

# MATERNAL INSTINCTS

Case # 6  
Name Withheld

Waveform Sensitivity  
Threshold: physiological  
response unavoidable.

Day 5  
Original Story by Mister B.

Illustrated by Johnny Swell





# MATERNAL INSTINCTS

A Breast Expansion Novella

Written by

**Mister B.**

Illustrated by

**Johnny Swell**

**The Breast Expansion Story Club**

San Francisco – Tucson – Buenos Aires – London

**Maternal Instincts**  
All Rights Reserved © 2004 by **Mister B.**  
Illustrations by **Johnny Swell**  
Designed by **NBK Estudio**  
Edited by **Leviathan**

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express written permission from the publisher.

### **The Breast Expansion Story Club**

For information address:  
BE Story Club  
P.O. Box 7361-101319  
San Francisco, CA 94120-7361  
[www.bestoryclub.com](http://www.bestoryclub.com)

Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.  
This is a work of fiction.

Published in the United States of America

# MATERNAL INSTINCTS

## MONDAY

Jessica loved her new convertible. On such a sunny day, she loved tying her long, red hair into a pony tail, throwing on a baseball cap and driving to anywhere. She loved the feel of the sun on her face as she drove around town, noticing the palette of scents within her neighborhood - the Mexican restaurant, the new-mown grass at the playground, the flower shop.

It was two weeks after the school year had ended, and Jessica was enjoying her first summer off as a full-time elementary school teacher. Thankfully, her aging econo-box lasted long enough to move her belongings to her flat in this town and to get her a few hundred dollars on trade-in. The little white convertible with the red top had been a reward to herself after she made it through her first school year driving her decade-old college beater. Her friends and co workers cited Jessica's pale skin and red hair, joking that the diminutive car perfectly reflected her 5' 7" all-American good looks.

The first school year had gone fast. Though Jessica had made some friends within the faculty, she had yet to restart her love life since relocating. Thankfully, her sister Carrie - who had recommended that Jessica apply to the school district and also helped her find a place to live - lived in a neighboring suburb with her husband Mark. Until a few months ago, the two sisters kept each other's social calendars full. Carrie had recently given birth to her first child, Rebecca, and since then Jessica had been spending less time enjoying the local nightlife.

Jessica signaled for a left turn and pulled into the turn lane. Waiting for the yellow light, she nosed out into the intersection as the oncoming traffic rushed past. "Come on already," she said to the faceless drivers as they selfishly continued to speed through the intersection. The light turned red, and Jessica pressed on the gas pedal.

Exposed to the open air, she heard the undiluted squeal of stopped tires drawing across dry pavement. With a slight lift of her head, she saw a white van speeding towards the intersection. While she watched, the white van began to turn sideways as it charged towards her. Though the front wheels of the truck were now turned fully 90 degrees to the street, the inertia continued to propel the vehicle forward. The cab of the van had ridden up on to the sidewalk, and the back end knocked into another vehicle, forcing the back doors open. The front end hit a telephone pole, causing the van to bounce back onto the path towards Jessica.

Jessica braced herself for the impact.

The injured parade of metal and rubber slowed only slightly as it spun back into the street, continuing to advance and turn until the back end of the van banged into the nose of Jessica's convertible. Jessica's head bounced against the headrest. A split-second later, the cabriolet slammed into the SUV behind her with a loud bang, and Jessica's car bounced forward into the rear of the delivery van. Jessica's head bounced off the steering wheel, just as a metal drum fell out of the van and onto Jessica's windshield, crushing the frame and the glass that it held. The shock forced the top off

of the drum, which rolled away as a thick wave of liquid poured from the barrel onto Jessica. The fluid flooded out into her face. Held in by her seat belt, she couldn't escape the deluge. She gagged on the liquid for a few seconds until the impact with the cars behind her knocked her into her steering wheel, leaving her unconscious.

Other drums followed the first out of the van and onto the smaller vehicle's hood. Their lids broke open, dousing Jessica with in the streams of liquid that poured from the containers. The drums emptied into the open cabin of Jessica's car, quickly filling up to the tops of the seats.



Jessica awoke slowly, her eyes still closed. She had been sleeping on her back - an unfamiliar position to her - and she became aware of the drone of fluorescent lights and electronic equipment. Though her mind was still cloudy, Jessica was cognizant that she was not in her own bed.

Jessica drifted in and out of semi-consciousness, unclear about the passage of time. She understood that she was in a hospital, but she could not recall how she had arrived. With each episode of alertness, however, she became more aware of a dull pain in her head.

Emerging from the fog of painkillers, Jessica found two figures standing on either side of her bed. On the left was a woman in nurse's scrubs, on the right, a young man in a suit. The young man was fairly charismatic, with brown hair that was cut short, highlighted and mussed into seemingly natural bed-head. He wore his suit with the ease of someone who wears such an outfit most days.

"What am I doing here?" Jessica asked thickly, her throat dry and stiff.

The nurse handed Jessica a glass of water. "You've been in a car accident," the nurse explained, as she fluffed the pillows behind Jessica's head. "As far as we can tell, you're fine except for that nasty bump on your head. The dryness you feel in your mouth is from the painkillers."

The thought of the loss of her convertible caused Jessica's stomach to sink. "I don't remember being in an accident. How long have I been here?" Jessica asked the nurse.

"Most of the day," the nurse answered. "You came in to the ER just after lunch, and it's almost 9:00 now. We're going to keep you here overnight for observation, but so far it looks like you're going to be fine."

Jessica blinked slowly, digesting the information. She turned to the young man in the suit. "Who are you?" she asked, taking another drink of water.

"Hi, I'm Zach," the young man explained, leaning forward to shake Jessica's hand. "Zach Walters. I'm the lawyer assigned to your case."

"My case?" Jessica said, pausing between sips of water. "I wasn't aware that I retained a lawyer, and *what case?*" she asked Zach.

"I'm hired by your health insurance company to settle any claims with BioCad—the company responsible for the truck that crashed into your car. BioCad is certainly admitting fault for the crash," Zach explained, "but it is standard procedure that they're going to fight hard against any claim that the chemical that spilled from the truck was in any way harmful."

"Chemicals?" Jessica wondered aloud.

"Okay," Zach explained, "like many people who go through a physical trauma—like a car crash—you've lost some of your memory surrounding the event. One theory is that the short term memories don't make it into long term for retrieval later. Another is that the mind may simply block an event if it's too horrible to face it." Zach paused to let Jessica process his explanation. "Anyway, the van that hit you was loaded with barrels of something, and that something spilled out and nearly drowned you. BioCad isn't saying what was in the barrels, but it's already positioned a legal team to fight any claims that the spill caused any undue harm."

Jessica briefly scanned her arms and hands, looking for some sign of having survived a chemical spill, following up with a pair of deep breaths. In her mind, she pounded on her memory banks, but couldn't come up with any recollection of the accident. "I don't remember anything about that," Jessica informed Zach. "She said I was fine," pointing to the nurse as she touched the tender lump at her hairline, "except for this bump on my head."

"That's good to hear, but please," Zach said gently, "if you notice anything at all out of the ordinary - a cough, a rash, anything - give me a call." He handed her his business card. "Use the cell phone," he offered, "it's always on."

## ***TUESDAY***

Jessica spent the morning lying in bed, watching TV, reading magazines and sleeping. She got out of bed a few times to use the bathroom and do some general exploring. She found that her sister Carrie had stopped by at sometime, leaving a note as well as some clean clothes, left folded in the closet for her. The note gave some detail on arrangements for a rental car until Jessica's convertible could be repaired, and also to expect Carrie to pick her up after her discharge this afternoon.

Jessica watched the clock move slowly towards 2:00, when her doctor should come for a last check up before discharging her.

At 1:30, not long after another meal of bland hospital food, a nurse stopped in to let Jessica know that the doctor would be in shortly, and that she could get dressed. Jessica was happy to be leaving, but at this moment, her joy came from putting on her own clothes again. She stepped into the bathroom with her pile of clean clothes. Under the flimsy hospital garb, she slipped into a fresh pair of panties, her jeans, and then stepped

into her shoes, tossing her socks into her bag. Dropping the one-piece garment, she grabbed her bra and hurriedly fastened it around her ribs, haphazardly pulling the shoulder straps up. As she pulled her shirt around her, Jessica paused before buttoning to stuff her nipples down into the cups of her bra. She quickly appraised that she had too much breast and not enough bra.

She tried again to get comfortable, pulling the tops of the cups up to cover her nipples, but try as she might, she could not make herself fit into the confines of the bra. She removed and examined the bra, which an ex-boyfriend had given to her on her last birthday, recognizing the small snag on the side of the right cup left from the time her jewelry box spilled into her lingerie drawer. One of the hooks on the back had gotten bent when it had caught on a heavy sweater in the laundry. Although she certainly recognized the bra, it clearly was not the right size. She checked the tag, and it read 34-C, as she had expected. Perplexed, Jessica put her ill-fitting bra back on and continued dressing, until she was interrupted by a knock on the door of her hospital room.

Jessica hopped out of the bathroom, fastening the last button of her blouse. She opened the door to find a woman in a lab coat reading a clipboard as she walked through the doorway. The woman entered the room without looking up from her reading.

"And how do we feel today?" the woman began, using the monotone of one who has repeated the same line thousands of times. The sentence did not actually sound like a question, and as far as Jessica could tell the woman was not really interested in a response. The tag on her lab coat read 'Dr. J. Cuomo.' "How does your head feel?" the doctor continued without Jessica's response to the first question.

Jessica sat down on the bed, and began lacing her shoes. "My head is okay, but my chest is bit swollen. In fact," Jessica realized, cupping her hand under one breast, "I'm feeling rather tender."

Dr. Cuomo barely looked up from the clipboard as she sat down in the chair. "That could be from the impact, though I didn't see any bruising. I understand you were wearing your seat belt, according to the paramedics. Perhaps you pulled a muscle or cracked a rib...." she trailed off as she flipped through the pages on the clipboard "...but I didn't see any sign of fractures in the X-rays."

"No, it's not in my muscles or my bones," Jessica countered. "The ache is in my breasts."

Doctor Cuomo finally made eye contact. "Could you be more specific? Do you think this related to your cycle?"

"No," Jessica explained, "this is definitely something...different. I am...uh...bigger." The doctor reacted only with a silent stare. Jessica quickly upped the ante. "I'm noticeably bigger, more than I would see during my cycle. I'm falling out of my bra—the same one I was wearing when I was brought in."

The doctor stood up and drew the curtain around the bed. "Let's have a look," the doctor offered. Jessica unbuttoned her blouse, unveiling an obviously undersized bra

that failed to prevent her bosom from bulging out of the cups. Self-consciously, she reached behind her back and unfastened the hooks, dropping the bra into her lap. Dr. Cuomo stared at Jessica's enlarged breasts, and her enlarged breasts stared back at Doctor Cuomo. After a minute of silent scrutiny, the doctor finally spoke to her young patient, flipping through the papers on the clipboard. "You're not pregnant, are you?"

"Not that I'm aware of," came Jessica's quick response.

"We can do another blood test, if need be." The doctor swayed from side to side, scanning Jessica's bare bosom. "No visible bruising and nothing noticeably asymmetrical." The doctor began gently probing Jessica's ribs around her bulging breasts. "Anything hurt? Any pain?"

"I wouldn't say I'm in pain," replied Jessica. "I'm just sort of...more...sensitive."

Doctor Cuomo stood up and stuck her head out the door, barking at a nurse to bring a hypodermic needle.

"Well," the doctor sighed, returning to her seat in front of Jessica, "I'm going to palpate your breasts, so let me know if you feel any discomfort."

Jessica could only think of the discomfort of having a complete stranger feel her up. She nodded in assent, and tried to zone out for the rest of the examination, further dreading the upcoming hypodermic stab.



Twenty minutes later, Jessica was in her sister's car, riding home without any explanation for the sudden change in her breasts. The dull throb in her left arm, a reminder of the latest blood sample, competed for attention with the throb within her breasts.

Less than two years older than Jessica, Carrie was Jessica's blond-haired doppelganger. She chatted away as she usually did, spending the short ride recounting her version of Jessica's accident. Carrie had pieced the information together from the police, the hospital staff, the insurance company, and a conversation with Zach. Jessica sat in the back seat, as her newborn niece Rebecca was belted safely into a safety seat up front, sleeping peacefully. Jessica was partly thankful for the new arrangement, as it was easier to tune out her sister's voice when she chose.

"...he's pretty cute, don't you think?" Carrie asked, in an unexpected opening for Jessica to join the discussion.

"Who's pretty cute?" Jessica responded, caught off-guard.

"Your lawyer," Carrie repeated, "the one with the green eyes and the nice buns. What was his name?"

Jessica took a moment to sift through her addled memory banks, recalling the athletically lean young professional. "Zach," she answered.

"He is a cutie," Carrie admonished. "If you didn't notice, he has great hair, a good job, *and*..." Jessica sensed what would come next from her sister. "...he's single."

Jessica had been too disoriented by her experience to have given Zach that much thought. Carrie returned to her monologue on the accident, and continued unabated until Rebecca began to stir in her car seat. "I was expecting her to wake soon," Carrie explained. "She's overdue for a feeding. I must have started leaking 10 blocks ago," Carrie added with a small laugh punctuated with a snort.

Taking Jessica's silence as her usual indication to continue talking, Carrie did not pass on the opportunity. "I loved having a little more on top when I was first pregnant," she began, "but sometimes I feel like my boobs are out of control. I know we'll get back on a schedule eventually, but the leaking is..." baby Rebecca interrupted her mother's monologue with a brief whimper. "Yes, I know," Carrie said leaning towards her infant daughter, "soon, little girl, soon. Now," Carrie had again redirected her lecture back at Jessica, "I know breastfeeding is supposed to be natural, but it doesn't happen automatically. She's gotten the hang of it, though. Otherwise I leak all over her—*or spray*—if I'm full. Right now I have pads in my bra or I'd soak through my shirt!"

Rebecca was becoming more vocal, and Carrie continued to talk over her daughter's growing cries. Jessica found it hard to concentrate on Carrie's lecture of breastfeeding 101 when the perplexing pulsing in her own breasts demanded her attention.

Finally, Carrie pulled into Jessica's driveway, and Jessica was thankful for the silence.



Back at home, Jessica flipped through her mail, opened the windows, and watered the plants. All the while, her breasts continued to ache.

Her answering machine had been dutifully flashing a double-digit number since she had walked in the door. With paper and pen in hand, Jessica finally pressed 'play.' For the first few messages, she sorted through saved recordings and automatic telemarketers, until she reached the time just after the accident.

Next was a message from her sister Carrie, at the time still uninformed about the crash. Her sister delivered a rambling speech about meeting later that week, until baby Rebecca began to cry in the background. The baby's cries became more insistent, and Jessica became unexpectedly overwhelmed with an intense sense of urgency. Her sister's voice remained completely calm, giving directions to a new restaurant for a lunch date. As she began to scribble the directions onto the back of an envelope, Jessica could hear that Carrie had now picked up the baby, its cries nearly drowning out its mother's voice.

Jessica now stood over the machine, hands on either side of the small table where it sat next to the phone, feeling a concentrated but indescribable need. The sound of the crying seemed deafening, though she clearly heard Carrie say, "...gotta run. Somebody's hungry here. I'll talk to you later," before the message ended. The short symphony of distress was replaced with the digital voice of her answering machine announcing the next message. Jessica was hardly aware of the sound coming from the machine, human

or otherwise. First, she only experienced relief that the baby's cries had been silenced. Then, she sensed a greater ache in her breasts.

Flushed and frustrated, Jessica dropped the pen and paper, pressing 'stop.' "This can wait," Jessica concluded, "I need a shower."



Sitting in his office, Zach looked up from his laptop at the sound of a knock on the open door. Kelly, his intern, stepped in, stopping on the other side of his cluttered desk. Zach looked forward to the day when Kelly's internship would end, so he could drop his veneer of deliberate professionalism and stare unabashedly at the leggy, dark-haired beauty.

"I have the first wave on Bio-CAD," she announced.

"Anything worth noting?" Zach asked, as he privately noted that today Kelly was playing up her flat stomach, drawing another comparison to a dark-haired Gwen Stefani.

"We have the usual public financial filings, a typical corporate website, I've already done a search through the news archives, and," Kelly said, producing a copy of the local university newspaper, "I found this." She dropped the paper onto Zach's desk, folded to reveal one page of the classifieds. One ad had been circled in red ink.

Zach read the circled text twice.



**Volunteers wanted for medical experiments:**

University Medical Research study of inducement of lactation.

University Medical Research team looking for female candidates 18 - 30. Candidates should be healthy and childless. Study involves one week stayover, with scheduled checkups for one month following, and record keeping. Participants will be compensated for \$5000. Interviews start Friday - call for appointment. If selected, research stayover starts Monday, ends Sunday.

The ad piqued Zach's interest in a less-than-professional sense. A confirmed breast man, he immediately pictured a handful of college girls sitting in a clinic somewhere, breasts bared, discussing their milk production.

Kelly broke his daydream. "Bio-CAD has a long standing relationship with the university. Bio-CAD has given the school some rather large endowments, and in return Bio-CAD has access to their lab facilities and cheap manpower." Kelly informed Zach.

"Cheap manpower?" He repeated.



"The medical grad students always need some real lab experience – unpaid of course – and they advertise amongst the general student body for volunteers for some of their studies. Drug tests mostly," Kelly explained. "The arrangement has worked out well for both sides."

"Drug-induced lactation?" Zach muttered to his desk.

Jessica stood with her back to the shower head, relishing the hot water that pulsed on her skin. She knew that she hadn't bathed since she had regained consciousness at the hospital, and who knew how long before then. She recalled the story of a chemical spill, and knew that someone must have bathed her at the hospital, leaving her with an even greater desire to clean herself.

The water and soap ran over her body as she lathered up. Jessica took a thorough inventory of her skin, looking for any abnormalities, and found none. The heat of the water seemed to sooth the sensation in her breasts. "What is going on here?" Jessica wondered to herself as her bloated, soapy breasts slipped out of her hands and bounced heavily on her chest. She explored the additional girth that had been added to her bosom, sampling the new firmness and weight of each breast.

Stepping out of the shower, Jessica examined herself in the mirror for any other bruising from the crash. Excepting the bump on her head, which was hidden by her hair, she couldn't find any outward sign of having been through a car crash. Her breasts, however, were unusually full and round.

Jessica wrapped herself in a big towel, tucking one end into the other just under her arms. With a quick step onto the bathroom scale, she confirmed that she was still within a pound or two of her usual 120 pound mark.

Stepping back to her answering machine, she continued through the rest of the messages, where by now the callers—excluding the telemarketers—were expressing astonishment over the accident and wishing her a speedy recovery. Zach, the lawyer she met at the hospital, had also taken the time to leave a message with his phone number. He reminded her again, "call me if you experience anything out the ordinary."

The last message was her sister again. "Just wanted to let you know that I watered the plants, so don't bother when you get back, or you'll drown them."

"Great," Jessica thought, and she could see that while she had showered, water had puddled under a few of the hanging plants.

"Also," Carrie's voice continued from the black box, "you have got to try that restaurant I told you about. If you're feeling up to it, how does tonight sound? Mark is home tonight, so I can leave the baby with him. The directions are in my last message. I hope you're feeling okay! Call me!"

Jessica grabbed the pen, unearthed the same envelope and began stepping back through her messages. She played her sister's first message over, and again found

herself overcome with longing when her niece began to wail. The sensation in her breasts had become a demanding throb, and Jessica could no longer focus on writing the directions. She stopped the machine, and immediately felt slightly relieved. As the moments passed, the throbbing in her breasts subsided, replaced with an unusual itch.

Jessica contemplated the sensations she was experiencing, and she was reminded of when she had first begun developing. The prickling in her breasts duplicated the stimulation she had felt the winter when she sprouted from a training bra into a B cup, only as if the months had been compressed into days.

She pressed 'play' one more time, and her niece's wail resumed, winding between her mother's words. Instantly, the perturbation blossomed again in Jessica's breasts. Her nipples demanded attention as their sensitivity arose unexpectedly. Jessica's breasts felt thicker, heavier with the passing seconds. She winced at the terrycloth chafing her nipples as the swelling began to part the two sides of the towel.

Jessica gasped as the towel fell open and landed behind her feet. Two swollen, throbbing breasts jutted from her chest, flush with blood flow and barely recognizable as her own. Once a full handful, Jessica was startled by the unfamiliar abundance that bounced heavily from her frame. Not only had she grown larger and firmer, but her nipples had also developed into aggressive pink pylons, extending further than she had ever seen.

She pressed 'stop' and gazed down at her chest. The flushed sensation abated as quickly as it had come on.

Jessica decided that she had to get out of her flat. She didn't want to spend the evening alone, contemplating the accident—which she couldn't remember—and her swollen breasts—which she couldn't comprehend.

She picked up the towel and covered herself, this time more firmly wrapping the layers over her bothersome bosom. "Out of sight, out of mind," Jessica thought to herself. She dialed her sister, thankful to hear only an answering machine on the other end, and left a message confirming that she was, in fact, up to getting out for the evening.

Getting dressed, Jessica knew that none of her bras would fit, but the thought of going without seemed too distracting, especially since she wanted to get her mind off of her breasts. She also didn't want her sister to notice the change—if the difference in size was noticeable to anyone but Jessica. She considered that her reaction might be a result of the trauma she had experienced, but she had undeniable evidence that her breasts were larger than they had been just the day before. Eventually, Jessica settled on an old sports bra and a baggy sweater to get through the evening.

That night, she and her sister had dinner at a small, Italian restaurant near Jessica's flat, then they headed off to catch a 9:00 show at the local cineplex. It was Carrie's turn to pick the movie, and Jessica bought some munchies from the concession stand while she purchased their tickets.

The movie began with a typical Hollywood comedic birth scene. The credits rolled over a delivery room setting, while the well-intentioned husband encourages the wife to implement her Lamaze lessons. Predictably, the woman turns on him. Ultimately, the credits ended with the doctor holding the 'newborn' by its ankles, though Jessica knew from her own sister's experience that newborn babies are never as large or as clean as they appear in Hollywood films. The baby began to cry, fading into the next scene, and Jessica felt like she had been goosed.

She must have made a noise, as Carrie turned to face her. "What was that about?" she whispered.

"Nothing, nothing," Jessica muttered. "I'm okay." No sooner did she finish her sentence than she felt an itching sensation blossom in her breasts.

Jessica ignored the feeling, and turned her attention back to the film. As she looked back up, the new mother crossed the screen, cradling her baby. The baby began crying again, and now Jessica felt a completely new sensation in her breasts. She felt as though something had flooded gently into the tissue, causing her already bloated boobs to puff up slightly.

Jessica continued trying to disregard the itching and throbbing within her breasts. A half-hour into the film, the sensation of fullness had increased to the point of distraction. Jessica was sure that the sports bra was trying to suffocate her, as her breasts pulsed and tingled within. Jessica excused herself and stepped past the people in her row, briskly walking out of the theater and heading for the ladies room.

Once she was safely within a stall, she pulled her sweater off, unveiling two meaty mounds uncomfortably packed into their stretchy restraint. Jessica yanked at the elastic undergarment, struggling to roll it over her inexplicably enlarged bustline. The material slipped from her fingers, and the thick band clamped mercilessly onto the upper slope of her bulging breasts.

"Ahh!" Jessica exclaimed at the sharp pain, though the harm was instantly forgotten in the astonishment of seeing tiny jets of milk spray from her nipples.

A heartbeat later Jessica resumed her struggle with the sports bra, finally pulling it over her head. Standing in the stall, naked from the waist up, Jessica looked down at her breasts, the dimensions of which seem to have tripled from her normal size. Her nipples continued to exhibit the same belligerent stiffness. She felt a mixture of betrayal and fear, as her breasts had somehow become unfamiliar and out of her control.

Released from the sports bra, the throbbing she had felt subsided to an almost subliminal level. The sensation of fullness, however, continued unabated.

She placed her right hand on top of her left breast, taking in the increase in size. Slipping her hand down over the rounded summit and to the plump underside, she squeezed herself first softly, then with certainty. Her effort produced another small shower of milk that sprinkled the paint on the door. Switching to her right breast, the results were the same.

The door to the bathroom opened, accompanied by the sound of footsteps. "Jess?" she heard her sister voice reverberating. "Jess, are you in here?" Jessica panicked, her arms crossed over her naked breasts. "Jess," came Carrie's voice, now just the other side of the door, "is that you?"

Jessica cracked the door open to a slit. "Yeah," she said, "are we alone?"

"I think so," Carrie replied after a quick survey under the other stall doors. "Are you okay?"

"Could you come in here for a second?" Jessica asked, opening the door as she hid behind it. "I'm not sure how to explain this, but..."

## *WEDNESDAY*

"So you don't think this sounds crazy?" Jessica asked. She sat in her kitchen, finishing a cup of coffee as the morning sun blazed across the table and the remains of her breakfast.

"It's not normal, but based on my research so far I'm not surprised. Not at all," Zach answered, hurriedly taking notes. "I'm not surprised by anything, knowing how they have completely refused to give us any information regarding what was in that truck. We did manage to recover some residue from the crash site and your car, and we've sent it out for analysis, but we're not entirely sure that what we have is from out of that truck or, if so, hasn't been otherwise contaminated or corrupted."

"So you think there's a connection?" Jessica pondered.

"Well, something is going on," Zach declared. "We should at least be having preliminary negotiations for settlements. I found an ad in the university newspaper looking for volunteers for a case study on a new drug. Specifically, it asks for childless women to test a new lactation stimulant." Zach paused to let the information soak in. "I traced the billing address for the credit card used to place the ad back to a BioCad corporate account. If I can find any women who have participated or are still participating in the study, I would be very interested to learn what they know."

"So would I," Jessica agreed. She reached across the table for her sugar bowl, and the unfamiliar bulk of her enlarged breasts bumped into the table's edge.

"One of our interns called the number in the ad," Zach continued. "Usually these new drug studies are desperate to get volunteers. Considering the accident a couple days back and the heat we're going to bring, however, I'm not surprised that they're letting the calls go to voice mail. If this goes anywhere, of course, I'll let you know what we find."

Jessica thought about the women who might have already joined the study, who might be going through the same thing that she was experiencing. For a moment she

felt a bit jealous at the prospect that these women might at least had a medical staff to supervise them and answer their questions. "Is there anything I can do?" she asked.

"Yes," Zach fired back. "We'll need some expert witnesses on your condition."

"Witnesses?" Jessica pondered aloud, "Does my sister count?"

"Maybe," Zach answered. "What do you think would make your sister an expert witness?"

"She is a nursing mom, and everything she told me about her experience lines up with what I'm going through – except that I've never been pregnant." Jessica recalled the crash course Carrie provided the night before. "She showed me how to pump to relieve the pressure and gave me some nursing pads for my bras. Speaking of bras, she told me of a great maternity shop where I hope I can find something to fit. Also, being my sister, she was the first one to let me see breasts in person, and she was the first person to see mine. You could say she knows my breasts better than anyone else on the planet, next to me."

"She sounds like a great sister," Zach replied. "She may come in handy should we face a trial. What we need now, however, are certified medical professionals. Have you got a pencil? You need to take some notes."

Jessica grabbed a pencil, her arm brushing into the additional protuberance of her right breast. As she was braless, she had set off a wobbling that briefly distracted her. "Okay," she said into the mouthpiece.

"Before I forget, I'll meet with BioCad's attorney tomorrow. He's kind of a sleaze...you know, a lawyer," Zach joked, "but we went through law school together, and he'll give me a pretty good idea of where things stand."

"In any case," Zach continued, "we should check you back in to the hospital if this keeps up. First thing tomorrow, get back to the hospital and see doctor..." Zach flipped through his notes, "...Doctor Cuomo. Since she was responsible for you after the accident, she'll have your most up to date medical records, etc...Let's start with her and see what she says. She will likely recommend an endocrinologist, who will be looking at the hormone levels in your body. You'll also want to have a mammogram, so I took the liberty of making an appointment for you on Friday..."



Johnny Cary recognized the number flashing on the tiny screen of his cell phone. As expected, Anthony Marconi, Johnny's most dependable private investigator was reporting back. "What do you have?" Johnny asked, without formalities.

"Good lookin' broad," Anthony began, anticipating Johnny's all-business attitude. "Red-headed girl-next-door type. I'll send you the pictures when I get back." He stepped through the series of candid shots on the screen of his zoom lens-equipped digital camera. "She spent most of the morning shopping for bras. She even stopped at a

maternity shop, though she sure don't look pregnant to me. She's at her sister's place right now." He shifted in the seat of his car, throwing a cigarette butt out the window.

"Keep on her," Johnny directed. "Try to get something on an hourly basis."

"Will do," Anthony said, holding the lens back up to his eye, looking for a good shot through the windows.



"Hey, Jess!" Carrie said, pleasantly surprised to find her sister standing on her front porch. "Did you try that shop? How are the boobs?"

Jessica stepped into the vestibule of the fairly new colonial, carrying bags from her shopping trip. "They're not any smaller," she said wistfully. Jessica fumbled in the bags and held out the breast pump she had just purchased. "Since I was in the neighborhood, I was hoping you could give me a quick lesson."

"You're serious?" Carrie asked. By the look on her sister's face, she knew the answer was 'yes.' "Mark's at work, so we can have a girl's lunch," Carrie squealed as she shut the door. "This reminds me so much of when we were kids, and I was telling you all about make up and boys!"

"Maybe you should have been the teacher," Jessica offered. "Can you teach me how to make this stop?"

"That's a catch-22," Carrie answered, taking the other bags from Jessica and heading up the stairs to the master suite bathroom.

"What do you mean?" asked Jessica.

"If you want the pain from being overfull to stop, you have to pump. If you want your milk to stop," Carrie paused and raised an eyebrow, "then you shouldn't pump."

Jessica swallowed dryly. In the hours since she had left the house, her breasts had become steadily fuller, and she had been anticipating relief from the pressure here and now at Carrie's. "Aren't there some pills I can take to dry up the milk?"

"Yes," Carrie nodded, "and you'll probably have to bind your breasts down. You don't dry up overnight, so you'll still have to tough it out without pumping."

"I started giving milk overnight," Jessica offered weakly.

"If you pump," Carrie explained, "you'll only stimulate your breasts to make more milk. Rebecca and I are finally at a balance point where I make about as much milk as she needs. For a while there, when her demand was erratic, I was overproducing and pumping as little as possible to ease the pressure. Some days I just had to tough it out. I know when she's going to have a growth spurt by how much she takes from me. When it's over, I'll have a few days where I wish she we keep feeding. It's like a cruel trick she's playing on me – she gets my boobs all full then refuses the nipple."

"So I'll try to pump only when I really need to," Jessica agreed as she opened the box, "and I really need to... right now!"

"Okay," Carrie assented, and reached under the sink for her own pump. "Did you get a nursing bra?"

"Yeah," Jessica answered, pulling out a sturdy white support garment.

"You're not wearing a bra?" exclaimed Carrie. "You're asking for stretch marks."

"I was in a hurry to get here," Jessica retorted.

"Suit yourself" Carrie said, and began unbuttoning her blouse. "All I know is that for the last four months I've been wearing a D-cup, and these things are *heavy*." She looked and found that Jessica had already unbuttoned her own blouse, revealing swollen breasts that eclipsed her own.

"Wow!" Carrie said, unabashedly staring at her sister's overstuffed breasts. "You're huge!"

"Thanks," Jessica shot back sarcastically, "I hadn't noticed. Now that I'm a double D..." Jessica held up the tag on her maternity bra and spoke in a bimbo-esque voice "...I must be a moron." Dropping the bra, she spoke normally. "Besides, I'm only this big because I need to pump, so can we get on with it?"

"I can't believe that I'm bigger than I've ever been in my life, and I feel small next to you. I wonder if this is how you felt when I had boobs and you didn't." Carrie mused.

"Please," Jessica implored, "I feel like I'm going to explode."

Carrie held up her pump. "I understand. Now do as I do," Carrie said, dropping the right flap of her maternity bra, "but I'm not going to pump myself right now. Rebecca is due for a feeding soon."

After some brief notes on positioning and warnings about good sensations versus bad sensations, Jessica placed the cup on her right nipple and clicked her pump into life. She sucked in a quick breath as the pump confidently drew in her nipple. Jessica leaned back on the toilet with her eyes closed, awash in sweet relief. Over the hum of the motor, as she buttoned her own blouse, Carrie heard Jessica softly moan with pleasure.

After a few moments, Jessica's reverie was broken by a tap on the shoulder from Carrie. She opened her eyes to see Carrie offering her pump in one hand and a nursing pad in the other.

"It's perfectly natural," Carrie began, "for you to leak from the other side, especially at first. You can pump both at once, or use this to soak up what you don't pump."

Jessica looked at her left breast, and found that it had begun to leak milk in sympathy with its partner. Without hesitation, she snatched Carrie's pump, and placed it on her left nipple. "Could you please get the switch?" she asked her sister.

"It feels great, doesn't it?" Carrie asked as she dutifully started the second pump.

Jessica nodded and shut her eyes again.

"I'll make us some lunch, and I'll check on you in a few minutes." She left the bathroom without a response from Jessica.

"Really?" Kelly reacted with honest surprise. "Over two cup sizes?"

Zach nodded to confirm. "So, it seems there is a definite connection here, so please follow up on that ad for the lactation study. Hopefully you can get an interview and do some snooping."

"I could use the \$5000," Kelly noted, glancing down at her own flat chest, "and I wouldn't mind having a little more up top."

"Keep our client's interests first, please," Zach corrected Kelly, even though he himself was certainly interested in seeing Kelly with a little more on top - a lot more, if he were given the choice. "You're not really going to enter the study. I couldn't afford the liability." He pushed the folded newspaper across the desk towards Kelly.

"I know that," she said, taking the paper. "I was only joking," Kelly lied, intrigued by the idea of a pill that could enlarge her breasts beyond their A cup status.

"Besides," Zach continued, "Jessica was nearly drowned by whatever was in those barrels. I doubt that's the dosage they'd be using in a clinical study. If her enlargement is, in fact a side-effect of that chemical, it's most likely an extreme response to an such extreme quantity. "



"How did you make out?" Carrie asked, as Jessica walked into the kitchen with her shopping bags, fully clothed and exuding relief. "It sure looked like you were in heaven."

"Oh my God," Jessica said as she nodded her head. "I *so* needed that. Once I got started..."

"You couldn't stop," Carrie finished. "I know! Did you empty and clean the reservoir? It will start to smell if you don't keep it clean."

"I emptied them both," Jessica said with a pause. "I emptied them a couple of times, but I washed them out when I was done."

"You filled the reservoirs? A couple of times?" Carrie gasped, placing two bowls of soup on the breakfast nook table. "I read that a typical mom produces only fifteen or sixteen ounces *a day*. Those are four ounce reservoirs. You must have been ready to bust!"

"I feel so much better now!" Jessica agreed. "I've got the girls strapped into my new best friend," she said as she pulled open a gap between her buttons to show the white material of her maternity bra. "Actually, this is probably my second best friend."

"Thanks, sis," Carrie said with a smile. "What did you want to drink?"

"Oh, sorry," Jessica corrected with a short laugh, "I was talking about this pump!"

"Don't get addicted now!" admonished Carrie. "Only pump when you absolutely need to. Did you want to see my doctor about the pills?"

"I already have an appointment to see..." Jessica stopped cold as Rebecca began to cry upstairs. Her blissful relief was suddenly replaced by the feeling that her breasts had become two pincushions.

"She's right on time," Carrie noted. "Grab the sandwiches, would you? I'm going to bring her down to eat with us, if you don't mind."

Rebecca let out a second sob, and Jessica broke into a sweat. Carrie hopped up the stairs, leaving Jessica alone to ponder her situation. Rebecca was now fully awake, and her cries grew steady. Jessica could feel the material of her bra constrict around her breasts, though she knew that it was actually her breasts that were overwhelming the undergarment.

Carrie walked softly but proudly down the stairs and into the kitchen, cooing softly to Rebecca in her arms.

Jessica met her standing up, bags in hand. "Uh...I gotta go," Jessica said quickly. "Thanks for everything, but I forgot something I needed to do."

"Wait!" Carrie demanded. "What's wrong? After what we've just been through you're freaking out because I'm going to breastfeed my daughter in front of you?"

"I can't explain," Jessica lied, "but I need to go." Under her blouse, the cups of her bra strained further to contain her swelling breasts.

Jessica could see the surprise in Carrie's eyes. Rebecca resumed her cries, and Jessica almost doubled over from the shock of what she felt in her breasts. Despite the lengthy pumping session just minutes earlier, she was now leaking milk. The wetness soaked into the cups of her bra and spread over her breasts, along with the return of the itching sensation.

Carrie's eyes had dropped briefly to Jessica's chest, and then returned with a hard focus. After seeing her Carrie's blatant double take, Jessica looked down at herself to find that the front of her blouse had become soaked with her milk. As they both watched, Jessica's breasts grew larger, fighting the restraining efforts of the bra and pushing apart the sides of her blouse.

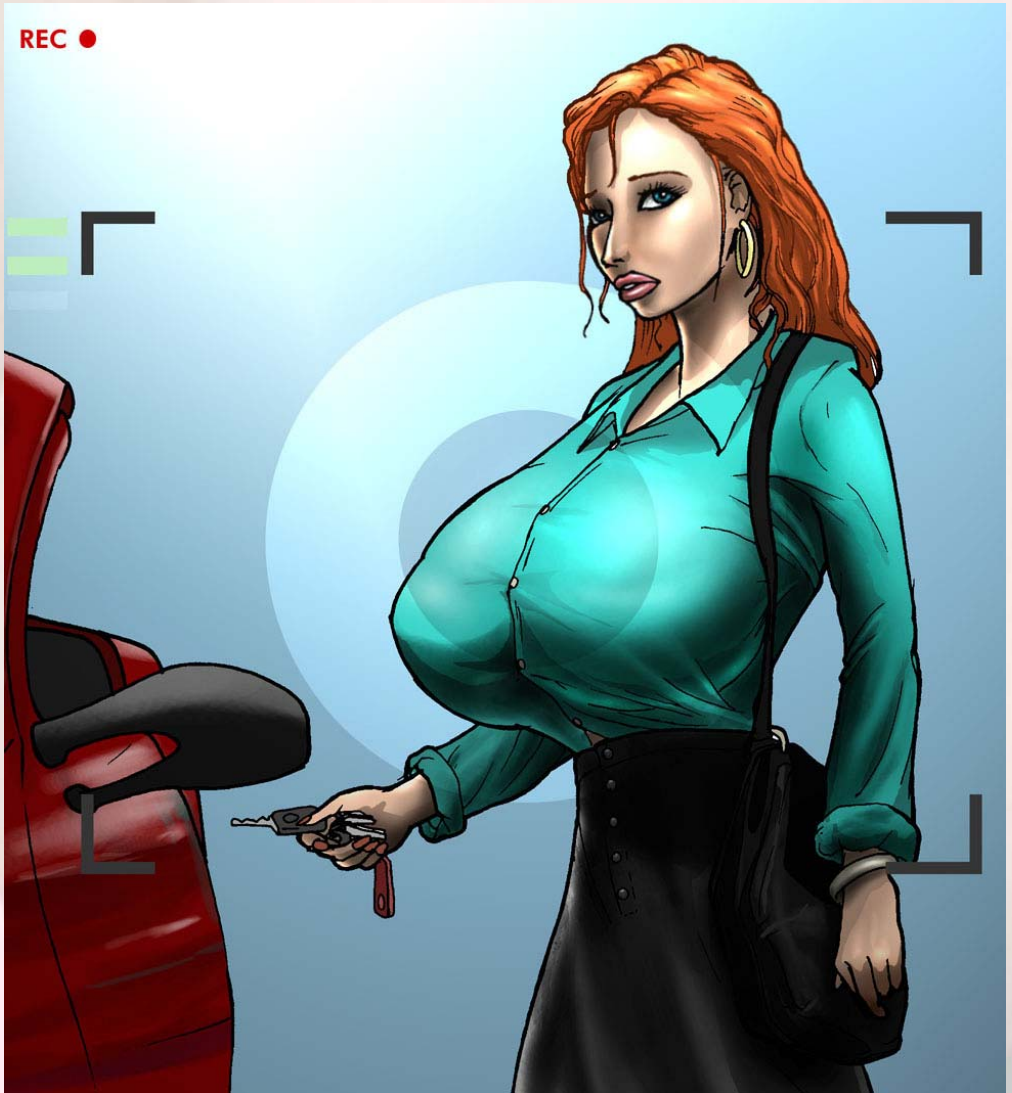
"Oh my god, Jess!" Carrie exclaimed. "What's happening to you?"

"I'm okay," Jess lied again, making a futile effort to pull the gaps in her blouse back together, "I just need to get away from her cries. You must know how I feel."

"Jessica," Carrie admonished, "that isn't normal! I get full when she's late for a feeding, and I may leak a bit now and then, but..."

"I gotta go!" Jessica said firmly, planting a kiss on Carrie's cheek and another on Rebecca's head, and walked out the door.

Anthony Marconi focused his lens, furiously snapping pictures as the red head headed down the walk to her rental car. She stood in profile as she searched for her keys, blouse clinging tightly over an abundant bustline. Looking at the screen of his camera, Anthony could not remember the girl being that busty when she had entered the house.



## THURSDAY

Jessica sat topless on the examination table, staring down at her swollen breasts. Dr. Cuomo stared as well, occasionally glancing at Jessica's file on her clipboard.

"You have gained a couple of pounds since Tuesday, and I think we both know where. It sounds like you're experiencing spontaneous lactation," Doctor Cuomo surmised. "It's a rare condition, but not completely unheard of, and it's usually treatable if necessary. Some women dry up all on their own, and others require some drugs."

"But what about how big they're getting?" Jessica asked, unconsciously cupping her swollen left breast. "My sister is nursing right now and I am a lot bigger than her. I was a C a couple of days ago, and this is a double-D," she said leaning to the chair where her clothes sat in a pile, picking up her bra for emphasis, "and now it is way too small."

"You're experiencing engorgement?" the doctor queried. "Are you having trouble with let-down?"

"Oh no, I have no trouble, um...expressing the milk," Jessica said, remembering the nursing terminology her sister had used. "In fact, sometimes I leak like a faucet. Usually I just try to get somewhere private where I can relieve the pressure a little bit. The milk coming in is one thing, but they keep getting bigger. I swear I can feel them growing."

Dr. Cuomo stared at the young woman seated in front of her. Though she couldn't clearly recall seeing Jessica's face before, she knew that a bustline that large on such a small frame would have been memorable. "Umm...you can feel your breasts growing?"

Jessica nodded. "I've milked myself dry, and I still have the same itchy feeling, like when I was developing. After I had pumped a couple of times, I couldn't squeeze into the same bra. They get really big when the milk comes in, I pump to bring them back down, but they never get as small as they were before the last time."

"Do you know how much milk you're expressing?" the doctor asked.

"I haven't been keeping...wait, let me think." Jessica did some quick math in her head. "I pumped at least sixteen ounces..."

"Sixteen ounces is typical daily production for a healthy mother," the doctor cut her off.

Jessica was afraid to continue, learning for certain that her breasts had clearly crossed over the line of what might be considered 'normal.' "I pumped sixteen ounces from *each side*," Jessica said, a bit louder than before, "this morning when I woke up. I'll need to pump again when I get home."

Doctor Cuomo nodded and stared blankly as she chewed on her pen, stopping only to scribble 'excessive production' on Jessica's file. She paused again to underline the notation. "Well," she said as she began flipping the pages on the clipboard, "your blood tests came back negative for pregnancy. That's the good news." The doctor

began to scribble on a business card. "I did see some other anomalies, hormonally speaking, so I'm going to recommend an endocrinologist, and we should get you in for a mammogram." Doctor Cuomo handed the card to Jessica. "I'll give them a call and send over your test results. I'm sorry that I can't give you any answers."



Looking for a parking spot, Zach noticed the black Jaguar parked conspicuously in front of the bar. The black Jaguar belonged to one Johnny Cary, one of Zach's college drinking buddies who wound up hanging his slate in the same town.

Zach parked his Land Rover around the corner, and walked back to the front of the establishment, noticing that Johnny had adorned his ride with the vanity tag 'JC'S JAG.'

Zach stepped in off the street, and immediately spied Johnny Cary. Johnny sat at the high top table, smoking a cigarette, giving a single, casual wave to Zach. He had already ordered beers for himself and Zach. Before the door had closed behind him, Zach was already at the table. "Okay," Zach began with an absence of ceremony, "so what's the story here?"

"Story?" Johnny laughed, exhaling a cloud of smoke, pushing a beer towards Zach. "The girl with the inflating breasts – now *that's* a story."

"Incredible as it sounds," Zach responded, "it's *not* a story. Jessica is a real person, and we believe exposure to something made by your client is causing her unusual physical symptoms, not to mention emotional stress."

"Hmph," Johnny nodded as he alternated his cigarette and beer, "I'd rather not mention emotional stress. If you do, then you want to go after the big boys with the money, hiding over at the university." He paused for another drag on the cigarette before he resumed. "That Dr. Franklin, he's your guy, though that poor truck driver is probably going to have to take the fall. Those boys at the university are funded with money that is easy to trace, but there's no liability anywhere. If your research team is any good, you probably saw the ad they had running in the paper about the lactation study."

Zach nodded, sipping his beer.

"Anyhow," Johnny led on, "these guys are just 'performing a study' for my client, and there are always risks involved, so you know that all the easy shots are blocked."

Zach was not surprised by Johnny's reasoning, as he had already gone down this path, confirming the legal dead end.

"We'll still have to file the charges," Zach responded, "even simply as a formality."

"I understand," Johnny allowed, "I'd do the same thing. I'll need to depose your client, of course," Johnny said with a tilt of his glass. "I need to verify the validity of your claims. How far along is she?"

"You don't seem at all surprised," Zach posed, "that the effects of your client's chemicals have caused part of my client's body to swell up to 3, 4, 5 times it's normal size, and there doesn't seem to be any sign that it will stop. I find that intriguing."

Johnny leaned forward over the table, close enough that Zach could smell the cigarettes on his breath. "Hey, I'm not on trial here," he said quietly, "but I've heard some things regarding that University study that seem hard to believe." After letting the statement soak in, Johnny leaned back again, resuming his normal tone of voice. "So, when do I meet your client?"

"I'll get back to you," Zach replied, as he appreciated Johnny's unsolicited hint about the lactation study. This time Zach leaned forward, lowering his voice. "Is there anything you can share about the study...strictly off the record?"

"Not right now. Why don't you get this one, Chief?" Johnny said, as he got up from the table.

## *FRIDAY*

11:15 AM, Jessica sat in the examination room of Doctor Polan, the endocrinologist recommended by Zach and Doctor Cuomo, and told the story of her last few days.

"...So the day after I saw the movie, I went out and bought new bras," Jessica explained. "I was wearing a double D when I visited my sister and her new baby. I stayed for about an hour, and I grew right out of that bra. I turned into Dolly Parton right before her eyes!

Doctor Polan listened attentively, occasionally scribbling on Jessica's file.

"I was fine until the baby woke up and started to cry, and then I could feel myself," Jessica wrestled briefly with the description, "filling up. There is a throbbing, a throbbing within an overall sense of pressure...I felt like I might burst! When she went to feed the baby, I swear I could almost see my boobs getting bigger through my blouse. I could feel myself start to leak, and the longer I stayed, the more I felt that itch. I was going to stay for lunch, but after another few minutes or so, I just had to leave. At least my sister gave me some of her pads for the leaking."

With one arm, Jessica wrestled briefly under her shirt, producing a maternity pad.

"Anyway," she continued, "most of the swelling was the milk, but I couldn't fit back into that bra no matter how much I pumped myself. I didn't find anything to fit until I tried another maternity bra. I found a 34-G, the biggest they had in the store...and it was tight! They said they could order something in a custom size, but I keep getting bigger," Jessica declared. "I have no idea how big I could be by the time it comes in," she continued, "and I was only a C five days ago."

"Hmm..." the doctor intoned, filling the silence. "I've seen your blood work from the hospital, and there are some unusual hormonal indicators." She scribbled a bit

more. "No radical changes in your diet lately?" Jessica shook her head. "Well, first things first," the doctor said, reaching for a bottle of alcohol, "we'll need to get a fresh blood sample." Jessica rolled up her sleeve, and Doctor Polan swabbed clean a spot on her arm for the hypodermic needle. "We can probably have some results late tomorrow."



Sitting in his office, contemplating a way to get past the stonewall of the university research center, Zach was startled by the ring of his own cell phone. He snapped the phone open before the second ring. "This is Zach," he said smoothly.

"Zach, this is Kelly," said the voice on the other end. Kelly was the intern who, under Zach's direction, answered the ad for the lactation study.

"What have you got?" asked Zach, all business.

"Good news," she began. "They called me back and set up an interview."

"So, they're going to press on as though nothing is wrong," Zach surmised. "To shut down the study would seem like a tacit admission that there is a problem. When is the interview?"

"Today," Kelly answered. "In fact, I just got out of there about an hour ago."

"That's great!" Zach declared. "What did you find?"

"The basic set up is this," Kelly fumbled for her notes that she had scribbled after the interview, loudly enough that Zach could hear. "Okay, the women are given a chemical false pregnancy over one week, on-site at the clinic. They bring the body to the post-partum state where a mother would begin feeding her baby. Once the body is in this state, hormonally speaking, and beginning regular lactation, the subjects are then given doses of this new lactation stimulant. They are expected to measure their output for a month, and then the subjects will be given medication to help them dry up. As always, some subjects receive placebos as part of a control group, etcetera, etcetera... The clinic is also providing breast pumps as well as maternity bras on top of the \$5,000 fee."

"\$5,000?" Zach wondered aloud, recalling the times he had considered participating in sleep research when he was struggling through college. "Doesn't that seem kind of high for a clinical trial?"

"I checked into that too," Kelly countered. "It's at least three times the next highest paying study I could find in the entire state."

"Anything else?" asked Zach.

"Yes – good news and bad news," answered Kelly. "I managed to get a couple of subject's names from the 'accepted' list."

"That sounds like the good news," Zach mused. "What's the bad news?"

"I've already tried to contact these women," Kelly told him, "but they're unreachable and decidedly unconnected."

"What do you mean?" asked Zach.

"They all have some things in common; unattached romantically, no immediate family and they all live alone. So," Kelly continued, "I don't think it's any coincidence that I've been getting nothing but voice mail when I call their numbers. The best case is that they are in the middle of the one-week on-site false pregnancy, and then we can reach them when they get out, continuing the study. Worst case is that something has gone wrong and these women are in hospitals, or they are at the clinic."



At 3:25 PM, sitting now in the examination room of the County Breast Health clinic, Jessica was wearing a paper robe, waiting to endure a mammogram. Again, the fading reminder of another hypodermic needle emanated from one arm, subtly competing with the ache in her breasts. Her breasts were larger now than when she had made the appointment on Wednesday, and even larger than they had been that morning. Doctor Byrne took notes while Jessica again recounted the events leading to her visit.

"...my blouse was starting to gap in the front and I felt like a freak with my boobs swelling up like two balloons! The next day I spent over three hours looking for a bra that would fit, and I finally came home with a G cup! It was the biggest that I could find, and it barely fit. Now it doesn't fit at all. What if I had stayed at my sisters? I need to stop this or I'll be huge!"

"Hmm," Doctor Byrne reacted, giving Jessica little hope that she would have any real answers. "You're sure about this number - 36 ounces so far today?"

Jessica nodded at her conservative estimate. She had stopped counting at 32 ounces, and she knows she filled the reservoir on her pump at least once more time with each side.

"Have you given yourself a BSE lately?" the doctor asked.

"Have I given myself a *what*?" Jessica questioned.

"A breast self-exam," Doctor Byrne explained. "That's where you..."

"No, no," Jessica interrupted. "Doctor Cuomo at the hospital...Tuesday...she, uh, examined me."

Doctor Byrne waited a moment. "Did she find anything unusual?"

"Other than my boobs are turning into watermelons?" Jessica spat, her voice cracking with exasperation.

Doctor Byrne cleared her throat and inhaled slowly. "I was thinking more in terms of lumps, textural abnormalities, that sort of thing."

"Oh," said Jessica, "no. Nothing like that."

"Well," the doctor motioned towards the mammography platform, "would you please step up here and drop your robe?"

The doctor fumbled with the apparatus for more than a minute. Jessica never remembered taking so long to have one of her breasts positioned properly for a mammogram. At one point in the struggle, she silently feared that the doctor was going to call for extra assistance. "We may need to take multiple exposures to have complete coverage," Doctor Byrne explained as she continued to shift the appliance. "If it makes you feel any better," Doctor Byrne offered, "I have seen women bigger than you, though they're not usually so trim."

That bit of trivia was small comfort for Jessica. "How many of them grew this big in under a week?" Jessica countered as the machine clamped down on her breast.



Zach sat at his desk, wrestling with his professional obligations and his personal predilections. Even though Jessica had been presented in that most unappealing manner that is particular to a hospital – bad lighting, formless clothing and limited opportunity for personal hygiene – Zach had a hunch that she was his type. They had hit it off so well in their phone conversations that Zach was practically praying that she would be his type, and he hoped he would be hers.

As he worked on her case, had tried to imagine how Jessica might look. He had no idea how tall she might be, as Jessica had been propped on the bed, obscured by blankets at the hospital. She appeared to be in good shape, from what he could ascertain in the brief introduction. Her weight had been given as 120 pounds on her chart, and he knew they were almost the same age. He wondered what was her taste in clothes and how did she wear her long red hair when left to her own devices.

Zach knew two things about Jessica's appearance. First, he knew that he found her face beautiful, even without a hint of makeup. He knew that alone would be a distraction for him as the case proceeded. He worried that the second aspect of Jessica's appearance might be his undoing.

At the hospital, he couldn't get any sense of Jessica's figure. Though he hadn't seen her since that first meeting, and he had hardly seen much of her to begin with, he knew for a fact that Jessica had large breasts – at least now she does. This was only the second thing he knew about her appearance, but even here he was still in the dark. Thanks to BioCAD, Jessica's breasts had been growing since the accident almost a week ago. Thanks to Zach's sensitivity, however, he had no idea how small she once was or how large she might now be, as he could not bring himself to ask for such details when he was talking to Jessica. He was trying to maintain complete professionalism.

Zach had always been attracted to busty women, and Jessica's phone calls were true tests of his professionalism. When she had described her breasts as "huge," Zach's mouth had gone dry. By her own account, Jessica had become huge in only a couple of days, further exciting Zach. Another couple of days had passed, and Zach hoped he could keep his cool when he reached her place that evening.



"This is Anthony," the voice message began. "Check your e-mail," the message ended.

Still stepping through his voice messages, Johnny turned to his computer screen, scanning the e-mail window for anything with an attachment. Anthony had, in fact, sent a nice, fat archive file. Johnny's leg bounced nervously as he waited for the files to uncompress. He put the pictures into a slideshow, and watched as one image of the busty redhead changed into another. Johnny observed Jessica going through her day, getting into her car, getting out of her car, walking into and out of the clinics. At the end of the slide show, he pulled up the first shot and the last shot side by side. The expansion of Jessica's bustline was clear.

Compared with a shot from just the day before, the growth of her breasts was astonishing. Johnny knew that astonishing could become frightening, if he also put side by side a picture from Wednesday. Johnny pressed 'print all' and began to pack up for a meeting with his client.



Jessica opened the door, revealing Zach holding a box of files, which held up two pizza boxes and a six-pack of beer. Jessica stood, holding the door open, wearing an oversized sweatshirt emblazoned with the logo of her alma mater. Zach did his best to maintain eye contact with his client. Considering the topic of their meeting was essentially Jessica's breasts, he didn't feel any need to go out of his way to guess what might be under that bulky, grey cotton.

"One with meat, and one vegetarian," he indicated as he entered. "What did the doctors say?" he asked as he set the boxes on the vestibule table, next to her answering machine. "Is this a bizarre allergic reaction to the bite of some exotic insect?"

"Very funny," Jessica scolded, as she took the pizza boxes from the top of the stack, "but this is serious. I'm getting bigger every day, and the doctors don't have any idea why. They don't expect to have any results from the blood test until tomorrow at the earliest." She took the pizza and beer and led Zach through the living room, where the television was on, to the table in the dining area. Zach grabbed the box of files and followed, quickly appraising the lovely rear view of Jessica.

"Alright," Zach conceded, dropping the box of files onto the table. "I'm sorry. Things have been very serious on my end as well. I'm just trying to break things up a little bit here. What did the doctors say?"

Jessica placed the pizza boxes in the kitchen, quickly returning to the table. She flipped through the papers she had stacked on the table, reading from her diagnoses from the doctors. "The mammogram showed 'extreme ductal hyperplasia,' which means my milk glands are more numerous and larger than normal – in relation to my size," Jessica explained as she pulled out plates and silverware. "That's compared to my size *now*," she clarified. "I saw the exposures from the mammogram, and before I certainly wasn't big enough to contain all the plumbing I've developed since the accident. The doctor estimated that I have enough milk ducts for over five women and, given that, I also have the fatty tissue that would be in proportion. Otherwise, my breasts are completely healthy—extremely healthy—if you can ignore the spontaneous lactation and unexplained growth. I'm still waiting for results of the blood tests."

"Have you had mammograms in the past?" asked Zach "Was this diagnosed before?"

"My mother took me in for one when I was 16, and I had another a couple of years ago," Jessica recalled, "and everything checked out normal both times. Of course, I had normal sized boobs, and no one ever commented on the 'acute tissue growth and excessive propagation of milk ducts.' Now I'm too big to fit into the damn mammogram machine! I thought the doctor was going to call for an assistant to corral my boobs into the machine. On top of it all, the weight of my own breasts is causing me to leak!" After this last statement, she turned away, clearly exasperated, returning to the kitchen for plates and silverware.

Zach gave her a moment of silence. "Well," Zach offered, "This is good ammunition. We can get the records from your old mammograms and get a statement from the doctors today. Also, things are looking good on another front," Zach explained. "Johnny didn't pick up the check."

"What does that mean, and who is Johnny?" wondered Jessica loudly from the kitchen.

"Today I met with Johnny Cary," Zach explained, "who is BioCad's attorney. Johnny won't pick up the check unless he thinks he can win the case. He dropped a number of hints – off the record – that tell me that his client may not have a leg to stand on. I have a hunch that they did not expect their drug to have an effect of such magnitude, even within their own study. This doesn't mean they're not going to put up a fight, but if we can prevent the usual delaying tactics, we're in good shape. Speaking of delays, we have to be ready for the hearing." Zach opened the box of files onto the table.

The thought of possible delays made Jessica shudder. "How long can they delay?" she asked, handing Zach a bottle of beer. "If I keep getting bigger every time I hear a baby cry, eventually..." she trailed off, trying to imagine her future if her breasts continued to grow at the same pace.

"Before we worry about any delays," Zach continued, "we're going to have to meet with Mr. Cary. As with any insurance claim, they must have a chance verify the basic grounds of our claims. Is anytime good for you tomorrow?"

"So now I have to show my boobs to a bunch of lawyers?" Jessica exclaimed, slamming her own beer on the table, causing the contents to foam up and bubble out onto the table.

"This is an interview," Zach countered, "not an examination. We'll be at my office, and we'll be meeting with Johnny, though they may send other representatives from the BioCAD legal team. I'll be there, of course, and the reports from your doctor's visits will stand as medical testimony. It may be a small comfort, but an inability to disguise your dimensions will work in our favor. What time is good? Shall we say 4:00 tomorrow?"

"I can't hide it," Jessica said, ignoring Zach's last question, "can I?" She looked down at her chest.

"I didn't say that," Zach replied, realizing he had touched a nerve. "I'm just saying that your appearance in normal clothes will show that your proportions are now...are not..."

"Zach," Jessica interjected, "you're my lawyer. I realize that you're trying to be as professional as possible, and I know that you're on my side. I won't be offended if you admit the obvious fact that I have *large breasts*."

Zach was stalled for a second.

"After seeing the doctors, I'm tired of all the clinical talk. Don't you think it will be a long night if we can't be comfortable discussing my breasts?" Jessica asked pointedly.

"So, I erred on the side of caution," Zach offered. "4:00 tomorrow?"

"That'll give me some time to buy some clothes that fit," Jessica assented, returning to the kitchen to retrieve the pizza.

"Give me a minute to set it up," Zach instructed as he began to dial his cell phone.



Johnny Cary placed his cell phone back into his jacket pocket. "It looks like I'll be meeting her tomorrow," he told his clients. Of the six people who sat around the table in the conference room, he only knew the name of Dr. Franklin, who did most of the speaking for the group. Johnny suspected some of the others were simply investors in the BioCAD study, judging by their expensive suits, and they clearly wanted to remain anonymous. A couple more of them dressed like Dr. Franklin, who seemed like their clothing was made to be covered by a lab coat. These others appeared to be working on the study along with Dr. Franklin, based on the ease with which they conversed in technical jargon. Johnny assumed they were also doctors.

"Please go on," Dr. Franklin instructed.

Johnny looked back at his notes, and continued with his report on Jessica. "For the last three days, she has been seen buying new bras – a new bra each day. Yesterday she was back at the hospital – which I thought might have been a routine follow up – but today she visited both an endocrinologist and she stopped in at the County Breast Health Clinic for a mammogram. Her attorney mentioned she had grown to 'three, four or five times' her normal size," Johnny

"Well," interjected Dr. Franklin, "if she was once an A-cup, then she might well be described as rather busty, but she would only seem large in comparison to her once flat chest."

"Sometimes birth control pills can cause noticeable enlargement in some women," offered one of the other doctors.

"We don't know if perhaps one of our other subjects has somehow gotten word out, and this woman might be trying to hustle us," mused the third doctor, though the comment was clearly for sake of their attorney.

One of the suits leaned forward. "I thought you had the subjects under control," he said quietly to Dr. Franklin.

"I again assure you," replied Dr. Franklin with a slight turn of his head, "the subjects are secure and comfortable in our facility." He turned back to address Johnny. "You must find out conclusively if her growth shows the same symptoms as our subjects."

"Okay," Johnny nodded once, reaching into his briefcase for an envelope of candid photos he received from his PI. Viewed in sequence over the last three days, it was undeniable that despite Jessica's best efforts she could not disguise the progressive and substantial increase in her bustline. "What specifically would indicate that she is under the effect of your product?" He placed the envelope on the table.

Dr. Franklin paced a moment, making brief eye contact with each of the others in the room. Johnny noted an almost imperceptible nod from each of the suits. He then took the seat nearest Johnny, ignoring the envelope. "In our study," Dr. Franklin began, "we have seen results that have vastly exceeded our expectations."

Johnny pondered the implications.

"Our current formula stimulates lactation as intended," Dr. Franklin explained. "As an unexpected side effect, our formula also appears to trigger further development of the breasts. Our intent was simply to increase a woman's ability to lactate using the equipment given to her by nature. A mother's breasts will enlarge somewhat during a normal pregnancy, as the milk glands become active." Dr. Franklin selected a manila folder from within his own briefcase. "Our latest formula, however..." Dr. Franklin opened the folder to reveal a series of photographs with note cards stapled to them, "...appears to restart the wholesale development of the breasts. In some cases," he said as he selected one from the group, "the development can be rather acute. In medical terms, this is known as extreme hypertrophy." He handed the selection to Johnny.

Johnny studied the file, a single page made of four photographs. The top two showed a woman's torso, naked from the waist up, once full frontal, and once in profile. She was white, young, and slightly overweight for her short frame. According to the note card, she weighed 133 pounds, and her breasts fit a 36B. In the third and fourth photos, the woman's breasts now hung almost to her waist. In the profile shot, Johnny estimated that despite the weight and hang of the woman's breasts, they protruded at least eight inches from her body, while her nipples added another full inch. The note card indicated that she could produce 4.2 liters of milk each day.

"With counteractive medication, we have been able to slow the growth in our subjects," Dr. Franklin explained, "and in many cases we have been able to stop the development. We'll need to do more studies, but it seems there is a point after which the counter-medication becomes less and less effective."

Johnny pulled the rest of the open file towards himself. He found 14 other sets of photos and note cards, each showing the anonymous 'before' shots paired with the absurdly enlarged, milk-laden breasts of the 'after' shots. Even the smallest of the women had breasts larger than Johnny had thought possible. One subject was producing over six liters of milk per day, and another almost seven. Another woman had nipples like rolls of quarters, and Johnny was shocked that they appeared to be in proportion with the woman's bloated breasts.

The average time span between the 'before' and 'after' pictures was only ten days.

"Stopping the lactation response," Dr. Franklin said with detached disappointment, "is not as simple. The traditional medicines have little or no effect – statistically indistinguishable from a placebo. In our quest to understand our subject's impressive production, however, we have found that the subjects all respond to certain stimuli," Dr. Franklin continued, as he pulled another paper from his briefcase and handed it to Johnny. "To verify if this woman is under the influence of our formula, we recommend that you try one of the methods listed here."



With the television on in the background and half-empty boxes of pizza on the table, Zach explained the forthcoming proceedings to Jessica between bites of pizza.

In the course of their discussion, Zach learned that Jessica wore 34-C – before her breasts began their untamed expansion. Jessica revealed that at this point she did not know her size, as she could not find any bras to fit her since she had outgrown the G-cup she found at the maternity shop.

"It's not that I mind having large breasts," Jessica contemplated aloud, "it's that they're changing size almost hourly."

Zach swallowed dryly, appearing to focus on his notes, rather than the erection he was trying to ignore. He glanced over at the television, then back to his notes, finally

meeting Jessica's eyes. "Come again?" he asked his client. Seated at the table, leaning forward, her breasts were for the most part hidden, and for this Johnny was momentarily thankful.

"I could get used to them if they would just stay one size," Jessica explained. "The milk comes in, and they swell up. When they're really swollen, they stick out, and at the same time they feel like they weigh a ton. I pump them back down and they shrink and get softer, but in a few hours they're just as big again."

Zach continued to scribble furiously.

"Then I have the growth spurts," Jessica resumed, as Zach stopped writing and shifted awkwardly in his chair. "They itch – inside – sometimes for hours on end, and when the feeling finally goes away, they're bigger – even if I've pumped myself dry. Just when I get comfortable with them at one size, then they grow again."

Zach hung on the details of her description of the sensations she felt as her breasts grew larger and filled with milk whenever a baby cried. He took notes on how Jessica's sleep was disrupted each night by her need to pump her milk, and on her difficulties in shopping for clothes to fit her swelling bustline.

On the television, the local news program had given way to the primetime made-for-TV drama, which chronicled the trials and tribulations of a young, single mother. Predictably, the preview included the scene of the frustrated teen mom trying to soothe her inconsolable sobbing infant.

Jessica instantly felt the usual pressure in her breasts. "Change the channel!" Jessica demanded. "Quick!" Zach jumped into action and vaulted himself over the couch to the coffee table. The sound of the baby crying filled the room while Zach fumbled through magazines looking for the remote. "Oh shit," Jessica lamented, "I wish I could get this under control!" Zach began digging in the couch cushions. "Here it comes," Jessica resigned.

Zach turned and peeked over the couch at Jessica and watched as two dark, damp circles suddenly enveloped the faded university emblem on her sweatshirt. Unselfconsciously, Jessica sighed and pulled off the wet garment, revealing a stretchy, pink spaghetti-strap top that she found at Lane Bryant. The elastic quality and generous proportions had served as a makeshift bra for the past two days. Where the sweatshirt had been merely dampened, the pink top was positively soaked.

Jessica stood to leave the room, and realized Zach could see her. Zach had been dumbfounded by the sight before him, and stood silently with his mouth open, the remote still in his hand. Jessica's cleavage dropped steadily for six inches before disappearing behind the pink fabric. The wet material clung tightly to Jessica's gallon-sized breasts, covering only the bottom two thirds of her ever-increasing bust.

"I know, I'm a freak," Jessica intoned, "and now I'm going to be a little bigger."

Zach regained his composure enough to finally press the 'off' button on the remote. "I'm sorry Jessica," Zach apologized, "I know this hasn't been easy." He crossed the room and put a hand on her shoulder, inviting a hug.

"No," Jessica refused, "I'll get your shirt wet."

"It's okay," Zach countered. "I'm sorry I was staring. I can't help that...that I'm so turned on."

"This is a turn on?" she said with a slight lean away from Zach, looking down at her wet top. "I know guys like big boobs, but I'm..."

"Amazing," Zach interjected, "absolutely incredible." Jessica stood mutely. "You're a beautiful girl, and I can't deny the way my body is reacting...simply to the sight of you." He stared directly into her eyes, and told her, "I found you beautiful the day we met, lying in a hospital bed," he reminded her.

"Oh God," Jessica exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. "I must have looked terrible."

"No," Zach told her, pulling her hands away. "Even then, I found you very attractive. Talking to you on the phone every day since has been the highlight of life lately, and I couldn't wait to see you again. I don't want to offend you or scare you, but I'm incredibly aroused when I'm around you."

Jessica still stood in silence.

"I can see you're surprised," Zach continued, "but..." Zach's next words were cut off as Jessica embraced Zach. Seconds later, Zach could feel that his shirt was wet with Jessica's milk.

Jessica had also felt something as she held onto Zach. "Is that what I think it is?" she asked.

"Uhh, no," Zach joked, "it's my cell phone."

"Your cell phone is getting bigger," Jessica teased.

"I told you I was turned on," Zach told her. "My god, I thought the sight of you was incredible, but to feel you..."

Jessica had heard enough. After feeling isolated by her condition, she could no longer deny her own need for intimate human contact. "Zach, you've helped me so much," she uttered, pulling away from him, "now help me with these clothes." Jessica pulled the front of her pink top down, exposing another few inches of cleavage. "In a strictly professional sense," she finished with a smirk.

Zach had already forsaken any sense of professional decorum, standing mutely as Jessica dropped the straps off of her shoulders and removed her top by pulling it down and stepping out of it, revealing the massive globes of flesh her breasts had become. As she bent over to pick up the wet garment, Zach watched her mammoth breasts bobble heavily, milk dripping to the floor. She stood up with one arm wrapped over her endowments and led Zach to her bedroom, pausing along the way to unzip and pull her jeans down over her hips. She hugged her bountiful bosom to herself with one arm

as she pushed her jeans to the floor. She lay down on the bed accompanied by a swishing sound. Zach sat and quickly slipped noisily off the edge of the bed, catching himself before falling completely.

"Plastic sheets underneath," Jessica explained. "You'll see that it's a necessity. You'll also want to lose that wet shirt of yours."

As Zach disrobed, Jessica lay on her back, one knee raised coyly. Her glistening breasts spread out, reaching to her shoulders. As she hit the bed, her nipples bounced up even with her collarbone, before settling in the center of two, full and rounded mounds that overshadowed the size of her head. Zach remounted the bed, crawling towards Jessica.

Almost immediately, Jessica sprang back up. "You lay down," she instructed Zach while hoisting her breasts with her hands. "Lately I find it hard to breathe when I lay on my back."

Jessica lay on top of Zach, squashing her breasts against his chest to continue kissing. Zach's lips welcomed hers as he caressed the mass of Jessica's bosom that bulged out from between them. She leaned forward and threatened to smother Zach with her exaggerated breasts, which continued to drip milk. Zach's tongue searched greedily for her nipples in the vast amounts of flesh that confronted him.

Just as he thought he had some purchase, Jessica pulled her breasts out his reach. Rearing back, she gathered her swollen boobs with one arm, and used her free hand to grab Jack's erection. She let go of her endowments and slid on to Zach's insistent erection.

Zach lay on his back, grinding his hips as Jessica slid along the length of his erection. He reached up and tried to corral the twin masses of her bouncing breasts as they slapped against and away from her body. She leaned into his open hands, her aureole filling his palms as her wondrous flesh overwhelmed him. He squeezed their voluptuous weight, and his palms were tickled with the warm spray of her milk.

Zach let go, and she caught herself on the wall, her monumental mammaries buffeting his face as she worked up and down his cock. Her nipples fleetingly brushed his face as Jessica's gyrations pushed Zach's head in and out of her cleavage. Zach's face, hair, shoulders and chest, as well as the pillow he leaned on were now damp with Jessica's milk.

He leaned into her cleavage, pressing his nose against her sternum. He squeezed both of Jessica's meaty lobes against his ears. Her breasts were large enough that her nipples easily cleared his back. If not for the fact that her abundant flesh blocked his ears, Zach might have heard the sound of Jessica spraying the wall and pillow.

Jessica dismounted suddenly, and turned around with her back to Zach, sliding slowly down on his waiting hard-on. She reached behind and grabbed Zach's hands, bringing them around to her nipples.

"Like this," Jessica instructed Zach, using Zach's fingers to gently roll and squeeze her nipples, eliciting alternating jets of milk. "I've been swelling up since I heard that baby cry on T.V.," she said, leaning back into Zach and letting go of his hands, "and I feel like I'm going to burst."

Jessica continued to milk Zach's cock with her gyrations, as Zach continued to milk Jessica's swollen pair. The milk sprayed all over their legs, with occasional blasts clearing the bed. Zach was in absolute heaven, and Jessica was undecided as to whether she gained more pleasure from the feeling of Zach inside her, or from the release of the pressure in her breasts.

Sometimes out of the need to brace himself, and other times from the inherent difficulty in gripping Jessica's huge, wet udders, Zach would lose his grip on one of Jessica's behemoth breasts, allowing it to slap wetly onto Jessica's torso. Zach and Jessica began to slide toward the foot of the bed, until Zach lay flat on his back, still wrestling with Jessica's spraying breasts, still penetrating Jessica's glistening pussy. As they continued to pleasure each other, Jessica's breasts gradually softened, and the sheets grew wetter.

Jessica rolled off of Zach and onto her knees, putting both her hands on the headboard. She looked over her shoulder at Zach, and then back down at her breasts, which hung heavily towards the bed. "I'm still feeling a little full," she told him.

Needing no further invitation, Zach mounted Jessica from behind, and Jessica milked herself with one hand while bracing herself with the other. When she felt Zach's hands take hold of her breasts, she straightened both arms out against the wall watched as her milk rained onto the wall and pillows. Jessica relished the sensation of Zach's much stronger hands working her breasts. The rhythm of Zach's thrusting fell into synch with his milking of Jessica's udders.

Their paced slowed, and Zach repositioned himself underneath Jessica, with her settling into a soft, steady grinding on Zach, allowing him to indulge himself on her milk. Zach needed both hands to steady one of Jessica's sizeable udders so he could work over her aureole on the way to her nipple. He quickly learned that almost any stimulation caused her milk to bubble out. Squeezing on the full mass of her outsized breast guaranteed a spray of milk in the face.

Confronted with what was easily the largest nipple he had seen in person, Zach took great pains to tongue and suck it's full length and breadth. He was rewarded with a non-stop flow of Jessica's milk. Jessica continued to ride Zach, her head tilted back, eyes closed, holding the back of his head.

"Mmmm," she moaned. "That feels...so...good."

Zach felt it best to continue his efforts without comment.

While he worked on her left breast, Jessica pulled his right hand to her free nipple, squeezing his fingers rhythmically around the base of the wet, pink protuberance. He

could feel her milk running over his hand and down his arm. As he improved his technique, the milk rained down on his shoulder and back.

"Harder," Jessica moaned. Zach began thrusting his hips.

"Not...that," she whispered. "Milk me," she clarified, pulling his head tighter into her left breast and again clasping her hand around his fingers on her right nipple. "Please, milk me harder."

Zach gave Jessica his all for the next few minutes, bringing her to a plane of ecstasy she had never before experienced. He steadily thrust in and out of Jessica while her milk ran down his throat and showered all around him.

The sheets were already soaked as Jessica began to come wetly, dousing their legs with her fluid. Zach held out for a few seconds more before he was overwhelmed by his own climax. He finally released her breasts and slipped out of Jessica as she rolled onto her back on the saturated bed sheet. Zach began stroking the sizeable breast that lay on his chest as Jessica half-spooned alongside him.

"Talk about a wet spot," Zach said as he kissed Jessica's forehead. "Good thing you had the plastic sheets."

Jessica rolled back on top of Zach, with her breasts enveloping the lower half of his face. "Help me change the sheets," she said as she squeezed the masses of flesh together, "or I'll smother you."

"Can't we do both?" came Zach's muffled reply.



Jessica awoke to the ache of her engorged breasts. Her bedside clock silently blazed 4:17 AM, which meant that the vigorous massaging, pumping and sucking that Zach administered allowed her to sleep over an hour longer than the last few nights.

Jessica spent a moment watching Zach sleep. Lying on her right side, her breasts cleared the distance between herself and Zach to her left. Heavy and solid in their bloated state, her breasts resisted Jessica's effort to roll over. She turned out of bed slowly, trying not to wake Zach, watching as one full, plump breast rolled across her chest, followed closely by the other. For a brief moment, she could feel her left breast lay heavily on her right. Twisting to put her feet on the floor, she felt her heavy breasts briefly smother her thighs. Standing up, they bobbed solidly against each other.

Still half asleep, Jessica ambled to the bathroom to draw off the abundant amount of milk she had created. While walking, Jessica felt the effect of her last growth spurt weighing heavily on her small frame.

As she opened her bathroom vanity where she stored her breast pump, her nipples had already begun to trickle steadily. She was grateful that the Pavlovian response to the pump was only a fraction of the intensity of hearing a baby's cry. All of the changes

over the past few days were disturbing, though what most bothered Jessica was how she had lost control of her body.

Intellectually, she knew that BioCAD was responsible for turning her into a human cow. It troubled Jessica, however, that it all seemed like hearsay, as she could not remember having nearly drowned in whatever had spilled into her car. On the other hand, she had gained nearly 35 pounds since Monday, all of it on her chest, all of it evidence that *something* had happened to her that day.

Jessica hefted her right breast and wondered how the women in the BioCAD clinical trial had fared. "Had any of them grown so large?" she wondered, positioning the receptacle of the breast pump over her milk-slick nipple. "Did they begin leaking or even spraying milk at the slightest provocation?" Jessica pondered, stroking the bloated form of her engorged breast. "Whatever drug this is," she thought to herself as she switched on the pump, "I hope somebody is working on an antidote."

## *SATURDAY*

As they shared a cup of coffee that morning, Zach could see that Jessica's breasts were visibly larger than the night before. He had spent enough time the night before exploring every inch of this case, so to speak, that he could easily recognize the change. Just yesterday, her breasts were comparable in size to her head, but now they appeared to have expanded an inch or two further in every direction, swaying ponderously beneath Jessica's terrycloth bathrobe as she refreshed her cup. The robe had once been comfortably oversized, but now the lapels could barely encompass Jessica's outermost dimension, and they remained separated by her cavernous cleavage. As the minutes passed, Jessica would readjust the coverage, only to have the material steadily separated by the dynamics of her unfettered udders.

Zach wondered how was she going to get out of the house to buy something to outfit her enormous bust if she didn't have at least one article of clothing that already fit?

Jessica seemed to sense what Zach was thinking as he couldn't help but stare at her breasts.

"They won't stick out so much once I pump them," she volunteered. "They're always really firm when I need to pump."

"Jessica," Zach began with another glance at the unintentionally bountiful display of her cleavage, "for your own good, we're going to need to keep you sequestered."

Unconsciously, Jessica pulled her robe tighter as she considered this latest twist in what she had expected to be an idyllic first summer vacation. In just a week she had gone from finishing her first year as a teacher heading into summer vacation to becoming

a prisoner of her spontaneous breast development and producing more and more milk every day.

Zach continued, standing up and gathering the files that had been left scattered the previous evening, "I may like big boobs but, as your attorney, I must advise that you stay in a controlled environment to prevent any further stimulation of your growth. After you get done shopping, I want you to come right home. If you have any problems," he offered, "call me."

Jessica nodded, sipping her coffee. In her head, she was running through her existing wardrobe and quickly running out of options.



In the dressing room at Lane Bryant's, Jessica closed the door and dropped her purse on the small bench. Going out in public had been a calculated risk, as the brief walk into the mall had shown her. She could see heads turn as she walked past, and the whispered comments confirmed that which she knew too well – her breasts were enormous.

The greater risk for Jessica was the uncontrolled environment. Her physical response to the sound of a baby crying had grown stronger as the days past, so as she walked through the mall, Jessica carefully avoided mothers pushing strollers. That morning she had made another unsettling discovery – her Pavlovian response to the sound of her breast pump had transferred itself to the hum of her electric toothbrush.

In the mirror, she was confronted again by her enormous breasts. She appeared to be standing behind two basketballs draped in plaid flannel cloth. Zach had the XL-sized shirt in his car, and Jessica was thankful for the dark pattern which helped to disguise both the size and the bouncing of what lay beneath. She simply could not pack herself back into the pink stretch top she had worn only yesterday.

She hung her selection of tops on the hook and unbuttoned her shirt. Even with the indisputable evidence hanging from her chest, she still found it hard to believe that she had grown so large. Each breast was now wider than her waist, and her slightly larger left breast hung to just below her navel. The outer curves of her fleshy globes eclipsed much of her slender arms as she stood straight in front of the mirror. She was shopping at the plus-size store for tops, although the entire rest of her body belonged in the petite department.

Jessica pricked her ears up, as she heard the sound of a baby's cries from somewhere in the store. "Oh shit," she muttered. The baby let out another wail. "Oh shit," Jessica repeated as she dug through her purse for the maxi pads she had brought for just such an emergency. "Go away go away go away," she whispered, hoping her words would have some effect.

The baby's cries grew more persistent, and Jessica heard the mother softly 'shushing' the baby. The sound moved away at first, then drew closer as the mother paced around with her child. The tingling began again in Jessica's breasts.

The baby continued to cry, and Jessica could feel her breasts begin to throb with the familiar pressure. Hoping to escape, she began to re-button her shirt. Her breasts had already swelled enough to make it difficult. "Why did I leave my jacket in the car?" she asked herself.

Jessica could not believe her luck. Looking under the door, she could see the mother's feet and hands as she stopped to sort through her bag, looking for a bottle. Jessica positively ached to feed the baby herself.

Jessica tried one more time to pull the sides of the shirt around her mammoth mammaries, hoping she could run away from her private nightmare. She was able to fasten the top three buttons, and then she started buttoning from the bottom. Her breasts had continued to distend, becoming firmer and fuller as her hyperactive milk glands heeded the baby's cry. Jessica squeezed her ballooning breasts down with her arms as she pulled the last button to mate with its hole.

The shirt had become so tight, Jessica could barely move, let alone breathe. The front of the garment had begun to gap between the buttons, and Jessica's breasts continued to swell.

The baby cried once more before taking the bottle.

As the mother and child walked away, Jessica sensed another wave building in her bloated bosom. The seams under her arms began to creak in protest of the escalating strain. For another instant, Jessica juggled the twin sensation of asphyxiation and engorgement until the muted snap of thread was followed by the sound of a button clattering off the mirror.

Her respite was brief. Only a small fraction of her burgeoning flesh had puffed out of the gap, and now Jessica began to feel the familiar tingle and itch of another growth spurt. Her lungs ached, and Jessica could no longer hold back. She drew a deep breath, and a second button gave way, followed shortly by a third.

Giving up, Jessica sorted through the clothes she had brought in to try on while her breasts continued to bulge uncomfortably through the front of the garment. She settled on what appeared to be the largest of the tops. Jessica unfastened the few remaining buttons, dropping the defeated garment on the floor.

As she pulled the top over head, Jessica began to leak. Looking in the mirror, she could see that the garment had a security device attached on the side. While she pondered her situation, her milk had begun to flow in earnest. She had stopped with her hands on the garment, still rolled up under her armpits, watching the white milk dribble from her nipples. Jessica didn't want to deal with attempting to shoplift, nor did she want to

explain how she had soaked the clothing with her milk. Completely frustrated, she pulled the top back off over her head and sat on the bench feeling defeated.

The walls of the dressing room seemed to close in. In the mirror, Jessica watched as her breasts steadily increased in size. She was faced with a difficult decision – suffer painful engorgement or douse the dressing room with her milk. She dug into her purse, pulling out one of the maxi pads she began carrying for just such an occasion. With one hand, she alternated a maxi pad from one nipple to the other. With her other hand, she dialed Zach's number into her cell phone.

"Zach," she whispered into the mouthpiece, "I need you to come and get me. Please bring a breast pump...and a big jacket. I'm at the Lane Bryant's at the mall, in the third dressing room." Jessica took a look in the mirror, and quickly estimated that by the time Zach could get reach her, she would be much larger. "You better bring a blanket, too...and some towels. And hurry!"

By the time she hung up the phone, the pad was saturated. Jessica saw that someone had left an empty pop bottle in the stall. She struggled with her right breast, trying to direct her milk into the mouth of the bottle. Try as she might, only a fraction of the spray could be captured. In the meantime, her left breast had also begun to leak in sympathy. Giving up, Jessica unwrapped two more maxi pads, and sat down on the bench to wait for Zach.

Had it really been only five days since she woke up in the hospital? On that sunny Monday, driving in her convertible, could Jessica ever have imagined that she would find herself with breasts so large they touched her legs when she sat down? Wednesday, she had worn a DD cup, Thursday, she had outgrown a G, and though Friday she had swollen beyond any standard sizes, her breasts then had seemed comfortably manageable compared to the two that continued growing in her lap.

Her breasts had produced enough milk to feed a family of four, and their capacity to lactate was, if anything, steadily increasing. Jessica imagined she could feel more milk ducts developing, spreading further in her breast tissue from their densest in the area surrounding her nipples, thinning out but extending all the way back to her armpits. Each time she became engorged, the soreness seemed to reach a wider expanse within her breasts. When would this stop? How much bigger could she grow?



Finally, she heard Zach knock on the dressing room door. "It's me," he said, "are you okay?"

"Hang on," Jessica replied. Zach heard the lock unlatch. "Give me a second," Jessica whispered. After a pause, she said, "okay."

Zach stepped in quickly with a shopping bag that held a blanket, an XXL sweatshirt and a thick towel. Draped over one arm was a large trench coat. He watched out through



the door as he closed it quietly. Safely enclosed, he turned around and almost dropped the bag in surprise.

On the bench, Jessica sat topless, her giant breasts filling her lap. She modestly held her hands over her nipples. Next to her sat a pile of milk-saturated maxi-pads, but Zach could see her breasts were still turgid with unexpressed milk. .

"I told you so," Zach muttered. "We need to get you to a hospital, in a controlled environment, and find a way to treat this. I have a private room waiting for you, and we're flying in specialists from all over the country."

Jessica didn't seem to be listening as she pulled the bag away from Zach, quickly digging out the breast pump. Without hesitation, she affixed the cup to her left nipple and switched on the pump. Immediately her right nipple began to leak in concert.

"Jessica," Zach admonished, "let's get you out of here."

"I feel like I'm going to burst," she shot back, dabbing her right nipple with yet another maxi pad. "I'm not moving until I can relieve some of the pressure. Feel this," she said as she placed Zach's hand on her swollen right breast. Her skin was nearly drum tight. As she pressed his hand firmly into her taut flesh, her milk sprayed out momentarily. "It's uncomfortable enough just sitting here. I can't imagine trying to walk or run or bounce around in that SUV of yours. I'll probably explode!"

Zach sat down on the bench next to her. He picked up his flannel shirt, noting the missing buttons. In the mirror, he watched Jessica sitting back with her eyes closed, tending her ever-expanding mammaries. One hand held the pump to one nipple, while the other held a pad on the opposite side. Jessica had rigged her pump to accept a half-liter reservoir, which was now nearly full. "I'm going to get you something for the overflow," Zach said, and stood up to leave the dressing room. Jessica continued to lean back silently, relishing the release of her milk.



Cruising away from downtown in his black Jaguar, Johnny recognized Zach's number on the screen of his cell phone. "JC here," announced Johnny.

"Johnny," came Zach's voice, draped in traffic noise, "it's Zach. We've got a change of plans for this afternoon. Meet me at the hospital at 4:30." Zach noticed he was in a construction zone, almost halfway between his office and the hospital, and nothing was moving over 15 miles an hour. "Better make it 5:00."

"She's that far gone already, huh?" Johnny responded calmly.

"You don't seem surprised," Zach countered. He glanced in the rearview mirror at Jessica, who sat in the back seat of the SUV beneath her super-sized breasts, still pumping away. She filled most of the space in the back seat, with her enormous dirigibles arranged on opposite sides. He estimated that she had already pumped out about two liters, not including whatever had been soaked up by the maxi pads, his shirt and the

carpeting at the Lane Bryant's. The connection sat silent for a moment, excluding the background traffic noise from Johnny's side.

"5:00," Johnny repeated coolly. "Are you coming from your office?"

"Yeah."

"Just checking." Johnny signaled as he dropped the phone and cutoff three cars making a one-handed U-turn.

"See you there," Zach said into a dead connection.



Back in his office, Zach hurriedly gathered his files while he listened to Kelly's latest update on her Bio-CAD investigation. His desktop printer kicked out a page of phone numbers. "Please call these specialists," Zach interrupted Kelly, handing her a printout, "and see if any of them can get to the hospital as soon as possible. So," he continued, "nobody has seen these women since they volunteered for the study?"

"I've checked with landlords, former employers, neighbors..." Kelly said with a shrug, "and no one has seen them since around the time they started the study."

Zach pondered the implications.

"We could send in a plant," Kelly offered. "After profiling these women, I think they didn't call me back since I have family in the area. On the forms I filled out, I wrote in my mother as my emergency contact, and she has the same area code. I think that was a red flag. So, we create an identity of an unattached woman, and use that to get into the clinic. I'd be willing to do it."

As much as Zach was turned on by busty women, he couldn't even fathom the liabilities. At a base level he had often imagined Kelly with a little more up top, but he couldn't knowingly expose an admittedly willing subject to what Jessica was experiencing. He shook his head. "Too much risk," he told her, "and there's still too much we don't know about this chemical."

Kelly seemed disappointed by Zach's reluctance to send her in for the lactation study. She stood up and turned to leave, stopping at the door. With her hand on the doorknob, Kelly turned back. "How big is she?"

Zach thought about Jessica, and how her breasts now comprised at least one third of her body weight. He thought about how her breasts filled her lap when she sat down. He thought about how badly he wanted to spend another night with Jessica on her plastic sheets.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," he finally replied, as he grabbed his keys and cell phone. "I'll be at the hospital," he said as he walked out, leaving Kelly in his office.

Jessica lay on the hospital bed, her breasts resting heavily on her torso, leaning off to opposite sides. She had spent the last half an hour pumping each of her breasts, drawing out almost a liter of milk in this session alone. Jessica could feel that she had been producing milk non-stop since the episode at Lane Bryant.

Despite pumping continuously on the ride over, in the span of time that it took to get from Zach's Land Rover, through the hospital admissions and into her room, Jessica was visibly engorged when Dr. Cuomo took her vitals. Her awareness of Jessica's condition notwithstanding, the doctor could not suppress a look of shock when seeing the colossal dimensions to which Jessica's breasts had grown.

Given her new dimensions and her near-constant need to expose her breasts for pumping, Jessica had foregone the usual, flimsy hospital garb. She lay in bed, wearing only a pair of flannel pajama bottoms, using an extra sheet to cover her breasts. The curtain had been drawn around her bed, so her giant breasts were not visible to any passers by who might peek in. Jessica was afraid to turn on the TV, fearing she might trigger another episode of hyper-lactation and the ensuing enlargement that followed.

It was clear to Jessica that the growth of her breasts had become a runaway condition. She had more than doubled in size since that morning, thanks to the flare-up at the clothing store. She couldn't clearly see the readout on the scale as she was being checked in, but she could tell by how the nurse moved the counterweights that she had gained at least 50 pounds since the accident. If she had put on weight anywhere other than her breasts, it was insignificant.

Bored, Jessica began to play with her breasts. With both hands, she lifted her left breast, and let go. With the impact of the pounds of flesh, she practically winded herself. The thump of her breast onto her stomach was accompanied by a short spray of milk. Lying still, her nipples pointed away up and away, opposing each other by 90 degrees. She opened her hands wide, and could only just cover her aureole. Moving her hands in small circles, Jessica felt her nipples wetly tickle her palms. Her nipples promptly stiffened, extending to an inch and a half, and half an inch wide at their tip. Jessica knew her nipples could be coaxed to almost twice that length with the pump.

Squeezing her breasts between her arms, Jessica's twin dirigibles projected well over a foot into the air, even as they spread heavily over her arms. With every manipulation of her breasts, her nipples dripped and sprayed slightly, though Jessica was becoming resigned to the effect. Jessica estimated that she had more milk-making machinery than a dozen women, within one breast alone. She considered that there might be an entire floor of newborns that could make great use of her new ability, but she also feared the rampant growth that would ensue if she came within earshot of that nursery.

She checked her bedside clock, noting that it was almost 5:00, and Zach had not yet arrived. Despite the awkwardness of the situation, Jessica understood that she needed to move forward with the deposition. "The sooner we pin this on Bio-CAD," Jessica

thought, "the sooner they might learn how to stop her breasts from..." She shook the thought from her head, pulling the bedclothes up around her enormous bosom and staring at the ceiling.



Johnny looked through the tiny window on the door. The curtain had been pulled most of the way around the bed, but he could see that the occupant of the room was, as he had seen in the pictures, an attractive young woman with red hair. He turned on the tiny video recorder that he had hidden in his jacket and checked to see that the lens, discreetly replacing a button, was clear. The video camera was standard operating procedure when trying to debunk claims against his clients, even though the video itself was often not allowed to be submitted as evidence. He knocked on the door, and saw the girl turn her head towards the door.

"Come in," the girl said, and Johnny stepped into the room.

"Hello, miss," Johnny began, in his smoothest tone, "I'm Johnny Cary, here for the deposition."

"Right," Jessica said, "but could you wait until Zach gets here? I'd feel more comfortable if we didn't speak without him being here." Johnny noticed that the girl made no effort to move the curtain, or even sit up for that matter.

"Call me JC. Zach's gong to be a bit late," Johnny offered. "I saw the traffic out there. Don't worry. We won't talk about the case until he gets here."

"Hmm," replied Jessica vaguely.

"Excuse me, miss," Johnny appealed, "may I call you Jessica?" After a pause, he realized the young lady was not going to answer, and he continued. "Do you mind if I have a seat?" After the same short silence, he sat down in the nearest chair, their sight line still broken by the curtain.

Johnny listened to the drone of the fluorescent lights and the muffled chatter from the hallway.

"Excuse me, sir," Jessica spoke up after a minute, "could you please open the curtain, I'm afraid I can't reach it."

His ploy had worked, and Johnny happily stood and slowly drew the curtain back around the bed. He looked back at Jessica, and from the far end of the bed, her face was now obscured by the bed sheets, which were tented above Jessica as though she were a burn victim.

Since the view he had seen from Anthony's photos, Johnny conservatively estimated that Jessica had ballooned to four times the size she had been on Friday afternoon. "If those are her breasts," Johnny thought to himself, "no wonder she couldn't reach the curtain,"

Johnny stepped back around the side of the bed keeping a respectful distance, so that Jessica's mountainous breasts no longer blocked her face. He recognized the perky nose and long red hair from Anthony's pictures.

Johnny came to the hospital to serve his clients, so he set his plan in action, going through the motions of making a call on his cell phone. "Just checking my messages," he informed Jessica, who couldn't appear to have cared less. He reached into his pocket and held a small tape player. He pressed "play," and the silence was broken by the sound of a baby crying.

"Turn that off, please," Jessica declared. Johnny pretended not to hear the tape as he continued his charade. "Turn that off NOW!" Jessica demanded.

Johnny looked up from his cell phone and raised one finger, as if to say "just a minute."

"Oh shit," Jessica muttered, as the milk began to stream and spurt from her breasts, soaking the bedclothes over her nipples. Johnny watched the circles of damp form slowly and spread. As the sheets grew wet with Jessica's milk, they began to cling to the contours of her flesh. Now Johnny could see the shape of the two huge orbs that were Jessica's exaggerated breasts. "Damn it," Jessica yelled, "I said turn that off!"

Johnny had seen the photos from the BioCAD study, but he had never seen anything like Jessica's overdriven mammarys in the flesh. Through the soaked fabric, Jessica's aureole reminded Johnny of pink 45 rpm records, each held in place by a large thumb.

Jessica struggled to sit up, at the same time fumbling for the nurse's call button. The sheets fell away, exposing Jessica's excessive endowments. Johnny had planned to only run the tape for a few seconds, but he was so stunned by sight before him that he had frozen completely. Jessica's breasts had grown so large - far larger than any of the women in the BioCAD files - that she was practically pinned to the bed.

Jessica's bloated breasts wobbled and bobbed heavily over her lap and the surrounding bed as she struggled to find the call button. Milk sprayed unabated onto the bed and the floor. As Jessica sat up with her arm extended as high as she could reach, her breasts still lay soundly on her legs. One behemoth breast rolled and threatened to drop to the floor, frustrating Jessica further as the weight pulled her away from the tantalizing call button. After a few more moments, she gave up to relieve herself of the pressure building in her breasts.

As the tape continued to roll, the milk continued to stream from Jessica's nipples, and Johnny continued to stand in mute shock.

"This is what your chemicals did to me!" Jessica hissed as she massaged her massive breasts in large circles, driving the milk out. "Now please, please stop that sound," Jessica implored, nearing tears, "I don't need to get any bigger."

Johnny snapped out of his daze and fumbled for the 'off' switch. "Oh my God," he said, "I didn't realize..." His next words were drowned out as he accidentally pushed the volume slider up. In concert, Jessica absolutely gushed milk as she grit her teeth.

"NNNnnnnhhhhh," Jessica grunted as her breasts became abruptly engorged. In just moments, her breasts had reached their capacity to hold in her milk. The effect was visible to Johnny, as the shape of Jessica's breasts firmed to resemble two enormous, pale footballs. The warm white liquid sprayed everywhere, reaching as high as the ceiling and as far as the wall. Jessica squashed her breasts together in an effort to drive out the incessant flow of milk.

"Oh my God," Johnny whispered in the ensuing quiet. "I had no idea. I'm sorry." For a moment, the only sound was that of Jessica panting and the light splash of milk on the sheets.

"It's the same thing that happens to the mother of a newborn," Jessica explained, "only thanks to that chemical, my reaction keeps getting stronger and stronger and," she straightened up for emphasis, "my boobs keep getting bigger and bigger."

Johnny stood watching, overwhelmed by the variety of feelings - guilt, shock, horror, and arousal - that he experienced.

"Ever since the accident, every time I hear a baby cry," Jessica continued, "I give more milk. My body isn't getting the signal to stop. Somehow, that chemical has blocked the signal, because I have tried absolutely everything the doctors have given me to stop the milk. I don't mind the milk," Jessica mused as she continued her mammary massage, "but I wish I would stop growing so much. Dammit!" she said with a shake of her head as she glared at Johnny, "I can already feel it starting."

"Um," Johnny managed to find his tongue, "I'm sorry. I didn't believe what I had been told...the stories...who would believe it? I've seen countless cases of insurance fraud. I didn't think that..."

"Ahh," Jessica moaned, ignoring Johnny's overture, "it's never been this strong." She stopped her milking and leaned to the side table, reaching over the swelling twin masses of flesh, taking a couple of pills with a small glass of water.

"What's never been?" Johnny asked as sympathetically as possible, watching the milk splash around his shoes.

"The itch," Jessica answered, resuming her pumping. After seeing Johnny was at a complete loss, she continued for his benefit. "When a woman's breasts grow, they itch," she explained as her teeth began to clench, "and I'm about to grow a lot, but I really wish they would stop."

Johnny watched as Jessica's prediction came true. Her breasts began to slowly mushroom, becoming fuller with each passing second.



Zach approached the door to room 647, and found his shoes splashed quietly on the white tile floor. He looked down to see that the puddle covered the remaining 10 feet between himself and the door. He looked up to the ceiling, searching for the source of the hazard. He found none of the ceiling tiles discolored, and no exposed pipe.

Stepping gingerly through the puddle, Zach noticed the liquid appeared to be coming out of room 647. "Real nice," he muttered under his breath, adding another item to his list of frustrations for the day.

He opened the door to room 647, and found Jessica desperately squeezing milk out of her breasts, which had grown beyond all reasonable proportion. As her nipples flooded the floor with milk, Zach could see that her breasts were slowly increasing in size. Sitting upright, Jessica's breasts spread out across most of the bed, covering her knees at their fullest point before the upper curve sloped downward to her relentlessly spewing nipples.

Though she squeezed her massive mammaries together, their sides had begun to hang off the sides of the bed. Jessica was quickly approaching the line at which her

breasts would become the majority of her body. She must have realized this possibility, as she pulled her legs from underneath her expanding glands, briefly slowing her fountains of milk.

Jessica was now kneeling on the bed, lying on top of her gigantic breasts with her arms extended fully in order to work her nipples. As she continued to milk herself, her growing breasts were slowly lifting her away from the bed.

Johnny Cary stepped from behind the door. "My clients are prepared to offer a settlement."



**THE END**