

## Runaway Growth Ch. 1

By Auctus

Disclaimer: All characters in this story are above the age of 18. You should also be 18 if you're reading this. Don't read this in a place where you would get in trouble for reading it. Contains breast expansion, so if that's not your cup of tea, you've been warned. It's a bit of a slow burn—stick with it. Send any suggestions to [auctuswrites@outlook.com](mailto:auctuswrites@outlook.com), if you're so inclined; I'm new at this.

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Lily lumbered off the elevator, a schoolbag with her laptop draped over her shoulder. Her sneakers made little noise against the cheap carpet of her apartment complex's hallway. She rounded the corner to her apartment, noticing a small package awaiting her. As she stood in front of her door, left hand fumbling for her key, she picked up the package and gingerly shook it. It seemed dense, and loosely secured. She finally unlocked the door and creaked it open. She shared the small two-bedroom apartment with her close friend Sophie.

As she enters, she tosses her bag aside with a soft *clunk* as it lands in her closet. Lily winced as she remembered her laptop was inside. "Sophie?", she called out. Upon hearing no reply, Lily figured she was alone. Sophie was often at the lab or her job working facilities, so she wasn't particularly concerned. She placed the package on the counter and sliced it open using a kitchen knife. Reaching a hand in, she pulled out a nondescript jar, with minimal labeling on the side, and no branding—just an ingredients label.

In thick, bolded lettering, it read "**ACTIVE INGREDIENTS: DOMPERIDONE, METOCLOPRAMIDE**".

Lily looked to the ceiling as she breathed in deeply, stifling her frustration; she'd ordered dozens

of breast growth-promoting products, from any corner of the internet she could find. These active ingredients she'd tried previously with no effects. It's as if her boobs were broken. Unresponsive to any outside stimuli, destined to be mere handfuls forever. She abandoned the package and its contents on the kitchen counter as she moved to the lone bathroom, discarding her t-shirt on the way.

Lily entered the bathroom and looked in the mirror. She knew she was being facetious; she had a gorgeous figure, with a thin waist that served to promote her tight ass and perfectly proportional breasts. She worked hard to keep her figure as well. She looked into her own eyes, dark brown orbs staring back, framed by shoulder-length hair. She was barely tall enough to make eye contact with most people's shoulders. She was a real girl-next-door type, which she despised. She didn't want to be the cute girl.

She wanted to be a damn bombshell.

Lily wanted to turn heads when she went into the room. She wanted to lean forward and make people freeze and stutter as she showed off her cleavage. Her lithe frame wasn't fit for the seductress she longed to be.

With another suppressed sigh and a gentle shake of her head, Lily came to her senses and unclipped her pink bra, letting it fall to the ground to reveal pert, pink nipples, and areolas the size of dollar coins. Again, she mused, perfectly proportional, but never exceptional.

She finished stripping, peeling off and casting aside her distressed jeans and sliding her pink panties down her smooth legs. She turned the shower to nearly its highest temp, reveling in the scalding-hot water. Lily stepped into the stream and let the stress of the day be cooked out of her.

One lava-hot shower later, Lily wrapped herself in a towel and returned to her room. Her bedroom was richly decorated, a four-poster bed dominating most of the room. A full battle station of a PC was tucked neatly into the corner, LEDs lighting up her desk and workspace, as well as casting the rest of the room in a purple-pink hue. The soft lighting made it much easier to imagine a romantic mood in the room. Lily closed the door behind her and flung the towel aside as she collapsed onto her bed. She lay in nude silence for a minute, breathing deeply, before she slowly reached a hand down to her crotch; she was already wet with anticipation. Lily spent most of her day looking forward to her alone time. Before she continued, she grabbed her phone off her nightstand and pulled up some breast expansion porn. There were some erotic audios she was particularly fond of that she'd saved; listening to someone moan as they grew was her favorite way to indulge her fetish.

She began to slowly tease the outside of her pussy lips, trembling slightly as she did so, such was her arousal. With her other hand, she softly rubbed her nipples, drawing small circles across the areola. Perhaps on account of their small size, they had always been sensitive as all hell.

Lily gave in to the arousal soon enough; she covered her mound with her hand and delicately reached in a finger to press against her clit. As soon as she did, she involuntarily moaned, curling her body slightly as the nerves on her clit exploded with pleasure. She worked her finger slowly, letting the pleasure build and build, but never changing her pace. Lily had masturbated so frequently in her life that she was like a well-tuned machine, working at exactly the pace she needed to get off. As she neared her first climax, nearly simultaneously as the girl in the audio,

she began to let her imagination roam and pictured her breasts overflowing her hands, heavy but soft like balls of dough. The imagery of it pushed her over the edge, crying out softly as she curled around her buried hand, her formerly nipple-fondling hand joining in. The orgasm rocked her as she rocked back and forth a few times.

But Lily wasn't done.

As she took a few more deep breaths, she reached into a bedside drawer, pulling out a pink dildo. It wasn't particularly large, but it was the perfect size for her. She set it against her lips, and just the tip of the fake cock resting against her wet entrance was enough to rekindle her arousal. Lily slowly inserted the dildo, reaching just a quarter of the length before she brought it back out, working her way up to further penetration. She timed the rhythm of the dildo with the moans of the growing girl in the audio, matching the sounds with her own. It wasn't long before she was inserting the dildo completely, groaning as she closed in on another orgasm. Lily came at the same time as that girl in the audio, clenching around the length of the dildo, crying out once more.

As she wound down, sliding out the dildo and reaching some kind of clarity, she heard the girl in the audio expressing her delight at her enormous new breasts. Lily looked down pitifully at the handfuls on her chest.

*This was as big as she'd ever get,* she thought and drifted off to sleep.

Sophie arrived at the apartment after she had finished her biochemistry classes for the day. As she entered, she walked by the bathroom, which was still humid from Lily's shower, alongside

Lily's discarded clothing, the only evidence of her being home. She gently shook her head as she grimaced; she'd have to tell Lily off again for leaving her clothing behind.

She moved to the kitchen, noticing an open package on the counter. Ever the snoop, she glanced around for Lily before she reached inside. She pulled out the jar of cream. Sophie quickly turned it in her hands, noting that there was no manufacturer information, just a sparse list of active ingredients.

"Active ingredients... wait, Domperidone? Metoclopramide? Is she trying to start getting milky, or what?" Sophie muttered. "I'd no idea her obsession had gone this far..." she trailed off.

Sophie winced as she recalled the depths of Lily's obsession with breasts. She'd been a fetishist since they had met in high school. Sophie and Lily had a gym class together and were paired up. In the locker room afterward, Lily had been sneaking looks at a girl in their class whose shirt could barely contain her tits. The girl rounded the corner to a stall as Lily turned to look at Sophie, whose eyebrow was raised in mock concern. She was no stranger to ogling girls anyway. However, Lily flushed a deep crimson and snapped. "Just be fucking glad you're not as small as me!", having gotten immediately defensive. A pained expression crossed Sophie's face and Lily put her hand over her mouth. "I-I'm so sorry! I didn't mean—" she stuttered. Lily took a deep breath. "I'm so sorry for snapping. I'm just... sensitive about my boob size".

Understatement of the goddamn year, as Sophie recalled.

Sophie had inquired about this later. Lily had developed a little faster at a younger age than the other girls in her class, and for a while, she was the most popular girl on account of that. However,

she was outpaced as soon as she entered high school and plateaued, watching the girls around her skyrocket to enormous melons. She had a real complex about it.

As soon as Lily was making her own money, she'd been spending her cash on random supplements, fenugreek, oils, creams, whatever you can imagine that might have the slightest chance of making her tits up to par with what she wanted. Nothing had worked. Frankly, Sophie thought that Lily had given up, but the lactation cream said differently. She was more than a little concerned that she'd go as far as to induce lactation to get some growth.

She set the package aside and began preparing a quick dinner of bacon and eggs for herself and Lily.

It wasn't long after Sophie began to fry the bacon that Lily came stumbling out of her room, clearly having been roused from sleep by the sizzling scent of the bacon. She wore just a lavender nightgown, her hair in a loose bun. Sophie turned and flashed a quick smile.

"Glad to see you're back from the dead. How was class?"

Lily took in Sophie's appearance briefly. Most striking was her brilliant red hair, reaching down to the middle of her back, framing her glasses and freckled face gorgeously. The rest of her body was arguably average. Not a knockout, but cute in her way, nonetheless. Her eyes lingered on Sophie's chest, bound in a well-fitted shirt, her bra straps visible on her bare shoulders, which didn't help.

Sophie waved her hand in front of her chest. “Hey, earth to Lily, quit staring at my tits. They’re barely bigger than yours, anyway.”

“Well, by cup size, yes, but if you go by actual volume—”

“Yes, Lily, I know my boobs have more volume, *technically*, but you and I know that’s not the point of what I said.”

Lily felt her cheeks burn slightly as she turned her head. “I, uh... sorry. What did you ask me?”

Sophie rolled her eyes with a smirk. “Oh, shut it, just have some bacon and eggs,” she said with resignation. “What did you want to watch tonight?”

The evening drifted on as the pair lounged on the couch, their feet comfortably propped up on the coffee table. Their finished plates sat abandoned in the sink. They half-watched, half-scrolled on their phones, replaying *The Martian* for what felt like the billionth time. It wasn’t so much about the movie itself but about being in the same place for a while. It was quiet, but the silence was pleasant and comfortable.

Sophie glanced over at Lily, who seemed engrossed in her phone, her focus drifting in and out of the film. Sophie’s thoughts were elsewhere, preoccupied with the jar of cream from earlier. The more she tried to push it from her mind, the more it persisted, a nagging distraction. She knew that if left alone, Lily would probably be “enjoying her alone time, while Sophie herself would be immersed in her lab work.

Unable to suppress the thoughts any longer, Sophie shifted on the couch, her gaze fixed on the screen yet her mind elsewhere. Finally, the weight of her thoughts became too much to bear.

“I need to talk about something,” Sophie blurted out, breaking the silence.

Lily looked up from her phone, her mind sorting through possible things Soph could be pissed about. Maybe she had left her towel on the floor again?

“I was wondering; I couldn’t help but look at that package we got today. Did you order that?”

*Ah.* Lily reddened once more, nearly matching the hue of Sophie’s hair.

“Ugh, yes. Sorry, sorry, I didn’t mean to leave it out—”

“No, it’s not a big deal, I just wanted to make sure you knew what you were doing. After all, you don’t strike me as the person to induce lactation just for the hell of it.”

“I didn’t know it was for lactation when I ordered it. It was just another sketch website offering some breast growth solutions. I’m already familiar with those lactation drugs, so...”

Sophie’s eyebrows raised.

“Wait. To be clear: You’re ordering random drugs off sketchy websites to try and get bigger tits? I mean, surgery exists, you could just—”

“*YES*, obviously surgery exists, but... it’s not the same as having the real deal. You know I’d do anything to get bigger tits, but surgery isn’t the path forward for me.”

“Lily, you wanting bigger tits is by far the worst kept secret in this apartment,” Sophie said sternly. She paused the movie. “But more importantly—you have no idea what kind of drugs you could



end up getting. Not only are they nearly guaranteed to not grow your boobs—what if they’re some random untested shit? You have no idea what you’re risking.”.

Lily didn’t respond. She looked away from Sophie’s eyes, suppressing her frustration, tears welling in her eyes. She couldn’t understand how to better explain her desire, her *need*, to get bigger. She hated thinking about her tiny (in her mind) breasts.

Sophie mentally sighed as she saw Lily begin to pout. *How can I best describe the risks*, Sophie thought.

“Look, Lily. This is seriously my area of expertise. We’re working on a drug in our biochem lab right now that’s supposed to be for people who can’t lactate naturally. We’ve been at it for months, and we’ve failed to get anything successful. We get some breast tissue growth but no gland production. It’s way too volatile—even in the same batch, we can end up with wildly different results. This stuff is *years* from entering the market. It’s way too risky for you to pursue this right now!”.

Unfortunately for Sophie, Lily heard very little of her rant. As soon as she heard “breast tissue growth”, the rest of her mind checked out.

*Breast tissue growth.*

*Breast tissue growth?*

*Breast tissue growth!!*

A spark entered Lily’s eye right then. *Breast tissue growth.* They had proven breast tissue growth. It was like a worm in her mind; some way to, for sure, 100% get some more boob, regardless of

the risks. She came back to reality as she realized Sophie was calling her name.

“Lily! Did you even listen?”

“Yeah, yeah. I’ll stop ordering random stuff, I promise.”

“Well, good. On that note, I’m heading to bed. I’ve gotta get some stuff finished at the lab tomorrow and then I’m headed back home for the weekend.”

*Perfect, Lily thought. And I won’t be ordering random stuff anymore, Sophie, I’ll be getting the real deal.*

As they retired to their bedrooms, Lily’s mind drifted to the thought of the pink dildo on her nightstand once more.

The next day, as promised, Sophie was in her lab once more. It was a long weekend, with a holiday on Monday, so many of her classmates had already departed. She was often alone in the lab; she had earned the trust of the biochemistry professors, who respected her work ethic. It was rare to find Sophie outside the lab during daylight hours, such was her devotion to her work.

Sophie moved methodically in her full protective gear, her lab coat, gloves, and face shield providing a barrier between her and the volatile solution she was handling. The chemical blend required utmost caution. She meticulously mixed a new batch, her focus intense as she calculated the precise measurements—details that would, and have, bored her classmates to tears.

With a hopeful glance at the bubbling mixture, she adjusted the settings on her equipment. The solution, though largely similar to previous versions, had the potential for quicker growth this

time. She could almost envision the mammary glands developing as the reaction progressed. The idea of converting excess calories into the desired tissue excited her. As she watched the solution's color shift, she pondered, "Maybe I'll market this as a weight loss drug too." The thought brought a satisfied smile to her face as she imagined the possibilities.

Using a dropper, she pulled just an ounce of liquid—a quarter of a vial—and dropped it on the sample tissue in the dish. She immediately looked into her microscope and watched the events unfold.

Sophie's eyes widened as she observed the dish. The breast tissue seemed to pulse and expand, slowly overtaking the surrounding material in a bizarre, relentless growth. Her shoulders slumped, and she let out a weary sigh as she calculated the final amount. The numbers on her screen confirmed it: nearly four times the original quantity.

She stared at the excess material, now nearly fully converted, and shook her head. "This batch is going straight to the incinerator," she muttered, her frustration clear. With the incinerator down for the weekend, she gingerly placed the tray in the fridge, the cool air a temporary solution.

Wrapping up her reports, she methodically stored the vials in cold storage, her movements precise but heavy with fatigue. Finally, she grabbed her coat, flicked off the lights, and left the lab, the door closing with a soft click behind her.

Not 15 minutes later, Lily, clad in dark clothing and a black bandana around her face—frankly looking more suspicious than if she was in plain clothes—snuck through the dark hall towards Sophie's lab. She tried the door handle and was shocked to find it unlocked. It swung open silently, and she slipped inside the sterile lab.

With her phone's flashlight casting a narrow beam, Lily swept it across the lab, her eyes darting between the rows of gleaming equipment and storage units. The minutes dragged on, and the quiet hum of the lab seemed to amplify the ticking of her anxiety. After what felt like an eternity, she finally spotted the cold storage unit tucked away in a corner.

Inside, a single tray of vials glistened under the harsh light. Lily's breath caught as she noticed a sticky note pinned to the tray, Sophie's neat handwriting declaring, "Destroy ASAP." Her eyes lingered on the note, disbelief mingling with her sense of opportunity. "Destroy such an amazing thing?" she whispered to herself. "I'm just doing her a favor."

Quickly, she slipped the tray into her backpack, wrapping it in a towel to muffle any sound and cushion the fragile vials. Her escape was eerily smooth; no one crossed her path as she retraced her steps through the darkened halls.

The cool night air enveloped her as she stepped outside, and Lily took a deep, shuddering breath. The pounding in her chest gradually eased into a more manageable rhythm. She let out a shaky laugh, half in disbelief and half in relief. "Jesus, that was insanely risky," she thought, the adrenaline slowly fading away. As the quiet of the night settled around her, she felt a strange mix of exhaustion, anxiety, and arousal; her pulse slowed but her mind still racing.

She took a glance at her backpack.

*Well... the benefits could be immense.*

She couldn't pretend she wouldn't do it again.

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Lily arrived at her apartment, still wearing black pants and a black shirt. She gingerly placed her pack on the kitchen counter. Sliding out the tray oh-so-gently, she placed the whole thing in the fridge. She was glad Sophie was gone for the next few days, or she'd be seriously pissed about science experiments in the fridge, Lily chuckled.

Lily grabbed a vial from its tray. She wished she had some sort of guide for this, but as it turns out, they don't include that when you steal untested and unregulated drugs from a lab. Go figure. She hadn't seen a syringe in the lab, so... drink it? Lily gave the vial a cautious sniff, snapping her head back as the smell of a strong odor not unlike rubbing alcohol hit her nose.

"Oh, god, this is gonna be fucking awful," Lily whined.

After a few deep breaths, Lily upturned the contents of the vial into her mouth, as if she were taking a shot. It was a good thing she had prepared, as well, since the mixture was downright *nasty*. She clenched her fist as she breathed heavily, willing the contents to stay down. As her stomach settled and she was certain it would stay down, she breathed a sigh of relief. She kicked her shoes off and tossed the vial in the trash. *I guess I should take everything off. I'm not sure how fast—*

Lily hadn't taken a step out of the kitchen before she felt a tightness in her gut. The tightness turns into a twisting feeling, wracking her body with pain as she falls to her knees, crying out in pain.

"A-ah! FUCK!" she cries. The twisting feeling ebbs and pulses in her torso, the pain causing her to struggle to catch her breath, sending her into hyperventilation. Between gasps of breath, she manages to get out: "What, the, fuck, is, *HAPPENING!*", she moans.

The twisting moves up towards her breasts, becoming a red-hot iron in her chest. Her hyperventilating pauses for a moment—her breath catches—and she lets out a long groan—

Lily's eyes widened as the welcome pressure reached a zenith beneath her bra. With every beat of her heart, she could feel the pulsing, insistent expansion pushing against the constraints of her lingerie. Her well-used bra now felt increasingly restrictive, its straps digging sharply into her shoulders, leaving red indentations where they pressed. Her eyes rolled up as she let out an involuntary moan. The fabric strained and creaked, and Lily's breath quickened, her hanging chest rising and falling more rapidly with the change.

*Oh! OH! Oh god, it feels so good~*

Her thoughts become more incoherent as the waves of growth come over her.

*God, yes! More! More!!*

The heat intensified further as she felt a larger wave of growth come over her, her breasts finally spilling over the edges of her bra as she climaxed. Her legs shook beneath her as a powerful orgasm spread from head to toe. As she collapses, Lily rolls onto her back and clutches at her chest. As soon as her hands made contact, she cried out once more. The feeling was like a thousand nerve endings being lit up at once all over her tits. She'd never felt anything like it before. Lily let out another long moan as another wave of growth hit her tits, her bra digging into the new mounds of flesh, until the poor garment finally gave way and snapped, freeing her new melons from their confines. The feeling finally subsided as Lily lay on the floor, breathing deeply, the new weight of her boobs resting on her chest. After a long while, she sat up. As she did, her nipples rubbed against the soft fabric of her shirt, instantly rekindling her arousal.

*Oh my god, these tits are—god, they're amazing!*

She hesitated, her fingers trembling slightly as they traced along the curves of her chest. The touch elicited a sharp, unexpected gasp that turned into a moan. Still panting, Lily stood up and stumbled to the bathroom.

Lily could hardly believe the woman she had become. What had once been a softball's worth, or even less, of tit-flesh had become so much more. Her hands couldn't completely cover a boob anymore. She flung her shirt aside and kneaded her glorious new breasts. As she pressed her hands into them, the flesh spilled over, as soft as could be. Each touch still felt electric; as much as she liked masturbation, she was hoping the sensation would calm down a bit so she could wear shirts.

*I have big, beautiful tits now.*

Lily nearly cried from fulfilling her nearly decade-long dream. Her musing was cut short by a rumbling in her stomach. With sudden clarity, she realized that she was starving.

She went to the kitchen to feast on some leftovers; unbeknownst to her, she was about to add fuel to the fire, and she wasn't done growing.