

The blaring sound of an alarm rung through the air of the bedroom. The light of the sun accompanied the sleep disturbing buzz of the clock as Nancy stirred in her bed, blankets pulled over her head as she laid directly in the center of her mattress.

Ring Ring Ring

“Oi....shut up already.” came a grumble from beneath the sheets. The figure stirred and rolled over, a fuzzy arm reaching out from beneath the warmth of the quilt and slammed down on the snooze button. Nancy smiled as she turned back over to enjoy atleast fifteen more minutes of peaceful slumber, or so she though. The moment she turned over she felt an all to familiar wetness. She grumbled angrily as she could feel her fur on her belly slick, signaling that it was time to change and wash her sheets again for the 10th time this month and it was only halfway through.

“Are you kidding me...” she groaned as she rose up. The covers slid off of her body as the cool breeze of the AC ran over her fur. She yawned wide, and got out of her bed and made her way towards the closet where she kept the spare sheets. She stopped and gazed in the mirror, her body looking a total mess. Her usual fluffy brown fur was matted down and wet, her hair fell over her eyes, making her look more like a wild monster than bear, and worse was that her pair of breasts were leaking, again. She grimaced as she watched alabaster liquid drip from her nips.

“These things just don't know when to quit, do they?” she yawned out. Ever since she had hit puberty, Nancy had been 'blessed' as some would call it. Her growth spurt hit her faster then a trucker speeding down I-55 and never looked back, leaving her quite....large. Large seemed liked the proper way to describe herself as she gazed in the mirror, to minuscule. Being a bear she was already large by quite the standards, covered in a nice, thick layer of fat to make sure she survived the cold months, but she seemed even bigger still. She topped the charts at a staggering 8'3, taller then her dad and most other bears. Her weight tipped the scales at just a little bit under 1,000, but she was sure she'd hit that point eventually especially with....the girls. Oh the girls, how wonderful they were when she was younger. Back in highschool she got glances from everyone, and she literally meant **everyone**. Back then they were meager EE sized. She chuckled to herself as she thought about them being that small back then, how easier they seemed to deal with. Years of maturing had pushed them up to a bigger scale, big enough to where she was now somewhere in the O cup range. Her baps bounced infront of her and sat on her belly, the orbs simply....massive.

“Stupid things.” she cursed as she hefted up one tit with a paw. The milky mammary sprayed a bit of milk from her nipple, Nancy biting her bottom lip and cursing herself mentally at her forgetfulness. She was always extra sensitive after a milking and the simplest of things could set her off if not taken care of properly. “Ugh...son of a bit-”was all she got out before her alarm began it's annoying ring once more. She grumbled and turned off the alarm, muttering to herself. This was the day to day life of someone 'blessed' with hyper-endowments, in her case breasts that just loooooooved to grow and fill with milk. Nancy pulled her sheets off her bed and tossed them to the floor, each one almost soaked all the way through.

“I'm going to have to go buy new sheets, again.” she frowned. This was such a morning routine for her that the thought of having to go out and spend MORE money on MORE sheets was just irrelevant now. She pulled out the spare sheets that she kept in her closet along with the other stacks of spare pillowcases, nightgowns, quilts. She quickly put on the linen and walked into the master bathroom. It took her a moment to squeeze through the door, her wide hips just making it OH SO hard to get inside the cramped room, and her height didn't make it any better as she had to duck down to get

inside. She gazed long into the mirror at herself, gently hefting up her bosom.

“Everyday it's like these things get bigger.” she mumbled. While the notion that she grew everyday was technically true it was also false. She produced milk everyday, often and she would swell with the stuff. She turned on her shower and let the water flow for a moment to let the steam build. The best way to get her day started was always with a hot shower, but it was also the worse. She tentatively stepped into the basin, just barely fitting in it as the shower head was just above the tips of her ears. She let the water run down her fur, the heat waking up her muscles bit by bit. She reached for her wash cloth and began the slow, arduous, pleasant process. She lathered up the rag nice and soapy and scrubbed all across her body. She worked her way down, starting at her shoulders and getting in the creases of her sides and down her hips.

“Ok...today is going to be different.” she breathed as she inhaled. She reached forward with one arm and tucked under her breasts, hefting them up. She scrubbed beneath her chest, all the while holding her breath as held back a moan. This happened every morning. Her breasts were extra sensitive, a negative outcome of her major maturation in her breasts and the slightest movements could set her a blaze in pleasure. She scrubbed up between her tits, a strong spark running through her body as she held back a gasp. She could feel the pleasure building rapidly in her as she dropped her chest, letting them smack and wobble against one another as she prepared herself to scrub the front of them. She steadied herself before she pressed her back against the wall. She reached out and scrubbed her nipples with her rag before inhaling sharply, her knees shaking as she held back.

“*Not again.*” she fought. She was not going to lose this fight today, she refused, but her body was already on high alert, her nipples hardening as she grew more aroused. She scrubbed more, her free paw clenching as she fought back the urge to just let loose. She opened her mouth to say something, but all that came out was a gasp. Milk slowly dribbled from her teats, mixing in with the water and making a clear, foggy mess on the basin floor. Her breath grew ragged and shallow as her eyes lidded. She was losing, worse so than normal. On a normal day she would just milk herself right here and now, but not today, today the burning sensation deep within her wanted more. She squirmed, legs shaking as her nethers craved sweet release.

“Fuck it!” she yelled as she grabbed her shower head. She switched the pressure over to massage and stuck the head right between her thighs. She gasped as the massaging sensation hit her hard and fast. She blushed as she held on tighter and squeezed her thighs tighter around the shower head.

“Can't...h-hold it...any longer~” she squirmed as liquid ran down her thighs. She cried out as she fell to the floor with a hard, loud, and powerful thud. Her ass made contact with the marble flooring, spider-web like cracks branching out from the spot of impact. She sat there for a moment, lost in post-orgasm bliss. Some time went by before she finally got back up on her feet, the moment she stood back in the shower she heard a clinking sound. She gazed down and groaned as she saw that she had crushed the shower head, the head hanging loosely from the connecting like and water just pouring out from it. She sighed as she tossed it away and let it hang haphazardly.

“Guess I'll need to buy one when I get off from work today.” Nancy slowly pulled herself up off the floor, making a mental note of the cracks so that she could find a way to cover it up later. She dried herself off as she made her way back into her room. She opened up one of her dresser drawers and pulled out a pair of panties and a specially, custom made bra. It was absolutely impossible for her to find any type of underwear in any local store, and it was even more impossible to find any online at a

decent price. The only way she could really buy clothes in general was for her to order them from a special store that catered to the extra-large variety person, and those who were overly endowed. She frowned, the unattractive garments were just...bland. A static gray, no frills, no lace, no nothing.

“Would it really kill to get something with...some flare? Some pop? Anything?” she asked to herself. She sighed and moved on, stepping through the panties and pulling them up around her legs and waist. She let them snap onto her frame as she put on her bra, struggling a bit to hook the back end of it but eventually succeeding. She turned and looked in the mirror, her chest was perky and bouncy now, more so than what it usually is without the bra. The underwear was filling tight though, tighter than what it normally did.

“Ugh...these things again.” she groaned. “Every morning I curse these things more and more, but they get bigger. It's like someone put a hex on me.” she chuckled at her own joke. She looked over at the clock, she was starting to run out of time and seriously need to kick it in gear. She pulled out a crop top T and a pair of shorts, literally jumping into her clothes. She grabbed her bag and rushed out the door.

“I just want today to go as easily as possible.”