

Milky Reaction

Caution: contains popping

Jessica chomped on a piece of garlic bread while staring across the table into the eyes of her date. The lighting was perfect, just enough to leave them in the illusion of being secluded in their own private bubble of erotic energy. She had to admit it did wonders for her dress as well. Cleavage hardly ever looked as tempted as when candlelight cast a shadow into its depths. A low-cut neckline had been the correct choice; Jessica could feel just the right amount of bulge pushing over the fabric with every breath.

“How’s the bread?” her date, Mark, asked. It was clear he was having trouble keeping his gaze upward. Jessica admired his manners, but a healthy glance wouldn’t kill him.

“Mmm, delicious,” she moaned, leaning forward. “It’s been *forever* since I’ve had garlic bread this--”

STTRRCH

“Mm!”

Mark’s eyes were finally torn downward. It wasn’t hard to know why. Jessica had felt exactly what he must have seen. The front of her dress had constricted across her chest, squeezed each breast together and amplifying a momentary swelling.

Her date was stunned.

“Uhhh, sorry about that,” Jessica blushed. Showing off some cleavage was one thing; she was yet to meet a guy who would turn down the view when offered. Accidentally engorging a cup size was another story, though.

Mark cleared his throat and turned his eyes upward. “Are...you all right?”

Great, he’s weirded out by it. It’s all over his face. Jessica shamed herself for being so careless.

“I’m fine,” she promised, setting the bread down with a sigh. Blushing harder at the approaching explanation, she dreaded what was likely to follow. “I...uh...I have this allergy. Kind of like lactose intolerance, but not as miserable. If I happen to drink or eat anything with milk, it causes my body to produce its own. It’s a really rare condition, apparently, and the doctors aren’t sure what causes it.”

Jessica shrugged in defeat, feeling her enlarged F-cups bounce with the movement. “They don’t have any treatment either, aside from telling me to avoid dairy. I guess the bread had a little bit in it. Must be their secret recipe, huh?” She feigned a giggle, hoping to play off her abnormal growth with the joke.

Mark was silent, unsure of how to respond.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I know it’s weird, I shouldn’t have said anything! Or at least not have worn a dress where it would have been so obvious! I just really like you and I wanted to--”

Mark shook his head, silencing the panicking woman. “Don’t worry about it. Really.”

“A-Are you sure? If it’s too weird for you, I understand if you lost your appetite and--”
 Something brushed against Jessica’s leg. It took a moment for her to process it was Mark’s food, rubbing up her calf and under her dress.

Lowering his voice to a whisper, Mark leaned forward. “I don’t think it’s weird at all. In fact... Part of me wants to order you another round of bread.”

Jessica’s heart leaped. *Holy shit! Holy shit he’s actually into it!! This guy’s got a hardon for my milk-filled tits!!*

His foot slipped between her thighs. “We haven’t ordered yet,” Mark said, “Why don’t we cut dinner short? I think I’m in the mood for something else now.”

Jessica was scared the waiter might wonder why she left a puddle in her chair. It didn’t matter, the night was heating up and she couldn’t help it. Swelling with confidence and excitement, she finished her piece of bread much to Mark’s enjoyment.

STTRRCH

“Lucky for this dress,” she teased, “My place is only a few blocks away.”

They left the restaurant in each other’s excited arms. The night’s chill brought her enlarged nipples out to full attention. Jessica’s mind was a flurry of aroused excitement. A guy like Mark was rare; too many recoiled at the idea of lactation, especially when it was so quick with her body. She wanted to make the most of this and give him a night he wouldn’t soon forget.

“Oh! Can you wait just one second?” she requested, stopping them in front of a small downtown convenience store. “There’s something I need to pick up.”

Mark didn’t look like he could wait. Brushing a hand against her chest, he said, “Don’t be too long; you wouldn’t believe how thirsty I am.”

Jessica could have jumped him right outside the store but restrained herself. Soon enough, she returned with two bags at her side and they continued the rest of the way to her apartment.

Not a moment was wasted once the door was closed. “Undress,” she told Mark, leading him to the living room, “Then take a seat.”

“Mmm, can do.”

Watching him release his erect manhood made her milk boil. Turning her back, she lifted her hair to reveal a zipper. “Help a girl out?”

ZZIIP!

“Mmmm! God my tits felt like they were about to burst out!” Jessica inhaled fully for the first time in ages. Slipping free of her dress, she turned to her naked prize and straddled his hips before sliding down his shaft like a fireman. “Mmmmmm oooh yeaaa...” she moaned, Mark’s cock everything she’d hoped.

The sight of her melon-like breasts sitting at eye level drove Mark mad. He started thrusting but was stopped after several gasps of enjoyment from his date.

“*H-Hold...mmmm...hold on,*” she teased. Reaching over the couch’s armrest, she dug into her shopping bags and returned with two gallons of milk. “I got us a special something.”

A throb of fantasy-based desire from Mark’s cock made Jessica shiver. Popping the lid off one, she groped a tit and raised the jug to her lips. “*Enjoy the show,*” she panted.

The effect was instant. Watching like a child witnessing magic, Mark’s eyes widened when every gulp of dairy pulsed Jessica’s mammaries fuller and rounder. She began twisting her hips, riding his hardened shaft to coax him towards climax.

“*Mmmm... Mmmmmmm...*” she swallowed, rubbing a boob and massaging its swollen girth in a palm. It was already becoming more than she could handle alone. Fueled by carnal desire, she was chugging the milk with all her might. Streams ran down her chin and over her chest. Its touch seemed to spur her knockers even larger and accelerate the process.

Mark couldn’t hold himself back. His hands sank into her chest like rockets. Several inches of soft, sloshing flesh engulfed his fingers and palms.

“*Ahhmmmm!!*” Jessica groaned, sputtering milk at his touch. It had been a long time since she was so full of milk, and she was just getting started.

SLLSH

“God, you just keep filling up!” Mark awed, hefting her beach ball tits. They flowed around his hands, firm and tight with their sloshing contents. Nipples as big around as a quarter stood plump and full with her dairy.

SLLSH SLLSH

Every increasing motion of Jessica’s hips made her fluids jostle and shake. Mark couldn’t get enough and his pleasure only drove her to new heights.

“*Mmmmmgah!!*” she gasped, swallowing the last bit of the jug. It was tossed over her shoulder and she wiped her mouth before wrapping two arms under her chest. “*O-Oooh wow,*” she ogled, only Mark’s head visible through her cleavage. They continued to swell in her arms, growing ever fuller. “T-They’re having a little trouble keeping up I think!” Jessica giggled, feeling her allergy working overtime. “That was a lot of milk for them to process.”

“I can’t believe you can do this.” Mark was lost in his own pleasure. Jessica was a dream come true in every way. “Your boobs are amazing! Y-You’re incredible!”

Sweating with the effort of such heavy lactation, Jessica swooned. Grinning and frisky with the energy of a sun, she grabbed the other jug. “Should we give ‘em a bit more then?”

Mark couldn’t nod fast enough.

“*Mmmm... Mmmmmmm! M-Mmmmmmm...!!*” Milk gushed down Jessica’s throat with no restraint.

SLLLSHHH

Gargantuan tits of milk started pressing into Mark. He was, in turn, pressed back into the couch, forced into breathlessness under Jessica’s chest.

“*Mmmmm* what’s the matter?” she giggled, taking a breath, “Getting too heavy for ya?”

“Not heavy enough,” he grinned, squeezing the sides of her chest together as best he could. As large as yoga balls and still filling fast, containment was becoming an issue. Jessica could no longer hope to remove herself from his lap; the weight was too great.

Continuing to chug, Mark could feel her skin tightening against his bare chest like water balloons. Milk surged and bloated her glands, turning her nipples into trembling fists. Squeaks rose from her cleavage, soon to be followed by strained groans both from Jessica and her stretching chest.

“M-Mmm... N...Nnnnnggh...” Her moaning was tinged with straining effort now.

“H-Hey,” Mark asked, stretching his neck for air. “Are you sure you should keep going?”

Eyes full of lust peered down through the fleshy canyon filling the couch.

“I-I’m...Nnnnggh!! I’m almost there!”

Mark didn’t know what she was referring to, the monstrous milk-filled udders covering him in darkness, or her approaching orgasm gyrating her hips like a serpent.

“Mmmm!! MMMM!!! OOHHHMMMM!!”

“J-Jessica!?” Mark called out, pinned under her bloating tits.

“MMMMGGAAHHH!?”

As the last of the jug drained into her mouth, Jessica’s chest lurched and groaned with its sloshing contents. Milk bubbled against her skin like a thick sea of hot cream. Watching veins shoot down their girth, she leaned forward and trembled as a stretching-induced orgasm made her pussy quake. It clenched around Mark like a vice and drew his own release into her.

“MMMNNNGHH!!!” they cried in unison, both experiencing their own version of Jessica’s skin-testing tightness. A mixture of milk and her own leaking fluids doused Mark’s thighs. The pressure and heat on his cock was incredible.

“Oh... Nnngh... O-Oh my God...” Jessica moaned, leaning over her chest. Mark’s face was just visible down her cleavage, squished between tit and couch.

“Are you shure your alriphght?” Mark couldn’t speak in his prison.

“Mmmm huh?” Jessica giggled at her prisoner.

Inching up and gasping, he sighs with relief amid the sedan-sized chest. “I was actually scared you might get so big that...you know...”

Jessica blushed. “What? Pop??” Laughing, she patted their tops. It echoed worryingly in Mark’s ears. “Yea right! These puppies are *really full*, but I wouldn’t worry.” Lust was still in her eyes. “I gotta admit though... I’ve never been *this full*. They kind of ache with *alllll* of this *milk* they gotta hold...” Tilting the jug up to claim the last remaining bit, she licked her lips and swallowed. “I hope you weren’t lying earlier about how thirsty you w--”

GRROAAAAN

Mark’s eyes looked around in fear as Jessica’s chest began producing once more.

Jessica’s widened, holding the tops of her chest in worry. “U-Uhhh... Uh oh,” she squeaked, feeling her skin tighten and bloat. Cleavage rising to cover her date, she felt her udders

vibrate in an attempt to hold her own milk. “Oohhh no oh no oh no! *M-Mark!*” she cried out, unable to move or reach her nipples. “Mark, milk me!! *Milk me hurry!!*”

She could feel him squirming but his arms couldn't move fast enough. Her nipples flared atop doming areolas, her body far too full and pushed beyond its limit. “*Nnnnghhhh oh nooo!!!*” Pushed back by a wall of flesh, Jessica closed her eyes as her chest fully tightened. “*AhhhhHHH MARK I CAN'T HOLD ANYMOOOOOORE!!! I-I THINK I MIGHT...OOHHHH NNNGH!!!...I FEEL LIKE I MIGHT A-ACTUALLY EXPLO--*”

KABLOOSH!!!