

Side Effects

Written By: Skabaard

"A-and... you're sure this will work?" she said nervously, watching the nurse fill an intimidatingly large syringe from a vial of translucent, pinkish fluid.

The nurse only looked back over at her after giving the injector a few good flicks to clear out the bubbles, a bored expression on his face. "Yes, Miss, I'm absolutely sure. This clinical trial is nothing more than a formality. Arm, please."

She gave him an anxious, tittering laugh as she extended the requested limb. After an icy alcohol swab, her uninterested attendant coolly sank the needle into her vein and depressed the plunger. She winced and wriggled at the expected sting, and gasped meekly at the chill that suddenly swept up her arm and bled across her chest. "It-"

"That's natural." the nurse interrupted blandly while he withdrew the syringe, capped it, and tossed it into a nearby receptacle.

"Oh... O-okay." she mumbled shyly, watching silently as the injection site was sterilized again and had an adhesive bandage slapped over it. "So... Is that it?"

"Yup." he replied, scooting away on his rolling stool and directing his attention to a clipboard on the nearby desk. "You should see results within the first few days. You've already scheduled your follow-up; that's good... The doctor's already gone over your regimen, correct?" She nodded. "Alright then. You're good to go. See you in a week, Miss."

At his dismissal, she got up from her seat on the examination table, noisily crinkling the sterile paper beneath her in the process. She stared firmly down at her shoes as she made her way out of the office, an embarrassed flush to her cheeks, and she didn't look up until she'd made it to her car in the parking lot. Her shaking hands made it difficult to unlock the door, and when she finally managed it, she slid into the seat, shut the door behind her, and sat in the silence for a long minute.

The intense tangle of emotions that knotted together in her chest made her breath come short. Her heart pounded, and she wasn't sure if it was the brand-new, barely-tested drug that she'd just been filled with or the mixture of shame, hope, and fear that did it. Everyone in the office had known why she was there, and even if they hadn't been doing it, she'd seen the judgement in their stares anyway. After taking a few long, unsteady breaths, she managed to settle her nerves enough to start her car and drive home.

It had been quite the trek to the clinic, and the sun had almost fallen by the time she'd reached her destination. When she actually entered her home, she still didn't really know what to do with herself, although the quiet contemplation she'd done during her trip had turned much of her anxiety into almost manic excitement. As she flopped down on the sofa in her living room, she couldn't stop fidgeting. She watched some TV, an episode of her favorite cop drama, some local news, but she didn't really pay them any attention. She fixed herself dinner, a light salad, mainly because she wasn't certain if her stomach, which seemed to be doing flips in her gut, could handle anything heavier. Time was just passing *too* slowly to suit her current state of mind.

After a quick shower, she retreated to her bedroom, her long, dirty-blond hair hanging damp and limp against her back as she pawed at it with a towel. It had been a few hours. It was late enough. Sure, she wouldn't normally consider going to sleep so early, but the doctor had given her very specific instructions concerning the timeline of her... self-care. It had to be done

just before bed, and she couldn't wait anymore. She switched on the lamp next to her headboard, pulled off her sheer, almost transparent nightie, and sat down on the edge of her bed, staring down at herself clad only in her plain, unassuming panties.

There was so frightfully little to obscure her view of herself. Her breasts were tiny, little bumps that barely stood out from her slim chest. She felt her cheeks heat with the awkward shame she'd felt for so long. She had to stuff A-cup bras. It was so hard to find anything that flattered, or even acknowledged, her nonexistent bust. She'd dealt with the teasing, and the bullying. Even her friends couldn't help but point out that she was flatter than the flattest board, though she would never tell them how deeply their lighthearted jabs managed to dig.

She was tired of laughing it off, of looking at herself in the mirror every morning and watching her shapeless form refuse to even make a dent in the tightest of shirts. She was tired of her own embarrassment and frustration at her body, and her recent injection was supposed to solve all of it. "The ultimate in feminine enhancement", the pamphlet had said. It was supposed to give her a cup size each week for a month, and even though it was in the earliest of stages of clinical trials, she had jumped at the opportunity. It had to work, because she'd tried everything else: creams and diets and special exercises. They'd all failed, so this would have to be the one that worked. She refused the potential of implants; she wanted them to be real. She wanted the boobs that puberty had refused her, and they were all she really wanted. It had to work.

She dropped her nightshirt on the table next to her bed and wriggled her way deeper into the mattress. Now came the part of her treatment that had made her cheeks burn in the doctor's office, something about "stimulating tissue development." Wringing her hands nervously together, she lifted them and cupped them gingerly over the little bumps that only projected slightly from her chest. With a pair of fingers on each hand, she began to gently knead what little flesh she had, working her fingertips in little circles over the plateau of her flat chest.

The doctor had told her to do it as firmly as she could, but she had to be careful. She had so little padding that if she worked too hard, she'd end up bruising herself on her ribcage. She wasn't exactly skinny. In fact, she was rather proud of her body—with the exception of her bustline. All those diets and special exercises had done the rest of her figure good. She was lean and slender, with a perky butt and a gracefully tapered waist that had just enough tone to make the underlying muscle noticeable. Did she look at the bodies of other women, particularly her friends', with a mixture of envy and more general, sweeping desire? Sure, but all she really wanted was a chest to match the magnitude of her allure. She needed to be rounded out. She *needed* it.

She huffed out a slow breath as she rolled her slim digits over her paltry curves. Her skin flushed under her fingers, heating at her touch, and she soon felt it spread through her chest as well. She hadn't expected the sensations to feel so... good, and she found herself getting more into the process than she had originally anticipated. Rubbing around her pebbly areola roused her little nipples from their slumber, and they poked up into her palms as she shivered, goosebumps rising on her arms and legs. Her chest felt warm and tingly, and she couldn't tell for sure if it was an effect of her hands or of the injection she had received. Either way, she urged it on with gentle, rolling caresses and deeper, more firm prods against her flesh.

She writhed on her bed, her long, willowy legs twining over one another as she rubbed her thighs together. The thought that, by the end of a few weeks, she could have a pair of big, heavy boobs hanging from her chest excited her, and it carried through to her voice, which rattled from her chest in a brief, quiet moan. She ached for the stimulation that she gave herself, and when her regimen of massages should have been strictly done for the night, she continued

rubbing herself, tweaking nipple in long, lovely fingers and imagining what it might feel like, having mounds of softness to grope and rub. She imagined what it might be like to feel beautiful, to feel complete, and long after she should have stopped, a hand left her bust to trail down her belly, tucking beneath the waistband of her panties.

Drunk on images of the future, she quickly took care of the building heat between her legs and tucked herself under the covers, breathing heavily. Turning out the light, she pushed her head into her pillow and waited to fall asleep, eager to see what the future would bring her for her trials, tribulations, and patience.

She awoke as she usually did on the weekends: sluggishly. Throwing the sheets and blanket off of her, she staggered to her feet and shuffled like a zombie into the bathroom. Her hair was a mess, and a whole half of her face was red from where she had slept on it so heavily. With a grumble, she pulled what she could of her disheveled mane into a loose ponytail and splashed some cold water across her face, more to clear the grit from her eyes and wake her up than for any real cleanliness. She stood there at the sink for a while, half-naked and staring at herself in the mirror, before her brain could finally kick itself into gear and realize what had been bothering her subconscious since she hauled herself out of bed.

The breath froze in her lungs as she looked down at herself. She had boobs! Not big ones, but she had boobs that were actually there! Her hands shot to her chest to let her fingers curl protectively over her new curves. They must have been B-cups at least! She had gained more than a cup size overnight! She bounced giddily on the balls of her feet in her excitement, and the result of her motion only drove her euphoria higher! She had bounce! Not a lot, no, but when she moved, her breasts moved with her, and kept moving for a little bit when she stopped! She couldn't help but giggle like a schoolgirl, and she spent more than a few minutes just moving and watching the reactions of the lumps of supple mammary that had grown in on her through the night.

She touched her improved chest with reverent fingers, grinning like a lunatic the whole time. The new flesh was a little tender, but her light caresses turned into firm gropes nonetheless. She just couldn't stop herself. She actually had something to hold on to, and she was going to take advantage of the situation! Her morning shower lasted a little longer than usual, and the bathroom walls echoed with a higher-than-normal number of short, panting moans, but when she stepped from the steamy tile, she was practically vibrating with energy and excitement. She threw a loose pair of jeans and an old T-shirt over her underwear, and as she meandered into her house proper, she couldn't tear her eyes from the bumps that now pushed forward the usually baggy garment.

Gone was the trepidation from the evening before. She threw nervousness and anxiety to the wind and fixed herself scrambled eggs and a stack of banana pancakes for breakfast. Growing really worked up an appetite, and it was only when she had eaten enough for two that she pranced into her living room and crashed on the couch. She didn't even bother turning on the television. Her hand didn't reach for the half-finished book on the coffee table. Her computer sat dormant on the desk pushed against the far wall. Her eyes were wholly absorbed by the sight of her chest, her *boobs* rising and falling within the confines of her shirt.

As her hands ran up and over her sensitive, new flesh, she realized that she would need a new wardrobe. Her whole closet was full of clothes that, if she even got too much bigger than she was now, would never be comfortable. She would need to go and buy an actual, proper set of bras, ones that would give her the support she had never needed. Leaping from the sofa and after

a detour back to her bedroom to take care of some very pressing physical urges, she slipped into a pair of flip-flops, grabbed her purse, and sashayed out the door to her car.

She admitted to herself that she was splurging, and she convinced herself that it was perfectly acceptable. As she danced up and down the aisles of her favorite store, she tried on everything she'd always imagined herself fitting into. Though she focused on shirts, she couldn't help but buy some other things to go with them, and by the time she had returned home, after a hearty lunch at the diner near her house, she was hauling more than a few bags of clothes into her bedroom. She'd bought only a couple bras, just to wear them during the process and because she didn't know what her final measurements were going to be, but there were more than enough blouses and shirts and dresses to make up for the deficiency. Besides, if she outgrew any of them, she could always return them. The very idea of getting bigger, however, drove her back into the dim lighting of her bedroom, where her efforts to quell increasingly erotic thoughts were becoming steadily more vigorous.

And she had grown so much after just a day! She'd been told that the first week would show her the most improvement, but she hadn't expected so much so quickly, more than a full cup size! She couldn't keep her hands off of herself. She was always rubbing and squeezing and affectionately kneading her swollen, heated flesh. She lounged for hours, waiting for night to fall simply so she could see what the next morning would hold. She'd taken a week off of work, and she wondered how her coworkers would react to the sexy bombshell that would come back to them the following Monday. She didn't even bother to run to her bedroom this time; she just jerked down her jeans and went to town with her fingers, with one set mauling her plumped, luscious assets. She swore she could feel them creeping outward in her grip as she idled the day away.

She ate a huge, nutrient-rich meal for dinner, full of proteins and carbs, and while she did, she wondered how she was supposed to sleep. She was practically thrumming with excitement, but she knew a few good ways to burn it off. She prowled into her bedroom, filed away her new clothing in her closet, and sat down for another session of her particular massage. This time it took longer, and she told herself the sole reason was that she had more than nothing this time. Like it had been doing on and off all day at her devoted touch, her skin tingled and her flesh ached while she rolled her fingers over each smooth, heated contour. She took her time, using—and perhaps abusing—the better part of an hour while she made sure that each ounce of new boob was equally pampered, sometimes with both hands, usually with only one.

This time when she went to sleep, she was exhausted, her skin damp from her exertions. Almost as soon as her head finally hit the pillow, she was out like a light and snoring in an instant. Vivid dreams came to her, dreams full of heft and weight, full of strained fabric and popping buttons, and though she slept, and slept hard, she fidgeted anxiously for much of the night.

Unlike the previous day, she woke up quickly and without much effort on her part. As soon as she regained awareness of the world around her, she rolled onto her back and threw the covers from her body. At what she saw, she let out a long, girlish squeal, her legs flailing gleefully. Her hands snapped to her chest, and for the first time in her life, they felt full. Her stretched skin was sensitive, and she took it more slowly than she really liked, but her fingers nonetheless wandered up and along the curves of breasts that must have been large C-cups. Another cup size, overnight! And they were so full and tender! The pleasurable sensations that her chest gave her during what was quickly going to become a morning ritual for her arched her

back and curled her toes, and her voice grew to greatly exceed the hushed tones to which it had become accustomed.

During her shower, she nearly collapsed as she lathered up her fresh bounty and rubbed them clean of her sweat. Even her nipples were spreading to match her new proportions, and as they grew, so too did their sensitivity. They poked up into her palms as she ground her hands into them, and she leaned heavily into the soapy tile as she stared down into a new view of herself, one with cleavage, and no small amount of it. The thought of what she could now simply slide between her breasts was a long and lewd one, but she started with her fingers, slick and sudsy, panting at the feeling of pressure against her taut, flushed skin.

After cleaning up... again, she tried on one of her new bras only to find it too small to suit her current size. At that alone, she had to take it off and collapse back onto her bed, a broad, dopey grin splitting her face while she shimmied out of the clothes she hadn't even finished putting on. A half-hour later, she bounced herself into the next-larger bra and found it one that she could grow into a little. Buttoning a pretty, flowing blouse on over it, she stood, pantless, in front of the mirror for another few minutes just looking at herself from every angle. She was gorgeous, sexy and busty and only just beginning to fill out, something that she discovered even more about when she tried sliding into a pair of snug capris.

It took a good, solid minute of wriggling to cram her backside into those pants, and when she'd finally managed the herculean task, she discovered what the problem was. It wasn't that she had purchased the incorrect size, but was instead that she was carrying a little more volume along her butt and hips. She stood before the mirror, looking at her profile, and clapped a hand down on her tightly-encapsulated rump. Though it still possessed much of its toned, firm shape, it bounced a little at the impact, and though she hadn't hit herself with all that much force, she gasped anyway at the shock that was sent straight between her legs. Even her thighs seemed to be a little shapelier, thicker and more elegantly contoured. She would have torn her pants off then and there simply to get at her heated nexus, but the difficulty that would have come from squeezing back into them stayed her hand. She was starving anyway.

While she ate a small army's worth of breakfast, her hand toying with her engorged mammaries, she mulled over the effects that were showing themselves. She expected to be sore and cranky, like she had been during puberty, but aside from an increasingly delicious ache that manifested deep in her breasts, she felt nothing but euphoric pleasure at the slightest of contacts, like her skin itself was yearning for stimulation. She was all too eager to give in to that temptation, and she spent the better part of her morning lying supine on the sofa with a leg thrown over the back of it and her hand forced under the waistband of her pants.

Even walking was bliss on the verge of being torturous. That, of course, didn't stop her from strutting her stuff up and down her house, swinging her thicker hips from side to side and taking extra care to grind her inner thighs over one another as she did so. She contorted herself as much as she could, taking every opportunity to, surreptitiously or not, touch skin to skin or skin to cloth. To that effect, after a practical banquet of a lunch, she got a burning idea that she couldn't shake. She dashed into her closet, leaving a trail of discarded clothes in her wake, and after a brief session with her increasingly experienced hands, she pulled from her recent acquisitions what she had been seeking.

Snug, clingy spandex is what she wrapped her body in: a skintight crop top that showed her toned midriff and a pair of jogging shorts that revealed almost every contour of her curvier hips and legs. It had been a few days since she'd gotten a workout that hadn't involved her hands

between her legs. She filled a big canteen and packed a snack before driving to the local park. Some fresh air and some wind in her hair would do her good, she mused.

She loped a few circuits around the park, working up a good burn in her legs and a layer of sweat on her skin before she took a break, eating and keeping hydrated, only to do it again. She felt good, and the few stares she got as she bounced her way around the jogging trail made her skin warm from more than the afternoon sun. She almost wanted to just take everything off, revel in her new nudity and drink in the stares her blooming beauty would get, but she firmly told herself that she was no exhibitionist, and instead drove quickly home to find a more private place to deal with her excitement.

She showered again before dinner, an expansive affair that made her realize she was going to have to go to the grocery store before long. She ate up anyway since she was getting hungrier and hungrier. Something she noticed when forcing her improved assets into her new clothes, however, caught her off guard. The sleeves of her shirt and the legs of her pants refused to go as far down her lovely, well-formed limbs as they were intended to. Her shirt didn't quite fit her across the shoulders and her wrists stuck out of the fabric even at rest. Mind housing a sneaking, exciting suspicion, she dug through a drawer to find her tape measure and quickly measured her height, finding herself a solid inch taller than she had been the previous evening, or even that morning.

As she threw herself into her bed, eagerly attending to her doctor-mandated care, she thought it only right. At this rate, she was going to have to carry around quite the hefty pair. It made sense she would get a little bit more in the way of size elsewhere. Her butt needed a little more leg and back to grow on, and her breasts certainly could use the extra space to fill as they blossomed according to her impassioned pleas. Yes, it was only right. In fact, she looked forward to having more, to seeing what all she would be granted at the end of her treatment.

The following dawn gave her what she asked for. She squealed in her excitement as she saw the hefty globes that had bloomed on her chest overnight, and clamped down on them with her quavering hands. She couldn't get her fingers to wholly encapsulate them. They must have been big D-cups, maybe even E's, and that wasn't even taking into account how much more of her mattress her expanded frame covered. She didn't even bother getting out of bed before her enticed digits took the plunge between her thick, luscious thighs. She spent a quarter of an hour, maybe a little more, arching her back and contorting against her sheets before she hauled her new body from her bed and into her shower to soap-up her skin and hair.

While she was running her brush through her thick, dirty-blond locks, she came to the realization that they weren't fully untouched by what was plumping up the rest of her body. Her hair was longer, running in long, lustrous waves almost to the small of her back, and she twined it up into a tight, utilitarian braid to keep it more under control. During this process, however, she came upon an even more intriguing discovery, one that actually shocked her. Just behind her hairline, she felt a pair of hard, unmoving bumps. They were squat and unassuming, but they were definitely there, and once she'd found them, they wouldn't be ignored, even when put up against her grapefruit-sized breasts.

Peeling back her hair and staring hard into a mirror, she finally caught a glimpse of what was sticking up from her skull. A pair of glossy, white horns, short and slightly-tapered, was poking up through her hair. She let out a giddy giggle, though she didn't rightly know why. They looked a little cute, and she wondered if they would get any longer as time passed, especially since her growth seemed to be accelerating with each passed hour. That in mind, she once more

forced herself into some ill-fitting clothes and made her way into the kitchen, intent on a king's banquet for breakfast.

It was a difficult prospect, devoting enough time to cooking to please her hollow stomach while simultaneously sparing a hand now and again to rub over the pliant mass of her swollen bust. She hadn't bothered with a bra this time, having already grown past her expectations, and as she ate, the distended outlines of her thick, turgid teats shared her attention with her breakfast. Her shirt was unforgivingly tight, and after she'd cleaned up the dishes from her meal, she had to undo one of the buttons that tried, and nearly failed, to contain her expansive chest. She could feel herself growing now, a little bit at a time, but for each hour that passed, she had to adjust her skirt on her broadening hips or tug her blouse straight on her ballooning tits. Even her shoes were becoming uncomfortably constricting.

She was so busy admiring herself in the darkness of her bedroom that she nearly missed her lunch. She needed to go buy more food, but she made do for the time being, filling her empty belly with what she could. She was eating enough for three or four people now, but all the weight she'd so far gained had been far from unsightly. She had even managed to maintain most of her lean, trim proportions. Her hips and butt were a little thicker, yes, but her waist was still as long and slender as ever. In fact, she felt strong. Her thickening limbs were made so with a little more than soft fat. There was a layer of tough muscle forming beneath her tight skin, and she figured she would need it to haul around her increasing weight.

It was with her dietary needs in mind that she decided to go out for dinner. She wriggled her thick, curvaceous body into a skirt and the baggiest shirt she'd purchased—one that was now plastered to her front—styled her hair to hide her nub-like horns, which had lengthened and sharpened over the course of the day, and made the short drive, her car distressingly cramped, to the nearest all-she-could-eat buffet. When she got there, she could finally compare herself to other people, and what she saw excited her until she was fidgeting nervously in line. Her hunger had overpowered her other, more carnal needs for the moment, but seeing that she towered over almost all others, even men, and outsized even the chestiest of other women was quickly reminding her that she had only been feeling more and more sensual as time passed.

She ached for contact, and her thick, well-shaped thighs grinding together weren't quite doing it for her. However, when she had paid for her meal, she managed to push all that to the back of her mind. Her huge, resplendent figure needed, demanded nourishment, and she surrendered to the call of a full meal. She lost count of how many trips she made to the tables laden with food, but however many it had been, she had certainly gotten all that she had paid for and then some. People were beginning to stare, and for reason other than the fact that she was a looming, almost Amazonian figure wading among normal people. She'd eaten... *a lot*, and for the first time in days, her hunger felt truly satisfied, satisfied enough to leave her patting her slightly-distended belly and leaning back into her dangerously-laden chair while considering a fifth helping of dessert.

Right then, under the weight of the judgmental looks that she found all-too-easy to ignore, is when she felt it. The hand she had resting on her stomach, more to keep it occupied and off of her chest than anything, gradually sank inward as her abdomen returned to its lean, flat shape, as if her entire meal had been digested and metabolized in bare minutes. She let out a soft gasp, drawing a few more eyes by the depth of her timid vocalization, and suddenly sat upright in seat. She felt... hot and bothered, but in more than a purely sensual sense. Her heart began to beat harder in her chest, and she felt her blood heat until it was practically boiling in her arteries.

Biting her lip, she squirmed in her chair, doing what she could to give herself a little relief without openly touching herself in the crowded restaurant, but it did little to help. She could feel herself... it felt like she was moving very slowly, like her skin was shifting against her clothing, but she wasn't writhing nearly energetically enough to explain the dire feeling. Her skin was crawling, prickling dangerously in undulating waves of sensation. It turned her breaths into shallow pants, and left her hands into bunched fists on the table as she shivered.

She sat there, trying to contain herself for a threatening moment, but she nearly broke at the momentary pinch of pressure at the base of her spine. She moaned more loudly than she'd intended, making the eyebrows of the elderly man sitting at the table next to hers raise quizzically, and then let out a long, gratuitous sigh at the relief she felt immediately after, relief that lasted until she felt something moving in her skirt, pushing down and between her butt's ample curves.

The hair rose on the back of her neck, and she abruptly stood up, nearly knocking over her table in the process. She felt whatever it was. Not as something invading her most intimate of places, but as *she* pushed, in slow, throbbing spurts, down toward the intersection of her legs. Whatever it was, it was attached to her, and she waddled awkwardly toward the restrooms, feeling it grow longer and thicker with each step. She made sure to stoop through the door, and though she normally wouldn't have, the handicapped-accessible stall was the only one that would comfortably hold the breadth of her form. She hobbled inward, her legs pinched tightly together, and locked the door behind her.

Her skirt was growing tighter as whatever was exiting her body with the soft brushing of skin on cloth wormed free of the confined space between her big, rounded rump and the unnervingly snug garment. With shaking hands, she pulled down the skirt, bunching it up around her knees to keep it off of the floor of a public restroom, and she gasped, shocked as much as awed at what popped sinuously up into the air behind her. Springing up from the end of her spine was a long, flexible tail, smooth and waving from side to side. It looked bizarre and alien attached to her as it was, and when she realized that it was actually her mind that was controlling it, she gasped again.

It grew longer and longer, until it could almost touch the ground if she dropped it low enough, but then it's expansion shuddered to a stop, leaving her with a pale, nearly prehensile snake extending from just above the contours of her callipygian backside. Biting her tongue in concentration, she managed to pull it in front of her and corral it with her arms. She felt it in her hands as much as she felt her hands around it, and in spite of the foreign sensations flooding her mind from her new appendage, she smiled down at it. She could imagine more than a handful of uses for such an addition to her body, and she was puzzling over how to get it from the restaurant when the breath was robbed from her lungs once again.

Just as she was struggling to reconcile having control of a host of fresh sinew and muscle, a patch of her new skin tingled as if it had gone numb and was only now sending impulses into her mind. She winced and hissed through her clenched teeth and watched with wide open eyes as, from the very terminus of her trembling appendage, countless fine, silken hairs sprouted and lengthened, rustling quietly against one another. She felt the numbing effervescence spread from the tuft of hair that gradually took on the shape of the bristles of a fluffy, blonde paintbrush, and more and more hairs, these of a rich, brown hue, began to erupt from the skin of her tail to creep down its length and toward its roots in the small of her back.

For a speechless moment, she watched it, feeling the fur wash along her tail and begin to spread over the mounds of her butt. With it came a feeling of warm, protective security that

mirrored a much more real, physical warmth that simmered and sank down toward the core of her body. It spread tingling tendrils through her tall, curvaceously-proportioned frame, and she cooed and shifted where she stood, remembering how deliciously her body had been aching for the past days.

Her attention was snapped back to the situation at hand, however, when she heard the sharp *pop* of a button shooting from its place on her shirt to *plink* off of the stall wall and clatter to the tiled floor. She jumped and let out a squeak of alarm as her hands, fingers rubbing eagerly together, leapt up to her bust. She felt the heat churning in her breasts, felt the fabric of her blouse begin to strain even harder as the extra space that was generated by the loss of a button was filled and then overfilled, and she felt most acutely the way the supple mounds began to swell outward, slowly, but much more quickly than ever before.

She needed to leave. Hastily.

With dexterity that she shouldn't have possessed with such a new appendage, she whipped her tufted, bovine tail around the plushness of her thigh and hurriedly returned her skirt to its proper place on her. As she bent to retrieve her jettisoned button, she felt the cloth covering her lower body likewise growing taut and surmised that her breasts weren't the only thing that were beginning to continue their unexpectedly rushed development. She scurried from the buffet, only pausing long enough to make sure that her waitress was left with a hefty tip for having to haul away all her dirty plates, and rushed out to her car, hissing low epithets as she felt fur crawling down her legs and up her back, rubbing velvety hairs against her shirt.

The drive back was taken at a speed that was quite illegal, and she thanked her lucky stars that there hadn't been a police officer around to pull her over in the middle of her ordeal. Even with her haste. By the time she pulled into her driveway, she could feel that she had grown even larger, and she had to nearly fold herself in half to squeeze herself from her vehicle. On the way out, one of her horns, which had grown long enough to poke up past her stylish hairdo, caught on the frame of the door, leaving a long, ragged gash in the lining and making her curse sharply as she jerked her head free and scampered as quickly as possible into the safety of her home.

She slammed the door shut behind her after ducking low through the doorway, making sure to secure it behind her. She clutched a few buttons that had been ripped free of her shirt during the trip, but she didn't have the chance to do anything with them before another sprang free of its torturously snug place only to fly across her living room. Her legs quivered, and she yearned for little more than the chance to take care of her increasingly urgent needs, but the majority of her focus was absorbed for the moment by the distressing condition of her clothing. While her chest was rapidly outstripping its previous proportions, spilling a *very* generous portion of cleavage into the air, it was clearly not the only thing surging free of its confines.

Her seams of her shirt complained noisily under the stress put on them not only from her burgeoning breasts, but also the breadth of her shoulders as she squirmed deeper into her living room, her limbs and spine stretching her taller and wider all the way. She shuddered and gasped as the round fullness of her pert backside ripped open her skirt, just shredding the simple fabric. Her fluffy, tufted tail whipped out through the rent to flail through the air with her excitement.

The sounds of tearing cloth filled the room in short order as the sleeves of her blouse separated from the material that split down the front to birth her heaving, melon-sized breasts. Her knees shook ominously, and she nearly collapsed onto her sofa as her shoes quickly pinched inward onto her similarly growing feet. The laces fought to contain her appendages, ultimately failing with loud snapping sounds as the entirety of her feet shredded her dressy shoes around

them. Her socks survived a little longer as she staggered out of the ruined leather and rubber, but she could see something happening, something awing.

She stumbled over to a wall, leaning heavily on it as she completely lost her balance. It crushed her hot, swollen breasts into the cool paint, and she let out a long, coarse moan as her ankles popped and shifted. Her toes elongated as they deformed, and they seemed to melt into one another, their nails melding and darkening until her legs terminated in a set of large, cloven hooves that were even glossier than the fur that finished crawling down the shaking limbs. Her tail thrashed against her legs, brushing the fur of her thick, lush limbs with its fluffy tuft, and her voice dropped low into her chest as she grunted with the lengthening of her spine.

She grew taller in fast spurt, sliding up the wall a fraction of an inch at a time as her legs elongated and her back stretched her higher. Her spreading coat of dark brown fur she felt sweeping over her sides and along her front, and when the prickling of new hairs erupting from her skin reached her quaking mammarys, she nearly passed out from the pleasure of the combined stimulation. Almost. Rather than lose consciousness however, she cried out in a rough, hoarse voice that steadily deepened with the alterations of her neck as she expanded. As her broad, sweeping hips swelled out to either side of her, she finally finished the ruination of her skirt, and the tattered cloth slid down around her ankles, unable to hold onto her altering hourglass any longer. It left her nethers hidden only by a pair of wholly unprepared panties, ones that were completely swallowed by the curves of her rump and were pulled into her loins with the force of her germination until they appeared to be little more than a meager, undersized thong.

Unwilling to peel herself from the support of the wall, she reached shaking hands down her body and grabbed a fistful of her underwear, using her swelling strength to simply rip the garment from her body with a sharp intake of breath that left her burning, engorged crotch open and bare at last. Throwing the forgotten underclothes aside, she then let her hand dive between her quivering thighs, plunging deeply into her throbbing sex. She burned with overwhelming desire as much as transformative fire, and she licked her lips as the itching of growing fur began to creep up her neck and towards her face, finished as it was with the task of covering her quaking breasts in a layer of silken brown.

Since she managed to stay standing on her feet, she took the chance and pushed herself off of the wall to give herself more room to expand in front of her. Her swelling tits took advantage of her generosity, bulging forth and into the fingers of her free hand, areola the size of tea coasters carrying teats as thick as her thumb. And still they grew, surpassing volleyballs in size. Gravity couldn't help but drag them downward into huge, perfect teardrops that refused to be marred by anything, and they heaved and swayed as she took unstable, clopping steps into her kitchen to lean deeply onto her countertop.

As fur began to spread up along her cheeks, she pushed her chest down, compressing her enormous boobs into the counter and giving her a canyon of alluring cleavage that could have swallowed her arm. Her head throbbed now, and while she tried to focus on the sensations lancing up her spine from her busied loins, or those that filled her aching breasts with fiery pressure, she was constantly distracted by the sounds of her horns creaking further and further from her skull, pushing through her hair and rising upward from the sides of her hairline into a picturesque set of sharp, bovine growths that shined like polished ivory.

She panted and gasped, clenching her teeth as her head pounded with a watered-down version of a migraine, one that scattered her thoughts before it but brought with it no pain. Fur crawled upward toward her hair and ears, and she felt her tongue thicken distressingly in her

mouth while her hearing grew fuzzy and indistinct for a moment. It took a supreme mental effort to drag her fingers up to her ears so she could feel them quiver and elongate, tapering to elegant, rounded points. Her sensitive, aural organs flicked and quivered as they slid further up her head, towards the top of her skull, and when her hearing was returned to her, all she could hear through her oddly-shaped, cowlike ears was the sounds of her own voice trapped in a series of strained grunts, coupled with those of her shirt splitting down her broadening back at last.

When her nose and mouth started to push forward from her face, she reached around her front and ripped free the remnants of her blouse, scattering the shredded remains across her kitchen and completely baring her quaking boobs. Her nose flattened and her nostrils flared out hugely as her oversized tongue lolled limply from her mouth, lapping over her thickening lips. Her delicate, attractive features were melded into the broad, boxy muzzle of a shockingly lovely cow, with her own bright, shining eyes and ready smile settled between more bestial features.

Now that she was finally nude and fully formed, she threw herself off of the countertop into which she was leaning so heavily, nearly falling over backward in the process when her awkward footing almost failed her. Still growing, taller, broader, more unrepentantly womanly, she lumbered deeper into her home, one hand bracing against the wall while the other busied itself between her legs. The door to her bedroom wouldn't contain her bulk, and she had to contort herself to finish her trek into the darkness of her most inner sanctum. Her bed almost collapsed as she let herself fall supine atop it, legs splayed and arms crossed over her front.

It continued to groan ominously as she spread out over it, far too tall to be fully contained. Her breasts surged and plumped like a pair of fleshy, inflating beach balls, and she ravished her turgid teats in unforgiving fingers while she frantically stimulated herself. Sweat dampened her rich, brown fur, and her horns carved deep rents into the wood of her headboard as she writhed against herself, her elongating body pushing her legs off the end of her mattress. The sounds of her self-pleasure intoxicated her almost as much as did the view of the soft, furry mountains that filled her vision, jiggling and rocking with each breath, every jerk of her arm, expanding, pushing further from the chest that deepened and broadened to carry them.

She cried out, cried out for more, for anything, for everything. Her words slurred into one another as seconds ran together, and time seemed to slow as she felt the fire that had caught her flesh and bone alight began to gutter and weaken. Knowing that she was at the edge, the end of her endeavor only fueled her passions, and she moaned and gasped as her bliss swelled alongside her titanic form. The frame holding up her mattress cracked and splintered, and it collapsed to the ground with a dull crash that she barely registered over the brief, stunning second that she reached the peak, the terminus of her ecstasy.

Her entire body shuddered as she wailed out her rapture, a low, ululating cry that fell into an utterly shameless, animalistic sound, the desperate moo of a heat-stricken cow. Her girthy legs snapped together, thighs grinding against one another as her skin burned and her nerves sputtered and flared in her mind. Her hands clawed at her gargantuan bust, fondling and kneading and pinching at swollen, hypersensitive teats. She felt moisture against her palm, felt it run down and mat into the fur of her arm and splatter across her chest as her orgasming breasts geysered a few spurts of rich, milky fluids with the force of her release. She grunted and groaned and pleased herself until she could do nothing but lay there on her ruined bed and pant like a lunatic coming down from a high.

With how deeply her breaths were coming, her eyes couldn't help but be drawn down her form to the masses of breasts that could have swallowed her old body. They rose and fell quickly, but as she watched, her eyes huge, her breathing, and their associated motions, slowed

to a more normal pace. She withdrew her hand from between her pinched legs, casually slathering her wetness over her fur as she caressed the mammoth mounds, squeezing and rubbing smooth fur. "Perfect..."

Only when the smell of something sweet filtered into her enhanced sinuses did she pause the digital worship of her new bustline. From her teats was still leaking a slow trickle of warm, wet fluid. It had to be milk, but it was creamy and dark, and when she swiped a clean finger through it and brought it to her tongue, her expression became one of unfiltered surprise, her eyebrows lifting in shock as she sat up abruptly, her horns threatening her ceiling even sitting as she was.

What sort of cow lactates chocolate milk?