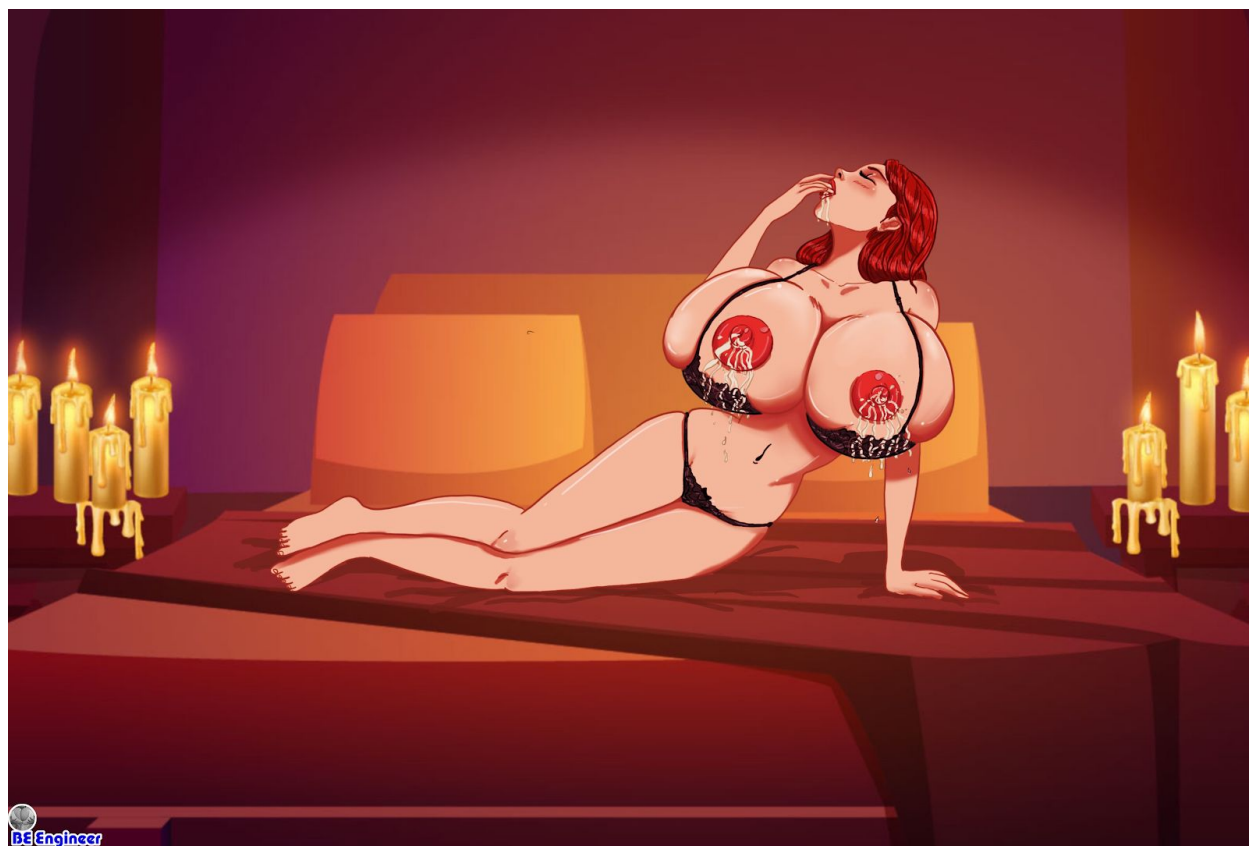


Latent Capacity



“Ahhh! Ahhhmmmm oooh yea!! Give it to me!!”

The cries of a woman twisted in the throes of sexual delight rang throughout a home. Groaning in bed on her hands and knees, her husband of four years had the pleasure of the view from behind. Both hands gripped the sides of her petite hips as if it were trying to escape. Most men enjoyed a larger ass for such a position, but as Jack rammed himself in and out of the redhead’s pussy, he was more than content watching her small behind bounce against his pelvis. He wasn’t ashamed to admit driving his cock between those slender hips gave him a delicate sense of power and authority.

“Got it’s so tight!!! H-Harder!! MMMMM!!!”

Kara arched her back like a stretching cat to provide maximum penetration while burying her face into a pillow to release a moan. The covers tickled against her hardened nipples hanging like tiny fruits from her soft B-cup breasts. Nothing made her feel dirtier or more submissive than doggy style; it drove her wild.

Raising herself up on her hands, Kara stared down at her hanging breasts. They were in desperate need of attention and at the moment were far more worthy of it than her hips.

“J-Jack...!!” she groaned, clenching her fists. Fluid was leaking down her inner thighs from their vigorous love-making. *“Mmmmm... Milk me!!”*

He adored when Kara became this wrapped up in the power dynamic. More than happy to oblige, he released her hips and leaned over her vulnerable body. She seemed so fragile and slave to his every whim. Reaching around her chest, Jack’s hands found her breasts and delivered a firm squeeze before clamping a thumb and a finger on each nipple.

Kara shivered and smacked her ass into his pelvis. *“Nnnnggh!!! God, YES!!”*

Pulling and pinching harder, Jack stretched each nipple toward the mattress in alternating motions. It was magical feeling her nipples harden to diamonds from the roughness.

“OHHH milk me like a cow!! D-Drain my bloated udders!!”

As much as Jack loved her role more than anything else in the world at that moment, it had its limits. Hearing his tiny wife scream as if her tits were about to overflow with milk was certain to make his own juices burst free.

“Nnnnggh...” he groaned, fighting the urge to come. Her pussy was slick and searing around his shaft. She had to be as close to finishing as he was. Losing control, Jack bore down and milked her breasts as if they contained liquid gold before sinking his entire palms into her chest and using them as handles to pull her skinny body into his.

“A-AHHH!!! MOOOOOO!!!”

True to her role, Kara bellowed like an overfilled heifer when his fingers sank into her scarce padding and cum erupted behind her navel. It was enough to push her over the edge into a realm of crackling pleasure where her mind swam in a pool of fog and heat for the next two dozen seconds.

Finally, when the fireworks were all said and done, Jack released his hold on his prisoner and they collapsed together into bed. Exhaustion washed over them at the same time as the realization of how sweaty they'd become.

"Hah... Ha... Nicely done, Farmer Jack," Kara giggled. She felt worn and abused after letting him have his way. Her nipples were sure to be tender for the next few hours, but as she stared at her husband with her face half-buried in her pillow, she was happy to pay the price for such a thrilling ride.

Jack inched closer. Reading each other's minds, Kara rolled onto her back and opened an arm for her lover to slip under. He placed his head at the top of her left breast where her beating heart thumped loud and clear.

Like a child amused with the simplest of things, a wandering finger prodded her breast. Red hair fell over their curves like fall leaves. It was a common habit of Jack's during their pillow talk. Kara found it beyond endearing and crossing into adorable. Few things seemed to entertain him more than watching her breasts bounce and react to his wandering touch.

"Heh, you're kind of swollen..." he observed.

A kiss fell on his forehead while she played with his hair. "Well what do you expect after milking me so much?"

Tired thoughts turned the bedroom quiet for a time while Jack fondled. Kara's last words rang in his mind. He was still horny enough to dare to ask a common question.

"You ever think about what it would be like if they actually filled with milk?"

Kara groaned but did her best not to show her annoyance. "Jack, not this again..."

"I'm just saying! It's been shown to be an incredibly-bonding experience for a lot of couples!"

"Oh yea? Bonding?"

"Yea!"

Kara's mind drifted to their next-door neighbors. The mid-thirties couple was recently blessed with their firstborn baby. The effects on the mother's body had been more than noticeable.

"You just want my boobs to blow up like Sherry's." Kara threw her head back and proclaimed, "Admit it!"

Jack would be lying if he hadn't noticed the extra heft to the neighbor's once-tiny bust. He swallowed at the thought of the same happening to Kara's. "Well, that *would* be a nice perk... But the thought of you walking around with your chest full of milk is just so sexy!! I would suck you dry every chance I got." The imaginary taste of her milk on his tongue was always exciting. "Just thinking about locking my lips around a giant nipple and feeling your milk rush into my mouth makes me horny.

"Hmmm... I'm not sure *sexy* is the word I would use."

“They would be big and full and round! Not that I don’t love your breasts as they are, but think of how much fun we could have getting covered in milk during sex! What’s *not* sexy about all of that??”

Kara sighed. “I don’t know, Jack, maybe the idea of my body doing something so drastic and out of my control?? Lactating would completely change my day-to-day routine! I would be a slave to my boobs!” His persistence was getting on her nerves. It was nothing new and usually Jack’s milky obsession died away, but sometimes he couldn’t take a hint.

He could sense the frustration lacing her breath. Arousal clouded his judgment and he decided to push his luck. “That’s exactly *why* it’s so hot! The fact that you can’t control it!”

Kara rubbed her forehead. “You’re unbelievable. Think with your bigger head and consider my feelings. Do you really even think these things could hold enough to satisfy you?? They would just get tight and full and ache all the time and my clothes wouldn’t fit. None of that sounds fun to me.”

“You were the one telling me to milk you like a cow and mooing five minutes ago...”

“Yea, I was caught up in the moment and I knew you would like it. That doesn’t mean I want my breasts swelling up and leaking all the time!”

“I’m just saying it would make sex so much more fun.”

“Fun for you, but what about the *other* twenty-three hour and fifty minutes in a day, Jack?? I would be the one stuck with two sacks of milk on her chest that I would have to pump and deal with 24/7! Don’t you realize it would be a major *burden* for me when you’re not having fun with them for five minutes??”

Jack knew he’d taken it too far. Soft-spoken, he said, “It just sounds fun it all... Sometimes I dream about you lactating.”

Fighting her frustration, Kara sought to end the discussion peacefully. Kissing him again on the forehead, she said firmly, “I know, and you can dream about it all you want. But short of me getting pregnant, it’s not happening.”

“We could at least *try* and induce and see how you feel when--”

“*It’s NOT happening.* Go have a glass of milk if you’re so thirsty.”

Kara’s words came out very matter-of-factly. With her decision plainly laid out, she rolled onto her side for sleep. Feeling defeated, Jack was forced to use his pillow and stared at the ceiling. The urges for Kara to induce lactation were never quick to go away. They could last days before he was finally able to focus his mind on other things.

The next morning, Kara was already off to work by the time Jack’s alarm roused him from sleep. It wasn’t unusual; she often enjoying going into the office early for the sake of leaving sooner and spending more time at home. Jack did find himself wishing they could have gone to bed on a better note, however.

After showering and grabbing his bag, Jack was ready to head out the door. Movement through the porch window caught his eye. A delivery truck was already making its rounds and a

worker had just paid a visit to his front door. The truck pulled away from the curb as he stepped outside to investigate.

On the ground was a box large enough to fit a water bottle. Reading the shipping label, Jack was surprised to find the neighbor's address printed instead of his. The package had been delivered to the wrong house.

Jack stood on the porch. Normally he would have dropped it off to its rightful owners, but the source of the package gave him pause. Printed next to a logo of two elegant semi-circles was the company's name: WunderBust Lactation Consulting.

The company was well known, at least in Jack's mind. He'd come across its products countless times on the internet researching lactation induction methods. WunderBust produced the most effective supplements on the market for enhancing a woman's ability to produce milk, not to mention kicking her breasts into gear if need be.

Feeling a bottle of pills jostling inside the box made his hands sweat. In a split-second decision, Jack rushed the box inside where a knife would cut through the tape like butter. He could ask for forgiveness later and feign the mistake of not noticing the wrong delivery address.

A bottle of pure gold fell into his hands. Small and rattling with one hundred tiny pink pills made his head spin with possibilities. The label gave a simple-enough explanation:

Lactation Inducers

*Formulated to balance hormones and enhance
the female body's ability to produce milk.*

*Best used for those who have trouble
breastfeeding or wish to induce lactation.*

Visible results within a week.

Usage

One pill orally per day

Two may be taken at your doctor's discretion

Jack read the label again and again with an increasingly-dry mouth. It was all he could have ever hoped for.

"Sherry must be having a hard time breastfeeding..." he deduced. It was hard to believe based on her several-cup-size increase, but she managed to gain weight overall due to the pregnancy.

He desperately wanted to give the pills to their rightful owner. He knew it was the right thing to do. Deep down, however, Jack couldn't bring himself to do it. After his and Kara's conversation the night before, it was fate for these pills to fall into his lap. The neighbors would

buy another bottle soon enough when this one failed to show, or assume it was stolen off their front porch.

Jack's hands trembled with the possibilities.

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Allowing his arousal to take control, Jack began the process of inducing Kara's lactation. The most obvious method was something she enjoyed daily where the tiny pill wouldn't be noticed: her morning coffee.

Kara was surprised to see her husband waking up at such an hour. When he greeted her with a kiss and a fresh cup of coffee, however, she was more than happy to have his company. This process involved Jack waking up two hours earlier than normal, but the images of his wife's breasts bursting through her clothes as they filled with milk were more than enough to fuel his efforts. Kara began ingesting the pills none-the-wiser.

The first week showed little progress. Occasionally Kara would complain about how sensitive her nipples had become, or he would catch them protruding through her shirts like small pebbles. He had to admit, during sex, there was a clear difference in her little pink nubs. Jack couldn't remember ever having played with such erect nipples. A distinct puffiness caused her areolas to rise rising gently off her B-cups.

Several days later, Jack happened to be in the bedroom while Kara was changing out of her work attire. He was always one to enjoy the free scenery, but something caught his eye this time around. It was almost too good to be true. Containing himself was a challenge as he tried to play it cool.

"Bra shrink in the wash?" he asked, glancing lazily at her chest. Supple skin was pushing around the garment's cups.

Kara raised an eyebrow at the odd question. "Huh?" Turning her attention downward, she paused at an unfamiliarity at her own body. "*What the???*"

The bra was unclasped and on the floor in a matter of confused seconds. Kara stood in front of a mirror, turning her body to every angle and inspecting the excess mass of her breasts. Watching her testingly squeeze them in her fingers and bounce on her heels left Jack dry-mouthed.

"I...I thought my bra felt tight today..." Cupping them in her hands, Kara ogled at the swollen mounds topping off her small body. "Must be retaining a little water or something..." She turned to Jack and fully displayed herself and giggled. "Hey, Mr. Breast Master, what do you think of my new C-cups?"

Hiding the joy boiling inside of him was a monumental task. Jack had to act as if it were just an average bout of swelling. "I think they look great! I'll have to inspect them later."

Kara blushed and hugged her arms into her chest. "Better enjoy them while you can! These Cs are here for a limited time only!"

Considering what he hoped to become of them, Jack prayed she was right.

With another week passing them by, Kara had consumed a total of fourteen lactation inducers. Though her swelling had increased to bring her an additional cup size, much to Jack's pleasure and her confusion, nothing more could be said for Kara's milky transformation.

Impatience got the better of him.

It was the following Monday morning when Jack decided to double her dosage and dropped two pills into her coffee. It was barely a conscious decision; his hands moved on their own accord towards the goal of sweet flowing cream.

Watching her drink the spiked coffee was oddly arousing. Jack liked to imagine they were working together to find the secret to making her lactate. Of course she could never know what he was doing, but it was fun to pretend they were working together towards a common goal.

Doubling her dosage proved to be an intense catalyst for growth. Between when they left for work and returned home, Jack was able to discern an increase in size. Buttons would spread open little by little. T-shirts would ride up and expose a teasing sliver of her abdomen. Even her sports bras were showing a noticeable difference in their ability to contain Kara's mammarys. Indisputably, something was happening inside her breasts. Thinking about milk welling up under her skin kept Jack awake more nights than not.

All of this and more added to Kara's confusion. Not only were her breasts inexplicably swelling larger by the day, but their sensitivity was climbing through the roof. Claspings her bra was enough to send shivers down her spine and a moan across her lips. They were constantly hot to the touch and aching for a massage. Their depths were tender and hot like a furnace. She didn't blame them; growing from a B-cup to a full E-cup in a matter of weeks was a monumental feat.

Whatever the cause of her sudden growth, Kara knew one thing; they were massive for her body type. F-cups were fantastic for some women, but for her, they were dramatically out of proportion. More than enough to fill her hands, they wobbled firm and high of her frame. Natural cleavage rubbed between them without the help of a bra. The added strain on her back and shoulders made her feel like she'd started a new routine at the gym.

They got in her way at work and at home, ramming into obstacles like rogue airbags. Nothing was safe from her inexperienced maneuvering. Extra keys were pressed when she leaned forward too far while typing on her keyboard. Tying her shoes meant squishing her chest out of the way for a clear view. Doors and corners jumped out to brush against them. Two weeks was simply not enough for her to grow accustomed to such a drastic increase. Kara would have missed her tiny B-cups if it weren't for one thing: the sex.

Jack had never been so attentive and enthralled by her body. Most days he couldn't keep his hands or eyes off her. The more she outgrew her wardrobe, the more eager Jack was to inspect them day after day. His squeezes and jiggles assaulted her breasts as if he were looking for something. When his lips finally met with a pleading nipple after a long day of keeping her

blouse buttoned, Kara couldn't keep herself off him. She'd never imagined having larger breasts could make such a difference in bed.

Jack was yet to see any sign of milk. Watching her outgrow her shirts every day was a wonder in itself and he presumed Kara's breasts simply had to develop more until they could perform lactation. He was more than happy to enjoy the pre-show until the time arrived.

Then finally, in the third week, it happened.

"A-Ahhh!! Mmmmnng!!!" Kara was squirming naked under Jack. Ravenous lips and a tongue had been pleasuring her bosom for half an hour. It felt far too good to move onto anything else. Her sensitivity had skyrocketed to the point of dwarfing that of penetration. *"God, they're so sensitive!!"* she shivered, hugging Jack's head into them like pillows. *"I-I feel like I could come just from you sucking on them!! Nnngh I swear they feel...full!! Oh they're so swollen, Jack!!"*

Jack was more than happy to send her into a fit of writhing titty pleasure. Having seen his wife engorge to over triple her natural size was an incredible sight to behold. His hands sank into them and squeezed the firm mounds against his face as he sucked. He hadn't enjoyed such a fleshy luxury since college.

"Mmmmm!!! Oh!! Oooaahh!! S-Somebody is...t-thirsty tonight!!!"

It was all music to Jack's ears. Kara had no idea how agonizingly arousing it was to listen to her complain about her tight, full breasts every night. It made his throb with desire for her milk. Surely it had to arrive soon. Her breasts were plenty large enough, especially for a woman of her frail size. Squeezing firmly and feeling her skin overflow his palms, Jack sucked on a rock-hard nipple.

"A-AAHHGHH!!!"

Kara cried out sharply and Jack froze. Something had leaked into his mouth. It was minuscule and barely-there, but he was certain of its existence. In an excited panic, he stopped and lifted away from her chest.

"What's wrong???" Kara moaned in displeasure. *"D-Don't...stop!!!"*

The sweetness was still there, but just barely. It had come and gone so fast Jack hardly had time to process it. Looking down in the darkness of their room, he wasn't sure if he could see a white droplet running down the side of her areola or not.

"N-Nothing!" Jack assured her, *"Just a hair!"*

"Mmmmm, then what are you waiting for? Get back to sucking these giant swollen tits."

Jack groped them once more and latched onto a nipple. It was hot and throbbing, though no matter how much he sucked, much to Kara's orgasmic delight, he could coax no more dairy. The tiny taste had been only enough to tease him, barely giving him an idea of what Kara's milk would taste like. He desperately wanted more, but even as their lovemaking turned ravenous with release, Jack was gifted with no more milk.

The two fell asleep in each other's arms afterward, one happy with her spontaneous growth, and the other wishing the show would truly begin.

A scream shattered the early-morning hours the next day.

As if waking up from a bad dream, Kara shrieked and jolted from bed. Jack awoke in a start to see her staring down. Fluid soaked the sheets where she had slept. On her bare body, a film of white liquid still dripped freely. The source was obvious as slow drops formed on her nipples only to streak down her breasts and over her stomach.

“*What the hell?!*” Kara exclaimed, grabbing her severely-swollen tits. They were slick in her grasp and firm like unripened fruit. She rushed into the bathroom before Jack could respond in any meaningful way.

He found her standing in front of the mirror with a look of confused horror on her face. Wide eyes stared at her rounded udders. Growing several cups overnight, they brimmed with fresh milk. Each nipple was tight and shiny from a pressure coursing behind them, causing Kara’s areolas to puff and dome. Her face was not unlike someone finding out an alien had planted a seed in their body.

“*O-O-Oh my God...*” she whispered. Trembling hands rose to meet their bloated form. Kara squeaked when she felt how firm her skin had become. “*M-M-My...My breasts...*” She delivered a gentle squeeze.

SSPPPLLCH!!!

“*Ahhmmm!!!*”

Milk splattered over the mirror as she cried out in pleasure and shock. The tiniest stimulation was enough to instigate a spray of dairy. Jack jumped at the unexpected shriek.

“S-Sorry...” she said softly, “It scared me... M-My chest is so... J-Jack, it feels so...*full*...! I-I-It’s so hot I can barely touch it!! *Why is there MILK coming out of my breasts?!*”

Panic was taking over. Jack knew he had to intervene before it was too late. Stepping close, he hugged her from behind. “It’s all right,” he assured, “You’ve been going through a lot of changes lately. This is probably just part of it...”

“B-But *Jack!* I’m *lactating!* There is *milk* spraying from my--*A-Ahhh!! Nnnngh!!*”

Kara’s words were lost to a whimper when his hands traveled up her slippery body. They cupped the underside of her swollen knockers and sent bolts of pleasure down her spine. Milk energetically sprang out to douse the mirror a second time.

“*J-Jack! Mmmngh... C-Careful!*” Kara’s eyes fluttered and she stared at the swollen globes in his grasp. “*Oh God! Look at the veins... Look how swollen I am!! T-This...This isn’t normal!! I shouldn’t be lactating!!!*”

Jack doubled down on his massage. “I think you look *incredible.*”

“*M-Mmmm...*”

His touch was difficult to resist with their extreme sensitivity. Being so full, the soothing massage was everything she needed and more. Feeling herself losing control, she watched as milk sprayed at a constant, breast-throbbing rate. Jack’s hard-on was plain as day against her ass. Bending forward toward a milk-covered bathroom counter, Kara presented herself.

“F-Fuck me...” she whined, “*Fuck me... A-And...mmmmm...m-m-milk me like you’ve always wanted... Get it all out of me, please!*”

Ounces upon ounces of hot milk were in his grasp. Jack had dreamt of this moment for years. If he could only get a nipple into his mouth, he could find pure happiness. But the view was too much to pass up. Watching Kara’s red hair fall around her exasperated face, her udders hanging towards the floor, and her well-lubed pussy yearning between the quivering thighs, Jack couldn’t resist. His cock plunged itself deep into her frame.

“*MMMNNGHHH!!!*” Kara screamed when the force made her tits heave with milky weight. “*OOhhhhh they’re so full!!! Where did all this milk come from?!*” Desperate, she took one of Jack’s hands and slapped it onto her chest. “*M-MILK ME!! MILK ME UNTIL I’M EMPTY!!*”

Milk rained upon the bathroom floor as Jack drained his wife and pumped in and out. The experience was unbelievable. By the end, as Kara’s nipples burned hot and sore from such release, she felt his cum gush into her.

Removed from his cock, Kara straightened up and allowed herself to be held in his arms. Their chests heaved with recovery.

“*I...I-I don’t know what that was...*” Kara moaned, staring down at her smaller, now-empty breasts, “*But... Let’s hope that was the last of it. I can’t possibly be lactating. I just can’t be...*”

It had never been harder to go to work. After such a milky start to his morning, Jack wanted nothing more than to watch his wife’s new udders as her lactation took shape. As he’d hoped, it had brought their sex to a new level and Kara hadn’t been able to control herself. She enjoyed it far too much. The results were almost so incredible he considered confessing to spiking her coffee, but ultimately decided against it.

After a full day of trying to work with the scent of Kara’s milk still on his hands, Jack was more than ready to come home and find what awaited him under her shirt. A sex-crazed wife was sure to ambush him when he walked through the door. Would she be naked? Possibly wearing lingerie far too small for her new assets? Would there be homemade milk and cookies? The possibilities were endless.

He arrived home with a smile on his face but no greeting. Kara was nowhere to be found.

“Kara...?” he called.

A muffled whimper came from the living room. Upon entering, he found Kara bundled in a blanket on the couch with her legs pulled into her chest.

“What’s wrong?” He could sense the fear and confusion in her eyes.

“*I-I came home early from work... I couldn’t take it anymore, Jack... T-They just kept...filling! The milk didn’t stop!!*”

Jack gulped. “Can I see?”

Full of trepidation, Kara lowered her legs from her body. The reason for her fear was clear in an instant. Multiple cup sizes bigger than her swollenness that morning, Kara’s breasts

rested massively on her frame. A hoodie could zip only halfway up her torso before halting and provided little modesty in concealing her incredible fullness. There was a sense of danger from standing directly in front of such hardened nipples.

Ok... Maybe doubling her dosage was a bit much, Jack considered mentally.

Kara saw his stunned expression and whimpered. “They’ve been leaking all day! I-I don’t know what to do! *My boobs won’t stop getting bigger!! I have a pair of volleyballs on my chest!!*”

It was becoming too much for her. Jack could tell she was on the brink of hysteria. Rushing to her side, he wrapped an arm around Kara to console her. Such a milky treasure would never be worth it if she refused to enjoy it for what it was.

“Shhh, it’s all right,” he promised. Warm milk soaked through his shirt as he hugged her. Kara’s transformation had exceeded his expectations. Soon enough, he would wrap his lips around those swollen nipples and taste her milk straight from the source. She would adore her milky assets then, and he would worship them day and night.

The extreme fullness plaguing her breasts was evident. Firm skin bulged her hoodie like overfilled water balloons. She was in desperate need of milking and had no clue how to handle such a massive task. She barely knew how to handle them when they had simply grown. Jack was happy to step up.

“Should I go buy you a breast pump?” he offered.

Hope shone on her face. “*Oh my gosh, would you?! I was too embarrassed to go myself!! I don’t even have a shirt I can wear out of the house anymore...!*”

“Of course! It’s no problem. You’re going through a lot right now and I’m here to help. We’ll get through this together.”

Jack’s sweetness earned him a kiss. Within the hour, he had visited three grocery stores before finding a pharmacy carrying breast pumps. Carrying it into the house felt like a one-way ticket to milky goodness.

“Kara...?” he called out, not seeing her on the couch.

“I-I’m in the bathroom...”

He paused, not knowing if it was for his information or some kind of invitation. It was made clear soon enough when he heard her say, “I might need a little help...”

Entering the master bath, Jack was about to announce his success until he saw Kara on the floor against the bathroom counter. Milk coated the area around the sink and her breaths came out in hot gasps. The hoodie was nowhere to be seen, nor would it have remotely fit over her breasts; they had grown in the short time Jack had been away. The front of Kara’s pants were unbuttoned and askew as if a hand had thrashed about.

“They got bigger when you left and... I...I-I tried milking them a little.... But they’re just too sensitive! Squeezing them made me feel like there was so much milk I was going to pop!!”

“Ok, ok,” Jack rushed to her side and opened the box. “Just relax... This will take care of it.”

He set up the pump and held it to her nipples. They quivered in its presence and leaked fluid. “*M-Mmmm...*” Kara couldn’t help but whimper at what she knew was coming.

“All right, here we go... Hold still...” He envied the machine for suckling his creations before he’d gotten a chance, but being so close to such incredibly engorged melons was satisfying enough for the moment. Jack turned on the pump and made connection with her breasts.

“*AHHHHHH!!!!!!!*” Kara shrieked and writhed when the suction cups pulled at her nipples. Between her legs, Jack noticed an immediate splotch of moisture spreading across her crotch. “*AAHHHUUGHHHH!!!*”

The immediate let-down was too great for the pump to handle. Milk sprayed from the cups until the hoses could catch up. In the blink of an eye the reservoirs were over half full. Sweetness wafted through the air to tempt Jack into tasting her product but he knew he must resist; it would be all the better when the time was right. At the rate she was growing, her nipples would surely more than double their current, swollen size.

“*J-JAAACK!!*” Kara screamed with contorting expressions while arching her back. Every fiber of her being demanded she remove the milk-thieving device from her chest. “*I-It’s too much!!! I can’t take the pressure!!! GOD HOW DID I GET SO FUUUULL?!*”

He knew these faces well. Kara was succumbing to mountainous orgasms as her milk finally let down. The pressure of her breasts pushing her milk free was a recipe for extreme pleasure she hadn’t been prepared for.

“Easy!” Jack soothed, running a hand over her head, “Just let the pump work.”

“*Nnnghhh they’re so tiiiiight!!*”

Several times Jack had to remove the reservoirs, drain them in the sink, and return them to the pump. It was a crime to let such a treasure go to waste, but Kara wasn’t about to let him drink any while she endured such ecstasy-filled torture.

Within an hour, the process was done and the floor was a mess of pooled milk. Kara looked ready for bed and reeked of sex.

Eyes fluttering as Jack removed the pump, she said sleepily, “I...feel like I need a shower...”

“You should take one! The heat will help with your swollenness.”

She was still large. Even empty, her breasts rivaled her own cranium. As much as he craved them, Jack didn’t dare touch them for fear of Kara fainting from one orgasm too many. “Go ahead and jump in,” he said with a kiss, “I’ll clean up.”

“Thank you...” she mumbled, “You’re a good husband.” Wobbly on her feet, Kara paused using the bathroom counter for support while inspecting herself. “I think I should go to the doctor tomorrow. This isn’t normal... Boobs aren’t supposed to randomly balloon like this. Nothing I have fits. I...I haven’t seen my feet all week!”

A medical eye examining his wife made Jack nervous. Would a blood test reveal the extra hormones in her system? Could a doctor discern the fact this is the work of lactation inducers? He couldn't let the worry show on his face.

"Do whatever you feel you need to do! I'll support it."

"Thank you so much," Kara sighed. "I know this is hard for you." She feigned a laugh. "It must be a dream come true for you, actually. But I'm just not in a place where I can let you do anything with them..."

She was scared and Jack fully understood why. The time would come. "Don't worry about me! Let's just figure out what's happening and make sure you're healthy."

Kara moved to remove her pants. "It just feels good to be empty finally. I thought the milk was never going to st--"

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She winced when fresh milk leaked from her swollen nipples and peppered the floor. "Nngh... Dammit."

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Kara awoke the next morning finding her milk returned with a vengeance. Angry of being robbed of its contents, her chest had bloated as large as watermelons before tightening with latex-like firmness. The heat of two gallons-worth of dairy radiated in all directions and made her sweat from simply having her face above them.

The sight of such heavy mounds blocking her view was beyond frustrating. Kara couldn't imagine a scenario where her breasts didn't press into her steering wheel. "Great. I might not even be able to drive home from the doctor's if they keep up at this rate."

Getting dressed was a fruitless effort. Being so petite, it was laughable trying to contain her lactating bust in her old clothes. For the sake of her doctor's appointment, she was forced to wear Jack's largest t-shirt. It still tented away from her abdomen and exposed a significant portion of midriff. The absence of a bra produced an extremely vulgar appearance of strawberry nipples puffing into the fabric.

After an uncomfortably-bumpy ride of sloshing, Kara pulled into the doctor's office. To her dismay the waiting room was full of patients. There would be no privacy for her condition here. The receptionist's shocked expression made it very clear.

"Good--" she paused when glancing up to greet Kara. "G-Good morning! Can I help you?"

Unsure of where to put her arms, Kara wrapped one under her chest and another across its front to help cease their motions and hide her nipples. There wasn't much she could do about the milk trail left on the carpet. "I have a nine o'clock to see Dr. Bates??"

The receptionist stared blankly before coming back to earth. "Uuhh yes! Of course! Please sit down and he'll be right with you."

The thought of a male doctor examining her was unnerving, but he was the only physician she knew who could take her on such short notice. It would be awkward, but still better than nothing.

Choosing a seat far away from the other waiting patients only did so much. The chair's armrests squished into the undersides of her breasts causing her to squeak. Male and female alike ogled the woman doing her best to shrink away and hide her milky dilemma.

GUUURGGLE

"*A-Ahh!!*" she hunched forward when an audible gurgle made lingering eyes widen. "*T-They're getting bigger...!*" she panted silently.

"Kara?" a nurse called.

"Oh thank God." She rose with such speed she nearly fell over.

After an extremely leaky mammogram and a frazzled nurse, Kara found herself waiting once again for the doctor. The chilly exam room was a welcome relief from prying eyes. Dripping milk onto the paper cover between her legs was the only sound to break the silence. Finally, after a polite knock, the door opened.

"Good morning, Kara," Dr. Bates greeted. Inspecting eyes lingered on her chest for only a moment before he turned to his notes. "Says here you're having some excessive lactation issues?"

"*M-Mmm...*" The cold exam room air wasn't doing her sensitive nipples any favors. "That's...That's right."

"Well let's see if we can't get you some answers. Would you be comfortable removing your shirt?"

Kara couldn't help but blush and avoid eye contact when she pulled Jack's t-shirt off. Monumental jugs of milk stood tight and round off her torso. The doctor was thoroughly intrigued and sat on a rolling stool, coming to rest eye level with her chest.

"How long ago did you start lactating?"

"I-I grew for about two weeks before milk started coming out of them."

"And you're *not* pregnant?"

Kara chewed on her lip. "Never have been."

Dr. Bates looked back and forth between her breasts and his clipboard. He raised an eyebrow. "Your notes say you were a *B-cup* before this started? Is that a typo?"

"N-No, I was fairly small before--"

SPPLLCHH!!!

A surprise attack of milk gushed from her nipples in a surge of swelling. It doused the doctor's face like a mischievous goblin daring him to come closer.

"*Gah!*"

"S-S-Sorry," Kara blushed.

A towel was used to dry himself. "It's quite all right, these things happen." Snapping on a plastic glove, he asked, "Do you mind?"

“G-Go ahead.”

His fingers gently pressed into the fullest part of her left breast’s underbelly.

“A-Aaahh!! Aaahhhh....!”

The same was performed on the other. “You’re incredibly engorged.”

A more obvious statement had never been said to her face. “No kidding.”

A gloved finger ran light circles around a domed areola.

“Nnngh... D-Doctor, maybe don’t--Nnngh!!”

GUUURGLE

“NNNGH!!”

She swelled an inch outward to press into his hand. Recoiling as if almost bitten, the doctor was in disbelief. The glove was pulled from his hand and he stood from the stool.

“Well, Kara, based on what I can see here and the amount of milk you say you’re producing on a daily basis, I would diagnose this as a classic case of Hyperlactation Syndrome.”

Kara blinked. “Hyper-*what?*”

“It’s a condition where a woman’s milk glands produce far more milk than average, often leading to the breasts becoming extremely swollen and forced to overflow. Some can produce a gallon or more in a day.”

“S-So there’s a name for this! Is there anything you can--”

Dr. Bates wasn’t finished. “Which leads me to a second issue.”

Kara’s breasts swelled slightly with her rising fear.

“It’s incredibly odd for a woman of your size to develop breasts like this so long after puberty with no outside assistance or pregnancy. While I can’t speak to the cause, I may be able to shed some light on the overbearing quantity you’re experiencing.”

“You just said I had hyperlactation?”

He scratched his head. “There is another factor at play. Your mammogram had some interesting results.”

A lump caught in her throat while she waited and cursed him for phrasing it in such a way.

“Kara, a woman’s ability to lactate is proportional to how many milk glands she possesses. Most women have ten to twenty in each breast. Do you know how many we found in yours?”

Kara was lightheaded. “How many?” she squeaked.

“Fifty.”

Her eyes bulged. “T-T-Total?”

Dr. Bate’s shook his head. “Fifty milk glands *per* breast. Your breast tissue was *incredibly* dense due to genetic factors. As a result, you have *far* more milk glands than ninety-nine percent of women. Combined with your hyperlactation, it’s no wonder why your breasts are producing at such a staggering rate; you have twice the average number of milk glands and they’re all prone to hyperlactation. It explains your drastic increase in size as well.”

He pointed to her chest. “The bulk of what you see here isn’t fat like in a normal pair of breasts; it’s all of your milk glands swollen with milk.”

The color drained from Kara’s face.

“Based on the timeline you’ve given me and from what I can tell, your body is still changing. I would expect your breasts to swell much larger in the coming weeks. The mammogram showed only half of your glands have activated so far.”

“*HALF?!?!?*” Kara’s yell was so loud she startled the doctor. “*I’ve got two basketballs on my chest and you’re telling me they’re only HALFWAY done?!?!?*”

Dr. Bates was enthralled by her condition. “More or less. Unless your body starts storing fat deposits there as well, then you should expect them to grow even larger.”

Kara didn’t know what to say. There was no reasonable way to react when told her mammarys would enlarge to near-immobilizing proportions.

“I must say, I’m at a loss for what could cause this sudden change so long after puberty and the absence of pregnancy. You haven’t taken any supplements? No changes in diet?”

“N-None.”

“Interesting... It is possible you could be experiencing a condition called galactorrhea. It’s a hormonal imbalance which causes women to lactate without evident cause, but I’ve never heard of such a pronounced and sudden case. We can run more tests, but they will take several weeks to produce results.”

“*I’ll be buried underneath them by then!!*” Kara was desperate. “Isn’t there anything you can do?! I’m a walking milk dispenser!”

“Unfortunately it just has to run its course. Whatever caused your lactation to kick into gear, your body is set on realizing its full potential. Once they have fully developed, your breasts should stop producing on their own so long as you don’t encourage them.”

“E-Encourage them?”

“Excessive massaging, pumping too frequently... Anything that could make your body think it needs to continue producing. Usually this would be a baby breastfeeding.”

It was an odd fate, to say the least. Ignoring the pools of milk swirling behind her skin, Kara had orgasmic pleasure bombs hanging off her chest that she couldn’t touch. The orgasms her let-downs produced were intoxicatingly overpowering.

“O-Ok, Doctor...” She was too stunned to say anything more.

“I’m of course always here if the situation worsens, and I’ll have the nurse recommend an excellent lotion to prevent stretch marks. Is there anything else I can help you with?”

A heap of requests came to mind, but Kara couldn’t find her voice to speak them. Instead she shook her head slowly. “Thank you for seeing me.”

“It was my pleasure.”

Dr. Bates left her to dress. She was alone again, only this time she knew exactly what was going on inside her breasts. With such an abnormally-large number of milk glands, it was no wonder she’d ballooned to such a size.

“Great,” she sighed, looking down at cupping herself, “What am I supposed to do with these things??”

GUUURRRGLE--SPLLCHH!!

As if in response, like two happy puppies unaware of the trouble they cause, both breasts released squirts of milk across the room.

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

The week following Kara’s doctor visit was utter milky torture. It didn’t matter how often she pumped herself, there was always more milk to take its place in even greater quantities. Her mammarys reached unheard-of levels of engorgement. No matter how large and bloated they became, she was always stunned to find yet another cup size waiting. As if an invisible hose were filling her with cream, she was powerless against her breasts’ wishes. They inflated throughout the day and surged with growth during her sleep. At their largest, Kara felt as though she were carrying two milk-filled beach balls on her chest. When drained, they still refused to dwindle any smaller than honeydews.

Jack, on the other hand, couldn’t have been happier with the pills’ results. Though he felt some guilt towards his wife’s fear, he knew she would come to love her new assets given enough time. Kara only needed them to reach their full size before she could start getting used to them. He didn’t blame her frustration when they expanded larger every day; there was only so much she could do when tops fit for only a handful of hours.

Jack did what he could to ease her burden. Due to her increasing embarrassment and self-consciousness, he was barred from such pleasures as squeezing and sucking. The quarter-sized nipples called to him all hours of the day. He knew his time to taste her sweet nectar would come, but it surely couldn’t come soon enough. In the meantime, his time with her breasts was spent helping her pump or cleaning up after a session. Sometimes these drainings were so sexually intense, it left Kara panting and begging for relief. Sex was had only in doggy style; she claimed having them hang towards the floor helped them release more milk.

When Jack didn’t have a hand to lend, the house was filled with her whines and moans drifting from the bathroom amid an overheating breast pump. For all her reservations, she was certainly finding pleasure in the experience. On more than one occasion, he entered the bathroom to help pump only to find her covered in milk with a hand flailing down the front of her pants. Other times, he’d catch her with small rivulets of milk draining from the corners of her mouth and a shiny nipple covered in saliva.

This drove a spike of envy into Jack’s core. Why should she be able to experience such delights and not him? The look of pure ecstasy on her face as milk would dribble down her chin made his stomach growl with hunger. It was only because of him that she could enjoy such a feast.

Unable to work and spending all of her time at home, Kara's sweet milk was inescapable. Everywhere Jack went, there were signs of her hyperlactation. The sheets were soaked through without fail every morning. The shower door would be spattered with a mess of water and milk. Shirts entered the washer already dripping wet. Even the air smelled of sugar and cream. How nirvana could be so close yet so far away from his grasp was maddening.

His time would come. He knew it would. If his greatest difficulty was having to help his wife milk her massive udders without playing with them, it was a burden he was willing to bear. If he could only wait, every sexual fantasy would be within his grasp.

Then came the end of the week. Exhaustion was plain on Kara's face and it matched the strain displayed in her shirt. The two were sitting down to enjoy a pasta dinner together after Jack had returned from work.

CLANK!

"Nngh... Dammit."

Kara's silverware clattered against her plate. Sitting across the table, the sight was better every night for Jack. She'd come to be forced to rest her giant melons on its surface for support and prevent them from bulging into the table whenever she leaned forward. The downside was given her enormous size, it had grown impossible to see her food.

"Having trouble?" Jack asked, trying to hide his amusement. "We can do some pumping if you need it."

CLANK!

"No, I'm fine..." Frustration filled her voice. Leaning forward and using one arm to squish her bust out of the way, Kara fought to see her food well enough to gather a bite. It almost made it to her mouth before falling onto her cleavage.

"Dammit!!"

Determined, she left the food and returned for another try. Leaning again, she forgot to hold her breasts back. They bulged under her leaning weight and pushed into the plate, moving it out of the way of her fork

CLANK!

"UGH!! DAMMIT!!"

She tried again, now fueled by anger. In her rush, her chest tipped the plate on its edge to dump its contents onto the front of her engulfing chest. The hot pasta sauce made her nipples flare. It was the final straw.

"I HATE THESE STUPID THINGS!!!" Kara threw her fork on the table.

"Kara, it's--"

"I CAN'T EAT!! I CAN'T SLEEP!! I CAN'T EVEN WALK WITHOUT FALLING OVER!! EVERY MORNING I WAKE UP FEELING LIKE I'M ABOUT TO EXPLODE!!!"

SPPLLLCH!!

"Kara--"

She yelled at her breasts. *“WHY ARE THEY SO DAMN BIG?! WHY DO I HAVE TO BE SOME FREAKISH MILK-PRODUCING HUMAN COW?!”*

SPPLLCHH!!

“Just calm dow--”

“WHY AM I LACTATING IN THE FIRST PLACE?! THIS SHOULDN’T EVEN BE HAPPENING!! I DIDN’T ASK FOR THIS!”

SPPLLLCHHH!!!

“Kara!!” Jack yelled, getting her attention.

Pausing from her anger, she stared at the spread of food between her and her husband. It was covered in milk, as was Jack’s front. Precious garlic bread was ruined and soggy. A small pool of milk had formed in his plate under his pasta.

“S-Sorry...” she groaned, “Sometimes when I get frustrated they--”

SPLLCH!!

Jack closed his eyes when another spray made it through her shirt. He could see her nipples trembling under the fabric. “Yea, I know. Don’t worry about it!” They were extra full tonight. If she grew much bigger, her nipples wouldn’t be able to fit in the pump.

Having had enough, Kara stood up from the table. She grumbled, “I need to go on a walk. Do you mind cleaning up?”

“I’ve got it!” Jack assured her with a smile.

Kara left the house moments later with the intention to clear her mind through peace and quiet. It was quickly interrupted by a familiar greeting from across the fence.

“Kara! Hey, Kara!”

Turning towards the source, she saw it was Sherry, their neighbor. “Oh, how’s it going, Sherry? How’s the baby?”

Pregnancy weight was still heavy on her frame as she leaned on the fence. The shock on her face was undeniable when she saw the massive size of Kara’s breasts. Sherry’s eyes lingered, almost enviously, at their girth and leaking contents. Kara couldn’t understand why she felt a bit of resentment from the woman. “S-She’s good... She’s... Uhhh...” Sherry lost her train of thought, much to Kara’s annoyance.

“Did you want to ask something?”

“Oh! Sorry!” Sherry had to tear her eyes away. “You or Jack didn’t happen to see a package meant for us, did you?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well... It’s a little embarrassing, but I’ve been having some trouble producing and our doctor recommended some lactation pills. They were supposed to arrive a couple weeks ago, but we haven’t seen them. The carrier swears up and down they were delivered...” Sherry’s tone carried a tinge of accusation. Though she trusted her neighbors, the contents under Kara’s billowing shirt were hard to ignore and write off as a simple coincidence.

Kara said nothing.

“Kara? Did you hear me?”

Everything made sense. The timeline matched. It explained her sudden lactation. It explained Jack’s lack of concern and eagerness to help. Rage swelled in the back of Kara’s head.

Speaking through grinding teeth, she grunted, “*NO... WE HAVEN’T SEEN THEM...*”

The skepticism on Sherry’s face was plain as day. Kara couldn’t blame her; here was a new mother having trouble providing for her child and missing the one thing that could help, while her previously B-cup neighbor denied taking her much-needed pills. All while sporting a massive rack so obviously laden with milk it had been leaking on the sidewalk while they talked.

“Well, let me know if you do,” Sherry sighed.

Kara felt like her milk was about to erupt like a hydrant due to her anger. “Don’t worry, I’m sure they’ll show up. I’ve got a few places I can check.”

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

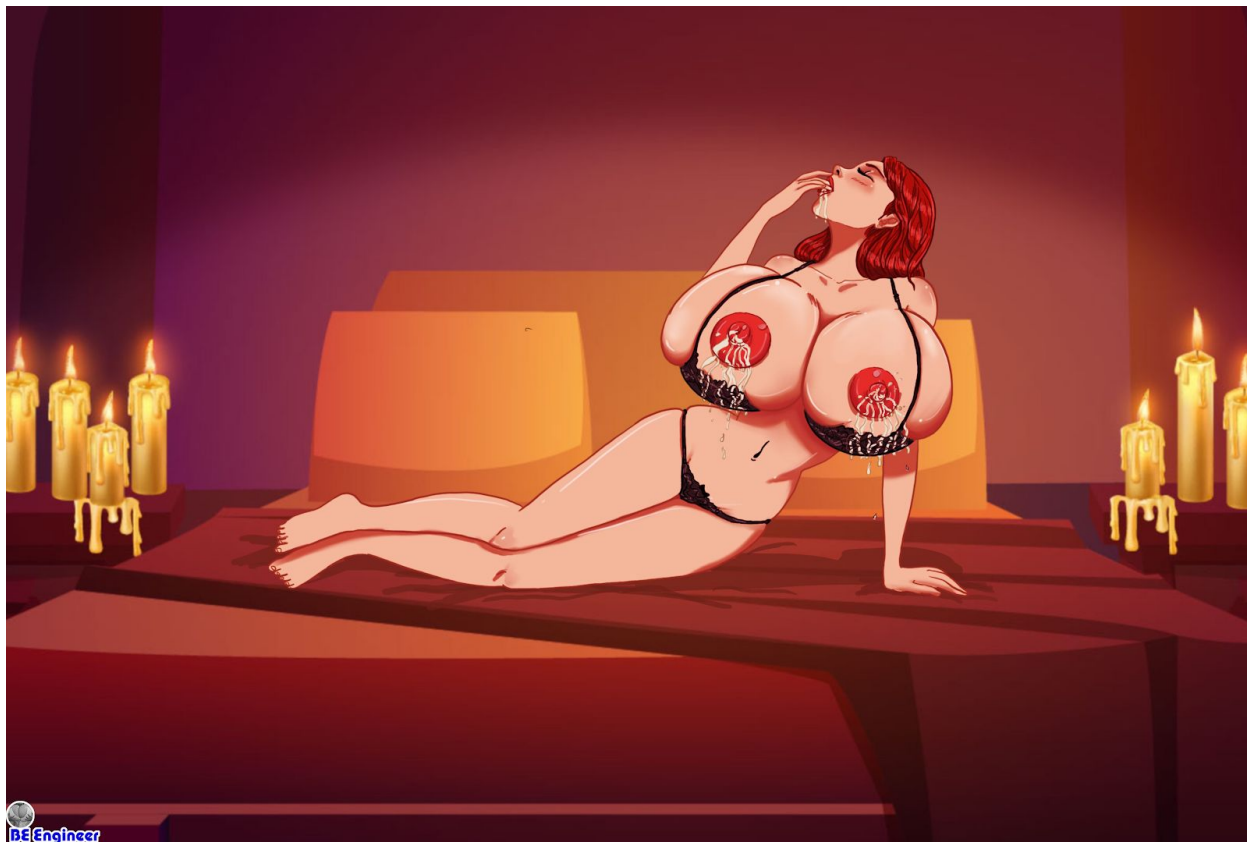
The house was eerily quiet when Jack returned home from work the next day. Even odder was the distinct lack of sweet milk permeating the atmosphere he’d grown so used to over the last few weeks. If he didn’t know any better, he would have thought Kara hadn’t been lactating whatsoever. A general search downstairs revealed nothing. After her outburst the previous night, he’d started to wonder if he had gone too far.

“Kara?”

There was a rustling from the ceiling above him before an answer came. “I’m in the bedroooooom!”

A sultry note in her beckoning roused Jack’s interest. Setting down his things, he made his way towards the milky siren’s call. The master bedroom waited at the end of the hall. Drawn curtains blocked the outside light. Only a flickering reddish glow illuminated the inside. On approach, the tantalizing waft of milk and perfume were obvious. Bare legs curled on a bed teased Jack as he fully opened the door.

The woman of his dreams lay waiting. Glowing in an aura of candlelight, her smooth skin shone smooth as she lay on her side using one arm for support. Skimpy lace covered her hips to leave just enough to the imagination. On top, for the first time since engorging larger than a D-cup, Jack’s heart raced when he saw one of Kara’s old bra strapped across her chest. The cups were as useful as using a sieve for a bucket; the poor thing was never meant to carry such monsters. Cradling the undersides of each overfilled breast, the padding neared the point of collapse beneath Kara’s weight with every breath. Stretched-thin shoulder straps dug into her flesh to cause shiny bulges across the height of her bust. Teacup nipples jutted into the air and released tiny streams of milk aching for freedom. A gentle finger rubbed across one breast to coat itself in milk before Kara lifted it to her mouth and licked it clean. A more glorious image of sex and dairy wouldn’t have been possible even in Jack’s wildest dreams. The time had finally come.



“Mmmmm...” she moaned, relishing the flavor of her milk, “So waaaarm and sweet... Like melted icing.”

Jack suddenly felt as though he hadn't drunk anything in days. Drool flooded his mouth from watching his wife drink what he'd craved for so long.

“W-What...What is this??” he stammered, scared to step closer as if it might break the hallucination.

Kara's chest sloshed with extreme fullness when she moved onto her hands and knees to crawl over the bed towards him. Bloated tits pressed tight between her arms.

“You've been so helpful through this entire thing... I know I haven't been easy to be around and clean up after, but I'm slowly getting used to them.” Looking down at her chest, she added, “I just thought that since you've wanted this for so long, you deserve to enjoy it for a little bit.” Kara straightened up to sit on her legs and spread her thighs. Groping each milky udder, she donned her most timid, pressure-ridden smile and asked, “What do you say to getting on this bed and letting me drench you in my warm milk? *Nnnngh* these things are about to *burst* they're so full.”

She hadn't seen Jack's eyes widen with such excitement in years. Stripping down to nothing, he joined her in bed so fast she had to make an effort to control him. Eager hands reached out to push her onto her back and grab erect nipples.

“Mmmm!! *Someone’s thirsty!!*” Kara held him back. “Why don’t you let me take care of things?”

Jack was powerless as the tables turned through her seductive behavior. He found himself lying against the headboard with Kara straddling his hips. The firmness of her heated chest pressing into his torso as she leaned in to kiss him was almost enough to drive him to orgasm. Within seconds milk was rushing down his chest and causing her stretched skin to rub with ease.

CLICK!

CLICK!

“Hey!”

So distracted by her milky kiss, Jack failed to notice Kara pulling two hidden handcuffs from the corners of her bed. They snapped around his wrist to hold him in place as she bore over him.

“Don’t worry,” Kara cooed, grinding her crotch against his hardened shaft and arching her back to lift her tits inches away from his face. *“I just want to have some fun.”*

Jack was going to complain about his lack of ability to sink his hands into her chest, but was thrown into bliss when two bulbous mounds pressed into his face. He fell between and out of their taut surfaces as Kara started rubbing herself over his face. Milk drained from the excess pressure. Jack couldn’t manage to get a teasing bite on her skin from how firm they’d grown. It was more than obvious she’d gone all day without pumping. Kara was more than just full; she was over-engorged just for him.

She pulled away to reveal his dripping face. “Are you *thirsty?*”

A child-like nod of excitement was given in response.

Giggling, Kara kissed his forehead. “I thought you might be.”

The sense was knocked out of Jack when Kara arched her back to reach her bra and unclasp it. Stitches strained until it released with a muffled *FWOOMPH* and her breasts fell free. Taking one in both hands, she lifted the two-gallon-sized mammary to his lips. *“Open wiiide!”*

“Mmmmmph!”

After what felt like an eternity of waiting and watching her breasts grow over the past several weeks, Jack reveled in the sensation of a nipple two inches long and as wide as a silver dollar slide between his lips. Milk rushed down his throat with the smoothness of warm honey. Greedy, Jack sucked with all his might to make Kara’s nipple engorge and fill him with cream.

It was better than he’d ever hoped. Nothing could live up to this. Her plump nipple gushing milk onto his tongue was enough for him to die happy. Jack could have sucked forever.

“A-A-AAHHH!!! Ohhhhh JACK!! I-I never thought...nnngh!!...having you drink my milk would feel...MMMM...s-so GOOD!!”

Moisture seeped through her panties as Kara shook with sensations. Jack’s cock was like a rock against her pussy and throbbing harder with every second. He was in heaven and couldn’t get enough of the fluid surging from her chest.

Kara leaned back and removed her tit from his mouth. “H-How is it...?” she panted, staring at how puffy her nipple had become. The force of his suction was more intense than she’d anticipated.

“*Delicious,*” Jack swooned, drunk on her milk.

“Do you want *more?*” Kara lifted her arms overhead to boost her breasts’ shape before wiggling her torso back and forth to cause massive swaying. Milk sprayed across the bed. “*I’ve got gaaaallons.*”

The handcuffs pulled against his wrists. Jack was losing his mind with her torture. He’d had his taste. Now he knew exactly what he was missing and he couldn’t possibly stand to go without it ever again. Kara’s milk was addictingly sweet. He was hooked after one suckle. Letting him have his fun, Kara leaned in and let his latch once more.

“*Mmmm!!! My, you’re so thirsty!!! It’s like you just can’t get enough of my milk!*” She grinned devilishly. “Let me help.” Her thighs clamped around his hips like a bear trap.

With both hands, she grabbed her breast and applied pressure. Milk gushed as if she were squeezing a balloon. The sudden flow caused Jack’s cheeks to puff out before he sputtered and gagged. Milk drained from his mouth when it opened for air. “K-Kara! Wait!”

“*Oooohhhh I’m sooo FULL!! I just can’t HOLD ALL THIS MIIILK!!*” A growl in her town frightened him.

Kara took both breasts now and heaved her nipples into Jack’s mouth. Dairy flooded the bound man to the point of blocking his air. There was nowhere for Jack to escape the milky onslaught. He sputtered loudly and pulled against his bonds through feelings of drowning.

“*K-Kara!! Ka--ACK!! Kara stop!! I can’t--*”

“*Mmmm!!! Don’t you like my milky tits?? Look at how engorged I am!!*”

“*KARA I--*” Jack coughed for air.

“*What’s the matter?? Isn’t this what you wanted?? To have me SO FULL OF MILK I’M OVERFLOWING WITH THE STUFF??*”

“*Yes but--*”

“*That’s why you gave me all those lactation pills isn’t it?! SO I WOULD BLOW UP LIKE SOME DAIRY COW?!?!*”

Jack froze with fear. Something told him she knew. Milk fell from his mouth when he said, “I-I can explain.”

The act was over. Able to let her anger free, Kara pulled her chest away and straightened her back. She didn’t want to give him a chance to explain; there was nothing for him to say that she didn’t already know. Holding her chest in her hands, she lifted them accusingly and glared.

“*YOU DID THIS TO ME!!!!*” she screamed.

“*Kara I don’t know--*”

“*Sherry told me about the pills she’s missing!!!! Did you think I wouldn’t put two and two together?! God, Jack!!! How sick do you have to be to steal lactations pills from a struggling new mother and TRICK YOUR OWN WIFE INTO TAKING THEM?!?!*”

There was no escaping her wrath. Jack was caught redhanded. The best he hoped to do was plead his case. Timid under her looming anger, he suggested, “I thought you might learn to enjoy it...”

“*How did you even do it, huh??*”

Jack knew he was defeated. “I...put them in your morning coffee...”

“*I CAN’T FUCKING BELIEVE YOU!! And here I thought my loving husband ACTUALLY just wanted to see me in the morning and spend more time with me!!! ALL YOU WANTED WAS YOUR GODDAMM MILK!!*”

“Would you relax?? It’s not like I--”

“*You betrayed my TRUST!! This is MY body, Jack!! Do you SEE what you’ve done to it?! I will NEVER be the same!!*” Kara’s face was red with rage.

Yelling could only accomplish so much. She’d already won. “And now... You’ll never get to touch me again. You’ll never see me topless ever again.” She lowered her voice to a hiss. “I hope you enjoyed your little sample because you will *never* taste my milk again.”

Her part said, Kara removed herself from Jack’s hips and stepped off the bed. She turned towards the bathroom to leave.

The sound of his voice made her teeth grind. “Kara, come on...” Jack tugged at the cuffs. He was desperate for more. Waiting for so long to finally suckle her breasts was one thing, but going foregoing it for eternity after having a single taste would be sheer torture.

She whipped around with a fiery gaze. “No. You’ve completely demolished my faith in you.”

“Being mad isn’t going to make it better! Your chest is just going to--”

“I can handle it on my own.” Watching his jealousy boil up was sweeter than anything. “Who knows, maybe I’ll start donating my milk to moms having trouble breastfeeding. Apparently I have *quite* the knack for producing.” Kara chuckled. “Or maybe I’ll quit my day job and become a camgirl, spraying my milk for anyone willing to pay. Except for you, of course.”

Jack struggled again but escape was impossible. He watched as she turned back towards the bathroom. Her breasts were still painfully visible from behind. “I’ve seen how much you enjoy being this big!! You can’t *help* but orgasm when you’re pumping!! *You only have those because of me!*” He tried to free himself again. “*I can’t just NOT touch you! We’re married, Kara!*”

He realized his words were gasoline on a raging fire. Kara didn’t bother to turn around. Her response came as a clear warning. “You are *VERY* lucky to still be able to claim that right now.”

“Can you at least untie me?!”

Kara shrugged and stepped toward the candles on the nightstand. “Ask me again in two hours when I’m finished pumping.”

It was over. There was nothing Jack could do and he knew it. He’d gone too far, let his fantasies take a hold of him. “D-Do you think you can ever forgive me...? I still love you...”

There was no hesitation in her answer. “Sure, I’ll forgive you when my breasts go back to the way they were.”

In a huff Kara extinguished the candles. She closed the door to the bathroom, leaving Jack bound in silent darkness among the cold sogginess of the sheets. The milk remaining on his lips had lost its sweetness. He knew as well as she did that at this point, such a fate would never come to pass.