

Emma sat in the apartment and eyed the metallic briefcase on the table nervously, and then glanced at the clock. Not long until her husband, Mark, was home. There were a few valid reasons for her nerves. Firstly, she'd stolen this briefcase, although she would argue that stolen was a strong word. These pills were an experimental batch, fit for consumption but not for retail, and she'd been appointed to make sure they were disposed of properly. They would have been incinerated anyway, so who was she really stealing from?

The second reason she was nervous was because she was very, very close to taking some. Size Corp was an industry leader in the development of cosmetic manipulation drugs, and as a high-up in administration, Emma's job was to observe most of the test subjects at work, and make detailed notes to send back to the lab team.

She'd seen subjects shrunk to the size of her thumb, or grown until they barely fit in the room. She'd seen petite women become busty hyper-futa's, seen women immobilized on top of their room-filling breasts. She'd seen different combinations of pills transform people in every way imaginable.

She came home from work horny every day, and when recounting the day's observations to Mark, she often noticed that he would be hot and flushed by the end. When she'd swiped the pills from work, she had done it with the intention of surprising him with her own transformation.

The distinct sound of jingling keys came from outside, followed by the sound of a key sliding into the lock. Emma grabbed the briefcase and ran into the bedroom. She closed the door behind her and opened the case on the bed. Inside, it was filled with dozens of containers of pills, all in different sizes and colors. The target areas of some were obvious; there were little pills shaped like every body part imaginable. There were also plenty of little round pills in different colors, with their containers labeled to make their effects known.

Emma heard the front door close, and grabbed two containers, breasts and milk. She looked down at her almost completely flat torso.

*A classic she thought. Mark always seems interested in the lactation subjects.*

She heard Mark's footsteps approaching down the hall.

"Emma? You home?"

She scrambled with the pills. "I'm here! Just - ah - just getting changed. I'll be out in a minute!" Mark's footsteps continued towards the bedroom. Emma frantically tipped a handful of pills from both bottles into her hand and swallowed them, before shutting the briefcase and shoving it under the bed.

Mark opened the door, just as Emma turned and began getting changed into a baggy grey shirt and short shorts, her usual comfy attire. Mark entered the room and strolled over to her, embracing her in a hug. She hugged him back, relieved that he didn't seem to have noticed anything unusual. After some idle chitchat about their days, Mark turned and headed back down the hallway toward the lounge room. Emma tied her dark hair up into a messy bun and followed him.

*I wonder how long I have? She thought. In some subjects the pills are almost instantaneous, but in others it can take a little while. I remember that one girl who was testing the height pills... we kept her for hours before deciding that the batch was a dud, only for her to burst out of her clothing and grow to nearly 20 feet tall in the lobby. That was a looot of paperwork.*

She reached the living room to find Mark sitting on the sofa, scrolling on his phone. He placed it down and smiled when she came in, and she sat down on the couch next to him. As she sat down, she thought she felt a warmth rising in her chest. She opened her mouth to speak when a loud gurgle emanated from her breasts. Mark glanced at her, eyebrow raised.

Determined to keep the pills a surprise until she started to grow, she played it off by rubbing her stomach as though she was hungry.

"It's been a big week, and it's finally friday night. Wanna order in?"

"Sure!" Mark said, grabbing his phone. They spent a few minutes picking a restaurant and choosing their food, the warmth in Emma's chest gradually increasing. Once the food was ordered, they cuddled up on the couch and turned on the evening news.

The warmth in Emma's chest continued to grow more intense as they watched. Emma kept her eye on the time in the corner of the screen, the minutes seeming to drag forever.

*They're definitely working. She thought. Warmth in the target area is a super common experience before the pills take full effect.*

After what felt like forever, Mark's phone dinged to indicate their food was about to arrive. Emma jumped up.

"I'll go get it!" She said. Mark was half off the couch, but sat back down and chuckled.

"Sure. Thank you. See you in a second!"

Emma grabbed her keys from the bench and slipped on her sandals as she walked out the door. In the elevator, Emma pulled forward her collar and looked down at her chest. She still had no real boobs to speak of, but her areola and nipples definitely looked a little more puffed up than normal, and maybe a little darker too. It was hard to tell in the lighting of the elevator.

The box slowed to a stop a few floors from the ground, and a loud gurgling sound came from Emma's chest as the lift slowed. She muffled a small groan as the doors opened. A woman walked in, pushing a stroller with a baby inside. She gave Emma a friendly smile, and looked her up and down. *I might be imagining things, but did her smile seem a little more... sympathetic, after she looked at me?*

The elevator came to a stop in the lobby, and Emma stepped aside to let the woman with the stroller leave first. The woman gave her a kind nod as she walked past, and Emma followed her out.

On the street outside the building, a delivery driver who appeared to be no older than 20 stood with a bag of food. The doors slid open and Emma stepped out.

"Hi!" Emma called out. "For Mark?"

The driver looked up at her and flushed red, his eyes darting to her chest briefly.

"I, um... Mark? Yeah, that's me, I mean... you?"

"Um... right." Emma was puzzled, but took the food from the kid nonetheless. He gave her an awkward nod, his eyes darting to her chest again, and then he turned to leave. She turned around and re-entered the building.

When the lift doors opened and she stepped in, Emma realised what had flustered the kid so much, and what had made the mother look at her with sympathy. There was a mirror on the back wall of the lift that she hadn't been facing until now. She was wearing black slip-on sandals and short, black booty shorts. Her slender, toned & pale legs were fully showing from the feet right up her thighs. She was wearing a loose, baggy gray shirt and had her dark hair up in a messy bun.

The thing that caught her eye, however, was her chest. Two dark, wet circles had appeared on her shirt over her nipples, which themselves had grown even harder and puffed up more, and were pitching two little tents through her shirt. She stared at herself in the mirror as the lift rose up through the floors. Placing the bag of food on the ground, she lifted up her shirt. Her torso was still almost flat, but she was sporting two dark, puffy areola with nipples the size of the tips of her thumbs. Little beads of milk were rapidly forming on her nipples before dripping down to the ground.

Another loud gurgle came from her chest, and the flow of milk turned from sporadic droplets to a constant trickle. Light blue veins started to form running from her nipples out across her tiny chest.

*Uh oh. She thought. I think the milk pills are kicking in before the breast ones are. How many did I take again?*

She paled as she realized that she'd downed a handful of pills in a hurry, and had no idea how many she'd taken.

With a ding, the lift doors opened at her floor. She pulled down her shirt and spun around, thankful that nobody had been standing in the hall. Hurriedly she walked to her apartment door and fiddled with the lock, a pressure starting to build in her chest along with the warmth. Opening the door, she entered the kitchen with the food and let the door shut behind her. Mark looked up at her from the sofa in the joint living room.

"Hey honey, how'd it..." he trailed off as he saw Emma. She was standing on the kitchen side of the counter that divided the room, the bag of food on the bench next to her. The front of her shirt was soaked with milk, a dark gray in color. Her nipples were poking noticeably into the fabric and a small trickle of milk was dripping from each. She was biting her lip and blushing, her expression a mixture of arousal and concern.

"Emma? Are you okay? You're... are you lactating?"

Biting her lip, she nodded quickly.

"I took some pills from work... a lot of pills, actually. I wanted to surprise you, so *mmmph*, so I took some milk and breast ones. The milk ones are kicking in earlier, though, and there's *MMMPH!*" She gripped the bench as her chest gurgled again and the pressure grew more intense. The trickle of milk turned into a stream before their eyes.

"There's... so much pressure." She finished, still gripping the bench.

"I - um. That's a lot to take in, but I guess the evidence is pretty clear." He got up from the sofa and walked to Emma, standing behind her. He gently took hold of the bottom of her shirt.

"Do you mind if I..." he asked. Flushing an even deeper red, Emma nodded rapidly. Mark gently lifted the shirt up and off Emma. Her knees buckled as she felt the fabric brush along her incredibly sensitive nipples, but she caught herself. She raised her arms up and allowed Mark to slip her shirt off.

Slowly and gently, still standing behind her, he moved his hands up along her torso to her breasts. Emma whimpered in pleasure as his fingers felt them, tracing around her nipples. Her tiny A-cup breasts were firm and hard, completely stuffed with milk. Her areola and nipples were a dark pink, and were puffed up and engorged far beyond normal. Thin streams of milk sprayed constantly from both breasts, slowly soaking the kitchen counter.

"Emma, you're so tight. So full... what happens if they don't grow?"

Emma whimpered again as he continued to massage her breasts, her milk stream intensifying every time he applied any pressure.

"They always grow the test subjects at the lab first." She said quietly. "So I don't know."

At that moment, a tingling sensation erupted in Emma's chest, and she let out a loud moan of pleasure. Her breasts suddenly bloated forward, swelling outward in all directions, before stopping. In a matter of seconds, her nearly flat chest had swollen out to breasts the size of apples. Emma and Mark both looked down at her chest, surprised. Her puffy nipples and areola still sat proudly, but the milk stream had stopped.

"Finally." Emma said in a quiet voice, panting slightly. "The milk has somewhere to go. The pressure is a little less."

Still behind her, Mark reached up and squeezed her breasts in his hands, sinking his fingers into the soft flesh. Emma threw her head back onto his shoulder and moaned, her sensitivity heightened by her new size. Another loud gurgle erupted from her chest, and her eyes opened.

"Emma... how many pills exactly did you take?"

"I - I don't know. I had a handful that was a mix from both bottles. At least 3 or 4 of each, maybe?"

"How much does a subject usually grow from 3 or 4 pills?" Mark asked.

Emma was breathing heavily, pressure starting to mount in her chest again.

"It depends on their metabolism, weight, a bunch of factors." She looked down at her slender, toned body. She knew she had a fast metabolism. "For me... it might be a lot."

In Mark's hands he felt Emma's breasts grow heavier. Light blue veins began to show against the pale white skin, and milk began dripping out of her nipples again.

"The pressure is coming back..." she looked up at Mark, a mix of concern and arousal on her face.

"Milk me, please."

Needing no further instruction, Mark began to work at her breasts, pushing and kneading and squeezing at her nipples. With every squeeze, a spray of milk erupted from her chest. With every squeeze, however, Mark could also feel her chest becoming heavier, less soft and more firm.

"I can't keep up." He said gently in her ear. "They're getting heavier."

Emma moaned. "I know." She whimpered, her voice barely above a whisper.

As if on queue, more gurgling erupted and Emma's breasts began to fill with milk even faster. The trickle of milk again became constant streams, intensified by Mark's pushing and pulling. Her apple-sized breasts had originally looked like two soft, fleshy teardrops, but were now firm and taught, light blue veins running all over the pale skin.

Emma groaned in a pressure-fueled pleasure, her own fingers prodding the sides of her breasts whilst Mark continued to milk her.

"I must be near my limit for this size." She groaned.

"Please, please grow."

Her chest gurgled, and she groaned as she felt the milk pills kick in further. Her chest became fuller by the second, and her milk streams intensified. The feeling of tightness was growing stronger by the second, Mark unable to keep up with her growing milk production. Then, a tingling sensation erupted in her chest, more powerful than the last.

"I'm - I'm about to grow again!" She cried out.

Almost on cue, Emma's tits began to swell outwards. The growth was slower than her first rapid expansion, but the sensation was more intense. She breathed a sigh of relief as the pressure of the milk began to ease off, the space for it to fill increasing.

Moment by moment, her breasts swelled outwards in all directions. Mark continued to fondle her chest as she grew, sinking his fingers into the soft flesh and feeling it slowly push his hands away. She gripped his forearms and groaned, the pleasure of his squeezing increasing as she grew. She looked down at her chest and her eyes widened.

She had far surpassed her previous apple-sized chest. Her tits now were roughly basketball-sized, and covered a fair amount of her torso. As she watched, they continued to swell larger and larger, slowly making their way outwards, and down towards the bench.

Her mind flashed back to the early days of testing at Size Corp, before their formulae had been refined. One of the first girls to test the lactation pills had breasts that still bloated full of milk whenever she was aroused.

*That was years ago.* She thought. *Those things don't happen anymore.*

Still though, as she continued to shake and moan, her breasts swelling larger by the moment, Mark's hands driving her wild with pleasure, she felt like she might never stop growing. The thought turned her on more than she wanted to admit.

She suddenly felt a cold sensation on the bottom of her breasts. She looked down.

"I've *mmmmm*... I've reached the bench!" She exclaimed, unable to suppress her moans. The tingling sensation was beginning to subside, and the growth was slowing.

Atop Emma's chest were two enormous breasts, resting on the bench in front of her like two overinflated medicine balls. They were teardrop-shaped and incredibly soft.

*For now.* Emma thought.

"Emma, you're... holy shit." Said Mark, standing behind her with his hands now on her hips. She could feel his manhood pressing into her lower back. She leaned back into it, slowly swaying her body side to side.

She looked up at him, biting her lip. She reached out and squeezed one of her inflated breasts, tracing a bloated nipple. She gave it a squeeze, and a gentle stream of milk spurted out. She could already feel the next round of milk coming on. Reaching behind her, Emma grabbed Mark's cock through his shorts and squeezed, eliciting a moan from him.

"You'd better get me to the bedroom." She said sensually, still squeezing his cock. "Because soon, I'm going to be too heavy to move."

Without needing further instruction, Mark put an arm behind Emma's shoulders, another behind her knees, and picked her up. He was an athletic guy who hit the gym at least a few times a week, and normally picking up Emma's slender frame was no effort for him. This time he grunted slightly with the effort, as Emma's chest gurgled and milk began to drip forward from her nipples again.

Mark was carrying Emma bridal style, and her breasts filled the entire space between her chest and her knees. They jiggled and swayed with every step, and Mark could swear he could hear a faint sloshing sound coming from within them. Emma had her arms wrapped around his neck, and her head hung back, eyes closed, moaning with every movement.

As they left the kitchen, the feeling of heat and pressure returned to Emma's chest, along with the tingling that preluded growth. She let out a loud groan of pleasure.

"Fuuuuuuck! I'm about to grow again... I think the pills are all kicking in now. This feels *UUUGH!* This feels so much more intense than before!"

As though they could hear her, Emma's breasts suddenly bloated forward in a surge of growth. They filled out the space between her legs and chest, inflated nipples rising closer to Mark's face. His knees almost buckled under the sudden increase in weight, but he stayed strong.

They made it to the bedroom, Emma's breasts growing sporadically as the pills were digested and metabolized. They would bloat forward rapidly, causing Emma to cry out in pleasure, before slowing down to a gentle swelling and repeating the cycle. Approaching the bed, Mark moved to place her down.

"Not on my *ooohhh fuuuck!*" Emma cried out. "Not on my back! My tits are too heavy already!" "Right! Hold on."

Mustering his strength, Mark gently spun Emma down and placed her on the bed on her hands and knees. Despite being on her hands and knees, arms fully extended, her swollen breasts filled all the space between her torso and the mattress. She relaxed her muscles and sank down into her breasts, causing them to spill out the sides of her body as she sank into the soft flesh. She turned and looked at Mark, who was standing behind her. Her eyes drifted down to his crotch, where she could see he was still rock hard.

"Please," she pleaded, looking him in the eyes. Her breasts continued to swell beneath her, filling with milk and bloating outwards. "Fuck me. Now."

Mark took a step towards Emma and slid off her shorts and panties together, revealing her tight, round ass. Her pussy was glistening wet and practically dripping. He ran his fingers over her, finding her clit. Emma practically screamed in pleasure, her entire body shaking with the sensation.

Mark took off his own shorts and grabbed his throbbing cock. Lying on the bed on top of her yoga-ball sized breasts, Emma was already at the perfect height. He positioned himself and began to thrust.

Emma threw her head upward and cried out in pleasure, her eyes rolling back in her head. The combined sensations of lying on top of her gigantic breasts, which were still filling with milk, combined with the pressure of her own body on top of them, added to the sensation of Mark thrusting from behind, was almost too much.

Mark continued thrusting from behind, the sight in front of him driving him crazy. Emma's slender torso was dwarfed by the massive tits beneath them, which were spilling out the sides, several times the width of her body. Light blue veins ran across her breasts towards her nipples, disappearing beneath her. He gripped Emma's tight ass with both hands and continued to pound away, every impact traveling through her own body and causing her massive breasts to jiggle and sway.

After what felt like a long time, Mark gritted his teeth. "Emma, I'm going to cum!" He groaned.

The girl looked back over her shoulder at him, her face flushed red. Her face was an expression of pure pleasure, and her hair ran messily down around it.

"Me too." She panted between body-shuddering thrusts. "Don't stop!"

A few moments later, Mark felt his orgasm approaching. He continued to thrust, squeezing Emma's ass with both hands. His body began to tense up and he began to shake, and he felt Emma's body do the same.

Together, they came. Mark felt his seed pumping into Emma and his head swam with pleasure, but his experience was nothing compared to Emma's. As she came, she nearly blacked out. Pleasure flooded her body in an intensity she had never experienced before, and her vision swam with an array of colors. The heat in her breasts surged and they swelled forward, lifting her rapidly away from the mattress. She cried out in pleasure and then she blacked out.

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Emma came to in the bedroom, opening her eyes, slightly disoriented. The events of the evening came back to her in an instant. She looked around and saw Mark to her left, sitting on the ground and leaning against the wall. He was panting, and looked spent. He also looked... weirdly far away. She looked down, and her eyes widened. When she'd climaxed, she had been lying on swollen and bloated breasts roughly the size of yoga balls. Now, however, they were *easily* double the size. They took up most of the queen sized bed, and she was so high up in the air that her feet couldn't quite touch the mattress.

Mark looked up at her and feebly waved.

"How... how long was I out?" She asked. She realized as she touched her hair that she was drenched in sweat.

"Only about 30 seconds. You climaxed, and your tits grew so fast that I was pulled out of you as you rose away. I think you might, uh... you might be stuck up there."

Emma looked down at the massive breasts beneath her. She squeezed the sides of them and groaned.

"Fuuuck. The sensitivity is off the charts, but... the heat and tingling is gone. I think the pills have run their course. That... that was fucking incredible."

Mark chuckled and nodded in agreement.

"I see why subjects always come back for more testing. There's no feeling like that."

Mark stared at his wife, her slender form lying in the air atop a pair of breasts that covered their entire bed. Blue veins ran across them, down to nipples that were concealed, pressed against the mattress.

"That was the hottest fucking thing I've ever seen. But can you... I mean, are you stuck like that?"



Emma laughed, breasts jiggling. "There's reversal pills in the briefcase under the bed, the little white ones. One or two should send me back to nearly normal. Most girls who get this big tend to permanently keep some size though... I'm guessing I'll get back down to something a little smaller than basketballs. I'll need a new wardrobe."

Mark gulped. The thought of Emma cramming basketball-sized breasts into her already tight singlets made his cock twitch. She eyed him playfully.

"There's a whole briefcase of pills under that bed, and not just ones that work on me." She said with a smirk. Mark eyed the large, silver case.

"Why don't you shrink me down and we test some out?"