

21st Century Rapunzel

By TROGDOR297

Standing alone in the middle of a CVS, Siobhan was feeling distraught.

She stared blankly at the shelves of products on the shelf before her, eyes scanning back and forth to see if there was anything that could bring her salvation. But as she finished checking one row after another, she felt more and more upset. She'd tried all of these already and none of them had worked!

She let out a quiet moan of despair as she crouched down to read the bottles on the bottom shelf, though part of her already knew there'd be nothing there either. Had she really tried them all already? Every single one of these shampoos and conditioners?

Siobhan was an 18-year-old high school graduate with a problem. Some would say it wasn't a serious problem, but to Siobhan it was. Simply put, she hated her hair.

For as long as she could remember she loved beautiful hair, the longer the better. The way it shone in the light, the way fresh curls bounced, the intricate styles you could create. She was obsessed. Some girls loved clothes, some girls loved shoes, some girls loved jewellery or artfully done nails. Siobhan loved hair.

She loved it so much that she knew without a doubt she wanted to make a career out of it. She'd already started practicing cutting people's hair a few years ago, mostly just her younger brothers who didn't want anything fancy.

Still, it was enough experience for her to know this is what she wanted to do, and in a year from now, after she'd saved up enough money she was going to go to beauty school.

But before that...she had to fix her hair. It was her greatest shame and frustration. Her hair was...not good. It was thin, awfully ratty, and usually dull. Her mother told her it was just poor genetics, she herself had always suffered in her youth and now kept her hair cropped short to avoid the hassle.

That would not be Siobhan's fate. She wanted to not only work with beautiful hair but have her own. Long luscious locks, thick, soft and shiny.

And so, she'd gotten a job at subway at the start of her Grade 12 year and had been working over the past year to earn money to solve her conundrum.

The various beauty gurus of the internet had plenty of advice to offer, suggesting various products. Shampoos, conditioners, hair masks, scalp creams. Siobhan had funnelled the money she'd earned so she could try them all. So far, she'd only achieved minor improvements.

And now she was out of options.

She stood up with a sigh, doing another once over of the hair care aisle. Yes, there was nothing more for her here.

“Siobhan?” A voice said from her right.

Siobhan looked up and felt a rush of envy hit her. It was Priyanka, their year’s valedictorian, and someone Siobhan hated. Not through any fault of anything the girl had ever done to her; they hung out in different circles but any interactions they’d had she’d been cordial and kind.

No Siobhan hated her because she had what Siobhan wanted. Gorgeous flowing hair.

The girl of Sri Lankan descent approached with a smile, wearing a bright floral summer dress. Her hair, black as midnight, was loose, tucked behind her ears and flowing down her back to her hips. Siobhan felt her face go warm, suddenly feeling very self-conscious in her simple jean shorts and oversized t-shirt.

“Hi Priyanka” Siobhan said with a half-hearted smile.

“How have you been? You starting college next week?” Priyanka asked with a genuine smile. It was no surprise she was as popular as she was. She was pretty, smart, and kind. Who wouldn’t want to be friends with her.

Siobhan shook her head “No, I’m taking a year to earn some money before I go to beauty school”.

“Oh, that’s fantastic! That sounds like it’ll be really amazing! I’m going to Stanford for Business...gah, I’m so nervous!”

Siobhan raised her eyebrows “Stanford, wow, good for you!”

“Thank you!” Priyanka said with a beaming smile, tilting her head slightly. “So, Beauty school? I guess that makes sense why I’d find you here in the shampoo aisle! Tell me, as a future expert, what would you recommend?”

Siobhan frowned shrugging. “I really couldn’t say. I don’t think you should consider me an expert on proper hair care just yet” she reached up and grabbed a few scraggly strands of her sandy brown hair that hung off her head, lifting them to show off their ratty nature.

“Oh, I’ve been there!” Priyanka said with a knowing smile.

Siobhan looked at her sceptically. “I seriously doubt your hair has ever looked like this. Your hair...is amazing.”

“Aww! thank you, that’s very kind” Priyanka said. “I do love it, but It can be a lot sometimes” She tossed her head from side to side, making her hair heavily swish back and forth.

Siobhan quietly groaned as she watched Priyanka's long curtain of hair dance back and forth. God, she wanted to look like that...

"Well, if you're trying to fix up your hair..." Priyanka said, taking Siobhan by the arm and guiding her over to the shelf. "I recommend using this" she grabbed a small plastic tin of cream. "This will definitely fix you up".

Siobhan sighed. "I've tried it. It didn't work."

Priyanka frowned "really? Then what about this stuff. I only tried it one time but-"

"Tried that too."

"OK then what about-"

"And that"

"Really?! Then-"

Siobhan pulled free from Priyanka's arm and stepped back. "I've tried them all Priyanka, and none of them worked!" She looked down at Priyanka's shoes to prevent the other girl seeing the tears that were forming in her own eyes. She did her best to subtly wipe them away, though a loud sniff from her now slightly stuffed nose gave her away.

Priyanka pursed her lips as she studied Siobhan as she tried not to cry. Then she pulled out her phone. "I'm going to show you something, but you must promise not to tell anyone. Ok? Like swear it"

She turned around her phone showing it to Siobhan. She looked up at it, eyes and cheeks slightly pink. "What...who is that?"

"That's me. The summer before grade 9" Priyanka said.

Siobhan's eyes widened. Now that Priyanka had told her, the similarities were there between the young girl and the beauty that stood before her. The reason she was so thrown off was the girl in the picture didn't have long hair; she wore a modest style, hair cut to chin length.

"Wait...I remember seeing you in grade 9...you had long hair!" Siobhan said.

Priyanka nodded turning her phone back around. "That's right. I had short hair all throughout my childhood because I too struggled with unhealthy hair. Until I used this". She showed the screen to Siobhan again. Now it was a page of an online store...all in a language that Siobhan couldn't read. The picture showed a plain plastic bottle the size of a can of Pringle with a black screw top lid.

"What...what is it?"

"The secret to my hair" Priyanka said quietly. "I've never told anyone because well...you know how high school is. I was self-conscious and wanted people to think I was all natural".

Siobhan's heart began to race. She gulped as her mouth and throat went dry. "Do you think it'll work for me?"

Priyanka nodded "if none of those products worked-" she nodded towards the shelves they stood beside "-this will. Give me your phone number and I'll text you the link".

Siobhan nodded quickly opening her phone and showing Priyanka her number on the screen. "What's in it?"

Priyanka shook her head as she copied the website URL into a text message. "I honestly don't know. I didn't find it; my mother was talking to one of my aunts who lives in Dubai, and she told us about it. I don't think it's technically legal in the US, but if you order it online you should be ok".

Siobhan nodded as the text from Priyanka arrived on her phone, a long string of numbers and letters forming the link to the foreign website.

"Thank you so much, Priyanka. You don't know how much this means to me!"

Priyanka smiled "Glad I could help. It's too bad we didn't hang out more in school, I think we would've been good friends".

Siobhan smiled back, genuinely feeling happy now "Yeah me too. Well, I can still text you right?"

Priyanka nodded "Of course! You better text me! I want to see how good your hair looks!"

Siobhan blushed with excitement "Yeah me too...I can't wait".

Priyanka turned to leave when she stopped, turning back to face Siobhan. "Just one thing. Be careful with this stuff. It's pretty strong".

Siobhan laughed "It better be! My hair needs all the help it can get!"

"I'm serious. Be careful" Priyanka said. She gave Siobhan one final smile then she turned and walked away, stopping only to grab a stick of deodorant off the shelf as she passed, her original reason for entering this aisle.

Siobhan didn't wait. Immediately she clicked the link and filled in her payment and shipping info. Within a few minutes she was in the checkout with a single bottle in her cart. She stared at it for a moment, finger hovering above the screen, before she changed her mind, adding a second bottle.

Better safe than sorry, she thought as she tapped the order button with a grin.

The week between when she ordered the mystery formula, and its arrival was the longest week in Siobhan's life. Day after day she would rush home from her shift as a sandwich artist, hoping that today would be the day when it arrived, and each day she was disappointed.

She tried to keep her mind off of it by distracting herself with whatever media she could get her hands on, television, books, movies. She even took up running, hoping she'd be too tired after exercising to fret about her hair.

Then on a day just like the one before everything changed. She exited the bus and ran down her street, excitement building with each house she passed. Hurrying up the driveway she felt her heart leap out of her chest when she saw the package sitting on the step. It was finally here.

Scooping it up she rushed inside, tossing off her shoes and running upstairs.

"Siobhan is that you?" Her mother called from the kitchen.

"Yes! Gonna take a shower!" She yelled back without stopping as she took the stairs two at a time.

Slamming the box on the vanity counter, she locked the bathroom door behind her and began to disrobe. Her clothing tossed aside she looked at herself in the mirror.

She didn't hate how she looked, all things said. She had a cute face, with some light freckling and a button nose, and a slender frame, breasts barely more than A cups. She just couldn't stand her hair. She ran her fingers through some ratty strands and sighed.

This stuff better fucking work, she thought as she let go, letting her hair fall limply.

She turned the shower on to hot, then closed the curtain letting it warm up. Then she ripped open the box. Two large bottles lay inside, plain white with black lids, just like the picture on the website. She grabbed them and pulled them out setting them on the counter.

Beneath was a paper booklet lying flat on the bottom. It had to be the instructions for proper use, as the bottles had no labels. She picked up the pamphlet and flipped it over only to find that everything was written in that same foreign language. It looked Arabic, but she didn't know for certain.

She flipped through the pages, frowning. No English section whatsoever. With a huff she tossed the booklet aside; it clearly had nothing to offer her.

She picked up one of the bottles and removed the cap, lifting it to her nose and smelling. It had no discernible odour, not even something faint. Was it empty? It felt too heavy for that to be the case. Still, she wanted to make sure.

Turning it up she squeezed it slightly. Slowly a thick dollop of a white fluid was deposited onto her open palm. It was then she realized she had no idea what type of product this was even supposed to be. Was it a shampoo? A scalp cream? A hair mask? Priyanka hadn't told her...

Well...there was certainly one way to find out.

Pulling open the shower curtain she stepped inside, the hot water hitting her body. She set down the bottle on the tub shelf, then took the large dollop she'd already obtained and brought it to her head, working it into her scalp letting it combine with the water of the shower.

Siobhan gasped, her eyes shooting open, going wide as saucers. The formula must have been water activated because as soon as it combined with the flow of the shower everything changed.

Suddenly she was surrounded by scents, the hot mist of the shower ripe with them, as they flowed and changed second after second. Passionfruit, lavender, juniper, pineapple, sandalwood.

Even more intense was the physical sensation she felt. Everywhere her fingers rubbed the formula against her skin, she was gifted with tingling pleasure, as if a phantom was scratching her scalp everywhere at once.

"Ohhhh... Oh my god!" She moaned as her body shook from the overwhelming experience. Her hands worked faster, fingers kneading through her hair leaving trails of ecstasy where they passed.

Her breathing became laboured, chest heaving as she continued to work the formula into her hair. This was not what she'd been expecting when Priyanka had told her that it was strong. It felt so good, she could understand how one could get carried away.

Minutes passed by, until eventually the feeling stopped. The water had finally washed the last traces of the formula away. Siobhan leaned against the wall of the shower, letting the water cascade over her.

"That...that was incredible" She whispered as she turned off the shower.

Stepping out she wrapped herself in a soft towel made of Egyptian cotton. Her hair, she wrapped in silk, as the gentle fabric was the best for hair treatment.

Humming happily to herself she returned to her room. Plopping down on her bed she opened her phone and sent a text to Priyanka.

That shampoo is amazing! Thank you for telling me about it!

Priyanka's response came back after only a few moments.

You're welcome! Although I should say, I don't think it's supposed to be a shampoo? My aunt told us it's a cream you leave in your scalp overnight!

Siobhan frowned as she read the message. That couldn't be right, could it? The stuff had immediately reacted with the hot water of the shower, it had to be a shampoo or conditioner type product! Then again, Priyanka is the one who actually had experience with it. She had used it before, and the results were clear.

Ok thanks. I'll be sure to use it that way tonight!

It couldn't hurt to use it both ways, right? After all, better safe than sorry!

Siobhan woke late the next morning, the sun reaching high enough in the sky that it shone over the large ash tree in their backyard and into her bedroom window.

She groaned as she wrinkled her nose in annoyance, squeezing her eyes to try and shut out the light. She tried rolling over onto her stomach to get away from the light but instead of comfort the motion gave her a sharp jolt of irritation on her chest.

“Ow!” She cried as the sharp zing of pain slowly faded. She rolled back over before sitting up; she wasn't going to fall back asleep after that.

“What the fuck was that...” she muttered as she looked down at her chest. The pain had come from her breasts...her nipples actually.

Reaching down she grabbed the hem of the loose shirt she'd been sleeping in and pulled it up over her head. Her eyes widened as she looked down at herself.

Her breasts were swollen, noticeably bigger than normal, maybe half a cup size? More dramatic was the change to her nipples, which were a bright pink colour and engorged, pointing stiff off of her chest. She lightly grazed one with a finger and once again she felt that roughness of irritation. They were sore and incredibly sensitive...but why?

An itch on the crown of her head, broke her concentration. Reaching up she tried to itch it, only to remember that she still had the silk bonnet on that she'd slept in.

Before going to bed, she'd rubbed the formula into her scalp and hair as Priyanka had suggested then donned the bonnet to not only protect her hair but also protect her pillowcase. Though the formula hadn't provided the intense stimulation it had in the shower; it had wreathed her head in a comforting warmth that had quickly lulled her to sleep.

Grabbing onto the bonnet she pulled it free, immediately shrieking with both shock and delight at the sudden avalanche of hair that fell from within.

The change to her breasts was immediately forgotten as her hands flew to her head to touch her hair. It was thick, it was soft, it was smooth. It was...long?! Her hair had just barely

passed her shoulders when she'd gone to bed. Now it reached halfway down her chest; it had grown three inches in one night!

Immediately she leapt out of bed, rushing over to the mirror on her wall. Her hair was a mess, falling off her head with no sense of style or control. That didn't matter, those things could be fixed with a brush and some attention. What mattered was that her hair was gorgeous. Long, silky locks, shiny and bouncy. She ran her hands through her scalp, relishing the feeling of the thickness of her hair. She tossed her head, and her hair seemed to almost hang in the air a moment before it fell about her.

She smiled at her reflection, then she laughed. Her laughter grew into a giggle, into a cackle. Tears formed in her eyes as continued to laugh with utter joy. After waiting for so long, finally her dream had come true.

Grabbing a brush off her dresser, she quickly got to work taming her new mane. She couldn't help but smile as she pulled the brush through her new hair, enjoying how much resistance there was. It took her longer than normal to get through it all, but she didn't mind, she loved every moment of it.

After ten minutes, her hair was fully brushed and ready, curtaining her face wonderfully as she wore it loose. Grabbing her favourite bra off where she'd hung it on her bed post, she quickly slipped into it. There was a slight moment of discomfort as the inside of the cups brushed against her nipples, but once they were in place it passed.

Tossing on her Subway uniform, she grabbed her phone then headed downstairs. Walking into the kitchen she found her mother sitting at the table reading the news on her phone.

"Good morning, mum" Siobhan said cheerfully.

Her mother, Caitlin, raised her eyebrows, though didn't look away from her phone. "Yes, it is still morning, just barely".

Siobhan rolled her eyes as she walked past her to get some orange juice out of the fridge. "I'm an adult, I'm allowed to sleep in".

"You're just barely that too. Don't you have work to get to?" Caitlin said.

"I have a closing shift today" Siobhan replied, after pouring herself a glass. "From 2pm until 10"

"Mmm" Her mother replied, as she scrolled to the next news story on her device.

Siobhan cleared her throat "Mum...do...do you notice anything different about me?"

At last, her mother put down her phone, twisting in her chair to look at her. "You washed your uniform for once?"

Siobhan sighed “No, mom. My hair!” She spun her head, letting her rich sandy brown locks dance about her.

“What about it?” Her mother asked.

“It’s longer...and thicker...and silkier”.

“Silkier?” Her mother said with a snort “What are you, a Pantene commercial?”

Siobhan groaned “Mom, I’m serious! Doesn’t my hair look good!”

Her mother shrugged “I guess. You know I don’t really pay attention to hair, not my thing”.

Siobhan closed her mouth to a thin line, nodding “Yeah, I know. Thanks for your support” The tone in her voice was obviously sarcastic, but her mother had stopped paying attention, staring at her phone once more.

“You’re welcome, honey” she said, completely missing her daughter’s intonation.

Siobhan left her house feeling annoyed. But maybe that was on her; she expected too much from her mother. She’d always been reticent with praise, and then for a topic she’d always been sensitive about? Still, her mother’s dismissal stung. Hopefully others would notice how beautiful her hair was now.

They did not.

Her day passed uneventfully, in the most frustrating way possible. On the way to work she stopped by to see her friend’s Darcy and Trent who worked at the Starbucks across the road from her Subway. Neither of them noticed. She spent an eight-hour shift with her two coworkers, Ahmed and Victoria. Neither of them noticed. She interacted with dozens of customers throughout the day. None of them noticed either.

She realized while looking at herself using her phone’s front camera as she rode the bus home that night, that her hair wasn’t beautiful by society’s standards, it was just an upgrade compared to the sad rat’s nest she had before. One application of the formula had simply lifted her to the level of ‘normal person hair’.

She didn’t want to just have ‘normal person hair’. Maybe she would’ve been happy with that a week ago, but she didn’t have to settle anymore. She wanted to have hair that would force people to stare, that they would envy, and she knew how to get it.

As soon as she got home, she went straight upstairs and into the shower. Off came the uniform, and on went the formula. She’d already started to massage it into her hair as she stepped under the spray of hot water.

The wave of pleasure was instantaneous, the formula already spread thin across her scalp increasing the speed of its reaction. She bit her bottom lip hard to hold in a moan that threatened to alert the house of her enjoyment. Her eyes squeezed tight as her fingers rubbed and scratched, spreading and reapplying the formula all over her head.

It was like she was in heaven. The shower flowed with the scent of honey, and then wildflowers, morphing next to vanilla, and then cinnamon. Her legs trembled as her fingers gripped the roots of her hair, tugging lightly along their length as she spread the lathered formula along her hair. It felt so good, it almost felt that she could...almost...get there...

She gasped, as her hands scrambled to turn off the shower. The stimulation had faded away, only the feeling of heat from the water thrumming against the top of her head. She turned the shower knob to 'off', and then stepped out, feeling like her entire body was on edge. She was gentle when drying herself, going slow, especially around her nipples.

Lowering her towel, she looked at herself in the mirror, turning sideways. Her breasts still hadn't gone down, if anything they'd swelled even larger through the day! Her nipples hadn't changed either, still stiff pink nubs, thicker than usual. She pursed her lips as she studied them, but after a few moments shrugged and moved on. Probably something to do with her cycle, she thought.

The last thing she did before going to bed was reapply the formula, taking the time to ensure all of her hair and scalp was coated, before gently scooping it all into her bonnet, and lying down to go to sleep. She drifted off with a smile on her face; tomorrow would be a better day.

She woke up the next morning far earlier than the previous day. Not for any personal reason though; her body had woken her up.

Siobhan's eyes shot open as she felt unfamiliar pressure on her chest, uncomfortable almost to the point of pain. She tried to ignore it, tried to close her eyes and will herself back to sleep, but it was too much.

"What the fuck is going on" She groaned, as she sat up. Immediately she felt something was different. That pressure was very obviously coming from her breasts, which were obviously much bigger.

"Holy shit!" She said, as she gently lowered her hand to touch the firm shape that filled the tank top she was sleeping in. Her breasts had grown quite large overnight, easily up to F-cups, full and round. The flesh was firm, unnaturally so, as her fingers tapped them gently. She winced as she did; touching them like that did not help that growing pressure.

She needed to get a better look at them. Whatever was happening to her it wasn't just her cycle, this was something much wilder. Hopping out of bed, she tiptoed out of her room and into the hall bathroom, careful not to wake any of her family. Inside she locked the door, then removed her shirt.

She gasped as she took them in. They were even more impressive bare; huge, round orbs of flesh. Her nipples were still stiff and engorged, their pink shade having dropped a few tones darker. Dark blue veins now traced the surface of her taut firm flesh.

“What the hell is going on with you two” She muttered as she leaned forward over the sink, trying to get a better look at them in the mirror.

As she did, she felt a tickle on her nipples, the pressure inside building behind them. Confused but curious, she gently placed her fingers around her nipples and then did what instinctively felt natural; she squeezed them.

Her eyes widened as multiple tiny jets of milk emerged from her nipples. She let go of them in shock, but the dam had been opened. The tiny sprays continued to flow, some of it landing in the sink, a lot of it coating the mirror.

Siobhan stared in silence, mouth hanging open as the pressure on her chest was slowly relieved, bringing an unexpected but very welcome sense of comfort. Looking up at herself in the reflection, she saw she still had her bonnet on, though the silk cap was nowhere near as loose as it had been the night before, the fabric lifted high off her head from being filled.

She tugged it off and was rewarded with an abundance of flowing shiny locks that cascaded down around her. It fell down her back, over her shoulders, over her face, on to her chest. Her expression of shock turned to one of bliss as she carefully gathered up her hair, pulling it out of her face, and moved it to fall loose down her back.

She turned to the side with a big grin, as she beheld her beautiful hair. Thick, soft, luxurious, and long, oh so long! It reached her waist! It'd grown half a foot in one night! Her hair was almost as long as Priyanka's and it'd only been two days!

The sound of liquid spattering on the tile floor brought her back to reality. Turning to the side had let her look at her hair, but it had also turned her spray of milk away from the sink. She was almost empty now, the jets of milk reducing to dribbles, but still she was leaving droplets all over the floors and wall.

“Shit...” She muttered as she turned back towards the sink, leaning over it. With her hands she squeezed gently on her nipples, urging the final few droplets of milk out, until she was dry. Standing up straight she looked at herself once more. Her breasts had shrunk, but only slightly.

But who cares about them, look at her hair! Look how it swished in the air when she moved! She tossed her head back and forth, watching how it flowed like spun gold. It was absolutely gorgeous.

A sudden knock on the door made her scream. “Siobhan? You almost done?” Her brother Troy.

Siobhan looked around the room, at the mess she'd made. "Uh...no, I'm gonna need another five minutes".

Troy groaned with frustration, but he didn't fight her on it. After she heard his footsteps as he walked away, she let out a sigh, then got to work.

Six minutes later, she stood up off the ground, after finishing wiping up the milk droplets on the floor. "Ugh. Alright, as much fun as that was" she said sarcastically. "I really need to find out why the fuck I suddenly turned into a milk fountain".

Wrapping herself in a towel she exited the bathroom, her long hair flowing behind her as she walked. She passed Troy in the hall who did a double take as he saw her.

"Siobhan?" He said, "When did your hair get so long?"

Siobhan smiled, reaching up to run her hair through it, enjoying the feel of it in her fingers "I just decided to grow it out a bit. It looks good right?"

Troy shrugged "if you say so..." Then he turned and disappeared into the bathroom.

Siobhan huffed with annoyance. Brothers... pursing her lips angrily she stomped down the hall to her room, closing the door behind her.

Tossing her towel away, she grabbed her hair brush off her dresser and sat down on the edge of the bed. Grabbing a handful of hair, she began to gently brush it starting from the bottom and working up.

A deep feeling of satisfaction filled her as she carefully detangled her hair. She'd wanted to do this for as long as she could remember, and now she could. She loved it, how long it was, how healthy and vibrant it looked.

As she finished brushing out a section of hair that sprouted from just above her temple, she let go of it, letting it fall gently upon her right breast, the soft strands tickling her nipple.

She tossed her head to the side, flipping the hair off of her chest, before she looked down at herself. It suddenly hit her that she had large breasts now. The mixture of the milk and her hair had distracted her from this dramatic change to her body.

Setting down the hairbrush she reached up and gently cupped them, feeling their mass. They were soft and pillowy now that they were no longer filled with milk, her flesh pliant as her fingers squeezed. Her nipples had also settled down, no longer as swollen as they had been, though still pink and stiff.

She smiled, as she let go of them. She didn't hate them; far from it. She was deeply confused why she had them at all, but hopefully she'd get some insight into that later today. For now, she'd just enjoy the way they looked on her slender frame, her lengthy tresses cascading over them as she returned to brushing her hair, humming a happy tune.

An hour later she emerged from her room, dressed for the day and feeling fantastic. For ease she'd pulled her hair back, using a scrunchy to form a long ponytail that trailed all the way down her back. She could feel it sway back and forth with each step, which absolutely tickled her. Her hair was long enough to have weight!

What further brought her joy was her breasts. At first, she'd been concerned by their sudden appearance, and then intrigued. Now, after putting on her work uniform, she'd fallen in love with how they filled out her shirt, making the bland black polo surprisingly sexy with how tight it was. She wasn't wearing a bra either, as she'd far outgrown the ones she owned, which made her both anxious and a little bit excited, especially when her nipples rubbed against the shirt when she moved in just the right way.

She left the house without stopping to talk to anyone. She had a stop to make before she went to work.

"Hi, my name is Siobhan MacIver, I called ahead about a rush appointment?"

The nurse behind the desk, outfitted in purple scrubs, nodded with a smile. "Of course, Ms. MacIver. Please just fill out this form and I'll let the Doctor know you're here."

Siobhan took the clipboard from the nurse with the intake paperwork on it. "Thanks" she said turning to walk over to the waiting room.

"Hey!" The nurse said, standing up and leaning over the counter.

Siobhan spun around, hair whirling around her as she did. "Yes?"

The nurse smiled at her. "I just wanted to say you have absolutely gorgeous hair!"

Siobhan blushed as she couldn't help but grin "Oh, thank you so much!"

As she walked to her seat she did a little dance of joy. Finally, someone had noticed! But of course she had, Siobhan's hair was truly beautiful now. Reaching over her shoulder she grabbed the long ponytail and draped it forward over her shoulder and on to her chest. This also made her grin, seeing her shiny locks spread over the prominent bump of her bust.

After returning the filled out paperwork she only had to wait a few minutes before being called into see the doctor. Perching herself upon the paper covered exam table she sat patiently, waiting only for a minute before in walked her physician.

"Ms. MacIver, good morning! It's been a few years since you've been in" he said as he walked in, studying her info on a tablet he held.

Siobhan smiled, subconsciously perking up, sitting upright and arching her back slightly. Dr. Drake Forest has been her family's Doctor for the past ten years after he took over the family practice from his father. Since then, Siobhan had had a crush on him.

Now 41, he was just as handsome as Siobhan remembered; rugged good looks, tall, blonde wavy hair, styled like a surfer.

"Please, call Mr Siobhan" she said.

He nodded "Sure thing. You know me, I just like to keep things professional" he smiled as he looked up, his eyes catching on her. His jaw tensed as he stared at her for a few quiet seconds, as she smiled back at him, hands clasped together in her lap, arms framing her breasts squeezing them together.

Clearing his throat, he looked back at his tablet. "So, Siobhan, what brings you in today".

"It's my breasts, Dr. Drake" she said, struggling to keep the excitement out of her voice. She hadn't missed the way he'd looked at her.

"Your...breasts?" He said tentatively.

Siobhan nodded. Without waiting for him to ask, she grabbed the hem of her uniform shirt and lifted it up to her collarbone, exposing her chest to him. "This morning when I woke up, they were sore and swollen, and then suddenly they started to lactate!"

"Really?" Drake said, cheeks going slightly flushed at the unexpected sight of Siobhan's full breasts. "This has never happened before?"

Siobhan shook her head, still holding up her shirt for him. "Never. Are you going to examine them?" She scooted forward to the edge of the exam bed, looking down at her breasts as she thrust her chest forward.

The doctor shook his head, looking back down at his tablet. "That...that won't be necessary, Siobhan."

"Oh" Siobhan said, not hiding her disappointment. Slowly she pulled her shirt back down, tugging it into place until the fabric was tight across her chest once more.

"So, my first thought" Dr. Drake said, now more comfortable meeting her eye with her breasts no longer exposed "is that you're pregnant. That's obviously when most women start lactating, so it's the most likely cause."

Siobhan shook her head "I'm not pregnant.

"Are you sure? Sometimes it's hard to tell for some people."

Siobhan nodded, face going slightly pink "Yes, I'm sure. I'm still a Virgin."

"Fair enough" the doctor said with a nod. "In that case I'm going to have the nurse come in and take some blood which we'll do some tests on."

Siobhan nodded "OK thank you, Doctor."

“Can I get your number Siobhan?”

Siobhan blinked, a nervous smile splitting her face. She flicked her head to the side tossing her ponytail forward over her shoulder, which she grabbed and slid her hands down, repeatedly. “You...you want my number?”

Dr. Drake didn't look up as he answered. “Yes, so I can call you when your test results come back, to let you know if I see anything out of the ordinary”.

Siobhan's shoulders slumped as she let go of her hair. “Oh OK, sure. Here you go” she said as she quickly rhymed off her digits for him.

“Great, I'll send the nurse back shortly” he said as he moved towards the exit. He stopped at the door and looked back at her. “It was nice to see you again Siobhan” he said with a smile, eyes lingering on her before he stepped out.

As soon as he was gone Siobhan took a deep breath, excitement welling inside her. She'd never had a guy look at her like that before. Sure, there'd been some dorky guys in school who'd sometimes leered at her. But they weren't like Dr. Drake. He was a man; a very sexy man. More and more she was liking the changes that her body was undergoing, despite still not knowing the cause.

After having her blood taken by a different nurse than the one at reception, who also complimented her on her luscious hair, Siobhan left the doctor's office and headed off to her shift at Subway.

Her time at work went swimmingly...at first. Her oblivious co-workers didn't make note of the changes to her, but customers certainly did.

There were mixed reactions. Some compliments, and some complaints. The complaints were mainly from angry customers who were enraged, rightfully so, when Siobhan's hair accidentally got in their sandwich.

Even though she was following company policy, her hair tied back into a ponytail, it was long enough that occasionally when she leaned forward to grab an ingredient near the front of the rack of bins and turned her head at the same time, her hair would slide forward over her shoulder and into the food she was preparing.

Each time she'd apologize and remake the customer's sandwich, a minor inconvenience, but it was one her manager was beginning to notice.

This wouldn't have been too bad on its own, but then there was what happened halfway through her shift when things got really messy.

She began to feel it happening right as she was waiting for a customer's order of teriyaki chicken to come out of the oven. That pressure in her chest building, a tickle behind her nipples. Eyes widening with a mix of surprise and fear she looked down at her chest.

Her nipples had awoken; they were visibly turgid, forming two noticeable bumps poking through her black polo.

“Oh no, not now!” She whispered. She bit her lip as she felt the pressure continue to well up in her bust, discomfort rising.

“Excuse me!” A reedy voice called “What are you waiting for! My chicken is done!”

Siobhan looked over at the customer who’d snapped at her, then back at the oven, which was beeping at her, indicating that indeed, the chicken was done. “S-sorry!” She stammered as she grabbed the tray of chicken and brought it back over to the awaiting bread of the woman’s sandwich.

“What would you like on it?” Siobhan asked, voice strained. Her eyes were slightly squinted as she struggled to maintain her composure, the pressure in her chest becoming difficult to ignore.

The customer, a mid-fifties woman with greying hair, stared at the trays of vegetables, lips pursed as she hummed to herself, considering her decision. Her rush to get the chicken out of the oven was clearly unfounded.

Siobhan’s lip trembled as she waited for the woman to choose her toppings. She rolled her lips inward, clamping down on them, as she closed her eyes for a moment. It was a peculiar sensation, holding back her milk. It was like she was flexing and holding a muscle that she’d never used before.

“Can I get spinach...and.... pickles...hmm...do you have arugula?”

Siobhan shook her head, as she slowly breathed in and out through her nose “No ma’am.” Her nipples ached, she couldn’t hold it for much longer, the pressure was becoming unbearable.

“No arugula?” The woman said snippily. “The Subway across town has Arugula! Are you sure you don’t have it? Why don’t you check in the back?”

Siobhan squeezed her eyes shut, as the pressure reached a breaking point. “Ma’am. Subway has never...mmm...carried Arugula.”

“Are you calling me a liar! I’d like to speak to your manager”.

“I’m not saying you’re a liar...I...I...Oh Fuck...” Siobhan let out a soft whimper as she felt herself let down. Warm wet spots began to form on the front of her polo as milk soaked through. Soon the fabric was drenched, and milk droplets began to form on the exterior.

“What did you say?!” The woman cried.

Siobhan ignored her, brow furrowing. Her nipples continued to leak but the pressure wasn’t going down...she needed more than this.

"You there!" The customer cried, addressing one of Siobhan's co-workers. "I'd like to speak to the manager, this girl just-Oh my goodness, what are you doing?!"

Siobhan had grabbed the hem of her shirt, pulling it free from her pants and lifting it up over her breasts. Her nipples were as large as thimbles, and bright pink as they continued to drip milk. Holding her shirt up with her chin, she gently placed two fingers around each of her nipples and then pinched.

Immediately milk began to spray in earnest, multiple tiny jets emerging from each nipple. A warm feeling of comfort and relief spread through her entire body as the pressure began to abate. Closing her eyes she leaned forward, folding her arms on the edge of the glass hood that covered the ingredients, before settling her chin on top of her crossed wrists. Her breasts hung below her, nipples spraying wildly, covering the produce with milk, absolutely soaking the woman's incomplete sandwich.

"Oh, good god!" The customer cried "What on earth?! I've never-"

Siobhan smiled, eyes held closed as she enjoyed the sensation of her full breasts emptying. "Fuck off, you old bag" She said cheerfully drawing a further gasp from the snooty customer.

Siobhan hummed happily as the woman stormed out, abandoning her order. Siobhan already knew she was going to be fired for this, might as well live it up.

Later that day, Siobhan sat in bed, brushing her hair. She didn't need to do it, after spending most of the day in a ponytail, her long tresses were barely tangled. No, she did it because she loved it.

She had indeed been promptly fired for her inappropriate behaviour at Subway, which she was honestly not overly worried about. She'd hated that job; she'd only taken it because it was the only place hiring. Now that she had some experience under her belt, she could find a more enjoyable place to work.

Looking across the room Siobhan's eyes fell upon the bottle of hair formula. Her hair was gorgeous now...but...it could be more. Her hair was noticeable now, but she wanted it to be show-stopping.

She checked the time on her phone. 8pm. Was it too late to shower? Of course not, she thought with a grin. Bouncing up off her mattress, she strode across the room, her loose hair flowing behind her catching in the air. She was almost out the door when her phone rang from where she'd left it on the bed.

She skipped back over and saw it was an unknown number, but from their local area code. Curious to know who was calling, she answered.

"Hello, Siobhan?" A male voice spoke.

“Yes?”

“It’s Dr. Forest”

Siobhan smiled, remembering her appointment this morning. That’s right, he said he was going to call about her bloodwork. “Hello, Drake” she said sweetly.

“Just...Just Dr. Forest please. I’m calling because your bloodwork did turn up something”. Siobhan sat down on the edge of the bed, a frown forming “Oh? What’s that?”

“Well,” The Doctor said “Your hormone levels are...ludicrously high. I’ve never seen anything like it”.

“Oh wow” Siobhan said. “So that’s why I lactated?”

“Correct. The overflow of estrogen is most definitely responsible for that.”

“I see...how did it happen?”

“I was hoping to talk to you about that” The Doctor said. “Have you started taking anything recently? Any medication or supplements? Anything beyond what you normally intake?”

Siobhan shook her head “No...no, I can’t think of anything”.

“Really? That is concerning”

“Wait...” Siobhan said, eyes falling upon the bottle of formula across the room. “Does estrogen impact hair growth?”

“It can, for sure. Have you noticed your hair growing more than usual? That may be another side effect” The Doctor said.

Siobhan said nothing, staring at the formula, then down at herself. Her breasts were quite impressive, though they were dormant currently, her nipples shrunken slightly.

“Nope, nothing like that” She lied. “Alright well, thank you Doctor, I have to go”.

“Wait! Siobhan, we need to get to the bottom of this, can you come back in?!”

“No...I mean sure...I mean...Bye!” Siobhan stammered before she hung up. Her phone began to ring once more, the Doctor calling back. Siobhan declined, then set her phone to ‘Do Not Disturb’.

Rising slowly from the bed she walked over to look at the bottle on her dresser. She should've guessed this was the cause, she'd only started developing after she started using the product. Taking a moment to reflect she looked at the formula, then at her luxurious hair spilling down her shoulders and over her chest, and lastly at her breasts filling out the tank top she wore.

She'd been so ready to take another dose of the formula, to induce another spurt of growth for her hair. Now she knew it held consequences...longer hair...meant bigger breasts. She smiled to herself, as she cupped one of her breasts, remembering the way Doctor Drake had looked at her earlier in the day. As consequences went...getting bustier was far from disagreeable to her.

Without giving herself a chance to rethink her choice, she rushed to the shower, quickly stripping naked and turning on the water. She stepped into the hot water, then grabbed the bottle of open formula squeezing out a large dollop.

She stared at the little white pile of viscous liquid with a fond smile before she slapped it atop her skull, triggering the formula to hit her with a burst of tingling pleasure. She let the water flow, disseminating the formula across her scalp. Her hands coated with it, she ran it down the lengths of her hair, which hung off her, now heavy and wet.

Her body shivered with the pleasure that coursed within her. It all had started from her head, but the pleasure rebounded within her erogenous centres, filling her breasts with warmth and making her pussy feel electric. Above all she felt deep satisfaction of how much hair she had. She could feel it dangling off of her, all the way down to her bum when she tilted her head.

It all felt so amazing...she wanted more. Without thinking she grabbed the bottle and squeezed out a second large dollop of formula, a manic grin on her face as she mixed it into her scalp, increasing the intensity of the pleasure that emanated from her scalp.

She moaned loudly, her voice echoing in the cramped shower, as her fingers dug through her hair, spreading the formula, making sure it really sunk into her skin, achieving maximum absorption into her follicles.

"Yes!" She cried over and over again, as in her mind she pictured the results she longed for, as her body surged with stimulation. She needed release right now. Pulling her hands out of her scalp, she grabbed onto one of her breasts with one hand, while the other plunged between her legs, finding her clit and desperately rubbing it.

She doubled over, leaning against the wall of the shower underneath the shower head as her climax took over. When she opened her eyes after thirty seconds of ecstasy, all she could see was the curtain of her hair draping down around her head, and then the shower floor below.

Her body was still thrumming with excitement hours later when she got herself ready for bed, reapplying the cream to her scalp and hair until it was slick with it, before she carefully coiled it up to stuff into the silk bonnet. It was barely large enough to contain what hair she had...

She would definitely have to go shopping tomorrow; the morning was going to bring some big changes for Siobhan.

Siobhan awoke with a yawn early the next morning, sitting up and stretching both arms overhead. She blinked, eyes adjusting to the morning light, as she reached up to scratch her head.

She felt long tresses of hair running down past her shoulders. Had the bonnet come off in the night? No...it was still there; she could still feel it. All of this was hair that had overflowed...the silk cap unable to contain it all.

She looked down at her chest, a grin forming on her face. Her breasts were huge, they'd easily doubled in size, now each one slightly larger than a cantaloupe, projecting out from underneath her collarbones. The flesh was firm, her skin creamy, traced with blue veins that were vivid underneath the surface. Her nipples were swollen and pink...but...the discomfort was only mild.

She could feel the milk in her breasts, a pervasive feeling of heavy fullness, but not enough for there to be pressure. She guessed the growth that she'd undergone had increased her capacity, and she simply wasn't full yet.

Now for the true moment of excitement. Swinging her legs over the side of the bed, she stood up, moving to the centre of her room. Grabbing hold of the bonnet atop her head, she did a quick mental countdown before she pulled it free. As soon as it was lifted, her hair fell about her in a storm, long shiny locks now free to fall where they may.

She shrieked with delight as the mass of her mighty mane finally settled. It had grown so *much!* Her hair...it reached her shins?! Luxurious waves of sandy brown hair cascading down covering her entire body down to below her knees!

"Oh my god, this is better than I hoped for!" She whispered, running her hands through it. "Ok...time to tame it".

Gently she gathered the long masses of her hair into her hands, before sitting down on the edge of her bed. Her breasts bounced with each movement, their firm round forms jiggling at the slightest shift. She giggled happily as they settled, incredibly satisfied with their new size.

Taking the right half of her hair, she split it into three thick locks than carefully began to weave them together, creating a long braid. It took her almost twenty minutes to finish the first braid, tying the end tight with a hair tie. Then she started on the other side, until she had a second braid that matched the first.

Standing up she walked over to look at herself in the mirror, clapping happily at the sight. Two long, thick braids of shiny, silky hair, which draped on her shoulder over her breasts before reaching her knees. So much beautiful, long hair...she loved it.

As she bounced up and down with glee, she suddenly felt her breasts ache. "Ah! I'm full!" She said feeling thoroughly pleased. Wrapping a towel around herself she hurried out of her room and into the bathroom.

She'd made a mess of things in here yesterday, so today she was determined to be more careful. The pressure was building in her breasts but wasn't painful yet; she still had a few moments to get ready. Tossing aside the shower curtain, she removed her towel and laid it down on the edge of the tub, giving herself a buffer from the cold porcelain. Then she sat down and reached forward, placing fingers around her nipples and pinching.

The relief was imminent, as milk began to spray forcefully from each teat, her nipples swollen to the size of corks. She sighed as she held her breasts, gently squeezing them from base to tip, urging her milk forward. It took a lot longer for her to empty today, but that was hardly a downside to her, as the entire experience was incredibly satisfying.

She hummed happily to herself as she continued to drain her milk into the tub. Behind her, her long braids trailed down her back to where they coiled on the floor. Finally, after ten minutes, she felt empty. Using the handheld shower attachment she quickly rinsed herself off then washed away what milk remained on the shower walls and floor.

She left the bathroom feeling content, and happy. She truly loved the way she looked now and was ready to start this new chapter of her life.

She left the house an hour later, ready and eager to cross a number of things off her list. The first stop was a maternity store.

"Um...hello...how can I help you?" The sales associate said as Siobhan walked into the store.

"I'm looking for a breast pump?" Siobhan said with a smile.

"I...I see," The associate said, blushing.

Siobhan had grabbed the largest t-shirt she owned, but it was nowhere near large enough to properly contain her assets now. The t-shirt had been turned into a crop top, her entire abdomen exposed, as the shirt was taut across her bust. Her nipples, though nowhere near their full size when she was engorged, were still very noticeable poking through her top. She wore ass-hugging jean shorts below, showing off her legs, and the long braids of hair that dangled behind.

"Is it for..." The associate asked, as she turned and began to walk deeper into the store.

"Yes, it's for me" Siobhan said happily.

“You’re awfully young to be pregnant” The woman said, turning down an aisle.

“Oh, I’m not pregnant, just...full of milk” Siobhan giggled as she said it.

“Oh my god...well...here are the models we have” The associate said in disbelief, face still bright pink.

Siobhan nodded “Which one is the strongest?”

“The...the strongest?”

“Yeah...or I guess the biggest? Which can hold the most milk?”

The associate pointed to a large box on the bottom shelf. Siobhan nodded, bending over and pulling it free. “Thanks!”

Holding the box against her midsection, her breasts were lifted slightly as they rested atop it, further emphasizing their fullness. The associate purposefully looked away for the entire processing of the transaction, not even saying thank you or goodbye when Siobhan left.

After returning home and stashing her latest purchase in her room, she left once again, this time heading in the other direction. There was a plaza on the west side of town that was home to a certain establishment that she’d hoped would be her next employer.

“Hello, welcome to Hooters! Table for one?” The hostess said with a smile, wearing the trademark tight white t-shirt and orange shorts.

“No, actually, I was hoping to speak to a manager?” Siobhan said, returning a friendly smile. “I was looking to apply for a job”.

“Oh!” The girl said. “Yeah ok, that makes sense, let me just ping Donna...you’ve certainly got the body for it. I didn’t want to say anything because...you know...customer service persona, but Jesus, your tits are huge!”

Siobhan laughed, nodding “I know...I know.”

“Wait, is that your actual hair?” The hostess said, finally noticing the long twin braids.

Siobhan nodded more excitedly “It is!”

“Wow...” The girl said, as she stared.

A few seconds later, a woman in her thirties dressed in jeans and a black t-shirt with a hooters logo on it emerged. “What is it, Suzy?” She said, looking at the hostess.

“Donna, this is...” She turned and looked at Siobhan.

“Siobhan” she said with a smile, stepping forward and extending her hand.

"My goodness, girl, you're certainly gifted..." Donna said as she took Siobhan's hand and shook it.

Siobhan just smiled, as they shook hands.

"She's here to apply for a job" Suzy continued.

"You waited tables before?" Donna asked.

Siobhan shook her head.

Donna nodded "Well...it's not that hard. Suzy can train you. We've been short staffed for a while, so we'd be happy to take you. As will our customers...I'm sure you'll be very popular, with a body like that".

Siobhan's eyes lit up with excitement "Oh, thank you! Thank you so much!" She bounced giddily on the spot, which made her braids dance behind her.

"Oh, good lord" Donna said with a smirk "I don't think I've ever seen anyone that excited to work here. When can you start?"

"Tomorrow!" Siobhan said with a grin.

"Sounds good." Donna said with a nod. "See you tomorrow, kiddo".

Beside her Suzy the hostess smiled "Congrats! I'll show you the ropes when you come in tomorrow, don't worry, it's dead simple".

Siobhan thanked both of them in turn, before leaving, happily skipping away from the restaurant after she'd walked out the door. That was the second thing done off her to-do list.

The last thing...was buy some clothes that fucking fit.

A month later Siobhan sat doing her two favourite things at the same time...giving milk and brushing her hair.

A lot had changed in thirty days. For one...she no longer lived at home. No more dealing with her annoying brothers or her frustrating mother. No more having to hide her body, to avoid having to answer awkward questions. Now, in her own apartment that she'd started to rent, she could just be herself.

Affording it had been easy. Donna, her new manager, had not undersold how popular Siobhan would be. With her massive jugs, and gorgeous silky hair that trailed behind her down to her shins, she was the centre of attention during every single one of her shifts.

The restaurant had received a noticeable uptick in the number of customers in the weeks since her arrival, which Donna assumed had at least something to do with her new waitress.

Siobhan loved working there, getting to strut around the restaurant in tight clothes that showed off her new body, enjoying as men gave her attention that she'd never realized before now that she desired.

The regulars loved her too. Many of them loved her hair, long and shiny, that she either wore in those dangling rope-like braids or in an immense flowing ponytail that swished and danced when she walked.

But mostly they loved breasts, her round melon sized jugs, stuffed into a t-shirt too small for them. Donna had suggested that with her bust, Siobhan should wear at least a large, or maybe even extra-large. Siobhan had instead gone for medium, maximizing the tightness of her clothing. She didn't wear a bra most days, so her nipples were often visible. From the size of the tips she was raking in, she could tell that this choice was appreciated.

During the third week, she'd slept in one day and hadn't had time in the morning to pump before going to work. She'd regretted it at first...until she counted the tips at the end of that shift. Being filled with milk had swollen her breasts, fuller, rounder, heavier, and had made her nipples engorge to an incredible size. The pressure had been bordering on unmanageable, but she'd made it through her shift without leaking, though she'd been forced to unload her breasts in the employee bathroom, standing over the sink for a good fifteen minutes.

She'd made \$400 that night, many of the men who were in regularly dumbfounded at how large her breasts looked that night. Since then, she'd scheduled her pumps so that she'd be half full at the start of her shift, and on the brink of bursting by the end. She hadn't sprung a leak yet, and the money had just been rolling in.

She'd just come home from a shift, and her tips were laid out on her coffee table before her, piles of twenties, fifties, even a couple hundred's. She'd stripped down to her panties, and hooked up her breast pump, setting her nipples into action as she began to fill the glass receptacle. Then she'd sat down on her couch, and undid her long braids, tossing her hair out around her, so that she could brush it.

Her hair was so thick, so voluminous, that if she draped it in the right way, it would cover her entire body while sitting down, including her enormous bust. The thought sent a shiver down her spine, as she slowly worked her hairbrush through the luxurious long tresses.

A knock came at the door. "It's open" she said, raising her voice to be heard over the constant whir of the pump.

The door opened, and in walked Siobhan's new boyfriend, Calvin "Hey you" he said with a smile as he closed the door behind him, kicking off his shoes.

Siobhan looked over and grinned at him, as she tugged the brush through a stubborn tangle. "Hey! Gasp, are those for me!"

Calvin chuckled as he looked at the bouquet of roses he held "Of course they are, who else would they be for?"

Siobhan rolled her eyes but still giggled excitedly as he brought them over.

This had been the most unexpected change in Siobhan's life, though one she was fairly pleased with. The 25-year-old was a physiotherapist who worked at a clinic in the same plaza as Siobhan's Hooters.

The paths of the two of them never would've crossed if not for a few weeks ago when Calvin's brother had taken him to Hooters for his birthday. There, Siobhan had served them, and he'd become instantly smitten with her. Lucky for him, Siobhan also thought he was cute, and so when he asked for her number at the end of the meal, she gave it to him.

"Let's trade" Calvin said as he walked over to the couch. Holding out the bouquet of flowers for her, he gently took the brush from her hand, then settled down on the couch beside her, careful move her hair out of the way so he didn't sit on it.

"These are beautiful!" Siobhan cooed, as Calving gently scooped up some of her hair and began to brush it.

"I thought you'd like them" he said with a smile, dragging the brush through her locks with long careful strokes.

She lifted the flowers to her nose and took a sniff, enjoying their heavy floral aroma. "Thank you so much, Calvin".

"You're very welcome, Siobhan" he said, finishing with one set of strands and starting over from the bottom. "Good shift today?"

Siobhan nodded "A beer league hockey team was in before their practice tonight. They were a little rowdy, but I kept them in check. They liked my braids!"

Calvin chuckled "Of course they did".

Siobhan smiled, closing her eyes as she enjoyed the relaxing feeling of him holding her hair and brushing it. His movements were steady and gentle, but strong; benefits of dating a physiotherapist. "They were good tippers" she said. "But then again maybe they were just a bit distracted when I came around with the machine".

"You were a bit full, I take it?" Drake asked.

Siobhan nodded, reaching up and resting her hands upon her firm round breasts. Her thick turgid nipples pulsed rhythmically as the pump sucked on them, drawing forth jet after jet of milk from her ducts. "My capacity is definitely improving" she said. "I felt so full, but...it wasn't painful. I made it all the way home without leaking".

“How long have you been pumping?”

Siobhan checked her phone “Fifteen minutes now, and I don’t feel close to empty”.

Calvin let out a subdued groan, face going red. “Jesus” He muttered under his breath. Siobhan looked over at him, noticing his reaction which brought a smile to her own face.

Calvin, as it so happened, was very into lactation, something that she'd discovered by accident when he'd asked what the jars of white fluid were in her fridge and had gotten an erection when she'd told him it was her milk.

She'd been less than forthcoming with him about the cause of her condition though. She just told him that she had high hormone levels which made her regularly produce, and that was that. He didn't need to know that she'd done this to herself, by accident at first, but very much on purpose later on.

After she'd stopped using the formula, the growth had stopped, her hair returning to normal levels of development, her breasts not expanding any further. The lactation had continued, but that was because she was forcing it to. She'd done some reading, and apparently there were methods that she could employ to slow down her production and eventually stop it but...why would she do that?

Not only did she supremely enjoy the experience, and furthermore it was helping enhance her waitressing career, but even beyond that she was making additional money selling the breast milk she produced. Natural breast milk was always in high demand, and she had the supply to match it.

And of course, it drove her new boyfriend wild so...win-win all around.

“How was your day?” She asked.

“Pretty good” he said with a smile, grabbing a length of hair off her back and brushing it out. “I had Mr. Sanderson today, that guy I told you about who I’m helping to learn how to walk again. Got a few steps out of him today using the walker”.

“Babe!” Siobahn said, “That’s fantastic!”

“Yeah, it’s always nice to see positive results” he said smiling as he grabbed another handful of her extravagant tresses. As he did, he looked to the side at the piles of hair that were draped over the couch on either side of her “You...have too much hair” he said with a chuckle.

Siobhan turned her head to frown at him. “Hey! Take that back!”

Drake smiled at her, leaning in until their lips nearly touched. “Don't worry...I like it”.

Siobhan pouted at him “You better...I'd get rid of *you* before I got rid of my hair”.

Drake laughed once before he leaned in, planting a kiss on her lips.

Siobhan closed her eyes as they kissed, enjoying the taste of his lips. Calvin let go of her hair, reaching forward to cup her cheek as he pulled her back to him, kissing her more forcefully. They only stopped when a loud annoying beep sounded from the floor in front of them.

Siobhan pulled away, turning back forward. "Sorry" She breathed. "That was the pump...it's full!"

Calvin smiled as he watched Siobhan gently remove the suction cups from her nipples, exposing her turgid pink nubs to the air. They still quivered, pulsating, as milk continued to dribble from their tips.

"You gonna get another jar?" Calvin asked, eyes locked onto her nipples and the little white drops that hung off their ends.

Siobhan shook her head, as she leaned over to wrap up the hoses of the suction cups and hook them into the side of the pump where they were stored. "No, I'm almost empty, there'd be no point".

"Oh yeah?" Calvin said "You don't look empty..."

As Siobhan sat upright, she looked down at her breasts. He had a point, her breasts still looked swollen, the indigo-coloured veins still visible just beneath her skin, her nipples still engorged and leaking milk. "Trust me, there's not much left" she said, knowing the abilities of her own body.

"Ah damn" Her boyfriend said, slightly disappointed.

Siobhan twisted her torso to face him, her juicy cantaloupes pointing towards him. "I'm not completely empty though...do you want a taste?"

His disappointment turned to excitement in a moment "Abs-ahem-Absolutely!" He said, his voice cracking.

"Alright, go ahead" Siobhan said, arching her spine to thrust her bust up towards him. "Just be gentle".

"I always am" Calvin said as he wrapped a hand around the small of her back as he leaned forward, softly placing his lips around one of her turgid nubs.

Siobhan let out a quiet gasp as he began to suckle at her teat, drawing the little bit of milk she had left forth. She reached forward and placed a hand on the back of his head, holding him against her. This wasn't the first time they'd done this, but each time she was surprised at how much she enjoyed it. The intimacy of it, the sensuality. Not only did it just feel better than the pump, but it made her feel good about herself. Made her feel mature, womanly.

Calvin moaned around the nipple in his mouth, his eyes closed as he sucked the last few drops of milk out of her right breast. He pulled off with a gasp, sitting upright with a grin on his face, drops of milk on his lips.

"Delicious" he said.

"Hope you're not full, because I'm not done!" Siobhan said with a grin.

Calvin laughed "I'm always hungry for you, baby".

"Well then get over here!"

Leaning forward, Siobhan grabbed him by his shoulders then pulled him toward her. Calvin let himself be pulled, flipping himself around, laying his head upon her lap. Siobhan only had to lean slightly forward for her other nipple to be close enough for Calvin to latch on, immediately applying pressure with his lips to summon the last reserves of her milk.

Siobhan's breathing quickened as she felt herself get more and more excited. She gazed at Calvin who lay in her lap, suckling from her firm round breasts, joy blooming within her. All around them her hair cascaded down in golden brown waterfalls.

"Oh god" She moaned "That feels so good..."

"Mmhmm" Calvin hummed his agreement, not pulling off of her. He shifted underneath her, his hips twisting back and forth awkwardly. Siobhan looked over to see why he was moving that way and quickly understood why. He was trying to make the stiff erection that had formed in his pants more comfortable.

Smiling excitedly, she reached over, and undid his fly then unzipped his pants. Freeing his cock from his underwear, she wrapped her fingers around the velvety flesh. Calvin moaned, sucking hard on her nipples as she gripped him, which drew a moan from Siobhan, making her bite her lip.

Awkwardly Siobhan began to stroke his cock, her hand moving jerkily as her own body was being filled with scintillating stimulation. The two of them competed against each other, each one trying to bring the other more pleasure. As Siobhan stroked his cock faster, Calvin sucked on her nipple harder.

Calvin was the one to crack first, his hips bucking as he came after only thirty seconds, the tip of his cock erupting with sticky white fluid. Siobhan yelped with surprise, as rope after rope of his cum spurted forth, shooting high into the air, a great deal of it landing in the coils of her hair that covered the couch.

Calvin groaned as he let his neck go limp, letting go of her nipple. "Fuck...that felt good".

"I could tell" Siobhan said with a smile, as she reached down and stroked his hair.

Calvin sat up, immediately noticing the gooey globs of cum that were stuck in Siobhan's hair. "Oh shit! Sorry, babe!"

Siobhan shook her head "It's ok, I was going to wash my hair tonight anyway. If this wasn't a wash day, I'd be a lot more ticked, Ha Ha!"

Calvin visibly sighed with relief. "Oh good...You know, this wouldn't be a problem-"

"Ah!" Siobhan said cutting him off "Don't finish that sentence. I already told you, I'm not ready yet"

Calvin rolled his eyes "Yeah, yeah, I know".

Siobhan had been eager to explore an adult relationship with Calvin, and they'd gotten fairly physical early, but she still wasn't ready to have sex yet. She wanted her first time to be with someone she loved, and while she really liked Calvin, and he obviously really liked her, she wasn't sure if this was love yet. Calvin had been less than thrilled with her decision on this matter, but he hadn't pushed it yet.

"Let me go get the bath ready" Calvin said, standing up right.

"Thanks" Siobhan said from where she sat, picking up the flowers he'd brought to smell them again.

Calvin rose and walked down the hall towards her bathroom, the sound of the water flowing starting shortly later. Siobhan let out a contented sigh as she stood, shaking her head, letting her flowing hair swish together. She walked to her kitchen, getting out a vase she'd taken from her parents' house to hold the roses, before she headed to the bathroom, shin length hair like a cloak around her.

"How's the water?" She asked as she entered, stripping off her panties.

"Hot, just the way you like it" Calvin said from where he crouched beside the tub filling with water.

"Excellent" Siobhan said with a smile, as she stepped in. As her feet set down in the tub, she could feel the added weight as the tips of her hair were dunked into the water. Showers had become a thing of the past for Siobhan. With how much hair she had, it got incredibly heavy when wet and hanging off her head. So now she took baths, where she could simply lay in the water, and let her hair float around her.

She eased herself down, sitting upon the bottom and stretching her legs out as she leaned back against the end. The water was filled with the extravagant mess of her hair, the bottom of the tub not visible. Siobhan closed her eyes as she enjoyed the heat of the water as across the room, she could hear Calvin pop open the bottle of her shampoo.

Calvin grunted, as a wheezing sound echoed from the bottle as he squeezed it. Not opening her eyes, Siobhan asked "Something wrong?"

"I think it's empty" Calvin said. Another squeeze and the bottle let out a sad farting noise.
"Yup, definitely empty"

"That's ok" Siobhan said, hands skimming through the water, feeling the long strands of her hair passing through her fingers. "There should be another bottle under the counter".

"Got it" Calvin said. Siobhan heard the sound of the cupboard opening, and then of Calvin rooting around through the various items underneath the sink. "Come on...Where is it" He muttered.

"It should be there" Siobhan said. "It may not be in the same bottle; I bought a few different brands".

"Ok...I think I found it" Calvin said, closing the cupboard.

"Knew you would" Siobhan said, smiling.

"Do you want me to just put some on your head?"

"Yes, please" Siobhan said.

Siobhan hummed quietly, feet lightly kicking in the warm tub water, as she waited for Calvin to provide her shampoo.

"Ready?" He asked.

"Let me just dunk my head under" she said, slowly sliding down until she could dip her head fully into the water. "Ok, I'm ready" she said as she emerged, her entire head covered by the thick curtain of her drenched hair.

Calvin leaned forward, and placed his hand palm down upon her scalp, transferring the dollop of shampoo that he'd squeezed out. The very second that his hand pressed down upon her hair Siobhan let out a loud shocked gasp.

A storm of tingling pleasure had erupted from her scalp, the scent of grapefruit filling the bathroom, before shifting to aloe, then to green apple.

"Ahhhhh!" She cried, arms flailing out, water beginning to churn from her panicked motions.

"Siobhan?!" Calvin cried. "What is it?!"

Siobhan tried to grab onto the side of the tub and push herself out of the water, desperate to get herself out to try and stop the reaction. Her feet slipped on the bottom and her arms, trembling from the intense pleasure coursing through her, gave out, dropping her into the water, head falling under.

She pushed herself up, gasping for air. She reached for her head, hoping to maybe wipe the shampoo off, and found that there was none left. Falling under the water, had caused it to completely dissolve, absorbing into her skin.

Sitting upright on the bottom of the tub, she pulled the heavy wet lengths of her hair out of her face, then looked over at Calvin, eyes wide. "Fuck..." She moaned.

Calvin shook his head "Siobhan, what's going on? What the hell was that!"

Siobhan sighed "That was the wrong shampoo".

Siobhan had Calvin show her the bottles under the counter until he found the shampoo that she'd intended. Then sitting in the tub, Calving helped her wash her hair as she explained how her life had changed in the past 5 weeks, and the formula that was responsible for it, the very same formula that he'd accidentally given her a dose of.

"So...overnight...your hair is going to grow?" Calvin asked as he wrung a section of her hair in his hands.

Siobhan nodded "And my breasts. The hair isn't that big a deal, we can always cut it, as much as the idea of it pains me. But my boobs...they're already so big! I can't imagine them getting bigger!"

Calvin nodded, wisely keeping his opinions to himself.

Siobhan cupped her breasts, sopping wet and covered with soapy suds. "I was really happy with this size..."

"Babe..." Calvin said, letting go of her hair. "The last time you took a dose, were you looking forward to being this size?"

Siobhan shook her head "Well...no. I didn't know how big I'd be."

"From what you told me" He continued "It sounded like you were happy when you woke up that morning".

Siobhan quietly nodded.

"Ok then, so maybe...maybe you'll be happy at this new size too!"

Siobhan looked over at him, a small frown on her face. "I guess..."

Calvin leaned over and grabbed her hands out of the water, holding them tight. "I think you will. I think you're going to love them."

Siobhan's frown shifted to a smirk. "You're just saying that because I'm probably going to lactate more!"

Calving shrugged "I won't lie, the thought of you bigger excites me, but I think it excites you too. I know how much you love being a milkmaid"?

Siobhan rolled her eyes, but smiled "Shut up".

Calving grinned "I'm not wrong".

Siobhan shook her head, looking away embarrassed "No...you're not".

Calvin let go of her hands, and returned to washing her hair, strong hands gathering up her lengthy tresses and rinsing the shampoo out of them. "And think of how long your hair will be".

Siobhan smiled at that "That I *am* excited for."

Calving nodded "See? Everything's going to be fine."

Siobhan sighed but nodded "Yeah, you're probably right. Thanks babe. I was spiralling a bit there".

"All good" Calvin said "Now, let's get you out of there, dried off and then we'll head to bed".

Siobhan smiled, closing her eyes as Calvin leaned over and kissed her on the forehead "Sounds like a plan".

Siobhan woke the next morning to the sound of Calvin cursing, followed by the heavy thump of him leaping from the bed and running out of the room. Siobhan groaned, still half asleep, her mind swimming. She was vaguely aware of a warm heaviness resting upon her.

"Babe..." She called. "what's-" She stopped herself as her mind cleared, the reality of her situation snapping into focus. She remembered that she'd accidentally exposed herself to another dose of her hair formula which meant...

She opened her eyes, looking up at her bust which towered over her. Her breasts rose high overhead, great round hills each one peaking a foot off of her torso. Massive mounds of flesh, overly full with her milk. Milk that was currently spraying from the ends of her nipples, each one the size of a shot glass.

As her mind continued to break away from sleep, her senses came more and more online. The heavy warmth she'd been feeling turned into pleasure, as she watched her nipples pulse, the jets of milk intensifying in time.

"Holy shit!" She yelled at the absurdity of it all. Overhead she could see that the twin milk geysers on her chest were occasionally strong enough to reach the ceiling, leaving spray patterns on the drywall.

She tried to sit up with just her abs, but her breasts were too heavy weighing down on top of her. If she got her arms under her she could probably get herself upright, but for now that wouldn't be necessary as Calvin sprinted back into the room, her pump in hand.

He clambered onto the bed on his knees, crawling over until he could peer over her breasts and make eye contact. "Good morning" he said with a grin.

"Calvin!" She snapped "Hurry up, I'm making a mess here! Put the pump on!"

He nodded, though the grin never left his face. He disappeared momentarily, moving to plug in the pump in the wall outlet before he returned, unspooling the suction hoses.

"Uhh..." Calvin said.

"What, what's wrong?" Siobhan replied.

"Your nipples...they're too big".

"What?!"

Calvin held up the suction cup at the end of the hose and placed it beside one of her gushing nipples...they were almost exactly the same circumference. Siobhan gawked at him, both shocked and surprisingly delighted.

"You're right! They are too big!"

Calvin nodded "I can make it work for now. I'll just have to hold them in place..."

Swinging his legs over her thighs to straddle her, he pulled the suction cups along with him, the pump sliding across the floor as he did. The sheets were already soaked with her fountaining milk. Carefully he slid the cups forward then with a quick motion, like trying to capture a spider with a glass, he stuck them onto the tips of her nipples.

Calvin held on tightly, surprised at the upward force her spray was producing. But as the pump began to work, sucking the milk into the clear tube, the pressure relented, the suction from the cups helping to hold themselves on.

Together they sat there, just quietly breathing together as her breasts quivered, slowly emptying of milk. Siobhan sighed as she closed her eyes, finally letting herself enjoy the sensation. It was more powerful now, her breasts fuller and releasing milk at a more bountiful rate. She couldn't help but softly moan as tingling pleasure travelled in waves through her chest, as her tense firm flesh slowly softened as her milk ducts drained.

After twenty minutes, and one replacement of the pump receptacle, she was done. She'd filled two large jars with milk, far more than she'd ever done in a single sitting before, but that was to be expected.

Calvin stood up and backed away, shaking his wrists to relieve the tension. "Were going to have to find a better way to do this...I don't think I can hold on like that every single time".

Siobhan nodded as she braced her hands underneath and pushed herself up, her impressively large breasts, now softer and more pillowy, slumping forward into her lap. They were each the size of basketballs, flesh creamy and soft.

"Wow these are huge..." she said as she stared at them in awe.

"Yeah...did you think they'd get this big?" Calvin asked.

Siobhan studied them for a moment, then nodded. "Yeah...actually...I imagined they'd be even bigger!"

Calvin laughed. "Oh yeah? That certainly would be something! But you're happy with them?"

Siobhan said nothing, resting a hand on one of her globes, squeezing it, getting a feel for its size. They were big, very big...but were they big enough?

"Babe?" Calvin said.

"Hm?" Siobhan said, distractedly.

"I said, are you happy with them?"

Siobhan nodded "Oh! Yeah...Yeah, I'm happy"

"You're sure?" Calvin said.

Siobhan rolled her eyes with annoyance "Yes! They're great. Could you help me get out of bed?"

Calvin nodded, walking over and taking her hand, pulling her up to her feet. She wobbled for a moment, struggling to catch her balance with the new weight on her chest, but holding on to Calvin's hand she was able to stay standing.

Standing up on her mattress she was now able to see the other half of the formula's effects.

"Oh my god, my hair!" She said with a gasp of joy.

The previous night after her shower she'd braided her long hair into twin braids to help it dry, the long dangling ropes reaching her knees where they were tied with hair ties.

Those braids remained done up, but they now started at her waist. Down her back her shiny silky hair flowed from her scalp loose, all new growth since last night.

Holding on to Calvin's hand she stepped down off the mattress, walking forward and letting her hair trail behind her. At the door she turned around to inspect it. Her hair reached the floor and dragged for a few feet behind her.

She laughed with joy as she turned around and walked back towards where her hair ended. Crouching down she reached over her breasts, arms sinking into their squishy masses, as she undid the hair ties at the end of each braid, tugging on them until they both twisted free on their own.

She stood upright once more the immense lengths of her hair a waterfall off her head, running down her back to where it piled loosely on the floor. She ran her hands through it, grabbing near the roots and tossing it, sending waves through it to settle it in place.

"It's like a dream" she said smiling. "I feel like a goddess!"

Calvin nodded "You sure look like one".

Siobhan giggled "You like?"

Calvin gestured to his erection tenting his pyjamas. "You tell me".

"Mmmm" Siobhan hummed as she noticed it. "Yes, you do like it!"

"What do you say, baby?" He said stepping in behind her, careful not to step on her hair. He grabbed a hold of her waist and pulled her against him. "Don't you feel ready?"

She immediately stepped forward out of his grasp. "No! I don't. I told you, when I'm ready I'll let you know".

Calvin shook his head with frustration. "Fine, fine. Do you need my help at all? I should get going..."

Siobhan frowned at his sudden cold dismissal. "No...I'm fine" she said crossing her arms over her chest.

Calvin nodded, grabbing his clothing off the floor and quickly putting on his jeans before he walked out the door.

Siobhan stared at the space where he'd just stood. Calvin was funny, and cute...but he was also becoming more and more impatient with her boundaries. She hadn't lied, she still wasn't ready to give herself fully to him and if he couldn't handle that then that was his problem.

She pushed him out of her mind as she focused on getting ready. She had a shift at the restaurant today that would likely be a rather interesting affair.

“Donna?” Siobhan asked as she ducked in through the employee entrance into the backroom of the Hooters.

“Yeah?” Her managers voice echoed from another room.

“Could you come here, I need to talk to you”.

Footsteps clacked on the tile floor and after a few seconds Donna entered through the door. “OK, Siobhan what’s- Holy Shit!!”

Siobhan nodded “I don’t think I have to tell you what I wanted to discuss”.

“Girl, you’re gigantic?! What the fuck happened to you!” Donna said as she gaped at Siobhan’s chest. She’d put on an XXXL t shirt that she’d bought to be oversized, something she could sleep in. Now it just barely covered her torso, her colossal breasts filling it.

“I’d rather not get into it” Siobhan said. “Do you have a uniform that will fit me?”

Donna shook her head “I don’t know...I guess we could try an XL...maybe it’ll be stretchy enough”.

Siobhan nodded “Yes, let’s do that” together they walked to Donna’s office, Siobhan trailing behind a few feet. Her hair hung in a ponytail behind her that she’d then taken the end of and fed it back through the tails base creating a long loop of hair.

Stripping off her t-shirt in the privacy of her managers office, together she and Donna worked to squeeze her into an XL top. Surprisingly they got it on, but just barely. The white fabric was translucent from how tight it was, and her nipples were very noticeable, pressed against the fabric.

“I’ll have to order you something custom I guess...” Donna said as she looked at her handiwork.

Siobhan turned back and forth, immense bust swinging this way and that, breasts jiggling within the top, threatening to burst free. “I can move ok, this’ll be fine, thank you”.

Donna nodded “Alright, get on out there. Jesus Christ, they loved you before...I think you’re gonna give someone a heart attack tonight”

Siobhan laughed as she left the office, making her way to the restaurant proper to begin her shift.

It didn’t take long for her to realize that this would likely be her last day working at Hooters. She was simply too big to be a waitress now.

As she walked out of the kitchen, a plate of food held in each hand out to the side, her breasts bounced with every step, drawing the eyes of everyone in the room. She did her best to not knock into anyone as she crossed the dining hall to her table, but her best was simply not good enough. For the dozenth time today, her bust accidentally collided with the head or arm of a customer as she passed.

The first few times she'd stopped and apologized. Now she just kept on moving, accepting that whomever she'd bumped into was probably okay with it.

"Alright, I've got the pound of buffalo wings for you, Mr. Tomlin" Siobhan said with a smile, leaning over to the side to slide the basket of chicken before one of her regulars. "And the Western BBQ Burger, for you"

As she reached across, her breasts knocked against the table, nearly spilling their drinks. She jerked upright, blushing slightly, her breasts jostling from the motion.

The two men smiled at her, seemingly oblivious to the mess that had been narrowly avoided. "Thanks, Siobhan" Mr. Tomlin said. "You're looking very lovely this evening."

Siobhan smiled, nodding "Aha, thank you. You're always such a charmer".

"Can I get some malt vinegar for the fries?" Mr. Tomlin's friend asked.

Siobhan turned to face him, nearly knocking into Mr. Tomlin as she did. "Of course! Let me just go-Eep!"

"Siobhan?" Mr. Tomlin said as he looked up at her, chicken wing in hand.

Siobhan stood still; mouth drawn to a thin line. Her eyes twitched as she struggled not to panic. She'd started to feel it a few minutes ago...just a delicate tingle deep within her breast flesh, but she'd thought she'd been imagining things.

Now she could feel it...that pressure...building fast. Her milk was coming in.

"Excuse me!" She blurted out, before she spun around and ran back toward the kitchen. Her face was flushed as she ran into the back of the restaurant.

It was so soon! She'd drained herself this morning, less than five hours ago! Usually, it took at least 8 or 9...She guessed that not only did she have greater capacity now, but a shorter downtime between let downs, her overly enhanced milk ducts working overtime.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" Siobhan said, knocking on the door to Donna's office.

"What is it, Siobhan?" Donna said, not looking up from her laptop. "Did you tear that poor uniform?"

Siobhan shook her head "No, it still fits...I'm sorry to do this, but I need to leave".

Donna looked up now, frowning. "Leave? You've only been here for two hours!"

Siobhan nodded "I know, I'm sorry. But I really have to go."

Donna sighed, rubbing her forehead "Alright, fine. Just...finish up the tables you have, then you can go, ok?"

Siobhan nodded vigorously "Ok! Thank you! Thank you so much!"

She returned to the dining hall, taking long slow breaths to try and calm herself. She only had two tables active right now. Mr. Tomlin and his friend she'd just served, so they'd probably be maybe another fifteen minutes. Her other table was a man eating alone, and he was almost done.

Fifteen minutes. She could hold it for fifteen minutes.

She walked over to the waitressing station, and printed off the solo customers bill, just to have it on hand. Then she went to check on him. She walked quickly, but took tiny steps, doing all that she could to minimize agitating her breasts. Each minute that passed she could feel them getting heavier, firmer, as one by one the multitude of ducts within were engorged with milk.

"Would you like anything else?" She asked the solo diner, her voice strained.

"Oh no, I'm good, just the-" Siobhan slapped the bill down on the table, cutting him off midsentence, before she took a few short steps over to her other customers to check on them.

"Everything good here?" She asked, forcing a smile.

"Delicious as always" Mr. Tomlin said.

"Malt vinegar?" The other asked.

Siobhan nodded "Of course, just a second" She turned around to head back towards the kitchen, wincing as she did. The motion had caused her breasts to knock against one another, the impact shuddering through them and making her nipples ache. As she hurried, scampered towards the kitchen, she could feel them begin to swell. Her already prominent nipples, filling with blood as they stiffened into thick turgid nubs.

Grabbing a malt vinegar off the shelf, she walked back into the dining hall. She wasn't going to make it another fifteen...she wasn't even going to make five. The pressure continued to build within her as she walked back to the table, chucking the bottle of malt vinegar at the customer without breaking stride, before heading towards the women's bathroom.

Her nipples were active, pulsating underneath her shirt, swelling and contracting in time with her heartbeat, as they were eager to letdown. The skin on her breasts felt tight, the flesh firm and taut. Looking down at them she could tell that they were noticeably larger, rounder, having swollen at least an inch in each direction as the milk filled her flesh.

She needed release now. She was so close to the bathroom, so close to escape. Yes, she'd get fired for abandoning her tables and exposing herself in the bathroom but...that would be better than doing it out here in front of all of these people.

"Siobhan?" A voice called from behind her.

She stopped with her hand on the door. She looked over her shoulder to see Mr. Tomlin turned in his seat to look at her, looking concerned. "Yes?" She said.

"Could you come here?"

Siobhan quietly whimpered, the pressure in her breasts nearly at a breaking point. She scurried over, hands holding on to her breasts to keep them from jiggling. Any non-necessary movement was to be avoided now.

"Yes?" She said, eyes pinched shut.

"You don't look well, dear" he said with a frown. "You should go home! I think we're your only table right now, yes?"

Siobhan nodded silently; lips drawn into a line as she struggled to hold her milk in.

"We'll pay cash, when we're done. You should go home. Oh, and here take this" He held out a pair of hundred-dollar bills. "Your tip. Excellent service as always"

Siobhan snatched them from his hand "Thank you, Mr. Tomlin".

"You're very welcome, Siobhan, now go get some rest".

Across the table Mr. Tomlin's guest gaped at her, as the front of her shirt suddenly developed round splotches of transparency where milk soaked through the fabric. Siobhan squeaked with embarrassment, before she turned and ran to the bathroom. There she relieved herself into one of the toilets, taking nearly twenty minutes to fully drain. Twenty minutes of sweet relief, of joyous ecstasy, of pure fulfilment.

Those twenty minutes of bliss gave her the clarity to make a decision that she'd been questioning that very morning. She was going to go bigger.

"Siobhan, you can't be serious!"

"I am" she said from where she sat on her bed, brushing her voluminous hair that fell about the bed around her, spilling over the edge and on to the floor.

"Why!" Calvin said exasperated.

"Because I want to" Siobhan said simply.

"You've got to give me more than that. A day ago, you were panicking that you were going to grow bigger, now you want to go even further?!"

Siobhan put down her hairbrush, looking up at Calvin. "Yes, that's exactly what happened. You said it yourself; I didn't know I'd be happy at this size until I reached it...and I am happy, but I also want more".

"You can't do this" he said solemnly.

Siobhan frowned "Can't?! Who do you think you are to tell me what I can and can't do!" Calvin blinked, shocked at her sudden angry outburst.

"I'm doing this, Calvin" She said stubbornly "With or without you".

Calvin shook his head "You're not thinking straight. Look how big you grew between yesterday and today...if you do it again...your breasts will be immense! You'll never be able to empty them of milk!"

Siobhan smirked "That's what I'm counting on".

Calvin gaped "Oh for fucks sake..."

Siobhan resumed brushing her hair, letting the shiny golden brown locks slide through her fingers. "You know how much I love being a milkmaid" she said with a smile, throwing his own words back at him.

"I was just joking! Are you really going to go through with this just to spite me?"

Siobhan shook her head "No of course not, don't be ridiculous, Calvin. This has absolutely nothing to do with you! I'm doing this because / want to grow an absolutely gigantic pair of breasts. / want to be so full of milk that I have to be pumped day and night to keep up with the production. / want my hair to grow so long and luxurious that it would put Rapunzel to shame!"

Calvin said nothing as he stared at Siobhan, who continued to brush her hair, a contented smile upon her face.

"There's no way you've thought this through. Please reconsider"

"Oh, I've thought about it plenty. Did you not notice the package at the foot of my bed?"

Calvin hadn't, turning to look at the large cardboard box.

"Uh...what is that?"

"I ordered it off of a farm equipment surplus website and had it shipped express. It's a portable milking unit."

Calvin's jaw dropped. "Like...for cows?"

Siobhan nodded "Yes, like for cows. It should be able to handle my output...I hope" she grinned mischievously as she ran her hands through her hair girlishly.

"So..." Siobhan said, meeting Calvin's eyes "Are you in or out?"

Calvin opened his mouth to speak, then closed it. He shook his head. "No. I'm out."

Siobhan shrugged "Alright, you can let yourself out".

Calvin frowned "Siobhan, don't be crazy. You're really going to toss what we have away over this?"

"Not just this" Siobhan said "You've been really pushy about us having sex, which I really haven't appreciated".

Calvin went red, embarrassed at being called out. "Siobhan, I...uh..."

"And you're clearly not on board for what I want to do with my life, so...I believe we're done." Siobhan scooped up a thick bundle of hair and began to rapidly brush through it. "Have a nice life!"

Calvin stared at her in shocked silence, before he shook his head with annoyance, then turned and left, never to be seen again.

Siobhan let out a sigh. Good riddance. Calvin had been nice...at times. But in the end, he wasn't right for her.

Finishing with her hair she stood, and walked to the bathroom, fetching the formula from underneath the counter. Opening it she squeezed a healthy dollop into the palm of her hand. Then a second one...and then a third for good measure.

Then she turned on the shower.

Priyanka checked her phone as she got out of the Uber that had dropped her off. The place she was looking for should be just down the street from here. Looking to her left she spotted it, an unimpressive apartment building, its exterior a dismal grey.

Priyanka looked around as she walked down the sidewalk towards the lobby. She'd never been to this side of town before. She'd had to double check the address that Siobhan had texted her, as she had no idea where the street she lived on was.

Now she was here, after receiving a series of rather cryptic texts from her old schoolmate. She'd started by saying she wanted to thank for Priyanka for helping her find that hair formula, which was fair. But then she'd insisted that Priyanka come to her apartment instead of just getting coffee at a Cafe? She'd been adamant that Priyanka come to her...and so here she was.

Priyanka had gotten the distinct impression that Siobhan was hiding something, and so out of concern or perhaps just out of curiosity She'd decided to make time to see her when she'd come home to visit that upcoming weekend.

An odd sight caught her eye as she approaches the building. There was a large truck with a stainless-steel tank on the back parked outside, the engine idling. A man stood on the roof of the tank, holding a thick metal hose against a port on top. That hose rose high overhead up the side of the building before disappearing through a window. It was visibly shaking as if a large volume of fluid was moving through it.

Priyanka stared at the truck with pursed lips. What on earth was it doing? Was there a sewer backup and that pipe was sucking out sewage? That seemed highly unlikely for a high rise, plus there was no smell, but...what else could it be?

Shaking her head with confusion at the mystery she walked into the lobby and headed for the elevator. Inside she punched the button for the 8th floor. Once she arrived at the correct level, she made the short walk to the door that bore the number Siobhan had told her.

She knocked twice then waited, shifting from one foot to the other nervously. There was something strange going on here, and she had a weird feeling that Siobhan was at the centre of it.

Behind the door she heard footsteps approaching. Priyanka forced a smile to her face as the door opened...to a stranger. A woman in her early fifties, wearing scrubs. She had a kind face, with greying auburn hair that fell to her shoulders.

"Hello?" The stranger said.

"Oh...I'm sorry." Priyanka said with a frown. "My friend must have given me the wrong address".

The woman gave her a kind smile "You're Priyanka?"

Priyanka nodded slowly, confusion building "I am..."

"Come on in, dear" the woman said stepping back and gesturing for her to enter "Siobhan's expecting you".

Priyanka walked through the door, feeling very unsure. The mystery only deepened at the strange scene she walked in on.

The main room of the apartment was more like a factory floor than a living space. There was no furniture, except for a small table and chair over by the kitchen. Eight stainless steel cylinders, stacked almost as tall as the ceiling sat on the left side of the room, connected to one another with piping. From the lower end of one a large metal hose emerged...one she immediately recognized.

Stepping further into the apartment she peered over to the side wall where she saw the other end of the scene she'd encountered outside, that metal hose disappearing out the open window.

"What is all this?!" Priyanka said in complete shock.

"It'll be easier if Siobhan explains" the woman in scrubs said, pointing down the hall. A pair of hoses that emerged from the top of the furthest tank trailed down that passageway, shuddering rhythmically as something moved through them, before turning through an open door into a room with carpeted floors.

Slowly Priyanka walked down the hall, feeling incredibly anxious about what she was about to discover. Her eyes widened as she approaches the doorway. What she'd mistaken as carpet...was hair. Shiny, golden-brown hair, which covered every inch of the floor, spreading out of the room and into the hallway.

Priyanka stepped through the threshold, anticipating that she was about to witness something absolutely surreal...and even with that expectation she was still shocked.

"Oh....my.... god" she gasped.

Siobhan lay on her back upon a king-sized bed, lounging upon a massive pile of pillows, lifting up her body so that she lay at a slight angle, her entire body supported by the cushions. Her head was nestled into one of these cushions, with her eyes closed, a peaceful smile on her face. Her arms were outstretched before her, fingers drumming idly upon her absolutely stupendous, colossal breasts.

They covered the rest of the king-sized bed, flowing out from her body, getting wider and deeper the further from her body, shaped like a pair of over-filled balloons, flattened slightly by gravity. They reached the end of the bed, easily over six feet long from where they sprouted from her chest, and each one just over four feet across, the sides overflowing the edge of the mattress, the bed not quite big enough to hold all of her.

Up near her body the first few feet of her breast-flesh was a delicate shade of peachy-pink, soft and healthy. Moving away from her body, her flesh visibly shifted in texture and integrity. Halfway down, the colour shifted to a slightly redder shade of pink, and veins started to trace the massive round surface, the skin starting to get tight, no longer quite as pillowy.

At the far end, delicate was no longer the applicable word. They were intense, to the umpteenth degree. The skin of the outer surface was bright pink, and taut, the flesh firm to the point of being hard. The cause of this was the multitude of milk ducts that had developed within her teats, constantly churning to produce milk. The veins were dark, and thick, almost the size of Priyanka's pinkie finger, criss-crossing the front face of each breast, rigid upon the surface of her skin.

She'd become an unstoppable milking machine, and nowhere was this more noticeable than her massive, distended nipples. It was hard for Priyanka to gauge their true size as they were constantly in motion. Trapped within the large metal and glass suction cup of the industrial milker, they moved in and out in a hypnotic manner. They started squat and fat, before extending out, stretching until they almost filled the entire massive receptacle at which point a heavy burst of milk would erupt from the tip, nearly a quart each time. After the geyser of milk, the nipple would retreat back to the short squat form before the cycle repeated. A full cycle took only a second, which meant she was producing... dozens of gallons every minute!

Compared to the ludicrous sight of her supernaturally milk filled teats, her hair was a mere side effect, though an impressive one. It flowed out of her head, like liquid gold, shiny and reflective in the light. It cascaded over the bed and onto the floor in thick waves, where it spread out across the room, piling up in areas. There was barely a single square inch of wood floor visible beneath the silky extravagant lengths of her hair.

Priyanka stepped gently through the room, a hand held to her mouth in shock. She stopped at the foot of the bed, marvelling at how incredibly large Siobhan was. "Siobhan?" She called.

The other girl didn't respond, her eyes were closed, an expression of bliss on her face. "Siobhan?" Priyanka said again louder this time. Still no response. Priyanka looked down at the two mountainous masses of flesh, feeling curious.

Slowly she extended a hand, fingers out stretched. She was less than a foot away, when Siobhan's breasts suddenly tensed and surged, swelling up rounder, sliding forward an inch. Priyanka let out a quiet shriek of fear as she backed away, before the mammoth teats settled once more. The nipples sped up their cycle, milk jetting harder and faster to catch up with the sudden growth spurt.

Priyanka stood stock still, watching, making sure that they weren't going to move again. Satisfied that they were still once more, she reached out and gently pressed her fingertips into the wall of flesh that was Siobhan's left breast. It was incredibly warm, and as firm as it looked, like a ripe plum, the flesh pushing out against her trying to regain its shape.

"My god" She breathed, pulling her hand back. She leaned over next, wanting to get a closer look at the enormous nipple in motion. When it surged out to its full height it was nearly the size of a wine bottle.

"Priyanka?" A voice called from the other end of the room.

Priyanka stood up right, Siobhan's face coming back into view, eyes now open and looking at her. "Siobhan! Hi! Sorry, I wasn't sure if you were sleeping or..."

"You touched me" Siobhan said with a giggle.

Priyanka nodded "...did. Sorry."

Siobhan shook her head "Don't apologize, I don't mind if people touch them".

Priyanka stepped back to take her all in, before walking up along beside the bed. They were no less impressive viewed from the side, gigantic zeppelins stretching from the head of the bed to the foot.

"Siobhan..." Priyanka said as she stepped up beside where her head lay. "What...what happened to you?"

Siobhan smiled "It was the formula".

"The hair formula...it did all of this!"

Siobhan nodded "It did. Well...multiple doses of it did"

Priyanka stared out across the room, the twin hills of churning milk machines, the great wavy ocean of hair. "How much did you take?"

"Hard to say" Siobhan said with a shrug. Lifting up her head off the pillow, she reached up and scratched her scalp before running her hands through her hair, tossing it out. The motion only made the four feet closest to her move...a tiny fraction of the entire mass of her hair.

"Siobhan...this is...unbelievable. Are you ok?"

Siobhan nodded "More than ok, thanks! I feel absolutely divine! Once the formula started to give me milk, I fell in love, and then after a silly accident...I decided to just go all in."

"It doesn't hurt?" Priyanka asked.

Siobhan shook her head with a smile, fingers idly tracing patterns on the section of her bust she could reach "Oh goodness, no. My body's become partially desensitized to it at this point. It feels...comfortable. Just a dull, pleasant sensation, constantly being dispelled from my breasts."

"So, you can't feel your nipples...doing that?"

Siobhan chuckled "I feel it all, Priyanka! I'm just saying, it's not overwhelming like you might think it is."

"Before I...touched you. Your breasts...they moved. Almost like they were jumping at me" Priyanka said staring at them reverently.

Siobhan nodded "Ah yeah...they're...well, they're still growing."

"What!?" Priyanka cried.

"Yup...The last time I used the formula I used...way more than a single dose. The effects compounded on themselves. I grew immense almost immediately...but there are still...aftershocks, I guess you could say. Little spurts of growth, as my body works through the formula that it absorbed but still hasn't processed."

"So...you don't know how big you'll get?"

Siobhan sighed "Nope, which is partially why I asked you here."

Priyanka frowned. "What do you mean?"

Siobhan took a breath, steeling herself. "Priyanka. I want to know if you'll help me run my business."

Priyanka gaped "Your...business? You have a business?!"

Siobhan nodded "Well, not really. I have a product; I need to make it a business."

"A product you mean..."

"Yes, my milk!" Siobhan said with a grin. "I'm guessing you saw the truck outside?"

Priyanka nodded. "I did. That's here just for you!?"

"Yup. That tanker holds about 4,500 gallons. From empty I can fill that in about three hours. That's what 6 normal dairy farms would produce in a single day."

"Holy shit...that's a lot of milk".

Siobhan nodded "Yup...And it's good milk too. High in vitamins, and protein. Tastes good too!"

"You sound proud" Priyanka said with a smirk.

Siobhan grinned "Damn right, I am! Now, at the moment, I'm just selling my milk to other producers. But from there they just mix it in with milk from other dairy farms...and I don't like that. I want my milk to stay pure, just the way I made it! Which is where you come in".

"Where...I come in?" Priyanka said.

"Yup. I don't know anything but running or setting up a real business, but you do! You're going to business school!"

"I'm in my first semester!" Priyanka cried.

Siobhan shrugged "I'm sure you've already learned a ton. I've already got capital from what I've been able to sell. It let me upgrade my living situation-" She gestured to the large bed covered with comfy pillows "-and hire Linda, my caretaker."

Priyanka nodded silently, considering what Siobhan was telling her.

"Now...now I want to take this to the next level. I want my milk to be in every fridge in America." Siobhan said with a look of determination on her face as she gazed out at her gargantuan breasts that continually churned with milk.

"So, Priyanka" Siobhan said, turning to look at her.

"Are you in or are you out?"

Priyanka turned her head to look out at Siobhan's bust. Before their eyes, they trembled and then surged once more, swelling larger by another inch. The milk tubes that snaked out of the room shook violently with the sudden uptick of flow.

Priyanka turned back to face Siobhan, stepping close and reaching out, setting a hand upon the top of her bust. Siobhan looked back at her expectantly, biting her lip with eager anticipation.

Priyanka smiled "I'm in".

THE END