop her tits, as the milk shot out of her at an astounding rate. After a few seconds of revelling in the flow, she reached down and pulled her panties down from around her waist.

“Marcus...there’s another reason that I called you here” She purred seductively.

He looked at her “What...what’s that?” He asked, unsure if she really meant what he thought she did.

She turned and looked at him, and gave him a smile. “Come lay down on the floor...between my legs”

Obediently he got down and laid his head between her legs. “Ramona are you sure about this...’ But before he could say anything else, she lowered herself onto him, filling his mouth with her soaking pussy lips. “Mmm that’s better” She moaned as she began to grind back and forth on his open mouth.

Marcus couldn’t see anything, just the underside of her torso gyrating above him, but he could hear her moans, and the sound of her milk spraying on the bathroom tile. This was not how he had expected this day to go. But sometimes you have to roll with the punches he thought, as he ventured his tongue deep into her vagina. She let out a hiss of pleasure at this, and ground herself deeper into his face. He began to struggle underneath her, the feeling of which pushed her over the edge. She cried out as an orgasm hit her, and her milk began to gush out with even greater ferocity.

As her release subsided, so did her milk, her mighty reserves having finally been drained. She lifted herself off of Marcus, who sucked in a deep breath desperately. “Ramona! I couldn’t breathe!” He protested.

She slowly got to her feet. "...Sorry Marcus, I was...focused on other things. Hey, take a look at that" She said pointing at the tub. Marcus got up and looked. She'd filled it almost halfway. "Christ, Ramona...You made all that milk? That's insane..."

"Insanely hot, right?" She said nudging him.

He nodded. "I mean...yeah!"

She walked out of the bathroom, over her shoulder she asked "Hey, I'm hungry, you mind ordering some food?"

Marcus nodded absentmindedly, still staring at the tub of milk, slowly draining away now. "Sure...Sure, whatever you want" He picked up his phone and dialled the nearest pizza joint, and ordered.

After he hung up he walked out and found her back on the couch. She was resting with her breasts sitting in her lap. Now that they'd been drained, her veins and nipples had ceased their angry throbbing, but each tit was still impossibly round and firm. Each nipple had a constant dribble of milk coming out of it now, despite having just been milked.

"You're...you're leaking" He said awkwardly. She nodded, resting her head on her fist, with her arm on the back of the couch. "Yeah, I think enough of the supplements have kicked in now that my milk ducts are just constantly producing milk now."

He shook his head in awe. "How many did you take?!"

She grinned. "All of them" Her eyes flicked down to his waist "So...you like them?" She asked coyly. Marcus looked down to see his erection showing through his pants. He blushed and gave her an embarrassed smile "Yeah...I do like them, they're...wow. They're the biggest tits I've ever seen!"

She held up a hand to stop him "Biggest tits you've seen so far" She corrected him.

He tore his eyes away from her jugs to look her in the face. "Wait...you don't mean..."

She nodded "Yes, I do. Could you be a dear and grab the clothespins from the bathroom"

"Ramona...they're already so big. Are you sure you want to go bigger?"

She sighed. "Listen Marcus, if you're not on board with growing my tits as big as they can possibly get, then that's fine, I can find someone else. I just thought with how you looked at me the other night that you'd be game" As she spoke she idly caressed the tops of her enormous globes. In the background the steady stream of milk could be heard hitting the floor.

Marcus shook his head. "No, no, I'm all in, Ramona. This is clearly turning me on" He gestured to his cock pressing against the fabric of his slacks. "I just wasn't sure if this was what you really wanted"

She looked at him straight in the eyes "Get the clothespins" Without a word he walked to the bathroom, and picked the pins off of where he'd left them and walked back to her on the couch. She gave him a devilish smile and nodded. Marcus returned the nod and placed the clothespins on each nipple. She let out a small whimper of pain as each one clamped tight over each nipple, but sure enough seconds later the steady stream of milk stopped.

Her pattern of heavy breathing had returned, as she felt the pressure build inside her tits exponentially faster this time. "Oh fuck...it's...much...stronger...now"

Marcus sat down beside her, and took her hand. "What can I do to help?"

She looked at him "I need...a distraction...if you know...what I mean" She gave him a smirk, before looking down at his crotch. Marcus smiled "Oh, can do"

Taking her by the hand he lifted her up, and then spun her around. She bent over, resting her round fleshy spheres on the couch. They were large enough that she could comfortably stand bent over supporting her top half on them. "Hurry...please...it's...intense" She panted.

In an instant Marcus dropped his trousers and stepped in behind her. He carefully spread her legs, and then reached under to feel her pussy. She was still dripping wet from him eating her out in the bathroom. With a smile he slid the tip of his cock into her.

"Oh fuck yes!" She cried out as he slid his cock into her. He grabbed her by the waist and began to thrust into her hard. Ramona braced herself with her hands on top of the couch as she let herself be fucked silly by Marcus. Below her, her enormous tits bounced slightly from the impact of his cock hitting deep within her. Her tension eased, her mind drawn to the wonderful sensation of their sex, and not focusing on the growing pressure within her tits.

Marcus himself was also having the time of his life. His eyes wide at the incredible form before her. Ramona, with her slim frame, bent over before him, and then below two impossibly round tits ballooning out from her. "Holy fuck, Ramona. You are so fucking hot!" He grunted as he continued to pound into her.

She giggled. "Mmm, I know I am, look at how big my tit's are...mmm" At her teasing he began to pound into her harder, leaning forward and adjusting his angle. Now each thrust rubbed directly against her G-Spot. "Oh shit..." She moaned as he repeatedly thrust into it, sending waves of pleasure through her. "Marcus...if you...keep doing that...Fuck!...I'm going...to cum!"

He leaned forward and grabbed a handful of her hair, pulling her head back. "Then cum for me" He hissed in her ear. She let out a cry and he felt her pussy clench around his cock as he continued to ram his meat into her. "Fuuuuuck" She cried as her orgasm raced through her. But her ecstasy didn't last long, as a newly intense pain followed in its wake. She opened her eyes and looked down at her tits.

The blue veins now traced their way all the way up the surface of her tits and were visibly pulsing against her skin, her body doing its best to feed her milk ducts. Her orgasm had triggered another let down, and her mammarys had gone into overdrive, but with her nipples clamped shut, the milk had only one place to go. As she felt the pressure build under her

nipples, she also felt herself slowly rise. She gasped, as she literally watched her tits now slowly swelling as her milk was absorbed into her implants.

Marcus hadn't yet noticed, as he had his eyes closed as he was still fucking her with all his might. It was only when she called out his name that he stopped. "Marcus, look!"

Marcus stopped and pulled out of her, his cock still hard and soaked with her juices. His eyes bulged as he took in the sight before him. In the past minute Ramona had grown considerably. He helped her stand and took her all in. Her breasts were the size of beach balls, sitting proudly atop her rib cage. Her nipples raged against the clamps that held them shut, her body still producing ludicrous amounts of milk. As she stood there before him, he realized that he could literally watch them grow, as they slowly expanded out before his very eyes.

Ramona's eyes were closed in concentration, as she stood with her back arched, bracing herself on the couch. Marcus, unable to help himself, reached out with both hands and placed them on her tits. She moaned with delight at the sensation of his touch. Her skin was warm and smooth, but the flesh itself was incredibly tight. He ran his hand across it, across the side and up to the front. As he neared the front he could feel the flesh thrumming beneath her skin, as her body worked to produce more and more milk. As his hands neared her nipples he stopped. Each was trembling constantly now, fighting against the clamps that held them shut.

"Ramona...do you want me to remove the pins?" He asked, his hands still resting against her enormous globes.

She shook her head. "Not big enough"

His already erect cock, twitched at the sound of her expression of greed. For a moment they both stood there in silence, watching her breasts slowly expand as milk continued to flood her already overfilled implants. Ramona broke the silence as she pouted. "This is taking too long. Marcus, I need another let down"

Marcus was hypnotised by her firm round tits that continued to slowly grow larger. "Wait...what did you say?"

She pushed herself off the couch, taking a moment to find her balance, before she began to walk to the bedroom "I said I need you to make me cum again, let's go"

Marcus watched with wonder as she slowly walked across the apartment, each arm doing its best to support her gigantic breasts. Marcus rushed after her, his cock still hard as steel.

When he entered the bedroom he found her on the bed on her knees, leaning forward resting atop her twin titans. "Hurry up Marcus!" She demanded. Obediently he hopped up and knelt behind her, not taking a moment to wait before he plunged his cock back into her. With his hands on her waist he began to thrust wildly into her, his mind in a frenzy at the sight of her enormous breasts spreading out below her. Ramona while enjoying the penetration found herself getting frustrated.

"Marcus...if you could just...lean forward...just a bit more...Ah Fuck!...There...That's the spot...Fuck me right there" Ramona's directions had resulted in direct stimulation from his cock to the spot that she knew would drive her over the edge. Marcus had had to lean forward so

much that he was now leaning over top of her, his hands no longer on her waist but instead resting on the backside of her enormous breasts. He could feel the milk flowing through them, as they slowly expanded beneath her.

"Come on...come on...Fuck me...come on!" She pleaded, as she felt her orgasm nearing but just out of reach. "Come on, Marcus, don't you want to see how big my tits can get!"

Marcus was driven wild with lust, pounding away mindlessly. At this rate he wouldn't last much longer himself.

Ramona felt her release build inside her, as the head of his cock continually rammed into her G-Spot. "Just like that, Marcus...just...just a little bit...OHHHHH" Her release hit her hard, and underneath them her tits shook.

Marcus felt his orgasm nearing when he felt himself being pushed up. He opened his eyes in shock. Her enormous jugs were swelling rapidly before their eyes. They were up to the size of yoga balls and continued to grow. Marcus's orgasm hit him then at the wondrous sight of her expanding breasts.

"Yes! Yes! Bigger!" She moaned as they swelled out and away from her. Marcus pulled out and got off the bed, walking over to the side to get a better view of what was happening.

Ramona was resting atop her breasts that visibly expanded each second. The veins snaking across their surfaces were pulsing rapidly, the demands of her milk ducts increased in intensity. Each tit was now four feet across and perfectly round. Ramona was lifted off her knees as she was raised ever higher by her growing breasts.

Suddenly there was the sound of a snap, and then another, followed by the sound of spraying liquid. "Nooo!" She cried. "The pins broke!" Marcus ran to the front of her and there on the bed lay the remains of the two clothes pins, snapped off by the undeniable pressure behind her nipples. Now each nub, the size of a shot glass, shot milk in a constant stream at the head board, like a pair of garden hoses.

Above Ramona began to sob "Nooo...I'm not big enough yet...Marcus....do something!"

Marcus looked at her, then back at her tits. His mind raced, and after a few seconds he knew there was only one thing to do. He hopped on to the bed, and quickly slid his body down in between her enormous tits. Being this up close it was incredible how huge they were. "Marcus Please!" Ramona's cries brought him back into focus.

Laying on his back, he reached out, and with each hand wrapped his fist around her nipples, and then squeezed as hard as he could. As he squeezed he could feel the flow of liquid slow, until it had reduced enough that he took his thumbs and placed them over top, capping them off. He'd managed to stop the flow, and once more her tits shook violently as the unending flow of milk rerouted itself back into her jugs.

"Marcus! You did it! Oh yesssss" She moaned, as once again her breasts began to lift her skyward. Marcus held on as tight as he could, feeling the pressure of the liquid pressing against his hands. The sound of the milk churning within her was audible now as her enhanced milk ducts pumped out gallons every second.

“Come on babies...keep growing for momma” She moaned, as now her feet were lifted from the bed, her entire body suspended by her tits. There was a heavy groan and snapping of wood, as Marcus felt the bed frame collapse below them. But still her breasts continued to grow.

Each of her tits was now 6' in diameter, and continued to thrum as milk continued to pump back into them. Ramona was no longer speaking, she had been reduced to just moans and giggles of glee, as her body was lifted higher and higher by her tits.

After a minute of this Marcus could hold no more. His hands could no longer grip with enough pressure to hold back the flood of milk that her breasts produced every second. As soon as he released them the spray resumed with the intensity of a firehose. Marcus quickly slid out from under her, to avoid drowning in the deluge of milk. Above he heard Ramona sigh as the pressure that she'd been suffering through was finally relieved. Her entire body was spread eagle on top of her tits, arms and legs resting on their round masses.

After a few minutes the sprays of milk reduced down to just a slow steady flow. Marcus got up on top of the bed, standing at the head, so he could see her face. “Ramona! How do you feel?”

She lifted her head from where she had buried it in her cleavage “Big, Marcus. I feel really big”

He laughed “You are really big! I'd say each breast is at least eight feet in diameter right now”

She squealed with delight. “Oooo, that's amazing! God they're so huge! I love it!”

Marcus nodded as he rested a hand on one of them. The flesh was just as firm as it had ever been, the implant below having expanded with all the milk she had produced. It was quiet for now, but he knew that soon enough the flow would resume.

“So what do you want to do now?” He asked. “You're...kind of stuck in here?”

She laughed. “A little bit. I need you to call the doctor; he said that he can drain excess fluid. That way he can get me back to a more manageable size...” She gave him a wink and a devilish grin “...and then we can do it all again.”

THE END