

Going Up

Ding!

The elevator reached Pam's floor and greeted her with open doors.

"Pam! Good morning!" a familiar voice called. "Hanging in there?"

She responded with a smile. George was one of the nicest coworkers a woman could ask for, but his chipper attitude could be heavy on a Monday morning. His wispy ginger mustache was extra bright today. Nevertheless, she passed him a smile. "Morning, George. I'm doing alright."

With ginger steps, she entered carrying some notebooks and a beaker of pink fluid. It caught the light of the elevator enough to draw George's eye to the thick contents. "Heading up to the lab I take it?"

"Floor twenty, if you don't mind."

"Next stop: floor twenty!"

Pam winced at his upbeat tone. It was too much to handle before her second cup of coffee.

"So what's the goo?" George inquired.

"Hm?"

He nodded to the beaker.

"Oh... The lab's most recent estrogen supplement. RnD has had their fill of it, so I'm returning the sample."

"Hope it all works!!"

"Well it's still extremely concentrated, but the numbers are looking good. Few more months and dilute it down to one part to a thousand, and we might have a marketable lactation aid." Pam sighed as the elevator ran through several floors. "I'll be happy to get this project off my--"

CLANK!!!

Crash!!

"SHIT!"

"Whoa!!"

The elevator lurched, losing its momentum in a split second to send its passengers reeling. George fell against the wall for support, rubbing his shoulder from the collision. "Oh wow... What in the world??" He pressed a button repeatedly with no response. "I think we might be stuck!" He held down the intercom button. "*Hello?? Security? I think the elevator is--*"

STRRRRTCH

"AH!!" A shriek came from behind him. "*Shit shit shit shit SHIT!!!*"

George turned in an instant. "What's wrong?? Are you hurt? Let me try security again! I'll--"

Pam's front was covered in the pink substance. Her notes and empty beaker littered the floor around her feet as the formula dripped from the shelf of her breasts. Quick to soak through her blouse, it made the white fabric transparent and cling to her supple bra-boasted cleavage below.

STRRRRTCH

The blouse shifted. Its front pulled tighter, drawing firm across her bust as if Pam had filled her lungs with air, but George could see she was holding her breath out of panic.

"P...Pam? Are you alri--"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

"Nnngh!!!" A groan escaped her pursed lips. Again her blouse tightened, now stressed to the point of creases shooting across her breasts. Bulging shapes of fleshy shelves overflowed the cups pressed into the dripping fabric display window.

She was getting bigger, and fast.

"Oh no!! No no no NO NOOO!!!" Her hands wiped at her front to remove the formula but it had already soaked through, permeating her skin.

George stood in the corner, unsure of how to handle the impossible scene. "Pam...?? What's happening to your chest?!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!

POP!!!

"SHIT!!

A button exploded against a heap of cleavage. Pam's growth was accelerating. Every blink seemed to add an inch to her bust.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"What's happening?!" he yelled again out of confusion. "You're blowing up!" Within seconds Pam's ample breasts had tripled in size. As her bra strained against her shirt, George seemed to be in more of a panic than Pam.

Blushing as breathing became laborious, she leaned against a wall and tried to stave off her swelling. "H-Haaahhh!!! George!!! GEORGE GET THIS ELEVATOR MOVING!!! Hurry!!! I NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE--"

GUUUUUURGLE

Pam's eyes dilated and her gaze shot to her breasts as if they had just spoken fluent Portuguese.

"GEORGE!!! HURRY!!! THEY'RE GOING TO--"

GUUUURRRRGLE--SPLRRRTCH!!

"Gaahhhh!!!"

Her breasts surged outward as if a valve were released to fill two weather balloons. From her nipples erupted two streams of milk, both spraying a wide swath of creamy white.

GUUUUUURGLE!!!!

SHRRRRRIIPP!!!!

“What’s happening?! *WHAT’S HAPPENING TO YOUR CHEST?!*” George yelled.

GUUUUURGLE!!!

Pam engorged at record speed, far too fast for his brain to accept as reality. Flesh was pouring into her blouse as her breasts developed at lightning pace and dairy rushed to flood her milk glands. No longer providing any form of modesty, Pam’s blouse was packed to the brim with her mammaries. Skin squeezed through every opening. Tears shot from the straining buttons where the fabric was weakest.

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

Her spray only grew more intense as she ballooned.

SHRRRRRIIPP!!!!

Tears gaped to reveal the dark pink of her engorged nipples. Beach ball monsters heaved off Pam’s slender frame, their weight driving her to use the railing for support.

“*T-The formula!!! It’s concentrated estrogen!! It’s causing my breasts to--NNGH!!!!*”

GUUUUURGLE!!!

SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“*Ahhh!!!! IT’S MAKING THEM GROW!!! IT’S FLOODING MY BREASTS WITH MILK!!!!!*”

SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP!!!

George’s mind couldn’t register that he was repeatedly smacking the emergency button. Every time he looked, Pam was larger.

“*George!! GEORGE CALL SOMEONE!!! MY SHIRT ISN’T GOING TO HOLD!!! I-I DON’T KNOW IF I’M EVEN GOING TO HOLD!!! THE AMOUNT OF ESTROGEN COULD CAUSE ME TO--*”



POP!

POP!

POP!

POP!

“AH!!!!”

Her blouse exploded. Two yoga ball-sized udders toppled free to settle in her trembling lap and overflow her thighs.

THUD

Pam collapsed from the weight. Intense stimulation was wreaking havoc on her body. Her breasts sang with sensitivity. Constant release of milk was torture on her nipples as they throbbed to keep up with her rising pressure.

GUUUUUURRRRGLE!!!!

“So big!!! Ohhh my breasts are ENORMOUS!!!” Wide eyes watched as they crept across the floor several inches at a time, surging in waves of milk-driven growth. *“Breasts aren’t supposed to be this big!!! I-I feel like I’m going to BURST from all this milk!! I think it’s actually making my pussy grow!!! Oooohhhh it’s never felt so SWOLLEN!! My panties feel tight!!”*

SPLRRRRRRRTCH!!!!

Her spray was getting heavier. Scents of sugary cream filled the enclosed space like a fog. George’s clothes clung to him like a second skin as he was doused head to toe. There was nowhere for him to escape when the creeping walls of flesh pressed into his shins.

“Pam!!! There’s not enough room in here!” he yelled, scared to move his feet for fear of stepping on the milk balloons rapidly filling the elevator.

“I...I’m aware!! I can’t exactly control them!!” Pam gasped for air and leaned against the wall. Arousal flushed her face and her hands massaged the tops of her chest. *“YOU NEED TO GET US MOVING!!! I’M NOT SURE THEY’RE GOING TO...NNNGH!!...STOP!!”*

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

As if to tease their resolve, her mammaries surged with higher energy. The fleshy sea was rising, quickly pinning George’s legs against the wall as they came to waist height. Muffled sprays echoed beneath them as her nipples gushed against the wall and floor. Whatever milk wasn’t running out of the door into the shaft was pooling like a rising tide of white.

SPLRRR--QULCH!!!!

“AAUUUGH!!!!” Pam screamed suddenly. Her chest shuddered.

“What happened?!”

“My nipples!!!!” She gasped in pleased agony, the pressure rising fast enough to make a visible difference in her skin. *“M-MY NIPPLES ARE BLOCKED!!!”*

“WHAT?!”

GUUUURRRRGLE

It was louder than ever now as her milk had nowhere to go. Cream churned like an industrial pump.

“Nnnnghhh all this MILK!!! God it makes me want to SCREAM!!!” Pam shrieked, throwing her head back. *“The PRESSURE!!! I can’t grow fast enough to hold it all!!! My nipples feel like champagne corks!!!”*

George had no options left to him now. He couldn’t move against her weight. Her breasts were at chest height and rising. The button panel was blocked. Even worse, her skin was dangerously tight. He could feel it beating against him like an angry river against its banks, ready to overflow. Shiny, milk-covered cleavage sprawled in front of him in a heaving mass.

“AAhhhhh!!! Aahhhhhmmmm!!!! MMMNGH!!! YES!!! God...!!! I-I... I almost... WANT TO BURST!!! I ALMOST WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE...TO BE SO BIG...SO FULL...SO...ENGORGED WITH MILK...THAT I EXPLODE!!!”

STRRRRRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!!!!!!!

“AAUUUUUGH!!!!”

Her pleasure only fueled her growth. George tilted his head up as the flesh wall rose. His arms extended over the top, but there was no hope to drag himself free. Not against the pressure of her contents.

Cha-CLANK!

Ding!!!

The elevator heaved suddenly.

GUUUURGLE!!!

“MMMGNH!!! MMMMMMMM!!!! OOHhhh I CAN FEEL MY MILK MOVING INSIDE OF ME!!! I’M TOO FULL!!! I’M TOO FUUUULL!!!”

They were rising again, rocketing towards the twentieth floor.

CREEEAAAAC!!!!

The walls groaned, visibly bowing outward against Pam’s mass. George took a deep breath before flesh engulfed his face in hot, sweaty, milk-scented darkness.

“MMNGH!!!! NNNGH!!!! I’M SO CLOSE!!! I’M SO FUCKING CLOSE!!!” Pam’s screams echoed through her bust.

CREEEAAAAC!!!!

Machinery groaned. There was no more room. The elevator was stuffed with milk and tit from top to bottom. George could feel them squeezing the air from his lungs. They were starting to tremble, aching and laden with pressure far too great even for her size.

“I’M GONNA EXPLODE!!! I’M GONNA BURST!!! I’M GONNA POP!!! OH GOD I’M GONNA BLOW MY MILK!!! ALL THAT ESTROGEN...JUST MAKES ME WANT TO...COME!!!!”

Ding!!

They had reached Pam’s floor.

CRASH!!!!

The ceiling panels exploded against the top of her chest. Somewhere the doors were trying to slide open against Pam's firm milk pressure.

GUUUUUURRRRRGLE!!!!

CRREEEAAAAAAAAAK!!!!

George couldn't be sure if the complaints were coming from Pam's breasts or the elevator as the world started to heave and buck with nowhere left to swell.

"AAHHH!! AHHHHHHHH!!! OOHFFF I CAN'T HOLD IT!!! I CAN'T HOLD IT!!!! I'M GONNA BURST!!!! I'M MAKING TOO MUCH MILK!!!!"

Ding!

The doors jolted, sliding open for several of Pam's coworkers.

"I'M GONNA BLOOOOOW!!!!"

They had only a split second to take in the majesty of two door-filling udders and tire-sized nipples bloated beyond reality with milk before chaos exploded.

FWOOOOOOOOSH!!!!!!

Her load released in a massive nipple-bucking blast comparable to several fire hydrants. Milk erupted into the unsuspecting hallway, taking down any in its path in a deluge of white. Screams of pure ecstasy rang from the elevator as Pam endured every ounce pounding through her bust with orgasm-inducing wrath.

When it finally stopped, George found himself settling several yards down the hallway on his back. He sat up, along with several of his coworkers, to find the floor flooded. Pam sat in the elevator trying to catch her breath in the corner. Her arms cradled two bulbous knockers big enough to overflow her lap. Milk leaked freely from her nipples though their size never diminished. Even from a distance it was clear they were starting to swell larger once more.

"Haaahhh... Haaahhh..." She panted, blushing and dripping. English came with difficulty as she sought her voice, eventually instructing, *"Somebody... Somebody get RnD... I think they're going to want...nnggh...to see this..."*