

Victim of Bloat Part 3

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

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

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

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

Jon couldn’t help but compare Emily to the other victims. Her size was monumental in comparison, many other women returning to hefty H-cups while Emily dwarfed them with her beach ball-sized breasts. “Aren’t they a burden, though?? I would have stayed by your side either way!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Save a wide booth for me!”

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

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

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

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

“Jon... I--Nnngh... O-Oh God...”

“Emily, what’s wrong??”

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

“What are?! Emily!”

“*I need your help! J-Just come meet me! Please hurry!*”

SHHRIP!

“*Augh!!*”

The sound of rending fabric came through the phone.

“*Jon, please hurry! I don’t know what’s happening! Nngh they’re so tight!!*”

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

Upon turning into the alley, he found his assumptions to be correct. Emily leaned against a brick wall and used an empty bike rack for support. Engorged breasts escaped from her

sweater's bottom and stretched it taut across their fronts. Even the stretchy garment couldn't stand up to what was happening within Emily's body.

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

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

SSTTRRRRTCH

"Nnnngh!?"

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

"What's happening?!"

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

SSTRRTCH!!!

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

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

"You need to massage them."

"Here?!"

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

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

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

SSHRRRIIP!

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

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

GUUUUURGLE

"N-Nnngh!!!"

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

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

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

SPRRRTCH!

“Augh!! I-I’m leaking!”

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

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

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

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

SSTRRTCH!!

“AH!!”

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

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

SSSTRRRRTCH!!!

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

GUUUUUURGLE

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

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

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

STTRRRRTCH!!

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

GUUUURGLE!!

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

SHHRIIP!!!

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

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

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

SSTRRRRTCH!!!

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

SSSHRIIP!!

SSSHRIIP!!!

“MMNGH!!!”

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

CRREEAAAAAAK

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

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

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

GRRRROOOAAAAN

A sound of angry fluid filled the alley.

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

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

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

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

“AAAUUUUUGH!!!!”

FWWOOOOSH!!!!

Milk erupted from her chest. With enough force to push them into the wall, Emily's pent-up milk soared across the alley. Dairy painted the opposing wall in white and flooded the ground. Jon was keenly aware of hot moisture leaking over his pelvis where Emily sat. Two firehose nipples released Emily's load for an entire minute before her flow turned to a trickle.

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

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

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

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

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

To be continued