

Enhanced Capacity

“Mmmmm... Do you hear that...?” Breanne asked, closing her eyes and listening to the silence of their car zooming down the mountain road.

Sean cocked his head and frowned after a moment. “I don’t hear anything.”

“*Exactly.*”

It took a second for him to realize she was referring to the empty car seat. Several infant’s toys sat within.

“Ah,” Sean chuckled, “I was wondering why my ears weren’t ringing from constant crying.”

His wife leaned back in her seat. It was the first time she’d looked relaxed since their child was born. After several long, sleepless months after the birth of their first baby, they had found temporary relief in Sean’s parents. They agreed to babysit for the weekend allowing the couple a solitary camping trip.

“God, just being out of the city feels like a relief,” Breanne sighed. “I didn’t realize how tired I was.”

“The little goblin is a handful, for sure! I hope my parents know what they’re getting themselves into!”

Giggling, Breanne looked at his empty car seat. “Is it wrong that I kind of miss his crying? Do you think he misses me yet?”

Sean could already sense the worry bubbling into his wife’s voice. This would be her first time away from her first child and he had been expecting such emotions to come to the surface. “I’m sure he’s doing fine! We’ll have some nice alone time, sleep in every morning, and come back on Sunday well-rested and ready to snuggle our bundle of joy again.”

He placed a hand on her thigh and rubbed gently, daring to venture near her pelvis. Excess mother’s weight had left her frame extra curvy and he was itching to explore every transformed inch. Unfortunately since their child’s birth, Breanne’s libido was non-existent. Lack of sleep and constant attention toward their child left her mind far from such things as romance and sexual pleasure.

“I didn’t think I would miss him so much already...” Breanne said, ignoring her husband’s hand and looking out the window. “We only dropped him off an hour ago! I thought I would make it at least--*A-Ahh...!*”

Sean glanced over to see her grabbing an engorged breast through her t-shirt. Choosing to breastfeed their child, Breanne’s mammaries had swelled well beyond their usual size into gorgeous mounds marbled with pale veins. A genetic predisposition to overproduce ensured their child would never go hungry. Much to Breanne’s dismay, this caused her breasts to triple in size into bulbous orbs packed full of milk. It was amazing such modest C-cups could transform into such globes.

“Full again?” Sean asked with concern. He felt sympathy for her plight, but he would have been lying if he were to deny the extreme arousal they caused within him. J-cups were magnificent on Breanne’s frame, a sight he was fortunate enough to glimpse only on rare occasions.

“Y-Yea...” she moaned. Rubbing her bloated udders, she breathed against the uncomfortable mounting heat. “I guess the girls really miss him too. Only two hours since I fed him last and these damn things are already about to overflow.”

Breanne leaned back and closed her eyes in an attempt to ignore her overproduction. For several miles they drove in relative silence until her moans returned.

“N-Nnngh... Oh, God...”

Sean stole another peak. Two wet spots had formed on her t-shirt. Even with the cotton fabric shielding them from view, he could tell she was extremely engorged. He couldn’t have imagined a perkier pair of tits.

Breanne’s breath increased and sweat beaded on the back of her neck. “Sean...” she moaned, “*I-I don’t think I can make it to the campsite. Do you mind if I...?*”

He shook his head. “Not at all. Do what you need to.”

Stifling further moans, Breanne held her chest and bent forward to dig into a bag at her feet. A hand pump came to her rescue. Lifting her shirt enough to see the swollen task at hand, she attached each cup to her nipples. A rhythmic suckling filled the car as her hand started to squeeze.

“A-Ahhh... Ahh!! Mmmgh...” Breanne whimpered. “Mmmgh!!! Nnnghhh...!!!”

Sean could see milk flowing through the hoses, but even he could tell it wouldn’t be enough. There were dozens of ounces to be drained; a trickle wasn’t going to do the trick.

“Breanne?” he asked, looking at her rounded breasts jutting from her bare torso. “Do you need me to pull over and--”

She shook her head. The thought of him emptying her chest had never appealed to the woman. “N-No, no, it’s fine. I’ll just...keep pumping.”

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After arriving at the campsite, Breanne found herself more bloated with milk than when she started pumping. Breanne grew discouraged. Her pump was meant to keep her lactation in check over the weekend without her newborn around to claim it as his own. Tossing the useless tool aside and pulling her shirt down over a pair of engorged melons it wasn’t equipped to handle, she stayed in the car while Sean assembled their tent.

“Is...Is it done?” she panted, watching him throw their bags inside.

“All ready! Should I--”

Breanne rose hurriedly and scrambled inside. The sound of zippers and clothes being removed caught Sean’s attention.

“Nnngh!! D-Damn, stupid, swollen udders!! Get the hell in there!!”

Moments later, she emerged from the tent wrapped in an over-taxed single-piece swimsuit. Overbearing cleavage bulged from its neckline and flesh oozed from the armholes. Filled so full of her chest, it drew tight around the rest of her body and accentuated the shape of her crotch. Sean was speechless.

“I’m going for a swim,” Breanne insisted. “Maybe the cold water will cool off my chest.”

She left without another word, leaving Sean to stare at the immodest view of her backside as she walked towards the lake. It would fuel him for the remainder of setting up camp.

The lake was cold and chilly upon entering. Instant firmness plagued her nipples, causing them to ache against their contents. Relief came moments later as the mountain snow runoff numbed her body and made her shiver. The heat of her chest was nothing compared to the frigid waters. However, it did not help the mounting pressures inside her milk glands. Growing fuller by the minute, Breanne felt she could almost watch her chest swell larger within her suit. They jutted from the water like buoys when she floated on her back. She winced at her skin stretching to contain her own dairy.

“F-Fuck they’re seriously getting too full... Stupid things feel like timebombs.” Breanne glared at the shininess of their surfaces; it was a clear indicator of their capacities being reached. “I better try that damn pump again before I end up bursting out of my swimsuit.”

Standing up, Breanne made her way to the bank. A bright glimmer from the sand caught her eye. Sitting just under the water, she noticed a strange metallic object. It didn’t appear to be trash, nor of this world. Curious and forgetting her tightening chest, she plucked it free.

It was shaped like a hockey puck with curved edges. Layered metal wrapped around it like scales. In the middle sat a large red bulb.

CLACK-A-CLACK-A-CLACK-A!

“Ahh!?”

Breanne jumped when the device hummed and spun in her palm, flaring open like a flower catching the sun. Green light pulsed from its center to run over her body. Various words in an unknown language raced through her mind until a metallic voice sounded in the back of her head.

Detected species: homo-sapien

Planet of origin: ID62693, Sector FF, Kaltha Region

What is the nature of your medical request?

Breanne blinked at the shining object. It was alien and unknown, speaking to her without sound waves. However, she felt no fear toward the object. “W-What? I don’t know what you’re--O-Oww!?”

Her chest visibly engorged tighter. With no one to claim her milk, Breanne’s breasts throbbed with building pressure. In the back of her mind, she complained, *Right now I would like breasts capable of holding my milk and the ability to feel sexy again.*

Confirmed.

CHI-CHI-CHI!

The device vibrated amid bouncing whines and chirps before contracting and falling to the ground.

“The hell?!” Breanne poked the lifeless machine with her toe. “I wonder if--*Mmmngh!!!*”

Warmth poured into her breasts. Different from the warmth of her over-engorgement, this heat caused Breanne to swoon and fluster.

SSTTRRRRTCH

Tightness spread over the front of her swimsuit.

“H...Huh...?”

Holding the side of her head as fog surrounded her mind, she looked down at her body.

Flesh heaved from her torso. Swelling and rising with every breath, Breanne watched her breasts grow in size and mass. Her previously tight, shiny skin dulled into a pale, fresh white like vanilla ice cream. Her veins faded into her depths as each breast became soft and pliable for the first time in months.

“*M-My breasts!!*” she gasped. Flinging her hands to them, she groped the enlarging melons. They squished against her palms and nearly overflowed her suit. “*O-Ooohh my... Ohhh the pressure... The pressure... Is gone!!*”

SSSTTRRRRRRTCH

They continued to swell. Although she could feel increased loads of milk swirling within, their size maintained a margin large enough to contain its pressures. The swimsuit tightened and bulged until her breasts distended to give her the appearance of a pregnant belly. Drum-tight, the crotch rubbed against her pussy. It ached for attention after awakening from months of slumber.

“*M-MMMGH!!! Sean...!*” Breanne groaned, wrapping an arm across her watermelon tits. The sensitivity in her plumping nipples was painfully overpowering. One pinch could send her into a fit of orgasms. Growing larger still, she stumbled down the trail towards the campsite.

“Oh! There you are,” Sean greeted upon seeing her through the trees. “I was wondering when you--”

Breanne’s suit was ready to explode. Containing beach ball knockers, she could hardly stand to carry their weight.

“*Get in the tent,*” she demanded. “*NOW.*”

Sean did as he was told. Pushed into the tent by his wife’s raging lust, he fell back onto their bed as she loomed over him. “B-Breanne...” he ogled. “What happened to your--”

SSHRRRIIP!!!

Her swimsuit burst into spandex rain. Such an angle of his naked wife hadn’t graced his vision in an eternity. Dripping wet from the lake and her arousal, she straddled Sean while ripping his clothes from his body. The zipper of his pants would remain broken for the rest of the trip from her urgency.

“*I-I need...to fuck you!*” she panted upon finding his cock within his boxers. “*My boobs are...so HOT!! I’m losing my mind!!! LOOK HOW BIG I AM!!!*”

Sean wasn't sure he could contain himself when she positioned her crotch over the head of his dick. Lowering down, he entered into her at record speed.

"MMMNGH!!!"

GUURRRRRGLE

"O-Ooohhhh there's even more MILK!!!"

Breanne hugged her chest and marveled at how soft it was against her arms. Squishing against her face, she plunged them down to smother Sean.

"I-I'm producing so much...MILK!!! And they're...still soft!!!" She ground up and down. After so many months, she'd forgotten how thick her husband felt between her thighs. Just feeling him penetrate her abdomen urged her production further.

"Can you feel them growing?!" she yelled.

Trapped below, Sean massaged the largest breasts he had ever seen. Nipples like soda cans punched his chest and cleavage engulfed his head.

"Aaaahhhh all this milk!! There are literally GALLONS of milk inside of me!! God, it's heavy!" Breanne screamed and clenched her pussy. Sean was nearing his breaking point, which was not something she could blame him for in the least. *"Can you believe that?! My tits actually wanted to fill up with GALLONS OF MILK!! They never would have been able to hold so much cream!!!"* Breanne applied her weight to her chest, causing it to billow between them. *"Until now."*

"M-Mmmph!!!" Sean struggled under her mammaries. Milk soaked their bed and filled his mouth.

"It's ok!" she promised. *"You can come!! I want you to! I'm ready!! Come for me, baby!"*

"Nnngh!!!"

Sean's body tensed as his cock thickened and swelled. Finally, a fountain of cum erupted within Breanne.

"MMMMM!!!! YEEEEES!!!" she screamed, arching her lower back to apply maximum pressure to his head.

SPPLLLUUUURTTCH!!!!

"MMMMNGHHAAAAHHH!!!"

Milk sprayed against Sean's body and soaked douse the sides of the tent. A more spine-tingling orgasm had never raced through Breanne's body as she felt every milk gland erupt and release its contents. By the time it was over, both lay on top of each other gasping for air.

"Mmmngh... Holy shit..." Breanne groaned, dizzy. Sitting up on Sean's sensitive member, she gazed at the breasts sloping from her body. With the pressure of her milk gone, clarity was returning.

Soft, warm flesh filled her lap. Overflowing her thighs, the size of her breasts dominated her frame. They would surely extend past her hips when she stood.

"S-Sean...?" she whimpered, rubbing her chest in confusion.

He still couldn't believe this was real. "What happened to you?? Where did those come from?!"

"I... I-I found this weird device on the beach and... And it asked me what medical attention I wanted and..."

Breanne's voice trailed off. The sensitivity in her chest was monumental. The softness under her fingertips was mesmerizing. Even her nipples, now puffy and thick, captured her imagination. The sight of her massive chest made her breath quicken.

"I... I-I..." Breanne's worry faded into a smile. "I don't care."

Leaning forward, she pressed her chest into her surprised husband. His cock throbbed within her with rejuvenated vigor. Staring at him between her cleavage, Breanne began moving her hips as she felt milk starting to return. Growling with arousal, she said, "I hope you can keep up... Because I'm about to give you one hell of a weekend."