



## Oh hi there!

I see you've discovered this new little document bundled with my zip downloads. Well due to certain avenues not having places for profiles, interactive descriptions, or hyperlinks, and not wanting to make double copies of my stories for those that do, this here is just a little one pager with a few important Madam Materia links. And maybe some FAQ at a later date.

Anywhere, if you wanna keep up to date with my works, see about supporting my craft with a sub or commission, or just in general chat, then the following links are your best friend.

**Twitter:** [\@MadamMateria](#)

**Discord:** [The Menagerie Lobby](#)

**Reddit AMA:** [For public questions](#)

**Patreon:** [Madam Materia](#)

**Commissions:** [Gasp! FurAffinity!](#)

**[Milk Girl]{.underline}**

**Warning:** The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *lactation*, and other minor fetishes. You know why you're here, so don't complain to me if it's not your thing.

**Commission:** The following is a commission for an *anonymous* DeviantArt user.

- *Madam Materia*

It was a beautiful morning, the sounds of morning traffic, city birds, and of course the tender sizzle of lab grown pea meal bacon filling Nora and Ben's little apartment. The twenty some odd couple were just old enough to have remembered the time before lab grown really took off, but honestly, like most of the world, they grew to prefer it. It lacked the same fat content as classic farmed alternatives, so to a few it lacked flavour, but it made lab grown healthier overall. Not to mention the benefits of cheaper costs, environmental sustainability, and of course clearer conscience.

The whole thing had been part of a push to wean humanity off unsustainable livestock; basically, any food that it took more resources to raise than you got out of it. Over the now eighteen-year campaign, governments and companies had managed to replace pork entirely. There was still a little bit of contest with chicken and lamb, what with the synthesis for eggs still being a little spotty, and cotton and synthetic fibers still had enough issues with allergies that wool couldn't be completely phased out just yet. By and large the biggest problem of them all though was cows.

Beef was one of the first meats they perfected the process for, since cows were the main

problem concern. They needed huge farm space, ate like black holes, and produced waste that over time had severe greenhouse effects. No matter how great they made fatless lab beef taste however, there was another reason people needed the real deal animals; milk.

With a population of over ten billion, the dependency on milk and its adjacent products was staggering. It was a part of everyone's life, whether they really acknowledged it or not: the milk on their cereal; the cream in their tea; even the cheese on their lunchtime sandwich, all were vitally dependent on bovine produce farming. Even right now, as Ben mulled over the morning news, one hand was idly stirring the white gold into his morning coffee. There was an alternative in the works however.

"So that 'Milk Girl' project from Humane Production is starting to get underway," the man offered, adjusting his squared glasses up his nose as he read the article from his phone.

His **fiancée** paused, making sure the food was at a point she could leave it a few seconds before replying. "Wasn't that approved like, a few months back?" she asked, turning her navy eyes over towards him.

"Yeah," he answered, setting the device down and running his fingers through his sandy brown hair, "but I mean, the proposal was using human milk as an alternative to standard dairy. Even if the government gave it a pass, people weren't just gonna accept other people as livestock. I mean," he drew up their small milk pitcher, giving it a shake to emphasize his point, "could you imagine if this was some girl's? Tell me that wouldn't weird you out hun."

She couldn't help a small giggle, sending her pudgy curves jiggling. Nora wasn't large by any means. A tad on the shorter side, packing a few extra pounds that gave her a thickset bottom and a plump chest, but far from what anyone would consider overweight. Still, given the chance, she wouldn't mind dropping a few pounds off her tummy area.

"You sound like my dad did when they first announced the swap to cultured meat," she teased, carefully plating both their breakfasts and making her way to the table. "I do kinda agree though; it's a little weird to think about."

Placing his plate down in front of him, she stole a quick kiss on his soft cheek before settling down into her seat next to him to enjoy their meal. For the past year they'd lived together, ever since Ben popped her the question, and every day the blonde made sure they got to share, even a meager meal, before he had to head off to work for the day. It wasn't easy keeping them both supported on a single income, especially in the big city; she knew her fiancé worked his ass off for them, so she promised always to be there and do everything she could for him in return.

Despite the hot food before him, his chocolate eyes stared at her, a wry smirk on his lips. "Like your dad huh? Should I consider that a good thing or a bad thing?" he inquired as he drank her in.

A light blush tinted her cherubic cheeks, as she tried to keep her eyes on her plate. "What do

you think mister office job?" she countered as she sunk her knife into the slab of bacon adorning her dish.

"I think," he began, reaching over and resting his hand on hers to grab her attention, "that I\m the luckiest man alive to have you for a fiancée, Nora."

Her blush deepened to a beet red, and she playfully swat his hand away. "That doesn't even answer your own question," she chastised him, but the flirty grin on her lips betrayed her enjoyment.

Slipping a small piece of meat between her lips, the chubby blonde\'s lover was quick to make his way in and kiss the smallest drop of grease from her lips.

She recoiled shyly, chortling at her lover\'s boldness; just one of the many things she adored about him. With a smooch of her own she rewarded him, letting it linger long enough for them both to savour the moment. "Alright, now finish your breakfast before you have to go!" the cushioned blonde gave him a tap on the nose to drive the order through; as much as she would have liked to continue revelling in his company.

Piling his plate onto a piece of toast, Ben obliged, polishing it all off with a smile on his face as she was still cutting off her small bites. A quick dab of his mouth, a wash of his hands, and a straightening of his glasses and tie and he was ready to go. Well, there was one last order of business.

Collecting up his briefcase he returned to give his fiancée one last peck on the cheek. "Thanks for another lovely breakfast hun. I\'ll see you tonight," he promised.

"See you then," Nora replied with a bubbly grin, as her love slipped out the door for the day.

The navy-eyed blonde took her time to finish off her spread, then set about collecting everything to do the dishes. It was her routine. With her lover away most of the day, it left her with hours to pass on her own. There was only so much to clean, and keep tidy, in their little apartment however. She'd tried daytime television, quickly discovering it was the most monotonous garbage she had ever tried to sit through; the unfortunate part about streaming an alternative though, was anything she wanted to see she was already watching with Ben, or else the girl knew she'd enjoy it more curled up in his lap.

Thus, she was left to find anything she could to fill the time. Her fiancé, when she first expressed her boredom, introduced her to a handful of different small-town farming sim games; something she\'d come to be, only mildly, addicted to. It had also turned out to be a good opportunity to pick up some of her old hobbies from high school.

Their spare room had been made into a nice little workspace. At her desk was her computer, along with a small selection of paints, brushes, clays, and rubber tipped shaping tools. The product of that little collection sat upon a shelf in the back wall; a few dozen hand sculpted, and painted, figures. They were immaculately detailed, and ranged in theme from ballerinas in dance, to medieval knights on horseback. Some were displayed in small dioramas, creating little

scenes that had taken her days of work to finish, and all between one and about three inches tall.

They were a great pride, so with the dishes set to dry, the floors all vacuumed, and a few things taken out, to thaw in prep for her lunch, Nora slipped away to her desk. Picking up her current half-finished project she was working on she flicked her PC to life she examined what she had so far. The face was looking good, always the hardest part, and the petite model's hair had good flow. No major bumps or scratches to work out, so as soon as her reference was open, she could get to work on the body.

Clicking away a stock image filled her screen, a picturesque proportioned jogger she was using for reference, and an unfortunate reminder of the blonde's body shape. Self consciously she took a pinch of her chub in her fingers, frowning at just how easy it was for her. Maybe she should consider a gym membership, try to work off a bit of her excess weight? Not to mention it would probably be good for her to get out of the house a little more often. A quick online browse, while she was starting up her ring light and setting everything up to start, brought up a number of good options; a pinch on the pricier side to be sure, but nothing they wouldn't be able to afford. Or so she thought.

As she was sculpting the inner curve of her piece's waist the door buzzer went off, drawing her attention away from her work. Her navy eyes flicked to the clock, "Two hours," she mused to herself; it was always so easy to lose time to her art, "that must be the mail then."

Rising to her feet, as the impatient mail carrier buzzed for a second time, Nora made her way out and down to the lobby. There was a bubbly excitement to her steps, the mailman didn't buzz unless there was a package, which only meant her new ultrafine tip paint pens had arrived. The sight of the medium-sized package tucked under the man's arm just further confirmed her theory.

"For apartment six o six?" the girl piped up, her voice lilting and cheery as she rocked on her heels.

The carrier gave a nod, brown eyes double checking what he had with him just to be sure. "Nora Addison?" he inquired.

"Yes," she gave the affirmative.

Without anything more, he handed over the package, fishing out a handful of letters as well.

"May as well give you the rest of your mail, save me the effort of needing to shove 'em into your slot."

She took them as well, the one on the top immediately catching her dark blue eyes and filling her with a mild worry. Stamped across the envelope, in bright red ink, were the words "final notice". "Thank you," the blonde mused, her cheerful tone having faded for one more solemn and contemplative.

"Welcome Miss," the mailman responded, tipping his hat to her and slipping into the mailroom

to get to the rest of his work.

Her mind was as heavy as her footfalls, as Nora returned to the apartment. Final notice? For what? The eagerness for her pens was long gone, as she set everything out over the dining table and immediately tore into the offending letter.

It was their cell phone bill, unpaid from last month. The chubby girl pondered, wondering why when her gaze drifted to the rest of the envelopes littering their eating space. They looked to be mostly bills, so, unable to quell the curiosity borne from her concern, she opened the lot of them. None put her at ease. Power bill past due, rent was behind, there was even an overdraft fee on their bank account she was unaware about.

A dozen things were going through her mind, but two were dominating the forefront. Why hadn't Ben told her things were this bad? And more importantly, what were they going to do about it?

Setting everything down the blonde took a calming breath. There was really nothing she could do to get the reasons until her fiancé got home; calling him at work would just aggravate things, and distract him from doing his job. That left her figuring out a solution, what she could do to help on her own, till then. It didn't really take much thought; the easiest answer was obvious. She needed to get a job.

What kind of job could she even apply for though? She was a twenty-something with high school, no college, and minimal job experience from when she took a retail job in her teens; and those types of positions were growing more and more scarce, as self and automated checkout became more and more common. That didn't leave her much, maybe she could sell her sculptures or take commissions?

Figuring it would be best to browse options, Nora pulled out her phone for a search, only to be immediately accosted by a notice from her news feed. "Milk Girl project underway," she read aloud, recalling her conversation with her lover this morning.

The lights started flicking off in her head, as she skimmed through the article. *"Humane Productions is now accepting applicants for their new 'Milk Girl' project... The company hopes to have production at a sustainable, and affordable, level within the first year of operations, and as such are hiring healthy individuals who meet the requirements outlined on their corporate website. For more information visit..."* it proceeded to list off the address, as well as some of the writer's more personal views on the program.

Already the curvy blonde was on her feet, heading to her desk to pull up the URL. It was surprisingly comprehensive, taking only a few clicks to make her way to the application. The requirements were simple: a clean bill of health; a safe place of living; and a body weight within the healthy BMI range. Three things she had in spades. Perusing her way through the specifics it just kept getting better. She could "work" from home, with everything from the interview to check-ins conducted online.

It was too good to be true, there had to be a downside. Her fiancé's words from this morning

echoed in her head, *"people aren't just gonna accept people as livestock."* That is what she would be if she took this "job", livestock. What would Ben think if she went through with this? Would he be mad?

The whole reason she was looking at this opportunity pushed her concerns out. Let him be mad, she was mad. He'd kept their financial troubles from her, and now she was taking the initiative to do something about it. Besides, the only alternative she could think of was him working even harder, and part of her promise to love him was to always do what she could.

She filled out the form, and only about an hour later had her interview. It had been years since she last went through the whole rigmarole, and she was thankful to have a respectful enough blouse, that still fit her curves, for the occasion. Still, Nora was mentally steeling herself for it, as she sat down at her desk to await the call.

Her heart anxiously fluttered when it finally came through, the bright blue pop up filling the majority of her screen. With a deep breath to settle her nerves, she put on her best smile and clicked to answer.

A dark-haired woman in a crisp suit greeted her, deep chocolate eyes idly reading over something just out of frame. "Nora Daniels?" she inquired, before turning those eyes to the curvy blonde.

"Yes, that's me," she replied with an affirmative nod.

"Perfect," the woman straightened up, putting on a proper business demeanor. "My name is Marcie Bo, a representative of Humane Productions, and I'll be conducting your interview Miss Daniels. Should you accept the position, I will also be your contact for check-ins, and any emergencies."

Should you accept? Even being out of the game as long as she had, Nora knew normally interviewers phrased it as "should you be accepted". She didn't want to be presumptuous, but, "So, I'm already considered, just from my application?" she asked.

Marcie took a moment to brush her hair back into line with her tight bun. "This is a tad different than your usual job interview. Consider it more along the lines of a leasing agreement; you're leasing out your body as a production facility for Humane Productions, and in exchange you'll be compensated appropriately."

That was an extremely business-like way of describing this non-job. "Okay," the blonde nodded along. "That all sounds fine, so how do we start?"

"I'm going to send you the full copy of the terms and conditions to sign. By law I am required to read everything to you, in order to ensure you're aware of the contents within," it was an old universal policy, but it still held strong. "So, if you'll open up the document sharing link in your email Miss Daniels, we can begin."

Following along Nora did as she was told, sliding into her inbox and opening up the contract.

"So, this first section," the beginning couple of paragraphs were highlighted to draw the eye, "goes into your dietary requirements as a Milk Girl. I'll send you a more exact list of what goals we'll need you to hit, as well as restrictions. For now, just know it's a high calorie diet, with a priority on fats, proteins, and vitamins.

"The most common concern with the diet is weight gain. There will definitely be a bit of it, between the diet and the medications, but most of the intake is going to be expressed in your product," Marcie explained in a cool demeanor, not wishing to scare off her applicant.

The blonde's thoughts immediately went to her tummy; she needed to remain composed though. "A few extra pounds won't hurt," she offered lightheartedly. Well, it wouldn't hurt compared to financial insecurity.

The tan skinned interviewed smiled back. "Good to hear," the next part of the contract highlighted as she spoke. "I wouldn't be worried either way, this is your physical activity requirement. Nothing too intense, standard healthy amount of either two and a half hours per week of mild aerobics, or half as much vigorous exercise."

So, a few thirty-minute sessions a week; maybe she could still manage that gym membership? "I can definitely do that," she nodded with a small smile, a question popping into her head. "Um, how is that monitored if I work from home?"

"Monitoring will be in the form of milk testing, which is discussed further into the contract," the highlighting jumped further down. "The full details are in your kits, but basically, your daily shipments will have one bottle randomly selected for testing. This is to ensure the product meets Humane Productions standard of quality, as well as to see if any adjustments need to be made to your diet or exercise routine," the woman explained with typical business acumen. "Obviously every person is different, and the same routines won't work for every applicant."

"Makes sense," Nora continued to nod along. So far, she wasn't seeing any major downsides, promoting a bit of boldness in her continuing inquiries. "So, anything else, or can I sign on the dotted line?"

Marcie gave a chuckle, happy about the girl's enthusiasm. "There's one more section of responsibilities, labeled here as the 'happiness requirement'," she highlighted the last section of the contract. "I know, it sounds weird, but our research showed an improvement in taste from the hormone balance, as well as the peace of mind that the Milk Girls were content, not being exploited," she explained, perhaps a bit nervously.

That was it? "Easy enough," the blonde responded with a confident grin. "I assume that's also tested for then? Not gonna knock on my doors for weekly checkups," she joked with a curt laugh.

"Yes," the interviewer laughed along. "Well, you seem pretty eager. Did you have any other questions Miss Daniels, or would you like me to get things underway?"

"Only when I can start," she answered enthusiastically.

With a smile the dark-haired woman took a moment to check a few things. "I can have your starting kit shipped out to arrive for tomorrow afternoon," she answered, giving her full attention back to Nora. "If that's all, then whenever you're ready."

The final part of the contract opened up, revealing a place for her digital signature. There was still a small bit of trepidation in her, but once more, weighed against those bills out on the table, it was something she would overcome. With a click, and a flick of her finger over the interactive interface, the deed was done.

Marcie gave one last business-appropriate smile, like a clerk having just made a big sale, and filed things away. "Alright, welcome to Humane Productions Miss Daniels. Let me know when you receive your kit tomorrow and we can get things underway."

"Looking forward to it," the chubby beauty replied reflexively, just before the call ended. Now was the hard part, figuring out, and explaining everything, with Ben.

Whatever excitement had filled her through her interview, it was quickly pushed out by anxiety as Nora waited for her fiancé to get home. She'd tried to get back into her jogger sculpture to relax, but she could hardly even bring herself to touch the sculpting tool to her piece. Then cooking lunch felt like it dragged on. She felt too bad at the idea of wasting it to not cook, but there wasn't any of the spark she enjoyed. She needed to resolve things.

The sound of the key in the lock, the thud of the bolt, the turn of the handle, each of them rose the tension inside the blonde as she sat waiting at the table.

"Hun, I'm home," Ben called out for her.

It was a sharp contrast to her mood, hearing him cheerful as always despite the circumstances. "In the kitchen," she replied, unable to help some of his demeanor seeping through and lightening her tone.

She heard his shoes come off, and the light sound of his footsteps through the hall, before he emerged through the archway to stand before her. Immediately he froze, catching her deep blue eyes staring at him, her fingers resting on the edges of their overdue bills.

Nora wasn't about to wait; she needed her answers. "What is all this Ben?" she asked vaguely, using all her willpower to hold back from flooding him with all the questions buzzing around her mind.

Her fiancé let out a sigh, idly fixing his glasses up his nose. "I'm sorry hun, I should have told you," he replied, not daring to approach; she had every right to be mad at him.

"You should have," she agreed, wordlessly asking why with her posture alone.

He met eyes before continuing. "I didn't think it was going to be a problem. I was due for a promotion that would have put us safely in the black, but," he trailed off, unable to hold his gaze in his shame.



"But...?" the blonde pressed him, wanting the whole story.

Once again Ben let out a sad sigh. "But I was passed over. I'll be up for review again soon, so it's not off the table, we just might have to be tight for a little while."

She got up, staying neutral with her body language as she approached. When she stood before him, eyes level with his collar, all she did was adjust his tie. "You should have told me," she said softly, at least understanding now why he was hesitant.

"I know," he replied, resting his slim hands on her hips.

Nora wasn't done though; she obviously had her own news to break. "I applied for a job, as a Milk Girl," she told him flatly, not leaving room for any retort. "My starting kit will arrive tomorrow."

There was a clear aversion to that in his dark eyes. When he saw her determination though, acknowledging how worried she must have been through all this, he smiled for her. "If that's what makes you happy hun, then I'll support you," he told her softly.

She smiled back, stretching up on her tippy toes and laying a kiss on his lips. "Thank you," she whispered, leaning up against him. "We'll make it through this," she assured, her mood finally returning after a long day.

There were still tensions between them, lasting through dinner and until they were ready for bed. A night's rest though, and Nora's fine breakfast, had them both feeling better. By the time Ben left for work, it was all water under the bridge. She'd almost forgotten to be expecting a package, especially when it arrived amidst her doing the breakfast dishes.

The buzz drew her up from the soapy water, leaving her hands dripping as she hopped her way over to the intercom. "Down in a sec," she told them, operating the small buttons with her elbows.

Wiping her hands off on her pants, she scurried her way out the door, and down to her starting package. Delivered by a Humane Productions courier, it had a good amount of weight to it, leading her to wonder what was inside the whole way up. She had to let Marcie know it arrived though, before she went digging through it.

Plopping down into her desk chair the blonde got to work; a giddy feeling after years of being out of the game. Her screen lit up with her contact almost immediately, the business-dressed woman fixing her gaze straight before starting. "Humane Productions, Marcie speaking."

"Hey," that was horribly unprofessional, but it was out there, the best she could do was roll with it. "It's Nora Daniels, my starter kit just arrived," she leaned out of frame and hoisted up the heavy package for her to see.

The tanned woman gave a clap. "Excellent, open it up and you should have a few things that'll help me get you set up."

Doing as told the blonde dug in, finding it full of individually wrapped mechanical bits.

"Most of that is your milker, there are instructions for putting it together in the box, but it's optional. You can hand express, which many of our test girls said was a preferable experience," the business woman explained, moving on to the important part. "Ignoring that, you should find a digital scale, and a bottle of medication in the kit. Could you get those out?"

Nora gave a nod, pulling out pieces of the milker one at a time and setting them about her desk as she hunted for what she needed. "Here they are," she got out a white bottle that rattled about as she lifted it, and a fairly average looking bathroom scale with a small bag taped to it.

"Excellent," her monitor piped up, reaching over to type a few things into her computer. "The scale should have a dongle for you to plug into your computer, then I can take your weight."

"Don't you already have my weight?" the chubby blonde inquired, recalling filling that information out in her application.

Marcie shook her head. "Yes, it's asked in the questionnaire, however in order to determine the appropriate dose of our lactation aid medication to place you on, we need exact numbers," she replied matter of factly. "It's also one of the few things we can't check with a sample."

That made sense. "Alright, let's get to it then," the new milk girl offered, tearing into the small packet and fishing out the little usb end.

Plugging it in, setup was only a few seconds, and the pair got underway with her minor physical. "Okay, I've got your numbers," the tanned woman smiled pleasantly. "With that, the recommended dose will be two of those starter tablets a day for the first week. If you want, you can take three at your current weight for more rapid results, if you start to experience frequent nausea however, reduce to one."

Simple enough instructions. Nora tipped the bottle, pouring out three into her hand, on camera, and tossing them back with a confident smile. "Three it is then," the faster she could resolve her and Ben's financial situation, the better.

The business woman couldn't help a chuckle, glad for the enthusiasm of her recruit. "I'll have your bottles and accelerant shipped out tomorrow. With any luck, you'll be producing in just over a week."

It turned out to be an interesting first week, as the blonde's body started preparing for the job ahead. By her second day she was awoken by the unpleasant sensation of soreness in her breasts, followed by mild nausea when she got up for the bathroom. Not enough to dissuade her down to one pill, but enough for her to be cautious; and for her fiancé to come in worried about her.

She recognized the tight feeling in her chest. Not enough to put her finger on it immediately, but enough to know it was familiar, something not to be overly worried about. And so, she kept to her usual routine. By the fourth day she had an ache in her back that just had her wanting to

sit down, so she settled for using the day to sculpt her jogger. That was when she figured it out.

Sinking into her seat, there was no ignoring how her breasts landed on the desk, knocking her projects aside and leaving her to scramble to stop them falling and getting damaged. The further she reached, the more her tender boobs were pushed up towards her chin, sealing her suspicions. She was big-ish, by her own account, but she wasn't tits resting on the table big.

Setting her project aside, far enough not to knock it if her hunch was correct, the blonde got up, all the while peeking down at her bust as she walked. There was rarely a reason for her to wear a bra around the house alone, meaning each step to her closet had them bouncing about in her top. Tearing her way through her things she fished out one of her bras, and stripped down. They were obviously bigger, not hanging free for her to see, but still, she needed definitive proof.

Wrapping the band around her body she could hardly connect the hooks, her breasts overflowing the cups both ways and holding it a good extra inch away from her body. Still though she struggled on, sucking in her breath futilely and biting her lip in focus. It wasn't going to happen, which meant at least two inches and two cup sizes she'd put on, seemingly overnight. She could have sworn she hadn't gained too much weight, leading her to her next check of going back to her office area and pulling out her check-in scale.

Stepping on she had to pull her chest in to get a clear view, revealing she'd only gained about a pound. One pound didn't add up to all this, normally her weight was spread out, not focused on her chest.

There was a flicker on her computer screen, the screensaver blinking off and being replaced with a call request from Marcie. It was enough to give the buxom girl a start, filling her with so much worry she could do little more than drape her arm in front of her nipples to protect her modesty, as she quickly answered the call.

"Nora, I just got a ping from your scale, is everything alright?" the business woman was quick to ask of her asset.

Just the person to get some answers from. "Fine," Nora replied calmly, not wanting to potentially jeopardize her new job so early with radical hysteria. "It's just my-" she had to pause, searching for the right professional term for her bust and failing, "my boobs are a bit swollen," a bit was an understatement, but she was trying to keep calm.

The crisply dressed woman nodded. "Yes, that was discussed in the side effects pamphlet for your starter medication. Ninety percent of our test women experienced some breast growth, particularly when 'full'," apparently Nora wasn't the only one struggling for proper terminology. "A further thirty percent experienced extreme increases in breast size. It's purely based on genetics."

Extreme increase? Two cup sizes in less than a week felt pretty extreme. Still, it was somewhat a relief to know nothing was seriously wrong. "So, I'm likely in that last category?" she inquired calmly.

"That's still inconclusive. You've been on your maximum dosage, expediting the process, so this could very well be all the growth you experience," Marcie offered back. "You've been feeling alright otherwise? No nausea?"

"Nope," the blonde replied back. It was still nothing she couldn't handle.

"Good," her monitor replied. "Remember, like we discussed, you can begin taking the accelerant as soon as you start experiencing discharge."

"And then I should bottle the produce and ship it off for testing," she finished with a smile.

The tan business woman nodded. "Alright, take care Miss Daniels," she bid her client goodbye and ended the call, leaving the topless woman flush with embarrassment.

Unfortunately, her bust wasn't done. A couple days passed, and, more acutely aware of the goings on now, she noticed another solid inch or so when she was tying her apron for breakfast. The garment didn't wrap her nicely, instead pushing to sink between her breasts, and create a deep cleavage even through her clothes.

The sight was enough to draw her lover up from the morning news, glasses sliding down his nose as he watched her struggle. "Everything alright?" he asked.

"Fine," she was quick to reply, turning and giving him an eyeful of her enhanced assets.

He rose, causing her to blush when he approached and took her apron strings in his hands. Delicately he tied it, loose enough to take the stress away from her front. His fingers then grazed up her sides, tracing over her tender breasts and making her breath catch, before taking hold of the edges of the garment, and lightly tugging it from the deep canyon it had created. He fixed it across her chest, lingering over her bust a moment longer before withdrawing.

"Better?"

She turned to him with an embarrassed smile, and a tint still in her cheeks. "Yes," the blonde answered. The look on her face made her desire obvious, but unfortunately, they didn't have the time to fool around; she had to finish making breakfast before Ben had to get to work. They settled for a kiss, before he returned to his seat to wait.

After that, she spent the rest of the morning frustrated, until she plopped down for some time with her virtual farms. She was still adjusting to her size, not that its continued changing was making that easy, so pulling her seat in they squished up against the edge; and had two wet spots appearing on her top.

Seeing them immediately struck the emergency switch in her brain. "Shoot," she was immediately back up, scurrying to the fridge for her bottle of accelerant.

It was a semi-clear white fluid, held in a quart-sized glass bottle; nearly identical to the bottles she was to ship her milk in, save for a number of sticker labels. "Okay," she rolled it over in her hand, searching for the dosage. "One spoonful."

She grabbed up what she needed, pouring the medication into one of their deeper tablespoons and taking it quick. It didn't taste bad; to the contrary it was distinctly sweet, and rather fluid, going down easily. As Marcie had warned though, it was quite potent.

Not a minute later there was an uncomfortable bubbling in her stomach, moving its way through her body. Looking down she visibly watched as her breasts swelled, stretching her top till it was taut across her chest, and growing the small wet spots until she could make out her nipples through the soaked fabric. "Shoot," she found herself repeating as she shot back up to her feet. The blonde had the milker constructed in her office; she just needed a bottle. So, glass container in hand, she hurried to the machine, as drop after drop escaped into her shirt.

Tearing out of her top she quickly got comfortable, positioning the large suction cups over her swollen teats and screwing the bottle into place. Immediately the device got to work, tugging at her nipples to draw forth her first batch of produce. It was an odd mixture of experiences: uncomfortable pressure from her full tits; pinching from the cups; and yet, satisfying relief as she watched the creamy bounty escaping her.

The whole thing took only a few minutes, leaving her with a few ounces of her own milk in a fine bottle. It wasn't much, but yet it brought a huge smile to the curvy woman's face. In that little bottle was the sign that all of this was coming to fruition, the discomfort of the past week was worth it, because she was going to be a Milk Girl.

"A whole half a quart for your first milking," Marcie couldn't hide the excitement in her voice. "I couldn't believe it, and had it tested to make sure it was all yours."

In spite of the implications, the top-heavy blonde gave a chuckle. "I hope I didn't disappoint," she joked. It had been about three days since she'd packaged everything up to send, and her growth, as well as her production, wasn't showing any signs of slowing down. Stuck waiting on today's results, she'd been hand-expressing herself into the sink almost a cup a day, just to relieve the pressure.

Her monitor shook her head. "Not at all," she replied with a smile, pulling up her results. "I'd like to see a bit more potassium in your diet. Fats are a pinch low, but that's primarily from using the accelerant. Otherwise, everything looks great. When your production gets over a quart, we'll be able to process and ship it," she declared cheerily.

"Well, at the current rate," Nora hoisted her chest, having been unable to do up the top two buttons of her blouse. Ben had helped her measure the other morning, and, at her fullest, over the shelf bras weren't even an option anymore.

"Speaking of," the business woman piped up, "your first stipend payment should have gone through. I've added an incentive due to your," she turned to her client, seeing the deep cleavage still held up in her arms, "ahem. Impressive results, in order to cover some new clothing for you."

That was good to hear, bringing a nice smile to her face. "Thank goodness."

She was to stay on the accelerant, for now, until her morning milkings could produce a quart, and using it only for her second milking session of the day. Which, honestly, wasn't too much of a difference from what she'd already been doing; expressing when she got up in the morning, then once again before she went to bed. Only difference now was she was effortlessly hitting her quart mark with her accelerated production, filling around a bottle and a half the next night.

It was pleasant to get out of the house and fill her wardrobe, if not a tad awkward. Without bras, her only option to contain her chest was to squeeze into her biggest sweater, leaving her looking broad chested. And of course, there was the risk of leakage. As early as she could Nora swapped out for a multi-X sports bra, and a nice stretchy top.

New clothes only went so far though. She was still on the starter medication for four more weeks, which meant she was still growing. Curled up in bed next to her fiancé, her breasts were becoming a problem. Sleeping on her back had her heavy milk bags flopping to her sides, pinning her arms. On her side, she couldn't be cuddled up to her Ben unless he was the big spoon; not that she minded, feeling his arms around her, lightly grazing over her body.

Added to the need for milking, it was taking a toll. For the first time since they moved in together, the blonde ended up sleeping through her alarm, leading her lover to let her sleep and prep himself a simple breakfast before she got up.

"I'm so sorry," she profusely apologized, red in the face.

Ben just smiled over his bowl of cereal. "Hun, it's okay," he assured her warmly. "You're working now, I can pick up some of the slack."

He was the best. There were so many adjustments to their lives, and he was taking them in stride. The only response she could give was to come to him, leaning over him, breasts knocking him in the side of the head before hanging to rest around his shoulder, to plant a kiss on his cheek. A cheek that rapidly became a bright red.

As the days rolled on the problems did too. By the middle of her third week, each boob was the size of her head, getting in the way. More than once she flung open a door or cupboard, only to have it slam into her tender titty and leave her reeling.

Far more annoying however, was working on her models. Resting her heavy rack on the desk, the only option to keep them out of the way, it only took one slip of her fingers and her project would sink deep into the canyon of her cleavage. Not the worst thing in the world, but she could lose minutes fishing it out; unable to stand with the risk of it falling and breaking, and needing to be delicate lest her sweat make the clay too malleable and she ruin it.

She was getting so close to that natural quart mark, and was shipping almost four full bottles with her accelerant. No easy task on her body, even if she had changed to hand milking due, what with the ease at which she was flowing. More than once she'd woken to milk spots on the sheets. And the apex of her exhaustion led to a barely conscious day, pushing herself out of bed while her fiancé was already up readying for work.

Skulking out of their room with a mumbling groan, her blonde locks a mess, she made her way to the fridge. Pulling out a bottle of milk, and some leftovers she had from the last time she'd managed to cook breakfast, she brought it all to the table and settled into her seat. As had become usual, she had two options, dock her boobs on the table, or rest them on it and eat at arm's length.

Nora just let out a tired sigh, not wanting to think about it right then and popping the lid of her drink and tossing back a few gulps. It was strangely sweet.

"Um, hun," Ben piped up to her.

His fiancée turned her navy blues at him, seeing the concerned look on his face. As she pulled the glass from her lips to address him, she quickly found out why. Her chest was expanding, pushing against the edge of the table relentlessly, and straining her already ill-fitting pyjama top. Her nipples were hard nubs, tenting the fabric before beginning to leak their bounty and stain the poor garment.

Her eyes darted to the bottle in her hands, catching the telltale labels of her accelerant that her groggy haze had missed. There wasn't even time to cuss herself on her mistake, as the problem was worsening. The pressure behind her teats was continuing to grow, tearing a seam in the neckline of her shirt in a desperate grab for more space, building to a crescendo as, even through the cloth hiding them, she started to spray milk across the table.

Ben was quick to act, rushing to the cupboards and getting her a bowl to express into. Meanwhile the milk girl was struggling to wrangle her breasts, and avoid further mess. She could hardly reach around them, groping at her leaky nubs to try and stem the flow. Her intended breakfast had already been ruined, first from a splash of her warm produce, then from her unrelenting tits shoving it aside for space. In spite of that though, her more pressing concern was how she was going to explain this to Marcie.

One problem at a time though. The bespectacled office worker came around her with their kitchen scissors, slipping them into the forming rip in her top and helping it along. Three good snips had her bust leaping out into the cool air, bouncing and landing on the table with a heavy flop that had the armful milk bags releasing yet more of their load.

"Thanks," Nora replied to her husband with a tired sigh, getting both hands on one of her taps to start hand expressing into the bowl.

He got on the other side, a second bowl in hand to catch the release from her other breast. "Would you like a hand?" he offered, rolling up his sleeves to deal with the lap-filler tit presented before him.

The blonde's cheeks tinted, the lightest smile on her full lips. She certainly liked the idea of him tending to her, but... "You'll be late."

He leaned over the expanse of her accelerant bloated chest, planting a kiss on her still rosy cheek. "I can be a little late," he told her, pulling up a chair and starting to work kneading the

milk from her swollen teat.

A half hour, and a gallon and a half of milk, later her tits were back to normal. Well, their recent normal anyway. Her fiancé was off to work, and freshly shirted she was sitting with her monitor discussing the incident.

There was no reprimand, just the equivalent of a day of her natural milk lost; more than made up for by the sheer volume she'd filled, even if it needed additional processing. The tenderness in her nipples though was more than enough reason though not to want this to happen again. And thankfully, she'd be off the accelerant by the end of the week at her current rate.

Six weeks of heavy change, quite literally, and Nora was glad to be tossing back her last three started pills back. She hadn't even bothered with a top, drinking back a half glass of water and catching herself in the mirror before starting to brush her teeth. She hardly looked like herself. Sure, she still had her blonde hair, her chubby cheeks, but she couldn't see her belly button for the huge milk factories dominating her body. She curled her arms underneath them, hefting them up and turning her navy blues upon them. They were bigger than many "big tits" porn stars, at least according to the ads she got while doing her online bra shopping. Soft flesh poured over her arms, thanks only to her before bed milking, and her palms could hardly cover her squishy areola.

And yet, she didn't find it all bad. She gave her teats a tender little squeeze, and blush filled her cheeks. It was nice to play with them, to express herself in the mornings and evenings, and even better when Ben helped. And that wasn't even including the delightful looks she'd catch him giving her around the edges of his glasses. It was almost like they'd started dating again, him exploring a little bit more of her every night.

Releasing her monumental mammaries, letting them bounce against each other back into place, she moved to finish up her nightly routine and get to bed. To her dismay, her fiancé was already fast asleep, leaving her to just smile, squish herself up to him to plant a kiss on his sleeping cheek, and crawl into bed next to him. She scooted herself back, her plush rear resting against his thighs and groin, and shoved some blanket between her tits to catch the sweat before sinking into the pillows for a well-earned rest.

When she woke, the buxom blonde was on her back, the sheets tangled around her from rolling about in her sleep. What time was it even? She was alone in bed, so Ben was already up, probably making himself breakfast, and the firmness in her breasts told her the obvious; it was milking time.

Rolling over with a yawn, she intended to check the clock. Unfortunately, she was met with a start, as her front was cast over the side of the bed, dragging her down to the floor in a heap of tangled limbs and sheets.

"Ow," the milk girl mumbled painfully, laying chin first in her breasts.

The severity of her situation however, was much worse than the humiliation of falling out of bed.



Her legs were bound together up on the bed, the bedsheet snagged on the frame and trapping her in a cocoon. The sweat soaked blanket between her tits was pulled tight over her shoulder, pinning her arms, one against her tummy while the other was caught uncomfortably behind her. Struggling to move was a worthless endeavor, only putting strain on her trapped shoulder. She was, rather effectively stuck.

"Ben, hun?" she called out, for help, squirming for any sense of comfort she could get.

There was no response, leaving her straining to hear anything. She couldn't make out footsteps, the clink of a metal spoon on china, nothing. With her panic rising she tried to get a look up at the nightstand, her full bust at least giving her some vantage to make out the alarm clock. While she couldn't see it completely, she could make out enough of the first digit to see it was either an eight or nine, meaning, best case, her fiancé was already off to work. And at worst, she had more than eight hours before anyone would be here to help her.

Worried, she lowered back down, wincing as her suspended weight dropped into her swollen bust. The sudden pressure forced beads of her overnight produce from her gumdrop nipples, the trail down the round underside of her full breasts. She needed milking, not just for her job, but to relieve some of the pressure. She was already at least a handful of sizes bigger from the average half gallon she started the day with. And it would only get worse unattended.

"Someone!" she tried to call out, hoping one of their neighbors might hear her. "Anyone?"

There were no windows to the bedroom, and it was deep in the apartment. No one could hear her, no one could help.

She needed to keep calm, taking in a deep breath to try and quash her anxiety. The blonde tried another wiggle, desperate to free at least one arm and get herself out of this, but only managed to press more milk from her laden udders into the carpet. At least it was a little relief, but after only seconds she was exhausted.

Every second with her thoughts crawled by. Her plush tummy gave a rumble to remind her she hadn't had breakfast, her extended shoulder grew sorer with each moment, and, of course, her nipples wept their warm, white ambrosia in slow rivulets. With a lackluster whimper she looked about, the last prayers she might find a quicker solution sniffing out inside her.

Slowly her arm fell asleep, replacing strained pain with numb tickling that discouraged her from further movement. Without relief, her breasts were continuing to fill. Normally she barely noticed it over the day, emptied from her morning milking, and slowly building up her bigger evening batch over the day. Now though, trapped with only herself and the sensations of her body, and brimming with her overnight load, she could feel the stretching of her skin as her taut bust inched out and overfilled.

Time hardly mattered, whether minutes had passed or hours, but the flow from her tits grew heavier. She was suspended on top of a bust as wide as her torso was tall, hell, if she could move it would probably smack into the tops of her hips, or rest in her lap when she sat. And

much like her first milking, there was a mixture of delights and discomforts. Her skin was tight, her full milk glands expanding her out so she was nestled in a small bed of her own tit flesh. But on the other hand, the pressure of all that dairy, adding in her modest weight pressing down on them, had her expressing without additional aid.

She focused on just that feeling, of her warm bounty passing through her tender teats. It came in waves, building until she was convinced, she was so big she wouldn't fit through the door, then releasing a heavy spray that washed a small euphoria over her, as well as added to the growing wet puddle beneath her. Each breath pushed on her chest, releasing more and greeting her ears with the wet sound of her boobs squeezing her milk from the carpet. The whole room smelled of warm dairy, itching at the back of her mind how hard it was going to be to clean this up, how she was going to have to explain to Marcie losing gallons of product. Letting that bother her would just add to the trapped woman's anxiety. Best to just focus on the pleasant sensation of her tits releasing their load.

The milk girl was so dazed she barely registered the door at first. "Hun, I'm home," Ben called out for his fiancée to pin down where in the apartment she was.

Starved a day and addled the overstuffed blonde gave a weak, "Ben," from her predicament.

With a start he rushed to her, immediately hearing the wet squelch of milk-soaked carpet under his feet before he even caught sight of her. "Oh god," he swore, rushing to her side and taking stock of the situation. He wasted no time unsnagging the blanket, causing the tired woman to flop to the floor with a sigh of relief, and an additional blast from her tits that sprayed across her lover's fine top and pants, as the rest of her body dropped against her bust. "Are you alright?" he worried, hoisting her up to a sitting position with a grunt of effort.

As she assumed, her boobs filled her lap, concealing her thighs from view. Her arm was all pins and needles, but still she brought both of them up to rest on top of the shelf of her bust, and answered. "Hungry," she gave a weak whine.

He nodded quickly, brown locks bobbing in front of his face. "I'll get you a sandwich," he promised, getting up.

Looking down at herself as he left, she added one last thing. "Bring some bowls!" because there was no way she was going to be able to heft these milk bags through the door without emptying them first.

Two gallons, a modest meal, and a fresh set of clothes later, Nora was on the line with Marcie; while her fiancé busily started work on getting the milk out of every fabric in their room. "I am so sorry," the blonde pleaded apologetically, red in the face after having explained the loss of basically a day's worth of produce.

"Nora, it's fine," her monitor assured with a pleasant smile and relaxed tone. "You've been one of the most productive girls under my care, you reached ideal production two weeks ago, and have been blowing it out of the water since. One lost day isn't a problem," she assured her,

changing topics. "You're actually due for your first bonus. I was going to give you a call about it, and ask if you were willing to shift over to three a day milkings now that you should be finished with the starter medication."

"Three a day?" the top-heavy girl mused thoughtfully.

With her usual promptness for explaining the tan business woman jumped in. "From how you described things for today, it should be helpful. So, you don't experience so much fullness by the time evening rolls around. Though your body will probably adapt with a little more production over the day."

After today, spraying so much all over her floor, the blonde couldn't help a giggle. "What's a little more?" she joked, having Marcie chuckling along with her pleasant attitude.

The sounds of morning traffic greeted the happy couple, along with the city birds, and the clink of full milk bottles on the counter. Four whole quarts from the morning milk, leaving the heavy busted Nora wiping the sweat from her brow with a smile. Waking up early wasn't always easy, but it generally paid off to be able to empty her over productive mams and get them into one of her custom-made sling bras until they filled for the afternoon draining. Plus, she got to get a head start on breakfast.

In a show of support, for his days off, her fiancé woke with her; or at least only a half hour or so after she did, giving a heavy yawn and straightening his glasses before settling down into his seat at the table. "Morning," he offered with a loving grin as he watched her tying her apron.

"Morning," she replied with equal delight, fishing into the fridge for a pack of lab grown pea meal, and a bottle of processed Humane Industries milk for their coffee. "Hope I didn't wake you."

He read her tease from a mile away, chuckling and shaking his head. "No, but you could have," he teased her back. "Oh, you were so busy last night, I forgot tell to you," he piped up, catching her attention as her navy blues swung around to look at him, bearing with them the heft of her oversized bust as she turned. "I finally got my review, and my promotion," he announced to her proudly.

She beamed brightly. "That's amazing hun," she chirped, giving him a devilish little pout. "I hope you're not going to ask me to quit my job."

Once more he shook his head, getting up and coming over to her. "Never," he assured her, resting his hands on her hips and leaning in, squishing her bust up between them in the process, to give her a kiss.

With a giggle she returned his gesture, letting her tongue tease over his lips before he got away. "Good," she smirked. "Because I wasn't planning to. I like having a safety net, and you certainly enjoy the benefits," she taunted by knocking her chest into him.

With a laugh he stumbled, quickly righting himself at her side. "I love you," he whispered

playfully, running his hand up her body. Very much to her delight. "The new promotion also means new hours. We'll have more time in the mornings and evenings to spend with each other."

Her grin returned. "Is that so?" she mused thoughtfully, already imagining what they would do with the extra time.

"It is," he confirmed, coming in for another kiss. "What do you say we celebrate?" he offered with a sultry purr to his tone, giving away his intent better than a neon sign.

Playfully she tapped her lip, as transparent to read as he was with the way the corners of her mouth were curled up. "Well," she replied to him, flashing her naughty smile his way, "that would certainly keep my happiness quota up."