

## Printing Dreams Part 2

It was a full half hour before Harry felt ready so comprehend anything. In only the first hour of a normal Friday workday, he had had one of the greatest sexual experiences of his life. Not only had a made a woman's panties disappear, but he had stripped her naked without touching her, *and* he had had a front row seat to something he never thought he needed to see; a woman's breasts growing fast and round. Growing and expanding out into her shirt like two jiggling, fleshy mounds. He had always been a big-boob-guy, but this was something new. He did have one kink that was similar, but he pushed it to the back of his mind, for now, saving it for if the time was right.

He thought about Rachel, sitting on the other side of the wall, working in her broken clothes, tits swollen and bursting out of her shirt. His hands hovered over his keyboard, a blank word document on his screen. There were almost *too* many possibilities. Slowly he typed.

*Rachel with fixed clothes that fit*

He waited. His phone buzzed next to him; he had a text from Rachel.

*Thanks for the new clothes ;) They were a little tight with these new boobs ;) How about some underwear while you're at it?*

He started typing, but thought for a moment, backspacing. Finally, he printed;

*Rachel wearing a red G-string*

He waited for his phone to vibrate.

*Really? A G-string?? :P*

*How about a picture?* He replied.

*Keep dreaming.*

He frowned at his phone. Then turned to his computer again.

*Rachel sends me a picture of her butt with her skirt pulled down*

Within seconds his phone buzzed. He saw that it had an attachment, and excitement grew inside of him. Harry opened it and saw exactly what he was hoping for, but he still did a double take. This clearly was not Rachel's first experience sending pictures of herself.



*You jerk! :P*, a new message read, appearing under the picture, *I can't believe you made me do that! ;)*

Harry smiled. He had a lot in store for Rachel.

Someone walked past his door, entering into Rachel's office. It was their boss again. He typed a new page, feeling devilish.

*Rachel's nipples become as hard as possible*

He listened as they spoke, and didn't hear much of a change in her voice. He had to do more.

*Rachel's nipples triple their sensitivity*

Something knocked on the other side of his wall; that had done something to her. "Sorry, had a little leg spasm..." He heard her explain to their boss; her voice sounded higher.

*Rachel's breasts grow another cup size*

"Yea I'll be **SURE** to be on top of those reports!" Rachel's voice had cracked on a word from surprise, her voice seeming to change octave while speaking. Harry assumed it was because she had just gotten a surprise breast size increase.

*Rachel's bra shrinks 2 cup sizes*

"Eep!" She had squeaked loudly.

"You alright?" Their boss asked.

"Sorry, yea I'm fine, just...a little tickle in my chest..." He heard her clear her throat.

Harry felt like he could feel the underside of his desk with his cock. He had complete control over his crush; he could do anything to her.

*Rachel's nipple's sensitivity increases*  
*Rachel's breast sensitivity doubles*  
*Rachel's breasts grow a cup size*

He did it again and earned another knock at the wall. Harry knew he was torturing Rachel; she was pleading for him to stop.

"Ok, Rachel. I'll come by next week to see where it goes." Their boss sounded a little distant, probably because this woman had bigger breasts now than when he had walked in. He walked past Harry's door, and he heard shuffling. Rachel's door closed quickly, and he saw her online status change over to 'do not disturb'. Harry's phone started buzzing; it was ringing. He put on his Bluetooth earpiece and answered.

"Oh hey, Rachel, how's work?" He asked as if he didn't know.

"My nipples!" She yelled.

"I might have made them a tad more sensitive..."

"A *tad*?! I feel like I'm going to cum just from my bra! And my tits are massive now!!"

"Thought you could use a little bit more of a boost."

*Rachel's bra shrinks 2 cup sizes*

"*Harry!*" She swooned, "I can't fit into this bra! It's...*mmmmm*...constricting my boobs!"

"How do they look?"

"You ever try to cover two cantaloupes with two squares of toilet paper?? And that last bit of swelling made one of my buttons open up in front of our boss!! They aren't even covering my nipples!"

"I'm dying to see your tits, how about another picture?"

*Rachel sends me a topless picture*

"Mmmm I know it's probably the printer doing it... But I really want to show you how big my boobs are now... They look...*incredible*. Hang on." Harry's phone beeped. He looked at the picture, sent from the other side of his wall.



They were all he imagined them to be and more. The perfect set of perky, round tits on a slender woman.

“Well...what do you...think?” She sounded exasperated.

“So you like breast expansion stuff?”

“Mmhmmm...” She moaned, agreeing.

*Rachel's bust gains an inch every hour*

“What did you just print.” She demanded, “Something feels different, I know you did something.”

“I'm sure it'll become obvious at some point...” Harry teased.

“I feel...warmer, and my chest feels all tingly... Like my boobs are always slightly sliding...ungh...against my bra!” She was having a hard time containing herself.

*Rachel massages her chest for 10 minutes*

*Rachel's g-string vibrates*

*Rachel is unable to orgasm*

He smiled fiendishly as he pressed print, and soon Harry's ear was flooded with the most uncontrollable sexual moans he had ever heard. Rachel sounded like she was drowning in erotic ecstasy, gasping uncontrollably in her office.

“H-H-Harry...” She tried to speak, “My tits...mmmm, feel so *full*... W-What are you...mmmugh...doing to me??”

“Only what you told me to do; whatever I want.” Screams of pleasure erupted in his ear. *She's really into being controlled*, he thought.

“I-I can't stop...massaging my jugs! It feels s-so...*goood*...” Rachel hardly seemed coherent at this point. Harry looked at his clock; she still had a full eight minutes to go.

“Harry... Something is...is wrong... *mmmmmm*...” Rachel moaned, “I feel like I'm only getting more...and more...and moooore turned on...” She was breathing heavily and labored.

“It's nothing you and I both won't enjoy!”

“Harry...p-please... my body...” She had another fit of gasps and groans before speaking again, “My body, it feels...it's tingling all over! I-I'm right on.... *UGH*...the verge of orgasm...!”

“But?”

“B-But I just...*can't*. I can feel it all...building up inside my entire body! Harry, I *need* release!”

He stayed silent, listening to her exhausted moans. He could even hear them through the wall.

“A-Are my breasts a little bigger??”

Silent he stayed. She still had another five minutes of massaging her giant overly sensitive mammaries, while her g-string vibrated under her skirt.

The minutes passed, and her breathing grew increasingly fast and labored. Harry pictured her reclining in her chair, her bra and shirt splayed open, her slowly swelling bust wobbling on top of her like large fleshy melons. Her hands were anchored onto them but barely covered anything, sinking into their softness. Her legs were open, and a silent buzzing noise could be heard from deep between her legs. Her hair was a mess, sweat peppered her face and chest as her body grew edged ever closer to orgasm, never falling off the necessary cliff.

She started rapidly pounding on his wall, and his mind came back. Her gasps were quick and soft in his ear, and her voice sounded so distant it was as if she was near faint.

“H-Harry...please...” she whispered, “I-I can't....*mmm*...take *much more*. If I don't c-cum soon...I'm...I-I'm...”

Harry looked at the clock, she had less than a minute; he decided to release her.

### *Rachel can orgasm* *Rachel's g-string stops vibrating*

Before it could finish printing, he got up and went to her door, opening it and slipping inside.

The scene was exactly as he had imagined. Massive tits filled her hands like balloons of cream, and her nipples poked between her fingers. Hair clung to her face, and her eyes pleaded with him. He smiled back at her, and she looked at him longingly. She didn't look long.

Suddenly Rachel's body seemed to tense, and her mouth fell open, her fingers digging into her melons. A scream so loud erupted from her that Harry was scared someone might come running. Her hips convulsed as her cries rang in her office. She wanted desperately to cover her mouth with something, but she was still forced to massage herself for another minute; as Harry had planned. Her hands moved her breasts in mirrored circular motions as pleasure rocketed

through her, and in desperation, she lifted her tits as high as she could. Harry ogled as she buried her face into her own breasts, still mashing them together, muffling her ecstasy crazed yells.

The clock ticked down, and after a full minute, her body quieted, falling still. Her arms fell to her side, swinging limp, her breasts rising up and down as she breathed in relief. She leaned her head back. "T-That was...*indescribable*." She said, almost inaudibly. She glanced at the mounds jiggling in front of her like half volleyballs, "A-Are my breasts...still..."

"Growing." Harry finished for her. A small smile spread on her face.

"I think...I need a new chair." She gasped as if she had just finished a marathon.

Harry chuckled a little before saying, "Might want to take it easy for a bit. It's only noon after all." She knew exactly what he meant by that, and felt a twinge of excitement pull at her. Harry left her to recover, closing her door as he left.

He met someone running down the hall towards her office, "Is everything alright? We heard such a scream from here!"

"Big spider," Harry explained.

Rachel was left alone for a while, Harry deciding it would be good to give her a breather and recuperate after what she had just been through. Their phone connection was still on, and he hadn't heard from her for nearly two hours, although he could hear her breathing. He decided to print something to help her.

### *Rachel is fully recovered*

"Mmm..wha...?" She sounded over the phone.

"How are you feeling?"

"Fantastic, actually! I had fallen asleep for a bit there. You wouldn't believe how tired I was after what you did to me!"

"Well don't get too comfy." Harry hinted through the phone.

"My boobs feel so swollen..." She cooed, "How fast am I growing?"

Harry was getting hard again; he had been hard more often than not today. "That's for me to know, but you are getting bigger."

"Am I just going to keep growing?!" She sounded more excited than upset. "You should see these things bulging off of me." She sighed seductively.

"I intend to see *a lot*..." He thought he heard Rachel moan.

"You make a good puppeteer, you know that?"

Harry was busy watching the statuses of everyone else in the office, as other coworkers started going home for the weekend; it wasn't uncommon for the office to be deserted by 3 pm. And today he and Rachel had to stay late, although he expected they wouldn't be needed, as their boss had said, and he had plans for that amount of time. Only 1 person remained still in the office.

He decided to start printing commands.

*Rachel grows slightly more aroused every minute  
Rachel's skirt becomes shorter and disappears after 10 minutes*

"Hey, what are you printing over there?" She asked, "I can hear you typing!"

"Nothing, nothing..."

"Sure..." Rachel didn't believe him.

A few minutes passed, and she spoke up again, "Hey, you, is my skirt getting shorter?"

"Could be, sure it's not just you?"

"Yes, I'm watching it creep up my thighs as we speak! Makes me feel kind of sexy..."

Harry had just seen the last worker's status change. It was time to have some more fun.

*Rachel comes into my office and her shirt falls off. She can't  
leave*

"You know, I think I'm going to pay you a little visit..." Rachel cooed over the phone before hanging up. Harry waited in anticipation; he hadn't seen her since this morning, and he knew of at least two things that had changed about Rachel in that amount of time. He heard her door open and his heart fluttered as she walked into his office. He couldn't believe how she looked as she stood in the center, but he held off on saying anything.

"What are you do--" She was cut off as she noticed her shirt fall off of her chest just like earlier, a shower of buttons sprinkling around her. The only difference this time was that two swollen breasts were revealed, brimming out of a bra with cups large enough to fit her head, but still three sizes too small. "Nevermind." She finished, standing in front of him smiling, "Well? How am I?"

Rachel stood in front of Harry, presenting her new body to him. Her skirt barely reached the halfway mark down her thighs now, and she had been right; you could watch as it slowly rose higher and higher up her legs as if threads were being pulled one after another. His eyes continued upward, seeing her tummy wrapped in the skirt's waistband, the red g-string peeking out as it rode her hips. But then, like two mountains in the middle of a plain, her breasts ballooned from her chest, being held firm and high by the biggest bra Harry had ever seen. It must have still been growing with her, although the three sizes he had stolen from it were obvious.

Two breasts each the size of volleyballs jutted out in front of Rachel, blocking any view below them. A chasm of cleavage split her mounds, from her collarbone to where her bra cups met. They bulged over her bra, and Harry could see the round edge of a pink circle showing behind her cups. As she breathed, the slivers of pink grew and shrank, edging the bra tighter and tighter. He could tell she was still growing, although it was too slow to actively watch; like a camera zooming in with the slowest speed. Her skirt inched higher and higher.

“You look...” Harry couldn't find the right word. She giggled, and her chest rippled.

“This skirt doesn't have much more... I'll only have my g-string pretty soon!” She didn't seem very concerned, as she shuffled her thighs. She continued, “You know, I showed you my fetish... I know you *must* have something you're dying to do to me...or *with* me...” Rachel leaned forward and pushed her breasts even closer between her hands.

It's true; Harry had been keeping something up his sleeve. He had been saving it for when he could witness it happen to her in the flesh. He smiled and turned to his computer. “Before I do that, I think that bra could still take some abuse.”

*Rachel's bust grows two inches every minute for an hour*  
*Rachel's bra does not grow with her*

She heard him press enter and smiled at Harry slyly, “I can't wait to see what it is you-- OH!” She gasped suddenly, clutching at her boobs, “Oooooohhh *my tits!!*” She yelled. Her breasts looked like they had just been attached to a low-pressure garden hose, and she stared at her growing form as they pushed back against her hands, “They're growing so fast now!”

If Harry hadn't known any better, he would have thought Rachel was part of an adult breast-themed magic show, as her chest inflated outwards, the overlap on her bra quickly growing. More and more of her areolas became visible, and Harry could even see them slowly widening to fit her bust. All he could do was watch as a matter of fact; the scene was too great to look away from even for a second.

He looked down just in time to see the last of her skirt seem to disappear, revealing her wide hips wrapped in the tiny amount of red cloth. The room was filled with a growl from Rachel's bra as its capacity was more than met. One of the clasps snapped on her back, and her basketball sized knockers jiggled.

“I-Its rubbing against my nipples!” She screamed, and Harry's eyes widened as he realized he had never set her sensitivity back to normal; not that he would at this point. “So big...so big...” Rachel began repeating, “Make my boobs grow, Harry!”

“I intend to,” he grinned. He turned to the keyboard. This time, he went to printer settings and changed the number of copies to 50; just enough to finish about the same time her rapid growth would.

*Rachel's breasts fill with milk*

He couldn't believe what he had just printed, but he was too excited to give more than a moment's thought. Rachel stood there, eyes closed, still holding her overgrown breasts in her arms, filled out to her elbows. Her bra creaked again; Harry didn't think it would last through the next few pages.



Rachel's eyes opened wide, and her mouth opened into a pleasurable snarl. "O-Oh...what's happening to me? I feel something...different." Then it seemed like that low-pressure hose she had been hooked up to, was suddenly turned on full blast.

Rachel's breathing grew short and quick as she watched. Her breasts grew tight against her hands, her boobs now not just growing, but stretching. Her breasts almost seemed to lurch forward, her skin growing taut against her fingernails. They rounded out considerably, pushing into her arms.

"H-Harry, what did you do?!"

"I might have a bit of a lactation fetish..." He replied devilishly, watching Rachel continue to swell.

She looked at him, in complete lust, as she bit her lip, knowing exactly what that meant for her. "I-It feels different...like I'm...I'm *filling up*!"

Her bust swelled ridiculously, and pale blue veins marbled across her curves as they filled to their limit. Wet spots appeared on her bra, as small white droplets began to run out of her cups. "M-My tits... Come on... Keep going!!" Rachel moaned. Her bra responded, as her breasts still continued to grow. They seemed to be growing slightly faster than the rate they were filling up, and soon her skin had loosened a little. The printer clicked another page.

"I-It's happening again!" She yelled, her thighs squirming. "Bigger... And bigger! I'm so swollen! Look at these mounds of milk!!" Her g-string was soaked in her fluids, both arousal and dairy, and her legs shined with moisture.

Swollen had been putting it lightly. As her breasts continued producing milk, Rachel's body struggled to keep up. Her arms were forced apart by their sheer size, and her legs started to wobble from the weight of her milkers. "Sit, I need to sit..." She moaned.

She wobbled towards the wall closest to Harry as her breasts grew tight and firm with milk, hardly able to bounce as she slid down the wall heavily, her legs straight out in front of her as she sat.

She looked at her breasts, her arms resting on top of them like a jiggly table. She closed her eyes and groaned deeply, "MmmmmmmoooooHHHH I can feel more milk coming in!! Pumping me fuller and fuller!"

Her breasts grew outward, as minute after minute passed, pages and pages of lactation inducing control being produced. Thick veins spread across her boobs, and her bra dug deep, holding onto her only by its size, tiny streams of milk running down her body now, her bra soaked through. A tear sounded from it loudly, and another page was produced. This was it.

Her areolas looked like rising pink suns coming over her bra, and Harry could see the base of her giant nipples, bent down inside her bra. She started lactating again, and he knew this was the end for her bra. Veins pulsed tight against her ever-swelling breasts, and her skin plumped. All at once, her tits engorged to massive proportions, each easily filled with three gallons of warm creamy milk.

There was an audibly soft *pop*, as each of her nipples forced their way out of her bra and pointed outwards like half thumbs. Her bra strained like a belt wrapped around an inflating car

tire, before finally snapping, ripping at the front. Her mammaries fell with great weight into her bare lap, and the two of them could only ogle at her ballooning bust.

"They're like beach balls..." she whispered, "I've always *dreamed* of this happening to me..." Rachel groaned, running her hands over their wide, taut curves. Her skin was smooth and white, and she could trace the paths made from her veins, each as wide as a pencil. "I-I never thought lactating could...mmmnnng...feel like *this*!" She threw her head back and reached for her nipples. Her areolas were a full six inches across, tight and puffy, centered on nipples that reminded Harry of strawberries. Thick flowing streaks of milk came from each of her pink nozzles, running down her tight breasts and into her legs.

"I-I feel like I'm filling up with...pressure, Harry... I'm...mmmmm so **big**." Rachel's rate of milk production seemed to be outpacing her growth now, even at two cup sizes every minute. "M-My skin feels like it's stretching more and more... H-How big am I going to get??" Harry thought he heard a slight twinge of worry in her voice. She continued rubbing her breasts, as they pulsed larger and larger, and as they shook he thought he heard the sound of sloshing coming from them. Harry stood up.

"What are you going to do to me? Harry?"

"Whatever I want." Even just saying the words made her cry with pleasure.

He crouched down in front of Rachel, her breasts reaching out to just above her knees, and twice as wide as her body; he couldn't resist them anymore. "H-Harry?" She asked again. He leaned forward and wrapped his tongue around her massive nipple. It was like licking the end of a warm hose, as milk spouted into his face.

"MMMMMM!!!" Rachel gasped, breathing hard. "*I think I just came!!!*" She yelled, "*Suck my giant milky tits!*"

Harry was happy to oblige. He wrapped his mouth over her engorged nipples like he was sucking a giant thumb. They pulsed in his mouth, shaking as Rachel was overcome with pleasure. He had to swallow constantly to keep up with her flow, sputtering as the milk increased. He could feel her skin stretching against his face, as her breasts groaned in their fullness.

"Oooohhh I can feel them speeding up... The bigger I grow the more milk I need to hold! Y-You don't think...I could...*burst*, do you??" Her breasts ballooned in all directions, and her nipple swelled in Harry's mouth, almost too big to remove. He quickly released and fell backward, getting soaked in the white liquid. Rachel was buried under two yoga sized jugs, her eyes staring.

"Harry, I-I don't think my chest can handle much more! Look at me!"

Her breasts were impossibly swollen and engorged, distended with the milk they were forced to carry. Heavy veins spread across them, and as the pressure increased.

"*Oh*, the pressure!! Harry do something! I can't handle much more milk! T-They're really starting to overflow!"

He got up hurriedly and ran to the drawer holding the printer. He opened it and felt like he had just opened an oven, as a blast of heat struck him. A pile of pages reading his last command were strewn around.

“Cancel the milk so you can make me stop growing!!” Rachel yelled, “This feels...uuuungh....extraordinary, but I can feel my nipples stretching now!” He pressed the cancel button. A message sprang onto the tiny screen:

***Error: canceling is not permitted***

His face went white.

“Harry hurry up!”

“I-I can't cancel it!”

“*What? OoooooOOOHHHH!!*” Rachel screamed as more milk flowed into her ever-growing knockers. “Please...I feel...mmm...so much pressure inside of them! I-If they get much bigger...” She tried to reach for her nipples but found them to be too far away now. She looked straight at Harry, panting as hair fell about her face. “Milk me.” She wasn't asking.

He didn't argue. He returned to her breasts, milk gushing out of her enormous apricot nipples. He grabbed each in his fists and began squeezing and rolling them, feeling them vibrate as milk flowed. Rachel convulsed with pleasure. “*Oh yes oh yes oooooohhh YEEEESSSSS!!*” Veins pumped over her areolas, each bigger around than manhole covers.

Harry could no longer see her face over the top of her breasts, the only other part of her body visible being her shins. His office carpet was drenched and sopping wet, a puddle of breast milk formed around her. “I'm too full I'm too full I'm too full!!!” Rachel began chanting, “My breasts feel like they're going to pop!! I-I want to keep growing though!!!”

Her nipples swelled, forcing his fists open as they grew against his fingers. His face was hit with a power wash of milk, each stream gushing three feet away from her body. Rachel started hyperventilating as her tits fountained bigger and bigger in front of her, impossibly large, too big for her skin to keep up with.

“*Harry do something!!*” she panicked, “*The pressure! It's too much!*” She pushed down on the top of her breasts, now taller than she was sitting down, trying to force the milk out. Her skin pressed into her palms tight like a drum, with hardly any give. She could feel milk swirling inside her breasts, thick and creamy, filling her from the inside. “I can't take anymore! I'm...mmmmm...going to *explode!!* But it...feels s-so **good**. How can they keep growing?! I'm gonna *buuuuurst!!*”

Suddenly, Rachel let out a high pitched squeak, and Harry felt the flow of milk stop gushing into him.

“No no no *no NO!!*” She started yelling, “My nipples!!!”

Harry looked and immediately saw the new problem. Her nipples had grown and swelled so large that they had blocked themselves off, preventing any flow of milk. He saw them quiver, as gallon after gallon of milk built up behind them with immense pressure. “I'm growing even *faster now!! I can't release anything!!*”

Harry didn't know what to do, as he looked at the pair of tits taller and wider than his own desk, they blew up with milk faster and faster. “Harry! I can feel the corner of your desk

pushing..*uuugh*...into them!" Rachel moaned, trying to keep herself sane through the pleasure she was experiencing, "My chest can't handle it!!"

He looked and sure enough, she had started to expand into the corner of his desk, as it pushed into the side of her breast, refusing to give. Her skin indented heavily, shiny as it bulged.

"I'm gonna pop, I'm gonna pop!! *Ooohhhh*, Harry, this is it!! My skin can't take anymore!!" Her breasts shook violently as she breathed fast, her skin full and glossy like overinflated water balloons. Rachel's tits engorged one final time, passing their limit. "*I'm gonna EXPLOOOOOODE!!!*"

A sound of silence filled his office, ringing in both of their ears. They stood motionless for a second, fearful to touch anything.

"The...the printer stopped," Harry said, finally noticing why it was so silent now. He looked at Rachel, hidden behind the wall of stretched breast flesh. He looked at the clock; her hour of growth had ended only minutes before.

"Please...please don't touch me..." she pleaded, "I feel like I could burst at any moment... And I don't think I could cum again... Look how big my tits are!" She was trying not to laugh slightly, "I've never had so many orgasms in one day... I'll tell you one thing, all those expansion stories I've read were spot on. *That felt incredible.*"

With extreme caution, Harry looked around her breasts and into the drawer, he saw the stack of pages, reading 'Rachel's breasts fill with milk', the top one headed with 'page 50/50'. "We...we just barely made it..." He told her. Her breasts wobbled dangerously before him, tiny drops of milk squeezing out of her coffee mug nipples.

She looked exhausted and sounded even more tired than after what he had done to her that morning. With her head against the wall and her eyes closed, Rachel sleepily said, "You had better take care of that printer... I have some other ideas I want to do..."

He chuckled and sat next to her boobs for a second, getting his breath back and calming down. He froze when they heard a groan. He looked at her breasts, realizing what it was. They seemed to be pulsing outwards still, ever so slowly.

"Hurry and print something to get me back to normal... I feel like--" She stopped. "Harry.... Am I still *growing??*?"

He gulped, "E-Earlier this morning, I made them grow an inch every hour..."

"An *inch*?! I don't feel like I could take another millimeter!!" She yelled, "Make them stop before I burst!!"

He vaulted over his desk, careful not to push the corner into her breasts any more than it was. He started typing furiously.

### *Rachel's breasts sto*

He stopped typing, his face going white as he looked down.

"What are you doing??" She exclaimed, "I can still feel myself getting bigger!"

He swallowed hard, feeling his shirt stick against him, wet with milk. He asked Rachel slowly, “Do you have any more paper?”