

Mitsuri discovered it entirely by accident.

At some point, he wondered whether he actually had a maximum size beyond which his bust refused to fill; plenty others did, but given his transformation, he didn't know whether or not his basic biological rules had been similarly twisted into an unrecognisable shape. And, as he kept on swelling the longer he went without milking himself, the more he realised that his initial suspicions were entirely on-point: he genuinely didn't have a "cap" to how much he could hold.

At the very least, his production rates were kept the same throughout. He was filling, not growing, so while he definitely carried more and more of the stuff the longer he spent without an extended trip to the bathroom, he still only made so much in a certain timeframe. This, mercifully, made it just as easy as ever for him to empty out whenever he needed to; hence, it would be many, *many* go-arounds before Mitsuri ever discovered *that* quirk to his lactic production capacity.

It was simple enough: allow his bust to swell and bloat over multiple days, making sure to come up with excuses whenever anyone thought to question it, going through multiple bras in the process. Wake up in the morning, feel the soreness in his bust, and yet do nothing about it as he slowly gained inch after inch to his bustline, until he could feel the weight of it tugging on his back. Then, only after it became unbearable to the point where it stopped being pleasurable in its own right, he'd walk to the bathroom and spend some time milking himself, thus restarting the process.

Given that he could just go back to a near-flat state, this made it a perfect outlet for his... less than orthodox desires. Others would likely kill for a chance at retaining some of that size, and, to his credit, *so would he*, but given the lack of any options for it, he took what he had and didn't think to complain. It was only when he chose to try something new, purely out of a flight of fancy, that Mitsuri noticed that there was far more to himself than he initially thought.

The first step was to buy a milking machine. It was entirely unnecessary; his production rates were *not* high enough that he needed actual machinery to help deal with it, his hands being more than enough. But it wasn't about the practicality of it: he had milky tits, thus, he had a reason, albeit flimsy as it was, to procure a milking machine. No more needed to be said; it might very well just be an excuse to indulge in a kink, but the universe had turned him into a dragon anyway, so he might as well go with it.

He waited some time before he used it, enough that none of his clothes even fit anymore. The journey to *that* size was long, arduous, and filled with enough people asking him if he'd gone under the knife that it became less alluring and more of a tedious exercise in repetition. But he'd always end up coming home, taking his overtaxed shirt off, and looking down to see a pair of tits

that slowly reached a state where they were each about twice the size of his head... and then kept on going until he had a legitimate pair of yoga balls strapped to his chest. Only *then* did he sit down in his living room, hooked the cups to his fist-sized nipples, and turned the machine on.

The idea was simple: he was going to keep the pumps going at their absolute minimum rate, matching his own level of milkiness, for the sole purpose of feeling what it was like to be milked without ever shrinking down. It was a niche interest, but one he could now indulge in: the knob on the pumps went down enough that it could equal his pitiful production rates, and with his tits being so massive he could barely walk without waddling, he was in for a *very* good day off.

Hours were spent locked on his couch, unable to move. The amount of milk drained out of him was pitiful, at least compared to what he had stored inside of him: a few droplets here and there, barely enough to create a flow, barely enough for the machine to even do anything at all. But it did what it was supposed to: keep him hooked to a milking machine, being milked like a dairy cow, without in any way making him any smaller.

Of course, past a certain point, he did have to actually empty out. It might've taken most of the day, to where it was nearly dinner time before he turned the machine up to a state where it was doing its job properly, but he *did* get there; he still had a job to do the following day, not to mention a great deal of chores that fell by the wayside because he was too busy indulging himself rather than doing anything productive.

The initial plan was to just bring himself back down to a flat, empty state before starting over, in a month-long cycle that would inevitably do a number on his ability to function properly. The initial plan was to create a drug that he would then become addicted to, by virtue of his body's ability to play into his fantasies. And the initial plan was thrown entirely out the window when, despite his best efforts, Mitsuri couldn't shrink down properly.

He did try. At first, he assumed that the tanks were full and the machine had given up trying to drain him, at least until he realised it was still sucking him dry; quite literally dry, as not a single hint of cream was expressed, no matter how much the milker sought one. He was completely and entirely empty, enough so that he could *feel* it as well; a familiar sensation if ever there was one. There was, however, a slight problem: his tits were the size of basketballs, and refused to go any lower.

It was impossible, because he didn't grow. He couldn't grow. He'd tried it so many times, and yet no matter how much his bust stretched, it always settled back in its original, barely-extant shape. So for it to suddenly go up several cup sizes was, frankly, an impossibility... and yet it was still there, and him sinking his fingers into his breastflesh was just as pleasurable as it always had been.

Trying to come up with an explanation was the hardest part of it, especially once it became obvious that with an increase to their baseline size came a comparable upgrade to their ability to make milk. He was used to his slow fill-up taking agonisingly long to yield any sort of visible results: an inch over multiple hours, visible only if he stopped paying attention for a few days and then looked down again. So, removing the suction cups, and then being a good foot wider just a couple of hours later, came as... something of a surprise.

He still wasn't *so* productive that he could see his tits bloat in real time, but he was definitely far milkier than he used to be, enough so that he couldn't quite ignore it and just assume it was his imagination. If he didn't do something about it, he'd go to bed and wake up with a pair of udders too large for him to even move at all; and, while definitely *hot*, Mitsuri couldn't just surrender to a bust that big, he still had to pay rent!

On the other hand, he didn't know what had caused his growth, but he *did* know it only happened after he bought and used the damned milker... which caused some serious issues when it came time to decide on what to do. Experimentation was in order: he had to check whether or not he could still empty himself back to being flat, and though he was still haunted by the possibility that he was just going to make himself bigger, on the suction cups went again.

By the time he made that decision, the two basketballs he had on him were a good three feet wider *each*, he could already feel their increased weight on his back, and it was then or never. Wincing, Mitsuri turned the milker on, did his best to avoid screaming at the top of his lungs for more, broke the toilet seat by holding onto it too tightly, and spent the following fifteen minutes holding back the howls of pleasure that insisted on trying to escape from him. By the end, when he could hear the machine whirring as it was trying to suck up nothing but empty air, he finally opened his eyes... and his breasts were the same size as before.

Post-growth, of course; he still had basketballs attached to him, nothing of the complete flatness he used to be graced with. Still, better than nothing, definitely good to know that he was still able to empty out properly... which brought to mind how he grew in the first place. He had a thought: it couldn't be, as it was far too silly and contrived, but then again, he *had* been transformed into a dragon, so who knew? It could be that the universe was deliberately trying to make him out to be some form of transformation fantasy brought to life, in which case it made *perfect* sense; alas, the only way to find out was to try it himself, and there was no way he was doing it without staying awake far past the point where he should be, potentially endangering his ability to get up for work the following day.

Four hours later, at around one in the morning, Mitsuri entered his bathroom again. He'd spent the intervening time allowing his bust to fill, purely to test an hypothesis... at first.

Eventually, once it became patently evident that his tits weren't going to slow down no matter how full they became, he couldn't help but let them go far beyond where he should *purely* for the sake of the experiment; it was an opportunity, and he wasn't going to let it slip through his fingers over some nonsensical notion of prudishness and prudence.

The end result was there for all to see: not only was his entire chest covered by the milky udders he called breasts, not only did he have a good couple of feet of backboob on both sides of his torso, but Mitsuri couldn't even *walk* without feeling his knees sinking into breastflesh. It was the sort of debauched excess that only existed in the most remote corners of his mind, the kind of size that could only ever be present in his most fantastical dreams; he'd considered it before, thought about going for a full *year* without milking himself, just so he could reach a peak and then keep going, but now?

Now he did it in *four hours*.

Trying as hard as possible not to think about *that* too much, Mitsuri attached the suction cups on the milker to his teats, barely able to reach them without having to lie *on top* of his tits: itself a fact that drove him close enough to the edge that he was perilously close to climaxing on that thought alone. The idea was simple: if he was correct, then what caused him to grow as keeping the pumps on at the same draining rate as he was producing; through some convoluted method of equalisation, his body must've assumed that it wasn't milky enough, and thus compensated.

It made about as much sense as anything else about him, so it might just be entirely true. It did take a short while before he matched the machine's potency to how much cream he was making in his bust; trying to get a bead for how insanely productive he had become was in itself a challenge, but Mitsuri got there... eventually. Plenty of time wasted seeing if he was shrinking, then slowly readjusting the knob until his size stabilised, at which point it became a matter of pure patience.

Even with the trial-and-error of finding that sweet spot, he was still *enormous*; if he ever got up from his seat, his tits would *still* go past his waist and close to his knees, would *still* have plenty of themselves visible from behind if anyone looked... and now, he was going to make them be just that big by default.

It hit him, right there: he'd gone from flat to busty because he actually emptied himself; if his hunch was correct, and it was him draining and producing at the same rate that caused him to grow, then, logically, if he just *kept* the machine on for long enough, then he'd grow enough that whatever size he was at *would* be his smallest one. And if that was the case, if he could just pick and choose how big he was at any given point, then why not aim for the highest and biggest rather than settle for mediocrity?

Mitsuri looked down at himself. What he saw was not, well, *himself*; instead, it was a cavernous cleavage, a valley of tit that he could literally sink into were it attached to anyone else. A couple of milk tanks that, with some training, he could *definitely* carry around, especially if he could find a bra to fit him. Enough titty that, quite frankly, he wouldn't be able to keep himself from regularly kneading and massaging it, even in full view of an unsuspecting public. Enough of *himself* that it was almost impossible to consider it to be a part of his body, and not just some dissociated bits that couldn't possibly belong to him.

But they did. They were there. He could feel their weight, their heft, their fullness, their eagerness to grow and fill. He could feel them hardening and tightening, their interior filling slowly replaced with more solid mass as the milking machine ran its magic through him. He could sense just how close he was to turning cream weight into *breast mass*, and how close he was to taking *that* and transforming it into even more production capacity. He'd already grown *that* large in just four hours; he couldn't possibly imagine what he would be like after he was done with that insanity he was engaging in.

And thus, a question arose. A question that *had* to be asked, precisely because he'd gone that far. Precisely because he had waited four hours to let his tits fill, because it was one in the morning, because he wasn't getting up for work, and because he *had* to think about it now that what used to be fantasy became warm reality:

If he could get that big, *why not bigger?*