

Milk by Induction

Contains belly inflation



KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

“Mmmnnggh...”

Maggy stood in front of the bathroom sink with her shirt pulled up to her armpits. An electric pump sucked away at her nipples, drawing milk from the depths of her breasts and trickling it down the drain.

Even after lactating for so long, the redhead was always surprised at how much the sight aroused her. Seeing a pair of hoses latched onto her mammaries was intoxicating, especially when she'd engorged to a full F-cup. Gentle veins crossed over her bust to express their fullness.

“Mmmnnggh... Mooooo,” she giggled, finding amusement in her heifer-like actions. Laughing only jostled her chest and stimulated her dairy. *“Nnggh! God, I need to stop going so long between milking you two.”*

Softly, she cupped their underbellies and hefted their warm weight. Their surfaces were taut and firm, laden with the fluid from several hours of build-up.

“It only ends up making them bigger...” Maggy chuckled and added, “Not that Hank would mind.”

It had been over a year since she made the decision to induce lactation. Knowing her boyfriend's proclivities for large breasts as well as enjoying the thought of a woman outgrowing her bra, Hank was overjoyed when she expressed her milky desire to experiment. It was strange at first, but he adored watching her swell bigger by the week, and when her milk finally came in, Maggy found she loved having Hank suckle at her bust. They had never been closer.

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

“Mmnggh! Times like this I wish he was here to help empty them!”

Winter break was only into the first day and already she was missing his hungry mouth and eager hands. Trying to ignore the sexual temptations tingling from her nipples, Maggy grabbed her phone and texted her college lover.

My boobs miss you too much. They already feel ready to pop :/

Hank messaged back in seconds. The excitement was palpable in his flashing dots.

Send a pic :D :D

Snorting, Maggy wondered what other reaction she expected. She angled her phone high to accentuate the slope of her enlarged assets on her thin frame. Satisfied that the pump, her fullness, and her veins were well in view, she sent the treat.

Oh damn! You look like you're about to blow!!

I know!! They're S00000 sensitive ;) I touched them once and milk sprayed EVERYWHERE.

Hope you don't drown!! If you get too sticky, take a shower and turn on video so I can watch. I'll make sure you don't miss any spots ;)

Nice try :p Gonna spend the night at Kaylee's, so I have to empty them now.

That sounds like fun! Send pics if you have a naked pillow fight after comparing boobs!

No promises ;)

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

Milk continued to flow. There always seemed to be a little more than last time. Coaxing the nectar by way of firm massaging, Maggy could feel herself nearing empty.

“Get it all out now, girls... I won't get another chance until morning. You two are going to be *fuuuull*.”

Satisfied with her release, Maggy cleaned her pump and packed it away into her overnight bag. A comfy bra was all she needed under her pajamas to cradle her precious udders. Throwing on a coat, she ventured from her apartment.

Snow blanketed the campus. With hardly any other students to be seen, Maggy felt as though she'd wandered into a frozen wasteland. Few windows were illuminated in the school buildings to pierce the winter night.

Normally she would be at home playing a card game with her family by now. This year, however, a freak storm had seen to it that she and a handful of other students would remain stranded at school. The airport was grounded; no planes would come or go until at least noon tomorrow.

To Maggy's delight, her friend, Kayla, and her roommate, Joan, found themselves in the same situation. At Kayla's suggestion, the three had deemed this the perfect chance to enjoy a good old-fashioned sleepover of movies, snacks, and girl talk. In some ways, it sounded even better than going home.

Maggy fought to open the dorm entrance against the wind and a growing snowdrift. The building was eerily quiet inside, lacking much of the usual student life. Two giggling voices drifted from the second floor.

“*Maggyyyyy!*” Kayla squealed upon seeing her friend. The tiny blonde jumped and rushed to hug her friend.

Joan snorted at the layer of frost on their guest. “Sure that's Maggy and not an evil snowman?”

“It's me, it's me!”

“You're just in time!” Kayla beamed at her with an excitement she hadn't seen since elementary school. “We're about to play a game!!”

The girls dove into their night of isolation and pajamas. Only a few minutes of laughter and teasing passed before a sound came from the community kitchen.

DING!

Joan perked up. “Oh!! The muffins!!”

“There are *muffins*??” Maggy gasped, unsure if it were possible for their night to improve.

“Hell yea there are muffins!”

Joan left to fetch the baked treats, returning moments later with two steaming trays of pastries.

“*BLUEBERRY MUFFINS?!?*” Kayla could hardly contain her delight.

“Dig in!!”

The girls attacked the muffins like wild animals. Having plenty between them, Maggy had no qualms taking one in each hand and switching between her bites.

“Hungry much?” Joan teased.

“I didn’t go shopping because I thought I would be at home! My lunch today was saltines.”

“Oof.” Joan plucked a third muffin from the tray and shoved it towards Maggy’s face.

“Sounds like you need another. Don’t be shy!”

“Well don’t twist my arm!” Maggy accepted with a smile of muffin crumbs. The pastry’s sugary warmth was exactly what she needed.

An hour crept by and the girls could hardly contain their childish excitement while playing various board games. Nostalgia and sugar fueled their merriment, though they found it hard to sit still. They fidgeted in their spots on the floor as if resisting various itches under their shirts.

Maggy especially found herself experiencing a deep pressure within her bust. Knowing it was more milk being produced, she tried to massage herself without drawing attention, however relieving F-cup breasts without being noticed was not an easy task.

Dammit... Maybe I should have pumped a little more... They already feel like they’re getting full again.

Her pump lay hidden in her bag, but it would be difficult to use it without drawing attention. Even if she could sneak it into the bathroom, the pump’s rhythmic suction would be heard by all nearby ears. It was the kind of thing Joan wouldn’t let her live down. Even as Maggy tried to conceal her fingertip massages, she caught the brunette staring at her chest more than once.

“*Ngh...*” Kayla moaned.

Joan’s eyes flashed. “You good?”

“Yea... Just itchy!” Kayla scratched at the side of her chest. It was obvious she had no bra on under her pajama top. With such small breasts, even a slightly erect nipple easily protruded into the loose fabric. “I wonder if I need to start using a different detergent...”

Joan glanced at Maggy. “How about you, Maggy? Doing ok?”

Despite the milk rising in her breasts and her uncertainty if it could wait until morning, Maggy nodded happily. “Mhm!”

“Still hungry? There are a lot of muffins still.”

She shook her head. “They were really good, but I already feel full! I don’t think I could have another.”

In truth, Maggy felt incredibly bloated. She couldn’t be sure, but she thought she felt the bottom of her breasts rubbing against the top of her stomach.

“You sure? They’re still warm!”

Maggy nodded and pulled her knees up to her chest, hoping to use them as a means of massage. “I-I’m fine!” Her mammaries burned hot and firm through her bra and shirt. If she didn’t know any better, Maggy would have thought she hadn’t pumped at all an hour ago. These sensations were very similar to a heavy wave of milk coming into her chest, bringing her to the limits of the capacity she’d managed to reach.

“*M-Mmgh...*”

A near-silent whimper escaped her lips. As much as the milk tensed her breasts and filled her with heat, it was difficult to resist its charms. This pressure of feeling her mammaries tighten and fill like udders was the reason she induced lactation in the first place. She prayed her pajama pants were dark enough to hide any moisture between her thighs.

I should really start milking them more often...

BUZZ!

BUZZ!

Her phone vibrated in her bra.

“*AHH!!*”

Kayla and Joan stared at her outburst.

“S-Sorry,” Maggy said sheepishly. The teasing vibrations could still be felt in her aching bust. “It scared me!”

It was a text from Hank.

Hope you haven’t gotten too full! Wouldn’t a button popping in front of Kayla! ;)

“*Nnngh...*” Groaning at his poor timing, Maggy trembled as she fought her rising milk.

Hank continued.

I’m dying of thirst without you. I bet your tits are so hot and heavy right now. I can’t stop thinking about you smothering my cock between them.

“*Nnnngh!!!*”

Maggy struggled to breathe. Between her milk coming in, the heat it produced, her gushing milk glands, and what she was certain was her bra overflowing with her tits, she didn’t know how much more she could take. Reading Hank’s messages only caused her breasts to swell larger. Maggy cursed how they’d been trained to react to sexual stimulation.

“Is that Hank? Bet he misses you, huh? What sexy stuff is he saying??”

Maggy glanced up to see Joan staring with a sly smile.

Kayla giggled, rubbing the top of her chest. “Probably something about her boobs!!!”

“H-Huh??” Maggy blushed, slamming her phone down.

Joan breathed in heavily. “*It totally is!!! Look how red she’s turning!!*”

“Did you know Maggy in freshman year, Joan?” Kayla asked with a giggle.

“Kayla, please!” Enduring her excited milk was hard enough without swimming in attention surrounding her bust. Only Hank knew of her milky interests, and she intended to keep it that way.

“Nooo! I didn’t!” Joan grinned, ready for gossip. “Whyyyy?”

“Well, if you did... *Ngh...*” Kayla paused to catch her breath. “Y-You would know that she went through a little growth spurt over that summer! She came back *huuuuuuge* in sophomore year. Hank couldn’t keep his hands off her!”

The devilish twinkle in Joan’s eyes was haunting. “Oh *really??*”

Maggy tried to shrink away. Talk of her breasts growing wasn’t what she needed to hear as milk bloated her like a balloon. “I-It was just a little late puberty...”

Kayla scoffed. “This was more than just *puberty*. Back in freshman year, we were the--*ngh!*--same bra size!!”

She thought Joan’s eyes might bulge out of her head. “*WHAT??*”

Maggy leans back when Joan leaned forward, coming close enough the redhead feared she might smell her milk. Her bosom ached with its contents. Soon it would demand release.

“*What’s your secret??*” Joan whispered. Even with her own D-cups assets, she couldn’t help but feel envious of Maggy’s bust. “*Kayla is only a B-cup! You must be at least a G, right?? How did you do it?! No wonder Hank misses them! He’s probably sad he has to use a regular old pillow over the break!*”

Kayla couldn’t help but join in. “What did his texts say??”

“Mmmm, maybe he wants a group picture of what we’re doing at our little sleepover,” Joan said half-jokingly.

Maggy waved her hands in panic. “N-No!! I mean, he *would...*but it’s--*ngh!*--not really any of your busine--”

“*Augh!!!*”

A sharp cry jumped from Kayla. Her friends glanced over, startled.

A smile crept over Joan’s face. “Well that didn’t take long...”

Kayla leaned back on her hands with her eyes fixated on her chest. Rapid gasps lifted her bust up and down in quick succession. Hard pinky-like nipples pushed into her shirt. With every breath, its fabric seemed to tighten. Two wet splotches leaked down its front as if she’d sprung a leak. Maggy knew the wet spots very well, having soaked her fair share of tops, but didn’t dare jump to such conclusions.

“*W-W-What’s going on??*” Kayla squeaked, watching the spots widen. White drops soaked through her top, cold on her rock-hard nipples. Finding two plump mounds lifting her

shirt with every breath only drove her panic higher. “*T-Those aren’t my boobs!! Why is my chest so big?!*”

Maggy barely had the mental capacity to follow the situation. As milk continued to flourish in her bust, she had to force herself to stay still rather than throwing her hands into her bra and squeezing her nipples. Every passing second left her feeling fuller than ever.

Kayla grabbed a breast with one hand and delivered a squeeze, not willing to believe what she felt occurring under her shirt. Milk flowed over her fingers.

“*W-W... Why am I--*”

GUURGLE

Her mammary grew into her hand.

“*WHAT’S HAPPENING?! I-I’M BLOWING UP!!*”

Joan couldn’t contain herself any longer.

“*SURPRISE!!!*” she yelled, waving her arms.

Kayla stared in panic, feeling herself swelling by the second. “*W-What??*”

“*The muffins!!*” Joan laughed. “*They were more than just muffins!! They--Nnngh!!*”

SPLRRRTCH!

Joan’s smile grew when milk sprang from her shirt. Arching her back, she lifted a pair of breasts swollen several cups into the air. “*Oh wow!?*”

“*Joan!!! What did you do?!*”

“*I spiked the muffins with lactation inducer!*” she giggled, wobbling her chest back and forth in amusement.

Kayla squeaked with disbelief. “*You what?! Y-You can’t induce lactation that eas--Ah!!*” Milk sprayed from her shirt from swollen DDs, as if to deny her logic.

“*This was real medical-grade stuff!!*”

STRRRRTCH

“*Nnngh!?*” Maggy groaned as her milk blossomed. She didn’t want to believe her ears. The pressure in her chest was harder to deny.

SHRRIIIIP!!!

Joan ripped her shirt open, spraying buttons across the room. Two melon-sized breasts overflowed her bra with milk leaking down her stomach. “*See?? That’s real, grade-A milk, baby!?*”

STTRRRRTCH!!

Maggy felt her bra complain and dig into her. “*J-Joan... You... You did...what???*”

“*Kayla was joking that she wanted bigger boobs for Christmas, so I thought I would give her an early present and make our boobs bigger for a night! Making us lactate was the best way to do it! Don’t worry; it’s temporary! The milk will wear off by morning and you’ll be back to normal by tomorrow afternoon.*”

Scared by what she might discover, Kayla pulled away the collar of her shirt and peered inside its depths. Her eyes widened. “*O-O-O-Oh my GOD!! MY BOOBS ARE HUGE!!!*”

Although the other girls could see she was no larger than a D-cup, they knew it was a massive change for the previously small girl.

Kayla panted in excitement. Still nervous as the sudden growth, she gazed into the first chasm of cleavage she'd had the pleasure of witnessing on her body. A small smile cracked through her fear.

"This... T-This is... They're..." She started giggling. *"This is amazing!!!"*

Moving in a flurry with all the excitement of a kid on Christmas morning, Kayla unbuttoned her shirt and flung the garment to the floor.

Two gorgeous breasts stared back at her. Perky, firm, and flushed with arousal, they stood out on her body like exotic fruits. Milk trickled from tiny nipples and sprayed with every deep inhale.

"EEEEK!!!"

Kayla flung her hands onto herself and trembled at feeling her skin bulge between her fingers. Milk ran down her arms in thick streams.

"How big am I going to get??" she asked joyfully. "I must be a D-cup!! M-Maybe even a DD!!!"

Joan laughed at her delight. "Depends how much of the lactation inducer you took! I measured out one dose per muffin, and a single dose is supposed to induce a few ounces per breast."

She turned to Maggy then, hungry eyes watching her bust intently.

"But Maggy had *three* muffins, if I remember right... Mmmmm, I can't *wait* to see what happens to those fun bags."

STRRRRTCH

Neither of them heard Maggy's bra complain.

Kayla laughed. "Like she *needs* to be bigger! Maggy, you should undo your shirt while it's still in one piece! I only had one muffin and I more than doubled in size! If *you* do any more growing, your boobs might--"

STRRRRTCH

"A-Ahhh!!!" Maggy shivered and leaned back when her chest spiked with pressure.

Joan leaned forward to get a better look at the gaps spreading between her buttons. "You're probably going to grow at least eight cup sizes!! I bet those udders can hold *a ton* of--"

GUUUUUUURRGLE!!!

They fell silent when Maggy's chest rumbled. Her face grew pale and she didn't dare breathe.

"M-Maggy...?" Kayla asked slowly. "What's the matter? Are you--"

GUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

"FUCK!!!!!"

In a scrambling mess of limbs, Maggy jumped from the floor and ran to the bathroom.

SLAM!!

The door separated them in an instant.

Kayla gulped, losing interest in her new chest as it was replaced with concern. “Uh oh...” They approached the bathroom door, becoming aware of a churning fluid on the other side.

“M...Maggy...?”

“*M-Mmmngh!!!!*”

The bathroom spun around the lactating redhead. Flinging her useless shirt to the floor, Maggy leaned on the counter and stared at her reflection.

Two bulbous udders hung hot and heavy from her torso. Bloated far beyond anything she was yet to experience, they pushed her bra to the limit and churned with milk. Prominent veins raced toward her aching nipples like rivers. Sweat peppered her forehead as she flushed red with arousal and confusion. The amount of milk swelling her breasts larger than honeydews was driving her insane.

“*Oh my God... O-Oh my God...*” Maggy panted.

Knock knock knock...

Her friends tapped sheepishly on the door.

“Maggy...? You ok...?”

“*Nnngh!! They’re too full!!*”

Brushing against them was pleased torture when she pulled her bra down. Throbbing nipples as big around as a dime stood out a full inch from her fleshy domes. Pink, bright, and bloated, they had little give between her fingers.

“*NNGH!! A-Ahh!!*”

Maggy grabbed the sink for support. Squeezing them had been a mistake and nearly sent her to the floor in a fit of overwhelming sensitivity. Even worse, only a few drops of milk had found freedom.

“Maggy...?” Kayla’s voice came again, nervous with concern. “I-It’s ok! You don’t have to be embarrassed! We’re all lactating! It’s natural! It’s only us girls!”

GUUURRRGLE

“*Auugh!!*”

“It was just a little prank, right, Joan?”

Joan’s voice came through the door. “Y-Yea! It’s totally harmless, I promise! There won’t even be stretch marks! Think of all the sexy pics you can send Hank! He’ll love seeing you even bigger than you usually are! Imagine how confused he’ll be when he sees--”

“*Dammit, Joan!!!*” Maggy yelled, unable to touch herself as she engorged ever larger.

“H...Huh?”

“You can’t do stuff like this!! *You can’t do this to people!!*”

GUUURRRGLE

“*MMNGH!!*”

Kayla backed away from the door. “M...Maggy?? She was only having some fun!”

Joan was determined to clear her name. “What’s the matter? I swear this stuff is harmless! I mean, unless you were already lac--”

GUUUURGLE

The bathroom door swung open to reveal Maggy supporting herself with both sides of the doorframe. She leaned forward, glaring at the girl responsible for turning her breasts into heaving jugs.

“H-Holy shit...” Joan gawked.

She’d never seen such full breasts. Larger than her head, Maggy’s mammaries swelled to escape from her bra at every seam. Bloated, pillowy flesh dominated her torso without mercy. The amount of milk swirling inside of her was obvious by sight alone, as was the sexual strain it put on its owner. Sweating and hair a mess, Maggy struggled for breath. Her extreme size made the other two girls look flat, even with their enhanced cups.

“*Maggy?!?*” Kayla gasped in horror. “*What happened to you?!?*”

Joan gulped. “I-I didn’t know it would do that!! I thought--”

Maggy growled at Joan and clenched at the doorframe. “*I was already lactating, you idiot!!!*”

She blinked in disbelief. “What???”

“*I induced lactation for fun in freshman year!!! How do you think I grew so much?!?*”

GUUURRGLE!!

“*Nngh!! Dammit they’re getting too full!!!*”

Maggy grabbed her chest as soft flesh overflowed her bra. It couldn’t last much longer.

“*I-I already produce a half-gallon of milk throughout the day!!! Do you know what this is going to do to me?!?*”

Fearful, Kayla grabbed her breasts and inquired, “Joan... How much milk did you say one muffin was supposed to make you produce???”

“One muffin would induce...a-a few ounces...of milk...”

GUUUUUUURGLE

“*And you let me eat THREE of them!!!*”

SNAP!!!

“*Augh!!!*” Maggy trembled and fought to stay on her feet when her bra snapped at the front. Breasts as large as watermelons dropped before pulling at her shoulders and slamming together with sloshing weight. “*God, look at me!! I’M ENORMOUS!!!*”

“Ok, ok!! Let’s calm down!!” Joan moved forward but didn’t dare approach Maggy’s chest for fear of the splash zone. The rising pressure within her own bra went unnoticed. “Y-You can just milk yourself, right?? You must do it every day!”

“*Don’t you think I tried?! They’re too full to be hand-expressed! There’s too much--ngh!--milk pressure!!!*”

SSTRRRRTCH

There seemed to limit to how plump Maggy’s cleavage would stretch.

“How big am I going to get?!”

Intense fullness moved in waves through Maggy’s chest. Like rapidly growing fruits, her breasts inched wider and longer, stretching down her abdomen toward her navel.

“Joan... S-She’s getting really, really big...”

Joan gulped. *“I-It’s reacting to the hormones in your body... You’re not supposed to take the inducer supplement if you’re already producing milk!”*

“Oh, really?? You don’t say!?”

CREEEEEAAAAAK!!

It was Joan’s turn to experience the anxiety of out-of-control breasts. Feeling her bra tremble, she glanced down to find melon-sized knockers testing her bra. *“H-Huh?!”*

“Joan! Yours look like they’re about to--”

SNAP!!!!

“Oh fuck!!!”

Groping her chest, Joan was amazed to find herself swollen to such an extent to break her clasp. Milk sprayed across the room at their sudden release and a sopping bra hung limp around her torso.

Kayla whimpered and massaged herself for relief. It was hard to believe her tiny bust could grow so large, much less grow any larger. *“N-Nngh... Joan... I’m starting to feel... Ah!! I-I’m starting to feel a little full too, actually... And I only had one muffin!”* Failing to hold her breasts within her hands only fueled Kayla’s anxiety, however when they swelled an inch outward and firmed, her pulse began to race. *“T-This feels like a lore more than a few ounces of milk!”*

“It’s fine! It’s fine!” Joan promised, not taking her eyes off her own chest. Her own pale veins rising to the surface didn’t help her confidence. *“It just looks like a lot more because of the swelling!”* Rapid breathing betrayed her nervousness. Biting her lip as she felt milk flowing into her bust, she suggested, *“B-But maybe I should look at the bottle again, just in case.”*

The trio returned to the room. The night’s previous merriment was long gone, replaced by trepidation and a sense of urgency as their breasts ballooned in their hands. Joan fished a bottle of powder from her bag and quickly glanced at the label.

“See?? It says--Nngh!”

SPLRRRTCH!

Milk erupted in thick streams to cut her off. Recovering and not daring to touch her undulating nipples, she continued, *“I-It says right here! Serving size is one tablespoon!”* She then pointed to another location and quoted, *“Three to four ounces of milk production.”*

Not ready to believe her given the watermelons hanging from her body, Maggy snatched the bottle for herself and read through its entirety. The more she read, the larger her eyes bulged. *“You MORON!! Did you not read the entire label before drugging us?! Look at this!!”*



“You absolute IDIOT!!”

“I-I’m sorry!! I should have read it more closely!! How was I supposed to know you lactate for fun?! Who does that?!”

Kayla whimpered as the label’s words bounced around her head. “W-What’s milk displacement?!”

“How should I know??” Maggy yelled.

GUUUURRRRGLE

“Mmmmngh!!”

They released a collective moan when their chest surged with milk. All sporting busts multiple times their original size, the girls were falling deeper and deeper into panic.

“What did the bottle say??” Kayla whimpered. “Four ounces every three hours?? What’s going to happen since we took the entire dose all at once??”

Maggy struggled to do the math in her head while enduring her distracting contents. Finding an answer, and then double-checking in desperation, her face turned white. She grabbed her tits in fright at what they would have to carry.

“Half a gallon of milk per muffin, Joan!! HALF A FUCKING GALLON!!” Maggy pointed at Kayla. *“Not everyone here is big enough for that!! Kayla could barely hold a few ounces if she had to!! Let alone half a gallon!!”*

Joan stammered to find hope in their situation. *“B-But you handle it! You said you produce half a gallon every day!”*

“Yea!! Because I produce an above-average amount! And even then, it took me a year to work up to producing that much!!”

STRRRRTCH

Kayla squeaked when her breasts outgrew her hands. *“G-Guys!! They’re getting really big!!”*

The scene looked hopeless. Groaning and staring at their engorging chests, the girls wondered how far they would have to go until the muffins’ effects wore off. Kayla especially couldn’t help but whimper at her weighty development. The strain on her shoulders was more than she thought possible, though feeling her breasts creeping down her torso wasn’t an unpleasant experience. She’d never felt so curvy, and the thrill of losing sight of her feet was all she dreamed.

“They feel so full...” Kayla whispered. Testing their firmness and sinking her hands into her soft skin, she confessed, *“I-I kind of like it...”* A telling wetness soaked through the crotch of her pajamas.

GUUUUURGLE

“Nnngh!!”

“Jesus, Maggy! I think you’re actually speeding up!” Joan gasped.

Her head swam in a fog of desire. As full as she was, she couldn’t possibly milk herself. Even if she dared touch herself, the fullness of her nipple would prevent any manual release. Her chest screamed for relief but refused to allow it.

GUUUUURGLE

“Nnngh, God... I-I need to sit down...” Maggy huffed. *“These are getting too heavy.”*

SLOOOSH

She stumbled to Kayla’s desk chair where her chest heaved upon collapsing.

“I’ve never felt so damn full!!” Staring down didn’t help Maggy’s mental state. Much of her abdomen and upper thighs were hidden behind her milky bulk. *“I feel like I need to be cautious of sharp corners!!”*

Often she’d imagined what it would be like to push herself to extreme levels of lactation, but reality was far different. The sexual power of so much milk churning within her laboring breasts was immense. Hank would surely lose his mind at such a sight.

Maggy chewed on her lip and cradled her bust lovingly. Her eyes switched between it and her bag resting in the corner.

I have to milk them!! I can't let them keep filling up!! No matter what it feels like!

The electric pump called to her. Its talents could relieve her of this nightmare.

If I could get my pump... I could empty these milk tanks in no time. Can I do that in front of Kayla and Joan?!

STTTTTRRRRTCH

Kayla trembled against her chest as she pushed outward. *"I-I never thought I would be this big... I'm as big as you used to be, Maggy!"*

"Heh, those look pretty good on you, you know," Joan admitted.

"Really...??" Kayla blushed and circled a swollen nipple.

"Hell yea! On your tiny body?? They look *massive!* That's a hell of a rack you've got!"

Kayla turned towards a full-length mirror. Her eyes widened at her impressive figure.

"T-They look so pumped up! I'm even bigger than my sister..."

SPLRRRRRTCH!!!

Milk escaped Joan in a sudden fountain.

"Ahhh!! They really have a mind of their own, don't they?? Half a gallon doesn't seem like a lot until it's stuffed into your tits!" She fell against a dresser for support as she cupped her prized mounds. Rivaling her head, they jiggled and sloshed in her grasp and slid against each other with a fleshy joy. *"H-Hey, Maggy... What happens if a woman's breasts get too full of milk??"*

An answer was slow to arrive. *"Mmmgh... Well... They'll ache and feel very, VERY full, like you're really bloated. But eventually they'll force a letdown and milk will spray out!"*

SPPPRRRRRRTCH!!!

An array of milk shot across the room when Joan squeezed her breasts in a trembling bear hug.

"MMMMMNNNGGHHH!!! YEEEESSSS!!! Oh that feels AMAZING!!!" She fell limp to recover from a mini orgasm still tingling on her pussy. *"M-Maggy... I see why you started doing this...! Having sex with a pair of tits full of milk must be incredible!"*

GUUUUURGLE

"M-Mmgh!?" Maggy whimpered helplessly. Supporting her chest, she stared in despair as cleavage rose toward her face like a fleshy tide. She felt dominated by her own breasts, her body weight rising with every second. *"I can't...hold all of this milk!! My boobs feel too full!!!"*

GUUUUURRGLE

"Nnngh!"

Maggy slipped a hand to her stomach. She'd been full before, but never so full that she felt bloated elsewhere. The sheer girth of her bust was driving her to feel like a balloon as a mysterious pressure bubbled within her belly.

"God, I feel so...weird...! I've never pushed them this far!"

“*AHH!!*”

A sudden gasp of confusion came from the corner of the room. Maggy had forgotten Kayla was there admiring herself in the mirror.

“*Guys??*” she squeaked.

RRRMMMMBBLL

The girls’ abdomens itched with pressure and vibrations.

“*Nngh! What is that??*” Maggy gasped, sinking both hands into her stomach.

Kayla’s voice came out in startled bursts. “*GUYS!! I-I think I know what the bottle meant by milk displacement!!*”

They spun to look at the panicking blonde. Previously twig-framed, Kayla now sported a belly resembling that of a pregnant woman entering her third trimester. A gentle slope from her sternum to her navel filled out into her hands like half a watermelon.

“*My stomach!!*” Kayla gasped.

GUUUURGLE

“*SHIT!! MINE TOO!!*” Joan groped her own abdomen when pressure pushed against her belly button and waistband.

“*M-Maggy?! What’s happening to us?!*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

“*Uhhh... U-Uuuuhhhh...*”

No response came. Instead they heard the fearful breaths of a girl experiencing monumental swelling.

Their eyes turned to saucers upon seeing Maggy struggling under her own body. Her stomach ballooned out and over her thighs, quickly wedging itself between the chair’s armrests. Warm, plushy skin squished over her legs and weighed heavy with fluid.

“*Ahh!! Aahhhh oh my God!!!*”

Maggy tilted her head back in fright as her belly lifted her tits from below. Jiggling cleavage attacked her face and her curves fought for dominance. The sensation of her breasts’ incredible mass weighing and wobbling on top of her belly as it bloated like a water balloon was beyond comprehension.

“*S-Somebody!! Get my breast pump!!! It’s in my bag!!!*” Maggy begged. They were out of time. This was not a moment to be shy. “*We’re too full of milk!! Our bodies don’t have anywhere else to store it!!!*”

Joan leaned her head back and tried to endure the stretching sensations washing over her body. The scent of her own milk was driving her wild. “*I thought you said our boobs would let it out if they got too full!!*”

“*Yea, well, I’ve never taken lactation inducer either!! This is new to me too!!*”

GUUUURGLE!!!

Kayla watched her belly distend in the mirror. Firm and tight, it protruded from her frame in a perfect slope before diving into her pajama bottoms with a wide curve.

“So big...” she whispered, amazed that it’d blown large enough to be seen from under her new breasts. Stretching her pajamas down far enough to expose her navel and crotch, she moaned upon seeing the swelling spreading down into her hips and pussy. “I-I look pregnant...”



“Joan!!” Maggy yelled from under her milky mass. “JOAN!! PLEASE!! My pump!!!”
Joan lifted her head and lust-drunk eyelids. Milk ran over her massaging hands as she panted desperately for breath.

“MY PUMP!!! Pleeeaaaaaase!!! I’m getting too full!!! M-My belly!! God, my BOOBS!! Everything is blowing up!!! I can’t hold much more!!!”

“Just...J-Just hang on...” Joan swallowed and fell onto the floor to reach Maggy’s bag. Cradling her chest and belly as she crawled on her hands and knees, she searched for the device.

“Is this--nnggh!! Is this it?”

SSTRRRRTCH!!

Maggy glimpsed a control unit and a hose leading to two cups. “YES!! YES!!! Hurry!! God I feel like a human MILK BALLOON!! I-I’m getting firmer!!”

A weak hand passed her the saving device. Frantic and trying not to fumble the pump as she maneuvered it around her beach ball udders, Maggy turned it on and stretched to reach the cups to her nipples.

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

SQUUULCH!!

“*M-Mmmgh!!!*” She whimpered and shivered. Even with suction, her bloated nipples proved difficult to fit into the receptacles. Maggy only prayed it would be powerful enough to draw the dairy from her over-engorged body. “*Please work!! Oh please work!!*”

KSH-PSH

KSH-PSH

SLOOOSH!

“*MMMMGH!!! YES!!! I-It’s working!!! My milk is coming out!!!*” Maggy cried out at the ceiling. “*Thank God! I wasn’t sure I would have been able to hold even one more drop of--*”

Ksh...psh...

Wrrrrrrr.....

The pump groaned and died on her chest, dangling lifelessly against her belly. Its bounces echoed across her massive globe like a drum.

“*H...H-Huh...?*” she squeaked.

CLICK

CLICK

The pump refused to turn on.

“*WHAT?!?!?*”

A flashing light informed her of a dead battery.

“*N-No!! No no no nononononooooo!!!!*”

She threw it across the room in a milk-drunk rage.

“*SHIT!!!*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE

A loud, vengeful churning of liquid sounded from her belly and breasts, as if mad at her attempt to relieve the pressure. “*A-Aahhhh!! It’s still coming in!!! My body is getting...too FULL!!*”

Maggy sank her hands into her belly, amazed that her pillowy flesh was still capable of engulfing her up to her wrists. She could only imagine what her body must have looked like. Behind her chest, she could see only her heaving milk domes.

“*JOAN, WHAT DID YOU DO TO ME?!?! I’m blowing up!!! I’m so big, I feel like I’m going to--*”

“*EEEEEEEEK!!!! What’s happening?!?!?*” Kayla screamed.

Joan paid her little mind. “*What do you think?? We’re filling up like milk tanks! Nnngh and I don’t think I can hold much more before--*”

Her voice cut off upon catching sight of Maggy.

“*What the...?*”

GUUUUUURGLE

“*Ah!! Ahh!! What is it?!?*” Kayla cried.

Maggy was trapped in place. “*What?? What’s happening?!?*”

“Maggy...” Joan whispered slowly. “Your... Y-your nipples...”

Kayla was in hysterics. “*What’s going oooooon?!*”

Straining her neck, Kayla could just glimpse her friend’s worried reflection in the mirror. She thought it was a trick of the eye at first, but looking closer, she was certain Kayla’s nipples had turned dark purple. A faint blue hue was spreading across her breasts from the swollen nubs. It wasn’t long before her breasts resembled something out of a sci-fi movie.

“*My chest is turning blue!!*”

SQQQQUURRRRCH

A sound like thick syrup bubbling with heat filled the room.

“*F-Fuck!! Mine are too!!*” Joan tried rubbing her nipples clean of the ailment, finding nothing but incapacitating pleasure. “*Mmmgh!! I-I can’t even touch them!! They’re too sensitive!*”

Maggy was beside herself. Given the rest of the night’s events, if her friends were experiencing something, she was certain to be experiencing it ten times worse.

SLOOOSH

SLOOOSH

Her body swayed as she fought to see over her cleavage. The sloshing of thick fluid in her ears was deafening.

GUUUUUUUURGLE

A sound like a rumbling semi-truck filled the room. Loud enough to draw Kayla and Joan away from their own swelling, they turned to stare at Maggy in amazement. Kayla couldn’t help but shrink into the corner.

“M...Maggy...” she cautioned.

The redhead hyperventilated with anxiety. Though she couldn’t see them, she could feel her nipples expanding into soda can-sized monsters. Their weight caused them to sag as if laden with heavy sugar. Finally, as a firmness spread from her areolas and into her mammaries, Maggy watched a dark blue speckle her cleavage before smoothing across her skin.

“*I’m turning blue!! Why the hell are my tits turning blue?!*”

Kayla lifted a finger and pointed to Maggy’s belly button. “*H-Her stomach too!!*”

GUUUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

“*Mmmngh!!!*”

Maggy grabbed her belly when pressure ballooned it to a heaving yoga ball of milk. “*God!!! I-I might actually pop because of you, Joan!!!*”

CRREEEAAAAAK

The chair screamed under her weight.

“Bring me a mirror!” Maggy demanded.

Joan’s voice came out soft and timid. “I’m not sure that’s such a good idea...”

“*Bring me a fucking mirror!!*”

Nervously, Joan motioned to Kayla and together they positioned the mirror in front of Maggy.

Spreading her breasts apart for a view through her cleavage was a mistake.

Maggy's curves had been blown to incredible proportions. Her belly crept over her knees and over the chair like a monstrous blue globe. Deformed by each of her titanic udders resting atop, it strained with visible pressure. Her breasts proudly jutted into the air like beacons, blue with fluid and leaking a strange substance from purple nipples as thick as her forearm.

"I'M RIPENING LIKE A FUCKING FRUIT!!"

SPLRRRRRCH!!!!

"AUUUGH!!!"

A cascade of dairy erupted from her bust in thick streams. Like a fountain, it struck the two ogling girls to leave them dripping from head to toe in thickened blue milk.

"Ahh!! Ew!! EEEWWW!! What the hell, Maggy!! What is this--"

The taste hit their tastebuds. Their pupils dilated. Sugary sweetness flooded their senses like a drug.

"It's...good..." Joan moaned.

Kayla nodded and licked a finger. *"L-Like a blueberry milkshake..."* Glancing down, she ran a finger across her own purple nipple to coax several drops of blue milk into the open. *"Is that inside of me too...?"*

SQUUUURRCH!!

"Mmng!! M-My milk is blue!!" Maggy squirmed. *"I think the blueberries from the muffins are reacting with the supplement!!"*

GUUUUUURGLE!!!

Maggy's hands were pushed out of her stomach when it bloated and tightened. Feeling it stretch, she sensed her capacities being reached. The armrests creaked against her gut as even her hips flared with weight. Sloshing curves overflowed the chair in a battle for victory.

"I-I can't take much more of this!!!"

There was only one hope.

Maggy looked ahead at the two girls enthralled by her mammoth body and their own distended figures.

"You two!! You two have to milk me!"

Joan raised her hands. *"What?! Ooooh no, I don't think so."*

GUUURGLE

"Nnnngh!! Please!! My pump is broken!! I'm getting fuller by the second!! I-I don't know what's going to happen if my belly runs out of room!!"

Kayla shuffled her thighs back and forth in thought while Joan pondered the request.

"What are we supposed to--"

"I-I'll help, Maggy..."

Kayla stumbled forward in a daze, intoxicated by her friend's milk. Saliva was ready to drool from her lips.

"K-Kayla... Kayla, be careful!!!" Maggy said in fear. *"Don't be too--MMMNGH!!!"*

She latched on like a babe. Stuffing her cheeks with the gushing nipple, Kayla leaned into Maggy's breast to hug it and squeeze the nectar from its depths. The sensation of her nipple jamming against the back of her throat as she gulped repeatedly was more than Maggy could handle.

"AAHHHH!!! AAHHHH OH GOD!!! K-Kayla!! KAYLA!! Slow down!!! They're too...SENSITIVE!!!"

SLOOOOOOSH

"MMNGH!!!"

Kayla inched forward into Maggy's belly until her leg presented itself. She straddled the knee, not caring about her drenched crotch coating Maggy's thigh in natural lube.

"AAUUGH!!! Oh dear God!!! Y-You're squeezing too hard!!! B-But you need to!! To milk me!!! O-Or juice me!!! I don't even know what I need at this point!! Joan please!! M-My other breast!! It's still growing!!!"

Joan gawked at the ridiculous scene. "Are you serious?? There's no way I'm going to suck on your--"

Watching milk run down Kayla's chin and over her body left her envious. The blonde's cheeks bloated with dairy from her inability to swallow fast enough. Slick with milk, her body slid against Maggy's rounded form as if they were coated in oil.

"Joan!! You have to!! This is...nnggh!! This is all your fault!!!"

Her mouth was dry as she realized she could no longer resist. "F-F-Fine..."

Joan came forward and leaned toward a nipple. It quivered and throbbed inches from her face. Somehow it was more intimidating than the first hardened dick she'd ever seen back in high school.

"I'll try, but you owe me, alrig--MMPHH!"

Maggy grabbed the back of Joan's head and pulled her into her chest. Slippery, her nipple easily spread her lips and entered her mouth, locking in place as milk rushed to freedom.

"MMMPPH!!!" Joan complained half-heartedly, shoving her hands deep into Maggy's tit.

"AAHHHHHH!!! O-Oohhh don't press so hard!!! You're gonna make my milk--"

GUUUUURGLE!!

"M-MM!!!"

They whimpered at a flood of dairy. Losing themselves to her marvelous taste and size, both girls closed their eyes and gave themselves to Maggy. Her thighs dripped with pussy juices as they gyrated back and forth.

"Milk me!! Keep sucking!!!" Maggy begged. Already she could feel their bellies bloating against hers as they consumed her dairy. Every vicious swallow engorged their waistlines like holding tanks.

CRREEEEAAAAAAAK

The chair gave another warning. Supporting Maggy's weight had been a challenge. Supporting the weight of three lactating girls was an impossible task.

"M-Mmmm!"

Joan and Kayla moaned in unison, leaning their full weight into Maggy. Belly and boob flesh bulged around them like blue airbags, engulfing them in heat.

"Ah!! N-Not so hard!! I'm still too full!!!"

Enduring their suckling was torture. Maggy could feel her nipples swelling within their mouths and filling every possible corner.

"Calm down!! You're going to...Ah!! You're going to make me...MMNGH!!!"

Maggy tried to clench her thighs together but found a monumental belly blocked her way. It massaged her puffed crotch like a giant vibrating wand, pushing her towards the ultimate release. Maggy vividly recalled what happened whenever she climaxed with a bust full to bursting with milk. The pressure was immense and chest-aching, and it always ended in needing a clean pair of sheets and a shower with her boyfriend.

"I-I'm gonna come!!! If I do that, I-I... I don't know what will happen!! I don't think my body can handle a letdown!!!"

"Mmmnngh!!!"

GUUUUUUUURGLE

"Ahh!! I-I can't...hold it!!! Kayla!!! Stop...rubbing my areola!! You're... MMGH!! GOD!!!"

CRREEEEAAAAAAAK--CRK!!!

A leg of the chair split down the middle, going unnoticed by the trio.

"S-Slow down!!! SLOW DOWN!!! You're making my milk come in even faster!!!"

GUUUUUURRRGLE!!!!

"AAAHH!!! I'm gonna!!! I-I'm gonna come!!! All this milk....rushing inside of me!!!!!"

Maggy held the sides of her belly as her chest ballooned high and wide, testing the limits of her sucklers' stomach capacity. Her world turned into churning blue masses of flesh threatening to bury her under their weight.

"O-Oh my God!!! My PUSSY!!! My TITS!! M-M-MY BELLY!!!" Maggy threw her head back as her curves trembled. *"ALL THIS MILK!! BLOWING ME UP!! I-I feel like I'm going to EXPLODE!!! I...I-I CAN'T HOLD IT ANYMOOOORE!!!"*

CRREEEEAAAAAA--CRASH!!!

BWOOMPHSH!!

The chair collapsed as Maggy fell over the cliff of pleasure. Latched to her nipples, Kayla and Joan fell on top of her, sinking into her belly and chest with their full weight as they fell to the floor.

"MMMMPH!!!"

Their eyes watered from the pressure gushing down their throats until Maggy's breasts proved too powerful and both girls were thrown off in a record-setting letdown.

SPLRRRRCH!!!!

Geysers of thick blueberry milk erupted in the small room. They struck the ceiling to splash Maggy's burden across every wall. The sound of such a deluge was enthralling, though Maggy could not hear it over her own orgasmic screams.

When all was said and done, the three girls lay on the sopping floor coated in milk. They gasped for air beneath their still-swollen forms. Maggy, much reduced in size, lay between two girls looking ready to give birth. Their breasts heaved wet and swollen, begging for a release of their own, and their bellies stretched firm and tight from sternum to pussy.

The room dripped around them in milky disaster. None had the energy to say much between their heavy breaths, each happy to know the ordeal was over.

Joan chuckled at the scene. "Bet you can't wait...*ngh*...to show Hank his new toys, huh?"

Maggy wrapped an arm across her melon-sized breasts and struggled to speak while still riding the waves of her orgasm. "S...S-Shut it."

Epilogue
Later that night

"Are you sure this is ok...?" Kayla whispered.

"*Shh.*"

The room they had moved to was dark. Several additional inches of snow had gathered outside during their ordeal. Maggy was almost thankful for the extra warmth her assets provided, though it was hard not to make a noise when her body still sloshed with every step. Her breasts and belly refused to fit in her shirt, forcing her to leave it unbuttoned and roam the dorm naked from the waist up.

"But Maggy..." Kayla said softly. "You saw what happened to you! What if she--"

"*SHH.*"

They stood over Joan's sleeping form. Reduced in size, she could pass as normal if wearing a large sweater. Currently, however, Joan had chosen to sleep in only her underwear.

Maggy opened a bottle of water.

Kayla whimpered. "Maggy..."

"After what she did to us, Kayla? She deserves this. You're completely empty and your boobs are still massive! They might not go back down!"

"I-I kind of like them big..."

Maggy grinned. "Besides, remember rule number one of sleepovers? *Never fall asleep first.*"

She lifted the bottle of water.

“*Jooooaaannn...*” she whispered.

Joan’s sleepy eyes fluttered open to see them standing over her in the darkness. “*Hng? G...Guys? What’s--*”

“*Bottoms up,*” Maggy growled.

The bottle’s opening plunged into her open mouth before she could react. With Maggy’s hand holding the back of her head, there was no escape.

Joan’s eyes widened as water squeezed into her mouth. “*H-Hmmph?!?*” She couldn’t help but gulp.

Intense tingling spread over her body. Still alive with hormones, it wouldn’t take long for the supplement to take effect.

GUUURGLE

“*MMPH!!*” Joan squirmed when her chest wobbled with life.

Maggy’s grip was iron as the water funneled down her throat. A vengeful grin spread over her face as Joan stared up helplessly.

“Don’t worry! I only mixed in a *few* tablespoons of your inducer! Or maybe five... Or seven... I can’t remember.”

GUUUUUUURGLE

Kayla backed away. “*She’s already starting to swell up...*”

“*M-Mmmph!!!*” Joan pleaded as the last drops of water entered her body. The milk preparing to bubble in her chest would be monumental.

Maggy stared at Joan’s chest and chuckled. “What was it you said earlier after I had eaten *three* of your damn muffins?”

GUUUURGLE

“*Mmmph!!*”

“Oooohhh I remember.” Maggy watched Joan grab her chest in desperation. “I can’t *wait* to see what happens to those fun bags.”