

Milk Jugs

The garage door slammed closed and shook the walls of the house like it did every day when Dan arrived home from work. Jemma felt her heart flutter in her chest from her spot on the bed and excitement bubble inside her stomach.

“Honey?” Dan called from the kitchen, not seeing his wife in her usual spots.

“I’m up here!” she replied, calling down from their bedroom. His heavy footfalls pounded up the stairs in a rhythm that matched her heartbeat.

“Did you want me to make dinner toni--” Dan began to ask when he opened the door. His words stopped when his mind drew blank on how he had planned to finish his sentence.

Jemma sat on their bed clad in nothing but one of her skimpiest pairs of panties, its black lace hugging her hips as if it were painted on. Her back was arched with her arms behind her to support her weight, each of her ample C cup breasts thrust towards Dan as if to invite his stare. What drew his attention, even more than the almost-naked figure of his wife so obviously presenting herself to him, was the group of barrels in the corner of their room.

Eight one-hundred-gallon drums were organized along the far wall, connected by thick rubber tubing with a final long hose running away from the stash and towards Jemma. It wound its way between her legs and split into a ‘Y’ shape before ending in suction cup-like connections that were latched onto each of her pink nipples. Dan gulped when he saw the word ‘MILK’ printed in large, bold lettering on each of the drums.

“Uh...” he sounded, Dan’s speech centers failing him at the moment due to a sudden lack of blood.

Jemma giggled loudly, pushing her chest between her arms in the process of blushing at her husband's realization. “Look at you...” she cooed, smiling mischievously, “Come here.” She beckoned him to her side with a pull of her finger, her free hand rubbing the side of her chest lightly as if he needed more enticing.

“When...*How* did you even...” Dan tried to ask in an attempt to understand how she could set up such an elaborate gift.

“Don’t you worry about the ‘how’,” Jemma told him, sitting him on the bed while she stood in front of her mate. “You just worry about getting your fill.”

“Ok...” Dan agreed, his eyes almost glazed over. He would have agreed to anything at this moment. The tightness in his pants seemed directly correlated to the complexity of the sentences he could form.

Jemma laughed softly, her breasts swaying as the hose drug along the floor. She took it in her hands and ran them along its length. “You see this nice, thick hose?”

Dan nodded.

“And you see those *gallons* and *gaaaaallons* of thick, creamy milk over there attached to it?”

Dan felt like his pant's zipper was about to bust open and he hadn't even touched his wife yet. "Uh huh..."

Her fingers flit to the t-connection where the hose split to each of her nipples. She tapped a small switch in the center. "Well, this little switch is going to turn on a pump. And that pump is going to start filling my titties with *all* of that deliciously warm milk."

Dan gulped, hoping with all of his being that she wasn't fooling around. She knew how big of a fantasy this was to him.

Jemma winked and continued, "And maybe a few other surprises along the way too..." Taking either of his hands, she approached him and placed them on her rear end, climbing on the bed and straddling his legs. Her chest was placed level with his eyes, the hoses connected firmly to her front. Through the clear plastic of the small cups, Dan could see that her nipples were hard and erect, more prominent than he could ever remember. They almost looked as if they could take all of that milk and more. Swollen and waiting.

"Turn it on."

Dan didn't need to have his arm twisted. He reached between their bodies and flipped the small switch to its 'on' position. The hose began to vibrate and a soft whirring sound filled their bedroom. Gurgling sounds came from the barrels of milk that quickly ebbed away as the air was forced from the hose.

"Oh.... *O-Oooh...*" Jemma moaned, biting her lip. "H-Here it comes!"

The hose started to buck where it was connected to the tanks, heavy liquid running through its channel. Dan could watch the hose shake as the milk drew nearer and nearer to his wife's awaiting mammaries until finally, he heard it gurgle in the split between her breasts and the clear connections over her nipples were flooded with white.

"*Ah!*" Jemma gasped loudly, her body quivering on top of him. "O-Ooooooh my...*Gooooood!!*"

The effects were immediate. The sides of Jemma's breasts bulged outwards into her arms, their shapes quickly rounding out and perking up into hefty globes that were coming to resemble a pair of volleyballs throbbing on her chest. The hose gurgled as if a pressure was fighting it.

"*O-O-OoohhhHH...*" she groaned, her hands and feet clenching around Dan as if she were stressed.

"Are you all ri--"

Jemma arched her back as if breaking through a finish line. The sound of liquid rushing in a fast torrent came from her front and her engorging boobs began to swell as if they had no limits, closing the gap between her and Dan in an instant when they reached sizes leaving beach balls in the dust.

"Dan, *fuck me.*"

Picking his wife up by her hips and standing up, he spinned her around to the bed before throwing her onto her back. Her breasts wobbled on top of her, large enough that her cleavage engulfed her head each time they rocked up and down. Loud gurgles emanated from them, milk sloshing inside her fleshy balloons.

“Holy *shit* this feels good!!” Jemma screamed, her hands massaging her chest as they continued to balloon. She couldn’t see her husband, but still closed her eyes when she felt Dan tear off her panties and spread her legs off the side of the bed, ready for his cock to enter into her. He lifted her legs, placing an ankle on each side of his shoulders.

“*AAAAHHHOOOOOHHHH!*” she yelled, feeling his shaft slide into her welcomingly slick pussy. He wasted no time before thrusting in and out, each smack of his hips against her ass sending a wave of jiggling tits toward Jemma’s face. Any part of her body above her chest was hidden from view, even her arms now starting to disappear as the milk flowed into her with increased vigor.

“O-OH GOD, OH *GOD!*” Jemma cried, “I-It’s like...the h-hornier I get...t-the faster and bigger I-I *grow!* I can...*f-feel the milk pumping into me!*”

Dan noticed this correlation as well, the sight of Jemma’s titanic tits wobbling in front of him like two yoga balls, sloshing with each movement spurring him on.

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

SMACK!

Something else was happening. With each loud collision of their bodies, the sounds grew louder and more pronounced. Her legs began to feel heavier on his shoulders, her thighs seeming to close the space between themselves and press into Dan. The angle of her crotch was rising, a swelling ass lifting her hips higher off the bed.

Jemma began to pant hard. “Ooooooh, *Dan!*” she screamed, her hands clawing at her swelling form, “Fill me up! F-Fuck me! O-O-OooooohhhhhhHHH-Here...Here we...*g-goooo!*”

It was suddenly as if a floodgate had opened inside the hose. Dan could actually hear the sound of her nipples sucking up the milk greedily, the milk flowing into her at an unbelievable rate. Jemma’s body blew out and ballooned in front of him, her hips and thighs plumping and engorging to mammoth girths. Her thighs forced her legs apart to the point that her ankles slipped off his shoulders, her hips and ass jiggling when her legs fell to the floor. Her hips were twice as wide as Dan’s shoulders, her butt bloated and swollen beneath her like a fleshy pillow.

The hose continued to churn, lifting higher and higher with her breasts. They bloated outwards into jiggling, oval-shaped mounds that threatened to overflow the bed. Her nipples reached towards the ceiling, small streams of milk leaking from the connections from the sheer pressure. Dan guessed her nipples were beginning to outgrow the connection cups, her puffy pink flesh threatening to break out.

Still, Jemma's body took in more and more milk. Her udders heaved and swelled, the bed creaking in protest from her incredible weight, a pile of rippling breast flesh the size of a small car billowing towards Dan.

"MMMMMMMMMM OOOOOHHHH YES!!!" Jemma screamed. "I'm...I-I'm so...*BIG!!* I-I feel like...I-I-like I could...*COME FOR HOURS!!*"

Her hips began to buck, two thighs each bigger than a truck tire jiggling on each side of Dan, her butt shaking like a milk-filled bean bag as it bulged over the side of the mattress. Dan felt like his cock was about to burst, the sight of his wife so full and swollen with milk speeding him towards orgasm.

"OH, GOD...OHHHH, GOD... Dan! I-I'm gonna... Oooohhhh I-I can feel it!! I-I'm about...a-about to...aaaaaaAAAAHHHHH!!!"

The hose shook violently, a loud empty gurgle filling the room followed by Jemma's ecstasy-filled scream.

CRASH!

The bed frame broke apart under Jemma's incredible, fluid-filled weight. She fell with the mattress onto the floor, the room shaking with her gargantuan size. *"AHHHHHH!!!"* she moaned loudly, feeling Dan's cum fill her like never before as fireworks exploded behind her eyes.

Then they fell into the silence of sighs, the sound of Jemma's wobbling, sloshing body filling the gaps between their breaths. Her tits filled half of the room on their own, the hose stretching to still reach her nipples. Dan collapsed between her monstrous thighs, each one larger than his own body and leading into a pair of hips that looked like they could be a bed on their own. Her stomach was completely hidden under a very sudden wall of flesh that rose above Dan's head, a dark chasm of cleavage opening before him.

Jemma's voice came out muffled from under her chest. "I-I... *oh, wow...* I-I can't believe... I took *ALL* of it!"

Dan looked at the mountains of curves surrounding him. "Jemma... Y-You're huge! I can't believe you did this for me..."

She giggled, giddy enough to make her chest jiggle even at its massive size. "Trust me, the pleasure was *all* mine. But you know... After doing this, I'm starting to wish I had used that coupon for an extra few barrels of milk!"