

Victim of Bloat

“Have you actually *seen* anyone bloat up? It’s *insane*! It’s like watching something out of a B horror movie! Or a porno, depending on who you are, I guess.”

Emily shook her head at her friend, Jon, as they walked up the stairs to her apartment. A door opened to welcome them into empty living quarters chilled from the winter day. She was quick to toss her barista apron over the couch after dropping her bookbag with a heavy thud. The college students’ night of studying hadn’t even begun.

“I’ve only heard stories about it and seen a few videos online. I can’t imagine going through that...” Emily admitted. “We’re taking a lot of precautions at the cafe, but it doesn’t sound like anyone knows *for sure* how to stop the spread. It just attacks anyone it wants regardless of how careful they are. They don’t even know how you get infected!”

Jon nodded. “It’s a mess. I’ve heard some girls are actually hoping they catch it.”

“Are you kidding me??” Emily kicked off her shoes and groaned. “I get that some girls want to be bigger, but that is just too far. I wouldn’t want my boobs blowing up like that! It turns some of them into a walking pair of tits!”

Jon agreed, but not fully. He was lucky enough to know several victims of the infamous Titty Bloat Virus and each had been a wondrous transformation. Most found their new assets overgrown, too heavy, and in extreme cases, immobilizing. Little was known about the virus, though it had been proven to affect women ninety-nine percent of the time. Once infected, their bodies were forced to produce excessive amounts of mass concentrated in their busts leading to hyper lactation and arousal. For some, the effects were temporary and manageable. For others, the growth proved to be more permanent. Tissue expansion occurred within an hour of contracting the virus and usually ended just as quickly.

Following Emily into her room, Jon’s eyes lowered to watch her thighs and rear move. His long-time friend with benefits checked almost every box in his list of physical attractions. Blonde, tan, sporting wide hips and thighs to match, Emily’s body lacked only one thing to make her a drop-dead bombshell in Jon’s book. He would never admit it aloud, but secretly he hoped she might catch the virus and her assets would flourish into a heavenly hourglass figure.

“I hope you’re ready to study and not just stare at my ass all night,” Emily teased after looking back to catch Jon in the act.

“I can do both!”

“Riiiiight.”

THUMP!!

A playful bump from Emily’s hips pushed Jon onto her bed. Studying wasn’t the only thing on her mind and Jon was certain he would get to play the friend-with-benefit card eventually.

“Oh! Already pushing me into bed?? We haven’t even opened a book yet!” Jon teased.

Emily snickered and stuck out her tongue. “Keep your pants on for at least an hour. I have a chemistry test tomorrow.”

“Aye aye, captain.”

Jon gave a sarcastic salute and dove into his bag. He didn't notice Emily gently rubbing her arm across the front of her chest. Inside her bra, her nipples ached and burned for attention. Since getting off work, her body temperature had been rising to sweat-inducing levels. The back of her neck felt steamy and heat poured from her collar. Emily couldn't recall a time when her nipples felt so needy and sensitive.

"Can we turn some heat on? It's a freezer in here!" Jon scolded. "Aren't you cold??"

"O-Oh! Sorry! I hadn't noticed! I keep it off when I'm at work or class..." Wiping a layer of sweat from her brow, Emily made a trip to the thermostat and turned her heat on for the night. Steam was almost rising from her skin on her way to her desk. By the time she sat down, Emily could feel sweat soaking through her shirt.

"*M-Mmnng...*" She swooned in heat as the room started to spin. Facing away from Jon, she stared helplessly at the unopened textbook in front of her. "Why am I...so hot...all of the sudden...? My body feels like...it's on...*fire...* *N-Nngh...*!" The gentle protrusion of her breasts appeared especially inviting.

Jon's voice came from a million miles away. "How far are you on the Linear Algebra homework? I haven't been able to get past the first question."

"*My...My chest...*" Emily moaned. Leaning forward, she hugged it despite the furnace churning within. Sweat ran into her cleavage and she gasped for breath.

"Hmm? Did you say something?"

"*N-NNnnghmmm...*!"

Jon watched Emily double over. Even from across the room, he could feel the warmth radiating off her body.

"*Haaahh... H-Haaahhhh... O-Oohhhhh... My boobs...!!*" Emily groaned. Panting and gasping with labored breaths, she endured the rising heat. Pressure pushed against her hands.

"Em...?" Worried, Jon rose and went to her side. He stopped upon finding her hands overflowing with a pair of breasts swollen to triple their natural size. "*What the fuck?!*"

"*Oohhhhh... Ohhhh God!! My TITS!!!*" Emily cried. Stretching her blue barista shirt to the limit, Emily's bust heaved off her front like two volleyballs. Bulging flesh oozed between her fingers and rose out of her stretching neckline like dough.

"E-Emily!" Jon said, stumbling back. "I-I think you caught the--"

"*MMMNGH!!!!*"

A room-shaking moan of pleasure cut off his words. Completely losing herself to the sudden bout of bloating, Emily arched her back and thrust her chest into the air. They heaved off her front to overflow her grasp and demand every inch of her shirt.

CRREEAAAKK!!!!

"*MY BRA!!!*" she yelled between pleading gasps for air. Jon watched her shirt outline the shape of her lingerie. "*God it can't hold me!!!*"

SLAM!!!

Two jiggling globes fell onto the desk to send several knick-knacks clattering to the floor. Massive strawberry nipples tented the polo as Emily leaned her weight onto her bust. Watching them squish between Emily's fingers made Jon's jaw drop. Every bit of stimulation only drove

Emily further into the depths of maddening pleasure and accelerated her growth. It was the Titty Bloat Virus, and she was in the middle of its overpowering effects. Watching her chest balloon with flesh into ripe watermelons was everything Jon had dreamed it would be. However, when they continued gaining weight, he knew she couldn't be allowed to continue playing with them. He'd seen firsthand how bad the situation can get when a girl can't keep her hands off herself.

"Emily! Stop touching them!!" Jon yelled with worry. He jumped behind her to hold her arms back.

"N-No!! Let me go!! I have to touch them!!!" Struggling, Emily shook her chest left and right. Friction against her tightening shirt stimulated her nipples like a thousand tiny fingers.

GUUURRRRGLE

"MMMNGH!!!"

A fluid-like churning came from her tits. Such a fleshy, bubbly sound caused Jon to falter against a tightness in his pants. Drops of warm liquid pelted his face. Licking his lips, he tasted a creamy sweetness like frosting. A layer of white droplets covered her desk. Mouth going dry, Jon realized milk had sprayed from Emily's nipples in her struggling.

"M-MMM!!! Oohhhhh they're GETTING BIGGER!!!"

GUUURRRRGLE

Her chest bloated full and heavy with fluid. Watching skin overflow her shirt as if two beach balls were inflating, Jon knew he had to act fast. Pulling with all his weight, he yanked Emily from her chair to drag her onto the bed with a shirt-straining slosh. The struggle found him tumbling under her until they came to rest with Emily lying on top of him in a sweaty heap. He was lucky to have maintained a hold on her wrists.

"Mmmnghh!!! OOHhhh MY TIIIIITS!!! They won't stop BLOATING!! I can feel them...SWELLING UP!!! God, am I a BALLOON?!"

Every ridge of her chest pushed against Jon's chest. Full, tight, and leaking, her breasts felt more akin to two balloons growing dangerously full. Still he refused to release her wrists for fear of her massaging pushing her breasts to new limits.

"Mmmngh... M-MMM!!!" She whimpered loudly. *"Let me go, Joon... Let me touch them!!! Please!!!"* Misty-eyed, Emily looked between her cleavage to his face below. *"I-I just want to play with them!!!"*

Emily rubbed her crotch against his hardened shaft. Hot moisture soaked through their pants until it felt as though their skin were pressed together. Jon couldn't believe the lust dripping from Emily's breath, nor the intense fluid leaking from her nipples and crotch. The virus had turned his friend with benefits into a raging sex-fueled succubus wanting nothing more than to urge her mammaries larger and fuller.

"MMMMM!!! M-Mooore!! MORE!!!" Emily begged. She rubbed her body up and down Jon's to generate friction against her nipples. *"Come on... Don't you want to fuck me with these giant engorging udders?? I'll let you do whatever you want to me! I want to feel you pump me with your cock while my tits pump up with milk!!!"*

GUUURRRRGLE

Milk flowed though found nowhere to go. With both nipples pinned against him, Emily's udders had no choice but to expand and swell. Fluid gushed against her skin to stretch her inches at a time.

CRREEAAAAAAAK!!!

"Ohhh my bra!!! MY BRA CAN'T TAKE THIS!!"

"E-Em!! You need to get a hold of yourself!!"

Cleavage squished out of her collar and engulfed Jon's face. Restraining her felt closer to fighting a human water balloon at this point. Emily's constant struggles filled Jon's ears with sloshing. Tight skin pressed into his arms and pushed their bodies apart like airbags. Drawn to the point of popping stitches, Emily's work shirt acted as little more than a sports bra stretched across a pair of giant breasts.

"NNGH!!! O-Ooohhh yes!! God YES!!! I've always wanted this!!!" Emily screamed. Lust flooded from her groin to drown Jon's cock. He was going to burst through his boxers at this rate.

"No you haven't!! You never wanted them bigger!" Jon argued. He knew very well how much Emily enjoyed her original C-cup breasts. The monsters threatening to suffocate him never would have appealed to her sane mind. *"You're not going to be able to stand up if they keep growing!!"*

"I don't care!!! I don't care!!!" Emily bit her lip and applied her full weight to her chest. Their bulging size almost forced Jon to let go of her wrists. *"I want them to bloat!! I want to feel how big they can get!!! Can't you feel how FULL I am, Jon?! Can't you feel how much milk is STUFFED INSIDE MY TITS?! I'm like a human COW!!!"*

GUUURRRRGLE!!!

Their contents couldn't be ignored. Jon felt every heavy ounce pushing him down into his mattress. Breathing under their weight was hard enough without her cleavage blocking his nose and mouth.

CRREEEAAAAAAAK

"Em!! Your bra!!!" Jon warned.

"Let it break!!! I want it to snap!! I want it to EXPLODE!!!"

CRRREEEAAAAAAAK!!!!

Jon winced at every complaining stitch. It was like waiting for a balloon to explode in his face. Pressed against him, her bra felt like a bomb set to go off at the slightest touch.

"Mmmm it's gonna break!! It's gonna break!!!"

CRREEEAAAAAKK!!!!

SHHRRRIIP!!

Jon felt a tear open on the side of Emily's shirt. Flesh bulged free and rubbed against his arm with smooth, latex-like tightness. He wouldn't be able to restrain her much longer. Just like her clothes, he was fighting a losing battle. Rock-hard nubs prodded his chest and he knew her nipples couldn't have been more engorged.

GUUURRRRRRGLE

“Haaahhh!! Ooohhhhhh GOD!! H-Here comes more milk!! I don’t know...if I can hold it all!!! It’s making me stretch!!”

“Then stop struggling!!”

“B-But it feels so GOOD!!”

“You’re just making your boobs bloat even bi--”

SNAP!!!!

SHHRRRRRIIPPP!!!!

“AUUUGH!!!!”

A storm of spandex and cotton exploded around them. Finally breaking free of their prison, Emily’s breasts burst into the open among the tattered remains of her work uniform.

SPLUUURRTCH!!!!

Jon couldn’t be sure if the spraying liquid was coming from her nipples or her crotch when Emily screamed. Her entire body tensed as her chest endured a massive onslaught of growth comparable to a bouncy house inflating. Flesh billowed across Jon’s bed and over his body. It pushed against his trembling arms until he couldn’t maintain his grip any longer and he was forced to release Emily’s wrists.

“MMMNNNGHHH!!!!!!!!”

Frantic with lust, she attacked her chest. Jiggling mounds expanded between them to lift her into the air. Nipples like angry fists beat against Jon’s body.

*“OOOHH GOD!!!! GROW!!!! SWEEEEEEELL!!!! **BLOAT!!!**”*

Emily chanted for her transformation. Erupting with orgasm, she trembled atop engorging tits swelling with her arousal. The process continued for several minutes until her cries died off into labored gasps. Fluid dripped from her thighs into her cleavage below. The virus’s effect was waning, as was its grasp on her judgment. Slowly, she came to her senses and looked around the room in confusion.

“Mmmmm... M-Mmm...?”

Emily stared. Her body shuddered and ached with growing pains. Dazed, she looked down from her overblown yoga ball breasts to barely see Jon’s head peeking from the top of her cleavage. His arms and legs lay pinned beneath her girth, as did a mattress dripping with lactation.

“Jon...?” Emily squeaked, shocked at her immobilizing transformation. “What...What happened?? What are these things?! I-I don’t remember...anything after I...sat down...!! *What happened to my breasts?!*”

“Yoph cauphgt mpha vras!”

A muffled yell came from below. Scared to hear the truth, Emily spread her steaming cleavage apart to find Jon buried below. “W-What did you say??”

“What do you think happened?? *You caught the virus!!*”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Emily stared at her empty plate. It sat at the edge of a table partially hidden from view by her overgrown mammaries. Cleavage sloped from her collarbones to the tabletop before diving below and over her legs and resting on the cold tile floor. Finding a comfortable position with such massive breasts was challenging; either they pinned her legs in place, or she made the mistake of spreading her thighs and allowing her bust to flow between them. Either predicament was a difficult situation to rectify in the end.

GUUUURRRRGLE

“N-Nnngh...”

Jon glanced over from the sink at the sound of her groan. “You alright?”

Nodding, she tenderly rubbed the side of her chest. It had been a while since her last milking and she could feel herself becoming full once more. It would be best to empty her engorged glands soon, or risk swelling to far larger sizes.

“Just a little swelling... I-I think it’s time to empty them again.”

Jon approached and grabbed her empty plate. “I’ll wash this and then we’ll get you hooked up!”

Emily didn’t respond. She was too busy thinking about what had become of her life since contracting the merciless bloating virus spreading across the female population. Those unfortunate, or fortunate, enough to contract it were left in varying states of bodily engorgement. Some simply overfilled their shirts. Others swelled to the point of immobility.

Emily found herself on the extreme end of the swollen spectrum. At their worst, her breasts saw fit to bloat into mammoth, bed-collapsing behemoths leaving her stranded atop a pile of heaving flesh. At their best, they extended from her torso to the floor as pale teardrops. Regardless of their size, her breasts raged with intense sensitivity and produced milk constantly. A small trail of white puddles would often lead one to her location.

“Stupid things...” Emily grumbled while sinking a hand into their depths. They gurgled back, unaware of the lifestyle changes they’d wrought.

Visits from a doctor occurred every other day to monitor her levels of swelling. The government remained clueless as to the source of the virus and its long-term effects. This meant those most affected were kept under constant watch. So many different hands and eyes had never inspected Emily’s breasts so frequently. She felt more like a sideshow at a circus than a girl experiencing an extraordinary amount of swelling.

The rest of her life had been placed on hold. Her employer and college were both understanding of the situation, though could only accommodate her so far. Online classes would substitute her education for the time being. Her source of income was an issue that remained to be fixed. A small assistance check from the government would help her through the initial hardships while the world reacted to its swollen females.

Perhaps the most annoying aspect of contracting the virus was her female friends. Many offered their assistance and condolences, though in the end only hoped to contract the virus. A part of Emily couldn’t blame them; most of her friends were incredibly flat and had always been vocal in their envy of her ample C-cups. After being forced to live with a pair of gargantuan breasts with milky minds of their own, however, she grew angry at their blind envy. They didn’t

understand how difficult life had become. If caught, the virus wasn't guaranteed to leave them with the perfect pair of FF-cups they dreamt of. More likely they would find themselves struggling to stand. Emily tried to communicate the hardships of large breasts but her friends refused to listen. In the end, she decided it was best to cut them out of her life until her situation improved.

CLANK!

"Oops!" Jon scrambled to catch a plate when it slipped from his hands.

Emily sighed and stared at her friend with benefits. In her several weeks of learning to live with her monstrous chest, Jon was her rock. Moving around the house was enough to leave her gasping for air even with his help. A wheelbarrow provided assistance when she was lucky enough to fit within its confines. On the more swollen days, there was no choice but to stay in bed and wait for the bloat to recede.

These were the times when Jon truly put the friend in friend with benefits. He was her provider. In the weeks since contracting the virus, he'd come to live as a roommate and take care of her in ways she no longer could. He cooked, cleaned, and helped wash her when she couldn't wash herself. Most importantly, he was a sane person to keep her company. Jon wasn't an envious friend hoping to catch the virus, nor was he a scientist prodding her like an experimental piece of meat. Jon had been there from the start and even tried his best to help quell her ravaging bloat when her transformation took place. They had been good friends before and enjoyed countless sexual encounters. But now, as Emily caught Jon staring at her bloated chest, she couldn't understand why she blushed so hotly and failed to meet his wandering gaze.

GUUUUUURRRRGLE

"Ahh!" Emily gasped when her milk pressure rose. It was past time.

"Sorry, I'm almost done here!" Jon promised.

Emily groaned and stood up, dragging her chest toward a waiting wheelbarrow. There was still time before her milk truly became an issue, but she had to escape Jon's gaze. She couldn't bear to be seen ever since her swelling. Embarrassment and shyness ravaged her mind. This struck her as odd considering the devious sexual acts they had performed in the past. There was no inch of her body Jon was stranger to, and yet, letting him see her massive chest was too much.

"Nnngh!"

BWOOOMPH

BWOOOMPH

The wheelbarrow creaked when Emily heaved her chest into its confines.

"Em, I'll help if you just wait!"

"I-I got it!" she assured, grabbing the handles and lifting. "I'll meet you in there. I think this milk needs to come out sooner rather than later... Wouldn't want to get stuck in the kitchen like last time!"

The wheelbarrow squeaked with her weight as if taunting Emily. Once in her room, she wheeled herself onto the edge of the bed where she removed her breasts and sat on the mattress. The carpet was far more comfortable against her skin than the kitchen tile. Seeing the milk

machine waiting in the corner, Emily prepared herself for Jon's arrival by throwing a blanket over her chest.

"Ok! Let's get those puppies drained," Jon said happily moments later.

Emily remained quiet when he took hold of two large nipple adaptors. When he knelt in front of her chest and lifted the blanket to find her nipples, she resisted releasing a small squeak of embarrassment.

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

"M-Mmnng...!"

The milk machine came to life and began draining Emily's contents. A rhythmic whirring filled her room over the sounds of her labored breath.

"Let me know when they're almost done, ok?" Jon said tenderly while getting up to give her privacy. "I'll be in the living room on the--"

"J-Jon, wait..."

He paused and noticed a timid expression on Emily's face. She couldn't look him in the eyes, but it was clear she wanted to talk.

"What is it?"

"Can you...sit with me for a bit?"

He was taken aback. It was the first time she'd requested something of the sort. After her bloating, Emily's demeanor had drastically changed from the outgoing, sexually adventurous girl he knew.

"Uh... Sure!"

The mattress sagged when he sat next to her. They listened to the sound of her pumping milk until Emily spoke.

"T-This is kind of awkward, isn't it...?"

Jon shook his head. "I don't think so. I've seen your boobs *plenty* of times before this."

"Yea... But before I caught the virus, you've never seen the like this... A-And you never saw me act like...*that*."

Jon knew she was referring to her uncontrollable lust on the night of her engorgement. Being a slave to the virus, Emily's libido skyrocketed to a frightful state. She couldn't remember exactly what she did, said, or how she acted, but she knew she had said and done several things she never would have performed in front of another person. Even Jon.

"That wasn't your fault," Jon reminded. "You couldn't help what you did or said!"

"Still!!" Emily's face turned red. "You were there for the *entire thing*! Y-You saw *everything*... I'm grateful you held me back as best you could... I don't like knowing I was out of control..."

Jon chuckled. "You were basically begging me to fuck you." He quieted his laughter when he saw Emily's face redden further.

“And you didn’t take advantage of me... I probably would have destroyed my apartment if it weren’t for you.”

SHUCK

SHUCK

SHUCK

She stared at her nipples tenting the edge of the blanket. “I just don’t see how you could possibly see me that same after everything.”

“What are you talking about?? You’re still--”

“I’m so *gross now!!*” Emily blurted. “*How can you stand to look at me when I have tits the size of bean bags?! I’m a freak who can’t even take care of herself because of her own boobs!!*”

Jon showed no hesitation. Turning towards her, he said in a soft tone, “Em, I love everything about you. I don’t care if your chest is flat or filling this room floor to ceiling; it’s yours and because of that I love it.” He placed a hand on top of a breast and felt it churn with milk. Emily jumped at his touch. “I think they’re beautiful. And they’re even more beautiful because they’re attached to you.”

Moisture glistened in Emily’s eyes. “R...Really? You don’t think they’re too big?”

“I would love them at any size.”

Emily couldn’t contain her emotions. Lunging at Jon, she embraced him in a hug as her chest sloshed with fullness.

“*Nnngh...*!” she grunted, rubbing them. “S-Still too full...”

They glanced down as the blanket slid to the floor. A noticeable bulge in Jon’s pants brushed against Emily’s hand. Looking into each other’s eyes, it wasn’t long before their lips met for the first time in weeks.

SLOOOOSH

Emily fell back onto the bed under the weight of her chest. With Jon’s help as theirs hands ran over each other, she was positioned in the center of the mattress. Hoses wound from her nipples to the milking machine, though neither paid them any mind at this point.

“J-Jon...” Emily whispered when he straddled her hips. She allowed him to remove her pajamas and panties, the deed out of sight from behind her massive bust. The heat of his cock fell upon her hips when his pants came undone. He leaned over her chest, caressing her soft skin as their genitals approached.

“This is...*mmngh...* just going to make them bigger, you know...” Emily warned.

Jon smiled. “I don’t care.” He plunged into her waiting loins.

“*MMMNGH!!! O-Oooohhhh yes!!!*”

The effects on Emily’s chest were instant. Arousal and heat pushed her sensitivity through the roof. Awakening the virus, her skin shifted and stretched slightly under Jon’s torso.

“*Ahh!! T-They’re growing again!!*” Emily squeaked. “*I’m bloating!!*”

“Let them.”

SLLOOOOOSH

Jon nestled his way between her breasts until her cleavage engulfed him. It was necessary to reach her lips. Wrapping her arms around his neck, Emily returned his kiss as she felt her breasts expand around him.

SHUCK!

SHUCK!

SHUCK!

The milking machine started to labor. Not only was her lactation overpowering the pump, but her nipples were swelling out of the cups and blocking the hoses.

“J-Jon...!! I’m getting too...big for them!! I’m making too much milk!”

He didn’t respond and instead reached a hand out of her cleavage. It sank into the top of an engorging udder, massaging Emily to help stimulate growth.

“NNNNGH!!!! You’re making them swell faster!! T-They’re so...sensitive!!!”

Emily’s pussy gushed and contracted around him. Being ravaged by the virus had turned her body into a pleasure palace. Everything had been enhanced, and lucky for Jon, he knew all of her buttons.

GUUUUURRRRRRGLE

“M-Mmmnngh!! Jon!!” Emily cried out. Her nipples felt ready to explode from the suction cups. *“I can’t!!”*

His thrusting jostled her chest up and down. Every pump of his cock sent waves through her bust and milk. Skin pressed against their cheeks. Streams of leaking milk ran over their sides to pool in Emily’s cleavage.

“I-I...I can’t!! My boobs!! They’re going to get... They’re going to...” Emily panted as he kissed her sternum and soft, bloated skin. Her milk flourished to new heights as intense bloating overcame her. *“M-M-Make me bloat up!! Make me bigger!!”*

SHUCK!!!

SHUCK!!!

SHUCK!!!

Jon doubled his efforts and began ramming Emily’s pelvis as skin bloated over the bed. He lay trapped between her chest like a toy, only able to massage and plunge his member in and out as milk gushed around him.

“The hoses!!! My nipples are...getting too big!!! I’M TOO BLOATED!!!!” Emily screamed in short gasps. An orgasm had been bubbling within her body for weeks. It was ready for release. *“Jon!!! I feel like... I feel like I’m going to...”*

GUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE

“Mmmnngh!!! Oh GOD!! P-Pump me up!! Please!! Pump me up!! Bloat my tits!! Make them FULL!! As full as you WANT!!”

GUUUUUUUUUURRRRRRGLE

Milk surged. Emily’s udders bulged over the side of the bed. Neither of them could hold themselves back much longer.

“I-I’m gonna come!! I’m gonna come!!” Emily hugged Jon into her chest when everything tightened and swelled. *“I CAN’T HOLD IT!!!!”*

CRACK!!!

BWOOOOOSH!!!!

“AAHHHHUUUGHH!!!”

The cups ruptured around her coffee can-sized nipples when an orgasm shot through Emily's body. Pushing milk out of her chest, the ceiling was doused in a fountain of dairy as she screamed. It rained down upon them to mix with the sweat of sex and love.

Once reduced to a gasping heap, Emily stared at the titanic breasts pushing her bed to the limit. They remained large despite the hundreds of gallons of milk released moments ago. Jon looked up from her cleavage with a satisfied expression.

“J-Jon...” she whimpered. “I think I might need a bigger milk pump...”

SLOOOSH

“Mmmngh!!! Oooohhh careful!! They're still sensitive!! You'll make them bloat!! A-And I don't have a pump now!!”

Jon inched his way out of the top of her chest to spy a quivering nipple laden with dairy.

“J-Jon...?” Emily squeaked, watching her caretaker reach for her nipple.

He grabbed hold of the nozzle with both hands, causing her to writhe in delight. Bringing his mouth toward it, he promised, “You won't need another pump so long as I'm here.”

(.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.) (.Y.)

Emily had never been happier. At first when the Titty-Bloat Virus, now aptly referred to as Spontaneous Female Hyper-Mastia Syndrome by scientific bodies, made its appearance, she feared her life as she knew it may be over. In many ways it was. However, she found great joy and pleasure in the drastic change.

She and Jon grew closer by the day. From the moment she fell victim to the virus, he was at her side to lend a hand and give assistance when her milk was overbearing. He never took advantage of her, even when she was wracked to the point of insanity with lust. Their love grew to keep pace with her own chest no matter how much she swelled. After a long day of enduring her never-ending lactation, feeling him suckle and massage her until empty had become heaven on Earth. There was no one else she wished to share her milk with.

When it was discovered that prolonged stimulation after initially contracting the virus led to permanent growth, Jon feared Emily may regret their feverish night together. Had they left her bust alone after her first bout of growth, Emily would have followed many other women and shrunk to a manageable size with the virus lying dormant. Jon worried she resented him for the mammoth knockers weighing her front down. The reality was the opposite.

“I don't regret a single minute of it!” Emily promised him when asked about their unknowing mistake. “That was one of the best nights of my life, and I've never felt closer to you.”

Jon couldn't help but compare Emily to the other victims. Her size was monumental in comparison, many other women returning to hefty H-cups while Emily dwarfed them with her

beach ball-sized breasts. “Aren’t they a burden, though?? I would have stayed by your side either way!”

Emily always shook her head. “We were just friends with benefits before I was infected... I always felt something deeper between us, but this condition brought it to the surface. I couldn’t be happier to be so big; sometimes I’m so happy to be with you that it feels like my boobs are full of love instead of milk. If the price for that is a lifetime of heavy lactation, then I don’t mind one bit.”

Jon’s heart always gushed when she spoke in such a way. Often this would lead to an intimate embrace followed by vigorous lovemaking. Jon loved Emily for who she was, but he would be lying if the virus’ effects on her body weren’t a major benefit. Few naps were better than those taken on top of such a buxom girl after an energetic round of sex.

The summer of swelling couldn’t last forever. Before Emily knew it, the new college year was upon her and her love. It was strange returning to school, but with Jon in tow, she knew they could overcome any challenge thrown in their direction.

What she hadn’t expected was the other girls at school.

“Do you see some of these girls?? I thought *I* was big!” Emily gasped upon glimpsing her classmates while walking around the quad.

Jon chuckled and tried not to stare. “Somehow I don’t think we’re the only ones that gave into the virus!”

Emily was among the largest in their class, but some even outclassed her monumental breasts.

“I’m actually relieved...” she whispered while squeezing Jon’s hand. “I was scared I would be an outcast. There were so few women back home that let themselves get this big! I don’t feel so out of place here.”

A tall blonde walked by while struggling to support her breasts. From her strained expression and wet spots on her shirt, Jon assumed she’d gone too long without milking herself. He chuckled and joked, “So you’re saying you finally found a dairy farm you can call home.”

“You’re hilarious.” Emily poked him sarcastically with her elbow. “Gimme a kiss; I have to get to class.”

Jon hugged her goodbye and cherished the soft fabric of her light summer sweater. Few other garments were capable of stretching over her bust. “I’ll see you at lunch?”

“Save a wide booth for me!”

With a loving kiss, the two lovers parted ways. Emily’s heart throbbed with gratitude for her boyfriend and for the chance to be around other girls like her.

Less than an hour passed before Jon felt his phone buzz with a call. He hadn’t expected to see Emily’s photo pop up given she was supposed to be in a lab for the next two hours.

“Em? Everything alright?” he asked upon answering.

Her voice came through with a lack of breath and obvious distress. Heavy breathing slurred her words as if she’d just finished a marathon.

“Jon... I--Nnngh... O-Oh God...”

“Emily, what’s wrong??”

A flurry of gasps for air came in response. *"I'm in the alley...between the food court and the science building... I-I can't...get up... Ohhh they feel like they're going to pop!"*

"What are?! Emily!"

"I need your help! J-Just come meet me! Please hurry!"

SHHRIP!

"Augh!!"

The sound of rending fabric came through the phone.

"Jon, please hurry! I don't know what's happening! Nngh they're so tight!!"

The call cut off when it sounded like Emily dropped her phone between her breasts. After listening to a muffled gurgling until the call ended, Jon raced across campus. He knew the alley she was talking about; it was a low-traffic area that saw little to no students. He'd seen how Emily reacted when her milk came in with heavy flow, but this sounded worse than any other time.

Upon turning into the alley, he found his assumptions to be correct. Emily leaned against a brick wall and used an empty bike rack for support. Engorged breasts escaped from her sweater's bottom and stretched it taut across their fronts. Even the stretchy garment couldn't stand up to what was happening within Emily's body.

"Oh thank God... Jon... Y-You're here!" she moaned upon seeing him.

Distress painted her face with sweat. Several excess gallons of milk bloated her chest full and wide. He'd seen her grow before, but there was something different. Emily's breasts gurgled with vicious swirling fluid. She grabbed at them in feral desperation. Usually this would lead to overbearing arousal and orgasmic cries of delight. Now, Emily groaned under a cloud of uncomfortable pressure. The tightness of her chest made Jon reconsider getting too close.

SSTTRRRRTCH

"Nnnngh!!"

Emily grabbed her chest when it audibly swelled. It grew slowly as if to draw out the experience.

"What's happening?!"

"I-I don't know... I thought they were just making milk like usual... But t-then they started aching..." Emily tried to catch her breath. *"They feel so full!! Like they just keep making milk but they don't want to stretch!"*

SSTRRTCH!!!

"MMNGH!!" Emily looked at her chest with pleading eyes. *"I don't know what's happening to me, Jon! I-I was on my way to the nurse, but I barely made it out of the building before I couldn't go any farther! Now I'm stuck here! I can't go out there looking like this! I'll be a laughingstock!"*

Jon watched her expand to the point of stretching the sweater's seams. It couldn't possibly last much longer.

"You need to massage them."

"Here?!"

“I don’t think I’ll make it back to the apartment! Please! They can handle much more and they’re too sensitive to do it myself!! You have to massage them! Like when I first started lactating!” She whimpered and added, *“I-I don’t know what’s going to happen if I don’t get this milk out soon...”*

Jon knew he had to help her. The alley would be somewhat private, but given how loud she could be when engorged, prying eyes were a certainty.

“Ok! Just hang on!” Maneuvering his way behind her, Jon embraced Emily and slowly lowered her to the ground. They sat against the wall with her in his lap. Sweater-hugged flesh flowed before him like a ski slope. She’d never been so big, nor as tight.

SSHRRRIIP!

“H...Hurry...!” she begged when a rip opened on the side of her sweater.

Jon obliged and sank his hands into her sides. Firm skin pressed back though allowed his palms to sink several inches.

GUUUUURGLE

“N-Nnngh!!!”

They tightened. Milk pushed harder and bloated Emily like a distressed cow.

“Oohh what’s happening to me?! They’re not...stretching enough!! My milk is coming in too fast!!”

Jon continued massaging and moved his hands in large circles. Full milk glands could be felt against his fingers. Emily indeed felt at her limit. The heat pouring from her bust brought him to sweat.

SPRRRTCH!

“Augh!! I-I’m leaking!”

Milk sprayed through her sweater. It came in fast bursts like a frantic garden hose. The relief on Emily’s face shone like the sun.

“Mmmmmm! God, yes!! It feels so...good!!! But the pressure...is almost too much!!”

Jon squeezed harder to induce a continuous spray. It arched across the alley amid pleasurable moans.

“How’s that? Feeling a little better--”

SSTRRTCH!!

“AH!!”

The release stopped when Emily’s chest convulsed. Sudden engorgement shoved Jon’s hands from its depths and pushed her larger by several inches.

“J-JON!! Jon, they’re filling even faster!!”

SSSTRRTCH!!!

“My sweater is too tight!!! It’s blocking my nipples!!!”

GUUUUURGLE

She writhed in his lap. Enduring intense lactation and blocked ducts, Emily panicked when her breasts distended like teardrops. Their underbellies rubbed against her thighs before coming to fill her lap.

“Jon!! Jon!! O-Oh my God!! Look at me!!!”

He was too concerned about how hard her breasts felt. Firm as a drum, he found himself unable to indent her chest and express any more milk.

STTRRRRRRTCH!!

“Ahh!! O-Oh no!! Jon!! H-Hurry!!! Get it out!! I can’t...hold any more!!”

GUUUURGLE!!

He tried squeezing but only felt her chest push his hands away.

SHHRIIIP!!!

“My sweater!!! My sweater is going to burst!!!”

The front of her chest lifted her nipples into the air when their bottom halves engorged. Jon saw her nipples throbbing against the fabric as it pulled tight enough to show their pink colors.

Emily leaned back and lifted her chest into the air. *“They’re too full!! My boobs are too full!!! There’s too much milk!! Why are they making it so fast?!”*

SSTTRRRRRRTCH!!!

He ballooned before him. Feeling as though he had a time bomb sitting in his lap, Jon flinched at every sound. Emily’s sweater looked as ready to blow as her own chest.

SSSHRIIP!!

SSSHRIIP!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

Tears opened across her nipples. They started as pink slivers before her nozzles shredded their way through as two fist-sized mounds. The pressure behind them was enough to cause Emily’s areolas to dome.

CRREEAAAAAAK

“The pressure!!! There’s too much pressure!!!”

“Should I stop?! I feel like if I keep rubbing them, your breasts are going to--”

“DON’T YOU DARE STOP!!! Keep massaging!!! I-If you don’t, I think my boobs might actually--”

GRRRROOOAAAAN

A sound of angry fluid filled the alley.

“Ahh!! A-A-AAHHH!!!! Jon!!! My nipples!!!! MILK ME!!! HURRY!!!”

Closing his eyes, Jon stretched his arms to reach the pink mounds. Each cylinder throbbed in his grasp like a tiny animal. He began pulling and squeezing as he had so many other times.

“I’m gonna blow!!! Oh God!! Jon!! They’re too tight!!! I-I THINK MY CHEST IS GOING TO--”

Emily tensed into a paralyzed statue of painful pleasure. In his hands, her nipples flared to twice their size before shuddering with pressure.

“AAAUUUUUGH!!!!”

FWWOOOOOSH!!!!

Milk erupted from her chest. With enough force to push them into the wall, Emily’s pent-up milk soared across the alley. Dairy painted the opposing wall in white and flooded the ground.

Jon was keenly aware of hot moisture leaking over his pelvis where Emily sat. Two firehose nipples released Emily's load for an entire minute before her flow turned to a trickle.

"Oh God... Oh Jon..." Emily moaned, collapsing into an exhausted heap. *"I really thought my breasts were...going to get too big... I don't know what happened..."*

He was speechless. She reeked of sex. Lingering waves of multiple orgasms still made her pussy quiver against his cock. What remained of her sweater now hung limp on her body.

Her breasts had returned to their normal size, but both were anxious as to how long they would remain.

"I-I think I might need to see someone. Maybe a doctor... What if you hadn't been here?? I've NEVER felt them get so tight!!"

Jon nodded. Given the alley painted white and dripping with milk, he couldn't agree more.



Time passed in the new world of bloat-prone women. Despite the rapid spread of Spontaneous Female Hyper-Mastia Syndrome, life found a new normal. For some women, their hardships extended only as far as having to buy new bras several sizes larger. For others, it required an entirely new wardrobe. All businesses were required to install the new standard of doorways which were wide enough for the majority of women to enter.

The rare few faced effects on the extreme end of Hyper-Mastia Syndrome. Emily was among them, as she and Jon soon discovered when the school semester resumed. A bout of sudden, rapid engorgement had brought her breasts to monolithic sizes before expelling their contents to paint the side of a building. The virus had made her prone to lactation, as it had every other woman, but the sheer extent of this occurrence had been cause for concern.

Jon sighed as he drove home from work while remembering the visit to the doctor. His previous life felt so distant. This certainly wasn't how he envisioned his college years, but he wasn't complaining either.

"This is rare but not unheard of," the doctor had said. A gloved hand examined Emily's beach ball breasts as they rested upon a table. Paper crinkled under her girth as she breathed and excess milk weighed her bust down. "As we discover more about Hyper-Master Syndrome, we're finding it can have drastic effects on a small margin of women."

"Mmgh!!" Emily squeaked when the doctor squeezed a nipple and she held Jon's hand.

"Sensitive?" he asked

"V-Very..."

Milk leaked from her pores to coat his glove.

"Mhm, I would expect so..."

GUUUURGLE

"Ah!! They're swelling again!!"

Jon held her close as Emily endured a wave of sensations. “Why is this happening?? She’s never filled this fast before!! Is it because we let her get so big when they first grew?? Are they being stimulated too much?? She was only sitting in class when they overswelled the last time!”

The doctor sighed and placed a suctioning pump on each nipple to relieve her rapidly building pressure. “No, no... It’s nothing to do with stimulation. Although stimulation doesn’t help...”

SNAP!

His glove whipped with a crack when he pulled it off and tossed it in the garbage. “Are you aware of a condition called Galactorrhea?”

The couple shook their heads with worried expressions.

The doctor explained, “It’s a condition where a woman will begin lactating without the usual causes, such as pregnancy. Usually it’s caused by a hormonal imbalance. When Hyper-Mastia Syndrome infects a woman already prone to Galactorrhea, the virus’ lactation effects compound against the hormonal disorder and lead to what we’re calling Hyper-Galactorrhea. This is the cause of your extreme and sudden bouts of engorgement. We estimate it affects roughly one in a thousand women who contract the virus.”

Emily looked at her breasts in confusion. “S-So what you’re saying is--”

“Even if you hadn’t contracted the virus, you still would have likely found yourself lactating heavily and without warning in the near future. I suspect the virus only accelerated your body’s internal clock and kicked your hormones into high gear. When it occurs, your breasts will produce an enormous amount of milk to the point of bursting until it’s forcefully expelled through your nipples.”

Emily gulped. “Y-Yea... That matches what happened...”

Jon could still vividly recall how firm and over-swollen her breasts had become. Had anything been blocking her nipples, perhaps if they had been in the car or an elevator, he didn’t want to know what might have happened.

“Is there anything we can do?? I’ve lactated before, but this was too intense!! I thought I was going to *pop!*!”

The doctor shook his head. “I’m afraid it’s something you have to live with for now. Hyper-Mastia Syndrome is wreaking havoc on women around the world. Scientists are looking for answers and cures, but for the near future, its effects are something we have to learn to deal with. In the mornings my wife is usually unable to get out of bed because she’s pinned underneath herself. Until some kind of cure is found, I recommend investing in an industrial pump if you can find one. They’re sold out in most places but it’s not impossible.”

Jon pushed the memories out of mind and sighed once more as he neared their home. His life had been forever changed since the day Emily contracted the virus. He wouldn’t change it for anything, but arriving home was always a lottery. Maybe dinner would be on the stove, or maybe it would be overloading Emily’s chest and filling their bed.

SLAM!

His car door shut after parking in the driveway.

“Mmmngh!!!”

Moans drifted from their house. They sounded like an animal struggling during labor and loving every second. Jon could already picture the sight awaiting him inside the dwelling.

“Hey, neighbor!” a voice called.

Jon glanced over the fence to see one of their next-door neighbors watering a bed of flowers. The man was middle-aged and balding but always cheerful.

“Sounds like Emily is having a bit of milk trouble today, huh?” he asked, motioning to the house.

“Auaaauugh!!” A cry drifted from the second floor as confirmation.

Jon grinned and nodded. “Yup, our pump has been on the fritz. Company says a warranty replacement is months out.”

“Sound about right...” The neighbor scratched his head. “Nora’s been hit pretty hard with her milk the last couple of days. Blew our shower door clean off the wall one morning. I tell ya I never thought a woman’s tits could get so big. I ain’t complaining, though. Sex has never been better.”

The two chuckled and Jon stepped toward the front door. “Yea I understand that! Kind of hard finding lingerie that fits, though!”

“Gotta do bottoms only!” the neighbor insisted. “That’s the only thing they won’t grow out of anymore! Gives you something to unwrap when they get too big and fall forward!”

“I’ll keep that in mind!” Jon waved and entered his home.

“MMMGGH!!! Jon...??” Emily’s voice called from upstairs.

“I’m here!” he yelled while taking off his jacket.

“Oh thank God! I-I don’t think I can take it anymore!! The pump won’t even turn on!!! I’m about to blow up here!”

Jon hurried upstairs before the bed started creaking from her weight. Every time Emily endured another round of sudden engorgement, she seemed to grow larger than before. The past few months had seen her reach a monolithic size that made even their master bedroom seem small.

“MMNGH!!! Joouoon!!” she gasped in pressurized pleasure when he entered.

“Fuck, you’re big!!”

The mattress was almost hidden under her bulk. Deep veins crossed her breasts like fingers as they buried her legs. Emily lay across them, panting with effort as her milk glands worked overtime.

“Get...G-Get the milk out...” she rasped. *“I can’t hold it anymore!”*

“Hang on! Let me get the hose!!”

Jon busied himself in the bathroom. Finding their emergency drainage line, he dragged it from the tub to her nipples. Each one as large as his head, it was a struggle to stuff the pink mound into the cups. Emily’s flesh squished against the plastic when they squeezed her tight and wedged firm around her areolas.

“Jon... H-Hurry, Jon!!”

GUUUUUUURGLE

“Aahhhhh I can’t stretch anymore!!!!”

Jon’s dick was ready. As cumbersome as the process was, he enjoyed coming home to such a sight.

CRRREEEAAAAAK

The bed groaned when he joined his lover. He stepped behind her, placing his hands on each breast. Already her shorts were around her ankles. She’d prepared herself for his arrival.

“How did you get so big...?” he whispered, rubbing his pelvis against her rear.

“Mnngh you know exactly how.”

GUUUUUURGLE

“M-Mmgh! Jon... My milk... I tried to empty them, but they filled up so fast!! I was trapped in bed before I knew what was happening!”

His cock rubbed against her dripping pussy. A soaked spot had formed on their mattress directly underneath her hips.

“Sure you’re ready for this letdown? There’s a lot of milk in there...” Jon teased. Merely touching her tits sent her into a shivering fit. Emily was at her breaking point.

“Yes!! Yes, please!! I-I...I need to...come!! I can’t take another drop!!”

Jon leaned over her and wrapped his arms around the top of her torso. The head of his cock pressed against her slippery lips. *“Let’s empty those milk tanks, then.”*

SCHLLK

SMACK!!

“MMMGGH!!!!”

Jon plunged deep into her body until their hips slapped against each other.

SPLRRRTCH!!

“AUGH!!”

Milk sprayed into the hoses and traveled to the bathroom before finding the drain.

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!

SMACK!!

SMACK!!

“MMNGHHHHHH!!!!”

Jon hugged her waist tight. It wasn’t difficult to know when she was about to release her load, but staying inside of her was always a wide ride and guaranteed to get him off.

SMACK!!

SMACK!!

SMACK!!

“Jon...! JON!!! I... I-I... MMNGH!!!! HERE IT COOOOMES!!!!”

SMACK!!

SMACK!!

GUUUUUUUURGLE!!!!

SMACK!!

SMACK!!

SMACK!!

SMACK!!!

Jon gave her every inch he had before locking himself in place. Beneath them, her breasts ballooned into drum-tight mounds. Emily's milk raged with hormonal anger and pushed her to the utmost limit before her skin strained and trembled.

"AHH!!! AAHHHH!!!! OOHHH I CAN'T HOLD IT!!!!!"

FWOOOOOSH!!!

A torrent of dairy surged into the hoses. With the pressure of a rogue fire hydrant, her milk caused the tubes to buck and writhe. Loud sprays came from the bathroom as it entered the tub. Dumping such nectar felt wasteful to Jon, but he knew there was simply too much for him to handle on his own. A village wouldn't have been able to consume the amount of milk Emily produced.

FWWWWWWOOSH!!

"MMNGH!!! I-It's coming out too fast!!!" she wailed while sliding herself up and down his shaft. *"My nipples!! They're swelling up!!! I can feel them bulging around the hose cups!!!"*

"I don't think I've ever seen you so full!" Jon chuckled.

"I'm serious, Jon!! I think the hoses are about to--"

POP!!!

POP!!!

FWWWWWWOOSH!!!

"AAAHHH!!!!!"

The tubes exploded from her chest. Still large enough to consume their mattress, Emily's breasts escaped the hoses with their pressure and released their load into the room. Milk assaulted the walls, ceiling, and floor, destroying any art or furniture in sight.

"I can't hold it!! I CAN'T HOLD IT!!!" Emily wailed, trying to contain her massive letdown.

"Let it out," Jon urged, fingering her clit and sliding a digit into her crotch alongside his cock.

"MMMGGH!!!"

His words seemed to give her the push that she needed. Overwhelmed by her lactation, Emily sank herself into her cleavage and allowed her body to do as it pleased.

FWWWWWWOOSH!!!

The destruction was great. For several cock-massaging minutes, Emily endured a lactation-induced orgasm that sent Jon over the edge several times. Watching her breasts dwindle beneath them was intoxicating. When they finally collapsed on top of each other with Emily's basketball-sized breasts beneath her, it was all they could do to recover and catch their breath.

"Oh... O-Oh my... Oh my God..." Emily heaved. *"That's got to be...the biggest I've ever been..."*

Jon kissed the back of her neck. At some point he'd fallen out of her and coated her ass and lower back in cum. Her curves looked like glazed pastries. "Pretty sure you say that every time."

The room was a mess of milk. Dairy soaked into the carpet and chunks of drywall had been removed from her pressurized release. Their TV sat on the floor bent in half as if struck by a train.

“It’s going to be such a pain cleaning this up...” Emily moaned. “I’m sorry... I really tried to catch it in time! But they just grew so fast...! I-I was pinned down before I knew it!!”

Jon moved some hair out of her face and kissed her cheek. “Don’t worry. Why don’t we try that new milk disaster clean-up company we saw on TV the other night? First service is free!”

Emily chuckled. “Only if you help me wash up first... I feel like I’m dripping with cum back there and I’m hardly able to stay conscious right now.”

They squeezed each other's arms.

“Whatever you need, my Dairy Queen.”

She giggled at her pet name. Such talk was only going to get her riled up again.

The two embraced each other in the afterglow of sexual conquest. Hyper-Mastia Syndrome had permanently changed the world and the lives of its female inhabitants. Even if there was an occasionally large mess to clean up, Jon didn’t mind. He would do it alongside Emily no matter what. In truth, there was no one else he would rather share such a milk-filled life with.

The End