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the.be.engineer@gmail.com

or message me on Discord at BE Engineer#2306

1

## Growing Envy

I breathed out long and hard from my mouth; I hadn't expected myself to be this excited and nervous at the same time.

A small box sat in the center of my bed. It had taken over a month to arrive from China, but finally it was here. I could already feel a nervous tingle washing over my chest as if it were already working its magic. That is, assuming it would work at all.

"Please, please work..." I begged to the empty room. Next to the box sat two bras. The blue B-cup was mine; small and yet still almost too big for the minuscule mounds my body owned. Beside it was my younger sister's black 30DD-cup I pilfered from the laundry. It towered over mine like two twin mountains covered in lace and sexual energy.

A sensation of envy I had grown accustomed to over the last couple of years flared within. It was the result of a classic scene. My pubescent stint had been quick and uneventful leaving me with the B-cups I knew so well. But when my sister, Grace, decided it was time to come into her own, I had to sit back and watch as a pair of supple, hand-filling C-cups swelled on her tiny frame.

It wasn't so bad at first, Grace was only a cup or so larger than me, right? I thought little of it, but the boys sure didn't. Apparently, Grace's ample mounds were like chum to sharks while mine were little more than fish flakes. I put up with the difference for a few years. After all, what's a girl to do?

I started looking for an answer to that question when I came home after college. Grace had turned twenty-one recently, and for some reason her already-generously-sized breasts believed that to be an invitation to up their game. Yea, they were getting  
. bigger

Over the next year I had to watch Grace pop out of bra after bra. She grew as if our house were a dairy farm and she was on a tight schedule to deliver. Low-cut shirts became plunging v-necks and I had to listen to complaints of how hard it is to find bikinis and tops to fit such a large chest on such a small girl. Cleavage came naturally to her and she was happy to display that

soft divide whenever possible.

I couldn't really blame her; those puppies were

. According to the borrowed bra gorgeous

in front of me, Grace currently stood at a DD-cup and I was pretty sure her body wasn't done. What made it worse was Grace hardly reached five-feet tall and one-hundred-and-fifteen pounds. She had the body of a fairy but the boobs of a succubus, and on such a tiny frame, those breasts became a pair of jugs. Watching her bouncing around the house and noticing all the eyes ogling her front was more than I could take.

"If I had a rack like that I could get any guy I wanted..." I affirmed. The box sat in front of me, waiting. It felt like I was about to use a cheat code in a game. "And you're just the thing to give it to me."

2

My heart raced when I finally tore the tape off and pulled a cold metal object from the depths of the packing peanuts. I couldn't help but giggle when I inspected the device.

A skin-colored hemisphere about the size of half a volleyball sat in my palm. On top rested a small pink spout made to look like a puffy nipple. Beneath it was a label reading 'Start'. The entire device looked like a giant boob sitting in my hand. Blood pounding through my excited head, I replaced it on the bed.

"Is that really it?" I couldn't believe it could be this simple. Either way, I was done wasting time. My shirt was on the floor seconds later and I stood

in my room bare-chested and breathing heavily. A shaky hand reached for my sister's bra and latched it around my torso. Despite the band snapping tight around my ribs, her cups stood large and cavernous over my little breasts. Admittedly it wasn't the first time I had tried on her bra, but this time felt different.

I froze then. The button with the ability to make me grow was an arm's length in front of me but it was harder to press than I thought.

Swallowing, I encouraged myself. "I'm going to fill this thing out if it's the last thing I do."

I pressed on the nipple and a soft click made my heart skip a beat. Small puffs of pink smoke started to rise from a small hole, quickly reaching my nostrils and wafting over me with a

sweet bubble-gum scent. The effects happened faster than I ever imagined.

I stumbled backward when my breasts broke out in a layer of goosebumps. “

” I O-OH!

gasped when my nipples erupted into hard points reaching into the empty cups. Wetness seeped i-it’s Oooohhhh between my thighs as if a switch had flipped inside my body. “It’s... working!!”

nnghmmm!!

A bolt of pleasure shot through my throbbing loins and I would have fallen over had my dresser not been there to catch me. The curves of my breasts were quivering as if pressure were pushing against my skin.

“

” I was losing my mind. Intense waves of tightness and swelling A-Ahhh... Ahhhh...!

washed over my chest and although I hadn’t seen them change size yet, I felt like my pussy was about to implode with heat. You can imagine my reaction when I saw my skin bulge and round into Grace’s bra.

I came instantly, like a mini monsoon in my pants. Shivers so intense ran through my

body I thought I may fall to pieces. Hands flying to my developing chest, I inhaled the device’s pink fumes and watched in lustful awe as my bust responded.

After started so small, even the small additional weight of my new C-cups was noticeable. I bounced on my heels and sent a jiggle through my distending breasts I could have only dreamed about until now.

“T-They’re getting bigger! My tits are heard; I was gradually getting the rack of my dreams.

” I almost yelled. I didn’t care who growing!!

3

The air in my room was becoming hazy and pink as the device continued. I thought

nothing of it, eager to let it work its magic on my burgeoning breasts. Engorging past a C-cup, I bit my lip when my skin folded over and my new curves rubbed against the bottom of Grace’s bra. “God...this feels...

...s-so GOOD!!” I had never felt so womanly. m-mmm

Nipples throbbing and hard as stone, I watched them reach further and further into the

empty bra atop my mammaries. The inches between them and the padding dwindled and I held my breath when they were only a hair's width apart.

“

” I groaned when they connected with the bra, my skin stretching and NnnnnNNGHH!!!

rounding into the ample cups. Now large enough to actually use the bra, it began pushing my breasts together. The sight of the space between my tits coming together was more than I could take and I slid a hand into my underwear as I formed my first-ever line of cleavage.

Leg's shaking, I could feel the bra growing full of my flesh. My skin bulged over the cups into a hefty shelf wobbling with every labored breath. Greedily, I dug my other hand into my chest and reveled in my cleavage enveloping my fingers. The effects of the smoke on my body were dwindling, but I didn't care; I had what I wanted.

It had taken only minutes, but after years of pining and dreaming, I stared agape at my ” I exclaimed, “I can't fucking God!!

own personal pair of DD tits. “Ha... H-Ha...! O-Oh my... believe it wo--”

My bedroom door opened suddenly and Graced stumbled inside, clutching her own chest.

“Janet...?” Grace called out shakily, “I-I feel kinda weird... My bedroom is all...smokey...” Seeing her clutching at a pair of goosebump-covered breasts, I quickly realized my mistake. Pink smoke still filling my room and escaping through the vents, I warned, “Grace! Get out of here! Go outside!”

It was too late. Combined with her still-developing bosom, the gas forced Grace to her knees where she doubled over. The substance was going to affect her more than it would have ever affected me. “M-My... ” ahh!! they're...t-they're...

” she gasped. “They feel like tight!!

...My boobs feel...so nnngh

Our eyes bulged when Grace's breasts surged in size. In less than a few seconds they had grown as large as her head and toppled free of her low-cut shirt to hang towards the floor like ...What's happening to me?!” ooohhh udders. “J-Janet??” she cried out, panting, “W-What's... We were both powerless to do anything; the smoke was already in her system. Grace's tits were ballooning so quickly I could hear her skin stretching from across my room. Every heaving breath pulsed them closer to the floor, where they finally pressed into my carpet like hanging watermelons.

Grace gaped on in confusion and wrapped her arms around them as if to hug them back

to normal size. "They won't stop!! Janet, they're not stopping!! " big?!

Why are my boobs getting so

4

Grace's tiny body was fighting a losing battle. They billowed out of her arms and under

her body like small parade floats, each tit bloating like a bean bag. Grace struggled but found herself stranded on the floor atop her chest, their weight more than double her own.

My own breasts still slowly plumping in the last stages of growth, I shook myself out of

my arousal and ran for the device. Pressing the nipple ceased the expulsion of gas, but my air was still thick with growth-inducing fumes.

"T-Too big... They're too big..." Grace panted and moaned. Her chest expanded across

the floor, lifting her lower body and knocking over some of my smaller furniture. A growing expanse of flesh jiggled before me and I knew the only option at this point was to let Grace's development play out.

Atop her personal mountains, my sister's back rose higher than my bed. Various items on the floor were swallowed and crushed under her mammoth size and weight. I was forced into the back wall where her breasts pushed into my legs and rose towards my hips. " water bed!!

" , J-Janet do something!! I-I feel...feel like a Oooohhhh The sound of cracks forming along the bottom of my walls told me we may be in serious

trouble, but as the air started to clear it brought relief with it.

Grace's body slowed to a floor-covering halt. We were both speechless and stared wide-eyed at the gargantuan pair of unholy tits filling the bottom third of my room. Neither of us said anything. Snap! One of the shoulder straps on my borrowed bra broke against my own pair of brand-new

melons, releasing a perky nipple to the open air. My sister, too stunned to make sense of the situation, looked at me and asked possibly the least-important question possible.

"I-Is that...my bra??"

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## Voodoo Balloon

Contains breast and butt/thigh expansion

"It's out here!" Clara said shivering against a winter breeze. Freezing John, content amongst the warmth and wafting steam of the hot tub, watched his

girlfriend slip free of a long white robe. Underneath was the petite frame of a young woman wrapped in a red bikini. It hugged her small curves pleasingly but remained modest despite a generous window of cleavage from a pair of C-cups. "Ooooh, new swimsuit?" he whistled. Clara wrapped her arms around her torso for protection from the night air. "You know I

feel like you wanted to be in the hot tub first just so you can watch me strip down. And thanks for asking. Took me all day to find it."

, yes

Dipping a toe brought a wave of relief to the chilled girl. A sigh escaped her lips when

she slipped half-gracefully into the water. Lying her head on a cushion, she closed her eyes. "Mmmm, that's nice..."

"I should volunteer to watch my brother's house more often." With Clara's eyes closed,

John was free to gaze at the bubbles lapping at her exposed cleavage. Each breast stood out from her chest like a soft pool toy waiting to be played with. "This hot tub alone makes it worth it."

"Think he's looking for a renter? My back is going to be so spoiled after this it might not let me stay away!" Lifting her head with a tired groan, she eyed John. "You know you're sitting awfully far away for someone alone in a hot tub with a pretty girl..."

A chuckle escaped him and John slid closer. "You almost sound like you had something in mind for tonight."

Clara bit her lip and snaked a hand through the water. "I

have." Gentle fingers might

wrapped around a firm cock pressing against John's swimsuit. "Or maybe I just wanted to see if you really liked my new bikini. I couldn't tell through all the bubbles..."

"What a coincidence." A sly smile spread over John's face. Clara felt his hand brush over

hers when he dug into one of his pockets. A second later he brought something above the water into view. "I just happened to have something in mind too!"

Clara blinked at what hung in the air. "Is that a...balloon? I mean I guess we can have a

water fight if you want, but I had something a little more “Oh don’t worry, I do too. Watch this.” An unexplainable tingle ran down Clara’s spine when John held the balloon’s opening to his lips. A rush of air puffed his cheeks out and made the balloon stand straight out before he was able to force the latex to stretch.

in mind.” hands-on

” Clara jumped when the pressure suddenly inflated it to the size of his fist. Ahh! “ “Whew, that’s hard...” John said coming up for air.

2

“Wow, you’re right, I

feel turned on,” Clara giggled and teased, “Who knew such do powerful lung strength was sooo sexy?” She could feel his eyes playing over her chest at the water’s surface.

“Just hang on!” John inhaled deeply and puffed again. The balloon grew an inch in diameter but was strong against his breath.

“ ” Mmm! “Something up?” John asked with a knowing grin. Clara was squirming in her seat and breathing heavily. “I...I-I...

...I feel... mmmm

...” funny

Head swooning, she felt a strange tickle in her breasts. Looking to find the source, she glanced down before her jaw dropped to render her speechless.

“You like them?” “M-My boobs!” she gasped, standing up out of the water. What had been C-cups now

bobbed on her frame like a pair of cantaloupes. They strained the front of her bikini and lifted the cups away from her torso so expose two curves of skin. Gently cupping them in her hands, Clara pressed her fingertips into her skin testingly. “They’re... much...bigger!”

they’re so nnnngh oh wow...

“How are they?” John asked again. Clara swallowed, enjoying the firm pressure swirling in her chest. “They feel “I thought they might.” “What did you do to me??” “Paid a little visit to a practical joke store! They had a whole bin of voodoo balloons.

.” incredible

Thought it might be fun to buy one for our little slice of hot tub time.” He lifted it to his lips once

more.

"J-John, I--

" Before Clara could say anything, he blew into the balloon. A rise in Mmm!! pressure was immediate and Clara arched her back when her breasts bloated in turn. The bikini's spandex jumped and shifted over the rounding mammaries as they ballooned. In only a few labored breaths, John brought her to a tightly-packed pair of volleyballs rivaling her own head in size. Nipples like thimbles stood into the fabric from the cold night air. ?" he asked with short breath. that

"How's Her response almost made him outgrow his swim trunks. "M-Make them...bigger." It was too easy of decision to make. John blew into the balloon with all his might but it

"

was difficult to fill. " Clara gasped, feeling her bikini pull into her bust as she bulged over its Oh... OH!!

sides. Her skin squeaked and popped between her cleavage like two balloons rubbing together. " blow me up! "Bigger, John... Make...

... mmmm

He tried his best, but as the balloon neared the size of a basketball his lungs couldn't cut it. Clara looked at her breasts with hungry eyes and felt her loins overflowing with desire.

"

" she panted, coming to stand directly in front of John. She This isn't...fast enough... grabbed the balloon in her hands.

3

"Wait!" he warned before losing his grip. WHHHOOOSH!! The air rushed from its confines and Clara's top snapped back against her body when her

breasts returned to normal.

"Awww, why did you do that??" he pouted. The sour mood didn't last long, however, when Clara turned around and sat down in his

lap. She pressed her back into his chest and allowed his head to cradle on her shoulder for a healthy view down the front of her body. "Don't worry," she cooed, "they'll be back."

Clara took his hand in hers and guided the balloon to a nearby jet waiting with a torrent



of water. Confident he had gotten the picture, Clara released her hold and whispered, "Go on; ." me up

There was no hesitation and water flooded the balloon with more force than John could fill

have ever created.

"

" Clara screamed, shutting her eyes against the torrential pleasure AaaaahhhhhHHH!!!! assaulting her body. "O-Oh my God... " She squirmed in John's lap as her skin Oh my GOD!! vibrated with the rush of water. "It's filling me... J-John I can feel myself growing...

" everywhere!

It was undeniable. John wrapped an arm around Clara's waist and felt water swirling inside. The balloon filled with water against his hand, quickly growing larger than what he had managed manually. Clara's breasts were quick to respond and pulsed larger in waves. They bloated and engorged with water, pulling at her bikini top with a fluid weight. Ripples jiggled over the surface of her party balloon-sized tits.

Something soft pressed around his cock. Clara shifted in his lap when her bikini bottoms tightened around her hips and delved between a pair of plumping thighs. John felt her waistband draw tight like a belt before beginning to slip down her navel from her increasing size. Even her slender waist thickened against his arm.

"I filling... I-I'm filling with water...!" Clara yelled. "

OOHHH I've always wanted to

" know what it felt like to be a balloon!

John's eyes bulged with sexual wonder from his perch on her shoulder. Cleavage bulged and rose into the air, spandex and straps vanishing between bulging skin. The bikini top deformed her breasts into a mountain range of oddly-shaped curves as if trying to contain two beach balls. They blocked any view of her stomach and thighs, but John could feel her hips and butt widening with every passing second.

..." Clara gasped, her bikini making it difficult to breathe. "I-- J-John " He shook her water-filled body with his free hand, sending every engorged curve into a frenzy of jiggles. Clara's mind exploded with ecstasy at so much water jostling throughout her body. Just as John saw the puffy rims of her areola peeking out from under her bikini cups, Clara gasped laboriously and grabbed his hand. "T-That's... " that's enough water...!

...T-That's enough... NNNNGH

" MMM!!

John,

4

Sad to see her growth end, John removed the now-massive balloon from the jet and held

the end closed. On his lap rested his girlfriend now sporting a pair of torso-dominating tits reaching to her hips and engulfing her bikini. An ass plump enough to overflow his legs swallowed her bottoms like a thong before leading into thighs as wide as his own waist. Every gasping breath shook her frame and popped another stitch on her swimsuit. His curious hand drifted over her belly and found the taut border of her underboob just above her belly button.

"Too full?" he asked, watching Clara's watery udders wobble and slosh with her gasps. " She swallowed and craned her neck to kiss him. "But before we God, no... "N-N-No...

go any further..."

John watched her run a finger along the border of her bikini top. Groans of effort and

sensitivity escaped her lips as she fought to get between her skin and overstuffed cup. Finally she pulled something long and stretchy that snapped free of her bikini and into her hand. His eyes widened when he saw it was a cylindrical balloon.

Clara giggled. "I might...

...have made a trip to the same joke store for tonight..." nnggh

Her hand disappeared below the water with the balloon to find a gushing jet of her own. John's cock tingled strangely somewhere under her massive girth and he suddenly had a feeling his swim trunks were about to become much too small. Already feeling him thicken and elongate beneath her curves, Clara grinned and said, "My turn."

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Tits on a Train Part 2

Part 1 can be found here: <https://www.deviantart.com/beengineer/art/Tits-on-a-Train-839389063>

" " Oh my God what's happening?! The train was in a state of utter chaos. Claire, glad to see her lactation ended, remained

large enough to fill the space in front of her seat despite a monstrous letdown of milk. She watched helplessly as every other woman within range of her torrent grew in a similar fashion.

“M-My boobs are blowing up!!” a younger girl screamed. She fell to the floor in a panic,

dropping her bag and gripping her chest with both hands as her shirt pulled taut. It only took a handful of breaths for her average-sized bust to fill the garment’s confines and begin straining the buttons.

“What did you do to us?!” a woman demanded at Claire. She was one of the more unfortunate victims sitting on the other side of the train car from Claire. The woman’s feet thrashed for space under Claire’s bust. Still coughing milk from the previous release, she looked on as her cleavage rose from her tank top like a bubble. “

” The hell did you do to my chest??

“I-I didn’t do anything!!” Claire tried to defend herself. “Mine just--” “The fuck you didn’t!! You turned into a giant milk tank and almost drown the train! ” The o-oooh no!!

N-Now you’re not growing anymore and... ..a-and we’re all... oooh anger turned to despair as Claire’s milk took its full effect. Already wearing a push-up bra, her breasts pumped full and tight in their small confines and shot towards her collarbones.

... nnngh

The scene was too much to take in and comprehend. Warm dairy still dripped from the ceiling and women were blowing their tops like fireworks on the Fourth of July. The train’s conductor, many cars ahead, had no idea of the situation and the car barreled along the tracks. to

“H-Heather look at you!” a college student gaped at her friend, “You almost look ready ” pop! “

” the friend grunted, doubling over as pressure Nnnngh! O-Ohh, God... Don’t say that!

raged within her beach ball-sized udders. “I thought you had to be pregnant to lactate!”

Hardly a woman was left unaffected by Claire’s release and intoxicating milk. Those who had been spared, however, were desperately trying to retreat for fear of the same fate overcoming their own bodies.

Claire noticed the new mother sitting next to her was breathing long and hard. Although she had already been lactating, and no doubt full after a day’s worth of work, Claire was fearful of what it may do to her. Based on the heap of skin showing from under her shirt, she had a feeling she already knew.

“The doors won’t open!” someone yelled trying to exit to another car. The passengers in

the neighboring cars looked on in stunned curiosity at first but were thrown into total slack-jawed confusion when they saw countless women outgrowing their tops.

2

“Cause the train is still moving!” A woman gripped a pole for support and allowed it to vanish between her exposed breasts. Her shirt had burst open long ago to reveal a braless bosom beneath. “W-We need to...

...alert the driver!” nnngh

“Somebody pull the emergency cord!!” The men stood around useless and dumbstruck. Never before had any of them seen so

many bras straining to contain their loads nor buttons flying through the air. One of the college girls, after wrapping an arm across the front of her chest to support the growing weight, stood on wobbly legs and yanked the emergency line running along the windows.

SNAP! Wide eyes amid a pale face looked at the cord dangling in her hand. “It “Damn cheap public transport!” “ ” Somebody do something!! My boobs are getting too big!! The inside of the train car was starting to look like a traveling band of blow-up dolls. Few

!!” broke

women were lucky enough not to be sporting breasts at least the size of their own heads, though the majority were finding it difficult to support their own weight.

POP POP POP POP POP!!! POP POP POP!! POP POP POP POP POP POP!!! Buttons pinged into the air like firecrackers as work blouses burst open. Horrified eyes

gazed at bloating tits now turning their rounding attention to the owner’s bras.

“

” the new mother groaned loudly and leaned back, her own tits NnnnnNNGHH!!

exploding free of her shirt and falling between her legs. The rate of her growth exceeded even Claire’s as she flowed into the center aisle. Many were forced to move when her skin pushed against their legs and even Claire felt her chest start fighting for space.

” T-They’re so tight!! I can’t hold all of this!! “ The two college girls were frantic and trying desperately to maintain any sort of modesty left to them. Their school uniforms had blown apart to reveal small black bras being swallowed between bulging folds of skin.

“You’re looking...r-really full...Heather...!” one warned, cautiously pressing a hand into

a tightening breast.

"D-Don't touch it! You're gonna make me--

" Milk gushed from under the Ahhh!!!

student's bra in a chaotic spray and doused several other women nearby.

"Oh shit I'm sorry!!" Gasping for breath and cheeks flushed, Heather shook her head. "N-No... I...

I-It gah... SNAP!! " she cried out as her bra exploded off her front to reveal Ahh!! " " D-Do it again, please!!

The student stared at her friend's nipples in shock but didn't hesitate to grip them each in helped... Do it--" leaking nipples. "

a fist and pull.

3

"

" she screamed, milk streaming to the floor in spattering Ahhhhhhhh oooohh yeeaaa!! streams. "

" GOD that helps!! M-Milk ME!!

Other women saw this and were quick to catch on. Bras sailed across the train car as they either outgrew them or arched their backs to force an overload. Many weren't prepared when their breasts fell free without support, either crying out when their personal milk-filled beach balls fell into their laps or carried them to the floor in a jiggling heap.

The scent of warm, sweet milk was quick to fill the air as each woman tugged on their nipples as best they could.

" ... T-There's so MUCH!! I can...MMMM Space was more of a commodity by the second. Even as every girl rushed to milk themselves, it wasn't enough. Skin continued to rise and swell, filling the floor and seats of the train car with sloshing globes of dairy.

" f-feel it flowing out of me!!

"H-Hey watch it! You got some in my mouth!!" a woman snapped near the back of the

car. She was huddled with some of the lucky ones who hadn't fallen victim. "What if NNGH!! I-- " She gripped at her t-shirt and soft bulges pushed against her fingers. " " growing!!

They were quick to force her from the non-lactation corner for fear of catching it

S-Shit!! I'm

themselves. With no available footing, the newly-swelling woman lost her balance and fell between the cleavage of a girl like two bean bags.

"G-Get off!! leaking mammaries.

" she cried out from the additional weight pressing on her I'm too full!!

"I can't reach my nipples anymoore!!" Are you men just going to stand there and gape or are you going to fucking help us?!?! " " GET THIS MILK OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!! The men looked like they had been given the permission they were waiting for. They grabbed the nipples nearest to them and did everything in their power to draw milk from the flesh crowding the train car.

" H-HELP!! I'm trapped!! " Tightening skin was pressing against Claire on all sides. Personal space no longer existed

for any of the passengers and breasts were taking on deformed shapes as they mashed against one another. No view of the floor remained, nor did much of the train car below waist level. The car was a sea of curvaceous flesh heaving among panicking women. Slick with discharging milk, the skin slid and squeaked like wet latex.

"

" the woman next to Claire moaned. She was O-Oh, God... O-O-Ooooooh...GOD...!!

among the largest in the car. Between her and Claire, they commanded almost half of the available room on their own. " Claire asked, watched as the woman engorged far larger than she herself Are you Ok??

" had with milk.

4

" The new mother stopped to pant. "I thought...I knew what being nnnnghh!! "I-I... God, this PRESSURE!! before!! "

full...felt like " " I can't move!! "Heather stop you're pushing on me!!" I "You think can move??" ...you're... nnnngh "B-But...

H-Heather you're blocking my nipples!!! I-I can't ahh!

release anything!!”

Passengers were falling on top of each other as their legs were forced from underneath them. Some were forced against the windows, pinned to the glass by growing walls of skin.

” We’re running out of roooom!! “ Stop the train before we outgrow this car!! ” “ “ ” The metal is so cold my nipples feel like FISTS!! Claire’s neighbor slid up in her seat, pushed higher by her own chest. The wall of skin

rising before her intimidated even Claire and the woman raised her arms to block it when it pressed her against the window. Tight screeched filled the car from wet skin rubbing across the metal ceiling. Nobody could move; the only option was to endure the pressure and deafening sloshing as the train thundered down the track.

” they all screamed in tortured ecstasy, only wanting to release their AaaahhhHHHHH!!!

I’m gonna blow I’m gonna blow I’m gonna blooow! ” a woman panicked. “ ” Why is this happeniiiiing?! “ Suddenly the train’s momentum tapered off. Vibrations coursed through the car and stimulated every woman aboard as nipples rubbed against drum-tight skin and pressure surged to maximum limits.

” loads of dairy. ” I CAN’T TAKE THIS ANYMOOOORE! “ Moments later, those standing along the tracks at the station were greeted with an impossible scene. They stared on in confusion and wonder when a car stopped in front of them with flesh-pressed windows filled with curves and trapped bodies of topless women. A rising line of milk sloshed visibly against the glass in the little remaining space and muffled screams sprang from the car. Thick white fluid drained from the doors as if to issue a warning before they slid open moments later. WHOOOOSH!!! Milk gushed from the train car and drenched the loading platform, toppling multiple

onlookers too stunned to react to the flood. Desperate gasps and moans filled the air from those trapped inside. Some noted the car’s roof doming upwards as if punched from the inside by a giant fist and the metal frame deforming.

Claire, cheek pressed between a window and another woman’s chest, prayed help would come soon. Milk was washing over every inch of her body and while the cries of relief from her

fellow passengers draining their contents was a welcome sign, she didn’t know how to tell them she felt a revived pressure rising within her own breasts once more.