

Disclaimer: All individuals in this story are eighteen or older. This is intended as a work of fiction. The author does not condone sexual acts with non-consenting participants. Please enjoy. Constructive feedback is appreciated.

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Even before I had hit puberty, I had anticipated being as buxom as the rest of the women in my family. My mother, aunt and sisters were all *beyond* well-endowed; their breasts entering the room well before they did, and capturing the awed gaze of onlookers, male and female alike. On average I'd say they're around E cup sized boobs. Not only were they enormous, they were well shaped, and frankly, nearly too perfect to be believable. I'd certainly fielded questions from friends on the topic of plastic surgery, but we didn't have the money for that, nor could surgery provide such perfect mammaries. We owned a small farm in Eastern Washington, and while it provided enough income for us to live, it was comfortable at best.

With that in mind, imagine the sheer, crushing disappointment of going through puberty with hardly a cup size to my name at the end. The rest of my body was about average, with shoulder length red hair, long legs, and a toned but small rear. "*Washboard Wendy*", as my high school tormentors jeered. I still remember the burning of my cheeks when I was rejected by my long-time crush, due to what he called "Lack of airbags". I scoured the internet for solutions but found nothing. My meager income could hardly afford anything, and what I could afford didn't do shit. Lotions, pills, massaging, tea, you name it, I've put it into my body for bigger titties. I spent so much time looking for breast expansion solutions that I began to fetishize it.

One night at the dinner table, my father was talking business with my mother, who handled the bureaucratic side of the farm, managing orders and selling livestock. He mentioned that some of our neighbors had been using some drug- called Bovidae- to pump up his cows' milk production.

"*Well, Barry, the farmer north of us, said that after just one dose he nearly increased milk production in his cows by 50%*" said my father. "*We hardly sell enough milk anyway, so I'm willing to try whatever I can at this point. Damned cows need to earn their keep. I'm going to ask him for half his doses, and if they work I'll cut him some of the profit.*" "*Do what you want, honey, the cows aren't where most of our money comes from anyway*" my mother jovially interjected. "*Hell, at this point, we might as well start milking me!*". My mother laughed as her fat breasts bounced up and down; my father failed to find the humor.

The gears began to turn in my mind: Surely if I began to produce milk and lactate I can finally get at least one cup size, maybe even two. Nobody would spare a second glance, too, as I'm still young enough to grow at least a bit.

I waited in anticipation for a week as I waited for Dad to get the drug. I watched him haul them in- just an ordinary box stamped with a logo featuring cow's horns around a milk jug. He set them in the barn then came in for the night. After an uneventful dinner, my parents went to bed, expecting me to do the same. However, I sat awake in bed thinking about my options.

"*Take experimental drug, maybe get sick, maybe die, maybe turn into a monster- or stay flat forever?*" I mused. "*Surely it can't be that bad for me, if it goes in cows then we drink their milk. And along with that, I can't afford to be flat forever. This limits my dating opportunities, and depending on the interviewer, my job opportunities.*"

My mind set, I snuck downstairs, avoiding the consistently squeaky floorboards. I opened the door and ran to the barn, gut twisting in anticipation. I slowly opened the doors to the barn, to the confused moos of our cattle.

"*Shh! This is our secret, cows, you hear?*"

I don't think they understood me, but it was worth a shot. I didn't risk turning on the lights, which would be visible from the house. Using my phone's flashlight, I spotted the box with the logo. *Bingo*. Opening the box with little effort, I saw cases of syringes with no markings on them, nor instructions. In all the stories I had read, they usually injected into the ass, so... I pulled down my shorts and sank the needle into my rear, wincing at the pain. I pressed down on the plunger. I swear I could feel a cool sensation coming from the needle spreading through my body; my heart was pounding with anticipation.

I set the needle down and sat on a bench, waiting for... anything, I suppose. I had no idea how long it was supposed to take, seeing as there wasn't any markings on the syringe. Suddenly, fear gripping my chest, I checked the box of syringes. No instructions on the top, although all of the cases of syringes were upside down.

...Wait, how would they all be upside down? Unless...

I flipped the box over to find a slip of paper taped to the actual top of the box. **Hands shaking**, I used my phone's flashlight to read it:

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“**Thank you for choosing Bovidae, provided by PSC Technologies, your home for agricultural needs! Remember the following when using our medicine~

- Only use 1/8th of each vial per day, per cow. Any more could result in stretching.**

- Effects can take up to 15 minutes to become apparent.

- Remember to only use on cows above **1500 pounds. On cows lower than this weight, a smaller dosage can be used, but is not advised.

- The cow may experience immediate estrus (heat) due to the hormones in this drug.

Thank you again! Use responsibly. Patent #: 100686 | Not for recreational use

=====**Well, shit. I leaned back from the box after finishing my reading, fear gripping my chest. Before I could formulate a plan, I felt a pang through my chest. I doubled over as my flat breasts began to burn. I gripped them through my shirt, my pussy quickly becoming wet in anticipation of what was about to come. Flesh pressed into my hands as my tits began to do what puberty had neglected. From A to B to C, my breasts grew more and more plump, shaping into lovely spheres. One of my hands shot down through my panties and began working at my crotch, an intense heat spreading from her loins to meet her tits.

Tits, I thought, finally having some to call my own. I neared climax as I tweaked my nipple and shoved half my hand into my cunt. As I orgasmed my tits grew yet another two cup sizes, stretching the fabric of my now-tight camisole. My legs shook with the intensity of my climax, my brain turning on autopilot as I nearly blacked out. I'd never come as hard as then, and I collapsed to the ground. Straining my neck, I looked down at my shirt, the melons in front of me blocking much of my vision, to my joy. If I had to guess, they'd be somewhere around E cups by now, finally having a place in my family. The heat fading from my chest, I stood to walk back to the house.

I had barely touched the barn door when a familiar heat began to rise in my chest, and in my loins.

No. No no no no no. This is plenty big enough- I'm already on par with my family, that's all I wanted! My body refused to listen to me as I felt an even sharper pain through my tits than I'd felt earlier. I gasped as I touched my nipples, tenting my poor camisole. I began to twist and tease my nipples as an unfamiliar sense of growth erupted from my breasts. Where my last expansion had been the slow filling of a water balloon through a bathroom tap, this was a wave of raw growth crashing into the boat that was my body. I shuddered as I felt my camisole becoming tighter, pressing into my back as tears started to form at the edges.

God, no, what have I fucking done!? I'm going to look like a freak! But a small part of me encouraged the growth, and my tits returned the favor in dividends. I screamed in pleasure as my tits shot forward two cup sizes, looking more like watermelons than breasts as they tore through my top, which fell forgotten to the ground. I plunged a hand into my sopping wet cunt as I gave in to the pleasure. I kneaded my breasts as I felt them grow, more and more, on and on, growing so far from my body I could hardly reach my nipples. Each time I shot forward in size I came closer to another orgasm. Between the orgasms a sliver of my rational mind was worrying over my future- but for now it could wait. I clutched my breasts once more as I lost consciousness

By the time I came to my senses, dawn had peeked through the cracked door of the barn. I sat up to assess my situation to find that my breasts had continued to grow after I'd gone under; while the rest of my body had risen from the ground, my tits remained, piles of flesh stretching in front of me for several feet, obscenely large.

This is going to take a hell of a lot of explaining.