

As Desired



*“Ahhnnn!!! AHHHNNN!!! YES!! OH GOD YES!!!! YES!!!!!!”*

I was doing everything in my power to keep myself grounded in reality and my load from blowing.

*“AHH!! AAHHHH!!! MMMMGH!!! HARDER!!! GOD I WANT YOU DEEPER!!!”*

Amber’s screams were like a siren driven mad with lust. Often just listening to them was enough to push me over the edge, regardless of if I was inside of her or with my mouth between her thighs.

*“DAN!!!! OH DAN!!!! FUCK!!!!!! MMMNGH!!!!!!”*

This was one of my good days. One of those days where my cock feels like it could take on several women at once and still have plenty left over. They didn’t happen often, but both Amber and I loved when they did.

I had her prone bone: our favorite. She was on the petite side, so when she lay underneath me like with her legs spread and everything bared to the world, I could really wrap my arms around her body and explore however I saw fit. It was empowering, in a way. A little intoxicating to have her pinned and at my mercy, given how she usually was in the bedroom.

*“MMNNGH!!!! DAN!!!!”* Her voice was high and desperate. The heat of her pussy was like a furnace wrapped around my dick. *“Y-You... You can do whatever you want to me!!! MMMMGH DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!!”*

I love when she gets like this. Totally powerless and slave to her own pleasure. There was literally nothing I could do to her trembling body at this moment that she would refuse. A strange sense of pride always welled in me when I turned her into this begging puddle.

Leaning forward, I applied my whole weight to her back. Her red hair smelled like chocolate and raspberries as my face buried itself in her locks.

*“MILK ME PLEASE MILK ME!!!! HOW MUCH FULLER ARE YOU GOING TO LET ME GET?!”* She whimpered, arching her lower back to angle her crotch perfectly. *“Nnnngh are you trying to make me burst??”*

This part wasn’t a joke or a roleplay. A college girl of many kinks, Amber’s most prized possessions were her breasts. To the average person, she appeared to have been blessed with large-for-her-frame F-cups by puberty’s magic hand. But she had a secret: a love of lactation.

It was a gift of knowledge you were blessed with if you managed to get to second base with her, something I was proud to have accomplished on only our second date. Straddling my hips in a tight concert tee, she had proudly removed the garment to reveal a lacey bra packed with vein-mapped ivory breasts.

*“I have a secret...”* she whispered through ruby-red lips. *“Do you like milk...?”*

I was too busy staring at her unbelievable chest to do anything but nod. I had never seen such perfect tits.

*“Good news then...”*

She slid the bra off her slender body in a smooth motion. Her breasts barely dropped, actually looking happy to be free as they rose outward and puffed in freedom. They looked bloated. Engorged. I didn't know how they could be so big *and* perky.

Amber chewed on her lip and brought her arms together to cradle her treasures. "*I have a lactation fetish...*"

"Y-You--"

"*Mhm... I induced lactation back in high school and got hooked... Haven't been able to stop ever since.*" Her eyes flashed and she cupped them proudly. "*Would you believe I used to only be a C-cup?*"

I couldn't believe it. Breastmilk had never been a turn-on or even a passing sexual thought. But those *tits*... Those beautiful dark pink *nipples*... Her areolas looked ready to pop, like cherries bursting with juice.

They started to drip then, landing on my cock below. Her hand stroked the warm fluid over my shaft as she moaned. "*I've been letting them fill up all day for you... Letting my tits engorge and bloat... And...*" I watched as she moaned, leaning back to thrust her chest out while gasping, "*Streeeeeetch...*"

She came back down, her chest dripping constantly now. Somehow they looked even bigger. Amber winced then, putting on a timid smile.

"*W-When they get this big...they always feel like they're going to pop... I can go a little overboard sometimes... But... Mmmmm I love how tight and full it makes me feel... Days like today, when I haven't milked at all... They're pushed to their absolute limit.*"

I was speechless when she leaned forward, dangling a human udder over my lips. It dripped onto my cheek, filling my nose with her surprisingly sweet scent.

"*Can you suck it out for me please...?*" Amber pleaded breathily. "*B-Before I pop?*"

What else was I supposed to do? I latched on and sucked. I couldn't believe how quickly she filled my mouth.

The rest was history. Now, three months later, I was addicted to her dairy and fucking her pussy silly as she screamed for relief.

"*MILK ME MILK MEEEE!?*"

It was obvious she was full. After so long, I had become attuned to hearing the slight pitch change in her voice whenever her glands were at their limit. It wasn't always in the bedroom, either. Sometimes it was during class, or out at dinner, or in a movie theater. Amber had a bad habit of pushing herself to the limit, and I had a bad habit of willingly sucking her dry whenever she needed. Although sometimes I enjoyed making her squirm and making her earn her relief.

But this time, I wanted to hear her scream.

My hands snaked between her chest and the sheets. They were full, alright. Full, firm, and blazing hot. I used to be scared to squeeze them when they got this full, but now I knew she was able to take it.

*“AAAHHUUUGH!!!”*

I palmed her breasts before squeezing and massaging, pinching each nipple between my thumb and index finger. The intense pleasure made her torso rear up like a cobra, allowing me to pull and knead her nipples like the heifer she loved to be.

*“AAAAHHNNN!!!! GOD!!!! MMMM DO WHATEVER YOU WANT TO YOUR COW!”*

*Splrtch...*

*Splrtch...*

Milk peppered her sheets in short sprays. It was just enough to make her scream in relief while still keeping me in control. The extra stimulation would actually encourage *more* milk if I wasn't careful. Then she would really start to stretch...

*“DAN!! D-DAN...!”* Amber gasped, shaking as she leaned on her arms. *“THEY'RE TOO FULL!”*

She was desperate and trying to roll over. I decided to have mercy, removing myself from her dripping cave and sitting up as she fell onto her back in a gasping heap. Pent-up sexual tension made her chest rise and fall in quick succession as she stared helplessly from under two leaking breasts.

*“Please... J-Just suck on them a little... There's too much pressure... I've gone too long... Then you can do whatever you want to me...”*

Gladly. I was parched after teasing her for so long anyways. Her legs spread to invite me back in. I glimpsed her tattoo of a cowbell on her navel, her personal logo of what she adored most about herself, before I guided my manhood back into her fleshy walls.

I thrust soft and slow after that, leaning forward to suckle those cream-filled knockers as she cooed and gasped. Whenever she held the back of my head and hugged me into her chest I always melted, as if she were desperate to give me every drop she could possibly produce.

We both climaxed like that. I knew she'd gone over the edge when she squeaked, tensed, and her nipple flared and sprayed stronger in my mouth for a handful of seconds. It wasn't an explosive or ear-rending orgasm, but it was intense and more intimate than anything I've experienced with other girls. Ending our lovemaking in such a way always felt so bonding.

We continued laying in each other's arms for some time. She always coddled me and ran her hands through my hair and scratched my back while I made sure to fully drain her aching chest. No better way to calm down. Her milk left a warmth radiating through my body as well. Never failed to make me wish for sleep.

I was tracing a finger around one of her nipples, admiring the supple way her breast formed to my fingertip, when I asked, “Did you mean what you said...?”

She kissed my head, it being our first words in a while. “Hmm?”

“You told me to do whatever I wanted to you...”

Amber's soft post-sex giggle was always too sweet for the kind of bedroom freak she was. It melted my heart.

“Of course I *meant* it... You could have done anything; you know I’m game for whatever.” She kissed me again and teased, “But I wasn’t expecting a lot. You’re not the kind of guy to be really freaky during sex.”

I raised my head from her chest. “Excuse me?”

“Dan...” Amber snorted, ruffling my hair. “Come on... You can get a little rough, and you like tying me up and stuff but... We both know you’re not reaching for my inflatable butt plug or the leather stra--”

“Ok ok ok I get your point.”

She giggled again, bouncing her chest as I returned my head to my favorite pillow.

It was the best relationship I’ve ever had, in addition to being the best sex I could dream of. And yet... Her words bounced around my mind all night. I played with her breasts a little, watching them sway with their mesmerizing softness.

As I lay there thinking, I realized that there was one thing I wanted to do to Amber. Something I had thought about fairly often since discovering my love for her lactation.

I grinned.

*If I could do whatever I wanted to her, then she had better be ready.*



A day passed since Amber challenged the sexual adventurer inside of me. As luck would have it, I had most of the day off from classes and we were hanging out again tonight. The timing couldn’t have been better.

Hiding my smile was difficult when Amber opened her apartment to me that night as the sun was setting. Never had a plate of cupcakes felt so devious. Her face illuminated just how I thought it would when she saw the pastry delights in my hands.

“*What’s the occasion??*” she gasped, eagerly taking one as I entered. There wasn’t even a second thought in her actions as she tore off the paper and devoured half in one bite. “*Mmmm!! This frosting!!*” Her thumb wiped her upper lip clean and she chided, “Want to rub some on my tits then lick me clean...? They’re *extra* full today...”

I had to fight to keep a straight face when she reached for a second cupcake. It was almost too easy. “One of the cafeteria workers had a birthday, so there was a whole pile of these for the taking. Thought I would get us a couple!”

“Ohhhh, so sweet.”

A sugary kiss was planted on my cheek before she grabbed a third: half of what I’d brought, and she’d already devoured them like the cupcake vacuum I knew her to be.

“Phoug shon’t phlant anshy?” she asked through a full mouth.

“I had one on the way over! These are all for you.”

“Mmmm...” Her hand teased the front of my jeans as she surprisingly took another. “Keep treating me so good and you just might get lucky again tonight...”

A small part of me began feeling anxious. I hadn’t expected her to eat so many, especially not so fast. Yet I couldn’t resist the excitement bubbling inside. Tonight was going to be wild, even by Amber’s standards. “You might want to slow down on those cupcakes.”

She swallowed, nearly finished with a fourth. “Why? I already had dinner. I can have a cheat day if I want!”

My smile finally cracked through. “Because they’re going to be kicking in soon...”

Amber froze, looking at the pile of empty paper cups on her coffee table. She giggled then, wiping her mouth. “You little... *Did you lace them with something??*” Her eyes brightened. I don’t think she noticed herself starting to scratch the side of her breast. “*Oh my gosh, a trip sounds AMAZING tonight! How long until it kicks in??*”

“Hmm...” Playing it up, I reached into my pocket and withdrew a small pill bottle. I squinted at the label in a feigned attempt to read the directions. “It’s kind of hard to tell... Maybe--”

“*Gimme!!!*”

She snatched the bottle away in excitement and scanned the label. My eyes were trained on her chest. Always in a tight, show-offy t-shirt, it was clear something was brewing below.

Amber scratched her chest hard enough to indent the side of her bra cup’s padding as she read the bottle several times. Her expression slowly changed from pure excitement to nervous confusion. It wasn’t often I saw anxiety in her eyes.

A heavy swallow bounced her throat. Slowly, she looked at me and softly confirmed, “L...L-Lactation enhancers...?”

I grinned, staring at her front. It looked fuller already. “Yup!”

She shook the bottle, her face turning white. “I-It’s empty...”

“It *all* went into those cupcakes. The entire bottle.”

Reality was crashing over Amber, and I was there to watch it all unfold.

She dropped the bottle without a word. I could tell her heart was racing. She must have been feeling pretty hot too, because sweat was making her skin shine. Rapid gasps for air lifted her already-laden breasts in a rhythmic up-and-down motion as she turned her attention to her front. Her t-shirt’s design was more warped than she remembered, and her breasts burned beneath the tight cotton fabric.

“D... D-Dan...” Her mouth was dry with welling panic as she tried to swallow. Something under her shirt was making her eyes bulge. “*D-D-Dan... Please tell me I didn’t just eat a bunch of lacta--*”

***STRRRRTCH***

We both saw it, or more accurately, *them*. Her nipples. Two finger-like points were visible through her shirt, somehow hard enough to make such a significant impact through the padding of her bra.

*THUD!*

Amber stumbled back, falling against a wall as she arched her spine and lifted her chest into the air. Her hands hovered under their bottoms, scared to touch her over-engorging treasures.

“*H-Holy shit...*” she squeaked, watching her shirt slowly warp further. “*H-Hoooooly shit!! DAN!!!! My tits feel like they’re going to explode!!!! What the hell did you do?!*”

Smiling in amusement, I simply answered, “Whatever I wanted.”

*STRRRRTCH*

*STRRRRRRRRTCH*

The lactation helpers were coming into full effect now. There was no denying her sudden growth spurt. I had made sure to get the good stuff. The stuff designed to help new mothers struggling to produce even an ounce.

*STRRRRRRRRTCH*

But mixing with Amber’s production-happy hormones? *They were like gasoline to a bonfire, and it was even better than I hoped.*

*STRRRRRRRRRRTCH*

“*Ah!! A-Ah!! DAN!!! Holy FUCK!!!*”

She grabbed them finally after they’d managed to swell two cup sizes: a clear difference even for her. Such mounds were huge and bloated on her frame, dwarfing her more by the second.

“Don’t worry, I got the *maximum strength* brand.”

*STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

“*N-Nnnngh!!!! Oh fuck!!! Ohhhh fuck they’re so tight!!! Dan...! What did you do to me?!*”

Amber trembled against the wall. Her shirt rose up her belly to reveal sweat dripping from her belly button piercing. They almost looked as big as her head as her lungs heaved them up and down, up and down. The panic in her voice was high-pitched and real.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!!*

“*NNNNGH!!!! MY MILK!!!!*” she shrieked.

There was desperation in her movements. Confused, frantic, desperation, as she wrestled with her shirt. I heard seams pop when she pulled it over her bust and bunched it up under her chin.

It was then that I realized how far I’d gone.

*GUUUUUURGLE*

They were massive. Bigger than they had any right to be. It hadn’t been obvious because of how tight her bra had become as it constricted them against her torso. Tight, pale, river-veined orbs shook against her ribs like a caricature’s drawing. The sight made my heart skip a beat, then two when I saw them grow larger.

*GUUUUUURGLE!!!*

“A-Augh!!”

I may have miscalculated.

“Oh fuck!!!! Ohhhh fuck!!!” Amber panicked. “DAN!!! I HADN’T MILKED MYSELF YET TODAY!!! I WAS ALREADY FULL!!! THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO ME?!”

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

“A-Aahhhhhh!!!” A cry like a heifer begging for relief echoed through the apartment. “Nnngh fuck this is a lot of milk!”

There was real concern in her voice. I was too stunned by her breasts’ appearance to speak, but I could tell she was aching. They glistened with sweat and her body trembled as she started to double over, her hands cradling her overblown mammaries as milk forced them larger by the second.

Maybe using the entire bottle had been a bad idea.

“Amber... I...” I extended a hand, starting to match her energy. “I-I’m sorry! I didn’t mean--”

“Mmmngh!! Look what you did to me!! I’M MASSIVE!!”

A groan vibrated her torso as she looked at me with accusing eyes. Milk was starting to drip through her bra to the carpet below as she stumbled forward. *She was beyond full and drunk on her own dairy.*

“Shit!! Shit!!” I grabbed her shoulders, ready to provide any assistance she needed. “Where’s your pump?! I’m sorry!! I only wanted to--MPH!”

She kissed me harder than I’d ever been kissed. There was a lot of passion behind those lips. Passion, and pressurized discomfort. I could feel it in her lips and tongue as she sucked the life from my lungs. One of her hands grabbed my cock through my jeans with frightening authority. Her breasts pushed into me like angry pufferfish, slowly bloating larger with every breath. Milk soaked through my shirt within seconds.

When she pulled away, struggling to breathe, I could taste blood on my inner lip where she’d bitten me in her fervor.

“Don’t you dare apologize...” she growled, still holding her tits. “I’ve... Never felt so turned on in my life, you monster.”

Her hand was unrelenting on my shaft, squeezing and grasping with a primal desire. I could feel her chest pounding against my own, growing larger still.

*CREEAAAANK*

Amber winced, her bra giving an audible warning. “Nnngh... God, they’re way too full... You...really wanted to do this to me??”

I gulped. The situation felt dire, especially as it pulsed against my body, but I felt I had to be honest and play my role. “I wanted to see how big you could stand to get.”

My statement made her eyes flutter and body tremble. She was loving this. Every minute of it. Every milk-gland-bloating, skin-stretching moment. Amber was nearly twice the biggest I’d ever seen her, yet she looked on the verge of orgasm.



*THUD!*

She shoved me into the wall and stepped away. “*Wait here.*”

I didn’t argue. She left, going to her bedroom and leaving me with a cock sore from her intense grabbing. My heartbeat was pounding in my ears as I wondered what the next thirty minutes or hour could bring. Amber was already so full after a few minutes; if she continued at this rate, I wasn’t completely certain her chest could--

*“Hey.”*

My eyes nearly fell out of my skull when Amber returned. A matching black bra and panty pairing framed her body with a sultry garter set. The teasing hole in her crotchless panties left nothing to the imagination as her pussy flared with angry arousal. Most impressive were her breasts. She’d managed to force them into a lacy bra, causing all kinds of bulges around the overloaded cups. They failed to even fully cover her nipples, as every gasping breath pushed her chest a little more into view.

The cowbell tattoo was more fitting than ever.

*“I haven’t felt...so ready to burst...since my milk first came in,”* Amber declared with angry lust. *“If I’m going to blow, I want to look damn good doing it, with your cock between my legs.”*

I couldn’t remember how I ended up in the bedroom, but the next thing I knew, she was shoving me onto the bed and crawling on top of me like the sex panther she was. Somehow she’d managed to get my shirt and pants off in the process. I could swear her chest was sloshing as she moved, as if milk was filling her like a balloon. Surely I had to be imagining such a thing, though.

*“Mmnggh... You’ve been very, VERY bad, Dan... Drugging me like that... What if I get too big? Too...full?”* She grabbed her chest and put it on display. *“I’m on the verge of exploding, and you’re hard as a rock. You like forcing more milk into me than I can handle? Is that it?”*

Amber was grinding her exposed crotch over my shaft. It didn’t take long for her excitement to soak through my boxers. She leaned forward to press her honeydews against me, almost showing off how full she’d become.

*“Pumping me full of lactation hormones... When you knew my body didn’t need any help producing milk...”* She applied her full weight to her chest, squeezing it between us to the point of causing it to stretch to the sides. *“Very... VERY bad.”*

*STRRRRTCH!!*

I held my breath when I saw them react to the added pressure.

*“You’re lucky I didn’t burst with all this milk you forced me to make...”* Eyes glazed over, she whispered, *“Who knows... I still could. They don’t feel like they’re slowing down.”*

*GUUUURGLE*

She was right. More dairy was rushing into her globes by the second.

*“I-I didn’t mean to make you--”*

Sitting up, she grinned and took a cupcake from the nightstand. I trembled when she brought it to her mouth. When had she taken them into the bedroom?!

*“Amber!! Maybe you shouldn’t have anymo--”*

*“Mmmmm!!”*

She was halfway through the fifth cupcake before I could stop her. There was little common sense behind her gaze as she relished the sweet frosting. My mouth slacked open as she finished and tossed the empty paper cup aside.

*“If we’re going to abuse my poor little udders...nnngh, we might as well go BIG, right? Reeeaaaally make me stretch?”*

*“I--”*

***GUUUUUUUURGLE***

The dense, muffled bubbling was louder than ever. It sounded like her stomach had roared with hunger, but our attention shot to her chest as it swelled.

Amber’s lactation was accelerating.

*“Ah!! O-Ooohhh that’s tight!!”* Her moans spaced her words out into arousing, barely recognizable English. *“That’s... Ngh!! They’re... Getting way too tight!!”*

***GUUUUURRRRRGLE--SPLRTCH!!***

*“AHN!!!”*

I saw her nipples puff up seconds before a stream of milk shot from their pores in desperate jets. Amber’s areolas looked like small balloons inflated into tight domes, her nipples the over-pressurized nozzles holding everything back.

*“MMM!!! MMMMMGH!!!! Ohhh I can’t hold it!! I’M STARTING TO EXPLODE!!”*

It was the greatest show on Earth. I grabbed onto her thighs as her body started to rock. My girlfriend’s tits were blowing up before my very eyes. Strained and pushed way beyond her limit, I watched in amazement as she struggled to stay afloat in a sea of fear and intense arousal. Amber had always enjoyed feeling tight and full, but this...this was well beyond even what she would have done to herself. It looked like I was watching her chest engorge in fast-forward.

*“MMMGGH!!! Aaahhhhn!!! Aaahhhhh!!!”*

Both mammaries were grasped in her hands. She hefted them, gazing at their pale engorged curves sloshing just below her chin. The hunger for relief on her face was jaw-dropping as streams of dairy ran over her fingers.

***GUUUUUURGLE!!!!***

*“AAUUGH!!! GOD I CAN’T TAKE IT ANY--MMPH!!”*

Something snapped inside of her. She closed her eyes and attacked her chest with an open mouth. It was difficult maneuvering her nipples to her lips when they were so full and refused to form to her hands, but in a show of lust, thirst, and arched back, Amber latched onto herself. She didn’t bother moving her bra cups; the sheer lace was more than enough to let the milk through. She sucked on herself through the material, swelling her nipples within their lace prisons into screaming pink index fingers.

*GULP*

*GULP*

*GULP*

*“Mmmmm! Mmmmmm!?”*

I felt like I was watching a snake eat itself. Of course I had seen Amber drink her own milk before; either straight from the tap in bed or with a few squirts in her morning coffee. But this... This was *ravenous*. This was her racing against the clock as milk blossomed to faster and faster degrees inside breasts more than double their intended size.

*GULP*

*GULP*

*GULP*

Milk ran down her chin as she swallowed, switching breasts every few seconds. I could almost see her belly bulging ever so slightly from the growing reservoir it had suddenly taken on. Surprisingly, she was making a difference in the size of her bust. It looked more relaxed in her hands. Softer. She was still far too laden with dairy, but not nearly by such a dangerous degree.

*“Haahhh!!! NNGH!?”*

Amber gasped when she came up for air, leaning her head back to breathe. She took a moment to catch her breath and inspect her progress. *“T...There’s...too much...! I can’t drink it all!! But...”* she half-smiled. *“They look a little smaller now, don’t th--A-Aahh!?”*

*GUUUUUURGLE*

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*“O-Ohh no!! No no no!!!?”*

They refilled themselves within seconds, swelling and engorging to their former size and an inch beyond before her skin pulled tight against her hands. Even Amber’s eyes widened in fright then. I felt her shiver on top of me, her pulse evident through her leaking crotch. It looked like she was about to try draining them again, but stopped herself short after several swallows.

*“Dan,”* she whimpered, looking at me from over her cleavage. *“I... I-I don’t think I can--”*

*“Want me to get your pump?? Where is it??”*

Amber swallowed, her mouth soaked with cream. *“I don’t think... I can keep myself... From drinking my own milk...”*

*STRRRRRRTCH*

*“M-Mmmgh!”* A whimper squeaked when she regrew tighter and larger. *“Tie me down.”*

*“What?!”*

*“TIE ME DOWN.”* She lunged at me, pushing her leaking chest into my face. *“I want to feel them stretch and swell up!! I want to be helpless as my milk fills them like balloons!! Forced to watch my tits get bigger...and bigger...and bigger!! Mmmmm that’s why you did this, isn’t it? To make me produce more milk...than ever? To turn me into your helpless needy cow?”*

I throbbed against her pussy. She was right, of course. I loved seeing her full, and I loved the pleading sounds she made when she was at her limit.

*“Tie me down...”* she demanded again, *“before I smother you with these fucking overloaded milk jugs you tricked me into growing.”*

That did it. I grabbed her wrists.

*“Get on your back.”*

Watching her chest sway and slosh as we shuffled positions almost made me blow my load. Every movement was painfully laborious for her. When she finally fell on her back, the sight of those monsters bouncing with such tight motions made my brain go numb.

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

*“B-Better tie your dairy cow down and start milking her...”* Amber begged, positioning her wrists at the corners of her mattress. *“Before she bursts...”*

I stared for a moment. There might not have been a need to tie her down. Amber looked pinned under the weight of herself as she neared small watermelons. They pressed into her face, squishing her cheeks in a stunning display of size.

Of course I still indulged her. Restraining Amber was one of the few kinky things I loved in our sex life. It gave me a chance to explore and be in command for a change. Was it necessary this time around after I’d already thrown her milk glands into an extreme state of lactation? Probably not. Did I *want* to see her tied down as she grew larger and tighter? Hell yes I did.

*GUUUUUURGLE!!!*

*“Nnnngh!!!! Dan, they’re so full!!!”* she whined as I cinched the wrist and ankle straps. *“Please suck on them!!”* Her eyes stared helplessly into her slowly rising cleavage. *“I feel like I’m going to pop! My chest is going to burst!!”*

I saw them tightening. On some level, she did look ready to pop, but I was in control now, and there would be no relief. Straddling her hips, I gazed and ran my hands over her chest. It was my first real chance to inspect my handiwork.

*And it was glorious.*

I never knew breasts could feel so tense and dangerous. Amber looked like she’d gotten a massive augmentation far too large for her body, but knowing it was milk causing such a dramatic transformation really made my heart race. Her F-cups were in there somewhere, blown way out of proportion into these heaving monsters.

*STRRRRTCH!!*

*“M-Mmmgh!!”*

She trembled and whimpered as I explored them, stimulating her milk to stronger levels. Every tight, bulging curve formed by her tortured bra was a work of art. They began pulsing under my hands.

*SPLRRRTCH!!!*

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

*“Nngh!!! Dan!! D-Dan, please!! T-They’re going to--”*

*GUUUUUUURGLE!!*

Amber pulled at the restraints, seemingly in a panic as she ballooned fuller. Her entire chest moved as a single mass, back and forth, back and forth. Any leaking milk raced down her drum-tight skin as if it were lubricated. There was little for the fluid to grab onto when she was so full and stretched so smooth.

*GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!*

*“Ah!! Nnnngh please milk me!!! Dan, I’m--”*

Her eyes bulged when the milk mountains engorged enough to touch her nose. I saw her hold her breath, wincing like a child pumping a balloon too full. The bra was beginning to fail as well, as her nipples forced themselves free and out of her cups.

“Can you believe how big you’ve managed to get...?” I teased, gently pressing my whole palms into them. “These are huge... *Even for you.*”

*“M-Mmmmgh!!!”*

I knew the writhing beneath me well. Amber was losing her mind. This was what she lived for. The dominating torture and teasing.

Pulling my hands away, I saw them dripping with her contents. The grin it created on my face made her tremble with worry.

“All this milk going to waste... If we’re trying to make you as big as possible, we can’t have you leaking, can we?”

*“W-What are you--”*

Her voice cut off when she saw me reach into her nightstand: the trove of sex toys. I withdrew two sturdy clamps connected by a chain. Normally reserved for our more intense sessions, they would do nicely to block her nozzles.

Amber squirmed when I brought them to her thumb-sized nipples. *“Ahhh!! Aahhh Dan don’t you dare!!! I-I’m already struggling to keep up!!! The leaking is the only thing keeping the pressure from getting too high!!! I-I-I’ll pop if you--”*

I was merciless. Opening both, I clamped them around her nipples and left Amber stunned as the effect of backed-up milk struck her immediately.

*GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!*

*“NNNGH!!!”*

Their anger was visible. Instant swelling bloated her chest a full inch when I sealed off her milk’s only exit. Amber looked ready to go into a full sexual panic when her chest engulfed her face. I watched her eyes tremble at their encroaching curves. Already her areolas had doubled in height as milk throbbed behind them. Soft pink flesh bulged around the clamps, each one refusing to budge even as her nipples started to puff.

“Should we *really* get your milk flowing now...?” I teased, kissing my way down her body.

Amber's eyes turned to fire when she saw me crouching between her thighs. *"DAN, NO!!! NOT THAT!!! N-NOT RIGHT NOW!!!! I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE IT!!! YOU'LL MAKE MY MILK EXPLODE!!!"*

I put my hands on either side of her hips, my mouth inches away from her blossoming pink pussy. Delicate folds and intricate details were mine to admire as she shook in my grasp. I wondered if I might drown getting too close.

*"DAN!!"* Amber yelled, unable to see me from under her chest. Her squirming was a seductive dance. *"DAN I'M SERIOUS!!! DON'T YOU DARE EAT ME--EEEEEEK!!!! MMMMMMMMMMGH!!!"*

I paid her no mind. The only thing I wanted was to taste Amber's arousal flooding my mouth and dance on my tongue.

*GUUUUUURGLE!!!!*

*"AAHHH!!! MMNNGH!!!! D-DAN!!!"*

*STRRRRTCH!!!!*

*"NNNGH!!!! MY TITS!!! MY TITS ARE BLOWING UP!!!"*

I could hear them growing. Filling. *Engorging*. Amber's breasts were going haywire as my tongue fought with her clit. Stimulation was like a drug to her milk glands. They ate it up, always eager to take it and convert it to more dairy. It was one of the best parts about having sex with her; no matter how big she might have been when you started, she *always* ended up bigger.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

*"D...Dan!! Dan!!!"* Pleading squeaks came from above. Amber's legs were tensing around me, starting to shake. Her pussy was running like a broken faucet. My chin dripped with her lust.

She was close to orgasm.

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

*"DAN!!! D-DAN, THAT'S ENOUGH!!! D-DON'T MAKE---AAHHH!!! OHHHH DON'T MAKE ME COME!!! I--GOD!! THAT FEELS SO GOOD!! MY BODY FEELS LIKE A TIME BOMB!!!"*

I slipped two fingers between her lips and curled them to the roof of her insides, slowly beckoning the back of her navel. The world started to quake around me as her limits were pushed. Her trembling thighs caused her butt to jiggle against my chin. Amber was trying to close her legs and prevent me from continuing, but the restraints would never allow such a thing.

*GUUUURGLE!!*

*"Ah!! AAHHNNN!!! NNNGH!!!"* Mouse-like squeaks merged with her cries of strained delight. I wanted to hear her scream.

*STRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

*"MY CHEST!!! DAN, MY---MMMGH!!!! M-M-MMMMMMGH!!!!!! OOOOOH GOD!!!!!! I-I-I'M GONNA--"*

She went silent when her hips bucked and fluid sprayed my mouth. The taste was exotic and intimate. Unmistakably hers. I held onto her thighs for dear life as she tossed and turned.

*GUUUUUUUURGLE*

*“MMMoooooooo!!!!!”*

It wasn't uncommon for Amber to low like a labored heifer when she came. I always took it as a compliment, seeing as how she could never recall making such a noise after the fact. This time, however, I was gifted with her orgasmic bellows alongside the churning of tit-stretching milk.

*STRRRRRRTCH!!!*

*“AHH!! AHHHHHMMM!!!!!”*

I glance up through the valley of pleasure to see the damage I'd caused. My heart skipped a beat when I saw two bloated mounds towering over me. They looked like basketballs crammed into her bra. Her nipples had darkened, no doubt from the pressure the clamps were forcing them to contain.

*“B...BIG!?”* she exclaimed loudly, unable to provide any more breath for additional context.

Her quivers died off as the orgasm left her toes curling. I could hear Amber gasping desperately for air between her cleavage. The top half had become bright and wet with the moisture of her breath. Wiping my mouth, I ventured back on top of her.

I found my captive lying in a puddle of sweat. Her face was red and dark red hair clung to her brow and cheeks.

*“Dan... Dan please...”* she begged, barely audible as she fought for air. *“They're so full... I need to be milked... I can't hold any more... I'm not supposed to be this big...”*

My manhood had never been so hard. The amount of power I felt at this moment was intoxicating. A single orgasm had swelled her breasts by several inches. Several light blue veins raced over them, visible even in the low light.

I placed both hands on the sides of her chest and gently jostled it back and forth. Amber squealed in anxious surprise.

*SLOOOSH*

*SLOOOOOOSH*

*SLOOOOOOOOSH*

*“M-Mmmmgh!!! Ohhh don't do that!!! They're too tight!! They're too full!!!”*

*“All that sloshing... Must mean you still have room in there, don't you think?”*

*“I... I don't! I'm already too big!”* Amber swallowed against a dry throat. Her wrists yanked at the bonds. *“Please... D-Dan... I'll... I'll do whatever you want! Just... Milk me! I can't take this much pressure! I'm begging you!! M-Milk me!?”*

The reaction she had to the grin spreading across my face was priceless.

*“You know what I want?”*

A whimper wriggled through her pursed lips. *“W... What?”*

*“I want to make you even bigger.”*

I felt her body jolt when she saw me grab the sixth and final cupcake.

*“You can’t!!! Dan!! I’m... I-I’m already so full! Too full!! That’s going to make me--”*

*“Eat.”*

She was enchanted, slave to my power over her. Hesitating with pleading eyes, she leaned her head back out of her cleavage and opened her mouth.

*“Mmmph!!”*

I managed to stuff it in in one go. Frosting covered her lips, but I made sure to clean that up when I kissed her, delivering the sugary topping from my tongue to hers.

*“G... Gaaaah...”* she gasped, inhaling after swallowing. I watch her worried eyes stay down at her chest. We both knew it wouldn’t take long, especially when we both felt her stomach vibrate with resentment.

*RRRMMMMMMBBBBLLLLL*

*“D...Dan??”* she squeaked, feeling renewed pressure building.

This was a new sound from her body. One of rebellion and anger at the unbelievable amount of lactation hormones coursing through her veins. Her tits pulsed against my chest as if breathing with their own life.

*“I wonder what an entire bottle of lactation supplements can do to a girl...”* I teased.

*GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!*

*“N-Nnnnngh!!!”*

I sat up, inspecting Amber’s torso. Her areolas were darker. Her nipples looked closer to strawberries squeezed between the clamps. Most surprising was how her chest seemed to be wavering in size, bloating ever so slightly into a trembling extreme version of itself before compressing back down.

*RRMMMMBBBBLLLLL!!!!*

*“Nnnnngh, Dan!”* Amber panted. Her body tensed and squirmed. Both hands were clenched into fists, and I knew if I looked behind me her toes would be curled as well.

*GUUUURGLE!!*

*GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!*

She winced, her tits nearly covering her face. I could just see her eyes pleading with me from over her domes.

*“That... A-Ah!! Oh no!”* As she gasped for air and sought relief, I saw fright starting to win out over her lust for extreme lactation. Amber was bigger than ever, and not slowing down. *“That... T-That might have been...a bad idea...”* she whispered. *“M-My chest feels like it’s going to--”*

*GUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE*

This one was louder than the rest. Much louder. It was angry and full of energy, as if giving Amber one final warning. I watched her eyes widen into saucers and the color drain from



her face. I could never guess what she might have felt happening inside of her breasts, but it looked like a switch had just flipped.

***GUUUUUUURGLE!!!!***

*“Dan!!! Untie me!!! Untie me!!”*

I wouldn't be swayed so easily. “Ohhh I don't think so. You're staying right there until--”

***CREEAAAAAAAK!!!***

*“ELEPHANT!!!! ELEPHANT!!!! ELEPHANT!!!”*

Our safeword. It was the first time I had ever heard Amber use it.

*“Shit!! Hang on!”*

I jumped at her restraints, releasing her hands first before moving to her ankles. She gingerly supported her chest while sitting up with a worried fit of rapid panting breaths.

***GUUUUUUURGLE!!!***

*“T-They're too big!!”* she piped. Tight as ever, her skin didn't indent around her fingers as she arched her back in fear. *“H-Haahhhh... Ohhh God... I feel like...a fucking milk bomb!!”*

***CREEEEEAAAAAAK!!!!***

I looked at her in disbelief when I thought I heard her body creak like leather. It was a relief to see the noise had instead come from a combination of her bra and clamps. Her nipples were starting to expand, and as a result, were forcing the clamps open beyond their limit.

*“Nnnngh, fuck... Oh fuck...”* More gentle than ever, Amber ran her hands over their fronts. *“Sorry, I didn't mean to...startle you...”* She swallowed, not taking her eyes off her chest. *“I... I-I just thought...I felt them starting to... T-To...”*

***GUUUUUUUURGLE***

*“M-Mmmgh...”*

I was surprised to hear her moaning still, even as they distended further. “Do we need to go somewhere? Do they hurt?”

*“They...”* Amber shook her head. *“They don't hurt... But there is a FUCK ton of milk stuffed into me. The pressure is unreal. My skin felt like it stopped stretching, b-but more milk was coming in, so I panicked and--”*

***GUUUUUUUURGLE!!***

They bloated heavier, only pulling at her shoulders as they refused to expand. Amber truly couldn't stand to stretch any larger. Her skin was at its limit. Apparently, my girlfriend's maximum size was as big as beach balls. Such an intimate piece of knowledge made my heart race. The look on her face was a combination of confusion, lust, and apprehension as she watched her treasures continue to produce while refusing to grow, only tightening. If I stared close enough, it looked like her skin was playing tug-of-war with itself as different sections demanded more room.

*GUUUUURGLE!!!!*

“I... I-I...” She gulped. “*I can’t...get any bigger.*” It wasn’t said out of fear this time; it was a fact. The bases of her breasts were widening as if her milk was forcing them to take over her body. I saw the sides of her torso fattening and swelling, pillow mass spreading under her arms as her breasts rejected the idea of giving her milk more room.

*STRRRRTCH!!!*

Fear made her eyes dart back and forth. “*D-D-Dan... Dan, I really can’t get any bigger!!! T-T-They’re not stretching anymore!!!*”

I’ll be the first to admit I was more than enamored with her chest, even more so with the way she was talking about how it felt to grow so big. Tiny pin drops of milk were starting to build on the tips of her nipples despite their lockdown. I saw her chew on her bottom lip as temptations tried dragging her back into the realm of arousal.

*“W-Wow...”*

*SLOOOOSH*

*SLOOOOOOOSH*

She bounced them with care, heart racing, before a small grin appeared on her face.

“*I can’t believe how big they’ve managed to get...*” I saw her blush, a rarity. “*Thinking about all that milk...stretching me out... I’ve never felt like such a balloon...*” A giggle faded into a shy reminiscent moan. “*Come to think of it... This is exactly what I hoped it would be like back in high school...when I first induced lactation...*”

*GUUUUURGLE*

I saw stretch marks forming on her chest.

“Amber...?” I raised an arm, unsure if we should seek help. She wasn’t going to stop lactation any time soon, and her chest looked dangerously full, like two watermelons left on the vine for too long. “Maybe we should--”

*“Lie down.”*

Her arousal was winning over her common sense. I could see it in her eyes, written on her face, and filling her chest with heaving desire.

“H-Hey, I’m not sure your head is on straight. How about we--”

Her eyes flashed like a tigress’s. “*Shut up and get on your back. It’s my turn.*”

There was no arguing. As I reclined into her sheets, damp with sweat, I watch as she struggled to maintain balance while straddling my hips. Her entire body was shaking as if fighting to keep itself together. There was nothing behind her foggy eyes except for the desire for more milk. More milk, and bigger breasts.

“*Hah... H-Hah...*” she panted, leaning forward. Each gasp almost sounded like the laugh of a madman. Her hand pulled my boxers down before beginning to massage my shaft.

*Drip...*

*Drip...*

*Drip...*

Milk was escaping faster now, coming out in steady streams. It raced over her drum-tight curves and down her arm where it coated my member in warmth and fatty lubricant.

Amber's voice was low and breathy as if she were possessed. "This bra has about had it, don't you think...? It's ready to just...EXPLODE. Just like me..."

**SNAP!**

She began playing with a shoulder strap, pulling and teasing letting it fall down her arm.

"What do you think...? Will it or my udders lose the battle first?"

**SNAP!!**

"It's awfully tiiiight... But so is my chest...with all of this milk...you made me produce. Did you think...I could ever...get this fucking massive?"

**SNAP!!**



I winced every time she released her strap, half-expecting her chest to pop like two abused water balloons. Every release slapped it across her bust, sending a deep, bouncing, gurgling *thump!* echoing through her depths.

*SPLRRRTCH!!*

*CREEEAAAK!!!*

Her clamps strained to maintain their grasp. I could see the metal starting to warp and bend from the force of her nipples' engorgement.

"Dan..." she growled, leaning forward.

"A-Amber... Amber, I really think you should--"

"I want you to make me burst. Make my bra snap. Pump me full of your cum."

"Why don't we--"

*GUUUURGLE!!!!*

"Augh!!!" Amber threw her head back when she tightened. Her hand grabbed my cock as if it were the only thing keeping her grounded. "*Nnnnghhhhh GOD I WANT TO COME SO BAD!!!*"

I watched as she came forward. The heat from her pussy hit me first, followed by the drooling wetness drenching my shaft.

"Amber! A-Amber, wait!! I don't think that's a good idea!!"

She wasn't responding now. Nobody was home. She maneuvered her pelvis to hover over my cock, before pressing my head against her lips. They spread without effort.

Gravity did the rest.

*SCHLMP!!!*

*SLOOOOOSH!!!*

"A-A-AAHHH!!!!!!!"

She nearly blew out a window when she screamed from my penetration. I thought I might have stuck my cock into a pit of lava based on how fiery her insides were. I hoped for a chance to get my bearings, but she started riding a second later.

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

"AAhhhhh!!! MMNGHH!!!! Ohhhh make me burst!!! I want to burst!!! Pump me up!!!" she screamed, leaning back. Every bounce of her body sent her chest jostling loudly, followed by a small surge of stimulation-generated growth.

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*“NNNGH!!!! OHH DAN THEY’RE SO TIGHT!!! THEY’RE GONNA POP!!! FUCK I WANT THEM TO POP!!! I WANT TO BE SO STUFFED WITH MILK... THAT THEY CAN’T TAKE IT!!!”*

*CREEEAAAK!!!!*

Either her clamps or bra was screaming in agony, I couldn’t tell. All I could do was hold onto her thighs for dear life as milk dripped and showered me from above.

*“Aahhh!!! AAAHHHHHH!!!! DAAAAN!!!”* she began crying, clawing at my chest.  
*“I-IT’S GONNA BLOW!!! IT’S GONNA BLOW!!!”*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*“NNNGHHHHI-IT’S GONNA BLO--”*

*CREEEAAA--SNAP!!!!*

*“YES!!! FUCK YES!!!! OHHH I BLEW MY BRA!!! I CAN’T BELIEVE...I JUST BLEW OUT OF MY BRA!!! I HOPE THEY NEVER STOP FILLING UP!!!”*

My heart was pounding. I had actually thought she was talking about her chest. Her nipples were swollen beyond imagination. I wasn’t sure I could have fit one in my mouth as they bloated with pressure. The red indented mark of her bra’s shape wouldn’t soon leave her skin.

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!*

Amber shrieked in freakish delight and wrapped her arms around her chest. I saw it bulge, resisting every bit of pressure. Her head whipped back as she closed her eyes and loosed gasp after screaming gasp.

*“I’M SO CLOSE!!! I’M SO CLOSE!!! MAKE ME BLOW!!!! YOU’RE GOING TO MAKE ME BLOW, DAN!!!!”*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

I grabbed her more firmly, unsure of what the immediate future was going to hold.

*“AAHHHHHH YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I COME!!!”*

I did indeed. She always swells and erupts.

*“I... I-I KNOW I’VE BEEN FULL BEFORE...!!!”* She looked down, whimpering as she dripped sweat on her bloated knockers. *“B-BUT THIS TIME...”*

***STRRRRRRTCH!!!!***

*“NNNGH!!! GOD, I DON’T KNOW IF I’LL BE ABLE TO TAKE IT!!”*

Neither did I. Everything about Amber’s appearance screamed ‘DANGER’. Her areolas were puffing with visible fullness. Had her milk run out of places to go? Was a wall of pressure creeping toward the front of her breasts, ready to fill her nipples like the end of a balloon right before it pops?

***SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!***

***GUUUURGLE!!!***

***SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!***

***GUUUURGLE!!!***

***SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!***

***GUUUURGLE!!!***

*“AAHH!! MMMM DAN!!!”*

Her pussy started contracting. Amber didn’t look like she could breathe as she arched her back, presenting her overloaded chest to the gods.

***CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!***

***SPLRRRRRTCH!!!***

***SPLRRRRRTCH!!!***

*“AAHHHHH!!!!!!”*

***RRRMMMMBBBBLLLLLLLL!!!***

Her chest groaned like an angry animal. Milk sprayed from trembling nipples engulfing her clamps. I watched with all the interest of a man witnessing the apocalypse. It was beautiful and terrifying not knowing what was going to come next.

*“DAN!!!! DAAAAAN!!! OH FUCK!!!! I’M GONNA COME!!! I’M...GONNA COME!!!! I CAN’T....HOLD IT!!!”*

***SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!***

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*SLOOOSH SLOOOOSH!!*

*GUUUURGLE!!!*

*CREEEEEAAAAAAAK!!!!!!*

*SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!*

Amber's voice rose into a drawn-out scream as an orgasm ignited in her core.

*"AAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! DAN I'M ABOUT TO--"*

*CREEEEEAAAAAAA--SNAP!!!!!!*

I saw the clamps tremble before the sound of snapping metal tore through her bedroom and Amber's mouth shot open in a silent shriek.

*"I'M ABOUT TO EXPLO--"*

*FWOOOOOSH!!!!!!*

The fountain of milk was unlike anything I thought possible from the human body. I think I was shooting my load into her, but I couldn't tell through the monstrous vibrations sending her body into a frenzy on top of me. I'm not sure I could have even pumped my cum into Amber based on how tightly her walls were squeezing my cock.

But the milk... My God, *all that milk*.

I honestly thought she popped. Milk erupted from her freed nipples like two geysers that had been building pressure for thousands of years. Her spray struck the ceiling in an instant and doused her entire room in a steamy cream as she convulsed.

*SPLRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!!!*

*"AAHHMMMM!!!! MMNNGHHHHH!!!!"*

Her words were incoherent gibberish as the pulsating rocked her breasts. With her skin drawn so tight and firm, it could finally contract around her milk glands to express everything she'd been forced to carry. Milk rained down on me as I watched in awe: the battle of her constant flow of milk versus breasts eager to reach a smaller size.

The entire show lasted only twenty or thirty seconds. In that time, I was able to see Amber rapidly shrink from her gargantuan girth to a more manageable pair of head-sized

mounds. It was strange to think they looked small now, when only ten or fifteen minutes ago when they were stretching out her t-shirt, we both thought they were massive. To witness such an intense letdown was something I would always treasure.

*SHLUMP*

Amber collapsed to the side of the bed, her milk finally ejected and her energy spent. Waves of convulsions still traveled through her body and her fingers clenched at the sopping sheets. I wasn't in much better condition, as I lay covered in several different types of her juices. The taste of her milk was heavy on my lips and in the air. My crotch looked like it had been blasted by a hose of shiny lubricant.

"Hah... Nnnngh... Hhaahh... Dan..." she groaned, trying to rouse herself. "I'm... I..."

I helped her to crawl to my side, where she slumped between my torso and arm in an embrace with her head resting on my chest. She was still very engorged, and looked to have experienced some permanent growth from the entire ordeal. I couldn't ignore the coal-like heat radiating off her honeydew-sized breasts as they pressed into my side. Her nipples didn't look capable of getting any smaller even as they rivaled my thumb in thickness.

*GUUUURGLE...*

*GUUUUUURGLE...*

Her milk was in a constant state of flow, continually leaking from her bust. If we were to block her again, I had no doubt they would expand to reach her maximum size within only minutes.

"Ohhh... Nnnghhh ohhhhh..." Amber whined. One of her hands massaged the side of her chest, both to encourage her milk and inspect how large she'd become. "That's... SOOO much better... I've never felt...so engorged... I didn't think boobs could feel that tight..."

I squeezed her in a side hug.

*SPLRRRTCH!*

"MMGH!"

The pressure made her chest spray, eliciting a cry of surprise as she threw her back into a panting fog of stimulation.

When she found most of her breath again, she managed to rasp, "So...was that...what you wanted to do to me...?"

It had been everything I dreamed it could be and more. I nodded, unsure of what to say after causing such a transformation.

Amber smiled and kissed my cheek. "Good... You better...nnggh...be thirsty... Because I don't think my milk is slowing down for a long time. Who knows what my chest is going to do with all those extra hormones..."

I gently massaged a breast before pinching a nipple closed, immediately causing it to swell several cups.

"Ahn!! D-Dan!!"



*“What, I’m not allowed to do whatever I want anymore?”*

Amber growled and placed a hand on my member. The look in her eyes made me shiver with regret. *“Sure you are...!”* She grinned then, deviously as if plotting. *“Just remember that it’s a two-way street.”*