

## **MISS MIDWEST MILKER**

**BY TROGDOR297**

Lily woke up with a smile on her face. The day had finally arrived, her 18th birthday. She'd been looking forward to this day for quite some time, and now it was here. 18 is a momentous year for many teens, as it signifies the transition into adulthood, including new opportunities and privileges. For Lily it was important for one significant reason: it meant that she could now compete.

She tossed off the covers and hopped out of bed with a giggle. She didn't bother to change out of the loose t-shirt or pyjama shorts she'd slept in. It was her birthday and if she wanted to look like a slob at breakfast that was her choice. She was an ordinary looking girl at first glance, medium height, medium build, dirty blonde hair that she kept tied up in twin braids that rested on her shoulders, but when you looked deeper her true beauty came to the surface. The little dimples that appeared when she smiled, the delicate pattern of freckles across her cheeks, the way her laugh made you shiver. She was the dictionary definition of 'the girl next door', although technically she couldn't be that, as her family lived in a farmhouse in the middle of nowhere.

She walked into the kitchen to find both her parents already there. "Good morning!" She said cheerfully as she sat down at the table beside her father, Thomas, who browsed the news on his tablet.

"Morning, Hon" he said absent-mindedly, his brows furrowed as he studied whatever article had caught his attention.

Her mother crossed the room from the stove with two plates piled high with eggs and toast, placing them before both her husband and her daughter. "Thanks dear" he said, reaching for his fork, eyes not leaving the tablet. Before he could grab it, his wife kicked his chair leg, breaking him out of his reverie.

"What?" He said, meeting her eyes. She nodded towards where Lily sat, face full of smiles. He turned to look at her, realization setting in. "Oh, Happy Birthday Lily!" He said with a smile, leaning in to kiss her on the temple.

"Thanks, Daddy..." She said, leaning into his affection. Across the table her mother smiled and nodded. "Happy birthday, dear"

"Thanks, Momma" Lily said, digging into her eggs, still watching her mother. Lily's mother, Teresa, was everything Lily aspired to be. Kind, loving, graceful, smart, beautiful and of course the proud owner of a pair of big fat tits. Lily had spent her childhood in constant reverence of her mother and her breasts and the attention they drew, the way her father and other men looked at her, the way they filled out a dress. Even today, wearing a modest collared floral long sleeve dress, they filled out the front stretching the fabric and straining the buttons. Despite her age they were still firm and round, like twin cantaloupes attached to her chest. Even though Lily knew they were there, it was still a shock when her mother turned around and her bust swung around with her, her trim waist on display.

When Lily had hit puberty, she'd hoped that she'd develop similar attributes, but genetics were not in her favor. It wasn't until later on that she'd learned that her mother hadn't come by her gifts through genetics either.

Teresa sat down at the table a few moments later with her own breakfast. "So, Lily, any big plans for today?" She said with a smile as she bit into a piece of toast.

Lily shrugged "Not really...though...there was one thing" She'd been excited for this day for so long, for what it meant for her, but now that it was a reality, she felt awkward bringing it up.

"Bah! Those idiots in the capital have no idea what the working man wants!" Her father blurted out, enraged by something he'd read.

Teresa glared at him. "Thomas, please, your daughter was speaking." She took another mouthful of eggs, after which she turned back to her daughter with a warm smile. "Go ahead, Lily, you said there was one thing you wanted to do?"

Lily nodded, bracing herself. This was it, time to just get it out in the open.

"Momma...I want to compete" She said, determination growing as she said it.

Her mother raised an eyebrow. "Oh? You mean at the college? I know they've got a good athletics program. Well good for you dear, what sport were you thinking?"

Lily shook her head. "No, Momma, I'm not talking about sports. I'm talking about Miss Midwest Milker"

Her father, in the middle of a sip of coffee, spit it across the table in shock. Her mother's warm smile dropped from her face.

"Lily..." Teresa said. "How...how do you know about that? Did someone tell you about it? Or did you find it on the internet, looking at pornography?! Either way, that is a ridiculous idea!"

Lily frowned. She'd expect a little push back, but not straight up dismissal. But she was determined, she was going to compete. "I'm an adult now, Momma, and I'm going to compete. I've made up my mind"

Her mother matched her frown. "No, I forbid it" Her father stayed silent, eyes wide with shock.

Lily stood up with a huff. "You can't do that! I've been saving up for the entry, and I've got my application ready! I'm doing this whether you like it or not!" And with that she marched off to her bedroom, tears welling in her eyes. How could her mother be such a hypocrite! It stung Lily to her core.

Back in the kitchen her mother slumped into her seat. "Oh lord, Thomas, I thought we raised that girl right..."

Thomas smiled, reaching over and taking his wife's hand. "We did, my love. But did you really not expect this to happen? I'll admit I didn't think it would be the day of her 18th birthday; guess she was just more eager than I thought. But still, this was sort of an eventuality."

She looked at him with raised eyebrows. "What on earth are you talking about Thomas! Why would our daughter want to join such a degenerate competition!"

He sighed. "Because she has you for a mother, dear. You may not have noticed, but that girl idolizes you; she wants to be just like you. And I will remind you that you yourself joined that degenerate competition...three times."

She rolled her eyes, crossing her arms and resting them atop her bust. "But she doesn't know that! Besides, it was different! We needed the money!"

He shook his head. "We needed the money the first two times...the third time you did it because you liked it. And are you really going to tell me with a straight face that you regret doing it? That you regret getting those?" He nodded toward her more than ample bust.

"I...I... \*sigh\*" Her face softened as she leaned back against her wooden chair. "Alright, you've got me. No, I definitely do not regret it. I just...I just see her as our little girl, and why would our little girl want to do that!"

He smiled, leaning over and kissing her on the cheek. "Because she wants to be like her momma. And I know you didn't ask, but I also don't regret you getting these." With a hand he reached over and palmed one of her full breasts, giving it a full squeeze. She blushed, letting out a giggle "Stop it, Thomas! You devil!" She pulled away, her face starting to get flushed. "I...I should go talk to her" She said, straightening out her dress.

Thomas nodded. "Good Idea"

Upstairs Lily sat on her bed, tears in her eyes. In her hand she held a photograph that she'd found a few years back in an old box in the attic. She'd gone up there to find photographs to use in a history presentation, but what she'd found had been far more impactful. She'd found it within a whole book of photos, all of her mother when she was young. In this specific photo she didn't look much different than she did today, a few less wrinkles on her face, her waist a little narrower, but there was one major difference. Her breasts, which Lily had known to be quite large, were preposterously huge.

The photo she held now was of her mother standing on a stage, wearing a red sequin dress that stopped underneath her bust; the garment clearly tailored custom in this way as there was no way it would've gotten around her breasts. In the photo each of them billowed out before her, projecting at least three feet from her torso. They each rested upon a card table, covering the entire surface. Each enormous breast was firm and full, the tops of them over a foot off the tabletop. The skin was taut and smooth, with visible blue veins pressed against the surface. At the end of each monumental melon her pink nipples projected out an inch, and had a wooden clothespin clamped over the end. Her mother stood with a broad grin on her face, arms held above her head to each side, as if to say "Ta-dah!".

Lily had been mesmerized when she'd first found this photograph. She'd always longed to have breasts like her mother, but these? These were something else entirely! She had been

determined to know more, and thankfully on a banner behind the stage were the words “Miss Midwest Milker”. With this phrase she went down the rabbit-hole on a forgotten part of recent history.

She'd learned that roughly 30 years ago a plague had struck the dairy belt, wiping out 90% of the dairy producing cattle in the multi-state region. Top scientists had worked fervently to develop a solution, no matter the cost. One year in, a potential fix was theorized; a hormonal cocktail that would kick a cow's milk producing capabilities into overdrive. This would allow the reduced population of cattle to cover the supply deficit until they could raise more cattle. Unfortunately, there was a hiccup. For unknown reasons the hormone injection did nothing in cows. Driven to desperation one of the lead scientists did the unthinkable; she tested the injection on herself.

The results were a resounding success. Within weeks she was producing several gallons of milk each day. Her breasts had swollen to an impressive size as her milk ducts grew and multiplied, the formerly petite doctor now bearing breasts the size of soccer balls. After a month the hormonal concoction was filtered out of her system, and she stopped producing milk. With her teats no longer being engorged with a near constant flow of milk, her breasts shrank down to a far more reasonable size, though she didn't reach the size she'd been before she'd started her experiment. She'd gone up two cup sizes, leftover growth caused by the hormones.

With the news of this success the government quickly stepped in to handle the organization. Young women from across the region were brought to various special facilities, given the injection and then left to produce milk. During this time, they were monitored and kept healthy, food and rooms provided free of charge. After the effects of the injection wore off, they were paid a sizable stipend based on how much milk they were able to produce, then sent home with slightly larger breasts and an Iron-Clad NDA in place.

This continued for a year or two, while the dairy farms slowly replenished their herds. The government's original intention was for each woman to only be allowed to produce once, but the women had other ideas. A sort of loophole was quickly discovered. The amount of money provided at the end of each month-long session was based on how much milk they provided. When they received the injection, it caused their breasts to grow larger as they grew additional and more prolific milk ducts. So, by that logic, if you received a second dose, your breasts would develop even more and you would then produce even more, ensuring a larger payout. Word of this spread quickly, as even though an NDA was in place, when almost every woman in the region had taken part in the procedure, it was terribly difficult to keep it a secret. Women began to return for second and even third injections. Though their names were flagged during intake as having already undergone the procedure, the facility was desperate for whatever takers they had and so the women were let in anyway.

It wasn't long before human nature kicked in, and a competition developed. An online forum had long been active for the women who'd taken the procedure, useful for them to discuss their experience. That forum now had a new purpose: keeping score. The first post appeared in May, two years after the facilities had opened. It read:

***Just got out from my third stay at “The clinic”. Nurse said she'd never seen anyone bigger! Total output after 21 days: 110 gallons.***

A picture was attached to the post with a young woman standing within an exam room. Her breasts were humongous rotund spheres attached to her chest, each a foot in diameter. Thick veins were visible at the surface, tracing the her tan skin. A nurse stood with a measuring tape trying to measure around the outside of the woman's bust, but having come several inches short. The woman was looking at the camera with a pained smile, hands held up beside her each flashing the peace symbol. Beneath the photo was a caption.

***Taken on my second last day. I didn't milk for 4 days to try and make them as full as possible. It was pretty painful by the end, but totally worth it!***

The comments below were a mix of shock, awe, and jealousy. "Wow! You go girl! You look amazing!" "Holy shit, so big!" "Damn, I wish I got that big!" After that the floodgates opened, everyday new women posting pictures of themselves with their breasts swollen full of milk. Women started to go for their fourth and fifth visits, hoping to grow their breasts fuller and more swollen with milk, hoping to become the biggest.

Then one day without warning, the facility closed. The crisis was over, the dairy farms had recovered enough to support the required demand with the herds they'd replenished. The majority of the women sighed, shrugged, and then returned to their lives with nothing but fond memories and fuller racks. But for a few others, something had awakened in them, and they wouldn't let go. With the facility closed, the remaining stores of the hormonal injection were locked away into storage, never to be seen again.

But when they did the final inventory, they discovered that a single box of doses was missing; someone had stolen it. A few months later an anonymous post was made onto the forum, which had long been relatively quiet, only seeing posts from those reminiscing about their experiences. It claimed that someone had been able to synthesize the chemical injection.

The forum went wild, women desperate to get their hands on the formula once more. The anonymous poster quickly shut down the hype by posting that they were limited in how much could be produced, and doing so would be costly. They didn't intend to do this out of the kindness of their heart; if these women wanted access to the formula, they would have to pay. Excitement dropped off a cliff, it was one thing to get paid to do this, but most were hesitant at having to fork out their own cash.

It was at this point in history that one P.R Magnusson got involved. Little was known about the reclusive billionaire but it became clear quite quickly that he had a thing for large breasts, and in a post made to the forum by one of his representatives he promised to subsidize this endeavor. And thus "Miss Midwest Milker" was born, a competition fronted by Mr. Magnusson where women would compete to grow their breasts using the formula as large as possible. The winner would be crowned Miss Midwest Milker and receive a cash prize of \$50,000. In return, all Mr. Magnusson requested, was to record the event for his own personal use. Suddenly these women who'd been eager to take the injection again, now had a reason to do so.

The first year of the competition featured a dozen women who had previously received the dosage, and were eager to do so again. Each of them paid the anonymous contact for their synthetic dosage and then took them all at the same time, so as to ensure the fairness of the competition. Then they returned four weeks later sporting massive milky tits, swollen to almost bursting. One of the competitors was Annie Williams, the woman who had first posted her

picture of herself standing in the exam room. Most of the women hadn't adopted any sort of strategy, instead just happy to be experiencing the feeling of growing their breasts once again. But a few, including Amy, were eager to win. Just as she did when she'd first posted her picture to the forum, she'd attempted to minimize the amount of milk she released in the weeks before, therefore encouraging her breasts to swell further as they backed up with fluid. The effect was obvious, as her twin titanic breasts, each almost perfectly round, skin tight and shiny, were considerably larger than the others.

On the day of the competition she stood on stage, hands on her hips, biting her lips as she did her best to hold back the tide of milk. She'd reached a slightly larger size than she had in her first picture, though she'd held back her milk for longer. Regardless, she was obviously the winner, as no other girl came close. As soon as the judge crowned her the winner, clasping a necklace with a little crystal cowbell around her neck, she sighed with relief and allowed herself to let down. Immediately milk shot forth from her tits, showering the crowd with multiple streamlets of her milk. It took multiple hours for her to empty fully, hours she spent just sitting on a chair upon the stage, head leaned back, eyes closed, hands massaging each of her enormous fleshy spheres.

The more Lily read about this bizarre piece of history the more engrossed she became. She couldn't believe this was something that had actually happened. Then as she continued to read, a familiar name appeared.

The second and third year that the competition was held Annie had won again and again. No one seemed to be able to top her, although the competition was getting closer. The working theory at the time was the more injections you took the more your breasts would develop, their milk ducts leading to larger and larger growth. But it became clear that there were diminishing returns involved with the process. Year's two and three Annie claimed victory, though she hadn't grown much larger than she'd been the year prior. Despite her attempts to push herself to grow, she seemed to have reached her limit. Though she was on top for now, it wouldn't be long before someone knocked her off her pedestal. And it just so happened that someone arrived in the fourth year.

As word of the competition spread, many newcomers flocked to it, desperate to win the cash prize. But having only received a single dose, they never came close to growing to the sizes of the women who'd received multiple doses. No one until Teresa Samuels.

Lily had done a double take when she'd first read the name. She almost didn't recognize her mother's maiden name. She'd read with wide eyes about her mother's first year in the competition.

She'd come out of nowhere, a first timer eager to earn some money. But unlike all the other first timers, she'd achieved unbelievable levels of growth. The competition looked like it had been Annie's to win. Though she was no larger than the year before, neither were any of the other women. But then Lily's mother had walked on stage. The way the recounting of the event told it the place had gone wild. Teresa, a first timer had easily out classed Annie.

Lily had found a grainy clip online from this first competition. It showed her mother entering from behind the curtains, although technically it first showed her breasts entering, and then her a moment later. Most of the women chose to appear onstage topless, their swollen milk filled breasts extremely sensitive. At that point in the competition, it took extreme

concentration for them to hold their milk in, and any sort of contact, even just the touch of clothing, would likely set them off, ruining a month of work. So, it was an incredible sight to see Teresa emerge onto the stage with her breasts cradled in what Lily guessed was a pair of bed sheets tied together. As she walked across the stage the reason for this supportive garment was apparent.

The other women who had held in their milk, desperate to enhance the size of their breasts as much as possible, all sported breasts of a similar shape. The mass of milk within the ducts had a tendency to firm the breasts into a round spherical shape, flesh tense and under pressure. A bra would be useless on these women as this tension in the flesh kept them perfectly in place, jutting out from their chests defiant of gravity. On the contrary Teresa's breasts looked like, well, natural breasts, except they were just massive. Each one was soft and pillowy, the skin smooth and unbothered. Only a few veins were slightly visible on the surface. With each step they jiggled visibly. They were fuller than natural breasts of course, each one growing thicker the further they plunged from her chest, but their shape was closer to a natural tear drop. When she neared the front of the stage she pulled the knot at the front of her top, letting them drop free. Each breast fell, causing her torso to lurch forward from the sudden shift in gravity. They slapped into the front of her thighs, causing their masses to jiggle once again. After regaining her balance, she stood up straight, arms wide, broad grin on her face. Together they covered her torso entirely, reaching down to the top of her thighs. Resting upon her legs they stuck forward at least a foot.

Watching the footage Lily could only stare at this image of femininity unbound before her. She had always thought that her mother was the womanliest person she knew, with her incredible curves, but that was nothing compared to this.

The video ended with the organizer of the competition asking her a few questions after crowning her the new champion. In the background the rest of the women could be seen stomping off stage to relieve the immense pressure they were under. A few of them hadn't waited and had started to spray milk all over the stage.

"Ms. Samuels! How great it is to crown a new champion. So, tell me, how much did you hold back your milk to achieve such stupendous growth?"

Her mother looked at the man questioningly. "What do you mean? I never held back my milk. That sounds terribly unhealthy!"

The crowd cheered wildly, then the video cut off. Her mother had achieved that growth without having to resort to the same tactics as the other women and she'd easily beaten them. How big would she have been if she had done what they did?

The next year Teresa returned and was crowned champion once again. This event had no footage covering it remaining online, and so Lily had moved on to the third year. As soon as she opened the video clip of this year, recognition clicked in her mind. This was the same stage that the photograph she'd found was taken on. She fast forwarded the clip past the other women, until once again she came to her mother. She'd been astounded to see the size of her breasts in that photograph, but it was another thing to see them in motion. Each of them reached her knees, enormous cones of flesh that spread out from her chest, that were pushed forward with each step. Lily shook her head with amazement, she didn't realize it was possible

for the human body to grow to this extent. She fast forwarded through the clip to the post victory interview.

"Ms. Samuels, welcome back! You've outdone yourself again this year! Record setting growth!"

"Yes, thank you! I'm quite pleased with what I was able to achieve"

"Indeed! Although I see that you've started to use your competitor's strategies?"

"What do you mean?" She asked.

He pointed to her nipples, each distended and bright pink with a clothespin clamped around each one. "Holding your milk in to achieve more growth!"

She shook her head "Oh, no, I only put those on an hour ago. I just did that so I wouldn't cause a huge mess!"

"A huge mess?" He asked, confused.

She shrugged, the motion causing her wall of breast flesh to bounce in place. "Take one off and see"

The man stepped over and gently removed one of the clothes pins. Immediately milk began to gush uncontrollably from the unstopped teat. Within seconds a puddle formed on the floor. With a shocked expression on his face, the man quickly clamped the pin back onto her nipple, ceasing the flow.

"My goodness! Tell us Ms. Samuels, what is your secret!"

"Well actually, its Mrs. Norton now, I got married a few months ago. And as for my secret? Well...it's a secret!"

Lily had sat in silence as the clip ended. She'd checked the results of the years after that, but they were all different women, none of them coming near to the size that her mother had. As far as Lily could tell she'd never competed again, and her record size still held. She'd puzzled over why her mother had stopped competing until she checked the date of the final competition that she'd participated in. It was six months before the day Lily had been born.

The revelation of her mother's past had left her shocked. Her mother at one point in time had owned world record sized tits, and she'd kept it a secret. Lily bet if she hadn't accidentally stumbled on to those photos, her mother never would've told her. For a long time after she didn't know what to do with this information, until one day when they were visiting her grandparents for the holidays and had decided to look through an old picture book to pass the time.

The book started with pictures of Lily's early childhood and then slowly worked their way back through time. There was her as a toddler, then as an infant, then as a newborn. In each of them there was her mother, smiling beautifully, her bust just as large and full as Lily had



always remembered it. But as she turned the page there was a sudden jump in time. The next set of photos were from three years before that, before she'd joined the competition. Looking at her mother in these pictures...she looked just like Lily, including her breasts.

In her mind everything clicked at once. Of course! Her mother hadn't always had breasts this big, she'd grown them from the injections. Which meant if Lily also wanted them that size...

Immediately a plan formed in her mind. The competition required you to be 18, which had been a year and a half away. She had until then to save up enough money to join.

And so here she was on the day of her 18th birthday, with enough money saved up to join, and all she had to do was cross the final hurdle; tell her parents. Well, she'd tried and it had gone horribly. Part of her thought that they'd have been excited, but looking back now she didn't know why she'd thought that.

She sat up as she heard a knock at the door, accompanied by her mother's voice. "Lily...can I come in? I'd...like to talk"

Lily sniffed, wiping her eyes. "Yeah, you can come in"

The door opened and Teresa entered, smiling gently at her daughter. She sat down on the bed beside her, when her eye caught the photograph in Lily's hand.

"Oh my god, Lily! Where did you find this!" She said plucking the photo from her daughter's hand. She stared open mouthed at the photo, an expression mixed with shock and delight on her face.

Lily shrugged. "In the attic"

"Well, I guess this explains how you found out about the competition...My goodness, look at me! I forgot how big I got that year..."

Lily nodded. "Yup. Nobody's ever beaten your record since"

Teresa looked from the photo to her daughter. "Is that right? Been doing some research I take it?"

"I...I was just curious. I was so surprised when I found this photo, I just wanted to know more!"

Teresa wrapped an arm around her daughter's shoulders. "It's ok, Lily. I understand." She squeezed Lily against her in a sidehug. "So...you've saved up enough money?"

Lily reached over and opened the top drawer of her nightstand, stuffed full of cash.

Her mother nodded, face looking impressed. "Well look at you! All ready to go, I see."

For a few moments they just sat together in silence, staring at the photograph once more.

Breaking the silence, her mother turned to face her. "Lily. Are you sure you want to do this?"

Lily, looking surprised, turned to face her mother. "Oh my god, yes! With all my heart!"

Her mother smiled, then leaned forward to kiss her on the forehead. "Alright then, we'll support you."

Lily hopped in place on the bed, arms shaking with giddiness. "Oh, thank you! This really means a lot to me! Oh, I'm so excited!"

Teresa stood with a smile. "I'm glad you're excited. Just hope you know what you're in for, it's an...intense experience"

Lily nodded. "I'm hoping it will be!"

With a laugh Teresa left the room, heading back down to the kitchen. There she found her husband still sipping his coffee. As she sat down beside him, he looked to her.

"So?" He asked.

"She found this" Teresa said with a smirk, offering the photograph to her husband. "I thought you got rid of all of these?"

Thomas immediately went red with embarrassment "Oops...Thought I'd hidden it better...Sorry, I couldn't bring myself to get rid of it. I mean...look at you!"

She nodded with a smile. "I know, that was quite the month."

He grinned back "I'll say! So...she's going to do it?"

"Seems like it. Telling her no would just be pointless, she'd find some way to join without our knowledge, and I wouldn't want her doing that and then getting hurt."

Thomas nodded "Fair point. Well, at least she knows what she's getting into" he said waving the photograph for emphasis. She laughed, before getting up to go take care of the dishes. Thomas stood and followed her over. "Do you ever...miss it?"

She whirled to look at him. "Thomas!"

He shrugged "I'm just asking. Nothing wrong with a question"

She smirked at him. "That wasn't just a question, that was an invitation. To do something that we agreed we'd never do again"

He held up his hands as he walked away. "Never say never!"

Teresa rolled her eyes at him before returning to the dishes.

After that day Lily lived her life in a state of constant anticipation. It was one thing to think about something happening, but then for it to actually become a reality was something else. Throughout the weeks that followed Lily found herself on multiple occasions staring absent-mindedly at her mother's chest, always filling out her dresses and shirts to an almost obscene degree. Lily wanted that, and soon she would have it. She'd already put in her order and sent the money, all she had to do now was wait.

A month later, Lily came home to find a discreet box left on her bed. Her eyes went wide as she grabbed it. She ripped open the packaging and squealed with delight as she saw what lay inside. A small syringe and two little glass bottles filled with a clear liquid. A small handwritten note was underneath the pair of items. She picked it up and read it:

**"Thank you for your purchase. This package contains one glass bottle which carries one full dose of the hormonal milk formula.**

**Good luck with the competition."**

Lily looked back at the box. Two bottles. She'd accidentally received two doses. Should she send it back? She quickly realized the foolishness of this idea as she had no idea who'd sent it; there was no return label on the package. From what she'd read there were no recorded cases of someone who took two doses at once. Obviously, it was safe to take more than one dose with some time in between, that was sort of the whole point of this competition. But two at the same time? She grabbed one of the bottles and placed it in the back of her nightstand drawer. She didn't want to risk unknown danger by messing with things that weren't fully documented.

That still left her with a single dose. She quickly checked the calendar on her phone. The competition date was exactly four weeks away. Whoever was behind shipping these doses had impeccable timing. Without hesitation she grabbed the syringe and plunged the needle through the rubber lid of the bottle, pulling back the plunger to suck up the liquid within. Taking a quick moment to slow her breathing, she took the syringe and stuck it into her shoulder, pressing down the plunger forcefully. The injection point burned slightly, but in a few moments, she felt nothing.

She put the syringe back in the box and sat down on the bed. She looked down at herself expectantly. Nothing. She groaned impatiently. She didn't know why she'd expected immediate results, but for some reason she thought something would happen right away. Grabbing her phone, she flopped down on the bed and began to browse through social media, hoping to take her mind off of the lack of results.

A few hours later she still laid on the bed, now grimacing with discomfort. Her breasts hadn't changed in the slightest. What had changed though was her appetite. Her stomach had started to growl angrily, going off with greater and greater frequency. "What the hell!" She said as she involuntarily sat up as her stomach clenched violently.

"Lily! Dinner!" Her mom's voice echoed from the hall.

"Oh, thank god!" She said, hurrying downstairs clutching her midriff.

She plopped down at the table, face wincing. Her mother walked over and placed a massive bowl of chili on the table before her. Without waiting Lily dove into it, spooning heapfuls into her mouth.

Her mother smiled, crossing her arms. "Looks like someone's hungry?"

Lily paused mouth full of chili and nodded. "Yeah, super hungry! Dunno why though"

Teresa sat down across from her, with her own bowl "No? You don't think it has anything to do with that package you received today?"

Lily swallowed and looked up at her mother who was still smiling while she chewed her own mouthful of chili.

Lily gasped "The injection! It's working?!"

Teresa nodded. "Mmhmm. Your body is desperate for calories to kickstart the change you're going to undergo. So eat up, little lady, if you want to grow big like your momma" Her mother gave her a wink as she ate another spoonful of chili

Lily's mouth fell open at her mother's brazenness. Her mother's impressive bust had always been a sort of taboo topic of discussion. Everyone knew she had huge tits, how could they not, but it was never mentioned or talked about within the house. To hear her mother not just admit but revel in her figure was a shock to Lily. Her stupor was interrupted as her father walked in.

"Hello girls! What're you two chatting about?" He said, sitting down before his own bowl.

"Oh nothing, just girl stuff" Her mother said with a smile.

Lily nodded, a smile forming on her face. "Yup...girl stuff" She dug back into her bowl of chili, polishing it off, as well as a second a few minutes later. Her father said nothing, but his eyes went wide as she ploughed through the second bowl.

She ended the meal feeling properly full, her stomach slightly convex from the mass of food she'd eaten. She sat back in her chair, breathing deeply as she rested her hands on her midsection. She'd never eaten that much in her life.

Across the table she could still hear the clink of a spoon digging into an empty bowl. She opened her eyes to see her mother finishing her third bowl of the thick meaty chilli. "Mmm, I do love myself some good chili" She said as she pushed the bowl away. Beneath the round curve of her full bust, Lily could see her mothers own stomach pressing against the snap buttons of her plaid shirt.

"Momma!" She said shocked. "You too?!"

Teresa gave her proud look followed by a wink. "I thought I'd try and beat my record"

Lily was speechless. Her father said nothing, keeping his head down as he cleared the bowls from the table. The young girl felt herself go red, a mix of embarrassment and anger. She rose from the table and left the room in a hurry.

"Told you she wouldn't take it well" Thomas said after she'd left the room.

Teresa shook her head, rubbing her own stomach gingerly "She'll be fine. A little competition never hurt anyone." Her face was strained as her stomach let out an angry gurgle.

Thomas walked back to the table shaking his head. "Oh really? Is that why you ate an extra bowl? I know you were full after two"

Teresa let out a series of deep breaths as her stomach refused to settle. "I don't know what you're talking about." Her eyes remained closed as she sat at the table, not wanting to move. Thomas kissed his wife on the forehead with a laugh, before he set off to the living room to read his book.

Upstairs Lily was fuming. "Why! Why now!" She cursed. "This was supposed to be my chance! My year! I'll never win against Momma...she's already so big!" The image of her mother's full breasts straining the front of her buttoned shirt downstairs just made her angrier.

She stopped in place, panting angrily. "I just cannot believe she'd do this. She knew how much this meant to me. There's no way for me to grow bigger than her..." She turned in place, to look at her nightstand. Maybe there was a way.

Without hesitating she grabbed the syringe from where she'd left it on the bed, and walked over to the night table. Ripping open the cupboard she snatched out the second dose. Before she could think twice about it, she stuck in the needle, filled the syringe with the hormonal cocktail, and stabbed it into her other shoulder.

Once again, her shoulder burned, but this time the burning was accompanied by a feeling of dizziness. She wobbled over to her bed, and fell down onto her back, the room spinning around her. "Oh hells" She sobbed, as she closed her eyes in an attempt to calm herself. "Maybe I shouldn't have done that"

The wooziness didn't leave her for an hour, after which it was replaced by a strong fatigue. She passed out on top of her covers, still wearing her t-shirt and jeans from the day.

Lily woke before the dawn, her t-shirt drenched in sweat. She sat up with a start, the cotton shirt sticking to her uncomfortably. She pushed herself out of bed and pulled the shirt over her head, tossing it into her hamper. Looking back down at herself, she gasped. It wasn't sweat that her shirt had been soaked in.

Lily was flat no more. Overnight the hormone had done its work, turning the calories she'd consumed into flesh. Two double-d's sat perkily upon her chest, lovely round spheres of flesh. Her nipples had perked up to little pink peaks, and a white droplet of milk sat at the tip of each.

The sight of them had pulled her from her stupor. Now fully awake she realized she could feel it. A slight pressure emanated from within each, a feeling of fullness. Lightly tapping the top of one, her flesh felt taut and stiff. Taking one hand she wrapped it around her nipple and

squeezed. Immediately it released a multi-stream spray of milk, shooting across her room and painting the far wall.

“Ooo” She cooed as she looked at the mess she’d made. The pressure within that breast had lessened slightly, however within seconds she could feel it return, the ducts working overtime to refill with milk after having just expressed it.

“I didn’t expect it to work so fast!” She said to herself as she gazed down at them. With her hands on her hips, she twisted her torso from side to side, getting a feel for them. With a smile she grabbed a new t-shirt from her dresser and pulled it on.

She started to make her way to her door, when an uncomfortable sensation made her stop. Looking down at her chest, her two nipples clearly were visible through the white cotton as her shirt had been turned transparent by a wide wet stain around each teat. Just the contact of her shirt rubbing against them had made them leak. “Aww, hells...” She whined, pulling off the newly soaked shirt. Topless once more she looked at them with a new feeling of frustration. A single white droplet hung off their tips once again.

With a flash of inspiration, she skipped over to her night stand. She pulled open the bottom drawer, rooting around through the junk within. At last, she found what she’d been looking for; a box of small circular band-aids. She’d had them from her early teen years to cover unwanted pimples. Biting her lip with anticipation she removed two and stuck them over the end of each nipple. The adhesive tickled her skin, but they held. She donned a new t-shirt and waited; fingers crossed hopefully. After ten seconds she remained dry, though her nipples still poked prominently through the snug shirt. With a sigh of relief, she headed downstairs.

With each step down the stairs, they bounced against her chest. She giggled when she reached the bottom, doing a little shimmy with her shoulders making them shake within her shirt. She already loved them, and it was only the first day!

She entered the kitchen, to find her mother already there. Her back was to Lily as she entered, and as Lily sat down at the kitchen table, she felt a sense of dread. She’d grown a fair bit overnight, but her mother had quite a bit of a head start. What if she’d grown as well?

Lily let out a quiet sigh of relief as her mother spun to face her when she heard Lily’s chair scrape on the floor. She looked just the same as she had yesterday. Her breasts were still large, far larger than Lily’s but they hadn’t grown at all.

She smiled at Lily “Good morning, Lily.”

“Morning Momma” she said back. Teresa turned back to the stove where she was cooking a large pot of oatmeal. A few minutes later she walked over carrying two large bowls, setting one before Lily and one before herself.

“I couldn’t sleep because I was hungry” Her mother said as she walked back to the cupboard to grab the brown sugar. “I take it that’s why you’re also up?”

That wasn’t why she was awake, but now that her mother had mentioned it she was rather hungry. She watched as her mother scooped several large spoonfuls of sugar into her oatmeal,

before passing the bag to Lily. Lily followed suit, loading up her own dish of bland oats with some extra sweetness.

"So...you left in a bit of a hurry last night" Teresa said as they began to eat.

Lily nodded "Sorry Momma, I was just surprised is all. I'm not mad"

Teresa nodded with a smirk "Well good. I thought this could be a nice bonding experience, and I'd hate for your poor attitude to sour the whole thing"

Lily gave her a sly smile and nodded. *We'll see who's sour when I grow bigger than you!*

Teresa nodded toward Lily's chest, visibly larger than the day before. "Growth already? That's surprising. I never saw any change until a few days on the formula."

Lily shrugged "Yeah...I don't know. Guess my body is just reacting well?" Her face went a little red at the lie, but her mother hadn't noticed, returning to eating her breakfast. Lily suspected the second dose likely had something to do with the rapid uptake of the hormone.

They ate in silence, gobbling down mouthfuls of warm oats mixed with sweet sugar. Once again Lily tapped out after two bowls, with her mother powering through a third.

"You ok, Momma?" Lily asked as she put away their plates. Her mother nodded with a pained expression, her stomach visibly bulging beneath her robe "Yes, thank you dear. Just a little...indigestion"

Lily gave her mother a kiss on the head, then left the room, heading off to do her chores.

Teresa sat in silence, hand gently resting upon her burdened stomach. She was confused and disturbed. She'd done the competition three times, and effortlessly outgrown the competition each time. As her daughter had said, her record still stood. Yet every single time she'd taken the formula she'd never grown within the first day. Teresa was pushing herself, eating this much, but she knew it would result in spectacular growth eventually. And yet her daughter was eating less than her and was already growing. It didn't make sense!

Teresa hadn't told her husband why she'd decided to take part in the competition again. She'd lied and said it was just something fun to do with her daughter. The reality was that Teresa cared more about her bust than she let on.

She'd joined the competition the first time over 20 years ago on a whim, not expecting to win. Her body had reacted magnificently to the formula and she'd never looked back. Ever since then she'd looked at her breasts as a point of pride. She'd really enjoyed how big they'd gotten, the envy in the other girls' eyes when she'd walked out on stage and dwarfed the competition three years in a row. Even now, going to market or the county fair she reveled in the stares and glances her bountiful bosoms drew. She was the biggest girl in town, and loved it.

When Lily had told her a month or so ago that she'd wanted to follow in her mother's footsteps, Teresa had been shocked at first, but then supportive, not wanting to crush her daughters dreams. However, in the days following her 18th birthday, a new feeling had arisen in Teresa,

one that she'd only ever seen in others; Envy. If Lily excelled as well as her mother had...well Teresa would no longer be the biggest, and she just couldn't have that.

So here she was, stuffing herself full of calories to make sure she could easily reclaim her title, and yet her daughter had effortlessly taken the lead in terms of growth, just as effortlessly as Teresa had done all those years ago. At this rate she'd be bigger than Teresa before long.

Bracing a hand on the table Teresa stood up with a grunt. She shuffled her way back toward the pot of oatmeal, grabbing a spoon and scooping out a fresh mouthful with a sigh. As she swallowed the oatmeal she reassured herself. She would do whatever she had to to win, her daughter and her pride be damned.

Over the next few days Lily's growth was slow but steady, every morning her breasts having risen fuller and rounder like two loaves of bread baking in an oven. She was ecstatic with her progress, and even more impressed by how much she was producing. Every few hours she had to sneak away to the bathroom to remove her bandages and express herself into the sink, just to relieve the pressure. Each time it took her longer to reach empty.

It became a little routine for her, standing over the bathroom sink, fingers gently tweaking each nipple back and forth as she milked herself. Each spurt of milk sent a tingle of excitement through her, often resulting with her abandoning one nipple to stick a hand down her pants to play with herself.

By the end of the fourth day, she'd found that by the end of the session her wrists were getting sore. She wouldn't be able to keep this up at this rate! She'd have to find a work around and quickly.

Lily arose on the fifth day with a smile on her face, feeling the familiar weight of her leaky tits upon her chest. Getting out of bed she looked at herself in the mirror and smiled. She was bigger than her mother. It'd taken her less than a week and she'd grown larger than her. Teresa hadn't shown any signs of change yet, and now Lily had taken the lead. Each full round breast was the size of a small watermelon, skin creamy and smooth, the milk filled balloons projecting straight off her chest. Light blue veins traced the surface as her body constantly worked to produce more and more milk. Her nipples had swollen slightly over time, each one constantly stiff and the size of a pinky tip.

Not wanting to lose any volume, she decided to wait until after breakfast before she expressed again. After reapplying fresh bandages, the ones from yesterday thoroughly soaked, she tossed on a t-shirt and headed downstairs.

She was going to need to get some new clothes soon, she realized as she bounced her way down the stairs. This formerly loose t-shirt, was stretched to breaking, its hem barely covering her breasts. Her entire midriff was exposed, with the top pulled up and stretched to near translucency by her bazooms.

She walked into the kitchen feeling proud, but her pride was instantly extinguished. Her mother sat across from her at the kitchen table, casually drinking a cup of coffee, a smug smile on her face. It had taken 5 days for the formula to kick in for Teresa, but it finally had, and all the calories she'd been gorging herself with hadn't gone to waste. Lily had been used to her mother having enormous breasts her entire life, but these put her previous bustline to shame.



Teresa sat leaning back in her chair, plaid shirt only done up around her stomach, as it would never close over her chest now. Each breast sloped away from underneath her collarbone, getting wider and fuller as they went. They each rested upon the kitchen table, the rounded bottoms the size of basketballs. Thick ridges lined her skin, where her veins pressed against the surface. Her nipples, each the size of thimbles constantly dripped milk into a pair of saucers that had been placed conveniently beneath them.

"Good morning, dear" Her mother said serenely as she sipped her coffee.

Lily pursed her lips as she tried to not let her frustration show. She'd been so close to overtaking her, and then overnight she'd moved the goalposts by a ridiculous amount. "Good Morning, Momma" She said quietly.

"Sorry about my appearance, love. I had a bit of a growth spurt overnight and now my clothes don't fit!" Teresa teased as Lily walked past her into the kitchen. A large pot of scrambled eggs sat on the stove top keeping warm. A large scoop mark was visible, where more than a third had been removed; her mother's breakfast. Angrily Lily scooped out an equal amount onto a plate, grabbing a fork from the drawer, then marching past her mother and back out of the kitchen.

"Don't eat too much, Lily! I don't want you to overexert yourself!" She called after her. Teresa smirked as she sipped again from her mug. She let out a groan of contentment as she sat there. She'd forgotten how good the formula made her feel, the increased weight and pressure in her breasts, the stimulation of lactation. It made her feel young again.

Of course, she wouldn't sit here all day just leaking on to the table, she had things to do. Eventually she'd get herself up and express herself into the sink, but for now while she digested the large breakfast she'd had, she would just sit and enjoy herself.

She felt a little bad for Lily. She'd seen the look of excited pride on her face when she'd walked in the kitchen, that had been snuffed out like a candle when she'd seen the sheer immensity of her own breasts. It had taken a few days to start, but now it had, and nobody grew tits like Teresa. Now that she'd started, she wouldn't be stopping any time soon. She just hoped that Lily would be ok with being second best.

A tremor ran through her rack as she felt them reach full capacity, the flesh growing taut and tense. She let out a few deep breaths as the pressure began to mount into a dull ache. It did hurt a bit if left for too long, but it was a good hurt. This feeling of being so ridiculously full and large was unlike any other. She tilted her head back and closed her eyes, letting herself sink into the ocean of sensuality she was feeling.

Her husband walked in, nearly tripping over his feet as he took in the view of his wife. "Holy...Teresa!? What happened!"

Teresa brought her head back to upright, looking at her husband with a broad smile. "What do you think, ya lug? The formula kicked in, and about time too!" She set down her empty coffee mug on the edge of the table, before resting both hands atop the smooth rounded tops of her bust, resting upon the table. "Pretty good for one night, right?"

Thomas was speechless, but the tenting in his pants made his thoughts on the matter known. Teresa raised an eyebrow at him. "Easy there, tiger, you're gonna break your zipper!"

Thomas blushed, as he reached down and adjusted himself. He walked up to his wife, eyes locked upon the twin zeppelins that reached 18" away from her, nipples still pulsing out a steady drip of milk. "Darling...you've never grown this fast before" He said as he leant down to kiss her on the head.

She nodded "Never tried this hard before."

He walked past her, looking over his shoulder at her. He bumped into the counter, his focus solely upon her. "Ow...dammit." He muttered, before he made himself a coffee.

"So...why are you trying so hard?" He asked, as he took a sip of his coffee.

Teresa said nothing, embarrassed to reveal her true reasoning. Her husband walked over and sat down beside her, casually picking up the small saucer of her milk and dumping some of it into his coffee. "It wouldn't have anything to do with our daughter would it? And her own...developments?"

Teresa blushed, the colour extending down onto her chest. Thomas sighed "Teresa...you're the most beautiful woman I've ever met, and I've loved you for almost 30 years now. Are you telling me that you're really jealous of your daughter?"

Teresa sighed, not looking him in the eye "I know it's stupid, and irrational. I...I've just always liked being the biggest. It made me feel sexy, desirable."

Thomas rolled his eyes at her "Teresa, you *are* sexy and desirable. You don't need to compete with your daughter to prove that. I'm certainly going to always choose you first!"

Teresa smiled at him but shook her head "Thank you Thomas, but...this is something I have to do for me. Lily understands"

Thomas stared at her for a moment, before he stood, exiting the kitchen with his coffee. "Fine. I'm staying out of it. Don't hurt yourself". Teresa sat in silence for a few minutes more, considering their conversation, before she stood, pulling her breasts up off the table. Standing up right they reached just past her navel, completely covering her torso from the front. The skin had started to go bright pink, the pressure within rising. With a hand on her hip for balance she set off to her own bathroom to milk herself for the first of many times.

Upstairs Lily sat on her bed piling eggs into her mouth. Her mother had thrown down the gauntlet this morning and Lily would not back down. Her stomach gurgled angrily as she continued to stuff eggs into her mouth.

After finishing the colossal plate of breakfast she'd made herself she flopped back down onto the mattress, groaning. She rubbed her hands on the round bulge of her stomach, packed tight with food. Her discomfort didn't last long; within 30 minutes her body's accelerated metabolism had burned the food down to a normal level. An hour after that she was hungry again. She'd gotten used to being hungry between meals over the past week, but today she knew things had to change. If she was going to overtake her mother then she couldn't let up.

Lily snuck back down to the kitchen, keeping an eye out of her mother and her gargantuan new breasts. Neither were in sight so she hurried into the room, making her way over to the stove top. The pot of eggs still sat there, now only a third full. Checking to make sure the coast was clear; she grabbed the entire pot and hauled it back to her room. Sitting on the edge of her bed with the pot resting on her lap, she began to eat once more. The eggs were cold and bland, but she didn't care. Her body, no, her breasts needed calories, and she would give them as much as she could.

Within minutes she had finished the second helping of eggs, her gut once again rounding out slightly from her overeating. Stomach still protesting from the overfilling, she returned the pot downstairs and clandestinely cleaned it, pretending that she was just doing the dishes after disposing of the leftover food. She left the kitchen with a sly grin on her face, her impressive pair of tits hiding the round bulge of her tummy.

Dinner that night was a tense affair, both mother and daughter trying their hardest to watch the other and their level of consumption. Lily's breasts had noticeably grown throughout the day, as she'd continue to snack whenever her hunger returned. She'd filled her stomach 5 times now, and the results were showing on her bustline, which had swelled an additional inch throughout the day, though you couldn't tell now; she'd worn an overly large hoody to hide both her growing breasts as well as her full stomach.

Teresa had taken a less stealthy approach to the meal. She sat at the table fully topless, having long ago abandoned the buttoned shirt that she'd half worn this morning. Her breasts rested in her lap, thankfully deciding to not lay them on the table so as to make room for the food. She of course then had to sit slightly further back, the table edge pressing into her making a dent in the top of each massive tit. The button of her high waisted mom-jeans was undone, fly pulled down almost to the bottom to make room for her gut which bubbled out from her, visible through the valley of her cleavage.

Between the two of them they'd picked the roast chicken they'd had clean, and each eaten three cobs of corn slathered with butter. The only thing left on the table was the bowl of mashed potatoes.

Bite after bite disappeared down their mouths as they kept pace with each other, both watching the other like a pair of hawks. Thomas sat between them, doing his best to ignore them. That afternoon he'd considered moving himself into the barn until this feud blew over.

"Please pass the mashed potatoes, Daddy" Lily asked, voice sweet, but her eyes fixated on her mother.

Thomas reached forward to grab the bowl, when his wife's hand caught him by the wrist. "Oh, honey, don't you think you've had enough? This is your first time competing after all, I don't want you to push yourself too hard"

Lily furrowed her brows "I know my limits, Momma. If I'm gonna win the competition I'm going to have to reach them"

Teresa frowned, her hand still gripping Thomas' wrist like a vice. Her husband just sighed, waiting for them to sort it out "Lily, darling, I love your enthusiasm, but don't get ahead of

yourself. You're not going to win, I am. I was built for this. I didn't even try last time and my record still hasn't been beaten. Now that I'm really giving it my all...nobody, including you, will come close!"

With a huff Lily stood up and reached across the table to grab the bowl herself but her mother was too quick, snatching it back with her other hand. "Dinner's over" she said sharply, before she stood herself, still holding the bowl of potatoes. Without another word she walks out of the kitchen taking the food with her. Her massive tits bounced off her stomach as she stomped out of the kitchen.

Lily pouted as she sat back down. "Daddy" She whined "Momma's being such a bitch about this. Can't you talk to her?"

He turned abruptly pointing a finger in her face "Hey! Watch your language young lady! That's my wife!"

Lily flushed with shame "Sorry, Daddy"

He nodded "Apology accepted. And no, I won't talk to her. I love you both and I'm not taking sides. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to make myself some toast; you and your mother barely left anything for me"

Lily left the kitchen, leaving her father to scrounge for whatever food he could find. She climbed the stairs to her room, passing her parents' bedroom where she could hear her mother finishing the rest of the potatoes.

Lily thought the second dosage would've been enough to overtake her mother, but the older woman seemed to have a preternatural ability to grow. Lily would never catch up, especially if she was being cut off from food. Her father wouldn't help her, he'd firmly declared himself neutral. She needed someone on her side. Grabbing her phone off the night table, she sent out a frantic text, then laid down on the bed to wait.

Two rooms over Thomas walked into his bedroom, plate of toast in hand, to find his wife laying on the bed. Each mammoth breast had slumped off her chest to lay on the mattress beside her. On top of his pillow was the empty bowl of mashed potatoes. Teresa lay with her eyes closed, hands gently holding the round form of her belly.

"I hope you're happy" he said, closing the door behind him.

Teresa smiled to herself "Mmm, I am"

"I was being sarcastic, dear." He said eating a bite of toast. "You made an ass of yourself, and upset our daughter"

Teresa frowned, not opening her eyes. "Oh please, you're overreacting. Lily is fine, I just told her the truth. I *am* going to win. Look at me!" She moved her hands off her stomach to rest atop each of her full bosoms which lay on the bed beside her, each piled 10" high off the bed spread. "It's barely been less than a week and I'm already half as big as I was when I last competed!"

She looked up at her husband, a sly smile on her face. "You used to love how competitive I was; how excited I got about growing. I'm still that same girl I was, Thomas"

Thomas sighed as he swallowed the last bite of his first piece of toast. "Is it worth the relationship with your daughter?"

Teresa shook her head "Don't be ridiculous. Lily is just as competitive as I am, don't let her crocodile tears make you think that she's seriously upset. She just wants to win as much as I do. Unfortunately for her, that isn't going to happen" Her hands gently rubbed the large masses of each breast as she gazed at her husband. She licked her lips. "Are you going to finish that toast?" She asked coyly.

Rolling his eyes, he handed her the plate with the remaining piece of toast on it. He looked over to his side of the bed. Her left breast took up half of the space, and the sheets were damp from the constant drip of milk leaking from its nipple. "Guess, I'm sleeping on the couch for a while" He grunted as he left the room. Teresa ignored him, as she munched on the piece of toast, moaning with delight as she rested a hand upon her stomach once again.

Late that night Lily lay in bed in the dark, stomach growling. She waited anxiously hands rested at her side, drumming the mattress with her fingers as she tried to distract herself. "Where is he?" She whispered to herself, as she checked the digital clock on her night table. 12:30am. He said he'd be here at midnight.

Her phone dinged, the screen lighting up. She nearly fell out of bed as she rolled over excitedly to grab it. "I'm here" Was all it said. She texted back. "Meet me by the barn" As silently as she could she slid out of her room and tip-toed her way down the hall. Descending the stairs, she passed the living room where she could hear her father snoring from the couch. Delicately she opened the front door, and stepped out into the warm summer night. Once she'd eased it shut, she took off towards the barn at a run, her tight full breasts bouncing within her sweater.

She arrived at the barn to find it deserted. "Charlie?" She whispered. A moment later Charlie stepped out from behind the corner. He was the son of their neighbors, the Tustin's, who owned the corn farm 5 miles down the road. They'd been amiable for most of their life, but never really friends. She hadn't expected him to come at all when she'd asked but he'd been surprisingly willing to aid her, though she hadn't told him why.

"What the hell is going on here, Lily? We haven't talked in months and then you send me this wild ass text to bring you \$50 worth of junk food at midnight?! Promising you'll make it "worth my while?" Charlie waved his arms about, a large grocery bag filled with chocolate bars and chips in one hand.

Lily stepped forward and in one smooth motion, unzipped her hoody and slung it off her shoulders, exposing her entire upper body to him. The creamy skin of each watermelon sized tit shone in the moonlight. Each band aid was thoroughly soaked, and she suspected would fall off with little assistance.

Charlie's eyes opened wide with a mix of shock and lust. "Sweet baby Jesus! Lily?! When did you grow tits!"

She smiled "Last week"

He tore his gaze off her rack to look her in the eye "...What?"

She shook her head with a giggle "It doesn't matter. Here's the deal, you bring me as much junk food as I ask for, and I let you play with my titties while I eat it. What do you say?"

He narrowed his eyes "This...seems too good to be true. What's the catch?"

She shook her head "No catch, Charlie. I know you like big boobies, I've noticed the way you'd ogle my mother when we visited your farm. I just need help, and you're the first person I thought of"

He smiled broadly "Well thank you, I guess? Yes of course, I'll take the deal!"

Returning his smile, she took his free hand in hers and led him into the barn. There she settled herself down onto a stack of hay bales, and patted for him to sit down beside her. Charlie quickly complied, handing her the bag packed full of high calorie treats.

Lily dug her hand in and fished out a chocolate bar, unwrapping it and taking a large bite. Charlie sat beside her, hands awkwardly hovering in the air. "Go ahead" She said through a mouthful of chocolate "You can touch em"

"You're sure?" He said.

She nodded as she took another bite "Definitely. Mmm, this is delicious!"

Charlie reached out and placed his hands on the colossal breast closest to him, gently squeezing and massaging. Her flesh was soft, but surprisingly resistant, the milk filled ducts unyielding from the pressure. "Goddamn..." He muttered as he continued to fondle them.

Lily smiled as she bit down into the second candy bar. "You can go harder, Charlie. I'm not made of paper!"

Charlie nodded, squeezing her breasts harder, fingers digging into her round melons. She moaned with delight at the stimulation, as she continued to eat the sugary treats he'd brought.

"Hey...why do you have band-aids on your nipples?" Charlie asked confused. His fondling hands had travelled to the front of her breasts to play with her nipples, but had found them covered.

"Mmm!" She said in excitement as she swallowed another mouthful. "That's the best part! Take em off and take a look!"

Charlie removed the band aids, and immediately milk droplets appeared at the tip of each nub. His eyes widened with understanding. "Is that...?"

She nodded "Mmhmm!"

"Can I...?"

"Oh yes, please do, I'm quite full right now!" She said cheerily as she ripped open a family sized bag of chips.

Getting up on his knees, he reached across her bust, fingers wrapping around each of her nipples. Then with deft hands he began to gently tug bag and forth. Though his family didn't own a milk farm, every farm boy in the area knew how to milk a cow, and his skills transferred quite effectively. Within seconds he had her spraying twin jets of milk across the barn, alternating back and forth.

Lily moaned heavily, as she stuffed chips in her mouth. She'd enjoyed the feeling of milking herself, but having it done to her was just soooo much better. She stopped eating, leaning her head back into the hay to allow herself to focus on the ecstasy his gentle hands brought her.

"Oh, hell Charlie, that feels really good" She groaned, eyes squeezed shut tight. Suddenly he stopped squeezing on one. She was about to ask her why he'd stopped, when she felt his hand slide down the waist band of her tights into her panties. She gasped as his fingers found her clit and began to gently circle it. Her body had already been close to climax from the lactation stimulation; in less than a minute of him teasing her clit her hips lifted up off the hay bale as her body spasmed with her release.

She collapsed into the hay, breathing heavy. The flow of milk from her tits had ebbed away to nothing; they'd been fully drained for now, but would soon refill. She opened her eyes and pushed herself back up to a sitting position. She turned to the lad beside her and frowned at him.

"Charlie, that wasn't part of the deal!" She said accusingly.

He shrugged "Sorry, Lily. It just...it felt right. I won't do it again, promise"

She leaned towards him and kissed him on the cheek "Oh no, Charlie Tustin, you are definitely doing that again. Goddamn, I saw stars! Just...ask next time"

He nodded with a smile "Sure thing, Lily"

Lily started on another thick chocolate bar, eager to consume more calories, when she noticed Charlie still sitting there awkwardly, hands on his lap. Looking over she saw that he was unsuccessfully trying to hide his erection. She smirked at him "Oh alright, pull it out. It's only fair I repay the favor"

Charlie didn't hesitate, unzipping his fly and slipping his cock out of his underwear. Lily gently took his firm shaft in her hand and began to jerk him off, while she continued to stuff her face with food. Within a minute he came, shooting a rope of cum across the barn floor.

After recovering, Charlie redid his pants and stood. "Alright, I gotta get home. So...tomorrow?" He asked with a shy smile.

Lily nodded with a demure smile "See you tomorrow, Charlie..."

Charlie smiled back before leaving the barn, heading off back towards his house. Lily stayed in the barn for another half hour until she'd polished off all the food he'd brought her. Her stomach was quite round, like a woman 4 months pregnant. With a grunt she heaved herself off and hurried off back to the house, eager to get some sleep.

Lily woke to the sun streaming through her window shades. She sat up with a yawn, her shoulders rolling forward by the unexpected weight pulling them down. "Oooh" She cooed as she looked down at her chest. Her late-night binge had had its desired effect, the extra calories having gone straight to her chest. The junk food appeared to be especially conducive to growth. Each round tit had plumped up an additional three inches, like two soccerballs of pale pink flesh bolted on to her torso. Her veins were bright blue were they traced the surface. Her hands reached forward to find her nipples. The dark-pink pebbly flesh of her areolae was sensitive from Charlies milking the previous night. Each nub had grown slightly thicker, and she felt milk beading at the ends.

She smiled "Don't stop girls! We've got a lot more growing to do!"

An unexpected knock at her door made her leap with a shout. Her father's voice echoed through the door. "Rise and shine sleeping beauty! I've been up for hours! Can I come in?"

Lily hastily pulled the covers of her bed up to her neck, covering her exposed bust. "Yes, Daddy" She called.

Thomas opened the door, leaning his head in. "How are you feeling today, Lily?"

She smiled "Better, thank you. Don't worry about me, Daddy, I'll be alright"

He nodded "Good. Breakfast is waiting downstairs...assuming your mother hasn't eaten it all." He turned to leave, but then stopped, remembering something.

"Oh, and one more thing..." He leaned his head in and whispered, his face starting to go red. He didn't meet her eyes when he spoke.

"I don't care if you use the barn for late night...rendezvous's. Just...please hose it down when you're done so I don't have to clean up the mess. Okay?"

Lily nodded, her face going bright pink "Yes, Daddy"

He nodded once, eager to escape the conversation "Alright, good talk" He slapped the door frame awkwardly once and then left.

Lily groaned with embarrassment, burying her face in her sheets. She didn't like that her father knew about her time with Charlie, but there was nothing to be done about it now. With a sigh she donned her oversized hoody again, though now she struggled to zip it up, and headed downstairs for breakfast.

A small bowl of cereal awaited her. Her mother stood at the counter washing dishes, made difficult by her bust which kept her over a foot away from the counter. Lily noted with a smirk that she was washing frying pans and plates, the signs of a much heavier breakfast than the bowl of cereal presented to her.



“Good morning, Momma” she said digging into her bowl.

“Good Morning, Lily. I hope you enjoy your breakfast. I figured after last night’s dinner, you’d want something light” Lily couldn’t help but notice the mocking tone in her voice. Teresa turned around with a smug smile, wiping her hands with her dish cloth. Her pendulous breasts had grown overnight as expected, but not by nearly as much as Lily’s had. If Lily kept up her rate of expansion she reckoned she’d overtake her mother before the competition was over.

Like the night before, her mother was topless, her low hanging breasts nearly reaching her waist. Each one slanted off to the side, pushed away by the bulbous girth of her stomach, freshly filled with what Lily assumed had been an entire package of bacon. Clearly her continuous gorging was starting to affect her capacity, stretching out her stomach to allow her to eat greater quantities with each meal. Lily had noticed the same effect within her own body, last night’s feast of sugary treats not giving her any indigestion whatsoever.

Her mother walked over, an imperious smile on her face. Each massive breast loomed before her, sloping away from her body by over a foot. Her nipples were the size of shot glasses. Lily’s mother had placed a wash cloth over each of them to absorb her constant drip of milk, each held in place by an elastic band around the base of the nipple.

Watching her mother approach, Lily felt a moment of discouragement. Her mother was so beautiful, so elegant, so graceful. She was a goddess, a queen. She walked effortlessly, despite the two mammoth mammaries that hung off her front, nearly reaching her hips. The only sign that she felt them at all was the slight arch of her spine, her shoulders rolled back to allow her body to find equilibrium.

In a funny moment of clarity, Lily thought back to when she used to be amazed by her mother’s breasts and how she’d always carried them like they were nothing. Seeing her move about the kitchen with two breasts the size of animal feed sacks made it clear that her size before really had been nothing to her.

“All done, dear?” Her mother asked, turning her bust away from the table so she could lean over and grab Lily’s bowl.

“Yes” Lily said dejected, as she pushed her chair back to stand.

“Lily, darling” Her mother said, voice softening slightly “I wish you wouldn’t wear that ugly sweater. You should be proud of your body, even if you aren’t going to win the competition. Let me see how much you’ve grown”

Lily turned to face her mother, and with a sigh unzipped the hoody and removed. Teresa’s magnanimous smile fell from her face. Lily’s growth from last night’s sugary gorging had her nearly matching Teresa in size. The only difference was Lily’s were perkier, rounder, two great spheres of flesh, whereas Teresa’s hung more off her body. Her bright pink nubs quivered in place, desperate to release their milk. Lily felt her discouragement disappear at her mother’s reaction. Her mother was incredible in her own right, but Lily could beat her.

“Well!” Teresa huffed. “Look at you!”

“Look at me” Lily replied with a proud grin.

Teresa shook her head with a frown “Don’t be a fool Lily. You can’t beat me. I’m just getting warmed up. Last time I competed, most of my growth happened in the last two weeks”

Lily held her gaze “Looking forward to it, Momma” then she turned and strutted out of the kitchen. Unfortunately, she wasn’t as used to the weight as her mother, and without the sweater pressing them against her body she was forced to use her hands to hold up her breasts to maintain her balance.

After that day their rivalry only intensified. During the day Teresa would eat as much as she could, while denying her daughter extra portions, and then overnight Lily would be visited by Charlie and stuff herself with the treats he brought her. As the week rolled on so did the growth of their tits, every day adding inch after to inch to their bustline. Despite Lily’s best efforts she couldn’t quite catch up. Every morning when she walked downstairs to breakfast her mother was always just ahead of her by the smallest of margins. It was starting to get frustrating, having to face her mother and her triumphant smile every morning when once again Teresa maintained her lead.

What Lily didn’t know was that Teresa was struggling. She’d abandoned all of her household duties and chores to focus solely on preparing food and eating it. She spent the vast majority of the day with her stomach swollen with food, stretching her capacity each day.

Teresa lay in bed, groaning, when her husband found her halfway through the third week. Her breasts were enormous, each 4’ long and expanding out to over 2’ at their wide bases. Yesterday she’d beaten her old record, with the end nowhere in sight. Today she had one draped over the side of the mattress where it rested on the floor, the other took up the entire other side of the bed. Her nipples were the size of coffee mugs, each having several elastic bands squeezing them tight. Despite these restraints they still constantly dripped with milk. Between her tits her stomach was a round dome, almost the size of a full-term pregnancy, the result of her most recent feast.

“You alright, honey?” He asked, as he opened the dresser to change his shirt.

“I just...I just don’t understand” she said meekly. “I’m eating so much...how is Lily keeping up! She barely eats anything at meals!”

Thomas shrugged “She probably has her boyfriend bringing her food”

Teresa sat up with a start. “What! Boyfriend?!”

Thomas nodded “Mmhmm. She’s been sneaking off to the barn every night to meet him.”

Teresa grimaced at him “Why didn’t you tell me!”

He held up his hands defensively “I told you, I’m not getting in the middle of this”

Teresa grunted as she laid back down in bed. “I can’t believe it. Are they having sex?”

Thomas shook his head "I don't know. I don't want to know"

They were having sex. Lily had started having him visit both at midnight and on his lunch break. Charlie had become obsessed with her and her breasts, always amazed at how much bigger they were each day. It didn't take long for Lily to become enamored by his attention, and within a week she'd decided to give herself to him. And she was glad she had.

Charlie Tustin was a stud, and he was all hers. Her breasts had grown so round and full, each a 3' diameter sphere, like an overfilled yoga ball, that she could bend over and rest her upper body on them as they laid on the ground. This gave Charlie easy access to pound her sweet pussy from behind to his heart's content.

Typically, he climaxed quickly, unable to hold himself back from the sight of her great twin orbs, but his refractory period was almost non-existent. Sometimes he wouldn't even get soft after cumming, thrusting never stopping as he grunted with orgasmic release. Through it all Lily moaned with her own ecstasy, body blazing with desire, until she'd hit her own climax, her orgasm triggering her let down reflex, nipples releasing a torrent of milk.

"Mmmm, oh god damn. You sure know how to please a woman, Charlie Tustin!" She giggled as he pulled out of her after their most recent session.

Charlie laughed, leaning down to help her get up. It took considerable effort, but she was still able to stand on her own two feet, though she feared that may soon no longer be the case.

"Help me over to the hay bales, darling" She purred "I'm ready for my snacks"

Charlie moved to help her, when the Barn door swung open. Teresa stood in the opening; eyes wide in shock. "Oh my god! It's true!" She exclaimed.

Lily went pink with embarrassment. She'd known it was only a matter of time before her mother found out, but still she preferred when it was a secret.

"Yes, Momma, Charlie and I have been making love" Lily admitted.

Teresa shook her head "No, that's not what I meant." She walked into the barn heading towards the hay bales. Despite the immense size of her breasts, each one bouncing off her knees as she walked, she was still graceful. She stopped and bent down, breasts colliding with the floor and piling up as she leaned over. She grabbed the large bag filled with junk food and lifted it.

"Junk food! So that's your secret!" Teresa said with a grin. "Well, I'll take these, thank you!"

Lily's embarrassment turned to anger. "Hey! That's mine!"

Teresa swung around to face her, breasts jostling against each other with the motion, like two great pendulums. "Sorry, honey, but Momma needs them. I'm feeling hungry" She rubbed her hands against her already full stomach. With a grin she exited the barn, bag of treats slung over her shoulder. "Thanks for the tip about the junk food. That competition is as good as mine!" She cackled with glee as she left, barn door swinging shut behind her.

Lily swung around to Charlie, who still stood nude before her, dumbfounded. "Charlie!" She snapped, getting his attention.

He turned his head to look at her. "Yes, Lily?"

"I'm going to need more snacks. A lot more" She demanded.

## **Two Weeks Later**

A man in a cheap rented tuxedo stood before a microphone on stage in the small hall that had been rented to host this year's competition.

"Ladies, once again I must thank all of you that joined this year's competition. But I think we all know who the clear winner of today's competition is. So please let's all give a warm round of applause for this year's champion...Cindy Hutchins!"

A tall woman with long red hair tied back into a braid walked forward on the stage, a big smile upon her face. On her chest she sported a pair of full round tits, each the size of an overgrown pumpkin.

"Ha! She's the winner?! She's tiny!" Lily laughed from where she sat.

"Ha ha, right? She's not breaking any records!" Teresa agreed laughing with her daughter.

The two of them sat side by side, or at least as close together as they could within the barn. They watched a livestream of the competition on a pair of tablets that each held before them.

Since the confrontation in the barn two weeks ago, the pair had done nothing but try and outdo each other, eating and growing as much as they could. Unfortunately, in their haste to be the one with the biggest bust they had missed a rather important detail. To win the competition they actually had to be able to *attend* the competition.

Neither of them were moving anywhere in their current state. They each sat at either end of a large couch that had been brought into the barn for them. They would've sat closer but their busts made that quite impossible.

Each of them had grown immensely huge, their breasts spreading out before each of them, a literal sea of flesh. Each colossal tit was larger than the Norton family pick-up truck, the twin pairs filling the barn from side to side. Veins criss-crossed their surfaces, pulsing with blood as their breasts shook and shuddered from the cycle of producing and expressing milk. Industrial milking machines, used on their farm in the past to milk cows, were attached to each of their gigantic nipples, desperately trying to keep up with the flood of milk each breast produced.

Teresa had become immobile first a week ago, with Lily following the next day. With the help of the Farm's tractor and some eager young men, they'd been set up in the barn to give them space to grow.

Each had been eager to out-size the other, endlessly eating the high calorie snacks that apparently led to the highest rate of growth. Their belly's remained swollen to an incredible degree as they filled them as fast as their body could digest. Near the end of the final week there were periods where the growth had accelerated to the point that it was visible with the naked eye.

When Thomas had approached them at the end of the fourth week and informed them that Miss Midwest Milker refused to let them compete remotely, the two shared a look before they broke down laughing. The tension between them dissipated as they realized how foolish they'd been. They'd agreed upon a tie; no final measurement made to see who was really bigger. Each woman secretly held on to the belief that she'd been victorious.

Now that the four weeks were over, it was just a matter of letting their bodies filter the hormone out of their system. As the newly grown milk ducts shrunk and dissipated, they would slowly shrink down to much more reasonable sizes. But until then they were stuck.

Lily had suggested they watch the competition for a laugh, and a laugh it had indeed been. They'd giggled at the bevy of busty women who'd paraded themselves on stage, so proud of their growth; growth that she and her mother had achieved within a single week.

It took two weeks of constant milking for them to finally shrink back down. Lily's breasts were now the size that her mother's had been before this entire ordeal had begun, nice firm cantaloupes. In the end she'd gotten what she wanted.

Charlie couldn't help but be disappointed in the reduction, but Lily still caught her new boyfriend ogling her chest when he thought she wasn't looking.

Teresa's breasts were quite a bit larger, easily reaching her navel, which brought her no end of joy. She was still the biggest.

As for Thomas, he's just happy there's peace in his house once again.

**THE END**