

## Milk and Cookies

Prepared for a relaxing Friday night after getting off work early, Cecilia tossed her work blouse to the floor and slid a black pencil skirt down her legs, replacing them with a loose-fitting blue t-shirt and a rather skimpy pair of shorts. Usually she would have removed her bra as well, however, she knew how much her husband loved coming home to a nice view of cleavage. Especially in a low-cut t-shirt like this one; there were few things he loved more than easy access. Not to mention the way he licked his lips at the sight of her B cup boobs pushed together.

He had been a self-professed lover of curves since they had met years ago and sometimes Cecilia wondered if he was truly happy with her petite form. She didn't have much of anything to grab onto or jiggle, something she herself had longed for every now and again.

Sighing, she exited the closet. "Push-up bras will have to do for now..." she told herself. Implants had always seemed like a step too far, pills and creams a step too little.

About to walk out of their bedroom to collapse on the couch, something caught Cecilia's eye. There was a small blue box wrapped in pink ribbon sitting on her nightstand. Approaching it curiously she turned it over in her hands, feeling the weight and hearing its contents shifting inside. A heart-shaped note hung off the top and she plucked it between her fingers.

"A little Friday lovers-surprise..." she read aloud. She raised an eyebrow, wondering why her husband would give her a gift without being around for it. "It does say surprise..." Cecilia bit her lip in contemplation.

She didn't think for very long, pulling at the ribbon to open the package after only a few seconds. Taking the lid off released a wave of sugary aromas and chocolate. A pile of six cookies greeted her and Cecilia immediately felt her mouth water.

"These smell incredible!" she exclaimed. Their fragrance was full and warm, almost creamy to her senses. Gently picking one of the baked goods up, Cecilia took a small bite. The sweetness was overwhelming and sent tingles down her spine and goosebumps across her cleavage.

"Mmmm!" she moaned, having to sit down on the bed. It was likely the best cookie she had ever eaten. Setting the box down, she reclined on the bed holding a cookie in one hand and taking another large bite as her eyes fluttered closed.

"Now this is how you spend a Friday..." she giggled, licking a chocolate chip shard from her lip. Each bite she took made butterflies in her belly, filling her with nearly ecstasy levels of happiness. A cookie had never actually made her nipples hard; until now.

Another bite and the cookie was gone, much to Cecilia's displeasure. She frowned at the crumbs resting on the blue fabric pulling over her bust, brushing the pieces into her cleavage to collect them. "Who knew boobs could make such great food-catchers?" she giggled. Something felt different, though. Her laughter felt off as if it had more weight.

Cecilia found herself becoming very aware of her nipples sticking into her padded bra then, as well as the way her shorts hugged her hips and thighs. It's weird how odd clothing can feel when you take a minute to notice how it sits on your body.

Shrugging it off, she reached for another cookie after her tummy rumbled. She didn't need her arm twisted.

"Mmmmm..." she groaned, the softness filling her mouth again. It made her shudder, her body tensing as if she were stretching every muscle at once. "God, these are good!"

In the blink of an eye, the second cookie had disappeared, but Cecilia knew where to get more. While one arm reached for a third, her other snaked up towards her breasts, mindlessly squeezing and kneading the firm mound. It was hard to ignore them when her body was full of this strange pleasure and her nipples were rubbing against her bra.

Her eyes closed in absolute enjoyment, she took small bites of the cookie. Her mammary seemed to fill her hand, even pressing between her fingers. Slowly her pinky ran along the underside of her bra, her mind softly questioning why her underwire was lifting away from her ribs.

"Mmmm..." she moaned softly, knowing the third cookie was nearing its end. Her fingers disappeared into her cleavage and as the final bite entered her mouth her eyes shot open. Looking down almost made her choke on the cookie.

Cecilia's fingers were buried in cleavage that engulfed her hand to her palm, her tits overflowing her bra and shirt, now more of a plunging tank top. Two mounds of flesh heaved on top of her with each rapid breath, the tight indent of her bra disfiguring the jiggling forms.

"W-What the...hell??" she cried out, shocked that she could no longer see her stomach or feet. Running a pinky along the border of her cup she whimpered when it brushed against the puffy border of her exposed areola. "M-M-Mmm!" she uncontrollably moaned.

That was when she felt her cleavage rub against her palm, the tops of her tits slowly rising higher and swallowing more of her hand. "T-They're...*growing*?!" she exclaimed, seeing their bulging forms rise and widen. "I-I--OOOOHHHHH...."

Panic was quickly overcome by a rush of arousal when her shorts snapped tightly against her crotch. Distracted, and blinded, by her chest, Cecilia hadn't noticed her pants growing tighter around her butt and thighs. However, the moment they ran out of stretch, a bolt of pleasure exploded in her head as even the slightest movement rubbed her pussy against an increasing wall of pressure.

"Ooooh what's happening...t-to me...?" she gasped. Cecilia's body was beginning to feel much heavier and bloated than it ever had. Looking past her boobs she could see her ass swelling underneath her and out to the sides, her thighs bulging at the hems of her shorts.

Her gasps turned to pants of anxiety when her tits began expanding into her point of view even more. Staring wide-eyed, her hands flew to the wobbling volleyball boobs straining at her top. Her fingers sank into them like memory foam and Cecilia could swear she could feel her pulse churning in her nipples through the padding of her bra.

Without thinking she reached for another cookie, devouring it in two bites. “O-Ohhh my gosh... I-I...I can feel it!” she cried out, her growth accelerating. Like a faucet slowly being opened her body began to fill out into an increasingly extreme hourglass figure. Her shorts quickly began to strain and pop from the two basketball-sized cheeks shoved into it, her legs gyrating together against her wet crotch.

“T-This...*pressure!!* Oooohhhh it feels so *good!!*” Cecilia gasped aloud. A fifth cookie vanished into her moist lips and crumbs fell into the chasm that was her engorged cleavage. Like two water balloons they filled and swelled on top of her, her t-shirt riding up her belly to act as more of a sports bra. Her actual bra dug and pulled into them as if threatening to constrict them into halves.

She began arching her back, digging her fingers into the bra straps trying to force it apart. “C-Come on...break!” she pleaded, her tits surging forward into sloshing, tightened beach balls.

*SNAP!*

With one deep inhale, Cecilia’s bra broke at the clasps and fell loose across her collarbone. The shock was enough to send ripples through her jiggling masses of flesh when they toppled onto her belly. Her shirt snapped upwards to her face, revealing her tits in all of their growing glory. Her hands could only barely reach her soup can nipples on top of the heaving mounds. Even now without support they still maintained a rounded form, and they were getting rounder.

*RRIIIIIPP!!*

Another sound filled the room when Cecilia's shorts split down the back and sides, an ass twice as wide as her hips gushing outwards and swallowing her panties until they resembled a thong. Her legs had begun to be forced apart by her own thickening thighs. She whimpered when a warm sensation began running over her tits, each nipple gushing a stream of milk like a low-pressure hose. The very sight of her titanic tits leaking like a pair of udders made Cecilia lick her lips.

“Mmmmmmm...*more!*” Cecilia yelled. Reaching for another cookie, she broke it into parts, dabbing each one against her nipples to soak it in her own warm milk before eating it greedily, licking dribbles of milk off her lips each time.

Like a grand finale, her body began to balloon. The bed started to creak under her weight and even her panties starting to protest and cut into her sides. Like two overfilled milk jugs her mammarys swelled and puffed, the pressure building inside of them as Cecilia filled with lactose. If she could just reach her nipples, she knew that she would cum instantly.

*CLICK*

Suddenly the door opened. Cecilia heard footsteps approaching her and she knew it was her husband even if she couldn’t see past the wall of flesh that was her chest. When he appeared at her side, marveling at the engorged form of his wife filling the bed she started to giggle.

He smiled, chuckled to himself even. “Well, I see you found my gift!” Cecilia nodded, licking her lips in thirst and eyeing the bulge in his pants. He continued, “Good thing I saved the rest of the batch for later, huh?”