

“Alright. Kids are asleep so that means we can FINALLY have some US time...”

Two old friends were hanging out at an apartment in the suburbs. As a children's cartoon played softly on the TV in the living room, they sat at either end of the beige L-shaped couch across from it.

“Its been a lot of fun seeing them and...catching up.” Kitty stated, running a hand through her curly black hair to relieve a knot that had been forming since she had gotten there, and had only worsened when one of Joanna's kids kept grabbing at it for the last little bit they were awake.

“Same! Its been so nuts, what with school and having the kids...and that whole like, plague thing on top of that...” Kitty shook her head, adjusting her bra strap subconsciously. “...have you been feeling better since then?” Kitty looked up and blushed, pale skin going pink.

“Uhh...I mean, you know I was stacked in high school, but...it didn't help, that's for sure.”

“No kidding! We were like, the same size in high school...and now, well..” Joanna giggled, wiggling her tits around teasingly. She had a perfect pair of Gs, and in spite of having two children and breastfeeding them both, still took proper care enough for them to maintain at least a somewhat perky, spherical appearance. Kitty, on the other hand, sported her own set of F cups, only a few inches off from her friend. Considering she had only been a C a few years back, the sudden surge in size from the plague had certainly taken the pair by surprise...but Joanna's own breasts had ballooned quite a bit from having not one, but two children. Kitty sighed.

“Oh, you were always bigger...you were just nicer about it.” Joanna waved the comment off.

“Its not a contest. Plus, kids add as much to the bustline as that plague did, apparently-”

“Well, I mean...I just got off easy.” Kitty corrected. Joanna shrugged.

“Yeah, that's true. And thank goodness we don't live in New Hampshire-”

“God, that whole entire city? Flattened by tits as big as buildings! How nuts were those pictures though?” Kitty asked, taking a hit off her e-cigarette. Joanna chuckled.

“Yeah, we definitely got lucky up here. I feel like...since it was up here first, we overreacted to it, but that's why none of our cities got flattened, y'know?” Kitty nodded at the statement.

“Totally. And I've heard it was way more mild up here than it was further east.” The two continued to banter about current affairs as Joanna stood from the couch and made her way to the kitchen.

“You thirsty?” She asked as she stepped over. Kitty stood, joining her in the white, fluorescent lit room.

“Yeah, water's fine.” Kitty replied, tossing a piece of garbage away in the can under the sink. As Joanna filled the glass cup, setting it on the counter, Kitty couldn't help but notice the wet spots that were forming on the front of her shirt. “Oh...Jo...” Joanna suddenly looked down, sighing and setting the cup of water on the counter.

“Fuuuuck...could this just STOP already...?” Joanna pulled a towel out and pulled up her shirt to reveal her big, leaking tits, white liquid spilling down their surfaces as the cloth cleaned them up. “I swear, its

been two whole years and I'm making MORE milk than when I was pregnant..."

"Have you talked to your doctor about it?" Kitty asked, trying her best not to stare at Joanna's bare tits...and failing. Joanna nodded, positioning her tits over the sink, milk leaking out drop by drop into it.

"They told me its not very common, but there is a small percentage of women who lactate for years after they've given birth...and apparently there's an even smaller percentage of women who never stop lactating at all..."

"That sounds...scary." Kitty stated, unable to take her eyes off her friend's breasts as they continued to dribble into the sink. "You ever tried doing anything with it?" Kitty asked, half-jokingly. Joanna laughed aloud, hands still resting below her leaking breasts.

"Like, what? Baking with it?" Kitty shrugged, half joking, but still curious.

"I mean...have you ever tasted it or anything?"

"What? Ew, Kitty!" Joanna replied, a big smile on her face as she laughed at her friend's suggestion. Kitty laughed back, still staring at Joanna's massive tits as they continued dripping into the sink. Joanna took notice, rolling her eyes and grabbing a cup that was drying next to the sink. Holding the cup to her tit, she brought her other hand to her nipple and squeezed.

"Wait, Jo, what're you-"

"What? You asked!" Joanna pulled at her nipple, needing very little stimulation for the drips to turn into a steady stream, the cup filling up quicker than either Joanna or Kitty had thought it would, before she set it down on the counter, allowing her nipple to continue to express. "This might be a minute...haven't done that in a few weeks."

"Do you need to keep emptying yourself or something?" Kitty asked, grabbing the cup and looking at its contents. The milk seemed...thicker than the kind Kitty had grown up with. And a bit more...beige than white. She crinkled her nose up at it, immediately regretting the suggestion.

"Nahh, but...once in a while I'll get more...full for some reason? And then my bras refuse to fit, so I have to...'take care of it'." Kitty's eyes went wide at the statement.

"Wait, your boobs get *bigger*?!" Kitty asked, aghast. Joanna nodded, going a little pink at her friend's surprise.

"Quit it! I hate having these big knockers all the time..."

"Yeah...I mean, my boyfriend loves them, but..." Kitty sighed, lifting her own impressive jugs in her grey t shirt and letting them drop, material dragging up and down with their movements.

"He better." Joanna stated, staring at her friends' tits as they wobbled about. "You gonna try that, or what?" Joanna asked, gesturing to the cup on the counter. Kitty scratched the back of her head in doubt.

"Y'know...it sounded interesting in my head, but..."

“Oh c'mon, you're gonna make my titties go through this just to NOT drink it?” Joanna gestured to her leaking tits, one boob still letting out a steady stream before the other's drips began to slowly turn into it's own stream. “Fuuuuck, I was hoping the other one wouldn't join in...”

“How long does it usually take to uh...empty out?”

“Oooohh...well...I never feel empty, I kinda just...stop after a few minutes...but...ooh, this is...” Joanna bit her bottom lip, the two streams of milk's arcs getting straighter as she felt the pressure and amount of milk building within her tits. It felt different, for some reason. She didn't want to upset or concern Kitty, keeping her soft moans as internalized as she could.

“You ok?” Kitty asked, blindly reaching down for the cup of water, feeling parched, unable to take her eyes off the sight. There was a growing blush on Joanna's face, and her eyebrows were scrunching up as she braced her hands on the sink, tits wobbling freely and spraying milk, the force only getting worse.

“Oohh...s-sorry...this is...so embarrassing...I...its never...this has never happened...nnnghhh...” Joanna desperately tried to retain her composure, but the feelings wouldn't cease like they used to, the pressure and pleasure was only ramping up as she dropped her head down and sighed out in frustration, the sound of metal pings getting louder and more aggressive as she stood there.

“Its ok, Jo...do you want me to, like...leave the room...?” Kitty asked, bringing the glass to her mouth and taking a sip, eyes still glued to Joanna. She jerked the cup away from her, tasting immediately as if something was off. “Awwww, fuck, that's not water...” Kitty smacked her lips together, looking contemplative for a moment before shrugging. “I mean...your milk is actually kinda tasty, Jo...its like...kinda sweet, almost?” Kitty slowly brought the cup to her lips, swigging down the last little puddle at the bottom of the cup. There were perhaps two mouthfuls worth of liquid in the cup, and Kitty had taken them both, setting the glass aside before looking back at her friend, milk flow now starting to turn into a gush, Joanna trying her best not to moan as her fingers began to turn white from her grip. “Uh...Jo...you ok?”

“Oh God!” Joanna suddenly exclaimed, throwing her head back before pushing her chin back in, closing her eyes tight as milk practically fired from her nips like a hose, the sink unable to drain fast enough as creamy liquid began to crest the top of it. “Fuck...I...I need to get to the bathroom!” Joanna whipped around, spraying Kitty from the torso down as milk splattered across every conceivable area. She rushed through the small hallway that connected the kitchen to the living room, then ran down to the right, flying through the bathroom door and leaning over into the bathtub. With the only light from the living room, Joanna couldn't quite see her tits at that moment, but something was starting to feel very...wrong about them. “K...Kitty?” Joanna cried out, bringing her hands up to feel her breasts, only for them to meet flesh much, much sooner than she had anticipated. “KITTY?!” Joanna now shouted hysterically, the dimness of the room, mixed with coming straight from the overly-bright kitchen, was making her eyes take forever to adjust. She heard hurried footsteps finally approach, her friend at the flipping on the bathroom light intuitively.

Both girls gasped at what they saw. Before Joanna, somehow, were tits that seemed to be twice their size. Gone were the G cups, two orbs that were roughly as large as her head – she had something more akin to volleyballs now; Joanna rubbed her hands all across them, eyes going wide as she realized that they were still, in fact, swelling within her palms.

“Holy FUCK, why is this happening?!”

“I...I...” Kitty was frozen to the spot – the sight was strange to her, being someone who had been in a similar position just a year prior. But Joanna’s was undoubtedly worse, and whether or not this was being caused by the same strange illness that gave Kitty her F cups, or something else, Kitty didn’t know. But the answer began to dawn on her as she felt her nipples start to ache, her green eyes darting down to look at her tight grey t shirt as the small nubs started to suddenly bore holes through them, standing at full attention. “Oh no...” The feeling that Kitty had felt before...the strange fullness that takes hold within her breasts, and how it felt like they were being pushed out from within...that pressure that kept building up and getting worse and worse, it was happening all over again.

Except this was different. Kitty groaned, grabbing her stomach and leaning against the doorway as she slid down onto her backside, groaning as she felt her body go numb and her tits get hot.

“Kitty?! Are you ok?” Joanna asked, tits still pushing out milk at a constant rate as they added on a few more inches, their forms starting to reach down into the bathtub as Joanna sat above it, her short frame not allowing much distance between her bust and the ground. “Is this...?” Kitty shook her head, knowing what the question was before Joanna could ask it.

“I’ve heard...there’s been a small number of...comeback cases...from mutations...” Kitty tried to speak between pants, her breath labored as her tits began undergoing the process. “...Jo...” Joanna looked over at her friend, her arms falling to the side as she looked at her, body limp as her tits began to pulse. “...I’m scared...”

“It’s gonna be ok, Kitty, we’ll...ooh...this is gonna go away cuz its...I don’t think its...” Losing her train of thought as her tits finally began to settle, milk starting to slowly change from a force to a small arc, to mere dribbles on her tits, their forms now completely filling Joanna’s lap. She looked down at them and marveled.

“Don’t think its what, Jo...?” Kitty weakly asked as her tits suddenly pushed out, Kitty yelping and looking down as her t-shirt began to strain. They jumped again, fabric now splitting and tearing at the seams as Kitty brought her hands up to breasts that mirrored what Joanna once had. “Nooo...not again...” She begged her breasts not to balloon, but all that occurred was a steady stream of quick swelling, breasts breaking through cup sizes at a breakneck pace as her t-shirt was reduced to shreds. Puffy pink nipples stuck out proudly before her, Kitty staring in awe as they continued to bloat mercilessly, feeling flesh sprawl across her torso. Her arms started getting pushed out, making accommodations for the breasts that were now getting so big she could barely get a grip around them. Her nipples started to escape her grasp, now reaching almost a foot and a half away, their size becoming more impressive than even Joanna, even if Kitty had the slightly taller figure.

This was it. It was over, Kitty thought. I’m going to break this apartment. This city. Hell, maybe even the county. My breasts are going to grow, and grow, and grow and take everything down around them. And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

And as the thoughts entered her head, the growth suddenly ceased. Opening her eyes, Kitty screamed as tits two feet in diameter stuck out before her, perfectly round and perky, sitting on the floor in front of her and resting atop her legs.

“Oh God...Oh no, Joanna...this is so bad!” Before Joanna could respond, still lost in her own stupor,

Kitty heard a loud gurgling noise coming from the wall of flesh in front of her.

“Eh?” Kitty leaned her ear closer, only to hear the noise getting louder, and more intense. “Wh...ohhhh, don't tell me...” A new pressure was making itself felt within Kitty's breasts; a wave that ebbed and flowed from the back to the front of her whole being slowly pushed its way all the way forward to Kitty's nipples, which felt miles away to her. She shuddered, the feeling like nothing she had felt before, until the inevitable finally occurred:

“nn...nnn-nnnnnNNNNNNAAAAHHHHHH~” Kitty couldn't help it. She moaned. She moaned louder than she had ever moaned in her life. The feeling of milk suddenly pumping out of her tits at a steady stream caused her fingers and toes to completely curl as an orgasm ripped right through her body. Milk flowed all across the bathroom floor, splashing all across Joanna as she stumbled and fell to the side of the tub. Joanna was going to ask if Kitty was ok, but from the look on her face and the bright shade of red she had turned, Joanna couldn't help but stop herself and laugh a little. As Kitty pumped out liter after liter of milk, completely soaking the bathroom floor, milk flowing out into the kitchen, into the living room, all across the floor of the whole apartment, her tits gradually receded back, inch after inch after foot after foot gradually reduced until milk began to seep out of the doorway and into the streets of the complex.

The two sat there, soaking in milk up to their ankles, in complete disbelief and awe. Kitty's breasts had returned to...relatively normal. She could've sworn they looked just a touch bigger than before...

“...what's in your milk, Jo?” Kitty asked, half-jokingly.

“No clue. But I'm glad my kids aren't drinking it anymore.” Kitty couldn't help but laugh at the obtuse statement. “...speaking of...” Joanna wiped her mouth, looking over at Kitty and frowning. “I...think I accidentally drank some of this stuff when it was...y'know, spraying everywhere...”

gurgle

TO BE CONTINUED...