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## Milk Thief

Contains breast, butt, and belly expansion by milk

"Jenny! It's Ruby!" Rolling her eyes, Jenn replied, "Oh that's who's calling me! I couldn't tell from the caller

ID or the goofy picture of you from college."

"Very funny." Ruby's voice came through the cell phone among an air of nervous excitement. "Listen, I know this is a little out of the blue, but..." She paused. "H-How about you come over for a slumber party tonight?"

Jenn made a face. "We're twenty-seven years old. Don't you think slumber parties are a little childish? If we should be staying the night in anyone's bed, it should be a hot guy's!"

"You don't have to sleep in my bed..." A muffled whimper precluded a plea. "...Please?" A sigh passed through the line. "Fine. It's not like I was doing anything tonight anyway." "Oh thank you, Jenn! Trust me, we're going to have so much fun! I'll see you when you get here!"

"Wait, is everything ok?? You sound--" CLICK! The conversation was dead before Jenn could get another word in. An impromptu slumber party was the last thing she expected, but there were worse things she could have been roped into. Giving herself to the childish fate, Jenn trudged into her bedroom to gather several belongings. It was already after nine o'clock and she wondered what they could possibly plan to do.

"It's not like her to spring these kinds of plans on someone..." Jenn considered. "Maybe she watched a scary movie and she's terrified to stay alone." A list of reasons had piled itself high in Jenn's mind on the drive to her friend's apartment and left her curious right until she knocked on Ruby's door.

A t-shirt struggling to hold itself together greeted Jenn. Wet stripes ran over the front from protruding nipples. Nearly twice the size Jenn remembered her friend's chest being, the urgency suddenly made sense.

"OH," Jenn gawked, unable to pull her gaze away from the leaking melons. Ruby smiled sheepishly, doing her best to keep the t-shirt pulled down to cover her abdomen. It was no use; her breasts were too large to allow for such modesty in such an ill-fitting garment. "Y-Yea... Oh."

"So this is why you wanted me to stay over. It all makes sense now!" Jenn glared. "And

here I thought you actually wanted to spend time together.”

“I do! Honestly, I do! I-It’s just--Nnngh...” Ruby paused when a spurt of milk sprayed through her shirt and doused Jenn.

An annoyed hand wiped the fluid from her cheek. “Wow... Just like old times.”

2

Jenn and Ruby had known each other since being paired as roommates in their freshman year of college. Their friendship blossomed with ease and dorm life was normal until Ruby found her bank account too low for comfort. After several attempts to make money, Ruby confessed she’d always been interested in creating adult content, specifically lactation fetish porn.

The sheer ridiculousness of the idea took Jenn by surprise. Jenn herself had always found the idea of milk sitting in her breasts to be fairly unnerving. Ruby was tantalized by the idea, however.

“I think it sounds kind of hot!” she admitted, “Like you have this little secret nobody knows about!”

through your top!”

“They have special bras for that. Plus, I’m freaking built to milk!” “Ruby, every woman is built to lactate.” “Yea, but I mean I’m built to milk.” Ruby squeezed her ample chest then, making Jenn feel inferior. “Guys would pay loads to see me spraying all over the place. Plus, I would get even bigger!”

Jenn blushed, trying not to stare at the soon-to-be-full breasts. “C-Can’t argue with that...

Can you really even lactate when you’re not pregnant though??”

“Yea!! I’ve looked into it!! You just have to pump and play with your nipples a lot!” “Really? Is that all?” “Well...basically. I think I would be really good at it. I-I’ve actually already started trying

to induce. I just didn’t want you to worry when I suddenly grew several cup sizes.”

“Oh boy, well thanks for letting me know! I would have been worried!” Jenn rolled her eyes. “Listen, you’re an adult. You can do what you want. Just...keep it on your side of the room, ok?”

“Deal!” For the next few months, Jenn heard nothing more about Ruby’s milky money-making scheme. Increased size to her breasts was undeniable, as was a giddy bounce to her stride. Their room would sometimes smell sweeter when Jenn came home from classes. Ruby had also gotten into the habit of going braless when in the dorm after claiming she was too sensitive for bras.

Then the night came when Jenn was awoken by flurries of distressed moans. Her sleepy eyes fell upon the figure of Ruby lying in bed, squirming under her covers. They had pulled down enough to reveal a soaking t-shirt. Milk flooded Ruby’s front and her slumbering breaths came out in labored gasps.

“Ruby! Ruby, wake up!” Jenn called out, rushing to her bedside. A gentle shoulder shake brought her to life, when she immediately groped her breasts.

“Ooohhh God they’re full!!” Ruby heaved. She rushed to the bathroom, not to be seen again for almost an hour when she returned with a face of pure relief.

3

“I can’t thank you enough, Jenn...” she sighed, changing out of her shirt. “I had a dream a giant snake was squeezing around my chest...”

“Don’t...Don’t mention it.” Jenn was stunned by the amount of milk coming from her friend’s nipples. The air in the room was sweet and rich. It made her stomach growl in hunger.

For the next several weeks, Jenn aided Ruby in mastering her new talent. Among helping to keep her sheets clean and dry, Jenn’s efforts pulled Ruby into a natural flow and a manageable lactation schedule. Ruby was never heard complaining about money troubles again and enjoyed the work so much she continued to produce long after their college days were over.

Now, standing in Ruby’s apartment five years later, Jenn couldn’t believe the swollen knockers hanging off her friend. “Where did those come from?? I thought you stopped growing from the milk back in college!”

“I did...” Ruby glanced at her leaking chest. “But I’ve been wanting to take my production up a notch lately.”  
more?”

Jenn wasn’t buying it. “Is that because your fans demand more, or because you want

“...Yes.” It could be hard to understand Ruby sometimes. Jenn figured it was simpler to accept her friend’s decisions. “Fair enough.” Such large, rounded breasts on her body were hard to get

used to. "Sure wish you had had those things when we went out for drinks a few weeks ago, though! They could have gotten us the whole bar for free!"

Ruby giggled. "That would have been fun! My boobs have gotten a little out of control, I

guess. I managed to get a prescription for lactation inducers from my doctor. They're supposed to drastically increase your milk supply!"

"Pretty sure those are for women who aren't already lactating, and who are actually having problems."

"Anyways, I started taking them last night." Jenn's jaw dropped at Ruby's statement.

"My tits have been going bonkers since then! My milk won't stop, which is great! But it's also not great. I woke up from a nap today and I was lying on a soaked-through couch with two milk waterfalls on my chest. I-It's kind of a lot for me to handle..."

Jenn stared. "All right, I see where this is going..." Rolling up her sleeves, Jenn knelt to

the floor and held her hands out. "Go on; bend over! I'll milk ya! Give me a few good moos while you're at it!"

Ruby stamped her foot, making her breasts heave and spray. "That's not what I mean!" "I know, I know. I'm just messing with you, Bessie." "I--N-Nnngh..." Ruby groaned and hugged her chest. Milk washed over her arms in thick

rivers. A mini-letdown had just shivered through her body and swelled her by several cups.

"Are you all right? I don't know if taking lactation inducers was such a good idea for you."

4

"I-I'm fine," Ruby blushed. "Do you think you can just watch them for me tonight? I've

been producing like crazy all day and it's more tiring than you'd think. I'm exhausted. I don't think I would wake up even if they were about to pop."

"Wow, ok, didn't need that image." "Please, Jenn?? I need a second pair of eyes." Jenn sighed in defeat as her stomach growled. "Yea, I can." "Oh thank you!!" Ruby leaped and embraced Jenn. The enhanced girth of her chest made for an extremely awkward hug. She pulled away to reveal milky splotches on Jenn's shirt. "Oops, sorry..."

Jenn wiped herself off. "So I'm keeping titty vigil again after all these years." "Yes please! I can't afford a new mattress if I accidentally soak it. Not yet, at least. Once

I get these things under control, the money will come pouring in."

"And the milk will come pouring out!" As out of the ordinary as it was, the two women had a fun time spending the evening together. With a pizza filling their bellies and a romantic comedy filling the background with noise among their girl talk, it was after midnight before either of them knew where the time had gone.

"You look like you're about to fall asleep," Jenn warned. "And your shirt looks ready to explode."

"Yea, I'm beat... I can barely breathe in this top anymore..." "Can you even make it to your room with those things?" "Very funny." Ruby stood up, visibly wobbly from her top-heavy frame. "W-Whoa... They've really gotten full..." Swooning in drowsiness and the sensation of carrying so much milk, Ruby made her way to the bathroom. "One last milking before bed..."

Gentle hisses beating against a sink made Jenn blush. Why Ruby had left the door open for what she considered such a private matter was beyond her. Jenn decided to make her way to the air mattress prepared in Ruby's room. Walking past the bathroom, she couldn't help but steal a peek at the image of her friend massaging her basketball-sized breasts to alleviate the bloated pressure. A heavy-duty breast pump collected their contents in plastic bottles.

"Oooooohhhh that's SOOOO much better," Ruby moaned after emptying herself and entering her room. She traded her t-shirt for a large button-up reaching past her hips. "If I start gushing and I'm out cold, would it be too weird to ask you to pump them for me?"

"You want me to what?" "It's really simple! You just stick the cups over my nipples and turn it on. You'll have to

if you can't wake me up."

like crazy."

"Uhhhh..." Jenn couldn't bear to say no. "S-Sure." "Thanks, you're a good friend. You can just put the milk in the fridge after. The stuff sells

Jenn could have sworn she heard her friend slosh when Ruby collapsed into bed.

5

"Nnngh... God, they still feel full..." Ruby grunted. Smiling at Jenn on the floor, she said, "Mmmm, good night...!"

The room was filled with snores before Jenn could respond. Another growl from her stomach broke the white noise. The smell of Ruby's apartment was intoxicating. After setting an alarm to go off every thirty minutes to check on Ruby's breasts, Jenn laid herself down to sleep.

SLOSH SLOSH "Nngh..." Every one of Ruby's slumbering motions brought forth a storm of

sloshing. SLOSH SLOSH SLOSH “N-Nngh...!” Jenn stared at the ceiling. Sleep was impossible. How she was expected to find peace in this milk maiden’s bedroom was a mystery. She rose into a sitting position before the first alarm had gotten a chance to go off.

There was Ruby, sleeping on her back. The nightshirt was visibly strained. Holes gaped between the buttons to reveal bare skin below. Thimble-sized nubs tented the fabric. Even in the darkness, Jenn could see Ruby’s shirt had already soaked through.

“Ruby...” Jenn whispered, touching her shoulder. The mountainous breasts wobbled

from her force. SLOSH “Nngh...” Jenn was certain she saw Ruby’s chest bloat in size. The nightshirt was packed beyond

any reason. How Ruby could breathe under such behemoths was beyond her.

“Ruby,” Jenn tried again. SLOSH SLOSH “Nnghmmm!” SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP!! Moaning, Ruby rolled onto her side facing Jenn. Intense pressure surged against the inside of the nightshirt like water to a damn. It didn’t hold long, the row of buttons popping open against the stacked weight of her knockers. The shirt flung open to reveal breasts larger than Jenn’s head. A private view of Ruby’s panty-cradled crotch was impossible to miss.

There was no waking her. “Dammit...” Jenn swore. Staring at her friend’s chest, she couldn’t fight a pang of curiosity. “They’re even bigger than before... How much milk is she making??” Unable to fight it, she brought a finger to Ruby’s skin. It was taut under Jenn’s touch and bathed in heat. Pressing harder, Jenn stared in disbelief. “These things look ready to--”

SPLURT!! Jenn shut her eyes when Ruby’s nipples quivered moments before spraying milk in her face. Instinctively she licked her lips before wiping herself dry. “Of course... All right, Ruby; it looks like I get to pump you already.”

6

Jenn grabbed the breast pump, unable to ignore the growl from her belly. The cups latched onto Ruby’s nipples and the release began. Milk flowed into the holding container at the end of a long hose.

Jenn licked her lips. Temptation wracked her brain. Here she was again, faced with Ruby’s milk so many years later. It had tasted great in college, and it still tasted great now. Ruby had never figured out Jenn was keen on guzzling one or two of her milk bottles when she wasn’t looking. It was Jenn’s dirty little secret, one she was certain was behind her. Watching the milk drain from her sleeping friend’s chest, however, she wasn’t so sure.

What’s fresher than straight from the source? She’s got plenty; she won’t miss a little bit. Jenn had convinced herself. Popping the hose from the container, she placed it between

her lips. Milk flowed into her cheeks like a river of cream. It was just as heavenly as she remembered.

“Mmmmmmm...” Jenn moaned, swallowing with greed. “Nnngh!” Ruby gasped in turn but remained unconscious. The night’s milk belonged to Jenn. Hose remaining in her mouth, she laid down and

closed her eyes to fully immerse herself in the experience. Sweetness drained down her throat, making her skin warm and tingly. Ruby’s milk had always had a way of turning her on. Pinching a nipple and sliding a hand into her pajama shorts, Jenn began playing with herself. If there was anything better to do while sipping on Ruby’s nectar, she didn’t know about it. Mmmmm! Oh my God...! It tastes even better than I remember! Jenn pulled her camisole down to expose and massage her breasts. They felt so full in her

hands when her mouth was overflowing with Ruby’s dairy. The slick moisture between her thighs was more than enough to put her in the mood to go all the way. Ruby was out cold; she might as well have a bit of personal fun. “A-Ahh!” Ruby gasped. GUUURGLE On the bed, Ruby’s chest had engorged large and round. There was far more milk to be

had and her nipples were content to leak their contents into Jenn’s mouth. It gushed at an accelerating rate and Jenn found herself swallowing faster and faster to keep pace. Only a few minutes had passed, but her belly felt full of fluid and her arousal was peaking.

I’ve missed this milk so much... Jenn swooned, gulping more and more. I-I’m not sure I

can take anymore, though! It’s so rich... So thick... She squeezed her breast, surprised at how full it felt in her grasp.

“Nnnngh!! Ahh!” Ruby was crying out in her sleep. Jenn gulped as fast as she could. Her body felt swollen as if she were retaining water.

Even her thighs, clamped around her frenzied hand, were engulfing her fingers like dough. This is...way more than she used to produce! Where is all this coming from?! I can’t keep up with it! Jenn opened her eyes, ready to stop her pilfering. Instead, she was stunned by a pair of swollen breasts blocking her view.

7

My tits!! What happened to my chest?! “Mph... M-Mmmph...” Jenn swallowed gulp after gulp, every rush bloating her mammaries larger. The hose had nestled itself between her cleavage, vibrating with pressure. Surprising softness met her fingers at her hips and thighs as well. I-I’m swelling up! What is in this milk?! Is it...FILLING my boobs and butt?!

Jenn couldn’t let this continue. Not when her breasts were rivaling Ruby’s. She’s filling me up! No wonder I feel...so full! Rolling over, amid sloshes of her own, Jenn struggled to rise into a kneeling position. She

fell onto her hands and knees, the weight of her breasts taking her by surprise.

SHRIIP!! My shorts!! Jenn shot a glance behind herself and stared at a double-watermelon ass

bursting through her pajamas. Turning back in fear, she came face to face with Ruby's chest. It was engorged larger than ever, looming on the bed like a pair of milk-filled beach balls. Uh oh.

Jenn grabbed the hose to pull it from her mouth. Panic gripped her when it refused to budge. "Mmph!! M-MMPH!" Milk flurried into her body, swelling her larger and larger. Skin bulged around her arms as her tits swelled and reached the floor.

"Oooohhhh!" Ruby moaned, clenching her fists in her sleep. Jenn pulled once more. It was no use. What the hell?! Did the rubber hose react to my toothpaste?! It's stuck to my teeth!!

Ruby grimaced. "S-So...full!!" Oh no oh no oh no!! GUUUURGLE Milk surged. Jenn grunted with the effort of swallowing and forcing her body ever fuller.

Her curves rounded out like balloons, her chest large enough to support her own weight. Desperate, she reached to pull the pumps from Ruby's nipples. They held firm.

SHIT!! Jenn stared at the tight pink forms stuffed into the suction cups. They had swollen into the connectors and stuck firm, flaring the rubber with their girths. There was no removing them. I-I CAN'T STOP THE MILK!! I NEED TO GET THIS PUMP OFF HER AND--

RUUUMBLE Jenn froze at a firm pressure in her belly. Flinging both hands to her stomach, the color

drained from her face when she felt a rising curve under her palms. No no no!! Please not that!! "MMMPHH!!!"

Her belly joined the fray, forced to take on the majority of Ruby's heightened lactation. It stretched and rounded in Jenn's hands and came to resemble a beach ball within seconds. It only grew faster.

M-MY BELLY!! Ohhhhh I'm filling up with milk like a balloon!!! RUBY HOW MUCH MILK ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE ME DRINK?!

Jenn fell backward, her tree-trunk legs splitting to allow room for her belly. Resting atop the shelf, her breasts wobbled like yoga balls. Jenn's ears were filled with swirling milk.

8

"Mph!! Mph!! Mph!!" Every swallow stretched her further. Her hands gripped the sides of her gut, holding it as it ballooned full and round. Even her nipples had begun to stretch and dome. Ruby's own milk had begun leaking from Jenn's tits.

Too much!! Too much milk!! Ruby, please wake up!! I'm stretching everywhere!! BWOOMPH!!



SLOOOSH!! Pulled forward by the weight of her unsteady breasts, Jenn was forced onto her stomach

like a balancing act in a circus. She hugged it with her limbs, feeling herself climbing into the air. “MMM!!” Ruby screamed in her sleep. She was sweating from head to toe from the effort

to produce. Jenn could only look on in horror at the hose stretched from her chest to her mouth. The cold ceiling pressed into her beanbag ass soon enough. There’s no going to be enough room in here!! GRRROOOAAAAAN T-There’s not going to be enough room in ME!! Jenn’s belly bloated without end. It pushed until her back pressed into Ruby’s ceiling. Her

hands fought against it, searching to provide any possible room as her breasts squished around her. Her body gurgled, forced to stretch outward. “MMMPPHH!!!” Jenn’s belly button felt like a cork ready to explode.

TOO MUCH MILK!! “Mmmm... M-Mmm!” Ruby’s eyes fluttered open when her bed heaved. “W-what’s...” She jolted awake at the sight of her breasts. “What the?!” she gasped, collecting her yoga ball tits. “Jenn!! Jenn what happened to my--”

Ruby froze when she noticed a heaving wall next to her bed in the darkness. Reaching

out a hand, she realized it was a looming mass of fluid-filled skin reaching from floor to ceiling. “WHAT THE FUCK?!”

“MPPH!!! MMPPPHHH!!!” Jenn’s moans came from the ceiling behind two giant

udders. The pump’s hose hung in the air and vanished among the milky curves.

“Why are my boobs so full?! AND WHY ARE YOU--” RRUUUMMBLEE Jenn’s belly vibrated and bulged over Ruby’s bed. “MMPH!! M-M-MMPH!!” Ruby felt milk rushing into the pump. Confused, she tried to pull it off. “I-It’s stuck!! I

can’t get the pump off!!”

Pressures peaked and milk started spraying from every possible location. Ruby looked up

in awe, watching her milk drain from Jenn’s chest. The wall of skin rushed toward her, pinning Ruby against the wall.

“J-Jenn!!” she cried out, her breasts compressing, “Y-You’re squishing my chest!! I’m too big!!”

Jenn couldn’t believe her ears. YOU’RE too big?!

9

GRRROOOAAAAAN “There’s not enough room for both of us!!” Ruby felt her cleavage tighten against her

face and Jenn's belly. Everything was too firm to indent.

GRRRRUUUUMMMMBLEEE!!! "MMMPHHH!!!!" "AhhhHHH!!!" Ruby screamed, milk flowing stronger than ever. BOOM!!!! Dairy flooded every inch of her apartment in a massive wave. Both were caught up in the

torrent and thrown against opposite walls. Coughing, gasping, and cradling her stomach in fear, Jenn was relieved to find herself in one piece, although a much bigger piece than normal. An excess of milk had stayed in her curves. Shelves of flesh blocked any view below her beach ball chest and hips. Around her waist were chubby rolls leaving her with a chunky frame to support such jiggling masses. Her weight had more than doubled.

Standing up in the three-foot pool of milk, Jenn inspected her new body. Ruby stared

from the bed in wonder and asked, "W-What happened?? Why was my hose in your mouth?!"

"I...I only wanted to taste it again!" Jenn explained. "I didn't think you were going to fucking blow me up like a--"

Ruby's breasts were monstrous. Still leaking milk, they had swollen large enough to overflow her lap and cover a majority of a soaking mattress.

"Ruby..." Jenn gaped, somehow still small compared to her friend's assets. "You're HUGE!"

She didn't seem concerned. If anything, an expression of joy was on Ruby's face. She

giggled, rubbing her chest tenderly. "Dang... I wish you had recorded that! My fans would have loved this!" Ruby looked up suddenly, face bright with an idea. "You're not still thirsty, are you??"

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Outgrown

Codi dangled two aged garments in front of her webcam as she sat topless. Already knowing what the answer would be, she enjoyed the tease nonetheless. "What do you guys think? Should I try on this little red bra from high school? Or should I try this training bra from when I started puberty?"

The chat window gave a unanimous response; they wanted the training bra. Test the seams of that trainer! Put that poor thing out of its misery! Why not both?? The ideas were all the same desire in disguise. Codi giggled and tossed the 32B to the side. "If you guys insist! We might as well start from the beginning if we're going to do this, right?"

Holding the white training bra in front of her, Codi draped it across her 30K breasts. The difference was stunning and the strain they would put on the garment was clear. It wouldn't be making it out of this cam show alive.

"Wow..." she awed at her own girth, "It's hard to believe I was actually able to fit in this thing at one point! Like...I can't remember being this small!" Squeezing her tits and presenting them to the camera, she teased, "Can you picture me with A-cup boobs?? Can you imagine?? I'm pretty sure I didn't wear this thing for more than a few days. I barely remember it at all."

Testing the elastic, Codi lifted her arms over her head. "Let's see what I can do with it, shall we? I'm expecting to hear a lot of angry stitches."

POP POP! "Nnngh..." She grunted and flesh bulged when the training bra was forced to stretch over her bust.

Much to the delight of her viewers, it was far too small in every way. A comical image of a full-grown woman in girl's clothing sat before them.

"Woowow," Codi gasped. "Guys... This thing would barely fit me now even if I didn't have giant tits! I haven't worn this since I was twelve!" Fingers poked and prodded at the heaps of overflowing flesh. "Wearing this could actually be more immodest than just going braless. My nipples aren't even covered... It might actually explode if I breathe too deep."

Codi inhaled as much as her lungs would allow. POP! Stitches blew on the training bra's form. As long as her viewers stared, there always

seemed to be more skin ready to spill over. The sight amazed Codi herself. Fishing her fingers under the band was a challenge in and of itself.

"Ooook, I think that's enough torture for that poor bra. Let's move on!" she laughed, gasping for air once it left her chest. A red B-cup brought a flurry of likes and hearts to her chat window. "I definitely remember this one! It was one of my favorites. It was also the first bra I

2

popped out of during class because my boobs thought it would be funny to balloon overnight. C-cups really snuck up on me, and then Ds hit me over the head with a shovel about a week later. That's how it felt, at least."

Tossing her blonde hair over her shoulders, Codi wrapped the bra around her torso. It

resisted her springy pillows as much as it was able but in the end, the clasp pulled taut and secure across her back. The sight was heavenly. Patting her packed bosom, Codi watched the chat light up with comments.

How is that thing still alive?! Those cups aren't even big enough for your nipples now! I swear you're bigger every time I watch your cam show. Your bras must feel so abused! "You're telling me!" Codi laughed and shook her chest. "Sometimes I'll wake up and my

boobs will feel so swollen and I start wondering if they're getting even bigger. It's exciting, but at the same time, they can't just keep growing."

Do you want to be bigger? Codi blushed at the question. "I don't know what I would do if they got much bigger

honestly. I like the idea of it, but there's only so much a girl can take! I'm sure all of you would looove watching me just grow and grow, wouldn't you?"

It was a question with an obvious answer. Codi delighted in the chat's response. "Let's continue down our Journey of the Bras!"

Releasing her chest once more, Codi noticed an increased weight hang towards her lap.

Subconsciously she wrapped an arm under them for support while reaching for her next garment. "By this time my mom could pretty much sense my boobs weren't going to stop growing

anytime soon, so after jumping me up from a B-cup to an E-cup, she bought several other sizes too so we wouldn't have to go back to the store in a week!"

Struggling to clasp a well-built F-cup, Codi posed for her viewers. "As you can see, this one wasn't too helpful for very long either. Neither were the next two!"

Looks like it fits alright to me! I'm going to have to see proof. "You want proof, huh?" A large G-cup bra fell onto the desk and Codi grinned. "This was one of the last bras I

bought before finishing high school. It fit great for a year or so!"

Like the others, flesh poured from its cups and swallowed her shoulder straps. There was

a surprising amount of overflow given its size. It was enough to make Codi pause and give her mammaries a testing wobble. They were heavy, swaying with more weight than she recalled. Her shoulders hadn't ached in such a way since high school.

Even in a G-cup, you're gigantic! I wish I could be your bra. How do you manage to make all of your bras look so small??

3

Codi's attention was turned back to the chat. A distracting sensation of swollenness was stirring in her chest. "A-As you can pretty clearly see... Much to my boyfriend's utter joy at the time... I outgrew a G-cup with no problem. It wasn't even a challenge for my tits! They're like goldfish;

they'll outgrow any space you give them!"

Codi was short of breath. Lifting her chest, she let it fall onto the desk with a mighty heave. The camera shook from the force and ripples cast themselves across her cleavage.

Earthquake!! I felt those things drop from my house!! "Whew..." Codi breathed, "They're...nnngh...They can get a little heavy, some days!

They can take the breath right out of you!" An expanse of flesh filled her desk unlike any other time she could recall. Stuffed into the bra, cleavage heaped to her collarbones and skin bulged against her biceps. Somehow, the G-cup felt just as small as the training bra.

God you're beautiful. The pressure inside the bra was becoming unbearable. Noticing her areolas rising over the cups, Codi decided it was time to move on. "Which brings us to today!" A massive K-sized bra dangled in front of her. "Years of growth and popping out of bras have left me with these giant tits! Not that I'm complaining; how many girls come equipped with their own pillows??"

Her audience drooled as they watched her don her current wardrobe. Snapping the straps against her shoulders, she giggled, "Fits like a--"

Uh oh! Looks like somebody had another growth spurt! LOL I think you might want to get yourself measured again! I know O-cups when I see them, and believe me, O-cups are smaller than whatever you're

stuffing into that tiny thing.

Codi was at a loss. "U-Uh... No, that's not right..." Looking over her sides at the incredible amounts of spillage, she double-checked the bra she was wearing. "T-This is a new bra! I just bought it yesterday! It fit perfectly!"

In my professional opinion, I don't think it fits anymore! The goddess has grown once again!! You should wear bras until they burst open on their own! Codi laughed nervously. "Oh please no!! Can you even imagine?! I would be at the mall or something, complaining about how tight my bra is, and suddenly there would just be a loud--"

SNAP!!! She froze. The clasp at her back had just blown open like a gunshot. Her bra leaped from

her torso and slapped her monitor.

Oooooohhh shit!! Codi Vore is blowing up! That bra didn't know what hit it! I want to smother myself in your cleavage. Look at those jiggly beach balls!

Codi wasn't looking at the chat anymore. The desk-filling chest wobbling off her front was all that mattered. Short of breath and confused, she watched her curves inch across the table's surface. Nipples like strawberries stood into the air, pink and puffy.

"I-I'm growing..." she whispered. STRREEETCH The sound of growth sounded in response. "Ahh!!" she gasped, sitting back in her chair. Her chest moved a little, but its weight kept it planted firmly on her desk. There was no moving it. "I-I'm getting bigger!! Too big!!"

Look at her go!! You mean look at her GROW Bigger! Bigger! "G-Guys!!" Codi whimpered, placing her hands on her breasts. Larger than watermelons,

each was more than two feet across. Cleavage rose as high as her shoulders and threatened to reach her chin should she press on their sides. "Why is this happening?! Why are my boobs...mmmmmm..." She shivered, tingling heat washing across her chest. "What's...going on??"

CRREEEEAAK Her eyes widened. "Was that my desk?!" I can't imagine how heavy those things are! Much longer and we won't be able to see her face! Panic swirled beneath Codi's arousal. Sinking her hands into her bust, she fought to lift them from the desk. They only engulfed her palms like rising dough. As firm as they were, they were simply too large to hold. Growing larger still, they pushed her keyboard and mouse across the desk. Several items fell to the floor against her girth.

Don't let them knock the screen over!! This was worth every penny. These special effects are incredible! GUUUURGLE "T-This isn't fake!! My boobs are...m-mmmm!!!!...they're swelling up!! It feels

like...there's something...i-inside...M-MMM!!!"

Codi's nipples quivered and plumped. Pressure surged through her titanic tits. SPLLUURRCH!! Milk sprayed the webcam in a shower of hot dairy. Firming and filling larger, she stared slack-jawed at the fluid leaking over her desk.

"MILK?!" God I'm thirsty. Ok, I actually jumped out of my chair when that hit the screen! CRRREEAAAK

5

"M-My desk!!" Codi hugged her chest, trying to lift it once more. The sloshing produced from her efforts made her groan.

I can hear her desk getting ready to break! This is legendary! "Nnnnmmgh!!! Ooohh there's so much milk!! W-Why is this happening?!" Codi listened to the gurgles of her chest as cleavage eclipsed her face. The chat was exploding with messages but none could be read. Her skin

tingled with swirling dairy and milk poured onto the floor.

CREEAAAK!!! “My desk can’t hold these much longer!! I’m too full!! A-And...MMMMM...heavy!! I-It’s

gonna--”

CRASH!!!! Codi’s desk split down the middle, never meant to hold more than a computer. The weight of two yoga ball’s worth of milk pulled her to the floor amid the wreckage. Milk sprayed into the air when she landed on her own chest, arms hugging its sides for support. Somewhere, the chat continued to ping with joy. “Mmmmm!!! M-MMMM!!” Listening to the sounds of Codi’s whimpers and moans in the background, her viewers

stared at their screens. Two mounds of pale flesh crept ever closer. Milk dribbled onto the camera, until finally, as her nipples pressed into the wall and her cleavage closed together, the camera was thrown into darkness. The sound of pleased moans and leaking milk lasted only a few more moments.

Cam session ended

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Overproduction

Does not contain popping, but there is a lot of tightness

Tabitha’s hand gripped her cell phone tightly. It had only been a few hours and already

she was starting to sweat. She stared down at the cleavage stretching her v-neck to its limits; telltale veins dove between her breasts. It was past time to milk.

“Are you sure you can’t come home sooner, Jordan?” Tabitha whined. Her husband’s voice came through the phone. In the background came the delighted coos

of their newborn baby as well as the voices of Jordan’s parents. “It’s only for one more night! We’ll be home tomorrow afternoon!”

It was an eternity as far as Tabitha was concerned. She cursed her work for requiring she be on call and within city limits. “O-Ok...”

“What’s the rush?” Pressure mounted beneath her shirt. It had been getting worse since day one.

Unbeknownst to her, Tabitha had been cursed with the heavy burden of overproduction. Regardless of the need for additional milk, her breasts saw fit to produce dairy nonstop. She could barely remember the days when she could see her feet, or fit into an F-cup bra for that matter. Now when she looked down, all Tabitha saw were the milk-filled jugs eager to feed an

entire village should the situation call for it.

Milk surged as if they sensed she was staring at them. "M-Mmmm..." Tabitha whimpered and wrapped an arm across her front. Today was going to be one for the record books, she could tell.

"Tabitha? What's wrong?" "Nothing! It's--" Warmth seeped across her forearm. Pulling it away, she found a film of milk dripping over her skin. She'd sprung a leak again; her nipples couldn't hold the flood back for much longer. If she'd managed to soak through her bra, it was already too late. "Oh damn it!"

"What is it??" "My stupid boobs are--" SNAP!! A spandex band shot around Tabitha's torso. Unsupported, her over-engorged mammaries

fell to reach her belly button like hanging melons. The sudden release had enough force to almost carry her to the floor. "Shit!!" "Was that a gunshot?!" Sighing loud and heavy amid the pattering of leaking milk, Tabitha calmed her husband.

"No, everything is fine... I can handle it. I just need to relax."

"You're sure?" "Yea. Go enjoy your trip, Say hi to your parents for me." "I will, we'll be home soon! Say bye mommy! We love you!"

2

A giggling child came through the phone to bring a smile to Tabitha's face. It warmed her

heart until the infantile sounds forced an excited excess of milk into her breasts. Dairy all but sprayed across the room. "L-Love you too!" she managed to say before hanging up.

Tabitha tore her shirt and broken bra from her body to find both tits swollen and massive with milk. Gingerly cupping them in her hands, it wasn't hard to picture a gallon of milk resting within each one.

"The baby has only been gone for a few hours and I'm already bursting out of my bra!" A groan accompanied the dripping sounds. So much weight was a literal pain in the back. Looking around their bedroom, she spied several other bras lying in defeat. Each was smaller than the last, like a timeline of engorgement throughout her pregnancy.

"I-I thought I was big before!" Tabitha winced, picking up one of her old favorite bras.

"But I really ballooned when my milk came in. Nobody told me it would be so inten--"

GUUUURGLE SPUURT!! Tightness spread over Tabitha's chest as she swelled several cups. Milk sprayed from her

nipples moments later in large arcs, making her eyes bulge wide. "And it's still freaking coming!"



The newly broken bra was cast aside. It boasted the highest quality a lactating mother could want, though now it sat useless. "There goes eighty bucks..."

Grabbing her phone, Tabitha rushed to the bathroom while containing whatever leaking milk she could. A finger massaged a swollen nipple over the sink while she dialed the number of her local maternity boutique.

"H-Hello, is Carol there?" she asked, trying to sound as professional as she could with a giant udder in her hand. "Yes, I'll hold." She waited several moments until another voice appeared on the line.

"This is Carol!" "Carol! It's Tabitha! You know, the woman with the really big--Oh good, you remember!"

Well I seem to have gone up a few cup sizes again and--Yup...--Uh huh...--Yea, they busted right out of it. The clasp just blew open!"

Tabitha listened impatiently to the boutique worker's response. The news wasn't what she'd hoped. "What do you mean 'they don't come any bigger'?? I'm as bloated as a blimp from milk and you're telling me I'm too big for a maternity bra?? Don't you specialize in oversized tits??"

There was nothing the boutique could do. Milk draining through her fingers, Tabitha accepted her fate. "Ok... Ok, thank you

anyway." The call ended with a click. "Dammit, what am I supposed to wea--A-Ahh!"

Her chest bloated in her hands. Any progress made in the last few minutes was undone by another wave of milk. Skin stretched in her hands and fluid swirled against her fingers. "Nnnngh why am I always full?!" Tabitha glared at her ever-growing boobs. "Don't you guys ever stop?!"

3

I've got plenty!!" Frustrated fingers jabbed at their taut surfaces. "Is there a pause button I don't know about?! How do I turn the milk off?!"

Hours passed and Tabitha did her best to control her overproduction. Milking herself only seemed to induce further growth, but the alternative was allowing her breasts to do as they pleased. The idea alone made ridiculous images come to mind. Now, as night fell, Tabitha sat in her husband's recliner with her arms full of her bust. Beach balls sought to fill her lap should she give them the chance. An overworked breast pump sat between her legs. It did its best to drain her nipples but sounds of distress had been coming from its tiny motor over the last hour.

Between the pump's white noise, a rerun of Fraser, and the energy her body expended to

produce at such a rate, Tabitha could no longer stay awake. Slowly she drifted off into a deep slumber ignoring the constant tugging of suction on her thumb-sized nipples.

CRRRCH!! SPUUURRT!! SPUUURRT!! SPUUURRT!! It didn't last long. Tabitha's eyes popped open to find several fountains of white coming from her chest. The breast pump had failed. Its containers were full. Its hoses were overflowing. Milk sprayed from the cups at her nipples and from every seam on the contraption. Pressure was at an all-time high. Most worrying were the giant orbs of flesh filling the chair past her hips.

"Shit I overloaded the thing!!" Tabitha tore the suction cups from her nipples and was gifted with a blast of milk over

her body as the hoses regurgitated their milk. She didn't have time to worry about that. As burdensome as it was, the content of her bust was absolute gold. Tabitha carried herself to the kitchen as if lugging two atlas stones. Any container was fair game. It was a frenzy of milking herself fast enough to keep up with the letdown.

When the cupboard of empty containers proved to be not enough, Tabitha was forced to turn her attention to vessels in use. Two gallons of milk seemed the obvious place to start. Hot liquid sprayed into the jugs' mouths from swollen nipples. Tabitha had never felt more foolish than she did now, bending forward with her breasts between her legs Jordangling over empty milk jugs.

When all said and done, including mopping the floor clean of her spillage, Tabitha gazed at the two shelves full of her own milk sitting in the fridge. Emptied breasts lay across her torso. It was a relief to see them adopt a flatter shape for a change.

"Thank God..." Tabitha heaved, leaning back against a counter. "They're finally empty.

Maybe now I can--"

SWEEEEEEELL Tabitha's milk glands tingled. Staring with pleading eyes, she watched her breasts fill up

and out. Her skin rounded into the air as if water balloons were inflating under her skin.

4

"H-Hah... Hah... Oooohhh... N-No, please no...!" Tabitha panted. She was too stunned by the rapid engorgement to react. They grew heavy and full, pulling at her shoulders. Each arm flew to grasp their bottom and her legs bent with effort. After a mountain of struggling, Tabitha's work was undone in less than a minute. She gazed upon her refilled tits reaching beyond her pelvis.

"FUCK!! COME ON!!" Frustrated and out of room to store the milk, Tabitha hefted her chest onto the counter

near the sink. Gallons upon gallons of milk swirled down the drain before she began falling asleep while standing. By the end of it, though not empty, Tabitha resigned herself to whatever

was to come. She couldn't stay on her feet any longer.

A quick shower of white-dyed water later, she collapsed into bed. The biggest t-shirt she owned was pulled taut around her chest like a tarp. Wrapped around her nipples were two towels she hoped would capture any milk intent on leaking through the night.

Dreams of warm tsunamis and rogue waves assaulted Tabitha's dreams. When she didn't feel like she was drowning, she felt as though her chest was being pumped fuller and fuller. Incredible tightness ran over her body as if she were on the end of a hydrant. Looming shadows of bloated, mountainous breasts towered over her and pinned her to the ground. There was no escaping her bosom's overzealous efforts.

Heavy eyes fluttered open halfway. Her shirt was bunched under her arms. Drenched towels were wrapped around her bare legs. In the darkness of her room, Tabitha could make out the heaving goliaths of her tits.

"F-F-Full..." she groaned. In her dream-ridden mind, she felt she had to save the milk. Almost dragging them into

the bathroom, Tabitha plugged the tub and hefted her breasts one at a time onto the edge. Torrential sprays left her soda can nipples from every meager tug from her fists. In time, Tabitha succumbed to the late hour and warm comfort of her chest. Laying across it, she fell asleep as her own weight forced milk to drain into the tub.

GRRRUUUUMMMMBLE "N-Nnngh..." Fluid sloshed around Tabitha's knees and feet. The pressure was back, and it was stronger

than ever.

"H...H-Huh...?" Tabitha opened her eyes to her breasts. Full and swollen, they bulged around the edge of the bath. Milk ran over the side with her sudden movement, its capacity long surpassed. Shocked hands flew to her nipples to relieve the building pressure and heat but she found only puffy nubs the size of soup bowls.

"Nnnngh!! Ooohhhh my nipples!! They're too swollen!" Tabitha moaned. They pounded in her grasp, milky forces pushing behind them. Her milk had backed up and there was nowhere for it to go.

5

Tabitha didn't know what to do. She was out of options. Her nipples were far too sensitive to massage and there was nowhere left to store her precious milk. Defeated and exhausted, she dragged her breasts across the slick bathroom floor and back into bed. The mattress heaved from their weight. They forced her onto her stomach, where she knelt and sprawled across them. A single heating pad was placed on her cleavage in the hopes of soothing her swollen state.

“They can’t get...much bigger...” she moaned, head slipping into her cleavage as she drifted off. “I can’t possibly produce any more...”

( . Y . ) ( . Y . ) ( . Y . ) ( . Y . ) ( . Y . )

Jordan walked in the front door excited to meet the embrace of his loving wife. She was “Tabitha...?” he called out, looking through a window to double-check her car was parked nowhere to be found.  
out front.

Their baby giggled excitedly in a carrier in his hand. GRRUUUMMBLE “Babe?” Jordan called again, looking up when the ceiling shook above him. A tired voice barely responded. “U-Up here...” Jordan’s hands were sweaty as he gripped the carrier on the way up the stairs. The hallway leading to their master bedroom was dark and quiet. “Tabitha? Is everything ok? What’s wrong?”

A sweet smell permeated the air. The closer he drew to the closed bedroom door, the more aware Jordan became of a loud squishing under his shoes. The carpet was soaked through. “Tabitha?? Tabitha?!” he yelled, setting the carrier down while rushing to the bedroom. “Jordan...” her voice came from the other side, “I-I think I need help... Something is wrong with me...!”

Fear gripped Jordan’s chest. He grabbed the handle and pushed on the door. It wouldn’t budge. “Hon, the door is locked! Can you please open it?? What’s wrong?!”

GRRUUUMMBLE “I-I-It’s not locked...” Tabitha whimpered. The wooden door creaked against his hands. Standing back, Jordan noticed it was bowing

CRACK!! Several cracks split down the drywall. An incredible pressure was pushing from the other

outward.

side. “L-Tabitha...??”

GRRUUUMMBLE KA-CRASH!!!

6

The house shook on its foundation when the floor of their bedroom collapsed. The weight of an overflowing swimming pool slammed into their downstairs living room. Such forces ran

through the walls and knocked pictures to the floor. A whole new wave of sweetness rushed into the air.

“OOHHHHH!!!” Tabitha’s labored voice groaned from below. Jordan took their baby and rushed downstairs. Everything was in ruin. Amid a pile of

debris and decimated furniture, was the hulking figure of his wife. Her naked frame rested upon breasts twenty feet in diameter. Milk gushed from swollen nipples the size of monster truck tires. At such a size, he realized she must have filled every nook and cranny of their bedroom before it finally gave out.

“L-Tabitha!! What happened to you?!” She panted atop her chest, massaging what she could and fighting the engulfing cleavage

swallowing her body. Staring with pleading eyes, she was desperate for relief. “I-I can’t milk them fast enough, Jordan! They’re just not stopping!”