

Close to the Chest

(Contains height fetishism, muscle fetishism, big boobs fetishism, big ass fetishism, breast expansion, mild ass expansion, and, finally, breastfeeding)

Part One: Casey

I met Casey in Biology 101, a class that was Gen Ed and therefore packed. The room was this massive chamber that looked like a theater's auditorium, except instead of a play there was an old guy who would grade all your assignments without ever speaking to you. On the first day I arrived early and sat near an entrance, as always. As people came in I tried to meet someone's eye. A self-help book I had bought said that if I could do that, smile, and flash my eyebrows in just the right way, one of them might sit by me.

It wasn't working. Most people avoided eye contact because I was a stranger, and you don't want to be caught looking at a stranger. There were some who did dare to look, but it happened so rarely that I got spooked every time and looked away myself. The inpouring of classmates became a lazy trickle. This would be another class where I went through it alone.

I should have tried harder. I should have held people's gaze when they looked at me. I should have scooted to someone sitting in my row and introduced myself. With some initiative I could've had what I wanted right away, and yet I chose to be passive. I was afraid.

When Casey entered the room, though, her appearance was so jarring that I didn't have the capacity to be shy. A huge mane of light brown hair, reaching down past her waist, down to a plush and inviting backside that swelled her skinny jeans. You couldn't look at her hips without wondering what it would feel like for that rear to press into your lap, the weight of it shifting against you. Then, a bare midriff. Shockingly defined abs on a shockingly thin waist. Above that, a white tank top fighting a losing battle. Each breast seemed the size of her head. Her clothing held them together stubbornly, morphing them into a ripe, non-sagging form, but their suppleness was made clear by her cleavage's constant quivering. Did she need a sports bra to keep supported? Did she need two? Whatever else she might have been wearing was guesswork; the top's neckline plunged but only revealed skin.

Broad shoulders. Long, toned arms. She'd have had a great form for swimming, if she weren't so voluptuous, and if her legs weren't so long. Big green eyes like emeralds. A pointy chin and a heart-shaped face. A searching, hopeful expression.

My self-consciousness could survive beauty, even beauty like hers. I had averted my gaze from many beauties before.

What made me forget myself was her height.

She filled the doorframe, had to be at least six and a half feet tall. She stood still and took in the auditorium warily. Other students filtered past her who she was head-and-shoulders taller than. Most of them would've failed to rest their chins on her cleavage.

Our eyes met. The total effect of her beauty, her height, and the expression she had that so likely mirrored my own kept me from looking away.

I had enough awareness to smile, and to crinkle my eyes so she'd know I meant it. I remembered to flash my eyebrows.

It was enough.

She engulfed the seat beside me, and I felt a pang of empathy; everything must've been so cramped and tight for her.

"Hey there!" My words came out a bit too loudly.

"Hey!" she said, also a bit too loudly. She thrust her hand out. "I'm Casey!"

Her height wasn't just from her legs; she had a long torso, too. Even sitting beside me she towered, and had to hunch over to make her greeting. Her smile was shadowed, like a mountain blocking the sun, and her silhouette was made all the more imposing by the grand carpet of hair that billowed out behind her. Her hair was like if someone tried to wear a trenchcoat by draping it over their head and leaving it open.

I shook her hand and introduced myself. I felt like a guy trying to pretend he wasn't on cocaine.

"Nice to meetcha!" she said. "Big room, huh? Wonder if this class is gonna be hard." She looked outward to the projector screen, which was slowly lowering. Her voice got quieter, took on a strained quality. "Man," she repeated. "*Big room*, huh?"

"Gen Ed classes have big ones like this, yeah." I felt lame, talking about the room. "Is this class for your major?"

"It is!" she said. "Nursing!"

“Chemistry,” I said.

“Oh, awesome!” Her smile was huge. Part of me worried I was being mocked. “What do you wanna do with that?”

“I’m not so sure. I just have a real passion for it. I mean ever since I was a kid I was dragging my parents to those science exhibits and whatnot. I made them buy all the Bill Nye tapes so I wouldn’t have to wait for my teachers to play them in class. I’m just so fascinated by...um...”

A murky fear had sharpened in my chest. It was almost a terror, and I didn’t know where it was coming from. I decided to shut myself down.

“Well, I’ve just always been into it.”

“That’s great!” Once again, she was so enthusiastic that it was difficult to believe. “Tons of people I’ve met so far don’t really care about what they’re studying. It’s really depressing, y’know? It’s so great when someone’s passionate about something.”

Shit, should I have kept going? Idiot.

“Yeah, I agree.” I cleared my throat. “Are you, uh, are you passionate about nursing?”

She teetered her hand, a “more or less” gesture. “I’ve always been the caretaker type, so I’m super excited about the idea of being a nurse. But, like, I dunno if I’m into all the stuff I need to learn in order to get there, y’know? Like, the biology and pharmacology and all.” She leaned in towards me, one hand cupped against her mouth in a stage whisper. “I’m kinda dumb.”

She was so close to me.

“I’m sure you’re fine. You can learn anything if you study hard — study smart. I’d be glad to help where I can.” I was freaking out by this point. She was so much *bigger* than me, and now that she was leaning in close my senses were overwhelmed. It felt like she would topple over at any instant and her womanness would smother me. I was afraid of what I might do if that happened.

She giggled and put her elbows on the armrest between us, her knuckles to her chin. Her smile revealed bright, wonky teeth. “Thank you! That’s super sweet of you to offer. I really think...um...” she giggled again. “I *really* need a study buddy.”

“Glad to help.” I attempted a smile. I was so excited and yet, for some reason, I also wished I had never met eyes with her. Maybe it was that not-blowing-it with this

girl seemed to take all my concentration — after such a long time alone, the strain was a lot to deal with. I looked away from her and towards the front of the room. I could see the professor getting his notes ready. A few more minutes until class.

A sudden, calm voice: “You look really nervous.”

I jolted and looked back at Casey. The giggly self-consciousness she wore earlier was gone; there was compassion in her eyes but no longer fear. The only one afraid was me.

“Oh...uh...sorry.”

“You don’t need to apologize.” She shifted in her seat. Her knees pointed more towards me, and she rested her arm on the back of our chairs. Her forearm was thicker than mine. “I just wanna know what’s wrong.” She smiled. “I could help.”

What was wrong was that I liked her, *so much*. But I’d scare her off if I said that.

“I hear this class is difficult,” I said. “I just really hope I do well.”

She nodded, her eyebrows scrunching up in concern. It seemed as if, to her, my fake fear of the coursework was the most important thing in the world. “Hey, don’t worry, you’ll do great. I bet they’re gonna talk about stuff you’ve known about since you were twelve. Also, remember how dumb I am. I’ll make you feel like a genius.” She leaned in so close that her smile was all I could see. I felt her breath against my face. “I promise.”

I smiled and tried not to scream. This was awesome. I wanted to hide. I loved this. Kill me.

My expression must’ve been funny, because she started giggling. “I’m serious, you’ll be fine! Are you still nervous? What about a hug? Do you like hugs?”

“What?”

“Never mind!” She pulled back sharply, her face suddenly red. “Forget that. That was a lot. Too much. I hug people too much. It’s a problem. Tell me not to do that if I try to do it.”

“I really didn’t mind—”

“It’s *really* obnoxious, I know. I can be so dumb about these things. Oh! Hey, class is gonna start, huh? Haven’t even gotten my laptop out...haha...so dumb. I forget everything.” She bent over and rummaged through her backpack. I could hear her muttering to herself.

“Stupid...stupid...”

I suddenly felt a lot better about things.

She was just like me.

This could work.

Part Two: An Invitation

It was a plain lie when I told Casey I was nervous about our biology class, and when I told her about my interest in chemistry my passion was enormously understated.

When I was under four years old I learned that butterflies came from caterpillars that went through some kind of transformation. I was fascinated, and needed to learn more. I told my parents I wanted to read about caterpillars. They tried to give me *The Very Hungry Caterpillar* but I refused it; I wanted to *actually* read about caterpillars. So they guided me through a book, a real book, and that's how I learned to read. My intensity never wavered after that. By the time I was in college, by the time I knew Casey, I already knew most of what these classes taught like the back of my hand. I only showed up to my first biology lecture at all in hopes of making a friend.

This presented a problem. I wanted Casey to think I was high-strung because of the intensity of our coursework, not high-strung because of her. My expertise made this difficult. It was hard to mask the boredom I felt during lectures, my comfort and ease while doing labs. We turned out to have four classes together and so multiple times a day, every day, Monday to Friday, I had to play dumb.

Then, on top of all that, I was helping Casey study. We studied in the library, where you were allowed to talk so long as you whispered. We had to sit right next to each other in order for us to communicate, so I would see, in clear detail, how the back of her chair failed to reach her shoulder blades, or how the slightly transparent fabric of her top showed the straps of her bra against her back, pressing tightly against the flesh as they contained her heavy, heavy breasts. For her to hear my whispers I'd lean in, and she'd part her great curtain of soft brown hair. She wore a strong perfume, dabbed on both sides of her neck, and the vanilla scent would be all I could think about. My eyes would fall to the canyon of her cleavage to which I now had an aerial view — I could almost view her chest from the same perspective that Casey herself would view it. I'd feel on edge; I was terrified of doing something impulsive. I feared that if I let my guard down for one second I'd bury my nose in the crook of her jaw, or start kissing her neck, and she'd pull away and look at me, betrayed, and that'd end things forever.

Just as bad was when Casey was the one talking. Her thighs would often spill over the edge of her seat, and when she leaned over to whisper to me they'd touch mine. Casey talked *a lot*. She claimed that she couldn't think unless she was talking. Several minutes might go by where I sat there, petrified, as Casey's breathy whispering, her sweet, bubbly voice, tickled my ear. Often I had to ask her to repeat herself; I'd be so overwhelmed with *what was happening* that I wouldn't process her question.

My typical reaction to discomfort was to focus on something that I found familiar and comfortable — the hard sciences — but the effect of this was that I'd often catch myself giving fluent, detailed, expert answers to Casey's questions, which contradicted the narrative I was trying to sell. When I realized what I was doing I'd lamely halt my excitement and append something vague and modest. *I guess. Maybe. At least, that's how I think it works.*

Being around Casey was an addictive torture. When I was around her I felt fraudulent, creepy, like I'd be condemned at any second. But she also made me feel special and useful. She'd say, "*you're so smart!*" and she'd say it so earnestly, with no trace of bitterness or fakeness. I'd be too pleased to even respond. I loved her friendship, and always looked forward to seeing her. I lived for those moments where I could make her smile, or help her to finally grasp a concept that was evading her, and yet I couldn't relax in her presence.

Nor could she seem to relax around me. There was one lecture in particular where I could hardly concentrate on account of how much she was fidgeting in the seat beside me. She dropped her phone twice.

Her outfit was, somehow, more revealing than usual. A green midriff bearing top that brought out her eyes, complete with a plunging neckline. (Although, everything Casey owned seemed to have a plunging neckline). Teal cargo shorts baring huge thighs. Black boots that gave her unneeded inches. When it already took all my might to concentrate on lectures that were second nature for me, it was hard not to peek when she fidgeted beside me, or took deep breaths to calm herself.

On the walk from that class to the next, she babbled constantly. "I still don't get the carbon thing. It can make four bonds, yeah, but can't other elements do that? Can't others have *more* than four? Doesn't that make them better? I just don't get it. None of it makes sense. You'll have to explain it. How come you don't take notes? Do you just get

it? You must have a way better memory than me. I guess you're used to learning things, like, for fun, right? That's something to do if you're a loner." Her face went red. "Nothing wrong with being a loner! I don't have any friends either, at all. Besides you. I'm a total loser. Way more than you are. Not that you're a loser! You aren't! But I am. That's all."

I had come to enjoy Casey's rambling a bit, but this was ridiculous. She was like a burst fire hydrant.

I decided to address it when we were in lab. We were at our table, in the back of the room. I peered through a microscope and Casey got quiet so I could concentrate. I took my opportunity.

"You seem nervous about something, today."

"No, no no no no no. I'm fine. Well, I mean...mmm..."

"You can tell me."

"It's stupid. And dumb, also."

"Well—"

"Okay, fine! I feel like I'm annoying you. I keep talking because I want to say something that puts you in a good mood, but you're still all quiet. I feel really, like, shitty. I feel like I'm not saying the right thing to put you in a good mood and make you open up. I know I should stop talking but I really just can't. I mean if I stopped then I'd have to sit here in silence while you're judging me and I couldn't handle that. You were supposed to be in a good mood today. I mean obviously it's not your fault but I was supposed to put you in a good mood. Nothing I'm saying is getting a good response from you so I just keep talking, and...and..."

Casey, having run out of air, sucked in a deep breath. I cut her off before she could continue.

"Why do you need me in a good mood so badly? I don't hold it against you when I'm not."

"W-well, that's, um..." Casey stared at her lap (as much as her chest allowed her to). Her face was red and her lips were pressed together and wrestling for a while before she finally blurted out, "*doyouwannagetsomethingtogetherto eat?*"

"What?"

She cleared her throat and turned her chair to face me. She straightened up, arched her back, and inhaled deeply, displaying her chest with full prominence. Perhaps

her change in body language was meant to instill her with confidence, but worry was still plastered all over her face.

“There’s that more open area, two floors down. Where there’s that tiny Einstein Bros installment. People usually study there but we could just...just eat. Drink coffee. And, grab some, um...”

“Bagels?”

“Yes, yes, bagels. We’re always studying or something. We’ve never really just hung out.”

So that was it. She wanted to get me in the perfect mood to ask me to get lunch with her. Seeing her looking down at me — literally holding her breath as she waited for my response — there was no part of me that could say no.

“I’d love to.”

“*Really!?*”

Before I knew it she had thrown her arms around me and the flat plane of her upper chest slammed against my face. I heard my back pop; God was she strong. Her breasts were pressed against me and the pressure increased as Casey savored the victory with a huge sigh. My mouth and nose were smothered, and only managed a muffled grunt.

She released me. “Sorry! Sorry! I totally...overstepped. It’s a real problem. When I really want to hug someone, I just...” she blushed. “It’s all I can think about.”

She chuckled and stared at our lab samples, biting her lip.

Part Three: Coffee Date

Normally, Casey's height advantage meant my eyes were level with her throat, just above her collar bone. That day, however, in those boots she wore, my face was directly in line with her bust. This wasn't a problem while we were seated, but when our lab ended and we headed downstairs it was actually difficult for me to walk — my brain was split; do I look at Casey or look where I'm going? Do I avoid collision or do I let myself be drawn by the gravity her body seems to have on mine? Waiting in line at Einstein Bros was a gauntlet of endurance. I had to keep my neck craned up at her face while her creamy half-globes wobbled in my peripheral vision. Casey, nervous herself, shifted her weight around as she chattered, bounced slightly on her heels, caused ripples that I was conscious of but *must not* look at.

So, when we finally had our food and were sat at our table, I focused most of my attention on what I was eating. I thought I could make up for my lustful thoughts if I focused as much of my attention away from her as I could. Casey was also focused on her food — in addition to her coffee, she had gotten two cream cheese bagels. She seemed to restrain herself while she ate them; I got the impression that she would've ordered more of them, and ate them faster, if she were alone. A girl of her size needed her calories.

Having food to eat slowed down Casey's stream of consciousness, at least a little. Sunlight from the large windows behind me made her hair glow orange, and pleasantly heated the back of my neck. Everyone else in the mini-restaurant provided a backdrop of ambient chatter which kept things from being too awkward, but I didn't know what to say and was self-conscious about it. It had been a long time since I had simply "hung out" with someone, let alone someone who I was smitten with.

"Our chem class later today is already my least favorite," she said. "The professor just packs a hundred random details onto each slide and then we have five seconds to write them all down. None of it means anything to anyone! Sometimes I feel like I shouldn't take notes, but then I do even worse. It's so stressful trying to figure out what to write down. At least the building's nice. I mean it's so cool that there's a little Einstein Bros here, right?"

“Oh, yeah. It’s great.”

Casey crinkled her bag a little. She paused her monologue for a second or two. “There was one Einstein Bros not that far from my house, when I was a kid. There was another at the mall that I went to more often, though. Well, I went a lot as a kid, and I kinda stopped going, and so did everyone else. What happened to malls? I wonder if it had something to do with cell phones. Maybe malls were just a place where you could run into your friends back when you couldn’t call each other. I wonder how people kept in contact in the 80s and whatnot. I miss malls! Well, I say that but I probably wouldn’t go to one. I’m not sure what I’d do there because, I mean, it’s not like they’ll sell anything I can wear. The boots I’m wearing right now weren’t even made for women. I had to go to a drag store. They thought I was a dude, at first. I don’t know why I wore them today. Like I need to be taller, right?”

Her eyes stayed on me as she took a long sip of her coffee. I had finally been loosening up, but then she reminded me of how tall she was. “Mmmmmmmhm,” I said.

Casey frowned a little. She opened her mouth, closed it. Her lips wrestled. She opened and closed her mouth again. Finally, with a forced smile:

“Hey, uh, how come it’s always me doing the talking?”

“Oh. Um.” I took a drink. “I’m just sorta quiet, I guess. Besides, you talk enough for both of us.”

She laughed weakly. “Ouch.”

“Sorry. Didn’t mean it that way. I just mean that I fall into listening and you fall into talking. We’re good that way, don’t you think?”

“I guess. But I get self-conscious talking so much. Especially since so much of what I talk about is just random bullshit. I feel like I don’t know anything about you.” She scrunched up her brow in thought for a while and then clasped her hands together, with a big smile. “Alright! How about this.” She grabbed one of her bagels with both hands and held it to her mouth. “I’m going to take a bite of this and chew as slowly as I can. As soon as I’m done I’ll take another bite. I won’t be able to talk that way, see? Go ahead.”

She took her first bite and stared at me, smiling, as she worked her jaws in slow motion. She leaned forward with her elbows on the table, a picturesque model of attentive listening.

I immediately felt uncomfortable and had no idea what to talk about. My face heated up. Unable to look her in the eye, I lowered my gaze, but now it was right at her dangling cleavage, so I averted it to the side. I looked back at Casey's face and didn't see any impatience. Her expression said, "you could sit there doing nothing for six hours, and I wouldn't mind one bit." Somehow that made things even worse, though.

"I have no idea what to talk about."

She gave a sympathetic look and shifted her chewed food to the side of her mouth, so she could speak. "Sorry. I didn't give much direction, did I? How about you tell me what you do when we're not hanging out."

"Schoolwork."

She rolled her eyes. "We're not hanging out and you don't have schoolwork. What are you doing?"

I knew the answer to that. Whenever I had a free moment, I went to the lab. For me, the biggest appeal of enrolling at a university was to have access to one. All throughout high school I had a ton of ideas about organic chemistry that I wanted to experiment with, but my high school didn't have the resources for them. Now that I was at a full-fledged university, I spent as much time in its lab as I could.

All I had to say to Casey was, "I like to do experiments in the lab." That would be a correct, succinct answer. I *tried* to say it. At least, I think I did. But whenever I opened my mouth to say the words I felt this block. It felt no more possible to speak than if I had a giant cotton ball in my throat. There was a feeling of *wrongness* that paralyzed me. For some reason, I was certain that Casey would find my answer to be deeply, deeply disappointing.

I stared at the table for maybe ten seconds and then shook my head.

"No? You don't wanna tell me?"

I opened my mouth again, tried to say something, failed. "I'm sorry" was all I could manage.

I looked up towards Casey and her face was scrunched in a grimace of concern and guilt. But even as her eyebrows creased, and her eyes got big and unhappy, she made herself smile. "I understand. I'm sorry for prying. I really, really put you on the spot, didn't I?"

She took a deep breath, one loud enough to hear in the din of the micro-restaurant. She grabbed her coffee and brought it towards her mouth while looking somewhere at the ceiling.

She missed. The coffee's plastic lid bumped against her chin and coffee dribbled out, falling onto her chest. It missed her top, luckily, but a good dollop slid into the deep canyon created from her cleavage. Or, it tried to. As when we first met, she wore something that kept her boobs squeezed together, so only a little of her drink actually spilled down there.

She stared down at her mess, eyes wide, frozen for several seconds.

"Oh..."

She began to take the controlled, shaky breaths of someone trying to keep themselves from panicking. I handed her a napkin and she tried to clean herself.

"Alright, I got it..."

Her breathing was picking up now. She wrapped one arm around her breasts, stabilizing them, and then used her other to scrub herself. Her chest wobbled and squashed with the force. Her breathing grew rapid. As the seconds passed, she put more and more of her arm into the scrubbing, which led to yet more jiggles. Her cleaning hand suddenly sliced down and wedged the two orbs apart.

"God...God *damn it*..."

"Casey..."

She clenched the napkin tightly for a second, and her arms were bent and tense, as if she were about to start pounding on the table. Then, abruptly, her arms went limp and the napkin pattered off her thigh, onto the floor. Her face sunk against the tabletop. Her arms wrapped around the top of her head.

"I *suck*," she said. "I *suck*."

"Hey, Casey, no, you don't." I leaned forward and grabbed her shoulder, shaking it a bit. "You just spilled some coffee."

"What do I have to do for people to *like me*? Why does nobody tell me things? Do they think I can't keep a secret? I *can*!"

"Hey, hey, no, that's not your fault. I'm the one who—"

“Ever since I got big in high school, not one person has wanted to be around me.” She looked up at me, blubbering. “What is it about me? Am I too tall? Is it my boobs? Am I too buff?”

“It’s not about your body.”

“Yes it is!” She pounded the table and immediately winced at her own outburst. “Sorry. But it is.” She leaned back and slumped into her chair. “I used to be average. Below average, even. Flat-chested. Curveless. Then one summer my bras didn’t fit. I was so *excited*. I bought a new swimsuit. Showed it off to my friends, and to the people who always made me feel insecure — really rubbed it in their face. Two weeks later, the new swimsuit didn’t fit, up top or below. *Two weeks.*”

The conversation had taken a turn I was not equipped for. A rabid, libidinous part of me began to ramble incessantly — *two weeks? That fast? Really? Wow! Two weeks? Really? Really?* — and despite all basic decency I was erect. *Wow. God. What a change. Total metamorphosis. Good god I wish I was there.*

I clenched my jaw. This single-minded horniness was the exact thing that I never, ever wanted Casey to see. I had to keep it together.

And it’s not even big tits and tall girls you like, is it? You like things that are even weirder. You’d disgust her, if she knew.

Shut up.

“And after you, uh, developed, people didn’t like you?”

“Oh, they did. You should have seen me in high school. I was *perfect*. Five-seven. Killer tits in my tight little shirts. You could bounce a quarter off my butt. I joined the basketball team and got toned up. It was a total overnight change. You should have met me then. I actually had confidence. Can you believe that?”

My lips were dry.

And then she just GREW and GREW and GREW and—

I said shut up.

I managed to croak something out. “And then...”

“Yeah. And then...*boom!*” She thrust her hands towards her chest and stuck it out, as if it had exploded outwards in half a second. “Became a gangly tit monster. Got totally uncoordinated and self-conscious about everything. I was desperate for people to like me again, and they noticed. Everyone hated me. So now I’m a giant, big-titted,

clumsy, stupid loser with a fat ass. Point is, yeah, it *is* about my body. It all goes back to my *stupid, fucking, body.*”

God, I would have been all over that in high school. I didn’t say that, though. Looking back on everything, I think Casey would have appreciated it if I had said that — or at least something *like* that — but I wasn’t bold enough at the time.

“I’m sorry you had to go through that. But that doesn’t mean your body’s ‘bad.’ It just means that high schoolers are shallow assholes. And if you were insecure at that age, then...then so what? That’s normal.”

“Normal...” She crossed her arms, and of course her chest was caught in the cross-fire. “That’s pretty funny. ‘Normal.’”

“I’m not mocking you.”

“Maybe you should.” She leaned forward and rested her forearms on the table. Her cleavage dangled low enough to scrape at them from above. It was a comprehensive view. “I mean, look at them. They’re *freakish*, man! You know they are.”

“They’re...I mean, yeah, sure, they’re definitely larger than average...”

She snorted and jabbed a finger at one. It rippled. “Oh, they are, are they? Come on. They’re *obscene*.” She leaned back and slumped again. Her long legs stuck out beyond my chair, as did those black boots. “And then I make it worse by dressing like a slut all the time. Like I can recapture how hot as I was in high school, or something.”

“Casey, you look great. Really. I mean it.”

“Mhm. That’s nice.”

“I’m serious. I think you’re beautiful.”

Her eyes widened. “I...what?”

Immediately a hot stab of panic arose in my chest. That wasn’t the right word. I should have said “very pretty,” or something. Beautiful was so...so *intense!*

“You think I’m beautiful?”

I swallowed heavily. I nodded.

Casey looked at me for a long time. Then she smiled a little. “Thanks, man. It’s been a while since I’ve heard that.”

She cleared her throat and sat up straighter in her chair. She took a breath. “Alright, so that’s the rundown on Casey’s puberty. Ahaha...um, let’s talk about something else.”

And so we talked about something else, and things seemed normal. But deep down something had been let loose. There was, in the back of my mind, a series of images that refused to be censored. Casey, slightly younger, frowning in a mirror as her tits spilled over the bra she bought a few weeks ago, her jeans unable to clear the curve of her ass. The buds of Casey's breasts swelling as she slept, like a time-lapse of plant growth. Casey in the shower, hefting up a breast so she could get all sides of it glistening, slick with body wash, her eyes widening as she just now realizes how *hefty* she's become.

All those images, all those desires, they demanded expression. But I kept them locked down and secret. Like I always did.

Part Four: Why I Made the Serum

That night I had a dream.

Casey and I were in our biology lecture hall. The rows behind us stretched outward forever until they disappeared into the vanishing point between chairs and ceiling. The lights buzzed. Nobody else was there except us. Casey wore what she had worn that morning: The green top, teal cargo shorts, and black boots. We had been there for a long time and hadn't thought to leave.

I grew tired and so leaned against her. Casey's shoulder radiated warmth against my cheek. She adjusted herself so that she could wrap her arm around my shoulders, and my head rested on her collar bone, looking down at her cleavage.

"I'm pretty stressed, dude," she said.

"What's up?"

"I bought this bra two weeks ago, and now it doesn't fit."

I blinked and suddenly I saw how her breasts were threatening to spill out of her top. Strange that I hadn't noticed before. Her fabric stretched and thinned; with each beat of Casey's heart her chest ripened further like growing fruit.

Casey saw what I saw and her eyes went wide. "Holy crap, my breasts—

"—are obscene, aren't they?" We were both standing now. Casey's heels meant her breasts were right in my face. Her nipples stood out through her green top. The texture of areolae showed itself through the fabric. I could hear her heartbeat as if my ear were pressed against her chest, and with each thump the fabric grew thinner, more strained. The sound of blood rushing through my ears.

"I'm sorry that you have to see me like this. I was beautiful in high school."

She was beautiful now, and I needed her to know that. I leaned forward and kissed her breast through the thinning top. Casey let out a small mewling sound and the great woman before me shuddered, shuddered from the tiny force of my lips. Give me a lever long enough and a fulcrum on which to place it, and I shall move the world.

"You're just being nice. I'm too big now."

She was wrong. I kissed her more and was rewarded with more whimpers. I kissed in an inward spiral motion. I was kissing her areola.

“Just being nice...I’m a freak....”

I kissed her nipple directly, and each kiss lingered on her longer than the one before. I was hardly able to breathe and I didn’t care. The point came where my lips never left her at all, and I simply sucked at her tit. Her muscled forearms had wrapped around my back. She was warm and soft and everywhere.

“You really like me like this?”

Milk began to flow, and my mouth filled with nectar, the bounty of all her growth. Casey held me against her and let me drink. She was caring for me, providing, nurturing. My hands caressed her back until they got to her hips, where they kneaded at her voluptuous beauty.

She giggled. “You’re so sweet...”

We were naked, in the middle of nowhere, an infinite plain of grass or maybe just an infinite mattress, but it didn’t matter anyhow because I was blinded by her breasts against my eyes. We were naked and I was rutting at her, still drinking her gifts so that she could demonstrate her awesome power to create life and sustain it with just her biology. The goddess giggled and squirmed beneath me like a ticklish kitten; it was so adorable I had to smile. I knew she was smiling too. We were happy.

I became aware I was dreaming.

No, please, let me stay.

But I was already trapped; like quicksand, the struggling and plotting of my conscious mind only brought me further into reality, and when I tried to remember where I had been in order to return to it, I couldn’t.

I was in my dark bedroom, the sun not yet risen. At first I only felt frustration that the experience was over, but then I thought of how, that very day, I would rise and go to class and see Casey once more, and when I saw her I would think about my dream. As I considered the task of keeping my secret while I interacted with the same woman I had made love to so vividly in my imagination, fear began to hunker down in my chest like a boulder; the sheer weight of it made it impossible for me to rise. I believed, with a growing sense of despair, that I had lost some sort of purity by having the dream that I had. How could I be a true, well-intentioned friend when I had fetishized her like that, even in a dream? To deserve her affection I had to be honest with her, but how could I be honest when a part of the truth was something I could never, ever tell her? Every

interaction with Casey, I thought, the dread compounding, would be overshadowed and defined by the constant sense of trickery, the state of feeling wretched. I believed I truly cared about her, but was I deluding myself? On some level, did I only love her body? Did I only love the feelings she aroused in me? Casey was my best friend. My only friend. And yet my subconscious urged me to ruin it, to grasp greedily until everything was destroyed. Deep down, was I a person who didn't deserve a friend like her?

I wanted to forget, *told* myself to forget. I scrolled through social media that morning when I normally allowed myself to be alone with my thoughts. I kept music playing, and kept it louder than the doubts in my skull. When I saw Casey that day, and in the days afterward, I told myself again and again not to think of it.

The more I tried to push my cravings beneath the dark waters of my mind the more stubbornly buoyant they became, and before long I felt in every moment that I was fighting a malicious mind worm. The dreams became more common, began to feel like nightmares. It grew taxing to even *look* at Casey because I believed that, somehow, she might snap into that frank expression she had shown the first time we met and read all my thoughts, and then she would tell me that I was disgusting and I would know, conclusively, that it was true.

Casey was of course bothered by me never looking at her, and I knew it. Her penchant for nervous chattering increased by the day, as did her habit of making self-deprecatory comments. I tried to give her reassurances but my nervous body language hampered my ability to help. Casey tried to learn what was troubling me, and all I had to offer was the same spiel about overwhelming coursework. She'd assure me that I had nothing to worry about, and I would nod along, and then I would worry some more. She stopped asking.

Something needed to change — day by day, I was killing our relationship. I was allowing us to drift apart because of the deep, all-encompassing, irrational shame that I let color my life. Since the day I had read that first book on caterpillars — perhaps since I was born — I had an obsession with the basic concept of metamorphosis. One thing changes to another, suddenly and qualitatively. As a child my thoughts turned to it again and again, whether I liked it or not. The fixation drove me to study biology and chemistry with single-minded focus, but it also made me feel as if no one else could quite understand what I was; all attempts through my life to explain my obsession to

another were too limited by language and only resulted in frustration. I concluded that I lived with a restless curiosity that no one I ever met would be able to relate to. My sense of isolation became so acute that my own passion began to seem...shameful. It was for that reason I took entry level biology classes that I was tremendously overqualified for, when I could have pursued more advanced ones — to pursue an education at the level of my ability seemed a terrifying prospect, an announcement to the world of my basic alienness. If I was going to pursue my passion, better to do it in secret. Best to mute my colors.

The only reason I took the risk of academia at all was so I could have a lab. I had been using it all semester to test certain ideas about organic molecules that I had brooded on for years, but I became determined to use it for a new purpose: To exorcize the obsession I had with Casey's body.

My logic, rambling as it was, went as follows: you can come to grips with a trauma by writing about it. You can free your mind of a fantasy by painting it. You can sculpt your dead mother's face to process the grief. If I made a serum, a biological treatment that could induce in a woman something similar to what I dreamed about, I could move on. It would be creative self-expression. Art.

At first, of course, I dismissed the idea as a fantasy. A serum for breast growth? Something that could make a nonpregnant woman lactate? Impossible. But my thoughts kept returning to it.

The genes are all there. All women have the instructions to grow and replicate their mammary glands, to create the prolactin that will produce breast milk, and the oxytocin to make them nurse, and the estrogen to change their body. It's just about introducing the right transcription factors. Begin a positive feedback loop. You know how to do that. You could do it.

I wouldn't give it to Casey, of course. I wouldn't ask her to take it, either. I wouldn't even tell her about it. Just making it would be enough. Unable to abandon Casey's company, and unable to let Casey see who I truly was, I clung to the fantasy that completing this project would stabilize me into a person able to look Casey in the eye. It became the focus of my every free moment.

And it seemed to be working. When I was in that lab, the chattering voice of my self-hatred and the gibbering of my lust finally quieted down. I could think clearly and

calmly. It was during these quiet moments in the lab that I was able to reflect on the sense of alienation I always felt, and the shame I had begun to associate with it. With each careful measurement I took, each chemical equation I worked out, each ritualistic washing of my supplies, my sense of shame grew the slightest bit more manageable. What I was working on was of course driven by disgusting and lecherous impulses, but my passion itself really so bad? No. Chemistry was just the thing I loved. And all Casey wanted was to know some more about what my interests were. I started to think that maybe I could provide that. In fact, maybe I could provide quite a bit more than that, give her a bit more than a peek. One day, in the lab, I decided that I would call her that very night.

The night came, and I was much less confident. I stared at the phone in my hand for about five minutes without touching it. The exact same *wrongness* from at the cafe filled my chest, and it seemed to have the power to paralyze me until I gave it what it wanted — until I gave up.

I understand telling her what you do in your free time, but...this new thing that you're considering. It's a bit too bold. Is it really necessary to go that extra step?

Yes. She's my friend, and she wants in. I will let her in.

I finally called her.

“Wazzup?”

“Casey?”

“Oh, it's you! Hey!”

“Hey there! Uh, remember when you asked what I do in my free time? At the Einstein Bros?”

A pause. “Yeah?”

“Well, uh...”

My words halted for a moment. I took a deep breath. I reminded myself that this would make her happy.

“I thought I'd tell you. I like to go to the lab and do experiments in there. You know, just playing around with some ideas I have about organic chemistry. In fact, I—”

“*That's what you do in your free time!? Christ, dude! I thought you were so dodgy because you collected porn, or something. That's so much more interesting than*

anything I've talked about! I've been rambling about boring crap *forever* and the whole time, you...I feel like such a jerk now."

"...Sorry."

She laughed. "No, no, you're good! I'm really glad you're telling me things now! Do you think I could watch you do it? Or would that, like, interfere with your process?"

"That's actually why I called. There's this project I've been working on. It involves a lot of hours in the lab. I was thinking, uh, if you wanted an excuse to hang out more..."

"Ooo! Do you want me to be your assistant?"

I was letting someone watch me work. I was letting someone into my space. My sacred space. My safe space. And, in my safe space, I was going to work on a serum which embodied my deepest fetishes, with this new person by my side. But it was *Casey*. She was, I had realized, the one person who I would take this risk for. Besides, it was adorable how excited she sounded, just now. It would be inhuman to shut her down.

"Consider yourself hired."

Casey whooped.

We ended the call ten minutes later, and as I put the phone down, I realized that I felt lighter than I had in months. I couldn't stop smiling for the rest of the day.

Of course, this did not mean I'd tell Casey what I was working on. I had a plan for that — a lie that had enough basis in the truth to resist disentanglement. I was making a serum for potential use in the agricultural industry. America loves its dairy, and wouldn't it be great if cows were able to produce more milk? That's all I'm working on, Casey. It has nothing to do with you, or your tits, or any dreams I may or may not have had about them.

The first day that Casey joined me in the lab was surreal. I had grown so used to the silence of the empty lab, to having nothing to listen to besides the air conditioner and the fluorescent lights and the footsteps of other students between classes. Now there was a busty mini-giantess beside me, chatting happily as she tried to button the largest lab coat the supply closet had (with minimal success).

It was on that first day that Casey asked the dreaded question. After she scanned the various hormones I had taken from the lab's fridge, she turned to me, smiling, and asked:

"So, what's all this stuff for?"

I took a moment to respond. I had rehearsed a number of possible ways to phrase and deliver my explanation, and in the moment it was hard to sort them all out. There was something about having Casey smile down at me like that, with so much trust in her expression, that made deception difficult.

I was just about to speak when Casey held out her hand.

“Wait. Hold on. You look uncomfortable.”

“Huh? No, no, I’m—”

“You are.” She put down the containers she was examining and leaned against the lab’s counter as much as she was able to. With her hips being level with its surface, she had to lean quite a bit to get a sturdy arm under her. “This is just like when we were having lunch. I’m asking something you’re not ready to go into. Right?”

She had misunderstood my hesitation as self-consciousness...but in a way, wasn’t she correct? I had a phony explanation at hand, but that didn’t mean I was ready to tell her the truth. Breast growth serum...even if I *did* have more confidence, would sharing that with her even be a good idea? Maybe I had a genuine right to privacy on this. Maybe I didn’t owe her an explanation at all, and maybe she understood that better than I did. There was no need to tell her the truth, or even to lie to her. I could disclose nothing.

And so I decided to disclose nothing. “Yeah. Yeah, I guess you’re right. I still feel a little self-conscious getting into the nuts and bolts of things.”

She smiled. “No problem! If you tell me, I want it to be because you trust me enough to do it. And I trust *you* to be able to go into it when you trust *me*. I don’t want to rush anything until then.” She straightened up and put her hands on her hips. “Alright! Tell me what to do first.”

And so began our partnership as mad scientists. We’d be together in an empty lab, me hunched over my prototypes, Casey hunched over her homework. Occasionally I’d ask her to lift something heavy for me, or to hold a vial steady as I poured in just enough liquid.

Casey stuck to her word and never again asked what we were working on. She talked a great deal about the experience of us being in the lab, working together, but never about the work itself. My worries about possible questions faded into the background and I relaxed into Casey’s usual stream of friendly, endearing, self-conscious chatter.

It became impossible, of course, for me to hide my ease with all things biology. I waited for her to ask me where my anxiety had gone, or why I no longer couched my words with uncertainty. She never called me out for the shift. She never asked where my confidence had come from. I finally realized that Casey had probably seen through my act for a lot longer than I realized...if she had ever fallen for it in the first place.

The girl wasn't nearly as dumb as she kept saying she was. If I had kept that in mind, I probably could've prevented what happened.

Part Five: Ingesting Things

How long is a month and a half? For most adults it's hardly long at all. In the grand scheme of a lifetime, it's nothing. For a college student, however, that's almost seven weeks of classes, and that's an eternity. It is an even grander, slower eternity when you spend most of that month and a half in a lab, creating the biological tonic that you hope will still your racing heart, beside the girl who makes it race in the first place. I spent the grand majority of my free time in that lab, even on the weekends, and Casey was with me for most of that. It began to feel that when Casey was gone there was a void upon the seat next to me which weighed a thousand pounds, and a silence that drowned out all other noises. Creaks from her chair when she shifted her legs. The sharp puff of air which always signified that she had hit a snag in her assignment, but was not yet ready to ask for help. The groan of frustration which always signified when she *was* ready to ask for help. When putting on her lab coat, she would always put on the right sleeve first, then struggle a little bit with the left. Then, every time, she would look down at herself and tug the sides of the coat inwards, the fabric meeting at the base of her sternum but hopelessly obstructed by her breasts, Casey frowning as if contemplating whether today she would finally button it up, and then she would let go and leave it be. While I still couldn't fully relax with Casey around, it was shocking to me how natural another person's presence could come to feel.

Something else which began to feel commonplace was Casey's barrage of compliments. She had never been slow to give a kind word, of course, but something about being in the lab made her loosen her restraints even further. I don't think a single session passed where she didn't mention how pleased she was that I was someone who could "open up to her," how glad she was that we were "friends who could really trust each other." Frequently she would tell me about the free time that she didn't spend with me: she would go to various campus activities and social events and, invariably, fail to make any connections. There was one story where she decided to join a tour that a sorority house was giving. Apparently she walked in, saw all the sisters gawking up at her, and immediately turned around and left. According to Casey, the moral of these stories was always that other people weren't as kind and easy to be around as I was.

In hindsight, it is painfully obvious how forced Casey's overtures were. In my defense, I was somewhat aware of it at the time. I'd really like to think I was, anyway. The doubts never became strong enough for me to confront her. Sure, perhaps she was being effusive. Gratuitously so, even. But wasn't Casey always a bit effusive? Some people were just friendly like that. I reasoned that she was going through some personal issues, with how hard it was for her to make other friends, and so she felt grateful for the relationship she had with me. I could forgive Casey for being a bit schmaltsy, couldn't I?

At last, the big day came: The final piece of the puzzle blasted into my mind, and I knew exactly what needed to be done for the serum to work. Casey wasn't in the lab that day, but I gave her a call as soon as I had put them in the freezer. She seemed excited, but she expressed it with more reserve than I expected of her. There were all these long, pensive silences on her end, from a person who was hardly ever pensive or silent. I asked what was wrong and she just said she was tired. Even people like Casey could want alone time, I supposed. It wouldn't be until the next morning that the serums were chilled long enough to stabilize into their final, completed form. Casey had a social event scheduled that same morning, but as soon as she was done we'd meet up, and I'd show her what we'd created.

The day came, and I was striding down the hall, towards the lab. I had expected to be alone and yet I heard fast footsteps jogging up behind me.

"Hey! Hey! Wait!"

I looked over my shoulder to see Casey bouncing her way towards me. She had a big grin on her face and her cheeks were red from the cold outside. She certainly wasn't *dressed* for the cold, though. For the umpteenth time she was wearing a tight low-cut crop top, which was expected enough, but she wasn't even wearing jeans. It was late October and she was wearing a fucking *mini-skirt*. When she reached me, and I had to crane my neck massively to hold eye contact, I realized that once again she had put on height-raising boots. The last time she had gotten so dressed up (or, I guess, dressed down) was when she first invited me for coffee. I wondered if she was working up the courage for another big ask, and my heart seized at what it might be.

"Casey? I thought there was that social you wanted to go to."

"Decided I'd skip it. Besides, it was outside." She beamed and did a little pose. "Not really dressed for that."

“You’re certainly not...”

She giggled, nervously. “Anyway, I couldn’t miss today. Today’s the big day, right?”

“I suppose it is. Come along, then.”

We entered the deserted lab together. Casey gushed about how excited she was while I tried not to think about the heavy sound of her boots clacking right behind me. She did look great today. I threw on my lab coat and approached the lab’s fridge, buttoning up as I went.

“Hey, could I do it?”

“Hm?”

“I mean, I’m your assistant. Grunt work’s kinda my thing.” She pressed her lips together for a moment, as if to hold something back, and then added, “and I can definitely lift more than you.”

I was never one to miss seeing Casey show off how strong she was, so I got out the way and gestured for her to take it over from there. She knelt down, opened the fridge, and took out a tray of our serum.

She rose back to her full height, hefting the tray up with her — with perhaps a more showy grunt than she strictly needed to give — and sashayed over to our usual table. Her hip movements made her skirt ruffle with each step. It was barely large enough to keep her decent. The sight mesmerized me, of course, but the first real creepings of unease made themselves known. I began to really suspect that she was planning something.

“You know, that’s not really up to lab safety standards. If you spill something toxic it could get right on your leg.”

“I think we’ll be alright,” she said. I couldn’t see her face. “Do you really hate my outfit that much? You’ve brought it up twice now.”

“N-no! Not at all!”

I thought I might’ve heard her chuckle.

“It’s just procedure,” I said. “Until now you’ve worn jeans, which have kept you covered, but this is risky. And you’re not wearing a lab coat.”

She set down the tray at our counter. She sighed. “But the lab coat would cover up this new skirt I got. I just wanted to dress up a little bit, for the big day. I mean we’ve hit a milestone with...whatever you’re making.”

We took our seats. The fluorescents buzzed. Was there a hint of bitterness to Casey’s tone? This was the first time I could remember her being passive-aggressive with me. It was the first time she’d been anything but agreeable, honestly.

As I pulled one of the vials out from the tray, I tried to think of a way to respond.

“Casey, I...woah...”

What I held in my hand did not look like a liquid but a metal. It was like mercury in a vial, only darker, and shimmering with the light and refracting rainbows. With each slight turn of my wrist the patterns shifted like a kaleidoscope. I leaned forward so I could look at it more closely. Some knot of tension inside of me loosened. I had set out to turn my angst for Casey’s body into something beautiful — or at least into something more orderly — and the glittering liquid I had produced seemed confirmation that I had succeeded. It felt intensely personal. It felt like the universe had smiled down upon my efforts and, finding them admirable, decreed that the fruits of my labor should shine with glamor.

I smiled. My demons might find their rest after all.

I looked at Casey and she was smiling too, smiling at me, not even looking at the vial. She had been doing so for a quite a bit. It was a soft, tender smile that crinkled her eyes and melted her browline.

“What is it?”

“Oh, I’m just...” she chuckled. “I’m just so happy for you.”

She bent over in her seat, rested her arms on her knees, her face now closer to mine. “You’ve worked so hard on this! You must feel so excited!”

“Hah...Casey, this thing would probably be defective, if it were ever used. Nothing like this really comes out right the first time, even if you think it has.”

Her smile grew. “I’m not so sure. You seemed pretty confident this time — like you knew *exactly* what to do. And you’re a total genius, so I bet you were right. But, like, it’s also more than that. It was the look you had when you saw what you made. You don’t know how happy it makes me to see you...y’know, *calmer*.”

I frowned. “Have I been giving bad vibes? Like I’m unhappy with you?”

“No, no. I know you don’t mean anything bad. It’s just that you’re so nervous all the time, y’know? And it always hurts my heart because I...” she colored slightly. “I mean, I care about you, dude. I want you to be comfortable. Especially around me.”

What a bittersweet thing that moment was. The words were honest, unaffected, and because of that it was perhaps the sweetest thing she had ever said to me. But alongside my gratitude was guilt for the distance I had allowed between us, the secrets that I had kept and would continue to keep. While my mind had been consumed by self-consciousness, analysis, dissection, she had brought to our interactions a simple goodwill for me and my happiness. It was humbling, to say the least.

I looked down to the iridescent vial, smiling, but unable to look Casey in the eye. “Thank you,” was all I could manage.

“No sweat! You’re my bud. I just wanna see you happy.” She scooted her swivel chair back and forth a few times, her excitement building. “We should go celebrate. My treat. We could get burgers. Screw those campus fast food places. I’ll take you to a bar or something. An actual restaurant.”

“That actually sounds great.”

“Great! And while we’re there we can talk about what’s next.”

Casey stood, grabbing the tray of vials as she did. She looked down at me and saw the blank, questioning look on my face.

“Y’know, like, next steps. We’re testing this thing out, aren’t we? Seeing if it does, uh, *whatever it does*. We’ll probably have to jump through some red tape, right?”

“Oh? Um...yeah.”

She giggled. “That’s gonna be a real hassle. Especially if you’re gonna do it without telling anyone what it does.” She give me a sideways, teasing smile. “Or maybe you’ll finally reveal the big secret? Hm? Maybe to your dashing assistant? That’d be a good place to start, right?”

I tried to match her smile, but only half my mouth would comply.

“Maybe.”

“Maybe, hm?”

I chuckled. “Ah...well...”

She set the tray back down and bent over at the hip, hands on her knees, her face right in front of me. I felt like a child being humored by their mother.

“Whatever we’re doing next, I’ll be there for it.” She was beaming, but her eyes waited, hungry. “Just let me know what the plan is, and we can get started.”

I swallowed heavily and looked down to the vial. For maybe ten seconds I couldn’t get myself to respond. “The plan is...” I licked my lips. “I really appreciate the enthusiasm, but I think we’re done.”

Her eyes widened. “Done? Like...like you and me?”

“No! God, no.” I chuckled. “Just, this project. I think I accomplished what I set out to do.”

She tried to keep her smile. She failed. One of her hands reached out unconsciously and squeezed at my wrist, like you would if you were talking to a delirious older family member. “But...buddy, we don’t even know if it works.”

“That’s not what it was about.”

“Oh?” She rose to her full height, hands on her hips. “Then what was it about?”

“It was...um...” I looked to the shimmering vial. “Therapeutic, for me. Artistic expression.”

“So that was the whole goal? To make it look like...” she gestured vaguely towards the serum. “Like *that*?”

I thought of lying. *Yes, I wanted to create a glimmering dark liquid that makes rainbows.* I found, though, that I couldn’t bring myself to blatantly lie. And yet to tell the truth would’ve been to invite more questions, and the answers might repulse her. I was frozen.

I soon realized, though, that even to contemplate the dilemma was to fail at it; my hesitation told Casey all she needed to know. Instead of waiting for my response, she asked something else.

“If this is art, what were you expressing?”

I shrugged. “Dunno. Um...I mean, it looks pretty, doesn’t it?” So much for honesty.

“We’ve spent half the semester hunched over in this lab to make something that looks pretty?” She cocked her head. “Couldn’t you have just told me that? And, Christ man, there’s already shit that looks like this. Just get some fucking mercury, or something.”

“Well—”

“And you said earlier, ‘if it were ever used.’ This thing is supposed to *do* something.”

“I—”

“And why does a glittering effect need *estrogen*?”

My mouth gaped open stupidly. Casey glared down at me with a face like steel. She dwarfed me. Her eyes were piercing.

Then she broke a little; her lower lip trembled in hurt, and I realized she was on the verge of crying. Just before her expression could fully crumple in on itself, she leaned down and snatched the vial from my hand. She stood back up and popped its lid.

“That’s not why you fucking made this. Tell me the truth, *now*, or I’m drinking it. I’ll fucking drink it.”

I flew to my feet. “Casey, don’t.”

She backed up a step. “I will. Right now.”

“That’s...Jesus, Casey, can we talk about this?”

“We are. *We are!* We’re fucking talking right now! *Talk to me!*”

“If you drink it, it could make you sick. Kill you.”

“Oh, it *that* what it does? You’ve been making poison? For rats, or bugs, or some shit? Huh?”

Casey’s look was so intense that I couldn’t think. Her chest heaved, her face was flush with emotion, tears built behind her lower eyelids.

“N-no...no, not poison. But it could still—”

“*Then what does it do!? Aren’t I good enough to know!? Haven’t I been the best friend I could!?*” Her voice was nearly hysterical.

I felt my shoulders slacken, the tension having grown so overwhelming that my body retreated into apathy. I had rehearsed an excuse. Something about the dairy industry. But the words refused to come to mind. Some part of me just refused to lie anymore.

“I’m sorry, but that’s private.”

Her lips trembled. “Private.”

“Personal. My reasons are personal. And you promised not to pry about it.”

For a while she was frozen as a statue, staring at me. Then her eyes went to the serum.

“Casey—”

She drank it. She threw back her head and downed the whole thing like a shot glass, shook it to get every last drop out, scoured the residue with her tongue. When she was done she paused long enough for two fast, furious breaths, before throwing the vial to the floor and shattering it.

Then came the tears. She fell to the floor with her arms around her knees and started sobbing.

I was stunned, amazed at what Casey had done, amazed at the depth of harm I had been able to cause another person. What had I done to make Casey *care* this much?

Above all else, she had just drank an experimental compound, and that had to be dealt with, immediately. I squatted down and shook her shoulders as gently as I could.

“Casey. Casey. Look at me. We have to get to the sink. *Now.*”

She buried her face deeper into her knees and shook her head.

“Casey, we have no idea what that could *do* to you.”

“*We do!*” She worked through a painful, heaving gasp. “I know what the serum does! I do! You fucking...you fucking *asshole.*”

“You...what?”

“All the chemicals you use are *right there!* Labeled!” She looked up at me. Her face was snotty, tear-streaked, contorted in misery. “Even an idiot like me could figure it out.”

“Wait, the whole time, you—”

“Estrogen. Prolactin. Progesterone. *Boobs!*” Her whole face shook like a water dam on the verge of bursting. “Fucking *boobs*, right!? Something to help women lactate, or...or make them bigger!? That was the project, right? *Would that have been so fucking hard to tell me!?*”

Casey’s resolve gave out. A high pitched whine filled her throat and her face fell back against her knees. I needed to get her to purge herself of the serum, but she was inconsolable.

I stroked her back. “Casey,” I said, “I’m so sorry. Really. I want to talk about this. But first we need to get this stuff out of you, okay?”

“What’s the point? I’m already a freak. Who even cares if this fucks up my boobs?”

“You’re not a freak.”

“I *am*.” She looked at me again, her face teary, but also hardened into stubborn defiance, the face of someone reveling in being right about their worst fear. “That’s why you don’t tell me things, no matter *how hard* I try to make you comfortable. I can be the most accepting, most patient person in the world, but still nobody will want to involve me in *anything* because I’m still a mutated *freak*, and so *nobody*—”

For once in my life, I had the courage to forget myself and do what was best. I dug my fingers into the soft mane of Casey’s hair and, before she could finish her sentence, pulled her in for a kiss. My eyes were closed, but the surprised squeak Casey let out made me pretty sure that hers were wide open in shock. Her face was probably as red as mine was, too; this was my first kiss, and the circumstances around it were alien from anything I had fantasized about.

I was surprised by how much I enjoyed it. Casey released a low moan from somewhere deep in her throat and I enjoyed it even more. For a second it seemed like I’d be unable to stop — her face felt so *warm*. I kissed her multiple times, clumsily. Top lip, bottom lip, sideways with my mouth open. God, what was I doing?

I finally pulled away and the brief moment that I was doing so, not seeing Casey’s expression, felt interminable. What might I see? Revulsion? Horror? Had I violated her, by kissing her so unexpectedly?

But what I saw wasn’t so bad. She wasn’t beaming, or anything, but she wasn’t repulsed, either. It was an expression of blank surprise. She breathed quickly and quietly, with her mouth open. Tears glistened on her cheeks. She was clearly still trying to process what had happened.

“There. I think you’re pretty. Do you believe me now?”

She shrugged helplessly.

“We gotta get that stuff out of you. Alright?”

She nodded.

“Alright, come on.” I helped her to her feet. “Get to the sink. You’ll have to stick your finger into the back of your throat and—”

“I know how to do it,” she said, and set off.

While Casey purged herself I rummaged around the supply closet for a broom and dust pan. There was broken glass across the floor, possibly traces of the compound. I'd need to clean thoroughly.

I heard another *hor*king sound, which I politely kept my back to. Then, a few seconds after that.

"I...don't see it."

"Hm?"

"In my...uh...in the sink. The shiny goop. I don't see it."

Shit. Fuck. "Are you sure?"

"Yeah, pretty sure, man."

Still unwilling to believe, I jogged over to the sink. I hoped to see something dark and glistening, but I didn't; all she seemed to have expelled from herself was coffee.

"Maybe it's been masked by what you had earlier...?"

I looked up to Casey and she was giving a thousand-yard stare down into the sink. She didn't seem to process me looking at her.

"Why...did I drink that?"

"Casey." I squeezed her arm. "Casey, do you feel sick?"

She snapped out of her trance and looked at me. A few seconds passed while she processed my question. Finally, she shook her head.

"N-no. No, not really. I don't even have an upset stomach." She swallowed heavily and glanced around the lab. Her eyes settled on the mess she made on the floor. "I could...um, I could help clean up."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah. I hate sitting around doing nothing."

"Alright. But tell me if you feel weird. *At all.*"

"Yeah."

And so we got to work cleaning. I picked up some of the bigger shards by hand while Casey swept up the smaller pieces into the dust pan. After that, we vacuumed the area where we thought small shards might still be around and then mopped the floor. Casey and I shared a certain neuroticism that made it seem necessary to clean every last speck...and we both wanted something to occupy our minds. There was a lot to talk

about, but we had a silent consensus to delay that, just for a little bit. Neither of us mentioned the kiss.

Casey was lugging a bucket of dirty water to the sink when she stopped abruptly.

“I feel funny...”

My blood pressure skyrocketed so much that I’m surprised an artery didn’t burst.

“How? What’s wrong?”

“I feel heavy. Kinda...full.”

“All over? In your stomach?”

Her shoulders tensed. “My...in my chest. My boobs.”

A long silence. What do you even say in that situation?

Casey broke it. “I might be imagining it. I’m nervous.” She marched to the sink and emptied the bucket. Then she set the bucket aside on the counter and gripped the edge of the sink. She stared down into it, her back to me, not moving, not saying anything.

I decided that she just needed a moment. I did my best to mind her privacy and focus on cleaning, although truthfully I was running out of things to clean. I’d feel awful leaving her alone at this point, but I felt awkward about the idea of intruding on her. In the tense silence I could hear Casey’s anxious breathing, and my resolve to leave her alone was continually tested. My resolve broke entirely when I heard Casey suddenly gasp and whisper, “oh, my God...”

“Casey? What is it?” I approached her.

Her shoulders tensed up nearly to her ears. “Don’t look at me! I don’t want you to see this...”

“Oh, sorry! I’ll—”

“They’re bigger. I think they’re bigger. My boobs are...” she trailed off. A beat of silence. “I...I dunno.”

I didn’t respond. I knew Casey would work out her mind on her own.

And she did. “T-tell me. Do they look different?”

With one last deliberate exhale she spun around, her butt against the counter, and presented herself to me.

They were certainly big. Plump, heavy, stretching out her top. Of course, they were always like that. But did the flesh bubble out just a bit more than usual? Did the contours of the fabric dig into her with just the slightest more force?

“I’m not sure.” I got a closer look. I tilted my head, observed her chest from the side. It was hard to activate the analytical part of my brain when her cleavage was just so engulfing.

“I...I don’t think I’m imagining it. They feel really different. Like there’s a pressure in them. A-And....*nggg!*”

“Casey!?”

She took another controlled breath. “I f-felt something. Warmth. But...at the front. Right at the front. It’s....*nnngn...*” Her head tilted back, and I saw her grit her teeth. “It’s....*ooooohhhh....*”

At first I thought I was seeing a shadow. I thought Casey had changed her posture, minutely, and a crease in her top had formed an awning against the light. But then the shadow at the tip of one of her breasts grew outwards, and I realized that what I was seeing was a stain. On both breasts a small circle of wetness was steadily growing outwards. It ceased in only a few seconds, but—

“Holy *shit...*”

Casey was gaping down at her chest, in horror. Her mouth was open and shaking. Her breaths came faster and faster, and finally she sucked in one final, gigantic breath.

I realized what was about to happen and lurched forward, pressing my hand against her mouth. I was just in time; her scream would’ve alerted every person in the whole science building.

Part Six: Digesting Things

The next ten minutes consisted of Casey pacing around the room, crying, grabbing her chest, yelling at me not to look at her boobs, shoving them in my face so I would agree how fucked up this all was, shaking, crying some more, and dry heaving into the sink. Casey eventually calmed down. She now sat in a chair I had pulled out for her, and stared at her boobs like a shell-shocked veteran. There were no comforting words I could offer, so I simply stood behind her and rubbed her upper back, providing what comfort I could.

“My top...I’ve ruined my top...”

Her leakage had been small; a few dribbles for a few seconds. After ten minutes the stain had mostly air-dried. But you could still see a slight discoloration, and a recently-wet, wrinkled quality to the fabric.

“Hey, no, it’s fine. That’ll wash right out.”

“But walking out of here with these stains...”

“You can barely see them. People won’t notice.”

“They might...” she cupped her hands over the stains. At some point, in the weirdness of this whole scenario, it had become normal for us to openly stare at her tits. I have to admit that that was a relief.

“Hey,” she said. “Uh...do you think they’re normal sized again?”

I shrugged. “I’m not the expert here, but they definitely seem smaller than...um...earlier.”

“Yeah, but...” She squeezed her breasts gently. Her cleavage seemed to swell. “I think they’re still bigger than before I drank that stuff. They grew and then receded, but I don’t think they receded...totally. I think I’m just bigger now.” She took a deep breath. “Do you think this is permanent? Is this going to keep happening?”

“I don’t know. I never—”

“Right. You never tested it. This is what I get for chugging an untested boob serum. God, I’m so sorry. I can’t believe I did something so stupid.”

“It’s my fault,” I said. “I mean, partially. You were right. I should’ve just told you what I was doing. You made it so clear that you were a person I could trust. I totally took that for granted. I was...just...I was in my own head.”

She nodded. “Yeah. I get what you mean. Exactly what you mean. About being in your head. But you didn’t have to tell me a thing. I promised not to pry, and I pried anyway.” She looked up at me. “I thought you’d hate me for wanting to know so badly. Or, I guess, for wanting you to trust me enough to tell me, so badly. I got so obsessed with that, like it was the *one thing* that would prove whether you liked me. I felt more awful by the day. I bottled up what I felt, and...I mean, I guess it all exploded out. I forgot that you were my friend. I forgot I could trust you with the truth of how I felt.”

I smiled at her, and was once again taken by a feeling of bittersweetness. It was so freeing for us to talk about this openly, but in the back of my mind I knew that I hadn’t learned my lesson. If Casey ever asked me *why* I was so afraid of her knowing what the serum did, if she asked me *why* I made it in the first place, or if she asked me *what I thought* of her breasts growing and lactating the way they were, I wouldn’t be able to answer her. Right now we were good friends being open with each other; the truth, that I was also obsessed with her body, felt like an unpleasant, cynical note that could spoil the whole fantasy, like finding out that your favorite book was written by a Nazi, or something. I was a wretched creature beneath the mask that she believed she cared about; if she found out how much lust drove my actions, it’d break her heart. She’d think I didn’t care much about her after all. She’d think I was just into her body. But, still, this was a moment I cherished. Someone had faced my own shittiness and remained my friend anyway, and I told myself that I wouldn’t take it for granted.

I broke from my reverie and checked my phone. “Oh, shit. It’s almost two. We gotta get to chemistry.”

She groaned. “That class *suucks*. Can’t I take sick leave or something? I just leaked milk.”

“That’d be maternity leave,” I said, slinging my backpack over my shoulder. Casey chuckled weakly.

Chemistry class went largely without incident, although it was definitely harder to concentrate. Casey was next to me in her short skirt and snug top, but now with boobs just barely larger than normal. It didn’t help that Casey kept whispering to me.

“It sorta feels like earlier, when they were filling up. But it’s a lot less intense now. I might just be *remembering* how it felt. Do they...do they look bigger?”

I kept looking, for her, but I could never tell.

Strangely enough, the part of Casey I was most fixated on were her legs. They were largely bare, with the skirt she wore, and I guess it had been a while since I had gotten to look at them. They were absurdly long, and corded with muscles like a runner. At one point her leg unbent as I was watching it, flexing her quadriceps. I glanced at her to see if she had done that on purpose but she was innocently looking away.

I wanted to touch her. I wanted to rest my hand on her thigh and rub my thumb on it. The weirdest thing was that I thought it might go over well; Casey might not mind. We had kissed. We had stared at her boobs. What was so bad about this? I just wanted to feel the muscles. Would it be so bad, if she knew I liked them?

I squeezed my eyes shut and looked away. *God, man. You’re down bad. She ingested an experimental compound just over an hour ago — you want to throw this at her, on top of all that? What’s wrong with you?*

Class got out and Casey was quiet for a while as we walked. When we had a good distance from the rest of our classmates she turned to me and gestured unmistakably to her chest.

“They’re bigger. I’m not imagining this.”

I looked. I’m not sure how I was supposed to notice a slight increase in size when they were already so huge. It was like trying to tell if the Statue of Liberty had grown a centimeter.

“They were already a bit bigger, weren’t they? They seem the same as before chemistry.” I tilted my head, squinted my eyes. “I...I think.”

Casey bit her lip and looked down at them again. “I guess that’s possible.” She glanced up, more towards me. “So, classes are over.”

“Yep.”

An awkward silence. A few students passed by. I saw one do a double take at Casey — just due to her height, most likely — but that was it.

I realized that this was the part of our schedules where we usually split ways. “Are you alright being left alone?”

“Oh, yeah. But I don’t think I wanna go to the rest of my classes today. I don’t wanna be in public. I mean, if...” Another person walked by us, and Casey went silent. “If...if I *leak* again...I’d rather be in my room.”

I tried not to picture the thing that I was picturing. “That’s fine with me. I have homework to do, anyway.” I didn’t. “Let me know if anything’s up, okay?”

“Yep. You got it. It’ll be nice to chill on my bed.” She made an odd face. “Actually, I’ll get something to eat first. I’ve been kinda starving, for a bit.”

“Food is...good.”

“Yeah. Food is good.”

Another awkward silence. The conversation was done, but Casey and I just kept standing there. She swayed from one foot to the other, wrestled her lips together in the way she always did when she was working up the nerve to say something.

“Also, um, thanks for staying with me today. Through all that.” Smiling, she bent down so our faces were level and tucked a strand of my hair behind my ear. She kissed me on the forehead. “I really appreciate it.”

A heat had taken over my whole body. My response was stalled enough that Casey had the time to rise back to her full height. My eyes fell to her boots. “N-no problem. Just wanted to...uh...make sure you were okay.”

She giggled, but she sounded as anxious as I did. “Okay, seeya!” She spun around and strode off, clearly in a hurry to get out of sight as soon as she could. Her heeled boots brought out her legs and made her bare calves stick out. Her skirt flowed with her hips. I stared after her, dumbfounded, for maybe twenty seconds after she had disappeared. Then I remembered where I was, turned around, and headed home.

I didn’t hear from Casey for the rest of the afternoon, and I still hadn’t heard from her by the time the sun set. It was strange: by myself, at my apartment, things seemed so *normal*. It felt like everything that had happened that day was a dream, or at least something that had happened a long time ago. Something that happened *today* couldn’t feel so distant, could it?

I was in bed with a book when I got a call from Casey. She was breathing with difficulty, whispering.

“It’s happening again, man.”

I shot up in bed, the book immediately forgotten. “What? It is?”

“Yes. All day I’ve been feeling it.” A few more breaths. “Y’know, build up. Like in the lab. But instead of for a few minutes it was for hours. My bra felt tight. Then it got too painful to keep wearing. I’ve totally outgrown it. I’m in the bathroom right now. My roommate’s listening to music, but still. That’s why I’m whispering.”

“Got it. Are you—”

“Yes. More than last time.”

“How much more?”

“It’s...um...I guess it’s still pretty tame, but it’s a lot more than a leak. A lot more than last time. I’m properly...y’know...*doing it*.” She grunted. “Sorry. I’m trying to...uh...to massage it out.”

The image of Casey, bent over her sink, squeezing milk from an engorged breast. A tent formed in my pants. “...Oh.”

“I don’t wanna explain all this to my roommate. I’ve been wearing a baggy sweatshirt to hide what’s going on. Maybe I should stop going to class until this smooths out.”

I had a strong, baffling urge to say she couldn’t do that, that she *had* to go to class. I fought it down. What she was saying was reasonable.

“You got it. I’ll help you make up what you miss.”

“Thank you.” The sound of a running faucet. “And another thing. If this keeps up, I should probably get a pump, right?”

I resisted a bout of giggling. What the hell had this situation turned into?

“A pump. I guess that’d be good.”

“Yeah, but, I’d feel weird using it here. Where my roommate might barge in. Even if that doesn’t happen, she might find the pump itself. I don’t want people talking about me being pregnant, or something. Y’know?”

“Mmm. Yeah. That’s a problem.”

“Right. Could I come by tomorrow morning? Keep it at your place?”

It took me a moment to process that. “You want to keep your milk pump at my apartment?”

“I know, I know, it’s so weird. But, just, you’re the only person who can know about this, okay? I feel awful for asking, but—”

“No, no, you can come by. Definitely. I want to make sure you’re okay.”

She asked me a few more times if it was alright, thanked me for my help, and we hung up.

Why had I been so opposed to Casey missing class, for a second? Of course she deserved to take a break from all that...it made no sense for me to find the idea unpalatable. What was my problem?

The answer was obvious: I didn't want to go through class without her.

My hand slipped beneath my waistband. I hardly realized it.

She was my treasured friend. She trusted me. Our connection was turning into something really special.

Her tits were engorged with milk. She was squeezing herself over a sink, right now.

No. Our friendship was too important. Fetishizing her was off the table. But even as I told myself that the images filled my head, and I was rushing myself to climax.

Part Seven: Friendly Visit

I was a pretty neat guy, and not one for fancy decor. Even still, my apartment had some character to it. I had a poster of the “Wanderer above the Sea of Fog” painting that reminded me to think big, and kept me from getting claustrophobic when I was in my apartment all day. I liked its message that there could be dignity in loneliness. I had a wall covered in Post-It notes, too, each one with a doodle of a compound that I had managed to recreate using the university’s lab (I had amassed seventeen of these notes, each with the date of my accomplishment). Some of my favorite books — largely nonfiction — were artfully laid around, on tables, on stools, on shelves. There were books about love, and about friendship. Beside the TV there was the book that had taught me I should flash my eyebrows when I wanted to look approachable.

I spent the morning before Casey arrived cleaning things up, and I had a lot of time left when I was done. I spent that extra time pacing around, suddenly very paranoid about all my personal stamps on the place. The poster made me look like a douchebag. The Post-It notes made me seem like an obnoxious nerd, who makes being geeky and quirky his whole identity, as if he was special for it. She’d wonder where I kept my *Big Bang Theory* T-shirt. The books were pretty douchey to display like that, too, and made me seem obsessed with self-help. So I curled up the poster, hid it under my bed, peeled off the Post-Its, put them in a drawer, and stacked the books in the corner of my room. I hid or disposed of quite a few other things. By 7:30, when I got a knock at the door, I had almost completely undecorated my apartment.

I opened the door to Casey smiling. Both her arms were behind her back.

“Good morning! I gotcha something. Here!”

One — only one — of her hands appeared and presented me with something: a large muffin, glazed like a lemon scone.

“Woah! Casey, you didn’t have to—”

“Yes I did.” She entered my apartment. She scanned the empty walls and made a nod, as if she had been expecting their barrenness. “If I’m going to be a huge burden, I can at least get you some muffins.” I now saw that, from her other hand, hung a black

zip up bag. I could make a guess at what was in it. “Also,” she said, putting her things on the counter, “if you don’t eat the muffin, I will, and that would be bad. I’m getting fat.”

“You’re not getting fat,” I said reflexively. She was wearing a large sweatshirt with our school’s logo on it and a pair of dolphin shorts. Again with showing her legs in October! It was forty-five degrees out, and windy!

Casey stayed at the counter and drummed her fingers against it for a bit. “I’ve been hungry lately. For most of yesterday.”

“That’s probably the serum.”

“Yeah. Of course.” She bit her lip. “But, I mean, *really* hungry. You know how I was gonna get something to eat, yesterday? I kinda ordered...a lot. And then when I got home I just couldn’t stop thinking about snacks.” She squeezed her own forearm. “I felt like a pig, but it all tasted so good.”

I thought about how easily Casey had made herself vomit yesterday, and how often she had told me she wasn’t happy with her body. Casey wasn’t the first girl to worry about calories, of course, but I could guess that losing control of her appetite was probably a huge source of shame for her in particular. I realized how much it meant that she would open up to me about it. I approached and touched her arm. “Casey, it’s not your fault. Hunger is a lot more difficult to control than people make it out to be, okay? I wouldn’t have held out any better than you would’ve. The serum told your body to demand certain things that it normally wouldn’t ask for.” My mind connected some dots, just then. “Pregnant women have cravings, right?”

“But I’m not pregnant...”

“No, you’re not, but the serum’s introducing a lot of the same hormones. Your body’s trying to prepare for something that it thinks is coming up.”

“Is that why it’s all going to my butt?” Casey reddened and covered her mouth. “Shit. I mean...sorry.”

I decided not to harp on her flub. “That’d probably be why, yes. But, main point, cravings aren’t your fault, okay?”

“But if I get fat...”

“You’re not fat. You’re gorgeous. That’s the truth.”

She giggled, even more red. “That’s...thanks.” Her eyes darted around, but she was fighting a big smile. “Eat your muffin. I should, um, do what I came here to do.”

I directed Casey to my bathroom. I couldn't help but glance down as she walked away from me; I was intrigued by what she said earlier. She did seem to have put on some weight, down there. The dolphin shorts, which (I assumed) would have normally covered her enough to be decent, now let some of her butt hang out the bottom. She also jiggled and wobbled even more than normal, and that was saying something.

I could only imagine the self-consciousness she felt walking here in those. Yet, she was the one who chose to wear them, wasn't she?

"Oooo!" I heard her call out, after she had disappeared from view. "Your bathroom's so clean!"

"Cleaned it up just for you."

"Thaaanks."

I chuckled and started on my muffin. It was delicious.

I thought back to just earlier, to how easily I had complimented her. How strange to think that, even a week or two ago, I'd be terrified to say something so openly appreciative. Maybe I'd gotten halfway decent at this.

I cautioned myself not to go much farther with it, though. The exact level of interest I was showing was, I thought, perfect. I was supportive but not lecherous. Flattering but not objectifying. Letting myself get worked up any further would cause me to bungle things, I was sure.

Almost predictably, my mind returned to the image of Casey's ass in those shorts. I wondered if she had a hard time putting them on this morning.

I something soft dropped to the floor in my bathroom. Probably Casey's sweatshirt.

I should put on some music. It'd be uncomfortable — for both of us — if I could hear each tiny thing Casey was doing in there. I went through my playlists for a minute or two. I wanted to find one that didn't have any songs on it that were too weird or self-revealing. Nice, cozy background music, fit for a stranger in your home.

Was that what Casey was? A stranger? Certainly not, right? Why was I acting like she was one? She had proven herself the accepting sort, hadn't she?

I froze up for a while. A part of me felt obligated to push myself and be mildly vulnerable, by playing music that might say a thing or two about the kind of guy I was.

The other part refused vehemently. If Casey said anything negative about a song I cared about, it'd ruin that song for me forever. I'd probably resent her a bit, too.

I was interrupted before I could make my choice. Casey called out from the bathroom. "Hey, actually, um, I wanna try something."

"What is it?"

There was a long, hesitant pause. "Do you mind if I do it out there?"

"Out here?" I closed the music app. "While I wait in the bathroom?"

"...With you."

My dick seemed to get the message before my brain did. The crotch of my pants was crowded in a heartbeat. A thousand images flashed through my mind.

"You want to pump in the same room as me?"

"I know, I know, it's super weird, but I'd feel better."

If you get the slightest bit more excited, you'll blow the whole thing.

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah."

My lips felt very dry. "Alright."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Whatever makes you comfortable."

"Okay. Thank you."

I heard my bathroom door open, and I readjusted myself as quickly as I could. This would be awkward enough without a bulge in the mix.

I was still not ready for what I saw. With Casey's sweatshirt off I could now see just how much her tits had grown; they were, at the very least, a cup-size larger, and fit her current bra about as well as a cupcake would fit into a shot glass. Blue veins I had never seen before stood out against her skin. Her underwire failed to contain the bottom of her breasts and seemed to dig in painfully.

"How long have you had to wear that?" It was the first thing I could think of to say. Considering the whole situation, I think it was pretty smooth.

She grinned a shamefaced grin, but her arms dangled at her side, making no attempt to hide herself. "They filled up over night. I think I rolled over in my sleep and the pain woke me up. They're, uh, really sensitive. I wasn't able to sleep again after that,

so I put on the biggest bra I had and drove around for a while until it was time to visit you.” She blushed. “This fit a lot better a few hours ago, I promise.”

“...Oh.” I couldn’t find any other words. I tried to wrap my mind around the idea that they had grown that much that quickly. Quite a few seconds passed.

Casey cleared her throat. “Should I take the couch, or...?”

“Right. Sorry. Yeah, the couch.”

It was embarrassing to be called out like that, but Casey didn’t seem too bothered. In fact, she was smiling a little bit. Maybe I helped her feel a bit better by being a doofus.

Casey gently lowered herself to the couch with, I now noticed, the breast pump in one of her hands. She sighed.

Still wanting to give her some privacy, I turned away and tried to focus on my muffin again. Wait, actually, I never picked out a playlist. Things would be awkward without music to—

“Hey, um...” There was a pause. “You wanna sit next to me?”

I turned to her, wide-eyed. She must’ve read my surprise as judgment because she lowered her gaze to her lap.

“Sorry. It just...the first time it happened, in the lab, it was really fucking scary, sure, but it was also kinda satisfying. *Warm*, I guess. But the second time, in my bathroom, there was just this feeling of, like, emptiness. I felt really alone. And then just now, when I was about to do it, I felt the same way, and I just thought it might feel a lot better if...y’know...”

“If I was beside you?”

She nodded. “It’s really embarrassing.”

“Hey, don’t be embarrassed. It’s probably the serum again.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, there’s a lot of hormones released during pregnancy, you know? Stuff to make you feel attached to the baby. Maybe those neurotransmitters are making you crave connection at the moment of, uh, release.”

She frowned. “Is that how pregnancy works? I don’t think I’ve heard of mothers feeling empty or lonely when they use a pump.”

“Huh.” A silence. “What other explanation is there?”

She looked at me for a while, as if about to say something, but then she averted her eyes. “Yeah, I guess there aren’t any others. That’s probably it.” She cleared her throat and patted the seat next to her. “Alright. Chop-chop.”

I tried to understand how I had gotten into this situation, where I was plopping down beside a half-naked, milk-swollen mini-giantess who was about to pump her breasts right in front of me. An action as casual as sitting on the couch made the absurdity of everything stick out that much clearer, and for the first time I wondered if this was some particularly vivid wet dream.

Casey suddenly gasped.

“Casey?”

“Oh, wow, it’s, um...” She took a breath. “As soon as you sat down, I felt this...” Another gasp. “Nnng! Okay, crap, I gotta get this bra off. I’m gonna leak on the couch. Hold on.”

Casey leaned forward and threw her great mane of hair over the shoulder opposite me. She winced a little bit as her arms reached behind her and unbuckled her bra. Or, well, they tried to. The backstrap was strained enough she couldn’t slip the latch out of the hole it went through.

“Here,” I said. “Here, let me help.”

Casey relaxed her shoulders (and good God were her shoulders broad, when you were this close to them), and I unhooked the latch. The two halves of her backstrap flew apart immediately from the tension, and Casey sighed as she took off her bra.

We both settled back into our original postures and I tried to take in what I was seeing. My best friend Casey, who liked to call me “dude” and “man,” who liked to wear tank-tops and needed help with her chemistry homework, now resembled some ancient fertility goddess. Her areolae were large and dark — much larger and darker than they had been before the serum, I could only assume. Freed from their confines, her breasts hung outwards in bottom-heavily teardrop shapes. They were the largest, heaviest breasts I had seen on a real person.

Casey’s concern about leaking was justified; the tips of her nipples already glistened with some fluid.

“Alright,” she said. “Let’s see if I can be less clumsy this time. I made a real mess last night.” I was surprised by the lack of nervousness in her tone; she seemed totally

occupied attaching the pump to herself. “Hey, can you grab a washcloth or a small towel or something? The pump can only cover one of them at a time.”

I scrambled to comply. I was hurried further by the quiet cooing sounds Casey made as I groped under my sink for a towel. Once I had it, I hustled back to my spot and handed it over.

“Thanks,” she said. “You’re just in time.” She was squeezing the pump’s airbag. It was attached to her left breast, the one opposite from me. “I think I’m right about to...y-yup, yup, here we go...”

The half-opaque plastic of the pump didn’t give me a great view of the opposite nipple, but the one nearer to me was clear as day. Out from the great mass of her tit came the first thick droplets of milk. At first they were small and infrequent, just enough to glisten the nipple further, but then there were more drops, and larger ones, and liquid lines of milk trickled down. The sight was suddenly hidden from view; Casey pressed the towel against her breast, soaking up the milk and compressing the pliant flesh. It was an awkward maneuver; she needed one hand to hold the pump steady, the other to squeeze the bag, and used her arm to hold the towel against herself.

Casey didn’t seem to mind, though. She fully leaned back against the sofa, her head tilting back, her closed eyes facing the ceiling. Through a closed mouth she let out an extended, low, sensual moan of satisfaction; I could picture the sound traveling up that long neck of hers, feel the vibration she must have felt in the back of her throat. I wanted to kiss her neck more badly than anything in the world, but I only let myself put a hand on her shoulder.

Her smile broke out into a full grin. “Yeah, this feels *much* better with you around.” A sigh. “God, it’s like, for once in my life, I’m not worried about anything. I just feel so at peace.”

That’d be the oxytocin. I didn’t want to dampen her mood by being all technical, though.

“I’m happy for you,” I said. “If I’m putting you through all this, you should at least be comfortable.”

She chuckled. “I think that maybe I should be thanking you. This feels *great*.” Her head lolled towards me and she fixed me with half-lidded eyes. “I almost feel a little guilty, enjoying it this much.”

“Don’t. You deserve it. In fact, is there anything else I can do? To help you enjoy this?”

She sighed again and closed her eyes. For a moment I thought she might’ve fallen asleep. “Keep your hand on my shoulder. That really feels great. I really enjoy the contact. In fact...no, never mind.”

“Tell me.”

She smiled a little guiltily. “I don’t wanna make you feel awkward, and this is probably crazy to ask for. But, uh...I wouldn’t mind *more* contact, I guess.”

Sometimes you receive an invitation that is everything you never dared to hope for, and when you get it you can’t help but subject it to scrutiny, if only for a few seconds. I spent those seconds of due diligence looking at Casey’s face. She looked like someone who was too happy to deceive anyone, like someone who was at peace with what they had just opened themselves to. She wanted this.

I scooted closer to her and, slowly, rested my head against her shoulder. My arm wrapped around her back. She purred in contentment.

The view I had was exquisite. Looking down there was the slight obstruction of her collar bone, and the sexy divot at the base of her throat. How had I never before noticed how attractive that divot was? Then the smooth plane of her chest and sudden, jarring, protruding bust that blocked the rest of her abdomen. They somehow looked even larger from this angle.

Still visible beyond her chest, however, were her legs. I felt yesterday’s admiration for them return.

Well, I mean, she asked for more contact.

I reached my other arm out, hesitated, and then finally put my palm on the muscles of her thigh. They were far more firm than I had expected them to be, powerful and sturdy.

Casey chuckled. “Y’know, I *thought* I saw you checking them out, yesterday.”

“Sorry.”

“Oh, it’s alright. I’m glad I haven’t been freezing my butt off for nothing.”

“That’s why you’re wearing shorts?”

“Of course. It’s been so long since someone found me pretty.”

“I struggle to believe that. You’re gorgeous.”

She hummed in passive agreement, shifted the pump from one breast to the other. During the brief period where neither were covered, I could see that there was still a steady trickle of milk, although the stream was lesser than before.

“Keep going. You don’t think my legs are too big?”

“Too muscular? No such thing.”

She laughed. “I’m *serious!*”

“I am too. They’re so strong and powerful. I love your legs, and your abs, and your arms, your shoulders...”

“My *shoulders!?*”

“Yes, your shoulders. I love how broad and strong they are.”

“It’s mannish.”

“It’s goddess...ish.”

She snickered. “You can’t just say you like every part of my body.”

“Yes I can. In fact, I was just thinking about something. I really like *this part*.” I took my hand away from her thigh and put my fingertip against her neck divot. “Right there, in the middle of your collar bone.”

“Shut uuup. You’re just making stuff up now.”

“Am not.”

“Are too. I mean I’m just so big all over. It’s—”

“I like big. I’m obsessed with it.”

She giggled nervously. I wondered if I was overdoing it.

“Not that it’s the only reason I like you, it’s just—”

“No, no, I understand. Thank you.”

I sighed, relieved. I had said so much more than I ever thought I would; there were no more words left in me. Fortunately Casey was done talking too. We stayed together like that for a while, one arm around her shoulders, my hand on her thigh, until she was fully done expressing.

Part Eight: Doubts

Casey eventually fell asleep. I didn't fall asleep myself but I was content to be awake for an hour or two while Casey was nestled against me, wearing only her ill-fitting shorts. I had set her pump and towel on the nearby table but otherwise disturbed her as little as possible.

She hummed in her sleep and adjusted her position, her drooped head lolling over to further press against my chest, her shoulders shimmying slowly to adjust her torso. I held on to her and savored every second of it.

As I ran my fingers through her hair — there was so much of it — I tried to figure out what it meant that Casey and I were, without a doubt, intimates. Holding Casey as I was holding her now felt so *right*. It was not just physical pleasure but a feeling of strength; for the longest time I had felt like a nervous wreck around this girl but now she made me feel brave. I loved how she could get me to surprise myself — how she made me realize what I was willing to do for her. Maybe acting on my affectionate impulses wouldn't be a big step for most people, but for me it was huge.

I already knew that I wanted Casey to be my girlfriend. It had been something I fantasized about for weeks, but now it was a more definite possibility than ever. She was beautiful, and there was nobody else I wanted to spend my time with. I wanted to get to know her better and I wanted to be someone who brought joy to her life.

But the question was, would she want me in the same way I wanted her?

Even with Casey cuddled up in my arms, the question made me feel a little queasy. The serum was no doubt throwing her hormones out of balance. The intense contentment and intimacy she felt towards me may have been a byproduct of the serum's effects.

No better than taking advantage of a drunk person.

No, that wasn't true. Casey had initiated it. It had been *her* request that I sit beside her as she pumped herself.

Maybe so, but was that her talking, or was that the serum talking? You notice how she's been way more open since taking that serum? You think that's a coincidence?

Well, that was because we had gone through something intense together, wasn't it? Intimacy after an intense shared experience happens all the time. She was in distress and I supported her — isn't that a normal reason for her to trust me more, to be more affectionate?

There's no way to know how she'd be acting if she hadn't drank that serum.

Sure, but—

Do you really think that anybody would like you without being drugged?

The thought had a mountain of authority behind it. It was ironclad, unbreakable logic. I looked down at Casey and tried to feel the same warm contentment I had felt just a minute ago, but now all I could see was a person passed out drunk. I couldn't help but feel repulsed and disgusted. I wasn't disgusted towards Casey but towards myself, and towards the gracelessness of having her body against me like this. I was an idiot. If a drunk girl had fallen unconscious in my arms, would I think she was my girlfriend, too? I had never been in a relationship before, had hardly even had a *friendship*. What made me think I understood the first thing about when a person liked you?

Having come to a grim conclusion, I slowly disentangled her from me. She let out a discontented grunt in her sleep that made me feel skin-crawlingly guilty, but I forced myself to ignore it. The right thing was to keep my distance.

Once I had rested Casey on my couch (her legs dangled off the end), I emptied the pump and washed the towel. Then I finished the muffin she had gotten me. I remembered that she'd experienced increased hunger since she'd taken the serum and that she'd probably be a bit peckish when she woke up, and so I ordered a pizza for her.

This was good. I was taking care of her, doing the right thing, instead of exploiting the situation for my own gain. It was my secrecy, and my serum, that had landed Casey in this whole mess. I had a duty. Nothing more.

About forty minutes after I had ordered the pizza, Casey yawned. I looked up from my homework and she was stretching her arms out, which granted a tremendous view of her breasts. Thrust out they were majestic, mesmerizing, but also, I noticed, smaller. They had shrank back down in the hours after Casey's lactation, while she was asleep. Even though they were smaller than they had been earlier, however, they were still noticeably larger than her normal size.

“Morning,” I said.

“It’s...it’s the morning? Have I really been out for—”

“Oh, no, no, you’re fine. Just a figure of speech. You’ve only been out for two hours or so.”

“Ah.” She looked down at her smaller-yet-bigger breasts, for a moment, but said nothing. She glanced at the table.

“I cleaned up,” I said. “Figured you’d appreciate it. I also figured you’d be hungry, so I ordered a pizza.”

She grinned. “Really? Thanks!”

From across the room I could hear her stomach growl.

“Um, how long until it gets here?”

“Well, you never know with pizza delivery places. But they *say* it’ll just be another twenty minutes.”

I heard her stomach growl again. There was a not-quite-suppressed whimper in the back of her throat.

“You can snack on something while we wait, if you’re really starving.”

“Are you sure?” She got to her feet and stretched again. Good *god* she was tall. “I don’t wanna eat your food. I’m already imposing.” She picked at the waistband of her undersized dolphin shorts. “And I’m getting fat. Remember?”

“No, you’re not. You still look like a sports model.”

She scoffed. “Dude, my butt is—”

“Bigger, yes. I don’t mind.”

“You’ll mind when it’s ripping my fucking pants off and I’m too fat to stand up.”

“Pretty sure I won’t.”

She scoffed again, but there was more mirth to it. Another growl from her stomach.

“Come on, Casey. You can exercise and diet all you want after the serum’s done with you. For now, why not just lean into it? Consider it a vacation.”

After a solid ten seconds of hesitation (broken by another stomach growl), Casey sighed in defeat. She went through my cupboards. A bag of chips. Some buttered croissants in a plastic container they had at my supermarket. A half-finished tub of mint ice cream in my freezer. Each time she selected something, she’d hold it out to me and

give me this nervous look, like, *Are you sure I can eat this?*, and each time I'd give her a nod.

Casey ate slowly at first, trying to maintain some ladylike decorum, but her hunger took over at some point and she attacked the snacks with single minded focus.

Every thirty seconds she glanced up at me, asking once again, *Are you sure?* I wondered if this was how it felt to be the preacher in a confessional booth. *You are forgiven. You are forgiven. Yes, you can keep eating the ice cream. You are forgiven.*

The ice cream was clearly her favorite, and it was the one she finished first. She pushed aside the empty carton and brought one of the croissants to her mouth, then stopped. She looked back to the empty carton as if just noticing it. "What happens if I eat everything and then I'm still hungry?"

"Then you can eat something else. I ordered a pizza for you, remember? A big one."

She smiled sheepishly. "Thanks. You're a really good friend."

"No problem." I reached for the empty carton but she snatched it away from me.

"No way, man." She stood up. "If I'm eating your food, I can at least clean up after myself." She went to the sink and started washing out the remains of ice cream. "Besides, this situation's my fault. I only drank the serum in the first place because I wouldn't respect your privacy, and I was too immature to talk about things. You're the only person I know who's willing to stick with me after something like that. You're the only person who makes me feel halfway decent, even. So I'm not gonna trash your apartment."

I couldn't help but smile a little. It was frightening how much I liked her, in that moment. "I'm sure plenty of people like you as you are. They're probably just too nervous to tell you about it. It can be scary to tell someone how much you like them."

She chuckled. "Oh, I know. I guess you have a point." Casey dropped the washed carton into the trash. "Still. When I think about leaving your apartment and walking around, and being around my roommate, and living my everyday life, with a fat ass and with inflating tits, I, I just..." she bit her lip and plomped herself back on her stool. "I'm so *scared*, man." She ripped off a piece of a croissant and pushed it through her lips.

The words came out before I could think about them. "You don't have to leave."

She froze mid-chew. Swallowed. “No way. That’s...I’ve already burdened you so much. You really don’t have to—”

“I know I don’t. But I *want* to.” I leaned across the counter towards her. “Look, you’re still pretty normal right now. If you wear that sweatshirt of yours, people won’t even notice the difference. Get home, pack some clothes, some essentials, and head back. You can stay here until the serum’s done with you.”

She bit her lip. “About that...are you *sure* it’ll be ‘done with me?’ I mean, I’m growing more and more as time goes on. What if it’s, like, changing my DNA? I mean, Christ, how big am I gonna be in a few months? How fat will my—”

I put my hand up. “Casey. Relax. You’ll probably be alright. I assume the reason you’re getting bigger over time is that your body’s responding to the serum more strongly the longer it stays in your system, *but it won’t stay in your system forever*. It has a half-life.”

“How long is it?”

I shrugged. “I never really tested, but based on its composition, I’d estimate it to be, oh, three or four days, maybe.”

She mulled that over. “That’s...I mean, that still means I’d be here for at least a week, right? Missing a whole week of classes is kinda...”

“I can tutor you. Keep you up to date. I mean, most of our classes we have together.”

“But if I’m eating all your food...”

“I’ll buy more than normal.”

She seemed more and more baffled. “You want to deal with me for a whole week?”

“Casey, you’re the one who should be asking *me* that. I’m just some guy; are you sure you want to be stuck with me?”

She scoffed. “Not true. You’re great. I’m a total deadbeat.”

“You clean up after yourself. That makes you better than most roommates, I think. And, look.” I crossed my arms beneath me. “I’m not just doing this as a nice thing. I *like* being around you, alright?”

She blushed, smiled, and looked away. Her lips wrestled together, briefly. “If you’re so sure...”

“I am.”

She chuckled. “Okay.”

“Okay, what?”

“I’ll crash here. Until the serum’s done.” She crossed her arms beneath her bare breasts. Then she smiled and chuckled a little more. Her laughter was pure relief, at first, but then it shifted to something a bit more honeyed. “This is kinda exciting, actually.”

“Isn’t it?”

“Yeah.” She stood. “It is.” Slowly, she brought herself around the corner of my counter, creeping right up to me. Her smile was nervous, but excited, too. “We’re really living together.”

I remained motionless as her arms wrapped around my upper back. Before long she had embraced me. My face was pressed against the base of her neck, right against that divot I had come to like so much. Her breasts — enlarged, pliant, heavy — smooshed against me. The strength of her arms was quiet and restrained but unshakably firm.

She stroked the back of my head. “I like that. I like being around you. Sometimes it scares me, how much I want you around. Do you...” She paused, just long enough to make her meaning clear. “...like being around me?”

“Y-yes. I do.”

She chuckled, and I felt the vibrations of it. “I’m glad to hear it. I like being around you too. That was nice on the couch, wasn’t it? I never thought you’d go for it. I never thought you’d feel so...comfortable.”

I could feel all stiffness leaving my muscles. I nodded. We could do this. We both wanted this. Her hand slid down my lower back, and before I knew it she was touching my butt. I let out a small sound of surprise.

Casey giggled. “You can touch mine too, if you want.”

I was tempted. That pliant, soft, barely-covered ass. And she was right. We *did* like...being around each other. It was clear from her tone how much she wanted it. She was bolder than I think I had ever seen her, totally—

Drugged. She was drugged.

Right.

I pulled back. Casey playfully resisted letting me go for a moment before she released her hold.

“I think the pizza is getting here soon.”

“Oh, I think that can wait...” She closed her eyes and bent down towards me, her mouth opening...

I put a hand against it. “I forgot to give them delivery instructions, for this apartment building. If I don’t greet them in time they’ll just drive off with it. It’s happened before.”

She sighed. “Tease.” She released me fully, smirking down at me. “Make it quick. I’ll be waiting for you.”

I couldn’t think of how to respond, so I half-heartedly smiled back. Then I left the room.

As I descended the building’s stairwell, I tried to think of what I’d say when I got back. My excuse had merely delayed the problem; nine chances out of ten, Casey would still want to jump my bones when I returned. I wanted that too. But I had decided that she only wanted to do it because of the serum, and I didn’t want to get intimate with her under those circumstances.

I stood outside, in the cold, and waited for the pizza. It was nice to have a moment to think, but my thoughts went in the wrong direction.

Man, it’s nippy as hell. She walked through this in those undersized shorts, just because she noticed how much I liked her legs. She really does want me to drool over her. She’s inviting it. She’s craving it. And, God, didn’t she look good in those?

As soon as I noticed where my mind was going I put a stop to it. Yes, Casey was hot. That had been established. But what to *do*? I knew Casey well enough by this point to know how much it would hurt her for me to reject her. Could I really convince myself that pushing her away was more moral than the alternative? Casey seemed to feel confident about herself for the first time in ages. How could I shatter that?

Well, no, it wouldn’t be rejection. Not permanently. I’d accept her with open arms once she was back to normal, when it was real.

Ah, but she wouldn’t be so open to it then, would she? She’d realize she deserves better than some lecher.

I didn't find a solution the whole wait, nor when the pizza delivery girl arrived and handed over the goods. On my way up the stairs, however, the answer came to me with stark simplicity. It was so obvious, right, and straightforward that it was shameful it had taken me so long to consider it: explain my inner conflict to her.

I reached my room and fumbled around for my keys with my free hand before realizing that I had left the door unlocked. I took a deep breath.

I entered the room and Casey was across from me at the counter, still topless, eating from the bag of potato chips. The croissants had been finished off.

"Hey," she said nonchalantly.

"Hey."

I had expected more. With how amorous she had been when I left, I thought I'd open the door to her attack-hugging me, or yanking me inside and slamming our lips together. But Casey seemed calm; maybe a frank discussion wouldn't be too difficult.

I shut the door behind me, but when I tried to grab the inside handle I felt something different from what I expected. I felt soft fabric.

Her shorts were hanging from the handle.

Casey was smirking. "All day they've been ridding up on me. I thought I'd get a bit more comfortable."

She started to stand up, and I swear to God I experienced the whole thing in slow motion. For the first time, Casey entirely unveiled herself to me. Her hips were intensely flared, matching the broadness of her shoulders. Was that from the serum, too? Even the lowest regions of her abs were starkly toned. Her bare slit glistened with moisture. One outstretched arm reached out, drifted slow as a cloud, and finally supported her on the wall beside her, and the other was bent onto her hip. Her tits and belly button worked together to mimic me — a face with a vacant, gaping, wide-eyed stare.

Despite my shock bordering on terror, I took several steps closer to her and marveled as my perspective shifted. God, she was huge. I was on the verge of being crushed by an incoming wave.

Amazingly, I could speak. "Casey...can we talk about something?"

Her hands went to my shoulders. Her grip was secure but gentle. "Sure. I can multitask."

I chuckled weakly. She was making this harder than she knew. “I’m not so sure. It’s kinda serious.”

“Oh.” Her hands stayed on my shoulders, but her posture shifted. She seemed to have toned down the whole seductress bit. “What is it?”

My heart hammered. Just say it, dude.

“Okay, so, please don’t take this the wrong way.”

She bit her lip. She was taking it the wrong way.

“I *really* like you Casey. Both as a friend and in terms of...” I looked her up and down. “I mean, *wow*.”

I smiled up at her, hoping my levity had cheered her, but there was nothing there but frankness. “You don’t wanna do this,” she said.

“I do. I do. It’s just...the serum.”

“I thought you liked it...”

“No, I do, it’s just...I feel uncomfortable being intimate with you while you’re being affected by it. It makes me feel like I’m taking advantage of you.”

She frowned. “What, like I’m drunk? Have I really been acting that weird?”

Had she not noticed? In the space of a few hours she had gone from her usual self-consciousness to pressing herself against me, and she didn’t think she was acting weird? I became more convinced than ever that this was the serum’s doing.

“There’s a reason you want to be close to me during the pumping process. It’s chemicals — oxytocin, foremost. It’s artificial. I have no idea how much of an effect it’s having on you. For all I know you wouldn’t be comfortable doing this *at all* if it weren’t for the serum. It’s unethical for me to take advantage of that.”

She scoffed, and put her hands on her hips. “Is that what this is about? I know what I feel, dude. I’ve liked you way before I took the serum. Okay?”

I dismissed that off-hand. No one could feel that way.

“Casey, think about all that we’ve done in the last few hours. *Really* think about it. Would you *ever* be comfortable doing this?”

She scrunched her brow up in thought. I had at least gotten her to consider it.

I continued. “I’m so glad you want to do this, but it just...it goes against my principles. Alright? I’d feel way more comfortable waiting. Until after the serum’s done with you.”

She looked at me blankly for an unbearably long time. I felt like a wretch. Any second now she would tell me what a self-centered asshole I was.

But instead she sighed and let her arms droop. Her eyes averted from mine. “Things have been moving kinda fast, huh?”

“I mean, we just agreed to live together.”

She chuckled. It was a little forced. She tried to smile, and to look at me, but aborted both attempts. “Sorry. I’ve known for a while that I come off pretty strongly, but I guess I’ve really outdone myself. Look at me. I’m naked.”

I laughed. It felt good. “You’re alright. Really.”

I gave her a hug, and she hugged me back. It wasn’t the same amorous embrace as earlier. It was something a lot more friendly and casual. I hadn’t known that you could hug a naked amazon lady in a way that was platonic, but it turned out you could.

“I *do* want to do this, okay Casey? I just want to wait a little. I like you so much and, if we do something, I want to make sure it starts in the right way. Is that okay?”

“Of course. Of course. You’re totally right. That’s really sweet, too. We should do this right.” She smiled at me, and it was a nice smile.

It didn’t sit right, though. There was something about her eyes. They said that she didn’t believe me. She believed my words of affection no more than I could believe hers.

We pulled apart and stood in front of each other for a while, feeling palpably awkward.

“So,” she said. “My clothes. I should probably get to that before I’m a total blimp.” She cleared her throat. “See you in a few hours...”

Part Nine: Roomies

After successfully cockblocking myself, life settled into a pseudo-normal routine, one that built nonchalantly off of absurdity like a Wright house builds off its landscape. I'd wake up a good bit before Casey and wouldn't see her awake until I had gotten back from my morning classes. Then, we'd have lunch. She'd wolf down several times more food than I did while I repeatedly assured her that she was okay to do so. After that, tutoring sessions where I helped Casey catch up with our material and get our homework done. Casey would complain at some point that her diet made her butt look fat, and when I took a peek I always saw more jiggle than the day before. Then we'd watch a movie. If Casey hoped to trigger a spontaneous pecking session between us, she didn't use her movie selections to do it: First *Zombieland*, then *Mandy*, then *Terrifier*.

Of course, even the best daily routines have their interruptions. While eating a whole pizza by herself, or trying to recite the organelles unique to plant cells, or watching a zombie get its brains blown out, she'd suddenly gasp, tensing up. "Okay, okay, here we go," she'd say. Then she'd retreat to the bathroom and pump. The time between pumps got longer and longer. Twelve hours, then thirteen, then fifteen. Sometimes she'd get up in the middle of the night to do it.

While her cycles grew longer, her output had grown even faster. It got to the point that Casey asked me to buy a second pump because the first pump's container threatened to become insufficient. I'd watch in mild awe as she poured cartons worth of milk down the sink. There was so much that we probably should've found a way to donate it.

But that wasn't the real problem. The real problem was how depressed Casey would get. After each pumping session she'd be knocked out for a few hours, totally apathetic and exhausted but unable to sleep. These lethargic periods only grew longer as our stay together progressed.

I knew why it was happening. She craved touch badly while she pumped — which was why things had gotten so intimate the first time she was over at my place — but now she was touch-starved. I couldn't help but feel guilty. I knew on some level that it was because of my insecurity, my fear, that she suffered like this. But I kept persuading

myself that I was doing the right thing. The depression was as much a part of the drug as the amorousness. Don't let her get her fix. Wean her off.

Casey, for her part, held up the agreement to an extent that was stunning. She never asked me to be with her while she pumped, or even tried to guilt me into it. In fact, she often *hid* that she was pumping, and tried to hide that she was depressed afterwards. She almost always wore an XXL sweatshirt she bought so that her (by no doubt gigantic at this point) chest wouldn't stir me, and kept a safe distance from me whenever we were together. Hell, maybe her gory movie selections were to comply with my wishes as well. It was painful how *nice* she was being; I almost wished she would make a fuss so that I could bend to her will, and stop feeling like some malevolent dictator.

That was probably why I began to have trouble sleeping. At first, it was the intense guilt I felt when I saw her try to sleep on the couch. Her legs dangled off so much that they nearly touched the floor. It also seemed cruel to deprive her of a mattress when she already faced the challenge of sleeping with boobs that grew by the day.

"You get my bed," I said. "I'll have the couch."

"You're not sleeping on your own couch when you've been feeding me and tutoring me and letting me live here."

"Casey, you barely fit on it!"

"You're not sleeping on the couch, dude."

So we shared the bed, with a wall of pillows between us. That worked out fine for a while, but each night I had a harder and harder time falling asleep. One night, at three am, Casey had to get out of bed to pump herself. She left me as quiet as she could but I guess I was sleeping light, because I was woken up and awake through the whole thing. After about twenty minutes she returned to bed, and she let out an unhappy sigh as she did so, one I wasn't supposed to hear.

I couldn't help myself. I snuck my hand under the pillow wall and grabbed hers.

There was a long period where she didn't seem to react. But, then, I felt her fingers close against my grip, and a bit after that her thumb began to caress me slowly. I was mad at myself. I'd set boundaries and now I had muddied the waters. But her hand felt so warm in mine, and I didn't have the heart to let go of her. By the time I fell asleep we were still holding hands.

I told myself that things would stop there, but the next night I forgot to build the pillow wall. Casey didn't say a word about it. The night after that, and the night after, I told myself I'd build it, but each time I seemed to forget.

That's how it got to be that one Friday night I was on the same bed as Casey, with no separation between us. She wore a T-shirt that used to fit her fine but now showed her midriff and barely covered her breasts, and she also wore a pair of sweatpants that showed most of her calves and a sizable crack of her butt. She had been emboldened, perhaps, by the wall between us being removed. Or maybe she had realized on some subconscious level that my resolve was faltering. In any case, while I thought of saying something, I ultimately didn't.

She was turned away from me, which spared me the worst of her temptations, but even still I determinedly didn't look at her. If I looked at her from behind all I'd be able to think about would be spooning her, and if I did that I'd be consumed by the idea of grinding against her, and if I did *that*...well, that was what I was trying to avoid. I tried to focus on her snoring. For all her virtues, her snoring could wake the dead. But for some goddamn reason even her *snoring* was hot to me, that night.

Such a huge thoracic cavity, to make all that noise. God, she's so big.

The night involved a lot of me staring at the ceiling, getting out of bed, snacking on random things in the kitchen, getting back into bed, not being able to sleep, getting back out into the kitchen, and so on. I only fell asleep at three thirty or so. It was pure exhaustion at that point.

I dreamed.

The dream was not coherent. It was not a fantasy which could be described as a narrative. What the dream lacked in lucidity, however, it made up for in intensity. The disconnected sensations — warmth, pressure, arousal, a taste of sweetness — were as explosive as they were undefined. I was a nonentity, unburdened of self-reflection, drifting through space, simply *feeling*.

Then I was awake, but not sure what had woken me up. Even with my eyes closed I knew the room was dark; the sun still hadn't risen. My alarm hadn't gone off, either. Why had I woken up early when I had fallen asleep so late? I rebelled. I squeezed my eyes shut. *No. I'm sleeping.*

I was pretty sure I had fallen asleep again. The wonderful dream continued. Fantastic. How often do great dreams continue where they left off, like that?

The dream still lacked any sense of causality, but the separate impressions now had relationships to each other. The warmth and the pressure were intertwined — where there was pressure, there was warmth. The warm-pressure was strongest against the front of my body but was also strong, curiously, against the back of my head. The taste of sweetness was warm, too, and this time I could imagine myself swallowing. And the arousal was—

Casey. This is how it would feel, if Casey was holding me, wouldn't it? If my face was right up against her chest, drinking from her. God, this is so great.

My mind was receptive and pliable that night, and so the dream shifted into the form of what I wanted. I dreamed that it was slightly brighter outside and I could see Casey in dead blue light. Her tits were swollen. They had to be at least three cup sizes larger than when we had met. In any case they were much larger than last night; the T-shirt that once at least kept her modest had creased up and slid off her breasts entirely. Large, dark nipples thrust in and out towards me; Casey was panting. It was her arms that wrapped around the back of my head, their warm-pressure drawing my face to her chest. Her voice, quiet and murmured:

“Oh...ooh, I need it.”

The dream faded into blackness, but I was still a part of the unfolding moment in the buzzed, unmoored way that you experienced things in dreams. Casey cooed, and moaned, but there was no content to her speech.

Her soft flesh enveloped my face, at last, and her nipple pressed against the bottom of my chin, then up across it, then against my lower lip, and then, once it reached my mouth, it pushed against me hard and secured itself. This was all just a dream, so I suckled. Casey shuddered. She let out a long agonized moan of pleasure. Her feet slid against my shins.

This dream is rather detailed...

Once upon a time, pumping meant that a few drops leaked from Casey's tit, and then once it really got going it was a steady trickle. But on this occasion I felt a jet of milk spray into the back of my mouth. The sudden impact made me cough

Why does my dream involve coughing?

and swallow reflexively. A steady torrent of milk sprayed from Casey's bountiful breast, and I had to suckle and swallow as much as I could to keep up with the influx. A heavy swallow, and then another, and then another. The taste was bright and fiery. The kind of perfect sweetness that makes you feel alert. My eyes opened and—

I'm not dreaming.

I wasn't. I was as awake as I had ever been. I was there, on my bed, and it was brighter outside and I could see Casey fine, and I was sucking at a breast too large for her T-shirt. In my shock I tried to pull my mouth off her, but as soon as I did Casey shoved me back.

"No, no, I need this...nngg....ooooohhh...."

I glanced up and saw that Casey's eyes were closed. Her jaw was slack, her mouth allowed to hang open.

I wasn't dreaming, but Casey sure was.

My mouth had filled again. It took three heavy swallows to clear it. Her lactation hadn't slowed down in the slightest; there was a huge stain on my bedsheets where her other breast spurted openly.

I tried to pull away again, but I could only struggle impotently against the powerful arms that embraced me.

"Ooh...stay still....pleeaaase...."

Her long, muscular, impossible legs wrapped around me and clutched me further against her. She had to curl up to secure her grip. Her body ensnared me, like a child clutching their pillow.

"My baby..."

Something about being so tightly held made my muscles relax all over. I was safe. I was warm. She was pressing against my crotch, pressing at the erection beneath my shorts. She was, in her sleep, actively grinding against me, her sweatpants and my shorts the only barrier as her hot pussy crushed against my erection. She moaned in her sleep. She was sexy, and everywhere, and all I had to do was let it happen. Just drink. It feels so good. This is what you've always wanted.

Somehow, though, I put a stop to it. I almost moaned in agony at the act, but I slipped an arm out from her embrace and grabbed her shoulder, shaking it.

"Mmmmmmm...."

It wasn't enough. I decided to call out to her. It was difficult to free my mouth, since Casey had it locked against her nipple, but I managed to rotate my head enough to speak.

"Casey. Casey!"

"Nnnn...?" Casey's eyes fluttered open, but only halfway. They were unfocused. She glanced down at me and smiled a little bit, like someone drunk on wine, and then closed her eyes again.

Then her eyes shot open. "Wha...!? GAAAAAAAH!"

She lurched away from me, her tits spouting milk but no longer pressed against my face. It was only then that she seemed to realize her limbs were also tangled around me. She yelled again and released me.

We both sat up in bed. I swallowed one more time and wiped my lips. It felt like the most conspicuous thing I had ever done. I felt all the more guilty for how dry my mouth felt. Despite all common decency, I craved more.

While we stared at each other, Casey's flow ebbed to a small trickle, then stopped. My sheets were ruined. Casey tried to pull down her T-shirt over her swollen tits, but the fabric just slid back up. She glanced towards me, and I thought her eyes might have gone to my crotch for a second before snapping away. Her face was pale. Mine blazed with heat. The tension seemed to last forever.

Casey tried to speak. "I...um..."

Her nipples shot out another two jets of milk. The limp sound of them spattering my bed were deafening. Casey clenched her jaw, tensed up all over, and squeezed her eyes shut the whole time, as if she might be able to disappear if she could just shrink her body enough. It was like watching a shower head spit more water after you had turned it off. It seemed to stop for a moment, and Casey opened her mouth, but then she locked it shut again when another spout burst forth. The fronts of her breasts glistened with wetness, slightly white where the fluid was most concentrated. My eyes stayed locked to them, and I prayed my hunger wasn't apparent in my gaze. Why was I so depraved? What was wrong with me?

Her flow eventually stopped, and she waited a long time for it to start again. When it didn't, she tried once more to speak. "I'll clean your bedsheets. I'll get to that today. I promise. Actually, I think I'll get to that right now."

Part Ten: Fallout

Casey and I couldn't look each other in the eye for the rest of the day. Or the day after that. How did you look a woman in the eye when you had drank milk from her breasts, in your twenties, and liked it? How did you look a *guy* in the eye when you had forcefully breastfed him in your sleep?

We didn't know, and I guess neither of us had the courage to try. We stopped watching movies or doing homework together. We hung out in separate rooms. The only real conversation we had was when Casey insisted that she was just fine taking the couch, *really*, and she didn't need my bed. It was no big deal. She *promised*.

She ate hungrily and solemnly. She still needed my reassurances for gorging herself but no longer asked for them. She'd sneak off to do her pumping and then lie in bed for several hours afterward. She studied alone. When she was absorbed in something I'd retreat to the bathroom and masturbate as quietly as I could to the image of her wet, glistening breasts, hating myself.

It was unbearable, and I decided that enough was enough. One morning, about twenty minutes before I had to leave for class, Casey was lying on her bed after pumping, and I decided to speak to her. I sat on the edge of the bed.

"Hey."

"Hey."

Her response was curt, but not mean. It was the response of someone who had no idea what to say.

"Do you want to talk about what happened?"

She took ten seconds to sigh. "I'm really sorry about that. I made things weird."

"You were asleep."

"I should've been able to tell I was awake, I think."

"I understand."

"Do you?"

"Yeah. I thought I was dreaming too."

She smiled thinly. “That’s nice to know, I guess. But the thing is...” She hesitated for a very, very long time. “There was a part of me that knew I wasn’t dreaming, and it wanted to keep going anyway. I was enjoying it.”

“...oh.”

“I know, it’s fucking disgusting, and so *weird*. I breastfed you, *and I liked it*. You tried to escape, and I overpowered you, *and I liked it*. What kind of person enjoys that? What kind of person is selfish enough to act that out on their best friend?”

I knew right away that this was supposed to be my moment. I had to reciprocate. I needed to say that the same thing applied to me. I too felt exposed by my accident — my accident that spoke volumes about the most shameful, honest parts of myself. Casey wasn’t alone. She was perfect for me, and I might have been perfect for her. She was everything I had dreamed of — literally. This was my moment to tell her that.

But I lacked Casey’s courage. Even now, I couldn’t accept what I was. So I only said, “I see.”

Ashamed of myself for not going the distance I should have, I grabbed Casey’s hand. It was a friendly gesture and a pathetic compensation.

We were silent for a while until Casey spoke again.

“When I pumped today, I noticed something. I think I’ve started to express...less. I mean, less than before. And I think my boobs are getting smaller again. The serum’s wearing off.”

“Oh. I see.”

“Yeah. Maybe I can get out of your hair.”

“I like having you around. Don’t feel rushed.”

“Yeah. Well. I was thinking of moving back to my apartment. Today.”

The hurt was stronger than I ever would’ve expected. “Are you sure?”

“I’m sorry.”

“Don’t be sorry.”

Casey pulled herself up so she was sitting beside me on the mattress. She looked down at me with her lips wrestling together. “There’s something else. It’s really hard to say.”

Resignation had overcome me. “Go ahead.”

She took a breath. "I keep thinking about the way I've been acting, since the first time I visited you. I'm kind of shocked by it. Asking you to sit next to me as I breastfed, asking you to touch me." She rubbed her thigh, a self-soothing gesture. "The way I was so forward afterward and then...when we woke up together. Maybe you were right. The serum might have been impacting my behavior. A lot. I feel really, really ashamed about it."

So I was right. It was the serum. It always had been.

She looked away. "Being around you has started to make me feel terrible. I feel so guilty about all that I've put you through, and all that I've *wanted* from you. I think..." She swallowed heavily. "I'm gonna start going to classes again, but I don't want us to sit together, or to be partners. Not until I feel better about this."

My face was blank. This moment was a film, playing out in front of me.

"You think that'd be best?" I asked. My voice was flat and toneless.

"Yeah. But just for a week or two. Okay? I still want to be friends."

No, she didn't. She was coaching her language to make it seem like it was about her because she didn't want to hurt my feelings. With the serum leaving her system, Casey had finally been able to reflect on all that had happened, and she had realized all the ways I had taken advantage of her. I knew she was drugged but I let her share my bed, and then I removed the wall between us, and then I said nothing when she changed into something skimpier. Then, after all of that, she confessed something deeply personal to me, and I had refused to reciprocate. I compromised her more and more and more while never compromising myself. I had humiliated her.

But she didn't want me to be hurt and so, even now, she protected my feelings. The only decent thing was to go along. "Yeah. I get it." I took a deep breath. "I gotta get to class."

"Alright. I'll try to finish packing as soon as I can."

"Okay."

"Thank you again for everything. You've been—"

"Yeah. See you."

I left Casey to it. I slung on my backpack and trudged down the hallway, then down the stairs, then stood in front of my apartment. It was bitterly cold that day and

the wind cut into my ears. I should've worn a winter hat, but I didn't want to go back and get it. Let Casey pack.

I walked to class and it seemed to take forever. All I could think about was how very long this walk was. It was only five or ten minutes but it felt endless. My mind was dazed and slow — I only had two or three clear thoughts the entire time. You'd think a slow mind would make time seem to pass faster, but it didn't.

Just get through it. Just walk.

I reached the building that contained my biology lecture hall. It would be different in there without Casey.

I realized that I had no intention to go to this class at all. In fact, I wasn't even planning on it when I set off from my apartment. I should do something else with my time. I wasn't hungry. I didn't want to be alone with my thoughts. I didn't want to talk to anyone. I knew I wouldn't be able to engage with a book, or even social media. What did that leave? I had maybe an hour to kill. Well, with Casey being so low after pumping, it might take her longer than that to pack. I wandered around campus.

By some miracle, my brain managed to produce a thought: *This isn't so bad. It's just two weeks, like she said. We'll still be friends.*

"Just friends," I muttered. That was the problem. Casey and I had been on the cusp of a full-blown intimate relationship. The door was open to me for weeks and I could have walked through at any time. It was too late, now.

I hardly noticed it when I was in the lab again. It was a pretty long room, about twice the size of a standard class, with rectangular tables spread out across it, and sinks around the perimeter, and of course the fridge where I kept my serum under special permission from the faculty. Despite all the space there was nobody there except me. The fluorescent lights buzzed and the clouded sunlight outside had no more warmth to it than they did. Some frustrated student had written on the board: "The only reward for work IS MORE WORK."

I sat on one of the tables and stared at the message. I felt too numb and dissociative to have strong feelings about it, but my mind allowed it to occupy my attention, just a little. Someone was feeling the crunch of the semester's end game. Was this their first semester? No, the real burnout came during the second, third, fourth

semester. It was probably a student around that time. When had they written it? Probably not too long ago, if nobody's erased it. I wondered if I had just missed them.

I smiled thinly to myself. I could remember having felt that way, but I got over it, didn't I? I did. School still sucked but it no longer seemed so...crushing.

Well, maybe this thing with Casey was similar. Have some perspective. You can get over this. You can enjoy her friendship. And even if you can't, there are other fish in the sea. Isn't that what they say? You'll find someone. Each girl seems like the be-all and end-all — more intelligent, special, and perfect for you than any that have come before...until the next one comes along. You'll find someone who you like even more than Casey, if you wait long enough. You've fucked up with Casey. Majorly. But you don't have to fuck up with the next girl.

Maybe so. But have I really fucked things up with Casey, permanently? Might there not still be a chance?

Sure. Maybe there's a chance. But there was no way a chicken shit like me would take it.

I sighed and went to the freezer. After some foggy deliberation I took the batch of serum out and set it on the counter. I pulled up a stool and stared at the dark, reflective liquid.

I could make a serum with the power to transform a woman, but I was powerless to transform myself. That's what it all came down to — that's why my despair survived the comforting bit of reason I had given myself. I might meet an even better girl after Casey, but I'd be the same guy as always. I'd be frightened of everything about this new person that I liked, and if by some miracle she was drawn to me anyway, I'd keep my walls up. Then, inevitably, she'd move on, like Casey was moving on right now. I was the problem. I was the common denominator. What ruined things with Casey would ruin things with every girl I fell for.

It had the chance to, anyway.

I picked up one of the vials and swished it around, watching the liquid refract its rainbows at me.

I thought about the same thing I had been obsessed with since I was a child. I thought about that thing that caterpillars could do.

Part Eleven: Metamorphosis

I returned to the apartment only an hour after I had left it. My ears and throat hurt from walking through the cold wind, and I was shivering. My hands were shoved into the pockets of my coat. On the floor were two suitcases, half-filled with folded clothes. Unfolded clothes were strewn around them. Casey, wearing the oversized sweatshirt I had seen a lot of lately, was on the couch eating a sub-sandwich; she had evidently ordered delivery when I left. She started upon seeing me.

“What’re you doing here? It’s only been an hour, hasn’t it?”

I didn’t say anything. I shrugged my backpack off and leaned against the counter, looking at her suitcases.

“Sorry I’m not done yet,” she said. “If I just focused I’d be out of here by now. There really wasn’t much to pack. I just felt really tired and...uh, hungry, I guess. Sorry.”

“You don’t have to be sorry. I’m glad you’re still here. I was hoping to catch you.”

She shoved the last of her sandwich into her mouth and swallowed it heavily, followed by a long gulp of water. “Do you need something? I paid for that sandwich myself, but if you want me to pay you back for the stuff I’ve had from your cabinet then—”

“No, no, it’s not that. You don’t owe me anything. But I have an offer to make.”

“What is it?”

I opened my mouth, closed it. I had known this moment would take courage but the words wouldn’t come. Was I wrong thinking that I could do things differently, for once?

“Hey, what is it?”

I took a deep breath. I approached her where she was on the couch and pulled a vial of the serum from my coat pocket. I held it out for her.

“I don’t want you to do anything that you don’t want to do. No pressure. Really. But...it’s an offer.”

“Is that...the serum?” Casey took it from me and held it before her eyes. “I don’t understand.”

“I never told you why I made it. I wasn’t able to work up the courage.”

“You said it was artistic expression, right?”

“Yes. But I never told you what I was expressing.” I took a breath to steady my nerves. Just go for it. If she thinks it’s disgusting, at least she’ll blame you, and not herself. “Casey, do you remember when we had lunch together? That first time, at the Einstein Bros? I had a dream about you that night. In that dream, we were...”

God. God. How the hell was I supposed to say it out loud, to her?

“We were doing what we were doing when we woke up together.”

She frowned a little, clearly not following. To me it seemed obvious what I was referring to, but maybe I was off on that. I had to be more specific. But how? I couldn’t just *say it*.

Casey broke the silence before I could find the words. “You had a dream about...*that*?”

So she did understand. She just couldn’t believe it.

“You were nursing me, and I enjoyed it, and because of that I was disgusted with myself. I thought something had to be wrong with me to want that. I wanted to stop thinking about it, but I couldn’t. I was sure you’d hate me if you knew, but I had to get it out of my head, so I...made the serum.”

Casey looked at me with wide, shocked eyes. “You *wanted* this?”

“You weren’t supposed to drink it! I swear to God; creating that was just to get over my angst. I never meant for you to—”

“That’s not what I meant. I know you didn’t. You tried to get that stuff out of me as soon as possible. What I’m asking is...me breastfeeding you. You wanted that? You’re being serious?”

“I’m serious.”

“Oh...” She stared at me, flummoxed. Her shoulders were slowly relaxing. “I thought I’d disgusted you.”

“You didn’t. I was only disgusted with myself.”

“What? Why?” She leaned forward, put a hand on my wrist. “You didn’t do anything. I started it. Every time.”

“You often initiated, sure, but I was the one who took advantage of the state you were in. You said it yourself. You said you were *shocked* by the things we did.”

“I was shocked by myself, not by *you*.”

“It doesn’t make a difference. We did things you never would have done otherwise.”

“That’s where you’re wrong.” Her lips wrestled. “We did what I’d be too afraid to do otherwise. I never did anything that I hadn’t wanted to do for weeks before I drank that stuff.”

“Never? Not even what happened on my bed?”

She blushed. “Yeah.” She laughed, nervously. “When I first realized what kind of serum you were working on, I started to fantasize about it, now and then. But how could I tell ever you about that? If you knew what I wanted from you, how weird and obsessed I was, then...”

“...I’d be driven away. Your desires would destroy everything.”

“Yes.” She smiled. Her relief was palpable. “Yes, exactly.”

We hadn’t kissed since the first time she came to my apartment. Just this morning we had agreed to stop seeing each other. But in that moment I couldn’t help myself. I put a hand against her cheek and stroked it. Her eyes drew shut. I closed the distance between us. Her arms wrapped around the back of my head and mine around hers. Our kisses had always been surprises, done in a panic, or at the very least conflicted. It was a new experience to kiss Casey slowly and leisurely, with no concerns but to savor the moment.

Between kisses she said, “so you really didn’t mind at all when I was nursing you? When I was restraining you?”

“I really didn’t. I was more turned on than I had ever been.”

“Me too.” She chuckled. “It feels so weird to admit it.” She let go of me and held up the serum, which was still in her hand. “Did you want to do it again? Another dose?”

I nodded. “It’s a big ask. Taking another dose of that means another week stuck here, at least, and you probably won’t be losing any weight down under. It’ll mean—”

She put her finger to my lips. “There’s just one thing I want to know. All those awful times when I pumped, and I couldn’t ask you to be there with me, and I felt so, so empty. Will that happen again?”

“No. I promise you, I’ll be there.”

“Then I’m in.”

After kissing me one last time, she screwed the lid off the vial. She swished it around a little — drumming up my anticipation, I suppose — and drank it. After she was done she licked her lips and fake moaned.

I laughed. I knew it was a joke, but to my embarrassment she had gotten me flustered anyway. Casey seemed to notice because she went as red as I had. Biting her lip, she set the vial aside on the table and used the opportunity to avoid eye contact for a little bit. Finally she turned back to me and straightened up. “Okay, uh, do you wanna touch my boobs?”

My eyes widened. “Woah.”

“Sorry. I couldn’t think of a smoother way to say it.” She smiled a little. “But, do you?”

I swallowed heavily. I nodded.

Her face reddened further. “That’s great. I’ve wanted to do this for a while, too.”

She grabbed my wrist and put it up under her sweatshirt, and suddenly my palm engulfed her breast. Hidden beneath her sweatshirt were multiple handfuls of tit, enough to fill my hand with unexplored flesh no matter how many times I repositioned. My other hand joined the first. Casey leaned back and I leaned forward and then I was on top of her, feeling up tits that seemed to reach her navel. Casey moaned. I pressed atop her even further and locked our lips. It was heaven. There was one thing that surprised me, though.

“Is that...are you wearing a bra?”

“Yeah, well, I shrunk enough to fit this one. Kinda. I figured I would only fit it better and better as I returned to normal. Now, though...” she giggled. “I guess it might get a little tight. Sorry.”

“Oh.” My mouth dried up, and my imagination scrambled to imagine what was underneath that sweatshirt, how poorly her bra may have been fitting her. “I...can I see?”

“Ahaha...already? I’m trying to be sexy. Stir your imagination a bit.”

“You’re already there. I’m stirred.” An assertiveness I didn’t know I had came over me, and I made to pull her sweatshirt over her head.

Casey shrieked with laughter and wriggled beneath me. “N-no! No!” She fought with my arms and slid out from below, flying off the couch. “Not yet! Suspense!”

“Please?”

“Suspense!”

“Okay. What do I have to do for you to take it off?”

“Well, let’s see, you have to...um...” She stood there, thinking for a while. A very long while. Casey clearly wasn’t used to the idea of abusing power over someone.

“I can close my eyes and turn around if it’ll help you think.”

“Shut up, I’ll think of something. Okay! Okay, got it. You can only say nice things about me once it’s off.”

“That’s it?”

“What do you mean, ‘that’s it!’?”

“I mean, I was gonna do that anyway...”

“Okay, fine. Um...” She swayed back and forth. Her whole face was scrunched up in thought. “I don’t know, okay? I...asking for things is hard!”

“Then don’t ask. Just take what you want.”

She giggled nervously, blushing. She stroked her arm. “No way. How come I have to be the leader?”

“You’re taller.”

“That’s not how it works!”

“Yes it is. I mean, look at this.” I stood from the couch and crossed the distance to her. I kept going until I was as close to her as I could be. “You completely tower over me. See? Look how much you have to tilt down your head. How am I supposed to issue commands while craning my head up at you? Hm? That’s like a little kid trying to boss around his mother.”

“Well, um...ha! Got it!” Casey dropped to her knees. Even while kneeling, her head went up to my chest. “There! Is this better?”

I cocked my head. “I think I liked it when you were standing up, but something’s still missing. Heels. Four inches, at least.”

She laughed. “Oh my God, *stop it*. I get that you want me to feel better about myself, and I *really* appreciate it, but you don’t have to pretend to be obsessed with my height just to—”

I clapped my hands, cutting her off. “Okay! That’s it. Your leadership capacities are hereby revoked. Recent statements have shown that you lack good judgment.”

“...Huh?”

“Take off your sweatshirt.”

“But—”

“Now, please.”

She fought valiantly to keep herself from smiling but eventually lost. Biting her lip, she nodded and slipped it off.

The cleavage underneath was so massive that I couldn't see the rest of her. It was clear, also, that Casey's idea of “a bra that fit” was generous; the poor garment — an industrial, plain white bra — failed to contain her on all sides. Her breasts bubbled up top, spilled out the sides, covering her armpits, and hung out below. In just a few minutes, I reminded myself, they would be even bigger. There was a wonderful contrast between the bombshell bounty of her chest and the vulnerable, shy expression on her face. Casey still thought she wasn't attractive.

I'd fix that.

I opened my mouth, as if to say something, but no words seemed adequate. I gave up and just stared at her.

She was trying not to smile again. “They're not too big?”

“My ideal size is whatever happens to be on Casey's chest. Now, lie down.”

“On the couch?”

“On the floor. Really stretch out.”

She laid her sweatshirt aside and did as I asked. The sight was exquisite. Spread out, like this, Casey's full lankiness was as clear as could be. She spanned the full length of my bookshelf and then stuck out beyond it. Her chest and tits reached over halfway up my calf. She was like a massive, sexy bear rug. I wanted nothing more than to crawl on top of her, but I knew I had to take my time. The real show wouldn't start until the serum kicked in. I paced around her, savoring just how many steps it took me to make each lap, the way her eyes followed me, the goofy smile she made whenever I was above her head and she had to roll up her eyes to see me, and the fact she had to raise her head to see me over her chest when I was by her feet.

“So I'm just complimenting your height to make you feel better about yourself.”

“Well, guys don't like girls who are...so big. Especially when they come off so strongly, like I do.”

I hummed absently and crouched down near the end of her legs. She brought her head up to see me over her chest but I told her to put it back down, and she reluctantly complied.

“The more arguments you make, Casey, the more I think you may be right.” I kissed the top of one of her feet. “Who could love this much woman? There’s just too much for any decent man to take part in. No man would want to overwhelm themselves with *so much*. With your ankles...your calves...your knees...”

I had dropped to my knees by now, and crawled beside her. As I traveled, I caressed each body part that I listed, kissed it over and over again, left a trail of love across her skin. Too much woman? There wasn’t nearly enough.

“And then your thighs. But that simplifies things. There are so many parts to a thigh. And when a thigh is as massive and muscular as yours is, those parts stand out even more, don’t they? There’s the sartorius, the rectus femoris...” I kissed the huge, bulging front of her thigh. “Then the outer thigh: the vastus lateralis, the tensor fasciae latae.” Two more kisses.

“But of course,” I continued, “there are also the adductors.”

“Please...”

“The adductor longus, the psoas major...”

“Nnn...nnnng...”

“I suppose most people just call this region the inner thigh. The upper thigh.”

I rained kiss upon kiss on her, moving closer and closer to the pubis region, which I finally kissed directly through the fabric. Casey did her best to keep her moans contained, and the result was an adorable sequence of high pitched grunts and whimpers. One of the legs, the one opposite me, shot up and spasmed, kicking the air. If I had been in the wrong spot it probably would’ve been powerful enough to knock my teeth out. That aroused me further.

“Please...”

“Hm?”

“Take them off...”

“Your shorts? Why would I ever do that? Don’t you wish to hide your body?”

“Please...please...”

“Alright, fine. But only to prove my point.”

Casey raised her hips as best she could and I began to shimmy off her shorts. It was a challenge; Casey's ass had grown enough in the last week or so that they were on her tight.

Eventually I cleared the outer flares of her pelvis and the fabric slid smoothly. That's when I noticed a delightful surprise: She wasn't wearing any underwear. I suppose everything digged into her.

"Holy shit," I said. I had planned to say something wittier than that.

Her shorts caught at her feet and, in my haste, stayed stuck there as I tried to yank them off. The instant they were successfully removed, however, I forgot all about them. I pounced. I kissed her mons, first, and then the bulging skin to either side of her slit. I was now positioned between her legs. Her thighs spread, raised, and came back together again; the same adductors I had so lovingly named and pecked at pressed against the sides of my head with a pressure as comforting as a weighted blanket. Casey's moans began to escape through her throat, no matter how much she tried to hold them back. Her hips kept bucking up — involuntarily, no doubt — and I had to be mindful to move my face in rhythm with them.

What was also involuntarily, I assumed, was the rhythmic pressure of her thighs clenching around my head. For a moment I worried she might lose control and crush me. I decided, though, that there were worse ways to go.

Casey sucked in a sharp breath. "O-okay, okay, I need a break."

Reluctantly, I withdrew. Her thighs parted and lowered and I raised my face and the sweeping landscape of Casey bloomed before me.

"Was that too much?"

"No. No. That was great." She heaved a few more breaths. "Just, uh, give me a moment."

From my vantage point, the limitations of Casey's bra were clear to see: Two lovely, semi-circles of underboob. Were they bigger than earlier?

I wasn't sure, but the thought got me excited. Casey may have needed a break but I was still full throttle. I decided on a compromise. I'd leave her sensitive parts alone, but I'd continue my trip up her body. I was only halfway done, after all.

So I savored her belly, kissing each of her amazonian abs and tickling her sides. It's a special thrill to make someone so large giggle. I skipped her breasts for now — she

wanted a break, after all — and spread my arms out across her shoulders, enjoying the heavy bumps of her deltoids. Then I kissed my way down her long, lanky, surprisingly thin arms, which nevertheless were corded with lean muscle. I kissed her palms, then briefly sucked the tips of all her fingers. I reached her collar bone, and then the infamous divot of her neck, which I gave special attention so that I might make Casey laugh again.

What I received, though, was not laughter, but only a subdued chuckle. With some unease, I continued up her neck, and then her chin. Casey was silent.

Finally I lied beside her, face to face, and I saw that her eyelids were wet.

She smiled and tried to wipe them away. “Sorry.”

“Are you okay? Is it something I did?”

“No, no, you’re okay.” She stroked the hair beside my ear. “I was just thinking about how close we were to missing this. If you didn’t come to me with the serum, today...I might have just let this whole thing fade away. All because I was too afraid to just tell you how I felt. I liked you so much that it made me feel pathetic. Even when we barely knew each other I was obsessed with you.”

“Really? Since when?”

She chuckled. “Since minute one, dude. Do you know what a big deal it was that you were nice to me? That you never teased me about my body, or about how awkward I was?” Her eyes crinkled. “You probably don’t even remember this, but the first time we made eye contact you smiled. You said you wanted me around before we spoke a word. People *never* do that.

“But I knew it was pathetic to fall for someone just because they were nice to me. I knew I was supposed to have higher standards. I tried to branch out and make more friends, but...honestly, I think I was just doing that to make myself feel less ‘easy.’ I only felt worse and worse. But the more time I spent around you the more I realized that you were genuinely a great guy. I started to think it was okay, that I was so into you.”

“Stop that. I’m...I’m *alright*.”

“No, I really mean it. You’re so smart and attentive and, just, selfless. You make me feel like I could give you permission to do anything and you wouldn’t abuse it. You like me for who I am. You make me feel like I *matter*.” She wiped one of her eyes. “Which, uh, is why I’m crying, I guess. I can’t believe I almost let you go.”

I was stunned by how well Casey's experience had lined up with my own, the whole time. Mutually, we were infatuated. Mutually, we thought the other was perfect. But, mutually, we let our own excitement stop us. We didn't dare to grasp what we most wanted because we were convinced it was too good for creatures like ourselves. And that almost killed the moment we were having now. I understood her tears.

We had been silent for a while, just staring at each other, and Casey decided to break the silence. "Anyway. Do you wanna pick up where we left off?"

I smiled. "I think so. How about you get on your belly. I've only explored half of you. There's a whole other side of you to see. Your beautiful, strong back..."

"And my butt..."

"Yes."

"I've gained so much weight there."

"Casey..."

"Right. Sorry. You're super into it. I need to stop...nng!" She pulled away.

"Casey!?"

"Oh....oooooh, God." She sucked in a deep breath. "Yup, okay, okay, it's happening."

I looked down and, sure enough, her breasts had expanded while we'd been distracted by our conversation. What was once innocent boob spillage was now a total breach of containment. Casey, still propped on one arm, shook with the effort of keeping herself up, and so the flesh of her cleavage wobbled and quivered. It looked like she was vibrating right out of her bra.

"Christ. Christ. Get this thing off. No. Wait. Get me up."

I shot to my feet at once, hooked my hands under her arms (it was a bit difficult to thread them past the sides of her breasts) and tried to think about pressing my legs into the floor as hard as I could. I hefted up her torso and for a moment felt that we would both collapse, but Casey finally got her stance wide enough to support herself. The maneuver pressed us very close to each other. My chest crushed against her breasts and she let out a sharp grunt of pain.

"Oooh God, Christ, they're sensitive."

"Shit, sorry."

"You're good, you're good, just get this bra off."

I unhooked her, much faster than last time. It wasn't such an alien process, anymore. What was alien, though, was the bright red mark that spanned the breadth of her back. Her bra had been digging into her, tightly. Casey sighed in relief but then winced again.

"You alright?"

"My fucking...my fucking tits dropped. Bouncing hurts."

"Well, sit down, then. Gently."

I backed off so Casey could move freely. She lowered herself to the couch slowly and deliberately, with her palms against her tits to keep them stable andunjiggly. It was like she had two bags of dogfood on her chest. Were they even bigger than just a moment ago? There was no way they were growing that quickly, right? That'd be impossible, even with the serum.

Right?

Casey pulled away her hands, puffed out a breath. "Oookay. Okay. Feeling alright."

"Do you feel sick, or anything?"

She shook her head. "It hurts when they bounce, or whatever, but I feel okay. It's the same as usual but, just, *really* intense. Pressure from inside my rack. Feeling warm all over. Like my skin's glowing, and smooth, and like a touch would be *amazing*. And...horniness." She blushed. "It's all up to eleven. This is so much more intense than the first time I drank this stuff."

I brooded on that. "Hmm. Well, there's more of it in your system than ever. The new dose is working with what's left of the old dose. You also haven't expelled any of it this time. If I had to guess, though, the biggest thing is that your body is very sensitive to it, by this point. The same amount affects you much more than it did a week ago."

"That explains a lot..." Casey closed her eyes and rolled her head back. One of her hands rubbed her thigh. "Y-yes, that...that..." The hand went to her crotch, and she began fingering herself. "Ooh...that explains *soooo* much."

"Huh. Well, I don't wanna be creepy and take advantage of things, so I think I'm gonna run a few errands. I'll see you in a few hours. Let me know how—"

"I'll fucking kill you."

I laughed and crawled onto the couch beside her. “Kidding. It’s hot as hell to hear you say that, though.”

She laughed. Her hand was covered in her own juices. Its machinations were lubricated, slick, frictionless. Wetness also covered the insides of her thighs, and had gotten the couch a little stained. Whatever. I had baking soda.

“I’ll fucking kill you. I’ll crush your skull. I’ll break your pelvis.”

“Oh, God, don’t stop.”

Her arm flew out and coiled around my shoulder, like if a whip were used against a narrow tree. “I’ll *yank* you in.” I flew in towards her, my body slamming against hers. “I’ll rip your head out with its spine and wear it on my waist...like the fuckin’ Predator....God you feel so *goood*.”

With her free hand she pulled off my shirt in a single, quick, clean maneuver. It was like someone pulling off a table cloth with such speed that the dishes didn’t clatter.

“More of your skin...against mine...I *need it*...”

I took the hint. It was a little difficult with Casey grappling me, but I shook off my pants, and my skivvies with them.

Casey buried her face into my neck and whimpered. I was fully on her lap and trapped against her as tightly as a piece of clothing. She was *wearing me*. She whimpered again, and again, and again, each time louder and faster than before. Finally, she clutched me in one last monstrous seizure of pleasure.

“MMMMMMMMRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!”

I actually thought she might break my spine.

She was a roaring, gigantic, thrashing force beneath me. Her entire body was slick with sweat and burning hot, the huge muscles contracting and twitching spasmodically. I knew all of this from touch and sound alone; my face was so tightly pressed into her upper chest that all I could see was blackness. I could hear, faintly, beneath her ecstasy, the squelching sound of her juices spitting out of her.

Under her breath, Casey was muttering. “You’re my little guy...my baby...right against me...please....need iiiit...”

She threw herself against the couch. Her mouth hung open. If she weren’t moaning so much I would’ve thought she had passed out.

“So *huge*...massive...they’re gonna *burst*...”

I pulled back. There was no doubt about it: Casey's breasts had swollen, considerably. It must have happened while I was pressed against her, and the feeling of it must've been lost among all the—

They surged out. Right in front of me.

I was *seeing* them grow.

Casey's whole body shook. In a rhythmic tattoo her breasts filled out a bit more. Then a bit more. Then a bit more. Casey would arch her back violently, relax a little bit, and then arch it once more with the next wave, letting out a pained, orgasmic shout each time.

"OH.....AH.....GAAAGHH!"

Her great mane of hair shook. Strands of hair stuck to her sweat-stained body. She looked frazzled and unkempt, but above all else primeval, and *powerful*.

Small drops of milk leaked from her nipples, but the dam was not yet broken, and her tits still surged larger, larger. I was reminded of those cartoon volcanoes that rumbled and shook before erupting.

I'm drinking that.

For once, no part of my mind had any objections. But how to position myself, with her sitting on the couch like that?

Well, how do babies do it?

I twisted myself into a lying position where my upper torso was on Casey's lap. She followed my lead soon after and cradled me against her bosom. The arms that held me against her shook from sensation. I looked up towards Casey and, incredibly, in the middle of all that was going on, I could see apprehension. Simple shyness.

I smiled at her and opened my mouth, but before I could do anything else her nipple intruded it. And then it pressed into me even more, even more, even more. A sudden explosive growth spurt had caused her breasts to burst against my face like airbags.

Casey's moan was so intense that she almost dropped me. She was panting now, her face completely red, but even still her eyes were on me, and nervous. *Is this really okay?*

I was nervous too, but nerves had kept us apart for far too long. I licked at her nipple

You are forgiven.

and Casey's entire upper body shook in response. Her breasts were so large that it was a miracle I had any lap left to lie in. Mountains of quivering flesh which made her face and shoulders seem comically tiny in comparison. I kept licking, kept sucking, and before long her breasts expelled a steady torrent of milk.

There was a shift in Casey's demeanor. Before she had been wound up, frenzied, near tortured by her lust. But as soon as I drank from her things were different. She closed her eyes and let out a big sigh, which turned into syrupy, murmured chuckling. I smiled up at her, intensely pleased to see her so happy, and she smiled back down at me with adoration. Like...

Well, like a mother and her baby.

I felt her thumb stroke the back of my head. She laughed. "You really don't think this is weird?"

I freed my mouth for just a second. "Who even cares at this point?"

She smiled. "Yeah, who cares?" Her free hand curled around my shaft and began pumping. Her skin seemed the softest thing in the universe.

"You like that?"

I moaned.

"Very good."

In truth I didn't last long. I had been on the edge this whole time and it didn't take much to push me over it. Casey kept pumping me even as I gushed out, letting my fluids run down her hand.

"Good. That's a good boy."

I blushed and buried face into her tit. She chuckled.

"Oh, come now. I think you did really, really great." She repositioned us, locking my lips more securely around her nipple. "Now, I think you deserve a little extra reward for—"

Her tits expelled so much milk, so quickly, that the jets she had let out a few days ago seemed like little sprinklers. My mouth filled beyond capacity within seconds and I had to pull back to keep from choking, for which I was immediately rewarded by having my face drenched. It was like I was right against a hose, an endless torrent of milk that soaked my face and my chest and my hair. Very, very slowly, the outrush abated.

I coughed. “Jesus, *Christ*—”

Another spurt blasted me, and for ten more seconds we sat in awkward silence as the last drops spurted out of her.

When it was finally done we stared at each other, mortified. And then we burst out laughing.

Hours later we were still on that couch together, lying down and cuddling. Her tits had shrank back down to a “modest” size. Her long legs were curled up in order to fit on the couch, and they wrapped around my own so we could both fit. Casey had conked out soon after she was done expressing.

I loved being chest to chest with Casey, but I wanted to take a look at my apartment. I shifted myself around.

“Mmmm....noo....”

Casey’s arms wrapped around me. Her legs clamped around my waist. Her limbs had me ensnared, and I had no hope of breaking out of them.

“Stay...”

I stayed. I just needed to take a look, was all. I saw the faded spot where my poster had been, the empty wall where I had used to keep my sticky notes.

It was all quite barren. The apartment could use a touch more personality. Casey would be staying here, after all.