

## Milking It

The sound of someone approaching made arousal flow through Brent. It wasn't just their footsteps alerting him to his coworker's arrival, nor was it what had turned him on. It was the soft, accompanying sound of sloshing.

Moments later, his cubemate, Rachel, entered and sat heavily into her chair. Long black hair washed over her head before tumbling over her shoulders to rest on an enormous shelf of flesh wobbling on her front. Brent's eyes were straining to watch out of the corner of his eye as she sat, craving to see the immense bounce her cantaloupe tits received from her sitting.

Rachel arched her back and stretched her arms over her head, groaning as an audible creak emanated from her taut blouse. She hadn't always been this well-endowed; Brent could clearly remember a day when she couldn't have measured more than a hefty D cup. Strange enough, those days had only been a week ago.

It was a transformation Brent was still trying to fully grasp. In such a short time, his attractive coworker had ballooned to a bouncing beauty. Now, for another day in a row she had shown up to work even larger. At first he was content to watch her growth and simply enjoy the show. Until the previous day, that is. Purely by accident he had come across the source of her swelling. While rummaging through the clutter of his desk, her purse had fallen over to allow a bottle to roll out: lactation pills.

Knowing this, Brent had decided to say something. As spectacular as the sight was, he couldn't stand by and watch as his cubemate played so closely with the dangerous pills.

"Back hurting already?" he asked.

"Huh?" Rachel asked, lowering her arms to look over her shoulder. "Oh, yea. Shoulders are killing me..."

"We're friends, right, Rachel?"

"I would say so!" she agreed happily. Brent turned towards her, pulling Rachel's attention from her computer. Looking at him with suspicious eyes and a collar brimming with cleavage, she asked, "What is it?"

In a low voice Brent admitted, "I'm not trying to get too personal, but, I've noticed you've been doing some...uh..." Brent coughed, the effort to maintain eye contact threatening to tear his head apart. "Some growing..."

He was fully expecting Rachel to blush or perhaps slap him across the face and rush to HR. Instead, her eyes lit up and she exclaimed, "You have?? Is it very obvious?!" Brent thought his pant's zipper might explode when her hands cupped the underside of her chest and hefted them like giant fruits.

"I..." His train of thought was gone. As much as she had grown, at least triple her original size, it didn't look like she had put an effort towards replacing her work attire. Steeling himself against Rachel's jiggling mounds and heaving cleavage, he tried again, "It's *very* obvious. And I saw yesterday that you've been taking lactation pills. Not because I was

snooping! They just fell out! But I'm worried about you and how dangerous those are if you take too many. You've heard about what happened to Karen from--"

Rachel hushed him quickly, cutting off his concerned words. "Shh shh shhh!! I'm glad you've noticed. I'm trying to get the boss's attention to bump my chances for a raise. Dan is a known tit hound around the office and--"

"You're not listening!" Brent yelled, trying to keep quiet. Luckily most of the office hadn't arrived yet, he and Rachel both early birds. "If you take too many, we both know what could happen. And you could get in big trouble for having those; they're outlawed in the US!"

Rachel pouted and leaned back in her chair. "Please, I know what I'm doing. Plus it's *my* body. If they're big enough to make you say something, it's only a matter of time until Dan can't take it any longer."

"Unless you get fired first. You could get in trouble for that shirt you're wearing! Are you even wearing a bra--"

Rachel seemed to take his words the wrong way. Her eyes narrowed and she glared at Brent. "You going to rat me out? Gonna march straight to HR and tell them I've been inducing lactation to grow my tits and get a raise?"

"N-No! I'm just worried--"

She smiled now and Brent had the feeling he wasn't getting through to her. Biting her lip, Rachel leaned forward to expose an overflowing amount of tit through the top of her strained shirt. "How can I keep this between just the two of us, hmm?" Each of her shoulders shimmied and a gentle sloshing came from her cleavage. Brent gulped, unable to look away. "Say I let you titfuck these puppies right now, will you keep this our little secret then?"

A line of drool may have fallen from Brent's mouth, he couldn't be sure. Nothing sounded more incredible than sliding his cock between Rachel's swollen jugs. The smile him she was completely serious about the offer, and no one else would be in the office for at least an hour.

"Rachel, I..."

"Wow, really? Are these milk tanks not big enough?" she gasped, looking at her bulging chest. Huffing, she thought for a moment before her sly smile returned. "Fine. Then I'll just..." Reaching into her purse, she withdrew the small bottle rattling with pills. Before Brent could object, she popped several into her mouth and swallowed gleefully.

*GUUURGLE*

A muffled gurgle occurred almost instantly. Rachel giggled and looked at her chest expectantly as the effects began to take place. The sight was as if someone was scaling Rachel's chest bigger cup by cup. Her shirt bloated with flesh to the point of overflowing her collar and into her sleeves. In just moments, Rachel had visibly grown from overgrown cantaloupes to over-inflated basketballs threatening to burst her blouse at the seams. Windows between her buttons spread like doorways, each large enough to fit a fist had engorged lines of cleavage not been blocking the way.

The bulk of her growth happened within a few slosh-filled seconds before tapering off to a steady, barely-noticeable swelling. The increased weight was obvious on Rachel, her back arched to help support their girths. “W-Well...?” she moaned, face flushed pink with heat. Each breath she took released a gentle gurgle in her boobs as they rose and fell. Lifting them up like two giant water balloons, she fingered a window between two buttons and pressed her cleavage. “Go ahead, stick it *right here*. If it comes out the top I *promise* I’ll lick it...”

Brent couldn’t control himself any longer. After watching his coworker’s tits engorge like two swollen orbs, he couldn’t unzip his hands fast enough. Opening the front allowed his stiffened cock to rise into the air and bring a hungry gaze to Rachel’s eyes. In one experienced motion, she hefted her udders over his dick and inserted it between two buttons into her cleavage.

“God, that’s *tight!*” Brent grunted, feeling her swollen breasts pressing on his shaft in every direction. They were so large that his head remained hidden, completely engulfed by her titanic mammaries.

“O-Oooh... I can...feel you between them!”

Now enveloped by her tightening chest, Brent could undeniably feel Rachel was still growing. Her skin was moving and shifting around him like stretching latex, becoming more firm by the second. As Rachel moved her chest up and down in Brent’s lap, sloshing sounds came from her oversized tits and dark wet spots formed over the strawberry nubs of her nipples.

“I-I’m leaking!” Rachel gasped, “*MMMMM* it feel so *GOOOOOD!*” Brent let his head roll back in pleasure, the sensation of her mammaries wrapped around him like a thousand massaging hands. “How...*nnnngh*...do you like them? My big...fat...milky cow udders?? G-God...I want them fuller!”

“*N-Nngh*...Rachel, wai--”

It was too late. Before Brent could do anything to stop her, Rachel had emptied the remainder of her lactation pills into her gaping mouth. She swallowed ravenously, licking her lips afterward as Brent felt a vibration around his cock.

***GUUUUUURGLE***

Rachel’s eyes shot open and she gasped aloud. “*A-Ahh! AHH! OOHHHH THERE’S SO...MUCH...PRESSURE!!*” Her hands shot to the sides of her shirt, pressing into her quivering chest. Brent feared his cock may burst from the sheer amount of force pressing against it.

Each of her tits ballooned and fought for space wherever they could. For the briefest of moments Brent saw her blouse hold the wall of flesh back with every stitch of its being, but after the blink of an eye, her dairy-filled udders exploded through the shirt to flow into his lap in giant wobbling globes inching larger in every direction.

“O-OH GOD! *OH GOD!*” Rachel screamed, panting as she watched her tits engorge beyond beach balls in Brent’s lap. They gurgled and sloshed loudly and angrily, rounding out from pressure and building milk inside her body.

“W-What...NNNNGH...What did...I do?!” Rachel groaned, her tits starting to ache as stretch marks shot down their sides. “I-I feel like...a dairy cow...that hasn’t been milked in...i-in *DAYS!! GOD, I FEEL LIKE I’M GOING T-TO EXPLODE!!*”

Her tits bubbled higher, bulging over Brent’s chair and into his face with dangerously-firm cleavage. Milk sprayed his chest like two hoses from her nipples, dousing him in the warm mixture from her overstuffed milk jugs.

“B-Brent! You have to milk me! M-Milk me like the cow I am!! *PLEASE!!*” Rachel’s face was one of discomfort, desperateness, and pleasure.

Try as he might, Brent was incapacitated with ecstasy. The feeling of Rachel’s udders growing and tightening around his dick was unlike anything he had ever felt. He was powerless to move a muscle but could feel his own explosion quickly approaching.

“B-Brent!!” Rachel cried out, feeling him thicken between her slick cleavage, “D-D-Don’t!! I can’t...t-take it!! *I can’t hold anymore MIIIIILK!!!!*”

***KEEERRRBLOOOOOSH!!!***

Rachel’s chest burst at the height of Brent’s arousal, a wave of steaming milk and semen washing over his lap as his coworker split at the seams. An orgasm rocked him while the wave of milk rushed over the floor and out of his cubicle. Brent spent a few moments catching his breath and planning his next steps; the cleaning crew was not going to be happy. Zipping his soaked pants, he sighed and said, “I warned her those pills were dangerous...”