

Motherly Instincts Part 2

“You’re insane.”

“I’m not!” Jennifer cried, looking to Nicole for support. “I swear it happened!”

Despite her panicked expression, Nicole was having a difficult time believing Jennifer’s story. “So you woke up...”

“Yea.”

“And your *boobs* were bigger.”

“They were *huge!* A-And leaking milk everywhere! Nicole, please you have to believe me!” Jennifer grabbed her C cups out of distress. “They were as big as volleyballs! I thought they were going to pop they felt so full!”

“Do you hear yourself? Do you know how crazy you sound right now? Tits don’t just grow overnight. And they *definitely* don’t swell up to volleyballs with milk. At least not when you’re...well you know...”

Jennifer’s jaw dropped. “Did you just call my breasts small?”

“No! No they’re fine! I’m just trying to say that going from the size you are now to what you’re telling me is a *massive* change, you know? It’s impossible.”

“Nicole, I saw it! I haven’t left the apartment all day because of it! I missed my classes! What if it happens again??”

“Hmmm...” Nicole frowned. “It is unlike you to miss class; you’re the responsible one between us. Are you sure you just didn’t have too much to drink last night?”

“Really? *You’re* asking *me* if I had too much to drink?”

“Just asking, just asking...” Nicole looked into her friend’s scared eyes and knew Jennifer wouldn’t be acting this way unless she had a reason. She was known for being very private and not usually one to talk about her body in such a way. Sighing, Nicole asked, “All right, assuming I believe any of this, what do you want me to do?”

“I...I don’t know...” Jennifer said softly, casting her eyes down to inspect her chest worryingly. “They were massive for about an hour and then they just went back to normal!”

“Maybe it was just a super realistic dream. Where’s all the milk?”

“I had to keep squirting it into the sink...” Jennifer confessed, blushing.

“I think you just need to get out for a little bit,” Nicole suggested, crossing her arms.

“Or go see a doctor! This wasn’t normal!”

“Can you prove it happened? A doctor would send you to a psych ward with this story! Come on, let’s just go get a nice dinner. You look hungry.”

A growl answered for Jennifer and she cradled her stomach. “I am. But what if--”

“It’s not going to happen again because it never happened in the first place. They’re boobs, not balloons. Now put some shoes on; we can still catch the evening bus downtown.” Nicole wasn’t hearing any more of Jennifer’s wild stories.

“I-I guess it could have been a dream... It was *so* real, though, Nicole.”

“Wear a sports bra and a loose t-shirt then if you’re concerned. I’m staaarving!”

“How ya doin’?” Nicole asked teasingly.

Jennifer sat next to her friend on the bus, the large majority of other seats open. “O-Ok I guess...” Anxiety still wracked her mind after the events of that morning. She couldn’t get the picture of her chest blown up to such massive proportions out of her head. Fear of experiencing it again made her skittish to every prick or tickle in her bra. Even feeling her nipples get hard throughout the day had been a nightmare. “So far so good.”

“Like I said, you just needed to get out! You were up pretty late last night.”

“What do you think I was doing all night?? I had to get your drunk ass home!”

“Right, right. Thanks for that, by the way. I appreciate it. You’re like a mom sometimes.”

Jennifer sighed, leaning forward and putting her head in her hands. “Don’t mention it.”

They didn’t speak until the next bus stop when Nicole saw a woman join them. “Ugh, great...”

“What is it?” Jennifer looked up slightly as the bus doors closed and the driver took a nearby onramp towards downtown.

“That lady has a baby. I swear, if it starts crying in here I’m gonna--”

WAAAHHH!!!!

Both Jennifer and Nicole stiffened up, though for different reasons.

“Goddammit, I knew it!” Nicole groaned, pounding her head against the window.

“N-Nngh...” Jennifer groaned. She remained doubled over, a worrisome tightness spreading over her chest making her breasts tingle with electricity. Both nipples were fighting against her sports bra, their sensitivity and size identical to what she recalled from that morning.

“Why can’t people just keep their crotch goblins quiet?”

“N-Nicole...” Jennifer grunted. The sports bra was pulling tighter across her chest and she knew for certain her breasts were growing. She could already feel them pressing firmly into her biceps, her skin warm even through her clothes. “Nicole, I--Nngh...!”

“Hmm? What’s up?” Nicole looked down to see her friend’s back heaving as if she had just finished a race. With Jennifer bent forward, Nicole had no way of seeing the engorged pair of G-cup melons filling her sports bra.

Groaning loudly, she replied, “I-It’s...happening...again...!”

“Come on, Jenn. Stop messing around. It was funny at the apartment, but you need to realize--”

Jennifer sat back into her seat, eyes locked on the wobbling mounds stretching the front of her t-shirt more than six inches away from her body. Jennifer whimpered, watching their motion with her rising breaths. “O-Oooh no... T-They’re so big already!”

“Hold *shit!*” Nicole gasped. “Jenn are you all right?? Your tits are hu--”

WAAAAAHHH!!!!

“*Auugh!!!*” Jennifer cried out, every pair of eyes on the bus staring. A massive shudder coursed through her body and spilling into her breasts, their rate of growth increasing and expanding them into large basketballs. “M-My boobs, ooohhh my boobs feel...feel so *full!!!* They’re going to outgrow my bra!”

Nicole could see the outline of Jennifer’s sports bra pressed against the shirt, smooth bulges of flesh overflowing in heaps of cleavage and underboob. Throbbing nubs the size of strawberries extended forwards as if trying to escape.

“Fuck, you weren’t kidding!” Nicole gasped.

“W-Well don’t just...look at them! Help me! They’re...*nnnghmmmmm...g-getting full of milk a-again...!*”

WAAAHHH!!!! WAAAHHH!!!!

“*Aaaaahhhh ooohhHHH GOD!!!*” Jennifer screamed, her hands involuntarily shooting to her udders when they bloated outwards and released a muffled sloshing. “I-It’s that baby...” she panted, “Every time it screams... I-I fill with more milk! The downstairs...*nnngh...baby was crying t-this morning, too!*”

Nicole’s eyes widened. “So your boobs are responding to your motherly instin--”

WAAAHHH!!!!

“*NNNGGHHH!! God, yes!!*” Jennifer leaned back, cradling her watermelon bust in her shaking arms. Seeing darkening wet spots forming over each nipple, Jennifer knew her chest was reaching its maximum capacity of dairy. “N-Nicole, I’m getting really full here... They’re starting to leak! I can feel milk...m-moving around inside my chest. God, it feels like there’re gallons of it in there!”

“Uhhhh...”

“What? What is it now?? Still don’t believe me?!” Jennifer snapped, shaking her chest to emanate a loud gurgle as milk dripped onto her legs.

“Um, I don’t think it’s only affecting your chest...” Nicole said slowly. “Have your pants always been that short?”

Jennifer quickly looked to see the legs of her pants reaching only halfway down her shins. “S-Shit! Am I getting taller?!”

“It kind of looks like it now that I think about it!”

Quickly looking at Nicole, Jennifer could see the top of her head, something she had never been able to see normally sitting down. “I-I am! What the hell is happening to--”

WAAAAAHHHHH!!!!

The child wailed again, a seam bursting loudly under Jennifer’s shirt as her bra began to fail.

“Y-Your chest is getting kind of big, Jenn,” Nicole said with concern, “And you look six-feet tall!”

“Gee, you think I hadn’t noticed?!” she yelled.

The t-shirt had ridden up her elongating abdomen to reveal a rush of flesh escaping her bra. Pulled tightly around her torso, it looked as though Jennifer had inflated two beach balls under her top. Under such stress, tears and holes had formed to reveal her pale flesh below. Milk streamed in consistent rivulets and ran off the bus seat to pool below.

“G-God these are heavy,” Jennifer moaned. “I’m a freaking milk tank! My skin is so tight my tits feel like they could burst! Is this how lactation always feels?!”

Nicole backed towards the window, her friend’s bust inching into her seat. “Uhhh, Jenn, you’re getting really big! You don’t think they’re gonna--”

SHHRRRIIPP!!!

All at once Jennifer’s bra and shirt tore down the middle from the massive milky weight of her chest. Two bloated mammaries toppled free and slapped against her stomach, barely covering her belly button and dominating the top half of her body. The pair could only stare at Jennifer’s fantastical bust, each breast as wide as her own torso with nipples like angry pink fists leaking creamy milk.

Not a word was said throughout the bus, even the baby falling silent and grasping the air towards Jennifer as her engorged bosom was revealed to the world. She gasped with disbelief, stammering to say anything amongst the gaping spectators.

“U-Uh...” Jennifer rasped.

Nicole was the first to speak English. “So... Doctor?”

“D-Doctor,” Jennifer nodded, shivering as she placed her hands over sopping nipples.