

Volume 4, Issue 3

September 2010

grow

/comics™

Chapter 3:
"Don't be shy over spilled milk."

growing Desires



whentaigallery.com

growing Desires

Written, Drawn, and Colored by **BustArtist**

FRIDAY 11:45PM

LONG BEFORE JON EVEN SNUCK OUT OF LYNN'S DORM ROOM, THE MEETING BETWEEN THE UNIVERSITY DEAN T. WILLIAM BARKINGS AND GENERAL BRANDON HARRICOFF CONTINUED IN THE LOBBY OF THE HOUSE 26 DORMITORY.

WAIT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN THIS GAS IS NOT POISONOUS... "PER SE"?!

WELL... IT *DOES* AFFECT THE HUMAN BODY. IN FACT, IT WILL TEMPORARILY ALTER IT.

ALTER?! WHAT EVIL EXPERIMENTAL WEAPONS IS THE MILITARY WORKING ON NOW?!

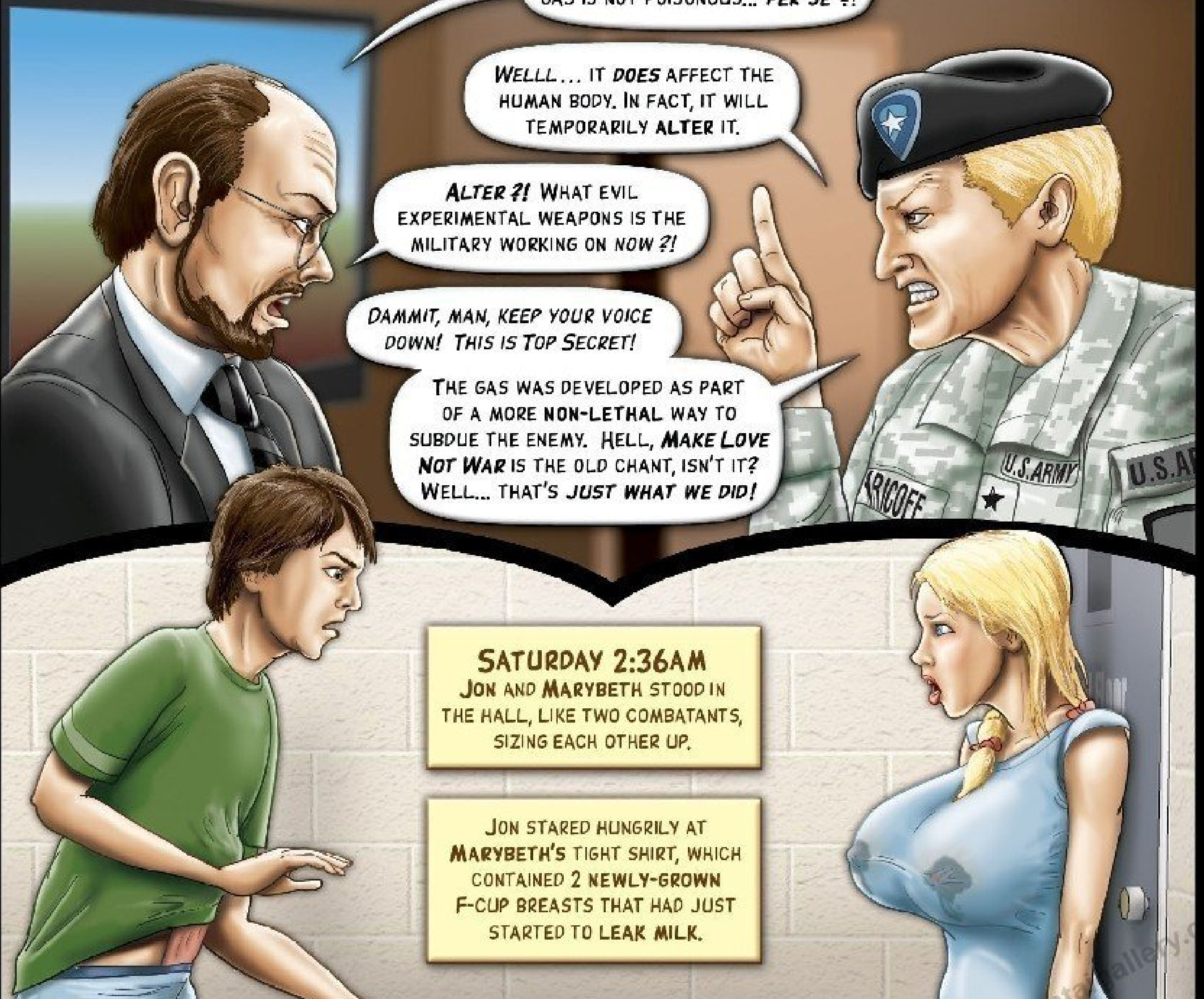
DAMMIT, MAN, KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN! THIS IS TOP SECRET!

THE GAS WAS DEVELOPED AS PART OF A MORE NON-LETHAL WAY TO SUBDUCE THE ENEMY. HELL, *MAKE LOVE NOT WAR* IS THE OLD CHANT, ISN'T IT? WELL... THAT'S JUST WHAT WE DID!

SATURDAY 2:36AM

JON AND MARYBETH STOOD IN THE HALL, LIKE TWO COMBATANTS, SIZING EACH OTHER UP.

JON STARED HUNGRILY AT MARYBETH'S TIGHT SHIRT, WHICH CONTAINED 2 NEWLY-GROWN F-CUP BREASTS THAT HAD JUST STARTED TO LEAK MILK.





HIS EYES ROAMED DOWN TO HER HIPS, WHICH CURVED ALLURINGLY OUT FROM HER WAIST. IT WAS A SEXY SHAPE THAT WAS NOT HER NORMALLY THIN BUILD.

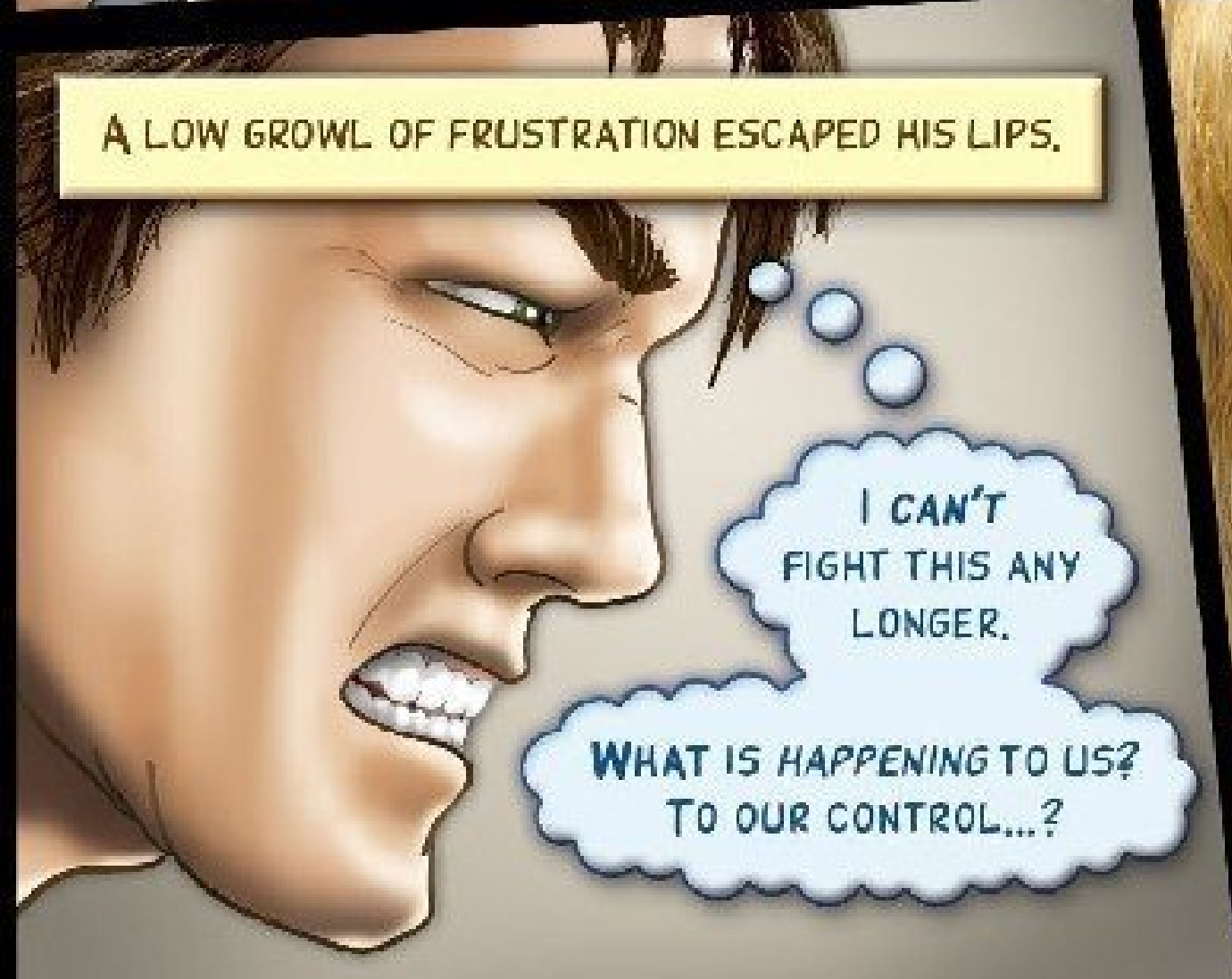
MARYBETH STOOD TIMIDLY, BUT DID NOT COVER HERSELF, OR TRY TO HIDE FROM HIS STARE. HER DEemeanOR SUGGESTED THAT SHE WAS SHYLY SEEKING APPROVAL, HER FACE DOWNCAST IN EMBARRASSMENT BUT HER EYES WERE CURIOUSLY SEARCHING FOR ACCEPTANCE.

AS JON TOOK A STEP CLOSER, MARYBETH BIT HER LIP NOT IN FRIGHT, BUT IN TIMIDLY CONSTRAINED EXCITEMENT — A MIX OF TREPIDATION OF THE UNKNOWN AND THE EAGERNESS TO FIND OUT.



JON'S HARD-ON RETURNED FORCEFULLY, ITS FREAK SIZE BECOMING OBVIOUS.

A LOW GROWL OF FRUSTRATION ESCAPED HIS LIPS.



I CAN'T FIGHT THIS ANY LONGER.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO US?
TO OUR CONTROL...?

YOU... YOU LIKE
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO ME?

Y- YES...





B-BUT... THIS... THIS... IS NOT NORMAL!

THOUGH SHE DENIED IT TO HERSELF,
MARYBETH'S CHANGES WERE
NOT UNWELCOME TO HER.

I'VE SEEN A LOT OF THINGS THAT WERE
NOT 'NORMAL' TONIGHT... BUT I WOULD NOT
SAY THAT I DID NOT ENJOY THEM.

HE DOES
LIKE THIS...

... MY HIPS ...

... MY TITS...

... MY... MILK!

OH! WHAT THE...
MY... MY BREASTS
FEEL H-HEAVIER...

A SUDDEN FLUTTER
SHOT THROUGH
MARYBETH'S BODY.

UUUUUNHH!

THE MILK STAINS SPREAD FURTHER ACROSS HER SHIRT, WHICH WAS NOW STRETCHED EVEN TIGHTER FROM THE SUDDEN INCREASE IN LACTESCENT BOOBAGE.

BUT OTHER CHANGES WERE ALSO STARTING TO HAPPEN.



WHAT THE...

I... WHA... THIS IS CRAZY!



JON WAS ABLE TO RESIST KARA AND JEANETTE – EXPERIENCES THAT HAD BEEN TRYING TO THE EXTREME, BUT THE REPEATED BATTERING AGAINST HIS LIBIDO HAD FINALLY CRACKED HIS RESISTANCE,

IS IT REALLY CRAZY?

COME ON, MARYBETH. WHAT WAS IT YOU SAID DURING CLAUDINE'S GAME? ABOUT YOUR SISTER'S TITS?

I... I WAS DRUNK.

AND YOU'RE STILL DRUNK. BEING DRUNK ONLY MAKES YOUR INHIBITIONS LOWER, IT DOESN'T CHANGE YOUR INNER THOUGHTS.

YOU REVEALED YOUR HIDDEN DESIRES IN THE GAME.





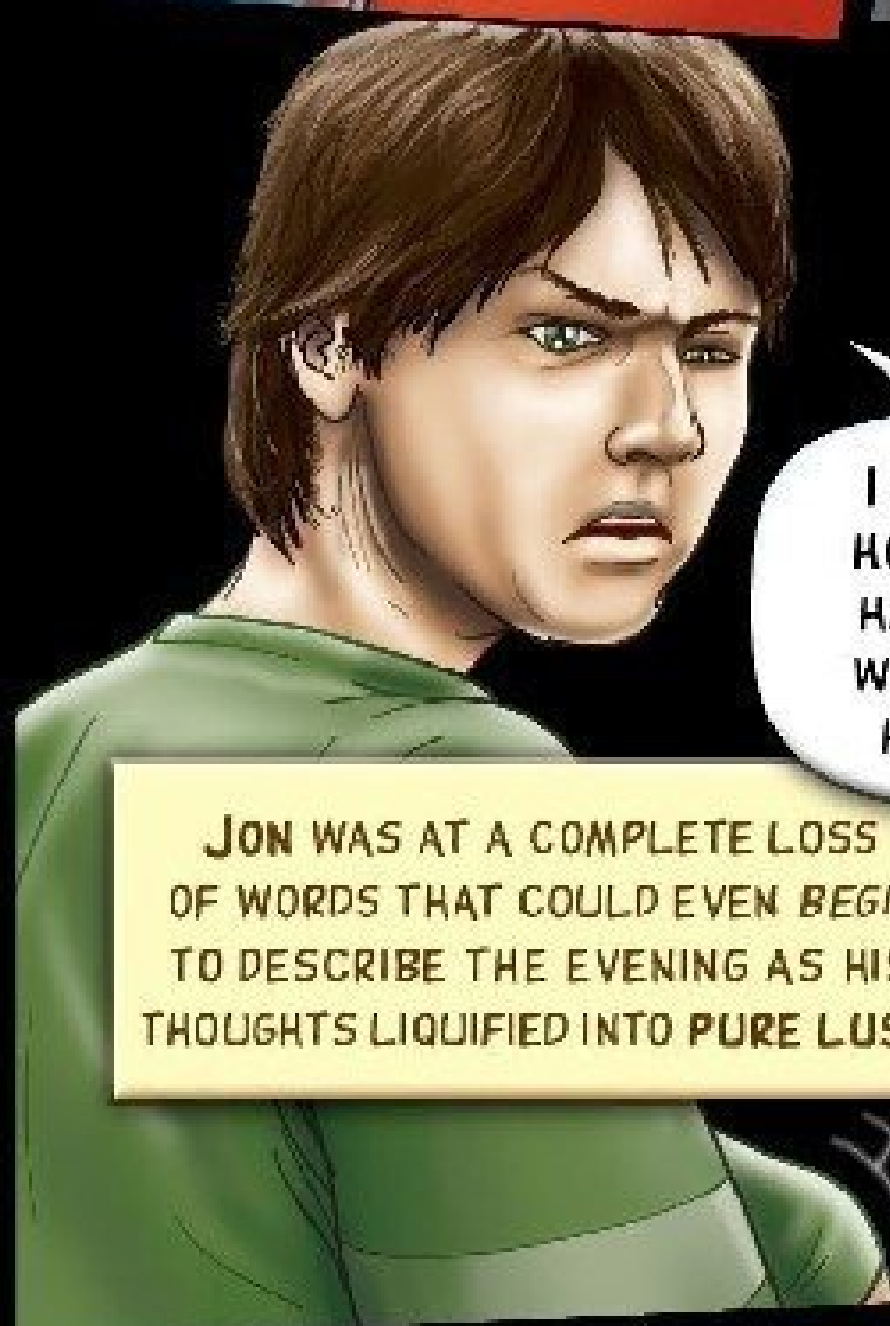
HIS DESIRES WERE FLARING, CAUSING HIS MAMMOTH JOHNSON TO GROW AGAIN.

AND IT SEEMS THOSE DESIRES HAVE SOME HOW COME TO FRUITION.

N-NO... THIS IS NOT WHAT I MEANT...

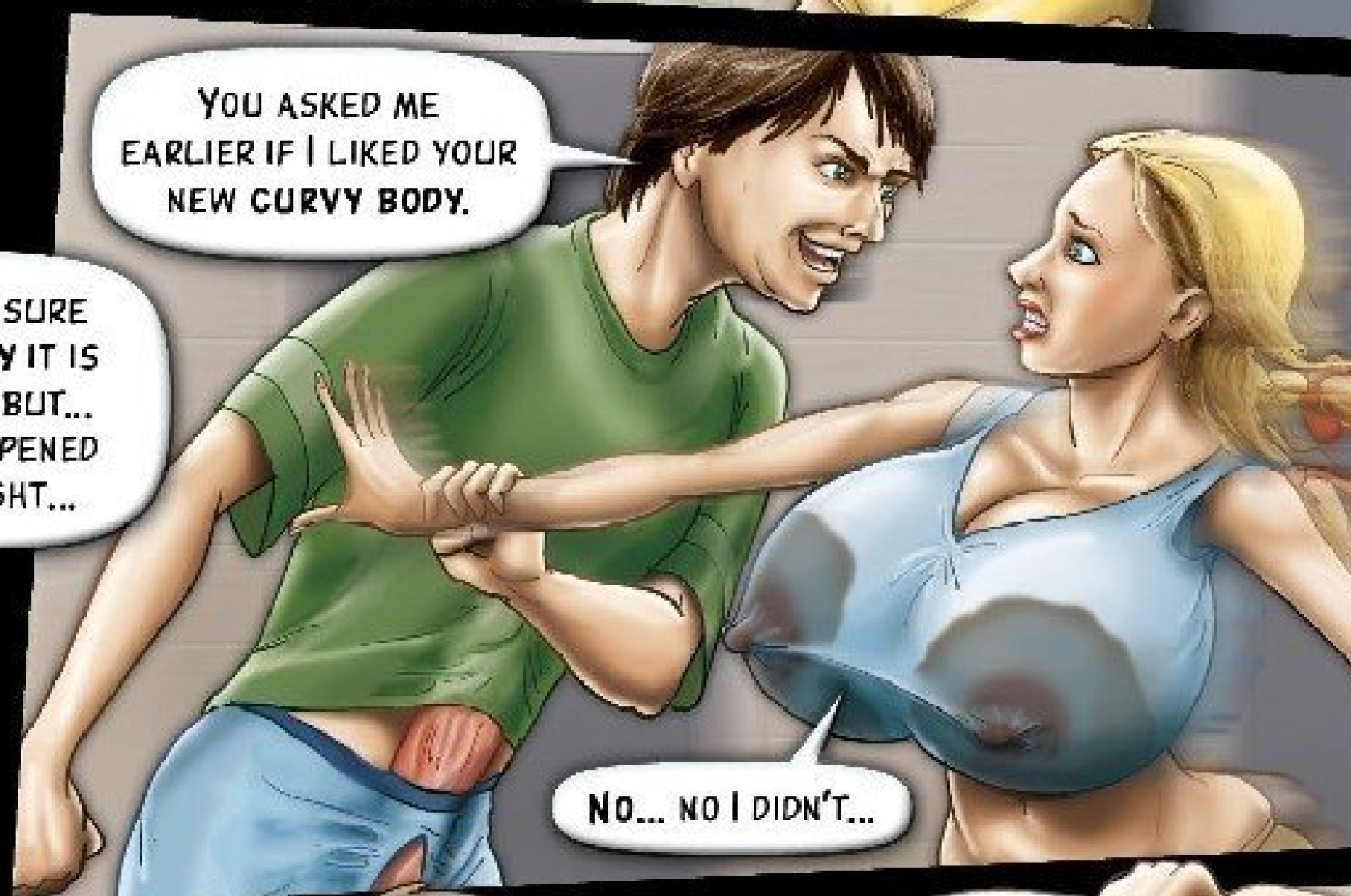
YES IT IS. YOUR DESIRE FOR THIS IS UNMISTAKEABLE.

WHILE SHE MOVED AS IF TO ESCAPE, MARYBETH'S MOVEMENTS HINTED AT A SUBTLE COYNESS, AS IF SHE WERE DARING HIM TO FOLLOW.



JON WAS AT A COMPLETE LOSS OF WORDS THAT COULD EVEN BEGIN TO DESCRIBE THE EVENING AS HIS THOUGHTS LIQUIFIED INTO PURE LUST.

I AM... NOT SURE HOW OR WHY IT IS HAPPENING, BUT... WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE TONIGHT...



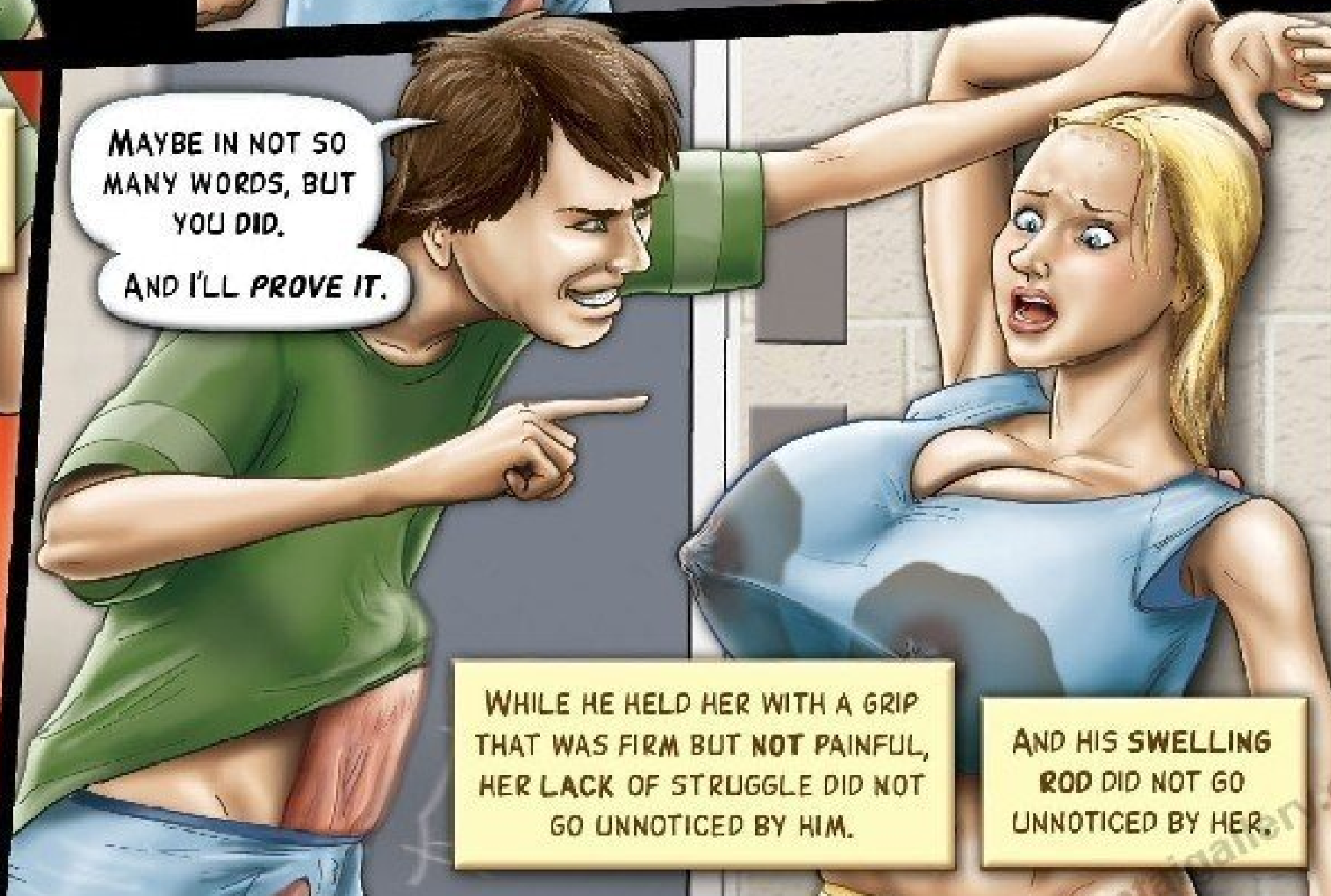
YOU ASKED ME EARLIER IF I LIKED YOUR NEW CURVY BODY.

NO... NO I DIDN'T...



HIS NEW AGGRESSIVE CARNALITY MANIFESTED INTO AN EXPANSION NOT IN LENGTH, BUT IN GIRTH.

MAYBE IN NOT SO MANY WORDS, BUT YOU DID. AND I'LL PROVE IT.



WHILE HE HELD HER WITH A GRIP THAT WAS FIRM BUT NOT PAINFUL, HER LACK OF STRUGGLE DID NOT GO UNNOTICED BY HIM.

AND HIS SWELLING ROD DID NOT GO UNNOTICED BY HER.



JON GOADED HER ON, HIS AGGRESSIVENESS
MIRRORED BY HIS HARD, BLOATED ROD.

THAT'S IT, **MARYBETH**. DON'T LET
ANYONE MISTAKE YOU FOR A BOY. MAKE
IT DAMNED **OBVIOUS** THAT YOU'RE NOT!

R-RRIP!

WIDENING, PLUMPING
CURVACIOUSLY, THE
TRANSFORMATION GAVE
HER AN ASS THAT ANY
BOOTILICIOUS ACTRESS
WOULD HAVE ENVIED.

SNAP!

AS IF DANCING, **MARYBETH**
ALLOWED HIM TO TWIRL HER
AROUND FOR INSPECTION.

JON SWIRLED HER BACK AROUND,
ONCE AGAIN PRESSING HER
BACK AGAINST THE WALL.

HIS NOW FULLY-EXPOSED COCK
CAUGHT MARYBETH'S EYE.
ITS EXCEPTIONAL TURGIDNESS
RADIATED POWER, NOT TO BE
IGNORED, BUT TO BE OBEYED.

YOUR HUGE TITS ARE
AMAZING. I WISH THEY
WERE **EVEN BIGGER!**

UUUNHHH!







UUUHNH!

THAT'S IT?

MAYBE YOU
DIDN'T HEAR ME.
I SAID...
MILK!

RIP!

HER BREASTS WENT
INTO OVERDRIVE.

THE SPRAY WAS SO
FORCEFUL, IT SHOT
RIGHT THROUGH
HER SOAKED SHIRT.

RRRIP!

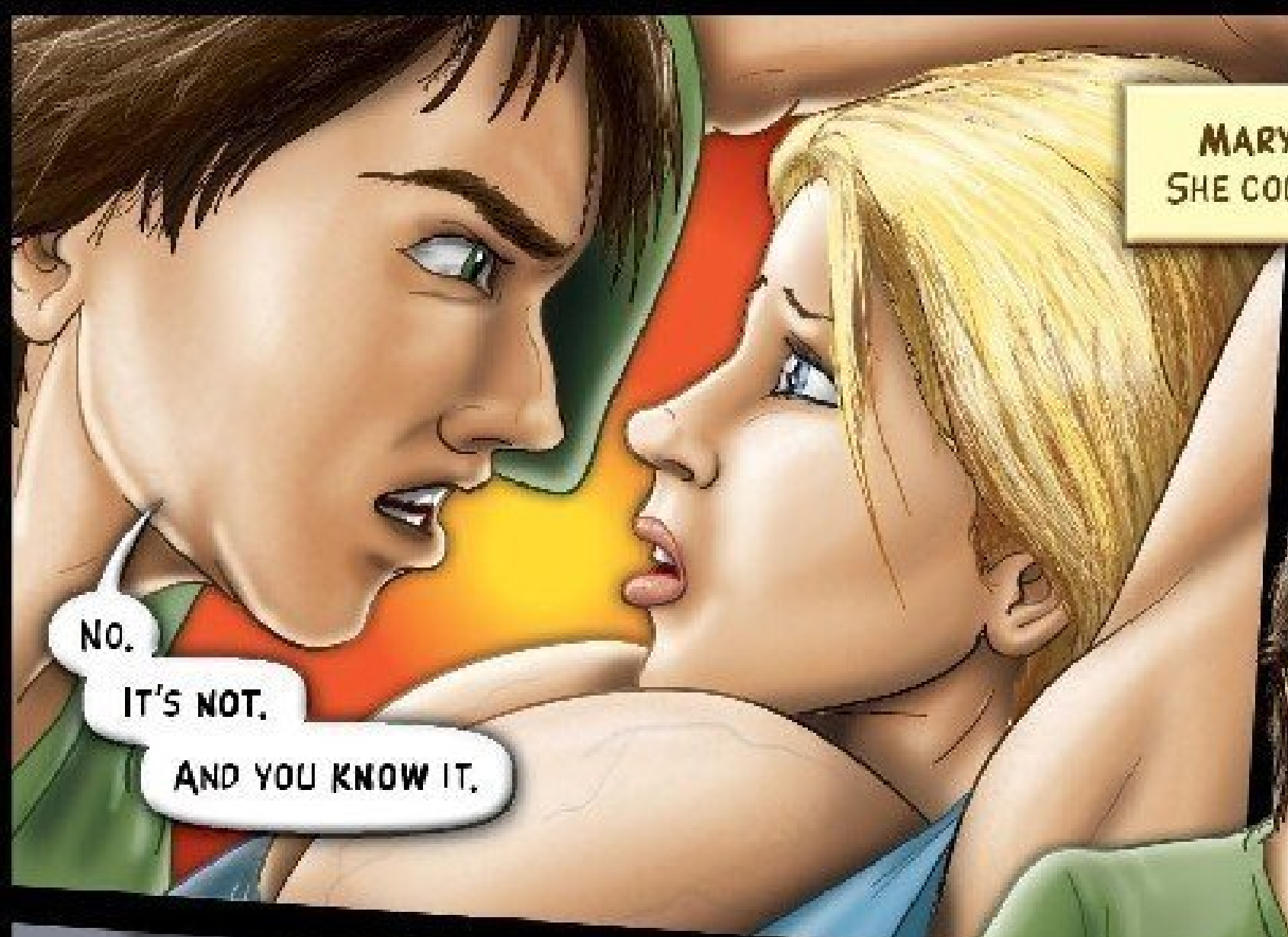
RIP!

R-RIP!

R-RIP!

HER BREASTS PUSHED
DESPERATELY AGAINST THE
COTTON. THEY WOBBLLED
INSIDE THE TIGHT, DRENCHED
GARMENT AS THEIR SIZE AND
MILK PRODUCTION INCREASED.

UUUH!
IT'S TOO MUCH!



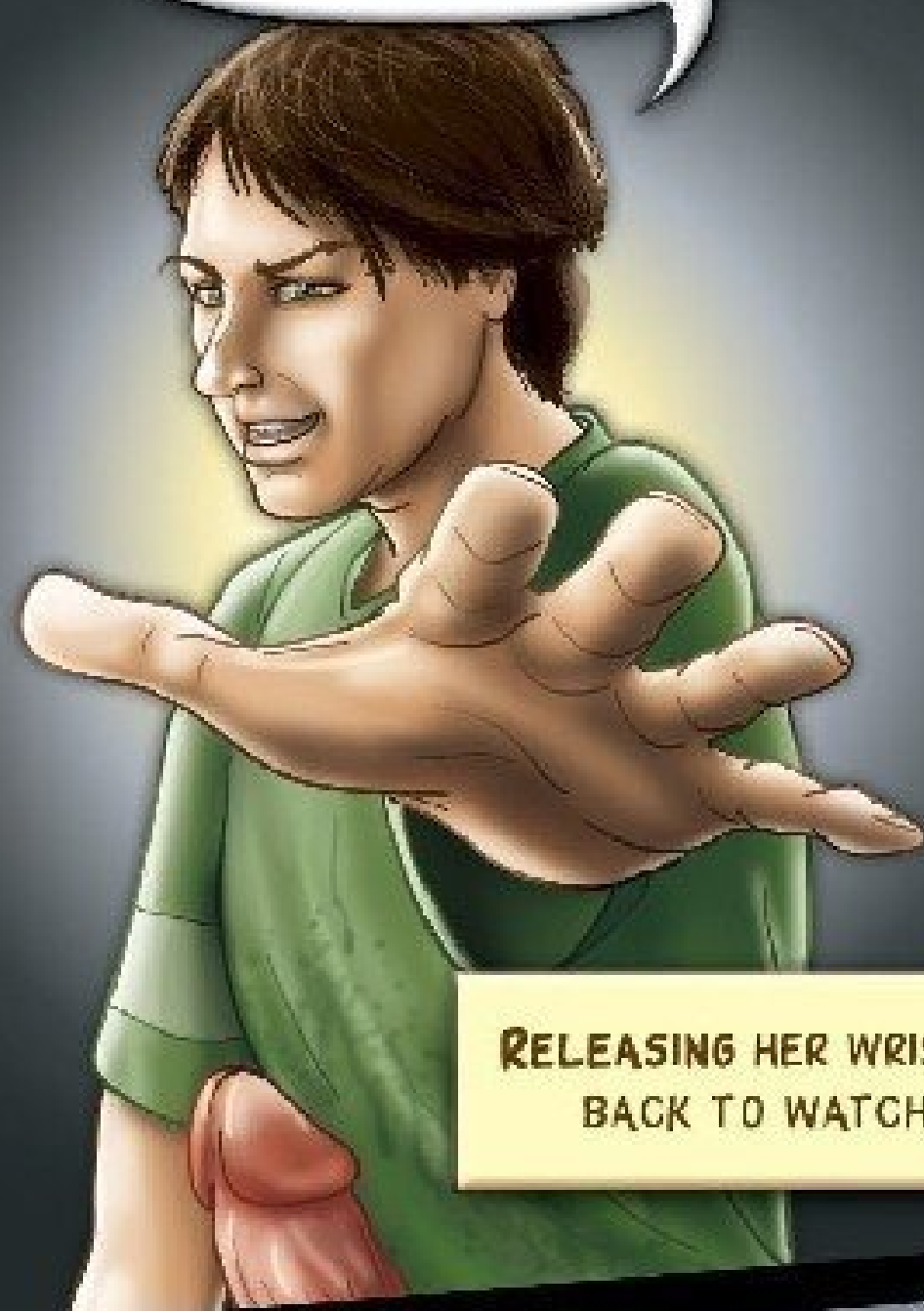
MARYBETH COULD NOT SAY ANYTHING.
SHE COULD NOT DENY THAT HE WAS *RIGHT*.

HER SILENT AFFIRMATION CAUSED HER
BREASTS TO GROW FURTHER, PUTTING MORE
STRAIN ON THE TORN FABRIC OF HER TOP.

NO.
IT'S NOT.
AND YOU KNOW IT.

UUUUHH...! MY SHIRT...
IS GETTING... TOO TIGHT!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU
GROW OUT OF IT.



RELEASING HER WRISTS, HE STEPPED
BACK TO WATCH THE SHOW.

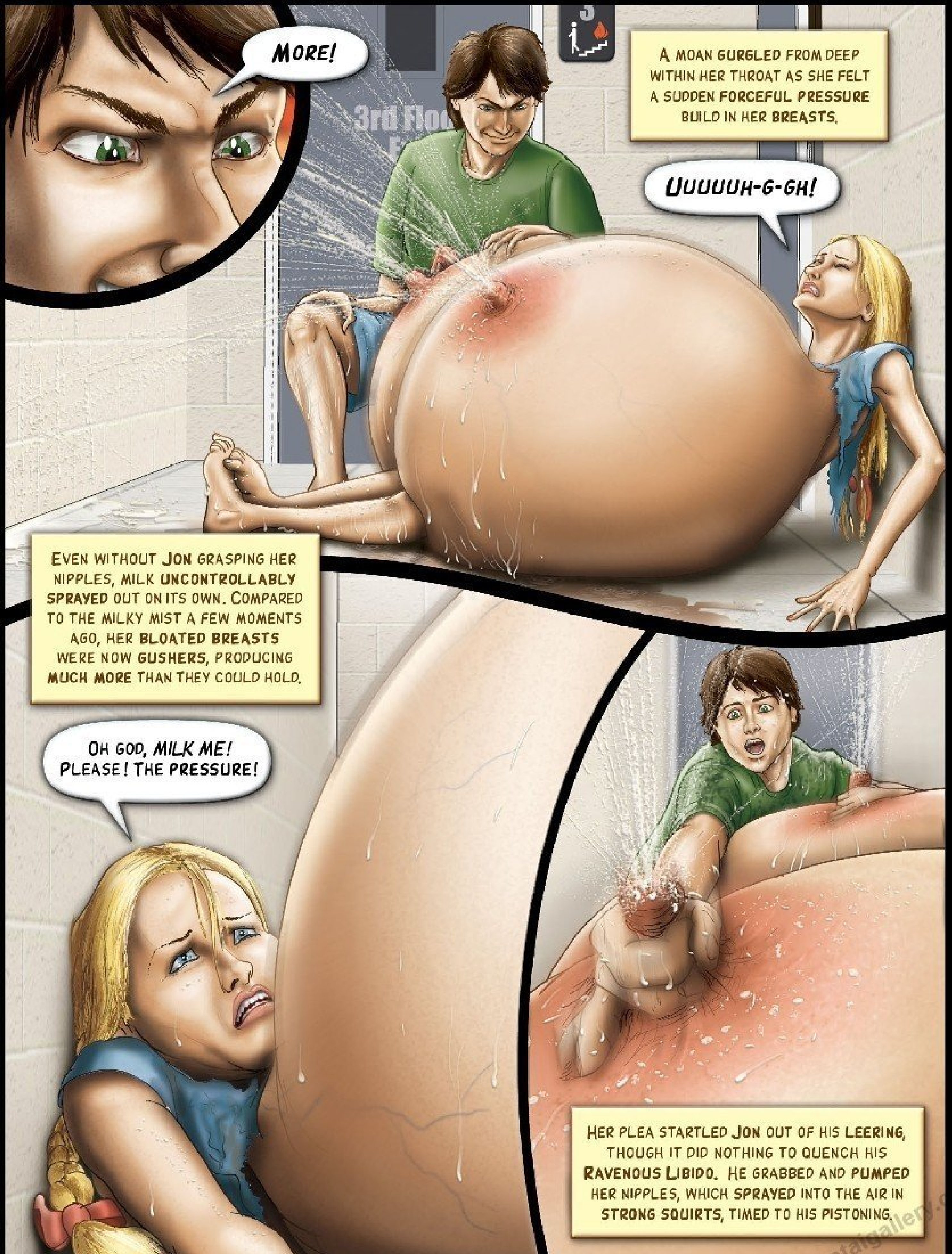
MARYBETH MOANED AGAIN IN A COMBINATION
OF SHOCK AND LUST. SHOCK AT THE
AUDACITY OF JON'S SUGGESTION; LUST AT
THE FACT THAT SHE SURPRISINGLY DESIRED
TO DO *JUST* WHAT HE SUGGESTED.





AS THE INCREASING WEIGHT OF
HER EXPANDING BREASTS BECAME
TOO MUCH, SHE SLIPPED DOWN
THE WALL, HER GENEROUS ASS
ENSURED A SOFT LANDING.





MORE!

A MOAN GURGLD FROM DEEP WITHIN HER THROAT AS SHE FELT A SUDDEN FORCEFUL PRESSURE BUILD IN HER BREASTS.

UUUUUH-G-GH!

EVEN WITHOUT JON GRASPING HER NIPPLES, MILK UNCONTROLLABLY SPRAYED OUT ON ITS OWN. COMPARED TO THE MILKY MIST A FEW MOMENTS AGO, HER BLOATED BREASTS WERE NOW GUSHERS, PRODUCING MUCH MORE THAN THEY COULD HOLD.

**OH GOD, MILK ME!
PLEASE! THE PRESSURE!**

HER PLEA STARTLED JON OUT OF HIS LEERING, THOUGH IT DID NOTHING TO QUENCH HIS RAVENOUS LIBIDO. HE GRABBED AND PUMPED HER NIPPLES, WHICH SPRAYED INTO THE AIR IN STRONG SQUIRTS, TIMED TO HIS PISTONING.

OH MY... SHE'S GROWING
BIGGER THAN KARA DID.

GOD, I... I CAN'T HOLD
OUT ANY LONGER...

UUUUHH-UHH.

HIS COMMANDING
CONFIDENCE HAD BECOME
FRAYED, WEAKENED BY
PURE CARNAL DESIRE.

JON WAS NOW THE ONE
BEING ORDERED TO ACT -
BY HIS PRETERNATURAL
SALACIOUSNESS.

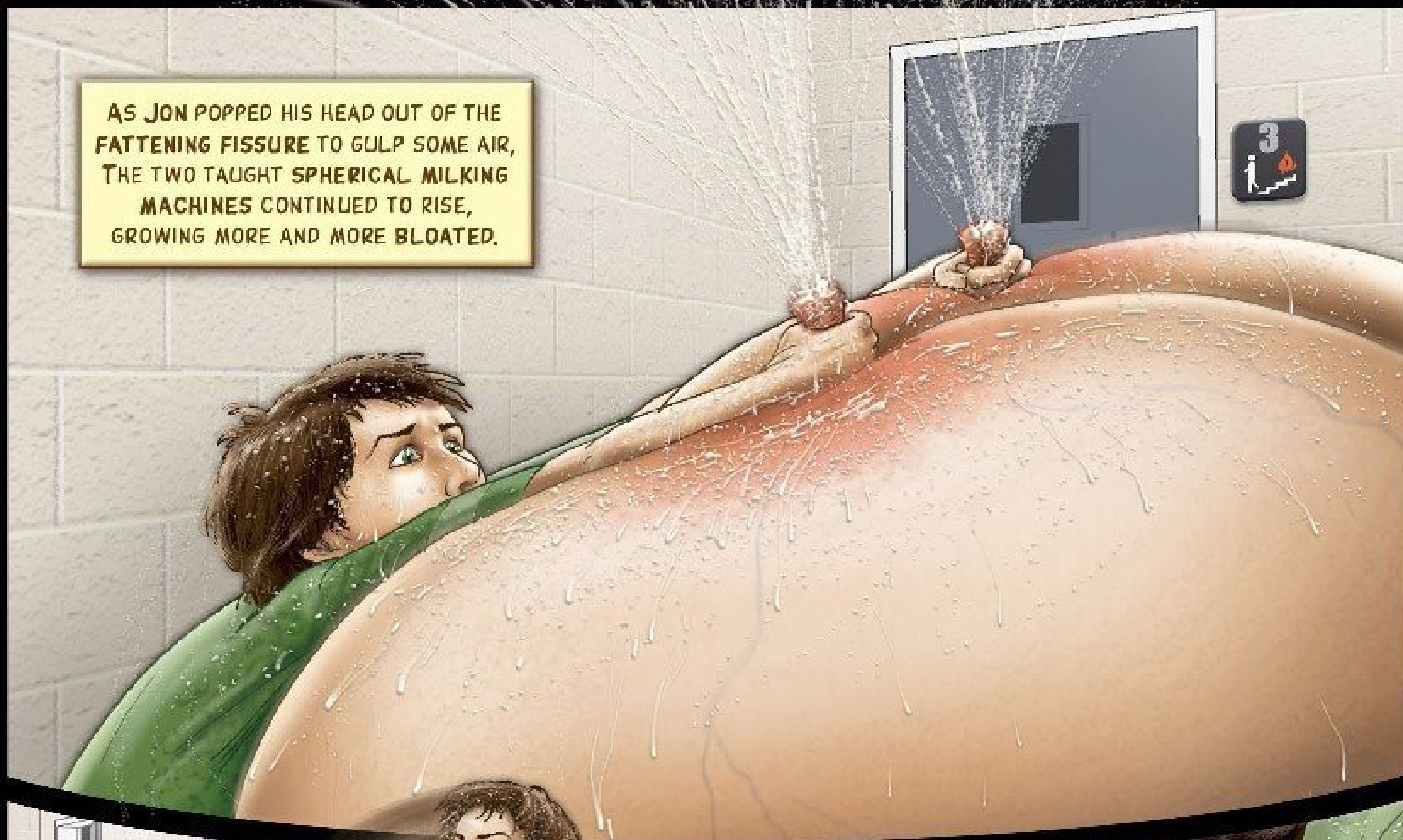
THROBBING ITS COMMANDS
LIKE MORSE CODE, HIS BLOATED
COCK **DEMANDED** ACTION.

JON ABDICATED CONTROL
TO IT, AND WAS SWEEPED
AWAY BY HIS URGES.

THE BULBOUS MOUNTAINS
OF BOOBFLESH ENCASED
HIS HEAD, PRESSING FIRMLY
AGAINST EACH SIDE.

MARYBETH'S GAPING CLEAVAGE
STARTED TO SWELL TIGHTER
TOGETHER, GIVING JON LESS
ROOM TO MOVE AND BREATHE.

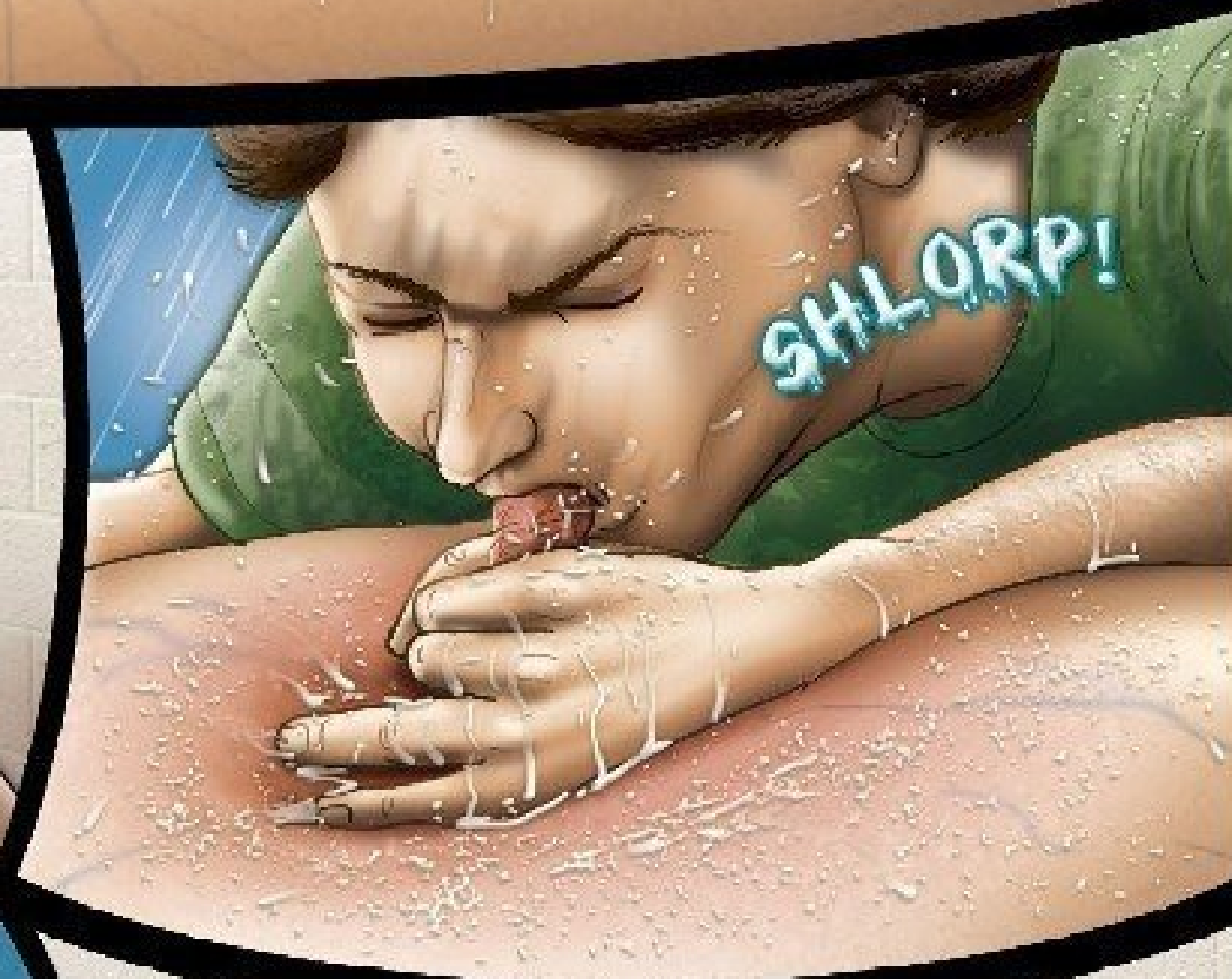
AS JON POPPED HIS HEAD OUT OF THE FATTENING FISSURE TO GULP SOME AIR, THE TWO TAUGHT SPHERICAL MILKING MACHINES CONTINUED TO RISE, GROWING MORE AND MORE BLOATED.



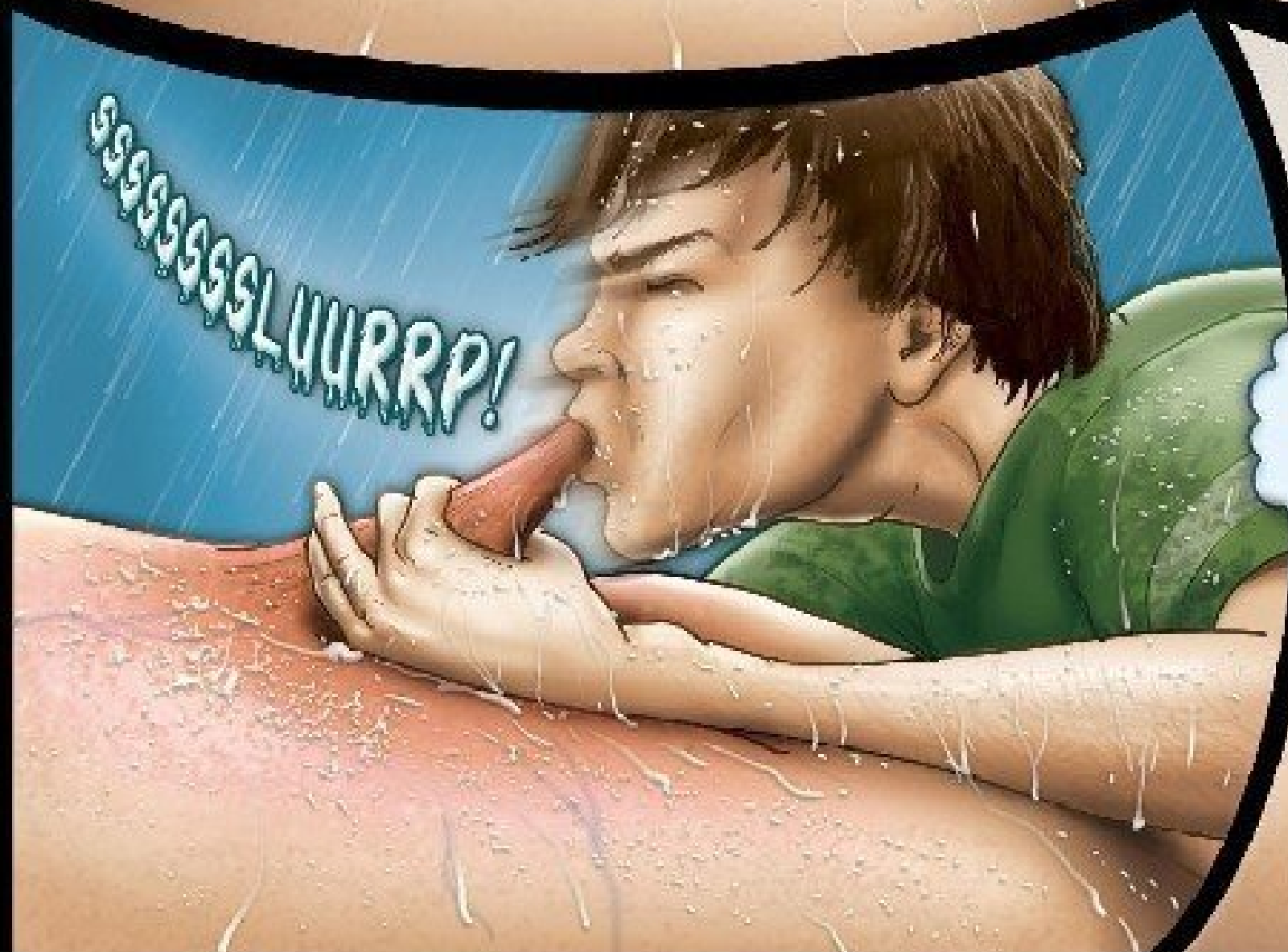
TIME FOR SOME SUCTION!



GHLORP!

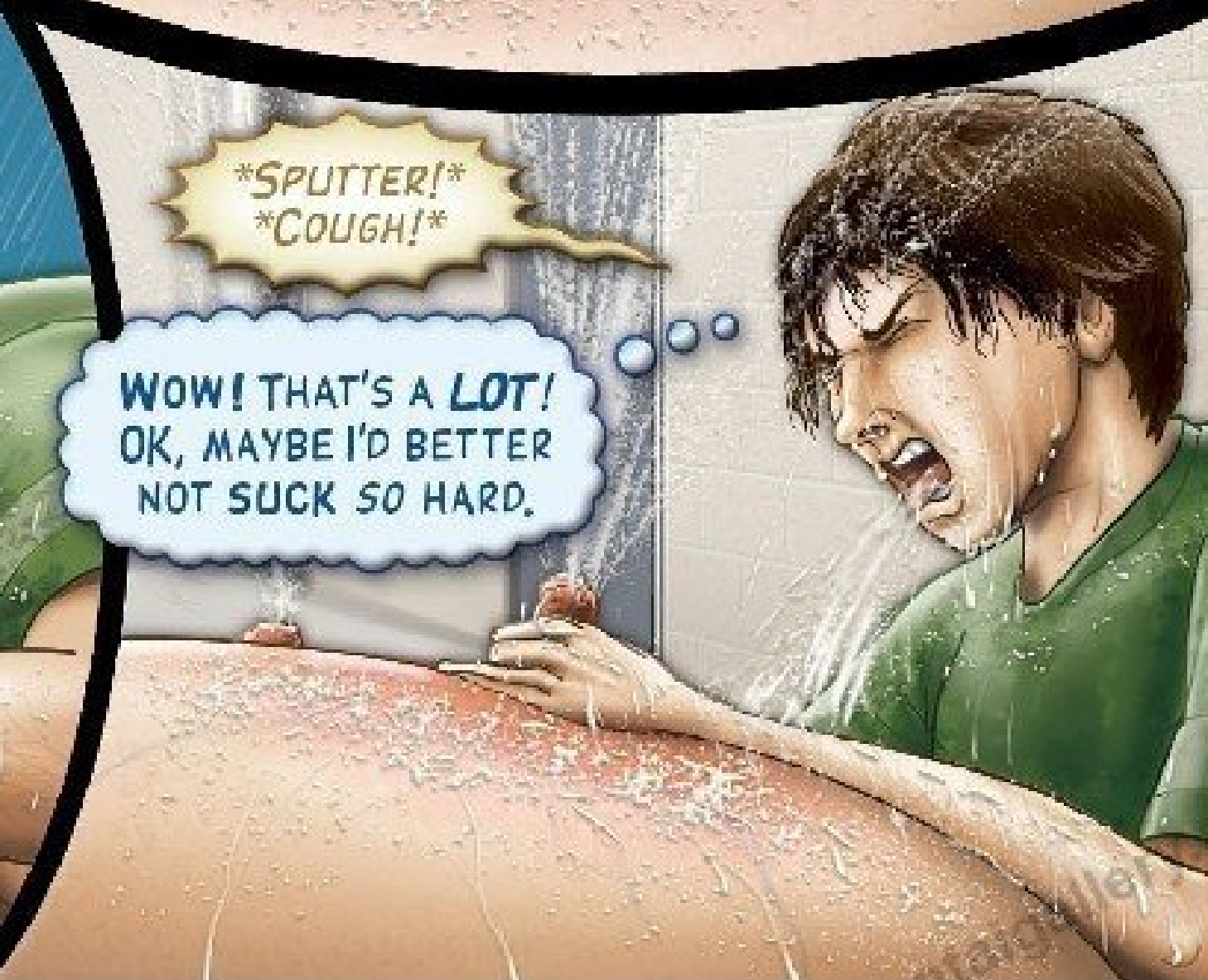


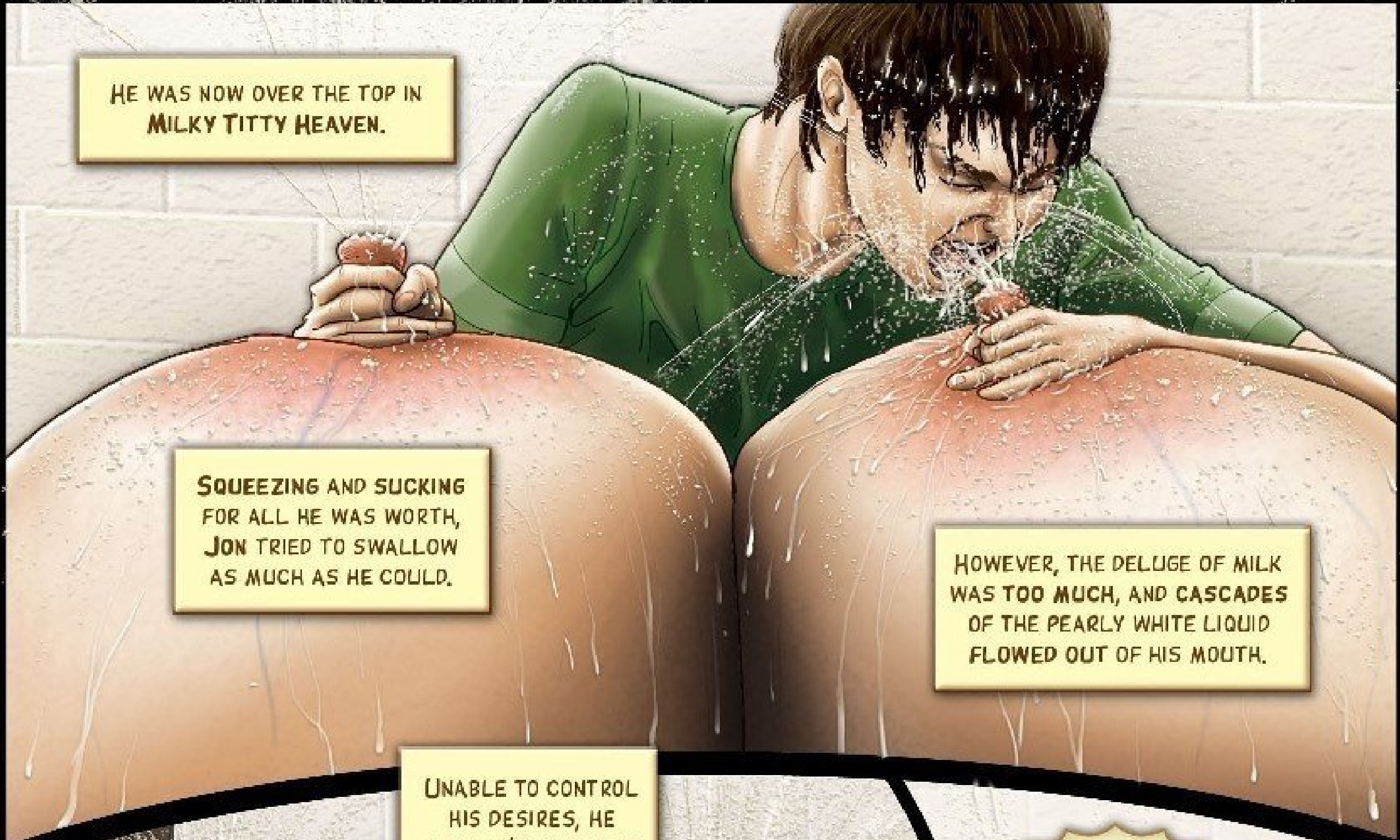
SSSSSSSLUURRP!



SPUTTER!
COUGH!

WOW! THAT'S A LOT!
OK, MAYBE I'D BETTER
NOT SUCK SO HARD.

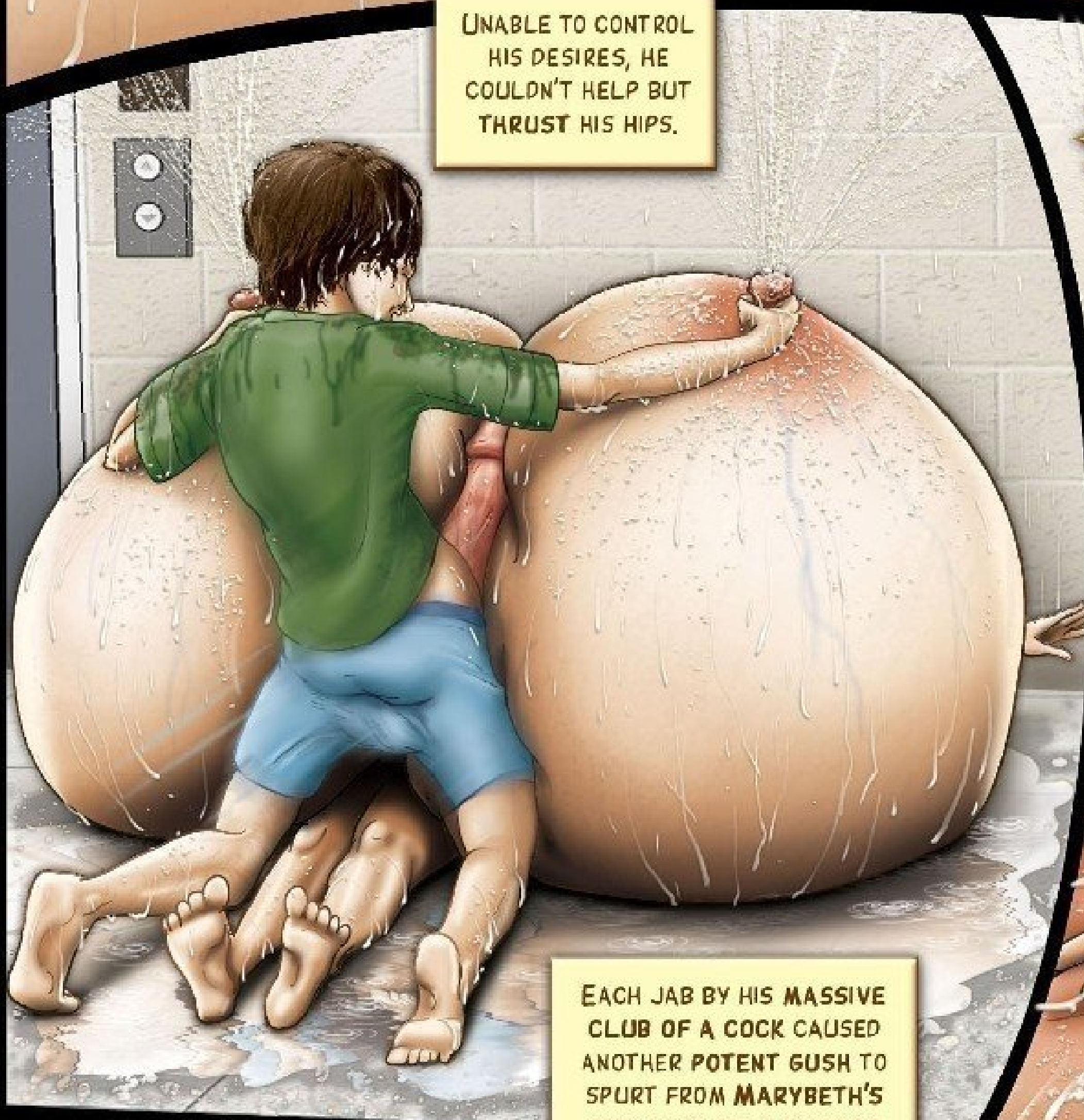




HE WAS NOW OVER THE TOP IN
MILKY TITTY HEAVEN.

SQUEEZING AND SUCKING
FOR ALL HE WAS WORTH,
JON TRIED TO SWALLOW
AS MUCH AS HE COULD.

HOWEVER, THE DELUGE OF MILK
WAS TOO MUCH, AND CASCADES
OF THE PEARLY WHITE LIQUID
FLOWED OUT OF HIS MOUTH.



UNABLE TO CONTROL
HIS DESIRES, HE
COULDN'T HELP BUT
THRUST HIS HIPS.

PANT PANT!
COUGH!

WOW. I NEED TO TAKE A
QUICK BREAK FOR AIR!

EACH JAB BY HIS MASSIVE
CLUB OF A COCK CAUSED
ANOTHER POTENT GUSH TO
SPURT FROM MARYBETH'S
SWELLING MILK WAGONS.

CATCHING HIS BREATH, JON NOTICED MARYBETH'S BREAST GROWTH HAD FINALLY STOPPED. HE WAS TAKEN BACK BY HOW BIG HER BOOBS HAD GROWN — THEIR SWOLLEN, LEAKING FORMS WERE NOW TRULY MONSTEROUS.



HE SHIFTED OVER TO GET A BETTER VIEW FROM THE SIDE.

HER SKIN IS SO TAUGHT AND FIRM!

I CAN'T BELIEVE HER TITS ARE STILL SO BLOATED AND FULL AFTER ALL THAT MILKING!

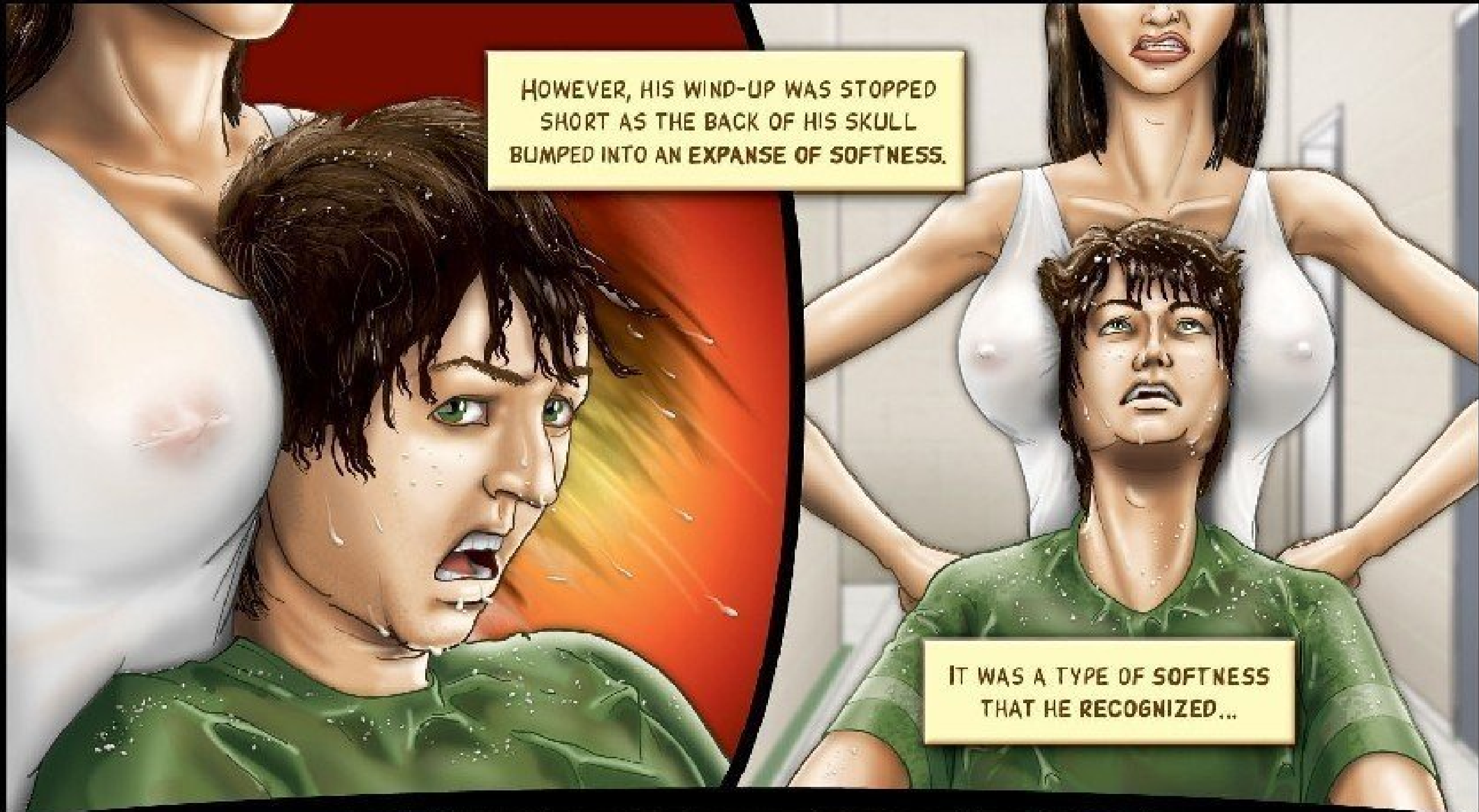


THE MILK FLOW STARTED TO EBB, THOUGH THE INNER PRESSURE STILL REMAINED.

PLEASE... DON'T STOP... STILL... SO MUCH... MILK...

JON REARED HIS HEAD BACK IN PREPARATION FOR ANOTHER DIVE INTO DAIRY WONDERLAND.





HOWEVER, HIS WIND-UP WAS STOPPED
SHORT AS THE BACK OF HIS SKULL
BUMPED INTO AN EXPANSE OF SOFTNESS.

IT WAS A TYPE OF SOFTNESS
THAT HE RECOGNIZED...



... THOUGH COMPLETELY
DID NOT EXPECT.

WHAT ARE YOU
TWO DOING ?!

TO BE CONTINUED...

Appendix A:

Bonus Art Gallery

As an added bonus, I included some pages (pages 47, 50, and 52) without any narration or speech balloons. Not to say other pages are not as intense, but those have much less text to block the art.

Enjoy!

BustArtist





