

In Need of Assistance

Contains milky expansion and talk of popping

The office was oddly quiet. Looking out of his office door, Tim couldn't help but notice Laura's desk remained empty even as the lunch hour approached. Being close friends, they carpooled in Tim's car nearly every day. Today she had texted him not to bother picking her up. No reason was given but Tim thought it best not to pry. They were still coworkers, after all, and a certain level of professionalism had to be maintained, even if he did find her exceedingly attractive.

"Hope everything is alright..." he sighed, trying to return focus to his work.

The day was far duller without Laura's presence. In addition to being cheerful, bubbly, and outgoing, she boasted a compelling figure. Tim would never say such things to his other coworkers, let alone Laura, but the light her ample bust brought to his workday was better than any benefit the company provided. Tim felt a pang of arousal strike his core. He shifted in his chair and tried to keep his mind from wandering.

For the past few weeks, he was certain Laura's bust was showing signs of growth. She'd always been more than an average handful, but lately her blouses were packed to the point of straining her buttons with an obvious shelf of overflowing flesh pushed into the fabric. Tim couldn't remember seeing such a sight since high school where girls were developing all around him while their clothes remained the same. Laura was well into her thirties: far from the reaches of developmental teenage hormones. He knew she was dating, but nothing exclusive, so pregnancy was unlikely. Not to mention she was never opposed to having a shot of tequila on a slow Friday afternoon when the boss wasn't looking.

Tim's eyes glazed over in thought and he turned to look out the window.

She wouldn't get implants...would she? Would Laura actually want to be bigger? They look too soft to be fake.

He recalled fondly how nicely her packed cleavage jiggled when luck smiled upon him and she wore heels to work.

No way those could be fake. Maybe she's wearing a push-up bra and--

KNOCK

KNOCK

A gentle tap at his office door tore Tim from his daydream.

"T... Tim?"

As if a genie had heard his wish, Tim turned to see Laura standing in his office. He was taken aback upon seeing a heavy winter jacket wrapped around her. The sun was out and warming the city to a comfortable seventy-five degrees. Such attire was meant for skiing.

Tim flashed a smile and started to stand. "Laura! I was wondering if I would see you today! You're in time to grab lunch; I was just thinking about what I wanted to eat."

His office door closed with a soft click. Laura didn't respond. Instead she busied herself closing the blinds to his windows. Within moments they were left in total privacy.

"Laura...? Is everything alright...?"

She fidgeted in the middle of his office. Nervous and blushing, she drew courage from somewhere. "I-I need your help..."

Tim cocked his head. "With what? Did your car break down or--"

ZIIIIIIIP

The jacket opened. As if spring loaded, it flared to either side of Laura's torso in a gentle *PWOOMPH*. Tim's jaw fell to his desk.

Hidden there were the largest breasts Tim had ever had the pleasure of witnessing in real life. A button-up blouse tried to contain them, but the girth of two watermelon-sized knockers stretched the garment far beyond usability. Dark wet spots soaked through the white fabric in artistic splotches to show the black lace of a straining bra below.

Laura whimpered. "I-I kind of--"

POP!!

"M-Mgh!!"

A button exploded before she could finish her sentence. Like some teenager's dream, Tim watched his coworker's breasts distend in real time. It didn't seem possible for her to stay clothed much longer. A full breath could spell disaster.

"Laura... I... Uh... Those... You're..." Tim scratched his head. His eyes stung from not blinking for so long. Finally giving up, his short-circuited brain produced, "Did you do something with your hair?"

Words fell out of Laura's mouth with little pause. "*I-It's my birth control!! I started taking it a few months ago!! The doctor said there would be hormonal side effects but that most of them would be temporary!! At first they were just sore, but then I woke up to wet sheets one morning!! The doctor assured me that spontaneous lactation wasn't uncommon and that it would go away if I didn't encourage it!!*" She groped her chest, causing a second button to burst across the room. Her face turned red. "*But... B-But I started playing with them... I liked how it felt to make my own milk and how full they got... I started massaging them and I bought a breast pump... T-Turns out I'm a natural-born milker! They started growing and producing more milk... I couldn't believe how fast I was blowing up! I-I'm able to produce several gallons on a good day...*"

Tim didn't know where to start. Her confession hit him like a brick wall. So many personal details of one's life were hard to process, especially when they stood in front of you groping two leaking udders.

"Laura, I don't know what to--"

GUUUURGLE

"Nngh!! You need to help me!!"

She grew frantic when her chest filled larger. Wincing as if she were a water balloon about to pop, Tim's eyes bulged when she quickly unbuttoned her shirt and threw it to the floor in a soggy pile.

"I woke up late today! There wasn't enough time to pump them like I usually do when I get up! A-And they're always SO FULL in the morning! I had to call into my meeting, and that ended up running long! By the time I was able to have ten minutes to myself... It was too late."

SNAP!!

Laura's bra broke when she attempted to undo the clasp. Falling to the floor, it revealed two plastic cups stuck to the fronts of her breasts. Dark pink nipples were wedged into the funnels.

"I-I was too big for my pump!! I tried forcing it, but my nipples got stuck! They swelled up and completely blocked my ducts!! And the suction only simulated my lactation!! I took the hoses off and thought maybe that would break the seal, but my nipples are still stuck!!"

Heat poured from Tim's collar. He was certain his face was red as a tomato. This topic was far too intimate for a work environment, even if it was with someone as attractive as Laura.

GUUUURGLE

"Nnnghhhh they're still growing!! My milk doesn't have anywhere to go!!"

She rushed to his desk, standing in front of him in desperation. Milk dribbled onto his lap when she leaned forward and thrust her breasts into his face.

"Take them off! PLEASE!!"

"I-I-I don't think--"

GUUUUUUUURGLE!

"TIM!! They feel like they're going to explode!!! PLEASE!!! I can't get them off by myself!!"

He stared at the two bloated mounds. Marbled veins crossed them in artistic patterns. Tim wondered if she'd always had them or if they were a sign of her extreme fullness.

"TIM!!!"

"O-Ok! Ok!"

Reaching forward, he placed two trembling hands around the plastic cups.

"M-Mmmgh..."

"Sorry!"

"It's... It's ok... They're just really sensitive... They're probably going to--"

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

"NNGH!!"

Flesh pushed against Tim's hand and tightened with heat.

"Ooohhh they're swelling up!!! Get them off!! Please get them off!!!" Laura looked at him from over her chest with straining eyes. *"I don't want to burst with milk!!!"*

Tim knew he had to think fast. She was filling faster by the second and the cups were only blocking her dairy. Reaching into his desk, he found some lotion and covered her breasts in

a thick layer. It seeped around the cup edges, giving Tim hope as he sank his fingers between the plastic and her firm skin.

“Alright, ready...?”

Laura bit her lip and nodded. “*M-Mhm...*”

Pushing into her chest, Tim pulled and twisted the cups.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“*Ahh!! AH!! T-TIM!! Careful!! They’re filling up!!*”

He stared at the squished pink flesh of her compressed nipples. Slowly the wrinkles started to turn. “*Almost there!*”

GUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

“*Nnnngh!!!!*”

SSTRRRRTCH!!

“*My tits are stretching!!!! THERE’S TOO MUCH MILK!! Tim!!! I think they’re too full!!! T-They’re gonna--*”

POP!!

POP!!

“*MMMNGHHAAAH!!*”

The pump cups sprang free, releasing Laura’s nipples. Puffy areolas protruded from her breasts, each like a fist after being contained for so long.

SSTRRRRTCH!!

“*Ohhh... Mmmgh!!!!*”

Tim stared in wonder as Laura’s nipples engorged to their full size. Finally free, they puffed as large as his nose. He thought he could see her heartbeat making them throb with milk.

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

“*I-It’s coming!*” Laura cried suddenly. “*My milk!!! I NEED TO GET IT OUT!!!*”

She leaned against his desk as she swelled past her hips. They would have overflowed her lap had she sat down. Grabbing her chest, she found herself unable to adequately reach her nipples. Squeezing her breasts together only stimulated their glands and pushed her to the limit. Though her nipples trickled, it was nothing compared to the milk flushing behind them. Tim wondered if it would be smart to take a step back.

“*Milk me!?*”

“*What?!*”

“*Y-You have to milk me!! I can’t do it!?*”

“*I can’t milk you!?*”

GUUUUUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Laura almost collapsed under their weight. “*Nnnngh!! Then you better be ready to clean your office!!!! I seriously can’t hold any more, Tim!!! These things are about to BLOW!!!*”

Pleading eyes stared at him. Desperate and pushed too far, Laura was at her breaking point. Knowing the risks to his job, he knew he couldn't resist. It was all he could do to keep himself from jumping at Laura.

"Ok! O-Ok!!" He placed a trash can at her feet and positioned his chair in front of her. "Lean forward."

"Huh??"

"Do you want me to milk you or not??"

Laura did as she was told. Using his armrests, she leaned forward to dangle her chest over the trash can.

"I-I don't think that is going to hold all of my--MMNGH!!!"

Tim grabbed her nipples before she could finish.

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

"A-Ahh!! AGH!!!"

Milk came out in rapid streams of steamy cream. Pulling and squeezing his fists around her nipples, Tim found himself amazed at how soft her chest felt. The sensation of her milk vibrating against his fingers drove him to grow rock-hard.

"O-Ooohhhh please, milk me!! Milk me like a cow!!" she begged, clenching her hands into his chair. *"God, the PRESSURE!!! MMNGH IT FEELS SO GOOD TO LET IT OUT!!!"*

"I am!!"

Milk filled the trash can rapidly. When it neared halfway, his efforts began showing fruit: Laura's breasts were starting to diminish. Her skin gained supple depth and bounce. Her breathing changed from frantic to aroused and heated.

"Mmmmngh... M-Mmgh!"

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

"Nnngh... T-Tim..."

He looked up to find her stared into his eyes. Lust filled her gaze. Tim could smell her breath and sensed a mixture of hormones.

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

"Mmgh!!!" A hand reached out and grazed a bulge on his hips. *"Tim...! You're not enjoying this, are you...??"* she giggled, making her chest wobble.

Tim didn't say anything in return. Fondling such massive mammaries was taxing enough on his stamina without Laura teasing his manhood.

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

“Uh oh... I think the can is getting full... And there’s still so much left!”

The pressure had diminished, but Laura’s breasts still extended to her belly button. Their progress hadn’t been nearly enough.

“Mmmmm... Let’s try something different...”

Laura stood up. Turning her back toward him, she bent forward to present herself before sitting in his lap. She leaned back and placed his hands on her chest, indicating for him to pull and twist her nipples.

SPLLRTCH!!

SPLLRTCH!!

“Ah!” she squeaked in delight when her milk arched across the room. Between them, Tim’s cock sat buried under her ass. *“My my... You haven’t fantasized about doing this to me before, have you? It’s like you’ve practiced!”*

Tim gulped. *“W-Well... I noticed you’ve been bigger lately...”*

“Sneaky man... Stealing peeks down my shirt. Do you like seeing me this big?”

Laura’s body radiated heat. Grinding her rear on his shaft, she breathed to lift her chest up and down as he drew milk from its depths.

Tim nodded.

“Do you like milking my giant, bloated udders...?”

Tim gulped. *“I-I want to taste it...”*

Laura grinned. *“Well, at this rate it might take an hour or two to empty these things. Hope your afternoon is clear...”* She bit his ear and felt him tremble and throb. *“How about as thanks for all your help, you come over tonight with some nipple clamps and we’ll see how big we can make them? Then I’ll let you drink all the milk you want.”*