

Butterflies in the Breasts Part 2

SLOOOSH

SLOOOSH

SLOOOSH

“E-Excuse me! Excuse me!!”

All attention was on Claire. The restaurant’s former liveliness had ground to a halt to give way to stunned silence.

GUUUUUURGLE

“AH!! Please stop!! P-Please sto--”

CLATTER!!

A chair toppled to the floor when it collided with her hips. Hugging a pair of giant watermelon-sized breasts to her torso, avoiding such obstacles was impossible. Her feet were a flurry upon a floor she could no longer see.

“Oh my lord...” one woman whispered to her husband. “What are girls doing to themselves these days...?”

Her husband shook his head and returned to a plate of pasta. “I told you, all that birth control is going to make their bodies go haywire. That and growth hormones in the milk.”

“Poor things...” she sighed.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

“S-Stop looking at me!!” Claire begged her audience.

Milk pushed her breasts fuller by the second. The thick fluid beat against her hands and caused her areolas to throb. She was too far gone; her breasts wouldn’t calm down until she was alone and had a chance to relax for several hours. At the size they had grown, it would be days before she was at her normal size again.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

“Mmmgh!!! Stop!! Please stop lactating!!! I-I don’t want to hold any more milk!!”

A trail of dairy followed her stumbling gait through the restaurant. Bouncing against a wall, she leaned against it for support and startled a waiter leaving the kitchen. The bathroom waited as her only possible safe haven.

GUUUUUURRRR--

SLAM!!

CLICK!!

The sounds of dense swirling milk were cut off when she sequestered herself in the women’s room.

Gurples and sloses echoed around the tiled room along with Claire’s desperate breathing. Her blouse hung limp and tattered around her shoulders. In her arms heaved two

massive globes of flesh. Tight pink nipples swollen to perfection pulsed against her palms. Despite her firm grip, she could not stem the milk running from their pores.

Claire gulped upon seeing herself in the mirror. She looked like an over-engorged monster. Far from her DD-cups, her breasts dominated her torso like fluid-filled blimps. Veins raced over their surfaces in a display of her intense growth. A dull ache burned within from the pressure thrust upon her milk glands.

GUUUURGLE

“Ngh... Stop filling... Y-You have to stop filling!”

They didn’t listen. Her nerves were shattered and her heart wouldn’t soon calm.

“Crap...! Crap!! How much did Jake see?! God!! He must think I’m a--”

SSTRRRRTCH

STRRRRRRTCH

Claire’s eyes bulged when her chest heaved larger. Milk was relentless within her bust. If it didn’t stop soon, the situation would reach emergency levels. Already her knees were starting to weaken and brace against each other. It had been years since she’d felt the need to call her mom for an extraction.

BWOOMPHSH

She placed them on the counter, sending ripples across her skin. They sat in front of her as two enormous mounds reaching her shoulders. Stubborn weight pulled at Claire’s torso where her breasts attached. She felt anchored in place by the beach ball knockers.

“O-Ok... Ok... I-I have to get it out... Before I get any bigger! Before it’s too late!!”

Claire reached out with trembling hands. Emptying her mammaries of stress-induced milk was always a challenge. The pressure heightened her sensitivity to near-unbearable levels. Usually she had to stuff something in her mouth to keep from screaming like an orgasming banshee.

An open palm gripped a throbbing nipple.

SPLRRRTCH!!!

“A-A-AAUGH!!! Oh God!!! Oh God!!! T-There’s so much--”

KNOCK

KNOCK

“Claire...? Are you alright...?”

A concerned voice came from the bathroom door. Claire froze, knowing it was her date.

GUURGLE

Milk flourished at his voice.

“EEP!! I-I’m...uh...I’m fine!!”

There was a silence broken only by milk stretching Claire’s skin and spraying the mirror. She tensed when he asked, “D-Does that happen a lot?”

GUURGLE

“D-D-Does what happen a lot??”

He didn't need to say it aloud. They both knew what he was talking about; she'd blown her shirt open at the table and grown large enough to fill her lap.

“Listen...” he said, lowering his voice. “I don't know what's going on, but I know it can't be easy... There's a back door around the corner. If you want, we can sneak you out under my jacket and I'll take you home.”

“T-That's really nice of you, but I think I can handle--NNGH!!”

GUUUURGLE

GUUUUUURGLE

“Mmmgh! M-Mmmgh!!”

Claire bit her lip as she engorged larger. She'd been this big before, and she knew from experience that operating a steering wheel at such a massive size was beyond reckless.

“Claire??”

She covered her nipples. There were no options left. “P-Promise not to make fun of me?”

There was no hesitation in his answer. “I promise. Let me help you.”

“O-O-Ok...” Claire blushed as she tried to lift her chest. “Jake...?”

“Hm?”

“I-I can't lift them on my own...”

After unlocking the door, Jake slipped inside to help his date. Under the cover of his jacket, as well as in the support of his arms, they escaped through the back of the restaurant.

“Jeez they're heavy!” he grunted, struggling to keep Claire upright.

GUUUURGLE

She panicked at his comment and felt a rush of embarrassment. *“W-WHY WOULD YOU SAY THAT?!”*

“Sorry!! I'm sorry!!”

“They grow when I'm embarrassed!! Talk about anything but that!!”

They stuck to the shadows of the parking lot until Jake's car came within sight. An old manual sedan, the small amount of space made Claire nervous.

Jake opened the passenger door and helped her sit. Given her mammoth size, however, his jacket slipped from her shoulders to completely expose her chest. Claire shrieked in fright of being seen and collapsed into the seat, grabbing her breasts in a desperate attempt for modesty.

“Let me cover you back up!” Jake offered, opening the jacket.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

“Just get in!!! G-Get me out of here, please!!!!”

He ran around and jumped in. The roar of his engine brought some relief, but Claire's ordeal was far from over. Her breasts more than filled her lap and prevented her from buckling. Milk ran down her knees and flesh jiggled between her arms.

THUD!!

SLOOOOSH!!!

“Ahah!!!”

A dip caused the car to lurch when he pulled out of the parking lot.

“Are you ok??” Jake asked, looking over at his rapidly swelling date. “I--”

GUUUUUURGLE

SSTRRRRRTCH

“Holy...” he whispered.

Claire was ballooning. Skin pressed against her window as she outgrew her seat. Try as she might, she couldn’t stop herself from flowing into the center console. The cold plastic of his dashboard pressed against her nipples.

“D-D-Don’t stare!! PLEASE DON’T STARE!!!! IT MAKES IT WORSE!!” Claire pleaded.

GUUUUUURGLE

Jake couldn’t help himself. The sight was too much to process. “Do they just keep growing...? How big can you get??”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!

Deep red colored Claire’s face in the darkness. She couldn’t blame him for being curious, but focusing on her swelling and exposed breasts was only worsening her situation. Rising pressure pushed her chest far too large. Cleavage bunched around her neck. “Can we not talk about--”

THUD!!

THUD THUD!!

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

The car struck several large potholes. Violent shuddering jolted the car and her breasts. Milk sang and sprayed the windshield.

“Ah!!! AHH!!! P-Please be careful!!!” Claire begged. Her arms trembled from the effort to contain herself. Hidden from sight, she could feel her panties and skirt soaking through.

Jake tried to maintain focus on the road. The situation was far worse than he thought. “Just hang on!! Where do you live?? I’ll--”

SSTRRRRRTCH!!!

“MMGH!?”

She grew several inches. Too big for her seat, her chest encroached into the other half of the car. Taut skin rubbed against Jake’s hand as he worked a stick shift. The heat was immense when she engulfed him.

“Ah!! D-Don’t touch them!!! I’m sorry!! I’m sorry!! I-I can’t stop them!!!”

He tried to calm her down while still working the car. “It’s ok!! Just take it easy!! There’s nothing to be embarrassed about!! Just tell me where--”

GUUUUUUUURGLE

Claire squeaked and shivered. Deep, trembling gurgles churned within her chest. A worried tone covered her words in a thick layer.

“U-Uhhh... J...Jake...” she warned.

“What is it?!”

GUUUUUUUURGLE

“OH NO!! PLEASE NO!!!!” Claire panted with effort. She knew this sensation of overwhelming pressure and sensitivity. *“PLEASE NOT HERE!!!”*

She was almost full.

“H-How close is your place?!” she asked hurriedly, grabbing her nipples as the gurgling grew louder.

“Just down the road!!! Why?! What’s happening?!”

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Claire looked ready to pass out. Pressure and pleasure were coming to a head. Avoiding an orgasm at such sizes was impossible. It always happened when she reached her limit, whether she was ready or not. The thought of letting herself come in front of him was far too stressful, however. Claire tried whatever she could to keep herself from filling any larger, but she knew time was short.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

Orgasming would summon the final surge of milk.

“CLAIRE?!” Jake asked, feeling the stick shift jam under her immense weight as she bloated.

“T-Take me to your place!!!” She trembled, the heat of embarrassment pushing her to her limits. The situation was out of her hands as they sped down the road. *“TAKE ME ANYWHERE!!! WE NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS CAR!! I-I DON’T THINK IT’S GOING TO BE BIG ENOUGH IN A FEW MINUTES!!!”*

To be continued