

Motherly Instincts Part 3

“What the hell, what the hell, what the hell...” Nicole chanted.

Jennifer’s sudden and impressive growth coupled with massive amounts of milk leaking over their laps and onto the bus had left her shaken. Not a soul remained on the bus save for the two girls and a frantic bus driver eager to drop his growing passenger off at the hospital.

Concentrating on her breathing, Jennifer watched her breasts slowly shrink, as well as her pants slide down her shins as her height returned to normal. After the scene she had just put on, the woman with the baby was quick to pull the emergency brake and flee the bus along with every other passenger.

“At least that damn baby is gone...” Jennifer said slowly.

Nicole laughed nervously, not sure how to handle her friend’s engorgement. “I thought I was about to get a face full of milk for a second...”

“You girls doin’ all right back there still?” the bus driver called out.

“F-Fine,” Jennifer assured, “Thank you for going off your route. I swear they don’t...uh...usually do this.” Looking at the perky volleyballs standing out under her overstretched t-shirt, Jennifer blushed after remembering her recent public exposure.

“Think nothing of it; we’re trained for things like this.”

“Really? This *exact* thing?” Nicole asked sarcastically.

“Well...no...”

“Hush,” Jennifer waved. “Sorry, she’s still a little scared. J-Just please hurry.”

The bus sped through downtown, soon arriving at the local hospital. They exited the bus, Jennifer’s chest having returned to a manageable size after flooding the bus with her dairy.

“Where do we go for this?” Nicole asked. “Emergency room?”

“And say what? ‘Excuse me, nurse? My boobs blow up like water balloons if a baby gets hungry.’? They would direct me to the psych ward before they’d admit me!”

“Good thinking. Will they just see a walk-in though?”

“If they don’t we’ll find a crying baby and *make* them see me.”

Jennifer rushed into the building with Nicole in tow. A nurse at a front desk greeted them.

“Can I help you?”

“Yes, I would like an appointment? Right away if possible, it’s kind of urgent,” Jennifer said quickly.

“Is it an emergency?”

“N-Not exactly.”

The nurse narrowed her eyes at the two college girls. “What seems to be the problem?” Jennifer leaned in to whisper. “I would just like a breast exam, please. Something isn’t right.”

“I see. I’ll see what I can do and someone will be with you shortly.”

Jennifer was stunned at her luck.

“Well that was easy!” Nicole laughed, “Who says hospitals are too busy??”

The speedy care was a relief, but Jennifer was hardly able to put herself at ease. If all it took was one crying baby to fill her lap with milky flesh, then out in public was the most dangerous place she could possibly be.

Minutes ticked by while the girls sat in a waiting room. Every itch under Jennifer’s shirt made her heart race with panic but her chest remained the same every time. “Just stay away from kids...” she told herself. “Don’t go near anything that needs to be mothered.”

“Jennifer?” a voice called.

She had never gotten up from a chair so fast in her life.

“The doctor will see you now,” a nurse ushered leading the way, followed closely behind by Jennifer and Nicole.

A sense of unease was rising within Jennifer. Anxiety grew like a storm cloud, ears alert for any sign of trouble. “Nicole,” she whispered, “M-Maybe a hospital wasn’t the best place to go...”

“What? Why??”

“People are *born* here too you know...” The thought of a newborn crying for its first meal terrified her.

The nurse led them through a pair of security doors and down a stretching hallway before stopping in front of a door labeled ‘Mammography’. A light rap from her knuckles echoed on the wood and a woman’s voice responded.

“One minute please!”

“Looks like the previous patient is still getting dressed,” the nurse sighed. Motioning to a row of chairs along the opposite wall she instructed, “If you’ll just wait here the radiologist will call you in.”

They slumped into the bland cushions, sighing with rising tension. Jennifer looked around the hallway. It was mostly bare, save for some carts. A large window blocked by a drawn curtain hid its contents from view, neither of the girls very curious as what could be inside.

“So what’s it feel like?” Nicole asked suddenly.

“H-Huh??”

“Having your boobs blow up! Does it hurt?”

“No... N-No not really... They feel really tight though, and *really* hot. Like I can feel them making milk...”

“You looked like you were enjoying it a little,” Nicole giggled. “I saw you blush a couple of times on the bus and--hey! Are you listening??”

Jennifer’s eyes had glazed over and were fixated ahead at the window in fear. Nicole’s words fell on deaf ears.

“Hey, Earth to Jenn! What’s up??” Nicole prodded.

“L-L-Look...” Jennifer rasped.

A nurse had pulled open the curtain, revealing a room lined with rows of newborn children. Each slumbered peacefully wrapped by a blanket in a plastic bin. Nicole's face was almost as white as Jennifer's.

"No no no no no..." Jennifer whispered, praying the babies would stay asleep. Even seeing them had thrown a worrying tightness across her bust, a noticeable increase added to its weight.

One of the babies stirred, opening its mouth to release a strained cry.

"I need to get out of here!!" Jennifer screamed. She tried to get up but it was too late.

WAAAAHHHH!!!

One baby's cry was enough to wake them all, sending a symphony of hungry wails through the glass as nurses rushed to calm the infants. Jennifer lost control of her body when a shudder ran through it and forced her into the seat, undulations running through her chest in waves.

"J-Jenn! Your tits!!" Nicole cried out, almost falling out of her chair. Her roommate's chest was engorging at an incredible rate from the nearby infants, blowing up as if attached to a high-pressure hose.

WWAAHHHH!!

"S-S-Shiiiit!" Jennifer swore, watching her C-cups swell into monstrous watermelons in less than a minute. The surface of her skin audibly stretched from the intense growth, racing to keep pace with the swirling milk produced within her body. "T-That's...nnnnngghh!!...TIGHT!! O-Oooohhh shit that's *tight*!!" she groaned.

Nicole sat motionless as Jennifer's chest pressed into her chair's armrests, nudging against her thumb and encroaching into her space. The weakened t-shirt fought to contain the rippling jugs but had pulled tight across her front like a sports bra from the sudden expansion. Jennifer had gone from handfuls to wobbling basketballs in the blink of an eye.

WAAAHH!! WAAHHH!!

Scraping her feet across the floor and digging her hands into the armrests, Jennifer fought against the concerning sensations rushing through her body and mind. An overwhelming urge to tear open her shirt and rush to the infants was clouding her judgment, the instinct to attend to their needs pushing on her mind her like a current. Slowly her pants slid up her legs and tightened around her thighs, her back rubbing against the chair as her abdomen elongated.

"N-Nicole...!" Jennifer gasped, hardly able to breathe against such intense lactation. It was all she could do not to bare her breasts for the hungry newborns.

"T-This...nnnnngghhhmmmm!!! This is...b-bad!!"

WAAHHH!!

The chorus of babies assaulted her nonstop, Jennifer squirming in the creaking chair. No part of her body was left untouched by growth, her legs inching across the floor while her head climbed up the wall. Nicole watched with a wide gaze, her friend's throbbing nipples reaching eye level and continuing higher.

“*O-Oh God...!!*” Jennifer panted. Popping seams shot along her shirt and pants, exposing soft skin to the world. As her shirt slipped over her chest, Jennifer’s hands shot to her front to catch her beach ball udders in a desperate attempt at modesty. Fear filled her instinct-driven mind when her hands could not reach her nipples.

WAAAHHH!!

CRUNCH!!

The chair collapsed under her giant weight, Jennifer crashing to the ground in a jiggling heap strong enough to send milk gushing from her tits into the opposite wall.

“*Gah!!*” she cried out, mouth agape with pleasure.

“Are you all right?!?! Jenn you’re *huge!*” Nicole yelled.

“I-I...” Jennifer swallowed, staring at the newborns crying through the window. The nurses had stopped tending to them, instead staring at the girl nearing eight-feet tall with tits too large to hold. “*I want to feed them so badly!*”

SHHRRRIIIIPP!!

Her pants burst into tatters, rendering Jennifer naked save for an overstretched pair of white panties. As her feet brushed against the opposite wall and she grew to be almost twice the size of Nicole, Jennifer knew she had to get out before it was too late. Even in her giant state, her breasts reached to her belly button and jutted into the air like parade floats, milk rushing from her nipples and splattering loudly onto the floor. Unsteady, she got to her feet, cradling her milky rack in both arms.

WAAAHHH!!

The Mammography door opened, a female doctor stepping out with an older woman behind her. “Ok, Jennifer, we can get started n--” The doctor stopped, catching sight of a monstrosity-endowed giant of a woman craning her head in order to fit under the ceiling. Stunned, she dropped her clipboard, unable to make sense of the situation.

The babies grew louder, the attending nurses neglecting them as their window was blocked by a wall of flesh.

“No more...! N-No more! I can’t take it!!” Jennifer panicked, feeling as if the walls were closing in on her naked body. “*I can’t handle all this milk!*”

Left with no other option as her mind was flooded with a desire to feed the babies, Jennifer urged every fiber of her being into a nearby stairwell marked exit. Forced to bend at the waist in order to fit through the door, Nicole and the gathering doctors watched Jennifer squeeze her breasts through the door followed by a soon-to-be-naked rear. The door slammed shut a second later, Nicole finding the senses to follow closely behind.

“Wait!! Jenn!!” her called echoed.

Stunned doctors stood in disbelief, staring at the tattered clothes and pools of warm milk left behind, forced to wonder what they had just witnessed.