

Story Tags - F/F, MINI GTS, MACROMASTIA, APOCALYPTIC BREAST EXPANSION, HYPER LACTATION

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Jala's Never-Ending Macromastia

Interview I

By Keliadom

How is it that I find myself traveling to such a place, for such a subject? The road, if you could call that a road, is barely differentiable from the dry, brown looking soil of the local region. Here, in the vast emptiness that is the border between the countries of *T.* and *I.*, on the slope of one of the highest peaks of the region, with the nearby world's biggest inland mass of water stretching to the horizon, I spy my destination: a small bunker-like structure of thick cement protruding from the slopes of the mountain, overlooking a deep, immense crater-like valley. I take a moment to sit on a nearby rock, refreshing my throat with water from my gourd. A tremor shakes the ground. Since I've started my climb, I've been feeling these every half-hour or so. Small pebbles roll down the mountain slope in response, the cracking of stone echoing through the air.

A moment later, I continue on the path, reaching the entrance to the compound. The heavy metal door of the entrance is adorned with a single slit, currently closed off from the inside. On the side of it, a barely noticeable button, no doubt to ring. I press it. Immediately a loud, strident and blaring sound emanates from inside. Nobody could miss it. A minute passes.

The door slit suddenly snaps open.

"Yes?" a manly, deeply annoyed voice exclaims from the other side.

"Hi. Uhm. My name is Francisca Pérez. I'm here to report on the case?" I deeply hope my hesitation is going unnoticed. Tremors rock the mountains anew.

"Again!?" the voice says in response to the earth's trepidation. "You're late. Come in," the man finishes. The slit snaps shut. In rapid succession, the sound of scraping metal noises indicates a complicated mechanism being interfaced with on the other side. When the door finally opens, a draft of humidity, coupling with an earthy smell indicating mold, hits me. I enter the dark corridor, only for the door to immediately close. Behind me appears a squarely shaped man. To his side, a dusty chair of which only the seat was clean. No doubt he had been waiting there some time. Immediately, I sense his eyes on me, his scanning of my body unmistakable.

“Great, one more,” he proceeds to say with the utmost disdain. I make a note of it but elicit to ignore the remark. “Come with me, I will show you—*her*—” he continues saying, his broken English accent barely understandable.

We walk together down a claustrophobic corridor. Pipes and large cables adorn the ceiling, connecting and drifting apart according to the rooms we pass. We eventually reach the end of the corridor. On our right, an open door gives sight to a staircase leading down. I enter, thinking the man is following, only to hear my footsteps alone. I turn my head back.

“Just down these stairs. It’s straight forward you cannot get lost,” said the man from the doorway.

“Are you not coming down?” I ask.

“No. Then I would have to come back up. Please feel comfortable. You will find her at the end of the path. I will be back at the door last before the entrance. If you ever need anything, a snack, some water or whatever else, come get me.” On these words, the man leaves without even looking back. I continue down the metal stairs, my steps echoing through the stair shaft. As I approach the last floor down, I notice a different smell. A sort of sweet, milky fragrance fills the air. I make my way down another corridor, this one devoid of alternate paths or room. On the bottom right of the path is a sort of segmented grate. I can’t be certain but it seems to be filled with some sort of sand colored paste? Something, in any case, is pressing hard against the inside of it. When finally I happen upon a heavy metallic door, similar to the one at the entrance. The tremors start anew. This time, in synchronicity with dust falling from the ceiling, a deep, guttural moan vibrates my very core as it passes through the door, past me and down the way I came. It seems I have arrived.

I press the mechanical lever and successfully open the door.

“Hello? Jala Shirazi?” The words barely left my throat, apprehensive of the sight awaiting me. My heart pounds terribly. In the center of the room stands a giant woman of incomprehensible proportions. Her skin has the slightly darker tint of the women in these parts, her aquiline nose confirming her origins. The room, which in all respect should have been a great hall, finds itself completely filled by the form. Atop two large mounds of piled up flesh, protruding from between them, is the woman’s upper body. Closer to me, her foot, the size of my torso, rests on the floor ahead of me, with her leg disappearing inside the folds of skin. Her ass appears high above my head, while her legs straddle the middle of the mass, squeezing it like a pear, with her back and head hunching down, trying to find space with great difficulty. Her hair trails behind her almost all the way down to the floor, overgrown and unkempt. When they had told me that Jala was taller than the

average woman, I did not expect them to mean three times bigger! Only now do I realize what my eyes perceive: the fleshy, piled-up masses are her breasts! The entire room is filled with her chest! I can't even see their end as they disappear between open grates in the floor, the depths of the holes unknown.

"A visitor?" Jala looks at me with barely contained boredom. I must be the first one from the outside here in a while.

"Ms. Shirazi? My name is Francisca Pérez. I'm a biologist. I've been called by the institute of medicine of L. to report and gather data about your condition.

Immediately, Jala laughs, her voice a few octaves lower than most, no doubt because of her size. "Ms... Pérez, was it?" she asks while looking back at me, freeing her hand from a fold of piling breast so as to move her hair away from her face. "What do you know?"

"Only that you are a biological case study. Words had reached us that a woman has what should be an impossible case of macromastia. It was only after contacting the local provincial authority that we finally pried out of their mouth that you were here, kept for study. I have to ask you: are you here against your will?"

The woman laughs.

"Prisoner!? Ah ha, oh no, I'm far from that... I'm... UNGH!" Jala suddenly closes her eyes. She places her right hand on her mouth, biting her finger softly as she tries her best to stifle a horrendous moan of pleasure. The breasts move, creeping slightly closer towards me. I feel the tiles on the ground rise up and down as if a terrible beast was banging on the floor under me. Blue veins momentarily appear on the masses before receding. Jala Shirazi's breathing slows down before she turns back to me: "I'm not a prisoner, I'm here of my own free will, even if they think they have me contained."

"Ms. Shirazi..." I interrupt her, my heart racing, unable to understand what just happened.

"Jala, call me Jala."

"Jala, what was that?" I ask her. She looks back at me with amusement.

"Ah. I'm sorry. You're the first new face in a while. I'm so used to my growth spurts now they don't register anymore for me." She moves herself slightly, no doubt seeking a more comfortable position on the room-sized pillows that were the very beginning of her breasts. Jala points her finger to a place behind me. I

follow her index with my eyes only to see a small wooden chair, which I immediately use.

“Well, what do you need to know?” she asks of me as I sit down.

“I suppose,” I start, looking down at my folded notebook, ready to write, “from the beginning? The man I met at the capital told me you’ve been like this for... 18 years?”

“19 and a half. I’ve sort of lost count of the days, but Safan, the guy you probably met at the entrance, told me we’re close to my 39th birthday.” If Jala had not told me her age, I would have never guessed it. Perhaps because of the relative darkness, but her skin shows no signs of aging, with nary a wrinkle in sight, except perhaps a slight excessive malnourishment, as her apparent ribs and boney legs show me.

“You don’t mind if I take notes, do you?” I ask her.

“Of course not,” she tells me with nary a thought, “I’m not sure you’ll be able to use them, though.”

I pay no heed to the comment. “So, this is real. Your breasts. They’re still growing?”

“Oh little miss. If only you knew...” Jala’s eyes close anew. I look around as the walls start shaking. She pants and moans as her hips move back and forth, grinding against the mass of breasts. I could swear that the part of them that escapes the opening in the ground took more space. “Not much time now,” she whispers, “they’re becoming too frequent.”

“The shakes?” I ask her. “I suppose you’ve noticed them too. The world over has been mentioning earthquakes of different intensities in quantities unheard of previously.” It’s true. While discussing with a colleague that works in geology, they had explained to me a recent uptick in background tremors.

“No. I mean, yes, but no, not the tremors. My growth spurts,” she explains. Her wording seems to imply that her growth spurts are the tremors. I can but assume her English is not up to par, and something got lost in translation.

“Tell me everything.” I bite my lip, desperate to know more about what my eyes are seeing.

“Do you have a bit of time? I’m not sure—I—do, but perhaps telling you the whole thing would get a load off my shoulders,” she explains to me.

I put my pen on my notebook: "I'm all ears."

"You have to believe your eyes, Francisca." Her voice was sweet, caring even. "I'm telling you the truth. I've been stuck here for years now. But not for much longer."

—*Is she planning to escape?*—I ponder. I start to write in my notepad, if only to show I'm listening.

"It started quite a while ago. I was 21, then. I lived mostly by myself and was just finishing my degree at the University of B. I rented a 2-bedroom apartment for cheap on the outskirts of the city." Jala's eyes close, pondering as to what to say next. "I used to be almost flat chested, you know?" I look at her, slightly surprised.

"How—flat—are we talking about?" I ask her.

"I wore an 'A' cup."

"That's on the lower end, but isn't too bad." Or the *athletic* look as I like to call it.

"No, it's fine. Or was fine. I had no problem with my size. I'm much taller now, but even back then I was on the higher end and slim. So they fit my frame." I can see Jala visibly becoming more comfortable as she reveals more details. "Anyhow, as I was saying, I had just been done with my degree. The first thing I noticed was a discomfort in my chest, coupled with a general increase in sensitivity."

"Neurological dysfunction can cause that," I explain to her.

"Well, whatever it was, all I know is I just couldn't stop touching myself. I've always had prominent areolas and nipples despite my cup size. So it didn't occur to me right away that something was wrong." A small pressure appears between my legs as I think of how those breasts must have looked.

"What kind of touching do you mean?" I know the kind, but I want her to say it.

"Well, the first time I noticed something might be wrong was on a day I was cooking. I was preparing myself some very mundane couscous, wearing a loose blue striped shirt. I can remember it vividly. I think I made a strange movement or something that had the effect of having my shirt rub my right nipple just a bit..." Jala pauses for a second.

“And then?” I press her to continue.

“And then... pleasure rammed into me with force I remember crossing my legs. I felt my areolas and nipples harden like never before while I dropped the plate of couscous on the counter. I didn’t even care and just sat down with my legs sprayed out, circling my nipples with my fingers. Took me probably five or ten minutes before I came.” I elicit to say nothing of her vivid description and note everything down. “After that, it became a daily affair. My nipples just became permanently erect, fat as my thumbs... and shortly after, the growth started.”

“How did you notice it first?” I ask her.

“When I saw the top and side of my breasts overflowing my A-sized bra. I had continued to wear it as tight as possible to prevent any sort of friction on my fully erect nipples. So I went to buy the next cup up... then the next... and the next.”

“From A to D?”

“From A to E, in about a month. My areolas and nipples had become fully bloated. Even with the latest bra, my areola was so prominent you could see the side of it probing out the side and top, with a really large indentation where each of my nipples pushed against the inside of the bra.” Jala sighs. “I thought perhaps that it would stop. Delusions. Early in the second month, I woke up, my bed damp... I had started to lactate during the night.”

I nod: “It seems that what you’re describing is just what pregnant women go through.” At that speed, though, it’s something I’ve never heard of.

“I thought the same,” says Jala, “I took more than one pregnancy test, but no positive results. That’s when I scheduled to see a doctor. At first, it was just a few constant drops, regularly, every minute. I was able to manage it with absorption pads. But every time I masturbated, still so fucking horny from my sensitive nips, I could feel the pressure at the base of my teat increase.” Jala’s face was becoming flustered.

“Did it hurt?” It must have. I thought back to my biology class. We studied a disease called macromastia for a while. I remember the pictures of reddened skin, of women in terrible conditions.

“No. In fact...” her head bows down, a smile on her lips, “it was—very—pleasurable.” She whispers that last word with a barely concealed intensity. I bit my lip again. Jala continues: “It was so intense, even for me they became the center of pleasure, my raging clit be damned. It’s like my body was overflowing with raw hormonal discharges. Every day, at least once, I had to stimulate the areolas, and

ram myself to a deep orgasm. It was instinctive at this point. Compulsive even. Every time, I told myself it was the last. After two months, it had become unmanageable. I stopped buying new bras, as the growth rate made it feel pointless to purchase a new one just to have to fork money again a few days later. At this point, I spent my days in the bathroom. The bottom of my breasts had reached my thighs, my nipples now like three of my fingers together, just streaming out milk constantly, probably around eight to ten jets for each. I almost didn't even need to touch myself anymore to achieve pleasure. There was one day I spent the day looking at them, squeezing my left breast against the cold tiled wall of the bathroom, lining up a nipple with the side of a tile. It wasn't perceptible, but after a few moments, there definitely was an increase in size. You know, like when looking at the moving shadows of the sun?" I look at Jala as she bows down her head. A sort of humbleness draping over her features. "I just couldn't take it, so I started hiring male escorts."

I sit upright, attentive. "Did... something happen?" I ask her.

"I wanted to see how people would react. The first time, I had messaged the escort that the door would be unlocked, and I decided to stand up over the tiled floor of the bathroom, since there was a drain in the middle of it. You should have seen his face when he saw me: I had my two hands behind my head, leaning back as to balance my center of gravity, with these fucking fat tits that stretched down to the top of my knees. They were mostly spherical in the lower half, while the rest already showed signs of extended skin, with fist-sized nipples that just poured out milk, the top of my toes covered with the rampant stream. He just fell to his knees, instantly erect." Jala laughs. She gyrates her hips at the thought. "He spent hours drinking me, fucking me, choking on my nipples. I lost count of my orgasms. By the time the sun set, I had to task him with helping me unclog the drain, overflowing with my cunt juices and mostly my milk. I could see him panic as he tried his best with the plunger while I lay behind him, just streaming my milk with even more force than before as I came for another countless times. Fuck it was great."

The tremors begin anew. I can see it now. The entire area shakes while her breasts seem to plunge deeper in the shaft under her, pulsating with life and growth. Cunt water seems to fall from her midsection—*definitely vaginal lubricant*—I think to myself. I can't help but notice the coincidence of the quake with her growth.

Jala continues, unapologetic, "Anyway, that's when this madness started..." she pauses for a second, her eyes then looking straight at me with what felt like ravenous intent: "... and never stopped since."

“Did word get out after this first time?” I press her on for more details. The rising intent in my loins indicates that I need to get this discussion on. There’s a need to wipe off the lustful images prodding at the back of my mind. I need to concentrate.

Jala Shirazi climbs a bit more on top of her mounds, her immense size shaking the room as she moves, this time turning on her side like one would on a couch. I notice for the first time how Jala’s chest has these monstrous masses of stretched skin that pile down for a few feet before immediately fattening up down to the mass I see in front. It seems this allows her a bit of movement. She continues: “Sort of. The escort was so flustered, he immediately came back with two friends. I plugged each in the mouth with my nipples, burying their heads in my massive areolas while I fucked the first one. It was amazing. They came to visit every day for a week.”

“And what about the doctor’s appointment?” I ask, remembering she said she had booked one.

“Well, a week later, it was time for me to go. I had two of the escorts help me. Each one carried a breast, barely able to hold their weight, like two helpers at a wedding carrying the long drapes of a just-married woman. When I stood up, they now reached just above my feet, probably 150 cm long or such. It was difficult for me to walk since the downpour of milk would wet the ground instantly, not unlike a water hose. By holding them away from me, it definitely helped. We got in a pickup driven by another of their friends, and went straight to the private clinic. They set me up in the back, with both the ends of my breasts hanging just slightly over the edge so as to eject the milk outward.”

“So, were you able to find help?”

“From the doctors? No, not at all. The moment I entered the clinic, fully nude, with my breasts spraying milk around in a multitude of streams from my fuck-off huge nipples, I basically short-circuited everyone’s brain. The doctors came to help immediately, only to basically fall on their knees to suck at me, men and women. After ten minutes, the entire room was a full on orgy.” As she says that, I look inward to my own feelings. The sweet smell I had noticed earlier was now more potent. It penetrates me with deep intent. I can’t think straight.

“And Jala... it’s not just your breasts that are huge.” I have to ask her about the size of her body.

“My height you mean? That comes a bit later. I suppose in retrospect I could feel it coming: my body was just full of energy. In any case, we didn’t even go back to my home.”

“You stayed in the area?”

“I just stayed right there in the waiting room of the clinic. The orgy took hours, you see. By the time I was done riding a person, another had recuperated. There were still more clients entering the room too, adding to their numbers. I lasted there for weeks! Just constantly fucking and growing. Only a few days after I arrived, they couldn’t even take a full nipple in their mouth, which I recall comparing to my ankle, and finding it bigger. Just constant unending streams at their end, now numbering to about 20 to 30 per teat, each about 30 centimeters. The room was steamy from the constant sex, with everyone having to wade through piles of thick milk seeping outside. Thankfully, the main sewer grate after the main door took care of most spills.” I decide to get up, and approach Jala.

As I get closer, her size becomes apparent. Her foot itself looks like the size of my torso if not my body. It’s unclear as most of it is hidden inside her coiled masses of breasts. Her leg pops up a bit above, with a bent knee, causing her thigh to disappear back into the masses. I meet her gaze and place a hand on her skin. She smiles deviously.

“Oh Ms. Pérez. Careful. You have—no—idea what you’re playing with.” I could feel an intense pulse under her skin. Her heartbeat? The throbbing of her milk glands as it pushed the liquid to unknowing depths? I can’t tell. “OOOH HMMMM!” Jala moans deeply. A huge tremor shakes the building as I get pushed back, the mounds of skin gorging in size instantly.

“As you say. Just the smallest amount of touch starts you off.” I can’t help but be scared. Jala pants for a minute, the vibrations diminish as she opens her eyes anew.

“First... first let me continue my story. I want you to know. I want you to understand... the pleasure... the situation!” I sit on a grate, feeling the pulse from her mass of breast underneath. How much of the place does she fill I wonder? Jala continues: “It didn’t take more than a month for the clinic to blow apart at the hinges from my breasts. After a few days of non-stop orgy, my chest pushed the chairs of the waiting room apart, without even having had to move. Again a few days later, with my back against the wall, I could fill the tip of my almost meter¹ long nipple rubbing the wall upfront the building. We were all in the room that day, waiting for the event. Tens of people, cramped as they could between my ceiling high areolas and the wall, a measuring tape in hand as the milk spraying nipple plastered the side of the room with multiple almost wrist thick jets. They told me, since I couldn’t see them by now, how one held a measuring tape between the top

¹ 39 in.

of my teat and the surface of the wall, eyeing as the nipple grew, centimeters by centimeters, until it lightly touched the side..." Jala pauses.

"I assume it was pleasurable?" I say, almost fully in heat by now.

"I came straight away like a firehose, full force. The nipples then *slammed* the wall with brute force, my areola bursting with size as it inflated, pinning everyone in place. I could feel the milk coursing through my hundreds of glands, each of them felt as if my clitoris was on fire. I grabbed my breasts, feeling my body move against it as I grew a few centimeters. I screamed, I yelled as I felt the wall give way, the fresh air giving me renewed breath. XEven as I heard screams of terror from outside, I couldn't stop moaning."

When was that, I wonder? If what she says is true, then there's no way we wouldn't have heard until now. Someone's breasts growing in pure unstoppable hedonism? Yeah, for certain we would have known. I surprise myself looking back at the door I came through, wondering if I made a mistake in coming here.

"I can see you're puzzled. It's as I said before: people just quickly came back to indulge. Emad, one of the original escorts, showed me with his phone what people were filming: my breasts growing across the street, smashing with brute strength into a nearby office, buckling the brick walls with ease. I could barely focus as I came. I grabbed Emad's head with just the palm of my hand, forcing my tongue in his mouth. That's when I noticed I had grown taller."

"I have to ask, that seems awfully fast compared to your previous descriptions. And you say that's... a few months after your initial growth?"

"About. It took around 3 days until I had the entire town under my influence. The average person didn't last more than a minute looking at my milk spewing teats before orgasming." That speed made no sense to me. She's clearly still growing and well encased, and we're years after. Something must have slowed her down. My mind briefly wanders to the tremors. It can't be... "If we could find one of the original phones, we'd be able to see the footage as in just under a week, my breasts grew over most houses. The nipples had expanded larger than most cars. Each stream of milk was powerful enough to be a danger, soaking the ground to no end and leaving marked lines through the soil with all the weight of the world. Lower areas flooded. One video Emad showed me has the bottom of my puffed out areola 'stepping' on the roof of an empty house, cracking it like splinters while the milk jets pushed planks of wood apart, tearing them from their joints. At that point, I assume they must have been 10 to 15 meters² in height, their spherical form harder to retain. You might say I had become a hazard..."

² ~33 to 49 ft

“Obviously,” I concur.

“That’s when the state arrived with a team dressed from head to toe in hazmat suits.”

“Did you affect them too?”

“No. But it didn’t change much. I learned the entire area was under a full lockdown: no one would be able to come in or leave, and no information could filter through the local net. Apart from that, they were at a loss. The few government drones that tried their luck removing the suit immediately lost their sanity to sexual bliss. This continued for a year. They kept trying to erect barricades, limiting the amount of contact my ever more sensitive nipples sent back to me, trying to keep the way clear. But Francisca, you can’t imagine. Every minute by now, it felt more pleasurable. Every moment that passed was more and more sensitivity being added onto my monstrously growing nips. Just the bare wind was like someone rubbing me dearly. Within a few months, they had slowly pushed out of the neighborhood first, eventually the city. My body, as if trying to keep up, kept growing. Everyone had been imprisoned or evacuated and I was desperate for sex. The nights that I just yelled and moaned for someone to fuck me, touch me.”

No doubt because of a mix of her tale and my current state, but I get up and approach Jala. I feel I have to get closer, and so attempt to climb her closest breast. I put my foot on a crease of piled skin.

“OOH Francisca. Where are you going? Mmmmm...” The moment I climb, I start hearing ever faster thumping noises from underneath the flesh. I grasp at a fold, only to slip and fall in a crack of skin. I sink for a few meters, and pass by her body sized thigh. I feel it tensing as she extends her leg under me then upward, bringing me back up. Jala folds her leg towards her torso and I finally land on top of where her breasts connect to her chest. Her face, up close, is enormous, at least 2 meters in diameter.

“I just wanted to get closer to talk.” Jala laughs at my obvious lie. Her enormous tongue darts out as it passes over her lips. “I’m almost done with my tale. It won’t be long now. Try and be still.” Her hand appears above me, her thigh-sized index finger gracefully stroking the top of my hair. I sit down, resting my back against a bulging part at the top of her breasts behind me, the mound forming a comfortable chair not unlike a beanbag. Her body is warm and comfortable.

“Alright, I’m set.” Jala places her hands under her chin, her look one of intense lust.

“In the end, it wasn’t long until a full year had passed since I started to grow. By now, I was alone and isolated. But I didn’t mind much, I was too busy managing my orgasms. Even without active stimulation, it was now just a constant. Every few weeks they came in faster, with more intensity. For six months, every day, I had to walk backward a bit. With my breasts now becoming my full center of gravity, I felt on the edge of a massive being, and that was despite having become twice as tall as most! I remember near the end of that year, barely being able to take a step back without gushing cum all over with every step. Eventually I had gone up the nearby mountain slope, until I reached the very top and saw the impossible: my enormous breasts covering the entire area the town had been in. On the other side of the valley, on the opposite side of town, I could see my gargantuan nipples resting at a slight upward angle, pressing down against the other mountain. The jets of milk were visible from where I was and numbered in the hundreds. One particular morning, I remember listening intently through the sounds of the valley. There was nary a noise but the wind, some distant cry of birds but also a constant rumble. I eventually figured it to be the sound of the waterfalls created by my teats expressing.”

“I have to ask, were you left alone?” I rub my ankles, desperately trying to stave off the lust building in my loins.

“Mostly. Once the state had isolated me, they evacuated for their own safety. I sometimes saw glints of lights in the distance, which I’m certain was them looking through lenses towards me. But like I said before, I didn’t care. Sometimes, I would feel very vividly someone climbing. There was a particular one that I felt climb through the front of my right nipple. It must have been tens of meters³ tall by now, which would have made the climb arduous, not even accounting for the wetness. I cannot even imagine how long they must have been. I eventually could feel the person’s form pass through the bulbous mounds. FUCK it made me hard.” Jala closes her eyes at the thought. I feel the blood in her body pump faster as her flesh encroaches on my sides, pressing on both my shoulders and waist as I sink a bit more in her growing form. Large veins bulge out around me, the size of my wrist, before dampening back down under the skin. I can smell her cumming vaginal lube as she moans.

She continues, her eyes still closed: “They eventually reached the top, I think. Not long after, though, I stopped feeling them fully. Who knows what happened. Maybe they got carried away by a current of milk, maybe they fell in a milk duct, who knows. But the idea of me being a force of nature meant the world to me. I just wanted to keep growing despite all—OOH!” Jala moans again, quakes shaking us. I feel like I’m sitting on a giant vat of firm gelatine. “I can see it now,

³ ~33 ft

the image of my milk rising against the sides of my breasts, filling the valley up like when I filled the bathtub back home.”

I look around the room, it's dark, damp and warm. I'm not even fully conscious as I slide my hand down to unbutton my pants, pushing my fingers past the zipper. I feel my erect button, my lips, wet with envy, grasps on my digits. Still with her eyes closed, she brings her head slightly closer to me, her monstrous mouth almost at my feet. Her voice booms through me: “I wasn't hungry, I had no need, I was just in a constant state of orgasmic bliss!” She opens her eyes, a furious look of pleasure distorting her features. **“AND I STILL AM!”** Jala stamps down her hands on each side of me and pulls herself closer. She lunges with her mouth, her fat lips pressing on my torso as the massive muscle of her tongue presses on my face. Whatever inhibitions my body used to possess disappear: I excitedly scream as I tear my shirt apart, the buttons snapping broken. I remove my bra with demonic speed, leaving my modest breasts available to her ministrations. She makes her tongue into a more pointed shape, filling between my legs as she pushes against me, licking up to my neck then back down.

“JALA!” I scream and moan as I contort with pleasure. My brain is heavy, foggy. The thoughts barely follow one another. I just want her. She pulls back a bit, her thumb comes to replace her tongue. She continues her story: “More months passed, with my breasts now more than a couple of kilometers wide. The valley was now completely flooded, milk reaching so high they left the top of my breasts looking like small islands in a lake of whiteness.” I barely listen to her as I kick my pants away, rubbing my furious clit against the rough thumbprint of her index finger, grabbing it with both my hands.

“That was around 17 years ago, after 2 years of uninterrupted bliss. For months on end, my milk had poured into the earth, digging away at the soil, washing away to the bottom aquifer. The ground gave way. The weight of my chest became too much, and the whole thing collapsed. It took several days for the disaster to pass. You—CANNOT—imagine the pleasure I felt. Everything blurred as my nipples erected to the sky, angry and taut, the tubes of my milk ducts inside them so gorged I could see their shape near the base of my nipples, even at a distance. I SCREAMED AS THE VALLEY PERISHED.” I look at her while I ram my cunt with four of my fingers, my thumb pressing against my clit. At this point, I'm unsure if her form is changing, or if the shadows play tricks on me. Is Jala's body growing?

“I GASPED AS I WAS HIT OVER, AND OVER, AND AGAIN OVER WITH PLEASURE, AS MY BREASTS FULLY SANK BENEATH THE EARTH, SINKING DOWN TO THE VERY EDGE OF EARTH'S MANTLE.” Jala pushes me to the end of sanity as she licks me again, pressing me down her massive tits. Her sand-colored skin entombs me, her red tongue covers my torso as her lips hover over my head and

legs. A jet of lubricant escapes my cunt forcefully, ejecting directly into her mouth, a small drop for her, barely a tint of fragrance. Jala doesn't notice: her tongue presses against me harder. My legs shake, my hands unable to keep them in place as my chest heaves, trying to catch breath. I've never been so sensitive before. Something is going on, but I cannot think, I cannot focus.

I close my eyes, and feel two of her fingers around my waist. I lose my breath as she brings me up rapidly, her fingers like a large steel beam constraining my chest, as she deposits me on the very top of her breasts mounds, facing away from her. Jala's growing again. It feels as if she had been trying to contain herself, as if the previous growth spurts I saw were but little insignificant events compared to what was to come. Her eyes are now wide open, her tongue poking at the corner of her mouth, a vibe of insanity washing over us, with her as the center point. **"IT TOOK YEARS, BUT THE VALLEY YOU SAW WAS WHERE THE TOWN WAS. THE CONSTANT QUAKE AS I GREW FILLED IT IN WITH SHIFTING SOIL. THEY DECIDED TO WALL ME IN HERE. BUT I'VE KEPT GROWING: MY BREASTS SANK BENEATH ALL, IMMUTABLE AGAINST THE VERY HEAT OF THE CORE, MY MILK COOLING A SHELL AROUND THEM AS THEY DUG DOWN WITH JUST THE FORCE OF GRAVITY."** Jala spoke, but I barely register what she says. Something about replacing the mantle? The core? So the tremors all over the world. What... **"IT WAS SO DIFFICULT ALONE. NO ONE TO HELP ME. NO ONE TO STIMULATE ME."** I feel her nose pass between my legs, opening them up before mashing her tongue on my loins. **"BUT NOW YOU'RE HERE..."** I feel the tongue expand, its mass rapidly pushing on my arms and legs, spraying them out as it becomes almost like a bed under me. I turn around, her saliva like a lubricant facilitating my spin, matting my hair. —*She's huge!*—Finally awake, I panic: Jala's face looks almost twice as big, her body growing in rhythm with her heartbeats, pushing taller. The noise of heavy metal scraping against metal filled the chamber as the walls crack and bend. **"... FINALLY HERE FOR MY FINAL ORGASM!"** Jala closes her eyes; she screams: **"FUCK I'M CUMMMM... ..."** Her voice grows deeper as she keeps expanding, the flesh bubbling around me, pressing against the wall like dough as it takes more space. I fall backward, falling between cracks in her breasts, large veins the size of my legs audibly pumping their content, the sound of her milk glands overacting like a close yet distant waterfall. Everything is moving so much that I find myself pushed down a fold on her undulating, growing flesh. Like being pushed by the torrential current of water, I find my body projected with great speed in a direction. Only the vague feeling of gravity kept me aware of where the ground was relative to me. Jala's now deep, baritone moans are muffled by the tons of breast mass between me and her. Eventually, I spot part of a chair: the one I had sat on earlier! The door must be close by. As she filled up the room that much?

My hand stumbles upon the hinge of the door, by pure luck, yet no door is to be found: it has been torn out of its frame, no doubt the metal scraping sound I

heard earlier. Jala's moving mass of growing flesh pushes me out, throwing me down in the nude on the cold metal floor, a faint light of barely functioning neon lights illuminates the path—I'm back in the corridor. *The guard upstairs. I must warn him!*—Time is short.

“HA HA HA HA HA HA....” Jala's laugh trails my steps. Behind me, a wall of growing sand-colored flesh in rapid pursuit, filling the space from ceiling to floor. The grates on the side of the corridor, in front of me, are pushed out of their hinges as they overflow with more skin. The pipes on the ceiling break. A panel falls, revealing more of her—*Was she always everywhere around me?*—I reach the staircase to the first floor, finally, running up two stairs at a time, the bare soles of my feet slapping against the cold metal. Deep under me, at the base of the stairs, the floor splits open, instantly filled with Jala's breasts. At this point I doN't even look back. I just run. My breath is ragged. I reach the exit, but not before pushing the door to the guardhouse open.

“We have to run!” I yell at the guard, currently sitting down on a bent chair, reading a magazine, he barely looks up.

“I told you I wouldn't go down there. I knew this would happen.” I leave him be and pull the heavy metal door to the outside myself. “I always knew it would, one day!” his voice echoes in my back.

My foot sets down on a barely coherent soil: the quakes are apocalyptic. Standing up is barely possible. The clouds overhead are dark with a deep black intent. Far to the horizon, thick plumes of volcanic smoke lap at the skies. The nearby slopes tumble down in a landslide, revealing Jala's flesh for leagues around. Behind me, the bunker I was in suddenly finds itself completely snapped off its foundation as it leans up and away like a single block of cement, its bottom being pushed out full of steel girdles and pipes like the entrails of a metallic being, massive mounds of flesh pushing out of it and down into the ground, which itself is crumbling. I hold on to a giant boulder, hoping to find salvation as more and more I see Jala Shirazi's sandy breasts splitting the earth open, the red glow of magma illuminating the sky all the way to the horizon.

“UNGH! MORE! YES!”

Her voice is thunderous. I see her form appear out of the now crumbling shell of the bunker. She must be standing at least 30 or 40 meters⁴ tall. I barely hold on to a fold of breast as her skin surrounds me anew, the entire area of the region having been resurfaced by her growing mammaries. She walks on herself, towards me, her breasts having enough slack from her chest to allow her to move quite a

⁴ 98 to 131 ft

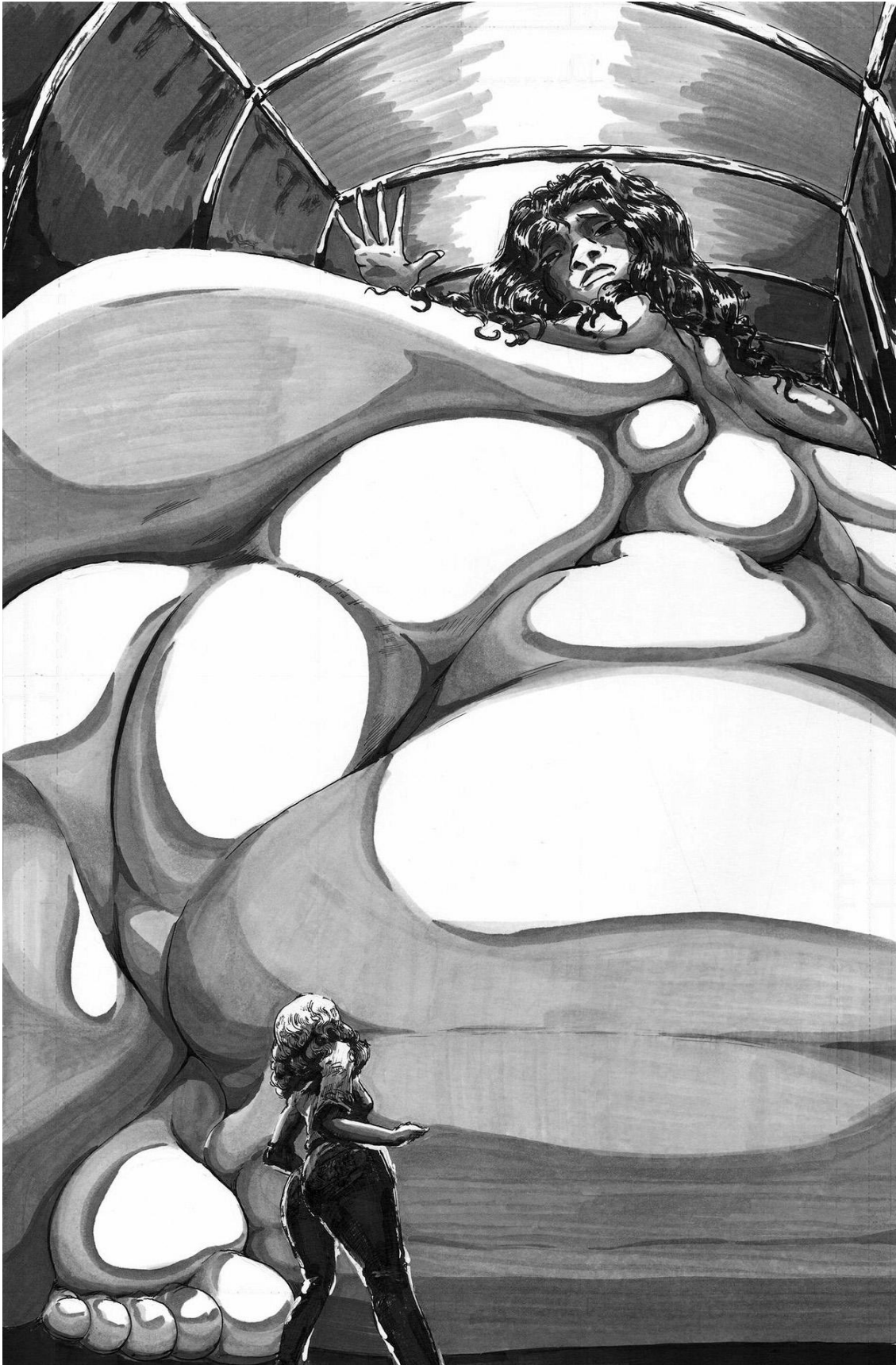
distance around. Jala grabs me, her finger like a pulsating, growing support beam. I see in the distance the largest inland mass of water on the planet, emptying itself in a gargantuan whirlpool as it sinks down, surrounded by even more of Jala, all the way to the horizon, all the way to every cardinal corner imaginable. I turn only to see one of Jala's growing eyes as she holds me, her size expanding, leaving me in comparison the size of an ant if not smaller to her, her face overwhelming all.

“THANK YOU, FRANCISCA.”

Her words warm me up, somehow.

“BUT I’M NOT DONE WITH YOU.”

END



JALA SHIRAZI CIRCA 20XX



JALA SHIRAZI ON HER WAY TO THE CLINIC
depicted by [MonsieurRobot](#)



Keliadom's Notes:

The first of a few ideas I have that will follow an interview-like concept, wherein a growing protagonist has to recount how they got to their current state. There should be one or two more stories in that vein coming up as ideas gestate.

Thank you for reading. I dearly hope you enjoyed it.