

Thanks for reading!

Search for \~ to jump to the part with growth.

You can find me on Reddit at u/BEOasis. I'm a girl and I post nudes, for what it's worth. Fair warning, I tragically don't have huge boobs.

This is chapter one of probably two. Please leave comments about what you'd like to see more or less of in the next chapter.

Oh, and if you shouldn't be reading this where you live or at your age - *don't*. It contains themes of a very sexual nature.

Daniel looked down at the form of his sleeping wife and smiled softly to himself. He was one lucky son of bitch. He and Jessica had met in college and got married shortly after they graduated. She was perfect for him in practically every way, and he cherished the few moments he had every morning before she woke up next to him.

She was funny as all hell, smart as a whip, and could maneuver expertly between demure and powerful as the situation necessitated. But in these morning moments when she slept in his arms, all he could pay attention to was her warm body against his. She was slightly taller than average but remarkably slim. She swore she was just blessed with good genetics, but he knew she cared about her figure and worked hard to maintain her tiny waist and delicate muscles.

He pulled her closer to his chest and wrapped his arms around her, feeling her heart beat under her breasts. The first time he had seen her naked, he was shocked at their size. Though they weren't huge, the 32Ds looked big on her lithe frame. She had confided to him in a moment of weakness a few weeks prior that she wished they were bigger, and he had to admit he wouldn't mind if that were the case, but he was also satisfied just as they were. Unfortunately, his act of pulling her closer woke her ever so slightly and, within moments, his time of morning appreciation was nearly over. As she stretched, her ass, small but perky, pushed innocently against his cock and he sighed deeply.

"G' mrng", she mumbled into the pillow.

"Good morning my love. See you downstairs soon." And with that, he kissed her on the forehead and gently eased himself out of the bed to start the rest of his morning ritual.

Jessica was many things, but a morning person was not one of them.

She emerged 30 minutes later, bundled in nothing but one of his sweatshirts and her favorite thong - a small little white number that he had purchased for her on whim. The white somehow managed to give her lily-white skin a pinkish glow, and the high-waisted band of the panties accentuated her hips, which had expanded ever so slightly since they had graduated and she had come into her womanhood. Her nipples were visible through the heavy sweatshirt, and he

wrapped her in a blanket and guided her gently to the couch before plopping her morning cup of tea in his hands.

In the discussion they had had about her secret wish for larger breasts, she also admitted that she had done some research into the topic. Not wanting implants for various reasons, she had stumbled across something called Natural Breast Expansion, or NBE, which dozens of women claimed help them grow their busts by one or two cup sizes. The program was a bit of a DIY situation, but entailed lots of fenugreek, massages, and fennel. One of the ways of getting those two herbs into her diet involved something they found called "Mother's Milk Tea". They giggled when buying it. If there were a magical tea that could induce lactation, Jessica would have been drinking it long ago.

She had introduced him to the idea of her lactating a few months ago, and he hadn't been able to get it out of his mind since. The idea of her sitting as she was now, but with breasts heavy with milk and milk soaking his sweatshirt that she was wearing drove him wild.

"What are you thinking about?" She asked, sipping her tea and making pointed looks at his cock, slowly growing erect under his sweatpants.

"Just...the usual." He hadn't told her that 'the usual' also involved her 5 months pregnant and with blonde hair, and didn't think now was the time to share that little fantasy.

"Mmm. Me too. Thanks for the tea, by the way. Did you make it differently this time? I swear it's sweeter than normal."

"No, just the same as always. Maybe you're just getting used to its taste." The tea, she had confided, tasted distinctly of licorice.

"Maybe."

And with that, the two of them sat in amicable silence in the morning glow.

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A half hour later, Jessica cocked her head to the side before shooting a look at her husband.

"Daniel? I think...I think my breasts are growing," she said, awe in her voice.

"That's awesome! I didn't expect the NBE program to start working so soon!" He replied.

"No. I mean, I think they're growing actively. Like right now."

"Babe, I love you, and I know that would be great, but that's....im...possible." Anything he was going to say after that caught in his throat as Jessica arched her back and moaned. Under the sweater she was wearing, her breasts indeed looked larger. They sat high and proud on her chest, slowly but steadily expanding. It looked as if someone had attached a balloon to a faucet and turned the stream of water on to half strength, then somehow managed to slip that entire set up under her top. He watched, too shocked to move, as her little nipples poked harder and

firmer through the heavy material.

"Daniel. Please. I need..." but she couldn't finish her sentence as another moan took hold of her. She grasped desperately at the fabric of the sweatshirt in an attempt to pull it up over her head, but lost any progress she had made when the hem caught on her nipples.

And Daniel was frozen. The underside of her boobs had just appeared, and they were magnificent. The sweater was pulled tight across the rest of her chest, and the flesh that was visible had that heavy appearance that only really large tits have - perky, yet soft, bouncy, and heavy. He knew that when the hem finally released its hold on her nipples, her boobs would bounce down on her ribcage and jiggle across her chest, and he wanted to see it, badly. All that had to happen was just one more growth spurt.

"Oh my god, Danieelllllll" and she screamed as his dream came true in front of his eyes. The underboob that he had been staring at expanded outward. There was no more room in the sweater that had once been huge on her tiny frame, and the hem of the sweatshirt dug into her heavy tits. With a grunt or a moan of effort, she sat up and shimmied the top off of her body, and her tits came into view.

They bounced heavily against her chest as they came free. Each was at least double the size they had been when he'd held her this morning, and as far as he could tell, they were still growing. Slowly but surely, they filled the space on her torso - becoming pendulous as they touched in the middle and continued growing outward. He watched as her hands moved, seemingly of their own volition, and wrapped around them, reaching for her nipples.

Previously the carbon copy of a pencil eraser - small, pink, and perky - her nipples now were something to behold. They were still pink and perky, but had grown as thick around as his thumb and as long as a thimble. Every fiber of his being wanted to latch onto them and suck, but he satisfied himself by watching her play with them. She pinched them softly at first, only to find that even that brought her to a scream of pleasure.

"Daniel. PLEASE. I. Need. You." She managed to gasp out.

And finally, he was only too happy to oblige.

Making his way quickly to her side, he grabbed her by the waist, picked her up and put her on top of his lap. With her chest at mouth-level, he gently kissed one of her tits and kneaded the other with his hands. She froze in anticipation, breathing heavily as she waited on his next move.

His next move was simple - suck. He kissed and licked his way down to her nipple and delicately latched on to the thing he had been dreaming about since the moment this started. She moaned his name into his the top of his head as she doubled forward, pushing her wobbling chest further into his mouth.

Though it seemed she had stopped growing, Daniel no longer cared. The world's hottest nipple was in his mouth, and he was going to do everything in his power to bring his tiny wife to an

orgasm through nothing but nipple play. Ever so gently, he ran the bottom of his tongue along the underside of her nipple and groaned in satisfaction as she began gyrating on top of him.

"Daniel," she breathed heavily, "you'll make me cum so quickly if you do that."

"Good," he managed to get out from around her areola as he thrust his hips in response to her gyrations, "that's exactly what I want." With that, he began sucking in earnest, not surprised at all when Jessica gasped and grabbed fiercely at his back.

"Pleaaaaaseee, Daniel. *Please* don't stop."

And he was only too happy to oblige. Grinding against her, his cock rock hard beneath her, Daniel kneaded Jessica's other breast and tugged on the nipple not presently in his mouth. Her new tits were heavy and soft, and he needed both hands to properly massage just one of them. If he had to estimate their size, he'd put them solidly in the range of a cantaloupe. Smaller than a watermelon, so she had a prayer of going out in public without looking totally ridiculous, but absolutely massive and perfect on her frame.

Sucking hard on her one nipple, he closed his eyes and imagined that she was lactating, a warm stream of liquid gushing into his mouth. He could almost taste the milk: sweet, thick, creamy, and...real. Real. Holy shit. Daniel swallowed and nearly came on the spot. *His* wife, the woman with massive tits grinding against his lap, was leaking milk into his mouth. With even more vigor, he switched breasts and began licking at her other nipple. He noticed, almost unconsciously, that her areola had darkened slightly and that her nipples had somehow become even thicker. The milk flowed steadily, and as he lapped gently at the nipple with his tongue, Jessica gasped his name and pulled his head tight against it.

"Daniel. I'm going to cum. I'm going to cum right now. Oh my god!! DANIEL!!" And as she screamed his name and he sucked the milk steadily out of her massive breast, she soaked through her little white thong and collapsed against him.

Daniel groaned. He was one lucky son of a bitch. There was only one thing that could make this better.

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