

Eggnockers



Warm dough mashed between Jacky's slender fingers as she kneaded it on the cutting board, preparing it for the rolling pin and eventual cookie cutters. The sound of footsteps alerted her to her boyfriend, Marco, striding into the room. The air of a relaxing Friday night hung around him like an aura, his motions carefree. She puffed a strand of fallen blonde hair away from her face when she looked up to smile at him.

"Hey, Babe!" he greeted her warmly, planting a kiss on her cheek before making his way to the fridge, "We have any eggnog left?"

"Maybe? I just bought some, but you tend to drink it like it's the last they'll ever make," she teased.

The fridge door opened behind her and Jacky could hear an assortment of glass bottles and plastic containers being rearranged in his search. "Dammit..." he cursed, "I thought mixing it with rum would help it last longer but I think I just go through it even faster!"

Chuckling at his upper-middle-class misfortune, she replied, "I'll pick up some more tomorrow."

"Best girlfriend ever," he accepted, kissing her on the cheek again before turning to leave the kitchen.

"Wait!"

"Yea?"

Jacky felt silly asking, but time was running low and she needed ideas. "What do you want for Christmas?"

Marco raised his eyebrows in surprise. "There are two days left until Christmas and you're asking what I want *now*?"

"I know! I know!" Jacky whined, "I procrastinated again, ok?? Just...help me out! You're *so hard* to buy for." She plucked a small chunk of sugar cookie dough from the mound and ate it with a wink, "I don't suppose a whole plate of cookies could make up for it? I'll let you eat them off whatever you want..."

Enjoying her playful sexual offer, Marco felt he couldn't leave the kitchen without some sort of treat at this point. Stepping behind her, Marco wrapping his arms around her thin waist and hugged her tightly, burying his face into her sugary neck to nibble it gently.

Involuntary shivers ran down her spine, goosebumps an unavoidable side effect of his lips just above her collarbone. Jacky giggled as his hands ran over her front and found her ample breasts, cupping her natural D cups underneath the white apron.

"I can think of *two* things you could give me for Christmas..." Marco teased, squeezing her chest. She hadn't been wearing a bra and her nipples felt firm and perky against his massaging palms.

"Well *those* are a given," Jacky sighed, loving the feeling of her boyfriend manhandling her, "Though you hardly need a holiday for an excuse to get my top off." The bottom of her shirt

lifted up when his hands found their way to her body underneath, Jacky biting her lip when he pinched her eager nipples.

“How about a sexy, naked photo shoot for a present then?” he suggested. “I would love a picture of you in that black push-up bra for my desktop background! Or maybe you tied down helplessly to our bed in that skirt I like so much...”

“Don’t you dare!” Jacky scolded, “Someone *will* see that,” Jacky rejected. Her tone quickly changed back to playful. “But who knows, maybe Santa will stop by and give me a little *boost*,” she breathed deeply and puffed her chest into his hands to simulate a few cups worth of growth in her bust, “I wouldn’t even *need* that push-up bra then! Just imagine another couple inches on these nice...firm...*fuuuull* 32Ds...”

His cock pressed firmly into her backside, talk about her breasts going through another phase of growth always a sure-fire turn on. Squeezing her chest tightly and pulling her into him, he bit her neck once more, looking down at the bulge of cleavage he was creating through the top of her shirt. “Careful with that; it’s a slippery slope! I’ll just end up wanting them even bigger.”

“You don’t say? And here I thought anything larger than my head is too big for you!” Jacky teased, gently wiggling her butt against his cock. His tastes were very simple but quite powerful. Marco had never been a very difficult man to please, something Jacky was thankful for. On more than one occasion she had managed to make him orgasm simply from cooing this sort of teasing, growing-boobs roleplay into his ear while guiding one of his fingers around her bare nipple.

Jacky turned her head to kiss him, not wanting to get too distracted from her cookies before it got too late to cook them. “Go find us a nice movie, I’ll be in once these are in the oven. Maybe I’ll lose my shirt on the way there, too...”

Giving her chest a final squeeze, Marco released his hold and kissed her cheek. “Careful, I hear there’s a wild clothing thief wandering these halls lately. No woman is safe.” He smiling, taking a chunk of cookie dough before leaving her be, an obvious erection showing through his pajama bottoms.

Taking a moment to calm her mind, Jacky returned to the baking task at hand. She frowned slightly, her thoughts quickly returning to the problem that she still had no idea of what to get Marco for Christmas. A quick image flashed through her mind of surprising him with a breast augmentation for herself, but she dismissed it immediately.

“*Pfft*, where would I even get a boob-job in two days?” she asked herself. Jacky was sure he would love the size increase, but wouldn’t be so keen on her losing her all-natural bust. Part of her stomach fluttered at the idea of her chest being larger as well, the years spent joking about it with Marco having left their mark. Being a G or H cup had started to seem appealing to her after only a few rounds of teasing him about it.

Jacky sighed, rolling the dough flat and cutting an assortment of shapes from the sheet. “Gotta figure out something I can give him in two days...” She opened the oven and slid the platter of cookies in to bake, smacking her hands together to shake the flour off. Her breasts wobbled under her shirt from the motion and she looked down at the curve they created on the front of her shirt in dismay before finishing her thought, “Something *besides* hoping for a second dose of puberty. I wish I could just give him exactly what he wanted.”

TING-A-LING

Jacky looked up, certain she had heard a bell ring without a discernible source.

“Hey, I found *It’s a Wonderful Life!*” Marco called from the TV room.

Realizing that it must have just been one of the many bells ringing in the movie, Jacky removed her apron and hung it in the pantry before going to join her boyfriend for what was sure to be a movie filled with a lot of distractions.

TING-A-LING

Jacky was roused from her sleep, the blurry alarm clock next to her head reading just after two in the morning.

TING-A-LING

TING-A-LING

“*Nngh...* What is that... Marco?” she asked groggily, sitting up slightly to see through her blonde hair like a curtain.

SNNRRROORK

Her boyfriend responded with a loud snore by her side. “Ok, guess it can’t be you...”

TING-A-LING

Jacky’s head turned to their bathroom, a light coming from their walk-in closet. “The hell?”

Swinging her legs over the edge of the bed she silently made her way to the closet door, a shuffling coming from the other side as she approached it. At that moment she was wishing she had put on more clothes than just a loose-fitting teddy after the previous night’s sex. Poking her head around the corner, Jacky wasn’t even sure she wasn’t still dreaming.

“What the fuck?!” she cried out, seeing the situation inside.

The floor of her closet was littered with her many bras, piles of padding and lace piled around the carpet along with a few of her panties that were too special to be shoved in a drawer. Among the lingerie carnage stood a small creature about two-feet tall, dressed in green and gold with points ending in bells on his shoes and hat. They continued to jingle as he dug further into her bra shelf until he heard Jacky discover him.

“Ah!” he cried out, quickly turning around. A none-too-modest pink bra was wrapped around the top of his head and draped across the side of his face, a strapless bandeau gripped in his hands.

“*What do you think you’re doing? What even...ARE you??*” Jacky exclaimed, seeing the small creature fumbled around in her undergarments. She turned quickly to Marco, starting to stir from the noise. “Marco! *Marco!*”

“*Shhh shh shh!!*” the small creature quickly hushed, “There’s no need to be frightened!”

“There’s a...a tiny person trying to steal my bras!”

“We prefer to be called elves,” he said matter of factly, removing the bra from his head.

“*Elves?*”

He stood up straight, extending his arms to his side as if to present his wardrobe to her. Jacky could see the points of his ears twitching by the sides of his pointed hat. Looking down at himself then back to her, he said, “Well, *an* elf, in this case, I guess. Singular!”

Jacky stared at him for a moment, unable to make sense of the tiny man standing in the middle of her entire bra collection. “Ha... Ha!” she laughed suddenly, “This is a joke, right? You look like you jumped straight out of a Rudolf cartoon! Gotta say, your costume designer needs to be a bit more imaginative.”

“Hey, this is the traditional elf uniform! Mrs. Claus works hard on these!” he piped, picking up one of her bras from the floor. “And you’re one to talk; got enough lace? Branch out a little!” He wagged a finger at her chest, “Surprised the puppies aren’t chaffing from all this!”

“I-I--” Jacky didn’t know what to say, crossing her arms over her bust to cover her nipples through the sheer fabric. “Get out of here before I call the cops!”

“Sure thing! Soon as we talk about that wish you made.”

“What...*What* wish?! What asylum did you escape from??”

The elf waved his hands, stepping over the piles of bras. “Ahhhh, let’s start over. I’m Laramy! Tenth generation elf from the North Pole, Divison of Wishes. Nice to meet you!” He held out a tiny hand and grinned sweetly, so much so that it gave Jacky’s teeth a sugar ache.

“Uh... Nice to meet you?” She shook his hand loosely, his entire fist fitting in her palm. “What’s with all the--”

“Oh, the bras! Sorry, I’m sorry. I really didn’t mean for us to meet yet. I just wanted to get a feel for what I was working with!” Laramy chimed. He picked up one from his feet, holding it out in front of him to inspect it. “I gotta say, with the wish you made, I really wasn’t expecting them to be so big already!” Nodding towards Marco, Laramy added, “He must be a thirsty man, am I right?”

Jacky stammered for a moment before quickly taking the bra from his hands. “Give me that! I don’t see what my bra size has anything to do with--”

“It’s got everything to do with this! You wished to give your boyfriend exactly what he wanted for Christmas! And lucky you, and him, your wish was picked!”

“*Picked?*” Jacky was positive that she had to be dreaming at this point.

“Ehhh, it’s kind of a Christmas lottery. Only way to make it fair. That kid who wanted world peace was *so close* this year, too!” Laramy shrugged, “Maybe next year. This year it’s all about those boobs of yours!”

She was starting to feel a little uncomfortable now, as well as wondering what took her so long to feel that way, considering the tiny man standing in the middle of her bras talking about her breasts. “Please, just, go away. I don’t know what this is about. I’m not interested.”

“Sorry! Non-returnable!” Laramy chuckled, “Part of the ‘Careful What You Wish For Act of 1045’. It’s already been done.”

“W-What’s already been done?!” Jacky rapidly asked, unwrapping her arms and looking down at her body. Everything looked intact.

“Calm down, calm down...” Laramy soothed her, bells on his wrists jingling. “You’re getting exactly what you wished for: what your boyfriend wants for Christmas.”

“*What does that mean??*”

“In general? It means you’re going to be having some growth up top! Though I can’t really say how much; that’s more up to the two of you!”

“M-My chest?? What’s going to happen to my breasts?!”

“You really need to calm down! Eat a candy cane and enjoy the season!” the elf chuckled, “But to put it in some not-so-clear-terms: *Bigger and bigger you’ll fill, breasts swelling with Christmas cheer; the greater your joy the greater your bust, the growth final by Christmas Day!*”

“.....*WHAT??*”

“I hope you enjoy your wish! That goes for that lucky man out there as well!” Laramy winked, pointing past the hyperventilating woman, “I gotta get back to the Big Man, still some work to do before the big day.” He looked around his feet at all the bras, picking up a hot-pink push-up bra that she liked to wear with low-cut shirts. “Would you mind if I took this? Not that you’ll be needing it much after tonight anyways!” he laughed slinging it over his shoulders while she stared dumbfounded. “It’s been a pleasure, Jacky; Merry Christmas!”

TING-A-LING

With a final jingle, the elf was gone, leaving Jacky alone in her closet with a mess of bras. She looked around, not even sure she had seen him leave by any means; Laramy had simply disappeared from her sight. Slowly her mind started to make sense of the situation, sleep still present in her mind.

“Guess no more cookie dough before bed...” she told herself, turning off the light and leaving the mess for the morning, “Turns me into a sleepwalker.” The elf seemed so

unbelievable at this point that her mind simply rejected it as anything but fiction and a part of her drowsy mind. Climbing back into bed, Jacky wrapped her arms around her bust, the elf's words ringing in her mind as she fell back asleep only minutes later.

Rolling over in his early-morning stupor, Marco wrapped an arm around Jacky as she lay next to him. Habitually, his hand rested on her chest with a gentle grip.

"Mmmm... Hands off the merchandise..." Jacky groaned, feeling his palm squeezing her softly in his sleep. One of his fingers pressed into her nipples causing it to firm into a small point. "*Nngh*...Don't press the ignition buttons unless you're going to take the car for a ride..." she warned him again.

His hand felt somewhat small against her breast this morning, Marco's large palm not cupping her curves like it usually did. It felt as if a larger amount of her flesh was bulging over the edges of his hand and fingers than what was normal.

The clock told her it was a little after ten o'clock, her head feeling like it was closer to six or seven. Fighting to keep her eyes open, she rolled away from Marco's now-snoring form and dangled her feet off the bed. Standing up, Jacky was greeted with a symphony of popping joints in her feet and legs, her lingerie from the night before sitting askew on her body like it always did after sleep. It hardly phased her, Jacky pulling the top of her teddy away from her body to replace her breasts in the correct spot.

The laced-fabric still didn't feel right on her, the bralette-like cups refusing to cradle her chest as it normally did. An increased amount of cleavage greeted her when she looked down to give the situation more attention, her first thought one of the apparent increase in size her mammaries had undergone.

"Huh..." she inspected, lifting them slightly from underneath, "Definitely weren't that big last night. If I had been, Marco would have been all over them. Even more than usual..."

The mirror helped her to gauge the difference in her body, just over a cup size looking to have been bestowed upon her breasts. "Did I eat something salty yesterday? I'm retaining water like a sponge!" Jacky shrugged it off, happy to give her boyfriend a small surprise to wake up to; he loved it when she had a little extra on top, however long it lasted. When she started to brush her teeth they wobbled back and forth like balloons in hammocks, a nipple poking free of her top.

"Morning..." Marco greeted her, stumbling into the bathroom. Lazily he wrapped his arms around her from behind and kissed the back of her head before leaning most of his weight on her.

"Don't phall ashlep," she warned through her foamy toothpaste, giggling before adding, "As tired as you are from last night..."

“Mmmm, that was fun. You should bake more often; I had fun finding all the spots of sugar you spilled on yourself.” He reached up and grasped her breasts, eyeing her peeking nipple in the mirror, “Makes your cleavage taste sweeter!”

Jacky felt his hands stop their massaging, changing to a more curious and inspecting squeeze as he looked over her shoulder at the heap of breast flesh filling his hands. “Oooh, they’re kind of swollen this morning!” he teased.

Shooing his hands away, Jacky escaped his hold to spit into the sink. “I thought you would like that!” she grinned in the mirror, “Enjoy it while it lasts.”

“I always do...” Stepping forward he hugged her tightly, her chest compressed between them like a pillow when he kissed her. “Period boobs?”

“N--Ugh, *please* brush your teeth!” she gasped, unable to answer him, “No enlarged boobs until I can be within three feet of you and be able to breathe!”

“Yea yea, I’ll do it...”

Marco walked into their closet to find his pajama bottoms and a shirt before going downstairs to eat. “Hey, Jacky...” he called.

Appearing at the doorway a moment later, a brush going through her hair, she responded, “Yea--”

The floor was littered with all of her bras, an assortment of both suave and colorful lace painting the carpet. Marco stood to the side, looking at the lingerie explosion. “Did you...do this?”

“Uh...No, at least I don’t think so...” she replied. Something incredibly foggy was nagging her in the back of her mind. Jacky felt like she knew the reason behind the bras, but couldn’t put her finger on it. “M-Maybe? I feel like I had one of those weird half-awake dreams.”

Marco raised an eyebrow and snickered. “Yea? Got a hot date with your dream guy you just had to find the right bra for?”

“Maybe I thought there was a spider hiding in there, I don’t know! Dreams are weird!” she threw up her hands, “Just step over them and I’ll clean them up.”

Within the half hour, they were downstairs sharing breakfast in front of the TV. Marco’s eyes, however, were more focused on his girlfriend’s robe than the screen. The neckline seemed to refuse to stay closed, a spread of cleavage seemingly on display whenever he looked. He also noticed that her free hand was often squeezing herself or gently pushing on their sides as if to massage them through her robe.

“All right there?” he asked.

“Hmm?” she looked at him, a mouth full of cereal.

Marco pointed to her chest where a hand was still gently massaging it. “There.”

“Oh!” she gasped, realizing that she had been playing with her chest, “I didn’t even notice!” Her spoon clattered into her bowl as she set it down, bringing both hands to the sides of her breasts to push and massage them, wincing slightly. “They feel *really* swollen. I could swear they’re actually *way* heavier than normal, too.”

The erection she saw inside Marco’s pajama bottoms was instant and gratifying, Jacky quickly realizing how sexual her words must have sounded to him and saw a chance to have a little fun.

“Yea?” he asked, his eyes glued to her chest.

Nodding, she continued, “Mhm... A-And...I’m not joking here, but they feel...*full*.” Jacky squeezed her tits again, looking down at them curiously filling her hands. “God they’re big this morning...”

“Maybe we should measure you,” Marco suggested with a smile, “Remember how fun that was in high school?”

“It was fun for *you*! You got to watch me pop out of my bra every other week, meanwhile, I had to actually deal with buying new underwear and the sore tits!”

“Ahh admit it, you enjoyed it too. Remember that night you tried to put on your old training bra?”

“Shut up!” Jacky laughed, remembered her mammaries bulging out of the much-too-small spandex, “Don’t you have weekend chores or something to do??”

“I do, I do...” Marco looked at her slyly, “And you know what’s at the top of my list?”

“No, what...?”

“Giving your chest a good inspection!”

Before Jacky could retaliate, Marco had lunged at her and pulled open the front of her robe to reveal her breasts. “W-Wai--*ooooohhhhhh*....” Any will to push him away melted into nothing when his lips found their way around her pink nipple. At first, it was just playful sucking, but then Jacky could feel her breasts pushing into his head with their increased size, their curves nearly covering his face as he pressed into them.

“O-Ooohh!!” she gasped, Marco suckling harder on her engorged, pinky-sized nipple. “Oh, that feels good... *Really* good...”

A few moan-filled minutes later, just as Jacky was beginning to think she might end up naked on the living room floor, Marco pulled away. “They look fine to me,” he laughed, “You may carry on with your day.”

“O-Oh, thank...you...” she said slowly, her nipple plump and flared in arousal.

Marco licked his lips curiously, eyeing the still exposed nipple on her F-cup breasts. “Did you put some kind of lotion on this morning or something?”

“No, why?” A part of her really wanted Marco to leave so she could explore her nipples and their seemingly-new sensitivity, while another part wanted him to suck on them for the rest of the day.

“Nothing, I just have this sweet taste in my mouth is all,” he observed, licking his lips again. “Never really tasted that from them before.”

Jacky giggled, leaning towards him to plant a kiss on his lips. “Guess you just missed some sugar from last night! Now go do your chores. The garage is a mess.”

“If I go, can I give you another inspection later?”

“Mmmmmmaybe. We’ll see.”

“Good enough for me!” Marco accepted, getting up and putting their bowls in the sink. “Love you!” he called, going to change into work clothes.

“Love you too,” Jacky called back, eyeing the breasts falling out of her robe. They were clearly larger than her normal size, almost concerningly so. What had previously been two grapefruits were starting to look like large coconuts on her torso, their shape much more pronounced and rounded. A fingertip gently poked the surface of her left tit, her skin firm under the force. “Why do they feel so full...?” she whispered, thinking back to when her friend had been pregnant and lactating. Jacky traced a finger along a vein that hadn’t been there the previous night. “T-They almost look...*engorged*...”

Marco spent the next few hours tidying his garage and replacing some of the ice melt on their driveway and sidewalk. Whenever he would enter the house to snack or warm himself up a little, Jacky was always scarce. Although whenever he saw or heard her, something told him that her attitude was slowly sliding downhill. Her footsteps seemed increasingly frustrated and heavy, random grunts coming from whatever room she occupied.

When his work came to an end, Marco knew that there was nothing left as an excuse to keep him away from Jacky. Taking a deep breath to prepare himself for finding out why she had become so frustrated, he opened the door and stepped into the kitchen.

Jacky was standing over the sink washing the bowls from that morning’s breakfast. “Hey, Babe!” Marco called out, standing behind her and hoping her sour mood was all in his mind. “What time was that Christmas Eve party supposed to be tomorrow tonight?” Out of habit, and hoping the embrace would help, he wrapped his arms around her midsection to hug her from behind. It was almost startling when he felt her breasts rubbing against his elbows on either side.

“Not right now.” Jacky tried to brush his arms off, ignoring his question.

“What’s the matter?” he asked, releasing his hold and stepping back.

Jacky continued to wash, her chest visibly wobbling back and forth even from Marco's view from behind, her blonde hair done up in a tight bun. "*Ugh!* Dammit!" she burst out suddenly.

"What is it?"

Jacky put the bowl in the sink and leaned on the edge to take a deep breath before turning to face her boyfriend. As she did, Marco's eyes widened when he saw how swollen her chest had become. It looked twice its normal size, two rounded H-cup breasts resting on the torso of a girl that measured only thirty inches around.

"T-They're still getting bigger!" she cried, looking at Marco worriedly, "Look at them! I-I keep hitting my arms against them every time I raise them up! Breasts aren't supposed to...*balloon* like this!"

Seeing that his girlfriend had become concerned about her sudden swelling, Marco thought it best to stop ogling the enlarged tits staring him in the face. It was obvious that Jacky had put on one of her larger shirts in a failing attempt to hide her burgeoning size. "Do you feel ok? Should we go see a doctor?"

"Well, they don't really hurt at all..." she said timidly. Bringing both hands to her mammaries, Jacky cupped them and pressed slightly, "B-But they feel *really* tight. Even fuller than they did this morning..." Looking back at him she added, "Do you *see* how round they look?? That's not because of some bra I'm wearing; I'm in the biggest sports bra I have right now!"

Marco gulped, the sight of her hands overloaded with her own breasts driving him crazy. He opened his arms with a goofy smile, something that always worked. "Would a hug help?"

Jacky backed away from him a little. "Oh, please no. I feel like I'm drenching this bra in boob-sweat enough as it is; you don't want to hug this. It feels soaked."

"Try taking a nice shower and getting some fresh clothes on!" he suggested. "Little heat might help the swelling go down. I'm assuming you don't want to try ice."

"*Please* no. But yea, maybe you're right..." Jacky shrugged, "I'll try a shower."

They exchanged a small hug before she left the kitchen for their bedroom, Marco picking up the dishes where she had left off. No sooner had he grabbed the brush when he heard a loud scream come from their bathroom.

"*Ahhhh!*"

Leaving the water running, Marco dashed for their room, finding Jacky standing in front of the bathroom mirror in her sports bra. The sports-wear looked filled past capacity, two melon-sized breasts overflowing its top and sides. On the front, two large wet spots had formed over two amply-sized bumps where her nipples should be, the fabric soaked down to the band wrapping around her ribs.

Watching with unblinking eyes, Marco saw her grip the sports bra with shaking hands, struggling to stretch it over her chest and finally her head. When her boobs fell free, each slightly smaller than her head, Jacky's mouth opened to release another scream when she looked down at herself.

"A-Ahhh!! What the HELL?!" Small droplets of fluid were forming on the ends of nipples engorged to the thickness of Marco's thumbs, a small stream beginning to form as the fluid ran over her underboob and down her stomach. "Am I fucking *leaking*?!!? What's happening to me?!"

Quickly turning to Marco, her face pleaded for help. "What's going on...??" she cried slower, looking more stunned now, "W-Why am I leaking milk?"

Feeling ample concern for Jacky, Marco stepped forward slowly and took her hand. "Let me look at them, ok? Whatever it is, you're going to be fine."

"O-Ok..."

Marco bent down to be eye level with her chest, each moist nipple staring him in the face like tiny pink faucets. Her skin looked taut and smooth, new veins he had never seen before running over her surface in pleasing, pale-blue shades. He lifted a finger to her nipples slowly, brushing against its puffy surface as gently as possible.

"O-Oh!" she shivered.

"Sorry!"

"N-No, they're just...r-really sensitive..."

Marco pulled his finger away, the tip covered in Jacky's leaking fluid. "It doesn't look like milk..." Much to her distaste, he smelled it next with a curious look on his face. "Hang on."

"Did you just *sniff* my boo--" Jacky stopped when he licked the tip of his finger. "EW!"

Marco's face brightened, his eyes looking at the swollen breasts in front of him. "Jacky, you're not going to believe this. It's *eggnog*."

"Shut up."

"No, really! It tastes just like eggnog!"

"No, really, *shut up!*" she yelled, "Do you hear yourself? Women don't lactate *eggnog*; that's idiotic! How would that even make sense outside of some perverted, fetis--"

Marco cut her off, plucking some drops from her nipple and sticking his finger in her open mouth. Her eyes widened, stupefied when she tasted it. "Holy shit it's eggnog." Jacky blinked a few times, the sweet taste still on her tongue. "Why the *fuck* are my tits leaking eggno--OOOOHHHHHHH...."

Without warning, Marco had latched onto one of her breasts, his hand groping the other and squeezing it like a giant stress ball. "A-Ah! *Ahh!*" Jacky gasped, feeling fluid flow freely from her nipples for the first time. Eggnog flooded Marco's thirsty mouth, her nipples throbbing between his lips and fingers.

They started to stumble to their bed, Marco pushing her backward and gazing at the two wobbling tits that threatened to strike her chin should they grow any larger. “P-Please, suck more!” she begged, holding her engorged tits together and towards him, “They feel so full! P-Please suck them dry! It feels so good...”

Marco couldn't control himself anymore, the only thing he did before taking off his own clothes being ripping off Jacky's pants. He crawled between her legs, feeling her moist crotch rubbing against his shaft as his lips met with her nipples once more.

“O-Oh!! P-Please, Marco! Suck my swollen tits!” Jacky begged, pulling his head into her chest. He was happy to oblige, filling his mouth with gulp after gulp of her eggnog. She was so lost in the pleasure of her breasts gushing their contents that the sensation of Marco sliding inside her pussy was almost lost.

“God you're so big...” he moaned, massaging her breasts. They had grown too large for his hands to grasp even halfway, the thought of her swollen tits enough to nearly drive him to orgasm.

“T-They feel *enormous*. Fuck me...F-Fuck me and suck me...*nnggh*...until you can't suck a-anymore! God, why do they feel so heavy still?!”

Marco started to thrust his hips, arching his back so he could stay latched onto her breast. It seemed like every time he swallowed an even greater pressure was waiting to replenish his thirst, Jacky's swollen nipples filling his mouth with fluid slightly faster each time.

“Ooooh they're so full...*so full*...” she moaned, rubbing their sides. She stared at them lustfully, tracing a vein with her finger. “W-Why is this happening to m--*N-Nnggh!!!*” Jacky could feel Marco's cock starting to pulse and thicken inside of her, his body reaching its limit with so much stimulation. It caused him to suck harder, gripping the sides of her chest and pushing them together to suck both nipples at once and push more eggnog out. The increased stress on her nipples driving Jacky's mind into overdrive, part of her vision actually blurring from the pressure he applied to her engorged udders.

“OOOOOOHHHH GOD!” she yelled, “Yes! *YES!!!*”

Marco tensed on top of her, his fingers digging into her firm tits as they both came. Moments later the room was filled with their heavy breathing as well as the scent of eggnog.

“Feel...better?” Marco asked, grinning wide at the large tits cradling his head.

“So much better...” she moaned, “B-But they haven't really gone down... What if it's not...you know...*done*?”

“Mmmm, then I guess I'll just have to suck you dry all over again.”

The thought alone sent chills of arousal down Jacky's spine. Marco laughed a little then, making Jacky ask, “What's so funny?”

“Nothing, it's just... It's funny! You were worried about what to get me for Christmas, but here it is!” He laughed again, “Bigger tits and eggnog! Exactly what I wanted.”

Jacky laughed, but stopped suddenly, a fuzzy memory coming back to her. “No... There’s no way...” she whispered.

“Huh?”

“N-Nothing.” Jacky had a faint idea of why this was happening to her chest, but it was too crazy to say aloud, the memory itself too ridiculous to even consider.

The two went on about the rest of their day, Marco often taking a moment to look at Jacky’s chest when she wouldn’t notice. She had seemed better after their round of sex and Marco’s thirst draining her of eggnog, but as time went on it looked as though her chest was quickly returning to its previous size and continuing to swell even larger.

“O-Oh...*nnggh*...” Jacky would groan from time to time.

“What is it? Chest?”

“Y-Yea, I think...I-I’m getting full again...” she would say worriedly, holding her enlarged bust tenderly. Jacky would then disappear for a length of time in the bathroom, where Marco assumed she was emptying her breasts. As this process repeated itself, it seemed that with each iteration her mammaries would engorge fuller and faster, the length of time she spent emptying herself growing as well.

By the time they were ready for bed, Jacky had made a total of six trips to the bathroom sink, her breasts now a swollen pair of melons that hung past her elbows and had overtaken her head in size. She collapsed into bed next to Marco in a huff, her arms wrapped across her front to help stabilize their masses as she lay down.

“Still filling up?” he asked, gazing at how they stretched out even her biggest night-shirt.

“Yes! And they’re *still* not stopping!” she complained, looking at them in despair. “I can’t even see my feet over them now!”

“And you’re sure you don’t want to go see someone?”

“Honestly I have no idea... On one hand, my tits are more than triple what I’m used to. On the other, how crazy am I going to look when I tell them I’m leaking eggnog from my nipples? *God*, why eggnog?! I’m not even supposed to be lactating! Let alone lactating a holiday beverage!”

“Guess they just know what I like!” Marco laughed. Not seeing her serious expression change, he redirected the conversation. “Maybe you just need to sleep it off. They could be better by morning!”

“I really hope so. They’re *so* big, Marco.”

“You don’t need to tell me...” He licked his lips, seeing her nipples prodding the shirt like pink thimbles.

“Don’t get any ideas. They always fill up faster when you play with them. I really don’t know how much larger I could take...”

“Come ooon...”

“No! Go to bed. If I’m lucky, my tits will let me sleep through the night without needing to be emptied.” Jacky sighed heavily before adding, “I love you.”

“Love you too, Babe.” They kissed and turned the lights off before going to sleep, Marco wishing he could sneak an arm around Jacky’s side.

“Mmmm....”

A sound pulled Marco part way from his sleep, his vision blurry in the dim light of the early morning.

“*N-Nnnnghhhmmmmm...*”

“Jacky?” he called out softly, hearing it coming from her side of the bed.

“*O-Ooohhhh... Tight...*”

The memories of the previous day came flooding back, Marco quickly remembering what had been happening to his girlfriend’s bosom. He bolted upright, looking at Jacky with great concern. He was so stunned that he almost fell backward out of bed.

The sheets had slid down to Jacky’s navel to reveal a gargantuan-sized bust. It looked like at some point they had outgrown her top and forced it above them where it sat bunched under her arms. Two basketball-sized knockers were resting large and firm on top of Jacky’s body, their shapes tight and rounded, peaked by nipples as thick as a roll of quarters. The tightness of her skin made him gulp, soft veins running over her surface making it look like she was about to blow as thin streams of eggnog ran from the tips of her nipples and over her sides. Even in the dim light, Marco could see that Jacky’s sleeping face looked strained, her cheeks flushed pink as if aroused and her mouth open to release pleased moans. A hand was clenched by her head when the other rested on her bare stomach, pressed against the bottom of a breast, while under her back he could see a large wet spot had formed on the sheet.



“So...tight...” she moaned in her sleep.

“Jacky, Jacky!” Marco said, trying to wake her. He pressed her shoulder gently, his cock rejoicing when her tits wobbled on top of her like two large water balloons. Looking at the fluid flowing from her nipples he realized he was parched, his mouth dry from a night of snoring.

Without a second thought, Marco leaned over and latched onto her left breast.

“Ahhhhh...!” Jacky cried in her sleep, her body tensing while Marco’s mouth suctioned her nipple. His hand made its way to her other tit to slowly massage it in hopes to help relieve the pressure surging inside of her.

“Too tight!!” she cried out, Marco surprised she hadn’t yet woken up. After a full night of engorging, her mammaries were gushing eggnog into his mouth like a hose, filling it so quickly that he almost couldn’t swallow fast enough.

“My ti--M-Marco!!” Jacky screamed, waking up suddenly, “G-Get off me!!”

Jumping back to his side of the bed, Marco wiped his mouth on the back of his hand. “Sorry! You looked like you were about ready to pop!”

She hadn’t seemed to hear him, her eyes locked on the arm-filling about of boob in front of her. “H-Holy...crap! Look at me!”

“You should have seen them before I emptied you a little...”

“Not another word,” she threatened, pointing a finger at him with a stern stare, trying to hide her arousal. “You stay away from my tits. I swear the more you touch them and t-the more you...nng...drink my eggnog, the faster they fill and bigger they grow the next time!”

“Why would that--”

“Don’t ask how I know! B-But something tells me that I need to keep you away from them until tomorrow. It’s going to be hard enough living with them being *this* big.”

“Come on, you act like they’re not temporary or somethi--”

“They’re *not*, Marco! This becomes permanent as soon as that clock hits midnight tonight!”

Marco snickered, “Ok, Cinderella. What fairy granted that wish?”

“Elf, actually.”

“What?”

“Nothing. Just...don’t touch them until tomorrow, all right??” Jacky started to get out of bed, her knockers hitting the tops of her thighs when she bent over. “O-Oooh, they’re still really full... And the sheets are *soaked!* The hell did you do to me in my sleep?!”

“You did most of that on your own! You were leaking like a rusted pipe!”

“I don’t wanna hear it. Not another word. No more eggnog. Tits are closed until further notice. God, they’re big...” Jacky moaned, wobbling her way to the bathroom.

Marco listened closely to her nipples emptying slowly into the sink. “Such a waste...”

Never before had Marco had to go an entire day where he was banned from touching Jacky’s breasts. Neither had he ever actually realized just how much he actually touched and played with them either. Every time they were within arms distance he found he was having to restrain himself from grabbing them. This was mostly through habit, although it also had a little to do with how large they had become after his sucking that morning.

It was hard to deny Jacky’s argument that drinking her eggnog accelerated her growth, especially after they seemed to balloon another two or three inches larger by the time breakfast was done. Now, watching his girlfriend stumble around the house trying to manage a pair of breasts resembling watermelons, it was all he could do to hold his hands back.

Still, despite Jacky’s ban, her chest continued to swell only at a slower pace. Her breasts required that they be emptied almost every hour, Jacky always returning from the bathroom looking like she had just finished a fast-paced run. Time after time Marco watched her go to relieve her pressure, the urge to suck her himself growing stronger each trip. However, as night began to set on Christmas Eve, he found that her tits were the present he was looking most forward to unwrapping in the morning.

“Hey, you gonna be ready to go in twenty minutes?” Jacky asked, snapping him out of his thoughts in front of the TV.

“Wha--huh? Go where?”

“My grandma’s Christmas party!”

“Really? You still want to go??” Marco asked, surprised. “And do we have to? It’s always just a bunch of old church people...”

“I have to. I’m the only family of hers that lives in the state.”

“But what about...” Marco pointed a finger between each of the breasts trying to drag her to the floor.

“Yea, I know. They’re *huge*,” Jacky sighed, lifting her hands to them helplessly, “But I’m stuck at this size at a minimum I think... So I might as well step out into the world now before it becomes even more shocking.”

“T-They’re going to always be that size?”

“And they’re going to *stay* this size so long as no one touches them until tomorrow, got it?” she reminded him.

“And you’re going to be all right when they get too full in an hou--”

“I really don’t know, Marco!” Jacky snapped out of frustration, “I-I was able to drain them and keep their size down yesterday, but today...i-it’s been a lot harder. It’s like the closer it gets to Christmas the quicker they fill, a-and if I don’t get to them fast enough...” She looked at him worriedly, “I feel like I’m losing control of their growth.”

“Again, I have no idea where you’re getting all this ‘Christmas’, and ‘permanent at midnight’ stuff from. I feel like there’s a story you’re not telling me.”

“You wouldn’t believe it if I told you.”

“I wouldn’t have believed eggnog could leak from a pair of tits before yesterday either!” Marco laughed, “From my point of view it’s a Christmas miracle!”

“Yea, that’s why I’m keeping you away from them. Now go get dressed. Ugliest Christmas sweater you have.”

“Can I help you change into yours?”

“No.”

Within the hour they had arrived at Jacky’s Grandma’s house, the driveway and street filled with other cars belonging to her friends. Marco looked at his girlfriend in the passenger seat, still messing with her sweater.

“I look ridiculous in this thing...” she moaned.

“It’s not *that* bad.”

Jacky tugged on the collar again, trying to cover what she could of her cleavage. Despite her best efforts, the sweater refused to stretch over her bust anymore. The collar that should have been hugging her collarbones was pulled across the tops of her tits, nearly a full foot of cleavage on display as it bulged from the top. The fabric had to lend itself to her bust so much that it had ridden up her tummy, making it look like she had chosen to wear some kind of erotic, low-cut-Christmas-themed belly sweater with a pair of overgrown melons shoved down her front.

“Trust me, it’s bad.” She assured. “Let’s just get this over with. Maybe we can leave before I have to milk myself again. I don’t want to spend twenty minutes in front of a sink in my Grandma’s bathroom tugging on my tits.”

“I could always hel--”

SLAM!

The passenger door slammed shut before Marco could finish, Jacky bouncing up the steps to get away from his horniness. “She *really* needs a drink...” he guessed.

Marco followed her inside, dodging the countless elderly partygoers that crowded the hallways and kitchen. His suspicions were confirmed when she stopped to pour a glass of wine for herself in the dining room.

“Jacky dear! So good to see--*whoa*.” An elderly woman had stopped in her tracks, her shocked eyes larger than the glasses she wore.

“Hi, Grandma...” Jacky said timidly, hunching down as if it might hide her swollen chest.

“Y-You’ve grown so much since I last saw you!” she stammered. “You’re not one of those girls all full of silicone now are you??”

“No, Grandma, just been doing lots of yoga,” Jacky lied.

Grandma eyed the tits larger than the hams she had cooked earlier that day. “Yoga, huh... Well, enjoy yourself, dear! And you too, Mario!”

“It’s Marco, Grandma.”

“Of course!” She leaned in and patted the top of Jacky’s chest, her cleavage jiggling in response as she whispered, “He must be a *very* happy man, hmm?”

Jacky’s face flushed red in embarrassment, at least four of her Grandmother’s friends having seen her pat the top of her chest. Marco felt like his pant’s zipper was about to burst open. “G-Grandma!”

“Oh, I’ve embarrassed you...” Grandma sighed, “Ok, I’ll leave you two alone to mingle.” She left, passing by Marco on the way and leaned on his shoulder to whisper, “Make sure you give her lots of back rubs. That helped me when I was a youngin’ and had my own hooters.”

In an instant his erection was reduced to nothing, unwanted images flooding Marco’s mind. “Thanks for the...advice,” he accepted.

“This was a mistake...” Jacky said after her Grandmother had left, already refilling her glass and taking a large drink. “I can feel seven different old-man eyes staring at me right now.”

“Seven?”

“Two of them lost an eye in the war, I think.”

“That still doesn’t add up!”

Jacky ignored his confusion, drinking more of her wine as people walked by and said hello, their greetings most often directed to her bust with wide eyes. “This sucks...” she moaned, “I’m a walking pair of tits at this point! The old ladies think I’m some bimbo, and the old men are hoping I spill something down my sweater!”

“Maybe you should slow down on the wine,” Marco offered. “You know you can’t handle it too well.”

“My boobs are a couple of eggnog-filled balloons and it’s Christmas Eve. I’ll do--*hic*--whatever I want.”

Marco shrugged, seeing a half-empty bottle of rum next to the bottles of wine. “If you can’t beat ‘em...”

The night wore on, Jacky and Marco drinking much and eating little. The effects were most obvious on Jacky, her slender body never being one to handle alcohol well. Marco had a much higher tolerance, though it didn’t matter much when he discovered the bowl of eggnog at the buffet table piled high with an assortment of food.

“Not as good as Jacky’s...” he sighed, sipping from another glass spiked with rum, beginning to feel tipsy himself. Initially, he had planned on only having a little, but having his mind clouded helped him converse with the multitude of elderly strangers around him. It also helped distract him from the wobbling pair of udders stretching his girlfriend’s sweater.

That is until the eggnog bowl ran dry. “Hmmm...” he hummed, his Christmas thirst still very real.

“Can you believe how little some sweaters stretch nowadays?! I could barely fit this thing over my boobs! You wouldn’t believe how small I was only--*hic!*--yesterday!”

He looked across the room to see Jacky leaning heavily on a chair, talking in a loud voice with an elderly person he was almost positive Jacky didn’t know. It looked like her sweater was about to burst at the seams, as did Jacky’s cleavage. Her tits had grown to an entirely new size, a hint of her areolas peeking over the collar of the sweater for the room to see. He looked down at the straight rum in his glass and cracked a drunken smile, feeling drunk and thirsty.

“Jacky, hey, Jacky,” he said, approaching his girlfriend.

“Oh hey! I was just telling this nice lady how hard it was to get this thing over my--”

“I’m so sorry about her,” Marco apologized to the shocked woman. He noticed a book of hymns in her hand and assumed she had just come from Christmas Eve service. “Jacky, could you come with me real quick?”

“Uh, ok...” she eyed him suspiciously. The wine has helped to dampen her anger over her breasts, but it was still lingering in the back of her mind.

Marco led her through the crowd to her Grandma’s walk-in pantry, leaving the door ajar behind them. Looking around and taking another sip from her drink, Jacky started to ask, “What are we doing in he--”



Her mouth dropped open, Marco pulling down the front of her sweater in a swift motion. A large, puffy nipple sprang free into the open air, a glimmer of eggnog appearing on its tip through the stimulation. Marco licked his lips, seeing that she had filled a considerable amount since her last milking, each breast much larger than her head and resting firm and round on her torso in their engorged state. Her face turned into an angry scowl, her mouth falling open in surprised irritation when Marco gripped her erect nipple and squeezed it to release a gush of eggnog into his waiting cup.

“What the *HELL* do you think you’re doing?!” she yelled, shivering as she felt fluid flow from her body. Her chest had begun to feel incredibly full in the last ten minutes and it was a welcome relief, but she didn’t much appreciate Marco’s forwardness. “You didn’t even close the door! Someone--*HIC!!*--could see!!”

“But they ran out of eggnog!” Marco explained, eyeing his filling cup through a rum-clouded mind.

“So you thought you could just...*nnnnngggh*...j-just *take* some of *mine*??” she demanded, “I’m not a dairy cow! And I told you, no t-touching them until...u-until... O-Ooh...” she moaned, the sweet release of pressure flooding her mind. “S-Stop... Marco, you’re gonna..gonna make them... Mmmm... God, I was getting full...”

“There we go!” Marco said happily, taking a swig of eggnog before replacing the sweater. Jacky moaned when he had to stuff her nipple back into the fabric, her legs feeling like the may buckle from alcohol and pleasure.

“Sorry, Sorry,” Marco apologized, “I won’t touch them again. I know you--”

“Marco... You want some *more*?”

“Huh?”

Jacky stepped towards him, the alcohol inhibiting her ability to remember her dire situation. Pulling down her sweater she revealed both her nipples, pressing her leaking chest into Marco’s stunned body. “I said; do you want some *moooooore*?”

Marco stared at her bare chest filling the gap between them like two airbags. In a flash, he set his cup down on a shelf and gripped both of her nipples to suck them simultaneously.

“*Aaaahhhh!!*” Jacky cried out, feeling her judgment completely give way to her base urges. “God I’m *SO FULL!!* I’ve been full *aaaaall daaaaaay!*” She hugged Marco’s head into her bust as he looked up to see her gasping face flushed pink in arousal and drunkenness.

“T-Take me home, Marco. Take me home, tie me to the bed and fuck me so hard my swollen tits hit my face. I *REALLY* need to be emptied, and--*hic*--doing it myself...j-just isn’t as good...”

It took all of Marco’s self-control to resist taking Jacky there in the pantry. With a few taps on his phone, he summoned an Uber to take them home before pulling the door closed. Twenty minutes later, they stepped out of the heated room with their heads in a sexual fog. Jacky waved a sloppy goodbye to her Grandma while being led out the back door on Marco’s shoulder, her nipples threatening to pop free any second.

“Oh my...”, her grandma said, looking in the pantry after they left to see a large puddle of eggnog on the floor.

Marco threw their front door open, nearly denting the wall in his hurry.

“H-Hurry,” Jacky begged, two large wet spots soaking the front of her sweater from Marco’s teasing in the pantry. “O-Oohh, my tits feel s-soooo *full* of all this eggnog...! I really thought I could keep it under c-control, but...*nnngh*...it’s--*hic*--getting to be unbearable!”

They stumbled into their bedroom, Jacky falling onto the bed with such force that a tear formed on the front of her sweater where the stress was greatest from her cleavage. She sloppily pulled her sweater over her head. Marco watched with a throbbing cock as she tried to reach her pants, her breasts too large for her to bend forward enough to pull them down her legs.

“Help a busty girl out?” she whimpered, “O-Oh!” she cried out when she felt his strong hands grasp either side of her pants, yanking them down her thighs and calves in one swift motion to render her naked.

Marco swallowed, looking at his girlfriend’s naked body for the first time with her breasts so large that they almost obscured her head. “J-Jacky, what about the growth you were concerned ab--”

“I don’t care anymore; I look at my body, Marco,” Jacky moaned, cupping the bottom of her chest, “Mmmm I feel so swollen... I-I need your mouth. I have all day. And...*nnngh*...you know what I wanna do?”

Marco watched as she slid her feet and hands away from her body to point at each corner of their bed, Jacky spreading her legs and rendering herself helpless to Marco. “Tie me down before I start milking these massive titties myself.”

Marco tied her wrists and ankles to the bed without needing his arm twisted, Jacky’s body strapped to the bed and given completely to whatever whim that could cross Marco’s mind. He eyed her glistening crotch, still wet from their fun in the pantry. Looming over her waist like two mountains, her breasts heaved up and down from her breath, each as large as a beach ball and wider than her torso.

“M-Milk me... Milk me please...” she begged, her hips bucking slightly to transfer motion to her tightening bust. “Oh, *God*, they feel so tight. I need you to such m--*ahhh!*”

She screamed when Marco climbed on top of her naked body, his cock sliding into her waiting pussy so easily it was effortless. Gripping either nipple in his hands, Marco leaned his full weight onto her breasts and squeezed their peaks, showering his front with her warm eggnog as her nipples gushed and throbbed.

“*God, YES!!!*” Jacky yelled, the relief she had craved all day filling her mind as nearly a gallon of eggnog was emptied onto Marco.

He licked his lips clean, shaking his head to fling the drops from his hair. “Hope you’re not empty.”

“I-I’m not, I’m not...” she assured him, “I can already...a-already feel my boobs...filling a-again...f-filling so...*fast!*”

Marco’s grip on her nipples tightened, his eyes staring as her mammaries visibly swelled back to their full size in only ten seconds before engorging even larger. Her skin tensed and stretched under his hands, her nipples pulsing in his fists as thick as sausages.

“So fast... So fast! L-Look at them grow!” she awed, staring helplessly at her own chest in part wonder and part trepidation. The effects of the alcohol were starting to clear from her mind now, a tinge of fear running through her. “M-Marco, I--*GAH!!*”

Jacky was left speechless when he lunged forward and worked both nipples into his eager mouth. Her tits bulged against each other as he pressed their sides together so he could force both nipples close enough together, the pressure building inside Jacky.

“I-I... Ah!” Her hips started to buck, Marco thrusting in and out. Their thighs rubbed together, the bonds straining at her shaking legs from the onslaught of pleasure he was causing her mind.

Eggnog flooded Marco’s mouth from both nipples, the rate of flow so high that much of it was lost as it gushed out from his lips. The pulse of Jacky’s racing heart could be felt through

their pink skin against his tongue and cheeks, their engorged, cylindrical form making it feel as though he was trying to suck on two lollipops at once.

Marco hardly had the mental capacity left to notice how quickly he was rising on top of her tits. They expanded and filled at an ever-increasing rate, the amount of eggnog being produced inside Jacky's body far more than her nipples were able to release.

"M-Marco... T-They're filling too...*nnngh*...too much! I'm getting too big! S-Slow down!" She begged, starting to tug at her bonds as her tits began to eclipse her view of the ceiling. The bed strained from her legs tensing and pulling at the ropes, Jacky's thighs clenching on either side of Marco's gyrating hips.

Her half-hearted pleas fell on deaf ears, her boyfriend lost to her sweet eggnog. "M-Mmph!" he moaned, her nipples swelling larger in his mouth. He could feel them filling and puffing into the free space, pressing together as they outgrew his jaw.

"M-My nipples!" she cried, feeling her flow being cut off as they swelled too large inside his mouth. "Marco I can't...can't release anything! O-Ooohh... It's really...*really* starting to build... A-A pressure..." Her arms pulled at the restraints, her hands longing to run themselves over her swollen bust and squeeze the fluid out.

Marco massaged the sides of her tits, urging her production to new levels as he tried to suck. His jaw ached from her nipples pulsing as thick as his wrist. Their pink forms pressed against the insides of his cheeks, bulging them out as her breasts started to shake, their size too large to allow her nipples to be close enough to be sucked simultaneously.

"*Oh, GOD! O-Oooooh, God!*" Jacky moaned, her crotch tightening around Marco's hardened cock. "They're filling too fast! I-I'm not a pair of balloons, Marco!! M-MMMM, w-we need to keep them...keep them from growing a-anymore!! I can't...*stretch!*!"

Jacky's bosom swelled by inches every second, Marco rising higher and higher as he leaned on top of her tits. "*Mmph!*" he groaned, her nipples shaking in his mouth from the pressure behind them. He tried to release his grip on them but found that they had engorged too full for him to remove from his mouth.

Veins started to pulse over her surface, her tits towering over the bed by a full two feet, their widths each as wide as a pillow. "I can't stretch...m-much more!" Jacky pleaded, her loins feeling as close to exploding as her chest did. "There's...t-too *much!*"

Marco started to panic, feeling her mammaries become dangerously tight beneath him. Her nipples strained at his mouth and he pushed against her tits trying to force himself off.

"*Ahhh! D-Don't...nnnnnngh!!...Don't p-press on them! They're too full a-and...there's too much...pressure!* I-I can't see anything but my own giant, overfilled *TITS!*!" Jacky wanted nothing more than to break free from her bonds, her tits swelling so large that her head was starting to be swallowed by her cleavage, her shoulders becoming buried in the wobbling heaps of flesh. She tried to pull at her arms, only causing her chest to wobble slightly.

The pair of breasts started to vibrate and groan from the pressure gurgling inside Jacky. Marco could feel something moving through them, her skin starting to tighten from their base and quickly moving higher up her bust towards her kinked nipples.

“I-I can’t...can’t get any biggeeeer!!”

“*MMMPH!*” Marco grunted, Jacky’s areolas punching him in the face as they were hit with a wave of pressure, forcing them outwards into tight pink domes as large as a dinner plate. Feeling the pressure moving through her nipples and into his mouth, his cock pulsed to its largest inside of her in dream-like pleasure.

“*AaaaaahhhhHHHHH!!*” Jacky screamed, arching her back as much as the incredible weight of her knockers would allow, “I CAN’T SWELL ANYMOOOOOORE!!”

Marco started to suck with all of his might, trying desperately to relieve some of the overwhelming pressure building inside his girlfriend and her bed-filling tits. Though, as hard as he tried, her nipples had simply swollen too large inside his mouth to allow him to maneuver them.

“A-Ahh! D-Do somethiiiiing!!” Jacky screamed, her tits starting to quake. “M-Marco, seriously, I can f-feel...my skin stretching *too much!!* There’s...*nnnnnnngh*...too much eggnog inside my chest!! I’m *too BIG!!*”

Veins stood out vibrantly across her pale mammaries, Jacky’s chest heaving with her every panicked breath as she felt them starting to consume her. “T-They feel like they’re about...about to...*BLOW!!*” she cried, tugging violently at the bonds holding her hostage. “*I really don’t think I can get any bigger!!!!*”

Marco felt her breasts starting to expand and contract in waves underneath him, as if the eggnog inside of them was pushing them bigger only to have her skin force them back to their limit, raising the pressure in the process. The taut skin of her nipples rubbed against Marco’s teeth, sending waves of terror through her bulk.

“D-Don’t bite them! Don’t bite them, please!!” she wailed, “I-I don’t wanna--”

GRRRUUMMBLE

Her words stopped, a solid vibration shaking their bed as the pressure surged inside of Jacky’s body. “I-I can’t stretch...a-anymore!! God I’m so fucking *FUUULL!!*”

Marco tried to release his mouth’s hold on her engorged nipples, his hands pressing into her tits with all of his might like overfilled balloons that refused to indent. “*MMPPH!!*”

“O-Oooh, OOOHHHHH Marco this...this is it!!” Jacky panted, “I can feel...feel that my boobs are out of...room!”

A final wave of pressure pushed through her chest, bloating every curve into a shiny patch of skin lined with pale veins. “M-My boobs can’t hold anymooooore!! *I’m gonna EXPLOOOODE!!!*”

SPLOOOOOSH!!!

An enormous force struck Marco in the face as eggnog burst from Jacky's overfilled udders, her nipples ripped from his mouth in the torrent. Blown to the end of the bed, his cock torn from her crotch, he coughed and gagged on the cream that had been forced down his throat.

The bed was awash in eggnog that quickly flooded onto the floor to reveal the form of his girlfriend lying on the bed, sputtering as she gasped to breathe and sit up out of the liquid, still tied down. "*Gah!!*" she heaved, the incredible weight gone from her chest for the first time in two days. However, the relief didn't last long, her eyes bulging when she looked down to see her former D cups reduced to what could only be called flat.

"No! No my tits!" she cried, staring at her restrained, naked body, "You made them too big! I told you to stop!!"

"Jacky I--"

"Wait!!" she stopped him, an idea sparking in her mind, "There could still be time! M-Maybe if we can let them fill back up to at least the size I used to be before--" Jacky looked at the clock, her heart sinking as her hands tugged at the ropes.

"Midnight..." Marco finished, seeing the time on the nightstand.

Looking down, Jacky's fears were confirmed, not a single bulge of eggnog filling out her flat breasts. It was Christmas now, and her wish was up. "Y-You...you made them too big..." she repeated slowly, "And now the eggnog is finished and I have *nothing*..."

Marco looked at her flat chest in dismay, longing even for the D cups she had two days ago. He didn't know what to say, fully knowing that he was at fault. Looking around the room at the flood of Christmas beverage, and trying to dodge her piercing gaze, Marco said, "Well, at least we won't run out of eggnog for a while...!"