

Hormonal Exposure

Riley shifted uncomfortably in her bridesmaid dress. One of the bustier girls in the wedding party, the dress shop had generously extended the front to allow for her DD breasts. Normally such a size wouldn't require accommodation, but when they grew from a frame as petite as Riley's, finding a dress suitable out of the box was a difficult task.

Now, a month after being fitted, Riley wondered if she hadn't somehow grown a significant amount in the short period of time. The cleavage on display below her collarbones was borderline obscene. It jiggled with every wobbly step in her heels and demanded the attention of every guy in the vicinity. This included the groom, a fact the bride was irritated to discover.

"Riley," another bridesmaid, Tara, whispered as they posed for pictures. "Your dress is slipping again. Everybody is about to get an eyeeful of nipple."

Glancing down, Riley's eyes bulged to discover her friend was right. "Dammit!" Pinching fingers pulled the neckline to an acceptable level. This only stuffed her escaping flesh tighter and led to hefty bulges over the lace. Feeling various eyes on her, she whispered back, "I feel like I'm going to pop out of this thing!"

"Well Rachael told you to watch your diet after the fitting! What did you do, eat a cheeseburger every day since then??"

"You think I *wanted* my boobs to blow up like this? Of course I watched my diet! I *always* watch my diet! My chest is the only place I ever gain weight!"

Tara snickered. "Could you share your secret with me later? I could use a little evening out."

"Hilarious." Riley grunted as she adjusted again her dress for the thousandth time that day. "God, this thing fit fine this morning! I swear it did! Do they really look bigger?"

Tara shifted her eyes from Riley's, to her chest, then back. "Is that a joke? You look like you stuffed a couple of cantaloupes down your dress as a prank for the picture."

"*Fuck.*"

The bride turned their way. "Would you guys shut up?? We're trying to take pictures! Riley, fix your dress for God's sake!"

"S-Sorry, Rachael..."

Riley did what she could but the garment was powerless against her bust. "I *know* it fit this morning."

The remark was ignored by Tara who had moved on to other observations. She watched various wedding guests with interest. "Have you noticed how many pregnant women there are here?"

It was impossible to miss. Spread throughout the guests were three women lugging massive bellies. Thanks to their transformations, they were some of the few women present who

managed to make Riley feel small. Between the three of them, there couldn't have been a total of two weeks left of pregnancy.

"Kind of hard *not* to notice them, isn't it?" Riley ogled. She couldn't imagine her body changing so drastically.

Tara watched one pregnant woman at the dessert bar. "Jesus that one looks like she's ready to fucking pop! Think there are twins in there??"

Breasts the size of the woman's head wobbled on top of her belly like a shelf. Riley responded, "Well, if there are twins, she's *definitely* set up to feed them."

STTRRRRTTCH

"N-Nngh..."

"You all right?" Tara asked.

"Yea, I just...my dress pinched me. I swear it's getting *tighter*."

Riley rubbed her neck and parts of her shoulders. They ached the same as they had during the late stages of her breast development. Increasing weight in her chest seemed intent on pulling her towards the earth. The enhanced presence of heat and pressure was more worrisome than anything else. Riley had never felt pressure within her chest before.

The photographer lowered his camera. "Ok, girls, all done! Guys are up next."

The bride and her bridesmaids dispersed into the crowd to mingle. Tara stuck to Riley's side as she walked unbalanced.

"Are you serious right now?" Tara hissed.

"What?"

"You're bigger than all the bridesmaids combined! Can you hold my purse between those things? I'm tired of carrying it."

The joke fell on deaf ears. Riley was too focused on the heavy motions of her chest. Since the wedding began, her dress had started growing tighter and tighter. The excess cups bloating her skin refused to stay out of her mind. Trying anything to distract herself, Riley eyed the platter of mini pastries resting in front of the pregnant woman's belly.

"I need some sugar," Riley declared. "Whatever is going on with me, lugging these around is taking all the energy I have."

Happy to tag along, Tara followed her to the dessert table. The pregnant woman welcomed the bridesmaids with a gleeful smile. "Oh you girls look gorgeous today! How do you know Rachael??"

"We were friends all through school," Tara informed.

GUURRGLE

"Nngh!"

The two of them passed a glance at Riley. An obscene amount of flesh was falling out of her dress as she leaned over the table with an arm under her bust. "Riley...?" Tara asked.

"I'm...I-I'm fine... My chest just felt really weird..."

The pregnant woman eyed her bust. “You might need to get that dress fitted again. I remember when my milk came in; I was popping out of everything I owned! I couldn’t believe how big my boobs grew in such a--”

GUUURRGLE

“N-Nnghmm!!”

Riley groaned and doubled over, using the table for more support. Lace rubbed against her nipples as they bulged into view. Weighty as watermelons, they dominated her frame and rubbed across her stomach. “O-O-Oh my God... *What’s happening to me...??*”

Concern filled the woman’s face while Tara stared in awe. “Oh you poor dear... How long ago did you give birth? I have my pump in the car if you need to use it.” She stepped around Tara and rubbed Riley’s back, pressing her belly into her side. The heat from her milk-filled breasts was like a furnace.

“What... What are you talking about?? I don’t have a kid! I don’t need a--”

GUUUURRRRGLE

“NNGH!!! O-OOHHH!!”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

Mass surged within Riley’s dress. Lace popped and broke open. Containing such a load would spell doom for it soon. Dozens of pounds would have toppled her forward had it not been for the table. Dishes clanked when her hands leaned heavily. Mystified, Tara watched as her friend’s breasts outgrew her dress like two balloons.

SHRIP!!

“N-No, please no!” Riley squeaked. Her dress’ seams were failing. Finding it difficult to breathe, she panted as each inhale sent rips further across her front and down her side.

Tara was overcome with curiosity. Extending a finger, she sank it into a bulge of flesh escaping through a widening hole. “Riley... Are you *actually* getting bi--”

“Tara, please don’t touch them!!”

SHRIIP!!!

Riley’s dress exploded at the front. The internal pressure reaching its max, lace and stitches refused to hold Riley’s chest any longer.

BWOOMPH

Massive tits hung free in the air. Twice the size of her head, they bobbed over the dessert table like fruits.

“Riley!! What the--”

GUUUURRRRRRGLE

“A-Ahh!! Ahhhh!!”

Riley trembled. The sound of sloshing made its way to her ears as she moved. Deep within her chest, she could feel dense liquid churning and swirling. It pressed against her skin, bloating her larger until her nipples pressed into a dessert’s frosted top.

“Holy shit. **HOLY SHIT!!**”

“Riley what’s happening to you?!”

The scene was gathering an audience. Most concerned for the girl’s condition were the pregnant women who saw fit to crowd around with offers of help and suggestions for handling milk.

GUUURRRRRGLE

As the weight and sloshing increased dramatically, Riley knew the cause. The closer the pregnant women came, the fuller her chest pumped. Every time they touched her, or she felt their bellies or chests rub against her, Riley’s breasts engorged. Pressure rose within her mounds.

DRIP

DRIP

DRIP

As if to confirm her fears, the sound of milk plopping against the table made her heart race.

Rachael stood aghast in the distance, crushing her new husband’s hand for staring. *“Riley what the hell are you doing?! What are those things?!”*

“They’re... T-They’re...” She gulped, feeling milk stretch her tits larger. *“My boobs are filling with milk!! I’m lactating!!”*

“You look like you haven’t pumped in days!” One of the pregnant women rushed to her aid and hugged her shoulders. *“You can’t let it go for that long!”*

Riley could smell the pregnancy hormones on the woman. The effect it had on her chest was undeniable. Every minute she spent anywhere near these women was another minute her breasts filled with milk. *“G-Get away!! Please!! You’re going to make it--”*

GUUURRRRRGLE

“Nghmmm!!”

Riley’s chest collided with the table after a massive amount of bloating. Several dishes were crushed under its weight. Leaning over their forms, Riley gawked at the beach ball udders. Strawberry nipples sprayed dairy across the table.

“Oh my God... Riley...” Tara stared in disbelief.

“Make them stop!! Make them stop!! They’re getting too full!! Why is this happening to me?!”

CRREEEAAAAAK

The sound of straining wood gave Riley pause. As her breasts inched across the table and desserts were pushed to the ground, the tabletop began to bow. Dishes ran towards the middle where the most weight was to be found.

“Oh no. Oh no no no!! Please stop growing!! S-Someone help me get out of here!”

Even the pregnant women were consumed by disbelief. The sounds and bustle of the wedding fell silent as Riley’s tits ballooned like milk tanks. Gurgles and sloshes sounded over her labored cries. If the women would only step away, she knew her mysterious transformation would cease.

“What kind of supplements are you taking...” one of the women asked.

“NONE!! I’m not doing anything to cause this! I’m not fucking pregnant!! If you would leave for five minutes, my tits would stop filling with milk and--”

CRREEEEAAAAAAK!!

Loud cracks shot through the table. Riley felt it jolt and heave under the hundred of gallons of her milk.

“Oh no,” she squeaked.

CRASH!!!!

In a storm of sloshed and pastries, the table collapsed with a mighty heave. Riley’s titanic udders jiggled until coming to rest in a mess of frosting and dough. Sugary sweets dripped from her throbbing nipples to mix with her cream.

Rachael stared at the sight in a rage. *“RILEY!! WHAT THE FUCK?! THIS IS MY WEDDING!!”*

Her rage found no home in Riley’s mind. Laying across her chest, her knees could not find the ground. A chasm of cleavage threatened to suck her in if she weren’t careful. “Oh thank God they stopped... *They finally stopped...!*” she gasped happily. “I thought I was going to turn into a parade float!!”

Her body had reached its tolerance for the surrounding storm of pregnancy hormones. Sighing in relief, Riley relaxed. She couldn’t explain or begin to understand why this happened to her, but she knew without a drastic change in the women’s hormone levels, they wouldn’t be able to affect her anymore.

“You know...” Riley groaned to one of the women as she felt her milk churn, “I think I might take you up on your offer for that breast pu--”

“Aahhhhh!!! Oh my God!!!”

GUUURGLE

Riley’s eyes bulged when her chest bloated slightly. Hearing one of the women scream, she feared the worst. Frantic as her lactation resumed with a vengeance, she stared at a panicking woman holding her belly.

“My water just broke!!”